Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. X. HAMPTON, VA., JANUARY, 1881. NO. 1.

"And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."—*Matt.* 2, 11.

THE MANGER.

Our correspondent Mrs. Orra Langhorne, (who is a niece of Mrs. Dr. Ruffner instead of sister of Dr. R., as was stated in our last number,) writes us that the following interesting contribution from her pen, which first appeared in the *Woman's Journal*, is "a true story, almost literal."

AN AFRICAN IN VIRGINIA.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

As we were talking of the colored people, the other day, our old white-haired doctor said, "My mammy was a native of Africa. She had a strange looking mark, something like a double cross on each cheek end each arm. She was very kind and loving to us all, and sometimes when we asked her to tell us a story, she would take my youngest sister in her arms, and the rest of us would coddle round her, and she would push back her specs and say, "Children, do you see these marks? Well, thet was the sign of our tribe or family, in the country where I was born, over the sea. They meant something in our language, just as letters do in books here.—But I have forgotten what it was, end all about it, 'cept thet my father was a chief, and he and all our folks had marks just like mine. That is a beautiful country to live in. There are grander looking trees and finer flowers, and more beeotiful birds than I ever saw in old Virginny. But there are big snakes and fierce beasts, that you all never see, 'cept when the show comes along. We lived in funny little houses withont no windows, and the roofs were made of leaves like your me's big fan, only a heap bigger. At night we fastened our doors tight for fear some beast or snake would get in. Our folks did not have any nice clothes or furniture nor a heap of things we have here, but we were happy all day long, and at night too, when we sat by a big fire and had plenty of nuts to eat. Then the old folks would tell tales, or some one would sing and we would all dance. My mother had a great meny children, and we were heppy playing from morning till night, for nobody does much work there.

"One day my mother said she was going away all day on a visit, and she told me to bring a big gourd of water from the spring to boil the plentain fruit for supper. Mother went off on her visit just like your ma does here, 'cept your ma takes her knitting and my mother carried along a big basket sho was weaving. She did not wear any clothes but a piece of red calico round her waist, and a string of blue beads round her neck.

"Well, we children played on, and I forgot all about the water mother had told me to fetch, till most dark, and then I jerked up a gourd that would hold as much as two tin buckets here, and ran down to the spring under the big palm tree.

"Laws! children, I can 'member everything 'bout that evening like it was yesterday,' Mammy would say. 'Our village was near the sea-shore, and the sun was setting, and the water of the ocean looked like gold. "I" stood still a minute and thought how splendid it looked, and wondered if the sun went right into the water and how it got out again in the morning.

"Then I thought I heard mother's voice, and I run on to the spring. As I stooped down, a shadow seemed to fall on the water, which was clear and bright as a looking glass, and then a strong hand caught hold of each of my arms. I let my gourd fall, and was going to scream, though my heart seemed to jump into my throat. But two white men were holding me, and one stuffing a handkerchief in my mouth, and then they dragged me down to the sea-shore and put me into a boat. In a few minutes they rowed to the side of a big ship, and carried me on board. I was so scared I was almost out of my senses, but all the time I felt as if it hed all happened because I did not mind my mother.

"Mammy always seemed much agitated at this point," said the doctor, "and she would rock her chair and shake her head and say, 'Laway, lawsy, children, all of you always mind what your parents say. Maybe you won't be stole away from your home, but you may be sure something will happen to you if you do not mind your mother.'

"Then we would all beg her to go on and tell about the ship, and the old woman would say, 'Well, my derling, you may be sure I felt mighty bad, but after a while a man took the cloth out of my mouth and gave me some supper; but I was too much scared to eat then. There were other black folks on the ship and some of them talked so I could not understand them. Every day the boat would go out, and the men would bring heck the people they had caught. Sometimes children, sometimes grown folks. About once a week the ship would move to a new place, until at last they had a good load, and then we sailed to this country. We had an easy time and plenty to eat, and when we got to port, the captain gave us all bright colored gowns and striped caps to wear. We often talked to each other and wondered what the white folks wanted with us. One day a man who could talk a little English, asked the captain if the white folks were going to eat us. The captain laughed and said he was a fool. I never could tell what port we came to, for I could not talk English then, but the men who bought me and all the other children took us to Richmond. Your grandpa bought me from him and carried me home to his wife.

"All this time I had felt very sad, often cried at night, when other folks thought I was asleep. I was always thinking about my little brothers and sisters, and kept wishing I had gone to the spring early, as mother told me to do.'

"When your grandpa bought me he took me home, and we went first into your grandma's room and old master picked up the pretty little white baby out of the cradle and put it in my arms. The child was used to black folks, and he was not a bit afreid of me, and he put his little white hands on these marks on my face and patted my cheeks, and at last he put up his sweet lips and kissed me. It peared like a great load rolled off my heart then, and I laughed out loud. And then my mistis, that was your grandma, children, she petted my head too, and gave me some supper. I sat down with the baby in my lap, and I would eat some, and he would eat some. And then mistis gave me a nice little bed, and I still held on to the baby, and we both went to sleep.'

"After thet, mistis was very good to me, and taught me to talk English, and then she taught me to read, and I learned how the good Lord died for all. When the Bishop came around, mistis hed me baptised along with her baby, and so I got used to this country and was happy again. When I was grown up, me and my old man was married in mistis' parlor; and master gave us a good little cabin of our own to live in, and I raised ten children of mistis' and ten of my own.— And before your grandma, my blessed mistis, died, she said, "Jndy, I want you and all my children and all your children to meet me in heaven," and then she went home to glory."

"Your grandpa had died first, and after mistis died the black folks was divided out among the white children by drawing lots.—But I said they could not draw no lots for me, for I going with Mas' Charles, cause he was mistis' baby when I came in the family, and had put his little hands on my face and kissed me when my heart was like to break.

"And that was your father, children, and you must all grow up good like him, and be sure you mind your mother.'"

SAVING A WITCH.

A PLUCKY WOMAN.

The following interesting letter from Mrs. Nettie C. Constant, teacher for many years in the Seminole tribe in Indian Territory, though sent in August was not received till the return of the editor in October, and was crowded out of our last number. It is written with the intensity of the remekable experience which it relates, and which of course demands the consideration of the proper authorities.

Wewoka, Sem. Na. Ind. Ty Aug. 29, 1880.
GEN. ARMSTRONG, Hampton, Va.,

My dear sir:—I feel like sending you a line from the Indian Country, believing you will be interested in hearing what the lahorers in these wide fields of Indian civilization and the education of colored youths, have to endure for the "word's sake."

My school last year had an enrollment of sixty-six names. There was greater interest, and harder work, than in eny previous year of my stay among this people. My examination passed off very creditably to all. One class in arithmetic passed through percentage and interest. They heve also studied grammar, common school geography, naturel science, U. S. history, reading, writing and composition. Their essays were very creditable indeed. When we consider the fluctuation of our dey schools, the undisciplined minds, together with the demoralizing home influence surrounding our pupils, I can not hnt say they did well!

My school closed the last day of May. The Sunday School Concert was on the last sebhath of May. This closed my seventh year of work among this people.

Now I have a sensation in my Indian life and if your "SOUTHERN WORKMAN" wants to weave it into a web to help carry on the work, they can rely on ell I state as facte.

There was brought before tha Seminole Council, last May, an old women of the Muccosu-ku tribe, to be tried for "Witchcraft." She was an old feeble woman, almost blind and quite gray. She was a young woman during "Gen. Jackson's War" in 1813. The "Clan" to which she belonged "Clan of the wind"—was not allowed a voice in her defence in Council. Be it ever said to the honor of the Colored members of Council, Robert Johnson national interpreter and Cesar Brunes, Councilmen, men members of her Clan, that they stood alone in her defense hnt could do her no good. She was finally condemned by the Indians, with not e dissenting voice of those present, to be shot as a witch, June 8th. 1880, at 1 o'clock, p. m. The Chief signed the death warrant June 2nd. She was kept in chains, and compelled to walk for miles to tha council house, the light horsemen riding. I could not remain indifferent and fold my hands and close my lips when humanity called and civilization demended of me, as a women standing for women and girls of this nation, to act when no one else would dare to or cared for the result. I appealed to their representative man, John Brown, to use his influence to save her. He wrote in reply thet he was in full sympathy with my appeal but "feared she must suffer the penalty of a cruel superstition." I then appealed to the chief and members of council, hut they paid no attention to it. I asked the missionary here to speak to the Council and see if he could not do something for her, inasmuch as he had been missionary among them for thirty years. But he said "no use." What could I do? I appealed to the U. S. Indian Agent, Colonel Tufts, at Muskogee, to interpose his official authority to save her and this nation from disgrace. I knew full well when my action was known, all tha friendship now entertained for me by the Chief and members of Council would he turned into Indian hatred, and my place as teacher and worker among this people he supplied by another. I dared to stand for the right as I thought it would be, when no one else did. I waited with netvous anxiety tha result. The day of her execution dawned and people were gathering. The victim was on the ground in chains, guns ready, all in sight of my home. At 9 o'clock a. m. there was a rap at my door, and on opening it, a special messenger from the U. S. Indien Agent entered with a note for me and also a message to the Chief. The man had rode very hard, swimming swollen streams and heading others in order to reach Wewoka in time. The dispatch was sent directly to the Chief, to whomit was delivered, read and interpreted. It fell like a thunderbolt on them. What right has the Agent to interfere with our laws? asked one. The Chief asked my husband "Who wrote to the Agent?" He looked him squarely in the face and said "Mrs. Constant, with my approval?" He was mad. The Indians were all mad. The order was to "not execute her." In two hours she was a free women. She is still alive and has been to see me. She wept aloud when she saw me for the first time. I took her in my room, talked to her, told her all the particulars, told her to put her trust alone in God, for He only was her helper and deliverer. She and I sang an Indian hymn together, with organ accompaniment, first she evar heard. The hymn was "Hol-wa-ta-lo-fa" or "High up in heaven." She seemed very happy, and to me it was a never to be forgotten pleasure, to feel and know that I had given pleasure and helped to make heppy one of God's most despised and forsaken creatures, for whom Christ died. Thus I stood alone among those Indians, who represented a "civilized tribe." The Chief and a few leeding men are now my enemies, who have been my former friends and patrons.

The Chief has requested my removel, and the Supt. of Schools, John Brown, gave my school to three different teachers before the summer had ended, and finelly gave it to a young lady from Emporia, Kansas.

The colored people have never had any one to interest themselves in behelf of their elevation, and now that I have bean removed against the wish of that race, who has no voice in the school matters, they feel that all is lost to them here, but I hope earnest workers will come into the field and take up and carry on the work which we have tried to do for that people. There is hope for the children if we can bring them under civilizing influences in time to overcome tha "wild natnre," hnt so long as these tribal relations exist, and schools are conducted by teachers of immoral habits, Indien civilization will he a tedious if not a doubtful problem. A vast fund is spent annually here for school purposes, but very little interest is taken to give them a christian education, which alone will stand the test, combined with habits of industry. My work is ended here; I leave it with Him who rules and over-rules ell things and who will, I believe, cause ordar to come out of this dense chaos.

With God's blessing upon your work, and hoping that friends may evar sustain yon in yonr school, I am,

Yours truly,

Mrs. Nettie C. Constant.

HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE.—California is shipping honey to Europe, ona vessal recently taking out eighty-seven and a half tons, velued at $13,098. It seems a strange thing to telk abont honey by the ton, but whatever California undertakes to prodnce she makes in proportion to her big trees and other huge features. California sends largs quantities of honey overland to the Eastern States, but the production is so large that she must seek new markets.

A NEGRO BISHOP IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Among the most interesting feetures of the recent gatherlog of the Bishops of the Anglican Communion in London was the presence of the Bishop of Haytl, an African, born in the United States, and consecrated in Grace Church, Naw York, in 1874. Bishop James Theodore Holley, the present Bishop of Heytl, is a men of excellent gifts and of e gennine missionary spirit. His received an especially cordial welcome on his appearance among the English and American Bishops at Lembeth, and he won the respect end esteem of all who cama to know him. While in London Dean Stanley invited him to preach in Westminster Abhey, on St. James, and his sermon, founded on the request of the motber of James that her two sons might sit respectively at the right and left hend of Christ in His Kingdom, ended with the following preyer:

"And now on the shores of Old England, the cradle of that Anglo-Saxon Christianity by which I have been in part, et least, illuminated, standing beneath the vaulted roof of this monumental pile, redolent with the piety of hygona generations during so many ages, in the presence of the

"'Storied urn and animeted bnst,'

that hold tbe sacred ashes end commemorate the buried grendeur of so many illustrions personeges, I catch a fresh inspiretion and new impulse of the divine missionary-spirit of our common Christianity; and here, in the presence of God, of angels end of men, on this day sacred to the memory of an apostle whose blessed name was called over me at my haptism, and as I lift np my voice for the first and perhaps only tima in any of England's sainted shrines, I dedicate myself anew to tha work of God, of the Gospel of Christ, and of the salvation of my fellowmen in the far distant isle of the Carilhean sea, that has become tha chosen field of my Gospel labors.

"O thou Savior Christ, Son of tha living God, who, when thou wast spurned hy the Jews of the race of Shem, and who, when delivered up without cause hy the Romans of the race of Japheth, on the day of thy crucifixion, hadst thy ponderous cross borne to Golgotha's summit on the stalwart shoulder of Simon, tha Cyrenian of tha race of Ham, I prey thee, O precious Savior, remember that forlorn, despised and rejected race, whose son thou bore thy cross, when thou shalt come in the power and majesty of thy eternal kingdom to distrihnte thy crowns of everlasting glory!

"And give to ms then, not a place at thy right hand or at thy left, hnt only the place of a gatekeeper at the entrance of the holy city, the New Jerusalem, that I may hahold my redeemed brethren, the servants of tha Lord, entering therein to be partakers with Abraham, Isaac and Jecob of all the joys of thy glorious and everlasting kingdom."

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

On hoard the ill-fated steamer *Sawanhaka* was one of the Fisk University singers. Before leaving the hnruing steamer and committing himself to the merciless waves, he carefully fastened upon himself and wife life preservers. Some one cruelly dragged away that of the wife, leeving har without hope, axcept as she could cling to her hushand. This she did, placing her hands firmly on his shonlders and resting there until her strength becoming exhausted, she said, "I cen hold on no longer!" "Try a little longer," was the response of the wearied and agonized hnshand, "let us sing 'Rock of Ages.'" And as the sweet strains floated over those trouhled waters reaching the ears of the sinking end dying, little did they know, those sweat singers of Israel, whom they comforted.

But lo! as they asng, one after another of the exhausted ones were seen raising their heads above the overwhelming waves, joining with a last effort in this sweet, dying, pleading preyer:

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.'

With the song seemed to come strength; another and yat another was encouraged to renewed effort.

Soon, in the distance, a hoat was seen approaching! Could they hold ont a little longer? Singing still, they tried, end soon with superhnman strength laid hold of the life-boat, upon which they were borne in safety to land. This is no fiction; it was related hy the singer himself, who said he "believed Toplady's sweat 'Rock of Ages' saved many another hesides himself and wife."—*Africo-American Presbyterian.*

It is folly for an eminent man to think of escaping censure, and a weakness to be affected by it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and, indeed, of every age in the world, have passed through the fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach bnt obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as astires and invectives were an essential part of Roman trinmphs.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

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The Southern Workman, devoted to the interests of Negro and Indian civilization, is edited and managed by the officers of the Hampton Institute, and printed on the School Press by colored youth trained in the office. Subscriptions are a help to the School. It is sent on trial for four months for twenty-five cents. Job work, from all parts of the country is solicited, and will be done cheaply and well. Estimates will be sent on application.

With this number the "SOUTHERN WORKMAN" commences its tenth year. Its total circulation is 2180 copies, of which 592 are free, and 1588 are paid for. There has been a steady increase of paid subscriptions the past year, and more than usual expressions of interest in the contents of the paper.

The debtor balance of the WORKMAN for the year closing June 30th, 1878, was $655,17; for the year closing June 30th, 1879, it was $644.35; for the year closing June 30th, 1880, it was $93.23. Eight hundred and sixty seven subscriptions have been secured since last February, through the efforts of a young colored man, formerly a student of this institution, who, on a small salary, has worked with fidelity and success.

This year's balance is expected to be on the right side of the account, in spite of a free list of nearly six hundred.

It will be fortunate and unusual for a paper which is devoted chiefly to the claims of the poor and ignorant upon the charities of the country, to find itself self-supporting.

Editorial labor has been without charge, and is an extra burden upon those who have other important duties to do.

The WORKMAN has long been under obligations to HARPER BROTHERS, of New York, for illustrations without charge, and to the CHRISTIAN WEEKLY, for pictures at cost of electrotyping.

THE NORMAL SCHOOL PRINTING OFFICE, in which the WORKMAN is printed, is in charge of Mr. Charles W. Betts, of Wilmington, Delaware. In October last he relieved Mr. M. B. Crowell, who, after five years of faithful and acceptable service, was compelled, by sickness, to resign. The present office is in the basement of Virginia Hall, and in some seasons is unhealthy; it is now crowded and uncomfortable. New rooms are urgently needed, and are provided in the proposed industrial building, intended chiefly for colored girls, which will cost $15.000, and should the funds be provided, will be erected next summer.

The "AFRICAN REPOSITORY," the organ of the American Colonization Society, is still printed here. A steady run of job work comes from the National Soldiers' Home, close by, and from Hampton, although there are two competing offices in the town.

The Employees are as follows: four colored young men, two of them journeymen, (trained here) and two apprentices; one white apprentice boy, and two Indian apprentice boys: All are or have been students of this Institute.

With this number commences "Sketches of Missionary Life," by Mrs. C. C. Armstrong, formerly of Blandford, Mass., who since 1832, has been laboring at the Hawaiian Islands.

The series will be continued from month to month, interspersed, we hope, with similar contributions from her missionary compatriots.

There is a rich unwritten literature of noble work for a savage race in that land, from which we shall gather extracts, believing that they will be full of interest, instruction and stimulus to all of our readers.

The Hawaiian Islands have been the grand experiment station of missionary labor in the world. The efforts on the one hand and on the other, the difficulties, disappointments and setbacks have been extraordinary. The tender, feeble beginnings of Christian living there have been blighted by powerful influences, such as the annual visits of thousands of rollicking pleasure seeking sailors, and an inundation of nearly ten thousand Chinese male adults, and by bad examples in high places. Virtue and decency have had an almost hopeless gauntlet to run, and not many have escaped from the moral dangers that have beset them.

This people would have been fortunate with only inherited vices and local degradation to contend with.

Difficulties only developed the strength or weakness of the Christian methods employed by the missionaries.

We believe that there was a lack of education in the art of living, of pressure on the practical side, of social organization, of tact and skill in dealing with a low form of life. Such work was not neglected, but under rated. There is now a broader recognition everywhere that missionary work is social reconstruction, working chiefly from the moral and religious sides. Hawaiian civilization in but few cases touches a high standard of right living. It has after all, made wonderful progress since 1820, but it has a good way yet to go, and is beset by obstacles.

The reflections of the veteran workers incline to sadness; the letter of this month is in a minor key.

On these islands, where an eastern and western wave of civilization have met, the best and the worst elements of both mingling, one finds a somewhat disappointing but most instructive phase of missionary effort.

In a land where the vital statistics of the native born white population are among the most favorable and remarkable in the world, the aborigines, from self-indulgence and neglect, are steadily dying out.

Several hundred extra copies of this number are printed. To all friends who are willing to distribute them, whatever copies they may call for (while the supply lasts) will be sent, in the hope that the list of subscribers may be enlarged, and a wider interest be taken in the Hampton school, and in the Negro and Indian.

Hereafter the students will speak more for themselves.

"The Hampton Students' Own," is the title of a page of this paper, which is written by undergraduates of both races.

Not only "Hampton," but all institutions for colored youth, are this year filled to their utmost capacity.

Rev. E. A. Ware, President of the Atlanta University, Georgia, writes: "We "are crowded with students. Over 80 "girls now in the family, and many more "coming; so that our addition to the "girls' hall, now just finishing, is full al- "ready. Matters in this state never look- "ed brighter for education than now."

The educational movement for all classes throughout the south is forward. Never did it pay better than now to invest time and money in efforts for the colored man.

The South, is full of disintegrating forces. There is no "solid south," except on Presidential elections. The Bible and the spelling book should be put into every hand that holds a ballot. The need of the times is intelligence and consciences, through sound education. This is the true reconstructive force; very slow but very sure; far too slow for hungry office seekers, but full of stimulus for the educator, who counts his own life but a little period in the line of grand development that is coming. We invite attention to the encouraging letter of Mr. Edward Atkinson, reprinted in this number.

Give Negro schools the buildings and the money they ask for. Prejudice is dying out. Even where Negroes are cheated out of their votes they get their schooling. Building school houses and stuffing ballot boxes go together. He may learn but he must not rule, seems to be the doctrine of the day. Never were Negro schools more fruitful of good than now. Their graduates are in demand everywhere as teachers.

Read the November No. of the "American Missionary," published at 56 Reade street, New York City, for an account of the great work and plans of the "American Missionary Association," in the south. It has eight Collegiate and twelve Normal Institutes for the colored race. Under an overwhelming Democratic majority, the proffer of aid is renewed to the Negro College at Tougaloo, Mississippi, from which, on the first accession of southerners to power, aid was cut off.

The school-master is abroad. The ultra-abolition spirit that founded the American Missionary Association, (which would not use slave holders' money to spread the gospel,) that led it to expend since 1860, four millions of dollars for the freedmen, is in unison with the better thought of the south. "Our work is not done in a corner, nor under the ban of good people north or south," says the "Missionary."

Its agents are well treated; its College Presidents are the most encouraged of all Northern men in the south, for they recognize and reinforce the true reconstruction that steadily moves on.

One hundred and fifty thousand dollars have just been put, as a special help, into their higher institutions.

Aside from this, the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian churches are maintaining scores of schools of a high grade; all in increasing harmony with the sentiment around them.

In the year 1863, when the need of the freed people was most extensive and pressing, General B. F. Butler, being then chief in command at Fortress Monroe, erected, with government funds, the large wooden building which has ever since been known as the "Butler School."

By the end of that year, above six hundred pupils were gathered within its walls, under the care Rev. Charles A. Raymond, chaplain of the military post, who conducted it upon the Lancasterian plan—that is, by a system of monitors who, after receiving instruction from the principal, would at once convey it to their pupils.

It has become a free, county school, the building, however, remaining the property of the Hampton Institute, whose officers and teachers have kept a watchful eye upon an institution, many of whose pupils naturally pass into the more advanced system of Hampton, and graduate from there. The school as it now stands is preparatory to the "Normal."

For the past two years it has been conducted as a free public school from October till February, with an attendance of over two hundred children, when, owing to the failure of public funds, it has been kept up from February till July, partly by a weekly tuition fee of ten cents paid by the children, but chiefly by the aid of friends in the North, through the appeals of the officers of the Hampton Institute. The attendance after February diminishes to about one hundred and fifty, but the teaching is done to excellent advantage, and the children make more progress than when the class-rooms are over-crowded with pupils of all sizes and ages.

Mr. O. M. MacAdoo of Greensboro, N. C. and Mr. Boswell S. White of Mathews Co., Va., are the regular teachers. An assistant is employed part of the year. Both are graduates of the Hampton Institute and are competent teachers.

Miss Elizabeth Hyde, graduate of the Framingham Normal School, Massachusetts, superintends the work, and conducts ons division of the school, employing members of the Senior class of the Hampton Institute for that purpose, who are thus drilled in the art of teaching.

The Butler School building is in the form of a Greek cross, each arm being 30x 180 feet, with capacity for 600 pupils. Part of it is used as a residence; another portion affords valuable storage room for farm products, it being situated at the extremity of the farm farthest from the barn.

It rests on a brick foundation and its framework is solid, but it needs reshingling, having stood seventeen years.

By finishing off a lecture room in the large central portion of the building, a series of cheap and good evening lectures could be given to the extensive and thrifty neighborhood of colored people, and a night class for adults could be opened.

The Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, at their annual meeting in May, 1880, voted that an effort be made to raise $1,000 to reshingle and repair the Butler School house, and finish off a room for lectures, meetings, and a night class.

Since 1863, some five thousand children have been taught to read in this school, and many more will enter it should it be saved from decay by proper repairs.

The Normal School is unable to draw on its resources to do this work. It is hoped that some of our readers will be interested in this account and help to save this noble and useful school house.

It is fitting that this building, close by which may be seen the Live Oak tree under which the first school for "Contrabands" was opened by Mrs. Peck, a colored woman who had learned to read in slavery times, should stand for years on the ground where the first blow was given to the chains of the American slave.

Good wholesome reading is an excellent thing for the formation of character. Our Hampton students, especially the young colored men, have a decided taste for biographical reading, history, and books of travel, of which the school supply is limited and poor.

This is published in the hope that some spare books and dollars may be sent for the enlargment of the resources for good reading in the Hampton Institute.

In August, 1869, a few months after the Hampton Institute was opened, a committee was appointed to visit and report upon it, with a view to securing the confidence and support of the public.

The committee consisted of Rev. Mark Hopkins, D. D., President of Williams' College, Mass., Gen'l J. A. Garfield, Hon. B. G. Northrop, Supt. Public schools of Connecticut, and Mr. Alexander Hyde, of Mass.

The report was favorable, and its circulation was of material benefit to the institution.

General Garfield was one of its original Trustees, but after four years resigned, from inability to attend the annual meetings, which always occurred in the press of Congressional work.

We recognize in the President elect, an able educator; one who appreciates the teacher as a power in the land; he being himself singularly gifted with the faculty of imparting knowledge, and of inspiring pupils. At Williams' College, under Dr. Hopkins, he received the impress of the most powerful and skilful formative mind in the land.

General Garfield has never lost the inspirations of his *alma mater*. They will be felt through him by the nation. On the wooden benches of Williams' College he was fitted for the Presidency.

The time is ripe for making the illiteracy of the south a national question. The public conscience, that, since 1865, has slept so comfortably over a million of ignorant Negro voters, as powerful for evil as for good, is quickened. Our new President is fated to be a leader in the movement.

The outgoing President has given his strongest support to the cause of national education. Mr. Hayes has signally

shown his appreciation of the nation's duty to those whom it has enfranchised but not enlightened.

There other crimes against the Negro than bulldozing. Politicians who have had the power to light up the dark places of the south, and conquer cruelty by the spread of ideas and of truth through aid to the cause of education, caring more for votes than for manhood, have relied more on bayonets than on spelling books. Had they relied on the latter rather than on the former, and given the ex-slave education with the ballot, he could have taken better care of himself, and been for better fitted for the vantage ground toward which circumstances are now pushing him. The Negro will have the balance of power in more than one state. The constitutional question involved is a weak apology for neglect. They did not care any more than they tried and they did not try to supply the deepest need of the Negro.

The coming danger in the south is from throngs of voters too ignorant to realize their duty, who will sell their ballots to the man who shall give them the biggest bribe or barbacue.

This evil is growing in the land; checked only by intelligence and morality. It threatens New England, where bargaining for votes is on the increase. There is a terror to come from that source, in the south more terrible than anything in the past. Under injustice men react, and may be ennobled, while the persecutor is sure to suffer in the end.

From self-indulgence there is no reaction. It pushes men down as no wrong ever does. Luxury, and not oppression, has ruined the nations. In the recent hard times our country gained more in character than it lost in money.

The Negro and the Country will suffer more from bribery than from intimidation.

Rights first, but not rights alone, for the Negro and the Indian in our land.

There is, in these days in the South, a good deal of thinking and plain talk; illustrated by a recent statement of Judge O. A. Lochlane, of Georgia, to an interviewer, published in the Philadelphia *Times*, from which we quote.

"It was natural for those who had fought four years and had been overwhelmed when they came back to find lonely chimneys representing their homes and the fields still wet with blood that they should be indignant at the leaders who had promised such widely different results. Their country was demoralized, bleeding and in ruins, their wives in rags and their children beggars. Southern opinion amid such surroundings could not have been expected to regard the authors of all these disasters with loyalty or affection. It would be unjust to them to say that they felt either loyalty to the government or kindness toward its representatives."

* * * *

"The South is not loyal as to sentiment, but like the Scythian is obedient to law; but it is growing loyal in sentiment and nationality. Love for the Constitution and the government is gradually but firmly on the increase. They are proud of their memories, are these people—of their history, of family, of the name, of their sectionalism; but day by day they see and feel the logic of events—that loyalty means prosperity, that sectionalism means ruin. They grow wiser, and the end is not far distant when the Solid South will dissolve; the political leaders will be driven by the people instead of driving them, and loyalty will be as warm in the South as in New England."

There is a prospect that many thousand acres of land owned by the "Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company" on this Peninsula, within thirty miles of Hampton, will soon be opened to settlers and that enterprizing colored men will have a chance. The soil is especially adapted to the cultivation of early fruits, vegetables and tobacco, although it has been somewhat impoverished by the slipshod, wasteful system of agriculture followed by the natives for over 200 years. Much of it is covered with a second growth of cedar and pine. The land will be divided into small farms, and sold or leased to actual settlers. A road is to be constructed from Fortress Monroe to a point on the Richmond and York River Railway, and as Fortress Monroe is but twenty-four hours' distance from New York by water, the farmers are assured of an accessible market.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dixon, of England, whose twelve years of labor for the freedmen of America, part of that time at Hampton, insured them a warm welcome back, have just returned, bringing a small but valuable collection of philosophical apparatus given by English Friends to the Hampton Institute.

Writing of his efforts in behalf of the school, Mr. Dixon said:

"We hoped, by writing, the Irish famine would get over; so it has, but in its place, two dreadful pit accidents have happened, leaving hundreds of widows and orphans unprovided for: also the terrible cyclone in Jamaica; for these sufferers subscription lists have been opened. These having a closer claim, leave little hope of much for Hampton. Most that we have received has been given by our personal friends; chiefly in the region of our former home, in the North of England. They complain that America is drawing from England large amounts of gold, for breadstuffs, cattle, beef, bacon, cheese, canned goods, and fruits, which come in free of duty, while English manufactured goods are shut out from America by high tariffs. Thus America, they say, is becoming richer and England poorer. The farmers are suffering from three successively bad harvests and the present year promises little better—continuous rains are injuring the crops."

At this late date appears the Report of the United States Commissioner of Education, for 1878, from which we extract as follows:

There are seventeen different school ages in the States and Territories, 17 years being the longest period and 6 years the shortest. The earliest age at which pupils are admitted to the public schools in any State is 4 years. In nine States the school age is 6–21 and in eight States 5–21.

The total school population in the States for 1878 is 14,418,923; number enrolled in public schools, 9,204,316; average daily attendance, 5,093,298, seven States not reporting.

The total number of teachers in the States was 200,132. The wages of men vary from $28.22 a month in South Carolina to $100 in Nevada; the wages of women, from $15.92 in Maine to $84 in Nevada; the average of wages of teachers of both sexes is $17.44 in Alabama and $71.56 in Wyoming. In Maryland, Mississippi, and Indian Territory the salary of males and females is the same. The greatest difference between the salaries of males and females is in Massachusetts, where the former receive $75.04; the latter, $33.04.

The total annual school income reported by all the States and Territories is $86,978,101; annual expenditure, $80,529,958, of which $8,483,650 were expended for buildings, apparatus, &c; $1,088,042 for salary of superintendents, and $51,853,655 for teachers' salaries. The estimated value of sites, buildings, and all other school property is $170,812,177, 10 States and 4 Territories not reporting. The expenditure per capita of the school population varied from 76 cents in North Carolina to $24.78 among the Cherokees, and per capita of average attendance in public schools from $2.44 in North Carolina to $62.76 among the Cherokees.

In a table showing comparative population and enrolment of the white and colored races in public schools of the recent slave States, are the following figures: School population, white, 3,608,054; colored, 1,578,930; enrolment, white, 2,634,046; colored, 675,150; total expenditure for both races, $11,700,951.

There are reported 34 normals schools for the instruction of the colored race, with 100 instructors and 5,236 students; 28 institutes for secondary instruction, with 111 instructors and 5,200 students; 15 universities and colleges, with 120 instructors and 1,620 students; 10 theological schools, with 40 instructors and 620 students; 3 schools of law, with 8 instructors and 44 students; 4 schools of medicine, with 17 instructors and 94 students; 2 schools for the deaf and dumb and the blind, with 20 teachers and 121 pupils; and 14,247 public schools, with 675,150 scholars. There are also 403 schools for the colored pupils, having an enrolment of 20,675, in reporting free States, making total number of colored public schools 14,050 and total enrolment in the same 605,825. The Commissioner observes that the difficulties encountered in the progress of educating the colored race which originate from race prejudice are gradually disappearing; the whites are begining to see that idleness, vice, and crime are the inevitable results, among the colored people, of neglect, and that these evils decrease when the proper kind of training is afforded.

Houses for colored schools are generally needed, and there is also pressing need of competent teachers. There are encouraging evidences of improvement in school-houses and in the qualifications of teachers for white schools in the South.

The Burnside Educational bill, which has now passed the Senate by a strong vote, provides for setting apart as an educational fund, the net proceeds of the sales of public lands, and of patents, the income of which, at the rate of four per cent. interest, is to be distributed among the States in aid of popular education; and for the first ten years the appportionment is to be made in proportion to the number of the population of ten years old, and upward who cannot read and write. This is to give an advantage to the States in which there is now the most illiteracy.

An act like this should have been passed immediately after emancipation. If passed, it will be a piece of long delayed justice. Such legislation never received serious attention or favor from the party managers previous to the present administration. To give rights without knowledge is like giving freedom without eyesight. The freedman have been groping for seventeen years in a darkness relieved only by Northern charity and by the aid of the impoverished Southern States.

England waited a third of a century before educating the ex-slaves of Jamaica. Our government has delayed half that time.

THE PRESIDENT'S PARTING WORD FOR HAMPTON AND CARLISLE.

In every Message since the new effort for Indian education was begun at Hampton and Carlisle. President Hayes has manifested his interest in it by calling special attention to its success and significance. His last Message reiterates his views and urges upon congress the duty of encouraging it. He says: "Much care and attention has been devoted to the enlargement of educational facilities for the Indians. The means available for this important object have been very inadequate. A few additional boarding-schools at Indian agencies have been established, and the erection of buildings has been begun for several more, but an increase of the appropriations for this interesting undertaking is greatly needed to accommodate the large number of Indian children of school age. The number offered by their parents from all parts of the country for education in the Government schools is much larger than can be accommodated with the means at present available for that purpose. The number of Indian pupils at the Normal School at Hampton, Va., under the direction of Gen. Armstrong, has been considerably increased, and their progress is highly encouraging. The Indian school established by the Interior Department in 1879, at Carlisle, Penn., under the direction of Capt. Pratt, has been equally successful. It has now nearly 200 pupils of both sexes, representing a great variety of the tribes east of the Rocky Mountains. The pupils in both these institutions receive not only an elementary English education, but are also instructed in house-work, agriculture, and useful mechanical pursuits. A similar school was established this year at Forest Grove, Oregon, for the education of Indian youth on the Pacific coast. In addition to this, 30 Indian boys and girls were selected from the Eastern Cherokees and placed in boarding schools in North Carolina, where they are to receive an elementary English education and training in industrial pursuits. The interest shown by Indian parents, even among the so called wild tribes, in the education of their children, is very gratifying, and gives promise that the results accomplished by the efforts now making will be of lasting benefit. The expenses of Indian education have so far been drawn from the permanent civilization fund at the disposal of the Department of the Interior; but the fund is now so much reduced that the continuance of this beneficial work will in the future depend on specific appropriations by Congress for the purpose, and I venture to express the hope that Congress will not permit institutions so fruitful of good results to perish for want of means for their support. On the contrary, an increase of the number of such schools appears to me highly advisable."

A NEW DEPARTURE TOWARDS INDIAN CITIZENSHIP.

The President says:

"The past year has been unusually free from disturbances among the Indian tribes. An agreement has been made with the Utes by which they surrender their large reservation in Colorado in consideration of an annuity to be paid to them, and agree to settle in severalty on certain lands designated for that purpose, as farmers, holding individual title to their land in fee-simple, inalienable for a certain period. In this way a costly Indian war has been avoided, which at one time seemed imminent, and for the first time in the history of the country an Indian nation has given up its tribal existence to be settled in severalty, and to live as individuals under the common protection of the laws of the country. The conduct of the Indians throughout the country during the past year, with but few noteworthy exceptions, has been orderly and peaceful. The guerrilla warfare carried on for two years by Victoria and his band of Southern Apaches has virtually come to an end by the death of that chief and most of his followers, on Mexican soil. The disturbances caused on our northern frontier by Sitting Bull and his men, who had taken refuge in the British Dominions, are also likely to cease. A large majority of his followers have surrendered to our military forces, and the remainder are apparently in progress of disintegration.

I concur with the Secretary of the Interior in expressing the earnest hope that Congress will at this session take favorable action on the bill providing for the allotment of lands on the different reservations in severalty to the Indians, with patents conferring fee-simple title inalienable for a certain period, and the eventual disposition of the residue of the reservations for general settlement, with the consent and for the benefit of the Indians, placing the latter under the equal protection of the laws of the country. This message, together with a vigorous prosecution of our educational efforts, will work the most important, effective advance towards the solution of the Indian problem, in preparing for the gradual merging of our Indian population in the great body of American citizenship."

AN EDUCATIONAL FUND FOR THE SOUTH AND WEST.

The President has always maintained the duty of the Nation to secure the education of its citizens. His recommendations may be debated by those who fear centralization, though centralization in the shape of Government aid is usually not hard to take.

The President says, "The Commissioner of Education reports a continued increase of public interest in educational affairs, and that the public schools generally throughout the country are well sustained. Industrial training is attracting deserved attention, and colleges for instruction, theoretical and practical, in agriculture and mechanical arts, including the Government schools recently established for the instruction of Indian youth, are gaining steadily in public estimation. The Commissioner asks special attention to the depredations committed on the lands reserved for the future support of public instruction, and to the very great need of help from the Nation for schools in the Territories and in the Southern States. The recommendation heretofore made, is repeated and urged, that an educational fund be set apart from the net proceeds of the sales of the public lands annually, the income of which, and the remainder of the net annual proceeds, to be distributed on some satisfactory plan to the States and Territories, and the District of Columbia.

REPORT ON EDUCATION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

A full answer to the criticisms in the "*Fool's Errand*," upon the policy of reconstruction and universal suffrage forced by circumstances upon the country at the close of the war, is contained in a few sentences in the last annual report of the State Supt. of Education in South Carolina.

They are at the same time in full agreement with Dr. Tourgee's views for the future.

Col. Hugh Thompson, State Supt., in this his twelfth report says emphatically:

"However men may differ as to the right and duty of the state to control education, that question has been settled in South Carolina. Our people are beginning to realize fully that the peace and prosperity which they have enjoyed for the last four years can best be continued and increased by providing for the education of all classes. Tax payers contribute cheerfully to the support of these schools. During the memorable political campaign of 1876 the pledge was repeatedly made that the Democratic party, if successful, would foster the public school system, and the promise was given again and again that fuller opportunities of education would be afforded to all classes of our citizens. The foregoing statement of what has been done dur-

ing the past four years, brief as it is, will show that the promises have been kept and the pledges fulfilled.

The great social and political changes through which the people of this State have passed in the last fifteen years, make it necessary that we should have an efficient system of public schools. Universal education alone can avert the evils which universal suffrage threatens. We can best guard and protect our civilization by providing liberally for the diffusion of knowledge. The full development of the great material resources of the State, and the securing of continued peace and prosperity, demand the united efforts of all classes of our people."

The report confirms Col. Thompson, claims for it. Is the policy to be regretted which has educated the public sentiment of a state up to this point?

Col. Thompson's report contains some interesting statistics.

Since 1876, the school attendance of white children has increased 14,775; of colored children, 16,901; the present attendance being, of white children, 01,218, of colored, 72.853. The school fund has increased from $189,352 80, to $351,415.50.

The trustees of the Peabody fund, having determined to devote the interest of it henceforth to the education of teachers, South Carolina has been allowed to send eight white pupils to the Normal College at Nashville Tenn., and ten colored pupils to the Hampton Institute. The pupils holding Peabody Scholarships at the Nashville College, receive tuition free and $200 each during the session; those of the Hampton Institute receive tuition free and $40 each during the session. A state teachers, institute was provided for by the Peabody fund at Spartansburg, and a county Institute for colored teachers has been held in Charleston, presided over gratuitously by two of the most able Superintendents in that city. A teacher's Association was the result of this institute. A college of Agriculture and Mechanics was opened in October last, in the buildings of the South Carolina College. Claflin University at Orangeburg, for colored people, is supported in part by the state, an annual appropriation of $7,500 being made for that purpose.

When sitting last August on the piazza of the Volcano House, Hawaii, writing letters to the "SOUTHERN WORKMAN," we little expected that such an eruption as is described below, was so near at hand. The following account is from the *Hawaiian Gazette.*

It is evident that the eruption of lava from Mauna Loa upon the island of Hawaii, which is now progressing, is one of the most important in extent and grandeur which has been known in modern times.

We pitched our tent under the lee of the hill and along side of some fine Mamani trees, where we could see the whole slope of Mauna Loa, but not the whole plain. Clouds and fog had now enveloped the whole plain and mountains, and not a light could we see. We climbed up the hill-side however, and sat down under the lee of some bushes and awaited the clearing up of the fog and clouds. It was not long before old Mauna Loa lifted its bald head above the tops of the snowy clouds, and a brilliant light burst on our view from the summit. In a few minutes, we could see the whole line of fire along the summit, [it is fifteen thousand feet high. Ed.] down to the terminal crater, where an intensely bright light showed us that old Pele was true to herself and was preparing a sight for all, seldom to be seen. As the fog gradually cleared from off the sides of the mountain, we saw a tremendous river of fire pouring down the steep sides. We could see it distinctly down the slope, till it ran into the fog bank, which had settled like a huge snow bed all over the lowlands. The fire was an intense, white light and was running furiously downward. After waiting till eleven o'clock, and the fog not clearing off the plain, we went back, down to the camp, and watched the magnificent show. About half past twelve, the fog lifting, two of us went up the side of the hill towards Puna to see the sight, and what a sight it was! Almost under our feet lay the end of the flow, slowly pushing its way along through the scrub mamani. The whole stream lay before us. Soon the moon set, and still it was light enough to see to read. Away above us in the heavens shone the brilliant fountain head, and from thence to the end was a continuous stream of liquid lava, brighter by far than *fire*, as we could see how pale a fire looked in comparison whenever a bush took fire and burnt up alongside. There lay a river of fire before us at least thirty miles long, every inch of which was one bright rolling tide of fire. There was not a single break in the whole length. It divided about a mile from the top and ran down forming a parallelogram, joined again, and ran five miles below. The whole front edge, being about three fourths of a mile wide, was a most intensely brilliant sight, and as it slowly advanced and rolled over the small trees and scrubs, bright flames would flash up and die out along its whole edge.

As we sat there in the cool still night watching it, every now and then a report as of a cannon broke on the stillness, all along the whole line of fire, caused, I supposed, by the heating of air under the new lava in the old lava caverns and bursting up through the crust. Then too, occasionally, a deep, but loud rumbling noise would almost start us from our seats, evidently coming from the deep recesses of the old mountain, as if it was spouting forth its fiery flood. The cannonade was very frequent, now right close to us and again coming from a distance away up the side of the moutain. I could compare the whole view, with nothing but a streak of chain lighting frozen in its tracks as the fire seemed to come out of the Heavens, it was so far above us. As we sat there watching it, all at once a huge dome of molten lava was thrown up about half way up the mountain side, and continued to flow over like an immense fountain, as long as we watched it. We also saw another stream of lava start from the fountain head and run right along the top ridge of the mountain for about two miles, and then apparently stop. There was no fountain throwing up lava on the top of the mountain only a steady rushing stream. About half past two we descended to camp and turned in for a few hours sleep.

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We crossed the old flow for about 1000 feet and then stood on the very edge of that flowing *river of rock.* Oh, what a sight that was! Not twenty feet from us was this immense bed of rock, slowly moving forward with irresistable force, bearing on its surface huge rocks and immense bowlders of tons weight, as water would carry a toy boat. The whole front edge was one bright red mass of solid rock incessantly breaking off from the towering mass and rolling down to the foot of it, to be again covered up by another avalanche of white-hot rocks and sand. The whole mass was, at its front edge, from 12 to 20 feet in height. Along the whole line of its advance it was one crash of rolling, sliding, tumbling red-hot rock. We could see no fire or liquid lava at all, but the whole advance line of red-hot stones and scoriæ. The latter would frequently run down the slope like water, only all separate in red-hot grains. There were no explosions while we were near the flow, only a tremendous roaring like ten thousand blast furnaces all at work at once. The flow was only "sa," and was so as far as we could see it. What a tremendous heat arose from its surface. The whole mass was, on top where no red-hot rock could be seen, a dull brick color. Its advance was very slow, but sure.

SALEM WITCHCRAFT AMONG THE SEMINOLES.

The Seminoles of Indian Territory have not out-stripped the Salem fathers in civilization yet, as is apparent from a letter in another column, from a lady who, after teaching among them for seven years, has incurred the displeasure of the chiefs and been turned out of her position, for rescuing a poor old woman sentenced by them to be shot as a witch. That her efforts were not backed up by any one on the spot, is a mystery for official investigation and dealing. She, naturally, takes a dark view of the case, and thinks it poor showering for thirty years' missionary work. The Salem fathers used up more witches in straightening out the snarls of their human nature without the advantage, or disadvantage, of criticism by a superior race.

A race has constant tendency to return to its primitive types. To change this tendency is something more than to improve individuals. Misunderstanding this is a common mistake in missionary work and occasions unnecessary discouragement and misappreciation. After thirty years of missionary labor of any quality, or seven years of the most faithful of teaching, one may see the old nature of superstition and bloodthirstiness bursting through the crust of civilization, as it did in the Puritan fathers who represented the conscience and culture of a thousand years of progress. What then? There is nothing then but to go ahead as before, knowing that we are on the road which will bring us out all right in the end.

DIED Dec. 5th, at her home in Hampton, Mrs. Sarah Weaver, wife of Mr. R. H. Hamilton, both graduates of Hampton Institute.

In her long and painful illness, borne with characteristic gentleness and sweetness, Mrs. Hamilton was surrounded with all that love and human skill could give her. Her schoolmates and friends bore her body to its last resting place in the school burial ground. The funeral service was conducted by her pastor Rev. Mr. Johns of Hampton, and the Normal school chaplain, Mr. Frissell.

She died in the blessed hope of immortality through our Lord Jesus Christ. Her husband, long in the employ of the Normal School, has the heartfelt sympathy of all its officers and members, in his great bereavement.

A NEW SOUTH.

We reprint from the New York Herald, part of a letter of Mr. Edward Atkinson of Boston, based on his recent personal observations in the South.

Negro suffrage will prove the great factor in reconstruction. It is the inspiration of the grand, slow, but forward movement in the Southern States, for the education of the ex-slaves; for there is no choice between an ignorant and an enlightened voter. The South educates the black man as a measure of self-protection. The ballot, as Mr. Atkinson shows, is the cause of the great economic success of emancipation. He says, "Men in possession of the ballot cannot long be abused. There is more danger of corruption by catering to and dividing the black vote, than there is of intimidation on national questions." Bribes will do more harm than bullets: free rum than shot guns. Intelligence and education is the remedy, a slow one, but the only one.

Reconstruction is a question of moral, educational and industrial forces now being applied with comparative vigor and promise. A noble reconstruction, "A new South" is not very far off.

A COTTON EXHIBITION.

To the Editor of the Herald:—

The reconstruction of the slave States and their first true union (not their reunion) with the other members of the nation, is in part accomplished. Political action and legislation were necessary in order that the process might begin, but alone are inadequate. The extentions of the right of suffrage by national statutes to the enfranchised slaves has given them protection against State abuses of the power of taxation, such as happened in the British West Indies after emancipation. In that case the ballot was limited to landholders and other persons possessing property, who straightway turned all the powers of taxation and legislation against the freedmen. Had not the ballot been given to the colored race the same attempt would have been made in the United States, to continue the plantation system in the cultivation of cotton by working the whole system of taxation and the whole internal policy of the several States in favor of the large landholder, and against the small farmer and laborer. The attempt utterly failed in Jamaica, and the islands were almost ruined; it would have failed here, with similar results: but instead of failure we have achieved a great economic success, and, although a short period of misgovernment has happened in our Southern States from the sudden exercise of power by the most ignorant classes, their temporary abuse of power has passed by. The South may now be "solid" in respect to national questions, and it is doubtless true that wrong methods of intimidation and of fraud have been used, and will be used again in several Southern States in the ensuing national election; but in respect to local questions and local elections the South is no longer solid, but is honeycombed with new forces. Men in possession of the ballot cannot long be abused. There is more danger of corruption to-day among the colored voters from the attempts that have been made to cater to and to divide the black vote on local issues than there is of intimidation on national questions. This has been made apparent in Virginia, in city elections in Charleston, and in many other cases; but this difficulty will finally be surmounted as intelligence, and education are promoted and extended.

THE REIGN OF COTTON.

The true forces now in action in the South are industrial forces; the opportunities to apply improvements and inventions, and for the accumulation of widely diffused wealth by rightful methods. The true reconstruction and the real union that are now being consummated are by means of these industrial forces, and in this work cotton has been and will be the most potent force of all. For a century limitations of slavery kept the treatment of the cotton plant subject to the most barbarous conditions, with the use of the rudest tools and most wasteful methods. When the crop now about to be gathered is numbered, if the season ends as propitiously as it has begun, it will be more than double the average of the fifteen ante-war crops, and at least twenty-five per cent. in excess of the largest crop ever raised by the labor of slaves.

NEW VALUES FOR THE CROP.

Nevertheless, what has been done is but a tithe of what remains; the present power of King Cotton is but the shadow of the substance yet to come. The value of the seed is yet an unknown quantity. It may seem almost the work of a visionary to compute it. If we make 6,000,000 bales of cotton fibre a year the weight of cotton seed that will remain, after enough has been set aside for the next year's planting, will be 3,000,000 tons. If the whole of this seed be treated as a small portion is now treated, the waste of the cotton gin and of the oil press, with other waste of the cotton farm, will then suffice for not less than 14,000,000 to 20,000,000 sheep, probably for double that number. These sheep, folded upon the cotton field, would so fertilize the soil as to double the crop of cotton on any given acre of uplands—the manure of animals fed on cotton seed meal being richer than that from any other known variety of food.

NEW TRADE FOR THE NORTH.

In connection with this industrial prophecy made possible by freedom, it should be considered that there never was so great a field suddenly opened for the introduction of new tools, new cotton gins, new presses and for every variety of implements and processes. Whence are they to come if not from the North? If the new conditions make the interdependence of the sections essential and imperative, what more is needed to fuse the solid South and the solid North into one solid nation? No misrepresentatives of a dead past who may for a time infest the houses of Congress can long delay the conclusion.

WE have just time, before going to press, to announce the gift to the Hampton Institute, by Mrs. Valeria Stone of Malden Mass., through Rev. W. H. Willcox, D. D., the almoner of her charities, of the sum of *twenty thousand dollars* for the erection and complete outfit of an industrial building to be 140 feet in length, 40 in width, three stories, with a wing to the rear. It will be for colored girls chiefly.

While fifty young men have been provided for with ten hours work per day and two hours instruction each night, thus earning money, learning a useful trade and fitting themselves for the Junior class, destitute and worthy colored girls have had no such chance, while needing and deserving it quite as much as the men.

Mrs Stone, by her noble gift, has created for them grand opportunities, through which Negro girls may every year earn from three to four thousand dollars, to be expended in board, clothing and books in the regular three year Normal Course, and graduate in every way fitted to take care of themselves, and become useful to their race.

Until all the room is needed for girls' industries, a portion of the new "Stone Hall" (to be built of brick) will be occupied by the Printing office, and for mens' dormitories; (girls to be there only during the day for working purposes under proper officers.)

The Hampton Institute is encouraged greatly by this generous gift.

It remains to provide the building for Indian girls, (a dormitory) which will cost at least $15000, and to keep up a march of improvement along the whole line of effort for the races we are trying to help.

A correspondent sends, with a moderate donation, the following pleasant words:

"I look upon your Annual Report, particularly its book-keeping features, as most admirable. It shows the need of the Institution better than could be done in any other way, and that some one is at the helm to put the forthcoming contributions into the right channel to do what the donors intend shall be done.

Even the mite I send, by your system has its place, and is encouraged to come forth."

A GOOD MOVE.

We understand that Mr. George Dixon, in starting his commission business again since his return from Europe, in a new store he is putting up opposite Darling's Mill, intends to add to it a temperance lunch counter, where his country customers may warm up with hot coffee after their long cold ride, while their horses or little steers are comfortably sheltered under sheds. Mr. Dixon intends also to open an account with the Home Savings Bank of Norfolk, through which the people's pennies may be safely deposited in that bank, drawing interest instead of going down their throats in cheap whisky.

This is an excellent move, in which we wish Mr. Dixon all success.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES

BEING DEAD, THEY YET SPEAK. GOD'S WORK IS HAPPY WORK. THE BEST TEACHER FOR A RACE. ROUGHING IT. A LETTER FROM KANSAS. HIS OWN CARPENTER. THE REFUGEES AS CIVILIZERS.

FROM MARIA MALLETTE, AND J. B. TOWE.

A friend kindly sends us several letters received within the past two years from these beloved children of Hampton, who were both called last summer to the higher activities and services of Heaven. Their letters are full of the bright, earnest spirit of devotion which characterized their lives, and will surely be helpful, as well as touchingly interesting, to their friends and former comrades. Both were prominent members of the band of Hampton student singers, and since their return have been very enthusiastic and successful teachers; loving their work, and making their influence felt at their own homes.

"Wilmington, N. C. *June* 23, 1880.

Miss L.——, *Dear Friend:*—

I received through the mail, some time ago, your very kind and friendly letter, also the "Story of the Bible," for which I am very grateful to you. I have already been eagerly devouring its contents, and have reached the New Testament. It is indeed interesting, and a great help to us while reading our Bibles, so many things are made plain to us, and while reading, we are made to think often and deeply. I am not the only one who has found pleasure in reading, but my friends also, and I have promised to lend it to quite a number, when I am through reading. My parents also find a great deal of comfort in having it read, and the younger portion of our family find a deal of pleasure in looking at the various pictures contained therein. I am not only engaged in teaching in the day school, but I am also a teacher in the Sunday School. I have a nice class of little boys, though I find them a little restless at times, I love them, and love to teach them. I also do all that I can in the line of church work, to help the church along. Whenever any festivals are held to aid the church, I do all that I can to help sustain the gospel of Jesus Christ. I find much comfort in all such work. I was very much interested in the account of the commencement at Hampton. I have a sister there whom I am trying to educate. I have been successful so far and hope that God will allow me to keep her there until she finishes.

We will close school Tuesday of next week; and we have promised to give the children a pic-nic at the close. This is my home, and I am here all the time. Though the place is dull, yet I love it simply because it is home. With much love and gratitude to you, for your great kindness to me, I am yours thankfully,

MARIA MALLETTE."

Of his good work in Norfolk, into which he threw himself with remarkable enthusiasm and vigor, Mr. Towe wrote in December, 1879.

"I have been more than busy teaching week day, Sabbath and night schools. All of my time has been taken up in this work because I have devoted all of my attention to it.

I came home last September and opened my same school. The people were so anxious to have the teach night school for the laboring class who could not go to day school; I did so, and now I find my work is more than I can do. As all of my schools are very large, I feel as if I must try this term to carry out my plans as I had arranged them. But should I teach here again, I should not undertake such a heavy task.

Glad to let you know that my work has been satisfactory here among all classes.

I have made a special effort to train my pupils morally because that is the characteristic that needs to be improved, more in my estimation than any other. I have won the strongest white people on my side, so now I have no trouble to work in the Vinayard of my blessed Jesus.

How I do thank the good Lord for my success here! It is a great comfort and pleasure to think over. I went to Hampton on the 25th inst. and sang with the Hampton Students. We gave a good concert. I met with gratitude many of my good teachers.

We had a lively Christmas Tree on the 28th, which made the little ones happy. Sabbath School numbers 800, day school 140, and night school fifty.

Please accept my thanks for the papers you have been sending, also the little New Years card and other good things that you have sent me. I have not received the book yet that you sent to Hampton for me.

In my next letter I shall send you some money to get me a Concordance on the Old and New Testaments. I need one so much in my teaching.

If I did not work for our blessed Savior I would have no true pleasure. I wish that all men could come to this point.

I am yours in Christ. J. B. TOWE."

His influence was not confined to the school room. He wrote in February '78.

"I am preparing my school for examination and a literary entertainment. I have been also preparing a lecture on religion and morality, to deliver tomorrow (Sunday) at our Young Men's Christian Association Room. About thirty of our best Christian and moral men have banded ourselves together for the purpose of buying a library, establishing a good reading room and trying to let our influence go out through the City, that it may lift the people both morally and religiously. We have only a few who will approve our work, because we take no one in our Association who will visit the bar room &c., or do those evil and immoral deeds, which we hold is against our good Lord's commands.

I thank you kindly for your offer to send me a number of those little pamphlets. I do thank you for your kindness to me, and the little ones for whom I labor, to send me ten of each kind.

I must tell you something about this beautiful book; the "Story of the Bible." It is the richest little work that I ever read. It is simplified and made so plain. I never read and prayed to my heavenly Father with more eagerness and faith than since I have had this book. I read it in my school.

Since I received the Concordance I can prepare my sabbath school lessons much easier and make them clearer.

Thanking you for all of your kindness I am your obliged friend,

J. B. TOWE.

The last of his letters, written a few months before his death, is still more full of happy zeal in the Master's service.

"Norfolk, Va. *Oct.* 2, 1879.

Kind Friend:—

I came home from E—— City, N. C., where I have spent a few months of earnest and successful labor among the youth of my people, on the 28th. of September.

I had a very fine and appreciative school of thirty-eight girls and twenty-eight boys, from six to twenty years old. I had taught a great many of these four years ago.

It was the pleasantest vacation I ever spent though I came away and have now opened my regular school here. I shall send them some gospel hymn books and others, to add to their little Sabbath school library.

My school here is finer than ever. I had on the 2nd day one hundred and four pupils in school. I am so thankful that I can spend my life in the service of Jesus, imparting instruction to those who feast upon it, and put it into operation at once.

I feel better and happier every day, because I think I am doing my Master's will.

When I was at Hampton to be educated for a teacher, I had no idea that I could make my life so useful for my people and do such good work in my Master's vineyard. It is constantly developing before my eyes like a beautiful rose in the spring. I am real glad to let you know that the people in Norfolk and the vicinity are being aroused to their duties more and more concerning their intellectual and moral education. I think it is due to the work of our graduates who are scattered now quite thickly all around.

Please excuse my haste. I am yours most gratefully, J. B. TOWE."

Who will take the vacant places?

ROUGHING IT.

Last years valedictorian writes cheerfully of his first experiences, and has the right idea as to the best teachers for his race.

S—— Co. Va. *November* 5, 1880.

Dear Teacher:—

I meant to have written to you as soon as I got my school fairly started. But I had scarcely commenced before I was taken very ill, yet I am well now.

When I saw in my sister's letter your inquiry, request, and offer to help me, I felt very glad, and then a little sorry. I was glad of your interest and thoughts of me, but I felt badly to have waited to be reminded to write. I did not mean to appear so ungrateful and careless. I came here on the 22nd. with a mind fully made up to work, and I find here is plenty of it to do. I find lack of interest, in those above the school age, to learn, but they appear to think the children ought to go to school, and send them unless prevented by work or clothing. The school house is unusually poor and roughly made and on each side there is a large window in which there is neither wood nor glass, but I expect some of the latter in soon; as the weather has been fine, I have not suffered though. I had good ventilators though not thus intended. The parents are very slow in getting books, the children need, thus making it hard to classify them. This is a busy time and the people being unable to hire, stop their children to assist them, but I have been able to make a lawful average. I have thirty-seven on my roll now, and I will have more soon, I think. The scholars are far behind, considering the length of time our state has had free schools, but I find it owing to the schools having been mainly taught by white teachers who either did not have the ability or the interest. I rather think the latter. Undoubtedly the best teachers for our people in the South are those who are not ashamed to be at their firesides and in their churches; the benefit is two-fold; you not only get at the children, but you get at the young men and women, who form the social circle of today, if not by actual teaching, by example. I find it very pleasant to teach, especially when the children are interested and appear to be learning, but when dull and careless, I must say it is not pleasant. But you do not think how it reminds me how I too was dull and careless. Would that I may be more dutiful in the future. I am well back in the country, where I spend most of my time reading and reviewing my studies, and find it pleasant company. I miss newspapers very much.

I have started me a Sunday School and enjoy it very much. It has only five testaments and five old singing books, that are out of date. I have one of Moody and Sankeys' small books and I use it. I am not a good singer, but I have to sing. As there is no one to laugh at me, it is all right. I have been so puzzled where to get them, I did not want to ask for them. So you see your gift was timely.

I am not sure when I will be at Hampton, perhaps I may go to the Alumni Meeting. I hope school is getting on well and you are enjoying the work among our people.

Your scholar, class '80. S.

A LETTER FROM KANSAS.

The young man who writes the following interesting letter, went out as it is safest to do, with a definite purpose and prospect of work. He is an intelligent observer and may be expected to do good service among the refugees, some of whom he thinks are doing some civilizing rather than needing it.

Beamen, Morris Co. Kan. *Nov.* 26, 1880.

Dear Miss M.:—

As Thanksgiving day is over, and there yet remains a day not set apart for any particular work, I thought it a good time to tell you something of my work.

In order that you may be fully informed as to the locality &c. of my work, I clip the enclosed, from the second semi-annual report of the general superintendent of the Kansas Freedmen Relief Association. I will say, that my work is not altogether under the supervision of the aboved named association."

THE WABAUNSEE COLONY.

"This Colony is located about fifty miles southwest of Topeka and fourteen miles northwest from Council Grove. There are thirty-one families in this colony, having in all twelve hundred and eighty acres of land. While thirty families have forty acres each, one of these families has eighty acres.

They all live in two large buildings, 20x60 feet each, divided into separate rooms. Five cook-stoves are used in each building. The colonists have dug two good wells. They have broken about sixty acres of their land and have sown thirty-five acres of it in wheat. They have rented thirty acres additional, which are also sown in wheat, making a total of sixty-five acres. They have saved a portion of the sixty acres which they broke, to plant with corn, and to be used for garden purposes. Their wheat crop looks well. They have two wagons, one span of horses and a pair of mules, two breaking and stirring plows, and a harrow and sod cutter. They will be able to break a great deal of their land during this current year, after which they will soon become self sustaining.

It has not cost the Association very much to take care of this colony during the past winter. They have worked for the farmers in their neighborhood when they could find work to do. Some of them have gone as far as twenty miles from home to their labor. Many of them have got out stone enough to build small houses upon their lands. They are all in good spirits and are doing quite as well as could be reasonably expected.

They say they are willing to have a hard time for a few years, if they can thus secure a home of their own, where they can live in peace. They have church worship and Sabbath school at their barracks every Sunday. These services are often attended by many of the white people living in the vicinity.

JOHN M. BROWN, *Gen. Sup't.*

TOPEKA, Kan. April 10, 1880."

I began work October 26th. In coming to this place from Topeka, I came within eighteen miles of here by railroad, the remainder of my journey had to be traveled in a wagon, via the old mormon trail. Having stopped over night at the railroad station. I loaded the wagon which was to be my future conveyance, with baggage, school room apparatus and three hundred feet of lumber, out of which my school room benches were to be made. I was then ready for traveling across prairie. The day after my arrival at the colony, I could find no better carpenter than myself, who, I am sure am not the best: at any rate at the end of two days, I made seats for forty-eight persons. That done, I found more to do. My school was to be in one end of a barrack, which had been used by the Refugees. It needed thorough cleaning which with a little help was done. Getting that far on the way, I had to go to Topeka, which is fifty miles northeast. This trip was made across the prairie in a wagon. During my pleasant journey, I was for the first time favored with melodious music, by the sweet songsters, prairie wolves. After spending a fortnight in this kind of work, I was then prepared for opening my school upon the Western wilds.

My school opened with twenty four, big and little old and young, Southern refugees. It now numbers thirty four, Many of these had never seen inside a school room, until they came inside of one of their own. Old men and women, who have good cotton field educations, want to learn how to read and write. All of them, old and young, manifest much interest in this kind of improvement. I have in connection with my day school, a Sunday school which is well attended.

I enjoy teaching, and when so much interest is taken, I feel strengthened and can use more energy than ever. There is nothing here to impede these people. They are far from any town, the nearest being fourteen miles off.

At first it seemed to me, that this place is one of the neglected spots of our noble Republic, and I am constrained to say so yet. But here I find that men [white men] build houses, plough and do everything else on Sunday as well as during the week. How is that for civilization? Allow me to liberate Ham's sons of this accusation, One instance of their Christian fidelity will, I hope, suffice to clear them: One of the refugees was offered by a white citizen, what ten acres would yield in corn and the yield of three acres of wheat, for his services for twelve months. The white citizen worked on Sunday, and wanted the refugee to do the same, allowing him to stop when he did and go when he went. I do not suppose the refugee minded stopping or going, so long as he did not have to go on Sunday. At any rate, rather than accept the offer and work Sunday, he takes work as he can get it. I think, not giving my refugee brethren an undue share of credit; that this is more like civilizing than needing to be civilized. It has been asserted by my fellow citizens of a fairer hue, that the negro is not civilized, I do not deny the assertion, but I do say he is on the road.

In reading the inclosed slip, please compare the second and third paragraphs, which which were written April 10, 1880, with the following statement:

The thirty two families belonging to the colony, have during the past six months been steadily at work. Ten of them have under adverse circumstances built houses of their own. Lumber and building material are high, and can not be had within fourteen miles of here. Of the twelve hundred and eighty acres owned by the colony, they have broken over two hundred. Some have sown a portion in wheat, and others are buying teams and stock. They are supported no more by the association; it furnishes two teams for hauling wood &c. Many of colonists still walk great distances to obtain work during the winter. When these people came here they had little or no means; under these disadvantages they have made good progress. Yet, it is said, the refugees are a worthless set of people. I will not speak of the prejudice which I know to be very strong against these people.

There is a grand opportunity here for young men to build up their people and themselves, and I think if pluck and energy can be stirred up among the students, they can do well by coming West and working out upon these prairies among their people. They can teach if they wish, or they can buy land very cheap and go to farming. The climate is a fine one.

I hope to hear from you soon,

G. W. D.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT AND MORNING.

Little children in their bed,
Both their stockings on the wall;
Not a thought distrobs their dreams—
That is, if they dream at all.

When the Christmas morning comes,
Both the children bounce from bed;
"Wh——ee, ——ew!"
That was all the children said.
—*St. Nicholas.*

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

A letter received recently from the U. S. commissioner of Indian affairs, informs us that a gentleman is now in the West, looking up more Indians to be educated at Hampton and Carlisle. These are to come from Arizona and New Mexico, and will probably reach here some time in January. As yet we have had no Indians from either of these territories, at this school. If a few representatives can be secured from these two territories, they will no doubt in a few months, cause a general interest in the matter of education to be awakened in those parts.

"Strike while the iron is hot," is an old adage that will apply very properly to the Indian question now. The Indians, throughout the greater part of the Western plain, are now beginning to see the importance of education. While a part of them have begun to make efforts in the right direction, is it not the most auspicious time to move the whole Indian race at once? With the boat once started from the sand bar, no force must be relaxed until she sails in the broad deep sea.

THE HEALTH QUESTION.

A little experience with Indians will teach one that the trouble with their health comes not so much from a change of climate as from carelessness on their part. The Indians are slow to learn that when they adopt the white man's dress, they must also adopt his health laws. They must be taught that they can not wear two coats to-day, and to-morrow none, a dry shirt to-day, and to-morrow a wet one.

They appear to have an idea that their bodies are weather proof. Some will seemingly take as much delight in playing out of doors when the rain pours as when the sun shines. To get their feet wet and keep them so all day is a small matter. Few think of changing clothes after getting wet. They do not mind going all over the building and even out of doors in their naked feet. But a few minutes ago, I found a boy, already affected with a fearful cough, in the absence of a chair, sitting squarely down on a floor that had been scrubbed only about five minutes before. In summer it was their great delight to sleep in the open air with no covering but a *bare* skin.

A few nights ago, I made an inspection of the whole of the boys' building, about midnight, to see how far they observed the laws of health and neatness in their sleep. I found about half the forty-six boys fast asleep with their heads buried beneath two or three blankets. In many cases all ventilation was excluded from the room, making the air anything but healthy. It is a habit with them to cover up their heads when they sleep, if no other part of the body. Ask them about these practices and they will freely acknowledge that they are unwholesome. They do these things not because they do not care, but because the habit of carelessness about their bodies has grown upon them so that it is a hard task for them to reform. For a long time they will have to be carefully instructed, watched, and helped in regard to their health.

FROM THE GIRL'S QUARTERS.

"Since the return of the twenty-five Indians who went to Massachusetts, last summer, there has been a marked improvement in those who remained at Hampton. The former, being taken altogether from those who could not speak the English language to any extent, and scattered among people who spoke nothing else, made rapid improvement in the expression of their thoughts. Learning to speak the English language more correctly was not the only thing accomplished by these Indians girls. They have fallen out with their old ways of doing things. The hair must now be arranged becomingly, the colors that adorn their persons must correspond, and there is a certain dignity exhibited in their carriage which rather encourages one. There is nothing that tends more to excite the ambition and draw out the best qualities of a race than the example of those who stand high in that race. 'The Massachusetts girls' ideas are the leading ideas among the girls. There is not one of them who would not gladly be a "Massachusetts girl."

The afternoon sewing school is quite an interesting branch of the girls department. Every afternoon, at half past one o'clock, they must learn to make their own clothes, and other articles. Every evening but Wednesday, the girls who have not entered the Preparatory Class meet to study their lessons for the next day.

This is quite new to them now, but it is hoped that after a while it will prove a success. The latter part of Tuesday and Friday evenings is given to Bible studies."

THE TRAINING SHOP.

The following report made by Mr. J. H. McDowell, a thorough mechanic, in charge of the Indian Training shop, speaks well for the Indians:

"In complying with the request to furnish these columns with a brief statement of the progress of the Indians boys as mechanics, I wish to say before doing so that I come to the superintendency of the Indian work shop with no little prejudice against the race; a prejudice (as I believe is mostly the case) the out growth of ignorance of the Indian character, and which unfortunately has been and is too often entertained and acted upon almost to the extermination of the race.

My views have been radically changed in my brief intercourse with the Hampton Indian students, for instead of finding them indolent, indifferent, intractable and without interest in acquiring mechanical knowledge, as I was led to believe would be the case, I find the reverse to be the fact. In my experience of more than twenty years as a practical mechanic, most of which has been spent either as foreman, superintendent, or master mechanic, and consequently with much to do with the instruction of boys, I have not found any, who, as a class, have learned more rapidly, been more eager to learn or more obedient to rules, and regulations of the shops, than those at present under my charge. Carpenter work, tinsmithing, shoemaking and locksmithing are being done by them, that would be highly creditable to any race, even with more experience in these branches; while a knowledge of painting, glazing, blacksmithing and wheel-wrighting is being rapidly acquired by them.

Taking into consideration their former mode of life, devoid as it has been of any system of labor, together with the fact of their limited knowledge of the English language in which their instructions are given, this progress is truly remarkable. I would not have it understood that there are no exceptions as to interest and industry in their respective branches, but will say that the exceptions are as few as will be found in the same number taken from any class. This, to me, seems an opening for an early solution of the vexed 'Indian Question' for if interest in and application to educational, agricultural, and mechanical pursuits can be created and fostered in the race, they then have taken the first step in 'White man's ways' which should and must inevitably lead to the rights and privileges of white men, thus placing them in a position to settle their difficulties without recourse to retaliation by force of arms which has been the case in the history of the past."

FARMING.

What ever else the Indians may not know, they ought to know something of practical farming. A few days ago, one of the boys here told me of two Indians at his home who accumulated quite a sum of money, left the reservation, bought themselves nice farms and supplied them well. This new movement was closely watched by their fellow Indians. At the end of four years, their farms were total wrecks; and they returned discouraged to the government reservation, laughed at by the other Indians. The cause and effect of this failure are apparent.

Mere book learning without some knowledge of farming and trades will benefit the Indians little on their return to the West.

It is to meet this difficulty that Hampton's efforts are mainly directed. The rule here is that no matter what other business a boy learns, he must know something of farming. At present, the boys here are taught farming in classes of two or three and are kept under the eye of a teacher, and made to understand each step as they go.

The following programme, kindly furnished by their farm teacher, Mr. Geo. J. Davis, will give an idea of what a class is taken through in a day:

"They begin with currying the horses, then watering, then cleaning stable, feeding for dinner. Then to the cow stable; cows are cleaned, end watered, cow-stable cleaned, cow-feed prepered for dinner. They are then taken through the school room end taught the names and uses of the different kinds of tools. For instance, a rake is taken end kept before them and they are questioned about it, till they understand that all tools meda like it are called rakes, and used for certain purposes. Wagons are greased, and they are taught the different kiods and parts of wagons. The carriage house is next taken, and they ere made to understand all about the different kinds of carriages. In the harness room next they are taught the names and uses of the different parts of the harness, beginning with the bridle, each part taken separately, the bit, throat-latch, head band, reins &c., they are made to understand. They are told that the whole building is called a barn, then which the stable, stalls &c., are. They are shown how to cut and mix different kinds of food, and how to make beds for horses and cows. Harocssiog and unharnessing horses is gone through with. At the proper season they will be taught about the cultivation of the ground. They are of course ignorant at first of the names and uses of tools &c."

CHRISTMAS NIGHT AND MORNING.

Their teacher reports them as doing well and willing to learn.

B. T. W.

HAMPTON AND CARLISLE.

Hon. Carl Schurz, Secretary of the Interior, in his last Annual Report, refers as follows to the educational effort for Indians at the Hampton end Carlisle Schools; the existence of which is largely due to the wisdom and zeal of Mr. Schurz:

"Expressions of an anxious desire on the part of the Indians belonging to the so-called wild tribes to have their children instructed in the weys of civilized life heve grown so numerous and urgent, that the inadequacy of the means placed at the disposal of the department for this purpose has become particularly painful.

* * * * *

The Commissioner of Indian Affeirs sets forth plainly how utterly insufficent the means at the disposal of the department have been so far, to afford to even one-half of the Indian children on the different reservations the most necessary educational facilities; and I deem it my duty to repeat that false economy in this respect at the present moment, when the desire for the education of their children is so general end so urgent among the Indians, would be particularly unwise.

In my report of last year I spoke of the promising results of Indian education at the Normal School at Hampton, Va., under the direction of General Armstrong. The number of Indian children at that establishment is being considerably increased. The institution has been visited by many persons interested in that important work, and the gratifying results gained have been evident to all.

Last year I spoke also of the Indian school at Carlisle, then just established by this department, under the superintendency of Captain Pratt, as an experiment. It may now be said that it is a mere experiment no longer. The progress made by the Indian pupils there as well as at Hampton, in the acquisition of elementary knowledge as well as in agricultural and mechanical work, has been sufficient to demonstrate the capacity of the Indian for civilized pursuits.

* * * * *

A school committee of chiefs and headmen from nine Sioux Agencies on the Missouri River visited Carlisle and Hampton last summer. Likewise delegations from the Lake Superior Chippewas, the Crows, the Shoshones and Bannocks of Idaho, and the Cheyennes and Arapahoes of the Indian Territory. They were all highly delighted with the care taken of the children and the progress they had made in the arts of the white man, and promised their active support and co-operation.

The favor which these schools finds with the influential men of the different Indian tribes is of great importance as to the effect to be produced upon the advancement of the Indians generally. Formerly it was thought that Indian children so educated would speedily relapse into the savage habits of their people as soon as they returned to them. This was true as long as all the home influences to be found among the Indian tribes were hostile to the education of any of their members, and those who had received such an education found themselves therefore isolated end despised. This obstructive spirit has now been superseded by a very general and anxious desire of Indian chiefs and influential men to see their children raised in the scale of civilization, and the same influences which formerly were so effective in driving educated Indians back into the savage habits of the multitude surrounding them are now employed in turning the education received by a comparatively few to the advantage of the many. The circumstances surrounding the educated Indian when now returning to his tribe are therefore radically changed. In the old time the educated Indian would have found his people thinking of nothing but their savage pursuits and pleasures, incapable of appreciating his superior knowledge and accomplishments, rather inclined to deride them as useless. Now he will find multitudes of parents anxious to have their children educated like him, and, if possible, to employ him for that purpose. An Indian wagon or harness maker returning to a wild Indian tribe years ago would have found no wagons or harness upon which to practice his skill; but sent back there now, when wagons and harness are in general and profitable use, that skill will be in active and general requisition. And so it is in many other things. I therefore feel warranted in saying that the results gained by this system of education will no longer be apt to pass away as before, but, if properly pursued, will be lasting and beneficiel. It is, under such circumstances, scarcely necessary to characteriza the charge recently made, that Indian children were taken to Hampton and Carlisle by force, against the will of their parents, as utterly groundless. On the contrary, the number of applications on the part of Indian parents to have their children admitted to these schools has been far in excess of our means to accomodate them.

The success of the schools at Hampton end Carlisle has attracted the sympathy of many benevolent men and women throughout the country, and I have to express my thanks to them, for valuable donations with which the schools have been eided. But the continuance and development of these government institutions cannot and ought not to depend upon private munificence. So far the expenses have been defreyed from the civilization fund at the disposel of this department; but that fund has already been largely drawn upon in establishing and sustaining Indian education at these institutions, and cannot be depended upon to last much longer, especially if the system is extended as it should be. The continuance of this work will then depend upon specific appropriations by Congress, and I cannot too warmly recommend this subject to the favorable consideration of our legislators. As each school is capable of taking care of only a limited number of pupils, the number of such institutions should be increased. There are government buildings no longer used which might be profitably employed for that purpose, and they certainly can be used for no worthier object. It is in contemplation to establish another Indian school of this kind in some unoccupied public buildings in the neighborhood of Washington, where it would be easily accessible for the inspection of members of Congress, and I hope this plan may soon be carried out."

SKETCHES OF MISSION LIFE.

BY MRS. CLARISSA C. ARMSTRONG.

Many years ago, three ley, nestled down among the wild romantic hills of Western Massachusetts, a little township, broken with rocks and ravines, and intersected by roads, rough and uncared for except where the turnpike with its toll-gate ran through the hollow by the side of a charming river. People went about mostly on horseback, or in one horse wagons. One Baptist deacon, who kept e tavern including a bar room, "for the accommodation of man and beast," owned n chaise, which was much admired and perhaps envied, as he drove with his aristocratic wife up to the little church door on Sundays. The soul required much labor and strength to make it productive, for, while rye, buckwheet, oats and corn grew well, there was not much space for them, aside from the woodlands and pasturage. There was abundance of wild and cultivated fruits, small animals and birds were numerous, and the mountain brooks and ponds supplied n variety of fish.

The "city" was n small village on the turnpike road near the river, and, scattered round among the hills, was a population of some five hundred people, who supported two grist mills, two saw-mills, one cotton factory, four distilleries, two blacksmith shops, two "taverns" and two stores. The one church of the town was owned by the Baptist denomination and was small, with no gallerics or bell, and with square pews. The pulpit was high, so that the preacher stood perched above his hearers, and sleepers could easily be detected; for, in order to look at the minister, the head must be held erect and the eyes turned upward. As the roads were too bad and the distance too great for many to come to this church, and as there were different denominations in the village, deacon's meetings were held in the various districts, either in school houses or private residences. Occasionally a home missionary would be sent, or some young man who was reading theology. He would come on horseback the day previous, be kindly received in some family, and on the Sabbath exercise his gifts. The news of such an event was communicated from one to another. Parents and children, clad in their best attire, were seen wending their way to the place of worship, under the large chestnut, maple or apple trees, whose bright, dense foliage shaded a clear spot of grass where those who were too early for church could rest; while, during the hour's intermission between the services, groups of both sexes were scattered round in social intercourse. In those days, most women did their own housework, and it was disgraceful to be lazy or untidy. Daughters worked with their mothers, and sons with their fathers. Industry was respectable, and people were generally healthy.

The school houses where the children gathered during the week, and where meetings were often held on the Sabbath, were generally bare and unattractive. Long wooden boards fastened to the wall served as desks, and with the wooden benches for the scholars, and the teacher's table and chair, formed the entire furniture of the room. Here the children were taught reading, writing, arithmetic, sewing and spelling, while, on Saturdays, the whole school was obliged to repeat the assembly's catechism, until it was thoroughly familiar.

Among the surroundings which I have thus briefly endeavored to sketch, there lived, near the centre of the town on a small farm, my father and mother, of whose three children, all born there, I was the youngest. My grandfather on the father's side preached for many years in Southington, Conn., while on my mother's side, my grandparents were staunch and true Scotch Presbyterians. But, in spite of this, neither my father nor mother were members of my church, though we were all regular attendants, and I know that my parents were among the excellent of the earth, as manifested by alms and deeds of kindness and sympathy to the poor and suffering. Until I was fifteen years old, I lived entirely at home, learning to do all kinds of household work, and often assisting my father, who was crippled by rheumatism, in the care of the cows and sheep, and the lighter work of the farm, an experience for which, in my years of wandering, I had often deep reason to be thankful.

Advantages for schooling, were, however, very limited, and it was finally decided to send me into a family living near Westfield Academy, where, by assisting in the care of the dairy, I could partly pay my board, and at the same time attend school. A painful ordeal of home-sickness was now endured, for internal contrasts in dress and bearing were now to my unsophisticated habits, and loving sincerity and simplicity. I often shrank from contact with that which might perhaps have been advantageous to me. At the end of the term, I returned home with a heart full of joy, unconscious that I had entered upon a life of toil which should end only in entering the "gates ajar." Almost immediately, I began to teach school in my native town, for, dear as home was, I desired knowledge, and there was no way but to earn means to pay my way. For several years, I continued, to be scholar and teacher alternately, but, though my parents assisted me as far as they could, I was not long able to go on with my studies, except as I could do so in the intervals of teaching.

About this time, "infant schools" were much talked of, and, as I desired very much to study that system, I ventured to go to New York, with a letter of introduction to Mrs. Bethune, by whom I was most kindly received. After a short period of study, an opportunity was offered me to teach an infant school in a neighboring city, but before many months had passed in this pleasant occupation, another call came to me from a remote, almost unknown part of the globe. The subject of a missionary life had often been brought before me, but I had always evaded its consideration. Now however, it came so directly that I must consider it, and either accept or reject. My reasons against it were my own unfitness, my unwillingness to leave my parents, and the short time given me in which to decide. But a high pressure of argument was brought to bear against me. My parents in sorrow considered the matter candidly, and, to my surprise, gave consent. From that time until their death, they were intelligent advocates of missions, and communications from their absent child seemed to comfort and encourage them more than her presence could have done.

Divine help was implored and granted, and the decision finally made. With approval of my parents, and sympathy and encouragement from the more intelligent people about me, I was married to Mr. Richard Armstrong. Directly after our marriage, he graduated at the Princeton Theological Seminary, where the blessing received from the good president Rev. A. Alexander, and the cordial words of his excellent wife, are never to be forgotten. After brief visits among my husband's friends in Pennsylvania, we returned to New England, and severing the last ties that bound us to our homes, stood with nineteen other missionaries on the deck of a whale ship at the wharf in New Bedford. It was a cold, bleak day in November when we left the shores of our native land, as we supposed forever, and if we could have seen the next six months of suffering spread out in panoramic view before us, we must have cried out "Who is sufficient for these things?"

The owners had determined that the ship should sail on a certain day, and, without regard to order, convenience or comfort of passengers, she was shoved off while everything on board was still in complete confusion. We had been assured that she was a temperance vessel, but soon found to the contrary, and it was evident that both by officers and crew, missionaries were regarded as not worth exportation. By the time we got into the Gulf Stream, our condition was pitiable in the extreme. Nobody seemed responsible, and complaints were unheeded. Four berths in the cabin suitable for single persons had to be used as double beds, and the rest of the passengers were stowed away in temporary berths on the sides of the after cabin, a dark and dismal place, in the centre of which, boxes, casks and kegs were piled up in utter confusion. One night, most of the provisions, etc., which had been provided for us by the kindness of friends, and which, instead of being properly secured, had been left on deck, were swept off by a violent storm, the casks and boxes in the after cabin, tossing hither and thither, burst open, the water leaked into the small, dark and crowded state rooms, and the scene was confusion confounded. Most of us were prostrated by sea-sickness, but we made desperate efforts, and when the storm was over, emerged from the darkness and bad air below, the women exhausted and powerless, while the men in climbing about would put one foot into a keg of sugar and the other into a firkin of butter, such was the disorder of the decks. We longed for pure water to drink, but the smell of that which we had was so bad that it produced nausea. Bilge water was intolerable and increased our miseries, and the filth was such that all food seemed loathsome. The oil for the binnacle had been lost overboard, and the butter which had been put up for the table was used as a substitute, until a fish was caught which supplied some oil. Much of the crockery had been broken during the storm, and the people had often to eat from one broken plate. The cabin boys who had been engaged especially to wait upon us, proved to be what most uneducated and untrained boys would be among such surroundings. They were dirty and disagreeable beyond description, refined only in insolence. In time, the upper and lower decks were reduced to some sort of order, and one and another of us began to be helped on deck, though we were too sick and weak to sit up when there. Nothing but coils of rope and the deck for chairs, but this was preferable to the state rooms, from which light and air were excluded. Two or three days of calm weather were like an oasis in the desert, our trembling limbs were used, appetites improved a little, and a little strength gained. The missionary gentlemen tried to instruct and benefit the men, and women made similar efforts when they could, but with little success. Thus weeks passed away—we observed our weekly prayer meetings and monthly services when the weather would permit, and the captain and some of the men would be present. A man had been injured during the storm, and the captain one day announced that he should have to put in to Rio Janeiro for repairs, which was welcome tidings. As we grew better, we took turns, with the captain's approbation, in trying to improve the table fare by preparing the food ourselves, but we could not effect much with the materials provided.

At last, when for weeks the horizon line with raging billows or a calm sea, had been our only view, we sailed one day into the beautiful harbor of Rio Janeiro. How delightful it was! The green grass, the fresh fruit, the sublime views on every side, and then the hospitality of a kind Scotch merchant who took me, with one of my fellow passengers, to his house, to spend a few days and recruit for the remainder of the voyage! Here, the roaring, restless ocean, with rude oaths, creaking ship, tarred ropes, and all the filth and discomfort of ship life, were forgotten for a time, and strength and vigor seemed inhaled with every breath. It was indeed a paradise, but the trail of the serpent was there. On an open road, I saw a long train of black men, miserably clad, chained together, while beside them were others with great bags of coffee on their heads, chanting a monotonous, mournful lay. From that day, my sympathies went out to the poor slaves everywhere, but little did I think that I should live to rear a son who should lead Freedmen to victory in the great contest which, in future years, should come in my native country.

After a short stay in Rio, we returned on ship-board prepared for a continuance of our sufferings, but fortunately, sickness returned with less violence, and, thanks to the kindness of friends, we had fresh supplies, so that although for days after sailing, the captain and crew were under the influence of liquor, we were, on the whole, treated with more consideration, and found the rest of the voyage endurable. We were seventeen days in passing Cape Horn, and dark and dismal days they were. Most of us kept our berths, as the hatches were closed, and all was cold and gloomy. It was a great relief when we stopped for a few hours at Alexander Selkirk's island, which was then inhabited by a few banished convicts with their herd of goats. We obtained vegetables and fruits, and gazed eagerly from the deck, at the land of which we had wonderingly read in childhood's days. From this time, things went more smoothly, but the health of some of us had been impaired for life; one lady indeed, never recovered, and was obliged to return home after a few years. A report was made to the A. B. C. F. M. in regard to our suffering during this terrible voyage, and successive reinforcements to the mission were made more comfortable, as they could and should be.

Honolulu was our next point, and at last our eyes were gladdened by the sight of Diamond Head, standing in silent, solitary defiance of the great waves at its feet. Like a sphynx it stood, watching the ships pass; vessels of war and of peace, canoes laden with unclad natives, ships bringing desolating, deadly diseases, ships laden with wealth, ships bringing the gospel of peace. Then, Waikiki with its cocoanut grove, and then a thrill of joy went through my heart, as, at the foot of the green and brown hills, we saw a little village of grass huts, with here and there a wooden house, and here and there a tree.

We found that we had arrived at the time of the Annual Convention, when the missionaries meet to report success, talk over plans for future work, and exchange congratulations. Messrs. Bingham, Whitney, Richards, and several others, came on board to welcome us, and those of us who were able walked half a mile to the mission house, the residence of the secular agent, a two-story house of coral stone, with small windows and prison like exterior. Some of the party were too ill to walk, and were conveyed in a native wagon, drawn not by a horse but by several native men, each wearing a shirt and nothing more. The large room in the mission house seemed pleasant to us, and natives of all ages flocked around to shake hands and say "aloha" (love to you). Most of them brought some offering, a few onions, taro, fish, cocoanuts, sweet potatoes, chicken, a piece of bark cloth etc. They were pleased to have new teachers, and were cheerful in action and expression. Mr. Bingham and family occupied a wooden house, the materials for which he had brought with him, and the missionaries all had comfortable houses. The General Meeting was held in a well built adobe school house, the building of which was superintended by Mrs. Bingham, the work being done by natives.

On the Sabbath after our arrival, we went to the thatched church, where there was a congregation of some four thousand natives. The box like pulpit was perched up on one side, about the middle of the house. Dried grasses and rushes, spread on the ground and covered in places with coarse mats, made the floor. There were a few rude benches, but most of the natives sat on the floor, chairs being used only by teachers and chiefs. Back of the pulpit was one small glass window, the rest were merely openings in the thatch, and the doors stood always wide open. Some of the natives of higher rank would sing a few tunes, though the voices as a whole were like the croaking of frogs; familiar "Greenville" was the first that greeted our ears.

The church and all the houses were made of grass tied on to the timbers with cord made from the bark of a tree, or cocoanut fibrs, no nails being used except in the modern improvement of doors. The natives dressed in every variety of costume. Those of high rank tried to adopt the foreign style, but this was easier for men than women, for the tight waists were found very uncomfortable by women entirely unaccustomed to restraint. The large hats of the mission ladies were imitated by braiding the cuticle of the flower stalk of the sugar cane, or a certain kind of grass, and sewing the braids into shape with a bark which resembled hemp, the trimming being imitated by bits of cloth, flannel or bark, sewed on for bows. The sermon was over an hour long, and during its continuance, some of the congregation yawned loudly, some sneezed, some walked out and in, some slept, and some listened to the preacher. Often a bright eyed, naked child would crawl out from under its mother's bark blanket, or an equally petted dog would run yelping from similar shelter. All these things combined were solemnly ludicrous to us who knew nothing of what these people had been.

Kaahumanu the Queen had been christianized, and being ill at this time, it was necessary that the new missionaries should be presented to her in order to obtain permission to remain and labor. So, through narrow, unshaded lanes, we walked for half a mile to the palace, a large grass house, with an air of neatness and comfort, and a style of its own. It consisted of one great open room, with a calico curtain in the middle and a large bed made of mats spread one on the other, the top one neatly woven of pine rushes, with a red pattern. Two pillows were stuffed full and hard, or often were smooth stones, and the covering was several sheets of bark cloth fastened together at the edges. A large looking glass, table, chairs, etc., completed the furniture. The Queen sat in a large armed, wooden working chair, while her neatly clad maids of honor wielded the long fly brush or *Kahile*, and frequently handed her a cocoanut shell spittoon, always approaching her on their hands and knees. The Queen herself was dressed in an unbleached cotton gown, with neatly combed hair, and a long string of bright, orange colored pandanus flowers round her neck. With kind dignity, she extended her hand to each one as introduced, uttering the salutation of "Aloha", and welcoming us all to her country as Christian laborers.

By one of the strange coincidences of life, the spot where the palace stood became, after years of varied and painful experience, my home. The grounds, barren and treeless when I first saw them, came, with care and irrigation, to blossom as the rose; and here among beautiful flowers and great tropical trees, my later days have been spent. From hence my children have been scattered around upon the earth, and from hence, in the midst of a useful life, my husband took his upward flight to the house not made with hands. How wisely is our future clothed in obscurity.

The Queen's illness increased, and she was taken up to a beautiful valley, a favorite resort of the chiefs, to live only a few weeks. In her last hours, the New Testament, which had been completed in her language, was presented to her. She looked at it, kissed it, pressed it to her bosom and pronounced it good, dying thus in the full belief of the gospel of Jesus Christ. There was great lamentation at her death, and "wailing", a prolonged sound made by opening the mouth and tapping with the hand upon the throat, echoed mournfully from the surrounding hills. Thousands of natives came to the funeral, and around the elaborately ornamented coffin, with its numerous "kahiles," the mourning was like that spoken of in Scripture, "they lifted up their voices and wept."

During the meeting of the mission, part of the business was to assign new teachers to new stations, and my husband and I, with two other missionaries and their wives, were reserved for a mission to be established on the Marquesas Islands, south of the Equator. A deputation was first sent to Nuuhiva to learn the will of the chiefs, as they were known to be cannibals, and a report was brought back that teachers were desired, though whether the natives were anxious for light and knowledge, or merely wanted an opportunity to indulge their evil passions, was uncertain. However, the mission could not be sent until the following year, and, in the mean time, we directed ourselves to the study of the Hawaiian language, and to such other labors as offered.

As up to this time, there had been no school for the mission children, I was invited to open one temporarily, in a grass house. I

was glad to do this, for the question of what to do with the children presented many painful perplexities. Some of the older ones had already been sent to New England to be educated, but this was a bitter sacrifice, and faith alone sustained the parents. The poor children suffered intensely, not understanding the reasons for what seemed to them a cruel separation, and many of the parents felt that death would have been preferable.

It seemed most important to prevent the children who stayed on the Islands from mingling with the natives, by whose vices they would almost necessarily be contaminated, and thus make the mother's life one of never ceasing care and anxiety. A few months after arriving at Honolulu, my oldest child was born, and, as soon as possible after her birth, I began teaching a native school as I was very desirous of acquiring the language. It was however decided by the mission that we had better spend the time previous to our sailing for Nuuhivs, at Molokai a new station, where Mr. Hitchcock was much in need of such help as we had to give. A few days in a small and filthy schooner rocking off the horrors of the whale ship, brought us to Lahaina, a village on Maui where Mr. Richards had a flourishing church, from whence, after resting for a day or two we were moved in a canoe, across to Molokai, a distance of some twenty miles.

MOLOKAI.

An island some forty miles in length and seven in average width, had at that time a population of about 5000, to all of whom Mr. Hitchcock had access. Among the mountains and ravines was some wild, grand scenery, but the mission premises, given by a chief, lay on the low lands only a few rods from the sea, in full view and hearing of the foaming, dashing breakers, which surged up on the shore in great crests of white foam.

The chief had caused to be erected a grass church as well as a house for the new teachers, and Mr. Hitchcock was already vigorously at work. Children and adults were all brought in for instruction, and were about as orderly as a flock of sheep, and much less cleanly. They saw no necessity for order or neatness, and were like playful kittens, so that the greatest patience was needed to keep them from flying off to their sports. Somehow they good naturedly learned to read, but could see no use in it, much prefering to spend their time in the water. A grass school house was built and brought into immediate use, my husband and I joining with Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock in their work.

One of our first efforts in the line of housekeeping was to try to train a cook, as cooking was considered an honorable employment and this was a good way to impart civilization. All the compensation required was what the "kumu" or teacher chose to give, which was clothes, a few hooks and food. We found that they learned slowly, required constant watching, and were especially skilled in breaking our dishes. When a cook became weary, or thought that he had learned enough, he would quietly abscond, leaving us to repeat our attempt with another novice. We had succeeded, I remember, in instructing one cook how to dress and prepare a chicken, and were anticipating a New England "pot-pie" for dinner. Mrs. H. sifted flour through muslin to separate the worms, which were numerous after a voyage round Cape Horn, and when the dough was light, the pot-lid was lifted to put it in. Behold the chicken, boiling with its head, eyes, feathers, beak, feet and intestines, all tied together with a string. Inquiries were made. Yes, the cook had put them in for his own use, conceiving that one part of a chicken was as good as another, and that this was a convenient way to cook what he liked. The anticipated dinner was hard to swallow, but necessity is a stern law and was thoroughly learned during that six months voyage around Cape Horn. The native way of cooking was to pull the feathers off a chicken or strangle a pig, wrap it in banana or "ti" leaves and put it in an oven, which consisted of heated stones buried in a hole in the ground. Vegetables and fish, also wrapped in leaves, were added, a layer of hot stones placed on top, the whole covered with mats and earth, and left to steam. We were all food prepared in this way, and our native domestics were skilled in doing it.

SUCCESS.

The natives were very populaive in their personal habits and were immoral in the extreme. To lie and steal seemed as natural as to breathe. Their ideas of religion were as crude as their views in other respects, but the grass church was filled on Sunday. Early in the morning, men, women and children could be seen at a distance, trudging for miles to the place of worship, from all parts of the Island. Heads were bare, bodies nearly naked, babies and little children clung to the backs of their parents, the single garment which some possessed was often arranged and decorated in the queerest fashion, and in short, the appearance of the congregation was so ludicrous, that until it became familiar, we were often completely overpowered with laughter.

Progress was slow, but still there was progress, as was evidenced by the making of a law that each man should have but one wife, and that they should be joined together by the clergyman. This necessitated the selection of one wife and the putting away of all the others, and the ceremony which made this a legal marriage was generally performed in church, in order to add dignity and importance to it. There was a scarlet broadcloth cloak of ancient date, which somehow or other had found its way to Molokai, and its original owner being unknown, it seemed to have become a necessary part of the marriage ceremony. A strip of bark about the loins of a man, with this red cloak fastened at the neck and reaching down to the knees, made a grand suit, and a blanket of bark cloth surmounted by the red cloak was equally fine for a woman, while in either case, strings of dogs teeth around the ancles, bracelets of shells around their wrists, and wreaths of shells or natural flowers around the neck and surmounting the bushy hair, were considered finishing touches.

Three months passed pleasantly for us in Molokai, and for Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock were the beginning of a work which lasted for twenty four years, and proved a mighty power for good. In later years, their difficulties and perplexities were numerous, but they lived among an appreciative people, and lived long enough to see a great increase of civilization and religion. They had, in time, a coral stone dwelling house, school house and church, where most of the natives, both old and young, learned to read and write, and worship with their pastor and teacher. Few foreigners were attracted to this small island, consequently the people were, in some respects, superior to those where the population was greater and the morals more contaminated by foreign vices.

At the end of these three months, the deputation of missionaries which had been sent to ascertain if it were expedient to send anyone to Nuuhiva, had returned. One was against and two in favor, of the plan, and their report was received at the general convention of the mission, which met that year at Lahaina, where we huddled down somehow in grass houses, until this and other matters were decided upon. The conclusion arrived at was that a mission should be sent, and Mr. Armstrong and I, with two other missionaries and their wives and two children, went to Honolulu to take passage from there to the Marquesas in a small brig engaged for the purpose.

TO THE HAMPTON GRADUATES.

My dear friends:—This letter is addressed to those of you who are engaged in teaching, with my best wishes for a Happy New Year. Accept my congratulations on the important position you continue to occupy. It is expected that all the Graduates of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute will become teachers, and, I believe, most of them are engaged in that honorable calling. It is not surprising that some have been discouraged by the indifference of parents and the small pecuniary remuneration given in return for the self-denying labor of a faithful teacher. Yet when I remember the inspiration you caught from your Hampton teachers, and the strong resolution you formed before you left your *alma mater*, to live for the welfare of your race, I comprehend why so large a number have, in the face of many obstacles and privations, continued the work for which you were educated. I congratulate you on the influence and authority you possess by virtue of your office. You are moulding the character of those who will be, ere long, men and women, who will in their turn influence the next generation either for good or evil. Your pupils have faith in you inferior only to the faith they have in their ministers. They learn not merely from your direct instruction, given orally or through books, but from your voice, your temper, your manners, your example in the smallest things, and even from the moral atmosphere that envelops you. Your fidelity to your promises, your perseverance through difficulties, your cheerfulness in trials, your meekness under provocation, will be in a greater or less degree stamped upon the characters of your pupils. But there is one point to which I wish to call your especial attention in this letter. Teach your pupils by precept and example the *dignity* of *labor*. Tell them of those, who, with little outward assistance, have become useful citizens and benefactors of mankind. All wise and good men have worked with their hands or brains, or both.

One great error of the people of the South, both white and colored, has been the idea that labor is degrading; that an idle life is a noble life, that only a servile class should work; and the colored people, imitating those who were formerly their masters and mistresses, think freedom from care and labor the highest felicity. It is not surprising that those who once could call no time their own, and were forced to work early and late for the sole benefit of their masters, should enjoy a holiday more intensely than we, who love to work, and grieve when compelled by bodily infirmity to be unemployed. I asked a friend of mine, who spends her winters in the far south, what progress she observed from year to year in the condition of the colored people. She answered: "They certainly have more physical comforts than formerly, but many of them, working on only three days in the week and spending the other days in idleness or frivolous amusement, do not lay up money, nor do they make much progress in improving their homes or educating their children." However, the next generation will undoubtedly be ambitious to rise higher in the scale of intelligence and wealth. They will see the advantages to be gained by industry: enjoying the fruit of their labor, they will wish to accumulate; they may even find pleasure in work.

It is not only upon your pupils that your influence is exerted, but the adults, with whom you mingle, may learn from you the value and dignity of labor. Some years ago during the reign of slavery, a friend of mine went to visit a relative in Virginia. On the morning after her arrival, one of the slaves knocked at her chamber door and asked permission to dress her. My friend replied that she needed no assistance, being accustomed to make her toilette herself; whereupon, the slave, astonished and displeased, went into the kitchen and informed the other servants, that "Missis' cousin was no lady, she could dress herself." This feeling that labor is degrading is not confined to the people in the South, but is shared in countries where titles and caste prevail. An Englishman, after travelling for some time in this country, remarked to a young lady that he had met with very few gentlemen. She looked at him in surprise, and with an air of inquiry as to his meaning. "Yes," he replied, "gentlemen—a class of people who have nothing to do." "Oh, yes," she answered, "we have plenty of people who go about and have nothing to do, but we call them tramps."

There is no royal road either to knowledge or wealth; both must be gained by persevering work. Besides these acquisitions, there are advantages to be obtained from labor in the formation of character, habits of industry, self-reliance, and independence; and from manual labor come physical development, robust health, and manual dexterity. "To accustom the young to *be* and to *do*, is even more important than to induce them to *learn* and to *know*." Mr. Gladstone,—Queen Victoria's Prime Minister,— finds great pleasure in cutting down trees, especially when he uses an American axe. The poet Longfellow, in his fine description of the Village Blacksmith, illustrates the effect of earnest, persevering labor upon the character.

"Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.
Thus, at the flaming forge of life,
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus, on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought."

The Apostle Paul wrote to the church at Thessalonica: "If any would not work, neither should he eat;" and the greatest of all Teachers, our Lord Jesus Christ, set us the example of diligent labor, as he continually went about doing good, healing the sick, restoring sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf, teaching His disciples as He walked by the wayside, and administering to the wants of the souls as well as the bodies of men.

I am your sincere friend,
M. A. L.

"JIM" AND "BILL."

The two well-known horses "Bill" and "Jim," so long connected with No. 2 Fire Station, were last week separated, "Jim" being sold to a coal carter, his age and increasing infirmities rendering him no longer fit for duty in the fire department. A day or two ago, his owner was passing No. 2 Fire Station, with "Jim" and a load of coal, when "Bill" his late stall companion, was brought out to see if the animals would remember each other. This they did instantly, and they were both most demonstrative; "Bill" rubbing up against "Jim," and "Jim" caressing "Bill" most lovingly. The horses, finally, to the surprise of the delighted firemen, rushed together with a passionate neigh, crossed necks, licked each other and betrayed every symptom of the old-time attachment. One of the firemen then rang the engine bell to ascertain if "Jim" would recognize it. The sagacious animal not only knew the bell but made a bolt, cart and all, for the inside of the station and placed himself, as far as able, in a position to be hitched to the engine. He was with difficulty removed from the spot, and when driven off uttered piteous cries after his friend "Bill," who answered them with lamentations as loud as they were pitiful. "Jim" is evidently thoroughly infused with the enthusiasm of the department which he has served faithfully for years, and evidently doesn't believe in coal carting in his old days.—*Montreal Witness.*

Temperance.

A DRUNKEN FARM.

The dooryard-fence had disappeared, burnt up in the shiftlessness born of drink. The house was unpainted and battered; broken panes of glass were stopped with rags or old hats; the chimney stood in a tottering attitude; the doors swung in a creaking fashion on one hinge; the steps were unsteady, like their owner's; everything was dilapidated, decaying, untidy, cheerless. A single look showed that the owner traded too much at one shop—the rumshop. The spirit of thrift had been killed by the spirit of the still. Fresh paint, repairs, improvements, good cheer, and beauty for home—all had gone down the farmer's throat. Outside, matters were the same. The barnyards were wretched sties; the doors were off, the roofs leaky, the gates down, the carts crazy, the tools broken, the fodder scarce, and the stock poor and wretched. Neglect, cruelty, wastefulness, and rum—all had come from drink. The farm showed the trail of the serpent. The straggling and tumbled stone-walls, the rickety fences, the weed-grown fields, the sparse and half-headed crops, the dying orchard—all said to the passer-by, "Whiskey did it." Drink had given the plaster of a mortgage instead of a coating of fertilizers, and sloth instead of labor. The farm was drink-blighted, and advertised its condition as plainly as its owner did when he came home from town. One of the most impressive temperance lectures, for young farmers especially, is a good look at a drunkard's farm.

"DON'T GO, FATHER."

A gentleman, lecturing in the neighborhood of London, said:

"Everybody has influence, even that little child," pointing to a little girl in her father's arms.

"That's true," cried the man.

At the close, he said to the lecturer: "I beg your pardon, sir, but I could not help speaking. I was a drunkard; but as I did not like to go to the public-house alone, I used to carry the child. As I approached the public-house one night, hearing a great noise inside, she said: 'Don't go, father.' 'Hold your tongue, child.' 'Please, father, don't go.' 'Hold your tongue, I say.' Presently I felt a big tear falling on my cheek. I could not go a step farther, sir. I turned round and went home, and I have never been in a public-house since—thank God for it! I am now a happy man, sir, and this little girl has done it all; and when you said that even she had influence, I could not help saying, 'That's true, sir.'"

INTEMPERANCE.

There is a sufficient quantity of fermented and distilled liquor used in the United States, in one year, to fill a canal four feet deep, fourteen feet wide, and one hundred and twenty miles in length. The liquor saloons and hotels of New York city, if placed in opposite rows, would make a street like Broadway, eleve. miles in length. The places where intoxicating drinks are made and sold in this country, if placed in direct lines, would make a street one hundred miles in length. If the drunkards of America could be placed in procession, five abreast, they would make an army one hundred miles in length.

Young woman, never give your hand to a young man who drinks. I have seen experiments tried by young women who meant to reform a husband after marriage. Where one woman has succeeded, five hundred have perished in the ruinous risk. If a young man does not think enough of his loved one to give up the wine-cup before marriage, tell him you will not allow such a rival as rum to risk your and his ruin.

Howard, the philanthropist, was standing one day near the door of a printing office, when he heard some dreadful oaths and curses from a public-house opposite. Buttoning his pocket up before he went into the street, he said to the workmen near him, "I always do this when I hear men swear; as I think that any one who can take God's name in vain can also steal, or do anything else that is bad."

"What! Mr. M.," said a wedding guest of a clergyman, "don't you drink wine at a wedding?" "No, sir," was the reply; "I will take a glass of water." "But, sir," said the officious guest, "you recollect the advice of Paul to Timothy, to take a little wine for his infirmity." "I have no infirmity," was the sententious reply.

At Home.

LOOK UP, NOT DOWN.

Life to some is full of sorrow—
Half is reel, half they borrow;
Full of rocks and full of ledges,
Corners sharp and cutting nidges.
Though the joy bells may be ringing,
Not e song you'll hear them singing;
Seeing fiever makes them wise,
Looking out from downcast eyes.

All in vein the sun is shining,
Waters sparkling, blossoms twining;
They but see through these some sorrows
Sad to days and worse to-morrows;
See the clouds that must pass over;
See the weeds among the clover—
Everything and anything
But the gold the sunbeams bring.

Draining from the bitter fountein,
Lo! your mole hill seems e mountain.
Drops of dew and drops of rain
Swell into the mighty main.
All in vain the blessings shower,
And the mercies fell with power,
Gathering chaff, ye tread the wheat,
Rich and royal, 'neath your feet.

Let it not be so, my neighbor;
Look up, as you love end labor.
Not for one alone woe's vials;
Every one has cares and trials.
Joy end pain are linked together,
Like the fair and cloudy weather.
May we heve, oh, let us pray,
Faith and petience for to-day.

—*The Advance.*

THE USES OF CHARCOAL.

Who knows the uses of charcoal? I have no doubt thet many of you know that it is very handy to use in kindling a coal fire, but do you know its other uses? Are you aware that a little of it pulverized and mixed into a poultice of any sort will effectually prevent tha growth of proud flesh in a wound, allay the irritation and itching thet often accompanies the heeling, reduce inflammation and greatly assist in the healing?

Do you know thet if pulverized and mixed with the white of an egg, or even mixed in water, and drunk, a little of it will quickly relieve sour stomach or dyspepsia, and usually check a light attack of diarrhœa?

It will do all this for man or beast. Do you know thet a lump of charcoal put in the pot when you are boiling cabbage, onions or strongly flavored meat, will prevent the scent itself from penetrating the whole house? A lady of my acquaintence was lamenting that she could not indulge in her favorite vegetables as often as she would like because she did not like to have her whole house flavored with it for a week afterward. I told her of this, and now she feests as often as she likes without incommoding the other inmetes of the house.

Do you know that you may keep a fowl or a piece of fresh meat sweet almost as long as you please by putting a lump of charcoal inside it (wrap it up in cloth if you wish), and then wrapping it in cloth and putting it upon a pan of charcoal?

(N.B. I heve not any charcoal to sell.)—*Exchange.*

HOW FISHERMEN COOK FISH.

A correspondent who visited the fisheries of the North, says, "It was night fall. The men had just returned from setting their nets, and were busily preparing supper. In some of the cabins were ancient end rude fireplaces of stone, and from them the fires gleamed warm and cheerful. Great pots of water were steaming, and generous slices of salt pork and the daintiest parts of the dainty white-fish were sputtering in the frying-pans. Two or three fires were burning on the heach, for some of the men have a notion that an open fire is better to cook by than is the stove, and then, too, it affords an opportunity to prepare the fish in the most popular manner among them; that is, baking it on a board. The fish are prepared and seasoned, pinned to a board by wooden pegs, and then board and all are propped up close to the fire. The fish is very quickly baked brown, and by this method it retains all its flavor. Another popular hut lazy method is to cover the fish with clay two inches thick, and throw it into the hottest of the fire. Tha clay hardens almost instantly, and the fish in its tongb oven bakes through and through, retaining also its juices. The clay is then poked out of the fire, cooled with a dash of water, and a sharp stroke with a stick separates it from the fish. The fish's skin peels off with the clay and the dish is ready. Plain hread and potatoes constitute the rest of tha meal.

The Bible, diamond-like, cast its lustre in every direction. Torch like, the more it is shaken, the more it shines. Herb like, the more it is pressed, the sweeter its fragrance.

Health and Humanity.

CAN TEETH BE PRESERVED?

BY H. VANDENBURGH.

Ask the Dentist if some wey had not yet been found to prevent the almost universal decay of teeth, and he will at once answer, "Yes, the true way is known at last, and you mey preserve your teeth if you will." You are encouraged with a hope; it is the best news you have heard in a long time; if too late for yourself, there is comfort in for your children, and you eegerly ask "How?" "Keep them clean," is his simple reply, and your hope vanishes with it. You do not believe what the Dentist says: you have no faith in the "keep clean" prescription. You would do anything to preserve your teeth. You know what suffering you have borne from decay: you know how irreparable is their loss; but every day from childhood you have brushed them end yet you have not preserved them. Your own experience, therefore, proves the falsity of tha doctrine. Brushing doubtless does some good, you think, but you know that it does not prevent decay. What e comfort it would be if that simple rule was all that is necessary. Keep the teeth clean! Why any one can do that: if that is all, we should be fools indeed to lose them; and should well deserve to be punished, as we are, in their loss.

Thus, in your own mind, you have answered the Dentist; the discussion ends and you are none the wiser. Had he told you thet it is possible to brush tha teeth without cleaning them; nay, that it is impossible to clean them by brushing alone, you might have gained a new idee thet would have been of use to you. The prescription is right, after all. If you will, if you can keep your teeth clean, they cannot, decay.

How often is tho question asked. Is this, or the other thing injurious to the teeth, and how unsatisfactorily it is generally answered. Something sour—an acid, is necessary to the progress of decay. Acids alone are directly injurious. Strong vinegar will, in a few hours, destroy a tooth immersed in it. Yet it is *not* to sour foods and drinks, as ordinarily used, that we must attribute much, or eny perceptible injury to the teeth. The saliva, flowing abundantly when we eet, counteracts, almost instantly, their injurious tendencies. It is not what we eat or drink that injures the teeth; that is, it is not what simply passes through the mouth, but it is what remains in it, that does the harm, be it bread or meat, fruit or vegetable. Have you never picked e bit of food from between your teeth, and perceived a sour taste from it? Any food remaining a short time in the mouth becomes sour, end has the same effect upon the teeth it touches as thet of vinegar alluded to. Always, decay is as corrosion from some substance on the outside of the tooth eating into it; never, a disease from the inside, eating out. The saliva is protective, and tends to counteract and remove what is injurious. These are positive and indisputable facts. There can be no mistake about it,—if the teeth are kept clean they cannot decay. The fault is not in the theory, but in the imperfect manner in which it is practiced.

DYING WITH HIS CHARGE.

A gentlemen recently returned from Canada tells the following story:—

"A day or two ago the engineer of a train near Montreal saw a large dog on the track, barking furiously. The engineer whistled, but the dog paid no attention to the noise, and refused to stir. The dog was run over and killed. The engineer observed that the animal crouched close to the ground as he was struck by the cow-catcher. A minute later the fireman saw a bit of white muslin fluttering on the locomotive, and he stopped the engine. On going back to where the dog was killed it was discovered that not only the dog, but a little child had been killed. It was then seen that the dog had been standing guard over the child, and had barked to attract the attention of the engineer. The faithful animal had sacrificed his life rather than desert his charge. The child had wandered away from a neighboring house, followed by the dog, and it is supposed that the child lay down and went to sleep on the track.—*Saratogian, Sept.* 24, 1880.

The Universalist convention, recently in session in this city, adopted a resolution which was presented by Rev. H. S. Fiske of West Rumney, recommending the Sunday school teachers to impress upon the minds of the children under their charge the importance of cultivating the spirit of kindness toward dumb animals. The resolution called forth several earnest speeches from Rev. Messrs. Fiske, Heyward, Maguire, Gorton, and Vincent. Mrs. George, of Rumney, also spoke briefly and effectually in favor of the resolution.—*Portsmouth (N. H.) Chronicle.*

Teachers' Table.

GARFIELD THE TEACHER.

REV. R. A. HINSDALE.

At Hiram Institute Mr. Garfield, now the President elect of the United States, taught Latin, Greek, the higher mathematics, history, philosophy, English literature, English analysis, rhetoric, criticism, and occasionally one of the natural sciences. Though especially enthusiastic in particular lines of study and teaching, it was hard to see that Mr. Garfield did not teach Cæsar, Homer, geometry, English grammer, metaphysics end geology, equally well. On the whole he perhaps took least interest in the mathematical studies; but among the others it would be hard to name his favorites. In fact, of all the branches of knowledge taught in a college, there was no one that did not at some time engage his special attention and awaken his enthusiasm. It is not beneath the dignity of history to record that he always taught the class in English analysis, through which most of the better minds at some time passed; and thus this study, often made dry and irksome, he clothed with light and filled with fire. Hundreds of eyes will kindle to day at mention of "Garfield's Analysis Class." His weekly rhetorical class, with its essays' declamations, debates and criticisms, was a great theatre of interest end improvement.

The method of conducting a recitation was his own, combining the question that required a text-book answer, the topic to be handled, the call for the pupil's own opinion, and the teacher's discussion of matter in hand. As a drill-master, many teachers surpassed him; but as an educator in the best sense, he stood with the first. His class-room glowed with life. Probably no pupil remembers having spent in it a dull hour. While placing its proper valuation upon learning and information, his great aim was to awaken the faculties of the student. There is a process known to the laboratory as energizing a magnet. By passing electrical currents around a bar of common iron, the electrician gives the bar magnetic virtue. There is an analogous process known to the educator; the most important service that he can render the student is to energize him. Among the teachers whom I have known, Garfield stood alone as an energizer of young men and women. He revealed the world to the student, and the student to himself. He called out thought, set the faculties in full play, awakened courage, widened the field of mental vision, and poured in abundant measures of inspiration.

One of his most valuable offices was his morning lecture in the chapel to all the scholars. He ranged over the fields of Bible history, morals, education, teaching, science, literature, practical affairs, history, end life questions. These lectures may not have been finished highly but they abounded in fresh facts, striking illustrations, and suggestive thoughts, and were warm with the breath of his own life. Particular pains were taken to place before the students ideals of life end character nobly wrought, and instinct with courage, manliness and truth. Though bounding with life and spirits himself, he was full of what Dr. Thomas Arnold called "moral thoughtfulness," and he strove to make his pupils temperate, morally serious and reverent to truth.

He was eminently successful as a school administrator. He was firm, but kind; execting but sympathetic. He was fully alive to the sentiment of justice, and respected, even in the most unworthy, human nature and human rights. Then, as since, he was full of appreciation and generosity.

Naturally Garfield, the teacher, drew his pupils to himself with extraordinary power. Never have I seen such devotion to another teacher. An old Hiram student, now holding a responsible office in the public schools of Cleveland, speaking of the old times before Garfield went to college, says in a private letter: "Then began to grow up in me an admiration and love of Garfield that has never abated, and the like of which I have never known. A bow of recognition or a look from him was to me an inspiration."—*Pennsylvania School Journal*

LEARN TO KNOW.—An excellent instance of the way in which the children in some Public Schools learn without learning, is related by *Barnes' Educational Monthly.* A teacher in one of our public schools had been accustomed to require her pupils to say, "The equator is an imaginary line passing around the earth," etc. It had never occurred to her that the boys and girls of her school had no idea what an imaginary line meant, until one day a visitor asked them how wide they thought the equator is. Some thought it was 5,000 miles wide, others 2,000, and others said they could jump over it. The visitor then asked how they thought the ships go over it. One pupil said he thought they got out end drew them over and another said he had reed a canal had been dug through it! "What is the name of this canal?" was asked. "The Suez Canal!" was the answer.

Agriculture.

YOUNG CHICKENS AND INSECTS.—The practice of excluding chickens from the garden, especially in mid-summer, is bed both for the chickens and for the vegetables. The young chickens will not thrive in confinement as in freedom, and the growing plants are in a good measure protected from insects by the chickens. We have never succeeded better with young broods then by putting them, with the mother, in the vegetable gardee. The mother is kept confined in a coop, and the chickens have free access to her through the slats. She follows her instincts in scratching over the ground under the coop for worms and grubs, and after a few days the coop is pushed along to new soil. The chickens are regularly fed with scalded meal or boiled screenings; they supply themselves with animal food from the garden. The chickens are too small to do any harm to plants that are well started, and yet they pick up an immense number of insects. The more highly e garden is manured, the more repidly do insects multiply, end the greater is the need of birds and fowls to keep them in check. The chickens can go beneath cucumbers, squashes, beans, tomatoes, etc., and pick tha eggs and worms from the inside of the leaves, where they are generally found. They engerly chase every moth and bug that flies, end if it alights within striking distance, it is sure to be devoured. When the chickens are large enough to do injury to the plants, they are easily removed to other quarters.—*American Agriculturist for Dec.* 1.

LITTLE THINGS OF GREAT MOMENT.—It is a small matter to take the horses across the field for their water; it seems to cost nothing yet if a farmer's time, or that of his hired men, is worth eything, it costs a great deal in course of a year. It is a small matter to chop each day's wood upon the day it is used, and thus have it all fresh; but fifteen minutes in harvest time is worth more than in January; besides, there are vastly more economical methods of making fire-wood than with an axe. It is a very little matter to tighten a loose nut, but it sometimes cost life and limb not to do it? A peer tree here, and a peach tree there, cost so little that one is inclined to think they are of no account, but when the fruit is ripe they are appreciated. A single step from one room to another is "only one step," but the thought of a stairway made out of these steps during a life time, is enough to almost make a woman's back ache. Look well to the details, that the little things are right, for it pays in the end.

—*American Agriculturist for Dec.* 1.

DANGER IN THE "SILOS."—We are impressed with the importance of warning people who have put their corn-fodder in tanks, especially in deep ones, of the dangerous carbonic acid gas—the "choke damp" of mines and wells.

A farmer near Sing Sing, used an old ice-house for pitting his corn-fodder; on Saturday night, when they knocked off work, there were some seven or eight feet of fodder cut in half-inch bits, and well trodden down in the pit. On Monday morning it had settled considerably and one of the hands jumped in and was treading about on it to see if it had settled, evidently, when he felt dizzy and faint; the thought of "choke damp" flashed through his mind, and he called out to have a ladder lowered to him. This was done just in time, and he half crawled and was hauled out. His head was four or six feet above the worst of the "damp," for it is very heavy. Had he fallen he would have been drowned in the gas, as effectively as in water, without a struggle or a murmer. When going into a pit never fail to lower a lantern first, for half minute, and if it burns brightly the air of the pit is fit to breathe.—*American Agriculturist for Dec.* 1.

HOW TO TREAT MANURE.—"Agricolo," of Massac Co., Ill., writes: "I would like to understand more fully the action of water upon the manure and litter taken from the stable and cow-shed. Should it be exposed to the rain, freezing or thawing of winter, or sheltered until spring? Would it have time to rot after the freezing weather sets in, and be in time for use on the corn field?"—It would be much better to have the manure piled up under a shed, than exposed to the weather. Manure, to keep well, must be either packed by treading, to exclude the air, or kept so moist that fermentation will not become violent and hurn (fire fang) the heap. If exposed to rain and water much of value leaches out, and is lost. If kept under cover, there should be a tank at the lowest point, covered with rails, or a grating where liquids can settle, and he pumped up over the heap again. Add fresh water, if necessary, to secure moisture enough to prevent hurning. Such manura is in good condition in spring. The corn crop does not require rotted manure. —*American Agculturalist for Dec.* 1.

HAMPTON STUDENTS' OWN.

From the Senior Class.

SCHOOL NEWS.

If there are any who heve not visited our school within the last eight years, I am sure they would not recogoize it now, for it is actually a little villege, and kind friends are still assisting us to build more.

The Academic is heing rehuilt; it is getting on splendidly, and will, no doubt, he finished about the 1st of January, 1881. We will all be glad when it is finished.

As the new Academic will not contain an office, as the old one did, the teachers and friends of the school raised money anough to huild e nice and large brick office; it is not finished as yet, hut will he no douht about the same time that the Academic will.

School is more crowded than it has ever been. The huildings are filled with new faces. All of the boys' buildings are filled; which are two cottages, a large brick huilding, and two small tents. Tha girls' huildlng is also crowded. There are three hundred and thirty hoarding scholars, and twenty day scholars.

Our Senior class, this term, numbers forty-eight, which are ten more than there were last term; I don't know of one in the class, who does not intend to cultivate in the minds of their race, good common sense, with such as our school supplies us. Among our senior dnties, is learning to teach, under Miss Hyde. This is to train us to teech object lessons, so when we go out to teach it will not be so hard for us. M.

The New Academic Hall is heing finished with greet repidity, it will he a very stetely looking piece of arehitectnre; it is larger than the old huilding, end has eight large chimneys for ventilators. We hope the class of '81 will soon be ahle to begin to recite within its massive walls.

The stndents of Hampton, will regret to hear of the death of Mrs. Hamilton, the heloved wife of Mr. R. H. Hamilton. Mrs. Hamilton, was a gradnate of tha class of '70, (Miss Sarah Weaver) and was helovad hy all who knew her; she had heen married hnt six months. She died in the arms of Jesus, on Sundey morning, Dec, 5th, at 3 o'clock. Her only regret seemed to be to die without seeing her mother, who was telegraphed for, but did not come to see her pass away. She was hurled Monday in the school cemetery; tha funerel was largely attended by teachers and students, and also the people of Hampton. The funeral was conducted by Rev. Mr. Johns, of Hampton, and our school chaplain, Mr. Frissell.

The saw mill is doing a good work here for the poor studente; about fifteen are working aach day; it also makes lumher cheaper in this place. The mill will soon be finished. S. M. & M. S.

THE BEST TEACHER.

When we notice the subject of this composition it is quite ohvious, that, like other things, teachers may also be divided into three classes, viz: good, better and best. Had I heen requested to give my views of what may he termed a good teacher, I should have felt more ahle to perform the task. To my opinion, a true description of the hest teacher can only be given hy persons who are well educated, that have had years of experience as teachers, and that frequent high schools and other institutions of learning, and there observe the different modes of teaching. I can only give my opinion of what I think the qualification of a good teacher consists. To be a good teacher, he or she should be fully competent to teach, to govern, and to win the love and respect of the pupils. The lessons of each class should be studied and clearly understood hy the teacher, before going into the school room, so thet if the scholars during the recitation should ask any questions concerning the lesson, the teacher would be able to answer readily and with accuracy. A teacher shoul never appear confused or puzzled in the presence of her pupils over any problem in arithmetio, or over any difficult branch ahe has to teach; for if a student once loses confidence in the ability of the teacher, it is undoubtedly a hinderance to the progress of the pupil. It is more desirable, and no doubt, it gives the teacher more satisfaction to have those recite that make the best recitations. My opinion is, that the dull scholars should be compelled by the teacher to recite often, and by so doing, many would overcome the timidity that they feel when called npon to recite. A teacher should study the dispositions of her pupils. If fifty children were sick with different diseases, and a physician was called in, he would immedietely inquire about the nature of their disease, and he would treet every case according to the melady. Just so it should be with e teacher; she should study the different diseases of her pupils intellectuelly and morally. The punishments thet would cure some children of certain had traits, would only make others worse. In such cases every teacher should discriminate for herself, how to govern. It is quite a task to teach children or adults that heve heen bred with unedncated people, for then the teacher has a double task to perform. So very many children are taught from infancy to speak bad Englisb, and ell bed hehits formed in youth are difficult to overcome. Much valuable time is sometimes spent in teaching children the defination of words, end herd rules in arithmetic and other books; when practically, they do not know how to use them. The remedy should he carefully studied by all good teachers. I remember some time ago, when I went to a villege school, and on entering, the teechers asked me if I understood grammar, I immediately replied that I did, end at that time, I thought that I knew ten times as much as I think I know now. The teacher seeing that I had so mnch confidence, she asked me what was English grammar; I readily answered, thet English grammer was the art of speaking end writing the English languege correctly. I gave tha words that I had learned from tha hook without knowing what they meant, for such mistakes as "yon is, they is, I is, they reads" and many other mistakes, which I have not the time nor space to mention here, were continuelly being made by me. A good teacher should lecture to her pupils and tell them about such mistakes as the above mentioned, end hy attention, young children would derive more henefit from such lectures than they would from a text book. M. B.

THE BEST TEACHER.

To meke the best teecher, there are three things which mey he regarded as necesary to success in this vocation.

1 A clear and thirough knowledge of the things or subject to be taught. 2. Skill to adapt instruction to the capecities and circumstance of the pupil; and, 3. Delight in and davotion to the employment.

No one can teach knowledge who does not possess it. Knowledge possessed hy one who has not skill to communicate it, is like a "spring shut up, and a fountain sealed."

Everywhere where knowledge and the power to transmit are found, there must be a delight in teaching, or it will prove wearisome and half labpr.

To be a good, successful teacher, piety should he regarded as a primary qualification.

Every particle of influence which true piety casts into a school is inestimable. The teacher is responsible for the influence which he or she exerts over the children in school. Tha teacher forms character in children which they either perpetuate for good or bad in the future. B.

SHOULD EVERY ONE WORK?

Work in its truest sense is to labor physieally, or mentally.

To work physically develops the human body, and to work mentally develops the human mind. The anciant nobles kept elaves to work for them, because they ahhorrad the idea of having the aristocrats work, Everybody should work, because it is honorahle, and we should never scorn anything thet is honorahle. Men have differed upon this subject in England and America for centuries, and now they are puzzled over the same question in every nation that exists in the bright sunshine of the ninteenth century. It was work that made England what she is today. No civilized person can enjoy this life without work.

If persons live in splendor and don't work, some one must have worked previonsly for their enjoyment, Christ himself worked, and we should never scorn what our Lord has done. I believe God has intended for every one to work, hy some honest means. I am sure there is something for every one to do in this world. I have heard people complain of the hard times, and scarcity of work, when they could labor and earn money if they were not afraid to work. If the Pilgrims had not believed in work, Massachusetts would not have flourished like the ancient Lydia in the time of Croesus.

You can read history and see for yourself how this great nation became so prosperous.

We as Americans can boast of our industrial department, for this department has made us second to no nation. Mc. I.

THE VIEW FROM MY WINDOW IN VIRGINIA HALL.

The view of the weter, as far as I can see, from my window, is a grand and beautiful sight. Sometimes the weter is clear end smooth as e mirror; then again, it is very rough, tossing the weves here and there till they eppear like white caps upon the water. When we first look the weter seems to be a very short distance across, hut the farther you look the wider end longer it grows, nntil it forms a level sheet. It has formed many small capes and bays along the shores which are very pretty. Then you will see, here end there, trees growing along the henks, and it is very pleasant to sit nnderneth their boughs watching the water flowing peacefully on to the ocean. Then, if you look fer awey, you will see a very long row of trees, and the hank upon which they grow looks so very white thet they seem like tall, hlack mountaine rising ebove the water. There are many hoets on the water, large and small. Some are moved hy steam, and some hy the wind and sails, and oars. It is very pleasant to go a rowing, then you can heve e lovely view of the water. At night if you look out on the weter, it is e heeutiful sight to see so many hoats, that hava enchored within the herhor until the dawn. Then you will see men hoisting the sails preparing to leave and, if there is much breeze they move upon the weter like hirds on the wing.

The view from my window is heeutifnl; more so then I can express. The heat way to enjoy it is to sometimes look yourself. Weter is the blessing of life, and without it we would die. We need it as much as the air, and the good Lord has given us hoth bountifully. Weter is the mother to the earth, without it nothing wonld flourish and hloom as it does. If you walk out early in the morning, watch the dew drop upon the flowers and grass, with the san shining upon them, making them appear like thousands of diemonds. We should he very thankfnl to the Lord for giving us the weter, without it we would not have health and ships could not sail to hring us goods end frnits from foreign shores. I think weter one of the best things God has given us. When I look towards the Fort and see those large steam-ships upon the water, with so many little sail boats about them I think it a lovely sight. D.

From the Middle Class.

THANKSGIVING.

We hevé the first acconnt of a Thanksgiving Day given in the Bible. The custom was first introduced into this country hy the Pilgrims. They landed in 1620, and the next year they had a day of Thanksgiving, beceuse the Lord had blessed them in their crops.

For a long time the day was observed by them to give thanks for different blessings; sometimes they had it to thank God for rain, sometimes for food, sometimes for good laws being passed.

There was no national Thanksgiving Day till President Washington appointed one to be held, after the adoption of the coustitution. After this the day was not observed every year.

I think it onr duty to return thanks to God for his hlessings, and I hope that people will soon learn to thank him.

It was very nicely observed here on November last. The first thing we had were services in the fore-noon. Our minister read different Psalms suitable for the occasion; singing and prayers. He read letters to us from the President of the U, S., and from the Governor of Mass., which were very interesting indeed.

After services were over, we were then ready for turkey and plum pudding, which was served at a leter hour than usual, hut seemed to be enjoyed by every one when it was ready.

After dinner the hoys had a debate; I cannot say mucb about it, because I was not there After tea the boys and girls were allowed to be together; they seemed to enjoy themselves, some playing games, some dancing, and some enjoying themselves other ways. In the height of their pleasure the bell rang, and all retired to their different apartments to dream of the pleasure of the past day. F. S.

From the Preparatory Class.

MY VISIT TO SOUTH AMERICA.

(An Imaginary Visit, described for an exercise in Geography.)

I enjoyed myself very mnch in Soutb America. I did not stay at one place long enongh to get tired of it; the first city that we came to was Para. I was glad that it was so much like New Orleans, only we did not see palm trees there. We found in South America whet I never heard of or saw before, the Island Marajo at the mouth of the Amazon river, and I never saw the beeutiful lily called Victoria Regis, which grows in the marshea at the end of the Amazon river. In some parts of South America thay heve whet is called rainy and dry seasons. In the reiny season the river overflows its hank and the llanos or plein is covered; then the water goes back to its place, and we see tall, wild animals, pretty hugs, flowers and reptiles. As we go up the mountain it gete warmer, and it was quite pleasant in the velleys. I saw the wondarful milk tree; I do not think I will forget it very soon. I sew the vanilla hean growing, that is something else that I never saw before. I brought you some of them; the netives said that they would keep. I did not heve mucb money so I could not huy mnch. I did not see anything that you would like to wear, bnt the Brazilien hugs; it beppen to be dry and they had gone away or rather died, so I could not get many. I brought you a few, you can wear them around yonr neek for a necklace, on hlack or white. I hrought you some pine epples, of eonrse I had to get them green, so that they would not spoil before I got here. I saw the Pampas, there was nothing attractive about them. The people are half Indian and half white; they are called Gonchos. They are hold, fearless people, not afraid of nothing hut the wild Indians and the Jeguar, and not much afraid of them. They hunt the wild horses and ceteh them with a lasso. The horses ware brought there first hy the white people from Europe, and they inereased so that they drove all of the other eniimals away from the plece. I also saw the Condor, the largest hird that flies. That is ell that I can remember. I had a very pleasent time. L. B.

From the Indians.

We heve bad some cold deys bere, bad very little snow.

Last Saturday Indians hed a pienic out at Shellhanks. One Indian hoy went in a hnsh, bad his Indian clothes with him, he put them on and tben he came like a wild Indian, and they just laughed at bim; he ran back and put his citizens clothes on again.

Captain Romeyn has gone home to see his mother, hut one colored boy acts like a captain while he is gone.

We have been trying hard to be good, also in our schools we try hard to learn, that some day we onrselves may he ahle to teach our own people and tell the white people that Indians can learn, and that we are the Indians that have learned the English langage.

We have got a colored teacher on the farm, he teaches us how to plow, and many sorts of things which we never knew before.

We are at school trying to learn more, our teachars are feithfnl and good; I hope that they will succeed in their work.

The Indian school at Hampton is getting along very nicely, though they work part of the day, hut I think its a good plan for them.

Mr. McDowell, who has now the charge of the Training shop is sbarp with them; he is trying to learn them how to work the carpenter and tinsmith trades. I saw some cups which they made, and some other things, that shows thet they are learning. He also teaches us in sunday school; before he commences to teach be goes around us and shakes hands with us, which makes me think that be is willing to teach us.

We feel proud of the high recommendation of these two schools, Carlisle and Hampton.

We will not be asbamed if some white people should come to see us, because we have learned many things ahont the white people's way.

There's a paper printed at Carlisle Indian School, which is called "SCHOOL NEWS." It contains many little interesting things, but here we have a column for tha Indians. They sent us some copies for our reading room, ahont twelve or more; we are gled to get them.

How is it that some people say that Indians don't like to work; I like to know if they have been among them and have given them things to work with, such as plows and wagons; they do this because they think thet they are coming up to be lika them, and then they write things about them, saying "that they don't like to work but like to fight;" they like to fight, but not with the white people. They know thet the white race are trying to lift them up; they have been treeted had and have been drivan away from their homes and tried to stand for their righte; then they say they like to fight, but still they mind whatever the government tells them to do: they don't go and gather Indian warriors to have a war between the whites, hut they wait for the government

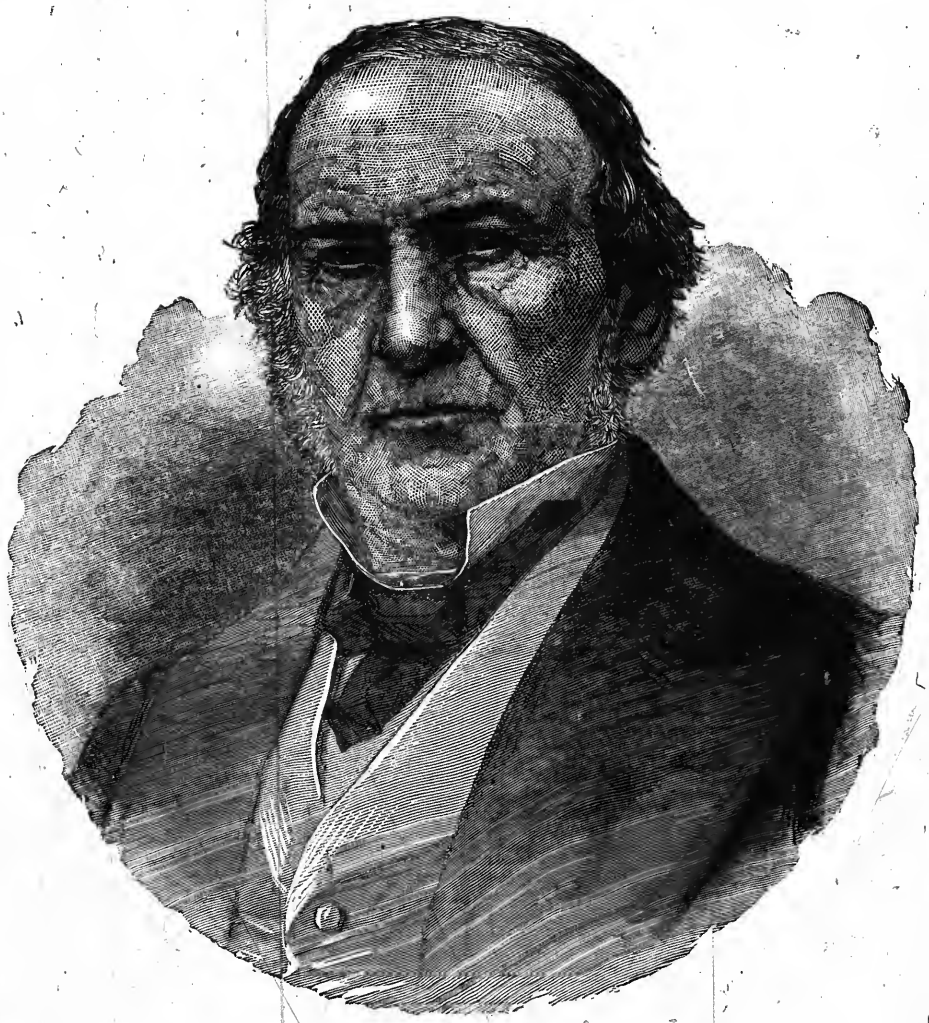
to give them the implements to work with, for they can not till the soil with their finger nails. Especially my tribe, the Pawnees, they never had trouble with the whites as long as I can remember, and they are the Indians that helped the government in getting the Indians on their reservation and stopped their wars against government. The whites have nearly all the land now which belonged to the Indians, and have killed all the animels which they use to live upon, and left them in the darkness, while they return with gladness and then talk bad about them, and say that they did not want their children educated, and thet they had to send the United States troops to school. The old people are ignorant, hut they talk to their children about their savage state, and that they should try to bring their people up in civilization. I was talked in this when I was in one of these places. Some young men have made their own progress, which I have learned to-day, that things sent to them by the government goes right to the chief, and what the chiefs got to do, they don't have to work, they just keep their things while their men going around hunting things to work with, that he might do something for himself, finds an axe, goes right to work cutting rails or logs for houses; this way they have done a good work among themselves, and thero's many now having houses and a few acres of land. Now see they can do things themselves. They have got good knowledge as the white and the colored people have. Colored people have been treated had as well as the Indians, and it seems equal the way they were treated and the way the Indians are treated. And I think it is time that every tribe of Indians ought to have a new treety with the government and make it as fair as they can for they have their own interpreters that they had when they made their old treaties, thet they might have their rights as any other nation has, in the United States. And I hope when Gen. Garfield occupies the Presidency that some Indians will make new treety with the government. J. R. M.

(*Alias*) YOUNG EAGLE, Pawnee Indian.

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. X. HAMPTON, VA., FEBRUARY, 1881. NO. 2.



W. E. GLADSTONE.

A VIRGINIA NEGRO AS SLAVE AND FREEDMAN.

BY ORRA C. LANGHORNE.

I mentioned to a northern gentleman living in the country, near ma who is sometimes kind enough to bring me, books and papers, that Gen. Armstrong had desired me to give him some sketches of colored men or woman, who had made themselves independant since the emancipation, brief biographies of industrious and successful people, and my kind friend promised to send a colored neighbor of his to see me. He said this man was a very good specimen of his class, and could give me an intelligent account of his efforts as a freeman. Three or four weeks passed without my hearing anything further of the new-fledged citizen, and I was beginning to fear that my request had been forgotten, when, on the morning of election day, my young domestic informed me that "a colored gentleman wanted to sea me." On opening tha door, I found standing in the porch an uncommonly fine looking old black man, whose grey head thrown back from broad shoulders, erect carriage, neat suit of homespun, and general air of intelligence and comfort, bespoke a person well-satisfied with himself and his surroundings. As I loooked at him with some curiosity, he said in a civil and somewhat reservad manner, "my nama is Parke Johnston, Mr. Clinton told me to come to see Mrs. Langhorne." The mention of my friend's name ensured my visitor a cordial welcome, and I said at once, "Come in Uncle, I have heard Mr. Clinton say a great deal about you, and I am very glad to see you." I may explain here, that the terms "Uncle" and "Annt" when applied by Southern whites to old colored people, signify the mingled feelings of respect and affection, with which well-bred people in every country are supposed to regard elderly persons, whom they have long known as peasants, laborers, or domestics, worthily filling those stations in life, and deserving every consideration from all who are brought into association with them.

The white child on a Southern plantation, who had failed to call the old slaves, "uncle" and "annt," or "daddy" and "mammy," would have been severely rebuked by his own family, and regarded with such disapprobation by all the people on the estate, that his position would have been a very unenviable one, and his unpopularity would soon have extended through the neighborhood. It is very natural that tha educated colored people of this generation, many of them college graduates and school teachers, some of them office holders under the government, very many of them property owners, should think it right for whita people to use the titles "Mr." and "Mrs." in addressing Negroes, just as they expect to be addressed themselves. This is all very true and proper, and applies to what some of my colored neighbors call "new issue free niggers," but "it is hard to teach old dogs new tricks," and like many other customs resulting from slavery, and the intimate connection of slaves and their owners constituting with both parties a kind of relationship, "uncle" and "aunt" will long linger among us.

On the same principal, the Southern Negro calls tha members of his master's family "Mas John" and "Miss Mary," and, if he likes his present employer or other white people of the community, extends to them also what he means for a courtcous mode of addressing them. So when I said "come in uncle and sit down," and be replied pleasantly "Thank you mistis," and accepted my invitation, it only signified that we were very kindly inclined to each other, and I had given my visitor a title which I should never think of bestowing on the starchy colored preacher from Washington, who is the pastor of the Methodist Church, and he had addressed me in a manner he would have disdained to use in speaking to what he contemptuously styles "po' whita folks," meaning chiefly persons who in old times owned no slaves."

The 2nd. of November passed off very quietly with us, and as we live outside the city limits, and more than a mile from the precinct, we had seen little to remind us of election-day. An incident which occured early in the morning, illustrates the feelings of most of tha colored people in politics, and the great changa in regard to freedom of speech, which has come about for them. A black man who ran away from his master during the war and served some tima in a New York regiment, passed my husband's store on his way to tha polls. "I suppose you are going up to vote tha Democratic ticket," said a young white man jestingly to the ex-slave ex-soldier. "You must think I am a d-d fool "wae the reply," if you think I am going to vota against the people that set me free?". After Uncle Parka had eat talking a little while, and I had been admiring tha manly, dignified appearance of tha old Negro, in his stout, comfortable suit of gray cloth; having heard that he was a carpenter by trade, and a very industrious person, I asked him if he had come into town on business. He looked at ma in soma surprise, and said gravely, "Nothing hut voting ma'am, I have been up to the polls to vote." I apologized for my unpatriotic forgetfulness, and asked what ticket he had voted. "Tha Republican ticket" he said quietly," I alwaye vote thet way and always expect to do so. Soma of tha colored people do not vote that way now, hnt I do, I cannot see that it wenld be right for ena to vote against the party that has done so much for us."

Uncle Parke and I had a long talk, which I found very interesting, as he is a shrewd observant man, who has lived in etirring times, and seen various aspects of life. I wish I could give his exact remarks, which were expressed in very good lenguaga, only an occaeional inaccuracy in grammer, or a very long word inappropriately used, betraying the common tendency of the African discourse, in which the danger to err is in exact proportion to the number of syllables; as the speeker wrestlee with the eonorous sounds in which ha delights and grows reckless of the meaning of his words.

In answer to my inquiries as to his early life, Uncle Parke said he was born a slava in Charlotte County, had a very kind and lenient master, who, as soon as his chattel was grown, permitted him to him "his own time," that is to pay his master a stated sum and keep for himself all that he could make beyond this amount. This was very common under tha slave system, and tha habits of business and self-reliance thus formed were an excellent preparation for freedom. Uncla Parke had travelled about considerably in eastern Virginia, working at various trades, which he had picked up as opportunity offered, being by turne a carpenter, shoemaker, farm hand and general "jobber." He lived in Richmond, Petersburg, Farmville and other towns, wherever he found work abundant and wages good, and went back at intervals to stay with his wife and children on the plentation, being alwaye on the most kindly terms with his master's family, all of whom, have now, as he stated regretfully, "died out." His leading euch an independent life, more than once caused his getting into trouble with prominent slaveholders, who deemed his example injurious to their slaves, and once or twice he was arrested, and thrown into jail, but on such occasions, his master always came promptly to his rescue, and procured his release, sometimes making interference with his slave a cause of personal difficulty with tha meddlers. When Uncle Parke spoke of Charlotte County, I asked him if he seen John Randolph, and was amused by the way his face lighted up, and the evident pride he felt in tha reputation of the "Great Commoner," whom he remembered perfectly, having often met him riding about the country and seen him as visitor at his master's house, and had stood with other slaves on the outskirts of the crowds gathered to hear him speak. He thought Mr. Randolph a wonderful speaker, but very singular indeed in his appearance and habits. He was quite shocked to hear that his mortal remains had been removed from his beloved "Roanoke," where it was well-known he had desired his bones to rest, and considered the disinterment a very sacrilegious act.

Uncla Parke says Mr. Randolph was a very kind master, "extraodinary kind" to his household servants, and the old man spoke with emotion of seeing the long train of freed slaves depart from the estete on the way to their destined home in Ohio, and described minutely tha procession, which he had doubtless watched with longing eyes and an eager wish to join its ranks. He says he thought a great deal about tha slavery of his race, and had for many years believed that it would eventually be liberated, but he could not tell exactly how this would coma about, and being quite comfortable himself, he was not disposed to make any special effort to hasten the day of freedom.

I asked whet he did with tha money he earned as a slave, and he replied that he always spent it as fast as he made it. He bought many little comforts for himself and his family, and as he always spent Sunday at home, when he could get there by going a few miles from his place of work on Saturday evening, his frequently purchased dainties for tha Sunday dinner which his good wife loved to prepare for her husband, who sometimes invited a friend or two to join him at the little banquet in his cottage home. This custom of tho husband going to the wife's house on Saturday night was one of tha peculiarities of the slave system, where tha members of a family belonged to different masters; and poor indeed was the slave, and hard indeed the masters, when the husband did not have something in tha way of provisions, clothes or household comforts to carry to his wife and children. In cases where tha husband and wife, or parents and children were so far separated, that tha visiting could only be done at long intervals, the slave of a kind master, when proposing to make a visit, did not hesitate to go to his owner for what he considered a suitable present for his relatives. Sometimes contributions were levied on all the white family; "for some little thing to take along with ma when I goee to see dem niggers of mine. Dey be slow to think I h'longs to po' white folke if masse'a chillun dont sen' um somefin," and I have known tha white children on a plantation to take a lively interest in fitting up a box for "old Uncle Toling's children over the mountain" or aunt Cily's deughter in Greene county."

Uncle Parke saye that in his hemeward tripe on Saturday avenings he often met other slavee going to see their families, whom he considered very unhappy people compared to himself, as they belonged to hard masters, who etinted their allowence, and "would be toting a po' little bag, with only a few cups of meal or a little bit of meal that a man could eat at one time in it." If ha chanced to encounter one of these unfortunates near a country store, he would call him in, and add a pound of coffee or a couple of pounds of sugar, or sometimes, "a right good chunk of bacon," to the contente of the little bag; and the poor slave, whose lot had fallen in a hard place, would thank his more lucky brother in bondage, go rejoicing, and doubtless wonder in his simple heart at the stranga disposition of fetes in this world. I asked the old man, if he had known certainly that freedom would come to him, if he would not have made a very different use of tha money he earned, as a slave. He answered decidedly that no doubt if he had expected to be able to hold property, and had not depended on his master for support in his old age, he should have hoarded his money, and might have had a snug sum at tha emancipation; still he declared that he did not at all regret what he had done in tha past, and anyone, who had been helped a little by his means was heartily welcome to what he had given.

It was very interesting to hear the old man's description of the scenes which took place in Charlotte county, where the Negroes outnumbered tha white people, when Lee surrendered and freedom came with the startling shock of a thunder bolt in a cloudless sky, to people who had been born slaves, as their fathers had been before them and had expected to die slaves, as their fathers had done. Here and there an intelligent and capable Negro, like Uncle Parke, who had been permitted to hire his time, and as he traveled from place to place, solved in his own mind, the problem of the bondage of his race, or some household servant, who could read and was accustomed to hearing politics discussed among white people, had of course many hopes and dreams of emancipation as the result of a war which he firmly believed the Lord of Hosts had undertaken in the cause of an oppressed people, even as, in days of old, he had, with a strong hand and mighty arm, delivered the Hebrews from bondage. But to the great mass of the Negroes, a densely ignorant people, often but one or two generations removed from barbarism, debarred from any association with their owner's family, kept under the stern rule of the overseer who knew no law but the lash, forced to labor under a system which repressed thought and feeling, the wondrous tidings of freedom that they could henceforth do as they pleased and go where they pleased, was indeed bewildering, "Mistis you cant believe how wild and upset and *dreadful* everything was in them times," said the old man earnestly, and his face grew solemn with the recollection. "It came so sudden on 'em they wasn't prepared for it. Just think of whole droves of people, that had always been kept so close, and hardly ever left the plantation before, turned loose all at once, with nothing in the world, but what they had on their backs, and often little enough of thet; men, women and children that hed left their homes when they found out they were free, walking along tha road with no where to go." I have often wondered if it was possible for a Negro, imbued with intense feeling for the wrongs of his race, and still suffering the effects of the slave-system, to have any sympathy for the white people, with whom slavery, although a grievous sin, was surely one for which the present generation was not responsible, to whom the tables have been turned so abruptly, and who have undergone such great reverses in the revolution that has released the slave from bondage. I thought it was a proof of the intelligent mind of my visitor that he had evidently considered this aspect of the case seriously, and was ready to admit that it was the wrong view of tha subject, in which the slave holders had been educated, that had influenced their action before and since the emancipation, and ha thought there was a great change perceptible already in the feelings of the white people. For himself, Uncla Parke talks cheerily of what freedom has done for him and his family. The "S'render," from which the Negroes of this section all date their emancipation, found him with out a dollar, the exciting times of the war having interfered with his habits of business. A federal soldier chanced to stop at his house a few hours after Lee's surrender, with a very ragged pair of boots, and as Uncla Parka was a shoemaker and had his tools and a faw pounds of leather in tho house, he found his first job as a free man in mending tha boots, while tha soldier confirmad tho thrilling tidings of surrender and emancipation, which tha colored people had been whispering to each other.

The stranger talked kindly to the excited family of the new life which was opening before them, and after enjoying a long rest and a comfortable meal in the cabin, he told his host that he had no money with bim but could get soma in Lynchburg, whither he was going, and agreed that if Uncle Parka would bring him a pair of boots in that place, by a certain day, he would pay him the price agreed on. The bargain was faithfully kept on both sides, and the money paid the freedman gave him a start in his new career. Since then, he has prospered greatly, has never found any difficulty in getting plenty of work at remunerative prices, owns a snug little farm with good improvements, and it is a significant fact that his land purchesed in three different parcels, has diminished in price, and increased in quantity at every purchase, so that he lately bought ten acres for what he paid for two acres soma years ago.

He says they were unwilling to sell to Negroes at first, but now do so readily and are often forced to taka any price they can get; and he thinks tha hard feelings once existing between the two races are fast giving way to kindly feelings. The change among the white people he attributes partly to policy and partly to tha better sentiment brought about by tha healer time, as all grow accustomed to the new order of things among us. It is gratifying to see in a man who has succeeded in doing well in private affairs, a commendable public spirit. Uncle Parke talks intelligently of the progress his race is making, and of the various political movements by which the laws bearing hard on Negroes are gradually relaxed. He speaks very gratefully of the noble efforts Judge Rives of the W. S. Court has made to secure the civil rights of the colored people, and especially his late action in regard to Negroes on juries in the state courts, which has been a great help to the race and given them the full benefits of the constitutional amendments.

Conscious of his own early deficiencies in education, Uncle Parke feels the importance of the public schools, and has a school house on his land where he rejoices to see a colored teacher instructing his children, a privilege he had some difficulty in securing, as a white teacher wanted the place.

Upon the whole, I think the lines have fallen in pleasant places to this new citizen of our republic, and he looks forward with complacency to ending his days under his own vine and fig tree, and bequeathing a comfortable inheritance to his children, in the land where he was born a slave.

MR. GLADSTONE.

We are indebted to the *N. Y. Christian Weekly*, for the fine portrait on our first page, of the great statesman who, by the recent brilliant triumph of the liberal party in the last English elections, has become in his seventieth year, for a second time Prime Minister of England.

In the very limited monarchy of that country, in which royalty is preserved as a sentiment and influence rather than a positive power, the Ministry constitutes the government, and Mr. Gladstone is the practical ruler of England. He is eminently fitted to be at the head of that great nation, possessing all the qualities of statesmanship and deserving the gratitude and confidence of the people whose cause he has served as if he had risen from their masses, instead of having been thrown by birth and education and circumstances on the side of the aristocracy.

An able and critical article in the November *Scribner*, gives an interesting view of the life and character of this statesman whom his great contemporary John Bright advised a mother to take her son to see, as "the greatest Englishman he is ever likely to look upon."

"For the government of a nation he has not merely great gifts, but an unusual accumulation of gifts; knowledge, industry, energy; eloquence that sways assemblies; conscientiousness that makes his probity accepted like a law of nature; a swift and ample comprehension not only of the details of administration, but of the great movements of thought in the world; an imaginative power of sympathy with human feeling which gives him the power of warming men to enthusiasm by example as well as by words. These are the qualities that go to make a hero; and with them he has also the truly heroic virtue of simplicity. Such qualities make a man fit to lead a nation in moments of exaltation, winning their devotion, stimulating them to splendid efforts. They have, in fact, enabled him to accomplish great things for England. He has been the author, either as himself devising or as carrying through tha schemes of others by his own energy, of more legislative measures whereby tha condition of people has been improved and their hurdens lessened, whereby grounds of disaffection have been removed and men's minds knitted together in loyalty and contentment, than any English statesman of his own generation, perhaps of this century."

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

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The Southern Workman, devoted to the interests of Negro and Indian civilization, is edited and managed by the officers of the Hampton Institute, and printed on the School Press by colored youth trained in the office. Subscriptions are a help to the School. It is sent on trial for four months for twenty-five cents. Job work, from all parts of the country is solicited, and will be done cheaply and well. Estimates will be sent on application.

HAMPTON'S need of a building for the accommodation of the twenty Indian girls now in attendance, and for thirty more to be received when room shall be provided, as well as for future requirements has already been stated.

The history of the recent effort for Indian education in the East, published in our December number, is in pamphlet form and will be sent to any one desiring it. Its inspiration was the common sense and devotion of Captain R. H. Pratt, of the U. S. Army, who began with a band of savage captives in Florida, and is now in charge of over two hundred Indian boys and girls, largely children of chiefs, at Carlisle Pa., in the old government barracks, where he is doing an admirable work.

In April 1878, Hampton opened its doors to seventeen ex-warriors from St. Augustine because it was the only place where they could be taught agriculture and the trades. Our teachers soon saw the fine qualities of their Indian pupils, became eager to give them a fair chance, and urged the bringing of Indian girls to make their work complete. Mr. Schurz co-operated cordially and promptly and now the Indian department of 65 pupils, (soon to be increased to 85) seems to be a fixed feature of the school and is in cordial and excellent relation with its work for the Negro. Each race gives and receives wholesome influences.

We challenge any one to find men who will do better for Indians than the Hampton graduates who are in part their teachers in classes and in practical industry and have the care of them. This is a feather in the colored man's cap, that he was not expected to have to wear. There is some delicacy in the mingling of races, but it is so far wholesome and successful. The work for another race broadens and strengthens our movement, and adds, if possible, to its inspirations.

While the great body of Indians must be educated in the West where they live, we believe that this effort for Indians, with that at Carlisle has aided in making a sounder better public sentiment, with respect to that people; that it has been an object lesson in Indian civilization to both legislators and the public. When Congressmen and others see Indians hoeing and studying, working and living like men, it makes an impression that piles of documents and the most eloquent pleading cannot create.

Government is ready to fill the proposed building with Indian girl students, whom, however, it only partially supports (barely paying cost of board and clothing, $150.00 a year but nothing for the tuition or cost of education which is $70.00 per anumn). If we waited for government to do its whole duty, we might wait forever.

We ask the people to pay for buildings and to give each Indian a seventy dollar scholarship. They must do it to get it done; they have so far done it.

An excellent three-story brick cottage "The Wigwam" 95 x 35 feet costing $12,000.00 has been erected for boys, and our Indian scholarship lacks but ten of completion.

Plans have been carefully prepared for a girl's building, in the form of a Greek Cross, the longest arm being 100 x 40 feet, and the other 84 x 35. It is to be built of bricks, three stories in height, to contain room for seventy girls with teachers, also a study and sewing room, a large play room, washing and ironing room, hospital and kitchen for special diet pupils and for a cooking class. Its occupants will take their meals in Virginia Hall, with the rest of the students. It will cost not less than $20,000. Our estimate has been $15,000. The cost of building is enhanced by the making it almost fire proof, so nearly incombustible as to remove ground for serious fear on that score. To this end the roof is to be laid with two inch tongued and grooved plank, covered with shingles laid on a half inch bed of mortar; the outside walls to be hollow and the partitions of brick; laths to be nearly dispensed with on the sides and overhead. Should it take fire it would burn slowly and could probably be saved.

The centre of the educational question for Indians was touched by Mr. Schurz, when he said, "It is just as necessary to teach Indian children to live, as how to read and write." This building as a place to live and work in, is to be educational. The girls will have no luxuries, but simple plain living.

SHALL IT BE DONE?

Ground should be broken early next April that the building may be ready (dry and wholesome for its inmates) by October, next, when school shall re-open.

Copies of the ground plan and of the elevation will be sent to any one who may desire them with a view to furnishing aid or interesting others.

The pro rata cost of one room for two girls (40 rooms in all,) will in round numbers be $300. The larger rooms above referred to will cost from $500 to $1000. This is stated to meet a frequently expressed desire of doing some definite thing.

The bricks will be made on the school grounds, by the Farm Department; the lumber sawed out of logs rafted from North Carolina, and the sash doors and blinds will be made in the "Huntington Industrial Works," connected with the school. Each department is credited with a fair price for its products, which are charged in the estimate. The building will be economical.

The condition of women is the test of progress. The family is the unit of Christian civilization. What girls are, mothers are, and mothers make the home. Shall we help the Indians to homes? Indian girls have been drudges, slaves. They are not so bright and responsive as the boys of that race. Is not an effort for them wise and timely?

Our experience with this people for nearly three years has been encouraging. Mentally they are quick; they learn our language readily. Teachers have often said "How could such people have been kept back so long?" Morally they have given very little trouble. They are manly, with a sense of honor in them. Bodily they hold their own. The death-rate has been serious but not discouraging. The average health is now better than ever.

In field labor, at first unable to work without frequent rests, they became, in a couple of years, able to do continuous labor. Mechanically they are superior. Indians, both girls and boys, work nicely but slowly. They cannot expect to compete successfully with those who have labored for generations. With a fair chance they can learn to take care of themselves.

They are emphatically responsive to Christian teaching. No part of our work for them has been more encouraging than the religious. They are undemonstrable but thoughtful; respectful of worship. Their own savage faith is not a degrading blighting one, but the nearest to Christianity of any of the heathen systems.

Contributions for the building, to the amount of $500,00 have been received. We are informed that the Ponca Committee of Boston, have collected about $400.00 for this object.

The corner stone of this building should be laid next Anniversary day, Thursday, May 19th. 1881; we hope by the hand of President Garfield.

That occasion should mean hope for both our "despised races;" better chances for the Negro, as well as for the Indian, for the corner stone of the "Stone Industrial Building," for colored girls, (from Mrs. Stone's gift of $20,000.) will, we trust be laid too.

Will the recent enthusiasm for Indian rights amount to twenty thousand dollars for their elevation?

Asking for anything in the line of human progress and of God's work is right. The proposed building is in this line.

SHALL IT BE DONE?

WE have received the Annual Report of Dr. Thomas Pollard, Commissioner of Agriculture, of Virginia; an interesting document of 166 pages. It is a full and most interesting discussion of the diversified crops of the State, is replete with information, at first hand from farmers, and cannot but stimulate the agricultural interest of this State

The growth of a live agricultural and educational literature in this and other Southern states, is a sign of the times, and is an index of that better thinking of which political papers do not give the best indications, and is apparent to all who come personally in contact with the people.

There is not ground for a rose-colored view of the South, as a whole, for it is terribly backward, and the blight from Slavery and war is far from removed, but the outlook is good, the *direction* is right.

Mrs. Elizabeth L. Comstock, who has done so much for the Colored Refugees of Kansas, upon returning to Topeka, after a seven months absence, states that she left about 30,000 refugees, many of them struggling in poverty, and found that the number had increased to over 60,000; 10,000 of whom had scattered to other states.

All had been quiet and orderly, grateful for work, but thousands were still destitute. Large companies would come at one time, to a place, as for instance: "150 came East last week in great destitution. Many barefoot except rags wrapped and tied around their feet. We saw many more arrivals in Colleyville, whose condition beggars description. There was not a whole garment among them. Some had their tattered pants, coats and shoes, tied on with strings and strips of muslin. Great destitution in neighboring towns."

A large number have obtained homes, but need such needs as the commonest comforts.

When Sandwich Islands' planters will give free passages for such sufferers to their delightful land, offer good wages, and fair treatment, and equal rights to all, it is a pity that an exodus to Hawaii is not instituted. Women and children are there as welcome as men, to replace a decreasing population.

IN a letter from Paris to the N. Y. Evening Post its well known correspondent Edward King says:

The Senate is expected to accept the excellent bill in favor of compulsory education which the Chamber of Deputies has passed. There will be a sharp opposition in the Upper House, but the supporters of the bill are in the majority. This is justly considered the most important measure undertaken since the establishment of the Republic, and its immediate results will be far-reaching and salutary. Six hundred thousand children now deprived of school privileges will be brought under the birch of the instructor as soon as the bill becomes a law.

There are over six hundred thousand children in the South to-day deprived of instruction by no fault of theirs, for whom our government has only to say, "Let there be light," to assure their enlightenment. Congress is bound to preserve a republican form of government for the people of the different states. To assure not only the form, but the spirit of republicanism, it should after seventeen years of delay, at once provide for the most vital need of those whom it professes to cherish as its wards.

AN English woman living as a servant in New York, gives from her earnings seventy dollars a year for the help of two colored girls at Hampton. From her connection with a Sunday School in New York she heard of this work and gives this amount entirely of her own accord.

HARVARD AND HAMPTON.

—According to the *Harvard Register* not more than one-third of those who have received aid from the "Loan Fund" for students needing help, have ever repaid the money thus borrowed. Each beneficiary signs a note payable on demand without interest. The trustees do not present these notes for payment, but the *Register* remarks that the obligation of students to pay them is none the less on that account.

Hampton students have paid as follows:

The graduates and ex-students of 1875,				36	per cent.
"	"	"	"	1877, 33	" "
"	"	"	"	1878, 31	" "
"	"	"	"	1879, 26	" "

They leave school more or less in debt, for we strain a point especially during the last year for the sake of seeing them through.

They can teach for six months at $25,00 or $30.00 per month, out of which comes board clothes &c. The rest of the time they shift for themselves, the majority having none to help them. Times have been very bad. They pay up gradually. Those who left in 1876, will probably pay from 50 to 60 per cent. of their debts. Those who left in 1879, may be expected to pay 70 or 75 per cent. There is steady improvement in this respect. An annual statement is sent to each one who can be reached. Some have been unable to pay in full or at all. Much more would be paid in, did they make a proper effort. Their ideas are not as a rule very clear as to paying, especially old debts; yet many show a most commendable spirit in this respect. Payments on account are constantly dropping in.

A gentleman of Hartford Conn, informed us that during the past ten years he had advanced some three thousand dollars to young white men for their education, taking notes for about half the amount, having only an understanding about the rest, and on one occasion lent a hundred dollars to a Negro boy to go to Berea College, Ky. The only man who paid him back was the Negro. There is a temptation to the average man to neglect any old college debt.

Debts are debts and should be paid if for the good of the debtor alone. It is part of his education. The money could be used to help some other needy man. There is by this neglect injury on both sides. There are no doubt disgusted men who don't say much but think a good deal over an unsatisfactory experience in lending money to students. Had their experience been otherwise the Colleges might have been profited through gifts inspired by better appreciation of the results of education.

GENERAL GARFIELD'S ADVICE TO COLORED CITIZENS.

A delegation of Alabama colored Republicans paid their respects to General Garfield, at the residence of William Edwards, in Cleveland, O., last evening, where he was entertained at a dinner party. The General responded as follows:

"Gentlemen: I am much obliged to you for your congratulations and courtesies, and will not detain you nor myself—for we are in the house of a gentleman who has some people visiting him that we must immediately see—except to say that I most cordially concur with you in all your efforts to enlighten and elevate and strengthen your people. That is the true ground of progress for everybody everywhere. Your friends who stood by you in the days of the war and since the war have always had to meet on the part of their antagonists this thought: You have thrown upon us a great mass of ignorant voters, wholly unacquainted with the wants of the people and the management of affairs, and you have done us a great injustice in compelling that class to be our equals in voting. Now, there is some force in that. There is not one of you that will not admit that there is some force in that statement. There is a great deal of force in it. It is a difficult thing for any people to get along with that situation. It is in your hands to take that argument away absolutely—not all at once, not in a day, but to take it away from your children, so that by the intelligence of your children in time to come that

reproach will not be left, and that argument cannot be made. When that day comes, I do not see any argument that any human being can make against the fair right of all men to equal privileges under the law.

But, now, therefore, doing all we can at our end of the line, you should do all you can at your end of the line to take away the last obstacle that confronts us in adjusting the troublesome question which your race and its place and its late condition have given to this country. Whatever our people can do toward helping you to do, that I am sure they will be very glad to do. Whatever I can do to forward that purpose in general action or individual action, I shall be most glad to do. But don't let anybody get up the race feeling among you to the extent of saying 'We are a separate class that are going to have separate privileges and separate rights.' As I said on another occasion, don't let anybody abuse you because you are black, but don't let anybody nor let yourselves get to feeling that anybody should praise you because you are black, and certainly don't bear wrongs because you are black. These are the points. You know that brings us up to the equality and liberty of the law. Gentlemen I am glad to have met you."

The argument against the colored vote, where it is so strong as to establish Negro supremacy, has nearly hushed Northern remonstration against the wrong methods by which Southern whites keep in power.

It is noticeable that the only protest is raised in Presidential and other elections which effect northern supremacy in the government.

General Garfield tells the Negro, "It is in your hands to take away that argument absolutely; not in a day, but to take it away from your children, so that by their intelligence, &c., &c." We do not know what the colored visitors replied. They might have begged the President-elect to use all his influence to put the power into their hands to take the argument away, for an impoverished South, and the overburdened charity of the North, could do little towards it. The Negro *unaided, does not have it in his power to remove that argument.* Government has a duty to do in this matter, but so far has done nothing worthy of itself. *Will not President Garfield do what he can through a liberal government policy to lessen the danger to the country from the ignorant voters of the South*

The Southern Planter and Farmer published in Richmond Va., is always a welcome exchange.

The January number is full of interest. Like many other Southern periodicals it is, more and more, taking up the Southern questions by the roots. A changed, more candid and hopeful tone is a characteristic of this better papers of the South these days. There is less wailing over the past. They are getting at bottom facts, making the best of things, admitting what must be admitted, seeing what must be seen, and giving good advice.

This is the reconstruction from within outwards. A vast work is yet to be done but the right movement has set in.

Hon. Alex. H. H. Stuart, addresses the young men of the State as follows:

The overthrow of slavery has destroyed the foundation on which the old system rested, and the time has come when we must conform our methods of instruction, and our pursuits in life, to the changed condition of our social and industrial organization. What Virginia now needs is not closet-men, learned scholars, or brilliant orators, but "men of affairs"—earnest, practical business men—men competent to deal with and push forward the material interests of the State—such as skilled engineers, geologists, mineralogists, miners, machinists and mechanics.

As I have already said, under the old system, manufactures could not flourish in the South, because of the character of our laboring population. Manufactures require educated and skilled labor to conduct them successfully. Ours, not possessing these indispensable qualities, could not be profitably employed, except in agriculture and the simplest processes of handicraft. The management of complicated machinery was beyond its capacity. And, unfortunately, the prejudice which existed in the Northern mind against "the peculiar institution" of the South, prevented the intelligent labor of the North from seeking employment amongst us. Hence, with few exceptions, educated labor—that which reaps the largest profits, by converting raw material, of little value, into costly fabrics, was confined to States North of the Potomac. Meanwhile, the people of the South, who were engaged in the production of cotton, wool, pig-iron, timber and other raw material, to be manufactured in the North, were, in effect, "hewers of wood and drawers of water," for the benefit of the more practical and sagacious citizens of the North. The result was, that the North, with a vigorous climate and comparatively sterile soil, became rich, while we of the South, with far greater natural advantages, grew poor.

It is obvious to every one, that greater progress has been made toward the development of the resources of our State, within the last decade, than in the preceeding half century. We hear every day of the opening of new mines of coal, iron, copper, zinc, lead, gypsum, manganese and other minerals; of the repair of old, and the erection of new furnaces and foundries; of the location and construction of new lines of railway; and the uncovering of granite, marble, sand and freestone, slate, mica, and other articles of commercial value.

In the presence of facts like these, it cannot be a matter of wonder, that a more hopeful feeling prevails, and that pulsations of a new life are felt from one end of the Commonwealth to the other.

Other changes are taking place among our people. Provincialism is giving way to broader and more liberal sentiments. Dreamy abstractions are yielding to the influence of practical, vigorous common sense.

* * * *

There are but two sources from which danger is to be apprehended:

1st. Habits of indolence and self-indulgence, and the prejudice against manual and mechanical labor, which is the lost legacy of slavery.

2nd. A mistaken system of education, which has given too much attention to the ideal, and too little to the practical.

A determined and manly spirit can vanquish the first; and a change in the course of instruction, by which more prominence will be given to physical science and mechanics, and the construction and uses of machinery, will overcome the last.

Nothing has tended more seriously to retard the advancement of Virginia in a course of prosperity, than the disposition of our active, intelligent young men to migrate to other States. They are more precious to Virginia than silver and gold.

An article by Hon. John Sherman Secretary of the Treasury, is republished. He says:

The whole of Eastern Virginia, constituting about one-fourth of its extent, lying between the Chesapeake Bay and the head of tide-water, is an alluvial country, divided by these inlets, full of fish and wild fowl. The soil, though thin and worn by bad culture, is better and more easily cultivated than New England or New Jersey, or Eastern New York and Pennsylvania. The middle country, lying between Tidewater and Piedmont, is a wide, picturesque plain, cut to a considerable depth by small and rapid streams, bordered by fair land. The Piedmont country, west of this, consists of broken ranges of hill and mountains, with many small and fertile valleys and hills in beautiful outline, with occasional elevated plains. Then comes the Blue Ridge, remarkable for its picturesque beauty and form, extending the whole length of the State, forming one of its most prominent features. Then comes the Valley of Virginia, part of the great belt extending from Canada to Alabama, as beautiful a region as can be found on the continent, with clear, winding streams. Then comes the great Alleghany range, with parallel mountains.

Different parts of Virginia are adopted to different agricultural productions. The region about Norfolk is becoming the great garden-spot for early vegetables for the northern market. Middle Virginia has always been famous for its tobacco, which, after nearly two centuries of cultivation, has not yet exhausted the soil. The Valley of Virginia was a hundred years ago extolled by Jefferson; and Washington said of its soil, climate and production: "In my opinion, it will be considered, if it is not considered so already, as the garden spot of America." The mountain region of Virginia contains great cattle-ranges, where natural grasses spring as soon as the forests are cleared away: where sheep, producing mutton of almost unrivalled quality, can pasture during the whole year, with but little care or labor. *I know no portion of the United States to which, if favoring conditions are offered, Nature so invites immigration, and where labor, steadily applied, would yield such rich returns.* And yet, this favored State of Virginia, with 45,000 square miles of land, with at least 2,500 miles of tidal water, the oldest settlement in our country, contains but 1,250,000 inhabitants, deeply in debt, with impaired credit, and with a tendency among its people to migrate into newer States, with less hope and promise for the future.

Chief among the causes why Virginia has lagged behind these and other States, was negro slavery. In the origin of this institution, Virginia was no more at fault than the other colonies; and, indeed, her statesmen claim that she resisted the importation of slaves, but it was forced upon her by the cupidity of England and of the northern colonies, who made profit in this commerce. Still the evil effects fell with greater force upon Virginia than upon other States. The existence of slavery kept from Virginia the tide of industrious immigration which filled up the North and West; and yet, by inducing careless culture in land, mainly conducted by slaves, it impoverished the soil and prevented a diversity of industries. The workshops of Lowell and Lawrence might have been more readily located on the James or Potomac than upon the Merrimac.

Slavery gets no sympathy from the vigorous thinkers of the South.

It is dismissed with a kick. It is the scape goat for all their ills. Sentiment is with the past; sense is against it. Sense is prevailing.

The following is from the Hon. Montgomery Blair, in the *Planter and Farmer.*

No men better understood the baneful effects of slavery upon the prosperity of the State, and upon the progress of its people, than the statesmen of Virginia. Mr. Jefferson denounced it bitterly. Gen. Washington, in his letter to Mr. Sinclair, said that Virginia would be the "garden spot of the New World when it got rid of slavery;" and Mr. Randolph, in a speech in the Senate, described it as "a dry rot," and as a "cancer on the face;" and said that "if the slaves did not run away from their masters the masters would run away from the slaves."

And this has been the process by which Virginia and the South has been depopuloted. No foreign emigrants came to her shores, and her own best blood ran away from slavery to the free West. Nor were these blighting effects of slavery proclaimed only by our Revolutionary Fathers. They were again proclaimed by the leading men in the Virginia Constitutional Convention of 1829; and among others, by Mr. Charles J. Faikner, of Martinsburg, who still survives.

ABOUT GEORGIA.

President A G. Haygood of Emory College (Southern) writes from personal observation in Georgia.

"The aggregate value of the property owned by colored people in 1879 was $5,782,389; in 1880, $5,704,293—an increase of $381,895. That is, the negroes have increased the total value of their property about ten per cent—the whole people about six per cent. Had the whole people done as well as the negroes, instead of an increase of something over $14,000,000 it should have been nearly $23,000,000.

All which proves one of two things, perhaps both—either the negro has a tolerably fair chance in Georgia or else he is a remarkable force in Georgia political economy. It perhaps indicates, further-more that the "exodusters" are not troubling Georgia to any marked extant. More and more, our colored citizens are anxious to "buy land;" more and more, the Georgia landholders—the 'old proprietors," if the reader please—are willing to sell it to them. Some of the "stalwart" friends who have been insisting that Southern whites ought to sell farms to the freedmen may not relish one result of the experiment so far. The negro landowner, especially when he has his farm paid for and his deed safe in hand, develops a singular penchant for voting as the white landowners vote. It way be mentioned at this point that one of the leading landowners in my county (Newton) said to me a few days ago that he had sold farms, averaging about one hundred acres each, to nearly thirty negro men, giving them long time and easy terms. Only two failed to come to time.

ACTUAL PROSPERITY.

There is every reason to believe that 1881 will show a still larger advance in all the lines of real progress; 1880 was a good year. Large crops brought good prices and there is money, aside from debts and necessary expenses, to invest in larger and better productive opportuns. There can be no question about it; the mass of our people were never so comfortable in their lives or in the lives of their fathers. There are not, perhaps, as many rich men; there are hundreds of thousands of comfortable middle class people. There are fewer "mansions" on the plantations, there are many more sightly and pleasant cottages on the farms. The people—the great mass of people of Georgia—were never so well fed, so well clothed, so well housed as now. They are increasing in substantial wealth. What is more important, they are improving in all good things, as in the spirit of political and social toleration, in hearty support of law, in intelligence and morals."

THE SOUTH.

AN INTERESTING WORD PICTURE.

Colonel A. K. McClure, Editor of the *Philadelphia Times*, has just returned from a trip through the Southern States. He said to a reporter of the *Herald.*

"Prosperity South means prosperity North, and the South is prospering now as she never prospered before. Her crops are the largest in all her history, and she is beginning to univer with new life and energy, social, political and industrial. The 'old South,' was described by Senator Chestnut, of South Carolina, in a memorable speech in the Senate before the war, in which he said—I quote from memory—

"There are two classes in the South. Those who rule, who have made her illustrious in statesmanship, and the servile classes, who have made her prosperous beyond anything in the world, while you of the North," he added, "are made up of close fisted farmers, greasy mechanics and mercenary traders."

"That," said Colonel McClure, "was the old South. Senator Chestnut's picture was accurately painted, true to the life. He was a man of high character, of strong convictions, and he had the faculty of expressing them in a strong way. He scorned anything like subterfuge or dissembling."

THE NEW SOUTH.

"As a companion picture to the one pointed by Mr. Chestnut," said Mr. McClure, "we have it in the equally forcible, clear cut and eloquent words of General Joe Brown, one of the ablest men in all the South. 'The world,' he says substantially, 'moves, and we must move with it. Labor is wealth.'"

"That," Mr. McClure went on to say, "is the policy of the South to-day. The old ruling classes have become workers; the old servile classes are working better than they worked in the days of slavery, and the close-fisted farmers and the greasy mechanics of the North and East and West are everywhere welcomed. This is the great social and industrial revolution which the late war accomplished. In the days when the planter was king, the South had no need for these classes. And they did not go there. The civilization omid which they grew up was the very converse of the civilization then in the South. In the one section labor was honorable; in the other it was dishonorable. To be a workman was to be a serf. All this has been changed. The pursuit of commerce and trade, which in the past carried a social stigma with it, is now the pathway to distinction. In fact, the South is endeavoring to convert itself as rapidly as possible into a nation of mercenary traders, close-fisted farmers and 'greasy mechanics.' The rattle and clatter of the factory are beginning to be heard all over the South. Georgia alone has forty cotton manufactories, and new ones are going up in every direction. The South to-day seems to me to present the most magnificent field for industry and investment in the world. She has raised 300,000,000 bales of cotton this year, and there can be no doubt that the annual production, so far from diminishing, will grow every year larger and larger. The great problem before her now is to convert it into the manufactured article, instead of sending the raw material a thousand miles to be made into cloth. That problem she is working out and with the most profitable results. It is almost impossible to picture the prosperity of the South when that day shall come. She will be richer than ever India was. Just consider the advantages she possesses. The climate cannot be surpassed. Labor is cheaper, and, owing to her climatic superiority, it always must be cheaper in the South than in the North. Then there are her unrivalled water facilities. The streams that now run idly to the sea are capable of running all the spindles of New England, and of Old England, from one end of the year to the other without a single interruption. In ten years, I firmly believe, the South will convert, of her own doors, one-half her cotton crop into cloth, and in a quarter of a century, she will be the greatest manufacturing centre in the world in this particular line. The present condition of affairs is an anomaly; it is against all the laws of trade, and it is impossible that it should last. Capital always seeks the most profitable field in which it can operate—the field in which it can find the largest returns. In the past, the social condition of the South repelled capital. Neither the capitalist nor the greasy mechanic was welcome, unless the one came in the form of a planter and a slave owner, and the other of a slave driver. But, as I have said, all that has been changed.

THE NEGRO AS A SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL FACTOR.

Some of the negroes are leaving the South, not because they are oppressed or outraged, but because they are anxious to better their condition. He is told that he can do better in the North, or East, or West than at home; and, being of a trusting, confiding nature, easily led and easily influenced, he believes the representations that are made to him. But, except in some rare instances, there is no oppression of the black man in the South today. He is paid fair wages, and he has all the work he cares to do. His work, however, is altogether in the field. He is not a success—at least the present generation is not a success—

in the factory. He has not the steady application that is needed around machinery. If a circus passes, he rushes to the window to see it. If a stranger goes into a factory where colored men are employed, the chances are ten to one that every one of them will forget all about what he is doing and stare at him until he leaves the place. The next generation may be better in this respect, but I have no hope for the present ones. Hence it is that in nearly all the Southern factories, the persons employed are white. It is a curious fact that the abolition of slavery has had as great a beneficial effect upon the 'poor whites' as it has had upon the blacks. Their condition has improved wonderfully, and in a few years they promise to become what white men everywhere ought to be—enlightened, intelligent and self-respecting. There is, however, one great evil so far as the negro is concerned, and it seems almost impossible to find a way to remedy or remove it. The negro is mercilessly cheated by a class of people who, as a rule, have gone down there from the North—I mean the small traders who make advances in provisions, clothing, seed, liquors, tobacco, &c., while the crops are ripening. Some of these small traders are so rapacious and unprincipled that when the account comes to be squared the negro is without a dollar. He finds himself in debt to the value of his little crop. The condition of affairs is only true, of course, in the case of the extremely thriftless and improvident. But it is, nevertheless, so great an evil that the more thoughtful and considerate planters and legislators are endeavoring to eradicate it in some way. The question, however, is full of difficulty, and it is hard to find a remedy. If a law could be framed to retain or punish these extortioners it would be passed in a minute, but the trouble is to hit upon a measure that will be effective. But the South should not be held responsible for this. If the negro lived in the North, or East, or West and a similar industrial condition of things existed, he would be robbed of his last red cent, as he is in many cases in the South, and not a word would be said about it."

THE NEGRO IN POLITICS.

"What about the negro politically?"

"The negro, politically, is on the lookout for himself. In a national election he is a republican, but as soon as he gets a mule and a bale of cotton, he wants to keep them, and he has seen from bitter experience that the way to lose them, to have them stolen from him, is to restore negro ascendancy in the management of Southern State politics. He does not want to be robbed, taxed out of existence, and robbery and pillage on the greatest scale ever witnessed is the record that black republican rule in the South has left behind it. As a rule, the negro is now free to vote in the Southern States. Four black democrats sit in the State Legislature of South Carolina from the city of Charleston. Has New York or Pennsylvania ever done as much for their colored population? There are black policemen in New Orleans swinging their clubs around the heads of the ex-planters and slave owners of Louisiana more frequently than they (the ex-planters) would perhaps care to tell.

That there are some districts in the South where a different order of things prevails, I admit—as, for instance, in some parts of Mississippi—but, as a rule, the negro in the South today is as free, and a good deal freer, as we saw in the late election, to vote pretty much as he pleases, as they are in Pennsylvania. And he votes for his own interests—first, last and all the time. Negro rule and white republican rule mean to him plunder, a war of races, unrest, strife and the suspension of nearly all industry. Those who have some little property or a few hundred dollars in bank do not want to have it stolen from them, and they vote for those who they know will protect it."

"What are the prospects of building up a republican party in the South? What would be the result if General Garfield were to attempt it?"

"The way to make the South republican is to do it without their knowing it. Let him give it decent, respectable officials—I do not care and the South does not care whether they be black or white, republicans or democrats—and he will have taken the first great step in this direction. All that they want in the South is honest, fair government. Ex-Senator Bruce, of Mississippi, for instance, is acceptable to all classes in that State. An appointment such as that of Bruce to some important federal position would satisfy all parties of every shade of opinion there. But if he takes the black and white adventurers down there and installs them in power, he will retard and delay republican growth and development in the South. The South wants her affairs, federal and State, to be honestly administered. If General Garfield will do all he can in this direction, he will inestimably win supporters for his administration there, and if ever he should get into a conflict with the extreme radical wing or any other wing of his own party, they will sustain and hold up his hands."

THE BREAK UP OF PARTIES.

"How will the break up of parties in the South affect the negro and the South itself?"

"In my opinion disastrously. I had this idea before I went South, and what I saw and heard there from men of all parties confirms me in this view. Even the colored men themselves deplore it. A colored committee that waited upon me in New Orleans expressed the opinion that it would be the greatest calamity that could befall the colored people in the South. See to what a pass it has brought Virginia—to the verge of repudiation. 'If,' said leading white men—merchants, manufacturers, editors of newspapers, as well as politicians—'we divide among ourselves and call in the negro, easily influenced by demagogues, as umpire, it will be the worst disaster that has ever befallen us, the war hardly excepted.'"

This break up of parties, now well underway, will so far as it goes, give to the negro the balance of power. He will use his power as any ignorant man will use it. He will get all he can for his vote. The black man's ignorance is as dangerous as that of any other man.

Those interested in the nation's credit should be equally interested in the enlightenment of the colored race.

Well disposed as the freedmen are, their position as arbiters of State and national questions is full of danger.

When some day, the price of U. S. bonds may fall because of short-sighted legislation, caused, in part at least, by ignorance for which the ex-slaves are not responsible, there will be a better appreciation of the need of their improvement.

Our *Carthago est delenda* is "THE NEGRO MUST BE EDUCATED."

THE CLEMENT ATTACHMENT.

The following extract from a private letter from a gentleman in North Carolina will interest those who are watching the development of Southern industries.

The Clement Attachment is a grand success, and I believe the day is not far distant when it will work a revolution in the manufacture of cotton yarns. When this is done, the South will become prosperous. Our little mill here was started nearly two years ago, and was an experiment with us. We had to labor under many disadvantages. None of us knew anything about the business. We used unskilled labor; not one of our hands ever saw a cotton mill before. We have succeeded beyond our expectations. Having no experience in the business, our mill cost more than it ought to have cost; it cost as it now stands, $15,000. We employ 10 hands, most of them girls. The capacity of our mill is 300 lbs. 10s to 12s yarns per day. Half of this we convert into ply twist. Our mill is now paying 35 per cent. on the investment. One Clement Attachment and all necessary spinning machinery for a mill with a capacity of 150 to 160 lbs. of 8s to 10s yarns per day would cost you about $3000. It would require 8 H. P. to run it, and would give employment to 8 operatives. The average yield of yarns by this process is 312½ lbs. of yarn, which we sell to the paper mills. Now the Clement Attachment cannot be used where seed cotton cannot be had. It will not work ginned or baled cotton, but must have seed cotton as it comes from the field, and with four operations we convert it into yarn. The picking, moating, cleaning and carding, is all done with one operation. The attachment is thirty-six inches long, eighteen inches square, and sits on the back of the carding machine, in place of the lickerin and feed rolls, and the seed cotton is fed direct to it by means of a feed board, and the fiber is gently removed from the seed without being cut or broken, (and fresh with the oil, that nature furnishes it, with the seed) and cleaned and passes to the cord cylinder, and is carded, and is never allowed to fly or leave the machine until it passes off in a continuous roll or sliver and falls into a revolving can.

Public schools in Tennessee, during 1880, numbered 5,522, against 3,942 in 1875. In 1880 the teachers employed numbered 5,954, against 4,210 in 1875. In Missouri last year 482,989 of the children attended school, leaving 240,495 who received no schooling.

A letter from San Carlos Agency, Arizona, dated Jan. 13th, signed by the Rev. Sheldon Jackson says,

"I hope to reach Hampton with twenty Indians the last of the first week in February."

Twelve of them are to replace those sent home from here for sickness. The rest are over and above what can well be provided for, but will be received because of their need of education, the wrong done their people, and our faith in the readiness of their friends to sustain us.

If people shall show a tithe of the interest in helping Indians that they have done in hearing of their wrongs, the practical remedies and redress that are being provided will not not lack the help they need.

Our Indian wars from 1865 to 1879 are estimated to have cost the government $22,680,000. Five millions a year to kill Indians. But when it is represented that educating one of them costs considerably more than $150.00 a year, (the amount now paid by government in the East to keep them under theoretical and practical instruction the entire twelve months,) and the Secretary of the Interior declares that the government ought not to tax private charity for such work, there is as yet nothing done about it. History is likely to show that Congress tried every possible expedient with the red and black wards of the nation before it made attempts to improve them by adequate educational measures.

A FRIEND GONE.

In the recent sudden death of Mr. Alexander Hyde of Lee, Mass., who dropped dead in the street in Boston while attending the Legislature, of which he was a member, Hampton Institute has lost a valued friend and trustee, and the community in which he lived, one of its most active and honored citizens. A man of thorough uprightness of character and kindness of nature, of practical disposition and public spirit, he will be missed in many departments of life. From his beautiful farm in Berkshire County, he wrote for many years the agricultural editorials of the Springfield Republican and New York Times. For thirty years of his life he was a practical teacher. Both lines of thought and work were continued in his public life and recognized by the public. He was long identified with the management of the public schools in his town, which acknowledges its great indebtedness to him in the advancement of its educational interests. Shortly before his death he was offered the presidency of the Massachusetts Agricultural college, and in the Legislature of his state, was on the committees both of Agriculture and Education.

His warm interest in the causes of philanthropy, especially for the freedmen and the Indians, brought him into active sympathy with the work at Hampton and Carlisle. To the latter school he gave a daughter, of like mind with himself, as teacher. In the former he has been for many years a working trustee and friend. For the two summers that the Hampton Indian students have spent among the farmers in Berkshire, Mr. Hyde has kindly taken upon himself the general supervision of all; a supervision not merely business-like but fatherly. One who died at his house lies buried in his family burial place. Those who may spend next summer in Berkshire will sadly miss the kind friend who looked after their interests and gathered them all together every Sunday in his own delightful home, to teach them and cheer their stranger hearts.

For that home, where, after all, the cloud rests heaviest, Hampton has a tender, earnest sympathy.

DIED.—At his home in Indian Town, Va. December 29, of consumption, Wm. R. Turner, a student of Hampton Institute, who would have graduated with the class of '80, if his health had not failed before the close of the year. He died in the faith of Christ and the hope of eternal life. His excellent character and gentle, loveable disposition made him many friends who will sincerely regret their loss, both for their own sakes and that of the field in which he hoped to labor.

MARRIED.—Jan. 11th in Bethesda chapel, by Rev. Richard Tolman, assisted by Rev. H. B. Frissell, Sarah A. Peterson to Charles H. Vanison, both graduates of Hampton Institute and residents of the place.

There have been already quite a number of marriages between Hampton graduates, and to all thus mated, Hampton sends a cordial "Bless you my children." But the present occasion comes especially near to us and calls for special rejoicings, as the first to occur upon our own grounds, and between young people who, ever since their graduation, have for years been in the employment of the Normal School, in places of responsibility which they have well filled. After the marriage ceremony in the little church, luspicious shone upon by the chary winter sun, a pleasant reception was given by Mr. Howe, Normal School farm manager, and his wife, for his right-hand man and his bride, who received the congratulations of many friends, with some pretty and useful tokens of their esteem, and then, escorted by a merry party of former schoolmates, drove out under the moonlight to their new home, the school's Shelthanks farm. On this fine farm, of 339 acres, the bridegroom will have the responsible position of superintendent, and the bride settle down in a pleasant home, not only to the care of ducks and chickens and all the duties of a farmer's wife, but to the charge of the night school for the farm students. May all joy and success go with them.

MARRIED.—Jan. 6th, in Washington, D. C. Mattie A. Parker, to Richard H. Fantleroy, of Mill Creek, near Hampton.

The bridegroom is a graduate of Hampton Normal School of the class of '76, and is happy, not only in the acquisition of a wife, but in the possession of a pleasant and comfortable home for her, won all by his own industry and ability, since his graduation.

With hearty congratulations, Hampton wishes that prosperity may continue to attend them, as it bids fair to, with so good a start on the right road in life.

Mr. Herbert A. Chenoweth, class of '79 (the only white young man who has graduated from the Hampton School,) is now manager of the next to the largest poultry yard in America, where artificial hatching is carried on, and where the largest incubator is used: its capacity being 1500 eggs at a time.

After assisting for a year, he has been put in charge of this establishment, which is on a fine Pennsylvania farm, not very far from Philadelphia.

The proprietor of the place states that the experiment, so far, "has satisfactorily proven.

First: that eggs can be hatched in large quantities with less per centage of loss, artificially, than under the hen.

Second: that the young chicks can be brooded and cared for in large numbers with fewer casualties in proportion than when *maternized* by the hen, and with absolutely no epidemic.

Third: that upon reaching maturity they are as vigorous in all respects as those when raised by the natural method, with a tendency to improvement."

THE OLD DOMINION STEAMSHIP COMPANY.—The Normal School has, from the first, received from this well managed and successful company attentions and favors which it is a duty as well as a pleasure to acknowledge. The many courtesies which our officers and teachers have received both from Capt. Schermerhorn of the Accomack, and also from the officers of the New York steamers, are fully appreciated and gratefully remembered. The Company has our best wishes for its continued success. M.

A LIBERAL OFFER.—Having arranged clubbing terms with the *North American Review*, we are enabled to offer that foremost of American periodicals, together with the *Southern Workman* at the low price of $4.50 per year. The *Review* is the organ of the best minds of America, nearly every writer of note in the country being a contributor to it. It discusses the subjects that are most prominent in the public thought at the time, and presents both sides of all important questions. It combines, to a considerable extent, the thoroughness of the Cyclopædia with the timeliness of the daily paper. It should be read by the professional man, the student, the merchant, the manufacturer, the farmer, in fact, by every one who wishes to form intelligent opinions on the events of the day.

STANDARD OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—Webster's Unabridged Dictionary is commended, the English World over, for its excellence. Wherever you find English speaking people there you find Webster. England has produced nothing equal to it, and in America it is the standard. The illustrations are a marvel for accuracy and number, and it is a treat just to be able to look through it. The now edition has 1,928 pages, 3,000 engravings and four pages colored plates. Its able and comprehensive definitions are a library in themselves — a thesaurus of unbounded treasures.
—*Our Church Paper, New Market, Virginia.*

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

From Two Missionaries to Africa. Mendi and Bihe. Africa in America Ten Witch-Cats. The World Moving. Progress in Maryland. Two Girl Graduates. The Sectarian Test. A New Definition of Thanksgiving Day. The Accomplishment of Spelling.

From Mendi.

A short letter has been received by one of his classmates, from our missionary teacher in the Mendi mission, Mr. Ackrel White; from which we make a few extracts. He says:

Mendi Mission, Sherbro Is. W. C. A. 11, '80.

My dear classmate.

Truly I am long a way from Hampton, but my mind is often there with you all. I hear very little from there now. I had a letter from Gen'l. since his return, and it is the only one I have had from there for sometime. I hope you will write me, and tell me all the news of the school. I am all alone here now, save the boys I have in the house; no other missionary is here. The last one who was here with me left for America about two months ago, making six in all who have gone from the field, since Jan. 17th, '80. We are only two missionaries on the field now, Mr. Jackson and myself.

Mr. Jackson stays at the other station, about 40 miles from here. He has a church, school and saw-mill, I have a church and school. I have two assistants in school, one the Rev. J. N. Jowett, who also preaches.

I am well satisfied, but once in a while I get a little home sick. Three years from friends and home is enough to make one home sick. One here cannot hear the daily news, nor see the world progress.

Some of our young men and women find fault with the South. Should their lot fall in Africa, they would think that the South was a flower garden. The people here believe if a person dies, and any one troubles him, before he dies, that that person will come back in the shape of an alligator or leopard, and kill and eat the person who troubled him before he died. There was a boy whom I knew in one of the towns, and he died; sometime after his death, his mother was down at the river and was taken and carried off by an alligator, and all the people of that town believe that the boy came back, and carried his mother off and killed her, for some unknown cause. They all, (educated and uneducated), believe in witches. Among the country people, if a person dies whom they think is a witch, they will open him, and they say, if he is a witch, you will get an iron pot out of him, (in small one). There was a man who died on the mission ground since I have come out and all said he was a witch, and they cut him open, and said they got the little pot out of him, but they would never show it to me, neither could I find a person who saw it. They all would say, that somebody told them so, but they did not see it. So this is about what it all comes to. Well, it is late and I must go to bed. Hoping that you will write me soon. Please tell Gen. A., that the Captains all ask $100. to take a boy to America, I hope it will be less by Spring. It is very hot here now.

Believe me that I am yours truly,
A. E. White.

ON THE WAY TO BIHE.

A brief letter has also come from Mr. Samuel T. Miller (class of '78.) who left America in October with other missionaries, under the A. B. C. F. M., for its new mission station at Bihe.

The party had gotten as far as Benguela, from which place Mr. Miller writes.

Benguela, *Nov.* 20th, 1880.

Miss M——,

Dear Teacher:—

We are all right well, arrived here on the 13th of Nov., found Benguela to be far better than I expected, having uncommonly wide streets, kept very clean, and many trees planted to give shade. The houses are generally low with tile and reed coverings. But the natives' huts are covered with grass. The inhabitants of this place, are chiefly natives, who seem to be in a very low state of civilization. Being unable to talk with them, I know nothing of their morals. About 200 Portuguese men are here for the sake of trading and other business of the Government.

Benguela is said to be unhealthy, from the fact that it is situated on a low and level place and during the rainy season it is flooded with water, the consequence is fever. So all the inhabitants; that are able, drink wine at every meal and take quinine daily, as a prevention of fever. We take quinine, but not wine. We are awaiting the arrival of the next steamer from the north which will come next month; then if the heavy rains have not begun, we will start for Bihe. For if we can't go soon, we shall have to stay here until next April, or May, the beginning of the dry season. We shall use every possible effort to reach Bihe before the rains begin, because we think it is not safe to stay here long. We are informed that porters will be in from Bihe, soon, of whom we can get certain information as to the condition of the roads in the interior, &c.

I suppose you know, there are only three of us in the mission. Mr. Bagster hired two boys at Loanda to cook &c., and here he has rented a house with three rooms, many rats, and numberless fleas; the musquitoes pay us nightly visits also, so you may judge how many pleasant sights we have. The heat; is not yet very excessive; only at midday is it very warm; thermometer in the shade 80--83.

The Bihenas speak Portuguese, so we are studying Portuguese. I like the language, only the mysterious conjugation of their verb, I abhor. I must stop writing about Africa now, as I have nothing more interesting to write. Give my kindest regards to all my friends and acquaintances. I wish you great success with your school. Though you a far away from me, yet I remember you every day. I verily think I shall never, no never, forget Hampton, and you, because there I learned many a goodly lesson which I will never forget. In my estimation, you are doing the greatest work you can possibly do. The older I get and the more I see of the world, the better I understand your work, and value it. May the Lord bless you, and take care of you always. When I write again, I hope to be better informed about Benguela, and vicinity. At present, address my letters to London, Mr. Bagster's brother will forward them to me. Write me all the news. We are getting on very well, so far; the Lord has brought us safe, and will lead us to the end.

Tis so much strength and comfort, to know that God our best friend is here and will remain with us always.

Believe me ever, to be your obedient student,
S. T. Miller.

SUPERSTITION IS OF ALL COLORS.

TEN WITCH-CATS.

The story of the superstitions existing among some of the whites as well as the blacks, in parts of the South, might be supposed to have its origin in the jungles of Africa, except, it reads as much like a page of Mather's Magnalia. There is "pretty much of a machness" as the old woman said, about undeveloped human nature in all parts of the world.

——, Va., Jan. 14th, 1881.

Dear General:

Your letter and the "Workmen" came to hand on the 12th last. I have already the promise of two subscribers. A missionary who is here at present says that he will take the paper providing he can get the chromo, (of which he has seen a sample) "Belshazzer's Feast," I told him that I would write to you and see about it. I am getting on nicely teaching, though, owing to the severity of the weather, all the schools have been suspended until the first of February. I read that piece written by Mrs. Constant to a women here. When I was through she said; "Miss —— some folks don't believe in witches but I do." I said, "Well I don't." "Well," said she, "My old missis didn't at first but after some time she came to believe in them." I will write you what she said in her words, "My missis Miss Susan told me that there was an old woman who used to come to our house and she wouldn't walk over a broom; but would quarrel every time one was put across the door. One day this woman came to our house for milk; after she sat down, missis stuck a fork under the seat of the chair and that woman couldn't go until she took it out. When she did take it out, the old woman went away and never came to our house again. Then Miss Susan told me about a man who owned a house, and for years no one would live in it because it was reported to be haunted; at last one man said that he *could* and *would* live there so he took a book, a lamp and a candle, and went there one night. He read till 12 o'clock; then he heard the door open, and a cat came in, sat in front of him and looked at him wistfully; so he spoke to it and said, 'Poor kittie, come here,' It sat still, and, in a few minutes, another came in, and they kept on coming until there were ten in all. They sat in a row looking at him. Pretty soon they commenced to gambol and frolic, as cats will do, and the big one jumped on the table and tried to slap the light out. When she put out her paw to do so, he cut it off and put it in his pocket. The next day he went around to see the neighbors, and found in one family that a woman was sick. He took out the paw and found that it was a woman's finger with a ring on it, and her name engraved inside. So he asked to see her, and when he went to shake hands with her she offered him her left hand. He refused to take it, and so, after he insisted on seeing her right, she drew it out and he found that she was the owner of the finger. The nine cats were her daughters and the tenth herself." I could tell you a great many more tales that she told me, but it is late and cold too. People here tell horrible ghost stories.

Please let me hear from you soon concerning the paper.

Sincerely your scholar. L.

THE WORLD MOVING.

The young man who writes so cheerfully of the advance of public sentiment and his people's interests in Maryland, has made himself worthy of a position of trust by his industry and energy and good character

——, Md., Oct. 11th, 1880.

Dear General:

I suspect you would like to hear from one of your students in this part of the world, and of what he is doing. I am teaching in town as an assistant. The attendance is about 100, during the summer. I sold goods as usual, studying what I could. I am very well at this time. I hope you had a pleasant time while you were on a tour to the Hawaiian Islands, in meeting your relatives and friends. I am sure that they were glad to meet you again, as those many hands once more, and have no doubt that you were happy in meeting them; and we are just as happy to hear of your return as they were to receive you at home. I would be very glad to see you myself, very glad indeed. My kind regards to you, and the faculty likewise.

The times are very dull here at present, but hope it will not continue long. General, our county and state affairs are changing very fast. The Circuit Court of Wicomico County empanneled one colored man on the jury, for the first time in history, and one was sent as delegate to the Congressional Convention; that was myself. General, good bye,

Yours respectfully,
J.

TWO GIRL-GRADUATES.

A young girl of last year's class sends a pretty description of her first school which she shares with a school-mate of an older class.

My dear Miss G.——,

After an experience of two months teaching, I guess you and other Hampton teachers, would like to hear of my success.

You will see from the heading of my letter, where I am teaching. It is a small village, about a mile from the railroad, in the mountainous part of Virginia; the Blue Ridge on one side, and the Alleghany, on the other.

The Peaks of Otter are only 20 miles from me, and can be seen at any time. I am teaching with M. S., a graduate of '77. We came here Sept. 25th, expecting to begin school on the 27th, but learned, after getting here, we could not begin until Oct. 11th. The two weeks we had before school opened, were spent in visiting the parents of the children, and getting all the information we could concerning the children and school. At first, we met with little or no encouragement; every person, that told us anything about the school, would say they "feared we would have a hard time, as children were very bad." They said they had never had any teachers excepting gentlemen, and they had always found them a hard set to manage. Well, of course, being girls as we were, we felt some what discouraged, but knowing we came here to teach and help our race, we felt that the *Lord* would be with us, and help us to succeed. I am happy to say we have gotten on nicely so far. I find teaching pleasant work, and love it more each day, although it is not as easy as I expected to find it. I am only an assistant this year, having charge of the primary department. Love to Miss H., tell her I use the chart altogether, and find it quite a success. The children here have never been taught the word method before, and take hold of it quite readily. I have met with a little opposition in teaching this way, but none to hurt. Some of the parents wanted to know how I taught the children without books; said they had never heard of anyone teaching without books before. Then, of course, I explained to them how I taught and the advantage of teaching this way, and, since doing so, have heard nothing more from them.

We have quite a large school; 125 pupils on roll. I have about 85 in my room; some who are much larger than I. The supt., has been to see how we were getting on, and seemed to be much pleased with our progress. I had a card from Anna Poole, yesterday, saying she had been sick for two weeks, and had to get her sister to teach for her.

Sallie Carper is teaching 15 miles from me, over the mountains. If possible, I want to come to the Alumni meeting. Please remember my love to Miss M.——, also Miss L.——,

Hoping to hear from you soon.

I remain yours truly,
N. L. C.

P. S. Miss G.——, if any applications come in for teachers about the last of February, ask Miss Mackie to please save me one, as my school will close about that time, and I should like to get another.

THE SECTARIAN TEST.

The sectarian test is very commonly applied to a colored teacher in the South, as the writer of the following letter states. One of the most difficult but one of the best things the graduate teacher can do for his people, is to break down these division walls, and get the various denominations into one little settlement into some common work.

M——, *Dec.* 8th, 1880.

Mr. B——

Dear Sir:

Since Sept. 5th, I have been teaching in ——. My school house is small, but comfortable except from being crowded. The school board does not furnish anything in the way of school furniture except desks and blackboards. For the month of October, I had 103 pupils on roll, for November 89: the number is very much too large for one teacher, and the room is entirely too small for two. I am getting along the best I can, this session, with the view of so raising the average as to warrant the demand for better accommodations next session, that is, to have the school-house enlarged and the school graded. At present I am assisted by one of the larger scholars; this I do not like, but it is the best I can do having neither the means to employ, nor room for a graduate teacher.

My school is a mixed one in the full meaning of the word. I have some in the fifth reader, grammar, and geography, others just learning to read by the word method. There are two colored churches here; one Methodist, and the other Baptist. The people are kind to me, but usually base their own like or dislike of the teacher on the denomination to which he belongs. I have not, I think, incurred the displeasure of either party. But I would be glad to have you suggest anything you may see fit on this as well as any other point for the good of my race. You see from my statement that my school is too large to allow much time for anything else; yet I manage to instruct five or six men, who are anxious to improve themselves, at my room at night.

I find here, as well as elsewhere, that the great need of our race is education, but the greater, if one is greater than the other, is a good moral basis. These I am trying, as best I can, to inculcate. I have asked your advice, not knowing that you are experienced in teaching; but I am sure there is nothing that I shall value more. I am a graduate of Hampton Normal School, of class 1880. You will, I hope, not be weary of reading this letter. I have tried to give you an idea of my surroundings, though I cannot say, that I have. There are only four other colored teachers in this county, and none of them near by. Hoping to hear from you soon.

I am, very truly yours.
W.

A NEW DEFINITION OF THANKSGIVING DAY.

One of our pleasantest correspondents who, with her husband, (also a Hampton graduate) is doing excellent work as teacher, sends quite an original explanation of this national festival.

Miss L.——,

——Co., Va. *Nov.* 25th, 1880.

At Hampton on Thanksgiving day, we looked forward to a grand time and we generally had it, but the people in the South, in most places, do not observe the day. And I am sorry to say that this is one of those places; consequently we taught school to-day as usual. Mr. H. spent a few minutes in telling the school about the day, and what a grand time the people up North were having. Most of the pupils were totally ignorant as to what Thanksgiving meant. Before Mr. H. spoke of it to the school, I asked one of the classes, if they knew anything about "Thanksgiving day. They said no, and I began to tell them what it meant, but was interrupted by an earnest looking little girl, saying, "I know what it means." I of course stopped to hear her explanation; "It means keep good order in school, for Mr Hayden prays for it," said the little girl. I was compelled to laugh at her explanation.

Our school is still growing in numbers, and all seem to be interested.

Your very grateful friend, D.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

Two years schooling makes the Indians so much like other people that it is hard to find anything interesting to write. Here the writer has been patiently waiting for the last three weeks for some genuine Indian incident to turn up, but in spite, of all, the Indians seem determined to leave off their peculiarities and give the anxious scribe nothing to write. They dress as fine as any one else, if they can get the clothes, speak some of Webster's and Clay's English, eat like other people, only a little more, and most of them study without compulsion.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

It is the custom of the students here to form themselves into clubs for Christmas dinners. This Christmas, the Indian boys came to the conclusion that they had been behind in this matter long enough! Several weeks before Christmas, they began to talk about a Christmas dinner. When the time came, a meeting was held and each one agreed to furnish his proportion of the money required. Just how to begin and make proper arrangements for the party was quite embarrassing to them, and some assistance was required. The first perplexing question was whether or not they should invite the girls. Some readily saw the propriety of this, but others resisted it with all their might; they could not see why they should spend their money for food that the girls would eat.

After the matter had been discussed by them, it was decided by the teachers that the girls should pay their proportion of the money.

The next question that troubled the brains of the gallant braves was how to arrange matters so that each boy could accompany his particular lady friend. It was a question of etiquette with them whether the boy should ask the girl or the girl the boy, for this privilege. To decide matters some what, word came from the authorities of the girls' quarters, that the girls would not be permitted to sit at the boys' table unless by invitation from the boys. The boys now saw their position. How to comply with this condition did not reach their brains till late in the night before the party was to come off. They called a hasty meeting and each boy's name was set opposite the girl's he wished to accompany. In this way all the girls were chosen except those that were pronounced too small or too something else. The small proportion of girls to boys left a good many poor fellows to plod their way alone.

The next day, the boys chosen to attend the table were on hand and did their parts well. With some assistance their table was made to compare favorably with the more expensive ones. They took great pride in decorating and trimming their table. "*Dakota Club*" in large evergreen letters, made by two of the boys, marked it. Every thing being ready, the bell gave the signal for the different clubs to march into the dining room. Although some pains had been taken to couple the ladies and gentlemen so that they would march in and sit together, success did not attend this part of the programme. For when they saw the good things on the table, there was a general haste to find seats, and in many instances, the gentleman found himself seated at one end of the table and the lady at the other, or her on one side and himself on the other. One or two gentlemen got seats for themselves and left their ladies running around the table in search of a vacant chair.

Notwithstanding these little mistakes, they did full justice to what was on the table when they got at it. It was a very pleasant occasion to them, and when next Christmas finds most of them in their western homes they will pleasantly turn their thoughts to their "Dacota club" at Hampton. B. T. W.

ADMITTED TO THE CHURCH.

The communion service of January in the school chapel (Bethesda) was marked with special interest by the admission to the church of fourteen students, eight of whom were Indians; three girls and five boys; one from Indian Territory, the rest from Dakota. They have been members of the school between two and three years, most of them have long desired to profess their Christian faith and purpose. They have been carefully watched, and it is believed that they entered into the simple service with full comprehension of their action and in sincerity of heart. Three more, of whom the same hopes are entertained were on a subsequent Sunday, baptized in St. John's Episcopal church in Hampton.

THE Chinese have a capital illustration of the power of perseverance. One of their countrymen, who had been making strenuous efforts to acquire literary information, discouraged by difficulties, at last gave up his book in despair. As he returned to manual employment, he saw a woman rubbing a crowbar on a stone. On inquiring the reason, she replied that she was in want of a needle, and thought she would rub down the crowbar till she got it small enough. Her patience provoked him to make another trial, and he succeeded in obtaining the rank of one of the first three in the empire.

THE STUDY OF THE POET LONGFELLOW

On the 27th day of this month, the earliest acknowledged and most widely known of our chief American poets, will see his seventy-fourth birth-day. Like Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Longfellow is enjoying the fruits of his long labors without having ceased from them, in a green old age. May he long continue to.

He is the poet of the people; his pure and flowing verse does not have to be read twice to be understood and loved. Himself the finest of translators of foreign poetry, his own has been translated into different languages, and finds its way to all hearts. Cardinal Wiseman, of England, in a lecture on the "Home Education of the Poor," after remarking that England has no poet who is to its working classes what Goethe is to those of Germany, said: "There is one writer who approaches nearer than any other to this standard, and he has already gained such a hold on our hearts that it is almost unnecessary for me to mention his name. Our hemisphere cannot claim the honor of having brought him forth, but he still belongs to us, for his works have become as household words, wherever the English language is spoken. And whether we are charmed by his imagery, or soothed by his melodious versification, or elevated by the high moral teachings of his pure muse, or follow with sympathetic hearts the wanderings of Evangeline, I am sure that all who hear my voice, will join with me in the tribute I desire to pay to the genius of Longfellow."

Mr. Scribner lends us a look into the poet's study in the old home in Cambridge,—once the abode of Washington—where he has lived so long and written most of his poems. If, as he sings:

"All houses wherein men have lived
and died,
Are haunted houses,"

How must this ancient home that will be doubly famed in history, be thronged with patriotic visions and poet dreams.

Here the Father of his country gravely pondered the gathering troubles of the colonies, whose feeble but brave hearted army, he had come to organize.

"Up and down these echoing stairs,
Heavy with the weight of cares,
Sounded his majestic tread:
Yes, within this very room
Sat he in those hours of gloom
Weary both in heart and head."

And in this room now sits the gray haired poet beside his chimney's a "Golden Milestone," listening to the solemn beat of the "Old Clock on the stairs."

"When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight,

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall.

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit him once more."

With them does not the gentle spirit of Evangeline sometimes glide in with the longing in her eyes, and gypsy Preciosa dance in the flickering fire-light, and the old hearth ring with fine echoes of Minnehaha's musical laughter? Through the windows of this room.

"Like a fair lady at her casement, shines
The evening star, the star of love and rest."

And there he sits writing and waiting in the twilight, when:

"Between the dark and the daylight
When night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation
That is known as the children's hour."

We can almost hear in the chamber above him "the patter of little feet." We can almost see the "three doors left unguarded, where they enter his "castle wall."

"Grave Alice and laughing Allegra
And Edith with golden hair."

"They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape they surround me,
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine."

MR. LONGFELLOW'S STUDY.

It is pleasant to have a look into the home and home life of this great poet who is so one with his home that, like his own "Oliver Basselin" it will be said of him that

"——the poet's memory here
Of the landscape makes a part;
Like the river, swift and clear,
Flows his song through many a-
heart."

OUR LETTER FROM DAKOTA.

FORT BENNETT, D. T., *Nov.* 17, 1880.

Editor of Workman:—Daniel Chantay Wanecchay, late of Hampton, is a leading spirit in a boarding school for Indian boys, which has been recently established at this Agency. A small two story frame building located between the agency store-houses, accommodates twenty boys, averaging ten years of age. Thoroughly cleaned and dressed neatly, they present a very prepossessing appearance. A stranger could scarcely believe them to be the same boys, who were running about in breech cloth and blanket, but a short week ago.

They have been, so far, orderly and industrious, though several have required constant watching to keep them from running away. The Indians are thoroughly interested, and several have gone so far as to punish their boys for leaving school, which is an unheard of proceeding, heretofore, and can be set down as convincing proof of their interest in the educational efforts being put forth in the behalf of their children.

Daniel is happy for the first time since leaving Hampton, so he says, and he certainly appears anxious to continue his education. This school is a step in the right direction, but it is a wee, timid step, and ought to be converted into a manly stride with as little delay as possible. There are two hundred little fellows at this Agency, who ought to be in school, and the school should be an industrial one, well supplied with good teachers and the necessary paraphernalia. A bathing house and gymnasium are among the first requisites. The harvest workers should be placed in the field and the work pushed forward. The outlook is encouraging, and I believe that a goodly portion of the Indian race may be reclaimed.

If the Government could be induced to establish Normal, Agricultural and Industrial schools at the several Agencies along the Mission next summer, an opening would be made for the boys and girls, who return home from Hampton next year.

Our Indians are specially delighted with the issue of annuity clothing this season, the miner suits and Kentucky jeans are exactly adapted to their wants.

Very respectfully, your obt. servant,
GEORGE LE R. BROWN,
Lieut. 11th Infantry.

GOING TO KANSAS.

But few of the Hampton graduates have joined the exodus, and none from any necessity of hardships that we know of. The young man who writes as follows of his plans is going, as is best and safest for any to go, with a definite prospect before him and a desire to work where his work is needed.

VA., *July* 13, 1880.

Miss D.,

Dear Friend: Your kind letter of date May 28, was duly received. Though my illness was supposed fatal, by some, I am glad to say that I have improved wonderfully. I enjoy better health, more than I have for three years.

I learned that my school is going on yet, it will not close until some time in August. It received two months from a northern friend, I expected it when I left, but did not know that he would contribute after I left. It is probably so about me working too hard but you know I left H——, with the intention of hard work, I taught my school with all the power I had, and tried to get all the knowledge I could.

Besides this, I put myself in communication with as many who were interested in school affairs as possible, and by so doing I had my hands full all the time. Many times when the clock struck twelve and one, I could be found reading or writing. I sit up late now, but I get my sleep in the morning.

I am undecided about my winter's work. I am wanted at G——, and I am wanted by a friend to go to Kansas, to teach among the refugees. I have refused an offer to teach 30 miles from home; but I am undecided after all. I have, on condition, agreed to go to K. It looks like a "wild goose chase," yet I have a desire to work where it is most needed. If I should not go to K. I will teach my school at G. Since leaving Hampton, I have become extremely fond of teaching.

I have some hope of going further with my own stock of knowledge. I want by and by to go to some school for two or three years more.

I hope to have the pleasure of hearing from you soon,

Yours truly, D.

SKETCHES OF MISSION LIFE.

No. II.

This month Mrs. Armstrong's narrative which is expected to continue through seven or eight numbers, gives way to the following letter from the Rev. Dwight Baldwin, a veteran Hawaiian missionary. Dr. Baldwin has been forty years stationed at the beautiful seaport town of Lahaina, on the front of which roll long lines of breakers, through which all traffic has to go. Many a capsize has been the consequence; and the Doctor learned to realize more than most men the advantages of swimming. To a native a ducking was only a slight inconvenience but it was far otherwise to a white man, who had not only to meet the dangers of an unaccustomed element, but possibly the jaws of the dreaded ground sherk, that lay on his back under the breakers, in the path of the boatmen, waiting for victims, rather avoiding the *Kanaka* who would fight him under water, and preferring decidedly the flavor of the foreigner.

A PRAYER MEETING IN THE WATER, FORTY YEARS AGO.

Nothing strikes the visitor from a civilized land as he comes to these sunny shores of Hawaii, more than to see how much at home in the water are all classes of their population, from the highest to the lowest. Men, women, and children seem to enjoy their gambols in the sea, about as much as the sporting porpoises or dolphins. I have seen boys, in some of our river towns, in America, very fearless and expert in the water, at the warm season came round. But never till I came to this land, had I seen a troop of boys, one after another, in quick succession, leaping from a point of rock 40 feet or 50 high, feet first, into the deep. Christian civilization has separated the sexes in these ocean sports, but the skill of Hawaiian women in the art of swimming is not, in general, inferior to that of the men. Indeed it is notorious, that the young women, somewhat fleshy, do not yield to the death chill of the water so soon as does the harder muscle of the men.

In one of our channels, 16 miles wide, a boat became disabled and sank in the middle of the channel, no hope left any one but in swimming. Of the sixteen souls in the boat, only half reached the shore. An old man, cared for all the way by a young woman, his daughter, had reached the land as he thought, but died while wading in shallow water to get on dry ground. His loving daughter had not only saved him from the deep, but had also taken good care of her calabash of clothing.

THE ILL FATED KEOLA.

When I first landed at Honolulu with other missionaries in June 1831, a meeting of the Hawaiian Mission soon assigned to each of us his post of labor. The station assigned to me was Weimea, an inland place on the island of Hawaii, of about 2,000 feet elevation. It was a cold and stormy region. The severity of the climate, and the great exposure in traveling to minister to the medical wants of four or five mission stations, was too much for my constitution, and brought on a fever and dangerous inflammation of the lungs. I was obliged to remove from this post to the milder air of Lahaina on the west end of Maui. I had, however, been at Weimea three years and a half, and in the first year of my residence there, had gathered a little church of eight members. Manae was decidedly the leading member of the little church, a man of medium size and then about thirty years of ege; his wife, Kanwahinenui, might be five years younger; both of sound constitution.

The Keola was a small Hawaiian schooner of forty or fifty tons, and about fifty feet long. It belonged to Gov. Adams of Hawaii, and he had chartered it for one or two months, to a foreigner named Thompson, who seems to have been a driving, headstrong man, who had had the schooner already five times eground in going in and out of Honolulu harbor. This frequent grounding of the vessel had undoubtedly strained her, and prepared her for her unfortunate end.

On the ninth of May 1840, the schooner Keola arrived at Lahaina, where vessels bound for Hawaii generally touched. Our friends Manae and his wife had then been visiting friends in Lahaina for a week. They had called several times upon us; we were much interested in their appearance. Manae especially seemed awake to religious things, seemed humble and tender hearted, which led me afterward to remark that God was even then preparing him for e translation to a better world. On that dey, Saturday, late in the afternoon, May 9th, 1840, they both embarked on board the Keola, bound to Kawaihee, Hawaii, on their way home. They soon found they were on board a leaky vessel, which they know from the frequent use of the pumps.

In just one week from Manae end his wife'a sailing on the Keola, almost the same hour of the day, Saturday May 16th., as I returned from visiting in Lahaina, to my house, the first sounds I heard were, "Keola is wrecked; Manae is lost, his wife is now at the Governess's house half a mile distant." In my haste to know the whole, not knowing what she had gone through or endured, I sent a man to tell her to come to me immediately. In a few minutes she came in, but when I met her, her face was so blistered and parboiled, by the salt water and the sun, that I should not have known that I had ever seen her before, but her mind was fully awake to all that had passed. And I soon drew from her the following narative.

A THRILLING STORY.

After going on board the schooner, Saturday May 9th, they learned so much of her leaking, that they wished ourselves back on land, but there was no retreating. we sailed slowly that night, and on the Sabbath found themselves in the midst of the channel between Maui and Hawaii. The trade winds were very strong; they rush through all the channels on the islands with peculiar force; the sea was rough, the waves were high. Of course, the lurches of the vessel were very heavy, so heavy the young men say, that some of the stone ballast rolled over to leeward.

They put it back again, but soon afterwards two harrels of molasses and a cask of water had poorly stacked up, rolled against the lee side of the vessel. This was the great and fatal accident to the vessel, and caused her to split open from the stern down to the foremast. She plunged at once, head first into the ocean, and as she went down, the stern was the last part which was in sight, and all the thirty-six souls on board were, in a moment, afloat in the raging waves, except two or three who were asleep in the hold, and had not time to get out.

From the deck of the vessel, before she sank, Hawaii was in sight, perhaps not more than ten miles distant, and we judge that Kahoolawe was full thirty miles away to the north west. Now our friend Manae, who had attended morning prayers with the ship's company, and conducted Sabbath services in the forenoon, called them all around him to the water and gave them good counsel. He said to them, "Our vessel has left us, and there is no one that can help us but God only." He prayed with them and commended them to their heavenly Father. He then told them there was no hope of reaching any other land except Kahoolawe, because a strong current was running from Hawaii towards that Island. After he had given them all the advice he could, he then exhorted them every one to make what efforts he could, (natives never swim against the current.)

Of the mass of this devoted company, we know nothing. The wife of the Capt. Thompson, a young Hawaiian, had got her husband, who could not swim, on one of the long sweeps of the vessel, and had started for Kahoolawe. He died, chilled to death. Sabbath evening. She left him and soon landed with the long oar. Two young men belonging to the vessel, brothers perhaps, one with the hatch of the vessel and his little brother on it, the other without any thing to swim with, went on the same course. The little boy died that night. The two young men belonging to the vessel landed the same evening at Kahoolawe. They belonged to Lahaina, and were acquainted with Kehoolawe.

A LONG SWIM FOR LIFE.

Let us now turn our attention to Manae and his wife. They had each a large "Hingham bucket." They threw away the clothes they contained, except a few which they tied around them, and then started on their watery journey. During the Sabbath, they had three young men near them, but all were missing before morning, perhaps by going in different directions. Mrs. Thompson and the two young men before mentioned were all that escaped alive, except the wife of Manae. Manae and his wife probably swam slower from having the buckets for buoys, and still these buckets were a help to keep them up; they were alone during most of their long swim, but seemed to have taken a good d rection.

They could see no land when they left the place of the wreck, the sea was so rough, swam all the night and all next day. Monday afternoon, they were swiming bravely and had Kahoolewe in full view.

A DEVOTED WIFE.

It was not till the sun was getting low on Monday, that Manae graw weak and his limbs benumbed. His wife's bucket came to pieces Monday morning, and she swam with nothing. Now that Manae was weak and could not swim, they stopped. She lomied him thoroughly (lomli, is e Hawaiian practice of squeezing, rubbing, and pressing the body to restore circulation or relieve pain.) Manae was now relieved; they were now not much more than a mile from Kahoolawe shore, and swam on, but Manae soon became weaker than before. He was lomied again with no effect. His wife next put her long hair into his hands; his hands slipped off separately, and when she could not rouse him even to such an effort, she told him he must pray. He could only utter a few words of prayer. She then put his arms around her neck, held them with one hand, and started for the shore, which was now less than one quarter of a mile off, but she soon perceived that he was entirely dead, and she was obliged to leave him. She landed amongst the rocks and climbed upon the land, greatly exhausted of course, and her sight at first seemed to be gone, but by a little rest it returned, and she saw clearly. She was an entire stranger there, and know not where to go to find a little settlement on the Island. What could the poor woman do, on a desolate Island, 14 miles long and 0 broad. She would have perished, had there not been much rain, and she found water standing in the tops of some of the rocks, but she had more yet to endure. The sun went down as she came to land. On Tuesday, Wednday and Thursday, she looked around in vain for inhabitants; had nothing to eat all that time. Friday morning, she discovered a patch of watermelons, and after eating one, she crawled under a hedge, so weak that she concluded she must die. Soon she heard a human voice, saying, "Somebody has been stealing watermelons." She had barely strength to utter "Owau-I." There were two fishermen who took her down to the settlement, and the next day, Saturday May 16th., she was taken in a canoe 25 miles to Lahaine, where I met her as before related.

During all the time that Kaluwahinenu was giving me the above narrative, a flood of tears was flowing over her face. I thought perhaps it was the effect of the salt water on her eyes, that made her weep so, and I asked her "Why are you weeping so?" She replied, "Ever since I let my husband go, I have done nothing but weep". I was greatly struck at this last answer of hers; she was weeping for her husband. Had she not for the past week been in the very jaws of death herself, her whole life ebbing as it were to the last particle, and yet mourning so intensly for the one who is gone. She seemed to forget herself, and there is no doubt that this love for husband nerved her up to all her efforts in the extreme peril of both their lives, to save him from death, fully justifying the remarks of Mr. Jurves, in the Polynesian newspaper which had a mere sketch of the catastrophe, that it "contained a touching record of conubial love," and that such faithfulness was something more than the mere instinct of e savage, it enuobled its possessor if her skin was dark, and rendered her worthy of a page in the record of "noble deeds of women".

In reading the foregoing narrative, even Hawaiians will find many things to wonder at. They are indeed matters of astonishment. In the year, 50 or 57, the schooner Kamamulu went down. Not a soul survived to tell the story. Probably a greater number of Hawaiiens would reach the shore when very distant, were it not for the hungry sharks, which abound in this part of the ocean.

We cannot but be astonished that Mrs. Thompson and the two young Lahaina natives should have reached Kahoolawe, thirty miles in six or eight hours, and the reason is not very plain to us, why Manae and his wife should have taken thirty hours to reach the same place, but I have noticed that those of a slender build shoot through the water like an arrow. The great wonder respecting these two is that, having been so long on the way, they should have lived to get there at all What gives infinitely more interest to the story, than the long swim, is that a Hawaiian woman lately a heathen, after swiming thirty miles in one day and a quarter, with nothing to eat or drink, should follow up such persistant means to save her husband. Well may we say with Mr. Jarves, such conubial love and faithfulness have never been surpassed, even in a christian land. My memory recalls many other escapes of native Hawaiians through their swimming powers, but none that seem more superhumen than the case of Manae and his wife.

I will give you hereafter, one or two more however that will excite not a little wonder, but not more wonder than the fact that so few Anglo-Saxons learn the art of swimming, and we sometimes wish that government would make a law requiring all to learn to swim. How else can an end be put to the burial of hundreds in the ocean, from a burning steamer, when the land is in sight, and not far distant.

A FORTY MILE SWIM.

The first work of the early missionaries at these Islands, was to preach the gospel and to establish schools in every district on the group. The Missioneries at Lahaina had the oversight of the schools on Lanai, an island separeted from West Maui by a channel nine miles wide.

Missionaries at that early day, always had the favor of the high chiefs. Nahienaena was e young princess, of the highest grade. She end Mr. Richards had appointed a day to examine all the schools on Lanai. So Kapaleeumoku, then Governor of Lanai, was ordered to go over the day before the examination, and summon all the people to come together at the appointed place. He started in e canoe, with his wife, Kamaka, and two little boys. They met the wind; the sea was rough; the lashings of the canoe so far failed that the canoa filled with water. They were now about three miles from Lahaina shore and a strong current was moving them north towards Molokui. The Governor was obliged to jump overboard to lighten the canoe, while the woman and children remained in it, though full of water. The strength of the current made it hopeless to return to Maui, so he decided to push the water-logged canoe before him to Molokai on the north, full twenty miles from Lahaina. They had left Lahaina at nine in the morning. About four in the evening, they could see by the lights on Molokai shore, that the land was not far off, and he said to his wife, that they would soon be all right. But soon, as always happens, the current turned the other way, and the lights on shore grew dim. His wife asked what hope there was left; the Governor replied there was only one hope left, that was Lanai, far-away to the West, about the same distance as Lahaina, but they never could reach it with that heavy canoe. So they stopped end unlashed the urms and outrigger of the canoe, and abandoned the canoe, while he bound together, with the cocoanut cord, the three pieces of light wood he had left, and by this bundle so lashed together, Kamaka and the boys were supported, while her husband swam and pushed the whole before him. In the course of the night, the youngest boy began to fail, and soon it was perceived he was entirely dead. They must pray at a funeral, and so they stopped and he preyed, and then let the body go. Not long after, the chill of the ocean had overcome the older boy, and he died the same as the younger. The same ceremony was performed, and then his body was abandoned to the deep. Now the two were left alone to take care of themselves as best they could. The labor still all devolved on the man, and he still seemed full of vigor for the work. It was broad day-light before they had reached the high and fearful surf of Lanai, and it was quite a doubtful matter whether they would ever get through it, though Hawaiians will live in surf where a white man could not survive a minute. But his strength held out well; they seemed to have taken it calmly and patiently, and soon found themselves inside of the surf, in comparatively shallow water. But here they found a new difficulty. Both of them could swim but neither could use their limbs in walking, and they found the greatest difficulty in crawling along the bottom till they reached the shore, and placed themselves on the dry sand, beyond the reach of the tide. It was judged that they landed about nine in the morning, full twenty-four hours from the time they left Lahaina, and both fell into a profound sleep.

The day of examination came. Mr. Richards and the princess, on a high double canoe, such as only high chiefs possessed, went across the channel to Lanai, but on arriving, were astonished that no notice had been given to the schools, nor had any thing been seen of the Governor and his family. Two runners were started immediately, one to the South to traverse the shore, the other to the North. The latter found the two sleepers on the sand so overcome with sleep that it was no easy matter to bring them to consciousness. A little extra care and feeding, however, and all was right.

The Governor lived many years after, and appeared somewhat aged. His wife outlived him and never appeared the worse for such a dreadful trial.

D. B.

INCREASE OF RAILWAYS.

Although it is but little over half a century since the first railways worked by steam were opened (between Darlington and Stockton, in England, September 27, 1825, and between Manchester and Liverpool, September 15, 1830,) there are lines of railways in the five divisions of the earth which cost, in round numbers, $16,000,000,000, and which would, according to Baron de Kalb, a statistician, reach eight times round the globe. Alluding to railway accidents, he says that in France, previous to the existence of railways, there was one passenger in every 335,000 killed and one out of every 30,000 wounded; whereas upon railways there between 1835 and 1875, there was but one in 5,178,800 killed, and one in 530,450 wounded. Railway travelling in England is found to be attended with greater risk than in any other country in Europe. The Baron observes that if a person were to live continually in a railway carriage, and spend all his time in railway travelling the chances in favor of his dying from a railway accident would not occur until be was 900 years old.

If life be a battle, how mad must he be who fails to arm himself for the contest! If life be a storm, how infatuated is he who sleeps while his bark is driven among unknown waters! If life be a pilgrimage, how unwise is he who strays from the right road, nor seeks to return till the twilight shadows gather around his pathway!

SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

As is known perhaps to most of our regular readers, the students at Hampton are all required, once a year, to write a letter of acknowledgement, with some account of their life, or experience in school or in vacation, to be sent to those of the school's friends who give a seventy-dollar donation for the education of a pupil here. Such a donation is called a scholarship, and meets the estimated cost of a year's schooling for worthy students who pay their own way for the rest, ($10 a month for board &c.,) often entirely by their own labor in and out of school.

These letters are often of much interest, giving simple pictures of life, and the struggle for education which is itself an important part of the education. They show, as no outside description can show as well, to those who send the means of carrying on this work, what material it is used upon, and what good it is likely to do

To extend the usefulness of these "scholarship letters," we are accustomed to publish a selected number every year, chosen for their special interest, being in other respects simply a fair sample of those written, and printed, as they are sent, without any correction in spelling or expression.

FROM AN INDIAN IN THE JUNIOR CLASS.

The young man who writes this letter is of the Absentee-Shawnee tribe in Indian Territory, and, with the companion whose name he mentions, was elected among the chiefs of his tribe just before he came to Hampton. He had had some instruction before coming, and entered the regular Preparatory class of the school, from which he was promoted the next year, to the Junior. He is doing well.

Hampton Va., Jan. 12th. 1881.

Dear Friend:

I would be glad if I could write just as much as white people do. And I can tell you all about my life, but will write a few words. A little over two years ago I and Thomas Wildcatt, before we started at the Shawnectown, we did not expect to stay here more than two years, and also we don't know any thing about it that there are colored people school here. When we first came here down there Fortress Monroe about seven O'clock in morning 18th. of Oct. 1876, and one of the colored boys took us from the Fortress Monroe to here. At the time we saw the colored boys school, and also Indian boys and I went to school with the Indian class about one week and I go then other class with the colored boys. Now some of the Indian boys are learning fast in school. There are some boys are learning how to trade, some carpenters, some blacksmith and some farmers, some wheel-wrighters, I think they have a good chanced the Indians now. Gen. Armstrong told the Indian boys that there are must study hard, told them, so when they are all go back our homes, they can teach there own people what we have been learned in Hampton, and every thing in the white mens ways and to make ourselves useful men. I think thats the good aways to send their children to school in Hampton. If the Indians did not send them here to school they could not do any better thing. But now some the boys are very smart. And a many of the Indians do wrong things because they don't know what is right, which ought to have not to do. If the Indians want to become a good and civilized men, they must do what is right. If the dont go to school they must try to do right, and must work hard that is, away to do it, not only educated people are knows how to work. Where I came from a great many of the Indians now on the road freighting for the Gavernment making plenty money for themselves, and getting rich and have a great interest in schools and educating their children, improving their country right along, also some of they have a large farms and some pastures, and their put it inside cows and horses, and raised especially all the kind of in orchard fruits, which is they have a good time when they gettiog riped fruits. And we are lived in houses already and every thing try to be good like a white peoples, and we used what a white people use when they eat. Also cooking stove. Whenever white man come in the Shawnectown he like to stay there but the Agent don't let him stay there, Agent don't like the white man to stay around among Indians. But now I heard from home that there are white people try to get in Indian Territory but the United States soldiers these white people make them to keep out of the Territory. But I don't know whether it is true or not. Well my studies are kind very slow and I have to study every night and every morning but I could not keep up without my doing best. We had a holiday on the Christmas day, and we had a good rest from study and all the boys are very glad to receive something on Thanksgiving. I thank you very much for what you have done for me.

Respectfully,
JOHN KINO.

FROM A YOUNG MAN IN THE MIDDLE CLASS.

Hampton Va., Jan. 12, 1881.

Dear Friend:

I am again called on by the principal to write a scholarship letter, and I could do no duty that would afford me more pleasure than this. I have so often told the simple story of my life that I will confine myself in this letter to my labor and experience during the vacation. I spent my vacation at the Hampton Institute. Each of the students that remained at Hampton during vacation has work assigned him or her for which they receive wages according to the kind of work performed. My work was guard duty, that is, the responsibility of guarding the school premises, both day and night, and to me at least, that was quite responsible duty, considering the disaster that occured not long ago: the burning of Academic Hall. I receive $10 ten dollars per month, which enables me in connection with what I had to continue in school this term. I tried to do my duty well and I think that I gained the approval of the authority. My vacation here was both pleasant and instructive, and because it was vacation I was not altogether lost to the strengthening influence of the institute. And I hope when my life shall have become a continual vacation, I will not be lost to its forereaching influence. After the burning of Academic Hall a plan was laid for rebuilding it on a more expensive style, it was begun in May, and is now nearly completed and it is a fine building.

The Saw mill which we begun last year is finished and furnishes work for twenty-five or thirty students who desire to work out an education. Another building intended for the principal's office is now being erected also, so you can see from this letter that vacation at Hampton was a very busy time. These buildings when completed will add to the beauty and comfort of the institute, and will give to the school ample room so that more students can be accommodated. I watched very careful the occupation of the people during the summer and found a great difference between the occupation of the people here and and at home. The main occupation here is trucking, crabing and the oyster fishery. To see from twenty five to forty-five canoes gliding in Hampton creek, some rowing, some sculling, some sailing on a calm and clear day. It is a sight that we see every evening during the summer.

The excellent situation of the school, the beautiful surroundings, and the very atmosphere that surround us seems to elevate and enlighten us, and impress upon us the great lessons of life. The people are industrious and eager for education down here. I am thankful to our Northern friends for all they have done for me and my race. I am trying hard to get an education. My opportunity for getting an education has been very discouraging, for my parents were slaves. Thankful for what you have done for me and my people,

Yours respectfully, R.

FROM A YOUNG WOMAN IN THE SENIOR CLASS.

Hampton Va., Jan. 12, 1881.

Dear Friend:

I am now in the Senior Class, therefore this will be my last scholarship letter. And before I tell you about my last vacation, or my resolution as to what I shall do after leaving school, I will mention a particular incident of my life which I omitted in my previous letter. My position in life has been limited in every respect, my mother having been a slave, and I having no father. When my mother was freed she had two little children, a boy two, and a girl four years old, the support of us three came by the labor of her hands, and what made it harder for her was, she was most of the time sick. During the war we were living in Norfolk Va., at which time the small-pox was raging, my little brother took it. the law was, that every one who could be found with the disease had to be taken to the hospital, my mother *knew* this, but she tried every possible way to keep it from being known that she was sick, but in vain. A man would come along every day with a wagon to carry the people out in, but he did not carry my brother, the only reason though that he did not, was that she promised to carry him herself, she could not hear the idea of having him carried among strangers to die, so she took him out of his bed, wrapped him up carefully, for it was in December, took him in her arms and ma by the hand and started for the hospital three miles distant, when we reached there I was so frightened at the dead bodies that were lying on the ground, that I pulled away from my mother and started back home. I did not go very far before I was caught by one of the undertakers and carried back. It gave them a good deal of trouble to keep me quiet. My mother had not the spirits to say anything to me, for she thought that we all should be dead soon. We stayed there ten days, after which time the doctor said my brother was well enough to be taken home. After we had been home a week mother and I took a severe spell of the fever, but not any eruption, and were well in two weeks.

I went to school three months while in Norfolk, and did not go any more regularly till I was seventeen. I have always been anxious to have an education, but my chances have been so that I could not get it, at the same time I am thankful for what I have. I have been here, at Hampton two years, and have profited very much in many respects. My last vacation was spent in Glastonbury, Connecticut, in a Christian family whom I dearly love. My stay with them would have been longer had I not been connected with this school. My time is almost out at Hampton, and I am sorry in one sense, but glad in another, for my determination is to help my people who are shut up in darkness.

And to you my dear friend, whom God has filled with love, and given blessings, whereby you can help me, I do give thanks.

Respectfully Yours, V.

NEW POLITICS.

The census of 1880, and the general election of that year, viewed together, are interesting to any student of political history. The first shows conclusively, that the center of population, and hence the center of voting power, lies Northwest of the Ohio river, not South of it. The general election was a practical illustration of this, and proved that the idea of a Solid South any longer being a leading factor in national politics was a delusion and a snare. Many candid citizens see this, and appreciate the absurdity of trying to make a live fight over dead issues: to be sure there are some, to whom facts are as nothing compared with their convictions, and these will probably think it good strategy, to theoretically, charge on army corps with a corporal's guard. There must be two parties in this nation; but the day of having Mason and Dixon's line to divide them, is past—only desperate political gamblers seek to play a partizan game, when the chances are three or four to one against them. History keeps repeating itself, and it is not unlikely that the next question on which the country will divide, will be the economic questions that were fought over forty years ago. Neither of the old parties are "Solid" on any of these questions, and no doubt we shall see many illustrations of the old proverb, "Politics makes strange bedfellows."

In the general "shaking up" of parties, the negroes, capacity for citizenship will be put to a severe test. Ever since emancipation, politics have been sectional, and it was easy enough to take a North or a South side view of them. Naturally, the negro vote gravitated toward the side that made him a citizen, and against the side that once sought to hold him as a chattel. On the new lines to be drawn, there will be no such easy way of taking sides: to vote intelligently on economic questions, citizens must understand the questions themselves. White or black, native or foreign born—every citizen will have to decide for himself on which side he will vote, as to Tariff, Internal Improvements, Subsidies etc. These are abstract questions, and much more difficult to grasp, than to decide whether to vote with those who gave one citizenship, or those who held one, or would hold one, as a chattel.

Another point in the census is the steady diminishing ratio of the colored to the white population. Assuming that the natural increase of both races is the same, the whites are receiving an increment of hundreds of thousands by immigration, while the blacks are receiving practically none. If the present ratio of colored to white people in the United States be as 1 to 9, in 1890 it will likely be, as 1 to 11. So long as America offers the inducements she does, and Great Britain has an Irish Question, and Germany the "Blood and Iron" rule of Bismark, just so long will a steady stream of sturdy immigrants land on our shores. Westward the tide of emigrants, as of Empire, takes its way, and the inevitable effect is to move the center of population steadily toward the Rocky Mountains. The absurdity of a Solid South has been indicated, and the still greater absurdity of any section or part of the South trying to become a leading factor in National politics must be apparent. The solid negro vote is yearly of less general importance, and everybody will be better off, as the color line in politics fades into a dim reminiscence. The only way in which a Solid South can hope to earn a potent voice in national politics is to be solid all through—that is, let her citizens feel they are fellow citizens, and that which benefits one, benefits all, and what injures one injures all. A plan of mutual forbearance, of giving and taking, established between the white and the colored citizens will develop harmony, that is in itself a power.

That at least a part of the present tide of European emigration he turned Southward is a consummation devoutly to be wished; but from a variety of reasons, there is no chance of its immediately assuming any large proportions. To the majority of emigrants, the crops of the South are entirely strange, and the wheat lands of the northwest are still to be had for a song. As the country becomes more densely settled, the tide of emigration must widen out, and the fertile lands of the South come into prominence. Still, as matters stand now, emigration on any extensive scale into the South is doubtful, and the relative political power of the colored and the white people will not materially change. What will be best for both, is to prepare themselves for intelligent action on the questions which are to arise, and I know no stronger motive to common action, than common interest. Leaders of the people will always be found among the most intelligent, and it is universally true, that an army of voters, if called on to vote to day on any economic questions, would probably act as mechanically and with as little knowledge of what they were doing, as the press that prints this paper has of its objects.

There are a few axioms that underlie all economic questions, among which the following may be mentioned. Any policy that is contrary to any of these is in itself a dangerous policy.

That this is a Government of the people, for the people, by the people, and not a government of the many by the few, nor of the few by the many.

Every dollar the government has to spend for the people, comes from the people.

That in this nation of fifty millions, every citizen is entitled to the same protection (no more) as every other citizen.

That friction is a minus quantity in every sum of forces.

That those laws are best, which do the greatest good to the greatest number of people.

In future articles I hope to discuss with all impartiality, some of the economic questions likely to arise, basing them on the above fundamental truths. The questions may not seem particularly juicy at present, but they will "ripen up" as we find forced upon us "New Politics."

T. T. B.

FROM A RETURNED INDIAN STUDENT.

The following pleasant note is just received from Little Chief, one of the St. Augustine Indians, who, after two years at Hampton and one at Carlisle, returned to his home in Indian Territory, and has been doing very well indeed ever since, as assistant of the Agency physician, who speaks in the highest terms of his faithfulness, industry and intelligence. He has learned to make pills, dispense medicines &c., under the doctor's direction, and is supporting himself and keeping to the white man's road. He has a bright and pretty little sister in the school at Carlisle.

OFFICE OF AGENCY PHYSICIAN, CHEYENNE AND ARAPAHOE AGENCY.

DARLINGTON, I. T., JAN. 7, 1881.

GEN. ARMSTRONG;

Dear Friend:

It is a long time I have heard from you, and now I am going send to you a letter. I always think about your school at Hampton. And because very best your school, and now I am Doctor, I with him Dr. Hodge.

I hope that you will write to me. Please tell all the my Teachers, give my love?

From your friend,
W. LITTLE CHIEF.

A rich but parsimonious old gentleman, on being taken to task for his uncharitableness, said: "True, I don't give much, but if you only knew how it hurts me when I give anything, you wouldn't wonder."

At Home.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

BY ELLEN H. BATES.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They are neither soft nor small,
And you, I know, would never think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands of form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
More beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
When her heart was weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad.
I often weep, when, looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful beautiful hands!
They are growing feeble now,
And time and toil have left their mark
On hand, and heart, and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time,—
The sad, sad day to me,—
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands must folded be,

But oh, beyond these shadowy lands,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear;
Where crystal streams, through endless [years,
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

CHOICE AND ARRANGEMENT OF A HOME

In choosing a house, the first object should be a wholesome situation, good drainage, ventilation, and a dry cellar. The health of the family depends upon these.

Warmth and light are better than fine furniture; and good beds better than fine bedsteads. If there is plenty of money, one may have these good and comfortable things with all possible beautiful surroundings. If not, a woman with taste, industry and ingenuity, and with her heart in the matter, can make almost any place cheery. The more tasteful, the more beautiful your home can be made, the better always for those around you, and for the friends dear to them and you,— not for show —not for display; these degrade the mind and the habits.

Men choose for their professions the law, medicine, architecture, merchandise, and theology, and they give all their attention to the professions they have chosen, or cannot hope to succeed. A woman chooses for her profession the head of a household. Properly viewed, it is the highest and most elevating of all professions,—let her not enter upon it lightly. She has in her hands the happiness and welfare and direction of a few or many people, as it may be; but she cannot neglect her work. It is not to be neglected, and cannot be put into the hands of any other person. It is her bounden duty to see that her home is clean, airy, cheerful, happy, and all its various economies attended to. She can no more neglect it with impunity than a doctor his patients, a lawyer his clients, a merchant his customers.

One of the most convenient articles to be used in a sick-room is a sand-bag. Get some clean, fine sand, dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove, make a bag about eight inches square of flannel, fill it with the dry sand, saw the opening carefully together, and cover the bag with cotton or linen cloth. This will prevent the sand from sifting out and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing it in the oven, or even on the top of the stove. After once using this, you will never again attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle of hot water or a brick. The sand holds the heat a long time; and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three of the bags and keep them ready for use.

A dish which is sure to find favor with lovers of celery is made by taking the stalks of celery which are not thoroughly bleached, cutting them in pieces of about an inch long, and cooking as you would asparagus, the same length of time being required to boil it; season with milk, butter, pepper and salt.

BABY'S SKIES.

Would you know the baby's skies?
Baby's skies are mother's eyes.
Mother's eyes and smile together
Make the baby's pleasant weather.
Mother keep your eyes from tears,
Keep your heart from foolish fears,
Keep your lips from dull complaining
Lest the baby think 't is raining.

Health and Humanity.

DECENCY TOWARDS HORSES.

A horse cannot be screamed at and cursed without becoming less valuable in every particular. To reach the highest degree of value the animal should be gentle and always reliable, but if it expects every moment that it is in the harness to be "jawed" at and struck it will be in a constant state of nervousness, and in its excitement is as liable, through fear, to do something which is not expected, as to go along doing what you started it to do.

It is possible to train a horse to be governed by the word of mouth, almost as completely as it is to train a child, and in such training the horse reaches its highest value. When a horse is soothed by the gentle words of his driver—and we have seen him calmed down from great excitement by no other means—it may be fairly concluded that he is a valuable animal for all practical purposes, and it may be certainly concluded that the man who has such power over him is a humane man, and a sensible one.

But all this simply means that the man must secure the animal's confidence. Only in exceptional instances he is stubborn or vicious. If he understands his surrounding, and what is required of him, he gives no trouble. As almost every reader must know, if the animal when frightened can be brought up to the object he will become calm. The reason is he understands that there is nothing to fear. So he must be taught to have confidence in the man who handles him, and then this powerful animal, which usually no man could handle if he were disposed to be vicious, will give no trouble.

The very best rule, therefore, which we would lay down for the management of the horse, is gentleness and good sense on the part of the driver. Bad drivers make bad horses, usually.—*Western Rural.*

BLANKET YOUR HORSES.

When left in the open wintry air, see that the inmates of the barn and shed and kennel are protected from the bitter cold. The creatures depend upon you, their owner, to guard them, even as you upon God. Be to them as you would have Him be to you.

MISTAKEN KINDNESS TO HORSES.

Many drivers water their horses on the road as often as opportunity offers. The horse finally wants no more, but the driver wishes to make the water useful to the animal, and pours it on his legs "in order to cool his feet." But what is the result of such sudden cooling and wetting? The horse will be attacked with rheumatic pains and his thighs will very soon become stiff. In consequence whereof, instead of a refreshment, the animal has received a torture, all done with good intentions.

A good thing to give a horse after he has been driven, is a quart of oatmeal stirred into a pail of water It refreshes and strengthens him, relieves his immediate thirst, and prepares his stomach for more solid food. It is like the plate of soup before dinner, satisfying and appetizing together.

BRIDLES AND BLINDERS.

"I have taken more than one hundred bridles off horses to examine and have found them instruments of torture in six cases out of ten. By their blinders they cut off the sight where needed, and more attention should be called to that useless head-piece."
—*Our Dumb Animals.*

TEMPERANCE.

AN OLD CURSE.

Drunkenness and its attendant evils are by no means confined to our own day and age. Says Dr. Eadie: "Ephesus was a commercial town and busy seaport, and its wealth led to excessive luxury, and Bacchus was the rival of Diana. The women of Ephesus, as the priestesses of Bacchus, danced around Mark Antony's chariot on his entrance into the city. Drunkenness was indeed an epidemic. Alexander the Great, who died a sacrifice to Bacchus, and not to Mars, offered a prize to him who could drink the most wine, and thirty of the rivals died in the act of competition. Plato boasts of the immense quantity of liquor which Socrates could swill uninjured; and the philosopher Xenocrates got a golden crown from Dionysius for swallowing a gallon at a draught. Cato often lost his senses over his choice Falernian wine.

The superintendent of the Detroit and Bay City Railway has issued the following: "The lives and property intrusted to our care are of so great value that the use of intoxicating liquors cannot be allowed, and any one known to use them will be discharged."

Teachers' Table.

PRIMARY SCHOOL QUESTIONS.

USED BY THE TEACHERS OF CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Name the different things with which people write. What is your dress made of? Your shoes?

How does it look out-of-doors when the sun has set?

Have you been down the harbor? What did you see?

Name the country, state, county, and city in which you live.

What is it to be useful? Selfish? Benevolent?

What does the expression, "lost her self-command," mean?

What is meant by a flock? A drove? A swarm?

What are the sports of the different seasons?

Mention a polite act. Some rude acts. Some kind acts.

What plays do you like best? What books?

Name the primary colors. Which is the prettiest?

How many panes of glass in that window?

Mention some things you like to see or do.

Show me on your arm the length of a foot?

How high is that door? How wide is the blackboard?

What is the length of this room? The width? The height?

How many little boys and girls in this school?

How many pupils in all the primary schools of the city or town?

"My eye aches." Why? Would this little marble ache if it were "hit?" Why not?

Where were you last evening? Is there any difference between a house and a home? What?

Of the objects you have seen to-day, which are natural and which are artificial?

Tell the seasons of the year, and some pleasant things of each. Name the months of the year.

If every thing you can see were taken out of the school-room, of what would it still be full?

Tell me in inches, as nearly as you can, the length and width of your desk.

If the sun does not shine in a room until afternoon, which way does the room face?

What do you learn at school besides Reading, Spelling, Number, Music, and Drawing?

What have you learned to-day? Mention the books you like to read, or have read to you.

Why should you not mark or cut the school-house or furniture?

Because you see the sun in the east in the morning, and in the west in the afternoon, what does it appear to do?

Why is it well to have music a part of the programme each day? Calisthenics?

Why are the 22d of February, the 17th of June, and the 4th of July; holidays?

Give in other words the meaning of the word or phrase that I mention.

What do we call the young of the goat? Of the horse, of the cow? Of the cat?

What makes your father buy food and clothes and nice things for you?

If you were going to Boston, what conveyance would you take? To New York? To Europe?

What things do we see in the summer that we do not see in the winter?

What are the different kinds of articles used in making a house? From what are bricks made? How?

Sometimes a little boy is called Fred Jameson, Junior. Why is he called Junior?

I heard a little boy answering a gentleman, and he said, "Yes, sir." Why did he not say simply, Yes?

What work does the sun do? Is it larger or smaller than the earth?

Of what is bread made? Where do potatoes grow? Apples? Strawberries? Blueberries?

What is the difference between the furnace and register? What is a ventilator?

Describe the United States flag. Do other nations have flags? What flags have you seen?

Where does the moon get its light? Why do we not see the moon in the daytime?

Where did you get your book? Did the man of whom you bought it make it? Who did? Of what?

Spell the names of objects at your right hand. At your left hand. In front of you.

What is meant by grandfather? Granddaughter? Uncle? Aunt? Cousin? Nephew? Niece?

What is the name of the President of the United States? Of the Governor of Massachusetts?

For what do you come to your school? At what hour ought you to get here? Why should you never be tardy?

General plan of questions suggested by Reading Lessons.—First, attention is called to the picture; second, to the story or subject-matter of the piece; then questions like the following are asked: "Why was the little boy a philosopher? Who ever saw any coral? What is meant by "a golden sunset"?

Agriculture.

ABOUT HORSES.

The stomach of a horse has a capacity of about sixteen quarts, while that of the ox has two hundred and fifty. In the intestines this proportion is reduced, the horse having a capacity of one hundred and ninety quarts, against one hundred of the ox. The ox, and nearly all other animals, have a gall-bladder for the retention of a part of the bile, secreted during digestion. The horse has none, and the bile flows directly into the intestines as fast as secreted. This construction of the digestive apparatus indicates that the horse was formed to eat slowly, and digest continually bulky and innutritious food; when fed on hay, it passes very rapidly through the stomach into the intestines. The horse can eat but five pounds of hay in an hour, during mastication, with four times its weight of saliva. Now, the stomach, to digest it well, will contain but about ten quarts; and when the animal eats one-third of his daily rations, or seven pounds, in one and one-half hours, he has swallowed at least two stomachfuls of hay and saliva, one of these having passed to the intestines. Observation has shown that the food is passed to the intestines by the stomach in the order in which it is received. If we feed a horse with six quarts of oats, it will just fill his stomach; and if, as soon as he finishes this, we feed him the above ration of seven pounds of hay, he will eat sufficient in three quarters of an hour to have forced the oats entirely out of his stomach into the intestines. As it is the office of the stomach to digest the nitrogenous parts of the feed, and as a stomachful of oats contains four or five times as much of these as the same amount of hay, it is certain that either the stomach must secrete the gastric juice five times as fast, or it must retain this food five times as long. By feeding the oats first, it can only be retained long enough for the proper digestion of the hay; consequently it seems logical, when feeding a concentrated food like oats with a bulky one like hay, to feed the latter first, giving the grain the whole time between the repasts to be digested. The digestion of the horse is governed by the same laws as that of a man; and as we know it is not best for a man to go at hard work the moment a hearty meal is eaten, so we should remember, that a horse ought to have a little rest after his meal, while the stomach is most active in the processes of digestion.—"*Planter and Farmer.*"

REGULARITY IN FEEDING STOCK.

While it is highly important that the farmer should provide good food for his horses and cattle, yet it is equally important that they should be fed regularly, at stated periods. Animals are good time-keepers; and if the hour passes at which they are commonly fed, they are apt to make their wants known; especially is this the case of the cow. It is very bad practice to feed her often and irregularly; and some farmers have an idea, that almost every time the barn is entered, the cows should be given hay or fodder. This is a mistake. The great object in view is to keep the cow quiet and contented, which can be readily accomplished by regular feeding, and supplying all the food they can eat. If fed in this manner in the morning, the cows will lie down and chew the cud, and are not disposed to be annoyed by the visits of any person. In the winter season, the second feeding should be about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, which will allow them to have from that time to milking, all they will eat, giving a feed of hay when the milking is finished. The first stomach of the cow should be empty, or almost so, before more food is eaten. A cow chewing the cud cannot be hungry. This regularity as regards feeding should likewise apply to watering and milking. This regular system of feeding applies fully as well to pigs and sheep, when the latter are in winter quarters. Animals can be as easily trained as children, and every farmer who hears this in mind will be amply rewarded by the fine appearance of his stock, and the affection which will be bestowed upon him by them.—"*Planter and Farmer.*"

Manures.—By many the orchard is expected to yield two crops—one from the trees, and another more directly from the soil, as it may seem. It is useless to expect the best fruit from trees that are robbed of their nutriment by quick-growing crops. Ordinarily, when the trees comes into bearing, they should have the land to themselves. If circumstances make it necessary to grow some crop between the trees, both the crop and the trees should be manured. Well rotted manure is best, and when spread let it cover the whole ground and not be heaped about the trunks of the trees where there are no small roots to make use of it. Winter is an excellent time to spread the manure, as it can be drawn upon sleds which more readily pass under and among low trees than a wagon. A dressing of lime will often be of great benefit to an orchard.

HAMPTON STUDENTS' OWN.

From the Senior Class.

COMBATS OF LIFE.

In almost every turn in life we meet with discouragements. At times when we are gliding smoothly and think of no danger near, then are we to be tried.

Troubles come in various forms, and from various sources. There is no time when we can say that trouble cannot reach us.

Some say that they do not know what trouble is. Perhaps it is true; but that does not say that the plague will not come to them.

It is true that some can bear more than others, and it is a very good thing ton to be able to bear.

We sometimes make our troubles seem to be more than they really are, which often has a very undesirable effect, and can only be avoided by pressing against them with our reason.

Our friends sometimes give us unpleasant feelings by speaking in an unusual tone, which is not at all a good thing to do, with or without a reason.

But before we become too much mortified, we must consider the matter and see who is in fault.

If we find ourselves in fault, we must make amends; if not, why, we can content ourselves.

At the same time, I think it an unkind act fo one who is not feeling pleasant to extend his cold feelings to others. VIRGINIA.

WHAT IS YOUR OCCUPATION?

Let your occupation be what you are best suited for. Some people like to take for their occupation a kind of work which they like, but for which they are totally unfit. This however is a great fault among the people.

Every body has a kind of work which he can do better than he can some other. Some people have more than one trade. They think that by knowing how to do a little of every thing, they can make a living more easily. This is a very true thought; though it would be much better to learn one trade thoroughly. Let every body take for himself a kind of work which he can master, and you will see that all of us will get along better.

Some farmers can speak very well on politics, some can preach, and some build a tolerably good looking house; but this is not what we want most. I have known an instance where a good farmer was getting along well with his family, and making, you may say, an independent living on his farm, but, by chance, he saw a political office vacant, and he gave up his prosperous farm,—the best and only trade he ever had—and went to fill the office for which he was wholly deficient.

It is always good to have a trade of some kind. No man has ever yet become rich without some trade, or profession, save he who inherits wealth. You can make yourself master of a good trade of some kind. Then do it.

Though you may not have any cause to go into a foreign country, as the "nail-maker" did though you may be doing well at this time, though you may think that you can master the trade which you may now have, some body who is more studious than you, will take your place, and you will be cast out.

If you would make any progress in life, live upon your own income; if you wish to gain the love of all, and live in a comfortable, peaceful home, get for yourself a kind of work which you know all about, then work hard and earnestly; and when your body shall have gone to mingle with the dust, you will leave behind you a good name and be remembered as an honest and useful man.

B. F. J.

SHOULD EVERYONE WORK?

In answer to the above question, I must say yes. It is essential that all should work. No one should hold back and depend on other persons' labor for their support. There are certain things which are given us by nature, and in many places things grow spontaneously, but, for all of that, there is need to work, if it is only to gather what nature bonnteously gives us. The Lord has given us this beautiful world, and it was in his power then as it is now, to give us all that we might need, but he didn't choose to, he gave us land and we must cultivate it. Every where we turn, there is labor of some kind needed. If you are yet a small child, when you grow larger and older it is quite right that you should work and make those who have had the care of you, some amends. You may be rich yet there is considerable labor to be performed both mentally and physically, if you would retain what you have.

I could not hear to have some one work for me and I do nothing, if such a thing were possible. In order to sustain life, one must have food, for which some one must work. Now if we say we will not need not work, where are we to get food and raiment? steal other people's labor? no. I believe that there is need of work from the strongest to the very weakest. All persons that do not work, violate the oldest command of God, who has said "By the sweat of his face shall man eat bread." The rule holds good for woman also. If they can't hoe corn, they can cook the bread produced therefrom. In all ages people have had to work, some at one time and some another. Then the reason we should work is because we all want to live as long as we can, and we know we cannot live without working.

We have examples of people who work a very little each day and they are always half clothed, while the earnest laborer is well provided for and is looked after and respected by all that know him. The idler is apt to be suspected and pointed out as a bad character, nobody likes to make his acquaintance or admit him to their house, and should he want to work at times, he will have a hard time getting employed. Now let every one who wishes to be a lady or gentleman, work for that if not for anything else, for labor makes you what you are in life. A lazy person can't even be a christian. SARAH.

OUR DUTY.

After reading the history of the colored people, and finding out their condition, the question comes to me, what is our duty after leaving Hampton?

This is an important question for each student to answer before leaving here. As there are thousands of colored people in America, that have not been blessed with the opportunity of receiving any education, and are yet in darkness, it becomes us as loyal sons and daughters of our race, to go and teach those who are in darkness and have not had the way opened to them. In Africa to-day there are forty-five millions more or less, who are yet in a savage condition, worshiping idols for their gods. They believe that there is a God, but how to worship him they know not, and it is because they have not had that veil of darkness taken from them. We would be today in the same condition, if we had not been blessed with the opportunity of being brought up in a civilized country.

And, as Great Britain was once a savage country, yet, through the civilizing influence of missionaries from Rome, has become one of the greatest on the globe, so can Africa be brought out of her darkness, and in a few years come to have one of the most distinguished histories of any continent on the globe; but she can not reach that standard of civilization unless missionaries from here and other places go there and open the way for her.

And as some of our students are already in Africa, I hope that in a short time there will be Hampton students all over that dark continent, and then and not until then shall we feel that we have discharged our duty to our race. S.

SELF ELEVATION.

Most of people speak of elevation as getting a high education, but I do not think it is that alone.

We have noticed that our smartest men are not always the ones who have had the most education, but they are the men who can reproduce what they have learned, with the most accurateness. We will first examine the two classes of education, and then we can tell easily which is the better for a man whose school days are limited. I have heard of people starting in school and entering a very low class, but, in the course of two or three years, they have gone through different languages. I think that when a man is elevating himself, he has a great influence among the people wherever he goes. The man who is getting the best education is he who can most accurately reproduce what he has learned. We will take a man who has only been through long division, and, if he can teach it or stand a good examination on that, he is on a good way to self elevation; because if he can stand an examination as close as that to the beginning of his education, and keeps on learning *well* what he learns, he will be elevating himself to the highest degree. Now we look at a man who has already been over five times as much as the man whom we just spoke of, and we find that when he comes to stand an examination, he has forgotten almost half what he knew. That man has been over his studies in a hurry, but he has failed to get well what he has been over. It is likely that if that man goes to school many years longer, he will finish in the way that he began, and such a man may be educated very high, but elevated to a small extent. When a man is at school he ought to make the best use of his time. It may not be agreeable for a teacher to see a scholar a little slow in taking in things, but if that man, when he once has learned a thing, can reproduce it almost any time, he is a man who will do himself and his fellow men good. There is a great cry for teachers to teach the the ignorant, and, in order that we should have a great influence and teach well, we should first learn well what we learn.

J. L. B.

From the Middle Class.

MY EXPERIENCE AS A TEACHER.

This vacation when I went home to rest from my long study in school all winter, there was some place in which I saw I would do good with the Lord's help if I only would take the right steps about it. So I went ahead to try to get a little private school to teach during the short time I would be with my people, which was only three months and a half. After resting two weeks, I sent word to the people of my church that, if they would like it, I would teach school during vacation. In the third week, on Tuesday they met me for the purpose of organizing the school. Among the number there were some that said "I am not going to send my children to school to Louisa, when she and my children were once school mates together."

Through all of these discouraging words, I had made up my mind that I would teach because there were some that were as willing to have their children come to school to me as I was to teach them.

On the twelfth of July, I commenced to teach. The first day, I had seventeen scholars. It was quite a small number out I opened my school with a bright heart, and, after I had taught school about three weeks, I had as many scholars as I could attend to. Then I went to work there among my poor ignorant people to do them all the good I could.

There was one family that would never send their children to school. They said they had always gotten along well enough in the world without an education, and their children could do as they had done.

I said to mother one day, that family seems to think so much of me, I believe I will go over there and see if I cannot get them to send their children to school. So I went, and after talking with them a while, they consented that they would send two of their children to me, and I never saw children improve faster than those children did. I often wished that my teacher at Hampton could take a peep into my school-room, and see how much good a Junior could do.

LOUISA.

HOME.

Home is the best place in the world. When every body will turn their back upon us our parents will take us in. Although there are a great many children who do not deserve the attention their parents give them, because they are very disobedient and reckless. Some children try to please their parents and do all they can for them to make them happy. At my home there are a great many colored people who are buying land to make a home for themselves, when about nine years ago it was a rarity to find a colored man owning real estate. But now it is very common to find people of color owning from ten to one hundred and thirty acres of land, and in building their houses they make great improvements. In times past they usually built log houses, and the only brick and frame houses then seen belonged mostly to the slave holders, but now the colored people are building respectable dwellings. And the people generally are looking up and seem to be striving for the advancement and prosperity of their country. Numbers of Sawmills, School houses and Churches are being built, which employs a great many, and things generally seem to be on the advance.

The late war left that part of the country in a very bad condition, most of the people owned slaves and the best part of their wealth was in slaves and land. They would go heavily in debt depending on their slaves to stand as a security or offset for their debts. And after the slaves were set free, they were left in a great many instances very poor, While some had the energy to go to work and keep up, others who had been accustomed to have anything and everything they wanted, and were too indifferent and lazy to work their property, went to naught, their taxes over-rating the principal, and their land was sold. The poorer class of people who had to be somewhat subject to the slave-holder are coming to be the richest men of the day. And the colored people, who have been kept under for so many years, are rising by degrees above their former condition and trying to make men and women of themselves, and are announcing things they once loved and appreciated.

W. D. L.

MY HOME.

My home is pleasantly situated in the country southwest of Hampton, near the Staunton river. My people are farmers, therefore we live on a large farm, and raise large quantities of all kinds of produce. It is so pleasant when I leave here and get home, to find the nice corn tassseling, and the tobacco growing. There is no end to the nice fruit of all descriptions. My people also raise a great many fowls, and we have plenty of milk and butter. Therefore I think there is nothing pleasanter than my nice quiet country home. I like the city very much also, but as I have lived in the country most of my time, and have experienced the pleasures of all the enjoyments we have there, and I have never lived in the city enough to enjoy many of the pleasures that it affords, it is nothing but natural that I should like the country better.

We have such nice fresh air in the country, which I dont suppose we would have in the city. My home is near the Buffalo Springs, a summer resort. It has three or four different kinds of water, There are a great many visitors there during the summer season, and everything about the place is quite pleasant.

SUSIE.

From the Indians.

When we first came here we did not know how to act civil. But now we can do better we have learned many things at Hampton. We had been in school last term and worked part of the time I think we are doing better now.

Few of the Indians have entered in another class, which is higher than they were before. I am glad that we are at a good school where they all talk English, for I know we can talk better English now, but the colored students beat us in talking for we all know that they were raised in talking this language, but still we are learning this language and hope that we will soon know how to talk this language better.

On Tuesday evenings we have prayer meetings with Rev. Frisell, I am glad that we have such good prayer meetings here which makes us have strong hearts. Last Sunday the first Sunday of the year, some Indians and colored students join the Lords church, which made everybody who were in the church glad, glad to see them stand in there, and promise to serve and love the Lord Jesus Christ.

We had a very nice time on Christmas. On Christmas eve we all met in the Chapel and gave us all handkerchiefs and some candies. The next day we had holiday and played through the day, in the night they had games and marching. They made a prize the teachers did, to see which two walk the best. We march all around in the Chapel and was seen over, and then they called the names that got it. The first prize were Jos. Rivers, and Mattie Peery second was O. Derritt, and Lucy Boulden. These are the colored students that got the prizes, and the Indians that received prizes are Alex. Peters, and Carrie Anderson, this was the third prize the fourth were Willie Hunter, and Sophia Little Bear. They did not received their prizes right then till about one week which they received their prizes with gladness. Then again the teachers put up another prize and got some tumblers filled them with water and each boy had to take a tumbler of water and hold it in the hand while marching around in see who would not waste his water, when it was over they called the boys names who got the prize, there were three who got the prize.

On New Years evening the Middlers had their meeting in the Chapel, which one of the Indian boys made a speech in which he did well.

We are sorry that two of our best Indian boys are going home on account of sickness, I hope that they will get well again and get able to teach their people what they learned from Hampton, and have strong hearts and not turn to the old Indian ways, but help their people in a better way of living.

JAMES R. MUNIE.

WHERE IS HOME?

A little boy about four or five years old was returning from school one day. He bounded into the house, exclaiming as he hung up his hat in the entry, "This is my home! this is my home!"

A lady was then on a visit to his mother, and was sitting in the parlor. She said to him, "Willie, the house next door is just the same as this; suppose you go in there and hang your hat up in the lobby, wouldn't that be your home as much as this house?"

"No ma'am," said Willie, very earnestly, "it would not."

"Why not?" asked the lady. "What makes this house your home more than that?"

Willie had never thought of this before. But after a moment's pause he ran up to his mother, and throwing his little arm around her neck, he said, "Because my dear mother lives here."

It is the presence and company of those we love which makes our earthly home; and it is just so with our heavenly home—that home which our dear Savior has gone to prepare for the children of God.

A little Sunday school boy lay upon his dying bed. His teacher sat at the bedside holding the hand of his scholar. "I'm going home to heaven," said the little fellow.

"Why do you call heaven your home?" asked the teacher.

"Because Jesus is there."

"But suppose," said the teacher, "that Jesus should go out of heaven?"

"Then I would go out with Him," said the dying child.—*Young Leaper*

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

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INAUGURATION.

On the 4th, of this month, the twenty-seventh presidentiel inaugureticn in the United States will take place in onr Netional Capitol, and our twentieth President take his seat in the chair of state with the solemn oeth to "preserve, protect and defend the constitution of the United Stetes." The daily pepers will be filled with detailed eccounts of the ceremonies and incidents of the dey, and the enterprising weeklies with illustrations by "our own artists."

In enticipation of all this, it is interesting to recall some of the similar occasions in the past, each of which hed its own special features and significance.

The approeching inauguration divides with the last one the interest of being the approximate Centenniel inauguration. It will be one hnndred and two years on the 30th of April, since Genegel Washington stood upon the balcony of the old Federal Hell in New York City, where the Custom House now is, at the heed ot Broed street, in Well, and, before a multitude hushed to silence by deepest emotion, was mede first President of the new nation that calls him Father.

No inenguration day cen ever rivel that one. It begen fittingly with thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God for the grent deliverance and the great future. As the church bells rang, the clouds which hnd gathered darkly as they had over the nntion's morning, rolled away, ond the sun bnrst brightly forth in heppy omen. Tha town (what there was of it at that early period) was thronged with people. No Fifth Avenne Hotel or Astor House hnd distnrbed the green sods of the country, and the surplus of visitors had to put np tents on the "Common." After service in various chnrches, a brillinnt procession gathered before the Presidentinl mansion in Cherry St. to escort him to the Cepitol; militia companies, the veterans of the jnst ended Revolution, horse, foot and grenadiers; the chief municipal officers, the congressional committee, foreign ministers, and multitudes of distinguished citizens.

No precedents existed for the inauguration of the President of a republic. The cumbrons details of monarchical ceremonies were ont of place here, yet all their dignity and more was due. When years after, Marie Antoinette, wishing to send a friendly testimonial to the President, asked Lafayette whether she should address him as she did the sovereignof Europe, he replied: "No Madam, they are only Kings, while this is the President of a free nation."

At tha door of the seante chamber, the vice president, John Adams, in eight years to be Washington's successor, met the President and led the way to tha outer balcony, where presently the group was gathered before tha eyes of the assembled thousands.

In front, tha tall commanding figures of General Washington and Chancellor Livingston who was to administer tha oath of office; the chancellor in his official robes of black, the General simply dressed, after the fashion of the time, in n full suit of dark brown American broadoloth, long white silk stockings, silver shoe bnckles on his low shoes, steel-hilted dress sword, his hair powdered and gathered in a bag. Around and behind were gathered Revolutionary generals and men whose nnmes still live in history; Knox and Hamilton, Sherman and St. Clair and others. Secretary Allison bore the Bible on a crimson cnshion, on which, laying his hand to take the oath repented with solemn deliberation to him by the chancellor, Washington bowed low and kissed the book, exclaiming with closed eyes, and voice choked with strong emotion. "I sweat, so help ma God."

Turning to the crowd, the chancellor cried "It is done. Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" The suppressed emotions of the multitude hurst forth in buzzas, while "some waved their hnts who, overcome hy feeling, could not find voice to join tha shouts"—and the little cannon mounted on "the Battery" peeled a salute of thirteen guns for the new United Stntes. "In the evening, tha city was a blaze of illnmination, and the new President himself went "down town" to see tha spectacle, retnrning on foot about 10 p. m., the crowd being too dense for carringes to pass.

Very different from tha brilliant scene was the quiet innguration of Thomas Jefferson, framer of the Declnration of Independence, as third President, March 4th 1801, ofter an election won, not like Washington's, hy the unanimous suffrages of the electors, hut after the nnparalled struggle which marked a division of political parties lasting to the present day. Refusing to have any escort sent for him, he hastened to Washington, to which city the cepitol had been removed, on the receipt of a message sent by mail. His friends flocked to the capitol to attend him, but not by his desire. An English writer who witnessed his inauguration, thus describes his appearance on the occasion. "His dress was of plain cloth and he rode on horse hack to the capitol, without a single guard or servant in his train, dismounted without assistance, and hitched the bridla of his horse to the palisades." The inaugural ceremonies were simple as they could constitutionally be.

The modern inauguration day has settled down into something midway between the intense enthusiasm of the first and the democratic simplicity of the third; the American people being quite as fond of a fine show as their British cousins, and no longer nfraid of its being mistaken for torylsm. In general features one is much like another, and no better picture of a typical one could well be given than Mrs. Mary Clemmer's description of the second inangnration of President Grant.

"The avenue opens before you—a broad straight vista, with garlands of flags of every nation and hue flung across from roof to roof. Above, glitters an absolutely cloudless sky, dazzlngly blue, and pitilessly cold. The air seems full of rushing fiends. The imps come down and seize an old man's hat, and fly off with a woman's veil, and blow a littlo boy into the cellar. The bigger air warriors sweep down benners, swoop off with awnings, concentrate their forces into whirling cyclones in the middle of the streets, and bang away at plate glass windows till they prance in their sockets. Before such tricksy foes, through the bitiag air, comes the great procession. First a battalion of mounted police, then West Point, with its band and drum major. I believe it is the fashion to find fault with West Point; but I wouldn't give much for ahybody who could see these boys and not admire them. They have their faults, (their caste and their army exclusiveness sometimes reach an absurd pitch) but look at them! What faces, what muscle, what manhood! Their movement is the perfect poetry of motion; a hundred men stepping as one. The Colored cadet is whiter than a dozen of his classmates, and has straight hair.

In the distance rises, wave on wave, a glittering sea of helmets; bayonets flash, bands play.

After West Point comes Annapolis. Pretty Middies, young and slender, in their suit of derk blue. The Midshipmen are followed by the famous Marine Corps, then the old Guard of New York with Dodsworth's Band, the Washington Light Infantry, Corcoran Zouaves, Washington Grenadiers, the St. Louis National Guard. The Philadelphia City Troops, in navy blue jackets, tight knee breeches, high boots, bearskin helmets, silver mountings, tha oldest regiment in tha United States, two years older than the Government, organized in 1794, and having furnished men to every war of tha country since. It has in its armory a letter from General Washington of thanks for its services.

But we shall not reach the Capitol till next week, unless we leave the rest of this splendid procession,—the "orphans of soldiers and sailors," the burnished and flower wreathed engines, tha brave firemen, black and white, the civic societies. The strangers swarm the galleries till they over-flow.

The diplomatic corps enter the Chamber, led by Blacque Bey, a handsome man, in full Turkish court regalia—over fifty ministers, secretaries and *attaches* in full uniform.

Now the Supreme Court appear in their robes of office, kicking them up high behind as usual, and take their seats. Vice-President elect Wilson, escorted by Senators, comes down the cantre aisle and takes his seat nt tha right hand of Vice President Colfax.

At three minutes before twelve, the President appears, leaning on the arm of Senators, takes the seat assigned him in front of the Secretary's table. A deep hush falls on tha throng. The Vice President begins his valedictory. Now comes the new Vica Presidant's little speech. Then the swearing in of naw Senators, tha proclamation convening an extra session of the Senate to begin this minute, when all start for the front door of the Capital.

On tha eastern portico, what do wa see? Below, a vast mass of human beings, lina on line of soldiers—cavalry, artillery, infantry; Before na a little gentleman sits down in a big chair—Washington's inaugural chairwe're told. A big gentleman, the Chief Justice holds forth with solemnity a big Bible. The little gentleman kisses it—kisses these words from the eleventh chapter of Isaiah:

"And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom end understanding, tha spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the feer of the Lord. And shall make him of quick understnding in the fear of the Lord, and he shall not judge ofter the sight of hie eyes, neither reprovo after the hearing of his ears."

Then he rises, and, with manuscript in hand, begins to bettle with the breeze, and read his inaugural which nobody hears. Behind him sit his wife and daughter, the ladies of the Cehinet, and the Diplometic Corps.

Now the carnival of selute; the Middles fire their howitzers, thirty seven guns; the artillery fire twenty one selvos. The firemen swing their hnts and make their throets sore with sbouting. Amid all, the multitude and the procession surge back towards the executive Mansion. Between the latter and Lafnyette Square, the military pagcant culminates with the review. The President with lndy friends enters the pavilion built for the purpose, end the troops march by, ancircling two solid squares. The entire hody of soldicry march and mass; as far as the eyes can reach through the glittering sunshine, one only secs gleaming helmets, finshing bayonets, glancing sabres, hands playing and cannon thundering. Amid all these, the four horses dashing before the Presidential barouche hear the President and his party to the Executive door which shuts them from our sight."

THE COMING INAUGURATION.

The coming Inauguration will doubtless ha as brilliant as any of its predecessors. We learn from members of the committee in charge of the proceedings, that from fifteen to twenty thousand men under arme will be in line; twenty-two company organizations of infantry nnd cavalry, of the U. S. Army, Nuvy and Marines. Among them will be n division, six thousand strong, of the State Nntional Guard of Pennsylvania. There will be two white companies from Norfolk, four colored and white from Richmond, four colored from Petersburg. The "crack battalion," from Charleston is expected, and n regiment of the California Nntional Guard, who, if they decide to attend, will come all the way by a special train, nnd at an expense of something like a quarter of a million dollars. All schools with military organization to which an U. S. Army officer has been detailed, have been invited to take part in the procession. Hampton will probably be represented there, and we are glad to learn that one hnndred Indian Cadets, from Carlisle, will take pert commanded by Capt. Pratt. The following is the letter of invitation to Hampton Institute sent to its commandant of cadets, Capt. Henry Romeyn.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ON INAUGURAL CEREMONIES. MARCH 4, 1881.

WASHINGTON, D. C. *January*, 29, 1881.

Sir:

I am instructed to tender you, and, through yon, the President, Faculty and Cadets of your college, a cordial invitation to visit this city, on the 4th of March next, and take part in the parade incident to the inauguration of Genl. James A. Garfield as President of the United States.

Please signify your acceptanca at tho earliest possihla date.

Very respectfully,
Your obd't Servant,
H. C. Corbin,
Asst. Adjt. Genl. U. S. A.,
Corresponding Secretary.

To Capt. Henry Romeyn, U. S. A.,

OLD VIRGINIA HOUSES.

It was very natural thet the colonists from tha Old World to tha New should hava tried to make their new homes in the wilderness as much like those they hed left behind them as possible. And so it was, the Dntch settlements were indeed a New Netherland, with their white stuccoed houses and steep roofs and streets narrow as if they thonght they still had to wrest the land from the sea; the Puritans founded a New England, according to their Puritanic bnt thoronghly English ideas of comfort and civilization. In Virginia as well, a New England was established, only nfter the fashion of the cavaliers instead of the roundheads. With good clay under their feet and boundless snpplies of timber around them, the colonists sent to England for ship loads of bricks and built their "Pelaces" in the wilderness, and held their mimic court surrounded by wondering saveges. Most of the ancient houses have passed away with the manners of the times they represented. A house e hundred years old is a rarity in this progressive land, where the new is constantly pushing out of its way the old. The few still standing should be cherished as historic relics of an interesting period of our national life. An interesting series of articles has been published in Scribner's Monthly npon the snbject, from one of which we are kindly furnished with the illustration on another page, and from another of which we quote the following pretty description of one of these old Virginia houses.

"They possess thet imposing look which these once grand mansions alone seem to retain. They are even now capable of outlasting houses of modern constnction recently built besida them. Dormer-windows, with many little panes, look out from the moss-grown roofs above the heavy, black-stained eaves as they have done for years, and let in the only light upon legends, records, and family secrets possibly stored in many of the garrets they open into. Beneath these windows is the door with its massive carved frame and portal arch. The door jambs and lintels, of Ionic or Corinthian design, as wall as the side-light, pillars, and divisions, are all pieces of art workmanship. Over the door the transom light is veiled, fan-like, with many radiating lines. The door itself is usually dark and cut into many panels, ornamented with knockers and knobs of polished brass. Contrasted with the bght or white painted wood-work, and pale-green or blue plastering of the vestibule, the effact is altogether in keeping with the whole house, from tha dormer-windows to the broad stona steps, with their gracefully wrought iron railings. Passing through such a door as this in one of the old colonial houses, brings a thrill of genuine pleasure. Once inside the picturesque door-way, we find the hall-way equally interesting, contrasting, as it does rather strangely, with those of to-day, where one or two chairs and a hnt-rack are crowded to find place. Here the many antique chairs, tables, and couches, as well as an old corner clock, are reflected in the polished floor, as is also the curiously wrought swinging-lamp, suspended from the ornete middle arch of the hall-way. A feeling of airiness and largeness prevades the whole place. The old family paintings on the walls are in perfect harmony with the surroundings. Beneath tha middle arch in this old house begins the broad stairway, so gradual of ascent, that it is a pleasure to loiter up beside the gracefully carved haluster and spy ont tha mysterious corners of the landing. The paneling beside the stairs is formed largely of old-fashioned corner-cupboards, that invite n mild and meditative curiosity.

Suggestive glimpses are caught from the broad hall through the open hack door, of a garden. It was once laid ont with care, and was, no doubt, the prida and pleasure of some nice gentleman in periwig and three-cornered hnt. But its owner is gone now, and the garden, through the many years of sun and rain since them, prodding alika by negligence of man and care of nature, has run wild in rank profusion, the slight attempt to restore order here and there evidently serving only to increase its charm. Its apparently meaningless shrubbery, its gnarled and fantastic shrubtrees, its flowers growing in fraternal embrace with plebeian weeds, roses and callow-grass, tulips and thistles, give a delightful air of freedom to tha once trim parterre. Vines grow in regular irregularities, with their hroad leaves rustling and jostling each other, at tha hase of an old sun-dial, which had faithfully marked off the many sunny hours, hnt which now, from want of a style, forgets to keep track of time. It seems to know its nter uselessness as it leans earthward, seeking for its final resting-place among the rank disorder at its base. Here an alley less obscured, bordered by lilacs and hollyhocks, contains a half-rotted grape-arbor, which runs almost the entire length of the garden, and ends in a summer-house, hidden in a mass of dewy, fragrant roses. As the result of negligence, the garden has been turned to a wilderness of bloom: perfect pools of color are scattered among the fresh green of the leaves and the grass, and show hright beyond the dark stems of the bushes."


JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BRYCE, MR. B. T WASHINGTON. { *Regular Contributors.*

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J. F. B. MARSHALL,
Business Manager, Hampton, Va.

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The Southern Workman, devoted to the interests of Negro and Indian civilization, is edited and managed by the officers of the Hampton Institute, and printed on the School Press by colored youth trained in the office. Subscriptions are a help to the School. It is sent on trial for four months for twenty-five cents. Job work, from all parts of the country, is solicited, and will be done cheaply and well. Estimates will be sent on application.

To the nation, or to an individual at the close of the late war, what could have seemed a greater, better work than teaching the ex-slaves, just out of *a regime* of three hundred years in which it had been held as a crime to educate them; a work which swelled into new and tremendous importance when the slave became a voter, with all the possibilities involved in Negro majorities in some states, and in their holding the balance of power in others.

Physical relief required immediate attention, being first in the order of time, though not of importance, and was provided for by the Act establishing the Freedmen's Bureau, with thirteen million of dollars to expend for the benefit of Freedmen and Refugees. Of this amount three and a half millions, through the orders of Gen. O. O Howard, Commissioner, were applied to education, and nearly a million of black children received a smattering of knowledge. The entire Negro population was interested in the subject, and sums of from ten to fifty thousand dollars were put into the foundations of Hampton, Atlanta, Fisk, Lincoln and many other now powerful institutions, then feeble and unknown, which northern men had planted. They have since been built up to noble proportions and wide-spread influence, by aid from the north. In some cases they have been helped liberally by state grants, regardless of the politics of their Yankee teachers.

This is all the general government has done to prepare its four million of "wards" for the freedom and power it gave them; for we do not include as preparation, the millions expended in maintaining an armed force at the south, to boost with bayonets the voting power of the Negro, which steadily weakened in spite of government, till the troops were withdrawn. It may be noted here that, from that time, from the apparent collapse of the Republican party and till now, the Negro vote has steadily increased as a power in the South, having created a Republican governor in Tennessee, and sent to the United States Senate two high minded liberal southerners, defeating so far the "Bourbonism" that is the bane of southern prosperity; besides securing the balance of power in Virginia, and, by a gain in southern elections, changing the House of Representatives from Democratic to Republican. The power created by giving the ballot cannot be crushed, as time has shown. The innate force of it is far greater than any external power. The logic of events is ten times stronger than the logic of rifles or artillery. How much good did coercive measures do? Politicians for nearly ten years tried reconstruction by force, and accomplished little. They expended many millions: where has it gone? What is there to show for it?

The three and a half million dollars from the Freedmen's Bureau, for education, are to-day a powerful, living force that is reaching to the very roots of southern life and progress, and is a part of the mainspring that is moving the South along to a noble future. Only mental and moral forces can lift up.

The central fact in the life of the average politician is the next election; the course of reconstruction, since the adoption of the constitutional amendments, has largely turned on selfish and short sighted views. The politician is felt on the surface of society; the educator at the bottom of it. The northern school teacher, since 1862, has been a quiet influence; at first spurned, and, to some extent persecuted, later tolerated, and now in cordial relation with the best elements of the South, recognized as a benefactor, more hopeful and confident than any man or class of exotic origin, while the politicians of both sections are still distrustful, hostile and solid against each other. The "Fools Errand" is the gospel of the northern side: it is the best campaign document of the Stalwarts.

The story of the northern teacher who has lived through dark and trying days in the past, if ever written, will show a bright and hopeful side as his later experience—which that celebrated book ignores or denies.

The lessons of experience, the teachings of good sense, the necessities of business, the bread and butter question, and, not least, free schools and universal suffrage, are the real reconstructive forces.

In spite of many things done in the south, that ought not to be done, and undone that ought to be done, a healthy progress has set in. This is as to legislative talk and political oratory, what the rising of the tide is to the noise of the waves on the shore. The one is gradual and strong, the other is violent and weak.

The best that Congress can now do is to pass the Burnside or other education bill, that shall both complete and justify the gift of citizenship to the Negro, and help to raise the poor white man. It is remarkable that during the whole course of reconstruction not a notable speech or persistent effort has been made by a Southern Republican representative to promote the spread of knowledge. The best one was that of the United States Senator Joseph E Brown, a Georgia Democrat, a few weeks ago.

It will hereafter be seen that the smart but, as a class selfish (not necessarily bad) men who have represented the Negro at Washington, have not cared for his real welfare as wisely and well as the few high and liberal minded southern men who have been there. It is this element yearly growing stronger, that is equally the hope of both races; such men are everywhere the bother of politicians, but the real friends of the people.

In the Burnside Bill now before Congress, there is the blunder of giving one-third of the avails of public land sales &c. to the Agricultural Colleges of the several States; the rest being devoted to teaching reading and writing to the illiterate masses. The colleges are, most of them, worthy, but their need has no comparison with that of the army of ignorant children in the land. They have been already well helped; those that are good for anything can do without more, those that have been failures don't deserve it. They may be meritorious, but there is no crying need, or danger, or injustice, in the name of which they can demand a third of all the national revenue available for education.

Ignorance at the South is a national danger; when it cannot control, it may get the balance of power. It is material for repudiators, and threatens the public credit; it creates chances for demagogues, and is a standing menace to us. To remove it is an act of self-preservation.

Our important agricultural interests are flourishing, are not threatened, and the Colleges are not vital to them. The Hampton Institute is one of these and, as such receives from the state of Virginia ten thousand dollars a year for current expenses. The total annual cost is over forty thousand dollars, much of which is begged from house to house. Its most pressing need is an endowment fund, but it should not, as an Agricultural College, claim it from the money needed by and owed to the benighted and helpless beings thrown by the results of the war upon the country's charity. It may have, on other grounds, a peculiar claim.

We have been led to think that the nation's bounty to them, has been checked by the jealousy of the Agricultural Colleges, or of their partizans in Congress, who have insisted on a division of the funds that a majority could not approve. If this is true it is the crowning outrage on the Negro, of reconstruction times. For all the good work that might have been done, northern Senators and Representatives are responsible more than those of the South.

Since 1862, northern friends have contributed over six million of dollars for the elevation of the freedmen. The "Solid South" is now devoting, through taxation, over a million of dollars a year to Negro schools. This is far from adequate. Though the proposed government grant is relatively small, it is something, and may lead to more. There is enough sense of duty in northern individuals and southern legislatures in this matter to make itself felt. We have not yet found it in Congress.

The Republican party gave the Negro the form of citizenship; rights but not their substance—the fitness and power to use them; they will not get power till they get fitness. Gen. Garfield half apologized for bulldozing, when he quoted to his colored callers the other day, the argument of the south against them; —their unfitness for power—and told them to go and remove that argument. This address might have seemed to them ironical when they thought of the chances they had,

The south is gradually providing the substance of citizenship by its free school system, and in other ways, as shown by the taxable Negro property of Georgia of six million of dollars, and the fact that every Negro in five in South Carolina is a land holder. This is not the result of a wholesale outrage business.

We went into the war with "The Union without slaves if possible, but the UNION with slavery if we must have it." Not until military necessary coincided with humanity; not till justice was compulsory was emancipation declared.

This is what surprises the Negro student, when he reads history.

Nearly two hundred thousand freedmen were enrolled as soldiers, and did not a little, directly or indirectly, to give victory to the North. They become the wards of the nation. The Freedmen's Bureau, for a few years, cared for them and was dropped. Hundreds of thousands were helpless; they expected 40 acres and a mule, only because they were told to expect it. Not an acre, not a mule. That was well. But hosts of aged, infirm and crippled, were turned out after a life-time of hard work, "like worn-out horses," as they say, to shift for themselves.

Our five million ex-slaves have not thrown upon the nation a single pauper to care for, but are bearing on their own burdened shoulders vast loads of infirmity and helplessness. A two mile walk from the grounds of Hampton Institute will show this.

They began with nothing. "They will not work. They will die out," was prophesied of them.

When the Confederate ex-president admits that free labor is a success, we need not argue it. The four millions of 1870, are five millions in 1880. The cotton they raise creates labor and wealth in the North, and helps not a little to maintain the nation's credit abroad.

They don't complain. But some of them are thinking.

Wise men will say by and by that the neglect by the Republican party of prompt educational provisions for the ex-slaves, has been its great blunder.

After the Constitutional amendments were adopted and the states were admitted, reconstruction degenerated into a mere contest for the Negro vote. Statesmanship became partizanship.

THE PEABODY FUND.

The Trustees of this Fund, at their meeting in Washington on the 2nd of February, elected Rev. J. L. M. Curry, D. D., of Richmond, Va., successor to the late Dr. Barnas Sears, as Trustee of the Peabody Fund

The income this year is $90,000.00, to be expended with special reference to the training of teachers.

One hundred permanent scholarships are established at the Normal College (for whites) at Nashville Tenn. Whites receive the principal benefit of this Fund.

We have known Dr. Curry for many years as a high and liberal minded Southern gentleman, appreciative of all good work, for either race, and a truly progressive man. The Trustees have made an admirable selection of an agent. We believe that the Peabody Fund has accomplished great results already, and is likely to do even greater good in the application to the improvement of teachers and teaching

Make the teachers, and you will make the people.

Frequent gatherings of the teachers of the South at centres where they shall receive instruction, inspiration, and create an *esprit de corps* is of unspeakable importance.

We have been asked to receive at the Hampton Institute for a three weeks session in July next, the colored teachers of this State. The requisite provision for teachers and other expenses can be made only from the Peabody Fund. State legislators do not see the need of such work and will not appropriate for it.

Many colored institutions have been aided by the Peabody Fund, by way of personal aid to students, usually $50,00 a-piece, which helps them with their board bills. Current expenses are not provided for.

Hampton has this year $500. for Virginia students, (boys and girls) and $450 for South Carolina boys, selected by the Superintendent of schools of that State.

The cost of education, or scholarships of them all, ($70 apiece), is provided by Northern friends.

We believe that the most enthusiastic and spirited educational work in the country is that for the Negro under Northern teachers.

Whatever may be said of race inferiority, it is true, that out of five millions of freedmen a small per cent. of talent makes a large aggregate. From this class chiefly, colored institutions are filled. Our training schools are dealing with the best brains and force of the race; with men and women conscious that they are to take a position which, in the North, is generally subordinate and destitute of *eclat*, but in the South, attracts the attention of both races. The Negro teacher is apt to be the most knowing colored man in his neighborhood, and therefore an oracle, and the whites are interested in whatever is an influence on the colored population about them. They seldom fail to commend a good teacher, who on his or her part finds the work both difficult and stimulating, but appreciated; difficult from poverty and vice, stimulating because of a general desire, that does not characterize all poor, to be improved.

The letters published from month to month in this paper, are faithful word-pictures of southern school work, by those who are doing the work. In future numbers, we shall take the liberty of publishing a number of letters written at our request by former graduates to those who paid their scholarships while here and sent via Hampton to their benefactors. They are getting away from a dreary past to a bright future. The movement rather than the result is the cheering thing.

In general it can be said that the competent Negro teacher is wanted, well treated and welcome everywhere.

THAT INDIAN BUILDING.

In the face of some solemn warning, much adverse prophesying, and of almost universal doubt, the Hampton Institute undertook to teach Indians. The unquestioned success of long and worthy missionary effort for this race, especially west of the Mississippi river, had not made a serious impression upon the public mind. Our own ideas about it were vague; none of our many friends seemed assured in the matter. We went into it in faith.

Hampton and Carlisle schools cannot claim to have proved anything new, but they are helping to push public opinion on the Indian question to a point beyond doubt.

In simply demonstrating the capacity of the Indian, they follow afar off the veteran missionaries of the west. In putting before the people results worked out by their own peculiar methods, and securing general assent to their success, they have beyond the noble Christian pioneers of the plains. We have often felt when these eastern schools have been much commended, that those good, patient, self-forgetful workers were in some degree robbed of the credit due them. We did not wonder at a seeming lack of cordial sympathy from some of them: others were, and all, we think, are now, appreciative in the highest degree.

The first building at all commensurate with the claims of the work for Indians, or adequate to express fittingly the awakening conscience and interest of the nation, is the one now projected for Indian girls at Hampton.

It is proposed to commence it early in the spring, to build it of brick, in the form of a Greek cross, one arm 100x40 and the other 84 x 35 feet, to contain rooms for 70 girls with their teachers, besides rooms for washing, ironing, a cooking class, hospital-room, bath-room, sewing-room, study-room and a large play-room.

The estimated cost is

TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

One thousand have been received. Only fifty dollars have been received in response to the statement in our last number.

Would it not be a mile stone of progress, a landmark of a new era, a symbol of the advent of peace and justice in our dealing with red men after a Century of dishonor?"

It must be done by private citizens. Government will place the Indians at our doors and pay $150 apiece a year, two-thirds of the annual cost of educating them. For the balance, $70, we appeal to the people. Individuals, Sunday-schools and ladies' benevolent societies must help to pay the nation's debt to Indians, if it is to be paid.

With the hearty and most helpful sympathy of the Executive Department of the government, there is, so far as we see, no hope from Congress for an effort like this. It assents, but does nothing, though urgently pressed by Secretary Schurz. The wide-spread agitation of the past year has added but $10,000.00 to last year's appropriation for general Indian education; confessed, as education is, to be a leading point in our Indian policy. The $100,000 asked for for this purpose, was cut down by Congress to $85,000.

The people must lead our legislators in any effort for moral progress, for either the Indian or the Negro. Public sentiment, is the hope of the weak and the wronged in our country.

Shall this needed and noble gift to Indian education be deferred?

There is, here, excellent provision for over 50 Indian boys. There should be at at least fifty girls instead of 22, as now. The sexes should have equal advantages. On them equally depends the future of their race.

We have faith that the people will respond to our appeal. We believe that the time is ripe for the effort. From "Boston philanthropy" and that of Massachusetts generally, more than from any other quarter, has come the means to build up, so far, Hampton's work for the Indian.

Will the recent agitation of the Indian question, the kindling of enthusiasm for the race, the knowledge that the Indian question is only one of *educational chances*, result in the twenty thousand dollars for the benefit of Indian girls at Hampton, for generations to come?

The "State" of Feb. 2nd gives a comprehensive review of the recent Report of Hon. W. H. Ruffner, Superintendent of Public Instruction.

"Dr. W. H. Ruffner, Superintendent of Public Instruction, has finished his tenth annual report on the condition of the public schools, and will, at an early day, send it out. He says the year which closed July 31 was our best year in all respects. The number of schools was about doubled; the school attendance was more than double what it was last year, and about 15,000 larger than in any preceding year. An increased amount of State school money was turned over. And whilst, of course, there was a larger outlay for teachers and school-house expenses, there was almost no increase in the cost of administration, and there was a decided reduction in the cost of education per pupil. There was a slight falling off in the regularity of attendance, and a slight increase in the length of the school term. Over two hundred new school-houses were built during the year, and nearly $100,000 added to the value of school property. There is reason to believe also that there was better teaching last year than ever before, and certainly we never before had such exhibition of interest in teachers' institutes and other means of professional improvement. School officers generally performed their duties faithfully, and a cheerful, harmonious spirit prevailed universally.

The school population is put down at— white, 314,827; colored, 240,980. Total, 555,807.

The number of white male teachers is 2,478; white females' 1, 610—total white, 4,088; colored males 531; colored females, 254—total colored 783. Total, 4,873.

The cost of the system for all purposes from all sources for the year, including balance due for the year, is shown to be as follows: For current expenses, $838,328 35; for permanent improvements, $91,100,77; for taking census of school population, $10,574,21; total cost for all purposes, $940,109,33.

We hope to make further extract, from Dr. Ruffner's report. He is the educational giant of this State if not of the South and has, we hope, a long career before him.

The State system is, in some sense, his creation.

SCHOOL DEBTS.

The comparison between "Harvard and Hampton" in our last issue in the matter of paying debts by students, is further illustrated by the two letters given below—The spirit shown by the writers as well as the letters themselves, would do credit to either institution.

The first letter is from one of the Hampton graduates of the last class, 1880, who is the first to pay in full his school debt.

The second letter is from a young man who left school apparently far gone in consumption—His debt of nearly $50, was considered a total loss to the school, as it was not supposed he could recover. After he left, the first intelligence received from him was the letter given below, sending the amount of his school debt in full; which he had saved at much sacrifice and privation.

These are worthy examples for all of us to follow.

Nuneysville Nansemond, Co. Va. Feb. 11, 1881.

GEN. MARSHALL,

Dear Sir,

Here present you the balance of my account. $27.12 [this was his 2nd remittance] I would have paid it before this, but my first month's labor I had to use to fit myself up for the winter. It has been so cold, had I not I should not have been able to stand it.

Allow me once more to thank you for what you did for me, for I consider that my qualification at Hampton was the making of me. The only pay that I can give is to do all I can in trying to elevate my race, for I am deeply interested in that matter. Please send me a Southern Workman, for I never get any thing here to read.

Very Respectfully,

H. C Goodman.

Saltville Va. Aug. 13, 1880.

Dear Gen. Marshall,

Enclosed you have a draft for principal due you. I have made every effort to secure this amount, and have ever felt, and do feel, ashamed that you have gone so long unpaid: but owing to the condition of my health, it has kept me busy to sustain myself, and accumulate even so small an amount.

Dear General, I hope you will pardon my long but unwilling delay. And as soon as I can, I will remit interest due* My health is delicate and even precarious, yet I work with all the energy I can command.

I Would have gone to the Normal Institute at Lynchburg, but for my indebtedness to you, which I feel proud to be able to pay.

I can never forget the kindness received at the hands of the officers of the school. I pray for your success. I feel myself in every way indebted to the Institute. I am teaching three miles from the village of Salt, have a very fair school, expect to continue here till cold weather. I hope for your acknowledgement of enclosed.

I am very respectfully,

J. M. Gunn.

* No interest has ever been required on school debts.

The roughest winter we have had for years seems pretty well over. February has been full of delightful balmy days; breathing the fresh bracing sea air brought by west winds from the Atlantic has been a delight.

The steamers are now running regularly from Baltimore. Passengers who leave New York city at four o'clock p. m., (foot of Desbrosses St.,) arrive at Fort Monroe the next morning at eight o'clock, taking a fine steamer at Baltimore at nine p. m. the previous night. The trip down Chesapeake Bay is usually as quiet as one on the Hudson River.

The Hygeia Hotel, H. Phoebus, proprietor, at Fort Monroe, is considered to be one of the best kept in the country.

Those who desire more modest prices can be well accomodated at Mrs. S. F. Eaton's boarding house, near the Hygeia.

The "Youth's Companion," an illustrated weekly paper published in Boston, Mass., is a practical, entertaining, bright paper, adapted especially to the young, but of interest to all, from the variety, excellence and comprehensiveness of its reading.

It deserves a large circulation everywhere, and we hope our Southern readers may be inclined to take it. The price is $1.75 a year.

Those who are seeking new ways to make a livelihood or wish to know about the opportunities in the West for a young man, will do well to take this paper.

THE native Chief Khame, at Shoshong, South Africa, is a very remarkable character, as reported in the *Chronicle* of the London Missionary Society. At his inauguration, some six years ago, he gave in his adhesion to Christianity, and to this he has constantly adhered. He has also taken a firm stand against the drinking habits chiefly of the white people of the English Colony, within which his province lies. Khame neither smokes nor drinks, chews nor snuffs, will have nothing to do with native charms, medicines, witchcraft, &c., and strictly observes the Christian law of one wife. Determined not to rule over a drunken townspeople, he declared against having any intoxicating liquors brought into his country or sold within its limits. Still the curse came. He tried fines and imprisonments, in vain. Jugs of liquor came in bags of corn, and scenes of drunkenness followed. He finally threatened banishment, and, though patient and forbearing, he was inflexible. He did banish, and send beyond his limits numerous white offenders, saying as he did so, "I am black, but I am chief of my own country, and I shall maintain my laws, which you insult and despise."

"Bricks without Straw" says: "Mere assent never accomplished anything." Congress assents to the needs of the Indians and there they stop. Not a syllable has been put into any appropriation bill in regard to the education of Indians in the East, most urgently asked of them by Secretary Schurz. An amendment to the allotment bill, proposed by Mr. Teller, provides for authorizing the Secretary to select and send to the Agricultural College at Fort Collins, Colo., fifty Indian youth. The bill can probably get no final vote in this Congress, and even if it passed, no money is appropriated to pay for the education of these youths. For general education the Indian Office at Washington asked for $100,000.00. It is granted but $85,000. only $10,000. more than last year. Nevertheless, the public, including members of Congress, are getting interested in Indian civilization, and what is more, are getting to be almost intelligent on the subject, which is no small gain.

THERE is, among those friendly to Indians, a desire of sweeping changes; such as abolishing the Reservation and Tribal Relations which some of the best authorities comment on adversely.

Dr. James H. Rhoads of Germantown, Pa., is second to no man in this country as an authority on the Indian question. In response to a letter from us, he replies as follows:

GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA,
1st Mo. 26, 1881.

Dear Friend:

1st. We cannot give up the Reservation system.

2d. The Indians should all have the privilege of taking allotments of land as they wish to do so, where they are just settling down from wild ways. On the old Reserves, where they are much civilized, the lands should be allotted in severalty,—three-fourths concurring. The allotments should be inalienable for debt or otherwise, for not less than 30 years, and then only at the discretion of the president, by permission to each tribe, as circumstances dictate.

If possible, after five years, Indians should have right to sell to each other—begets trade, etc.

3d. The surplus lands be sold, but be held to help pay farming Indians for the lands they must resign where they hold more than their share; and for school and other beneficial purposes; sold therefore at discretion of department, and with the concurrence of three-fourths of adult Indians. In Territory, surplus lands are wanted for grazing purposes

4th. Only criminal laws and laws of *marriage* and inheritance should be extended over Indians generally. Other laws to be extended by future action of Congress.

5th. Citizenship should not be conferred by any sweeping law. It gives all the responsibilities of holding and defending property, while the better Indians even are as powerless as a child to defend themselves in our courts. As Indians show the ability to acquire and hold property, they should be admitted to citizenship. An enfranchised Indian must have his annuity moneys, his lands, etc., all given up to him, and is totally discharged from all special protection or care from the general government. He must take care of himself, though as unfit as a boy of twelve.

6th. Open up chances for Indians to trade as much as consistent with safety from drink and vice. Let them have stocks of goods, and sell to each other, instead of conferring it to white licensed traders.

7th. The last is first; schools for *all* the children; and those industrial ones, teaching work, letters, practical Christianity.

The Indian Territory should be held intact for Indians, at least for twenty-five years yet, and opened only with the concurrence of Indians. I do not agree with sentiments of President Hayes and Secretary Schurz that it *cannot* be held, as if the nation could be forced to do other than strict justice.

Very truly thy friend,

JAMES E. RHOADS.

CAPT. R. H. PRATT, in a recent private letter, referring to the late Memorial of the Presbyterian body to the President and Congress, in behalf of Indians, says:

All the religious and missionary folk are feeling pushed in school matters, and there is decidedly a bright out-look for Indian work, if Congress will only act. The bestowing of citizenship (before the time) and lands in severalty, in the most injudicious order, I fear will not work wisely to the best good of the Indians. Lands in severalty and citizenship should go to the New York Indians, and those like them at first. Not to the poor Utes, who never had a child in school. It seems to me, not only cruel but cowardly to thus begin this work. The New York Indians are self-supporting, have good schools in the midst of civilization, and have had good contact for a century; they are the fellows to begin on.

WITH regard to Bihé, in South African inland Mission Station, to which a Hampton graduate, Samuel Miller, has just been assigned, the latest report says:

"The general observation may be made that the physical, mental, and social development of the varied tribes improves in the ratio of the altitude of the locality. The greater the altitude of his home, the more perfect is the native, and the natives of the coast region are most rachitic, the least intelligent, and the most unfortunate of all. In industrial arts, it is also remarkable that the tribes farthest in the interior, and therefore most remote from European contact, are the most ingenious. The coast native does not manufacture a knife for his own use, the inhabitant of the plateaus does; the latter manufactures hoes, and sells them to the degraded coast negroes." It will be remembered that the altitude of Bihe is given as about 5,000 feet above the sea.

LIBERIA.

An urgent appeal for ten thousand dollars to maintain *All Saints Hall* in Liberia, is signed by Mayor Latrobe of Baltimore, and, from other responsible gentlemen, ten thousand dollars have been secured; but a like sum is needed to maintain it.

Miss Margaretta Scott has been and is the inspiration of this worthy effort. She spent last July and August on the Liberian coast, to select a site for the school. A charmingly picturesque place has been chosen, and arrangements made for quarrying the stone, getting out the heavy timbers, and clearing and planting some forty acres of the two hundred to be given by the Liberian Legislature. The expense of the preparatory work now being done in Africa, with the exception of $200, is undertaken by people there. It is most noble; for, with one exception, they can only do this by making great personal sacrifices, and it is also indicative of their great desire to secure the better education of the daughters of the land.

Liberia is a Civilized Nation having its quota of educated men—gentlemen. The proposed school is for their daughters, and must aim to mould them into earnest Christian women, good wives, true mothers, capable of influencing the home and social life of the nation. The surroundings must be elevating, inexpensive, but tasteful and attractive; a model for the homes of the country.

Liberia is an important nucleus of African civilization. It is not a failure. No civilization in its earlier stages has made a more hopeful record.

Its claims should not go unheeded.

GOVERNOR ST. JOHN ON THE EXODUS.

The Governor of Kansas, who certainly ought to know as much as any one on the subject, takes a very hopeful view of the exodus to his own state. In a speech he made in Topeka, he estimates that 60,000 colored people have come into Kansas since 1877, of whom perhaps 40,000 have remained there, while 20,000 have been forwarded to Colorado, Nebraska, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota. About $50,000 have been spent in their behalf, ninety per cent. of them needing help at the start. The need was, however, only temporary, he states, because they quickly became self-supporting. He speaks well of their moral character, saying that they are sober, well behaved and industrious, and that 80 per cent. of their votes this year were cast for prohibition (on which platform the Governor had just been re-elected.) The flush of his recent victory may have given a somewhat rosy tinge to the Governor's glasses. There was, no doubt, much suffering among the emigrants the first year, and Mrs. Elizabeth Comstock, whose faithful labors for them are well known to our readers, stated through the press that 20,000 of them must be supported by charity through this winter. Still there seems to be a probability that those who have begun to support themselves, will, for the most part, maintain their foothold, and perhaps many of the rest will eventually do the same. The Governor paid a very handsome tribute to the devotion of Mrs. Comstock and Mrs. Haviland, than whom, he says, "God never made two nobler women." He will no doubt do all in his power to further their effort and help the emigrants to self sustaining prosperity. He predicts that the exodus will continue till protection for property and political rights is assured the Negroes in the South, when they will for the most part prefer to stay there.

That condition is constantly improving, and the best effect of the exodus has no doubt been its reflex action upon the general welfare of those who remain. Their next danger will be from bribery instead of bull dozing—a far worse danger, menacing not the body but the soul, the self respect and very life of the race. And from this danger the only exodus is in education, not only of the head, but of the whole character, in morality, industry and self respect. This is the great need of the South.

ARRIVAL OF NEW INDIAN STUDENTS.

Sixteen new Indian students, two girls and fourteen young men and boys, have arrived at Hampton from Arizona, collected under order of the Government, with others for Carlisle, by Rev. Sheldon Jackson, Superintendent of Presbyterian missions in that Territory, whose recent book on Alaska has introduced many to that wonderful addition to our dominions, and his assistant Mr. F. L. Conklin, who has had long acquaintance with the Indians of the West, in his experience as correspondent and artist of Frank Leslie's.

The new comers represent five different though more or less affiliated tribes.

They are for the most part widely separated from the Dakotas in habits and modes of life, as they are by latitude, and it will be interesting to watch the bearing of all these differences upon their education at Hampton, while it is well to obtain this hold upon as many tribes as possible.

Three of the young men are of the Apaches, the most warlike of the southern tribes, in this respect most like the Sioux. The hostile Apaches, whose famous chief Victoria, was recently killed, constitute, however, but a small band, most of the tribe being peacefully settled on their reservation. The success of this effort for the improvement of their children cannot but have a great effect in turning the tribe towards civilization.

Two of these from the Apache agency, though under twenty, have been employed by the Government as scouts, one of them having had two or three years' experience, and brought in several parties of hostile Apaches. Both of these talk some English. The third Apache, Stago, a little fellow of thirteen, is said by Mr. Conklin, to be a particularly bright and observing boy. On the journey he often found him at his elbow trying to snatch a private writing lesson, watching closely as he wrote a word, and then trying to imitate it with his own pencil.

From the Apache (San Carlos) agency come also four from the Mohave and Yuma tribes, which are altogether distinct from the Apaches in language, manners and customs, having come originally from the plains of the Gila and Colorado, in Western Arizona, while the Apaches lived in the mountains.

There is no school at this agency, and the little English any have has been picked up from their casual communication with white officers or agents. Farming on this reservation is entirely dependent on irrigation, and without competent instructors they have labored under great disadvantages in trying to dig ditches. Yet all or nearly all, including the Apaches, are reported by the United States officer acting as agent last year, as laboring to some extent, while many are industrious workers, quiet and orderly for an uncivilized people and very obedient to agency rules and instructions. They have about one hundred acres of land under cultivation, one thousand head of cattle, and two hundred head of sheep. About five thousand pounds of barley were grown last year, besides corn, which is their chief crop.

The remainder of the party are six Pimas and Papagos, affiliated tribes, living on reservations farther west than the Apaches. You reach there riding over a sea of desert land, their village appearing in the distance like a lot of burrows; a number of conical mounds, seven feet in height with a diameter of from ten to fifteen feet, built of mud plastered over a framework of branches, a hole on top for the smoke, another, half the height of a man, for a door. The people who inhabit these primitive dwellings are contented in their dirt and degradation. Perhaps they are descendants of the Aztecs and Montezumas. They worship the sun, moon and stars, but they live in the ditch. They are open, frank, fair, generally honest, also naturally very moral while uncontaminated by white neighborhood. They do not practice polygamy, and are very jealous of their wives. As usual in other tribes, the position of woman is entirely subordinate. A wife is a slave, and can be sold or killed by the husband, with impunity. Living in permanent though wretched abodes, they are not a hunting or fighting, but an agricultural people, with flocks and herds. Government furnishes them with farming tools and medicines, but for the rest they supply their own few wants, raising wheat and barley, and grinding their meal between stones, by hand. As for clothing, a very little goes a great way, and dirt fills up the deficiencies. Law as is their condition, there is something winning in the open, tractable disposition of the people, and those who see them nearest seem equally struck with the possibility of their improvement, and the impossibility of effecting it, except in one way.

The agent in charge of both the Pima and Papago reservations, Mr. A. R. Ludlam, closes his last year's report with a strong expression of this conviction. "Are you surprised then, most honorable Commissioner, that having daily intercourse with these people, we say emphatically that nothing short of educating the children apart from these scenes and influence can accomplish any speedy reformation in their condition of life? If Christian men and women would devote themselves to this work with the same zeal as to similar work in foreign lands, and with much less outlay of money, in connection with the efforts of government to civilize this people, in time we have reason to believe a different life would be seen in these red men and women of the frontier."

With 22,000 children of school age, no school has ever been established among these people until a few months ago. Those sent to Hampton are the first they have ever sent away for education.

Five of the six Pimas are of the family of the head-chief. Among them is his son and heir, Antonito, a man about thirty years old, who some years ago represented his people in a treaty delegation to Washington. He will soon be in command of his tribe of over four thousand Pimas and Maricopas. Having already some knowledge of English, and being a man of unusual intelligence and character, he was, at his own earnest request, allowed to come to learn "to better speak English and to better farming." He has left behind him a wife and two children, and a farm of twenty acres in his father's care, and brings with him his own oldest boy, of nine years, a nephew and two cousins. He had hardly got here before he was asking, "When learn—when work—this to-day?"

Could the Christian men and women of this Christian land meet these earnest asking eyes without quick response for him and his people?

Bishop Whipple of Minnesota says: "The North American Indian is the noblest type of a heathen man on the face of the earth. He recognizes a Great Spirit; he believes in immortality; he has a quick intellect; he is a clear thinker; he is brave and fearless, and, until betrayed, he is true to his plighted faith; he has a passionate love for his children, and counts it joy to die for his people. Our most terrible wars have been with the noblest types of the Indian, and with men who had been the white man's friends." President Seelye, of Amherst College, says: "When the Indian, through wise and Christian treatment, becomes invested with all the rights and duties of citizenship, his special tribal relations will become extinct. This will not be easily or rapidly done; but all our policy should be shaped toward the gradual loosening of the tribal bond, and the gradual absorption of the Indian families among the masses of our people. This would involve the bringing to an end of the whole system of Indian reservations."

Died—at Liberty Va., Feb. 1st, of typhoid fever, Lindsay Hayden, principal of the colored school in that place, and a graduate of Hampton Institute, of the class of '77, aged 29 years.

Mr. Hayden's is the fifth death among Hampton graduates which it has been our painful duty to record within a year. He has been, like two of the others, constantly engaged in teaching ever since his graduation. He was remarkably successful in his work and highly esteemed by all who knew him, both colored and white. He married, only four or five months before his death, a classmate engaged in the same good work, and they were teaching together when he was so suddenly called from it to the higher activities of Heaven. His sorrowing wife will have the heartiest sympathies of their many friends among the teachers and scholars of Hampton.

A young lady of an important Southern city was heard to express herself to a companion recently, as follows:

"I was in a store to day down on—— street where some Hampton students were making purchases, and I was never more disgusted in my life. Why, they actually behaved like ladies and gentlemen, and not like colored folks at all. They were neatly dressed, spoke grammatically, and actually criticised the goods regarding quality, style and price, as intelligent and educated people do. It was absolutely intolerable: I turned away and left."

THE YOUNG GIANT OF NATIONS.

The census is now complete as to the mere enumeration, and it declares that the people of the United States, including the Territories and the District, number 50,152,866. The census of 1870 showed the number to be 38,923,210, and so the increase is seen to be the astonishing one of 11,229,656, or more than 28 per cent., an increase, be it remembered, which took place in a decade whose first third met such a crash in the financial world, and such a stagnation of industry as never before afflicted this or any other country; a crash and stagnation which stopped emmigration, and had a large, though a hidden effect upon the native increase by birth, while it doubtless added, in some degree, to the death rate.

Of the English-speaking race, including all the colonies and dependencies of Great Britain, the United States now contains the larger part by several millions, and imagination almost loses itself when it contemplates the further increase in the next decade. Already first in population among civilized nations properly so-called, we may look to see our population amount in 1890 to at least 60,000,000, which would make us equal the population of Russia, if we except the wholly barbarous tribes which are credited to her.

Bigness is by no means greatness, but in the decade just finished this country has shown something more than bigness. It has enormously increased its productive powers. It has seized many of the markets of the world. It has asserted its place among international powers. It has reduced its debt, and carried its credit to a point that attracts the attention of all countries. It has become a creditor instead of a debtor people, and it has paved the way to accomplishing, within a few years, one among the highest triumphs in civilization—viz: providing the financial centre and place of exchange for the world—the place held successively by Rome, Venice, Amsterdam, and London; the place, sure, if wise counsels guide us, to be occupied within ten years by New York.

With these material advances, other steps have been taken. Whilst the country has measurably returned to civil methods instead of the military, it has also made large progress in science and literature, and has shown sensible improvements in public morals and public opinion.

The details given by the census will be looked for with great interest, but the outline we have given will not be changed, but established by them; and we may, without doubt, look upon the decade of 1870—'80 with satisfaction, not, indeed, unalloyed, but a satisfaction on the whole legitimate and proper, as well as patriotic.—*The State.*

We call attention to the advertisement (on last page of this issue) of the Job Printing Office, of the Hampton Institute. It solicits the opportunity of estimating for work, from all parts of the country. Prompt replies will be sent to all inquiries, and samples of work will be sent on application.—The office is as well equipped as any one of its size in the country, and is able to produce as good a class of work at lower rates than can be done in the larger cities. ☞ Send it a trial order.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

A Girl Lecturer. Gambling away his last Beans. "Eddication" objected to. Church Erection in the Literal. Just Started from Egypt's Land. A Grateful Girl. Working for the Workman.

A GIRL LECTURER.

Hampton graduate teachers in general have been requested recently to send a report of their work since graduating, to Hampton, both for the Workman, and to be sent to the friends whose contribution of scholarships assisted them through the school. The request has brought many interesting responses, among which is the following lively discription of one colored neighborhood in Virginia. Such pictures give a clearer view of things than can always be obtained by even a visit.

——Co., Va. *February* 8, 1881.

Dear friend:

I have been teaching at this place now three months. My school will close in eight weeks. This is the first shool which these people have had for four years. They of course appreciate this one and send their children very regularly. Not many of them can send their whole family of children, even if old enough, because they are not able to give them each clothes and books as they need, but they send as many as they can. A great many of the children come four miles to school and none of them live any nearer than one and a half miles, so you may learn from this that they thoroughly appreciate school.

I only know of one family that has not seen the use of education, and they have children so wild in a manner that, when you go to the house and they see you coming, they will run and hide under the house or beds. I asked their mother one day did she not mean to send some of her children to school (for she has at least a dozen) and she replied: "No, dat's what turns all dese young niggers fools now. Soon as dey gets a little eddication in der heads dey don't have no more sense." The manner in which she expressed herself was quite amusing but then it made me feel sad to think that I had met with one Negro who did not want her children to be educated and civilized, although I knew that there are many more such.

I am sorry to say that there is little morality existing among these people. Drunkanness, and card-playing for money or other property seems to be the chief idea of most of the men. I know a case where a man gave the last beans in his house playing, and they were all his family had to live on.

Very few of the people own land or much property of any kind. The women do little work, while the men (those that work) find employment with the white farmers. There is one colored farmer in the neighborhood who is as wealthy as the wealthiest white men around. My school is not far from the little village in which I was born, Dec. 29th, 1862. I visited it a few months ago for the first time since I left, when I was 2 years old. They have a railroad now and it is coming to be quite an important place as a tobacco depot. I don't think they will have school here next year, but, if they do, I have promised to come and teach again for them if nothing happens. I suppose they would have had school more regularly if they could have gottan competent teachers, and this year I gave up a good school very near my home to come here and teach these people, for I know I was more needed here than I was at home, and I feel that God has blest me in this work, for I have a good school and my children are making great progress. Although I am a girl teacher, I frequently speak to the people about temperance, industry and a great many other things which may be beneficial to them. I always have a large audience on the evenings I teach, and I almost think that I can see when I am doing *some* good. The more I go about from time to time, visiting the people and seeing the great need of spiritual and moral character, the more I try to become more useful and fitted for my occupation, and continually thank you, my kind friend, for all your kindness and help given me at Hampton. I do truly appreciate it and hope that many others will be led to the useful work of teaching and elevating their people.

I have taught in town and the country too, and find that there is quite a difference in the work. In the town you have but little more to do but give them instruction about their different lessons and of course a few other things, but when in the country, you have to teach men, women and children about most every thing. All kinds of superstitious ideas to contend with; a great many things that you seldom hear of in town excepting from some of the very old people, and they are generally laughed at and in a manner of sport made of them. I must close my letter hoping that it may interest you.

Very truly,

S. A. C.

The advantages of industrial training to the colored teacher and preacher in the South, who wants to help himself and his people, are made very apparent in the following letter. Many a Hampton graduate has been glad that he knew how to make his own school-furniture of benches and table; some have built their own school houses. Here is a young man who has gone into church erection in a literal sense, and helpful spirit.

——Va., *Dec.* 1 1880,

Dear General:—

I thought I would write to you once more in this year and let you know where I am and what I am doing. I am teaching at the same place that I taught, last term. B. did not commence to teach until the 6th. of December, the trustees of the church were unwilling to have school in the church this term. Consequently they were consulting upon it until very late in the fall, and after all they agreed to allow the school in the church for $3.50, per month, paid by the school board. I have been teaching just two weeks, and have forty-two pupils on roll, and these are not half that expect to come after Christmas. I have a good school this term, thus far, and all things look fair to continue so, and I pray it may.

I am still preaching at the same two churches in ——Co, and ——Co, Va. And I have charge of another in ——Co. of which I accepted the pastoral charge on the second Sunday in Nov. Either of the churches is more than twenty-one miles from where I am teaching, and it is very hard for me to get to them once a month and get back to my school at nine o'clock Monday mornings. But you might ask why I teach when I have charge of three churches. It is because the salary they promise would not support me even if they paid it, and that they don't do. Two of them pay, or rather promise me, sixty dollars each, and the other thirty-five dollars, per year. If it were all paid, it would only be $195.00 per year. Therefore I teach school and make about $80.00 teaching. That is, I get 25.00 per month and pay 8.00 board which leaves me $17.00 per month which is $85.00, and $195.00 is $270.00. If I get it.

But I cannot get it. Gen. I have worked very hard since I left Hampton. Last summer I bought for one of my Churches about 25,000 ft. of lumber and 7,000 shingles, and one of the deacons and myself put up a house 35 by 24, and 18 ft. pitch from floor, and it is now so that we can worship in it though we need about $250.00 yet to complete it. I expect to do all the carpenter's work myself. I do not find any time to idle, and in fact do not go to places that I ought, such as the Teachers Institute, Educational Society etc., being not only destitute of the time, but of the money to go. I do what I can for the people whether I am paid or not, I feel it my duty believing the Lord will provide for me; at the same time, I believe it my duty to look out for myself more than I do, but it is not my nature and I cannot do it.

I walked to one of my appointments last Saturday, 21 miles, and back, to my school by 8 o'clock Monday morning, and have appointments to meet three Saturdays in each month. So you can have some idea of my labors. I have wished to go to school before now, but had not the means to do so with, and hated to leave the people.

January 21st., 1881.

Dear General I wrote those two leaves in December with the intention of sending them to you, but Christmas came on and somehow my mind was diverted from it until now, and I think yet it may afford you some pleasure to read it, if it is not interesting it will let you know what I am doing. I have been teaching up to this date, six weeks, last month I had an average of 34.20 and 57 on roll. I am teaching the following series of books: Watson's readers and spellers. Davies Arithmetic written, Mann's Geography—"The World we Live in." Read and Kellogg's Grammar. Part first: Blackburn's History U. S.: Composition. Spencerian Writing books: Calisthenics: Spelling matches, the word-method.

I think by the close of this term I shall have some pupils capable of entering Hampton with credit. I shall strive with them to go. We have had a very cold winter. The James river has been frozen over for more then two weeks, so that there has not been a packet up for about four weeks. But fortunately and joyfully to the people the train arrived here on Wednesday the 19th.

Respectfully yours,

B.

JUST STARTED FROM EGYPT LAND.

Lights and shadows are not as evenly mingled in the South as they are in the North, which has, in comparison, passed the formative period. This is the reason why it is so hard to get at a fair and true statement of the condition of things here. Reports vary widely, according to the differences existing in the same state perhaps, or even county. The truth can only be arrived at by looking at all sides. The dark view given in the following letter has its own place and should remind those who are interested in the freedmen that there is still abundant need for their work.

——, Virginia *Jan.* 22, 1881.

Gen S. C. Armstrong, Sir.

Yours of the 13th. inst, was handed me, shall do what I can for the Workman: though the chances for getting subscribers in this neighborhood are few, *very* few. I dont think that there is a single person of color in the whole neighborhood who can read. None have shown themselves to me, no not one.

Though we, as, a people, have crowded events of fifty years within sixteen, it does seem to me that I have fallen into a neighborhood that has just started from Egypt's Land. I shall do what I can for the Workmen and the Institute, wherever I go.

Respectfully &c., M.

A GRATEFUL GIRL.

The question is often asked. Is the colored race appreciative of the help given them? Gratitude is rightly regarded as a sign of mental and spiritual growth. Children have little of it at first. The ignorant do not have much—because they are ignorant. Like other children, and other partially developed minds, the colored students do not always, or fully, appreciate their advantages while in school. When they go out to meet the trials of life and do its work, they begin to estimate as they never did before, the value of all that has been done and may be done for them. Gratitude grows with their growth. It is a pretty sure crop, and those who have sown its seeds can easily afford to wait.

——, N. C. *Jan.* 19th, 1881

Mr. and Mrs. D——.

Dear Friends:

Pardon me for not writing any sooner, I would have written long ago, if I had known where you were. Receiving a Southern Workman, to-day I find you are again at dear old Hampton, I hope you had a pleasant trip to England. I often think of you, and your kindness to me while at Hampton. I very well remember the time my uncle did not intend for me to return to Hampton. Mr. D, hearing of it came after me. If ever I was made glad that was one of the times. Mr. D, I am sure if you had not been so kind as to come after me, I would not have had the honor of being a Hampton graduate. I cannot find words to express my gratitude to you for your kindness toward me. Since leaving Hampton, I have tried to do all the good I could to *elevate* my race. The Fall of 1876, I taught school at Bighill, a place near Salem Va., I liked it very much, got on nicely with both children and parents, and was sorry when the time came for me to leave. That was my first experience in teaching after leaving school. The Fall of '77 I went to Thomasville to teach. I taught there until July, being so fortunate as to receive aid from Mr. B. of Boston. Both children and parents took quite an interest in the school. Mr. B. supplied the children with clothing, books etc., I feel by him as I do by you: I cannot find words to express my thankfulness to him for what he has done for me and the school children. His encouragement has caused many a dull pupil to stand at the head of his class, instead of the foot. The Fall of '79 the Phila. Association sent me to this place, where I remain until now. I have quite an interesting school, not so many as I had last winter on account of bad weather. I have a very comfortable school-room, it is nicely furnished with maps. I also have a nice globe presented to me by Mr. B. My school children are blessed with all school necessaries to encourage them to learn. I often tell them if they do not make use of their time now, they never will, I do think the colored people of the South have been abundantly blessed by the goodness of the Northern friends. I often tell the children they can only show their gratitude to the North, by doing all they can to elevate themselves to be true men and women. I always tell them to stick to the truth, always cultivate the habit of telling the truth in little things as well as in great ones. I have a very good Sunday-school, not so many in number, but those that come are very interesting. I have a sister at Hampton, I hope she is doing all she can to master her studies, as Mr. B. was so kind as to send her there. I hope you will make yourselves known to Katie if you have not, she will be pleased to talk with you, knowing you are my friends. I have often talked to her about you. Maria Bray is teaching at Salisbury, I have not seen her since she graduated. Mr. Lindley the Supt. says she is a very good teacher. Wiley E. Dodge of Salisbury is teaching within five miles of me.

Remember me kindly to the Misses M. and all of the old pupils I know. I learn that Hampton has improved so much. I guess it resembles a little town with so many buildings.

I never have the pleasure of meeting with many Hampton graduates, as the greatest number is in Virginia. R. H. is married, is now living in ——, I think she married quite an industrious man, she was teaching when I heard from her last. I had a very good letter from Jennies, not long since, I am glad to know she is situated so nicely and living so happy. I saw Wm. Cains last Fall. He was well and was expecting to teach the Winston school. I often think of class '76, what a nice time, we had. Now we are scattered over the world; some dead, some in one place and some in another. Dear Georgie and Walter have passed away, never to mingle their voices with ours again on earth. Georgie was a dear girl, I loved her as a sister. Oh may I live a faithful Christian, and some day or other meet them around our Father's throne in Heaven, where sickness, sorrow, pain and death, are felt and feared no more. Please let me hear from you when convenient, I always feel encouraged when I get a letter from a friend.

Very Truly. M. G.

WORKING FOR THE WORKMAN.

The Southern Workman is sent to graduates of Humpton at half price—fifty cents a year—and they are allowed to subscribe at the same rate for six months In this way, many are able and glad to take it. Some become agents for it in their neighborhood, and thus do better work for it than a stranger could. The pupils whose desire to come to Humpton is mentioned in the following letter, will be received if able to work and study as students of the night class, in which some of the best students in the Normal School have made their way, working by day and studying at night, earning enough by their energetic labors to carry them through the whole next year in school—a vastly better sort of education than to be carried through school by some one else.

Graham's Forge, Wythe Co., V., January 28, 1881.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong,

Dear Sir:

I received a few days ago, a copy of the Southern Workman, and was more than glad to read its pages. It contains some very interesting reading. In reading the last letter of M. Mallette and J. B. Towe, it filled my heart with sadness.

As the Southern Workman was so very interesting, it encouraged me to enter my name again as a subscriber. Please find enclosed the amount in stamps for six months begining with February number.

I have two girl pupils who express a desire of being educated where I was educated. Both are very nice and industrious girls, but they cannot go to any school, unless on the charity of some one else; as both their mothers are poor widows. So I will present their names to you, and if you can receive them on scholerships; letting them do all the work they can in Industrial Department, you will favor them, their widowed mothers, and an ignorant community.

I am doing all I can to get a sale for the Southern Workman in this county.

Let me hear by return mail.

Yours Respectfully,

T. W. M.

THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF SPELLING.

——, Md. *December*. 23d, 1880.

Dear Teacher:

As I have a few spare moments, I know nothing better that I can do to employ them than to write you a few lines about my little school.

On the fifth of October I began to teach. The first day I did not have any scholars at all, the second day I had five, which was much more encouraging.

The greater part of the people are very anxious to send their children to school, but about one-half of them are too poor to give their little ones sufficient clothes to keep them warm enough to come in the cold weather.

The larger children have to be at service or stay at home to help their parents gather their crops.

A few own land of their own; some are trying to buy little homes. The white people are in general very kind.

Minnie Washington is about three miles from me teaching, she is doing well. We often see each others and have a fine time and a good talk about good old Hampton. I am going to see her this afternoon, and to-morrow we are going home together.

The school is situated in the western part of the county, about eighteen miles from Baltimore and twenty-five from my home.

I received a letter and Southern Workman, from Susie last week, and I cannot tell you how glad I was to hear from the school.

I was glad to hear that the new building would soon be finished.

Miss L. I am trying to be a good speller, or a better one than I am. When you get this letter I hope you will say I have improved.

Miss C. told me it was a disgrace to be a poor speller. If so, I do not want to be. I am not only trying to improve in spelling but in all of my studies, as I want to go to school one more year if I can.

Please remember me to Miss H., Miss M., and all the rest of the teachers that know me.

I wish you a happy New Year.

Good bye, remember me as one of your scholars. H.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

CLOTHES.

The Indians that have been here between two and three years, are now beginning to learn the value and use of clothes. They see that it is a little more trouble to get a suit of clothes then a blanket, which they could make answer for hat, coat, vest and pants. The girls who are accustomed to keep both body and head buried beneath heavy shawls on all occasions and in all places, are beginning to leave them off more frequently. A few mornings ago, a girl came in the class with her shawl all drawn up round her head. One or two of the girls began at once to motion and pull at her. She soon dropped it from her head. One of the girls seeing that I had been noticing what was going on, said, "Indian girls at Mr. H's school wear shawls on their heads, but Hampton girls not do it." Suspecting that they had been recently lectured on the subject, I replied, "I am glad they know better." Several times in the same class a girl would unconsciously gather her shawl about her head, but a mere nod or look from the others was enough to make it drop. I think a reform in this matter has begun.

One unaccustomed to deal with the Indians would be surprised at the large amount of clothes required for them the first one or two years after taking off the blanket. To say that the boys are hard on clothes is to put it too mildly. The first two years they found many strange uses for their bed clothing. Blankets would be cut up and decorated for fancy pants, sheets would be turned into strings to serve their many purposes, and even now if a boy is in need of them, he will not hesitate to use his coat linings. Whatever is new must be worn in preference to any thing else. If a boy has a new summer suit, it is hard to make him understand why he should not wear it in February. They think they ought to be permitted to wear a new pair of cotton overalls to the exclusion of the woollen pants, for a few days, till the novelty of them is gone.

The following is about the average of the principal garments needed for a boy for the first two years: 8 outside coats, 9 prs. pants, 2 over-coats, 10 prs. shoes, 11 outside shirts, 14 prs. socks, 9 neckties, 6 prs. suspenders, 8 hats or caps.

WISH DOINGS OF THE BOYS.

The quietness of the girls' sewing school was somewhat disturbed a few days ago by the appearance of little Kawhat at the door. When asked what he wanted, the reply was, "I want sow." As much as the girls laughed, they could not shame him out of his object. The teacher gave a needle and thread and a garment to him. He sat down and worked on it the remainder of the afternoon. When he was done, the girls themselves could but pronounce it well done.

While discussing the Atlantic and Pacific oceans in the geography class, they were told that the Atlantic was noisy and stormy, while the Pacific was calm and smooth. As soon as the explanation was understood, the boys began: "Girls Atlantic Ocean, Boys Pacific Ocean." The girls attempted in vain to turn the joke.

Shatashney left an order at the tailor's shop a few days ago, for some standing collars to be made with his shirt. When they were finished, he came to me very much discontented, with the collars limber and wrinkled, just as they came from the tailor, and said "I want standing collars, these collars no good, they no stand." When told that they would be washed and starched, he replied "they clean now." After some more explanation, he reluctantly agreed to send them into the wash.

WHAT THEY ARE LEARNING.

A FARMER.

Geo. Bashotter tells what he learns on the farm.

"I am here two years now; since I came here I always work on the farm. I want to learn more about planting. I want learn plant corn, potatoes and everything. Next summer I think I learn more about planting, that is the reason I want go on farm. I will tell you something that I learn since I come. When I first come here I do not know anything about the work, but now I learn this first, how to drive horses with wagons, and how to brush the horses off, and feed the horses, and how to clean out the stable, how to feed the cows, and how to brush the cows off, and how to clean the cow stable, and how to milk. I learn this in barn, but besides this I learn how to make hey, and how to load hay, and how to mow hay with hand, and to take care of the cows and the sheep."

A SHOE MAKER.

What Samuel Brown knows about shoemaking.

"I have been working in shoe making now five months and I want to learn the trade so when I go home I can teach others, and I can make my living in that way. There are no shoemakers out where I live. I have learned to patch and stitch shoes already, and I can make a good looking shoe if I take time to do so. I hope by the time I get ready to go home I shall be able to do anything in the line of shoemaking. So I have not much to say this time, but I will next time, that is all."

A BLACKSMITH.

Alexander Peters tells how he is mastering his trade. "I am going to tell you what I have learned at Hampton School. Why I have been learn how to be blacksmith, and now I can do most every thing in my trade. Certainly I can mend those springs on the carriage's body, or I can shoe horses, and I mend chains, also I can iron it the cart. And those things which I have not quite learned yet I will try to complete before I go home, and I will do the best I can in my work. I know it is only way to do to make a useful man, so I can help my people when I get home."

A WHEELWRIGHT.

Ahnka writes about making carts and wagons. "When I came to Hampton I thought I would like make carts and wagons, so I work in work shop and make carts. I make some carts and some wagons. I like Mr. Williams very much, he show me how to work, and tell me how to make carts and wagons. I think when I go home I will make carts for

OLD VIRGINIA HOUSES.

my people, and many other things. I think I will go with that man work in the shop; I mean in my home, one man works in the shop making carts. I am getting all right in my work. This is all I have to say."

WASHING DISHES.

Julia St. Cyr tells how she makes clean dishes and sets a nice table.

"All of us, Colored and Indian girls, wash the dishes every time, after every meal and I wash dishes with two Colored girls. We have a table which some of Middle class boys and girls eat at, and so we always try to make every thing look nice, and when we all get through washing dishes we report our tables to Miss D., and when she says it is all right, then we empty our dish pans and put all our cups and saucers away. One Indian girl has the care to put all the caps in order, and another girl has the care to keep the saucers, plates, and gravy dishes, and soup dishes, in order, and two Colored girls give the dish towels out. And sometimes just the Indian girls wash dishes so the Colored girls can have prayer meetings, and when they come down Miss D——says all the girls that are glad say I, all of them shout I at once, and always want to do any work well, whatever it may be, and all of us enjoy ourselves washing dishes, and it is funny to see all of the girls washing dishes, and one girl cleans the sink where we all pour our water, and two or three girls wash dishes in a room which we call the dish room, and I think I have told you enough about washing dishes."

A PRINTER.

Jos. Marrie writes what he knows about printing, and then to prove it, sets up the type for it himself.

"Since October I went in the printing office, as I was working on the farm last term. I thought that I would try and learn the printers' trade, as I saw that one of the Pawnee boys at Carlisle was learning the trade. I thought that I would learn it so that both of us would have the same trade, so we may be able to my people, and many other things. I think I will go with that man work in the shop; I mean in my home, one man works in the shop making carts. I am getting all right in my work. This is all I have to say."

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DRILLING.

Sergeant Frank Yellow Bird describes a dress parade.

"I want to tell you about the school Battelion. First thing the bugle blows, then we fall in. The battalion is made of four companies, A, B, C and D. Each company is formed, then we march up in front of Virginia Hall where the battelion is formed. Then the Adjutant and Captain give command. The first thing is, Adjutant says to all the companies, right dress, and after then says to all the companies, guides post, and after then says, first Sergeants to the front and center march. First Sergeants report, Sergeants to your posts, march. Adjutant faces the Captain and says, Battalion formed with some men absent. The Adjutant goes on the right of the battalion, and then we have open order. After that the Captain inspects. Then sometimes he gives these commands; Break from the left and march to the right. The Captains of each company give commands, right forward, fours right. Then we go to wigwam for prayers; after prayers we go to school."

A CARPENTER.

Zedo Rencoatre does a great deal better with his tools than with his pen. The foreman of the shop, says that Zedo is one of the brightest boys that he has ever had under his charge, and that there is no doubt about his making a first class carpenter.

"I want to tell you something about my work; first thing I make table. I learn about carpenter just as well as workmen. I wish I know to write so I could tell you what I learn. I learn how to fix windows, and door lock, I can work myself about carpenter. I guess I can teach my people when I go back to my own home. Teach about carpenter, perhaps, and some book too. I think this will be good for me. I know my people don't know anything about carpenter or arithmetic. When first I came here I don't know anything about the carpenter. Now I learn some. I want learn some more carpenter and arithmetic. I want learn to teach carpenter work. Some more things I want write, but too hard for me to write in your language."

THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

David Simmons speaks about his books.

"I want write a few lines to day, and to tell what I have learned since I come here to this school. When I first came here to this school I don't know how to work examples in division, but I could read a little in third reader.

When I was at home in Dakota Territory. Now I want to tell what I did and learn at this school.

First, I was in Preparatory class; third reader, table book, spelling, brief course in geography; but now I am in B. Section, Junior Class; these are the books I studying now: fourth reader, grammar, arithmetic, spelling, writing, geography, then go to study hour in the morning and evenings. That is all I got to say now.

AN ENGINEER.

Thomas Smith has only been a short time with the engineer, but he says that Thomas can already be entrusted with many important duties. This is what Thomas says,

"I am going write this letter and tell what I learning in Engine-room now. These things that I had learned in there, and I only been in there five months now, so I don't learn much yet, and I can running the engine, and I can pump water from the well to the tank, and I can pump water into the boiler when no water in boiler, and clean engine sometimes too, and I can grease the engine, and I learn to make fire. I learn how to cut the pipes. I can run the engine and stop it again, and I like to work in there very much, and learn something. And also I like to be a good engineer, and go back to my own home. That is all I have to say."

A TINKER.

We have two Indian boys who are going ahead making nearly all the tin-ware needed for the school, and Winnebago is one of them.

"When I first came here I don't know anything about how to work and how to talk English, but now I learn good deal something about tin-shop. So make me happy all the time, and when I go back home I will try to teach my people.

Every afternoon I go to work in the shop, and when Mr. McDowell got something to work he come to me ask me, he say "Winnebago do this," then, I say yes sir, I will.

Then he show me picture, then I try one of them. When I try first time, little good, and next time I make all right.

I tell you this thing I made: pails, jars, oil cans, molasses cans, pitchers, bread pans, cake pans, dish pans, stew pans, sauce pans, dust pans, wash basins, coffee boiler, tin caps, dippers, iron bake pans. Those things I made myself. When some things I can't make then man show me once, then I make myself. So when I go home to Dakota I shall teach my friends. That is all I have to say, because I don't know how to write English."

SEWING.

Little Carrie Anderson tells us about sewing.

"I always go to the sewing school, and other girls too. And the girls sew the clothes for themselves. I like to sew, but then sometimes I don't feel like to sew very much, but I have to though, Annie, Mary, Sophia Little Bear make the doll's clothes, and they don't have to sew their own clothes, but the other girls sew their own clothes. Sometime ago we make some bags for the boys to put their clothes in, and Mrs Seymour said we made them nice. Miss E——, said if some of the girls sew very fine and look so neat, then she will pick out some of every kind and keep it, and see what the Indian girls can do."

A NEAT HOUSE KEEPER.

Edward Ashley tells how he keeps the neatest room in the building.

"I have been here about two years, now. I always wish to do well, but I don't want what is wrong, because when I go to Dakota Territory I wish to teach my relations, and also something else about dirty and not cleanly. This time I want always cleanly everything. But I don't want dirty; And then all the time I take care of my room; every morning I make cleanly my room. This is my trade in the morning. Then I go to school, and in the afternoon I work on farm. But always before breakfast, first I work in my room. I sweep floor, and then I make clean table, and chair, and looking-glass, window, or anything in my room. I wish everything very clean in my room. I know how to keep room clean now, because I am learning every morning. I have two trades always, one early morning, one afternoon, it is these, keeping room and work on farm. I like both very much. All the time every Saturday I wash my floor, and door, and window, and chair, and table, because I don't want look ugly my room. I study hard, too."

A COOK.

Josephine is a faithful worker and does a good part of the cooking for the Indians, who have special diet when sick.

"I thought I would write to you a few lines to let you know about Indian boys and girls who are sick. I cook for them, every morning, beef, oat meal, coffee, tea, eggs, light bread. I think this is a very large breakfast. Some of the Indian boys come over to breakfast, and sick boys I send their breakfast over to them. I cook for them until 9 o'clock, then I go to school. Sometimes 10 o'clock I go to school. I not cook for supper and dinner.

I was very glad to cook for the sick boys and girls who are sick. One morning I was setting the table, and I forgot my meat, so it burned up. I was very sorry, indeed; I cook some more meat. I like to cook, but sometimes very hard work."

(Concluded on page 32.)

SKETCHES OF MISSION LIFE.

No III.

BY MRS. O. O. ARMSTRONG.

In reply to inquiries, made by some of our readers, we publish the following dates:

Richard Armstrong was born April 13th. 1805, in Taborville, Penn., was graduated from Dickinson College, Carlisle, Feb. 1827, and from the Theological Seminary, Princeton, in 1831; was ordained October 27th of the same year.

Clarissa Chapman, was born in Russel, Mass., May 15th, 1805, studied in Munson, Mass., and was married to Richard Armstrong, in Bridgeport, Conn., Sept. 25th, 1831. They sailed from New Bedford on Nov. 26th of the same year, in company with John S. Emerson, David B. Lyman, Ephraim Spaulding, Wm. P. Alexander, Cochrane Forbes, Harvey Hitchcock, Lorenzo Lyons, (ordained ministers,) Alonzo Chapin, (physician,) and their wives, and Edmund H. Rogers, printer.

The three missionaries, Wm. P. Alexander, B. W. Parker and Richard Armstrong, who, with their wives, were appointed to the Marquesas Mission, found, on their arrival in Honolulu, that a small brig had been engaged to convey them to their destination, and, on the 2nd of July, 1833, they embarked. The size of the vessel made it necessary for the six adults, with the two children, to occupy the after cabin, which was some twelve feet square, with a step-ladder in the centre, leading through the hatch-way on to the deck. It was a dismal hole, for the heat of the sun, during the day, could only be endured by closing the hatchway, which made the cabin perfectly dark, so that whenever it was possible, we preferred to crouch down in some corner of the deck, where we could at least get pure air. We had Hawaiian nurses for the children, who, though they had but just emerged from heathenism, were invaluable. The provisions, salt-beef and pork, sea-bread and rice, had all been brought around Cape Horn, and age had not improved them, except as it had given life and animation. Some butter had been put up by kind missionary friends, and by soaking hard bread in water and picking out the worms, we got, with the butter, a meal that we could eat. It was a hard journey to the land of cannibals, but we had voluntarily gone forth to carry the Gospel message to those who sat in darkness, and through all our dangers and trials, not a murmuring word was heard from any lips. The children suffered most, and it seemed at times as if they could not survive the voyage, such was the lack of comforts and proper food.

TAHITI.

The unfavorable winds which met us were regarded as a kindness, for they caused the captain to decide to touch at Tahiti, and after these hard weeks at sea this seemed providential. The beautiful green harbor with its cocoanut, orange and guava trees, was a feast to our weary eyes, and it was indeed reviving to be received and entertained most hospitably by the English missionary, Mr. Pritchard, and his wife. It was noticed that the children of the missionaries in this field, mingled freely with the natives, indeed could speak the native dialect better than English, and the parents were surprised to learn that this was not allowed at the Sandwich Islands. In after years keen regret was felt by these missionaries at having permitted such freedom between natives and their children.

The stop at Tahiti proved to be an oasis in a long and dreary desert. Pleasant acquaintances were made who had the same hopes and aims in life as we, and, as for months they were our nearest neighbors, the remembrance of them was a constant comfort. One of them gave us a cow and calf, so that my poor little sick daughter recovered, and had suitable food for the rest of the voyage, which, in many respects, was more comfortable.

NOOHIVA.

In about two weeks, we reached Taiohai Bay, in the island of Nuuhiva, when, as soon the anchor was cast, canoes put out from the shore, filled with natives. Others did not wait for canoes, but swam out, clustered round the brig, clambered up the sides and on to the deck, with as much assurance as if they owned it all. For the first time they set eyes on white women and children, and their exclamations of admiration and astonishment were unbounded and vociferous—almost deafening us. Both man and woman, naked as when they came into life, rushed around us, staring into our faces, throwing up their arms, clapping their hands and shouting "motaki" (good). The captain, feeling some solicitude for the comfort of his passengers, advised the women to go down into the cabin with the children, while he should somehow arrange things better. He was gentle and cautious, gave the natives hard bread and tobacco, to attract them off, and then put up a kind of board fence, so that the women and children could come on deck to be gazed at, without being in contact with the wild creatures, who could hardly be prevented from scaling the fence. They were tattooed so as to make them most hideous to behold. In some, the greater part of the body was covered with various figures, such as fish, lizards, stars, etc. The hair of the men was shaved close with a shark's tooth, all round the lower part of the head, while the rest was left long, drawn straight back and parted in the middle. These two parts were twisted separately, tied with strips of white bark cloth, and formed into two erect horns, some six or seven inches high, which style of hair dressing greatly increased their savage appearance. The hair of the women was mostly hanging down their backs.

One of their number could speak a little broken English, and through him they were told that if they would keep on the other side of the fence, the white children and women would come up to be seen. They were delighted with this, and as soon as the white faces appeared, let out a most savage yell. It was no enviable position, to sit in exhibition before such a hideous company, and pity and shame, accompanied with fear and trembling, filled our hearts. Fortunately their language was not familiar, and it had been better if darkness had concealed their actions. Their fierce eyes were like the eyes of serpents, and we shrank before them. The children were greatly admired, especially my little girl, who was delighted to use her feet at every possible opportunity. We were weary and exhausted and longed for quiet, but patiently endured, though it was heart-sickening to think of living in the midst of such beings, human in form, but animals in their propensities. We could not but ask ourselves if there were no other way to subdue these tiger-like cannibals than through such feeble instrumentalities as we were. We realized now fully that we had taken our lives into our hands—what the result might be we crowded from our thoughts, for nothing so bad as what we found could have been anticipated, and we could calm ourselves only with the assurance, "Lo, I am with you."

As night drew near, the captain, through the interpreter, told the natives to go on shore, for that the next day the missionaries would land and visit the sick chief, Hape, where they could be seen again. Some of the wild men at once proposed to exchange wives with the missionaries, for it being their custom to leave their wives on board the ships which touched there for wood and water, they had no doubt that this would be a fair and agreeable exchange on all sides. At last they went on shore, and we were left with nothing but the grace of God to sustain us.

The little bay in which our ship was anchored was safe and beautiful, fringed with green down to the sanded shore, surrounded by green hills, the calm, blue sea spread out before it, the seemingly not far distant horizon as a boundary, the blue arched heaven wrapped round all like a veil. As we looked at such beauty, bathed in the last rays of the setting sun, it baffled comprehension, that in midst of it all should be placed beings "made in the image of God" and yet so vile. We lay that night upon what seemed a sea of glass, and rested peacefully, though, had it not been for the trustful leaning upon the Everlasting arm, the hideous objects which were forever photographed upon our minds, must have banished sleep, and left all eyelids deeply stained with tears.

LANDING.

The next morning, on arising, we had more leisure to look at the land which was for an indefinite time to be our home. The tall feathery cocoanut trees, the larger spreading bread fruit trees, mixed with a mass of other and varied foliage, seemed to indicate a rich soil. The back-ground was jagged hills or mountains, whose tops were clearly cut against the blue sky. A boat was made ready, and Mrs. Parker and I, with the captain and the three missionaries, were lowered into it, leaving Mrs. Alexander on board with the children. On the beach we were met by a crowd of natives, some of whom had donned their best attire, while others were in fashion like Adam and Eve, a bread fruit leaf doing duty for a fig leaf. Some had been anointed from head to foot with cocoanut oil, tinged yellow with some vegetable juice, which was of a most disagreeable odor. Strings of dog's teeth and shells were twisted round their ankles, wrists and necks, and the men carried spears or clubs. All united in a general yelling and clapping of hands when the strangers stepped on shore, and from that day the clapping of hands as applause in any public place, has most unpleasant associations to my ears, so often deafened with it is that savage land. News of our arrival had spread to the other bays, and crowds gathered round us, obstructing our way, peering into our faces and screaming with amazement at these first white women. Mrs. Parker and I walked until our weakened limbs became powerless, and then our husbands, taking us in their arms, succeeded, by resting frequently, in reaching the house of the old sick chief, about a quarter of a mile distant from the landing.

THE CHIEF'S HOUSE

stood on a platform of stones, elevated some five feet from the ground, but not at all symmetrical in form. It was built of posts set in stones, about four and a half feet high, in which were placed the rafters, fastened by cords made of cocoanut fibre. In the same way they were tied at the other end to the ridge pole, from which the back of the house went down perpendicularly to the ground or stones. Bamboos were tied on to the rafters some five or six inches apart, and the ends of the house were closed in the same way with bamboos or slender poles, tied in horizontally. The roof was steep, and, with the sides, was covered with the leaves of the bread fruit tree. The low front of the house was open for the whole length, some fifty feet, and the floor was made of stones, worn smooth by long use. Two long trunks of cocoanut trees lay about four feet apart, in the back of the house, and between them were spread on the stones, small single mats. This was a bed for all, promiscuously, one tree serving for the heads and the other for the feet of the sleepers, to rest upon. Here lay Hape, the chief, whose tattooed visage was truly fiendish. Through the interpreter he welcomed the missionaries, and bade them sit on the floor, which they, through weariness were glad to do. He said that he wanted teachers, and also medicine to make him well, his idea being evidently, that as white men had brought disease, white men could cure it. The doctor who had been appointed to accompany the little Marquesan Mission, had not been able to do so, because his wife had become a confirmed invalid as a result of that dreadful voyage of of six months round Cape Horn, and my husband, who had attended medical lectures and had a fondness for the work, decided to give as much time to it as possible.

A HOUSE FOR A HOME.

When Hape asked for medicine, we asked him for a house for the new teachers to live in. He put his long hand on the stone floor and said "This is for them." He gave us some cocoanuts and bread fruits, and said again that they wanted teachers and wanted to learn about God. Heart-sickened by this horrible old cannibal, and the revolting indecencies which we had witnessed, we returned to the brig, where the little band of voluntary exiles gathered, feeling that we were about to enter a lion's den. Though the way seemed so dark we did not falter, but looking upward for help and protection, made our arrangements for landing the next day, for the captain could not longer prolong his stay.

The cattle which we took with us, some four or five young creatures, with the cow and calf, were the first of the kind ever seen on these shores, and like the white women, were greatly admired. Our few goods and provisions, which to these people seemed an immense quantity, were taken to Hape's vacated house, and our three Hawaiian attendants, who, by the side of the wild Marquesans, seemed highly civilized, took our boxes there to be opened when we could get to them. The men closed up the open side of the house, and of rough boards and pieces of boxes, made doors, some four feet in height, through which we could pass by stooping. The cocoanut trunks were removed, and, with Hape's consent, small windows were made by cutting away the leaves, and leaving the bamboo sticks for frames. The Hawaiians were left on guard, while the women were brought on shore, and though the air shook with heathen shouts, it was a relief to stand once more on firm ground. With as much energy as possible we set about getting settled, in order to begin the work of taming and teaching. With a calico curtain and cotton sheets each family partitioned off a room twelve or fourteen feet square, with a small store-room at the end, where the Hawaiians could sleep. In each of these three rooms was a bedstead, cupboard, small pine table, two chairs, a trunk and some articles for daily use. We made a floor by filling up the interstices between the worn stones with gravel, and laying over it pieces of mats which we had brought with us. The cook-house used by all, was under the spreading branches of a great bread fruit tree, some thirty feet from the house.

Wood was abundant, but not so pots and kettles, and our small supply had to be constantly watched by the Hawaiians, and, when not in use, kept under the bed, or they would have soon been stolen. Our food consisted of American salt pork or beef, boiled, with sweet potatoes and roasted breadfruit, (which last was very delicious) and tea. We had bread baked in a kettle, and gravy, made from the pork, was our substitute for butter. A little milk from the cow was divided among the three families, and was considered a luxury. When we sat at table, natives thronged round the house to peep in at us, and all our actions were closely watched. This, with the noise and confusion, was exceedingly disagreeable, but must be endured, lest offence should be given, which would surely bring revenge.

They frequently asked for food, which was given them, and were one and all most expert thieves, seeming to steal for the pleasure of it, not because they cared for or needed the articles. They would snatch our dinner from the pot, when the cook's back was turned, and though without a single garment, would somehow manage to conceal their spoils, so that it was often impossible to detect them. It was not safe for a white woman to step from the house alone, not even to the cook house, and for the first three months we were close prisoners.

The language was soon learned, as it was similar to the Hawaiian, and the books and cards printed in that dialect were a help in teaching.

THE FIRST SERMON

was preached on the third Sabbath after our arrival, and was, of necessity, short. It was an exciting day. The big tree was Church as well as cook house; under its branches the preacher stood, on a platform of stones; the ladies sat in chairs, and the natives, after rushing round in noisy confusion, squatted down on the ground about us. They were well pleased with the singing from Hawaiian hymn books, and when told to sit quiet like the teachers, seemed to endeavor to do so. As soon as the services were over, the shouting began, and they rushed about in all directions like wild animals, apparently making fun of all that had passed.

The men of the mission mingled with the natives, in order to study their habits and customs, but the women were confined to the house, only going out to religious services. It was always necessary for one of the missionaries, with the Hawaiians, to remain on guard, for the natives could not be trusted for a moment. Our rooms were small, and in that tropical climate, hot and uncomfortable, and we were worn and weak, but there was no escape; we were prisoners, and suffer as we might, it was better than facing the crowd of clamorous animals by whom we were always surrounded. The brig had gone, and there was nothing but the restraining power of God, to prevent them from demolishing all barriers. The immorality of seamen had left no good impression, and it was difficult for the natives to realize that all white men were not alike. They only learned from observation, and this was a slow process, especially as they had no desire to learn. Our lives seemed to hang upon a little thread, and our only course was to look upward and work.

We call the attention of our readers, both white and colored, to the sketches of "Working-mens Homes in Virginia," in our "At Home" column. It is our intention to take more especial pains than ever, to adapt both this column and the "Teacher's Table," to the real needs of the people. The next "Teacher's Table" will have an account of some Hampton methods and experiences, which may be suggestive to its graduate teachers. We would be glad to hear from them, as to the homes around them, as well as the schools.

[continued from page 31.]

A DICTIONARY.

Chief-elect Wildcatt, a Shawnee boy, in the Middle Class, is improving his spare time by compiling a small English Indian Dictionary. He says that his tribe has no such book, and one is greatly needed. They had one a good while ago, but it has gone out of print. He has not gotten through with the A's yet, but it shows great care and patience, and will, no doubt, prove a great benefit. The following is his description of it:

"I have been translating a few English words into the Indian language since last summer, and I expect to continue in my work, if nothing prevents, little by little each day, until I shall accomplish my little book. I take only five or ten common and most simple words in the English language, and of course only those that I know how to use. I study and compare them carefully. Sometimes it takes a long time to find a suitable word which has the same meaning as the other.

It is strange to say that I have found some of the most common words in English language that have no words in Indian to take their places. But many others do have, but still would have a little different shades of meaning either in English or in Indian. Take the word *mata*, (mahtah) for instance, which means *no*, and also it can be used in place of the word *not*, which would mean almost the same, and it is nearest word I could get. It depends greatly where the emphasis is placed, and the use of it. My object in this little work, though very slow, is to get all the most common and familiar words in the English language translated, if I can, so that when I go home to teach, it may be a advantage, and useful to me in explaining and teaching others, because I shall know just what English word to use in place of Indian word"

B. T. W.

A COLORED GIRL'S EXPERIENCE SINCE THE SURRENDER.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

About the time the Normal School for colored Teachers opened here last summer, I met on the street one evening, a plain-looking dark skinned girl whose face seemed very familiar to me, and after a momenta reflection, I decided that it must be Julia Jenkins, the daughter of a worthy old colored shoemaker whose family had come to the village where I then lived, after the close of the war. I stopped and spoke to the girl, who at first looked at me in surprise, and then exclaimed, "Why this is Miss Orra." After hearing that she was one of the teachers attending the Normal school, and inquiring for friends in my valley home, we parted; Julia promising to come to see me during her stay in the city. I saw her several times afterwards in the Normal Institute, and noticed her studious and attentive demeanor, and one Sunday afternoon she came to see me, and we had a long talk, partly of mutual friends and acquaintances, and partly about herself, and her life since I had seen her last.

I had heard that Julia's mother had been the cook at the Log Cabin which was such an attraction at the Centenial Exposition, under the name of the "New England Kitchen a hundred years ago," and had greatly wondered how she came to be there. When I asked Julia about it, she said she must tell me the whole family history to make me understand her mother's appearing in such an unexpected place. It seems that at the Emancipation, her father Jerry Jenkins, left his master's farm, and, with his wife and children, moved into our village to seek their fortune among the townsfolk. Uncle Jerry was a shoemaker and general jobber, and his earnest, active wife could turn her hand to various trades, such as washing, cooking etc. The old people worked hard and sent their children to school to "Miss Libby" and "Miss Phebe," the nice Yankee school marms, who taught the first Negro school in our town. The family were possessed with the desire to have a home of their own, and it was not long before Uncle Jerry had bought a lot and put a small log hut on it, which all the family worked hard to pay for, and of late years they have made considerable additions to it; so that it is now a very comfortable home.

The two girls, Julia and Mary, learned fast at school, and Mary showed so much musical talent that kind Miss Libby said it would be a shame for such a voice to be kept in a kitchen, and she interested northern friends in her promising pupil, to such a degree that some Boston ladies undertook to educate her as a musician. Teachers took Mary and two or three more of their pupils with them to the North, and as the climate proved too severe for her, she was sent for a term or two to Hampton, and then returned to Boston. She had learned very well and her voice was developing beautifully, when unfortunately a severe cold fastened on her lungs, and after struggling vainly against it for awhile, the young singer gave up her hopes of distinction, and quietly returned to her old parents in the little Virginia home, to be tenderly cared for awhile and then to die.

When Mary went North to study music, Julia, by Miss Libby's assistance, secured a place as cook in a New Jersey family, and since that time she had made many trips across Mason and Dixon's line, having lived at service in several different states, and at intervals going back to the log cabin in the Shenandoah valley, purchased by the united efforts of the family, in case of sickness or special emergency staying at home for a while, and then returning to the North for service, as she could make better wages than in Virginia.

During the Centennial summer, she persuaded her mother to join her in Philadelphia, and they were both engaged at a restaurant on the Exposition grounds, to wash dishes and assist in cooking. In this establishment there were several colored servants who had always lived North, and Julia dilated upon the difference between them and Southern servants, drawing the inferences largely in favor of her own class. The Philadelphia colored domestics were, as she asserted, bold, fierce and rough in their manners, used bad language, getting as much as possible from the employer, and doing as little as possible in return, and never on any account submitting "to be put upon," which she evidently considered a special merit in the southern Ethiopians. The keeper of the restaurant soon discovered the value of his Virginia domestics, paid them good wages and treated them very kindly when he was not drunk. He would get drunk, however, and "cut up awful", raging and swearing at any one who ventured in any way to oppose him. The northern servants neglected their share of the work and imposed on Mrs. Jenkins and her daughter, who found themselves extremely uncomfortable, and at length Julia left the place and entreated her mother to do likewise. The old dame, who was making more money than ever before in her life, was disposed to bear her disagreeable situation until a better one could be secured, and worked on with that patience which has sustained the faithful Negro under centuries of bondage, and through years of freedom which have often brought him greater hardships than he knew in slavery. After leaving her drunken employer, Julia was walking about the Exposition grounds discoosolately enough, when an acquaintance told her that help was wanted at the New England kitchen. Miss Jenkins had a very poor opinion of restaurants and their keepers just then, and somewhat indifferently walked into the Log Cabin merely to see how things looked, and great was her delight to find in the lady presiding at the tables, the kind "Miss Libby", who had been her first northern friend. The pleasure in the meeting was mutual, and in a few hours Julia and her mother were both installed in the kitchen, with good wages promised them, and both kept their places with much satisfaction until the season closed.

When preparations were making for the Paris Exposition, the enterprising Miss Libby proposed to lug her Log Cabin across the Atlantic, and wrote to engage Mrs. Jenkins' assistance in representing our national dishes in France. Just at this time her daughter Mary's health was declining, and the fond mother would not leave her.

Julia gave me an interesting account of the Log Cabin eating house, with particular directions as to the preparation of the famous baked beans of New England, a dish with which I am not acquainted, as it is little used or even known in Virginia—though I have little doubt that this, like other "Yankee ideas" is destined to become popular in the South.

As her sister's health grew worse this summer, Julia declined several good situations offered her in the North and returned to Virginia with her mother, to assist in taking care of the invalid. She was so fortunate in the autumn as to obtain the position of teacher in a colored school within an hour's ride of her home, so that she could readily be summoned in case of her sister's growing worse.

She told with a simple pathos the circumstances of her sister's illness and peaceful death, which occurred as is often the case with consumptives "when the leaves begin to fall", and said that since that time she had felt unwilling to leave her parents, who are growing old, and she had continued to teach the little country school near them. She had studied to improve herself by all the means within her reach, and was happy to embrace the excellent opportunities afforded by the Lynchburg Normal Institute. I was pleased to hear her speak with admiration, unmixed with envy, of the Hampton graduates, whom she considered very fortunate in their chances for education and training. She regretted that it had never been in her power to go to Hampton herself, as she had heard so much of the school from her sister, and other students, and was particularly impressed with the kindly interest which she said she had noticed always followed the pupils into their after lives, from the teachers and patrons of the school, which she knew to be of great advantage, especially to the girls, in the difficult situations in which many of them were placed. I knew of many good works originating from Hampton, but Julia spoke of one method of kindness far-reaching in its influences, of which I had not heard before. This was in regard to the boxes of clothing sent to the Hampton graduates to distribute among the colored people. "I knew of whole families who could hardly get through the winter, but for the good warm clothes that arrived in those boxes" said Julia, who had evidently a high appreciation of this thoughtful kindness shown to her race. It is impossible to tell how much good is done by such benefactions, in the extreme poverty, so common among the colored people, and nothing better suited to their needs could be given than these supplies of ready made garments.

The experience of this young girl is a very simple story of humble life; my heroine is a very unpretending colored woman, who has struggled hard to reach her present position, and assisted so little in the meantime in the support of her family, all of them obscure people, whose chances in life have been only those of the poorest and most ignorant of our country.

The circumstance of a young girl, going from the place of a servant to that of a teacher in our public schools, has no parallel, as I am aware, among the white people of the state, but such cases are not uncommon among the Negroes.

Although born slaves, and living among the lowly of our land, struggling with the hardships of poverty, social ostracism and all the difficulties besetting their race in our generation, such colored girls are often full of noble aspirations, and if now found in low estate, are "bound to climb up higher". Many of them are, year by year, not only improving their own condition, but setting excellent examples and exerting a most wholesome influence among their people. The fact that from slaves and paupers, they have become educated citizens, not seldom property holders, is an ever present source of congratulation to them.

There is still a long stretch of road before such people in the pathway of progress, but if they keep plodding, faithfully on as they have done in their years of freedom, they will reach the goal at last, and their more highly favored companions in the way should ever extend them a helping hand in time of need, and heartily wish them God speed.

SUBSIDIES.

Whether our Government should or should not grant subsidies, is one of the questions soon to become prominent in partizan discussions.

Practically, a subsidy is a relatively large sum paid by the government to an individual or corporation, for a relatively small service: especially, when without such government aid, the individual or corporation could not survive.

If, for example, a company were organized, to sell for three cents, loaves of bread that cost four cents to make, add the government should pay it three cents on every loaf sold, then that company would be in receipt of a subsidy of three cents per loaf. Painfully plain as this illustrationmay be, it presents, in a material form, all the points involved in the subsidy theory.

In behalf of subsidies, it will be urged that some people will get five cent loaves for three cents, hence they will be benefited by the subsidy. Let us look a little deeper. From whom would the government get the three cents a loaf paid as subsidy to the company? Clearly from only one source, from the taxing of all the people of the United States. The government has no other source of income. The working of a subsidy then is to fleece the many to fat the few. The imaginary company; though apparently selling for three cents what cost five, is really getting six cents;—three from the buyer of the loaf, and three from "Uncle Sam:" as the government gets its three cents from bread buyers all over the country, it is manifest that bread buyers are paying six cents for what they might have got for five. Some few bread buyers may be benefited, but many are injured, and the theory of this Republic is to have, and carry out, a policy, that will do the most good to the greatest number of people.

Out of subsidies grow monopolies. Who would try to run a bakery on his own account, when a neighbor had three cents a loaf as a subsidy? Is it not clear, that the effect would be to close all bakeries but the subsidized one? This would leave but one seller for many buyers—and the result would be, higher prices than three cents "all in spite of my Lord Subsidy."

Whatever it *pays* to do, somebody will be found ready to do. Demand brings about supply, and supply brings about demand. If there be no apples in Hampton, and five hundred people want apples, and are willing to give valuable things for apples, the merchants would not telegraph to Washington for a subsidy, but to those markets, whence the best apples could be got, at the lowest prices and in the shortest time. If more than enough apples to supply five hundred buyers were to arrive in a day, prices would so accommodate themselves, that more than five hundred buyers would be found. No subsidy will prevent the decline of a glutted market.

If there be anything that asking a subsidy means, it is, that it is right and proper for people to ask the government to do for them, what they deem neither wise nor prudent to do for themselves. To carry out the theory of subsidies to extremes, it should be held, that it is right and proper for the government to continually indulge in losing speculations; that some citizens may benefit thereby. If, for instance, the government should agree to buy all the wheat raised in Iowa, for three dollars, when in open market it was worth but one dollar per bushel, then the wheat growers of Iowa would have a subsidy. But who would have to pay the amount of that subsidy, save the people of the other thirty-seven states!

A very plausible argument is offered by subsidy hunters, that usually takes this form:—They say (and with truth,) that the carrying of the mails by the United States in sparsely settled districts is an expensive business, that is, that the cost of carriage, delivery etc. far exceeds the amount received; so that it is practically taxing the people of one section for the benefit of the people of another, to continue the mail service in such sections. Hence it is argued, as nobody opposes the mail service of the United States, whereby one section is taxed for another, nobody should object to taxation to provide means for other's subsidies. The specionsness of this argument lies in the fact, that in the matter of mail carriage, the government gets the fat with the lean. The profits of the Post Office in certain thickly settled sections goes to make up the loss suffered in other sections. As a matter of fact, one about balances the other. Now, when the government grants a subsidy, it gets all the lean, and but the veriest scrap of fat. In the matter of mail carriage in the United States, the profit and loss both belong to the government. When a subsidy is granted, the certainty of loss falls on the government, and the certainty of profit on those subsidized. Otherwise, why should they ask for a subsidy?

It is further argued that by means of subsidies, certain lines of industry may be opened that would otherwise remain closed. No doubt pineapples could be raised in Greenland, if the government would grant a subsidy to procure soil, fuel, greenhouses, light, skilled labor, etc; still other industries would have to be sorely molested in this conveying of the tropics to the pole. You cannot make a hill without cutting down some other hill, or making a hollow at least, equal in depth to the height of your hill. Beyond this it seems to me that subsidies do not always develop new lines of industry. If my neighbors earn all taxed to give me a fat income without material exertion on my part, either as money-lender, capitalist, or laborer, the sum of industry in the community is lessened by just the amount of exertion I should have had to put forth, if my neighbor had not been taxed to pay my living.

Another plea of subsidy hunters takes this form. If a subsidy be granted for "a little while," the proposed industry will be strong enough to live by itself. This statement is as hollow as a drum—hardly an industry brought up on government pap ever gets strong enough to live on the coarse financial food of unsubsidized mortals. If any such exist, it is a miracle; and working miracles is not one of the objects for which the government was formed.

Subsidies and corruption, if they do not go hand in hand, are generally check by jowl. For anyone to defend, as a government policy, a line of action that tends to corruption, is for somebody to have a bad case.

The cardinal error of those who honestly believe in subsidies as good policy, lies in their failing to appreciate that what we call the government is to itself nothing. To be sure it has been beautifully said, that our government is of the people, for the people, and by the people; but a plainer statement is that the people are the government. The Treasury of the United States is not a creator of dollars—it is mere like a hopper, from which nothing can come out unless something has been put in. We would "write down as an ass" a mill owner, who should drive his looms, full speed, and expect cloth, if he fed no yarn. Yet subsidy hunters always assume that the Treasury can give without taking.

The derivation of the word subsidy is enough to condemn it—in Latin, it meant the third or last line of battle; the final thing to be called on, when all else had failed. Philology and public policy seem strangely in accord on this word.

T. T. B.

Col. Dickinson, speaking of our trade with Japan, says; "I think I can safely say that I was not in a single town of 500 inhabitants in Japan, where I did not see a store with a small stock of American goods. We can sell them everything. There are thirty-five millions of people who want everything that we can send them, and they are taking them just as fast as we can send them. All over Japan I found American sewing machines. Twenty years ago European boots and shoes were unknown there; now there are 20,000 who cannot get along without them. So with the grain; they need all we can send them." There is said to be an immense market for canned goods, a description of merchandise in which we can fairly claim we are unrivalled. There seems to be no doubt that large exports of our cotton goods, flour, fruit, and general merchandise might be made in exchange for tea, rice and silk, but here again the growing greatness of our home market, more perhaps than foreign competition, interferes with the extension of our foreign commerce.

At Home.

COLORED WORKING MEN'S HOMES IN VIRGINIA.

TWO KINDS, WHICH IS YOURS?

ONE KIND.

A correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune* gives a picturesque, but very fair description of one class of cabin homes in Virginia. It will be easily recognized by many of our readers, from their own observation.

"It is necessary to observe that Northern and Southern standards of comfortable and prosperous living are widely different. Many things which the poorest Northern laborer requires in his home would be useless, and only be in the way, in a Virginia negro cabin.

I have been in many of these during the past week. They are almost entirely destitute of furniture. There are commonly, but not always, a rude bedstead and two or three stools, often only one stool. There is usually a table, but it is not used at meals. It is a receptacle and place of exhibition for the ornaments and finery of the household, very much as the bureau or chest of drawers is employed in the homes of the poorer class in the North. The family does not assemble around the table at meals in the negro laborer's cabin here, because there are no meals; at any rate, there is no regular habit of all the members of the household eating at the same time. Those who are going away from the house to work eat first in the morning, usually standing up by the "dresser," a sort of rude cupboard of two or three shelves at one side of the fireplace. There are generally a few knives and forks, and a spoon or two in the house, but the food is, for the most part, served by setting the pot, or pan, or skillet in which it was cooked, upon the dresser; and from this vessel the food is taken with the fingers. I can assure the readers of THE TUSKEGEE that these viands are not to be despised. Fish, eels, oysters, clams, and indeed all kinds of shell-fish, are abundant and cheap in all this tidewater region. They are eaten while perfectly fresh, and, cooked as they are, over an open fire, they have a delicious flavor which is not obtained by the more refined methods of cookery in the use of the North. The sweet potatoes are better than we ever see in New England. As to neatness and cleanliness in connection with the cooking and the food, one must not be too particular; and, indeed, in such circumstances, one does not think so much about these refinements as he would at home; just as one is not always critical in such matters when out fishing or hunting.

"But when do the other members of the family eat, after the laborers have gone away to their work for the day?" Well, they are all hungry in the morning, and they crowd around "the dresser," or come up to it by turns, and carry off pieces of food in their hands, or in a large oyster or clam shell. If the weather is pleasant, the children like to go out of doors to eat. Then, through the day, as they again wish for food, each goes to the pot, at the side of the fireplace or on the dresser, and helps himself. If an urchin appears desirous of carrying off more than he can eat, he gets a cuff on the side of the head, with the reproof, "You's too greedy," or "Dosn' be hoggish, now;" but there is usually an ample supply for all.

The bedstead is for the oldest and the youngest members of the family. Four or five persons can sleep on it in cold weather. In one corner of the room is a pile of old cast-off clothing or, sometimes, some straw with a piece of drilling or a fragment of an old sail spread over it. This is the bed for those who cannot find room on the bedstead. The inmates of the cabins do not commonly wear "night-clothes." They only partially disrobe at night, leaving off some of their outer clothing, especially in cold weather, and sleeping in the same undergarments worn during the day. In summer they commonly wear the same clothes night and day through the week. When Sunday comes they put on clean clothes and go to church."

ANOTHER KIND.

A tiny little frame house, a story and half high, stands gable to the street, on the edge of the village of Hampton. The door was standing invitingly open, and a glimpse of the neat interior, and an aromatic whiff of boiling coffee, tempted us to drop in, in passing, and pay an unexpected call on the thrifty owner, with whose steaming washtubs, our glossy collars, comfortably starched cuffs and snowy ruffles had long been intimately acquainted.

The sun was setting, and Susan, (perhaps that is not the real name) her heavy work over, met us, smiling in her tidy calico, and asked us into the neat little hall and then into the neat little sitting room at the side. A bright clean window gives free access to the level sun beams, and still kept up a successful rivalry with the coal fires in a tiny grate backing abruptly, with out jamb or mantel, out of the opposite side of the room into the round plastered chimney which is a common exterior ornament to Virginia houses of this size. Between them, grate and window did their best, very successfully, in gilding the modest accessories to indoor comfort; the clean rag carpet covering the floor, the wooden chairs act primly around, the intensely colored prints on the walls, the side table with its photograph album, and lead of painted mugs and match boxes, shells and other representations of its owner's esthetic sense.

"Wouldn't you like to look over my house?" asked Susan, with modest pride, after we had admired what we saw below. Of course we would, and did. The family bed-room above stood the unprepared for inspection with credit. No stuffiness or disorder offended any sense. An open fire-place and window provided for ventilation. The large bed was made up with neat white sheets and pillows, and bright patch work quilt. A smaller one was as neatly prepared for the two little tots of girls who clambered up steirs after us, comfortably dressed, their shining faces as clean as could be expected after a days play. They were only three and five years old, but Susan is looking ahead for them. "Next year, we mean to raise the kitchen wing. It wouldn't be nice for the children not to have a room to themselves."

And now a look into the bit of a kitchen, in which everything was put up as snugly as if a washer-woman's week's work had not just been done in it. Susan's assistant, an elderly women, was just wringing the last clothes out of the rinsing tub. The table stood cleanly scoured, ready for the evening meal, for which the coffee pot begining to steam on the kitchen stove gave pleasant promise. The cupboard still hid the dishes from our view, but we knew they were in there, and would appear in order on the table in due time, at a regular meal.

Susan is not a graduate of Hampton or any other school, but a middle aged woman who remembers slavery, and has had no education since the war. Her husband works at oystering when he gets chances, but the last winter's season has been a bad one and he has not averaged one dollar a week. Susan herself works early and late, if not at one thing et another, and has mainly supported the whole family. As much as she has done, surely others with her spirit, if with no more advantage, can do.

They own their house and lot, trusted for the lumber by the kindness of a resident of the town, they have paid it all up by instalments. They might indeed Susan says have built the house three times over, long ago, if they had been always saving. But for some time, they paid rent, and spent all they might have laid up in "good things to eat." Fortunately Susan accepted a good chance to go into service in New York State, and after three years in a Northern home returned with the fixed determination to have one of her own hereafter humble.

These are types of two kinds of homes both of which exist in Virginia. Which is most like yours?

Health and Humanity.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION AND FINANCES.

SO MANY almost incredible things have been published in reference to the "drink question," that many shake their heads and reply, "It cannot be true." Nevertheless, facts are stubborn things, and even if the half that is told be true, it should arouse every Christian and patriot to active determination to save the nation from the oppression of the ruinous traffic. Dr. Story, of Chicago, estimates that 4,000 persons are made insane every year by this traffic, and die at an average of three years and are buried from some insane asylum, costing to the nation at the rate of $1,000 each. This would be four millions for the three years. He also estimates that some eight thousand, who at the end of that period, are cured, at the same rate, cost eight millions, making in all, for the fruits of the traffic in this one direction, a cost of some twelve millions of dollars, or four millions per annum. And this amount has to be paid by the property-holders of the country. Is it not time, even on the low plane of the financial argument, to do something to put a stop to the oppressive traffic?

ON a farm near Leipsic a cat was observed to have a particular regard for a chicken; she almost constantly attended it, and protected it from every danger. But what is still more remarkable is that this attachment on the part of the cat continued after the chicken grew up When the poultry were called to receive their food, Grimalkin was sure to make her appearance, and would not allow any of the other poultry to peck until her favorite had *first* eaten her fill; after which she let them satisfy themselves.—*Anecdotes in Natural History.*

Teacher's Table.

THE TWO GLASSES.

A TEMPERANCE PIECE FOR RECITATION.

There were two glasses filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table rim to rim.
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one was as clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to the poler brother:
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other;
I can tell of a banquet and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight,
Then I was king, for I ruled in might;
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the highest fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the mouth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than a king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.

"I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;
For they said, 'Behold how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall,
And your might and power are over all.'
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the glass of water, "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned, or a murdered host;
But I can tell of a heart once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad;
Of thirst I've quenched and brows I've laved;
Of hands I have cooled and souls I have saved;
I have leaped through the valleys, dashed down the mountains,
Sprung again upward in life giving fountains,
Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.
I have eased the hot foreheads of fever and pain;
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain;
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
That ground out the flour and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood debased by you,
That I have lifted and crowned anew,
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wine-captive free.
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other,
The glass of wine and its paler brother,
As they set together filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times, touching the educational problem, is the echo of the Southern press to the plea of ex-Governor Brown, of Georgia, in the Senate, for universal education. The *Southwestern Christian Advocate* has, in a late number, a long article on this subject, and the *Richmond Whig* devoted a half column of editorial in arguing the necessity of educating both the white and black children, as a means of securing the greatest advantage to the South. It closes with these forcible sentences: "The North, by her common-school system, has prospered in every department, with less natural advantages than the South. Germany, by her compulsory education, has become one of the first nations of the world. Let the South foster her public schools, encourage universal education, and she will reap her reward in prosperity."

EDUCATION VS. CRIME.

We have direct statistical proof of the fact that school education is a very important factor in the repression of crime. The Bavarian Government tested this question in 1870, by a careful census. Let me present some figures which show the result of that investigation. The first figures show how many school houses among 1,000 buildings; the second how many criminals among 100,000 inhabitants. You will notice that the numbers stand in an inverse ratio to each other; *i. e.*, the more school houses, the less crimes.

Provinces.	No. School-houses per 1,000 buildings.	No. of Criminals per 100,000 souls.
Lower Beverie	4½	870
Lower Palatinate	0	090
Upper Bavaria	5½	667
Upper Franconia	7	444
The Palatinate	11	425
Lower Franconia	10	384

Agriculture.

There are certain fixed facts in regard to farm work that are not affected by latitude. Whether the farmer's work begins in February or in May, the successful man is the one who is abreast of, if not a little ahead of, and pushing his farm work. The one who is just a little behind in his work is always a "ne'er do weel," and always ready to show that "farming don't pay." The "plower of the seas" has a proverb—"a stern chase is a long chase"; this sailor's saying holds equally good with the plower of the land, and whoever makes a late beginning, will be engaged in a "stern chase" to catch up with his work, all the season through. There are certain kinds of work that can only be properly done at just the right time. Plowing, for example, may be done a few days too soon, and to the great injury of the soil. We are conjoined to not only "Learn to labor," but it is added, with equal force, "and to wait." But one is not obliged therefore to wait in idleness for the land to be ready for the plow.

All live stock should be kept clean. They should not be exposed to the severe weather of winter; not only because it is cruel, but because it does *not pay*. It costs money for an animal to keep itself warm, for it must be done at the expense of the food it gets, or the flesh that it has already gained. An animal is in many respects an engine, and its food is the fuel. Any shelter given to farm stock saves in food, just as a covering to a boiler saves fuel. Another kind of exposure is especially injurious, that is of horses that have had active exercise by driving. If a horse is brought in wet with sweat, he should be first rubbed down and then blanketed, if the weather is cold, otherwise he will be chilled, and very likely take cold. An abundant supply of water is important in the proper keeping of farm stock at this season. The troughs should be kept clear of ice, so that the water may not be chilled by it. If the water comes from a well it should be drawn only as needed, in order that it may not be cooled below the natural temperature. To raise 10 gallons of water from the freezing point to a temperature as it comes from a spring or well (50 to 55 deg.) will, when taken into the stomach of the animals, use up the effect of a large amount of food that ought to be expended more profitably. Besides the animal is chilled, and perhaps injured, vital force is wasted, and nothing is gained.

Pigs need well ventilated clean pens, as these are essential to good health. They require a variety of feed; all corn or all whey, or any one food continuously, gives an unwholesome sameness to their rations. Brood sows should be provided with plenty of bedding of cut straw, especially when the young pigs are expected. . . Some sows that have been taking will brood this month. They should have a warm, sunny place. These chicks will make early market birds. Warm feed is important for poultry in winter, and it can be furnished at very little trouble. The droppings should be kept dry that they may be in good order for use upon the land in the spring.

—*American Agriculturist.*

MANURE, the key to successful farming over a large part of the country, demands attention. Perhaps in no one item of farm practice has there been a greater change than in that of the management of manure. Formerly it was thought that manure should only be brought to the field just as it is to be used. Now it is taken out when carting or sledding is good, and the hands and teams are not pressed with other work. By hauling it in winter, and placing it in heaps near to where it will be needed in spring, it gets the benefit of an extra turning, and, if desirable, these heaps may be again turned before they are spread. Of course, some forethought must be taken to put the manure in the most convenient place for the after labor of distributing it. Whatever else is done with manure, let it be kept in compact heaps; to scatter over the whole barn-yard that which should only cover an area of a few square yards, is wicked waste. After the winter rains have washed out the soluble matter from the scattered manure (often it runs to the nearest creek), what remains is of little value. It would be far better were the manure upon the field where its washings would be utilized. One fact has been often repeated in these columns, but our correspondence shows that it is not everywhere understood, which is—the quality of the manure depends upon the quality of food. The animal adds nothing to what is fed to it; it takes out something, but leaves the refuse, which it does not want, but the soil does, in an available form. The old adage "out of nothing nothing comes," is commended to those who think they can make a large quantity of rich manure out of a little poor food.

—*American Agriculturist.*

HAMPTON STUDENTS' OWN.

From the Senior Class.

Work for All.

I think that every-one, tha rich as well as the poor, and the high as well as tha low, should do soma kind of work, according to their different abilities. Of course thera are some people who cannot do as mnch work as othars, and therafore it is not expected that they should, hut averybody can do something evan if it is aver so little, unless it is one who is very sick and entirely unable to do anything.

I say, as I have said before, that the rich should work as well as the poor, bnt of course it is not necessary to them individnally to work as hard with their hands, because they hava everythlng that thay want.

How conld nations and races progress if they did not work? Why, averything would stand still and be in an uncivilized state; so we see that work is one of those things that is most essential for life. It would be utterly impossihle for people to live if thare ware no labor carried on.

Another consideration is that work is good exercise for both tha mind and hody, and, I think, the body especially, because yon will see that people who work enongh, and not too mnch are e great deal stronger, and more healthy than those who do not.

Work is good to develop the muscles and limba. Different kinds of work maka different parts of the body stronger, as will be seen in the cases of hlacksmiths and othar laborers. Yon will see that as the blacksmith uses his arms a great deal, ho is very strong in them, and his muscles are lerge; while on the other hand, a person who walks a great deal, is strong in his lega, and the sedentary are apt to be weak, sickly and of no mannar of account to themselves or eny-ona else.

How did some of onr most prominent men of the United States ohtein their popularity? Why it all resulted from work, and hard work st that. Take, for example, the case of General James A. Garfield, who is to be onr next President, and see how by hard work he has gained the prominant position which he will hold for tha next four years, I hope.

General Garfield did somp of the hardest work that ever was done, and was not ashamed of it. Abraham Lincoln was also a hard-working man, and obtained a prominant position in the world. Therefore I say that it is no disgrace to any-ona to work, hut an honor.

There is a discussion np now, I think, abont raising a pension to anpport the Ex-Presidents of tha United States, bnt I do not agree with those who advocate such a plan, It makes no difference how high a position anyone holds or has held, he ought not to think himself above working, and he is not too good to work.

If a man after being in a good situation, has not saved enough monay to snpport himself after he has been thrown out, let him work, no matter what kind it is, thet is if his constitution will allow him to do so.

One of the reasons why so many of us like this school is becanse wa are taught here to work in almost every way necessary for life, and I think that work is tha greatar part of our education. JULIA.

The Exodus.

Let the Negro go to tha West. I think it will be better for him in time to coma: as it is now there are too many in the Sonth to prosper. You will find that there are two or threa colored men to ona white, and still they are incressing avery day. Now which do yon think wonld be tha better plan; for them to remain in the South, or to go to Kansas? Can they gain anything while there are so many in each other's way? It is natural for soma to be indolant, while others with all their affort and courage, can hardly maka ont to live.

Look at the condition of the Negro in the Sonth. He is leaving tha country and crowding tha cities. And when yon ask his reason, he says, "If I stay ont there, I'll starve, so before starving out there I thought I wonld come in town." I have heard these expressions nsed times without number. Just as soon as ha arrives, he is willing to work for twanty-fiva centa per day and hoard, or fifty ceats boarding himself. Can a man with a family afford this, having to pay from five to six dollars per month for rent? Where are his provisions, his clothing and fuel to come from? He is left to tha mercy of those passing hy. The reason I say that the Nagro should go to Kansas is that it conld teach him to be dependent npon himself. He has stayed in the Sonth so long that many believa that he cannot get along any where clse. But they are far mistakan.

Give the Nagro a fair chance and a free ballot, and he will show himself a man. Let ma ask a simple question. Why are so many foreigners coming ovar here? It is becanse they are treated at homa just as tha Negro is in tha Sonth. They are satisfied to know that just as soon as they land on tha coast of America, they will receive protection nnder tha wings of the American Eagle. Tha Negro is adapted to hard work; therefore the only thing I see for him to do when he reaches the West is to lay his shoulder to tha wheel and work; forgetting the past and thinking of nothing but the present and futnre. If he will only do this it will make a great page in the history of tha anglo-African raca. R. J.

WOULD BE COLONISTS.

Tha following letters were written as a school exercise. They are supposed to ba written in application for membership in a new colony to be founded somewhere in tho West.

APPLICATION TO THE NEW COLONY.

Mr. Geo. W. K.

Sir:

I have heard of your Colony, and after seeking and reading tha history of it, would like very much to become a citizen.

My experience as a citizen has been very great. I sappose that in order to have you grant my request, it is necessary for me to give you a history of my life.

I was born in England in 1820. When twenty four years old, I came over to America; this was in 1844. I went to a trial jnstice's offica in Charleston, S. C., and declared that I wanted to become a citizen of the United States, and that I would abide by tha laws; five years after, which was in 1849, I got whet is called by the Americans, a naturalization paper. I was then declared to be a citizen of the United States of America.

I lived in Charleston, S. C. for thirty seven years, which brings me to the present time.

I was kuown as an honorable citizen of the United States and also of England. I never was bafora a state court or United States court in my lifa for a crime of any kind; and if you will trace carefully the history of my lifa as recorded herc, yon will sea thet I am a man sixty-ona years of age.

While an inhabitant of England I was one of those unfortnnate individuals who conld not get a wife, but in a short time after I came over to America, I merried en American lady from a very wealthy family of Browns. My profession is that of a lawyer and I was also known as a famous statesman of both England and America.

I aspired once to be a national senator bnt they claimed that I was under age. This was in 1848. I was then twenty-nine years of age.

Sir, I hope that you will search this record carefully, and I trust that you will grant my reqnest.

Very respectfullr, J. L. M.

Hampton, Va., Jan. 23, 1881.

Mr——,

Sir:

I would like very much to join your new colony to Kansas.

I am a seamstress and hopa to rendar my service faithfully.

I hava three brothers and two sisters who wonld like to joia also. My sisters are hright, wide-awake girls, and yon conld never afford to lose sach help as thay wonld give in forming a new colony. The older one is a weaver; and har occnpation is useful among colonists. The younger can cook, wash, iron, make hntter and do almost anything usefnl.

My hrothers are good, upright boys, and are vary fond of good society; one is a carpenter, oua a lawyer and one a printer.

I am certain yon need all the carpentars yon can get, for thare will be houses to huild and a great many thiags that can only be done hy carpenters.

Yon will also need a printer, as the public mnst know what we are doing and how we are progressing.

I hope we will not be so unfortunate as to need a lawyer to settle our qnarrels, hnt only to record deeds and marriages and sales.

I am very anxious to hear from you and learn when you expect to start.

Very respectfully, CHARLOTTE F.

Hampton, Va., Jan. 27, 1881.

Messrs. Williams, Johnston &Co.

Sirs: There is a company of fifty persons of different trades and professions, who would like to settle and obtain land in tha Colony which you are about to establish. We have considered the conditions by which we could obtain land and membership, and have concinded that it is just the place that wonld suit us. We find in the city in which wa raside, that there is too mnch competition, and think that it wonld be a good idea if we could go to some other part of the country and establish a Colony or obtain membership in one about to be established. We have smong us, Mechanics, Doctors, Preachers, Lawyers etc. all of whom are first-class workmen, hut on account of so mnch competition among the great nnmbers of eqnally skilled workmen, they have not been ahle to obtain work enongh to procnre for themselves a fair living.

Though it is said, wo ought not to praise ourselves hnt leave it for others, I will taka it npon myself to say, that I think yon conld not find more peaceful, temperate and religions members. We have not a great deal of money to lay out in the cultivetion of the ground, hut each has a fair sum to expend in doing his part towards making a prosperous Colony. Wa will not urge ourselves upon yon, hut ask that yon will consider what we heve said and give us an answer at the earliest date. Remembering that when we help ourselves God will also help and ha with us at all times, we ara, gentlemen,

Respectfully,
J. Wilmore &Co.,
Per S. E. C.

From the Middle Class.

THE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH.

In the Sonth the colored people are making a very rapid progress towards getting themselves comfortable homes. Most of them in Virginia, hava their horses and carts, which they use in different ways to make a living. They rent plantations from the white people, and efter meking their crops, they pay the fourth of it for rent. And by so doing a great many of them have mede vcry good progress. What I mean is thet they have mede money enongh to get stock, land, property, etc.

At the close of the war, the colored man did not heva anything towards a support for himself. A great many were hired for five dollars per month, and some really thought that they ware not free, so kept on working as nsual. But I can say that up to this period the colored man has improved his chance for civilization almost all over this country. Tha colored people have their churches and Sahhath schools organized in almost all parts of Virginia, and they are doing good work, which was never expected by a great many. But through all that the colored peopla have been hlessed, and by the help of thair friends, they are standing where they can make for themselves a good and strong character. A. B.

HAS A STATE A RIGHT TO SECEDE?

[It is fair to say that the following paper was written within forty minutes, as a class exercise, after completing the study of United States History. The expressiou of opinion was unreserved, and three or four took the opposite view.]

The colonies of America being made np of men who were persecuted in tha countries from which they came, and being at the sama time so far removed from the Old World and their parent countries, wonld naturally want free and independent governmants. These colonies, for the sake of mntual protection, attempted several times to make a union: first, against the Indians; and secondly, against British oppression. During thair revolt against England, and whila struggling for national independence, they were brought together by Congress, which had no othar than delegate powers; and tha sovereignty was retained by the separate states. Tha articles of Confederation, which wera meant to make a complete and perfect union though not entirely ratified hy all the states till the war was almost anded, were found insufficiant to carry the govarnment on, and make the union a snccess. Congress had no real powar to enforce tha laws: it conld only recommend to the various states the levying of taxes; and when this was done many of them ware dilatory, others refused. Among the exclusiva rights or privileges which congress had was the anthority to send or receive am assadors, to take care of the public domains, to declare war, or make treaties. This lt pretended to do; hnt it was found that many of the treaties were not kapt hy some of the states. Such a thing may be defined as being not a government, for it could not be recognized or respected hy foreign nations. This wonld soon hring things to chaos. At such a state of things, thinking men grew restless. Washington, in a conference with some statesman at Mt. Vernon, recommended a convention which met at Annapolis, Md. As a minority of the states was present, they adjourned to meet in May, 1787, after discussing some questions about Tariff. Accordingly in May of 1787, delegetes from all the states, except Rhode Island, were present. The object of this convention was to make a stronger nnion which conld not be broken or annulled by an individuel or any part of tha United States. This Doctrine is very beautifully implied in the preamble of the constitution. If this convention did not accomplish this, it did not accomplish its aim and its object. By this I imply that no state has a right to seceda from the Union, or a right to annnl an act duly passed hy Congress of the United States. To say otherwise, is to imply that this is not a national government; and it wonld not be respected by the nations of the earth. A. W.

THE PLYMOUTH ROCK.

Before I hegin to tell anything ehont tha Plymouth Rock, I will first ask what does the Plymonth Rock meen, and why it came to be called by this name? There were a great many people in England several years ago, who were not allowed to worship God in tha way they wanted, so they made np their minds thet they would go where thay conld worship him as they wished. They took a frail vessel, called tha May-Flower, and after a weary journey of ebout threa months, they anchored in the Cape Cod Bay. When thay reached this land everything looked cold and harren, bnt like soldiers, they naver once falt sorry for their having come to this country. When the weather was warm enongh, a little girl stepped ashore, npon a very large rock. They named their new settlement Plymonth, and hecause this large rock was the first thing that the feet of any of their crew stepped npon it was called the Plymonth Rock.

Second. I will ask whether tho landing of these people has done anything for us or not, and what have we to do with them? There are a good many people who know about the Pilgrims, and yet do not think much about them, bnt I think that this is a great qnestion to reflect npon. Tha first lesson which it teaches is this, that wa shonld stand np for God, althongh we may have a hard time in so doing.

The second lesson which it teaches is, that when we ara trying to serve tha Lord we shonld be willing to do anything to please him. These people are sometimes called the Pilgrim Fathers, because, like the Petriarch Abrahem, they left "their kindred and their father's house," and went out as strangers and pilgrims to seek e country wherein they might worship God in the way they beliaved to be right. MARTHA.

From the Indians.

Indian hoys hava been cleaning aronnd the new building of Academic Hall. Bears Heart went to Carlisle on a visit. Samuel Townsand the editor of the "SCHOOL NEWS" says that ten Creek children arrived at Carlisle who are now in school, and ona of them had to go to a College near Carlisle. Also he said that thay ara trying hard to learn. At Hampton wa are looking for some Indians from Arizona. One of the Indian hoys at Hampton wrota a letter to his hrother to send him a pair of moccasins which he receivad a letter, and will be as follows:

Fort Berthold, D. T. Dec. 29, 1880.

My Brother,——

I got your letter, and I am glad yon got those things I sent to yon long ago. I havan't got any buckskin yet as it is hard work to hunt to get them at present. It is now very cold and there is a vary great deal of snow in drifts. I want you to tell me all abont what yon ara doing at Hampton. What do you work at avery day? all yonr relations here are wall and happy to think that the summer will soon be hare again. Don't forget to send no letters, as we want to hear all about you By and by I shall go hnnting for deer and we will try to maka you soma moccasins and gloves. But my hrother you hava been with the white peopla a long time, and I think yon ought to wear shoes, and not nse moccasins anymore. I am glad to get yonr nice letters, and to see that you are so skilful in writing, If yon speak as well I am glad. I myself am poor, I cannot understand English, and can pnt English clothes hnt I can't nnderstand their words.

Your Brother
Takece or "Strike tha Lodge."

This shows that Indians want to learn how to talk English words. This man who wrote to his hrother, is said to be one of the bravest man among tha Ree Indians, and is willing to hold on to the white man's road and qnit the old ways: I hope when we get hack to tham we will be ahle teach our old people as well as the yonng to know how to read in English. J. R. M.

THE OYSTER AND HIS ENEMIES.

Oysters may be generally classified into natives and deep-sea, and between these there are several varieties, the shells of most of which I have in my museum. The deep-sea oysters are as different in form and fashion from the native as a Clydesdale cart horse is from a thoroughbred race horse. Like horses, oysters have their points. The points of an oyster are—first, the shape, which, to be perfect, should resemble, very much, the petal of a rose leaf. Next, the thickness of the shell. A first-class thoroughbred native should have a shell of the tenuity of a thin China or Japanese tea-cup. It should also have an almost metallic ring, and a peculiar opalescent lustre in the inner side; the hollow for the meat of the oyster should be as much like an egg cup as possible. Lastly, the meat itself should be white and firm and nut-like in taste.

Being of a very delicate, tender nature, the oyster has a great many difficulties to encounter. One of his worst enemies is the "five finger," commonly called the star-fish. The five finger entwines the oyster in his deadly grasp, and by protruding his elastic stomach eats up the oyster, leaving the empty shells, known as "clocks." One would hardly imagine that the five finger had any sense, but still they must have some kind of intelligence, or, as a dredgerman aptly put it to me: "When these five fingers find a fleet of vessels on the top of them with the dredges, they doubles themselves up and are off. They are not going to stop to be all dredged up." The next worst enemy is the "whelk tingle," or "dog whelk." These rascals, although they look so innocent, have the power of boring into the oyster shell with their rasp-like tongue. The hole this creature makes is not very clean, as if bored by a jeweller's diamond.—*London News.*

Affliction appears to be the guide to reflection; the teacher of humility; the parent of repentance; the nurse of faith; the strengthener of patience, and the promoter of charity: while of those upon whom affliction is thus sanctified to the purifying of the soul, and its improvement in Christian graces; of those, who study to convert it with the blessing of their merciful Father, to their spiritual and eternal welfare, that they "may become partakers of his holiness;" of those who welcome it as the means whereby they may "learn the statutes" of the Lord: of such persons it may be truly affirmed, as the royal Psalmist acknowledged of himself, that "it is good to be afflicted."

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

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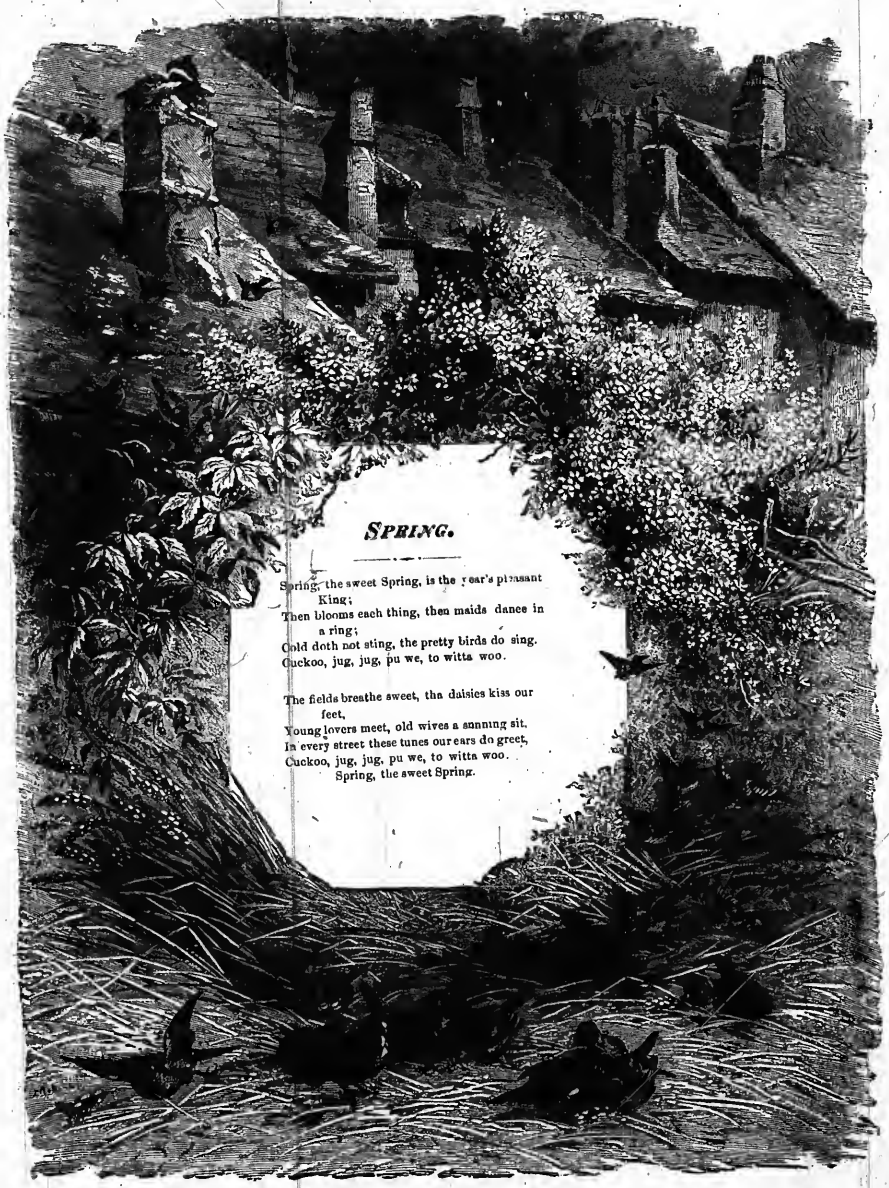

SPRING.

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant King;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring;
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing.
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit.
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.
Spring, the sweet Spring.

A POOR WHITE MAN'S EXPERIENCE SINCE THE WAR.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

I heard a gentleman say at my husband's little store, not long since, that a well-to-do white farmer had asked him to count some money for him, as he could not read or write. The incident seemed so curious that I afterward asked for an explanation, and our kind neighbor gave me the following story, which, I hope the readers of the WORKMAN will find as interesting as I did.

James Johnson was the overseer on a plantation in Campbell county, when the civil war began. In early life he had been extremely poor, and had no chance at all for education, but was possessed of good common sense, a great deal of energy, and a strong desire to better his condition. He soon adopted the business of "overseeing," as managing the estates of the land-holders was called, and had no difficulty in gaining the confidence of his employers, as he understood raising tobacco, which was the principal crop of the country. He was very thrifty in his habits, and married a sensible, industrious woman of the same turn of mind. At the time the war broke-out, he had saved several thousand dollars, and indulged golden dreams of becoming the possessor of a plantation and slaves of his own. With part of his money he had bought Negroes, as that seemed to him the best investment he could make, until he was able to purchase the land he had set his heart on. The war upset all his calculations, and being very ignorant, he did not at all understand the true meaning of the great struggle in which the country was involved. He had no fancy for soldiering, and for a time continued to struggle for the fortune that had seemed almost within his grasp. For some years he obtained exemption from service, on the plea of being overseer of a plantation working more than twenty slaves, but, as the demand for men grew more pressing, he was forced to join a regiment, and near the close of the war, found himself in Lee's retreating army, many of the slaves he had been accustomed to managing being also transferred from the fields of peaceful labor to digging trenches, and throwing up fortifications against the army which was fighting for their emancipation.

The ex-overseer was very unhappy in his new position. The prospects of the cause in which he had so reluctantly engaged had become extremely discouraging. He could see clearly enough now that the day of freedom for the Negroes was not far distant. The money he had saved had in an evil hour been invested in Confederate bonds which were already valueless. He felt great anxiety about his family, for whom he had rented a house on a little piece of poor land, as the best he could do for them, when called to join the army, and he sadly realized that the labor of the best years of his life had been wasted, and if he survived the hardships and dangers of war, he would have to begin his career again, as much a pauper as in his friendless childhood. He had a great dread of being captured, being convinced that after the active life he had always led, the confinement of prison life would kill him. As Lee's army grew daily less able to withstand the advancing enemy, the final collapse was plainly but a question of time. The soldiers were exhausted with forced marches on scant rations, discipline was almost forgotten, and the men were left to do almost as they chose. There was no hope for improvement in the condition of affairs, and Johnson, with several comrades, who were equally afraid of falling into the hands of the enemy, determined to make the best of their way home. They had not gone many miles in the effort to carry out this design, when at a point on James River some miles below Lynchburg, they suddenly found themselves surrounded by Federal soldiers. Johnson, who chanced to be without his coat at the moment, made a dash for the river, losing his hat as he did so. He was fired at several times, but succeeded in making his escape by hiding among the rocky bluffs on old Powhatan, until the soldiers, including his own party were out of sight. When he felt sure that the coast was clear, he emerged from his hiding-place, and being now within a few hours walk of the little farm where he had left his family, he hastily continued his course in that direction. About nightfall, he presented himself hatless and coatless before his anxious and astonished wife, weary and worn with his adventures, but happy to have escaped with his life. After a day or two spent in much needed rest, our friend Johnson set himself to survey the situation and take stock of his possessions before beginning the world again. Mrs. Johnson is a managing woman, and there were many little comforts about the house accumulated by her carefulness; the house was in tolerably good one, and they could keep the place at an almost nominal rent. Beyond this, things looked very dark, they had no money, the supply of provisions on hand was very small, the difficulties of living for the last year had been so great that the stock they had owned had been sold to buy bread; they had not a horse, cow, or pig, but little clothing and no farm implements. The slaves they had purchased were of course free, and a valuable Negro woman belonging to them, had died a few days before, leaving two little helpless children on their hands, and as they had two children of their own, this gave them four mouths to feed, without adding any hands to work. All Johnson's clothes, except those he was wearing, had been lost in his hasty retreat at the appearance of the blue-coated gentry, and the chief hope of the family consisted in two or three hens, which Mrs. Johnson had contrived to keep. The prospect was not cheerful, but Johnson and his wife had not yet reached middle-age, both were healthy and energetic, and without wasting time in useless lamentations, they at once set to work, with such materials as they could command. A saddle and some old harness were exchanged with a neighbor who was in somewhat better plight than themselves, for a plow without a point, and the same neighbor kindly agreed to lend them a horse, when he could spare it.

By the time these arrangements were concluded, Mrs. Johnson's hens had contributed a dozen eggs to the family stores, and our ex-soldier, without a coat, and in a borrowed hat, set out to walk twelve or fifteen miles to the city to buy a plow-point. Having succeeded in so doing, he began at once to plow his land for a crop. He and his wife carefully calculated what they could plant in the garden that would come in most speedily for food, and anxiously watched the growing vegetables, being forced to live on very scant rations, until they were fit to eat. In referring to this trying period, Mr. Johnson says he really cannot tell how they lived through those days of hardship. The old adage that Providence helps those who help themselves proved true, however, and when winter came their condition was so changed for the better that they had no reason to fear its rigor. The season had been remarkably favorable, and all their labor prospered abundantly. The garden, planted with seed saved by the careful house-wife the year before, furnished them excellent vegetables in rotation, and they had good store laid up for the winter months. The corn crop had turned out much better than they expected from the character of the land, and the tobacco crop, planted and tended by Johnson alone, was so fine that it gave him good credit among his neighbors, and eventually sold for a thousand dollars.

The children, happily unconscious of the cares and anxieties of the heads of the family, had been well cared for and were growing fast. In the course of time, a rich old planter near them, whose servants had all left him was paralyzed, and hearing that the old gentleman wanted what Virginia people call, "a likely" young African to wait upon him, Mr. Johnson took the little black boy to the sick gentleman, and feeling sure from his knowledge of the family, that the child would be well treated, he had the little fellow bound to them. This proved an excellent arrangement for the boy and the invalid, and the young Negro, now grown to manhood, still remains in what he has found a happy home. The Johnsons kept the little girl, and she is still with them, a fine girl, honest, useful and industrious, perfectly contented in her situation. When she was about ten years old, she was decoyed away from her home by some worthless white people, who deceived the child, with a story of her brother's being ill, and having sent for her. They carried her off to their cabin in "the pine barrens," some miles distant, and several months passed before Mr. Johnson could discover what had become of her. At length, after much searching, he obtained a clue to her hiding-place, and went at once to the settlement of the half-savage inhabitants of the barrens. The people in the cabin, where he went to look for the missing child, swore they had never seen her, but Johnson heard some one walking restlessly in the loft overhead, and managed in spite of the opposition manifested, to reach the foot of a ladder, which led to the room above, and on looking up, met the eager gaze of the lost child, who was peering anxiously down, trying to catch a glimpse of her friend, and afraid to speak to him. Mr. Johnson called the child to his side and telling the discomfitted occupants of the hut to interfere with him at their peril, he took the delighted little girl up on his horse and returned home unmolested.

Two or three years after the close of the war, Johnson found himself going back to his old dreams of owning land, and it was not long before he purchased an excellent creek bottom farm, to which he has from time to time made additions, until he now owns seven hundred acres of land. He has also a considerable amount of money chiefly invested in mortgages on real estate. Not long since the gentleman from whom he bought some of his land and who told me this story, went to Mr. Johnson's home to receive his last payment. He was somewhat surprised to see Mr. Johnson take from a bureau drawer, which contained money, papers and much loose money. They had previously had little personal intercourse, and the visitor who is now a resident of the city, and has had some unpleasant experience with dishonest servants, remarked to his host that it might be unsafe to leave money about in that way, and to do so was offering a great temptation to the Negro girl, he had noticed about the house. Mr. Johnson smiled and said that girl was a member of his family, had been born in his house, and was quite as honest and reliable as any one else in the family. In settling for his land, Mr. Johnson desired to use as part payment some bank certificates of considerable amount, and when told that his endorsement was necessary to make them available, he seemed somewhat confused and said regretfully that he could not write his name, but was always obliged to affix his mark to papers requiring his signature. He then requested his visitor to count the money lying in rolls in the drawer, which amounted to some hundreds of dollars. He also asked that if his friend had time he would read over to him some papers he had, which proved to be mortgages of considerable value, and said that as he could not read himself, it was a great help to him to hear his papers read to him once in a while. In the conversation that ensued, finding that his visitor showed a kindly interest in his affairs, he told the story of his struggles with fortune, as I have related it. No part of his experience seemed to afford him deeper regret than the circumstances surrounding his early life, which had caused his growing up in such dense ignorance, and he is a warm friend of the public school system, the influence of which is beginning to be felt in his district. He is determined that his children shall not suffer for want of education, as he has done, and has given his two sons all the advantages in his power. Finding the elder boy inclined to "take learning" he sent him some years since to board in a private family in the city, that he might attend the High School. The young man applied himself with considerable diligence, and is now able to assist his father in attending to their large and valuable property, as he has not only been trained to labor, but can "readritin and rite readin'."

TO THE HAMPTON GRADUATES.

My Dear Friends:

When we purpose building a road one of the first things we do is to level the hills, fill up the valleys, and remove all obstacles.

As a race, you have a laudable ambition to make a road that will lead to honor and independence; but many of you are not taking the proper method. It is generally acknowledged that ignorance, idleness, extravagance, and want of forethought, wherever they exist, are obstacles in your path: but there is another obstacle that, perhaps, is not sufficiently recognized. It is the lack of sympathy with each other. You do not work together: you allow jealousy to control your actions; you do not rejoice with those who rejoice, and it is this want of sympathy to which I wish to call your attention. In using the word "you," I do not at all mean the Graduates of the Hampton N. and A. Institute. You have so thoroughly enjoyed and profited by the warm sympathy of your teachers and class-mates, that you feel like one body, animated by one soul, and bound to each other by the strongest ties of friendship, to be perpetuated through all the changes of this life, and to be perfected, as we and you trust, in the Heavenly home above. You have learned to enjoy the pleasure of sympathy; you appreciate the words of the poet:

"A solitary blessing few can find,
Our joys with those we love are intertwined:
And he whose helpful tenderness removes
The obstructing thorn that wounds the breast he loves,
Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn his own."

But I write to you on this subject because you will exert an influence wherever your lot may be cast. You will find, in too many instances that the colored people do not rejoice in the prosperity of their fellows as they ought to do. When one of them acquires property or honor, he becomes a mark for abuse, and others would gladly, if they could, pull him down from the eminence he has reached. I trust that there are many exceptions to this statement, but I have heard it so often from reliable sources in different parts of our country, that I fear it is too true. It is well known that in the days of slavery a negro overseer or slave driver was more oppressive and cruel than a white man in that position. If all colored man would encourage one another in business, join hand to hand in their work, and rejoice in the prosperity of their fellow-men, and lend a helping hand to the unfortunate, one great obstacle to the progress of the race would be removed. It is contemptible to try to rise by the fall of another, and rising by such means must necessarily be of short continuance. It is an old, but true saying, that "Every tub must stand on its own bottom." Merit will finally be acknowledged, and receive its reward.—

"Worth makes the man, the want of it, the fellow."
"Can place or lassen us or aggrandize?
Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, but himself."

Industry, economy, and good conduct, lead to the same results in your race as in others. The *Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle*, says: Many of the colored people in Georgia, are now comfortable, and some are growing rich, while all who are sober and industrious make a decent living."—"A jury composed exclusively of white men," says the *Charlestown News*, "is as rare a thing in South Carolina in these days as a jury composed exclusively of black men would be in New York." These assertions may not hold good in all parts of these States, but there is sufficient evidence to prove that the road to success is open to colored people, if they will follow it. I hope, as you advance in education, there will be among you physicians, lawyers, (a few of them,) and ministers, as well as farmers, merchants, and skilled mechanics, worthy of confidence, who will receive full encouragement. You all know how the Irish and Germans who emigrate to this country, work into each others hands, and though they come to our shores with very few dollars in their pockets, they are soon able by their industry, not only to support themselves, but to send generous aid to those whom they have left in their native land.

In a certain sense the whole world is our country, for we are the children of a common Father, and every man to whom we have the opportunity of rendering a needed service, is our neighbor; but we are commanded by the highest authority to provide especially for our own household, and I do heartily desire that the elevation of the colored people may be secured, not only by a strong pull and a long pull, but by a pull *all together*, that will lift them out of the mire of ignorance, poverty, and despondency:

"The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them: sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and danger,
And make the impossibility they fear."

I am your sincere friend.

M. A. L.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Pleasant testimony to the work of the *Southern Workman*, and evidence of its appreciation in various quarters comes to us in the following letters from which we take the liberty of publishing extracts.

New Orleans, La. Feb. 25, 1881.

EDITOR SOUTHERN WORKMAN:

I desire, in the name of the American Seamen's Friend Society, whose Chaplain I have been at this place for the past 15 years, and in that of the throng of sea and landsmen, who from morning to evening have filled my Free Sailor's Reading Room, and emphatically in my own name, to send you very many heartfelt thanks for your sending to me for my Reading Room your excellent and highly-appreciated monthly "The Southern Workman," as a donation to the Seamen's Society and cause here. Those good words have been carefully preserved and filed and much read, and after a period sent to sea, and have done much good. But we have missed the Workman for several months past, and all unite in earnestly soliciting a renewal, trusting that the bread-corn thus cast upon the waters, some of which in our distributions on departing ships, goes to the ends of the earth, may be found again by you after a few days, with an hundred fold increase.

Hoping again to greet the welcome monthly, and wishing you every blessing.

I remain very respectfully yours,

L. H. PEASE.
Seaman's Chaplain.
New Orleans La.

——, Ct. Nov. 1880.

EDITOR "SOUTHERN WORKMAN."

Dear Sir,

I have taken the Southern Workman for a number of years, have found it a readable, instructive paper, improving from year to year. But the last year has been very marked in its able articles in regard to the uplifting of the two races for whom you especially labor. I take some ten or twelve weekly and monthly publications, and say decidedly that I find in none of them matter more important for lovers of God and man to ponder than I find in some of your last numbers. The paper ought to have a more extensive circulation.

Enclosed find check for $4.00 to pay for the paper to my own and the enclosed addresses.

Yours truly,

T. H.

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MISS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BOYCE, MR. B. T. WASHINGTON. } *Regular Contributors.*

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J. E. B. MARSHALL,
Business Manager, Hampton, Va.

Entered as Second-class Matter in the Post Office at Hampton, Va.

The Southern Workman, devoted to the interests of Negro and Indian civilization, is edited and managed by the officers of the Hampton Institute, and printed on the School Press by colored youth trained in the office. Subscriptions are a help to the School. It is sent on trial for four months for twenty-five cents. Job work, from all parts of the country, is solicited, and will be done cheaply and well. Estimates will be sent on application.

INDIAN GIRLS.

When, about three years ago, we suggested to Secretary Schurz that Indian girls should be sent to the Hampton Institute, in view of the fact that we were educating seventeen Indian boys, the then Commissioner of Indian affairs, Mr. Hayt, on being summoned, declared that it would be of no use; that the experience of his department had been that the education of red skinned girls had been a failure. In face of this opinion of the Commissioner, Mr. Schurz decided that the Indian girls should be given another trial. Nine were soon brought from Dakota to Hampton. There are now here twenty-two young Indian women, from twelve to eighteen years of age. Of their capacity and progress, some account is given by one of their teachers, in another column.

We have fifty-nine young men. Girls should have an equal chance with boys. The Hampton plan is to educate fifty of each. No more boys will be received; a few are likely to be sent home.

The Crow Creek agency alone is ready to fill up our quota of girls. Another agency would send forty girls. The pressure is great, and the need is real and deep.

With this number of the "Southern Workman," is issued, (so far as the supply will go,) a SUPPLEMENT, showing the ground plan and perspective view of a proposed building for Indian girls at Hampton, to cost

Twenty Thousand Dollars.

The plan explains itself.

Contributions of any amount, large or small, are earnestly solicited from the friends of Indian education.

Those desiring full accounts of our work for this race, will find an excellent one in "Harper's Monthly Magazine" for April, 1881, and on application, will receive a small pamphlet by the Principal of this Institute, giving details.

On the evening of March 15th, a public meeting was held in New York City, presided over by Rev. Roswell D. Hitchcock, D. D., at which Ex-Secretary Carl Schurz, made an earnest plea for Indian education, endorsing the work at Hampton and Carlisle, and declaring that the lifting up of Indian women is imperative to the progress of their race.

In the course of his remarks, Mr. Schurz said:

"We want particularly to enable General Armstrong to erect a building for the education of Indian girls. Indian women have always been only beasts of burden. No human society can be good where woman is not recognized as an equal. Woman makes the atmosphere and must make the attraction of the human home. If we want the Indians to respect their women, we must teach the women to respect themselves. I commend this object mainly to your consideration."

Gen'l Nelson A. Miles, Capt. R. H. Pratt, Bishop Hare, of Dakota, Rev. Henry Potter, D. D., Rector of Grace Church, and the Principal of the Hampton Institute, made brief addresses. At the close of the meeting, Hon. William E. Dodge, (referring to the plans for the proposed building for Indian girls at Hampton, which were drawn on a large scale, and placed on the platform,) said that a lady in the meeting desired to pay the cost of one room for two girls, which is

Three Hundred Dollars,

adding that he wished to do so himself, and suggesting that, after the meeting, others come forward and do likewise. Fifteen rooms were soon provided for, thus securing four thousand five hundred dollars ($4,500) towards the cost of the building. Two sisters agreed to defray the cost of the Hospital department, which is two thousand dollars.

About one-third of the needed fund has thus been secured. Earnest efforts are being made to secure the remainder, by way of subscriptions, for the entire cost of Play-room, $1,200; Wash-room and Laundry, $2,000; and Study-room, $1,000; as well as for the rest of the sleeping rooms for girls and teachers. Providing a room at a cost of three hundred dollars, supplies accommodations for two Indian girls, so long as the public or government will send and support them.

Many would gladly help, but cannot give the large sum above suggested. The smallest contribution will be gratefully received. The thought and sympathy that inspires the gift of a dollar, may be as true, and as valuable to the cause, as that which inspires five hundred times that amount. Public sentiment and widespread sympathy are at the bottom of all sound work of this kind. The more helpers towards this building, the better; those who give for it, will care for and watch it. If twenty thousand dollars are given, there will be, besides, created by way of indirect result, a public sentiment worth twice the amount to the cause.

Contributions may be sent by check, to

S. C. ARMSTRONG,
HAMPTON, VA.

President Garfield, in his inaugural message, said:

"The full elevation of the Negro race from slavery to the full rights of citizenship is the most important political change we have known since the adoption of the Constitution of 1787. It has freed us from the perpetual danger of war and dissolution. It has added immensely to the moral and industrial forces of our people. It has liberated the master as well as the slave from a relation which wronged and enfeebled both. It has surrendered to their own guardianship the manhood of more than 5,000,000 of people, and has opened to each one of them a career of freedom and usefulness. It has given new inspiration to the power of self-help in both races, by making labor more honorable to the one, and more necessary to the other.

Those who resisted the change should remember that under our institutions there was no middle ground for the Negro race between slavery and equal citizenship. There can be no permanent, disfranchised peasantry in the United States.

The emancipated race has already made remarkable progress. With unquestioning devotion to the Union, with a patience and gentleness not born of fear, they have "followed the light as God gave them to see the light." They are rapidly laying the material foundations of self support, widening their circle of intelligence, and beginning to enjoy the blessings that gather around the homes of the industrious poor.

* * * *

It should be said with the utmost emphasis that this question of the suffrage will never give repose or safety to the States or to the Nation until each, within its own jurisdiction, makes and keeps the ballot free and pure by the strong sanctions of the law.

But the danger which arises from ignorance in the voter, cannot be denied. It covers a field far wider than that of Negro suffrage and the present condition of the race.

It is a danger that lurks and hides in the sources and fountains of power in every State. We have no standard by which to measure the disaster that may be brought upon us by ignorance and vice in the citizens, when joined to corruption and fraud in the suffrage.

The voters of the Union, who make and unmake constitutions, and upon whose will hang, the destinies of our Government, can transmit their supreme authority to no successor save the coming generation of voters, who are the sole heirs of sovereign power. If that generation comes to its inheritance blinded by ignorance and corrupted by vice, the fall of the Republic will be certain and remediless. The census has already sounded the alarm in the appalling figures which mark how dangerously high the tide of illiteracy has risen among our voters and their children.

To the South this question is of supreme importance; but the responsibility for the existence of slavery did not rest upon the South alone. The Nation itself is responsible for the extension of the suffrage, and is under special obligations to aid in removing the illiteracy which it has added to the voting population.

For the North and South alike there is but one remedy. All the constitutional power of the Nation and of the States, and all the volunteer forces of the people should be summoned to meet this danger by the savory influence of universal education. It is the high privilege and sacred duty of those now living to educate their successors, and fit them, by intelligence and virtue, for the inheritance which awaits them. In this beneficent work, sections and races should be forgotten and partisanship should be unknown. Let our people find a new meaning in the divine oracle which declares that "a little child shall lead them," for our own little children will soon control the destinies of the Republic."

A more wise and noble utterance has never been heard from the Chief Magistrate of the land. The danger he mentions has been recognized by others, but never pointed out with such force, and the remedy and the duty so clearly stated.

The two points are:

1. The ballot must be free and pure.

2. Ignorant voters are a danger; in the South, especially. This danger is a matter of supreme importance.

The power of the Nation, of the states, and all the volunteer, forces of the people are summoned to meet this danger by the saving influence of universal education.

A relative importance is given to the danger from ignorance and corruption and the need of intelligence and virtue, that no other public man of the day has pointed out.

For once true manhood is recognized as the paramount fact in our civilization, and the terrible lack of it indicated as a chief concern of government and people.

What next? Will a Republican Congress neglect as it has since 1865 to look to the foundations of the nation, turn a deaf ear to the cry of its "wards" for light, that they may read and learn their duty as men and citizens?

If President Garfield is right, national legislation for the past sixteen years, so far as Negro progress is concerned, has better expressed the ideas of men who made it a penitentiary offense to teach slaves, than of men who owed their own success in life in great measure to free schools. Making voters out of slaves and not lifting them to vote, shows scant wisdom and weak patriotism.

"The volunteer forces of the people," meaning Northern teachers and contributions (amounting to over six millions of dollars since emancipation,) have proved their loyalty to the principles of sound government and to the duties involved in the results of the war.

The million of dollars annually expended by the "Solid South" for Negro education, and the constantly improving sentiment in that direction, shows some appreciation of the danger from and the duty to ignorant voters.

Aside from the three and a half million dollars devoted from the funds of the Freedman's Bureau to schools for the ex-slaves, the Nation has as yet done nothing. Does Congress, as a body, care for the real welfare of the black man?

Will the trumpet note in President Garfield's inaugural address have any effect?

"If the coming generation of voters comes to its inheritance blinded by ignorance and corrupted by vice, the fall of the Republic will be certain. The census has already sounded the alarm in appalling figures."

Will these ringing words pass over our legislators like a flourish of rhetoric?

We are sure that the "volunteer forces" will be stimulated to greater effort.

The people are, generally, apathetic about the black man, but there are in most of our cities and towns, a few people who care for him. Their combined and unwearied efforts have produced great results.

The Negro cause is not popular. Few will go out to hear an appeal for his elevation. For his *physical* relief there is more general sympathy.

But throughout the country, in New England especially, there are enough men and women who realize that the South was not alone responsible for slavery, and that the entire nation is responsible for the extension and the results of it, to create a steady interest and a flow of contributions and personal effort to the South, year after year. What money and work has been more fruitful of good, and served a higher and more patriotic purpose than this? It has helped "widen their circle of intelligence." It has done much to create that "light" which they "followed as God gave them to see the light."

Good men and women did not stupidly wait for a Divine interposition. They went down South and taught Negro children, braving hardships and contempt. That's the way God's light reached the Negro in the earlier and more troubled days, and unless President Garfield's stirring words shall lead to some public measures, it will be the only way, save from the considerable and increasing efforts for his elevation by his former master, who fought to keep him a slave.

The Inaugural is headed in some papers as "a stalwart document from President Garfield."

Speaking of bull dozing or intimida-

tion of ignorant voters in defense of honest local government, it says:

Bad local government is certainly a great evil which ought to be prevented; but to violate the freedom and sanctity of the suffrage is more than an evil; it is a crime, which, if persisted in, will destroy the Government itself. Suicide is not a remedy. If in other lands it be high treason to compass the death of the king, it shall be counted no less a crime here to strangle our sovereign power and stifle its voice.

The evil or crime must be remedied. The enfranchised Negro must vote.

But when that evil is past, an even greater one looms up.

In New York, Philadelphia, and other cities, the masses are free to vote; but does that settle the question of the public welfare? When every black man votes as he chooses, will everything be lovely at the South?

Suppose suffrage to be absolutely unrestricted there. What then? The Stalwarts will be satisfied; they may be sure of power for many years. Do they care for anything else?

We regard the unrestricted use of the ballot at the South as an absolute but terrible necessity. There is no other way out of the difficulty. But we would recognize and urge measures for industrial improvement, for universal education, quite as strongly as we would the free ballot. That, however, is not "Stalwart" doctrine. Ten thousand of them will rally to hear of and denounce outrages, where ten will come to listen to the Negro's appeal for light; especially if there be a collection to be taken up.

Practically, northern pressure on the South is for a free Negro vote, for party purposes. The pressure is felt, and southern men are seeing the folly of intimidation. Outrages are scarce. A solid South makes a solid North, which don't pay. It hurts the South most, because she must grow malady from Northern emigration and capital, which avoids regions where discussion is not free, where political questions become social questions. Men go South, but their families often become home-sick from lack of congenial surroundings.

No southern State will let the Negro rule, even if he has votes enough to get in power.

Say to them, "The ballot should be free." They will reply "Yes. But we will not have Negro rule." They regard such rule as a danger, which they are bound to avoid. They will educate the blacks and let them prosper, as they are doing in many states, but they must not rule.

This is, we believe, the situation at present.

The President's Inaugural demands a full free vote at the South. That would unquestionably give the control of three of these states to the blacks. Will they get it? We think not. What is to be done? We answer: Raise up the Negro by the only known means of elevating men, by a wise and supreme educational effort, "All the constitutional power of the nation, of the States, and all the volunteer forces of the people, being summoned to meet this national danger by the saving force of universal education."

Do this, and the Negro question will work itself out; power will come with the capacity to use it. The Negro will "march on" to the attainment of his entire political inheritance, and "Freedom will yield its fullness of blessings" to that race and the country. With the lifting up of the ex-slaves, there will not and cannot be "the smallest obstacle in the pathway of any virtuous citizen."

In the pathway of the low and ignorant there will be obstacles, and President Garfield knows it.

The election of Ex-Governor Brown of Georgia, to the United States Senate, is a sign of the times. We extract from a lengthy interview recently published in the New York Herald.

By way of preliminary the reporter say: "In his own history Senator Brown, illustrates the extent of the reform he has effected. Ten or twelve years ago, on account of his position on the reconstruction measures, he was threatened with assassination when he was announced to speak to an audience of Georgians. He was completely ostracised and subjected to the wildest abuse of men who are now his close allies. Without abating one jot or tittle of the views he then held, he is elected, after the fiercest campaign known to the State, by about a two-thirds vote of the democrats of the Legislature and against the unrelenting abuse and opposition of the Bourbons. To have predicted five years ago that he could have accomplished this, would have been considered insanity. The importance of his campaign is increased by the fact that he represents not only a determined constituency in Georgia, but the liberal and progressive element that is to be found in every Southern State, and is rapidly becoming a commanding element. There is not a State in which his election has not been hailed by press and people as the first substantial victory achieved by the new South over the old South—the first breaking of the purely sectional passions and resentments that have repressed the best sentiment of the South for so long; the first turning from the past, with its terrible memories, to a hopeful and glorious future.

It must not be supposed that Governor Brown and his followers are less Southern in sentiment, or democratic in principal, than their opponents. On the contrary, they respect every tradition of the South, and defend every principal of democracy—no party split can be looked for from them. They merely insist that prejudice shall not stand in the way of development—that political agitation shall not impede political progress, while the laws shall be faithfully executed and every right of the citizen respected."

Senator Brown stated the following in replies to questions:

"The first thing that the people of the South should do in a political way is, to convince the people of the North that they have accepted in perfect good faith the reconstruction measures and the amendments to the constitution, and will stand by them and carry them out in all that they legitimately imply. We can never hope to win a national victory until this is done. It was fear on the part of the capitalists and substantial men of the North of the South's sincerity, and apprehensions created by a few Southern Bourbons, that defeated us in the last election, and will defeat us until it is entirely removed. We have nothing to lose by being frank and straightforward, and everything to lose by agitation, prejudice and passion. The course of her representatives should be to argue matters quietly and without intemperance, to discourage all sectional feeling, to live on good terms with the representatives of all sections, and move in solid phalanx with them in any movement that promises to aid our common country in working out its great destiny."

The great laboring classes of the South are tired of sectional strife. They want peace; they want a faithful execution of the laws; they want a full restoration of property; they want the Union of our fathers, upon the constitution as it is. With this restoration and the vast resources of the South properly understood and appreciated by the men of means, the substantial business men of the North and West, many of whom would then come South, there is no limit to the future prosperity and wealth of the South.

Under the old era, I am satisfied that a State had a right to secede. Under the new era and the constitutional amendments a State has no such right. The old South, under the old era, maintained and practised slavery. The new South, under the new era, has consented to abolition of slavery, and that our former slaves are now citizens with every legal right of citizenship. This change has swept away slave labor and has elevated and dignified free labor. It is now our duty to see that labor has its just reward, and that citizenship is protected in every legal right."

NEGRO EDUCATION.

"You have interested yourself considerably in pressing an educational bill?"

"Yes, and I think that of the very first importance to our people. We have accepted the enfranchisement of the negro in perfect good faith, and are determined to protect him in his every right. The platform on which I was elected was a free vote and a fair count. But we want these people educated so that they can vote intelligently and honestly, and prevent them from being defrauded. Georgia is doing her duty in this matter to the extent of her ability, but we cannot do all that is needed. New England has a heavy responsibility at this point. She brought the slaves from Africa and sold them to us. She and her allies freed them after we had bought them. She enfranchised them after they were freed. She will fail in the discharge of a solemn duty if she does not help to educate them. Knowledge will protect them as neither armies nor laws, nor anything else, ever can, and I will here add that I am very happy to see the interest manifested by the Northern Senators in this subject. In the late debate in the Senate they showed a most liberal and just spirit."

THE NEGRO SOUTH AND NORTH.

In a recent number, we quoted from Col. McClure of the "Philadelphia Times," who has been publishing recent personal experiences in the South.

He states that the whites will dominate without regard to the occasional numerical preponderance of the blacks.

Negro majorities at the South are thus to be set aside by intimidation or by false counting. This seems a settled fact.

But he gives another picture.

"THE WHITE AND THE BLACK MECHANIC

are on an equal footing. I saw a score of colored policemen on the streets of New Orleans, serving under a democratic mayor, but it would cost Mayor Stakley his last hope of election if he were to put the sable policemen on Chestnut street. I saw black men sitting on the Democratic side of Southern Legislatures, but no Republican district in Philadelphia or Pennsylvania has ventured to nominate one of the seventy-five hundred colored voters of the city, or one of the thrice that number in the State, for any legislative position, either State or municipal. I saw the colored man mingle with Democratic organizations in the South, but not one could sit in the councils of the League or the Union Club, or march in mixed ranks with the Invincibles or Young Republicans in Philadelphia. I saw him have free access to every channel of mechanical industry in the South, but he is relentlessly excluded from the organized mechanical pursuits of Republican Philadelphia. His admission into the printing offices of the *Times* or the *Press* or the *North American* would vacate every white man's case, where most of them vote the Republican ticket, to help the black man; and the colored labor of the South, as a class, is to-day better paid, more steadily employed and more uniformly free from want, than the farm labor of the North or of any country of the world. Indeed, so great is the demand for labor in the now rapidly progressing South, that all colored laborers are employed from January to January; their wives and children double or quadruple their income in the cotton picking season, that lasts three months in the year, and there is now a yearly winter influx of white labor from the North to aid in the sugar and rice harvests. This is the

PEACE TO THE BLACK AND WHITE MAN

that has followed the now accepted domination of the whites in the South, and the black man does not wish it changed for a renewal of a struggle to which he is utterly unequal. I see the same colored leader (ex-Senator Revels,) who was excluded from the Senate of the Academy of Music when a Republican United States Senator, solely because of his race, now at the head of a colored college that is sustained entirely by the Democratic State government of Mississippi, and he holds his high commission from the same authority, while Republican Pennsylvania has no such temple of learning for the black man. Although forbidden to speak in the Philadelphia Academy, he can speak to intelligent and appreciative white audiences in the State that is blotted by the Kemper and the Yazoo tragedies. In all the reign of passion that has followed the war of races in the South I can find no imitation of the exclusion of a Curtis from a public hall by the Republican Mayor of Philadelphia."

"ALASKA

and Missions on the North Pacific Coast" by the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D. is an interesting and encouraging account of efforts for the elevation of the Indians of Alaska.

The Rev. John G. Brady, a pioneer missionary there, is quoted as follows, under date of May, 1878:

"I came here expecting to find about the lowest grade of people on the globe. In all my journey from New York to Sitka, I received but very few words of encouragement from those who knew my mission. I now *know* that the people of our country are ignorant in regard to the people and resources of this grand system of archipelagoes. There are several miners here in Sitka who have been among the Indians since 1849, and are thoroughly informed in regard to customs, habits, mental powers, etc., of the various tribes in the gold regions. These men say that the Alaska Indians are in all respects superior to those on the plains. They build good, permanent houses. They store up supplies of food, when fish, berries, and the like are in season. They will do hard work, and are always anxious to be employed. An officer of a steamboat which plies on the Stickeen told me that whenever he hired an Indian to chop so many cords of wood, and to have it at a certain place, he was sure to find the contract strictly fulfilled. The Cassiar miners in British Columbia employ them constantly in packing, chopping, and in doing all kinds of hard work. They are self-supporting."

SLAVERY IN CUBA.

We reprint from the "Anti Slavery Reporter" of London, a letter from the late British Consul General in Cuba, which cannot but interest American readers.

London, 3rd December, 1880.

DEAR MR. STUDGE;—I am glad to inform you that the reports I have just received from Cuba are most encouraging, both as regards the emancipation of the slaves, and the productions of the island.

It is reported to me that the freedom of the slave population is progressing rapidly, as the slave owners are now fully convinced that the law enacted by the Spanish Cortes will be faithfully carried out.

The value of negro slaves has declined so materially that a great many of the negroes have been able to purchase their freedom, their owners, in many instances, accepting almost a nominal sum.

In several cases, the slaves have been granted their freedom unconditionally, whilst others have been allowed to shift for themselves upon a monthly payment of four dollars to their owner, for a limited period.

The law regarding children is being punctually observed, the children being declared free.

By a Government decree, owners are obliged to pay their slaves their monthly wages within fifteen days of the expiry of the month, failing which, the slaves are declared free. Many have already received their freedom in this manner, and it is thought that if the emancipation of the negroes continues in the same ratio as it has done since the Emancipation Act became law, a very short time will suffice to complete the total manumission of the slave population in the island. There has already been a decrease of over one-third of that population since 1876.

The insurrection is now completely over, but it has left a heavy debt behind it, and there is scarcely a single planter who is solvent. There is little doubt that the proprietorship of the sugar and other plantations must eventually change hands, and that their working will require the strictest care and economy.

The same system which obtains in other places is being successfully employed in Cuba; I mean the job system. The Chinese, who are now properly protected under their own Consular supervision, have been, for some time past, engaged in introducing this species of labor. They are now freely permitted to work together in gangs, and it has been found that a Chinese contractor, with his sixty men, will take off a crop as efficiently and with far more economy than a planter with his 200 slaves could do under the old wasteful system.

The antipathy which formerly existed between the negroes and the Chinese has, in a great measure, subsided; in fact they now amalgamate freely, so that there need be no apprehensions regarding the production or prosperity of the island, inasmuch as the free Negro will work with Chinamen, and the superior intellect of the latter must always place him above the former.

The cultivation of Cuba will largely develop itself under the new system, as it has done: 680,000 tons of sugar, is ample proof of the capabilities of the soil, in spite of the rapid transitions which have fallen so heavily upon the agricultural interests of the island.

Much no doubt will depend upon tariff and other economic reforms, to which the Spanish Government can no longer remain blind. Cheap food, which is one of the primary necessities in Cuba, should be secured by doing away with the flour and other monopolies, and as the United States consume 80 per cent. of that island's produce, giving a large trade in return, the negotiation of a special Treaty of Commerce between the two countries is of the most urgent necessity and paramount importance.

The present Governor-General of Cuba, General Blanco, who is most popular, has done much in bringing about the pacification of Cuba, and causing the Emancipation Act to be observed, thereby seconding the liberal and enlightened views of his predecessor, General Martinez Campos.

You will, I am sure, be much pleased to learn these tidings from Cuba.

Yours most truly,

JOHN V. CRAWFORD.

Mr. William M. Dart, a graduate of Atlanta University, Georgia, now teaching in Columbia, South Carolina, is an able, "level headed" colored man, from whose "Reflections for the Colored People," a lengthy article in the Daily Register of that city, we quote.

"Unfortunate, however, for the country and for the colored people, was the belief that they were the wards of the nation. This was of a tendency to destroy some of the manly independence that each one should have. But the time has come when this delusion should be shaken off; when in virtue of inherent obligations and qualifications, colored people every where should *first deserve* all those rights and

privileges that appertain to true American citizenship, then, in the name of the constitution, demand them before the bar of public opinion, remembering that people who wish to perpetuate themselves and to be respected must labor, must acquire wealth, *must educate themselves and their children, and must practise morality.* Without these, there can be no true citizenship in the highest and best acceptation of the term, the sophistry of the political demagogue and time server to the contrary notwithstanding. Why not recognize the stubborn truths like men? To repeat the thought: Let the *letter* of the law be what it may, and disguise the fact as we will, there never has been, is not to day, and never will be, a real *unquestioned and unquestionable* citizenship, *properly habilitated, unless it is founded upon intelligence and property,* although the want of these is excused in a popular government like ours, because of the circumstances which made such a want possible. But will it ever be thus? *Should* it ever be thus? To both interrogatories the negative is being frankly admitted by some of the best friends of the race.

It is obvious that the race is contending amidst fearful odds. But who knows but from these very odds a stronger race is to grow? But the Negro has naught but poverty to pit against wealth, ignorance against training of centuries, and humble efforts against traditional prejudices years old.

We need more education and less whisky, more morals and less politics, (we do not say *no* politics, but *less* politics,) more pure Christianity and less bigotry in religion, more mental culture, and less pampering our bodies and appetites.

We should attend lectures, concerts, *time-readings,* and all entertainments that tend towards elevation. *No family furthermore should be without a newspaper.* If you are too poor to take a daily newspaper, subscribe for a weekly issue. Read. Keep abreast with the current events that are transpiring daily. A reading people is a thinking people. A thinking people are a progressive people. A progressive people can never be wiped from the face of God's green earth. Our homes should be made pleasant, thus being an attraction to keep our young women from making their faces as common as curbstones on our public streets, and thus saving our young men from bar-rooms, from gambling dens, and from brothels.

Whence must come amelioration? Not from politics; not from the "strong arm" of the national government. She is too weak. She is stronger to defend her individual citizens on the high seas against a foreign foe, than she is able to protect her subjects within her borders. The *fact,* not yet controverted, remains, in accordance with a growing public opinion and the "local self government idea," that the individual States exercise, and will continue to exercise, reserved powers over their citizens which the nation can never attempt to exercise without the consent of the States, unless she invites revolution.

The duty of colored people is clear. They must work, work, work—in the morning and at high noon, in the evening and (if necessary) through the night. They are working for posterity. The object is worthy any sacrifice. THE COLORED PEOPLE MUST EDUCATE ALL THEIR CHILDREN AT ALL HAZARDS.

HISTORY OF VIRGINIA.

Captain John Hampden Chamberlayne, the able editor of the Richmond "State," delivered, by invitation, before the Hampton Normal School last month, a series of instructive and interesting lectures upon the history of Virginia. We regret that we have not space for an abstract of the course, which was fully reported in the Norfolk papers, at the time. Laying aside his manuscript which had been prepared with great elaboration and research for the Southern Historical Society, Capt. Chamberlayne held his hearers' attention with graphic description of old Virginia times, and later history such as no one else in the country is so well prepared to give. He divided the history of the state into six periods; Colonial, Revolutionary, Constitutional, Period of Decay, of Secession, and the Present. The decay of the State he attributed to slavery, which he declared a national curse denounced and struggled against by Virginia herself, until overcome by "King Cotton, and selfish interest which blinded the eyes of many in the North as well as the South, to its huge evils. A beautiful eulogy of Washington occupied much of his last lecture, and he closed with an earnest call to the young colored men in the school before him, to come forward to their duties as citizens, not as politicians, but as voters, upholding righteousness and the honest payment of debts, whether personal or of the State.

ARE THERE TWO HALVES IN A WHOLE?

Assuming, for argument's sake, that there are, can we expect to elevate a whole race without elevating both halves of it? That has been, to be sure, the plan of work in the past. Ex-Commissioner Hayt is not by any means the only one who has thought it worth while to expend thousands upon the education of aboriginal young men, while not admitting the possibility of improving their aboriginal sisters. This, however, is not Hampton's idea, and we believe we are right in thinking that it is no longer the idea of the wide awake, working class of thinkers, those on whom the work of humanity and the world's progress depends. If the women of a race are beyond hope, the race is doomed. If they are left out of any plan for its improvement, that plan will fail. If there is any slighting of the work, it must not fall here, for this is the most vital point of all. There are two halves to a whole. It will seem strange some day to all, that mathematical science could have advanced to the calculation of eclipses while sociological and philanthropic thought was hazy on this somewhat elementary principle.

But can Indian girls be elevated?

That is the whole question.

The two and a half years experience of Hampton and Carlisle answers it with an emphatic Yes! And it is therefore that, in all faith and earnestness, we appeal to those who do not believe in half way measures, to round and complete our work by the needed building for Indian girls at Hampton, without which we cannot receive the fifty girls who are waiting to come, towards whose support here the Secretary of the Interior has pledged the same assistance from Government as is given for the boys.

We think no one need be in doubt as to the possibilities for Indian women, after such testimony as the following from a teacher of Indian girls at Hampton:

THE INDIAN GIRLS AND THEIR NEW BUILDING.

Nothing makes the work for Indians seem more hopeless and discouraging than the want of respect in an Indian girl for herself. There is a conscious strength among the boys, which inspires respect; there is a pitiful self-distrust and shame-facedness among the girls, that responds to no appeal, and seems to give no standing-room for character.

The sweet traditions of a woman's influence which sanctify the life of a New England girl, and often change a round of tiresome and vexatious tasks into a joyful ministry of love, find no resting place in an Indian girl's heart. The thought of a life of dignity and helpfulness which God meant for her, falls as an inspiration, and meets the bitter response. "Indians don't talk so. Hampton boys don't think like that. Why don't you tell them about it?" Poor child! To be believed in by her own people, and those she loves the best, lies yet far down the Indian girls road.

Yet daily she grows towards a purity and sweetness and dignity of character, that shall meet, bye and bye, its glad reward.

The new building has begun to do its work before the first brick is laid, by the assurance it brings to the Indian girls that somebody believes in them.

What the Indian girls have received for themselves, they have been most anxious to give to their new little sisters, who have come to Hampton from another tribe, separated by miles of prairies and mountain walls from the home of the Dakotas.

We thought that, when they saw the little gypsies with their unkempt hair, and strange wild ways, speaking an unknown language, the missionary zeal would disappear. We were mistaken.

It was touching to see the watchful care the self-appointed guardians showed for their charges. They taught them more quickly than they had been able to learn themselves, how to make their beds and get in ready for sleep between the sheets, how to keep their hair smooth and collars straight, and to use their knives and forks at the table. One of the new girls who was very home sick, could not content herself in Virginia Hall, and attempted frequent calls upon her brothers and cousins in the Indian boys' cottage. She was watched and followed, entreated to come back, or reported instantly with tearful eyes when she made her escape. "Bird-Tail," waked to a sudden consciousness of her own improvement, by the deportment of the new girls, drove her home one day with a stick, and the boys were found on one occasion mending their sister's gentle advances with a knotted towel and a shower of oyster shells. Though she was by no means allowed to carry her point, she was comforted and diverted when she came back to her room, by every means which the gentleness and ingenuity of the Indian girls could devise. By mild and severe measures combined, the lesson was learned at last, and the little girl is quite contented now in her own place.

Like other missionary enterprises, undertaken by other girls in happier spheres, the work was easier while it was novel. When it settled down to a daily irritation and annoyance, patience began to fail.

After a few weeks, the matron complained that Carrie and Annie's room, which had been her pride, was in a constant state of disorder. When the children came to account for it: "It was all Francesca's fault. She puts the bands down in the middle of the table, and she goes to my drawer and messes my things all up, and three girls are too many any way, and it isn't any use to try." "Shall I take Francesca away?" "Yes," with some hesitation. "I guess you better. Where are you going to put her?" Tolfered to tell them a story before we decided, and their eyes brightened when they found it was the old legend of St. Christopher. They never tire of hearing how the strong giant sought a way to serve Christ, and, refusing to weaken his strength by fasting and prayer, as the monks bade him, found none, till at last one, wiser than the rest, sent him to the edge of a rushing torrent to carry pilgrims across the stream; how patiently he kept at his task, not knowing whether he was in Christ's service or not, till one black night, when the torrent was a rushing river and the storm was high, a little child called to him to carry him across to the other shore, and the giant put the tiny weight upon his shoulders, and stepping into the stream found it grew heavier upon him till he staggered beneath the load, and trembling laid down his burden on the other side, and knew that it was the Christ-child he had carried over the waters. There was no need to point the story for the Indian children. Long before it was finished, one little head was bowed in the teacher's lap, and the other's face was hidden on her shoulder. Well she knew that often their weary heads must bow, if they would indeed carry back the Christ-child to the dark country from which they came.

Long after the story was done, little Annie looked up through her long dark lashes, to say, smiling "I guess you better not take Francesca away. I think we'll keep her a little bugger," and added, pain and gratitude struggling in her voice, "Were we like that when we came away?"

Last Saturday morning when we opened the door for inspection, we found Carrie on her knees scrubbing the floor, and Annie sat reading aloud, ready to change places when her time came; while little Francesca had been given the easier task of folding her clothes nearly in her own drawer. In the evening, the matron, opening the door before lights were out, found Annie kneeling by her bed, with Francesca beside her, while she framed for her the simple petitions of her first prayer.

No angel of wrath with avenging sword comes to balance the debt of a century's wrong and dishonor, but a little child calls to us in the dark and the storm and asks to be carried to a shore of safety and peace.

Strange, that while the child cries, our thought should be grasped by the memory of a piece of painted canvass three centuries old. It is not the cherub faces just waking to thought—nor the self-conscious pope and saint who know not what they worship—not even the mother's face, with its wonder of love and purity, and sympathy, and pain, which fascinates us; but the boy she holds, upon whose baby brow, and in whose child-like eyes, there lie the majesty, the struggle, the agony, the love, of the suffering and conquering Savior of the world.

We hear the call of the Christ-child, who trusted himself to a woman's weak arms, and in the supreme hour of his humiliation and exaltation committed the mother who bore him to the protecting strength of manhood. Who shall dare, man or woman, to turn away from the child's cry, though we know the burden will grow heavy as we bear it, and we may faint beneath the load?

MEETING OF THE ALUMNI.

Pursuant to the adjournment of the last meeting of the "Alumni Association, of Hampton Institute," the next meeting will be held at the Institute, Friday, May 20th, 1881, the day following the Anniversary.

It is earnestly desired that every graduate will feel the necessity of being present, and doing his part towards making the meeting interesting, profitable, and an honor to our beloved Alma Mater.

The resident graduates have constituted themselves a general committee of arrangements, and will see that everything is made pleasant for those who attend. Boarding and lodging by the School need not be expected, but ample accommodations, outside, at low rates, will be made for those who notify the Corresponding Secretary, R. H. Hamilton, by the 5th of May, of their intention to be present.

A LETTER FROM EX-PRESIDENT HAYES.

An expression of grateful acknowledgement from Hampton Institute, to ex-President Hayes, for the sympathy he has so actively manifested through all his administration, in the causes for which it exists, and itself as representing them, seemed but natural and fitting, on his retirement from the Presidential office. A letter of such acknowledgement, signed by the Principal, officers and teachers of the Normal School, and sent to Mr. Hayes, has received a response characteristic and cordial, which the school is honored to place among its archives. We feel that the gratification of reading it belongs to all the friends of Hampton, and therefore publish it, with the letter that called it forth.

The story of Bethesda chapel, alluded to in the letter, is an interesting bit of unwritten history, which we will give our readers in our next number.

Hampton, Va., *March* 7th, '81.

To the Honorable Rutherford B. Hayes, L. L. D. ex-President of the United States of America.

SIR:

As officers and teachers of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, for Negroes and Indians, at Hampton, Virginia, we beg to express to you our appreciation of the noble work you have done for the whole country and for humanity, in having thrown the weight of your influence in your high official position as President of these United States, in behalf of the weak and long oppressed races which the providence of God has made the Nation's wards, and in having so wisely furthered the process of reconstruction.

We would very gratefully acknowledge the constant kindness from yourself and Mrs. Hayes, which, through the whole four years of your administration, has been one of the schools' greatest encouragements in its own work in behalf of these interests.

We recognize it as the expression of your estimate of their importance, and your confidence in the school, as representing them, and we hope, that in fulfilling its trust, it may ever continue to deserve your confidence, and that of the public, so largely due to yours.

We would especially thank you for your last official act in behalf of the school, in interposing to save for its use the chapel in the National Cemetery within our grounds, endeared to us by so many associations of peace and war.

We know that the good wishes of which we are the medium, are a small part only of those which attend you as you leave the position you have so nobly filled. The dangers that menaced the country when you took the oath of office, have disappeared as morning mists. National prosperity has taken the place of national despondency, peace the place of passion. To your firm hand on the helm of state, much, if not all, of this is due.

Congratulating you upon the results of your administration, and praying that a happy consciousness of them, with all the blessings of God, may follow you in laying down the arduous duties of your office, for the honorable repose which they merit,

We have the honor to be &c.

Fremont, Ohio, March 10, 1881.

MY DEAR GENERAL:— I cannot too strongly express the gratification which Mrs. Hayes and myself feel in receiving the congratulations and generous approval of yourself and the officers, teachers, and all other friends who united in the letter to us dated March 7th, in behalf of Hampton Institute. The work the Institute is successfully doing is so worthy and admirable, that we deem it an especial honor to have its commendation. We shall never cease to be deeply interested in its success, and in the personal welfare of all connected with it. We beg you to receive our warmest thanks, and to be assured that you have our sincere wishes and prayers.

With all respect and regard,

R. B. HAYES.

General S. C. Armstrong, and the Gentlemen and Ladies of the Institute.

CO-OPERATION.

Prof. James Storum, of the Academic Department of Wayland Seminary, lectured, by invitation, before the Hampton Normal School, March 25th. His subject was the interesting one of co-operation, especially of co-operative business enterprises as furnishing to the colored race—in the way of occupation and means of acquiring property and standing—that opportunity which is essential to all success. The lecture was interesting and practical, and was eloquently delivered. It is too late for a more extended account of it in our present number, but we will give, at least, an abstract of it in the next.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

From Our Missionary In Africa. What Kind of Men to Send There. From a Member of a "Liberal Profession." First-grade Certificate and Fourth-grade Pay. Letters to Former Helpers. Struggles for Education, and the Use Made of it. Relations between Parents and Children. Filial Servitude. Appreciation of Hampton's Training increasing with Maturity. Condition of the People South and North. Improving Relations of the Races. A Hard Winter in the Mountains. Near Starvation. Five Miles through the Snow to School. Her Log School House. A Good Temperance Society.

WHO SHALL GO TO AFRICA?

Our missionary teacher at the Mendi Mission sends us the results of his own observation and thought on this question. They are worth the consideration of those who have a desire to emigrate for Africa's interests as well as their own.

Mendi Mission, Sherbro, West Coast Africa. Jan. 13, 1881.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong,

Dear Sir:

Some months ago there was a question published in the American Missionary asking "Who shall go to Africa?" If the writer of that question will allow me to turn his question around, I will try to answer it. Since I am in Africa to answer this question, the writer will please be kind enough to let me put it in this way. Who shall come to Africa? (As missionaries)

Let me first say, that Africa and her wants are unknown to some of our good people in America. They seem to think that any thing will do for Africa. They think that she is dark, and therefore can not see what is sent to her, whether it is good or bad. Now, my good sir, whenwe go to light a room, don't we put the best lights in the darkest part of the room? So also we should do for poor dark Africa. Africa wants to be redeemed from the darkness which covers her to-day, and to remove this darkness it will take a powerful light. So let me give you my opinion once more, on the question. "Who shall come to Africa to redeem her?"

1st. Men who can stand the climate. These must be men who are sound in body before leaving America. They must be men with unmixed blood, and of the pure negro race. The sons of Africa are better suited to the climate than any one else. They are coming home when they come to Africa. Some one may say, if this statement be true, why have so many of the colored missionaries from the Mendi mission had to leave the field on account of ill health? To such a one I would say that his question is a good one. But let such a person tell me if there has one pure negro gone from the field on account of sickness? When he answers my question he will also answer his own. All who have had to leave the field for ill health are of mixed blood, who cannot stand the climate at all. Another reason why colored men should be sent, and I mean the pure negro, is that the native people look on him as one of their own, and are willing to open their bosom to him as they will do to no other. They have had to do with the white traders on the coast, who never treat them kindly; if a native does any thing to one of them he will get the toe of his boot or a stick. So they look on almost all white men alike. I don't say that a white missionary can do no good, for he can, and white missionaries have done much good here. But my belief is that while the whites may do good, the blacks may do more. Pardon me if I am too strong—but I must give my opinion in full.

2nd. We want well educated men. Some think if a man has a desire to preach the word of God, and such a one wishes to go to Africa, notwithstanding his want of qualifications, he is a fit person to send. This is a great mistake, and I am sorry to say has been often made. To teach and reach the heathen, needs the best teachers and preachers, men who know what they are to teach, and about what they are going to preach; and not only so, but they must be able to impart the same to the weak minds of the heathen.

3rd. Men who are not selfish. A man to go to teach must never show to his pupils that he thinks himself above them; only in this, that his improvement has been above theirs.

Some men come to Africa, and keep themselves aloof from the very people to whom they have been sent, and how can they do any good? If a mason were to get up on his stage, and call to the stones, which he is to build the house with, to come up to him, his work would never be done. But truly this is the way in which some act. Send men who fear God more than they do man. Men who will try to please God first, and man second. Men who do not work for a good name from men, but who will try and do their duty to God, first, and man second. When this is done the mission field will be successful, and not until then. Let such men as I have named come and take in these poor native boys and girls, and teach them how to work, and train some for missionary work, and what has been prophesied about Africa's rising will look hopeful. I hope that all who come to Africa may be such. These are the men to redeem Africa.

I had hoped a letter from you by this mail, but did not get any. I hope you will send for the boys in time enough for them to start in March next. I want to send some things by them which I cannot send by mail.

Hoping that you will let me hear from you soon,

I am yours truly,
A. E. W.

P. S. Both the boys are with me now.

FROM A MEMBER OF ONE OF THE "LIBERAL PROFESSIONS."

Rev. Edward Everett Hale, in his noble lecture on the so-called "Liberal professions," puts forcibly the idea that they are liberal, not only in the fulness of learning and culture acquired by the individual, but in the generous freedom with which their results are given out to the world. The central idea of trade is money making, whether for good or evil. The central idea of the profession of the ministry, of medicine, of teaching, of literature, of science—even of law—is the good of humanity. Whoever in these callings puts his own gain before the interests of those he deals with, is making of his profession a trade.

This, apropos to the following letter from a young member of the liberal profession of teaching, who will not give up his high calling because he finds a fourth grade salary attached to a first grade certificate. But is it fair?

——Md. *Feb.* 4, 1881.

Mr.——

My Dear Friend,

I again attempt to write you an account of my work, and how I am succeeding. It was thought at one time this winter that the schools would not be run longer than Jan. 31st, which would have given a five months term, but in this District they will be run out to the usual time of closing—April 15th—and teachers' salaries for this term will be reduced ten per cent. Mine which was $60.00 per quarter (the salary paid all colored teachers) will be $54.00, board $10.00 per month. A neighboring school has closed on that account, but it may be opened again and run out its fall time, as the people may make up the balance to make the teacher's pay the same that it was. The present Board of School Commissioners are not giving the Colored schools the same chances as the white schools, for they do not pay Colored teachers in the same way that they do the white, that is, by the grade of their certificates. The certificates are graded, 1st or Principal, 2nd or Assistant, and 3rd or Primary, and the pay is respectively $110.00 $90.00 and $75.00, but Colored teachers, regardless of certificate of examination, receive only $60.00 per quarter. Colored school-houses are not kept in as good repair and furniture as white. Their plea for this is that the Colored people do not pay taxes enough to justify them in doing any better, which is true as far as it goes. The Colored people here pay their share of the taxes as far as they are able, many of them by working for the corporation, etc. and I don't think it fair to put them back in this way.

It looks to me like a step towards effectually crippling the colored schools by making the pay so small that teachers will not accept it. But some of us will be found in the work, if we work for nothing and board around with the people. On account of heavy snows and cold weather my school has decreased, but my average is still about fifty, and I have reasons to feel encouraged at the progress made. I receive the newspapers regularly, read them carefully myself, and then send them out among the people. I have had interesting letters from several of our graduates, Logan, Cunnaday, Miss Harris and Mr. and Mrs. Dyson. I hope you are very well and that I may hear from you soon.

Yours Truly,
W.

LETTERS TO FORMER HELPERS. HER LOG SCHOOL HOUSE.

——Va. *Jan.* 24th 1881.

Miss L.

Dear Friend:—Though a stranger to you, yet after reading your kind letter in S. W. to the graduates of Hampton (I being counted in the number) I thought I would give you a brief account of my work in Nelson Co. I often think of you and the good talk you used to give to the class of '79, (of which I was a member.) I have found it all true and a help to me through my work. After a short vacation, I left my home in N. J. and sought a field in the South, to labor with the view of trying to elevate my race. Let it be ever so little, I thought, if there was any good I could do for my people, I wanted it done there. I found rather a neglected spot. Though Hampton Institute has sent her hundreds out, yet none had reached this place. After going through the required examination with success, I entered my little school house, which presented such a miserable looking picture, had I been easy discouraged, I would have given up at once. A little log cabin, with not a desk, black-board, chair or table, could be seen; only a few benches without backs were all that met my eye. I went to work and soon had necessary things. I had the school-house white washed, and framed pictures from papers, hung them upon the walls, and soon had a pleasant looking room. I started with nine pupils, at the close numbered 55. I have gained the love of every child and parent, and it is a pleasure to me to meet their faces. I taught them punctuality by always being at my post in due time. On Friday I give them talks on neatness, politeness, whiskey drinking, swearing, and such topics as I think will have effect. I find it hard to put down whiskey. The old people indulge in it, also teach it to the children. Though I have put down a great deal of it among my pupils, I want to organize a Temperance Society, as soon as I can get some nice pledge and papers to put before them. I have a nice Sunday School, but am suffering for the want of Sunday School papers and something to explain the Bible. I have nothing at all of the kind. My friend S. Lucas is teaching about five miles from me.

Obediently,
M.

STRUGGLES FOR EDUCATION.

——Va., February 7, 1881.

Dear Friend:

I am requested to write you an account of my early life,—also how I came to be a Hampton student, and what advantage has the education been to me that I received there, &c.

I was born a slave in King and Queen Co., Va., October 7, 1853. My father and mother were both slaves, my mother died before I was three years old, my father is still living in the same county. After the death of my mother I saw many dark days, often suffering from hunger, and being poorly clad. I was separated by my master from my father at seven years old, and carried quite a distance away. I saw my father then only once in two months; that grieved me very much, but my master said that it was time that I should begin to learn how to work, so I had to go. I lived with him till the close of the war; I then went to live with my father, and worked most of the time for nine years on the farm; going to school during the winter from 1871 to 1874. During the year 1871 I accidentally saw a circular of the Hampton Normal School, that gave the rules and regulations; from that time I began to cherish a desire to go there as a student, but there were some difficulties in the way. It was very hard for my father to live and save money enough to start me at Hampton. Well, during the summer of 1874 I made up my mind to go to Hampton the next fall. So after ploughing the crop over, I began to haul wood to the river (that being a branch of industry in that section) to get money to start me at Hampton Institute. I worked faithfully with a strong hope that I should reap the fruit of my labor at school. But a few days after I began to haul, and was doing quite well, my cart broke down, and it took all that I had earned to repair it. After that I began again and was very successful.

I left home September 29th, with $40.00, and arrived at Hampton with $35.00, and was successful enough to enter the junior class. I was promoted at the end of each term, till I graduated. I was there three years. I left school in June, 1877. I cannot estimate the value that my education is to me. I think that I just did secure the golden opportunity. I have had three hundred children under my care since I have been teaching;—I am yet at the same employment, and have a large school. There are several Baptist churches in this vicinity, and better instructors are sadly needed in them. A good temperance lecturer is very much needed too.

There are a great many colored people buying themselves homes. The two races are on friendly terms.

Yours gratefully. S.

A HARD WINTER IN THE MOUNTAINS.

——Virginia, January 22, 1881.

Mr. B——,

Dear Friend:

I received yours of the 17th a few minutes ago; I am very glad to have it.—I received the charts, books, maps, globe, blackboard, slates etc. the first of January. I was glad to get them, they were just the things I needed for my school-room; the children also were glad to get new books and slates. I find the globe very useful—I have a very nice school of twenty-five; I cannot tell how I enjoy teaching them. I think a private school is much nicer than a public school.

We have had a very deep snow,—so deep as to prevent traveling. I live seven miles from the station, and no wagon has been able to go from here there, on account of the drift. There is no work going on on the farms; every laborer seems to be out of work, which makes it very bad for some. There are several families on the mountain that were so near starvation, that they made a raid on a gentleman's corn-field one night; a part of them were caught, tried and let loose, as they had no more than they could eat.

My husband has been out of work ever since Christmas; every thing looks gloomy, and times are hard. The baby is in good health; she is four months old, weighs 17 lbs. sits alone, and tries to crawl; has been prattling for some time.

I receive the Southern Workman and other papers you send. I am requested by the trustees to return to the school again.

Many thanks the children and I send for your kindness to us.

I am yours gratefully,
C. P.

FIVE MILES TO SCHOOL.

——, Va., Feb. 1, 1881.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong.

Dear Sir:

Your December letter came safely, and found us well. Since my return the weather has been extremely cold, and very wet; but regardless of this my numbers have steadily increased. My present enrollment is 135; average daily attendance about 105; So you see I have something to do these very cold days. On account of the distance which some of my pupils live from the school, (five miles) they did not respond very freely, but through the kindness of my Boston friend, we had quite a nice New Year's tree.

The "Educational Journal" for January, '81, was a welcome visitor, for which I thank you, as the sender is unknown.

Your liberal offer to me in securing subscribers for the Southern Workman is received. In reply I will say that I have been unable to do any thing yet; but some persons have promised to give me their names for the paper. I will send them in as they pay the money. Our people here do not read as much as they should.

I shall be very glad to hear from you again soon. With kind wishes,

Your former pupil,
E. M. C.

KIND COUNSEL APPRECIATED.

The young woman who writes as follows, is one of many, we doubt not, who are grateful for the kind and wise counsel of our correspondent, M. A. L.

——N. C., ——1881.

Dear General:

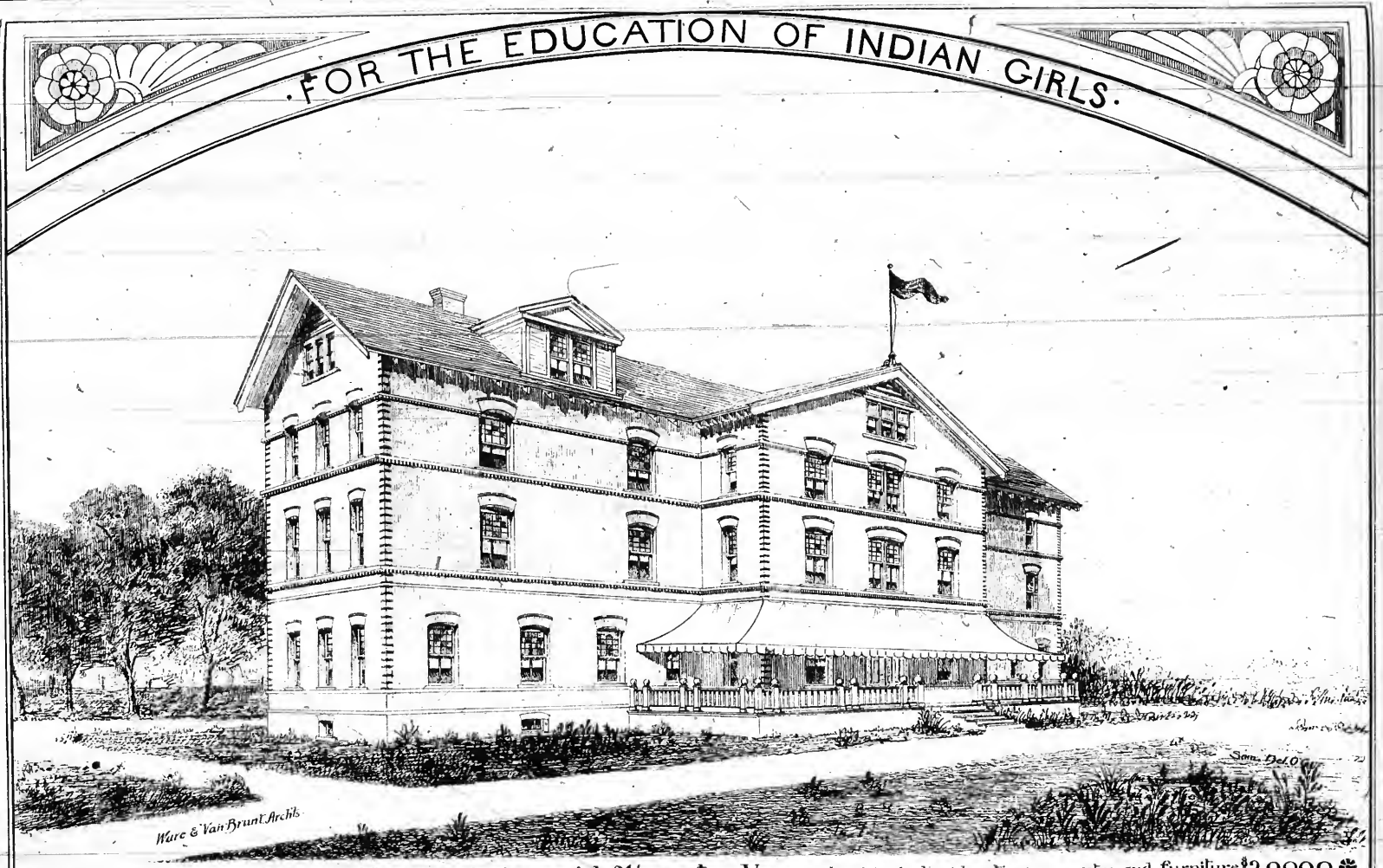
Accept my sincere thanks for the papers. I know you must have sent them. Be assured they were gladly received, and thoroughly perused. I feel very grateful to be the recipient of such an interesting paper. I received a letter from you desiring me to be an agent for the "Southern Workman." I will do all I can, but do not think I can accomplish much in this portion of the country, there being but few in number, and not many able to read; if they could, it would enlighten them, and cause them to be more punctual about sending their children to school. I have a very good school this winter. Not so many on roll as last winter, on account of the severity of the weather. Mr. ——of Boston, has been very kind to me since I have been in the work. He was so kind as to give us a summer school at this place last summer, besides supplying the children with cloth, ing, books etc. The children, parents and myself can never forget him for his benevolence to us. I am sure he is a friend indeed, because he has been a friend in need. I often tell the children the only way they can show their gratitude to the north, is by trying to elevate themselves to be true men and women.

I am much encouraged by the pieces written in the "Workman." "To Hampton Graduates." I think all Hampton graduates ought to be encouraged, and feel as if they have quite a compliment conferred upon them.

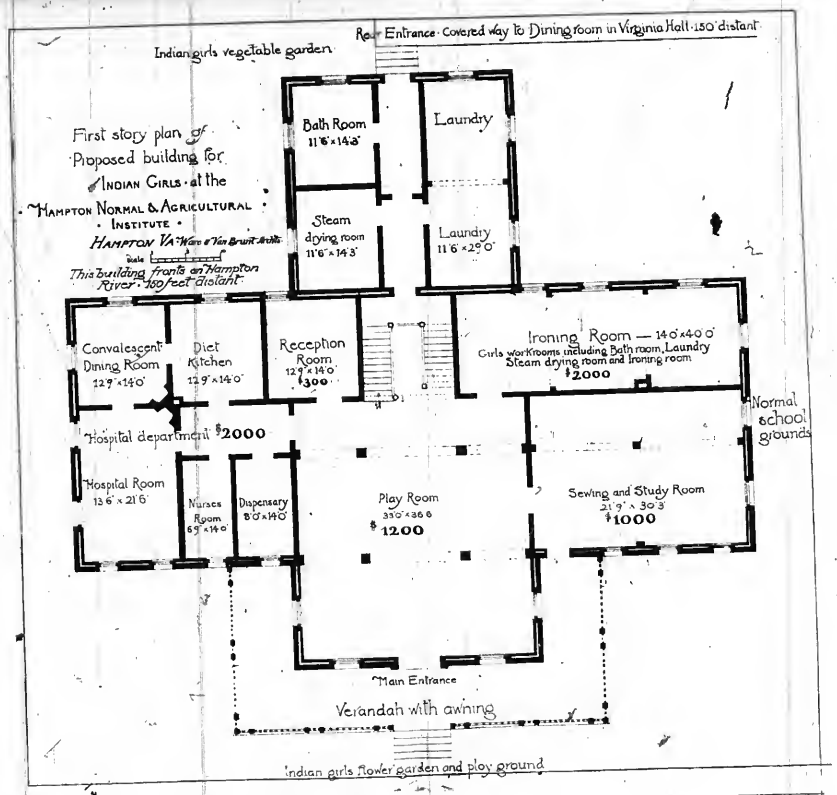
It is a pleasure to me to meet with a Hampton graduate, there being such a few in North Carolina.

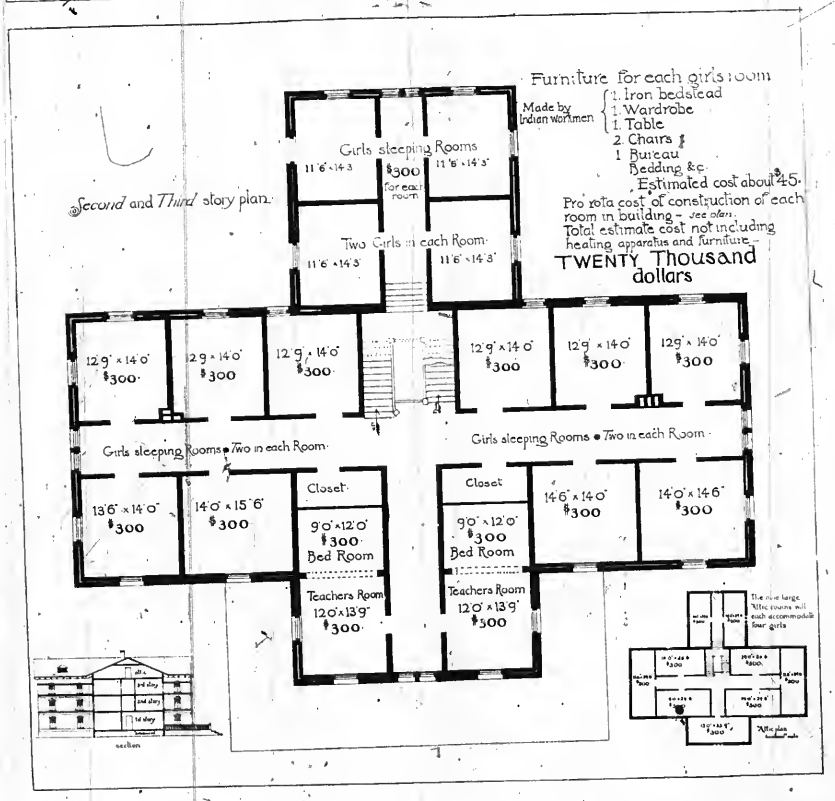
Let me hear from you when convenient.

Very truly,
M.



View of the Proposed building for Indian girls Hampton Va. cost, not including heating apparatus and furniture, $20000


Indian girls vegetable garden
Rear Entrance · Covered way to Dining room in Virginia Hall · 150' distant
First story plan of
Proposed building for
Indian Girls · at the
Hampton Normal & Agricultural
Institute
Hampton Va.
Scale
This building fronts on Hampton River · 150 feet distant
Bath Room 11'6" x 14'3"
Laundry
Steam drying room 11'6" x 14'3"
Laundry 11'6" x 29'0"
Convalescent Dining Room 12'9" x 14'0"
Diet Kitchen 12'9" x 14'0"
Reception Room 12'9" x 14'0" $300
Ironing Room — 14'0" x 40'0"
Girls work Rooms including Bath room, Laundry
Steam drying room and Ironing room
$2000
Normal school grounds
Hospital department $2000
Hospital Room 13'6" x 21'6"
Nurses Room 6'9" x 14'0"
Dispensary 8'0" x 14'0"
Play Room 33'0" x 36'6" $1200
Sewing and Study Room 21'9" x 30'3" $1000
Main Entrance
Verandah with awning
Indian girls flower garden and play ground


Furniture for each girls room
Made by Indian workmen
1. Iron bedstead
1. Wardrobe
1. Table
2. Chairs
1 Bureau
Bedding &c.
Estimated cost about $45.
Pro rata cost of construction of each room in building - see plan.
Total estimate cost not including heating apparatus and furniture
TWENTY Thousand dollars
Second and Third story plan.
Girls sleeping Rooms
11'6" x 14'3"
$300 for each room
11'6" x 14'3"
Two Girls in each Room
11'6" x 14'3"
11'6" x 14'3"
12'9" x 14'0" $300
12'9" x 14'0" $300
12'9" x 14'0" $300
12'9" x 14'0" $300
12'9" x 14'0" $300
12'9" x 14'0" $300
Girls sleeping Rooms • Two in each Room
Girls sleeping Rooms • Two in each Room
13'6" x 14'0" $300
14'0" x 15'6" $300
Closet
9'0" x 12'0" $300 Bed Room
Teachers Room 12'0" x 13'9" $300
Closet
9'0" x 12'0" $300 Bed Room
Teachers Room 12'0" x 13'9" $300
14'6" x 14'0" $300
14'0" x 14'6" $300
The five large Attic rooms will each accommodate four girls
Attic
2d story
2d story
1st story
cellars
Attic plan

JAPAN

No country has awakened such interest in recent years as has Japan. There is in that empire a wonderful people with a wonderful history, and the world has but just begun to know about them. Recent books speak about an old and a new Japan. The new Japan began not ten years ago; the old Japan is centuries older than our nation. It is not meant that there are two countries of that name, as when we speak of New England and Old England, but the change in that empire has been so great that it seems like another nation.

Kamakura was anciently the military capital of the empire of Japan. At this place there is a famous shrine of Hachiman, built eight hundred years ago. Hachiman was a noted warrior, and after his death was deified. In many parts of Japan there are temples dedicated to him, but this temple at Kamakura, represented below, is the finest of all. It has a rich museum of arms and weapons, and contains also two monstrous idols, carved in wood and covered with vermilion. Offerings are brought the idols, of a singular sort, being nothing else than immense straw shoes for their feet. Thousands of these shoes are hung about the temple. Is it not strange and sad that people who know how to build such fine structures should know nothing about the true God? *Missionary Herald.*

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

THE ARIZONAS.

With the representatives of five Arizona tribes, we have Indian children here from 16 different tribes, viz., 37 Sioux, 1 Cheyenne, 2 Pawnees, 4 Menomonees, 5 Gros Ventres, 3 Arickarees, 1 Mandan, 3 Winebagos, 2 Omahas, 4 Shawnees, 1 Cherokee, 3 Apaches, 1 Yuma, 3 Mohaves, 6 Pimas, 3 Papagos. Total number of students 79.

Almost without exception, these tribes mingle together as pleasantly as so many white young people from so many states. The children of the sly and quarrelsome Sioux, live peaceably in the same room with the children of the fierce and war-like Apache. As we see them here, there are few of those characteristics which are so vividly pictured out to us in story and picture books.

On first seeing an Arizona, perhaps the only thing that would indicate his being an Indian would be his hair. They have a brownish color, resembling very much the colored people. On the morning of the arrival of the sixteen Arizonas, the Sioux gave them a very warm welcome, though neither understood the others' language. It was a great pleasure for little Anna and Carrie to have the honor of waiting on them at their first breakfast here. The Sioux boys made excellent aids in giving them their first lessons in civilization. Having themselves been taken through the same cleansing process two years ago, they knew exactly what to do. The first thing was to bathe and relieve them of a portion of their hair. This was nicely done by three of the Sioux boys, who have made themselves experts in hair cutting. They were shown how to bathe and dress by a Sioux boy, who took great pride in his work. Each boy had to be shown how to sleep in a bed, some having never slept in a bed before in their lives. One of the Sioux boys was detailed to teach them how to take care of their rooms. When told that he was to be their teacher for a while, he went about his work with as much earnestness and delight as any teacher ever went into a class-room.

First, he showed them how to air their rooms; then, taking them one by one, he showed them how to make up their beds; then, how to sweep and dust, and put everything in proper order. Then, how to black their shoes. In fact, the Sioux boys taught them those lessons so well, that they had many of the newcomers blacking their shoes three times a day. Their Indian teacher went through these exercises with them for four or five mornings, and now they can make their beds look quite neat, and are beginning to take pride in their rooms.

One of them, who is trying to keep himself very tidy, even sent his black necktie in to be washed after wearing it one week. To teach them the lesson of the tooth-brush, I formed them into a line, and gave them an object lesson in the art, until they understood what it meant. They were very much amused at my performances.

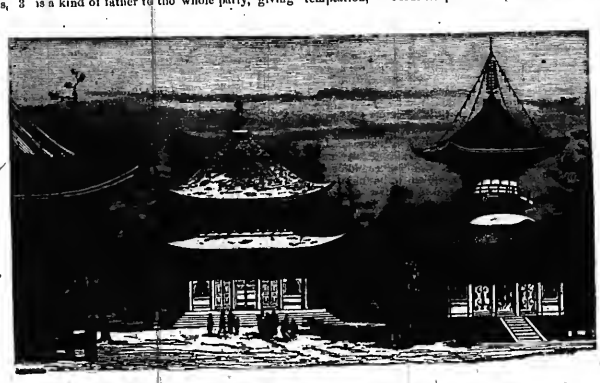
It is pleasant to say that they did their first hour's work here, under the superintendence of a Sioux, who, a few months ago, was in their condition, but has so improved, that he can be trusted with many responsible duties. As far as possible, the new boys are put in rooms with the old boys for a while, that by mingling together, they may the sooner learn decency and order. To-day is Saturday, the day on which they scrub their rooms. George Bushotter, a Sioux boy, volunteered to show the new boys how to do their first scrubbing. When he had showed them how to move all the furniture and give the floor a good cleaning, everything was tastefully replaced and the room presented an appearance that would have made any one proud. Bushotter came to me and said, "I show new boys how to clean room, they got nice room now, and now I take walk with them and show them saw mill and everything. I like to teach them all what I know." Taking two of the little fellows by the hand, he showed them all over the school grounds as lovingly as if they had been his brothers.

The old boys watched the strange actions of the new comers with as much curiosity as any one, forgetting probably, that some one had watched them the same way a few months ago. When they saw one of the Arizonas take his blankets and make his bed in the front-yard, or go to bed at night on the top of all his blankets and sheets, they were filled with wonder. One of the new boys being called early in the morning to go to breakfast, jumped instantly out of his bed and started off at a quick pace in his night-dress. This made quite a joke for the Sioux.

The Arizonas' first war-dance was watched with as much curiosity by the old boys as if they had never seen or heard of one before, it being a quieter and more civilized war-dance than the Sioux's. The principal feature of it is a vigorous patting of the feet to music without tune; while the Sioux skip, hop, jump, squat down, kneel down, and twist their bodies into all conceivable positions, keeping time to some kind of a drum, aided by voices that have a few musical notes in them now and then.

Antonito, the son of the chief of the Pimas is a kind of father to the whole party, giving the young ones rebuke whenever they need it, teaching them what and how to do, as he himself is taught. He uses common sense about everything, and is willing to learn anything that will benefit himself, or his people.

He is very anxious to learn farming; he says that he and his people try to farm, but don't know how. For instance, they have an fruit trees, and know nothing of the care of them. They know that there are such things as onions, peas, beans, potatoes, cabbages and tomatoes, but do not know when, or how to plant them. When planted, they know nothing at all about taking care of them. They only know how to raise barley and wheat. He says that he wants to take a mowing machine with him when he returns home. In giving advice as to what trades would be best for his boys to learn, Antonito has been of great service. That this man at thirty years of age should leave his family and come hundreds of miles to be taught in the school-room and on the farm, by the side of his little nine year old boy, means something.



TEMPLE OF HACHIMAN, GOD OF WAR.

FIRST PAIR OF SHOES.

Paul Rios and Stago, two of the Arizonas, have made their first pair of shoes. Paul completed his in three days after going into the shop, and Stago, a boy of thirteen, in six days. Of course they were under the direction of a teacher, but did the entire work themselves. The shoes are not finished in the best style, but will last longer than many store shoes. Neither of them ever worked at the trade before. Their progress is truly marvelous. It is fair to presume that within a few months they will be able to make a valuable and respectable shoe.

EVERY DAY LIFE.

A glance at the daily life of the seventy-nine Indians here, will probably be interesting to some of our readers who have never visited here.

The rising bell, at quarter past five, is the signal for all to prepare for breakfast. Toilets being arranged, at six o'clock the bell sounds for breakfast. Five minutes more and the dining room doors close, leaving those who have lingered too long in their beds, to pay the cost by the loss of their breakfast. Breakfast over, the boys spend the time till after seven, in cleaning their rooms. It is particularly encouraging to see how much pride and taste the boys show in their rooms, decorating them with pictures and many of their own drawings. Many of them not satisfied with the bare table and blanket-spread furnished by the school, have bought themselves fancy table spreads. Their smooth beds with square edges, show a skill in bed-making that is not often seen. When the rooms are cleaned, the boys spend their time in some sort of out door exercise, generally in jumping, till fifteen minutes after eight, when the bell rings for inspection. A few minutes pass, and every man is expected to appear in his company, to answer the roll call. The bugle sounds, and the companies march on the line of dress parade, while the school band furnishes excellent music. The battalion formed, the band again plays, and every man is inspected, to see that his shoes are properly cleaned, that no buttons are off, that the necktie and collar are on, and in order, and that his whole person is in proper condition to begin the duties of the day. The inspection over, the Colored and Indian students repair to their respective assembly rooms for devotional exercises. The Indian school is opened by singing, the school recite together some familiar verses of scripture, then follows a short prayer. Ten or fifteen minutes are spent in Bible instruction, or drill in singing. They sing very nicely, such hymns as "Yield not to temptation," "Jesus keep me near the cross," "Jesus lover of my soul," "My faith looks up to thee," &c. Like many other people, they sometimes make the wrong use of scripture; for instance, when one boy was afraid he would have to work one rainy afternoon, he printed this sentence, in large letters, in a conspicuous place: "verily verily I say unto you, thou shalt not work to-day because too much rain."

CLASS ROOMS.

We find them at work there in about the same way as in other schools, making mistakes and correcting them, retaining a part that they are taught and forgetting a part. We find some very smart ones, and some very dull ones; some paying attention to the lesson, and some doing everything else but that. In the spelling class, the teacher writes the words on the board one day, to be copied and studied by the student for the next day's lesson. Having studied these words, the next day they are again required to write the words. It is very seldom that you see an Indian make a mis-spelling; first, because, as he learns an English word, he is required to write it so many times that he cannot forget it; second, because, knowing little of English, he has never had the disadvantage of seeing words spelled wrongly. The boy by the side of whom I happened to sit, on a visit to a class wrote these words without a mistake: proud, beef, draw, mean, bottom, rein, rain, twenty, wren, company, seldom, squirrel, swellow, touch.

In the reading class, a dialogue was nicely read by two little girls, the others criticizing them when they were through. The copy books in the writing class, presented an appearance of which any school might feel proud, with few blots and good penmanship—the Indians seem to be by nature good penmen.

I found the class in English conversation, conversing on a very delicate subject, not the subject of truth, but lying, about which, so many untruths are often told. Just when to say, he lied on the grass and he lay on the grass, is often a puzzle to many better acquainted with English than the Indians. Yet in thirty minutes they were nearly masters of this verb. The teacher put the verb on the board something like this, substituting the word chief, (it having a significant meaning to them) for what we call the principal parts:

1st chief, 2nd chief, 3rd chief, 4th chief.

Lie, Lying, Lay, Lain.

When they had been drilled a short time on the use of these chiefs, the following sentences were put on the board, leaving a blank for the verb, which was correctly filled in a minute:

"Do not lie down on the grass." "Have you lain down to day?" "Did you lie down on the boat?" "Yes I lay down on the boat."

What, an Indian class in Natural Philosophy! Yes, like other ignorant people, they need to be taught to understand and appreciate nature, which is near to them, instead of something far off. A few minutes spent in this class will convince any one that this study is causing them to think about the world, and investigate nature. I heard these questions asked: How do we get a knowledge of the outside world? The answer came, "By our five senses, seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting, and smelling." "What is matter?" "Matter is anything that we can see or feel." "How many properties has matter?" "Two, general and specific." Then they took up some object and readily gave its general and specific properties. Under the head of divisibility, the question was put, "What is an atom?" The answer at once came, "Something so small that it cannot be divided." They had quite a talk on this question, and several questions were asked by them, which showed that they understood what they were talking about.

In the arithmetic class, I found them studying so much like other students, that no account of it is needed. They are quick to arrive at a fact, but their limited knowledge of the language prevents them from giving the reason with accuracy. The following are specimens of the examples worked out correctly, in a recent written examination: "A man having 500 cows, bought 47 more from A., 275 from B, and 12 from C; 376 died and 28 were stolen, how many has he left.

2. Sarah Walker had 498 chickens, 99 died, she then sold the others at 19 cents each, how much money does she get?"

3. Yellowbird sold 14 oxen at $15. each and bought calves with the money at $5 how many calves can he buy?"

In geography they have thoroughly mastered the general outline of the political and natural divisions of the earth. In naming the five races, I have heard them murmur to each other, "who is red man?" "I am not red."

While reciting the four conditions of men, as to their mode of life, when one would be describing the savage life, many subdued whispers could be heard, "We savages, we savages."

The Arizonas work in the forenoon and attend school in the afternoon. In school they are just making a beginning. They are now learning to count as far as twenty, and to pronounce such sentences as "I write." "I want to write."

In the Indians' study hour, from seven till eight, p. m. they do real earnest work. Two nights in the weeks they have a prayer meeting from eight to nine. Wednesday evening they have a prayer meeting of their own, which is pretty well attended. Besides these meetings, they attend church, Sunday School, and a Sunday evening lecture.

Recently a morning inspection has been instituted for the Indian girls. With their dish washing, cooking, washing and ironing, and sewing school, in the afternoon, the girls are kept almost as busy as the boys.

It is pleasant to make a visit in the afternoon to the different work departments. In the training shop, we find one boy fitting a pair of shoes on the last, one patching a pair; over there, another making a lasp, and another a dish-pan; here, another boy making a table, and another one repairing a bench.

On the farm, they are more scattered. Here we find two boys preparing a hot bed, yonder a squad cleaning off some ground, two or three repairing a fence, one boy plowing with a two horse plow. At the barn, one boy is preparing cow feed, while another is milking. At the wheel-wright shop one boy is making spokes, and another is painting a cart just finished. In the blacksmith's shop, one boy is blowing the bellows, while another is making a horse shoe, or shoeing a mule. At the engine room, we find the two engineers either firing up the engine or cutting pipe, while, at the printing office, we see a Shawnee and Pawnee hard at work setting up "Incidents of Indian Life."

Our only Indian tailor, we find hemming a towel or repairing a pair of pants.

Take it all in all, from morning till night, we have a pretty busy set, and the progress in study and work is steady and encouraging.

B. T. W.

SKETCHES OF MISSION LIFE.

No. IV.

BY MRS. C. C. ARMSTRONG.

EXPERIENCE IN MICRONESIA.

The first thing for us to do, as it seemed, was to set an example of separate family life, and thus begin the alphabet of civilization. We had been provided with cotton cloth, hatchets, hammers, nails, etc., to use among the natives, and with these we proposed to pay for the attempts at work of our savage pupils. The old chief Hape, gave us a piece of land, and ordered his men to build hou es for the new teachers, but we soon found that the only way to accomplish anything was for the missionary men to go into the woods with the natives, and themselves cut timbers and bamboos, leaving always the Hawaiian men to protect the women and children. In this way the language was learned and to some extent the confidence of the people gained, while our attempts to teach them never ceased. There is no doubt that the novelty of all this diverted, for a time, their untutored minds from evil, and was a safeguard to us, but by the time the frames for the houses were ready, and it became necessary to obtain some covering for the roof, the novelty had worn off, and our employes would do nothing without pay, and their demands were often far beyond the value of their services. Our supplies would soon have been exhausted at this rate, but, luckily, I one day hit upon the idea of catering to their taste for sweet things. Some very black molasses was among our stores, and I offered a tin cup of water sweetened with this, for a certain quantity of breadfruit leaves. A brisk trade quickly sprang up, and by varying our barter by occasionally offering fish-hooks and pins, both of which were greatly in demand, we kept up a lively business. We had no place to keep our leaves except in a pile near our door, and the mischievous creatures would steal them and sell them to us two or three times over, so that the progress of our work was somewhat slow. At last however, after innumerable obstacles and perplexities, we began covering the frame. The leaves were large, and a pointed stick or pole some six feet in length was thrust through the mid rib of each. They were then pressed together, lapping like shingles, and each pole with its leaves was tied on one above another until the ridge pole was reached. There were at that time living upon the island, two or three white men, who had run away from whale ships, and for the sake of the pleasures which they could there enjoy, had degraded themselves to the level of the savages. Two of them, Angel, (alas! how fallen) and Collins, had some knowledge of carpentry, and we employed them to put in the doors and windows we had brought with us. A half sash, with six panes of glass, put in as high up as possible, was considered the safest arrangement for the windows, and these we had only in the sleeping apartments. The floors were nearly dry, coarse grass, spread on the ground, with some of the matting in which our furniture had been packed. At length the parsonages were completed, to the great wonder and astonishment of the cannibals, and we left our dingy, dark and wretched prisons, to enter what seemed to us spacious homes. No palace could have been more appreciated than were these clean, new, airy rooms, divided by partitions, and of comfortable size.

INSTRUCTION.

I soon succeeded in coaxing a few women in, to learn the alphabet, and at the same time began to teach them how to braid coarse mats of the leaves of the screw-pine. Good, faithful Hawaiian John took hold with them, and when we had enough matting to cover first the bed room and then the dining room, it was considered a very triumph of success, and was really a great comfort. Our little cook house, covered with cocoanut leaves, with stones piled up for a fire-place, stood at a short distance from the main house, and the whole was surrounded by a fence of sticks some five or six feet high.

By this time, curiosity had somewhat subsided, and the natives had concluded that we were somehow different from the foreigners they had previously known. While we were getting settled, they had been diverted by the new and strange doings, and seemed a trifle tamed. The women at first objected to stepping over the door sill, because it had been carried on the shoulders of men, and was therefore "taboo" (sacred or forbidden.) I passed and repassed it in their presence, saying, "See me; it does not make me die to pass over it, neither will it you." They saw that I was not harmed, and after much hesitation, ventured to touch it with fear and trembling.

One woman, Titihuts, who came for several weeks in succession and was progressing well in the little Hawaiian primer for juveniles, was taken ill, and declared that the sickness was caused by her attempts to learn. She was from a neighboring tribe who were frequently at war with the people among whom we had settled, and she was more docile and inclined to be influenced, but she soon disappeared, much to our regret. Other women came, but were fickle and not willing to learn, and the same was true of the men.

Amidst these surroundings, my second child, a boy, was born, and as it seemed, my own life nearly ended. I felt that I stood almost within the gate of the Eternal City, but the thought "who shall care for my little ones," held me back, and gave a new grasp on life. Considering what the circumstances preceding my boy's birth had been, it was a matter of surprise and gratitude to me that he should be a plump, healthy, perfectly formed child. The natives were delighted when they learned that a white child had been born among them, and though anxious to see it, were surprisingly patient when told that they must wait because the mother was very ill, and showed some feeling by trying to pass the house quietly. At last a day was set for them to see the baby, and they came, clad in their best attire, and expressing great delight by subdued clapping of hands. They said they did not care what his name was, they should call him Hape, and so they continued to call him, seeming truly fond of him.

DISHONESTY

was so common among them that the most constant watchfulness would not protect our property, and we soon began to realize how completely we were in the power of these savages. Old Hape grew worse and could not go to the mission houses, but often sent for Dr. Armstrong. He was very avaricious, and constantly wanted things from us which could not be spared, and could in no way be of use to him. He became angry because his diseased body was not cured, and declared that he would not believe in the white man's God if he was not made well.

The general impression was, that powder, muskets and tobacco were in the barrels which contained food, and when assured that we had no such articles, their answer was, "You lie, you say you came here to do us good, and if so, why did you not bring us these good things?" They resorted to every possible device in order to get our few possessions from us. Hands were frequently thrust through the leafy sides of the frail covering of the houses, or a hook tied to the end of a bamboo would be thrust in between the bamboo windows, in order to hook out some garment hanging near. One day a volume of our Scott's Bible was stolen, to be used, we supposed, for cartridges to the few muskets owned in the Bay. On another occasion I found that our door key was gone, and as there was no other to fit the lock, the loss was serious. A very bad native, who had professed great friendship, had been seen to pass by and was at once suspected. Dr. Armstrong sent for him and said, "You are my friend, and I desire you to help me, for I am in trouble. The key of my door is gone, and without it I cannot protect my wife and child, or my property. If you will help me find it, I will reward you with a file." With pompous airs and vociferous language, the man replied, "Yes I am your friend. So and-so is a great thief, I think he has your key." With great apparent anxiety and interest he threatened what he would do with the thief when caught, and started off on a run, not to appear again till toward evening, when he came in, covered with perspiration, holding up the key and declaring with what difficulty he had chased the thief and obtained it. He evidently expected extra pay for his trouble and had of course, stolen the key himself for the reward.

This man, Papatutai, was most savage in his appearance, some six feet tall, erect, and with a fine athletic form. He was much tattooed on all parts of his body, and his face was completely covered, which made his white teeth and the whites of his eyes show to great advantage. He was terrible to see and talk with, but after a time I thought how much I should like to make a picture of him to send home, for my friends to see what sort of neighbors we had. I therefore hired him to give me sittings, at such times as my husband was in the house, and sketched him with a spear in his hand, standing as if he were about to thrust it into a victim. He was requested to don his full war costume, and his appearance as he thus stood before me, was revolting beyond expression.

A WILD GUARDIAN.

A few weeks later, Dr. Armstrong found it necessary to explore another Bay, in order to ascertain the number and condition of the people, with reference to mission work. With some naive surmise, and the white man Angel, he set off in a canoe, on his voyage of discovery, but before leaving he consulted this same Papatutai in regard to leaving me and the children. He told the old savage that he would give him a file, hatchet, etc. if he would take care of our house and its inmates. Papatutai pompously accepted the proposal, and on the first evening came into the house and was quite talkative and friendly. My heart throbbed with fear, but I had to conceal it as best I could, and at length I mustered courage to say that my baby must be put to sleep, and that little Hape would wake if there was so much talking in the house. Upon this he went, and I locked the door behind him, feeling that it was a frail protection against savage passions. My confidence and strength was in an overruling Providence, my two little ones slept peacefully, good Hawaiian John was in the house, and by and by my heart grew calm, and I, too, slept. My condition while under this wild guardianship was no enviable one, but it was well to have trusted this man, for, he was capable of much evil, and the promise of the reward no doubt exercised a strong restraining influence over him.

When Mr. Armstrong returned from his expedition, which had an result except to establish the fact that the natives were everywhere savage and degraded, Papatutai promptly appeared to receive his reward, with which he went off well satisfied, while I, in the language of David could say, "My God hath sent his angels, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt us."

THE HAMPTON INSTITUTE CADETS AT THE INAUGURATION.

EXTRACTS FROM REPORT OF COMMANDANT.

The following extracts from the report of Capt. Romeyn, Commandant of the Hampton Cadets, on their return from Washington, may interest some of their friends who read in the New York or Washington papers, notices of their presence in the Inaugural procession.

"An official invitation was received from Col. H. C. Corbin, U. S. A., Secretary of Executive Committee on Inaugural ceremonies, in January, and, at 3.40 P. M. Mar. 3, the battalion, (four companies, aggregating 101 men, with addition of band, 13 pieces,) left the grounds of the Institution, and at 5.15 P. M. embarked on steamer "Mosciey," at Fortress Monroe. The battalion organization was complete; with Adjutant, Sergeant Major, Quartermaster, and Quartermaster's and Commissary's Sergeants. Rations enough for three meals were taken, and at the proper time for supper, companies fell into line at the sound of the bugle, and rations, including hot coffee, were served out to each man. Guards were placed on duty over the stores, baggage, and also in the "steerage," where the men slept, to prevent plundering by outside parties, and to arouse the battalion in case of accident.

The passage up the Bay was very rough, and many of the students were sick, and an accident at Point Lookout delayed the boat over an hour; making the time of arrival at Washington very late. (8.40 A. M.) The Inaugural Committee had an Agent at the wharf to escort the battalion and conduct it, if necessary, to its rendezvous in the city, and thence to its place in the column, and to attend generally to its wants during the stay in the city. The morning was very cold and stormy; and to save time, and to protect the students from the weather, street cars were procured, and used to Pennsylvania Avenue. From that point to 21st St. N. W, where an arrangement had been made for meals, the men marched.

The battalion had been assigned a place in the First division of the column, and immediately in rear of the Washington Light Infantry, one of the finest organizations in the column, and at 10.15 was in place, and ready for the march. It moved down Penn. Avenue in "common of companies," headed by the band, and during the inaugural ceremonies, had a position nearly in front of the south wing of the Capitol; but too far from the grand stand to hear anything of the address. After the ceremonies, it moved up the Avenue with the procession, passing the reviewing stand in front of the Executive Mansion, at 3 P. M. The anticipated arrival of the command had been noticed at length in some of the morning papers of the city, and during the march it attracted much attention, and drew forth its full share of cheers and applause.

After dinner the students had permission to stroll about the city till 6 P. M., and then fell into line to march down to the vicinity of the Treasury, to view the fireworks, and at 9 P. M. most of them marched out to Howard University, where arrangements had been made to allow them to occupy the chapel for the night. (It is to be regretted that it was not known that Senator Bruce of Miss. lived only a short distance from the rendezvous of the battalion, in time to give him at least a marching salute, but as it was only heard of at 3 P. M. there was no time for it. A card was sent to him, stating the reason for not calling.) Most of Saturday was spent in looking about the city, and at 4 P. M., the battalion took up its line of march for the steamer "Leary," leaving the wharf at 5.30 P. M., and reaching home at 8.30 A. M. of the 6th inst.

The behavior of the students during the trip was excellent;—creditable to them, and to the Institution. They will probably be better able to appreciate the benefit of organization and discipline than ever before, and their contact with so many orderly bodies of men, of both races, cannot but give them a better idea of what disciplined organizations are, and inspire them with more respect for law and order."

For the creditable appearance of the Hampton battalion, which won it commendation in Washington and the daily press, great credit is due to the faithfulness and efficiency of Captain Romeyn. The possibility of their going was uncertain up to the last hour, owing to repeated disappointments in the efforts to arrange for reduced rates of passage. The cadets who went bore a share of their expenses according to their ability; and the extra cost of the trip was made up by subscription from the officers and teachers, who agreed in the strong conviction of the great value to the young cadets of both races, in this identification with their country on its representative day.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

"One of the organizations that will attract especial attention in to day's pageant is the battalion of cadets from Hampton Institute, Virginia, who will arrive this morning by the steamer Leary. It was expected that the Indian cadets from Carlisle, Pa., would also be present, but owing to the expense of transportation and general bother of bringing them to Washington, the project was abandoned.

The Hampton Institute Cadets were organized in 1878, but the *personnel* is changed yearly, owing to the changes among the students. The battalion will be commanded by Lieutenant Henry Romeyn, 5th Infantry, brevet Captain United States Army, tactical instructor at the Institute. The companies will be commanded by cadet officers. The battalion will appear uniformed in blouse and pants of cadet gray, gray caps with black bands; the captains and lieutenants wearing chevrons above the elbow, as at West Point; the non commissioned officers wearing chevrons on the fore arm, according to rank. The organization will bring between eighty and one hundred men, with a band of thirteen, composed of musicians selected from the students. The battalion will display the "Stars and Stripes" and the colors of the Institute, the latter a plain blue flag, with a white monogram of the Institute in the center. Markers will carry "guidons," school colors. Arms not being available, the battalion will appear without them. The school is composed of Colored and Indian students. Both races are represented in the officers, and the United States colors are carried by a Cheyenne Indian, formerly a warrior, and for three years a prisoner of war at Ft. Marion, Fla. In the ranks are Colored men who served as soldiers during the war of the rebellion, Indians who have served as Government scouts with our troops on the frontier, and others who have been in arms against us with Sitting Bull. The school gathers its students from twenty-eight States and six Territories, the West Indies, Liberia, and South Africa. President-elect Garfield was a member of its first board of trustees, and wrote its first annual report, and still has a warm interest in its welfare."
—*Daily National Republican, Mar. 4.*

The Hampton Institute Cadets, Brt. Capt. Henry Romeyn, U. S. A. four companies, 101 men, with a band of 13 pieces, made a handsome appearance in the first division of the procession yesterday. In the battalion were 27 Indian students, representing 9 different tribes. In the battalion were also represented 20 states, and 6 territories, also the West Indies. *Washington Daily Star, Mar. 5.*

Following the Midshipmen were the Hampton Cadets, a fine body of Colored and Indian boys; under command of Capt. Henry Romeyn, U. S. A. 100 in number.
Army and Navy Register, Washington.

The "New York Tribune" gave similar notice.

The students of Hampton have again had the pleasure of some glimpses of astronomy and geology through the inspiring lectures of Rev. S. R. Calthrop of Syracuse, and a look at the planets through the fine telescope, which, by the kindness of the members of his church, has been, for the last two years, lent, and sent free of expense to Hampton, for the use of the school.

Hampton Institute and the Butler School acknowledge with many thanks, the gift of a complete set of "Kitchen-Garden" apparatus for a class of twelve, from friends in New York, through Miss Grace Dodge.

SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

To help those who help themselves is the preference of human nature, as well as of Heaven. To give seventy dollars for a year's training of a young man or woman who is paying a hundred by personal exertion to support himself at school, and who will put that training of heart and hand to immediate use for the good of his race, is thought by many to be one of the very best ways in which seventy dollars can be spent. If it were not so, Hampton Institute or any like it, could not exist another day; and that part of God's work it represents would have to wait till human thought grows nearer Heaven's.

The struggle which some of these young people have gone through in their efforts for an education, and the signs of their progress since leaving school, are interestingly shown in the simple letters of acknowledgement they write to the friends who have thus helped them, with whose permission, we give some of these to our readers.

FROM A GIRL IN THE JUNIOR CLASS.

Dear Friend:

I will try to write you the history of my life. I was born in——County, N. C., June 25th 1861. I have had a very rough time through life, and I am still having it yet.

First I will tell you of my parents;—they were both slaves. When they first married they did not live where I was born; they lived in Virginia. Father and mother both were born in Virginia and when they married they belonged to different masters. Mother's master got in the notion to sell out and go to another county to live;—now mother and father had to be parted, or one of them sold. Mother's master was very mean; he said he would part them before he would sell mother; but when he got ready to move, by the help of the Lord, father's master concluded to sell him, that he might be with his wife. Then they moved to North Carolina, where I was born, and lived there about fifteen years before the surrender.

Master died in time of the war, about three years before the surrender, and after his death, all of we children had to be divided out among other cruel white people. While this was going on my young master sent my oldest brother to the brest-works, where he stayed five or six months without a rag of clothing except those he had on, helping the rebels to build an entrenchment to keep the yankees back from their country. Every citizen of the county had to send a slave, and so it fell to my brother's lot to go, which was very grievous to my poor mother, for she did not ever expect to see him again. He was the oldest child of sixteen: there was one girl older than him. My mother is mother of seventeen children, and I am the youngest girl of seven, but there are two boys younger then I am.—There are only nine living now.

My oldest sister married before the surrender, and three of my brothers since; they all have quite large families, and you know my parents are getting along in years very fast.

When the surrender was, my father had twelve in family. The first year after surrender he worked with his master to get a start, so that he could go to himself the next year. At the end of the year he went to master for a settlament, and he told him unless he stayed and worked as he had done before the surrender, he would not pay him anything. Father told him he would not stay, for he wasa'nt go to himself to try and make something for his family; so after he found that he would not stay, he gave him three barrels of corn and one middlen of meat for the years work of himself and three grown boys; father took it and left, and that was all he had but what he worked for. So he moved about three miles the next year, and hired for part of the crop,—him and three boys. That year we did not have very much success. The season was dry, but the next we moved again a few miles farther; now aiming to make a large crop, hired every one out that was large enough to do anything. So this year we had a splendid, good success;—made bread enough to do us the next year, by hiring out two of the girls, to buy other things which we were compelled to have. So after that year we got so we could live et home. The next year he bought him a little tract of land from a very fine man who gave him good time to pay for it,—has finished paying it now, and is living on it, doing very well.

I left home last Sept. 23, on my way to school. I have never been to school much before I came here; not more than five or six months, and that was not all together; sometimes I would go two or three weeks, and then I would miss a month or more. My chance has been very bad indeed. It was on the account of my mother, she was always sick, and I being the youngest girl, I had to stay at home and wait on her during her sickness. I have sat up with her many a time all night long, when father would be gone, and the younger children would be asleep. But I believe God helped me. I had such a poor chance at home that he opened the way for me to come here. My parents concluded to send me here to school, I was very willing to come because my sister had been here and liked it so well. She seemed to enjoy herself so much with an education, that it put me in the notion to try to get one. She is the only colored person at my home that has any kind of an education. So, when I came here I entered the Junior class. When I first heard of the school I never did think that I would be able to reach it; but after going to school to my sister a few weeks I soon learned enough to know the good there was in education. When she used to try to teach me, I thought it was nothing but foolishness to have me going to school, whipping my life out of me for a little education; for I thought there was as good in it; but before I was 16 years old I began to see where it would help me in the future, and then I went to work. The first thing I did towards coming here, I made a little tobacco patch every year which brought me from four to six dollars every year until it got up to fifteen dollars, and I saved it just as much as I could until I got a right smart together; and so I kept on in this way saving all I could get for eight years; and the year before I came here, I worked hard during the summer helping my father attend his crops. I have been working out in the field every summer since I have been large enough. I commenced to work at ten years old up to nineteen, and I expect to do it next summer if I go home, and my father needs me.

Last winter I got a little school which paid me very well for my trouble. They had no teacher and I knew enough to teach the children, so the people employed me;—gave me fifteen dollars a month, which paid me very well, though I had my board to pay out of that, which was five dollars per month, and I had for pay for the house I taught in, which was two dollars per month, and so you know I did not clear much. I taught five months and a half which was eighty two and a half dollars, but when I was done paying all my costs I only had seventy-five dollars to get ready for Normal school, all my clothing to buy, and my way to pay out of that, which was ten dollars. When I arrived here I only had twenty-two dollars to pay my way through. I have to pay ten dollars per month and I am allowed to work out five—if I can.

I think if I keep my health I will be able to work my way through, and I am happy to tell you this is the best school I ever saw for the colored race. I never saw white people take so much interest and pains with colored;—I believe God will reward them for their trouble, for he knows we poor colored people are not able to pay them for their trouble with us, if it had not been for our good northern friends we never could have been educated.

At my home if a white man sees a negro reading a newspaper he will hardly speak to him; he says that the negro thinks himself as good as a white man, there are a very few that can write their names.

I hope when I get through here I will be able to help myself and my race also, for they need all the help they can get. It is almost as bad as Africa there, for if you make anything there you must take hold of the hoe in earnest. I have taken my hoe a-many-a-day, and from sun-up to sunset without a thing to eat but my bread, and some mornings I would have coffee with no sugar. I never will forget our good northern friends and teachers,—I love all my teachers, and try all I can to please them.

May the Lord bless this Institution, and all that lend a helping hand towards it. For here is the place for help, it is needed.

With many thanks,
Very Respectfully, R.

FROM AN INDIAN IN THE MIDDLE CLASS.

Dear friend:

I have been requested to write a sketch about my life and how I spent my vacation last summer,—which I will try to do.

I am an Indian by belonging to the Menomonee tribe of Indians. My home is in the northern part of the State of Wisconsin, and where the rest of my tribe live. A mission had been formed there long ago, in which these Indians were brought up in Christianity. And now about half of them belong to the church in which my parents are members. My father used to tell me that he had went to school when he was a boy and had not learned as much as he ought to have learned; although he had learned to read and write very well; and he had been clerking in a store for three or four years ever since he left school. And he used to say that although he had only learned a little of the "Education," it had done much good for him. But what a great benefit it would have been to him, and how happy he would have been to teach his fellow Indians, if he had continued his course a little longer while he was at school so as to have gained more education. Thus my father had fairly seen the importance of education and since then his earnest desire has been to have me educated.

The place where I was born was a new settlement, and there was no school there, for there were not many settlers there. And after many years the place had grown to be a large place, and contained a great many settlers: they planned for an erection of a school house for the education of their children, which, by the aid of the U. S. Indian Agent was soon completed; and by this time I had grown to be quite a large boy. As soon as the school house was finished the school-teacher came and began his duty. He was a half-breed—that is half English and half Indian; and could speak both languages as well as the other. And he was a very good teacher for he used to make his pupils read their lessons in English first, and then he would explain in the Indian language, and in about twelve months he pupils got so that they can read their lesson in both languages.

In the way of teaching I made a rapid progress in my studies. And after some years schooling, I had made quite an advance, and wished to go in a higher school, where Indians were sent and their tuition paid by the people of the North. So I and my father immediately told the U. S. Indian Agent to inquire if one or two boys from that agency could be accepted in the Hampton School, and in about two weeks he received an answer, saying we could come in the school in one week from that time.

October 3, 1879, I and another boy started for Hemptoa. When we arrived at Chicago we met Capt. R. H. Pratt, he had been to Dakota Territory after some Indian children and was on his way back to Carlisle, Penn, where the new training school had just been established: and we went with him to his school and stayed there for three weeks. But I was lonesome in staying there; although the place all around was very beautiful.

The town is in a valley, called the Cumberland Valley: and high ranges of mountains on the north and south sides, make it look a beautiful scenery. I think it was because the school was just commencing and didn't do very much in the way of teaching. At last I started for Hampton and arrived Oct. 26, '79. On the following day I was examined and passed the examination for the Junior Class, and while I was in that class I did all I could to learn my lessons well every day; and at the end of the term, I was promoted to the Middle Class, in which I am in, this term.

At the close of the term just mentioned, I began to work on the farm all summer, during vacation. At first it was hard work for me; but after awhile I got along all right with the hot summer.

There is a big farm out in the country about four miles from Hampton that belongs to the School and the Indian boys go there to work. The boys were divided into three squads, and they used to send one squad to the farm for two weeks; then the other, and so on one after the other. The place is called Shell Banks and is a beautiful place. Our tents were right on the banks of a creek, and in the evening after work we used to play and sing just as much as we want to; and before the sun sets, we would play ball until it is dark, and if it happens to be a moonlight night, there would be seen some boys running races and others swinging; and many other entertainments we thus enjoyed in those happy evenings. But how glad we were still when the time came for lessons for another year's work.

How happy I am to know the greatest blessings the good people of the North are bestowing upon the Indians in giving them education, and showing them the way of civil life; and in bringing them out from dark heathenism to the light of the gospel. I cannot express the feeling of gratitude I feel toward you, and for the others, for the kindness you are so nobly doing us. What can I do to reward you for your kindness, but to sincerely thank you.

Respectfully Yours,
M. O.

FROM A YOUNG MAN IN THE SENIOR CLASS.

Dear friend:

Having successfully gotten through my second year, I enter upon my third and last in this school, with much pleasure; and I write not only to acknowledge your kindness in assisting me, and my people; but to express a part of the gratitude of which my heart is full.

There are many things for which my soul is drawn out to thank God; and chiefly among these are Christ, liberty and education, without which men would be wretched. As I am soon to go out from school, perhaps you would be interested to know some of my future intentions. As the days come, and go, and the time for leaving school nears; I must confess that I feel more and more the pressing demands of my people; therefore, I conclude without any further preparation, to lend my race a helping hand. I propose to teach school, and take a decided stand for temperance, under Christ our Saviour;—being thus guided I feel sure of success.

I take great pleasure in writing you a short account of the work I have been able to do in the little town of Hampton during my stay here. After work I go to school.

I was advised to come to this school by a young man in 1878, whose advice in the same year, I accepted cheerfully;—all of which time I have been interested in Sunday School and temperance work. I have by Divine assistance organized what seems to be a growing Sunday school, of which I am the Superintendent. I have also organized a young ladies' sewing circle, and through the great kindness of a dear good lady who prefers not to have her name mentioned, I have received a number of pieces of clothing from the North which I have had made over, and distributed among the poor little children down here. In connection with my Sunday school I have a children's temperance aid society, including old and young. I began this work by getting them together Sunday afternoons and talking to them on temperance and habits, so the Lord blessed the work and now the pastor of the little Church gives me one or two Sunday evenings in each month to devote to this kind of work, and much, it is said, is being done in the way of temperance.

I am very respectfully yours,
B.

OUR LETTER FROM DAKOTA.

Fort Bennett, D. T., Feb. 7th, 1881.

EDITOR OF WORKMAN,

Nothing is visiable except snow, beautiful indeed, yet wearisome to the eye. Hills, valleys and plains covered deep with snow. No mail from the east has been able to tunnel or plow through the snow drifts for several weeks past and our news from the outer world is meager indeed. "Tis an ill wind that blows no one any good," as the old saying is, and it is true in this case, for the severe weather has brought large game in near to the Mission, and the Indians are having grand sport and renumerative employment. About six weeks ago, a large party left this Agency for a buffalo hunt, under the charge of Sergeant Dewitt of the Detachment of Indian Scouts, and accompained by the Rev. T. L. Riggs, the able, practical and industrious Missionary, located at Peoria Bottom on the Missouri River, about twenty five miles below this Agency. Mr. Riggs has been established here for a number of years and has effected a very marked and encouraging improvement in the tone, morals and general condition of the Indians with whom he has been laboring. Wild and savage, living in skin and canvass tipis, dressing in blankets and skins and following their barbarous rites, when Mr. Riggs came among them a few years ago, their little settlement now appears like a thrifty settlement of whites. They have their separate houses, barns, fields and domestic stock, wear citizen's clothing, attend service regularly in their pretty little church under the bluff near Mr. Riggs' house, send their children to school, have titles to their homes under the homestead laws, and deport themselves in as orderly and as satisfactory a manner as could be expected. Mr. Riggs would tell you that he looks upon his work as only begun; but to an outsider he seems to have done wonders. He undoubtedly owes much of his success to the early training and advice given him by his worthy parents. Mr. Riggs works on his little farm, cares for his stock and in his every day garb appears like the average sober, intelligent and industrious young farmer, and his example has a tremendous effect upon the Indians under his charge. His self denial in taking a long and tedious trip over the frozen and snow covered prairies with the Indians during the severe weather, shows that his heart is in his work, and that he feels the importance of getting at the true character of the individuals whom he wishes to help, and this he could accomplish in no better way than in entering into their every day life, seeing as they see and feeling as they feel, every want, ambition and pleasure.

There is hope for the elevation and reclamation of the Indians, when good, intelligent and industrious white men, like Mr. Briggs, are willing to *get down near enough to the Indians* to extend to them a helping hand, by the aid of which they may be able to clamber up the ascent. The hunting party was very successful, obtaining about 225 buffaloes, 250 deers, one hundred porcupine and a number of wolves, foxes, badger, beaver and smaller game. Mr. Briggs killed several buffaloes and no doubt gained in value and influence among the Indians, respect and affection of the Indians during the six weeks trip than he would have during two years of occasional visiting.

The weather has been very severe upon stock, and I fear that the unavoidable loss may prove very discouraging to the Indians, who are now just beginning to fully realize the importance of raising domestic stock.

With kind remembrance and good wishes, I am, Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
Geo. E. R. Brown,
Lieut. 11th U. S. Infantry.

At Home.

NOT AT HOME.

I have been making a few calls to-day on my colored neighbors, dropping in to see little Jennie, with her pretty new baby and her nice new house, stopping to ask after Sarah's weak side, and whether Judy had got her place, and sitting half an hour with Aunt Lucinda, who is so near the bright mansions above that the eighty years of her pilgrimage seem to her the dream, and heaven the reality. "It's just a wonderful place, that land we're going to," she says. "I expect the rest there will be something truly splendid."

I had a pleasant walk, and saw and heard some pleasant things, but what I want to speak of especially is the fact that I found only one mistress of the house at home. The others were all out visiting their neighbors.

Now I can't say anything against visiting one's neighbors; especially as that was just what I was doing myself. But it seemed rather curious that so many should be out at the same time, and that at such an early hour after noon. And it seemed stranger still to me when I found one or two of them sitting or standing about, with nothing particular to do or say, in a neighbor's house, and when I recalled to mind the looks of the houses they had left, and how very much they needed a little more of their owners' attention.

That is it, you see my friends. There ought to be some brightness in life, and there can be no objection to a social call on one's friends now and then, but don't you think yourselves that many do too much of it for their own good, and the good of their homes and their children? The little, dear children; their poor little noses and ragged elbows did so much want mother's attention!

There is a bit of universal truth, learned men have discovered, and it almost seems as if you or I could have found it out for ourselves. It is that "Force cannot act where it is not." And for us, that means that our homes will never get clean and orderly and pleasant, and our children comfortable and good, unless we stay at home long enough to make them so.

If we carry our force and spend our strength away from the place where it belongs and is wanted, we shall spend it in mischief instead of in good, and might have sat for the picture drawn by that wise preacher, Paul: "And withal they learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house; and not only idle, but tattlers also, and busy-bodies, speaking things which they ought not."

OLD FRIENDS IN NEW DRESSES.

HOW TO COOK BACON AND MEAL.

A lady who is a "born housekeeper," and who has had experience of both Northern and Southern housekeeping, contributes these excellent hints for making the most of these Southern staffs of life.

In this part of the world, there are few people who do not eat corn-bread two or three times a day, and there is no doubt that when properly prepared it is very nutritious and wholesome. I often wonder, however, that when there are so many different ways in which corn-bread can be used, so few cooks or housekeepers know of anything but the ordinary hoe-cake, or the more delicate egg bread. For example, mush or porridge with milk or molasses, makes an excellent breakfast or supper, eaten hot; while if it is poured into a clean dish, allowed to cool, and when hard, cut in slices and fried or baked in the oven, nothing better can be desired. Boiled thoroughly as a thin gruel, with milk or water, and a little salt, it makes a wholesome and pleasant drink, especially for children.

The use of pork, too, is in general among the working people, that the manner of cooking it is worth a good deal of consideration. One excellent way is to cut it in the thinnest possible slices, roll these slices in corn-meal till they are thickly covered, and then fry them quickly.

Corn-meal dumplings, raised with a little yeast powder and boiled with a piece of bacon, makes an excellent dinner; while corn-meal batter cakes fried in the pan with a piece of pork, or a little bacon fat, are also good.

Corn-bread mixed with water, a little salt and some beef suet chopped very fine, and boiled in a covered tin or a stout bag, is a really delicious pudding, while a capital pudding can be made with corn meal, a little milk, a well beaten egg, a little yeast powder, and molasses enough to sweeten. Both of these latter should be cooked a long time.

Another good pudding can be made as follows. Into two quarts of boiling water, stir two tablespoonfuls of salt, one pound corn-meal, and a quarter of a pound of grated cheese, boil it for twenty minutes, taking care that it does not turn thin, put it in a greased baking pan, sprinkle on the top some more grated cheese, and brown in a quick oven. It should be eaten hot, but if there is any left it can be sliced off when cold, and fried for supper.

In preparing pork, the most important thing to remember is, that unless cooked thoroughly it is likely to be not only a very unwholesome, but dangerous food. Twenty minutes to a pound, either in baking or boiling, is not too much to allow, and it is impossible to be too careful about this.

Well cured bacon is always appetizing when properly cooked and the best hoecakes I have ever eaten have been prepared according to

AN OLD FASHIONED VIRGINIA RECEIPT.

The meal and water are mixed, and allowed to stand two or three hours, to this is added bacon fat enough to season nicely, and the mixture is baked slowly on a griddle or oven skillet well greased with bacon. It is really surprising what a variety of dishes can be made from corn meal and pork, in its various forms, and variety in our food is always desirable for the sake of digestion as well as appetite.

Health and Humanity.

A TALK ABOUT HORSES.

General Alfred Pleasonton, the famous cavalry leader of the army of the Potomac, dropped into the handsome office of THE TIMES, yesterday, and without knowing how, we went from the discussion of Tanner, to the question of the endurance of horses. Probably no man in the country had a wider field for the study of the horse than General Pleasonton had during the war. Asked him about the comparative endurance of men and horses in the army. He said that infantrymen, if properly fed and clothed, would march farther in a week than cavalry, and that he believed that man in endurance was greater than that of any animal, if such a comparison may be made. Half the trouble with horses is that they are not properly cared for. They would often endure thrice as much if people knew how to handle them. If infantrymen are on the march, a careful captain will see that the man, when a halt is made, are allowed to rest. Their accoutrements are removed, and, if possible, they are urged to wash their feet in cold water. Coffee is made, and when they start off again they are new men. Horses, on the contrary, are generally made to stand with saddles and bridles on, and very frequently a heavy man on top. Of course there can be no comparison between a cavalryman and an infantryman. The former has much the harder life. He is scouting when the infantry is resting, and at night, when the march is over, the infantryman makes his coffee, broils his pork, eats heartily, spreads his blanket, and in two minutes he is gathering flowers with his sweetheart in the meadows at home. The cavalryman, on the other hand, is in all probability gathering forage for his poor horse. He has to feed his nag as well as himself, and he has to take care of his equipments, and to bathe the poor beast's back, and rub down his tired legs—perhaps fix a bit, or sew a broken girth. But I did not start to write on this subject.

"But after all," continued General Pleasonton, thinking a moment, horses are much like men. There are men who, without being cowards, have not the nerve to go into a battle. Everybody who has been in battle will tell you that. It is so with some horses. They haven't the nerve to go into a fight. I have seen horses that would go through anything to get away from a battle-field. They would commit suicide by jumping down a precipice, or before a locomotive. But to come back to the starting-point, a horse can stand a good deal of hard work and small forage if he is taken care of. Not half the people who have fortunes invested in horses know how to take care of them. They never stop to think what is the sensible thing to do. A horse is just like a man, or a watch. If you take care of him he will last you a long time. But you can spoil him very easily. Give the most valuable horse in the world to a fool who is incapable of loving him, and he will spoil him in a day."—*Philadelphia Times.*

GENERAL HARRISON AND WINE.

A Pennsylvania lady tells that when General Harrison was running for the Presidency, he stopped at the old Washington House in Chester for dinner. After dinner was served, it was noticed that the General pledged his toast in water, and one of the gentlemen from New York, in offering another, said, "General, will you not favor me by drinking a glass of wine?" The General refused in a very gentlemanly manner. Again he was urged to join in a glass of wine. This was too much. He rose from the table, his tall form erect, and in the most dignified manner replied: "Gentlemen, I have refused twice to partake of the wine cup. That should have been sufficient. Though you press the cup to my lips, not a drop shall pass the portals. I made a resolve when I started in life that I would avoid strong drink, and I have never broken it. I am one of a class of seventeen young men who graduated, and the other sixteen fill drunkards' graves—all through the pernicious habit of wine tripping. I owe all my health, happiness and prosperity to that resolution. Will you urge me now?"

Teacher's Table.

A GEOGRAPHY CLASS AT HAMPTON.

SUGGESTIONS BY A HAMPTON TEACHER.

In teaching Geography, I think it is pleasant to make it as real as possible, as if we were travelling, and seeing all we could see.

First, the face of the country. If there are any mountains, in what direction should we see them? What rivers should we cross? or sail up or down? How does it compare with other places? With our own homes?

Next, what are the people doing? If farming, what are the principal crops? Where will they find a market for their produce? How will they get it to market?

If mining, what is the mineral wealth? After learning all that the book tells us of a place or country, let us go on and tell more; what we may infer from what we have already learned. Such as, why are the crops of Illinois different from those of Louisiana? It is well to make the class think for themselves, why there is such a difference of climate, production, and occupation between one place and another.

Map drawing is of great service in fixing the location of places.

Then, let the scholars write down the mineral wealth, where the forests are, what will be the exports of the commercial centers. Map drawing from memory at first seems very difficult, but, by degrees, grows more and more interesting and exciting; especially if there are no wall maps, which are exceedingly necessary, and which add ten-fold to the interest and reality of the subject.

It is very pleasant to take a business trip, and buy articles as we go from city to city, that are peculiar to that part of the country.

The teacher who kindly contributed the above suggestions, and from whom we hope to hear again, hospitably opened her class room door one morning lately, to a representative of the "Southern Workman," solely for the sake of the graduate teachers who read it. Her cheerful face and breezy *method* (if you can speak of a methodical breeze) are already well known to some of those graduate teachers, but many others will be glad of an introduction.

How much difference a bright, kind face and manner makes in a class room, by the way stimulating with out sharpness, waking up the dull, shaking up the indifferent, encouraging every effort, inspiring all with a sense of something to be learned that is worth learning.

This little digression is not so far from our subject as you might think.

The class is a section of Preparatories, about twenty in number, including five Indian boys and girls, just beginning geography. The room is not so large and convenient as the one preparing in the new Academic will be, but wall maps hang on three sides of the room, and more are wound up on rollers, ready to pull down when wanted. A globe stands on the table. On another table is a shallow wooden tray any young man might make for himself, three feet by two, with sides two inches high. It holds a quantity of common sand; modelling sand would do better, but fresh clean earth would also answer the purpose.

The exercise was a general review, partly for the sake of the visitor, or rather of graduates who will see through the visitor's eyes. These were some of the questions asked, sometimes of the class, sometime of this one and that, all over the room, never in dull rotation, so that it could be watched by any creeping along the line to him.

"What shape is the earth? How do you know? When you go out and look all round, turn round and look, do you see anything that looks round to you? What do we call that line? How do we divide the earth? Is there most land or water? How do we divide the land? What is a continent? What is an island? Come and make an island for us in this sand. Where is this island highest? What do we call such high lands? Who will come and make us some other mountains? What do we call a row of mountains like that? What is the difference between a mountain chain and a group of mountains? What is this low land between the mountains called? What do you think we shall find at the bottom of this valley? Which way would the river run? Would it get larger or smaller? Why? Let's make a little hole like this in the top of this mountain. What have we now? What is a volcano? What is down at the bottom of the volcano chimney? What comes out? Do we see any volcanos here in Virginia? Where must we go to find one? Let us go there. How shall we go there? What water shall we sail on? Come and show us how to go. Which direction are we going? Which way from here to Hampton?" No room for more questions, but this may give some notion of the exercise which kept every one in the room roused to interest every minute.

Agriculture.

TIM BUNKER ON SELLING FARM PRODUCE.

"I met Jake Frink to-day on Hookertown Street, in the role of curb-stone merchant. He was disposing of his late batch of turkeys, about fifty birds, in his old wagon. The horse, wagon, and driver were all in their declining years, and bore marks of hard service. The harness had not been oiled for several years. It had been mended in several places with string twine, and one of the traces was gone and its place supplied with a piece of rope. The half-starved horse was cribbing away at a wooden post, as the trade went on.

"'Don't s'pose you want to buy enny turkeys to-day, neow do ye, Squire Hunter?'

"Frank Hunter kept market, did his own butchering, bought of the neighboring farmers when he could buy to advantage, and had a large circle of village customers. He is one of five butchers who dispense meat in Hookertown, and knows the market value of all farm products as well as any man in town.

"'You have brought goods to Newcastle, this morning, Mr. Frink,' said Hunter. 'Ya see, we have been stuffed with turkeys and geese and other poultry all the fall and winter, until every woman that keeps a boarding-house is sick of the sight of a turkey, and the orders are a good deal sicker than she is.'

"'Du tell, Squire, if that is so! I kinder thought folks had got over Christmas and New Year's by this time, and I should be in luck for once in my life. Jest my luck—exactly!'

"'Why did'nt ye bring some veal? Everybody is arter veal cutlet,' remarked Hunter.

"'Veal, man! Why, my keow haint calved yet. That's reason enuff!' Jake exclaimed.

"'I don't think I could handle any more turkeys at present,' said Hunter, turning to go into his market. The ink was hardly dry upon his blotter where he had sold two turkeys to a customer at twenty cents a pound.

"'Hold on,' said Jake, 'I want you to look at my turkeys. They are corn-fed, some that Polly has fattened, and they are just as good as any sold for Thanksgiving. Make us an offer for 'em. I've got to raise money for taxes.'

"'The turkeys are good enough,' said Hunter, looking over the lot, 'but nobody hankers after that kind of flesh. Should have to sell at a discount.'—which statement, he knew, required a large discount from the truth. 'The best offer I could make you is sixteen cents a lb.' At which figure the bargain was closed. Caterers for the Boston and Providence markets were buying turkeys the same day for eighteen cents, but Jake Frink does not take the papers, and did not know that. All the butchers in Hookertown were retailing turkeys at twenty cents a pound, but Jake Frink does not buy butcher's meat much, and did not know that. Jake could have told to a cent the price of whiskey by the pint or gallon, for he was much better versed in liquors than in poultry. If he had spent the same amount of time in peddling around at the houses that he spent in the saloons, he might have got twenty cents for his birds, and carried the money home with him. The real transaction that morning was 550 lbs. of turkeys sold at 16 cents a pound—$88.00. The trade possible to him, was to sell at wholesale to the speculator for 18 cents, netting $99.00 for his turkeys, or to peddle at the houses and make $110 00 for his birds. He might have done this in about the same time that he wasted at the saloon, drinking poisonous whiskey; and Polly Frink, his wife, who raised and fattened the turkeys, would have had a much better reward for her labors.

It is far within bounds to say that one third of our farmers take no agricultural paper, and read little or nothing about the theory or practice of their business. Any well established journal of agriculture would stimulate the spirit of inquiry, and set them to thinking about the economies of their business, the value of better stock, better seeds, and better implements of husbandry. A paper would be especially helpful in the matter of marketing, for it gives the prices of all farm products in the large markets of the country. The farmer who reads and thinks, knows what his produce is worth, and what he can reasonably expect to get for it. He would also see the great advantage of dealing directly with the consumer in many cases. With good local markets, the farmer may as well supply families directly, as to sell to a middleman. Most families in a village would prefer to engage their butter for the season, and have it brought to them weekly, or twice a week, than to buy at the grocer's. Many buy, in the same way, their poultry, eggs, lamb, veal, fruits, and many of their vegetables. A thrifty farmer, who goes to market once or twice a week with one thing, may as well take a variety, and carry a full load for his wagon. It makes a good deal of difference in his annual profits, whether his weekly sales are three dollars for nine pounds of butter, or thirty dollars for a variety of products usually consumed in a family. The Jake Frink style of marketing is not a success.—*American Agriculturist.*

HAMPTON STUDENTS' OWN.

From the Senior Class.

LECTURES TO OUR PEOPLE.

PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

(Supposed to be addressed to a school of children about ten or twelve years of age.)

Dear little Friends,—

It affords me much pleasure to meet you here this bright April morning, and to see you all looking so well and happy. Your teacher asked me to say a few words to you to-day, and I think nothing would be more appropriate than a little talk on health. Now most of us seldom realize what a great blessing it is to have good health, until it is impaired; I think now is the time, while we are blessed with health, to take care of it, before it is too late. Some people seldom think of their health until they get sick or something, and then they begin to strive to recover it, but in some cases it is too late. So I warn you all now, while you are young, and healthy, to realize what a great blessing it is to have good health, and try to preserve it. There are a great many things to be done for the preservation of health, and the one that strikes me most forcibly is cleanliness. Every body should preserve this rule especially. It matters not how poor a person is, it is no excuse for his not being clean. We should bathe every morning if possible, and in case we cannot, we should at least twice a week. The under clothes must be changed at least once a week, and at night when we go to bed we should take off every thing that we wear in the day, so that all the impurities that have collected in them can pass off. Another thing necessary is, that every apartment which we occupy should be provided with some means of ventilation, so that the impure air can pass out and fresh be admitted. If we were to stay in a room awhile with all the doors and windows closed, the air that we breathed would become so impure that we would all soon die, so you see how essential pure air is for good health. Let us pass on a little farther, to the food, for instance, and see if that has any thing to do with the preservation of our health. The food should be plain and substantial, and such as will digest well, and should be taken at regular hours. If we should eat our breakfast at eight o'clock and then eat again about nine or ten, we would be doing something contrary to the laws of health. After we have eaten once, the stomach has to go through that wonderful process of digesting the food, so as to prepare it for blood, to make up our bodies, and if we should eat again about an hour afterwards, the stomach would have to begin to go through all of its work again, and at that rate we would be injuring ourselves all the time, without being aware of it. We should all devote about an hour or two to exercise. There are many ways of exercising the body, and I should say that work is about as good an exercise as any one can have. I want you all to understand that exercise does not consist in playing all the time, but sometimes in work. Exercise will strengthen our bodies and make us strong and healthy. I hope you all will observe the few rules that I have given you, and profit by them. There are a great many more that I could tell, but I haven't time, and I guess these are as many as you can remember until you are older.

JULIA.

LECTURE ON EDUCATION.

The longer people live, the more they find out the need of education. In this 19th, century, people have found out the need of education more than they ever did before in one century, and they are yet finding it out. A man that was once looked upon as a great man because he was a great fighter, or a very strong man, is not looked upon in these days as such; because intellect has the day, and not physical strength.

I once read that education made a man see better, hear better, and smell better, and I believe it. For education cultivates every faculty in us. Take a man that does not cultivate his sense of hearing, and you will find out that he will not be able to hear as well as one that has cultivated it. Why is it that an Indian can hear and smell so well? It is because he has educated his senses of hearing and smelling, which enables him to hear a sound twenty yards farther than you or I can. Education does not simply depend on what you get out of books, but on what you yourself get by your own intellect. Newton, the great discoverer of gravitation, did not get his discovery out of books, but simply by seeing things falling to the ground, and knowing that there was something that caused them to fall, so he want to work to find out what it was, and by so doing he discovered that great law known as gravitation.

Watt, the discoverer of the power of steam, did not read in any book to find out how to discover it, but by his own intellect made one of the most important discoveries in the world. So you see that every thing people learn does not come out of books. Education is a thing which you cannot get in a year, and there is a big mistake in people, especially the colored people. When they have sent their children to school one or two years, they think their children must answer any question which they ask them, and if they are not able to answer them, they say their children are not learning anything, but it is because they have not experienced that task of getting an education. Ask an educated man that got his education by going to school, if he learned all he knows in two or three years, and he will tell you when he had gone to school four or five years, he had just gotten to a place where he could see what he did not know. Therefore, friends, you must not get discouraged in sending your children to school; you must remember that they are working after something which has never been accomplished in a short time; and when they do accomplish it, they have something which money cannot buy from them, neither can it be stolen from them, but will remain with them until death. Therefore I advise you, if it is the only thing you can do for your children, give them an education, and it will be the best thing you can do for them.

S.

PUNCTUALITY.

Friends:

If there is one habit that we, as a race, need to cultivate more than another, I think it is that of being punctual.

Even if we are not placed in a position where hundreds of lives depend onour promptness, to cultivate the habit will only fit us for that position, should any of us be called.

Most people do not wish to deal with persons who are always behind hand, for they cannot be depended upon; but if we are prompt in our duties, people cannot help respecting us, and we will often be found in places of trust.

A man who is always behindhand is all the time getting into trouble; he loses his place because, when the stated time comes for him to make his appearance, he does not appear, so another comes in and takes his place.

If we get into this habit of being punctual, I am sure we shall never regret it.

ANNA.

IMPROVEMENT.

Ladies and Gentlemen —It is with pleasure that I stand here to address you after an absence of two years. Since my return from Hampton, Virginia, I have not been idle. I have visited your cotton and corn fields, and I am proud to say that they look promising for an abundant harvest. You have been ploughing, you have been using your hoes, you have been trying to cultivate your lands, and I fully believe that your efforts will be crowned with success.

My belief is based upon the present appearance of your farms. I have visited your houses and gardens, and you need not be ashamed of them. Your gardens are teeming with vegetables—fresh and green. They are, in quantities that are too large for your use. But you need not waste them; there is a use for every thing, and when you have learned to apply small things properly, you will have learned a good lesson. I have visited your barn yards and pastures, I have seen your cattle, I have noted the condition of your oxen and horses, and it gives me pleasure to report that they are in working condition. So far so good, but there is room for a general improvement. Our lands are not sufficient to warrant unlimited success. Our fields are not large enough. If we have fifty acres under cultivation this year, we ought to and must cultivate at least five more acres next year. I would be glad to talk to you hours on this importance of buying land, but time will not permit. We need better houses. We must either make those that we have larger or build new ones, and I advise you to build new houses complete if you possibly can. Some among you rent houses, some rent oxen. I regret to know this, but it must be so now. How long fallow children will this state of things continue? The rent of a horse for a year will buy an ox, and the rent of a horse for three years will buy a horse; now gentleman, which is the better thing to do, to rent stock from other people and pay large rent, or to buy your own stock and save the rent that you would have paid out, and pay your taxes, build school-houses and pay your ministers with it? We must improve. Our schools must be larger. We must have more teachers. Our preachers must preach improvement to us on Sunday, and we must improve. In conclusion let me say that you have been a subject of thought for me during my absence, and now I am with you and it is among my best wishes that you should prosper and be a power in the land.

M.

From the Middle Class.

SHALL WE ENCOURAGE MODERATE DRINKING OR TOTAL ABSTINENCE?

It has been truly said, that a constant dropping of water will wear away marble in time, and it may as truly be said that the habit of indulging in moderate drinking may lead to a drunkard's end.

There is no reason why a man should drink even moderately. It is not necessary for health, wealth, reputation, or character; which are the chief necessities of life; and if moderate drinking will in the least endanger one of these necessities, it is much better I say to do away with it completely.

We in the first place find it conflicting with wealth. It brings the rich man to poverty, and clothes him with rags and disgrace. It takes the beauty of health from the cheek of the youth, and leaves there the shameful trace of the wine-cup. Next we find it conflicting with the character of a man. It moderately, (as it is called moderate drinking,) takes from a man the highest character of men, and leaves with him the lowest character of the beast.

It gradually brings a man who is a gentleman, to be a drunkard, a liar, a thief, and a murderer; one of the most miserable men on earth.

It brings men out of the highest society to the jail, the penitentiary, and even to the gallows. Then why should we encourage moderate drinking, the first step that leads to this miserable end?

No men has ever become a drunkard, who did not first drink moderately. The Book of Proverbs says: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink."

It is very likely that when Alexander the Great was a boy, his father, King Philip of Macedon, allowed him to indulge in moderate drinking, regardless of the end to which it might lead. We find this youth at quite an early age filling one of the highest positions that man has ever held; the throne of a king. By his valor and skill, there has been given to him a title that was never before or since in history given to man;—that of "conqueror of the world." But what was his fate? Although he conquered the world, and sat and wept bitterly because he had no more worlds to conquer, we find him in his latter days an inebriate, a slave to the wine-cup, and the final end to his moderate drinking was the horrible death of a drunkard.

Then I say, total abstinence here never caused the tender mother to be a widow, to wring her hands and cry with a broken heart for the want of food for her children.

Total abstinence has never clothed the orphan with rags, and sent him as a beggar through the street. It has never been the means of leading men to the jail, or any low, degrading place, but it is the only way of raising men who have sunk low in the scale of human degradation, to a higher state of life. It is the help that enables us to redeem the fallen, and save others from ever falling into the hands of the great demon, intemperance.

We plainly see that intemperance, the result of moderate drinking, is ruining our people.

There are said to be in our land, six hundred thousand souls that yearly perish from intemperance, and I will say again, if there were no moderate drinking, these might have been saved. This warns us in the voice of scripture: "Look not upon the wine, when it is red, when it moveth itself aright, for at last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

E.

IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

Does every one improve his or her time? is the question so often asked of us.

There are many ways in which we can improve our time. The spare time we have between school hours and meals, can be occupied by doing some kind of fancy-work, or in reading a good book.

One might say I do not think reading an improvement of time;—but the more books we read, does it not help us to reason out things more correctly? In our afternoons, can we not find something to do instead of standing idling away our time talking about things which do not amount to anything? We should soon find out, if we took care of the minutes, that the hours will take care of themselves. I do not think that it would be impolite while we are visiting the girls in their rooms, to take our sewing with us.

There is nothing on earth that we need to consider more, than how to improve our time, and nothing will help us more to be what we wish, than to learn how to occupy every spare minute. If we were to stop for a minute, and think how much we could gain if we would only employ our spare minutes, we would be surprised to see how we have gained by improving our time.

NANNIE.

From the Indians.

Hampton, Va., Feb. 1881.

My Dear friends:

I want write to you this morning—I want to tell you about this summer. Some of the Indian boys and I went to Massachusetts to vacation, and I was stayed in Berkshire county in Mass. Then we went to Boston, and we saw lots of things in the morning; then we went to across Rhode Island, and went to Norwich, Connecticut.

When I come to Hampton, Virginia, about two years ago—when I came to Hampton, Virginia, I don't know nothing; but I know something now in English; so I write to you this Scholarship letter. And I like work on the farm best. I am worked on Tuesday morning, and Saturday morning, and when I am going back to Dakota Territory, I want work on the farm all the time; because that is the best way to make some more money; then I am rich I think. So I want learn all I can at Hampton Normal School, Hampton, Virginia. And all scholars get up very early in the morning and drill, and go to breakfast in Virginia Hall.

Now I am going tell you about my own home in Cheyenne River Agency, Dakota Territory. I was one of the first scholars at Hamptou, Va., but I don't know how to talk English;—but I am trying very hard to write to you this English letter. Oh! I forget I thought I am going to tell you about my own home. When I am at home I was riding on horse-back all the time, because I have many horses, and I don't know how to work on the farm; but now about two years ago, I learn how to work. And I am use to hunting birds when I was at home; but now I don't like kill birds any more, because I am just like white man; because I wear white men's clothe.

Now I am going to tell you how the Indian boys work at it. Some of the boys work in the blacksmith shop, and some in carpenter shop; and some in shoe maker, and some of them fixed windows. And we have prayer meeting every Friday night, and we like to eat the corn bread. And we have some teachers—but they are very nice teachers. And all the Indian boys wear like soldiers. They have drills every morning at school; and we have a Captain; his name is Capt. Henry Romeyn. And this is my last year; so I want learn all I can. That is all I can said to you.

Good bye. Your friend. HARRY BROWN.

Hampton, Va., Feb. 1881.

My Dear friend.

I will write to you this morning; I want to say something about Hampton and Dakota Territory too, but I don't know write in English but this to-day I trying write in English. This Hampton we been Indian boys and girls, we learn speak English and write and read.

We want that way, ie reason we came here in Hamptou, because we don't know anything about God, and this Indian boys and girls, we don't know anything about, first we came here, but we learn little now, and trying be good girl at Hempton, and there are been Massachusetts, we have very nice time in Massachusetts. We have pic-nic in Mass. I saw great thing in Boston and New York—two oh how beautiful things! This Indian boys and girls we have prayer meetiug every friday night and sunday night. Prayer meetiug too this man prayer meeting with him—his neme, Mr. Grevitt, his miuister's man, his prayer meeting with him all the times. I want to say something again about Hampton. All time I wash dishes in dining room, and all time I wash my things, and the times I go to school every day, and we have very good times here at Hampton. Indian boys and girls, and colorsd boys, all the times. Good times and some times we go-pic-nic in Shellbanks, and there are I been. In Massachusetts all summer— I work hour last summer. Oh! I trying be good, every night I prayer good. I don't know write in English; but this to-day, I trying;— I write a letter for white people: I wish I kuow how white people doing work, and when I go back, then I teaches some English, and work too, and when I go back to Dekota, then I teacher some for Indian, then I thiuk, we will thiuk about Jesus, and love him, and I think we will try to please him. I thiuk I don't know how to write in English, but I trying for you all the White people,—that is all, I can say.

Good bye. From your Friend, ZIRWIR.

A HUMBLE BURIAL.

There appeared recently in the Paris "Figaro," this touching anecdote, in which a child and a dog are joined together in a picture of melancholy interest.

"Yesterday, about four o'clock, a humble funeral procession left Acacia Court; it was the funeral of a poor woman. There came, following her to the grave, a child only, of about twelve years, and a dog: no others attended the burial. Mr. D., one of the chief land owners of St. Ouen, and mansger of one of the large restaurants of that commune, saw the procession. He went to the boy, and taking his hand, walked with him to the Batignolles Cemetery. There he bought a funeral wreath, and when the coffin was lowered, he ordered a cross to mark the spot where the deceased lay. The dog had followed in spite of the employes, and had entered the cemetery, and it was only after repeated appeals from the child that it withdrew, howling, from the edge of the grave.

"Mr. D. learnt, on leaving the cemetery, that the funeral was that of the child's mother, the widow of a workman. She had died of consumption, contracted during those nights which she had spent in labor, in order to support her son. The child having no relation, Mr. D. announced that he would adopt him; he also took away with him the dog, for, but for him, his attention would not have been drawn to the poor woman's funeral."

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. X. HAMPTON, VA., MAY, 1881. NO. 5.

THE TIGER.

THE TIGER.

BY WILLIAM BLAKE.

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright;
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned the ardor of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thine heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

TRAITS OF THE TIGER.

The tiger is as high on the limbs as the lion; but it is more slender, active, and stealthy, resembling, in figure and movements, the domestic cat, which serves as the type of the entire genus. Its coat is very handsome, being of a yellowish fawn color above and a pure white beneath; everywhere irregularly striped by brown transverse bands. Its tail, which is very long, is ringed with black, and contributes not a little to its beauty. It has also white around the eyes, on the jaws, and on the back of each ear. It is peculiar to Asia, inhabiting Java, Sumatra, a great part of Hindostan, and China.

The tiger makes its lair in jungles or densely-wooded districts bordering on the water-courses. Like the lion, it has a den, to which it retires for rest. Thence it steals forth, secretes itself in a wood on the borders of a frequented path, and there, concealed from every eye, awaits its victim. The moment it sees the object of its desire, its eyes flash, and its whole bearing manifests a savage joy. It allows the unsuspecting prey to draw near, and when it is sufficiently close, springs upon it with tremendous velocity. If it winds prey at a distance, it glides through the high grass with the undulating movements of the serpent, almost impossible to be detected by human eye.

The tiger has for a long time borne a reputation for cruelty, as little deserved as that for generosity which has been given the lion. The old naturalists pretended that the tiger gloried in shedding blood, and that it never saw a living creature without desiring to destroy it. Nothing can be more untrue. The tiger does not kill for the pleasure of killing; it kills only to appease its hunger.

Tiger-hunting holds a high place among the amusements of the Indians nabobs and the English officers stationed in Hindostan. This sport is principally followed on elephants placed in line, and on which the hunters ride. When all is ready, at a preconcerted signal they enter the jungles, beat them in every direction, and compel the tiger to show itself. Fire-arms then do their work. It often happens that the ferocious beast springs on the flank of an elephant and tries to seize one of the riders.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, the tiger is capable of being trained and rendered perfectly docile; it is even susceptible of a certain degree of attachment. One that lived in a managerie in Paris had been brought from India in a ship on which it has been allowed to wander about at large. The confidence it inspired was such that the cabin-boys lay between its legs, and slept with their heads on its flanks.

A tigress which had been brought to England, and which had not shown any signs of a bad disposition on board ship, became morose when shut up in the managerie. Some time after, however, a sailor, one of its late traveling companions, came to visit the managerie, and solicited permission to enter the den where this tigress was confined. The latter at once recognized him, and testified the greatest pleasure. All the day after its friend had departed it lay prostrate with grief.

It is said that Nero had a tigress, named Phoebe, which he often kept near him in his apartments, and which he more than once made the instrument of his brutal, vindictive feelings. At the termination of an orgy, nothing gratified him so much as to point out to this animal some illustrious patrician that had come under his displeasure, and quickly a bleeding victim rolled at the feet of the monster with a human face. Here the veritable tiger was Nero.

Readings in Nature's Book.

BETHESDA CHAPEL.

In the midst of the Hampton Normal School grounds, entirely surrounded by them, is one of the largest of the National Soldiers' Cemeteries established by the United States at the close of the civil war. About six thousand Union soldiers sleep peacefully here under the gleaming rows of low head-stones marked with only the initials of a name, and the number of a regiment and company, or the more pathetic inscription "Unknown." In the centre of the neatly kept enclosure, a solid granite obelisk points heavenward, its pedestal inscribed with sentiments inspired when the nation's gratitude was fresh. A broad stone wall shuts in the sleepers, itself completely hidden on the inside by a thick green hedge, where birds build their nests and now and then a brown rabbit peers out. Blue violets and periwinkles star the grass, and mocking birds and meadow larks and orioles and red birds find sanctuary here, and fill the May mornings with harmony. Here, on "Decoration Day," the "Union people" of Hampton and Norfolk,—chiefly, of course, of the colored race—come with wreaths and flowers and speeches for the heroes' honor; the old soldiers from the Chesapeake Asylum for Volunteer Veterans, pay their respect to their comrades' memory; and later in the day, as the sun is setting, the students of the Normal School, with their teachers, go quietly to add a fresh leaf to the withering tributes, and recall, with prayer and thanksgiving, all the significence to them of those thronging graves, to which no pillar of stone can be as fitting a monument as the busy walls of the freedmen's school, outside their gate, close at hand.

It is well that these children of the freedman should remember, reverently and more than once a year, the great price of their freedom.

In the cemetery, near the entrance, stands a simple chapel of wood, built, as was the monument, by private benevolence. Erected for the benefit of the soldiers in the neighboring camps, it would long ago have fallen into ruin and disappeared, but that ever since the establishment of the Hampton Institute it has been, by consent of the Government, occupied by the Normal School church, consisting of the students and teachers, and some colored people and Northern white families from the neighborhood; the school keeping it in repair. Every Sunday is sure of a full congregation, no fear of preaching to empty pews here, and hundreds who have visited Hampton and Old Point must have pleasant memories of the morning service; the grand swell of congregational singing such as they cannot hear at the North; the opened windows, vine laced, letting in the air of spring, with a glimpse of green grass and waving boughs, and the Sabbath rest surrounding the Sabbath worship; the mocking birds' choral service outside. Many must have felt and many have expressed, a sense of the peculiar beauty and appropriateness of the provision which thus keeps alive the more tender and sacred memories of the war, and connects them with one of its most living and hopeful results.

But official routine does not always find place for sentiment however fitting; and technical objection to the idea of divided jurisdiction, though not thought of in the early days of national enthusiasm, when the chapel was given freely to its present use, has twice since then occasioned an order for its removal. On the reception of the second one, dated Feb. 7, 1881, the Principal of the Normal School went himself to Washington, to lay before President Hayes the reasons against the enforcement of such an order, taking with him, in evidence, the following letter from General Marshall, treasurer of the Normal School, giving the history of the previous order, and its rescinding.

Hampton, Va., *Feb. 14th*, 1881.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong, *Principal.*

Dear Gen.:

On the day on which the letter of Capt. A. F. Rockwell, A. Q. M. U. S. Army, dated Feb. 28th 1876, [copy enclosed] requesting the removal of Bethesda Chapel from the Nat. Cemetery, was laid before the Society, the Secretary of War and Gen. Sherman visited the School. I pointed out the Chapel to them, informed them of the request for its removal, of its great use to the school, and of our inability to rebuild it on our own grounds in case we were compelled to take it down, and asked permission to repair it and to use it as heretofore where it stood, so long as the ground was not needed for interment.

Both the Secretary and the General of the army, after examination of its location, expressed the opinion that the Chapel was no detriment to the Cemetery, but an appropriate ornament to it, and the Secretary of War said he would not only rescind the order for its removal, but would also have it repaired for our use if, on his return to Washington, he found that there was any fund which he could use for the purpose. He requested me to write to him and make application, both for permission to use the chapel on its present site, and for aid in making the needed repairs.

This was done, and, in reply, the letter of Lieut. Col. Oscar A. Mack, Ins. Nat. Cemeteries, dated April 4th, 1876 (of which I append copy) was received, acceding to our proposition to repair the chapel (at our own expense) on condition that the grounds immediately about it should be kept in good order by us.

On receiving this permission, the School raised, by contributions and entertainments given by teachers and others interested, over seven hundred dollars, which was expended in putting the chapel in thorough repair, and it has been since kept in good condition. I have heard of no complaint of the violation of the conditions imposed by the Secretary of War, or of the misuse in any way of the privilege granted.

Yours respectfully,
J. F. B. MARSHALL,
Treas. and Asst. Prin.

THE PRESIDENT'S ORDER.

It is pleasant to add that this plain statement of the case to the President was successful; and one of the last of his official acts, for which as for many other manifestations of kindness, the school will ha always grateful, was to order the revocation of the decree against the chapel; official information of which was received with a copy of the following letter.

War Department,
Quartermaster General's Office,
Washington, D. C. Feb. 24th, 1881.

MAJOR JAS. GILLISS,
Quartermaster U. S. Army,
Fort Monroe Va.

Major:

In accordance with the orders of the President of the United States, the Secretary of War has revoked the order for the removal of the Chapel from the Hampton National Cemetery. You will inform the proper authorities of the Hampton Normal School accordingly.

Very Respectfully,
Your Obt. Servent,
(signed) M. C. MEIGS.
Quartermaster General,
Bvt. Major General U. S. A.

SKETCH OF THE CHAPEL.

As we promised our readers last month, we complete this record with an interesting sketch of Bethesda chapel, prepared by Rev. James Marshall of New York, who, as U. S. Army chaplain then stationed at this post, was familiar with the history of the chapel from its beginning, and instrumental in its erection.

New York, Feb. 25th, 1881.

GEN. S. C. ARMSTRONG,

Dear Sir:—A call from the Rev. Mr. Frissell a few days since, revived an old story about the National Cemetery at Fortress Monroe, its Monument, and the wooden Church within its walls. I have not time to pen all the facts belonging thereto, yet will send some of the connected facts, as I promised, and hope they may be of service in the retention of the Church where it stands; and also as a contribution to the knowledge of the origin of the Cemetery, Monument, and Church.

In 1864 a "Monument Board" was formed, with Dr. Eli McClellan as President, Chaplain E. P. Roe, Treasurer, and Chaplain James Marshall, Secretary. At this time all the hospitals were consolidated under one head, with Dr. McClellan as Surgeon in charge. The Chesapeake General Hospital, now the Soldiers' Home, was made the Officers' Division, at which I was retained as Chaplain, and where I had been in that capacity, from July 1862. Rev. E. P. Roe, since so well known by his writings, was Chaplain at the Hampton Division for enlisted men. We all perceived that the graves of soldiers buried from the hospitals were becoming rapidly obliterated. This Monument board was therefore formed for a three fold purpose, viz: First to secure land for a permanent Cemetery, Secondly, to gether into said Cemetery all the soldiers buried in the surrounding region; from the various Hospital Cematerics, Hempton, Chesapeake, Mill-Creek &c, as well as Newport News, the Beach back of the Fort, and even from Big Bethel battle field. Thirdly, to erect a suitable Monument in said Cemetery, to permanently commemorate the heroic fidelity of the Union Soldiers to their Country. For the Monument we soon raised a large sum of money from the officers and enlisted men who were patients in the hospitals. I have in my possession the lists of the names, with the respective amounts. Dr. McClellan was soon transferred, Chaplain Roe went North to a pastorate, and Col. Curry, then stationed at the Fort, was made Treasurer, Surgeon in charge, Dr. Frantz President; and at his transfer, Col. A. P. Blunt, then Quarter-master at the Fort, was chosen President. As all the officers were several times changed except myself, the burden of the work fell upon me. Several times I went to Richmond to get papers through the War Department which would secure the land for the Cemetery, and the removal of the bodies. My personal acquaintance with Gen. Terry's Chiefs of Staff, Gens. Hawley and Curtis, at once secured attention to the papers at the War Department; and the object we sought was soon attained. Appeals to all the friends of the soldiers buried there, were in the meantime made, through the press and by private letters, for contributions to the Monument Fund.

The Chapel was built for the benefit of the soldiers through the efforts of Chaplain Roe, who was stationed at Hampton Hospital. Mr. Roe left the service before the Chapel was finished. At the close of the Chesapeake Hospital, the Camp Distribution, the Muster Out Camp, and the Military Prison (all within the grounds of the Chesapeake) about July 1865, I was transferred to Hampton Hospital. My first effort was to finish the Chapel and render access to it possible by filling up the ground with oyster shells and earth; as the ground was so low that the Chapel was usually surrounded with water.

In the fall of 1865, the Chapel building was transferred by the war department to the Presbyterian Committee of Home Missions of New York, provided said Committee would finish it and use it for religious services. I acted without expense to the Church Committee while U. S. A. Chaplain, and in addition to my Chaplaincy work, organized and carried on church and Sabbath school at the Chapel for the benefit of the white people of the surrounding region; as the colored people had schools and churches and teachers in abundance, under the auspices of the American Missionary Association. The Chapel was in the open field; and when the Hospital wards would be removed by the Government, the Chapel would present an isolated appearance, with no right of way to it, and liable to fall into the hands of the original owner of the land; or to be destroyed in case of removal, for it stands on pins, and removal would be its destruction in any case. In locating the new Cemetery, we had three things in view; First, the right of way to the Chapel; Second, its perpetuity for religious work; and Third, the saving of expense to the Government by retaining as the nucleus of the new Cemetery, the largest of the old ones; which was the Hampton Hospital Cemetery, lying between the Chapel and the Creek.

The officers of the Government fully understood all the facts at the time and acted accordingly. Gen. Blunt did everything possible to locate the Cemetery, remove the bodies, surround the grounds with a suitable picket fence, and save the Chapel for the future uses of the Government or some religious body working in the interest of the Government's work. The Government had done nothing at the time of all our preparatory work, (at Fort Monroe at least) to save these thousands of Soldiers' graves from obliteration. But after the location of the Cemetery, and after all the essential preliminary steps had been taken, the final work of bringing the Cemetery into its position as a "National Cemetery of the first Class" was under the direction of the General Superintendent of National Cemeteries. I was mustered out of the Government service in April 1866; but I remained in the interest of the religious work of the Presbyterian Committee until July following, and was, at the same time, actively at work with the erection of the Monument which now stands in the midst of over six thousand of our Nation's heroic dead. But my health failed, and I was obliged to leave before the money was all raised or the amount received. Col. Curry of the Fort, received the contributions that poured in, in large and small amounts, even as low as ten, twenty-five, fifty cents, from poor widows whose husbands and sons were buried in this Cemetery. A sea voyage was prescribed for me, else I might have been the first to be placed under the monument. My four years work at that point, for the living and the dead soldiers, had apparently ruined my health. But failure in our Monument work would have been dishonor to our dead heroes, and disgrace to all concerned. When I found that I must leave, I went to Washington and had an interview with Miss D. L. Dix, so long and so widely known for her efforts in behalf of the insane in both England and America, and for her connection with the Sanitary Commission during the war. She knew our work well at the Fort; and I asked her to assume the responsibility of raising more funds and securing the erection of the Monument. She at once accepted the duty and entered cheerfully upon the work; thus adding another chapter to the long list of her life of philanthropy. Miss Dix immediately visited Philadelphia, New York and Boston, for the purpose of raising funds. She succeeded. She then contracted for the Monument, and when completed the Government transported it from the East to its present position. In the year 1867 the Monument was erected, and the grounds set apart as a permanent National Cemetery, with appropriate ceremonies. As I was absent from the country, I can give no particulars of this part of the work. Neither do I remember the exact cost or dimensions of the Monument. While in Heidelberg, Germany, in March 1868, I received a photograph of the Monument erected, and the grounds, from Miss Dix. Many persons were interested in its erection, and all the officers then at the Fort gave their cordial support to the enterprise; but to no one more than to Miss D. L. Dix, is the honor of its completion due. It will stand as a testimony to her energy, as well as an honor to the affection of the friends and relatives of the dead heroes, whose service for the Nation it commemorates.

The history of the Chapel is inseparable from the history of the whole work there under the control of the Government. Its removal would not only be its destruction, but would blot out one of the chapters of the whole history of the work for the moral welfare of the soldiers, and unnecessarily embarrass your present good work among the living wards of the Government.

Most truly yours,
JAMES MARSHALL.

ON THE STICKEEN RIVER, ALASKA.

(See illustration on page 55.)

Comparatively few people even yet know much about the real value and wonders of that vast addition to our dominion, Alaska. The bigness of Uncle Sam's farm becomes apparent when he can pay millions on millions to add to it such a three hundred million acre lot, and then laugh at the purchase as a folly; or almost ignore its existence.

Whoever has read, however, Dr. Sheldon Jackson's little book on Alaska, in connection with the missions established there, will not let any further opportunity for information slip; and will not fail to be interested in the graphic description below, by W. H. Bell, of the Stickeen river and its wonderful glaciers. For the extract and its illustration on page 53, we are indebted to "Scribner's Magazine."

"A detention of a month at Fort Wrangel, Alaska, awaiting the means of transportation back to Portland, Oregon, gave me the opportunity of making a trip up the Stickeen River, which empties into the Pacific a few miles north of the fort, and of seeing its glaciers, the principal one of which, the "Great Glacier," being, it is said, one of the largest in the world. Embarking with a pleasant party from the post, one beautiful July morning, one of the boats carrying passengers and supplies to the head-waters of the river; with a supply of water-proofs and gum-boots for the glacier, with sketching materials, fishing-tackle, shot-guns and rifles, besides cards, organ and violin,—we were, in a few minutes, steaming away toward our destination.

Rounding a point half a mile from the wharf, the mouth of the Stickeen came in view; at ten A. M. we were fairly in it, and then the character of the scenery began to change from that of the coast. We had left behind us mountains, high and wooded, but here they became higher and more ragged, and were occasionally capped with snow. New beauties presented themselves every moment until the sun set, and it became too dark to see anything.

The first streak of daylight saw us on deck. Opposite to us was the monster glacier, white and cold in the uncertain morning light, but which, as the sun broke upon it, sparkled and glistened like miles of hesped-up jewels. From where we lay we could look out over the surface of the ice as it came out of the mountains, dipping with a gentle slope toward the river; immediately in front of us, was the mountain-gorge, about two miles wide, through which it issued before spreading out into its fan-like shape which terminated in a perpendicular face next to the river, of from six to seven hundred feet high, and about seven miles wide. From where the pressure was removed, at the mouth of the gorge, great cracks and chasms showed themselves until, as the edge of the face was approached, the whole ice plain was seen to be a net-work of cracks which appeared to run, with broken joints, to the very bottom of the glacier. As we looked into these fissures in the clear ice, from about one mile and a half distant, the prismatic colors were superb. The surface of the ice had the appearance of being covered with snow, but the face of the precipice is all clear ice.

Thus we steamed on, always through the same sublime scenery, until we arrived, at ten o'clock, at the bend just below the "Big Canon." It was still light, but some difficult passages lay just ahead of us; and as full daylight, and plenty of it, is necessary in order to make the run, we went to the bank and in a few minutes were securely tied up under the lee of a point which juts out into the river just above us. Below, and midway in the river, there is a long, low sand island, and on the point of it, next to us, was encamped a party of Indians with an enormous thirty-paddle canoe of solid cedar; it was a beautiful model, as are all of the canoes of these Indians. This being an extraordinarily large one had attracted my attention as it left Fort Wrangel, two days before we did, with a small American flag flying from a short staff, stuck in a hole made for it in the solid wood of the high stern. The Indians were cooking their supper on the sand, their canoe being pulled well up out of the water; they had evidently arrived but a short time before us. Night soon shut down, and after supper and diversion of cards and music, we were quite ready to turn in; the fresh air and the excitement of sight-seeing had worn us all out, and we needed no opiate to send us off post-haste to the Land of Nod."

Southern Workman,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

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For further information, address

J. F. B. MARSHALL,
Business Manager, Hampton, Va.

Entered as Second-class Matter in the Post Office at Hampton, Va.

The Southern Workman, devoted to the interests of Negro and Indian civilization, is edited and managed by the officers of the Hampton Institute, and printed on the School Press by colored youth trained in the office. Subscriptions are a help to the School. It is sent on trial for four months for twenty-five cents. Job work, from all parts of the country, is solicited, and will be done cheaply and well. Estimates will be sent on application.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A NEGRO TEACHER.

——Va. April 9th, 1881.

Dear Sir; I know that you are always busy; but I hope that you will find spare moments to read what I am about to write. You remember when I was at Hampton in November, 1879, *en route* for this place, I did not want to come; but you insisted upon me to come to this county, and I truly think that God must have impressed it upon you to do so; for I do not know where I could have gone that my work would have been so prosperous. I came and put my hands to the plow, and have not looked back; but am almost to a stand still now, for the want of funds to help to move the work on.

When I came here about 18 months ago, I found an anxious people for education, and no house fit to teach in. However, I opened school in an old log-cabin, with 25 pupils. In a few weeks I had four times that number. I taught seven months which was the term of public schools. The anxiety of the people seemed to increase each day. So I had an exibition or a concert at the Church, by which I raised $30.00 to continue the school six weeks longer. During this time three of the patrons, with myself, went to the members of the school board and asked them for a house or money to build one. They responded by giving $275.00 and contracted with me to build a house 18 by 24 saying that was the best they could do then. They also gave us privilege to make any addition to the house that we could. Well, I knew that a house that size would not accommodate 125 children and two teachers. So I said to the people, that if they would help me out, I would have a two story house built that would meet our needs. They rejoiced at this idea, and came to my call like men. Some giving two and three days work, some money and some even bringing corn and potatoes to the store to help pay for nails, etc. And in less than three months we had a two story house 20 by 26 completed, furnished with two seated desks and good blackboards. The house cost about $450.00 as it is; $275.00 from the county, and about $200 given by the people and myself in labor. For I put my hands to the tools and labored daily until the work was done. and the only compensation I received was to see the earnestness of the people end to know that they appreciated my work; $18 I received from you and the other officers and teachers at Hampton Normal Institute; the rest I received as donations from three kind benevolent friends of the North, who gave respectively $20. $10. $5. Well, the house being completed I opened school and the children came in so thick and fast, that I could not hold the fort alone. So I applied to the board for an assistant, but the treasury being short they could not give one but $10 per month. Well we were determined to have one; so I turned to the patrons again and said to them, that ten dollars would not pay a teacher; but if they would agree to help make up ten more I would get a good teacher; but having been exausted of means in building the house, their response was not so strong, but they said "go ahead, let us try it, we will do the best we can" In a few days Miss Lucy Isabell arrived, and took part with me. She has proved her love for the work, and her great desire for the improvement of our people, by her faithfulness to her post, regardless of the pay. We graded the school at once, and have had a very successful term so far. She has taught four months, and we have raised $28 by festivals, collections, &c. She is to teach two months longer, and we should raise $32 more, but I fear that we shall fall short. These people have been faithful in helping themselves, and truly deserve to be helped. We have 120 pupils on roll. Many of them unable to get the books needed. My most advanced class of six pupils, needs to take two new studies, and to be advanced in another. But for want of money to get books are kept back. I have prayed for some treasure to come to me that I might buy books for them, knowing that they deserve it; but my prayers have not yet been answered. I have thirty girls from 12 to 18 years of age in my department. So we have opened an Industrial school for them every Friday afternoon. Miss Isabell having had some instructions in the Industrial room at Hampton N. S. finds it very servicable. She has charge of this instruction. The girls seem to enjoy it very much. Oh! it is just grand to see them so busy cutting and making little dresses. The patrons seem to appreciate it very much indeed. I lecture to the people, old and young every other Sunday afternoon, on Truthfulness, Honesty, Industry, and Moral Science, mixed with "Outline of man" They enjoy it greatly. I always listened to your lectures with so much interest and earnestness when I was at Hampton that I imagine I imbibed a great deal of your ambition in lecturing. I found the Sabbath School very poorly conducted, but a more earnest school and one more desirous to improve I never saw. I took hold with them, introduced the international lesson; and soon raised it to a fine, large prosperous school.

I feel that the Lord is blessing my work. I know that he has been with me. For I have not gone over the above mentioned ground without opposition. There was a strong out-side opposing faction. But that served as an encouragement to me. For I knew that there were no good works without opposition. We have nearly exausted all means we know of for raising money at the present, though we are much in need of $75 or $80, to successfull carry out the work already begun. Whose heart will God turn towards us? Who will accept the heavenly crown offered for aid in this particular?

There are several promising girls and boys here that I would like to send to Hampton; but their parents are not able to send them. But I hope that they will be admitted to work out their education, like the two I sent there last year. Since I first went to Hampton school, I have taught four different schools, and have had 449 different pupils under my charge; but I feel more encouraged and hopeful of these people and children than any. These people are poor, but they are very religious, and their moral character is good, considering every thing.

Now I must close. Please excuse me for taking so much of your valuable time in this conversation.

Your old pupil in earnest, and your true friend,

W. B. Weaver.

Cappahosic, Gloucester Co. Va.

Genl. S. C. Armstrong.

The above is from a North Carolina boy, who after three years study at the Hampton Institute, has taught four years with success and with great credit to himself. His experience is not an unusual one among our graduates though unusually well told; his statements are reliable, and he deserves help.

Selecting and fitting such youth to be educators of their people is the mission of the Hampton and other Institutions, and deserves far more encouragement than it has received.

FROM AN EX-CONFEDERATE OFFICER.

State of South Carolina, office of State Superintendent of education

Columbia S. C. April 9, 1881.

Dear Sir:—

I have not, I assure you, lost interest in your great work, or forgotten the charming visit that I paid you in 1877. I often wish that I had the opportunity to renew the very pleasant association which I shall always have with Hampton Institute. If you will glance over my report you will see that we did some good work last year in the way of a four weeks Normal Institute for white teachers. The success of the Institute was chiefly due to the ability of the Principal, Prof. Soldan, whose report, contained in mine is well worth reading. I am anxious to secure him again this year, and I have strong hopes that I will do so. One of the good effects of the Institute was to arouse our legislators to the importance of this work. They have given me $1500, all that I asked for, to defray the expenses of Institute work this year, and Dr. Curry will give me $1000 for the same purpose. I am very anxious to secure another success, because I believe that these Institutes will ultimately lead up to the establishment of Normal schools, and that in the meantime they will exert a most beneficial effect upon our teachers. As I have said I am encouraged to hope that Prof. Soldan will again take charge of the Institute, but I want his match, if I can find him, to conduct an Institute for our colored teachers. You know exactly what kind of a man I want, and I need not therefore attempt to describe him. A live, earnest, practical teacher, could do good service among our colored people. I would like to have a session of about four weeks in July or August. To a good man I will be able to pay a very fair salary for the session's work.

There is in this city, a young colored man, W. M. Dart, with whom, if I mistake not, you have had some correspondence, and who in some respects is well fitted for the work. He is an excellent teacher and disciplinarian, and while he stands high in this community he is not perhaps sufficiently well known in the State to attract teachers to the Institute.

A man of some repute, especially from another State would draw many teachers who otherwise would not attend. And now to the point of this letter, can you help me to find the man that I am looking for? Besides paying as well as the means of my command will allow, I will endeavor to make his stay in South Carolina pleasant, and I know that he will find no small part of his reward in the consciousness, after he finishes his work, of having done valuable service to the cause of education.

Please remember me kindly to Gen. and Mrs. Marshall, and believe me.

Yours very truly,

H. S. THOMPSON.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong,
Hampton Va.

The above is published as an illustration of the spirit uniformly shown in correspondence with Southern school officers.

We trust Capt. Thompson will excuse us for publishing his letter. A Massachusetts yankee well up in the theory and practice of teaching, is wanted to help the march of ideas in South Carolina but in what way can we better do justice to the fine spirit in which this cause of the negro is taken up by an important class of Southern men.

PAID FOR.

The sum of twenty thousand dollars for an Indian Girls' Building at the Hampton Institute and three thousand for heating apparatus and furniture, has recently been provided by friends, chiefly in New York City and in Boston.

From the efforts to get this amount there has also resulted an intelligent interest in the welfare of the Indian race and a faith and confidence in it that are quite as valuable to the cause as the money raised.

Without a proper public sentiment the Indians will never get knowledge or justice. A good Indian policy is just as dependent on public opinion as a good financial policy. Better ideas about Indians are spreading but it will be hard to exterminate the exterminstion policy which is hugged to many a civilian as well as military bosom. Its advocates may, however, as a wholesome stimulant, do more good than harm.

A WORKSHOP,

to cost about six thousand four hundred dollars, is an immediate need for the twenty-one Indian boys who are learning the carpenters, tinners, blacksmiths, shoemaking and painters trades in a damp and crowded basement room. Indians are remarkably apt at the trades and deserve a first rate chance to acquire. On their habits of practical industry will in great measure, depend their stability at home. Regular industrial habits, next to christian character, are the support of sound morals.

Ten hours work every day is a wonderful saving force.

Our Indian boys have good rooms, our girls are soon to be provided with ample sleeping and work rooms. A large and valuable farm was given last year by a Boston lady for this practical agricultural instruction. A work shop that will cost complete six thousand four hundred dollars is necessary to give them a fair chance to learn the following trades.

Wheelwrighting	Shoemaking
Carpentering	Harness making.
Blacksmithing	Tinning
Painting	

A thousand dollars for each department of the shop. Who will provide for a trade?

THE GOOD OF A PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN,

The following is from the *Christian Advocate:* "But there is a good side even to a political campaign, which must not be overlooked. It is an educating process to the masses. There are a great many men everywhere who scarcely ever touch a book or paper, who know very little beyond their neighborhood precincts—men who lead a plodding sort of life. Now, these Presidential contests, which come around once every four years, set these people to reading and thinking. They become aroused by hearing political speeches and reading up their party literature. Then the whole country wakes up. There is an interchange of thought and opinion; men's views widen out beyond the narrow home circle; they rise above the dreamy monotony of every-day life. Great names pass in review before the mind; statesmen of national fame find their way into even obscure corners of the earth, where they may be seen and heard by the untraveled class. Great events in the political history of our country, such as the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law, Jackson's Nullification Proclamation, etc.—events that have been the pivots on which the wheel of State has turned—become matters of daily discussion in shop and store and railroad car. History is read, comparisons are made between national policies, political economy is studied and the theory and policy of government is better understood by the average man. An American Presidential election, with all its excitements, is better than the monotonous dead level of some old European monarch, where the King rules, and the people have little to do but attend to the domestic affairs of life, tamely submitting to the imposed fate, whatever they may be."

ANNIVERSARY OF THE HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

Anniversary day will be Thursday, May 19th, 1881.

All contributors to the Institute have a standing invitation to attend.

The exercises are expected to be as usual with the addition of laying the corner stones of two buildings; one for Indian and one for Negro girls.

Those from a distance are advised to secure rooms beforehand, at the Hygeia Hotel, Fort Monroe, which is two and a half miles distant from the school.

Guests are requested to preserve the "cards of admission to Virginia Hall" enclosed in their invitations. Admission by tickets is necessary to prevent confusion and possible danger.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

The Hon. W. H. Ruffner, Supt. Public Instruction of Virginia, has placed in my hands a sum of money from the Peabody Fund, to be expended in securing instructors and appliances for a colored teachers' Institute at the Hampton Institute, from June. 27th. to July 15th. inclusive.

This is for the special benefit of Virginia teachers. Others may apply.

The services of Prof. Warren, Principal of the State Normal School of New Hampshire and of Miss Reed, his assistant, have been engaged.

Board and room (not washing) can be had for two dollars and a half per week. Those who desire to attend should apply to the undersigned.

Improvement in the profession of teaching means better success, better pay, and better chances for the best positions.

Attending such an Institute is a wise use of time and money.

A model school will be in operation in order to illustrate methods of teaching.

There will be an exhibition of the "Kitchen Garden" or school to illustrate and teach in a remarkably instructive and interesting way the various duties of housekeeping.

S. C. Armstrong,
Principal.
Hampton, Va., April 20th, 1881.

EDUCATION IN WESTERN VA.

From the report of the Hon. W. K. Peadleton, Superintendent of State Schools, it appears that, while there has been in the last ten years an increase in the number of school-youth of only 29 per cent., as ascertained by actual enumeration, there has been in the same period an increase in the number of teachers employed of 72 per cent.; in the number of months taught, an increase of 87 per cent.; in the number attending school, an increase of 64 per cent., and in the general average attendance, an increase of 66 per cent. That is, there has been an increase in provision for instruction, and in the number of youth actually receiving instruction, about three times as great as the increase in the number of school youth entitled to the privilege of free schools.

EDUCATION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

From the last report of Capt. H. S. Thompson, Superintendent, we learn that the estimated cost of public schools for the current year is $351,415.50. Of the teachers 2048 are white, and 1123 are colored. White children in attendance 61, 219, Colored children 73,853, Total 134, 072. Average yearly session 3½ months.

Large space is devoted to an account of efforts to raise the standard of teaching in the State.

In his conclusion, Capt. Thompson says. "The great social and political changes through which the people of this State have passed in the last fifteen years make it necessary that we should have an efficient system of public schools.

Universal education alone can avert the evils which universal suffrage threatens. We can best guard and protect our civilization by providing liberally for the diffusion of knowledge."

There is some wholesome work being done in the "Solid South."

THE "KITCHEN GARDEN" AT HAMPTON.

Those who are interested in benevolent work in New York understand by the name "Kitchen Garden" not a forcing bed for early vegetables but a novel and pleasant kind of school of housework, for little girls.

The method was the happy thought of Miss Emily Huntington, in charge of the Wilson Industrial school in that city, and has been successfully adopted in many others. With little tables furnished completely with toy dishes, and table linen; little bedsteads, with all the appropriate bedding; little wash-tubs and clothes lines and clothes; little brooms and brushes; little baking pans with moulding clay to shape into remarkable turkeys and ducks and legs of mutton, or loaves of bread and biscuit the little housekeepers, while delighting their little hearts with the toys they love best, are systematically taught a good way to do all the grown up work they imitate: they learn how to put a room in order for night or morning; to sweep, dust, and make a fire; to set a table and wait on it; to wash and fold and iron clothes; to wait on the door; to be careful, neat and quick. Besides their practice with the toys, they are put through a catechism of house-keeping rules and principles, and a number of graceful little plays and calisthenic exercises which are made to further illustrate and enforce them. There is an advanced course with full sized dishes, and larger furniture. A young girl who has gone through this pleasant and practical training will feel at home when she has a house of her own to take care of and can safely be trusted with another's.

With the kind help of some New York friends in providing apparatus——acknowledgment of which was made in our last number——a kitchen garden class has been started by Hampton Institute, at the Butler school on its grounds, where, as most of our readers know, some two hundred and fifty little colored children of the neighborhood are taught by Hampton graduates, and the Senior class of the Normal School is trained in practice teaching. The interest felt in the Kitchen Garden there has been increased by a pleasant visit from Miss Huntington, with Miss Grace Dodge who is Secretary of the ladies Kitchen Garden Association of New York. Miss Huntington very kindly gave some gratuitous lessons to the Senior class and teachers. It is hoped to make the new method not only a permanent and valuable feature of the Butler School, on a larger scale than at present, but to bring it so far within the reach of graduate teachers that it will be helpful in their work among their people.

A VISIT FROM BISHOP PAYNE.

The Hampton Normal School has had the great pleasure recently of a visit from the venerable Bishop Payne, Senior Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. He addressed the school, reviewing in a very touching and graphic way the events of a life which includes the most interesting and dramatic periods of his people's history, something of the old times and something of the new, with the stormy days that divide them. While born a freeman, by the laws of South Carolina at the time, in virtue of his partly Indian descent, had allowed by the same laws to go to a little school taught by a colored man, and then to start one himself, he was nevertheless obliged to go North because his pupils were found to know too much, and his school was broken up. He reached New York in 1835, and found friends in Mr. Garrison and the other early abolitionists. Just thirty years to a day from his landing in New York, he arrived again in Charleston and visited a school for freedmen. He wished he could put before his young hearers the full meaning of that change as it appeared to him, and their prospects. He called on them to consider, that they might better appreciate, the wonder and the greatness of their privileges. He urged them to remember that liberty is not license; to cultivate a spirit of respect and obedience to authority, of docility and teachableness. He was glad they were learning to use both their hands and their minds—he would have sold himself for ten years to have gained such advantages when he was their age.

He was glad to see the school is working for his red brethren. Indeed, as he quaintly said, he is descended himself from three brothers—Shem, Ham, and Japheth—so that he feels a sympathy and interest in all humanity.

Bishop Payne's visit has done good to all who saw and heard him, and we hope that it may be only one of many.

Miss Hallie Brown, a former student of Wilberforce College, Xenia, Ohio, of which Bishop Payne was formly President, accompanied the Bishop to Hampton, and gave one of her elocutionary readings in the Chapel of Virginia Hall. She has considerable talent and succeeded in greatly pleasing her audience.

The addresses of the following named graduates of the Hampton Institute are unknown and are inquired for. Any who know of their whereabouts will please report.

Champion Warino.	Timothy Smith.
William Henry.	Thomas Jenkins.
Josephine Brown.	Alfred Moore.
George W. Cole.	Andrew J. Minnis.
Wm. A. Tibbs.	(under graduate)

FROM "DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI."

BY REV. A. D. MAYO, OF BOSTON.

* * * * *

Happily, the era of "stirring up" is subsiding to the good time fast coming when the people of all sections appear only too anxious to get into a mutual good understanding. Set it down as Gospel that about all the bombarding between North and South is now done from the safe distance of a country editor's stool, or at the reporters' gallery of the national debating society at Washington. The Northern traveler southward, on the look-out for facts, is surprised at the singular fascination that the best people of North and South have for each other. A Yankee parson, whom you knew twenty-five years ago as the most fiery of platform agitators, is tilted in his chair alongside a Mississippi planter who sent his last boy to the war, in a long day's talk, that slides easily into something like an old friendship. Even the staid, home-staying plantation madam, with jolly countenance framed in flowing curls, is open to the approach of the stranger, and, after an hour, talks to you as confidentially as your elder sister. The natural kindliness of these far-down-south people is one of the most beautiful things in America. The most unapproachable folk in all lands are the borderers, and, once through the brusque fringe of the southern shore of the Ohio, you move into the tropics through mellowing strata of humanity. Easily provoked by a controversial habit, all these people, gentle and simple, are more open to approach, more ready to talk out of the heart, than any among whom our lot has been cast. The young people, especially school-children and students, are wonderfully open to enthusiasm or a hearty appeal for good things.

The Hebrew brother is in the ascendant here, makes the money, lends to the planters, trades with the negro, and sends his handsome wife and daughter about the country in the palace car in more than the splendor of the old Southern days.

This plantation-life is, just now, as unstable as the restless tide that whirls outside the levee. The planters that come on board complain of the unreliable character of their laborers. Poor Sambo is the scape-goat for the sin and shiftlessness of the country. He won't work steadily, will get drunk, drive the mules to death, go away on holidays, spend all his money, knock off from work when he is crossed, and is always going to Kansas. Down in the barber's shop, or on the upper deck, the colored brother gives his side of the story. He has no fair chance, don't get wall paid at best, sometimes only in tickets, good at the planters' store; is cheated at the Jaw-shop, and pushed about generally; mocked with a poor apology for a school, and worried about his voting. We are afraid there is too much truth in both the stories. In short, the crotchety and impracticable way of doing business that still lingers from *ante bellum* days is the curse of the planter; and ignorance, like a great stone at the bottom of a well, is the one curse of the negro. Until the average colored man knows more of everything necessary to an American citizen, he will remain poor, will be the drudge in country and city, plundered by every swindler, in an eternal wrangle with his own neighbor, and, worst of all, made periodically an infuriate brute by the horrible paganism that goes by the name of religion in too many of his churches. The greatest enemy of the negro to-day is the wretched creature who, under the name of revival preacher, fills his credulous soul with fear, humors his savage superstitions, turns his home into a brothel, and makes him a beast when the "power is on him." Nothing can be said in favor of that intolerable nuisance, the average negro preacher is the far-down South. The great schools of the Evangelical Missionary Societies are conferring an untold blessing on the freedmen by sending him an improved teacher and minister, for which they deserve the gratitude of the country.—*The Christian Register.*

THE EGYPTIAN SLAVE TRADE

On the 4th. of August, 1877, a convention was signed by the representatives of Great Britain and Egypt, by which the latter country undertook the following engagements:—

"Public trading in slaves, whether negroes or Abyssinians, suppressed immediately. Their importation or exportation, whether by land or by sea, forbidden. Convicted traders to be held guilty of the crime of robbery with murder."

This was a great stride in advance of anything yet done in the Ottoman Empire.

Colonel Gordon in Central Africa, strengthened by the powers of the Convention, gave some of the best years of his life to the establishment of order and law in the districts which for many years had been the source of the yearly supply of human flesh. One great nest of traders on the Bahr Gazelle, who were numerous enough to muster an armed force which intimidated the whole surrounding country, he utterly rooted out after two years' fighting. But Colonel Gordon's work is part of the world's history, and it does not now require recapitulation. There is no doubt he did much to stop the slave supply; still, when he left Egypt, he confessed that the snake was only scotched, not killed. Another English officer was stationed at Massowah with the duty of surveillance of the Red Sea coast. His exertions, however, were not as successful as those of his colleague, and the caravans that escaped the latter's vigilance, seemed to have always found the means of getting away to sea.

Finally, there was the Slave Trade Bureau at Cairo, with its various branches in the interior. The public were ignorant about the working of this office until about a year ago, when the news was suddenly communicated from Siout that a large caravan of slaves had arrived, although a branch of the Slave Trade Bureau existed at that town.

The laws are obviously stringent enough to put an end to the slave trade if they only could be enforced. What remains undone is due, not at all to the want of zeal of the Cabinet at Cairo, but to the inertness of inferior officials, and the weakness of Egyptian rule in the vast regions of Equatorial Africa.

There is no doubt an intention on the part of all enlightened Egyptians to carry out the convention. Riaz Pasha acknowledges frankly the necessity of its performance. The Khediva himself is sincerely desirous to get rid of slavery as only a plague to his country. With only his simple household of which the Princess is the only head, his Highness has no need of that singular organization of wives and odalisques and eunuchs which compose the harem of the wealthy polygamists of Mahomedanism and makes the slave system a necessity in the Ottoman Empire. He has himself declared that slavery only makes the country degenerate. But he is in advance of general public opinion. There is no widespread interest in the reform; on the contrary, there is a steady passive opposition, and, if common report speaks true, the trade is even fostered in distant districts by the collusion or wilful blindness of the authorities. It cannot, therefore, be expected that either 1884 or 1889 will see an end of slavery if Egypt is left to do the work alone. It can only be done in one way. England must lend a hand in the

accomplishment of the convention of which she is the chief signatory. Her friendly co-operation would give life to a crusade which flags from want of sympathy. Her interference need not take the form of either soldiers or money. All that is wanted is some system of supervision over those who are charged with the work to see that they do their duty.

Meanwhile the British public must not suppose that slaves in Egypt are, as a rule, badly treated. Slaves in the fields do not now exist. Villages are no longer swept off to cultivate the lands of a prince or a pasha. All agricultural work is paid for, ill or well, save in the case of a public work, such as the cleaning of a canal, or the repairing of its banks, when the neighboring inhabitants are bound to give without pay a certain amount of work. Domestic slavery alone flourishes, and as far as one can learn, the masters are not often open to the charge of cruelty. Men are kind to their slaves as they are to their beasts, from policy. But there is a more potent safeguard against cruelty. It is now known throughout Egypt that an ill-used slave can always obtain his or her freedom by an appeal to the English Consul. The matter is at once laid before the local authorities, the slave is freed, and the master punished.

There is one more point I should like to clear up before I conclude. Slavery is often laid at Mahomed's door. The Prophet, on the contrary, goes as far as any innovator in attacking an universal and immemorial custom. Even when he sanctions the enslavement of captives taken in war, he enjoins their surrender on payment of a fair ransom, and nowhere does he speak of any other legitimate source of slavery. "Show kindness to your slave," he says in one place; in another he lays down that "alms should buy the freedom of slaves;" and once, in speaking of the marriage of slaves, he even says, "You all come one from another and from Adam, the common father." But the most liberal sentiment occurs in the 24th chapter of the Koran, which, as translated by Kasimirski, runs, "If any one of your slaves ask from you his freedom, give it him if you judge him worthy of it; give them a little of the goods which God has granted you."

Anti-Slavery Reporter.

A WASHOE CHIEF WHO YEARNS FOR A LITTLE LEARNING.

Captain Joe, chief of the Washoe tribe in this vicinity, is a very sensible Indian, who through some means has awakened to the realization of the advantages that are to be derived from an education however humble. He informed an *Appeal* reporter yesterday that he is earnestly advising his people to send their boys to the public schools, provided they can be admitted. For a year he has persistently tried to impress his tribe with the importance of this matter, without much success, until very recently. But he has won a number of leading bucks over to his theory, and now he believes that before long an effort will be made to introduce a half-dozen of their brightest lads into the schools. In the event that the experiment proves satisfactory to the Indians, it is their purpose to induce all of their boys to avail themselves of the benefits of a public school system. This is the first instance in the history of the Pacific coast Indians, where the chief of a tribe has manifested the least interest in the intellectual progress of his people.—*Carson Appeal*

The State of Massachusetts puts Carroll D. Wright at the head of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor. She asks his opinion upon certain points. He gives it in his official report for 1880, as follows:

The study of the question belonging to us to consider, extending over a half-dozen years, has taught us that the industrial and social condition of the laboring classes as related to the permanent prosperity of the productive industry of the Commonwealth, is more affected by the presence of crime, poverty and the disorganizing influences resulting from the decrease of marriage, increase of divorces and kindred matters, than from many if not all the bad economical conditions resulting from want of comprehension of the true relations of labor and capital."

VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

We get the latest report of the great volcanic eruption now in progress on the island of Hawaii, in a letter from the venerable missionary Dr. Titus Coan, who, for more than fifty years, has stood firm at his post in the uttermost parts of the sea. His own inner fires of zeal for God, and enthusiasm for His works, have abated nothing since the time when he baptized five thousand natives in one year, or by his daring explorations into the great craters of Kilauea and Manna Loa won the title of King of the Volcano. And now, within six miles of the creeping lava stream, while some of his neighbors have their goods packed for sudden flight, the grand old man sits calmly in his study among the coco-palms, sending kind words and generous gifts to encourage other workers, and fearing nothing "though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

Hilo, Hawaii, *March* 1st, 1881.

My dear General:

When our supply of water is cut off we cry out for thirst, and we are hungry when our mail is "snowed in." Something like this affects us when we don't know what is going on in Hampton. The wires are down and our communication with you has been interrupted. For two or three months your "Southern Workman" has not come to us. Probably the sin lieth at my door. If so I send through Castle and Cooke a "sin offering" and beg pardon for not getting your paper. I order C. & C. to send you exchange for $30. It is a meagre mite and I almost despise it, but you know what is said about

"Little drops of water," and
"Little grains of sand"

and you'll accept the mite kindly, and let it help some poor prairie boy or girl or some child that has come out from under the yoke of bondage, to a few crumbs of knowledge.

But let me say that five of these dollars go to purchase five copies of the Workman, to be sent thus——With the balance do what you will.

If my purse were deeper and my heart more generous it would be a pleasure to send you a few thousands of crumbs. But you know that missionaries are not millionaires and can only give "here a little and there a little." But we do not forget your worthy Institution, nor the one at Carlisle nor the Howard University, nor the humbler toils of patient women and of all who are stooping to bind up wounded humanity and to lift the fallen and degraded into the light of life.

We trust in God that Hampton's light will never waver, nor her vitalizing power ever be weakened until every colored man and every wild man of the western plains and hills shall have become an intelligent citizen of the most enlightened and glorious Republic on earth, and an heir of the Eternal Kingdom.

Our hearts are full of gratitude to the Supreme Ruler for the noble President whose term expires in three days, and for him who is to take the helm of our ship of state on the same day. Heaven bless the outgoing and incoming Chief Magistrates of our beloved land.

We remember your visit to us with pleasure, and hope that it may be repeated.

You have heard of our great volcanic eruption, near the summit of Mauna Loa, on the 5th of Nov. It is still in strong blast and in threatening proximity to Hilo.

It first sent out a burning column of thirty miles to the north, as if to menace old Mauna Kea. This ceased, and another column was sent twenty-five or thirty miles towards Kilauea, as if to form a junction with the Mother of Fire. [The native legend is that the ever active crater of Kilauea is presided over by a powerful goddess whom they call Pele.] This column soon became stationary. Next came a furious molten stream down the mountain towards Hilo. [The sea port of the island, the home of Dr. Coan.] This is still active, sometimes dividing into several columns, then uniting, spreading out upon plains to the breadth of two and three miles, then contracting to a narrow stream of half a mile, now rushing madly down a steep declivity, and now creeping slowly like a chilled serpent over rough plains of scoria and boulders.

The fiery deluge has occupied our great forest jungle for three months, covering thousands of acres, killing 10,000 trees, consuming the jungle, filling up pits, ravines and caverns licking up all the water in its way, and opening a pathway through the forest, as if to fall upon our town. It is now supposed to be only from six to eight miles from the shore, and its high banner of red light startles us at midnight, its rolling pillars of smoke are lifted high by day. Trees fall fast, rocks rend, gasses explode, and the roar in the woods is like the noise of battle. We hear the explosions like the booming of cannons.

The roaring furnace on the mountain is in furious blast, and no man is able to look down that infernal throat to which the up-rushing stream and hot sulphurous gasses forbid all approach. One white man only, Rev. E. P. Baker, with one native, has been to the upper vent. Large numbers have visited the lower end of the flow, and secured specimens of the flaming fusion.

The question "Will it come to Hilo?" is still an open one. Many fear; some pack for decamping, others wait; some pray, some swear, but most go on with their labors or pleasures as afore-time. We "look to the hills whence cometh our help."

Mrs. Coan unites in kind regards to you and to all in your Institute, whom we have seen.

Faithfully yours,
T. COAN.

President Garfield has signified his intention to attend, with members, of the Cabinet, the Anniversary Exercises of the Hampton Institute on the 19th of May, provided the condition of public business permits. A continuance of the dead lock in the Senate might prevent his attendance.

Should the President decide to come, a mass meeting could be arranged to take place at about 4 o'clock P. M. in front of Virginia Hall. From a platform he he could address an audience of four thousand people. Many would gladly assemble to hear him. It is hoped that the school, this community and the guests on that occasion will be favored with his presence, and that a fair day will dawn on the morning of the 19th of May.

Gen. O. O. Howard, Commandant at West Point, has been invited to re-dedicate Academic Hall, which was burned nearly two years ago, and will be just ready for use by May 19th; and has signified his intention to be present.

The corner stone of this building was laid by Gen. Howard in 1872 and for its erection he devoted $32,000 of the Construction fund of the Freedmen's Bureau.

An order of Gen. Howard was the means of sending the Principal of the Institute to Hampton and determined his future work.

His cooperation and help in its early and weak days by way of over $50,000 of Bureau funds, did more than any other one thing towards creating a foundation on which the public has since most generously built.

The "Critic" of New York says, of "H. H.'s new Book "A Century of Dishonor:" "The work will enlighten many people as to the character of the Indians, their progress in civilization, their present needs and probable destiny. Of all this, how little is known! How many persons, for instance, knew, five minutes ago, that of the 300,000 Indians in the United States, 130,000 are wholly, and 84,000 partly self-supported, while only 31,000 are entirely dependent on the government? or how many were aware that here, in New York State, there are 5,000 descendants of the once powerful Six Nations? It is safe to say that, to a majority of the many readers "A Century of Dishonor" is sure to have, it will be, in many respects, a book of revelations."

TRIBAL INFLUENCE.

From widely diverse quarters, comes renewed testimony to the wisdom of separating Indian children from the tribe long enough to give them a start toward civilization.

An American gentleman of varied experience and cultivation, who has been for some months at the head of a native high school or seminary with departments for both sexes, in the Sandwich Islands, writes: "I have about fifty-one children in my half of the school, and, taking everything into consideration, they get on wonderfully. I would not have believed that such rapid changes could be brought about in the appearance, bearing and intelligence of the boys, in six months.

I have nothing to do with the girls, they are far behind the boys, and I am sorry to say that there lies the trouble with these Hawaiians. The home influence over the children does much to counteract the good that is accomplished during school hours."

If all the Hawaiian children could be carried off in infancy to some distant island there would be more hope for the race.

Such permanent separation is not thought of or necessary for the Indians, and the greater part of the work for them will doubtless continue to be done among them. But it will continue to be a slow work, and how desirable and important it is to accelerate it, and how greatly it might be accelerated by a constantly kept up removal and return of large numbers of the children of the tribe, to be trained under favorable conditions in the ideas and industries of civilization, *and to be followed up and given a chance after their return*, only those now toiling among them without these advantages can fairly say. One such writes recently, as others have done before:

United States Indian Service,
Sisseton Agency, D. T. February 4, 1881.
Gen'l Armstrong:—

Prin. Hampton School.

Dear sir:—I wish to ask if you have any very small children say from six to ten years. I have many such, and find it extremely difficult to make them try and talk English; even those who have been several years under the influence of English schools, are very diffident. I attribute this to the influence of visitors, members of the tribe by whom we are surrounded, I feel that this is the key note of success in teaching Indian children, but confess that as yet I have found no adequate remedy. And as my whole heart is in the work, I feel very badly about it. I have no difficulty in securing obedience, and am very proud of the good behavior of my school, yet I dread the tribal influence, which exerts a steady backward pressure, notwithstanding the fair words of chiefs and Headmen, when on their visits to Washington. They talk all right, but when it comes to the test, they do not come to the mark and give their moral support to the school.

Very truly yours,
THOMAS M. YOUNG.

Nothing better is to be expected, of course, of the poor, untutored chiefs and headmen who, awed out of their proper manhood and adult sense of their own right and power, sit smiling in their blankets, like babies, in the temple of the Unknown Civilization at Washington, amiably promising to renounce the devil of barbarism with all his works. Their National sponsors should take the responsibility of their keeping these promises upon themselves.

IT MOVES.

During the recent Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, in Danville, Va., the venerable colored Bishop Daniel A. Payne, D. D. preached, by invitation, at the Main Street Methodist Episcopal church, (white) which is the largest and wealthiest church of that denomination in Virginia. Bishop Payne was assisted in the services by Professor Johns from the West Indies, for the last two years a preacher in Hampton, and Elder Lloyd, both colored. The church was filled with white and colored people.

Notice to Depositors and Creditors of the Freedmen's Savings and Trust Company that all Claims must be Presented, and Dividends applied for, on or before August 21, 1881.

Office of the Commissioner of
The Freedman's Savings and Trust Company.
Washington, D. C., March 24, 1881.

Notice is hereby given to all depositors and other creditors of The Freedman's Savings and Trust Company, who have not applied for the dividends heretofore declared, that all claims against said Company must be presented, or forwarded to, this Office on or before August 21, 1881, or they will be barred, and the amounts distributed among the other creditors of the Company, as provided in the Act of February 21, 1881.

Depositors who have not already received dividends, should immediately forward their books by mail or express, or though some responsible bank or banker, accompanied with their address.

Depositors who have already received dividends need not forward their books.

JOHN JAY KNOX, *Commissioner*

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

HAMPTON HAS MADE ME A MAN. IGNORANT AND STARVING. FROM A HAMPTON STUDENT SINGER. HELPED BY HIS OLD OWNERS. THE BUTLER. HAMPTON PIONEERS. "A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME." TROUBLE FROM "POOR WHITES." HARD LINES—SENT BY HIS SUNDAY-SCHOOL. HIS SUCCESS DUE TO HAMPTON.

LETTERS TO FORMER PATRONS.

A letter was recently sent to all the Hampton graduates, excepting a few whose addresses could not be obtained, requesting them to send to Hampton a report of their present condition and work since graduating, to be used to some extent in the Southern Workman, and then sent to the friends at the North, whose contributions of scholarships had paid for their tuition at the school. Many of these reports are of much interest and in accordance with part of their purpose we give some of them to our readers.

Norfolk Va. Feb. 10, 1881.

Dear Sir:—

The education that I received at Hampton, has been a great service to me, it has made me a man. Many of the young men who went to school with me while I was a small boy, and who had not the opportunity of going to Hampton or any other school are now dissipated. The people in North Carolina where I was teaching are very ignorant, many of them are very poor, and many of them at times are often destitute of food. I have known families there who had nothing to eat some days, and had to borrow from their neighbors. Most of them are Baptists (Old side) I have a very large school in North Carolina, and the people seem to like me very much. The people here in Norfolk are more intelligent than they are in North Carolina, consequently they are in better circumstances. I have a fine school and am doing all I can to enlighten my race.

Respectfully,

G.

FROM A HAMPTON SINGER.

A young man who was a member of the band of Hampton singers, whose sweet songs introduced Hampton to many new friends seven years ago, writes pleasantly of his experiences as a teacher in his county home and at the "Butler."

Hampton Va. Feb. 5th, 1881.

Kind Friend:—

Doubtless the writer of this letter is unknown to you until you have carried your mind back to the years '75, '76 & '77 when you will remember receiving letters of thanks to you for the aid you were giving in my behalf.

I came to Hampton in the fall of 1874 and entered the Junior class. In February of the next year I joined the "Hampton Singers" and was with them about five months, I kept up with my class at school (we studied and sang too) and the next term I was promoted to the Middle class and in May 1877 I graduated. Before leaving home, I had some advantages of a private school, but feeling the need of an education for myself, and seeing the need of an education for my race, resolved to come to Hampton where I could fit myself to become useful as a teacher among my people, as that was my paramount desire. After completing my course at Hampton I was somewhat prepared to enter the field which lay before me. My first attempt at teaching was at my own home. The people were all quite anxious to have me teach for them, and all seemed comparatively easy. I thought nothing was so easy in the line of work as teaching school, but I found I was sadly mistaken before the close of the first month.

I had no real school-house, but used a little house built for other purposes. It was more like a fodder house, than any thing else. All went on quite nicely until the cold November winds began to blow, then I knew that something had to be done, and done quickly too, or I could not stand it for the winter. I made some complaint about the poor condition of the school-house, but help did not come the time I wanted it, so I became my own carpenter and went to work, putting on boards and shingles until the house was quite comfortable.

HELPED BY HIS OLD OWNERS.

My school-house happened to be situated on the land of my former owners, (you know I was born a slave) and of course I had some pleasant recollections of my childish days, and often thought of times when I was on the very spot, and could not dream of being a teacher, when seventeen years ago the very name of a school for colored pupils was forbidden. However I found my old owners to be very kind, and even helped me to repair my school-house.

The colored children had but little chance for schooling before this time, not more than half of them were in school the previous year. Since that time Hampton graduates and under-graduates have taught them very successfully. Their schools have been well attended. Years before the people have been satisfied to allow their children to go to school, say, three months in the year and stay at home or work out in service the remainder of the time. Quite a number of the colored people have homes of their own, bought by them since the close of the war. Their farms are small, owning on an average from two to forty acres of land. Others are on the lands of their former owners, renting and working on shares. There are five colored churches in the county, and two of them have intelligent pastors.

THE BUTLER.

After teaching school in Mathews County one year I came to Hampton, I was employed by Gen. Armstrong as an assistant teacher at the "Butler school" where I have been teaching two years. This is a large school and well attended, is located on the Normal School grounds, in fact is the property of the Normal School. The school now numbers 237 pupils with two regular teachers. One of the teachers from the Normal School is the principal, who has the present Senior Class in Normal training at this school. The education I received at Hampton has been of great benefit to me, not only in being able to teach, but the satisfaction I get in teaching. I feel that I am doing a good work and of course do not grow weary. I find the work very hard sometimes, and again it is very pleasant. I have every reason to feel encouraged in my work, and mean to do my part of it. I am very grateful to you for your kindness to me, and hope that I may ever prove myself worthy of what you have done for me.

I am, yours very truly,

W.

HAMPTON PIONEERS.

Hampton graduate teachers are pretty well scattered over Virginia, and the bordering counties of other states, and making their way now and then into new fields. One of these pioneers, a young woman, writes as follows:

Fair View School, Feb. 7th, 1881.

Dear Friend:—

I graduated in May, 1880, and left Hampton in June with a sad heart, for I had become very much attached to my classmates, teachers, and even to the place. Since I left I have thought of the friends who were so kind to me during my school years, and had a desire to write to them, and when Gen. Armstrong requested me to write I was glad to embrace the opportunity. While at home in ——Co. Md. last summer, one of my classmates and I made application to the County Superintendent for a school; we scarcely thought that our applications would be received, for the colored teachers of this place have always been from Philadelphia, but to our surprise our applications were gladly received. The Superintendent remarked that we were the first of color in the county to apply for schools. I opened school on the 4th of October, with sixteen scholars. The people have never been very prompt about sending their children to school, so I had to go around to the people's houses, and beg them to send their children to school. A great many said that they were too poor to send their children, others said they must work until Christmas; those who said they were too poor, I urged more earnestly, and they managed to send their children. While going around among the people I met a girl about ten years old who, when I asked her mother about her going to school, wanted to come so badly that she cried; she had not sufficient clothes to keep her warm so I gave her an old dress of mine, and she has not missed a day from school since I gave her the dress. I find that the people are very dilatory attending Church; they hold meeting in the school-house, which is a very good one. Since I have been here I have known them to not have any church for a month.

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME.

I have started *what I call*, a reading circle. I conduct it nearly the same as a Sabbath School. I would have started a Sabbath School at once but the people had one and had closed it because they thought it only suited to have it in warm weather, so to keep down all confusion I would commence what was equivalent to it, and call it by some other name.

The colored people are all Methodists, there are no Baptists here. The majority of the people live in rented houses, in some places it seems difficult for them to get land, for the farms are large and the owners are unwilling to cut them up. The people are very poor, they seem to be industrious but are poor managers.

POOR WHITES.

The poor whites are very prejudiced to the colored people, especially to the respectable colored people. I never go or come from school unless I have some insult thrown in my face, but I do not mind that because I feel that I am trying to do my duty. It seems that the people think that holidays are times for getting drunk, so you see there is a great deal of intemperance here. My class-mate, H. who made an application at the same time I did, is teaching three miles from where I am. She has a large school now; at first she had some trouble, the people did not want her to teach in their church, she has no school-house.

My school numbers only 35 scholars; the weather is cold and the small children of the neighborhood do not attend. My school will close the 15th of April.

I will close for fear of wearying you.

Very truly yours,

M.

HARD LINES.

Would many white teachers have the grit to persevere in their work, which this young colored man has shown? This quality of patient endurance is an important element in the future prospects of the race.

——, Va., *Feb.* 9th, 1881.

Mr. ——, *Dear Friend*:

When I finished my last term in —— Co, Va., I married a school-mate of mine who was teaching in —— City. After we were married I returned to my home. The Fall of '78 I was engaged to take the school at —— again, which I have taught ever since. When I shall have finished this term, which will be in about six weeks, it will make the fourth term that I have taught here. I have taught every Fall and Winter since I left Hampton, and the summer I do hotel work. I have never made any money teaching school yet. When at Hampton I promised Gen. Armstrong that I would teach school, and I am thankful that I am only getting $20. per month, and board myself; one winter I only got $14. per month and board myself; I have almost decided not to teach any more. When our time is out we can never get our pay, sometimes it is three or four months before we can get any pay.

I have always felt interested, in my race, and feel that it is my duty to do all I can for them towards helping to educate them, but it is certainly discouraging to have to work for so small a salary and then you cannot get that when it is due. It has been my luck ever since I have been teaching to have to wait for my money, still I have kept at it all the time since I left Hampton. Since I have been teaching I have paid special attention to the way in which our people conduct religious meetings. I find they have very peculiar ideas about religion, they seem to think that true religion consists in shouting, and making all the noise they can. Their standard of morality is very low indeed, they seem to look upon this as no sin whatever; drinking and lying is hardly considered a sin by them, but if you play or dance at a party, you must be turned out of church at once.

The colored people in this neighborhood are progressing very slowly; there isn't but one colored man here that owns any land, and that is an old man that was free before the war; he has about six acres and a house. The farmers here will not pay over seven or eight dollars per month, and the colored people are obliged to work for that; then they are paid with corn and orders on the store. In this way, they do not make enough to feed and clothe themselves and family. They talk about buying property, but that is all. Every time they settle they owe the white man. M. H. Middleton, J. W. Colbert, E. W. White, Henrietta C. Evans, are all teaching in Rockbridge Co., Va. I have a very large school this winter. I have forty-five pupils on roll, they are learning very fast. I have told you what I have been doing since I left Hampton, and what I am now doing. I hope that you are satisfied that the help that you gave me has been appreciated, and that I have worked in such a way that you will not have cause to regret what you have done for me. Hoping to hear from you when convenient.

I am yours respectfully,

E.

SENT BY HIS SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

We have had one student at Hampton, a preacher, who was sent to school by his church. The young man who writes the following was helped here by his sunday-school. Both minister and people show great good sense in the arrangement which might not be a bad example for some richer flocks—a year at Heidelberg, or a summer at Chatauqua as a variation instead of a tour to Europe.

——Va., February 16th, 1881.

DEAR SIR: I have written to you before something about my life; but that you may compare the present with the past I will give you the outline again. I was born in——Va., 1858. My parents were slaves. My father went away before the war, on the *underground railroad*, and left my mother with three children. In 1867, my mother came to Manassas Va., and stayed three months. When Jackson came in we all had to leave for Alexandria. In this run for life, I got lost from my mother and wandered seven days on the road with no one to care for me but the Lord. In seven days I got to Alexandria and found my mother, who then had two children to care for. She went to work and with the Lord's help got on very well. My first chance to go to school was in '67; then I went to live with a family from the North who sent me to school, it was with them that I learned to love books. When I became larger, I went to work and helped my mother, and from then until I went to Hampton my chances were small. When I became 18 years of age I was made Supt. of a large Sabbath school in Alexandria, and I told the school that I wanted to go to school, and they gave me $7.50. With this I started for Hampton. My fare was $5.00, so when I get there I had the $2.50 only. While there, I worked one year and went to night school, and the next year entered the Middle class, then the Senior, thence came here. As a teacher I like very much to try to impart to others what I have learned. Some in this County were opposed to me because I was a stranger; this I soon overcame, and my greatest trouble now is how I shall teach, so as to do the most good in a short time. I have a good school with 40 on roll. The religion in this section is what they call "Ironside," You may not know what this means. It is this; they believe that God made some to be lost and some to be saved, and those who are to be lost, will be lost, matters not what they do. Intemperance is a curse to the people in this section, white and colored. They believe in conjuration. Everybody that has died since I have been here was "tricked," and I think the only hope for this place is to teach the children better things, which I try to do. The people generally are very industrious; most of them have homes of their own, but won't have them long unless they let whiskey alone. The whites and colored are friendly, but I must say the colored far excel the poor whites. Most of the poor whites rent, and have to move every year. Yours gratefully, Q.

HIS SUCCESS DUE TO HAMPTON.

A just estimate of privileges is a matter of time. It is pleasant to see this estimate growing with the growth of the graduate after leaving school, and many such acknowledgements creditable to the student as well as gratifying to his friend are received as the following from a young man who has now been absent five years.

Atlantic City N. J. 2, 5th, '81.

Kind Friend:

At the request of our kind Principal I will endeavor to give you an account of myself and people. I was born in S. C. in the year 1858—June 21st. At an early age my father died leaving my mother a widow with four children, three girls and a boy. We moved to Charleston, S. C., about the year 1866, where I taught school for two scholastic years. While there I got along well, found the colored people kind and friendly, and my school prosperous. Owing to the shortness of my school session and the expenses I incurred seeking other employment after the close of school, I made up my mind to stop in New York for awhile. I remained there one year. The following year I went to Boston, Mass. where I remained up to the time I heard of my present school, which was brought about through the kindness of one of our Hampton teachers. I attended school while in Charleston; got along well. Left Charleston for Columbia in 1870. While in Columbia I was a messenger in the State Treasurer's office. Two of my sisters attended Hampton; after their completion my mother sent me, which was in the fall of 1873. My mother died during my first session at Hampton; with the assistance of my loving sisters and kind friends I met at Hampton I was enabled to complete my course. After leaving Hampton, which was in 1876, I went to W. Va. I arrived here on the 30th of Nov. 1880, where I was placed in charge of the colored school. I have an enrollment of 61, with an average daily attendance of 40. I am glad to say that my school is prospering. I am the only and first colored teacher in this county. I attended the county Institute where I am always treated well by one and all. The colored people, as a class, seem thrifty and determined to make an honest living. We have three churches that are doing nicely. I am superintendent of the Sabbath school at one, where we have a good attendance and a pleasant time in general. Our population here numbers about 3000, 200 or more colored. You see I have been quite a wanderer, but through it all I have gotten along well; I must say that my success is attributed to Hampton. Going there made me what I am to day. Hoping for your health, and returning many thanks for your interest in me while at Hampton, I close.

Respectfully yours, J.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

BEARS HEART RETURNS TO THE WEST.

Six years ago Bears Heart left the Indian Territory, a United States army prisoner, clad in a blanket and moccasins, with his long hair flowing down his back, his ears jingling with ear rings, and his tomahawk and bow and arrows swinging from his side. In this condition he was torn from his friends and sent to Florida, where he remained three years a prisoner of war, and the other three years he has been a student at the Hampton Institute.

A few days ago he left for his home. But what a change! Instead of his blanket he wears back a neat suit of the school gray uniform decorated with a sergeant's and color-bearer's stripes which he has well earned.

Instead of the tomahawk, he takes back a chest of carpenter's tools; instead of his bow and arrows, he takes the bible and many other good volumes.

His long hair and moccasins he has long since forgotten, and instead of the weak, dirty, ignorant piece of humanity that he was, with no correct ideas of this life or the next—his only ambition being to fight the white man—he goes back a strong, decent, Christian *man*, with the rudiments of an English education, and hands trained to earn himself a living at the carpenter's bench or on the farm. I can almost see him as he arrives home. He is surrounded by a crowd. See how they gaze and wonder at his changed appearance. What has he done to himself? Is he the same man that left us a few years ago? Ah! his aged mother hears the news and runs out to meet her captive; son the sight is almost two much for her. Overcome with joy they sink down in each others embrace: But now comes his trying time. He enters his mother's house. It is not his clean airy room that he left at Hampton—no pictures are on the walls, no clean smooth beds, but the house is dark and gloomy, dirt here and dirt there, and no signs of order and comfort. Bears Heart thinks of Hempton, he wishes himself there. He takes courage. He lies down and rests his body on a bed of rags, as best he can. He gets up in the morning resolved to make a change in the appearance of things, and he quietly and resolutely goes about his work of reform. In a few weeks I can imagine the appearance of his mother's house entirely changed, and Bears Heart going about trying to help his neighbors

Who knows but that the capturing of Bears Heart and his associates marked the beginning of the solution of the Indian question? Brave Bears Heart! Noble Little Chief! Praised be all that band of prisoners, for the transformation began in your Florida prison has roused the nation to think that it is its duty to educate all your brethren.

Bears Heart was one of the most obedient and kind hearted students that ever entered this school. He was always ready to inconvenience himself to please others.

On the day of his departure, he said that he would like to speak to the Indian boys and girls before leaving. They gladly assembled to hear his parting words. He was a great favorite among the students, although not one of them belonged to his tribe. When they had finished singing a hymn, Bears Heart rose and said: "Dear Scholars; I am pleased to give you a few remarks in regard to my departing from you all. I am glad that I have been friends to you all and I am sorry that I have to leave Hamptoe. But boys and girls remember that it is better to obey your teachers and all the others. You must all study hard and try to see what boys or girls will go ahead of all the others and also you must all attend prayer meeting and Sunday school just as well as going to school through the week. You must all try for yourselves and learn how forward and write: that is what you all left your homes for; to learn to read and education. For some people think that Indians can not learn, so I will say once more try hard in your study. I bid farewell to you all. Boys and Girls good bye." When he had finished, "I am sorry" "I am sorry" echoed from all parts of the room. After singing another hymn, Bears Heart withdrew to pack his trunk for the far West.

ORDER IN HIS ROOM.

One of the boys who had been troubled by other boys playing too much in his room, put the following notice up behind his door:

"MARCH 23, 1881.

H. N. and A. Institute.

Dear friend Boys?

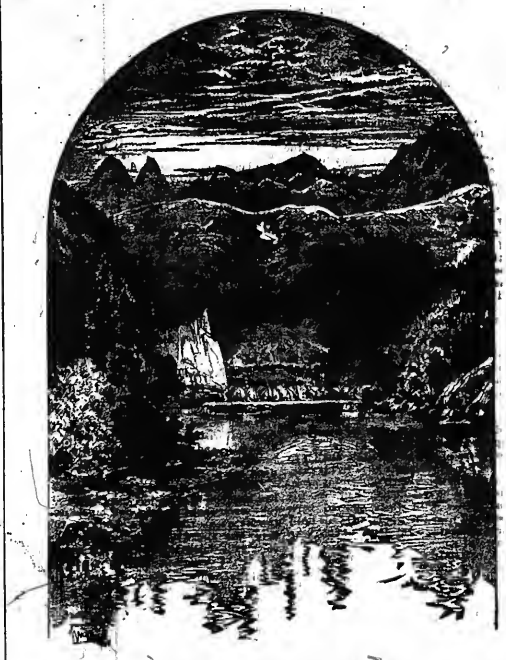
Please, you must not play in here. If you wast play go outside play, and don't foolish in here dear friend? That is way to do good way. This all I have to say, my dear friends Gentleman, his wrote,

Mr. Laughing Fece."

ZIEWIE AND HER FATHER

The following story is told about Unspesni the father of Ziewie, by Mrs. D.——wife of the Indian agent at Crowcreek, D. T. When Ziewie left home in 1878 to come to the Hampton Institute she left her father in his blanket and long hair, living in a tipi and in all things leading a regular Indian life. Ziewie's going away to school, made such an impression on him that he resolved to change his mode of life. When he began to reform Mrs. D.——was not at home. When she returned after some weeks' absence she saw a gentleman sitting up in the house talking to Mr. D——She did not recognize him. Mr. D——asked her if she was not going to speak to *Unspesni*. She could hardly believe her own eyes when her husband told her that it was Unspesni. How different he appeared to her with his hair cut and citizen's dress on. Unspesni sat smiling all the time receiving the greatest enjoyment from the joke. He has built himself a nice house and has it well furnished. A short time after he began to wear citizen's clothes he got Mr. D——to purchase a small stock of goods for him in order that he might start a store. Mr. D——purchased the goods for him. *Unspesni* started his store with a small capital. Since that time by patient industry his business has increased and he is now worth three thousand dollars. While making other reforms, he reformed his name. *Unspesni* in English means *Don't know how*, but he thought that it would not do to have all that painted on his sign so he abreviated it and hung out his sign marked *D. K. Howe*. At his present rate of improvement I think he can safely change his name to *Do Know How* in a few years. How pleasant it will be for his daughter Ziewie to go back and find her father so far on the road to civilization.

B. T. W.



VIEW FROM ALENORA, STICKEEN RIVER.

SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

FROM A JUNIOR.

Hampton, Va. *Jan.* 12, 1881.

Dear Friend:

I am requested to write you a letter of congratulation and to give a sketch of my life. I thank you very much for your kindness. I was born in the Indian Territory and was raised there, my home is on the Canadian river. I was born the eighth of Jan. 1861 My principal occupation at home is farming and stock raising. though I mostly follow stock raising, I never was a slave but my parents were; they are both dead. My father was a blacksmith and worked for the government during the war. I never knew my father until I was thirteen years old, I then lived with him for five years. I have never been to school but a very little. I went four months at one time, and then was out five years; last year I went four months again, which makes all of my schooling, eight months only, though I had a very good teacher. She has done more for the colored folks and Indians than any other teacher in the Territory; this year she was deprived of her school in which she taught for seven years, on account of a little trouble aroused in the council of the Seminole Nation. This was the case of witchcraft, in which they had on trial an old Indian woman about seventy years old, saying that she was a witch, and was to be shot the following morning in eight of Mrs. Conetant's door; she then petitioned to the Chief begging him to save her, to which they paid little attention, she also wrote to her neighboring missionaries and they failed to aid her, then she immediately wrote to the Indian Agent, Tufts, in which he readily replied to the Chief not to touch her, and the witch was saved. She oftes visits Mrs Constant with tears in her, eyes. Nov. 1st 1880 I started for this place and arrived here on the fourteenth, which was on the Sabbath, this being my first sight outside of the Territory. everything seemed very strange to me, but I soon became familiar with the people. I like the school very well. My intention in coming here is to stay until I graduate, if possible, then I shall return home and try to do something for my people. Before I came here I used to take the Southern Workman and read all about this place, which I thought was very grand. I have a brother that will come here next year; this is the first scholarship letter I ever wrote and this is the best I can do.

Yours Truly,

Wm. McGILBRY.

FROM A MIDDLER.

Hempton, Va. *Jan.* 12th, 1881.

Dear Friend:

I was requested by the Principal to write you a letter. I will first tell you the kind of work I did as I worked out last term. I worked on the farm apart of the time and in the shop the other part. While I was in the shop. I learned to make several small articles. The head blacksmith was in school but he worked in the shop two days in a week and I worked with him until the twenty-seventh of September. He went home, but I had learned enough so that I could do the work myself. I have charge of the shop now, and two Indian boys and one colored boy work with me. Since the blacksmith has been gone we have been doing such work as repairing and shoeing horses, we have ironed one cart and are working on another. I will tell you about our night school. It commenced October the first 1879, and continued until September twenty-sixth, 1880. Our teacher was a graduate of this school. He would teach from two to two and a half hours every night. Six of our boys entered the Middle class and all the rest entered the Junior. They seem to do as well as the students who were in school last term. The boys who worked out last term some worked on the farm and some worked at the mill. The students in the school used to laugh at the night students and tell them they could not get in the Junior class, but when vacation wee over and school commenced the "Plucky class," as they were called, showed that their night school was not a mere notion. They all came up and stood the examination like men. Gen. Armstrong promised the boys who worked out he would give them two weeks vacation and they could go home if they liked, so I went home on the sixteenth of June, and came back on the second of July. While I was home I went to church on Sunday morning and went to Sunday school in the evening. I liked the sermon very well and also the Sunday-school. The children seemed to be interested in their lesson and their parents seemed to encourage their children all they could, and I was glad to see it. After Sunday-school was over, the superintendent of the school asked me to say something to encourage the children. I expected he would call on me so I prepared a short speech before I left school as I knew what would suit them best. I received a letter from home a few weeks ago stating that nine boys have gone to school from that town. Two of them wanted to come to this school, but they made their application too late. The school presents a somewhat different appearance to what it has heretofore. Several new buildings are being erected. The Academic Hall which was burned last term is now being rebuilt and is nearly completed. The saw-mill which was heretofore incomplete is now finished and will soon have room to accommodate a number of students. Another building is being built near Virginia Hall for the purpose of an office, I am now in the Middle class. When I look back and think what my parents would have given to have had this opportunity of going to school I can hardly find words to express my feeling to you for your kindness for providing for us our tuition.

Yours Respectfully,

S.

FROM A SENIOR GIRL.

HAMPTON, Va., *Jan.* 12, 1881.

Dear Friend:

I shall now try to tell you something of the place in which I live, also a few things about the school. I cannot write any thing interesting about my vacation, as I would like to do, because I was sick all the time. I live in a little village about one and a half miles from the school. I have been living here five years, and you would be surprised, I know, if you could see the change of things in this time, especially in such a small place, it has improved greatly. When I first moved here it was quite a country home, but now I am almost ready to call it a home in a little town. It is a very nice summer resort, consequently a great many people come here in summer to take advantage of the bathing and other things that are inviting to those who are inhabitants of hot cities. I think the number of inhabitants of this place is from four to five hundred, but about this I am not sure; it is simply what I think of it. The chief occupation of the people is farming, though there are others who are engaged in different kinds of work. There are in my little town two churches, one colored, the other white, two hotels, several private boarding houses, three shoemakers shops, six grocery stores, five or six dry goods stores, and quite a nice market recently finished. We have a very good public school too, known as the Butler school, it is on the grounds of the Normal School, which owns the building, but gives the use of it to the town for a free colored school, only appointing the teachers. About two hundred children attend this school, and there are three teachers, each having a room of his own, in the room where the most advanced scholars are I think the number is seventy, in the next room about eighty, and in the next where the very small children are, about fifty. Each teacher has as much as he can do to keep them all busy. I think the Normal school numbers three hundred, quite a full school this year. A great many improvements are now being made on the grounds, there are three buildings going up, viz., the rebuilding of the Academic, the Saw-Mill, and General Armstrong's office with the Library above. After these buildings are finished they will be quite an addition to the beauty of the place. General Armstrong's office is being erected through the kindness of some of his friends. The Academic Hall which was destroyed by fire is now going on nicely, and we expect soon to have the pleasure of having school in it; it used to be our school for recitations, but since it has ceased to exist, we would have had an inconvenient time as to where we should recite, If General Armstrong had not given us four rooms in his dwelling house, and we use Virginia Hall also; this is where the teachers and school girls reside. We have a class of forty seven to graduate this year, and I am happy to add that I am a member of this class. I feel more than grateful to you, kind friend, for paying my tuition for me, and I hope you will accept my thanks, though they are very poorly expressed. May the good Lord bless you is the earnest desire of

Yours respectfully, E.

SKETCHES OF MISSION LIFE.

No. V.

BY MRS. C. C. ARMSTRONG.

EXPERIENCES IN MICRONESIA.

It was a general custom among the natives to exchange names as a sign of friendship, at the same time exchanging gifts of cocoanuts, bread-fruit, wreaths of flowers, etc., and promises to assist each other in time of need. Between two individuals who had done this, there would be somewhat more intimacy, and although they would still steal from each other, it was with a little moderation. A son of the chief Hope, had given Mr. Armstrong his name, Vokelma, and had in return taken that of Limaikaika, (Strong-arm) while the woman Tilihnta had done the same with me. As I had succeeded pretty well in my sketch of Papatutai, which had been admired by his friends with vociferous words and gestures, I did not find any difficulty in getting others to sit for me. Somehow the remainder of my paints had survived the changes and protracted journey to the tropics, and though why I had brought them at all, I could hardly tell, I now found use for them, and made sketches in color, of Titihida, Vakeima, Koko, and Tamahitu, a chief who wore as a head dress the hair of his victims. As they stood or squatted before us, it was hard to realize that they were human beings. I should have felt that I was putting on my paper, the likeness of some strange animal, only that the work required some changes, moral as well as physical.

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES.

After we moved into our new home, the house which we vacated, (Hope's) was arranged as it had been before our occupancy, and used for religious meetings. The people would come together and squat around on the stones, when the preacher would request them to be quiet. To this there would be a general assent, and at the same time a general elbowing, and ordering of each other to be quiet, which would end in universal confusion and laughter. A word from the Chief of the Sandwich Islands, under such circumstances, would have made the people tremble with fear, but here there was no such person. In the midst of the service, their fiendish eyes would twinkle with mischief, and in some shape or other, they would manage to get up a disturbance. I remember once when the meeting was under a big tree, a signal was given, and with a yell and a rush, the congregation left the preacher, and ran to the water which was near by. The preacher followed to see what the excitement was that was so much more attractive than the preaching, and found that it was a particularly large flying fish.

It was not unusual for them to cry out in the midst of a sermon, when told of God and of his power, "You lie, your god is good for you, and ours is good for us." They were inclined to ridicule, and gave us much trouble in that way. We had given a black coat to a man who had lent it promiscuously to his friends of both sexes, and one Sunday a young man clad in this coat, with no other garment, appeared during the services, just outside the house, where all could see him; and so perfectly imitated the actions of the minister in preaching and praying, as to excite the risibles of others than the natives.

On another day, a Saturday I think, a man donned the black coat, borrowed a hymn book, and went through the valley from house to house, telling the people to be sure and go to church on the following day. The consequence was a greater rush, which probably delighted the author of the joke.

NATIVE CHARACTER.

It is, as can well be imagined, impossible to describe in detail, the daily life and habits of these people. Decency forbids even the mention of much that we saw and heard. At times we could almost have wished our eyes to be blinded, and our ears deafened.

Their superstitions and "taboos," were numberless; and women especially were kept under many restrictions. They were not allowed to eat with men, and many kinds of food, such as chicken, fish, bananas, etc., were entirely forbidden them, though they would get them and eat, when they could do so unseen. Both sexes spent much of their time in the water, being almost amphibious. A mother swimming with her baby on her back, was a common sight. Even in their sports they were cruel, and though they seemed fond of the young cattle we had brought with us, were very rough with them. A stout man would grasp the tail of one of the calves and run with the poor frightened creature, while a crowd of men and women followed shouting with delight at the performance. Their dances too, the hula-hula, were wild and rude, and always accompanied by thumping of a sort of drum, and a monotonous chant, not unpleasant to hear.

When any man among them who professed to be endowed with supernatural power, died, there was great excitement, for in addition to their drunken revels, feasting and dancing, it was considered necessary that the anger of the gods should be appeased by offering them a human victim. Such an one died in another valley, among people who were at enmity with the natives in our bay, and great excitement prevailed, because it was supposed that the victim would be sought for among our people. They watched every night on the sea shore, as it was customary for their enemies to approach in canoes with muffled oars, land silly, enter a house where all were asleep, grasp a victim, and run with him to the boat. A report was circulated that a missionary would be taken, as the natives all envied Tuichei Bay its possession of these worthies, but we escaped and heard nothing more of the matter.

I had been told that the natives were much afraid of whistling, believing it to be evidence of the presence of ghosts, which they feared. So one night when I was weary, and annoyed by a roomfull of visitors, I turned away and softly whistled, with most satisfactory results; my room being soon cleared of its undesirable occupants. Once when walking with my husband, past a house where idols were kept, which was as usual open on one side, he asked if I might enter,—"No! No!" was the reply; "she will die if she goes into that house." I then said "I will not enter without your consent, but will you stand by and see me enter and die?" "Yes!" they said, "you may enter, but you will die." I went in, walked leisurely about, looked at the idols, and came out. The men gazed; I said, "Here I am, not dead." Their speedy reply was "You are a white woman; one of our women would have died."

WAR.

When war was proclaimed between the tribes in the different bays, men climbed to the tops of the hills, and shouted to the natives beyond, that they were ready to fight. This proclamation would be passed from one to another, with much boasting and shouting on both sides, though they were really great cowards.

They had a few muskets which they managed very awkwardly; but their spears and clubs of iron-wood were used with some effect, although few were injured. After the fight, peace was proclaimed from the hills in the same way, and the enemies met together, and had a time of general feasting and amusement. Fighting and feasting alternately, seemed their joy and delight.

HAPE'S DEATH.

The poor old chief was consumed with disease, and angry with us because we could not cure him. As soon as he died, his funeral ceremonies began, and although I shudder at the very remembrance of them, I will try to describe them in detail, for few people can have had such an experience as we were then called upon to pass through.

His body was placed in a trough, similar to a canoe. Bone ornaments were in his ears, a long string of whale's teeth around his neck, shells, dog's teeth, and human hair, on his wrists and ankles, with white and red bark cloth festooned over the whole. On his head was a large spreading ornament, of the long tail-feathers of some bird. This trough or coffin was placed in the house in which we had been living, and, against the side near Hape's head, was fastened a roasted pig and *poi* made of bread-fruit, for his soul to feast upon. His principal wife sat on the floor, near the body, and ate and drank there, until the putrid carcass was removed. During this time, she accepted another husband. As soon as Hape was dead, the natives commenced blowing a large conch shell, as often as every half hour, day and night. It was marvelous how that terrible sound was prolonged into a hideous wail, that seemed as though it issued from the regions of despair. At its summons, people came from all parts of the bay, and from other valleys, brisk preparations for a general feast going on all the time.

A large number of men and women set together on the ground, chewing the *ava* root, and ejecting it when thoroughly masticated into a canoe which lay beside them. When a sufficient quantity was ground in this way, water was poured on and it was left to ferment, by which means it became an intoxicating drink. Other natives were occupied in roasting pigs and bread-fruit, while some wailed day and night. Women gashed themselves with shark's teeth or stones, until the blood streamed out, and in some cases knocked out their teeth. When the feast was ready, they anointed themselves with oil, put on their best attire, and commenced a general wailing or chanting, accompanied by an incessant thumping upon drums made of a piece of a hollow tree with fish skin drawn tightly over one end. They would also strike with the palm of one hand on the flesh under the opposite arm, producing a sound which echoed from the hills. It was a noisy, drunken, lascivious scene, lasting for several days and nights, and, though I ventured out among them once with my husband, I soon returned from the loathsome scene, which words are inadequate to describe, even if decency would permit.

As so many people were collected in and around the house where Hape lay, it was thought well to attempt to hold a religious service. The permission of the wild multitude was obtained, and for a while the revelry was suspended that they might listen to the teachers. The attach, however, was found to be so offensive that the services were speedily ended, when the revels were at once resumed. Sometimes a breeze would bring the infected air to the mission houses, and make them almost unbearable.

When the body was entirely decomposed, it was taken to a stream, where the flesh was washed from the bones, and they were laid on a pile of stones to bleach in the sun, for the dead was now buried.

MORRISON'S DEATH.

In the midst of these exciting scenes, a native came one night for Mr. Armstrong to go with medicine to Morrison as he was sick. It was a dark dismal night, made doubly so by the doleful groans of the "conch," and all the surrounding circumstances. There was some doubt as to whether Morrison was really sick, or whether the sending for help was merely a trap. With one of the other missionaries, Mr. Armstrong started out, leaving me with my Hawaiian John for a protector, though my fears were more for my husband than for myself. After a while he returned in safety. Morrison was dead. The next day, natives were instructed to dig a grave, and the body, with mats wrapped about it, was lowered into it. Some friends threw in pieces of baked pig, but before the grave was closed, they were quarreling over the few articles left by the dead man.

Morrison's own account of himself was that he was of English birth, and had been on the island only seven years. He was certainly a complete heathen in all his habits, and spoke the language with such fluency, that he was often consulted by the missionaries.

The eight white men whom we found on the island, were all living just as the natives did, and there is no doubt that the influence of such men is a greater obstacle to the progress of Christianity and civilization, than is heathenism itself. They used sometimes to come and hear sermons, and were frequent visitors, especially at meal times, but after Morrison's death, it was satisfactorily ascertained that he had been consulting with native to destroy the missionaries.

VISIT OF REV. WM. OSMOND.

One day there was great shouting, "wekanui, wakanui!" and when the vessel hove in sight, we were delighted to find that it was a schooner from Tahiti with an English missionary on board on special business.

It was indeed a pleasure once more to welcome a Christian friend, and entertain him as a guest, and the intelligence which he brought us had a very important influence upon our actions.

The English Mission at the Society Islands had received information from England, that they were about to send out missionaries to the Marquesas islands, not knowing that the field was already occupied. Mr. Osmond came as a delegate from the Mission, to say that if the American Mission already there, would relinquish the station, they would occupy it; otherwise their new men would go elsewhere.

We endeavored to look at the question in all its various aspects, and to consider our own position as carefully as possible. It was evident that the report as to the population had been greatly exaggerated, and that the nations who were within our reach, were wild and warlike. Our supplies must be obtained from chance whale-ships, as to get them from the Sandwich Islands via Cape Horn was too expensive, and whale-ships were a most uncertain dependence, as there were few inducements for them to call at Nuuhiva. At the Sandwich Islands, more teachers were needed, for the people were anxious for instruction, and instead of a few hundred in Nuuhiva we would have access to thousands in Hawaii. On the other hand, the English Mission at Tahiti kept a sailing vessel to run from one station to another, and the Marquesan mission was so nearthem, that it could be cared for regularly, the knowledge of which would considerably restrain native violence. If we left Nuuhiva, English missionaries would take our place under altogether more favorable circumstances, while we should be free to work in a field where we were sure greater good could be accomplished.

So, after much serious consideration, we decided to return to the Sandwich Islands, and Mr. Osmond's cheering, pleasant visit came to an end.

VISITS OF WHALE SHIPS.

In the spring, our life was made somewhat less lonely by the visits of occasional whale ships which touched at the island for wood and water. While it was often pleasant to feel that we were in this way brought into a sort of connection with civilization, still it is a painful fact that the majority of the men on these ships are thoroughly unprincipled, and their visits increased, if possible, the immorality of the natives. The result of the presence of a whale ship, was to increase the demand for medical aid among the natives, by reason of the diseases so swiftly propagated among them, to cause a direct decrease of the population, and in many ways to add to the darkness of heathenism. Alas for the consciences which have been left on the bleak shores of Patagonia!

To the honor of some men be it said, that this dark record had its gleams of light.—Many a noble heart throbs under a sailor's garb, and the conduct of some as our visitors was all that we could ask. Some of the captains and men were kind and friendly with us, and seemed pleased to partake of our plain fare, and to sit at the table spread in the midst of this wilderness of pollution. The mate of one ship, seemingly in a dying state, was brought on shore, placed in a room partition off from mine by a curtain, and nursed back to life.

It was difficult sometimes when we had these guests from abroad, to get up any palatable dishes for them, and well do I remember our "custard pies," which were always eaten with approbation. I made a grater by punching holes with a nail through a tin plate. On this I grated some of our fine, large cocoanuts, and as our supply of cow's milk had to be saved for the children, and we had no eggs, I seasoned the milk of the nut as well as I could, added it to the grated meat, put it into a crust shortened with the fat of salt pork, and baked it in an iron kettle. It was, really, an edible dish, and we reserved it for great occasions.

AN ENGLISH CAPTAIN.

Now that we had decided to leave, it was necessary to find some means of departure, and this was not at all an easy matter. Many of the sailors believed that to take missionaries on board would bring them bad luck, but finally a good English captain volunteered to assist us. He succeeded in obtaining the reluctant consent of an American captain, to take us to the Sandwich Islands, where he was bound; though he refused entirely to take our goods, which was of course a great inconvenience. The Englishman then kindly offered to take our effects to Tahiti, and ship them from there to the Sandwich Islands. This necessitated a long delay; but it was the best that he could do, and as the vessels were to leave soon, we were forced to a quick decision.

So one night our little windows were darkened, and the night was spent in packing and preparing our few possessions. Sailors from both ships assisted, and the next morning saw our goods safely on board the English ship, with the exception of the few absolutely necessary articles which we were allowed to take with us. The news of our proposed departure soon spread, and the natives gathered round us with spears and clubs, with the evident intention of attacking us. Every precaution was taken to conciliate them; we gave them presents, and told them as kindly as we could, that as they did not care for instruction, it was best for us to leave them. If in time, they should learn to care for knowledge, then perhaps other missionaries would come to them. In the meantime, our houses were left to them, and they were certainly none the poorer for our stay among them. They then asked that little Hape (my boy) should be left with them, promising that some time or other, they would send him to his parents in a big ship. I told them that he could not live on their food, that he needed my care and love, for a long time to come, but perhaps when he was a man, he would return to the land of his birth and teach them, if they still wanted him. They shouted, clapped hands, and said "motaki, (good) he may go." The air resounded with "Kanoha Kotow" (good bye) as we women with our children left the shore.

The men remained to bring some cattle for use on board ship, but at last they too were safely on board, and Oh! what a sense of relief filled each heart.

It was a critical time, for the natives were like friction matches, ready to explode on the slightest provocation, and when the sails were spread, and the shores of Nuuhiva, receded from view, we gave thanks to God, that during a residence there of eight months, he had saved us from the fury of that heathen race.

OUR SUCCESSORS.

In a few months two English missionaries, with their wives, took the same station. The women remained a short time, and were then sent away by their husbands for safety. The men stayed a little longer, but being convinced that health and life were a vain sacrifice among such a people, soon left for the Society Islands, where the inhabitants had never been so savage. Some years after, the French became ambitious for territory, and grasped Tahiti in a most inglorious manner. They took possession of Nuuhiva, fought with and destroyed many of the people, built a fort, and attempted mission work, but, I believe with very limited success.

A TRIP TO THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

On the 2nd of March, I set out on a long talked of visit to my old home in the Valley of Virginia. The car I entered at Lynchburg station was pretty well filled, and sundry fears were expressed, that when the train from the South, for which we were waiting, came up, we should be greatly crowded, as so many people were coming from everywhere, to the "Inauguration," a word which seemed to be in everybody's mouth. There were two colored girls in the car, each in a seat by herself, and no one seemed disposed to fill the vacant places. At last a white man with his wife and two little children came in, and the woman with the baby in her arms, sat down by one of the colored girls, and the husband by the other. The children were restless, and wanted to pass from one parent to the other: and finally the men civilly requested the girl beside him, to sit by her dark fellow-traveller, and let his wife sit by him; to which the girl at once amiably consented. A few years ago the presence of colored people in a first-class car, except as servants in attendance on their employers, would have excited a commotion in Virginia, but no notice is now taken of such incidents of travel.

The ride from Lynchburg to Charlottesville, is, for the most part, through a desolate region.

In Amherst and Nelson Counties, little but rough craggy hills and bare fields can be seen from the car windows. At long intervals, an old fashioned farm house with the mud-daubed, wood chimnied, windowless cabins, once occupied by the slaves, now deserted and in ruins, came into view, and gave the impression of a God-forsaken land, ruined by nature, uncherished by man.

But the newspapers tell us there is hope in the near future for this forlorn looking district. These rugged hills are full of fine minerals, which are fast attracting the attention of capitalists in the North and West, who are making large investments here, and declare that the Virginia iron, with excellent coal close beside it, is better than that produced in another section.

At a public meeting held lately in Lynchburg, the editor of the "Iron Age" expressed the opinion that our city would ere long become a second Pittsburg, and predicted for her people, an era of prosperity, far beyond anything known in the palmiest days of the slave system.

For grain, much of this region is valueless; but on the creek-bottoms, and in the little valleys that nestle among the mountains, fine tobacco and hay are grown, and fruit yields bountifully. The albermarle pippin, and other fine apples, are sent all over this country, and to England, and the vineyards yearly planted on these sunny hill-sides, send their juicy products to distant markets.

As we approach Charlottesville, the soil looks more fertile, the fences and buildings improve, and gradually the dome of the University comes in sight, and we feel that we have entered the illustrous domain, where our glorious Jefferson lived, and wrote, and dreamed and hoped for the young Republic, he loved so well. West of the town, we are soon again in the mountains, and as the train just overcomes the long stretch of borderland between "Old Virginia" and "the Valley," the traveller, now buried in the bowels of the earth, as we fly through a tunnel, now gazing from dizzy heights on peaceful vales dotted with field and woodland, glistening streams and sleeping hamlets, rests calmly in his cushioned seat, and takes little thought of the gigantic efforts of science and industry, which has "removed mountains" and annihilated space, to give him this luxurious journey.

What wonderful changes Virginia has seen! What throes have convulsed her bosom since Spottswood with his "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe," stood on one of these mountain-tops and looked over the pathless forests, inhabited only by the wild beast and the fierce Indian, in their first exploration of the Shenandoah Valley.

Arrived at Staunton, I rested awhile at the comfortable "Virginia House," where some months ago, Fred. Douglas was entertained, on the occasion of his visit here to speak on the "exodus," and then took the B. & O. train for Harrisonburg. Here again, I met the excursionists to Washington, chiefly colored people. I talked with some of them, and found them very merry over their trip, and apparently cheerful and contented in their lives. A chetty little black woman, sitting next me, gave me a full account of herself and her proceedings. She and her husband owned what she evidently esteemed very valuable property. He worked the farm of a neighboring gentleman, on shares; they got their fuel and most of their food from the farm, and always had some wheat and corn to sell. She took in washing, usually hiring an assistant. "Staunton is a splendid place for washing; the school girls, especially the rich ones from the South, have so much fine washin' and pay well for it."

Staunton has five or six hundred girls in her female seminaries, so it may be supposed there is a deal of washing to be done there.

As we approached Harrisonburg,—a thriving handsome town of some 3,000 people, surrounded by one of the most fertile and prosperous districts of the state, my heart throbbed with the anticipation of beholding again my dear ones, and the loved scenes of my childhood.

From colonial days, my people have lived in this fair valley. In the cemetery on the green hillside, which overlooks the little town, five generations of my kindred are sleeping; each hill and dale, each tree and stone, bears for me tender associations of joy and sorrow; remembrances of childhood passed in days of peace, of youth spent amid stormy scenes of civil war, of womanhood saddened by weary efforts to reconcile the luxurious tastes and habits of life under the old regime, with the stern necessities brought to us as we began life again in our new South, regenerated by its baptism of blood and tears. I felt as if in a dream, as the green meadows, and rolling uplands of my native land rejoiced my eyes, and gazed about me half-bewildered, when the train stopped, and familiar voices called me by the dear old name of my girlhood,—hardly known to the strangers of my new home. I have only been in the valley for several years past, in flying visits, chiefly spent among my own relatives, as family interest drew us together, and greatly enjoyed this stay of four weeks, which gave me time to look around, see the people of town and country, and note the changes time is making in the land. When I reached Harrisonburg, two subjects of interest absorbed the village mind. The Methodist Conference was about to open, and "Sam Purdy," a famous trotter just presented by Jas. R. Keene of New York to a citizen of the town, was expected by every train. "Sam Purdy," has trotted a mile in 2. 20, has won many a race, travelled much, been greatly admired, and, once sold for $50.000, has now at the age of thirteen left the turf, and will in future be kept for raising improved horses in Virginia. The next day was Sunday, and crowds of comfortable looking, well dressed people, fresh from the country, poured into the town to attend the Conference. It was pleasant to see the strong fat horses of the Valley farms, after the lean and ragged mules and oxen which are always to be seen in the Lynchburg district, where a good team is a rare spectacle. About 9 o'clock, a telegram was received by "Sam Purdy's" owner announcing the approach of the distinguished stranger, who shortly arrived in a special car; and the majority of the whole population at once adjourned to the Railway station, where many of them forgot all about the Conference, and after, not a few were too late for church. For several days the town was full of preachers and people attending the services. All the Churches in the town were open for the use of the Conference.

Twice on Sunday, and several times in the week, some of the white ministers preached at the colored churches, the colored brethren uniting with them in offering prayers, giving out hymns etc.

I made many enquiries as to the condition of the colored people, and heard gratifying accounts of the progress of those whom I had known as slaves. Nearly all of those once belonging to my family, are now owning property, most of them too independent to need to go into service.

The young people are scattering all over the Union, attending schools, teaching, doing business; one as a member of a band of public singers, another as an aspirant for some public office, with a good prospect of success.

One of my pleasures in a visit "home," is in seeing the old family servants, and in talking over with them affairs of mutual interest, present and future. In one case, four generations of one family sent representatives to see me; among them a Hampton graduate, who was born my slave, and is now a sensible well educated teacher in the public schools of our native county; highly respected by all, and doing a good work among the people. The young teacher brought two of her pupils, her sister's children, six and seven years old, to see me, and made them recite some of Mecanlays grand poems, which she had taught them, and the little creatures rendered the noble verses in wonderful style. The family are possessed of much talent, and I have great hopes for those so fortunate as to grow up in an era of education. The Hampton teacher expressed herself as well contented with her life and prospects. The county schools hold only short terms, but the county director has arranged to have the teachers go from one school district to another; thus giving them employment for eight or nine months of the year. In her present location, she tells me, she obtains comfortable board with a private room for $6, 00 per month, in the family of a Negro blacksmith. This man affords one of the few cases I have known, of a Negro going from town to country to live. The smith had owned a snug property in Harrisonburg, but finding his trade unremunerative there, sold his house and bought a small farm in the country, where he lives comfortably, does a good business, and gives many new ideas to his rustic neighbors. The young school teacher, who is a nice looking mulatto girl, with lady-like manners, tells me that she finds the white people in the rural districts, where her work lies, kindly disposed,—sometimes visiting her school with curious interest in the new methods of teaching. Occasionally they ask her to their houses, probably to examine her clothes, which I noticed were of good quality and neatly made;—but never invited her to take a meal or spend the night, courtesies almost universally shown by white people, in country neighborhoods to each other.

The prejudice against "eating with Negros" seems one of the most deep rooted in the South, but since Fred. Douglas has been entertained at a Virginia hotel, with the entire approval of the community, we may predict that this, like other prejudices produced by slavery, will pass away in time.

During my visit, I talked with the pastors of both the colored churches, and learned from them that in spite of the hard winter, which had forced many more people than usual to seek aid from the authorities, the churches were in a prosperous condition; the Methodists having recently purchased a large brick church; the frame building erected in the first days of emancipation, being now much too small for the congregation. Rev. Mr. Robinson, the Methodist preacher, is a man of large experience, and in telling me something of his history, related one of those queer stories, one often stumbles on among the Negroes.—He says his great-grandmother, was one of the white women sent from England, in colonization days; and was sold for a term of years, to a Virginia planter, the ancestor of the Custis family of Arlington. A mulatto daughter of this white slave, was the nurse of General Washington in his last illness, and is mentioned by name, in Sparks' life of Washington. In consideration of her services, and the valuable information in regard to the first President, which she furnished to the historian, Mr. Parke Custis set her free, late in life; and gave her dea present, her little grandchild, who told us this story, and as he says, received his freedom in "a historical manner." The rest of his family remained slaves, until President Lincoln got them free—which I think future generations will also consider a "historical event."

Harrisonburg is an orderly little town, except on Court day, which is apt to be as turbulent as Donnybrook fair, being the occasion for horse-trading, the meeting of people from all parts of Rockingham and often other counties, political discussions, and whiskey drinking! On such days, ladies cannot appear alone on the streets, and there are frequent disturbances, requiring the appointment of extra police.

One of the regular officers of the village, is a young colored man, with whom I had several opportunities of conversing, and learned from him, that the number of arrests were about equally divided between the races, that the white people recognized his authority, in token of which he always wears his official badge, and whites no more object to being lugged off to jail by him than do the people of his own color. When I asked if he thought the whipping post an effectual remedy for larceny, he said he saw no other effect from it but to make the thieves go somewhere else to steal; a person who had been whipped in his bailiwick, being seldom caught there again. Still he did not think flagellation reformatory; but would incline to imprisonment for all offences, if it were not that in cold weather, the lowest class of criminals were but too glad to find shelter in jail,—on the whole he thought imprisonment for a long term, with hard labor, the best discipline for idle and lawless characters.

I might continue my notes on the Valley much longer but fear that I have already occupied too much of the valuable space of the "Workman." I will bid adieu to your readers for the present.

MAJORITIES AND MINORITIES.

For the first time in several years, the majority of both branches of the Legislative Department of our Government are in political accord with the executive. To be sure this majority is a small one; nevertheless, it is a majority. To many no doubt this is a matter of unfeigned satisfaction; but to those in power who think at all on the subject, the satisfaction must be tempered with this thought. Whatever public action be taken, the present dominant party will be held responsible. Party lines are so close together, and the minority lack so few of being a majority in the Senate and House, that the majority cannot afford to make one mistake. To combine two of Cardinal Reichlieu's aphorisms to the conspirators, it may be said to the majority, "Loose not one single trick." "The hand-men stalks behind thee."

For a party to have on its shoulders the welfare of this great nation is no small burden, stalwart though they be; what succeeds will be praised, for nothing is so successful as success; but what fails will be hooted by millions of tongues from the Gulf to the St. Lawrance, from the Pacific to the Atlantic. In two years hence those hootings may easily crystalize into ballots, and the present majority in the Legislative branch become a snarling or whimpering minority.

The power of the executive of the United States is very limited; he may suggest laws; but cannot make them: and is bound by oath to carry out laws duly passed, even if he utterly abhors them.

Considering the various opposing elements of which the present dominant party is composed, it is almost certain that the adroit leaders of the minority will be ever throwing firebrands, some of which will surely start a spark. The only salvation of the majority lies in the fact that the minority contains about as many elements of discord as the majority, and fire is best with fire fought.

The minority in the legislative branch have fully as much to do as the majority. They must sleep on their arms, and at every weak point of the majority they must hurl a lance.

For the country at large this state of affairs is a blessing; for every public officer should be constantly and vigilently at his post. With so evenly opposed forces, petty fences of partizanship are likely to be disregarded, while the heights of public good will be sought by both parties. The result must be that our present administration will be more national than sectional. The majority cannot afford to lose a point, still less can the minority. National questions are bound to come to the top, and miserable party "spats" sink to the bottom.

If this be the political outlook, it behooves all citizens to see that their political conversations, lectures, newspapers, etc., reach beyond petty personalities, and up to national questions; of the letter there are enough in all conscience, and any of them are huge enough to swamp the petty policies of paltry partizans.

The Tariff, National Banks, Refunding Navigation Laws, Monopolies, "Mr. Monroe's Doctrine" etc., etc., are quite sufficient to engross public attention, and need all the time and brains our legislative department can possibly afford.

The very closeness of party lines on most questions is a hopeful condition, for inevitably in the decay of the old will we find the growth of the new. The partizan questions and war cries of even a generation ago are to-day incapable of raising even a ripple of excitement. Times change and we must change with them, or we will be left as hernacles on rotten logs, or as rare fossils with a market value only on account of our scarcity.

Unless all the signs of the times fail, nationalism is to take the place of sectionalism, and questions of fact, not of latitudes and longitudes, will engross political attention. This fact is as important to the members of parties as to their representatives in congress, and it is safe to predict that in 1883, no congressmen will be retained, who in this congress proves himself "hide-bound," or too small to digest large questions.

The majority and minority most both struggle hard for converts, and the party with the most truth to offer will likely succeed the better. The time for feeding folks on fallacies is near an end, or at least the dispensers thereof will soon find themselves dispensed with.

T. T. B.

SEVEN MONTHS WELL SPENT.

MORE ABOUT THE "PLUCKY CLASS."

Seven months ago, two young men, Julius Murray and Joseph Haws, came here without money enough to pay their way in the day school, so they have been attending night school and working in the day that they might earn money with which to pay their board in school next year. Murray began to work at the blacksmith's trade and Haws at the wheelwright's trade. They have so far mastered their trade that, a few weeks ago, with a little aid, they made a first class cart, Murray doing the iron work and Hewe the wood work. Neither of them ever worked at their trades before coming here. They have not only done well in mastering trades that will be worth every thing to them in the future, but both have been earnest and faithful in the night school and are doing well in their studies. Why could not the thousands of young men who hang around the streets of our cities imitate Murray's and Haw's example?

B. T. W.

At Home.

THE FAMILY.

The family is God's institution, and so he honors and guards it. He intended it should be the seed-plot of society. Let all the families of a community be what they should be, and the community will be what it should be. This is according to the natural course of things; and then we have the promise of God for it: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Let the spirit of the family be one of industry, economy, kindness, cheerfulness, temperance, purity, liberality, and godliness, and the promise o God will be made good, however unfavorable the circumstances may be by which they are surrounded. When three young men, more than three thousand years ago, were cast into a burning fiery furnace, they were not in favorable circumstances, but they came out with no small of fire upon them.

Mark Hopkins, D. D.

WHO IS A GENTLEMAN?

What is it to be a gentleman? Thomas Hughes says that it is to live a simple, manly life, to speak your own thought, to pay your own way, and to do your work, whatever it may be; and he adds that "you will remain gentlemen so long as you follow these rules, if you have to sweep a crossing for a livelihood." Frederick Spielhagen defines the gentleman as one in whom the vigorous and the delicate are happily united: "The soft, the refined, that which comes from frequenting the society of women of culture, lies in the 'gentle;' the strong, the firm, the stern, that which comes from battling with men, lies in the 'man.'" Still another recent writer thinks that the character of a gentleman is denoted by a true and fine unconciousness: "The true gentleman is never quick to take offense; not seeing any sufficient reason why any one should want to affront him, he is not prone to detect an intended slight in every piece of careless behaviour, or a studied insult in every thoughtless expression." It is almost enough, of itself, to mark the fine and true character,—not that the gentleman lacks fiery courage, but that he does not go around in a perpetual readiness to be insulted or slighted. To miss the title of gentleman is sure to be the fate of those who go prowling in search of something et which to be hurt. *S. S. Times*

OATMEAL.—From the earliest times of which we have any record, oatmeal was the staple food of Scotland. A French officer who accompanied the Scottish army in an invasion of England, that probably which terminated disastrously at Flodden, told the historian Brantome that the Scotch were the most easily victualled soldiers in the world. Each carried a bag of oatmeal, and when he came to a stream, mixed a little of it with cold water and made his repast. This preparation is what the Scotch call drummock, and it is sometimes resorted to when boiling water to make "porridge" cannot readily be obtained. Burns speaks of both of these simple preparations of oatmeal in his poems, and also of another called cakes. A rich kind of short bread is called "Scotch cake," but that was not what Burns mean' when he addressed "The Land o' Cakes." The real Scotch cakes, which are to be found all over Scotland, are made of oatmeal damped with water, well kneaded, rolled out and hardened on a griddle, or, as it was called, girdle, being a round iron plate hung above the open fire.

If children are reared on oatmeal and outdoor exercise, the constitutions thus formed are likely to be fresh and vigorous at threescore and ten, and they will be all the more so, if oatmeal porridge has formed a part of the morning meal through life. Not only is this about the most wholesome dish of the whole day, but the pleasantest and cheapest, for a handful of meal swells so as to make a large bowl of porridge.

COUGH SYRUP.

This simple and inexpensive remedy has been used with much benefit in Hampton Normal School

1 oz. Thoroughwort, or Boneset, 1 oz. Hoarhound, 1 oz. Flaxseed, 1 oz. Liquorice Root, 1oz. Slippery Elm.

Simmer altogether in one quart of water until the strength is entirely extracted; then strain carefully, add one pint of best molasses, one half pound of loaf sugar. Simmer them all well together, until quite the thickness of syrup: add the juice of two lemons, and bottle tight. If desired to be kept in warm weather, a little spirits can be added. A few doses of one tablespoonful at a time, will alleviate the most distressing cough, and soothe irritation, which continued, might end in consumption; breaks up entirely the whooping cough, and no better remedy can be found for croup, asthma, bronchitis, and all affections of the lungs and throat.

Health and Humanity.

HOW DAME TROT BALKED.

It was not the Dame Trot that

"Went to the Fair,

With her cat on her shoulder, to see the folks there;" but a fat, sleek, chestnut horse that was owned by a physician.

Before Trot came into the possession of jeviel Dr. B., two boys were in the habit of driving her. One very cold night she was taken from her warm stable to go a long distance, and as she showed much unwillingness to go, one of the boys gave her a hard whipping. Then she refused to move.

After that, Dr. B., was told he could have her if he liked. The good Doctor, having confidence in his persuasive powers over man and beast, had no doubt of his being successful with a balky horse. So the first time Dame Trot stood motionless, notwithstanding the necessity of using her utmost speed, the Doctor was equal to the occasion.

He got out of his carriage and patting the horse's head said to her: "Now Trot! you're a fool! you needn't think you can play that game on me!" In this way he talked some time, stroking the horse's head, patting her and seeming to be in no hurry.

Then taking some wintergreen lozenges from his pocket, he held them on his open hand before Trot's nose and said: "See here, old lady! if you'll be good you can have some candy!"

Trot smelt the candy, then turned her head away, as if she were not to be bought off in that manner. Then she took another smell of the lozenges and of the hand that held them, then she slowly licked the candy and finding that it tasted good, she ate it all, the Doctor meanwhile waiting patiently until the last crunching and smacking were over. Then he patted the horse's head again, and said: "Now we are going on 'old lady' as fast as we can go;" and jumping into the carriage he took the reins and Trot proceeded on her way with perfect willingness.

Ever since that day she has served the Doctor with the most devoted affection, proving the truth of the theory that something done to divert a balky horse's attention will accomplish much more than scoldings, jerking or whippings.

Our Dumb Animals.

STABLE FRIENDS.

The following case of animal intelligence has been communicated by Professor Schutzenberger of Strasburg to the *Revue d'Anthropologie:* A gentleman owning a kitchen garden remarked that a basket which held a quantity of fresh carrots got quickly emptied. He spoke to the gardener, who said that he could not understand it, but would watch for the thief. A quarter of an hour had not elapsed when a dog was seen to go to the basket, take out a carrot, and carry it to the stable. Dogs do not eat raw carrots, so further watch was necessary. The observers now found that the dog had business with a horse, his night companion; with wagging tail he offered the latter the fruit of his larceny, and the horse naturally made no difficulty about accepting it. The gardener seized a stick, and was about to avenge this act of too complacent good fellowship; but his master stopped him, in order to watch futher. The scene was repeated until all the carrots had disappeared. The dog had long made a favorite of this horse. There were two in the stable, but the other received not a carrot.

A PARROT STORY.

The remarks made by parrots, apparently with pertinence, are sometimes grotesque and astounding—as in the story told of a parrot who was present on board ship during very bad weather, when the sailors knelt on deck in a circle to pray for deliverance. The parrot watched their movements, no doubt, for he correctly remembered the circumstance. It is said the captain came up from the cabin, where he had been to examine the chart, while the men were at prayer, and cried aloud, "Leave off praying, you lubbers, and get to the pumps! we're nearing land!" On arriving in port, Polly was sold to a clergyman, and in due course was placed in the vicar's dining room. The first morning after his arrival there, he saw the servants come into the room one after another, and kneel down to prayers with the family. Polly's memory instantly reverted to the scene on board ship, and he cried out with a loud voice, "Leave off praying, you lubbers, and get to the pumps! we're nearing land." A bombshell in falling amongst these devout persons could not have put them into a greater consternation than they were put by this irreverent exclamation.—*Animal World.*

Teacher's Table.

ASKING QUESTIONS.

REV. GEO. P. HAYS, D. D.

As a very considerable number of students look forward to teaching as the profession to which they would be disposed to devote themselves, a few articles in relation thereto may not be out of place in a college paper. As questioning is one of the difficult and yet necessary duties of a teacher, we begin with that. It is possible to conduct a recitation without asking questions by substituting for questions commands, but these are only questions in another form. To say "Give the sub-kingdoms in the animal world" is the same as to ask "what are the sub-kingdoms of the animal world?" So it is in every case. These commands will therefore fall into the same classes into which questions fall. These classes of questions are mainly four. The first is *questions for information.* Here the questioner must indicate by the question what he does know of the subject, and by that bound off what he does not know, so that the answer may see definitely what to assume as known, and what information to give. The teacher ought not to need frequently to put such questions to his pupils. It is a good discipline, however, for the pupils to be compelled to frame their questions properly. Very often a question reveals as much knowledge, or ignorance, as a good answer.

The class of questions next in order of frequency or infrequency in the uses of the teacher is such as are called *leading questions.* It is often said that a leading question is one which can be answered by yes or no. But this is only the extreme example of a leading question. The true definition of a leading question is one which conveys to the person interrogated the answer desired by the examiner. Any one who has attended court will know how often attorneys exhibit no little skill in avoiding questions answerable by Yes or No, and really tell their witnesses just what they want them to testify to. There are, therefore, all grades of leading questions. To ask "What battle at Yorktown between Cornwallis and Washington in 1781 closed the revolution," is to tell the pupil all about it. To ask "How did the Revolutionary war close, is to ask him a question and tell him nothing. When, then, pupils fail in the ordinary recitation work, the teachers and all the pupils ought to recognize the character of the leading element introduced into the questions, as the same thing is made by each new question a little more plain, so that all would know that these new questions were as really help, as if the teacher had told them outright.

The other two kinds of questions are those which ought to be the teacher's method in class-room work. The first I call *educating questions.* These are to show the pupil his ignorance, awaken curiosity, and give a hint as to the method of obtaining the desired information. The famous case of Socrates with the boy is a perfect illustration. He asked the lad the size of a square foot. The lad answered, "One foot." He then asked how large the side should be to enclose two square feet. The lad answered, "Two feet." Socrates now asked how to draw it, and the lad at once saw his mistake. So he went on, telling the youth nothing, but directing his own investigations, till the lad had taught himself a good lesson. In assigning future lessons these questions are of great value. They are not to be answered at once, but are the gist of what is to be found out for the next recitation. They also often serve a good purpose in taking the conceit out of self-sufficient new pupils. It is good service to those who are not aware of their own ignorance to show them how much they do not know. These are also of high value when they are used to call out the pupil's power of applying his knowledge and developing his powers of reasoning. To put these questions wisely and effectively is part of the highest art of instruction. The last kind of questions is that which should be used in cases where the object is to estimate the pupil's knowledge, or find out his mistakes. They may be called *testing questions.* They should give the pupil no hint as to the answer, but confine him strictly to the true answer. These questions may be made broad or narrow, as the teacher may desire. To put them rightly is an essential to all good teaching.

Beginners in the art of questioning, like beginners in any other difficult art, may expect to blunder often, and to be sometimes humiliated by failures; but there is no excuse for being ignorant of the difference between good and bad work, or contented in their weakness, or unwilling to work hard and carefully attain reasonably high ability in this essential qualification for respectable work in the class room.

Washington Jeffersonian.

Agriculture.

FARM NOTES.

A crop well put in is half made.

There is no crop raised which yields so large an amount of food and with so little labor as Indian corn.

Potash is absolutely necessary to successful potato growing. The easiest and the best way of supplying it is in the form of wood ashes. It is furnished also in soft coal ashes and well rotted yard or stable manure.

Grow sunflowers in Malarious districts. Its seed is recommended by poultry fanciers as an excellent food. It is said to greatly increase the brilliancy of the plumage and also stimulate the production of eggs.

It is estimated that insects injure the crops of the United States to the value of $10,000,000 annually, and it is believed that much of the greater part of the loss might be avoided by preventing the destruction of birds.

A cow ought to be let dry at least six weeks before calving. It is well known the if she is milked up to the time of calving she will be very deficient as a milker, even though she had formerly been a good one. It prevents improvement of condition, from a very lean cow there is not much to be expected.

It is asserted that the dairy products of the United States have twice the volume of the wheat crop.

CLEAN UP AND WHITEWASH.—This is the month when all poultry fanciers should make a thorough cleaning. The poultry houses should be whitewashed inside and out; for the inside we would recommend that you add two tablespoonfuls of carbolic acid or a pound of sulphur to a pailful of the wash (this is to kill the vermin): do not be afraid of putting on too much, but apply the wash to every corner and crevice in the building. If you have plank floors, clean them off nicely and put on about three or four inches of fresh earth. Dirt floors should be dug up to the depth of one foot. Wash your windows (if you have any in your houses, and if not you ought to have them), so that the fowls can see daylight, and in bad weather they will enjoy the confinement of the poultry house much better. Wash off the roosts with kerosene oil at least once a week. Take every nest-box and whitewash inside and out, and put in clean straw, sprinkling upon it some sulphur or loose tobacco. Observe these few rules, and your fowls will do better and keep healthier

—Planter and Farmer.

NEW SOURCES OF PROFIT.

Following is the conclusion of Secretary Edge's report bearing upon new sources of profit to the agriculturists of Pennsylvania:

FORESTRY AND TREE PLANTING.

That the rapid denudation of the timber areas of our country is producing serious climatic and physical results can scarcely be controverted, and a practical and efficient remedy for the acknowledged evil is a work which may very properly claim your attention and consideration. We may and do differ materially as to the exact manner in which these results are produced and also, to some extent perhaps, as to the nature of the results themselves, but we all agree upon the final result. That while our *average* annual rain-fall may not have been diminished, yet its formers disturbed, and that we are subjected to greater extremes of drouth and floods. The time will no doubt come when this evil will in a measure correct itself by a direct appeal to the pockets of our capitalists, but if it is possible, by any means, to hasten this period, it will result to benefit of the State at large, and to no class more then our farmers and stock-breeders, who are the main sufferers by the change to which we have alluded.

The gradual substitution of iron for wood in buildings and fences has, no doubt, put off the evil day, but at our present ratio of force and timber denudation the day is not far distant when Pennsylvania will have to draw more heavily than at present upon the timber lands of Michigan and the Northwest. Perhaps an important factor in solution of the problem is an encouragement of this substitute of other metal for wood, and if so, much may be done by the intelligent appeal of your body in bringing the matter to the notice of our people, from whom, in the end, every *practical* remedy must come.

This question will be assigned to Thomas Meehan, the botanist of the Board, for a careful examination, and report during the coming year; and he will willingly co-operate with any committee you may appoint. While the theories of Mr. Mehen do not freely correspond with those expressed by some of our members, yet we assume that this very disagreement among practical men is proof of the need of investigation on the subject before any beneficial action can be taken.

—The Practical Farmer.

HAMPTON STUDENTS' OWN.

From the Senior Class.

LECTURES TO OUR PEOPLE.

IGNORANT REPRESENTATIVES NOT WANTED.

Dear friends:

I have met you on this grand occasion to give you a talk in general. The thing that I will try to impress upon your mind is the need of an education. It is true that your own parents have got had advantages for an education, therefore it is difficult for you to appreciate the idea of sending your children to school. But, can you expect to gain anything in the course of life, as long as you keep your children and yourself in ignorance? Do you expect them to compete with the learned men of the day? You have a glorious opportunity to aspire to any position in life that you are fit for. There are institutions of learning, both north and south, free to all.

Young men, you are depended upon for the progress of this generation; will you let your opportunities pass? Look around and keep each moment busy, as the days glide by.

As it is, I can't see what many of the young men are doing for an education. They are aspiring to be representatives of the people; but of what use are they without the necessary training, and education? Can a man that is ignorant, represent a nation or a race, by the side of men that are far his superiors in every respect?

R. J. S.

INTEMPERANCE.

It is true that the colored people, as a general thing, are very intemperate. Now as everybody is free to do as they choose, they can either let liquor alone or use it, and let their children follow in their footsteps to destruction.

Many a young man or woman has been ruined on account of their parents; while others are influenced by those who are influenced by their parents.

It is your duty as parents to set the example for your children; if you do not, you must not expect them to be what they ought to be.

Some people say they *are* temperate, but they *must* take a *little* at Christmas. What difference does it make whether they drink on Christmas or any other time?—It has the same effect.

If our people would only let liquor alone, we should be a much stronger race.

The money that is thrown away for it might be saved and put to some good use; instead of buying ten cents worth every morning, put that money away, and see how much it will amount to at the end of the year; you will be surprised.

I hope you will think about this and make up your minds to leave off the habit, and put that money to some better use.

I think it would be a good plan to have a temperance society here, and I hope you will all give both your hands and your hearts to this work.

CHARLOTTE.

IMPORTANCE OF KEEPING NEAT HOMES.

Many young married women wonder their husbands do not stay at home with them more, or because they spend so much money in gambling drinking and other idleness, when it should be spent to make home and family comfortable.

All the unfortunate wife thinks of is scolding, lying and doing other foolish things which only make the husband worse. Toward evening, he comes in, never thinking to greet his wife and children as he once did, but orders his supper, which his wife prepares in a short time and a careless way.

The husband eats his supper hurriedly, and is off for his outside pleasures, without a loving word or kiss for the wife and children. She is left alone, with a heavy heart, to regret her condition, and wonder why her once loving husband should treet home and family in this unfeeling manner. She would give worlds to be back in her mother's home, or to have her once devoted husband restored to her again.

Has the wife thought for a moment that she has been perhaps the cause of all this trouble; that she has made him hate home, wife and children; yes, and take the money that should have been spent at home, and throw it away in idleness?

If the wife will follow my prescription, she will soon have her happiness restored. Let the husband come in and find the house and its contents, which he left so untidy,—neat, orderly and inviting. Let the wife make herself and children presentable.

If you have but little, keep it clean; take care of what is brought in, be ready to meet your husband with a smile, and you will soon find him giving up outside sports and clinging to home, wife and little ones.

MATTIE.

TALK ON THE NECESSITY OF EDUCATION.

Dear friends:

When I look around the streets of our city and see so many idle men and women going to destruction, it makes me feel as if you were the ones to help them.

They have been brought up by parents whose chances have been limited, and what they lack you will be obliged to make up. I hope you will make up your mind to work for your people, for there is a great deal to do. As you go around the streets you will see boys and girls trying to earn a few pennies, instead of going to school.

Parents should send their children to school; for if they grow up in ignorance they will be useless among educated people.

Nothing will lift our race up but an education; and the sooner they are educated the better.

Poverty and intemperance will always prevail among uneducated people.

We want to establish temperence in its highest meaning.

Our race will go to destruction if we don't try to lead them from the grog shops, and gambling rooms.

The morals of our people have been damaged by slavery, and the remedy must be provided by our young men and women. The women have a great influence over the young men; and all I have to say is that if they are upright, the men will be obliged to respect them.

MR.

From the Middle Class.

THE PROCESSION ON INAUGURATION DAY.

Having been aboard the "Jane Mosely," all night, we find ourselves to our joy, about eight in the morning, landing on the wharf at Washington, the capital of the United States, and the place of our destination. We are the cadets of Hampton Institute, numbering about one hundred and fifteen. We are to take a part in the grand procession of today: Transportation into the city in street cars is provided by our Captain, Henry Romeyne, who is to have command of our boys in their beautiful suits of gray. The cars stop at one of the "junctions" on Pennsylvania Avenue, where, later the line is to form for the march to the capitol. The boys step out one after another to see the thrilling scenes and the decorations in honor of the day, and the one to whom so much honor is given.

The streets are humming with people, many of whom show by their appearance, that they are far away from their homes. Many of them, I know, live a thousand miles away, but they are here, to see the order of the day. Again, I turn my eyes in another direction, where the street points in the direction of the capitol. I notice more particularly,—I see the banners as they unfurl their colors to the breeze, and float in the air, from over housetops and window-sills. The stars and stripes are waving; and across the streets, perfect arches are formed of red, white, and blue.—Whose eyes can view their country's flag, whose loyal heart does not bow to the freedom of its sway? Many a brave hearted veteran is here to-day, who has held up its broken staff in the time of its adversity, and fought for the honor then imperiled.

Breakfast is ready, and the company is formed into line, breaks into column of fours, and marches off to breakfast, through the melting snow, which has fallen during the night. The air is cold, and we march along in fear of a stormy day; but soon the sun appears at intervals behind the floating clouds. We reach the place of breakfast, and, before finishing a single course, we resume the march back to the grounds, where the procession must be formed. We are just in time to secure our position. The command, "On the right, into line, wheel," is given. The company halts, and again the Captain commands "In place, rest." We remain in this position a while, till the procession begins; and with a wheel to the right, continuing the march, the company follows in the marching column. Company after company turn into line, making a procession when completed; tremendously long.

For an hour the troops pass by, before reaching the Capitol. The boys in gray are stepping along it full swing, and seem to be the object of special talk. Here and there, beside the marching column, we hear them say, "Look at the nigger troops;" others say, "See the boys in gray,—equal to West Pointers, they must be the colored cadets of Hampton." We are nearing the Capitol. Music which has been sounding forth its thrilling sounds since the procession began, is heard from front to rear. We climb in eager delight the hill which seems a perfect mound, and on the top of which, is seen the building that stands forth a huge mass, equivalent to those of ancient Rome, with dome higher,—which looks as if it were pointing to some sacred spot in the sky.

Here gathered around, stands a throng of spectators, too many to be counted or estimated by a glance. A way is opened, and the boys in blue end gray take a position in front of the Inaugural stand. Forth comes the expected one; the nation's special guest; and the one whom all have come to hear take the oath of office. This done, all in silence are listening to his views; to hear the expression of his heart and soul, which is for the good of his country. His speaks as men seldom speak, leaving an impression in every bosom. He bids farewell to his parting friends, who leave to his steady guidance the old Ship of State.

We resume the march, and passing down Pennsylvania Avenue, give our last parade in honor of his fame, thus winding up for the day, one of the grandest parades in America. Now all may return to their homes, feeling proud of the country which they inhabit: and hoping for reconciliation and peace for the next four years.

A. W.

A RAINY DAY AT HOME.

One, two, three, four, five, six. Oh dear me! Here it is six o'clock, and time for me to get up to attend to the duties of the day; and the rain is just pouring in torrents. How can I enjoy such a day of gloom, sadness, and desolation? If our minds are not bright by nature, or if we have not self-control, there is nothing in the day to help us. The children are now awake, and to be dressed; breakfast is to be prepared, and what kind of a spirit has any one on such a day? The children will have to stay in to-day, on account of the rain and wet. Such a confusion! Nine o'clock: here I sit by my window watching the driver as he rides so gracefully on top of the omnibus. The horses looks tell that they would feel more comfortable if out of the rain, in their dry stables. Look at the poor farmer riding on his cart, as he wends his way to market, thinking of a brighter future. There, there, what do I see now? A poor little ragged girl has fallen into the ditch; but oh! she is out now, for some one has stopped and taken her out. Who knows the feelings of that child, while the rain and mud are dripping from her? Here comes something lively:—"The Morning Star." As I glance up and down its pages, I see no news of importance. Twelve o'clock! Dinner time! The children all come with dirty hands, faces, and dresses. No use in changing them on such a day.—The brightest, I do believe would feel dull today! Well, such is life. We are to meet with difficulties, disappointments, and discouragements. Three o'clock:—while sewing busily at the machine, I observe the rainbow, with its colors of red, purple, blue, and white, which seem as ornaments for the earth. Something has stolen into my heart. What is it? A little ray of light, with the dullness of the disappearing day. We shall have a pretty day to-morrow. Six o'clock! There is a gleam of bright light, away in the sky. That is a sign of fair weather. The rain has now ceased and the night finds us waiting and watching for a brighter future.

EMMA.

From the Indians.

OUR VISIT TO WASHINGTON.

When in the Indian camp or at school I would be many years ago, I would hear the Indians talk about the Great Father at Washington, and the Capitol being made of some kind of mud.

My thought was never rolled to my mind to see the Great Father, or even the city of Washington.

Since I arrived Hampton I had a mind to go there when any chance I should have. About two or three weeks ago Captain H. C. Romeyn told the boys that he had a letter from one of the men at Washington to bring the Hampton Cadets there to drill on the Inauguration day. The boys were glad to hear what he told them, but it was a hard thing to get a boat, and many times got disappointed, and were going to give it up, but the kind teachers at Hempton Institute helped the students, so at last got a boat. On the third day of March we got ready to go. The Commander formed the companies and the band played and all the companies marched, then went down to Old Point, (as they call it:) the boat was not there, so Captain dismissed us for little while and to be ready when the boat comes. The boat came, and the companies were all dressed by the company Commanders, and ready to march in the boat; so we marched in the boat. The boat started off; the waves were rough that made some boys sick I went down in the cabin and went to bed, so I did not get sick, but then I could not sleep for the boat made such noise. The boys had to crowd laying in bed, for we were crowded.

The boat ran somehow on a wharf and stopped. I thought it got to Washington, and I got up and woke the boy that slept with me, but he did not get up for he was sleepy. I went up the stairs and heard that the boat was upon the wharf. I went down again and found another boy in my bed, I told him that it was my bed. He said, "This is my bunk." I just laugh, for I never heard the word bunk before. The next morning we saw the Capitol: we were delighted to see it, for we wanted to get there. Soon we could see the soldiers marching through the streets. We got to the wharf, the bugle was sounded, every Commender had his ranks formed nicely, while the Normal School Band was playing. We marched out from the boat, and got to one of the sheds, and then the company Commenders dressed their companies: the Captain told us where to go. We were surprised to see the snow on the ground, while Hempton is warm. We got in the street car and took a way in the city, then we got out and stood around there while other troops were passing; bugle was sounded again, every officer with his company always be at time to form his company. The drummers beat their drums and off we went through the street; afterwhile we turned to the right and stopped at a house; there we had dinner, the bugle blowed before the dinner was over; formed in their same places; then we marched up where the other troops were forming their companies, and our companies were formed behind the Light Infantry Guards of Washington. After while all the troops begin marching: every hand played for their company. I saw many people standing along the streets crowding to see the troops marching. But the policemen were along the streets, and they just push them back. We got to the Capitol, and the commend was given to halt, and the Commanders gave the command on the right in the line march, and there we were all in line. Then we stayed there, while President Garfield was speaking. But we could not see him for it was too far where he was. But then I went end saw him, but did not hear what he was talking about, for it was noisy. When he got through talking I suppose, then we all marched down on the right hand side from the Capitol. When we went through the streets we saw many people hurrahing the marching. I saw many people wave their hats and say: hurrah for Hampton Cadets! And, some say: burrah for Massachusetts! Sometimes I heard some people say, look at the little Indians. O! there's some more. We got to the street where we were to stay, then we fell out and went to the house. After a while the sun was down, and we went to the White House; they had fire works there. We saw that, but the boys were tired, and we told the Captain that we wanted to go. So he let us go. Then we went to Howard's College. They took us up in the Chapel, to sleep there during the night. The next morning we went back to the house where we stayed, and there we had breakfast. When breakfast was over, one man came there, and wanted to know if we wanted to see the fire engine he had charge of. So we marched around, and got to the house; we went in and saw the engine, and then we went up where the man stayed, and then we all went out and drilled for him, which pleased him very much, and then we marched back; then the Captain told us to go to the big house in the city, and see what they were doing. I went through the city and got to the Patent House, went up the stairs, and saw many kinds of instruments, saw Gen. Washington's clothes which Mrs. Washington made, I saw Gen. Jackson's coat, then we went down, and one man asked us if we wanted to see the head man of Indians? We told him yes, so he took us in, and we saw the Commissioner and had a talk with him, and also the head Clerk of Indian affairs.

About 3 or 4 o'clock we marched down to the wharf, end got in the boat, and on Sunday morning, we got to Normal School safe, only some boys got sick. The Indian boys were glad they went, for they saw many things which they never saw before, especially Bears Heart, he was glad to see the Commissioner of Indian affairs, and saw many things which he will remember always, for he is going to return to his home not very long now, with one of the Pawnee boys.

This I wrote myself and set the type.

JAMES MUNIE (*Pawnee.*)

Southern Workman.

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THE SWAN.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO JAPAN.

Mr. Wm. N. Armstrong, from whose private letters we have been permitted to make the following extracts, is, as Attorney General of the Hawaiian Islands and Royal Commissioner of emigration, accompanying King Kalakaua in a journey round the world, which, as will be seen, gives him especial opportunities for observation.

Steamer Oceanic, Feb. 17th, 1881.

Heavy gale last night, but the vessel is large, and the motion so slight we hardly felt it. There is no better evidence of man's wonderful conquest over nature, than to sit in a large well-furnished saloon, well-warmed, and to dine at leisure on regular courses served as if on land, while we are driving into a head sea, pitching into great waves, with the wind making the ocean white with foam. We are out of the track of vessels, with three thousand miles of water way before us, but make slow time as we have strong head-winds. Yesterday was Washington's birth-day, and at the King's request, I offered a toast at dinner, which all the passengers drank standing. The day was memorable in another way. We crossed the 181st parallel of longitude, and, in order to keep the reckoning straight, a day had to be dropped, or rather the morning was called Feb. 21st and the afternoon the 22d.

The Japanese tattoo very artistically, using red and blue colors. The Purser of the steamer showed me this morning a snake tattooed on his arm, which was perfect; another officer has an eagle, really a work of art, on his breast. In doing it, no blood is drawn, the ink is pricked in with needles, giving very little pain.

March 3rd, (at home it is March 4th.) The President is being inaugurated to-day at Washington, and we shall see to-night, at midnight, the lights on the coast of Japan, the first glimpse of the "Shining Orient". If I were younger, I should say I was about to realize the dreams of my youth.

March 4th, 1 P. M. Yokohama, Japan—and now we are ashore! The Oceanic steamed up the bay in the early morning. The weather was cloudy, so that the coast was not well defined, but we caught glimpses of the villages on the shore, and about seven o'clock sighted the ships in the harbor of Yokohama. Then the royal Hawaiian Standard was hoisted. As we drew up to the city, we saw riding at anchor many vessels of war; seven Russians, of which three were huge iron-clads, two French iron-clads, two British and three Japanese war-ships. As we neared them, suddenly and as if by magic, they were covered with flags; fifteen war-ships covered with a glory of bunting. As our steamer came abreast of the fleet, the great guns opened a saluting fire. For fifteen minutes it was a deafening roar of cannons, while vast clouds of smoke rolled away to leeward. The starboard and port discharges from each ship seemed to shake our vessel. The yards of all the ships were fully manned from top gallant mast down, a thousand sailors standing erect and in line on the spars. And as we passed each ship, the crew gave a tremendous cheer! On coming to rest, two man-of-war boats came along-side and the French and Russian admirals come on board to pay their respects. Soon after a Japanese man-of-war boat came up, and six of the officers of the Mikado came on board. With them were two commissioners detailed to receive the King, and extend to him and his suite the hospitalities of the Japanese empire. We soon entered the boats. The royal standard was raised, and a steam launch brought us on shore. At the landing place, was an arch of flags, and just as we touched the dock, the military band struck up the Hawaiian national anthem. It quite upset us for the moment; we had scarcely expected this, and I know that I could hardly control myself. What changes! Here was the shining Orient of olden travellers, the nation of a day, its walls of exclusion only down since yesterday, meeting us with our national anthem!

On landing, we were received by two lines of soldiers and entered a pretty cottage house close by. In the parlor, the King received military and naval officers. They came in, one by one, in full uniform, were presented,—they bowed low, so did we, and they retired. Wine was then passed around, and the Imperial carriage, that of the Emperor himself, drove up to the door. We entered it and were driven to the Palace through streets lined with people, thousands of men and women crowding on each side of the road, the women with their quaint, stolid, painted faces, and the babies carried on the mothers' backs. Every where on the public buildings, the Japanese and Hawaiian flags floated together. In about ten minutes, we reached the Palace, the summer palace of the Emperor. We were taken into a parlor exquisitely furnished; beautiful lacquer work in different parts of the room, dwarfed shrubs in pots of richly colored porcelain. Another presentation was made of high officers, wine was again passed around, and we were then shown to our bed-rooms. I write in mine. It is furnished in the European style and the windows look out on the bay, where the ships of war are at anchor. A host of servants are at hand. We have just had lunch served in French style, in eight courses with six different kinds of wine. Three of the officials speak English well, as they have all lived abroad. To-morrow we go to Tokio, at twelve noon. The Emperor will receive us at the railway station. Affairs have changed here in a rapid and surprising way. A few years ago, the Mikado never left his palace; it was death to look upon him. Our reception ceremony has been carefully arranged, and an officer has just left for Tokio to prepare for to-morrow. It is now snowing slightly, a very unusual thing here.

During the evening, by the order of the Governor of Kanagawa, fire works were discharged in front of the Palace. This sight was rare and beautiful. At one time it seemed as if the sky was lit with volcanic fires, and then it was filled with drooping fiery willows. As the fire works ended, I heard the deep, solemn tones of some great bell. I said to an officer "What is that"? He replied, "It is the bell of the Buddha temple." So I heard for the first time the religious expression of Buddhism, though I do not see the "light of Asia." For twenty years, I have wondered at that religion which has its grip upon such a vast portion of the human race. For the first time, in the sounding of that great bell, I am before it and feel it. I stood among a dozen officials in uniform and polite beyond expression. Yet these men are nominally all Buddhists and what we call "pagans."

TOKIO, TWELVE O'CLOCK MIDNIGHT.

At eleven o'clock this morning, five officers of state in full uniform called at our residence at Noceyama, and notified us that the train was ready. The Mikado's carriages were at the door. As we drove out of the Palace grounds, a military company saluted us, and we were driven to the station. On leaving the carriages, the officers of the Japanese navy received us and escorted us to the special train and to the royal apartment. The city of Tokio was reached in about forty minutes. When we arrived at the station, we were received by a large number of officers in full uniform. After remaining in a waiting room about twenty minutes, during which time about twenty officials were presented to the King one by one, we entered the Emperor's carriage. A troop of about a hundred Lancers escorted us. On each side of the road for two miles, soldiers were drawn up, some mounted and some on foot. Vast crowds of people lined the streets, many of them bowing to the ground as we passed. We were driven across three wide moats which formerly protected the Palace of the Tycoon, and after riding through about four miles of streets, with a vast throng of people crowding the road, we reached the Emperor's palace. We were all of us, the King, Col. Judd and I, in full uniform. On leaving the carriage, we were met by officers of the household, the ministers of state, at the entrance to the Palace. At once we were marched through several corridors and entered a large reception chamber. In the centre of it, the Emperor of Japan stood alone. His Lord Chamberlain immediately presented the King, and after those, and Col. Judd. We did not expect, nor did any one expect or hope, that we could see the Empress, as her public appearances have been rare. But immediately after our reception, the Emperor led us through the corridor to another reception room, where the Empress was sitting. The King was then presented, and we after him. The Emperor, Empress and the King took seats; all the rest of us, numbering perhaps forty, including the entire government of the Empire, stood in silence. The Emperor and the King spoke through an interpreter. Beside the Empress stood a really beautiful Japanese girl, dressed in the latest European style, with a Gainsborough hat and feathers. When the Emperor ceased talking, I heard a low, sweet English voice, deep throated and perfectly modulated, say, "Your majesty, the Empress desires to say that she hopes you have had a pleasant voyage from your kingdom to this country." It was the pretty Japanese girl who was speaking. She is the daughter of the minister of Foreign affairs, was sent to England when quite young, has returned an accomplished woman, and now attends the Empress as companion. After a few words more with the Empress, large baskets of cake were brought in, and then the King arose and took leave. We again entered the Emperor's carriage and were driven to the place where I am now writing, one of the palaces of the Emperor. The room I occupy, is one of those used by Gen. Grant while the guest of the Emperor. There are a vast number of rooms, furnished with every perfection of Japanese art.

According to etiquette, the Emperor returned the King's call in about an hour. We stood in a large hall, the King in the centre, I just back of him and on one side. Then the lancers galloped up and formed in line, the royal carriage drew up to the door, Col. Judd met the Emperor at the carriage and escorted him to the hall, where the King received him. I led them to the large parlor, where they took seats and engaged in conversation. The retinue of officers remained standing in an adjoining room. The Emperor staid about fifteen minutes, and then rose and took leave. After the Princes of the Empire called. Then we threw off our gorgeous uniforms, put on citizen's dress, and under the guidance of one of the Secretaries of the Foreign Department, the King and I visited one of the Buddha temples. It covered several acres of ground in the midst of a sacred grove of most ancient trees. It was so vast, so curious, so strange, so mysterious, I cannot describe it. On returning to our Palace, we received the Princes of the Empire at a State dinner, served on exquisite plate of the finest Japanese work. The style of the dinner was French.

To-morrow we visit the national exhibition of manufactures, and for every day there is some curious entertainment provided."

CO-OPERATION.

Co-operation, (in its accepted sense) has proved a success and a failure. Co-operative stores, conducted by intelligent merchants, succeed, just as intelligent merchants themselves succeed. If these stores be managed by ignorant people, failure is assured. There is no guarantee of success in co-operation. The co-operation of the thirteen colonies was a success, the co-operation of the late Confederate states is a matter of history. A co-operative store, even if well managed, must have the same rent, the same wages, the same cost of stock, and the same interest account as a store, equally well managed, if conducted by an individual with his own capital. The co-operative store must have its capital, and it gets it from the co-operators. If no capital were obtainable, the co-operative store would not exist. As a rule, co-operative stores or associations are more loosely managed than individual affairs. The egotism or selfishness of human nature must be ever kept in view: if a farmer belonged to a co-operative society, and found that he could only get fifteen cents for a dozen eggs in this co-operative store, and twenty cents from an outsider, the co-operative store would not get that dozen eggs. As a rule, it may be stated that the fewer the members of a firm, the better for the members that are in it. Change the word "firm" into association—a corporation—or a co-operative society, and the truth of the above is none the less manifest.

Out of nothing, nothing comes, and no amount of co-operation will ever make it come. That there is "strength in union," but few deny: nevertheless the strength will only come from homogenious particles being united. A pint of water and a pint of oil no doubt measure a quart, but for all that, no union or strength exists.

The fallacies of co-operation as a sure cure for all ills are too numerous to mention; but they mainly spring from the idea that you can "eat your cake and have it." Many who talk about consumption and production, are unable to define the words. It may be fairly stated, that nothing is produced without an equivalent consumption, and nothing consumed without an equivalent production.

If this axiom be an axiom, then it is useless to say, that anything will be produced by co-operation unless an equivalent be consumed. Those who hold the opposite, must grant that man can create matter, which is an "attribute of God alone."

Neither production nor consumption, or what is the same, *change*, ever has or ever will create capital by itself. The mother of capital is the *power to save*; change of form, time, and place, its father.

I was recently told of one well managed co-operative store, that sold $600,000 worth annually and cleared $260,000 nett profit. It seems to me that the goods, on an average, must have been sold at over 50 per. ct. gross profit, which is much more than individual merchants generally expect to realize. To be sure the reply will be at once made, that the profits were divided among the stock holders or co-operators—but for what good? If for everything that cost one dollar they were charged more than one dollar and a half, and then had fifty cents returned, they were out of pocket the interest on one dollar and a half, to say nothing of their share in paying managers, clerks, rent, etc., etc. A man who buys closely, is one who best avails himself of the competition between the parties who have to sell what he wants to buy.

Capital is only means of profit saved. Those who have never saved anything, and whose ancestors never saved anything for them, have no capital. Deny this, and further argument is useless. Yet some people will tell us that those who have nothing but their labor to depend upon, will, by the mystic mummeries of co-operation, become capitalists at once.

We are told that the more a man buys in a co-operative store, the bigger his income. One might as well try to lengthen his blanket by cutting off of a foot from one end to sew six-inches on the other.

The whole question of co-operation lies in the fact how intelligent the co-operators are. Suppose ten thousand men should discover that a telegraph was a useful thing, and none of them knew about telegraphy. Would any co-operation on their part, erect a line, or be able to send a message, even when erected?

Co-operation of mere numbers without a leader, or in plainer English a mob, amounts to nothing, when brought face to face with trained troops—the co-operation of brains, capital, and muscle, is the only co-operation that shows good results.

What does co-operation really mean? In wide sense, it means "lifting together;" but what or who are lifting together? Surely, as in all else, the two lifters are Labor and Capital. Neither by itself can lift an ounce. If Labor has nothing to lift, it lifts nothing. If capital can not be lifted, it is stationary.

To imagine something very improbable, let us suppose one thousand ignorant men each had one thousand dollars, and concluded to "pool their issues," and start a bank. Its capital would of necessity be a million of dollars. That would be co-operation. As none would know anything of banking, in a short time the capital would be sunk; and that would be ruin. What factor of success would be missing? Surely the factor of education. Merchants or bankers are no more born fully fledged with the feathers of their calling, than are lawers or ministers. Ten men who knew nothing of law could not make one tenth of a lawyer, although some claim co-operation would do it. So far as I know, the sum of ten zeros is zero.

An old Arab story says, that a fairy promised a beggar that everytime he put a dollar in his pocket, he would find two dollars next morning. The beggar went his way, thanking Allah and the fairy. Suddenly it occured to him, he did not have the dollar to put in his pocket, and his dream of fortune faded. So it is with many, who enter co-operative schemes; they firmly believe that by some mysterious power, corn will grow where not planted, and be harvested when there are no harvesters; but alas, they will ever find that they must have something exchangeable in order to make an exchange. Fairy stories of goblin gold ought not to be much credited in this half of the nineteenth century. Still some faith exists in them.

Communism and co-operation are beautiful in the abstract; but, unfortunately, men are not abstractions, and we must regard them and their abilities as they are, if we would look at them practically. Dreaming as to what they may be or might be is well enough in its place; but for practical purposes we must take man as we find them.

I grant that a million dollars are more powerful than one hundred; yet it depends on who holds the power, whether it be for good or evil. A robber band and a church society are both co-operative. Who would call them the same?

I have never heard of a co-operative firm that amounted to anything, unless with some wider basis than mere co-operation. The Shakers have been successful; but with them, co-operation is only a part of their religion.

The principle underlying dynamite and gunpowder, lies under co-operation. In skillful hands, all three can be made to aid mankind; but in unskilled hands, grave dangers await not only those handling, but their neighbors.

I doubt if many parts of the world are yet ready for co-operation. In some places it will succeed, in more it will fail. In itself there is no mystic power: to succeed, it must have a sum of positive forces greater than the negative forces that will oppose it. A co-operative society with $100 capital cannot afford to sell as cheaply as an individual with $10,000 capital.

Many people are deluded by co-operation plans, and seem to think that all that is necessary to get rich is to co-operate. This is a huge blunder; if not one of ten thousand men knew the alphabet, no amount of co-operation would make any one of the ten thousand read.

T. T. B.

In Mr. Gladstone's household at Hatwarden, was an old woman servant who had a son inclined to go wrong. The mother remonstrated and advised her boy, but all to no purpose; he seemed determined on a headlong course to ruin. At last, the mother in her desperation caught the idea that if she could persuade the Premier to take him in hand, perhaps the prodigal might be reclaimed. "Screwing her courage to the sticking point"—for what will a mother not do for her child!—she approached her master, and in trembling tones preferred her request. Mr Gladstone responded at once, and, though the affairs of the greatest kingdom in the world pressed heavily upon him, with genuine simplicity of character, he had the lad sent to his study, when he spoke tender words of advice and remonstrance, and eventually knelt down and prayed to higher power to help in the work of redemption. This kindly action was effectual, and the lad became a reformed character.

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The Southern Workman, devoted to the interests of Negro and Indian civilization, is edited and managed by the officers of the Hampton Institute, and printed on the School Press by colored youth trained in the office. Subscriptions are a help to the School. It is sent on trial for four months for twenty-five cents. Job work, from all parts of the country, is solicited, and will be done cheaply and well. Estimates will be sent on application.

Subscribers are reminded that, from July to October inclusive, this paper is reduced to eight pages, resuming in November the twelve page form.

Mr. Ackrel E. White, class of '78, whose letters from his missionary station at the Mendi mission in Africa have interested many readers of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, has returned after four years service, for a few months visit, bringing with him two young native African boys to be educated at Hampton; bright young fellows, with already considerable knowledge of English and elementary studies.

Mr. White is in good health and spirits, and hopes to interest some of his Hampton comrades in the work to which he has devoted his life. A further report from him may be expected in our next number.

Probably no American has ever had an experience quite like that of Mr. William N. Armstrong, from whose very interesting journal we are permitted to extract an account of the reception of His Hawaiian Majesty Kalakaua and Suite by the Japanese authorities, and of the procedure of an Asiatic Court (See page 62.)

REPORT OF THE PRINCIPAL.

To the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

GENTLEMEN:

This is the twelfth annual meeting of the Trustees, and it is thirteen years since the opening of the Institute, in April, 1868. Never were its work and growth so encouraging as now.

Since the last census, the Negro question has assumed a new importance.

Heretofore, the talk about his deplorable illiteracy and dangerous ignorance has been met with doubt as to his permanence, seemingly well founded on the published death-rates of many Southern cities.

It is startling to find that our colored population has increased from 4,886,387 in 1870, to 6,577,151 in 1880; that it has gained 33 per cent while that of whites with all the aids of immigration has gained only 31 per cent. That race should now be a greater concern than ever to a country whose foundations are confessed to be intelligence and morality.

Although the pure blooded Negro is the exception rather than the rule in the more northerly Southern States, the gain has been none the less for the mixture of blood. Our experience since 1868 shows, in common with that, of others in like work, that distinctions between the two classes as to brain and moral quality are as die as are those as to their prolific power. The pure blooded have, however, an advantage in physical stamina, especially in malarious regions.

Octoroons, many of whom are not known as having negro blood unless they confess it, are classed with the blackest of the black, and occupy a most painful position. They are really white people at a disadvantage. Disowned by both races; disarmed, by the implied shame of ancestry in them, of one of man's highest and best incentives; practically without redress when they need it most; subject to special temptations and capable of high cultivation, they accept quietly their lot, making excellent pupils and teachers. The stamp of the life they have led is upon them, and they need the same *regime* as the rest. The good women of this class have the saddest lot in American life.

The feeling between colored and black, so rife in Jamaica and elsewhere, is real but latent here, all making common cause over against the dominant race whose prejudices arise at the remotest relationship to the negro race.

The negro student from mountain districts is of a better average type than one from tide-water country The former has more individuality, more temperament, and is more energetic. He not only has had the advantage of climate, but of a less repressive and more domestic form of slavery, due to the necessarily sparse negro population where large plantations could not thrive.

The advantage of the white man over the Negro is not, I think, in his ability to learn much more or behave much better than the other. It is not very marked in school life. There is no failure of colored students in Latin, Greek or Mathematics in Howard, Atlanta or Fisk Universities, or at Berea or Oberlin Colleges where they have long been tried; in the two last in constant and successful competition with white students.

The Negro is more successful in getting knowledge than in using it. To him as to all, knowledge comes easily, but wisdom slowly. Only in generations can he develop those guiding instincts, and intuitions that the Anglo Saxon has reached through ages of hard experience. He has more genius than "gumption". Knowledge is power only as it is digested, assimilated. His mental digestion is weak. I have insisted to my pupils on nothing more than that mere knowledge is not power. They are not the only ones who need to find that out. They may have enthusiasm for learning, but hardly comprehend the need and meaning of discipline and of self control. There is a tendency among our advanced students to throw off the minor discipline to which they at first readily submitted. In the College life of whites, restiveness appears more in the early years of study; but among these in the later. There is a danger in unregulated brain power; it is a value to a man only as it is restrained and guided by wise perceptions.

The colored race has never, except in Liberia and Hayti, lived under an organization of its own, and, so far, its efforts from colonies to co-operative stores, have been without marked success. Here is its weak point and its problem, as seen in every Negro debating or other society. It little comprehends the "wait till next time," the common sense, the "give and take" policy and the spirit of confidence, and the self-restraint necessary to all associated work. It is apt to work from the point rather than to it. "The rule or ruin" idea is apt to pervade its proceedings. But it has no monopoly of these weaknesses.

Its success in future will depend far more upon this slowly acquired power of seeing and doing the wise and fitting thing, of judicious compromise, than on the passionate and unanswerable eloquence that has silenced all expressions of contempt for it, in legislative halls, from Maryland to Texas.

Single handed, the Negro is full of resource; as a unit he is strong, but as a unity or race he is weak. Slavery developed individual resource. In an emergency he is heroic; he is as capable as any man of sublime action; he is not a coward. I say this from constant experience with the race since 1863, nearly two years of that time in active warfare. In flood or fire, a Negro may risk his life as quickly as a white man. But it takes pressure to bring him out; he is not, as a rule, self-active. His best is good enough. How shall it be brought out in daily living?

The most powerful educative force in the world, is that of surrounding influences. Contact with the energetic white race, at proper points, is the best thing for the black and like races. By contact with the whites of the South they made a splendid start, but at terrible cost to the latter.

A Negro regiment or brigade between two white ones, was as good as any part of the line.

In the march of our civilization, the Negro column, judged by a brain or property or even moral test, is not an isolated body in the rear, but mingles with a vast numbers of whites in like condition, flourishing best in the South where, whatever may be its troubles, it can most successfully compete for agricultural and mechanical labor, buy land and become a power. It owes its freedom and highest hopes of education to Northern help and sympathy, but shrinks from Northern competition which forces it to menial stations.

The Negro who wishes to do a man's work goes South to live. There is his empire. He may make, in some cases, more money in the North, but accumulates more in the South, where relatively he is more of a man, from his importance as a voter and laborer. The fringe of Negro population that clings to many Northern communities is not hopeful or progressive. There is marked, often bitter jealousy between the blacks of the two sections, each claiming superiority.

A bad effect of this contact is that the black man has, in some measure, accepted the white man's unflattering theory of himself, and lacks the self respect that the race has in Africa. It has little or no *esprit de corps*, and in this differs from the red race. It is a unit against a common enemy, prejudice, but, that aside, is almost destitute of harmony, of mutual respect and support. The Negro does not prefer a black lawyer or doctor or "hoss" however good, to a white one; he does not usually rejoice at the promotion of his fellow over himself, and sometimes is loth to wait on a worthy brother at a hotel. He is sensitive as to his rights, but is not considerate of his neighbors; he will not play into his hands. He thus sacrifices the benefits of co-operation that might create great wealth among his people. The hard sense or bottom significance of his position he is slow to realize; hence a tendency to vanity. Promotion dazzles and even consideration may spoil him. Clear headedness is the last product of civilization.

I speak, of course, of the average or typical Negro, not of the right minded ones whom one need not go far to find anywhere.

A complete education is a matter of a few years, is common and is possible to men of any class; a complete manhood is a matter of generations, and is seldom attained. Yet there is much manly quality and possibility among the "despised races."

The educator of the American Negro is, I think, dealing with the most responsive and satisfactory student material to be found among the less favored races of this or of any land.

When and where have manumitted slaves, or any men in like low conditions, in half a generation, produced and accumulated property, as they have; or been so law abiding, or sought and secured so earnestly and successfully the ideas of civilization? There never has been such a harvest from spelling books as from those scattered since 1863, through the South.

The greatest difficulty with the Negro is deficiency in moral strength.

He has enough physical stamina, as the increase of population and of property shows; and brains enough. No school for freedmen ever found serious difficulty at this point. Morally, the race must confess to weakness. This is worse than ignorance. Inherited tendencies are like mill stones about their necks, dragging them down.

Our graduates, who are usually keen, disinterested observers, give varying accounts of the condition of the colored people in this and the four neighboring States.

There are Negro communities moved by a common impulse to better things, and others where morality seems to have utterly broken down where a teacher of their race must run a gauntlet of temptations, and character is tested in a way unknown where decency prevails; where religious leaders cannot rebuke gross misconduct in their church members and one who raises a voice in behalf of good conduct is denounced. Education is not appreciated, for the people say that they themselves have got along without it and their children can. Their children are practically slaves till of age, and fare far worse than under the old *regime*.

Appeals have come to us to take the one or two worthy young men and women who were left in such places, that they might not go down with the rest, but be educated, and return as their teachers.

Even among the better class who are making the most of their opportunities, inclined to education, thrift and temperance, yet ignorant, a fall from virtue is not deeply felt on moral grounds.

But those who never rose never fall.

It is to be regretted that the terms usually applied to such people have a needless reproach or sting, as the words, "despised," "degraded." It would be better if the idea of being *behind*, implying lack of opportunities, rather than *below*, implying a fall could be conveyed in our descriptive phrases; this would not wound their self respect.

The Negro and the Indian are low but not degraded. They are not a moral ruin, like reprobates from a high civilization, whose fall is as into a bottomless pit. The reprobate who lives on their plane is far lower than they. He is demoralized; they are not. They are not conscious of being debauched; he is.

The surprise of our work for both races is the growth of character.

Colored youths who have lived in society not recognized as respectable, with all that heredity can do to push them down, soon show a moral sense and a self respect that, with three years growth, has been well sustained in after life. In ten years, not six per cent of our girl graduates have gone astray. I think we may hope for good results from our Indians when they shall return.

Incessant and well directed action of both physical and mental energies, and systematic living are, on the human side, paramount to the development of moral strength in the lower races, as they are the basis of all stability of character.

I have increasing faith in the power of right surrounding influence and wise training to build up character.

While selected individuals with special opportunities, may make rapid progress, the main line of people must move slowly.

Patience is quite as important as hope, in dealing with our race problem.

No one will, I think, deny that the colored race has made more *relative* progress, from ignorance to education, from poverty to prosperity, from their starting point in 1863, than the white race, during that time.

The statistics of the Indian department, show that the red man had gained greatly as a producer in ten years.

The *rate* of progress rather than results, is the main thing.

THE TWO RACES AND THEIR MINGLING.

The submissive Negro not only provides for himself, but his productions keep busy a thousand mills and are shipped abroad to pay our foreign debts. The black race has not thrown a pauper upon the nation.

Of the proud Indians, about one half are in the national poor house; the rest no more than taking care of themselves. The superior personality of the latter is in a body whose habits are opposed to industry and whose weakness unfits him so far for competition with any people.

The severe discipline of slavery strengthened a weak race. Professed friendship for a strong one has weakened it. A cruel sem-

blance of justice has done more harm than direct oppression could have done. The Negro is strong, the Indian weak, because the one is trained to labor, and the other is not. I am told that the ex-slaves of the Indian Territory, are now much more prosperous than their former red skinned owners. One has had too little and the other too much freedom. Both are now eager to improve; both will make the best of their opportunities for practical education. Both have capacity to become citizens and perform all duties. With both, the question of progress is only one of opportunities, which it is the duty of the white race to provide, and thus settle the question.

Colored and Indian youths mingle pleasantly in school, as they have whenever they have been brought in contact, and the effect is stimulating to both; the Negro in advanced, the Indian in primary classes, mixing in the intermediate; the former by influence and example pushing the latter along. There has not been, in three years, a serious fracas between them. Both departments have steadily gained in numbers. I have taken special pains that colored students should have no just ground of grievance on account of Indians. The feeling between them is good.

Our limit for Negroes is an average attendance of 300; for Indians it is 100.

The work is well in hand, never so easily managed as now.

This is a school for the civilization of the weaker races of our country.

THE DUTY OF GOVERNMENT.

In common with every one who cares for them, I use every opportunity to press upon public attention the need of sufficient and well directed government aid for the welfare of both; aid that will be given only as the people shall demand it.

Forty thousand wild Indian children are helplessly looking to the country to save them; fifteen thousand of them should now, by treaty stipulations, be at school. The total school attendance is not over seven thousand.

Swift and liberal action is necessary to save them from vagabondage and pauperism. Stagnation, want of *vim* in Congress is the trouble. This is a crisis in Indian progress. No more nomadic life is possible to them. Practical education or ruin are the alternatives. The people must press this work or it will not be done.

The presence of a hundred Indian students at Hampton (with 300 at Carlisle under Capt. Pratt), within easy access of our citizens and legislators, proving their capacity, will, it is hoped, give a new foundation for public confidence in the plan of humane treatment.

One quarter of the money spent in the past five years in fighting them, would educate them all.

The government from 1865, to 1870, through Gen. O. O. Howard Commissioner of the Freedman's Bureau, expended three and a half millions of dollars for the education of the Negro, and has done no more since.

The Southern States, one by one, from 1872 to 1876, took up the work of educating the Negro. There is a better sentiment on the subject, and more earnest work, every year; and they are now devoting over a million of dollars annually to this cause.

Northern charity has, since 1862, sent South over six millions of dollars to educate the freedman, of which four millions were expended by the American Missionary Association of New York. Friends in the North, are now sending South over $450,000. a year, for the mental and moral improvement of the ex-slaves. This has been done under a deep sense, not so much of individual duty, but of their duty as part of a nation that has a duty in the matter. The true protection is that which helps a man to protect himself. This the government owes, but has refused to give, except as it has promoted party success. Rights, without ideas, has been its reconstruction policy.

The mass of negroes, are from their ignorance, dangerous as voters, and will be till, as a class, they can read and write and so be able to form intelligent opinions.

President Garfield in his Inaugural Address, recognized this, and urged the true and only remedy; adequate educational measures, which northern charity and southern poverty alone cannot provide.

England, after thirty years, was compelled to provide schools for the ex-slaves of Jamaica. France is educating her voters. This country will by and by be forced to do the same, and will suffer for the delay.

OF COLORED GRADUATES AND THEIR WORK.

The increase of the one and the extent of the other, and the importance of an active interest in and relations with them, have made necessary the appointment of a special correspondent. Mrs. E. C. Dixon, who since 1872, has been connected with this work, has accepted the position of graduate's correspondent

The total number of graduates is 362. This years' class will make it 403. Mrs. Dixon has, since January 1st, written to 325 of them, and to 32 undergraduates, who, for various reasons, were unable to take the entire course of study. The returns are not all in: 165 answers have been received, each replying to a set of questions, and the leading facts in the life of each one have been recorded.

Of those who reported, all but two have taught. 111 are now teaching; 7 are in Collegiate or professional studies; including 3 at Hampton headquarters, 5 are office clerks; 1 is a printer, 1 a tailor, 1 an agent of the Kansas Relief Association.

Reports from the field, which is principally Virginia and the four adjacent states, are exceedingly encouraging. The work of graduates is more than keeping school a few hours each day.

They gather the young in Sunday schools and the old in night classes, struggling with the latter "to get them out of their superstitions."

"Our religion is good enough for us," say those whose sensuous worship is more like a stimulating dram than true devotion.

They lecture on practical duties, and especially on temperance. The waste of small earnings on liquor by the colored people is most a terrible fact in their life.

Drunkenness among them seems to be on the increase; dram shops are everywhere.

A strong sentiment has appeared in this and other Southern states, expressed in the form of "Local Option" laws, which are either passed or being pressed.

Our Negro population needs workers who shall apply themselves to whatever is weak or wrong among their people. Many find teaching harder than they expected it would be, from small pay, short sessions, few facilities, and are sorely tempted to find other employment. Graduates as a rule, have shown fine spirit. Often with their own hands even girls have repaired their school houses. They increase attendance by calling among the people and, as a rule, are asked by the officials to return for the next session. They testify to the universal kindness of the better class of whites to a colored teacher who does good work for his race, but complain of the lower whites as not favorable to education, They try not to come in conflict with the old time Negro preachers, many of whose ideas they cannot but oppose, and are looked upon by them as dangerous radicals.

Regard for their *Alma Mater*, for their teachers, and for the friends who have helped them to an education, runs through all their correspondence.

During the year, reading matter has been distributed among graduates, to whom any interesting matter is most helpful, in the remote country regions where many of them work. I hope next year to systmatize and increase the circulation of books and papers among them.

When completed up to July 1st, Mrs. Dixon's report will contain valuable information which I am not now able to give.

OF STUDENTS AND STUDIES.

Senior class, 48; Middle class 75; Junior class, 101; Preparatory class, 38; Night class, (work students) 59; Indian class, 64 (besides the 16 Indians in the Junior class).

Total, 385; of whom all but 24 are boarders; representing twenty four different States and Territories, mostly, however, from Virginia and North Carolina.

No. of Col'd boys, 200; Col'd girls, 108;
" " Indian " 59; Indian " 21.
Average age of Negro Students, 19 yrs.
" " " Indian " 17 "
Total last year, 354; gain this year, 31; of whom 19 are colored and 12 are Indians.

Number of Officers, Teachers, and assistant Teachers in all departments, 41.

There are 59 young men who work in the Huntington's Industrial Works (saw mill) knitting room, and other industries all day, and study two hours evenings; thus making mental and pecuniary preparation for the regular course. While "work students," they get in some respects, the best training of the course.

The completion of the Stone Memorial building will give the girls a similar chance: such opportunities now being confined to boys.

A large number of colored youth do not make up their minds to get an education till 18 or 20 years of age. They are beyond legal school age, and their only hope is to enter some institution and begin at the bottom. Being able bodied, but poor, their labor is their only resource. We have no more earnest students than those in our night classes, who, after ten hours hard work, study two hours most diligently.

THE COURSE OF STUDY is three years. The first two include elementary studies, of a wide range: the last, higher mathematics and some scientific instruction; enough, I think, for the purpose of the school, which is to develop character and educate teachers, for the colored race. Political, natural and moral science in the senior year, test their powers and are needed both for mental discipline and for their practical value.

I need not dwell on the Academic work of the Institute, although it is the leading department, to which all others are subsidiary. It requires the entire time of eighteen teachers. It embraces the studies of a primary, grammar and high school course. No dead languages are taught. Our advanced work will more and more be scientific. In this direction almost nothing has been done for the colored race. It will be of great use to them in the development of the resources of the country about them.

The standard of admission, a knowledge of reading and writing, and of arithmetic through Long Division, cannot be raised till more thorough work shall be done in the public free schools. The crowds that irregularly attend them, as badly off for books as for clothing, make slow progress. The school must go to its students, that they may get to it.

In order that students of both races, shall return to their people in sympathy with them, above them, yet of them; it is important that, at school, extravagant appetites and tastes shall not be formed.

We have provided for them costly buildings, the influence of which stimulates their self respect. There is no need of saying "Do not mark the walls". They mean that, and are seldom wilfully marred. But what touches the person, the appetite, is simple.

The beds, their furniture, their meals, their clothing are good, but no better than they can, by due industry, get at their own homes. There should be when they return, no collapse from a high to a lower plane of living. Here is a danger that has not been appreciated, a rock on which much good work has been ruined.

Bad as is the mental and moral condition of our less favored races, there is a per cent, perhaps small, of excellent student material, making an aggregate of many thousands, which, if educated, will be as leaven to the rest of their people.

On the women of both black and red races, the past has fallen most heavily. For them special efforts should be made, for their condition is the test of progress.

THE "STONE MEMORIAL" BUILDING,
FOR COLORED GIRLS,
AND INDIAN GIRLS' BUILDING.

I am glad to refer to the "Stone Memorial building, chiefly for colored girls' industries, to be built with $20,000, a gift from Mrs. Valeria Stone of Malden, Mass.; and to one for Indians girls provided for by contributions from friends amounting to $25,000, for its construction and furniture. The corner stones of both are to be laid tomorrow. Both lines of our work will thus be strengthened where they most need it.

Mr. F. Marquand of Southport, Conn. has kindly given a thousand dollars for an exercise room for teachers. On this basis has been planned a plain gymnasium, 100x40 feet, to cost $2000,00. a mere frame or shell, in which both students and teachers can get exercise and recreation during the many rough days from December till April. Much of the labor of building this will be done by Indians.

INDIAN EDUCATION.

(From the Report of Miss Isabel B. Eustis in charge.)

There are at present 76 Indians in the school; 56 boys and 21 girls; 32 of these (25 boys and 7 girls) are of the party brought from Dakota by Capt. Pratt, in Nov. 1878, and expect to return to their homes next November, being the first large number sent back from Hampton. The Indian course is three years.

Besides a knowledge of simple English, which has been the chief drill of the school-room, they have mastered the first four rules of Arithmetic, with the Multiplication Table, and are able to work out simple problems in Analysis. A part of them are now working in Fractions. They have also had instruction during the last year in Geography, Natural History and Natural Philosophy.

The minds of the Sioux are keen and clear, and they show in the study hour a capacity for independent and continous mental work, but their progress in English has been hindered by an almost unsurmountable reticence and reserve, and a strong disinclination to respond to oral teaching. The last party from Arizona, of Pima's and Apache's, fourteen boys and girls, are noticeably more docile and responsive, and seem likely to make more rapid progress in the school-room.

Their health has proved the most serious question in the problem; 13 students, 30 per cent of the 49 brought by Capt. Pratt, have broken down in health during the three years; 10 of these, (20 per cent of the whole number brought,) have died, either at school or after their return to their homes. It is fair to say that this does not seem to be due so much to the change to civilized life, as to inherited weakness and diseased constitutions and to an after disregard of all laws of health.

There has been, however, no death among our Indians since June of last year.

This exemption we believe is largely owing to the care of a skilled nurse from the New Haven Training School whose whole time and constant watchfulness has been demanded.

They have, as a rule on their arrival, absolutely no idea of obedience. They yield to a command which they feel is just and reasonable, but simple obedience to authority seems an idea quite foreign to their minds, and is one of very slow growth. The girls prove often more intractable and unmanageable than the boys; perhaps because, with the same inherited spirit of independence, they have formerly yielded only to slavish fear. An exceptionally strong sense of justice, and of necessity of penalties for wrong conduct, is the saving force in their discipline. An Indian who is made to see clearly he has done wrong would rather be punished than not, and often accepts the penalty gratefully as part of his education in the good road.

They come with the traditional ideas of the inferiority and insignificance of women, but they grow to a spirit of courtesy and chivalry towards their teachers, and to some extent toward the girls of their own race, which is pleasant to see.

The religious teaching of the Indians is full of interest and reward. We meet no old superstitions. They are earnest and reverent, and accept simply and heartily the idea of a sincere consecration of themselves to God's service, to be shown in their lives rather than by their words.

The younger a child is sent to us, the greater the hope, of course, of influencing his character, but there is danger of tearing those who are very young from their own people, and making the return to their home a bitter experience.

Should three years prove long enough to effect a sufficient change in thought and be a lasting inspiration to those who come to us already somewhat mature, it would seem desirable that such be selected for education at the east. They will go back to their homes with the old ties still strong, and of the age to be traditionally the ruling spirits in Indian life.

The general rule is, mornings, from half past eight until twelve, for study; afternoons for work: evenings for study. Saturday is a play day.

Six are working steadily, all day, at trades, studying nights. All are paid for their labor and buy all but their outer garments; this teaches them the use of money.

A party of sixteen boys and six girls will be sent, as usual, to Berkshire Co Mass. for the summer months.

The crucial test of our work for Indians will be on their return to their people

where the surrounding current of influences will be as adverse as it has been favorable here.

Will they stand? Of the thirty-two whose time will be up next November, a few may be selected and consent to remain for special and higher education.

The rest will go in groups. It is hoped not only that they will sustain each other but that both missionaries and agents will care for them, give them employment and encouragement. The kind of white people they shall meet will even more than their own people, decide their future.

Secretary Kirkwood of the department of the Interior, recently told me that he meant to compel the employment of Indians at the agencies instead of whites, whenever they could do the work to be done; and that he wished to try a few young trained Indians, in his offices at Washington, to fit them to go back as clerks.

I now propose to spend a part of August and September next among the Indian tribes, chiefly those represented here; with a view to general information, but especially to arrange for the reception of those who shall return home next fall. There will be hope for them if girls can be placed under some supervision, among their people, but not beyond the influence of good friends; if the boys can get work at their respective trades, as carpenters, blacksmiths etc. or, farm work. Some could teach or interpret. I hope to secure steady employment for all: idleness will be their ruin. Each one should slip at once into a groove of active living on reaching home.

There is great danger of failure of our work from a lack of care of those who shall return to their tribes.

INDIAN WORK.

Each girl has a share of dining room work, and washes and irons under the supervision of one of the Indian girls. Their work is examined and they are marked according to merit.

Afternoons they sew one hour and a half; make and mend their own clothes; are inclined to neatness in their persons, and have made excellent progress in all industrial ways. A characteristic of Indian work is nicety; they are cheerful about it and seem anxious to learn. They cannot endure continuous hard labor.

There are fifteen Indian and three Colored boys in the Indian Workshop; of the Indians eight are carpenters, four are shoemakers, two are tinners. They keep up general repairs on the place; they have made all needed tables and desks; seventy well finished benches for the new Academic Hall, and forty window frames for various buildings. They repair shoes for our 400 students and teachers, and the families on the place, and make many pairs to order; also repair harness for the farm.

All tin ware needed for the school and families, together with repairs of stoves and all stove pipe, glazing and whatever painting is required for their work, is supplied or done by Indian workmen, under the direction of a skilled mechanic. Mr. McDowell. They work willingly; have natural aptitude for mechanical work and compare well with white boys of the same age and advantages.

Seventeen Indian boys are employed on the school farm. They have planted corn, potatoes, peas, beans, cabbage, tomatoes, lettuces, strawberries, etc. They have practiced plowing, have care of feeding and cleaning stock, harness, and care of carts and carriages. Four are in the wheelwright and four in the blacksmith shop, in the farm department. They make as good carts as any body need wish.

The Government sends Indian youth to us, a private corporation, paying their fares to and from the Institute, and $150 per annum for all expenses, renewing the contract every three months. They are on our hands the entire year. Their board, washing, lights, fuel and medical attendance is charged at ten dollars per month and, at that rate costs $120 per year. Clothing costs about $60 apiece per annum. Their tuition, or cost of education of $70 yearly, is met by annual scholarship donations of that amount from private charity. Allowing $30 a year as the value of their work, the total annual cost is $220 apiece, of which government pays only $150. Individuals have supplied most of the extra amount, and have also provided funds for building. Since November 1878, they have given over $40,000 for construction alone.

Total last year charges for board and clothes to Indians	$9043.41
Paid by government	$8048.46
Deficit	$994.95

For this deficit and the Tuition at $70 apiece for an average of 65 Indian students, amounting to $4,550, we look to the public.

Two hundred and twenty dollars apiece per annum is not a high price for the work we are doing. We have so far expended for Indians more than two dollars from charity for every one dollar from government.

There is excellent accommodation for at least 50 Indian boys; next November we hope to be ready for over 50 girls. Our maximum should not exceed 100 Indian youths, 50 of each sex.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

On the Farm, in the Hampton Industrial Works, the Workshops, the Knitting Room, Sewing and Household departments, the total earnings of colored students last year were $18,808.94, to be increased the current year. In this way school bills are principally paid.

Last school year (of 8½ months,) total charges to colored students for board (at $10 per month) clothing, books	$25,005.45
Paid in cash by them	$5,033.16
" " labor	$18,804.04
" " aid from friends	$2,373.66
	$26,211.70
Credit balance	000.31
	$25,005.45

This credit balance is due to accumulations of students' earnings in the workshops, which they will gradually draw out after entering the regular course of study.

The problem of the school is how to make this vast amount of labor as instructive as possible and yet as profitable as possible. Instruction is before production, but the loss must not be too heavy and as a matter of fact, lessens every year. Much labor (over one half of it) is given out at a loss of from 20 to 40 per cent. There is, however, an actual profit in the labor at the Saw Mill and Knitting room. As a rule the Industrial departments are self sustaining, not counting salaries of managers. If our object were to make money, we would discharge nearly half of our workmen. Student labor is generally inferior to that of hired hands.

Farm work has recently been increased by the purchase at a cost of $4500 of "Canchrake," a farm of 250 acres, adjoining "Shellbanks," which was given two and a half years ago by a friend, making an excellent stock and grain farm of nearly 600 acres. It provides work for the boys, especially the Indians, and supplies a portion of the 70,000 lbs of beef and pork which the school consumes every year.

The farm department employs 85 students. Agriculture is the Negro's stronghold and should be, as it is, our leading industry. With the school farm proper, we have in all 750 acres of land.

The knitting department is filling an order for thirty thousand dozen pairs of mittens and can do much better in its prospective quarters, in the "Stone Building". It employs 45 students.

The "Huntington Industrial Works" have been completed during the year, and will soon begin the manufacture of doors, sashes and blinds for the general market. It is doing a prosperous lumber business, and has employed 24 students.

There are eight students in the engineer's department, who, under direction are doing nearly all the gas and steam fitting and iron work of the school.

Brickmaking, wheel-wrighting, and blacksmithing, are under the care of the farm manager and employ ten students. Outside hands are chiefly employed in brickmaking. A million and a half bricks were made and used on the place last year; an equal number will probably be made this year.

The printing office employs one Negro and two Indian students, five ex-students, of whom two are girls, and one white apprentice. It is to be transferred to the "Stone" building.

In the sewing, or girls' Industrial department, fifty-two girls are employed.

The household work department employs ninety-four girls; the laundry forty-two. Many are employed in both departments.

There is, besides, a large amount of janitor and office work, cleaning, scrubbing, waiting, patrol and general duty, employing thirty-eight boys.

Students' earnings average seventy dollars per annum.

The spirit of labor is good. There is some annoyance from the natural hilarity of school life, from scuffling, wrestling, and violent play, into which more vigor is often put than into routine work.

Habits of labor are important for our graduates, who often can teach but six months in the year. They employ their off-time in raising cotton, hotel waiting, common labor, or at farming. Their safety is in constant activity.

The reports of the various Industrial departments, herewith submitted, contain detailed information. The report of the Treasurer Gen'l J. F. B. Marshall, contains valuable summaries, and shows the loss or gain, and cost of each department; to all of which your attention is invited.

NEEDS.

The school needs are as follows;

Six thousand five hundred dollars, to pay the cost of the new Academic Hall, above the avails of the insurance funds. The new building is one hundred per cent better than the one destroyed by fire, and is almost fire proof.

Four thousand two hundred dollars to meet the cost of a large boiler, and of laying underground steam pipes, which will carry steam from one central boiler to three large and three smaller buildings, at great saving of heating expense.

Two thousand four hundred dollars for the balance of payment on the "Canebreak" farm.

Six thousand five hundred dollars, for a brick workshop 130 by 40, two stories, for Indian boys, who now are learning the trades in a damp and crowded basement.

There ought to be a new cottage Dormitory, in the form of a Greek cross, to cost $12,000, which shall provide rooms for fifty young men. We have 203 male Negro students, and proper accommodations for but 145 of them.

The present "Marquand" and "Grove" cottages would be greatly improved in appearance and in accommodation for students by the addition to the rear of a wing, which would contain eight rooms, two in each. The cost of each wing would be two thousand dollars.

CURRENT EXPENSES.

The annual cost of the Hampton Institute is about $42,000, of which $10,000 are paid by the state, as interest on the Agricultural College land fund; the rest is given by friends, chiefly in the form of annual scholarships, of seventy dollars each, which provides the tuition of a student; he or she to pay for board, clothing, and books (about $100, a year,) principally in labor. This meeting them less than half way is both wise and necessary. The student cannot pay the cost of his instruction.

The annual cost of each student is about a hundred dollars more than he pays. I have been told that the same is true of students of Harvard college.

The salaries of our forty-one officers and teachers amount to $25,000 per year. A seventy dollar scholarship for each of 350 students would amount to $24,500.00. Government does not pay the tuition of Indians.

It is constantly necessary to remind people that this is a private corporation not a government school.

General donations are quite as important as any other, but are harder to get, as they do not apply to some definite object.

The cost of insurance, repairs, and expenses generally, amounts to over ten thousand dollars a year, and must be met.

I would suggest the formation of a

HAMPTON CENTURY LEAGUE,

for the benefit the Hampton Institute, the object of which should be to enlist at least a hundred contributors every year, who should give *Fifty Dollars* each; thus adding five thousand dollars annually to an income for general purposes. This would be asking no one to assume a heavy burden and, while hoping for renewals, no one would be pressed for pledges ahead. Gifts of $50.00 would be conditioned on securing the entire one hundred, or absolute, as the the givers should choose. I believe that this definite point or suggestion would be successful. Certainly indefiniteness is not stimulating. Friends would join the "League" and persuade others to do the same. We would raise the money without paying anything for getting it.

Students' letters would not be sent as they are in response to annual scholarships of $70. but each member would recieve our twelve page monthly "The Southern Workman," and be kept informed of our work in all its branches.

ENDOWMENT.

I have repeatedly urged the need of an endowment fund which should yield an income of not less than ten thousand dollars. The ten thousand a year from the state may, by the terms of the grant, be at any time withdrawn. This institution should, as soon as possible, have an invested fund of

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

There would then be over twenty thousand dollars a year to collect, for current expenses, to say nothing of funds for building and improvements; but public interest, never so strong as now, would, I think, readily supply that. A measure of dependence on the people is well.

I would suggest the following treatment of the Endowment question, supposing that the fund would yield not over four per cent interest.

For expense of administration (Principal and Treasurer's salaries)	$100,000
For a "Foundation" the income of which would forever pay the salary of a teacher of useful practical knowledge to the Negro and Indian races	$15,000

Not less than twelve such foundations are needed. But a large fund for general purposes is the most desirable.

Negro and Indian civilization need as strong and permanent foundations as any other. The idea of Hampton is to always meet the need of the day; *to do what is needed most and what is needed now.*

There comes naturally a time when a work like this should pass from active pressure on the charities of the public and, with a secure endowment, yield its place to the work that an advancing civilization shall require.

The only expense of collecting funds the current year has been the travelling expenses of the Principal and other officers.

Excepting to a young colored man, agent for the Southern Workman, who has a small salary, this institution does not pay a dollar for the services of any agent or solicitor of funds.

LIBRARY.

(*From Report of Miss E. H. Lothrop, in charge.*)

The Library contains nine hundred volumes about twenty-five per cent of which are useful to the students,—adapted to their tastes and abilities. The reading of the boys is confined almost entirely to history, politics and the lives of statesmen. The number of readers has increased since the new books were added to the library. The students have become very much interested in these books. With their readiness to read it is a pity that the library should not contain books enough for them. Duplicates are desirable. Their tastes are similar, many students call for the same book. The boys are careful of the books and prompt in keeping the regulations. The girls, with few exceptions, are less observant of the rules of the library and are not careful with the books. They read stories only. The average number of books out at one time is one hundred and twenty-five.

MILITARY.

The detail of Brevet Capt. Henry Romeyn, 5th Infantry, as Military Instructor, expires June 1st, 1881. By order of the President of the United States, Lieut. George LeRoy Brown, of the 11th Infantry, has been detailed to take his place, the detail is for three years.

Lieut. Brown has lived many years

among the Indian tribes who are represented here, and knows something of their language.

Under Capt. Romeyn's instruction, the Cadets have acquired excellent proficiency in drill; their marching at the late Inaugural Ceremonies at Washington, having attracted special attention. The Captain has organized a non-commissioned officers' Court, to which his relation has been advisory; by which many cases of discipline have been well settled. During the past year I have not had occasion to set aside one of its decisions. This is education for the officers, and good for the students. I believe in a maximum of self government in school.

The cost of a full uniform is too great for all to buy, and to give it would be unwise. Some change might be made.

The school Band is in excellent condition.

Internal economy, care of rooms, bathing &c., is an important part of the system. In this respect, there has been, of late, decided improvement. Students' rooms never were so tidily kept as now. Your inspection of them is invited.

You are referred to Capt. Romeyn's report for further information. I gladly testify to Captain Romeyn's efficiency as Commandant, to his devotion to the interests of his command and to those of the Hampton Institute. He will always have the best wishes of the many friends of the school who know of his work here.

IN GENERAL.

Dr. M. A. Waldron, a recent lady graduate of the Women's Medical College of Philadelphia, also a graduate of Vassar College, later a teacher at Hampton for two years, and for three years at the head of the New Haven Training School for Nurses, has accepted the position tendered her by the Executive Committee, of Resident Physician of the Institute, and teacher of Hygiene, Physiology, and Science. Matters of diet, ventilation, and general health interests, will be under her care.

The school has been at some expense for the training of a teacher of Cooking, just graduated at Miss Parloa's Cooking school in Boston. Our cooking school promises to become permanent and satisfactory.

For the first time the school has been this year properly "Normal."

Practice teaching of the Senior Class in the "Butler," (a large public school of over 200 children, on our grounds, whose teachers are our graduates, but salaried for four months by the County and for four months by this Institute,) under the direction of Miss Hyde, has fitted its members for thorough work among their people.

Kitchen Garden instruction was commenced at the "Butler" a few months since, and has now become a special care and interest of Miss Emily Huntington, of New York, the founder of the system. By the use of models, the entire range of household duties is taught practically.

The services of the children soon have an increased market value. The effect of their training has already been seen in many of the homes of the Colored people.

This school is in the form of a Greek cross, each arm being 180 feet in length. It was built in war times for "contrabands," has a good frame and foundation, but needs re-shingling and internal repairs that will cost a thousand dollars. I hope a special effort may be made to get this amount.

The Anniversary exercises of to-morrow will be out of routine, not only by reason of the special new building interests, but also from a change in the rhetorical exercises. The essays and orations will be by former graduates or Alumni of the Institute, instead of the graduating class, as usual. This course seemed advisable to the faculty, for reasons. The class appointments hold over till next anniversary.

I think the change might well be permanent on grounds not limited to this Institute. Our anniversary days have not failed in brilliant effects, but they have been "worked up" too much. The under-graduate does himself credit, and is pleased, but there is lack of perfect sincerity, of true appreciation and knowledge of things. The day should be for the Alumni; for workers, for utterly genuine and sincere expression by the toilers for, and representatives of the negro race; men and women whom the school has educated, who shall come back, and tell the public that comes from far and wide to hear them, of what they think and know.

Scholarship and discipline are impaired by the long preparation needed by and the necessary exceptional privileges granted to "honor" students. Our Senior Class, should, I think, give its entire energies to thorough scholarship; and at this time be examined far more carefully than has been the custom, and by a well selected committee. This will be better for those who have only three years of systematic study in all their lives.

I cannot but refer to the great and unexpected kindness of friends during my absence from the country last summer, in contributing over seven thousand dollars, towards the erection of a neat and solid building to contain offices and a handsome Library which should bear my name. The gain in comfort and convenience will be unspeakable.

I can make no other return than that of my best services to the cause whose importance it signifies; but prefer that my name shall not be used in connection with it, for reasons that a man who has not finished his work must have.

The school is fortunate in securing the services of the Rev. H. B. Frissell, of New York, as Chaplain and Pastor of the Bethesda Church Chapel, in the National Cemetery, as well as in the order of ex-President Hayes permitting the Chapel to remain near to those, for whom, when living, it was built, and whose resting place it consecrates and adorns.

The usual Institute for special instruction of the graduating class in the theory and art of teaching, will commence next Monday, the 23d, and will continue till the close of school, June 15th. Special help in conducting it has been secured from the Old Bay State.

Rev. Dr. James Curry, D. D., agent of the Peabody Fund, who is devoting the income at his disposal largely to training teachers, has, through Hon. W. H. Ruffner, Supt. Public Instruction State of Virginia, devoted a sum of money, to be expended in providing the best instruction for an Institute for Colored teachers of this State, to be held from June 27 to July 16, at this place, under our control.

A hundred and fifty teachers are expected to be present.

Prof. Warren, head of the State Normal School of New Hampshire, will conduct it.

Our relations with the State of Virginia continue to be satisfactory. There has been no change in the State Board of Curators, who examine into and report on our use of the state funds entrusted to us. The ten thousand dollars a year have been given regularly.

Our work is better and better appreciated. Its effect on southern public sentiment is not the least valuable of its results; that alone justifies all that has been done.

Real progress is not in increase of wealth or power, but is gain in wisdom, in self-control, in guiding principles, and in Christian ideas. That is the only true reconstruction; to that this work is devoted; it never was so promising as now. We may be hopeful for the future.

Respectfully submitted

S. C. ARMSTRONG,
Principal.

Hampton, Va., May 18th, 1881.

ALUMNI MEETING.

The second triennial meeting of the Alumni Association of Hampton Institute, was held May 20, over eighty graduates present, representing every class but the first two. The evidences of growth in every good way, of loyal spirit and faithful work, were most encouraging and made the meeting one of the pleasantest features of the anniversary. Want of space obliges us to to defer any details for the present, but a full account in our next number, will make that number one of special interest.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES

FROM A GRADUATE OF '72. A KIND MASTER. PRESENTIMENTS OF FREEDOM. OFF WITH THE ARMY. APPRECIATION OF PRIVILEGES. WHAT HAMPTON DID FOR HIM. RACE RELATIONS.

FROM A GRADUATE OF '72.

The following letter from a young man of the second class that graduated from Hampton, is rich in experiences of the old times and the new, which are naturally growing scarcer from year to year among the students. The writer has, ever since his graduation, been a credit to his "alma mater," and done good work among his people. Like many, he has a comparatively pleasant experience of the old life to report, having had

A KIND MASTER.

———Va., *March*, 5. 1881.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong,
Dear Sir:

In accordance with your request, I now venture to give you a compendious account of my birth and early life. I was born in ——, ——— County Virginia, June 8th, 1848. I was born a slave, (so-called,) but I was too young to be oppressed a great deal, yet I had a taste of slavery. I was treated very kindly in some respects, especially as I was an orphan. The white people with whom I lived, treated me with kindness, and thought a great deal of me as I was motherless. My mother was burned to death, when I was four or five years old, leaving myself and two sisters. After her death, the white people paid special care and attention to us. They treated me comparatively as one of their family, in many respects. I was not maltreated as many others were, yet I thought as I began to grow older, that I ought to, or should have more liberty. I had many thoughts about slavery, and how wrong it was to be used as a tool.

PRESENTIMENTS OF FREEDOM.

The visions of freedom which floated before the fettered mind of the slave, supplied to him the common necessity of mankind of an Unattainable to reach after; and, growing sometimes into absolute conviction against all human probability, sustained him till that wonderful day when "the expectation of the poor did not perish."

I always said to myself—from my youth, that some day I would be free as other men. I have sat along the woods and fences, many a Sunday with my playmates and talked with them about slavery, and told them that I would some day be free. I would often catch myself talking in a loud voice, and saying to myself. "Never mind; some day I know I will be free." I have frequently taken up pieces of paper that had reading on them, and put them in my pocket, to look at. When one piece wore out, I would get another piece. I would often sit down alone, and take them out of my pocket and say. "Never mind; I know some day I will be able to read this," (holding the paper in my hand). There was always a consciousness accompanying me all the time, telling me, "Some day you shall be free." I was very young at that time; I wanted and desired to have liberty and freedom as others.

OFF WITH THE ARMY.

The older whites of the family were willing to have me learn how to read, while on the contrary, some of the younger ones were reluctant. I never learned a letter of the alphabet while I remained with them. I continued with the whites, until one day in February, 1864. That day about twelve o'clock, some recruiting officers came to the house, and asked the men if they wanted to enlist in the army, and they (the men) said no, but as I was so very anxious to get away, I and one more boy about the same age, volunteered to go with them. As we were not old enough for soldiers, we had to steel away. The soldiers at that time were encamped at ——, Va., (my home). I remained in ——, with the soldiers nearly two months, with the expectation of being a soldier.

Notwithstanding I was too young, I was examined by the surgeon, and was pronounced sound in body and constitution, and received my uniform and was placed on the roll with the other recruits. I had to drill twice a day, as was the custom in the war. The soldiers had marching orders, and of course I marched with them. We took a steamer at Cherrystone Va., and next, morning found me somewhere on the water, but where I knew not; that was the first time I was on a steamer.

A "PURE YANKEE."

The first flush of joy in his newly gained freedom was associated in the freedman's mind with the idea that the spelling book contained the open sesame to all power and pleasure. With disillusionment, came some abatement of enthusiasm for education among the older ones, but on the whole it has held its own remarkably, and is reviving again in the young people, as the increasingly full school attendance everywhere shows; while, fortunately for them, they now find "pure" Southerners as well as "Pure Yankees" glad to put the reading book into colored hands.

"Some time next day we landed at Fortress Monroe. I was thinking when I got to the Fort, I would be made a soldier. One afternoon the recruits were formed into a line, and to my surprise, I was informed that I was too young for a soldier. What to do then I knew not, but luckily, an officer desired a boy to wait on him, so he came to me, and asked me, if I would like to wait on him and I told him, no sir. My next reply to him was, I want to be a soldier; but he being so kind, and taking a fancy to me, prevailed after some time with me, and finally I concluded to go with him. In a few days after I went with him, he bought me a book with the alphabet in it, and I think the name of the book was John Comely: this was May, 1864. In a few days I learned my letters and within a or two, I could spell. The officer paid special attention to me, and urged me to learn, I did so for a short time, but after a while I gave it up, and lent my book to another man; (The officer no doubt was a pure Yankee, his treatment was somewhat different from home treatment. He gave me many good advices). I remained with the soldiers until the Christmas of 1865, and then came home.

APPRECIATION OF PRIVILEGES.

The young generation of *freemen*, can scarcely imagine the intense appreciation by the *Freedmen* of the new privileges of liberty to work for wages, and go to school. Still the appreciation of privileges grows with time and experience of life, and many a Hampton graduate has returned to give thanks after years of teaching, for what Hampton did for him.

As I was all my life accustomed to work, I hired myself to a farmer, who gave me $85, for the year. I thought that it was nice to have my own money paid to me, I worked with different farmers until Sept. 1868. In this same year, two of our girls that had been to Hampton, returned home, and they appeared to know so much it made me anxious to go to H. I thought they had made rapid improvement in a short time, and it induced me to go. My qualifications were poor, but I thought I might learn something if I could be successful enough to enter the school. The girls persuaded me, and another young man, to go. We had very little money, and few clothes, but I was determined to go.

Sept. 5, 1868, I went and was delighted to see so many interesting things. I and my mate were examined by Gen. Armstrong.

We knew little but he said he would try us, and if we were diligent we could remain. I had no knowledge of geography or arithmetic, and could read and spell very little. I can never forget H. and the knowledge I received there. The instructions I received have been the making of me. While at H. I received much useful instruction by which I have accomplished many difficult things. I am satisfied that no one that has ever been to H. can regret his stay there.

The knowledge, and instruction I received there laid the foundation, that has enabled me to build until the present. We should as Hampton graduates ever love our alma mater. I must say that the instructions and knowledge, I had while at H. have not only done me good, but it has been the means of assisting me to do good to others.

In my middle term at school, I taught school in Charlotte, Co. Va. three months and gave perfect satisfaction, or at any rate the Supt. was pleased with me.

I remained at H. from Sept. 5, 1868. to June 12, 1872.

IN THE FIELD.

Since my graduation, I have seen many hard times. After I left Hampton I went to ———Co, Va. to teach. When I first went there, I had to go around to get up a school; but I had no trouble with my examination and the Superintendent was much pleased with my qualifications. I taught school in ——— four terms, and the community stated that I gave perfect satisfaction. They have often written for me to come back, and take the school again. 1875, I left——— Co. and came home, where I have been teaching ever since. Our Superintendent and Trustees of the schools give me many cheering words, and recommend me very highly. Our County Supt. has told me that some of my scholars give me great credit. Yet through all of the many eulogies I receive, I feel my incompetency. I have at this time, a very large school, with a total enrollment of one hundred. My average attendance last month was 70. 65, so you see, I have no time for play, and some times I have no recess until night. I must state here, that I am a great sufferer with the rheumatism and have been for nearly eight years. G.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

RETURNED HOME.

Bears Heart, the last of the St. Augustine young men left at Hampton, has returned to his home in Indian Territory with no other company than a young Pawnee who travelled under his charge. Letters have been received telling of his safe arrival and meeting with his old mother and other relatives, to whom he must have seemed to return like one from the dead, after an absence of six years which has wrought in him so entire transformation. He goes back under good auspices to the kind and wise care of Agent John D. Miles; and has already got to work, as appears from the following one of his letters.

DARLINGTON, INDIAN TERRITORY,
Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency.
April, 1881.

My dear friend:—I got home all safe. I was very glad to see my mother and my sister and all my relations. They were glad to see me. All of them are well, none have died. The Hampton boys are well and have work. The Florida boys [probably those of the prisoners who went directly home, not stopping at school] are very poor, I am sorry for them. I am very busy now. Write to me please. I am,

Your truly friend,
JAMES BEARS HEART.

TO A LITTLE INDIAN, FROM HER CHIEF.

Poor Wolf, a chief of the Gros-Ventres, whose visit to Hampton is described in an article on Indian Education in Harper's magazine of April, since his return to his home in Dakota has written a fatherly letter of encouragement and advice, to a little girl of his tribe at Hampton. His letter, written from dictation, is rendered into English by the missionary at Fort Berthold, and will speak for itself as to the Indians' care for their children and interest in education.

Fort Berthold, D. T. *June* 1st, 1881.

Daughter Sarah:

When I saw you at Hampton, I told you my mind; and I wish to say something again. I saw that you were in a nice place, and that your teachers were good to you, my heart was glad. Be diligent in writing and in learning white woman's ways. Your father and mother and all your relatives are all well, none have died.

We shall be glad to see you again, and have you with us, if you have learned to be good and wise.

Your "Father,"
Poor Wolf.

The missionary adds a few kind words to Sarah and the other girls from Fort Berthold, saying:

"Your friend, Poor Wolf, sends you a good letter. Let me say just a word to you and Josephine and Annie. How glad I am that you are so well off. I saw your father last fall, as I passed by his place on a steamboat. He was the same as ever, cheerful and at work.

Come back and teach your poor people better ways. We are all well and happy.

Your Friend,
C. L. Hall."

A GIFT FROM AN INDIAN SHOEMAKER.

One of the Sioux young men who is learning the shoemaker's trade at Hampton, has just sent a neat pair of shoes of his own manufacture entirely, to Dakota, as a present to his good friend the missionary at his home, who will perhaps pardon us for giving our readers a sight of the letter which accompanied them, as we have the writer's permission to do so, and it will interest many. He "drops into" Sioux now and then, whether as more practicable or more confidential.

Hampton Normal School, *April 21st*, 1881.

Rev. Joseph W. Cook:

* * * *

I am going to write to you again and tell you that we are doing well, and that we are well. The last time I wrote you I was sick, but now I am well again. There is a great deal of work going on here, among the Indian boys and girls. We are trying very hard to make ourselves men white here at Hampton. Many white people come to see us work in the working-shop every day. We have a good man to teach us how to make many useful things. I myself can do most any thing in the way of making shoes. Some of which are among the best ones, so Mr. McDowell said. I can peg them just as good as anybody else and welted, stitch down, and make the narrow parts pretty. I can make any kind of fine shoes if I have fine leather with bottoms. I like my trade very well, and I hope that I may have a chance to make money at home in this way. There is one new building just commencing for boys to work in, and there is one also for girls. Several more buildings are going up, in a few days the school will be

qeits a little town for Indian students. * *

A holiday to-day and to-morrow, so that we are resting from working. It is getting warm here, and the trees are blooming and many pretty flowers. I am going to send you one pair shoes that I made, by mail, so that you can see how we are getting along here, I have stopped working in the shop now though, and work on the farm for awhile. But I will soon go back again I think, for I like it. Now I must soon retire to bed. God bless you all is the wish of Your affectionate, S. B.

WOOD CARVING AND FLUTE MAKING.

Mr. McDowell's report of the Indian boys' progress in the trades they are learning, is very encouraging. His formal statement will be found in another column, embodied in the report of the Principal. The boys lighten their more serious tasks by various kinds of fancy work of their own devising. Wood carving and cane making are just now in fashion. Much skill is exerted in carving the heads of the canes into dogs and horses' heads. Two or three young men have made flutes of a peculiar construction, the barrel being divided into two sections by a disc which entirely closes it at the centre. The air blown through the first section, rises through a hole against a sort of hood standing up on the outside, so curved and grooved as to direct it both forward and downward through a second hole, into the second section of the tube, which is furnished with the usual stops. What the special use of this "winding bout" for the "licked sweetness long drawn out," I am not musician enough to guess. No care is taken to give resonance to the hood, which is merely a rather thick bit of any kind of wood which comes to hand, cut into the desired shape. Neither is the dividing disc of any particular thinness or resonance. The flutes are made either of wood or tin. The tone is soft and pleasant.

RESENTING INTRUSION.

The latest comers, from Arizona, seem less shy and reticent than the Sioux at first were, still they are not always amiably responsive to advances from strangers. A lady visitor to the Indian workshop, recently paused to watch a tall young Apache, at his carpenter's bench. He was evidently "not at home" to visitors, and turned his back ungraciously. The lady, unsuspicious of the strength of his disapprobation, leaned forward to see his face, bending to follow it as it turned away, till, in utter exasperation, he suddenly turned upon her with a fierce scowl, and a hissed out "Za-chunk!" (*Stop it!*) which had the effect of sending her back, as if a tomahawk had been flung at her. The experience will shake her faith, I fear, in Indian capabilities for civilization, though she may sometimes envy their frank method of saying "I'm pleased to meet you" to an unwelcome visitor.

ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS.

THREE LITTLE INDIAN GIRLS.

The following letters were written, without any assistance, by three little Indian girls, Sioux and Winnebago, at Hampton. Sophie came to the school last July, as she states; Mary, in Nov. '79; Carrie in Nov. '78. The first two could speak quite a little English when they came, but all have learned to write since coming. They are dear little girls, and are doing nicely.

HOME AND SCHOOL.

I am going to tell you about my home here at Hampton School I been here ten months now I came here last June and I am trying very hard to learn to sew talk English and be a nice little Indian girl at Hampton School. we sew our dresses sometime, and I like to sew very much and I left my home end I cry and I want to learn that is why I came and my mother said my Little girl, when you go to Hampton try very hard and be a good Little Woman and learn, and I am very glad White people help the Indian, give money to them. I thank them for giving money to make a new house for Indian girls and very much I like all teaches, and I learn how read, and I know how write, and my mother she said my father said you be good girl going to Hampton School, you be a good girl. SOPHIA LITTLE BEAR.

A LETTER.

My dear friend

I am going to write you a letter and tell you something. we go to sewing school every afternoon and if we want to sew more we go to Mrs. Seymours room and when I get tired I go out and play with Sophia Little Bear. We have nice time and we play in the boats and when the steamboat comes it rock us up and down.

We wash dishes every morning and every evening. Every month we have two dollars. I take care of the molasses closet.

I bought a white apron and a ruffle and a thread. I was hungry and I bought a pies and apples and cakes two.

from your friend
MARY TRAVERSIE.

OUR INDIAN GIRLS' BUILDING.

We are going to have a new Indian building and we are very glad. I know we have been here two years and a half but we haven't any building that is the reason the girls aint so many as the Indian boys are. I hope there will be some more girls coming to Hampton to school. I should think if the Indian girls building is done, I know we should be glad and happy. I was glad to hear that the people at New York was giving up their money for the Indian girls building and at Boston and at Springfield. I am glad the white people are so kind to the Indians and are trying to make the Indians be civilized. I am very much obliged to you all. I like this school very much. It seems to me that I didn't know nothing at all when I first came here. But now I have learn great deal. When I go to my old home to Dakote I guess I will think about this school very often, because I like this school very much indeed, and my teachers too, and I know I will never forget this school in my days.

Carrie Anderson.

ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS, DICTATED BY INDIAN BOYS AT HAMPTON.

The following compositions were prepared for speeches by two Sioux boys of 20 and 17, at Hampton, who came to the school, in Nov. 1878. Yellowbird knew a little English when he came; Bushotter, none. Both could have written them for themselves, but as they were intended for speeches, to save time, they were taken down verbatim from their dictation by their teacher. The English is, therefore, their own.

MY COUNTRY.

At my home a good many Indians live just like white people. Some Indians live in tipi's and some in log houses. We have two churches at my home and a school-house. Some Indians wear blankets and paint their faces but a good many wear white man's clothes. The Indians at my home like to dance. Some Indians that wear white man's clothes sometimes take off those clothes and put on Indian's clothes and dance. I think you would all like to know how commence the war-dance. First one woman cooks for those who dance, and when she gets through she tell one old men, and that men tells those who belong to the war-dance; then those who belong to the dance all come together to one house, and have good time all day. About ten men sit down together and drum and sing, and about thirty or forty who belong to the war-dance sit round in a ring, all dressed in Indian clothes, and have their faces painted, with beads and feathers. Then one gets up and begins to dance, and then another one, and then another one, and bye and bye, they are all dancing. Then in a little while, the singing stops and they all sit down again, and bye and bye they begin again. Sometimes they dance so all day and all night dancing and eating all the time. Then, when they get through dancing, they all go to their homes.

Last summer, I went back to my home with Miss Mather and Capt. Pratt and one other Indian boy to help bring more Indians to go to school. We went to Spotted Tail's Agency. The Indians there were all wild Indians, not like my home. They got no farms. I didn't see any houses, only tipis. They don't work, they doing nothing but walking around. They had one church. Just a few Indians went in to the church, and a great many Indians outside on horses looked in at the windows and listened. I stayed there two weeks, with Miss Mather at the Agents house; and Capt. Pratt, and the other Indian boy went to Red Cloud's Agency. Indian men came to see me every day and talk about Hampton; and when I go outside all the time they talk to me. They talk to me in my language and say "What kind of school is Hampton? Is that good school?" and I tell them all about. "We go to school and girls go there and learn English just like white people and we work", and they listened to me just like I was a big man and knew about every thing. And I tell them send their boys and girls to school, and when I walk and see some boys playing I tell them to go to school, and some like it and give their children to Capt. Pratt.

I think my country is a good country, and my home is a good place because the Indians are working there, but I want all the Indians to have farms and work and leave the Indian ways that are bad and learn the white man's ways.

Yellowbird.

MY NEW THOUGHTS.

I want to tell you what I was thinking of before I came to Hampton.

When I was at my home I thinking one way, but when I came here then I thinking another way, and the last thinking was very good.

Before I came to Hampton school I thought it is good not to work. I think now it is better to work than to do the Indian's way, because the Indians are lazy and make the women work. I think it is better for them to work and help themselves, and get more things than they have before.

I never thought it very good for women to work. When I was a very little boy, and my mother used to go and cut wood, I used to help her, and she told me to stay in the house but I wouldn't stay. And now when I see the white men working hard and the women working inside the house at easier work, I sit down and think, just like I ask myself a question, and I say "What makes the Indians lazy and have the women work for them?" They ought not to do it. God made every one to work, and women are not so strong as men.

If Indians learn how to work, they can do things themselves. They ought to know how to make a plow and build a house and make bricks. All those things they don't know. They ought not to sit still, and get something to eat from Government. We ought to work hard and get something ourselves.

I used to think it is not good to stay in the same country, but go away somewhere else and stay there a few days, then go away somewhere else again and have a good time hunting and all those things, but after a while I change. Now I think it is better to stay in one place so the children can go to school, and not take them away and go somewhere else but keep them there till they learn all the good way. If Indians stay in one place near good white people, then they will learn good ways; and how to take care of everything, and when the mothers and fathers die, their children will know a little, and then if they stay in one place their children will know more, and so on and so on—and at last they will be a good people, but if they move about all the time they will stay just the same as they are now, and never learn anything.

The Indians choose a chief because he is brave and a good fighter, and when he dies his son is chief, but I think they ought to choose a chief because he is a good man and knows more than the other people, and when he dies they ought to choose another good man.

I used to think it was not good to study, but now I think it is good to study and think about hard things. The Indians' minds are too small. If they study hard their minds will grow strong, they will have big thoughts in their heads, and they can think something hard and find out with their minds. If an Indian gets a letter from his friend who is away, he cannot read it, and bye and bye after a long time perhaps he get somebody to read it for him, but that is not good. Every Indian ought to know how to read and write himself, so he can write to his friends when they are a long way off. The Indian ought to read in a book so they can know about God. They don't know about God, what he says, and they think the white people make it up about him just now, but when I read in the Bible then I know what God says, and I read about Jesus myself and I know what he says, I know now it is very old. I know now it is true. I think every Indian ought to read the Bible for himself and then he will believe God, and then God will help them and do them more good.

Indians don't know about Heaven. They think when people die their souls stay somewhere just like this world, and hunt and live just the same as they do in this world. They ought to know if they do right they will live long with God, and he will love them and help them all the time.

Geo. Bushotter.

GONE HOME BUT NOT GONE BACK.

On Bears Heart return to Indian Territory, one of the other Cheyenne young men, who went home several months ago, was stimulated to write the following pleasant report of himself to one of his former teachers.

Darlington Indian Territory, *April 14th* '81.

Dear friend:

Miss L— —It is a long time I have not write to you. And when came here Bears Heart he told me about yourself I am very glad I heard from him. And but now I am going write to you, and I have so much to do work every day and I have not get time and every sundry morning I am go to sunday school. I do not want the Indian way any more. And the Cheyenne we are going to try to get the white man's road and to work hard in the farm all right way now. And just the same the Arapahoe. And I have not forget to you some time I am thinking of you often. I hope you will write to me. I must close for this time, good afternoon.

from your friend,
Wm. Cohoe.

SKETCHES OF MISSION LIFE.

No. VI

BY MRS. C. O. ARMSTRONG.

RETURN OF MISSION TO OAHU.

The whale ship upon which we sailed from Nuuhiva, was not intended to carry passengers, but nevertheless the voyage was the most comfortable we had ever made. It was pleasant to hear the songs of the sailors at the ropes, and their feet tramping the deck, instead of savage yells, and wild clapping of hands, while to us there could hardly have been more soothing melody, than the sound of the sea breeze in the rigging, as we left behind us those horrid scenes, of which for years we could not think without a shudder.

At last with a thrill of joy we saw old Diamond Head rise on the east, with sombre brow keeping his sentry watch on the waters that foamed and tumbled at his feet. Soon we caught sight of little Honolulu, dry, dingy and inviting, for the lack of water made the prospect very different from Nuuhiva, which reveled in a luxurious growth of trees and shrubs. But there were the mission houses, and what a joy it was to feel that a comparatively civilized country was near.—Instead of fierce tattooed visages, with fiendish yells and vulgar clamorous tongues, we should be surrounded by natives, noisy enough, but gentle compared with Marquesans, for here the gospel had sent light into many hearts, and heathen clouds were dispersing.

The prospect of an opportunity for successful labor was encouraging after eight months of useless toils, sacrifices and dangers, and we landed to meet the warm "Aloha" of the natives, with a full appreciation of the advantages which this change from Nuuhiva would be to us and to the mission which needed fresh laborers so much.

GENERAL MEETING.

In May or June of each year, the different families of the mission, met at the Hawaiian Jerusalem, to devise plans for the spread of the gospel in the various islands. At the time of our arrival they were thus gathered together, and as it was desirable to take new stations as speedily as possible, our little Marquesan band was soon scattered, my husband and I being sent to Haiku on the island of Maui. We took passage upon a small and filthy schooner, and were about a week in reaching Lahaina, a passage now made by steamer in eighteen hours. From there we travelled some ten miles by canoe, rising at two or three o'clock in the morning, to avoid the hot sun. I was ill and miserable, but carried the infant Hope in my arms, while the little girl was with her father. An ox cart met us at the landing and we were jolted over a stony plain to Wailuku, where we rested for three days, and then proceeded, again in our ox cart, twelve miles to the thatched hut which had been put up for our use. It was about thirty feet long, twelve wide, and eighteen feet high in the center, and was soon partitioned it off with coarse mats into bedroom, study and dining room. We were nearly destitute of furniture, for ours did not arrive from Tahiti for a year and a half, so that I have no difficulty in remembering every article with which we set up our second attempt at house-keeping. In the dining room, we had a small plan table, two yellow chairs, and a rough shelf. In the bed-room, a bed, a rough box for table, our trunks and two or three chairs, including a rocking chair which was our only luxury. The floor of the house was coarse mats laid on dry grass on the ground. We had three doors and three windows with six panes of glass in each, and at a little distance from the house, a thatched cook-house with stones for fireplace, and iron bake-kettle for oven. Fortunately, the situation was charming. We were well up on the side of the old extinct volcano of Hale-a-Kala, (House of the Sun,) which rose thousands of feet above us, while the broad blue Pacific Ocean lay spread out before us, only two miles distant. Level lands were broken on either side of us by ravines and valleys, which extended far up into the mountain. The trade winds were strong, and when it did not rain, the air was pure and balmy, and it was so pleasant to feel that here was at least a temporary home where we could begin the work we were so anxious to do.

OUR FIRST WORK.

By order of the chiefs, a thatched church and a school house were soon erected by the people, who brought poles, posts and grass and put up the buildings in the native manner. Mr. Armstrong, applied himself diligently to the language, mingling daily with the people, while as soon as I was strong enough I commenced a weekly meeting with the women for Bible and general instruction. I took both the children with me, having a native woman to carry the baby, and as the meetings were well attended, and I improved in the language, I was quite satisfied. It was however much more difficult for a woman with children to learn the language, as she had to avoid speaking it at home, and to keep her children from it as much as possible.

COOKERY.

Some of our most annoying, perplexing and often ludicrous experiences were connected with the culinary department. A native man or boy had to be chosen for cook, because he could chop wood, lift heavy articles, bring water, etc. They were of course, awkward and ignorant, not very honest, and dirty beyond belief. They worked for food and clothes, (to be clad in a shirt was to be well dressed,) and generally considered that they were doing us a favor when they permitted us to teach them anything.

They learned quickly to use tinder, flint and steel, as that was an improvement on their tedious way of getting fire by rubbing two sticks together, but it seemed impossible to teach them to set a pot or teakettle on the fire without upsetting it. It required much patience and perseverance on their part to learn how to fry or bake, and the best of them could not be trusted not to set the frying pan on the table, use the towels for handkerchiefs, and put the dishcloth in the coffee pot, which latter we found imparted an unpleasant flavor to our coffee. The only milk that we had was from goats, and we found that when our cooks were too lazy to milk, they would draw a little, and then add water to make up the desired quantity; which showed that they were not altogether ignorant of the arts of civilization.

Our larder was enriched by frequent gifts from the people, as the chiefs had told them to be generous to us; and I am sorry to say, that sick chickens and eggs aught for use, not seldom found their way to us.

CUSTOMS.

The land in the Hawaiian Islands was all owned by royalty, that is by the chiefs, and their will was law. If a petty chief was displeased with a tenant for any reason, or took a dislike to him, the tenant would be ordered to leave with nothing for his family, and there was no chance for appeal. This stole of things tended to make the people improvident, for they knew they neither did nor could own anything. Civilization was of course much less advanced here than in Honolulu, and there was plenty of lying, petty thieving, and worse, among the people with whom we had to deal. We insisted first of all upon the establishment of the marriage ceremony, and here we met with many comical experiences. The clergymen always demanded a fee, as it added, in native eyes, to the importance of the occasion, and in this way we obtained a very miscellaneous collection of articles. Laziness was universal, and this, combined with their entire ignorance of anything like a legalized family relations, made infanticide very common among them. The children who were permitted to live, were not taken care of, and it seemed marvellous that they continued to exist. Their parents had no control over them, for if they attempted anything like punishment, the child would retaliate with kicks, blows and perhaps a shower of stones. Many were called "parent", and if the child was aggrieved it would run from one parent to another for sympathy and protection.

Their names were curious, often taking their origin from circumstances, and being common to both sexes. The child of one of my cooks, a bright little girl, was named "Halipuea" (pig pen,) and such names as "Fool," "Crazy" "Chicken," etc. were common among them.

IMPROVEMENT.

We had a few printed school books, and the Bible was much used and reverenced by our pupils, who were some of them, in their ignorant fashion, very devout. I remember once, in the middle of the night, we were roused by a loud rap at the door. Supposing it was some one who was sick and had come for medical aid, we got up, to find an old man who had walked three or four miles to ask us if it was right "to pray with a shirt on." Not being accustomed to wearing such an article, he was afraid that his heart might be lifted up with pride, and he had come for advice as to the propriety of keeping it on when he prayed.

We had great trouble in managing them when ill, because some of them would not take our medicines at all, while others would swallow both their own and ours; to ensure recovery and keep the favor of both sides. Still in one way and another, we could see signs of improvement, and worked on hopefully, unconscious of the trials which lay before us, and which were so soon and so severely to test our faith.

INTERRUPTED WORK.

In a few months the rainy season came on, and our mission house proved to be very leaky. The weather was cool, the winds strong, and at times the rain poured down for days in succession. Mr. Armstrong, protected by the old traveling cloak, kept on with his work. The house was damp and chilly, and there was no place for a fire, except as we made one in a tin-pan, in the centre of the room, which produced a very disagreeable smoke. All of us caught severe colds, and little Hope became very ill, and continued so for weeks. We had to nurse and give medicine without advice from any one. It was the only time in my life that I and my children had to suffer for the lack of suitable and sufficient clothing and bed covering.

We had no comforts of any kind, and were so isolated that we could not, except with great difficulty, communicate with any of our fellow missionaries. The cotton cloth that was supplied us to hire natives with, we were obliged to spread on our beds, and that was literally all we had. Mr. Armstrong's cold grew worse, my cough became alarming, and both the children were ill—the baby so very ill that we despaired of his life. Weeks passed, and the rain hardly ceased for an hour. Mr. Armstrong's cold culminated in a fever and he could not leave his bed. He prescribed for himself and us, and I did the best I could, having no help but that of the natives, who were kind, but inexpressibly awkward and ignorant. It seemed to me at times that my reason would fail me, and I can never forget the night when our misery reached its climax. I lay down on a half-mattress on the floor, with the sick baby in its cradle beside me, and my husband on the other half-mattress on the bed. I was physically overtaxed and exhausted, and was hourly expecting the birth of my third child. I felt sure that I should be ill before morning, but did not dare to tell my husband, for there was no one within reach, but some kind natives who stayed in the next room all night, and I feared lest anxiety about me should aggravate his fever. As I lay there on my bed, I looked up to God for help and counsel, and guided, as I believe, by his wisdom, laid my plans for the next day.

By early dawn, I got a messenger and sent a note thirty miles to Lahaina to the Rev. Mr Richards. The resident doctor was unable to come to us on account of the illness of his own wife, but Mr. Richards was soon in the saddle, and reached us before night.

As he entered our house said he held out pitiable condition, solitary, sick and helpless; he stood speechless, but the tears flowed freely down his cheeks. He grasped my hand and said with a decision that lifted a weight from my heart. "It is not fit that you should stop here any longer; you must come back with me." So in three days, when the rain stopped, Mr. Armstrong was laid on a litter made by his scholars, and on their shoulders carried twelve miles over hills and valleys, to the next mission house. Though utterly unfit for the journey, I made it on horseback, preferring that to the jolting of an ox cart, and the two children were carried by natives. Mr. Armstrong's illness made it necessary for us to proceed in perfect silence, and the day was a wearisome one for all; but night found us in a comparatively comfortable house, and though for a good many hours we thought my husband must die, he was spared, and under Mr. Richards' kind care, gradually grew better. The baby too, after days of weary watching, seemed to improve, but it was evident that it would not do for us to return to the damp, leaky house which had probably been the cause of our ill health.

CHANGE TO LAHAINA.

As soon therefore as we could move, we went by ox cart and canoe, to Lahaina, where we stayed at the doctor's house. Very soon my second boy was born, and in spite of the damp, chilly weather, we were all getting better, when croup, which was prevailing in the neighborhood, suddenly attacked my poor little suffering Hope, and in twenty-four hours he died in his father's arms, beside the bed where I lay with my week-old baby. The anguish of my heart as I saw my child's sufferings and could do nothing to soothe or comfort it, cannot be described.—God keep all mothers from such agony!

Kind hands put on a robe for the grave, and the little silent sleeper lay, until moved to his last resting place, beside me, in my room. It was small and gloomy, entered by a flight of shaky stairs, with no window except a little opening, covered by two board blinds, which when closed made almost complete darkness. But there was no other place, and there we had the funeral of our first born son, whose name, William Nevins, we gave to the babe whose little life had just begun. His father and little sister followed him to the grave, and I was left alone in the gloomy room, to realize that my child was at last beyond the reach of suffering, with Him who has said: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." * * * * * * *

After this my husband grew stronger, and in a short time was able to ride back to our desolated house. The rainy season had gone by, and he remained about two weeks with the people. I was alone with the two children in that sad and desolate room; but as soon as I was well, Mr. Richards came with a canoe, and took me over the channel to Molokai, to his hospitable home, where I was cheered by the kindness and sympathy of old friends. Even the greetings of the natives whom I had known when there before, were sweet to my sore after those months of loneliness and sorrow.

A CANDIDATE FOR EXTERMINATION.

Those who know John D. Miles, the Quaker Indian agent at the Cheyenne & Arapahoe agency in Indian Territory, know that he is not a man given to sentiment and gush. He has the Quaker policies of cool-headedness and a business way of looking at things, with a flavor of the church militant about him, albeit he is a man of peace. The following letter has just been received from him, concerning the return of Bear's Heart, an Indian student from Hampton:

This is one of the savages to educate whom, according to some, is futility and folly—whose proper future is extermination by a civilized Christian nation.

Six years ago, he was carried in chains to St. Augustine, a U. S. prisoner of war; three years ago, he was brought to Hampton school, earnestly asking to be taught the white man's road of study and work. Now he has gone home, by his own desire, to show it to his people.

Shall we exterminate them?

"Chey. & Arap. Agency, Darlington, I. T.
4th *mo.* 29th, 1881.

Capt. Romeyn,
Hampton, Va.

Dear friend:

Bear's Heart reached home in due time, and after visiting his friends in camp for a few days *only*, applied at my Office for work; said he could not be idle, and had no desire to remain idle in camp—but was anxious to show his people that he had been taught to work, and that it *pays* to work, and that it is honorable to work. He told his people the first Sabbath in Sabbath School that "the *Bible religion* has work right along with it." I put him in the Carpenter shop, where he seems quite at home, and I am confident his example and influence will be on the right side.

Send us more such men.

Your friend,
JOHN D. MILES.
U. S. Indian Agent."

The following Law of this State, prohibiting the sale of liquor to Normal School Students, has been in force since March 3rd, 1880.

Chapter 135.

An act to prevent the sale of liquor to students of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

Approved March 3rd, 1880.

I. Be it enacted by the General Assembly. That any person who shall hereafter sell directly or knowingly indirectly to any student of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, alcoholic or malt liquor, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction thereof, shall be fined not less than twenty nor more than fifty dollars.

II. It shall be the duty of the county court from which the party convicted under the first section of this act obtained his license, forthwith to revoke the same: and no other license to sell liquor shall be granted to such party, within two years from the date of said conviction.

III. This act shall be in force from its passage.

Mrs. Elizabeth Comstock, of the Kansas Relief Committee, says in a published statement:

"Upwards of one thousand letters have been received by us, within the past six months, inquiring for women skilled in the different departments of housework; and, out of sixty thousand refugees in the state of Kansas, we find very few who are competent to do the work required."

What the Negro race needs most of all, is practical training.

The ills over which politicians scream, are not to be compared with what this people is suffering from want of skill in the departments of labor where they are needed.

Good training would bring into their reach an immense amount of wage-money; for want of it, there is wide spread wretchedness among the freedmen.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE.

This valuable publication is regularly sent to the Normal School Library, which has been designated by Hon. John Goode to receive it. The copies are accessible for reference purposes to all persons who may desire to examine them.

TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY OF HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

The twelfth anniversary of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute took place on Thursday, May 19, and was, in several respects, one of peculiar interest.

The new Academic Hall, which has risen from the ashes of the old, was dedicated and occupied by classes, and the corner stones were laid of two new buildings, the money for which is in the treasury;—the one, an industrial building, chiefly for young women, given by Mrs. Valeria Stone of Malden, Massachusetts, from her husband's large bequest to educational purposes, and named for him the "Stone Memorial;" the other,—also for the benefit of women—the Indian girls' building, the expression in brick and mortar, of the interest recently roused in New York and Boston and elsewhere, by the speeches of Mr. Schurz and Gen. Miles and Dr. Potter and Phillips Brooks, and Capt. Pratt who generously left his own fold to lend a hand in the common cause,—and other eloquent friends of the most heavily burdened half of an oppressed race.

President Garfield, who was on the school's first board of Trustees, and has always been its friend, had accepted an invitation to lay the corner-stone of the Indian girls' Lodge—dead-locks in the Senate permitting—but was prevented by the illness of Mrs. Garfield, and sent, at the last minute, a cordial letter of regret.

Among the honored guests present were Rev. Henry C. Potter, D. D., of Grace church, New York, who had kindly consented to act as the President's substitute in the corner-stone ceremony; Maj. Gen. O. O. Howard, by whose hand, eleven years ago, the corner-stone of the original Academic Hall was laid, and the chief part of the money given for its erection, from the Freedman's Bureau fund for such purposes; and who was now appropriately the one to dedicate the new building; Gov. Holliday, of Virginia; Rev. Philip Schaff, D. D., of New York, President of the American Board of Bible-revision; the venerable Bishop Payne, of the African Methodist Episcopal church, former president of Wilberforce College in Ohio, whose recent invitation to preach in one of the largest white churches in Virginia has been widely noticed as evidence that the world *do move*; Hon. Josiah King of Pittsburgh, who, as agent of the "Avery" educational bequest, in 1867, laid the financial corner-stone of Hampton's work for the freedmen, by giving to the American Missionary Association the first $10,000 to purchase land and establish the Normal and Agricultural School; Hon. Felix Bruno of Pittsburgh, the well known representative of the interests of the red man; Mr. Geo. N. Titus of Pittsburgh, Mr. Robert Treat Paine, of Boston; Mr. Brown of Boston, whose name is "like ointment poured forth" to many a lonely Hampton graduate teacher in the south; Dr. Harriman of Chicago, Mr. Moses Pierce and Mr. Geo. Pierce of Norwich, Conn; Capt. Brewer of Boston, formerly of Honolulu; Maj. T. K. Gibbs of New York; Rev. John Harding of Long Meadow, representing the Springfield Republican; Miss Susan Hayes Ward, the New York Independent; Mr. Frank Foxcroft, the Boston Daily Journal; Mr. C. T. Clark, the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin; Mr. Glennan, the Norfolk Virginian Mr. Perkins, the Norfolk Landmark; Mr. J. K. Willis, the Hampton Monitor, and Mr. Bodell, reporter for the Associated Press; Mr. Dezendorf of Norfolk, Member of Congress elected from this district; officers from Fort Monroe, and guests from the Hygeia Hotel.

In the afternoon, an excursion boat arrived with a party of visitors representing the best society of Norfolk. There were also present a number of the leading citizens of Hampton and the neighborhood, and most of the Trustees and Curators of the school, comprising the following gentlemen:

Trustees:—Rev. M. E. Strieby, D. D., New York City; Hon. W. R. Hughes, Judge U. S. District Court, Norfolk, Va.; Mr. Chas. L. Mead, of New York; Rev. Thomas K. Fessenden, Farmington, Conn.; Rev. Henry W. Foote, Boston, Mass.; Mr. Robert C. Ogden, Philadelphia, Penn.; Mr. Anthony M. Kimber, Philadelphia, Penn.; Mr. Z. S. Ely, New York City; Hon. Lewis H. Steiner, Frederick, Md.; Mr. Elbert B. Monroe, Southport, Conn.; Judge F. N. Watkins, Farmville, Va.

Mr. James M. Brown of Brown Bros., New York was elected Trustee at this meeting.

Curators:—Col. Thomas Tabb of Hampton; Mr. Kevan of Petersburg; Gen. Page, Supt. of Schools in Norfolk; Rev. Jas. H. Holmes, of Petersburg; Rev. Jas. M. Dawson, of Williamsburg, and Rev. Wm. Thornton, of Hampton.

DEDICATION OF ACADEMIC HALL.

BY GENERAL HOWARD.

The day was cloudy and remarkably cool, but the threatening rain held off but for a few drops in the afternoon, and the clouds did more on the whole to add to the comfort of the day than to mar it. There was no large crowd of visitors, and, full as the programme was, all had ample opportunity of room and time to enjoy it.

The exercises began at nine o'clock with a review of the Hampton Institute battalion of cadets, Capt. Henry Romeyn, Commandant, by General Howard; after which the procession was formed of the school and visitors, escorted by the Normal School band, and marched to Academic Hall, for the dedicatory services. The opening prayer was made by Bishop Payne, and the following dedication ode was sung, written for the occasion by Mrs. F. E. Harper, the colored authoress and temperance speaker; the music to which was composed by Mr. R. H. Hamilton, a Hampton graduate, of the class of '77.

DEDICATION HYMN.

To-day we come with joy and song,
A free and rising race;
To wisdom, knowledge, love and truth,
We dedicate this place:
For ages, o'er our pathway hung
The gloom of slavery's night,
Till God arose and changed our lot
From darkness into light.

The knowledge from our fathers hid,
We now may learn to prize;
The sealed book by freedom's hand
Is open to our eyes.
Oh may the lessons here we learn,
Be sowed like precious seeds,
Whose fruitage shall in after years,
Be high and holy deeds.

May blessings like the morning dew
Be on their path distilled,
Who kindly gave us of their store,
Our hall anew to build.
And when our earthly homes shall fall
And vanish from our sight,
May friends and teachers meet with us,
In God's fair halls of light.

The Hall was then dedicated in the following speech

BY GENERAL O. O. HOWARD:

"*Ladies and gentlemen, pupils, teachers and Principal:*

I have selected a few passages from the Memphis Appeal of March 18th last, which, I notice, with other remarks have been republished in the American Missionary for May. They are as follows:

"We can rescue the negro from the ignorance that threatens him and us by establishing good public schools—not grudgingly, as if we were conferring an unwilling charity—but in a broad, cheerful, earnest and good neighborly spirit, as if we were performing a duty—a paramount and most important duty. Under God this is the only remedy for negro suffrage. It is a waste of time to talk of abridging it. Revolutions never go backward. The best answer to that sort of talk is that the United States never were so strong or so prosperous as they are at this moment, when public sentiment is in all the States demanding the most absolute assertion of democratic life and living. Instead of looking back, we must look forward; nay, we must go forward, and we must take the negro by the hand and make him feel that he is a part of the great column of the people; that his destiny is interlaced with ours; that we must not stand apart, isolated and at enmity, but go forward, each doing what he can to strengthen the community at all points, moral and physical, to uphold and defend our democratic form of government and perpetuate unsullied the liberties which have survived the chaos of civil war and reconstruction.'

I have been absent for more than six years from this part of our land. The Indians who are so well represented here have in a measure absorbed my attention, so that except through Judge Tourgee's progressive books, I have not followed the changes of sentiment which have been taking place. Judge then of my gratification and surprise at these noted words from Memphis:

1, "Establishing good public schools."

2, "in a broad, cheerful, earnest and good neighborly spirit."

3, "Education the only remedy for negro suffrage."

4, "Revolutions never go backward."

5, "The United States never were so strong or so prosperous" as now.

6, "Instead of looking back, we must look forward, nay, we must go forward."

7, "His destiny is interlaced with ours."

8, "We must not stand apart and at enmity &c."

9, "Each doing what he can to strengthen the community at all points moral and physical."

10, "to uphold and defend our democratic form of government and perpetuate unsullied the liberties which have survived the chaos of civil war and reconstruction."

These are ten glorious propositions. They have the ring of Senator Hoar's pleading. Notwithstanding the bias and prejudice, which belong to the place of birth, or to some unexplainable misunderstanding, the southern man who writes such sentiments and the northern man who introduces a bill to enable the United States to relieve itself of illiteracy, are not far apart.

It takes all the philosophy I can muster to keep the longings of my heart under proper control. When, at a meeting which I attended ten years ago in Brooklyn, a prominent southern statesman stood up and called upon us in graphic and eloquent terms, to extend the hand of kindness and sympathy to the southern people I sprang to my feet and warmly responded. My friends shook their heads saying, "you are too sanguine! One bird does not make a summer." The speaker himself was not yet quite ready, to let extremes meet. He wanted conservative and not radical friends. But since then Atlanta University has received a handsome appropriation from a democratic legislature. Howard University has been aided by a conservative Congress and Hampton is receiving a perpetual endorsement from the Old State of Virginia. May I not then begin to go back and gather up some few crumbs of comfort from the reflux currents, which a few years since in their sanguine onward flow, set in motion such institutions as Hampton, Atlanta, Fisk, Tougaloo and Straight universities? May I not use the same scripture which Mr. Lincoln did, when, seeing his country already beginning to emerge from that chaos of civil war, he said solemnly: "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord!"

I do particularly rejoice in that 7th proposition, namely: "His destiny is interlaced with ours!" oh, yes, in childhood, in youth, in manhood, in the sports of innocence and in the hard work of years,—in education and production,—in the offices of kindness and the services demanded by religion,—in healthful life and in the hours of death, in time and in eternity; there is an essential interlacing, a commingling and a co-responsibility from which no race differences will ever emancipate us. And let us today give thanks to God, who has taught our thinking men, how to meet the difficulties of every new and unexpected situation; and has helped and cemented that work by inculcating in all the grandest truth in the universe, one which shows its divinity on its face, viz: "Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, mind and strength and thy neighbor as thyself."

Indeed the thorough possession of this truth as an active principle in the minds and hearts of the different members of the human race which are here represented, is the true guarantee of their union, their progress, their success and happiness in civilized life and, as we believe, of their ultimate and eternal joy.

Speaking of the negro, your Principal General Armstrong says: "He is sensitive as to his rights, but is not considerate of his neighbors." This is doubtless true. However, there are for it two corrections; one is enlightened self-interest, and the other is that self-denying love which so many of your successful graduates have manifested in the communities, where they are laboring with patience, perseverance and little pay, to help their people up out of darkness into light. Remember that this self-denying love is not crying nor profuse promises, but constant and wholesome performance.

Eleven years ago I had the honor of laying the corner stone which, on account of the fire, becomes today the corner stone of a new and really better building, the corner stone of this grand and complete "Academic Hall." It gives me now a sincere pleasure to speak the words of dedication. Your friends have already dedicated it in their hearts to the uplifting of young men and young women who are destined to become the leaders and teachers of the peoples to whom they belong. The principle of the donors, the principle of the teachers here assembled, the principle of the trustees who work without compensation, is the twofold one which I have named, viz: Love, God-ward and man-ward; so, let us write its motto high on its front, a motto which I trust is already in our souls: "This structure, an expression of love toward God and His children."

CLASSES AND INDUSTRIES.

Immediately after the speech of dedication, the classes repaired to their new and comfortable recitation rooms, and the visitors followed to listen to the examinations, or started with guides on a tour of inspection through the various industrial departments; the Indian work shops, Huntington Industrial Works, Barn, Farm, Printing office &c. There was, as usual, an exhibit of industrial products, in Academic Hall. The examinations were creditable for both colored and Indian students. The lately arrived Pimas and Apaches were for the first time subjected to the inspection of visitors, and stood it well. They seem less shy than the Sioux, which is favorable to their progress. The Indian classes, in novelty, had to divide the interest with the Huntington Kitchen Garden class from the Butler School. Twenty-five little girls, very prond and picturesque in their shining white pinafores and bright red kerchiefs, went deftly through the operation of waiting on imaginary doors and setting Lilliputian tables with dainty dishes, and washing up the latter in Lilliputian pans, in a way that promises well for their future homes.

"STONE MEMORIAL."

At noon the classes closed and the procession, forming again, marched to witness the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the Stone Memorial building, the foundations of which are laid nearly opposite the Wigwam, fronting the shore. The corner stone in this—as in the Indian building—is a handsome block of red sand-stone. It contains various photographs, a catalogue and map of the school, a copy of the Southern Workman, and papers of the day, the order of exercises, postage stamps and small currency of the day.

After the singing by the school choir of "Hail to the Lord's Anointed," the building was dedicated by Rev. M. E. Strieby D. D., President of the school's board of trustees, and Secretary of the American Missionary Association, under whose auspices the work for the freedmen was begun on this spot. Dr. Strieby spoke as follows:

"It is about twenty years since the first Freedman's school was established in the United States, and it was at a very short distance from this spot. This little school may be considered the beginning of all that we see here to-day; and all that is doing for that race in the United States. While that school was starting, a gentleman of wealth was living in Boston who knew little or nothing about this school, and this school knew nothing about Daniel Stone. Yet there is a connection between these two circumstances.

By the three cardinal means of making money—very strict integrity, very sagacious assiduity and very good fortune, he accumulated $2,000,000. He had hardly thought what he would do with it: he just lived on, in a quiet unostentatious way. But, as near to 80 years, the end of life draw near, his good christian wife, Mrs. Valeria Stone, persuaded him to make a disposition of this great property. He was at first indisposed to, but after giving his thought to it, he made arrangements, first to provide handsomely for his wife, and then to have distributed one and one-fourth millions of it by himself and his wife if he lived, or after his death by herself and three trustees, to benevolent work, especially to the work of education in the South.

Rev. Dr. Wilcox of Boston, was the principal advisor. This large sum has been thus distributed all over this land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, bearing record of Mrs. Stone's good work for the people. She first gave $150,000 to the American Missionary Association, but this was not for Hampton. By and by, Gen'l Armstrong asked for only $7,000 to half build this Industrial building for girls, and sent his letter to Dr. Wilcox to present to Mrs. Stone. Dr. Wilcox took the liberty of saying that Mrs. Stone would like to give the whole instead of the half, and make it a memorial hall to her husband's name." Gen'l Armstrong's letter was seconded by that noble man Dr. Mark Hopkins, zealous in all good works. So the money was given. It is the work of a woman for women, a noble christian work for the race which has had a hard struggle in life. Woman has the disadvantage in life—man can go out in the world with ten to one chances, and occupations open to him. God bless the heart that thinks and feels and acts for her.

I think the Almighty is pleased every opening spring to see this fair world He has made, put on the beauty of bud and leaf and blossom, and the full year go on through the summer days to harvest. May we not say, without irreverence, that so the child of God will rejoice in the dispensing of her bounty, in seeing every year a corps of girls prepared and sent forth from these walls into the world to bring back the harvest of Christian lives? This satisfaction Mrs. Stone will have.

And now, in behalf of the trustees of this Normal and Agricultural Institute of Hampton, I lay this corner stone; and in the name of the lady giver, I name it the "Stone Memorial Building:" and, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I dedicate it to the cause of Christian education."

A prayer by Rev. Dr. Schaff, and singing by the choir, of "We will end this War," closed these exercises.

THE INDIAN GIRLS' BUILDING.

After the usual mid-day rest and lunch on the lawn and piazza of the Principal's house, the company gathered around the foundation of the Indian girls' building, which faces the shore, on a line with Virginia Hall, but further up the creek. The choir sang "Watchman tell us of this night," and the words of dedication were then briefly pronounced by Rev. Henry C. Potter, D. D.

"In the name and behalf of the Officers and Trustees of Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, I lay this corner stone of a building to be devoted to Indian girls; in the

language of the hymn sung at the dedication of Academic Hall,—in the name of "Wisdom, Knowledge, Love and Truth." Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

The choir sang the Gloria, and then Dr. Potter, ascending the platform, made a felicitous speech—short, in consideration of the threatening clouds, and the fullness of the day's programme:

"Are we not reminded, as we stand on these beautiful shores, of the early history of the old state of Virginia? Do we not recall the scene of the marriage of Pocahontas with the young Englishman? We are come here to-day to marry the Indian and white race in a new tie; to marry these Indian girls to eastern civilization; with the hand of love and brotherhood, to lift them out of the old degradation, and open the door before them to a nobler future,—the future common to all to whom God gives conscience and intelligence, and their brother man gives opportunity and encouragement. I know not the feelings of others if they have not kindled like mine to-day in these wonderful class rooms, looking into the faces of these Indian girls learning to know our God; our way, and best, almost, of all, to respect themselves and support themselves by their own independent efforts.

You have heard, perhaps, the story of the English traveler, who remarked to a Western settler, 'How sad it is to look on this broad territory once occupied by the red man, and watch the Indians retreating to the Western sun!' 'Yes' replied the settler, 'it's rather hard on the setting sun.'

But we have learned, let us hope, a more Christian view of it. This great work has shown us that they are of one blood with us, with the same sympathies, the same aspirations, the same possibilities. They only need what you and I here have to-day,—black and white—a fair chance. May God bless those who give it to them. May he crown this work."

The Principal, remarking that the good wishes and good will of the colored race have been a significant and helpful feature of this effort for Indian education, asked Rev. Mr. Dawson, one of the school's colored Curators, from Williamsburg, to make the prayer; after which the Principal read a note brought here by Dr. Potter, from Miss Catherine Wolfe, of New York, regretting her inability to be present, and enclosing a check for $1,000, to start the much needed Indian workshop, which is the next want and project of the school.

CLOSING EXERCISES IN VIRGINIA HALL.

ESSAYS OF ALUMNI, AND SPEECHES BY GUESTS.

The afternoon exercises in Virginia Hall, which was comfortably filled, were carried out according to the following programme.

ESSAYS AND ORATIONS,

BY

ALUMNI OF THE INSTITUTION,

who have been engaged from one to eight years in educational work among their people.

Music.

"*The Night School at Hampton.*"
ROSETTA MASON, *Class of* '80.

"*How the Old Meets the New.*"
ALEX. H. MCNEIL, *Class of* '77.

Music.

"*Our City Work.*"
LAURA DAVIS, *Norfolk, Va., Class of* '76.

"*Shall we go to Africa?*"
WM. REID, *Class of* '77.

Music.

"*The Negro and the Indian.*"
B. T. WASHINGTON, *Malden, W. Va., Class of* '75.

"*Our Outlook.*"
L. R. LANGFORD, *Abingdon, Va., Class of* '73.

Presentation of Diplomas to Graduating Class.

Music.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

It will be observed that the essays and orations of the anniversary exercises, were made by alumni of the Institute, instead of by members of the graduating class as usual in former years, and in schools and colleges generally. The increased interest of the exercises fully justified the wisdom of the change, which might, perhaps, be followed with advantage in other institutions. At any rate, it is felt here to be in the direct line of the school's effort for reality and common sense. The endeavor has always been, in the appointment of subjects and supervision of the essays, to have them conscientiously the student's own thought and expression, simple and within the bounds of his experience. But there is always an element of unreality and lack of interest to all but himself and his nearest friends, in the worked up effusion of a new fledged graduate, whatever his color, and even if he has been at school and college all his life instead of three or four years: he says—or tries to—what he ought to feel rather than what he really can. Then the amount of special preparation necessary, while it is good drill in one direction, takes too much time from other study and too much special favoring, for the best advantage of the honor man themselves, and of the class in general. This has been increasingly felt at Hampton. On the other hand, the alumni of the school, who have been faithfully working among their people, have earned a hearing. They come back man and woman, with some experience of real life, and some idea of its relative values. They bring back reports fresh from the field, and in their own language tell just what people want to know of the condition of their race as they see it, and the work among them as they have shared in it.

These considerations make it probable that the new arrangement will be continued for future anniversaries. The graduating classes will lose something of the glow and perhaps false excitements of commencement day, but, on the other hand, they will see the honorable position of the faithful graduate worker, and gain a new incentive to go and do likewise.

The success of the speakers—all but one of whom had not more than three weeks notice, for preparation—can be judged from the comments of the addresses which followed. The reporter present from the "Phila. Evening Bulletin" remarks of them in that paper:

"A youth who is just leaving school rarely has anything to say that an intelligent grown person cares to listen to. But the alumni of the Hampton Institute, especially those who have been out in the world at work for several years, must have much to say that will interest everyone who has watched the operations of this school, and who cares for the mighty matter of negro education. Some of the speakers yesterday were men who had been engaged in teaching people of their own race in the South since they left the institution, five or six years ago. What they had to say was said with clearness and force, and sometimes with eloquence. It is to be hoped General Armstrong will pursue this policy every year."

Diplomas were presented to graduates, young women, and young men, by Rev. Dr. Strieby, as president of the board of Trustees, with a kindly and happy address to the class, as follows:

"In presenting to you these diplomas, it is done this year without the presentation on your part of the usual graduate addresses. But this is only a postponement. I wish you to understand that a commencement speech is not the most important thing in the course of a College graduate. We have all heard of the sky-rocket; with what a rush and brilliancy it goes up—and some of us know how it comes down—like a stick. It is not always what makes the most noise that does the most good. The earthquake, the volcano, the tornado, work devastation with upron. But when the sun rises in the purpling east, no noise heralds its coming to bless the earth. There was lately a time when all the North was bound in fetters of ice and snow. No one heard, but softly and silently stole the warm breath of spring down to the roots of life, and now all nature is beautiful and glorious.

But one thing more I want to say to you, dear young friends: when that soft, warm influence came, if it had fallen on dead roots and buds, all nature would now be dead as it was in winter. I have often enjoyed, at my home, watching the gradual coming on of spring; first the swelling buds, a soft lilac haze that enveloped the woods; then a sudden burst of tender green; then the full foliage of summer. It seemed like a change of the whole mass; but it was not so—every little root and bud had its separate part in the work. So it is with Hampton's work. You have heard the parable of the servants entrusted with their Lord's money; one with ten talents, and another with five, and another with only one. Each was responsible only for just what was given him, and each did his best to improve it, except one, who went, as you know, and buried his and let it lie idle and unimproved.

Among the Hampton graduates, that odd fellow has hardly been found yet, and if he is to be, you've got to furnish him. I don't believe you'll do it, from what I've heard. I believe that you will come back and speak on this platform some day, as God has given you each talents. In token of which, I present to you the diploma which have been awarded to you by the Principal and Trustees.

GENERAL HOWARD AND ANTONITO.

General Howard had kindly consented, like Dr. Potter and Dr. Strieby, to contribute a double share to the day's interest, and gave an interesting reminiscence connected with quite a dramatic scene of the day.

"In 1872, Gen. Grant sent me to Arizona with the hope of making peace with the only tribes then at war. It seemed doubtful for some time whether I should succeed. We had a council; some Mexicans, some American white men, some Papagoes, Pimas and Apaches. One night it seemed very doubtful indeed how it would turn out, but the next day gave us peace, and I started for Washington with ten Indian delegates.

We marched days, and days, and days together. One of the delegates was a young Pima, son of the head chief. He had done much to assist my efforts to make peace. His name was Antonito. What was my surprise and pleasure, and his, to meet him here to-day. You ought to have seen the tears in his eyes, and the glow in his face as he caught sight of me and grasped my hand. It would have given you a new idea of the stoical, apathetic Indian. That visit to Washington was his first view of civilization, and here he is to-day with his little son, because he wants to learn English and the white man's ways.

If our Government could have spent one tenth of what it has spent on the Indians, for such work as this here for them, Indian civilization would long ago have been beyond a peradventure."

A GOOD STORY FROM MR. POTTER.

"While listening to the speeches of the alumni to-day, I have been reminded very strongly of an interview I had on the train between Savannah and Charleston, with an old colored man who came through the cars with a basket of cold roast chicken, to sell for lunch. While enjoying a very tender second joint, I said to him, 'Uncle, where did you get those chickens?'

'Boss, dem chickens two bits.'
'But where did you get them?'
'My ole woman cook dem chickens, boss.'
'But I asked you where you got them.'
'I say, boss, he you a republican?'
'Yes I am.'
'Boss, he you a frien' oh de brack man?'
'Oh, of course.'
'Dea. Boss, ef you is a republican, an' a frien' oh de brack man, you's hotter not inquire too cur'us whar I got dem chickens.'

Some such thought went through my mind to-day, I confess—that being a friend of the black man I had better not inquire where they got those essays. But I did inquire, however. I asked General Armstrong whether they were strictly the speaker's own, and I thank God, he told me they were, and when he tells me anything I always believe it. Young men and women, I congratulate you, I am free to say that never at any College commencement, have I heard more common sense, more true and manly and womanly thought and expression. Never have I heard a definition of civilization such as Mr. Washington gave us today—'the true test of civilization in any people is the desire shown by that people to lift up those who have been less fortunate than themselves.' I never heard it given before, yet I venture to say it is better than any other I have ever seen written.

God forbid that any narrowness of ours should shut out either race represented here this afternoon from any path of progress.

I asked an old Irishman in a Northern city how he was getting on. "Very poorly, your honor, with the nagurs all coming in on us, and the heathen Chinee immigrating so fast, we may as well take to the woods."

My pride is that the first African bishop who went out from this country was consecrated in my church. I hope the time is not far distant when a Hampton graduate will preach in my pulpit. If he preaches better than I, I will accept Pat's philosophy, and 'take to the woods.'"

FROM THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

Governor Holliday, like General Howard, has lost a right arm in the war. Their meeting had seemed affecting to both.

Governor Holliday, being introduced to the audience, addressed them as follows:

"Mr. Principal:—I did not come here to talk, I came to see. Like the gentlemen who preceded me, I have not been disappointed, I have been greatly surprised: I have been gratified. All the more to see again upon the soil of old Virginia another link in the cause of civilization, the battles of which she has fought for so many generations.

I have desired to come here ever since I have been in office, but somehow your invitations always came after I had accepted other appointments, so it was impossible for me to accept. But I determined this, the last year of my administration, that I should avoid all other invitations that I might come here to see this great germ which is destined to flourish so much. Since I have been in this vicinity many of the most pleasant things have occurred. I met this morning, on the stand, a distinguished Federal officer [General Howard,] who addressed you then, and whom I am happy to see here again this after noon. We shook hands, of course, over our introduction; I have met him again; and taking me again by that hand which is nearest to each of our hearts, he expressed his gratification at meeting me. There bubbled up within my heart the noblest impulses that can affect a man. Because we had met as foes upon the field of battle; I felt then that there was coming out from my heart the noblest of all inspirations, and I trust that it went down that arm and penetrated to his heart. I felt, sir, as if again there was a dawn upon us, a time of peace; as if a happy reconciliation was coming, never more to be disturbed.

Since I have been here, and on my way, I have met many gentlemen, and seen ladies from different parts of the Country, and I know there are many others. I would say to them on behalf of the Principal, I would say on behalf of the Board of Trustees, I would say on behalf of the people of Virginia, whom I have the honor, as Governor, to represent, I bid all here welcome to the soil of the old Commonwealth. (applause) Whether you come from Maine or California, whatever section you came from, I feel now as if I were looking into the faces of citizens, as if I were looking into the faces of those who would respond to every word I have uttered, and who hope, with me, that once more our country may be united in the bonds of peace and reconciliation, (applause) I may say to you ladies and gentlemen, I may say to these people around me, that we are looking upon one of the most important scenes in this broad land. The representatives of three continents are around and about me. You may talk about Africa, you may talk about Europe, you may talk about Asia, or any portion of the world, but here stands the Negro, here stands the Indian, and here stands the Caucasian, in the providence of God, never more to be sundered. In this little school there are forces, grand forces, which are working to the dignity of our republican growth. They are about us now, and you cannot, by any possibility avoid them. Wherever you go you will meet these people, but you cannot avoid it. One of the most distinguished modern Statesmen has said that it is the unexpected that is constantly occurring in public affairs. This is a striking truth. Can any man hope to hold high public office, particularly in the time in which we now live, and take no account of this? The battle has been fought, the victory has been won, and the revolution is tiding on—the revolution of ideas. The old World has never witnessed so great a revolution as is now transpiring upon this Continent.

The Indian and the Negro are sitting at the feet of the Anglo-Saxon Gamaliel of modern civilization. The arrows have been plucked from the quivers, and the irons have been stricken from the limbs of the slaves, and the trio are marching forward not with weary steps, not as captives at the wheel of the triumphal chariot, but they are moving onward with a firm and steady tread, under the moving standards of an untrammeled race.

Now, Mr. Principal, what are the lessons taught by this? I want to know what the character of the studies are, for upon them depends the character of the Institution. Reading, writing and ciphering to the rule of three?—If this be all that is done it is a profound error. These are nothing in the world but the mechanics of education. Behind these there may stand a lying genius who may wield them for the destruction of all the rest or a good and earnest spirit who may wield them for its glory.

If the great end of education is reading, writing and ciphering, education is an abortion and the foundation is laid for all sorts of errors. Reading, writing, and ciphering have been taught, but there have also been taught something higher than these, and it is how they shall become good men and good women. For, my friends, here is another profound truth to us living in a republican government, for out of this comes the good citizen. Did you ever reflect upon what this means? It is the most comprehensive term to us Americans, the most comprehensive term in the whole range of our language. It comprehends all other terms and all other things. A good citizen! In the hands of the people, under the numerical majority, are intrusted the destinies of the country. If the citizens are good, the government will be good. If the citizens are bad, the government is bad, and the whole system must fall to the ground.

Mr. President, I say I ought to be gratified. I am gratified beyond measure, for I see in the future of this school the very work, the doing of which I believe to be the most essential for the advancement of the interests and the glory of America. And when they come out into the world, wherever their lot may be cast, they are but cogs in the great wheel of human machinery, and when they go out their duties will be performed faithfully and well."

Now I have to thank you for the kind attention you have given me. If you leave this institution in the same frame of mind as I do, you will be satisfied that we see here a great center from which will come out all that is useful and good. Out of the abundance of our wealth and power we have given a well contented gift. Knowing full well that you will all find a place in the scheme of that providence which rules over nations and among men.

IN CONCLUSION.

The Principal, returning thanks in behalf of the school to all who had contributed by word or presence to the pleasure of the day, the exercises were closed with singing of the doxology, and the benediction pronounced by Rev. Dr. Strieby.

HAMPTON STUDENTS' OWN.

From the Senior Class.

ROME WAS NOT BUILT IN A DAY.

This is a true statement. Rome was building for many years, yes hundreds of years. How long was it losing its power and falling from the height to which it had built itself? Was it like the "Early Britains" who reached the summit of their glory in a moment, as it were, consequently soon fell?

This teaches us a grand lesson, and that is that slow progress gives to any nation a sure foundation which may not be undermined by trifles.

We have learned that when man begins to retrograde, he soon gets below the standard of common decency and morality, then he is said to be low; and this point is reached very soon for he travels this road with great velocity.

We must not murmur about the past, but look out for the future, pay no attention at all to our past treatment, cast it into the sea of forgetfulness, but work slowly and surely for our advancement in the future.

Like the workmen on the Egyptian Pyramid, our ends we'll accomplish some day. We know that. "The heights reached and kept by great men are not obtained by sudden flight, but they, while their companions sleep, toil upward in life." So must we, if we expect to be estimated and counted as men and not as three-fifths of a man. We must press forward; for it is only one step and then another, and the longest walk is ended.

We may try to build ourselves up in the world and do well for a time, and then fall. Mind it not, for the only way for us to make ourselves a nation and have a good history, is to look before we step, and if we should fall, try it over again, only with a greater will. It is the way of most every man under the sun, to try to get into situations which he is not able to fill. This is one of the greatest obstructions in the way of those who have been recently counted as men. They think because they are men they fill the situation as well as any one else. Physically, they may do what any other men can do physically, but not intellectually. This is a false idea.

So let us think of this matter and go into the places we are best fitted for, and we shall soon become a useful and important element in the population of our country.

W. A. H.

LECTURE ON CLEANLINESS.

This is an important subject to think upon. It is stated in the Bible that our Lord told the men that were lepers: "Be thou clean." He did not say: "Take up thy bed and walk," yet in either case they could have been healed.

But it seems that our Lord desired to impress the idea of cleanliness. Most diseases, or perhaps all diseases, are created by dirt and filth. Then, my friends, you can see at a glance the all important necessity of keeping ourselves clean.

Our bodies are given us to keep in good order for the dwelling of God; they are his temples, and he will not dwell in us if we allow our bodies and souls to go unclean.

The heart as well as the body should be purged; we should not allow ourselves to listen to wicked words, and think bad things or say ugly things, for this defiles our inward selves.

Prayer and strict watch over our doings, will keep our inner part clean, and water and soap will cleanse the outer part; this you all know by experience; you know how pleasant we feel after a nice bath, it keeps the pores of our skin open and allows the pure air to enter which is so invigorating.

Now we should keep our houses and the grounds about them clean. *Cleanliness* is the *secret* of *health*.

Yet some clean people are sickly. Well, dirt will make the well ones sick and sick ones die. Some people are naturally sickly, it is the decree of Providence that we are to suffer some in our bodies to make us better.

S.

THE ADVANTAGES OF AN EDUCATION.

Dear friends, the subject on which I speak to you is the advantages of an education. Education is something of which a great many people have a vague idea. It comes from the Latin word *educo* meaning to draw out. We have first to take in, and not keep it but give it out to those around us. And therefore do not do as the miser does; always taking in and never giving out.

The reason we want an education is to enable us to control not only our private business but to take part in public affairs and know what is going on daily in our own and other countries, thus making ourselves acquainted with the welfare of all the nations.

Education has existed among mankind ever since the time of Adam. In one way or another, If they weren't educating their mental powers they were their physical. The Romans, Spartans and other nations attended mostly to the development of the physical, while the Athenians after their fall from political power, attended to the mental.

In Germany, they have among the best schools in the world. America is advancing steadily and has taken her place in the race, if the other nations are not careful she will soon pass the goal and be crowned with the Laurel wreath of success. Old England the mother country is also pushing forward and looking with an anxious eye toward the goal.

Some people have educated their muscles to such an extent as to be able to lift and carry ponderous weights; some to walk for many days at a very fast pace, and others to perform such perilous feats that when we see them go through the performance we expect to see them a lifeless corpse every minute until they have finished.

With a good education a person has within his grasp almost any mark in life he may choose. One having educated and got the control of his mental powers can put himself on an equality with the majority of intelligent men.

Without an education a man is a mere tool in the hands of other men. In some of the states there is a law which will not allow men to vote unless they can both read and write. In that case you are no more than a slave was before the rebellion unless you can read and write. You have no voice at all in the government by which you are governed. What will the Negro in Florida do now that the bill has passed there. They will either have to read and write or not have any voice in the government.

The Negroes have been down in the lowest grade of civilization and they want to raise themselves up and education is the only thing that will do it. I advise you all to educate not only yourselves but your children. All the races on the globe are making rapid progress in civilization, and the way they are doing it is by education. What is education doing? It is ruling the world. How could man invent and make such things as are beneficial to this great world if it wasn't for education. The Negro race is low in grade of civilization, and the most of this race instead of helping each other, when they see them trying to reach a certain mark and be able to compete with the great men of the present day they put all the obstacles they possibly can in their path. The progress made by the Negro race in the past fifteen years is not due mostly to their energies and efforts but mostly to their friends. The most of you say I want to reach the highest point of civilization. How can you if you do not get an education. Shakespeare says "Ignorance is the curse of God, knowledge wings wherewith to fly to Heaven." What I say first I say last; get an education before all things.

B.

WHAT TO DO FOR THYSELF.

Hard work is one of the essential things for success; elbow grease is what makes men rich, no bitter no sweet. He who wants to live must eat for himself, and the same case holds good with improvement; he who wants to have improvement must work for it. Every man must work for his own improvement. Hard work leads to the best broadcloth, and he who is ashamed of it will soon be able to do without it. Hard work is the mother of good luck. Idleness is the backbone of poverty. Slow and sure for good success; every little helps. "If at first you don't succeed try try again." Don't give up; brick by brick houses are built. We must stand alone before we can walk and walk before we run. Haste makes waste.

If you want to have success, you must be sure to begin right, a bad beginning makes a bad end. Look before you jump. Don't give up a small business before you are sure of a larger. Even drops are water. From bad to worse is not improvement. For success you must keep right at your work. Remember you can't get honey and fight at the bees at the same time.

M.

From the Middle Class.

A DESCRIPTION OF MY HOME.

My home is in the south-west corner of the Indian Territory. The Agency is situated about a mile from the Washita River, on a wooded bluff which screens it from the north wind.

The school building used to stand out prominently, before it was destroyed by fire; which happened just before I came east to school. It was a two storied house with two wings, well adapted for the reception of one hundred pupils. The Agent's house, a neat frame building, office and other appointments, lie to the right; the Engineer's house, the house of the physicism, and one or two to the left.

In the fertile valley below is the Agency farm: further to the left is the saw mill, and beyond, the farms of the Indians, whose little houses are sheltered by the woods and by the cliff. The old Indian huts are rapidly replaced by log houses mostly put up by the Indians themselves.

Some of the Indians live about thirty miles from the Agency on their farms, raising cattle, hogs and ponies, and plenty of wild game all around them. Sometimes they can stand at their doors and shoot a deer or a turkey without having to run around through the woods and tire themselves; and they like to live in a country where there is plenty of game.

Before I came east, I used to think that the Indians settled the country very thickly; but they live from about one or ten miles apart; some places farther than this. But now I think they have made their settlements very thinly, compared with those made by white people in the states.

The Indians have no education, though they have various ideas about it; and they have many superstitious ideas. They think the medicine men can make the rain to come or turn very cold, or kill any one who is not any ways near them by sending medicine through the air; though that never happens very often. But they believe all that the medicine men tell them, and everything that they say, must be done or their lives are in danger.

J. D.

INDOLENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Indolence is one of the most worthless kinds of habits which a person can get by idling around when there is plenty of work to be done.

And this should be well guerded when we are young; for in youth is the time to form good habits, if we wish to have useful lives in the future.

Indolance, or I should say habitual idleness, in the first place commences in neglecting to perform little things, which is not felt at first to be doing any harm, but which has often led to miserable ends. And so it is very important for little things to be noticed as well as large things.

Although any person's aim in life may be a good one, if he at the same time allows himself to spend his time in an idle way and neglects to do his little duties, it is a sign that he is drifting into idleness. And at last, he will find it hard to overcome these things, which at first seemed harmless. He will thence become an idle, lazy man. He will despise labor, and then there will be no hope of his getting along in this world successfully, if he despises one kind of labor. And poverty is the result of such a habit.

But what a great difference we see in comparing industry with indolence. Habitual diligence brings good success, and it is the kind of habit that should be formed in youth. For instance, one who is diligent in his work and in his lessons in youth is laying the very foundation of a useful life, and will no doubt attain good fortunes in times to come. M. O.

DISAPPOINTMENTS OF LIFE.

In our every day journey of life, we have various things to meet with; some probably for our good, and others for our disappointment. As we go from day to day attending to our daily business, we meet with things which are not always pleasant to us; but we must not give up to these disappointments, because they are for us all in this life. We can not expect to go from day to day, without meeting with disappointments. I think disappointments are good at times. For one reason, if a person had no trouble nor was never molested he would not feel for those who have hinderances and disappointments. My advice is, try hard and you will be successful. Never give over for every trouble you have, although it may be very hard, for if we don't at first succeed we should try again. Disappointments are not only for you and me, but for every one. It is impossible for us to live without being put to some disadvantage. We may have an object in view to accomplish; something may arise just at that time, and prevent us from accomplishing our design; we call this a disappointment in life. We sometimes gives up in despair thinking we can not accomplish anything more than we have done, but it is not so, we simply want more energy about ourselves to overcome difficulties and disappointments.

W.

From the Indians.

ABOUT OUR SCHOOL.

Indian boys have been working on the farm, planting some fruits, and some digging for building. The new boys work in the morning and go to school in the afternoon. They are learning how to talk English very well. Stago, one of the smallest boys, plays rough, and when he get mad he calls them bad John. He calls all the boys "John." When the boys fall in ranks to march over to their meals, as soon as he get in the rank he would commence in giving commands as this: "Front Forward, March." Some officer would try to make him behave while in the ranks. He would say "bad John."

Bears Heart and Jonathan Hensice went home on the first day of April. Bears Heart talked to his schoolmates before he went away.

Every Saturday we have a meeting with Mr. B. T. Washington, to talk to us what he thinks we ought to do and what we ought not to do. When his meeting is over, then he lets the Indian boys have their meeting. We then elect a President, Secretary, and a Chaplain. Then the Secretary calls some boys to speak, some boys learn pieces in books, and we are doing well. For many times they try to talk to others, and how the meeting is going to be useful to them if they just keep on trying to talk English. Some boys were at first ashemed; they did not try to speak. but few advanced boys lead them and now they can just come in front of the others and speak like a man, and many times Thomas Wildcatte have talked to us, the way we ought to do in the meetings. He is one of the leading Indian boys here.

I have been noticing among ourselves to see if they like this school as well as I do. Well, the boys that had been to school before likes this school because they learn, they talk English to each other as white boys. The others, especially the Sioux, go to the Indian School. I will not say that they don't learn, for I do not know anything about them. They work in the afternoon. There are more Sioux boys here, and they generally talk in their own talk, but they try to talk English, and they can talk well now. I see that they like this school, some have written to their people about it, for they went to stay another year as their time will soon be out. I know one Indian boy that wanted to go home, but Mr. Washington talked to him, which made him feel strong, and have never complain about it anymore, and is now here with us, cheerful as he can be.

Here at this school, we learn how to read write, cipher, and work, while at our homes they learn how to read and can't talk English so many talking the same Language that they don't try to talk in English much. I know people who taught us in one of these schools. They made a rule that they must talk English or else go without their meals for sometime. So in this way we use to try to talk it all the time, and that is the best way in teaching them how to talk English language. For myself, I went to a school that had a rule like this one. Well I learn how to read, cipher and spell, but did not know how to use the language.

Now we have heard of starting another school at Genora, Nebraska, for Indians. I hope it is so, for there are many children that want to go to school and I believe the Government will do the best to start this school for Indians. So many little children in the Indian villages doing nothing, and I think this will be another good school for them as Hampton and Carlisle.

The people are doing more work for the Indians than I ever know. They are so kind for sending us here and helping us in this school.

The only thing the Indians can say when they want anything, and here's a chance for the Chiefs to talk about, about commencing another school, and that is what they need, it's the education they want, and that is what they ought to talk about, nothing else. I meant the Government.

WITCH WAYS AMONG THEM.

Indians thought that they can kill a man by throwing medicine in the air, and believed that they are powerful in killing a man and making him well again. In their medicine dances as one year I saw them, they used to have it every night worshipping through God as their Church I think. Every evening I went to the lodge where they had it. Before they commence, a man would talk talk as prayer; when that is over, then a man comes out, goes upon the lodge and cries up towards Heaven, bows down to the chimney and then the others cry out just the same. Four times he does; then they commence their slight hand performances. Swallowing spears, and arrows,

shooting a man in the mouth with their arrows, but I don't know myself this to be so or not. I saw them what they did and saw them pull the arrow out from one man and made him well again. Before they did anything they let the visitors examine their arrows and a bow. As I looked one time I saw a boy fall down dead, an arrow in his body. Then they brought him around to let us see him. Soon after that, they brought him to life again. These things I saw, but I could not see how they did them. Many Indians and white people did not believe them. When they heard it they got a man; they brought him right in front of us and shot him so that we could believe. The last time they had was way in the Autumn in the night, and so the Chief Doctor gave a long prayer as I call it, for it makes me think that its their way in worshiping God as the white people do in their churches. Then they had a big dance, shooting each other and swallowing arrows, knocking big stones on their heads and many more which I cannot remember. The last were two men that had bear skins on, and the Doctors made them mad that they drove us away from the lodge and no one would dare to go back. The next day they took everything they had in the lodge to the creek.

Also, how they used to love their war dances and sun dances, killing each other, trying to scalp other nations that they might have a big name. This has passed from them; civilized ways have come to them; many have hold in a better religion than ever before. So no more war paths, no horses to steal from themselves, but the surface of the earth is their enemy now. The men have to work now, the women don't have to work as it was before; they are taught of more then before. And now they are building a new building for Indian girls where they shall be trained how to work so they shall be useful to their tribes in teaching them how to keep themselves better; keeping their clothes clean, also sewing, cooking, many different kind of ways. Some girls are here at this school doing very well, yet they have not been trained in working different kinds of work, but they can do most any kind of work so far as I know.

The Indian students at Hampton are doing well in their school. J. M.

Southern Workman.

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AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Shanghai, April 5, 1881.

Though I am attending the King of the Hewaiian Islands, on his trip around the world, I do not forget that I em rated as a "special contribntor" to the Southern Workman. My reletions are snch that much which I see here I cannot make pnblic; but there are some subjects upon which I em at liberty to write, because they do not concern netionel or private affairs.

A few deys ago, the steamer Peu-tsh, belonging to the China Merchants' Steamship Complny, was put at the disposal of the King nf the Hawelians, to make such nse of as he chose. Sha is e large, swift steamer, built in England. Some of her cabins were especielly refitted for the reception of the King. He, end his Chemberlain, end I emherked. We were the ouly passengers. In sixty houre, we reached the mouth of the Peiho river, and efter passing many forts, reached Tientsin, a large city, about fifty miles from the mouth of the river. At that city, the teas from the sonthern part of China are collected and dispetched to Russia, on the hacks of camels, for the Russians believe that fine teas are injured by sea voyage. That city is also the seeport of Peking, the capital of China, and is also the residence of Li-Hung-Chang, the Viceroy of the province of Chilhi, the Commender in chief of the armies of China; the greatest nf living Chinese generals. He rules despotically over forty millions of people, and is, to all intents and purposes, an absolute monarch. Ha is a self-made men. During the greet Taiping rebellion, in which some millions of men were killed, and eighty thousand beheaded for rebeillon, in Canton elone, ha rose to the supreme military command, and is now the first man nf this Empire of four hundred millions. Moreover, he is progressive; his troops are drilled in European tactics, he owns war vessels, powder factories, and arsenels, he employs Europeans, and watches them too; he keeps around him able Chinemen, who have lived in Europe, and speak tha European lenguages. Last winter he went to e dinner party at the Russian Embassy, and, to the horror of ell conservative Chinese, sat at the tablo with European ladies; though he has not gone so far as to produce in public the female members of his own family. Moreover he is pure Chinese. Tha reigning dynasty at Peking is Tartar, and it has kept its grasp over these millions of Chinese for some centuries, by the force of its superior ebility and skill. But many of the Chinese look forward to a time, when the Tartars will be overthrown and a Chinemen will become Emperor, as the Tartar dynasty is becoming weak, vacillating, and "behind the times;" it is believed that before long enother revolution will take pleco, thet Li-Hung-Chang will lead it, end in the end become Emperor, and throw down, on ell sides, the wells of seclusion which neerly encircla this vast nation. I was, therefore, deeply interested in meeting this greet man. Shortly efter ont arrivel at the dock in Tientsin, en official came on board, and said that the "Tontai" (the Mayor) of the place would pay his respects to the King. The King went on shore, to e large house, put et his disposal, end shortly after entered the reception room. The "Tontai" sent in his cards, his neme end titles heing printed on large red pieces of paper. The "Tontai" entered tho room, leaving his retinue behind him. After a formel reception, he presented the cerds of the Viceroy, and said thet the Viceroy would receive tho King at three o'clock the next day at his own palace. The next day at 2, P. M. three sedan chairs were brought to tha steamer's side. Eech chair was cerried by four men, called "coolies" by Europeans. The King, his Chamherlain and I, dressed in full uniform, entered these chairs, which were lifted up at once, and the procession moved awey. At the back were four mandarins, on horseback. A large square hanner was cerried in front. Behind them came policemen. Behind the four men who carried sedan chairs, there were men of petty rank, who trotted beside the cheirs and pushed awey any obstacles. Three miles of streets had to be passed hefore the Viceroy's resideuco could he reached, and these streets were hardly twelve feet wide. The buildings are made of bamboo plastered with mud. So the color of the land and of the huildings is the sama. Herdly a building is over one story high. The houses swarmed with people. They came to the front as wo passed. Ox carts, donkeys, men carrying burdens were hustled into aida streets.

The peopla knew abont our coming, and showad tha greetest curiosity. Finally we reached tha Viceroy's residence. Our chairs were carried through a gate set in an immense wall; within were two lines of soldiers, who presented arms. Then the bend played. The music was indescribabla. After passing through the line of troops, we came to an inner gete. Here the cheirs were hrought to the ground and we got out. Befora ue were perhaps fifty officials in full costume, standing in silence. Usually the Viceroy receives a guest in his reception room, buta sovereign must be met at the threshold of the residence. When the Viceroy met us, he shook hends with us, for he has adopted this European custom, while dealing with Europeans or foreigners. Then he led us through two lines nf bowing officials to the reception room, end to a ronnd table in the center of tha room. Etiquette was cerefnlly preserved. The King sat on the Viceroy's right; I set on his left, and tha others were sested below us. Tea in beautiful porcelein cups was at once served. The Viceroy is a tell men, with e keen, bright eye, and a spere frame. He commenced telking et once, through his interpreter. His questions were meny and to the point. After twenty minutes telk, wa were led into an edjoining room, and were seeted at a table covered with sweetmeats, etiqutte being carefnlly preserved during the seating. I did not touch the sweetmeets, but I did think of my boys in Hampton, who would heve readily taken my place on the occasion. After en honr's talk we left, and returned in the chairs to our ships, the same ceremony being observed in returning as in coming. The next morning the Viceroy returned the call. It was done with greet ceremony: He invited us to dine with him in the evening, so we went at seven o'clock, to a larga hell, whare we again met him. The high officials of the Empire, residing in the city, and the representatives of foreign nections were also invited. The Hawaiian and Chinese flegs were draped together about the room. Pieces of splendid lacqner work were abeut the room. Extracts from the sayings nf Confncius, in Chinese characters, were written on the wells. One of these translated, reads: "Only he who is wise, prudent, and nbeys his perents can be heppy." It was not a bad sentiment for men whom the English people call "pagans." Twenty-five persons were at the table, seated according to rank. The King sat on the Viceroy's right, I sat on his left. The King's Chemberlein sat opposite next to the "Tontai." Next to me, sat the Viceroy's son, a hright looking man, twenty-seven yeers old. He speeks English well, and has learned it through an English teacher. The dinner was not purely Chinese, for European dishes were intermixed. Ivory chop-sticks were beside each plate, and knives and forks were added. The courses numbered ebont twenty. In a purely Chinese dinuer, they reach a hundred. The principal Chinese dishes were hird's-nest sonp, and shark's fins. The hird's nest sonp for twenty-five people cost not less than three hnndred dollers. At the close of the dinner, one of the high officials, who spoke English well, rose, end said thet he wonld propose e toast, by the direction of the Viceroy. Ha said: "The Viceroy desires me to propose your Majesty's heelth. He wishes to thank you for the kind treetment which the Chinese have received in your Kingdom, end he hopes thet the relations of the two countries will always be pleasant." At the King's request, I replied, through the interpreter, saying in substance thet the King was glad of the good opinion which the Chinese hed of his Kingdom; thet it was the aim of the government to make ell men equal hefore the Courts, end especial care was taken of those who did not understend the lenguege of the country. After this we left the table, after a four hours' session. The next morning we left the city. When we reached the mouth of the Peiho river, the great forts which line the river hanks on each side for two miles, fired e royal salute, while the ramparts were covered with men, displaying banners. Every tenth soldier carries a hanner in the Chinese army, and the effect of some hundreds of these, waving ehova the high, massive walls, was picturesque and grand. The Haweiiani flag dippeñ in reply, and we moved out o the river into the Chinese or Yellow Sea.

The steamer on which we took passage, belongs to the China Merchants' Steamship Co. Tha Chinamen are rapidly overtaking the Europeans, in the stcamship race. This line runs at present over thirty steamers, and they trade with all ports of the Pacific.

There is a vast money capital in China, but the peopla aro conservative about investment. Soma of the more enterprising engaged in the steamship business, hut did not succeed at first. They hought English ships at large prices. They did not know how to manege them. Like all men who go into effairs in which they have had no experience, they hed much to learn, and their leseon cost them dearly. Mariners cannot be made in a day. Captains, and engineers of steamers, cennot be had out nf a race that never hnilt steamships, or sailed over distant seas. Though theso men could match Europeens in trede, could make the Pacific coast of America tremble at their thrift and economy; they could not manage steamships. It was a new husiness to them. They hed money in vast qnentities, but it paid no interest. A vast fleet covered the seas along this coast, and made en active competition with the trained Merchent service of Great Britein, but it peid no profit. How this great fleet of thirty steamers, was converted from a losing, discouraging investment, into ons of greet end astonishing profit by the splendid management of a pure Negro from America, I shall relate hereafter.

It now pays largely, and is destined, it is quite probeble, to control tha vast commerce of the Pacific.

I will close by describing the modern method of conveyance in the cities of the East, occupied by foreigners. Ahont ten years ago, a missionary in Jepen hnilt a large, two wheeled baby carriege. Shafts were ettached to it. A coolie or leborer's pay is about ten cents e dey; so he put e coolie hehind the shefts, got into the wagon and started off; at onca the invention took. At present in Japan and China, one sees everywhere these carriages, celled jin-rik-shas, in all tne streets. If one wishes to ride, he calls ona up, steps in, end is cerried off at full speed. He never welks. Sometimes en extre coolie is hired to push. The effect of a hundred of these big hehy wegons, in which large portly men era seeted, is curious and amusing. But tha coolies die repidly. Running at full speed they become heeted, end as in the winter time they frequently heve to stand in the cold air for hours, they take heevy colds and do not live long.

W. N. A.

A VISIT FROM THE PRESIDENT.

President Garfield, accompenied by his daughter and son, Secretary Hnnt end Mrs. Hunt, Col. and Mrs. Rockwell, and daughter, visited Fortress Monrpe, and Portsmouth Navy Yard, on Saturday, June 4, in tha Government steam yacht Dispetch, and on Sunday morning, drove out to the Chesapeake Soldiers' Home, end to Hampton Institute, attending The Normal School service et Bethesda Chapel, in the Netional Cemetery.

After service, the Principal announced the presence of the President nf the United Stetes, end expressed the hope that he wonld speak to the school of which he hed so long bean a friand, and was once a Trustee; in this most fitting place, with the graves around us of those who heve died thet thesa might be here to-dey.

Tha President responded to the request as follows:

"As I drove through these grounds today, I was impressed with the thought thet I wes between the representatives of the past and the future.

Crippled and bent with service and years, those veterans in the Soldiers' Home, represent the past. You represent the future,—the future of your race—e future made possible by the pest, by these graves around us.

Two phases of the fnture strike me as I look over this assemhlege. For I see enother race here; e race from tha far west. These two classes of people ere approaching the great problem of humanity, which is *Labor*, from different sides.

I wonld put thet problem into four words: *Labor must be free.* And for those of you from the far west, I wonld omit the last word in order to enforce the first lesson. To yon I would say: *Labor must be!*—for you, for all.—Without it there can be no civilization. The white rece hes learned that truth. They come here as pioneers, felled the forests and swept ewey ell obstacles before them by labor. You come from e people who have been taught to destroy;—to fight but not to labor. Therefore to you I would say that without labor you can be nothing. The first text in your civilization is; Labor must be!

You of the African rece heve learned this text but you learned it nnder the lash. Slevery teught you thet lehor must he. The mighty voice of war spoke ont to you, end to us all, that Lahor must be forever *free.*

The hesis of all civilization is that Labor must he. Tha basis of every thing great in civilization, the glory of our civilization, is that Lahor must he free!

I am glad to see that General Armstrong is working out this problem on hoth sides—reaching one hand to the Sonth; and one hand to the West,—with all this Continent of Anglo-Saxon civilization hehind him; working it out in the only way it can ever be worked out; the way thet will give u a country without sections; a people without a stain."

After church; tha President and his party walked through some of tha buildings, saw the students at dinner, end then took lunch et tha house of Gen. Marshell, Treasurer of the Normal School; where the teachere and officers of the School were presented to the Preeident, who pleasantly said thet he felt like wishing he wera a Hampton teacher.

After listening to a little einging by the Normal School choir, the party left for the Fort, end returned to Washington the same evening.

AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

"An I then there cama hoth ice and snow
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast high, want floeting hy,
As green as emerald."

"An iceberg is one of God's own buildings," saye Dr. Kane in the most graphic and fascineting of all stories of Arctic exploretion.

"An Iceberg is one of. God's own buildings; preaching its lessons of hnmllity to the minietnre structnres of men. Its material, ona colossal Pentelicns; its mass, the representative of powar in repose; its distrihution simnlating every architectural type. It mekes one smile et those classicel remnents which our own period reproduces in its Madeleins, Walhellas, end Girard colleges, * * * Certein, I em that no objects ever impressed me more. Thera was something ehout them so slumherous and so pure, so massive yet so evanescept, so mejestic in their cheerless beeuty, without, after all, any of the aslieut points which give charecter to description, thet they almost seeked to me the meterial for a dream rather than things to he definitely peinted in words. The first thet we approached wes entirely unaccesaible. Our commender, in whose estimetes of distance and megnitude I have great confidence, mada it nearly a mile in circumference. With the exception of one rugged corner, it was in shepe a truncated wedge, and its snrface a nearly horizontel plateeu. Another was e monster ice mountain, et least two hundred feet high, irregular in shepe, end its surface diversified with hill end dele. Upon this one we landed. * * * *

The general color of a berg mey be compared to frosted silver, but when its fractnres are very extensive, the exposed faces heve a very hrilliant lustre; nothing can be more exquisite. The iceberg is always dreaded by ships In Melville Bay, we were completely surrounded hy them. We made fast on the shore side, to one of majesterial proportion thet hed enchored itself in the floe. To seeward I counted seventy-three. As the tide ebbed, the floes choked in eround us, so as to prevent the possibility of warping from onr position, end the kingly bergs began their impressive march. One of them in bnlk more than equel to two of our own, advanced at the rete of e knot an hour, crnmhling ell opposing floes before it. Tha two bergs were just about to meet, crushing our little vessels to atoms in their embrace. It was a sight to make the bravest hold his breath. But we doubled e projecting cape end the peril was past. Just as the drifting berg was ebont impinging on the other, it yielded a very little to some inexplicable counter-drift, moved slowly ronnd on its axie to the northward, and passing within fifty yards of the brig, continued its majestic progress directly in the wind's eye. It was a narrow escape; the Rescue was keeled over considerably by the floes which were forced in npon her, driving in her port hulwarks, end demolishing her monkey rail."

A SOUTHERN SUPERINTENDENT'S TRIBUTE TO A COLORED TEACHER.

The deeth of Mr. Lindsey Hayden, a graduete of Hamptoo, of the class of '77, has been noticed hefore in the Sonthern Workmen. His widow, elso a Hempton graduata, has sent us to read tha following kind letter of sympathy which she has received from the County Superintendent of schools under whom sha, and her husband were teaching. We take the liberty of publishing it, sure that its tone of cordial respect end appreciation will give to many e pleasant, and perhaps e new idea of the reletions which mey exist between the colored teacher and the Southern superintendent, though in many cases one is en ex-slave and the other en ex-sleve holder. Race prejudice exists—North as well as South. Education is the only upward toed out of it. Many a Hampton graduate is proving that true end unassuming worth will find its own level. Mrs. Hayden writes:

"I em trying to teech again, end give this sad event up to the Master, but it is the hardest thing I ever tried to do. General, I believa my deer husband is in Heaven, for he certainly tried to live the life of a christian. I mean to try end meet him there. I ask yon to pray for ma.

Your sincerely grateful pupil"
Della E. Hayden."

The enclosad letter is as follows:

Office of County Supt. of Public Schools,
BEDFORD COUNTY,
Liberty, Va., *February* 5th, 1881.

Mrs. Della E. Hayden:

I desire to express my sincere sympathy for yon in your bereavement. Tha deeth of your husbend (Lindsey Hayden) is a sad loss, not only to tha colored people of this immediate community, but throughout tha County. He was en excellent teacher and loved the employment for the good which he thereby aimed to accomplish. I sought his co-operation in efforts for the improvement of the colored teachers of the County, and found him ready to do ell in his power towards the accomplishment of this object. He deeth ie a sad loss in this respect, end *I feel that loss deeply.* I was absent from home nearly ell of the time of his illness, end feel sorry that I did not see him before he deperturo.

With best wishee for your welfere, I am
Yours trnly,
J. A. Davis.

Southern Workman,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

Reduced to eight page from July to October, four months.)

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MR. T. T. BRYCE, MRS. ORRA LANGHORNE, } *Regular Contributors.*

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J. F. B. MARSHALL
Business Manager, Hampton, Va.

Entered as Second-class Matter in the Post Office at Hampton, Va.

The Southern Workman, devoted to the interests of Negro and Indian civilization, is edited and managed by the officers of the Hampton Institute, and printed on the School Press by colored youth trained in the office. Subscriptions are a help to the School. It is sent on trial for four months for twenty-five cents. Job work, from all parts of the country, is solicited, and will be done cheaply and well. Estimates will be sent on application.

Subscribers are reminded that, from July to October inclusive, this paper is reduced to an eight page form, resuming in November the twelve page form.

The assembly of the Hampton Alumni on Friday, May 20, the day after commencement, may be considered an event in Negro education. Out of the three hundred and forty living graduates who are scattered throughout this, and the neighboring states, ninety-five were present. The average was about twenty-four years. Each one had come out of a dark past, received a three years' training, and had been engaged in teaching his race from one to nine years. Nearly all had grown, both physically and morally. Their faces were stronger from hard experience, and the story of difficulties overcome, was written on many a countenance. As we looked down the long tables, at the Alumni dinner, or moved among them in a social way, the gain in power, in settled purpose and in character, were manifest. All were neatly dressed, free from fanciful adornment, and as to ease and grace, and dignity of manner, had no comparison to fear. The young women, who composed about a third of the company, best illustrated the farthest point from "chattel" life that has been reached: As a whole, free from political ambition; most of them, in a moderate way, property holders; clearly realizing the great work before them as teachers, and their Christian duty to devote themselves to it, they represented a new and hopeful force in the South; one that needs reinforcement.

This gathering was, we believe, the largest of its kind ever held. They had no grievances or outrages to report; their testimony to Southern kindness and fair treatment was general and cordial.

They called for more teachers and books; for men who could build their own school houses, make their own benches, brave difficulties, risk pay, and be careless of comfort.

Such workers are the product of institutions built up by the North, appreciated, and, in some cases, aided by the South.

Every year they pour out a stream of earnest, clear headed men and women about five hundred in number, who, having themselves been lifted out of the depths, go out to lift their people.

There should be a thousand instead of five hundred a year, for the six millions of Negroes in the land.

THE DIOCESE OF VIRGINIA ON NEGRO EDUCATION.

Recognition by the South of the supreme necessity of educating and elevating the ignorant millions in her midst, is growing both in church and state. A new stand for this duty was taken by the recent Episcopal convention in Danville, Va., at the instance of the earnest and practical Bishop Whipple, and the "Diocesan Work," the organ of the church in Virginia, thus reports and comments upon its action.

"Our Church in Virginia, through its Council, recently assembled in Danville, has spoken brave words in favor of Negro evangelization, and has announced a new departure, and has adopted a new policy. We are to have no more make-shifts. We are to have no more ignoring, no more neglecting of a most patent duty. We are to have no more evangelists relieving our parochial clergy of the responsibility of preaching Christ to the *larger bulk of* the people within these parochial bounds. The work of bringing the seven hundred thousand negroes in our midst to Christ and the Christian life, is placed where it belongs—*upon the parochial clergy and their vestries.* Such work they cannot ignore. Such responsibility they cannot avoid. The church has spoken. Hear the unanimous voice of the church in Virginia, the voice of bishop, and clergy, and laity, as expressed in solemn council at Danville:

'*We believe that the time has arrived when our parochial clergy should recognize the fact that the Negroes within their parochial bounds are an integral part of their parochial work, and that such work can no longer be ignored nor neglected.*'

We ask the clergy and vestries of Virginia to weigh well this solemn utterance of their Diocesan Council. We ask them to read it in the light of that sublime "GO YE," which Christ decreed from the Mount of Ascension. We ask them to read it in the light of that peculiar parochial organism which has been grafted upon our ecclesiastical system. At any rate, the church in Virginia has adopted and announced A POLICY. For this we say, *Laus Deô!* Now let clergy and vestry act. Otherwise at their door a fearful responsibility must rest."

We are assured by a clergyman of Virginia, that this hearty comment is a reflex of public sentiment in the diocese, and that the wishes of the Council will be carried out. Practical aid like this, is worth more to the colored race than a great deal of talk about rights and social equality. It is putting it on the only direct road, whether short or long—to all those rights, and its true level. And it will benefit the giver as much as the receiver. No one can do hearty christian work for another's good, without rising himself to a higher plane, and finding his interest increased in those for whom he labors.

We regret to say that our regular contributor and friend, Mr. T. T. Bryce, has been obliged by illness resulting from over work, to give up business entirely for the present. He has gone, with his family, to Clifton Springs Water Cure, New York, for medical care. His business is being closed up by his friend and agent, Mr. F. Richardson, of Norfolk. We are glad to state that notwithstanding the last unfavorable year for crab and oyster canning, the business is settled in good shape for all concerned, though its anxieties and efforts, no doubt, contributed to the proprietor's break down in health.

Mr. Bryce's departure from Hampton will be felt as a serious loss in all classes of the community, and in the illness which made it necessary, he is sure of widespread and hearty sympathy. Hundreds of poor people have found employment in the large canning business which he has been building up for the last two years. The difference it has made in their lives is sufficiently shown by the fact that when the county school closed at the Butler school this spring, it was reopened the next week as a pay school, with nearly two hundred children, twice as many as have ever been able to attend it before. His employees will miss not only their wages, but his untiring interest and kindness; his clerks, the evening class he held for them in disregard of his own fatigue; the colored people across the creek, the Sunday service and lecture he kept up regularly till he left, cutting short his own hours of rest to lift them into better lives.

By the Normal School he will be greatly missed as a friend and neighbor, and as an able and successful teacher, which he has been for the last four years, keeping up one class, even after entering upon business. He imparted to his classes an inspiration from his culture, and experience, and personal influence, and his students always loved him.

The Southern Workman will seriously miss his clear and vigorous contributions which have been so much appreciated by our readers. Concerning some of these articles collected to meet a demand, and published at the Southern Workman office, in a pamphlet, with the modest title of "Economic Crumbs," the New York Herald justly declared, in an editorial notice, that they are the clearest elucidation that has been given of the principles of civil economy of which they treat.

We hope earnestly that Mr. Bryce's cessation from business has been prompt enough to ensure an early restoration to health and return to its activities. Meanwhile, we assure him of our best wishes and sympathy, and those of many friends.

Our editor in chief, Gen Armstrong, sailed for Liverpool in the Algeria, on the 15th inst., for a few months refreshment of European travel with a sister residing in Germany. It is possible that he may also meet his brother, Mr. Wm. N. Armstrong, Attorney General of Hawaii, with whose unique letters of travel we have been favored, and King Kalakaua, on their tour of the world, from the East. Having thrown aside all editorial burdens and promised no letters from abroad, if any are received they will be a welcome surprise.

The same steamer carried out a party of summer tourists, among whom are the lady-principal of Hampton, a present, and a former teacher. With a different but a pleasant programme, they will spend the season in England, and the continent. We wish them all a delightful journey and a safe return.

It is Gen. Armstrong's intention to return in the latter part of August, and make a trip to the Indian Agencies in Dakota, before the opening of the next school term. Meanwhile all business with the school or paper will be attended to by the Treasurer and vice-Principal, Gen. J. F. B. Marshall.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

We heartily recommend to all who are beginning life with some desire to make it significant, Mr. Theodore T. Munger's excellent little book, *On the Threshold*, published by Houghton, Mifflin and Co., Boston, a copy of which has been kindly presented by the author to the Normal School Library. Advice to young people is apt to be more freely given than valued, till it is worked out in the experience of life by each for himself. But practical and really helpful counsel is not, after all, so very abundant, and a word in season with no suspicion of insincerity to disgust, a common sense hint, or suggestion, may sometimes be the turning point and inspiration of a whole life. Just such suggestions and honest timely hints are in this little book, we think. The subjects considered are, Purpose in life, Friends and Companions, Manners, Thrift, Self Reliance and Courage, Faith, Reading, Amusements and Faith. The Normal School has proved its opinion of it by using a timely donation from a friend, to give a copy of it to each young man of the graduating class. We wish it might be in the hands of every graduate.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

To give further encouragement and unity to the work of the graduate teachers, and keep up their acquaintance and connection with their *Alma mater*, the Hampton Alumni Association was organized in 1877, to meet triennially, at the School. At their second meeting, held this year, the day after the School Anniversary, seventy eight graduates were present, about half of them young women. Every class was represented except the first—'71.

At the business meeting in the morning, handsome resolutions were passed, of loyalty to the school, appreciation of its work, and thanks to its Principal and to the benevolent friends who support its efforts. After the drafting of a new constitution, to replace the one burned in Academic Hall, and the election of the next officers and orators, a motion was carried to raise a fund to be devoted to the benefit of a student in the Hampton Institute, and a committee was appointed to receive subscriptions and select a student. This Alumni scholarship reflects honor upon the graduates, and will be a new tie between them and their *Alma Mater*.

The afternoon exercises in Virginia Hall were well attended and interesting. The speeches were very well delivered, and showed thought and mental growth. An address of welcome was made by the president, Mr. Geo. Davis, a resident graduate, an oration on Men for the Times, by Mr. Robert Kelser, class of '76, and essays on the Virginia State Debt, by Mr Thomas Cayton of '73, and on Brutus, by Mr. Wm. Greenhow of '74. The Principal was called on for a speech, but introduced first, Hon Josiah King, of Pittsburg, Penn., who, as trustee of a benevolent bequest known as the Avery fund, gave the money with which the Hampton School ground was originally bought by the American Missionary Association, for the Hampton Institute. Mr King, in a speech in which was much dry humor, gave an interesting history of his relations with the School and its cause, and heartily endorsed its work.

The Principal then expressed the School's warm congratulations and welcome to its graduates, and his joy in feeling more than ever before as he looked upon them, the success of Hampton's work, urging them to keep up the family spirit with each other and the school, feeling themselves always a part of it, carrying on its work, and returning from time to time to get acquainted with the new recruits, and renew the old associations and inspiration of the old home that would ever give them welcome and encouragement. Gen. Marshall added a few words of congratulation and compliment in his own felicitous manner.

The "crowning event" of the day, in the opinion of others than the graduates, was the Alumni supper, in the evening. The Principal, Vice-Principal and about twenty other officers and teachers who had been long enough at Hampton to know some of its graduates, were invited by the Alumni, and sat down with them with great pleasure, at their bountiful feast. Nearly one hundred were seated at the one long table, which reached almost from end to end of the large dining room. The tables were beautifully decorated with flowers, and the supper did credit to the managers. Looking up and down the long vista at the bright happy faces, beaming with intelligence and refinement, and manly and womanly earnestness; and reflecting that each represented a light for the enlightenment of the race, a past of struggle and success, and a future of hard work and hope, is it a wonder that the hearts of Principal and teachers of Hampton swelled with emotion in the thought, these are Hampton's jewels?

The toasts of the evening—which no one however was materialistic enough to think of drinking even in water—were "THE EXODUS," proposed by Mr. W. L. Hamlin; "INDIAN EDUCATION," Mr. E. A. Bird; "OUR MISSIONARIES IN AFRICA"—not knowing that one of them was even then nearing our shores—by Miss Lavinia Lewis; "THE ALUMNI OF HAMPTON INSTITUTE," Mr. Fred. S. Phillips. The speeches were good and greeted with applause. Gen. Marshall then proposed THE RESIDENT GRADUATES,—knowing more of them as he said, and thinking them certainly a

good sample of Hampton Alumni. Those who know them will appreciate his happy play upon some of their names as he said that while he had business with many banks, he put most trust in his own *Banks*; if visitors came to his office he did not send them to the dogs but to the *Daggs*; if they wanted information on any subject he sent them into Gen. Armstrong's office to *Reid* about it, or if his book wasn't sufficient he sent them to *Booker*. Very good beef comes from our Shellbanks farm, but still better *Vanison*." Gen. Armstrong proposed THE ALUMNI DINNER, and congratulating the alumni upon the success of their whole festival day, gave them a parting blessing and advice, predicting their success, and believing in a hopeful future for their race. After a unanimous vote of thanks to the Principal, and then to those who had managed the supper, the company proceeded to the assembly room of Virginia Hall, where the evening was pleasantly ended in social entertainment and conversation. Quite a number of the graduates remained at Hampton to attend the Seniors' Normal training class, and a few are able to stay for the Virginia Teachers' Institute, about to be held at the Normal School. Others will return for it. Most, however, scattered the next day to their various places of labor, taking with them, we have no doubt, an inspiration and a cheer which will nerve hand and brain and heart to good and faithful service.

INTERVIEW WITH SITTING BULL'S SIOUX AT STANDING ROCK.

Over twelve hundred Indians surrendered from Sitting Bull's band, were recently sent from Fort Beauford, where they had been held as prisoners, to Standing Rock agency. When informed of their destination, they accepted the situation without a murmur, and embarked cheerfully. Among them was a daughter of Sitting Bull. The following very interesting account by a lady, of her interview with them after their arrival at Standing Rock, is kindly furnished first to the Southern Workman by our neighbor Capt. Heffelfinger, of Hampton.

Fort Yates, D. T., June 2, 1881.

The usual quiet of our camp was disturbed last Sunday, May 29, by the arrival of three boats, bringing to this Agency, "Standing Rock," about twelve hundred Indian prisoners, who surrendered last winter under the pressure of cold and hunger, when Sitting Bull crossed the British line and escaped. In about ten days we are to have nineteen hundred more. I despair of being able to give you any adequate idea of the interesting scenes which I witnessed that day. To one whose impressions of the Indians have been obtained chiefly through the newspapers, and occasional visits to the Hampton Normal School, the sight of twelve hundred Sioux, men, women, and children, in all their native picturesqueness, is a new sensation.

It was known that the boats would arrive here about ten A. M., and every body was down at the river bank to witness the landing. Church "calls" were useless, our Chaplain himself could hardly tear himself away from such a scene.

As the three boats came down the river in quick succession, the Indians for miles above came running down to greet their friends; and when the landing was made, there were several hundred of their own nation on the shore to greet the new comers.

As the first boat came being made fast to her moorings, there stood high on the forward deck, a great chief, Gall. He wore a crown of eagle's feathers, and a robe of buffalo skins, with the fur next to his body; the tanned side being handsomely decorated, painted by hand, as we say of our French china. I had a good opportunity of examining both crown and robe later in the day when he came up to the Commanding Officer's house to pay his respects, and found they were really superb. Around the Gall were grouped several fine looking young men, all more or less decorated with feathers, and necklaces of elk teeth strung together, with brass beads the size of a pea; red or yellow leggings fringed up the sides of the legs; and breech cloths of the most brilliant colors, but bleeding harmoniously; and always, the inevitable buffalo skin robes, trailing to the ground, and worn over the shoulders, though the day was as hot and sultry as July. Fans of wild turkey or eagle's feathers formed the finishing touch to many of the costumes of the men. I did not see a single squaw with a fan. It was enough for them to carry the papooses and the luggage.

The decks swarmed with their living freight, and presented such a *tableau vivant* as I never expect to see again, and which, with its mass of gorgeous coloring against the back ground of the blue sky and green hills of Dakota, must have been the despair of a painter.

During the half hour occupied in getting off the freight, supplies &c., they remained in groups on the boats; sometimes singing their wild monotonous songs without words, and dancing to their "tom tom," or smoking in silence, and gazing upon the crowd who had come to receive them, with perfect indifference. At last they were permitted to land. I was intensely interested in watching the Gall, whose mother, an old squaw of this Agency, was standing in trembling expectation of welcoming her son, with all a mother's pride in the return of her darling. He came off with his classmen first, and stood a few feet from our carriage and reached out his hand to his mother. I shall never forget the look of pride and joy on her old withered face, nor the blending of weakness and strength in his, as he allowed her to kiss his hand and pat his robe. He is an immense man and remarkably fine looking. He stood there as if spell-bound, and I saw a large tear roll down his cheek, while an officer near me was so moved he uncovered his head, and turned to me saying "I can't witness that, it is so painfully interesting." As for me, the tears were streaming from my eyes. Mother and son stood there silently for several minutes, and then raising his bonnet of eagle's feathers and motioning to the interpreter, he made quite a little speech, saying, he was a friend of the Great Father, and had come to live at Standing Rock the rest of his life; at which they all nodded and grunted assent, and walked about shaking their hands with their friends, both whites and Indians. Altogether they seemed quite a satisfied, happy lot of prisoners, and immediately fell to work setting up their canvass tents or "ti-pis" as they call them. [pronounced tee pee.]

I got out of the carriage and mingled with the crowd, somewhat to the disgust of some of our party, who object strongly to what they call "Indian filth." But I was curious; and had been used to cleanliness all my life. Taking a papoose in my arms, I patted its pretty beaded covering, and pressed it to my breast, and made signs that I would like to have it. The squaw was evidently flattered by my admiration of the baby and its ornaments, but was by no means willing to part with it. The poor baby had no less than four large gashes in its ears, two in each, and from each were suspended earrings made of Iriquois shells strung on sinew, five in a row, making the earrings about three inches wide. They reached to its feet, and must have weighed several ounces. The bead work of its robe, by which it was suspended to the squaw's back, could not have weighed less than eight or ten pounds. After holding it a moment I was glad to be relieved of the weight. Evidently they were people of wealth and rank (as rank goes with the Dakotas), for the squaw wore an elaborate cape ornamented with elk teeth; an extravagance which only well to-do people can afford. I am told an elk has only *two* teeth, hence their value.

The next acquaintance I made was with a fine looking young warrior, who had exchanged the uniform of Sitting Bull's army for a shirt made of the American flag; the blouse and shoulder straps of a Lieut. of cavalry, and the chapeau of an infantry officer. He was quite satisfied with his "get-up," but had not relinquished his buffalo robe, nor his bow and arrows.

Approaching him I said "how cola," and he offered his hand, smiling and looking round at his shoulder straps, evidently attributing my notice of him to his fine clothes. But really I wanted his bow and arrows. He was quite willing to part with them for five dollars, but as I knew better than he did the market price, we did not conclude a bargain.

After our party returned home we were agreeably surprised by a visit from three of most prominent chiefs, Gall, Antelope, and Fool Heart, who came to pay their respects to the Commanding Officer. They were very dignified and silent, saying only a few words of greeting, by means of an interpreter and asking leave to visit their friends in the neighborhood.

They had also an eye to business, for Antelope inquired if their beef might not be issued to them alive; in which case they would have the hides. He was evidently disappointed when informed that the Great Father did not contract for the hides.

I have made several visits to their camp, and by the kindness of the officers who came down with them, have been introduced to all of the most distinguished families. Many pleasant things occurred during my visits, of which I would like to write, but this letter is already too long. I must not close however without speaking of the great kindness and interest manifested by the officers toward their charge, and the feeling of dependence and confidence which the Indians show to them. One incident I must mention. Lieut R. of the 7th Cavalry, escorted me to the ti-pi of Crow-King. We went in and sat down on the robe beside him; and after shaking hands with me and telling me he was glad to see a white squaw in his ti-pi, he turned to Lieut R, and asked if he was going back to Beaufort? On being told that the Lieut. must return, but that Capt. C. would stay with them a while, he caught Lieut R by the hand, and with tears in his eyes said, "You were the first white man I ever shook hands with, and I shall never forget you." I was struck with the neat and fine appearance of Crow-King as well as some of the other chiefs.

Plainly, blood will tell; among the Dakotas, as elsewhere; and I am convinced that honest, plain dealing, and kindness, are not lost upon the Indians. I understand there are two bright interesting boys, who have been entered at the Agency school preparatory to being sent to Hampton. I shall make their acquaintance before they leave, and perhaps help them *ya-pe* English.

I called yesterday on the daughter of Sitting Bull, but she had gone to a dance; so I was not presented. She is said to be quite pretty, as beauty goes with the Sioux, and recently eloped with a dusky swain, whom her father disapproved.

ANNIVERSARY AT CARLISLE.

Our Carlisle friends conducted their examination and anniversary exercises with great interest and success on June 16th. Hundreds of visitors were present, including a large delegation from Philadelphia. The President had intended to be there, but was obliged, by the pressure of his duties, to defer going till the fall, when he will visit the School with some of his Cabinet.

The Committee of Examination, consisting of Dr. C. R. Agnew of New York; Rev. J. H. McCauley president of Dickinson college; F. E. Beltzhoover, Rev. Jos. Vance and Rev. W. C. Leverett of Carlisle, say in their report; that it has been with admiration bordering on amazement, that they have observed the facility and accuracy with which the children passed through the various exercises of the school room; considering the brief period that the school has been in operation, the progress made by the children who entered it wholly untutored, is fullest proof, not only of skillful teaching, but of diligence and aptitude on the part of the Indian children, and conclusive of their capability of culture. With the mechanical departments, the examiners were equally delighted, and in view of all, they say "It but feebly expresses the judgment formed from what we have observed, to say that we regard the experiment made in this school to educate and in every way improve Indian children, a very remarkable success."

The afternoon exercises held in the large gymnasium, which was filled by the audience, consisted of speeches and recitations by some twenty of the more advanced Indians, among them our old friend Etahdleuh Doanmoe, the last left East of the St Augustine young men, and Almorine McKellup, a young Creek, who is a member of the preparatory class of Dickinson college.

The latter said pathetically with severe, unconscious irony: "The education we get here is not like our land, but it is something that cannot be stolen nor bought from us; it will be a safe-guard to us through life, if we use it in the right way."

The music was furnished by a brass band of eight pieces, played by students representing as many different tribes. After the reading of the Report of the Examining Committee, Capt. Pratt made a short address; in which he said truly that "the only hindrance to complete success is the slowness of public sentiment. The white people need civilizing in this direction, and the object of these schools is to civilize them up to doing justice to the Indians. We have selected pupils from different tribes to show what can be accomplished for all.

The crisis of their existence is upon the Indians, and the white race must come to their help—they have claims upon us which must be recognized."

The following statement of the condition of the school has been furnished us.

"There are now in the institution 285 pupils, 197 boys and 88 girls. A considerable number of them are employed in the various workshops on the grounds. In the tin shop, started in April, 1880, there are ten apprentices, in whom five tribes are represented. There have been made 893 pails, 588 coffee boilers, 4,304 cups and pans. In the shoemaker shops there are thirteen apprentices, taken from nine tribes. Since its establishment in 1880, no shoes have been sent outside the grounds for repair. About 150 pairs are repaired monthly, and 100 new pairs have been made since the shop was established. In the harness-making shop, started in April, 1880, there are twelve apprentices, in whom four tribes are represented. There have been shipped to Indian agencies 118 double sets of harness, and 40 remain on hand. The value of all their labor is $310. In the wagon-making shop 10 wagons have been completed, and 8 are in process of construction. This department started in October, 1880, and has ten apprentices. An order was received from Washington a few days ago requesting that two of the wagons be forwarded to different agencies in Oregon.

There is a laundry connected with the school, in which from 3,000 to 4,000 pieces are washed and ironed each week. Four Indian girls are employed in the laundry, daily. In the sewing department, six Indian girls are employed daily, a new set being supplied every day. About 500 pair of stockings are darned in this department every week.

There have been subscribed to the training school about $1,800 by people of Philadelphia, nearly all by the Society of Friends. The school is now kept up by appropriations from the civilization fund, which will be exhausted in about eighteen months."

Helen Hunt will have to add a supplement to her "Century of Dishonor," if there is not civilization enough in the country to supplement this civilization fund of the government. But this we cannot believe. We congratulate Carlisle upon its noble showing, and wish it a hearty God-speed.

Mr B. T. Washington, class of '77, who succeeded Mr. Robbins a year ago in care and instruction of the Indian boys, and as contributor to our column of Incidents of Indian Life, and has carried on, besides, his night school for working students, which, under his faithful efforts, won the title last year of the Plucky class," has been called to a still more responsible position as superintendent of the Colored State Normal School, about to be established in Tuskegee, Alabama. He has already left for Tuskegee, to organize his work, and carries with him the most cordial good wishes of the officers of Hampton, who are confident that their recommendation of him for his new position will be sustained. His post at Hampton, with the Indians, is taken by Mr. Orpheus McAdoo, another graduate, and another, Mr. Alex. McNeil, takes charge of the Night school.

Among the six honor students out of a graduating class of twenty-five, in the State Normal School at Framingham, Mass., in June, was Miss Olivia Davidson, a graduate of Hampton, of the class of '79, who read an original essay on *Work among the Freedmen*. Miss Davidson has sustained an excellent record, and made many friends at Framingham. She comes now to Hampton, to rest, and do some teaching among the Indians for the Summer, and then may go to Alabama, to assist Mr. Booker Washington in the new Normal School of Tuskegee.

DIED, at Hampton Institute, June 14th, of pneumonia, Willis F. Jones, of the class of '82, from Franklin, Southampton Co. Va. A young man of promise, a good student, a faithful worker, an earnest Christian, his loss is sincerely mourned by all his comrades and teachers, and they heartily sympathize with his sorrowing family. By the wish of his mother, his body was sent home for burial, the Normal School Battalion marching with it to the Fort, as the last token of respect and friendship they could show.

THE ALUMNI JOURNAL.

A handsome little sheet with the above title, "devoted to the interest of the graduates of the Hampton Institute," has been started at Hampton, as, in some sense, an out-growth of the Alumni meeting. Its object, as set forth in its salutatory, is, to bind and continue the friendly ties which existed in school days, to inform each of the other's work, and to comfort those who labor in lonely places." It is printed on the Normal School Press—terms fifty cents a year in advance. It is edited and managed by several of the resident graduates at Hampton Institute, and has the hearty approval and good will of the Principal and officers of the school, who hope that it may thoroughly fulfill the object it proposes, and be a source of pleasure and profit and good fellowship in the best sense of the word.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE.

OFF AGAIN FOR BERKSHIRE.

The great advantage resulting to the Indian students, in the past two summers, from placing them on farms among the hills of Berkshire, Massachusetts, and the general satisfaction of employers and employed, made it easy to find places again this summer for a larger number than ever. On the fifteenth of June, accordingly, the party started, sixteen boys and seven girls, under charge of Miss Eustis and Mr. R. H. Hamilton. With but one exception, they were selected from those who did not go last year, chiefly Sioux, but including also Gros Ventres, Menominies, Pawnees and Absentee Shawnees. All have been at Hampton from a year and a half to two years; the later comers, the Apaches and Pimas, waiting another season for their turn. They had a smooth passage to New York by the outside line, and took much interest in inspecting the Old Dominion Steamer, especially the machinery. They were met in New York by Mr. Riley A. Brick, who took them to his house to breakfast, and devoted himself to their interests with such kindness as to lead one to ask, is there not, after all, something in a name? He gave them a fine view of the city in a trip on the west-side elevated road up to One Hundred and Tenth street, its elevation and bewildering outlook startling them frequently out of their Indian etiquette of reserve. After breakfast, they saw several visitors who had been invited to meet them, among them, Rev. Dr. Watkins of the church of the Holy Trinity, and Rev. Mr. Baker of St. Luke's Hospital. With Mr. Hamilton's guidance and support, the Indian students were willing to sing one or two hymns they have learned at Hampton, and after a few kind words of encouragement and advice from Mr. Brick and Mr. Watkins, to which they listened attentively and understandingly, they left for the day-boat for Bridgeport, each receiving a pretty bouquet as a parting kindness from Mrs. Brick. A New York paper notices the fact, which we are glad but not surprised to learn, that "After reaching the side walk, many of the Indian youths lifted their caps in polite farewell to the ladies who were watching their departure." From Bridgeport they were to take the Housatonic road for Great Barington and Stockbridge. We expect to hear good things of them.

THE HOME CAMP.

Some of those who went to Berkshire last summer, and stay at Hampton this, looked rather wishfully after their departing comrades. Most of them, however, preferred to remain, appreciating the growing shortness of their time at Hampton, and anxious to make the most of it in improving at their various trades. They will have to be restrained from over-work rather than urged to industry this summer, if it remains as comfortable for working as it has been thus far. The boys who stay are divided into two squads that alternate with each other in a three weeks camping out in tents at the Shellbanks farm, on the borders of Back River, an arm of the Roads. The camp is under the charge of a Colored graduate of this year's class, a faithful young man, with experience as a farmer. The Indians have farm work during the day, with a long nooning, from eleven to two, and half Saturdays to themselves. At the school, they are under the charge as heretofore of Mr. McDowell for mechanical training, and Mr. Davis for farm work. They will probably, for part of the summer, have an hour of school in the day. But in all, their health will be carefully watched by the lady whose devotion and skill as a trained nurse, has saved the life of more than one of them in the past year.

INDIAN SENIORS.

Among those who have gone to Berkshire, are two young men who, with one other who remains this year at Hampton, were promoted at the close of this term from the Middle to the Senior class of the Normal School, to graduate with it next year. They represent three different tribes, one of them being a chief. Having had some instruction in mission or agency schools, and quite good knowledge of English before coming to Hampton two years ago, they were able to enter the regular Junior class, are faithful scholars, and have been steadily promoted. One is learning to be a printer, another a carpenter, and the other a farmer. They are industrious and earnest, and it is expected that they will be very useful to their people on their return. The last day of school, when the promotions are announced, is always an exciting one at Hampton, and when the three Indian boys' names were read for the Senior class, no Indian reserve could conceal the delight and pride on the faces of their Indian comrades, of all tribes. To have three of their number among the grave and reverend Seniors is a matter of not unworthy pride, and will incite many to new fidelity and effort.

A RECHERCHE AFFAIR.

Having looked from afar with admiring eyes on the splendors of the Senior Class supper, and perhaps caught glimpses even of the Alumni feast, a brilliant and daring idea took possession of the Indian girls' brains, and with rapid development that spoke volumes for their advancing civilization, soon found expression in excited whispers, in the suggestion that the Indians would many of them be returning home before another year, like the Seniors, and would it not be the right thing for the Indian girls to invite their friends to a farewell supper, as the Colored girls do.

Of course it took but brief consideration to see the eminent propriety, not to say duty of such a proceeding. In short, "it *was* their duty, and they did." Some help and counsel were of course gladly extended, but much of the real work was done by the girls themselves, and the cooking class distinguished itself in making the cake and the coffee, as well as in hulling the strawberries. Then a delicate question arose in the minds of some. The girls would like to invite all, but there were those new comers, it was whispered; "*They are not so civilized as the rest of us, and they may eat too much.*" Fortunately for the new comers, this scrupla was settled on the liberal side. The night arrived, and they were proud to admit their friends and teachers to look at their pretty table, bountifully spread for all seventy eight, and decorated tastefully with baskets and vases of flowers, arranged by their own hands. They were even shyly willing to let the spectators remain to see the grand procession enter, led by chief Antonito and his little son, and make the circuit of the table to their appropriate seats; each young brave fortunate enough to escort the fair, politely careful to seat her before sitting down himself. The young men seemed indeed quite roused to appreciation of their sisters' effort, and not ashamed to reward them by showing it in smiles and exclamations of pleased surprise, while one at least was heard to declare "I shall remember this as long as I live."

We will leave them to enjoy their feast by themselves, simply remarking as one could hardly help—that the girls really seemed as pretty and bright, and the boys as intelligent and well behaved, and their entertainment as attractive as if they belonged to a race susceptible of civilization.

REPORT ON GRADUATES.

BY MRS. E. C. DIXON.

As mentioned in the Principal's Report, Mrs. E. C. Dixon, whose labor among the freedmen, during and since the war, and connection with the School since 1872, fit her especially for the work, has undertaken for the last year, the position of graduates' correspondent.

The effort of the School has always been to keep in close and constant relation with all its graduates, by correspondence with them and with the county Superintendents under whom they teach; following up their work and giving them encouragement and assistance in it. The good results of this course have been most apparent in prolonging and extending the influence of the School and furthering its true work.

A handsome book has been prepared, in which every graduate's name is entered with its appropriate record, according to items of interest specified in the report, and not only of graduates, but of others who, though not having graduated, have devoted themselves to work among their people. It is a roll of honor which will be carefully preserved, and whose interest will increase with years to those whose names are in it, and to their friends.

Mrs. Dixon's interesting report, based on the investigations made to complete the record up to the present time, is as follows:

To the Principal of the Hampton N. & A. Institute;

GEN. S. C. ARMSTRONG:—

On a careful examination of the Catalogue, begining with class of '71, I find (males 252, females 126) 378 Seniors, whose names I have entered in the new "Record Book," of whom 340 were graduated; 22 of these have died, 1 become insane, leaving 323 to whom, since January 1st, 1881, I have written and sent your "Circular Letter" and "Blanks," with a copy of Miss Longstreth's New Year's letter "To the Hampton Graduates." Of the remaining 32 Senior under-graduates, 1 has died, leaving 31, to whom, and to 50 other under-graduates who have taught more or less since they left Hampton, I have also written and sent the same.—Total 404. Of the 378 Seniors recorded, I have learned that 262 have taught.

Since January, I have received letters—chiefly Scholorship—and Blanks, from 181 Graduates and from 21 of the under-graduates; Total 202; most of whom report that they are teaching, and have made it their occupation since they left Hampton. Eight are pursuing their studies at other institutions: one is studying Law; 2 studying Medicine; 2 Bookkeepers; 6 Clerks; 4 Farming; 6 keeping store; 1 Apprentice in a Printing office; 2 Seamstress; 1 Butler; 1 Waiter; 1 Coal-digger; 1 raising poultry; 1 Fish dealer; 1 Capper; 1 Logging; 1 Tobacconist; 2 Carpenters; 1 Sign painter; 1 Agent for a Maine newspaper; 1 helping to take care of Indian girls; 1 Collector of Internal revenue for a county, is also teaching; 1 Inspector of Pension claims: 1 Agent for Kansas Relief Association; 1 Tailor; 1 Superintendent Indian Students on School farm; 1 Charge of a lady's place, North; 1 Keeping a Light-house; 2 Doing general Housework, North;—while 1 says, he does "whatever comes to hand."

All of them except two, report having taught more or less since they left Hampton. 77 report owning land or other property. One says: "I have 103 acres of land, a house, 5 hogs and some chickens." Another 80 acres, and 2 houses. Others, 09½ acres; 44½ acres; 33 acres; 00 acres and a house; 20 acres and horse and wagon; 17 acres and 2 houses; 16 acres horse, cow, and other property; 10 acres and a house; and so on down to a ¼ acre, or "small lot with house on it."

One reports "$3000 worth of property." Another $1,500. Others $1000; $900; $600. Two $300; $200, $125. And a female teacher who has taught between three and four years in a city public School, has saved $1000. Another female teacher owns her School house; another, a sewing machine; while one under-graduate teacher says: "I don't own anything, but my mother owns real estate in Staunton Va., valued at $1,500. Sixty five of those recorded are reported married.

Their letters are generally encouraging. One writes: "I enjoy my work very much, I get along well with the children and parents. I have started a Sabbath School, which some of the parents attend as well as the children. I sometimes think that my pleasantest hours are in the school room. I teach according to Col. Parker's Method,—the "word-method," and am surprised to find how quick the little children learn to read; I did not believe in that way until I tried myself; the parents say their children never learned so fast before."

From the vicinity of Norfolk, one writes: "Many of the colored people own their houses. The town of Jordanville is owned altogether by colored people; there are at least 15 colored here, who own from 25 to 200 acres of land, worth from $20 $50 per acre. One man, Jacob Reid, has recently bought a farm of about 200 acres for which he paid $2,500. He sends three children to school. The people here generally are doing well, though here, as elsewhere, there are some who are are making no progress whatever. I think their prosperity is chiefly due to the fact that for the past six years, there has been no intoxicating liquor sold in this district. License for the sale of liquors is not granted in this district; I think if this law could be enacted throughout the entire State, many families which are now living in poverty would have comfortable homes." An under-graduate writing from Sumpter, S. C., says: "know a man here who owns 150 acres and 4 mules. The temperance societies here have great influence; a policemen told me that he does not make a dozen arrests a year." From Aiken S. C., one writes: "My people seem anxious to get homes end to educate their children. The feeling of animosity that existed soon after the emancipation, between the whites and colored, is fast being forgotten by both races. The whites are not so hostile towards the colored as they were when first set free. The relations between the whites and blacks would be better if the blacks were educated." Another says: "As the colored people become more educated we see a change in the relations of the whites. They have respect for intelligent colored people and treat them civilly. Education and property are the two things which acquired by the colored people in the South, will remove all barriers that tend to hinder their progress" From Nelson Co., Va., the reports are not so encouraging. One says: "Very few colored people own land in this county; they find it impossible to get a legal right to it after they buy it." From Nat. Bridge, Va., "There isn't but one colored man that owns any land here, and that is an old man who has been free before the war; he has 6 acres and a house. The farmers will not pay more than seven or eight dollars per month, so the colored are obliged to work for that; then they are paid with corn or orders to the store; in this way they do not make enough to feed themselves. Every time they settle they owe the white man." From Pulaski Co., ona says: "The poor whites seem to have no respect for colored persons, and seem jealous of them, and sometimes get into trouble with them. Many of our people here are very poor; I know three families, each lives in a freight-car box about eight rods from the railroad. There is a great deal of drunkenness here, but it is chiefly among the wealthy class; yet many will have their 'dram' as they call it, if they shouldn't have a cent for anything else. Whiskey drinking will ha the ruin of the colored people as well as of the whites, if they don't stop it."

Many testify of the low state of morals among their people. Ono writes: "Their standard of morality is very low, but not confined to tha colored people, for tha morals of tha poor whites are lower than any colored people's. They look upon this, and drinking and lying, as hardly a sin, yet if you dance or play at a party you must be turned out of church. Some of the old time folks have very peculiar ideas about religion, they seem to think that religion consists in shouting and making all the noise they can."

From a different part of the State, another says; "Our people are taking more intelligent views of what true religion really is, while some of the old preachers and people are very superstitious, and like what they call their dreams, and visions; there are many who are not satisfied with such, and demand more intelligent preaching. The old form of worship is going out, and the uneducated class-leaders and preachers, are giving up their places to those more capable of filling them."

Nearly all from whom letters have been received, state that they have established Sunday Schools and Temperance societies where they are teaching, which they "try to get tha parents as well as the children to join." One writes, "I gave my people a lecture last term on Health, and how to keep it; and I expect to give another one soon on Temperance," Another writes, "I am in the little town Mt. Crawford, where not a drop of whiskey nor any other alcoholic liquor is sold, and the people here are generally industrious and getting along very well."

Several speak of the demand for "Hampton Graduates" as teachers; one writes: "In my county are eight colored teachers, six of them Hamptonians; a class-mate of mine teaches near where I do; we board at the same house and have made considerable progress in our studies together." An under-graduate who entered the middle class in '79, but not having means, was obliged to teach, says: "I expect to make teaching my business, and I would like to be as thorough as I can. I never taught before; it is quite hard work, and requires a great deal of patience; but I like it and am trying to do all I can toward elevating the minds of my poor race." Another says: "My ambition is to serve my people. I do not look for a great future, but I do look for a respectable one for my race; I hope those who have aided us to get what education we have, will not be discouraged, because some are worthless—some are good and worthy." Another says: I love my work, I hope to spend the remaining days of life in it, not for the money I get, but for the good I know I can do my people." Another, who is studying, writes: "I expect to return in the fall and teach again in the South, and devote the remainder of tha working years of my life, and whatever capacities I may possess for the work, to the education, morally and intellectually, of the Freedmen."

Some state that "The want of suitable buildings, and the necessary school apparatus, is a great hinderance." Two or three write that they have been furnished with maps, charts, &c., for their schools, by a Northern gentleman.

Many of them express great attachment to the school, and seem to realize more than ever the advantages they had there. One writes: "I shall always feel under obligations to my dear *Alma mater*, and shall never forget the kindness, faithfulness and patience of its Principal and Teachers; nor the benevolence of its Northern friends who have aided us, and through us, as teachers, helped to educate hundreds of others."

Respectfully submitted.

E. C. DIXON.

ABOUT CONSUMPTION.

The following extract from a letter from an eminent clergyman of Boston, will be read with interest.

"I want to call attention to Sir James Simpson's experiences among the cotton people in Glasgow and elsewhere. He noticed that cotton spinners were much more liable to tubercular disease than wool workers. He traced the distinction—and it proved that the wool men are covered with oil in their work. They get so used to it that one of them told me that he had drunk a pint of oil when challenged to.

Simpson satisfied himself that external anointing was a preventive of tubercular disease, or hindered it, and under his lead it has been largely introduced in Scotland.

My own family physician, Dr. George Hayward, visited Simpson in 1859, and came away impressed with the value of this treatment. Thanks to him it has been largely introduced here. In my own family we keep a bottle of sweet oil in the children's precincts always, and I know no refreshment equal to an anointing from head to foot. I always have sweet oil in my dressing room,

Your cocoanut oil in "lomi-lomi" is not a lubricant merely. It is food introduced by the pores. I will ask Dr. Hayward to send you or your physician, Dr. Simpson's tracts on this subject. It may ha that in making our Indians clean, wa are removing the natural food which grease gives all primitive races. This is a matter I have interested myself in for twenty years."

OUR TENANTS AND CUSTOMERS

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

As we are very closely connected in business relations with the colored people, I have thought it might interest the readers of the Workman, especially those in the North, to hear a little of our personal experience.

My husband, whose father was a large slaveholder and carried on an extensive business in farming and milling, found himself at the close of the war, in very poor circumstances. His patrimony had come to him in the shape of land and slaves. The land had been sold and he had consented to receive the payments in Confederate money, thinking to reinvest it at once. Contrary to the agreement however, the money was not paid until near the time of Lee's surrender, when it was comparatively worthless, and in 1865 he found himself in possession of a large amount of the currency of Dixie's land, and a four-acre lot in the suburbs of Lynchburg, on which two or three cottages were standing. He had lost his sight at the age of twenty-three, and having a very independent spirit, looked forward with horror to a life of poverty and dependence. Mr. Langhorne has a great advantage over most blind men in having learned a great deal about business in early life, and he at once set out for some means of making a living. About this time, the cottage he was living in, which was comfortably furnished, was burned in the night with all its contents, including his entire wardrobe, and his life was barely saved by a colored woman, who had been his slave and still lived near him, rushing into the flames and dragging him out. Soon after this, he rented a mill and for some years managed his business quite successfully. With the money made in this way, he put small dwellings on his lots, which were rented chiefly by colored people, who were at that time just beginning the world on their own account, and were anxious to bring their families together and go to housekeeping.

In the course of time, the owner of the mill sold his property to other parties, and after our marriage in 1871, Mr. Langhorne determined to build a house for himself on a lot he had recently purchased near the first one, and open a little grocery and feed store, of course employing a clerk to sell goods for him, and relying upon our tenants and the neighbors, who were then few and far between in this suburb, for our customers. This plan has been carried out, and we have now nine or ten colored families living on our premises. About half the rents are required to pay the taxes and insurance, and keep the tenants' houses in repair; the latter being a serious consideration, as the houses are all framed buildings, and many of the tenants have very little idea of taking care of property. Upon the whole, we consider the tenant-houses a safe, if somewhat troublesome investment, which averages 5 or 6 per cent interest. One of these houses is a one roomed cabin, plastered and weatherboarded, with green blinds, and one a double tenament containing four rooms, the chimney in the middle, and provided with separate doors and staircases. The other houses contain two or three rooms each, and every house has a small yard and vegetable garden attached, except the one roomed building which stands in the yard with the grocery store. At first the negroes were very poor, small houses were scarce, and rents high, and several families would crowd into one house, but great changes have taken place in the condition of the colored people in these ten years. Many other persons have followed my husband's plan and built houses to rent to negroes; many of the better class among them now own property, and some build houses and rent them to white or colored people as occasion offers. Only the very poor and degraded are willing to live huddled up together as most of them were once forced to do, and rents are about one half lower than in 1870. Mr. Langhorne has tried to improve on every house he has built, and I think his last cottage is quite a model residence for a laborer's family. It is a neat white cottage, containing two rooms, each 18 x 20ft, with a big chimney in the middle, a small entry in front with transom light over the door, and a large closet in each room. Large windows with green blinds, and back doors opening into the yard from each room, give full ventilation to the house, which is set upon brick pillars 2ft high. Locust trees in the front yard, and a little garden in the rear, with an excellent well close at hand, make this dwelling an attractive home, and renting at $5.00 per month which pays about 6 per cent on the investment. It is never long without a tenant. We have written contracts with all our tenents, and I find the number increasing who can sign their names, or sometimes an old slave who don't know "a letter in the book" will bring along a bright looking son or daughter, and say with much pride, "I aint got no learnin' but my darter or my boy dar' has had schoolin' an' dey kin sign for me." We find it more and more difficult to get good tenents, as the Negroes are very ambitious of owning property and often leave us to go into houses of their own. In several cases, we have kept tenants for seven years or more, and two families are now with us, who came to us seven years ago. In one instance, a Negro carpenter rented 2 rooms, and in seven years was never one month behind with his rent. I was once much struck with the changes brought round "by the whirligig of time," when this old slave came into our little store with a white man, and saying with a somewhat important air that "this man was working for him," desired the clerk to furnish his white employee with some groceries, adding that he would stand for the bill. I learned afterwards that the Caucasian, very poor and dismal looking when I saw him, had once been a thriving negro-trader, and having unbounded faith in "the institution," was found at Lee's surrender with a large "gang" of slaves for sale.

My husband will never take a tenant who has not some trade or "visible means of support," and by adhering closely to this rule, we have avoided serious trouble, as a general thing, in collecting rents. Mr. Langhorne has never levied on any property of his tenents; but when he finds them hopelessly in arrears, as occasionally happens with thriftless families, we send a notice to leave, and put a card on the house stating that it is for rent, and the premises are promptly vacated. Our tenants are usually factory hands or mechanics, the women nearly all laundresses, and not seldom we find the women the efficient part of the family, while the men loaf around to be supported. With the thrifty ones, there is generally some understanding between husband and wife, or parents and children, one member of the family undertaking to "keep up" the rent and the wood for fuel, while the others will buy provisions, clothing etc. the women rarely shirking their part, when able to work. When a new tenant applies, Mr. Langhorne usually requires him to bring a note from his employer or his last landlord, if he is a stranger, and in default of either to get some colored person in the neighborhood to "stand for" the applicant as to character etc. Sometime ago I heard some colored men talking in the porch with my husband, and recognized the voice of a very dusky neighbor as he said "I just came along sir, to tell you sir, that this is a reliable gentleman sir, he wants to rent a house an' I can testify for him sir." Stepping into the porch, I found the aforesaid neighbor and Mr. Langhorne, holding counsel over an old colored man, who was a walking rag bag, his clothes presenting the greatest variety of textures imaginable, and a combination of tints which would have thrown Joseph's famous "coat of many colors" quite into the shade. Only one button was visible on all his garments, and that being of white porcelain, and size suggesting a dinner-plate, seemed so indispensable to the attire of our proposed tenant, that it was impossible not to feel that all would be lost if by any accident it should be displaced. The old man only professed to be a woodsawyer and, as his trade is very largely overdone, Mr. Langhorne would have refused his application, but for the assurances of his friend, and his own assertion that his wife was a very smart woman, they had no children, and a nephew possessed of large means would reside with them and pay board. The absence of children, to whom my husband greatly objects on account of their destructiveness, and tendency to make mischief between families, induced him to rent the vacant cottage to this ragged applicant, but the bargain proved a bad one for us, and after two months, no rent having been forthcoming, the "reliable gentleman" with the big button and variegated garments was requested to seek other quarters.

The rents are usually paid much better in summer than in winter, the factories being generally closed or worked irregularly in the cold season, and the Negroes, who are but too often recklessly wasteful with their earnings when work is plentiful, find it very hard to procure food and fuel in the winter months. Not seldom Mr. Langhorne gives them a month's rent, when he sees them disposed to pay what they can; and finds them orderly and careful in their use of his property. When the factories work, the hands are paid off on Saturday night, and this is also the usual custom with the "bosses" of mechanics. This certainty of drawing regular wages, is of great advantage to the laborers and through them to their landlords and grocers.

I wish this system could go into every department of life, but am sorry to say that in private families, employers are often extremely remiss in paying servants and laundresses. I have known a Negro woman, who had at one time three children needle to work, go three times, a long distance through the snow, to get money for her washing, and when asked for her rent, which was long over due, she produced a nicely written note from the gentlemen whose family she washed for, saying that, "it was not convenient for him to pay her just then, but he would soon do so." This gentleman and his wife occupied high social position, were members of a fashionable church, kept a carriage and riding horse, and considered themselves among the gentry of the town. I think a "washerwoman's bill" ought undoubtedly to be introduced into our General Assembly, which would give the laundress the same claim to the clothes she has washed, without being compensated there for, that the "Mechanics Lien" gives to builders.

After long experience Mr. Langhorne does not hesitate to say that he greatly prefers Negroes as tenants, to the low class of white people. We have once or twice had tenants of this kind, but always found them quarrelsome and annoying with their colored neighbors, hard to collect rent from, and much more unpleasant to deal with than the amiable colored people, who have as a general thing lived on intimate terms with white people of "quality" as they say, and acquired often in a wonderful degree the refined manners and ideas of their owners. One advantage we have at present with our colored tenants will be lacking in the generation to come after us, which is their ignorance of the forms of law, the better understanding possessed by the poor whites teaching them to evade the payment of their debts by tricks unknown to the simple minded African.

Among my duties is that of "inspector of fence-rails," an occupation requiring due diligence, as the tenants if not closely watched in the winter would soon make way with loose planks or rails. I go very often through the lots and houses, examining the premises, looking after locks and hinges, window glass, grates, gates and doors etc. etc., and thus see a great deal of our tenants, who always give me a smiling welcome, offer me the best chair etc. On occasions of a wedding party in any of the houses, we both receive a formal invitation, and if it is not accepted, portions of the refreshments are always sent us. We usually attend the funerals, several of which have been conducted in our houses, always so for of little children; and on one occasion we heard a most impressive discourse delivered extempore by a young Negro, who was an "Exhorter," in the Methodist church, though he had had very little chance for education and is still a factory hand.

There is a great deal of tender love among the Negroes for their families, and I am often struck with the care of the old people, who are past work, by their dutiful children, and the love bestowed upon children by their parents. In one of our houses, which swarms with children, the tenants, who are a remarkably industrious and thrifty family, have lived with us for several years, and kept the property in excellent condition, opening drains and fertilizing the gardens of their own accord. I have often commented on the comfortable appearance of the children, and understood it all when the old grandmother, a female physician in high repute in the neighborhood, remarked, "Them young niggers is never put to bed of a night, till the last one on' em is washed all over."

It is often very amusing to me to see the state of feeling among the colored people in regard to each other. At one time I found a very worthy and tidy family, who by some strange chance had been free for generations, were quite ignored by their next door neighbors, a thriftless, dirty set who had belonged to an aristocratic family among us, which had managed to let a fine property slip through their hands. On inquiry, I learned that the ex-slaves of the very genteel family referred to would not visit their perfectly respectable neighbors, who lived in a manner befitting a christian country, because they had been "*old issue* free niggers" and were not deemed proper associates for the former slaves of a gentleman! Another of our tenants, when disputing with a colored neighbor, informed her in high dudgeon, that she "onght never to have noticed her no how," alleging as a reason that "in ole times her white folks would not have been seen visiting the master an mistis" of her adversary!

In the grocery business Mr. Langhorne is much disappointed, the returns being, from various causes, much less than he had expected. There are a great number of small establishments in the suburbs like his, too many for all to be supported, and as he does not sell liquor, he is at a disadvantage with the laboring class, most of whom greatly prefer dealing where whiskey is kept, both men and women expecting the proprietor "to treat" them when they buy a supply of provisions. What a temperance sermon one could write after watching a Saturday evening's business at one of these little groceries. A man whose wages are but a dollar a day will often spend 30 cts. a day in liquor, and the whiskey will be drunk if his family are starving! What snug little homes could be purchased by the laboring men of Lynchburg with the money that goes to fill the dramseller's till.

Some of our tenants object to dealing with us on other grounds than the liquor question, and their logic sounds queer to one who can look at two sides of a subject. "If I rent a house from Mr. Langhorne, and buy my goods from him, he gets all my money," they will argue, apparently never considering that in furnishing them with a house and provisions, the landlord and grocer goes a long way towards equalizing things.

I could write much more about our colored tenents, their queer superstitions, and amusing ways, many of their habits being peculiar to their class, but fearing to make my sketch too long, I will postpone further remarks for another number of the Workman.

With best wishes for Hampton and its workers, I am yours very truly,

O. L.

THE TEETH OF INDIANS.

Dr. C. A. Kingsbury, the founder and President of the American College of Dental Surgery in Philadelphia, being about to visit Europe, came to Hampton, recently, with the express purpose of examining and obtaining models of the Indian jaw and teeth. The following interesting letter has been received from him since his departure.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong,

Esteemed Friend:

I have this day sent per "Adams Express" a box to your address for the benefit of the students of the Institute, over which you have the honor to preside. You will recollect that on the occasion of my recent visit to Hampton, with the view of making examinations of the teeth of the various tribes of Indians represented in your school, and obtaining models of special cases for scientific purposes, I promised the Indians that I would send them a box of *toothsome confections* as a proof of my appreciation of their kind and ready co-operation in carrying out my wishes. Now although white men have so often broken their promises to their red brethren that it has become a proverb among them that "white man is mighty uncertain," I trust they will not charge me with the sin of making promises only to be broken. You will please express my kind regards to the Indians, my deep interest in their welfare, and most sincere wish that they may fully appreciate and improve the privileges they enjoy under the fostering care of your Institute.

I am fully persuaded that the Hampton Institute is doing a great work, not only for the education of the free colored millions of the South, but also for the civilization and mental elevation of the Indians of the West. This is the true way to capture the hostile tribes and bring them into peaceful relations with the ever advancing white population of our great West.

I will state, in conclusion that I fully realized the object of my visit in regard to Indian *Odontology*. I found that in almost every case the jaws of the full blooded Indians were of great size and strength, and that their teeth were remarkable for their perfect form and structure, strength and beauty and freedom from caries.

Thanking you and your assistants for the kind and efficient aid rendered me in the examination and the securing of valuable models,

I am most truly and gratefuly yours,

C. A. Kingsbury.

THE NORMAL CLASS.

The Normal training class which supplements the Seniors' practice teaching through the year, at Hampton, between the Anniversary and the close of school, was conducted this year by Mrs. E. N. L. Walton, of West Newton, Mass., wife of Prof. Geo. Walton, agent of the Boston Board of Education. It was in some respects the most interesting and successful one that has ever been held at the school. We had intended to give a more detailed account of it, but as most of our graduate teachers will find one more valuable when their schools are opening in the fall, we gladly defer till then the publication of a synopsis of the lectures themselves, from Mrs. Walton's own pen which we are so fortunate as to have her, promise of, for our Teacher's Table.

The following Law of this State, prohibiting the sale of liquor to Normal School Students, has been in force since March 3rd, 1880.

Chapter 135.

An act to prevent the sale of liquor to students of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

Approved March 3rd, 1880.

I. Be it enacted by the General Assembly. That any person who shall hereafter sell directly or knowingly indirectly to any student of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, alcoholic or malt liquor, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction thereof, shall be fined not less than twenty nor more than fifty dollars.

II. It shall be the duty of the county court from which the party convicted under the first section of this act obtained his license, forthwith to revoke the same; and no other license to sell liquor shall be granted to such party, within two years from the date of said conviction.

III. This act shall be in force from its passage.

At Home.

MOTHERHOOD.

In her pretty willow cradle softly swaying,
Lulled to slumber by my tender rhythmic praying,
Lies my baby, while my mother heart is saying,
"God keep her there!"

Keep, O keep her sunny head upon its pillow,
Shining out between the twining withes of willow,
Rocking lightly as a bark on fairy billow,
"God keep her there!"

Breathing sweetly with a baby's soft pulsation,
To the measure of the cradle's light vibration,
In the cadence of my panting aspiration,
"God keep her there!"

How to Break Oneself of Bad Habits.

Understand clearly the reasons, and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject till there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons and the thoughts that lead to temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge the thoughts, that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, ten times or a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolution, just think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it was that you failed, so that you may be upon your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it a little or an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is folly to expect to break off bad habits in a day, which have been gathering strength in you for years.

A nice soft soap for washing dishes can be secured by placing in an old dish (and occasionally adding water) all scraps and bits of hard soap which are too small to use for washing.

When you clean your lamp chimneys, hold them over the nose of the tea kettle when this boiling furiously. One or two repetitions of this process will make them beautifully clear.

Sweep carpets gently. Even a rag carpet should be treated with consideration. A severe digging with the broom wears the warp, and scrapes out the lint of the rags quite needlessly.

A year ago last Fall a list of questions relating to kerosene lamp explosions were inserted in this paper. In response six experiences have been received. Three of these were not explosions, being conflagrations from plain acts of carelessness. One of these burnings was caused by the deliberate pouring of oil into the reservoir of a German student lamp while it was burning. In these lamps there is a ball valve placed at the bottom of the oil receptacle to prevent too much oil accumulating in the reservoir, and in this case, as in a second, where some one by repeatedly lifting the inside receptacle caused a surplus of oil in the reservoir, the surplus oil overflowed the wick and caught fire. In neither case was there any explosion. The only suggestions we are able to make from the small number of cases at hand: 1. Never fill a burning lamp. 2. Clean your lamps at least every other day; better still every day. 3. Be careful not to turn down the wicks so far as to allow a burning wick to fall into the oil receptacle. We have known this to happen in our house and yet no explosion follow; but it is not a safe experiment. 4. Lamps that are kept burning all night should be specially cared for, and the flame left sufficiently high to consume all its smoke. Aside from palpable carelessness, kerosene explosions are remarkably rare, considering its extensive use and the filthy condition of so many lamps. More deaths are caused by breathing the impure air of rooms lighted by smoking kerosene lamps than from explosions, the item of carelessness as a cause being excluded.—*Christian Union.*

An easy way to make hard water soft is this: Fill the wash boiler with hard water, then put half a teacupful of wood ashes into a little cloth bag; let this lie in the water until that is warm enough to use. This is worth knowing.

Potato Soup.—Pare six large potatoes, and boiling. When done, put them through a have enough water to keep than covered while sieve, and allow half the water to remain in the kettle. Add one pint of milk, half a cupful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, and salt and pepper to taste. Cook a few minutes, and stir often. This is a favorite soup in any large family. M. H. K. *Auburn, N. Y.*

Fruit Cans Breaking.—The season for canning fruit will soon be upon us, and the following rule to prevent glass jars from breaking, will be in order. After having rinsed the jar, place a spoon or fork in it, and pour the boiling fruit in; when half full, take out the spoon and place it in the next jar. Try it, you can fill jars by the dozen and not break one.

Health and Humanity.

HOW TO KEEP WELL.

It is not every doctor that will take his own prescriptions, but there is no better illustration of the value of the following suggestions than their author, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, whose splendid physical health supports an amount of mental strain which would turn most brain workers into wretched dyspeptics.

HINTS FROM A WORKER AND A THINKER.

1. Select a good father and mother to be born from.

2. Then, having a good body, regard it as a machine, and keep it in perfect order by the same methods by which you would keep any other machine in order. The body is an engine; food is the fuel; blood is the steam; the head is the cylinder where the steam works. One must not create, by too much fuel, an excess of steam; that will strain the engine and make poor work. You must not let the fuel get out and the fire grow low; then the engine will not work at all. Most men eat because they are hungry, or because the food tastes good. Those are two very respectable facts; nevertheless, a man who is working ought to eat rather with reference to what he has to do, determining both quality and quantity by that consideration. He should sort his food as an engineer does his coal and pine wood. If I have to do a pretty sharp morning's work, I eat eggs, toasted bread, and coffee, which combine a great deal of nourishment with a very little weight, and are easily digested. On the yolks of two boiled eggs, a slice of toast, and a cup of coffee, I can work from eight to two without a break. In summer, I generally make my breakfast of bread and fruits. A light breakfast suits me. It may not another. I need but little food. I can eat all things eatable, provided I do not overfill.

3. Next to firing up comes clearing out the ashes. What is called being tired is nothing in the world but ashes in the body; for every vital act involves a consumption of fibre or nerve material, and the consumed material collects. When a man has been working all day, whether with his brain or with his muscles, his body is full of waste materiel which has not yet been carried off. When he goes to sleep, the whole system recuperates and reintegrates itself; the brain recovers; the various capillaries and excretive organs take up the waste, and clean the system out. In the morning, every man ought to give nature an opportunity to complete this cleansing operation, and he ought not to begin work till it is completed. It is as important as morning prayers. If a man is costive, his brain will be muddled, and his prayers will be muddled.

4. In this connection comes the morning bath. A great deal of waste should pass off through the skin, and it is of the utmost importance that its pores should be kept open, that they may do their work. I have been accustomed most of my life to take a cold bath in the morning when I get out of bed. That, however, is an experiment which every man must try for himself. If he does not get up a reaction, and the cold water turns his lips and nails blue, he must modify it.

5. Sleep is a great restorer of nervous energy, and it ought to be taken regularly and systematically. I think a man should go to bed at ten o'clock. Eight hours is a fair amount of sleep. Where a man is living under pressure, where his employment necessitates incessant brain-work of an exciting kind, more sleep may be necessary. As a rule, I allot the early morning to study, the afternoon to social work, and the evening to social recreation.

6. Good fuel, well adjusted to the capacities of your machine and the work it has to do, an engine kept clean inside and out, and sleep enough, constitute the essential physical conditions of health. There is one other condition quite as important: Refuse to be unhappy. The man who sleeps well, keeps himself clean, and feeds well, and then refuses to be unhappy—who makes account with himself that unhappiness is wrong and ought to be thrust out; who believes that he ought to maintain a trustful, cheerful frame of mind, and does it; if he has a fairly good body to start with, ought to be able, accidents excepted, to keep in good, vigorous, working condition up to the end, or nearly to the end.

The Methodist society in Mendon, Vt., has put up about a dozen good horse-sheds at the church. That is practical religion, and worth a dozen exhortations on "falling from grace," or sanctification. A man who will hitch his horse to a fence in a cold winter day, and do it for years, while he goes inside the meeting house to talk about "faith" and "love," "sanctification" and "election," lacks some essential feature of the gospel of Christ. The world wants more of the Christianity which builds horse-sheds, pays one hundred cents on the dollar, treats the horses kindly, cares for the stock, and is not domineering in the family.—*Vermont Tribune.*

Teacher's Table.

"QUESTION AND ANSWER"

Suppose a class has just finished studying the geography of the United States, and that each child has been asked to select a city, and study about it so that he can describe it. One of them begins: "I know a city in one of the Southern States. It is not on the sea-coast, but is on a large river. If you were there, you would see many ships and boats lying in the rivers, and on the wharfs near the river, you would see a great many bales of cotton piled together." Here the class would begin to look intelligent, and as the pupil goes on to say, "You would probably see some hogsheads of sugar and molasses, and perhaps hear some of the people speaking French," nearly all of the hands would be raised, and many voices would be ready to exclaim, It is New Orleans." Or, let each of the class select a short journey within the limits of the United States, and tell what he would be likely to see in taking that journey, showing on the map what route he would take, and describing all objects of interest. If some of the class can describe journeys that they have actually taken, the interest of the exercises will be increased.

With very little children the exercises must be much simpler. Suppose you ask the children one day to bring into school something that is *beautiful*— a stone, a toy, a flower—anything that they think very pretty—and to be ready to tell you why they like it. Then talk with the children about these things, and see if you do not suggest and develop some ideas of beauty that those children will never forget.

Or, ask each child to come prepared with a question beginning with "Why." Why is there daw at evening? Why does smoke go up the chimney? Why is there snow in winter, but only rain in summer? When the questions are given, write them on the slate, and tell the children to think for a little while, and see if they can answer any of them. Those that are not answered at once may be left for the children to think of or to ask their friends about: and at last, those that the children do not answer, the teacher may answer, *if he can.* But if the teacher is often obliged to say that she cannot answer these questions, it will not harm the children to let them know that there are stores of knowledge which she herself has not learned, or which human wisdom has not yet found out.

Penn. School Journal.

INSPIRATION.

A Sunday-school teacher read to his class that the Ethiopian eunuch went on his way rejoicing after Philip had talked with him, and then asked, "Why did he rejoice? The boy answered, "Because Philip was done a teachin' him." It is too often true that there is great rejoicing when the lesson is finished. Attending a lecture lately, the speaker was long, learned, but dreadfully tiresome. When he had finished there was a loud applause. "Why," we asked, "this applause?" "Because he stopped there; he might have gone on longer.

The teacher should study to make the recitation a pleasure. The examination should be one that renders the pupil happier, brighter, and sends through him feelings of strength. He should not talk too much himself, but question and lead his pupils to talk; thus teaching them to think, inquire, end reason. The talking should be mainly on the scholar's part.

The teacher should, like the chairman of a meeting, keep the others in order, so that the business will be transacted. If this is properly done, the pupil rises refreshed. His mind has collided with another mind; there has been attention, there has been reasoning, there has been expression. *New York Journal.*

Learning the book is not thoroughness. Learning infinite details is not *thoroughness.* We mean by thoroughness the mastering of principles end their "application." The demon of so called "thoroughness" does untold mischief. It leads to burdening the mind of the learner with a mass of useless details. In its name the child-mind is crammed with abstractions. This principle needs to be carefully considered. A pupil who has mastered the principles of arithmetic, and who can readily apply them, is thorough, though he may not have worked one-tenth of the examples, end may not be able to recite a single rule *verbatim.* *Penn. School Journal.*

We should always look ahead, and always habituate our pupils to look ahead, to see what manhood demands all through its course; to see what good citizenship demands for its special duties; to see what added power of mind and of conscience and of right feelings will be always useful and always necessary for the emergencies of riper years.

Penn. Sch. Journal.

Agriculture.

KEEP THE WEEDS DOWN.

Crops are reduced and labor greatly increased by a profuse growth of weeds. An important point is *never to attempt their destruction in cultivated fields by hard labor.* It is too expensive. It would be cheaper to fallow one entire season, by sweeping broadcast with plow and harrow, as the weeds are successively about to appear, than to pull them out by millions with thumb and finger, or to cut them up laboriously, with a hand-hoe. But it is not necessary to lose an entire season with the fallow. A repetition of the plowing or harrowing as often as the green points of the weeds are seen peeping at the surface, from May till September, will do much towards giving a perfectly clean field, and will bring the soil into admirable condition for sowing winter wheat. For some other crop, a shorter fallowing will answer. It may be continued through May and June for turnips or corn fodder; and through May clons for corn, if the earlier sorts are planted. The slip-shod practice of allowing weeds to have their own way during all these vacant intervals, is a costly one.

This subject is worthy of some further detail. For the longer fallow to precede winter wheat, one plowing and subsequent harrowings may be sufficient; but more thorough work would be made by plowing two or three times at long intervals, and harrowing often between. The plow would throw up the seeds of weeds which will not germinate when buried deep, and as they sprout and grow the harrow would destroy them.

Much will depend on using the most efficient tools. Any good plow will answer, but the common square-tooth harrow is greatly inferior for this purpose to either of the slicers, such as Shares', the Disc, or the Acme harrow. The last named will go over ten acres in a day, and make thorough work. It is worth while to give an estimate of the cost of this clearing out the weeds in one season, and giving an excellent preparation for winter grain, with the most thorough treatment, or with plowing once a month and harrowing once a week:

Say 3 plowings, $1.50 per acre	$4.50
12 harrowings, 30 cts. per acre	$3.60
Cost per acre	$8.10

It will be observed that the ground will soon become so mellow that the labor of each stirring will be greatly decreased, and its fine condition for the succeeding crop will be better than any field ever receives by ordinary treatment. We have seen Canada thistles, quack and other perennial rooted weeds totally destroyed in a single season with an equal or less amount of labor and less harrowing; but to clear the soil thoroughly of the seeds of annual weeds, an occasional deep stirring and more frequent surface stirring are required.

It is a common practice in planting corn on inverted sod, to plow late or just before planting. We find it better to turn the sod early, and then give successive harrowings with the Acme, which leaves two or three inches of the top soil in a mellow and very clean condition. This implement serves to intermix well with the soil any top-dressing of manure spread upon the inverted sod.

We have given these details, as we regard an easy and cheap method of extirpating weeds, and securing a well-pulverized surface soil for all cultivated crops, as one of the most important means of making farming pay.

Garlic is hard to get rid of, but the work may be accomplished, as with all other weeds, with sufficient appliances. There are three modes for extirpating garlic: 1. If in small or limited patches, it may be pulled out by hand—doing the work after the seed heads have formed, but before the seeds have grown in size—doing it after a heavy rain, when the ground is soft. Carry off the plants to the brush heap. 2. It may be reduced in large fields, and if thoroughly treated, destroyed, by manuring well to give the crops a strong growth, cultiveting with hoed crops, and never allowing any of the plants to appear above the surface. 3. Smothering. Turn the whole deeply and completely under with a very strong team and a double mould board plow, running a foot deep, placing the plants beyond the reach of air and of disturbance by common culture. Those who have had full experience with garlic may be able to say approximately how many dollars per acre it reduces the value of good land. *Country Gentleman.*

Of twenty President of the United State, only three—Washington, Hayes and Garfield—mentioned agriculture in their inaugural addresses.

If you want good verbenas (and who that raises flowers does not), use rotten lime or old plastering. well worked into the soil. Plants raised from seed are stronger, and bloom more freely, and are usually odoriferous.

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Horsford's Acid Phosphate imparts new energy to the brain, giving the feeling and sense of increased intellectual power.

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which I will sell at and below cost. All other goods in my store will be sold lower than ever, in consideration of the times. Please give me a call and see for yourselves. Ladies' and gentlemen's work made to order, and repairing neatly done.

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$10 Outfit furnished free, with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business that anyone can engage in. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that any one can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women are as successful as men. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in this business during your spare time at great profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need steady money, should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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COMFORTABLY FURNISHED,

Has hydraulic passenger elevator, gas and electric bells in all rooms; water-rooms for bath, including Hot Sea, and closets on every floor, with the most perfect system of drainage of any Hotel or public building in the country. And as a resort for the pleasure-seeker, invalid, or resting place for tourists on their way to Florida or the North, this House, with accommodations for about

SEVEN HUNDRED GUESTS

Presents inducements which certainly are not equaled elsewhere as a summer resort, or cold weather sanitarium. The invigorating atmosphere and mild temperature being especially adapted to that class who seek the genial winters of the South and cool summers of the North. For sleeplessness and nervousness the delicious tonic of the pure ocean air and the lullaby of the ocean waves rolling upon the sandy beach, but a few feet from the bedroom windows, are most healthful specifics at the Hygeia.

For further information, address by mail or telegraph,

H. PHOEBUS, Proprietor.

Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute

AT

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

INCORPORATED IN 1870.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal;* J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Treasurer.*

Devoted to the Education of Colored Teachers, for the Colored Race, and to Industrial Training.

Annual session from October 1st till the middle of June following.

Terms of admission: a knowledge of reading and writing, and of short and long division

Tuition free to all. Board, etc., ten dollars per month, payable monthly, half in cash and half in labor; six dollars cash, and four dollars in work required of those under 19 years of age. The first year is probationary. None under fourteen or over twenty-eight years of age need apply.

The institution is aided by the State but is supported mainly by voluntary contributions.

Annual scholarships of seventy dollars, to provide free tuition, are solicited.

Donations of any amount are most acceptable, and are invited from all who are interested in the negro race.

The great need of the institution is a permanent fund.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and devise to the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., the sum of ..... dollars, payable &c., &c.

For further information address,

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal,*
Hampton, Virginia.

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Thanking the Public for their generous patronage in the past, I shall still endeavor by strict attention to business, and low prices, to merit a continuance of the same. Call on

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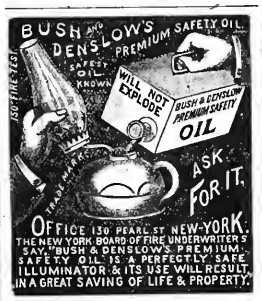

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VOL. X. HAMPTON, VA., AUGUST, 1881. NO. 8.

CORRESPONDENCE.

COLORED MEN IN CHINA.

"*Singapore, May* 10, 1881.

In a previous letter I spoke about a Negro, S. A. Butler, a resident of Shanghai, China. His career is quite remarkable. His parents were Africans, or pure Negroes. His father a preacher in Washington, D. C. He was educated in Paris, and there learned to speak French, Italian, German and Spanish. I think he has an aptitude for languages. When Mr. Burlingame was appointed minister to Pekin some years ago, he met Butler in Paris, made him his private Secretary, and took him to China, where he became familiar with the *spoken* Chinese.

Mr. Burlingame always put him on a footing of social equality. Wishing to go into business, Butler left the American Embassy, and took a post in one of the great American trading houses. Subsequently he went into the service of the Shanghai Navigation Company. For some time past, the Chinese officials and some of the rich Chinese merchants have been watching carefully the operations of the Europeans in steam navigation, supported by European capital. These prudent, careful men determined that if there was any profit in the trade, the Chinese should have it, and not the *fan qui* (foreign devil.) Therefore they began to buy steam ships themselves, and to run them to and from their own ports. They organized the China Merchants' Steamship Company. They put their own, and not foreign money into it. They purchased the Shanghai Company's Steamers, and Butler went into their employment. Still, these Chinese, careful and economical as they are, did not understand the business of running steamships, for it is a business which requires special training. These men were cheated by Europeans in the quality of the vessels sold, and they were held in great contempt by Europeans and Americans who kept lines of steamships in the East, and who believed that their dominion over the sea would never be successfully disputed by the "pig tails."

The Chinese concluded it would be well to employ Europeans at first, in the most responsible positions. But the trouble has been that Europeans have generally tried to rob the Chinese, when employed by them. The owners of this new Chinese Line, including some of the most influential men in the Chinese government, put Butler in charge of one of the most important departments of the business, and authorized him to reorganize the service in his own way. He is a natural organizer, one of those men who know how to put things in their proper places, how to put down confusion. He systematized the business, brought order out of chaos, introduced economy, enforced discipline, and rivalled the Europeans in their steamship service. The result is that after two years' work, this Chinese Steamship Company, instead of running at a loss, has earned over a million of dollars net profit. The prospect now is, that it will earn very large annual dividends.

The Chinese official who is at the head of the company told me that they considered Butler not only a man of great ability, but an *honest* man. He said that he was a very safe adviser, and they regarded him as an important agent in the future operations of the company. Now this Chinese Company own already thirty six steamers. They are bidding for the trade of the Pacific Ocean. One of their vessels lately went to San Francisco, and reduced the price of freight to China. The American and European lines are by no means easy at the appearance of this great steamship fleet; no one knows where its operations will stop. As these people learn more thoroughly the steamship business, they will become more formidable rivals to the Europeans, and as they are content with much less profit than the Europeans, and the business is conducted at their own homes, and not with a distant European basis, it is easy to see that the time is soon coming when the vast trade of the great Pacific Ocean will be in Chinese hands.

Coal is an expensive article in China. Supplies for steamers are brought from Australia and Java. Now there are immense coal fields in China. The Chinese will not let the Europeans touch these coal fields under any circumstances, but they can touch them themselves. Already they have opened a vast colliery about eighty miles from ship water, at Tientsin; a canal from the mine to the ocean is about finished. The coal is owned by the same people who control the steamship company. This year coal will be delivered to ships. If the Chinese prefer to consume the coal in their own vessels, instead of selling it to the foreign steamers, it will not take long to wipe out the foreign service, as the cost of the coal will be so much less than that now used by all steamers.

Butler is a leading man in this magnificent enterprise in China.

I have related this incident because it bears on the question of the "color line," and I write this from a city where the presence of twenty-six different nationalities has obliterated all color lines. There is a lesson in Butler's life. He fought for his position and won it. He did not sulk for it, or cry for it, or beg for it; he commanded it. He made himself the peer of men about him, and they acknowledged it, as all men will admit it, when forced to meet the matter. Men sought him, as they always seek men who have advantages, either in brains or experience. Interested as I am in the negro question, it was to me a most important incident to meet on the seaboard of the great Chinese Empire, an American negro educated, capable, doing his work well, and a leader among men.

Several weeks after meeting Butler, I was with the King of the Hawaiians on board the royal yacht of the King of Siam, on the river Menem. On the way to the capitol of the Country, Bangkok, the yacht stopped for a moment at the custom house, in order to take on board some officials. I noticed a negro sitting in the stern of a boat, and inquired about him. A merchant said to me: "He is at the head of the custom house on the river. It is a very responsible place. This negro is a man of considerable education, is honest, and capable; so he was appointed to the place, and discharges the duties well." I had no opportunity to speak to this man, but I counted it as another incident of my trip, that I had met another negro who was doing credit to himself. I have written this letter for the sole purpose of presenting these facts to the younger colored people in America, that they may know that their race can hold itself if it will."

Mr. Armstrong adds to the above valuable information, a few notes on travel, which we are sure will interest our readers.

"The city of Bangkok contains about 400,000 people. Through the centre of it flows a large river; from the river, canals are cut in every direction; and while most of the people live on land, very many thousands live on the water entirely. A raft is made of *bamboo*, and tied to the river bank. A house is then built on the raft. In it one or more families live. The back part of the house, or the part towards the river bank, is used for living purposes, while the front part, facing the river, is used for stores or manufacturing purposes. One wishing to do some shopping, hires a canoe, rowed by two men. This canoe is moved along the river, and stops in front of the houses. The passenger, sitting in it, leans over the side and inspects the articles in the house on the raft; when the trade is over, the canoe moves off to another place. It is in fact a river carriage. These water houses extend for three miles up and down the river. They rise and fall with the tide. In rowing the canoes or boats, the men stand up facing the bows. The oar is fastened to a stake in the boat, and the rower dips the oar in and pushes it, while standing.

About one year ago, the Queen of Siam, while passing up the river in a royal barge, was run down by a steam tug. There were numbers of people standing by, but none of them dared to rescue her, because she was sacred, and could not be touched; so the poor women went to the bottom. Just before we arrived at Bangkok, she was cremated; a vast temple was built for the occasion, and an alter of sandal wood was erected in the centre of it. In this the body was placed, and burned to ashes. Festivities continued for ten days. The total cost of the cremation was above one half million of dollars. Cremation is universally practised in Siam. In many cases, the bodies are taken to a temple, and exposed in the open air; vultures and carrion birds come down in dense flocks, and consume the flesh in a few moments. The bones are then burned, and the ashes are scattered on the waters of the sacred river, Menam.

The Siamese are a pleasant people, but very lazy. Rice and fish are cheap, and if the people can get this food, they will not work. Few of them are [illegible] The result is that the Chinese come in, get the best lands, and do the best part of the business. In the end, the four million of Siamese will pass away, and the country will be in the hands of the Chinese entirely. It is a case of the "survival of the fittest."

The Chinaman is the New Englander of the Pacific in his energy and pluck. The Chinaman of the Northern part of the Empire does not emigrate. Though he is poor, he prefers his mud hut, and his associations, to foreign lands; no inducements so far have brought him out of his home. The Southern Chinese, living along the coast, is the vicinity of Canton, are the people who emigrate. All who have left are, however, but a fraction of the people in only one province. California holds 75,000 of these people, Australia, perhaps, as many more. What are these numbers to the 40,000,000 of one province alone in South China?

I do not despise their religion. Let no one despise any religion which contains any good. The central doctrine of their religion is *ancestor worship*. It is believed that the spirit of the father or ancestor wanders about in an unhappy, restless condition, unless it is worshipped. While every Chinaman worships, therefore, the spirits of his forefathers, he is always on the look out for a son who will, in turn, worship his spirit. This is no idle business with these people. It is no Sunday affair. It will not do to meet in the temples and say we ought to worship our forefathers. They do it. It is a practical belief which controls every men's life. The father, while living, is the head of the family, and the profoundest respect is paid to him till he dies. If a Chinaman has money, he would starve himself just as quickly as he would allow his father to go without support. Of the thousands of poor "coolies" or laborers, who have gone from China to the Hawaiian Islands, to work on sugar plantations at $8 per month, the majority remit money to their parents; so a missionary in Hong Kong told me; much of it went through his hands. But the worship of ancestors requires presence at the tomb. So the Chinamen, the moment he has obtained a little money, returns home and worships at the tomb. But every Chinaman must have a son, as I have said. (Of course, under this system of religion, early marriages are the rule.) Probably every one of the 75,000 Chinamen in California is a married man, but has left his wife at home. It is clear to me, that they would not hesitate to bring them, firstly, if they could afford it, secondly, if they felt secure of property and liberty. The Chinaman has found that so far as he is concerned, the treatment given him by the proud and christian civilization of America, is more unjust than that of the most despotic of any "taotai" (magistrate) of his native land.

It is said in America, "Oh! these Chinese don't intend to stay, they will not mix with our people. They make money, and go home!" True! But here are some twenty "treaty ports" in China and Japan opened to Europeans and Americans. These people come here, engage in business, make money and go home. There is not an Englishman or a French man, or an American, or a German who does not frankly admit that he came here to make money, and that he shall return home at the earliest possible moment to spend it. Make one of these foreigners believe that his life must be spent here, in the East, and he would look about for his razors.

Here, in Singapore, the Chinese are at the head. Look at the map, and you will see the commanding position of this place, at the southern extremity of Asia. Here the trade of the East centres. The English took it over sixty years ago, when its population numbered about four thousand, all Malays. Now there are 127,000 people, and of these 60,000 are Chinese, who have come from China, in thousand miles away. All that is valuable, in the way of trade, or business of any kind whatsoever, is in their hands. The Malay cannot stand against them for a moment. They outdo him at every turn. Trade from Japan, Northern China, the Malaysian peninsula, the vast archipelago of immense islands which include Sumatra, and Borneo, stretching away for three thousand miles to the skirts of the Australian continent, centres here. Thirty languages are spoken, but the Malay is the language of trade, because it is easy to learn. Though, as I say, the Malaysians are of little account here, they were at the start the dominant race, and their language became the medium of conversation between the score of races which meet here. Though they have gone into the back ground, in the great struggle, they have left their language to the common use, till some other takes its place.

The similarity of the Maleys to the Hawaiians is striking. Though these two nations are five thousand miles apart, and there is no tradition of any intercourse in the ancient days, even the languages have words in common. For death, the Malay says "mate," the Hawaiian says "make;" for eye, the Maley says "mata," the Hawaiian says "muka." For want of thrift, laziness, and supreme indifference to the future, the Malay and Hawaiians are one and the same. The Chinamen will soon be masters of the situation here, and the Maley will submit to it."

W. N. A.

WESTWARD HO!

Few persons who have not visited the country lying west of the Missouri river, can form a correct idea of the rapidity with which it is being settled up. The advice of the veteran editor of the New York Tribune, "go west, young man, go west", has been acted upon by so many, that if the migration ha continued, it must soon be useless. Within the last year another trans-continental line of railroad has been opened, while the Northern Pacific, after a dull period of several years continuance, has developed new energy, and is rapidly pushing westward, having completed over two hundred miles of track west of the Missouri river, and will, before this season closes, have reached the base of the Rocky Mountains in Montana, while at the same time it is being extended from the western terminus, eastward, having already over one hundred miles in operation in Washington Territory. A Western man has said "the locomotive is the great civilizer," and the saying appears to be a true one. Along the lines of all the western rail-roads, towns spring up like Jonah's gourd, and though, like that short lived plant, many of them soon die, still, under the rule of "the survival of the fittest," others grow and flourish, gathering about them all the adjuncts of similar places at the west, and soon the broad prairie, so lately the grazing ground of the buffalo, is spotted with the tamer herds of civilized owners, or is "white already to harvest." The advent of railroads and telegraph lines, with the accompanying breaking up of the soil for culture and improvement, changes, to a greater or less extent, the climatology of the plains, more especially as regards the rainfall, and it is a matter of record, that in western Kansas the rainfall increased nearly one hundred per cent. in four years after the opening of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, thus rendering lands once thought only fit for grazing purposes, available for raising of crops. The great wheat producing region of the continent if not of the world, will probably be between the Mississippi river and the Rocky Mountains, although there is a large quantity of "dead land" in Dacotah and Montana, that, for centuries to come, will produce nothing, and from which the internal fires have scarcely died out.

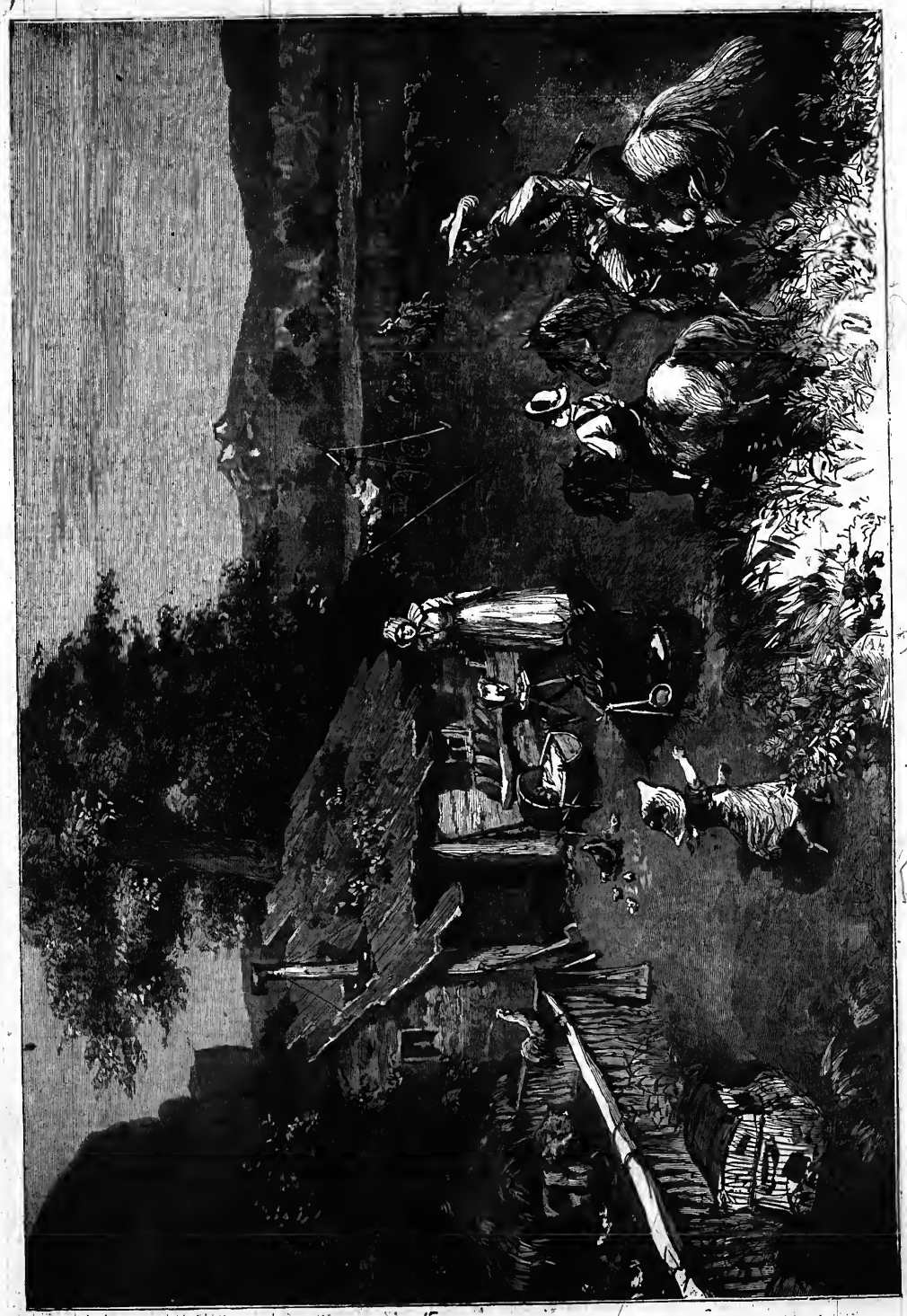
The Indian who has long stood in the way of civilization, must sooner or later accept of one or two) "ations"—civilization or extermination, and the process of reclamation of the wilderness will go on unchecked, till this already great nation, having filled up its own waste places, shall look about for new worlds to conquer.

IT MOVES.

In view of the time, place and circumstances, certainly the most remarkable of all Decoration Day speeches was that made this year by the Hon. Frederick Douglass, at Harper's Ferry, Va., the subject of which was John Brown.

In the large concourse of people assembled to hear him, were ex-slave holders and ex-confederates, prominent among them the State attorney on Brown's trial, and this gentleman was one of the first to congratulate Mr. Douglass upon his speech.

John Brown was hung on the 2d of December 1859. A wilder visionary than the old man would have been needed to have foreseen on that day the path on which the nation has come to the 30th of May 1881. Yet there are other people than *brother Jasper* who do not feel the world moving.



WESTWARD HO!

Southern Workman,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October, four months.)

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

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Subscribers are reminded that, from July to October inclusive, this paper is reduced to an eight page form, resuming in November the twelve page form.

Centralization has meant something new for the last four weeks. The White House in Washington has been the centre of the nation's heart, throbbing in unison with every fluctuating pulse recorded in that darkened room, where the President of the United States still lies battling for life against the bullet of an assassin. The first shock and horror at the appalling news; the bewildering possibilities of causes and consequences, that seemed to shake the very foundations of the Republic and open gulfs of anarchy and nihilism at our feet; the universal execration of the perpetrator near or remote; the rush of tender sympathy that came with thought of the stricken wife and mother, and hastened before them to the suffering bed of the nation's second martyr to unflinching honesty and patriotism; the revulsion of reviving hope, the trembling between fear and joy—who can ever forget, who has passed through these last four weeks in America?

But hardly was the first surprise over, before the practical mind of the nation turned from the calamity itself to find a way out of it and to ask what it all meant. And now that we dare to trust that the President is out of danger, and to talk of a general thanksgiving to God for his wonderful restoration, the papers—great and small—are overflowing with "lessons of the hour." And with good reason, for they are many and important, and if the nation can forget them it will deserve the ills it fears. A lesson—might we hope the last one needed—on the folly of throwing the offices of the country's service back into a political grab-bag every four years, while the Chief Executive of the nation stands, before the world, holding the strings, a target for disappointed "victors."

A lesson on the danger and despicableness of partisan passion and scheming.

A lesson too, thank God, on the beauty of goodness in high places, of heroism in manhood and womanhood; on the advantage of a pure life and an unfaltering trust. An inspiration in the discovery that the old Roman idea of the white robed candidate has not become all a farce; that far above the mire of party politics as Garfield is above his assailant, there is a service of our country—for the humblest as well as the highest—worth living for or dying for. And best of all and deepest of all, is the lesson that party politicians are not the people, any more than party politics are their cause.

We have learned not only to know our heroic President better, but to know each other better. In the electric thrill the wires sent through North and South and East and West, on the second day of July, our hands all tightened in the clasp of brotherhood. They may drop somewhat apart again as the excitement subsides, but it can never be with us quite as it has been, for we have seen ourselves one people and the vision has warmed our hearts. We are one people, and our President is one of us. This is what keeps us strong and calm—this is what shows the fallacy of any comparison between America and Russia. Corruption enough exists, but it is not the abscess eating hopelessly into the nation's life, but the "laudable" elimination of evils that will leave it in new health and safety. Some time before the murderous assault, the President, warned by a friend as to the danger of an attempt upon his life, calmly answered: "I must come and go as usual, and I cannot surround myself with a body guard. If the good of this country, the interests of pure government and of the people against one-man power demand the sacrifice of my life, I think I am ready." Heaven has known how to accept the sacrifice beyond his thought yet spare the willing victim. Let us not make one drop of that generous blood unavailing by our forgetfulness of its meaning. Shutting our eyes to nothing, let us nourish the young tissues of the nation not on listless sneers at political corruption, but on faith in God and loyal devotion to a country for which a Lincoln and a Garfield have thought it "sweet and becoming," if need be, to die.

The results of the colored Teachers' Institute at Lynchburg last summer, induced the state board of education to use a thousand dollars of the Peabody appropriation at their disposal, for a similar one this year. The expenses have fallen within the appropriation. On request of Dr. Ruffner, State Supt., Hampton Normal School very gladly opened its doors to the Institute, and its new Academic Hall was placed at the state's disposal. It being evident, on inquiry, that only a limited number of those who would attend could be accommodated in the town of Hampton, arrangements were also made for a hundred and fifty at the Normal School, in the buildings just vacated, in part, by its own pupils, though over a hundred of these still remained on the place as work students through the summer.

Prof. Henry P. Warren of Plymouth, N. H., Principal of the New Hampshire State Normal School, was invited to conduct the Institute, with assistants of his selection, who were Miss E. M. Reed and Miss S. M. Cate, experienced normal teachers from his own school, and Prof. I. Freeman Hall, who was a chief assistant of Col. Parker in the Quincy schools, and is now Supt. of schools on the Quincy plan in Dedham, Mass. Prof Hall was recommended as one of the very best men for the work by Col. Parker, who does not lose his interest in Hampton or the race of colored teachers.

Prof. Warren's long experience and success as a Normal teacher, and his full sympathy with the advanced educational ideas, especially fit him for the work for this new people, which cannot afford to waste any time on wrong ideas and methods. He is a New Englander who has lived some time in the South, and is a man of general culture and breadth.

MR. SCHURZ ON THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

The June number of the "North American Review" has a deeply interesting paper by the former Secretary of the Interior on the 'Present Aspects of the Indian Problem.' Any thing that Mr. Schurz can say on the subject with which he is so identified must indeed be of interest and value. He treats it with his usual command of clear and vigorous English, and in every "aspect," from the stand point of the philanthropist to that of the frontiersman. "The disgraceful history of Indian wrongs is a fact too well known to require proof." "Government is not guiltless" in allowing them, or free from blunders in its policy. "Yet it is only just to say that its treaties with the Indian tribes were as a rule made in good faith." The Indian reservations were set apart with no idea of the marvellous advance of settlement. "By far the larger part of our Indian troubles have sprung from the greedy encroachment of white men upon Indian lands"—This is the story of the past—what is the outlook for the future? "No intelligent man will to-day for a moment entertain the belief that there is still a nook or corner of this country, that has the least agricultural or mineral value in it, beyond the reach of progressive civilization. Districts which seemed to be remote wildernesses but a few years ago, have been or are now being penetrated with rail roads; Montana, Washington Territory, Idaho and New Mexico are now more easily accessible than Ohio and Indiana were at the beginning of this century, and the same process which resulted in crowding the Indians out of these States has begun and is rapidly going on in these Territories." With the best intentions, Government is no more powerful now then then to resist the inevitable pressure.

"What does, under such circumstances, wise and humane statesmanship demand? Not that we should close our eyes to existing facts, but that, keeping these facts clearly in view, we should discover among the possibilities that which is most just and best for the Indians. I am profoundly convinced that a stubborn maintenance of the system of large Indian reservations must eventually result in the destruction of the red man, however faithfully the Government may endeavor to protect their rights. It is only a question of time. What we can and should do is, in general terms, to fit the Indians as much as possible for the habits and occupations of civilized life." "The end to be reached is unquestionably the gradual absorption of the Indian into the great body of American citizenship. To fit them for this, three things are suggested by common sense as well as philanthropy.

1. That they be taught to work by making work profitable to them.

2. That their youth of both sexes be educated.

3. That they be individualized in the possession of property by settlement in severalty with a fee simple title, after which the land they do not use may be made profitable to themselves in the only way possible by selling it at a just compensation, thus opening it to general settlement and enterprise. The allotments to be made inalienable for say 25 years".

Will Indians work? Indian farming, increasing yearly in extent and value—their requests for agricultural instruction, implements and stock, increasing with the disappearance of game; Indian freighters, the most honest and efficient Government ever had; Indian apprentices in all sorts of shops at the agencies as well as eastern schools; Indians building houses for themselves and now and then showing striking ability as traders, answer that question.

Can Indians be educated? Mr. Schurz points to Hampton and Carlisle, in answer. He says: "I see no reason why Government should not establish many more like them. To make liberal appropriation for such a purpose would be not only a philanthropic act but the truest and wisest economy."

In regard to his third proposition, Mr. Schurz regards it as of the utmost importance, to the Indian as well as the country generally, that a policy be adopted which will secure to them and their descendants the safe possession of such tracts as they can cultivate, and fair compensation for the rest, and that, "before the protection of their present large possessions by the Government becomes too precarious." As to their own wishes, while a majority are opposed or indifferent as yet, the idea is increasing in favor. Of course they do not and seldom can see its full significance or necessity. "As they become convinced of the necessity of adopting the white man's way, they are easily made to comprehend the advantage of owning a piece of land and a title to it. The ulterior consequence, the gradual dissolution of tribal relations and the large reservations, will become intelligible and naturally acceptable to them as they go on." The debate in the Senate on the severalty bill last winter turned on its imperfections. "It would be impossible to draw up one so perfect that experience might not suggest desirable amendment. But the essential thing is that opportunity be given to gain such further experience from the actual experiment, by the enactment of a law containing the principal features of the plan, and allowing the Executive sufficient latitude in applying it according to circumstances, whenever the Indians may be prepared for it, or whenever the exigencies of the case may demand prompt action."

A writer to the "Nation," before the Nation and Mr. Schurz became one, reviewing his article on the Indian Problem, accepts his views as to work and education as "generally admitted," (but how short a time could that have been said, and to what extent is it due to Mr. Schurz's own efforts and policy.) His third proposition, as to the division of lands in severalty, is taken exception to from a legal point of view, and chiefly on the ground that Government could not constitutionally protect such Indians as soon as the territory in which they were settled should become a State. It would be interesting to know what Mr. Schurz would say on these points. Some practical plan certainly should be decided upon. If Government cannot constitutionally make these measures availing, a constitutional amendment may be needed.

That some way of securing justice and the general safety should be found and followed is certainly, to the Indians and to the whole country, as Mr. Schurz has said, of the utmost importance.

Good news has come from our party of European travellers. All are enjoying their trips. Our Editor in chief has found time to send us a letter, published below, which, we can only hope, may be followed by others. He must have met before this, in London, his brother, Mr. Wm. N. Armstrong, Attorney General of the Sandwich Islands, with King Kalakaua and his suite. We regret to hear of the sudden death of Judge Harris, Chief Justice of the Islands; also that of Mr. C. H. Greenway in Honolulu, formerly, for a year, connected with Hampton Institute.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

STEAMER ALGERIA.

Atlantic Ocean, June 20th, 1881.

The first thing that strikes you on a Cunarder is the discipline. Things go like clock work. No loud orders are heard; no rough language is used. Instructions are whistled to the men on the yards. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety, and we have it.

For a week our good ship has glided smoothly over a tranquil sea, with favoring winds, making about 310 miles a day. In such a voyage 220 cabin passengers soon find each other out. Every one has a reclining chair of his own, and people lie about in them, well wrapped, for there is a chill in Atlantic breezes. Many promenade, or gather at the pool selling of bets on the day's run, go below to play cards or write, and novels are much in demand. By the fourth or fifth day the social ice is pretty well broken, and chat flows freely on all sides, between quondam strangers.

After six o'clock dinner on pleasant days, the sailors have entertained us with games. There is by the way a fine set of men on the ship, they look well treated and contented, and are certainly very cheerful. "Swing the monkey" was performed by a jolly tar, who swung from the rigging by a rope and was fiercely attacked by the rest with soft woollen ropes. The man whom he hit back, in the course of his gyrations, was "it," and had to become a human pendulum. "Beat the Bear," was very lively: a sailor down on all fours, was the bear. Round the body was tied a ten foot rope, which was held by another, who struck, with the same soft rope, at whoever approached. Ten or more fellows, would, from all sides, dash in to "beat the bear" and the game was to get out of the reach of the rope before catching it from the keeper. Whoever was hit had to be the bear. But the favorite game was "Jack, where are you?" Four or five blind-folded men

on all fours, each with a tin cup in one hand, and a soft lash in the other, would grope about in a ring formed by the company, each trying to find the other and administer a vigorous blow an his back. By rapping on the deck with his tin cup, each sailor would indicate where he was, and dodge quickly aside, that the blow aimed at him might miss. The wild hitting, the vigorous beating of the air, was very funny. Now and then they got fairly at each other, but nobody could be hurt. Passengers cheered tha harmless duels. Steeple chases by men on all fours, over their comrade's backs, and other games have entertained us so far.

We have sung college songs in a not very highly organized way, and had an inimitable negro minstrel performance by an accomplished Columbia College student. Columbia and Vassar have a good representation on board. On Sunday a five minutes sermon by a Congregational minister, who got on very well with the Episcopal Service.

June, 23rd.

The last two days have been glorious; yesterday as usual, a fair wind helped us, but it was very fresh, and as she careered over, bounding to the breeze that filled all her sails, we were unconscious of the energy of the screw that really pushed us on, and felt as if on a huge yacht, dashing the foam from bow and sides. It was magnificent. A Cunarder under full sail may even be romantic. There is no sentiment about steam power.

We passed several ships under full sail, and could not too much admire their perfect grace. May sailing ships never be driven from the seas by the economy of steam. Their beauty and symmetry are a feast to the eye.

An unusual affair was a dramatic performance by the sailors, whose brass band, Hamlet, Irish songs and recitations, made a pleasant evening for the passengers, who, in their turn, made it pleasant for the sailors by a contribution of about $50.00. The Sailors' Hospital at Liverpool, was remembered with an equal amount. This being the one hundredth round trip of our Steamer, and the second hundredth trip that our Captain had made, (the others being in the China) a testimonial of sixty pounds was subscribed by passengers and presented to Capt Gill as a token of their appreciation of his fidelity to duty and his excellent care of the thousands of passengers he has conducted through the dangers of an Atlantic voyage. It was well deserved. The men who stand on the "bridge" day and night, peering anxiously into thick fogs lest some sudden harm come to the ship, forgetful of rest till the danger is past, while multitudes sleep below trusting in them, are heroes. Winds and waves are nothing, storms are trifles, compared with fog, even in the smoothest water. Something terrible may happen any moment.

Friday, June 24th.

At noon, land was sighted. It was Festnett, and between this light house on the coast of Ireland, and Sandy Hook on the American coast, distances are reckoned. The exposed south-western coast of Ireland is bleak and barren. Martello towers stand at intervals along the bold, rockbound shore. There are no good harbors, and there is no hope or mercy for those who are shipwrecked here. The water is blue and deep up to the steep crags. In four hours Queenstown is reached, mails and passengers received and sent, hurrahs are shouted and handkerchiefs waved, as over forty of our new made friends leave to "do" Ireland. We skirt the coast, where every inch of land is cultivated; the soil is rich, and the tilth thorough; as far as the eye can reach the land is divided into small, rectangular lots (bounded by hedges) where varying shades of green are beautiful and justify the appellation "Green Erin."

Trees are scarce; there are no forests, but nice looking white-washed stone cottages dot the country, and little hamlets of thatched or slated houses nestle in the hollows. It is evidently an old country, in which good land is carefully tended. I had secured a copy of the London "Times," and especially enjoyed it after newspaper famine of ten days; was more than ever struck with its clear, vigorous English. We don't have such writing on our side.

Steaming through the Irish Sea, and up St. George's Channel, the water was smooth as a mill pond. Nearing Liverpool, Saturday morning, the mountains of Wales rose grandly on the starboard side.

ENGLAND.

The first sight of England is a sensation; it is hard to realize what you behold. In America we have history on paper, in the abstract; here it is in the concrete. This is the old home; it is in the old and new, strange and familiar. I never before comprehended what the Liverpool docks are. The Mersey river, on which the city stands, has a tidal rise of at least thirty-two feet. At low water, the countless ships at its wharves would be high and dry. You steam up the river and find miles of long granite walls on either side, covered with as many miles of long, low buildings, warehouses, behind which are forests of masts, thousands of ships. The river is merely a channel, up which large vessels can come only at full tides. The docks are really artificial lakes, open at high water, so as to admit and discharge vessels, closed as soon as the water begins to run out. The water level at low tide outside, is perhaps thirty feet lower than that inside.

One's first glance at English people on landing is interesting. How English looking they are! is the first thought. Everything is plain, substantial, homely. The sailing craft on the river are not graceful, the host of panting little steamers lack passing lines. Buildings are massive, to an American eye. I noticed at once the honest looking policemen, well dressed, but without style. Their coat-tails are like short kilts. There is order and cleanliness on all sides. The custom house officers evidently make up their minds at a glance what you are, and bother you very little.

I drove from the dock to the North-western Hotel, walked back to the Bank, and had thus a hasty line for operations in Liverpool, and in half an hour felt perfectly at ease. How quickly the home feeling comes to one here! All are kind to Americans.

Capital roast mutton at a restaurant. I said, "Will you give me a napkin?" Reply, "The kitchen is on the floor below." I subsided, convinced that English ways are mysterious. The bronze equestrian statues of the Queen and Prince Albert, with St. George's Hall in the rear, guarded by two tremendous British lions, make an imposing effect. The lions are supposed to be roaring, but look as if they had the toothache.

Have just time for a drive before taking the train for Chester. The Prince's and Sefton Parks are the things to do, and justify their fame. Around them are fine English homes, each one having some pleasing fancy name on the gatepost. This is tha land of comfortable homes; titles do not, as in America, seem affected.

CHESTER.

Chester is an hour's ride from Liverpool. Our party of seven went to the Grosvenor House. After dinner we strolled round the city walls, (a distance of about two miles,) walking easily two abreast on tha ramparts built by the Romans nearly two thousand years ago. The walls are about seven feet in thickness, and vary in height from fifteen to forty feet, or three feet higher, counting the parapet or outer well, which protected the combatants who stood on the ramparts. After 61 A. D., this was, for four hundred years, a stronghold of the Romans. It changed hands frequently, in subsequent local wars. I saw the tower where King Charles the First stood and saw his army defeated by Oliver Cromwell, on Rowley Moor.

Lots of interesting things in this city, "too numerous to mention." See any guide book. Not the least so are the remains of a Roman bath and "God's Providence House," so called because it was the only one not visited by the plague which devastated the city in olden times.

The central interest is the Cathedral. There are several very ancient churches, all connected by vast under ground passages. The Doctor of Divinity with our party was deeply interested in the room where Matthew Henry wrote his Commentaries. Having rather dreary boyish memories of my father's reading them at prayers, I was less enthusiastic.

We passed Sunday here; attended morning and evening service at the Cathedral. To describe this magnificent building is impossible. Portions of it are restored; much is unchanged since the 14th century. The choir of boys is the finest in the country, the responses were chanted exquisitely, and the service intoned. What seems artificial and odious in America, is natural and pleasant here.

To be in a place like this is an education. It makes history real; it reproduces the past, and makes it tangible, as books can not. Service was held in the choir. Above and on every side were superb architectural effects; distances, spaces, curves, arches, coloring, wonderful carving; and a certain august, eloquent presence that filled every part. Tha old defaced portion, where Cromwell stabled his cavalry horses (the largest nave in any English church,) the quiet cloisters worn with the marks of a thousand years, the "old" every where, attracted and took hold of us. All this must influence English character. American has no past; except what is written in books; no monuments, no ruins, nothing to excite veneration. The spirit of worship and of sacrifice that inspired these Cathedrals, is good for these days. It gave me a new sensation.

Tha verger pointed out a pair of battle flags of the 22nd Regiment of the Line, crossed and fastened to tha wall, at tha end of the nave. They were at the battle of Bunker Hill. A grand organ recital followed evening service. Waves of sound rolled through tha Cathedral and echoed among tha arches.

English people are always ready to give information to Americans, whom they easily detect. Perhaps they are not more kind hearted than we, but they take more time to explain, and make you feel that you are welcome. Somebody is always on hand to do tha service you want, for a fee of course, and makes you feel like giving it, by his civility. One man touched his hat to me at least twenty-five times, in carrying my baggage a hundred yards, doing it at nearly every other word.

The Duke of Westminster's little kingdom is near by here, and was my first view of an English park. This rolling grassy lawns are fine, but the trees are even finer. There is an individuality, a character in the oak tree; it is a type of the people. The Duke's stables look like a large institution, they are indeed a college for horses. His palace and gardens are probably as great a care to him as such possessions usually are to their owners. I envy him his glorious woods, more than his stately apartments. Tha charming river Dee runs through his grounds, and down to Chester—a lovely seven mile stretch for boating.

My first experience of an English hotel is delightful. The Grosvenor is very nice in every way, quiet, roomy and as comfortable as it can be. As usual the clerks are women, and know their business. English strawberries beat American, hollow. Their roast beef is an institution. The English go in for comfort, and have it. I miss everywhere the rush of our country, and enjoy their way of getting through a good deal with little fuss. Every one knows what he has got to do and does it. An American tries to be in two places at the same time. An Englishman don't.

LONDON.

In five hours' ride to London, one gets some idea of English scenery. The principal features are castles, estile, sheep, grass, grain, (principally wheat) meadows yellow with buttercups, and on all sides cosy brick cottages, nestling amid shrubbery and trees, and clad in ivy. Things seem finished up. There are no forests, but plenty of groves. Wood is scarce. A minimum of it is used in house building. Window frames and mullions are of stone There are no barren spots, no waste land, no scrubby growth of trees, of which one passes through thousands of square miles, even in old Massachusetts. Here they have done their utmost with the soil. Hedges are the universal fence, and are very pretty. What is English railroading? One at first despises the rather small and ancient looking English "carriage." It has advantages; comparative freedom from dust, (a mighty thing,) more room, no pressing of passengers in the compartments, in which they put six where we should put at lest eight people. No banging of doors and horrible drafts. Second class is not quite up to this. Locomotives are ugly but excellent, are heavier than ours—passenger and freight cars smaller and lighter.

The country from London to Liverpool is gently rolling. There are no surprises of surface, but many sweet ones of scenery. There is an evenness of cultivation, a sustained thrift on every side, a solid, well-to-do aspect, that is a natural expression, in fact a mirror of the people who inhabit the country. This surely is "Merry Old England."

S. C. A.

THE TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

The Institute opened at the Normal School June 27, and closed July 15, continuing three weeks. A hundred and sixty teachers have attended it from all parts of the state, representing thirty-five counties besides the cities of Richmond, Norfolk, Petersburg, Lynchburg and Alexandria. Superintendent Richard L. Carnes of Alexandria, announced with pride and pleasure; "Every one of my teachers is here." He was himself one of the only two superintendents—besides the state superintendent, Hon. Wm. H. Ruffner—who visited the Institute; the other one being superintendent Peay of Richmond; which city was also well represented. Other county superintendents had expressed their intention of coming, but were prevented. Dr. Ruffner spent part of a day inspecting the work, and expressed much satisfaction with it, but to tha disappointment of all was unable, from indisposition, to address the teachers. Superintendents Carnes and Peay made short speeches of congratulation and encouragement. Mr. Fox, Editor of the Virginia Educational Journal, also looked in on the proceedings.

The time being short, and every one in earnest, tha Institute settled down at once to hard work. After a preliminary examination into the special needs of the teachers in their work, to decide on what points it was best to dwell, they were divided into four sections, (not grades) each of which came daily under each of the four instructors; Miss Reed and Miss Cate taking primary languages and number teaching, and elementary reading and writing; Prof Hall, geography and arithmetic from fractions, and Prof Warren advanced language drill, study of style and analysis of thought. By this arrangement, opportunity for attention to each one in a given and a personal hold on the class which is not got at long ranges in a lecture room. The methods followed were on the Quincy plan—which is gaining ground in Virginia as elsewhere, where intelligent people in earnest about education, are willing to examine it. Training was given in teaching number and language first from objects; reading and spelling and writing together by the word and sentence method; geography by natural scenery, globes, moulding sand and map drawing; language and composition by practice before analysis. Each one was started also on home made writing and language charts and a school room outline map of North America. The character, as well as the methods of the teaching, was of the first order. Its patience, clearness, thoroughness—truthfulness—were in themselves an object lesson which must leave its impression on the minds of the learners more deeply than they were conscious of in the midst of their hard work.

The school hours were from nine to twelve and from three to five, avoiding the heat of the day, the weather being however, with some exception, very comfortable, especially within the thick walls of the new "Academie". An evening lesson from eight to nine was begun, with lectures on history and instruction in commercial arithmetic, but was found to be over mach work for the generally already tired teachers, who needed the time also for writing up their notes and preparing the lessons given them for outside study. The Professor's criticism was that they did not "hone down" to this outside study as teachers do at northern Institutes, but in the class room they worked faithfully for the most part, and if any came with the primary intention of having a good time they gradually became impressed with the atmosphere of the work around them, and woke up to a sense of their opportunities. Their appearance and bearing were generally most excellent; intelligent, unaffected and earnest. Their work tied them pretty close at the Institute, but about half the number boarded in town, and there was more or less visiting of it. They were reported there as unexceptionable in their manner on the streets.

One evening in each week was given to a prayer and conference meeting. The attendance was optional but very general. Some interesting reports of their experience were drawn out; at these, a few of which will be found in another column. On one evening, one of their number, Mr. W. W. Williams of Richmond, made them a lecture on the "Progress of the Race". On another, Mr. Ackrel White, one of Hampton's missionaries to Africa, gave them some account of tha West Coast, where he has been for nearly four years, and expects to return. On Sunday they filled up the colored churches of the town, the services of those who are preachers being "made the most of," as their brethren expressed it. The evening service of preaching or out door praise—meeting at the Normal School was attended by many. One of their number, Mr. Jones of Richmond, accepted an invitation to preach there, but after an extra service won from him by an importunate brother, was unable to do so. On one evening a reception was given them by the officers of the Normal School, and they had one or two pleasant musical evenings. The Fourth of July, was the only break in the days' work, and was observed as described elsewhere. On the last evening, a Hampton graduates' Reunion was held in Virginia Hall Chapel, and some of their outside friends were invited. It was a pleasant occasion. But most highly enjoyed by all was a moon-light excursion on the last Saturday of the Institute. The Steamer N. P. Banks of the Old Dominion line, chartered for the occasion, carried tha happy party out under the full moon-light of a perfect evening, up the shore to Newport News and the mouth of the James, and then out through the Roads almost to tha Capes—a trent long to be remembered.

The Institute closed at noon on the 15th. The last hour was devoted by Prof. Warren to answering questions which had been sent in. One as to the mental capacity and prospects of the colored race, brought out a reply which we have not room for here, but will gladly publish in our next number.

Many pleasant things were heartily said at the close. Gen. Marshall, on behalf of the Normal School, commended the members of the Institute for their quiet and excellent behavior, and general consideration and promptness in settling their bills and regarding the regulations. Prof. Warren told them that he had never conducted an Institute where there was so absolutely no need to enforce discipline, or more desire to learn. Mr. Frissell, school chaplain, expressed his interest in the religious work they are evidently doing. Mr. R. H. Hamilton, resident graduate of '76, who has been secretary of the Institute, and attended to many of the details of its comfort, made a few farewell remarks on their common duty to their people.

On tha part of the Institute, a vote of thanks was passed to the officers in charge, the instructors, and to tha officers of the Normal School. A resolution was also framed and passed by acclamation, that a message should be sent to Washington, expressing the great joy and gratitude to God, of the Institute, in the restoration, thus far, of President Garfield. With a benediction pronounced by the Chaplain, tha Institute was closed.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

NEWS FROM BERKSHIRE.

The travellers to Berkshire, teachers and students, seem to have been too busily or too pleasantly occupied to write many letters to their Hampton friends. What news we have, however, is good news. All the Indian boys and girls have found welcome among the farmers, and are established in their homes, though somewhat more scattered then last summer. The girls are reported as "three at Stockbridge, three at Tyringham, a village about seven miles from Stockbridge, and one at North Adams." The boys are settled chiefly in Monterey and South Lee.

LETTER FROM A BERKSHIRE STUDENT.

The following letter has been received from one of the boys at Monterey—one of the Dakota boys, named Laughing Face—by one of his teachers at Hampton.

"Monterey, Mass., *June* 24th, 1881.

My Dear Friend: Miss C. M. F.

I will tell you about I came Montorey; very good time that here. I am very sorry for you even, because I do not any etamp to write you even. I remember you always to you. I will try hard to work hard that hero. I get very well here, and I want you send me stamps end papers too even if you can. I got very good man, a named Mr. Thomson, very nice indeed. I hope to know of my friend. This afternoon I went S. B. house. I saw two boys, I am very glad to saw my friend. Please give my lova to———.

This ie ell I will to say. Your Friend,
THOMPSON L. FACE.

Good night, I hope yon good time down here at Hampton."

THE SCHOOL FARM AND SHOP.

The report from tha Indian farm squad at Hampton, made by the graduete in charge, Mr. Geo. Davis, is that the boys ere working as well as eam be asked, and are well and cheerful. They are gathering tha erop of vegetables which they plunted in the spring.

Mr. Me Dowell, in charge of the Indian workshop, gives good account of his machanics.

LETTER TO WRITE WOLF.

Those who read the articla on Hampton and Carlisle in the April 'Harper,' will remember the striking pieture of the three hreves of different and unfriendly tribes, met as comrades at Hampton—the civilized St Augustine, Little Chief, welcoming the newly arrived blanketed Sioux end 'Ree, end saying to them in the expressive sign language common to all three; "Look at ma—I will give you the road." The picture was not a fancy scene devised in the photographer's saloon, hut a reproduction of a real one that had impressed several who were fortunate enough to watch it. Those who noticed the sketch may he interested in the evidence that one of the invited ones—as indeed both—has accepted the out held hand, and is on the good road. The following is a kind letter from the missionary at Berthold to one of the two, White Wolf, the Ariekaree, the man on the right in the picture. It contains also a good message from Son of the Ster, who visited Hampton a year ago, e magnificent specimen of an Indian chief.

Ft. Berthold, D. T., *June*, 1881.

My Dear Ahuka:—

Your good letter to me has been read several times. Your progress in study and work pleases me and your friends. I have just seen Son of the Star, who sends you word to keep on till you come back. He will be glad to see yon again, but wants you to understand English, and to he able to work like e white man. Son of the Star is not very well just now, but we hope he will recover and be as usual in a few days. He sends you the photograph of himself, which you desired, yon can bring it back with you in the fall.

I am glad to hear that Laughing Face has joined with you, to follow in God's ways, trusting in Jesus who came to teke away our sins.

It will be hard for you to ha true to Christ, when you get hack. But God's Holy Spirit will make it easy for you, if you ask him.

Remember me to all our friends at Hampton. Your friends here are well. Your father came around last evening with e eerd, to have ma tell him how you were end how you were doing the past month. He is always glad to get yonr cards. Poor Mad-Bear (Kunuhwara ha na) is dying we thiuk. I have just been to see him. Yellow Wolf (Steiri na ke ta) is very sick too, with a cough. I have been trying to tell them about Jesus, who will take care of those who trust him, while they live, and not leave them when they die. Ahuka, you will not forget to pray to him.

Your Friend,
C. L. HALL.

FROM ARIZONA TO HAMPTON.

GOING TO SCHOOL UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The Reverend Sheldon Jackson, who was entrusted by Government with the task of collecting Indian children in Arizona for Carlisle and Hampton, gives an extremely interesting account of the journey in his very wide aweke end gritty little paper, the "Presbyterian Home Missions" (pity it had not kept its quainter name, of "Rocky Mountain Presbyterian.") What would white people who enser at the ldea nf Indiens caring for education do, if the road to the school house were as hard a one to travel for them end their children as it was for Antonito end his little son? We make what extracts we bava room for from Dr. Jackson's long and dseply interesting latters. The journey from Alberquerque, New Mexico, to their destination in Arizona, was made by Dr. Jaekson and his wife in eight daye of rough end daogarous frontier travel, by construction or emigrant trains on unfinished rail roads, end by stage coach across trackless deserts hennted hy hostila saveges. On the morning of the eighth day, their journal states;

"We reached the Pima and Maricopa Indian Agency, end received e cordial welcoma from the Agent, A. B. Ludlam, who for many years has been a well-known and honored member of Dr. E. P. Roger's Reformed Church, New York City.

An Indian day school of sixty tn ninety, was in cherge of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Armstrong.* The school was greatly hindered from insufficient eppliances. This will he remedied hy new buildings heing erected hy Special Agent Townsend.

Arranging for the specified number of Indian children from that Agency, I took the stage-coach at Wilcox Station, for the San Carlos Apache Indian Agency, one hundred end twenty miles distant. At San Carlos I fonnd a well-ordered and well-managed Agency under Colonel J. C. Tiffany. The hoarding school hull-lings wera nearly completed, the Agency farm gruhhed and broken up ready for the crop, and a new era of progress commenced for that once turhulent tribe. Returning two hundred miles *via* Globe, I found the roughest and most dangerous stage ride on the whole trip. The ride over the boulders in the bottom of a rocky canon, and down hills so steep that passengers were warned to get out, and whea the wheels were chained the horses needed to put on a gallop to prevent the coach running over them, cen not he adequately described with words.

Monday noon, January 17, two teams drew up in front of the Pima Indian Agency to take a party of children to the railroad, *en route* East. A large crowd of hslf-naked Indians was gathered to witness the departure. It is an event thet will affect the whole future of the trihe. For two centuries this trihe etood as a bulwark in the defense of the Spanish against the raiding Apache, and in later years, when the rush of gold seekers crossed Arizona to California, hundreds of our countrymen, perishing with thirst on those arid plains, were found, guided to the secrat springs among tha rocks, fed and sent on their way, hy this people. For all this we have made them very little return, hut a brighter day is dawning. A few of their children are to he sent to Eastern schools, end the halance eduoated at the Agency school.

First comes Hor-tum-in-two-i-him, (Evening Thunder), son and heir of tha head chief of the Pima nation. He is a man thirty years of age, and leaves wife and children tbat he may learn the ways of the white man and become e wiser ruler. He takea with him one of hie children, Mo-ha-ti-cal-pa-ha, (Brown Eagle), a a bright hoy of nine years. Then Charlie and Kistoc climb up into the wagon and separate themselves from their people, while the old grandmother of Kistoe (an old hag in appearance, half clothed and dirty, and yet with a human heart), who had brought him up, sits on the ground swaying to and fro, and uttering heart-rending wails, for sha does not expect to live to sea him again. Theu comes Mi-li-ah Inness, the only girl in the party. She came from a solemn farewell with her mother, brothers end friends—a scene that brought unhidden tears to our eyes. But our number is not yet full. Sa-var-pke is missing. Has his courage failed? Others had thus dropped out of the list. Fearing it might be the case, a comely boy is selected from the crowd, and overtures made to his parents to allow him to go. But the mother, seated on the ground, with her face hurried in her hands, is deaf to all arguments. She answers not a word. During this aide scene a dust is seen in the distance, then three runners, and soon Sa-var-pks came up panting. He had been oll on a last errand for his parents. Heving now the full numher allowed by tho Goverument from that Agency, we were soon uuder way. Taking tha cars at Casa Grande, we reeched Tucson about hed-time.

The next morning, prepsring to go to tha Pepego villages for e few children, we were officiely informed that the chiofs and head men had held a council and decided thet they would not allow any of their children to go East. This, however, did not deter us from going after them. Loading the Pima children into a hack, we drove south nine miles to their villages. Agent A. B. Ludlam, who gave very important assistance, sent for Juan, the head chief of the Papagoes. We ehowed him the Pima children that were going, told him the advantages thet would come to hie people, and asked him for some children. Mra. Troiel, daughter of a deceased chief, took en active interest in the matter. There was a running to end fro, private and public consultations, end passengers. As the marauding Indiane were directly in our path, wa remained over a day to telegraph for a military escort. The delay brought us the danger of tha Papagoee changing their minds end reclaiming their children. Early the first morning Chief Juen with one of his leading men came and asked for Francesca. It seems that the night before they held a council, and the opinion had been stoutly maintained that the children had been bewitched and were being carried off prisoners. Upon the arrival of the chief, the children commenced crying for fear they would not be allowed to proceed. The frightened girl was called and closely questioned, and when sho stoutly maintained, in the preeence of witnesses of her own people, that she wanted to go, I was asked to draw up a paper, which the chief carried back to hie people, certifying that she went willingly. All day long individuals of the tribe were hanging around trying to entice the children away.

Unable to hear anything from the military, we concluded to go on, and in the afternoon went aboard a special car furnished us through the kindness of W. G. Curtis, Asst. Supt. of S. P. R. R. When evening came, I had the car locked up, which prevented intrusion from outside Indians. At midnight our car was attached to the regular train, and, as the conductor opened the door, three half drunken Indians pushed in. It was chief Juan and two others. They were angry and boisterous; and we feered they might give us trouble. Soft words calmed them down, and the heated air of the car and the liquor so stupefied them that they finally fell asleep on the floor near the stove. They rode until daylight, and then bid us a final adieu.

At Wilcox Station we met Agent J. C. Tiffany with seven hoys from the Apache, Mohave and Yuma Bends, at tha San Carlos Agency. Firy and A-co-le-hut, hoys of eighteen end seventeen years of age, had been for two years scouts in the U. S. military service, and eau make sixty miles a day on foot. But they are ready to exchange the camp for the school. Then came A-qua-es, A-no-ham-ma, Hi poya, Sta-go, and Tel-ma. All hut the last one are orphans, both fathers and mothers having been killed in the many wars waged by this once turhulent tribe. That evening we reached Deming, to find that, on account of the Indian raids, the stage-coaches were not running, freighters were laid up, and all travel ceased. For two daye we had been telegrapbing with Rev Thomas Thompson at Mesilla, concerning teems to convey us across the country, but had failed receiving the replies he had eent. At Deming we learned that the teams were awaiting us at the end of the track, some sixty miles distant. Our car was attached to the construction train, and we were soon under way. Midnight brought us to the end of the track, where we were warmly welcomed by Rev. Mr. Thompson, who had kindly accompanied the teams to render us what assistance he could. Thera were two other parties waiting for company, and they were anxious to start immediately, and get over the dangerous ground heforc daylight. But the children were sound asleep, thinly clad, and the night very cold, and we were unwilling to expose their health.

PERILS BY INDIANS.

By daybreak we were up, breakfast eaten, and on our way—three wagon loads and three mounted end armed horsemen. Small hands of hostile Indians were all around us, hut none in sight. Two days previous three herdera and two miners had been killed at Chloride Gulch. On tha day previous two men killed on tha Upper Chrichillis, and, and as afterwards learned, at the same time wa were on tha road, a man, his wife, child and mother-in-law were massacred at Carriso. On the following day five men were killed west of San Marcial, and on tha 23d tha buckhoord stage was captured, and driver killed. But we crossed in safety.

PERILS BY MEXICANS.

We escaped one danger to encountar another. We had escaped hostile Indians to meet the excited Mexicens hreathing nut threatenings and slaughter against ell Indians. The Las Cruces paper of the day before had announced thet we would arrive with sixteen children—that, Victorie being dead, the Government was training up sixteen more Victorias to be more savage than their fethera. The feeling was running so high that some friends had thought of telegraphing us not to drive through the villages, but to pass around them.

At noon we reached Mesille for dinner. Hundreds gathered upon the street to gaze et us, but there was no hostile demonstration. At sundown we reached Dona Ana, a small Mexican village. The whole valley was full of reilway graders, and six naw saloons had been started in this village to accommodete them. Drinking end rioting were going on, hut there was no help for it, we could go no farther. One of tha leading Mexicans kindly ranted us a small room, thet gave shelter to Mrs. J., the two girls and smaller hoys. It had a cot, table, two chairs, bench, fireplsce end dirt floor. The larger boys built e camp fire neer the wagone on the outside. The ermy experience of Firy hed made him familiar with guerd duties, and I placed the camp in hie cherga. Guards were pleced in the wagon, to prevent pilfering by the Mexicans that crowded around end greatly annoyed us. About nine o'clock I found, to my consternation, that my Captsin of the Guard and two other Indian boys hed been furnished with whieky and were drunk, and drunken Mexicene were gathering in from the saloone ready for e war of races. Firy was at once depoeed, end, with the other drunken boys, liftad into e wagon and kept under a guard of their own number. Some of the hetter class of Mexicans were called in to get the drunken ones away. The Pima and Papago boys, afraid to remain with the drunken Apachee (for e fend of centuries hed exieted hetween these people), were allowed to lay their blankets and sleep on the ground inside of the yard. A-co-le-hut was made Captain of the Guard, and order was restored. It was, however, a long night of great anxicty, for the least hostila demonstration on the pert of my drunken Indian boys would have raised a moh thet would hava destroyed us.

By deybreak we were again on ths road, riding until ten, when wa went into camp for breakfast, the first meal we had eince noon of the day before. Ahout five in ths efternoon, we reached the new railwey village of the Colorow, to find that the trein, which we had been assured did not leave until evening, hed been gone four hours. The villege was mede up largely of gamblers and saloon-keepers. I could not learn of a hotel, boarding-house, tent, or even enclosed yard, into which I could place my children. To camp out in the street would be to subject them to many annoyancea and some danger. In the few minutes I was making inqnirles of e hundred rough men had gathered aronnd the wagon containing the children. In this moment of complexity, Lieut. Plumer, of the U. S. Army, rode up and invited us to his camp across the Rio Grande River.

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The following day, at noon, we took the construction train for San Marcial, arriving ahout 10 P. M. Tha whole villege was panic-stricken with fear of the Indians, as on the two previous days nine persona had heen murdered a few miles distant. Then, to make the danger more vivid, that afternoon the mutilated hodies of four had heen brought tn the Mexican village a short distance eway, where an infuriated mob of between two and threa hundred were assembled to view the remains of their friende. Their loud waile of grief were mingled with cries of vengeance upon the Indians. Had the presence of these sixteen unarmed Indian children been known to them, tha moh would heve torn ue limb from limb, for en Indian can not be more cruel than an infuriated Mexican. Arriving at the depot, our party kept their seats until the train was emptied and backed down to the yard. Ominous warnings were givea by the railroad men that if tha Mexicana found out we were there our lives would be worthless. Once in the yard, we were quietly end quickly transferred to a special car. The shades wera pulled down and the lights put out. For three houre (it seemed an age) we eat in darkness, facing death, liahle eny moment to hear the cry of the frenzied mob for hlood. The children were unewere of their danger, end slept, while we wetched and rested on the promisee. It was not simply tha lives of the party ut stake, as important as they wore to ue, hut the education and Christianization of the tribes represented by these children was at stake. Everything hed been done that could be to secure the sefety of the party, and now we were shut up to simply waiting and trneting. At length there was a whistla, a puff of the engine, a jerk, end, to our great relief, we were under wey. In the morning we wera in Alherquerqua, and the long strain of six deye and nights of greet anxiaty was nver.

At Alberquerque Mr. E. Conklin had gathered for us ten Pueblo children—five boys, Tyow-tye, San-ti-a go, Se-wei-ku-tch-lye, Domin-go e-ta, Se-a-she, and five girls, Wel-shu, Mo-na, Kwa-tu-ma, Swe-met-y-eit-sa and Sewet-ye-weit-sa. Tble party nf twenty-six Indian children we at length turned nver tn the Carlisle and Hampton Training Schools for Indian Children."

*(Mr Armstrong passed through Hampton last month, on his way to a new station in Dakota. It is hoped that the Pima school is not to be given up.)

REPORTS FROM VIRGINIA COLORED TEACHERS.

Those who have been interested in the letters from Hamptou graduates, published in the Southern Workman from time to time, will be interested to hear the statements of some of the other teachers of Virginia. One or two evenings of the Teachers' Institute at Hampton were spent in listening to their reports, from which we take the following notes:

Mr Alexander Truatt of Goochland Co. said—

"I have been teaching six years in Goochland Co., thirty-five miles above Richmond. The harmony between races is a good deal better than when I first went there. There are twelve colored schools in the county. In one district twelve new school houses have been built in three years; six white and six colored. They cost about $116 to $120 apiece—built of logs or planks, chinked and plastered, very comfortable, with black-boards. As to pay, we manage to get it two years after teaching—what is due for last year we may get summer after next. I have some warrants four years old. The discount on them is five dollars out of twenty, if we sell them. It has always been so. I live near the county Treasurer, and some young ladies have sent me their orders to try to get them cashed, but I have always failed, as yet. There is no favoritism showu. We have got one of the best Treasurers in the state of Virginia. I have heard of favoritism in some places, but not in our's. He is an honest man. We are paid in routine as registered. Tha colored people are buying land; many hava succeeded in getting homes for themselves. The coiored population is the largest, though it always fails on election day. They are increasing in number. The white children mostiy attend private schools, or are taught at home. The religious state of the colored people is "very righteous." I mean by that, our people are the happiest people in the world at certain seasons of the year, but it freezes up about September, and don't open till May. I don't remember before the war. I went North after it—worked hard, and went to the Richmond Theological School to Dr. Corie."

Mr. Rohie, of Loudon Co., said—"I have held a pay school in this district about five years, at 40 or 50 cents a month for each child. When the war closed, I was the only colored man in —— competent to teach school, and I wasn't very competent. I am a member of of tha Presbyterian Church. I have studied for the ministry. I have taught public school for eieven years, from five to eight months in a term. I have met very little opposition either from colored or white. We have a better school board than my friend speaks of, only sometimes have had to wait for my pay one month—never ony more. But our county is called the gerden spot of Virginia. It is a rich county. There are fifteen colored schools in the county, sixty or seventy in all, white and colored. The parents want their childreu educated.

Mr. J. Austiu said—"It is pretty much the same in our county, have lived in it eight years; taught four. In winter there are a good many scholars, hut they drop out to work in the spring. I had fifty scholars last winter, hut when I closed, only twenty one. People say "I have got on without education, and my children can." I tell them they need to have some one to take care of them when they get old. The people are trying to get homes. But very fow are not huyiug. Some own fifty, sixty, a hundred acres, with some stock, free of deht. There are two men who own five hundred acres apiece.

Mrs. Jane Crouch of Alexandria said—"I have been teaching twenty five years. I taught when the colored peopie were not allowed to teach; I was a free woman myself, and I taught the free colored people at night; because I couldn't have taught if it had been found out. I was examined first as a public school teacher in 1871. There are eight schools in the city, ten months' term. We are paid hy the city and state, punctually. We have an excellent Superintendent. I had a letter from him to-day, saying he had expected to come to the Institute, hut was detained".

Mr. R. H. Ely, of Isle of Wright Co., said—"have been teaching since '70: first a private school in Alahama. I learned my alphabet the secoud year of the war, in a small school taught by a Northern lady. I have always had to work my way. The pay for teaching is not as much as it was at first. Then we got forty dollars a month, now only twenty five or thirty. Wa never wait for it longer then one month, unless wa oboose to. The term is five months. I used to teach hy the A, B, C, method, but now I shall try the new way. I learned my A, B, C, and I remember how ashamed I felt to be learning it with little children. Tha lady I used to belong to tried to teach ma than, but I couldn't learn it".

Mr. J. H. Johnston of Rochmond, said—"I am sure we are all more interested in hearing from tha country teachers, but I will say a little if you wish. Since the war we have had colored teachers in almost all our schools, and the Superintendent says that they do as well as tha white. The colored children attend as well as the white children. The salaries of both colored and white teachers have been reduced. Once they were $40 a month, the the first year, to be raised after 2 years to $45, and then $50 for primary schools; more for grammar schools. White people are sending their children to public schools more than they used to.

The Richmond schools are called the best public schools south of Mason and Dixon's line. There are very few private schools for the colored. There is such a rush for public schools that they cau hardly get in. In some sections of the east and extreme west of the city there are no colored schools, so the children have to go long distances in some cases".

Miss Morris, of Alexandria, Superintendent of the girls' department of all the colored schools in that city, was called ou to speak, hut modestly said little of her work in her very responsible position.

She stated in response to inquiry, that she has five schools under her supervision, with 250 girls, and one Kindergarten school, and has also charge of two grades in one of the schools as teacher of arithmetic, grammar, geography, history and writing.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

On another evening, speclai inquiry was made as to the Sunday School and temperance work entered into hy the puhlic school teachers. Three fourths or more raised their hands when asked to indicate the number engaged in such work, in addition to that for which they are paid. The Normal School chaplain, Rev. H. B. Frissell, gave, to begin with, a hrief statement of the missionary work of the school, the organization of a Young People's Christian Association for outside work in Hampton, assisting in the Sahhath schools of the various churches there, Bible reading and missionary work in the jail and poor house, and among the poor in the town. He explained the unsectarian character of the school and its church, and the advice always given to its student members, to go home prepared to work with their respective chnrches, and not against them; or with any church with which they found themselves most naturally connected, end most needed in their fields of labor.

Rev. J. E. Jones, Professor of Language and Philosophy in the Richmond Institute, followed in a cordial and interesting address. He said—"I am glad to hear such au account of your work, and the interest taken in it by your teachers and pupils. I have been particularly interested in such work. I believe our teachers generally have been, end, as a result, will see a gradual change over the whole face of society.

But I am inclined to think we have not been as fully engaged as we should have been. In thinking out the cause, my experience has led to this conclusion, that people in passing from ignorence to intelligence often go from the extreme of superstition to the extreme of skepticism. I am inclined to think that some of our teachers have gone to the extreme of skepticism. It is not well to be over credulous, and that is not necessary. Then while many who have gone out from our institutions of learning have done great good, there are a great many—many of those I come in contact with—who are not aware, as they should be, of the great responsihility resting upon them, because of their advantages.

Responsihility increases with opportunity. No one who has been trained in these institutions of learning should help feeling himself dehtor to the learned and unlearned, to the wise and unwise. The very fact a man is a child of God, and has received from God the means of improvement, must make him feel his responsibility to help his fellow men. I have travelled all over this state, and I notice a decided improvement in the condition of the people in all directions. I come in contact sometimes with men opposed to teaching, hut that is now exceptional; once it was general; masses of the people are clamoring for education and educated leaders, as the congregations gather in the intelligent young people they begin to demand intelligeut ministers.

The tide of improvement is going ont from the institutions of learning. Shall it continue? It rests with you. If you neglect the great work before you, you do wrong. Remember if done at all it must be done by you. Some think that the very fact that they are educated, or rather partially educated, excuse them from going to Sunday School. This is not in keeping with the true ideas of refinement, progressiveness and intelligence. You have a great field before you. Draw inspiration from it. Here are millions of human beings to elevate to a higher level of humanity. They are not responsihle for the past—they hava not had many advantages: Do all you can for them. Some things you can do without injury among educated people, you cannot always do among them without harm. It may not always do to sing their spiritual songs, which you can sing here without injury. You can't afford to do any thing which would be misunderstood to their injury. Be careful to maintain manly dignity, suavity of manner, but above all a sound moral character. You can do a great deal for your people; you owe it to them, to yourself, to God, to do what you can".

Mr. D. D. Williams of Worchester, Mass., spoke at some length on the necessity of cultivating decision and character. A dozen or more short reports followed, which we condense as follows:—

Mr. Weaver of Glouchester Co., a Hampton graduate, reported that there is not a teacher in his county who is not also engeged in Sunday School work, and therefore most of the little children attend.

Mr. Berkely, of the same county, added in reply to questions, that most of these teachers are young women, and that there are also some old people among the Sunday School teachers, getting instruction themselves in preparation at the teachers' meeting held once in two weeks. "I conduct one of them myself. We use the International lessons; explain it one Sunday to the teachers, who give it the next Sunday to the class. This work is spreading through the influence of the quarterly and yearly conventions. These are for colored schools separately; sometimes the white people visit our school."

Mr. D. W. Davis gave good report of the work in Richmond, which is thoroughly organized, with five thousand children in the colored Sunday Schools. In the Sunday school he attends, the 1st Baptist, tha average is five hundred, and it has fourteen public school teachers, one of whom has charge of a normal class to prepare the international lesson. There is a colored Young Men's Christian Association in the city, which carries on Bible reading, class work and street preaching in neglected parts of the city and suhurbs.

Mr. Morris of Southampton Co., reports the organizatiou of a Sunday School association in his county. His own Sunday School has asked him about the International lesson, and has written to see what he can get it for. The old people are doing what they can. If they don't come themselves they send their children.

Mr. Wm. Cannaday—Hampton graduate—said he had taught in Sunday school ten years. Teaches now near Norfolk; 140 children in the school—for the past six months has walked six miles every Sunday to attend it. "I call it my church." No whiskey is allowed to be sold in the district where he lives; he has never seen a drunken man there.

Mr. Dyson of Halifax Co—another Hampton graduate—had taught five or six years since he left the Institute Had had some trouhle from "old time preachers" opposed to what they call Bihle religion and not heart religion.

A teacher from enother county, gave a more favorahle report—The preachers "all alive," about 1000 children in Sunday school. Puhlic school teachers almost all teaching Sunday school. A Sunday School convention is organized which does some work in helping the school to huy books.

A teacher from Rockingham Co. told of her work in starting a Sunday school where there was no minister. She "found three or four Testaments, five or six spelling hooks, and 150 children, some of whom had to walk three and four miles."

Another noticed great improvement in his county: had had some opposition from the old peopio, but they allowed their children to go to Sunday School. A missionary society in the North had sent him Sunday school books. Another reported nearly all the children within ten miles round attending the school. The oid people don't all go, but they went their children to read the Bible to them.

George Stevens of Winchester, Va., a Hampton graduate, said he had been teaching five years, in both puhlic schools and Sunday schools, chiefly in the Methodist church, though he taught in both that and the Baptist until the hours were changed so that both came the same time. The school is prospering now more than ever, and it is because there is a wide awake minister. He thought "if teachers get the cooperation of the minister, it is a great point gained. If you want to introduce new plans—the international lesson leaves for instance—you can do it with the help of your minister when you couidn't without; so I have found it. With his help, the school has gone up from fifty or sixty to two hundred. Many adults come, grayhaired men and women sit like little children to learn the word of God. I spend two thirds of Saturday studying the lesson for them. If I hadn't ever been interested before, this sight would have aroused my interest, not to die while lifa lasts. I am glad to say the Baptist Sunday school is doing equally well. A white lady—wife of a Judge, also takes great interest in tha work, and helps it much."

Prof. Warren said he was glad that some of them spoka wall of the oid men, and had succeeded in gaining their confidence and cooperation—that they must remember that while many are ignorant and some are bad, there is a great deal of strength and real goodness among them, and many kapt alive faith and religion, and led their people in very dark times, and God had been with them. The young people owe much to them and should never forget to be patient and grateful.

Mr. L. B. Langford of Ahingdon, a Hampton graduate of '73—said "Yes, I always try to get hold of the old men. If a man is opposed to you, remember he is the men to go for. If he is a very obstinate man, he is the very man you want—because he's got a will of his own, he's the very one to help you. Give him a position—if he cant fill it, he will soon find it out and step hack, and you will have no more trouble. I would have been glad to have heard more about the results of your work in couversions. I have gained them, and I have no doubt you have. This ought to be the aim and end of all our work."

The meeting closed with a few words from Mr. Frissell, enforcing the last suggestion, urging the teachers to work as far as possihle with their churches and not at variance with them, and to be religions leaders of their people in the true sense of the word

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HELPING EACH OTHER.

[We have received the following pleasant contrihution from a valued friend.]

Busiuess called me to Tiffori, Ohio, immediately after the public exercises at Hampton, in May. I had been specially observant of the interest taken by the Colored stundents in the Indians, and pleased with the care shown hy some of the former in helping the latter over difficulties attendant upon their first steps in meutal culture. It was one neglected race aiding another.

During my stay in Tiffori, while riding with a prominent member of its har, he said suddenly, "Now we're on the Negrotown Road." "Why is it called hy that name?" "Oh many years ago, the fugitive slaves found shelter some miles from this place, in the settlement of a tribe of Indians, who protected them from those who wished to carry them hack to slavery, and as this road led to their huts, it received the name of *Negrotown Road*." Here was an illustration of the Indians' sympathy for the fugitive in his quest for freedom. Just as at Hampton the negro is anxious to help the Indian along the road to civilization and knowledge, so the Indian had showu a similar disposition to help the negro to the hlessings of freedom. The two incidents harmonized beautifully. Instead of the antagonism which is popularly supposed to exist between the races, there seems to be a God-given impulse to help each other, a fraterual tendency to extend a hand, which the weaker may grasp in its hour of need. Should not this fact stimulate those who have had higher advantages and greater privileges to perform their duty to both these races, so that they may rise to a higher plane, and be fitted to spend lives of usefulness as citizens of a common country? The dawn of a brighter day to both seems to be hreaking; should not Christian men and women find it a pleasure to welcoma it with joy, and do their part in bringing the blessings of a better civilization to the Negro and the Indien?

L. H. S.

LETTER TO SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

DEAR EDITOR:—You remember a letter of mine to Gen. Armstrong appeared in the May number of the Workman. I fear that some may misunderstand me, so I will write this card to explain.

I did not meen that there was no church near, when I said that I taught in a log cabin. School had been taught in the church, but at this time it was under-going repairs, meanwhile I taught for a few weeks in this log cabin. The fact that I meant to impress was, that there was no school house near. In stating that I found tha Sahhath School poorly conducted, I did not mean that it never had been prosperous, nor that there were no faithful Sahbath School workers. For I did find some long tried and faithful workers. And that I took hold with them, as I stated, introduced the interuational lesson, gave new ideas in the work; and by their sanctiou and co-operation, awakened a new interest and love for the Sahhath School. I hope that no one will ever think that I meant to reflect upon those faithful workers, who deserve much credit for thair work.

Sincerely yours,
W. B. WEAVER,
Cappahosic, Va.

THE KANSAS AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE FOR THE REFUGEES.

The welcome extended to the Exodus refugees by the State of Kansas and its generous hearted Governor, must endear it to the remotest descendants of those who have thus found an asylum there. The organized assistance given by the Kansas Freedmen's Relief Association in distributing funds, food, clothing, farm implements, house furniture, and every other thing that could be thought of for their aid and comfort, doubtless saved hundreds of lives and set hundreds of families on their feet, on the road to self support. $70,000 were thus spent. As Governor St. John was head of this movement, its heart and soul, and life was Mrs. Elizabeth L. Comstock, of the society of Friends, (friends indeed, the colored people of America have always found them.) During the war, Mrs. Comstock gave herself to the care of the sick and wounded soldiers, collecting and distributing with her own hands from hospital to hospital, supplies for their relief. Ever since, she has devoted her time and money and thought, with untiring energy, to the cause of the freedmen's elevation. They may well echo Governor St. John's enthusiastic declaration that Mrs. Comstock and her equally devoted co-worker, Miss Laura S. Haviland, are "the noblest women God ever made." The kind of relief supplied by the State Association was, of course, in its nature temporary, not to pauperize but to bridge over a time of distress. After two years, therefore, when this object had been attained, the question arose before these constant friends, what is the next step to the ultimate good intended—to help the people to help themselves? The agricultural and industrial college is the answer. The fact that Mrs. Comstock's name heads the enterprise should ensure for it the entire faith and grateful cooperation of all colored people. The following is Mrs. Comstock's own circular announcement of its object and plans.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE FOR THE REFUGEES.

Since the dissolution of the Freedmen's Relief Association of Topeka, it has been decided to start an Agricultural and Industrial Institute for the Refugees, in Southern Kansas.

Owing to the fact that so large a number of the Refugees have been reared in cotton fields and on sugar plantations, these are entirely unprepared to make their living in any other place.

The purpose of this Institute is to teach the colored people how to do all kinds of work, and furnish labor for those who may arrive from time to time, till it can be obtained elsewhere.

A beautiful location has been selected four miles east of Columbus. The farm at present contains 400 acres of choice land.

All branches of farming, fruit growing, and stock raising will be carried on by the colored men, under the direction of a general superintendent.

Upwards of one thousand letters have been received by us, within the past six months, inquiring for women, skilled in the different departments of housework, and out of sixty thousand Refugees in the State of Kansas, we find very few who are competent to do the work required; consequently, especial attention will be given to the training of girls and women in all kinds of housework.

Not only will the Refugees be taught how to work, but the best religious and educational advantages will be afforded them.

It will require money to carry on this great work, and it is hoped that the friends of the Freedmen will be liberal in their donations.

A Board of Trustees, consisting of sixteen members, has been chosen by the committee appointed by the Kansas Yearly Meeting of Friends, to carry on the work for the ensuing year. Jonathan E. Pickering, President; Laura S. Haviland, Secretary, and myself Treasurer.

As I shall be absent for a few weeks, soliciting funds for this work, please send all money intended for the Agricultural and Industrial Institute to WM. PENN NIXON, editor *Inter-Ocean*, Chicago, Illinois, or JONATHAN E. PICKERING, Columbus, Kansas.

ELIZABETH L. COMSTOCK,
Columbus, Kansas.

Besides the well known names which are thus connected with the enterprise, is that of Governor St. John, who gives it his public approval. Mr. L. M. Pickering, son of the President of the board, a practical farmer, and formerly in charge of the farm at the Sac and Fox agency, will be in charge of the agricultural department. The resident Secretary and chief clerk of the Institute is Mr. S. W. Winn, a refugee from the South. He is mentioned by the "Columbus Courier" as "a thorough scholar and a gentleman, a practical business man and accountant." It is the design of the society to establish workshops in connection with the school, as soon as practicable, to give its members opportunity to learn the standard trades, such as blacksmithing, carpentering, &c. An enterprise so thoroughly after Hampton's own heart in its principle of helping men and women to help themselves has, of course, our most cordial God speed. We are glad to have our Hampton students represented in so good a work for their people, and take pleasure in publishing the following letter from one of them who is a teacher there.

AGRICULTURAL AND INDUS'L INSTITUTE.
COLUMBUS, KAN., JUNE, 1881.

Gen'l S. C. Armstrong,
Dear Friend:

Many times here I thought of writing you, since coming West, but whenever I remembered the multiplicity of your duties, I would at once think of assisting, if I could, rather than hindering. Now that I will be considerate no longer, you will bear with me and my letter, which may be a little lengthy.

Since I have been out here, my work has been among the Refugees from the South. I had stopped working with the Kansas Freedmen's Relief Association before its dissolution, which was April 15th, and after a few days' rest, I came to this, the southern part of Kansas, with the intention of working out of doors during the summer, but before I began, the work which the accompanying circular explains, presented itself, and some of the workers, who had been connected with the Association, wanted that I should join them in the work, and so I am with them. You have had so much experience in this kind of work, that it would be useless to attempt an explanation. The only difference between the work here and at Hampton is that we begin building and farming upon the prairie, and you have improved land. At Hampton every thing in the line of building material is cheap and convenient, while with us everything of the kind is bad by paying high prices and at great inconvenience. Despite all of this, there is a demand for work of this kind. Of the many Refugees (about 40,000) now in this state, but few of them know much about the manner of farming in the North and West. It is no less true, that few only of the women know anything of general house-work, their work in the South having been the same as that of the men, working in the fields. Aside from there being a need of instruction in the art of common labor, there is a pressing need of educational advantages. They have come up here, bettering themselves in one particular, their lives are safe when going to rest, they fear and dream not that they are being hunted and shot down by their oppressors, but the ignorance belonging to slavery follows them and tells of their experience.

But to write of past grievances is not my aim. Many predicted seriously with regards to the Exodus (now about over) and with but a faint knowledge of it; from observation I can only say that a goodly number are doing well, while a minority is doing all it can. Whether the Exodus will prove a success in, I think, yet to be determined, and by two things, namely: the general sentiment of the governing class of white people in the South towards the colored people remaining there, and the improvement made according to opportunities here afforded them. Should the latter be accomplished, it will be by the charity of Northern friends, who, if anxious that these people should improve, will express anxiety by donating to such work as will best fit them for usefulness to themselves and their country. People who visit the northern border of the southern states express much surprise at the condition of colored people they see, and seem to think that all are making such progress. To take my choice of work between a certain class of these people and a number of native Africans, I would not turn around for the difference, so far as prospects of rapidity of instruction go. Well, these people are here, and it is no use of saying more. The thing to be done, as above said, is to push them up the hill the nearest way, which way is education, in every sense of the word, and while one portion do the work it requires another portion of well-wishers to support it.

As soon as we have a room of the humblest kind prepared, I shall teach, free of charge, a night-school for the Refugees who are now at work upon the Institute farm and buildings. Our beginning was a Bible school, organized two Sundays ago. We had no chapel with white walls, and furnished with nicely finished settees, or ornamental windows. With a few tough boards for settees, we assembled in the carpenter's shed, and there laid the foundation upon which we hope to build all in the future. We sang from two hymn-books the familiar hymn, "Pass me not, oh gentle Savior," and as the melody was borne away by the wind of a threatening storm, the thought was of Him who guides the great and small.

I would like to trouble you so much as to send me some of the last reports of Hampton, also the plans of your last buildings, if you have any remaining. As this work is just beginning, it is thought that we may gain information from Hampton's latest work.

Yours Truly,
GEO. W. DAVIS.

FROM THE JAPANESE MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

"At the close of the Centennial in 1876, Hampton Institute had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Fujimaro Tanaka, chief Centennial Commissioner of Education of Japan, with two gentlemen of his suite. Mr. Tanaka being Senior Vice-Minister of Education in his own country, whose remarkable exhibit at the Centenniel will be remembered by many, the object of his visit to Hampton was to inspect its special phase of educational work, in the interest of Japan, which at that time had, as he reported in an interesting address at the Institute, 30,000 schools, about 15,000 of them Normal schools, and, out of a population of 33,000,000, had 5,000,000 children in school. Letters of friendship and inquiry have been several times received at Hampton since his return, from Mr. Tanaka and his Department. Our readers may be interested in one just received from the newly appointed Minister of Education.

"MONBUSHO TOKIO, NIPPON.
10th day of 5th Month.
14th year of Meiji.

HON. S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal of Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, Hampton Va.*

Sir:—

Although I have not yet had the honor of seeing you, I beg leave to inform you that I have been appointed minister of education as successor of Mr. Kawens Tokama, who has now received the appointment of the minister of agricultnre and commerce. I am much gratified to hear that the friendly relation which you had kindly kept with my predecessor has added much to the benefits for the cause of our education. I sincerely desire that I shall have the honor to be equally admitted to the share of your friendship as he had been before.

With best wishes for your happiness and prosperity.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your obedient servent,
FUKUOKA TAKACHIKA,
Minister of Education."

The following statements are taken from a letter from Dr. Thomas C. Meadenhall, Professor in the University at Tokio, Japan, published in the Ohio *Educational Monthly*:

"The educational world at large has been justly astonished at the numerous changes and reforms that have been made in the educational systems of Japan within the last ten years.

A National Department or Bureau of Education has been established. A careful and thorough investigation of the best systems of public instruction in Europe and America was made by Mr. Taneke Fujimaro, Senior Vice Minister of Education, and manager of the Educational Department, who spent several years in the personal inspection and examination of these systems. As far as possible, all that could be made applicable to the conditions and wants of the country was taken from these systems to form the educational system of Japan.

A large Educational Museum has been erected and filled with specimens and collections of all the materials that have to do with primary education. I am certain that the like of it is not to be found in America, although its importance and value cannot be questioned.

The Imperial University at the capital, in the the matter of library, equipment, and general resources, will not suffer by a comparison with many widely known institutions.

The latest report of the Department of Education, two years old, states that the number of children being educated in the public schools of Japan was over 2,000,000, and that one teacher is employed for each 40 pupils. Over 100 Elementary Normal Schools and 2 Normal Colleges have been established, the Elementary Normal Schools having already furnished nearly 10,000 teachers for the public schools.

The Normal School College is for the education of teachers for the middle and high schools, and there is a model school in connection with it. It is under the efficient management of Mr. Isawa and Mr. Takamini, two young men who have received a thorough preparation for their work in America. As regards extent of buildings, grounds, appliances for instruction, and the like, I am sorry to say the great State of Ohio has nothing to compare with it."

FOURTH OF JULY AT HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

By a happy thought, the arrangments for observing the Fourth of July, at the Normal School this year, were turned over to the members of the Teachers' Institute, as representing the colored teachers of Virginia. The result was a novel and interesting celebration far ahead of some white ones. The terrible news of the day before, came near putting a stop to all rejoicings, but the revival of hope brought by every succeeding telegram, caused a revulsion of feeling that sought expression in thanksgiving, and the day was full of deep though trembling joy.

The exercises, prepared and conducted entirely by the colored teachers, consisted of prayer, singing of national songs, recitations, reading of the Declaration of Independence, and an original oration and poem. The former was by Geo. E. Stevens, a graduate of Hampton, the latter by Mr. W. D. Davis, of Richmond Normal School. The oration, well written and delivered, was a review of the story of liberty in different nations, through Magna Charter and the Bill of Rights to the Declaration of Independence, and closed eloquently with a picture of its culmination in the Emancipation Proclamation and President Lincoln's declaration that the American Government is a government of the people, for the people, by the people. To write an ode of a hundred and fifteen lines in two days is something of an undertaking for any one. Mr. Davis succeeded in it remarkably well. With a closing reference to the sorrow and joy of the nation, and prayer for God's mercy, it was a poetic review of the story of the Revolution, and a quite touching claim for a share for his race in its memories and rewards; as in one verse which is all we have room for here, the most striking though others were good.

"We have a place,
In this our country's battle for the right,
Tho' black our face;
For Attack was the first to fall in fight—
Ha was our race."—

In the evening, by invitation from Mrs. W. N. Armstrong, the Institute and School went across the creek to watch from the Point, the beautiful display of fire works at the Soldiers' Home and Fort.

The editor of the "Virgina Educational Journal" was much gratified on his visit to the Institute to find that twenty-two of its members are regular subscribers, and twenty-nine more receive it or see it regularly. We have always done what we could to circulate it among the Hampton graduates, and wish that every teacher in Virgina might take it. We regard it—and Prof. Warren agrees with us—as one of the very best Educational journals in this country.

We have received for review a number of interesting books—"Ploughed Under," with introduction by Bright Eyes, and "The 'Easiest Way' in housekeeping," by Helen Campbell, from Fords, Howard and Hulbert, New York; and "School Classics," from Clark and Maynard, New York—also the excellent July number of that valuable agricultural magazine the "Southern Planter and Farmer"—but have room this month for only our thanks and this passing notice. All are worth reading.

A NEW PIMA STUDENT.

Mr. E. B. Townsend, special agent of the Indian Department, arrived at Hampton Institute July 20th, just from the Pima and Maricopa agency, southern Arizona, bringing with him a young Pima lad who was very anxious to join his comrades at the school. His name is Juan Garfield. He is a very bright fellow of about seventeen, able already to read and write a little. He has no parents living. Mr. Townsend brought a good account from the agency, and messages from the students' friends, all of whom are well. He made many interesting statements which we must reserve for another number. He took back with him to Washington, to be sent home with his agent from there, a little Omaha boy, Samuel Framont, who came to Hampton with injy trouble, and is too delicate to attend school. Mr. Townsend spent a day at the school, and takes back pictures, letters and messages from the boys to their parents

"Mr. Frederick Douglass visited on Tuesday, the estate of Edmund Lloyd in Maryland, whence he departed as a slave fifty-six years ago. He was received with the greatest courtesy and kindness by the great-grandsons of his former owner, and on entering the old hall, where he had often played as a slave-boy, he was invited to partake of the hospitalities of the house. Mr. Douglass was visibly affected at the great kindness and consideration shown him, and drank the health of the family. It became noised about among the colored people that Mr. Douglass had arrived, and on his return to the boat he was met by a number of the descendants of the old slaves with whom he had been acquainted when a boy. In conversation with them he revived many of the early incidents of his life. Mr. Edmund Lloyd and his two brothers accompanied Mr. Douglass back to the cutter, and after an expression of his gratitude to them, and a "God bless him," for their father, he departed."

The Horsford Almanac and Cook Book sent free. Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

The following Law of this State, prohibiting the sale of liquor to Normal School Students, has been in force since March 3rd, 1880.

Chapter 135.

An act to prevent the sale of liquor to students of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

Approved March 3rd, 1880.

I. Be it enacted by the General Assembly, That any person who shall hereafter sell directly or knowingly indirectly to any student of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, alcoholic or malt liquor, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction thereof, shall be fined not less than twenty nor more than fifty dollars.

II. It shall be the duty of the county court from which the party convicted under the first section of this act obtained his license, forthwith to revoke the same: and no other license to sell liquor shall be granted to such party, within two years from the date of said conviction.

III. This act shall be in force from its passage.

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. X. HAMPTON, VA., SEPTEMBER, 1881. NO. 9.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Maulmain, Lower Burmah, May 21st, 1881.

Every one who travels in the east, hears about the laboring elephants of Rangoon and Maulmein. Some of the stories told about them are marvellous. I have held myself in reserve on the subject, being on the whole rather skeptical.

As we steamed up the river yesterday morning, we saw the elephant houses, and the animals in them. After we arrived, we rode down to one of the timber yards. There were ten elephants on the place, but only five at work. So we sat down on a pile of lumber and watched them, the King and I. An elephant house is built very high; if it was not so built, the elephant would, when angry, put out his trunk, pull down the roof and scatter the house about generally. A very strong post is fastened into the ground, and to that a chain which is fastened to one of the elephant's hind legs, is twisted.

Every elephant has a particular keeper. He will permit no other to manage him. The keeper with his family live near the elephant, who is really one of the family. The keeper's children play about with him, get under his body and take hold of his trunk. If he don't want them about, he pushes them away. There is a large wooden saddle on his back for the keeper, although on elephants which travel only, the keeper sits astride the neck, just behind the ears.

In the lumber yards one elephant does the work of twenty or thirty men. First there are the great logs to be sawed. A chain from his harness is fixed to them and he draws them to the mill, leaving them near the saw. Then he turns round, and puts his tusks under one end of the log, holding it down on his tusks with his trunk. He lifts the end of the log to its place on the platform, then he goes to the other end and lifts that to its place. But the log probably does not lie very straight. So he looks at it out of the corner of his eye, stoops down, puts his tusks or trunk against it and pushes it into place. It would take twenty men to do this.

After the log is sawed up, he must take the slabs away; as they lie flat on the ground or floor, he tips them up on edge with his trunk. But he is not allowed to take off one at a time. He must make up a bundle of these long slabs. So he puts two or three together, side by side. If they do not lie together nicely, he carefully arranges them, and then raising his trunk he pushes his tusks under the pieces, holds them down with his trunk, and moves carefully off to the place where he is to pile them up. When he reaches that place, he raises his load up in the air and drops it on the top of the heap. When the boards are to be piled up, he takes a load to the proper place and puts it down. He is not allowed to leave them pell-mell, He must square off the pile. So he pushes the boards with his trunk, looks at them as a carpenter would, gets them all nicely into shape and starts for a fresh load.

Nearly every thing which a man can do, he does. The driver sits on his back and talks to him. He will pile up a lot of logs and separate them from each other by small pieces of board. I saw one elephant standing at the top of an inclined plane, up which logs are drawn from the water. A lot of timber was there to be put again into the water. He would walk round a log, pushing it with his trunk till it lay straight on the inclined plane. Then he went to the end of it, at the top of the incline, put his great foot against it, and shoved it down into the water. After he had got one log in, he took hold of the next, and soon pushed in over twenty of them.

As we stood watching them, one elephant was idle for a few moments. Something irritated his skin. He wanted to scratch himself, and at a little distance, he saw a stick about four feet long. He took it with his trunk, put his foot on it, and holding one end with his trunk, broke off a piece about a foot long. Taking this piece with his trunk as if it were a hand, he reached round, scratched his body with it, and when he was through, cast it away.

Another elephant could not reach some flies which were under his belly, so he collected a little pile of dirt, twisted the end of his trunk so as to make a scoop of it, took up about a pint of the sand, threw it between his forelegs, and hit the spot where the insects were troubling him.

These animals are fed on fresh grass. A heap is thrown down in front of one of them, he takes up a lot of it and shakes it against his legs, so as to sift out any dirt there may be in it, and then puts it in his mouth. But he loves bananas above all things. It is rather ridicrous to see an immense animal so happy over a little piece of fruit.

In training the elephant to become an industrious citizen, the old and educated beasts, act as "Professors of industrial pursuits." A young elephant is attached to an old one, walks round the yard with him, sees what he is doing and how he does it, and after a while tries to do it himself.

In this country no labor saving machinery is used. While labor is cheap, at the same time it is not cheap absolutely. An American workman at $2.00 a day is cheaper than one of these Indians at twenty cents a day. As the climate is hot, people do not move about rapidly. The Burmese are an idle lot. While the country is marvellously rich and its production can be increased a hundred fold, the natives are shiftless, idle, and quite content to live from hand to mouth.

* * * * * * *

Aden, July 14th, 1881.

Aden, as every one knows or should know, is on the Eastern border of the Red Sea, and is besides, the Southern extremity of Arabia. Its only importance is in its commanding situation, on the British high road to India, for it harbor is excellent, and vessels from all parts of the East call here to "coal". An English regiment, two batteries of artillery and a squad of cavalry protect the place, and hold it for the British nation. At eight o'clock this morning, we sighted the dim outlines of the place, and at ten we came to anchor. For our vessel carries the mail, and must stay here six hours. Aden is the termination of a peninsula. It is one great jagged mountain, with sharp peaks, and steep gullies. Here it rains only occasionally, perhaps once in three years, and then only for a half hour. There is not a blade of green grass, or a tree, or a vine, or living vegetation of any kind whatsoever to be seen either by the shore or on the hills. It is the abomination of desolation. Even the drinking water is condensed from the salt water. The sun, always in a clear sky, pours down the hottest rays. There is nothing to permit a tolerable existence but a pleasant night breeze.

As we came to anchor, the steamer was at once surrounded by small Arab boys in their little "dug outs" or canoes. These veritable Arabs do a thriving business, diving from their canoes after bits of copper or silver which may be thrown from the deck of the vessel into the water; you throw a ten cent piece twenty feet from the ship into the water. Instantly a dozen canoes are emptied, and you see, with great splashing, two dozen black legs disappearing in the water. It is still for a moment. There is no sign of a human being where the money struck the water. The canoes are floating about empty. Soon a dozen heads appear, and some one hand is raised holding the coin. Another coin is thrown over, and the dozen heads again disappear, but the coin is caught by some one. It is curious business to the uninitiated traveller. Flat coin does not sink in a vertical line, but in wavy or zig-zag motion. This takes time. The diver, the instant the coin strikes the water, dives down deeply, turns around, and looks up for the coin as it works its way down. Of course in muddy water it cannot be seen. I have caught coin in this way, many a time while a boy in Honolulu harbor.

At one o'clock, the King of the Hawaiians landed. As we were leaving the ship one little Arab paddled after us very swiftly, shouting "money! money! baksheesh!" The King threw a copper coin into the water. He refused to dive for it, for he wanted us to throw silver. So he paddled and shouted: I then addressed him: "Young Arab of the desert and the sea, you are very young, very naked, and very ambitious. You despise the day of small things. His Majesty has tendered to you humble coin, and you refuse it. Had you acquitted yourself well in recovering it, silver would have been given you. It would have given you a start in life. You could have purchased a pair of trousers. In time you would have become a Cabinet Minister, and travelled around the world with a King. Depart! young Arab, you have not taken life at the flood, and you are doomed to a miserable existence on dried fish, camel's milk, and dry peas." Though all of these little divers are perfectly black, they have red, or yellowish red hair. A paste is made of mud and lime, the hair is matted with it for a week. Then the paste is washed out. The chemical reaction of the mud, the lime and the salt water turns the black color of the hair into this odd yellowish red; as they are perfectly black, the contrast is very amusing.

On reaching the shore, we wandered about the town; at every point we were besieged by men who deal in ostrich feathers. Near here, and across the Red Sea, great quantities of these feathers are gathered every year and shipped to Europe and America. Sitting on the balcony of a hotel, we looked out upon a wide space near the shore upon which the Arabs were camping. A score of camels were quietly chewing their cuds. Flocks of sheep which have no wool, were waiting for purchasers. Camels in line with hundreds of merchandise, or passengers moved off towards the distant plains. Groups of people were scattered over the ground. Some were sleeping, some were gambling. I happened to notice the American flag flying from the roof of a large building. It occurred to me that I might get some American news at the Consulate. I took an Aden coach, which was quite like the Hampton hacks, and drove there. I found the Consul, Mr. James S. Williams, of Salem, Mass. It soon appeared that we had mutual friends in America. I asked him if he had any American papers, for I was sorely hungry for American news. He said "I can find you several copies of the TRIBUNE, and the HERALD." While he was looking for them, I saw HARPERS MAGAZINE lying on the table. I casually opened it. The first picture I noticed I recognized at once. It was the Indian picture, "Look at me, I will give you the road," I turned over other pages. All of the pictures were familiar; was I not in Hampton when they were taken? I asked the Consul if he had read the article. He said "yes, I know about the school. It is very interesting." I said, "it comes from my home, my people. It is an 'article' for you, but a letter for me, because I have not heard from Hampton for months." Then he gave me the magazine. No sight in the East, no experiences among these many nations we have visited, interested me so much as this story about the Indians.

I returned to the balcony of the hotel, and there, under the shadows of the great, held, desolate mountain of this "distant Aden," with groups of Arabs idling about in front, and the camels peacefully sleeping on the road side, I read the story through. I forgot the Orient, I did not know that I was away from Hampton. Then the King, who had been driving about the old town, came back, and said we will go to the ships. When we reached the dock, I went to the taffrail, and looked over the side at the diving boys. They were still there. I said to them, in a low voice, "Oh, black and red headed young Arabs, it is peace with me to day, for I have heard from home. I make you a thanksgiving offering, Here are rupees, and half rupees, all shining silver, dive and be happy!" I fling piece after piece into the clear green water of the harbor. One moment, it was all red heads at the surface watching for the throw. The next it was all black legs in the air, diving for the money. So they made their harvest. I have no doubt that when the sun sets to-night, and these little Mohammedans face towards sacred Mecca to say their prayers, they will, in some miserable jargon thank the great Prophet for sending the *Sahib* who flung away coin like a king, and while he was with a king.

And now the Arabs have gone, the night is closing in fast, the anchor is coming to the cat heads, and the propeller is driving us out of this furnace heat. An Italian ship lies near us. She has just returned from the African coast. Fourteen of her crew were murdered by the natives, and she comes here for more men.

June 15th—We are moving up the Red Sea, and the city of Mocha lies abreast of us. I can see the minarets of the mosques in the dim morning light. Here is the source of the "Mocha" coffee. We do not stop, but push to Suez and the canal.

Among the very many interesting matters which call one's attention in India, are the wages of labor, and irrigation. I hardly think the African race in America need complain, if it will consider and compare its condition with that of the Hindoo races of India.

The country is thickly populated, but not over populated. Agriculture is the chief business of the people, besides worshipping idols. The wages of an agricultural laborer are *four cents a day*, in many places. The tea and indigo planters pay no more than that, and with it a man must purchase his own food. Skilled labor brings more. The great sugar countries of Demerara, Trinidad, Mauritius, take many laborers from India. The pay is six dollars and a half per month, with food. The planter agrees to carry them out and back free of cost, and furnish them with medical attendance. About 20,000 people go every year as such laborers, but they generally return after five years' sarvice. Now when the American Negro compares the rate of wages in America with that of India, he can hardly complain. Besides the American Negro gets meet nearly every day, while the Hindoo gets it once or twice a year. I venture to say that the Hindoo, with his small earnings, is nearly as well off as the American Negro. His house is as good, and he looks as healthy. A Hindoo will readily support himself and his family upon an acre of ground. Here he can teach the Negro a lesson. In the middle of his patch he digs a well. If the rain fails him, he at once hoists water, and irrigates his land. So he is sure of his crop. Besides, he is able to raise three or four crops on the same land, every year. He uses little manure, because he cannot get it. Nearly all of the land has been under extensive cultivation for hundreds of years. The soil varies greatly in quality.

If a Hindoo could rent as much land as the American Negro can, he would consider himself rich. Ignorant as he is, he knows more about economical cultivation than the Negro. He would never attempt to "tend" ten acres of land, unless he had plenty of help. Nor is he inferior to the Negro. He shows great shrewdness in business transactions, and the better classes are quite a match for Europeans in trade. In many places, these Hindoo traders are crowding out the Englishmen. As I have said before in the WORKMAN, character commands respect, and there are many Hindoo gentlemen who have made such excellent reputations for themselves as merchants, that the English Government, despotic as it is, has been quite willing to give them prominent places in administration.

The American Negro thinks he has a struggle for life on the poor soils of the Southern States. The Hindoo would tell him, he was wonderfully favored. Food is cheap in India. Yet these farmers are willing to pay ten dollars an acre as rent for land. The truth is that there is no limit to the amount of produce which may be taken from the land, any where, but the yield must depend upon intelligent labor and good brain work. In India there are about four hundred people living on each six hundred and fifty acres of land. In the Southern States the numbers on the same area is not over thirty. And yet there is plenty of room still in India. In some parts the inhabitants are few. Of course people like to gather in the rich valleys, where the yield is great. The more sterile soil is left. There is plenty of it, and India can support a hundred million more people then she has. British Burmah is an extraordinarily rich country, but the people are few and idle, the Hindoos are gradually coming in, and in time, will furnish an immense population,

Every body has read about "caste" in India. It is a most troublesome affair; it divides up the people, and there can be no intercourse between them. A thousand years has made many curious distinctions among the people. Imagine a small town of a thousand people, divided up into a number of sets and religions, compelling them all to keep apart. If a Hindoo of high caste were cooking dinner, and one of a lower caste passed by so that his shadow fell on the utensils, the food, cooking apparatus and surroundings would be thrown away at once. Imagine our life at a hotel, in Calcutta; no Hindoo could wait on our table, because he cannot defile himself by touching meet. So a Mohammedan does that. But he will not bring a dish from the kitchen, it must be brought up by a man of another caste, who puts it on the table, and from that table, the Mahommedan waiter brings it to you. A Hindoo, speaking English, waited on me, in my room. I wished to send a note to the Government House. He would not take it. It had to be handed over to another man of another caste. My servant could not bring in a basin of water; he called a man of another caste to do it.

Punkahs, or swinging fans are hung over the beds at night, on account of the heat. These are moved by men sitting in an adjoining room. But only men of a certain caste do this. These men are paid ten cents a night, and yet they will not vary their work. You could not make them sweep out a room.

(Concluded on Page 9.)

THE WATER! THE WATER!

Southern Workman,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October, four months.)

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MRS. ORRA LANGHORNE, } *Regular Contributors.*

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The Southern Workman, devoted to the interests of Negro and Indian civilization, is edited and managed by the officers of the Hampton Institute, and printed on the School Press by colored youth trained in the office. Subscriptions are a help to the School. It is sent on trial for four months for twenty-five cents. Job work, from all parts of the country, is solicited, and will be done cheaply and well. Estimates will be sent on application.

Subscribers are reminded that, from July to October inclusive, this paper is reduced to an eight page form, resuming in November the twelve page form.

THE HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

Opens its session of 1881-2 on Saturday, October 1st, at which time all who wish to be admitted on examination should be present. Members of advanced classes should arrive that day to be in readiness for work the following Monday.

No negro youth who desires an education need fail of getting it, if he or she has the requisite qualities of health, good character, and fair bodily and mental capacity.

The Institute offers to such, an opportunity of working ten hours a day the entire year, with two hours night study five evenings in the week, by which any student of the right kind, no matter how poor or ignorant, can, besides paying all expenses, save up from $70 to $80 cash, master the rudiments, and thus be able to enter the regular course the year following, with money enough to last two years. Fifty-six students were so employed last year, and a larger number can be provided for the coming session.

We have found no difficulty in filling up the school with pupils; the trouble is one of quality rather than of quantity.

We invite those who know of worthy colored youth of either sex, who are mature, earnest, and capable of both work and study, to see that they are informed of the chances at Hampton, and we especially request the public school officers of Virginia to bring such to our notice. Every year about ten per cent, of those admitted are dropped as "poor material," and there is always a proportion, (perhaps fifteen per cent more) of indifferent ones whose places should be filled by a better class. Admissions have averaged about 120 a year. One pupil who makes the most of his chances is worth more to his race than ten who do their second best.

No labor is too severe, no care is too tiresome, no cost is too great for those who come to their teachers in the spirit of true discipleship. Teaching such is a luxury; but they are all too rare in every school.

To direct an ignorant and aimless Negro youth to an enlightened and useful manhood or womanhood is a service to this country.

The friends of the Negro in the South have peculiar opportunities for such work, and not infrequently have improved them, as we can testify. But they should do more. They can in this way, do much to select wise leaders for the colored race. Let them keep their eyes on the promising Negro youth about them, encourage, and, as they can, help them, and any conflict of races will be impossible.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, JULY 1st, 1881.

This city is immense. Riding through it in a cab for the first time, one is struck somewhat thus:

1st. What a curious, jolly contrivance a cab is; so very much to the point; just what we need in our American cities. The driver sits behind and you see everything from your cozy seat.

2d. One's own helplessness and insignificance. I sought lodgings, and was soon pleasantly ensconced in Clarges street near Piccadilly, a pleasant central place. It is the height of the season; the city is crowded. All the world moves up and down these great thoroughfares.

With a shilling "guide to London," I walked into St. James Park, and aided by another shilling guide by way of an intelligent workman who happened to share my shady seat, I dug myself out, as it were, from the confused labyrinthine mass of houses and streets, fixed the leading points, formed a "base line," and in about one hour had quite a clear idea of London.

Oxford street, one of the great lines of travel, running right along with no corresponding change of direction, becomes New Oxford, then Holborn, then High Holborn, then Viaduct, Newgate, and Cheapside streets, respectively, arbitrarily changing its name without any possible excuse. So Piccadilly with a turn or two, becomes the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Street, and so on.

Oxford and Piccadilly streets are the great arteries of London life, running east to squalor and wretchedness, and running west to wealth and high life; business occupying the central portions. Here is the social and business centre of the world.

London is a large place, but it has a core, or heart where the chief interest is concentrated, beyond which one does not care to go and so can be simplified.

There is not much for the sight-seer south of the Thames. Its immense stretch to the north-west and east can almost be counted out. But the east central, west central and west end are the British Lion himself. There's your work. Perhaps its centre is the region of the Houses of Parliament and Trafalgar Square, whose four enormous bronze lions, at the base of Lord Nelsons monument, are majestic if not aesthetic.

How like and unlike we are to the British! We talk the same language, but in lots of little ways betray our nationality. I was amused at their saying the "top" and "bottom" of the street, never mind how level; the next "turn" for corner, and I hunted for some time for the Pall Mall "circus," examining the signs, till I found that a circus is a round "square" at the intersection of the streets. People in the city are not very free in giving information; quite the reverse in the country. The policemen is your man for facts. They are clear, crisp and polite; men with good faces, whom one feels like trusting.

I soon felt the tremendous *inertia* of London; there is less go-ahead than with us but great steadiness and method; time is more than money: an Englishman tells you that here he has no time to be civil. He goes in ruts and growls if you start him out of them. The man told off to cabbages won't pass the potatoes for anybody. Living in such masses, for so many centuries, forces them into grooves, and moderates the pace. They cannot stick out their elbows as we do; hurry and bustle would be of no use. I better appreciate the proverb which so sadly disposes of the "hindmost." There seem to be more men than chances, and the lives of many must grind along and many must be ground up. What's an individual in all this?

Vice is, I think, bolder here than in New York. In some quarters one's cab may be beset by nasty boys throwing their vile papers into one's face. I am struck with a certain shamelessness and boldness in a class of women; they are often seen drunk.

The streets are winding, and one may easily become confused. The parks are fine; Hyde Park especially. It is a great breathing space in the heart of London. A small part is richly laid out in lawns and luxurious flower beds, but most of it is an open field crossed by roads which are lined by shade trees. It is roomy enough for extensive evolutions of troops, and is traversed in every direction; people do not "keep off the grass." This freedom, the groves, trees and flocks of sheep gives Hyde Park a refreshing country look that I was surprised and pleased to find.

The horse back riding on Rotten Row, a wide avenue a mile in length, was almost as exhilarating to watch as to do. Endless cavalcades of riders, three to six abreast, went galloping by, the ladies appearing to the best advantage. Towards evening it was most spirited as they dashed swiftly along so fast and so thick that one could hardly count them. The action of a fine horse and his rider may thrill one, for the two are one; they are conscious of and in perfect sympathy with each other.

The stately carriages of royalty and of the aristocracy driving near the Row were a tame sight.

I saw a thousand small boys take an evening bath or plunge (allowed from 7.30 to 8.30 P. M.) in the "Serpentine," a winding lake in Hyde Park.

Go alone to Westminster Abbey, or walk slowly through it with a thoughtful friend, to receive its sweet and holy influence. It is better to give one's self up to the general effect of such a place than to struggle hopelessly with its mass of detail. One may forget the facts, but never the inspirations.

One is struck here as in all London, and indeed in all monumental work, with the superior honor accorded to the heroes of war. Whatever our moralists or teachers may say, the civilized world has, by its action, placed the successful fighter highest

A few of us had the privilege of meeting the late Dean Stanley in the Abbey by appointment. He showed us a few things, talked very pleasantly, and on learning our desire to hear him preach, invited us to attend his services the following Sunday at Greenwich, where he was to address the thousand boys in the Naval Training school.

Visitors of course do, as Londoners do not, go to the top of St. Paul's Church. Millions of creatures crawl below you. The collective surface of boats of every kind on the river Thames seems greater than that of the water itself. The city is spread out like a map.

How many quiet quadrangles one looks down into, where trees grow, fountains play and grass is green, shut in from the crowd that surges all about them, in contrast with the lovely shades within.

I can't imagine anything more meaningless than many of Turner's paintings, especially his later works in the National Gallery of Paintings; they seemed like doubs, but they are sold at tremendous prices, and are regarded as almost sacred. His picture of the old line of battle ship "Temeraire" being towed by a steam tug to her moorings was here, and was most fascinating.

The Henley regatta on the Thames river was most characteristically English. There were two days of boat racing. Crews from Oxford Cambridge, London and Eton, and from Cornell University contested for the honors. The latter was unfortunate both by way of a collision and of final defeat.

I saw part of the second day's sport. Thousands of people thronged the river banks at the end of the course, as the struggling crews pulled past. Owing perhaps to the fact that there was a race every half hour for five hours there was little cheering, which surprised me. Then the real struggle was lower down, for most races are decided sometime before the goal is reached.

Many score of carriages were "parked" in long rows near the bank, and heaps of baskets and hampers showed that from far and wide the common people and gentry had gathered for this great day of their year. The elderly and plainer people and young children sat in and about their carriages or strolled: the lovelier ones were abstracted by devoted young men and floated, like Cleopatras in beautiful barges, paddled about in the picturesque flotilla of boats that covered the water, and made navigation a difficult matter.

The finest part of it was the scene as n viewed from Henley Bridge. Perhaps ten thousand people were gathered, well clad, orderly, cheerful and chatty. In the background were games and amusements. A row of cocoanuts, each one placed on a peg, offered themselves to whoever would knock them off with a toss of a ball from some twenty feet off—a penny a throw. Swings of various kind and games of chance sent streams of coppers into somebody's pockets. A rush to the banks as the boats raced by, then a scattering till the cannon again sounded the signal.

Just before leaving Hampton I had met an English gentleman and his wife on the school grounds. Learning my intention to travel, he gave me a card of introduction to his cousin, the Chief Librarian of the British Museum. This was "open sesame" to the wonders and mysteries of that establishment. One's faculties fail to take the rush of impressions that at every step are formed, and the recollection of such a place becomes almost a blur. There is a wonderful effect or atmosphere in the Egyptian room. The solemn, stately, huge figures seem conscious of themselves, and strike the visitor with awe and reverence.

The index to the library is a library by itself. The reading room is a vast circular hall over which springs a cupola or dome next to the largest in the world.

On Sunday, July 3d, heard Dean Stanley preach to the thousand boy pensioners at Greenwich. They are the sons of seamen, and are fitted for seafaring and other life, being taught trades. Every one is taught to make his own clothes. There is daily practice on board a full rigged ship which is embedded in the concrete pavement of a large square, and sits there as gracefully as on the sea.

The sermon was plain, simple, an "effort" in no sense, and closed with an eloquent appeal to the boys to be manly. The Dean was no orator. His tone was quiet; there was little or no gesture. It was hard to realize what a mark that quiet, feeble looking man had made. Little did he then dream how soon the world would be filled with his praises.

The singing of the boys were excellent. They paid good attention, are a bright looking set, marched in and out like soldiers, and will make part of England's noble but work of brave man who "never will be slaves."

After service our party went with the Dean through the quarters and shops and witnessed the dinner. Orders were given by the bugle, at the sound of which hundreds of boys would instantly rise or sit or stop with a knife half way through a dumpling or a spoonful of gravy poised in the air.

Often in America I had heard that England had given up the gathering of her veterans in asylums and divided the salaries of officers and other expenses of her soldiers' homes among the men, letting them find their own homes as a better and more natural way of living. Having at Hampton some 700 ex-Federal soldiers as our next door neighbors, I was interested in the English treatment of the question.

It appears that the pensioners of the English army are still together, principally at Chelsea, but that, about eight years ago, upward of a thousand naval pensioners at Greenwich were scattered, as above described. It seems unnatural and wrong to keep hundreds of men together as we do, under a sentimental rather than under a strict and and exacting *regime*. The men must deteriorate.

Every American goes to the Tower of London, for has he not read about it from his childhood?

The long row of mounted knights in armor before which one passes, the display of mediaeval weapons, the fatal block and the headsman's axe, and numberless other things create an impressive atmosphere. One feels as much as one sees. There are deep dungeons, mysterious stone stairways, the place where the bones of the murdered princes were found, and the prison where Sir Walter Raleigh was confined for twelve years. The tower is also an arsenal where half a million Martini rifles await the asiione exigencies. Muskets, bayonets, swords, ramrods and the innumerable metallic pieces that make up a modern weapon, are ingeniously worked into shifting shapes of flowers, grasses, lilies, stars, etc., of great variety and beauty. They glitter from overhead and on every side, but there is something grim in their steely lustre.

Our guide was dressed in the costume of a nobleman of Henry the Eight's time, and from his decorations was evidently a veteran. Seeing "Lucknow" on a silver medal pinned to his breast, I inquired about the famous deliverance of the garrison of which he was one. He declared that the story of Jessie the Scotch lassie, who is said to have heard, long before the rest, the distant bagpipe of Gen. Havelock's advancing columns, was a very pretty one, but not true; that Havelock came from the side opposite the British, and there was plenty of firing and fighting long before a musical instrument could have been heard. What will become of the inspiring incidents of history if they are to be treated in this way?

The veteran said that at a recent Lord Mayor's show it was desired to put twenty men in mediaeval armour. Out of the five hundred suits of armour in the Tower only five could be found that a modern man could wear because the modern man has a much fuller in the chest than the mediaeval man. Civilization tells on the lungs; the black and red races of our country are relatively weaker in lungs and smaller in the chest than the whites.

Sight-seeing is hard work, but the Bank of England must be seen for it is the financial centre of the world. Here is a machine that, every day, weighs a hundred thousand gold pieces, detecting the slightest loss of weight, and automatically sending each coin to its proper place, as of full weight or deficient. The printing of bank notes is a curiosity, and the counting and care of the reams of bills that go out and come in every day is a wonder.

This vast machine moves on quietly, impresses one with its magnitude, and inspires a confidence in its strength.

The haunts of London lawyers, are pleasant places with an air of repose and of antiq-

ity. The quadrangles of the Inns of Court are especially pretty with their fountains and flowers; contrasting with the throbbing metropolis in whose heart they lie.

The Guards are saucy looking fellows; on duty they sit statuesquely on superb horses before royal or other gates, as uselessly as possible.

Dined with a very pleasant company at Mr. W. E. Forster's, Secretary for Ireland. Dean Stanley and several members of Parliament with their wives, were there. The elderly ladies whom I have met, were brought up on the stiffest anti-slavery ideas, and are interested in the success of emancipation in America.

The wrongs of the Irish seem much like those of our ex-slaves. The large majority of landlords, are, as slaveowners were, reasonable men who try to do their duty, but there was room, within the law, for injustice, and it has been to some extent practised, though not generally. So of slavery. But it is absolutely necessary at whatever cost of treasure and of blood, if in no other way, that the law of the land should equally protect every man.

The physical suffering of the Irish may not diminish,—that of our Negroes has not.

Pain is a part of the development of the race, as it is in that of the individual. It is God's best tonic. He may send it for man's mistakes or for his benefit; but, except through the formalities of the law, man has no right to administer it. The wrongs of the day are not so much the abuses of power as the improper possession of it, making abuses possible. The spirit of the day is to level every man up or down to his rightful place.

Calling with my brother at Mr. Foster's office, by appointment, to get admission to the House of Commons, we saw the famous delegation on behalf of Irish laborers and heard their appeal to the Secretary. He said afterwards with a smile that only one of them was really a laboring man. There was much about it in the papers. The general idea seems to be that the Irish laborers turn must come next, that the landlord and tenant question must be settled first.

We sat for an hour in the House of Commons, which is the British Empire in a nutshell. This dominion, on which the sun never sets, is ruled by men who sit on plain benches and transact its business in a quiet way as if nobody's fate hung on their action.

Mr. Gladstone spoke on an unimportant matter. Arrangements for the grand review of 50 000 Volunteers at Windsor were explained. The Irish land bill was taken up and discussed in a conversational manner.

The room was smaller and less impressive than I had expected to find it, but there was a feeling that clear headed, able, honest men had charge of the nation's business.

Members talked in a plain, rather halting or hesitating way. One would rise and say a little something mildly, and sit down, and so followed each other seeming to settle the fate of Ireland in mere colloquy. They do have stormier times once in a while when Irish members get roused. I saw only one aspect of the House.

The general effect of Windsor Castle is imposing. Its walls and towers rise majestically and stretch away in a general curve compassing many acres. The Queen was there, so the state apartments were closed to visitors.

The Royal stables were shown, as usual, but are not especially striking. The horses had not an imperial look.

The Albert Memorial Chapel was visited and admired for its elaborate beauty and grace. The old church was interesting. There lay the marble effigy of young Napoleon. The plain rusty sword and common belt worn in his last desperate struggle hung by his side; and meant more than all the ornamental work about him.

I walked over to Eton school but saw only a few of the boys. Passed through two courts or quadrangles into a noble old dining hall for the "foundationers" where a few pupils were enjoying their five o'clock free beer and bread. There was an atmosphere of seclusion and study about the place so common in English Institutions and so rare in our own.

The strongest picture in the Dore gallery in London is, I think, that of Christ descending from the Temple to take up his cross. His bleeding brow, His forgiving face, His serene and noble mien were almost real. Such a picture grows on one.

I think it is a mistake to divide one's self among many pictures; it is better to fix on one, get all its meaning and force, make it your own: there is not room for another.

Nothing in England was pleasanter than my visit to Plaistow Lodge, the country seat of Lord K.—This gentleman was, during our war, one of the few champions of the Northern side among the English aristocracy; and was, in many ways, useful in promoting in important quarters, a better understanding of its merits. His loyalty to it was at one time no source of comfort to him and his family.

We were driven to a neighboring park, when, leaving the carriage, we strolled off under glorious elms and beech and oak trees, catching between them lovely glimpses of landscape. Our host entertained us with interesting reminiscence and narration. We were shown an old tree near which was a stone slab commemorating the fact that here in 1786 Wilberforce first told William Pitt of his intention to move for the abolition of the slave trade.

An English country house, if Plaistow Lodge be a fair specimen, is a charming place to visit. This estate is hundreds of years old. The lawns are magnificent, picturesque with the comfortable cattle that browze among the grand old trees. The oaks alone and in clusters, stand in state and dignity where they have stood for centuries. Stability and comfort and a simple elegance are the air of the place. It is quite an expedition to visit the gardens, hot houses, stables, and wander about the spacious house whose rambling architecture is most interesting.

One sees here the relations of upper and lower classes at their best. There is perfect consideration and politeness on the one side, and there is perfect loyalty and deference on the other.

The lowly are addressed with a charming kindliness of manner and they respond most appropriately.

Lord K.—had a pleasant word even for his horses. Indeed he kissed nearly every one as the noble fellows would put their noses over to him and whinny.

One day about a hundred and thirty orphan girls from a school of which Lady K—is patroness were invited to their annual picnic on the grounds.

Playing on the lawn, grouped near or in the distance, swinging from great oak trees, their white figures flying through the air, while Lady K—sat under a tree watching it all, her daughters mingling with the merry girls, leading their sports, it was a lovely sight.

They gathered under a great tree and I told them a little about the red and black children of America.

The good Lady K—said she had from a child been taught to feel for the African slave, and recited these lines as among the earliest she ever learned.

"I was not born a little slave
To labor in the sun;
And wish I were but in my grave,
And all my labor done."

Lord K—says he used to discuss the American war often with Lord Palmerston who insisted that the North could not conquer; the former disputed this and would go and buy American securities at their lowest ebb to show his faith.

Telling a well known American of this pleasant visit he said "we have no such old men in America."

Our mode of life makes this type of gentleman next to impossible.

After two weeks in London I visited the the continent for fifteen days, of which I *may* give some account in the next number, and returning to London visited Oxford.

A four hours ramble in such an interesting place tries the mind even more than the body.

A moderate fee opened the door of an undergraduate's rooms. Each one has two, a bedroom and a parlor more or less handsomely fitted up. Their breakfast and lunch are brought to them by a "scout" but at six they dine together in various halls.

Addison's Walk is a retired, interesting place. The Lime Tree Walk is wonderfully pretty, for the branches intertwine overhead, but the loveliest spot for study I ever saw, is the garden of New College. Its lawn is perfect; beautifully laid out with flowers and shrubbery. Magnificent trees throw a grateful shade over the grass, and on one side is a part of the old city wall, over a thousand years old, in perfect preservation, dressed and festooned with vines that contrast with the rough old battlements to which they cling.

It may contain two acres of land. It seems to invite one from toil and care to study and meditation. Its silence is rich and inspiring; its beauty is fascinating. How entirely we in America lack such stimulus to thought and study. The more public, the better, with us. College buildings are as bare outside of attraction as they can be made; dogs and cats and donkeys and cattle besides Tom, Dick and Harry free to every path that the meditative student may choose. I shall try to provide some such seclusion among flowers and shrubbery at Hampton.

I visited the various colleges and chapels. The cloistered quadrangle of Magdalen was very fine.

Had the good fortune the evening before to be allowed to listen to the playing of one of England's finest organists, in Magdalen Chapel. It was mostly impromptu; he sat with but one light, in the great consecrated space and filled it with delicious sounds. One seldom has such a feast.

Oxford has many grand trees, many lovely courts and shaded nooks and beautiful grounds. It is a power in English life and no one should fail to see it.

I "did" Edinburgh in three hours, getting a satisfactory view from the top of Nelson's Monument on Calton Hill. No wonder every body admires this place. Did'nt get into the castle or Holyrood palace, but never mind. No city in the world is more picturesquely placed. "Arthur's Seat" looks calmly down upon the town while it as calmly views the distant green and populous plain that stretches away to its seaport, the town of Leith.

The cathedral at York is very grand, but I had seen others and could not respond to it with my first freshness. Fortunately afternoon service was being held. There is a sweetness in the solemnity of these cathedrals. One loves to linger in them alone and to come back again and again.

I finished England with a pilgrimage to Chester in whose cathedral I received my first and best impression of the old world five weeks before. It was good to be there alone, to collect oneself in that august place and presence, and pass in review scenes in life and in history; but especially to give up oneself to the spirit of it, and catch, and, if possible, forever keep the vague but strong and inspiring impression created by this superb relic of the piety and devotion of the earlier ages.

A pleasant (and somewhat hoped for) surprise in London was meeting my brother W. N. A., (Special Correspondent with the Southern Workman) on his way around the world as Minister of State in company with King Kalakaua, assisted by Col. Judd, his Majesty's Chamberlain. We had all been school mates together in by gone days in the distant kingdom of Hawaii. They were having a good time, overwhelmed by attentions due not only to rank but to the proverbial hospitality of the Sandwich Islanders in years gone by, which had been extended to many English people. All along their journey in the East they had enjoyed a peculiarly hearty return of courtesies of former days.

Lady Brassey whose charming chapter on Honolulu in the "Cruise of the Sunbeam" is familiar to many, with many others, was kind ness itself.

Queen Victoria's private carriage took them to the opera, to the great Windsor review and our correspondent had the honor of meeting the Prince of Wales at three parties in one day. It was a little like living on sugar plums. He means to write a book about his travels but unhappily can't put in some of the best and richest things. His published letters of the last two months are specimen chapters.

We missionary boys sometimes laugh at the curious ways and places in which we are led or find ourselves. A wonderfully kind Providence has cared for us all.

In painful contrast with the above pleasant experience was that of hearing the sad news of the President's assassination.

A little party of us were sitting in Charing Cross rail-road station on Sunday morning waiting for the train to take us to hear Dean Stanley preach at Greenwich, when a glance at a morning's paper shocked us terribly with "*President Garfield Assassinated*" in big black type.

It was, I think, even more of a shock to those abroad than to those at home. What next! was the painful surmise mingled with an inexpressible anxiety. It touched deeply the sense of the Motherhood of one's native land, for the bullet was fired at her.

I once heard him say of his college President, the great Mark Hopkins of Williams; "He is our Ulysses; no man can bend his bow." Garfield is our Ulysses.

Englishman spoke most anxiously and tenderly of him. Dean Stanley could hardly realize it. I never before realized the meaning of "Blood is thicker than water." Three thousand miles of Atlantic Ocean divide the two nations. Interests, business, customs and countless things may seem to alienate us but the pain of the one is the pain of the other.

When the American sailors sent by Commodore Tatnall with a message to the English Admiral, lent a hand, without orders, at the bow gun of the British flag ship during the bombardment of the Chinese forts at the month of the Peiho river, they showed the instinctive sympathy of the two Anglo Saxon families.

England in the midst of her tremendous social and political dynamics paused and listened to hear if the heart of Garfield was still beating.

I was struck with the soft and gentle way in which all asked eagerly about the chances of his recovery.

Just four Sundays before, the President had been at Hampton, addressed the students of both races, lunched with us and listened with demonstrative delight to the old Negro songs from the students who had gathered about him, and was especially pleased with a brilliant and passionate "Spiritual:" "In dat Great Gettin' up Mornin' (the slaves, resurrection song.)

On riding back to Fortress Monroe to go on board the "Dispatch" he said to me "I mean to make education a leading feature of my administration" and asked what the government could do for Hampton.

S. C. A.

In our last number we mentioned with regret the death at Honolulu of Mr. C. H. Greenway, formerly connected with Hampton Institute as book-keeper. A letter received by Gen. Marshall, Treasurer of the Normal School, from Rev. Elias Bond, the veteran missionary at Kohala, Island of Hilo, speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Greenway as having done excellent work there among the natives. Mr. Greenway was a gentleman of culture, and after a wide and varied experience of life had become superintendent of the boys' department, in a native school in which English is taught at Kohala. He was greatly interested in his work, and Mr. Bond writes, was in a fair way of promotion in responsibility and salary when he was stricken down by malarial fever in the midst of his greatest usefulness.

In another column will be found a letter concerning the Agricultural and Industrial Institute of Kansas, from Mrs. Elizabeth L. Comstock, who has taken time in the midst of her arduous labors to send us the latest news of her noble enterprise for the refugees, for the benefit of the readers of the Workman. We published its circular and some account of its plan last month, with a letter from one of the Hampton graduates mentioned in Mrs. Comstock's last letter, Mr. G. W. Davis. We are glad to hear so directly of the progress of the excellent undertaking, and of the prospect of a visit from some of its benevolent leaders. We commend it to the confidence and cooperation of all colored people who love their race.

200,000 HOUSES WANTED.

Prof. Warren's sound remarks—reported in another column—upon the superior importance of home influence over school instruction, are not, of course, an argument against public schools, or meant as such, even for New England. But the school's work becomes of especial significance where there is no home influence behind it. This new race of freemen in the South is but just beginning to evolve the idea of home life, and if the two hundred thousand intelligent Christian homes the Prof. calls for, are established among them in this or any other state, they must spring, as they have begun to, from the schools; be founded by the young people these are sending out and by those whom they instruct and influence. This is what makes the work of the colored public school teacher of such grave importance And this is why we urge these colored graduates, young men and young women, to feel themselves called first to this work for their people, and to devote themselves to it in the spirit of missionaries, and to equip themselves for it by training not of the head merely, but of the hands, and of the character. It is true enough, as has been said and as Prof. Warren repeats with emphasis, that for many years to come, their chief mission will be not as teachers merely but as civilizers. And it is a good thing for them to hear from a school master from the cradle of intellectual development in this country, that New England, strength and boast is not so much in New England schools as in New England homes.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

THE INDIAN PICNIC.

Grateful memories of the girls' supper party have evidently been stirring in the minds of the Indian boys ever since that elegant little affair came off, and have helped perhaps to strengthen a prevalent impression that this is about the right time of year for a visit to Phillip's Grove. The result has been an invitation from the Indian boys to their Indian sisters to join them in a picnic in that delightful spot. With a small contribution from each boy, and some little help from sympathizing friends, the luxuries of the season—which means *of course*, ice cream and apples—were added to the more substantial part of their bill of fare, and Nature generously threw in an unlimited supply of the purest, sweetest, cool and sparkling oxygen ever compounded in her own shop. The day itself was the crowning luxury of the season, one of the days when life itself is a luxury. The pouring rain in the night, which cooled the air, occasioned fears that the woods would be too wet for picnic purposes, and some of the best hours of the morning were wasted in vain endeavors to secure a sail boat to take the party to the sand dunes on the beach at Old Point instead. They were therefore at finally launched much before noon, in the large Indian row boat, and a "lighter," which for dimensions and picturesqueness, as it moved slowly off with its living, laughing freight, partly towed, partly sculled and partly rowed with long sweeps, deserved the distinctive title of *the* "floating scow of old Varginny." About an hour was taken for the flotilla's progress up the pretty winding Creek, but that in the cool, fresh air was only fun. Arrived at the Grove, the first thought of course was for dinner. The appetites of some had been whetted by a walk in from Shell-banks that morning to join the party, and they and all did justice to the abundant supply provided. Sun and air had quickly dried the sandy soil under the light clean grove, and fun of all sorts was started. Some took to the small boats which had joined the flotilla; some set out on exploring expeditions; the musical spirits got together for a rehearsal of their whole repertoire of Moody and Sankey songs; some sentimental couples strolled together on the beach or sat chattering merrily under their respective trees; games were started, and when it was found that the croquet set had been forgotten, a couple of boys, with a serene disregard of time worthy of the "Peterkin Family," undertook the three mile pull back to the school to get one.

The prediction that the afternoon would be too long rather than too short, proved a great mistake, and when, after five hours uninterrupted enjoyment, the word was given to break camp, there were general out-cries of "Oh, I don't want to go home—Let us stay here all night." Supper at the other end of the line was evidently however some compensation, if it had not seemed an inducement.

SCHOOL WANTED.

Lest any one imagine from the above that our Indian pilgrims are getting weary of the white man's road, and want to take to the woods for "always," be it known that quite a general demand has of late been made for "more school." In response to this demand, which it was thought best to wait for, an hour and a half of instruction has been allowed them, from one to half past two, under the care of their beloved teacher and nurse, Miss Folsom, and two of the Hampton graduates; Miss Amelia Perry who has been warmly welcomed back to the post she once before filled among them, and Mr. Ackrel White who is thus keeping his hand in for his work in Liberia. The boys and girls come to their lessons with fresh zeal, and surprise their teachers by the excellence of their memory,

A NOTE FROM THE NEW COMER.

The new Pima student, Juan Garfield, (he spells his name phonetically Huan) a bright boy of about seventeen, brought from Arizona a few weeks ago, wrote the following nice little note to his teacher on entering her class, to show his knowledge of English (acquired at the agency) and his impressions of the school.

"TO MISS AMELIA PERRY.

Hampton, Virginia, July 26th, 1881.

I came in school an see these boys learn nicely I think very soon learn English language. I am glad to see these boys. I came from Arizona. I start in 4th of July.

My name is
HUAN GARFIELD."

A PIMA STUDENT AND HIS TRIBE.

Mr. E. B. Townsend, special agent of the Indian Department, who visited Hampton Institute last July, bringing with him a young Pima lad of seventeen, as student, *Juan Garfield*, gave the following interesting statements concerning the boy and the tribe from which he comes:—

Mr. Townsend consented to bring Juan on condition that when they got to Tucson he should have his hair cut. It was remarkably silky and hung to his waist. He dropped his head for a while, but consented. When they got to the barber's, he asked if he might send the hair home. Mr. Townsend cheerfully agreed to this, and as lock after lock fell from the shears, laid them carefully together on the table. After the long hair was off, the short clippings fell unheeded to the floor. The moment he was released from the chair, down on his knees went Juan to gather them up. "Pshaw!"—said the barber, "you don't want that." "Let him have every hair if he wants it," said Mr. Townsend—And every hair was religiously picked up and sent with the rest to the Indian home, where it will long be preserved with reverential care.

Mr. Townsend has organized an Indian police force among the Pimas, with as great success as it has been done elsewhere. His squad consists of fifteen besides Capt. *Maichu*, who is a remarkable man in the readiness with which he has adapted himself to civilization and to the discipline necessary in his position. He has great desire to maintain order in a just way, and often comes to consult the agent in regard to it. When the police force was first organized, and rigged out in its new, white-man's uniform—of blue with lighter stripes and shoulder straps—the souls of the stern defenders of the public peace were sadly tried—the young girls laughed at them. Human nature is the same every where. When theirs could stand it no longer, they complained to the agent. Discipline must be maintained. "Arrest the next girls that laugh at you and bring them to me for punishment" was the stern order. It was supposed that that warning would be sufficient. But when would threats stop girls from teasing? In short order, two frightened maidens were brought up by Capt. Malchu. For some minutes the agent was puzzled to think how to fulfill his threat. At last he commanded "Bring the white wash,"—"To white wash the girls!"—"No, but to make some work for them."—And for ten days they were kept at it steadily, with a policeman standing over them. The laugh was on his side, and there has been no more ridiculing of the blue coats.

Mr. Townsend brought good accounts from the agency. New school buildings are going up and school will be opened in the fall, with from 50 to sixty children, the hot weather—119 in the shade—necessitating a summer vacation. All the Hampton student's friends there were well, and Mr. Townsend was under strict promise to come see their children and deliver their messages. Antonito's family are well cared for by his father Antonio, the high chief, a noble specimen of a man, upright in all his relations, truthful, temperate, has one wife, sends his children to school and makes them obedient. He does all in his power to help his tribe and set them a good example.

Kistoe's father, Louis, has been made interpreter in Antonito's place, with a salary of $300. He is doing well, has helped clear and fence and seed a lot of twenty five acres for himself, cultivating it on shares, and has built himself an adobe house with windows and doors like a white man's. He said: Tell Kistoe he must study hard—learn all he can—learn trade so when he gets back here he will be a better man than his father." That means a great deal to Louis, who regards himself, and, in many ways, is the most advanced of the young Pimas.

Ve-ic-ke-pue, brother of another of the Hampton boys, is mail carrier at the agency, and doing very well. He carries the mail three times a week from the nearest station, making eighteen miles in the day—the whole mail for the agency and the neighborhood. Mr. Townsend said that he could trust him with checks and money orders, to any amount. Mr. Townsend spent a day at the Normal School, inspecting its arrangements and talking with the boys and girls, and getting pictures taken of some of them in a group with himself, to assure their parents that he had faithfully kept his promise to visit their children.

Mr. Townsend who has had varied experiences in his roving commission, regards the Pimas as the most patient, worthy and interesting people he has met. They are struggling in the heart of the Arizona desert for a living, and deserve all encouragement and aid.

ANOTHER VISIT TO SITTING BULL'S INDIANS.

Readers of our July number will remember an interesting account, by a lady, of a visit to the camp of Indian prisoners from Sitting Bull's band, at Standing Rock agency, Dakota. We are happy to have received another, for which we are again indebted to our friend and neighbor, Capt. Heffelfinger.

Standing Rock, D. T.
July 10, 1881.

Since my last writing we have had an acquisition of 1900 more Sioux to our camp, making in all about 3,000 "wards of the nation" now under guard within a mile of Ft. Yates, besides the original 4,000 that belong to this agency. I said "under guard." The guard consists of a corporal and three men.

FOOD AS A CIVILIZER.

Such is the subduing influence upon the savage of good beef and bread, that to my amazement I find myself in a state of serene indifference to danger, out here on the prairie amid three thousand savages, prisoners of war with only a corporal's guard to protect us from the scalping knife.

THE BRASS DANCE.

The day after the arrival and settlement of Gall and his band, we were invited by the officers of the 7th Infantry, who were in charge of the Indian camp, to visit them and witness the Grass Dance.

When we arrived at the camp the young men, about two or three hundred, were seated in a circle upon the ground. In the centre of the ring was the bass drum or "tom tom," and around it were seated the Medicine men, who usually compose the orchestra; each one with a stick in hand beating vigorously and in sythmical measure on accompaniment to a song without words chanted in a shrill monotonous tone.

At a signal from one of the orchestra, the leader of the dance sprang into the circle with a yell, and danced a solo for several minutes, while the medicine men continued their weird howling with its deafening accompaniment. The dancer was a young brave of magnificent physique; tall, well proportioned, with beautifully rounded limbs, and hand and arms that might have served as models for a sculptor. He was in "full dress," that is entirely *nude* except the breech cloth, belt and moccasins.

His face and body were painted a sort of grey or mouse color, not a particle of red skin appearing; and across the face were drawn several lines of bright yellow; the nose was tipped with green. He wore a broad leather belt thickly studded with brass nails; to the belt were attached a bunch of eagle's feathers and a horse-tail. These were fastened in such a way that when he bent forward in dancing, as he did continously, they stood upright and gave him somewhat the appearance of a large game cock strutting around. His arms and legs were loaded with bangles and sleigh-bells, and his hair was hung with bits of tin, and little bells which kept up a constant jingling while he was dancing.

Suddenly the *tom-tom* stopped, and the dancer returned to his seat and resumed his blanket. After a short interval the drum sounded again, and with a terrific yell about fifty braves threw off their blankets and leaped into the circle, all dancing singly a sort of *pas seul* which is quite indescribable. The dancers were all nearly naked, and painted in every conceivable color. The whole scene was artistic in every sense, and notwithstanding the scarcity of apparel, not at all shocking to the most fastidious.

SUBJECT FOR AN ARTIST.

Here and there one could pick out a brave, remarkably well dressed, that is, well decorated; much as in our hell rooms one lady may display unusual taste in her costume. One wore a head-dress of otter skin. The entire skin was used as a turban, with the tail hanging down the back and fastened with the head of the otter, which was furnished with glass eyes quite natural in appearance. It was a very beautiful decoration. He wore for gaiters, fox tails fastened below the knees and hung with little bells, and a vest very elaborately beaded and fringed with highly colored porcupine quills. Many of them were decorated with beautiful furs worn as head-dresses, and a few warriors wore feather bonnets; each feather in these bonnets representing a scalp of the enemy. To say that the costumes are gorgeous, seems tame praise; many of them were superb. I have seen this dance several times, and each time I have been more impressed with the artistic taste of these savages. Why has no painter chosen such a rich subject?

A RARE PRIZE.

The squaws do not take part in this dance, but many of them range themselves in a circle outside the dancing ring. In the intervals between the figures of the dance they break out in a queer song, sung in a shrill, high key, in which they celebrate the life and adventures of some brave or chief. Some of them wear robes or mantles of white cotton cloth, on which is painted the history of the family or tribe. These mantles are usually valued beyond price by the squaws who wear them, but I became the fortunate possessor of one quite unexpectedly.

At the dance of which I have just been speaking, there happened to be standing near me a very old squaw whose shrill voice attracted my attention. She never failed to sing her monotonous song in the same high but I became the fortunate possessor of one key and with immense emphasis after every figure of the dance. Going up to her and pointing to the grotesque figures painted on her mantle, I exclaimed with shameless untruthfulness and effrontery "*wash-tai! wash-tai!*" She eagerly acknowledged my flattery and drank it in greedily. Capt. C. coming up just then, drew from his pocket a handful of silver, and handing it to me said, "see if you can buy it". I showed her the money, and she held out her withered old hands to receive the bright new coins, while I counted out with great impressiveness to her, fifteen new silver half dollars. She turned them over in her palm several times, and then returned them to me with a grin and went off. I considered the matter ended. An hour or two later she returned with the interpreter, and said she would sell the robe for the price offered, seven dollars and a half. I was on the point of withdrawing from the bargain, not wishing to invest the Captain's money so recklessly, and said to the interpreter "I have changed my mind;" but in a decisive tone, from which there was no appeal, Capt. C. said; "You can't change your mind when treating with the Indians; so the money was paid, and I had the robe. I had also the secret of Capt. C's influence and success with the Indians. He never broke faith with them. I propose to send the robe to the Hampton Institute for the museum, if Gen. Armstrong will accept it.

AN INDIAN DIVORCE COURT.

An incidence of much interest occurred at this dance, which I must relate. It was a divorce. There was a short pause in the dancing, and while all the braves were sitting down a young squaw stepped inside the ring, leading by the hand her whilom lord, who looked somewhat depressed and shamefaced. They stood a few minutes in silence, and she threw down her blanket and some trinkets at his feet, and calmly walked out of the circle alone. He gathered them up and retreated in an opposite direction, while the "tom-tom" sounded and the dance was renewed.

"EVERY ONE TO HIS TASTE."

These dances are usually accompanied by a feast, consisting principally of dog soup, which is prepared and served to the braves by the squaws. The dog is a much esteemed article of food with the Sioux, and the dog's head, quite a choice delicacy.

We enlightened Americans prefer the hog. I doubt if the Dakotas are not in advance of us in their choice of meat. "*Chacun a son gout!*"

FRIEND OF THE INDIAN CAUSE,

And all who cherish a kindly interest toward progressive civilization, do you wish to do something in aid of the good work which is now on a fair basis of prosperity? If you do, you can do so with but a trifle of cost or time; let me tell you how you can do this creditably to yourself and advantageously to the recipient. Do you receive newspapers, magazines, books, and especially illustrated periodicals, etc., which you do not know what to do with when you have read them? To such we would suggest, send them to the school-teachers, missionaries, and others connected in promoting the well-being of the Indians. We have great need for all such matter to aid our efforts. We are constantly being called upon for newspapers of any kind, which may have a picture or two on its pages. As an instance illustrative of the love and desire for pictures and knowledge of them, the following example will testify: "Ne-gaw-ne-be-nenc," "Leading Bird," head chief of Leach Lake Pilleger Indians, (Chippewas,) called on us shortly after we had received the April number of *Harper's Magazine*, which contained an illustrated article on Hampton and Carlisle schools. Observing the book lying on the table, he took it up and proceed to look over the illustrations in reference to the same. After looking the book through two or three times, he took his leave; the next evening he called again and asked us to let him see the book once more, as also to tell him all about the operations of the school, which we did by reading and translating the subject in the native vernacular, he listening in the meantime with much attention and satisfaction. He finally went home well pleased with what he had seen and heard. On the third evening, judge of our surprise when in walked a boy, who said he had been sent by the chief to ask us for the "picture book," as he had some friends at his house whom he wished to show the pictures to. Of course we acquiesced, and the next day the book was returned with thanks.

T. B. H. BEAULIEU.

Leach Lake Reservation.

A gentleman told me that he and his wife only occupied a house. They keep fifteen servants, though living in a very quiet way. Mr. Brassey, the great English railroad contracter, once said, that labor was about the same in price all over the world. If a Hindoo is paid only ten cents a day, he does only the tenth part of the work done by an able man who earns a dollar in some other country. No man in India ever thinks of getting out of his caste. He was born in it, and will die in it. There is no chance for him. He is doomed from the beginning. He believes in his fate, his "kismet," and makes no struggle. He cannot cut out a path for himself. He has no pluck.

And yet these Hindoos do some marvellous work in wax, gold, silver and copper. Native artists make excellent designs. Figures are worked out on silver-ware with only a sharp nail and a hammer. All surplus money is put into jewelry, because it can be sold again. Every woman has a large gold ring two or three inches in diameter, fastened into her nose, nearly like the ring in a bull's nose. When adversity comes, she can sell it. Two hundred million of people, with rings in the noses of the women, make a great demand for workmen in the precious metals.

W. N. A.

THE WATER! THE WATER!

(Illustration Page 90.)

The Water! The Water!
The gentle stream for me,
That gushes from the old gray stone
Beside the alder tree.
The Water! The Water!
That ever bubbling spring
I loved and looked on when a child,
In deepest wondering.—
And asked it whence it came and went,
And when its treasures would be spent.

The Water! The Water!
The dear and blessed thing
That all day long fed the little flowers
On its banks blossoming.
The Water! The Water!
That murmured in my ear
Hymns of a saint-like purity
That angels well might hear,
And whisper in the gates of heaven
How meek a pilgrim had been shriven.

The Water! The Water!
My heart yet burns to think
How cool thy fountain sparkled forth
For parched lips to drink.
The Water! The Water!
In mine own native glen—
The gladsome tongue I oft have heard
But ne'er shall hear again,
Though fancy fills my ear for aye
With sounds that live so far away!

WM. MOTHERWELL.
Scotland, 1797—1835

TUSKEGEE NORMAL SCHOOL, ALABAMA.

The following interesting letter has been received from Mr. Booker T. Washington, class of '77, who went a few months ago to Alabama, to take the superintendence of a Normal school for colored teachers, about to be established by the state.

Tuskegee, Ala., July 14, 1881.

Dear friends:—

I arrived here four weeks ago. Instead of finding my work in a low marshy country as I expected, I find Tuskegee a beautiful little town, with a high and healthy location. It is a town such as one rarely sees in the South. Its quiet, shady streets and tasteful and rich dwellings remind one of a New England village. After my arrival I had one week in which to prepare for the opening of the Normal School. I utilized this time in seeing the teachers and others who wished to enter the school, and in getting a general idea of my work and the people. Sunday I spoke in both churches to the people about the school, and told all who wished to enter to come and see me at my boarding place during the week. About thirty persons called and had their names enrolled, others called whose names, for various reasons, I could not enroll. With the young people many of their parents came. I was particularly impressed with the desire of the parents to educate their children, whatever might be the sacrifice.

On Friday I rode about fourteen miles into the country to visit the closing exercises of one of the teachers. From this trip I got some idea of the people in the country. Never was I more surprised and moved than when I saw at one house, two boys thirteen or fourteen years old, perfectly *nude*. They seemed not to mind their condition in the least. Passing on from house to house I saw many other children five and six years old in the same condition. It was very seldom that I saw children anything like decently dressed. If they wore clothing it was only one garment, and this so black and greasy that it did not resemble cloth. As a rule, the colored people all through this section are very poor and ignorant, but the one encouraging thing about it is that they see their weakness and are desirous of improving. The teachers in this part of Alabama have had few advantages, many of them having never attended school themselves. They know nothing of the improved methods of teaching. They hail with gladness the Normal School, and most of them will be among its students. If there is any place in the world where a good Normal School is needed, it is right here. What an influence for good, first on the teachers, and from them on the children and parents.

I opened school last week. At present I have over forty students—anxious and earnest young men and women. I expect quite an increase in September and October. The school is taught, at present, in one of the colored churches, which they kindly let us have for that purpose. This building is not very well suited to school purposes, and we hope to be able to move to a more commodious place in a short time. The place referred to is on a beautiful and conveniently located farm of one hundred acres, which we have contracted to buy for $500. The state pays for tuition. The farm I hope to pay for by my own exertions and the help of others here. As a rule, the colored people in the South are not and will not be able for years to board their children in school at ten or twelve dollars per month, hence my object is, as soon as possible, to get the school on a labor basis, so that earnest students can help themselves and at the same time learn the true dignity of labor. An institution for the education of colored youths can be but a *partial* success without a boarding department. In it they can be taught those correct habits which they fail to get at home. Without this part of the training they go out into the world with untrained intellects and their morals and bodies neglected. After the land is paid for, we hope to get a boarding department on foot as soon as possible.

The good-will manifested towards the school by both white and colored is a great encouragement to me to push the work forward. I have had many kind words of encouragement from the whites, and have been well treated by them in every way. The trustees seem to be exceptional men. Whether I have met the colored people in their churches, societies, or homes, I have received their hearty co-operation and a "God bless you." Even the colored preachers seem to be highly in favor of the work, and one of the pastors here, fifty years old, is one of my students. I fear I am making my letter too long, I will write again soon.

Yours sincerely,
B. T. WASHINGTON.

THE KANSAS AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE.

LETTER FROM MRS. ELIZABETH L. COMSTOCK.

We published in our last number, an account of the new work for the exodus emigrants, which has been undertaken by their noble and indefatigable friend, Mrs E. L. Comstock, and others of like mind; the "Training School for Refugees," in Columbus Kansas. Accompanying the account, was a letter from a former Hampton student, Geo. W. Davis, who, with one other is teaching there. A letter has since been received at Hampton Institute, from Mrs. Comstock herself, in response to a request for a personal statement in regard to the work. Circulars came with it, but these we have already given in substance to our readers. The freedmen have not a truer, wiser, more self-denying friend living—as we believe most of them know—and they will be glad to hear directly from herself of her latest enterprise in their behalf.

Rollin, Lenawee Co., Mich.
7th mo., 18, '81.

Dear Friend:

Owing to my absence from home, thy letter of the 7th inst. came to hand only yesterday. I was glad to welcome the handwriting of any one from your far famed Institute, which I greatly desire to see. Two of your young graduates I am acquainted with and they do great credit to their teachers and care takers; I refer to George Washington Davis and Elizabeth Cabbell, who are both in Kansas, helping on the good cause. In our young Institute newly started, and struggling for its existence, amid opposition and persecution, I may say our little band of faithful workers are stimulated and encouraged by your great success in your noble work.

They emulate Hampton. They desire, as far as may be, to follow in the foot-prints of your able and successful staff. The very efficient superintendent, Lindley M. Pickering, is very desirous to visit Hampton. I hope he will do so this coming autumn. The object of his visit will be to learn of you and get some counsel and the benefit of your experience in Hampton, to aid him in the efforts he is putting forth for this younger Institution.

He is a gentleman highly esteemed, and belonging to one of our first families in Kansas, and there is no question in the estimation of those who know him well, that he will succeed in his present undertaking. He is backed by the Kansas yearly meeting of Friends, and Timber Hill's monthly meeting.

I may say for information of those honest enquirers, who neither know us nor said paper, that those engaged in the "Agricultural and Industriel Institute", are honest, faithful, conscientious people, (Quekers or Friends.) Not a dollar has been taken from the treasury of the late K. F. R. A. for the Institute. Neither has there been any injustice, I believe, in the closing up of the K. F. R. A.

From the time that Clarkson, Wilberforce, Gerrison, Sumner, Lovejoy and Lincoln commenced working for the colored race, to this present hour, the noble, self-denying workers, have had to meet persecution. We must expect it, and learn to "rejoice in it." All the opposition, obloquy and contumely, heaped upon us in the past, has wonderfully helped our cause. Slanders have led to enquiry and investigation, and the result of this same has been greatly to our benefit.

I send by this mail some circulars, that will give thee farther information about the Instituts in Cherokee Co. My faith is strong that it will be a success and be a blessing to the colored race and to Kansas.

The Lord bless your little band of workers!

Thy friend in Christian love,
ELIZABETH L. COMSTOCK.

LETTER FROM A HAMPTON INDIAN STUDENT.

CHEYENNE AND ARAPAHOE INDIAN AGENCY,
DARLINGTON, I. T.

Editor of The Council Fire:

I thought I would write you a letter to tell you what the Cheyennes and Arapahoes are doing. Almost all the Cheyennes work and try to earn money; some have good corn farms and make a good profit.

I think all of the young men will take up the white man's road, because they think it is the best road, and I hope after awhile all the Indians will be just the same as white people. Six years ago all the Cheyenne women had to work hard every day, chopping wood and carrying it on their backs to camps. Now they do not work so hard, because them do much work. I was a prisoner in Florida six years ago; I don't know anything I had been doing that they sent me there. I went from there to school at Hampton, Virginia, and there learned the white man's road. We do just like white people. Then I came here to Indian Territory and went to work in the doctor's office and try to help Doctor Hodge. I give out medicine and write it down in my book to give to the doctor at the end of each month. I study every day in medicine and try hard to learn, and do not get tired; and all the Florida boys are holding on to the white man's road. They all work for the agent. I think THE COUNCIL FIRE is a good friend to the Indians and I like to read it. And this I know, the Cheyennes want to be friends to the white people always, and we all doing the best we know to do right.

Your friend,
WM. LITTLE CHIEF.

LETTER FROM DAKOTA.

We have received the following brief letters from Lieut. Brown, the newly appointed Commandant of the Hampton Institute Cadets, from Dakota, where he is visiting the Agencies to make arrangements for providing chances for work and proper care for the Indian students, who are to return to their homes in the coming fall.

Yankton Agency, D. T., July 20th, 1881.

Editor of Workman:

After a long, tedious ride of two nights and nearly two days from Chicago, I arrived at the little way station of Springfield, D. T., and was only transferred to the pretty little town on the East bank of the Mission River, bearing the same pleasing name of Springfield. In the evening I had the pleasure of listening to a very charming discourse by Bishop Hare. The neat little church was well filled by the good people of the town, who listened attentively to the Bishop, and bore evidence of successful efforts of the most worthy missionary, put forth from time to time during the interim of his labors at the different Indian Agencies along the Mission River.

It is an encouraging sign of the times, when the frontier folk are actively interested in religion.

Crossing Choto Creek Monday, we entered the Yankton Agency Reservation, and passed on our way to the Agency several very thrifty appearing little "Ranches", or rude farms. Entering one, seeking a drink of water, we were surprised and pleased to observe the neat and thrifty appearance of the inside, evidencing a stage of advancement far beyond what I expected to find. Nearing the Agency, the neat log dwellings and little farms increased in number, and the evidences, here no more and more conclusive of the energy, enterprise and successful efforts of the worthy missionaries, who have been laboring among these people for a number of years past.

To people unacquainted with the disposition, habits, and character of the wild plain Indians, the great and almost insurmountable difficulties met and overcome by these worthy people would not be as fully appreciated, probably, as by those who have had occasion to deal with the wild Sioux.

The greatest efforts are necessary to wean them from their old life. Once started on the good road, the progress is therefter more rapid, unless some one blunders and retrograde movements are allowed full play.

I am very respectfully,
Your obedient servant
GEO. LER. BROWN.
Lieut. 11th Infantry.

FORT RANDALL, D. T.
July 21st, 1881.

Editor of Workman:

Awaiting conveyance to Fort Thompson D. T., I employed the time at this Post very pleasantly, thanks to the courteous kindness of the good people of the garrison. The Post is a very pleasant one, situated on a high plateau overlooking the Missouri River. The grounds are well laid out, the parade beautiful, the quarters commodious and comfortable. The garrison consists entirely of the 25th Infantry, (colored) and though they complain a little of the severe cold weather last winter, they express themselves well pleased with their station and their duty in Dakota. On parade the troops present an excellent appearance and appear well on all occasions. A very large garden is cultivated by the troops, and the financial status of the companies, as well as the material comfort of the men is not a little enhanced thereby. Though ordered here from Texas a year ago, the troops appear to have adapted themselves to their new surroundings and the colder climate of the North, displaying here the same cheerfulness in the performance of their duties as in the warmer climate, and I have heard no complaints from them in regard to the cold that would lead me to believe they were not perfectly able to adapt themselves to this climate. Nebraska and Dakota contains ample room for those in search of cheap land and free homes. Both are admirably adapted to stock raising and grain culture.

Colonel Andrews, the Post Commander, and Colonel of the 25th Infantry, is very much esteemed by his troops. Should no boat arrive here to-day, I will be compelled to avail myself of the "Buckboard" run by the Stage Company from this Post to East Pierre D. T. As the distance is over a hundred miles, and half of the journey is at night, I would be not a little comforted to see a steamboat arrive before the time comes for me to part with my kind friends here and continue my journey up the "Great Muddy."

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
GEO. LER. BROWN.

THE SACRED WHITE HORSE.

"At (Kobe) in Japan, I was delighted to see a Sacred White Horse kept in a stall at one of the temples. The Japanese come up one after another and uttered a short prayer before the horse, clapping their hands reverently together in the attitude of prayer. Close by an old man sold small measurefuls of boiled maize to be given as offerings. I bought a measureful for the horse, which responded with alacrity to that form of worship, but I could not help going through the other form as well in memory of ancient reverence for the white horse in my own country."—*Notes by a Naturalist on the "Challenger."*

CAN THE COLORED RACE REACH THE HIGHEST CULTURE—AND HOW?

WHAT IS THE LINE OF GREATEST USEFULNESS FOR THE COLORED MAN?

The closing term of the Teachers' Institute held at Hampton Normal School in July, for the colored teachers of the state, was devoted by its conductor, Prof. Warren, Supt. of the New Hampshire Normal School, to answering questions. Among those handed in, one was, in substance: "Can the colored race reach the highest culture?" Prof. Warren replied to this question quite at length, as follows:

"The year after the war I spent in North Carolina, and part of the year I taught an evening school for the colored people. Afterwards I taught a year and a half in a school in which there were a hundred colored children. I have had considerable opportunity to judge as to the probable capability of the race for intellectual development, and I have always strictly maintained that it is capable of reaching the highest cultivation. Understand, I say that without saying that there is no such thing as race differences. Look at the Indian races for example. You see for yourselves in these Indians here—how quiet they are—how undemonstrative—not social as you are, or we are, not talkative even with each other in their own language. To be sure, they can make noise enough sometimes. I was surprised the other day at the glee a lot of them I found in swimming at Shellbanks, were having—just like so many Yankee boys—or boys of any race. But you see for yourselves that they are peculiar in many respects. Now whether there are not inherent, fundamental race differences and peculiarities in every race, in the colored race, the white race, the Indian race; I don't think I am prepared to say. I don't know how far these differences and peculiarities may be the result of education—not book education, understand me, but the education of circumstances, of condition, what their relations with other races have been—climate, religious education, home education, school education. I am inclined to think however, in time we shall see that there are certain mental characteristics that are fundamentally different in different races.

But, as to the question, I certainly have no doubt that every race has qualifications for the highest cultivation possible to any. There is no reason to suppose that God ever put into this world a race without capacity for the fullest development. Note what I say—I cannot believe that God has ever handicapped any race. If I believe in the goodness of God, I can't believe that he ever put a race into this world incapable of coming into the fullest use of the world, the fullest capability to take care of itself. And that implies a capacity for the broadest, deepest, highest moral, intellectual and spiritual growth. I have had no reason to change the opinion formed long ago, that the black race is capable, like other races, of taking care of itself.

Now as far as the question of scholarship is concerned, it is difficult for you at this stage to take in just what that means. You had better send for Gen. Armstrong's last report, and study it well. It contains the best of intellectual philosophy. You must not confound the ability to talk with mind-power. That includes the soul, everything that goes to make up man; habits of industry, self control, self restraint, willingness to work. The mere ability to read Latin and Greek, and know something of Astronomy and the higher mathematics, is a *mighty small* part of what goes to make up mind-power. The highest qualifications are the moral qualifications. Take New England, for instance. Every one conceded that New England has done most for the intellectual elevation of this nation. What is the distinctive feature of New England civilization? The common schools! They are not of remarkably high grade; low compared with those of the West; of Illinois, Ohio, Michigan. How do you account then for the fact that so many strong minds come out of them? They don't come out of the schools so much as out of the homes. If Virginia had a school on every square mile, with a teacher at a salary of $500 a year, and a term of ten months, she would not be a great state till she had two hundred thousand Christian homes, each with religious, earnest, pure, industrious father and mother. The first necessity is good mothers,—the second is good fathers. Why? Because they will train the children of the state to virtue and industry. New England is industrious because she has been trained to for ten generations. I used to teach in a little village of two thousand inhabitants, in New England, where ten thousand carriages were manufactured every year. If you were to walk out at ten o'clock in the morning, you might not meet a person on the street. At twelve it looked like the city of Boston—five hundred men would be in the streets; go out again at one P. M. and you might hear a pin drop—a Sabbath stillness. At six o'clock, all was alive again. So on it was, through the whole year, and year after year. Every one was regularly at work. No idlers. It was so, because for two hundred and fifty years the people have been at work, and they are going to be at work forever. I hope they are.

I want to emphasize this point. After the colored people have got all the schools they want, all the teachers, all the money, all the Normal schools; yes, and after the white people have got it too, the state is not going to be what the people want it to be, without something else too. The foundation of its greatness is moral strength. This is what helps a race or a state up; the power that keeps men from whiskey, that makes them willing to work, if necessary sixteen hours a day, to accomplish a good purpose, that gives self-restraint, that makes them obey the laws even when they don't like them; the religious habit that makes them attend church regularly, and practice what they hear in their home life; the power that brings the father home for the evenings, and leads the mother to make a pleasant home for her husband and children to come to, and keeps all coarse language out of the home. This is more than the ordinary public school work, but the public school comes in finely to help it out.

Gen. Armstrong is right. The greatest work to be done for the next thirty or forty years by the colored teachers of Virginia is this civilizing work, not only to teach but to elevate your race in every way. Many of you are doing it. Go on. Go among the people; read to them, talk to them; show them how to live better, how to cook a mere nutritious dinner. When you hear a woman scolding her husband, tell her—after you know her well; you'll have to be wise for such work—tell her that is not the way to make her home pleasant. All this is more than mere ordinary public school work.

Don't you agree with me?

"To some extent".

Never mind to what extent. Do you agree that it is a very important part of your work?

"Oh yes".

It is just so with the work of the minister, everywhere. His great work is not preaching Sunday by Sunday. It is his work outside of the pulpit. What work? Two calls a year all round? No, but knowing and caring for everybody in his parish; watching his opportunity, not merely to talk on religious subjects—in nine cases out of ten that alone would do no good—but to get an influence for good in every way. He sees a young man liable to be led away by bad company. He gets him to go fishing with him, to call and see his family, loads him books.

There are a thousand ways every good clergyman will try to get an influence over the young man for good. I'd give a hundred times more for a man who carries all his parish in his heart, than one who thinks his duty done by producing once a week a brilliant essay.

If you ask me more, I can't discern the future. I can't tell what your permanent race peculiarities may be, or the result of them. I talk freely with you. I have heard—as you have—the colored race called dishonest. Two hundred and fifty years of slavery would not have done much to make them respect the rights of property. Many, many have got the idea, not unnaturally, that, as they all belonged to their master, what he had belonged to them. But I lived in a Southern hotel fourteen months, never locked my door and never lost anything. Old aunt Jane, the cook, used to sit smoking down in the kitchen—a good old soul. I lent her five, ten, fifteen dollars at a time, it always came back. At the same time you ought to be keenly alive to the had influences and tendencies which may cling to your people, and persistently and faithfully try to conquer them.

"WHAT IS THE LINE OF GREATEST USEFULNESS FOR THE COLORED MAN?

You ask me, "In what is the line of your greatest usefulness in the South?" I don't know that I am prepared to state. In an important sense it is in what you like best. If you like carpentering best, you can do more good as a religious carpenter than as a teacher. While that is true, this is true. A man often learns to love a work that he did not like at first, if he sees that it is needed. I taught school—no, kept school for a while—left it and said I never enter a school house again. But the time came when I felt the necessity of trying it. I got another school—fell in love with the work and have loved it ever since. If, after carefully weighing it, you decide that inclination and duty both say you can safely follow a certain line of business, follow it, whether it is whitewashing or preaching.

If you ask, what is the greatest need for your work, I don't see how there can be but one answer. It is for the work you before me are doing—it is nur work as teachers. I leave out the question of preaching. Indeed I don't see how any teacher can help being also a preacher—not eternally talking, but helping in the church, teaching in the Sunday School. Many of you here are about half ministers, I know, and it is greatly to your credit.

I do think that, at present, the demand in the South is infinitely greater for colored teachers than for colored lawyers or physicians. To be a successful lawyer, to stand up against men who have been trained ever since they were five years old, who have inherited power from the best minds, requires preparation which the colored man is not *yet* likely to get. I have seen colored lawyers employed not because they were prepared—they were not prepared—they were hired not because they knew law, but because they would have an influence with the jury. I consider it very doubtful if there is a great demand for colored lawyers, or, for that matter, for white lawyers; young men study law often because it is an easy way into politics. I think as far as colored physicians are concerned, there is some demand or rather need—a great deal of sickness might be prevented among your people if there were educated physicians scattered among them."

Mr. Hamilton—"We need both, because ever since the war, we have been robbed by white lawyers. The colored people don't own nearly as much to-day as they would if they had had their own lawyers."

"That seems very true, but it is not as true as it seems. In the first place, there is no section of the country that will compare with the South for general insecurity of all titles. It was badly surveyed in the first place. I wouldn't have dared to buy in North Carolina where I lived. The land had been granted over and over again. There is no such thing as being absolutely sure, some one might appear with an old deed of your property. It is unquestionably true that colored people have lost land in this way. So have innumerable white men. In the small town in North Carolina where I lived, there were twenty-one lawyers. What supported them? They were supported entirely through these lands cases. It was Ashville, North Carolina. But the same was true in Salisbury. What made Henry Clay successful first in Kentucky? Land cases. So the colored people don't suffer more than the white.

Then again, you reason that every colored lawyer is going to be true to his race. What reason have you to think so? A lawyer won't be honest just because he is colored. Are there no honest white men? My experience is, that a certain, large proportion of lawyers only care for their fees. Legal advice depends entirely on the person who gives it. But I never was in a place where I couldn't get good legal advice. One of the most honest lawyers I ever knew was an old ex-confederate who wouldn't wear a rag of Yankee clothing—except his hat—but I would have gone to him for any advice, because he *was* an honest lawyer.

"Yes, but we must have our own prominent men. If every generation puts it off, we never shall have them."

A man doesn't become prominent by talking, but by *being* big. If a race is going up to *stay*, it had better have a pretty wide base under it. If a colored man wants to be prominent and *is* big—has base—let him remember that *nobody* wants to keep him back. But remember, too, that it will take fifteen or twenty years pull. What does a white farmer do who wants to give his boy a professional education? He takes him at ten years of age—before that he has been chiefly in his mother's hands, and much depends on whether she was a good mother—Then he gives him the best advantages of school and college uninterruptedly for fifteen years. He not only has an education but a big man takes him by the shoulder and puts him through—and then he is only beginning the hard road to success.

Miss Norris—"Have all successful white men had those advantages?"

No, not all. Some lack early training, yet succeed because they have genius; they have inherited it from their past. Yet they always feel the want of the early training. And they have to work tremendously hard and long for success. There was Abraham Lincoln. He started late—began law when he was twenty one—then worked like a track horse twenty years, and than only *began* to be heard of. I remember when he was begining to ha talked about.

Miss Norris—"How long will it be before we have prominent colored men?"

"In this generation, there are colored men bound to be leaders."

"In Alexandria I know there are white men who are considered prominant, and are making money, who have not been more than ten years at work."

Well, we all agree that all success depends on years and years of hard work. Remember that if you are determined to succeed, you must buckle down to thirty years hard work, and, for the lack of early opportunities, tremendously hard work. Remember too, that there are already nine times as many lawyers as are called for.

No profession on the other hand is so meanly supplied as the profession of teaching. All want to become lawyers or ministers. To devote one's life to a profession in which one can never become rich or famous is hard. The only thing I am urging upon you is this:—I want to keep the strength of the colored people in teaching, as far as concerns this generation. It is the best work you can possible do for your people.

"What sort of a lawyer was Patrick Henry?"

Patrick Henry was not a great lawyer, except as he could handle a jury. Ha had a wonderful command over men. He had almost no education, but he had real genius.

Mr. Langford—"You must take into consideration as regards success in obtaining justice, it makes a great difference whether a man is colored or white. In my section—the western part of this state—we have suffered most from unjust juries and judges. A colored man is sent to prison very easily for almost nothing, when a white man would be let off who had done far worse."

I know that is true, I remember seeing a gang of convicts in North Carolina, one of whom had been given five years imprisonment for steeling a hoe. What do you say is the cause?

"A colored man has generally no money to defend himself. Prominent lawyers are not likely to take hold of a case without money. The jury are most always white men, and decide accordingly. Besides, every man in Virginia who is sent to the penitentiary is disfranchised."

Don't you think that is the real secret of it?

"Yes, I do. I'm certain we need colored lawyers. But when he has studied, a colored lawyer will have a hard time, because our people are not trained to respect those who deserve respect of our own race. So the colored lawyers will have to work harder then the white lawyers."

Will he have much business?

"No, he will not."

Will he be paid for what he does?

"Oh yes.—I don't mean to object to colored lawyers, but I do say they will have to work harder than white ones have to."

Will white people employ one?

"No. When a white man studies law, his friends give him cases.

Yet you say, if a colored man is bound to struggle through and make a lawyer—an honest lawyer of himself—God bless him—go ahead.?

"Yes *sir*."

Stevens—"I only knew of two successful colored lawyers in Washington. Both are dead. Washington is a democratic city you know. One of them told me that the most prominent democrats gave him a great deal of business. It was because he was capable. He had graduated in a Western college. He had his office like any lawyer, and made, he told me, from $1,500 to $2,000 a year. Of course he had a good deal of mental preparation, and showed ability. That's all I know as to how well a really prominent man can do."

I don't think we disagree. I have only brought you out on the subject, to show you the case clearly. I think we agree. I know the temptation to be a lawyer. I studied law myself for a year. But I know that I have no right to leave teaching and practice law. I shall die poor, I don't ask any sympathy. The satisfaction I get in helping people to be better men and women is worth more to me then any fame as a lawyer. I don't hesitate to say to any young man that asks me—as one of my pupils has by letter since I have been here—"Shall I, George D. study law or teach?" I don't hesitate to say, as I said to him, "George, if you want to teach because you want to make money—don't! You will teach till you are sixty years old and not be worth $50,000. If you want a business that will bring you kicks and cuffs, some appreciation, and a clear sense of duty done, stick to teaching. If you want a profession that will bring you reputation and wealth and will also be very likely to demoralize you, go to the law.

So I say to you—*especially* to you, for the demand for teachers is especial in your race. And I wouldn't have you lose sight of this fact that if you go into the profession you go under great disadvantages. But if, in spite of all, you must go, I must say, God speed.

The first currency ever issued by the United States Government having the signature of a colored man (B. K. Bruce) thereon, was received from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at the Comptroller of the Currency's office, June 14, about ten o'clock a. m. Soon thereafter Major J. F. Betes, the venerable New Englander who has charge of the shipping of currency to the two thousand and more of national banks of the country, caused four fives, in one sheet, to be taken, and than shown to the Register, B. K. Bruce. On holding up the sheet for the inspection of those in his office at the time, the Register feelingly remarked: "Who would have thought of this spectacle a score of years ago! This is an incident of interest worthy of a place upon the bright pages of the history of a public man's life."—

Washington Republican

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

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A GOOD HAUL.

THE RISING GENERATION OF COLORED BOYS ABOUT TOWNS.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

A friend who has read the MS. of my letters to the Hampton paper, often making useful suggestions or criticisms, insists that I ought to write an article on the behaviour of the young Negroes growing up among us, many of whom are outlaws, forming a dangerous element in the community. Our attention has been especially called to this subject since the introduction of street cars in Lynchburg, a novelty very convenient and agreeable to the citizens, which for a time seemed quite to unsettle the minds of the colored boys of the place. When the cars first began to run here last fall during our agricultural fair, they were so thronged with colored people that the "white folks" had no chance to ride at all. It was hoped that when the young Africans grew accustomed to the cars, which many of them had never seen before, things would become more quiet, but I regret to say disturbances are still frequent on the cars, and are generally caused by the Negro boys, though sometimes white youths who have had better chances in life and therefore ought to act with greater propriety, seem to rival their colored brethren in riotous and disorderly behavior. On Sunday afternoons the cars which pass our door hourly, are usually crowded with colored people, and too often some of the boys are drunk and so boisterous that it is unsafe for respectable women to enter among them.

On holidays, to which the colored people are greatly addicted, often stopping work in the busy seasons to the great inconvenience of the manufacturers, on the most frivolous excuses, to attend picnics, or go on what they certainly miscall "*discretion*" trips, riots are very common indeed. On Easter Monday the street cars were crowded all day, and there was much disorderly conduct, which almost culminated in a row near our house, in the afternoon. It seems that a Negro boy of about twenty years old, on one of the cars, was drunk, and behaved so rudely to some colored girls, that the car driver, a white man, who has police powers on the car line, ordered him to leave the car. A struggle ensued in which the boy was pushed out; the other Negro boys rushed out and stopped the car, threatening to stone the driver, break the windows, etc. The women screamed, the driver, a very young man, was at the mercy of the rioters and there is no knowing what might have happened had not a white gentleman, who chanced to ride by, drawn a pistol and declared he would shoot into the crowd, if a stone was thrown at the car. This had a very composing effect on the rioters, who, after some parley, re-entered the car and went on their way. It is gratifying to state that the boy who created the disturbance was fined $10.00 by the Mayor next morning. Affairs like this are of frequent occurrence, and usually originate with the lower class of Negroes. Of course, this is all very annoying to the other citizens of the community, and provokes much harsh criticism of the effects of freedom on the Africans. The more orderly and respectable colored people condemn such conduct in unmeasured terms, and I heard a worthy old Negro woman say not long since, with severe emphasis: "There aint no young niggers been brought up right since this here freedom come in!" These disorderly occurrences and the comments sure to follow are very discouraging to the friends of the colored people, who, as time goes on, would fain see increasing evidences that the Negro race will prove its worthiness of emancipation and citizenship in the Republic.

An inquiry into the condition and way of life of the Negro boys who creats these disturbances, and are apparently destined to furnish employment for the jailor and the hangman in later years, shows that nearly all of them are *waifs*, homeless creatures, growing up almost without the sweet and tender influences of family life.

The city tax-collector told me lately that in going his rounds through the town, it was lamentable to see the number of colored children, very many of them mulattoes, who were living without parental care, usually put in charge of some old Negro woman by the avowed mother of the child, utterly deserted by its worthless father, often neglected and forgotten by both parents, shaltered for e tima perhaps, and then turned adrift to beg or steal a scanty living in the streets. It is from among the ill-starred infants who survive such a sorrowful bahyhood that the recruits for this army of outlaws coma. As they grow older few of them find their way to the school-house, and a law of compulsory education is greatly needed among us to resch such children.

The tobacco factories usually furnish occopation for these boys, but it is of a very irregular deseription, and the increasing use of machinery by the manufacturers renders this yearly a more precarious dependence for the working class. Many of the hands, and especially these homeless boys, are as thriftless and improvident as possible. When working they spend their wages in the most reckless way: candy shops and car-fare absorbing the money that should be spent for substantial food and clothes. When tha factories are closed they loaf about the streets ragged and hungry, a nuisance to the community.

I am always loath to say a harsh word about the colored people, who, all things considered, have done wonders in their years of freedom, and to this subject, as to all others, there are certainly two sides. One of the difficulties in the way of the young colored men is that white mechanics are not willing to teach them trades, and will never take them as apprentices. This color prejudice is intensified by the competition of labor, and presents one of the greatest difficulties in tha race problem. The young Negro who desires to learn a trade has to pick it up as best he can, and when he has managed to learn his art, in spite of all the difficulties in his way, he invariably works for lower wages than are paid to his white fellow-workman. Another view of the subject is that tha white people who have in so many ways advantages over the Negroes, and who justified slavery and tha slave trade on the ground of giving civilization and Christianity to a savage and heathen people, do very little towards setting the colored people a good example and teaching them how to live right. In this city of some 16,000 souls, nearly half the population consists of Negroes, the greatest part of them sadly in need of religious instruction, and yet only one of the white churches of the city makes any organized efforts for their welfare. The ministers do not feel called upon to carry their message "to all nations" to the hovel of the African, though it may be under the shadow of their churches or parsonages, and the white congregations, which will not tolerate Negroes among them, except in the gallery, now build their churches without galleries. Sunday is the day givan up by the disorderly class of Negro boys to roaming about tha suburbs in bands, drinking, playing gambling games, scuffling etc, and a few Sundays ago, while I was enjoying the services at a little chapel near us, I saw through the open window a party of ten or twelve well-dressed colored boys sauntering by, probably on their way to a low-drinking house near. The boys stopped to listen to the music which floated sweetly out to them on the balmy air, and I could but think it would be such a good thing for soma of tha church people who were scattered about in tha half-empty building to go out "into the highways and hedges" and if not "compel" at least invite these poor wanderers to come in. But alas! to do such a thing would be, in our form of Christianity, to give mortal offense to the majority of the worshippers in our temples.

I hopa the attention of our people is becoming awakened on this subject, and think the order of the Episcopal Council of 1881 in regard to tha ministrations of the clergy among the colored in their parishes, a step in tha right direction, which step is to hava beneficent results.

Were not the sweet words "He maketh room for them," written for these children of an alien race, who sojourn among us, as well as for the other nations who seek an inheritance in this blest lend of liberty?

A GOOD HAUL.

Our illustration for this month, might, with one or two exceptions, hava been sketched there in our own harbor of Hampton Creek, for during the past few weeks hundreds of craf s, big and small, have crowded the great water way of Hampton Roads, till it seems as if every variety of build end rig known on the Atlantic Coast had sent a representation to visit our oyster beds and fishing hanks.

But the faces and dress of the sailors in our picture, show that they are not American as they hail, one can see, from Old England, and would he, they and their cargo, fish in strange waters, were they transported to tha side of the ocean. But the emotions excited by "a good haul" are probably much the same all the world over, and we cen heartily wish the best of luck to our fishermen friends over the sea, as well as to those who, hera at our doors, are preparing for the winter harvest so bountifully provided on our Virginie coast.

For the beautiful illustretions in our last two numbers, as for many others, we are greatly indebted to the cordial generosity of those constant contributors to popular education and enjoyment, Messrs. Harper Broa., of New York.

A UNIVERSITY IN THE WOODS.

In tha western corner of the state of New York is a lovely little lake, twenty miles long by four or five broad, surrounded by low hills and wooded shores, offering charming summer rest and recreation, while too far from the great citias and great lines of traval perhaps to become a fashionable resort. It is natural enough that our Methodist brethren, who have as keen an eye for beautiful and picturesque situations as tha Franciscan monks of the Middle ages, should have secured one of the loveliest spots on tha shores of Lake Chautauqua, for their annual Sunday School Assembly. But from this sort of modified camp meeting has been evolved in eight years by the genius and energy of ona man, the most remarkable and unique of summer schools, attended every year by thousands, many of whom devote themselves seriously to the regular six weeks course of study in various departments, while many more listen regularly to tha daily and nightly lectures from the most eminent lecturers in the country, and all get tha inspiration and uplift of the place. It is something to breathe such air for a month; fifty-six acres of forest have been thinned and cleared of under-growth; broad avenues strike through it in different directions, lined with rustic cotteges and tents, some of which, through open doors and flys give pretty glimpses of more than camp comfort and elegance. A good hotel accommodates many of tha "transients" others find excellant board in the cottages, while the guests of the Assembly are comfortably lodged in tha "Ark," a remarkable building with no doors but curtains—tha elements are kindly at Chautauqua, and even umbrellas are safe from thieves. The audience rooms are appropriate to the place. A natural ravina has been taken advantage of and hollowed into shape for a great Amphitheatra, with e spacious elevated platform at the bottom, and gallery for a large orchestra or chorus behind it. Tha rising seats will easily accommodate six thousand; and ten thousand is not an unusual estimate for the throng on special days. On such occasions, tha "Chautauqua salute" given to soma honored orator—ten thousand white handkerchiefs fluttering at once—is a pretty sight that must be inspiring to a speaker. The roof is lifted on tall posts high above the top row of seats, with no side boarding to keep out the fres airs of heaven from this most perfectly ventilated of great auditoriums. It is lighted at night sufficiently by electric lights. Besides this there are several other places of meeting, ona of which, the Temple, was built expressly for the children, hundreds of whom assemble every morning for an hour of Bible instruction. Their Kinder garten and Sunday School are held here. The "Hall of Philosophy," a wooden building in the form of a Greek temple with Doric pillars, and without sides, is in the midst of a lovely grove. Here you sit in the freshness of the morning and listen to tha wisdom of the early lecturc or to the chorus of early birds in tha Academic groves out side. The religious tone of tha place is at onca apparent. As you land from the little steamer, though you pass a stature of "the herald Mercury, new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill" you enter at onca the "Palestine Park," laid out in accurate similitude to 'tha Holy Land, on a reduced scale; with the Jordan flowing down its rocky ravine through the ses of Galilee into the Dead Sea, and every city whose site is known, "from Dan. to Beersheba," moulded in clay in its proper place; while the blue laka itself, its shore built out into proper conformation, gives the Mediterrenean and the sea coast. Bealdes this interesting object lesson, you find in various parts of the grounds, larger out-door models of Jerusalem, a section of the great pyramid, and the Jewish Tabernacle, the latter large enough to enter. Normal training in Sunday School teaching in various grades ia given daily by Dr. Vincent himself and other well known Sunday School workers.

Tha regular instruction is as yet principally in tha line of langunge and art. It is a pity that natural sciance has not been taken up. There is a suggession and promise of it in the name of the Chautauque Literary and Scientific Reading Circle, which it is to be hoped will be fulfilled, for tho woods and waters must be teeming with besutiful life, and the section is an interesting one geologically. The "School of Languages," has at present only a barn-like building, but in its class rooms ara taught French and German, Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Anglo-Saxon. The most advanced methods are used and the instructors are among tha most eminent from our large cities and colleges. The art department has classes of various grades in vocal music, drawing, and modeling in clay; these also under well known successful professors, gathered from distant points. The trained chorus furnished a delightful part of the daily entertainments, in alternation with the Jubilee Singers who have spent the summer there, singing on their own account at present, and not for Fisk. An interesting new departure in the musical instruction this summer was Prof. Seward'a class in Tonic Sol-fa, the "natural method" of musical notation, which has been already very generally adopted in England, and found to work wonders in making good readers and bringing the beautiful art of singing within reach of the masses. This method will be introduced at Hampton next winter, and we shall have more to say of it hereafter.

The latest addition to the Chautauqua departments is tha Chautanqua School of Theology, started by Dr. Vincent this summer; not a "new school" in a sectarian sense, but simply a course of reading in theology and its various interpretation, and in study of the Bible, prepared by eminent ministers of various denominations, for the benefit of young ministers especially. Chautauqua is not only unsectarian in its development but unsectional. Not the least interesting of its assemblies this summer have been the re-unions of Army Chaplains of North and South, with tha Sanitary and Christian Commissions. In two weeks of a pleasant visit there this summer, lectures and addresses were delivered by John B. Gough, Judge Tourgée; Dr. Haygood, President of Emory College, Ga., and author of that remarkable book on tha Southern question that every Northerner, and every Southerner too, should read, "Our Brother in Black;" Bishop Campbell of the African Methodist Episcopal church; Dr. Ward, of the N. Y. Independent, reputed the first Assyriologist in America; Mr. Gilbert, editor of the Chicago Advance; the Hon. Schuyler Colfax; the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, and General O. O. Howard.

This hasty sketch gives but an imperfect picture of this charming and interesting place, which still developing may well be called a university in the woods; a university of a true American type, of the people and for the people, as a correspondent puts it, "for tha masses and not for the swells," whose cloisters are woodland paths, whose cells are canvass tents, whose students, numbered by thousands, are of both sexes and all ages, whose faculty includes tha first educators, scholars and orators of tha land, whose influence will be felt from one end of the country to the other for the uplifting and blessing of the people.

Prof. Bicknell, editor of the New England Journal of Education, Prof. Calkins, author of the well known volumes on Object Teaching, Miss. Hodgedon of Concord, Mr. Mowrie of Providence and Mr. Abbot of Maine with two other gentlemen stopped to see Hampton Institute on their way home from the National Educational Association meeting at Atlanta. They report a full and very interesting meeting with a delegation of a hundred from the North, all glad they went South this summer in spite of its "sunniness." They were invited last year by the Southern members, "to inspire the South," but they think they have got some inspiration from it as well. The fact is, the sunny South is waking up on the subject of education. Faith and interest in it is progressing every year. The party were greatly interested with what they saw of Hampton Institute. Of course they all wanted as President Garfield did, to stay and become Hampton teachers —not enough perhaps however to endanger the prospects of their work at home. Prof. Calkins told a curious incident of visiting a colored school in Richmond ten year ago or more, the first public school in that city, and finding its teacher, a remarkable old colored man named Woolfolk, (a Miss Woolfolk was among the Richmond teachers at the Institute lately held at Hampton.) This old colored man had, without any help from modern authorities on pedagogy, discovered the "word-method" for himself. "Takes too long for ter larn um all dear letters. You reade de words, don't read de lettere. Dey wants to know a word when dey sees it. Larn a word jus' as quick as larn a letter."—and so he had proved by experience. After this, what colored teacher would teach the alphabet?

PURE ENGLISH.—A writer, in advising youth to ebandon slang and acquire the habits of writing and speaking good English, says: "The longer you live, the more difficult the acquisition of good language will be; end if the golden ega of youth, the proper time for acquisition of language, ha passed in its abuse, the unfortunata victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every person has it in his power. He has to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears; to form taste from the best speakers and writers of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his mamory, and habituate himself to thair use, avoiding at the same tima that pedentic precision and bombast which show rather the weakness of vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind."

Southern Workman,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October, four months.)

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MRS. ORRA LANGHORNE, } *Regular Contributors.*

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The Southern Workman, devoted to the interests of Negro and Indian civilization, is edited and managed by the officers of the Hampton Institute, and printed on the School Press by colored youth trained in the office. Subscriptions are a help to the School. It is sent on trial for four months for twenty-five cents. Job work, from all parts of the country, is solicited, and will be done cheaply and well. Estimates will be sent on application.

Subscribers are reminded that, from July to October inclusive, this paper is reduced to an eight page form, resuming in November the twelve page form.

"OUR BEST HOPE IS IN GARFIELD."

Captain R. H. Pratt, U. S. A., in charge of the Indian School at Carlisle Barracks, Pa, in a recent letter to us said: "Our best hope is in Garfield."

He, with others is trying to atone for a "Century of dishonor," as the record of our last hundred years dealing with the Indians has been called.

Pinched and crippled for want of means, as are all in this work so far as they depend on the Government, they have waited for a new influence to appear in authority that would amount to more than a good natured readiness to fight or feed Indians as circumstances might require.

There is no redemption for the red men in a sluggish Congress whose members have seemed to care more for re-election than for humanity or abstract justice. Adequate action from that quarter is possible only as powerful outside influence shall be brought to bear upon it

For this we had looked to our late President; not without reason, for he had personally visited Hampton, expressed a strong interest in and desire to go to Carlisle, and had, by nature and experience, a deep appreciation of education. He was a born educator. All the helpless, illiterate children in the land had a place in his great heart. He said at Hampton; "I mean to make education a leading feature of my administration."

His Inaugural Address was a passionate appeal to the nation to avert "the disaster that may be brought upon us by ignorance and vice in citizens." His concern was deep for "the coming generation of voters who are the sole heirs of sovereign power. If that generation comes to its inheritance blinded by ignorance and corrupted by vice, the fall of the Republic will be certain and remediless." He pointed out from the census the "appalling figures which mark how dangerously high the tide of illiteracy has risen among our voters and their children." He said, not the South only, but "the Nation itself is responsible, and is under special obligation to aid in removing the illiteracy which it has added to its voting population."

"There is but one remedy. All the constitutional powers of the States and all the volunteer resources of the people should be summoned to meet the danger by the saving influences of universal education."

"Let the people find a new meaning in the Divine Oracle which declares that 'a little child shall lead them,' for our own children will soon control the destinies of the Republic."

In the light of this sound truth look at the course of our political leaders during the past twenty years! To gain votes and not avert impending evils has appeared to be their chief interest.

We may hear from the new President the usual platitudes about intelligence and morality as the foundation of all things but, after that, what? Let us hope for the best.

Will he make it his concern that the forty thousand wild Indian children of the plains have as good an opportunity to go to school as to go to war? Will he work for the future of the country by striving to apply all resources within reach to lessening a coming danger from the illiteracy revealed by the census? If he does, Garfield's mantle will have fallen on worthy shoulders.

Not but that there are equally or more important matters. But capitalists will take care of our finances; manufacturers and producers will look to the tariff; political clubs and newspapers will keep hammering away at civil service reform; and the Southern question is settled.

The death of Lincoln sealed our victory and with it ended the fighting of armies. The death of Garfield seems to have ended the conflict of ideas that underlay and long outlasted the war. The sympathy of the South for the wounded President, against whom they voted, signifies, we believe, a new harmony between the sections, and seals the complete unity of the country. Garfield, in his death, has in this done what, in many life times, he might have failed to do.

But who will see to "our little children who will soon control the destinies of the Republic?"

Are they not the real mourners over our dead President? Like the children in Mrs. Browning's poem, who never heard the words "Our Father," they do not know their misfortune; they will have no place in the imposing funeral procession.

We are on beds of roses. We will pause and be sad a while and then move on along the highway of increasing prosperity. They live like cattle; their future is a blank. What will be done for them?

Our readers will have seen in other papers full accounts of the life of our late President. To publish them would be needless. We ask attention to a powerful motive in his life, to regard which would be as respectful to his memory as any ceremony, or eulogy, or granite shaft; to carry out which would be nobly monumental.

We think no better expression of the nation's sorrow can be given in our pages, than comes to us in the following letter, written by a New England woman who has herself known the grief and the glory of giving up for her country's sake, that which was dearer than her life.

The grandeur of the President's life, the martyrdom of his death, the fullness of his reward, can be recognized now by the nation for which he died, only as this loving woman's heart has recognized it, by earnest, heroic, unanimous effort to carry on and complete the work to which he had put his hand, to make our country's name one for which no man need be ashamed to die.

My Dear General:

The divinely heroic struggle is ended, and the greatest of Presidents has vanished from our eyes forever! God help the Republic he loved so well and suffered such agonies to serve and save! He was, as you have said, "Our Ulysses; no other can bend his bow." All these weeks of anxiety, watching and prayer we have felt that God could not let him die. We are not reconciled; we never can be; we can only submit, and bowing our faces in the dust, cry the old heart-broken cry of the ages, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief."

Waking early this morning to the mournful tolling of the bells, it seemed as if I had just kissed down the eyelids of my own beloved one, that I was again widowed. After a while I turned, as we all do, to the grand old Psalm, "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place through all generations," and then I opened Emerson's "Fortune of the Republic" at these prophetic words: "Our helm is given up to a better guidance than our own, the course of events is quite too strong for any helmsman, and our little wherry is taken in tow by the ship of the great Admiral which knows the way, and has the force to draw men and states and planets to their good." Are they not grand and comforting? Still the tears will flow and our hearts must ache and bleed and our fears belie our hopes. Perhaps he could never have helped the Republic so much by living as he can by his sublime martyrdom. Already he is an ideal character, and will live in story and verse while man survives, to love and celebrate the virtues which elevate and adorn humanity.

You will remember that I forwarded you a cheque for one hundred dollars, in aid of the Hampton Institute, on the day which saw Garfield elected to the Presidency, as a thank-offering to the Ruler of the Universe. My joy in that event opened new interests in my shadowed life, and I clung to his idea with a deep, personal affection, for I felt that he had not suffered so much in vain for the security of free institutions. To-day, with bowed head and brimming eyes, I forward you another cheque of one hundred dollars as a small tribute to his memory and in aid of the cause he had so much at heart and for which he made his last public address, only four weeks before the deadly shot robbed us and enriched the Gods."

We re-print here this last address made in Bethesda Chapel to the Hampton School on Sunday, June 5th, 1881.

"As I drove through these grounds to-day, I was impressed with the thought that I was between the representatives of the past and the future.

Crippled and bent with service and years, those veterans in the Soldiers' Home, represent the past. You represent the future,—the future of your race—a future made possible by the past, by these graves around us.

Two phases of the future strike me as I look over this assemblage. For I see another race here; a race from the far west. These two classes of people are approaching the great problem of humanity, which is *Labor*, from different sides.

I would put that problem into four words: *Labor must be free.* And for those of you from the far west, I would omit the last word in order to enforce the first lesson. To you I would say: *Labor must be!*—for you, for all.—Without it there can be no civilization. The white race has learned that truth. They came here as pioneers, felled the forests and swept away all obstacles before them by labor. Therefore to you I would say that without labor you can be nothing. The first text in your civilization is: Labor must be!

You of the African race have learned this text but you learned it under the lash. Slavery taught you that labor must be. The mighty voice of war spoke out to you, and to us all that Labor must be forever *free.*

The basis of all civilization is that Labor must be. The basis of every thing great in civilization, the glory of our civilization, is that Labor must be free!

I am glad to see that General Armstrong is working out this problem on both sides—reaching one hand to the South; and one hand to the west,—with all this Continent of Anglo-Saxon civilization behind him; working it out in the only way it can ever be worked out; the way that will give us a country without sections; a people without a stain."

We, at Hampton, to whom that Sunday is to be forever a marked day, remember, as the President sat, after church, in the warm, sweet air, listening to the singing of the students, how deeply touched he was by the hymn "In dat great gittin up mornin." He seemed to feel with intensity what its meaning must have been to the people whom he had helped to free, and to-day from all parts of the South comes their tribute to his sacrifice. Is it too much to say that to them he will hereafter be one with Lincoln who freed them, that their feeling is embodied in the words of one of their race, an old and feeble woman, who when met, the day after his death, on a country road, replied to the greeting offered her, "Bress ye, chile; I'se mighty poorly to-day, I'se gwine ter Hampton fer ter git somefin black fer ter drape de house. My President's dead!"

On the 27th of September, the Principal of the Hampton Institute expects to take a party of thirty Indian youth (brought here November 5th, 1878, by Captain R. H. Pratt, under the orders of Hon. Carl Schurz, Secretary of the Interior,) to their homes in Dakota Territory, as follows:

One girl and three boys to Crow Creek Agency.

Five boys to Lower Brule Agency.

Four boys and two girls to Yankton Agency.

Six boys and one girl to Fort Berthold Agency.

One girl and two boys to Standing Rock Agency.

Five boys to Cheyenne River Agency.

These are all of the war-like Sioux tribe, and average 17 years of age; they have had a three years course of mental, moral and industrial training; their time being about equally divided between labor and study. They have acquired a fair knowledge of our language, and their work time has been devoted to house-work, agriculture and the trades.

The Commissioner of Indian affairs, Hon. Hiram Price, has interested himself to secure employment for them. The policy of this department is, others things being equal, to give Indians the preference in government positions. Only by steady work can they be saved from the bad influence about them; that from white men being more to be dreaded than that from their own race. Many of them have wretched homes to go to. They must go; it will be running a fearful gauntlet of temptations. Through hard work and the grace of God they may succeed. Some will doubtless relapse. Much depends on the Indian Agents, who are apt to be better politicians than humanitarians. We are however sure that some of them will do all in their power.

Missionaries and teachers at the Agencies are a great reliance; they will carefully watch over the returning ones.

The result will be of deep interest. The experiment of Indian education at the east is to receive its final test. A report of the trip may be expected.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

July 10th, Antwerp.

"Surely this is the old world," one says, watching this quaint city as the boat steams up the river Scheldt. "Queer looking craft, and odd looking houses, but a staid, substantial place."

The glory of Antwerp is its cathedral. I attended the Sunday morning service. The first surprise is the number of people who are walking about, even among and in front of the worshippers, but they do it in a quiet and respectful way.

Seeing here is quite as important as hearing. How much the people have to do in Catholic services. There is little to encourage naps by way of steady sitting. There are frequent periods of quiet.

I wish our Protestant teachers realized better the effect of silent prayer in a multitude; it is more telling than any ordinary utterance. The bane of public worship is one's wander-

ing thoughts which articulate prayers (especially long ones) rather encourage than prevent. A few golden moments of silence—from time to time in our services would be invaluable. Why will they not give us what we need? Will not somebody found a Professorship of Silence in one of our Theological Seminaries? The weakness of unbroken expression for over an hour is so palpable. Knowledge of men which is as important as knowledge of theology, has too little to do with God's work.

The eloquent evangelist Moody knows the value of silence. Every devout soul in that splendid cathedral was magnetized, voices were hushed and quiet reigned at the tinkling of a little bell. Peaunot endure the Bomish worship in its ceremonies or active forms, but it is rich and sweet in its organ or choral effects, and in its hush. It is at its best in a great cathedral. Only a religion of forms can produce a cathedral.

A striking feature of the place was Rubens' two great pictures, the Elevation of Christ on the Cross, and the Descent from the Cross, on toe walls in front of the congregation. They were wonderful aids to devotion. The former gave me, for the first time, an adequate idea of what Christ suffered for men. It was worth going to Europe to get it. Who has not longed for more definite conceptions of that event which so deeply concerns every man.

The multitude of Rubens' paintings that I afterwards saw in the Louvre, made little impression, perhaps from the embarrassment of riches which is the difficulty with the great galleries. But his paintings in this cathedral seemed to express Christ as he really was; the face was human yet divine; The nailing of the body, the tension of the muscles, the real agony, and the rough and cruel features of the Roman soldiers, made a life-like and vivid scene.

I found it better in all collections of pictures, however fine, not to attempt to get from another picture a second impression of the same subject, it was sure to be disappointing.

Seven hours in a compartment car from Antwerp to Cologne, through a highly cultivated country is pleasant, though there is a sameness about the scenery; but to be locked up like a criminal, not knowing a word of the language, and find a mistake in your ticket, the conductor growling in an unknown tongue, is uncomfortable.

The interior of the cathedral at Cologne is most impressive. There was a funeral service. A coffin placed on a bier, covered by a black cloth, stood before the altar, just under the lofty dome. Never had death seemed so dignified. The folds of the spreading mantle concealed the harsh lines of the coffin. All the grand effects of the great building arranged themselves as if to honor the mortality that had put on immortality. It seemed as if it must be sweet to the departed to lie in such simple state. The living who looked on were lifted into an atmosphere, a sort of upper air, in which the spiritual world was as real as the natural.

The massive pillars supporting the graceful arches, that sprung together far above us, seemed like the trunks of giant trees. Indeed trees suggested cathedrals. Both affect us in a similar way. Not till one is gliding up the Rhine, a mile or two away, can one get the best impression of the immensity of this great building. The houses about it become but faintly visible, while the cathedral majestically lifts its spire upwards, unconscious of the world about it, reposing in a purer air. It gradually and grandly dwindles in the increasing distance.

Rafts of logs from the Black Forest stretch along the shores. We pass a bridge of boats. The river winds beautifully among hills whose steep sides are covered with grape vines. Wherever there is a spot or crest where a crumbling tower would present a picturesque appearance, there one is sure to be found. The scenery is not grand but exceedingly pretty. The houses along the banks look homey and most inviting. The constant wonder is the thrift of the people, who till the very rocks. Vines grow in beds or on terraces made on the steepest hill-sides. As the land rolls away into undulating fields, grain crops appear. Vines are confined to the rugged banks of the stream which has for ages been cutting its way down through them. The endless variety and picturesqueness of ancient fortifications that crown every headland, is a charming novelty to an American. We have more wonderful rivers and far more imposing natural scenery, but no monuments. Europe is full of them. I saw people digging into their guide books, and looking in all directions at the risk of twisting their heads off. That was getting detail at the expense of the general effect. But one must know a few of the places.

How delightful is travelling on the upper deck of a Rhine steam boat, under awnings, with a fresh breeze, looking every moment on some famous historic spot, feeling the atmosphere of a new country and new people, and an inexpressible relief at getting out of the old home ruts. People are not very social but always speak pleasantly when occasion offers. I improved an opportunity offered by the courtesy of an English country rector, and had a delightful companion all the way up.

Wiesbaden is a gay and Godless place, devoted wholly to pleasure. The suppression of the gambling houses, instead of diminishing its prosperity, has doubled it. The authorities devote themselves to making the place attractive. The wooded hills are traversed by well made roads and by foot paths leading to shady recesses, inviting one to an endless variety of drives and walks. To the hunting palace of the Duke of Nassau is the favorite drive, taking by the way the gorgeous Greek Chapel, erected to the memory of the daughter of the Russian Emperor Nicholas, wife of a former Duke. The *Kurhaus* is the chief resort of pleasure seekers. It is situated in a lovely park, close to an artificial lake, all brilliantly illuminated at night. The finest orchestra I ever listened to plays twice a day to throngs who are scattered about the grounds, most of them seated in little groups at small tables that are placed within and without the showy building. They sit and sip their wine or beer and devour dainties day and night. What ages of time are killed away here. I shall never forget the music. Listening to it was like enchantment.

Lake Lucerne is a fine introduction to the scenery of Switzerland. The deep blue water, the towering mountains, whose lofty, overhanging peaks stand in stately array on either side, and Mt. Pilatus, in its solitary grandeur, are a succession of natural wonders. But travelling in regular ways lacks spirit. Cars and steamboats make it too rapid and easy for the best impressions and inspirations. There is something vague in all one's memories of what one sees in virtue of a ticket. You want work to get the real experience. Insight is not to be had for gold, but is the reward of steep and perilous paths achieved. I went *via* Meyrin gen and Brienz to Interlachen, which is a beautiful but citified place, full of hotels, dressy people, gay shops, illuminated at night—a sort of gay Babylon to Nature's Paradise, and I could not endure it. Neither could a friend from Salem, Mass., whom I accidentally met. Being both in the same frame of mind, we joined forces and at once departed for more congenial scenes, namely the Gemmi Pass.

Leaving Interlachen we drove through the Kienthal Valley *en route* for the Gemmi Pass. The weather was hot and roads were dusty. Swiss drivers never pass each other. They say the law don't allow it. They incline to close up, forming a procession of suffering travelers half blinded by clouds of dust. We kept out of this partly by vigorous scolding.

The country has a prosperous look, but at every turn small children line the road-side, holding up their dirty little hands for pennies. This practice was doubtless taught them by travelers. However pleasant it may be, a beaten track of travel has disagreeable things about it. Everybody wishes to get something out of you. At the top of a long hill one is sure to find a woman or girl with a pitcher of milk at so much a glass, for your refreshment.

Dined at Frutigen. I caution travelers against the poultry of Switzerland. There are not more than three bites to half a chicken. We noted the scarcity of fowl. They say the season is too short to raise poultry successfully.

One of us knew a little French, the other knew a little German and the waiters knew a little English. By dexterous use of three languages we about half understood each other and guessed the rest. It would have amused a looker on. One can't be bashful when famishing, and must talk out what little he knows; let off his French or German at all hazards. By this bold practice one learns rapidly and gets not a little fun out of it. My more brilliant companion discovered what had puzzled me—that the large stones placed on narrow boards that at intervals of three or four feet ran parallel with the ridge pole across the roofs of many of the cottages, were substitutes for nails. Wood is cheap, common shingles cost little, and the only way to hold down the six or eight thicknesses of them is by putting weights upon them. Sometimes one side of a roof would be held with stones and the other fastened by nails. Swiss dwellings are more picturesque than tidy. The people seem to me to live like pigs.

The attractive looking hotel in the lovely village of Kanderstag, where we passed the night, became repulsive when we found out what a quantity of offal was gathered under it. The cold climate must save them from illness from want of cleanliness that would, were it hotter, destroy many lives.

Our driver was at first reserved, and won our esteem by his dignity. But the Swiss guide imbibes at every stopping place. He became interesting, then funny, then musical, and before night he sent the wild echoes flying among the hills with his Tyrolean "Yodel." He kent his horse's nose over the rear end of the wagon ahead and walked with the several drivers who had thus massed their teams; they seemed to be having a better time than their passengers.

Kanderstag being well described in guide books I will not make further mention of it.

Mark Twain in "A Tramp Abroad," gives a good account of this region and of the "Gemmi Pass" which we crossed the next day.

S. C. A.

(Concluded in next number.)

THE NATION'S FAREWELL.

THE DAY AT HAMPTON.

The 26th of September, 1881, the day of President Garfield's funeral, stands unparalleled in the history of the world as a day of universal mourning. From the lofty catafalque in Monument Square, in Cleveland, Ohio, where the nation's hero lay in state with his mother's head dropped upon his coffin, his heart broken wife and sorrowing children close beside, and weeping thousands throng ing below, the solemn obsequies and the heart-felt sorrow extended not only over all America, but over all the world, all civilized peoples, joining with this stricken nation to mourn for the man whose goodness and greatness they sorrowfully delight to honor.

At Hampton, as everywhere throughout the land, the day was religiously and universally observed. All business was suspended, and public and private buildings, from the churches to the humblest cabin, were draped with the signs of mourning. Minute guns were fired at Fortress Monroe at noon. Religious services were held at all the churches in Hampton, white and colored, and in the chapel of the Normal School, at 2 P. M. and were largely attended. At half past four, a mass meeting of citizens of all classes assembled on the grounds of Hampton Institute, in front of Virginia Hall, which was draped from the third story to the ground. The morning had been very warm, but magnificent clouds rolled up shortly before the hour of gathering, shading the direct rays of the sun, but soon breaking into heavy showers which kept many away, though the refreshing coolness was preferable to the intense heat of the morning. In spite of the rain at least a thousand people—and ladies among them—stood the time out, on the lawn and piazzas. Among them were the battalion of veterans from the Chickahominy National Home, with colors furled and draped. The school having but just opened, the students present were not in battalion line. The Soldiers' Home band opened the services and furnished the instrumental music, the school choir leading the singing, the whole assembly generally joining in "Nearer my God to Thee," which seems to have echoed from one end of the Union to the other as the spontaneous outburst of the people's heart. Small though the assemblage was in comparison with the multitudes gathered in larger towns and cities, it was singularly representative of the whole American people. The prayer was made by Rev. Mr. Boston, of the white Baptist church. The speakers were Col. Thomas Tabb, and Mr. Arthur Segar prominent lawyers of Hampton, and Mr. Peck, County Supt. of Education; all Southern men; Rev. Mr. Weston, and Mr. Jas. Fields, of Hampton,—Colored men; the Principal of Hampton Institute, and Antonito, one of its Indian students from Arizona, a man thirty years old, son of the head chief of the Pimas, whom Gen. Howard recognized with pleasure as an old friend, at the school's last anniversary. His own eyes were not the only ones that filled with tears as he said with simple dignity; "I am sorry to-day—President Garfield was the friend of all the people. He was great doing for the Indians. Our President is dead, and I and my people are sorry."

Resolutions were read expressing sorrow and sympathy for the heroic wife and sorrowing family; submission and prayer to God, and rejoicing that in the midst of our grief we can say with our martyred President, "God reigns and the Republic lives,"—that the fatal blow fell not in party strife; he leaves behind him a country not distracted by conflict, a country mourning but full of peace and hope.

It was voted unanimously to send a draft on parchment of these resolutions to the family of President Garfield, with the following telegram.

Hampton, Va., *Sept.* 26th, 1881.

To Mrs. James A. Garfield,
and Mrs. Eliza Garfield:
Mentor, Ohio.

The citizens of Hampton, Virginia, with veterans of the National Soldiers' Home, and the members of the Hampton Institute, assembled in mass meeting on the Normal School grounds for the sad ceremonies of to-day, send you the expression of their profound sympathy and sorrow, which, representing South and North, the white, the black and the red race, typifies the unity into which grief and love and loyalty have melted the hearts of the American people.

Signed by Committee
{ Thomas Tabb,
S. C. Armstrong,
P. T. Woomfin,
W. W. Schureman, (*Colored.*)
Antonito, (*Indian.*)

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Boston, and the assembly quietly dispersed.

A VISIT FROM KING KALAKAUA.

His Majesty, King Kalakaua, of the Hawaiian Islands, on his journeyward way from the tour of the world, accompanied by Mr. Wm. N. Armstrong, Attorney General of the Islands, and Col. C. H. Judd, the King's Lord Chamberlain, made an informal visit to Hampton Institute, Sept. 29th. Mrs. Dickson of Honolulu, who had come east with her daughter, to meet her brother, Col. Judd, accompanied the party. It was with great regret that the Principal and Vice-Principal were neither of them able to welcome His Majesty in person, the necessity of meeting boats on time on the upper Missouri making it imperative for the Principal to carry out exactly the arrangements with the Government for transporting the large class of returning Indian students, while Gen. Marshall was detained in Boston by illness in his family. They were represented in receiving the King by Capt. H. Romeyn, the School's Commandant.

On account of the death of the President, of which His Majesty heard upon landing in America, and which in common with all other civilized monarchs of the world he deeply mourns, the various public and private receptions awaiting him were of course given up, and he hastened to decline the invitations he had already received, going only to Washington by invitation of President Arthur, who gave him America's welcome in the quiet way which alone was possible. His presence there gave the Principal of the Normal School the fortunate opportunity on his way through the city, to express his "Aloha" and regrets in person. Arriving at Old Point from Washington by way of Baltimore, on the morning of the 29th, His Majesty was received by General Getty, Commandant at Fortress Monroe, (the troops of the garrison drawn up in line on the shore,) and Capt. Romeyn, Commandant of the Normal School. After a bountiful breakfast tendered by Mr. Phoelps of the Hygeia Hotel, the King and his party drove immediately to the Normal School, and spent the rest of the morning in inspecting the school grounds and various buildings. The King who has on his hands the problem of lifting a race into progressive civilization, and they his own people, feels the deepest interest in the Hawaiian question, and examined with greatest care the various departments of the school, whose course he has long known and followed, especially its industrial work; going over the farm, into the training shops, examining the machinery, asking questions, watching the Indians and colored students at work, and giving them a kind word now and then.

The whole morning was occupied in this inspection. After seeing the students come in to their dinner, and listening to the singing of the grace, the King and his party were taken in boats across the creek to lunch at Mr. Wm. Armstrong's place, which has the appropriate Hawaiian name of *Waiala* (Water Road.) In the afternoon, by invitation of Governor Woodfin, the party crossed to the Soldiers' Home, and saw an interesting review of the veterans. At six, His Majesty and his party, with a few invited guests, dined at the Principal's house at the Normal School, where he seemed pleasantly surprised and touched by the singing of the Hawaiian National Hymn, by a concealed quartette of the students' glee club, remarking that it was but the second time he had been greeted by it since he left his native shores. After dinner, the school assembled in Virginia Hall Chapel, greeted His Majesty on his entrance with a burst of one of their own characteristic choruses. The King, who possesses a fine musical taste and culture, listened for some time to their singing with heartily expressed pleasure, after which, from half-past eight to ten, the principal citizens of Hampton, both white and colored, the teachers of the Normal School, the resident graduates, and a few of the Indian students were presented to His Majesty.

The next morning, by invitation of the Commander of Portsmouth Navy Yard, the King and his suite went to Norfolk on the launch placed at his disposal by the Secretary of the Navy, to inspect the Navy Yard, returning to witness a fine review of the troops at Fortress Monroe in his honor, before leaving for Washington and the West on the U. S. steamer Dispatch.

His Majesty expressed the greatest interest and pleasure with all that he saw at the Normal School, saying repeatedly with emphasis that he was deeply impressed with the great-

ness of the work, and more than ever convinced that it is the only way to meet the Hawaiian problem. He is anxious to start similar industrial training for his people, and wishes to send some of both sexes to Hampton as students, as a preliminary measure. "I read the Southern Workman" he said: "I have been a subscriber to it for three years; I am deeply interested in its letters from your Indian and colored students, and its editorials. This is a great work." To the lady of the party who could understand his mother tongue, he said the Hawaiian, in grateful allusion to the connection of the school with the Islands in its inception: "This land sent us light and we have sent light back to it."

In his departure for his Island home, we offer His Majesty, in the issue of the Normal School and the Southern Workman, a hearty *Aloha nui loa*, and a prayer for the prosperity and peace of his people.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

INDIAN VACATION.

Near the middle of June, while the students were leaving and preparations were being made for the summer, twenty of our Indian friends left us for their new summer homes in Massachusetts. They were not going, as most of our Hampton students, to visit old friends or to do familiar work among strangers. Instead of this they were going where all of the surroundings were entirely new, and also much of the work. Seven of this little company were girls. Only one of them had been North before. These girls and boys are placed in their Northern homes, where they cannot communicate to a great extent, each with the other, particularly those of the same tribe. In this way it is hoped that they will not only learn to be good workers and correct speakers of the English language, but that they may take in, day after day, the good qualities of the worthy families among whom they are placed. It was made a part of the agreement, when the Indians first came to Hampton, that they should each, as far as possible, have one summer North before they returned to their Western home.

The Indians who are left here for the summer are principally those who went North last year. Their work is somewhat different from what it is during the school term, but not any lighter. As they are here for such a short while it is necessary that they should work and study too, in order to accomplish much before their precious time has ended.

The boys are learning to be blacksmiths, carpenters, shoemakers, farmers and tinners, and seem to be getting along nicely. At one o'clock the boys assemble for school which lasts until half past two. They are not now taught with the girls. The time for the return of the first Indians who came here is about up; so every possible advantage is being given them, that they may be prepared to do much good to their people with whom they must work.

The girls' work, of course, is quite different from that of the boys'. They are divided into two classes; the cooking class and the sewing class. At half past nine o'clock in the morning they report in the different apartments for work and are kept until nearly dinner time. It would surprise those who do not know of their work, to see how neatly some of their articles are turned off. Two girls work in the dining room waiting on one table. They each wait one week at a time, but both together take care of the table. The girl who waited the previous week helps the other to take care of the table while she waits. So when twelve o'clock comes all the girls, who wait on the tables, report in the dining room for said duty. When dinner is over they wash the dishes and reset the tables. This is repeated at each meal. At half past one o'clock the girls assemble for their lessons, (just half an hour later than the boys you observe,) because they have dining room work to do.

Sunday afternoons all the Indians attend Sunday School in this building. This class is taught by the Rev. J. J. Gravatt, the Episcopal minister of Hampton, who has taken a great interest in the Indian work. Monday evenings they are taught singing; Wednesday evenings to play games; and Friday evenings Rev. Mr. Gravatt has them at prayer-meeting. These meetings are very interesting as well as instructive. We are very anxious to have all of our Western friends become good and true men and women, but we are especially interested in those who are soon to return where almost every one they meet will think and act just the opposite from what they have been taught here. Their lot is indeed a hard one. Can we not feel for those who are so soon to be surrounded by hindrances of all kinds? Many of them have become Christians since they came here. This is very essential to thorough teaching. So it is hoped that in a few years there will be a great change in the Indians of the West.

Indian life at H——still bears a cheerful, pleasing, and encouraging aspect. Little incidents worthy of mention are constantly occurring, and one scarcely knows at times whether the face of the red man expresses wit or wisdom. Sometimes both are so combined that it seems as though civilization began with him more than six, yes, more than twelve years ago. As in all races so in this, their education proper should commence in childhood, when little or no idea of war or hostile feeling has arisen in their minds. Much depends upon the early training, though it is wonderful how these great men leave their war-paints and scalping knives, to learn the white man's way of living.

In school we find them eager and very attentive. They are very pleasant and ready to help each other. The Arizonas have made excellent progress since their arrival; they get rapidly from the chart and primer, and catch words by sounds almost as well as the three year old student. In arithmetic they are very apt, especially the smaller boys. One day while questioning them about a stag, I asked, how many eyes, (one being turned away.) After answering several times one of the little boys said, "he got eighty eyes." They all saw the joke and began laughing.

One must keep up a lively feeling and act with force and quickness, or else the class gets dull, and the "Miss——, I don no how" or "I no do it" will be heard on every side. One girl in arithmetic felt very badly because most of the class could work in fractions, and some part she "no understand." I explained it to her several times, and left her. The next day she seemed much worried because some one had called her "Miss——'s smarty scholar in arithmetic." I spoke pleasantly to her and remarked that she might try in her room; she must have done so, for in the afternoon she had no trouble.

In the dining room they do their work very well. A few nights ago one of them said, she "no like to wash dishes." I said to her "You must come and go right off;" she said "all right, I go up stairs you say?" At another time one of them said "Miss——I can't wait on the table, please excuse me." I knew what was the matter, so I told her I would not excuse her, and left. When the ten minutes bell rang for supper I found her in the dining room. She came up to me and said "Miss——, I weet out and jumped and run till I get well."

It is very wonderful how soon they learn to speak English, and some of them have told me that they have almost forgotten their own language. The Arizonas, who have been here only three months, speak almost as well as some of the others.

On the whole, the work is growing, and none will regret the little that he does towards helping to enlighten the red man of the far west.

REPORT FROM THE INDIAN FARM SQUAD.

You learned from our last issue that the Indians were gathering in their crop of vegetables which they planted in the spring. This, in connection with sowing the second crop of hay and clover, has occupied a part of their time during this month.

The work most interesting to the boys has been the saving of the crop of fruit, such as pears, grapes, apples and peaches. This has kept them quite busy for a while. It is a kind of employment which they all take hold of very cheerfully, and enjoy.

All the vegetables for the fall have been planted and are growing nicely. The boys are all well and cheerful, and show no signs of dissatisfaction.

Respectfully submitted,

O. J. D.

A GOOD PRINCIPLE, AND A MARK OF IMPROVEMENT.

I have watched the Indian boys in their arithmetic class to see if they would copy each other's work, but have never seen one boy copy another's work yet. When I give out an example for them to work, I may get as many answers as there are pupils in the class, and when a boy sees that the others have different answers, he will not change his until you show him that it is worked wrongly. They depend only on what they know for themselves, and do not copy the work of their neighbors.

This other day as I was going up stairs in the Indian cottage I saw an Indian boy standing on the steps. It was time for dinner, and I was about to ask him what he was waiting for when he asked me to let him have my coat. I asked him what he wanted with it. He pointed to the head of the stairs where stood our lady nurse, and said "Me no got shirt on; me no want pass her." I gave him my coat which he put on, and went up to his room, and got ready for dinner. This boy had been at work, and having come in for dinner, went down to the washroom with only his under-shirt on, and as he was going up he saw this lady at the head of the stairs, and he would not pass by her without having his over-shirt or coat on so that he might hide his under-shirt. This is a mark of improvement.

A. E. W.

A POINT OF HONESTY WORTHY OF IMITATION.

On the evening before the departure of the Indians who went North this summer, a friend went to the Normal School to take care of them. As he entered the hall in the Indian cottage he met Andrew Fox, who seemed to be in great distress. He learned, on inquiring, that Andrew's bosom friend was among the number who expected to leave the following morning and that he was anxious to accompany him to Norfolk, but did not have money enough to pay his fare. The visitor at once offered to lend him the money and gave him a five-dollar note to have changed by some of his friends. The boy ran off in high speed, and soon returned, but in a frame of despondency, saying that he could not get it changed. His friend then determined to trust him with the whole amount. He gave him the note and told him to have it changed in Norfolk, and after taking out two dollars for himself, to bring the remaining to him. Soon after returning from his trip Andrew handed the change, which amounted to three dollars, to his friend, with a grateful acknowledgement of his favor.

But he did not stop here. A few weeks afterwards Andrew called to see his friend, bringing with him the money which he had earned during the interval, and offered to return the two dollars which he had borrowed. Such conduct is worthy of imitation.

J. S. O.

His Majesty, King Kalakaua, is interested in the solution of our educational problem, having in his own country an extraordinarily difficult one in making the most of a dying race, and in fitting his soft Polynesian subjects for the duties, exigencies and self-restraints which Anglo-Saxon emigration and enterprise, with Chinese competition and a terrible tide of immorality from everywhere have brought upon them or require. In the proper training of young Hawaiians, girls especially, is the only hope. Hampton is the out-growth of missionary work in the Hawaiian Islands, though developed far beyond the system of that country, which has always remained crude. The Hawaiian and Indian questions are very much alike, both being one of body rather than of brain, the former being, however, much the weaker morally. Perhaps Hampton can supply some good seed for Hawaii.

LETTER FROM TUSKEGEE, ALA.

MR. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, who writes the following letter, is a Hampton Graduate (last year in charge of our Indian boys,) who has been called to a responsible position in Alabama, and is trying to put his Normal School on a national labor basis by buying a farm which will cost $500. Nearly half the money has been secured. The effort is most praiseworthy. His friends at Hampton have helped him generously. Such work as his is worthy of the interest and aid of every one. We will gladly forward any help that may be sent for him.

TUSKEGEE NORMAL SCHOOL.
For the Education of Colored Teachers,
B. T. WASHINGTON, PRINCIPAL.

Tuskegee, Ala., Sept 10th, 1881.

EDITOR SOUTHERN WORKMAN:—

Please allow me through your paper to express my heart felt thanks to the "vacation" students of Hampton for their noble efforts in behalf of the Tuskegee Normal School.

We were all no little surprised and gratified when we received a letter, a few days ago, from Mr. M. M. Snowden, stating that the students had raised, through an entertainment $40 or $75 to help us in the purchase of our farm.

To all who in any way aided in raising the money, the teachers at this school join me in words of praise and thankfulness.

With this generous gift and the aid of other friends, we are already nearly able to return the $200 borrowed to make our first payment. We have directed nearly all our efforts towards paying for the land, because this will give us a sure foundation on which to work.

That the colored people begin to help each other, is the best evidence of their progress. I was about to say that every dollar that we can get out of the colored people themselves, for educational purposes is worth two coming from elsewhere.

There is hope for an individual or a race when they begin to look outside of themselves.

In my last letter I reported that the school opened with thirty students. Now we have an enrollment of sixty.

We have made some efforts to interest the people in the different counties, in education. Many of the teachers and others begin to see their deficiencies and new students come in every week.

The people in this state have suffered not so much from the failure of the state to support the free schools, but from incompetent teachers. We hope within a few months to make our humble efforts here, felt in the surrounding counties. Of course we have to labor under many disadvantages, not having apparatus, school furniture and suitable buildings. This ought not to be so, for when teachers come here thirsty for knowledge and with only money enough to remain in school a few months, we ought to be able to give them the best advantages at once. Some of these wants are being supplied by friends and we hope in a few months to double the advantages of the school. There is much that is encouraging in the work. The students are anxious to improve and they pin themselves down to study without coercion.

B. T. WASHINGTON.

Lynchburg, Sept. 14 th, 1881

EDITOR "SOUTHERN WORKMAN":—

I should like to recommend to the Hampton students, and indeed to all interested in the progress of the South, the very interesting and instructive letters of Rev. J. B. Harrison, printed in the New York Tribune from January to July, and now issued complete in the Tribune Extra—No. 81. The Extra is sold by news-dealers generally, at ten cents per copy.

The letters contain Mr. Harrison's observations during a journey from Virginia to Texas, and give a vast deal of information concerning the manners and customs of the inhabitants of that section. The writer talked with all classes of the people, and evidently understands Mark Twain's description of the reporter's duty "to dine with the governor and sleep in the jail," or, as Sydney Smith still better expresses the same idea, "to go from the sauce of Dives to the sores of Lazarus," and he has given most entertaining accounts of what he saw and heard. Mr. Harrison has evidently looked with special interest at the colored people, and his observations upon them deserve the attention of all thoughtful people who wish to understand the "Southern problem." His striking account of a night scene in a railway train and report of a discussion between a colored Republican and some white Democrats was copied, some time ago, by the Springfield Republican under the head of "A Live Negro in Alabama," and I doubt not was widely read. Mr. Harrison says he heard many good words said of Hampton students, who are teaching in various sections of the country, and he expresses kindly sympathy for the difficulties with which many of them have to contend in the rural districts. His conclusions as to the colored people are encouraging. "Their general condition is improving, their course as a race is upward." So note it he.

Very truly your friend,

ORRA LANGDORNE.

DIED, Aug 8th, at her home in Danville, Va., of typhoid fever, Eliza A. Davis, class of '78. Her many friends among the officers and students of Hampton Institute learn with sorrow of this sudden close of a life so full of hope, of happiness, and usefulness, and pray for God's comfort and blessing upon her family, who sorrow not as those which have no hope.

DIED, Sept 20th, at Abingdon, Va., Chas. H. Trigg, class of '82. His end was peace.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

Carpenter, Teacher and Minister. Hampton Work "The Making of Me." A Poor Country. White Collegians' Interest in Colored Children. The Struggle Upward. A Hopeful County. A Classical Student.

The following selections are made from letters written by Hampton graduates, on request of the Principal, to those who had contributed the scholarships, ($70 a year) which paid for their schooling at the Normal School. Most of the writers have been teaching ever since they graduated, that is from one to eight years, and in the simple annals of their experience among their people and of their own early struggles upward, may be read much of the story of the progress of both races since the war.

CARPENTER, TEACHER AND MINISTER.

The young man who writes as follows is one of Hampton's earlier graduates and has been among the most efficient.

"——Va., May 4th, 1881.

Dear Friend:

I remember very pleasently the time when I was asked by Gen'l Armstrong to write a letter to he sent to some friend in the North. It so happened thet it was sent to you. At thet time I did not know what for, bnt since then I have fully realized the General's object in having me write. I have been asked the second time to write, and this time I have an object myself; I wish to thank you for your generosity toward me though a stranger to you. Your help to me has enabled me to help others.

A TEACHER IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

While et Hampton I had no idea of ever being a teacher, especielly during the first and second years. But when I returned home my heart was melted down in sympethy for my people. I know that God had opened a way for me and I felt under special obligations to Him for so doing. These thoughts here heavily upon my mind till I found myself in the school-room, not from choice, but from a sense of duty. I have hed a great meny children under my supervision since that time as a teacher, and I feel sure that a great many of my scholars heve mede real progress, and that their aspirations have been raised to meka of themselves good men and women. I heve done nothing but teach for a livelihood, and to-day, with en experience of eighth years in the school room, I feel it to be my highest duty to my people and to my God to do all that is in my power to help to enlighten my people that they may come to be better citizens and especially better Christians. I have not found school teaching to he a very profitable business, and heve many a time been reduced to straits for means, ye the consolation that always follows an honest effort to do one's duty has made me feel thet I was richly paid. My work for my people has not been confined to the school-room but it has ever been my object and aim to help them whenever end wherever I could. I must say that the pleasantest part of my work has been that done in the Sunday school. I am very thankful to be able to say that I have had great success in this direction both temporal and spirituel. I believe that I have been the means of bringing soms souls to Christ.

DRIVEN INTO THE MINISTRY.

About a year ago I entered the ministry, and heve been trying since that time to explain God's word to my people whenever an opportunity presented itself. A want of the right kind of books has prevented me from being as proficient as I wish to be, yet I have done the best I could, and am still trying to prepare myself to do better. I was driven into this also from a sense of duty. I found so many inefficient men who often preached erroneous doctrines, that I felt almost bound for the sake of my Master, to try to correct at least some things. Again they coma so short of setting forth the true principles of Christianity. The colored evangelical organizations are now more particular about tha kind of men they recognize as ministers.

HIS OWN HOUSE BUILDER.

Four years after I left Hampton I married, and shall have been married four years in August. I found it quite hard to secure a homa for my family and to provida for them the necessary comforts, yet I have succeeded thus far. By hard work and close living I hava paid for a lot, and with my own hands I have built a very comfortable little house on it.

I am content to continue trying to teach so long as I can live at it. The only thing that will drive me from the work of teaching will be small pay such as will not secure for me and my family the common comforts of life. I am happy to say that the colored people in this section of the country are making some progress in industry, in education, morals and religion. They are also coming into possession of property, but they are not doing as much as it is in their power to do. I have written to you these lines thet you might know whether or not the money spent on me had accomplished eny thing. I hope that these words may cerry to you consolation. "He thet giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

With gretitude, I em
Respectfully yours,
L.——"

INDUSTRIAL TRAINING APPRECIATED.

A young woman who is in every way one of Hampton's best representatives, writes:

"My perents were sleves, end of course I was a sleve too, but can't remember any of the hardships of slevery, only whet my mother used to tell me. I am very thankful to our Heevenly Father that I was not old enough to koow more.

My school life did not begin until the early days of childhood had passed. Then I was sent to e public school, where I leerned to read and write. In 1876 the superintendent of this school sent me to Hampton one yeer as e State student. The next yeer I peid my own way pertly by work while there, and the balance since I've been teaching. The training we get in work, while et H. is of greet use to us emong our people; as the greet trouble with them is to know when end how to work.

The principles impressed at H. heve been the making of me, and I shell ever feel grete ful to you for your scholarship."

She has taught ever since leaving Hampton, and hopea to make it her life work. Of her present post she writes, that it is

A POOR COUNTRY FOR A POOR MAN TO LIVE IN.

The rent heing so high ho could never get a foot-hold. I can't name one colored man who owns a comfortable home here. The poor whites are in the same condition, only a very few rich whites are the land holders. The poor of hoth classes hire themselves to the rich for $100. and $110. a yeer. You may see from that what their condition is. Some few farm and make a little by heving a team of their own. Most every femily owns a cow, some a horse, and poultry. Intemperance is a great evil here amoog hoth white and colored. What little they do make, in part goes for strong drink, and sometimes the larger part too. I have quite a temperence organization here among the little ones. I believe they are tha hope of the world. I can get only e few of the older ones to sign the pledge.

My people here are still superstitious enough to believe in seeing things, end in hearing the Lord speak to them, before they are converted. Many make a profession of religion and live very bad lives, hut still they are followers of Christ, they say. Their morals are impure. There is only one society here. Do what you may, you are still looked upon just as before in society. I am glad this is not the case with all of our people. At my home it is different. We can never rise as a race until there is a higher standard of morals with our people.

Yours gratefully,
A."

HELP FROM WHITE COLLEGIANS.

Another young woman, who has taught ever sincs her graduation, with much success, reports:

"Little or no opposition. The children take interest in their studies. The perents are very kind to me indeed, also the school officers. Most of the peopla own good comfortable houses, though wages are low and work hard to get. The men work principally on the public works in——as they can't secure work here.

The whites, as a general thing treat them kindly. There is a college for young men in tha place, and they take quite an interest in the colored children. Several of tham have charga of a Sehbath School in the colorad church, which is largly attended every Sunday afternoon. I teach in the sams school, and find there is a great deal of interest manifested. I am particulerly fond of this portion of my work. as there is so very much to be taught about the Heavenly Master and His wonderful works."

THE STRUGGLE UPWARD.

A young man writes:

"I was born a slava in 1850, so I was fifteen years old at the close of the war. By diligent effort I had acquired a little knowledga of reading and writing.

At this tima ignorance and destitution were visible everywhere among us, and being sensible of our greatest necessity (education) my attention was at once turned to the improvement of my education; tha question with me was how was I to accomplish this. A colored school was organized end supported by the Friends of Philadelphia, but I had no means and my parents were poor, so of course I had to work hard for my support, end could not attend the day school, but in connection with the dey school there was a night school also, which I attended as regulerly as I could till the leter pert of 1870. During this time I had meneged by great economy to save some money, with which I applied for and gained admission to the Richmond Institute, a theological Institution for the education of colored preachers end teachers, supported by the Bapt. Home Mission Society. I continued here in school from Sept. 15th, 1870, till April, 1871, when I found thet my meens were shont exhausted, end to replenish my purse I was obliged to leeve school agaio. This was the beginning of the Stete public schools, end as teachers were in demend, I soon found employment as teecher in—County Va., where I am teaching now. I taught school here in the County from April, 1871, till the spring of 1874, and desiring to further improve my education, I wrote to my old friend and former teacher, (Mrs. E. C. Dixon,) telling her whet I so much desired. Upon the receipt of my letter she replied instructiog me to go to Hempton the next fell, so the hegloning of school found me safely et Hempton with friends and teachers, the memory of whom I shell elways cherish. I remained during the term, and et its close (June, 1874,) when we left for our homes, it was my intention of returning the next term, but seeing the greet need of my services among my people, I was induced to engage in teaching egain, and I am heppy to say thet my efforts with that of other teechers, so fer, have been a success."

To all the young freedmen who can clearly recall the close of the war, the changes that have come to their people in all respects must indeed seem a wonderful story, though not all havs had as cheerful an experiencs as the writer. His pictures is certainly one of,

A HOPEFUL COUNTY.

"Eleven years ego there were only a few organized churches in the County, end the pulpits of those few wero filled with ignorant preachers who indulged io various kinds of superstitions, but the churches have greetly increased in number, end those ignorant preachers, to e great extent, have been replaced with iotelligent men. We heve a Baptist Association, the object of which is the further advancement of religious principles. We have also a Sahheth School Union which is composed of the Beptist Sabhath Schools of the County, end has for its object the promotion of the Sahheth School work. Both of the above organizetions meet annually, and ere doing a noble work. Quite e change is perceptible in morels, and I am gled to sey the state of indifference to others that characterized us in former yeers is fest subsiding, and in its stead we can see a better spirit advancing, a spirit of love and sympethy for one another. Industry is generally encouraged by all; they seem to be awekened to the feet that the only sure and honorable way to the enjoyment of freedom and independence is a steady application to husiness; meny have hought lands and are comfortehly situated, some are engaged in mercantile business, a great many own horses, cattle, and other personel property, and rent lands and are farming for themselves, hut the majority are variously employed by the whites for wages which in some instances afford them ample support, and in others are scarcely enough to furnish tha necesseries of life. What has been said, no doubt truthfully, respecting tha colored people's tendency (in other parts of the country) to spend helf their time in idleness, I am gled to sey is not applicable to tha people of this county. Idlers or those who have nothing to do, are met with very seldom, and when there are such persons they are stigmatized by ell honest colored men who come in contact with them. The great evil (whiskey drinking) I am sorry to sey prevails extensively, but not as much as in past years, which is owiug to the strong opposition it meets from the Baptist Associatiou and S. S. Union. Hoping thet I mey be ahle to do a great deel more in tha way of instructing my pupils, and therehy encourage the dear friends who are spending their time and money in helping us,

With many preyers for you, I am
Respectfully yours,
C.——"

A CLASSICAL STUDENT.

One of ths few Hampton graduates who have not yet entered upon their work among their people, writes from a colored college in which he is pursuing a classical course.

"I have been sinca Oct., '78, a student of the St. Augustine Collegiate Inst. at Raleigh, N. C. I have read since I have been here Xenophon Anah, Extracts from Plato, and Herodotus. In Latin I hava read Harkness's 1st and 2nd Letin, end five books of Virgil's An. I find it en uphill pull, but thet spirit thet was drilled and forced into me et Hempton never fails to urge me on. The very height of my embition is to go on e foreign mission. There truly is e greet work for the colored youth to perform. The state of religion in the South is deplorable. The only remedy thet I see is a generel diffusion of education among the masses, end this is the work thet Hampton is leeding off in. Hempton is as the great heert ever pulseting and driving its life hlood (its graduetes) through the remotest nooks end corners of the country. My preyer is, deer friend, not thet you should assist me directly, hut assist another poor hoy as myself to gein en education. I would be truly glad to receive e letter from you.

I am, Obediently yours,
H.——"

LETTER FROM DAKOTA.

Str. Peninah, August 26th, 1881.

Editor of Workman.

The Brule Sioux have heretofore borne unenviable reputation for incorrigible clinging to old customs, end I was egreeehly disappointed in finding them imhued with a desire for improvement. The present Agent, Mejor Wm. H. Parkhurst, has taken hold of the Agcocy with a heerty desire to conduct it for the best interests of the service and in eccordence with husiness principles. The Indians are begining to hreak lend and build houses. There is a general eppearance of thrift that is highly encoureging. I em indehted to the kindly courtesy of Major Parkhurst for his hospitality and assistance during my stay at Lower Brule Agency.

The termiuns of the Chicago, Milwaukie and St. Paul Railroad is just opposite the Agency and it will doubtless he a greet annoyance unless the civil law is made effective in preventing crime hy the punishment of offenders egainst the law.

The hest interests of the Indians end the Indiao service would he suhserved hy the establishment of a branch of the U. S. Court which would heve exclusive jurisdiction over Indian reservations and which could hold sessions at the different Indian Agencies, say every six months.

Every community of humen beings conteins more or less wickedness, and Indien communities are no exception to the rule. Without law crime would rapidly increase, even emong enlightened peopla. Many Indian reservations are practically without law.

At Crow Creek Agency the Iodians are all scattering out over their Reservation, taking separate claims, and are making great efforts to improva their condition—but there cen he no doubt thet their civilization is greatly retarded hy the insecure and unsatisfactory title given them to the lands they are endeavoring to improve.

Unity and continuity of effort and absence of effective laws governing, protecting end punishing the Indians, together with the present system of giving rations to all, regardless of condition, are the greet retarding influences which are now operatiog against the elevation of the Indiens along the Missouri. Tha Indien will work, like tha average white, hlack or yellow man, when *compelled* to. Moral suasion operates successfully when assisted hy feer of punishment.

No Nation depends upon morel suasion alone to insure to the people the rights, correlative of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The Indiens are a part of the Nation. Not of the Sioux Netion or other fictitious Nations, hut the one which we are all proud to call ours.

The poor we hava ever with us; but it is tha duty of every community to lessen, if possible, the number of paupers within its limits, and this is most effectively done by educeting the children and *compelling* the adults to do whet work they can, and hy punishing the idle and vicious.

Compulsion seems a hard, cruel word to many good people, hut we are told that the Lord chastizes those whom He loves, and that conveys to me tha impression thet the all-wise and loving Creator considers it necessary to use an assistant force to morel suasion for the purpose of *compelling* men to obey the law.

I hed a very pleasant ride from Crow Creek Agency to Peoria Bottom, near Cheyenne, with the Rev. Thomas L. Riggs, of whom I have written before. The scenery between the two places named is very interesting and along tha valleys of the Chappella and Medicina Creek is beautiful. The soil is very good in the first, second and third henches, and I am inclined to beliava that the uplands would

prove very productive, if utilized for the culture of small grains, wheat, rye and oats, and tame grasses.

Mr. Riggs and I left Crow Creek about 7 P. M., drove about eighteen miles, and then having cared for the horses, spread our blankets on the ground and went to sleep. The next evening about 6 P. M. we arrived at East Pierre, the terminus of the C. and N. W. R. R., a very thriving and busy little town on the east bank of the Missouri River. The country back of the town may in time be made very productive, and now affords an excellent range for cattle. About 9. P. M. we arrived at Peoria Bottom, a beautiful stretch of land lying along the East bank of the Missouri River, about ten miles from Pierre. Here are located twenty-five Indian families on homesteads, all which are improved to a greater or less extent, several entirely fenced. Their farms are contiguous, and with three white families take up the entire bottom. All have houses and a small stock of domestic animals. Mr. Riggs' homestead is located in about the middle of the settlement, and has the appearance of a thrifty little farm. The pretty little church is located near his house. Altogether the settlement has an inviting and homelike appearance.

This appears to be an excellent step and suggests the advantage of apportioning out Reservations on a similar plan, thus opening up a missionary field for good, industrious and Christian families, who should be given a good title to a portion of land in the midst of the Indian communities. It would pay the Government to employ the fathers of such white families as assistent farmers at *fair* salaries. In this way an excellent element of white people could be scattered among the Indians, to their great advantage and the best interests of the service.

At Cheyenne I found the Indians greatly interested in the subject of the anticipated arrival of a certain number of Sitting Bull Indians. Visiting the camps I was greatly pleased to find that their domestic cattle were doing well. Many families have now over thirty head and the great majority of families have still a small and increasing stock. I fear that many will be tempted only to kill their cattle to feast their returning prodigals. The fact is that the Indian, like a child, requires constant watching, advice, exhortation and occasional *punishment* to keep him on the good road they all express a desire to follow.

If a certain place is paved with good intentions, as we are sometimes told it is, there will be no end of room for the Indian in the next world.

The manufacture of brick, conversion of beef hides into leather, the leather into harness, shoes &c. the growing of wheat and its conversion into flour, besides stock raising are industries that might be established at the different Agencies, and remunerative employment thus afforded to able bodied Indians, who should be given *fair living* wages for work done, and be allowed to purchase from the Agency commissary subsistence, clothing and other supplies at cost price to the Government.

A moral obligation rests upon the Government to afford support to the Indian race now that game has been destroyed and lands are demanded by the farmer class—but there also rests upon the Government the obligation to mete out the support in such a manner as will eventually lift the Indian out of his present status of *pauperage*. Like the duty of parent to child, the duty referred to carries with it authority to *enforce obedience* and that authority ought to be exercised in such a manner as to effect the uplifting of the dependent.

Arriving at Standing Rock Agency, August 18th, I saw and talked with all the leading Sitting Bull Indians, except Spotted Eagle; who had just left Standing Rock for Cheyenne River Agency. They were all anxious to have their children educated and trained as white children are trained, and want to settle down on a separate claim, have a few cows, chickens, pigs, &c. issued to them and to *try* to live as white people do, and I am convinced that much good could be done for them, if work and *fair pay* could be furnished them.

They are not naturally lazy; but having been trained as hunters and warriors, they are not fitted to take hold of other employments at once, and without there being an *evident* necessity for their doing so, or without some little training and the expenditure of a great deal of patience and persevering effort by those charged with their care and supervision.

I am now waiting for the Boat to leave for up River. The captain says "The Doctor is sick." I find that the term Doctor is applied to the hot water pump.

Bismark is a very busy little town; but road agents are too plenty to make traveling back and forth from the boat-landing to the town, after dark, either pleasant or profitable.

I am very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
GEO. LER. BROWN.

SOUNDS I LOVE.

BY J. C. HOADLEY.

Read at Hampton Institute by Mrs E. N. L. Walton.

I read to love those gentle sounds
That seemed but silence more intense,
That burst within the Spirit's bounds
Almost without the aid of sense.

The rustle when the wind was low
Of leaves that hardly dared to stir,
The flutter of the falling snow,
The glancing snow buds eddying whir.

The genial kettle's soothing song,
The hissing of a smouldering fire,
The footsteps of a distant throng,
The bell-tones of a far off spire.

I loved to lie on grassy knolls
Beneath the shade of summer trees,
To hearken to the hymn that rolls
Toward Heaven upon the evening breeze.

I loitered o'er the rustic bridge
To hear the brooklet's low refrain;
I clomb the hay loft near the ridge
To listen to the pattering rain.

I sat me down on a mossy stone
A wide umbrella o'er me spread,
To hear the sobbing night's low moan,
Her tear drops sprinkled round my head.

I loved the songs of early birds,
The honest red-breast's joyous throat,
The whippoorwill's complaining words,
The wakeful cuckoo's pensive note.

The pigeon cooing mid the leaves,
The thrush in dewy hosquet hid;
The swallow twittering round the eaves,
And the chirp of the tattling katy-did.

The drowsy hush of the nodding rye,
The low of the homeward wand'ring herd,
The buzz of the darting dragon fly
And the hum of the glittering humming bird.

But most of all I loved to hark
To the low sweet tones of the fireside ring
When the hearth was as bright as the heavens were dark.
And we listened to hear the cricket sing.

I loved all gentle sounds and low
That seemed too faint for mortal ears,
Almost I heard the spring grass grow,
Almost the music of the spheres.

But now my ear has grown so dull,
The world around me all so still,
I pause and listen in the lull
For any sound that void to fill.

I love all noises loud and shrill,
I love all voices strong and clear,
The raging surf, the clattering mill,
Or any sound that I can hear.

I love the crashing thunder peal,
I love the echoing cannon's boom,
The ringing forge, the jarring wheel,
The shrieking file, the cackling loom.

I love the tones of eager men,
The bold appeal, the loud harangue
The torrent roaring down the glen,
The clarion's scream, the cymbals' clang.

The jangling sirhells' wide alarm,
The moan of forests lone and drear,
Each hath its own peculiar charm;
I love all sounds that I can hear.

Yet there are sounds not fierce nor wild,
And voices neither loud nor shrill
Still heard as when I was a child;
I love them for I hear them still.

I love, who does not love, the swell
Of anthem from the hallowed choir,
The solemn organ's breathed spell,
The chiming of a tuneful spire.

The blessing of a grateful tongue,
The praises of the good and great,
The greetings of the fair and young,
The music of a *tete a tete*.

And sounds I hear that wake the flow
Of softening tears from pitying eyes;
Want's timid plaint, the cry of woe,
The orphan's tears, the mourner's sighs.

Though dull mine ear, one earnest prayer
Shall sway me while my senses live;
The deep, soft mutual cry "Forbear,"
The one all needful cry "Forgive."

And there are sounds heard long ago
Shall linger in my heart for aye;
They follow wheresoe'er I go,
They haunt me wheresoever I stay.

The voices of the loved and lost,
The song that childhood's care beguiled,
The tongues of youth's high Pantecost,
The angry word unreconciled.

And there are sounds more fait than heard,
My baby prattling on my knee;
Eve's whispered prayer, mom's kindly word
Love's low reply, joy's laughter free.

The statutes of the perfect law
Yet make my listening heart rejoice,
And yet I hear with conscious awe
The whispers of the still, small voice.

And though all earthly sounds were passed,
If when my waning sands are run
I listen trembling, at the last
To hear the master say, "*Well done*,"

Then all the gathered clouds of sense
From off the quickened ear shall roll,
And angels' songs, with joy intense
Shall burst upon the wakening soul.

Teacher's Table.

Mrs. E. N. L. Walton, of West Newton, Mass. who conducted the Seniors' supplementary Normal course at Hampton Institute last June, has kindly sent us a brief review of her lectures, embodying the fundamental principles of teaching and some valuable suggestions as to methods of work.

Mrs. Walton, wife of Prof. Geo. Walton, agent of the Mass. Board of Education, is herself well known in New England as an experienced teacher and leader of teachers' "Institutes." Those who had the advantage of her instruction will be glad to refresh their remembrance of it, and we are happy to give them and others the benefit of this recapitulation, before their own autumn school work begins. They will be pleased to read also in another column, the interesting poem "Sounds I Love," so effectively rendered by Mrs. Walton, as they will remember, at the elocutionary entertainment she kindly contributed to their pleasure and the benefit of their school mission work.

PRINCIPLES AND METHODS IN TEACHING.

To the Editor of the Southern Workman:

At your request I send you an outline of the work attempted at the Normal Institute held in Hampton from May 23rd to June 10th of this year.

It was the aim of the Conductor, first to impress upon the minds of the graduates who formed the Institute class *a few leading principles* that should be followed in teaching. These were put upon the black-board in conspicuous place and referred to daily, the members being directed to observe that they were adhered to in the models of teaching given upon the platform.

The following was the statement of

PRINCIPLES TO BE OBSERVED IN TEACHING.

1. Whatever you teach, teach the *thing itself*, as far as possible, and not words about the thing.
2. Teach first the whole.—then the parts.
3. Lead the mind from the known to the unknown.
4. Give illustrations before definitions, ideas before names.
5. Never tell the child what he can find out for himself.
6. Appeal to the active powers of the mind, rather than the passive.

Throughout the Institute, the first period in the morning was devoted to an oral and conversational exercise in Pedagogies, embracing the *schoolhouse* and its needs, the *pupil*, what should be expected and required of him, the requisites and duties of the *teacher*, and organization and general management of the school.

The remainder of the time was devoted to illustrating and enforcing the best and most approved methods of teaching the elements of Reading, Geography, Arithmetic, and to some extent Writing, Spelling, and Composition.

The morning exercises were given by the Conductor, assisted by the regular training teacher of the school, Miss Hyde, who rendered most efficient service, and who also gave a valuable exercise nearly every afternoon.

In Reading, an attempt was made to show the best method,

First.—Of teaching very little ones.

Second.—Of conducting a class who had mastered the mechanical part so as to call the words.

As far as time would allow, exercises in advanced reading were also given.

For the little ones, the object and word method was illustrated, first by the Conductor, and afterwards by members of the Institute, who in this and other exercises alternately acted the parts of teacher and pupil with commendable interest and skill, showing by their attention and responses, that they were already quickened by a sense of the responsibilities they were soon to assume.

The object of reading being, as far as the reader is concerned, to gain *ideas*, it was enjoined upon all in the very first teaching of the very little child, to see that he grasped the idea a new word was intended to convey, before the new word was given; for instance, that he saw and talked about a cat, a leaf, a dog, a jump, or a run, or at least pictures of the same, before the words cat, leaf, dog, running or jumping were put upon the board.

It was recommended that the words should be given in *Script* characters. It is as easy for the child to read "*cat*" as "cet," and much easier for him to write it, and the transition from the written to the printed forms is very easy and can be made without any extra trouble, as soon as the pupil needs to take the primer, or to read from the chart, (if the teacher is so fortunate as to have a good chart.)

The class were shown how to make reading charts for themselves and thus possess a valuable aid with little or no expense.

Teachers should see that their pupils not only recognize the forms of the words they see on the board or in their books, but that they have the *ideas* the words are meant to convey. They should hold familiar talks about the subject of the piece, in which the child is encouraged to give his own thoughts, as well as those of the author, in his own language.

Habits of attention, memory and expression may be cultivated by occasionally reading or telling a story or describing a scene and then requiring the pupils to give it in their own language, either orally or upon their slates.

The following arrangement of the consonant sounds was given, and it was shown how errors in articulation are often made, and how they can be cured by proper attention being given to the position of the organs of speech and movements of the tongue.

Some exercises were given to strengthen and discipline that unruly member as well as the lips, the jaw, the epiglottis and the larynx, most errors being made from sheer weakness of some muscles or from pure laziness.

	LABIALS.	DENTALS.	PALATALS.	GUTTURALS.
ABSTRUPTS.	p	t	ch	k
	b	*d*	*j*	*g*
PROLONDS.	f	th s	sh	
	v	*th z*	*zh*	
LIQUIDS.		*l r*		
	m	*n*		*ng*
	w		*y*	h

Those letters above, which are in Roman type represent the *breath sounds* or *aspirates;* and those in Italics, the *voice sounds* or *subvocals.*

The following was the arrangement of the pure vocals.

FULL.	STOPPED.
e as in me	i as in pin
a " " may	e " " pen
a " " rare	a " " at
a " " far	a " " ask
u " " fur	u " " up
o " " or	o " " on
o " " hone	o " " whole
o " " woo	o " " foot

COMPOUND.

i as in pine
oi " " oil
ow " " cow.

In my next, if you wish, I will give you an outline of the methods employed in teaching Arithmetic and Geography.

Yours truly,
E. N. L. WALTON.

Health and Humanity.

A former valued teacher of Hampton, and author of the Hampton Tract "Duty of Teachers," contributes to this column, the following excellent A B C of health rules, the ingenious versification of which has, no doubt, been a pleasant task in the hours of her happy convalescence from long illness, and the due observance of which we recommend to all our readers.

"HEALTH IS BETTER THAN WEALTH."

Alphabetical Rules for keeping it.

Air your rooms, and your bed clothes, and clothes that you wear;
Be sure they are dry, clean and sweet with pure air—
Comfortable clothing gives pleasure and ease;
Dresses too tight bring on frightful disease.
Eat your food slowly while merry and glad;
Feet should be warmly and sensibly clad;
Get rested when tired—keep clean as you can;
Hasten to bed you'll find a good plan.
In your rooms let the sunshine come all that it will;
Just remember that children should not be kept still;
Keep your nose always ready to smell a bad drain,
Lest fevers and death should come in its train.
Make out buildings clean and cisterns all right,
Not only bad smells but all dirt you must fight.
Open windows, top and bottom, while sweeping a room;
Prevent so much dust by first wetting your broom;
Quickly all dirt from the corners brush out;
Rubbish of any kind don't leave about.
Sunshine and fresh air are better than pills;
Taken with exercise they cure many ills.
Unless it is wholesome, well cooked and well chewed,
Vainly you'll seek for good health from your food.
Water if pure you may drink without question.
Except while you're eating—then it weakens digestion.
You must have some employment—walk out doors every day.
Zeal and wisdom will help you these rules to obey.

Boston, Mar. 1, 1881. E. W. COLLINGWOOD.

Southern Workman.

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AMERICA'S THANKSGIVING.

COLORED PEOPLE IN COUNTRY HOMES.

BY ORIA LAKOHORNE.

Upon the top of a ridge, in a range of low thickly wooded hills known here as Caudler's Mountain, is a little scattered hamlet which, although three or four miles distant, is in full view of my home. The mountain village is known as Jacksontown, and is considered altogether a Negro settlement. I had long desired to visit the place, but it was somewhat difficult of accomplishment, as I could not go alone, and it was after many delays and disappointments that I at last found myself with my sister on the way thither. Our vehicle was a rough wagon without springs, drawn by a blind horse and driven by Uncle Willis, a most estimable and worthy colored neighbor, whose somewhat "shocking" equipage is the dependence of our church. We started very early to avoid the heat, and passed along the outskirts of the city, meeting country people going to market with their wares, and town folks bringing home their purchases. At a turn in the road, we came upon a dismal looking old black man "ollo tering in rags and wretchedness" with a wood-saw on his back, wearily beginning the search for work, which is his dependence for subsistence.

Such spectacles always give me pain, as I think of the African, brought from his native wilds, where bounteous nature supplies his wants almost without effort from him, but now, although fate has placed him in a land which boasts of its civilization, and the benefits conferred upon its citizens, to such luckless sons of Ham as this, "only sorrow and pretention have come. "Age and want, Oh! ill-matched pair!"

A PATRIARCH.

A few steps further brought us to a scene which delighted my eyes, as I recognized in it the full measure of growth from heathenism in a savage land to the enlightenment of our thrice blessed country, with all its abundant gifts from Christianity, love, education, free labor, and domestic institutions. Somewhat back from the road, in a tidy green yard adorned with many bright-tinted flowers, stood a pretty brown cottage, with green blinds, and flowering vines trained over the porch and bay window. We could but regard with interest a dignified looking old colored man, sitting on the porch, whose commending appearance might have made him the patriarch of his tribe. His face was of the mahogany brown, which, with good features, renders such people really handsome. His long grey hair fell softly upon his shoulders, and his whole appearance was venerable and interesting; the flowing dressing robe, made of gaily figured cloth, which was draped about his large frame, suited well his oriental aspect. As we passed, he looked up benignently from the book he was reading, and addressed a remark to two sedate and tidy looking women seated near him under the vine-covered lattice. This pleasing picture of calm family life among the members of the transported race, whose past recalls such dark thoughts of savage customs, brought one a feeling of relief from the thought which often depresses me that our land is accursed for this long oppressed people.

A THRIFTY HAMLET.

By 9 o'clock, we reached the farm lately purchased by my brother-in-law, about half a mile from Jacksontown, and, being much fatigued, I decided to rest until my little nephew should return from market, and get him to take me in his light wagon to the village. While waiting for the young market-man, I gained much information from his father about their neighbors in the mountain hamlet. As in all humble habitations, Jacksontown, the result and growth of emancipation, already begins to show classes and gradations of rank. Two flourishing grocers and one or two other thrifty citizens are beginning to form the aristocracy of the place, and as in other towns, are doubtless looked upon with envy by their less fortunate neighbors.

The village proper contains but fifteen or twenty houses, but dotted all about on the mountain side are little openings in the woods, where colored people are building homes, some of them of the very humblest description, often only a log hut, hardly deserving the name of house, but now and then a farm-house appears with many comforts about it, showing thrift and intelligence on the part of the owner. In the course of time my little nephew arrived and announced that he was ready to drive me, and soon we were riding over dusty roads and past fields so poor that they seemed hardly worth the indifferent fences that enclosed them. Perhaps the fences were considered strong enough to resist the efforts of cattle fed on such pasture! On turning from the lane into the public road we passed a wretched log-cabin, with mud daubed chimney and heavy board shutter windows, occupied by white people of most discouraging aspect. Close by we met a woman approaching the house, whose scant, ragged garments, bare feet and stolid appearance, told her to be one of that most hopeless class—the poor whites of the South. She strode along through the sand, bearing upon her head an immense tightly packed sack, which my nephew explained contained sumac. This plant grows wild all over Virginia, and as it sells for 70 or 80 cents per hundred lbs., it is carefully collected by the mountaineers for market. As we entered Jacksontown, my attention was attracted by a neat, two story white cottage with fanciful bay window, porch and cornice, of a style of architecture I had little expected to see in this Negro settlement. A contented looking black face appeared at the upper window, and my young escort said the place was owned by a colored family. Until recently, the land in this mountain range has sold at very low rates, thus enabling even very poor people to buy little homesteads, and as prices are now advancing considerably, the first settlers are likely to find their investments profitable. The land is too poor and most of the tracts owned by Negroes much too small to be depended upon for the support of a family, but they serve a very good purpose for homes, giving shelter and fire-wood, in a very healthy locality, and as most of the inhabitants of Jacksontown keep a cow or two, a few pigs, sometimes a horse or mule, and all cultivate little truck patches, selling their dairy and garden products at good prices in the city, they find themselves supplied with many comforts, which the colored people in town pay dearly for or go without. Nearly all these mountain folks are factory hands; that is, every family sends its able bodied members, young men and women, with the larger children, to work in the Lynchburg factories, while the old and feeble people and little children are left at home. Some of these people walk three or four miles to their daily labor, usually carrying breakfast and dinner with them, and going home to supper, so that they have full chance to earn the wages they receive. A party of 150 to 200 factory hands leave their homes on the mountain side every morning and go back at night, and I was told that they usually take their tramp, singing cheerily, the certainty of drawing money wages on Saturday evening being apparently full compensation for their exertions. Let those who say Negroes will not work read this story; so fond are the colored people of the work in the tobacco factories, that it is often very difficult for farmers around to procure laborers, or for their wives to find house-maids. The independence of their home lives, and the cheerful society of the factories, with the sure pay, being irresistible attractions.

PROSPEROUS HOMES.

But I am lingering too long in the suburbs of Jacksontown, and must hasten to the residence of one of its prominent citizens. My little nephew, who evidently knew all about the place, stopped in front of a long, low building, in front of which an infirm old black man sat talking to one or two loungers. I enquired if he were Mr. Stevenson, the proprietor of the store, of whom I had heard. The old man said no, his son owned the place, but was away from home just now. He was merely looking after things for him. A bright little brown-skinned boy now came forward, asked me into the store, offered me a chair, and ran to call his mother. A pretty little mulatto woman soon appeared, and received me kindly, but seemed somewhat mystified at my visit, and it was rather hard to convince her that I did not want to buy anything, and had nothing to sell. However, when I showed her some copies of the Workman, and a few books I had brought, she began to talk with more confidence, and answered all my questions with the pleasant smiling manner so often found among colored people. The store, and the pretty white cottage in the adjoining lot, with a field across the road, were all her husband's property; they had been living in the hamlet some eight or nine years. Her brother kept the store at the other end of the street. Their stock was not large, but they had to have a little of everything, dry goods, groceries, queens-ware, confectioneries, notions, provisions. They sold a good deal of corn meal and bacon; the fine large hams and shoulders I noticed were not for sale; that was some meat of their own raising; they always raised plenty for their own use, and sometimes more. They had a good many white customers, one of their greatest troubles was that people wanted to buy on credit, and when they had made a bill that was the last of them. They would go round the back road after that, and never come to the store again. They had five children, the oldest boy was nine years old, and he could mind the store now almost as well as she could. He had been to school some. A young white gentleman taught the public school near them, and the children had learned to read and write very fast with him. Her husband was a shoemaker, and worked at his trade when not otherwise employed. He was a preacher too, and preached every Sunday at the school house; there was a Sunday school too; she added modestly, "not very much of a one;" she had started it herself, and the neighbors helped her. Her husband's parents lived with them, but his mother was away now, visiting relations in Ohio. Then the cheerful little woman took me through a neat grassy yard into the tidiest kind of kitchen, where dinner was cooking on the stove, and the open doors and windows showed a fine young orchard, and a large arbor full fifty feet long, with a large vegetable garden, and comfortable stables for the horse and cow. Then she brought up all the children to see me; one a cute little creature only a few weeks old, in the arms of a little hired girl, who had been with them three years, the brisk house mother said, and it was evident from the child's clean and comfortable appearance, that she had a good home. Mrs. Stevenson seemed greatly pleased with the books and papers I gave her when I took leave of her, and promised to read them and lend them to her neighbors. Following Mrs. Stevenson's directions, I soon reached her brother's store, and found a larger establishment, evidently doing more business than the place I had left. The proprietor owns besides his store a nice little farm, well stocked with cows and hogs, has a fine team of horses, and is altogether a very prosperous and comfortable citizen, whose success in life is entirely due to his industrious and thrifty habits. He said he could not read much himself, he had never had time to go to school, but his wife could read, and he at once invited me to go through a lattice-covered brick walk to the kitchen, where everything was as clean as hands could make it, and an air of comfort and abundance prevailed, and a fine looking young woman was busily baking ginger cakes in a bran new cooking stove, several neatly dressed children were playing about, and a little hired boy was assisting the grocer's wife, who offered me some of her nice cakes, and talked pleasantly of her home and its surroundings. She looked with interest at the copies of the Workman I had brought, and promised that she would read them to her family. When I asked if she knew anything of a very old colored woman called Aunt Nancy Randolph, she said smilingly, "why, that is my husband's grandmother, she lives close by, and one of the children will take you to see her." This family were all mulattoes, and my hostess told me that her husband was born free, but she had been a slave in Richmond, in her early life. Her husband had worked on the canal boats, and she had known him a long time before they were married. She had evidently been accustomed to nice ways of living, and when I rose to go, she said I must take a look at her house which was all tasteful, tidy and comfortable. In the front room a pretty baby was sleeping, and the proud mother took off the net that covered the crib for me to look at the child. As I turned away from the door, I could but linger a moment to look at the neat and tidy home with its pleasant orchard and a good and long arbor, on which clusters of grapes were hanging in rich profusion, and feel thankful for the changed system, that permits the thrifty and industrious of the colored race to reap the benefit of their toils, and gives them such happy homes, with no danger of the members of a family being separated at the caprice or misfortune of others. A little early headed girl in a clean calico dress and sunbonnet, shyly put her hand into mine "to show me the way to grandma's house," and a few steps brought us to the entrance of Aunt Nancy's domain. It seemed like stepping backwards from the ideas of the present day into the old *regime*, to go from the handsome dwellings I had just visited, with so many suggestions of the new order of things in the cooking stoves, books, clocks, sewing-machines, etc., to enter aunt Nancy's establishment. First we had to climb a low fence, which was no easy matter, as it leaned over into the road, and then approached a rickety log cabin, which, although it had a sort of door and roof, "was neither wind or water proof."

AN OLD STYLE CABIN.

The house, which must have been built by the first settlers, stood in the midst of a large yard, that formed a pleasing combination of grass lot, garden patch, orchard, vineyard and hennery; not very much of any, but a good deal of all, each growing when and where it pleased, and one usually beginning before the other left off. The old apple trees formed a dense shade, and from two or three of them hung festoons of a luxuriant vine, from which hung rich and beautiful clusters of grapes. Several dogs rushed out at us, and this was followed by the appearance of the mistress of the mansion, who received me somewhat ungraciously, I thought. She asked me in, however, and gave me a broken chair, while she went on preparing her dinner of corn-dodgers baked in the ashes, and bacon fried on a little trivet over the coals, which sent forth a most appetizing odor. "Aunt Nancy" is a tall, gaunt, brown-skinned female, with sharp features, a shrewd expression, and a rather gruff manner, who looks as if she had had a varied experience, and is determined to hold her own and take the consequences. At first she was somewhat surly in her replies to my questions about her past life, but when I admired her fine grapes and chickens, and told her of my pleasant visits to her grandchildren, she relented, and before I left became quite amiable and communicative. Aunt Nancy says she was born free, and raised among the Quakers, of whom there was at one time a large society in Lynchburg. They would not hold slaves, and many of them moved to the West on account of the prejudices of their slave-holding neighbors here. Aunt Nancy says she is under many obligations to the good Quakers, for the thorough manner in which they taught her needle-work, and many useful arts. In her youth she had quite a reputation as a seamstress, and travelled through several counties plying her craft. After she married her husband, who was also free, she bought the little home where she lives, and here on this mountain side she has lived and labored for more than thirty years, with varied experiences of sunshine and shadow. Her children are all dead except one son, who long ago went off among the Indians, but her two grandchildren, who have been her care from infancy, are the comfort and pride of her old age. The sharp features relaxed into a tender smile, as the old woman spoke of her grandson, how "savin" and steady he had always been, how he had brought his pennies to her to keep in a box, from the time he was five years old; how she kept the box and he added to his store, until at last when he was grown up, it was found to contain $500.00; how happy they were when the changes of time released their race, over whose sorrows they had often mourned, from bondage. How this good son and brother had declared that he must go on working, but he was determined that his young sister should have the advantages of the new system; and how he had patiently labored on, educating this sister, and caring for her until she was married. By this time the old Dame seemed entirely to have forgotten that I was an inquisitive stranger and talked quite confidentially. She climbed the creaking steirs, which groaned as if they would give way under her weight, and brought down a curious leather waist-coat, gaily adorned with beads, which her son had sent her from his far away home among the Indians, and also sundry fine bed quilts and various garments, made by herself and showing excellent skill with the needle. Then I must go out and look at her grapes and chickens, which were lovely to behold, and then it was time for me to go. I parted with aunt Nancy on the best possible terms, promising to come again sometime, and bring out more books for her little grandchildren, some of whom will, I hope, in coming years have the benefit of an education at Hampton.

AMERICA'S THANKSGIVING.

A hundred years from out Thine hand
Have life and strength and beauty poured,
To nourish and to bless the land—
We thank Thee, Lord.

For golden web from Labor's loom,
For gladness crowning Plenty's board,
For light that dawneth after gloom,
We thank Thee, Lord.

E'en for the darkness deep, wherein
The vials of Thy wrath are stored
To purify the land from sin,
We thank Thee, Lord.

For love developed out of loss,
In Sorrow's crucible deep-scored
With thine own signet—though a cross—
We thank Thee, Lord.

For heroes whose unsetting sun
Shines on the peace their deeds restored—
Our Garfield, Lincoln, Washington—
We thank Thee, Lord.

For all the Past of glory gives,
And while the Future shall record
"God rules, and the Republic lives,"
We thank Thee, Lord.

H. W. L.

Had I my choice of all things that might tend to my present felicity, I would pitch upon this: to have my heart possessed with the greatest kindness and affection toward all men in the world. I am sure this would make me partaka in all the happiness of others. Certainly, next to the love and enjoyment of God, that ardent charity and affection wherewith blessed souls do embrace one another is justly to be reckoned as the greatest felicity of those regions above; and, did it universally prevail in the world, it would anticipate that blessedness, and make us taste of the joys of heaven upon earth.—*Scougal.*

Southern Workman,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October, four months.)

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The Southern Workman, devoted to the interests of Negro and Indian civilization, is edited and managed by the officers of the Hampton Institute, and printed on the School Press by colored youth trained in the office. Subscriptions are a help to the School. It is sent on trial for four months for twenty-five cents. Job work, from all parts of the country, is solicited, and will be done cheaply and well. Estimates will be sent on application.

THE HAMPTON INSTITUTE begins the year with a large influx of students. It has opened without the presence of either its Principal or lady Principal, the latter still absent in Europe, her place temporarily supplied by one of the teachers; the Principal having left for Dakota a few days before the term began, with a party of thirty Indian students, to return them to their homes, and establish them at work there, and bring back as many more in their place. An account of his journey, and reports of the Indian graduates and the new comers will be found in other columns of this paper.

The school has filled more promptly than ever. The largest number enrolled at any time last year was 385, including 69 Indians. This year, that number was reached on the sixth day from the opening, though thirty of the Indians had gone home, and the new ones had not arrived. Last year at this time, the colored students numbered 174 boys and 80 girls.

At present the whole enrollment is as follows:—Colored boys, 211; Colored girls, 160; total, 371. Indian boys, 62; Indian girls, 28; total, 90. Boarding students, 432; day scholars, 29; grand total, 461. These figures include all the newly arrived Indian students, forty-four in number, 30 boys and 14 girls, all Sioux, from Dakota Territory, who have been brought by the Principal and by Lieutenant Brown. The Senior class numbers 62; the Middle class 68; the Junior class 160; the Preparatory class 15, (all girls;) the Night class of work-students, 82; (last year at this time it was 24;) and the Indian class, 74. There are 3 Indian young men in the Senior class; 1 in the Middle class; 2 Indian girls and 9 boys in the Junior class, and 1 young man in the class of work-students. Of the 160 new scholars in the Senior, Middle and Junior classes, 116 come from Virginia, 13 from North Carolina, the rest scattering, from West Virginia, Maryland, South Carolina, Georgia, Louisiana, the District of Columbia, Indian Territory, Nebraska, New York, Pennsylvania and Connecticut.

Of the new scholars, 61 report themselves as coming through the agency of our graduate teachers, and 14 through that of under-graduates; one girl brought 9. Several of our graduate teachers came in person to bring their students.

The material of the school seems good—on the whole in advance of former years. So many more have applied than it is possible to accommodate, that, in the duty of selecting the best, examinations have been strict, and no Preparatory class has been formed except for a few girls; the boys going into the night classes.

The chief increase has been in the number of the girls and of the work-students. This is as it should be, and what was desired, but it has been so great that it has strained the enlarged facilities of the school to the utmost to provide work and quarters. At this time last year there were 80 colored girls, there are now 160: then 24 work-students, now 82. These work-students, working by day and studying at night through the whole year, winter and summer, earn enough often to carry them through all the rest of their course in the Institute, and get habits of industry and self-help to last them their life time. It is the best class in the school. It speaks well for the people that so many are anxious to seize such opportunities.

The Stone Memorial building, which will contain the Printing office, Knitting, Tailoring, and Sewing rooms, is approaching completion, and will be ready for occupancy by the first of January, greatly to the relief of Virginia Hall. The Indian Girls' building, which has had to wait for masons, is now pushing rapidly forward, though it can hardly be occupied before spring. Meanwhile, half the Indian girls with two of their teachers, are lodged in what has been a private dwelling house on the place.

The various industries of the school are all increasing in activity, except the Knitting department which, owing to overstock of the market, has been reduced with the business of the Boston firm whose orders it fills.

The school farm employs 9 of the work students, and a detail of 60 to 70 from the regular school, each student working one and a half days per week.

Shellbanks, the school stock farm, employs 10 work-students. Its great need is for simple wooden barracks to contain also a dining and school room.

The Huntington Industrial Works employ 12 work-students, and a detail of 18 from the school. They are employed in the sawing, planing and moulding mill, wood working and running the engine, and in manufacturing wooden truck cases and can boxes for packers in this county. 27,000 of these cases have been made since April. The saw mill is manufacturing from eight to ten thousand feet of lumber a day. A colored student runs the engine; another is making a first rate sawyer.

The Farm shop—wheelwright and blacksmith—employs 2 colored work-students and a detail of 2 colored and 4 Indian boys from the school.

The Brick yard employs 11 students, all colored. Over 2,000,000 bricks have been made during the present season, mostly for the Stone Memorial and Indian girls' buildings.

The Indian Training shop has been transferred this year to larger and very airy and commodious quarters, in what was formerly occupied by Mr. Bryce's packing house. It is here *pro tem*, till a new shop is built, or other permanent arrangement made. In the Indian shop 8 colored students are also learning trades, one of them a native African boy, a very bright little fellow. The trades taught are, thus far, the carpenter's, tinsmith's, shoemaker's, saddle and harness maker's, and painter's; the last two having just been started. There are both Indian and colored apprentices in all. Other trades will be added as they can be. Including the newly arrived Indian students, about 45 are at present employed in the training shop. Each trade is now under the charge of a practical mechanic, as instructor. A new arrangement has been made in the shoe shop to enable the apprentices to work standing at their benches. The carpenters' work during vacation has been reshingling the Butler school house—with 70,000 shingles; putting up a wing to a private dwelling, general repairs, and making school tables, benches and bedsteads—over a hundred of the last made and repaired. The tinners are doing the tin work on the new buildings, and manufacturing all articles of tin and sheet iron for domestic use on the place; for example: 80 bread pans and 75 wash basins were made during vacation. The shoe shop is turning out 15 pairs a day—of men's shoes. The students of the regular classes work one and a half or two days in each week; those of the Indian class, five afternoons; those of the night class, every day.

The Engineer's department has doubled in force this year. A new boiler house has been erected, containing two boilers and all the steam heating and cooking apparatus for Virginia Hall and the Indian Girls' building. This department employs 3 work-students, 10 from the regular school classes, working two days a week, and 7 outside hands. The students' work is at present, steam fitting under direction, repairs, and manufacturing iron bedsteads for the school. In the first two weeks of October, 42 iron bedsteads were made. In four days from the time of an order for 25, they were finished and the boys sleeping on them. Three-quarters of the work on them was done by students; that is, all but some extra night work by the outside hands. The need of the Engineer's department is now a lathe for repairs in iron work. It would save much time and money.

The Girls' Sewing department employs the same number of students as the farm; 9 work-students, and a detail of 60 girls from the school, working each two days in the week. The best workers among them are employed in the Tailoring department on the boys' uniforms. The Boarding department and Laundry employ the rest of the girls in the various branches of house-work, which naturally increases with the growth of the school.

Ten resident graduates, and three more living in the town of Hampton, are employed at the Institute, two as teachers in the Butler school, two teaching in the night class of work students, one in the Indian class, two in industrial training of Indians, one in charge of the tailoring, one forewoman in the Sewing room, one type-setting, and three as clerks. One more is superintendent and manager of the Shellbanks farm and the work-students employed upon it; and his wife, also a graduate, is teacher of their night-class;—making 15 graduate employes, some permanent, others changing from year to year. The influence of these resident graduates in the school is good. Some of them teach in the Sunday school, and in the vacation they take the whole charge of it. They have access to the library and reading room, and reading circles and evening classes have at different times been formed for their benefit.

The demand for graduate teachers is unusually large this fall. Over twenty more applications than we can fill, are on hand, coming chiefly from Virginia and North Carolina, and one from Tennessee. The members of the last graduating class, with but few exceptions, are engaged in teaching.

The outlook for the school's work and its results were never more encouraging.

MR. HARRISON, the special correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune*, has made one of the most valuable contributions to the social science of the Negro question. He is a higher order of man than the newspapers usually employ. He has evidently not been taken into the editorial rooms of the paper and disciplined in the first duty of common journalism, that of gathering only facts which prop up editorial theories. Nor is he a man who would submit to dictation in the method of his investigation. His reports remind one of the journals of noted travelers who enter foreign countries without political or social prejudices, and recount what they see and hear. Now all this kind of information was impossible ten or even five years ago. Northern readers did not want to hear the truth so much as they wanted to hear evidence of what they accepted as the truth. Given the political complexion of a great Northern newspaper, and it was easy to determine in advance, the reports of its correspondents. Unity, even in journalism, must be preserved, and it could not happen, in journalism, that the editor should make one statement and the correspondent another. Growth and increasing breadth of public opinion now make it possible for men to tell, and men to listen to the truth. In the grand historical process covering the Southern country, we have always insisted that the "outrages," the political disturbances which so many good people considered an evidence of the hopeless anarchy of the South, were only phases of a growth, the sharp pangs of a new birth, the natural and necessary attendants of an abrupt social disorganization. It is coming true. People are getting into good temper North and South. There is no irreconcilable antagonism in the social and political condition. The questions are serious enough, but they are not raised on the color line. There is nothing to fight about. The old men North and South, who inherited solemn hatreds of each other, are rapidly dying. The new generation of men, North and South, have no time to listen to old "grievances." Men like Mr. Harrison, pains-taking, keen-witted, closely observant, tolerant, with a wide knowledge of men and things, will now be in demand.

These letters of Mr. Harrison's (Tribune Extra, No. 81,) show that there is no haphazard work at the South. Men are building better than they know. Before the war the Southerners were politicians, and the Northerners were fortune builders. Now they are working on the same lines, irrespective of color. Men want to make money, and the prospect of making it out of politics is very dreary. Colored men think alike with the whites, and the most thrifty, the forehanded have found that there is little to be had out of "office."

There are signs of a strong reaction in the South; signs that politics, instead of being the principal subject of talk in the court room, the bar room, and the parlor, will be a matter of secondary importance.

The statements made by Mr. Harrison show that the development of the South is normal. There is no superior or despotic power controlling it. The Federal Government made a bad business at first of reorganizing the Southern states, but finally in keeping its hands off the social forces during the last few years, and in allowing the people to work out their own salvation, it has shown the advantages of free institutions, the capacity of the people to take care of themselves without a paternal Government. The sparsely settled condition of the country has been of great use in rapidly securing order out of the war debris. In thickly settled communities, social lines are more strictly and permanently drawn. Men don't need each other as they do where numbers are few. The solitary white farmer cannot refuse some association with the solitary black farmer across the way. Besides, the system of slavery, by educating the Negro to habits of labor, made him a formidable, and, therefore, respectable competitor of the white. The period of stagnation at the South is over. The currents are moving, and both races are floating down together, whether they know it or not. The facts showing all this are clearly developed by Mr. Harrison, and they are an important contribution to practical literature and social science. There are also signs already of a new class of thinkers at the South, who will and ought to command the confidence of the North. These are not ambitious for political situations, but are more interested in the philosophical side of the question, and they will soon be making most valuable contributions to our altogether too limited stock of knowledge regarding the population of our Southern country.

IT had been the intention of the editors to resume in this number, the publication of the "Sketches of Mission Life," which were so favorably received last winter, but the press of matter in connection with the arrival of new Indians, has unavoidably crowded out, for this month, Mrs. Armstrong's interesting journal. It will appear, however, in the December number, after which date there will be no interruption in the publication of the three or four remaining "Sketches."

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Gemma Pass, July 19th.

It was fun to get out of the lower world into the air of the upper Alps; there is as inspiration in the desolation and solitude of their altitudes. There is nothing more striking than the depths into which one looks as he skirts the mountain sides in this splendid climb. There is a repose and majesty in the lofty peaks above, but it was to me exciting to look down and around, and to think of the great elemental forces that produced these tremendous rifts, splitting open mountains of solid rock on whose sides even still are the rough, ragged scars, a mile in length, as if the tearing had been done but yesterday.

The force of the Alps impressed me as much as their greatness. They hardly have the majesty of the mountains of Hawaii, Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, which rise gradually, gradually, symmetrically, fifteen thousand feet from the ocean level, surrounded by the infinite expanse of the great tranquil sea, a combination of earth and sky and ocean, which nothing can equal for impressions of vastness, grandeur and infinity; but there is a perpetual surprise of effects in the Alps; they are terrible at times, and seem to threaten one who dares to approach too near, and sometimes in anger fling into their awful depths the too daring traveler. They stand near each other yet separate; full of action, independent, defiant. The calm summit and peaceful slopes of the mountains of the Pacific ocean have about them a spirit of worship; they are God's great altars. The Swiss are like their mountains, individual, invincible.

The soft Hawaiian race, responding to the lesson of its mountains, became, under their influence, the most religious of the Polynesians, until—an unparalleled fact in human history—their nobler nature revolted from the monstrous restrictions and rites of their old religion,—the *tabu* system—almost at the very moment that the white flag of a missionary ship appeared in the horizon, and they threw themselves as a nation into the arms of Christianity. They are dying for want of morality, but their mountains did not teach that, and the missionaries could not work miracles; dying to the music, like that of an Aeolian harp, that comes sweet and low from sea and land in soft breezes, inspiring the heart with kindly emotions and superstitious reverence, but in it there is no call to self-restraint or duty, for nature there creates no necessities. She only pleases—every prospect pleases. There is no winter's blast; no danger of starvation through neglect; no struggle in the wild and perilous chase for game to live upon. The Alps are not sympathetic; they do not, like the tropical mountains, coo to and coddle the race that lives upon them, but daily challenge its energies in a hundred arduous ways, and have created a people of wonderful hardihood and power.

From the summit of the Gemmi Pass the view is panoramic, grand. Far down below lies a lovely quiet valley and the pretty village of Leukerbad. Across the valley is an array of mountains as if on dress parade—the Matterhorn commanding: Monte Rosa, Weissbon and Mount Collen have fine positions. They are all in white and they shine in the sunlight, contrasting with the rich green of the valley below. The practical view is interesting. These glaciers and masses of snow are a blessing to Europe. The mountains gather all the snows of winter, and under the summer's sun yield a gradual supply of water. The hotter the sun, the more parched the plain, the faster the melting and the fuller the flow of water that maintains the millions of human beings who live in the valleys of the Rhine, the Rhone and Danube rivers.

You see a frozen sea lifted over ten thousand feet into the air, sending its waters down in long winding streams to join the vast and distant ocean below, creating on its way an endless amount of comfort and happiness for man; drawn up again by the sun in the form of an invisible mist, to descend as snow-flakes upon the mountains, and be once more distributed over the surface of Europe and make its course to the ocean.

Especially going down the zig-zag path that is cut into the perpendicular or overhanging cliffs of the Gemmi Pass, and throughout Switzerland, one is constantly amazed at and exclaiming about the splendid engineering. One may be at first timid of the bold cuts and daring spans, but soon feels that brain and conscience as well as stone and mortar have been put into them, and trusts them.

The Gemmi road is wonderful—it has nowhere to go—there are steep precipices before and behind and an abyss 2000 feet below, but somehow it finds its way through or around the impassable rock; a terrible chasm always beneath. It is well for only those of steady nerves to look over the slight parapet on the outer side of the road. It reminds one of the *pali* near Honolulu, only it is three times as high.

Napoleon is said to have built the first good roads in Switzerland.

Into the delicious warm springs of Leukerbad at the foot of the pass! We floated for half an hour in luxurious waters; every moment was blissful after seven and a half hours' hard tramping with no relief but an occasional clatch at a horse's tail in the toilsome ascent. In these famous baths people will lie in their flannel suits, eat, play cards, receive visitors and chat day in and day out; only their heads are seen.

Dinner was good, except the chicken.

We had done a good days work; all we set out to do. But why not go on? It was only three o'clock P. M. It is wise to make a tremendous day's journey, not upon a plan or purpose to do so, for the idea of it alone fatigues, but to keep right on so long as one feels like it. So we took a wagon for the railroad down the Rhone valley 10 miles distant, and drove pleasantly through a picturesque region. How impressive the view from Leukerbad. Around it rise mountain peaks bare and sheer to a hight of nearly 5000 feet. They stand in a semi-circle like the sides of a vast cathedral. There is the appearance of design in the buttressed sides whose regular curve and swell correspond with the graceful spires of rock that rise far above into the air and seem to cut through the blue sky.

Going down the Rhone valley is like going up the Rhine river. What a view as one descends into the former!

A winding, level, lovely valley, threaded by a silver stream; on either side lofty mountains whose summits stand like guardians over it. Beyond in the haze, are more mountains.

We noticed that the houses were not scattered around but clustered together in villages; no doubt very dirty, but most picturesque in appearance as they lay on the mountain side.

What little bits of patches of grain, oats, and potatoes are planted! A large part of them could not have been over a quarter of an acre in extent. The subdivision of the land in the descent of it from father to son has led to what seems absurdly small holdings. This is peasant proprietorship with a vengeance. No wonder the people can't be conquered. Each man owns a part of his country, and the harder he works to get anything out of it the more he loves it.

We were for a while in the "high Alps" where cattle are pastured all summer; each one wears a bell. Their owners stay with them making butter, the sales of which purchase their winter food; each one is allowed to pasture as many cattle as he can feed all winter.

The weather was hot through all our trip, and the Alpine lemonade was refreshing. It is bottled, and goes off with a bang; but there is no lemon in it. I found no trace of a lemon in all that region.

Night at Martigny, and next day a drive to Chamounix. This is a much described region and I shall not attempt it. Like Interlachen, Chamounix has too many hotels, is too worldly and mercenary to be satisfactory. It is only good to sleep in. It is surrounded by magnificent mountains, whose peaks tower up majestically. Here is seen the summit of Mt. Blanc, the highest point in Europe. With a mile between us, and a guide, we ascended the Brebent, and from its heights thousands of feet from the valley below, looked at Mt. Blanc, The *Aiguilles* or peaks that, from Chamounix, had loomed up over us and rivalled it in height, diminished, seemingly, as we approached their level opposite, but all our climbing made no impression on Mt. Blanc, which steadily rose as we rose, until the real summit disclosed itself dramatically as the clouds parted like curtains, and its stately white crown appeared against the blue at as great a distance as ever.

We looked into dizzy depths below, and on vast masses of mountains on every side; for we were in the center of a great amphitheatre, high in the air, and had a grand survey.

There was this trouble; one's mind couldn't take it all in; one has an annoying sense of incapacity at such times. The picture would not become ones own. Only by an effort, by a steady strain of the faculties can one impress on one's self a scene like that.

Down again into the valley just in time to escape a wetting. Next day parted from my reverend and delightful companion, and mounted a diligence for Geneva; a pleasant ride beside an English boy attending school at Geneva to learn French, with a lot of other English boys who don't talk French at all. The fellows, he said, divide off according to nationality; the English and Americans together, and keep by themselves.

Thence to Paris in a compartment car with a jolly young Frenchman who couldn't speak over ten words of English. We exchanged views on scenery, the Alps, the country, the people, on the slenderest stock of French on my part, and had a famous time all the evening.

After the Alps, from Geneva to Paris, the country is uninteresting. Reached Paris just after the warm spell was over. Marched to the Arc de Triumphe, stadied the city from its summit with the aid of a map; did the same from the top of the Vendome Column and church of Notre Dame.

Did all south of the Seine one morning easily, including the Hotel Cluny, the Luxembourg, Pantheon, Invalides, tomb of Napoleon, and Notre Dame. Attended midday Sunday services afterwards at the Invalides, where the worn-out veterans of the Grand Army, armed with lances, appeared in form and made their responses to the prayers by an "order arms" accompanied by a roll on the small drums. The Republic don't care much for religion, and things were hurried through with.

The tomb of Napoleon, the historic pantings here at Versailles and elsewhere, are an education in the ideas of Napoleon and in the spirit of war that must powerfully affect the French people. Recent troubles may have knocked a good deal of martial nonsense out of them; some say they don't care for these pictures.

The array of wax figures at the Invalides illustrating the exact physical stature, type, expression, complexion, military dress, and weapon of every race and tribe under the sun, was most interesting. I was delighted at meeting specimens of Polynesian races that seemed like old friends and I wished to shake hands with them.

Another equally interesting exhibit was of figures true to the life, of every type of man from pre-historic time till now, all in military dress; the most natural, for man, historically, is chiefly a fighter. I never saw a Greek or Roman before. These were wonderful object lessons; a few of them in our American colleges would be of great value.

Three visits to Notre Dame for its grandeur. One can gaze by the hour at the rose windows. There was a funeral of the little child of a poor woman before one of the chapels, a very tender sweet service. It touched every one who was near, and we stood reverentially by till the simple service was over. There seems to be comfort for troubled hearts in these great cathedrals, where for ages people have come with their griefs. The music on Sunday was glorious. The organ peals rolled among the arches supporting the weird chant of the priest and his choristers.

Saint Chapelle Chapel must be the loveliest thing of its kind in the world; it is all richly painted windows; one cannot forget its delicate colors and marvellous grace. Standing there seemed like being in a dream, so wonderful was its beauty.

Wandering twice through the Louvre was tiresome. I didn't in the least enjoy the old masters—excepting one or two which opened up wonderfully on studying them. As among the Alps so among such an array of pictures, ones' mind becomes paralyzed or dazed by the blaze of glory on every side. It was interesting to study French ways. How they live out of doors! They are light hearted, gay, but a wonderfully efficient, executive people. They go in for fun as no others do or can, and yet they excel in carrying out gigantic enterprises. They get all the amusement possible, make all the money possible, and are devoted to the glory of their nation.

Paris may be seductive, but it takes I think a Parisian to fully enjoy it. I saw lots of bored Americans. I believe four-fifths of those who go abroad suffer from home sickness. They don't know how to enjoy themselves. Their only pleasure has been the drive and excitement of American life, and they are unfit for the European way of having a good time. Restless energy is in weakness; balanced activity is the true thing.

Even a little European travel is full of instruction. Their *morale* is lower than ours, but they have some better methods which we would do well to study.

One is glad to turn homewards. A smooth voyage with pleasant companions and home ahead is a delightful ending to a trip abroad, especially if one can catch the spirit of the sea, delight in its color, and its action, and in the strength and life of a proud ship as it plows ahead, throwing before it a pearly spray into the air; and as it cleaves the waters creating billows of white foam that in the night sparkle with phosphorescent light. What exhilaration is there like that of watching the rush of the ship through the water, as you bend over the bow?

S. C. A.

At the New England Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Institute Fair, going on with such great success for several months past in Boston, the Hampton Institute has been represented by an exhibit which has attracted much attention among the many interests of the great exposition. Some account of it will be given in the next number, after the close of the Institute Fair in November.

Mr. Ackrel E. White has begun a course at Oberlin, with a view to fitting himself thoroughly for the missionary work in Africa, to which he proposes to return, and in this undertaking has the good wishes of all his friends.

The Yorktown Centennial was disappointing in the want of preparations and in the condition of the roads which, from the long drought and much use, were six inches deep in fine dust, but it was full of spirit and of good results.

The large fleet flying French and American flags, and the hundreds of smaller craft filling the broad stream, presented from the bluffs of Yorktown a striking appearance.

No feature was more interesting than the camp of twenty thousand soldiers from all parts of the country. They covered many acres with a beautiful uniformity of white tents. One's old war associations could not but be aroused as one saw the familiar camp kettles, cooking soldiers' rations over an open fire; the commissary's and quarter-master's supplies; the cheery mingling of men; the galloping by of officers and orderlies, and the stacks of arms in the company streets.

People have already been made familiar with the doings of the several anniversary days.

The host of it all was, perhaps, the intercourse of many thousands of men from North and South, whose hearty interchange of pleasant words and of kind hospitalities, have really sped on the more perfect union of the sections.

A Virginia private told us that he had spent his time not among his old fellow-soldiers, but among the Northern boys, who could not do enough for him. Gen'l Wade Hampton was cheered as lustily by the New England as by the South Carolina troops.

A branch of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad has just reached Yorktown, and will, we hope, wake up this dismal region from its century's sleep. An appearance of thrift is likely to replace the seedy, dilapidated look of that portion of the Peninsula.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Dakota Territory, Oct., 3d.

(To-day, en route, in Government wagons, with five Indians from Crow Creek agency to Cheyenne River agency, along the banks of the upper Missouri, a distance of ninety miles, which we expect to do by to-morrow night.)

Last Tuesday, September 27th, we left Hampton with thirty-two Indians, on the Lady of the Lake, for Washington. Three years before, Capt. R. H. Pratt brought to us forty-nine wild children from Dakota. As we steamed up the Chesapeake that night, I imagined those unkempt, blanketed, half frightened young Indians, huddled in corners of the deck, strange among strangers, and then looked at the group we were taking back, of well-dressed boys and girls who surrounded the piano, one of them playing while all sang, or, as later in the evening they gathered, at the request of the passengers on the forward deck, and, as "Indian Students," sang their familiar hymns in the moonlight.

Of the original forty-nine, five boys have died at Hampton, six boys and two girls after returning home, two have remained at their own desire, and four have been sent back as unfit for school life, while twenty-nine are going home in good mental, moral and bodily condition, after three years at Hampton. From Washington we took the Baltimore and Ohio railroad to Chicago, and from there a train to the town of Chamberlain on the Missouri River. From Chicago, nine girls and one boy were taken by Lieut. Geo. Lelt. Brown, the new United States' officer detailed to Hampton Institute, to Bismarck, Dakota, seven to be carried north in wagons, one hundred miles to Fort Berthold, and three to go sixty miles south, to Standing Rock agency. We were nearly two days on the cars from Chicago to the Missouri, where the five boys for Lower Brule agency were sent five miles down and across the river to their homes, and the four for Crow Creek and five for Cheyenne River agencies, were met by wagons which carried all of us 25 miles to the north that night.

Chamberlain, a town of six months existence, at present the terminus of the C. M. & St. Paul railroad, is a specimen of the magical growth of the West. Its Hotel Brule is excellent, and would do credit to any New England town. The rail road here strikes boldly out beyond civilization, and aims for the Black Hills. It is creating civilization, at first of a somewhat rough and profane kind, but to be gradually softened and sweetened by the hallowing influences of good men and women, who gather on Sundays in stores, and sitting on rough boards, stretched across kegs or boxes, worship God with a simple devoutness which affects one more than anything in our magnificent city churches.

The pioneer used to cut his way westward. Now, the locomotive, the compressed energy of the nineteenth century, dashes far ahead of him, scaring away, with its terrible scream, the wild beasts whose prowlings were the terror of the settler.

These parallel railroad lines that are belting the continent, flying over canons and cutting through mountains, show us the grandest march of civilization the world has ever witnessed.

Who of the party that drove that moonlight night from Chamberlain to Crow Creek will ever forget the vast expanse of prairie that spread away from the foot of the rolling hills, and the sinking of the sun below a horizon of land and sky, which, for its long, unbroken level line, was like the sea. The sentiment of the boundless landscape, without a sign of life except our lonely wagon, the hues of the sun set, the soft beauty of the after glow, affected us like fine orchestral music, and then the moon shone out, and we seemed to be journeying from nowhere to nowhere.

Five hours of steady jogging brought us to a wild and broken country, where, as we decended rapidly a steep hill side, the wagon, through a mistake of the driver, overturned, and the two members of the Hampton Faculty, an artist friend from New York, who had joined us in Chicago, two Indians and the driver, landed on their heads, followed by a lot of trunks and packages that had been stored away under the seats. Poor Zie-wie cried pitifully at first, with her head on the lap of the lady member of the Faculty, who herself was badly cut across the cheek, but we soon found that no one was seriously hurt, and, fortunately, we were only a short distance from the house of the well-known and estimable Mr. Don't-Know-How, Zie-wie's father, who soon supplied a fresh wagon, and conducted his daughter, who had been absent three years, to her home. This meeting, in the moonlight, in front of the log house, illustrated Indian character. The mother kissed her long absent child, but sisters and friends merely shook hands quietly, and there was no evidence of the deep feeling which undoubtedly existed.

Looking into Zie-wie's home, I saw one large room about 20 x 28 feet, with two double bedsteads, a stove, a washstand, a few miscellaneous pieces of furniture, and a very dirty floor. Under the sash roof was a store, with the sign in large letters "D. K. How." He is one of the best and most thrifty Indians, but the home was untidy, and it was hard to leave Zie-wie in a place where she could not even have the privacy, which her newly learned modesty demanded. The next morning her father brought her to the mission school, to stay till he could make some changes in his house, and Zie-wie was gladly welcomed by Mrs Duigan, who was just opening her boarding school for Indian boys and girls, and at once engaged her at fair wages to do general work and assist in the care of the girls. Her arrival was most opportune, but her father looked sad, for Zie-wie had talked with him long the night before, and told him she could not bear the way in which she found her people living. The father told us, with a sigh, that Zie-wie had cried all night because she was civilized, and her sister had cried all night because she was not civilized. Don't-Know-How had long looked for his daughter's coming, to help him in his agency store, to keep accounts, etc., and she may do it yet. She is not a brilliant girl, but has force of character and good instincts, and is one of many, who, if the way were open, could leaven their people with good influences.

October 4th; noon; at a deserted stage ranch; the expected boat absent. Nothing to cook with; but we had a frying pan and some stores which we had brought, expecting to find facilities for cooking on the road. Indian boys made a fire in no time, we cut up our bacon with a jack-knife, made tea, at the artist's suggestion, in tomato and oyster cans which we picked up in the vicinity, and having cared for our horses, sat with fried bacon in one hand and hard tack in the other and wanted nothing. Appetites sharpened by prairie air, transformed it into a supreme feast, which Delmonico could not have made more satisfactory.

We made another twenty-five miles that afternoon. To the left lay a magnificent grassy plain about four miles wide and six in length, surrounded by hills that suggested an amphitheatre for some great future event, some as yet undreamed of drama in real life.

We drove at a slow pace, hour after hour, over excellent prairie roads, unimproved by man, through vast stretches of plain, and rolling land. There is a solemn stillness, it is like the sea, the clouds array themselves in purple and red and gold, and as we look, we seem to be upon a road that has no end, a path to the horizon. From the distant hills the keen north wind whistled down, making my borrowed buffalo coat none too warm. Far away, Medicine Butte lifted its blue crown a little above the others, until the evening shadows dimmed the grand outlines, and night found us at a second inhospitable ranche—"Jones' Hotel." This house of entertainment upon the banks of the upper Missouri, being typical, deserves a description. It is 100 feet long by twenty-five feet wide, and six feet in height, built of logs plastered with mud, old and dilapidated, possessing a few dishes, a wash basin and towels, not much by way of bedding, and having altogether the air of being well outside of civilization. All sorts of people are around, and it is most picturesque and amusing. We are jolly over our hard-tack, bacon, and coffee, and wonder how it is that we are away off here. Forty-eight miles that day.

Another half-day's ride of twenty-five miles brings us to Pierre, on the Missouri, the terminus of the Chicago and North Western R. R. Hence over a rough road of 180 miles, are transported to Deadwood, in the Black Hills, all its supplies, a business which employs some 6,000 cattle and hundreds of teamsters, a tough and rude set, far less amenable to good influences than the wild Indians whom they despise.

Their "bull teams" are a peculiar institution, connecting rail road termini with the extreme limits of emigration. They crawl along in processions miles in length, bivouacking at dark, when the cattle are fed after the day's fast.

After dining from a bill of fare including antelope steak, fried elk, etc., we jogged along thirty miles further, passed Fort Sully, crossed the Missouri opposite Fort Bennett, where another two miles brought us, after a wagon ride from Chamberlain of 120 miles, to Cheyenne River agency, where about two thousand Indians, under the care of Maj. Love, are encamped within a radius of thirty miles. Here is a set of long one story white buildings, a sort of wooden camp in a wild country, no signs of civilization. Indian log huts, tepees and tents here and there. Rest was refreshing.

The Indian camps which we wented to get at were still twenty-five or thirty miles away. Chiefs were summoned, but only Little No-Heart came. One needs time to do anything with Indians. I wanted three days where I had one, but finally started back with three capital young fellows.

Our boys were placed in good positions, and recruits for Hampton drummed up. Stormy weather threatened, for "gumbo" roads in wet weather present a variety of mud unknown in the East, and make horseback travel, only practicable. For a while the situation was distressing. Stuck in the mud 1,500 miles from Hampton, and no way out!

However, the breaking of a lovely day restored us, and with three bright boys, we started on the back track down the bank of the Missouri, for more Indians and home. One of our Indian detachment stole his father's horse and rode off to escape school, but he was half-caste and is small loss. The rest are pure Indian.

October 6th. To-day we are crossing the upper Missouri, 1,000 miles from its mouth, on a flat boat or scow. Two wagons and four horses aboard, with the three Indian boys just caught, and brought in spite of cold and storm, from Mackenzie's Point, Little No-Heart's camp, twenty-five miles from the agency. A Dutchman far Captain and at the oars four bare legged Indians, who spent most of their time overboard, pushing us off the sand bars on which we were constantly running. How picturesque it all is! Dreary hills, "bed lands," with river bottoms; loneliness on every side. The artist is continually struck with its resemblance to the Nile country, where he has spent two winters. The low river, the wide uncovered flats, the dark red distant hills, are all Egyptian. The plain with its brown grass is the Sahara. As the sun goes down, the solemnity grows, till one feels as if in some grand cathedral.

The water is muddy and the current strong, the river just now being not more than three hundred yards wide. The crew tow our scow far up stream, then jump on board and pull hard to get to the opposite shore before they are swept below the landing. Any one falling overboard will be sure to drown, as the sand in the water fills the clothing and pulls one under.

All along the road we admired the woods on the river banks, in their rich autumnal dress. Miles of golden trees stood up, interrupted by groups of brilliant reds and greens, and contrasted with the sombre hues of the back ground. Now and then we came to cattle ranches, low log huts, covered with clay, but comfortable in spite of their roughness.

I must mention the good work done at the St. John's Episcopal School at this agency, by Mr. and Mrs. Kinney, assisted by Miss Stevens. They have thirty bright Indian girls to whom they are giving an excellent practical education in household industries, besides teaching them the English language and Christian truth. The material of the school is capital, and the work is nobly done. The Indians of this agency have been in past years very troublesome. They killed a missionary some years ago, and threatened a massacre of the whites. These terrors are not, however, likely to be repeated.

The influence of missionaries in the various stations to which youths from Hampton return, is one of the strongest grounds of hope for the success of our efforts. In every case I asked them to look after and encourage our students in every way they could.

The agents' supply work, but the missionaries are all important. Because "the Kingdom of God is within you," because it is not an outward thing, but a force rather than a material fact, though it works steadily towards that—it is under-rated and seldom appreciated. The missionary's work among the Indians as elsewhere, is a leaven that works far beyond any results that can be published, and ought to be pushed with far greater vigor. Agency work is broken by change; missionary work is steady, persistent and increasingly effective. Hampton and Carlisle are only supplementary to it, adding a few to the small number who are getting instruction, out of the forty thousand who are waiting for it. One of the best results of my trip has been meeting these noble workers, getting into full sympathy with them, finding ourselves in heartiest accord, and thus opening the way for further effort. The work which they are doing is as good as can be, but they are often unable to control the children who may desert them or be carried off by parents. At Hampton and Carlisle we can hold them, and they get what can be got only by contact with civilization. It is not because mission work is, in kind, weak or inadequate that we speak of supplementing it. It is only to increase the number of educated Indians, and offer a few chosen youth wider advantages. Hampton prefers that two thirds of its Indians should be wild, well selected as to quality and disposition, but assentially raw material. Our new lot are mostly pure blooded and untaught.

The day we left Cheyenne agency with the new boys, was the finest of all. The air of Dakota is glorious, and we enjoyed it thoroughly, as we drove along in our box wagon. Peoria Bottoms lay below us, a wide, level plain, with the river winding through it, marked by the gorgeous fall foliage on its banks. Here is the home of Rev. T. L. Riggs, of the Presbyterian mission. He was absent, but an assistant was conducting a prayer meeting in the little church in the middle of the plain. She (Miss Collins,) at once conducted us to one of the neat log houses which the twenty-one Indian families who have taken homestead lots here, have erected, (a remarkable illustration of good missionary work on the one hand, and of Indian capacity for civilization on the other.) The mother said she would like to send her girl and boy; she called the latter from his play in the field, and in a few moments emerged from the Cabin with little Joe in fresh clothes—not a bit of baggage.—She had embraced him in doors, (not willing to show emotion,) and as we drove off, made, with others, a dignified salute.

The girl had to be sent for ten miles off, and followed us into Pierre two hours later with her friend and half-brother Battiste Gale, and Wm. Larrabee, who had listened to our conversation while working on the roof of a new log hut close by, and, Indian like, at once decided to seek an education. I had, however, learned that there was no blacksmith in this region, and suggested that they go to Hampton and learn the trade.

These people act and react with equal and astonishing quickness.

Rev. T. L. Riggs' settlement in Peoria Bottom is, I think, one of the best practical efforts ever made for Indian manhood and citzenship It is a complete success, and might be expected from one of his energy and common sense.

At Pierre once more. We crossed the river, hoping to induce a remarkably bright Indian girl, of excellent family, to join us. An hour's talk was fruitless. The father, a wrinkled, grimy Frenchman, consented, the mother was eager, but the handsome, half-blooded girl of fourteen, was shy, and dreaded to leave her mother, especially at night with these strange men. I think she will come later.

Started at 11 P. M. in a cold rain storm from Pierre for Jones' Ranch, reaching there at 4 A. M.; got coffee for all, and lay down on the floor till morning. One of our Indians could cook in a semi-civilized fashion, and was given charge of the frying pan and breakfast bacon. I washed the dishes belonging to the ranch, and passed them to the Secretary of the Art Students' League of New York, who wiped them artistically, and skilfully set eight plates to do duty for ten people.

The principal feature of these meals is our appetite, which makes the feeblest culinary success a triumph.

Crow Creek Agency at night. Ninety-one miles in thirty-one hours. But this was nothing to the experience of riding twenty consecutive hours in an open wagon, from Chamberlain to Yankton Agency, to collect students from there.

Passed next night at Ft. Hale, Capt. Schooler, commanding, where there are two companies of Negro troops. The officers told me that they have all the qualities requisite for good soldiers. They are extremely neat, easily disciplined, and brave. Their lack is intelligence. There are no clerks or mechanics among them, while white soldiers always have a per cent. of artisans who are very useful. On the other hand, the colored soldiers are superior at general fatigue duty, and in these days soldiering is largely manual labor. I saw a lot of them working in a potato field, and learned that they do such duty much better than white men. These troops had been recently ordered up from Texas. The corporal who rowed us across the Missouri, said he liked this country better than Texas, because there it was "too long between drinks," water being so scarce. Another, less cheerful, said that in Dakota "it is seven months winter and five months mosquitoes." They had the credit in Texas, of fighting Indians with peculiar dash, having a certain contempt of them: Indians are said to prefer fighting whites.

By the kind hospitality of Dr. Bergin I was most pleasantly taken to Lower Brule Agency, thirty miles down the river, and there comfortably quartered with Rev Mr. and Mrs. Waller, of the Episcopal Church. He is a full blooded, educated Indian. She is white, and both are devoted workers, going in among the people to persuade them to better things. They spoke of the relapse of some who had been educated in the East without being taught to work.

At Marion Junction we were joined by the rest of one party, that is, Miss E——— with her lady companion and eight Indians, five boys and three girls. The home journey was broken by no special incident, though it was interesting to watch the impressions made upon the Indians by the new condition in which they found themselves. A delay of one day in Washington gave us the opportunity to visit the Indian Department and the Capitol; in the former place our party were all introduced to the Secretary of the Interior and the Indian Commissioner. We took the boat down the Chesapeake that night, and after a stop of an hour or two at Yorktown, which gave us an unexpected glimpse at the Centennial, we reached Hampton about noon on Sunday, Oct. 10th, with our twenty-nine Indians (twenty-two boys and seven girls) all in good health and spirits.

S. C. A.

The following extract from a letter from the venerable Bishop Payne, in whose veins, as he said at his first visit to this school, runs the blood of the three races, Anglo-Saxon, African and Indian, will be read with interest. Bishop Payne said, that he came here with some prejudices against the Normal School, but that they had all disappeared in the light of personal observation.

* * * * * * *

My mental enjoyments at the Anniversary, constitute my full pay for my visit to your noble and ennobling Institute. It is, in my humble opinion, doing a work for the Colored race and for the Indian that no other school in the land is doing.

I would to God each Southern State had a Hampton in its bosom, working such results as are being in progress at your School.

May God grant you in the future ten-fold greater success than he has in the past.

Fraternally,
PAYNE.

"*The Industrial South*" is the name of a good working weekly, the first number of which has an excellent list of contents. It is published at Richmond, by Messrs James Me Donald and Robert P. Lee. We welcome this new ally, which comes into the field at a most opportune time.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES

A. Missionary's Preparation. Gone West. Remembering Good Counsel. Not Made for a Bootblack.

We give a few more letters this month. written by graduates to those whose contribution of $70 a year to the school, paid their scholarships, or estimated cost of schooling at Hampton. These letters, written by request of the Principal, during last year, give interesting particulars of the writers' lives and efforts for an education, and of their course from one to eight years since graduating. The one below is from our missionary graduate, Mr. Ackrel E. White, whose letters from the Mendi Mission have been published now and then in the four years of his work there.

A MISSIONARY'S PREPARATION.

Mendi Mission.

Sberbro, W. C. A, *March 15th*, 1881.

Mrs.——

My dear, kind friend: Having been asked to write you a letter, telling you something of my early life, when I entered Hampton, how long I was there, what benefit the education I received there has been to me, and the condition of the people whom I am now among; let me first say that to answer all these questions is more than I can do in a single letter. Should I omit any, I know you will excuse me.

I was born at——Va., on the 26th day of September, 1850. I had no early schooling, as neither free nor slave people were allowed to attend school. My father died when I was ten years old, and my mother died six years afterwards. I then went to work out for my living. One Sunday in '69, I went to a Town called——Va. and called at the minister's house, and while there I heard his wife (who was from Philadelphia) speak of a school at Hampton, Va., where young men could work for an education. I made up my mind to go there to school, as that was my only hope of getting an education. This was all I heard about Hampton, till '71, when a young man from the Richmond Institute came down and taught near my brother's place. My brother attended his school, and asked him if he had heard of this school at Hampton; he said he had heard very little. So my brother got him to write to find out if what I had heard the minister's wife say, was true or not. In answer to his letter, Gen. Armstrong sent us a circular, stating what we should have to do in order to enter the Junior class. So my brother came down and brought the circular, and Gen. Armstrong's letter, and we decided to start that Fall. I left my employment and went up where my brother was to attend school, so as to be able to enter the Junior class, but in one week after I entered school the school term was up, and the school closed. I had only gone to school five days. I was somewhat discouraged, yet did not lose heart. I was still doing all I could to enter Hampton that Fall, when my oldest sister was taken ill, and was sick about two months, and died, making it too late for me to go to Hampton. However I put it off till the next Fall, ('72,) when I entered the school with $12 in my pocket, passed an examination, and entered the Junior class. Working all I could and studying my best that term, I was promoted to the middle class of '73-'74. I remained on the school farm during vacation, to help pay my back bill by working and studying that term, as I did the term before. I was promoted to the Senior class of '75. I again remained on the farm during vacation, and studied at nights. But when school opened I had worked sod studied so hard that I found myself unfit for study. After trying for a month with no success, I left school to go and teach. I taught five months in Augusta Co., and four in Northampton. This helped me to pay my old bill with the school, some what refreshed my mind, and showed me the responsibility of a teacher. During the Fall of '73, I have omitted to say, I was led to accept Christ as my all in all. It was a blessed hour to me. I re-entered school in the Fall of '75, and graduated in '76. I went out and taught six months, closed my school, came back to visit Hampton, and there and then I received the call to come to Africa. After having considered the matter carefully and prayerfully, I accepted the call as from God.

I began to prepare, and sailed from New York Sept. 24th, '77, in company with four other missionaries. After a voyage of fifty-seven days, we landed in Freetown, Sierra Leone, Nov. 19th, '77. We remained there ten days, and left there the 29th, and reached here the 30th, a distance of 160 miles. I opened school here Dec. 4th, and have been teaching ever since.

To tell what benefit the education which I received at Hampton has been to me, is too much for me to do. Two things it has done; 1st, it has shown me my duty to God and his Son, Jesus Christ; 2nd, it has helped me, I trust, to do something toward fallen humanity, both in America and Africa. To tell about the people is also a hard task. They are very hard to understand. There are no people in America to whom I may compare these people on the coast. So many of the questions asked about the colored people South will not apply to these people here in Africa. We know that Africa is called the land of darkness and sin; and truly this is a good name for it now, yet I do think that there is more blame on the civilized world than there is on Africa, I mean in the sight of God.

What makes Africa as dark to-day as she is, is the vice brought over from civilized lands, by those who only come to get the wealth of the country. These men do all they can to keep out the light from the natives, and to leave the country in darkness for their own benefit. They will tell you readily that before any missionaries came to these parts they could get the produce of the country much cheaper than they now can. So you can easily see why they strive to keep the country in darkness. One might rejoice if this was all. But the most of these people who come here to seek a living, are said to come from low families, and they bring over all their civilized vice, and introduce it in Africa. You know that wrong is quicker learned than right. Take the people back from the coast, who have had nothing to do with the traders, and they are much better, morally than those on the coast.

My only hope of civilizing Africa as a whole, is to colonize it. Send out colonies, and not a handful of missionaries here and there. One trader can do more to darken Africa in one year than twenty-five missionaries can do to enlighten it in the same time. I ask you to pray that God may bless Africa. I would be glad to hear from you at any time.

I hope that you will accept my many thanks for your kindness to me while at Hampton. I can only pay you by doing to others as you have done to me. May the Lord bless and take care of you for ever.

I am your thankful pupil, W

GONE WEST.

Kansas City, Mo., March, 1881.

Mr.——

Having had the pleasure of writing you while at Hampton, on being informed by Gen. Armstrong that you paid my scholarship while attending the Institute, it is with greater pleasure I write at this stage of my life, after a lapse of nearly three years, and hope the facts noted may be interesting to you, and that you may see your generosity has been thus far fruitful.

I was born in——Ohio, August 4th, '55. Living there until fourteen years of age, I had the advantage of as good public schools as the times then afforded for colored people. But being ignorant of the benefit of an education, I spent my early school days in idleness, which I have long since lamented.

My father emigrated to Virginia in '68, and settled in a small town. There the chances for school were very poor; there being but one in the place, and that very badly conducted. My father would not allow any of his children to attend, so we were kept at home, and taught by mother. In '72, I was put at the carpenter's trade, and served as an apprentice one year. I was not heavy enough for the trade, and had to give it up. I then went to work in a tobacco factory, working at that a while; I quit and went to Richmond, living there about six months, returned home, where I staid until leaving for Hampton in '75. *The way I came to enter the school at Hampton.* I became acquainted with the senator from our district, through my father. He was also a lawyer, and had an office in the town. On one occasion, while in his office, he told me he expected to leave for Washington in a few days. Not having anything to do, I asked him if he would while there get me a situation. Thinking however, that an education would be of more advantage to me in the future than employment at present, I changed my mind and asked him about the school at Hampton. He told me he would write to Gen. Armstrong about the matter, and I should call in a few days to see him. I went to see him and found the answer all right and favorable. "If the young man is as you represent him, send him on; he will receive $50.00 of the Peabody fund the first year." I left the next week for Hampton with a letter from Mr.——to the General, and things were made all right; this was in '75. Staying there three years and graduating in '78, my stay there was made very pleasant. I found in the General a parent and friend, for the advice he gives to the students in a simple and unvarnished way, is rarely given in family circles. He is a man who sees far in the future, and his impressive Sunday evening lectures have followed me until this day. He is a friend to humanity. My first vacation was spent in Philadelphia at the Centennial, where I made money to return; my next at Saratoga; returning in the Fall, and graduating that term. I left the place and people I shall always honor and revere, and launched out upon the broad, rough sea of life with a firm resolve to do for my race, as far as my ability would allow, that which had been done for me. My first two years not were spent teaching in a small town in Virginia. There I was quite successful, and gained much information about the condition and needs of my people, and made many friends. Hearing of the colored people leaving the South and going to the west, I thought I would go out and cast my lot among them, and do all the good possible. Leaving home last April, I landed in this place. During the summer I saw many hundreds of colored people come in from the South, and my talk with them, which was almost daily, was often painful. After several talks with the city superintendent, (of schools) and telling him where I was schooled, he, being acquainted with General Armstrong and the school by reputation, gave me a position in one of the city schools, after standing the required examination. I have been teaching here since Sept., and have a good school. Since '79 about sixty-thousand colored people have left the South. Many of them settled around here and in the State of Kansas. The children who attend our city schools are in living condition, and that is about all. This has been quite a hard winter on some, for they have had to live on parched corn for three weeks at a time. My school at this time is in a prosperous condition, and will close in June.

Thanking you again for your kindness.

I am yours obediently,

C.

NOT MADE FOR A BOOTBLACK.

——*Va. May 5th*, 1881.

Mr.——

Dear Sir:

I am extremely grateful for the opportunity of addressing you this letter. I am aware of the fact that what I am, and all that I can hope to be in this life, I owe to your generous support while at Hampton Institute, and the sound and thorough principles there inculcated. Believing you my benefactor, I regard it my duty and pleasure to give you a history of my early life, and doings since leaving Hampton. I was born Jan. 16th, 1857, at——Pa. I early became a boot-black, and while thus engaged, a gentleman whose boots I was polishing, engaged himself *phrenologising* my head, when looking me in the face he said; "darkey, you were never made for a boot-black." From this I became dissatisfied with my lot, thinking that there might be a better place in life's drama to fill. I was shortly after this sent to Bridgewater Soldier's Orphan school, by the late Hon.————of Philadelphia, in which institution I remained five years, at the expiration of which I was sent to Hampton, in 1873. I did not graduate, being compelled by ill health to leave the Institution about two months before examination. I have been teaching nearly two years in——Co. Maryland. I believe all must fill some part in life's drama, and while at school I believed my part to be that of a teacher, but later developments convince that such is not the case. I am aware that the great end and aim of Hampton Institute is to make teachers, and those who pay scholarships in that school no doubt have the same end or aim in view, but though I do not intend teaching, I shall ever aim to be so profitably employed, that your investment in me, and your most generous support of me at Hampton shall never be regretted. Now that I do not intend following teaching, I shall give you some information regarding my plans for future occupation. My inclination for a long time has been toward a trade of some kind, so while employed as porter in a tailoring house in Philadelphia, I learned the trade of garment cutting, through many difficulties. But as "faith without works is dead," so is a trade without employment. In seeking employment at this trade I have met many rebuffs and discouragements, the chief cause being the possession of a black skin. Though this is true, I do not despair, for the conviction is firm, that though thick clouds envelop the sky a long time, the sun will eventually break through and shine. I am at this time engaged in teaching, and am happy to look upon my labors as being blessed. The people with whom I come in contact possess more of the ideas of true manhood, and religious and moral right, than any people I have met while teaching. My school closes May 15th. I then return to my home in Philadelphia, and shall be employed as porter in a tailor store in which I have been five years engaged at different times. During the summer, when business is quiet, I spend two or three hours each day studying decorative painting under one of Philadelphia's best artists, (lady) who is determined to try to make an artist of me. Thanking you for your generosity to me, and the great benefit derived therefrom,

I remain, ever gratefully yours, B.

REMEMBERING GOOD COUNSEL.

——Va.

Dear Madam:

I was born January 24th, 1857, of slave parents. Being too small to be of any service to my owners, I had comparatively a good time. Soon after the close of the war, free schools were started. I was then eight years old, and started with them. There were several ladies from Maine who first taught them. School was taught in the Colored Baptist Church, and at one time in the White Baptist Church. I attended until 1870, the last term being taught by a Hampton graduate, Mr Jas. Fields, of Hampton. In 1871, I then being 14 years old, I left home to seek my fortune. After a while I got a place on a James River steamer, as waiter. I remained there about two years; after quite a while I enlisted aboard the "iron-clad, Montauk," and remained in the service until she was put out of commission, in June, 1876. Then I got my discharge. I had not been home then for five years, and so I came to see my mother, but with no intention of staying longer than a week, as I had decided to join another man-of-war. But I did stay longer. A friend who had been at Hampton one term, was here with her mother, and somehow the three of them, C., her mother and my mother induced me to give up my "see notions" and go to Hampton. As money was scarce with me, I could not see how I was to go through. As I had scarcely ever looked inside a book since 1871, I had forgotten all I knew temporarily. But with C's help I was prepared and entered the Middle Class. But I had no idea that I would go through, and was therefore prepared at any time to leave, and as pupils were suspended when money for board was over due, until it came, I intended to have left as soon as such was my case. But God would have it otherwise, and raised up friends from unexpected quarters for me, who paid all expenses for board, and I had no excuse for leaving any longer. There ter I set myself to study.

After graduating at Hampton, I went to teach in——Va. My first session was five months. Finding the children were getting along so well I decided to return another term, and did, the last term being eight months. I had each term 80 or 90 pupils enrolled, more than I could do justice to. Yet the children advanced, and they, as well as parents seemed to like me, and wished me to come back another year. The parents were all very poor, and very few owned any land. Almost all who farmed were small renters, paying a third or fourth of the crops, besides paying for team and plough, which keeps them very poor. Sometimes they barely make enough to carry them through the winter, and often do not. Almost all have from four to eight children and often ten or twelve, which is a great tax to them, to keep them in clothes sufficient even to hide their nakedness, and few are sufficiently clad to protect them from the weather, and many are therefore compelled to remain at home from school on cold days, and often lose the greater part of the short school term, not being able to attend until the latter part of March. Schools open generally in November or last of October. But I was enabled through the kindness of Mr. B.——of Boston, to have a larger attendance than ever before, as he sent me boxes of clothing, and hundreds wore clothes given by him; men, women and children. As the suits were alike, people could tell my scholars any where in the County they met them. But as poor and needy as they are, the prospects are encouraging, as they seem to see more than ever the necessity of schooling for their children, and all are anxious to have their children go to school, and "Larn to spell, so dey can read de Bible to dar ole deddy" as they say. I think the greatest drawback to the welfare of the race, especially in the thinly settled portions of the country, is the illiterate preachers, who have more influence than any one else; as the people are generally very religious in their way. What I have seen of them makes me say "in their way." Their religion is all in the church, or other place of worship, and when they come out it is left behind, apparently; for they will converse about every thing except the sermon, (I cannot well blame them not speaking of that, for it is seldom they ever know where the preacher took his text, and indeed it would often be a conundrum to the preacher to tell where he began or ended.)

If they had better preachers as well as teachers, their future would not be so doubtful. Very often the preachers undo what the teacher does, and the lessons of civilization learned at school are overbalanced by those of heathenism, that they get from the prayer meetings and at church. But as teachers from Hampton and other Institutions are constantly gaining reputation and confidence among the people, we may hope, with God's help, that they may root out all of the old superstitious notions of religion, and instill the right and true. I have left the field myself, but am still interested, and wish to see teachers do their work well. There is only one of Hampton's graduates here teaching. I am now keeping a small grocery store. Whether I succeed or not remains to be seen. I again thank you for the part you contributed to my education at Hampton, and thanking God the giver of all good gifts,

I remain, yours gratefully, P.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

The most exciting event of the month to the Indian students of Hampton, has been the departure of thirty of their number for their homes in the West. The last Sunday evening before Tuesday's start, was given up to the farewell; addresses were made by some of the young men—and one young woman—selected by themselves to represent each agency, and, on the part of the school, by some of its graduates who had been their teachers, with some words of counsel and encouragement from the Principal. With very little time for preparation, the Indians spoke very well. One or two preferred to speak in their own language, with an interpreter. Some read speeches which they had written, but others spoke extempore, in English, and did very well, though they had had very little time to prepare. The burden of their speeches was the same—regret—evidently heart-felt—in leaving the school, and their comrades and teachers, thankfulness for the lessons they had learned, and earnest intention to live up to them, and use them for the good of their people at home.

Geo. Bushotter said in his very well expressed and earnest extempore speech: "When I come here, I could read and write some in Dakota language, but I did not know a word of English. Now I think I can make any body understand whatever I want to say in English; and I have learned many good things. I hear that some people say the Indian boys and girls will go back to Indian life when they go home, forget all they learned. I think we shall not forget. I hope we all will go home and work, and show everybody that we shall not go back. Perhaps some of us go back. I think not. For one, I have not to go back. I have to work. I shall not forget. I have always to remember what I have learned here." Josephine, though a little shamefaced, made a good little speech, expressing her intention to work among the women, and a laugh being raised in her audience by a naive acknowledgment of her bashfulness, "I ashamed," she quickly sobered, by saying earnestly, with gesture suited to the word, "You laugh at me, but you not know what is in here—in my heart." Her speech and the others were received with hearty and sympathetic applause by their colored comrades, and very kind words were spoken by the graduate teachers who had assisted in their training—their Shellbanks farm superintendent rousing a laugh by advising them to go at all the work of their life as they went at a certain brier patch last summer. The Indian students who did not speak were proud of their representatives and one said—"If I had had time to write I would have spoken. I had many words to say." Another: "When I go home I shall talk to my people like—(one who bed spoken in his own language). He talked like a man."

On Monday evening, they assembled again to receive a little parting gift each, of books, The Gospel Hymns, many of which they have learned to sing, and The Story of the Bible, or some other books within their reading power; a box containing note paper, envelopes, pens and penholder and automatic pencil, and one of Prang's chromos to brighten up the wall at home, and carry the memories and influences of civilization into their difficult path of life. They were greatly pleased and grateful, and there were many "thank you's" and promises to send some of the note paper back in the form of letters. Tuesday morning was spent in packing, but time was taken for one deeply interesting scene. All gathered with their teachers and their minister to see the last three of the whole thirty received by their own request into the church of Christ by baptism. They had all been thinking long of it, and far from being an occasion arranged or hurried for effect, the delay had resulted from their own desire, and that of all who had the care of them, that there should be no mistake or forcing about it. We are hopeful for all of them, believing in the sincerity of their purpose to "walk the new road" in the help of their Savior. Tuesday evening, the party started, under charge of the Principal and one of their teachers, whose account of their long homeward journey will be found in another column. A few of their most intimate friends, with their teachers, and one of their chaplains saw them off at Old Point, with pride in their manly and womanly appearance, and with affectionate regret and hope.

Some of them may read this, as they say they are going to take the Southern Workman. We say to them: Remember that we think of you with love and hope. We shall not forget you. We shall look—and many many people will look, to see what the Hampton Indian graduates do. We believe they will do well. If they keep in the good way, that will be good for them, and for all their people.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

A friend present at the baptism of an Indian young man at Hampton, on his dying bed, gives the following touching sketch of the impressive scene.

Savarps came with the Arizone Indians in February. About the 18th of August he began to run down in health, and at the opening of the school he was too ill to return home. Tuesday, the eleventh of October, it was noticed he was failing fast. During the day he saw Mr. Gravett, (the Rector of St. John's Church, Hampton,) drive through the grounds, and for some time watched the door, expecting him to enter. Mr. Gravett having other engagements, was not able to come till almost seven in evening. For some hours Savarps' mind had been wandering, and at intervals Antonito (the son of his chief) would speak to him in his native tongue, and, for a moment, would recall him to consciousness. When Mr. Gravatt came he again spoke to him, telling who it was. Savarps seemed to make a final effort, and rallied, saying he was glad to see him, and at once adding "I went to go to church." It was soon ascertained that Mr. Gravatt had spoken to him, in his frequent visits, of being baptised, and it was this he desired.

There was little time for consultation and less for ceremony. Mr. Gravatt knew his state of mind, and decided to go forward. The scene was touching in its simplicity. The once fleet and hardy scout, now wasted to a shadow, with the death damp on his forehead, lay in his reclining chair, his dusky skin and jet black hair in strong relief against the pillows. Mr. Gravatt gently explained to him again the meaning of the ordinance. Antonito crouched on the floor at his feet, intensely eager that no idea or word from either side should be lost, and the friend who had done so much to alleviate these last days, supported him, lending the one touch of color and brightness to the otherwise sad and sombre scene.

A single lamp gave just light enough to cast heavy Rembrandt shadows, and without a thought beyond the solemn realities of the moment, the actors were grouped in a picture that might well commend the best artistic effort.

He lived till near midnight, speaking more than once with pleasure of what had been done.

The funeral services were conducted in front of Virginia Hall by Rev. Mr. Frissell assisted by Rev. Mr. Gravatt, and the body was followed to the school cemetery by the officers, teachers and students, escorted by the school Battalion under Capt. Romeyn. Just at sunset, the bugler stepped from the uncovered crowd, and on the mound formed by the earth of the newly made grave, blew the farewell call, the long "Good Night."

OUR DAKOTA LETTER.

Bismark, D. T. September 3rd, 1881.

EDITOR OF WORKMAN,

After waiting three days at Bismark for the recovery of the sick "Doctor" we were gladdened by the sight of escaping steam, and the knowledge that in a few moments more we would be on our way up the River. The Northern Pacific R. R. crosses or intends to cross, the Missouri River just above Bismark, and several hundred men were at work cutting away the high bluff on the East bank of the river, and in filling up the jetties or dams, which are intended to narrow and deepen the channel of the river at this point. This work is effected by drawing piles and by filling in between them with willows and stone. As the banks are exceedingly liable to wash, this work must be well and thoroughly done or the railroad may some day find their bridge all on one side of the river. The new and busy little town of Mandan lies nestling under the high bluff just opposite Bismark. Like many other little hamlets in the West, Mandan has "great expectations. The banks of the Missouri River above Bismark are rather more heavily wooded than lower down. About forty miles above Bismark we arrived at the "Painted Woods." These consist of a strip of oak and cotton wood timber stretching along the east bank of the Missouri River for several miles. This oak is of the bur species and is found scattered through the ravines of the country round about Berthold Agency, and as furnishing a supply of "tannic acid" would be found of value should it ever be found advisable to establish a Tannery at any of the Upper Agencies. This would be an industry that would employ quite a number of *idle hands*. Here and there clay is found that would answer very well for brick, and near Berthold Agency I found large beds of coal of the lignite variety, and, by the way, this would render the baking of the brick clay quite economical at this Agency. The miserable *hovels* occupied by many of the Indians could be replaced by much cheaper and more economical brick structures, which would enable them to bring up their families in a cleanly and civilized manner. It is frequently said the Indians will not work; but they will fast enough, *if it is made apparent to them* that it will redound to their advantage to do so. It would be better to give the *money* appropriated for the support of the Indians to them as wages for work done and then allow them the same privilege of buying out of the Indian Commissary as is given the white employes of the Agency, but there are many difficulties to be met with in the carrying out of any radical changes. The Indian has become very suspicious and does not enter very quickly into any change in the manner of conducting his affairs. I have found however at all the Missouri river Agencies, unanimous feeling among the Indians in favor of civilization and education, yet too much should not be expected from the first generation: they can and ought to do something, but it is a great change from the free and easy way of the Indian hunter end soldier to that of quiet, plodding farming, which requires an amount of persevering effort that the average man is not capable of exerting. They can see and understand the advantage of industry, frugality and economy; but they have lived all their lives without exerting these qualities and it is an exceedingly difficult task for them to perform now.

Meeting friends at Fort Stevenson I was kindly entertained by them and sent on to Berthold Agency the following day. Stevenson is very pleasantly located on the east bank of the Missouri river, about eighty miles up the river from Bismark and about seventeen miles below Berthold Agency. There were two Companies of Infantry stationed here under the command of Capt., Rawn of the 7th Infantry. Arriving at Berthold Agency I was pleased to find the extent of the acreage under cultivation. There are in the neighborhood of twelve hundred Indians at the Agency, men, women, and children, and they cultivated about seven hundred and fifty acres of land, besides helping the Agent in the cultivation of a two hundred acre farm. The hay for the Agency animals was furnished this year by the Indians, but they all live clustered, huddled together in a little village at one end of the farm. Everything is raised here except fruit, and the crop looked very well indeed. The Indian, men, women and children were at work out in the field gathering in the harvests as we rode by, on our way to the village. In the evening, the medicine lodges of the Gros-Ventres, Mandans and Rees were all occupied, the monotonous tum—tum of the drum re sounded through the camp. Visiting one of these medicine lodges with Dr. Hoffman of the Smithsonian, who was visiting the Agency for the purpose of picking up scientific information, we were regaled? with a series of incantations, tricks, dances and songs, which in the dim, weird light of the bush fire in the middle of the lodge, had a grotesque appearance, provokative of mirth, if it were not for the pity felt for the poor, superstitious weaklings who were deluding themselves with their foolish idolatries. Looking upon this wild scene, I was reminded of the magnitude of the task of civilizing and Christianizing this people. Industries, better homes, patience and continued effort must be brought to bear on the old end matured, and the children educated and trained up to useful manhood and womanhood. At Standing-Rock Agency there is school accommodation for about (90) ninety children, end there are between one and two thousand running about tha camps, growing up in paganism. I think it is too bad that this can not be remedied in some way, and I am convinced that until it is thoroughly met and settled, the work of Christianization will be very slow in breeking over the hereditary superstitions of the Indians. The buildings at Berthold Agency are mainly of logs, though a few of the old time lodges many yet be seen. All the Indians are anxious to see the Hampton pupils back, and expressed a great desire to see them working about the Agencies in such positions as they are fitted to fill, and also in the school. "What is the use of sending our children away if they are not allowed to work at such things as they have learned to do?" This question was asked me frequently, and I assured them that the Government was also anxious to have the pupils employed at *living wages* in all positions they might be found competent to fill, end they appeared greatly pleased to hear this "good word," as they put it.

Yours faithfully,

GEO. LER. BROWN.

THE SUN DANCE.

EDITOR "SOUTHERN WORKMEN."

The Sun Dance is a religious ceremony of great importance among the Indians, and I wondered why the authorities of the Interior Department had prohibited it, until I witnessed its barbarity, and learned that its most repulsive features were the direct result of questionable practices among the sharpers of the camp.

There had been a great deal of sickness and mortality among the prisoners at Ft. Yates, and the Medicine man exhausted their spells and incantations without effect.

In vain the Post Surgeon made his daily rounds and left directions for the relief of the suffering.

The medicines were either thrown to the dogs, or swallowed without regard to time or quantity. In vain were sanitary regulations insisted upon; so distrustful were they of the white man's practice; and in some instances, suspicious of his intentions.

The old doctrine of the spirit of evil warring against humanity end only to be appeased by the voluntary humiliation and torture of the strong and brave, is strongly asserted and religiously held by the Sioux.

So the ordeal of the Sun Dance was whispered about for a week or two; at first timidly, because the Indians under control of the Agency have been forbidden to engage in this dance. Burning Antelope, the orator of the Sioux, came to Head Quarters with a strong plea. His people, especially the children were dying in great numbers, and their hearts were bad. They must invoke The Great Spirit and drive away the Evil One. He was given to understand that his people would not be interferred with so long as they violated none of their obligations as prisoners of war. Accordingly the preparations for the Sun Dance went forward rapidly.

The medicine pole, a cotton wood tree about 40 feet high, was cut down and borne on the shoulders of men, to the centre of the camp, escorted by a large procession of braves riding on ponies. There it was firmly planted, and decorated with red and yellow bits of calico, a bunch or two of sticks and herbs, (medicine) and a cord of sinew, from which were suspended silhouttes of a buffalo and an Indian, very well cut from raw hide, and painted black. The significance of these emblems I could not find out.

The squaws were detailed in large numbers to cut and bring in boughs of cotton-wood and willow of which the men built a pavilion round the medicine pole. In the mean time, during these preparations, the braves who were to take part in the dance, were undergoing their preparation for the ordeal. For two days they remained in seclusion, neither eating nor drinking. I have been told they do not sleep during that time, but am not certain that watching is also a part of the preliminary discipline.

The pavilion was completed about noon, and the "*tom-tom*" sounded. Immediately a procession was formed by the dancers, end starting from the *tipi* where the vigil was held, they marched slowly across the prairie about half a mile, and made the circuit of the pavilion, outside, chanting, or moaning rather, in a most weird tone. The procession was headed by Low Dog, the leader of the dance. He bore a buffalo's head on a cushion before him, end on arriving at the station in the pavilion assigned to the dancers, he placed his burden with great care upon the ground, and drew round it a small cord, fastening it to stakes; thus forming a sort of charmed circle round the sacred emblem, if emblem it be.

The dancers were all nude to the waist, and painted a ghastly yellow. Their long hair was well combed, and hung loose round the shoulders. They wore bright plaid shawls or blankets, fastened at the waist by leather belts studded with brass nails. The shawls formed skirts like the dresses of the squaws, which reached to the ankles, and are said to typify the humiliation of the braves. Many of them wore a ribbon round the neck, from which was suspended a tinsel ornament representing the sun. Each men carried in his hand a curious whistle made of the bone of an eagle's wing, and decorated with a bunch of fine downy feathers. Besides the whistle, they carried also a bunch of sage-brush, which they held up close to their faces as they marched to the Medicine pole. It was quite an impressive sight as they moved slowly along, with heads bent, chanting their weird monotonous song.

There were nearly one hundred young braves or warriors to take part in the dance. While they were marching, the spectators, who had crowded in and around the pavilion, were regaling themselves with such dainty dishes, as the squaws usually serve at their great feasts; dog-soup, cakes of hard bread fried in bacon fat, and coffee.

The dancers were led out in groups, four or five together, and placed in position in the centre of the ring, with their faces towards the sun. The *tom-tom* was sounded with renewed energy, end the groups of dancers blew a long shrill blast upon the whistles, and throwing back their heads so as to gaze directly at the the noon-day sun, thrust out their hands in solemn invocation to the Sun, and began the motion of the dance. This is a kind of jump or gentle shake of the body, always rythmic and in perfect time with the beating of the *tom-tom*. During the three hours that we remained within the pavilion, the dance was kept up ceaselessly by every group of dancers; tha motion never changing or stopping for a moment, except at certain intervals, when with preconcerted movement, the hands were all thrust out towards the Sun, and the long shrill blast blown. This invocation ended, they continued blowing faintly the little whistles which were kept always in the mouth, and resumed the motion of the dance. Occasionally one would

raise his bunch of sage brush to his face for a moment or two, and perhaps bite off a piece. It is said to refresh them greatly when the mouth and throat become dry from the constant blowing of the whistles. The thermometer registered 112 in the shade at Ft. Yates the day the dance began, and it was supposed to be at least 140 at the Indian camp, where there was no shade except under the pavilion where the spectators sat. About sunset of the first day the enthusiasm seemed to reach its climax. The medicine men then led two or three of the dancers to the Medicine pole to undergo the tortures of mutilation, and thereby show their bravery and expulsion the Evil Spirit.

The braves would stand or sit at the foot of the Pole, as they were more or less able to endure the fatigue, and the Medicine men began their disgusting task with an evident relish.

The only instruments I saw used were a large butcher's knife and a thorn or wooden pin. With the knife they would scarify the back and shoulders, and, by lifting the skin with the thorn and running the knife under the flesh, would cause the blood to flow quite freely. Not only the back and shoulders but the arms as far as the elbow, and the entire breast, were in some instances so cut as to present a ghastly sight.

Others inserted a wooden pin under the skin about half an inch deep, one on each breast, and to these pins were fastened lariats, which were attached to the top of the pole and tightened. In this position the victim hung and danced, till he tore himself loose from the pole; or, if his strength failed, as was sometimes the case, he was cut down and borne to a mat of sage brush till he was sufficiently revived to resume the dance. The mutilation continued from sunset till the night grew dark, which in this climate and latitude is much later than at the East. During the month of June and July, when the evenings are cloudless, it is light enough at nine o'clock to read a newspaper. I suppose it was quite ten o'clock when our party left the scene, and the camp fires were just being lighted. The dance continued uninterruptedly all night, and at sun rise the mutilations were resumed and continued till the close of the dance at sunset of that day. On the second morning, I noticed two young men who seemed to be undergoing double torture. They were fastened with lariats to four stakes; two pulling from the breast and two from the back, so that every motion of the body in dancing must tear the flesh either from the breast or back. They danced for several hours, but only succeeded in tearing themselves partly loose, when one of them, nearly fainting with pain, was cut down by his attendant and borne to a mat under the shade. The other was still dancing at noon, but was afterwards cut down. I learned that they were brothers of two young men who had deserted the dance in the night, and these had come to take their places.

During the dance and the mutilation it was a rare thing to see any of the braves give sign of pain. Notwithstanding the intense heat, the previous fast of twenty-four hours, and the unceasing motion of the dance, but few gave any token of exhaustion. It seemed to be their pride to bear the ordeal with stolid indifference. Occasionally I noticed some of them stooping and placing the hands upon the knees for a moment or two, and so, by a change of posture, resting their weary limbs.

During the dance the squaws brought in their papooses to have their ears pierced. I saw a young, neat looking squaw and her husband lead in a pony with a papoose about eight or ten months old, on its back. The little thing was removed from its pretty beaded covering and laid on the ground before a medicine man. He drew out his large knife and, pressed quite leisurely to sharpen it, with an evident relish for his task. Then while the parents held the poor terrified child down, he thrust the knife through the upper part of the ear, cutting a slit fully half an inch long, and a still larger cut was made in the lower part of each ear, and large brass rings with tinnuous shells inserted in each gaping wound. The screams of the child were drowned by the shrill singing of the squaws who stood in groups round the scene. The pony was then presented the Medicine man as his fee.

The giving and receiving of gifts is a prominent feature of the Sun Dance. And the men who perform the mutilations upon the braves are often greatly enriched by their trade.

Towards the close of the day, an image of cotton-wood bongha was set up and decorated with buffalo skins and a scalp lock, bows and arrows, and bits of bright colored calico. When the mutilations were accomplished, quite a number of men on ponies charged upon the image with spears. They would ride up close to it, and making a dash, carry off the scalp-lock amid yells and singing. It would be replaced by another, and they would renew the attack in the same way. I enquired of several interpreters the meaning of this performance, and received different accounts from each. One said, very confidently, it represented the Evil Spirit that brought disease and death, and they were driving it off; another that it was a Bee Indian, a deadly enemy of the Sioux, and they were making a charge as they do in warfare. I incline to the opinion of the latter, for their songs and chants seem always to celebrate their adventures of war or of the chase. I have never heard a song interpreted that had any kind of religious sentiment whatever.

J. B. A.

HAMPTON'S INDIAN GRADUATES.

Thirty Sioux Indians who have spent three years at the Hampton Institute have been returned to their homes in Dakota, and placed in regular employment there, as follows. Every boy carried home tools of his trade—some over $22 worth—earned by his own labor at Hampton.

AT CHEYENNE RIVER AGENCY.

Louis Aggenoughea and Leroy Shutashnay, age 17 and 10, as farm hands on the Government Agency farm, at $15 a month. They will assist in general work. Harry Brown, age 17, as assistant teacher in the Government school. Henry Fishermen, age 20, as carpenter and tin-smith, at $25 a month. Joseph Wahn as helper in office work, at $20 a month.

Capt. Pratt's report on the students brought to Hampton, three years ago, remarks: "Harry Brown is the son of White Horse, who is second to the good Chief, Little No Heart among the Minneconjoo Sioux. Henry Fisherman is the son of the first Indian at the Agency to adopt the white man's dress and ways.

AT CUOW CREEK AGENCY.

Ziewie, a girl, age 18, as assistant in care of girls and laundry work in the Government school. Edwin Ashley, age 21, as assistant teacher; Andrew Fox, age 19, as helper in office work, and Pamani, age 22, as carpenter; the latter to at $20 a month. Of these, the same report of three years ago, stated: "Ziewin is the daughter of one of the best Indians at the Agency. She was brought to me at the last moment by her father who had been very anxious that a young son should go, but he being altogether too small, concluded at last to send his daughter. I found both very much in earnest about it." This Indian in Unpeohni—Don't Know How, or Mr. D. K. How, as he prefers to sign himself. Many will remember the striking contrast between two photographs of this girl, one taken when she arrived at Hampton and the other one year afterward. The Report stated: "Edward Ashley is the adopted son of one of the best Indians at the Agency—had been in the mission school one year, write and read nicely in the Dakota language. Pamani and Andrew Fox are neighbors of Wizi, one of the principal and most progressive chiefs of the band. The latter had been in the mission school." Wizi is the chief who told his people that if only one of their young men should return to them able to teach them civilization, they should think it had paid to send them to school.

AT LOWER BRULE AGENCY:

George Bushotter, age 18, is employed as painter and to teach in the Government school; Henry Rencontre, age 21, as blacksmith, James Wechakasaka, age 20, Joseph Wiunehago, age 19, and Lezedo Rencontre, age 19, as carpenters; all these at $15 a month.

Of these boys, the report stated that three of them had had some schooling in Dakota. Two of them knew a little English. They were selected by their missionary, Rev. L. C. Waller, himself an educated Indian, thoroughly acquainted with and deeply interested for his people.

AT YANKTON AGENCY:

Carria Anderson, age 15, is engaged to do housework in the family of Dr. Smith, agency physician; Lizzia Spider, age 17, to do housework in the family of Rev. J. P. Williamson, missionary; Frank Yellowbird, age 21, at St. Paul's Mission School (of the Episcopal Mission) as drill master, &c.; Edwin Bishop, age 17, as school shoemaker in St. Paul's School. David Simmons, age 16, expects to teach, and is engaged on trial in Mr. Williamson's school. Oscar Brown, a boy in delicate health, but better than last year, is cared for, and helping in general work in St. Paul's School.

Some of them, according to the Report of three years ago, had had some schooling, chiefly in Dakota. Edward Bishop is son of Running Bull, who was 1st lieut. of Sibley's scouts.

Under the Black Hills treaty of '68, all the Sioux receive from Government, rations, etc., worth, say $70 a year each, except those of the Yankton agency, who get only a few dollars and about half a ration, worth all together from $40 to $50 each, out of the $25,000 annuity awarded the Yanctonnai Sioux band, by the terms of their treaty.

The students from Standing Rock and Fort Berthold Agencies were placed by Lieut. G. LeR. Brown as follows:

AT STANDING ROCK AGENCY.

John Pleets, age 21, as laborer in charge of Agency stables, at $1 per day. John had never been at school before coming to Hampton.

Rosa Pleets, his sister, age 18, of whom the same can be said, is offered employment at house work in the family of the Agent or of Capt. Von Horne,—wages $8, per month at first—or as assistant teacher in the Agency school at remuneration to be fixed by Commissioner.

Uhkaumpe—*Carries Flying*—age 19, as assistant agency carpenter, at $1 per day. This young man is nephew of a former chief, Wild Goose, and came to Hampton straight from the Indian camp, having had no schooling whatever.

The two young men take their meals and have sleeping rooms at the agency, preferring not to go back to the Indian camp.

AT FORT BERTHOLD AGENCY.

Kauauach—*Sioux Boy*—age 10, is employed at his trade of shoemaking and harness mending, for the Agency; wages $1 per day.

Ahuka—*White Wolf*—an Arikree, age 23, is employed as assistant agency carpenter; wages $1 per day.

Laughing Face, age 21, as assistant herder and farmer at agency; wages $1 per day.

Tom Smith, age 17, brother of the interpreter, as assistant herder and farmer, and assistant engineer; wages $1 per day.

Ara Hatchkish, age 16, and Ka-what, age 15, are employed at light farm work at boy's wages for the present, of fifty cents a day. Ka what is brother of White Breast, who was for two years at Hampton. Ari-Hotchkish—*Long Arm*—is son of Hard Horn, second chief of the Gros Ventres, and spoken of in Capt. Pratts report of three years ago, as a progressive man, who, with his wife, made a great sacrifice to give up their boy. They have followed his course anxiously and with pride.

Josephine Mainourie, age 21, Gros Ventre, has charge of the children of Rev. Mr. Pfall, and assists in teaching.

The Fort Berthold boys have three rooms at the Agency: one for kitchen and dining room, the other two for sleeping rooms, and employ a half breed woman, relative of one of them, to cook and wash for them. These rooms they were allowed to fit up and occupy immediately on their arrival, on their own request, not wishing to live in the camp. Kauauach, the spokesman for the boys, in the presence of many Indian friends and relatives and the agency officials, stated that his Indian days were bad, savage; that they lived in a dirty bad way, and he and the other boys were not going to live like the Indians, but were going to work and show the white man that they could work; that they could keep clean, and buy new clothes when the ones they now had were worn out; that he intended to save his money, and some day buy cattle, and build him a nice house with floorsin it, and windows and bedsteads and things like white man's things. This seemed to be the sentiment of all the boys, and the fact that they took hold at once and went to work, would seem to indicate that it was founded in a desire to do better—to continue in well doing.

THE NEW COMERS.

Twenty-nine Indian boys and girls arrived at Hampton Institute, October 10th, under charge of the Principal, from the agencies on the upper Mission in Dakota.

Seven are from Cheyenne River agency, as follows:

(In Dakota, the vowels have the Italian sound, and c is hard ch.)

Shuaka-ska—*White-Dog*—age 16, nephew of "Little No-Heart," Chief of Minneconjoe Sioux. No-Heart is a strong character, very loyal to the Government, and has done much to introduce civilized ideas among his people. He has already had a son and a nephew educated at Hampton. He wears white men's clothes, and engages in manual labor. *White-Dog's* father died of wounds received in the United States' service as scout.

Tashunka-waxte (x is sh in written Dakota) —*Good Horse*—age 16, of full blood, nephew of Little No-Heart, and a cousin of Harry Brown, just returned from Hampton, the latter a son of White Horse, a prominent and influential Sioux, who farms and raises considerable stock.

Ikinicapi—*Fight-For*—age, 10, of full blood, a brother of chief Little No-Heart, and son of Half-Back, a carpenter.

William Larrabee, age 18, and Maggie Larrabee, age 10, of half blood, children of Alexander Larrabee, a Frenchman, and an Indian mother.

Joe Marsh, age 12, half blood, an adopted son of the Larrabees. Calling at their home to take off, by previous appointment, little Joe, the mother said she wished Maggie to go too. As there was no blacksmith in that region, I suggested to William, who was engaged close by in building a house, that he might learn the trade at Hampton. In a moment, he replied "I'll go." During the short talk, Miss Collins, Rev. Mr. Riggs's missionary assistant, interpreting, a young Indian who was on the roof finishing the mud covering on the new building, listened, and when, an hour later, the new recruits followed us into the town of Pierre, Baptiste Oahn came with them. It is astonishing how quickly Indians decide and act, and how easily an hour or a day later they entirely reverse their decisions. They are the most uncertain and variable people, as to their minds. Baptiste is 16 years of age, of half blood, son of a Frenchman.

These last four belong to one of the twenty-one families of Indians at Peoria Bottom, whom Rev. T. S. Riggs, Presbyterian missionary, has induced to separate from their tribal relations—two of them were chiefs. After five years' hard work, he induced Government to grant them titles to the homesteads which they have chosen on these wooded banks of the Missouri. They are all rationed, but will soon became self supporting. All occupy plain log houses, surrounded with tool sheds and other out buildings, and each has a huge stack of hay piled up for winter use.

Mr. Riggs's own cottage and little white church stand in the midst of the plain. He and his assistant preach to and teach these and about five-thousand other Indians, in this and neighboring camps, visiting them in their houses, encouraging civilized ways. His effort is one of the finest things in the history of Indian progress, and proves the possibility of Indian civilization.

From Crow Creek Agency, seven, as follows:

Pashcca—*Skeleton Head*—age 16, of full blood, an orphan, son of Yellow Thigh a warrior, and a nephew of Slapping Hoof, a noted brave.

Wanodi-cietina—*Little Eagle*—age 16, son of Small Warrior, one of White Ghost's band.

Cetan (pronounced Chay-tan)—*Hawk*—age 21, son of Little Shield, a soldier of chief White Ghost.

John Archambeau, age 16, one quarter Indian blood; his father, a French farmer, his mother half French. He speaks English quite well. The only word he can read is "dog," which he likes to hunt up in books.

Susan Carpenter, age 18, of full blood, daughter of Skuak Robe, a warrior of Dog Back's band.

Skeduta—*Red Bird*—age 14, of full blood, daughter of Kill Many, chief soldier of White Ghost's band, also a herdsman, of noble presence, and very much of a man.

Rebecca, age 12, of full blood, daughter of Maza-kuta—*Shooting Iron*.

Crow Creek Agency is in more advanced condition than the rest. Over half the 1100 Indians on it have taken up reservation lands, which they hold by a certificate from the Secretary of the Interior. A single Indian can take 80 acres; one with a family, 320 acres. Sixty thousand acres have been thus taken up, and forty thousand occupied. An average of five acres on each occupied piece has been broken and planted. Legislation which shall perfect the Indian's right is most imperative. This is the work of Capt. W. E. Dougherty, U. S. A., late agent in charge. This excellent measure will be pushed by the new Agent, Maj. Spencer, and much may be hoped for if Congress shall encourage it. Owning land in severalty is the salvation of the Indian, and such efforts as the Captain's deserve recognition.

From Lower Brule Agency, nine, as follows:

Ohitika—*Brave*—age 16, of full blood, son of Long Feather.

Samuel, age 20, of full blood, son of Medicine Bull, an able, enlightened, influential man.

Wasaopin—*Arrow-Necklace*—age 20, of full blood, an orphan; a cousin and devoted friend of Samuel, and son of Thunder-Fire, a warrior. He is a big, blanketed, lang haired, wild looking fellow, who failed to pass a satisfactory medical examination, one lung being suspicious, but was determined to go for his friend's sake, and would not be intimidated by warning of hard work at Hamptou. Offered to work his own way, and came along.

Mato—*Bear*—age 17, of full blood, son of Medicine Crow, a warrior in Long Mane's band.

Tiyowieskte—*Kill in a House*—age 17, of pure blood, son of Bear-like-him, a prominent warrior in Useful Heart's band.

Catka-taska—*Big Left-Hand*—age 20, of full blood, son of Bear Bird, a warrior of Useful Heart's band.

Tanyan-wakuwa—*Good Hunter*—also named Peter Brazo, age 18, of half blood, his father an American, of Tobacco Month's band.

From Yankton Agency eight, as follows: Saul, (Heyokatokca—*Different Horn*) son of Tasagyamaza—*Iron Cane*—age 30, of full blood, an orphan; one of Bishop Hare's catechists, sent by the Bishop to Hamptou for one year to improve his English and see civilization.

The three following were selected from the brightest in St. Paul's school, Mr. Dawes, teacher, under Bishop Hare's care.

Joseph Estes, three quarters white, age 10, son of Benjamin Estes of Band No. 8.

Thomas Tuttle, (Wakun-yanejin—*Standing*

Holy—) age 16, of full blood, son of Nakpa-wanjina—*One Ear.*

David Stricker (Towa wakan-kdi-wakanna—*To-His-Holy-Lightning*—age 16, of full blood; son of Tunkannahomini—*Whirling Rock*—of the Yankton Eight band.

The above three were selected under Bishop Hare's care.

William Beans, age 15, half breed, son of Mahpiya-to—*Blue-Sky*—from Rev. J. P. Williamson's school.

Mercy Isahello Conger (Wa-kant-ke-ya-win—*Tender Heart*—three quarters white, age 10; daughter of Cass Conger; from Rev. J. P. Williamson's school.

Zallie Rulo, three quarters white, age 16, daughter of Charles Rulo; speake English.

Elizabeth Keeler (Wasichuin)—English—half white, age 12, daughter of Alexander Keeler.

Health has been carefully regarded in the selection of these youth.

Sixteen Indian youth under charge of Lieut. G. LeR. Brown, U. S. A. arrived at Hampton, on the 25th, from Dakota. These represent three different tribes; Sioux, Gros Ventre, and Mandan. Lieut. Brown gives the following report:

Six from Fort Berthold Agency, as follows:

Mary Walker—half blood—*Gros Ventre*, age 12; a very bright little girl—sister of Sarah Walker, for three years a pupil at Hampton; daughter of Wm. Walker, an American of mixed blood—a decent, hard working man—who is at present trying to "prove up a homestead." He is working for his children—these and one little boy; mother a full blood. Speaks a very little English. Has not been at school any to speak of.

Susie Nagle—half blood Mandan, age 12, small of her age, but bright, and showed special desire to come to school. Her father is John Nagle, a German, who lives in the Indian camps, making some effort to support his family in a better manner than the average so called. Been to school a little irregularly. Speaks a few words in English.

Cetaghe—*Cracking Wing*—a full blood Mandan, age 14, large and strong of age, an exceptionally bright, industrious boy, can talk two or three Indian languages. He worked all during harvest this season, filling a man's place. His father, Elk-feather was a soldier chief of considerable note, killed in battle with the Sioux. School a short time last winter.

Deinska—*Small white Polecat*—full blood Mandan, age 15, a strong and healthy boy, son of Plenty Fox, a soldier Chief.

Lashute—*White Buck*—full blood Gros Ventre and Mandan, age 14, son of "Walks-into-the Ground," a brave.

Ockaga—*Many-birds*—full blood Mandan, age 13; son of Old Wolf, head chief of the Mandans: an exceptionally strong, bright boy. None of the above have been to school or speak English.

Ten are from Standing Rock Agency, as follows:

Ce-lan-sa-pa—*Black Hawk*, half breed Black feet Sioux, age 15: Mother of Black Hawk, a Sioux woman, father, colored: both dead; a bright, good boy. Speaks English pretty well. Has been to school irregularly for 2 or 3 years. Can read and write in Dakota.

Louis Agard; a half blood Blackfeet Sioux, age 17, son of a Frenchman. Has been to school a little. Talks English very well. Cannot read or write much, of any in Dakota.

Takise—*White Cow*—a girl, full blood, Unkapapa Sioux, age 14; daughter of Eagle Man, a U. S. Indian policeman at the agency, a very trust-worthy and efficient man. Has been to school some. Can read and write Dakota, and understands a little English.

Ichaka-Ariiye—*Yellow Elk*—a full blood Yanctonnai Sioux, age 14, son of Good Wood, a U. S. policeman, spoken of by Agency officials as an excellent one. Has been to school irregularly. Can read and write in Dakota, and speak a little English.

All the above are represented by the Agency physician to be exceptionally healthy, having been selected from three times the number.

Ta-ake-ah-*Looks into the Lodge*—full blood Unkapapa Sioux, age 15, son of a brave with same name. He has attended school—can read write and speak a little English; a bright boy, well spoken of by the officers.

To-pa-ha—*The Fourth*—Rosa, full blood Unkapapa Sioux, age 16, daughter of Bear Face, an Unkapapa chief. A very bright girl. She has been to school, and has some little knowledge of English and is quite an artist; can read and write a little English, and has been taught a little needle work and drawing.

Josephine McCarty, half breed, Unkapapa Sioux, age 12, daughter of a man once the sheriff of Burleigh Co., Dakota, drowned while crossing the Missouri river in charge of a captured horse thief; a very amiable little girl, of more than average promise, and of an unusually even and happy temperament.

Wakan-mano—*Fidelia Walking Medicine*—full blood Yanctonnai Sioux girl, age 15, daughter of a brave of the same name; a strong, bright girl, who has had some little school advantages, understanding a little English, and reading and writing Dakota.

Joseph Archambault, half-blood Blackfeet Sioux, age 10; an exceptionally bright, intelligent boy, son of Henry A. Archambeault, a Frenchman. He can read, write and speak English fairly well.

Noge-Wanichi—*Jennie No Ears*—a half-breed Yanctonnai Sioux girl, age 15, father dead; a bright, intelligent girl, who has had some schooling, and can read, write and speak English fairly.

The report of the medical examination of all the new comers made by the resident physician of Hampton Institute on their arrival, will be published in substance in our next number.

ENGLAND TO AMERICA.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

BORN, NOVEMBER 19, 1831.
DIED, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, SEPTEMBER 19, 1881.

SILENCE were best, if hand in hand,
Like friends, sea-sundered Peoples met;
But words must wing from land to land
The utterance of the heart's regret,
Though harsh on ears that Sorrow thralls
E'en Sympathy's low accent falls.

Salt leagues that part us check no whit,
What knows not bounds of time or space,
The homestead feeling that must knit
World-scattered kin in speech and race.
None like ourselves may well bemoan
COLUMBIA's sorrow; his our own.

A sorrow of the nobler sort,
Which love and pride make pure and fair;
A grief that is not misery's sport,
A pain that bows not to despair;
Beginning not in courtly woe,
To end in pageantry and show.

The Great Republic's foremost son
Struck foully, falls; but they who mourn
Brave life cut short, good work half done,
Yet trust that from beyond Death's bourne
That blameless memory's gifts may be
Peace, Concord, Civic Purity.

Scarce knows of us till struck for death,
He stirred us by his valiant fight
With mortal pain. With bated breath
We waited tidings morn and night.
The hope that's nursed by strong desire,
Though shaken often, will not tire.

And now our sables type, in truth,
A more than ceremonial pain.
We send, Court, Cottage, Age, and Youth,
From open hearts, across the main,
Our sympathy—it never swerved—
To Wife he loved, to Land he served!

—*London Punch.*

(*For the Southern Workman.*)

LIBERIA AS I SAW IT.

BY ACKREL E. WHITE.

Having heard so much that was not true about the Republic of Liberia, I once felt as I guess most people feel who have not seen it, that Liberia is not what it ought to be, and that the same is more than the country. I still held this feeling even after I had been in Africa two years. I was very near the boundary line of Liberia, yet I had heard very little more about the country than I did before going to Africa. This made me doubt the welfare of the Republic the more. About this time Mr. Gomer of the Shaingay Mission wrote me a note asking me to accompany him to Liberia, and as I was very anxious to see a country governed by colored men, I accepted Mr. Gomer's offer. The 5th of March, '79, was named for the day when we should start. We were to take the Coast Steamer at Sierra Leone, which was to sail the 6th but did not sail till the day after, (7th.) We started from Freetown Saturday morning, and landed at Grand Bassa Monday morning. We were kindly taken from the Steamer by Mr. Clinton, a Liberian, in his small boat, (as there is no wharf for the steamers,) and were landed across the Great Bar which gives name to that part of Liberia. After we had gotten on shore, and walked about three hundred yards, we reached the town of Buckhanna. We were kindly received by all the people we met, and no one of note was allowed to pass our boarding house without being called in and introduced to his brothers, the colored missionaries from over the sea. All of them seemed glad to see us, and claimed us to be their own relations, only separated from them by the Atlantic ocean.

We were shown around the town, and were taken to the leading men who could not call on us at our boarding place on account of business.

The condition of the country was, as it were, thrown open to us in good, clean cut English. And as we went and saw the true condition of the people and country, I was convinced that I had a very wrong idea of Liberia and her people. One can always tell kindness that is given for a good name and not meant, because there is always a stiffness to it which will stick out, it matters not how hard the giver tries to hide it. That these people showed more real kindness than any people I ever met. A common word with them is, you are at home, or make yourself at home, for you are welcome. And with these words, as we looked at the speakers we could see the expression on their faces which told us truly we were welcome. In walking around with these people and hearing their common sense talk expressed in good English, I forgot for a time that I was in Africa, and I felt sorry about the wrong idea I had had about the place and people. But my strongest feeling was that I was glad I was a colored man, and was owned by these people to be one of them, though on a different side of the Atlantic. I may say here that that was the first time I had ever felt proud of my pure Negro blood; but not the last. Our stay in Bassa was not long as I wished, as we wanted to see more of the country. So we left for Monrovia the Capital, with many of the people's "God bless you's" on us.

After sailing about a day and a half we landed at Monrovia, where we were kindly received by all. Monrovia is a town of 13,000 inhabitants, and is situated on Cape Monsorada, near the mouth of the Monsorada River. It stands several feet above the level of the sea, on the stony bluff of the Cape.

The houses are very large, most of them are made of bricks, and are two and three stories high. The people live on the second and third floors, as the first floor is damp during the rainy season, which makes it unsafe to live in. This part of the house in most cases is used for the stores.

We were again shown around the town and taken to all the places of interest, including the coffee farms.

We went up the St. Paul River to some of the new settlements, and found the people hard at work and doing well. Most of them are farmers, and are hard at it, raising coffee, pea nuts, ginger and arrow root. Some of them raise rice and sweet potatoes, but those who farm for the market raise only coffee, pea-nuts, arrow root, and ginger.

We were there during the coffee picking season, and it was a beautiful sight to look out on the coffee farms, and see the little coffee trees laden with the red pods of coffee, reminding one of a fine cherry orchard when the cherries are ripe. All the people seemed busy at work, picking, cleaning, and drying coffee. We went to many of these farms and found that everybody who tried could make a living. We only saw two men from the United States who wanted to return to make it their home again, and truly I think (as I told one of them) that Liberia would be blessed if they were to leave. They were holders up of the corners of the streets.

The people have a fine country, and are trying to make it something. They have done well in the few years they have been trying, with the odds of the country they live in against them.

One of the best marks of the progress of the people is the number of churches and their attendance at church and Sunday school. The ministers don't think they have done their duty when they have preached two sermons on Sundays to the older people, but are seen in the Sunday schools, either to give a lecture or to take a class of old people. One of the best sermons I heard while there was preached by Rev. J. C. Pitmen to the children. He took as his text, "Train up a child in the way he should go," and it was a fine sermon. He preached to the children simply and plainly, and truly I think that both young and old were benefitted by it. Taking these two things, church and school, one might see that Liberia cannot be at a stand-still; progress may be slow, still she moves. After I had seen the true condition of the people, I was convinced that Liberia is the black man's home.

As we were returning, we met on board the steamer, Dr. Blyden, and had his company from Mourovia to Freetown. On the way, we talked over the past, present, and future condition of the black man, and Dr. Blyden seemed to think that the black man's worst days were past, and his best days were not for in the future. The doctor's way of expressing himself was enough to make one think he knew what he was saying, whether he did or not. So, since my visit to the Negro Republic, I have changed my mind about the place, and think every colored man and every white man who has had any thing to do with the Colonization Society, should feel proud of that black Republic across the sea.

A SONG OF SEVEN NATIONS.

The German school ship *Nymphe*, which we have greeted once or twice before in former years, anchoring again in Hampton Roads last summer, an invitation was extended to its officers, from Hampton Institute, to bring the boys on shore to visit the Normal School and and hold a sort of impromptu *Sangerfest* with the Hampton students. Their geniel commander, Capt. Schroeder, accepted the invitation with his Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Goedel, Surgeon Wilckens, and several of the Nymphe's officers, with about a hundred of their young sailors; fine looking fellows, picked from the respectable working classes of all parts of Germany, and trained, like our own school-ship boys, for intelligent service in their country's navy, but under more rigorous conditions, being pledged to serve three years for each one of their schooling—twelve years in all.

Fair haired, fair skinned, blue eyed, ruddy and brawny, true sons of the sea Kings, as they sat massed on the raised seats at the end of Virginia Hall, they made a fine contrast with the dark faced races opposite them.

In the audience, between, sat the honored chief of our American navy, Admiral Porter, and his wife, on an opportune visit to the school, and Capt. Luce, of the flag-ship, who has been most wisely placed by Secretary Hunt in full charge of our own five school-ships, and that whole branch of naval training which he has done so much to establish and is so pre-eminently fitted to direct. Another pleasant circumstance of this "*International episode*" was the presence of Mr. Garnett, a cotton manufacturer of Manchester, England, and his wife, on their first visit to America. Major Randolph and some other officers from Fort Monroe, and a few visitors from the Hygeia Hotel, were also present.

After the two schools had entertained each other and the audience for an hour with responsive melodies, German glees and English sailor songs, and plantation shouts, the Principal of the Normal School rose, and congratulating the audience on the presence of one distinguished in our history, and who has done so much to make our history, introduced Admiral Porter. As the Admiral bowed, the whole audience rose as by one accord, and the Hampton School burst forth with "My Country 'tis of thee." The English couple started, looked at each other inquiringly, and then joined in, as true and loyal Britons should, with a ringing "God save the Queen." But the German boys had a prior claim to the rousing strain, as they have to so many others, and the grand chorus filled the hall in three different versions and two different languages, sung by representatives of four of the great divisions of the earth, and seven different nations: Germans, English, Native Africans, Cubans, American Indians, and citizens of the United States, with two of Sandwich Island birth. When it died away, the Principal, congratulating the gallant commander on his fine young charge, and welcoming them to the school, introduced Capt. Schroeder. Again the school burst forth with a greeting as appropriate as they could make it, in the thrilling "Watch on the Rhine" which they sing to that grand, world embracing hymn, "*Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.*" Of course the Germans caught it up in their own style, and carried all away on the full tide of their patriotic lungs. For a parting outburst, the school gave them "John Brown's Body." But the irrepressible Deutschers, recognized the familiar ring of an air of Vaterland, and the Glory, glory, Hallelujah, lacked no voice of the international chorus.

The inspiration of this unique song-feast will not, we venture to say, be forgotten by any who participated in it, and the best wishes of all will follow the Nymphe and her gallant officers and crew in their wanderings.

Health and Humanity.

HAMPTON TRACTS
FOR THE PEOPLE.

FOOD AND SOME OF ITS PRINCIPLES
With some Methods in Cooking.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL,

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That Food or Cooking have any particular principles, or that it is worth while to find out what they are, is likely to be the first disputed point, and if this be admitted, the question next in order is why show so much interest suddenly in a matter that has been peacably let alone for generation after generation, by every one but professed cooks and epicures? To answer this is part of my office to-day, though the subject of Food is too broad an one to be condensed into one, or ten, extracts upon it. All I can do is to present the topic to you in as compact a form as possible, trusting that sufficient interest will be excited to make you all searchers on your own account.

So far as this country is concerned, probably only the hard times could have brought about the actual founding of a Cooking School. But long before its operation became an established fact, the attention of philanthropists had been called to the necessity of finding some means by which the scanty food supply of the poor should be made—if not more abundant, at least more palatable and nourishing. The thin, pale-faced children, who came into the Mission Schools of New York and other large cities, were found to live in great part on cheap pies and cakes, with baker's bread, and a little meat at times, but to have no thought that the money spent in these, could be so applied as to furnish a nourishing meal.

In one of the first Mission schools in New York city, it was decided to try the experiment of teaching them a few simple dishes, and the success was so great as well as unexpected, that all that remained to be done was to engage larger quarters, formulate a system, and experiment until just the right course was found.

A year had not passed before the thing justified itself to all eyes, and now, not only the poor but the middle class and the rich, show an interest which from that day to this has crowded both the New York and Boston Cooking Schools with pupils during the six months session, and multiplied calls for courses elsewhere, until the Superintendents of both can by no means meet the demands made upon them. All over the country the interest is growing. Cooking clubs have been formed here and there. Dietetics are studied as never before. In short, cooking has become the fashion, and there are few quarters where it is not now recognized that no woman has the right to remain in ignorance of the nature and laws of Food, and the best methods of its preparation.

The movement in the South has met with more success than its most sanguine upholders believed possible. When, in the summer of 1879, the walls of a new building were seen rising on the grounds of a school for girls in Raleigh, North Carolina, grave doubts were entertained as to the builder's sanity.

"That thing will never go down in the South," said some.

"It will go down and never come up again," answered others, while both sides affirmed that all women being natural house-keepers, and abundantly able to teach their daughters at home, it was simply nonsense to make such teaching part of a school course. One or two were heard to remark that in spite of this fact, for some mysterious reason, the fruit of home instruction were not always evident, and that there were cases where a young house-keeper had been discovered, weeping over her sauce pans, with the wail that tears were the only thing that she knew exactly how to put into them.

Even then, suffering under the miseries inflicted by untrained and migratory servants and her own incapacity to deal with them, the young wife still felt the instinctive prejudice against personal labor, and while always willing to whip up a syllabub or spend a morning frosting a cake, considered meat and vegetables as articles not to come into a lady's hands.

Physiology and Chemistry had been part of her school course, but that either had practical application to every day life, never entered her mind.

For most of us the same remark holds good. Not until failing health and strength give warning of something wrong in daily living, are we likely, unless a most unusual training has been ours, to think very much of the nature or effects of food. Dinners and suppers and breakfasts are served up and we eat them, with small thought that brains must enter into the ordering of these meals. Live thought and its result in live work can come only from varied food perfectly prepared. Men is very much what he eats, and indigestible food means inevitably crude or unwholesome thought.

To impress this so thoroughly upon every young girl who entered the class that it should affect her whole future system of living, has been one aim of the Southern cooking-school, and in spite of misunderstanding and natural prejudice and girlish light-headedness, something of this has been accomplished. Positive, practical work has been done. With the ending of the school year in June, 1880, some thirty returned home with the first intelligent idea of food and of what forms of food this wonderful human body demands, that had ever entered their minds. With her own hands each one had made bread and rolls, white and brown—broiled steaks—made coffee and tea; cooked potatoes in many ways, with the addition of as many other operations in cookery as the size of the class would allow this individual. It has been proven that such work can be carried on without interference with the regular school course, and the cooking days have been hailed as recreation rather than work. The course included not only practical work, but the writing each week a short paper on some topic connected with food, usually the story of some ingredient used. Monthly examinations have fixed these points as no other methods can, and necessarily, domestic science and the hygiene of daily life have been involved.

A class for ladies, beginning with a few curious and uncertain members, doubled its numbers in a month, and from all sides comes in the testimony that the new system holds a firm foundation, for all uncertain feet, and that even in a short course of lessons it is possible to learn principles that will reconstruct all one's methods.

The course at the North Carolina Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, began with the gravest doubts as to its success or practicability. Ten of the most advanced pupils were chosen, and doubtful as the experiment seemed, half a dozen lessons demonstrated that here was a new industry for the Deaf and Dumb. Several who went through the course have found employment as cooks, with excellent wages, and, as many were from the class of poor whites, almost helpless as to any means, of livelihood, it has opened up a new chance in life for these helpless and shut-in souls.

Through all this it must be understood, that neither I nor any other mortal, can give the whole art of cooking in eight or even eighty lessons. Only practice and constant practice can fix them firmly in your minds, and each one will work out any system as best suits her own needs. Judgment, skill in meeting emergencies, knowledge of possibilities in combination, must all come from practice. Each day of each month and year will hold its own hint, and much of what at first seems mere helter-skelter knowledge, will fall into line and reduce itself to fixed formulas. So, to the great army of housekeepers who sigh in the rather forlorn words of the old song; "A man's work is from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done!" I say—" It is all true. Breakfast and dinner and supper come round with appalling regularity, but then, so does sunrise. Fixed law rules the one. It remains for you to establish an approximation to such law in your own homes and lives, and what women has done, woman can do.

So much of introduction, and now as to another phase of this same Food question.

No country in the world has such a food supply as ours, and it is safe to say that no civilized country, unless it be England, so misuses and abuses that supply. In the remote West, pork and corn-bread are served up three times a day and three hundred and sixty-five times a year, though game is all about, and any patch of ground would give vegetables and sweet herbs enough to reconstruct the whole system. New England, while affording a more extended bill of fare, has a heavy account to render, in the matter of misused and abused food supply. Summer and winter—morning, noon and night, the average New England farmer demands his triangle of pie, and his doughnuts and pickles. The craving for the constituents of these things was and is legitimate enough, as you will soon see, each one being demanded by the needs of the body yet each one requiring utterly different handling to draw out its ability to build up a body. In the South, with the poorer class especially, "hog and hominy" are the chief diet, and on even more Southern than Western tombstones, the epitaph might be, "Died of a Frying-pan."

There are many objections made to learning cookery thoroughly and practically, the necessity for taking care of fragments and left-over portions, being considered not only troublesome but stingy. So many say—"How disgustingly mean to be prying about, saving a crust here and a bone there! It is impossible to stoop to anything of the sort."

So the crusts and the bones and much more than the crusts and the bones go to the pigs, or are tossed out to the waste-heap, and the wonder grows, why housekeeping costs so much money—and why the bills indicate that three or four people have eaten enough to support a dozen. The income of five or ten thousand a year can weather such administration, but how about the income of only a fifth or tenth of that amount? The new book, the picture, the new dress, the little excursion, have all gone into that waste-heap. But if Mrs. A. spending ten thousand a year, insists upon economy, Mrs. B. spending one thousand, will, if common-sense has not taught her, think it worth while to follow Mrs. A's fashion.

I do not preach economy because I want millionaires to live on bone-broth or dine on cold meat, but because it is not until the millionaires see to it that not one crumb of waste in the food supply is tolerated or allowed, that people below them will think it worth while to save.

French cookery is usually supposed to be not only fussily troublesome but expensive also, but the apparently costly dish is really often made from the cheapest materials. The piece of tough beef, fried in scorching fat till nearly black, and served up to us in this sizzling and offensive gravy—a mass as palatable and digestible as an old boot-heel, would be converted by French skill into a made-dish, or *entree*. All required, would be slow and careful stewing, and the addition of certain vegetables and sweet herbs, and the result would be a larger amount and a far more savory result that by the first process.

Before we can well consider the nature of food, it is necessary that we should understand something of the process of digestion. Once understood, there is no operation of natural law in the human body, so utterly wonderful. By an effort of the will you can check respiration a moment or more, but no power of one's own can for an instant affect the mysterious action, by which food becomes a part of the body itself. We must understand too, exactly what is meant when in speaking of foods, we call some, *flesh formers*, and others, *heat-producers*, these being the two great divisions under one head or the other of which all food must come.

A large part of the change in all starchy foods, wheat or corn-bread coming under this head, is wrought before they reach the stomach, the saliva having some strange power by which the starchy part is turned into sugar.

Of the various juices than, which come into action in digesting a meal or a mouthful we have:

1st, the saliva; secreted from the glands of the mouth; an alkali.

2nd, the *gastric juice*, secreted in the thin lining of the stomach; an acid, powerful enough to dissolve all the fibre and substance of flesh food.

3rd, the *pancreatic juice*, secreted by the *pancreas*, which you know in animals as the sweet breads. This juice has some curious influence upon fats, which remain unchanged by either saliva, or the gastric juice, but which, when touched by the pancreatic juice, dissolve and become what the chemists call an emulsion, that is a liquid holding all the little dissolved particles in it, and making them ready to be absorbed into the blood like the other food.

4th, the bile, which nobody as yet, thoroughly understands. We know its action, but hardly why it acts. It is a necessity however, for if the supply be cut off by disease, an animal grows thin, and soon dies.

5th, the *intestinal juice*, which is a little like saliva, and is the last of the digestive juices.

You see then, that a meal in its passage downward, is first diluted and increased in bulk, by a watery fluid, which prepares all the starchy part for absorption. Then comes a still more profuse fluid, dissolving all the meaty part. Then the fat is attended to, by the stream of pancreatic juice, and at the same time the bile pours upon it, doing its own work in its own mysterious way, and last of all, lest any process should have been imperfect, the long canal sends out a juice that has some of the properties of all.

Each day then calls for,

Of saliva	3½ pints.
Of gastric juice,	12 pints.
Of bile,	3½ pints.
Of pancreatic juice,	1½ pints.
Of intestinal juice,	½ pint.

Now do not fancy that this is wasted or lost. Very far from it, for the whole process seems to be a second circulation as it were, and while the blood is moving in its wonderful passage through veins and arteries, another circulation as wonderful—an endless chain, going its unceasing round so long as life lasts, is also taking place. But without food, the first would become impossible, and the quality of food and its proper digestion means good or bad blood, as the case may be. We must follow our monthful of food, and see how this action takes place.

When the different juices have all done their work, the chyme, which is food as it passes from the stomach into the duodenum or passage so that lower stomach or bowels, becomes a milky substance called chyle. This moves slowly, pushed by many muscles along the bowel, which squeezes much of it into little glands or bags at the back of the bowels. These are called the mesenteric glands, and as each one receives its share of chyle, a wonderful thing happens. About half of it is changed into small, round bodies called corpuscles, and these corpuscles float with the rest of the milky fluid, through pipes, which take it to a sort of bag just in front of the spine. To this bag is fastened another pipe, called the thoracic duct, which goes up the spine, and up this the small bodies travel till they come to the neck, and a spot where two veins meet. A door in one opens, and the change is complete. The small bodies are raw food no more, but blood, travelling fast as it can, to a place where it may be purified and begin its endless round in the best condition. For venous blood is still impure and dirty blood. Before it can be really alive, it must pass through the veins to the right side of the heart; flow through into the upper chamber; then through another door or valve into the lower, where it is pumped out into the lungs. If these lungs are full of pure air, as they should be, each corpuscle is so filled with oxygen that it goes dancing and bounding on its way. That is what health means: perfect food made into perfect blood, and giving that sense of strength and exhilaration we none of us know half as much about as we should. We get it sometimes; on mountain tops—in clear autumn days, when the air is like wine; but God meant it to be our daily portion, and this very knowledge of food and cookery, is to bring it about.

If a lung is imperfect—supplied only with foul air as among the very poor, or diseased, as in consumption, food does not nourish, and you now know why. The purest air and the purest water contain the largest proportion of oxygen, and it is this that vitalizes the food, and through this food the blood.

To nourish this body then demands many elements. Chemists and physiologists have worked together until every constituent of the body is known and classified, as well as every corresponding element in food. We take the body first.

Flesh and blood are composed of water, fat, fibrin, albumen, gelatine, and the compounds of lime, phosphorus, soda, &c.

Bone contains cartilage, gelatine, fat, and the salts of lime, magnesia, soda, &c., in combination with phosphoric and other acids.

Cartilage consists of chondrin, a substance somewhat like gelatine, and contains also the salts of sulphur, lime, soda, magnesia, iron, &c.

Bile is made up of water, fat, rosin, sugar, some fatty acids and the salts of potash, iron, and soda.

The liver unites water, fat and albumen, with phosphorus and other acids, and lime, iron, &c.

The lungs are formed of two substances; one like gelatine, another of a cheesy nature called casein, and albumen, fibrin, iron, water, soda, and various fatty and organic acids.

Turning now to food, with the question, if these myriad elements can find suitable supply, we find that every one is present in seven of our commonest materials for the table. Thus water is a large part of all the drinks, of fruits and juicy vegetables; of eggs, fish, cheese, all the grains, and even of fats.

Fat is found in butter, lard, drippings, milk, eggs, cheese, fish and meats; the grains; leguminous vegetables like beans, peas &c.; nuts, cocoa, and chocolate.

Sugar abounds in fruits and vegetables, and is found in milk and the grains, and starch is present in the latter also, and in many vegetables.

Flesh foods, called as often nitrogenous foods, because containing so large a proportion of nitrogen, are made up of fibrin, albuman, casein, geletine and gluten, the first four elements being present in flesh—the latter in vegetable food.

Salts of various kinds exist in both animal and vegetable food. Phosphorus and lime are found in meat, fish and potatoes. Common salt is largely made up of soda, but is found with potash in many vegetables. Potash too is in meet, fish, vegetables and fruits. Iron abounds in flesh and vegetables, and sulphur enters into albumen, casein and fibrin.

Now as to know of what each form of food consists does not tell us just how much of each we need, or even which of them holds the greatest amount of nourishment, I shall give here a table of food values, in use in the food gallery of the South Kensington Museum. This table includes not only the nutritive value, but the cost also of each article, taking beef as the standard with which other animal foods are to be compared, beef being the most used and best known of all meats, while among the vegetable kingdom, though lentils really contain most nourishment, wheat is chosen as being most familiar.

About an equal amount of nitrogenous or flesh-forming nourishment exists in the following amounts:

8 ounces of lean beef,			cost about	6 cts.
10 "	"	dried lentils	" "	7 "
11 "	"	peas or beans	" "	5 "
14 "	"	tea	" "	40 "

15	oz.	of oatmeal	cost about	5cts.
1lb	1 "	" wheat flour	" "	4"
"	1 "	" coffee	" "	30"
"	2 "	" Rye flour	" "	5"
"	3 "	" barley	" "	5"
"	5 "	" Indian meal	" "	5"
1lb	13oz.	of buckwheat flour	" "	10"
2"		" wheaten bread cost	" "	10"
2"	6 "	" rice	" "	20"
5"	3 "	" cabbage	" "	10"
5"	3 "	" onions	" "	15"
8"	15 "	" turnips	" "	0"
10"	7 "	" potatoes	" "	10"
15"	10 "	" carrots	" "	15"

Now, because tea, coffee and cocoa approach so nearly in value as nutriment, to beef and lentils, we must not be misled. Fourteen ounces of tea are equivalent to half a pound of meat, but a meal of dry tea not being very usual, in fact, being out of the question altogether, it becomes plain that the principal value of these foods, used as we must use them, in very small quantities, is in the warmth and comfort they give. These weights too, are all of uncooked food. The eight ounces of meat would dwindle to five or six if boiled or roasted, while the ten ounces of lentils or beans would swell to twice the capacity of any ordinary stomach. Six ten pounds of potatoes are required to give you the actual nourishment contained in your few ounces of meat, while as to carrots, no man alive could face for a moment the spectacle of fifteen pounds served up for his noonday meal. It is plain, that here as elsewhere union is strength, and the perfect meal must include as many of these elements as will make it not too bulky, yet borrowing flavor and substance wherever necessary.

The various kinds of meats differ greatly as to nutritive power. Eight ounces of fat pork or bacon will yield nearly three times as much carbon or heat food, as the same amount of beef, and the working-man will show true economy if he buys the bacon, and uses it as a flavoring for either beans, peas or lentils, all of which abound in nitrogen or flesh-forming matter. For those who must eat strong, hearty food, but whose means prevent the buying of much beef or mutton, no better foods than these can be found. The pork or bacon used alone, is too heating, and served up as it often is swimming in fat, it is simply a disgusting, disease-breeding meal, when if used with beans or cabbage it would have gone farther and been more wholesome also. But in any case, far too much of it is eaten. The pig is liable to many unpleasant diseases; measles and Trichina Spiralosis being most fatal to the eaters of meat thus affected. The last, a small animalcule of deadly effect if taken alive into the human stomach, becomes harmless if the same meat is thoroughly boiled. Let nothing tempt you into eating raw ham or sausage, and in the use of pork, if possible, have some knowledge of the pig. A clean, well-fed pig in a well-kept sty, is a wonderfully different object from the hideous beast grunting its way through many a Southern or Western town, feeding on offal and sewerage, and rolling in filth. Could the pig speak for himself you would hear a squeal of remonstrance against the popular belief that he loves dirt. Man condemns him to it, and like human beings born to the filth and squalor of a tenement house, there is no apparent revolt. In fact, knowing nothing better, there is no desire for revolt. But put piggy in fresh straw and give him clean food, and his self respect rises. He gorges, but that is his business, and rewards you by layers of fat, for lack of which many would go hungry. All meat loses much of its juices when salted, and for this reason, pork or bacon cured partly by smoking is preferable to the pickled; smoked meat having what is known as antiseptic qualities; that is the almost impossibility of decay for anything cured by smoke.

The flesh of young animals contains less nutriment than that of old, and shrinks far more in cooking. In full grown meats, if closely covered while boiling or stewing, the waste is but one pound in four; in baking in the oven a pound and a quarter, and in roasting before an open fire one pound and a half. Loose, fibrous meat, shrinks much more in proportion to its weight than that of a firm, close texture.

Bones contain much useful carbon and nitrogen. Their chief use is for soup, and four or five pounds of the ordinary shin of beef will make a gallon. Crack the bones in pieces; cover with cold water, allowing one quart to a pound, and seasoning with a teaspoonful of salt to a pound. Skim carefully the instant it begins to boil, and cook slowly, not less than one hour to a pound. At the end of this time, strain into a pan or jar. Next day, or when ready to use, take off all the fat, which is next in goodness to butter. Add such vegetables as are wanted, a cupful each of all sorts being a good rule for a gallon of soup. Thicken with rice or grated potato; and you have a cheap but savory and hearty meal. Cold water must be used without fail, in order to draw out all the juice of the meat into the broth. For boiled meats, where the juice is to be kept in, exactly an opposite rule must be used, and they are to be put in boiling water, which at once hardens the albumen of the meat and makes a coating around it which helps to hold in all the juice.

Of the entrails of the animal, we seldom eat anything but the heart, liver, and sweet breads. Blood is used by a few in blood-puddings, and fresh blood is especially good for consumptives. Tripe, the lining of the stomach, is very digestible, and when carefully cooked, very nice also.

Fish, eggs milk, butter and cheese are all forms of animal food. The red-blooded fish are the most nutritious, and a pound of such fish is equal in nutritive value to eight pounds of potatoes. Milk and eggs are very perfect forms of food, eggs being digestible by the weakest stomach. Milk is often found to disagree, but partly because considered a drink rather than food, the usual supply of which is taken, forgetful of the fact that a glass or two of milk contains as much nourishment as two thirds of the average meal. Remember that milk is a food, and rather a hearty one, and the stomach will then not have to resent being called upon to do double duty.

Cheese also, though used by us chiefly as a relish, is really hearty food, and has been added as such, to the army ration list. Butter we find in the very earliest history, and the craving for it is universal. Perfect butter is golden in color, waxy in consistency, and with an odor quite indescribable, yet unmistakable to the trained judge of butter. It has the property of absorbing odors in a curious degree, and if shut in a close closet or refrigerator with fish, meat or vegetables of a strong smell, exchanges its own delicious aroma for theirs, in a few hours. For the same reason there must be the most absolute neatness in the care of vessels intended to hold milk or cream.

Suet is much used by the English in pastry, for meat pies, but with us, lard is preferred both for pastry and for frying. And here let me say one word as to this same frying, and that is, that while, usually, fried food is soaked in grease, a perfectly fried article is always free from fat. The secret of all perfect frying is to immerse the article entirely in boiling fat. As this does not boil until a temperature of 385° is reached, the article dropped into it is instantly cooked on the outside, so that no fat can penetrate; this is not wasteful, for the same fat being strained and cooled, answers many times, and when at last too dark for frying, can be used as soap-grease. If the article to be fried, whether a Croquette or slice of fish, has first been dipped in egg and then in crumbs, a still more pefect crust is formed, the albumen of the egg hardening instantly.

The vegetable kingdom comes next in order, and wheat stands first in importance, the grain being made up of gluten, starch, sugar, &c. The gluten, which is the most nutritious part, is the outside of the kernel, the centre of which is almost pure starch, and makes the finest and whitest flour. What is called "seconds" is sweeter and more nutritious, and so more really desirable as food. Good bread is the sure indication of a good cook, for nothing requires more care and judgment. Both however are possible to all, and nothing is more important, for we eat it three times a day and every day in the year. Let this be learned first of all, and other things will fall into line naturally. Yeast must be carefully prepared—kept in a perfectly clean jug or jar, which should be scalded and dried in the sun occasionally; for yeast which never fails, I give a rule which can always be relied upon.

YEAST.

Ingredients; One teacupful of lightly broken hops; one pint of sifted flour; one cupful of sugar; two tablespoonfuls of salt; four large or six medium-sized potatoes and two quarts of boiling water.

Pare and boil the potatoes, and when done, mash them fine; at the same time having tied the hops in a little bag, boil them twenty minutes in the two quarts of water, but in another saucepan. Mix the flour, sugar and salt well together in a large mixing-bowl, and pour on the boiling hot water, stirring all to a smooth paste. Mix in the mashed potato and strain all through a seive. When blood-warm, add either a cupful of yeast left from the last, or a yeast-cake dissolved in a little warm water. It will require about eight hours to rise and must stand in a warm place. When light, put in a clean jug, and keep in a cool, dry place. Dry yeast can be made, by stirring in corn-meal till it makes a dough, and after forming it in small cakes, drying it in the sun.

BREAD.

For four loaves of bread, allow as follows: Four quarts of flour; one large cup of yeast; one tablespoonful of salt, one of sugar, and one of butter or lard; one pint of milk mixed with one of warm water, or one quart of water alone.

Have the flour sifted into a large pan. Put the sugar, salt and butter in the bottom of the bread-pan, and pour on a few spoonfuls of boiling water, to dissolve all. Add the quart of wetting and the yeast. Now stir in slowly about half the flour; cover with a cloth, and set in a temperature of about 75° to rise until morning. Bread mixed at nine in the evening will be ready to mould into loaves or rolls by six the next morning. In summer it would be necessary to find a cool place; in winter a warm one—the chief point being to keep the temperature even. If mixed early in the morning, it is ready to mould and bake in the afternoon, from seven to eight hours being all it should stand.

This first mixing is called a *sponge*; and, if only one loaf of graham or rye-bread is wanted, one quart of it can be measured out, and thickened with graham flour, stirred in till the spoon moves with difficulty, but not kneaded. A small cup of sugar or molasses improves it.

To finish as *wheat-bread*, stir in enough flour from the two quarts remaining, to make a dough, leaving only enough to use in kneading. Flour the moulding board well and turn out the dough, using a little flour to rub off all that sticks to the sides of the bowl. Now begin kneading, using as little flour as possible, and kneading with the palms of the hands. The dough quickly becomes a flat cake. Fold it over, and keep on kneading not less than twenty minutes. It may seem a long time, but nothing less can ever give fine-grained bread.

Make into loaves; put into the pans which should have been greased beforehand. Set them in a warm place, and let them rise from forty minutes to an hour, or until they have nearly doubled in size. Bake in an oven hot enough to brown a teaspoonful of flour in one minute; spreading the flour on a bit of broken plate, that it may have an even heat. Loaves baked in pans ten inches long, by four deep and four wide, make a good-sized slice, and will bake thoroughly in from forty-five to sixty minutes. Then take them from the pans, wrap in thick, clean cloths kept for the purpose, and stand them, tilted up against the pans, till cold. Never lay hot bread on a pine table, as it will sweat and absord the pitchy odor and taste; but tilt it up, so that air may pass around it freely. Keep it well covered in a tin box or stone-pot, which should be wiped out, and scalded and dried thoroughly, now and then. Pans for wheat bread should be greased very lightly; for graham or rye much more, as the dough sticks and clings.

Instead of mixing as a "sponge," all the flour may be moulded in at once and kneaded, and the dough set to rise in the same way as the sponge. In the morning, or when light, turn out; use as little flour as possible, and knead for fifteen minutes before putting it in the pans. Nice rolls or biscuit are made by taking enough of the dough for a loaf, and kneading in very thoroughly a large spoonful of butter or lard, then rolling out and cutting into shape, or forming them with the hands. They must rise an hour in a warm place, and bake about fifteen minutes in a very quick oven.

If scraps of bread are left, never throw them away. Break them in small bits, brown in the oven, and while still hot, roll fine and sift. The fine crumbs are nice for frying croquettes, oysters, or anything needing to be rolled in crumbs before frying. The large ones are good for, either puddings, or pancakes, one cupful of them to one quart of milk, being the rule. They must soak at least an hour before using. There is nothing more often wasted than bread, but by a little care, every crumb may be saved.

This is not a cook-book, so I give none of the many other forms of bread. Whoever succeeds in making it constantly good, has gone far in the path towards health. Sour or heavy bread will very soon bring on dyspepsia, and if hot bread is eaten often the same result follows. Hot bread is soft, and in chewing, becomes a heavy, close mass, hard for the gastric juice to penetrate. Bread, if kept covered, is good for several days, and after the first day is much firmer, and more easily digested.

Potatoes are next in importance to wheat, and are spoiled in cooking, almost as often as bread. I give a rule for boiling them, which will give the best results to be obtained from a potato. Old ones had better lie in cold water at least an hour after peeling. New ones are more often boiled with the skins on, and many prefer to treat old ones in the same way. In either case, wash them clean; see that all are as near a size as possible, and put them in *boiling* water, allowing a teaspoonful of salt to a quart. Boil from twenty-five to forty minutes, according to size. Try with a fork, and the instant they are done, pour off all the water, cover with a clean cloth, and set at the back of the stove to dry, for about five minutes. Never allow them to stand in water one minute after they are done, as they grow soggy at once, and plan the meal so that they will be dried, and ready for the table just as everything else is ready. A baked potato spoils if allowed to stand even ten minutes after it is done, and a little calculation will make it easier, for both to be served in perfection.

There is no room for further rules. A few simple directions are given for general cooking, which may help in laying a foundation for good work.

1. Do not run stoves full of coal, but never let it come above the fire-box. A little coal often put on, keeps the fire at an even rate, and waste less than where a quantity is added at once.

2. Remember that in boiling, it is not necessary that the pot lid should hop up and down. Such violent boiling toughens meat, and shakes vegetables to pieces. Slow, steady boiling requires less fire, and gives better food.

3. All tough meats, no matter of what sort, are better stewed, than in any other way. Allow one hour to a pound, skim carefully, and let the water boil away till just enough is left at last for a good gravy, to be thickened with a tablespoonful of flour stirred smooth in a little cold water, and used to each pint of gravy.

4. All scraps of meat and bone can be used for soup. Put in cold water, one quart to a pound; skim carefully when at boiling point, and boil very slowly not less than one hour to a pound, allowing a teaspoonful of salt to each quart of water.

5. All fat, except that of mutton, can be slowly fried till on more will fry out from the pieces, then strained, cooled and used for frying. Cakes of fat on the top of soup are to be melted and then strained for use.

6. In making either tea or coffee, have the water *boiling*. Scald the pot, using an earthern one for tea, and a tin for coffee. If tin is used in tea-making it gives a dark color and a bad taste. Never boil any tea, but English breakfast tea, and that only five minutes. Steep the other varieties slowly about five minutes. Long boiling of either tea or coffee sets free tannic acid, which gives a bitter, unpleasant taste.

To sum up the whole matter, the object of cooking is to prepare food to be more readily changed by digestion into healthy blood. Good cooking stimulates appetite and insures good digestion, if the stomach has not already been ruined by bad cooking. Even in that case, it aids in the cure or at least relief of symptoms. Bad food sends hundreds to the liquor shop, and a savory, well-prepared meal will often do much toward arresting a craving for stimulants. Good cooking economizes food by increasing its bulk, and by combining the cheaper with the dearer sorts, as in soups and stews. Its value is but just beginning to be understood, and each one of us who studies the subject as it deserves, not to increase the number of dishes, already too many, but to make the most and best of the simplest materials, may become a missionary, doing as genuine work for the advancement of mankind, as, in any foreign or home field known.

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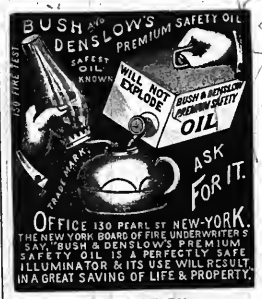

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CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Cheerily, cheerily sieg we all,
On Christmas eve the shadowe fall,
On Christmas morn the sunlight breeks,
And ell the world to gladness wekes.
The leaves are dead,
The birds are fled,
The little brooks' tongues are tied with cold;
But bells may ring
And children sing,
For safe is our dear Shepherd's fold.

Heevily hung is our Christmas tree,
'Tis burdened well for you and me,
The hemlock branches piled with snow
In native woods bend not so low.
God giveth all;
The ravens call,
He heareth them, so let us begin.
He hears alway
When childrao pray,
For He himself a child hath been.

Help us dear Lord, leat we selfish be;
All hearts are not so glad as we.
Remember then thy poor to-night,
And flood their darkness with Thy light.
The hungry feed,
The wend'rer lead.
The sorrowing soul, the captive free.
And think we pray,
On this glad day,
Of those who heve no Christmas tree.

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SKETCHES OF MISSION LIFE.

BY MRS. C. C. ARMSTRONG.

The annual gathering of the missionaries, from tha various Islands, at Honolulu, was held thi year in an adobe house, built by natives under the superintendence of Mrs. Bingham, whose zeal and energy were always remarkable. Here, we, with the rest, received our annual mail, brought in a whale ship round Cape Horn, and nothing could exceed tha joy of getting tidings from home and friends. One letter, never to be forgotten by us, came from the A. B. C. F. M., expressing their entire satisfaction with our conrse in giving up the Mnrquesas mission. Although no doubt existed in our own minds as to the wisdom of what we had done, it was a great relief to have the approbation of the Board, and to feel that their sanction put us beyond criticism.

The question of the distribution of the missionaries at the different stations was of course the prominent one before the General Meeting. Mr. Richards, in a most touching manner, told of the condition he had found us in, and remonstrated against putting any family into such a position. It was a waste of money as well as of life. The secular agent was extremely economical, as it was right he should be, bnt he knew nothing of the difficulties and dangers of living at a remote station without necessary comforts. The conclusion arrived at was, that as the mission could not afford to build a comfortable house for us at Makawao, that station for the present most be given up, and we were transferred to Wailuku, some twelve miles distant. This was to be our headquarters, but Mr. Armstrong was still to have charge not only of Makawao, bnt also of the adjoining districts, with, in all, a population of some twenty-five thousand natives. A new house was put up for us at Wailuku, of adobe, with thatched roof and mat floor, and though it consisted of but one room (40 ft. by 25) and was finished very roughly, it was a great improvement on our former residences.

My husband entered upon his work as usual with zeal and courage. Schools, Church and people were diligently cared for, and it soon became evident that new buildings would be required. As the rainy season came on, our house proved to be almost as leaky as the one we left at Mukawao, so that it was decided to begin at once on a stone church and new dwelling-house. Mr. Armstrong had of course to direct the native, though his own knowledge was limited, and to assist him, he employed two or three coarse white men, who had somehow drifted into this out-of-the-way place. These men I had to board, which was no very pleasant duty, for the smoke and heat of my workhouse, and the awkwardness and thievishness of my cooks were almost intolerable. I managed however to keep up a weekly Bible class with the women, and assisted more or less in the schools.

The natives learned very slowly, for they had no liking for work. Laziness was often called sickness, and medicine would be taken with a relish, if they could thereby avoid any particularly disagreeable piece of work. A long and tedious process of breaking and mending, working and resting, grumbling about pay, stealing, chasing, with innumerable perplexities for the pastor, and at last the walls were up. The thatching of the roof was closely watched, for we could get no shingles, and we had learned to value a tight covering for our heads. My health gave way again from over work, but we succeeded in getting a tolerably good native woman to help us, and after long waiting the joyful day came when we could move into our own house. To be under a close roof, to have windows, plastered partitions, board floors, and a cookhouse under the same roof, was a great luxury. We hoped that we had found a permanent home, in a promising field of labor, and when our furniture arrived from Tahiti, though it was not improved by time and many changes, we received it gladly, feeling that we were once more setting up our household gods. Our box of books had been pretty throughly soaked in salt water, but they were books still, and with a few of my water color sketches, framed in "Koa" wood, gave our rooms quite a cheerful aspect.

How pleasant our new home looked to us, how much it was appreciated, after those years of weary wandering and exposure, I can hardly tell. Kind friends at home had learned of our needs, and now there was no more suffering from want of sufficient clothing. We lived in comparative comfort, and could see that gradually tha example of our domestic life was beginning to have some refining and civilizing as well as religious influence on the natives. Their long, noisy calls were annoying, but they admired our pictures, asked unending questions about them, wanted to be taught how to make them, etc, so that we endured their presence in our house, as one means of getting at them.

MY GARDEN.

Though health and strength had diminished, my love of nature had not left me, and one of my first undertakings after we were fairly settled, was to try with native help, to make a garden. It seemed to me that it would be a great thing if I could make these poor creatures love the beautiful works of God. The chief had told us to enclose as much land as we pleased, so we had taken in about three acres. The soil was dry, but water plenty. We had a little stream running through our kitchen, which was no small convenience, and over this same stream we built a grass bath house, and from it watered our plants. The variety of vegetables and flowers was limited at first, but gradually increased, and though everything that we raised cost a good deal of labor, it was excellent training for the natives, who valued the results of work in proportion as they loved idleness.

After three or four years, the once dry and barren desert "blossomed as the rose," and as the years went by, beautiful shade trees and shrubs adorned the place. One little spot we planted with grass for a play ground for the children, and this we enclosed with green sticks from the valley, planted close to each other, which quickly sprouted, forming a pretty hedge. Attempts at imitation were frequently observed round the native houses, but as the occupants owned nothing and were liable at any time to be sent off by some whim of the chief, there was nothing to encourage such efforts.

FOREIGN RESIDENTS.

One of the great obstacles to our work here and I suppose to all similar work in similar places, was the presence of white men of low moral habits. These men were usually intemperate, vicious, often really criminal in their lives, and always of importance in native eyes because their skins were white. They frequently here assumed names, and the young native girls whom they took as wives, had little to expect at their hands, except brutality, and often desertion. The Hawaiian native women, bad of course been degraded for years, but Christianity had broken the tabu, and in many cases these women were the superiors of the white brutes who destroyed their only chance of becoming pure wives and mothers. Civilization lowered, to heathenism, and mingling with it, is worse than heathenism itself, and it was this with which our poor native pupils had to contend.

Frequently we were applied to by natives to settle quarrels between them and their white neighbors, and in this way became witnesses of the most degrading scenes.

In years to come the Islands became peopled with half white children, whose fathers were of different nationalities and of all grades of society, from the highest to the lowest, the existence of most of whom was proof of the demoralizing influences which prevailed for years in Island life.

THE EXCEPTION.

We found one gratifying exception to the facts I have stated in the person of a sailor, a man of limited education, but good heart, who, with his pretty, native wife, Omaia, lived near us in a neat and pleasant little house. They were both, I believe, true Christians, devoted to each other, and kind and sympathising friends to us. I was often ill, and Omaile was always ready and willing to help in my weekly meetings. She had a retentive memory, and was apt and clear in scriptural illustrations.

William, her husband, was among the first to take land and cultivate sugar cane, which he did quite successfully, supplying his family abundantly with such comforts as could be obtained. In precept and example, he was a real missionary to the native, and though he suffered much in the last moments of his life, his death was triumphant. Omaile was ever after sorrowful, but never lost her faith in Christ. Years after, when she was old and feeble, I went with her to William's grave, surrounded by flowers and lofty trees, and for the last time helped her put the silent house in order.

SUCCESS.

This station, Wailuku, proved to be a most interesting one. Mr. Armstrong, after numerous expeditions to the mountains for timber, succeeded in completing his stone churches, one hers, and one at our former station, Makawao. They had doors, a few small windows, and mat floors. A pew was built near the pulpit for the mission family, for either tha children must all go or I must stay at home. It was often a wearisome day for me, for the children were not apt to be very exemplary, and the family often attracted more attention than the sermon. But the example of taking them to church was needed, and was, indeed, a sermon in its kind, a help to civilization and Christianity. It was necessary to observe the strictest economy in all things, and this necessarily retarded progress, but still, school houses were built in the surrounding districts, and a change was perceptible.

As it was found that cotton grew well here, a teacher was sent out from New England, a middle aged woman, who occupied part of our new house, and endeavored to train the natives in hand-spinning and weaving. The experiment however, proved a failure, for foreign goods came in so rapidly, and were so much superior to any thing the natives could make, that there was no object in endeavoring to instruct them, and tha self-sacrificing teacher finally gave up the attempt.

My husband was, during a great deal of the time, preaching and visiting missions, and I had plenty to do, with my never-ending stream of natives, to whose souls and bodies, both, I was expected to attend. Besides the care of my own children, I had to attend to the weekly meetings, to look after the large school, to administer medicines, teach awkward hands to do various kinds of work, and endeavor in all ways to make the influence of family life a power for good among the heathen. It was indeed "practical preaching".

VISIT TO HONOLULU.

As the time for General Meeting came round, we decided to take the children and go up to Honolulu in one of the miserable little native schooners, though we dreaded the voyage, and all the inevitable hardships. As usual, we were very sick, and arrived, weak and weary, at Honolulu, to settle ourselves for a few weeks in a small grass house, set apart for us by the agent. Our first meal was taken with one of our mission families, and then we began housekeeping on supplies brought with us.

Our house contained but one room, for dining room, sitting and bed room; and hers, two weeks after our arrival my fifth child was born. I had only an ignorant native woman to assist me, and as I lay helpless, had to direct her in everything. The grass house was very hot, and I became ill unto death. Bnt for my children I should have died, bnt there was always the thought, "who will care for them," and so, gradually, as if in answer to prayer, my sick, aching body was made well again, though weak and weary still. A few more weeks and I was able to return to Wailuku, and take up the work there once more. Natives slowly improved, there were signs of progress, here and there, and so the months went on, until at the end of five years a change came.

LEAVING WAILUKU.

In the year 1840, I was unable to go up to the General Meeting, and my husband went alone, to return after an absence of three weeks, with the news that Mr. Bingham and his family, on account of ill health, were to leave for the states, to be absent probably two years. The post was an important one, and the mission were desirous that Mr. Armstrong should fill it during Mr. Bingham's absence.

Both my husband and I were very unwilling to give up our promising field of labor, even for two years, and the question was very earnestly discussed. It was urged upon us that there was no one else to fill the largest and most important post in Oahu, that our absence was to be only temporary, and our place to be well filled, so our conclusion was to go.

The parting was a sad one, for Wailukn had come to seem homelike to us; two children had been born there, Richard Baxter and Samuel Chapmen, and there were many ties to be broken, between us and our people. The extracts which I make from my husband's diary, show how keenly he felt it, and how uncertain he was as to his return.

"*Wailuku, July* 25, 1840

Severe is the trial of parting with a people whom I had adopted as my fellow-travelers to the grave, with whom I have spent five years of toil, solicitude and felicity; in the midst of whom I have seen more of the glory of God's grace than in all my life before. To many of them, my heart tells me in its agony, that it is kuit in the dearest Christian friendship, particularly the beloved children. May the good and great Shepherd keep them all, through his own power, unto eternal life."

"July 27th, a day of confusion, fatigue and weeping. We knew not until now, the mutual attachment that has been formed between us and our dear people. Our yard has been filled all day with weeping visitors and friends. I cannot but here record my gratitude to the Master whom I serve, for all the goodness he has caused to pass before me during the past five years.

* * * * * * * *

When I came here there were only ten or twelve church members, now there are seven hundred. Ba Thou their Shepherd, Guardian and Guide. Unto Thee I commit the sheep and the lambs; knowing they are safe in Thy care!"

A SINGLE bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance, and beauty, do kind words, and gentle acts, and sweet dispositions, make glad the home where peace and blessings dwell. No matter how humble the abode, if it be thus garnished with grace and sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn lovingly towards it from all the tumult of the world; it will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun. And the influences of home perpetuate themselves. The gentle grace of the mother lives in the daughter long after her head is pillowed in the dust of death, and the father kindly finds his echo in the nobility and courtesy of sons, who come to wear his mantle and fill his place; while on the other hand, from an unhappy, misgoverned, and disordered home, go forth persons who shall make homes miserable, and perpetuate the sourness and sadness, the contentions and strifes and railings, which have made their own early lives so wretched and distorted. And what is here said of home life is only less true of school life.


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A YEAR

Southern Workman,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October, four months.)

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MRS. OLIVIA LANGDON. } *Regular Contributors.*

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The Southern Workman, devoted to the interests of Negro and Indian civilization, is edited and managed by the officers of the Hampton Institute, and printed on the School Press by colored youth trained in the office. Subscriptions are a help to the School. It is sent on trial for four months for twenty-five cents. Job work, from all parts of the country, is solicited, and will be done cheaply and well. Estimates will be sent on application.

THERE is a feature of the school work at Hampton to which attention has never been specially drawn, but which, nevertheless has a special value of its own.

That is the work which women have done here for women.

It is probable that in this country, no undertaking, either charitable or educational, has received heartier co-operation from women, than has Hampton; indeed it is hardly too much to say that it owes its steady, healthy growth, largely to their faith, generosity and intelligent devotion. Evidently none but those most intimately connected with the school can know how large a share of its success is due to the women who have given to it and worked for it, but the time has come when what they have done can be approximately measured, and hope for the future be based upon the accomplished facts of the past.

This year marks an era in the growth of the school, for the term opened with a roll call of 160 girls as against 90 in the previous year, while the completion of the "Stone" Building, for women's industrial work, (the gift of Mrs. Valeria Stone) and the lodge for Indian girls, enables the Institution to offer such opportunities as have never before been within the reach of the class from which its students are drawn.

The sudden increase in the number of girls is most hopeful, because while, in the past, the male students have been largely in the majority, the influence of the female graduates has been fully as important, and probably, in some respects, farther reaching. In their work as teachers they stand on an equality with men, receiving the same pay and taking the same position. Applications for teachers are usually irrespective of sex, but it is not uncommon to find that women are preferred, (being often directly asked for) partly perhaps because they have no political power, but also because they are more self-sacrificing and less aggressive.

While everything in the past of the colored women of the South has tended to keep them inferior to the men, so that our girl students are presumably handicapped at the outset, it is constantly a matter of surprise to find them not only holding their own, but showing a power, a persistence, a capacity for growth, which is beyond the expectation of even the optimistic among their friends. Instance after instance can be cited from among the young women who have graduated from the school in the last ten years, where the record as teachers or as wives and mothers has been creditable. To any one who knows what their temptations are, and how few are their incentives to right living, this means success in its most practical and permanent form.

Of course, it will be understood that these statements apply only to the colored students; work for Indian women not yet having arrived at a point where results can be calculated, our hope being only that in the one case as in the other, facts may prove kinder than theories.

Surely it must be a blessed thought to those women, living and dead, who, with strong and gentle hands, have helped to lift the crushing burden with which the past has weighted down the colored women of the South, that the result of their labors has come so soon. To many of them it has been given to see face to face, to know with a sure knowledge, the brave, honest, pure-minded girls who are the crown of Hampton's work, the girls who have taken the light of consistent Christian lives into the dark places where so many of their people dwell. To others, to whom such opportunity has not come, we can offer only the record of our graduates' work, but its witness is more than satisfactory. There is a straight-forward devotion, a certain rectitude of character among the best women graduates of Hampton, which practically give the lie to their past, and while it is trite to say that in the education of women lies the best hope for the future, it is, we trust, very evident, that money and work are not wasted when they produce such women as these.

THE COLOR LINE NORTH.

A young man who graduated from Hampton in '78, has been struggling ever since with a great deal of determination, pluck and perseverance, to get an education as physician, to practise in the South among his own people. He has worked his own way slowly, studying first in the office of a physician in central New York, then in the Medical College of Syracuse, winning respect and friendship and a good report wherever he has been. His object is one which might be expected to meet general approval and encouragement, especially in the profession. Sensible and honest colored physicians to take the place of the conjure doctors in the South would do a great work for their people, and certainly not one to excite jealousy or offer any inducements but unselfish ones. No one can appreciate this so well as physicians, and in view of these considerations, this young man's statement of the treatment he has received at the hands of one medical college in the enlightened North is rather surprising. The interest of his letter is added to by the fact that his objectionable complexion has made him more than once mistaken for a white men.

University of Buffalo, Medical Dept.
October 20th, 1881.

GEN. ARMSTRONG,

Dear Friend: From a paper I sent you you can see that the color line is as strictly drawn in parts of the North as in the South.

I have had very poor health all summer, and been unable to earn as much as previously. This was due to over work and study last winter, which, owing to my condition, I could not avoid. I therefore made application to the University Medical College of New York city, for the benefit of a scholarship (there being several there) forwarding with it letters of recommendation from several of the best and most prominent men of Western New York, including Clergymen, Physicians and county officials of Lyons and Syracuse, stating who I was and all about me. I received an answer from the Dean telling me to come on, and stating terms. On my arrival, he refused to allow me to enter because I was colored, saying he had no idea I was colored, that he had overlooked the word. I offered to pay full tuition (knowing I could borrow the money) and submit to any examination in English or Medicine. But he said from my Diploma and letters he was perfectly satisfied as to my qualifications and character, but I was colored, and must go somewhere else. This was after he had kept me waiting four days to see if the faculty would confirm his decision. I felt that it was a great injustice after my writing him all about who I was, and every one of the letters stating the same.

As it was too late to re-enter Syracuse University, I came here. A gentleman for whom I had worked for two summers very kindly offered to lend me money enough to meet my expenses this year. I offered securities, but he would not accept, saying that the note with my name was sufficient. Not wanting him to lose anything in case I should die, I took out a life insurance policy, making it payable to him, so if I live or die he will not lose anything by his kindness.

I am getting on nicely here, and like it very well.

I have a very good situation offered me as assistant Physician as soon as I get through, where I shall have good opportunity and can gain large experience.

As soon as I get all my debts paid, including the one at Hampton, I shall go South, to practise among my own people, but I don't want to open an office and sit down to wait for business with a debt on me. I had rather work as Hospital assistant for a definite salary, if it is small, and see my way clear.

Yours obl'dty.
C. N. DONSETT.

To contrast the young colored man thus unselfishly ambitious to devote himself to his race, with the great educational institution in the North refusing him the chance on account of his color(?), does not show the great educational institution in a very favorable light. Popular prejudice is untrammeled as personal liberty, and only to be left to time, but the position of a first class university is expected to be a little in advance of popular prejudice, representing rather the popular conscience and calmer judgment and justice. The question is whether a college that falls short of this is a first class university. Yale and Harvard are not afraid to risk their standing by graduating a colored student. One would hardly expect to see him turned from the doors of the profession whose special honor it is to be liberal in more senses than one.

HOW TO GET RID OF THE RUBBISH.

A good paper or magazine is a missionary of civilization. Is there a much more depressing sight than a dusty congregation of such missionaries hopelessly accumulating year after year in closets and garret, hoarded with an uneasy sense of responsibility of doing something with them some day, and an uncomfortable conviction that nothing will be done any day till desperate posterity commits them suddenly to the flames?

Look first on that picture and then on this.

A young colored graduate teacher laboring all day in his log school house in some backwoods settlement of the South, and then sitting down in his cabin loft bedroom to write to his former teacher: "I am doing the best I can for the people, but I wish I had something to read myself. I have no educated person to talk with and I have'nt seen a paper since I have been here. Nobody takes one and I cannot afford yet to take one myself. I don't know what is going on in the world. When I think of the reading room at Hampton, I am homesick."

Appeals like this come yearly to us from every quarter, from teachers and from some who cannot teach, having their homes to take care of. One writes recently: "Will you please send me some old magazines and papers to read? I would like to read something good and instructive. I am very lonely Sundays when I cannot go to church, and long for something to read." Another asks, "Please send me a Southern Workman, or some paper to read." Another: "If you have any maps, charts, or reading matter, please help me." Another: "If you could send me a few copies of pleasant, instructive papers suitable to read to my scholars, I should feel very thankful."

Is there any way of starting some of those dusty missionaries for this field, and more before they get dusty?

If any one likes the suggestion of taking the lights from under their bushels, we shall be very happy to furnish the candlesticks. If any are willing to send papers or magazines to our graduates after reading them, and will let us know what they are, we will send them the addresses of certain ones to whom they will be a great blessing. This will save the double postage of sending them first here, and will put the senders into direct communication with their beneficiaries, which some of our friends have heretofore found pleasant and interesting. Weekly papers and monthly magazines are better than dailies, to send. When desired we will supply the wrappers directed and stamped for them. We distribute from fifty to sixty papers and magazines every week from our own reading room, but have not nearly enough to go round among our graduates, now numbering over four hundred. Some take a paper themselves.

A correspondent who wishes to be nameless, whose bright and interesting letter we subjoin, kindly offers his Weekly Tribune. He will see from the above how welcome it will be, first to our reading room and then far beyond it.

His point as to the best course for a student and teacher as to politics, is well taken. Necessity or expediency or common sense may keep the colored graduate teacher out of politics—very few Hampton graduates have gone into them—but withholding, the Tribune would not keep him from hearing them discussed in the South, where men, women and children talk more politics in a week than we hear at the North in a month. To our reading room come some forty exchanges, and other papers and magazines. They represent every section, and shade of opinion; for example, the Tribune, Post and Boston Advertiser, the Richmond State, New Orleans Picayune, Louisianian, (colored,) and other colored papers.

This is the only fair and sensible way we think, better than to send them out in ignorance to be the dupes of the first stump speaker with a long tongue. Besides this, the news of the day, domestic and foreign, is read to the whole school every morning and they are questioned on it. This is part of an education. As our correspondent says, there is a great mass of of general information in the weekly Tribune, and the fact that there are also politics will make it the more attractive to the reader. We must give him what he is interested in to introduce him to new interests. Who ever acquired a taste for reading, from a school reader? But our students have got somewhat used to general reading at Hampton, and when they are away they "cry for it."

———, Oct. 18, 1881.

EDITOR OF SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

I am a regular subscriber to the Tribune. Occasionally I find passages which I cut out, otherwise it becomes waste paper after I have read it. My object in writing, is to inquire whether it would be well to mail these papers to Hampton for the students to read, and if so, to what address.

My doubt arises from the fact that the Tribune is a political paper, and opposed to the ruling party in the South, and politics are constantly associated with a great mass of general information. On this score I suppose that the Tribune represents the general views of the students, but I believe that the best thing for them and for their race, is for them to devote their whole attention to their studies, in order to raise themselves and their race in the scale of humanity, and to keep politics out of their thoughts until they shall have completed their studies.

I have seen the colored people of the South under three phases. When I first went South in the winter of 1868-9, they appeared to be frightened like sheep without their shepherd. They did not know whether they were free or not. Next, they became sure that they were free, and became impudent, like boys at the "horrible age," when they think themselves more important than they ever were before or will be hereafter. Next, they found that they must work for their living, and a fair proportion of them have become industrious, good citizens. Very Respectfully.

P. S.—When conversing with a native Southerner, on the St. John's River, Florida, he said: "Anyone who believes that Niggers will not lie or steal, knows nothing about them."—Stop a little and give them their due. —"Yes, give the Devil his due and he will have the whole of them."—Stop a little. The steamboat leaves on our dock barrels of provisions and of ale, &c., and they are there exposed over night. You would not dare do that in my neighborhood, and it would not be negroes who would take them. Robbers could with ease come into my room at night. I would not dare to be so careless at home. I regard this as a very honest neighborhood on all important points, although eggs and chickens

may not be safe, and on that score they were [sometimes] educated to pilfer, by their owners allowing them to do so with impunity."

There is one thing to be thought of. If the good reading does not go South, the bad will. The veil of ignorance has been a shield as well as a cloud. One immense advantage which the missionary teachers of the South have had over the public school teacher North is, that they have not had to contend with any taste for or knowledge of low, sensational papers or novels. The only readers had been trained by missionaries, and were full of an earnest purpose. It is still so to a very great extent, but it cannot be hoped to continue so—unless the present opportunity is made the very most of. The veil lifts for the knowledge of both good and evil, and the evil forces are very prompt and bold. Only last summer a young under graduate of Hampton was found selling on commission to the students—openly and ignorantly—a quantity of trash and worse than trash, fortunately discovered in time for suppression. The most pernicious of the books had been added gratuitously to his order by the firm whose agent he had become. Shall it be heaven's light or hell's?

CONCERNING INDIANS.

Extracts from a paper read by S. C. Armstrong at the Anniversary Meeting of the American Missionary Association held in Worcester, Mass., Nov. 2, 1881.

The red man has, for generations, been pushed to the wall. He is sure of nothing if he is to judge the future by the past, and that he does. We have a system of dealing with Indians that is good so far as it goes. We have planned well, at least kindly, but have executed miserably. In the past two centuries, the chattels of the South made more relative progress than our wards in the West.

The Indian question is this:—education (in its broadest sense) or extermination. But at least one white man must fall for every Indian who is shot, and it takes as much money to kill one red man as it would to train a hundred of their children in civilized ways. To educate is at least economy.

The Indian Bureau reports that the number of self-supporting Indians cannot be precisely stated, but gives the following as a fair estimate.

Wholly or almost entirely self-supporting, 105,939. Partially self-supporting, 44,119. Wholly dependent on Government rations, 50,882. These figures do not include the five civilized tribes in the Indian Territory, numbering 59,187. The number of those wholly dependent is likely to increase.

Fifty thousand Indians receive every day of the year, a pound and a half of fresh beef with flour and coffee and sugar and tobacco to match, and a fair outfit for all purposes of decent living and good farming.

An agency warehouse is a huge store filled with utensils of every kind, from which the ex-warrior draws gratuitously, at the agent's discretion. There is no treatment like this in any other country on the globe. A stupendous wholesale charity to a warlike people, of whom a large portion are thus hired to keep the peace.

When first fed they are modest and satisfied; gradually they get importunate, and finally become most grievous beggars. There is an unevenness of treatment in this matter based on the varying difficulties of settlement; the strong and wicked Sioux getting the most in return for their good behavior. The quiet and thrifty Fort Berthold Indians, and others complain of their meagre allowance.

The first condition of successful dealing with such a people is complete subjection. Absolute control was at the bottom of Captain Pratt's wonderful success with "the worst stock in the Indian Territory," at Fort Marion, Florida.

Want of control of the children at the agencies is nearly fatal to their schooling there. When tired of or dissatisfied with school they stay at home, and that's the end of it.

The Black Hills treaty of 1868, which provides that the Sioux shall be fed till they shall become self-supporting, provides quite effectually that they shall not become so. With other men, labor and reward go together, with suffering as the alternative; with these Sioux and others, idleness is assured comfort, and labor has a prospective penalty. A quick witted class see this and oppose industry.

Yet I have seen and heard of agencies where, notwithstanding these gratuities, there had been steady improvement in houses, crops and herds. Good management on the one hand and the good sense of the better class of Indians on the other, have, at certain points, led to remarkable results; but a forward move along the whole line of Indian population is not to be looked for till they shall have the same motives to industry that other men have, and that all men need.

Agencies, reservations and rations are and long will be a necessity, lessening only as, by wise use of public bounty, and by proper legislation and care, the Indians shall approach self-support and citizenship. The persistently indolent should not remain as they are now, unless the nation has pledged itself, by solemn treaty, to feed forever the savage who refuses to work.

The system of allowances might be made a tremendous leverage to lift up the Indians on the principle of helping those who help themselves.

His stomach is his weak point. It is his pride to bear bodily pain, and he glories in the agonies of the Sun Dance, but prolonged low diet has no charms for him. At Cheyenne river, Yankton, and at Devil's Lake, former agents have kept schools full and successfully stimulated the Indians to industry by letting truants and idlers go hungry. At Devil's Lake an equivalent for rations in labor was required, with remarkable results.

First class men and no others can settle the Indian question. The want of them is the bottom fact in our Indian troubles.

Government pays the market price for good beef and sugar and tobacco, but will not pay for good men.

There is only one answer to the question "Can a superior man afford to be an Indian agent?" No! There are excellent Indian agents, thanks to their nobler impulses, but Government should buy and not beg what it is bound to get. Salaries are from $900 to $2,200, depending principally upon the number of Indians under the agent's care. Hence, the more liberally he feeds, the more the roving bands of the plains seek his care and swell his income. To press self-support upon them may scatter them and lessen his salary.

Congress will appropriate hundreds of thousands of dollars to feed Indians, millions to fight them, but will not give the nominal additional sum necessary to induce men who can make a living in any other way, to become Indian agents.

A good measure would be the assignment to duty, as Indian agents, of a few of the best qualified army officers.

While I do not believe that the army should have the Indians, there is unquestionably in it a class of men of broad philanthropy, of wisdom, and experience nowhere else to be found. They have been tried and not found wanting. A score of such men would do more to settle the Indian question than twenty battalions. Of the sixty-six Indian agents, why should not one-fourth, at least, be tried army officers?

We fight Indians, as we feed them, because we must. We economize as soon as we dare. We make management and education as cheap as possible; the two things that will save them are put down to the lowest point.

We tell the Indian to take the white man's road, and refuse to open it.

He needs ideas; he is capable of citizenship, but is unfit to hold lands or manage property till he can read and write, and know something of our language.

A Bureau of Education with a competent head, is a great need of our Indian administration. This matter had been urgently pressed upon President Garfield, from whom action had been expected.

There is no need of revolution in the Indian department, but of reinforcement, authority, means, in order that men and ideas may do the work for the red man that is waiting to be done, and is delayed by the sluggishness and indifference of Congress.

Of the forty thousand wild children of the plains who are looking to the nation for education, not over eight thousand are enrolled at school. The average is far less. We are rich and paying all our debts but those to the illiterate of the land whose ignorance is not their fault. The little children will one day lead. Honor and interest alike demand a care for their welfare.

It is a question, not of Indian capacity, but of effort and money, whether all the shoes, harness, saddles, furniture, tinware, wagons, etc., needed by the Indian department, now purchased in enormous quantities in the East, shall be made in agency shops by Indian apprentices.

The point of sending children to Carlisle and Hampton should not be (as it now is) that they may learn trades, so much as to see and comprehend civilization—a temporary sojourn from their people, that all interested in them declare to be most desirable.

At Crow Creek Agency, Dakota, which I recently visited, 60,000 of the 500,000 acres of reservation land had been taken up by 235 out of 325 neighboring families, of whom 208 had broken ground, cultivating an average of five acres apiece. Their title is a certificate from the Secretary of the Interior, and can be made valid only by an act of Congress.

A bill to that effect, making the land inalienable for a period of twenty-five years, (to save it from the consequences of Indian folly and the white man's rapacity) was introduced at the last session, but failed to pass. This illustrates what competent, energetic men can do.

Settling Indians on homesteads, encouraging mechanic arts, agriculture, and especially cattle raising, (for which this race is peculiarly adapted, and has, at the beginning, in its fitness for it, an advantage over white men), turns more than anything else on the wisdom, skill and *permanence* of the agent.

It should be said that there has been, for the past ten years, a steady improvement in the *morale* of the agencies, the ideas and habits of Indians, and in the character and efficiency of Government employes.

The chief who once said "We can't eat schools and teachers, and don't want them," and afterwards sent his son to Hampton, illustrates the change in Indian thought that is steadily going on. Progressive Indians have suffered persecution. To abandon the dance, put away wild costume and rub the paint off his face, has cost many an Indian suffering and loss. The "white man's way" is not even now, fashionable or comfortable; ridicule being one penalty which, to an Indian, is hard to bear.

Religious work at the agencies has not, as a rule, been appreciated by the neighboring or by visiting whites, and is far from having in the East the recognition and support that is its due.

Religion in a savage is a principle which works against terrible odds, both inwardly and outwardly. The still, small voice speaks in the midst of howling passions. One who is trying to be better, may make ridiculous failures. Not "what has he done?" but, "will he try again?" is the test of his faith. "Missionary failure" is echoed around the world by a class of men from Christian countries, whose conduct, more than the depravity of the savage, has caused a degree of failure.

Let the Government govern; let Christians Christianize, if that is what is wanted. Government had better give up its Agency schools to philanthropic control; and the Christian societies relinquish whatever appointing power they have. It is not in their line any more than moral training is the "forte" of a Government official, and has not been, on the whole, a success. Each should work its own ground, mutually co-operating. The benevolent people of the country should have a point of contact with the Indians that shall be indispensable both to their elevation and that intelligent public sentiment respecting them which is at the foundation of all sound legislation. We prefer, at Hampton, to have charity bear a share of the burden of Indian education.

There is no finer work in the line of Christian civilization than that for Indians at Yankton, Sissiton, Santee, Fort Berthold, Kokomish, Cheyenne river agencies, and at Faribault and Peoria Bottom; and these are only points along a line of effort.

I can bear personal witness to the success of St. John's Episcopal school (under Bishop Hare's care) at Cheyenne river, among a once most inhospitable, turbulent set; where thirty bright girls are being taught the art of living as well as it could be done anywhere in New England.

There is not a brighter spot on the Missouri river than the settlement of twenty one Indian families on homesteads of their own, at Peoria Botom, who, through the efforts of the Rev. Thomas L. Riggs, have settled on this lovely plain, built log houses and out-houses, and piled up stacks of hay for winter use. This illustrates the best kind of missionary work, which is as broad as human life, and is to be expected, not from men whom the East can spare, but whom the East cannot spare. Weak missionaries are as bad as weak agents. The Indian question is more one of men than of money, or of acts of Congress, or of anything else.

The quiet missionary work done for the red race during the past forty years, is the seed sowing of which the race and the nation will reap a harvest of good results. The Indian is a worshipper; "the blue sky and high bluffs are his church edifice—the medicine man being his minister" With selfishness and vindictiveness running though their religion, it contains a recognition of one God, a Spirit, which may be readily expanded by Christian teaching into an adequate conception of the true God. No heathen in the world offer so little to obstruct and so much to encourage the work of the missionary.

Four years' experience at Hampton, has shown them to be remarkably open to truth, and not to be, in any marked degree, revengeful. They are like other people; their special weakness being physical.

Christians of America have a duty to the Indian that they have not done. Their work in the West should be at least doubled.

United efforts by the great religious societies would do much for the welfare of this race, through persistent pressure upon Congress for a proper legal status. The veteran worker, Rev. John P. Williamson, spoke to me with much emphasis on the necessity of law among them. For stealing or murder there is now no law. The agent may settle the difficulty, but there is nothing legal about it.

In citizenship is the salvation of the Indian; wardship tends to emasculate him; the effect of the ballot would be to make a man of him, as it did of the Negro.

To be brought out of his present condition into fitness to vote is a work of the utmost delicacy and difficulty, but it can be done.

They are not dying out; at any rate the 50,000 Sioux are not.

Twenty-eight (28) Sioux Indian youth who have spent three years at Hampton, have just been returned to their Dakota homes. Of the young men, six are farmers and assist in general work, getting from fifteen to twenty dollars per month, two are employed in offices at the same wages; six are teachers, getting twenty dollars a month; two are blacksmiths, two are shoemakers, and seven are carpenters, getting a dollar a day apiece. All have rations besides.

Two of the girls are doing housework, one is teaching and another hopes to. They are distributed, four to six together, in Yankton, Lower Brule, Crow Creek, Cheyenne river, Standing Rock, and Fort Berthold agencies. All refused to go to camp life, and have been provided by the Government agents with separate buildings, which they have cleaned and fitted up as best they could. The Indian department has seconded their efforts very heartily, and there are good grounds for hoping that they will be steadfast. Already they have worked among their people, urged "the good way" upon them, and seem determined to show what education can do for an Indian.

The next twelve months will decide their success; their course will be watched with interest as a test of the methods at Carlisle and Hampton schools, and, indeed, of the Indian's ability to make good use of an education.

It is hard to find places at home for girls and keep them from bad influences. Boys are comparatively independent, but Indian mothers and grandmothers (who are a much greater power in Indian life than I had supposed,) are apt to think how many ponies their girl will bring.

Indian progress depends not a little upon the public sentiment. If left to Government it will be a failure. The people have a work to do.

The Government is as good as the people will let it be; to scold about the Indian policy is idle and useless. There is need of combined effort that shall press upon our legislators their duty to the red race, and to systematic, persistent work for them at their own homes. This demands a degree of personal sacrifice and of personal service that is far from realized.

OUTTING DOWN THEIR PAY.

Information is received from the Fort Berthold Agency, Dakota, to which six of the Hampton Indian boys have returned, that the rate of pay recommended by the agent for the work of the four oldest young men has been cut down one half, by Government, from $30 to $15 a month, the same as that paid the two youngest boys, the Commissioner regarding this amount, in addition to the usual rations, sufficient compensation at first for the services of returned pupils from the several Indian training schools.

The young men are much discouraged in consequence, and it is to be hoped that Government will make the advance upon this first compensation as early as may be, and in proportion to the quality of their work, especially in consideration of the fact that the rations issued to different bands vary very much, according to their treaties, and that those at Fort Berthold are little more than half what is given at the agencies next below on the river, and really not enough for their support. The four young men at Fort Berthold are all good, steady workmen at their trades, able and anxious to do a man's work. It is of the first importance that this critical point of the whole effort—the students' first return home—should be supported wisely and thoroughly.

We are glad to hear that the boys have been doing well, and that, incited by their appearance and example, a number of others have started for the Santee Mission school, while others desire and are ready to go. The two youngest Hampton boys, Ara-hotchkish and Kawhat are themselves attending school at the agency, at their own request.

Chief Son of the Star, head chief of the Rees, died on the 9th ult. He will be remembered by those who saw the Indian visitors at Hampton a year and a half ago, as a chief of noble bearing, and greatly interested in the children of his tribe and their education.

A LITTLE MITE'S MITE.

A kind friend sends us the following pleasant letter:

New Britain, Ct., *June 2d*, 1881,

Gen. Armstrong,

Dear Sir:

Inclosed please find two dollars, which is veritably a *penny* contribution, from my little girl, five years old. She is greatly interested in the building for Indian girls, and confidently believes that this microscopic gift will enable you to finish it.

Yours very truly,

A.

The widow's mite has doubtless helped the finishing of many good works, and will help many more. And this little heart's tribute of faith may well put the "topmost stone" on the building for her shy wild sisters from the plains.

State Normal School,

Tuskegee, Ala., Oct. 31st, 1881.

Editor Southern Workman:—

I take this method of expressing the thanks of this school to the Smith American Organ Company of Boston, for the donation of one of their superior cabinet organs. It is a valuable addition to our school.

B. T. Washington, *Principal.*

BETHESDA CHAPEL,

Whose interesting history was given in the Workman of May last, and which has now an added interest as being the place where our beloved President Garfield delivered his last public address, is now being enlarged to meet the growth of the school, by the addition of the western transept, which was originally fitted up as a parsonage and has, until recently, been used as such.

This chapel was built during the war for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers in the large hospital which was established in the grounds now occupied by the Normal School and Soldier's Home. In this hospital, which was named "Camp Hamilton," there were at one time over fifteen thousand disabled soldiers under treatment. The lot for the U. S. National Cemetery was purchased by the American Missionary Association, and held the title to the land before it was transferred to the trustees of the Normal School. The Chapel is within the Cemetery walls, and the ground on which it stands belongs to the U. S. Around the Chapel are the six thousand white marble gravestones which mark the last resting place of the veterans whose *past*, as President Garfield eloquently remarked in his address, has made possible the *present* of the students who now occupy their places in the little Chapel. Each transept was originally separated from the body of the Chapel by a partition. One was occupied, as already stated, as a Parsonage; the other as a Library, which, during the war, was well stocked with books contributed by the friends of the soldiers. The fine granite shaft which stands in the centre of the Cemetery was also erected by these contributions, amounting to thirty thousand dollars, collected mainly by the efforts of Miss D. L. Dix, the well known philanthropist.

After the war closed, the Chapel was used for sometime by the white families in the vicinity and from the town. When the churches were rebuilt in Hampton, the Chapel was deserted, the books were scattered and lost, and the building was rapidly going to decay, when it came into the possession of the School. It has since been kept in as good repair as the resources at command would allow, and teachers and students have worked zealously to raise the means to keep it in good condition. In 1877 the east transept was added to the seating capacity of the church, the School having outgrown the accommodation of the central hall. This addition gave 165 additional seats. The cost of this addition with other necessary repairs was about $800, which was raised by contributions of the teachers and their friends, and by public entertainments by the former. The continued growth of the School requiring more room, the west wing has also been added, and thirty-three pews, each seating five persons, have been made at the Indian training shop—thus adding 165 seats to the Chapel which now seats about six hundred. The cost of this new and probably final alteration is in some way to be provided for. With the exception of a few Hampton families, the number of which would be increased if there were room for more, the congregation is composed wholly of the students, officers and teachers of the Normal School and their families. It is undenominational. Rev. Richard Tolman, formerly of Tewksbury, Mass. who resigned a few years years ago from ill health, but whose residence is on the Normal School grounds, and who still preaches occasionally, was the first Pastor of the School church. He was succeeded by Rev. John H. Denison formerly settled at New Britain, Conn., who was a classmate of General Armstrong at Williams College, and whose wife is a daughter of Mark Hopkins, D. D., its former President. He also resigned on account of ill health. The present pastor, Rev. H. B. Frissell, formerly the colleague of Rev. C. S. Robinson, D. D., of New York, succeeded Mr. Denison in Oct., 1880.

As the chapel stands on ground belonging to the United States, and as its removal would be its destruction, its occupation by the School is a privilege depending on the pleasure of the Government authorities, and its existence has been twice placed in imminent peril. On one occasion the officer in charge of National Cemeteries had ordered its removal, and it was only saved by the opportune visit of the Secretary of War, who, recognizing the fitness of its present location, countermanded the order. The second order was countermanded by President Hayes, who had several times visited the School, and was interested in its welfare. His interposition, which again saved the Chapel from destruction, was among the last of his official acts, the order being dated Feb. 24, 1881. On the memorable visit of President Garfield, who was one of the first board of trustees of the School, and always felt an interest in its work, he attended service in the Chapel and made there the admirable address to the students which was his last public speech, which may befound in the Workman of July last. Only a few days before he was shot, the writer received from him the proof of his address corrected by his own hand.

LIFE AMONG THE PIMAS.

The chaplain of the Normal School allows us to publish the following interesting letter he received from Rev. C. H. Cook, missionary to the Pimas, in reply to one giving the particulars of the death of one of their young men, a student at Hampton. The human nature in these poor "Red Skins," according to their "gifts," with some of the hardships and terrors of life on the frontier, and the mistakes and misunderstandings which often unnecessarily occasion the latter, are graphically described.

Pima Agency, Casa Grande P. O.

Arizona, Oct. 31st, 1881.

Rev. H. B. Frissell,
Hampton, Va.

Dear Brother:

Both of your letters have come to hand; the one of Oct. 13th arrived Saturday evening, week before last. We had received the news of Savarp's death a few days before, and as usual among the Pimas there was an assembly of the relatives and great lamentation, especially among the women, the mother continually asking for the body of her offspring (mat) saying she would never be comforted until she received the body of her child. I had sent them word that I would come Sunday morning and talk to them; I was therefore very glad when I received your letter late Saturday evening, giving us some assurance that deceased did not die without a hope. I met the friends and relatives Sunday morning, preached to them of Jesus and the resurrection, to which they eagerly listened for more than an hour. I also explained your letter to them and exhorted them to strive to meet their relative in the better world.

They invited me to come again, which I did yesterday morning. They appear to be satisfied now with the Lord's dealings with them.

We had a somewhat exciting time near by, a week ago to-day; the Agent had received word that a large party of Pimas well armed, would come to "clean him out." He sent the ladies and the children during the night to Casa Grande, some fifteen miles from here, our nearest R. R. station, and got his guns, employees and police ready for an emergency. My wife and children remained with me. About 400 Indians came unarmed to hold a council, two coming from a horse-hunt, accidentally brought a rifle and a pistol; they were forcibly disarmed, which came near leading to serious results. About one-half of the tribe seem to be dissatisfied with the present Agent for his severity in punishing them for light offences.

Antonio, head-chief, your Antonito's father, and others, show more interest of late in religious matters, and we pray and hope, that many ere long will come to the knowledge of the truth. The friends of Savarps are thankful to you and the others for the kind interest shown him in his sickness. If it were not so far, I would say come over and see us, spend a little while with us; though some of the whites of Arizona might sneer at you, the Indians would listen to you, and hear you respectfully.

We are having cool nights now; the days are still very warm. The long hot summer and hot nights are a little debilitating. Just think, for four months no butter, no fresh meat, except a few chickens, no potatoes, no milk, few other vegetables except canned goods and dried fruit. The winters, however, are delightful, and we generally recuperate when the cool weather commences.

Trusting that you will remember us and the work among the Pimas, in your prayers,

I remain yours truly,

C. H. Cook.

P. S. Since writing the above, Antonio has brought me word that the parents of Savarps are fully resigned and content now.

ASKING FOR HIS CHURCH "LETTER."

The Chaplain also furnishes us the following little note, received from one of the returned Dakota boys, which shows a desire to stand by his colors in his new home. Neither he nor any of those who have left us are forgotten in our thoughts and prayers.

Yankton Agency, D. T.

My Dear Friend:

Please I want you to give me a church letter to the Presbyterian church of Yankton Agency.

John P. Williamson is an missionary.

My Dear Sir,

I will writs to a little letter but I think you forget me but I am not forget you all time. I am remember you all time. I have come back in my home. I well tell you what I am doing in my home now. I am make a shoe all time in the St. Paul's school. That is all I can say now. I shake hand with you now.

I am Enwin Bishop.

The School was favored with a visit Nov. 10th, from Prof. James Bryce, member of the British Parliament and Professor of Civil Law in the University of Oxford, who has been traveling in the United States, and has been as far West as Washington Territory. Prof. Bryce made an admirable address to our students, which was listened to with great interest. He spoke in glowing terms of the grand work being done by the American missionaries in the East, and says that the era of civilization and progress which is now opening there, may date from the establishment of Robert College and like institutions, under the auspices of American missionaries. Prof. Bryce is now delivering a course of lectures before the students of Johns Hopkins University, after which he goes to Boston to deliver a course before the Lowell Institute.

Mixed Races,—by *Prof. J. P. Sampson.* Normal School Press. Price: Cloth, 75 cts., Paper, 50 cts.

This is not a treatise on miscegenation, as its name and the fact that it is written by a colored man might suggest, but a collection in pamphlet form, of the author's lectures on phrenology, as illustrated in the variously blended races of America. He modestly acknowledges his indebtedness in several instances to "ideas expressed in a better way than he could possibly have expressed them," and claims originality only in his classification of the phrenological "organs," and in some of his conclusions, among which is the superiority of "spontaneity" or the tendency to original development over heredity and environment, in race progress, on which theory he bases a very hopeful forecast of the future of the colored race, which he believes has not degenerated from the Egyptian or any other civilized race, but has all its good things, and plenty of them, before it.

The book is in pamphlet form, but pleasantly gotten up, with broad margins, and leaded lines, charts and illustrations. Printed on the Hampton Normal School press. Set up and worked by colored, native African and Indian students, it is itself an illustration of the true union of the races in useful work and mutual helpfulness.

The sudden breaking of an important casting in our press occasioned a serious delay in our last month's issue, which has somewhat crowded this number also. A new casting had to be made, but now all is right again, and we hope to begin the new year with a good start on time.

For our first page illustration of a "possum" hunt, we are indebted to Messrs Harper Bros. "Brer Possum" is done for—his next appearance will be as a welcome ornament of the cabin Christmas feast.

The attention of the readers of the *Workman* is called to the advertisement, in another column, of that widely known weekly Magazine, "Littell's Living Age," which enters, with New Year, upon its one hundred and fifty-second volume. It has been published for nearly forty years, and during that long period has been prized by its numerous readers as a thorough compendium of the best thought and literary work of the time. As periodicals become more numerous, this one becomes the more valuable, as it continues to be the most thorough and satisfactory compilation of the best periodical literature of the world. Its importance to American readers is evident; in fact it is well-nigh indispensable to those who would keep informed in the best literature of the day; and its success has therefore been uninterrupted. Its prospectus is well worth attention in selecting one's periodical for the new year, and its clubbing rates with other periodicals are worthy of notice.—Littell & Co., Boston, Mass., are the publishers.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

COLORED PEOPLE NORTH. A PROGRESSIVE BEAVER. HELPING THEMSELVES. A NIGHT CLASS AND SUNDAY SCHOOL. A SCHOOL OF CHILDREN, MOTHERS AND GRANDMOTHERS. A PAYING COUNTY. RUNNING THE GAUNTLET AT WASHINGTON. A CONGRESSMAN'S SON. MARRIED GRADUATES.

COLORED PEOPLE NORTH.

From a limited experience in the North, after a long one South, a thoughtful graduate teacher concludes with surprise that in spite of slavery, the Southern Negro is ahead, and wonders why. To the extent in which this is true, it is evident that the North has not too much reason for self-complacency in *not* being her brother's keeper.

——Oct. 10th, 1881.

——Dear Sir:

Your of the eighth inst. was duly received, and in reply I take pleasure in giving you a description of my work and place. One would suppose that the colored people here are more advanced than those farther south. ——abolished her slaves in 1825, and yet these colored people, with a start of 56 years, (notwithstanding it was a poor start), are not up to our southern colored people. This looks strange indeed, but it is true. They have had superior opportunities, and have them now. Many of the parents of my pupils went to school in their younger days, yet they are no help to the children whatever.

They seem to have no energy, no desire to rise above the very lowest degree of usefulness. There are perhaps 300 colored people in and around——and you might find half a dozen strictly respectable families. The rum shops are well patronized, so much so that it consumes the greater part of their hard earnings. I have always heard it said that my people were great church goers, but those here must be an exception to the rule. The school which I have charge of has always had a very poor reputation, and I am placed in the awkward position of bringing it up. I have succeeded thus far, and have reason to be encouraged for the future. I shall, in a very few weeks, have a very good school-house, as there is one being built for me. I shall perhaps be able to move in it in four weeks. Books and everything are furnished. The children have nothing to do but come to school, and yet the attendance is no better than it is in Va. I have "Monroe's Reading Chart," but not the Primers. I should like very much to have a dozen. We have Maps, Writing-charts and one Multiplication chart. No globe at all. This I need very much. I trust that I may be the means of inspiring some of these youths to excel their parents at least.

I am *very, very* glad to make your acquaintance.

With much respect,

I am, dear sir, obt. yours,

L.

A PROGRESSIVE BEAVER.

The young woman who writes the following pleasant letter, is certainly a "beaver" in industry, though not in conservatism.

——Va. Oct. 10th, 1881.

——Kind Friend:

Your kind favor was received a few days ago, for the contents of which, accept *many, many* thanks. It came just in the hour of need. I cannot express my gratitude to you, and I would have acknowledged it before now, but very soon after I got your letter the card came, saying that you had started a barrel, so I thought I would thank you for both at once; as I have so little time for writing. The barrel and box have just been delivered, and as we opened them our hearts were filled with joy to think of the many happy hearts which you have made. We take the greatest delight in distributing the things to the poor little needy children, who are many in number; and if you could only see their actions on receiving them you would feel amply paid. I kept a shawl and sack for myself, as I was quite in need of them. Mr.——went out this evening to take some crackers to a poor sick man, and left me to write.

I am getting along very well with my school, but it works me pretty hard. My enrollment is now 87, and there are still more to come. I would apply for an assistant, but my school-room is too small. I tried it one year and found out that I could do better alone unless I had another room, and the school board claims to be unable to furnish me one. I could not get through if it were not for the conveniences which you have given me. My Superintendent was to see me a few days ago; says our schools (Mr.——'s and mine) are the only ones under his charge that have any charts, maps or anything of the kind; and the most of his teachers, white and colored, are like the beaver in building his dam, they teach just as people did 25 years ago, so he says it is quite a treat to visit my school and see the new methods of presenting the different studies. I am more devoted to my work this term than ever, and I get on so much better in consequence of the instruction I received at the Institute. By God's help and through your kindness we have made a good start for another year's work. I hope to sow many precious seed that shall spring up and do good unto the honor and glory of God. I will write again soon.

Very gratefully yours, J.

HELPING THEMSELVES.

The energy shown by the colored people in many country settlements, in putting their own shoulders to the wheel to secure school-houses and teachers for their children, is remarkable and most encouraging. A young woman who had done conscientious and excellent work since her graduation, writes of her present school as follows:

——Va. 10, 12; 1881.

——Dear Friend:

My school opened Monday, 10th, with 26 little bright faces: yesterday I had 31, and expect more and more, until the room is quite full. The school Board has given land, on which to build a new school-house.

They are willing to employ one carpenter, if the patrons will assist, which they have promised to do. They speak of going to work at once. We hope ere the weather gets cold to be in a good house. The gentleman with whom I board has promised to patch up my room, so I hope there will be comfort with all.

I have not seen any of the girls since we parted. Mary came Sunday, so I heard.

Weather here quite cool, this week. The color chart and books were thankfully received by us all. The chart will be a great help to us. I am going to try and use the same books, this winter, that you sent in the spring. The trees look very pretty now, but will soon change their "coats" for winter. We have some very handsome Autumn leaves here. The chestnut trees are beginning to share with us, their abundant store.

It is now time for school.

Yours gratefully, A.

A NIGHT CLASS AND SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A young woman graduate writes to a kind friend an interesting account of her efforts to do good outside the school-room as well as inside.

——Va. Sept. 16th, 1881.

Mr. B——:

Yours of the 13th reached me to-day. I have sent to Burkeville to see if there is any freight for me. I've no doubt but they will be enjoyed, both by myself and children also, as well as the sick. I received the package of papers also the chart primers. They were the first of the kind ever seen in this neighborhood, and both old and young want to study them. The lady with whom I board keeps two hands to help work the farm, and they cannot go to school, but I got them both to promise me they would get a lesson every night in one of those primers, and recite to me. Neither of them know their letters and both are over 16 years old; one recited last night for the first time; he seemed to think that he was so large that I would laugh at his ignorance, but he soon got over that and worked well for some time. I have 100 pupils now, and some very bright little boys and girls too. I have some rewards of merits left over from last term, which you sent me, and I have promised them in each class to the most diligent and well behaved, and the most of them are working hard for them. I find that my globe is very serviceable, and interesting too, to the children. They have not had much school room furniture before, and I hope their progress will be all the more rapid hereafter. The children seem very fond of me, and bring baskets of apples, peaches, pears, and such things for me every day. Since the chinquepins have come, they gather them every day and bring me. I opened Sabbath School last Sunday with about fifty pupils and forty-five parents. The children don't care much for Sabbath School, but I want to try and have one. They don't have service every Sunday, and it at least keeps the children from bad company. And now I must stop and hear my little night-scholars.

With many thanks for your kindness, I remain,

Your grateful friend, M.

A SCHOOL OF CHILDREN, MOTHERS, AND GRANDMOTHERS.

It was far more common just after the war than it is now, to see parents and grandparents holding the primer with their children, and mothers learning their alphabet with their babies in their arms. The young woman who gives the graphic account of such a school is just about starting for Alabama to take charge of the public school in Tuskegee, where Mr. B. T. Washington and Miss Davidson are already engaged in Superintending a Normal and Industrial School. The three will form a little centre of Hampton associations and influences, pleasant and profitable for themselves and others.

——Va. Aug. 15th, 1881.

Dear Friend:

I take great pleasure in writing to you for the first time. I am very well, and I hope this will find you the same, and getting rested from your year's work. I have taught nine months this year, and have just opened a term of two months pay school. It is very warm to teach, yet I feel I am doing a great good. There was never a school here until I opened one last March; the children and their parents are worse off than when they were slaves, freedom only excepted. Why I say this is, they tell me when they were slaves their masters kept them in clothes and kept their cabins in quite good order. Now I come and find some of them without one decent garment, and living in log huts I can't stand up in. In some of these dwellings chairs are unknown, their substitutes being low benches or stools.

Last spring I kept three months public school. It was something new to them, and the whites being opposed to it made my work very hard, yet I labored on until I gained the favor of the colored and a few whites. When I came to leave that I might attend the Institute they all seemed to regret my leaving and set about how they could get me back, so they raised a small amount and asked me to come and teach a pay school for them.

I opened my school July 28th, allowing all ages and sizes to attend, as they had all helped to raise the money. So among my students I have from grandma to an infant 8 months old. The mother brings her baby and a quilt that it may lie down when she recites. Occasionally it gets its spells and a passerby might think from the noise, I kept a nursery instead of a school. Sometimes I have to draft a nurse until the mother gets through with her lessons.

Among the younger children you would be surprised to see such minds, and how very readily they take in every good thing offered, and how they strive to do and act as the teacher.

I have a Sunday School for them in which I have to be leader. I read the Bible to them and then give most of them a lesson from my Monroe's chart. They have but few Bibles and singing books, so they like to have me teach from the chart.

I will close, hoping to hear from you soon.

Yours with much love, M.

A PAYING COUNTY.

There is a great difference in the state of the school treasury in different counties of the state. Our graduate teachers have shown patience, pluck and missionary spirit, often working and waiting, but of course those districts which pay most promptly can most easily secure good teachers. The state of things is improving in this respect. A young woman writes cheerfully:

——Co. Va. Sept. 22, 1881.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong,

Dear Sir:—I am now teaching school in the above named Co. I opened school here on the 6th inst. I have only 19 pupils as yet, on roll. The people are slow starting the children. I am 25 miles from Richmond. I have a very nice school house just built this year. I have a mile to walk from my boarding place to it. The term will be seven months, pay $25 per mo. Here I am sure of getting paid; not promised to be paid, and not get the money for nearly a year, as I was in the other Co. in which I taught.

The Trustees and people generally, are very pleasant. I am quite far up in the woods, still I like it, and am very well contented. Thomas Bolling teaches about 12 miles above here in the same Co.

A gentleman, a graduate from the Richmond Institute, teaches 6 miles from me, and a lady from there teaches 3 miles from him. There is a nice little church not far from me, and the Sabbath School and services are more intelligently conducted then in any country place I ever visited. The people generally are doing well. They own a great deal of land, seem industrious and quite intelligent.

I shall send a young man down there the last of this month, who desires to work a year, attend night school, and prepare to go in school and graduate.

I think he will do well, and hope you will help him all you can, by giving him work.

Yours gratefully, C.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET IN WASHINGTON.

A young man who, in spite of being a Congressman's son and for several years in Government employ, has run the gauntlet of temptation successfully thus far, writes thus gratefully of some of the influences that have sustained him.

OFFICE OF THE AUDITOR OF THE TREASURY FOR THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,

Washington, Nov. 20th, 1881.

MRS. E. C. DIXON,
Hampton, Va.

Dear Friend:

Your postal just received, and read with pleasure.

In reply to the same, I have to state that I am still employed in this Department.

I never taught school (day) and only taught two months last summer as a substitute, in our Mission Sunday School in this city.

I am now Secretary of the S. S. of which I am a member, and have held this position over three years. I take an interest in all Temperance movements, as I am one who does not indulge in drinking, chewing, smoking or any of these infamous habits.

My kindest regards to Gen'l J. F. B Marshall, and tell him I owe a good deal of my success in shunning these habits to him; that I remember well his impressive lecture to me, before leaving to come to Washington.

I am at present doing very well, and I am in good health.

Remember me to Gen'l Armstrong, and to all who remember me.

I am proud of being one of the Hampton boys. I am sorry to have left before fitting myself to bring a *Sheepskin* with me.

Yours truly, H.

MARRIED GRADUATES.

We are always glad to hear of the happy marriage of any of our graduates. Another home established, one more centre of civilizing influence, good example and domestic cheer. When the happy pair are both Hampton graduates, school-mates, classmates, it may be, as in the case of one at least of those mentioned in the following letters, the event is, of course, of special interest to us—and we should think it would be to them—but loving goes by liking, and if the young people are pleased and their choice stands the test of time and the experiences of every-day life, no one need ask for more.

——October 8th, 1881.

Mrs.——

Dear Friend;

I was in Lynchburg in August last, to the State Convention, and there met with a great many of the Hampton graduates. Some I knew, and some I had forgotten. It was very pleasant indeed to meet with them.

I have married since I left Hampton; been married three years, and have as good and kind a little woman as you ever saw. Sister M.——and her husband are teaching in this County, also Jany——and her husband; all are doing well.

Another writes from Maryland:

It will no doubt be a surprise to learn of the marriage of Jerome Bacon. He has returned to his post accompanied by his wife. It is their intention to settle and try to obtain a start in life, which I feel they can accomplish by a judicious expenditure of his earnings.

Cooper is still at his post at Whaleyville, in good health, and doing nicely.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

A pleasant incident of the month has been a visit from the Rev. Joseph Cook, missionary and superintendent of St. Paul's school, at the Episcopal mission in Yankton, Dakota. All were glad to see him, bringing as he did the latest news from their home friends, and our lately returned students. He gave a good report of the condition and the prospects also of the boys. The girls have a more difficult problem to meet, with less obvious inducements to do well, and greater pressure of temptation. Thus far, however, they had not yielded to the common fate of an Indian girl, of being sold to the brave who would bid the most ponies. As one of the strongest writes pathetically:

"Hard out here to be Christian woman."

THE GIRLS' EARNINGS.

With the Indian girls as with the boys, the plan has been adopted of giving them, after they have been here a year, the handling of a certain amount of money as wages for their work. It has been a most useful education. Some, more careful than others of their clothes, have been able, besides providing the proportion of these which they are expected to use their money for, to save up a little. Those who worked last summer at school or in Massachusetts, have each earned a new winter dress, and have taken great pleasure in choosing and buying it and making it themselves "for Thanksgiving," showing very good taste in the selection, generally of dark pretty flannels. Every afternoon they have sewing school for an hour. It is a busy scene; tongues fly as well as fingers, but considerable work is accomplished.

THE SENIORS.

Those who are now entering their third year at Hempton, with the most advanced of the new comers, might enter the regular Junior class of the school, but for the overcrowding of this already, and the fact that their English is not quite fluent enough to keep pace with its progress. But they feel the dignity of their new position as the old scholars, and the Senior Indian class, and are anxious to make the most of their last year at Hampton. They show a very marked improvement in order, and interest in their lessons, and are happy in the promotion from oral teaching to several new text books in language lessons and history, and "supplementary reading." The "old students" have felt the "set up" of the advent of the new ones, and take pleasure in "showing them the road."

THE NEW COMERS.

A good report in general comes from those in charge of the new comers. They are said to be an unusually bright and steady set. This pleasant experience is no doubt owing in part to knowing better how to understand and manage them, with the increased facilities and room, which the new Academic Hall affords. The girls from Standing Rock have been especially reported as showing evidence of good, womanly training, said to be that of a Roman Catholic sister at the agency, who is unfortunately there no longer. With exception of one pair of friends, each new comer has been assigned to a room with an old student either Indian or Colored,—both of whom have taken kind interest in instructing them in the care of their rooms and themselves when it was necessary—many of them however having been well taught before. Like most of their predecessors, they show such marked taste and ability in keeping their rooms neat that one is tempted to believe that order is a natural instinct of humanity as well as heaven's first law. The new comers have evidently been much impressed also and influenced by seeing and talking with their friends who returned home from Hampton last September, in such different guise from that in which they left home. This is seen also in their treatment of the girls, and in the girls' own carriage. The shawls are not so often drawn over the head like an Indian blanket, and the voices are not so afraid of their own echoes. The one exception to the rule of placing a new comer with an old student, is in the case of a girl who can speak a little English, and asked for a little girl as room mate because she had promised her mother to watch over and care for her.

A LESSON ON HATS OFF.

A rather amusing lesson was given to her class by one of the teachers, the boys standing with their hats on, till she passed down the line, saying a pleasant good morning to each, and showing them how to raise their hats in response. The lesson was enjoyed with a good deal of amusement, and has been quite well remembered.

One of the new boys used his instruction in phonetic spelling for his teacher's benefit one day.

In calling a boy, she pronounced the name, Ta-or-ki-san.—*Look in the lodge*—not quite to the satisfaction of one of her audience, who exclaimed "Not right, not right, look!"—and rushing to the board he wrote it, saying 'Listen' and spelled it syllable by syllable, by sound, pausing on each for her to imitate him. They are learning English rapidly for beginners—writing as many as ten new words at a time from memory. But where they do not understand or remember a meaning, they say "Not yet"—in a most hopeful tone. A little Arizona boy having just learned the word *softly*; aired it immediately to the edification and surprise of a tall colored student who was making a little more noise than necessary in passing through the hall to his class.

THE GIRLS' COTTAGE.

The overflowing state of Virginia Hall made it necessary to colonize about a dozen of the Indian girls with two of their teachers, one of whom is fortunate in having her mother with her, in an unoccupied dwelling house on the place. This arrangement has proved a very happy one. The girls have a taste of something like a quiet home life. They have been given charge of the teachers' rooms and halls as well as their own rooms, and are very proud of the trust. Their own rooms are scrupulously kept, and now they have been given a sitting room in the light, above ground basement, each girl contributing a chair and some little decoration from her own room to make it attractive. They have been on the whole very happy. There has been of course a little home sickness, and one made quite a mistake in her reckoning. Coming to her teacher, she asked eagerly if the *three weeks* they were to stay were not about out. Her surprise on finding that the allotted time was not three weeks but three years, can be imagined. An evening of merry games is a great consolation, and they take as much fun in Blind man's buff, Hunt the handkerchief, and "Feeding the chickens," as if they were not "little savages" as they sometimes call themselves in sport. This is a joke which promises to become traditional. It originated last year in some trifling altercation between an Indian and a colored student. The former coming to a teacher, for a definition of the epithet, seemed struck with the humor of the misnomer, and ever since it is a standing joke. One of the most advanced, whom one would hardly suspect perhaps of Indian blood, will hand in an exercise in beautiful chirography signed, "This is by a savage Sioux."

THE "SHOES OF SOPHISTICATION."

One of the boys brought a pitiful complaint to the doctor or nurse that one of his feet was "very sick." Expecting at least a sprain, she was much amused to discover that the unbearable affliction was caused by a very small specimen of what happy civilized communities call a corn. This explanation was not sufficient consolation to the victim. Civilization seemed a failure if that was its penalty—and one is almost tempted to agree with him.

"Ah! too soon those feet must hide,
In the prison walls of pride."

Shoemakers have certainly something to learn from moccasin makers.

THE ARIZONAS.

The Arizonas—Pimas, Maricopas and Apaches—now forming the middle Indian class, are doing well in all respects. They have always been on the whole, a very docile and earnest set. Dr. Sheldon Jackson would be pleased to know how well they remember and often they speak of him and his wife who brought them with such kind care on their long trying journey from Arizona to Hampton. The two little girls are reported by their matron as wonderfully conscientious and steady "little women." "When I said to her last summer"—says the matron, 'Good bye—be a good girl"—she said earnestly "Mrs. S. night before I come to Hampton my father he sit here—my mother she sit there—my father he do so—(reaching forward and taking her hand) he say—Meliah go—be good girl there—no bad talk." She is all he wished her to be, this poor "savage" father, who, perhaps as Leatherstocking would say "lived up to his gifts."

THE MEDICAL REPORT.

Subjoined is a synopsis furnished by the resident physician at the school, from her detailed report of her medical examination of the new comers made directly upon their arrival, and in some cases repeated for full certainty in a week or ten days. It gives occasion for the protest we have made before against sending under a clean health bill, children with already marked organic disease, in some case of long standing. It is unfair both to the children and to the effort.

We are glad to learn on the other hand, that with these exceptions, the new comers, especially the best half of them, appear to be a remarkably robust and hopeful set.

GEN'L S. C. ARMSTRONG,

DEAR SIR,

My physical examination of the forty-five Indian students received at this Institute during the month of October, results as follows: Of thirty-one Indian boys, nine present traces of pulmonary disease. Three of this number are seriously affected. One has had repeated hemorrhages.

The average condition of the remaining twenty-two is satisfactory. Nearly all are robust and well developed, though scrofulous diathesis is in some cases noticeable. Of fourteen Indian girls, five are below the average standard of health.

A tendency to pulmonary weakness is seen in them, but no localized disease exists. The remaining nine are in excellent health.

The general appearance of all, both boys and girls, is better than on their first examination one month ago.

M. M. WALDRON, M. D.

LETTERS FROM THE RETURNED STUDENTS.

Some pleasant letters have been received from the boys and girls who returned to their homes last September, of which the following are good specimens. Ought they not to have the encouragement they so pathetically ask for?

Fort Yates Agency.
Dakota Territory, October 12, 1881.

My Dear Friend;

Now I came back home last week and I am very glad to see all my people and they all glad to see me. I came home the fourth of October, but we don't work yet. I guess to morrow I work at the Agency very harder to at Fort Yates then at Hampton.

The Indians came to me last night and talked to me, but they nothing to say. Just they talk when they get something to eat and I talk to them about the good way. Then they say why don't you ask the government, he give you some cows or wegons, and they say if you don't ask him, he give you nothing, and I said, well if they have President there then I talk to him, but they have not, and I told them the President is dead.

I saw Lousia Bullhead when I came back home, and I ask her what you learn here and she say nothing, and she said I like to go to school in Hempton. I told her Miss—very sorry once she heard you wear an Indian dresses. Then she say nothing.

Please write to me as soon as you got this short letter, don't forget your truly friend.

Please give my love to all Indian girls and boys.

From your truly friend,

J. P. PLEETS.

I shake hands with you in my heart.

FORT BERTHOLD, D. T.

My ever dear Miss E——

I thought I would write to you a few lines that you know I am getting long very pleasant indeed dear Miss E——I want to keep to be a good girl and to help those Indian getting long. Makes me feel so bad. I want keep try help all I can. those white people who live with Indian never help Indian, never give any work, nothing to do.

I teach Indian children now. I study my books too. I stay Mr. C. L. Hall house. I never go my father house.

When I see indian house makes me feel so bad. Oh dear me what I shall do with those Indian. I am going try hard to help to them. I hope God will help me. Mr. Hall I hope he will kind to me. Lieut. George LeRoy Brown know about here, he told me take care self. He put me Mr. Hall house. I stay in his house. I help teacher. how doing Miss E. if I stay my father house I will have very hard time because people do not know any thing about God word. don't care about him—I love him myself. I hope he will care of me. if I am not going east again I shall forget soon that is re son I want going again—keep learn more when I am strong I like have come back again. I think that best way. I told Mr. Brown—say to me, that true Josephine, he will see about it. I want keep try help them, I want show how good live and know bible say. There—do not know greet words.

Good bye. I send my love to yourself.

JOSEPHINE MALNOURIE.

YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL MONUMENT.

The Centennial Monument to be erected at Yorktown, of which we give a correct illustration, will signalize an event of great national importance. It was designed by a Commission of Artists provided by an act of Congress, passed June 7, 1880, and appointed by the Secretary of War in letters dated July 22, 1880. It consisted of R. M. Hunt, of New York; John Quincy Adams Ward, of New York, and Henry Van Brunt, of Boston. The Commission says:

"From a point of view of sentiment, this monument is intended to convey, in architectural language, the idea, set forth in the dedicatory inscription, that, by the victory at Yorktown, the independence of the United States of America was achieved, or brought to final accomplishment.

"The four sides of the base contain: First, an inscription dedicating the monument as a memorial of the victory; Second, an inscription presenting a succinct narrative of the siege, prepared in accordance with the original archives in the Department of State; Third, the treaty of alliance with the King of France; and Fourth, the treaty of peace with the King of England. In the pediments over these four sides respectively are presented, carved in relief: First, emblems of nationality; Second, emblems of war; Third, emblems of the alliance; and Fourth, emblems of peace.

The inscriptions on the base of the Monument are to be as follows:

—NORTH.—
Erected
In pursuance of
A Resolution of Congress, approved October 27
1781, and one approved June 7, 1880,
To commemorate the victory
by which
The Independence of the United States of
America was achieved.

—SOUTH.—
At Yorktown, on October 19, 1781,
After a siege of nineteen days,
By 5,500 Americans, 7,000 French Infantry of
the Line,
3,500 Militia, under command of Gov. Thomas
Nelson, and 36 French Ships of Line,
Earl Cornwallis,
Commander of the British forces at Yorktown
and Gloucester,
Surrendered the Army,
7,251 officers and men, six seamen, 244 cannon,
and 24 standards.
To his excellency, George Washington,
Commander-in-Chief of the combined forces
of America and France,
To his Excellency the Comte de Rochambeau,
Commanding the Auxiliary troops of his
Christian Majesty in America,
And to his Excellency the Comte de Grasse,
Commanding-in Chief the Naval Army of
France in Chesapeake.

—WEST.—
The Treaty,
Concluded February 6, 1778,
Between the United States of America
And Louis XVI., King of France,
Declares
The essential and direct end
Of the present Defensive Alliance,
Is to maintain effectively
The Liberty, Sovereignty and Independence,
Absolute and Unlimited,
Of the said United States,
As well in matters of Government as of Commerce.

—EAST.—
The Provisional Articles of Peace,
Concluded November 30, 1782,
And the Definitive Treaty of Peace,
Concluded September 3, 1783,
Between the United States of America
And George III.,
King of Great Britain and Ireland,
Declares:
His Britanic Majesty acknowledges the said
United States, viz.:
New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay,
Rhode Island, and Providence Plantations
Connecticut, New York, New Jersey,
Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia,
North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia,
To be
Free and Sovereign and Independent States.

The total height from the bottom of the base, resting on the surface of the ground, to the top of the figure, will be 95 feet 6 inches. The bottom of the base covers a surface area of 945.56 feet. The height of the thirteen figures is 8 feet. The diameter of the shaft at the bottom, 5 feet 5 inches, and at the top 5 feet.—*Baltimorean.*

HAMPTON'S INDIAN GRADUATES.

The story of the Indian students returned to their homes from Hampton Institute and others brought back by the Principal was given in a letter from him in our last number. At Chicago the party separated, and the Fort Berthold and Standing Rock students were taken home by Lt. Geo. LeR. Brown, and the new ones collected, arriving at Hampton about a week after the first party. The following letter from Lt., Brown, now Captain Commandant at Hampton Institute, gives his account of the trip.

These returning Indian students are not, in the strict sense, graduates, of course; some of them might well go on to be, if it were not better to send them home at the time promised their friends, and before the tie is more completely severed between them. After a year or more of work, proving themselves worthy, it may be that some may return to Hampton, if that seems best when the time comes. Three Indian young men who know English well enough to enter the regular junior class of the school will graduate with the present Senior class, and twelve others and two girls, are in the Middle and junior classes.

Hampton Virginia, October 29th, 1881.

EDITOR OF WORKMAN:

The last day of last month, in compliance with instructions received from General Armstrong, I took charge of the Hampton Indian Students, who were returning to their homes at Berthold and Standing Rock Agencies, D. T. Leaving Chicago in the evening, we arrived at St. Paul about two A. M. the next day. No train leaving St. Paul over the N. P. R. R. on Saturday, we were compelled to wait until Sunday evening. I gave the young men permission to go about the City as they chose Saturday. Sunday we attended the Presbyterian Church; the time passed very pleasantly, and I had no cause of complaint except the delay. Monday we sped through the great wheat farms of Dakota, with their steam separators in full blast. Fall rains put the threshing back in Dakota and caused considerable loss. Nearing the borders of civilization, we met many hardy settlers, who look upon Indian civilization with a great deal of doubt. "I have seen that sort of thing tried before, and in less than six weeks after they returned to their homes, they were wearing a blanket and breech cloth." "They are looking first-rate now, but it won't last," and similar remarks were made in the hearing of the Indians, and I was anxious to ascertain what the effect of these adverse opinions, so freely expressed, would have upon them. Arriving at Bismark Oct. 3rd, we were fortunate in finding the Steamer Nellie Peck at the landing, and after supper I took them all down. They passed the evening singing their Hampton songs and talking over their school experiences, for they were to separate in the morning, the Standing Rock delegation going down and the Berthold delegation going up the river. In the morning they parted with many expressions of good wishes and regrets. The Nellie did not start up the River until Wednesday; but, baring bars, we moved along up the river very smoothly after we did get under way. The scenery along the Missouri is less monotonous at this season than earlier, as the many colored autumn leaves relieve the bleak grey and brown bluffs. The day before our arrival at Berthold Agency, Karunach and the others came to me, and he, as spokesmen for the party, said:" We don't want to live in Indian Camp. Too dirty. Nothing to do. Don't like so to live. Went to have a good room, where we can keep clean, and then we work and earn money. Maybe go back to Indian Camp, clothes get dirty and worn out, no money to buy new ones, Indians laugh at us, and then by and by we think better be all like Indians. No wa don't like Indian Camp." I told them that I would see the Indian Agent upon our arrival at the Agency and see what could be done for them in the way of rooms, &c.,

We arrived at Berthold early Friday morning, and as we came in sight of the Indian camp, some one came up to Karunach, who was on the side of the boat opposite to the Agency, and told him that we were in sight of his home. "I don't care, I can too much Indian camp, I glad to see my people; but don't like see camp. See too much of it." As the boat neared the landing, Indians of all ages trooped out of the camp, and when the boat touched the landing the crowd was almost impassable; but seeing Major Kauffman driving up, I struggled through and told him about Karunach's request. He told me that he had three rooms in a vacant building at the Agency that they might have, and that he would be glad to discuss with me the feasability of his employing them at work at the Agency. This information I conveyed at once to the young men, who were shaking hands with relations and friends, and they at once obtained a wagon to haul themselves and their baggage down to the Agency.

In the afternoon they went down to the camp and visited their friends. Saturday they had completed domestic arrangements. Had one room for a kitchen and dining room, and two bed-rooms, and had employed an Indian woman to cook and wash for them. Having thoroughly canvassed the ground with the Major, he decided on employing Karunach and Ahnkah at their several trades, i. e., shoe making and wheelwright, respectively, and Tom Smith and Lenghing Face as employees on the farm and Agency, at the rate of $1 per day, and the younger pupils Kawhat and Ari-hotch-kie as farm laborers at 50 cts per day. These are very good living wages, and there is no reason why they ought not to do well. When told by the Agent that they would be allowed to buy out of the Agency store house and at the end of the quarter have the amount due the Government deducted from their pay, Karunach said to me, "We don't want to buy a thing. We will live on the rations and what we can get in the way of vegetables from our people, and then at the end of the three months we will have all our money coming to us. Then we will know how much we are able to save. I want to buy some cattle, and by-and-by build a good house." To this sentiment they all assented, and I felt very hopeful for them. They seemed to be plucky and determined to succeed.

Saturday evening, Sarah Walker's father came rushing into the Trader's store and called me one side. "Lieutenant will you go and see what you can do with my old woman? I told her that I wanted to send Sarah's sister Mary to Hampton, and she drove me out of the lodge." I took Tom Smith and went round to the quaint, comical looking mud dwelling they called home; knocked at the door, found it locked. Tom and I called to them to let us in, and finally the door was unfastened and we stepped up to the fire in the centre of the lodge and entered into conversation with the Grandmother. (The mother was hidden away in the shadows, somewhere.) I entered into an argument in favor of Indian women, claimed that it was a shame that the men alone should smoke and the women work. Presently the mother emerged from somewhere out of the shadows, and we listened patiently to the story of her wrongs, and were repaid by her *offering* to send her daughter. I found on my return to the store the head chief of the Mandans who inquired, if I had obtained all the children I wanted. I told him I would take one more, and he said his boy, Many Birds, wanted to go. "All right, if he passes the Doctor I will take him." "But he is over the River." "Well, go and get him." "He has gone up to the Little Mission River." "Well, I will not leave here 'till to-morrow afternoon, and you will have time to overtake and bring your boy back here." Before ten the next day, the boy was on hand, and a bright, rugged, intelligent boy he has proven himself to be. The Indians were all very much pleased with the improvement made by the children who had been at Hampton, and many more than the quota required could have been obtained from Berthold. Though extremely loth to part with their children for what seems to them to be so long a time, they appear to realize the necessity of their children learning the ways and industries of the whites, so as to be able to join in the development of the country. The insecure and unsatisfactory tenure of their title to land militates against their interest in individual cultivation, and at most of the agencies Indians are found cultivating fields in common.

Having collected the quota of children required, I started for Bismark on the afternoon of the 9th instant, arriving at Fort Stevenson about 3 P. M. Here I found accommodation for the children, and was very pleasantly entertained by my old friend and classmate, Lieut. J. T. Van Orsdale, of the 7th U. S. Infantry. The Commandant of the Post, Maj. Brotherton, was also very kind, sending us down in the Post ambulance to meet the Steamer Niobrara on the afternoon of the 11th instant. Arriving at Bismark on the 12th, I found a telegram from Major James McLaughlin, U. S. Indian Agent at Standing Rock Agency, informing me that he could not send the delegations from his Agency to meet me at Bismark, and considered it necessary for me to go on the Agency and see the Indians again about sending their children to Hampton, as he had difficulty in obtaining a quota. The Major arrived at Bismark in the evening, and I went back with him the following evening—having secured the service of Mr. Henry Kauffman, son of Major Kauffman, Agent at Berthold, to take charge of the Berthold delegation during my absence at Standing Rock. This kindly courtesy of Mr. Kauffman was of great benefit to me, as I was relieved of all anxiety about the children while in his care, he having been actively engaged in the Indian service at Berthold for the past two years, and being a young gentleman of excellent ability and good judgment. During our overland ride to Standing Rock, Major McLaughlin entertained me very pleasantly with a description of his work at Devil's Lake, D. T. I am greatly indebted to the Major for most kind and hospitable treatment while at his Agency, and for his hearty co-operation with me in the performance of my duties in relation to the selection of Indian youth for Hampton. On arrival at the Agency I found that on account of a combination of causes, the Indians were not favorably disposed toward sending children to Hampton. Some families who had promised in August last to send children, had left the Agency, others were either transferred, on a visit, or on the buffalo hunt organized just prior to my arrival I wanted ten and found three ready to go, who could pass the Doctor's examination. Maj. McLaughlin aided me in every way in his power, and by Monday morning I was ready to start with eight children. These we loaded into one wagon. The Major and I occupied his buggy, the Doctor and clerk another and the cavalcade started out from the Agency early Monday morning, on the road to Bismark. About three miles from the agency, we stopped at an Indian camp, had a talk with some of the Indians and obtained two more volunteers, who were at once submitted to the Doctor and being passed by him were taken into the wagon, and parting with the Major and Doctor, who returned to the Agency, we drove over the Cannon Ball river, where we stopped for the night. The next day we arrived at Bismark, having been kindly furnished with transportation from Fort Lincoln by Major Kirk, Depot Q. M. at Bismark, D. T.

The next morning, October 19th, we left Bismark on the N. P. R. R., arriving at Chicago on the morning of the 21st instant, where we found quarters and amusement in the Exhibition Building until train time. Leaving Chicago in the evening, we arrived at Washington, 23d inst., Sunday morning, and lay over until Monday evening. Monday I took the children to see the Hon. Secretary of Interior and Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and showed them the public buildings, and had their photos taken. In the evening we left Washington on the Lady of the Lake, and arrived at Hampton Tuesday morning.

Our trip from Bismark was uneventful, though fraught with great interest to the children, who were in a constant state of wonderment.

The Rev. C. L. Hall, of Berthold Agency and his co-laborer, Mrs. Pike, were on the boat with us going up the river, were very kind, and did much to make our stay pleasant at Berthold. Our thanks are also due to Mr. Shaw and his genial clerks, Mr. Ives and Johnny Wilkenson, for kind hospitality and aid in selection of youth at Berthold agency I am much pleased to be able to report kind and courteous treatment by Agency officials, and that there appears to be a deep interest in education and civilization at all the Dakota Agencies.

The sixteen youth selected from Standing Rock and Berthold Agencies were pronounced exceptionally sound and healthy by the Agency physician, and were notably bright and intelligent.

The following is a list of their names:

GIRLS.

Francis White Cow.
Fidey Walking Medicine.
Rosa The Fourth.
Jenny No Ears.
Josephine Mc Carthy.
Susy Nagle.
Mary Walker.

BOYS.

Louis Agard.
Joseph Archambeault.
Frank Black Hawk.
Thomas Good Wood.
John Looks into the Lodge.
Small White Pole Cat.
White Back.
Cracking Wing.
Many Birds.

Many were rejected by the Doctor on account of physical unfitness. There is no difficulty about intelligence, but it is the exception to find a perfectly sound Indian, physically.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE LeR. BROWN.

ON THE YELLOWSTONE.

Our long talked of trip to the town of Glendire, has at last been accomplished, and with eminent success so far as pleasure seeking goes.

The weather was charming; just cold enough to be bracing and to make our camp-fires enjoyable after night-fall.

Glendire is about 218 miles west of Bismark, on the N. P. R. R. On the 4th of July last, there was not a board or shingle on the present site of the town; now it has quite a number of stores, a Post Office, a weekly paper, about six or eight hundred inhabitants, mostly R. R. hands, and a "saloon" for about every ten men.

A few troops have been stationed there during the summer, for the protection of the R. R. property and the new settlers, among whom I found some old acquaintances from Hampton.

Capt. Quinby, of the 11th U. S. Infantry, Mrs. Q. Mrs. and Miss English, and Miss M. Collier, also Capt. and Mrs. Greene, of the 17th, made up quite a fair proportion of Virginians in this far off "city of the future."

Leaving Mandan, which is a town of some pretention on the Missouri opposite Bismarck, our journey westward was without especial interest except an occasional glimpse at a few antelope browsing on the green hillsides, or here and there a fine bit of scenery, until we came in sight of the celebrated "bad lands" of Dakota and Montana. We traveled through these lands a distance of about thirty miles, a dreary waste, resembling nothing I can think of but a great mass of ruins. Scarcely a blade of grass or foot of turf or soil to be seen for miles around. Nothing but immense beds of rock or what looked like burnt clay of a dull red color. Huge masses of this "scoria" as it is called, are piled up in every direction, in all sorts of fantastic shapes.

Sometimes in the far distance one could fancy giant shapes of men or horses, some times spires, minerets, turrets and towers; often bastions or citadels—but always over all there brooded the most desolate silence. No living thing—neither bird nor beast, did we see in our whole journey of more than thirty miles. Several days later, we drove a distance of five miles with a six mule team over a part of this "wonder land" and found some curiosities in the way of petrifactions. One of our party found a bird's nest with three eggs in it—every straw and twig distinctly marked, hardened into stone. I picked up a number of petrified mussels and various other shells—some of them iridescent and very beautiful. These and quite pretty moss-agates we found near the river bank.

It is hard to form any correct theory of the processes of nature here. Examining the masses of scoria, one would say at once, it must have been fire that wrought this scene of desolation. Looking at the petrifactions we should say it was water. Doubtless both elements combined to work a mighty change. Our objective point in this five miles drive, was the Engineer's camp above Glendire. We were invited to visit and inspect the river improvements at that point, and to dine with Captai Durage who is in charge of the work there.

The Captain, a Franco-Prussian, met us at an impassable point in the bad lands, and conducted us safely (on foot) to his camp, right on the river bank, where he gave us a very cordial welcome and the promise of more substantial fare than mere words, *after* we had seen the river improvements.

Some of us had no need of further adventure to whet our appetites, and we clamored for dinner first, and river improvements afterwards, but the Captain, with the most suave and polite obstinacy insisted that we should cross the river first, to make sure of a good relish for camp fare. We were eleven in number, four ladies and seven gentlemen, and quite a noisy party I assure you. The boat ride over the clear waters of the Yellowstone was enjoyable, and a stroll of half a mile up the beach brought us to the dam in process of construction. The river is wide here, and quite shallow. Numerous islands or sand-bars make it very difficult of navigation, and the improvement consists of dams thrown across the shallow streams so as to turn the water into one channel. Mats of willow or cotton-wood, closely woven, are sunk between rows of piles driven into the sand, and form a very effectual dam, cutting off the waste water and reclaiming the main channel.

We walked a distance of two miles along the river shore and on the dam, stopping about every five minutes to pick up fossils or moss-agates or petrifactions, and once to rest on a pile of green willow mats that stood invitingly in our way.

Such a magnificent day! The sunshine seemed perfect. Surely the air of Montana is purer and the sunlight brighter than on any other spot of earth.

But eleven hungry mouths did not waste much time "gushing" about the beauties of nature. We retraced our steps and embarked for the camp, and soon the secret of the Captain's obduracy was made plain.

In our absence, the Captain's quarters had been transformed into a large pavilion, where the board was spread in most luxuriant style. Mock turtle soup, buffalo steaks, venison, ham and eggs, *a la* Yellowstone, (the latter veritable *yellow-stones*,) Boston baked beans, and mince pies, pumpkin pies, custard, cakes, doughnuts and *cafe noir* for dessert. Camp fare indeed! It was worth while coaxing an appetite for such a repast spread out in the wilderness. And then the charming naivete of our host, in making excuses for his bachelor style of entertainment!

The hours flew by as we chatted over our viands, and if all good things have their compensating ills, Montana sunlight is no exception. A few clouds had gathered in the west when we re-crossed the river, but no one suspected evil on so fair a day. We were sipping our coffee quite leisurely, when suddenly there came a blast of wind sweeping through the pavilion, carrying everything

before it. The cook, with wise forethnnght, had nailed the table-cloth down; olse onr dinner had been n total wreck. As it was, coffee cnps, goblets, and pltchers of cream, were carried onite off, and the pies and cakes plentifully sanded. In less than five minntes the 'blizzard' had comn end gone, and all was serene!

There is a legend at Glendire, that who nnce drinks of the waters of the Yellowstone never aftorwerds can tall the truth.

So strange are the natnral charecteristics nf the country, It is easy to account for the legsnd.

Onr homeward drive was somewhat perilous, for while we were sipping our coffee, the sun did not weit for us, and to cross the bad lnnds in the gloaming is not e thing to be desired. Fortunately ony driver knew every foot of the road, and our mules were trusty. Great chasms, ynwning cnves, and steep precipices lie on either side of our road. Hara and there large masses of earth and "scoria" seemed to stretch right in our way, bnt n sndden turn of thn road brought ue ronnd them, and so we wound slowly along, amid the gloom and profound silence which seemed to have brooded thora for ages. Nothing could axceed the gloom of this twilight in the bad lands. No living thing, bnt hare and there, grey ghostly shapes of mastadons or giant elephants seemed to fashion thamselves in the honaycombed masses of barren clay mnd scoria.

But even the desolation of such n scene could not dampen the spirit of our party, whose mirth seemed irrepressible.

We had taken our gallant host captive, mnd were carrying him to our home camp. Likn frightened children in the dark, we kapt up our laughter and songs till all dnngers were past, and, when snfely seated nround our camp-fire again, each one had his own account to give of the day's adventures.

Two days after, wo turned our faces homeward, and on thn evening of the day when men from the North and the South, from the Union and ex-Confederata nrmies, white and black and red men, met on the Normal School grounds to pay their tribute of respect to our dead President, we witnessed an equnlly striking scene.

As we drew near the Agency nt the close of our long jotrney, we found a large party nf the late hostile Indians seated on the wet cold ground, in a drizzling rain, beating the ground with their sticks mnd wailing in the most dreary end hideons tones. They had sat thera all day wailing their funaral dirge, in front of the Agency building, which was heavily draped in black, lamenting, in their own peculiar way, the death of the Great Father.

They were decorated and dressed for dancing, and had come up from the camp four miles below to have a big grass dance, but our new ngent, Mr. Mc Loughlin, announced the death of the President, and told them they conld not dance till nftcr the burial. They pnt aside the *tom tom* and bent the ground insteed.

Fort Yates, D. T., Oct. 7, 1881.

We are heppy to pnblish the following pleasant tribtute to the "Hampton Student" singers, from n well known and highly respected colored citizen of Boston, written nt the time they ware going through the North, singing up the walls of Virginia Hell.

SINGING OF THE HAMPTON STUDENTS.

BY ELIJAH W. SMITH.

Like the sound of friendly greeting
When the night is dark and drear,
Like the vesper-bell at even
Fell their voices on our ear;
And we fancied, as we listened
To the cndence sweet and low,
Wa could see our race nprising
From its misery and woe.

Music, sweetest of the angels,
Wields her power n race to snve,
And her harp strings round hum twining
Lifts tha now enfranchised slave;
Hark, the etrains thnt wailed his sadness
Through the long and gloomy dnys,
All thn harmonies are blending
In triumphant songs of praise.

From the willows of affliction
They their harps hnve taken down,
And the brows once bowed in bondage,
Now wear freedom's jewelled crown;
Groping come they from the darkness,
From the glonm of slnvery's night,
Hear the tuneful voice appealing,
"Give, O give us of your light."

Glorions anthems of salvatinn;
These it was that bore them up
When the burden was upon them,
While they drank of slavery's cup;
Songs nf hope and adoration,
Songs of faith in Israel's God,
While they wora the yoke with patience,
While they hnmbly kissed the rod.

So we listened, sonl enraptnred,
While they told the captive's wrong,
And we saw the bowed head rising,
And the falnting heart grow strong;
Saw them watching for the token,
Precious as the Patriarch's bow,
And we knew with faith they waited
For tho "Chariot swinging low."

And onr spirits rose within us,
As the melody did ring
Throug'h the lofty doma and arches,
And we heard our people sing;
Felt as when we read the story,
How, in pomp of regal state,
Hannibal his dnsky legions
Led to Rome's imperinl gate.

Fency's eyes portrayed the pageant
Thnt tnmnltuous swept along,
Mingling with tha clash of wenpons,
Warlikn shont and martiel song;
And our hearts recalled the promise,
That, washed free from slavery's brand,
Earth's proud nations wonld be grasping
Ethiopin's outstretched hand.

And mey not their plaintive music,
With its breathings, sweet and low,
Melt the icy walls aronnd us
As the sunlight melts the snow?
Oh, mny not their voices blending
In thn songs they sang of yore,
Be the megic key to open
Education's golden door?

LEARNING TO SAVE AND TO GIVE.

To teach children habits of thrift and economy without making them miserly, is sometimes n difficult problem for parents or educators. If there is one kind of a miser more unpleasant and pitiable then another, it is a young miser. Training in gencrosity on the other hand is apt to bn something of a farce, the giving being only of what has been given for the purpose by parents or friends.

The friend who writes the followin;g kind letter, seems to have discovered a pleasant and "natnral method" of teaching his children at the same time both to save and to give, with some other nseful lessons besides.

GENERAL ARMSTRONG;

Dear Sir: I send you enclosed my check on First National Bank of Fishkill Landing, for seventy dollars, ($70.00) to be appropriated for the education of an *Indian boy*.

It may be interesting to tho boy to know that this money was raised by two little boys, *Willie*, 10 years old and *Charlie*, 8 years old, who havn become much interested in the Hampton school, since my visit there last May.

They have n hank, called the "Hampton school Fund," and in it they deposit one-half of the money they earn. The other half they put nway for their own ednention.

When not in school they work by the hour in tha garden, and also have a little garden where they raise vegetsbles for markat.

They also solicit funds from thoir friends, and in this way they hope to raise the amount every year.

It would be grntifying and encouraging to the boys, if they could hear from the Indian boy, who is to be the recipiant of their gift, and I trust this little act may be of mutual benefit to the receiver and the givers.

God bless yon in your work.

Believe me,
Sincerely yonrs,
—— M. D.

TUSKEGEE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

The State colored Normal School at Tuskegee, Alabnma, which was opened a few weeks ago, nnder the mangement of two Normal School graduates, Mr. Booker T. Washington, of the class of 1877, who was last year teacher of Indians at this School, nnd Miss Olivia Davidson grednate of the class of '79, and inter of the State Normal School at Framingham, Massachusetts, assisted by Mr. John Cardwell, of the class of 1875, is hnving n prosperous beginning. The State appropriates two thousand dollars for the salaries of Mr. Washington and his two assistants, bnt makes no provision for school buildings, or the necessary books and apparatus. Mr. Washington found that the students who wished to attend the School were not nble to pay their expenses of board, etc., unless they could hnve the opportnnity of earning the whole, or a pert of them, as is done at the Hampton School. He, therefore, with the ndvice of friends, pnrchased nn eligibly situated farm on the ontskirts of the town, containing n hundred acres with a farmhouse, which he thought wonld answer for n school building, nntil some better provision could be made. The price of the farm was five hundred dollars, two hundred of which was to be paid in cash, which was loaned him for the purpose. Tha vacation students of the Hampton School showed their interest in Mr. Washington's enterprise, by raising, through entertainments and otherwise, nearly one-hundred dollers towards paying for the farm. A friend of the Hempton School et the North who had been favorebly impressed by his observation of Mr. Washington's work with the Indians, has recently given two hundred dollars towards the payment of the farm pnrchase, and n lady who has also been e very liberal friend to Hampton has contributed another hundred. The farm is held in trust by the School Trustees, bnt not as the property of tha stete. Mr. Washington finds his school much larger than he enticipated, and the farmhonse insufficient for their accommodation. His school now numbers about eighty students, and is held in n colored church in the town, while tha farmhouse is occnpied by a prepnratory school, which is taught by Miss Margaret Snodgrass, another Hampton grednate. The farm is well edapted for profits hle cnltivation, and will be the means of enabling students of the Normal School to earn a large shere of their expenses, as soon as they can obtain the proper outfit. At present, although tha farm is paid for, the school has neither certs, animals nor implements, nor has it any apparetus for its school-rooms. Although tha colored people of Tuskegee and vicinity, as well as the whites, ere interested in the school, and doing what they can to help it, they will need the aid of Northern friends, who are interested in tha work of edueeting the colored race, to put their school in good working order. We trust they will have the help they so much need, and which we believe will be well bestowed. As an outgrowth of Hempton, the progress of this enterprise will be watched with peculier interest, by onr teachers and students.

SUCCESS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

"Every man must petiently bide his time. He must wait. More particularly in lands, like my native land, where the pulse of lifa beats with such fevcrish and impaticnt throbs, is the lesson needful. Our national character wants the dignity of repose. We seem to live in the midst of a bettle,—there is such a din, —such a hurrying to and fro. In the streets of a crowded city it is difficult to walk slowly. You feel the rushing of thc crowd, and rush with it onward. In the press of our life it is difficnlt to be celm. In this stress of wind and tide, ell professions seem to drag their anchors, and ara swept out into the main. The voices of the Present say, Come! But the voices of the Past say, Wait! With celm and solemn footsteps the rising tide bears against the rushing torrent up stream, and pushes back the hurrying waters. With no less calm and solemn footsteps, nor less certainly, does a greet mind bear up against public opinion, and push beck its hurrying stream. Therefore should every man wait; —should bide his tims. Not in listless idleness,—not in nsolcss pastime,—not in querulous dejection; but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavours, always willing nnd fulfilling, mnd accomplishing his task, thet when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. And if it never comes, what matters it? What matters it to the world whether I, or you, or enothcr man did such a deed, or wrota such a book, so be it the deed end book were well done! It is the part of an indiscreet mnd troublesome ambition, to care too much nbout fame,—about what the world says of us. To be alweys looking into the faces of others for npproval;—to be always anxious for the effect of what we do and say; to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voices!

Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well; and doing well whatever you do,—without a thought of fame. If it coms at nll, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. And, moreover, thera will be no misgivings, — no disappointment, —"no hesty, fevcrish, exhausting excitement. —*Hyperion.*"

IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

OUR OOLORED FRIENDS.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

Early last summer I visited, for the first time in many years, the home of my childhood, in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. The occasion of my visit was the arrival of "a new baby" in my sister's household, and I was pleased to recognize in the nurse who was taking charge of the infant and its mamma, an old acquaintance. This was "Aunt Em," who was in my childhood the well-trained maid of one of the best housekeepers in our village. At present "Aunt Em" is a very important character in the place, being in great demand in family emergencies, such as births, weddings and sickness, always sure of a welcome in any white family of the large connection to which her old mistress belonged, and ever hearing comfort and sympathy in her gentle face and kindly smile. Aunt Em's patrons often have to engage her services months before hand, and it took a weight of anxiety off my mind, when I entered my sister's darkened chamber, and felt rather than saw the ministering presence of the kind and skilful nurse. As her patient improved and no longer needed constant care, Aunt Em's busy fingers sought occupation in any other department where she could be useful. "What can I do for you now, honey?" she would say, in the cheery, affectionate manner so grateful to the invalid, and no matter what the response would be, Aunt Em was ready for the task. Now it was "Aunt Em wont you mend my dress?" from one of the little girls who missed mamma's busy fingers; now, "Aunt Em, please make us some of those nice cakes your old mistress used always to have. you know these new-fashione cooks can't do things like the old-time people," from some members of the family who still hankered after the flesh-pots of the old dispensation. It was pleasant to hear Aunt Em speak of her old mistress. "She was always good to me, and I loved her dearly," she would say, "she taught me all I know, and after the young ladies grew up and merried, I was like a child to her. After the house was cleaned up I always took my work, and sat down by her, and we spent many pleasant years together." "What a comfort it is just to look at Aunt Em's sweet, bright face, and hear her soft voice," said one of the ladies of the household one morning at the breakfast table. "I do not see what Queen Victoria would want with a nicer person to wait on her" and the vote being taken it was decided that "Mrs. Guelph" would be lucky to have such an attendant as "Aunt Em." In every southern community are to be found such characters now, usually filling the vocation of monthly nurse, cake-baker on great occasions, attendant on invalids, for whom it may be necessary to consult some physician at a distance, etc., etc. Formerly an old white woman was the mysterious character whose inseparable basket was supposed to convey new babies to their destination in southern towns, but now in all the communities of my acquaintance, this place is filled by the nicer class of colored women. Usually it is the ex-slave of some aristocratic family who had been the nurse of more than one generation, often the confidential friend of two or three, who has become in these latter days, the common property of the neighborhood, a most important personage in her vocation. Sometimes the reputation of such a nurse extends far and wide, and she is sent for to introduce a newcomer into society at some point quite out of her bailiewick. Thus, while at my sisters', I heard that "aunt Liza," another famous nurse in the village, had gone to Annapolis, Maryland, to attend a young mother, whose early life had been spent in Virginia, and who could not possibly do without the good old mammy she had known from childhood. In one of my trips to the Valley, I noticed in the car, between Charlottesville, and Staunton, a very nicely dressed, elderly mulatto woman, and entering into conversation with her, found that she had once been a slave in a Virginia family, but was now a professional nurse. She told me with much pride that her practice extended over two or three states, and she was then returning from Washington, where she had been for some weeks nursing a Virginia lady. While we were talking, a white lady came into the car, and recognizing my new acquaintance spoke to her very cordially as Mrs. Davis, and they were soon busily discussing mutual friends.

I found my sisters deeply interested in a colored boy whose mother had been employed as cook in the family for some years, and who had been the playmate of my little nephew. Poor Johnny's fate was a sad one. His father and mother had both died within a year, and he lay bedridden, with an incurable disease. The little home, purchased by the joint efforts of the worthy family, had been rented to a colored woman, who had undertaken to care for the dying boy. Every attention was paid the poor fellow by his white friends, some of whom visited him daily, and when he expressed a desire to write his will, my brother-in-law left his office, and went to Johnny's bedside to carry out his request. The property was not quite paid for, and that and other debts contracted during the long illness of the boy and his old father, had to be satisfied. The furniture was to be given to the woman who had nursed him and her son, "they have been very good to me" he said. "What else Johnny?" said his friend, waiting patiently for further directions. "I would like to have a tombstone. Can't I have a little white tombstone with my name on it?" said the simple hearted boy, looking up into the lawyer's face. —"Yes," said he "You can. I will see that your desires are carried out." "The house will have to be sold" said the boy, "and after all the debts are paid, I reckon there will be a little money left, and I want you to give that to Miss Annie to use for the poor people in the town—She goes among them, and knows what they want, and I would like her to have what is left when the debts are paid, to give to them." The gentle little fellow passed away very peacefully, and the funeral was attended by friends of both races, the white minister of the church to which "Miss Annie" belonged assisting, the colored preacher in the services. Both ministers had kindly attended the sick boy in his long and weary illness.

Among the young colored people after whom I enquired was a boy named John, who had showed a great deal of intelligence from his earliest years, as well as a most amiable disposition. I learned from Johnny's friend, "Miss Annie," who is well posted in regard to the affairs of the colored people, that this young man, who had in his childhood belonged to a very kind hearted gentleman, had been for some years past living in a very good situation in Baltimore. In one of his visits to his family, all thrifty and well-to-do people, living on their own property, he found his old master in sadly reduced circumstances and rapidly declining health. The young man came one day to pay his master a farewell visit, as he expected to return to his place in the city by the next train, and finding his old friend much more feeble than usual, he said to him, "Master you look so poorly I will put off going away until tomorrow, and go hunting this evening and see if I can't get you a bird. Perhaps you would feel better if you could eat some game." The next day, a sudden attack of apoplexy seized the sick gentleman, and a few moments later the burden of age and care was removed and the weary one was at rest.

The young colored man remained until after the funeral, tenderly aiding the bereaved family in the last offices of kindness to the dead, and when he came to bid his master's daughter good bye, he told her what she had never known before, that her father had assisted his mother to pay for her house, soon after the emancipation of the slaves, and that he should repay to her the sum of money furnished by his master. From time to time he has sent the young lady instalments of the debt, and promises to repay it all.

On the Baltimore and Ohio train to Staunton, I noticed a somewhat delicate looking young black woman, who seemed to be eagerly looking out for land marks on the way. In answer to my enquiries as to her travels, she said she was just returning from a six months sojourn in a mining district in Iowa. She had been sick all the time, the weather had been fearfully cold, the snow had lain several feet deep on the ground for months, she had felt strange and did not like "out there," and was overjoyed to get home again. The people were kind enough, there was no difference made between white and colored people, there were Swedes and Norwegians and "all sorts of folks" in the mines. Some of them stered at the colored people as if they had never seen anything like them before. The people in the mining town had no winter vegetables, they said they could not keep them, and they ate things out of tin cans, and that "horrid western bacon" that she could not endure; she was so glad to see a cabbage in Washington and get some meat that she was used to that it made her feel as if she had "met up" with an old friend. I had seen in the Valley papers that Major Shumete, an ex-Virginian, now in the employ of a mining company in the West, had carried seven hundred Negroes from the Valley of Virginia to Iowa in the last year or two, and I was glad to hear from the emigrants. The travelled African gave me a great deal of information on this subject. She said that she would never advise anybody who was doing well in Virginia to go West. The climate was very hard on people from the South. Still she thought if work was scarce at home, they might do well to go. The men were paid good wages and received them when due. The colored women who had gone from Virginia were keeping boarding houses, and washing and cooking for the miners. Some of them liked the change and were doing very well. A few had gone into service with white families. There was a church for colored people, but the colored preacher did not seem to her very "civilized," and she and many of the other Negroes preferred attending the white church, while on the other hand a good many white people went to the colored church. When we reached Staunton, the home sick girl could hardly restrain her delight at the sight of familiar objects, and joyfully embraced some friends who had come to meet her. I hardly expect her to remember my presence in the pleasant excitement of reaching home, but she turned back at the door of the car to bid me a smiling adieu, politely hoping that the rest of my journey would be pleasant and safe.

RE-UNION OF THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

BY H. ROMEYN, C. S. A.

The various northern armies have the custom of meeting at some point once each year, generally upon the anniversary of some great battle, and renewing old memories of "the days that tried men's souls." At its reunion in 1880, the army of the Cumberland decided to hold its meeting this year, at Chattanooga, the first reunion which has been held south of the Ohio river.

As soon as it was known, the ex-Confederates, to the number of a thousand or more, issued a most cordial invitation to them, saying that all should be done that could be, to make the visit pleasant, and nobly did they keep their promise. From almost every Northern state, and many of the Southern, old soldiers gathered there, and though saddened by the death of the President, the meeting was of a most interesting character, and that sad event though casting a deep gloom over all, did much to soften the hearts of the brave men, who years before had looked at each other over musket and cannon, with eyes of deadliest hate, and foot to foot, fought the war out to the bitter end. Now, "under the shadow of this great sorrow," "eyes all unused to weep" were filled with tears, hands that had grasped the sword were clasped in friendly greeting, and feet which had made many weary and toilsome marches, now kept step to solemn music in memory of him who had passed away.

Before the war, Chattanooga was a town of about 2500 inhabitants, without any manufactures except one small tannery, and one small rolling mill. The vast railroad system that now centers there had been but imperfectly developed, but enough to make it a point of great importance in military operations. Many of the houses were torn down for fuel or to make room for batteries, during its siege, and I cannot now recall more than a dozen which were left. But now how changed! A city of nearly 17,000 inhabitants has grown up on the ruins of the old town, the old forts have been leveled and the old camp grounds covered with permanent dwellings instead of tents or temporary shanties. On the spot where for months my tent stood, I was, at the time of my visit, hospitably entertained by a gentleman, late a Major of the Confederate army.

The first day of the meeting was devoted to business of the society. On the second day, while the remains of the late President were lying in state in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, a procession was formed in one of the principal streets of Chattanooga, headed by the band of the 5th U. S. Artillery. Following that were the members of the society of the army of the Cumberland, about 1400 in number, escorted by a military company of the city. Then followed over one thousand ex-Confederates, each wearing a badge of white ribbon, while along the streets and in the rear of the procession was a crowd of not less than 12,000 people. On Cameron Hill, an elevation northwest of the city, a large flagstaff had been erected, and a stand, decorated with red, white and blue, and on its front the motto: "One country, one constitution, one destiny," had been built for the occasion. Slowly the huge procession closed up to its allotted position, the Cumberland society giving three hearty cheers for the ex-Confederates as they filed into the places given by the Marshals, who had been selected from both armies, and they were returned with a will. Then, bearing a huge flag heavily draped in black, eight ex-officers, four Unionists and four Confederates, advanced to the staff, and adjusting the halliards, hoisted it to its place, the band playing "The Star Spangled Banner." As its heavy folds swung out on the breeze, cheer after cheer rent the air, but when, after "Hail Columbia," the band struck up "Yankee Doodle," followed by Dixie," the Yankee cheer and the old "Rebel yell," blended in one grand shout that could be heard for miles, and which, punctuated by the regular "boom" of a salute from a battery of regular artillery awoke the echoes of old Lookout, and the hills across the river. When these had died away the flag was slowly dropped to half-mast, and the band played "Nearer, my God, to Thee," hundreds of the assembly joining in the hymn, (at the same moment, as we afterward learned, that it was sung at Washington). Then turning to face the stand, we listened to an address of welcome delivered by Major Key, brother of Ex P. M. General Key. It was a grand effort, verging on the sublime, and hearty "amens" could be heard from all parts of the assemblage, when he pledged his old comrades to support the Government, in these words: "We were honest in the belief that we were right and you wrong. We submitted the question to the arbitrament of the sword. The decision was against us. We are now glad that it was so, and standing here today, under the shadow of this great sorrow that so affects us all, (for he was *our* President as well as yours) at the foot of yonder grand old mountain, in sight of fields of battle once reddened by the blood of brave men, by the memory of the 17,000 noble dead lying in yonder cemetery, by the blue sky above us, by all our common memories of a common country, we pledge the men who fought you, in all the future, to a firm support of the Government, and maintenance of the laws." He was responded to by Maj. Gen. Keifer of Ohio, in a very feeling and eloquent speech, and the formal exercises of the day were over.

All through the afternoon and evening, knots of men could be seen in the hotels and places of public resort, and wherever seen one could be certain that men of both armies were in the group, and that battles were "being fought over again" in a friendly spirit. I never saw a more quiet, orderly gathering. For two days and a half, I was in the city, in a crowd of from 12,000 to 15,000 people, and did not hear a harsh or unbecoming word, a quarrel, or see (till just as I stepped on the cars to leave,) a drunken man.

Among those present at our meeting were some colored men who had been soldiers, and I met some of my old company (colored) whom I had not seen since our muster out at Nashville in March, 1866. All of those from whom I could hear as well as those whom I saw, seemed to be doing well, with homes of their own, and work at remunerative rates. Said one to me: "Captain, I would not take *anything* for my army experience. The drill and discipline go a long ways towards making one a man, and I can tell, nine times out of ten, as soon as I see a colored man and hear him talk, whether he has been in the army or not. *If he has, he is almost sure to be head and shoulders above those who have not.*" This man, who, when he entered the army did not know a letter, or anything of a trade, is now a great reader, takes the 'WORKMAN,' has a good trade (bricklayer) a good home, money in his pocket, and a name good for more, and others are about as well situated. The whole outlook for both races is most encouraging, the promise for the future full of hope.

SELF-CONTROL.—If there is one habit which, above all others, is deserving of cultivation, it is that of self-control. In fact, it includes so much that is of value and importance in life, that it may almost be said that in proportion to its power does the man obtain his manhood and the woman her womanhood. The ability to identify self with the highest parts of our nature, and to bring all the lower parts into subjection, or rather to draw them all upward in harmony with the best that we know, is the one central power which supplies vitality to all the rest. How to develop this in the child may well absorb the wisdom and enthusiasm of every teacher. Yet it is no mysterious or complicated path that leads to this goal. The habit of self-control is but the accumulation of continued acts of self-denial for a worthy object; it is but the repeated authority of the reason over the impulses, of the judgment over the inclinations, of the sense of duty over the desires. He who has acquired this habit, who can govern himself intelligently, without a painful effort, and without any fear of revolt from his appetites and passions, has within him the source of all real power and of all true happiness. The force and energy which he has put forth day by day, and hour by hour, is not exhausted, nor even diminished; on the contrary, it has increased by use, and has become stronger and keener by exercise; and although it has already completed its work in the past, it is still his well-tried, true, and powerful weapon for future conflicts in higher regions.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well without thought of fame.

The meaning of economy has been foolishly narrowed to be almost synonymous with stinginess.

It is easy to pick holes in other people's work, but far more profitable to do better work yourself.

FROM "THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP."

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

"BUILD me straight, O worthy Master!
Stanch end strong, e goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

The merchant's word
Delighted the Master heard;
For his heart was in his work, and the heart
Giveth grace unto every Art.

A quiet smile pleyed round his lips,
As the eddies and dimples of the tide
Play round the bows of ships,
That steadily et enchor ride.
And with a voice that was full of glee,
He answered, "Erelong we will launch
A vessel as goodly, end strong, and stench,
As ever weathered a wintry sea!"

* * * * * * *

Beside the Master, when he spoke,
A youth, against en enchor leaning,
Listened, to eech his slightest meening.
Only the long waves, as they broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach,
Interrupted the old man's speech.

* * * * * * *

"Thus," said he, "will we build this ship!
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
And follow well this plan of mine.
Choose the timbers with greatest care;
Of all that is unsound beware;
For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong.
Cedar of Main end Georgia pine
Here together shell combine.
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,
And the UNION he her name!
For the day thet gives her to the sea
Shall give my deughter unto thee!"

* * * * * * *

All is finished! end at length
Has come the hridal dey
Of heauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall he lennched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the hay,
Slowly, in ell his splendors digat,
The great sun rises to behold tha sight.

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, end as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beeling heert is not at rest;
And fer and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heeving of his breast.
He waits impetient for his hride.
There she stends,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags end streemers gay,
In honor of her merriage day,
Her snow-white signels fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil desecnding,
Ready to he
The hride of the gray old see.

On the deck enother hride
Is stending by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flegs and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds
Broken by meny a sunny fleck,
Fall eround them on the deck.

The prayer is seid,
Tha service reed,
The joyous hridegroom bows his head;
And in teers the good old Master
Shekes the hrown hend of his son,
Kisses his deughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he cannot speek,
And ever faster
Down his own the teers begin to run.

* * * * * * *

Then the Master,
With a gesture of commend,
Waved his hand;
And et the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hemmers, blow on blow,
Knocking at the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She sterts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous hound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Teke her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and ell her charms!"

How beeutiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into tha sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the tremhling lip,
Are not tha signs of douht or fear.

Sail forth into tha sea of lifa,
O gentle, loving, trustlng wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers heat,
In what a forge and whet a heat
Were sheped the anchors of thy hope!
Feer not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave end not the rock;
'Tis hut the flepping of the sail,
And not e rent made hy the gale!
In spite of rock end tempest's roer,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to hreast the see!
Our hearts, our hopes, ara all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our teers,
Our feith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thea!

Agriculture.

KEEP UP THE WARFARE.

In an article on the EXTERMINATION OF WEEDS, *The Massachusetts Ploughman* urges keeping up the warfare till the end of tha seeson, and as an illustretion of the importence of this persistence, cites e curions fact which most practicel gerdeners and farmers must have observed:

"Toma spent in destroying weeds in eutumn is well spent. The moment cultivetion ceases, e fresh crop of nearly ell kinds of weeds will appear, end, *with seeming intelligence, they do not stop to grow large before blossoming, as they do if they come up early in spring and grow unmolested, but they begin to blossom when very small, and in an incredibly short time mature their seeds*, and thus prepare the germs for a nnmerous crop enother year. While these small weeds mey not metcrielly injure the crop of tha present yeer, they propsgete their race and cause the farmer a greet amount of lebor next year; far more then would ho the lebor to continue the fight until fell, end thus prevent any seeds ripening for any future crop."

KINDLY TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

NOTHINO can he mors foolish than tha attempt to catch either e horse, cow, pig, sheep, or dog by running after it. How many futile ettempts to cetch e horse have been made in pursuence of the ehove method. How many times has tha horse, jnst as the hired men was shout to welk up to its heed and at the point of catching it, made e sudden wheel and shown the hrightness of ite shoes. At this juncture we have seen a little hoy, who had never struck the horse with a whip, bnt who hed given the animel meny an apple in days gone by, stroking him and playing with him—at the time we have seen even this little fellow take tho horse quietly by the foretop, and together they would go to any desired point. Or perhaps a lady mekes her appearance, in whom the horse recognizes a friend who has frequently regalad him with a lump of sugar. Ha does not even wait for the lady to come to him; for he goes to her, and the simple lump of suger will enable his mistress to lead the nohle horse to his stall, a task which all the chasing and yelling of the hired men has failed to accomplish. The intelligent eniimal is ettracted neither by the personal appearence nor tha tone of voice of the rough fellow who strives to rule by force alone.

Another individuel attempts by running and yalling to catch his cow or cows. Why do these naturally gentle animals rnn ewey from him? Because they remember full well thet on former ocesions, when ha has succeeded in catching them, a series of blows from some heavy endgel has been their rewerd. Is there not soma better wey of securing tha good-will of our herds and in managing them as we wish? There is a hollow place on the head of every cow, just hehind the junction of the horns, which is commonly full of dust, short hairs, and the like, causing the animal an itching sensation. It is a source of extreme plaasure to tha cow to hava the spot scratched, and (since, from its location, tha animal herself cannot reach it), hence, when her keeper approaches her, either in the stebla or in the pasture, an era of good feeling may at once be established if due attention ha paid to scretching this hollow spot. If at your first approach, the cow is a little shy, offer her from ona hand a nubhin of corn, while with the other hand you gently scratch the particular spot in her head, mentioned above. In a very short time, whenavar you go into thair pasture, the whole herd will come to you, to have thair heads scratched, and you will soon be satisfied that it is as easy to have tham follow you as to resort to driving and loud noise.—*American Cultivator.*

Teacher's Table.

HOW TO TEAOH ARITHMETIO.

Mrs. E. N. L. Walton, who conducted the Senior's Normal Training Class, at Hampton Institute lest June, kindly furnishes the following eccount of one hranch of her valuable instruction:

"As most schools ere not provided with spacial apparetus for illustrating the hranches to he taught, it was thought hest, in the exercises, to use only such as teachers could provide for themselves, with little or no expense. And, indeed, such apparatus is often the best. end has one edventage, et least. It can be freely used end easily replaced.

In the teaching of numhers, for instence, it is not necessary to heve a set of uniform blocks or cards to count with, just beceuse a Normel teecher happens to use cards. Blocks, shells, pehbles, flowers, sticks, stones, straws, elmost anything will do, if you have enough so that eech pupil can have something to illustrate with, es he tells about the new numbers he can make, or the different combinations he can form ont of any numhers elready given.

A child should be used to hendling objects end to show hy their use ell about ench smaller number, hefore he is teught about the next larger number, till he reaches the numher ten, certainly, which, with smell children, will often take e year or more.

The members were recommended to teech their pupils to recogoize the smeller numbers et sight, end hy grouping, to determine larger numhers eccurately end quickly. A curions illustration was given to show the lack of fecility in grouping end reckoning numbers, which is noticeeble everywhere. Six different memhers were eeked to count the number of people in the room. Out of the six, hut one geve the right number, and soma were ten or more out of the way, though the whole number in the room et the time was less than sixty. As an exercise for sighting nnmbers, cards with lerge colored dots, arranged in verious weys upon them, were nsed.

By splinta erranged singly, end in gronps of tens, the first steps in eddition end suhtraction were illustrated, making plain to the eye the necessery reductions which have heen wrongly called "cerrying end horrowing."

Units of the different orders up to thousands were shown hy en arrangement of beans, hy which arrangement e pupil could easily select a given number made up of nnits of three or four orders, end he was taught how hest to represent on the boerd the number he held in his hand, thus preventing any mixing up in mind of numhers end the figures which represent tha numhers.

By pastehoerd models—home-mede—the different dry end liquid measnres were teught, and the pupils led to find hy actual trial, how meny sneller measure-fulls it took to fill e larger measure.

Home mede scales were used which cost ten cents, just the price of the little rnnnd pens used to hold the weights end articles weighed; (old tin pell covers or tomato cens would have answered as well except in looks,) end tha weights themselves were hags of shot.

Measures of distance were given, the inch and foot on stont manilla peper; the foot, yerd end rod, on a picce of twine, knotted end marked off hy bits of rihhon. These the pupils were required to use: they were also taught to use for a netural measure, alweys et hend, the length of their own steps.

Fractions were teught hy division of apples, and tha terms used illustrated to the eye; also the operation of reduction to higher and lower terms—addition, subtraction, etc., were shown hy apples, splints, paper, end liaes on the hleck-board.

In teeching the elements of arithmetic, es in teeching everything else, tha memhers were enjoined to make haste slowly, and to teach as fer as possible hy appeeling to the active powers of the child. The child *should aim to find out for himself*, not simply to memorize whet is told him.

E. N. L. W.

Health and Humanity.

PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

Some of tha most blessed signs of the times, and at the same time some of the strongest contrasts of light and shade in our present stage of civilization, nre seen in the multiplication of societies for the protection of tha weak end helpless.

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Still mors innnmerehle are the innocent dumh animals which ara tha victims of his hrutality end indifference. But side by side with these dark aspects of degraded human neture shine out the noble, tender cherities thet spend their thousands freely to throw the strong arm of the lew eround the sufferers, and educate public sentiment, in spite of itself, into notice of their suffering, and response to its appeel. One of the noblest of these charities is the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, founded hy thet great heartel men, Henry Bergh. Another is the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. If thera is one object which more than any other would appeel to tha tenderness of every human heart, one would think it is e little child. But as the report of the Massachusetts Society shows; "Children need protection from neglect and starvation, from severa beatings inflicted by drnnken or angry parents and guardians, who sometimes compel them to associate with abendoned persons of hoth sexes. They often ara overworked, underfed, and scantily clothed by those to whom they have been consigued. They ere often hound out, given, let, or sold to acrohats, variety actors, singers, organgrinders, dancers, jugglers, circus-riders, peddlers, heggars, showmen, and others, who employ them in ways thet sra injurions to health and dengerous to limh and life, and who force them hy cruelty to adopt injurious end unlewful practices, and subject them to hardships and exposures which they are quite unahle to endnre."

The stetistics are too harrowing to read, of "the elmost incredihla varieties of wrong inflicted hy irresponslhle power upon helpless children." Among tha least terrihle are tha "cases constently occuring where children of drunken parents are sadly neglected, infants left in charge of girls hnt ten years of age, the mother being in prison and the father almost constently intoxicated." The report truly seys: "Children thus neglected are likely to hecome criminals, and the community to be hurdened with their snpport."

"To rescue these boys and girls, and secure them good homes, or to place them under good influences, is not only e hlessing to them, hnt aids in making them good citizens."

This Christ-likes work of rescue is the work of these Societies. An idee of how much they accomplish mey be gained from the records of this one of them, the Massachnsetts Society, incorporated in 1878, and supported entirely hy private donetions and memberships.

"The whole numher of cases investigated since the organization to May, 1881, is about fifteen hundred, embracing neerly three thonsand children.

In March and April, 1881, there were considered 209 cases, including 463 children. These cover cruelty, neglect, and ahandonment. Of these, 144 had intemperate fathers, 127 intemperate mothers, 24 hed stepfathers, 19 had stepmothers, 33 had no fether, 33 no mother, 18 were illegitimate, 4 had parents in prison, 27 were taken from their parents and sent to Mercella Street Home as neglected children, 49 were sent to other homes or pleces secnred for them, 32 transferred to friends or relatives, 11 sent to hospitals, 11 cases of guardianship. This gives hut a slight idee of the time and labor expended on these cases." It is well said that "Duty, self-interest, and humanity combine to encourage this movement."

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About ten years ago, there was ploughing npon the hillsides in Hunterdon County, New Jersey, a poor barefooted boy. He was one of a large family and stood hut a small show for a share of this world's joys. He was forced to leave the paternal roof and seek his own support. He had the true American pluck and strove manfully to make his mark in the world. How well he has succeeded will be understood when we state that he has become to-day one of the largest and most influential manufacturers in this country. Alone he mapped out a career which already shines conspicuously among the many examplers of the self-made men of our times. His nama is the Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, Mayor of Washington, New Jersey, and it has become a household word throughout the length and breadth of this land. His unaided enterprise has been prodigious—his success phenomenal. He manufactures and sells direct to the people from his mammoth factory at Washington, New Jersey, npwards of one thousand cabinet organs every month. His establishment exceeds in size any similar factory upon the globe and he is rapidly becoming ona of the great benefactors of the race, for he has abolished middlemen's and all extortionate profits, and by reason of a vast trade he produces instruments very economically and sells them at a margin above actual cost. The Organ and Piano shown in an advertisement in this issue is of his newest styles, and is meeting with a wonderful sale. It should be ordered at once if desired for a Holiday present as Mayor Beatty has an immense trade, and has to crowd his factory to its utmost to fill orders. Readers should remember that Mr. Beatty is thoroughly responsible and guarrantees everything as represented. He has been three times elected Mayor of his own city, which is proof positive that he is honored and respected at his home.

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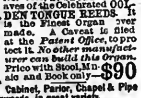

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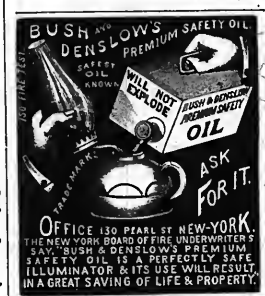

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BAPTISM AT A COLORED CHURCH IN THE COUNTRY.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

Hearing that a baptism was to take place at Mt. Pisgah, I went, in company with a good neighbor and her son, on a bright October morning, to witness the ceremony.

All along the road, we were constantly meeting groups of smiling, comfortably dressed colored people, wending their way to the sanctuary, which is four or five miles from the city. We learned from some of them that the programme of the day was for the candidates for immersion to assemble at the church about 10 o'clock, and, after the opening services, to adjourn to the stream close by, where the baptism would take place.

The church, a substantial frame building on a brick foundation, stands in the midst of a thick oak grove, the land for the sum and about two hundred dollars in money having been given the Negroes at the close of the war, by Samuel Miller, a wealthy citizen, who left the bulk of his large fortune to establish two orphan asylums in this section of the state. Mt. Pisgah has now a membership of 180, but the congregation numbers several times as many, and the church, probably a great undertaking for the colored people, when it was built, is now much too small for the crowds who regularly attend the services.

When we reached the church it was already quite full, and the exercises had begun, and we were advised not to stop at all but to proceed at once to "the branch," where crowds of Negroes were gathering, as we might otherwise not be able to secure places to witness the baptizing. So we hurried on to the little stream at the foot of the long rough hill, down which we walked, fearing to ride.

The creek looked very placid, flowing gently between fringes of swamp willows, the green banks being lined with orderly spectators in holiday garb. Some urchins, who, like Zaccheus, were "small of stature," had taken his plan, and climbed a tree, to make sure of seeing what was going on. Near the spot where we were advised to take our position, quite a number of white people had assembled, some from the neighborhood, others from town, attracted by the fine weather to attend the rural services. The chairs from our ambulance gave us good seats on the brink of the stream, and we sat a long time, watching the elders of the church in their preparations for the ceremony. Owing to the excessive drought, the water was very low, and an effort had been made to dam the stream, by building an embankment of sand and branches of trees and bushes at hand, a work which the deacons continued until the candidates arrived.

Colored people were collecting all this time from every direction, singly or in groups, on foot, on horseback or in wagons. I was surprised at the number who rode stout horses, and presume most of the steeds were borrowed for the occasion from the gentleman farmers of the district, by their tenants or laborers. Somehow the colored people rarely possess horses; legend has it that there is a natural affinity between a Negro and a mule, at any rate the Africans of this section seem always to set their affections on mules, or the small oxen common here. So many of the latter are used in some counties by the Negro woodhauliers who supply town folks with fuel, that it has been said "that when the Yankees set the Negroes free, they turned round and enslaved the little bulls." The worshippers at Mt. Pisgah were all well dressed, most of them in the plain stout clothing which prevails among the country people, many of whom still practice the ancient arts of hand spinning and weaving. Here and there I noticed a young girl dressed in fashionable style, these damsels being probably from the city, or perhaps in service in some stylish family in the neighborhood, who had come into possession of their mistress's castoff garments by purchase or inheritance. I observed one young person, conspicuous by her fanciful attire of white bunting elaborately trimmed with black silk, tightly laced, wearing high heeled shoes, with a jaunty hat on the back of her head, showing in short all the follies of the fine lady of our day. This maiden evidently passed for a belle among sable swains, and walked all the way from the "branch" to the church holding the hand of the happy African whom she had selected for her escort.

A stout, comfortable looking old woman who stood near me, explained what was going on to our party, and when I expressed interest in the services, saying I had never before witnessed a baptism, she regarded me with astonishment, not unmixed with contempt, as she exclaimed, "Well, what is you been all dis time?" When I made some remark to the lady who went with me, to the effect that I should be afraid of taking cold in entering the water at this season, my stout friend looked at me with evident disapproval, and asserted positively that no one had ever taken cold in being baptized, adding severely, "You mus have faith in God; if you got Jesus in yo heart, you ain't afraid of nothing." The sound of distant singing was now heard, and a buzz among the crowd, which by this time numbered hundreds, announced that the candidates for baptism were coming. Looking in the direction of the church, we saw a long procession approaching through the grove, and the wild sweet notes of a hymn floated towards us on the breeze, and was taken up by the crowds around. "Try—in' time-e, A-try-in' time, Jesus saves, a try-in' time-e, I'm a gwine to be bap-tize-n try-in' time- try-in' time."

There seemed an endless string of almost unintelligible words, with the oft recurring chorus, now dying away—now swelling loud and clear. The air was indiscribably sweet and touching, as the notes rose and fell—now floated softly away, now arose sonorous about us. Suddenly, silence fell upon the multitude, and the preacher, a tall, spare mulatto man, in the prime of life, of muscular frame, bareheaded, and arrayed in a long black robe belted around him, advanced to the edge of the water, holding an open book in one hand, and a staff in the other. Just behind him ranged the candidates, a motley group of men and women, most of them in half undress, all having handkerchiefs bound about their heads. Near the minister, stood a small and very delicate looking colored man, who had an air of importance about him, and when the preacher said "brother Dickson will pray," brother Dickson promptly began a long rambling prayer. His voice, at first very low and soft, almost inaudible, gradually rose into a sort of shrill, excited cry, the speaker becoming entirely carried away with the agitation he felt. His petitions embraced many themes, and a young white man near us was very indignant at what he deemed an allusion to ourselves, when brother Dickson besought a blessing upon "all present, the colored and the white," adding, "and if there any here, who came to scorn, may the angels flying from Heaven to Hell, intercept them on the way." As I had not "come to scorn, "I did not fear being intercepted by the flying angels," and was not at all disturbed at brother Dickson's insinuations. When the prayer was ended, apparently by the utter exhaustion of the speaker, the minister, in a clear, strong voice, read two lines of the hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood," which was sung by those around him, and then walked quietly into the water, feeling its depth with his staff, and wending his way to a suitable position, as calmly as if he had been crossing a floor. When he had taken his stand, he gave the signal to the candidates, and a young man, supported on either side by one of the elders of the church, entered the stream, and after some floundering reached the minister, who at once placed a firm hand upon each shoulder, and said in a loud voice, "My brother, upon profession of your faith in Christ I baptize you in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." As he spoke, he gave the brother a backward plunge, which, to be successfully accomplished, must require considerable practice and dexterity. The brother thus submerged, rose quickly with streams of water flowing from his nose and mouth, and was apparently too much disconcerted to express his feelings at once, in the manner expected of him. A deacon promptly took him in charge, and escorted him back to the place where he had entered the water. Before he reached the bank, the newly baptized brother had begun to clap his hands and utter loud cries of "Thank God, Thank Jesus, Oh! Lord, I got Jesus!" As he approached dry land, he grew rapturous, swinging his arms wildly about him, and crying "Thank God! De elders better look out, dey mought git a lick, an' if dey does I can't help it. Thank God, Oh! Thank Jesus!"

His friends on the bank received him with opened arms, pulling him up, clasping his hands, echoing his cries, and the whole party finally disappeared in the direction of a sort of tent among the bushes, formed of red curtains and intended as a dressing-room for the men, an old log cabin close by answering the same purpose for the women. The next candidate was called for and the form of baptism repeated until all had received the rite, the preacher going steadily on with his work, and maintaining remarkable composure throughout, gravely directing the deacons when any confusion threatened, and in the interval between the baptisms, reciting two lines of a hymn to be sung by the assembly. I noticed that he began different hymns every time, and the crowds around him sang them with or without a chorus, as time served. All the male candidates were baptized first, most of them going through the ceremony quietly, without much noise or excitement. Then the women began to take their turn, and, after the manner of the female persuasion, were much more demonstrative, some of them shrieking and screaming, others jumping and struggling in the water, so that the elders had much trouble to convey them to the shore. One girl screamed out that she "had seen the devil," several others said that they "saw God and Jesus." The stream was so shallow, that it soon became muddy, and the minister was several times compelled to change his place. Great importance is attached by those who advocate immersion, to going "under the water," and a discussion arose among the elders in regard to some of the men, who had been dipped in the stream without being entirely covered by it, and it was only ended by an order to bring them back to be re-baptized. It seemed rather a severe ordeal, when the unlucky brothers had already changed their wet garments for dry ones, but there was no appeal from the commands of the minister, and in a short time the deacons produced the half-baptized candidates, and the ceremony was repeated. This time it was so thoroughly done that none could gainsay it.

When it was ascertained that all the candidates had been thoroughly baptized, the minister, who had preserved a perfectly unruffled demeanor all this time, folded his hands, and in a very solemn manner began a prayer, which it is to be hoped was heard at the throne of grace, but was entirely drowned in the confusion of the crowds about us, who now began to turn their steps towards the church. We were borne on with the rest, and looking back from the hill-side we saw the minister still standing calmly in the middle of the stream, praying earnestly with solemn voice and uplifted arms.

In spite of some ludicrous incidents, such as one of the candidates, who was unduly concerned about his wearing apparel, passing a pair of dusty boots over the minister's head just as he was stepping into the water; and the gyrations and ejaculations of some of the converts, the people were so evidently sincere in what they were doing, that the occasion was exceedingly impressive.

In witnessing the ceremony, one could but recall that scene long centuries ago, when, upon the banks of distant Jordan, the Herald of the Messiah assembled a swarthy multitude about him to institute this mysterious rite of the new religion which was to embrace in its influence, "all nations, and tongues and people." Whether we may deem it necessary, with our climate and costume, to practice immersion or not, the ceremony undoubtedly appeals strongly to the imagination of the excitable Negroes, and the Methodists, who in the white churches of the south adhere closely to sprinkling, find themselves unable to make any headway with the African race, in the rural districts, unless they too submerge their converts, which is the custom among them here. Many of the ignorant colored people attach a superstitious reverence to the act of immersion, and the rite seems to have much the same import with them that the priest's absolution bears for ignorant Catholics, being unhappily but too often an indulgence to commit gross sins, and live in defiance of the law of God and man.

By the time we reached the church, it was completely filled, and there seemed no chance for us to enter. A large wagon, drawn up close under the open windows, however, afforded us comfortable seats, where we could see and hear all that was going on.

Many of the congregation were eating lunches, others were talking quietly, and a pleasant air of good humor and sociability pervaded the assembly. In the grove around the church, parties were eating and talking, while fresh groups were constantly arriving, so that quite as large a congregation was outside of the church as that within the walls. I had asked for an introduction to the minister, and when he arrived from "the creek" arrayed in fresh clerical garb, an elder brought him up and introduced him. I found the colored preacher a sensible man of moderate education, who seemed to me calculated to have a very good influence upon his people. After a short conversation, he entered the church where the congregation were already singing, and the regular services began.

One of my companions had asked for the subject of the sermon, but the minister had assured him, it seemed to me with some satisfaction, that he never selected his subject before hand, but always waited Divine guidance in the matter. This is a common idea with the rural clergy, and doubtless inspires much greater respect with their unsophisticated auditors, than a written discourse would do.

It was communion-day, and the minister alluded to the subject, while reading some verses from the Bible, impressing upon his hearers in very clear language the importance of spiritual preparation before partaking of the Holy Sacrament.

Brother Dickson was again called on to pray, and made another very long rambling, curiously worded prayer, working himself up to great excitement, trembling in every limb, his voice rising to a shriek at times, and working sympathetic emotion in the audience, many persons responding with groans, cries, sobs, ejaculations, clapping their hands, swaying their bodies, etc.

When quite exhausted, brother Dickson stopped, singing began, and this was followed by a sermon from the pastor, in very orthodox fashion, somewhat marred by grammatical errors, such as "the resign of the heart had to be did, before walking Jordan, walking Jordan had to be did before approaching the Lord's table." On the whole we thought the discourse sensible and instructive.

A shower threatened, and we were obliged to leave before the close of the service, which, on such occasions, are usually kept up all day. I must not omit to say, that the minister invited us cordially into the church, promising to secure us a seat, and after we had declined his offer, as we did not wish to disturb the congregation, the elders came out and urged us to enter, hospitably declaring that they would make room for us. The occasion was a very pleasant one, and I felt much encouraged by seeing the earnestness and fervor of the church people, whom I believe to be, in spite of much ignorance and many extravagances, sincere and humble worshippers, holding fast "the faith once delivered to the saints," and according to their light, faithful disciples of the Master.

NEARING HOME.

The most anxious time in all a stormy voyage, both to those who battle with the waves, and those who lie awake at home and hear the winds blow, is the time of nearing shore. The longed for land is just ahead, with home and loved ones waiting to welcome, but the boundless waste of mid ocean may be safer than the rock bound coast. The pilot stands firmly at the wheel, while the keen-eyed lookout strives to pierce the mists and blinding spray, and the sounding line is cast again and again into the dark billows. To our friends of the New York Christian Weekly, we are indebted for the picture of such a home coming.

> "Sea-fog drifting overhead,
> And with lessening line and lead,
> Sailors feeling for the land."

The November gales on the Atlantic have been exceptionally violent this season, even for that stormy month and ocean, and even the great ocean steamships had rough encounters with them. The account given by the N. Y. Evening Post of those experienced by the good ship Gallia of that fortunate Cunard line which has never, we believe, lost a steamer, will be of special interest to the friends and former pupils of the lady principal of Hampton, who, with another of its former teachers, was a passenger on that vessel.

"The Cunard steamship Gallia arrived at her dock this morning, Nov. 26, five days behind time, after one of the stormiest passages of which any record exists. Captain Haines, of the Gallia, said that he remembered no such passage, one storm beginning before another left off. "From the moment we left Queenstown until this morning we have had nothing but storm after storm, none of them of extraordinary violence, but combined they were too much for good nature. One or two little storms do no harm, for passengers are a little disappointed when they cannot tell their friends how the 'waves ran up like mountains'; but before we had been out three days the passengers all voted that they had gained a sufficient stock of experience to furnish them with storm stories for the rest of their days. The storm kept on in that way straight along. I cannot tell you which were our worst days because they were all characterized by fierce head gales and high seas. The ship behaved beautifully, and not a screw got loose in the machinery so far as I know. It is a pleasant thing to say, that in the worst passage that I remember the Gallia rode through it as if it was nothing at all, and reached port ahead of all other ships starting at the same time with us. It is a great comfort to know that though we are five days behind time the other boats are still later."

One of the passengers, who confessed that he had been nervous, said that the last days had seemed to be the worst, because after a large ship has battled bravely for many days against severe storms, timid persons begin to fear some damage or strain to the machinery, and a vessel as big as the Gallia might have a hard time of it if obliged to stop and allow the winds and waves to buffet her about.

"The storm of last Friday night, a week ago to-night," said this gentleman, "was the worst, to my mind, and the dinner table was more deserted that night than at any time during the voyage. It was a bold sailor who had the heart or the stomach to eat a good dinner last Friday. Most of us feel now that a month of such weather would do no harm to the Gallia, although at the same time we are glad to get on dry land. I went on deck on Friday night to see the waves, and shall never forget the effect of the huge masses of black water capped with white lines of foam which seemed to rise up in our pathway threatening to engulf us. For days at a time no one could stand on deck without holding to the rails, and though most of the ladies feel like heroines just now and will say that they felt no fear, I doubt whether they would like another such experience."

Southern Workman,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October, four months.)

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MRS. OBRA LANGHORNE, } *Regular Contributors.*

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The Southern Workman, devoted to the interests of Negro and Indian civilization, is edited and managed by the officers of the Hampton Institute, and printed on the School Press by colored youth trained in the office. Subscriptions are a help to the School. It is sent on trial for four months for twenty-five cents. Job work, from all parts of the country, is solicited, and will be done cheaply and well. Estimates will be sent on application.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN begins its eleventh year very cheerfully, believing in its mission, and encouraged by its progress and the favor of its friends. It publishes now a monthly edition of from 3800 to 4000 copies. Its regular subscription list is 2299. It has a regular free list of about 650, including 50 copies for its exchange list, on which are many of the leading papers of the North and South, and 130 copies sent to Virginia school officers and public men; the rest to contributors to the school. Of the remainder, 63 are used in the Senior reading classes of the Normal School, and several on its Reading Room table; about 100 are given to the teachers for distribution, 50 are kept for office files, and as many are retained as samples in the Printing office. The balance are distributed from the office through the month. The greater part on the subscription list, and of the whole edition, go to the North. The paper circulates among the graduates, and outside of them in the South. The colored people generally, however, do not subscribe to any paper; do not read newspapers, and probably really support none. A small political daily would naturally often be preferred to a more instructive weekly or monthly, with politics left out. Still the Workman has faith in its field, and reason to believe that it has done good both for and among those to whose interests it is devoted. While it is of course the organ of Hampton Institute, it is, we believe and intend, much more than that, and we desire to have it read and judged apart from that ground, on its own merits. Its larger reason for being is to help in the work of introducing South and North to each other, and interesting both in the two races towards whom the whole nation has so great responsibility, and in whose future so vital an interest.

The letters of our graduate teachers, published from month to month—simple annals, but realistic and often graphic pictures of the work, and needs of their races and the relations and condition of both races—and the notes of the progress of one branch of the "recent, only serious, determined and consistant effort promising success," as President Arthur calls it, for the solution of the Indian problem, have received frequent recognition as a valuable contribution to the literature and the progress of the important work they represent. For the rest, we will leave our friends to speak for us, taking pleasure in giving one of them the last word through a kind letter recently received from the heart of the Pacific. A number of our Northern subscribers pay not only for their own paper but to send other copies South or North, to colored readers or those they wish to interest in the Workman and its work. For the sake of both, we ask our other friends to consider whether the example is not worth following.

Mrs Coan, wife of the venerable missionary to the Sandwich Islands, a characteristic letter from whom will be found in another column, sends the following with its beautiful enclosure which was not long in fulfilling its mission.

EMERALD BOWER, HILO, HAWAII,
Nov. 17th, 1881.

My dear friend:—

I have made a little collection of our lovely ferns in the hope that you might find a purchaser of the same and that the proceeds could go towards subscriptions for the Southern Workman. It was no idle compliment when I assured you at that pleasant gathering in Honolulu, at Judge McCully's, that the Southern Workman is one of the papers in which I take the deepest interest: the experiences of your graduates in their hand to hand struggle with life, the entertaining correspondence, the editorials, all interest me exceedingly, while the letters from the Indians and incidents relating to them are as good as a story. I wish that every subscriber to the paper would do his utmost to increase its circulation. If this venture is a success, and you would like me next year to send another collection, I shall be happy to do so. In grateful acknowledgment of the good derived from the Workman,

LYDIA B. COAN.

The Chesapeake and Ohio railway is now completed to Newport's News, on Hampton Roads and will be opened for general traffic, probably in December. Lines of steamships to New York and to Europe are being arranged. Four large piers, one the largest in the United States, are being constructed. A grain elevator with a capacity for twelve hundred thousand bushels will soon be erected. The Virginia Land Company has laid out the city of Newport's News, and is building two hotels. It is expected that large quantities of cotton, tobacco and grain will come to this point from the South and West.

The banks of the James river are not now so thickly populated or as prosperous as they were within thirty years from the first settlement of Jamestown. The land has been exhausted; a steamboat ride up the river is interesting but melancholy, from the many signs of decayed elegance. There are, however, points of exceptional thrift and progress.

Newport's News has for centuries been as desolate as St. Helena. Its commanding position and splendid view, like many others in the South, have been in the possession of non-progressive men, and the swamps in the rear have made it malarious.

The marsh has been thoroughly drained, the land bought by capitalists, and to this long neglected spot at the mouth of the noble James, where there is anchorage for vessels of any number and size, there being thirty feet of water at the end of the wharves, will be brought for shipment, by a far reaching net-work of railroads, of which the Chesapeake and Ohio is the main stream, vast quantities of produce, of which not the least will be coal from Virginia.

Hampton Roads, in one corner of which Newport's News is situated, is one of the largest, finest harbors in the world.

Its grand capabilities will be more and more appreciated and employed.

To the genius and creative energy of Mr. C. P. Huntington, who pushed the Central Pacific Railroad across the almost impassable gorges of the Sierras, is due this resurrection of the resources of Eastern Virginia, and organization of an enormous enterprise for gathering the cotton, tobacco and coal of the South and the grain of the West at the most available point of deep water on the Atlantic coast, where it will be distributed throughout the civilized world.

Hampton is but six miles distant from Newport's News, and already feels its stimulus; a wave of prosperity has reached this region, benefiting all classes. The dense Negro population is getting its share; their cottages dot the peninsula.

Perhaps here will be the fairest phase of Negro civilization in the land; the climate is favorable, the life is essentially a country one, few of the evils of a city being felt, the blacks are in a large majority. Here is their little Republic. Let us see what they will do. The Hampton Institute lifts its half dozen spires and towers high enough to be seen for many miles around, offering to the rising generation all the opportunities they need.

Near this spot the first English civilization was planted upon this continent, the first slaves were landed, the first blow struck for freedom by making the Negro "contraband of war," the first school for freedmen opened, and naval warfare was revolutionized in a few hours by the battle between the Monitor and Merrimac.

Sumpter was the pivot of the gun that opened the war, Fort Monroe the pivot of the gun that closed it. Grant's army did not conquer till it swung round from Washington and made its base of operations here. Historically, strategically, morally, this region is central, significant, prophetic. An interesting future seems before it.

Norfolk, fifteen miles across the Roads, is growing fast; the rivalry will be wholesome. Ideas and enterprise have had a new birth on these shores.

"The new South" is a favorite hint somewhat threadbare theme. The signs of it are everywhere. Its former builders rejected the true corner stone of prosperity, *the dignity of labor.* It is to become the head stone of the corner.

The educators of the South must help to put it in place. The Hampton Institute makes this idea fundamental. We think we are fortunate to be called to such work. The victorious North is rich and has the evils and dangers pertaining to high prosperity; hard to meet, needing much thankless toil.

The defeated South is poor, prostrate and humbled, but is finding the strength that lies in weakness; suffering is doing its perfect work; simplicity is blooming in the midst of her ruined, proud places; a new civilization is coming which will be worth all the terrible agony that it cost; there was no other way for it to come.

The North sent South an army which did its duty nobly, and quietly returned to its work at home. It sent a lot of carpet-baggers, a necessary evil, to build a political bridge from an old to a new system. Experts, though not very moral, they did their work quite well, but are no longer wanted.

It sent South a force of teachers, some thousands in all, mostly plain women, who, with some pain and difficulty planted in the long fallow Negro mind, ideas that, though relatively scant, sustained their hope, directed their purpose, and have had more to do than people dream with the success of emancipation. This work has gone on with a steady *crescendo*; the teachers being replaced ten to one by Negro pupils whom they taught to take their places, and now a few hundred well chosen men and women from the North, at certain central, well equipped institutions in the South, are creating the teachers and future leaders of the colored race.

The short and terrible dynamics of war called out untold treasure and sacrifice from every quarter; the higher dynamics of peace have appealed to comparatively few who are, however, faithful, and will push this work which will never end.

There never was any duty more in the line of Providential purpose, or more immediately important, or on broader ground, or more binding on every patriot, than that for the lifting up of those who suffered from America's slavery; those were not only the Negroes, but a class of whites almost as great and equally unfortunate.

THE COLOR LINE in Virginia is broken. The Readjusters, with Negro allies, have carried the state by a majority of ten thousand, and yet a few counties, overwhelmingly black, gave the Funders or Conservatives a majority. The victors will claim the spoils; the division will be a difficult matter. Already there is some feeling about it. This coalition is a new phase of Southern affairs, and its working will be watched with interest.

It puts the Negro in a position of responsibility, and will be an education for him. We regard as nonsensical any alarm about his making social advances, but we feel solicitude respecting his use of political power; not that he has a great deal, for the colored politician is not much in the foreground, but the Negro vote has turned the scales, routed a party that has been in power for over ten years, and has a present and prospective weight far greater than in the past.

Heretofore the blacks have voted solidly for the Republican party; they have done so in some places, literally "under fire." They have suffered much for their fidelity, for fidelity to those who brought them out of slavery into freedom has been their one idea. But things have changed; gratitude weakens in time; prejudice is dying out; better ideas have steadily gained ground. In these prosperous times, the colored laborer is in demand, for railroads are spreading, industries are springing up on every side, and it is hard for the farmers to get or keep hands. The Negro workman has it a good deal his own way; he can readily get good wages, and is used to shifting about. Few realize to what extent the blacks are mobilized; what enormous sums of money they pay for railroad travel; how easily they can go where inclination or advantage call. They have been getting land; thousands of small farms are passing every year into their hands; they are more and more independent, self-reliant, unmolested, free to act and ready to consider their immediate personal interest, rather than to look to the past for a motive. The inertia of Republicanism is still tremendous, but it does not control them as it used to.

Disintegration of the Negro vote has set in and will gradually become complete. What will be its rallying points? One will be education, to which they always will be loyal. Their good disposition, previous political experience, and not inconsiderable common sense, will prevent their inventing any worse schemes than the lower class of white politicians. Indeed, they are, on the whole, much better than that class.

The country will not suffer from their evil designs, but is in serious danger from their pliability in the hands of designing men. There are colored politicians who can be trusted; they cannot all be "bagged" by rich corporations or led away by appeals to prejudice or passion. There is an element of conservatism among them, from which much may be hoped.

Yet, in their condition as a whole, how can they be depended on for an enlightened policy? So long as they are unenlightened, so long as effect shall follow cause, so long will sound general legislation be imperiled.

The influence of a million irresponsible voters will be felt in the states and throughout the nation. The greatest danger will be to the public credit.

A weak sense of individual responsibility for debt, easily leads to loose ideas about the state and the national debt; such ideas have already taken root, and no one knows how far they will go, or what is the possible evolution of party policy out of conditions so favorable to ideas of repudiation.

Our public men have not troubled themselves about the mental or moral condition of the nation's wards, and the fruits of their neglect will be seen.

Many individuals throughout the country have made the condition of the ex-slaves a deep concern, for which their efforts and sacrifices are as truly patriotic as any service in the war could have been; a rebuke to those who held the national purse strings, who have wasted hundreds of millions of dollars in giving pensions beyond what sympathy for, and justice to, bar soldiers, would fairly call for.

Rivers and harbors will this year, as usual, swallow up millions more than they properly should. Some five millions perhaps must go to fighting Indians, while the Commissioner's request for $100,000, for current expenses of Indian education, may be cut down, as last year, to $80,000, and bogus or excessive claims for pensions will in twelve months swallow up enough to school every Negro and Indian child in the land for ten years. Have we any statesmen? Not that they could have prevented this state of things, but where is their protest, their outcry over such waste and such parsimony.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

ON EDUCATION AND THE INDIAN QUESTION.

The new President's Message has long been made public, and we need not bring its many points before our readers. It is in line with the judicious and manly course which, from his tragic accession to office, has done so much to allay the anxiety naturally attending it, and gained for him the sympathy and respect of the people.

His own views, freely and ably urged on various subjects, will win the more attention for their general harmony with those of his lamented predecessor.

The President has laid out enough work to crown his administration with glory. The question is how much of it all will be done by Congress. The questions of finance and our foreign relations and internal improvements, the Panama canal, and Presidential disability, will no doubt be acted upon, and even the Mormon question and civil service reform fenced with a little more, but will the "but recent effort" for the righteous solution of the Indian question continue to be "at once serious, determined, consistent and promising success"? And what practical form will he given to the earnest utterances of Message after Message of three successive Presidents upon the danger "which President Garfield declared," "lurks and hides in the sources and fountains of power in every State." The danger "which no standard can measure," arising from ignorance in the voter and the coming generation of voters? On this subject, President Arthur says:

"Although our system of government does not contemplate that the nation should provide or support a system for the education of our people, no measures calculated to promote the general intelligence and virtue upon which the perpetuity of our institutions so greatly depends, have ever been regarded with indifference by Congress or the Executive. A large portion of the public domain has been from time to time devoted to the promotion of education. There is now a special reason why, by setting apart the proceeds of its sales of public lands or by some other course, the government should aid the work of education. Many who now exercise the right of suffrage are unable to read the ballot which they cast. Upon many who had just emerged from a condition of slavery were suddenly devolved the responsibilities of citizenship in that portion of the country more impoverished by war. I have been pleased to learn from the report of the Commissioners of Education, that there has been lately a commendable increase of interest and effort for their education, but all that can be done by local legislation and private generosity should be supplemented by such aid as can be constitutionally afforded by the national government. I would suggest that if any fund be dedicated to this purpose, it may be wisely distributed in the different States according to the ratio of illiteracy, as by this means those locations which are most in need of such assistance will reap its especial benefits."

The growth of Southern public sentiment and effort in favor of general education, for both white and black, has been one of the most remarkable developments of the years since the fifteenth Amendment passed, and perhaps is itself the greatest justification of that heroic measure. The South is doing enough to deserve help in what it cannot do. Most of the Southern States have established free schools for both races, yet the last report of the Board of Commissioners of the Peabody fund shows that, while the large part of the colored voters (to say nothing of poor whites) are confessedly unqualified by education for an intelligent exercise of the right of suffrage, there are now two millions of children of both races in the South, without the means of instruction. As the Mayor of Charleston pleads in his interesting Report on Education in that city:

"Where millions of citizens are growing up in grossest ignorance, it is obvious that neither individual charity nor the resources of an impoverished State will be sufficient to meet the emergency. Nothing short of the wealth and power of the Federal Government will suffice to overcome the evil."

The Union was not divided. What threatens either North or South threatens the Nation, and it will do well to remember the warnings of Garfield, and the earlier words of Madison: "A popular government without popular information or the means of acquiring it, is but a prologue to a farce or a tragedy,—perhaps both."

For Indian civilization, President Arthur repeats chiefly the recommendations which have been apparently growing in public favor, and have received as he says "to a certain extent the consideration of Congress": the extension to Indians of the protection and responsibilities of law; the gradual allotment of lands in severalty, and:

"*Third*—I advise liberal appropriation for the support of Indian schools, because of my confident belief that that course is consistent with the wisest economy. Among the most uncultivated Indian tribes there is reported to be a general urgent desire on the part of the chiefs and older members for the education of their children. It is unfortunate, in view of this fact, that during the past year the means which have been at the command of the Interior Department for the purpose of Indian instruction have proved to be utterly inadequate. The success of the schools which are in operation at Hampton, Carlisle, and Forest Grove, should not only encourage a more generous provision for the support of those institutions, but should prompt the establishment of others of a similar character. They are doubtless much more potent for good than the day schools upon the reservations, as the pupils are altogether separated from the surroundings of savage life and brought into constant contact with civilization."

This is the third or fourth time the importance of these schools has been urged upon public attention in Presidents' Messages and Secretaries' Reports. Congress has responded, though to much less extent than may be generally supposed.

For the last three years, the Government has kept seventy Indian students at Hampton, appropriating at first, $167.00 (and transportation) to the yearly maintainance of each,—the School supplying the needed buildings, and all deficits. This appropriation was quickly cut down to $150.00 by Commissioner Hayt, and has been kept at that figure, which, inadequate and unworthily small as it is, is still smaller in view of the fact that each $150 paid for a student at Hampton, saves Government the amount of his rations,—in most cases $70.00, on the reservation.

In the case of Carlisle, a government school, its support has been drawn so far from what is known as the Civilization fund. After two years of demonstrated and notable success, the existence of the school must henceforth depend on special appropriations, the Indian Civilization fund having given out. Let us hope that the fund of white civilization will be sufficient to supplement it. Some of the annoyances and sacrifices to which even this government school has been subject in its noble and successful efforts for the national good, may be seen from the following extract of a letter from a lady visitor to Carlisle, in reference to the actual suffering caused by the want of $350.00 for heating the boys' school room.

"It made me heart-sick to see those delicate ladies going every evening during study hours into that cold, unfurnished, desolate room. Pipes could be sent to that room under-ground from the steam engine, for the paltry sum of $350. It seems as if the State of Pennsylvania ought to adopt that Carlisle school, and if the appropriation for necessary things such as sanitary works &c. fails, let private individuals see to it." The ultimate dependence of all this work is on the people, and Government will not lead public sentiment. It is for them to see that it follows it.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Crow Creek Agency, Dakota, Oct. 10.

Saturday is ration day, when the usual solemn stillness of the Agency is broken by scores of Indian teams and hundreds of painted horsemen who pour in from the various camps up and down the Missouri river, within a radius of 30 miles—the camps are distributed with reference to wood and water. The braves sit, clad in blankets or old clothes, wearing a picturesque variety of feathered hats, in groups or semi circles, and smoke and chat. The women busy themselves about the supplies, pressing into the door of the store-house where a row of clerks pour into the little bags they hold out, their coffee, sugar, flour &c. tossing upon their loaded arms a piece of tobacco and bacon, till a file of some two hundred women has passed, each carrying off food for a family of from three to ten.

Thus the morning passes. The scene is most lively and picturesque. Painted young squaws and long haired decorated young braves walk about with grimy faces, which streaks of many colored mud have make hideous except to the barbarian eye. A thousand Indians are brought together to get a week's supply of food for which they make no effort. The result is that they become very fastidious and fussy, and beg for more, making every possible excuse for an increase of rations. Nothing is earned by the sweat of the Indian's brow.

This is what he gets for keeping his peace. The vast storehouse filled with goods, he considers his own, and shrieks from no amount of begging to get what he wants. He is learning a bad lesson. There is no such thing as subjugation of the Indian. It is all compromise; and a very weak business.

The following is the summary of rations issued to-day:

To 306 families, containing 1040 persons, seven days food or 7280 rations; of which these are the articles and quantities:

Baking Powder	36lbs.
Bacon	728"
Fresh Beef	21840"
Coffee	201"
Flour	2000"
Hard Bread	820"
Herring	281"
Salt	73"
Soap	73"
Sugar	510"
Tobacco	36"

When beef is issued on the hoof, the allowance is 3 pounds gross per day for each one; when dressed, 1½ pounds per day. The Indian prefers it on the hoof, and is never so happy as when allowed to drive it home to kill, for then he has a make-believe buffalo hunt, and cruelly worries the poor cattle; but he seldom gets the privilege a second time.

Besides food, each one of the fifty thousand Indians who are totally dependent on Government, gets two suits of clothes every year, a single blanket and quilt, one pair of shoes, one overcoat, one hat and cap, one pair of suspenders, four shirts, (two woollen and two "hickory,") four pair socks and one pair woollen mittens; the women have a corresponding outfit which costs about three-fifths that of the men.

This agency issued last year fifty good cooking stoves, or at the rate of one to every forty-two Indians.

To every log house built, windows and doors are supplied, and, if of hewn logs, a shingle roof is added.

Wagons and harness are issued at the rate of about fifty a year to the eleven hundred Indians; which are repaired, and horses shod at the Government shops. Many horses have been supplied; wire fence is provided to protect the crops; plows and all needed farming utensils, and seed are given for the asking; but like all other supplies only once in so often to each one. At Cheyenne river, the Agent had orders to plow up 500 acres of land because the Indians had lost their working stock in the hard winter that had passed.

Each Indian has a cattle brand, and herding is encouraged; for this the Indian is especially adapted, and on this line can move on to self support perhaps more quickly than on any other.

At Crow Creek (called the "Model Agency,") about one fourth live in log houses, and have tables and regular meals. The log house is a great advance upon the "tipi" or tent, and is gradually displacing the latter, in which Indian life is at its lowest. When logs are hewn and carefully put up, they make the proper thing for the frontier. They may be partitioned off, and thus afford the conditions of respectable living.

A competent Agent can, in a few years, induce the majority of a tribe to abandon tents; but with constant changes in these officials, small progress is made toward a better way of living. The policy of low salaries for Agents is keeping the best men from being sent to help them, and has put back the cause of Indian civilization scores of years. In each of the six Agencies that Hampton deals with, there has been a new Agent within a year and a half. Why should the red man be cursed with such stupid, makeshift policy?

An interesting feature of ration day has been the applications of Indians for special grants over and above their regular dues. I took the following notes as they came into Agent Speacer's office, one by one, with their petitions.

Major Spencer sits in his arm chair, an interpreter by his side; his clerk, Mr. Etheridge, holds a record book, and reports promptly whether the applicant has already received all he has a right to; a most important check.

Beaver Woman—"My son wishes to make a stable, and wishes an ax and nails." "What about the ax you got last September?" "I broke the handle." A new handle is granted.

The Cloud wishes wire fence for ten acres of land he is cultivating, and gets it.

Pretty Woman is allowed a coffee pot, and cloth for a *tipi*.

Drifting Goose is granted a bed-stead and a broom.

Left Hand, a shovel and hatchet.

Not afraid of Bear, an ax and handle.

Surrounded, wishes a week's leave of absence, with rations for twenty-four Indians, to go on a visit to Red Cloud agency; and a broom; granted.

Crow Man is allowed ons pane of glass.

Fast Walker, a wash tub and hatchet.

Big Eagle, a neck-yoke for cattle.

Red Crow wants ten cedar posts, but the Agent needs them for the nine frame houses he is building for Indian chiefs, and refuses; but he gets five lengths of stove pipe and two elbows.

Antoine Rounded gets a wash tub and Dutch oven.

White Crow Walker a grind-stone, and a spade.

Runs All over, a spade, nails, and file to sharpen his spade.

Good Winona (*woman*) will get a bedstead and chair if her house is good enough.

Oldest Child, six window panes, a bedstead and broom.

With Tail has forfeited his rations for killing a cow; he explains that the cow was his own, and demands his rations.

Charging Hawk has built a good house, and wants a bedstead, broom, table, chair, and hatchet: granted.

Kill Many wishes a plow and harness, which are loaned to him.

The remainder were like the above.

Thus the industrious are encouraged, and the idle and roving go without any comforts.

The following speeches were made through an interpreter by Chiefs at Councils, whom I met at Crow Creek and Lower Brule agencies.

The first is from the father of Ziewie, who had just returned from Hampton.

SPEECH OF DON'T KNOW HOW.

You all know me well. I once carried the most deadly weapons. I now lead a different life. You chiefs are all wise. In our wild state we wish our children to have education, and advise them well. My father gave me advice: it was bad advice. "Go on war path, and try and take a scalp, you'll be honored; if you get killed your name will be honored."

You know that was hard, but we tried always to obey our fathers. This friend of ours here gives as good advice. This advice if carried out will bring everlasting good. Look at my daughter who has come from Hampton; I am ashamed to appear beside her.

Come out with your children. What do you fear? I sent my child because I knew good would come from it. Yes I see the good as soon as my daughter came back, for the Indians now get her to interpret for them. Look at the three boys who have come back, you chiefs and warriors. Most every-one of you asked them to interpret, and they did it.

W ite Ghost is the head Chief of the Yanktonnai (Crow Creek). He is anxious to have an industrial school at his own agency. He said:

SPEECH OF WHITE GHOST.

I will say a few words. Of course the Indians like to gain something as well as white people. Before you came I talked with the Agent, and I will repeat my words. (puff puff) I went to Washington this summer and held council with the Secretary, the Great Father was wounded. I asked him for a real true school, no foolishness about it. I want my children educated in my own land. If you would build that school for us here you would'nt bother about taking my children east.

I said *real* school because children here learn nothing. I know many white people, a great many ladies, friends of Indians. I said before you came, "I shall never give it up." (getting the school.) My father was a chief. I succeeded him. Since then I work for my tribe. Still it is all failure till three years ago when an officer came and raised us right up. erred to the work of Capt. Dougherty, late Agent.)

SPEECH OF TWO KETTLE.

A Lower Brule Indian.

I'm not afraid, to talk to anybody. I am clear of everything. Sioux and the Great Spirit will hear what I have to say to you. Ever since white people have been on the Missouri River I have lived peaceably with them. This tribe has never had any trouble, and therefore I joined them. I have been to Washington and stood in the middle of the floor and made a speech. If the Great Father looks at any tribe he ought to help this the most, because they never made any trouble with whites.

I have been East and seen many white people who are like the grass on the prairie. All these good whites who help Indians, the Good Father picks them out and sends them here. When I went to visit Hampton I saw how the boys were treated, the beds they slept in, with my own eyes

The Great Father likes to help and lead Indians in white man's way. I'll depend on you to take good care of my son at Hempton, I ate the food they cooked for them, such as beef and vegetables, the best I have ever eaten. I hope my son will have the same food I had when there. I know there is ten times as many white people as Indians, and when I come back I tell Indian all about it. I almost pray to you. I hope you take good care of my son and teach him to talk your tongue, to read and write. Now, my friend, you see we are poor Indians. We can't help ourselves alone. I see you are trying to help us. This is the only road we can take to teach our children.

When you cut my son's hair, save it for me. I was foolish when he was baptized. I prayed that his hair might never be cut, and now I go back on my word, but it is best for him.

Gen. Sully says of this man:

"The bearer of this, Two Kettle, is a member of the "Band of Tools," and is one of the Indians that I sent out from Fort Rice, to recapture some horses stolen by hostile Indians. This was done, and this Indian brought in a scalp of one of the hostiles he killed. On this account he has been threatened by hostiles, and deserves kind treatment from whites."

SPEECH OF BEAR BIRD.

Son of "Light of Star," Head soldier of Band No. 6.

One special thing I wish to tell you. We are poor Indians, and can't help ourselves without having a good man to lead us. Since I can remember I have been trying to do right by every body. I want to live, and I want my children to live. I've done all I could in our way to train my children (in hunting, etc)

This hunting and going on war path I now have left behind. Now the Great Father wishes us to adopt white man's ways. This tribe wants to keep ourselves, and the only way is to teach our children. They'll be a great help to the tribe.

I went to Washington and saw white people and houses. I looked back to see the road I was taking and when I saw it I was blind. I am blind because I have no education. These frontiermen know I am ignorant. They want to cheat me out of my property. That's the reason I want to send my son to Hampton. I want him to learn to work, to read, write and talk English language. You have education, you know what to do with the boys when they go to Hampton. Now you can ask everybody about this camp and these Indians. If you do, if they tell you the truth, they say we are trying to help ourselves, and following the Great Father's advice.

Then other tribes have been going to Washington most every year. When you get back, we depend on you to help us, so we can send you our boys to see our Great Father.

I suppose you saw my son Frank Yellow Bird down there. The principal thing, I'd like you to help us with is this. Sometimes we would like to see you and your boys (you are now taking)—see how they are getting along. If the Great Father allows us to go to see our sons, I'd like to take an interpreter and an agent. My son Yellow Bird says I must send his brother. I wish my son to learn carpenter's trade.

That all I have to say.

Since writing the above, letters have been received from the agents in charge of the thirty youths who were recently returned to their homes after a three years' course at Hampton.

The accounts are generally very satisfactory; up to our best hopes. The only draw back has been a reduction by the office at Washington of the monthly wages allowed by the agents (from $20 or $25 to $15,) which has much discouraged the boys. This does not seem wise in view of the importance of success in this effort.

I am glad to express my conviction that the agents are doing all in their power to encourage these Indian graduates, and that they are genuinely interested in the welfare of the people under their charge.

S. C. A.

VIRGINIA SCHOOL REPORT.

The eleventh annual report of Hon. Wm. H. Ruffner, Superintendent of Public Instruction in Virginia, for the year ending July 31, 1881, is one of unusual interest even from his able pen, in its thoroughness, vigor and encouragement. Its carefully collated statistics show continued growth in the public school system of the State in every particular,—in numbers, funds, character of instruction and administration and in public favor. "The increase of 18,310 in attendance is the most noticeable single fact;" but there are many others of interest. The total amount available for school purposes during the year was $1,364,814 58; The total cost, $963,006 26, for current expenses, and $137,238 70, for permanent improvements. The whole cost of public education per month, per pupil in average attendance was $1. 21, an increase of four cents over last year. The number of schools opened (counting each grade of one teacher as a school,) was 5,382, of which 1,443 were colored; number of teachers; white, 4,465; colored, 927; average monthly salaries; males, $29 18, females, $24 92; average number of months taught, 5.87, a slight increase over last year.

Another noticeable point is the gain in female over male teachers, in both white and colored. Another is the gain of the colored on the white people in the number of teachers, schools and pupils over last year: on teachers the gain is of white 0.2, of colored 18.00; in schools, white gain 9.47, colored 14.0; in pupils in daily average attendance, whites 3.7, colored 7.2.

Dr. Ruffner remarks: "The gain in the relative number of colored teachers comes from the increasing supply of competent persons, the excellent abilities of trained colored teachers, and the increasing demand of the colored people for teachers of their own race. The gain in the number of schools and pupils is no doubt to be ascribed to the growing desire for education among the colored people. Even yet their per centage of enrollment as compared with their school population is nearly 20 per cent. below that of the whites, but if the ratio increases as rapidly in the next few years as in the year just closed, the difference will be almost if not entirely equalized. This fact is interesting to all who sympathize with human improvement; it is also full of promise to the commonwealth, and is certainly creditable to the colored race."

Three thousand dollars of the Peabody Fund (the smallest sum ever received from this source,) were used in paying the expenses of three large Normal Institutes, two white and one colored; the latter held at Hampton Institute last July; all successful and productive of much good. We regret we have no room for further details of these, one of which however has been fully reported heretofore in the Workman.

The school population of Virginia is 555,807; of which 240,980 are colored; the per centage enrolled is of whites, 51.5, of colored, 31.9; in average daily attendance, white, 29.5, colored, 17.9. The gain in enrollment over last year is about four per cent, "still far below what it ought to be, while the average daily attendance is a point to which administrative energy should be vigorously directed." There is no doubt that it will be, and it is to be earnestly hoped that the same wise administration which, through the adversities and difficulties of the last eleven years, has developed the Virginia school system into the vigorous, progressive force it is, may be long entrusted with this vital interest of the State.

EDUCATION IN CHARLESTON.

An earnest and weighty appeal for the Government aid recommended by our last four Presidents, is made by Major Courtenay in his late annual review of education in the city of Charleston. The strongest arguments are those which he uses—the evidence of all that has been done, and of all that is still needed but beyond the limit of effort strained to the utmost. The forcible facts are these: "The number of children (whites) in the public schools in 1860 were about 4000. The number of children, *white and colored*, in the public schools in 1880 was 4140, of which the whites number 2071, and the colored 2069. The population in 1880 was larger than in 1860, the whites and blacks being very nearly equal. It will be seen, therefore, that by the addition of the colored children, the number of children to be educated in the city has been doubled. The number of whites and colored in 1880 is about the same as the whites alone in 1800; or in other words, on the basis of the average percentage of school attendance reached in 1860, about one-half of the white children and one half of the colored children in this city are to-day without the means of public instruction. The statement of these facts, of itself reveals the educational situation of our community, more or less common to the whole state and the South. To attempt to meet this emergency, and sustain the present school system, Charleston is doing more than she ever did, and more in comparison, than any city in the Union. The assess values in Charleston in 1860 were $45,000,000, and in 1880, $21,000,000—a reduction of more than one-half of taxable values, in the face of an obligation to educate more than double the number of children. This heavy load has been assumed up to the highest pitch of taxation however. The taxation of the city of Charleston in 1880 for public schools was in all 3½ mills, amounting to about $61,000 a year, exclusive of annual appropriations to the High School and College. The city of Boston gave a total of 2 mills the same year for her complete, model public school establishment of seven high schools, two Latin, one Normal, forty-nine Grammar, and four hundred and eight Primary schools. Charleston gives in proportion nearly half as much again as Boston for her Primary public schools alone, and, in addition, annual appropriations to the High school and College, and this under a city tax—beside the state tax—of 2¼ per cent. while that of Boston is only 1¼ per cent. The city of Charleston cannot grapple with this educational question. She needs, in common with the South, the help of the national Government to solve a question as national as slavery was, and affecting the whole country."

EDUCATION IN ALABAMA.

We have received from Mr. B. T. Washington, a graduate of this school and former teacher of Indians here, now Principal of the new State Normal School at Tuskegee, Alabama, the Report of the Superintendent of education of that State for the year ending September 30th, 1886. The total school revenue for that year was $397,465.35, of which $13,500 was appropriated for the support of the three Normal Schools then existing, as follows: one white school at Florence, $7,500, one colored school at Marion, $4,000, one colored school at Huntsville, $2,000. The Superintendent reports these Normal Schools as "all doing well." We don't doubt that the new Normal School at Tuskegee will merit the same commendation. We shall feel a special interest in its success from the fact that its Principal and his two assistants are graduates of Hampton.

There were during the year 3,085 white and 1,512 colored schools taught, an average term of 83 days for the white and 67 days for the colored schools. The total enrollment was 179,490, of whom 107,483 were white and 72,007 colored. The average daily attendance in the white schools was 67,974 and in the colored 50,184, or a total average attendance of 117,978. The Superintendent says, their school system is in the main, a good one and will compare favorably with the systems of other states.

LOCAL OPTION FOR VIRGINIA.

The organizers of the local option movement in Virginia have done a wise thing, we believe, in keeping it out of party politics, and calling the State Convention for Dec. 20, after the fall elections are over. The devil of drink is not particular as to his politics, and parties of all shades have reason enough to combine against him. Whatever theoretical objections may be urged by any against state prohibitory laws, the right of any community to be clean if it prefers to be is certainly in accordance with republican institutions. Thousands of the best citizens in every party are earnest and anxious for local option. Who oppose it? The rumsellers, of course, who set their traps at our gates, and those of their customers who are afraid there may be enough righteous men in their city to save them from drinking up their homes, and sending their families to the poor house and themselves to a drunkard's grave. Two thousand such graves are annually dug in Virginia, it is estimated, and from twelve to twenty thousand dollars annually spent for liquor in this State that cannot pay its own debts or educate over fifty per cent. of its children. Is it not time to do something about it?

Local option has been fairly and successfully tested for many years in West Virginia, Maryland and North Carolina. That it has led up to a stronger movement for prohibition in North Carolina is evidence of its vitality. Involving it with political issues and in imperfect shape has resulted in its defeat in that State by a large majority. It may be a very great mistake however to imagine that the defeat means anything but firmer purpose and surer aim for final success. The colored vote, influenced by party names and personal appeals, was largely captured by whiskey—but not all; here again education shows. A young teacher under the Friends' Mission, writes from Raleigh to the *Freedman's Friend*: "The colored people, especially in the country, have been almost wild in defence of their idol, whiskey. In some places churches have been closed against the pastors because they have dared to advocate prohibition. Two of my young preachers are receiving no support from their congregations for the same cause, but I have reason to be proud of them, for while many of the ministers have let their mouths be closed by the intimidations of the people, these young men have been outspoken for the cause of right in the face of all opposition. B. B. G. of my school has been in the field night and day for the last four weeks. In many places threats of personal violence have preceded his going forth, but he has been unharmed through the whole fierce contest. Many of the leading members of the churches are most active against all temperance movements, and though the young ought to be more enlightened, they are only too glad to plead the example of the old church members, to uphold themselves in drinking.

In my school, however, I am glad to report a healthy sentiment on this subject. Of the older members now connected with the school I regard all as safe, but who can tell how many of the younger ones may yet be drawn into the web of intemperance."

It will be sad indeed for the future of the colored race, if, after having been brought out of the house of bondage with their faces set toward the promised land, they cannot shake off these fiery serpents of the wilderness. Let all whose option it is to be free—of every name and race and party, join hands against the curse that affects every interest of home and state. Let Virginia take a foremost place in this, as in every other life-proving action of the new South.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES

Destitute Children. Teacher and Farmer. A Theological Ragman. "Preaching don't Pay." A Sunday School with One Bible. Thirsty for Newspapers. Report from South Carolina. From Two of the Hampton Singers.

DESTITUTE CHILDREN.

The teacher who makes the following appeal for the suffering little ones around him, is one of the earliest graduates of Hampton—Class of '72—and has been faithfully teaching ever since his graduation. We have very seldom made this column a medium of direct appeal, but cannot shut it to this cry of the children, and shall be happy to send his address to any friend who may be moved to respond to it.

——Va., Nov. 19th, 1881.

My Dear Friend:

I returned to this place ten days ago, after an absence of three months. Passed the examination last week, and expect to re-open my school on Monday next, Nov. 28th. I have been visiting around among my scholars, giving them notice about the school, and I am sorry to state that I have actually found them suffering. The people here, as elsewhere in many parts of the state, have failed in their crops, and as farming is the chief business, as a matter of course, they are left in a destitute state. Many of the men have left their homes of late for the public works in order to support their families; and, dear friend, it is shocking to look into the homes of the majority of them and see the condition of their wives and children. This is the first time during my nine years of service in the field, as a teacher, that I have had an occasion to appeal to my distant Northern friends for assistance for my scholars, and whilst I feel a delicacy in so doing at this time, necessity, actually forces me. Now, if you know of any friend or society, from which I can obtain any relief such as clothes, boots, shoes, books, cords, charts, &c., for the poor children, please inform them of the suffering condition of my scholars, by presenting them this, or inform me and I will write. My school numbers generally from 140 to 160. With little or no assistance, I have worked hard since I have been here, and I feel happy in informing you that I don't think my labors have been in vain. We stand greatly in need of teachers, in our Co. We could employ a dozen could they be gotten? Our Co. Supt., told me that he had written to Hampton, but could'nt get any. There has been a protracted meeting in the vicinity and 18 of my scholars have been hopeffully converted, therefore you know I must feel happy, as I have ever taught them that the greatest of all knowledge is to know the Lord in the pardon of their sins. I have a pleasant Sabbath school, but stand in need of Bibles and other necessary books and articles, to make such a school interesting. Please remember my kindest regards to Gen'l Armstrong, and Miss Mackie. For fear of weary lag you, I will close, hoping to hear from you again soon. Your obedient servant, H.

A TEACHER AND FARMER.

Just the right man in the right place, writes the following letter. He has made no mistake in "planting himself," and deserves the encouragement he asks for. Just the one to send a good paper to.

——N. C., Nov. 6, 1881.

My dear friend:

I am now busy about harvesting my little farm. I taught four months this year and made a right good farm, but I had to work very hard to do it. I always thought where there is a will there is a way, and I believe I have found it so. I always think of what you used to tell students: "Be sure you are right and then go ahead." I wish I had the time to come out Christmas to see you all. I begin to want to see some of my dear teachers. I hope you had a nice trip to the old world last summer, and also to the West. General, these people make out very bad by working on shares. They make large crops, but at the end of the year there is nothing coming to them, so they are hard up from one year to another. I saw how they were doing, and advised them to buy themselves horses; some of them listened to me and some would not; I think I came to my old State and planted myself down exactly where I was needed. I have been teaching here for six years and they still want me as a worker among them, although I have had some very great discouragements and about give up sometimes. I hope you had a large school this year. I wish you would *please send some reading matter*, and a catalogue of the school. I am working hard trying to buy me a home, too. I thought that would be an example and encourage others to do so. I shall be happy to hear from you at any time.

Yours, as ever, P.

A THEOLOGICAL RAGMAN.

A young man who has for several years since his graduation been working for himself, among good friends near Boston, feeling his responsibility towards his people, has now buckled on his armor and gone into the middle of the fight in a country settlement of the South. Some things naturally surprise him, yet he feels encouraged.

"I organized a Sunday School last Sunday. Very few of the children have bibles. I find the block board helps wonderfully when books are scarce.

The colored people have no churches; only have preaching every three weeks. I heard the minister preach last Sunday. The height of his aim was to get a shout from the sisters. After the sermon he called on me to say a few words, which I did.

I met a colored man peddling around town, and buying rags, &c. During a conversation with him, he told me he was a Baptist minister and a graduate of the Theological Institute at ——

Mrs. D.——, just think of a man like that; for if there is any thing wanted among our people, it is educated preachers. The only reason he gave for his retrogression was, "preaching don't pay."

Many thanks for the offer to send me reading matter; but my Massachusetts friends keep me very well supplied with the Boston papers. If you could send me a Virginia paper occasionally I would be glad of it.

I have talked with the best white citizens of the town as to the general condition of my people here. They say they have made little progress since the surrender. "It is true," said one, "the most of them own the spot they have their little huts upon, but outside of that they own nothing; the greater portion can scarcely make their points meet." One scarcely sees a colored man decently dressed. When our people don't have a place to worship God in, we can pretty well guess how they are getting along. Says Dr.——, "A colored man's cabbage and religion stand first." I was very sorry to see the people here so very fond of their drum. I hope to be able to speak to them on this subject soon.

After all their faults I find them very anxious to have their children learn and make all the progress they can, which is very encouraging to me. I shall try, by the help of God, to do all the good I can. I undoubtedly do miss my pleasant Northern home. Sacrifices must be made to accomplish any good in this world. Please tell Gen. Marshall his letter was received. Many thanks for his kindness. Am sorry I could not come by Hampton. My best regards to all my dear Hampton friends. I could write more if time would permit.

Your pupil, C.

OFFERED A WHITE SCHOOL.

A young woman graduate writes to a kind friend, who sends us her letter:

——N. C.,
November, 28 1881.

Mr. B.

My good Friend:

I received the two papers and package of books by mail. Many thanks for them. I was more than glad to have the Southern Workman. I well remember President Garfield's speech at Hampton. I enjoyed that and many interesting pieces in the Southern Workman. I am getting on nicely with my school. It has increased ever so much. I had an offer of taking a white school near me, but I refused because I knew I had enough to do to teach my own color.

Yours gratefully, K.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL WITH ONE BIBLE.

A young woman who was a faithful student and is now as faithful a teacher, gives a graphic account of the work she is pursuing under many difficulties, that might daunt many a Northern Normal School graduate.

——Va.,
November, 1881.

The people here are very anxious to have their children learn, although they are very poor, and have to work for very small wages. This is a new school and I have to labor under many difficulties. I am getting along nicely, and both parents and scholars seem to be highly pleased with me.

My school house is very uncomfortable. It is an old house that was used for a dwelling house, with a large, open fire place in it, which I am glad to use when it is cold, as I have not any stove. My house is well ventilated, with holes large enough in the sides of the house to look out of doors, and a large window, without either wood or glass in it; but the latter I expect to have in soon.

I was sent to teach in this house, with only a few rough benches in it; without either maps, charts, blackboard, or any thing of the kind. By hard labor I have been able to get a blackboard, and some of the parents have promised to make the house more comfortable for the winter. I have taught here successfully one month, and made out my report and sent it in. It was said to be correct.

I have started a Sunday school, that I enjoy very much. Many of the parents and older scholars, who cannot attend in the week, come on Sunday and try to learn. I have generally from ten to twenty seven scholars every Sunday, and the people seem to like it very much. Among this number I found *only one singing book and one Bible.* Some of the parents, who can read, have sent and asked me to give them an old Testament. This I did, and was sorry I could not do more. I have been trying to get some more books and papers for my school, and would be pleased if you would assist me in trying to carry on this good work.

I have a very nice place to board, not very far from my school house. I like it very much and the people are real kind. Give my love to all of my old teachers, and tell them, I am trying to do all that I can to improve my race. I never will forget their kindness to me while at Hampton.

The people that I board with tell me that I ought not to work so hard, I will soon wear myself out; but I tell them "The harvest is great and laborers are few, therefore I must do all that I can."

If Miss Cleveland is there give my best love to her, and tell her many thanks I owe her for that nice book she gave me before I left there. I find much pleasure in reading it, and as the people like to have me read for them, I take great pleasure in reading to them from this good book which they enjoy to hear.

The people only have church here once a month, so on Sundays the only thing I can find to interest me is to read when I do not attend church.

Please send me some papers, if you have any, for I am thirsty for some. Will you please inform me what they charge the graduates for the Southern Workman, by the year?

Your Scholar, class of '81.

REPORT FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

A graduate of the class of '78, who after a two year's clerkship, took a school in his own state, sends the following report of the condition of things about him:

S. C., Nov, 28, 1881.

Dear Friend:

I have commenced my work earlier this year. The people in this state and especially this part, are doing remarkably well in some respects, but in *others* we find the same drawbacks, which I am convinced are to be found the South over, and wherever the colored people are thickly settled and ignorant.

Among a majority of them, I find eager desire to learn everything pertaining to their advancement, but I am sorry to say there are some who have *no* desire to be educated or have their children so. Apparently they are satisfied with their present educational attainments, and seem to have ambition only so far as amassing property is concerned. I know several families who keep their children continually employed working, trying to get rich, saying if they can get rich they will be able to go where and do whatsoever an educated man can. Happily, this is not the idea of the majority.

In this county the colored people have a taxable property of some five or six million dollars, all collected since the rebellion, so you can judge from this that they have not been idle.

Most all of them have nice, comfortable homes, and live chiefly by farming on the same rent system so common South. Yet quite a number have bought their own lands, and thus farm independently, and rent to their neighbors at a cheaper rate than the whites, making land renting an interesting competition.

This year I am teaching by myself, and have some scholars who are well fitted for the middle class at Hampton.

Gen. Armstrong's name and Hampton Institute's have become now almost a household word with my pupils and their parents. Many of them are very anxious to come to H., but as usual poverty is the great preventive.

I find morality in a sad condition; also temperance.

The young men I have organized into a small debating society. We meet twice each week, when I read the important news from my paper, after which they discuss such subjects as they can master. Gradually I shall try and work in a Temperance pledge. It is useless just now to attempt it.

If you see fit to give this a place in your "Workman," that my school mates may know I am not yet a deserter from the ranks of the Hampton Graduate phalanx, and that I am still bearing the same spear, and battling with the common enemy who is so well fortified in this my "*Palmetto State*," I will ha much obliged.

Sincerely yours. B.

FROM TWO OF THE HAMPTON SINGERS.

Two of the original band of "Hampton Students," who went through the North eight years ago, while the walls for Virginia Hall rose in time with their songs, write pleasantly of their present good work as teachers. One writes a joint letter with his wife.

——, Va., Nov. 21, 1881.

Dear Teacher:

I have been teaching ever since I left Hampton, with the exception of two sessions; during which time I went to school at the Show University, for the purpose of completing a scientific course. I have a very large and flourishing school. My school numbers fifty-two pupils, and a prospect of a good many more after the people get through sowing wheat. I teach ten months in a year, and my wages are thirty dollars per month. The Board has given me two schools, and as soon as I finish one school the other one is waiting for me. The Board told me that they wanted me to teach all the time, and that I should have a school as long as I would teach for them. I am teaching in a poor community, and am surrounded by ignorance, vice and immorality.

I hope you will write and send me some good advice.

I am ever your your loving pupil, B.

——, N. C., Nov. 14, 1881.

Dear Friend:

The school here will not begin as early this year as it did last year, nor will it run as long.

The Committee have bought land and are building a large school house, which will cut the money short. It is generally desired that I should teach again, which I think of doing. Although the term will be comparatively short, I want to teach that I may the better perceive the fruits of my first work.

I have lost my classmates. There are no Hamptonians nearer me than Greensboro.

Rhoda is at Mt. Airy. Ella and I are doing the best we can; we have three children now. We live happy together, and to provide for our little ones and the future existence of our souls is our greatest aim.

The S. W. brings good news from Hampton. The Lord has blessed and continues to bless the school. Our love to you and our other friends there, for the older we get the more we love you for the good you have done us.

Your loving pupils,
W. and E.

A FRIEND GONE.

The death of the Hon. Charlee Benedict, of Waterbury, Conn., on his way home from a foreign trip, is to Hampton Institute the loss of a long tried and valued friend. A public-spirited, noble hearted man, holding the many interests in his own community which such men are always over burdened with, his vacant place there will be long mourned, as well as in the genial family circle whose centre he was. He has been for many years a steady giver to Hampton, an interested attendant at its anniversaries, and helper of its causes which were near his heart. His loss is personal and great to those who represent the school.

Ptolemy must have been mistaken in declaring there was no royal road to mathematics. Or, if there was none then, it has been laid out now, and Profs. Geo. A. Walton, and Edwin P. Seaver are the engineers who have "cast up the highway and gathered out the stones" for the progress of the young American sovereigns. If there is anything nearer perfection in the shape of a school book than their "Franklin Arithmetics"—Primary, Elementary and Written—published by Wm. Ware & Co., 47 Franklin St., Boston, we should be pleased to see it. We would we were a child again for the fun of studying them. The Primary is used by the Practice Teaching class at Hampton Institute with great benefit.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

There has never been a time when the Indians at Hampton could be reported on more favorably than now. Inquiring at the class-rooms, work shops, and farm, I get this answer—"They are improving." The new Indian boys are doing creditably at their different occupations, and seem industrious as well as apt at their trades.

"GOD GIVING DAY."

During the Thanksgiving week, I gave them an idea why the day was called "Thanksgiving"—and what every one's especial duty was. I told them that perhaps several of us would be dead before another Thanksgiving rolled around, and before ONE HUNDRED Thanksgivings, very few people who now live would be alive. I never saw a class so much interested in a little talk in my life as they were. While I was talking to them, I observed two boys in the class with tears in their eyes. The next day, the day before Thanksgiving, I thought I would see if they remembered anything I had told them on Monday. I asked them what to-morrow would be.

A bright-eyed little boy from Arizona spoke up before the others and said—"God giving day." This answer caused some confusion at first; but I soon made them see that his answer was not so silly as they thought. The day after Thanksgiving, the most of them thought, after enjoying such a nice dinner, that it was a "God giving day."

A BLACK HAWK.

In years previous, our Indians have been mixed, full-blood and half breed; some were of English, French and Spanish parentage on one side; but not until now have we had any of African parentage. When Capt. Brown arrived, he brought with him a boy named Frank Black-Hawk, whose father was a colored man. Frank is a very bright boy, speaking very good English, but at the same time loves better his native tongue, the Sioux language. It seemed to cause general satisfaction among the colored students, when they saw him. He likes colored boys very well, but Indians better. He mostly associates with Indian boys, who seem to appreciate him as much as any among them.

SKILFUL FINGERS.

The Indian's power of imitation is wonderful. There is a boy among the new Indians who has learned the language of four different tribes, and who will soon speak English well. He is also very bright in other respects. His name in English, is "Cracking Wing," a name containing eight of the most difficult letters of our alphabet. I wrote his name and told him, (by signs,) to copy it. He smiled pleasantly in my face as a sign of "All right," I passed on to my next boy, and so on until I had gone two-thirds around the class, when I felt some one pulling me by the coat-tail. I looked around and found Cracking Wing trying to call attention to his copy. I went over, and to my surprise I really found the name written STRAIGHT, as well as plainly. Any person could have read it without the slightest difficulty.

The Indian can certainly use his fingers with great skill. Among the best writers in school, you will find some Indian boys.

HABITS AND MANNERS.

Thursday of every week, a short time is devoted to "Habits and Manners." A committee is appointed, whose business it is to watch and note every unbecoming thing that is done at the table. The last report was given in as follows, by a bright and very lady-like little girl: "I saw Indian girls leave their seats while eating dinner, without permission. I don't think that nice." It was put to vote and unanimously declared to be wrong. One of the boys reported that bread was thrown upon the floor. This was decided to be "*very impolite*," and at the last meeting, such things were only spoken of as things of the past.

The Senior Indian boys are happily engaged in preparing to get up their last little Christmas dinner, of which we will speak in our next number.

ORPHEUS MCADOO,
Successor to J. C. Robbins and B. T. Washington, in charge of Indian boys.

THE GIRL'S ACHIEVEMENTS.

This month many new garments have been made by the girls, both old students and new—a good many under-garments, and some calico dresses. Two of the girls who have been here over two years, did every stitch of work on their dresses, (by hand,) and cut them out themselves. They were very nicely done. Most of the others did all the sewing but the button holes. Three others can saw very nicely on the machine, and one so well that she takes her regular work day in the industrial room with the smartest of the colored girls. The girls are now greatly interested in finishing up "for Christmas" the flannel dresses which did not get quite done for Thanksgiving. The new girls are improving very much indeed—faster than any other set we have had. Some room with colored girls, and they seem to like each other very much. The room work is divided between the room-mates—one has the washstand and scrap-basket, and the other the table and floor—while each takes care of her own bed and wardrobe and bureau drawers.

All the girls wash and iron their own clothes. Some had probably never known such luxury as clean clothes, while others had been nicely trained—but they all do very well, even some of the smallest.

WANTS TO COME BACK.

I have had this nice little note from one of the girls who went home to Dakota. We heard that she had gone back to the camp, rather than to take a place to work offered her at the Agency, but perhaps that was only because she wanted to be with her own people, as any girl would—or they wanted her. It seems at any rate from this note, that she appreciates Hampton:

Standing Rock Agency,
Dakota Territory, Dec. 8th, 1881.

My dear Miss L. A. M.

I want to write to you a few lines. Please write to me so soon as you can. I always Remember you, and Miss E. too. Please tell Miss Eland Gen. Armstrong, I want to come back at Hampton again. I don't like to stay at Dakota, I want come back, so bad. I always think about you. I would not like to stay at Dakota Territory. Please tell Miss E. and Gen. Armstrong I want to come back at Hampton again. I am very sorry that I left Hampton. I want come. Please write to me. Good by. Please give my love to Emily. Write to me soon as you can.

From your Indian.
Good by."

LOVEY A. MAYO,
In charge of Indian girls.

CARPET BAG WORDS.

The delight of Alice in Wonderland in the discovery of remarkable "portmanteau words" has been shared by the advance guard of Indian explorers in the wonderland of English language. They have had great pleasure and amusement in rolling up such bulky phrases as *in this place, in that house, at this time, on that occasion, to any place, before breakfast, after school time*, and packing them away in their clever little carpet bags *here* and *there*, *now* and *then*, *early* and *late*, while sometimes they are amused to find they can take more out of the "wonderful bag" than they have put in, and get quite excited in seeing how many different things they can find in one. Such devices interest and help them in the construction of the language, and they are making new progress in mastering it. Here are a few specimens of their practice in packing and unpacking carpet bags, and two or three of the very nice and handsomely written notes they kindly sent to one of their teachers who has been disabled for awhile from the pleasant task of leading their explorations. All are uncorrected.

Carpet-bags given to unpack: *wooden, eastward, here, somewhere, everywhere, late.* They were unpacked as follows:

"That chair is made *of wood.*"
"It is getting light *toward the east.*"
"I study *in this room.*"
"I hear a noise——where is it?"
"The little lambs go *where they want.*"
"The breeze blew very softly *after sundown.*"

Indian Cottage, Dec. 9, 1881.

Miss——

Dear Teacher,

I am very sorry you are sick. You do not know how much we miss you in the recitation room since you got hurt. We know that you like to teach us, and we feel bad you are not able to come and teach. But I hope you will soon get well is the wish of

Your pupil——

Dear Madam;

I was thinking of you when I was studying Grammar because one of the sentences is very hard, and I dont know what it means thats the reason I am thinking of you. I wish you was here so that you will tell me what it means. we are sad that you sick and we did not see you several days.

Very Respectfully

Dear Madam;

I would like to say something about our grammar teacher, she teach us just as same as you do, and we are very glad to have it.

Very Respectfully——.

And here are two notable notes to the Principal.

"General Armstrong,
Sir,

I want stay here four years because I want learn my trade very well so when I go back to my people I will try to teacher my friends, when I get my money I will put 50¢ in the office, so when I go home you will buy me some too's."

The original spelling of *beat* in the following rather turned the laugh from the girls on to the writer, though but a slip of the pen. The chirography was like copper-plate.

General Armstrong,
Sir,

I want to say something about our rooms, our rooms are very clean, and we make bed very well indeed, and I guess we hit the girls in keeping rooms.

Very Respectfully,

REMOVAL OF SITTING BULL.

Ft. Yates, D. T., Sept. 11, 1881.

A rumor of the intention of the authorities at Washington to remove Sitting Bull from this Post to Fort Randall had reached us some time ago, but was not credited by the officers of this command till the order actually came a few days since.

Whatever may be the motive or reason for this step, there can be no question about its inexpediency, nor its moral effect upon the Indians who remain at Standing Rock, as well as the little band who go with the downfallen chief.

A party of ladies and gentlemen from the Post were visiting the camp when Sitting Bull was informed that he was to go with his band to Fort Randall. He received the news in sullen silence, and for considerable time made no demonstration nor gave any sign of obedience to the order of the Sergeant of the guard to remove his camp to the river bank where he was to await the arrival of the steamer. He was very reluctant to leave Standing Rock, where many of his relations are located and where the rest of his once powerful tribe are comfortably cared for.

Allison, the interpreter, had either incidentally or intentionally deceived him. He had "talked crooked" to him, and promised him that if he would come quietly from Fort Buford he should remain at Standing Rock with his friends. The order for him to remove his camp was repeated, but still he sat motionless and grave, till a troop of artillery which had been ordered out in fear of his resistance to the order, came dashing over the prairie from the Fort, half a mile distant. They halted at the edge of the little encampment where Sitting Bull stood in the midst of his handful of brave followers. *Brave* they undoubtedly are, and they stood by their chief with determined faces that gave no sign of fear. I think there are but fifty men in all, and of these, at least two-thirds were old and crippled. With the air of a conquered emperor the old warrior drew his blanket around him and gave command to take down the tipis; then turning to Allison, he raised his brawny arm and waved him off, saying: "You have dealt falsely with me and talked fiva ways," (which he indicated by expanding out his fingers.)—"Dare not to come to my tipi or *wash-suchee 'suchee nepo*, the lying white man dies! I was the last of my people to surrender, but my women and children were starving. I gave myself up and they promised me I should come and stay at Standing Rock, where all my people are. I have never killed a white man but in battle; and never hurt the women and children; but they send me away where there are no Indians, and drag my poor old people away to die among the soldiers. My heart is bad and I will die here where I belong. Let my women and children stay here, and take me and my braves. We will take the worst." These are as nearly as possible his exact words as Philip Wells interpreted them for me; and it would have been a hard heart indeed, that did not melt under his impassioned address. But the order was imperative, and he must move on to meet the boat. Again raising his hand he waved Allison off with great dignity and strode down the hill, followed by his little band, all wailing and moaning piteously. The company of infantry, (their usual guard) and a troop of cavalry moved behind them, and presented a sadly interesting picture.

For some reason the boat which was hourly expected was delayed for two days. During that time we visited the camp twice and talked with Sitting Bull and some of the young braves, with his niece, a young half-breed, for interpreter.

The last time I was there a young man, Ster Voice, nephew of Sitting Bull, came up and took hold of my horse's bridle and examined the horse quite critically. After pronouncing him 'wash-te,' (good), he seemed disposed to linger near me, and as he was remarkably handsome, as well as bright, I felt somewhat flattered by his notice and asked him if he would like to stay. I shall never forget his look. So loyal and frank as he turned toward his uncle and said: "I will die where *he* dies." "Good!" we all exclaimed, and I shook hands with him. Still he lingered beside me, and then I noticed that his eye was fixed longingly upon a little lead pencil which I had hung on one of the buttons of my riding habit, by means of a little tin cap and ring on the end. Now, I had the secret of his admiring glances—alas! for my vanity; it was my pencil he wanted. So I quickly untied the blue ribbon and presented it to him.

He was delighted, and drew from under his blanket an old, worn, leather note book that some one had given him, in which he treasured up his pass, and laid the pencil beside it with the utmost care, and stowed them away again under his blanket. Again we shook hands as people do who perfectly understand each other, and we parted.

We took advantage of our opportunity to say a kindly word to Sitting Bull, and found him quite ready to listen and talk with us. His gallantry toward the fair sex is proverbial, and I have always found him good humored and ready to talk.

We expressed our regret at his going away and said we should cry, at which he laughed quite heartily, but soon relapsed into his usual sullen mood. After telling him we thought no harm would come to him or his people if he went quietly on the boat, he told his niece to tell us he believed what the women said, and had made up his mind to go. So we said "How" to all the braves and to some of the squaws who had crowded around us, and left the camp.

There being some apprehension that the Uncapapas, headed by Gall, would make an attempt to join Sitting Bull and resist the military, a strong guard, consisting of both infantry and cavalry, were stationed round the encampment, and the entire force at the Post was held in readiness to be called out at a moment's notice.

Undoubtedly the Uncapapas were armed themselves with such weapons as they could command, and as we rode from the camp at sun-set we met Gall, apparently reconnoitering on the bluffs. He did not greet us with the usual "How," and when I extended my hand to him I fancied a sardonic grin upon his face. We passed some anxious hours that night, for had the Indians dared to attack the Post we had but two small companies of infantry to defend it; the garrison being divided between the Post and the Indian camp down the river.

On the arrival of the boat the next day, we started out, nothing daunted, to the bluffs, where we had a good view (with glasses) of the landing. The Indian police had been sent out to keep the Agency Indians back from the river—but we could see them coming across the prairie in scores in every direction. No attempt was made however to pass the picket line. We waited with anxious hearts to see the tipis taken down—for we were fearful that, at the last, Sitting Bull would become obstinate and carry out his threat to die here.

We could hear the weird cries of the women and children where we stood, and once there was an unusual wailing and singing, which was very dismal. One of the squaws had frantically stabbed her papoose and was about to kill herself when the interpreter—Wells, interfered and prevented her. The poor baby was left dead on the ground, beside a man who was sick and too nearly dead to be removed.

After the boat moved off, some Indians from the outer camp came and removed the dead baby and dying man. Sitting Bull made a slight effort to run the guard, but finding it utterly useless he slowly and sullenly went on board without further trouble.

The garrison has been reinforced by one company from Lincoln and there is no longer any fear of *present* trouble. What the spring time may bring us, we know not. There is no doubt here but that Sitting Bull will come back if it be possible for him to escape the vigilance of his guard at Randall.

THE CHEROKEE INDIANS, the most civilized nation in the Indian Territory, number 20,000 actual citizens. They support 107 schools, in which the instruction is given in English, a boys' high school, a girls' high school, an orphan asylum, an asylum for the insane, blind and indigent, and other public institutions. Out of 5169 men over eighteen years of age, only 10 are hunters and five fishermen; 3556 are farmers, and the rest are professional men, merchants, mechanics and laborers.

SKETCHES OF MISSION LIFE.

BY MRS. C. C. ARMSTRONG.

REMOVAL TO HONOLULU.

The first of August, 1840, found us camped down in a grass house in Honolulu waiting for Mr. Bingham to leave. Our oldest child, the little one who came to Death's door on her way to Tahiti, was now eight years old, bright, active and well. She had been offered a home and education in the United States, and we dreaded to have her remain on the Islands where there were no English Schools, and where the inevitable contact with heathen manners and morals was almost certainly fatal to a child's purity of character.

My heart shrank from the sacrifice as never before in multiplied trials. How could I let my little one go, never again to care for, caress and guide her, never again to sympathize with and kiss away the childish sorrows which even her short life had already tasted? I understood as never before the meaning of "separating joints and marrow," but we leaned upon and trusted in the Everlasting Arm, while we watched our darling go from us, praying only that the bitter cup might never be repeated.

So we moved into the house left by Mr. Bingham, while our thoughts followed the birdling which had flown from the nest. I had obtained all the information I could from Mrs. Bingham in regard to her work among the native, in the hope of keeping it up until her return. But the birth of my seventh child, a daughter, and the period of feeble health which followed it, made it impossible for me to do more than to hold a weekly Bible class and prayer meeting for the women.

Before Mr. Bingham left he had gathered the materials for, and nearly laid the walls of, a new church, which was to be of coral stone, 144 ft. long and 80 ft. wide, and this building Mr. Armstrong undertook to finish. He had a congregation of 3000 people to look after, besides schools and various other duties, and as means were limited and workmen insufficient, it is not to be wondered at that he was nearly two years in completing this undertaking, nor that having accomplished it, he should break down entirely, with symptoms, which, for some time, threatened his life.

He gradually recovered, but there was always so much to be done! We had many more comforts in Honolulu than ever before, but here, besides our ordinary labors and cares, there was constant company to be entertained, which sometimes taxed our resources severely. Ships of war and whale ships brought visitors, often of distinction, and often agreeable, desirable acquaintances, the efforts to entertain whom were appreciated. Then, too, we tried to relieve each other as much as possible by receiving those of our little mission circle, who, on other islands, were worn out with hard work and isolation, and sometimes a temporary change in the shape of a visit to Honolulu, was often a great comfort. Not the least perplexing of our social duties was the entertainment of chiefs, and altogether my life in Honolulu, with all my little children, was too much for my strength, and after my eighth child was born, I found it necessary to give up my family cares and go to a friend on another Island, for rest, quiet and change of air. I could not bear to leave my little ones to the care of friends, and though for myself I would have chosen rather the eternal rest, for the children's sake I made a desperate effort and embarked on one of the filthy schooners which were always a terror to me. I remember landing from it in a canoe and lying down on the sandy shore awaiting the friends who were to come for me, in such utter helplessness and loneliness as I think I should never have rallied from, had it not been for the overpowering desire for cool air and water and to get away from the sea smells, which gave me strength, somehow, to cling to the horse's back, when at last my friends arrived.

A few days' rest and refreshment at the mission house helped me much, and I was preparing to go on to another station, when a sudden relapse came and brought me so low that as soon as I had recovered enough to be moved it seemed best to send me directly home rather than that I should die among strangers. When I reached Honolulu I was completely prostrated and was carried to the house, in an entirely helpless state. But it was so pleasant to meet my dear ones again, well and happy, that I revived once more, and acquiesced in the doctor's decision that I must go at once to the Island of Hawaii for weeks or perhaps months of rest and quiet. My husband must of course accompany me, the three oldest children we could place in the mission boarding school which had recently been established, while the little ones were left with friends.

Under these circumstances I started upon the only journey which I made to Hawaii during all the years of my residence on the Islands. Another schooner voyage of nine days, with the usual details of sickness, dirt, natives and fleas, was unmerable, but when we landed, I found, after a few hours rest in a tolerably clean grass house, that I was really better. Two scrawny horses, neither easy nor docile, were brought us, and we began to ascend the slopes of Hawaii through a path bordered by shrubs and woodlands. Soon the climate changed; we were obliged to put on cloaks, and the mountain rain drove in our faces like New England sleet in autumn. A tiresome, but invigorating ride brought us to the door of a former shipmate who received us most cordially. How refreshing was the cool, bracing air, in the midst of that beautiful country, where all around us we could see the results of the work of a faithful man and his wife. A rest of a few days was followed by another ride of twenty miles over a somewhat rough path, to another mission station. I remember the answer which the natives whom we met used to make to our enquiries as to the distance we had to go "If you ride it is so far, (naming a certain distance,) if you walk, we don't know how far it is." And I remember too, how in those long rides, so free from noise, confusion and care, I would fancy myself once more a child on the dear New England farm, and live in by-gone days, till the surroundings, and my own frail body and mind, would eclipse the bright vision, and nothing would be left but the intense desire which had given it birth.

At Kohala, with the Rev. Mr. Bond, we had another delightful rest, and then rode down to the coast to embark in a canoe for a day's somewhat dangerous journey. That night was spent in a grass house on a mat bed, with the unvarying accompaniment of dogs and fleas, and the next morning wayward horses took us through a rough and hilly country to the house of friends near Kealakekua Bay, the spot where Capt. Cook was killed. There is little doubt, I suppose, that his fate was the result of his own recklessness. He invaded the enclosure which surrounded the sacred treasures of the natives and exasperated them. When they saw him smoke, they said, startled by the clouds which rolled from his mouth, "he is a god"—but when in anger they struck him and he screamed, they said "he is no god; he is like other men"—and they no longer feared to kill him.

Near by was the spot where, tradition says, Henry Obokeiah was born, but there is nothing to mark the spot except a cocoanut palm which the natives told us was planted by him. I obtained a leaf from it and braided it into a fan, in memory of the boy whose life had always been interesting to me.

In order to pass over the broken lava which lay before us, remains of an old flow from Kilauea, we were obliged to take mules, and the journey over the black and stony desert was depressing to the mind and fatiguing to the body. Towards night we arrived at a little native village, where there was fertile soil, bananas, taro, sweet potatoes, and a grass house wherein the best bed (a few coarse mats with a stone pillow) was offered us. The invigorating air had given us appetites, and we managed almost to enjoy the chicken and sweet potatoes which the natives cooked for us, while they very thoroughly enjoyed watching the awkwardness with which we used our fingers in place of knives and forks, of which there were none to be had. After supper they brought a Testament for Mr. Armstrong to hold family worship, and I shall never forget the delight they took in their own singing. The next morning we resumed our journey, conducted for some miles by a voluntary escort of our native friends.

THE CRATER.

We went on up the mountain side, over the endless lava beds, with no adventure, except that my mule on arriving at one of the streams which we had to ford, entirely refused to move, as a result of which I had to be carried across on the back of a native, while the stubborn animal was literally shoved across by several men, who put the branch of a tree across his hind-quarters, and taking hold of the ends, walked him over, to his own great surprise. However, he redeemed his character afterwards by passing calmly over the cracks in the lava, which were really alarming, and walking steadily upon the very verge of the crater.

When we arrived at this little grass house which stood on the edge of the volcano, I was too exhausted to think of descending into the crater, and could only stand on the verge of the precipice and look down upon the surging, fiery billows which lashed each other in awful fury, while the earth roared like thunder beneath my feet. A bank of sulphur lay near, glittering yellow in the sunlight, while steam poured everywhere from the crevices in the rocks, and every cranny was filled with the pure distilled water.

It was a sight full of terrible suggestions, making humanity seem weak and insignificant: but we had little time to spend in its contemplation, for we had found letters informing us that an English ship of war had arrived in Honolulu, and that great anxiety was felt as to its object. Every pastor was needed at his post, and the king and chiefs who were Mr. Armstrong's parishioners, stood in especial need of counsel and advice.

So after a lunch and short rest, we hurried on over grass covered hills; through woodlands, where large and lofty trees, festooned with wild vines, were surrounded by thick shrubbery and bright flowers, following the stony, muddy trail. Now and then a wild bullock would appear, but he was more frightened than we, and our journey was undisturbed even by the song of birds, until night found us, protected from the rain by a grass house, where we were kindly received, and amidst general dampness and filth, were treated to chicken, which was principally feathers, and roast sweet potatoes which fortunately were eatable.

The natives dried our clothes for us, and as usual, seemed to like to have us join them in their simple worship, doing all that they could, according to their light, to make us comfortable. We started on the next morning over a rough trail, and after a long, wet ride, were glad to come in sight of the bright and verdant village of Hilo, where a kind welcome to a good house, clean bed, and appetizing food, were indeed luxuries.

We were obliged to wait for a few days, as there was no vessel leaving immediately, and it was most pleasant for us to find here as everywhere else on our journey, how good a work civilization and Christianity had done among the people, how marked were the effects of the influence and instruction of the missionaries.

RETURN HOME.

It was delightful to get back once more to our own home, though I was still too weak to undertake family cares, and was obliged to leave my older children in school, while my poor little pining baby was soon taken from me to better guardianship than mine. His death made Heaven seem nearer and earthly cares less pressing, but as I gradually gathered strength, I found no lack of work awaiting me.

The state of public affairs in Honolulu on our return is thus chronicled by my husband, "Feb. 26th, '43. For a few days past the "plaintive language of the Psalmist has been "often on my lips 'Lo, then would I wander a-" "far off and remain in the wilderness——" "for I have seen violence and strife in the" "city.' The excitement in Honolulu has" "been unparalleled, Americans, French, and" "English all concerned for their respective" "interests. Lord Paulet has pressed such" "heavy claims against the government, and" "with such force, having a frigate at hand" "to back him up, that the King and Chiefs" "yesterday ceded the government of the Is-" "lands provisionally, to her majesty the Queen" "of Great Britain, and at four o'clock yes-" "terday afternoon the British flag was hoist-" "ed in the Fort." Although this action of Lord Paulet's was speedily set aside by Admiral Thomas, who being on the coast of California sailed directly for the Islands, and on July 31st of the same year, lowered the English flag and restored the Hawaiian colors, yet the effects of it were not so easily overcome. The evil influences left by the English ship-of-war were hardly to be measured, and we soon found that it would have been well for the future of the Islands, if the condition of the people could have been as easily restored as was the flag of the nation.

Our church was scourged with immorality, and had it not been for the strength gained during his visit to Hawaii, my husband would have been quite overwhelmed by the work presented to him. I found that the native women had kept up the weekly prayer meeting among themselves, and I returned to my work there with renewed interest. At times I had as many as four or five hundred present, some of whom would walk several miles, with their Bibles and hymn books carefully wrapped up in bark cloth. I read to them from Scripture, making familiar explanations, and personal illustrations, encouraging them to ask questions and express their own views. They enjoyed their own discordant singing, and their prayers were apt to be very protracted. I was often obliged to interrupt them, but they always took it kindly, the greatest difficulty being always the ludicrous element which in some form or other was sure to present itself, they, of course, having no sense of the incongruities which struck us so forcibly.

CHRISTIAN FAMILIES.

There could be no doubt, I think, that the chief influence for good which we exercised over these people, was the example of Christian family life, and yet how difficult it was to train our own children in the midst of all this barbarism! Infanticide was common, and they seemed in no way to have any conception of home or permanent family ties. This arose partly from the fact that the lower classes were kept in subjection by the chiefs, and could own nothing. Whatever they might accumulate might be taken from them at any moment by the whim of a chief, and this produced migratory habits, which it was impossible to overcome, until Kamehameha III gave lands to the people, and enabled those who had sufficient industry and determination, to own their own homes. Gradually we could see that the way in which foreigners loved and cared for their children, was having its effect upon the natives, who were very imitative, and I found that a very important part of my work came to consist in visiting from house to house, commonly taking my children with me, a native woman carrying the baby.

It was pleasant to be out of doors, except just at midday, and as the years went on it was pleasant to see how the better class of the people collected comforts and conveniences about them, grew more cleanly, and grateful for suggestions as to improvements. They would seek for advice as to the government of their children, and while the lower classes, as I have said, showed little affection and were very neglectful, it was noticeable that the children of the chiefs were petted and indulged far more than was good for them.

My own family was large, I had at this time eight living children, (all of whom lived to man and womanhood,) and the wonder was that I had survived the manifold vicissitudes of my life. After my last child was born, I had, as may be imagined, my hands full at home, but I was loth to give up the special missionary work which I had undertaken, and opportunities seemed to come unasked for.

My husband broke down under his incessant care and hard work, and was obliged to go to Hawaii to rest. He was absent for seven weeks, and during this time, there was an increase of religious interest among our church people, which, to me, was too full of promise and hope to be disregarded. As the people came to us for instruction, I had not the heart to turn them away, and after much prayer and self-searching, I resolved for the time to lay down, as far as possible, my family cares, and devote myself directly to the church. I organized meetings for both sexes, visited the people in their homes, and was amazed at the strength given me to do what I felt sure was God's work. The King received us most kindly, and both he and the Queen were deeply interested, and I believed affected by the influences at work around them.

When my husband returned he rejoiced greatly, and with his usual energy took up the work of which I no longer felt the responsibility, leaving me free and glad to return to my domestic duties and quiet labor among the women.

Whatever the cause or the results of this outburst of religious interest among us may have been, it was certainly a remarkable manifestation, and to me personally, was a most important experience.

THE PENSIONERS EDUCATIONAL FUND.

The suggestions in the following extract from a letter of one of our Northern friends are worth consideration. The plan of helping a worthy student to complete his course by a loan, to be returned from future earnings, so as to be again used in the cause, is a good one. We hope other Pensioners whose pensions are not required for actual needs, may follow our correspondent's examples.

* * * * * * *

Oct. 3d, 1881.

"I wish to make *one condition* in this and similar payments—that it is an advance only, and is to be returned by the student to the Institution or to myself, to be used in same way again. My belief is that the industrial education afforded at the school will increase the earning capacity of a person so much that it is not a hardship to exact this condition, and that a student is warranted in incurring the debt. Now for a *suggestion* or two. This money is from my pension, and I look forward to using more of it in the same manner. For the little additional book-keeping involved can you not keep this as a seperate fund? Call it, say, "Pension Fund" "or Pensioners' Fund" and, without mentioning my name, advertise it as such in your publications, explaining that it is from Soldiers' Pensions. The annual payment for pensions is, I believe, about $70.000.000, and there must be others like myself who feel a loss of independance in going quarterly to the Government for a pension not required for actual needs. To devote our pensions to the education of the freedmen is a fit sequel to our former service, and it may need only the suggestion to bring you some little of this large amount. I would like to hear from——— or from you concerning her."

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires our silence, which costs us nothing.

TO THE HAMPTON GRADUATES.

My dear young friends:

I hope my silence for several months past has not led you to think I have forgotten you. Far from it. As the weeks in October, November and December rolled on, I have thought of you,—some, resuming your work in places already known to you, where you were sure of a warm welcome from former pupils and their parents, while others were entering upon new fields, uncertain what trials and difficulties awaited them. My sympathy went out to all of you, with earnest aspirations for your welfare; but the pages of the "Southern Workman" have been constantly filled with such deeply interesting subjects that I was unwilling to occupy any place in its columns.

Now, however, at the beginning of a New Year, I must ask a little space, (which is always freely granted me,) to assure you of my faithful remembrance. Of course, I cannot recall all the faces that I have met so pleasantly at eight successive Commencements, but this does not prevent me from feeling a deep interest in each Hampton graduate. I hear directly or indirectly about a large number of you, and the assurance that you are fulfilling the high hopes of your Alma Mater, fills my heart with thankfulness to our Heavenly Father, who provided for you such a home and the means of education at an important period in your life, and raised up kind friends, who enabled you to enjoy its advantages. You are faithful in your work, and resolute in your determination to bestow on others the educational privileges which you received at Hampton; but I perceive in some of your letters an undertone of sadness arising from some disappointment in not being able to accomplish all you expected to do when you began to teach. You find that your efforts cannot remove the mass of ignorance and superstition around you; you are astonished at the indifference of parents to the education of their children; you are grieved by the prevailing idleness and love of pleasure, when industry and economy would enable very many to improve their condition and live comfortably at no distant period. But you must bear in mind that radical changes cannot be speedily effected. During the long years of slavery there was no incentive to make provisions for the future; all the earnings of the slaves were for the sole benefit of their masters, except in a few rare instances. How natural then was it to act upon the impulse, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Now, although this condition of things is changed, the inherited tendency to live only for the present remains.

But I hope you will be encouraged to persevere in your work. Although the field for labor is vast both in this country and in heathen lands, many faithful laborers are widely scattered, though unknown to each other. Perhaps they are, like yourselves, sometimes disheartened by the little that appears to be accomplished. Yet *that little* is of great importance. The rain drops that fall one by one on the hard rock, and sink into its crevices, finally crumble it to pieces. We are only seed-sowers; yet, through the Divine blessing, the harvest is sure. The light of a pure Christian life cannot be hid. The influence of the upright example of one who fears God and hates evil, cannot be too highly estimated. The logic of the *life* is understood by all. Let us not despise the day of small things. He that is faithful in the little, is faithful also in much. With the New Year, therefore, and with renewed dependence upon Divine help, put on the whole armor of God, which is fully described by the Apostle Paul in his epistle to the Ephesians, chap. vi: 11—18. That you may, thus equipped, be richly blessed in your work, is the desire of

Your friend,
M. A. L.

A CHILD OF HAMPTON.

A year ago, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Alabama wrote to the Principal of Hampton Institute for a Hampton graduate to establish and superintend a new Normal School for colored teachers, for which the Board had decided to appropriate $2000 for teachers' salaries. Mr. Booker T. Washington of the class of '76, then teacher in charge of Indian young men at Hampton, was heartily recommended for the position, with Miss Olivia Davideon, who, after a year at Hampton, graduated in the class of '78, and afterwards at the Framingham (Mass.) Normal School, for his assistant. On assuming his charge, Mr. Washington soon found the great necessity of providing some means of self-help for his students, and an opportunity presenting itself to secure a small farm on reasonable terms, he ventured to try it, with help of a loan from a friend at Hampton which he has already paid. The rest of the story we leave him to tell. In this courageous enterprise of two of her graduates for their people, this young offshoot of her own ideas and teachings, Hampton feels a very special interest, and knowing the workers has faith in its success.

TUSKEGEE NORMAL SCHOOL,
Tuskegee, Ala., Dec. 18, 1881.

Dear Friend:

Four months and a half ago, without a dollar of our own, we contracted to buy a farm of one hundred acres, at a cost of $500, on which to permanently locate our school. To-day the last dollar has been paid. While most of the money to pay for the farm has come from the North, the people here have not failed to help themselves. Almost one month ago, when we wanted but one hundred dollars more to complete the payment on the land, we resolved to raise that amount here in Alabama. To do this, three plans were put on foot. First, the students were to give a literary entertainment; second, a supper or festival was to come the next week after the entertainment; third, two of the leading citizens were appointed to solicit subscriptions among the whites and colored.

The students were made to understand that others were willing to help them provided they did something for themselves. With this in view they went to work, taking as little time for preparation from their regular studies as possible. In a few weeks all had their parts well learned. On the night of the exhibition, each student seemed to feel a personal responsibility. There was an air of earnestness and order in everything they did. The entertainment was attended by a good house of colored citizens and some whites. One of the latter who had already subscribed five dollars towards paying for the land, was so well pleased with the entertainment that he sent up word at the close that he would give five dollars more. Another one said that it was the best exhibition of the kind he had ever attended. From this entertainment we netted over $20.00. Directly afterwards we began preparations for the supper, Miss Davidson taking the lead. That we might incur as little expense as possible, each student having parents or friends living in town was asked to get them to give something towards the supper. Five ladies here in town kindly volunteered to assist Miss Davidson in carrying out the supper. An hour was appointed for contributions to be brought to the hall. It was a real pleasure and encouragement to see how generously the people responded. A long table was soon laden with cakes, turkeys, chickens, &c., &c. At night the people turned out *en masse*. In this also the students did not fail to do their part. The girls in our junior or highest class, originated the idea of their having a table of fancy candies, &c. They begged the money with which to carry out their plan, and from that table we realized a handsome sum. Some of the girls attended the table, while others would drum up customers. One girl played the "pea nut woman" well through the crowd, while one little fellow peddled apples for his share of the work, and another one candy. To make sure of a good attendance at the hall, fifteen young men formed themselves into a committee to canvass different parts of the town. From the supper we cleared $50.00.

Through the subscription papers we received aid from both white and colored. Almost every prominent citizen of both races, either has given something or has promised to do so soon. As a result of the exhibition, supper and subscription papers, we now have in hands $94.00, and, before this letter is read, we expect to receive enough from unpaid subscriptions to make the sum more than one hundred dollars.

While we were in the midst of carrying out the above named plans, we were very pleasantly surprised by receiving a donation of $100.00 from a lady in Boston, who has never failed to help the Negro to help himself; and in a few days more a latter came from a generous friend in Connecticut, who had already given us $200.00 towards paying for the land, saying that if we would raise $115.00 (the amount then due on the land,) in Alabama by the first of next January, he would donate to us $100.00 more with which to buy tools, seeds, &c., for the equipment of the farm. We only want twenty-six dollars more to comply with his proposition. We will get it.

Now that the farm is paid for, it should not be permitted to remain idle. Our students are too badly in need of the aid which can come from it. We want to put in a crop as soon as the weather permits. To do this we need stock, vehicles, tools, a stable, cash to pay for first year's labor, &c. What a lift up it would be to our students could we get the three or four hundred dollars needed to make this start.

One thing that probably retards the progress of education in the Normal and other high schools in the South more than anything else, is the "in and out" system. Few students are able to remain in school an entire term because they are *not able to pay board*. More than once this term when students have stayed here till their last dollar was spent, have they come to me with tears in their eyes to say, "I must go." Several are cooking for themselves, that they may squeeze through the term. We do not want our students to become objects of charity. We only want to make the school able to give them a *chance to help themselves*. Our plan will have two advantages; first, it will permit the students to remain in school; secondly, it will teach them how to labor.

In the South, education of the head and hand must go together. While the girl learns arithmetic she must learn to set a table, or she will never learn it. Trained farmers are as much needed as trained teachers.

As soon as the farm is equipped, we expect to direct our energies towards getting up a school building by next term. The present buildings on the farm will be entirely insufficient to accommodate the school next term. We may seem to be planning much, but remembering that God helps those who help themselves, we will go forward.

Yours faithfully,
B. T. WASHINGTON.

THE COLORED FAIR AT RALEIGH.

The very successful exhibition of the Colored Industrial Association of North Carolina, at Raleigh, last November, and the interest taken in it by the white people of the state, was a significant event in the progress of the race. We can give no better idea of either than to quote the account of it in the Raleigh "News and Observer," a Southern Democratic paper, merely saying on our own part that in their acknowledged position as the Southern workmen, the race hold the key to their position which it would be extremely foolish ever to be shamed out of.

"The third annual fair of the colored people of our State and at Camp Russell is largely attended by visitors, among whom are many whites. The exhibit is by far the best exhibit of the three, and shows a commendable purpose and desire for improvement which the white people rejoice to see.

The many articles of household use, clothing—cake, bread, preserves, etc., are highly creditable. In Farmer's Hall the most valuable display was made; corn, beans, peas, wheat, and Irish potatoes were excellent. The display of stock is meritorious, and of swine, splendid. The poultry exhibit is one of the best ever made in the State, and surpasses that at the State Fair. The leather exhibit was one of the best ever made in Raleigh. There is a large display of ploughs, a spring wagonette, furniture, and excellent mattresses. Six bales of remarkably choice cotton, all raised by colored men compete for Maj. Gatling's prize of $250.

The procession on the opening day was headed by Gov. Jarvis, Montford McGhee, Commissioner of Agriculture, Dr. Charles Dabney, Jr. State Chemist, Mayor Shanley and other dignitaries. Speeches were made by the Governor, the Commissioner, Dr. Dabney, Senator Vance, of N. C., Gen. Cox, Congressman from the district, and others. The Governor remarked in his highly encouraging and friendly address (reported in the "News and Observer,") "Whatever affects the colored race, which is one-third of our population, in all respects affects similarly the growth and happiness of North Carolinians. If you become industrious, enterprizing and intelligent, all the white people share in your honor and glory as much as you yourselves." Gen. Cox in similar strain declared:

"When we succeed, you succeed, and when you succeed we succeed, and when both succeed, North Carolina succeeds." And as Senator Vance exclaimed, "The world moves."

The *Alumni Journal* is a neat little sheet published and edited by resident graduates at Hampton Institute, and set up by student compositors. The December number has a sensible editorial on the above mentioned Industrial Exhibition, which remarks:

"The good effect of all such displays of material and industrial advancement among the colored people, is far reaching, and in two ways; it is an encouragement to them and an assurance to their more fortunate neighbors that they are to play a part in the history of the future. A healthy feeling of rivalry is also created, and every man who possesses any pride, is gradually drawn out and attempts to do better year after year.

Might not our people in other states follow this example?"

THE REFUGEES' STAR OF HOPE.

A little paper with this cheering title, and motto borrowed from our late beloved President Garfield's address to the Hampton students: "LABOR MUST BE—LABOR MUST BE FREE"—comes to us from Columbus, Kansas. It is the organ of the Agricultural and Industrial Institute recently established there for the refugees by the large-hearted and wise and self-denying exertions of Mrs. Elizabeth L. Comstock and Mrs. Laura L. Haviland, Johnathan E. Pickering and other noble and well known friends of the freedmen. We greatly regret to hear that Mrs. Comstock's unremitting—almost superhuman—exertions, under difficulties to have been expected and not to have been expected, have at last resulted in a serious break down in health, which we hope may be only temporary. We have in a former number given a detailed account of the Institute, and advise every one to send for the Star of Hope and learn more about it, and we are glad to do what we can to give perhaps further voice to the appeal made in its December number, hoping that many responses may keep the strong heart from faltering with the weary body.

"HOLIDAY GIFTS
TO THE
AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE
FOR PEOPLE OF COLOR.

To the cause of elevating a race which has served you in peace, fought bravely for you in war, and now in calamity begs of you a penny, not for bodily comforts, but to relieve their deformities of mind and soul.

Our daily expense, with all economy possible, is $15, which must continue during winter. Who'll send even part of a day's expenses?" Address
LAURA S. HAVILAND, *Secretary*,
Columbus, Kansas."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. W. N. Armstrong left Hampton October 8th., for the Sandwich Islands, met King Kalakana in San Francisco, and with his Majesty and other members of the suite, embarked Oct 22d, on P. M., steamer for Honolulu. The extract from his journal, which we are permitted to quote, dates from

October 29th.

Maui is now in sight. The grand lines of Haleakala move from the ocean up into the clouds. I got up early this morning The soft trade winds were blowing free. The sun was just up and flashed across the sea to the heights of the great "H use of the Sun."

"The sun arose and the billows rejoiced at his coming."
"Beautiful were his feet on the tops of the purple mountains."

It was on the slopes of this great mountain that my father commenced that work in 1832, which ended only in 1850, when he dropped it, and went into the everlasting.

* * * * * * *

Honolulu, Oct. 30th.—The steamer reached the harbor at 5 P. M. She was not expected until to-day, and the people were all caught without preparation. But the signal had been given two hours in advance and everything was done that could be done. As we entered the harbor, the three Russian frigates lying there saluted. Then the battery ashore saluted also. The sun had gone down behind the mountains and long shadows fell across Nuanu valley. The air was perfectly still and tranquil. We boarded a tug and were taken to a landing fitted up for the purpose. As we landed, the people cheered, crowds lined the docks, flags were flying everywhere, and the ministers came forward to meet us. Then we entered carriages and moved up the street, the military leading the way, and cavalry escorting us. The streets were covered with rushes and the crowd pressed close on either side of us, almost under the legs of the horses. Quite a number of arches were erected, with numerous mottoes, that put up by the Chinese being the finest of all, and attracting much attention. Although the course to the Palace was not long, it was quite a brilliant procession.

October 31st.—The holiday continues. At 11 A. M., the King received the Russian Admiral in the Government house, and also the diplomatic corps. The ministers were dressed in evening suits, with broad blue ribbons and decorations. At two o'clock the people flocked into the Palace grounds, and filed past the King. Then came the school-children, singing, and then processions on horse-back. This evening there has been a grand illumination; the crowd was let into the palace grounds; there was a parade of the firemen, and native dances. The King addressed the people, and I also made a brief speech. The kukui torches lit up the tall bamboos in the yard, and the leaves of the royal palm turned white with the light. The "hula" dancers were covered with leis, and it was a strange sight watching these pleasant, good natured, graceful people giving themselves up so completely to the fun of the moment. They sang of the glory of the old Kings and the immortality of the present King, little thinking that they, perhaps, are the last of their race.

Nov. 16th.—The King's birthday. The guns of Punch Bowl are firing, and his Majesty holds a grand reception from 12 to 2 o'clock, in Alio lani Hale. 2 P. M. The reception is over. The large Legislative Hall was dressed with flags. The diplomatic corps was present, and after the consular corps came the citizens and then the natives, one of whom, keeping up the old custom of paying tribute, threw a half dollar at the King's feet. Another handed him two dollars wrapped up in a piece of cloth. The native women were covered with leis and dressed in bright colors, and Miss Bingham's school of girls looked extremely well. After the reception the boys who have charge of the Government buildings gave a luau (native feast). I ate roast pig, but it was not like that of ancient days, nor like the sweet little fellow we had in Hampton the day before I left.

W. N. A.

FROM A LONG TRIED FRIEND OF THE COLORED MAN.

A gentleman who for over fifty years has been an active friend of the colored race, accompanied a recent generous gift to our graduate, Mr. B. T. Washington's effort in the Tuskegee Normal School, with a letter so full of kindly and valuable counsel that we fully agree with Mr. Washington's wish to give it a wider audience; only regretting that we may not add to it the force of the writer's name.—

"While it is very important to learn to read, write and cipher, it is equally important to learn to work, and to form the *habit* of industry. At great cost of life and treasure, your race have obtained freedom and the right of suffrage. Now what you need is knowledge and independence, which can only be obtained, each one for him or herself, by hard study and diligent labor. Never spend a penny for anything without full consideration of the necessity of doing it. Industry and economy lead to independence. Wealth does not always secure independence. The man with a saw-buck, who saws wood for a living, who owes no man anything, except love and good will, who lives and provides for those dependent on him with his daily earnings, is often more independent than many men with more money.

Self reliance and self-respect are important for every man and woman to have.—not pride, but consciousness of the will and ability to make a place for themselves in the world. Spend no time in making a reputation; they are often made and destroyed in an hour; but look well to the character you are making;—this is the work of a lifetime. A good character for honesty, industry,—for good will to all men, with a will and desire to do right to all; with that love to God and man, which is our reasonable service; forms a character like the marble column;—pure and white, and is only stained or marred by our own wrong-doing. The color of a man or woman will not blemish the white column; bad conduct, unkind feelings towards others will, whether they have a black or white skin.

The true glory of a man or woman is goodness:—not wealth or learning, both of which it is important to have if we make good use of them in doing good to others.

For more than fifty years I have taken a deep interest in your race, and labored for their freedom until it was obtained, and since they have been made free, I have a strong desire that by their sobriety, their industry, their diligence in well-doing, they may prove to the world that they are worthy, and that they will make a good return for all that has been done for them.

With my best wishes for your success in your efforts to raise up teachers, and to do good to your race, and to all men; with kind regard to all your teachers, and scholars, as well as yourself,

I am yours truly.

P. S. I like he pleasure of giving, but not the notoriety; therefore do not wish my name published in connection with any thing I do."

GENERAL GARFIELD'S HOME AMUSEMENTS.

A writer in the December number of the *Century*, gives a pleasant picture of the home life of our late beloved President.

"Dropping in at his house, one morning in the campaign summer of 1880, just as breakfast was over, I found the family lingering at the table while the General read from a little dictionary of words frequently mispronounced. He would spell the word, and then ask each in turn what the correct pronunciation should be. The elders were about as apt to make mistakes as the children, and a great deal of lively chat and merrimeet, and not a little instruction, resulted from the exercise. This he kept up every morning after breakfast until the book was exhausted. At another time he read the definitions of words, and the others endeavored to hit upon the exact words defined—not so easy a task as one would imagine at first thought. This was an exercise in which the children greatly delighted. When they came near the right word, the father would say "Now you are getting warm;" and when they were wide of the mark, he would say, "Cold," or "Very cold." He had the natural gift of teaching—the faculty of making a diversion of study, and developing the thinking powers of the student. His family was always a school, and yet there was nothing in the least formal or pedantic in his way of converting the breakfast-table or the evening fireside circle into a class-room. It interested the children more than play. Whether the exercise was an object-lesson, or a study in mathematics or language, or a talk on the science of familiar things, the father so illustrated it with his own fresh thoughts that it became an entertainment."

THRIFTY NEGRO FARMERS.

The list of colored persons who are accumulating property, sent to the *Picayune* from Tallulah, is very promising indeed. Representing a considerable portion of Madison Parish and portions of Franklin and Richland parishes, it shows freedmen "with a fine character," "doing well," "standing high among the whites," "sustaining a good credit with the merchant," "accumulating a handsome property," "a fine and careful manager," "as good as gold," "four to five hundred dollars to their credit" besides their property, "will pay for this place this year with anything like a fair crop," etc. What better could be asked? One is tempted to inquire whether their white neighbors are doing so well. They ought to do better, but do they do as well? It is within the reasonable ambition of any healthy colored man now to own land and to establish himself in an independency. Colored men are buying land, especially in the more southern counties in States east of us, and there is no reason why they should not become attached to the soil in Louisana.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

JOHN BROWN.

BY REV. W. H. FUDNESS, D. D.

Of old John Brown my song shall be,
An upright, dowright man was he,
Who, when he saw a thing was true,
Went right ahead to put it through.

He never stopped to count the cost,
How much there might be gained or lost,
Because he said that either way
The plan he had was sure to pay.

The wise ones called John Brown a fool
Because he held the Golden Rule,
What he wished you for him to do
He was at hand to do for you.

What had men made to pass for law
With old John Brown weighed not a straw,
And, tho' enforced with all their might,
Shook not his faith that *Right is Right*.

It worked like madness in his brain
To see his brother drag a chain,
And let who would forbid or scoff,
Straight went John Brown to strike it off.

The slaves were black, but none the less
His heart was moved by their distress,
He never stopt to mind the skin,
He only saw the *Love within*.

Saw all their sorrow, all their shame,
Felt for the bound as bound with them,
Far better he were in his grave,
Than live and never help the slave.

To stay his hand, to stop his mouth,
They seized and hung him in the South,
His mouth is hush'd, his hand is still,
But old John Brown they could not kill.

For now the soul of old John Brown
Thro' all the North comes marching on,
With wild hurrahs and roll of drums,
And roar of cannon lo! it comes.

SOUTHERN AGRICULTURE.

An interesting phase of the changed conditions in the South which has recently been a good deal discussed, is the sub-division of the old plantations among a multitude of owners and tenants, and the rapid growth of small farming. At the close of the war the sub-division of land was compelled by poverty; few men had had the means to manage large plantations, and they had to be worked in small parcels or not at all. The immediate increase in the number of farms was very great. In Georgia the number of pieces set off from the great estates in the five years following 1868 was 32,824, while in Mississippi in the three years following 1867, the number of farms containing less than 20 acres increased from 2726 to 19,081. Taking, for a larger illustration, the total increase in the number of farms in the states of Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina for the past 30 years it is found that, while for ten years ending with 1860 there was a growth of but 26,712, the increase in the next decade was 39,325 and in the last—from 1870 to 1880—the number was nearly doubled, the figures for the two census years being respectively 189,227 and 368,354. In Alabama the growth which was in the first period 31.3, in the last decade emounted to 101 per cent. and in South Carolina the change was from 10.7 to 80.0 per cent. This continued sub-division is, of course, not to be ascribed to the poverty of the people, but is a part of the disintegration of the old semi-feudal order of things. There are still many large plantations in the South, and some are worked by individuals with profit, but the small farms are gaining the ascendancy, and only with them can come the generally high cultivation and thrifty ways that are inseparable from the best prosperity.

In the states of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia and South Carolina, there are now just about three times as many separate farms as in 1850; some 485,000 farms, and of these 275,000 are occupied by their owners; of this latter number 115,000 are less than 100 acres in extent, and these are largely in the hands of colored men, we may safely assume. The following table shows how the farms are held in six states:—

Farms.	Occupied by Owners.	Rented for Fixed Money Rental.	Rented for Shares of the Produce.
Alabama.	72,215	22,868	40,731
Arkansas.	65,345	9,918	19,572
Delaware.	9,041	511	3,197
Florida.	18,198	3,548	3,692
Georgia.	78,451	18,537	43,618
S.Carolina.	46,645	21,974	23,245

Springfield Republican.

AN ECHO FROM HAWAII OF THE WORLD WIDE MOURNING.

The venerable missionary Dr. Coan, whose early ardor found relaxation from conflicts with paganism in daring explorations of Kilauea's infernal fires that won him the title of King of the Volcano, sends from his peaceful home in Hilo, only lately threatened by the last great lava flow, a letter from which we extract a characteristically eloquent tribute to our martyred President, and refreshes to the wonderful arrest of the fire flood.

"Lincoln fell in days of blood and violence, Garfield in the calm sunshine of peace and hope and national prosperity. Both were acts of infernal wickedness, but the latter seemed like the sudden bursting of Plutonic fires. The shock shook the world and awakened a wail of woe in every nation. When the wave fell upon our shores we were struck dumb with amazement, and our eyes blinded with tears. For two or three years my eyes had been fixed on Garfield as the Star of Empire, the foremost man in Congress, hoping that he might become our chief magistrate, and leader in all that pertains to honor, honesty, intelligence, patriotism, statesmanship and social purity. Well:—we have it, in spite of hell. Our President '*is not dead*,' nor does he *sleep*. He has left the land of the dying, and awaked in the land of the living. His name, his fame, his character, life and doctrines, his Heaven born nobility, honesty and purity are left as an immortal legacy to our country, to the coming ages, to the world. He is exalted, he wears a royal diadem, and this uplifting will draw many minds upwards and help to purify politics and ennobla statesmanship, and thus his departure becomes a type of our Supreme Ruler who did not leave his friends "comfortless," but who left his spirit, his life, his teachings, and his *Death*, to comfort and guide his followers. You mourn the apparent loss of our beloved President—the Nation is wrapped in sable weeds—the earth bows in tears. But Faith says: Be brave! God lives and reigns. The clouds are rifting, and in stormy nights the stars find windows while far above their sweep the sun sheds a flood of glory over the upper sky. So our sad spirits rise from the low regions of doubt and fear, and in those higher realms of light where peace and joy forever reign, we sing 'Excelsior!'

Our Volcano—it is a wonder of wonders that this great red dragon with fiery eyeballs and burning breath, should have come out of his infernal caverns 1300 feet high on a snow-crowned mountain, and blazed his way for fifty miles towards Hilo, rending rocks, licking up rivers, burning vast forests and defying all obstacles, until he was within half a mile of his prey, and then close his flaming eyes and fall into a dead sleep, leaving his petrified corse, a blackened desolation stretching from mountain to main. We felt his burning breath, we saw the fire and smoke of his nostrils, and his gazing eye flashed into our windows. Human reason failed to find a way of escape for our town and harbor. What then saw the monster when his sulphurous breath scorched us and his open jaws were ready to devour our dwellings? Let the thoughtful answer. As for us, we see no one to thank but our God. '*He* looketh upon the earth and it trembleth; *He* toucheth the hills and they smoke. The hills melt like wax before *Him*.' And so we judge that the breath which kindles these telluric fires quenches them at His will."

At Home.

SONGS OF LABOR.

THE SHIP BUILDER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The sky is ruddy in the East,
The earth is gray below,
And, spectral in the river-mist,
The ship's white timbers show.
Then let the sounds of measured stroke
And grating saw begin;
The broad axe to the guarled oak
The mallet to the pin!

Hark!—roars the bellows, blast on blast,
The sooty smithy jars,
And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,
Are paling with the stars.
All day for us the smith shell stand
Beside that flashing forge;
All day for us his heavy hand
The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills, the panting team
For us is toiling near;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke
In forests old and still,—
For us the century circled oak
Falls crashing down his hill.

Up!—up!—in nobler toil than ours
No craftsmen bear a part;
We make of Nature's giant powers
The slaves of human Art.
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
And drive the treenails free;
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea!

Where'er the keel of our good ship
The sea's rough field shall plough—
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip
With salt spray caught below—
That ship must heed her master's beck,
Her helm obey his hand,
And seamen tread her reeling deck
As if they trod the land.

Her oaken-ribs the vulture-beak
Of Northern ice may peel;
The sunken rock and coral peak
May grate along her keel;
And know we well the painted shell
We give to wind and wave,
Must float the sailor's citadel,
Or sink, the sailor's grave!

Ho!—strike away the bars and blocks,
And set the good ship free!
Why lingers on these dusty rocks
The young bride of the sea?
Look! how she moves adown the grooves,
In graceful beauty now!
How lowly on the breast she loves,
Sinks down her virgin prow!

God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze
Her snowy wing shall fan,
Aside the frozen Hebrides,
Or sultry Hindostan!
Where'er, in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world!

Speed on the ship!—But let her bear
No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of despair
Her roomy hold within.
No Lethean drug for Eastern lands,
Nor poison draught for ours;
But honest fruits of toiling hands
And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the prairie's golden grain,
The desert's golden sand,
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
The spice of Morning-land!
Her pathway on the open main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea!

Mankind are very odd creatures. One-half censure what they practice, and the other half practice what they censure.

Though a taste of pleasure may quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence leads to inevitable destruction.

We may not pause at any point of this life and take its retrospect. Our full lives here are to be visible to our finished lives hereafter.

Health and Humanity.

Our hearts' pure service, Love, be Thine,
Who clothest all with rights divine,
Whose great Soul burns, though ne'er so dim,
In all that walk, or fly, or swim.

All-Father! who on Mercy's throne
Hear'st Thy dumb creatures' faintest moan—
Thy love be ours, and ours shall be
Returned in deeds to these and Thee.

Rev. H. B. Carpenter.

WINTER QUARTERS.

Now is the time to see that houses and barns, and the outbuildings which living creatures are to inhabit are in the best condition to protect from the winter cold and winds. Economy requires this; but humanity should prompt it even more. Leave no open places for want of missing boards, and see that every door of shed and barn is in such order that it can be tightly closed.

Remember the needs of all the creatures who look up to you, their owners, as unto a God. Do not let their trust be misplaced!—*Our Dumb Animals.*

HUMANE EDUCATION.

Another respect in which it is of the greatest importance to follow in the wake of the European societies is that of humane education. To some extent it *has* been followed in this country, particularly by a few of the prominent societies, but only by a few; and it is of the utmost desirability that every organization in the United States, no matter how small, should exert itself to accomplish something in this direction, since, as it is a geometrical proposition that the whole is equal to the sum of all its parts, so human education includes all branches of the work, and if once that is universally attained, but little further labor will be necessary in the effort to prevent cruelty, either to animals or human beings.

This matter of humane education embraces a wide field, but it is probably more easily attainable by work in Sunday and in secular schools than in any other way. A very excellent plan is the giving of prizes for compositions written by the scholars on "Kindness to Animals," or some kindred theme, and where this is not possible, the circulation of humane cards and publications, the printing of mottoes and sentiments of a humane tendency upon cards hung upon the walls, the introduction of articles of a humane nature into the reading books used in the schools—all these are steps in the right direction. In France the method has been lately adopted of printing little cards called "bons points," and introducing them into the schools. On one side of these cards is a pretty picture of some animal, generally in company with a child, and underneath some humane sentiment; on the other side a description of the animal, and sometimes an extract from the French law for the protection of animals. The card entitled "The Horse" presents a little boy in the act of carrying a bucket of oats to that faithful animal, while underneath is the sentiment "Cruelty to animals renders the heart insensible to the sufferings of human beings." On the reverse is printed "The horse is the most useful servant of man. He brings to our service his vigor, his docility, his courage and his intelligence; but when he is maltreated or loaded with a burden beyond his strength he loses his valuable qualities. The government that man is called to exercise over animals should be a government of gentleness, not of violence;" and then follows a list of the principal acts of cruelty that come within the application of the law. In all the schools the teachers are instructed to give one of these cards as a mark of approbation when a child has recited a lesson unusually well or in any respect has gained approval; and the obtaining of these is rendered so easy as to be within the ability of every scholar in the school.

There is no society so limited in means as not to be able to take some step toward humane education, even if nothing more than obtaining permission to place cards upon the walls of the schoolhouses, with some such mottoes as that which has been used extensively by the Pennsylvania Society and by our Woman's Branch, viz: "I promise to protect dumb animals, and may God in His mercy protect me."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

The Choctaw Nation in the Indian Territory have long had a law to prevent excessive cruelty to animals; inspired, it seems, not from any example of the whites, but from their own instincts of humanity. The penalty is a fine of thirty lashes.—*Legal Adviser, Chicago.*

Teacher's Table.

HOW TO TEACH GEOGRAPHY.

BY J. F. HALL.

Superintendent of Schools in Dedham, Massachusetts, and formerly Teacher in the Quincy Schools.

Prof. J. Freeman Hall, whose clear and interesting lessons in geography and arithmetic at the Virginia Teachers' Institute held at Hampton Normal School last summer delighted all who had the good fortune to attend them, has kindly sent us, for the benefit of our Teachers' Table, a synopsis of his method of teaching geography. It is the system used in the public schools of Dedham, of which Prof. Hall is Superintendent, and substantially that employed in the famous Quincy schools, in which he was Col. Parker's right hand man. The system is arranged for an Elementary and Scientific course, the first adapted to the B and C Primary, and to the A Primary—answering about to the Virginia "Intermediate;" the second to the "Grammar" grades. Some valuable general directions precede the synopsis. We give these with the C and B Primary course this month, and the rest will appear in our next number.

GEOGRAPHY.

The most common mistakes made in teaching Geography are,

1st. Teaching, or attempting to teach, TOO MANY facts (details).

"No small part of what children often have to learn in Geography might appropriately be labelled "THINGS WORTH FORGETTING."

2d. Failing to train the intellect properly; burdening the mind with disconnected facts, unmeaning dissociated knowledge. "A good deal of such knowledge may co-exist in the learner's mind with complete inaction and barrenness."

3d. Losing sight of one of the great purposes *of all* teaching, *all* school work,—which is to interest your pupils in the study of Nature, the world in which we live, its beauties and its resources.

DIRECTIONS TO TEACHERS.

1. Teach facts which are CENTRAL, TYPICAL; as many as your pupils can easily grasp and easily retain.

Teach these Thoroughly.

2. Teach Physical Geography, "the *basis* of all true geographical teaching," FIRST. Each fact of political administration, of commercial geography *must* ultimately connect itself with a right understanding of such matters as soil, climate, shape, size, &c.

There is no school study which furnishes better opportunities for the proper *training of the intellectual* faculties than the study of Geography. A SYSTEMATIC COURSE OF TEACHING will:

1. Begin with what is known and what is near, thus securing a basis of *well known* facts (gained by observation and experience from the child's own surroundings).

2. Arrange to have all NEW facts (gained either by observation, or through the exercise of the imagination or the conceptive faculty) directly *associated* with these in some order of correlation or dependence.

The facts of physical Geography will serve as ties to bind all other facts together.

A SYSTEMATIC TRAINING of perception, imagination, the conceptive faculty and reasoning REQUIRES:

(*a*) Clear, distinct mental pictures of forms, places and people.

(*b*) Such a *grouping* and *arranging* of facts by COMPARISON and CONTRAST that every effort toward the acquisition of knowledge will insure some INCREASE of MENTAL POWER.

This *Systematic* Course may be accompanied by the INCIDENTAL teaching of many facts (names and position of places), which pupils need to learn as soon as possible, and need *not wait* to learn, if by lively interest and proper association it is possible to fix them at once.

3. Remember that you may make the "lives of your children rich and interesting according to the number of real things you lead them to know and care about." Teach in a proper manner such names and facts as your children ought to know; but, above all, if possible, kindle in their minds such a *spirit of enquiry*, of enthusiasm and delight in the study of Nature that they may sometime learn of her what you have failed to teach.

ELEMENTARY COURSE.

Purpose: TO AWAKEN AND CULTIVATE OBSERVATION, TO INTEREST CHILDREN IN THE STUDY OF THE EARTH, AND TO *prepare* THEM TO RECOGNIZE READILY AND FULLY THE *order*, *wealth* AND *beauty* OF THE WORLD IN WHICH THEY LIVE.

C PRIMARY. (FIRST YEAR.)

ORAL INSTRUCTION. *Systematic Course.*

a. Let your children take little journeys alone or with you, and then lead them to tell what things they have seen on or about the earth, *describing* and *drawing* them.

b. Tell them interesting stories about the great forests, great plains and great rivers of the world; about the ocean, the air and the stars (seen everywhere, guide to travellers).

B PRIMARY.

Systematic Course. ORAL INSTRUCTION.

1. Continue C Primary work, giving special attention to *a*.

Let your children draw pictures (in outline) of surface (vertical forms) and of elevated or "bird's-eye" views (horizontal forms).

a. Study carefully the schoolroom, school house, yard, street near by, &c. Describe—draw and mold.

b. Teach cardinal directions (with compass and magnetic needle) in this order: *North*, south, east, west. Northwest, northeast, southwest, southeast.

2. OBSERVATION LESSONS—DIVISION OF LAND, Natural and Artificial: Land, water, schoolyard, yards, fields, pastures, gardens—plants growing in them, farms, lawns, streets, roads, gutters, woods, trees, hills, valleys, swamps, fences, rivers, brooks, ponds, lakes, plains, meadows, coast, beaches, banks.

Neither give nor require *formal* definitions.

d. Make collections of different kinds of earth, soil, &c. (Color? Coarse or fine? Wet or dry?)

e. Observation and conversation lessons on various occupations, on things manufactured, goods, clothing, &c.

Incidental Teaching.—Teach outline, name and position (general) of town, county, state and country, in which pupils live; names of towns *adjoining* their own.

(to be continued.)

Agriculture.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

No one who has given any attention to the feeding of cows, but knows that as the cold weather comes on there is a greater demand upon the actual economy for supplying heat, and a consequent call for an increase of food. As soon as a cow will become chilled from cold out of doors, she should be taken to the stable and kept there, except for an occasional run of a few minutes for exercise, until warm weather comes again. Cows should be housed, because it is cheaper to keep them warm that way, and in the second place, for their health and comfort they should have good shelter. The dairyman also knows full well that the quality of the butter depends in great measure upon the milk, whether it has been kept clean or not. If the milk becomes foul in the stable, no amount of neatness afterwards will bring back the flavor and the perfection that would otherwise have made it easy to obtain the highest price in the market. The writer has seen cows milked, the milk from a single one of which would taint that from a large dairy. Not only should the cows be well fed and sheltered, but they need to be properly milked. This will require that they be cleaned before milking, that there may not be any dirt to fall into the pail. This carding and brushing should not be confined to the udder, but should extend over the whole body, as it is an important item in their healthful keeping, as well as a means of obtaining clean and pure milk.

The pig is frequently mentioned as being the domestic farm animal that is nearest to man in its anatomical structure. Whether this is so or not, the pig has a very sensitive nature, and any exposure to severe cold interferes seriously with its profitable keeping. The pig is a machine for making pork, and with this distinctly understood, no farmer who wishes to make his pig-sty pay should permit his swine to go half-way sheltered from the cold and storms. Any neglect to protect causes a greater drain upon the animal for supplying the necessary heat, in the same way as mentioned while speaking of the stabling of cows. The flesh already accumulated must either be used to supply this heat, or an extra amount of food needs to be eaten. Other things being the same, the pig that has good, warm quarters and a sunny nest, will fatten much faster on the same rations than another pig that finds only the shelter of a crooked rail fence in the cold winter air.

The importance of keeping the hens warm and well fed cannot be urged too strongly. A fresh egg is the only one that can be trusted, and it is not a difficult thing to have it. The great enemy to fowls is lice, and one of the best preventives is a plenty of dust in which the hens can revel at their own free will. A knowing writer has said: "As for hens, they not only enjoy it, but it is a necessity and luxury to them, just as a morning bath to civilized man. The dusting-box is their toilet-table—in fact, bath-tub, wash-bowl and pitcher, sponge, brush and soap—and it gives health and long life, as surely as the free use of water does to human beings." Hens that are in close quarters need a variety of food; they would have it if they were allowed a free run. Grain is their principal food, but cabbage, boiled potatoes, in fact anything green or like the forage which they gather in summer, adds to the value of the diet. They must also be provided with plenty of lime in the form of finely-powdered oyster shell, plastering, &c, and last, but not least, an abundance of fresh water.—*Country Gentleman.*

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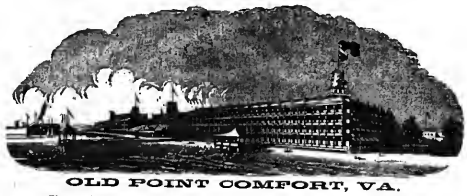

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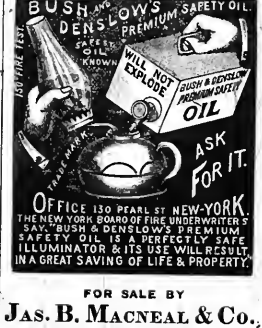

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VOL. XI. HAMPTON, VA., FEBRUARY, 1882 NO. 2.

HOME. [From Harper's Weekly.]

THE HOUSE IN THE MEADOWS.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
  The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimneys,
  And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their arms around it,
  The trees a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
  And the sunbeams drop their gold.

Within, in the wide old kitchen,
  The old folks sit in the sun,
That creeps through the sheltering woodbine,
  Till the day is almost done.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE HOMESTEAD.

I see the windows of the homestead, bright
  With the warm evening light,
  And by the winter fire
  I see the gray-haired sire
  Serenely sitting.
Forgetful of the work-day toil and care.
The old wife at his elbow with her knitting.

Alice Cary.

A PICTURE.

A household ingle warm and wide,
  Shaming our modern manners,
Where backwood monarchs side by side
  Fling up their rival banners,
And send their gleaming cohorts fast
  The flying shadows after,
Till warmth and comfort glow at last
  From shining floor to rafter.

H. W. L.

THE HANGING OF THE CRANE.

O fortunate, O happy day!
When a new household finds its place
Among the myriad homes of earth,
Like a new star just sprung to birth,
  And rolled on its harmonious way
Into the boundless realms of space!
  So said the guests in speech and song,
As in the chimney, burning bright,
We hung the iron crane to-night,
  And merry was the feast and long.

H. W. Longfellow.

The world has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut,—our home.

Nath'l Cotton—1753.

I WILL ABIDE IN THINE HOUSE.

Among so many can he care?
Can special love be everywhere?
A myriad homes, a myriad ways,
And God's eye over every place?

So many, and so wide abroad;
Can my heart have all of God?
From the great spaces vague and dim,
May one small household gather Him?

I asked; my soul bethought of this:—
In just that very place of his
Where He hath put and keepeth you,
God hath no other thing to do!

Adeline D. T. Whitney.

VIRGINIA BOYS OUT WEST.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

Several years ago, four of my young cousins determined to take Mr. Greeley's advice, "Go West, young man," and seek their fortunes beyond the Mississippi.

Three of the boys were brothers, and the fourth, the eldest of the party, was a cousin of the others, himself an only son.

All were young men of fair average abilities, enjoying good health. John, the eldest, having had very good opportunities for education, first at the classical schools of his own state, and then in a Northern technical institute, where he gained considerable knowledge of engineering. The other boys, Charles, Will and Harry had suffered the disadvantages of irregular schooling, but each of them had had a term or two at some of the academies.

Like most of the old slave holders, our family is much reduced in circumstances, and though there was some property left after the war, the boys felt that they must shift for themselves and leave what remained of the old estates for the old folks, and the children growing up.

It was very sad for us all to have our dear boys go so far away, and it seemed that Virginia ought to afford a good field for brave hearts and strong hands, but, like most southerners, our people had only had professional men or planters among them for generations, and our young men in editing the ideas and tastes of their forebears, were not prepared by education for the hand to-hand struggle of the present days. Many accounts had come back to us of the wonderful success of Virginians who had left the Old Dominion for newer states, and our boys preferred trying their luck "Out West" to seeing what could be done at home.

Constant correspondence has been kept up with our wanderers, who have led an eventful life in the years of their absence, and though the fortunes they dreamed of have not yet been found, much dear bought experience has been gained, which will doubtless be of value to them in the future.

If "our boys," had too much of the feeling that they were "Virginia gentlemen" to undertake manual labor at home, they have certainly laid aside that sort of pride in the West, and at times have engaged in a variety of mechanical acts for which circumstances must have developed aptitude, as they all lacked training for such pursuits. John had at first apparently bright prospects. With the aid of a friend, he secured a place in the California mint, and by dint of frugal living, in a few months had several hundred dollars in bank, and began to write of his plans for investing in land and securing a home for himself and his old father. The unwonted labor of working a heavy machine, however, soon brought on serious illness, which consumed much of his savings, and the breaking of the bank swallowed up the rest. Since then, he has walked over several states, sometimes surveying for new railroads, sometimes mining, always keeping a stout heart, and writing cheerful letters about his life in a shanty, "with all his earthly possessions in a pillow case," given him by a Virginia friend, whom he found living in a western city.

Charles has been "bossing" Chinese, working mines, hauling wood from the mountains into the fast growing towns of mining districts, or doing any and every thing that came to hand.

Will, who wanted to find employment on a rail-road, has at one time, "contracted to paint a hotel," in one of the magical cities of the west—and Harry, the youngest, who was called "the indulged" at home, from his grave and studious habits, worked while as a carpenter and then walked, sometimes bare foot and often hungry and weary, from Denver to the Mexican line, to join his brothers, and find work with or near them.

Whenever possible, "our boys" have kept together, and when one has found a little better luck than the rest of the party, he has always been ready to help the others.

Thinking the readers of the Workman may be interested in these young Virginians who have had such hard times in pursuit of Dame Fortune, I enclose some extracts from their letters, which are sent me from time to time.

FROM JOHN.

"Tucson, Arizona, Oct. 25, 1881.

* * * * * * *

The summer has been very hot and long here, but it is about over now.

Every thing is very dull, and if I were not constantly employed, I should prefer being out on the hills again, even if I had to run the gauntlet of the Apaches.

The Indian war is considered about over, but there are still bands of savages roaming the eastern and south-eastern portions of the territory, and now and then some poor fellow is surprised and murdered by them. The out-break has hurt the country considerably, from a mining point of view, as Eastern men and capitalists have a prodigious fear of poor Lo.

The Indians have, as usual, been badly treated, which caused the out-break. The troops out here are first ... for dress parade, but seldom fit for active ser... the field. They pursue the savages, but rarely catch up with them.

I had a nice little visit from Will lately. He was on his way to Iago, California, and stopped a night with me.

He was in very good spirits.

Charles is now, I think, in the Huachuca Mts. I have not heard from him for ten days. Of Harry, I only hear through Charles, who writes once a week.

I have just had a pleasant visit from a friend whose acquaintance I made when in service with him in the State Irrigation department of Cal. We were several months together in that business. He was on his way to New York, but managed to stop a day or two with me.

I showed him the few interesting sights of this ancient town, which was begun centuries ago, and then drove him up the Santa Cruz Valley to visit the old mission church of San Xavia del Bac and the Papago Indian villages.

Everything seemed so strange and different from anything the youth had ever seen before, that he declared he almost believed himself transported to another world.

Tucson is now in mourning for our President, and almost every house is draped in black.

To-morrow appropriate services will be held. Away off here upon the border of our great country, the loss of the President is as keenly felt as in the more populous and central regions.

* * * * * * *

FROM CHARLES.

Tombstone, Arizona, Oct. 6, 1881.

(Some of the Mexican names are too illegible for me to copy.)

* * * * * * *

Will and James Smith, from our old home in Virginia, landed at my place in Chiricua Mountains with but one poor little frying pan, a little tea pot without a top, an oven, one fork and three knives, and one thin blanket between them.

Will had a tolerably good suit, somewhat worn, but James had no regular coat except a thin overcoat with the tail torn off. They had with them about four pounds of flour and a little meal. They had ridden in an ox-wagon from Silver City, New Mexico, to Tombstone, and walked from there to the mines. John and I soon fixed them up. Will went to work at once in our little assay office, and James picked up little jobs about the town.

The camp went down so we had to leave that region. Just as we got ready to start, the cow boys came along, and stole all my mules and saddle horses, with which I was well provided, having four mules and two fine saddle horses.

So it took "the last button on Job's coat" to get together two more horses to enable us to leave the camp. I still had my two-horse wagon, the entire assay out-fit, tents, cook ng utensils &c. so with the two little horses I had gotten from a man that owed me, we set out for Tombstone, a distance of a hundred and fifty miles.

We were so heavily loaded that only the driver could ride up hill, but going down we all had the pleasure of getting in, whenever we could find room. Sometimes, the poor little horses would refuse to pull, and then all hands had to walk and push with might and main.

The second night found us at Fort Bowie, without feed for the horses, and we were told that none could be had, for love or money. But an old acquaintance of mine managed to get me a sack of barley, and we set out refreshed the next morning. It took us seven long days to reach Tombstone, and we were glad enough to go into camp near the town, and after resting, John and I mounted the horses and looked about for a suitable place to locate. After looking about us for a day or two, I selected a lot on 9th St., rather out of the business part of the town. Lots were selling pretty high at the time, and only $10 00 (ten dollars) could be found in our crowd. I looked up the owner of the lot, who proved to be a carpenter, and I soon discovered that he was much in need of a set of harness. Coming along, Will had found an old set, and had thrown it into the wagon, so it flashed over my mind at once that we might make a trade.

Then I said to the old man, "I haven't any money *just now*, but I have a fine set of harness, which I am willing to exchange for your lot, and as I want to build a house, I may be able to throw some work in your way." The bargain was made, and we returned to camp rejoicing. Will got a job of painting, James found some work too, and John and I hauled wood from "Dry-goods mountain," fifteen miles away, and sold it in the town. Wood like ours, nice and dry, was worth ten dollars a load, and we could make a load every other day. All this time we lived in the tents, which were nearly worn out. After we had been hauling wood for several weeks, I met a man who wanted just such a rig as we had, and we sold horses, wagon and all for two hundred and forty dollars cash. John took the money, and spent most of it in lumber and nails, enough to build us a house 12 by 24. We boys built the house except three days' work put in by my friend the carpenter.

After that, John and I made sale of two mines, which brought in about two hundred dollars. By this time, Will and James were out of a job again, and I kept the ranch running by assaying. From step to step we have been rising, and we feel that we are steadily gaining, though we are not yet very flourishing.

The Indian troubles have been exaggerated hitherto, but at present things really do look serious in the district. Several men were killed by Indians lately, within a few miles of the town, and people from the mountains are coming in now by hundreds.

The women and children are terribly frightened, and most of the men were up all last night organizing companies to go to the rescue of the ranchers, prospectors, wood choppers and hay-cutters. I have been drilling with the rest. Some have already gone, but I do not mean to go or to fight either, unless they crowd me; there are plenty of soldiers, whose business it is to look after Indians, and I have something else to do.

To day I am alone in our little cabin, my only companion being a cat, which was very fierce and cross when I first found him, but is becoming quite gentle and affectionate now.

The other boys have all left Tombstone for the present. John has now a good place in the office of the Attorney general, and Will has found employment in California. James has turned his face homewards and I have the ranch all to myself. Perhaps I shall be able to carry out my plan of going to New York on business, and, if I do, I shall be sure to find time for a run down to Old Virginia, and shall see my dear friends once more.

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

Lecture delivered to the students of Hampton Institute, by Dr. A. D. MAYO of Boston, Mass.

Plato says the great art of instruction is to *divide* correctly. People are talking at odds with each other about education because each disputant means a different thing. So I will begin my lecture by an illustrated definition.

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

Education means three things, each of which is as absolutely essential to the whole as is a side of a triangle.

1st, It means *To Know Something.*
2d, *To Do Something*
3rd, *To Be Somebody.*
To Know; to Do; to Be.

A man may know a good many things and be a Do-nothing and a Nobody. A man may be perseveringly active at everything, yet work at cross purposes all his life for lack of intelligence and lack of character. A man may be religious and moral, as far as intentions go, yet be a fanatic, or an imbecile, for lack of mental power or executive push. The world is full of "dead failures," and worse, of failures that keep on their legs and want consent to be decently buried, for lack of one of these essential elements of education.

You are set to teach and train—to educate children to be American citizens, after the pattern of that great and good and lovely man who only yesterday stepped from the summit of citizenship in this Republic to the freedom of the city that hath foundation in heaven. If you fail in either of these respects, your work will go to pieces and the names teacher and school become words of reproach.

1.- Education means first *to Know Something.* What is it to know something? It is the common delusion of people who have the charge of children that, if their minds can be filled with the contents of books, they are learned.

"He knows the books" is said of a famous lawyer. But a distinguished writer says that that's what's the matter with the law schools; that their professors know the books but are not practical lawyers, and send their graduates out unable to face the docket or set a case.

So, many graduates of medical schools fail; they have read and heard lectures about the body, and seen it cut up after it was dead, but stand aghast before a suffering, living man.

How many a parson knows what all the authorities say about the Apostle Paul, but never caught a glimpse of the first great statesman of Christianity who organized the true religion into a working force on earth.

So, the young graduate of the Normal, who goes into a country school with a beautiful theory of the way to do it, and *Prof.* Timmy on the front seat knocks her card castle or fine methods to pieces before recess the first day.

The chronic curse of school keeping is the delusion that a child knows anything while its memory contains the contents of a book learned by rote and recited in the way it went in.

Before a child can learn anything it must first be awakened to a love of truth and a desire for knowledge.

A boy has a tremendous longing for a big peach he sees the other side the wall. He measures the distance, climbs over the iron spikes and glass bottle fringe, and pockets his prize. He knows something about that peach. The first thing for the teacher is to awaken the curiosity of the child, the desire to know; then n... can feel the necessity of accurate knowledge, truth. That is a moral act, the basis of all moral instruction.

The second thing is to open the senses, educate the faculties of the child to deal with things rather than words—a tree is best learned by observing a tree—and so on. Wake up the faculties by inspecting the thing itself. You may teach music on paper a year, and not teach one to sing a note. Teach music by teaching sound and song. The same with language.

Your object should be to train the child to become a student in God's great University of Nature and Humanity; God's University which is always open and in which many of our greatest men, such as Lincoln and Washington, have been educated without dependence on human schools. The teacher's greatest advantage is not in abundant scholastic learning but in skill in preparing the children to graduate from his school into God's

2d. Education means *to Do Something.* Observe the difference between one who simply has knowledge, and one who puts his knowledge into his life. The mind often becomes the more helpless, the more that is crowded into it—like a sausage crammed till it bursts. Take a youth after fifteen years such cramming—what can he *do*?

Teach the child to use his active powers all the time. How?—No industrial department in your school?—Haven't you?

You have a house and lot, and that is a little kingdom to sway and improve. Teach the children to call that place theirs and to keep it and beautify it—like Adam and Eve.

Home is God's school of industry, and impresses upon the child the obligations of love and duty. Home study is a curse if it interferes with these. You have no right to rob a child of this true discipline to push him in his studies. Home obligations are the highest. His father and mother want him—He may have a sick sister. The best school of industry is God's school, Put knowledge into every day home life.

3d. Education means *to Be Somebody.* Little Jack and Jenny have an idea that it is of no importance what they are. But Jack is the linch pin that holds together a family, Jenny is the keystone of a group of girls.

Each child is an original creation of Almighty God. God never repeats himself. Each of your pupils is a creature endowed with a new character from the hands of God to be a character unique and original. Try to find out the characteristic feature—exercise it—help it out into its true life.

FROM DAKOTA.

The following report of some of Hampton's returned Indian students has been received from Rev. C. L. Hall, missionary at Fort Berthold Agency, Dakota. It was crowded out of our last number, and is several months old, but no less favorable news has been mean while received. The crucial point in the whole work for the Indian student is the return home, and its greatest hope is the care with which this point is guarded. It cannot be said to be a fair test of the value of education in itself, for him, anymore than it would be for a white boy to be thrown into surroundings of evil temptations, but it is the test of the success of his training, and no pains should be spared to help him pass it.

Ft. Berthold, D. T., Nov. 28, 1881.

My Dear Lieut. Brown:—

Yours was received just after I had written to Hampton about the boys and girls, and I suppose you will have heard from Gen. Armstrong, when this reaches you.

Josephine does well, and does not know whether she wants to go back next year or not. The boys are at work, except the two young ones, who have now given up their work at the Agency saying they prefer to go to school this winter weather. Karunnah and Alnka have been ploughing and helping in general work at the agency, but now the Major is sawing lumber, and there will be carpentering for Alnka. Laughing Face and Tom Smith are herding, and have been for some time 25 miles up the river from here.

Josephine and Alnka and Karunnah attend quite well on Sabbath days, the others do not, two being away.

We had a beautiful day yesterday, Sunday, and a large number came out to hear about the "Serpent in the Wilderness. One said to Josephine, "I think what is said must be true." Surely our work will not be in vain. If it is the Lord's work he will (in spite of all our imperfections in it), establish the work of our hands.

Yours sincerely, C. L. HALL.

Southern Workman,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October, four months.)

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MRS. CORA LANGHORNE, } *Regular Contributors.*

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Business Manager, Hampton, Va.

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The Southern Workman, devoted to the interests of Negro and Indian civilization, is edited and managed by the officers of the Hampton Institute, and printed on the School Press by colored youth trained in the office. Subscriptions are a help to the School. It is sent on trial for four months for twenty-five cents. Job work, from all parts of the country, is solicited, and will be done cheaply and well. Estimates will be sent on application.

In October last, forty-five Indian youth were brought from Dakota Territory to the Hampton Institute, to replace thirty, all but two of whom had finished a three years course of training and been returned to their homes. For lack of funds, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs had authorized us to replace them with only an equal number, but the opportunity of selecting promising young Indians was so good that forty-five, fifteen more than the authorized number, were brought to school.

The following is a list of children, mostly Sioux, for whom no public provision has been made besides their expenses to Hampton;

BOYS.

Medicine Bull, age 20, from Lower Brule Agency; son of the principal chief, is learning the carpenter trade.

Tashunkawaste, aged 16, from Cheyenne River Agency, nephew of Chief "Little No Heart," is learning the wheelright's trade.

Thomas Tuttle, aged 16, from Yankton Agency; son of "One Ear," from St. Paul's Episcopal School, is learning the carpenter's trade.

David Stricker, aged 16, from Yankton Agency; son of "Whirling Rock," a brave who has settled on a farm, is learning the wheelright's trade.

Cracking Wing, aged 14, from Fort Berthold Agency; son of "Elk Feather," a brave, speaks five Indian languages, is learning the tinner's trade. Is very bright, but not robust.

Many Birds, aged 13, from Fort Berthold Agency; son of the principal Chief, "Poor Wolf," works in the engineer's department.

Joe Marsh, aged 12, from Peoria Bottom; his parents have taken a homestead; works on the farm.

Battiste Gabe, age 15, from Peoria Bottom; his parents are on a homestead; is learning the blacksmith's trade.

Joseph Archambault, aged 10, from Standing Rock Agency, is learning blacksmithing. The last two are half-breeds, sons of Frenchmen.

GIRLS.

Mary Walker, aged 12 years, from Fort Berthold Agency.

Susie Nagle, aged 12 years, from Fort Berthold.

Rosa Bear Face, age 16, from Standing Rock Agency.

Maggie Larrabee, age 10, from Peoria Bottom.

Zallie Rulo, age 16, from Yankton Agency.

All the girls are taught to cut, make and mend garments, do house-work of all kinds, and take cooking lessons. Boys and girls both go to school half the day, and study evenings, working the rest of the day. The above named are hopeful pupils; among the best of their race. It was thought that means for their education would be supplied if the government were unequal to its duty in the matter.

The five girls are already provided for by a lady who feels that those whose lands were taken from the Indian, and whose fortunes were founded on the products of slave labor, have a duty to these races.

For the ten boys, no provision has yet been made, up to the last of June next, the end of our school and fiscal year. Not being on our hands the entire school year, the expense of each one for board, clothing, and manual and mental training will be not over one hundred and fifty dollars apiece.

From July next, it is expected that the government will take care of them, though there is no guarantee of it. Our friends do not realize how far it is from public agitation about, and interest in Indians, to actual, adequate public provision for them.

This statement is published in the hope that the ten Indian boys now unprovided for may find friends who will assume their school expenses till July, at the rate of $150 apiece.

The following is an experience of two of these boys, as related by themselves:

DAVID STRICKER.

I receive a letter from my friend. he says the governor school was finished everything inside and outside. And the Agent get ten boys from Sitting Bull. When I heard that I am very glad. I think those people going to learn how to work. So many of them do not know any think at all. I sometimes was think those people all the time because wild and poor.

When I come from Dakota I saw a great many things, cars and steamboat and every wonderful things. I dont know how to go and stop. I didn't see how to make, and I never saw the cars before. When I go back to my home I going to tell all this.

THOMAS TUTTLE.

My grandfather lives at Cheyenne, and I was eleven years old. I began to school at St. Paul's School.

I was a farm-boy in Sep. and I didn't go to school but I herded the cows and ponies all the time except on Saturday, because when I didn't herded them They all go to the Indians field, and ate the corn and oats.

I am very glad that I came here and I am going to learn a great many things.

We have before us copies of four separate bills introduced into the forty-seventh Congress, three of them to establish an educational fund from the proceeds of public land sales and the profits of the Patent Office, the interest of which shall be divided among the states for the first ten years on the basis of illiteracy; one third, however, being devoted to the Agricultural Colleges. The other, introduced by Senator, Blair, of New Hampshire, enacts: "That for ten years next after the passage of this Act there shall be annually appropriated from the money in the Treasury the following sums, to wit: The first year the sum of $15,000,000 00, the second year the sum of $14,000,000.00, the third year the sum of $13,000,000.00, and there after a sum diminished $1,000,000.00 yearly, from the sum last appropriated until ten annual appropriations shall have been made, when all appropriations under this act shall cease; which several sums shall be expended to secure the benefits of common school education, to all the children living in the United States." The bill specifies the rudimentary studies to be pursued: that the instructions given shall be free to all, but recognizes the separation of races by insisting that equal benefits shall accrue to both, if separated, and that the entire amount shall be distributed according to the illiteracy of the several states as shown by the census of 1880.

The Secretary of the Interior is to have general charge; the money to be expended upon the concurrent action of the Secretary and the Boards of Education of the states, each having a negative on the other.

One-tenth of the fund may be used in holding teachers' institutes and in aiding needy students at higher schools, provided they shall agree in writing, to teach at least one year. Non-sectarian public schools may be aided, or new ones, may be established.

The design of the act being not to establish an independent school system but to help those in existence, it provides that no state shall, for the first five years, secure its allotted portion unless it shall appropriate of its own funds at least one-third of the government grant. For the next five years, it must supply an equal amount. To get a million, it must give a million.

Five per cent. of the fund may be expended by the Secretary in renting or building school houses in destitute places.

Section 9, of the Act provides that "The President shall appoint in each state a Commissioner of Schools, who shall be a resident thereof, to execute the provisions of this Act, co operating with State authorities." Salary from $3 000 to $5,000; to report direct to the Secretary of the Interior. The National Bureau of Education shall be the Secretary's medium of communication with the states.

Secretary Blair's bill, if passed, will, in ten years, give the sum of one hundred and fifteen millions of dollars to the cause of common school education in the United States; of this, about eighty millions would go to the former slave states, far more than doubling, for the first five years, their present annual provisions for common schools.

A tide of educational sentiment has at last reached Congress.

The South provided free schools as a necessity long before it believed in them, but for six years past has steadily increased its faith and work in that direction. The North, since emancipation, has aided Southern schools by charity to the extent of seven or eight millions of dollars, for precisely the reason that government should have done it fifteen years ago—the need, the justice, the humanity of it.

The South is likely to be unanimous in support of Senator Blair's bill in spite of state right doctrines and their opposition to centralizations.

Serious opposition is to be looked for only from the North, by reason of the their unwillingness to trust Southern men with so much public money.

We write on this subject chiefly to point to the fact that public sentiment in Southern States is keenly alert on the School question. Their own educational fund is watched with a jealous eye.

The Negro passion for education has quieted from a freshet or flood to a steady current: it is not universal but general; many of the blacks are indifferent, but the best portion of them are still earnest, not blindly eager as formerly.

Since the war, not a little by the enthusiasm and progress of the Negro, the common whites have felt an increasing care for the instruction of their children, and to day they appear to be quite as much interested as the latter in the school question. Separate schools are and long will be the order of the day. If they were not there would be no black teachers, and the best career now open to an educated Negro would be closed to him. Mixed schools would, we think, destroy the *esprit de corps* of Negro students. In spite of many disadvantages of separate schools, let them go on as they are.

Senator Blair's bill provides a sort of dual administration of the fund by way of government commissioners, who shall co-operate with state authorities. There might be friction from this, and perhaps Southern opposition to it as reflecting on their integrity.

Most undoubtedly, general inspectors should be appointed to report to the National Bureau of Education

Perhaps the best plan would be the appointment by each State of two Commissioners who, with the Superintendents of public schools, would constitute a state board, who would make to the Secretary of the Interior, through the Governor, the most explicit, detailed statement of expenditures.

It would be best to create a wise system, and then put each state on its honor.

It has been thought that the maximum appropriation should be in the third year rather than the first, so that the better preparation might be made for the use of it.

Public aid to any enterprise, but especially to an educational one, has its bad side.

The Hampton Institute receives $10,000 a year from the State of Virginia, as an Agricultural College; $10,200 from the United States, for educating 68 Indians, at $150 apiece, but about thirty thousand dollars a year from private contributions, for current expenses; and, for the last three years, nearly the same amount for building purposes. Its strength is in the public sentiment it represents, which is its perpetual, increasing, and sure support, while well managed.

It cannot afford to take much more public money. The best institutions do not, as a rule, seek or wish it. Support means control, and control by politicians is not desirable. State school systems must depend on taxation, hence are creatures of government, but being wide spread and in direct relation with the people, get the benefit of the general public sentiment.

Whatever furnishes offices is dear to the heart of one who wishes votes, and to that extent is liable to suffer from the exigencies of political warfare.

Educational sentiment is in some States so far advanced that change of parties does not affect public institutions, which are, so far, at little or no disadvantage from such control. At any rate, it tends to dry up the springs of private beneficence.

There need to be points of contact between the good will of the people as expressed in charity, and the black and red races of our country, for the sake of mutual benefit and interest.

Had not these millions been given to Negro education, the Northern sentiment that demands government aid would hardly have existed. Those that do the one call for the other, for they care most about it. The heart is where the treasure is.

The average Northern politician is the most indifferent and hopeless factor in the problem of Southern education. The Southerner can be counted on, for the needs of his people press upon him.

The political papers are remarkably quiet on this matter. What does one read in them these days, when four national educational bills are before Congress? Look at the New York and other city dailies.

They have hardly preached salvation for the South by ideas. Their aid would go far to insure the passage of one of these bills. The time has passed when salvation is of parties.

The Negro vote will, hereafter, rally around new and local rather than old and National centers. He will not stick much longer to his old guides. The howls that once came up from the South about black men's rule will be echoed from the North when most of the work of the last ten sessions of Congress to secure his political rights resulting in his having them all, will seem farcical from the wild doings of Negro majorities in some Southern States.

They must go through all this, as men learn to swim by going into the water. But they have not the needed preparation, the ideas. Had public men cared as they should for the welfare of this race and of this country, they could now have done a great educational work from 1865 to 1882, trained three generations of Negro children at the rate of six years to all of the

children between eight and fourteen years of age. They gave three and a half million through the Freedman's Bureau, but dropped it as a troublesome burden and turned their wards, for all moral needs, over to Northern charity and to the tender mercies of the impoverished old owners, whose efforts for them have been under the circumstances, truly wonderful.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

OHIO RIVER, STEAMBOAT "BOSTONA".

Dec 28, 1881.

En route from Cincinnati to Huntington, West Va., 160 miles up the river, thence by rail to Norfolk and Hampton, a trip of two nights and two days. Sitting away forward on the upper deck of a regular Western steamer, just away from the landing, and making good speed, in a current of six miles an hour—for it is "big water" these days.

The Kentucky shore on the right, is not as interesting as that of Ohio on the left, for the city of Cincinnati not only lines the banks but retreats far back, and the hills in the rear are finely crowned with conspicuous, if not always elegant buildings. It is, as usual, nearly hid in smoke, which, with dirty soot, is the plague of house-keepers, and the bane of all municipal beauty. Soft coal is used, creating dark, smoky columns, which rise solemnly, perpetually, unless a city ordinance to the effect that factories shall consume their own smoke, prove a success. Its possibility is admitted, but its practicability is denied on the ground that it will in some way injure the furnaces. The city stretches for eleven miles along the much-bending river, and contains about 260,000 inhabitants.

These river craft are queer to one who has lived by the sea. They are more like moving houses: they are a mixture of land and water architecture: they are not meant for waves, and one is inclined to have a little contempt for them, while admitting their utility. The lower deck is open, roomy, and stretches far over the hull below. Here the machinery is placed, or rather scattered, and freight is piled. Above is a long narrow saloon, state-rooms on either side, and a conspicuous notice that gambling is not allowed: then the upper deck, affording a fine view of the country around.

An old settler, with whom I scraped acquaintance, said that the Ohio side is occupied chiefly by Germans, who have small but excellent farms. Owing to slavery, they never moved to the opposite shore of Kentucky till recently. They are now spreading gradually over the latter, introducing a thrift not known before. He said that the river was continually cutting into the farms on either side, carrying off many valuable acres. This is prevented, in part, by planting willows on the banks: miles of them are already protecting the shore.

As it grows dark, the saloon is lighted, passengers gather around the long row of tables in the centre, and read, or chat, or play cards; all is quiet and orderly. The scene is interesting, and becomes quite brilliant when a young lady performs on the piano. Children amuse themselves in the pleasant parlor of the saloon. Here is a space of 350x25 feet, full of cheerfulness, contrasting with the rougher side of life below. The one is convenient and proper, and does not entertain one long; the other is picturesque, and interests one at every turn. Negro hands group themselves around a stove, and smoke and chatter: some are stretched out sleeping, on rows of barrels. On each side, a gigantic beam conveys power from the engine to the wheel. Amidships are the boilers, heated by fiery furnaces, into whose glowing mouths a set of swarthy hands throw quantities of coal; their faces are lit up by the blaze; they seem trying to satisfy an insatiate monster: they hardly seem human as they labor in the weird light.

A host of waiters files into the saloon, tables are cleared, cloths are tossed into the air and come down smoothly on them; spoons are flung unerringly to the saucers, and in a few minutes, tea tables are spread out, and about a hundred passengers sit down to supper. The dexterity of a colored waiter with a loaded tray is wonderful: it flies through the air on the tips of his fingers, and set once a dozen dishes alight before you. The supper, as well as all the appointments, is good.

It is moonlight on the Ohio. Our leviathan glides into the shadow of a high bank, or shoots across a sheet of silver. On the upper deck it is glorious, sweeping up this noble river, under the moon and stars. On either side are many lighted windows, indicating comfort and happiness?—there, perhaps, is the "Old Kentucky Home." It is equally fascinating to stand on the lower deck and watch the water a little below. The sense of swiftness is exciting.

The boat whistles as we near a stopping-place, then puts out a long handled iron hamper blazing with soft coal, illuminating the landing. This stream of fire, sometimes six and eight feet long, is the most picturesque thing in all this life.

This was the dead-line of slavery. Thousands were eager to cross it, but feared the bullet or hound that would follow. How they prayed and agonized on one side, and rejoiced as they reached the other. Here was the contrast that once shook the slave system to its centre. The thrift of Ohio and the comparative poverty of Kentucky were clearly shown to be the results of free and slave labor, respectively.

The "Ruffner Pamphlet," which demonstrated this (written by the father of the present Superintendent and the creator of the Virginia School system) brought the Virginia Legislature, about thirty years ago, to within one vote of declaring gradual emancipation. But the invention of the cotton gin multiplied profits, doubled the value of the black man; the money argument was too strong. They claim, however, that, but for Northern agitation, they would have worked it out in time; that emancipation in the Northern states was a measure of economy rather than of humanity. The argument from justice and humanity never seemed to have much force. Military necessity made the motion to emancipate in 1863; justice only seconded it. The North and South, as a whole, have always been morally very near each other on the question of slavery. The agitation was practically repudiated by both until the war. The North was wiser but not holier in this issue.

Thursday morning.

The river is still broad and majestic: we pass many wide-awake looking towns on both sides: there are lots of iron founderies: we see their columns of smoke ascending, far up and down the stream. At ten o'clock, we reach Huntington, the original western terminus of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, which now reaches Cincinnati, and Louisville Ky., making at these points, far-reaching western and southern connections. This is a thriving town; a good future is predicted for it.

Now for Richmond and Hampton by rail, through the two Virginias, thirty-six hours more. I have long wished to take this trip, especially for the fine scenery of West Virginia, and can hardly realize the fact.

But why this letter? What business have I to be on the Ohio at this time of the year?

The American Missionary Association of New York city, representing chiefly Congregationalism and the New England idea, has, under its charge, ten large chartered institutions for the higher education of the freedmen, and twelve High and Normal schools, all, in spite of difference of plan or theory, working practically to the same end; the preparation of teachers for the colored race. They contain some six thousand pupils, and are a quiet but tremendous power for the welfare of that race and of the country. They cost about $250,000 a year, most of which is wrung from the rocky hills of New England by toiling farmers, or made in her manufacturing enterprises. Already, (since 1862) over four millions of dollars have been expended by them for this cause; a kind of work that our politicians and statesmen have, as a class, so far, stupidly ignored; their stupidity will be recognized later in our history. This work is coequal in importance with the Constitutional amendments, as a foundation for the success of emancipation and the salvation of the South. Though confined to the blacks, it has proved a stimulus to the whites; this most important, indirect result is far from being understood.

The officers of the American Missionary Association had long felt that a greater unification of their work was necessary. One of them stated his conviction that a loss of twenty per-cent of possible results was occasioned for want of it. Accordingly, Presidents Ware, Alexander, Craven and Pope, of the colleges at Atlanta, New Orleans, Nashville and Talladega, Ala.; the heads of ten Normal and High schools from Savannah, Mobile, Memphis, Tongeloo, Macon, Charleston, Atlanta and other places were summoned, and met at the Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., on Monday, Dec. 26, 1881, for a conference.

Ex. Gov. Washburne of Massachusetts, President: Rev. Dr. Strieby and Rev. Dr. Roy, Secretaries; and Rev. Dr. Ward, Editor of the "Independent," of the Executive Committee, represented the Association. President Fairchild of Berea College, and myself were invited to be present. Both Berea and Hampton were originally under the control of the Association, but became, by mutual consent, independent, undenominational, always, however, keeping up the most cordial relations with the parent Society.

My own part was with special reference to industrial education, which the Association is more and more disposed to recognize as a great need of the Negro, and to incorporate in their institutions. I arrived Tuesday morning, direct from Boston, and left for Hampton the same night, by the shortest route. Hence this letter from the Ohio river.

With reference to the higher or collegiate education, a uniform course of study will be adopted in the preparatory or high school: its carrying out will be supervised by the central power in New York city, and an almost ideal unity will be created in the Association's strong and splendid system of Southern institutions. There are no State officials to potter over it, no matter-of-course routine to follow. Wide-awake men—New England men—will have their way and do the best they can.

What would'nt some Northern college presidents do for such a chance to organize the schools that feed their institutions.

It is notable that, in Western college work, there is no such unity; no grasp of the whole by a central Society in the East who collect and expend in good faith for the good of all, repressing and no calls from any one quarter, and preventing disproportionate charity or work.

The geographical distribution of the institutions of the American Missionary Association, is very remarkable. The leading ones correspond wonderfully with the decisive battle-fields of the war.

Hampton Institute was placed at the centre or base of military operations in Virginia; Atlanta University at the vital point of Confederate supplies, Sherman's grand objective. Fisk University at Nashville, stands where terribly decisive work was done. Straight University at New Orleans, is placed at the centre of life and business of the South west, for which Farragut and Butler struck tremendous blows. These localities, and those named above indicate how marked is the relation of the healing Christian work of the South (as supported from the North) to the spots where fratricidal war raged most fiercely, and blood ran like water.

All these institutions are doing well; all are crowded with students as never before, need help more than ever, and justify their existence, not only by the direct work they are doing, but by the spirit of peace and good-will in which they are conducted.

The little company in the parlor of Fisk University at Nashville, represented, in some measure, the agitators who had formerly embittered the South, kindled its hatred, and unceasingly piled up the faggots that finally blazed out into civil war. There we were, every one of us, in the pleasantest relations with our Southern neighbors, from Virginia to Louisiana, the representative from New Orleans, whose college occupies a fine square in the city, having, perhaps, the most actively cordial relations with the ex-slaveholders and ex confederates.

Not one of us would entitle our experience "A Fool's Errand." The past had not been all peaceful, but sensible men knew that time was necessary, and never in the history of civilization have such changes in thought and action been accomplished in so little time. Never did so ready a harvest of ideas spring so quickly from fields watered with the blood of men. To-day, the Southern movement, whether educational, moral and religious, or commercial, is going on grandly. But the South is cursed with a deep and perilous ignorance, to which the people of this country have a peculiar relation and a duty that *must be done:* as much for one race as for the other. Help can be adequate only as Congress shall aid, but its inspiration, the effort and sacrifice that create inspiration, can only come from making this cause, which is everybody's duty as much as our own, personal to ourselves.

Tuesday last was mainly devoted to industrial interests. In various institutions, labor departments had been opened, and there was some fear of conflict of interests or claims, for the resources of the Association are for such a field, very limited, and the earnest workers who realized the need of practical education for a race who are destined largely to be farmers, and who, though now numbering many carpenters, masons and blacksmiths, (trained in slavery,) are gradually losing ground as mechanics for the want of opportunities to learn trades, pressed most vigorously the need of increased land, buildings, stock and tools; and could not well be satisfied without more appliances.

It was understood that educating the hand and head together, costs more than educating the head alone; that instruction and not production is the main thing in industrial education; the money question was therefore serious. After a candid, full discussion, the industrial policy of the American Missionary Association was decided, about as follows:

Tougaloo University, Mississippi, with three hundred students, (the officers of this Society fully realize the uselessness of some of the high sounding titles given years ago by enthusiastic predecessors) has the best soil, a fine, large farm, a fair home market and a market in Chicago for all the strawberries the students can raise. It will probably be the leading agricultural school of the Association, having the most favorable conditions for success in that direction. Its President, Mr. Pope, made an excellent statement of its essentials, pressing most strongly the need of an Industrial education for the Negro. It has many wants that ought to be supplied at once.

Talladega College, Alabama, (350 students, Rev. Mr. De Forest, President) has, like Tougaloo, a Normal course, and is also preparatory for the University at Atlanta or Nashville. It owns plenty of land, but the soil is poor. The agricultural department is, however, being pushed with energy and hope, under not the best conditions, but it is so well worth doing, the effect of self-help on the students is so marked and so desirable, and the management so wise and excellent, that the labor department of Talladega is likely to be sustained, but not very highly developed, to supply for home consumption only, as there is no good outside market.

Prof. Steele, of the LeMoyne day school, at Memphis, Tenn., with about 300 students, gave an interesting account of his instruction of girls in the arts of cooking and household industries, nursing and caring for the sick, and clearly showed his claim to lead all the schools in the work of fitting Negro girls for the practical duties of life. Here was undoubtedly a work to be pushed, and the Association is likely to push it. Prof. Steele is thoroughly in earnest, and seems the man to develop a capital girls' training school.

President E. A. Ware of Atlanta University (of over 300 students) which is doing the largest work for the higher education of the blacks of any institution of the country, gave an interesting account of teaching his colored girls the art of cooking. Once a week, they give a dinner of their own cooking, to teachers and others, who thus test, practically, their proficiency. He thinks that mechanical training might be introduced, separate from the University, in the thriving city of Atlanta. The idea struck us with force. The Association could do nothing better than erect a plain, large shop, in a suitable locality, employ a few good foremen, get picked young men to give their time for six months or a year, to learn the carpenter's, wheelwrights, blacksmith's, and shoemaker's trades;—they could well afford this;—then go on fair wages. This shop could compete for putting up cheap buildings, make, sell and repair farm carts and wagons, shoe horses, and make shoes. It would require a considerable plant. It should have ten thousand dollars on the start, and *not be expected to pay expenses.* It probably would in from three to five years; but industrial education costs like any other education. But, it may work towards self-support, as Hampton will, I hope, ultimately show. The two important points are, first, the money, second, the man; both indispensable: the latter must so. Man can create money, but money can't create a man.

I trust that the Association will establish the enterprise *par excellence*, at Atlanta, for boys, as they will the one for girls at Memphis, the agricultural side being maintained at Tougaloo and Talladega.

President Cravath of Fisk University, (nearly 300 students,) explained that there, as at Atlanta, all the students of every grade are required to work one hour a day as part of their payment for school bills. In both these institutions, much work is done by students, by way of wood cutting, grading and general duty. In all the schools of every grade, work is thus associated with study in varying degrees; the least work being done where the studies are the most advanced. In the latter case the students get their money mainly by teaching school, or from their own people, about one-fourth their needs being supplied by charity. They are by no means pauperized by this course, being, in the main, self-supporting. Still, I like it better as at Hampton, to reduce by giving work, the charity aid to about one-tenth of the student's expenses. Then the discipline and skill acquired is a clear gain. All these institutions aim to supply to the colored race, intelligent, Christian teachers and leaders, who shall, by example as well as by precept, teach them the more excellent way.

All, but one of the above mentioned establishments, have a boarding department, which, in itself, is a great education, teaching right living and cleanliness, which are the conditions of godliness. In all, girls and boys are required to do some share of work. The average Negro student needs a regime which shall control the entire twenty-four hours of each day—only thus can the old ideas and ways be pushed out and new ones take their place. The formation of good habits is fundamental in our work.

In a Northern school, these may perhaps be presupposed; with us, they are an objective point; one that is, however, easily reached, for the Negro pupil is, like the Negro soldier, most readily transformed under wise control, into remarkable tidiness and good conduct generally.

S. C. A.

(Concluded in next number.)

TONIC SOL-FA AT HAMPTON.

The new method of musical instruction known as the Tonic Sol-Fa system—new to this country but of forty years' growth in England, and now thoroughly established there—has been introduced at Hampton Institute. A description of the method as far as it can be described in a brief newspaper article will be found in another column from the pen of Prof. Theodore F. Seward, president of the American Tonic Sol-Fa Association, and chief agent in the introduction of the system in this country. Prof. Seward it will be remembered trained the celebrated Jubilee singers of Fisk University for their first going out. His assistant, Prof. B. C. Unseld, has given a month's course of lessons to the Hampton school, training also a class of teachers, by some of whom the instruction will be carried on at the Institute and in the Butler school. Prof. Unseld's work has been good and its results satisfactory considering the shortness of the course, which was only intended as an introductory one. The principal points of the system were gone over and quite enough done to prove its value and especial adaptation to this work. There is no limit to its application we understand, and in England oratorios are written in it, and other difficult and classical music, and it is in very general use for chorus training. But its great advantage is naturally, in removing the unnecessary stumbling blocks which in the old system clog the entrance to the beautiful art of music, to all who are not born geniuses. In these days of seeking after the laws of nature in mental growth, it is pleasant to know that a natural method has been found for teaching music as well as geography. While some musical experts who have forgotten or never experienced the difficulties which most beginners meet, may fail to appreciate the advantages of the new system, we believe that no one—no teacher especially—who with any sense of these difficulties intelligently studies it, can avoid a delighted conviction that this is the natural method for musical instruction. Its universal adoption in the training of the rising generation may make us a singing people and do much for the beauty and elevation of our home life. It is said to have been a great desire of its English originator, Rev. John Curwen, to see it employed for the Colored race. It is now being introduced at Fisk, Atlanta and Talladega we learn, as well as at Hampton.

An unexpected incident of Prof. Unseld's Hampton course was his discovery of about twelve per cent. of the colored students unable to carry a tune, a larger proportion than one would expect to find in such a class. Is it any indication of change in their enviable race characteristic, resulting possibly from contemptuous abandonment of their own music because of its association with the days of slavery? If this is possible, and they thus throw away their wonderful gift of song, they will certainly live to regret it.

An interesting course of lectures on education has been delivered recently at Hampton Institute by Rev. Dr. A. D. Mayo, of Boston, editor of the New England Journal of Education. Dr. Mayo's labors for the last two years in the cause of education in the Southern states have made him widely known both North and South, and are giving impetus to the great educational revival out of which the New South is growing. Since he gave himself to this work, encouraged by Northern philanthropy and the endorsement of the President of the United States, the U. S. Commissioner of education and leading educators and public leaders of both sections, Dr. Mayo has traveled through many of the Southern states inspecting schools, white and colored, holding Institutes, giving lectures to rouse and instruct public sentiment, almost universally received with enthusiasm and gratitude. He has done much to introduce North and South to each other, and is well fitted to speak of the Southern question. He asserts that the growth of public approval of and interest in education for all classes is very real and general. There is, of course, much ignorance, and with it of course, much apathy; not much active hostility to educational interests; but there is positive and remarkable awakening of thought on the subject, and in almost every place there will be found thoughtful men and women and young people eager for instruction and grateful for suggestion.

From Hampton, Dr. Mayo started upon another Southern tour, to be more extensive than his previous ones.

INDIAN VISITORS.

On the 24th ult. a party of six Pueblo chiefs, and the head chief of the Pima tribe, arrived at Hampton, from Arizona, under charge of Maj. B. M. Thomas, the Pueblos en route for Carlisle, to visit the children of their tribe and place two more bright little girls at school there. Eighteen Pueblo children are in the Carlisle school, and each of the six Pueblo towns they represent, had sent its visiting committee to look after them. They were a striking looking set of men, of shorter, stockier build than the Dakotas, but with large heads and friendly, intelligent faces.

Antonio, chief of the Pimas—another friendly, agricultural tribe in Arizona, about four thousand strong—accompanied the party to Hampton to visit his son Antonito, who, eighteen months ago, left his wife and baby, and farm of twenty acres, to his old father's care, and came to Hampton with his own little son and heir, and some other children of his tribe to encourage them, and "Learn more English and white man's farming." The meeting of father, son and grandson, was an interesting sight. Antonio is a progressive man, who lives up to his light, and tries to lift his people to his own level. He is a grey-haired man of over sixty, above medium height, with a good head, a thoughtful, serious face, and a simple dignity, quite impressive. When he started from home he had very long hair, coiled in braids almost covering his head. It had doubtless been his pride for many years, but when the party passed through Washington, he slipped off by himself to a barber's shop and had it all cut off, calling Major Thomas afterwards to see what he had done, and intimating by signs that he had thrown away one more Indian way. As he sat at one end of the chiefs' table at Hampton, with his son presiding at the other, a New Hampshire gentleman present remarked that he might easily be taken for one of the better class of New England farmers of the last generation, a man not afraid to stand before kings; self-respecting and respected for solid intelligence and worth. He had to ride four hundred miles alone to join the Pueblo party, and would like to have his son return with him, feeling his own need of him perhaps as well as the tribe's; but Antonito desires to stay longer to accomplish the object of his coming.

All the chiefs showed great interest in inspecting the school buildings, and class rooms and work shops, especially the latter, from which they could hardly be drawn away. Before the Pueblos left for Carlisle they were invited to the Principal's house for a talk. Their language is Spanish, and for want of a very fluent interpreter, not much was said beyond expressions of welcome and satisfaction. Major Thomas, however, who is a man of intelligence and long experience in Indian management as United States Indian Agent, under appointment of the Presbyterian church, and having lived eleven years among these people, gave a very interesting account of the Pueblos and of

WHY VICTORIA WENT ON THE WAR PATH.

The Pueblos are self-supporting, living in towns, building houses of adobe or occupying the remarkable two and three story stone buildings left by their greater ancestors. They engage in agriculture in a simple way, and receive no rations and little attention from the Government, because they give it no trouble. They understand this well enough, and sometimes remark among themselves that if they should go out and kill a few white men, they would get presents too.

The Apaches number about nine thousand. Perhaps four hundred of them have been engaged in the recent fighting. The tribe is supported by the Government. Major Thomas was Agent for those of this Agency which included Victoria's band. He says the Government kept Victoria's people on the move all the time, in a manner most unfair. The Apaches are a wild people, cruel in war and difficult to manage, but by no means unamenable to the proper influences. In the two years he was with them Major Thomas succeeded in starting them in industry. Victoria himself got to farming and working on irrigating ditches. They had at that time a delightful reservation and it had been promised to them and their children for ever. In the midst of these successful efforts, they were suddenly ordered to leave it. The decree of the Great Father was explained to the Chief. Victoria said, "yes, only give me some place and let me stay there." They were peaceably removed to the new reservation near the Rio Grande, after which, Major Thomas, disgusted with the break up of his successful labors and the unsuitableness of the new location, gave up the Agency, and procured a transfer to that he now occupies among the Pueblos. His successor, however, went to work, put up the Agency buildings and began farming operations. This made the Indians feel that they were settled at last, and they began to go to work again. One pleasant morning all the troops at the Agency and in the neighborhood came crowding in and the stunning announcement was made, "You've got to go to Arizona." This was the first they had heard of it. To Arizona they went, unwillingly, of course. Victoria and his band escaped, were pursued and driven into Fort Wingate, there captured and taken back to their old Agency. From there they were of course ordered again to Arizona. Victoria said he would do any thing the Great Father said but that. The same night he and part of his band took the cavalry horses and got away. About two hundred went on the war path. Not over fifty are now left alive.

It is the old story. White oppression and treachery and Indian retaliation. The tribe had been treacherously dealt with years before, by the army. Victoria thus described it. "The troops invited the braves into the Agency—gave them coffee to drink, and while they were drinking it, fired into the enclosure. They were so scared that the first they knew they found themselves in the hills with their cups still in their hands." The tribe never forgot it. "It took me a year," said Major Thomas, "to get them to go into a corral for a talk. Then they sent the women and children in, and the braves rode around the outside to watch. The Apaches are naturally wild and warlike. I had hard work to bring them to anything like interest in civilization, but I was doing it, and it could be done for all. With ordinary good management the tribe would have been now self-supporting. There is no question of it. They were beginning to go to work. As for Victoria, he was always so quiet that I didn't suppose there was fight in him. I would have said he would be a coward; but when he really started on the war path he held out against two regiments of United States troops for two years." How long will it be before the knowing of these things means the righting of them?

THE PUEBLOS WANT SCHOOLS.

The Pueblos are not ignorant of these things, but they have always been at peace with the Government and will continue to do so. Three hundred years ago they drove the Spaniards out of their country, but were recaptured and reduced to a sort of slavery, in their mines. There are about 10,000 in all, occupying nineteen towns in New Mexico and seven in Arizona. They are supposed to be descendants of the Aztecs of Mexico, but their own ideas of their origin are vague. They make handsome pottery and good blankets. There are three schools open on the Arizona reservation, two day and one boarding school. The trouble is the irregularity of the attendance, yet the tribe is desirous of schools. Each of the three has about fifty children, but twenty-five hundred could be had if there were accommodation for them. The best station for a large boarding and industrial school would be Albuquerque, and a donation of land for one could be got from the town. The eighteen Pueblo children in the Carlisle School are counted among the very brightest there. This visit of their chiefs will have a great influence for good upon their tribe. They will have many wonders to tell around the lodge fires during the coming year. The sense of the white man's power, the desire for the white man's helping hand will be greatly increased. Have we no responsibility to meet it?

THE BIRTHDAY OF LONGFELLOW.

To cultivate patriotism in the rising generation, a true devotion to their country, founded not on vanity, but on a just appreciation of its greatness and acquaintance with the men who make it great, is a part of educational work which has an important bearing on the country's future. There is danger in the reaction from American brag to a fashion of general cynicism. You can't make heroes out of sneerers, or useful citizens of men who have been brought up to believe in universal corruption. The tidal wave of feeling which rolled over the country when President Garfield was smitten down did a great deal to lift the whole nation to the higher level of a hearty enthusiasm. The best monument we can give our martyred President will be to keep his pure life, his golden words and deeds ever before the sight of American youth, growing up to American citizenship.

The nation is still in its early youth in some respects. While we have just celebrated our one hundredth political anniversary, some of the men who are the founders of American literature are still living. It is a graceful and admirable proposal of a well known Boston publishing firm that all the schools of the country shall unite in celebrating the birthday of our American poet laureate—crowned with the first love of the people—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—while the beauty of his living presence is still with us. The Hampton Normal School has for some years had its Longfellow days and Whittier, and Lowell days and the rest, devoted to recitations and readings from the works of the Masters, and very gladly joins in the coming Longfellow birthday celebration. We hope it will be generally observed, and gladly give place to Messrs Houghton and Mifflin's circular below:

The 75th birthday of the poet Longfellow, which will occur on the 27th of February, will be celebrated in many schools throughout the country by readings and recitations from his writings. To all schools which propose thus to observe this occasion, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, the publishers of Mr. Longfellow's works, offer to send gratuitously, copies of a neatly printed biographical sketch of the poet, with a fine portrait of him, and a picture of the famous and historic mansion at Cambridge in which he lives. Early application should be made, and the number required in each school stated.

The Longfellow Leaflets, published by the same firm, are admirably adapted for these celebrations, and will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 50 cents, by the publishers. For 75 cents they will send the Leaflets and an excellent colored lithograph of Mr. Longfellow's house.

DIED.—At Waterville, Virginia, January 4th, of consumption, Werten G. Burke, a graduate of Hampton Institute in the class of '81.

An incident of his early school life is an index of the character of this young man. He entered the Preparatory class in '77, and at the end of the year failing of promotion, and being older than most of the students, was dropped from the school. The next October, however, back he came, and requested an examination, saying that he had been studying up all summer. He was examined, and to the general surprise, made the middle class, skipping the junior. The next year he was promoted to the senior class and graduated with an honor. Faithfulness in all things, and earnestness of purpose, carried him through, and would have made him a very useful man among his people. He was a conscientious, Christian man, and had intended to become a minister as well as a teacher. His health had long been failing however, and though he rallied for awhile and took a school, he held it only two weeks, dying in the harness.

SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

The season has again come around when every student of Hampton who can write a letter in English, is asked to express his acknowledgment of the benevolent interest in his race which has prompted some distant friend to give the school the cost of his tuition. These letters, one of which is sent to every donor of a year's scholarship—$70—are of double advantage; to the student himself, in awakening gratitude and a useful sense that what is free to him is paid for by somebody; to the school, in bringing its efforts and their results more directly before its friends; and further, we know some of these would say, to the givers, in adding to the interest and intelligence of their benevolence.

With their permission, we have been in the habit of publishing yearly a number of the most interesting of these scholarship letters, printed without correction, and representing the different grades and races in the school.

FROM AN INDIAN YOUNG MAN IN THE SENIOR CLASS.

Dear friend:

Having been steadily promoted in the past two years, until I am now a member of those who are soon to go forth into the world as lights upon the sea shore, among their people;—this perhaps is the last scholarship letter I shall endeavor to write. The time will soon arrive for me to leave the school which I have been so long under its care and instructions, and have become very much attached to it and its teachers; and of course it will naturally be when I go away, to feel somewhat lost. Although, while we are far away, it is very pleasant to remember and think with gratitude of those whom we loved for their faithful and liberal assistance in times of need, and those with whom we had been thrown into pleasant association for a length of time, but at the same time a very sad one. So will be to me of those, especially, from whom all my means of going through the course of instruction here have been obtained.

Yes, indeed, it will be very hard for me to come forth to bid my friends a farewell without a tear, as perhaps I shall never see them again. But when I see others are doing so, I must; and it is my duty to go forth into the darkness of the world to bring others into light; and in order to be noble and manly, I must fulfill what the school demands of me, and its responsibilities. On the other hand, it will be a great pleasure to meet with those of my people whom I left over two years ago, in the far west, where hardly any white man, except very brave missionaries, ever penetrated the heart of its solitary plains, without a pillow of Winchester rifle;—not because I desire to put myself under their control, but because of my being well prepared, and desire to control,—to uplift them from their blindness of barbarism, and low state of human life, into life of peace, prosperity, and self-supporting. I being first who shall have ever graduated from higher school of the tribe I represent, and it seems hard for one to be among the many who will dare not open their ears for the entrance of His words. But the City of Rome was not built in a single day, or in a single year, but year after year, and brick upon brick. I will simply trust in Him in whose hands all things are possible, and in whom all men are subjects; and will do the best I can to accomplish my mission. If it never come out as I wish during my days, what will it matter to me? I shall have done all my best. Others who are coming after me will gladly take up the work and add a little to it until it shall all be finished.

It is a sad thing and I almost shed tears to think of the condition of my own race to-day. I know well the both sides of the hill;—I am just attaining its height upon which I am now standing above all my people; looking to what is ahead, I see the broad and only way for peace and prosperity, which is education, open, free to all; but looking to what was left behind, I see nothing but darkness. Men are walking in blindness, poverty mingled with superstition; and in general degredation. I wished many a time that my people would think of themselves as much as I do; but when I come to think of this, that if they do, how can they know the better?

They need training, they must be trained to use their intellectual as well as their muscular powers. There is something to be done and given for them before they will become judges of themselves. And what is that? Educate them, train them. Education and manual labor are the only remedies for such a class of men, and whatever things else will come spontaneously as they progress along.

There has been said and done a great deal for the Indian in the way of proving his capability of being civilized and educated, for the last few years; and this will be sooner or later, and has been partially proved, that an Indian is capable of being taught all the knowledge which white man is enjoying. He has the equal capacity for all learning taught. He wants the chance and time to make himself a man.

I will now bring my letter to a particular tribe, as it may be interesting to know of which nation the writer is a representative. The Shawnees are, as a general thing, willing to take hold of anything in the line of education or manual labor, that will be of benefit to them in the future; as they see the American civilization is approaching strongly and rapidly, and will soon sweep over their hunting grounds, like prairie fire, that drives away all sorts of game that comes near, and consumes everything which comes in contact. So will they be consumed unless preparation is made to meet the necessity of standing in the flames of civilization. There will be no more rambling over plains, hills and mountains in search of game. Since the beginning of the late war to the present time, over two-thirds of the whole tribe have learned considerably in the way of agriculture and stock-raising, which are the principal occupations, and consequently they are self supporting in every way, excepting in the maintainance of their school, which is supported by the Government. They receive no rations or help of any form from the Government, except their first agricultural implements given to them some nine or ten years ago.

Several served in the Federal army of the late Rebellion, among whom was my father, who served three years in the army. From the constant meeting with cattle-men going back and forth into Kansas and Texas, they became quite well acquainted with the English language, so that any one who talks English can get along well in some parts without the aid of an interpreter. But I am sorry to say that the very first thing they learn is to swear, which is the natural result from mingling with criminals, murderers and other bad white men who are seeking to escape the punishment of law.

The first boarding school among them was established about five or six years ago, and the attendance has been since on an average of more or less the capacity of the school. A Government farm was also opened at the same time in which boys are required to learn the art of farming. A large pasture in which all the cattle for the use of the school are kept.

The girls are required to help in the laundry, and in general housework. Among the first to enter the school was myself, until little over two years ago, through the advice of Rev. Mr. E. Beard, missionary, I was sent here to complete my schooling.

I hope when I go home, to have more of my people represented here in school; for Hampton is doing such an immense amount of good which is needful to such races to strengthen and develop their mental and physical powers for the necessary wants, of not only good and honest living, but giving good to others.

There will be no trouble of getting my people represented here, because I already received applications even from thirteen years old little girls, telling me to show to the Principal of the school their letters, which are of course somewhat puzzling to read. Being written in an unknown tongue must be taken as they are. I have not said anything to the Principal about them because there is no use; the school is full to its utmost capacity, there is no room for more. I hope the little girls will be admitted later on.

Yours very respectfully, W.

FROM A SENIOR GIRL.

Dear friend:

The last time I wrote you, I told you of a very pleasant vacation spent up North; this time I have the pleasure of telling you of a very pleasant one spent in the South, in the vicinity of Hampton. I left school on the 24th of May, got in a row-boat and was rowed across the creek in front of our school, to a house which I had often looked at from my window in front of Virginia Hall, and thought so pleasant looking, but had no idea of living there.

My work wasn't so hard as it was the vacation previous. I had only to do the cooking and cleaning house, which was the easiest work I have had to do since I have been in school. This home on the farm was very pleasant, it reminded me of my old home before I came to Hampton.

The most of the people over there worked on farms, others fished and caught crabs, which seemed to be the support of a great many families, some depended altogether on the fish and crabs which they caught for a living. Quite a number of colored people live on Mr. Armstrong's land, they each occupy a piece of land with a small house on it, which they are allowed so much time to pay for. They all work for Mr. Wm. Armstrong, and on Saturdays when they go for their money, they leave a part of it for the paying of the land, and the rest they take for the support of their families. In this way they pay for the land, and support their families at the same time, and after a while they will each have a pleasant home.

Our school has undergone a great many changes since my first term. We have a great many more buildings, and quite a number more inmates. When I first came here and had to sleep on the floor for three weeks on account of school being crowded, I thought Hampton quite a hard place, but now I think different. I had rather sleep on the floor a whole term, than lose the experience which those four years in Hampton have given me. Not so much the lessons that I have learned here, but the strength and will that I have gained in this time, enables me to feel as I have worked out my own salvation, I can help others work out theirs.

When I first came here I was young, and did not feel able to help a child, but now I am a woman, I can work, I am not afraid of my hands. I can help others through the help of God, who has helped me. At first I thought it impossible to stay here; sometimes I felt very much discouraged, but just then there seemed to come into my heart these words: "God helps him who helps himself." This hope seems to stimulate one to go on, and now I am a Senior. I was promoted to the Senior class the tenth of last June; that was the happiest day I ever saw here. I came back to school on the 3rd of October, took up all new studies which I am still pursuing. I am in a class of sixty-two members, and while the sad thought comes into my mind of leaving all my dear class-mates whom I have become so attached to, there is still another thought forcing itself upon me, which speaks in silence, saying: "What will be the next?" But I must go and leave them, because, "the voice of the present says come," and while the destiny of our race hangs on me, can I stay? No I must go.

Our school is very much crowded at present, more so than ever before. Besides the large day school, we have quite a large night school of young men and women, who work all day, and go to school at night.

The increase of our school shows in every respect, that the colored people are still rising out of darkness into light.

We also have more new Indians, for a part of the old Indians, who have been here three years, left before school opened, for their homes in the West, and now they are scattered about in different places at home, helping their people.

There were no Indians here when I first came, but since then we have had quite a number from the far-off land in the West, to join us as brothers and sisters. I wondered at first what would be done with these curious looking people, when they came here with their long hair and blanket clothing, but they have told us in plain words, if we will help them, they too will rise and lift up their people. We have three Indian boys in our Senior class, Oskeneny, Wildeat, and John Downing. They love us, and we love them too. They are not Indians with long hair and blanket clothing, but men with willing hands to work, and willing hearts to plan, and will soon go to their homes in the West, to tell others of the good of an education. I hope before long, not only to have Indian brothers in the Senior class, but sisters. As this is my last letter to you in school, I can hardly find words to tell you how thankful I am to you and all the rest of my dear friends up North, for your and their kindness to me since I have been in this school.

I shall soon go out into the world to unite with those who have gone before, and my intentions are to do all I can for my race, in promoting their general welfare.

Respectfully yours, G.

FROM A NATIVE AFRICAN BOY IN THE MIDDLE CLASS.

Dear friend:

I am requested to give you a sketch of my life. I was born in Africa, in a place by the name of Freetown, Sierra Leone, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-six, on the nineteenth of November. My chief business at home is to sell. When I was fourteen years old I began to go to school. The first teacher that taught me in school his name is Jeremiah Williams. I went to him for two years, then I stop from going to school. The object that made me stop from schooling to him was I did not like his model of teaching. My mother was poor, and my father was out at home. When I reached to to the age of six years, then I knew my father. When I stop from schooling I use to sell for my mother. Then when I commenced to school again. I went to another teacher by the name of Obadiah Johnson. This teacher was a real kind man, he taught me for two years. Sometimes I'll go to school, another time I'll not; my mother say to me, "Boy if you don't go to school, I'll report you to your teacher." About one hundred miles from my home the people are savages. Never put on any clothes with the exception of the women. I remember once when there had not been the gospel nor any one that could read the scripture and explain it to them. A tutor went there and he beckon to the King and said, "Call all your men around you." And the King called his men. The tutor said unto him, "What is the reason that you all worship idols and not God?" "Because we do not know anything about God and we have no one to tell us about him," was the reply. "Well," said the tutor, "I'll tell you about him." Then the tutor commences to tell him how God sent his Son into the world to save mankind. When the King have heard this, he said to his people, "Take yo all your Gods, and throw them into the river." And they did so. The King told the tutor that they will serve God and no other gods. From thence the King never allowed them to worship any idols. I went to Mr. Ackrel White, one of the graduates of Hampton School. He went to Africa as a missionary. When I went to him I stop in the Mission House with lots of missionaries in the house. A man by the name of Snelson sitting in the piazza he saw a Bondoo Devil passing by, he beckon to her and she came. When she comes, he told her to go into the chapel. And when she was going a man told her not to go and she went away. The Bondoo Devil is in most parts of Africa; it is not a devil, but it is a woman. She will go and black herself up; and then she will put on her clothes, which are made out of small strings. She will black this string too. After she has put them on, she will look as if she has two faces. When she is playing, the boys are not to look at her face; if they do, she will run after them, and if she catch any of them, she will whip them almost to death. Mr. White when he wants to come here, then he brought only two of us. The other one that is here with me his name is Tucker. Both of us are in the Middle Class. I thank you very much for my schooling that you are paying for me.

Respectfully yours,

C.

FROM A JUNIOR BOY.

Dear friend:

I am heartily glad of the opportunity (which presents itself to me) of telling you as much as I can of the history of my life.

I was born in Greensville County, Virginia, July 1st, 1865. At five years of age I became interested in books and learned very quickly to count, from my father, who, having been a slave from birth, had no way of obtaining an education for himself, therefore was unable to teach me anything about books. Shortly after my fifth birthday he died, leaving my mother with five children to care for. After said death she knew not exactly what to do, but she resolved to go to Petersburg, as that was the nearest city, and put herself in the service of some people by which she could earn money enough to support her children, that were not able to work.

She went to Petersburg and found employment, and afterwards went back and got her two smallest children, one of which was myself. After getting every thing nearly straight, she began to think that her children ought to be educated. It was resolved that the lady's daughter by whom she was employed, should begin to teach me in the first reader. I began to learn very fast and soon became ready to enter the Peabody Public School. I studied diligently, and learned very fast there, and at the end of the first term in the above named school, I received one of the highest distinctions that were issued in that grade, which was a silver medal for English.

After the vacation I entered school again and studied more diligently, and at the end of my last term I received the highest distinction issued, which was a gold medal for scholarship.

I then having passed through all the grades in the school, received also a diploma. As my mother was not able to pay for me to attend any higher school, it was resolved that I should work one year in order to attend school another year. But the Supt. of the Peabody school, and also my teacher knowing my mother was not able to send me to school, wrote to General Armstrong, stating my case; they were ordered by him to send me along and he would do the best he could for me.

Therefore I came immediately and arrived here (at Hampton,) Friday, Sept. 18th, 1881, and was examined shortly afterward, and entered the Junior Class, from which I will try and be promoted to the Middle Class next term.

Thinking that I have written enough of my unimportant history, I extend my best wishes and thanks to you, and remain.

Respectfully yours,

W.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

spoke of the expected pleasures of the Indians during Christmas, in our last number, and perhaps it will be pleasing to follow them through the holidays, in order to note the changes from last year.

Three or four weeks before Christmas, the scholars began to organize their "Christmas clubs."

Each member pays a specified amount for himself and lady—(and here let me add the amount is by no means extravagant.)

With the money thus raised, a few holiday additions are made to their usual bill of fare, and the tables, centrally set and dressed with Christmas greens and holly in emulation of each other, present a very pretty and festive appearance. This is considered the most agreeable time of the term—last year there were six different clubs, including the "Old maids" and "O. I bachelors."

There was some competition last year, and a great deal of taste was exhibited.

A few of the more advanced Indians wished to imitate the colored boys and form a club. They applied to Mr. Washington, and he (with my assistance) began to get ready for it. After he had made the necessary arrangements he found that there was great dissatisfaction among them.

The boys were not willing to take the Indian girls. To the colored boys this was the the only *real* pleasure, (*of course.*) Then some of the Indian boys wished the girls to take a share of the cost.

When dinner time came, we had an amusing time getting them down. There was a general confusion.

This year, an Indian "Business committee" visited me, asking if they could have a dinner. I told them yes, and we all began to make ready for it.

A meeting was called, and the money collected: each boy selected an Indian girl, and the list was handed to me. The girls all gladly accepted, except one small damsel who was found weeping because the right boy had not invited her.

The general conduct of the boys was superior to last year. Every boy saw that his lady was amply supplied to all that she desired, and instead of the confusion, the Indians were the first in the Dining hall.

The table was very handsomely decorated with flowers and holly, besides lavishly furnished with things that were pleasant to the taste as well as to the eye.

In an hour after dinner every dish was washed, tables all set for supper, and they were up stairs enjoying different games, and having a "*general good time.*"

Two monitors were appointed to keep a look-out as to the general conduct of the Indian boys and girls during the holidays.

In their report there only two cases talked about.

The little girl said, "I saw one Indian girl stand up at the table and pass a note to an Indian boy, I don't think it nice."

The little boy said—"I saw a boy eating cake in the Chapel."

We have began a New Year feeling sure of doing a great deal of solid work during the term.

The few days vacation made but little difference; when school and work days returned, they were met with pleasant faces and ready hands.

The name of our Indian club, was in Dakota, "Ladjidi Mayowi jayakt," (English, "Equal Rights to all.") This was their own selection, and I considered it very sensible and appropriate.

O. M. McAdoo.

RATION DAY AT AN INDIAN AGENCY.

INDIAN COMPOSITIONS.

These exercises in history were written in the class some time ago. When the memories of some seemed to flag on the subject of Columbus, their teacher suggested "The coming of the Puritans," which accounts for the allusion to the "Priglim Fathers" in one of the compositions.

"Columbus was born in Geanoa, and his family was very poor but had him well taught—he was a sailor when he was a man. I think when he went to school he study it about the stars and moon—he discovered America on 1492—before he went to American he went to the King of Portugal but the King thought that Columbus is crazy. Then he went to the King of Spain but the King was very busy with fighting, and then he was next go to France, but the Queen Isabella sent some men after him and then she gave him three ships and some men too, so he start off. He traveled few weeks, at last all of his men got tired and they wanted turned back, but Columbus tell his men that they must not discourage and also tell them that he would travel three more days, so they start on, before in three days they found the land. After Columbus had return and his friend Isabella had died, he brought some Indians with him, but the Spanish treat the Indians very cruelly."

—No. 2.—

"Columbus was born a Genoa in a country of Italy, and he discovered Samavanior one of the Bahamas Island. His parents were poor, but he had a good taught and he make geography. He discovered in 1492, when he was on sea he had a shipwreck. When Columbus was went back to his country his friend Isabella was dead and also he went back to a chain. The Priglims fathers came over in month of December 21st in 1620. They settled at Plymouth in Mass., and they began to build huts with logs and they covered their roofs with long grass."

TUCKING UP PAPOOSES.

Three of the youngest Indian girls were found one night, putting their beloved doll babies to bed in the Indian style, each one bound to a board with blanket snugly tucked around its feet, and the hood piece over its head. "Mamma ride horse—the baby on back—baby go up and down, up and down—So—never cry—that is good" gravely exclaimed one of the dusky little women, and then the well behaved papooses were hugged once more and stood up against the wall in a row to shut their staring eyes when they felt like it.

HOW AN INDIAN SETTLED THE PONCA QUESTION.

While we are slowly trying to make up our minds after a hundred years' deliberation, as to how much justice we can afford to put into the settlement of the Indian problem, it is well to remember the way in which one of our most perplexing Indian questions was settled for us by an Indian. A little infusion of White Thunder's idea of "pity" and sense of "noblesse oblige" would not be a bad thing for our white American civilization.

[Special Dispatch to the Evening Post.]

WASHINGTON, August 18.—The second council with a large delegation of Dakota Indians now in the city took place at the Interior Department this morning. The object of the consultation was to secure for the Poncas, under Standing Bear, permanent homes in Dakota on their old reservation, or as near it as possible.

The Omahas decline to sell any more land and said they would rather sell to white settlers than to Indians.

The Winnebagoes gave a like answer. But White Thunder, speaking on behalf of all the Sioux tribes, said the land the Poncas wanted was only a small corner of their reservation. They would give it to the Poncas and welcome them as a part of their nation, having all the rights and privileges of the Sioux people.

Secretary Kirkwood asked how much the Sioux wanted as compensation? White Thunder replied gravely: "You asked me to have pity on these poor Poncas, and they have begged and prayed me to do so. How can I have pity on them and yet take their money? No; that is not what I want. They are welcome, and I am will charge them nothing for what land they need.

This seemed to be the conclusion of the long-drawn-out Ponca controversy."

RATION DAY AT AN INDIAN AGENCY.

"Saturday is ration day, when the usual solemn stillness of the Agency is broken by scores of Indian braves and hundreds of painted horsemen who pour in from the various camps up and down the Missouri river, within a radius of thirty miles—the camps are distributed with reference to wood and water. The braves sit clad in blankets or old clothes, wearing a picturesque variety of feathered hats, in groups or semi-circles, and smoke and chat. The women busy themselves about the supplies, crowding into the door of the store house where a row of clerks pour in the little bags they hold out, their coffee, sugar, flour &c. tossing upon their loaded arms a piece of tobacco and bacon, till a file of some two hundred women has passed, each carrying off food for a family of from three to ten.

Thus the morning passes. The scene is most lively and picturesque."

(*Editorial correspondence in last number.*)

SKETCHES OF MISSION LIFE.

BY MRS. C. C. ARMSTRONG.

In this year, 1847, an important change in our work was initiated, of the results of which, we, at that time, had little anticipation. Mr. Richards, who for some time had been a chief adviser of the King, found his health failing, and it soon became necessary to appoint his successor as "Minister of Public Instruction." The King and chiefs expressed a strong preference for their pastor, my husband, and they were supported in this by most of the Government officers. A formal request was made to the mission for the services of Mr. Armstrong, the Government offering to support him and take the responsibility of all the schools on the Islands, relieving the American Board, which had thus far sustained them.

I was very unwilling to leave the mission, perhaps more so than my husband, for I felt very strongly that as we had come out as missionaries, missionaries we ought to be, but the general meeting, which was just at hand, gave an opportunity for thorough discussion. The Government officers would not accept any substitute for Mr. Armstrong, and among our fellow missionaries there was so much difference of opinion as to the action to be taken, that at last the only possible way out of it seemed to be to leave the decision entirely with Mr. Armstrong.

As may be imagined, it was a season of great anxiety for us, for the change involved many risks. We were very poor, all that we had, indeed, was some well worn furniture and clothing, and we were as worn as our furniture. So long as we were associated with the mission, we were sure of a support, in sickness as well as in health; to leave this certainty for the uncertainty of a government position seemed a leap in the dark. On the other hand, we were both deeply interested in educational matters, and our opinion was that the opening was providential for the introduction of the New England school system into Hawaii. We felt sure, after much consideration, that Mr. Armstrong could accomplish a greater amount of permanent good in this way than in any other open to him, and so we decided to trust Providence, and go.

My husband's journal at this time shows, better than any words of mine, how strong his feeling was in regard to the step we were taking, and I feel at liberty to make some brief quotations.

"December 6th, 1847."

Agreeably to a request from the Government, I entered to-day the office of the Minister of Public Instruction, and stood in the place of the beloved dead, assisting Mr. Young, the Premier, to whom is committed the care of this department for the time being. A cast of melancholy rested upon my feelings through the whole day, not knowing to what results this step may lead.

June 7th, 1848. To-day, received from the King the office of Minister of Public Instruction. The subject of this office has cost me a long and severe mental conflict. Accept it I could not, reject it I dared not. To be brought into so close contact with the Government has seemed extremely objectionable and repugnant to my feelings, and yet to let the school system go down, when it has succeeded beyond all expectation, I could not. But the conflict is over; sink or swim, I must now go forward. I trust my motives have been in a good degree upright. Were my object the honor that comes from men, it were madness to seek it in this office, where the most envenomed shafts of opposition are unsparingly hurled at its occupant. If ease were my object, I would not seek it in the midst of perplexity, care and toil, that has laid a better man than I in the grave; as to emoluments, I did not need to seek more than I had, as my support was sure and sufficient.

The grand impelling motive in my mind in this matter has been to do good to the Hawaiian race, and in this office I hope to be more useful than I could be as pastor of a single church, and now I pray God to give me grace to seek His glory in all I do, and not my own selfish ends, and that, like my Divine Master, I may go about doing good to the precious children and youth of these Islands, and that while I hold this office, my private and public character may be conformed to the will of Christ."

As soon as my husband sent in his resignation, we felt relieved, and glad to think that the money devoted by the Mission to our support could now be used for other objects. We moved at once into the house which Mr. Richards began building, and which proved to be a permanent home for us. Here my husband began his new work in earnest, visiting the different Islands, establishing and examining schools, working always in concert with missionaries, and preaching constantly. It is not too much to say that he organized a school system out of chaos, and was, throughout, an earnest and successful worker.

I was myself obliged to give up the woman's meeting, in which I had worked for five years with so much pleasure, and it was hard to sever these ties, but there was enough also to be done, and I had no difficulty in devising new plans of usefulness. I organized a weekly meeting for prayer and Bible reading among the wives of chiefs, including the Queen, who was well disposed towards such endeavors, and I continued my Bible readings from house to house. The increased comfort in our family life did much for my health, and I could see plainly that our departure from the mission had rather increased than lessened my ability to work.

POLITICAL DIFFICULTIES.

In 1849, we received a third visit from the French, who, on two previous occasions, in 1839 and 1842, had sent war vessels to the Islands, bearing most imperious and unjust demands against the Hawaiian Government. The non-compliance with these demands was the excuse for sending the frigate La Poursuivante, with power to take possession of and hold the Islands in the name of the French Government.

The marines landed with cannon, colors flying and drums beating, and on entering the Fort, demanded at once, from the officer in command, the surrender of men and arms. He told them that his men had gone home and taken their arms with them. The French officer, not believing this, again demanded the surrender of the Fort. The Governor replied: "You have everything; there is nothing more," and with a graceful bow, and possibly an inward chuckle, said good morning, and left the Captain and his marines in possession.

During the few weeks in which they staid, there were many depredations committed, some of them serious, and all contemptible. Their deeds were as inglorious as their demands, and even the children rejoiced when we were rid of them.

OUR HOME.

After much self-denial, and the strictest economy in every way, we had succeeded in paying for the house in which we were now living with the two acres of land about it, and it was a great satisfaction to us to know that we had a permanent home. I soon made a beginning, and, before very long, my garden was enclosed—a charming spot. Very beautiful, in my eyes, at least, was the carpet of fresh green grass, with bright flowers scattered over it, under the shade of tamarind, mango, guava, papaia, algeroba, henana, and orange trees, and for many years have I been permitted literally to enjoy the fruits of "my own vine and fig tree."

I remember one funny experience I had in it, and I trust my readers will not be shocked if I mention it here, for I must confess that it has provoked in me many a hearty laugh. One day, when my garden was in its youth, a native man called to look at it. I took him about, pointing out the various plants, telling him the names, manner of growth and culture, and in general trying to kindle an appreciation of Nature's beauty in his heart. He was delighted with it all, and capped the climax of his expressions of pleasure by turning to me and saying, with the utmost politeness, "You are a dam fool"! I could not believe my ears, and asked what he said. He repeated his remark with great emphasis, and in complete perplexity I asked, "What do you mean?" In his own language he proceeded to explain to me that he had frequently heard white men use it in their conversation with each other, and supposing it to be an expression of great admiration and respect, had used it to show me how much he was impressed by my knowledge of gardening. I tried to clear up his ideas on the subject, and trust, for his own sake, that I succeeded.

VISIT TO UNITED STATES.

Our oldest son was now fourteen years of age, and on all accounts it seemed best that he should pursue his education in the States. So it was decided that I should take him, place him in some school to prepare for college, and then bring back with me our oldest child who had now been eleven years absent from us. I thought of another voyage round the Horn with shrinking and dread, but there was no other road, and once more my desire to do the utmost possible for my children, triumphed over all. Then too, my parents were growing old and weak, and if I was to see them again I had but little time to spare.

With a sort of sad cheerfulness, I at last embarked, pursuading myself that this voyage must be more favorable than my first one. But the same horrible sea sickness attacked me; there were no comforts, indeed, no proper food, and nothing revived me until the cold winds of Cape Horn struck us. They seemed like home, and I was beginning to feel renewed life, when one day a heavy sea struck the ship, threw me against a spar which was lashed to the bulwarks, and left me powerless. The Captain who was a great coward, was much alarmed, and I saw at once that I had no one to depend on but myself. The seamen, particularly the Hawaiian sailors, gathered round me, and although my suffering was intense, I told them to lift me and carry me below. There was no one on board who knew any thing about broken bones or dislocated joints, but I could tell that the trouble was with my left hip, and the mate, a Portuguese, kindly offered to help me as well as he could. I knew that whatever was to be done, must be done quickly, so I ordered them to lay me on my back on a couch and straighten the left leg by pressing upon it. The agony was great but I could feel the bone suddenly move, as I supposed into place, and I gave directions for bracing it so that it could not move. It was impossible to get it bandaged, and the best I could do was to lie as still as possible and keep it wet with cold water to prevent inflammation.

Oh! the horror of those days and nights. I lay on a bed of dried grass brought from the Islands, and gradually this became filled with insects, and partially decayed. The sailors lifted me once to try to change it, but the experiment was too dangerous to be repeated, and there I lay, helpless, with no care except such as my son could give me, emaciated from want of food, and so weak from confinement that my recovery seemed doubtful. Some Hawaiian sailors, kind souls, watched by me at night, but they could do nothing for me, and it looked as if, after all my wanderings, the ocean was to be my grave.

While I was in this condition, a heavy gale commenced and gradually increased to a hurricane, which lasted with terrible force for twelve hours. The ship trembled in the fury of the wind, sails were carried away, the Captain was hopelessly terrified, and it seemed truly that it was only the hand of the Lord which saved us. When at last the storm was stilled, I found, as may be imagined, that I had suffered much from the effects of the rough weather. I was much exhausted, my leg was bruised and lame, and the skin about worn from my back.

We were obliged to stop at Pernambuco, but I was unwilling to employ a surgeon there, believing that he would do more harm than good, so the weary days wore on, and the miserable six months drew to their end. I cannot describe the strange and joyous sensation of seeing my native land again after an absence of nineteen years. Though I was carried on shore, and could only move by the help of crutches, yet my delight was unbounded, and the few days I passed among friends full of pleasure.

But then came the news of my father's death, and my journey home was sad indeed, for I had counted so confidently on seeing him once more.

My mother was feeble in body but bright in spirit, and we held sweet communion, conscious that our time was short. There too, came my daughter, now a woman grown, whom I had last seen as a child of eight, and in spite of my broken limb, and illness from the change of climate, I found much to enjoy. Changes met me on every hand, and nothing impressed me more than that everybody was in a desperate hurry. It was all such a contrast to our Island life. I could not realize that to leave Boston in the morning and be in Princeton, N. J. that night was anything less than a miracle, and the journey which I made to Pennsylvania was a series of surprises to me.

I had placed my son in the same New England academy where I had received my education, and found a home for him in the same house where I had boarded, and this pleasant residence had cheered me so that I was anticipating some weeks of pleasant breathing, when the cup of sorrow was again held to my lips. My mother, whom I had so recently left, died suddenly, and the home was desolate indeed.

In spite of my improved health and the fact that the surgeons pronounced my leg to have been well set, and my lameness only temporary, I felt that the loss of my mother was the crown of sorrows, and that the happiness to which I had been looking forward was to be in this life denied me.

THE TONIC SOL-FA SYSTEM OF MUSIC.

BY PROF. T. F. SEWARD.

The Tonic Sol-fa system is a new way or method of studying music, which is being introduced into this country from England. It is a little singular that while the Americans have long been convinced that there ought to be a more simple way to study music, and have actually invented many schemes and systems with that end in view, the English people have quietly worked out the problem, and now present it to us ready-made and with the seal and sanction of perfect success.

The system is growing rapidly in popular favor in this country, and never fails to produce something of a musical revival wherever it is introduced. The reasons for its success are very apparent, and may be easily stated.

1. The method is wholly unique. By its novelty and simplicity it holds the attention of the learner from the beginning, and the interest continues steadily during every stage of progress.
2. It removes all the supposed mysteries of the subject, and makes it as clear and as easily understood as any of the elementary school studies.
3. It makes sight-singing a certainty. The pupil is taught to sing from an exact impression of each tone. Reading music by this method may become as much a matter of certainty as the reading of a newspaper.
4. Being a natural method it develops the subject by a natural process, and leads to the highest musical intelligence. Students of the Tonic Sol-fa method have a true knowledge of the relations of tones in chords, and absorb almost unconsciously the fundamental principles of Harmony.
5. It makes the reading of difficult music as sure as the reading of simple music, and thus leads directly to the study of the best musical works.
6. It gives a new and high pleasure in listening to music. By its method of training the powers of analysis, it may almost be said to open a new avenue of musical intelligence.

The Tonic Sol-fa system was not the work of a musician. It probably could never come from such a source, because a well-trained musician has already a mastery of the difficulties of his art that he could not so place himself in the position of a beginner as to realize the helps that are necessary in the earlier steps. The system was the outgrowth of a benevolent work. A young clergyman in England, John Curwen by name, began to teach the poor children of his congregation by a new and simpler way, and in the course of years, found, to his surprise, that he had originated a great system, which was being adopted by thousands of the best teachers in the kingdom.

INDIAN HOMES.

The friends of the Indians are much encouraged by the evident desire of the Modoc and Cheyenne women to be taught housekeeping in our way, as is shown by the following letter lately received by one of the Women's Indian Aid. The writer of the letter was a neglected orphan, adopted by our friend, Emeline H. Tuttle, at a very early age. Soon after she came to E. H. T.'s school, she found a picture of the Crucifixion, which she asked her schoolmates to explain to her. They referred her to the teacher, E. H. T., who, asking help from the Lord to be enabled to explain the story of the Cross, told it to her in very simple words adapted to the comprehension of this ignorant little girl. As E. H. Tuttle proceeded with the story, tears streamed down the face of the child, who did not speak for a while; then her first words were, "Me never want to do bad any more." Her heart was so touched with the love of God's own Son, who died for our sins, that she resolved never to grieve Him, but desired to please Him perfectly. From this resolution she did not waver, but became her teacher's right hand girl, always ready to do her bidding, and exercised a powerful influence for good at the mission. Some time ago she married a Modoc, and she is now foremost in this work of improvement among the Indian women:

Camp Modoc, Tenth month 9th, 1881.

MY RESPECTED AND REMEMBERED FRIEND—Perhaps there will remember stating in our Modoc meeting that when we women were ready to decorate our houses with pictures, mottos and other things to make them look cheerful and home-like, to let thee know about it. Quite a number of us are having new frame houses built, and while the men are working to make the outside neat and comfortable, we young married women especially desire to make the inside of our houses nice and attractive; make home the dearest spot on earth to our husbands and children. Those who are anxious to take steps of this kind are Steamboat Frank's wife Alice, Scar Face Charlie's wife Ella, Long Jim's wife Anna, Lucy, Dinah, Lizzie, Myria, Dolly, Esther, Laura, Jennie and myself, Susan. We would like also to have such things as sheets, toweling, pillow-cases, scraps for quilts, thread and thimbles; in fact, all such articles as these would do us a great deal of good, and whatever is sent will be distributed as necessity and circumstances require—for the greatest good to the greatest number. Whatever thee sends, thee can send to SUSAN LAWYER, Seneca, Mo., Newton Co., in the care of Ira D. Kellogg, Teacher of the Modoc School.

Thine with much love.

Friends' Review.

Every person has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself.

Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning; but it's the brave man who has pluck to fight when he is sure of losing.

LETTER FROM HONOLULU.

We are permitted to publish a brief extract from a recent letter from Mr. Wm. N. Armstrong, Attorney General of the Hawaiian Islands, written since his return to that country and assumption of the duties of Minister of the Interior in addition to those of his own office, in the absence of Minister Carter on Government business in Europe. One of the duties of this office being a general supervision of the measures by which the Government is taking to stamp out or rather hold in check the terrible scourge of the Islands, the leprosy, Mr. Armstrong will have special opportunities for observing its course. The lepers pronounced incurable, are isolated in a settlement on another Island. They are well provided for, but the exile is hopeless, and terrible to the social freedom-loving natives, and every effort is often made by their friends to hide the victims from the Government inspectors. In this way the disease is spread the faster.

Nov. 24th, Thanksgiving day.

The Tropics are putting on airs this morning. A cold rain has come down from the Arctic, and the morning sky looks white and cold, like an Autumn day in America. One feels even a little chilly. There certainly is a touch of higher latitudes in the air. It is so cool I have closed the door! The air is almost crisp.

November 28th.

This is a holiday, that of National independence, the day when England and France agreed to keep their hands off us. Dr. Hyde gave a *luau* at the North Pacific Theological Seminary. There was some nice music; the choirs of the two native churches came together. The more I look into native faces the more I am struck by the remarkable sweetness of expression. The women are incomparably above the Oriental races in beauty and size.

The steamer from the coast is due. There is a rain storm to-day, wind comes from the south. The deep, steady roar of the sea comes in. When I was a boy I used to enjoy lying in bed and listening to the soft rain, and I enjoy it now!

My new appointment as Acting Minister of the Interior makes me President of the Board of Health and President of the Board of Emigration; so I have plenty to do. It has rained now heavily for a week. It is now (8 P. M.) raining in torrents. The wind is high and the air is almost chilly. I can easily see how people here may call it winter. There must be a very heavy gale on the ocean.

As I take office on Monday, I went with Mr. C——this morning to see the lepers brought in for examination. We have just completed an accommodation hospital. The lepers in the first stage are sent there, and then, if finally pronounced incurable, are sent to Molokai. The fact is, they are incurable, but they dread being sent away, and complain of harsh treatment. It was a sad affair this morning. More than forty in the room. Some were far gone. Their lips and eyes were swollen and their arms withered or eaten off. Some were very old people—some were very young. Some middle-aged native women had sweet, fine faces. What a terrible thing this disease is! There is no hope for it. The patient must die. Many beg to be allowed to go home. One sweet little girl stood up silently and the great tears rolled down her cheeks as Mr. C——told her she must be separated from home and friends and go to Molokai. Next week I shall have to do this business. As President of the Board of Health, I shall have the general supervision of the leper hospitals.

December 14th.

Went to the leper hospital yesterday. It is a large enclosure with a number of buildings within. The lepers were coming in to take their rooms. The advantage of the hospital is that it is a stepping stone to Molokai. The people don't wish to go there, but they can be educated up to it.

I went into office to-day as Minister of the Interior. One of the unpleasant things about the Board of Health matters is the necessity of refusing to admit the friends of the lepers to see them. A woman came in, to-day and piteously asked me to let her go into the hospital to see her husband. I had to refuse her. The natives are quite reasonable in their way, but the poor woman looked sad enough when she found she could get no further than the door of the hospital.

On Jan. 1st, we enter the Postal union, and there will then be some satisfaction in dealing with the Post Office.

Went this morning to Kawaiahao church. Mr. P——had received a letter from my mother and preached from it in the native tongue. I could get a faint idea of what he said. I like the old church.—It is so still; the air too is tranquil. The world seems a great way off. It seems as if I could almost believe that my father's spirit was about the place; if so, a very much disgusted spirit, for the church was nearly empty.

W. N. A.

LETTER FROM DAKOTA.

RETURNED INDIAN STUDENTS.

UNITED STATES INDIAN SERVICE,

Fort Berthold Agency, D. T., Dec. 19th, 1881.

LIEUT. GEO. LER. BROWN,
Hampton Va.

My Dear Sir:

Your kind favor to the Major is received. As the Major is absent on 30 days leave, I will give you a short account of us, and leave the Major to answer your letter more fully on his return. Referring to the subject of your letter, an answer has been received from the department, allowing 40 cts. per day for use of horses for Thomas Smith and Laughing Face. This is 10 cts. less than we have been accustomed to pay our regular Indian herders for use of their horses.

Since my return from the east I have noted carefully the department of the Hampton Boys. They are as much ahead of the Agency Indian in point of industry, activity and general deportment, as the educated is above the uneducated white man. I am agreeably disappointed in the manner in which they take hold of their work. The stock of leather has not yet been received, so Karunach has been assisting me with the farm work. We shall have his stock here in a few days and will then have him work at his trade. Abuka is steadily at work in the carpenter shop and does well, making doors, tables, bedsteads, and assisting the carpenter generally. Thomas Smith is a valuable hand in taking care of the herd, and works well, seems thoroughly in earnest, is economical. What most recommends these boys is their habits of regular and continued labor and effort. These qualities are totally lacking in the Agency Indian, and are the foundation upon which to build a prosperous future. You are engaged in a noble work, and are destined to have grand results. You are giving the Indian youth an impetus that will tell in the next generation, and are impressing ideas upon them that can but be fruitful of good. The first noticeable feature of your training is to make them dissatisfied with their old manner of living at the Agency Indians. They crave something higher and better, and will seek and work for it, and should be encouraged by every effort that can be made to assist them. I trust by the encouraging ring of the President's message, there may be some provisions made by Congress, that will give them ownership of land, and other assistance by which they can get a start in agriculture; this and pastoral life, in my opinion, is the future welfare of the Indian. In the gradations of civilization he will have to commence at the point at which he is most fitted to enter; his physical necessities are the first to be supplied, and the best means and the most accessible to him, to supply these wants, and at the same time, preserve his independent manhood, is from the products of the soil. Finally I would say, millions for his education and not a penny to war with him."

Very respectfully yours,
HENRY C. KAUFFMAN,
In charge.

A PITCAIRN ISLANDER.

SIMPLICITY OF LIFE OF THE DESCENDANTS OF THE MUTINEERS OF THE BOUNTY, AS DESCRIBED BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

The marvellous and romantic history of the settlement of Pitcairn Island in the South seas, by the sailors and officers (some of them noblemen) of an English ship, driven to mutiny by a cruel captain; the penitence and reformation of one of the leaders, and the subsequent growth of the little colony in primitive simplicity, and purity of manners, surviving even their discovery after many years by English and American ships, and adoption as an English colony, have been told before in the Workman. A San Francisco paper gives the following latest report from the Island, through one of its natives.

"James Russell McCoy, who was born on Pitcairn Island thirty-eight years ago, and lived there and in Norfolk Island all of his life until last January, is now in San Francisco. He is an immediate descendant of one of the Bounty mutineers. Last January he left the Island for his health, taking a voyage to Liverpool on the ship Harvey Mills, and coming from Liverpool hither on the same vessel. Mr. McCoy was not very favorably impressed with London. The weather was gloomy and foggy, and while the people were kind, their kindness did not overcome the climatic depression. He is highly pleased with San Francisco, and cannot speak of the kindness of the people without enthusiastic exclamations.

The islander is a very docile and pleasant man, who submits to an interview with a spirit of true Christian resignation. He described the manners, customs, and enjoyments of the ninety-six persons inhabiting the islands. From the account, their life discounts in simplicity the sojourn of the exile Duke in the forest of Arden. There is no such thing as money in circulation on the islands. As an example, if one islander has two shirts and another has none the one with two cheerfully gives one shirt to the other. Then if the man who has two shirts wants any sweet potatoes, yams, or a fowl, he goes to the place of the other man and supplies his want. The people wear English style of clothing. They get garments of various kinds from winding ships and other vessels touching at the island, and give in exchange oranges, bananas, limes, lemons, sweet potatoes, cocoanuts, pumpkins and fowls. In exchanges of this kind the sailors generally get the best of the bargain. There has been some difficulty in getting garments suitable for women and children, but that has been in a great measure overcome by the generosity and activity of the ladies composing the Young Women's Christian Association of San Francisco, and the individual efforts of H. G. Williams, who takes great interest in the islanders.

The islanders dwell in houses made of boards, sawed from timber grown on the island. All of the natives profess the Christian religion, and, according to Mr. McCoy's statement the principal charm, of life on that tropical isle consists of singing hymns like those which Moody and Sankey sing. He said the young people do not dance, but they love to sing. On Sundays there is service in the church morning and evening, and Sunday School in the morning. There is prayer-meeting Tuesday evening, the Bible class Thursday evening. Simon Young teaches the Bible class, and heresy is unknown in that latitude. There are week-day schools where instruction in English is given.

The marriage relation on the island is about the same as it is in other Christian communities, except there are no marriages of wealth or title. Mr. McCoy describes them as love matches. There is nothing that bears a semblance of polygamy in the island.

Mr. McCoy is stopping at the residence of a lady, Mrs Clarke, whose son was on the recently wrecked ship Arcadia, and is now on Pitcairn Island awaiting an opportunity to get home. Mr. McCoy has been having a pretty good time in San Francisco. It is the first American city he ever saw, and while he is delighted, he confesses that he gets lost as soon as he goes out in the street and turns the corner.

The Alumni Journal, a little paper published and edited entirely by resident graduates of Hampton, and circulating among those who have left the school, has been already noticed and quoted by the Southern Workman.

Its January number is worth quoting from again. Its leading editorial on race character is worthy the attention of those who are interested in the stand young colored men are taking for their race.

"The point at issue, is not whether we are worse off morally than white people, but rather whether it is expedient for us to allow ourselves to indulge our appetites to the same extent that they do. What with dishonest clerks, absconding cashiers and gross speculators, strong and long established firms are failing every day, so that you can hardly pick up a newspaper but that you see accounts of one or more such happening in various parts of the country.

And yet does any one pretend to say that he will not trust a man because he is white? No! Why such a one would be laughed at. In spite of all these things the race moves on; still advances, making improvement in every department of human existence. They are, as we before said, established, their history is made. Our standing is yet to be determined, we have yet to make our race moral, so strong that the worst darts of the enemy will strike and fall harmless at our feet—we have yet to make our race integrity so firm that a few dishonest ones among us shall not cause the shadow of distrust to rest upon the whole race—we have yet to convince the world that we will go at the trades, which are the back-bone of prosperity, and stick to them until we are thorough masters, even though we don't see the shining gold streaming into our hand for a long time. *Parents, put your sons and daughters at the trades and make them* STICK.

DIED.—At Hampton Institute, January 25, of consumption, Lashuta, (White Back,) aged about 15, an Indian student of the Gros Ventres tribe, from Fort Berthold Agency, Dakota.

White Back was one of the latest importation of Indian youths who arrived at Hampton in November, and one of those whose medical examination immediately upon their arrival proved them to be in a diseased condition of lungs, which should have insured their rejection by the Agency examiner, instead of the clean health bill they received. This was made a note of by the Southern Workman at the time, and is again especially mentioned, as is but just to the effort being made at Hampton.

He was mentally a promising boy, and came with an earnest desire for improvement. He could not talk English, but in his illness, Sarah Walker, a young girl of his tribe who had been here three years, was very kind in interpreting and helping to care for him.

DIED—recently, in Saltville, Virginia, of consumption, John Gunn, formerly a student of Hampton Institute. An honorable incident in the life of this young man, an indication of his character, was related some time ago in the Southern Workman. We regret, for his people's sake, the close of his life and influence. He left the Normal School very ill in July 1878, and it was thought he would not live more than a few weeks. His accounts showed a balance of nearly $50 due the school, which was charged off as a loss. He rallied however, taught school, and surprised us in August, 1880, by payment of his debt in full. His letter was published in the Workman. He was a rare man; conscientious, industrious, and an earnest Christian.

The following letter was received shortly before his death, from the kind physician who attended him in his last illness.

Saltville, Va. October 8, '81.

GEN. J. F. B. MARSHALL,

Dear Sir;

At the request of Mr John Gunn, who is still confined and most of his time in bed, I write giving you my candid opinion as regards his true condition, and I regret to say the chances are much against his recovery. He is cheerful and hopeful however, and what is still better he is *prepared for the worst*—ready to go "when the master calls." John has endeared himself very much to all who know him, and will not lack for kind friends and good attention.

Respectfully.
J. C. WATSON. M. D.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

Studies in the South No. 11 by F. G. Harrison, in Atlantic Monthly for February.

There is much honest desire at the North to understand the real condition of things in the South, and increasing distrust in looking for it in partisan newspapers. The immediate and immense popularity gained without much help of novelistic art, by "The Fool's Errand," was a measure of this desire. If the author had but frankly stated that it was the picture of the South of sixteen—or ten—years ago, his interesting book would have had its true value, though perhaps not its actual popularity, for what people are really anxious to get at is the South of to-day. As far as The Fool's Errand and its successors have been mistaken for a representation of this,—as they have probably widely been—they have done harm, and hindered the progress of national "reconstruction," which must grow, if at all, in the sunlight.

That those who know most and think most of the case have desired other investigation of it, is evident from the recent combination of a leading popular journal, the "New York Tribune" with a leading literary magazine, the "Atlantic Monthly," to send South a man entirely outside of politics, and known already as a peculiarly level headed, accurate and impartial observer, Mr. J. G. Harrison, a contributor to the Atlantic, and author of the book "Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Society." The results of this Southern tour, in his letters to the Tribune, collected in Tribune Extra No. 81, have greatly interested the public, and we have noticed them before in the "Southern Workman." His Atlantic papers, "Studies in the South," just coming out, are of still greater interest: graphic in detail, clear in insight, and promising to be the most valuable contributions yet made to our knowledge of the South. They are no more a true representation of it as it was ten years ago, than The Fool's Errand is one of its present condition. Each will have its permanent value when both can have their own place, as records of interesting but different periods in Southern history—the periods shall we say, one of fierce boilings up and boiling over of inharmonious ingredients, in new and forced juxtaposition, over fires still seven times heated: the other, one of progressive cooling and settling and clarifying, preparatory to ultimate—if still distant—crystallization.

Atlantic Study No 2, after a picturesque description of a funeral attended among the poor whites in the mountains of Virginia, is chiefly taken up with a study of "Negro types in one of the great 'black districts' of the central South. "A cotton country, appearing at first sight to be sparsely settled, but in reality thickly inhabited, the small and meanspicuous cabins huddled in out of the way corners, and sheltering a "startling number" of inmates. "On many plantations however, there is much improvement of late, and I saw many hundreds of new and commodious dwellings occupied by the hands, which were better in every way than the average 'tenement house' of some New England factory towns. Inside, however, there is really little house-keeping. Very of en the tenement is too good to suit them, and they would be more at home in a ruinous hut." There is, no doubt, the same danger in this transitional state of the race, that has been found in the case of the Sandwich Islanders and the Indians, in passing from the ruinous hut with its little open hearth and its many chinks for ventilation, its darkness driving its swarming inmates to live chiefly in the open air, and its facility for tumbling down necessitating frequent removal, to the tight, close, stove-heated, "commodious" but perilous dwelling, especially when large enough to take in more than one family who do not know how to take care of it for themselves.

Regarding the quality of labor in the region, Mr. Harrison is most impressed with what is noticeable in other regions: "its element of periodicity." "Few of the black people seem able to work steadily or continuously for many days together. They must have frequent holidays, and appear to require some special stimulus or excitement to hold them to their employment, and periods of somnolent, sluggish enjoyment and animal repose lasting a day or two." The "Negro types" Mr. Harrison presents from this district, are three, very striking and very unlike. "The prevailing type" (in the 'great black regions') is the 'uncouth, strangely shaped, animal looking Negro or mulatto, who seems mentally, even more than by physical characteristics, to belong to a race entirely distinct from that of the white men around him. He is not so much hostile or antagonistic as alien, unimpressible, inaccessible. He cannot be hurried, coaxed, bribed or driven to do anything as Northern men like to have work done. I could not find any instance in which Northern men had been successful with this type as laborers. Southern men of character and education seem to understand them, and to be able to arrange the conditions of life for them so that their labor is profitable. What they may become in the future is uncertain. While I cannot say positively there is no improvement among them. I must confess that I have been unable to find any indication of it."

In startling contrast to this type, is the next Mr. Harrison gives us in the person of "a black planter" in the interior of Louisiana, the son of a kidnapped African prince and princess; who, since he found himself freed by the war, had worked his way up, in a way worthy of his royal blood, to be "one of the most successful planters and business men I saw in all my journey South. A year or two after he was free, he managed to buy a few acres and start a farm, beginning at once to save manure. "This was regarded as a foolish innovation, as it had never been attempted before in that region." Finding it famous to buy supplies and tools as the planters about him did, he began to produce and manufacture his own, construct his own farm buildings, and wagons. "He said the things were not very smooth; it made him sick to look at them, but he learned how to do better next time. He visited and examined a foundery, built a small furnace and made some castings at home." "I was soon aware, in talking with this man, that he had read more than is found in newspapers, and desired to see his home and what books might be found there. He had Plutarch's Lives, and Montaigne in French; an old copy of a cheap American edition of Bacon's Essays in one volume; most of Plato; Pope's Homer; an old copy of Sartor Resartus; a selection from Wordsworth's poems; Rollins' Ancient History; Shakespeare's plays, and Carey's Dante. He liked Plutarch and Shakespeare best—he believed Socrates to have been a very sensible man, and would like to ask him about the hands and the work on the plantation sometime. But Plato was like one of those newspapermen; he talked too much.—He though Socrates and Abraham Lincoln would have liked each other, and Carlyle. He went on 'Those three men, if they could be together, would have more fun than ever was in the world at one time; they would tell so many stories.' He had read Darwin's Origin of Species, but various books on farming and stock breeding, about forty volumes of African travels, and a few numbers of the "Popular Science Monthly", and of some British Reviews. * * * I asked him what he thought of politics. He thought the black people had better work and get homes of their own, and stay away from the speeches,' and, as for education, he pointed across the fields and answered, 'Yes, the education is here. Books after work if a man wants them;'—which was rather inconsistent with his own practice, as he seems to have taken books and work together. This remarkable man was carefully training the young men in his employ to his own methods, and made them promise to teach them to others when they left him. "I talked with some of them; they all appeared to feel for him the reverence and devotion of soldiers for a loved commander. It appears probable that he will not only become rich but do much to reform the region in which he lives. He seems to have a firm grasp upon reality and see his way clearly, while most of the men around him of both races are floundering in uncertainty and inefficiency."

The third type, Mr. Harrison gives, while less dramatic, is more hopefully within the limits of imitation and prevalence.

Its illustration he finds in a Negro who could not read, but had learned from his young wife to write well enough to "keep the time" of his hands. He had "begun with out nothin" and "lived on what other folks frowed away," till, from speculating in "old guvment mules turned out fuh de crows," which he doctored up and sold, he has come to own many hundred acres of the best land in the region. An instance of the shrewdness and industry which has brought him up is thus given. "A neighboring planter had wanted a twenty-acre wood-lot cleared. It was heavily timbered, and this black man offered to clear the ground for the wood which was to be removed. This was accepted and he had de chopped done in de winter when dey wasn't no work, an' han's was cheap.' The wood was drawn out and piled on a vacant lot near the road. 'Nex' summuh, ebery body goot o' wood in de town; dey allays is; nebber looks ahead mo'n twel dinnah time. Nobody haint no time to haul wood den. Eberybody's in de cotton. Ebery night after we's done day's work in de fiel', den my wagons ebery one takes load o' wood to town. De big bugs pays good price *den*, cause dey aint no wood fuh to be had. So *dah* den, *hi* boss, I sells de wood, see? An I pays all de spences fuh cuttin' it, an', in de nex' place, I buys de lan' what de wood come off, an' I hab suffin' lef' in de bank!' The principal citizens of the town said his story was true. This man reared cattle, sheep and hogs and had better blooded animals than any planter near him, white or black, was saving all the manure his farm yielded, and drawing more from town, and his fences were good." Another and more peculiar evidence of his energy, was the keeping a double barreled shot gun standing loaded in a corner of the room, to protect his wife from "dem—niggsh preachers"—a measure which Mr. Harrison thinks justified by the character of many of these, though by no means all. His view of the appalling prevalence of immorality among colored women and white men in parts of the South, is the most discouraging result of his "study," As he justly says, "The conditions now existing and the prospects for the future are ominous for both races."

Another serious consideration, is that of the proper disposition of the criminal class at the South, both black and white; it being "plain, in many cases, that neither the criminal nor the people, about him feel that he is in anywise degraded by his crime," while his life is "not destitute of compensation and attractions for many idle, worthless negroes and young white men." This is a condition of things very noticeable among the native Hawaiians, resulting there as here from the encounter of civilization with semi-barbarism. If we would not degrade ourselves to inflict uncivilized punishments on uncivilized men, the only alternative is to elevate them as quickly as possible, to a plane where they will feel civilized punishment. The incongruities and perils of the transition state cannot be avoided, but it can be shortened.

The survival of savage African superstitions, especially of the wide spread belief in the "conjure doctor" or sorcerer—common also to the Sandwich Islands—is noticed by Mr. Harrison as it has frequently been in the Southern Workman. It has serious connection with the questions, both of health, and general morals.

For all these evils, Mr. Harrison sees the only remedy in the right sort of education. He says, "The preachers and missionaries best adapted to the peculiar conditions and needs of the colored people, are the young men who have been trained to manual labor, and have learned either farming or some mechanical art, at such schools as the Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Virginia, or the other admirable institutions of learning fostered by the American Missionary Association and the churches of the North. Of course this class is still very small, but it comprises some excellent men whose influence is already widely felt in the South and is a potent factor in the soundest and most hopeful religious work now going on there."

Mr. Harrison remarks, "It is also clear that the Negroes will not be crowded out by the superior race. They form already a large proportion of our entire country. They will, in all probability, remain permanently upon our soil, and will be able to do their share of any 'crowding' that may result from the conditions of life here in America, in the future."

The effect of Mr. Harrison's article must be to impress any thoughtful reader with the imperative and immediate need of making education general in the South; education in intelligence, industry and morality. Shall it not be made so? The question is one of terrible importance to the whole country, and deserves from the people and the government, the wisest thought and the promptest action.

We have not space to give an idea of Mr. Harrison's studies of "White Types"—the "Bourbons," and "One class of Southern Republicans," but their originality and interest will well repay the reader.

The rapid break up and shifting of old lines and conditions which is so evident in Virginia and North Carolina, and seems to be spreading, surely as a spring thaw, through the rest of the "Solid South" can be followed only by an observer willing and able to see things as they are; not by one of the type which, though "eminently conscientious, persistent and sincere," will never accept the new order of things and "cannot be reasonably expected to do so." We rejoice that so able and impartial a pen is enlisted in this important work.

HONORED VISITORS.

The Normal School has been visited within the last month by Dr. Riggs, the veteran pioneer of the grand mission work among the Dakota Indians; Dr. Curry, president of the Board of Directors of the Peabody Fund; and Dr. Means, Secretary of the American Board. Dr. Riggs's address being in Dakota was appreciated by a limited audience, but by them evidently enjoyed. Having just come from the meeting at Washington of delegates from the Presbyterian Board of Missions to memorialize congress on the subject of Indian affairs, Dr. Riggs brought with him the powerful and pathetic appeal of the Sisseton Indians to the Great Father for justice and protection. It was read with great effect at the meeting, before the Secretary of the Interior and Commissioner of Indian affairs and the members of Congress present, and is as follows:

SISSETON AGENCY, D. T., Dec. 8, 1881

To the President of the U. S., the Secretary of the Interior, and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and also to the law makers—to you all we write this letter.

What we have already asked you for and desired that you would do for us, that we now speak of again. We do not name this for the first time, but we have before this—for the space of six years—petitioned you for it. Of all the Indians, we the Wahpeton and Sisseton people our people, alone we think have accepted the teachings of the white people. More than forty years ago, if any one accepted in part the teachings of the Americans, it was ourselves.

Moreover we alone from that early time accepted of the Holy religion; and at that time, of the people round about us, no one had received the gospel. From that time, we have come up to the present; and now we have churches and school houses in our country; and we have our own ministers of the gospel from ourselves. And by these means we find wisdom and life.

Moreover, now we find that we have made progress in working; and, as God has given us a good year, every thing has grown well for us, so that we are able to have many things. You white people have told us to do these things, and, in part, we have done them, and we are conscious that we have made progress—we have tried them and now we know that we have progressed,—therefore this is what we ask you; That now you would cause us to have a sure title to our land—that, according to your laws, you would enable every one of us to have become possession of our homes; this we desire for ourselves and for our children also.

Now we have but a small country, and therefore we desired that our children may, from generation to generation, be caused to dwell in this land. This we desire you to confirm to us in truth this winter, and for this we beseech you. In this letter, we have told you something of the history of our people; and now we think we are ready for your laws and titles and to live under your laws. We write this letter to the new President and to the Secretary of the Interior, and the one who watches over the red man. And we want to ask you some questions.

We alone of all the people, once had a large country. All of the State of Minnesota was ours. But now, Great Father, it is yours, and your people dwell in it. And now we live in a small country. We think that the trees and the grass and the stones that grow in this country are ours; and when the time comes, we think we shall have individual possession in it. We do not now mean the land itself, but we mean what grows on it. If any body wants to buy any of these things, we think it belongs to us to sell them. But when white men want to buy wood or grass of us and we sell it to them, the Agent make us suffer for it, he treats us hardly, he makes sorrow for us, therefore we tell you of it.

We never made any such arrangement with the President, and therefore we want to know who does this to us, and we ask you the question.

Great Father, you are a merciful man—and because you are a merciful man, we tell you this heart trouble of ours. We desire that it should never be so done to us again, therefore we tell you, and in truth we tell you, and in truth we beseech you.

Another question is this: If any of our people sell wood beyond the reservation line, that is one. Then if any of our people go off the the reserve and get drunk and bring whiskey home—which of these two should have suffering and estoppage? that we ask you.

We know that getting drunk and having spirit water is productive of bad; but there is no stoppage put to it—this we tell you.

MITCHEL RENVILLE,
FACE OF LIGHT,
RED MOUTH,
LITTLE THUNDER,
SWIFT BEAR,
SIMON RUNNING WALKER

At Home.

A LESSON FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people—forever. Psalm 125: 2.

Revealed in radiant light, serenely strong,
And steadfast, stood the mountains, a true type
Of Him who through all changes, changes not.
And when night-shadows fell, we laid us down
With peaceful thought of that encircling care,
Which ever folds the children of His love,
As mountains girt Jerusalem around.
A storm broke wildly through the narrow gorge,
And blotted out my mountains!
With morning light we sought the gloom to pierce,
Yet scarcely could believe them standing still
Upreared in strength behind that cold, dull cloud.
And so, we thought, it is with faith in Him
Of whom the vanished mountain was the type.
In joyful, sunny days, we doubt Him not;
But when the heavy storm of sorrow falls
We question of His presence, and His love.
As passed the cloud, and through its thinning veil
The mountains glorious height appeared again,—
I thought upon another morning's dawn
When,—all life's mists dispelling,—we shall see
The form of One who truly walked with us,
The paths of life, although we knew Him no
O then, ashamed before Him, we shall own
The help He offered, and we, doubting, scorned.
Our blinding tears along the weary path,
Were oft the only veil that hid His face.
O give us faith, however dark the night,
To trust in Him, who surely brings the light!
Though life hath many a darksome day,
And many a grief, whose heavy sway,
Blots out all hope of brightening ray,
And bends to dust,
Yet cometh surely morning bright,
A day that will not set in night,
When joy will every grief requite
To them that trust.
And faith is but His blessed gift,
Sent down the heavy heart to lift
And make through black'ning clouds a rift;
For so He saith.
If every path were smooth and bright,
Nor danger frowned, nor joy took flight,
How should we learn to trust his might?
O, blessed Faith!

Waterville, N. H. Aug. 20, 1879. S.

JOHN G. WHITTIER'S TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

Through all the stages of the solemn tragedy which has just closed with the death of our noblest and best, I have felt that the Divine Providence was overruling the mighty affliction—that the patient sufferer at Washington was drawing with cords of sympathy all sections and parties nearer to each other. And now, when South and North, Democrat and Republican, Radical and Conservative, lift their voices in one unbroken accord of lamentation; when I see how, in spite of the greed of gain the lust of office, the strifes and meanness of party politics, the great heart of the nation proves sound and loyal, I feel a new hope for the Republic, I have a firmer faith in its stability. It is said that no man liveth and no man dieth to himself; and the pure and noble life of Garfield and his slow, long martyrdom, so bravely borne in the view of all, are, I believe, bearing for us as a people, "the peaceable fruits of righteousness." We are stronger, wiser, better for them. With him it is well. His mission fulfilled, he goes to his grave by the lakeside, honored and lamented as man never was before. The whole world mourns him. There is no speech nor language where the voice of his praise is not heard. About his grave gathers, with heads uncovered, the vast brotherhood of man.

While the gift of conversation proves a clever man, the want of it is no proof of a dull one.

Repentance begins in the humiliation of the heart, and ends in the reformation of the life.

Health and Humanity.

"God is the causer of pleasure and light, maker of grass for the cattle, and of fruitful trees for man, causing the fish to live in the river and the birds to fill the air, lying awake when all men sleep, to seek out the good of His creatures."—*From an Egyptian Ritual.*

THE HORSE'S NECK AND BEARING-REINS.

"Hast thou given the horse strength? Has thou clothed his neck with thunder?" Who can be insensible to the magnificent utterances which, even in a language incapable of rendering the full beauty of the original tongue, throw all our modern poetry into the shade. Yet man seems to think that the Creator's idea of the horse's neck was a very imperfect one, and just as he neutralizes the natural elasticity of the hoof by iron shoes, he, by means of various contrivances, renders nugatory the exquisite mechanism of the bones, muscles and ligaments from the neck to the shoulders. I wonder if any of our readers have ever thought about the structures which enable a horse to hold his head up without fatigue. We could not do it, and if we were placed on all fours we would find our heads drooping from sheer fatigue. In order to see how this is accomplished, we must make a dissection of the horse's neck. If we place a hand on the back of our neck and bend the head forward, we shall feel a strong ligament. If the skin be removed from the neck of a human being, this ligament is seen to be cord-like, and not to present any remarkable peculiarity of structure. In the horse, however, it is developed into a most wonderful mechanism. Lapping over the back of the neck, it throws out a set of projections, each of which is fastened to one of the vertebræ of the neck in such a manner that, while it gives support to that particular vertebra, it works simultaneously with the others. Thus the animal can toss or shake its head, turn it round to its flanks, or depress it to its knees, the powerful and highly elastic ligaments permitting all these movements, and by their own resistance restoring the head and neck to their normal position when the muscles are relaxed. The weight of the head and neck is very considerable, and by their movements the balance of the body is materially aided, *e. g.*, in walking up a very steep hill the horse when at liberty, throws his head and neck well forward, so as to keep the weight as much as possible in front of the fore feet. Man, however, is pleased to fancy that this freedom of action is mean and spiritless, and a horse ought to hold his head up, no matter whether he is ascending or descending a hill, standing still, walking, trotting or galloping. His model seems to be the wooden horse of the toy shops, and the nearer approach that he can make to the stiff rigidity of the toy horse, the better he is pleased. As if to increase the resemblance, he even cuts the mane short, "hogs" it, as the expression is, so as to make it look like the strip of fur glued on the neck of the wooden horse. So, besides the rein, he attaches to the bit a leather strip called a "bearing-rein"—I suppose because it is hard for the horse to bear—and fastens it to the saddle, so as to render the animal incapable of lowering its head beyond a certain point, according to the length of the rein. Not content with this, a still more severe instrument was invented, and is known by the name of the "gag," or Bedouin bearing-rein.—*Rev. J. G. Wood, in Good Words.*

NO GROG-SHOP.

[From the Amendment.]

Franklin, Delaware county, N. Y., is a beautiful village of elegant, white, lovely dwellings, situated in one of the valleys of the Susquehanna, five miles from its railway.

A few years ago the town of Franklin had three distilleries in full blast and almost every man was in the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors, more or less moderately. Drunkards were abundant. Each year the town sent from ten to fifteen paupers to the county poor-house, and many of the houses were left in a dilapidated condition. Now, however, there is not a distillery or a dramshop in the town, nor a pauper to be supported, and only four drunkards yet to be disposed of. The people are happy, the dwellings are patterns of neatness—not a dilapidated one in the village of Franklin—and the entire tax of town, county, and State is only 75 cents on $100, while the taxes of other towns in the county range from 99 to 150 cents on $100.

Do you ask what has wrought this great change? I answer: For eight years they have elected "No-License" commissioners, and the town is free from the curse of the infernal drink.

Truly yours,
ELI JOHNSON, Brooklyn.

Teacher's Table.

HOW TO TEACH GEOGRAPHY.

BY J. F. HALL.
Supt. of schools in Dedham, Mass. and formerly teacher in the Quincy schools.

ELEMENTARY, INTERMEDIATE OR 'A' PRIMARY COURSE.

First Term.—Systematic Course. ORAL INSTRUCTION.

1. GENERAL STUDY OF LAND IN TOWN. Drawing and molding continued: (1) Level land. (2) Slopes, gradual and abrupt. (3) Hills, hill ranges and hill systems. (4) Plateaus. (5) Highlands. (6) Valleys. (7) Lowlands. (8) Facts about rain. (9) Facts about water in the earth and uses of water as it passes through the soil. (10) Springs and brooks. (11) Rivers and river basins. (12) Water partings. (13) Ponds and lakes. (14) Wells, ditches and canals.

2. STUDY OF RELATIONS (reasoning).

Suggestive Problems.

(1) What if the earth's surface were perfectly level?
(2) Where does the rain go when it has *fallen* from the clouds? How do you know?
(3) How far down in the earth does rain go?
(4) What stops it?
(5) Where, when and why does it come out of the ground?
(6) What makes water flow?
(7) When does it stop flowing?
(8) Where do the pebbles in the river come from? How made? What will they become?
(9) Why do rivers wind? Advantages?
(10) Bound a river basin.

Incidental Teaching.—1. Teach pupils to draw an outline map of *the county* on the slate or blackboard, and locate villages, prominent buildings, (churches, &c.,) hills, rivers, ponds, &c.

2. Draw maps of the state. Locate principal cities, rivers and mountains.

3. Teach general facts about the state. Have pupils read all books available which contain anything of importance about the state and section of country in which they live. (See Guyot's, Mrs. Hall's, Appleton's, Swinton's, and Harper's Geographies.) Pupils should be examined on all they read.

Second Term.—Systematic Course. ORAL INSTRUCTION.

1. AIR AND WIND. Facts about them to be discovered.

2. FORMS OF WATER: (1) Air vapor. (2) Vapor. (3) Mist. (4) Steam. (5) Fog. (6) Clouds. (7) Dew. (8) Frost. (9) Snow. (10) Hail. (11) Glaciers,—Stories of.

Teach as far as possible by experiment.

3. ACTION OF WATER. Lead pupils to discover effects. Teach coasts, shores, beaches, coastlines, indentations, projections, islands.

4. STUDY OF RELATIONS (reasoning).

Suggestive Problems.

(1) Why does not the water wash all the land away?
(2) Why is the coast line often very irregular? Advantage or disadvantage?
(3) Where does land extend into the water?
(4) What shapes islands? Continents?
(5) What are tides? How many, &c.?

Incidental Teaching.—a. Teach pupils to draw map of United States.

b. Locate *principal* mountains, rivers and cities.

Have pupils read all books available which contain anything of importance about the United States. (See Guyot's, Mrs. Hall's, Appleton's, Swinton's, and Harper's Geographies, &c.) Pupils should be examined on all they read.

Third Term.—Systematic Course. ORAL INSTRUCTION.

Study the SEEN *and* IMAGINE *the* UNSEEN.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.—1. Describe, *mold* and *draw* in outline the principal *vertical* and *horizontal forms* found on the surface of the earth.

Teach. 1. Plains. 2. Slopes. 3. Mountains. 4. Mountain ranges. 5. Mountain systems. 6. Plateaus. 7. Valleys. 8. Highlands. 9. Lowlands. 10. Rivers. 11. River basins. 12. Lakes. 13. Inland seas. 14. Oceans. 15. Projections. 16. Indentations. 17. Islands. 18. Continents.

2. Review carefully *all previous* work, giving special attention to the training of the IMAGINATION and CONCEPTIVE faculty.

3. STUDY OF RELATIONS (reasoning) continued.

Teachers will be furnished with lists of problems like those of First and Second Terms.

Incidental Teaching.—a. Review carefully ALL previous work.

b. Draw United States again, and *outline states* and *territories.* (See *a* and *b*, Second Term.)

Dissected maps are recommended.

Agriculture.

WORKING CAPITAL.

From the American Farmer.

There are two kinds of capital most farmers possess—one, their labor, the other, the money invested in their stock and farming implements, and perhaps a small amount in cash, too often put into some kind of railroad stock instead of being rightfully employed on the farm.

To farm successfully, at least in our State, one has to use both kinds of capital to the best advantage. Mr. Mechi, a sound practical English writer and farmer, said that "one of the most useful lessons a farmer can learn is what is the most profitable amount of capital to invest per acre, for on this depends much of his success." Prof. Roberts, of Cornell University, recently delivered an address before the young men of that great school, on "the secret of large crops grown in England," in which he said: "It would take away the breath of an American farmer to even hear an Englishman's enumeration of the spuddings, the grubbings, the twitchings, the harrowings, the cross-harrowings, the rollings and crushings that a heavy clay field is subjected to before it is considered ready for wheat. What is all this for? Simply to unlock the full storehouse of Nature."

I shall merely speak now of labor as capital, though I am firmly convinced that the more money a farmer can judiciously invest on his farm, the better returns he may expect.

Now to illustrate from my own farm: Last spring I put in corn ten acres of run-out timothy sod, soil a clay loam which had been limed on the soil two years before with sixty bushels of fresh oyster-shell lime per acre, being all the land I could spare for that crop. So I determined to work it thoroughly, and it was well plowed, harrowed, cross-harrowed, rolled, and made as fine as garden soil. Rows were marked out 3½x3½ feet, corn dropped, three kernels to a hill, and covered with a cultivator on the 14th day of May. When the corn came up a mixture of equal parts of ashes and plaster was applied, a handful to each hill. The field was thoroughly worked, the ground kept mellow and the weeds kept under. The result was the corn grew right along, had a beautiful dark green color, and ripened a fine crop of sound corn. I have husked out 105 barrels of five bushels each, and have a little more to get out yet.

Another example: Two acres were put in Early Rose potatoes, same kind of soil and the same thorough preparation of ground. The rows were marked out three and a half feet apart, and rotted hitcher-manure spread in them, eight three-horse loads per acre. These rows were then run through with a subsoil plow, to mix the manure and soil and to deepen the soil in the bottom of the furrow; then 600 pounds of good bone were spread in the rows, and the potatoes (of Northern growth), cut to two eyes, were dropped fifteen inches apart and covered lightly with two furrows by a one-horse plow. They were planted April 12th, were well-worked, and harvested July 18th. Yield by measure, 480 bushels of fine clear skinned potatoes, which sold for good prices in the market.

From these and other examples, we see the great value of using one's capital of labor, of experience, and of means in a thorough manner. If one has only means to work twenty acres, make that a success by diligent, honest labor, and whether the season be wet or dry, the yield will not be wholly a disappointment; whereas if we extend our means over forty or fifty acres, we may receive a small reward, oftentimes none at all.

In my vicinity lives an old crippled Irish gardener who annually raises two or three pigs, and from the compost makes his little garden grow abundant crops of choice vegetables. His hoe and spade are his only tools, and yet he grows more from that little patch than many get from one or two acres. His pig furnishes the manure for the garden, and the garden keeps the pig.

What I would impress upon every farmer is, make the most of your own home labor. Gather the leaves, the sods, and the rubbish of the farm; make them into a compost heap; and whatever crop you put in, do it in the best manner. After you have done all this, then buy fertilizers—not before. F. S.

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

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ICE YACHTING ON THE HUDSON. [From Harper's Weekly.]

AMONG THE COLORED PEOPLE.

BY OBRA LANOHORNE.

NO. 1. A DISMAL ROMANCE.

Few people who talk of the "Negro Problem," realize how very destitute most of the colored people are, and how manifold are their difficulties, when they would attain the position to which the very humblest rank of American citizens have a right to aspire.

The tribulations of a young couple who lived near me some years ago, afforded a painful illustration of these facts, and elicited much sympathy among their more fortunate neighbors.

A young Negro named William Green had been for some time "keeping company" with a dusky damsel called Susy Smith, William being in the employment of a butcher in the city, and Susy earning her living in a tobacco factory. Both were members of a flourishing colored church, and Susy's rich, melodious voice, made her very valuable in the choir.

Whatever may be said of the extravagant and emotional religion of the colored churches, they often exercise a wholesome influence on morals.

In cases like that of my young friends, the committee assigned to such duties, admonish the "courting couple," that they had better be married, warning them that any suspicion of impropriety will be visited with suspension from church privileges, a terrible penalty in African eyes, involving great social loss. This usually results in a speedy marriage, and thence forward the elders of the congregation smile benignantly on the wedded pair, and greet them with cordial wishes, and much good advice.

When William and Susy had received their friendly warning, and announced their purpose of being married at an early day, many unlooked for obstacles beset their path. William being a comparative stranger in the place, and having little money and no credit, found it difficult to make the necessary arrangements. Susie's step-father, who had hitherto interposed no objections to her sweetheart's attentions, now loudly announced that his house was already too small for his own family, and would by no means accommodate another person. Her mother, a somewhat shrewish personage, previously silent on the subject, now declared that she "didn't know nothing 'about that strange nigger, an' didn't want nothing to do with him."

It was after long searching that a room was found, which could be rented at a price to suit the purse of the impecunious young housekeepers, and the landlord demanded a month's rent in advance.

The license, costing something had next to be procured, and at this point the would-be bridegroom was informed by the colored pastor he had "done quit trussin' marryin' folks, dey allus 'peared to think they didn't owe nothin' to the person what jined 'em arter dey bin married a while, an' ef dey wanted his services dey had to pay him 'forehanded."

These incidental expenses, with the bride's outfit, consumed most of the slender stock of money on hand, and the lover's troubles were further increased, when the wedding day, proved one of the most inclement of the mid-winter season. About noon a message from the minister informed them that "owing to the imbecility which had pervaded his frame since his late illness; he would be unable to distribute the ceremonies of matrimony at such a distance, an' ef dey wanted to git married dat night dey mus' come to him."

The luckless groom was despondently considering the investment of his last dollar in a vehicle, when his employer, the butcher, took pity on him, and offered the bridal party the covered wagon used in his business, stipulating, however, that as his horse was not very sure-footed, it must be returned before the fast falling sleet should harden into ice, and render the road dangerous.

After all had at length been arranged, the much-tried couple set out on their expedition to the Parsonage, the bride being arrayed in the white dress and gay ribbons she had provided for the wedding, expected to take place at home. When they reached their destination, it transpired that some mistake had been made in the hour appointed, and his African reverence was enjoying himself at a tea-party given by a parishioner in much more comfortable circumstances than those of the unlucky couple who had gone through so many difficulties to meet the requirements of nuptial life.

There was nothing to do now but wait for the parson, who did not arrive for some hours, and in the meantime the hatcher became uneasy and sent for his wagon, leaving the bride and groom to begin their wedded life by a tramp through drenching rain, with ice, snow and slush underfoot. This resulted in a severe illness with the bride, but had also the effect of softening the hearts of her parents, and eliciting kindness and sympathy among their neighbors. After a while things began to look a little more promising. The young husband found steady work and good wages, and the bride, who seemed quite content in her simple house-keeping, gradually recovered strength and resumed her work in the factory. Again Susy's sweet voice woke the echoes in the hills around, as she went at dawn, and returned at dusk from her daily work, and William was seen steadily going his rounds with a cheerful, smiling face.

Unhappily, this pleasant state of things did not continue many months.

Africans have troubles in domestic affairs, in common with the rest of humanity, and as in the families of other races, the mother-in-law sometimes casts a cloud over a horizon, which might otherwise prove serene.

Perhaps William had not forgotten the harshness of his wife's mother, before their marriage; perhaps the unforeseen relative interfered unwarrantably in the household, at any rate various alterations ensued between the young man and the old dame, which the amiable wife could not prevent. One of the quarrels culminated in William's allowing his quick temper to get the better of him, and in a scuffle between them, the woman received a severe cut in the shoulder, or, as a facetious local editor described the affair, "An ambitious young African made a premature attempt to dissect his mother-in law, but only succeeded in inflicting a bad flesh wound." The hurt proved quite serious, the woman was confined to bed a long time, and the irate step-father appeared for the prosecution, when his son-in law was tried on the ground of its being "an attack with intent to kill." William disclaimed all such intentions, but ill-feeling was known to have existed between the parties, and he was sentenced to the penitentiary for three years. An interval of some days elapsed between the sentence and its execution, and the poor young wife had grieved so bitterly and shown such tender affection for her husband during the trial, that she was permitted by the jailer to spend as much time as the prison rules allowed, in William's cell.

Susy constantly carried her captive spouse such refreshments as were suited to African tastes, and her small means, and in one of her visits, gave him a big cone of corn bread, explaining to the turn-key who admitted her, that "she knew William had plenty of good vittals at the jail, but de po' boy, hankered so for a pone uv bread from home, she had fetched him one right out uv de oven. It was so hot, she couldn't hardly tote it."— In the "wee sma' hours" of the night following, William was captured by the jail guard, just as he was bidding adieu to prison walls and durance vile, having opened a passage for himself, with the aid of tools furnished in Susy's innocent looking corn pone. He was at once despatched to the penitentiary, and Susy arrested and tried for the breach of the laws she had committed in trying to aid her dusky lord, with whom she had doubtless expected to flee to other scenes and pastures new. She was sent to jail for six months, and the Judge, in pronouncing sentence, said he had given her the smallest penalty the law allowed for such offences, adding that he knew she had been prompted by wifely affection, and he was sincerely sorry for her.

ICE-YACHTING ON THE HUDSON.

"An ice-yacht flits about like a swallow, skimming over the river with the speed and grace of a bird. She is better than a bird, for she takes you along in her flight and gives you the triumph of the wing, as she sweeps, and swings, and trembles on through space. Mount this wayward flyer as she is launched upon the wind. Your course is down the Hudson from Poughkeepsie, and, as your sail begins at a moderate speed, you can observe the scene.

The wind pours down over the banks of the river in strong gusts. The sky is partly covered with clouds; the gray desert of winter has lost its gleams of color; snow-squalls enshroud the dark headlands, and the grim face of Nature frowns with stormy gloom. It is a time to draw up to the fire and talk of storms, while one is basking in luxury and warmth. But you are launched upon the wind; the light snow whirls upward in the lee of the mainsail, and she seems a spirit of the air in a cloud, sweeping onward like a whirlwind. The wind howls in the rigging, the ice crashes, the runners ring, and you hold on to the shrouds in a nervous frenzy of excitement. As she turns in her sudden motions, you feel as if your body were trying to fly on in some swift tangential course, even though your hands and feet remain. Space opens freshly before you every moment as a stranger, devouring void, and you fly into it with a wild, erratic motion, seemingly beyond the rule of human will or natural law. You are not shut up in a ponderous train—a whole world of material, roaring, jolting matter. Here you fly alone through the keen air and the flashing sunshine, with the speed of a bird soaring in the sky. But your eyes are not those of an eagle, and they see things changed by the rapid passage. Objects seem melted down and drawn out into blurred, elongated forms; shapes and colors are lost, and things look blue. Now the wind lulls again; you listen to the roaring of the gusts sweeping up the bluff and through the bare forest; then a louder roar comes on, as an express train thunders out of the tunnel. The windows are filled with eager faces, and waving handkerchiefs stream in the wind; the engine blows a shrill challenge, and you wave an acceptance. But the wind plays you false, and the train passes in triumph. Then all at once you get the breeze and move up; you skim along with ease compared to the thundering tread of the iron horse, and you gain on him. As you come abreast, the windows and platforms are crowded with excited people; you hold on your course and, with the next gust, pass them as though they were slowing up, while they cordially salute your victory with more waving and whistling. You soon lose sight and sound of them; the wind roars in the rigging: as the yacht sways in her course, her extreme speed makes her divergences appear like leaps from side to side—a mad, reeling motion! Such a flight over the earth is among heroic feats, and it kindles your nature with the fire of valor. But the flight is done, and you must stop the triumph of the wing; you descend from the clouds of snow and the roaring storm on which you flew as an eagle on a whirlwind; you return to the common earth, to the long, narrow valley of ice, dull and gray between its headlands, now flaming out in the cold, clear, silent evening.

Ice-yachting seem to be the acme of recklessness. In its early days, when the men were less skillful, and the yachts, being ill-balanced, were less manageable, accidents sometimes occurred. But now that experience has improved the methods of handling and building, ice-yachting may be called a safe sport. Serious accidents are almost unknown, and yachtsmen do not hesitate to sail with their families under reasonable conditions of ice and weather. The ice yacht is the fastest object moving on the earth; but if any one find her motions too slow, let him put on skates, and hobble one end of a long rope made fast to the boom, take a tow behind her on smooth ice; when she is under full speed put her about sharply, and give him a swing before he lets go the rope, as if from a sling. He will compare himself to a bullet."

Scribner's Monthly.

HOW TO GOVERN A SCHOOL.

Extracts from a lecture by Rev. Dr. A. D. Mayo, of Boston, Mass., before the Hampton, Va., A. Institute.

There are three divisions in education; the training of the character, the training of the mind, the training of the hand. No one of these can be neglected with safety.

We read of towns built on the sides of sleeping volcanos, whose animation is suspended. The inhabitants consider themselves safe, but are roused from their false security by the thunderings beneath them, and the showers of lava which pour forth from their craters. Just such a dangerous experiment, does a teacher try who educates the mind without educating the character. The power of the engineer on the railroad to do harm is ten times greater than that of the stage driver; and so the power of an educated man for harm is ten times greater than that of an ignorant man. Cultivation of the mind alone does not make men generous. It has the tendency to make cliques. Only broad culture will make men labor for others. Culture of the mind alone will raise men above their fellows, without giving them the inclination to stretch out a helping hand to those below.

The responsibility of the teacher at the present day is enormous. The teacher stands in the place of the parent. He is to carry on the training which is commenced at home. The State commits its children to the teacher. Virginia gives one million and a half annually for the support of schools.

It is necessary in governing a school that the teacher should be what he tries to teach his children to be. He must know how to govern himself before he can govern others successfully. These children are keen observers of character. They look in and discover of what material the teacher is made. They mimic his defects of character. They understand quite clearly what a teacher really is, and no words will hide the truth from them.

There lived in Kentucky not many years ago an old-time school master, more given to flogging than to moral suasion; with great confidence in the advice of Solomon in regard to the advantage of using the rod. Now this man was accustomed to introduce the school exercises with very long prayers. A half-hour was a short allowance of time for him. His scholars chafed under this ordeal, and one of the older boys devised a way of putting a stop to it. One morning when the master was in the midst of his devotions, the youth rose from his seat, climbed up to the clock and turned the hands one hour forward, hoping thus to make the teacher believe that he had consumed an hour and a half in his prayer. But the man watched as well as prayed. His prayer came to a sudden stop. He rushed down from the desk, seized the poker and dealt summary justice upon the unwary youth. Now do you suppose that that man's prayers ever influenced those boys after such a display of temper?

I have in mind another teacher. I can see him now as he came into school after there had been some unusual disturbance among the boys. He walked up to the desk, and stood for several minutes with folded hands, perfectly quiet. Then taking the Bible, he turned over the pages until he found the desired place. He read these two words in a clear tone: "Be courteous." That was all. He closed the book and went on with the exercises of the school. That quiet manner, and those two words made an impression on those students that will last as long as they live.

In this free country the teacher's position is the most responsible because he is to train sovereigns; he is to make rulers. The President of the United States is merely the servant of the sovereign citizens of the country. We have to form the characters not of subjects, but of the reigning power. So it will not do for us to train up children to be machines. Each individual must be studied, and individual powers must be developed. You have seen blades of grass four in a place, standing stiff and motionless. You have seen the same nodding in the wind. Now we don't want to make iron-clad men and women. There is a criminal class in every school, and severity must be used in dealing with them, but for the majority of the students in our schools, other and gentler methods must be adopted. May none of you abuse in your pupils such feelings as two graduates of the Boston Latin school had toward an old master. They had made a vow during their school days that if ever they met that man after they left school, and had a fair chance, they would thrash him. Long years afterward, passing a cemetery where the graves were being opened for the purpose of removing the bodies to another ground, they came upon the bones of this same old master. Rolling up their sleeves they shook their fists at the remains, saying, "We have you now."

In order to govern successfully, the teacher must learn to love each child. You may say that is impossible, but it is absolutely necessary. How is it to be accomplished? Did you ever notice how a fire in a grate is made? One coal is found, that is kindled into life by blowing. From that one coal the fire extends to the rest of the fuel, until all is in a blaze. Find one live coal in the breast of the child, that one thing in which it is interested. Work for your children. We all love the people we work for.

Give your children enough to do. Don't leave them idle the greater part of the day. Let them have slates, and when they are not reciting, let them be writing their lessons. If you do not utilize their spare activity, they will turn it to making mischief. When I first taught school, I called the children up in the morning to say their A. B. C: (cabalistic signs which meant nothing to them,) then I left them to themselves for the rest of the day. As a result, there was a long procession to the water pail, then there was a long procession to the fire. Make your children forget to do these things, by giving them plenty to do.

Govern children through their governing class. There are always leaders among boys. Get hold of them. Set yourself to get their confidence. Make them your helpers. Govern the others through them.

When I was a young man, I was invited to take a school in the neighborhood of my own home. The school had a bad character. The boys had turned out the last teacher, and were waiting to do the same for the next one that came. I consulted with an old aunt who lived at our house. She said to me, "Go ahead. Take the school and I will help you. I know this country pretty well, and I know the scholars in that school. There are two great 'gals' who go there. Now I will go and see them, and if you can get those 'gals' on your side you will be all right." The school commenced, the rebellious boys made their threats. Once it seemed as though I should have to give way, but the "two great gals" stood by me, and I came out ahead.

No one who walks the streets can have failed to notice the great number of very small boys who smoke cigarettes and cigars incessantly. It is equally evident that this habit is injurious. A remedy for this growing evil, which bids fair to introduce new and objectionable weakness and disease among our youth, is most important. In Germany the mischief done to growing boys has been found to be so great that the Government ordered the police to forbid lads under 16 from smoking in the streets. Several cantons in Switzerland have also done this.—*Press.*

—Men's lives should be like the day—more beautiful in the evening; or, like the summer, aglow with promise; and the autumn, rich with golden sheaves, where good works and deeds have ripened on the field.

Southern Workman,

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WE HAVE quite assimilated and saved the Negro; we are, however, destroying the Indian by stuffing him with beef and starving him as to ideas. We are beseeching the Chinese to go, for they beat us at whatever they undertake.

Such are our relations with the three races with whom this nation is called Providentially to deal.

The Negro is more than holding his own. Miscegenation, so rapid in slavery, is somewhat checked, and the race is forever with us. The black man is, the world over, found mingling with the white man; no other race survives the contact except the Chinese, from whom the white man is inclined to get away. The curse upon Canaan, has, after ages, proved a blessing in disguise. He has been a servant, but has learned the arts of his master, and has an empire in the rich lands of the South that nobody can, for reasons of climate, dispute. Africa is being opened up: fine types of Negroes are discovered. Not as with the Malay and Polynesian races, where the presence of the Caucasian (except in the Dutch colonies,) has meant death to the natives; the black tribes of Africa seem likely to survive contact with Europeans.

We may leave the Negro to himself. There is politically no Southern question, because there is no Negro question. The ballot, after all, settled the business. The race has not thrown a pauper upon the nation; it produces and consumes enormously; its consumption and production keeping tens of thousands of white people employed, and countless Northern factories busy. Its very criminals are so tractable that their penitentiary labor, with good management, more than pays expenses.

They tax their own states slightly for the care of the infirm, insane and destitute. They are no longer wards of the nation, but are helping shape its future.

They are ignorant, but that is not their fault. No race in like condition, in all history, has made such good use of educational opportunities. We must help them, not because they are weak, but because they are strong. Their suffering is not now the question. It is our own. Our ex-slaves can endure the consequences of their own ignorance as long as we can.

They are a rapidly growing, political power. The practical man used to say, "They will die out," and passed them by: the sentimentalist said "We owe them a debt and must help them." Now the practical man who has some interest in national credit, and knows about the last census, cannot be indifferent. Diametrically opposite political combinations have recently been made in Virginia and in Tennessee. Colored voters followed their leaders with equal readiness either way. Intelligent ideas of duty did not decide their course, because they did not have intelligent ideas to guide them. Well paid mercenaries have more influence.

The case with the black race is precisely what it is with the white: only white not one Negro voter in ten can read and write well; and five in ten whites can, that of the former is something like five times more pressing than that of the latter.

The day of physical relief is passed; the relief of to-day is for our own sakes as much as his. The race is using its vast political force without knowing what it is about. It is worth our while to teach them to think.

Enfranchisement created a terrible danger, but the danger was necessary to create an interest in their welfare. Without it, the wonderful efforts that have been made to enlighten them would never have been made. The logic of necessity alone would do. Necessity and not philanthropy created the comparatively flourishing school system of the Southern States

The factors, that, after emancipation, settled the Negro problem, were the Constitutional amendments, (or citizenship) education, and the teachings of experience.

For a short time after the war, the Negro was, at certain points, fed by government.

We had the duty of feeding about two thousand freed people at Hampton, Va., from March 6, 1866, to Oct. 1, 1866, and the opportunity of studying the effects of that policy which had been continued several years. They seemed as poor as poverty could make them. They were perfect in the art of beggary. Government support by pauperizing steadily pushed them down.

Given the authority to continue or cease the issue of rations, we ceased it Oct. 1, 1866, offering a refuge in hospital to all who feared starvation. There was ground for anxiety, although for weeks the people had been carefully warned to be ready to take care of themselves. Not a sign of trouble appeared. Better times began; squalor disappeared; there was more industry and less vagrancy, and steady improvement to the present day.

Indians are like other people. Feeding Indians at Agencies is the old "contraband" system perpetuated, with the same wretched results—breeding beggars. It is done however, by treaty stipulation. But that treaty stipulation does not prevent the enormous gratuities of the government from being used as a leverage; for instance for making the children attend school. Efficient Indian Agents have done this—but how many are efficient? One wise agent required of his people a return in labor for rations received, and accomplished much. There is, here and there, in the Indian reservations, a light shining out of the general darkness and hopelessness, by way of a MAN. There are 66 Indian Agents but not 66 lights. They are generally well-meaning, honest men, the best that can be got for their meagre pay, which is a sort of protective tariff established by Congress against first-class men.

Until this policy changes, the Indian will flounder about as he is doing; individuals with special chances may improve, but there will be no advance along the whole line, eating all he can get from government, well aware that they who have behaved the worst get the most for keeping quiet. Then the constant changes, from the highest executive authority to the agent in charge, as well as the rotation of legislators, prevents experience from doing its perfect work. Ignorance of his condition is thus fundamental where knowledge of it should be.

While a kind and increasing interest in the red race is perceptible throughout the country, Congress gives them a little over $400,000 more this year than last—about two dollars a piece extra. It is a gain that will hardly affect the Indian. Demoralization and death are likely to keep ahead of improving influences.

Any change seems hopeless. What should be done? For one thing, end with the Negro, stop the rations or make them conditional upon industry, but provide for cases of extreme suffering. But excellent management would be required, which means first-rate men throughout the entire range of officials. This is, after all, the Alpha and Omega of the Indian question.

Give him the vote as it was given to the blacks. This would force things, as it did in the South. Perhaps it is the best remedy. The Indian is not fit for it; neither was the Negro; but it compelled the South to educate him. The Indian as a voter would create a hue and cry from the states and territories where they are situated. No longer would a few Eastern men and church committees wait on Congress for a hearing, and then go meekly home. Delegation after delegation from the West would stay in Washington, and demand education as a protection from these wild voters, until they got it.

With the vote would go all that pertains to citizenship. He would blunder, but like the Negro he would blunder ahead. Let it come at once, not because a gradual preparation would not be the best way, but a gradual preparation is not going on, and is not likely to.

The ten thousand Indian children who are now at school, out of the fifty thousand who ought to be there, and the marked improvement among certain tribes, are a slight offset to the deterioration of the two hundred thousand who are suffering only as white men would under the same circumstances.

People of this country who cannot take care of themselves, don't get taken care of. Our Government is not meant for the rule of colonies and of wards, and of the weak generally, but of the strong and self-reliant, who can state their grievances and get what they want in the name of the electoral vote they can throw.

The education of the Negro was neglected by public men, but not his vote; for it made members of Congress.

The best way to make a man of the Indian is to treat him as a man; forcing up the Negro seemed ruinous, but it *succeeded*.

We let the foreigner vote almost at once; why not the Indian? Which is the most dangerous?

Give him political power, and education will be increased ten-fold from the demand of the Indian and from the necessity of it. No less pressure will suffice. A kill or cure remedy like this is better than the simply killing policy of the day.

Supplying Indians with wisely chosen, well paid men, to lead them up to better things, is as improbable as the reappearance of Moses. Our political system forbids it, not theoretically but practically.

The introduction into the Indian service of a number of army officers, making the Bureau semi-military but independent, like the Signal Service, has been thought of, and is, perhaps, the only practical way of establishing an efficient *permanent* policy. There are no such men for the management of Indians, as a certain class of army officers, whose intelligence, experience, humanity and power are equal to every exigency of the Indian question. This plan might conflict with interests too strong to be overcome.

The five railroad lines that are helping this continent are forcing tremendous influences upon the Indian, creating conditions which he can survive only as he shall have the innate power to resist them. It will be, after all, every man for himself, when it comes to the question of avoiding temptation. We can but help him by sending him men of force and high tone to influence him, and by providing the practical education, which Carlisle and Hampton are allowed to illustrate in a small way, but which Congress refuses to multiply.

To this end there must be a revolution of the Government policy, if not of its policy, then of the organization of the Indian department, for the sake of a better policy.

We may discuss, hereafter, the very different relation of the "heathen Chinee," to our country. They are a race provokingly addicted to such virtues as industry and thrift; but while adding enormously to our wealth, they send so much back to their aged parents at home that they cannot be tolerated and must "go." They are equivalent to any machinery that produces goods more cheaply than hand labor, thereby turning many people out of certain employments, but more than make it up in other ways.

The following table has been carefully prepared by Prof. C. C. Painter, who represents the American Missionary Association at Washington, in the effort it is making to secure adequate national aid in the work of general education. This Association has expended several millions of dollars during the past few years in training teachers for the common schools of the South, who have but limited opportunity for teaching, because, as this table will show, the school funds of these states are so inadequate; sufficient to keep a school open for only a month or so, in many of the states, during the year. By changing from district to district, the teacher may manage to find employment at a moderate salary for several months, and thus *live*, but the pupil forgets during the long vacation what he imperfectly learns during a short school term, and it is the old question of the frog—that jumps up two feet during the day and slips back three during the night,—how long will it take him to get out of the well?

It will be seen that, of a fund distributed to the states and territories on the basis of illiteracy, considerably more than two-thirds of it would go to the old slave states; but largely over one-half of the whole would go there because of colored illiterates.

This table supposes a fund distributed to the states by the general Government which will give annually $3.00 per cap. to each illiterate person ten years of age or over, who cannot write. This would require a total of $18,719,958. This would give to the 16 old slave states and the D.C. a total of $14,449,579. But of this sum $9,187,922 would go because of colored illiterates, and $4,961,657 because of white illiteracy, leaving to the other states $4,570,439 for whites and blacks of the same class. Of this last sum, $469,632 would be given because of colored illiterates, but in the table no distinction is made because of color in these states; all are accounted as whites.

The states are grouped by twos, selecting those that have nearly the same population, for the sake of comparison and contrast, and it must be remembered that the basis is *illiterates*, not the whole number of school children. In the Southern states where common schools are new and illy supported, those classes are nearly equal—the illiterates being somewhat the larger; e. g. in S. C. the total number of school children is 228,463; the illiterates (10 years of age and over) is 369,848.

In Miss. sch. child.	362,370;	illiterates	373,201
" N.C., " "	426,629	"	465,393
" Va., " "	483,701	"	430,252

While, of course, in the states which have sustained an efficient common school system, the illiterates are few compared with those of school age, as

In Kan., sch. child.	312,231;	illiterates	39,476
" Mich. " "	486,993	"	63,723
" N.Y. " "	1,628,727	"	57,156

Inferences from these figures as to the value of the schools are legitimate.

This table shows, 1st, total population of state by last census; 2d. total number of illiterates, 10 years of age or over; 3rd.

number of colored illiterates in Southern states. 4th, total sum from state and local taxes expended for common schools, 1880; 5th, what this sum would give to each school of *illiterates* (not school children) which is found by dividing of the total illiterates by 30, for an average school; 6th, what a fund yielding $3.00 per capita to illiterates would carry to each state; 7th, how much of this in the Southern states would be for colored illiterates; 8th, how much to white illiterates, and 9th, total white population of Southern states, all being counted as white in the other states.

A few obvious suggestions force themselves upon us from these figures. (1) How long will it take North Carolina, for example, to make safe voters of her illiterates at the rate of $20. per year for each school of 30 such persons? (2) The halt lot is in the hands of this ignorance by act of National legislation, and the danger threatened by it is not to North Carolina alone but to Iowa and Oregon also. (3) The question of providing for the education of these masses is indeed a *vital constitutional* question, as living over an open sewer is a constitutional interest. The safety of the Republic is the supreme law of the Republic, and providing for that safety is the supreme duty of the statesmen.

The table does not include all the states, as the intention is to illustrate the need of such help; not to make an exhaustive exhibit.

STATE.	Total population 1880.	Total illiterates 10 years and over who cannot write.	Colored illiterates 10 years and over who cannot write.	Total sum of state and local taxes for common schools.	What this gives for school at 30 per annum.	Total sum that a fund of $3.00 per capita to illiterates would give the state.	How much this because of Colored illiteracy.	How much of it to White illiteracy.	Total White population.
Alabama	1,262,505	451,417	321,680	$ 250,000	$17,00	$1,391,311	$935,010	$335,301	622,185
Iowa	1,624,615	43,699		4,227,300		139,927		$139,927	
North Carolina	1,399,750	46,975	271,911	314,719	$20,00	$1,391,925	815,829	$576,093	867,242
Wisconsin	1,315,497	35,555		2,228,591		166,674		$166,674	
Kentucky	1,648,690	348,392	133,895	917,292	$78,00	$1,045,178	401,678	$643,491	1,377,179
Michigan	1,636,937	61,753		2,453,831		191,169		$191,169	
Arkansas	802,525	242,015	103,473	189,011	$28,00	606,045	310,419	$295,626	591,531
Connecticut	622,700	28,424		1,276,697		85,243		85,243	
Louisiana	939,946	316,280	279,429	450,000	$42,00	535,140	778,287	$178,853	454,954
Kansas	996,096	39,479		1,276,786		118,428		$118,428	
Georgia	1,542,180	339,416	291,492	471,989	$27,00	$1,561,318	1,174,446	$386,872	816,936
Massachusetts	1,783,085	92,990		1,372,241		278,940		$278,940	
South Carolina	995,577	329,848	310,071	440,110	$30,00	$1,109,441	930,213	$179,341	391,105
Minnesota	780,773	34,846		1,311,996		103,898		$103,898	
Maryland	934,943	131,488	90,172	1,210,977	$275,00	463,414	271,816	$ 32,948	724,893
Maine	648,936	24,179		820,830		64,810		64,810	
West Virginia	618,457	35,273	10,139	7,385	$247,00	326,128	30,417	$295,711	592,537
Nebraska		11,528		789,963		34,584		34,584	
Tennessee	1,542,359	410,722	101,453	698,776	$81,00	$1,232,146	583,431	$648,714	1,158,831
New York	5,082,871	319,600		9,679,292		638,860		638,860	
Virginia	1,512,565	434,452	315,669	1,291,975	$87,00	$1,291,665	941,936	$349,678	889,858
Ohio	3,198,062	134,847		6,214,066		395,511		395,511	
Mississippi	1,131,597	373,244	319,573	331,709	$23,00	$1,110,003	959,529	$150,541	479,398
New Jersey	1,131,116	51,219		1,742,198		150,747		$150,747	
Florida	269,493	80,183	57,650	134,520	$39,00	241,049	181,260	59,789	142,605
New Hampshire	346,991	14,305		541,718		42,945		42,945	
Missouri	2,168,380	298,151	56,241	2,153,320	$310,00	625,262	168,732	$457,530	2,022,836
Illinois	3,077,871	145,397		6,753,476		436,191		$436,191	

EDUCATION BY CONGRESSIONAL AID.

BY PROF. C. C. PAINTER.

The flood of bills thrown into both houses of Congress proposing to create and distribute a fund to the States and Territories on the basis of illiteracy, to supplement the educational work they are doing, indicates an interest on the part of Congressmen in this vital subject, but what is more hopeful, and much better, indicates also a demand on the part of the people in all sections of the country that something adequate shall be done.

These bills confirm the old adage: "Many men, many minds",—and if each one shall violently insist upon his own views being carried out, it may prove that in the multitude of counsellors there is not safety but confusion and defeat for the present, yet this body politic is strongly inoculated with the sentiment that something will be done in the near future.

Our limited experience in statesmanship begets a becoming modesty which forbids over bold suggestions as to how this fund shall be created, or under what supervision and by what machinery administered, but a wider experience as educators, we trust, will disarm a captious criticism, if we make two or three as to principles which should guide the wisdom of the statesmen who shall give hope to the measures demanded.

1. The help should be so given that it will stimulate rather than supercede the necessity of state effort. In our opinion it would be an infinite hurt if this responsibility, either of supporting chiefs, or controlling exclusively the interests of common schools should be taken from the states, or be materially interferred with.

2. It should be help for the COMMON SCHOOLS; temporary aid in the training of teachers perhaps, chiefly in giving them opportunity to teach the vast ignorant masses who have the ballot in their hands, that they may use it with safety to the Republic, rather than to teach men to farm scientifically, or to be skilled artisans or wise professional men.

"The safety of the Republic is the supreme law of this land." This is the maxim which not only justifies, but demands action on the part of the general government; and it should also suggest the limitations under which the action should be taken.

3. The help should be immediate and not remote. The fortunes of war, and the accessities of legislative action have made citizens of a large mass of ignorant men, whose votes are to shape for weal or woe, the character of our laws, and this at a time when the states in which this ignorance is chiefly found, were utterly impoverished by the desolateness of that war, and possessed neither the means nor the disposition to do the Educational work which alone can convert this mass of ignorance and element of danger into one of enlightened strength and safety.

The time has fully come when these states see and feel the necessity of this, and are putting forth their strength to do the work, but from sheer inability must leave it largely undone for generations to come.

There is no longer the least excuse for the general government, if it refuses to meet the emergency which it has thrust upon the Republic.

Largely more than one half of a fund for the education of the illiterate, would go to the South for NEGRO illiteracy; less than one-fourth because of white illiteracy.

Alabama has 433,447 illiterate persons, 10 years of age or over, who cannot write; of these 321,680 are colored. She is able at present to raise only $17. per annum for each school of 30 such persons. North Carolina raises $20. for each such school. How long before these states, at this rate, can make safe voters of these people, concerns not these states alone, but is of vital moment to every state, and citizen of the Union.

If Congress should create a fund which would give $3,00 per annum for the education of this class alone, it will require an aggregate annual sum of $18,719,958 Of this, Mississippi would receive $1,119,603, but of this, $959,529 would be for colored illiterates, and $160,344 for white illiterates. While New Jersey which has nearly exactly this same population, would receive only $159,747 from the same fund, which is nearly the same amount as Mississippi's share for white illiteracy.

The more closely the facts are studied the more clearly does it appear that this sum and this effort is demanded because of Negro illiteracy, for which the nation at large is responsible, and every part of it alike is concerned. Experience should have made it apparent at this time, that neither political party can safely rely upon this element as an ally for party measures; it is a broken reed always, which will grievously wound the side of him who leans upon it; it becomes a deadly bludgeon, and with it he will beat out the life of civil liberty, unless he is timely disarmed by the prompt and adequate action of the government, in providing that the citizen it has made shall be qualified for the duties and responsibilities with which he is charged.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

(Continued From Last Number.)

AT NASHVILLE.

After dinner, we drove for a couple of hours about the city, visiting the splendidly built and equipped Vanderbilt University (for whites) with its fine, new divinity hall. We had time to see but not inspect the Central Tennessee College (Methodist), and the Nashville University (Baptist), for Negroes; each with about three hundred students, boarders, from this and other states. Both are doing excellent work: in part theological. We passed the University of Tennessee, adopted by the Trustees of the Peabody Fund as a training college of a high order where Southern whites are fitted to teach. Some $20,000 are annually distributed in sums of $200 each for students' personal expenses, and upwards of $10,000 are yearly paid for teachers' salaries. The Peabody Fund is, I believe, to be finally distributed in about ten years. It is expected that this college will get about a million dollars, and be *par excellence* the educational monument to the great philanthropist, Peabody. This will be a good use of the money. To make the teachers is to make the people. It may be well to state here, that by the census, 42 per cent. of colored children of the South, and 52 per cent. of the white children are within the range of some sort of school advantages. It is estimated that about one tenth of the adult Negro population and that three-fourths of the white population can read and write.

We drove by the Medical College, Young Ladies' Seminaries, and I, for one, realized as never before what a wonderful centre for Southern education Nashville is. This is its distinctive feature. It is central, accessible, northern; (the tendency is to go north for the best school advantages). It has a good society; there are many aristocratic old families here of unbroken continuity of ideas, traditions and possessions: the climate is excellent. Being the State capital, it has a certain distinction. We called at the Capitol, on Governor Colquitt, who was very polite.

Apropos of Tennessee, I insert the following information from a gentleman living in that State, thoroughly conversant with its affairs, and one of the most useful men in it.

"There are three political parties in Tennessee—Republicans, State-credit Democrats, and low tax Democrats. At the election in 1880, on the State ticket, and in general, for members of the legislature, each party made nominations. On the Presidential issue, and on Congressmen, the two wings of the Democratic party went together. The result was that the State was Democratic on National politics; on State issues the Republicans elected the Governor by a plurality. The vote stood 102,000 Republican, 57,424 low tax; 79,101 State credit.

The Republicans elected 9 Senators and 36 members of the House. State credit, about half of the remaining 16 Senators and half of the remaining 39 members of the House. Low tax, about half the Senators and half the members of the House. The Republicans might have elected the United States Senator, but there were personal jealousies, and so the members did not work together well. Result, the State credit democrats, by republican help, elected General Jackson. The colored people almost uniformly voted the republican ticket. Fewer voted the low tax ticket than voted the State credit, as far as I know. The State credit democrats are the best men of the democratic party; as far as I know, they are the most sincere and reliable in the support of education, and equally friendly to the colored people. The State has been enjoined in the supreme court of the state against using new bonds in settlement of the State debt, but the case has been unanimously advanced on the docket, and the impression seems to prevail that the injunction will be dissolved and the debt settled.

The feeling between the low tax and state credit democrats is strong, and if the debt question is removed from the politics of the state, there can be but two parties.

Wise and energetic action on the part of the Republicans can make the state permanently and squarely Republican. The state looks on the right men to lead the Republicans. The State credit party has the most of the old leaders, and comprises the aristocracy and best social culture of the state.

The State school system is pretty efficiently administered, as things go in the South. The sentiment of the State is strong and grows stronger in favor of efficient public schools. All of the cities, and most of the villages, have reasonably good schools. In the country, the term is very short, three or four months a year. The great majority of country and village schools have very indifferent teachers, but the demands increase every year, and genuine progress is made. Larger sums of money are required, and the people are restive under taxation. If the state debt question gets settled, we all feel that the way will be open for more rapid advance in educational work. We have a good state Superintendent, and a good many teachers' conventions and Institutes are held each year. The large number of Colleges and Seminaries in the state are yearly turning out a good number of better educated teachers, and teaching is resorted to by Southern men and women of the better families more than it used to be. There seem to be no influences at work in any party to disturb the educational progress of the State, but all are united in desiring to see all classes educated. The Legislature is afraid to impose heavy taxes, but public sentiment promises soon to sustain the State in doing more for public schools."

Just before leaving to take the night train for Cincinnati, I stood on the steps of "Jubilee Hall," the magnificent $120,000 building erected by the Jubilee Singers, and looked across the valley between the hill crowned by the Hall and that on which the Capitol stands.

A mist had filled it, concealing from view every thing but the noble Grecian edifice opposite. There it rose, high in mid air, without a sign of foundation—it seemed to float upon a cloud. The sensation was inexpressible—it was so real and yet so mystical; as grand a sight as ever I saw.

In Cincinnati, making my base of operations the Burnet House, I secured, through a card of introduction, the companionship of a most interesting gentleman, with whom I drove about for four hours, filling up the time between arriving and leaving most profitably.

The city rises rapidly from the river level to the crest of a hill, beyond which there is a pretty, rolling country, settled up with pleasant homes, not a few of which are elegant, comparing with the finest suburban residences of any eastern city. We drove through Eden Park to Walnut Hill, passed the well known Lane Theological Seminary, where the revolt of students in 1832, because of the prohibition of discussion on the slavery question led to the founding of Oberlin College, inspired the men who inspired the American Missionary Association, and threw back into a forever torpid life this wealthy institution that tried to suppress conscientious exposure of a public wrong. We saw the building where Mrs. Stowe wrote the earlier chapters of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The anti-slavery discussion was hot in Cincinnati, for it was upon the border. Here was a station of the underground railroad. An odium long rested on those who championed the cause of the Negro. There was plenty of high-toned piety here, as elsewhere, opposed to it.

The drive through Mount Auburn and Burnet Park was pleasant. Leaving Avondale on the right, we passed through the lovely, suburban town of Clifton, a beautifully built up and kept municipality—Avondale is similar but not quite so elegant—broken by wooded, ravines, and laid out in sloping lawns; a most charming and refreshing resort for the wealthier class of the city. The finest places are those of Messrs Robisco and Shaumberger, which rank with any in the country. I think they appear in "Picturesque America."

To see all this, and think that, within the memory of living men, it was a wilderness, is amazing.

These and other residences overlook the fertile Mill Creek Valley, where thrifty German farmers have their market gardens, raising acres of celery, cabbages, etc. Across the valley is Spring Grove Cemetery.

We wind down between the hills back to the smoky town, passing the "Bellevue" which is perched far up on the crest of a commanding hill, the base of which has been cut away for a road. Here the pleasure loving people gather day and night, for beer drinking, dancing and fresh air. They are drawn up from the city in cars on an iron track, at an angle of 45 degrees. In and about the city are many such resorts; groves and gardens; to gratify the 00,000 Germans who give character to the entire population of 200.000. This Sunday question is a serious one, European country to Europeanize the day; the New England element opposes them, chiefly by legislative measures at Columbus, the State capital. Sunday theatres and variety shows of the lowest kind, after a hard fight, were suppressed. The sale of intoxicating liquors on Sunday was prohibited, except as medicine. All the shops were kept open as before, each one furnishing a physician's certificate to whomever wanted a drink. Sunday excursions continuing into the night were shown to be a cause of terrible debauchery among the young, and even worldly-men saw the need of checking them.

However innocent may be the Sunday freedom and pleasure in the Fatherland, American license tends to convert the same methods

into means of mischief. The priest complains that the ones simple Irish girls returning from America are airy and less innocent. So the German youths and people change, away from the conservative influences of their own country. Liquor that is wholesome over there, maddens here. Our air is a dangerous stimulant, our social atmosphere is intoxicating. While Puritan ideas must change, European ideas on the Sunday and other questions, cannot be adopted without serious danger to the morality that is at the bottom of our civilization. Foreigners are no more to blame for this change than a low class of Americans who improve every opportunity to corrupt the innocent. There is no escape from their aggressiveness.

We were fortunate in getting inside of the great Music Hall, a noble structure, flanked on each side by capacious wings, one devoted to art and the other to industry. The whole is devoted yearly to an industrial exhibition. It reminded me of the Royal Albert Hall in London, which I saw last summer. There is nothing in America like this splendid great hall with a seating capacity for 5,000. At Patti's concert this evening, (December 28,) there will probably be over 8,000 people. Standing room is sold for $2.50. The receipts are over $20,000. Patti herself has $7,000 of it. She with the Thomas Orchestra, and a choir of 600 voices, will sing the Messiah. Looking from the entrance, across the long diameter of the oval, the great organ at the farther end seems in a misty distance, floating in a glory of its own. How the heavenly sounds will roll between these walls to-night!

Cincinnati is a commercial city, its leading industries being pork packing, iron work of all kinds, and manufactures, notably carriage making. It is a centre for distribution. New York houses have branches here.

But it is distinctly a city of pleasure, as Nashville is a city of schools. Its tone is not serious or earnest. The pleasure idea is in the air. A clergyman told me that it required the same pressure to bring together a congregation of 200 people as in the East to gether 400.

Cincinnati with 200,000 souls will not support as many solid, improving lectures as Worcester, Massachusetts, with a population of 59,000. But it is full of public spirit. What of its wealth shall reach the third or fourth generation will, as elsewhere, be seasoned, imbued with higher and nobler ideas.

A palace car goes daily from Cincinnati to Jacksonville, Florida. The consolidated railroads that run North and South, mutually controlled and owned by Northern and Southern men, are the most effectual "shaking hands over the bloody chasm" of our times. Steel rails literally bind the sections together. The combinations are getting so vast as to render rupture next to impossible. Pecuniary interests have been known to keep together even religious societies when rent with opposing convictions. Money is a tie that binds as nothing else can. Capital is like a conservative old gentleman who has the horrors at whatever may effect his per cent. Even Avarice and selfishness work in the interest of peace and good will on earth.

The roads that run north and south harmonize; those that run east and west, civilize. The Chesapeake and Ohio, by going through upper Kentucky from Huntington to Louisville, 140 miles, draws from a very fine grass region a population of horse thieves that had infested it. The locomotive, if it doesn't look like it, is a moral force.

How little people realize the true significance of railroads. It should be taught in every school. Teachers are usually not up to such things, from the country school ma'am to the college professor. Huntington, Jay Gould and Vanderbilt, and such man, are great civilizers. Capital can't help serving God.

Going thirty miles an hour along the banks of the Kanawaha river in West Virginia is not most favorable for sight seeing, but it is lovely looking out of the car windows up and down this valley which reminds me of that of the Housatonic, only here both valley and river are wider. In a couple of hours, we leave the Kanawaha, and dash into the valley of the New River. Here is what I have often read of and have longed to see. The stream is high and rushes magnificently down; the valley closes in; its steep, rugged sides, with scraggy trees and the roar of the torrent, make a wild scene. The railroad engineering is bold. What can men mean by cutting out this difficult way? We soon find out. About every mile is a collection of small shanties perched upon the rocks, and a steep railway track down which coma cars laden with coal, which is dug from the mountain side, and dumped directly into the cars. Here is an untold wealth of soft coal, which is mined to rare advantage, for no shaft is sunk from above. They strike the seam of coal at once where it crops out in the hill side, and dig horizontally; draining is easy; there is no hauling. From its bed to the car, the coal goes down with a minimum of labor and cost. Northern capital has been put in freely, business is growing; this region will be shorn of its wild beauty. Sixty miles of this was not tiresome. Then we turned into the quiet valley of the Greenbrier river, passed the White Sulphur Springs by moonlight, reaching Norfolk and Hampton the next evening.

I rode from Boston to Nashville through a settled country and could not have written half a column about it, for it is all a matter of course, the same thing repeated. But the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, from Cincinnati to Richmond, was constantly fresh and interesting.

I reluctantly agreed to go to Nashville, and decided to from a sense of duty, not dreaming of the interesting experience before me. I shall more than ever believe that "virtue is its own reward."

S. C. A.

TOUGALOO UNIVERSITY, MISSISSIPPI

Rev. G. Stanley Pope, President, gives the following account of this excellent institution, (under the fostering care of the American Missionary Association of New York) which is devoted to training about 300 Negro youth to be teachers and to work.

It is doing the right kind of work for the South.

Making grass grow where it never grew before, is next to putting in ideas where there were none before. Where grass grows, there is good stock; a region that raises good beef produces a good type of people.

Slavery was a greater curse to the ground than to man. The soil needs redemption as much as the souls there. Grass for the one; ideas for the other! Our Southern Schools are not for brains alone, but for the *whole man*. Their teachers should be not mere pedagogues but citizens.

Tougaloo University is most worthy of help.

* * * * *

"We are on the great through route from Chicago to New Orleans, a little over 30 hours" rids from Chicago. We begin to put our strawberries into Chicago market about Apr. 10. We could put other fruits into that market equally well. We have market right at home for all the high grade Ayrshire and Jersey stock we can spare, and the demand for this stock is going to increase. Some of the planters near us are getting interested in improving the milking qualities of their cows, and I expect it will not be very long until some of them begin to raise red clover to feed their cows. At present I have the only clover field that I know of anywhere in the vicinity.

The old planters here told me that clover would all burn out in July and August, but this is the third year, and it is coming on very nicely this winter. We shall prove to our students, and through them to a great multitude of people in this state, that it is just as easy to raise a cow worth $50.00 or $100.00 as one worth $15.00 or $20.00, and that it is an easy thing, after raising such a cow, to raise red clover to feed her. We shipped a very little asparagus last spring. This spring we will be able to ship a considerable, we have not had money to do with, and so have only made a very small beginning.

The girls are receiving thorough instruction in sewing, laundry and house work, but nothing has been developed yet to make their work a profit to the Institution. They pick our berries very largely. This gives them very pleasant out door exercise in the spring.

The State has been giving us $2000, for two years past. I think the appropriation will be increased this year. The State supports a Colored Normal School at Holly Springs, 185 miles north of us. Also Alcorn Agricultural and Mechanical College, four miles off the river at Rodney, some ways below Vicksburg. This has not been well managed, and is at present costing the state about $15000, per year. It formerly cost much more. County Sup't tell us that our teachers are the best they get. With our system of normal training and manual labor we are developing BRAINS and BACKBONE in a very satisfactory manner. We are a long ways behind Hampton, but we are "Wagging up the hill so slow." We shall continue to wag. Our students are enthusiastic in their Temperance and S. S. work. Their influence in these directions is most healthful. One County Sup't said in public two years since, that he could tell the moment he stepped inside a room where a Tougaloo student was teaching.

The poverty of the people white and black is greatly in the way of rapid development, in the Yazoo valley, though there are some very thrifty Colored people. Our present Legislature seems quite wide awake on the subject of schools. I wish I could spend two or three days with you and get your ideas and methods. Yours truly,

G. STANLEY POPE.

THE WORD CARRIER.

A newspaper with this significant title, organ of the Dakota Mission of the American Board for Foreign Missions, edited by Rev. Messrs Stephen R. and Alfred L. Riggs, and printed half in English and half in Indian, published in its January number, on English editorial headed "Dancing," calling attention to a report in a letter supposed to come from an Indian mother, that some of the girls returned from Hampton had gone to balls and danced all night, and excused themselves by the assertion that their teachers at Hampton danced. The editor declares his disregard of the statement, and it is only a pity that in that case he should have made his paper the carrier of idle words. While Hampton has not experienced any damage from it, we can but regard its spirit as neither friendly nor wise. We regret to see the same spirit in the publication in the same number, of the article, "Where shall our Indian Brother go to School," quoted from the New England Journal of Education, and given with the weight of that paper's name, without explaining that it is merely a reprint of one of the editors—Rev. Alfred L. Riggs'—own letters to the Journal. Its chief point is that eighty thousand Indian children ought to be put to school right away, but Hampton and Carlisle together can only take 400, and if all the freedmen's schools should open their doors to Indians, and Carlisle should be multiplied by 10, they could not provide for one-sixteenth. This calculation one might make without help. Yet Mr Riggs seems to think that Captain Pratt and General Armstrong desire to transport the whole 80,000, and says, "If we were not planning for Indians we should never hear of such a proposal."

The weakness of this is apparent and not worth argument. We only regret to see it in a paper that is supposed to represent in any degree, the time honored American Board. True we would multiply these opportunities for practical training of Indian youths in such schools, but the accommodation of 80,000 children in them surpasses our wildest dreams.

Mr. Riggs's suggestion is the immediate establishment by Government of a public school system for the whole Indian country as efficient as that of Massachusetts, with—what would seem to be then superfluous—Government aid and extension of the Mission schools.

We regard the Indian work as one, East and West, and rejoice in it all. Calmer reflection should show Mr. Riggs that success at the East means success in the West. His work like ours, leans on public sentiment. The education, not of 80,000 Indian children, but of the millions of white people who will decide whether they shall be educated or not, must be done at the East if anywhere. This is the indirect but perhaps the most important meaning of Hampton and Carlisle. Thousands more are interested in Indians than before these began their work. More than anything else they have been the foundation and the sustaining of the new departure in the Indian cause. Hampton is at the bottom of an effort at present being made in Washington, better organized than any before, for the extension of the Western work of Indian education.

While, as we have heretofore said, the bulk of the work of Indian education must always of course be in the West, we believe that the Eastern work has an important mission to both races. We do not regard the Eastern training, as Mr. Riggs does, as "an unnatural attempt to educate a race outside its own country." If the Indian is to be a citizen of the United States, he is not leaving his country when he goes East, but fitting himself to live in it, in the civilization which is fast coming to him.

Mr. Riggs', letters contain some interesting statistics of the present condition of Indian education. We only wish that he had confined himself to these and other points on which he is well informed, instead of betraying such discreditable ignorance of the work and position of Hampton and Carlisle. There is work enough for all. And we would heartily welcome the aid he might give from his own experience of methods and results at Santee. This would be of real value to the whole Indian cause, which cannot be said of his letters to the Journal. While Hampton and Carlisle have nothing to thank them for, they will be most hurtful to the writer's own reputation for good judgment, and no more help to his own branch of the work than to ours.

AN EFFORT OF HAMPTON GRADUATES.

As we have very successfully done before, we heartily commend this excellent and promising enterprise of our graduates to the practical sympathies of friends of Hampton and its ideas.

CIRCULAR.

DEAR FRIENDS:—The farm of one hundred acres which we contracted to buy for the School a few months ago, has been paid for, deeded to a Board of Trustees, and its cultivation begun. On the place are four small buildings, which we thought at the time of purchase could be used to answer for school purposes for at least the first year, but the attendance being so much larger than we expected, we have been unable to use them in that way. For the present session, we are kindly permitted by one of the church congregations in town, to use its house of worship and public school building. These buildings do not answer the purpose; besides we cannot trespass on their kindness another session. The attendance has averaged about eighty this session, and will doubtless be much larger next session. There is no alternative. *We must have a building.* We have plans for a building containing one large assembly room, six recitation rooms, library and reading-room, office, boarding hall in basement, and sleeping quarters for girls on attic floor. The cost of this building will be about $3,000.

We want to lay the corner stone of this building on the day of closing exercises of the present session (Thursday, March 30th.) To get the foundation work in proper condition for laying the corner-stone will cost about $300, which we are now making an effort to raise, and it is earnestly hoped that all friends who receive this circular will give us *something* towards laying the foundation of our first building.

B. T. WASHINGTON,
OLIVIA A. DAVIDSON, } Teachers.
JNO. W. CARDWELL,

Tuskegee Normal School, Tuskegee, Alabama, *February* 13th, 1882.

CARD.

Received $20. from "A. B. C." Boston, Mass., on behalf of the Kansas Agricultural and Industrial Institute, for colored refugees, at Columbus, Kansas.

S. R. Winn, Assoc. Sec.

We publish the above acknowledgment by request of Mr. Winn. If this donation, with others, is, as he believes, in response to the SOUTHERN WORKMAN'S notice of this worthy Institution, we are very glad, and hope it may be imitated.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

A Worthy Representative. Bucklino on the Armor. Teacher and Preacher. Hard on Light Weight. How A School House was Built. From A Day Scholar. Talkino Hampton. From an Under-Graduate.

A WORTHY REPRESENTATIVE.

The young man whose versatile talents are indicated in the following letter, is a worthy representative of his race, whether in politics, teaching, or pig raising, and deserves the success he has made for himself in all these departments, in spite of the loss of a right arm.

———Md., Jan. 19*th*, 1882.

Dear Gen.

With great pleasure I inform you how I have spent the time since last May, when I closed my school.

I have under cultivation two acres of very fine looking strawberry plants, and they will be ready for picking this coming spring. I was elected, last fall, a delegate to the state convention to represent the county. Since then I have reopened merchandise again, doing very well so far. I have purchased another house and lot. My two pigs weighed 695 lbs. They cost 5cts. per lb. and I sold them at 7½ per lb. $52.12½. The ages of pigs, nine months.

Dear Principal, give my kind regards to all the faculty and all the members of 1877, and all the school. I hope you all had a happy Christmas and Happy New Year.

From your pupil, J.

BUCKLING ON THE ARMOR.

A young man who graduated from Hampton several years ago, and went into service at the North instead of teaching, after having won much confidence and respect from his employers, has at last felt that his duty is in the South.

"I think I am getting along very well with my school. I opened with seven scholars, today I have thirty four; my monthly average will be near twenty five. I have opened a night school for those that can't come during the day. I have some real old men; it is astonishing to see how much interest they take in it. I have also organized a Sunday School. Many sacrifices are made by the parents to send their children to school.

I think I shall enjoy my work instead of disliking it, for here are plenty of young minds to be trained and older ones to form better characters. By the help of God I shall try to do all I can for them. They have no minister so I am called upon when they have a prayer meeting to read and explain a chapter.

Sunday my schoolhouse was crowded to its utmost, to hear a minister who had promised to preach for us but failed to come. They were determined to make good use of the time so they called on me for a chapter. I read a portion of Christ's sermon on the Mount, as that needed but little explanation. Don't think that I put myself forward with these people, for I do not. You know how it is with a teacher in this part of the country. I think I would like teaching if the accomodations and surroundings were better. After a man labors hard all day he likes a comfortable place to rest at night, which is hard to get here. I do get very homesick sometimes for my Northern friends. I shall try to make the best of the five months and do all the good I can.

My best regards to Mrs. M. and all of my Hampton friends.

With great respect,

Your pupil, C.

TEACHER AND PREACHER.

A colored preacher who, with commendable desire for more education, secured two years at Hampton, by the help of his faithful wife, writes thus of his two-fold efforts among his people.

———, Va., Nov. 24*th*, 1881.

Miss ———

Dear Friend:—I write that you may know how I am getting on with my school etc. I would have written sooner, but I have been waiting for a visit from the Supt. But he has not been able to see me yet; therefore, I write without further delay.

I opened my school on the 17th of October. My average for last month was 26.26. I was warmly received, and am much respected by all the neighborhood.

I am leading a revival among them. We began our meeting on the 18th of Nov. During last week we had seven conversions; five of whom were my pupils. This week we have four more, three of whom are my pupils. Our meeting is going on, and shows a good prospect for the future.

My health has been better since I have been up here in the mountains than I expected.

I shall write again after the Supt. comes to see me.

Very truly Yours, H.

A TOUGH EXAMINATION FOR A LIGHT WEIGHT.

The examinations which graduate candidates for schools are subjected to, vary greatly with the district. Sometimes a Hampton diploma is accepted in lieu of any, but it behooves one to be ready for the ordeal. Examinations for city schools are naturally more severe, and the young woman who gives the following description of one, has reason to be congratulated on her success.

———Va., Oct. 14*th*, 1881.

Dear Miss ———,

According to promise and wishes, I write to tell you about my examination, school, etc.

You remember I spoke to you about being an applicant for the room in which Miss ——— taught, as soon as I got home from Hampton. The Superintendent sent for me. I went directly, and oh! Miss H———, you can't imagine how he discouraged me. He said, "Why you are very small, can you keep order? How old are you? Why Miss ———, has girls older than you. Well there are two applications in, yours and Miss ———'s. I will have to meet the board before I can do anything." So ended our unpleasant conversation that day, and I left scolding myself because I only weighed ninety-nine pounds. The following Wednesday he sent for us, and told us that the board had decided to have us both examined the following Saturday, and the one who had the best examination would be the teacher. I left that day feeling equally as bad as I had been feeling ever since the day he called me "small." He told us to meet him at 9½ o'clock Saturday a. m., at the whites' school house. 9½ found us both there with pencil and paper, and with a heavy, though determined heart. He came about a quarter to ten, his hands full of papers. He then read to us ten questions in Philosophy, ten in Geography, ten examples in Arithmetic, ten in the theory and practice of teaching, six in Orthography, ten in Grammar; the spelling he would examine while reading our papers, the writing also. After giving us these questions, excluding the Arithmetic, he made us promise not to speak to or assist one another. He then left us with these questions on a piece of paper, with pen, ink, and paper, for the answers. He came back 1½ o'clock. We were then through answering the given questions. Then he excused us to get our dinner, allowing us until 3½. We went back at 3½ o'clock; he then gave us ten hard examples; the hardest was cube root. We staid there working those examples until 6½ p. m. At that time I had worked every one of them excepting one, and that was a kind of puzzle to me. It was, "write twelve thousand twelve hundred and twelve." He gave another funny example; "add 12 mules, 4 bricks and 2 quarts of hominy." I saw that trick in a second. He did not send word who was the successful one, until Monday p. m., and then it was I. I would like to tell you what he said about my examination, but I must leave it for some one else to do. I went to teaching Tuesday, a. m., and have found everything pleasant. I have 50 on roll, and teach arithmetic, philosophy, reading, spelling, geography, drawing and writing. I can't possibly express how much I enjoy it. I sincerely thank you for your kindness in recommending me.

The next time I write I will tell you about my school and not examination.

Hoping you are well and enjoying teaching as much as I,

I remain your student, S.

HOW A SCHOOL HOUSE WAS BUILT.

The following letter gives an interesting picture of one way in which school houses are going up in the South. It is well to be helped; it is still better to help one's self, and certainly those who are so willing to help themselves deserve all the help they need.

Cappahosic, Va. Nov. 4*th*, 1881.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong,

Dear Sir:—Please allow me space in the Workman, to make the following financial report, and remarks, in reference to my school and work here.

I have been here about two years. During the summer of 1881 I took steps to build a school house, and on application to the school board I received the contract to build one of one room 18x25, for $275.00

Desiring a large and a two-story house, I received from patrons, in labor etc., 80.00

From Northern, and other friends to the cause,	153.00	
From school board for teaching last term,	200.00	
From patrons for assistant teacher last term,	30.00	
Total Receipts		$738.00
During this time, from August 1880 to Oct 1881, to the commencement of this term, I paid out for school house,	$480.00	
To assistant teacher	120.00	
On Christmas tree for the children,	3.00	
For books, crayons etc., for the children,	0.00	
For Industrial implements,	4.00	
For board,	72.00	
Total expenditures,		$685.00
Balance,		$ 53.00

I worked ten weeks on the house, and taught seven months since August 1881, and the only compensation to my part was the $53.

I am employed again this term at $20.

We are burdened the same as last term, in paying a part of my assistant's wages. We worked very hard and willingly last term hoping that we would not have it to do this term; but as there are over a hundred pupils in this school, I am compelled to have an assistant, and as the school board does not pay ample wages we have to make it up.

It is my intention to give more industrial training this term than last, if proper means and implements can be obtained. I find that such instruction is very much needed.

I am glad to report that we have witnessed a great revival here this summer. Nearly all of my day and Sabbath school pupils have professed religion; 130 have joined our church this year.

I enjoy teaching when I can witness such promising results as I have here; and would be glad to stick to it, but I fear that I shall be compelled to resort to some other employment for a living. Yet I try to keep in good faith, trusting in God; for I know that it is He that brought me safe thus far. But I can say of a truth, that the work of the colored teachers in the South is a great missionary work. In many instances they have to take the place of preachers, political instructors, and in almost all cases that of parents.

Well I hope that all who are interested in the work will pray for me, that I may be successful in doing much good.

Now let me ask the many friends and those who have helped me and my work here in any way, to accept my sincere thanks and prayers.

Ever yours, sincerely at work,

W. B. Weaven.

FROM A DAY SCHOLAR.

The day scholars in the Normal School are of course less under its influence, and we are the more gratified when they do well and devote themselves industriously to work among their people, as some of them do. One of them writes thus of her work.

———, Va., Dec. 6*th*, 1881.

Dear Miss ———,

I commenced teaching in October, for my first time from home, and I felt rather doubtful as I went to my school on Tuesday morning.

I looked at my pupils and saw how much larger most of them were than myself, and what a poor school house I had, and I wished myself home many times.

I opened school and went to work with all my heart, and at the end of the week I found I was getting along so nicely, I was proud of myself.

My Superintendent came around to see me last week and he was so pleased with my teaching. It is the first time he has had a Hampton teacher here, and he says I may keep the school just as long as I want it. The people are very ignorant here and very low in their morals.

There are very few respectable families here, and most of them are poor enough.

I go to Sunday school every Sunday and teach the Bible class, but there are not more than three or four in the whole school who have a Bible.

The people here never heard of Thanksgivings before I came here, so I gave my pupils holiday and they had a picnic, (something they have never had before) and I never saw children more happy than on that day.

They have never seen a Christmas Tree, so I told them I would have one for them, if they are good boys and girls, and they jumped for joy.

I am so far in the country I never hear from the School, and I feel very anxious to know what is is going on at Hampton.

Very Respectfully,

M.

P. S. I have a boy and girl who are very anxious to go to Hampton to school when I go home in April. I think they can enter the Middle Class.

TALKING HAMPTON.

An "honor girl" of the last class, writes very pleasantly of her work and the influence she is exerting.

———, Co., Va., Jan. 16*th*, 1881.

Dear Teacher:—

Your letter was received several days since.

I am still doing very nicely teaching, and enjoy it more every day. (I got a first grade certificate) I have a large number of new scholars. Many could not come till since Christmas. Those that have come lately are more advanced than any that I have had. It pleases me so much to hear the children say they love to come to school, and sometimes, when their parents want to keep them at home, the children cry so that they have to let them come. My school-house has been improved since I first came here. It is quite comfortable now. I don't have to trouble myself about ventilation much; because the room is usually well ventilated when both windows and doors are closed. I have one nice large black board and a nice set of charts, both of which are very usful to me and my school.

I have talked so much Hampton and Gen. Armstrong since I came here, that nearly all of the people, both old and young, think they know all about each one now. Some of the girls here want to go to Hampton next term. I think that three girls from here can certainly leave this place next fall for Hampton. I hope they may succeed in getting there.

I understand that there is a very large number of students at Hampton this term. I guess the girls need their new buildings more than ever.

I hope you enjoyed the Christmas holidays! I did not have any pleasure at all, for I was sick the whole time, and the week after.

As it is very late, I shall close by wishing you a Happy New Year.

Your loving pupil. M.

FROM AN UNDER-GRADUATE.

Many students of Hampton and other large schools begin to teach before they have graduated. It is very desirable of course for a teacher to have all the preparation possible, but if he can write as good a hand and spell as well as the author of the following letter, and is proportionally well grounded in the other elementary studies, and has a gift for teaching, he can do a great deal of good. The better a teacher he is the sooner he will feel his limitations and deficiencies, and we are glad to see that this young man is one who feels the need of "brightening up," and appreciates the advantages of the school, with an honorable desire to pay for them.

———, N. C., January 30*th*, 1882.

Dear Principal; Sir:—I received a card from Mrs. Dixon some weeks ago, saying that you wanted to hear from me concerning my work as a teacher. I am glad to say to you, sir, that I am doing work in this county of ——— teaching the young children of my race. I now have a good school going on of which I am the Principal. I set up on the ninth inst. The first day that I commenced, my number was 30, and now at this writing it numbers above 60. All except two (who cannot say their a b c's) can spell, read, and write quite well. My scholars not having books so that I can classify them as I want, to save time I have one of my highest scholars assist me. My highest scholars are in division of decimals, and most of those that are in arithmetic are in common fractions. I have a Second Grade Certificate that I'm now teaching under, the salary of which is $25. per month. The term is only for four months, as the school was so long being started.

Dear Principal, as it has been so long since I've heard from you personally, you will please excuse me if I should write too lengthily.

My school will end the Moy, end after then my desire is to go to Hampton and work days and go to night-school until next December if permitted by you. This request is that I may brighten myself in many of my studies, as you know that I've never finished my course at Hampton. I also hope to be able to bring along enough money to defray my expenses while I was at school, and was unable to pay. Please do not think that I've forgotten what I honestly owe to Hamptou School and its benefactors, for I've not, and will not until it is paid. If I am permitted to come as I've asked, please sir let me know when you write. Many thanks to you, kind Principal, for the papers you have been sending me. I'd be glad to receive an old paper at any time from the Reading Room. Hoping to hear from you again shortly,

I remain your ob't. student, N.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

The duties of the Indians at Hampton are just as regular as those of their colored companions; most of them attend school in the morning and work in the afternoon. After supper they go up to the Chapel to attend prayers; after the close of this service they all go to their evening study-hour, which closes the day's employment.

In keeping this study-hour for the boys, I find one of my greatest pleasures. They are quiet and studious. It is true I allow them as much freedom as I possibly can without disturbing our neighbors of the night school. They go to the black-boards to work their examples, write and draw. They draw with some skill. Every night I spend the last ten minutes of their study-hour in telling them of what they have done wrong during the day and week. They enjoy this; the good boys will often report to me many things they have seen boys do and say, so that I can speak of them in my next talk with them.

After study-hour one evening, one of them walked over to my room with me, and told me of his ideas when he first came to Hampton. He enjoyed his own story as much as I did; for he was often overcome with laughter while talking. He said "I have a cousin in Washington in one of the positions there. He's a very good Indian. He went to school in Ohio. When he came back to Nebraska to see us, he told me I must go to school and be a good boy. He said I could go to Hampton or Carlisle. I was very glad to go. He said I must come to Hampton, because I could go higher in my studies. I came, and I am very glad. I never saw so much water and colored people before. I only saw one colored boy in my life. I went down to the saw-mill. I didn't know how the saws could cut so fast. I wanted some water. I saw plenty and I thought it was like the streams at my home. I got down to drink from the creek and the water was no good. I found all of the water bad to drink." I said, "Well, W—, you had plenty of fun when you arrived, do you like Hampton now?" "Yes, very much, I will be sorry to go away; but I hope I shall go to school again when I leave here."

This young man has been here two years, speaks very good English, and is in the Senior class of our Indian school.

The religious work among the Indians is done with great earnestness by Rev. Mr. Frissell, (the school minister,) and Rev. Mr. Gravatt (Episcopal minister in the town of Hampton.) The boys who belonged to the Episcopal church before coming here, still attend the Episcopal church in Hampton.

A few Sundays ago, as I was on my way to dinner, one of the new Indian boys who arrived in October last, came up to me and said, "I no go to church." I said "yes you will go to church." He said, "I no stay in church." I asked, why? He said, "G—, he say bad things to me in church. I no fight. I come home. I came to Hampton to do good, no fight; bad ladies fight."

I excused him, and sent for G—and made it all right.

The boys have prayer meetings together. One of their number is studying to be a minister, and is their leader in this good work.

During these meetings the boys get up and speak, saying they wish to know about God and be good. At one of their meetings was a mischievous boy who laughed at his companions, which so embarrassed one little fellow, that he could not speak. He came to me after the meeting and told me about it. He said, "We want to know about God and be good, and we don't want him to laugh at us." I took the laugher and talked to him about his conduct, and I spoke to Mr. Frissell, who talked to him also. Since then he has joined the meeting and we have not any more trouble. They spend their Saturday evenings in a singing class, conducted by Rev. Mr. Frissell.

I am sure every body is pleased with their progress, and especially those who are connected with them as teachers.

O. M. McAdoo.

MISSION WORK IN AFRICA.

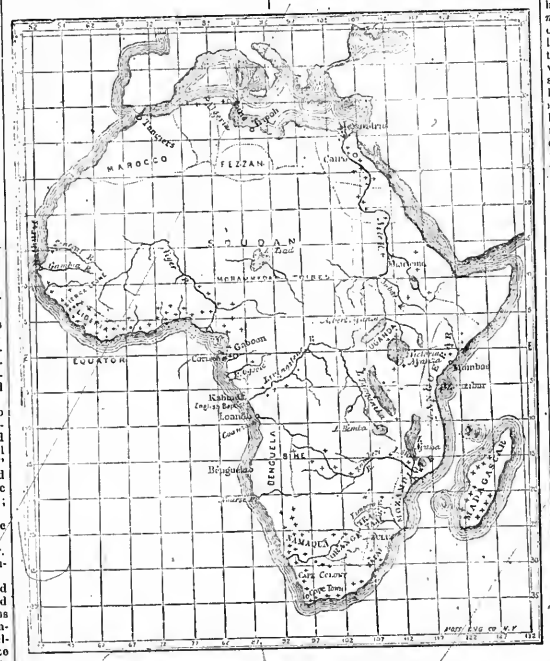
BY ACKREL E. WHITE.

When we look at Africa, we find that there is almost an unbroken line of Christian light shining around the continent, and when the new missions are started, which are on the way now, on the east side, I may say the line will be completed;—and yet there is no Christian light at all shining in the interior of the continent.

I shall only go over the ground near the field where I have been for four years, to give you an idea of the mission work on the coast of Africa. At the mouth of the Senegal river, the French Protestants have a fine mission. This mission is doing a good work among the Timny tribe. They have a number of schools and churches, which are well attended. South of this mission, at the mouth of the Gambia, and for some hundred or more miles up this river, the English Wesleyans have a large number of schools and churches, with six-hundred or more standing members. This is a very fine place for a mission, as the Gambia river is the main highway for the natives to come from the interior. From more than two hundred miles back, they come on this river in their little canoes, to bring their products to the coast.

Next is Bullom, a few miles from Sierra Leone, where the church of England has a fine mission, with a number of little schools and one or two churches.

We come next to Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone, and here we find the church of England, the English Wesleyans, the Lady Huntington, the free Methodists, and the united Methodists, the "Church of God," the Baptists, all doing mission work. The church of England and the Wesleyans are most flourishing. The church of England has a number of little schools, a "Female Institute," a Grammar School for young men, and a college with a theological department. The Wesleyans also have a large number of small schools, a Female Institute, and a high school for young men. There are more churches in Freetown, compared with the number of inhabitants, than there are in the city of New York. At almost every street corner you find one.



MAP OF PROTESTANT MISSION STATIONS IN AFRICA.

There are said to be two-hundred different languages spoken in this town of about forty-one-thousand inhabitants. But most of the talking, and all the preaching, is done in what they call the Sierra Leone English, which is a broken English. There are two weekly papers printed there, and most of the matter of one of them, "The West African Reporter" is sent down from the rivers by the traders and missionaries. Some of the Sierra Leone traders do missionary work, while, on the other hand, some of the missionaries do trading work.

The next place is Kent, 36 miles from Freetown, and within three quarters of a mile of the place where Rev. John Newton was so cruelly treated. The church of England has a church and school there. The Free Church has a church but no school.

Years ago, a school in Kent, under the Church of England, had a Frenchman for a teacher. A slave ship happened in the harbor. The teacher saw the Captain of the ship, and agreed to sell him the whole school, which numbered 320. The teacher told the people that the Governor at Freetown had sent the vessel for the school, as he wished to see it. So the school was much delighted with the thought of visiting the Governor. The time came, and they went on board only to be carried to some slave port. The teacher made his escape with the vessel. After they had gone, it was found out in some way that the vessel was a slaver. This was told me by Mr. Eliott, who is an old man living now at Kent.

Our next point is the Shaingay mission, which is carried on by the United Brethren, of Dayton, Ohio. This is the finest mission I have ever seen, and it is doing a good work. They have five large schools, three or four churches, and a number of preaching stations where they have preaching every Sunday. They have also a good sized farm where they raise corn, cotton, sweet potatoes, arrow root and ginger. They have planted out a coffee farm which in a few years will be a great help to the mission. Their plan is to take in the children, and teach them to read and write English and how to use the axe and hoe. The girls are taught sewing. They have some 50 children in this station, and they do work enough out of school to buy most of their clothes, and raise what they eat. Most of their schools are taught by their own pupils. The school in the town of Shaingay is a kind of college. This is taught by one of the missionaries.

Next we come to the Mendi Mission, my old home. Here we have four stations, four schools and three churches. One of the main stations is on Sherbro Island, 120 miles from Freetown; there we have a church with some 60 members, and a school with 100 or more pupils. We have preaching three times on Sunday, and Sunday School. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. We have preaching in the chapel on Sunday morning for those who can understand English; and, at 3 p. m., while one worker has Sunday School for the children, the other preaches to the Mende people at the school house, in the Mende language, and then preaching or prayer meeting at 6-30 p. m. in the chapel. About 7 miles from there, on the same Island, we have a small station, with an unorganized church, and a small school, taught by one of our old pupils, Mr. Sam. Goodman. 40 miles back in the Bargroo country, we have a large station known as the Avery station, where we have a church, a school and a saw-mill. The church has some 50 members and the school about 75 pupils. There is preaching twice on Sunday, with a Sunday School and a prayer meeting on Thursday evening. All the hands who work at the mill are required to attend church on Sunday, and morning prayers each day in the week.

The lumber from the saw-mill is sold faster than it can be cut. This is a great help in one way to the mission. The logs are bought from the Timny men, far back in the country, who are often there over Sunday, and many of them hear the word of life for the first time, having been drawn there to sell their logs. We also have a coffee farm which will soon be a help to the mission. Children are taken in there as at the Shaingay mission, and are taught to read and write English, and the boys the use of the axe and hoe, and the girls how to sew. Forty or fifty miles from Sherbro Island, in the Mendi country, we have another station, with a church and school. We have stationed there the Rev. J. M. Williams, of British Guiana, South America. Mr. Williams has charge of 31 children in this station. He allows them to attend school in the heat of the day, and work the cooler part. This was the first place where the Mendi Mission was started. It was abandoned for some 18 or 20 years, but is now in good working order.

South of us is the Republic of Liberia, where we see this line of Christian light 600 miles long and 25 miles wide, wholly unbroken, and from there to South Africa we may see some traces of the light. The natives are very desirous of having schools and churches among them.

The way is open every where on the west side, and many of the chiefs are doing all they can to help on the work. They have seen what great changes for the better have been brought about by the work of the missions. So all of them would see if they could have the mission near them.

Yet the missionary has many things to contend with. Two of the greatest obstacles in his way are the European traders, and the *murrow-men* or the Mohammedans. The traders, in most cases, come to Africa from the lowest classes of England and France, and they bring with them all kinds of civilized vice, if I may so call it. This they soon instil into the minds of the African, who takes hold of it with all his heart. They will do acts which a pure heathen will not do. Shortly after I reached Africa, a man passed the mission who had in all the rum he could carry and a little more than he could carry well, and when asked why he drank, and told not to drink rum, that it was not good for him, he said "If rum no good what make white man bring um? Rum good, cause white man bring um for we." The only reply I could give was "All white men are not good. Bad white men bring you bad rum; good white man bring you the Book." The trader's work is against the mission's work, and the mission's work against his, therefore he would gladly have all the missionaries sent away, that his work might go on. The *murrow-men*, while they profess to be upright, are very little better than the traders. They get their living by writing a passage of the Koran on paper, in Arabic, sewing this in a bag, and waxing it over, and selling it to the natives for some large sum, to give them luck or to keep away sickness. As soon as a man has been trained by the mission, if he is a member of the church, he can have nothing to do with these things, so the *murrow men* find little work where the mission has done its work. So they too would gladly send all the missionaries away.

One of our missionaries went up into the Mendi country, and came to a fine town, and was very anxious to open a station there. But the *murrow-men* were there, and they told the King if he should allow this mission to be opened there, the English would come and take his country from him, and the missionary was unable to make the King believe but that he was the fore-runner of the British power. So he had to leave.

All we can do is to thank God for what has been done for Africa, and for what is now being done, and pray that the good work may increase.

For this interesting map of mission stations in Africa, showing so clearly the "line of light" around the "Dark Continent," described in the above article from one of Hampton's missionary graduates, we are indebted to the courtesy of the publishers of the "African Repository."

PROGRESS OF THE SANTEES.

The Santees broke 900 acres last year, and now have under cultivation 2,344 acres, which shows that they are now making a start. They raised last year 7,000 bushels of wheat, 2,000 of oats, 3,000 of corn, and made 1,000 tons of hay for their stock. Indians are employed in mill, blacksmith, harness and carpenter shops, and some of them are proving to be very good mechanics. During the year they made 120,000 brick. More Indians seek work than can be accommodated with jobs, and there is no trouble in getting plenty of apprentices. Isaiah Lightner, their agent, says in his report: "In my opinion, as soon as we, as a nation, are willing to recognize the Indian as a citizen, and hold him amenable to the laws governing the white man, we may expect their civilization to advance with double rapidity. They are human beings, and must be recognized as such and be considered a part of our nation."—*The Council Fire.*

SKETCHES OF MISSION LIFE.

BY MRS. C. C. ARMSTRONG.

CONCLUDED.

Shortly after my mother's death, my daughter and I began our preparations for the homeward journey. It seemed to me that to make a third voyage around Cape Horn was impossible for me, and I was almost in despair, when a generous offer of a free passage by way of the Isthmus, came to my rescue. Our farewells were soon and sadly said, and in a few days, after a tolerably comfortable voyage, we landed at Chagres, where our first night was spent, in a filthy house, on hard beds on the floor, within hearing of all the profane vulgarity of a crowd of rough men, from whom we were only separated by a low partition. The noise, confusion and sense of danger, not to mention rats and vermin, prevented sleep, and the dawn of day was welcomed by all. Breakfast was of the poorest, with drinking water from Chagres river, and then began the difficulties, perplexities and dangers of an Isthmus journey.

We were crowded into boats, but even my cramped and uncomfortable position did not prevent my enjoying the grand, wild scenery on the banks of the Chagres and the mountains on either side. We passed through dense forests where lofty trees were festooned with wild vines, and made brilliant with many colored flowers. The dense shrubbery too, was flecked with bright flowers of delicious odor, while the chattering of monkeys and parrots, and the singing of birds enlivened the way. Boby alligators basked in the sun on logs near the shore, and occasionally a big one would give us an alarming suggestion of what would happen should a boat upset.

At night the hundreds of travellers in the boats found shelter as best they could, some in huts on the shore, some in boats at an exorbitant price. I obtained lodgings in what seemed like a dilapidated hen house, where we lay down on a bullock's hide spread on the ground, with carpet bags for pillows, and our shawls for covering. I have always been strongly opposed to fire arms, but that night the firing of a pistol by one of our party was a joyful sound to me, for it showed our neighbors that we had the means of protecting ourselves. The tares and wheat of humanity were mingled in that motley crowd.

The second day was similar to the first, with occasional stops for the oarsmen to rest, which gave us opportunity to see something of the people on shore. They seemed in every way much more degraded than the Hawaiians, more heathenish and less civilized, so that the former, after this journey, rose considerably in my estimation. That night we spent in boats moored to the shore, where the number and appetite of the mosquitoes effectually banished sleep, and the evening of the third day brought us to the end of our journey, where we found a forlorn hotel with a high sounding name, and in utter weariness fell asleep on its hard beds.

The next morning, after a breakfast of crackers, we mounted on mules, astride of Spanish saddles, and I can smile now, though I could not then, at that day's journey. My mule was not remarkable for docility, and he rushed on over steep places, through mud holes, and narrow passages between the rocks, with small regard for the feelings of his rider. He understood, apparently, that he who had traversed the path so many times knew it far better than I, and as he would have his own way, I just managed to hold on and go ahead till night brought us to the dingy old town of Panama, dull and gloomy, except as travellers enlivened it.

After a couple of days' waiting, we embarked on a steamer which seemed like a palace to us, and upon which, except for the overcrowding with a very rough class of passengers, we were really quite comfortable. Then came the Golden Gate and San Francisco, where my impressions were mainly of muddy hills and poor, hastily built houses, and then at last we were fairly started for home. This last voyage of twenty-eight days from San Francisco to Honolulu, was only a repetition of our former miserable experiences, and glad enough we were to see Diamond Head, that never-changing sentinel, towering up above the little town, dry and dusty, but very pleasant to our eyes.

I found that all had gone well during my absence, and soon and smoothly settled back into my routine of work. My husband, in the midst of his multitudinous labors, was glad that I was able to continue my special mission work, and certainly for me it never lost its interest. The natives were still eager for instruction, and were often really responsive and earnest in their desire to find a better way.

There is one evidence of their sympathy and willingness to work when rightly directed, the remembrance of which must always be a pleasure to me as long as I remember anything.

The grounds around our church, including the little mission cemetery, were surrounded only by dilapidated adobe walls, which gave free admittance to children and cattle, and was entirely destitute of verdure or shade of any kind. This had long been an eye-sore to me, and I had looked about for some means by which to effect a change. One day some of the native women came to me and said: "You have worked many years for us, and we have given you nothing. Now we are going to have a feast to get some money for you." I was touched by their kind simplicity, and while telling them gratefully that I needed nothing for myself, suggested that what they collected should be kept as the beginning of a fund for building a stone wall around the church grounds. They seemed pleased with this, and contributed at once about $60.00. Slowly the good work went on, but it did not stop, and at the end of a few months we had the satisfaction of seeing a substantial stone wall in place of the ruined adobe. In the meantime, I had proposed to the women to plant the grounds with trees and ornamental shrubs, and to this end distributed among them seeds and slips, which they were to start in boxes, and bring to me for planting. This, in a small way, was a success; the men prepared the ground for us, the old women watered the plants, and surely God gave the increase, for as years went by, the barren, neglected spot, became a beautiful garden, a fit resting place for the beloved dead, whom, one by one, we have been called to lay beneath its shining palms.

I had many friends among the natives; men and women, to whom I became warmly attached, and whose Christian lives I respected. Of such I must always think with pleasure and satisfaction, and though I have no space here to give the particulars of their conversion from heathenism, and gradual growth in character, yet I can positively say that I have no doubt either of the reality of the change, or that it came as the direct result of missionary effort.

In 1860 my husband, then in the prime of life, and fullness of his strength, started from Honolulu on one of the tours which he was in the habit of making, to examine schools and preach to the people. At a short distance from Honolulu, his horse, frightened by the opening of an umbrella, shied, threw him, and so injured him, that when he was found by some natives, he was quite helpless. He was taken to a Chinese hut near by, and from there brought to us. He lay at home for three weeks, slowly progressing, as we thought towards recovery, but just as we thought him out of danger, suddenly, with hardly a moment's warning, he left us. For twenty-two years he has been at rest from this labors his so bravely undertook and earnestly carried out, and as I look back upon his life, I cannot but believe that the hopes so dear to his heart, must somehow be realized.

Looking back upon my own half century of life in the Islands, I can see in the light of experience, that there is room for much improvement in the manner of doing missionary work. I can see that multiplied influences must be brought to bear on the awakened mind of the heathen, that it will not do to use only these means or those, but that all means should be accepted and used to the glory of God.

At the Islands we had many and peculiar disadventages to contend with, and our work has, from the outset, been severely tested and criticized. I have no desire to give my own opinion or to question the verdicts of others as to the past. No one can be more conscious than I that mistakes were made, that better methods might have been adopted, that, in short, though we were missionaries, we were also human beings. I can only say, of that little band of workers among whom my lot was cast, that the faith and hope which through many years strengthened our hands to sow the seed, assure us still that in God's good time and in the place of his appointing, the harvest will be gathered.

MECHANICAL INSTRUCTION AT HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

That Hampton Institute is an industrial school is understood. To what extent the mechanical trades are taught, is distinction from farming, is probably not so generally known, though full official statements are published yearly, and a report on this, with the other departments of the school, was given in the last November number of the Southern Workman.

A separate and more detailed account of it may be of value, especially as, in some directions, it has doubled in force since the November report. In connection with this fact, it is interesting to notice that the addition of the Indian students to the school has necessitated and made possible this increase, and has therefore, in this way, as in others, been of direct advantage to the colored students as well.

Both Negro and Indian students work: the former for their board and clothing, (tuition at $70 a year being provided by friends;) the latter, unable to do profitable work, only to learn; their board and clothing—the latter only in part—being paid for by Government; their tuition, as that of the Negro, by friends. Having agreed to teach trades to our 60 Indian boys and any yield from their labor being a minor matter, as their board was paid, the School, on their account chiefly, employed nine extra foremen and skilled mechanics. Fifteen colored apprentices have been, or soon will be placed under the same men, and eleven Indians were put into shops already organized for colored students, their labor not being needed, but that they might learn.

The departments of mechanical industry and instruction in the school and their condition at present are as follows:

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT.

J. B. H. Goff in charge.

OUTFIT:

Three 40 horse power boilers
One 80 " " "
One 50 " " "
One 17 " " "
One 12 " " "
One 10 " " "
One 60 horse power Engine
Two 8 " " "

These supply steam for heating different buildings and for power.

Four steam pumps—of different manufactures.

Water works
Gas works.

INSTRUCTION given is in steam and gas-fitting, with care of engine and boiler. The apprentices also get some ideas of working at the bench with cold chisel, file and ratchet drill.

COLORED APPRENTICES—

Andrew Brown, *Senior*, 4th year, working 2 days a week and 1 vacation.
Oliver Duncan, *Senior*, 3d yr., working 2 da. a wk.
Abram White, *Middler*, 1st " " " "
Shadrach Morris, *Junior*, 1st " " " "
Givens Drummond " 1st yr., " " "
Robert Johnson " 1st " " " "
Edward Edwards " 1st " " " "
Edward Gelees, Erasmus Edwards } Just commencing, work all the time. Will attend Night School after April.

INDIAN APPRENTICES—

Louis Egerd, *Sioux*, 1st year.
Joe Archambeault, *Sioux*, 1st year.
Mary birds, *Sioux*, 1st year. All working 5 afternoons a week, studying mornings.

Of the colored apprentices last year, Edward Suggs who had served two years, working days and attending the night school, has now returned to school in the Junior class, having learned his trade. Jacob Cousor is attending night school, and having served one year in this department has now charge of the engine and boiler at the saw-mill.

REPAIRING DEPARTMENT.

The repairing of machinery on the place, of the saw mill, printing office and farm, is done by the Engineer's department. It has also charge of the

FIRE DEPARTMENT,

whose outfit is a powerful hand Hanneman machine; and of the

KNITTING DEPARTMENT,

which has 33 Lamb (hand) knitting machines, worked by student labor, according to demand of the firm in Boston. Last year, upwards of 15,000 dozen pairs of mittens were made, by over twenty colored students, chiefly boys, thus paying part of their expenses, some fifteen of them working through the summer vacation.

The Progress and *success* of the colored and Indian apprentices, in the Engineering department, are reported by the manager as good, the average comparing favorably with white apprentices of the same age.

WORK DONE.

In the last year seven buildings on the place—6 large, and 1 small—have been heated by steam, and the apparatus has all been erected by student's labor. They are now finishing that in two more large buildings. Fifteen hundred feet of under-ground piping have been laid, of from 2½ inch to 5 inch diameter, carrying steam from central boiler to the different buildings. This, with the repairing above mentioned, is also included in the work of this department.

INDIAN TRAINING SHOP.

Mr J. H. McDowell in charge.

CARPENTERING DEPARTMENT.

Instruction given—In this department are three skilled white mechanics who all act as instructors, working with the apprentices in the various classes of work done.

COLORED APPRENTICES.

Wm. C. Brown,—*Middler*, serving 2d year, working 2 days a week.
M. L. Minter,—*Middler*, serving 1st year, working 2 days a week.
Chas. Williams,—*Night scholar*, serving 1st year, working days.
Thos. L. Jones,—*Night scholar*, serving 1st year, working days.

INDIAN APPRENTICES.

John Downing,—*Senior*, 2d year, working 2 days a week and 1 vacation of 3½ months.
Michal Oshkeneny,—*Senior*, 2d year, working 2 days a week.
John King,—*Junior*, 2d year, working 2 days a week.
Willie Hunter,—*Junior*, 2d year, working 2 days a week and 1 vacation of 3½ months.
David St Cyr,—*Junior*, 1st year, working 2 days a week.
Antoine,—*Indian class* 1st year, working 5 afternoons a week, studying mornings.
John Archambeau,—*Indian class*, 1st year 5 afternoons a week studying mornings.
Medicine Bull,—*Indian class*, 1st year, 5 afternoons a week, studying mornings.
Tiarkasin,—*Indian class*, 1st year, 5 afternoons a week, studying mornings.
Good-wood,—*Indian class*, 1st year, 5 afternoons a week, studying mornings.
Black Hawk,—*Indian class*, 1st year, 5 afternoons a week, studying mornings.
Thomas Tuttle,—*Indian class*, 1st year, 5 afternoons a week, studying mornings.
Little Eagle,—*Indian class*, 1st year, 5 afternoons a week, studying mornings.

PROGRESS—The manager reports that with few exceptions the apprentices of both races have made satisfactory progress in acquiring their trade.

WORK DONE.. The work done in the repairs on buildings on the places, and the construction of school and other furniture, and putting up minor buildings. The next one under way is a gymnasium, a frame building, 50 x 135 feet.

TINNING DEPARTMENT.

INSTRUCTION is given by a white journeyman.

COLORED APPRENTICES.

Clandius Clemeats, *Middler* 1st year. Working 2 days a week.
(A native African boy from Liberia, aged 17, speaks English).

INDIAN APPRENTICES.

Charles Picotte, *Highest Indian class*, 1st year. Now Night student, works days.
Juan Garfield, *Indian class*, 1st year. Working 5 afternoons, studying mornings.
Telma, *Indian class*, 1st year. Working 5 afternoons, studying mornings.
Tiyowicakta, *Indian class*, 1st year. Working 5 afternoons, studying mornings.
Crecking Wing, *Indian class*, 1st year. Working 5 afternoons, studying mornings.

PROGRESS—The Manager reports: "All are doing well, learning rapidly.

WORK—They are engaged in the manufacture of tin and sheet-iron ware, and such tin-roofing and spouting as is required on the place.

SHOE DEPARTMENT.

INSTRUCTION is given by a white foremen.

COLORED JOURNEYMEN.

Thomas Wood—Night scholar, trade learned before.
Thomas Langos—Night scholar, trade learned before.

INDIAN APPRENTICES.

Frank Chisholm—*Junior*, 2d years, working 2 days a week.
Willie Watson—*Highest Ind. Class*, 2d year.
Samuel Brown, " " " "
Robert McIntosh, " " 1st "
Oliver Eaton, " " " "
Wm. Beans, " " " "
Paul Rios, " " " "
Ohitika, " " " "
Ikinicapi, " " " "
Stago, " " " "

All the above, excepting Chisholm, work five afternoons a week, studying mornings.

PROGRESS. The report is, "All learning well. The new Indian students, are at a disadvantage from ignorance of our language.

WORK. This department is engaged in the manufacture and repairing of shoes for about five hundred persons, on and outside the place. It has outside work from the Soldiers' home, and both colored and white people in the neighborhood. It is expected to manufacture in the current year, about 1500 pair of shoes for the Government Indian Department.

HARNESS MAKING DEPARTMENT.

INSTRUCTION is given by a white journeyman.

COLORED APPRENTICE.

P. W. Warthen—*Junior*, 1st year. Working 2 days a week.

INDIAN APPRENTICES.

George Stricker—*Highest Ind. class*, 1st year.
Wm. Saul, " " " "
Mato, " " " "
Catea, " " " "

All the above work five afternoons a week, studying mornings.

PROGRESS. "All learning fast for beginners."

WORK DONE. This shop is engaged in making harness for sale, and repairing for farm and mill. It is expected to manufactura during this current year, over 50 sets of double harness for the Indian Department.

PAINTING AND GLAZING DEPARTMENT.

INSTRUCTION is given by a white journeyman.

COLORED APPRENTICES.

Walter Wynd—*Night school*, 1st yr. works days.
Wm. Burnett " " " " "

INDIAN APPRENTICES.

Good Hunter—*Indian class*, 1st year.
Paseca, " " " "
Each works 5 afternoons a week, studying mornings.

PROGRESS. "All doleg well."

WORK. They are engaged in painting buildings on the place, outside and in, in glazing and reparing the same, and the furniture manufactured in the carpenter shop.

FARM MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT.

Mr. Albert Howe in charge.

BLACKSMITH AND WHEELRIGHT SHOP.

INSTRUCTION is given by one white journeyman wheelwright, and one colored journeyman blacksmith.

COLORED APPRENTICES.

Wheelwrights.
Chas. Bell—*Night school*, 1st year. Works days.
Blacksmiths.
Chas. Smith—*Senior*, 2d year, w'ks 2 ds. a wk.
Sandy Wallington, *Night scholar*, 1st y. works d.

INDIAN APPRENTICES.

Wheelwrights.
Michela Maquer-nitus—*Junior*, 2d year works 2 days a week.
Henry Kendall—*Ind. class*, 1st year.
Tashunkawaxte, " " " "
Both work five afternoons in the week and study mornings.
Blacksmiths.
Alex. Peters—*Junior*, 2d yr. Works 2 ds a wk.
Wm. Larrabee—*Ind. class*, 1st year.
Baptiste Gahe, " " " "
Both work five afternoons in the week and study mornings.

PROGRESS. The manager reports "All are doing well; Indians are comparatively slow workers."

WORK DONE. They are engaged in making farm wagons, carts and wheelbarrows; in horse-shoeing and general repairs.

Mr. Howe is also in charge of the

HUNTINGTON INDUSTRIAL WORKS.

In the Saw mill department instruction is given by a Master Sawyer; in the wood working department by a competent foreman with five mechanics who teach the boys employed to assist them.

COLORED APPRENTICES.

Jaks Waldron—*Night scholar*, 2d year. Works days. Runs planing machine.
James Johnson. — *Night scholar*. 1st year. Works days.
Javan Winburn — *Junior*, 3d year. Works 2 days a week.
James Randolph—*Night scholar*. 1st year. Works days.

Besides these who are acquiring the regular trade of sawyer and wood worker, the sawmill gives regular employment in and about the yard, to fifteen night scholars, working half day, and eleven from the other classes who work two days a week, getting, thus, habits of industry and help through school; in all, 20 colored student employes; with the apprentices, 30.

Three colored students—Night scholars working days—in their first year, are also employed in the mill as box makers, manufacturing wooden packing boxes for fruit and oyster canners and produce commission merchants in the vicinity.

PROGRESS—The manager reports "All doing well as could be expected."

WORK DONE. Manufacturing lumber, mouldings, windows, and doorframes, and working lumber for building materials for demand on the place and outside.

PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

Mr. Chas. W. Betts in charge.

OUTFIT.

1 Hoe cylinder press.
1 Gordon job-press.
1 Baxter steam engine—4 horse power.
1 Lever paper cutter.
Full outfit of job and newspaper type.

INSTRUCTION is given in job, newspaper and press work.

COLORED JOURNEYMAN.

Harry Gardnar of Hampton. Graduate, acquired trade here.

COLORED APPRENTICES.

John Cooper—of Hampton, former student—4th year.
Butler Armistead—of Hampton—former student—1st year.
Mary Pryor—of Hampton. Graduate—1st yr.
Chas. H. Chipp—Middler—2d year. Works 2 days a week.
Noel W. Tucker—Middler—1st year. Works 2 days a week.
(A native Liberian boy—speaks English)

INDIAN APPRENTICES.

Thomas Wildcatt—*Senior*—2d year. Works 2 days a week.
James Murie—*Middler*—2d year. Works 2 days a week.

PROGRESS. The manager reports all these employes as working faithfully and very well, considering disadvantages. The main difficulty for both races is, he says, the lack of familiarity with written English. In this respect this training is of benefit to them.

Henry Prynr, a graduate who learned his trade in this office, working seven years as apprentice and journeyman, has recently received an appointment in the Government printing office at Washington.

One white apprentice, in his second year is employed from Hampton, and occasionally for extra work, one or two journeymen from the Veterans of the Chesapeake National Soldiers Home.

WORK DONE. This department was establish ed for the printing of the Southern Workman, having at present an issue of 3500 monthly. The office has also the printing of the "African Repository" for the American Colonization Society of Washington, the *Alumni Journal*, all school reports, circulars, &c., and job work from Hampton, the Soldiers' Home, Old Point, and some from friends in New York and Baltimore. More is desired, the facilities of the office enabling it to do good work at low prices. A department of book binding has just been started.

SEWING AND TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

Miss M. T. Galpin in charge.

GIRLS' INDUSTRIAL ROOM.

INSTRUCTION is given in machine and hand-sewing and mending, and in cutting and making their own dresses, and other clothing.

COLORED FOREWOMAN.

Lavinia Lewis—Graduate.

COLORED APPRENTICES.

Twenty-two girls from *Senior class*. Work from 1 to 2 days a week.
Twelve girls from *Middle class*. Work from 1 to 2 days a week.
Eight girls from *Preparatory class*. Work from 3 to 5 afternoons a week.

PROGRESS. The manager reports, in general, good work and marked improvement. Many become proficient in hand and machine sewing, and find employment outside, on the place, and after they leave.

WORK DONE. For the year closing May 18, 1881, the work done by this department comprized 1877 garments (boys underclothing), and house furnishing articles made, besides all the mending for the school.

TAILORING AND SHIRT MAKING DEPARTMENT.

Mr. R. H. Hamilton (graduate) in charge.

INSTRUCTION given by manager and one colored forewoman.

COLORED APPRENTICES.

Tailoring.

Belle Blackwell—Night scholar, 1st year. Works 5½ days a week.
Clara Bowser,—Night scholar, 1st year. Works 5½ days a week.
Emma Ferguson,—Night scholar, 1st year. Works 5½ days a week.
Sophia Kernan,—Night scholar, 1st year. Works 5½ days a week.
Mary Daniels,—Night scholar, 2d year. Works 5½ days a week.

Shirt Making.

Fannie Smith, *Senior*,—1st year. Works 1 to 2 days a week.
Lottie Smith—*Junior*,—2d year. Works 1 to 2 days a week.
Cora Miller,—*Junior*—2d year. Works 2 days a week.
Govanna Tolisferro,—*Junior*—1st year. Work 2 days a week.
Wealthy Daughtry—Night scholar. 1st year. Works 5½ days a week.
Annie Stewsrd,—Night scholar. 1st year Works 5½ days a week.

PROGRESS—The report is "good."

WORK DONE. For the year ending May 1st, 1881, the work done comprised 134 uniform coats for students, 175 uniform pantaloons, 55 uniform vests, and 325 dress shirts.

INDIAN SEWING SCHOOL.

INSTRUCTION is given in hand-sewing and machine work by the Manager, who reports as follows:

"The twenty-eight Indian girls are divided into two sections. They sew an hour and a-half a day, five days in the week, the younger girls in the morning, the older ones in the afternoon, mending and making nearly every article of clothing they wear. Three of the girls can use the sewing machine, and others will be taught when a suitable room is provided by the completion of the Indian girls' building. Two of the girls are in the Junior class of the Normal School, and have a regular work day out, as the colored girls have. One of them, Maggie Goulet, does the most of the machine work, and does it very well.

PROGRESS—There has never been such marked improvement during my charge as in the past three months.

WORK DONE. In this time, they have helped to make 50 dresses and over 300 other articles, doing most of the sewing and much of the cutting and fitting. Fifteen of the dresses were cut and made entirely by some of the girls."

INDIAN SEAMSTRESSES.

Maggie Goulet—*Junior*—3rd year. Works 1½ days a week.
Julia St. Cyr,—*Junior*—2d year. Works 1½ days a week.
Sarah Walker,—*Highest Indian class*—4th year.
Annie Dawson, " " 3rd year.
Emily West. " " " "
Katie Lamont, " " " "
Annie Lyman, " " " "
Mary Goulet, " " " "
Mary Hiuman, " " " "
Louisa Tasagamanawin, " " " "
Mary Traversie, " " 2d "
Sophia Little bear, " " 1st "
Melissa Inoes, " " 3d "
Francesca, " " " "
All the above, except the first two, work afternoons and study mornings.

Fifteen more have come this year, most of whom have had more or less previous training, some of them considerable. All are doing very well.

REMARKS.

The mechanical instruction at Hampton will doubtless continue to develop. Other industries in which students are trained to usefulness, will continue however, probably to employ the greater number, as they do in life. These are, for the boys, the farm, on which two night students, and over seventy from the regular classes work under an experienced New England farmer; and for the girls, the various branches of honorable work; a cooking class under a student of Miss Parlow being a valuable branch of this department. There is further scattering employment for the boys, as waiters, janitors and general duty men, by which they can help themselves through school, and form habits of industrious self dependence which are at the foundation of good citizenship.

The mechanical department of Hampton Institute is the most difficult part of its problem. Not only skilled foremen and mechanics must be employed—there are eighteen on our rolls at an annual cost of some $10,000.00—but capital must be invested in material or stock of many kinds, pending its sale; a considerable amount annually must be wasted in teaching apprentices, and from the fact that instruction is the leading idea, marketable production is so far at a disadvantage. Not a dollar of working capital besides building and machinery has been given. Ten thousand dollars are needed for this purpose.

The above is written to give, if possible, an adequate idea of our efforts for practical education and to impress upon the friends of this work its scope and its inevitable cost, as well as what tangible results may be expected should it be sustained.

Is there anywhere a more hopeful effort of its kind? Are there not in the country those who will see that our effort shall not suffer for want of means, so that Hampton shall work out fully its industrial problem, which is only a part of its chief end, to make self reliant men and women, to build up character, and send out graduates qualified to aid in the most important work of Negro and Indian education.

RETURN OF THE INDIAN STUDENTS FROM HAMPTON.

Thirty Indian students, twenty-five boys and five girls, after three years training at Hampton Institute, were returned last October to their homes in Dakota Territory, where places to work had been provided for them. This has been the first such test of the Indian work here, and has been watched with great care through frequent correspondence with agents, missionaries and the returned students themselves.

Five months have passed, and while a longer time may modify their record, it is proper to lay before those interested the results of the experience this far, with its lights and shadows, both of which were of course to have been expected. For this purpose, we give a resume of the above mentioned correspondence.

YANKTON AGENCY.

Travelling north on the upper Missouri, the first Indian agency we reach in Dakota, is the Yankton agency, Major W. T. Andrus, the agent. Its mission work is under the care of the Episcopal church, Rev. Joseph Cook, missionary, and the Presbyterian church, whose missionary is Rev. J. P. Williamson. Each church has its mission boarding school, and there is a third under charge of the agent.

Here were left six students of the thirty. Two girls and four boys, of the Sioux tribe, viz. Carrie Anderson, aged 15; Lizzie Spider, 17; Frank Yellowbird, 21; Edwin Bishop, 17; David Simmons, 16; Oscar Brown, 16.

Of all six, Rev. J. P. Williamson writes Jan. 13th: "So far, they have all run well. In morals I have not heard a slander against one of the six. They all attend one or the other of the churches regularly. They are immediately recognized as being of the Christian party and leading spirits among the young of that party. Their appearance is always creditable and their dress neat. The boys have changed no article of dress. The girls have dropped their hats and raised their shawls, but that is fashion, and if it came from Paris might revolutionize our country. They are all employed at something—the boys at teaching school, shoe making and clerking, and the girls at home. Perhaps the girls might do something more, but it is difficult here to find employment for such girls, and if they really improve their homes, that is the first and greatest step towards civilization. David Simmons is assistant teacher in our day-school. Miss Hunter, the teacher, is much pleased with him. I judge that not one in a dozen white boys of sixteen would do his work as well. He is prompt and reliable and tidy. He not only teaches, but has care of the room. And the appearance of his mother's cabin, and I might say the same of others, has decidedly improved since his return. Edwin Bishop attends our church regularly, and handed in his letter from Hampton Chapel a few days ago. He has also a class in the Sabbath school which he teaches with interest. He is employed as shoe maker in St. Paul's (Episcopal) school. Lizzie Spider lived in our family a month and did house work satisfactorily, but has now gone to her father's, who lives twenty miles away, among the Poncas. Carrie Anderson makes home attractive."

Rev. Joseph Cook writes Jan. 27th: "Edwin Bishop is employed as shoe maker at St. Paul's (school). He is very earnest in his work, in fact I think they have had to limit him as to the time he shall spend at it, lest he injure his health. It is quite refreshing to see one err on that side; the other has examples by the score. Edwin is teaching other boys his trade, and is doing a good work. He is generally well esteemed. Oscar Brown is stronger then when he returned. He is quiet and well behaved, and commends himself to those who have the charge of him. Of late he has been spending a part of the day in school, and does some little jobs about St. Paul's."

This is the bright side of the report. The shadows have been the return of the two girls to the Indian camp, from the places provided for them, and that of Frank Yellowbird from St. Paul's school, where he had some employment. "While there," Mr. Cook reports, "he did admirably and everybody liked and was interested in him." He has however, since then returned to his church, and is now, we learn, at work in the Government blacksmith shop at the agency. The return of the girls to their Indian home is of course a danger and disadvantage to them, yet natural, and possibly productive of good, as Mr. Williamson suggests. That they have not forgotten Hampton, is evident from the letter of the agent, Major Andrus, which brings the latest report from all.

He writes Feb: 13th. "Carria Anderson has just left my office. She wished me to write that she wants to return (to Hampton) and will be ready to go most anytime you can arrange for her. She also asked to stay at my school (just opened) till you are heard from: Lizzie Spider went to her father at the old Ponca agency. Carrie's folks have a letter saying she has returned to Hampton. I hope it is true. Edwin Bishop is doing well at St. Paul's school. Frank Yellowbird is now in my employ as blacksmith apprentice, but temporarily detailed for duty with Mr. Standing, at the Boarding school."

(Concluded in Next Number.)

TWO KINDS OF COLORED PEOPLE.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

Nothing is more mistaken than the idea prevalent in many sections that all Negroes are alike, and that being possessed of a black skin, and hair so closely curled as to be called woolly, the piece of humanity so clothed in fleshy guise will always represent the same traits and habits, without regard to time, place and circumstance. On the contrary, the influences brought to bear upon Negroes, seem to have precisely the same effect in developing individual characteristics, that we expect them to have upon the members of other families of the human race.

In every African community are to be found persons of good natural capacity, who having enjoyed some advantages of training and association, in a very striking degree exhibit the beneficial effects of the emancipation of their people.

Others living near them, perhaps in the next house, with different influences and associations in early life, when left to pursue their own way unhampered by the restraints of slavery, have steadily gone down in the social scale, and present melancholy spectacles of utter degradation.

The history of two families of colored people, who came to us as tenants, within the last ten years, so well illustrates the maxim that there are "Negroes and *Negroes*," that I write it out, just as the scene has been acted before my eyes, "in malice set down nought and nought extenuate." In so doing, I feel almost as if I were reading a record from the book of doom, so fixed seem to be the fates of the actors in the humble drama.

When we came from the city to live among the occupants of the small houses from which we derive our income, we were of course brought into much closer relations with our colored tenants than when we had only to receive the rents from one member of each family, or to pay an occasional visit to notice the condition of the property. I soon found my interest in those upon whom our living depended greatly increased by coming within the circle of their daily lives, and the first person who especially attracted me was "Aunt Sarah Williamson," an elderly woman of unfitting industry and extreme neatness. During a long and kindly acquaintance, I have learned much of aunt Sarah's history, and think the results of her early training can be clearly traced in her present circumstances.

Aunt Sarah was the only slave of a "poor white man," a term conveying so much of opprobrium in the South, that to this day, among the Negroes, a stigma attaches to the colored families connected with that despised class.

The circumstance of being the only slave of an industrious farmer-mechanic, was probably the greatest blessing of aunt Sarah's life.

Being the most valuable property her master possessed, he was very careful of her health, which has never been quite strong, and living in the closest intimacy with a very frugal and energetic family, the slave girl, treated on almost equal terms with her owner's children, grew up with the most thrifty and industrious habits.

Like many of the slave women, aunt Sarah early learned to take part in the various labors of the little farm on which she lived, while her master eked out the slender products of his poor land by working at his trade. The out door work doubtless strengthened a somewhat delicate constitution, and being trained to the use of the plow and hoe, as well as the more feminine implements of loom, spinning-wheel and needle, the young hand-maiden was early accustomed to go from labor in field, wood or barn, to the dairy or kitchen. Working always beside the sensible and industrious master or mistress, and thus preserved from evil association, with little time or temptation to indulge the follies of her class, she was well fitted for the stern struggle which faced her when she found herself a free woman and penniless.

Aunt Sarah's life, though upon the whole successful, like that of all other children of men, has had its share of trial and sorrow.

She has never had firm health, and has had several long illnesses, which would have subdued a less vigorous spirit. Her only son inherited her delicate constitution, and though carefully nurtured in childhood, and tenderly cherished in later years, he faded in early manhood, and died of consumption, about the time I first knew his mother.

Aunt Sarah has a very motherly heart, and soon after her son's death, a nephew of her husband was taken into the household, and being a youth of fine disposition, he was greatly profited by his aunt's judicious training, and is now like a child to her, the pride and hope of her declining years, and one of the promising colored citizens of the town. Three other boys, the children of relatives, were from time to time taken into the family, and all trained to usefulness and respectability. These boys all learned to work in the tobacco factories, and earned good wages working beside aunt Sarah's husband, a quiet, well-meaning man, who, if not equal to his thrifty and energetic wife, at least has the grace to appreciate her as she deserves.

There never seems to me to be any limit to what aunt Sarah Williamson does and undertakes to do. Her home is always spotlessly clean, her garden the best in the neighborhood, her cows and pigs the most profitable in the African quarter, her bed-quilts, of which she keeps a supply for sale, the most fanciful in design and the neatest in finish.

While the family rented my husband's house, I have often observed aunt Sarah's energetic methods, and wondered at what she did herself and made others accomplish. When the factories were not working, the boys were always sent out with bags and baskets, to gather brush from the woods for fuel, or leaf mold and manure from the open fields grazed by the town cows, to spread upon the little garden. There was always a compost heap in some corner, where soapsuds could be poured and the sweepings of the pig-pen, which was never without a pig, were collected. The garden which made generous returns for the care bestowed on it, was worked chiefly by aunt Sarah herself at odd times, but she had a clever way of suggesting to her "men folks," when they chanced to come home early from work, or had a half-holiday, because the tobacco "was not in order," that a little exercise with hoe or spade would be beneficial as a variety to their labor at the factory bench. As is customary with factory-workers, this family, in the busy season, make their early supper the chief meal of the day, the breakfast and dinner for the hands being usually prepared over night, and carried with them to be eaten in the interval allowed for meals at the factory.

Never had aunt Sarah's household any reason to complain of scant rations. Such dishes of meat and vegetables, such piles of corn dodgers and biscuits that her table displays, when she is preparing for supper, and at the same time packing the factory basket, would astonish the beholder.

One might suppose that after washing, cooking, gardening and house cleaning all day, aunt Sarah would be too weary to work at night, but the busy housewife makes no such calculation.

Sewing being one of her trades, and piecing quilts apparently as natural to her as breathing, in the long winter evenings the quilting-frame generally occupies one corner of aunt Sarah's room and the gay patch work squares, put together nobody knows when or how, are deftly quilted, as the good dame glances complacently over her spectacles at her boys reading by the bright lamp on the table, or joins with a voice still strong and clear in the hymn the young folks are practising, as they peel apples for pies, promised them on condition of their doing the most of the work.

Naturally such a family wanted a home of their own, and not many years had elapsed after free om came to them, before aunt Sarah's plans were laid, and money gradually saved, until the little bits had become a respectable amount, and a lot was purchased therewith. The building of the house soon followed, and then, with much regret, we lost our best tenant. The family have gone on steadily prospering, have purchased additional lots, and built houses for rent, so that they have passed from the tenant to the landlord class, and they have already acquired sufficient property to make them important among the colored people, and bid fair to gain the front rank of their race, being highly respected in the church and the community, and taking part in every good word and work.

The lot adjoining the one occupied by aunt Sarah is somewhat larger and the house more convenient. It has for the last nine years been rented to a family named Johnson, who, to use a term very significant in slavery, and still much in vogue here, were all "corn-fed niggers" in old times.

A rougher and coarser set of people it would be hard to find. Their best qualities are their industrious habits and the strong affection they have for each other. They belonged to a wealthy planter, who, as they proudly state, had "plenty of niggers."

Martha Johnson, the recognized head of the family, had very few advantages in early life in her training or association, having merely been counted with the "gang" ordered out by the overseer for daily work on the plantation. She is a remarkably strong and vigorous woman, of good natural ability, capable of accomplishing a great deal of labor. Her mother "Aunt Nancy," who says she has had 11 children, and never knowed the backache yet," is also a person of remarkable constitution. Aunt Nancy's husband "Uncle Josh," is Martha's step father, but seems very fond of her children, and is treated by them as if he were her own father. Uncle Josh describes his way of life, as "Jobbin 'roun' to git de pot." This means that he has several places to work among the poor class of white people or well-to-do Negroes, and does, what in the North would be called "chores," receiving his compensation in broken victuals and old clothes.

Martha's children are put into the tobacco factories as soon as they are old enough to work, and the older boy and girl are now skilled hands, promoted from "stemming" to "benches" of their own, and able to earn good wages. Sukey, the second daughter, sometimes works in the factory, but is oftener kept at home, as a sort of drudge, nursing the baby, who is always there, bringing water, chopping wood, carrying clothes to and from the families for whom her mother and grandmother do nice laundry-work, or "totin' dinner" to the children in the factory.

In summer, when the factories are working, washing is easy to procure, and uncle Josh finds plenty of jobs, this family is as busy as bees.

They all work hard, and spend their money as fast as they get it. They all dress extravagantly, eat the best the abundant market affords, and purchase the most useless things the merchants or "agents" offer them, if they chance to fancy their wares. On Sunday, after a late breakfast, the house will be tidied up, the mantlepiece and numerous picture-frames decorated with flowers and cut paper, the beds decked with gay spreads and ruffled pillow-cases, Martha and her daughter will array themselves in fancifully made dresses of flimsy materials, the eldest son will furnish in a fine suit of slop shop make, with gaudy necktie and jaunty cane. Visitors will be entertained all the afternoon, whiskey will be plentiful, and the night will end with bacchanalian revels, shared by those who would blush to have their presence known in such places.

In such seasons, I have sometimes had occasion to stop at the Johnson residence about 9 o'clock on Monday morning, and always wondered how people could exist in such confusion. The beds, with the coverings hastily pulled together, are piled up with the tawdry garments worn the day before; tubs of water and baskets of soiled clothes stand about the disordered room, the younger children are often sick from over feeding on Sunday, unwashed dishes are scattered over the table. Sukey, who is growing fast and is always hungry, seems to make it her aim in life to avoid doing the next job, which she is ever expecting to be called upon to perform. Her moments of stolen ease are usually employed in consuming any fragments of food she can find or in stealthily cooking potatoes or nubcakes. She always takes the chances of enjoying such refreshments herself, or seeing them pitched out to the half-starved dog, who is a member of the family, according to the mood her mother may be in, when she attempts to realize her repast.

If in the midst of Sukey's culinary efforts, that gentle dame wants some wood or water, she will by no means speak on the subject, but will glance angrily from the empty bucket or dying embers to her daughter's face, then gathering up a shingle, broom-stick or any other implement convenient, will stride towards the girl—Sukey knows very well how to take a hint and will instantly disappear in the direction of the well or wood-pile.

Coming in upon such a scene lately, I heard Martha's loud and angry voice storming at the girl, in words unfit for ears polite. As soon as my presence was observed, the girl slunk out of sight, and her mother dropped a stout leather whip, and turned to her washtub, growling that she "nllus did despise dese here niggers what wants ter eat frum mornin' tell night, allus stuffin derselves like a hog."

When I began a little lecture to which Martha is quite accustomed and always takes in good part, she relented somewhat, and clearing off a chair, invited me to sit down, responding to my remarks in a softened voice, that she "did'nt deny dnt gal was tolnber' good ter work, but dat was no reason she should he stuffin everlastinly," adding that her own head "ached fit to bust open."

Winter after winter finds this family utterly unprovided for the inclement season, and they suffer a great deal when thrown out of work, as they often are, for weeks at a time. When there is snow on the ground, they are frequently barefoot and thinly clad, have scant rations, and are without fuel, or may be seen buying wood from the wagons by the single stick, a ruinous plan and sure indication of thriftlessness.

In such emergencies, Martha will sometimes sub-let part of her house, crowding her own family into one room, and sickness often follows when they are thus shut up in close quarters. One winter a little child died after a lingering illness, during which it was kept stupefied with whiskey and drugs.

Negroes who have belonged to the better class of white people, have a singular objection to a pauper funeral, even when in the direst poverty, and Martha would listen to no suggestions of the kind, though in the midst of a dreary season and already heavily burdened. "It is the last kindness I can do my baby," she said piteously. "I must hury her decently." And by dint of begging and borrowing among her neighbors, she contrived to carry out her determination. The fashionable white undertaker was employed, two hacks furnished, and the additional debts thus incurred kept the family sorely cramped for months.

None of the children have been sent to school, and when out of work they lounge about the streets or hover over the little fire in the crowded room. The garden has never been fertilized at all, the family seeming to have a stupid notion that manuring the land would be helping the landlord.

In consequence, the garden though large and always worked after a fashion by uncle Josh, never amounts to anything. As the children have grown up things have seemed to grow steadily worse with the household, their reputation is every way discreditable, and this winter they seem to have reached a crisis. The old step-father weary of his uncomfortable house and feeling his strength decline, has gone back to the country to live with the children of his first wife. The grandmother, who is much attached to her "ole man" and feels this separation keenly, begins at last to yield to age and infirmity, and broken in spirit, daily dwindles away, being often too feeble to do her part in the laundry. The eldest son, disgusted with his mother and sisters, and reckless himself, has run off with some railroad hands for a Southern road, and being bred to the heated factory, is likely to die or come home disabled.

These people show in many ways the results of vicious lives passed in labor, without any of the elevating influences which are supposed to be the birthright of the American citizen. What will be the end of the career of sin and degradation is too sorrowful to contemplate without pain. It is is hard to tell what can be done for such cases. A law for the compulsory schooling of the children in such families would help them to some extent, and measures restraining the sale of liquor would doubtless have a good effect, but at present the picture seems to be all shadow, with no light of hope upon it.

We are glad to announce that the *Scientific American* came out of the late fire in New York, like the the fabled Phœnix, with renewed life. The subscription lists, account books, patent records, patent drawings, and correspondence were preserved in massive fire-proof safes. The printing of the *Scientific American* and *Supplement* was done in another building; consequently the types, plates, presses, paper, etc., were unharmed, and no interruption of business was occasioned.

The new *Scientific American* offices are located at 261 Broadway, corner of Warren Street, a very central and excellent situation.

Here, in addition to the issuing of their interesting publications, Messrs. Munn & Co., aided by trained examiners and draughtsmen, prepare specifications and drawings for American and Foreign patents. If any of our readers should happen to make a new discovery they have only to drop a line to Munn & Co., 261 Broadway, New York, who will reply at once, without charge, stating whether the invention is probably novel and patentable. A handbook of instructions, with full particulars, will also be sent, free. Messrs. Munn & Co. have had over thirty-five years' experience in the business.

YORKTOWN.—We have received from Ford, Howard and Hulbert, a handsomely printed pamphlet with the above title, by Jacob Harris Patton, A. M.—illustrated with portraits of Washington, La Fayette, Rochambeau, De Grasse and Steuben, Maps of the Peninsula and the seige, and drawings of the Commemorative Franklin medal and the Yorktown monument. A very useful and convenient memorial of that memorable and important campaign, the Centennial of which has just been celebrated.

At Home.

MY AIN COUNTRIE.

I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary afterwhiles,
For the lang'd for hame-bringing, an' my father's wel-come to ties,
I'll ne'er be fu' content, until my e'en do see
The gowden mines of heav'n, an' my ain countrie.
The earth is fleck'd wi' flowers, mony-tinted fresh and gay;
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae;
But these sichts an' these sonn's will as naething be to me,
When I hear the angels singing in my ain countrie.
I've his gude word of promise, that some gladsome day the King,
To His ain royal palace, his banished hame will bring
Wi'een, an' wi' heart running over we shall see
"The King in his beauty," an' our ain countrie.
My sins have been mony, and my sorrows have been sair;
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair.
For his blood hath made me white, and his hand shall dry my e'e,
When he brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.
Like a hairn to his mother, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be gangin noo unto my Saviour's breast,
For he gathers to his bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
And "he carries them himself," to his ain countrie.
He's faithful that hath promised, he'll surely come again,
He'll keep his trysts wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at any moment to my ain countrie.
So I'm watching aye, and singing o'my hame as I wait
For the soun'ing o' his foot at this side the gowden gate.
God gie his grace to ilk one wha listens noo to me,
That we may gang in gladness to our ain countrie.
The earth is fleck'd wi' flowers, mony-tinted fresh and gay;
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae.
But these sichts an' these soun's will as naething be to me,
When I hear the angels singing to my ain countrie.

MISS M. A. LEE.

SMALL-POX AND VACCINATION.

The spread of small-pox through the country, North, West and South, makes evident the importance of extending popular knowledge upon the subject of this terrible disease and the possibilities of protection against it.

Examination among the students at Hampton Institute, made immediately upon the appearance of the disease at Portsmouth and a rumor of it at Norfolk and Newport's News, showed that most of the Indian students who had lived near any agency had been vaccinated—of course by provision of Government—and quite a large proportion of the colored students. But as many had not, and others only once, measures were at once taken to vaccinate every person on the place who did not show satisfactory sign of protection. Much less childish or superstitious fear of the operation was exhibited than was noticeable on a similar occasion in the school nine years ago, when some took to garrets and coal holes for refuge from the lancet, and a stalwart six footer was borne into the operating room still as a log, on the shoulders of some of his comrades, who having found that they had survived the operation, rather enjoyed the hunt for new victims. But that great carelessness and no doubt much superstitious fear, —both the result of ignorance—prevail in some sections in regard to vaccination, is very evident, and for the benefit of those of our readers who feel it their duty to make themselves intelligent for their people's sake as well as their own, we give a brief statement of the facts concerning vaccination, its history, its nature and its value, as set forth by such good authorities as Prof. George Wilson M. D., of England, Dr. J. G. Richardson, Professor of Hygiene in the University of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, one of the best known physicians in New York city.

WHAT IS VACCINATION?

Vaccination is not a charm or a counter-charm. There is nothing supernatural in its operation, which, though not fully understood at the time it was discovered, has been made clear by scientific investigation. A hundred years ago, small-pox was the terror and the scourge of all countries, and had been for centuries. In London in 1796, the deaths by small-pox alone exceeded 18 per cent. of the total number of deaths. Every fifth person attacked, died; many of those who survived were disfigured or maimed; nearly two thirds of the blind population owed the loss of their eyes to this disease. As a rule, though never entirely absent, it broke out as an epidemic every third year. For some time, however, it had been noticed by the country people that a certain class of persons seemed to be nearly or quite exempt. These were the milkers on the dairy farms. A mild affection had broken out among the cows in these districts, accompanied by an eruption on the bag. Those who milked the animals at such a time were liable to take it. It was called the cow-pox, and those who had once had the cow-pox seemed to be free from danger of the terrible small-pox. This fact was believed by the country people for a long time before it came to the notice of those who could make use of it. At last a young medical student, struck by the remark of a country woman who came into the office, began to study up the subject, made investigations, got all the evidence he could, was convinced that it was a fact that cow-pox was a safe guard against small-pox, and then began to reason out a way to make it useful to all as well as to milkers. He even felt sure of what was now know to be a fact, that cow-pox is itself a very mild form of small-pox, changed in its nature by passing through the system of another animal than man, but just as protective as one attack of the more serious disease would be. Then he reasoned that as it was taken from the cow by the contact of the hand with the pustule on the teat, it could be communicated to any one, and still more certainly, by inserting a little of the matter from the pustule into the skin by means of a lancet. He also reasoned that the cow-pox could be communicated in the same way from one person to another without taking it every time from the cow.

This was the whole of Dr. Jenner's wonderful discovery, and vaccination has been practised in the same or similar ways ever since.

THE VALUE OF VACCINATION.

As Dr. Sayre remarks to a New York Herald reporter: "Figures talk more plainly to the ordinary man than anything else," so he gives some which, "will send the matter home to the conviction of every man." They are taken from the reports of the General Board of Health in England; and show how many persons in each million of the population of Europe died annually from small pox *before* the introduction of vaccination, and how many *after* its introduction. Here are the figures. "In Westphalia, from 1760 to 1780, *before* the use of vaccination, 2,633 out of every million inhabitants died annually from small-pox. From 1816 to 1850—35 years —*after* the introduction of vaccination, only 114 out of every million, annually. In Copenhagen, before vaccination, 3,128 out of every million; after vaccination, only 286. In Berlin, before, 3,422; after, 876. In Trieste, before, 14,046; after, 182." These are just a sample of these "talking" figures, and they certainly speak loudly enough. Any one can calculate for himself the saving of life by vaccination in these places.

OBJECTIONS MADE TO VACCINATION.

After all these figures can there be any objections urged against vaccination? They are sometimes made. Let us see what they amount to. It is said that it develops scrofula. Any wound, or common boil may do that in a scrofulous person, one in whom the disease or a marked tendency to it exists. But on the other hand, such a person is in especial danger from small pox; more liable to contagion and more sure to die of it. The disease is for this reason peculiarly fatal among races or tribes of a scrofulous habit. The cases of the development of scrofula by vaccination are very rare, and the risk infinitely smaller than that from small-pox. It is said that scrofula and still worse skin diseases have been communicated by vaccination. Among the highest authorities the opinion is general that there is no possibility of this when vaccination is properly performed, even from one human being to another. There is a chance, however, that it may not be perfectly performed; that is, that some particles of blood may be taken along with the harmless pus, and communicate disease. This probably happened during the war, when whole regiments of men were hastily vaccinated, sometimes from arm to arm. But all danger from this source is entirely obviated by taking the virus—as it is called—from the animal instead of the human subject, and very fortunately it is perfectly easy now to do this, some animals with the cow pox having been imported from France for the purpose, and the stock of virus carefully kept up under the supervision of reliable physicians, on a farm near Philadelphia.

HOW TO VACCINATE.

Ask a *reliable* druggist or physician to get vaccine virus for you from this source. That for Hampton Institute was obtained through Prof. Jos. P. Remington, corner 13th and Walnut sts., Philadelphia. The vaccine matter is taken from the animal on small flat ivory points. It dries on these, and they can be sent easily by mail, and cost ten cents a piece. For most skins there is no need of using a knife. Take one of these little sharp edged points and after moistening it in cold water, make four little cuts with it on the arm just below the shoulders,—or leg just above the knee—then four more crossing these. Do not cut deep enough to draw blood if you can help it, but only to make a slight flow of *lymph*—the colorless absorbent fluid that will ooze out. Rub the vaccine well with the sides of the point, into this moist spot, and let it dry in thoroughly before allowing the clothes to touch it. That is all. If it takes, in from six to twelve days the arm will swell and a pustula form at the place. There will be some fever, generally slight, and the whole will be over in another week. Be careful not to knock off the scab, or the sore will be worse and longer in healing.

If one has been vaccinated in infancy, he should be re-vaccinated after the age of twelve or fourteen.

These two vaccinations if properly performed, are considered sufficient protection in the majority of cases, for a life time. Still it is best to be on the safe side, and in case of exposure to small-pox one should always be revaccinated. Even after small-pox itself has been taken, vaccination will often make the disease less dangerous and less violent. If vaccination has been properly performed and has "taken"—showing that the person needed it and would have been liable to take small-pox on exposure—the scar left will be quite marked, and generally show little dots or pits within it. One should be careful not to take cold, or the arm may be made very sore.

FUMIGATION.

Small-pox is not only one of the most terrible, but one of the most contagious of all diseases. The poisonous particles are thrown off in the breath, from the skin, and in the excretions. They can be carried by the air from house to house, across a street, conveyed in clothing or letters, caught in the bedding, the curtains, the carpets, the furniture and walls of the infected house. An unprotected person, cannot enter such a house without running immense risk. Nothing, therefore, should be sent or received from an infected house or district without being fully disinfected. For this, nothing is surer than fumigation—smoking thoroughly in the fumes of sulphur. To fumigate a room, shut without locking, the windows; set a pan of burning brimstone in it, close the doors and leave it till it is so full of smoke that no one can enter it. When thoroughly smoked, open the windows from the outside and air it thoroughly. Letters, boxes of clothings, &c., can be disinfected in the same way.

TREATMENT OF SMALL POX.

In regard to this, we shall not say much—it belongs to the physician, and the first duty is to send for the best one in the neighborhood, but do not take the patient to his office. We may say that very much depends on good nursing. The diet should be light and the bowels kept free. The room as clean and well ventilated as possible. All excretions and cloths used to wipe the mouth or nose should be covered with dry earth and carbolic acid, and buried—if one is in the country,—at least 200 feet from any well or spring. Do not send children to school from an infected house. The patient is not safe from infecting others till all scabs have fallen off and the whole body been well bathed, especially the head and hair—with water, to which a little diluted carbolic acid may be added. In case of death, the body should be wrapped in a sheet soaked with some strong disinfectant like carbolic acid or chloride of lime, and buried quickly, without unnecessary delay. After death or recovery, the room should be thoroughly fumigated, and all clothing and bedding washed and boiled—straw beds or hair mattresses burned—or feather beds, only a patient should never be laid on one, for he should be kept cool.

Some one may ask why all these precautions if vaccination is a protection. The answer is obvious. There are always some in the neighborhood who have not been vaccinated, and many more who have not been revaccinated or properly vaccinated. Nurses in small-pox hospitals who have never been revaccinated, do not take the disease, and it is one of the rarest occurrences for a physicium to take it no matter how many severe cases he may attend. If small-pox breaks out in a house, every one in it and in the neighborhood should be at once revaccinated—even the patient himself. If done at once, it will, on exposure, so modify the disease that it will run a mild course and leave no disfigurement. It is well to take every precaution and then go bravely ahead to do all that may be needed.

Teacher's Table.

HOW TO TEACH GEOGRAPHY.

BY J. F. HALL.

Supt. of schools in Dedham, Mass., and formerly teacher in the Quincy schoolsr.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

Purpose: The *acquisition* of useful *knowledge* by a proper exercise of the *intelligent* "selecting" memory, and the thorough training of judgment and the imagination.

First Term.—D GRAMMAR.

INTRODUCTORY.

1. FACTS *about* THE EARTH AS A WHOLE. Teach with objects, &c.
   a. Form,—spherical, flattened.
   b. Motions, rotation, revolution. Effect of each?
   c. Size, circumference, diameter. Teach by comparison.
   d. Atmosphere.
2. TEACH NORTH AMERICA. PHYSICAL FEATURES MAINLY.
   Establish a sense of proportion, and help the child to sea his bearings, beginning with what *is known*.
   Teach the child to *conceive*, *mold* and *draw* from molded form.
   Teach important facts only. An outline of these has been printed for the use of teachers.
   Incidental facts *need* to be taught sometimes for the purpose of fixing great ones.
   Have pupils read all books available which contain anything of importance about North America. Pupils should be examined on ell they read.

Second Term.—TEACH SOUTH AMERICA. *Physical features mainly.*
(See North America, First Term).
Keep your children interested by telling them stories about curious events, strange vegetation or animals, ruins, cities, &c., associated with these continents.

Third Term.—TEACH EUROPE. PHYSICAL FEATURES mainly.
(See directions for First and Second Terms.)
Write abstracts of all lessons learned.

C GRAMMAR.

First Term.—Teach ASIA. (See D Grammar.) *Physical features mainly.*
Facts may be accentuated by repetition and by writing.
Take care to have a globe always at hand to correct the erroneous impressions produced by flat maps.

Second Term.—TEACH AFRICA, AUSTRALIA AND THE OCEANIC ISLANDS. *Physical features mainly.*

Third Term.—STUDY OF RELATIONS continued.
Conceptive faculty developed. Comparison and classification of facts learned.
1. RESEMBLANCES and DIFFERENCES.
   a. Position. *b.* Extent. *c.* Direction. *d.* Shape. *e.* Size. *f.* Physical features, (1) Great elevated masses (2) Lesser elevated masses. (3) Plains. (4) Slopes. (5) Mountain ranges and systems. (6) Plateaus. (7) Rivers. (8) River basins. (9) Lakes. (10) Drainage.
2. *Classification.*—Great river basins with alluvial valleys. Great rivers with narrow basins. Rivers on short slope. Mountains trending north and south. Rivers from their use, &c.
   Incidental Teaching continued.

B GRAMMAR.

First Term.—SOIL,—dependent on surface, climate, &c. Teach general laws of climate and principal modifications.
(1) Kinds of—very fertile, fertile, arable, &c.
(2) Where is each found?
Teach great alluvial valleys, lesser alluvial valleys, &c.
Have pupils draw outline of the continent, and *color* or *label* important sections, according to soil.
Do not *tell* your pupils *the facts to be learned.* If they have clear mental pictures of the important *physical characteristics* of each continent taught, they will find great delight in *discovering* these facts. Teacher need only to guide and control the action of his pupils' minds.
Incidental Teaching continued, with geographies, stories, pictures, &c.

Second Term.—VEGETATION—dependent on soil and climate.
1. Food Plants. Staples, fruit. Classify, name and locate.
2. Shelter Plants. }
3. Luxury Plants. } Make collections of.
Pupils draw continents, and locate fact after fact, as each is gained. Used colored crayon.

Third Term.—Teach the great PATHS or Highways of Exchange and their dependent conditions. Oceans, rivers, (trade currents, navigation, railroads, canals, &c.)
Have pupils *draw maps* and locate facts, associating what he learns with what he has already learned.
"The teacher's duty is to extend (continually) these lines of association, connecting ell correlated ideas with some central fact. This will make knowledge an ever-present end permanent possession instead of a fleeting end a vanishing shadow."—*Supt. Lambert's Report.*
Incidental Teaching continued, with geographies, books of travel, pictures, &c.

A GRAMMAR.

First Term.—Review carefully ell previous work by
a. Teaching your pupils to locate (at least one hundred) important CITIES, and tell *why* each is so located; let them nema exports and imports of each.
b. Trace voyages on the globe.
c. Write abstracts on lessons learned and accounts of imaginary voyages.
d. Lessons in *classifying* facts learned, continued.
Incidentel Teaching continued. (See B Grammar.)

Second Term.—RACES OF MEN.
1. Lessons upon each. Use photographs, pictures, &c. Draw maps and show distribution of races.
2. GOVERNMENT. *Different forms. Study carefully.*
Have pupils draw maps and show where each form prevails.
"Remember that if your pupils gat correct mental pictures of the physical characteristics of *one* country men, and are trained to see how those characteristics affect the situation

of the towns, nature of products and trade, employments, governments, &c., they will at least *know how* they *ought to study Geography.*" *J. G. Fitch.*

Third Term.—Study *carefully* the TEN MOST IMPORTANT COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD. *Physical, commercial* and *political Geography* and some *historical facts.*

Teach a few practical facts about mathematical Geography.

1. Latitude and longitude.
2. Motions of earth, as affecting climate.

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

January 18th.—Steamer has gone, leaving us again to the solitude of the great Pacific. My room is so situated that in the N. E. corner of the Hawaiian Hotel that the moment my eyes open in the morning they look upon the dawn. This morning it was two great ruddy clouds—a world of gold. Sunrise and sunset in the tropics are sudden affairs.

I had a meeting of doctors in my office yesterday to discuss the leprosy question. It was a very interesting two hours' session, for though there is much difference of opinion as to treatment, causes, etc., there is none as to its incurability. It seems quite certain that there are four thousand lepers in this kingdom, with *apparent* symptoms, while there are hundreds more whose symptoms are latent. If segregation is the only way to treat them, we shall have to put five thousand people at least, into hospitals, and that will cost $500,000 a year; that is, one-half the revenue of the Kingdom. So it is getting to be a serious matter.

January 25th.—Yesterday I galloped round Diamond Head. The weather is superb. Pure, clear and almost cold. The clouds suddenly cover the mountains with mist, and showers follow down the valleys. Accustomed as I am to cold weather, I hardly like to sit out long on my verandah when the wind blows. We have just heard that the Deputy Sheriff in Maui has shot and wounded two Portuguese who resisted him in serving a warrant. This is had in view of the charges made against us of badly treating Portuguese. I have sent the Marshal up to investigate the matter. The contract system of labor is no doubt a hard one. The great difficulty is that the laborers here contract for less pay than free laborers get, and are therefore restless and discontented.

February 6th.—Yesterday I went out to Kaneohe, reaching the "Harris" plantation in the afternoon. The view from the Pali was as beautiful as ever. Nowhere in the world is there a finer combination of mountains and ocean, or more beautiful landscape. On Sunday morning we rode over the long hills to the seashore, where the great waves come in on the pure white sand. At times we had to urge our horses out into the waves to get around the sharp rocks which jutted out, or to avoid quicksands. At length we struck a great plain stretching from the sea to the mountains. It was Waimanelo, formerly my brother's ranche. Underneath the soil is the coral rock, and in some way there has been a subsidence, leaving a hollow space between the rock and the upper soil, which resounds as one gallops on it. The ranche has gone and a sugar plantation has taken its place. I cut a stick of the growing cane and ate it as we rode along. We rode back to Kaneohe through heavy showers. Thousands of cattle were scattered over the plains, and in front of the superintendent's house was a fine cow with a young calf, with whom I attempted to open an acquaintance. As we were quietly approaching her, she suddenly looked up, shook her head and chased us. We all took to our heels, jumped up on the nearest fence, my companion remarking that the cow showed little respect for the Hawaiian government, when she dared to chase the Att'y General, the Minister of the Interior, etc., etc., and make the Government in general get on the fence. I quite agreed with him, and was obliged to admit that had she been a little quicker she would have succeeded in tossing the Government into the air. I was told that one day last week, a bullock got loose going down the Pali; as he was standing there a Chinaman came along. The bullock chased him, knocked him down, and then ran down hill after three other Chinamen whom he saw in the distance. They saw him coming and climbed a tree, where he kept them huddled together until evening, when he left, and they came down.

Last night the moon was at the full. We went out to walk and met a shower as usual, which went on up towards the high mountains in the center of the Islands. As it passed over, the moon came out and made the most magnificent lunar rainbow. It was perfect. The feet of the arch was wide and massive, and the arc itself broad and wonderfully luminous. Behind the bow, the clouds were thick and dark. The colors changed from white to prismatic, and finally a second fainter bow came out above the first, lasting about five minutes. And only a handful of degraded heathen Chinese and Kanakas to witness this wonderful sight!

This morning we got up at six o'clock and galloped to the Pali. The clouds hung low on the mountain, and as we ascended we were enveloped. At 9 A. M. we were in the city, and I plunged into official business of all kinds.

The King sent me a Kahuna who says he can cure leprosy. So I told him to pick out a leper and cure him. He thereupon tried to explain his treatment. I think it was a pint of brandy, a junk bottle ground to fine powder, and a tenpenny nail!

I made some notes at Kaneohe which are of value. The Rev. Mr. Parker's church founded in 1842, is nearly deserted, the late native pastor dismissed for adultery—pagan Chinese living in the parsonage, a Chinese Joss house close by, the Catholics claiming most of the natives who are left. While riding yesterday, we stopped at a Chinaman's at Kilua. His place is in a beautiful valley, high mountains above it, and the sea just below. The valley contains about 300 acres, which was formerly in taro patches cultivated by Kanekas. Now it is in rice, the Kanaka has gone, and the Chineman has taken his place. It is the best commentary on the situation. The natives have given up even the raising of taro. The Chinaman lease the land, the Kanaka goes to Honolulu and wastes his money. He—tells me that the natives are quite given to drink. He pays his hands off on Saturday. They club together, buy gin or brandy, and on Monday morning are, many of them, without food, so that he has to advance food to them until the following Saturday. The law forbids the sale of liquor to natives, but they get all they want from the Chinese. I notice a corious state of things. The nation receives a large revenue from the duty on liquor. Now every intelligent man knows that this liquor (gin and cheap brandy) is consumed by natives, and yet it is forbidden by law to sell or furnish liquor to natives! It is mainly done through Chinese who have the right to buy and use liquor. They peddle it out to the natives, and as a rule are not caught, as the native would cut off his source of supply if he informed against the Chinaman. It is surprising to see the rapidity with which the Hawaiians are giving up their lands to the Chinese. The Hawaiian loves his homestead, and at first generally refuses to sell. His Chinese neighbor keeps at him, makes him presents of gin, and finally gets the Kanaka in a week moment to sign a deed. Often, before the end of the year, he will be seen working for the Chinaman.

February 9th.—To day occurred the event of the season, the *luau* at the opening of H. R. H. Keeliokalani's new house on Emma street. The house is in modern style, built at great expense, and richly furnished. To day being her birthday, she has a "house warming," with a hall to-morrow evening. Extensive sheds were erected near the house, fresh grass laid down on the ground, flags and wreaths around the ceilings, and large kahilis stood at the doorways. The Princess Keeliokalani, dressed in yellow satin trimmed with silver braid which had belonged to Kamehameha, stood on the verandah and received her guests. Hundreds of people called on her, the native women nicely dressed in their loose flowing holokus, and hair trimmed with flowers. A number of tables were prepared for guests in general, and one for the royal and official guests. The *luau* was of the usual character, the fish and *poi* being excellent. After the lunch, a band of native singers sung some of their sweet native melodies, soft and plaintive.

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February 10th, 11 p. m. The great opening ball at the Princess's is now going on. Over 500 invitations were given out. The house is very large, and the rooms are decorated with the beautiful Hawaiian inland woods. One could see a few evidences of the Hawaiian taste in the kahilis. The company was brilliant; I do not think any city of its size in the world could produce a better assemblage, as to dress and general appearance. The ball opened at 9 p. m., with a "state quadrille," in which the Chiefess danced with the King, officials and the royal family making up the set.

The natives and half white women dance with much grace, and make a picturesque contrast with their white sisters. Out-of-doors, the Kanakas had collected in force. The music as usual was good, the air cool and pleasant, and, to a stranger, the whole scene was brilliant and interesting.

The wind comes from the southward and brings in the steady roar of the breakers. There is something inexorable in it. So they sounded when my father landed here fifty years ago, and when I was born, and when he died; and when I die, it will be the same.

February 11th. To-morrow (Sunday) is the King's birthday, but Saturday (to-day) has been proclaimed as the holiday. As a schooner was about to leave for the Gilbert Islands with laborers returning to their homes in the South Sea Islands, I went on board officially, to see how things were arranged. Mr. Binghem and several missionaries were on board to see Mr. Welkup, a missionary, who was going to his new field.

The Sheriff has returned from Maui and justifies our treatment of the Portuguese, but as our relations with Portugal are delicate, it is unfortunate when a case of this kind comes up. If I do not indict and try the Sheriff who shot the men, the Portuguese will say we do not protect them. If we try him, he will be acquitted, and they will say that we let men escape who shoot Portuguese. The men are recovering, but the Catholic Priest who attends them says if we don't discharge the Sheriff it will stop immigration. All this occurs just at a time when the world is accusing us of slavery, and now we shall be accused of killing our slaves offhand.

We have another troublesome case to deal with. There is much money made by the natives in distilling liquor secretly, and the Chinese are also engaged in the business. In Waipio valley, Hawaii, a still was discovered and the Sheriff sent two natives up to find it. As they were walking along the road, one of them fell dead, shot by a Chinaman who was in advance of them. It has long been evident to me that there are many rascally Chinese here, the scrapings of Canton.

Steamer announced—Mail closing.

W. N. A.

STUDY AND WORK.

A LECTURE TO THE STUDENTS OF HAMPTON, BY DR. MAYO.

How can you teach habits of industry in school? Let this be one of your first questions. There are no longer two opinions in regard to the capacity of your race for education. More has been done among them in fifteen years then was ever done in any other race in similar circumstances. The North exaggerates what is done however, and the South underrates it. Enemies say education spoils the laziest people are the ignorant. Industry in school makes industry at home. Nothing will ever come to any man who wont work. Man is born naturally lazy. Education arouses his sleeping powers. Education is not to help to shirk work, but to help to more work—more work and better work. It is the difference between the scythe and the mowing machine. The mowing machine takes the pieces of the scythe because it can do more work in a better way and less time. Train children to put brains in their hands. To put thinking brains and working hands under the same skin is the object of true education. The greater a man's power, the more work he has to perform. Don't be foolish enough to feel above work. You have heard of the humorous and characteristic rebuke administered by Abraham Lincoln to an English exquisite who, surprising him one day brushing his boots, presumed to exclaim. "Why—really now, Mr. President, do you black your own boots?" "Why of course" replied the President with a laugh—"whose boots do *you* black?"

New methods awaken the mind of children. You will send out children anxious to find out things for themselves. Inspire in them the idea of the dignity of work. Tell them stories of your own experience—of its value, the efforts and sacrifices you have made in gaining your education, and what good they have done you; show them that the work they do at home, is itself an important part of education. You will thus also make the parents your friends.

Every teacher has a little territory which belongs to him. Your little school house is to be your home. It is to be your children's home. Don't make them too dependent upon you. Don't do for them what they can do for themselves. Transform your school house from a mere shed into a home by the labor of the children as well as your own. The worst thing possible is a shiftless teacher. Show your children how to work. You could fit up a night school for house-keeping. A New York teacher I knew, being a natural mechanic, taught his children to put panes into windows. The complaint is in the South that boys won't learn trades. Southern colored young men should all learn trades. Now is their chance, if they don't, the South will by and by be filled with European mechanics. Trade-unions will be formed and it will be impossible to compete.

Another reason for teaching children to work is the debt of love and help they owe to their parents. That is a reason for your working. Go home to them and help them up. Sacrifice yourself to send some one else in your family to Hampton. I know a little fifteen-year old daughter of a minister in the North who is pulling up her whole family. By her own exertions she got her brother into a Normal school. The brother has died, and now she has begun with the girls. Pull up somebody with you whatever you rise to. Don't feel that you will be fit to go to Heaven unless you have helped some other one up there.

At the National Academy of Art in London, Landseer's picture of Queen Victoria on horseback was once exhibited. Of course there was a great crowd. A lady went with her little girl, but there was a great wall of Englishmen between them and the door of the room. The little girl being small slipped through ahead, and then turning, exclaimed to the amusement of the gentlemen appealed to: "Now pull mamma in." That is the secret of our American life. The children often pull up the parents, and every one can pull up somebody else.

A CHINESE OPIUM DEN IN NEW YORK.

We speak with contempt of the weakness of the savage in yielding to the vices of civilization. What shall we say of an enlightened people, degrading itself to adopt those of an "inferior race". The Oriental habit of opium eating and smoking is spreading in this country with appalling rapidity. A physican who has given the subject the most careful investigation, writes to Harper's Weekly a terrible statement of facts. At a low estimate, there are already in this country from three to five thousand Americans, who are habitual opium smokers, aside from the many thousands more who are under the control of the drug in other forms) and their number is rapidly increasing, so that already there is hardly to be found a city in the country where opium-smoking dens are not to be found, frequented by both men and women. In San Francisco and other cities of the West, stringent laws have been passed to break them up, but with no effect but to close the more public places, and multiply secret ones. In the ten years from 1870 to 1881 the amount of smoking opium brought openly into this country from China more than doubled, reaching the immense amount of 77,196 pounds, besides what has been smuggled in, and this notwithstanding the fact that the number of Chinamen in the country has been decreasing. The habit of opium eating or of taking laudanum or morphia, is almost always fastened upon the unfortunate victim through its frequent use as a medicine; often by the advice of physicians, who have much to answer for, in carelessly recommending it without warning. Opium-smoking, on the contrary, is taken up in curiosity or self indulgence generally. Its first effect is pleasurable sensation, a dreamy state of listless contentment with one's self and all the world. After a few months indulgence, these comfortable feelings all disappear, and the smoker would gladly give it up, but finds to his horror that the efforts occasione terrible distress and pain, which his weakened will and powers of endurance refuse to carry him through. The habit is ruinous to body and mind. In its slavery, the opium smoker neglects his business and his family, and spends the better part of the day and night sunk in lethargy, only half alive, in the polluted air of the haunt which disgraces a brute by its name of den.

We are indebted to Messrs Harper, for a view of one of these opium dens in the great city of New York, kept, as most of them are, by a Chinaman, but frequented chiefly by Americans.

If civilization owes this vice to Chinese immigration,—and its own weakness—we may remember that when the Chinese government was making earnest efforts to prohibit the opium trade and cultivation, civilized avarice with civilized warfare, forced back upon it the curse which is now threatening Western civilization.

CHINESE OPIUM DEN IN NEW YORK CITY. [From Harper's Weekly.]

Southern Workman,

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The Negro and the Irishman were both a foreign infusion; in such a low condition mentally and morally, in their original state, unmodified by contact with American life, that the possibility of their present condition as citizens seemed hopeless: They were fitted for citizenship first, by surrounding influences, secondly, by assuming its responsibilities.

Northern and Southern civilization seem each best adapted to develop the race which was placed in their midst. Up to a certain point, slavery, perhaps, schooled the Negro better than any other system would have done. At any rate it was the only condition under which the African could have access to an Anglo-Saxon people. Both races have fastened themselves to the soil of America and are strengthening their hold by steady increase in wealth and population. Both were once saturated with ignorance and superstition; both have been the objects of national hatred, and excited great alarm because of their want of affinity with native Americans; and as a result, the blood of Irishmen and Negroes has been spilt in our streets. Wise men could not see what the country was coming to. But all are now voters: the North and the South are quiet, and who dares say that Irishmen and Negroes are not capable of becoming good citizens? Who would take away the ballot from them? It has been their educator: it has saved them, in connection with the even greater educational force of American life, which, absorbing these foreign elements, has unconsciously modified them and produced the marvelous difference that exists to-day between the native African or Irishman, and our representatives of these people.

Why could not a like responsibility and influence modify, in the same way, the Indian and even the Chinese race? The Indian has been steadily losing his foothold in the land of his fathers, and seems likely to lose much more. His treatment has been special. He has preferred to keep, and has been kept, at arms length. Even when, as in the case of the "Six Nations" of New York, he has been surrounded by a white population, he has not fused and mingled with whites as the Negro and Irish have done, and has thus failed to get the benefit and stimulus that they did.

The Indian question is not one of national danger but one of difficulty. The Indian's weak point is a want of vitality; he has not endurance. His mental and moral endowment is equal to that of the Negro or Irishman. His fine traits command the interest and admiration of those who teach him. He is quick to learn the ways of farming and the mechanic arts, but continuous industry, while not wanting in many individuals, is, as a rule, not found in the race. He is volatile and fickle as a little child. The other races with whom we are dealing, have bodily stamina, are used to labor and in this have the first condition of progress.

The partial Indian census of 1881 gives 2329 births and 1989 deaths, which is presumably the general proportion of births and deaths. In favorable circumstances the Indian population holds its own; but circumstances are far from favorable to all of the tribes.

There is no hope for Indians to become like other people until they shall have the chance that others have. With them we shall gather as we sow. Feeding and clothing a people never made men of them. The Indians to-day, are, we believe, not a whit lower than the same number of Negroes or Anglo-Saxons would be in like circumstances.

We expect Indians to learn to swim without going into the water. They will not begin the work of civilization until they stand on the same ground with the Negro and the Irish. They must be made citizens by making them citizens, while guarding their titles to lands that rapacious white men shall not get the advantage of them, and make their last state worse than their first.

Let the Indian face the alternative of idleness with hunger, or labor with comfort, and then, not till then, will he work out his salvation. His present position is unnatural and false. He is being killed with kindness. Put him under the usual and natural conditions of life; the necessity of labor, law and order, with a good practical education for his children, and we shall see the survival of the fittest. Many might die, but the severe training of real life would develop every possibility and probably result in creating out of the residue a people who would assimilate with us, like the Negro and the Irishman, and perhaps increase.

Athwart this plan, lie the treaties that grant free food, and free clothing, until they become self-supporting. Industry is thus discouraged; for idleness brings a sure support, while labor leads to loss;—the reverse of the natural order of things.

There is in the present treatment, no wisdom, and success is impossible, with ever changing agents and officers, and the employment of cheap men to manage their affairs.

The transition from wardship to citizenship, would be a most delicate, difficult matter, requiring time and wisdom; but it would be better to initiate the policy at once than to continue the present weakening, pampering process. Peace has been purchased by feeding them: there is neither point nor method in this.

The Indian is ready to try the white man's way as never before.

The destruction of the buffalo was to him what emancipation was to the slave. It has forced him to civilization, whose rough edge comes upon him like the line of a prairie fire, and wraps itself about him. He must meet it as he meets the fire: he must fight fire with fire, or he will be consumed.

American civilization has been achieved by a sturdy race capable of making a way where they could not find one.

Certain rights have been proclaimed as the bulwark of our liberties, but the real bulwark is the stuff that the people are made of. It is popular to speak of individual liberty, the rights of citizens, free schools and constitutional guarantees, as the essentials of a noble and progressive race, when, in reality, they are only the expression of race, force and temperament that push men through fire and blood if necessary, to their attainment. What in one race is the expression of innate force and the result of struggle, is, with other races in our midst, something imposed from without; given and not won.

The popular idea seems to be, however, that our institutions are a cause rather than an effect, that the rights of citizenship are enough to make a citizen. Believing as we do in the educative power of the ballot box, for it has been a wonderful stimulant and teacher of the Negro race and of the Irish people, we think that there is, generally, an underestimate of the personal element in citizenship.

It is difficult for us to realize the position of the weaker races—that they are comparatively destitute of our instinct and individual forces, and did not have civil liberty as our race did through bloody struggles.

For years the great political issue has been, shall the Negro be allowed to vote. The land has echoed with speeches and been flooded with documents relating to this. Any duty beyond this has been faintly recognized. Mass meetings everywhere to assert political rights; now and then two or three have gathered together to consider the need of an enlightened conscience to direct their use. The man and not the citizen is after all the chief concern.

The natural order is to prepare men for citizenship and then bestow it upon those who are fitted for it.

Practically the order must be reversed, because only as the right to vote is extended downwards will education go downwards. Mr. Wm. E. Forster's great education bill for England was possible only after the extension of the franchise, and was, he says himself, the result of it. Necessity was the argument. The expending of upwards of a million of dollars annually for Negro education by the late slave states was against the cherished theories of two hundred years, but it had to be done, because the Negro was a voter.

Without the argument from danger, appeals to Congress to relieve the illiteracy of the South would be as the idle wind. Abstract humanity, justice in itself, has little power in the legislative concerns of men. The unenfranchised will be neglected.

Enfranchise the ignorant, then disfranchise ignorance, is the order of progress to-day. First make citizens, then make men, is not the natural or logical order but it is the only way to do. Wealth will not care for poverty, knowledge will not care for ignorance, until they are threatened.

Enfranchise the Indian, then make a man of him. He will be beaten about "from pillar to post" till he can vote. Then contempt will change to solicitude, neglect to care. Unhappily, in national legislation, political wisdom seems to have exhausted itself in the act of enfranchisment so far as the Negro is concerned.

The wisdom of doing as much for the man as for the citizen has not been felt. But the country, or rather the Christian churches of the country, have done something. Since 1865, ten millions of dollars have been raised and given, mainly through American churches, in charity, for the lifting up of the illiterate South. This was done in response to a patriotic and Christian duty which rests upon our public men far more than upon private citizens.

No other people has received so generous a gift. Is it not one of the noblest acts in American history? It has been done quietly. The newspapers have hardly noticed it. Recently, no New York daily paper could be got to publish, except for pay, the letters of a popular writer whom a leading Association desired to have write up, from personal observation, the record of a great educational work for the exslave, in which four millions of dollars had been expended; and the plan was given up. Pages of political gossip would have had a better chance.

Partisan feeling has little humanity in it. The one is the danger of our country the other is its hope. There is no patriotism in caring only for the vote that is to be on our side. It is patriotic to be concerned that every man votes intelligently. The man is of more consequence than his vote, but that is not good politics. To make men we must first make them citizens, but that is only the beginning of it. Citizenship, from its responsibilities, is a powerful educator, but to be able to read and write well, is as important to the voter as light to the traveller.

An act has passed the Senate, and is now before the House of Representatives, to enforce treaty stipulations relating to the Chinese; advocated by Senator Miller of California, and opposed by Senator Hoar of Massachusetts. It provides for the suppression of Chinese labor immigration for the next twenty-five years, on the ground of cheap labor and want of race affiliation, heathen immorality, unimpressibility, aggressiveness, and a supposed impending "unarmed invasion." The point of the argument is to protect our workmen. The question is that of free trade in labor.

Senator Hoar replied in effect that there is labor enough for all in the unoccupied millions of acres of timbered and arable land of California. The Chinese have reclaimed a million acres of once useless swamp lands, built railroads, along which already thousands of white men have homesteads built, and secured employment through which vast regions of land have been made profitable for cultivation by access to market. They have utilized by irrigation great tracts of land, opened up mines by digging canals and making dams. In spite of their cheap labor, white carpenters, bricklayers, stone cutters, machinists, mill hands, shoe makers, common laborers, and domestics are getting better pay than white people doing the same work in the East. It has cut down the Irish wages from 6 and 8 dollars a day to 3 and 4, and there's the rub.

Mr. Crocker, a California capitalist, said of the Chinese; "I think that they afford white men labor; their presence here affords to white men a more elevated class of labor. If you should drive off these 75,000 Chinamen, you would take 75,000 white men from an elevated class of work, and put them down to doing this lower class of labor that the Chinamen are now doing, and, instead of elevating, you would degrade white labor to that extent."

Anti-Chinese argument is based in large part, not upon Chinese inferiority, but upon dread of Chinese superiority in most of the occupations of life. Their civilization may be too strong for ours.

The late Senator Morton who presided over the well known Senate committee on the Chinese, who visited California and investigated thoroughly, said; "If the Chinese were white people, being in all other respects what they are, I do not believe that the complaints and warfare made against them would have existed to considerable extent. Their difference in color, dress, manners and religion have, in my judgment, more to do with this hostility than the alleged vices or any actual injury to the white people of California."

By the census of 1870, there were 63,254 Chinese in America; by that of 1880, there were 105,463, or one five-hundreth of the whole population of our country. There is not a partical of evidence to support the cry of an "unarmed invasion" from the slums of China. All that have come belong to a single one of her seventeen provinces. Her traditions and education are against emigration. The government opposes it.

The filth of the Chinese quarter in San Francisco, which we personally inspected in the summer of 1880, is due to the neglect of the police to enforce the state law requiring each Chinaman to occupy a room containing not less than 500 cubic feet. This neglect is the result of bribes paid to the police from a fund kept by Chinamen for the purpose. They have never been disturbed in their filth. Money is stronger than law. Many points are covered by the following extract from a letter from Joaquin Miller dated 1879.

"As early as 1854, this cry against the Chinese began to be heard along the wharves and about the hotels of San Francisco. It came

from Irish laborers and porters, but the cry was equally loud against the Negro and the Mexican. In a few years it became more loud, and centered on the Chinaman, for the Mexican had melted away before us and the Negro had gravitated back home. But the cry now came also from the Irish "help" who, by extortionate wages, had brought the Chinamen into competition. These chambermaids, &c., had brothers, lovers. These brothers and lovers were voters—makers of Congressmen. The Chinamen did not vote, and so had no champion. This is the key to the whole question. This outcry against the Chinaman has from that day been a political shibboleth. No man yet, so far as I have known, has gone to Congress and had the manhood to rise in his place and bravely tell the truth and speak a fearless word for this silent and friendless stranger.

About 1856, the Chinamen began to take hold of the placer mines alongside of the miners of the Sierras. Up to that time, he had confined himself, as a rule, to the pan and rocker, and kept in the wake of the white miner; but now he took to the long tom, sluice, and flume, and bought and worked mines on a large scale. He never ventured to "take up" a claim, but timidly held his ground by bill of sale from some speculator, who had sold it to him at a fabulous price. The honest miner of the Sierras welcomed them, and side by side they worked together for many years; and I am certain that every miner of those days who has no selfish ends to serve will gladly testify to the honesty, industry, and neighborly good-nature of these silent little brown men. These people, at the same time, were terribly taxed by the county authorities; but they always came up promptly, and without a word of complaint paid what was demanded of them. At Canon City, Grant County, Oregon, this monthly tax was $5 a head for every Chinaman. They had to constantly endure wrongs from every drunken ruffian or reckless "hoodlum" who saw fit to impose upon them; yet they were the most peaceful people we had among us. I sat on the bench as judge of this county for four years, and I will state on the honor of a magistrate that the calendar, both criminal and civil, showed the names of at least ten white men to one Chinaman, although the Chinese population, during the most of this time, outnumbered the whites. Let me here say that I never, during all my years of intercourse with this people as miner or magistrate, saw a single drunken Chinaman. I never saw a Chinese beggar; I never saw a lazy Chinaman. They are perhaps the most industrious people in the world. It is a part of the Chinaman's religion that in the sweat of his face he shall eat his bread.

Can the United States afford to fear these patient and simple people? They will not harm us. They are not strikers, rioters, and burners of cities. But there is something more in this than the selfish question of our own security. The Chinaman who returns home carries something more than our gold to his land; he takes with him and disseminates there all the art, civilization, freedom, or truth which he found here. These are the real missionaries to China. This bill must not become a law. This bold attempt to make it so, ought to condemn to everlasting infamy every one of the great names that advocated it. The little men who stand as ciphers to dignify and add to these great figures in Congress are not, perhaps, so much to blame. But it is pitiful to see these great minds prostituted to such selfish aims. They pay a poor compliment to the intelligence of the people of the Pacific coast if they think they are not perfectly understood. No; the Creator of us all opened the Golden Gate to the whole wide world. Let no man attempt to shut it in the face of his fellow-man."

Chinamen in America become the true missionaries to China. Their far sighted government at home sees this, and hence is opposed to their leaving home, knowing that in time, foreign ideas will be felt, for they are sure to return. Chinese are changed by going abroad, especially when they marry. They have married Irish women in New York. The rising generation of half native and half Chinese in the Sandwich Islands is an improvement on the native stock. Their children are not heathen. There are about five thousand Chinese in California under more or less direct Christian influences. The politician knows little of the subtle but real forces that lie under the surface of things. He has little thought of the Providential movement.

The Anti-Chinese cry is essentially a political one originated by Democrats and taken up by Republicans. If there were 3,000 Chinese voters it would stop.

Exorbitant labor was cut down by Chinese competition to higher wages than Eastern workmen got, but the Irish could not endure it and carried their grievances into politics.

Chinese servants are a boon to housekeepers. Yet with all their competition Irish domestics are more fastidious and higher priced than in the East.

While not easy to assimilate, the Chinese can be modified. They have not seen an attractive side of American life, and no wonder they do not take kindly to the civilization that welcomes them with brickbats and refuses them fair trials.

There are no finer business men or gentlemen than the Chinese merchants of San Francisco. In general, a low class comes to our shores. Their labor has added not less than three hundred million of dollars to the wealth of the Pacific slope and adds to it, it is estimated, at the rate of sixty millions a year. It has added nothing to the cost of a police force or penitentiaries, for they behave themselves. Without them, nearly every branch of industry would be thrown back.

The Chinese are not dangerous except on the side of morals. The better class of them rank high as to integrity, but the common herd are sensual. There are over a thousand Chinese prostitutes in San Francisco, in part owned as slaves, by Americans who do an infamous business, checked somewhat by laws which are but partially enforced. Is there any special danger from them over others of like class? Immorality is a public danger, and when it threatens the existence of the state it should be met, if possible, by radical legislation. There seems to be no appreciable or special danger to our institutions from Chinese immorality. There is danger from no other source.

Chinese labor is the equivalent of any labor saving machines that drive people from one occupation into another. To *laboo* this race is to *laboo* the march of improvement on the Pacific coast.

The quiet effort to Christianize the Chinese in California is a seed sowing whose fruition will be in time an awakening in the Celestial Empire. It is to the world "folly." Every grand result in history was in its beginning, folly. The power of Christian truth to leaven society, is the most tremendous force in the world, but don't count in politics.

The greatest channel through which saving influences has ever proceeded will be, we believe, the Golden Gate of California. The sudden emancipation of five million slaves created the most difficult problem ever given to a country. It has a harder one before it—the redemption of China. Nothing was ever scented like the idea of citizenship for the slave, but it is done. Nothing is believed to be more absurd than the redemption of China, but it will be done.

The Chinese question has been called Christ *versus* Confucius. It is that. The difficulty is that these Orientals while industrious, thrifty and well behaved, worship idols. We wish to retain their virtues but change their religion. It is this that prevents their assimilation.

In another column we publish part of a private letter from the author of "Sketches of Mission Life" in which a bright and dark side are presented. The moral elevation of the Chinese in San Francisco is no more thought of to-day than that of the Negro was in New York twenty-five years ago. Helpers in this cause are few, obscure and laughed at for their pains. But their efforts are like sowing grains of mustard seed, which in time will branch into wide spreading results. The Eastern states take little interest in this. The well known English traveller and author, Prof. James Bryce, M. P. tells us that American Missionaries are leavening Western Asia with new ideas and impulses, creating a movement that will gradually supplant an ancient and inveterate order of things. It is quite as possible to do for China what is being done in Asia Minor. The former is our next door neighbor and the work is peculiarly our own. A hundred thousand of her people are on our shores in short range, inviting the attack of our moral and spiritual forces. Here is the open door to China. The solution of the Chinese question is for the Christian church of America. It expended ten million of dollars for the ex-slaves and saved them to civilization.

The Turks of Europe and the Magyars of Hungary were originally of the same race and faith. The difference to day, is due to the change by the latter of their religion, and receiving this faith of their adopted country. Can it be done with the Chinese? This is to-day a most serious challenge to American Christianity. It is a question, under God, of their choice in the matter. They can do it if they will.

Here is the point and pith of the coming contest between Eastern and Western civilization. William H. Seward said that "the Pacific Ocean would see day be the theatre of the world's greatest events." In personal resource the Chinaman is too much for us, for he beats us at whatever he undertakes. Has he superior spiritual force? His gods have met our own God on the Pacific coast. But the most significant thing in this connection is the meeting of the waves of Eastern and Western civilization at the Hawaiian Islands, situated between the two hemispheres where a bloodless war of forces is going on, of deepest importance to America. This battle of ideas is beneath the frothy oratory and newspaper discussion of the day

There are about thirteen thousand Chinese in the Hawaiian Islands, nearly all male adults, and increasing. In five years there will be 20,000 of them

The 45,000 native islanders (some 12,000 of them male adults) are decreasing; ten per cent of them have leprosy; the race is doomed. There are besides Chinese about 6,000 foreigners, chiefly Americans, English, Germans, and Portuguese.

Senator Miller said in his speech; "The complete conquest of the Hawaiian Islands by the same insidious method (Chinese immigration) is assured within ten years, unless vigorous measures are applied to prevent it."

That is not the worst. Few Chinese women come; there are more than two men to every woman; polyandry prevails; few children are born, morality is disappearing, men become ferocious, civilization is being destroyed. This is the result of a Chinese majority in the midst of a soft Polynesian race. For other facts and results, see, in another column, correspondence from Honolulu by Mr. W. N. Armstrong, Attorney General, etc, etc.

The Chinaman is crushing the Kanaka; the mischief is in the line of morals. What is there in California to correspond to this? Nobody in Hawaii has seriously complained of Chinese competition. There was, as in California, work enough for all. The Chinese in both countries got good pay; in both idleness is wilful. Character, not capital or labor, is the real sufferer.

The almost inevitable refusal on financial grounds, to renew the Reciprocity Treaty between this and the Hawaiian government, now nearly expired, may on that ground be sound, but half the sugar planters will be bankrupted. The Chinese who have a genius for associating capital and cheap management, will buy them up, strengthen their foothold, import thousands of their countrymen, and make it their own as soon as they shall see fit to take the right to vote, which is open to them. Ten years will improve the Chinese navy. Why should not the Hawaiian Islands, without a revolution, simply by a continuance of things as they are going, become an outpost of the Celestial Empire? Unless there shall be a positive United States policy this seems inevitable; no local power can prevent it. Do our statesmen realize this? There is a counter movement in efforts to Christianize the Chinese in Hawaii, that has made but little headway. Seemingly hopeless it is the only thing to do. Americans, can swallow the Chinese, but the Chinese can swallow the Hawaiians. Our diplomacy has work to do if, in the vast development of the Pacific ocean, to be hastened by the canals that shall connect the two oceans, the Chinese shall not have the key of the situation.

Those beautiful islands, the "Central blue of the great Tranquil Sea"—may be fated to bear an important part in the conflict of the civilizations that face each other across the Pacific Ocean.

A LETTER FROM MRS. HAYES.

A letter recently received from Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, gives such a charming, characteristically American picture of a graceful transition from the dignities of the Presidential Mansion to the sweets of country home life, that we venture to share it with our readers, relying on the forgiveness of the gracious lady whose interest in the cause which Hampton represents was heartily manifested from Washington, and is still so kindly expressed.

DEAR FRIEND:

Almost a year has passed since we left the beautiful city with all its attractions and the many kind and true friends. It has been quite natural to come back to the old home life, and take up its cares and duties as well as pleasures. The best food for chickens and the proper care of Alderneys is no little matter, and of course occupies much valuable time which otherwise might be wasted. We are now completely settled, if I may use that word in connection with furniture and carpets. The beautiful ferns came safely, and we are still in the United States of America, and likely to be there the remainder of our days. Many thanks for the Southern Workman. My interest in Hampton does not cease. Now I want to ask you whether sending some good papers to you for the far away teachers would be desirable. I will take the liberty of sending some if now have at any rate. With best wishes and kind remembrances to all, in which Mr. Hayes joins,

Sincerely,

LUCY W. HAYES.

Fremont, Feb., 3, 1882.

WE publish the following private letter from an enterprising Hampton graduate, who has succeeded in establishing himself as a shoemaker in Philadelphia, and is gradually getting an excellent run of custom of the best class. Three of his brothers and sisters, (all from North Carolina,) have graduated here, and are teaching with success. His forcible, straight-forward statement touches the root of the matter; the need of practical training of educated colored youth, who, with book knowledge only, are not likely to win amid the competition of the times, and under the special pressure through prejudice, that is upon the Negro.

GEN'L S. C. ARMSTRONG,

Dear Sir:

Several of my friends have asked me to get the Catalogue of the Hampton Normal School for them. You will please send them, if you have them to spare; three or four copies of '80 and '81. By it there may be only if not more, added to your school next term. I have a young friend who is anxious to go off to school next Fall, and if possible I will turn him towards Hampton. He is a very enterprising and ambitious young lad, about eighteen years old, and has been taking care of himself for some years, and saving a little money, which is very rare for a young man like him, here, being thrown in the society that he has. He wants a trade and an education, and I am satisfied that he will be of some use to himself and to those by whom he may be surrounded. Most young men who go from Philadelphia to the High Schools, come back looking for some lofty position, and many of them while waiting and looking, fall into idleness and end up with that class who are called "corner loafers." If I am allowed to make such an expression, *it is not their fault—and it is their fault.*

They are educated, but have not had the proper training, or their intelligence have been educated and not their hands. They come expecting something to open up to them, and do not "try to find a way and make it."

Industrial Schools are the places for training and educating colored youth; and about the only successful school where they can be educated and kept upon their level. We can see evidences of it every day. More clearly in the North than in the South, and more clearly in the cities than in the country. Sometimes I think that those who fail see the road and the only road for them to success, but they over-look it, expecting some sudden up-rising. When one has all through life been kept in the line of manual labor, he is not so apt to look for anything of that kind.

You will please excuse this long unbusiness like letter, for I only intended to ask you to send the Catalogue, when I commenced to write. Inclosed please find stamps.

Respectfully yours,

DAVID D. WEAVER.

No. 922 Lomberd St., Phila.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF MISSION LIFE.

San Francisco Feb. 24th. On the 22nd, being the Chinese New Year day, M.——and I went by invitation to China town as sight-seers. First to a Congregational Association meeting, in a long, dark, gloomy room, partly underground, lighted with gas. A very gentlemanly Chinaman, who speaks English well, conducted a short service in their own language, with about sixty of his people. They sang familiar tunes: the hymns were in their own language. All were clad in their peculiar costumes; quiet and polite. Some Chinese pictures hung on the wall. After service, tea trays were passed around with candies and tiny china cups, each containing a spoonful of tea, which was very nice. Then I called on the wife of the minister who had conducted the services. She passed around tea and candies, and her husband brought the baby for us to see; gaily clad, a bright face, with round, not almond eyes.

We called on another family who offered us tea and candies. They had a son of seven years, who had a bad sore on his cheek made by the throwing of a stone by some bad white boy. The Chinamen do manifest much patience. On our way there, I saw a car conductor push a very respectable Chinaman as he was leaving the car. My righteous indignation would have reproved the conductor, but no use. It was pleasant to meet Lulune, a Christian Chinaman, who teaches English and talks Hawaiian, for we saw more than we should have seen and had explained without him We went to a Joss house. On entering we heard music like to that of our old Chinese servant, which used to amuse you so much: it sounded like a caterwauling. We advanced slowly into the long dingy room, containing various things connected with their worship, and filled with incense from burning sandal wood. The latter was pleasant, as the common people have so strong an odor about them. I had seen many idols and worshippers, but had never seen the service *to* an idol. In a large gilded niche or a frame in the room was placed a hideous idol larger than a man, minus legs, elevated some four feet above the floor, with a scarlet scarf thrown around him. I have often wondered why idols are always made with such hideous features; why not more attractive? A long beard hung from the lower part of the face, which to us seemed horse hair. It was too dark for one to describe it minutely. In front of this long god of armies or of luck, was a long altar on which stood several small gilded idols and various other things that I did not examine, as our time was limited, and the air was foul In front of that altar stood a small table, and on the table a plate of cooked chicken with two cups of tea. This was for the idol to eat. Before that table and food, a man knelt down, bowed to the floor repeatedly, wrung his hands, and muttered something. A drum like a *hula hula* drum was near, and some one thumped it with sticks to attract the attention of the idol to his worshipper, as his mind might be abstracted somewhere else.

I was told that the worshipper desired to change his business plans, and was consulting his god on the subject. Several in succession did the same thing.

Glad to leave impure air, we went into a Chinese restaurant, which was large, clean and well kept. Men, and a few women and children issued from under ground rooms; children were gaily dressed in the costumes of their country. Some looked warm and comfortable, others the reverse. The more important men wore long cues and gay garments. We did not see the worst parts of China town, which must be wretched from what we hear. May see them in future. M——began to feel cold and chilly, so we hastened home. The evening previous a letter came to M—— and me, which I will send you to show you what Chinamen can do. He has been in America some 6 years; is E——'s cook. I used to teach him, when there, and so did M——. Sometimes he comes over here, and we teach him. With the letter, he sent each of us a scarlet silk handkerchief, and cards with flowers on them, as tokens of gratitude. There is an evening school near by, and we go and assist in teaching, when we can.

One day Mrs. D—— came with her gentle horse and light buggy, and took me to ride. The day was charming, we rode over beautiful roads in the Park, some of which were fringed with flowers and evergreens. A green shrub, from scattered seeds, the lupin, grows on many of the sand hills and contrasts prettily with the white sand. The sand hills seemed innumerable, and were a wilderness to me. After a long circuitous drive, over delightful, hard, level roads, we reached a fine elevated spot, and suddenly the ocean was spread out before us. It reminded me so much of the broad Pacific at *Waikiki* with its circling horizon, calm blue water, and ever restless white foaming surf, but minus breakers. Somehow the water look cold when I see it, but at *Waikiki* I felt inclined to plunge into the great ocean bath tub. The Farralone Islands could be seen dimly, the distance of 50 miles. Ship sails dotted the waters, but, moved slowly, as wind was calm.

Old "Ben Butler" [*A celebrated seal, which had just died.*] rocky house loomed up before us, in the midst of the cold waters. He probably fell from the roof into a watery grave, We could see members of his family, clinging to the sides of the house, to bark in his absence. His loud bark is missed by passers by. Mrs. Ben and a numerous progeny are spared, to scatter flowers as it were, on his grave. There was beauty and grandeur in the whole scene which was spread before us. The white foaming surf, which seemed like a long white, broken wreath of white flowers, stretched along, near the shore, attracted my admiration. The ocean was not very restless, and there seemed to be something lacking in the absence of foaming, roaring waters, dashing against the breakers, as at Waikiki. It was pleasant to be abls to see so much of God's beautiful works.

C. C. A.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION FOR THE SOUTH.

The general awakening of the South to the necessity of popular and practical education, is indicated by the cordial attention it is everywhere giving to Dr. Mayo and his lectures in that cause. In Charleston, he was made the guest of the City Council, and the Mayor made official announcement of his address through the *Courier*, with a formal invitation to the judges of the United States, state and city courts, clergy, legislators, and teachers of all colleges and schools in the city —white and colored—and everybody else that was "somebody in particular," with "citizens generally, and ladies especially." Not only in Charleston but all over the state, this Boston expounder of Northern school systems was "greeted even in worst weather, with large audiences of representative people, who listened as I never saw people listen before." He thinks that, while "the educational facilities of the state outside Charleston are far below the needs of her people, the people are taking matters in hand, and the next ten years will work a change which will astonish the country." Certainly the last ten have.

As to the best way of directing this new educational interest, to meet the necessities of the South, Dr. Mayo remarks:

"The first need of the South is a thorough system of elementary education of the best type, which shall wake up the faculties of all classes of its youth. Nothing will be a substitute for this. You cannot give valuable industrial training to a 'slow down' child encrusted with the ignorance, willfulness, and wickedness that belong to hereditary incompetency. First must come a great revival of mental activity and common knowledge; and to this work the Southern people aided by the Northern people and the National Government, should betake itself at once, for every moment's delay is a wrong to the children and a peril to the nation.

Along with this, there should be a constant effort to improve the methods of cultivating the land and developing the country among the blacks and whites. It is said that thirty counties in Mississipi, if properly cultivated, would produce the last year's crop of six million five hundred thousand bales of cotton. The present need is more brain at the end of the hoe handle, more agricultural machinery, more varied ability in manipulating the land by the great working class.

Even in the heart of the Gulf region there is a stir of manufacturing industry, and the high valleys and slopes all around the great central mountain realm show their incipient Lowells and Holyokes.

There should now be a determined effort by the friends of the colored people to fit their children for operative labor. At present, the poor whites alone work in the factories, and the Negro is shut out. Equally important is it that their young people should learn trades; and every college for colored youth should have an "annex" for teaching the elements of mechanical industry. Unless this is done, the inevitable European, at no distant future, will occupy this ground, forcing the colored brother into a peasant and tenant life on the land, as full of peril as the condition of Ireland. All these great schools for colored youth should be as thoroughly endowed for industrial work as Hampton, not only for the good of the Negro, but for the development of the South and the prosperity of the country."

We gave in our last number, a detailed statement of the Industrial education at Hampton. It is the distinctive feature of the school, and the direction in which it must develop. There is a yearly increasing number of young men and women anxious to take advantage of these opportunities.

That its great awakening should have come at this day of general interest and belief in practical education, is a fortunate thing for the South, one of those divine coincidences which give birth to miracles —as the children of Israel found the east wind blowing when they reached the Red Sea. There is nothing to do but to go forward.

The "Big Morning Star," published monthly, at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, is inspired by Captain R. H. Pratt, the founder of the Indian school there. Price fifty cents a year. It is always interesting, and is worth the attention and support of all friends of the Indian cause.

COLONEL MEACHAM.

The Indians lose a true friend in the death of A. B. Meacham, editor of the Council Fire. He has done much to awaken the public mind to the true condition and needs of the Indian by his fearless pleading for them and permitting them to speak for themselves through his columns. Now that his work is accomplished that he believed he was brought back to life on the days beds to perform, we rejoice with him in the thought of the joys of that higher life to which he looked forward and to which we trust he is called.—"*Big Morning Star.*"

EDUCATION A HOSTAGE.

Had the New England Fathers but taught some child of old Philip so that he could have written his stormy old father a letter that could have been interpreted to him, it is very doubtful whether he would ever again have lifted a hatchet against the whites. One letter from a child to its father, when that father is a barbarous chief, takes all the fight out of him, for the time being at least. It gives him glimpses of a glory which, while he feels its radiance, seems to him further off than the stars. Suppose, when the great Shawnee Chief was planning his war, a letter had been brought him from his boy in some far off paleface school, telling him that he was happy, that the splendors of the book of knowledge were being, by kind hands, unfolded to him; that there was a better life than the savage life; that there was a better hope than savage knew; that there was a nobler ambition than the taking of scalps; is there any question that the terrible chief would have been profoundly moved? We know that since the Cherokees have been given the rudiments of an education, their hands have never been raised against the whites. Is it not possible that a mighty mistake has, from the first, been perpetrated against the grown-up children of the plains? Who knows but if school houses, instead of Indian agents and soldiers, had been depended upon, forty wars might have been avoided; a mighty expense and the life of many a splendid man might have been saved? It is not too late to more thoroughly try the experiment still. The wildest lion may be tamed by kindness, and any kind of a human heart responds quicker to a caress than a club.

"*Big Morning Star.*"

CORRESPONDENCE

A BIT OF HISTORY, AND A PROPHECY.

1862.—On the 22nd of September, 100 days notice was given of the Emancipation proclamation, issued on the 2nd of January following, and which proved to be the death knell of slavery.

1873.—On the 14th of January, the act was signed, providing that on the 1st of January 1879, there should be resumption of specie payments. Promptly to the day it was consummated and the depreciated currency brought to a par with gold.

(From these two instances, as well as many others, we see that the people in their sovereign capacity can make decrees and carry them out to the letter, though requiring a forecast of many years. We conclude, from the steadfastness of purpose thus shown, that the civil policy of this country is controlled by a power which can deliberately plan and carry out its purposes, and, like an individual, grow in strength with each achievement.)

1881.—President Garfield, in his inaugural address, speaking of the danger of the Republic from illiteracy, struck the key note: "All the constitutional power of the Nation and of the States, and all the voluntary forces of the people, should be summoned to meet this danger by the savory influence of universal Education."

1890.—Last year a Constitutional amendment was adopted and ratified requiring the gradual "Disfranchisement of Illiteracy." The Act of Congress, passed early in this year, provides as follows:

"At the Presidential election, in the year 1900 (about 10 years after the passage of the act), all persons between the ages of 21 and 22, native or foreign, otherwise eligible, shall have attended private or public schools, for certain periods stated in the act, and be submitted to a test as to their ability to read, write and cipher; these to be necessary qualifications, for voters of that age. At the Congressional election in 1902, the educational test to be applied to all between the ages of 21 and 24, and at each biennial election thereafter two years to be added, the same act provides that the general government shall assist in education, by the distribution of ample funds to Congressional districts proportioned to the illiteracy, as shown by census. Every district will be stimulated to give immediate and urgent attention, to the education of the children, by another provision in the law, which requires that in making the apportionment for Congressional districts and the Electoral College, after the census of 1890, a certain proportion of the population, male and female, represented by the illiterate shall not be counted. To retain political power, it becomes an imperative necessity for every section of the country to look to the education of the people.

1900.—The law of 1890 gave a great stimulus to the cause of education during the last decade, and it has proved to be the best of compulsory laws, for no parent wishes to see a child disfranchised for want of the necessary schooling. Those who have to stand the test this year, were only 11 years of age when the act was passed, and all have had an opportunity to acquire the rudiments of an education as required by the law.

1920.—Under the system inaugurated at the beginning of the century, no recruits have been added to the ranks of the illiterate voters, and death has gradually reduced their numbers. When it is considered that about one half of the voters in this country are between the ages of 21 and 41 years, it will be seen how quickly the process goes on. Industrial training is now general in the schools, and candidates for the suffrage bring a much higher qualification than the three "R's". As a result, intelligence and industry have taken the place of illiteracy and idleness.

F. & F.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

From a Daughter of Hampton. A Superintendent's Visit. Working under Difficulties. A Group of Sunday School Workers.

FROM A DAUGHTER OF HAMPTON.

The idea that "nuthin's good tint's not religious," in the way of singing, is a common one nmong the old colored people, whose experience in vocal music was divided between "corn-shuckin songs," and spirituals. We have not known before of its having interfered with a teacher's efforts to teach singing in a school.

———, Va., Jan. 21st, 1882.

Dear Miss H———,

Happily, I am one of the daughters of Hampton; but I have failed to do my duty. Before this time I should have written to my teachers; but I was waiting to get somewhat settled in my school, so that I might have more to tell you.

I am teaching near the Dismal Swamp. The school is quite a large one for one teacher—I have seventy-five scholars on roll, their ages ranging from six to twenty years. Very good teachers have been in this place heretofore; therefore the children and parents too are interested in the school. I use the "word method" and think that I succeed. Two of the parents sent me word to make their boys learn their a b c's. I was dumb for a few minutes, thinking of something appropriate to say. Last of all, I concluded to say nothing, and do what I thought best. So I teach *my* way and, for satisfaction, the a b c. I hear of no complaint.

I am also a a teacher in the Sabbath school, in which I am very much interested. The little that I know of music, I have kept in obscurity until now. Every Sunday, after school, I teach any who will come, what I can, singing, etc.

I teach singing in my day school. The book that I use is call "Every Day Song." The tunes Rare very sweet and words very appropriate and innocent; but some of the scholars refused to sing them. And when I asked them why they did not singt, they answered that they did not want to sing songs. I tried then to explain to them the kind of songs that were wicked to sing; and that those which were written by educated Christian men were innocent. At the same time I told them not to sing if they felt that it was wrong. Of course they must have education before they can understand. Please let me hear from you.

Yours obediently, V.

A SUPERINTENDENT'S VISIT.

A young woman writes of an encouraging visit from her County Superintendent.

———, N. C., Jan. 14th, 1882.

Gen. Armstrong,

Kind friend: I am at my post again contributing my mite to the great cause in which I am enlisted. As experience increases, I am the better able to appreciate the importance of my work, and bend my energies in the direction which promises the accomplishment of most good. I wish I were better fitted to perform the duties which devolve upon me as an advocate and representative of my race. I feel that my place is among the humblest, for I have so many kinds of people to deal with. My school opened on the 7th of Nov. I went two days, and only one little girl came, so I told her that I would not come any more that week; but if nothing prevented I would meet there again on the following Monday. I did so, and met 10. I asked why that the people were so backward about starting their children; some said they did not have the money to get their winter shoes and clothes; but were going to carry off some of their tobacco, and would would get their shoes &c., and send them as soon as they could. The next week they came in quite rapidly, my enrollment numbered 46, till about a week to Christmas, when they began to drop off to prepare for the Holidays. I have enrolled since Christmas 62; have about 50 regular attendants. Pupils come to my school very irregularly. All the parents are anxious to have their children educated; but few seem willing to sacrifice any thing necessary to secure their regular attendance at school. I have more favorable news to write of our Supt. now than when I wrote to———. Since then he has visited my school, and finally spoke to the children; told them that they had a teacher who stood just as high before him as any white teacher he had examined in the county. He heard my 4th reader class read, and remarked that he had teachers teaching who could not read any better than they read, and all of my best readers were out that day. He said that he would be back again some time during this month to examine my school in arithmetic and grammar.

I have my same school that I had last winter; but I don't think that it will be a longer term than four months; perhaps not longer than three. I have a tolerably good school house, one they use for a church, but I have no black board yet. I am going to have one made next week if I can. I hope you for the Workman. I receive it pretty regularly. As I have never asked you for any help that I recollect in my school, I will ask of you if you have any old song books for school children. I will thank you kindly for a few.

Your grateful pupil, M.

WORKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The writer of the following statement of the difficulties under which he is laboring for his people, is one of our most capable graduate teachers, who has already done good work as teacher and superintendent. It will be a pity if he is forced out of it.

———Fla., Dec. 5th, 1881.

Dear Friend:—

Your postal received. I am still engaged in teaching school. I am now principal of one division of the Public schools of this city. There are two school districts, each one having an attendance of about two hundred children.

I am doing all in my power to advance the cause of education in this place, and I feel that my efforts so far have resulted in much good. I have been here four years teaching regularly. There is only one thing that will drive me out of the public schools, and that is the continuous reduction of salaries. We cannot teach for nothing. But it seems that our school managers either think so, or they intend to starve out colored teachers. As a general thing, the white teacher's salaries are just double the colored teacher's. There seems though to be no remedy, and we are compelled to accept the situation or do better, which is quite a difficult thing, for a poor teacher is in need of cash to defray his ordinary expenses. Probably there is a better day coming; in the meantime we are not waiting for it; but exerting every nerve to be equipped for the more weighty responsibilities that will be handed down to us.

Please tender my kind regards to Gen. Armstrong and Gen. Marshall. I would write occasionally; but I know they are crowded with work.

Very Respectfully, M.

A GROUP OF SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS.

The following letter from one of Hampton's "honor men", tells of the work a group of our graduate teachers are doing outside their school room for the various Sunday schools in their town.

———Va.
February 4th, 1882.

Mr. ———

Dear Friend;

We have been teaching now nearly 5 months. I reported 195 on roll for last month. Our rooms are too small in size and few in number to accommodate all the children that should come. This is a graded school with three rooms. It cannot be properly graded on account of lack of punctuality and regularity of attendance. I believe most of it could be remedied if our people knew how to manage better. Many of the children hire out mornings and evenings to get board or make so nothing and go to school also. They sadly need more time for study. I claim that they should work the children hard 6 months, be economical in order that they may not suffer, as many do, for necessaries, and send their children to school all or most of the next six. Children should be forced to school, and not left to their choice as is so often the case. Miss———and Miss———, Hampton graduates, both assist me. We have more than we can attend to properly. We were told by most every one we would have very bad children to manage. This report was not far from true; for I have found the children bad in conduct and careless in study. I am glad to report marked improvement in both. There are three churches here, and each of us works in a different Sunday school. I am Superintendent of the Baptist one, and it is the largest. My school is made up mostly of young women and children. I have worked steadily and hard to make it a Sunday school worthy of the name. I regret so much that I must soon leave, when I do not believe it is yet on firm and a living basis. I love Sunday schools dearly, and whereever I teach I gladly take an active part. The trouble is when a teacher leaves they often go down. I came from H——with class '80. I have taught near 15 months. I do not tire, since I believe there is no nobler work than that of lifting humanity morally and intellectually. Who needs it more than the unfortunate 5,000,000? This part of our state is composed of lovely valleys and beautiful mountains. The scenery is one of grandeur and beauty. Miss———joins with me in thanking you for your gifts. I already know of your invaluable services to our people through my friends. Our term will be out in five weeks.

May the Lord keep you and at last take you to himself, is the desire of your friend. S.

SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

The students at Hampton pay their board; partly on an average half, in work furnished them at the school, partly in cash, raised for the most part by their own exertions in vacations. This responsibility creates a healthful spirit of self-help and independence, and saves them from being pauperized by the benevolence which supplements their own efforts.

Their schooling in addition to their board they cannot pay for. Its cost, estimated at $70 a year, is met by donations from the North. To each giver of such a scholarship is sent a letter of acknowledgement from a student who represents it. The letters thus written yearly are frequently interesting though simple stories of the student's life or efforts for an education. Of those sent this year, the following are a few interesting specimens, given without correction.

From a Young Man in the Senior Class.

EARLY RESPONSIBILITIES. THE "PLUCKY CLASS."

Dear Friend:

It affords me great pleasure to write to a friend whom I believe to be so dear a friend to the colored race, of which I am a member. It may interest you to know something about my past life, and also to know what I intend my future shall be. My birth place is in Macon Georgia, to which place my father was sold a slave before the war from Virginia. After the war, he with his family accumulated money enough to come back to his former home in Norfolk, Virginia.

Here he lived for seven or eight years, after which a case of small-pox took place in our family which stole from us my dear father and little sister, leaving all other members of the family sick except me.

I had been taught to work, but never had any responsibility upon me before. During this sickness having to pay a nurse two dollars and fifty cents a day caused our finance to be very small. We had no land of our own so father leased a small truck farm on which he grew such things as were salable in the city market every day. While he was sick I kept this up because it was my only resort. I had often heard mother say, "O I am troubled to death. I don't know what I shall do," and I had also wondered why she said it. I saw nothing for which to be troubled, ever thing seemed pleasant. I was not hungry. I had a nice little suit on, and thought when I wanted something else, I had only to ask for it. When the responsibility of that family came upon me, there was a great difference. I found that I had use for some of these words I had heard used. I also learned that they were used unconsciously.

After mother got well she hired me to an oysterman on the James River. I staid with him about two years culling the large oysters from the small ones. After these two years I stopped at home on the farm and went to school to a Hampton graduate two days in a week. After a few months he spoke to mother about sending me to Hampton, but every time mother would tell him that she had not the money. I was anxious to go to Hampton but did not want to leave home. While Hampton was yet fresh on the brain I saw an advertisement in the "Southern Workman," stating that any young man who was physically able and of good character could by working one year and going to night school, enable himself to get through school. I wrote to General Armstrong stating that I would accept his offer, and his reply was, "if you are able you can come." I made ready and off I started for Hampton, arriving at said place on the 26th of August, 1879. The saw mill was just being builded then and I was put at work there.

The work was very hard and such work as I never did before, but I would think of the result of this hard work and be cheered. At the same time four other boys came to Hampton, but disagreeing with the work went back. The night school above mentioned was established in that year, and of course without a name, and during the summer, as our night school continued all summer, General Marshall and wife visited us, and seeing our earnestness the General gave us a little address, including a name of which I hope I shall never be ashamed [unworthy] viz. "The Plucky Class." Some of the members of the Plucky class were able to be Middlers of '81 and now are seniors of the class of '83.

During my Middle or second year I learned to know the Lord. We in the same year established a missionary society, of which I am a member.

This society made it its business to help the poor of Hampton and Mill Creek, to read the Bible to those who cannot read it for themselves. Some places we would have to give them food, fire and clothing. Yea, sometimes we rebuilded their houses. I must say that my time in Hampton is growing short and I am glad, not because Hampton is not a good place for young men, but because I want to go where I can do more good for the country. Every time one learns to read, the country is that much better off. When I look around about me I can but thank the friends of the North for this continual improvement at Hampton. For it is through them that there many opportunities are given for poor students. You help us by your plans, yea, you help us by your cash. You will not be rewarded here on earth, but when life shall end, if you live with Christ here he shall bid you to come up higher and take of the things that were prepared for you from the beginning of the world,

M.

From a Girl in the Middle Class.

WORK AND PLAY.—WHAT SHE THINKS OF HER INDIAN SCHOOLMATES.

Dear Friend:

As I am again requested to write to you, by the principal of this school, you can't once imagine what pleasure I take in so doing. Last term I had the pleasure of telling you about my life; now I feel as if I am not so much of a stranger to you; although I have never seen your face, I imagine you are a very dear friend to think so much of the colored race as to help enlighten and elevate them.

I will now endeavor to tell you what a pleasant vacation I spent; hoping it may somewhat interest you. I spent my vacation at Hampton so that I could work and help myself some, so as my expenses would not be so hard upon my brother, he is my only help as you already know.

My work was washing and ironing for the boys here at school. There were sixteen girls in the laundry, so the work was very easy. We would get through our work Wednesday evenings 3 o'clock, and all the rest of the week we would have for ourselves. We use to have a nice time going out rowing and playing croquet. We use to have a very pleasant time going to picnics too. There was one given to us by the school, up to the Hemenway farm, the girls were all sent up there by Mr. Howe, the farm manager. The boys had to walk, they did not like it much, but rather than lose the fun, a great number of them went and had a very pleasant time.

The school is very full this term, more so than it ever has been before. It shows how fast our race is becoming more and more enlightened every year. The last time I wrote you I was a Junior, but as I was faithful in my studies I was promoted to the Middle Class.

I am trying every hour harder to improve in my studies so as I may be made as happy as I was last Promotion Day. Instead of being read out a middler I hope it will be a Senior.

I hope the kind people up North will have the pleasure of seeing that the money they send down South for the benefit of the colored race is not sent in vain, but will be as seed sown in good soil.

I hope that you may never have cause to regret that you sent the money for my tuition.

We had a pleasant visit from King Kalakaua King of the Hawaiian Islands, during our vacation. We enjoyed the visit very much, and was pleased to see a king, as most of the girls and boys had'nt ever seen a king.

We have had quite a change also since I wrote you last, several large buildings have been finished, and several begun. The Academic Hall, Principal's Office, and Engine House have been finished. The Industrial Department, Gymnasium, and a new building for the Indian girls are soon to be finished. In September there were a number of Indians, who had been here for three years, to go away to their homes to try to civilize and enlighten their race. I hear from some of them quite often, and they are getting on very successfully.

We have a number of new ones, and they seem as eager for an education and civilization, as those who have just left. There are three Indians in the Senior class, one in the Middle class, and twelve in the Junior class, ten boys and two girls.

The one in the Middle class seems as a brother to us, he is highly thought of by all.

Just see how fast the Red Men are progressing. No more are they wild and savage with long hair, painted faces, and blankets, but they are now becoming true men and women. Every day they are becoming more and more civilized.

When I first came to Hampton, I thought that it was impossible for me to stay at such a place; as I felt some what discouraged, but now I am older than I was, I feel more like a woman, and more like doing the duty or work that is lying before me to be done.

The teachers are all very kind and good, and try hard to make the students to improve.

Words cannot express the gratitude I have for you.

I pray the Good Redeemer will look upon the people up north for the kindness they have bestowed upon the Colored Race at the South.

Remember me to be ever yours most gratefully.

M.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE.

The past month has not been especially eventful with us who have charge of the Indian students. Every thing seems to be going on quietly, and both study and work show improvement. In making my monthly visits to the foremen of the different shops, I find very few or no complaints. In their class rooms, it is to be seen clearly by those who visit them, that the Indian, like the Negro, has a brain, and if only given a chance of cultivation, he will show his hidden qualities.

By some, Indian education is considered a loss of time and money, but I feel confident that those who visit our school and Indian classes are more favorably impressed.

I was one day having my arithmetic class answer questions as usual, before sending them to the blackboard. I asked several questions. My class was composed mostly of boys who had been here a year. I had company that morning, and here allow me to show you the difference between a recitation from a colored class and an Indian class. A colored class will do its best before company; while the Indians will do very little, on account of their being extremely bashful. I give this example to my class. "John has 3 cents and Henry has 4 cents more than John, and Charles has 7 times as much as Henry; how much did Charles have?" This was not an easy example for an Indian class who have only had one year's schooling—and a new and hard language to learn. I had all kinds of answers. The visitors seemed much interested in my class as they watched the little fellows trying to solve the problem. At last a little boy called out "49 cents." As soon as I called for his explanation, it was given in his broken English.

Some of the boys in the lowest classes, who arrived in October, unable to speak any English at all, are doing nicely in their studies, and speak English exceedingly well. Charles Picotte, a Sioux boy, who has been here two years, and who was in the Senior class of our Indian school, has been put into the tin-shop to prepare himself to take full charge of it next year. Charlie attends the night school and keeps up in his studies. He is a very good and bright boy, all of his friends feel proud of his promotion, and will watch his success with interest. There seems to be no doubt now as to his being a credit to himself and his tribe.

The boys in our shoe-shop are doing well. The shop has been moved into the "Stone Industrial Building," which is quite an improvement, as they were crowded in the old shop; besides it was in many ways uncomfortable. They have moved into a new house, with a new manager, and I believe with a new determination.

O. M. M.

FROM GRADUATES OF OTHER SCHOOLS.

We have frequently asked for communications from graduate teachers from other schools than Hampton. We are always glad to hear and speak of their good work. A few such letters of much interest have been sent us by the kind friend to whom they were written, whose untiring, practical sympathy has encouraged and helped many of these young teachers from Hampton and other schools.

LE MOYNE NORMAL INSTITUTE,

Memphis, Tenn., February 11, 1882.

Miss M. A. L——, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Friend:

Your note of the 6th inst. and the volume you send to our library are both received. We thank you most heartily and are glad to have the book in our collection.

We have in about three years, succeeded in gathering a library of about one thousand volumes, and we find it of great value in many ways;—especially as an aid in the formation of fixed habits of reading in our students, and without which we find that their other training and education are often to a great extent forgotten, and of comparatively little value to many of them, practically. We become more and more thoroughly convinced after years of experience that what we do for these people must, to the fullest extent possible, be brought to bear on their every-day lives, to be of the most benefit to them.

Besides our regular work as a Normal school, with a course of study similar to the courses of the Northern Normal schools, leaving out other languages than our own, we have a department of practical instruction where the girls are taught needle-work &c., cooking and housekeeping, and later on in the course, nursing or care of the sick. For this work we have an especial teacher and an experimental kitchen, sewing rooms &c. To the young men we give special business instruction and something of theoretical farming, stock raising &c.

Our chief work though is in the instruction of teachers, and a large per-centage of our students are already teachers. Pardon me for writing this at length, I do so thinking some facts of our work may be of interest to you.

While there is much to be done for the colored people, we who have been in this work for them, feel greatly encouraged at the progress made in the past ten or fifteen years.—There is hope for the future,

Very truly yours,
A. J. STEELE.

Gloucester Co., Va., July 26th, 1881.

Miss M. A. L——, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear friend:

While in attendance at the Teachers' Normal Institute held at the Hampton N. and A. Institute, I received a valuable package of reading matter for myself and scholars, and was told that you were the benefactor. I thank you very much for the package. I wish I could see you to tell you how much I appreciate your gift. I am entirely unknown to you, and you are known to me only by reputation. I will take this opportunity to tell you of my work among my people:—I was born a slave, December 25th, 1850, in this county. My mother stayed at home with her owners during the late war; being a small boy I stayed with her. My father died November, 1858.

Both my father and mother could read, but could not write. With the help of my mother and one of my cousins, I learned the A. B. C's first, as we had to in those days. Afterwards I got white boys of my size or smaller, to teach me whenever a chance offered itself. By my own efforts and what little instruction I could get, I wrote my first letter in the summer of 1867. In the year 1866, I pressed religion, and have been trying to live a Christian ever since. In the summer of 1868 I commenced to teach Sunday school; a work that I like so well, that I have never gotten tired of it. I am happy to state that many of my Sunday school scholars have become followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I passed an examination to teach in the Public schools of this county, in the year 1875. I had never gone to school one month in my life. I have and do now study very hard. In the spring of 1878, I attended the Richmond Institute, Dr. C. H. Corey, President. My teachers were pleased with the advancement I made in my studies. I want to go back whenever I can. I have been examined several times to teach school, and have gained each time in my examination. Last year I averaged on six studies, 0.16; 10 being the maximum. I have taught with much success since I began in 1875. I love the work, notwithstanding all the trouble, and the many disadvantages under which country teachers labor. I have a black-board in my school, but no reading or writing charts, nor wall maps. If I had these things I could do a great deal more in the school room. I provided black-boards, crayons &c. for my school; and sometimes give books to poor children. I want to do all I can for my poor people. I have been for six years Clerk of our District Association which contains 80 churches, and Secretary of our District Sunday School Convention which contains more than 50 Sunday schools. I will try and send you a minute of each, next fall, to let you see what we are doing in this direction. I must again thank you for your gift, and assure you that any thing that you may give to my people will be thankfully received.

Respectfully yours.
JAMES T. TONKINS.

Pleasant occupation tends to prolong life, for longevity is much dependent upon the feelings of the mind.

Don't carry your head so high that you cannot see stumps in your way, over which you may stumble.

THE WORTH OF WORKMEN.

An exchange says:—"The value of the Negro population as a laboring force in the country is beginning to be appreciated. Large bodies of Negroes from the South have been taken to Pennsylvania and New York by contractors; worked there for months, and returned to their homes. Seven hundred Negroes from Virginia are working in a company's mines in Minnesota. A Pennsylvania contractor expects to take two thousand Negroes from the South to Colorado to work on a railway contract. An engineer in charge of one of the largest engineering enterprises in Boston, writes; 'The Negroes have saved us.' The Negroes are patient; steady, and faithful when well treated. The population of Ireland is 5,159,489, and diminishing. The black population of the United States is 8,577,497, and increasing. It costs $30 a head to import laborers. These are important facts to bear in mind in considering the future development of the country."

A COLORED EXCHANGE. We are happy to make this acknowledgement which is rather late but has been crowded out of former numbers, of pleasant words for the Southern Workman from one of our colored exchanges; "The People's Advocate," published in Washington, by Mr. J. W. Cromwell; Mr. Geo. P. Richardson and Rev. S. L. Smith, editors. Quoting an editorial on the condition of the industries and the colored population of Virginia, the Advocate commends it to the attention of colored young men. It agrees with the Workman that the colored people do not, as a class, support papers, and prefer a poor political paper to a good business journal. It thinks it is time now for the people to take a forward step in this direction. The Advocate is itself a very creditable looking sheet, and has grown since we first knew it. We wish it usefulness and success.

HAMPTON'S RETURNED INDIAN STUDENTS.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

The first Indian students received at Hampton, and consequently the first returned to their homes, were of the United States prisoners of war taken in Indian Territory in 1875, for savage and murderous attacks on emigrants. Their history in St. Augustine Fla., under the wise care of Captain Pratt, and afterwards at schools in the East, has been frequently told.

Of these, but one remained the whole three years at Hampton. This one was Bears Heart, a Cheyenne, one of the oldest of the young men. He came with the rest, in April, 1878, and went home in June, 1881, having improved much in his understanding of English and learned the carpenter's trade. He must have been about twenty-five years old when he was taken prisoner, and had been prominent in the desperate deeds of his tribe; but the transformation in him seems thorough.

Soon after his return, Agent John D. Miles, of the Cheyenne and Arrapahoe Agency, wrote that, after a brief visit to the camp and an address to the chiefs announcing his new ideas, he had returned to the Agency and gone right to work. Agent Miles wrote again Sept. 28, 1881, to Capt. Pratt in a letter enclosed in the Captain's report to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs: "Bears Heart is at present on the sick list, having overheated himself in helping unload a train. His whole heart is for progress among his people, and both by preaching and practice he endeavors to help his people forward."

The following St. Augustine students, after fifteen months at Hampton went to Carlisle, where they remained about two years, aiding in the care of its new pupils as well as receiving instruction. To Captain Pratt, therefore, they owe the chief part of their development. Their year at Hampton of course had its share in it. On both accounts, we are glad to publish the results.

Agent Miles in the letter above quoted, reports of the Cheyenne students: "Little Chief is in the Agency Physician's office as interpreter and assistant, and is rendering good service; lives and dresses like a white man and keeps up his study and his correspondence. Matches is employed at the Agency; is rendering great service as interpreter for the missionary, and his example and influence are good. Roman Nose is just the same, no signs of relapse. Cohoe is hard at work, exemplifying his faith in civilization by acting and working as white men do. Soaring Eagle and White Bear (an Arrapahoe,) are the only ones who seem to have lost ground, and they, more for lack of opportunity, than perhaps from lack of spirit. Tich-ke-mas-ze is in the employ of the Smithsonian Institute, and is now with Mr. Cushing, in Arizona or New Mexico, making collections for that Institution."

Major Hunt, Agent, reports of the Kiowa young men, Sept. 30, '81: "Tone-ke-sh is a perfect failure. I have tried him at everything; but he breaks down and goes off of his own accord, unable to forego the allurements of indolent camp life; Ohettoint [quite a good carpenter at Hampton,] has done better than any, but needs a paternal hand. Last year I gave him a room in the school as teacher, and he did well. I use him now to work among the people, collecting children for the school. He has a well balanced mind and I am quite sure he wants to do right, as I have always found him truthful, and can trust him."

DAKOTA INDIANS.

Thirty Indian students, twenty-five boys and five girls, after three years training at Hampton Institute, were returned last October to their homes in Dakota Territory, where places to work had been provided for them. This has been the most thorough test of the Indian work here, and has been watched with great care, through frequent correspondence with agents, missionaries and the returned students themselves.

Five months have passed, and while a longer time may modify their record, it is proper to lay before those interested the results of the experience this far, with its lights and shadows, both of which were, of course, to have been expected. For this purpose, we give a resume of the above mentioned correspondence.

YANKTON AGENCY.

Travelling north on the upper Missouri, the first Indian agency we reach in Dakota, is the Yankton agency, Major W. T. Andrus, agent. Its mission work is under the care of the Episcopal church, Rev. Joseph Cook, missionary, and the Presbyterian church, whose missionary is Rev. J. P. Williamson. Each church has its mission boarding school, and there is a third under charge of the agent.

Here were left six students of the thirty; two girls and four boys, of the Sioux tribe, viz: Carrie Anderson, aged 15; Lizzie Spider, 17; Frank Yellowbird, 21; Edwin Bishop, 17; David Simmons, 16; Oscar Brown, 16.

Of all six, Rev. J. P. Williamson writes Jan. 13th: "So far, they have all run well. In morals, I have not heard a slander against one of the six. They attend one or the other of the churches regularly. They are immediately recognized as being of the Christian party, and leading spirits among the young of that party. Their appearance is always creditable and their dress neat. The boys have changed no article of dress. The girls have dropped their hats and raised their shawls, but that is fashion, and if it came from Paris might revolutionize our country. They are all employed at something—the boys at teaching school, shoe making and clerking, and the girls at home. Perhaps the girls might do something more, but it is difficult here to find employment for such girls, and it they really improve their homes, that is the first and greatest step towards civilization. David Simmons is assistant teacher in our day school. Miss Hunter, the teacher, is much pleased with him. I judge that not one in a dozen white boys of sixteen would do his work as well. He is prompt and reliable and tidy. He not only teaches, but has care of the room. And the appearance of his mother's cabin, and I might say the same of others, has decidedly improved since his return. Edwin Bishop attends our church regularly, and handed in his letter from Hampton Chapel a few days ago. He has also a class in the Sabbath school which he teaches with interest. He is employed as a shoe maker in St. Paul's (Episcopal) school. Lizzie Spider lived in our family a month and did house work satisfactorily, but has now gone to her father's, who lives twenty miles away, among the Ponces. Carrie Anderson makes home attractive."

Rev. Joseph Cook writes Jan. 27th:—"Edwin Bishop is employed as shoe maker at St. Paul's (school). He is very earnest in his work, in fact I think they have had to limit him as to the time he shall spend at it, lest he injure his health. It is quite refreshing to see one err on that side; the other has examples by the score. Edwin is teaching other boys his trade, and is doing a good work. He is generally well esteemed. Oscar Brown is stronger than when he returned. He is quiet and well behaved, and commends himself to those who have the charge of him. Of late he has been spending a part of the day in school, and does some little jobs about St. Paul's."

This is the bright side of the report. The shadows have been the return of the two girls to the Indian camp, from the places provided for them, and that of Frank Yellowbird from St. Paul's school, where he had some employment. "While there," Mr. Cook reports, "he did admirably and everybody liked and was interested in him" He has however, since then returned to his church, and is now, we learn, at work in the Government blacksmith shop at the agency. The return of the girls to their Indian home is of course a danger and disadvantage to them, yet natural, and possibly productive of good, as Mr. Williamson suggests. That they have not forgotten Hampton, is evident from the letter of the agent, Major Andrus, which brings the latest report from all.

He writes Feb; 13th: "Carrie Anderson has just left my office. She wished me to write that she wants to return to Hampton and will be ready to go most any time you can arrange for her. She also asked to stay at my school (just opened) till you are heard from. Lizzie Spider went to her father at the old Ponca agency. Carrie's folks have a letter saying she has returned to Hampton. I hope it is true. Edwin Bishop is doing well at St. Paul's school. Frank Yellowbird is now in my employ as blacksmith apprentice, but temporarily detailed for duty with Mr. Standing at the Boarding school."

A still later letter from Major Andrus, Feb. 27th, says "Carrie is now in our school, awaiting permission to return to Hampton. Felix Benoist, [returned after the others, on account of chronic disease (not pulmonary) which prevented his steady attendance at school] is doing nicely in the tin shop as apprentice.

I hope you will think favorably of my suggestion of placing the girls in families, and the boys as apprentices, [at the East] for at least one year after their school here ends.—The time should be three years instead of one. I think you can gain their consent to remain: then I can easily get that of the parents."

LOWER BRULE.

From Lower Brule, the next Agency north of Yankton, the latest report is February 6th, from the agent, Major Wm. H. Parkhurst, who writes of the five boys returned there, George Bushotter, aged 18, employed as printer and teacher in the Government school, Henry Rencontre, 21, as blacksmith; James Wechakasaka, 20; Joseph Winnebago, 19, and Lezelo Rencontre, 19, as carpenters: all them on wages of $15 a month besides rations.

Major Parkhurst reports of the last three young men, Wechakasaka, Winnebago and Zedo, a general independence and indifference to rules and to work, and the admonitions of himself and their native missionary, Rev. Luke C. Walker. Major Parkhurst is evidently treating the case with impartial wisdom. He has turned them over to the master carpenter to keep strict account of their work, and pay accordingly, for what they do. This natural method is the right one for Indians as much as for white men. It would be well if all Indian agents and the Government itself understood the fact and how to apply it. Fifty years ago, such boys, with good stuff in them, but heady and conceited as white boys *occasionally* are, could but inevitably go to ruin in such an ordeal. Now, we have strong reason to hope for them, though they are in a dangerous position. It is noteworthy that Zedo's father, a Frenchman, has counseled the boys to better things. The Major thinks they show the truth of the saying that a little learning is a dangerous thing. On the other hand, he reports that "George Bushotter is doing good work—has been working steadily since the first week of his return, and is assistant teacher, doing splendid work in the school, in which there are now some forty pupils, 34 boarders and 6 day scholars."

A letter from this young man to the Southern Workman, is given at the close of this report.

Of Henry Rencontre, also, Major Parkhurst has only good to write. He says Henry had a great deal of work to do for his mother upon his return, such as wood-cutting, repairing of house, building stable, and general work in putting the place in good order. He has also done some hauling freight for the trader, being paid by him a fair price. At present, he is working well in the blacksmith shop as apprentice, and gives good satisfaction.

A letter has also been received from Mrs. Sophia Walker, wife of Rev. Luke Walker, the native Indian missionary in charge of this station: she writes, Nov. 29th: "I am glad to say that our boys are doing well. Of course they need looking after a little. I think George [Bushotter] will be the interpreter at the boarding school. The boys have built themselves houses. I wish you could see them on Sunday at church. They look very nicely indeed. We are proud of them."

CROW CREEK.

Twenty-eight miles above Lower Brule on the river, is the Crow Creek Agency, to which four students were returned; viz: Ziewie, aged 18, (daughter of Don't-Know How, the progressive Indian whose store at the agency bears the sign of D. K. How) Andrew Fox, aged 19, and Pamani, aged 22, nephews of Wizi, an intelligent and prominent chief, who told his people that if only one of their young men should return to teach them civilization they ought to think it had paid to send them to school. The fourth was Edward Ashley, aged 21, who was engaged as assistant teacher in the Government school, Fox as helper in office work, Pamani as carpenter, and Ziewie as assistant in care of girls and laundry in the school.

Major Geo. H. Spencer, their agent, writes of them November 26th, that Andrew Fox had been transferred by his own wish to the carpenter shop, where he and Pamani are "doing all that could be expected." "Edward Ashley is doing splendidly as assistant teacher, taking pride and pleasure in his work. Ziewie has left the school and gone into the store of her father, where I think she will remain."

The report from Crow Creek seems only to improve with time, and we are very happy to publish the latest received from the agent, Major Spencer, and Mr. J. C. Beveridge, chief clerk at the agency, an English gentleman of character and cultivation.

Major Spencer writes as follows:

Crow Creek Agency, Dakota, March 7th, 1882.

GEN. S. C. ARMSTRONG, HAMPTON, VA.

My dear General:

In reply to yours of 2nd inst. will say that our returned Indians are all doing splendidly. Ziwie is filling the position of clerk and book-keeper in her father's store. He went off on a trading expedition to Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Agencies and was gone about two months, leaving Ziewie in entire charge of his store while he was absent, and she has very successfully managed his affairs. Edward Ashley is doing good service as assistant teacher at the Industrial School which now has twenty-five scholars and is progressing finely under the management of Miss Nellie A. King.

Frank Pamani, and Andrew [Fox] Smith are at work faithfully in the carpenter shop and will in time make good workmen. I obtained authority to increase their pay from $180 to $240 from the Hon. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, this quarter. If all your pupils turn out as well as ours have, you certainly may have reason to feel proud of your work.

Respectfully yours.

GEO. H. SPENCER,

U. S. I. AGT.

From the very interesting and careful statement of Mr Beveridge, dated Feb. 18th, but sent at the same time with that from Major Spencer, we make full extracts as follows:

"Some three years ago, the experiment of educating Indian children in the East and of separating them wholly from tribal influences, was first resorted to at this Agency, and three boys and one girl were sent to Hampton. The boys, as you know, were Edward Ashley, Andrew Smith and Frank Pamani; the one girl was Ziewie or Yellow-Girl—all full-blood Indians.

Upon their return here you wisely urged the immediate necessity of finding them suitable occupations and of putting them at once to work. As the Agent fully coincided with you in your views of this matter, employment was at once found for them, and the following appointments were made:—Edward Ashley and Ziewie were placed in the Industrial Boarding School as assistant teachers, Andrew [Fox] Smith was retained as assistant in the office, and Frank Pamani was apprenticed to the Agency carpenter. Edward Ashley and Ziewie were assigned to quarters in the school, taking their meals with the children, while a large comfortable room in one of the Agency buildings was given to Andrew and Frank, and an arrangement made with the proprietor of the hotel by which the boys would have their board for five dollars per month each, and their rations from the Gov-

ernment.

Edward reported for duty on October 7th, and up to the date of this letter has not lost one hour. He teaches a class of eight Indians and two white boys and four Indian girls, ranging in age from six to thirteen years. His instruction is of course confined to the rudimentary branches, and comprises orthography, reading and the simpler rules of arithmetic. He takes much interest in his duties and is an earnest, patient and persevering preceptor. His conduct and manners are irreproachable; he is very punctual in his habits, and his room in the school is scrupulously neat and clean. His furniture at first consisted of a bedstead, a few chairs, a table, a stove and a washstand; he has added from his own earnings, a carpet, matting, window curtains, some pretty vases filled with artificial flowers, and so repolished and rejuvenated an old condemned cupboard that it makes a very neat and presentable bookcase. In the upper part of this, his books are nicely arranged on shelves made by himself, while the lower part is partitioned for his papers and letters.

Edward appears to have entirely shaken off the apathy, bashfulness and stolid reticence of the Indian. He is entirely self-possessed, prepared to meet you in conversation, very ambitious and anxious to improve and always polite and respectful in his language. He is neat in his person, dresses well and in good taste, but is occasionally a trifle elaborate in his costume. Hampton has much reason to be proud of Edward.

Andrew [Fox] Smith was at first employed as assistant in the office, but finding that he was a wretched penman and that his capacity did not extend beyond mechanical details, he was appreciated to the Agency carpenter. His first efforts were directed towards the improvement of his quarters, which, with the assistance of Frank, he scrubbed, refurnished and very much improved, partly at mutual expense. Andrew is a boy of very excellent disposition, rather more generous than the others, with a keener appreciation of kindness shown him. He is not so ambitious as Edward, and is far more easily influenced than the latter. I believe that his future will be entirely shaped by his associates and surroundings. Meantime I may say that his habits and conduct are most satisfactory; he is obedient, willing and industrious; has made steady progress in his trade and under proper direction and careful management will undoubtedly become a worthy and useful member of society.

Frank Pamani is a graver and more thoughtful boy than Andrew; he is steadier and more reliable; he is essentially practical, and is reported by the Agency carpenter as likely to become a more careful, precise and thorough workman than Andrew. Frank, however, is much more extravagant than the others, and has developed a capacity for contracting debts which is neither promising nor creditable. All these boys have shown a capacity for continuous labor which could not be excelled by whites, and is very rare among Indians.

Ziewie entered the school on the same day as Edward and rendered service up to and including October 22d. On the evening of that day she was visited by her sister and obtained permission from the Principal to make a brief visit to the latter. Several days elapsed and she failed to return, but finally sent word that she did not propose to come back and would continue to live with her relations. On further inquiry into the circumstances, it was found that her father, who keeps a trading store, was anxious to secure her services for himself. Ziewie was hoped by the Principal of the School (who has had much experience,) as being the quickest and neatest Indian girl she had ever seen. This superlatively quiet and neat Indian girl is now in charge of her father's store; her associates are the Indians who drop in for occasional trade or the equally uncultured members of her own family. Amid such surroundings she may forget all she ever learned.

Upon the return of the boys it was suggested that a portion of their earnings be set aside as a reserve fund for their future use and as a curb upon their anticipated extravagance. This suggestion the Agent declined to adopt, being desirous of testing the permanency of the economical principles instilled into them at Hampton. It also seemed unfair to place them without proof under the disadvantage of a doubt as to their prudence or to subject boys of some training and education to the ridicule of the tribe by depriving them of their free agency in the disposition of their earnings which has been always conceded to the wildest Indians. It was deemed necessary however to oblige them to keep an exact record of their outlay, and for this purpose each was furnished with a small account book. On the debit side of this, is entered the actual amount earned by the boy and paid by the Government, while the boy himself makes the credit entries. The latter, of course, are investigated and verified. Their principal outlay thus far has been for clothing, furniture and ornaments for their room, articles of stationery and the usual paraphernalia of civilized surroundings. This presents a marked contrast to the purchases made by the average Indian, which usually consist of articles of food, paint, ear bobs, tinsel and trumpery.

The boys are great correspondents; they write in both English and Indian and receive many letters. They spend their evenings mostly in their rooms, receive occasional visits from their friends, but devote most of their spare time to reading English books and writing letters. A short time ago I chanced to drop into the room which Andrew and Frank occupy. I found Frank wrestling with the stove which "would not light up," and Andrew engaged in some mysterious occupation which appeared to completely engross his attention. Glancing over his shoulder, I found that he was just completing a series of regulations for the guidance and government of casual visitors to his room, which he passed to Frank Pamani for signature and then posted up in a conspicuous part of the room. The following is a literal copy of the document in question:

NOTICE

No. 1. No play here.
No. 2. No sat down is the bed.
No. 3. No chew here.
No. 4. No spit the floor here.
Just smoking here
Please be careful here in this room.
Sat down like man and talk like man.

FRANK PAMANI. ANDREW F. SMITH.

In this connection I may observe that Andrew and Frank are particularly fortunate in being placed under the charge of Mr. Fuller, the Agency carpenter. He is a most respectable man, a finished workman, kind, painstaking but firm with the boys, and of unwearied patience. Under his supervision I have no anxiety as to their future.

The Indians were at first disposed to regard Hampton as a sort of educational trap set by white men to catch and swallow their children. The return of these scholars has entirely unfixed this prejudice and secured the full confidence of the Indians. They are now anxious to send their children away and several applications have been made on this subject. I ascribe the change to the manifest progress made by the pupils—to their adoption of civilized habits—their capacity for extended intercourse with the whites and their social recognition by the latter. I have never seen the Indian eye glisten as it does when one of the boys walks up to my desk and addresses me on some ordinary topic. They discover by my response and with native intuition that I fully understand the boy and the continued conversation confirms this impression. At such times I have noticed an expression on the faces of the Indians, of mingled pride and wonder, which well might interest a physiognomist.

The boys are much sought as Interpreters, are extremely useful in this capacity and perform the duty very intelligently.

They have acquired a certain influence with the tribe and are treated with marked consideration. Their experience in the East and their superior attainments do not appear to have inflated them in the slightest degree, and they are more obedient and respectful than the ordinary Indian. It was confidently predicted that the boys would return "too large for their shoes," but alas! for the prophets, their predictions have not been verified."

Mr. Beveridge closes his letter with a consideration of the subject of industrial education for the Indian, which is interesting, as giving an impartial opinion of one who lives among the Indians as to the advantage to them of Eastern training. He says very truly:

"The Indian is not so deficient in talent and natural capacity as is generally supposed; he acquires information with comparative ease, and under proper direction is capable of some culture. The want of success of local schools I ascribe mainly to their vicinity to camp life and the theoretical character of the instruction. Books alone will accomplish little. He soon wearies of the whole business, remains under protest, and on his emancipation and return to camp life often develops into a first class specimen of the Aboriginal loafer.

"Keep an Indian's hands busy and you can always do something with his head; give him plenty of healthy out-door work, instruct him gradually in the principles of agriculture, stock raising, mechanics or something that will be of practical benefit to himself and the tribe, be scrupulously exacting in the matter of cleanliness and regularity, be patient always, treat him kindly but firmly, punish him promptly when he is negligent or lazy, and by such a course you will surely effect a surprising transformation. This I believe is the essence of the system adopted at Hampton, and is the only practical and rational plan of dealing with Indians. I believe that the establishment of a half dozen similar institutions would go further towards solving the Indian problem than any of the measures heretofore adopted, and that, of the millions which are annually wasted upon Indians, a good proportion might be profitably diverted in this direction. That your excellent Institution may meet with a full measure of recognition and appreciation by the Government and the general public, is the sincere desire of

Yours very respectfully,
J. C. BEVERIDGE,
Clerk at Crow Creek Agency.

CHEYENNE RIVER.

Ninety miles further up the river, is Fort Bennett, at Cheyenne River Agency, where are five of the students: Louis Agyeouwhea, aged 17; Leroy Shutashway, 16; Harry Brown, 17; Henry Fisherman, 20; and Joseph Waha, 19. They have been heard from repeatedly through the missionary, Mrs. J. P. Kinney, in charge of St. John's (Episcopal) school, and the agent, Major Leonard Love. Nothing but favorable reports have been received, Mrs. Kinney writes, Nov. 23d: "Your five boys are doing very nicely. We have one of them take dinner with us each Sunday. They all say they are homesick, or rather Hampton sick, and would like to return with Lieut. Brown in February." Major Love wrote, January 14, in answer to inquiries in detail:

"Harry Brown, since his return, has been employed as assistant teacher at the Agency boarding school for Indian boys, at a salary of $20 per month. His conduct has been very good. He seems to take a deep interest in the education of the Indian boys, and I think tries to set a good example before them.

"Henry Fisherman has been employed in the carpenter shop, at the same salary. His conduct has been good. I think he is a good, Christian boy, and tries to do just right. He was to have been established in a tin shop (his trade learned at Hampton) but when the funds were asked for I was informed that the Sioux appropriation was exhausted.

"Louis Agyeouwhea has been employed in the blacksmith shop. He is not much of a scholar, but seems willing to work and tries to learn. His salary also is $20 a month.

"Joseph Waha has been employed in the blacksmith shop, at the same wages. He has worked fairly well. His conduct has been very good. He has been steady and tries hard to learn his trade.

"Leroy Shutashway has been employed as messenger boy in the office, (same salary.) Although in poor health, he has been steady and tried to do his duty. I may say of him what I have of the others. His deportment and conduct have been most excellent."

Major Love seems to exert a parental care over his charge. He states "These young men are required to attend church two evenings each week," and says in another letter, "Since they returned from their respective homes, I have kept them at the agency. I do not permit them to visit the Indian camp for the reason that I think it has a very bad influence." His latest letter—February 9th, says, "They are now all doing splendidly."

STANDING ROCK.

Nearly 200 miles above Cheyenne River, is Standing Rock Agency. Major McLaughlin, Agent; its mission work under charge of the Roman Catholic church, Father Stephan, missionary. The three students returned there are John Pleets, aged 21, employed in charge of the agency stable, at $1 a day, Rosa Pleets, his sister, aged 18, and Ubukeumpa (Carries Flying) aged 19, employed as assistant agency carpenter, at $1 a day. On reaching the agency, the young men asked and obtained permission to take their meals and have sleeping rooms at the Agency, preferring not to go back to the Indian camp.

Major McLaughlin writes of them: Nov. 2,—that both the young men are doing well. Rosa, like the girls above mentioned, soon left the place of service provided for her, and the Indian girls' school, for her home in the Indian camp, and Major McLaughlin feared she could not be kept in the school, though he would try to put her there again under the care of the sister. Letters have been since received however from Rosa herself, asking earnestly to return to Hampton, and as in the case of the others, we cannot but regard this as an indication that the good influences have not been lost but are stirring in the heart and conscience. It is and when the desire for better things has to be at variance with the love of home. The case of the Indian girl is peculiar; the old ties and influences draw her more strongly and she has less help to resist them than the young men. The boys are grouped together, and hold each other up. The seed of such association is apparent in their case. The chief anxiety in regard to them is reported from the agency where it has not been found practicable to give them a house or rooms by themselves, and they have been allowed to live at their separate homes, in the Indian camp. The comparatively small number of girls received thus far has necessitated their return home—here and there one at an agency. Our great effort in that this shall not be as heretofore. The girl thus returning is isolated and unsupported. She cannot make a respectable, independent home for herself, and the work offered her is less remunerative and less attractive than theirs. Her problem is one which calls for all help and sympathy. As one Indian girl writes: "Hard out here to be good woman."

A lady of Hampton, Va., whose very interesting letters from Dakota, have been a valuable contribution to the "Southern Workman" during the past year, kindly undertook to look after some of our returned students, while she should remain there. Her view of Rosa's case is thus given:

"Yesterday I called to see Mrs. M——, the wife of the Indian agent. She spoke of Rosa Pleets and was regretting her backward movement. She told me that Rosa was very much dissatisfied here, had quite anxious to return to Hampton. It seems that the poor girl has many disadvantages there, in the way of evil associates among the nearest kinsfolk.

It would be very hard, I imagine, for a white girl to overcome all the difficulties she has to contend with.

I think her mother and cousins influenced her against coming to live at the garrison. It seems to me, said the McLoughlins agree with me, that it would be an act of charity to let her return to Hampton.

The two young men are doing first-rate. They are good, conscientious workers; and have the respect of every one."

FORT BERTHOLD.

A hundred and fifty miles to the north west, lies the last agency on the upper Missouri in Dakota; the Fort Berthold agency, of the Gros-Ventres, Arickarees and Mandans, remnants of tribes, long affiliated with the Sioux. The agent is Major J. Kaufman; the missionary work is confided to the Congregational church which has a boarding school there, Rev. C. L. Hall, missionary. To this agency were returned one girl and five boys, as follows: Josephine Mahnourie, age 21, Gros Ventre; Karunach—*Sioux Boy*—19; Ahuka—*White Wolf*—an Arickaree, 23; Laughing-Face, 21; Tom Smith, 17; Ara Hotchkish, 16, son of Hard Horn, a chief of the Gros Ventres; and Kawhat, 15.

On arriving at the agency, Karunach, as spokesman for the boys, declared in presence of the agency officials and many Indian relatives and friends, that they were not going to live like Indians but were going to work and show the white man that they could work; that they intend to save their money, and some day buy cattle and nice houses with floors and windows and bedsteads, and things like white men's things. At their request, they were given three rooms at the agency, to occupy together, so as not to go back in the camp. They went right to work in the places provided for them, and for the most part have kept steadily at it. One very favorable indication is that the last reports are the best. November 24, Rev. Mr. Hall wrote: "I cannot give you altogether a rose colored report. There has been disagreement among themselves and failure to come to church and school as much as they should; but they are doing perhaps better than I expected. Josephine is doing well. She interpreted on Thanksgiving day quite well, and then went home and got up a dinner for seven at her father's house. [Her father is French.] For several days, we have let her take care of Miss Ward's morning school, during that lady's absence, and she seems to keep order, and I hope will succeed in teaching them something. Karunach and Ahuka are sincere, I think, in spite of infirmities. Laughing Face and Tom Smith are up the river with the agency herd, and I have not seen them for several weeks. I hope what I say will not discourage you; if you knew the inside of Indian mission work, it would not. We appreciate the great help your work is to us, and hope that we may cooperate closely. We entertained some of the boys last evening—Thanksgiving day. They were all out to meeting in the morning."

On February 14th, Major Kauffman writes: "Karunach asks me to say to you that he very much desires to return to your school for additional instruction, to remain in your care one or two years. He has a laudable ambition to become proficient in his trade—shoe making—also to become better acquainted with the English language. He could now get employment in Bismark as journeyman, if he was better skilled in the trade, which he greatly desires to do.

"Josephine Mahnourie has been the greater portion of her time since her return, with the family of Rev. C. L. Hall. Ahuka—George *White Wolf*—is in the agency carpenter shop at work. Laughing Face is now in the blacksmith shop learning the trade; so far, doing well.

"Thomas Smith is assistant herder, and is a good boy. Ara-hotchkish and Kawhat have been attending school since cold weather began."

Rev. C. L. Hall writes February 17th.

"Karunach and Ahuka are doing quite well, coming to our house to school in the evening after their day's work at the Agency, though it is a mile away. Josephine has gone back to her father's house to live entirely, and only comes here to do a little work. She

sweeps the schoolhouse every day but cannot be induced to come to school." She seems ashamed of her backward course. Laughing Face I fear is stony ground, his character is doubtful for honesty, and the loaves and fishes seem to be his only object. Tom Smith seems manly. He has been 20 miles away all winter, and I could see little of him. Ara Hotelkish and Kwimat (younger boys) go to school fitfully and to church very irregularly. It should be remembered that Berthold is the hardest place of all for the returning scholars. There is no Christian element among the Indians here yet, so at the agencies lower down, and these weak ones are thrown without that support into the midst of the most degraded heatheism."

THE STUDENTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

From numerous letters received from Hampton's returned Indian students, we select a few interesting specimens—one of which was written for the Southern Workman, and sent us with a request to publish it, which we very gladly do.

FROM HARRY BROWN.

Harry Brown, 14 years old when he came to Hamp on in '79, is, as he signs himself, the son of Chief White Horse, who is second to Little No Heart in importance among the Minneconjoo Sioux.

Cheyenne River, Agency, Jan. 7th, '82.

My Dear Friend;—

I was received your letter long ago, and I want tell you how I am getting along at Cheyenne River. I am getting along very well every day, and I want answer your letter soon, but I have no stamps that time, but this time I got some stamps, so I want answer your letter very quick, and Miss ——— I want tell you that I am a teacher at this agency, and I get $20 a month, and the other boys work at the agency too. Last Christmas, we have good time at St. Johns School. Mission. Many Indian girls go to school there and half breeds girls too. They give us a Christmas presents collars, and handkerchief and everything.

When we get home first time, some of my friends cried out and shake hands with me, and the other boys too. Please tell me about Normal School boys and girls; how they getting along at this time.

Please answer soon.

Your loving friend,
HARRY. BROWN.

(*Son of Chief White Horse*)

FROM PAMANI.

Pamani is the nephew of Wizi, one of the principal Chiefs of the Uncapapa Sioux, who told his people in an address that if but one of their children should return to teach them the white man's road, they should feel that it had paid to send them to school.

Crow Creek Agency, Dakota Territory,
January 19th, 1882.

My Dear Friend,

—I will write to you this morning again. I tell you I am very sorry. I remember at Washington, D. C., when I was Washington saw great many white people and now came back Dakota Territory I saw the Indian people but I am very sorry for the Indian people, because we don't know nothing but we know how just something to eat that we eat. the Indian. I wish to the Indian we make like white people, and talked like man will, Miss ——— I remember you all the time and I wish write to you every day, but I don't know how write talk English language if I know write English language I can write to you some day. Well Miss ——— I tell you I am very sorry for this is spend great many money. Well I tell you will come very sorry, Miss ——— I spend great many money, but I would like work carpenter shop. I got every month $20. Very easy for me carpenter shop work. That is I can to say. Tell all boys I give my love, the Indian boys I am very glad got Southern Workman. You must write to me, will you?

Your truly friend, one of the Indian boys.
FRANK PAMANI.

FROM HENRY FISHERMAN.

The father of Henry was the first Indian at the Agency to adopt the white man's dress and ways.

Fort Bennett, Dakota Territory.
January 22d, 1882.

Dear Sir,

I have just received your letter of January 18th. I am very glad to see your picture, others boys we see your picture, and just like your face your picture, and all boys we have very hard work. We like that hard work because make strong man and all boys very well, no body sick. All very well. Gen. Armstrong, Major Love he did not get tools when sent to him. You know Gen. Armstrong please tell me. Gen. Armstrong, we want going home when we get through next month, (March) and we come back again next month (September) in the Fort Bennett. Gen. Armstrong, what you think about now, please tell me and when think about tell him Major Love.

Please help me. Your true friend,
HENRY FISHERMAN.

FROM JOHN PLEETS.

John Pleets, a Blackfoot Sioux, half-breed, had never had any schooling before coming to Hampton.

Standing Rock Agency, Dakota Terr.
Jan. 30th, 1882.

My Dear Friend;

I was very glad to receive your letter, and I was very much pleased to get your picture, and I will try to write to you this time and to tell you how I am getting along. Well I am getting very nicely at the agency. I am always try hard what we have to learned at Hampton, and I am remember that good things you had told us, and I will try to do right. Because that is the only way we should fall never, but we must try hard always and keep on the good way, so we never sorrow. I want to learn everything so that I can teach my people. I think about always. We make to our people follow the white man's ways, but how can we do for them then follow the white man's ways, and to be good. But we must to teach them what we can to learn. I want our people to be good, and wise, and happy as long as they live on the earth, and I want they all to know about our one truly God, but if we want to be sons of God, we must work hard. Jesus work, and said my Father works, and I work hard to be good, then bad spirit say to the bad heart say no, then it is hard to be good. It is a cross, Jesus said, "Take up the cross and follow me"; that is a son of God to take up the cross and follow Jesus, then God will help us. I wish you help us one thing, if we don't go to school any more, then we want horses and wagon, and everything so we raise food, and if Government can give us something then we can do much.

This winter, agency gave it to the Indians some new wagon, but we have not any one; just he give us blanket coat and pants.

Please give my regard to Gen. Marshall, and to all our teachers.

From sincerely friend,
J. P. PLEETS.

I shake hands with you in my heart.

FROM UBAHKEUMPA.

Ubahkeumpa (*Carries Flying,*) came in his blanket to Hampton. He had had no previous instruction.

Standing Rock Agency, Nov. 21, '81.

My Dear Friend:—

I got your letter two day ago. I was very glad, so my heart is glad writing to you again but I guess you be glad again, and I want say just now, some Indians came back and one talk to me he say, "Good hunting buffs", but I say that is no good. Next time I write to you, that is all I have to say, your friend,
THOMAS C. P. FLYING.

FROM GEORGE BUSHOTTER.

George Bushotter, whose Indian name was Otago—*Strong*, a Brule Sioux, had been at school one year irregularly before coming to Hampton, but his instruction had been entirely in the Dakota language and he knew no English. He sends the following letter to the white people, with a request for its publication. In the note accompanying it, he says, "I am teach the little Indian boys. I got 30 in all, boys and girls. We going to have full of that house. I have take care of all the boys here, I am trying to do same as Mr. Robbins did to us. I talked to the chiefs one day. I want to write in Southern Workman and tell what I am doing and what I must do to the people to make them good."

The Mr. Robbins alluded to, is a colored graduate of Hampton, once in charge of the Indian boys there, and greatly beloved by them, now a successful missionary teacher at the Santee Agency, Nebraska.

TO THE WHITE PEOPLE.

Lower Brule Agency, Dakota Territory.
January, 1882.

My Dear Friends:—

I am going write to you all friends. I went to Hampton school to learn something that which is better for all my people and now I get it so I must teach them same as they did to me at Hampton I them all the good things that I learn. I am teaching the children now I read the Bible and say the Lord's prayer with all the boys and the girls, and then sing one hymn. I am going to do best I can to all the children and to the Indian people and now I am not going to discourage about anything, yet I want to learn more so I am going to trying to go up and not going down but I am going stand strong like a man. I want to be industrial man; I am going to learn more just as same as I did at Hampton. I like to talk to my poor friends and teach them all I can and all what I know. I am not going to keep inside what I know, but I am going to let every things coming out of from my thought, and learn, and tell them about God, and about the people at East and about things I see out East and about the very good people that kind to us and teach us with your own money; and I am very glad, and thank for God that he make the good people kind to us and we are going to be saved; and I am very glad to teach all I can hereafter. We are same as this, if we are not going up there and not learn any thing then we will be a bad people, but we learn before we big, that is the reason we will be a better people than it was before. I am not going up there for spend the good peoples money for being good for nothing, but it is great deal good for us to do that so the people will do the good thing; and we are going to lead them up and help them up and then be a good people; so as I said I am going to help all my people. I can and they need to help me; some of the people will do the right way, I think, but now it is very hard for us because the old man is think he will do as he like to and think, but we tell the good way and lead them up but it is very hard for every good man out West, but we got to do my how, and we want them come to church and stop done bad thing, they can't stop at once but it will come very slow and they can't stop at once, because they do those thing in their own life, so we hope they will be a good people after a while. We will have all the children we can and teach them so they will grow strong and be a good people at last, because the old people can't do as we do now they were old and they can't learn something but they waiting to their time is out. I am doing the good business now, but I want to learn more, if I learn more it will good for the people I am going to tell you that I want to live out East somewhere and make a good man, myself up there; no matter if I die up there, I like to live among the white people. I want to live up there, and work all the time and live like the good people; I don't want to live among the Indian because they can't do as I want it to about my shirts, about the bed so on things. I am Indian I got to live same as they live but my taught is different, now so I am going to live somewhere out East, and be a good man, so I want help. I think I can live somewhere because I am trying to be a good so you all know, but I want to get through this that I am doing now teach and have take care of the boys in the Government school. I can go through all this just as well as any body else; after I am done the best thing I am doing now then I want to learn more about the Bible and Natural Philosophy, and some other thing that the good people learn. I got more friend out East than one here, so I like to go up there again somewhere, so will you know that and see into it General S. C. Armstrong. I like to have it, but not just now; when I am through the good work for the people after that, but now I do the thing that which we ought to do, like I do now. I prayer to God so he will help me and keep me on the good ways. That is all, one of the Hampton students.

I am Respectfully,
GEO. BUSHOTTER.

To Gen. S. C. Armstrong, gave my love to all my friends at Hampton.

FROM THE GIRLS.

JOSEPHINE MALNOURIE.

The visit of Bright Eyes to Hampton, her words and her appearance, had a special effect upon Josephine, and she seems not to have lost the desire expressed in simple words, but with eyes glowing with emotion, "I wish I like that."

Fort Berthold, October. 1881.

My ever dear Teacher:—

I thought I would write to you a few lines, that you know I am getting along very pleasant indeed. Dear Friend I want keep to be a good girl and to help those Indian getting along very indeed, makes me feel so bad. I want keep try help all I can. Those white people who live with Indian, never help Indian, never give any work, nothing to do Indian. I teach Indian children now. I study my books too. I stay Mr. C. L. Hall house. I never go home my father's house.

When I see Indian house, makes me feel so bad. Oh! dear me what I shall do with those Indian? I am going try hard to help to them. I hope God will help me.—Lieut. G. L. Brown, know about here, he told me take care self. He put me Mr. Hall house. I stay in his house I help teacher how doing. Miss ——— if my father house I will very hard time because people do not know anything about God word, don't care about him. I love him myself. I hope he will care of me. If I am not going East again I shall forget soon, that is reason I want young again keep learn more when I am strong. I like have come back again I think that best way. I told Mr. Brown say to me that true Josephine, he will see about. I want keep try help them, I want show how good live and know Bible say. They do not know great word.

Good by. I send my love to yourself. I hope I hear from you; please write to me so soon as you can. JOSEPHINE MALNOURIE.

A LETTER FROM ROSA PLEETS.

Reference to the report above from Standing Rock will show that Rosa Pleets is the girl about whom special anxiety has been felt from her apparent disposition to return to Indian life under the influence of her relations. It is only fair to hear her own statement of her case. She evidently thinks so too, and has therefore written to her former teachers at Hampton, writing in the Dakota language that she may express herself more fully and accurately. Her letter is thus translated by a student at Hampton:

"Dear Friend:

"This morning I am going to write to you. I don't write to you in English. I think you will be angry. I don't know very much English is why I write this. I stayed in Hampton and I was very happy. This is, what I thought is the reason I want to come home. My people don't know anything, and I want to teach them something about white ways. That is why I come back to Dakota. No one had been to school from here before. Ever since I came back, people have been talking about me a great deal. I am very sorry. I remember all you told me. Every time I walk out I am very sad. I go out in the evening and it grows dark and I feel sad and I pray. I always think about you. I wanted to see my mother, that's the reason I went back to Dakota, too. My mother was sick. That's the reason I always wanted to go back to Dakota. But she is getting better. What do you think about it? When we Indians have not any mother we think it very hard. I want to be with my mother when she dies. That's why I went to my mother's house. When I got home my mother was sick. I am so troubled in my heart, I get dizzy. I went to a dance but I didn't go alone. Marcella, a woman who teaches school, went with me. The people talked about us, and said we drank whiskey. The people at Standing Rock don't try to be good; all they think about is talking about each other. A great many people are very bad; if they hear anything they put more to it.

"Miss —, if you stayed here they would talk about you.

"That's all I'm going to say. I want you to write to me. From your friend,
ROSA PLEETS.

Some one has told me to ask you something and I am going to ask you. Louisa Bullhead wants to go back to Hampton. She told me to ask you.

Please put this letter in the paper. I wish you'd put all the letters you wrote to me and I wrote to you in the paper."

It is but justice to Rosa to say that in the three years she was at Hampton, having had no training before she came, no one improved more. She was industrious and faithful, and honest in nature.

The touching appeal in these letters is not disregarded, and it is probable that, in view of the peculiar difficulties said needs of the girls and their struggles to do right, some of them may be allowed to return for awhile to Hampton, to go out again reinforced in training and in numbers. The petition of Karnbach, the young man from Fort Berthold, to come back to Hampton to learn more English and more shoemaking, has also been granted, on condition that he pay $30 from his own earnings towards his transportation, thus testing his earnestness by sacrifice. The return home is the critical point in the Indian work, and must be guarded as it never has been in former efforts. At the very best there is the inevitable drop from the ideal to the real—from the glow of preparation for a life work to the tug of carrying it out. If this is the experience of every student what must it be to the Indian young man or woman surrounded by every adverse influence. Their chances for self-help should be looked out for as much when they leave school as when they enter it. This has been the Hampton idea from first to last, to which the success thus far is in great measure owing. The suggestion of Major Andros, of Yankton, to appreciate the students to some trade, or place them in families at work, for a year or more after leaving school, is worthy of consideration. Hampton's plan however has its advantages. Sending them home at the end of three years before they are any more estranged from home memories—setting them at once at work provided for them, in groups, under as good conditions as possible, and keeping watch of them. The influence of their appearance is thus brought the sooner to bear upon their tribe; its strength may be judged from Mr. Beveridge's letter. If after a year of such experience it seems best to give them another at the East, they will come with new appreciation of their advantages, and return home again with a maturer sense of what is before them.

The point is not to develop mind, but to develop character.

At Home.

Rich gift of God! A year of time!
What pomp of rise and shut of day,
What hues wherewith our Northern clime
Makes Autumn's dropping woodlands gay.
What airs outblown from ferny dells
And clover-bloom, and sweet-briar smells;
What songs of brooks and birds, what fruits
and flowers,
Green woods and moonlight snows have in
its round been ours. *Whittier.*

A friend, (we might write the word with a capital) to whom the above beautiful lines from our Quaker poet were sent on a New Year's card, responds with the following verses, which—moved by the concourse of sweet sound and images—he has "ventured to add." We are glad he ventured, and that his correspondent ventures to give us liberty to share it with our readers.

Thus, for the year that's past—
Our grateful hearts recount its joyous things,
Hoping that even its doubts and wanderings
May help us home at last;
And, for the unborn year
Ours be the Master's will which prompts to deeds
Rather than words—deposes ghastly creeds,
and living, casts out fear."

E. T. Jan. 1882.

LITTLE DUTIES.

A letter carrier in one of our large cities a few months ago, found on reaching the post-office after a long round of delivery, a letter in his bag that he had overlooked. It would have taken him half an hour to return and deliver it. He was very tired and hungry. The letter was an ordinary, unimportant looking missive. He thrust it in his pocket and delivered it on his first round the next day.

What consequence followed? For want of that letter a great firm had failed to meet their engagements; their notes had gone to protest; a mill was closed and hundreds of poor workmen were thrown out of employment.

The letter-carrier himself was discharged for his oversight and neglect. His family suffered during the winter for many of the necessaries of life, but his loss was of small account compared to the enormous amount of misery caused by his single failure in duty.

Another case; a mechanic who had been out of work a long time in New York, went last September to collect a small sum due him. The gentleman who owed it, being annoyed at some trifle, irritably refused the money. The man went to his wretched home, and maddened by the sight of his hungry wife and children, went out to the back yard and hanged himself.

The next day an old employer sent to offer him a permanent situation. Here was life lost and a family left paupers because a bill of a dollar or two was not paid at the right time.

The old Spanish proverb says, "There is no such thing as a trifle in the world." When we think how the lives of all mankind are tangled together, it seems as if every word or action moved a lever which set in motion a great system of machinery, whose effect is beyond our control. For this reason, if for no other, let us be careful to perform promptly and well the duties of life—even the most trivial. *Selected.*

RELATION OF FOUL AIR TO CONSUMPTION.

"Experiment has shown that if an animal be kept confined in a narrow, closed apartment, so that the air supplied is always more or less vitiated by the carbonic acid which it expires, however well fed that animal may be, tubercle (consumption) will be developed." If this be the case, a large percentage of cases of consumption should be met with among the inmates of badly ventilated schools. But, fortunately, the disease is comparatively infrequent under the age of fifteen, and added to this is the protective influence of the active exercise in the open air usually indulged in by school children. It is upon the teachers that its blighting effects are most apparent; as they are predisposed by age, they neglect exercise in the open air, and *their mental labor is severe, and worry of mind exhausting.* Of eleven teachers who died during the last eight years within the limits of one county in Pennsylvania, two died of acute disease, one of an overdose of an habitual narcotic, and of nine attacked by consumption, eight died—six ladies and the gentleman; the other, a gentleman, will recover, at least for a time.—*From "Schoolroom-Ventilation," by Dr. J. Higgins, in Popular Science Monthly for August.*

Health and Humanity.

NOAH'S MENAGERIE.

From a sermon to children, by the Rev. Dr. Blake, of Taunton, Mass., suggested by the preservation of animals, as recorded in the account of the deluge in Genesis.

"It is wonderful how much care God takes of all, even the smallest creature he has made. Hence he saved samples of all of them in the deluge, and he clothes and feeds them abundantly everywhere since, and is very much displeased when men maltreat and injure them.

And now I have come, SECONDLY, to the lesson which I especially wish you children to learn, from God's care of his creatures of all kinds; it is *not to abuse or trouble any of them for which God has expended so much kindly thought and precision.*

Sometimes children seem to have a natural disposition to abuse God's creatures. Probably it is from an ignorant thoughtlessness, not a parent's neglect to teach them better; but it often looks as if some children took a delight in hurting animals, and their parents apparently have no idea of the disposition it is cultivating in their children. If my words are for the little folks, I hope they will also pass on through them to my at least with their elders; if *you* need any hintings.

As the spring time is now coming on, when the trees are full of birds building their nests and raising up their little families, and the young animals—like the kittens and the lambs—are full of frolic, playing their child-games, it seems to be the time to say to all boys and girls, and to older people, too, "DON'T ABUSE GOD'S YOUNG CREATURES."

It is wrong. God made them to live and enjoy life, and they have a right to kindness, certainly, so long as they do not injure us, and I don't blame them for standing up for their right. There is room enough for you and for them, and if you keep out of their way they will, most of them, let you alone. Some of them may be made on purpose to stir you up in your forgetfulness, and teach you carefulness of their dominion. You may not see what is the use of a wasp, or a mosquito, or a fly, or a snake; but the Lord does, or he would not have made them; and he has given them pretty effectual means of showing their use, and you shall find out if you disturb them. Still it is wrong to abuse and torment even a bee or a fly. If you must be rid of them, *kill them quick!* Don't be cruel and abusive of the little nimble enemies.

But I speak more for the useful animals, such as the horse, the cow, and even the dog and the cat. It is plainly wrong to abuse these, as they have a special claim to fair treatment. Every tender hearted person feels it, and will show it. Yet the horse, especially, is fearfully abused; and by men and boys who ought to know better. He is overloaded, and then he is whipped. He is scared with loud words and noise, and then he is whipped. He is starved and weakened, and then whipped; when the driver himself is the only one who deserves the whipping.

I wish sometimes that horses could talk English; I think there would be some tearful tales told about the hitching-posts along the streets of our towns; and some market-boys would get a dismissal for their abusiveness to their employers' horses; and they would richly deserve it. But the poor animals cannot tell their sufferings, and there are all too few disposed to take their part. Do you children say a kind or even sharp word for the animals who cannot speak for themselves?

2. It is cruel to abuse animals. They have feelings. When they are maltreated they know it and show it.

Think before you strike your dog or throw your cat out of the door, or fling stones at the frogs and toads, or at the sweet-singing birds in the trees, or starve your canary. Think that they feel a hurt as much as you would, in their little bodies, and drop your stick and your stone.

3 Cruelty to animals will make you cruel. Your mind and your feelings grow just as your body does, by exercise. If you begin when you are little to torture animals, you will torture your little brothers and sisters as you grow older, and probably you will make a hard-hearted and unlovely man whom everybody will hate. Nero, the Roman emperor, it is said, enjoyed, when he was a small boy, to pull off the legs of flies, and watch their struggles to get on. When he became emperor he enjoyed seeing the wild beasts tear the Christians in pieces, and he wished that all the Romans had but one neck, so that he could cut all their heads off at one blow. He grew to be the most cruel of tyrants, and hated to this day.

I beg you, parents, to spend some thought and questions on how your children treat the little birds and animals about your home. Teach them, and show them yours lives how to be gentle to everything which God has made, if you will have them tender towards you when you shall be old.

I hope you, children, will never forget that God made and cares for your kitten, and your dog, and your horse, as well as for yourselves—and that he will not forget how you treat his own creatures—make their lives as pleasant as you can, for it is all the life they have, and they will show their thankfulness to you as well as they can. But if you abuse them they will be shy of you, and afraid to come near you, and we shall fear that you will grow to be cruel to us when we become old."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Teacher's Table.

SOME HINTS ON THE TEACHING OF ELEMENTARY GEOGRAPHY.

To Prof. Hal's very complete system of teaching Geography, given in the last three numbers of the Southern Workman, we add the following valuable "hints" fresh-bed for our graduate teachers by their friend, Mrs. E. N. L. Walton.

A knowledge of facts concerning the surface of the earth or of any part of the surface, is *Elementary Geography*; a systematic arrangement of these facts, with a knowledge of their causes, is *Scientific Geography.*

In the teaching of young children, elementary Geography only should be attempted.

That the pupil may be prepared to study the facts in Geography, it is necessary that he should have right ideas of *position, direction,* and *distance.* Hence, the first series of lessons should have reference to their development.

Absolute and relative position may be taught by exercises and questioning, somewhat as follows:

"What have I in my hand? Where have I put it? Where now? Where now? Now! Now! Draw a square like this (on board); put a dot in the middle of the square; at the top. Raise your right hand: put a dot at the right in your square; at the left, etc., etc.

Teach direction by the compass and other means, first the cardinal points, then the intermediate points. Let the pupils walk in different directions and describe where they go: let them look in different directions and name what they see, etc.

Teach distance by using and requiring the pupils to use the ruler, tape or chain, as applied to the edges of their books, slates, desks; the length and breadth of the room, yard, etc., etc. Let them judge of distances by their eye, then verify by the measure. Teach the boundaries of the desk, room, yard, etc. Let the pupils draw diagrams of the same on some convenient scales.

Let the pupil study the school district or village. Actually take him on some elevated spot, and teach him to observe and to describe the situation of the village, its size, its boundaries, its surface, whether land or water; of the land surface teach him the hills, plains, valleys or whatever lies before him—of water surface, the brooks, rivers, ponds, etc. Let him make models and diagrams of what he sees. Let him note the soil, the productions, and find out the occupation of the people, and other matters of interest. He has then clear ideas to start from, and when he begins to study about natural or political divisons in Geography which he cannot see, will be able, by comparing them with something he has seen, to go on understandingly. Much may be seen from the windows of Academic Hall and from the cupola of the barn; these are excellent places in which a Hampton student may begin the study of Geography.

Test the pupil's knowledge of natural division, by letting him construct ideal models of the same. For materials for modeling, clay, moistened sand or putty can be used. Keep the hands of the pupils active, as well as the eyes and brain.

I would teach the pupil about the township in which he lives, and tell him that several of these townships make a county, and many counties a state, and many states the United States; all these united for their protection and government; teaching more or less of these matters as the pupils were more or less mature, enough at least to enable the pupil to name the town, county and state, and country in which he lives, and to tell who is the governor of the state and President of the United States. This will require some months, perhaps a year to teach.

No matter, better lay a good foundation slowly, than have your pupil's ever after learn merely words, and gain no ideas. Parrots can learn words; it is for human beings to attain knowledge of things.

The Shaking Editor.

Lawrence Colt, a newspaper man in Columbus, Ohio, says he shook with Ague for over a year, in spite of all the medicines he took, quinine included. He got a box of Thermaline, took it, cured shaking and has not had a chill since. Thermaline is a sugar-coated ague cure, and costs only 25c. a box. It has never failed.

Agriculture.

LIFE ON THE FARM.

The following sensible reflections are from an editorial of the Springfield, (Mass) monthly, "Good Company."

As to its drudgery—whatever has been the case in the past when there were stumps to be pulled and mortgages to be lifted from almost every field; when it was a long way to market and the buyer paid for produce in "trade;" when almost all implements were laboriously hewn out at home or clumsily hammered out by the village blacksmith—there is, happily, less drudgery on the farm now, and less need of it every year. Taking the year through, the working hours of a man on a farm are no longer than those of the section hand on the railway or the man in the shop who has his own garden to tend before breakfast or after supper. The busy lawyer and the doctor in average practice work longer and harder than the farmer. The grocer and the editor and book keeper each sees less of his children in their waking hours than the farmer who sometimes envies them their "easy life." Moreover, within a few years, labor saving implements have wrought a wonderful change in almost every feature of farm work.

It must be conceded, of course, that the profits of farming are not so large on the average as those which are realized *by men who are successful* in mercantile or professional life. But such as they are, they are *surer*; twenty-fold surer at least. Large profits are always contingent on large risks. One must not expect the same rate of interest from Government bonds as from mining stocks. The wear and tear, the losses and defeats of business men in the last ten years, have been an experience that no farmer need covet. He may well be satisfied with the small income that, taking one year with another, is such a sure one; to resign the five chances of shining success in commercial life to those who are willing to take the ninety-five chances of sure failure.

The cities and towns are full of men who once had visions of a business success that would in monthly profits put to shame the small savings of a farmer's lifetime. On the home stretch of three score and ten they find themselves dependent for a livelihood on salaried positions which they hold by a dismally uncertain tenure, or on the precarious commissions of a canvasser or a commercial traveler. In comfort and in income, the lives they have led make a shabby showing compared with what they might have done as farmers, and point an important moral for the young men who are now debating whether they will turn their backs on the farm and try their luck in the lottery of city life.

EGG SHELLS.—OYSTER SHELLS.

That hens may lay freely they must have material from which to form shells for the eggs. The Hebrews complained of their taskmasters in ancient times that they were required to make bricks without straw. The hens of many modern poultry-keepers may complain that they are expected to produce eggs without being furnished with shell-making material.

An egg-shell is composed principally of carbonate of lime. This carbonate of lime is secreted and applied to the egg in its passage through the last eight inches of the oviduct. When this is known it is easy to see that there must be a sufficient amount of the carbonate in the tissues of the hen or the shell cannot be secreted. The lime is furnished to the tissues and secreting cells by the blood, and it must be furnished to the blood by the progress of digestion, which is the reduction and preparation of the food for assimilation and selection in the form of the egg.

If the necessary material is not furnished to the hen, she cannot and will not manufacture eggs any more than the cow will secrete and produce milk without proper food. Lime in some form is a necessary ingredient in the bill of fare of a hen. She gets a small quantity of it in the grain and other food she eats, but not enough to supply her own tissues and make shells for her eggs if she be laying. It must therefore be furnished in her food. This can easily be done where oyster shells can be obtained. They should be broken up with a hammer into pieces small enough for the fowls to swallow. They will have to be taught to eat them if they have not been used to them, but they will soon learn, and will eat considerable quantities when they can get them. This is as simple as a, b, c., but it is important if you want your hens to lay.

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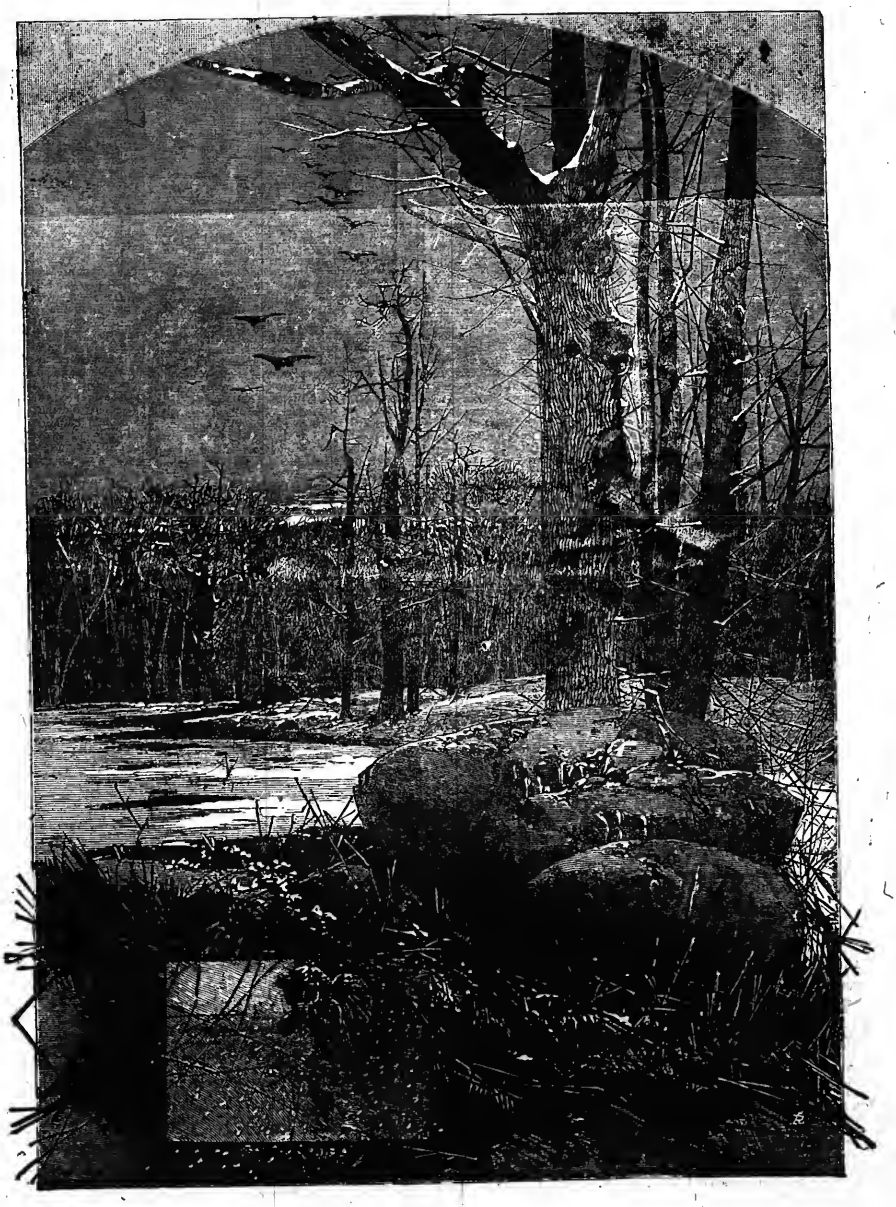

SPRING.

SPRING.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

* * * * * *

I, cnnntry-born en' hred, know where to find
Some blooms that make the season suit the mind,
An' seem to metch the doubtin' blue-bird's notes,—
Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry coats,
Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves ef you oncurl,
Each on 'em's eradic to a baby-pearl,—
But these are jes' Spring's pickets; sure ez sin,
The rebble frosts 'll try to drive 'em in;
For half our May's so awfully like May n't,
'T would rile a Shaker or an evrige saint;
Though I own up I like 'our back'ard springs
Thet kind o'haggle with their greens an' things,
An' when you 'most give up, 'ithout more words
Toss the fields full o'blossoms, leaves, an' birds:
Thet's Northun natur', slow an' apt to doubt,
But when it *does* git stirred, ther' 's no gin-out!
Fust come the blackbirds clatt'rin' in tall trees,
An' settlin' things in windy Congresses,—
Queer politicians, though, for I'll be skinned
Ef ell on 'em don't head against the wind.
'Fore long the trees begin to show belief,—
The maple crimsons to a coral-reef,
Then suffern swarms swing off from all the willers
So plump they look like yaller caterpillars,
Then gray hoss-ches'nuts leetle hands unfold,
Softer'n a baby's he at three days old:
Thet's robin-redbreast's almanick; he knows
Thet arter this ther' 's only blossom-snows;
So choosin' out a handy crotch and spouse,
He goes to plast'rin' his adobe house.
Then seems to come a hitch,—things lag behind,
Till some fine mornin' Spring makes up her mind,
An' ez, when snow-swelled rivers cresb their dams
Hespect-up with ice thet dovetails in an' jams,
A leak comes spirtin' thru some pin-hole cleft,
Grows stronger, fercer, tears out right an' left,
Then ell the waters bow themselves an' come,
Suddin', in one great slope o'shedderin' foam,—
Jes' so our spring gits everythin' in tune
An' gives one leap from April into June:
Then all comes crowdin' in; afore you think,
Young oak-leaves mist the side-hill woods with pink;
The cathird in the laylock-bush is loud:
The orchards turn to heaps o'rosy cloud;
Red-cedars blossom tu, though few folks know it,
An' look all dipt in sunshine like a poet;
The lime-trees pile their solid stacks o'shade
An' drows'ly simmer with the bees' sweet trade;
In ellum-shrouds the flashin' hanghird clings
An' for tha summer s'y'ga his hammock slings;
All down the loose-walled lanes in archin' bowers
The harb'ry droops its strings o' golden flowers,
Whose shrinkin' hearts the school-gals love to try
With pins,—they 'll worry yourn so, boys, himeby!
But I don't love your cat'logue style,—do you?—
Ez ef to sell off Natur' by vendoo;
One word with blood in't 's twice ez good ez two;
'Nuff sed, June's bridesmun, poet o' the year,
Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here;
Half-hid in tip-top apple blooms he swings,
Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin' wings,
Or, givin' awny to 't in a mock despair,
Runs down a brook o'laughter, thru the air.

THE LAST DANCE AT MEADOW HILL.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

Mrs. Langhorne's sketches of life among the freedmen, have interested many of our readers. The following picture of one of the last occasions of a common scene in the slavery time, brings out some of the sharp contrasts between the galeties and miseries of the old life, and the stern realities and development of the new.

Old master was dead, the plantation had been sold, and the white family had all gone to their new homes, excepting one of the young gentlemen, who remained alone in the deserted mansion.

At Christmas after the sale of the land, the division of the slaves among the heirs had been arranged. This had been done by drawing lots, but in some cases of personal preference or to keep families together, exchanges had been made to the satisfaction of all parties. None of them had been sold "out of the estate" as Negroes expressed it, but there was naturally much sadness among them at leaving the old homestead and parting from each other. Jennyson, the overseer, remained in his cottage near the servants' quarters to preserve order on the place. The general breaking up was to be made on the 1st of January, and the Negroes asked young "Mas' Charles's permission to give a grand ball and party to their friends in the neighborhood, before the final part'ng.

It seems curious now to recall such scenes as this, and to read the slave-code which prescribed such heavy penalties for the meeting of Negroes after dark. Young master readily granted the request, and only urged that respectable people should be invited, and order maintained. The feast prepared for the occasion was both substantial and elegant. Abundant supplies of fowls of every kind, hams, sausages, roast mutton, dried beef, shoats, etc., being prepared by the most skilful cooks, more than one of whom had a wide reputation as a culinary artist. There was great variety of bread, cakes, pies, jellies, preserved fruits, etc. Most of these viands were supplied by the land, and each family furnished its quota from private stores, old master having always allowed his people much latitude in raising fowls, pigs, vegetables, etc.

There was plenty of milk and butter in the dairy, and a joint fund was raised for the purchase of groceries and such things as could not be procured at home. Although invitations were issued, in order to save the managers from pecuniary loss each guest was expected to pay fifty cents on his arrival. This was customary among the colored people, and excited no comment.

The slaves of people in good society were very particular as to their associates, measuring their acquaintances by the recognized position of their masters, and being very scornful in their bearing towards such unlucky Africans as chanced to have come into possession of "po' white folks that couldn't muster but one or two niggers to their name", whereas the masters of these arrogant persons counted their slaves by the hundreds, one family in the district owning over a thousand.

In issuing invitations for this entertainment, there were doubtless many heart-burnings created by these very human traits among the feast-givers, as is common in preparing for festivals in other classes of society.

A fiddler was engaged for the occasion, and some of the vacant rooms of the deserted house decorated with evergreens, the tables being set in one apartment, and what had been the schoolroom for master's children, looking out on a long porch, used as the ball room. "Mas' Charles" and the overseer received formal invitations, and one or two young gentlemen from the neighborhood who wanted to see the fun, and had come over to spend the night, were included in the invitations to them.

About dusk the guests began to arrive. All were of course arranged in their best attire, which was in many cases the cast off clothing of "their white-folks". A new suit of homespun would not have been considered for a moment, in comparison with a half-worn broad-cloth or a somewhat dilapidated silk-dress, even though the fashions were decidedly antiquated—and the discarded coat of young master or the slightly tarnished robes of young mistis were deemed very becoming to sable swains and dusky belles in their own society.

On such occasions, many young white ladies, sympathizing with the excitement of the colored girls who had been their companions from childhood, would put the finishing touches to the toilet of their maids, adding contributions from their own stores of lace, flowers, ribbons, etc.

The guests once assembled, all went merry as a marriage bell.

Old master's funeral, which had taken place amid floods of tears, the sale of the beautiful homestead, where many of them had been born, the approaching separation; all was forgotten for the time, as the amiable and mirth loving creatures threw themselves with all the abandon of their ardent natures into the festivities of the hour.

Games were played, all, of course, ending in playing forfeits, songs were sung and stories were told by those having talents in that line. Then the supper was served and duly appreciated. Perhaps some of the guests behind an abundance to which they were little accustomed, and enjoyed the feast on the principle that it might be long ere they should look upon its like again."

"Mas' Charles" and his companions were not forgotten, a table being set in that young gentleman's room and amply supplied from every dish prepared for the banquet. Mr. Jennyson, the overseer, as was expected by the managers, was invited to join this set. This man could neither read nor write, and in education and intelligence fell below many of the slaves, whom it was his business to control, nearly all the house-servants of this estate being able to read and many of them knowing how to write, and being very intelligent people. The overseer was a good specimen of his class, however, was a quiet, steady man, well thought of as a farm manager by his employees, and quite popular among the Negroes, with whom he was never needlessly harsh, and with whom he worked steadily, setting them a good example by quiet, industrious habits.

After supper the frolic began in earnest, the fiddler was allowed no rest, and the house shook with the animation of the dancers. Quadrilles were repeated endlessly, with many impromptu variations, and the Virginia reel, which combined many features of the hornpipe, jig, polka, highland fling, with no doubt a suggestion of the African war-dance, imported and handed down by involuntary emigrants from Ethiopia, was often called for and performed with unwearied zest. The "wee sma'" hours were approaching, and the overseer was reluctantly discussing with his companions the propriety of suggesting to the merry makers that it was time for them to close their revels, when an untoward event occurred which threatened to dissolve all this gaiety in gloom.

The enjoyment was apparently unalloyed, and the dancers unflagging in strength and spirit, when a young man named Scipio Tompkins, who had elicited the admiration of all by his astonishing feats and flights, in attempting to execute an especially impressive fandango or pigeon wing, vaulted high into the air, and unable to stop himself, went headforemost through a window, and struck with a tremendous thump upon a large wooden churn which stood upon the porch below. The top of the wooden vessel, unable to resist such an attack, promptly gave way, and Scipio's head, a most unusual dasher, reached the bottom, and he and the churn into which he was tightly wedged, rolled over together on the floor and lay quite motionless.

In a moment, the music and dancing ceased, the overseer and "Mas' Charles" were summoned, and all gathered in consternation around the hapless dancer, who was supposed to be dead. This was a very serious thing indeed, for Scipio represented in his active limbs, and for once too penetrating head, at least a thousand dollars in money to his master, a neighboring planter. It might become a serious question of responsibility for Scipio's luckless feat of agility, and the overseer with a troubled countenance, told the Negroes to set out for their homes as speedily and quietly as possible, while he and some of the old people separated Scipio from his unwonted partner, the churn, and examined the extent of his injuries.

For a long time the disabled dancer showed no signs of life, but gradually he revived, finally sat up, and at length after much application of camphor and brown paper, and a copious draught of whiskey, he picked himself up and went home, leaving the churn much the worse for the encounter.

THE PANTHEON IN PARIS.

BY CHARLES S. ROBINSON,

(Formerly Pastor of the American Chapel in Paris.)

For the Southern Workman.

When any enthusiastic countryman of ours, sojourning in the French Capital, and sight-seeing among its celebrities, betrayed the somewhat alarming desire for stair-climbing, and wanted to have us do the talking and the guiding for him up to the hot top of the Arc de Triomphe or the Place Vendome column, we used to evade the pressure by saying calmly: "wait till you visit the Pantheon; you will work yourself aloft better, and see three times as much."

Around the crown of the dome, just under the lantern, runs a spacious balcony; and from this, the most elevated spot in Paris, a magnificent prospect is presented of the city and everything about it.

The building itself is celebrated for its beauty, as well as for its history, and its memento of the stormy past. King Clovis, in the far-back ages, built a Christian church on this spot, just after his conversion. This he dedicated to the apostles Peter and Paul; and so it stood for a while, but when the Nanterre maiden Genevieve died, she was buried within the enclosure, and thence forward the edifice took her name, and she became a canonization the patron saint of Paris. This was about A. D. 512.

That church remained for an unusually long time; but in 1764 it was pretty much in ruins. Madame de Pompadour persuaded Louis XV to start another near by to take its name and place. The money was raised by a lottery, the people piously vying with each other in providing for the expense when their great patroness was to be honored. After all its wild fortunes, this edifice has come to be a church again, and goes by its double name; it is either the Pantheon, or the Eglise de St. Genevieve.

This celebrated woman, St. Geneveive, was reared at Nanterre, just outside of Paris. Early noticed for her sanctity by one of the bishops of that time, she was easily persuaded to enter a convent in the city. Here (so the ancient story runs,) she lived a pattern of good works and prayer. Before long she startled the community with a prediction that a horde of barbarians would soon enter Gaul. And when Attila crossed the Rhine, and suddenly menaced this province, her words were accepted as if from high heaven. So she ventured to indulge her gift of prophecy again, declaring that he would be able to do no harm to Paris. The people believed her, and remained firm. Singularly enough, for some never explained reason, the great commander turned aside as he approached the city, and eventually withdrew without attack. The populace immediately asserted that Genevieve's piety had availed to avert the destruction. Her fame rose to the greatest height. Even that deplorable old creature who pounded a pillar-top at Antioch, Simon Stylites, varied the monotony of his useless life, by sending messages to inquire after her health. It was devoutly whispered around that she could work miracles, and all that. By and bye she died, as most things human do; then she was numbered among Roman Catholic saints.

Poor Louis XV stopped church building in order to have the small-pox, and died. His grand edifice was incomplete when the great revolution under Louis XVI began. The people had got bravely over saint-worship by that time, and changed the purpose of the building. In 1791 the National Assembly decreed that it should be called the Pantheon, and used for the burial-place of distinguished men. That is the reference of those prodigious words, so singular to be put on the front of a church, meaning literally:—"Dedicated to the great men of an appreciative country."

For a period of years this plan seems to have been actually carried out. The vaults underneath the nave and transepts are constructed for the reception of stone coffins; and many of them are filled now. In the centre of the crypt are shown the tombs of the infidels Voltaire and Rousseau. The bodies are not in them now, however; these were removed mysteriously during the restoration of the Bourbons. And even the cenotaphs are separated by high and closed partitions from all the rest. When the building came to be used as a church again, the parish clergy petitioned long and seriously that every vestige of memorial of such unholy heretics might be taken away; but the authorities objected, and the priests did the best they could to conceal the contamination.

In the enclosed chamber stands a marble bust of Voltaire, said to be an admirable likeness of the witty sceptic. Out of the tomb of Rousseau, extends a hand bearing a torch. It is a prodigious comfort to one's curiosity to learn from the local guide-book that the meaning of this is:—"He sheds light around him even after death."

The galleries are curiously constructed under this church; the passages wind intricately. And at one point visitors are led up into an angle, set off by a railing, that they may listen to a remarkable echo. A whisper is repeated over and over again, and dies away mysteriously in the distance. And the stroke of a gong is so deafening in the multiplied reverberations, that warning is generally given to the timid before the noisy blow is struck.

Some fine paintings, copied and original, adorn the interior of this edifice. It is one of the noblest pieces of architecture in Paris; and yet it strikes every visitor so confusedly as to be often unappreciated. It is a sort of cross between a walhalla and a church, and so fails in being either. The height from the pavement to the top of the dome is two hundred and sixty-eight feet, and is mounted by a staircase of four hundred and seventy-five steps. On the platform of the porch outside, behind the columns, stand two fine groups in stone; one representing the "Baptism of Clovis;" the other the "Prayer of St. Genevieve."

One pauses for a final look at this fine building, more to rehearse the terrible histories it perpetuates, than anything else. Here in this extensive area, just in front, a desperate mob of insurgents made their last stand behind their barricades, in the revolution of 1848; the headquarters of the rebels were fixed in the Pantheon. In the crypt, Marat, of infamous memory, was interred; but the infuriated people tore from their resting-place his remains, and flung them into the common sewer in the rue Montmartre. Mirabeau was also buried here; his body in like rejection was removed. That hard head "whose locks shook France when he nodded," found no quiet even in the grave.

DON'T BE LAUGHED OUT OF YOUR MONEY OR YOUR PRAYERS.

The late Admiral Colpoys, who rose to that high station as the result of his meritorious exertions, used to be fond of relating, that on leaving a very humble lodging to join his ship as a midshipman, his landlady presented him with a Bible and a guinea, saying, "God bless you and prosper you, my lad; and as long as you live, *never suffer yourself to be laughed out of your money or your prayers.*" The young sailor carefully followed this advice through life, and had reason to rejoice that he did so; while thousands have unavailingly regretted that they have pursued a different course.

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THE Anniversary exercises of the Hampton Institute for 1882 will be held Thursday, May 25th.

Class recitations in the morning from 8:30 to 12 o'clock.

Rhetorical exercises in the afternoon from 2 till 5 o'clock. In order to prevent confusion, admission by card to the latter is necessary.

All contributors are entitled to cards, which will be distributed early in May.

Cars leave New York City, foot of Deshrosses Street, at 3:40 P. M.; arrive at Philadelphia at about 5:30 P. M.; arriving at Baltimore at 9 P. M.; thence by steamboat for Fort Monroe, arriving at 8 A. M. next day. Accommodations at the Hygeia Hotel should be ordered by telegraph; there is likely to be ample room. The School is two and a half miles distant; there are plenty of vehicles.

A fine sea-going steamship of the Old Dominion Line leaves pier 39, North River, New York every Tuesday, at 3 P. M., arriving in time for the exercises, making the passage to Norfolk in 24 hours. Office corner of Greenwich and Fulton Streets, New York.

The Boston and Norfolk Steamship Company, E. Sampson, general agent, 53 Central Wharf, Boston, has issued a circular, making special arrangements and terms to accommodate one hundred guests for a 52-hour sea voyage to Norfolk, connecting by ferry with Fort Monroe, which is 15 miles distant, inviting only those who are interested in the Hampton work, and desire to attend its anniversary exercises. Fare for round trip, $18. For full information, address Capt. Sampson.

In a report made during the past winter by Lieut. Francis Winslow, on the oyster beds of America, notably those of Maryland and Virginia, he says, speaking of that vast industry which is so important a factor in the prosperity of our seaboard population: "The primary cause of the threatened destruction of this industry, is the failure to protect the oyster beds.'

Lieut. Winslow's personal observation of the Virginia and Maryland beds dates from the year 1878, and the results of it are published in a series of official reports presented by him to the Superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic survey. The facts which he presented in his able papers of last winter are gathered from those reports, from a paper by Dr. Brooks of the Johns Hopkins University and from various works relating to oyster culture here and abroad. The authorities are as near final as is possible with our present facilities for the study of the oyster, and while within the space of the present article we cannot give the details necessary to a thorough understanding of the subject, we can, in a condensed form, give the exceedingly valuable results of Lieut. Winslow's work.

The first question which suggests itself is, of course, "What proof have we that our oyster beds are deteriorating?" Lieut. Winslow replies, "The deterioration of an oyster bed and its impaired fecundity may be known 1st, by the general appearance and condition of the beds and animals; 2d, the ratio of "young" to "mature" oysters will be abnormally large or small; 3d, the amount of debris in the bed will be very large; 4th, the number of oysters in the beds will be found to decrease from year to year; 5th, unusual inhabitants will be discovered in the beds, or in general terms there will be marked changes in the fauna of the beds."

The localities exhaustively studied by Lieut. Winslow are Pocomoke and Tangier Sounds on the eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay opposite the mouth of the Potomac River, and these were selected "on account of the immense extent of their oyster beds, and because they permitted the study of all the varying conditions affecting the oyster." There is every reason to suppose that the observations made upon these beds cover all neighboring beds, Lieut. Winslow's own words being, "While I am unable to say with certainty that the beds of other localities than the one I have examined, have been overworked, yet I should infer that such was probably the case, and considering the surprising results of the investigation of a locality supposed to be the most productive in the country, if not in the world, the investigation of others cannot too soon be undertaken."

Is it then true that the conditions described by Lieut. Winslow as indicating deterioration are to be found upon our oyster beds? His reply is that this is beyond question. Every fact, and he piles Ossa upon Pelion, corroborates his view. He says in detail: "1. On the old beds the shells are dirty, worm-eaten, grow singly, or in clusters of twos or threes, with little sponges attached to them, and in many respects present an unhealthy appearance. 2. The ratio of young to mature is always either abnormally large or small. 3. The proportion of debris is enormous, in Pocomoke Sound amounting to as much as 97 per cent. 4. The number of oysters on the square yd. is in most cases decreasing steadily from season to season, and is *never* increasing."

Being thus, apparently, forced to acknowledge that the glory of our oyster-beds is departing, we naturally turn to look for the causes of this imminent misfortune, and find Lieut. Winslow again ready for us. One by one he eliminates the possible natural causes by series of experiments which our space does not permit us to follow, and arrives at the conclusion that "after reviewing all the natural causes which affect the beds, we can assign to none of them the destruction of either old or young oysters, or the extension of the beds which has been coincident with the diminution of the number of the animals. Remaining then, as the only other operating cause, is the agency of man."

What is included in that comprehensive phrase "the agency of man," any one who is familiar with the shores of Virginia and Maryland, knows only too well, and Lieut. Winslow's recapitulation merely puts it into scientific language. "Dredging" he tells us, is the principal means by which the oyster fishery is carried on, and its effects would theoretically be as follows: 1st. It would extend the beds. 2d. It would destroy their fecundity by removing the breed oysters and destroying their progeny."

When we ask if the facts bear this out he replies; "While the dredges are in the water, the mud, sand, sponge, grass or other debris brought up are separated from the oysters, and together with all oysters unfit for market, thrown back into the water. The limits of the dredging ground are not accurately defined, and the vessels frequently drag large numbers of shells and oysters some distance beyond the boundary of beds. The dredge, especially when full, acts as a scrape, and carries before it much that would be collected in the network attached to it, had that receptacle been open. After "culling" the oysters, or separating them from the old shells, those shells are thrown back again, (and with them many young oysters.) Should they fall on suitable ground, and any which is sufficiently consistent to support them is suitable, they form a small colony, which, by action of natural causes or the dredges, soon becomes attached to the main bed, and the area of the latter is thus enlarged. The dredges are thus mainly instrumental in extending the area, especially by their direct action in raking down the beds and spreading the shells and oysters.

As to the diminished fecundity, the removal of mature brood oysters of course has its effect, and should this removal continue, the fecundity will naturally diminish, until there is virtually no reproduction on the bed. But the removal of the brood oysters is not by any means the sum total of the effects of the dredging. Millions of young oysters, unfit for market, are carried off sticking to the shells of the mature oysters, and with those shells find a final resting place on the shell heaps of the packing houses. Nearly as many young are destroyed by being thrown from the dredging vessels upon soft or unfavorable bottoms, no care being exercised, in the hurry and press of work, to see that the young are returned to the beds or other suitable ground. * * The evil of excessive fishery then exists and, continuing, can have but one effect. * * The failure of beds in different localities may occur at any time, and it is more than probable that those of the Chesapeake Bay will be practically exhausted before many years."

To point this warning, we have the experience of England and France, where there has been a complete wreck of the oyster beds, only to be remedied by a total prohibition of the fisheries for several years, and the legislation which they have been forced to adopt is probably the only thing which will save us. The results to be attained are, (to quote Lieut. Winslow,) "The prevention of exhaustive dredging. The reservation of those beds or parts of beds upon which there is a large number of young growth. The prevention of the removal of the young growth from the beds. The close observance of the close-time, which should include the outer limits of the spawning season. The cleansing of the beds before the advent of the young brood. The exposure of suitable "culteh" when a bed has been long worked, and the destruction of star fish, drills, or other enemies that may exist on the beds."

As to the existing condition of our laws, Lieut. Winslow says: "In the locality which has been investigated, an inefficient law is entirely disregarded, an oyster guard exists, but pays no attention to the duties assigned, and the fishery is governed by the demands of the market and the necessities of the oystermen." The remedy of course is with our legislators, or more accurately speaking with our voters, and what they should demand at once, before it is too late, is the "establishment of a commission to have charge of all matters pertaining to the fishery—the commission to be composed of intelligent men, having special knowledge of the subject, and allowed considerable power, and to be so appointed and constituted that their acts will be influenced by no consideration other than those for the good of the beds." It is this and this alone which will secure the future of our oyster beds, and make them permanent sources of prosperity, and the subject is worthy of more consideration than it gets from those who are principally interested in it.

The run of shad on the North Carolina coast is reported to be larger than it has been for years at this season. This is the result of the system of hatching which was begun several years ago.

To the Editor of the Workman:

Your readers are aware that an effort is being made to secure the passage of a bill distributing a fund to the States by the general Government on the basis of illiteracy, to enlarge and strengthen the common schools of the country. The "Workman" of last month published a table illustrating the urgency of such a measure. The question is frequently asked by members of Congress, and doubtless by others, 'Under what provision of the Constitution is found authority for such action?'" The answer is: "Under the same clause which gave authority for and validity to the war measures by force of which the ignorant slave became a free citizen with the ballot in his hand." But it is said, "these were *war* measures, and laws are silent in the midst of arms. These war measures found their sanction in the fact that they were necessary to the life of the nation. *Salus populi suprema est lex* is a maxim no less true in time of peace than in time of war:—the remedies to be applied may be different; the right and duty of applying them is the same. The fact that armies were marching against the Capitol of the nation created an exigency which justified the *extra* Constitutional right of issuing an emancipation proclamation. No one who desired to see the nation live or believed that it ought to live, doubts that it was a legitimate exercise of power, because vital and necessary. For the same reason, whatever measures are essential to the life and safety of the nation, the nation may adopt. Can any intelligent man say that the ballot in the hands of nearly two millions of men who are unable to read it, constitutes a danger less imminent to the life of the nation than that which called into requisition the war measures by which the slave was emancipated and our national debt was incurred? Against the rebel forces that would destroy its life, the Government hurled the force of its loyal citizens and overcame them. Against the deadly ballot of the illiterate voter there is absolutely no defence. Under any theory of State rights, which is not suicidal, the Government can and must defend its life; but under no theory of democratic institutions may the voter be controlled or suppressed. Armed rebellion may be Constitutionally quelled by armed loyalty, but the bull-dozer and the ballot-stuffer are alike deadly enemies to republican liberty, no matter how great the danger they seek to avert. Safety cannot be found in suppressing an ignorant voter:—the only legitimate remedy is found in educating him.

These truths are indisputable. And now it needs to be said with emphasis and iteration that we have reached a point where danger from illiterate voters is no longer a matter of theory, or one that can with impunity be neglected.

For a number of years the illiterate Negro vote of the country was largely under the control of one party, and whatever damage it did to given localities, it did not threaten national interests more seriously than did the party that controlled it. Subsequently it has been so far suppressed as to relieve largely these localities from the evils of its ascendency, and has reached national issues only negatively. But the time is already come in some States, and is rapidly coming in all, when both parties will resolve themselves into a committee of the whole to see that this vote not only goes into the box, but comes out with its full force upon every state and national issue.

Statesmen tell us with great truth that the voter needs his vote for his own protection; that when all parties are anxious that he shall vote, and determined that he shall be protected in his right to do so, then is he safe, and not until then. This is a great truth, but it is only a small part of it. They should raise and answer

the further question: How is the State to be protected aginst his vote, and how is its safety to be secured while he is protected in his rights? And that question receives fearful emphasis from the facts just stated.

That the Government has the same right to send forth the school-master that it has to send forth the recruiting sergeant, and for the same reason, cannot be denied except by a solecism in logic and common sense too obvious to require consideration. That it has been urged to do so by many of our wisest and best Chief Magistrates; and that it has done so many, many times, from its very organization, is a mere matter of history, which ought to be so familiar that no one entrusted with the duty of legislating for its welfare, need ask for Constitutional power or repeated precedent to justify the action which is now sought. The last four Presidents have only repeated in urgent language what the first five had strongly urged, when they asked that the general Government shall take prompt and efficient action in providing for the general diffusion of knowledge as necessary to the safety of our institutions; and if Congress shall make liberal appropriations either from public lands, from proceeds from sale of public lands, or from surplus revenues in the treasury, it will only repeat what has been done many times from 1787 down to 1862.

C. C. PAINTER.

Washington City, March 18th, 1882.

THE JOHN F. SLATER FUND.

John F. Slater, a manufacturer of Norwich, Conn., has decided to give $1,000,000 for the education of colored people of the South, the fund to be put into the hands of trustees, under the laws of the State of New York. The trustees are to be Ex-President Hayes, Chief Justice Waite, President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, Governor Colquitt, of Georgia, James P. Boyce, of Kentucky, William A. Slater, of Norwich, the son of the giver, and John A. Stewart, William E. Dodge, and Morris K. Jesup, of New York. Ex-President Hayes is to be the first president. Mr. Slater, in a letter explaining his gift and his aims, says:

"The general object which I desire to have exensively pursued is the uplifting of the lately emancipated populations of the Southern States and their posterity by conferring on them the blessings of Christian education. The disabilities formerly suffered by these people, and their singular patience and fidelity in the great crisis of the nation, establish a just claim on the sympathy and good will of humane and patriotic men. I cannot but feel the compassion that is due in view of their prevailing ignorance, which exists by no fault of their own. But it is not only for their own sake, but also for the safety of our common country, in which they have been invested with equal political rights, that I am desirous to aid in providing them with the means of such education as shall tend to make them good men and good citizens—education in which the instruction of the mind in the common branches of secular learning shall be associated with training in just notions of duty toward God and man in the light of the Holy Scriptures.

The means to be used in the prosecution of the general object above described, I leave to the discretion of the corporation, only indicating, as lines of operation adapted to the present condition of things, the training of teachers from among the people requiring to be taught, if in the opinion of the corporation, by such limited selection the purposes of the trust can be best accomplished, and the encouragement of such institutions as are most effectually useful in promoting this training of teachers.

* * * * * * * *

It is my wish that this trust be administered in no partisan, sectional, or sectarian spirit, but in the interest of a generous patriotism, and an enlightened Christian faith, and that the corporation about to be formed may continue to be constituted of men distinguished either by honorable success in business or by services to literature, education, religion, or the State."

John F. Slater is a son of John Slater, who, with his brother Samuel, was a pioneer in the work of cotton spinning in New England. In 1806 the two brothers, with Almy & Brown, formed a partnership for the establishment of an extensive mill property at a point about thirteen miles north of Providence, R. I., a village which has been known as Slaterville.

About 1822, John F. took the leading interest in what have since become the famous Amoskeag Mills, of Manchester, N. H.

John Slater had three children, who are now alive, all born at Slaterville—John F. the present giver; William S., of Providence, president of the Worcester and Providence R. R. Co., and the Rhode Island Locomotive Works; and Elizabeth.

John F. Slater was trained to the industry in which his father and uncle were engaged, and in 1834 was sent to take charge of their mill at Jewett City, where he lived until about the year 1840, when he took up his residence in Norwich. Upon the death of their father in 1843, John F. and Wm. T. Slater, formed a partnership. In 1872 they separated, William taking the Slaterville property, and John F. that at Jewett City. A few years before this time, Edward P. Taft, of Providence, with three or four others, organized a company to engage in manufacturing on the Shetucket River, four miles above Norwich. The mill village at that point is now known as Taftville. In 1869 the corporation was reorganized with a capital of $1,500,000, Mr. John F. Slater being one of the principal stockholders and president of the company ever since. The Ponemah mill was completed and the machinery started November 16, '71. Its one roof, nearly one-fourth of a mile in length, covers a larger cotton manufacturing business than any other in America, although there are two or three concerns which, in a group of adjacent buildings, do more than this. *Exchange.*

THE Slater fund of one million dollars, to be devoted to the training of Negro teachers, is the gift of a representative New England man. Probably no charity has ever touched the Northern or the Nation's heart or sense as more wise and timely.

Since emancipation, New England has assumed peculiar charge over the manhood and development of the ex-slave. More is yet to come from that quarter for this cause.

Its purpose, its grip in this matter, is characteristically determined. Wise and well-done work for the welfare of the "despised races" of America will not suffice. Such effort is watched studiously by many who will help it along, and finally crown it with adequate endowment.

Our Southern schools do not need full endowment just now; that would set them on one side; they would cease to be a living issue, and public interest and sympathy would take other directions.

But they need all the resources that private benevolence can bestow to build up accommodations for the steady increase of students and to maintain teachers. "Bricks and brains" just now is the demand. When the *maximum* is reached, the tendency will be to establish foundations at well approved places. We must not complain of a long probation.

The advance of ideas at the South was never so rapid as now. Bourbonism is fast passing away. The right of every man to himself, and to make the best man that he can of himself, by the use of his unimpeded energies, has overshadowed aristocratic notions. Schools of both races are fuller then ever before; note what Dr. Mayo says of North Carolina, in another column.

The part of the North is to send and support its best heart and brain and skill to lift up the destitute but deserving and determined youths of the South. Here Mr. Slater's gift applies. It will suffice for the free tuition which must be made practically free to Negro youth, and help in a measure those who cannot pay for board and clothes besides. If it shall yield say $50,000 a year, it would aid 550 students, allowing each one, say $90 per annum.

Fourteen years' experience at Hampton has shown the capacity of the average Negro youth to pay, by his labor, much over half his board and clothing bills, and that but little more than free tuition is required for him. Help first those who help themselves.

The best work of Christian philanthropy is to *create chances* for men.

The Slater fund, by creating chances for 550 men a year for all time, will prove a god-send to our country. To make the teachers is to make the people.

This noble gift of a private citizen is an example and a reproach to our sluggish Congress, which is bound to fit the freedmen for freedom as much as to give it to them. We trust that the measure now pending to provide special aid for primary education in the South will not fail to pass, and to open a wide way for the thousands who are waiting for the light.

A VISIT FROM PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

On the thirteenth of last month, President Arthur made his first official visit of inspection to the Chesapeake National Soldiers' Home, and afterwards visited the Normal School, accompanied by Secretary Lincoln, with his little son Abraham, Hon. Rufus Ingalls, U. S. Quartermaster-General, Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, who has been boarding with his family in the vicinity of Hampton for some weeks, Hon. Martin Maginnis, delegate from Montana, Commodore S. R. Franklin, U. S. N., and others. After seeing the students march into their dining hall, the Presidential party drove through the grounds, and visited some of the buildings, after which the school was assembled in the chapel of Virginia Hall, and sang some plantation songs and glees for the entertainment of the distinguished visitors, and short, kindly addresses were made by the President, Secretary Lincoln, and Senators Hawley and Edmunds.

In introducing President Arthur, the Principal told the students of his well-known, brave championship of the slave, in the courts of New York, in 1855, and requested them, as a matter of interest to one who had thus proved his sympathy for their race, to make the same avowal they had once made to President Garfield, letting him know by rising how many of them had been born in slavery. Perhaps three-quarters of the school rose, a larger proportion than might have been expected by one who realized how fast we are leaving the war behind, and a touching sight to all who appreciated its meaning to them.

President Arthur said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I can stay with you but a few minutes, and can say but a few words. The question concerning your race to my part in which your Principal has alluded, was the question whether a slave-owner could bring his slave into a free State and still hold him in slavery. A slave-owner named Lemon wished to bring a slave into New York and be protected in holding him there temporarily, and then take him to Texas. The question was brought into the New York court, and there decided—*No* decided that the moment a slave was brought by his master on to free soil, that moment his shackles should fall off, and he should be free That decision settled the question virtually for the whole North, and had its part, no doubt, in the chain of causes which brought on the war between slavery and freedom. I never was prouder of anything in my life than of a share in that decision. And now I am glad to see before me such results as these which have grown out of the war. I am glad that General Hawley is here, who will say something more to you."

General Hawley, thus called out, responded by saying:

"You are used, no doubt, to what we say at such times as this. I will only say that the thought which has been running through my mind as we have sat here is, that all the people in this land are now absolutely free. You are absolutely free, and the only reason for talking about blacks and whites, as far as the law is concerned, has passed away. You own yourselves now. The time was when the law was nursing your race—now the time has come when you must stand on your feet, and do for yourselves. And that is the reason why such a school as this is so deeply interesting. Go out from it to live up to its teachings. I should feel personally disappointed ever to hear of any graduate from here who failed to be worthy of these advantages."

The Principal replied:

"In the name of these young men and women and their race I answer: We owe ourselves—give us a chance to *be* ourselves, which now we have not. The nation has freed us—but in our weakness and ignorance we need its help to teach us to use our freedom."

He then introduced Secretary Lincoln, who was greeted with enthusiastic applause, and responded:

"One of the last things I expected to do here to-day was to say anything. I thank you for your reception, which I know was for the name I bear, the name of one who felt always a great interest in the colored race, because he felt that it had been long and greatly injured. It was the labor of his life to repair, as far as he could, that injury, by giving you the right to your own labor. As it happened, that right was given to you before he died, and that, as General Hawley said, is your path of progress. I hope you will all take it."

Senator Edmunds, being introduced, said pleasantly:

"Time flies, and I can but say ditto to all that has been said. I will only say further to you all—my young friends, Indians and all: in one sense we are not free—in one sense every one of us is a slave, or ought to be—a slave to Duty, a slave to Virtue—to that law which would compel each one to do always that which is honest, brave, and good. So, my young friends, of both races, when you go home to the prairies of the West, or the sunny fields of the South, remember this, and ever obey that master."

DEATH OF THE POET LONGFELLOW.

The death of the venerable and beloved poet Longfellow, so soon after the almost national celebration of his last birthday, has brought a sense of personal loss into homes high and humble, all over our land. His was the poet of the people. All the breadth of his culture and learning served to increase the range of his sympathy with common humanity, and his power of interpreting it to itself. If, as Tennyson beautifully says of him, he

"——— Sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,"

the tones are always those which echo in every heart. So his simple words and measures, never straining after effect, always have one. The very commonness of some of his verses show their power. How many young souls have caught strength and inspiration from the Psalm of Life, and the Builders, and Excelsior, how many hearts have been soothed by the magic of this master—

"Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start."

It is pleasant to think of our first martyred President Lincoln, cheered under the crushing burdens that almost overwhelmed his great soul, by the grand closing apostrophe in Longfellow's "Building of the Ship," that he heard for the first time from a friend; and how his deep eyes filled with tears as the lines were quoted to him—

"Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State,
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
* * * * * *
"In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee."

There is no class of people in this country who should cherish Mr. Longfellow's memory more tenderly than the freedmen should. Like all the rest of the great poets of America, who, with Bryant, have begun to pass away from us, he has always given his voice for freedom and justice to the oppressed, and has happily lived to sing "the glad evangel of liberty through all the land to every inhabitant thereof," and the new song of love.

"So perish the old gods;
But out of the sea of time
Rises a new land of glory
Fairer than the old.
Over its meadows green
Walk the young hards and sing.

"Build it again
O ye hards,
Fairer than before!
Ye fathers of the new race,
Feed upon morning dew,
Sing the new Song of Love."

At Hampton, the remembrance will always be fresh of the kindness which Mr. Longfellow showed to the Hampton students when they were singing up her walls in the North. They will always repeat with pride the story of their meeting the venerable poet, by his invitation, at the gate of Mount Auburn, in the dewy Sabbath morning, and standing with him round the grave of Charles Sumner, while they sang, "My Lord, what a Morning;" and then of their kind entertainment in his historic house.

One of the freshest of the many personal anecdotes of Mr. Longfellow which his death has brought to light, is the account given by a correspondent of a Providence paper, Aphia Howard, of how one of the most striking of the poet's sonnets came to be written. It is always interesting to trace back the crystallization of a great author's thought.

She says:

"I found in 1864, on a torn scrap of the "Boston Saturday Evening Gazette," a description of a burying-ground in Newport's News, where, on the head-board of a soldier, might be read the words: "A Union Soldier mustered Out," and this was the only inscription. Knowing Mr. Longfellow's intense devotion to the Union, I thought it would impress him greatly. Carefully pasting the broken bits together on a card, I sent it to Mr. Longfellow. In a few days he acknowledged it by a letter which I did not at all expect, as follows: 'In the writing of letters, more, perhaps, than in anything else, Shakespeare's words are true, and

'The flight of purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it.'

For this reason, the touching incident you have sent me has not yet shaped itself poetically in my mind, as I hope it some day will. Meanwhile I thank you most sincerely for bringing it to my notice, and I agree with you in thinking it very beautiful.' After a while, it did shape itself in the poet's mind in the form of the exquisite sonnet beginning with the inscription."

The following is the sonnet, exquisite indeed.

A NAMELESS GRAVE.

"'A Soldier of the Union mustered out,'
Is the inscription on an unknown grave
At Newport News, beside the Salt-Sea wave.
Nameless and deathless; sentinel or scout
Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous rout
Of battle, when the loud artillery drave
Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave
And doomed battalions storming the redoubt.
Thou unknown hero sleeping by the sea
In thy forgotten grave! with secret shame
I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,
When I remember thou hast given for me
All that thou hadst, thy life, thy very name,
And I can give thee nothing in return."

We regretted to see in the "National Republican" of Washington, of April 21, a reported interview with Secretary Teller uncontradicted, we believe, in which, after professing to do absolute justice all around, the Secretary is said to say: "And right here I desire to say that a large proportion of the friends of the Indians in the East, being ignorant of the character and condition of those people, are utterly incapable of presenting any practicable plan for his civilization. With the best intentions, these philanthropists would prescribe a policy which would be fatal to the Indian. For example, they would insist on land in severalty, which, if forced upon Indians before they are ready for such a change, would be fatal to them."

The best expression of Eastern sentiment is what it has *done*, not what it has *said*. They, (especially those in Boston) have given in the past four years fifty-five thousand dollars to the Hampton Institute, to help provide elementary English studies and opportunities for Indians to learn to work in the various departments of agriculture and the mechanic arts, for they believe, of all things, in a practical education with simple studies. For the Indian work at Hampton the government has given in all, thirty-three thousand dollars.

Any statement implying that they would at once scoop up and dump whole bodies of wild Indians down "upon lands in severalty," is a travesty. These "ignorant" people believe that some Indians are about ready for such a change, but that in general, the division of lands among them, along with citizenship, should be an objective point, definitely adopted as a public policy, and approached as rapidly as can be done. There are extremists both East and West. To affirm that "a large proportion of the friends of Indians in the East, being ignorant of the character and condition of the Indian, are entirely incapable of presenting any practicable plan for his civilization," would be more just, judging from the past, if it included the friends of the Indians in the West also. What have they done? Is not the voice from the East for civilization; from the West for extermination?

The Secretary asserts his friendship for the Indian; he is reported as saying: "I am a friend to the Indian; I recognize his right to a home in this country and the means of getting a living and acquiring the arts of civilization. I am in favor of establishing and maintaining boarding-schools at every agency. I don't think much of the plan of bringing Indian children to Carlisle or Hampton to be educated. I would have the common branches taught, but the most important education the Indians can have is to be taught how to work; practical industry is a great civilizer."

Where is practical industry taught with the common branches more thoroughly than at Carlisle or Hampton? The methods of these schools have been repeatedly stated in recent public documents. They do not seem, however, to enjoy the favor of the Secretary.

Secretary Teller's advocacy of maintaining boarding schools at the agencies, is to be most highly commended. There, by far the most of the work is to be done. They need aid more than our Eastern schools.

There are noble, self-denying men out there, working obscurely, but at a vital point of the Indian question; too much cannot be done for them. But Government agents as educators, or *moral* agents, are not likely, as a rule, judging from past experience, to be very successful. We say, missionaries for missionary work; government officials, for governmental duties.

Carlisle and Hampton are, however, doing a work not only for Indians, but are creating an enlightening, hopeful sentiment in the East, which, in return, has so far, given Hampton already more money than the Government has, to maintain its practical methods. Besides the Eastern philanthropists, many army officers of longer, larger and more thorough experience of Indians than most Western people, have, from personal observation, declared that these schools have struck the solution of the Indian question. The philanthropists are not alone in supporting these practical systems by which they wish their faith and professions judged.

We are glad to copy from the "Christian Register" an extract from a letter in North Carolina, written by the Rev. A. D. Mayo, of Boston.

Such general information on every Southern State would add greatly to Northern interest in them all, and, perhaps, attract down there some of the enterprise that now seeks the West. "Young man, go South," may be the watchword in less than ten years from now.

"North Carolina in a rough way may be said to consist of four States. A hundred miles back from its amphibious coast, the country is a vast pine forest not a hundred feet above tide water, intersected by countless streams, with great rivers pushing up from the ocean, —one of the most peculiar countries in the world, inhabited by crowds of Negroes, and largely peopled by the sort of folk on whom mother Amy Bradley has been at work for the last sixteen years at Washington. Its half a dozen towns, like New Berne, Beaufort, and Wilmington, the largest in the State, are growing in a moderate way and, all along the coast, the great capabilities of the fisheries and "truck-farmin" are becoming apparent. For two hundred miles westward, the region overlooked by the capital is a country of large capabilities, varying from one to five hundred feet above the sea, heavily wooded, and capable of becoming a densely populated and most valuable agricultural empire. Then comes the proper Piedmont region, overlooked by Greensborough, Salisbury, and Charlotte, through which pour a dozen great rivers on their journey from the mountains to the lowlands, any one of them representing a water-power equal to half a dozen of largest manufacturing cities. This region in North Carolina, as in Virginia and South Carolina, is evidently the home of future empire. It is peopled largely from the Scotch-Irish and more energetic English and early German emigration, and represents a great future in the history of this old commonwealth. Beyond rises the great mountain world, an average table-land of two thousand feet, towered above by the summits of the loftiest ridges of the great Appalachian chain. Altogether, North Carolina is five hundred miles in its extreme length from east to west, and, at its southern corner, two hundred and fifty miles in breadth.

From Greensborough to Wilmington is a transition as great as from north to south. Down here on the banks of Cape Fear River, environed by a wilderness of marsh lands, its streets a shifting drift of sand, sleeps the little city of twenty thousand people, the most populous in the State, yet already beginning to envy the more rapid growth of the uphill towns. But, here, you are out of the omnipresent mud, in a climate that through the whole winter is pleasant, with a lovely early spring, and such days in the middle of February as make it a luxury to live. Wilmington is pushing ahead in a moderate way, and is yet destined to an important position among the cities of our southern Atlantic coast. Here, our good friend, Amy Bradley, has done her splendid work, perhaps the best yet done in the South, because it demonstrates that the most hopeless of the "poor white trash," which is the dismal class of these States, can be lifted up by the power of a Christian education to a respectable, intelligent, and moral laboring class.

The peculiarities of character in the old Southern States are more strongly marked than in the new South-west. Indeed, until within the past twenty years, North Carolina was inhabited by half a dozen sorts of white people less acquainted with each other and more hostile in their prejudices than would seem possible to the populations of as many different American States. Even yet the State is greatly impeded in its progress by the absurd provincialisms that are rooted in the obstinate ignorance of great masses even of its white people, the illiteracy of the State being perhaps more alarming than any in the South.

But, with all these local variations, the North Carolina character is very sharply emphasized from the Virginian and the South Carolinian, between which it is sandwiched. Without the culture and mental brilliancy of Virginia, or the social spring and poetic imagination of South Carolina, the Old North State represents the same type of society as Pennsylvania in the North-east. Its people seem to us strongly endowed with commonsense, practical power, and are good hearted and kindly to an astonishing degree. No one of the old States has been so terribly scarched by emigration. Tennessee, the most powerful of the South-western States, is really the child of North Carolina. Every one of her Presidents were born on the eastern side of the mountains; and, indeed, the four south-western States, to say nothing of whole patches of country in the north-west, have been overflowed by this torrent of emigration that for almost a hundred years has poured from the Old North State. North Carolina to-day reminds one of a bounteous mother, who, at fifteen, began to "raise" her family, and send them forth to people new lands, and at sixty, when her children are set up in life, buys a new gown and cap, moves into a new house, and starts out for another thirty years' pull on her own account.

The three most striking social phenomena in North Carolina to-day are, first, the growth toward liberal politics. The people of North Carolina never went out of the Union, but the politicians of the low country captured the State, and dragged it through the terrible five years of war, leaving it almost in ruins. But the people have steadily pushed on toward a conservative and sensible management of public affairs. Another presidential campaign may possibly land the State high and dry above the slough of sectional politics, and place it in that most valuable class of commonwealths which are to become the anchor of the Union for the coming generation.

The second remarkable development is the temperance revival that for the past two years has swept through the country. We were reminded everywhere of the days of our boyhood in New England, and all the old scenes of the temperance reformation of that day are now being re-enacted in this State. Ignorance and "mean whiskey" are the twin demons of Southern life. Nine-tenths of the violence, and all manner of uncleanness that riots in this land, is the direct outcome of liquor among the vast swarms of low-down black and white population. The temperance pledge and the schoolmistress, vigorously worked for a quarter of a century, would lift up this State to one of the most prosperous and attractive of American commonwealths.

But more marked than either, is the great revival of public education that we found everywhere among the people. The old colleges and academies are all waking into new life, and are probably better in quality than ever before, though many are sorely pressed by lack of funds. Seminaries for girls, like the Peace Institute and St. Mary's at Raleigh, and secondary schools for boys, like Bingham's at Mebanesville, are among the most hopeful omens of superior education we have met in the South. But the most characteristic development is in the country towns and villages, where it takes the form of the village graded school. At Goldsborough, Raleigh, Greensborough, Wilson, and various other considerable towns, can be found a public school for white children, of remarkable vigor, managed by an expert, taught by the best methods, and thoroughly satisfactory to all classes of the people. Many schools for colored children of the same sort are being established. Indeed, the great school mania seems to be raging through the length and breadth of the State. Our carpet-bag was filled with the most pressing invitations to visit a score of these places, where a group of public-spirited people were at work persuading the inhabitants to throw up the average shiftless Southern policy of scattering the children of a community among a dozen inefficient private schools, and concentrate on one vigorous public establishment supported by local taxation. From these village schools will go out the teachers for the open country, and gradually the vast army of ignorance that keeps this grand old State in the back-ground will be lifted up into the light of the new era. No American State has greater capabilities for agriculture, manufactures, milling, fisheries, and a certain style of coast commerce, than North Carolina. Liberal politics, the temperance reformation, and the public school are "the tandem team" that will drag the old commonwealth out of the mud-hole in which she has labored, up into the broad highway of American progress and prosperity.

We are strongly pressed to spend the entire summer months in this State, attending half a dozen institutes for teachers that will be in session at different points, from the sea-coast to the heart of the mountains. No more attractive work could be offered to any man; and if Providence would vouchsafe strength after our seven month's tramp, from October till June, we should be strongly tempted to go in, and fight the campaign out on that line. But this is not probable. Human endurance has bounds; and these enthusiastic people of the South, in their new enthusiasm for education, make such demands upon strength and sentiment, that safety lies in beating a retreat through the summer and laying up ammunition by the sea-side or among the mountains for new efforts in the coming year. But nowhere in the Southland has our ministry of education been met with a heartier welcome, and no people have made a deeper impression upon our heart or seemed more worthy to be worked for and prayed for by every Christian patriot, than the deep-souled, sensible, and kindly folk of North Carolina. We still cherish the hope that we can see this magnificent old commonwealth in its summer glory, sail through its labyrinths of romantic coast, behold its bright, sun-lit fields at the season of the cotton bloom, journey through its beautiful upland in harvest time, and from the summit of Black Mountain feel ourselves on the pinnacle of that part of the Union which stretches from Colorado, two-thousand miles, toward the rising sun.

DIED.—April 13th, at Lynchburg, Va., of consumption, Sarah A. Lucas, a graduate of Hampton Institute, of the class of '78. She was a student there three years, a faithful student and conscientious Christian She has taught for the past year successfully in Nelson County, Va. Her death in the midst of her usefulness will be mourned by her many friends in the school.

In another column will be found an interesting sketch of the corner stone exercises at the colored Normal and Agricultural School at Tuskegee, Alabama, which is superintended by two Hampton graduates, Mr. Booker Washington and Miss Olivia A Davidson, the latter a graduate also of the Framingham Normal School in Massachusetts. The school was founded last year by the State which pays the teachers' salaries by annual appropriation. The enterprising efforts of the young superintendents to establish it on a basis of strength and practical usefulness by making it an industrial school in the spirit of Hampton, have met cordial response from both the colored and white citizens. The corner stone was laid by Hon. Waddy Thompson, of Alabama.

Mr. Washington, and Miss Davidson, will spend the summer vacation in the North in efforts to raise the funds necessary for their school building, and we very heartily commend them and their cause to the friends of Hampton and of such as Hampton's work.

On account of the removal of the Printing office the past month, this number of the *Workman* has been somewhat delayed.

The office is now located on the first floor of the "Stone Memorial building, and is larger, better ventilated and better lighted than the old one in the basement of Virginia Hall.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

How a Girl Remodeled her School-house. A Story for Dr. Mayo. "Pull Mamma in." Local Option. A Good Record. On Fire twice a day. A Joint letter. A School among the Mountains.

HOW A GIRL REMODELED HER SCHOOL HOUSE.

A STORY FOR DR. MAYO.

Dr. Mayo's lecture in our number is well illustrated by the following story of a young teacher's labors for her little kingdom.

——S. C. *Jan.* 14, 1882.

Dear friend:

I am now teaching in this township. I came here the last of October, and opened school the first of November. I opened with three scholars. All that week the same three came. The next week I went with hopes of seeing more scholars, but I only had three new ones to come. I had several inclinations to be discouraged, but the thought of how some of the Hampton graduates work in Virginia, cheered me to do the best I could. I toiled on through that week with six little scholars, and at the end of the week I went to visit some of the parents. I asked the reason why they did not let their children come to school; the whole cry was that it was a hard year, and that they were not able to send their children to school.

I insisted upon them as best I could, to send their children with what they had, and they promised to do so.

On Monday morning I went to school and found ten new ones. The next week more came, and now my school numbers seventy-seven scholars. My school house is constructed of pine logs. When I came here I found the house very open. I soon managed that however. I appointed a day to clean up around the school house. On that day we were to daub the house, nail boards over the cracks, mend the clay chimney, scrub the floor and sweep the yard.

That morning you should have seen the children coming up the hill to tha school house, some with tubs, scrubbing brushes, hoes, boards and brooms. After prayers, we went to work upon the house, and soon finished it. Every crack was nailed up, and then we went to daubing, which was indeed very pleasant work. I think Mrs.—— it would have done you some good to see how faithfully those children worked that day. We finished the work, and then dismissed school. Now my school house looks like a new one to what it did when I came here. The Trustees complimented me upon what was done, but I told them it was no more than my duty.

I needed seats in the house, and asked the Trustees to give me tha benches, but they said they were not able to do so. Then I wrote to the parents of the children, whom I thought able to assist me, and eight of them answered. Then I had ten benches with two others that I had.

I feel very proud of my little school; perhaps it is because I had such a hard time in getting it to start. As a general thing, the children are very poor. They are not able to get the hooks and clothes they need. If ever a set of children needed aid, I think these do. I often wish I were able to help them; but I am not.

Remember me kindly to my teachers and friends.

Hoping to hear from you soon.

I am yours truly,

R.

"PULL MAMMA IN." LOCAL OPTION.

What can be expected of the children, where the mothers "aint no better." Well then, as Dr. Mayo says, and as often happens, the children must be brought into the better way by the teacher, and then they will turn about and "pull mamma in."

——— Co. Va. January 28, 1882.

My Dear Friend:—

Our school began September 19th. We have quite a comfortable school house, but it is not large enough for the children of——— I have the intermediate grade, and like it very well, though I thought at first that I could not possibly manage the children.

The parents seem very anxious to have their children learn, but the children are very, very rude. They do not believe that we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us, but as they do unto us; so if one boy strikes another, he generally gives him as good as he sends. I am sorry to say that this is not only the case with the boys, but also with the girls. I have talked to them a great deal about it, and asked them if their parents taught them to fight. Some said, "no", others "My mother told me if any body struck me to strike them back."

Another day I was talking to a little girl about calling another bad names, and told her that I thought her mother would be ashamed of her if she could see her now. One little boy spoke up and said, "Her mother aint no better."

Most of the colored people here are getting along very nicely, but, as in every other place, they have their stumbling blocks, and the barroom is one of them.

Some of the citizens are trying to get "Local Option" here. Two of the colored ministers have taken hold of it, and are doing good work—the other minister has not consented to speak to his congregation about it, because he believes some one is trying to get an office.

There are a great many children here, but tha Sunday schools are not well filled. I have a class in one of them, and am trying to do all I can to help them, but the people do not seem to take very much interest in Sunday school work. We have over two-hundred children in school days, and I don't think half of them attend Sunday school.

While I feel that a great many of the parents are to blame for not setting their children good examples, some are trying to bring them up the best they can.

At first I thought my labor was all in vain, but now I find that the children are learning something, and their conduct is much better. Though the work is hard, I enjoy it.

Yours truly,

R.

A GOOD RECORD.

An older graduate who has been teaching for several years, gives the following statistics of his work:

———Ga. February 20, 1881.

My school at present is in the city of Darien Mc Intosh Co., No. 61, an average of 50 daily attendance. My scholars progress rapidly. I have taught upwards of 600 children since I left Hampton, and about 1300 days. Have been teaching ever since I left the school, and have been successful. Safely can I say, (tho'-myself) that my scholars and patrons have cried because my time was up, and wanted me back again. I am a member of the 1st A. B. Church of Brunswick, Ga. and embraced the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ in April 5th, 1875 Thanks to my kind Redeemer. I have been trying to follow and keep my promise to Him, and the faith of which I profess, ever since I entered into the fold.

I am writing now very hurriedly, at 12 o'clock P. M. or night. Have none or little time during the day for communications. I want to come back and finish my Senior course at Hampton, (as I have no wife now.) G. R. Jackson is teaching in here. If I can't come to Hampton, October, 1882, I hope to enter Oberlin, Ohio, or Lincoln, Pennsylvania. Trusting to hear from you soon,

I am yours sincerely, C.

ON FIRE TWICE A DAY.

An ardent young teacher—an undergraduate—is fighting fire with fire in a difficult station.

Feb. 20, 1882.

Dear General:

I received your letter soon after I had returned from Conn., and did as you requested me. After the people found me at home, they were very anxious for me to take a school. I was offered four schools: two by the trustees of District, and two by the people of two other districts, all of the same county I am living in. I accepted the one nearest to me in ——District. I passed examination without any trouble, and have been teaching sixteen weeks; four more weeks and my school will close.

I have on roll sixty-five pupils, and my pay is $25.00 per month. My school house is small and uncomfortable; the school board does not furnish anything in the way of school furniture, excepting one blackboard about three feet square. The benches I use are made by taking slabs, (that is the outside part that comes off a log when sawed) turning the bark side down and boring two holes in each end, and fitting round pieces in for legs. The school-house is an old frame building, without any plastering, and with plenty of ventilators: the stove is in very bad condition. I have to stop two and three times a day (generally) to put out fire; first the floor, and then the joists. This makes the fourth session I have taught school in this county. I taught three sessions before going to Hampton, and finding myself not qualified as I should be, caused me to go to it, with a view of graduating for a school teacher. I was successful in making the Middle and was promoted to the Senior class before I left; but my mother's death may throw me out of graduating in '83 as I had expected. Soon as my school ends here, I expect to teach a five months' session in Westmoreland County, Va. They are building a new school-house, and expect to have it finished about the time I get through here. Hoping to hear from you when convenient,

I am yours respectfully, L.

A JOINT LETTER.

Two of our most faitful workers who are at present associated in care of a private school, send in a joint account of their success.

——, *Virginia, January 7th*, 1882.

Kind friend:

We received your cards [containing a set of enquiries sent to all the graduates] some time ago, and take pleasure in replying to your questions. Mr. McNeil came here in Sept. last and assumed the principalship of Public graded school No. 2, in our town, and by some labor succeeded in having the school-house made comfortable for the winter, and procuring many other things necessary to the comfort of both teachers and scholars, with which things the school had not before been provided.

We opened school, after the completion of these necessary repairs, Oct. 31st, with 37 pupils, but the number now on roll is nearly five times as many.

We have three teachers, and the school is in a prosperous condition. The 2nd assistant teacher, is a lady graduate of the Richmond High School, and once taught in the public schools of that city. We have just received the "Southern Workman" in which is published an excellent letter to the "Hampton Graduates," from Miss Longstreth of Philadelphia, whose annual address to them is always hailed with a welcome, and perused with much interest. I should like very much to know her address.

Hoping to be kindly remembered by you and Hampton,

We are very truly yours, McN. and H.

A SCHOOL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

One of our most thoughtful and earnest graduate teachers gives a very interesting account of his school among the mountains of Virginia, and of the state of the colored people in that region.

——Co, Virginia, Dec. 29th, 1881.

My Dear friend:

Your cards have been received. I delayed answer until Christmas holidays, as I then would have more time, and could spend more thought upon it. We began our school on the 19th of Sept. 1881. None of the teachers of last year came back, I think it necessary or an advantage for a teacher to know how his predecessor has managed. It prevents abrupt changes; gradual changes are often preferable in keeping up the interest of the scholars, and establishing confidence in the teacher.

We had to get information on general matters from Superintendent, parents and children. It is well to hear these parties, but not to blindly trust them. We have a nice school house of three rooms, plastered, and with windows with weights; but it ought to have five rooms instead of three, considering the number of children that should come. I am informed by the Superintendent that money is lacking to make these needful changes. I have taken pains, from time to time, to make known to the officials its needs.

Our Superintendent is kind and courteous, as much so as any I have met. While I appreciate his services, I do not fail to see important things that have been left undone.

Miss ——, of '80 and Miss——, of '81 are with me. They are patient and hard-working, and so I am glad to be with them. I found the children bad in conduct, and careless in study. It appears most every one would say, we had a hard school to manage. I told my children at first, if they were good, I could be good, or if bad, I would be bad. That is, that I would rule by moral suasion if I could, by corporal punishment if I must. I find the latter to be the better remedy. Many are taught at home to do unto others as they are done unto, and are allowed to mingle freely with bad children in the streets. Since we have become acquainted, I do not whip much. I am glad that they are now more interested in their studies. I do not attribute mentioned defects to other teachers, but to the pupils' surroundings; and perhaps what I say of them will be said by my successor.

The scholars of my room appear to have been well taught in reading and spelling, but in arithmetic and grammar, going through rules appears to have been aimed at, more than thoroughness. This is a graded school, in which history and other common-school branches are taught. Irregular attendance is a great draw-back to its success. Some have to live in service during the time they come to school. So they come late and do not have much time for study after school. We have enrolled about 200 but some have stopped. I think we reported 164 this month. I believe I could get in many more if I had rooms and teachers. Our term is now more than half out. I like this part of our state. How different the products, the scenery, and I may say the people. One has to come West to find out the truthfulness of tha geographical statements that Virginia is one of the first tobacco growing states. Wheat is grown extensively, but little corn.

The town appears to lie at the foot of the mountains, but I find they are a few miles off. Most every where the eye looks, it rests on these "everlasting hills." The scenery is grand and beautiful. I do not think the colored people here differ much from those in Hampton, I do not think tha young men and women long for the higher education, though most can read and write. They do not save enough of their earnings.

The place lacks far-seeing, right-minded, sacrificing and intelligent leaders. I think there are good people here, but I do not think many of them throw all their influence in the right direction. I cite as an example the Sunday schools, which are poorly attended, and their fairs which are well attended. Society lines are not distinctly drawn. The actions of the good do not say to the bad promptly enough—if you do that you cannot go with me. Our Superintendent says that there is lack of society among us, and thinks that education so far does not appear to accomplish it; that is, form a society of the good and the bad. This is not pleasant if true, but it does not discourage me. The more fault there is, the harder we should work, and better lives we should live. I mean that this should be a stimulus to the noble few who believe in the future importance and glory of the Anglo-African.

We have three colored churches here; the Baptist, A. M. E. and M. E. Methodists. Each of us go to a separate Sunday school. I have not been able to get the old ones to come, and not very many young women and men. I hope to do something for local option movement in the state. I prefer total prohibition.

Our Superintendent did not get as many Hampton graduates as he wanted. He speaks well of the Institute and them. I hope the school is getting on well. I hope you will remember me to the Principal and the teachers who know me.

I am your friend, S.

WHAT IT COSTS.

A gentleman was walking in Regent's Park, in London, and he met a man whose only home was in the poor house. He had come out to take the air, and excited the gentleman's interested attention.

"Well, my friend," said the gentleman, getting into conversation, "it is a pity that a man like you should be situated where you are. Now may I ask how old you are?"

The man said he was eighty years old.

"Had you any trade before you became penniless?"

"Yes, I was a carpenter."

"Did you use intoxicating drink?"

"No, oh no, I only took my beer; never anything stronger; nothing but my beer."

"How much did your beer come to a day?"

"Oh, a sixpence a day, I suppose."

"For how long a time?"

"Well, I suppose for sixty years."

The gentleman had taken out his note-book, and he continued figuring with his pencil while he went on talking with the man.

"Now let me tell you," said he, as he finished his calculations, "how much that beer cost you my man. You can go over the figures yourself." And the gentleman demonstrated that the money, a sixpence a day for sixty years, expended in beer, would, if it had been saved and placed at interest, have yielded him nearly eight hundred dollars a year, or an income of fifteen dollars a week for self-support.

"Let me tell you how much a gallon of whiskey cost," said a judge after trying a case. "One gallon of whiskey made two men murderers; it made two wives widows; and made eight children orphans." Oh! It's a costly thing.—*Dr. Richard Young.*

In the English Parliament, some years ago, a member moved the appointment of a committee to investigate the cause of intemperance among the people. Another member arose, and said he thought he could tell them without a committee: it was *drinking*. This being a clear statement of the case, a clear statement of the cure will be, *Stop drinking.*

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

Shaking Hands Round the World.

An incident of great interest to the Indian students as well as their comrades, has been the recent visit to the school of a Japanese young lady of high rank, who has been receiving her education in this country, and is shortly to return to her own. She very kindly and cordially consented to give a little talk about manners and customs in Japan, to the Indian students in their class room, as she had to the colored girls in their study hall; and held her audience in intensest interest, quite overcoming their common, bashful reserve. Questions and explanations were free and eager. They seemed to be conscious of something sympathetic in this dark-haired, olive-cheeked stranger, and one looking on could hardly help musing, was Columbus accidentally right after all—or "nearly so," as the world is round—and his Western "Indians" the lost children of Asia?

One question asked was "How do your people cook?" The young lady had evidently not been very familiar with the mysteries of the kitchen in her childhood at home, and thought things might have changed in ten years, but she told the inquirers that the kitchen "stove" was a large flat stone, on which the fire was built, while the pots were hung above it, and the smoke escaped through a hole in the roof, there being no chimney. A delighted murmur ran through her audience. "That's like Indian house." "That's Indian way" "My home—no chimney!" They were delighted also to hear that the people sit on the ground instead of on chairs. The next question was; Do they wash and iron in your country? But here the Indian way and Japanese way parted, for though she confessed to no irons, the young lady assured her hearers that her country women take great pains to wash their clothes very clean, if only in the running streams when they can afford nothing more convenient, and in place of ironing, stretch them very smoothly on a board to dry.

Among the other questions put and kindly answered were; What sort of dress do the Japanese wear, and what sort of shoes; How do they light their houses; Do they ride, and what kind of carriages do they have; Do they like to sing and dance? There was much amusement over the idea of the Japanese hiring their dancing and their music done for them; and of the long flowing sleeves, with pockets so convenient for putting in fruit one might gather in passing through a garden. One little fellow in reporting the address, seeing some analogy doubtless between these pockets and an Indian mother's hood, declared that they were meant for carrying babies.

The girls were especially delighted to hear of the Feast of Dolls, held for three days every March, when the little Japanese girls go from house to house, to call upon the family dolls who sit up in state to receive them; a hundred sometimes in one house, including the dolls of former generations, of mothers' and grandmothers' childhood, kept with reverent care, and brought out once a year for this great occasion. The boys were equally pleased with the story of the Japanese boys' yearly Feast of Flags and Lanterns; and all listened with interest to some account of Buddhism, and Shintuism which has much resemblance to the Indian worship of ancestors and spirits.

Miss Yemekeun was kind enough to give them also, some illustration of the Japanese language in speech and writing, and explained her own musical name to mean the "Mountain River." She wrote it for them in the Japanese characters upon the blackboard, and they have all taught themselves to copy it. There is certainly no fear that they will ever forget it or its owner.

LOOKING HOMEWARD.

It has been thought well to read to the Indian students, the report published in our last number, on those who returned to their homes last October. It was carefully and simply explained to them, with the purpose to direct their thoughts more seriously forward to their own return, and prepare them somewhat for the test of character they must meet there. The effect has been very much what was desired. They listened with close attention, and showed by their questions and remarks that they are thinking earnestly on the subject.

They think that the boys and girls are having a pretty hard time of it, and some of them have expressed an earnest desire to be allowed to remain a year or two longer at school, to be better prepared when their time shall come.

"MY RIGHT ARM HELP ME."

The following conversation is reported, between a little Apache boy who came to Hampton in February, '81, and his teacher.

"Miss T. what I do when I go away. I don't know."

"Well—what would you like to do?

"First thing I go home—not stay long—come back East and live."

"What do you want to go home for then?"

"I not tell you that one."

"Oh—then I think it is not a good reason—if you cannot tell me."

"Yes, it is good—I tell you. I have little brother at home. He good boy. I go, bring him back Hampton school. Then I go East to live."

"Whereabouts will you go?"

"I think Boston. That good place?"

"Oh yes, but what will you do there?"

"I don't know what. I work; perhaps I make cotton cloth—that good work?"

"Oh yes, that is good work. If I were a rich woman, I would help you to do it."

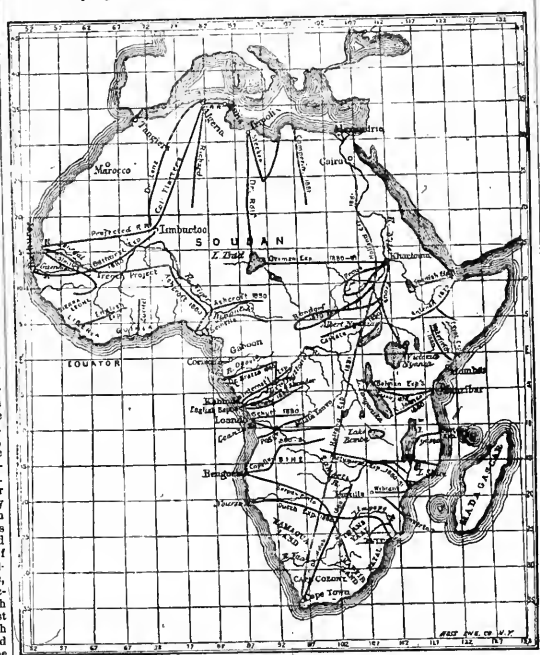
Drawing himself up to the full measure of his four feet six, he proudly declared.

"You not help me—nobody help me."

"Why what could you do in Boston without anybody to help you?"

Holding forth a slender arm with a diminutive fist at the end thereof, in which might course the blood of the Montezumas, our small brave replied:

"That my Right Arm! *That* help me."



MAP OF EXPLORATIONS SINCE AUGUST, 1877.

INDIAN SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

When the colored students were writing their "scholarship letters" this year, as usual, to those whose benevolence had contributed the cost of their schooling, the Indians also were required to write both for their own profit and the interest of the friends who had made up the deficiency of the Government aid by similar donations in their behalf. We give below a few specimens of these letters which are original, and given without corrections.

"I know some one here to pay for me, and I think Indian don't think that way, and Indian don't think cost anything to come here in school. And I think cost something good deal money too come here to school.

I start away from my home and Indian all said never come Back here said, but I start to get learn something, and I am very glad.

Who take care me. I think now I know now is this God take care me, and he sent me here in this school, he want me follow he learn his words. I will try hard think about he, and I think good he sent me here.

Robert Mac Intosh."

"I hope to see the day when I am help to my people.

I would like to be a teacher so I could teach them, but if I want to be a teacher I got to be a smart girl and try hard to do what I am told to do and try hard to learn all. I know Indians don't know anything but ever Indian girl and boy has a mind and if he or her tries hard can learn something what is good for them and now a new year we are to try hard. Mary Goulet."

"I came down here to learn and I want to learn all I can. If I learn here all I can I know I can do good to my people. If the Indians don't do the way white do, we won't be much account. If the white people don't take care of the Indians they will all starve. Some of the Indians big enough to make their living but they let the women do all the work. Wm. Larrabee."

"We are all having a holiday to-day for it is Washington's birthday. The big guns are fired off at nine which seem to shake the ground so hard. They are so large that a man can almost live in it.

Think it is a good thing to have the Indians brought here to be educated because they learn just as much out doors just by seeing the ways of the people here as in the school-room. They learn to know the power of white men and his ways, which they cannot learn at home or in day-schools at home.

Samuel Brown."

AFRICAN EXPLORATIONS.

In the exploration of Africa the Germans keep the lead, of which almost nothing is known until they appear after an absence of a few years, with a fund of knowledge that is astonishing. Witness, for instance, the apparition of Lenz from a journey from Morocco to Timbucto, and thence to Medino and St. Louis. This famous traveler reports passing through towns of from ten to thirty thousand inhabitants, and of having made discoveries which explode the theory of converting the Sahara into an ocean. He states that the most depressed portion of El Juff, the body of the desert, is some five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and that there exist in several cases, points which promise to be of great utility for the proposed Sahara railway.

Dr. Pogge is penetrating the country inland from St. Paul de Loando, the German Government having asked for him the protection of the Portuguese government in its African jurisdiction. Dr. Holub, who has made interesting researches on the Zambesi, intends to cross the continent from south to north. Starting from the Cape of Good Hope, he is to strike the Zambesi, thence the watershed district between that river and the Congo, and on to Egypt through Darfur.

Dr. Stocker is exploring Lake Tsena. M. Piaggie is traversing Soudan, south of Khartoum, between the Blue and White Nile. M. Lombard, corresponding secretary of the Normandy Society of Geography, has entered on a scientific mission to Abyssinia. M. J. Chouver, a Hollander of fortune and experience as a traveler, has reached the Galla country on his way to the Cape of Good Hope. Capt. Ferreira, Governor of Benguela, and several officers of the army, have offered their services to the Geographical Society of Lisbon, for a Portuguese expedition across Africa, starting from the West Coast. M. Antunsa is organizing a commercial station at Zomba, where he is to be joined by workmen whom the Portuguese Government has promised to furnish to erect buildings. The learned Dr. Schweinfurth has returned from a visit to the Island of Socotra, off the coast of Aden, and affirms that it is very fertile, with a splendid and varied vegetation. One-fourth of its plants are peculiar to the locality.

M. Moustier, who in 1879, with M. Zweifel, discovered the source of the Niger, is again to start from Freetown on a trading venture and to fix the exact geographical position of "the rise of the mysterious river." Lieut. Dumbleton and Surgeon Browning, R A., are in charge of an expedition to penetrate by the Gambia, into the valley of the Niger to Timbuctoo. Dr. Goldsbury lately led an exploring party from the river Gambia, via Timbo and Port Lokko, to Sierra Leone, the outlay for which from the colonial treasury was £2,400. [$12,000.]

The Congo.—The illustrious Stanley has reached his second station on the Congo, Isangila, about 30 miles above Vivi, which point was gained only after faithful but weary toil, and against every kind of difficulty. He was obliged to throw bridges across the streams, open, hatchet in hand, a route across dense forests, blow up rocks, leading the way with a group of pioneers, and after advancing a little, to make a halt, pitch a camp, then go back to bring by instalments the rest of the convoy, till all were united. Count de Brazza has ascended the Ogowe to its headwaters, reaching thereby the sources of several of the effluents of the Congo. Descending one of these, the Alima, partly along the shore and partly by boats, he struck the Congo, below Stanley Pool, and coming down the river he met Stanley. It is suggested that a more practicable route to the interior than that by the lower Congo may be opened by the Ogowe and the streams which rise near its source. The Count is again to descend the Alima, this time in a transportable steam launch, and then to make a thorough examination of the valley of the Congo;—the area of which is estimated to be four times that of France.

African Repository.—

THE TUSKEGEE, ALABAMA, NORMAL SCHOOL.

This institution closed its first session March 30th, 1882, with appropriate exercises.

The last day dawned bright and beautiful, and long before the hour for beginning the exercises, a large crowd of people had gathered in the town, many of them having walked or ridden long distances that they might be present, for the first, time at the closing of such a school.

The exercises began at 10 A. M. with class recitations, which lasted till 11:30. At this hour the school and friends formed a procession and marched to the farm lately purchased, where the corner stone of the new school building was laid by Hon. W. Thompson, county Superintendent of Education. Hon. H. Clay Armstrong had expected to perform the ceremony, but being unavoidably called to Washington, he deputed Mr. Thompson.

Throughout the day the interest shown by the people present was very marked, but it was particularly noticeable at this time.

The day had by this hour grown exceedingly warm, and the sun beamed with full force upon those who stood about the building, but in spite of this, the majority stood, quiet and attentive, throughout the ceremony, which lasted some time. After the stone was in place, Mr. Thompson ascended the stand and delivered an address which was listened to with deep interest, and seemed to inspire every one present with new hopes for the future. Parts of it are given below, for, coming as it does from a representative Southern white man, it will perhaps be of interest to the friends of the colored man.

Besides the colored citizens of Tuskegee and adjacent counties, there were present many prominent resident white citizens, among whom were the mayor of Tuskegee and pastors of the churches.

After the ceremony of laying the stone was concluded, the people were dismissed for dinner, which was served in true picnic style, on the ground under the trees, from bountifully filled baskets.

At 2 P. M. all returned to the church for the rhetorical exercises, consisting of singing, speaking, &c. The preceding evening the students had brought armfuls of roses, and with these the church had been beautifully decorated. Raised seats had been placed at one end of the church facing the audience, and on these the scholars were seated. Just above them was a beautiful arch of roses and evergreens, while in almost every spot where space could be found, bouquets and wreaths of roses were placed, filling the room with fragrance and beauty.

The church floor and gallery were filled with an attentive audience, in which both races were represented.

The following was the programme.

PROGRAMME.

SINGING.

ESSAY. "Normal Schools." *Wm. Anthony, Tuskegee.*
RECITATION. "The Drunkard's Daughter, *Alice Torbert, Tuskegee.*

SINGING.

RECITATION. "The Charcoal Man," *Louisa Lyman, Opelika.*
ESSAY. "Work," *Jno T. Hollis, Cotton Valley.*

SINGING.

ESSAY. "Habits," *Ellen Mc Collough, Tuskegee.*
RECITATION. Independence Bell, *Hiram Thweatt, Tuskegee.*

SINGING.

ESSAY. "The Teacher's Work," *Jone A. Colhoun, Opelika.*
RECITATION. "Waiting." *Virginia Adams, Tuskegee.*

SINGING.

RECITATION. "Go to Work," *B. Town Harvey, Gueryton.*
ESSAY. "Home," *Nellie Bowen, Tuskegee.*

SINGING.

RECITATION. "Curfew must not ring to-night," *Ella Allen, Gueryton.*
ESSAY. "The Colored Citizens of Alabama." *Lewis D. Mc Collough, Ft. Mitchell.*

At the conclusion of these exercises, Rev. C. C. Petty, pastor of the largest colored church in Montgomery, delivered an interesting and eloquent address. In conclusion he said, with much feeling, "I think, God for what I have witnessed to-day—something I never saw before, nor did I ever expect to see it. I have seen one who but yesterday was one of our owners, to-day lay the corner stone of a building devoted to the education of my race. For such a change let us all thank God."

Mr. Petty was followed by Rev. Mr. Oliver, pastor of one of the white churches in Tuskegee, who was earnest in his words of thankfulness for the changes that have come about, and the progress being made by all races.

The principal of the school then, in a few words, thanked the people of Tuskegee for their kind interest and help in the work since its beginning, after which the exercises closed with the Doxology, in which the whole audience joined, and benediction.

As the friends dispersed, many of them came to the teachers and gave them a hearty grasp of the hand and fervent "God bless you for the work you are doing."

It is with much satisfaction and some degree of pride that the friends and teachers of the school review the work of the year which has just closed.

The school was first opened nine months ago with thirty pupils, and with no means except the $2,000 appropriated annually by the state for the payment of teachers. During the year one hundred and twelve students from various parts of the state have attended the school, and now, during vacation, many of them are doing good work as teachers by which to earn money to return next year.

No provision being made by the state for a school building, we were compelled to begin and continue the school in a church, with two small shanties for recitation rooms.

Seeing the necessity of a permanent location and the manual labor system as carried on at Hampton as a means of helping the students to help themselves, we contracted to buy a beautiful and conveniently located piece of land of one hundred acres on which to permanently locate the school.

By the aid of the colored and white friends in and around Tuskegee, and friends in the North, $500, the price of the land, was paid in six months. This farm has been deeded to a board of trustees, some of whom reside in the North and some in the South, who hold it in trust for the school. A generous friend in Conn. provided means to purchase seeds, tools &c., and one-third of the land is now being cultivated with prospects for a fair crop.

The building whose corner stone has just been laid being necessarily larger than was at first contemplated, is estimated to cost when finished, $1,200. The number of students for next year will undoubtedly be much larger than it has been this, and even could we get the use of the church and shanties that were used this year, they would not contain the school another year.

By the aid of the people in Tuskegee, in labor and money, and help from Northern friends, the lumber is now on the ground, and the building is being framed and we are making every effort to have it completed by the begining of the next session, September 1st, 1882. Should we succeed in this, the advantages to the students, heretofore necessarily limited, will be largely increased, and the influence for good upon them be greatly strengthened.

ADDRESS BY HON. WADDY THOMPSON.

"The State Superintendent of Education, Hon. H. Clay Armstrong, expected to be present here to-day, and perform the work which I have attempted; but I received a note from him a few days ago requesting me in representing him on this occasion as he thought it seemed important that he should attend a meeting of State Superintendents which convened at Washington about this time. * * No State is great until its educational facilities are great, and placed at the door of the poor boy in the cabin, as well as in the reach of the child of wealth and fortune. No defense is cheaper to a community or commonwealth than education it is a stronger bulwark, more unfailing and vigilant than the most powerful armies, or splendid navies, for it makes its recipients the boldest defenders of the right, and the most uncompromising enemies of the wrong. When you scatter the darkness of the mind by the light of knowledge, you make better citizens, better workmen in shops, better farmers in the field, better merchants, and mechanics, and associates co-operating in all the circles of business. It is for this reason that good men every where feel a deep interest in the cause of education, and are ever ready to bid God-speed to any honest effort made in its behalf. This is perhaps an occasion of greater interest to the colored people than to the rest of us, because it marks the begining of a new era in their history. We have to-day for the first time witnessed the laying of the foundation of a building to be erected and used solely for their education. Perhaps there are some here to-day whose minds are shrouded by the night of ignorance, and they cannot now fully understand or appreciate the importance of this event, but in years to come, when they see the grand results that are to be reached, and are now hoped for, they will look back to this time as eventful in their history, when they witnessed the laying of the corner stone of a building to be used for the purpose of training teachers to educate their children.

* * *

You cannot hope to gain anything from false, indifferent or mean teachers, but if you have teachers trained to their work, who are true to you, true to themselves, and true to God, you may expect your children to grow in the knowledge of all that is good, and become truly elevated. This is the object for which this building is to be erected. It is the object which the legislature had in view when it appropriated a sum of money to pay the teachers of this institution. It is the object the trustees had in view when they selected the present able and efficient Principal to take charge of the school, and it is the object which he has in view, manifested by the deep interest he takes in the cause, and the efforts he has made to advance it. We bid him God-speed, and trust that this building and his labors may indeed prove a blessing to his race.

You have recently been invested with the privilege and burdens of citizenship. This boon was conferred on you by the State of Alabama, and she has extended a liberal hand to aid you to become good, useful and happy citizens. I do not mean to say that the appropriation for schools is adequate, or sufficient; but I do mean to say that Alabama in her poverty has done all that she can, and has given to your race, the same that she has to the white children of the state. This liberality on the part of the state was prompted by a desire to make all her citizens good and useful.

We believe the time is near at hand when public education will be recognized as a measure of public economy, for as intelligence is the best antidote for vice and crime, the expenditures far education will lessen the demands for charity and correction, or as Governor Crittenden of Missouri strongly puts it, "parsimony towards education is liberality towards crime." When public education is regarded as a measure of public economy, public sentiment will demand a sufficient appropriation for public schools, and Alabama will give us a system of free schools sufficient to educate all her people as they should be, making all her citizens useful, contented and happy, and those who have contributed to bring about the results will receive the lasting gratitude of posterity. I have thus presented a few thoughts that have suggested themselves to my mind without attempting to elaborate or develop the ideas. If I have said anything that may create in your minds a more favorable sentiment for public schools, or increase your faith therein, I have not spoken in vain, and I sincerely hope that the laying of the foundation of this building may be the broadening of the firm foundation on which our public school system rests."

B. T. WASHINGTON,
O. A. DAVIDSON.

REMINISCENCES OF MISSIONARY LIFE IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

BY EDWARD BAILEY.

The Mary Frazier anchored outside the harbor of Honolulu, on Sunday evening, April 9th, 1837. A company of nine teachers, one doctor, four ministers, one of whom was also a physician, and an assistant secular agent, with their wives, and two unmarried ladies, sisters, had sailed on board her from Boston, December 14, 1836, and had now arrived at the scene of their future labors. Their eyes looked wonderingly upon the strange country to which for many months their thoughts and hearts had turned.

The visitor to-day sees the same general outline of land, the mountains springing up from the sea, cut through by deep gorges, the flanking hills, and the narrow, uneven belt between their base and the shore. But the city of Honolulu, now almost hidden in the soft foliage of the algaroba, was then a bare huddle of weather-stained grass huts, with only here and there a house, showing a shingled roof and walls of white-washed adobe or cream colored blocks of coral, or in a few cases clapboards. Trees there were none; only a few hibiscus bushes, one small pandanus, or screw palm, and perhaps the pioneer algaroba. The streets were narrow, dirty paths, zigzagging among the huts, most of which were enclosed by the uncouth adobe wall, or that built of refuse blocks of coral which surrounded the more pretentious houses.

The fort, with its four little guns, and the palace, a large, neatly made, grass house, were somewhat noticeable, and answered their purposes quite as well as their costly substitutes to-day.

It being Sunday, no canoes came to us for trade, and everything was very quiet.

In the course of the next day we landed. It seemed like leaving home to leave the vessel—where we had spent so many happy weeks. Most of us walked up to the mission houses. Some of the ladies who had been ill, rode in hand-carts such as were used by the chief women, the only vehicles then seen. A four-wheeled affair took their place in later days, still drawn by natives, and in course of time wagons, with wooden springs and drawn by horses, were sparingly indulged in.

But our senses were in a whirl, and exactly what took place on our meeting with the veteran missionaries it would be difficult to tell. Especially when "General Meeting" was assembled soon as possible after our arrival, and we were the objects of scrutiny, every one's measure being set down in the minds of the older missionaries. For them we had nothing but reverence.

Seventeen years the mission had existed, and we saw them as the work had found them. Father Chamberlain seemed a shadow, but lasted many years after that, and did a great deal of hard work. Father Bingham was one of the pioneers, and had the important post of Pastor of the Metropolitan Church of Honolulu, where he met the brunt of foreign opposition; it did not take us long to learn that foreigners generally regarded the missionaries as interlopers, though some were true friends.

Father Thurston, though aging with the other pioneers, seemed in the full flush of his herculean strength, though it was tempered by the greatest modesty and—bashfulness.

Almost every phase of manhood was exhibited, and opportunities for the exhibition of every trait were afforded by the exigencies of the mission.

The "Common Stock" system on which the mission had been conducted was now abolished, and each was limited in his expenses to a certain sum. This did very well for most, but some had paid little attention to keeping strict accounts, and found it a new experience. No one could accumulate property. Drafts on the treasury were limited to actual necessities. Here again was scope for great diversity. Between the simple coat and staff system, which some were inclined to adopt, and equality with the best, there was wide range in the missionaries and the former course of their lives, great diversity existed, and now that thirty-two raw recruits were to join their band, it was needful that every principle of action and support should be well taken.

Soon after landing, we were conducted to the palace for an introduction to King Kaneheouli, Kamehameha III, who was brother of the late King Liholiho, Kamehameha II, and son of Kamehameha the Great. We were ushered into the palace, which was an open, roomy grass house, very neat in construction and keeping. Many high chiefs were present. Seats were provided, royal etiquette having not yet abolished hospitality, and some of the chiefs, seeing that the supply of chairs was exhausted, and some left standing, rolled over to the backside of the bed or kikie, on the edge of which they had been sitting, and made room for all.

The interview was short and pleasant. Free permission was given us to remain in the islands. We were shown whatever there was of interest in the place, and retired with the feeling that we were welcome.

Of all that company of thirty-two, only six now remain at the islands, and seventeen have died. All the pioneers of the mission are dead, and few of the older missionaries remain.

Each of the new company was located by the General Meeting, where it was thought he could do most good, and questions of support were settled as far as possible.

But the chief occurrence of this General Meeting was a yearning of spirit for the presence and help of God, and it was in this meeting that was poured out an influence which spread through all the islands, and resulted in the addition of many thousands to the church.

But the great idea that we were missionaries did not make us forget that we were men, nor restrain a natural curiosity to see what kind of a country we had come to. Many an excursion was planned while awaiting the convocation of the mission; the shores were ransacked for corals and shells, the mountains ascended, the valleys perambulated, not forgetting an earnest study of the people we had come to benefit.

There being no hotels in town, our company were stowed away curiously by the hospitable missionaries, whose own accommodations were limited. A family of new-comers occupied half of Mr. Bingham's front room, divided by a curtain across the middle. Another family occupied another room, and, after the families had come from the out-stations, a third took another room. The original owners of the house, with several children, stayed *somewhere*. Here, for a month, we were housed and fed, and made our first discoveries in adaptability, which all through our mission life became a serious study.

Every morning, companies of natives came to the "native door" at the back of the house to see Mr. Bingham, and shake hands with the rest of the teachers, often bringing a few *taro* roots, or sweet potatoes, or a bunch of bananas, to help sustain the mission families during the meeting.

Owing to sickness in the family of the associate with whom I was located at Kohala, Hawaii, our voyage to that place was delayed about two months, and we were invited to spend the time with Rev. B. W. Parker, at his station at Kaneohe, on the east side of Oahu. We made our way there through the famous pass at the head of Nuuanu valley, at the foot of which spreads out the town of Honolulu.

This pass is over a fearful precipice—or *pali*—from whose top the whole district in which Kaneohe is situated is seen spread out like a map, or more like a beautiful picture. Across it the wind often blows with great force. By great care, we got down without accident. The road is now so improved that carriages can pass it, though most visitors would prefer to get out and walk.

We found the Parker family living in an adobe house, with a roof of thatch, and outbuildings of the same description. One of the letter was given to us, being their spare room. Adobe buildings were than in fashion, and the bricks of mud mixed with grass were being prepared for a new school-house. Mr.

Parker, with coat off and sleeves rolled up, and arms thrust into the mixture, was showing the natives how to pack it into the moulds, and when a little dry on the surface, to turn out the bricks and set them on edge to bake in the sun.

Preparations were also making to replace the crumbling, dirty structure in which the mission family lived, with one of stone. The audacity! Not a cart existed, nor a team to draw one, nor a road on which it could be drawn. But Mr. Parker had one donkey; a ledge of suitable stone was at no great distance: coral was to be found in the sea, and sand on the seashore. A sledge or hurdle was constructed, rope traces and harness were made; his donkeyship duly initiated in the task of hauling, to which he took kindly: and, in due time, with only this simple apparatus, the stone and sand and lime were hauled for a commodious dwelling, and—would it be believed—for a large stone church also.

[To be continued in our next.]

The following is from a private letter just received from a large hearted, clear headed clergyman of San Francisco, who expresses the sentiment, not of a political leader but of the best thinking class, on the Chinese question.

San Francisco, Cal.,

——— *April 8th.* 1882.

Messrs Editors: I have just read your editorial in *Southern Workman* of April, on the Chinese question.

What you say of the Sandwich Islands is sadly true. They are bound to be Mongolian. In less than a generation, I believe there will not be fifty white families on the Island, unless, as you forcibly say, the United States shall adopt a positive policy.

But what surprises us here is that you and other intelligent men in the East cannot see that precisely the same result is impending over all the Pacific coast, and is just as irresistable, in time, *unless* the United States shall adopt a *very* positive policy. We have precisely the same conditions, the need of laborers and China the *only* ultimate source. You say "The Chinese can swallow the Hawaiians, but the Americans can swallow the Chinese." And in proof of it you say we are 50 millions or more and the Chinese now here are only one five hundredth of our population. Hence the inference. But you and the philanthropists strangely forget that it is not the whole of the U. S., against China, but the Pacific Coast against China. Now this is our peril. It is known everywhere that white laborers with their families and their higher needs, cannot at all compete with the Chinese. Hence they will not come here from the Eastern States or from Europe. They cannot come and live. They know that. And they do not come. That is our first peril, the almost absolute exclusion of the classes that have families and civilized wants, and would go to build up schools, and churches, and households, and all the bountiful and helpful things of a Christian commonwealth. And the still further result is that the laborers which we have will be driven away. It is as inevitable here as at the Islands. They *cannot* compete with that barbaric horde in any of the industrial pursuits, and will have to go. It is as certain as fate, unless the United States, adopt a very "positive policy." You and the philanthropists forget, too, that the moment it is settled that there is to be unrestricted immigration, the greed of selfish men will be all against us. The Capitalists here and the large land owners WILL have laborers. Unable to get them from the East, they must get them, as at the Sandwich Islands, from the West. And they will. And because there is money in it, the steamship companies will do all in their power to swell the invasion. The first result will be, a few white men left as lords of the soil, and monopolists of the rail-roads and the great enterprises, with a Mongolian tenantry. The ultimate result will be that the Mongolian tenantry will gradually absord all but the greatest enterprises—possibly those; and this whole western coast will become virtually Chinese. You say there is no fear of an invasion, and cite the slow increase in Chinese population for the last ten years. But here you forget again that these ten years have been the years of the intensest opposition to the invasion which has served as a check, first upon the Chinaman's desire to come, and recently, upon the efforts of the lords of the soil and of capital here to bring them. Take away this opposition, let it once be known on either shore of the Pacific that it is not the policy of our government to let them come unhindered, and the tide will roll in upon us just as fast as room is made for them. You see very clearly how it is at the Sandwich Is. Why can you not see just as clearly that it will be exactly so here? Nine tenths of the best men here see it so. And they are not ignorant man. They are not unscrupulous politicians. They are not haters of their fellow-man for their color. If the Chinese were coming here with their families, to become a helpful factor in our Christian civilization, to stand on a level with other nationalities in all matters that pertain to the building up of social and civil and religious and educational institutions, in other words, to help us found and perpetuate, and perfect a Christian commonwealth, we, (the intelligent men) of the Pacific Coast would never say them nay. But they have no such purpose. They will do no such thing. And so we see clearly enough, that it is a question of the existence of a Christian civilization on this coast. We affirm that it is precisely the same problem as at the Hawaiian Is., only it will require a little more time to come to its final fatal issue. But it will certainly come, unless some positive policy hinders. I do not expect it will come. There will be a positive policy, from some source. We do not believe the Massachusetts sentimentalism, and the Massachusetts cotton mills, will prevail always. Better sense will get possession of the powers that be, by and by.

Meanwhile we wait with a very intense indignation against the Republican party for its falseness to its own promises.

E. G. Beckwith.

SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

The early responsibilities and exertions of the poor colored youth are in some respect a compensation for the lack of early advantage. While he is a child where the white youth of his age is a man, he is a man where the latter is but a child—that is in the experience of self-support. The Plucky Class is the one to succeed, whatever its color.

From an Indian Boy.—Junior Class.

The writer, a boy of 17, of the Menomonee tribe, from Wisconsin, has been two years at Hampton, and knew English fairly well when he came.

Dear Friend:

I am going to tell you what I have been doing all the vacation.

Well I have been working all this vacation. I went to school only two weeks when Gen. S. C. Armstrong told the Indian boys that they could go to school all their vacation if they wanted to go to school, and after little while Gen. S. C. Armstrong said to the boys again that they wouldcnt go to school if they dont wanted to, and he told them that see if they wanted to go to work all the vacation and if they work he will pay them eight cents an hour, and we went to work all the time and we made to extra hours a day, and we made sixteen cents a day, and made one dollar and four cents a week and half of that money went in the tool money, that is when we go home the head man will buy some tools for us with that money which we earn during the vacation. Some of the Indian boys and girls went home not long ago and the man that take care of the boys when they work and some of those Indian boys earn some money this vacation time that man bought some tools for them, with the money which they earn this vacation and the farm boys had these tools each boys gotten these tools, the first get a hoe rake shovel ax and a hatchet, and some of the boys that did not work much all the vacation they did not get as much as some of them did, and some of them get just a hatchet and one or two boys get just a rake hoe and ax end there are only two carpenter boys they get plenty tools too, and only two tin smith boys, and they get plenty tools too.

I think one of the tin-smith get more tools than any boy that went home, this the boy that I think get more tools, this is his name Henry Fisherman and this boy get only an ax and a hatchet because he was sick for a long time that the reason he did not get as much as the other boys did, this is his name Ka-what; and Pamani did not take shovel and spade home because his trunk, was so full he could not get his shovel and spade in the trunk, and he left them in the Indian work shop end they are in the work shop now and all the boys that get rakes did not get their rake handles home because there are so long they could not get them in their trunks and some of the boys said that they want to take the handles home and they said they would use the handles for their cane while they are traveling to their home and the man told them that they must get the carpenters to make a handles for farm boy when they get home, and they said all wright and they went out, and before they went out some of the boys said that the hatchet that was given to them was very good to hunt rabbits with than hatchets and if any rabbit get in the log they said they will use the hatchet and cut the log and get rabbit out of the log and the day when they were going home they went to Virginia Hall and a man that take care of the Indian boys he gave each boy an over coat and each one a little bag to put their combs and something else that they could use than easy while they are traveling to their homes and after when they came back from the Hall they went to the Fort Monroe to get in the boat, and I went with them and I carry an overcoat for a boy that I like him very much his name is Tom Smith and after while we get to the Fort Monroe we sat beside the wharf and Tom Smith took his pistol out of his pocket and he show it to me and I asked him to let me see it and he let me have it and I dropped it on the sand and he told me to go and get it and said if I get it for him he will pay me for getting it for him and I went down after it and when I came back I gave the pistol back to him and he said here I pay you for getting the pistol for me and he gave me only a cracker and I said to him thanks, and after when the boat came to wharf when they got into the boat and when the boat leave the wharf and when they got up stairs they wave handkerchiefs to us and we do the same to them, and some of the girls that were not going home cried for some of their friend are going home and after where they leave we came back to the Indian Cottage we were very lonsome very much because great many our friend are going home from us, and after little while about one or two weeks after when Gen. Armstrong came back from Dakota he brought some more new Indian students to Hampton Normal School, and after that Lieutenant Brown came and he brought some more new Indians and some of them had very long hair, and some of them had longer hair than some the girls, and the same day when they came here the man that take care of us wanted to have their hair to be cuted but it was Sunday when they came here, and they did not cut their hair the same day when they came here it was Sunday and on Monday morning a man came here to the school and get the new Indians picture, and after that some more Indian came here to school and they brought one half colored boy here and his name is Frank Blackhawk he could talk Indian and English too, and some of the new boys that did not know how to talk English and when we have prayer meeting with Mr. Gravette Frank Blackhawk interprit for those boys that do not understand English, and when those boys that have been here three years when they were ready to go home they have two weeks to rest before they go home and while they have rest days General Armstrong told the boys that not going home; they may have a good time with the boys that are going home for two weeks and sense that time we never go to work for two weeks and evening whiles we playing hall front of the Virginia Hall and a man come there to get the picture of the Virginia Hall and we asked the man see if we could stand in the front, and he told us all right and we stood before the man that was going to get the picture of Virginia Hall and while he getting our picture I put spectacles on end I put my hat on one side of my head and some other boys stood like a drunkerd man they did not button their coat and they put their hat on one side of their head. I think these colored boys at this school are very good to some of the Indian boys and I think most of the colored boys like me and I like great many of them very much but some of these Indian boys here do not like colored boys very much, and those Indian boys that dont like colored boys try to fight with colored boys but some of the colored boys dont fight with Indians, and they dont attend what the Indian boys say. A little school here not far from the Normal school is called butler, we went there to put new shingles on the top we use to go there every day to work during the vacation, and sometimes after when we get to work it is so hot so we could not work for all day, and so we did not finished it for long time we did not work very fast as we ought to, end about seven boys use to go to work there every evening and morning. I believe I have vary good time during the vacation and I think the other boys had a very good time too. and last term I was in the Preparatory class but now I am in the B section of the Junior class, and I like to stay in the same class which I am now all the time because I think I learn great deal faster then when I was in the Preparatory class. When I first came here at this school, I come here just when the school close for vacation, and that vacation was very long time for me because I have never been here before and I use to be very homesick all the time and it make me sick for a while I got well very soon. I thank you vary much for paying my to school here.

Yours Respectfully, H.

FROM A BOY IN THE MIDDLE CLASS.

Dear Friend:

I have been requested by the Principal to write to you. I have selected for my subject a sketch of my life, thinking it would be the most interesting to you for your liberal contribution. I was born in Franklin Co., Va. In the year 18—, it pleased the cruel-hearted man to whom I belonged to separate me from my mother. I was not taken but ten miles from home. My mother would walk that distance to see me every two weeks. I fell into the hands of a very hard task-master, who did not regard God nor man. I remember hearing an agreement made to sell me again; but the man backed out on hearing that the Negroes would be freed. From that time until the year 18— hostility and starvation prevailed, such as the Negroes had never experienced before. After that time I went home, and my mother put me to work in a tobacco factory, where I stayed about four years.

In 1872, the first colored school that was ever started in that part of the country was opened. I went three months. After that my mother's health got very bad, and I had to stop and go to work to support her, and to help support the rest of the family.

In the year 1874 we moved to Charleston, West Virginia. We thought by going there we would be able to save money enough to send one or two of the children to school. When we got there, we found the climate did not agree with any of the family but myself. I could then get work at my trade; so I tried several occupations, but did not accumulate very much. I went into the mines, and tried coal mining for a while. Just about the time I got learned I got hurt, so I could not work for two months.

Those two months I went to school, making in all five months schooling. My mother set me free upon these terms: if I would go to work and save my money, and go to school.

I went away from home, and the first year I saved money enough to pay my schooling one year. I gave it to a friend to save for me, but he went away and stole my money.

At the same time my brother went away from home, so I had to give a part of what I earned to my mother. At the end of the second year I did not have half as much as I had at the end of the first year.

In the autumn of 1879 I left home for Hampton Normal School. On my arrival I found that I did not have enough money to pay my way one term; but I said nothing about it. I entered the Junior class, and was promoted to the Middle class. I spent my vacation at Hampton working on the farm for ten dollars per month. What I have saved in vacation is all I have to pay schooling. I am trying to prepare myself for a teacher among my people.

I am, sir, yours respectfully,

(Signed) F.

THE NATION'S CURSE.

The most carefully prepared statistics show that there are not less than three hundred thousand drunkards in these United States of America:—and this statement is probably much below the truth. Of these, thirty thousand die annually; one hundred thousand men and women are remanded every year to prison; two hundred thousand children are annually sent to the poor-house; five hundred murders are caused by drink every twelve-month, and four hundred suicides—four deaths to one, as proved both in England and the United States,—is the awful proportion compared to the non-drinking population. Magistrates, chaplains, and prison keepers come forward with their statistics, and prove that not less than four-fifths of all the crimes have their origin in strong drink. On the same authority it is proved that dealing in the deadly draughts causes seven-eights of all the pauperism that exists. It costs the United States $60,000,000 a year to support pauperism and crime. At least two hundred and fifty million gallons of fermented and brewed liquors are made every year in the United States; of distilled liquors, eighty-five million gallons, and twenty million gallons are imported. Here we have the fearful sum total of three-hundred and fifty-five millions of gallons consumed in our country, and at what direct cost? At a direct cost of $700,000,000. This on the debit side, and on the credit side what does our government receive? A paltry sum of $50,420,815, in exact figures. What then is the direct loss to the nation? Not less than ten dollars to every dollar received as revenue. By this waste the national debt could be paid in less than three years. But this is not all. Put $700,000,000 on the debit side, —this in direct,—then you have only begun to reckon the real damages. Who can compute the loss from sickness, from squandered time and paralyzed energies, from property destroyed and taxes increased? Bring in the hill for indirect damages and put it on the losing side, and you have a sum total, the appalling aggregate of not less than $2,000,000,000 a year, lost to this nation by this iniquity, licensed by government and tolerated by public sentiment.

We read that "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people," and we ask how long shall our government continue to license a business which poisons the body and destroys the soul? How long shall a government, claiming to be Christian, protect a business which lights the firebrands over property, that brandishes the blade of the assassin, that fills our institutions with pauperism, and our prisons with crime, which handicapes the entire society of our land in its race toward prosperity and liberty?

Rev. A. McElroy Wylie, in the Safeguard.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HONOLULU, *Feb. 17th.*

This is the Chinese New Year's day. All the cooks and Chinese servants desert at nce, and do not return for three days. The ladies of Honolulu are now doing their own work, and social life is quiet. Just after I got up in the morning, the Fire Marshal came to my room and said there was great danger from the fire-crackers. So I issued an order that none should be let off in the streets. At noon a party of us made New Year's calls on several prominent Chinamen. Their tables were nicely gotten up with sweetmeats, cakes, and fruits. Some had roast pig, cold ham, and various kinds of wine. All of them gave us tea. They were especially pleased to have a member of the Government call on them, as they said they considered it a great honor. We called in a court-yard where a great many of them lived. I noticed many exploded fire-crackers on the ground. There were as many as forty Chinamen standing on the veranda looking into the court-yard. Suddenly they began to light packs of fire-crackers and throw them down. The noise was terrific, like the firing of a brigade of troops. More than forty packs were exploding at once. Every four or five seconds a large cracker would explode. The smoke nearly suffocated me. A pole had been run out from the roof, and to the end of it a string of fire-crackers ten feet long had been fastened. As they went off in the air they made a dreadful noise. Suddenly there was smoke on the roof, and the firing stopped. A piece of paper had caught on fire. A hose was passed up in a few seconds, the fire was put out, and the crackers commenced again, and continued for some time longer. I was told that the first volley was fired in honor of my arrival. After we left, we met the two fire engines coming down the street, a native having seen the fire on the roof, and given the alarm. So the companies collected, rushed in, began to hitch on hose, pump water, etc., while a great crowd gathered. I told the Marshal that the fire had been put out twenty minutes before, and the firemen were much disgusted, as they wanted some fun. I don't think they cared so much about the fire as for a chance to play water on the Chinamen. I calmed the boys down, but they were excited, and began to use the hose on all the stray dogs they could find.

In the evening I went to the new Chinese theatre, taking some friends with me. As I had granted the proprietor a free license for his New Year, he had tendered to me a box. The building is frame, without plaster or ornament. The audiences are mainly the working Chinamen. The play consisted in beating a gong and howling. We were served with lemonade, cigars, and oranges. As usual the men took the female characters. The play was sanguinary. I think there were six actors altogether, and seven persons were killed in the course of an hour.

The Chinese usually have a *demon* in every play. The demon on this occasion brandished a wooden sword, and stared at every one in the most frightful way. Behind the actors and on the stage was the orchestra, consisting principally of a gong. An actor would howl, and then the gong would beat. After a moment's lull the gong would beat and the actor screech. Then the gong would beat and the actor howl simultaneously. It was evident that the unity of the Chinese drama consists in beating the gong. The Chinese audience sat with their hats on and smoked cigars.

Feb. 19th. Yesterday I lunched with the King at Waikiki. The French Commissioner and his wife, with several others, were present. The day was delightful, and we sat on the grass under the cocoanut trees, listening to the roar of the surf. * * * I saw a deed of conveyance by a native this morning, which reads, "In consideration of five hundred dollars, and of love and affection, which are worth altogether one thousand dollars, I hereby convey," etc.

Feb. 22d. I went to bed at 11 P. M., but was called at 12. The steamer was in with a case of measles on board. As President of the Board of Trade, I had to decide the question, whether the vessel should be quarantined or come up to the dock and land her passengers. So I got up, dressed, and went to the wharf. As usual, we did not know what to do, as measles is a fatal disease among the natives. But finally I ordered the steamer up to the dock, and directed the mail boat to bring the mails ashore, ordering the police to stand by and see that it all went straight. Then I went up to the Post Office and waited. The great bags came up and were emptied on the tables. As Minister of the Interior I am at the head of the Post Office. So I sat by and watched the distribution. Now and then a letter for me would pop out, and I would go off and read it. * * * *

Feb. 25th. Went to Fort Street Church, to hear the report of a missionary from Micronesia. He said that on one of the Gilbert Islands the natives were generally converted. He landed there once, and asked the chief how they were getting on. He replied, "All right; every man in the church but one; he chews tobacco, and we keep him in jail all time."

Feb. 28th. The King went to Maui last evening. All the Cabinet Ministers, foreign representatives, etc., received him on the dock. 9 P. M., a brilliant moonlight night. I have just taken a ride out on the Waikiki road. The head of Manoa valley was filled with clouds, and showers, thin as gauze, swept across the plain. The air was cool, and the cocoanut trees stood silent against the sky. I proclaim again that physical existence may be perfect in this pure air. The trade winds are blowing, just as the winds blow across the waters of Hampton Roads. * * * * Yesterday morning I dropped into the police court. Three Chinamen were standing up, charged with selling opium. A lawyer said to me, "It is all arranged; they are equally guilty; two will deny it; the other will admit it; will be fined and sent to prison; the other two will escape; will pay the fine of the one who goes to prison, and will give him $30 a month while he is there." I understand that this is a common practice. In several smuggling cases, we have discovered that persons charged with a particular crime have procured a man to admit that he committed it, plead guilty, and go to prison, while the really guilty escape, but pay a certain sum to the substitute. I heard that a celebrated smuggler of opium in Hawaii kept several Chinamen on hand under pay, and whenever a raid was made on his house, one of the men was apparently in charge, and would be seized and sent to jail.

We have just discovered $2,000 worth of smuggled opium. Several years ago a great quantity was brought in, by opening firewood stacks and inserting the opium tins. * * *

I went this evening to a reception given at the Kawaiahao Female Seminary. The scholars are very young and quite nice-looking. The native parents were out in force, and took great interest. But the fate of the girls seemed to be inevitable. They learn to like nice things at the school, and, as a rule, the native men whom they marry are inferior to them, and lazy, and cannot give them what they demand, so they inevitably fall back into the old Kanaka ways, and become worthless. The foreigner is always more attractive to them than the native Hawaiian, and they are ready victims. * * * Dr. H. gave me a problem to-day. A Chinaman has a wife and child in China. He has another wife and child here. He is converted, and wishes to join the Church. To abandon either wife would be cruel; to keep both is to violate the law of the land. What shall be done?

March 12th. Steamer due to-morrow. I rode with R—— up Nuuanu valley to find the mule vine. We climbed up the side of the valley, so that we could almost look over into Kalihi. 13th. Steamer at the dock; mail just leaving. The isolation ends for a moment. The curtain is lifted; we see the great world beyond, bow to it, and go back to our solitude in the Pacific. W. N. A.

HOW TO TEACH A SCHOOL.

A lecture delivered to the students of Hampton by Rev. Dr. Mayo of Boston.

The first qualification in all teaching is knowledge. By knowledge we mean more than is to be gotten from books: we mean the subject to be taught.

It is necessary that the teacher be far in advance of the scholar. I have heard of an old Scotch woman, a teacher of the old sort, who, when she came in her reading classes to a word she did not know, told her scholars to pass on, adding "doubtless it is the name of some king or monarch." In my early school days we used to have different teachers every winter. These teachers were usually not very well educated. There was one place about half way through the Algebra where they all seemed to stick. Year after year we commenced the book and proceeded as far as this unfortunate point, but there teachers and scholars went down together into a slough of despond, until we came to think that that part of Algebra could not be mastered. It is quite impossible for the teacher to retain the respect of the scholar when such a state of things as this exists.

But it may be asked, how shall we get the knowledge necessary to make a good teacher. Get all you can in your school days. Watch your teachers carefully; observe their methods: let no day pass without gaining some new idea. Washington had only three years of schooling. There still remain copies of books written in his own hand in which the substance of many others which he had read was boiled down.

Do not suppose, however, that the time for acquiring knowledge is to be limited by your school days. Life is one great educational process, and if you are to be successful in giving out knowledge you must be continually taking it in.

Be sure that the knowledge you give is accurate. You should feel like a witness on a witness stand who is under oath to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. You enter discord into school or society whenever you make a statement that is not exactly true. I have a distinct remembrance of the leaders of the choir in the small village in which I was brought up, as he sat fiddling away perched upon a dry good box. The sound of that violoncello of his haunts me still. See to it that you make no such discord in the mind of your scholars by inaccurate statements. It is a terrible thing to teach lies. Ignorant people will insist on shams. They will expect you to put your pupils over more ground than they can thoroughly master. Stand for truth. Never try to make your pupils and their parents believe that you are accomplishing more than you really are.

Study the volume on the seats. As well might a physician try to prescribe for a patient whom he had never seen and of whose symptoms he had never heard, as a teacher try to teach scholars whom he does not know. You must learn the character and habits of each one of the scholars on the bench in front of you, before you are in condition to do real good work with them. It will help you in this work, if you can visit the parents. See where Tommy eats and sleeps. Get acquainted with his mother. If you can only get her as your helper, you will accomplish a great good. You will never thoroughly understand a boy or girl until you know what influences are about him during the hours of the day when he is not with you. You can help much in determining what those influences shall be.

Read children's books. There are some stories which always interest the young. Try to learn the art of telling a story well. Teaching is really telling stories. Such a book as Pilgrim's Progress might well be studied for its style. You must learn to put truth in a way which will interest your scholars, and you cannot do better than to sit at the feet of the masters in the art of story telling.

Study the art of teaching. It is a fine art. You will of necessity make blunders in teaching at first. The only way to learn to swim is to swim, and there are some things which can only come to you by experience. But see to it that you never repeat your own mistakes. Learn from your failures.

Watch good teachers; try to discover wherein their power lies. Go to Institutes. Never let an opportunity pass of learning some new thing in regard to this art of teaching. Read educational books and journals. Some teachers say that they could not afford to take these journals. As well might a carpenter say that he could not afford to buy a box of carpenters' tools. They are a necessity of his trade. If he is to be a carpenter, he must have them, and if you are to be a teacher, you must have the tools of your profession.

Never be content with yourself. There is nothing more hopeless than a man satisfied with himself and his own acquirements. You have heard the story of Thorwaldsen the great sculptor. Standing before one of his great works of art he was seen to weep. Being asked the cause, he replied, "I can't do it any better." He felt that he could make no further progress because he could see nothing in his own work to criticize. Beware of your own condition when you see nothing which you wish to improve.

Teach the children to use their powers of observation. Most people miss half that is in this world, because they have never been taught to look. Many people have wondered at the names which Mr. Dickens introduces into his stories. They seem so wonderfully well fitted to his characters. Many suppose that they were invented by the author and that they had no existence in real life. This was not so. As Mr. Dickens walked through the streets of London, he was accustomed to notice the signs upon the stores and shops. Whenever he observed one that was peculiar, he put it down in his note book. It was in this way that he attained his wonderful stock of names. Teach your students to gain knowledge from all things about them. Help them to make the heavens and the earth their teachers.

Teach your children how to use books. A great many men never learn this art. They never get the most out of what they read. They take in the shell as well as the kernel. Two men take up a paper; in a few moments the one has drawn from his all that is valuable; the other spends hours over his and does not get as much as the other. What makes the difference? The one has learned to discriminate between what is valuable and what is worthless; the other reads with equal interest the advertisement of St. Jacob's Oil and the most important item of interest from Washington. Teach your children to grasp that which is of worth and to throw aside the padding.

Most of all, make your children eager to learn. Send them out into this State of Virginia in earnest to find out all that is to be known. They may not become good mathematicians; they may have little knowledge of geography or history; when they leave you, see to it that they are anxious to learn. Awaken within them a thirst for knowledge. Arouse a longing for right. If you fail in this, all your work as a teacher will be a failure. They will soon exhaust the little store that you have given them, and they will never gain more. As the train on which I was passing through a Southern State stopped at a way station, I occupied the time in walking up and down the platform looking at the body of men that had collected from the country around. A bright looking boy stepped up to me and said "Mister, don't you want a man to work." "Why, my boy" I inquired, "why do you want to work?" "I want to cut out some money" was his answer. Send out your boys and girls anxious to cut out from the state of Virginia all that is valuable, not merely money but ideas, character, manhood.

At Home.

TO GIVE IS TO LIVE.

The sun gives ever; so the earth—
What it can give, so much 'tis worth:
The ocean gives in many ways—
Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays:
So, too, the air, it gives us breath—
When it stops giving, comes in death.
Give, give, he always giving;
Who gives not, is not living.
The more you give,
The more you live.

God's love hath in its wealth upheaped;
Only by giving is it reaped.
The body withers, and the mind,
If pent in by a selfish rind.
Give strength, give thought, give deed, give pelf
Give love, give tears, and give thyself.
Give, give, he always giving,
Who gives not, is not living.
The more we give,
The more we live. ANON.

MRS. GARFIELD ON BREAD-MAKING.

"The Student," a little paper issued by the students of Hiram College, publishes a letter once written by Mrs. Garfield to her husband many years before he became President of the United States. If all women would follow her receipt, their work would be lighter and their bread too. It is as follows:

"I am glad to tell you that out of all the toil and disappointments of the summer just ended, I have risen up to a victory; that silence of thought since you have been away has won for my spirit a triumph. I read something like this the other day: 'There is no healthy thought without labor, and thought makes the labor happy.' Perhaps this is the way I have been able to climb up higher. It came to me one morning when I was making bread. I said to myself, 'Here I am compelled by an inevitable necessity to make our bread this summer. Why not consider it a pleasant occupation, and make it so by trying to see what perfect bread I can make?' It seemed like an inspiration, and the whole of life grew brighter. The very sunshine seemed flowing down through my spirit into the white loaves, and now I believe my table is furnished with better bread than ever before; and this truth, old as creation, seems just new to have become fully mine—that I need not be the shrinking slave of toil, but its regal master, making whatever I do yield its best fruits. You have been king of your work so long, that may be you will laugh at me for having lived so long without my crown, but I am too glad to have found it at all to be entirely disconcerted even by your merriment. Now, I wonder if right here does not lie the 'terrible wrong,' or at least some of it, of which the women suffragists complain. The wrongly educated woman makes her duties a disgrace, and frets under them or shirks them if she can. She sees man triumphantly pursuing his vocations, and thinks that it is the kind of work which makes him grand and regnant; whereas it is not the kind of work at all, but the way in which, and the spirit with which, he does it."

SODA FOR BURNS.

A celebrated physician writes to the Popular Science Monthly that the only best application for burns, whether slight or severe, is a saturated solution of the bicarbonate of soda. Bicarbonate of soda is what is commonly known as baking soda. A saturated solution is a strong solution—as strong as can be made. Dissolve as much baking soda (not "baking powder" for that is soda and acid together) as the water will dissolve, and plunge the burned part in it if possible, or lay a soft rag (linen is best, but even soft blotting paper will do) wet with the solution, on the burn, keeping it wet. This not only takes the pain away but keeps and hastens the cure, and often keeps a blister from forming. So simple a remedy should be kept on hand in a family.

Foolish fear doubles danger.
Never speak without thought.
Richest is he that wants least.
Batter go around than fall into the ditch.
Fools make fashions and wise men follow them.

Health and Humanity.

A MUSIC LOVING SQUIRREL.

You told us once that hunters of seals sometimes manage to draw close to their game by whistling tunes to engage their attention. And now I have just read about a sportsman who, one day, in the woods, sat very still, and began to whistle an air to a red squirrel on a near tree.

"In a twinkling," says he, "the little fellow sat up, leaned his head to one side, and listened. A moment after, he had scrambled down the trunk, and when within a few yards, he sat up and listened again. Pretty soon he jumped upon the pile of rails on which I was, came within four feet of me, sat up, made an umbrella of his bushy tail, and looked straight at me, his little eyes beaming with pleasure. Then I changed the tune, and clut! away he skipped. But before long he came back to his seat on the rails, and, as I watched him, it actually seemed as if he were trying to pucker up his mouth to whistle. I changed the tune again, but this time he looked so funny as he scampered off, that I burst out laughing, and he came back no more."

Now that man had much more enjoyment out of his music-loving squirrel than if he had shot him; and perhaps after this, you will hear the boys of your neighborhood piling up rails to sit on, and whistling to the squirrels who come to talk with you. And if they don't whistle well enough, send for me, for I can whistle nicely, if I am a girl.—*St. Nicholas.*

MANLINESS.

It is related of the great English premier, Benjamin Disraeli, that years ago he acquired a fondness for an exceedingly ugly little cur, and upon being ridiculed by a friend with the suggestion that it was strange he could endure the unlovely object, he replied, "I befriend the pup because no one else will. If he were handsome and had other friends he would not need me."—*Illinois Humane Journal*

TOBACCO AND INSANITY.

A party of clergymen were discussing this subject, when the case of Rev. Mr. B—— was mentioned, a graduate of Andover, of high standing, and for a time very successful. "He was made a raving maniac twelve years ago by the use of tobacco!" remarked one of the party. Another gave his account of the man, whom he recalled vividly to mind, "with his pale face, stained lips, repulsive breath, and quivering hand." The abject slave of tobacco, he chewed negro-head tobacco, a match for any man who has not the iron nerves of an African goat or horse.

He preached about three years with unexampled popularity and success. His health then failed, and no one knew the cause. A few months rolled away, and he utterly broke down, yet still *no one knew the cause.* In a few months more he became a maniac, relinquished his pulpit, and was as wild as the man found "cutting himself with stones among the tombs," and no one knew the cause. He was then taken to an asylum for the insane, and remained *twenty years!* He there breathed a fetid atmosphere, paced the floor of confined halls, stared upon the outside world through iron gates, cursed himself, cursed his wife and children, and in his wild ravings "dealt damnation round the land," thus day and night champing tobacco as a fretted horse champs his bit.

He once was pacing his cell as he had aforetime, year by year, when a change came over him. He stopped abruptly, and in a sort of soliloquy exclaimed, "Why am I here? What brought me here? What binds me here? His soul bursting with indignation, he cried aloud, "Tobacco! Tobacco!" He walked backward and forward; then bursting into tears, he cast the last foul plug through the iron gates, and looking upward to God he said, "O God, help! help! I will use no more."

Now, we believe in no miraculous cure in this case. Mr. B.——*dropped his tobacco,* and the sad and dark eclipse fled from his beautiful mind, and it came out from the horrible storms and tempests of insanity, clear as the sun and fair as the moon. He soon regained his health and vigor, again preached the Gospel of the blessed God, and after ten years of arduous service he died in peace, revered and beloved.

Prof. Thering's "Facts about Tobacco."

Teacher's Table.

WHAT IS TEACHING?

The *Sunday School Times* remarks: "Perhaps the best definition of 'teaching' which which has been given is 'the causing another to know.' There is such a thing as teaching by example, unconscious teaching; teaching others by the spirit we display or by the manner we practice; causing others to know, from what they see in us, that our way is desirable or that it is most undesirable; leading them in the path we pursue or impelling them towards any other path than that. Teaching of this kind all of us are given to at all times. In this sense we all are teachers always. We are continually causing those about us to know the better way, or the worse. But it is not of this kind of teaching that we speak, when we say that we are Sunday school teachers; that we are engaged in Sunday-school teaching; that we expect to teach our class next Sunday; or, that we taught our class last Sunday. We have in mind, in such phrases, an active and purposeful service, rather than that unconscious teaching of ours which is inevitable, whether we desire it or not. It is the causing another to know that which we know, and which he does not; that which we want him to know, and which we seek to have him know—which is "teaching" in its technical sense; teaching in the sense in which we use the term, when we say that we have been teaching a particular lesson to a particular scholar or class. In this sense, "teaching" obviously involves the threefold idea of a teacher, a lesson, and a learner; it involves knowledge on the teacher's part, and, at the start, the lack of it on the part of the scholars; also, an actual transfer of that knowledge from the teacher's mind to the scholar's, before the teaching process is concluded. Hence, to say that you have "taught a lesson," includes the idea that some one has learned that lesson; for unless there is learning by a learner there can be no teaching by a teacher, and until the teacher has caused a learner to know a lesson, or a truth, the teacher has only been trying to teach—so far without success."

Agriculture.

THE VALUE OF ASHES.

Ashes constitute the best, the cheapest, and the most available fertilizer the farmer has at his command.

Common wood ashes, when well preserved under cover, so as to be dry and unleached, and judiciously used, serve more fully than any other substance to answer the problem propounded by scientific agriculture in regard to the mixtures of saline substances most likely to be made generally useful as plant food.

The good effects which are found universally to follow the use of wood ashes attest this fact, notwithstanding that the ashes left by different varieties of wood when burned, vary with different circumstances. Wood ashes always consist of a mixture; in variable proportions, of carbonates, silicates, sulphates and phosphates of potash, soda, lime and magnesia, with some other substances in smaller quantity, yet more or less essential to plant growth. In fact, it is the truest embodiment of the mineral or inorganic elements absolutely essential to plant growth attainable. If the ashes have been leached or exposed to the weather, much of the potash and soda will have been removed, and their value will be diminished to that extent. A bushel of ashes, derived from burning the harder varieties of wood, will contain about four pounds of potash. The bark, leaves and twigs of trees give much more ashes than the trunks of trees and stems of plants.

Leached ashes—although less valuable, acting with less energy and effect—should be saved with care, and applied to the land in larger quantities than the unleached. Unleached wood ashes, mixed with pure ground bone, makes one of the most valuable fertilizers the farmer can apply to all the crops he cultivates. In England and Scotland this mixture has been employed for years, with the best results; and the writer has used it with the best effects on corn, wheat and root crops. The most marked effects of wood ashes, however, I have observed upon leguminous plants—lucerne, clover, peas, &c. As a top dressing to orchard grass and timothy, the effects are also very good. Ashes, like lime, tends to destroy mosses, and when mixed with plaster, constitutes the best application that can be made to young clover early in the spring.

In view of the above facts, it is greatly to be regretted that so many farmers make no effort to preserve the ashes of their households from the injurious effects of the weather, or to apply them to their crops at the proper time.

L. Dana, in his admirable little book entitled "A Muck Manual for Farmers," treats of ashes, as well as muck and humus, very thoroughly and practically.

He says, in substance, Burning wood reduces its organic substance to two classes—ashes and volatile salts. The last are largely found in the soot. The ashes are formed of salts and silicates. These vary in quantity and quality, not only in different plants, as I have said, but in different parts of the same plant. The average quantity of ashes from 100 parts of such hard woods as dry oak, beech, birch, &c., 2.87; of pine [pinus abies], 0.83 to 2.87, yet less weight of ash than hard wood in proportion of .83 to 2.87, yet in equal weights pine ash affords four times more alkali than the ash of hard wood. To state the case differently, 50 pounds of hard ash yield to the leaching process 6.75 pounds soluble, of which 17.[illegible] pounds are alkalies; 50 pounds of soft ash yields 25 pounds soluble, of which 17.42 pounds are alkalies. So I would urge the young farmer not to throw away his pine wood ashes, as his fathers have done, as worthless, but to preserve them with greater care.

Coal ashes are much less valuable. They contain from four to eight pounds of valuable matter in every 100, but are scarcely worth carting to any distance. They may be used, however, advantageously as a compost heap, with vegetable matter to insure porosity and the entrance of air.

The great value of ashes in agriculture depends upon its careful saving and judicious use. Used alone, on a dead, poor soil, its effects may be frittered away without profit; but used with a certain proportion of organic or vegetable matter in the soil, its effects are immediate and permanent.

Of wood ashes, the grand old veteran of agricultural chemistry, Boussingault, says: "In a general way, everything derived from plants that have lived must be useful to plants that are about to live, or that are actually living. The good effect of wood ashes upon vegetation is known to communities the least advanced in civilization. The natives of Africa, on the river Zaire, prepare the ground, and place little piles of dry herbs along, to which fire is set, and upon the spots where the ashes are collected, they sow peas and Indian corn. These ashes are, in fact, the only manure employed."

The quantity of ashes applied to the acre must depend, to a considerable extent, on the character of the soil, and the crops cultivated. All the leguminous plants—as lucerne, clover, peas, &c.—are great exhausters of the salts in ashes, and ashes may be applied to them with a free and full hand.—Mixed with gypsum or bone, I apply from two and a half to five bushels per acre, with marked effect—alone, oftenas much as ten bushels to the acre broadcast. The difficulty of procuring the ashes in sufficiently large quantity has alone deterred me from using larger quantities per acre. From twelve to fifteen bushels to the acre has been often used on light soils with great benefit, and from twenty-five to thirty on stiff, clay lands, with equally good effects.

Southern Planter.

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

A correspondent of the Poultry Monthly says that poultry need a clean house well ventilated, but warm in winter; roosts kept free from lice by using coal oil on them once a week; a varied diet, not all corn, but wheat, buckwheat, boiled potatoes, meat, thick milk, &c.; charcoal pounded fine and mixed in soft feed occasionally, is excellent and cheap; it produces health if the birds are out of sorts or scouring; it is also good in small pieces kept in their runs; parched corn or wheat is also good for a change. Look after the poultry personally, and do not trust all to the boy or man who, in most cases, cares not, or has no interest in them. Subscribe for the best poultry papers and keep up with the times.

ONE WAY TO PREVENT DECAY OF WOOD POSTS.—The decay of wood embedded in the earth is difficult to guard against; but a simple precaution, costing neither money nor labor, will increase the durability of posts put into the ground by fifty per cent. This is simply by taking care that the wood is inverted—i. e., placed in the opposite direction to that in which it grew. Experiments have proved that oak posts put in the ground in the same position as that in which they grew, top upward, were rotten in twelve years, while their neighbors, cut from the same tree, placed top downward in the soil, showed no signs of decay for several years afterward. The theory is that the capillary tubes in the trees are so adjusted as to oppose the rising moisture when the wood is inverted.

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. XI. HAMPTON, VA., JUNE, 1882. NO. 6.

THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

While there were no new corner-stone to lay at Hampton this year, and no heads of church or state to grace the occasion as in former years, there was no abatement of interest or of evidences of success and progress in the exercises which, on Thursday May 25, closed the thirteenth year of the Hampton Institute.

A class of sixty was graduated—a larger number than in any previous year—consisting of twenty-six young women and thirty-four young men, among the latter, Hampton's first three Indian graduates.

The day was clouded beautiful; the crowd of visitors was smaller than last year, and the facilities for their accommodation greatly increased by the large, airy halls of the new buildings. Kind letters were received from President Arthur and Governor Cameron of Virginia. The President had recently visited the school, and they were prevented by other engagements from attending the Anniversary exercises, as was also Secretary Teller whose presence had been hoped for.

Gen. Eaton, Chief of the U. S. Educational Bureau, was present, from Washington, also Col. Daniels, former editor of the Richmond "State," and Miss Alice Fletcher, whose well known efforts for the Indian tribes among whom she has lived for purposes of scientific research, are now before Congress in the form of a bill for securing to the Omahas land in severalty, legal protection and educational privileges. Miss Fletcher spent several days at the school, to inspect more especially its industrial departments, in the interest of her western work.

The Boston and Norfolk Steamship Co. had arranged an excursion at reduced rates, extending to Baltimore; on their large and fine steamer D. H. Miller. A party of over a hundred had planned to avail themselves of it to visit the school, but very stormy weather on the day of sailing reduced the number. Among these were Rev. Dr. Cheever, of Worcester, Mass., Mrs. S. J. Barrows of Boston, associate editor of the Christian Register and representing also the Boston Advertiser and Boston Journal. Rev. John Harding of the Springfield Republican; Mr. Geo. E. Brown, of Boston; Rev. Mr. Bacon of New London Ct; Prof. E. N. L. Walton, and Mrs. Walton, of Boston.

There were present also, Mr. John F. Hillman of Philadelphia, a partner of the firm of Wanamaker and Brown; Miss M. A. Longstreth of Philadelphia; Miss Parsons of Constantinople; Miss Emily Huntington of New York; Hon. Josiah King of Pittsburg Ohio; Mr. Gorham of the same place; Mr. M. N. Waldron of New York; Rev. Dr. Barten and Rev. Dr. Burrows of Norfolk, Va.

Of the trustees of the school were present, Rev M. E. Strieby D. D. of New York; Mr. Anthony M. Kimber of Philadelphia; Rev. T. K. Fessenden of Connecticut; Judge Watkins of Virginia; Mr. Robert C. Ogden of Philadelphia; Hon. Lewis H. Steiner of Maryland; Mr. E. B. Monroe of Conn. and Mr. Chas. L. Mead of New York. Of the State Curators: Mr. Arthur S. Segar, Hampton, Va.; Mr. E. S. Hamlin, Newport News, Va.; Mr. F. S. Norton, Williamsburg, Va.; Mr. R. G. L. Paige, Norfolk, Va.; Rev. Wm. Thornton, Hampton, Va.

A large party from Norfolk came over to the afternoon exercises in the new steamer Luray of the Old Dominion Line. A steam cutter was kindly placed at the school's disposal by Commodore Hughes, of the Portsmouth Navy Yard, and brought over some of its officers and their families.

Many of the principal citizens of Hampton, and Old Point, both white and colored, officers from Fortress Monroe, visitors from the Hygeia Hotel, and some of the parents and friends of the students from Hampton and elsewhere, added to the audience.

The morning examinations of classes were the more satisfactory for having been preceded by three days of strict written examinations of the Senior class on the studies of the year. Their papers on arithmetic, algebra, general history, civil government and political economy, English literature, agricultural chemistry and practice teaching had been submitted to a committee consisting of Rev. Dr. Ward of the New York Independent, Prof. and Mrs. E. N. L. Walton of Boston, Rev. Dr. Strieby of New York, and Rev. H. W. Foote of Mass. Only Dr. Ward, Prof. and Mrs. Walton were able to serve on this committee, and they went through their arduous labor of love with the most conscientious fidelity. Dr. Ward coming wholly for that purpose though unable to remain to the Anniversary exercises. The report of the Examining Committee will be published at the North and we shall ask for a copy of it for our next number. Their general expression was of surprise and pleasure in the results of tests which they thought the teachers in their zeal had made rather over severe.

Some of the recitations of the lower classes also were attended with much interest; the classes in physiology, reading, the tonic sol fa method of singing, (conducted by Mr. R. Hamilton, a graduate of the school, and one of the original band of Hampton student singers) and the "Kitchen Garden" class of little ones from the Butler School, who, in picturesque red turbans, and white pinafores, which they, were proud to have washed and ironed all themselves, went through the motions of setting their toy-tables, and hanging out their Lilliputian wash, to the great entertainment and satisfaction of a crowd of spectators, among whom was Miss Emily Huntington, Superintendent of the Wilson Mission in New York, and originator of this ingenious and excellent method of training little children in the habits and arts of house keeping. A fine portrait of her father, Mr. Daniel Huntington, one of the early Abolitionists, hung in the room; her gift to the class.—and the beautiful banners with which it was decorated, and all the apparatus used were contributed by friends interested in this work in the School.

The Indian classes attracted many visitors, as usual, and showed remarkable progress in English, while they did very creditably in arithmetic, geography and history.

The Industrial departments of the School in operation, some till half-past ten, others till noon, attracted, as usual, especial attention. In the shoe shop, four Negro students, and nine Indians, (Apaches, Pimas, Shawnees and Sioux,) were making and repairing shoes. In the harness shop, four Sioux, and two Colored students, at work on single and double sets of harness; in the tin-shop, four Sioux, one native Liberian, and one little white boy, a nephew of the Principal, as proud as any, of his good tin-cups. A Sioux young man is in training to be foreman of this shop. In the carpenter's shop, Colored and Indian students were at work—among the latter, a man of thirty, son of a Puma chief, whose own little son sits beside him in the school-room, and works on the farm. They were making window frames and wash stands for use on the place. In the paint shop, one Colored student was at work, and in the steam saw mill (the Huntington Industrial Works,) twenty-nine, all colored, sawing logs into planks, making sashes, mouldings, laths, flooring and packing cases. The knitting machines were also at work.

In the new printing office of the "Southern Workman," in the "Stone Memorial Building", the press, worked by colored students, was turning off the last sheets of the new catalogue. Two Indian young men were among the compositors, and a table was covered with creditable specimens of printing and binding done in the office, chiefly by student labor. The girl's Industrial Room in the same building, afforded ample room for the various mechanical, agricultural and floral exhibits. Specimens of sewing by both Colored and Indian girls; shirts, dresses and various smaller articles. The tailoring department showed a handsome suit of the school uniform, in dark-blue cloth, with silvered buttons. There were cases and piles of shoes, with the names of the makers pasted on the soles; a thirty five dollar set of double harness made by a Sioux Indian: a handsome set of steam radiators, labeled the first work of one Colored and one Indian student; neat wooden tables and wash stands, made by Shawnee and Sioux Indian student-apprentices, of from 3½ to 18 months training. The tin-shop, and carpenter shop, made handsome exhibits. The wheelwright shop showed a goodly array of tools, cold-chisels, and handles, made by the Menominee Indian young men from Wisconsin, and just outside stood a blue farm cart, made entirely by their own unassisted skill. The agricultural and horticultural exhibit, ornamental though not large, was made up of sheaves of rye and wheat, bundles of clover and asparagus; seed corn, cauliflower, onions and (not in quite such juxtaposition,) strawberries, with flowers from the small greenhouse and garden.

There was outside an assemblage of the farm stock; Morgan and Percheron horses, pure Jersey and Ayrshire cattle and Cotswold sheep raised on the place. We must not omit the appetizing little exhibit of the girls cooking class, loaves of excellent bread, and dainty cake, one of them labeled as a combination achievement of the races.

In the large and airy hall above, the guests sat comfortably down at noon to a simple lunch, while the students were at dinner, after which all repaired to the chapel in Virginia Hall, to listen to the afternoon exercises, consisting of original essays and recitations by senior and returned graduates, according to the following programme.

PROGRAMME.

Music.

Salutatory "Student Missionaries" SADIE A. CHILDS, *Hall, Md* Graduating Class.

"My Home". MARY A. BONAR, *Salem, N. C.* Class of '81.

Declamation "From Inaugural Address of Jas. A. Garfield." W. A. HILTON, *Lexington, Md.* Class of '81.

Music.

"To the Girls." SADIE MACKIE, *Norfolk, Va.* Class of '81.

Recitation "Rock of Ages" EMILY L. THOMAS, *Fortress Monroe, Va.* Class of '81

"Indian Education" THOMAS WILDCAT ALFORD, (*Chief of Shawnees, Ind. Ter.*) Graduating Class.

Music.

Recitation.—"Jane Conquest." LUCY I. BOULDING, *Burkville, Va.* Class of '81.

"Our Race." JAS. M. RICKS, *Wythe Co., Va.* Class of '73.

"Head and Hands." MORGAN M. SNOWDEN, *Pittsfield, Mass.* Class of '81.

"Our Relations to Local Option." VALEDICTORY. GEO. W. BRANDOM, *Clarksville, Va.* Graduat'g Class.

Presentation of Diplomas to Graduating Class.

Music.

The practice begun last year of calling back graduates, already at work as teachers, to do most of the speaking on the anniversary stage, is increasingly satisfactory. Even one year of earnest work in real life, after leaving school, makes a decided difference in the power of expression, and the ability to say something of practical interest. A shy little Indian maiden made a pretty tableau in her recitation of Mrs. Sigourney's poem, "Indian Names."

The essays were marked by simple common sense. That by Mr. James M. Ricks, a graduate of '73, who, after teaching faithfully for six years is now studying for the ministry at Howard, was not without originality and humor, and even eloquence, and was received with applause. The graduating class was represented only by its salutatorian, and valedictorian, and one of its three Indian graduates. Their essays were all very creditable. That of the young Indian chief, which had received absolutely no revision, was naturally listened to with great interest, and by request of some of the guests, will be published in our next number. These three Indian graduates entered Hampton three years ago, with sufficient knowledge of English gained at the mission and agency school to enter the regular Junior class, and have been rapidly promoted, completing their course with credit; and learning, one the printer's, and the other two the carpenter's trade. One is a Shawnee, and one a Cherokee, from Indian Territory; the other a Menominee from Wisconsin. Their conduct and character have been worthy, and much is expected from their influence and example among their people.

The music interspersed between the essays consisted of the favorite old plantation choruses, with some English glees and part songs by the choir, and the "class ode," the words of which were composed by one of its teachers, and the music by Mr. R. H. Hamilton, of the class of '76, director of the choir.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.

By Rev. M. O. Strieby, D. D.

In presenting the diplomas to the graduating class, the President of the Board of Trustees, Rev. Dr. Strieby, paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of the the late Mr. John C. Whitin of Massachusetts, a most generous and lamented friend of Hampton and the causes which it represents, through whose liberal benevolence the Whitin Mamorial Chapel was built in Virginia Hall. Dr. Strieby said:

"My young friends; in bidding you farewell in this beautiful chapel where we have so often met, it is proper that I should say to you a few words about the source of this one of your privileges. It is a beautiful story that is told of an English King in the old time who, bearing the body of his beloved wife through his kingdom to its resting place by the sea, caused, at every station where he stopped on his sad progress, prayer to be made and a beautiful cross to be erected in her memory—the last being it is said, Charing Cross, now in the heart of London.

This room is such a memorial cross, erected as a memorial of a dear and beloved wife, by Mr. John C. Whitin, of whom I know you have heard. I want to call your attention to his remarkable history—at first a poor boy, accumulating a large fortune by his industry and intelligence, and at last becoming himself its almoner in behalf of the poor and the needy. It is especially in thinking of him and the spirit of his life that I have been so exceedingly gratified as I have in listening to the noble sentiments you have expressed here to-day. This school is doing a noble work in educating the mind—in turning out teachers. It has been my boast all through the land, that over ninety per cent. of Hampton's graduates have become teachers. But I am becoming still more glad to think of the still nobler work it is doing, and that it is becoming recognized all over the land, and to see that you yourselves appreciate it—establishing the dignity and necessity of labor, in the elevation and progress of all men and nations. I want you always to remember John C. Whitin, and all the other noble men who, like him, have believed and demonstrated the value and the dignity of labor.

In the name of the Trustees and on the recommendation of the faculty, I have the pleasure of presenting to you these diplomas."

ADDRESSES BY VISITORS.

The Rev. Dr. Barten, rector of the ancient parish of St. Paul's in Norfolk, was introduced by the Principal, and made a brief but eloquent address, after listening to a spirited rendering of the favorite national song of his fatherland, the "Watch on the Rhine."

"What can I say? Impressions so full—so varied—as have crowded upon me to-day, one ought to take hours to frame into words. I will just say this: A few years ago, it was said around here, 'Well this Hampton school is an experiment—we dont know how it will turn out;' I think to-day, we all say, in view of the noble efforts of the Principal and the teachers under his guidance, 'Hampton is a magnificent success—a glory to our people, and God grant that it may go on.' It is a magnificent success, and when I see the young man here who three years ago came here from the Indian Territory, and hear him, standing on this stage to-day, utter sentiments so strong and manly, yet so tender and true; and when I see these others here, on their way to Congress may he, as one of them has said, and hear them utter thoughts so true and sensible, whose spirit we can all respect,—if they get to Congress, I hope they will still be teachers of practical common sense.—I think the dominion of knowledge is one and universal. What is knowledge? It is the breath of the Almighty God. I see the image of my God in all their faces.

My heart rejoices that it is not the improvement of the mind only, but heart lessons that are taught here; and God grant that these lessons may be carried out and spread abroad by those who are sent from here. All through this country there is abundance of precious metal hidden in the earth; but it takes intellect, strength and skill to bring it up. In the mind of man are noble capacities,—be he white, black or red. The country owes its thanks to him who has done so much to develop them. There may be difficulties still before him, but I think he has conquered them all. I think there will be no more difficulties in the way of the Normal School.

Two hundred and fifty years ago, came to these shores, vessels from the old country. What was their mission? What their earnest hope and prayer?—For among them were men as zealous for God's work as any now. On bended knees, on yonder sand, they prayed: "Give us the heathen for our inheritance—Give us strength and light, to educate and convert these Indian nations. Poor William and Mary College, is a monument—almost ready to perish—that testifies to their earnest zeal. Many of them, and those who succeeded them, were agonized with the thought of so much honest effort made and nothing to show for it. God works in his own way. Could they now see how the same work has

fallen after centuries into as wise, as worthy, as earnest hands as theirs—and God he praised, so strong and so successful—how they would give God thanks. Then press on—fear no obstacles. In God's own way and time we shall see our dream realized, and the foundations laid deep and lasting for the brotherhood of man.

God speed this glorious school.—God strengthen the hands of the Principal. God bless this noble work, and make us all good citizens here, and fit us to glorify His name forever and ever."

The plantation song by the school, "Walk together children," was a fitting refrain to Dr. Barten's eloquent finale, after which the Principal introduced Rev. Mr. Burrows, pastor of a prominent Baptist church in Norfolk. He said:

"One thought has struck me rather remarkably. We have here representatives of the three great races which people and control this continent. I don't know when, if ever, they will be merged—it will be some time first. Each has different characteristics; excellencies and faults. I would like to make a speech on that, if I had time, but I have not. I have heard of this Institution,—read of it, been profoundly interested in it, but till I came on these grounds, I never knew the half. Such grounds and buildings—such resources for industrial training—such classes. One of these young gentlemen who has spoken here to-day, proclaimed himself on the way to Congress; he modestly said that *some* are—but of course he meant himself. And Dr. Barten has endorsed the suggestion. Well, I have thought that they may need teachers in religion there as well as in common sense. I knew of two congressmen once,—I might mention their names, but I will only say that one was from the West, and the other from over here on the Eastern shore of Maryland;—one of whom laid a wager that the other could not repeat the Lord's prayer. The other took up the challenge, and putting his hands together, began: 'Now I lay me down to sleep'—and so bravely on to the end. The challenger handed over the stakes—only saying: 'Well, I give up—you've won, but I'll be hanged if I thought you could do it.'—(Laughter.) So you see they may need teachers in Congress, but as for me, I feel like adopting that last expression as my own, and saying: 'Well, General, I'll be hanged if I thought you could do it.' (Laughter and applause.)

In regard to these three races here represented, I say first, no people on earth have been more unjustly treated than the native inhabitants of this country. I have read with veins tingling with shame, the 'Century of Dishonor.' I pray God that the future may do something to wipe out that stain.

Our colored friends, like all people under similar circumstances, have cultivated their imagination just in proportion as the other faculties of the mind have been kept in abeyance. This is in accord with the general law of mental and physical powers. What I wonder at, is that you sir, and your teachers have been able to suppress the excessive demonstration of this. In the essays of these students we have heard simple, sensible Anglo-Saxon—plain common sense. No splurge, no extravagance of rhetoric. They compare very favorably with white speakers we often hear. I will only say to these young ladies and gentlemen;—I have been away seven years from Virginia, and have just come back to the state I love so much—I will say to them, that all far-seeing, thoughtful men in the South, do heartily appreciate and thankfully receive the aid this school is giving in educating this race in this manner.

I will say to the Northern friends here,—the first slaves brought to Virginia, were brought in Massachusetts bottoms. You helped to fix this on us, and it is right that you should help us get rid of it—and we would help you more then we do, if we could. I am doing what little I can in Louisville. The church I am connected with, has thirteen schools for this object in the South. We are glad to cooperate with you, and we are thankful for your help. May God bless and prosper the work,"

The exercises in the chapel were closed by the singing of the doxology, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Wm. Thornton, of Hampton. At five o'clock there was a dress-parade of the school battalion of cadets, under Lt. Geo. Le Roy Brown, U. S. A., Commandant, on the green in front of Virginia Hall. Steamboats and carriages were in waiting to take the guests to Norfolk, or Old Point, and soon, through the lingering glories of the sunset the throng dispersed; and another interesting day was closed in Hampton's history.

The progress of the school during the year may be judged from the thirteenth annual report, which occupies the remainder of our columns, and will be found, we believe, of special interest proportionate to its length.

MAY DAY AT HAMPTON.

A visitor present at the Hampton school girls' last May-Queen party, was moved to make the following beautiful sketch of it. This flower festival has become traditional at Hampton, and while few might suspect the small economies which contribute to the beauty of the scene—the needle-work and laundry-work bestowed by the brilliant court upon its snowy muslins, the magical transformation, worthy of Cinderella's god-mother, of strips of cotton cloth into white kid slippers—they are not without interest as suggesting how many simple ways there are to bless."

*

Outside, a grey mist and the cool darkness of a spring night; inside, the brightness of flowers, music and merry voices. A strange little idyl of May, the poem of an hour, written for the eyes and sung for the ears of a fortunate few, who read and listen gratefully in the midst of an echoing past and the light of the future's promise.

Sometimes one dreams of such a scene as this, but this is not a dream—this great, bright hall stands solid on its foundation, and the crowd of dusky girls are veritable flesh and blood. It is Hampton's festival of flowers, the crowning of the May Queen. Through the open chapel door, come, two by two, the matrons, white robed all of them, and half hidden in the glory of unnumbered blossoms. In wreaths and garlands, in great clusters, and masses of drooping color, on dark heads and snow white gowns, with fairly reckless magnificence are thrown the flowers of a Virginia May; jessamine, narcissus, the pink wild honeysuckle, hawthorn and laburnum, velvet pansies and pale forget-me-nots, tall lilies, white and blue, and everywhere the unspeakable beauty of innumbered roses.

And the girls still come, each holding high aloft a wand of flowers, and the music rings out gaily as they range themselves on each side of the long, central aisle, the beautiful uplifted wands making arch after arch, beneath which no royal head need think it shame to bow. The music stops, softly and quickly enters the rose clad torch-bearer, singing as she bears her tall lily wand with its starry lights, up the flowery path to the throne, as yet empty, but canopied and wreathed with flowers. And after her, one by one, the harbingers of spring, each singing her message as she comes, till the space about the throne is filled, and at last the Queen comes; a dark browed Queen, crowned with the innocent gold of buttercups. Around her as she sits, gather her girl attendants, before her stretches the long line of arching wands, at her feet sit two solemn little Indian maids, the babies of the school, one, pansy wreathed and laden, the other shining in buttercups. One by one, are given to the Queen her royal emblems, crown, sceptre, Love's bow of roses, the cross of Faith, modest blossoms from the hand of loyal obedience—until at last the group about her falls softly back on either side, and up through the vivid vista of the crossed wands, come hand in hand, her girl subjects to do her homage.

A more brilliant picture, or a more suggestive, would be hard to find; simple in conception, simple in execution and accessories, but made radiant by the Heaven sent beauty of flowers. Form, color, perfume, are here in perfection, glorifying alike crisp African curls and straight Indian tresses, and as the last couple in the gay procession, two little elves from some wild Indian camp, bow low before the throne, and the chosen King of the evening leads the Queen down among her lieges, the music breaks into quicker strains, and a murmur of delight runs from lip to lip.

In a moment the floor of the hall is covered with the pretty white figures and their dark coated fellow students, and once more the air is filled with laughter and merry voices. All the meanings that lie under this bright surface come surging into one's thoughts, the years, the deeds, the toil which have made all this possible, claim their place here,—it is not every day nor everywhere that one sees a Queen so crowned.

The picture dissolves, the flowers are fading, but the light and the brightness remain, and one remembers that it is still dark outside.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM HONOLULU.

March 19th.—The Japenese Embassy has arrivad. M. Nagasaki and his Under-Secretaries. The preparations for their reception were not made in time, and they were obliged to spend most of the day at the hotel. In the evening they went to Palama, and occupied one of Keeliokalani's houses. I took them out and dined with them. I last saw M. Nagaki, on the boundaries of the Japanese Empire, as we went out of the harbor of Nagasaki, in the midst of a tremendous salute. He was one of the officials sent to escort us out of the Empire. He speaks English well; has been in London ten years, and has worked his way up in Japan. He has attended personally on the Mikado, and is his private secretary; goes with him about the country, and posts him up in foreign matters.

The Planter's Association met yesterday, and the "Planter's Labor and Supply Association" was incorporated. I presented it to the Privy Council, and the charter was granted.

March 22d.—To-day a field-day. At 11 A. M., reception of the Japanese Envoy. All the troops were out. My office was fitted up as a reception room. King and staff in full uniform. Cavalry escorted the Envoy from his residence, and the soldiers were drawn up in government yard, presenting arms.

It had been arranged that the Planters were to be presented to the King at 12 o'clock, and were then to take lunch with him. Everything went off nicely, and at 2 P. M. the Planter's convention met again. I was invited to make a speech on the labor question, and did so; urging strong efforts.

March 24th.—The planters are now organized, and there seems to be a feeling that some good has been done, that a step has been taken it advance. * * People here complain of the want of moral stimulus, but it seems to me, that for so small a place, much can be said in its favor. There is a large reading club, and a social science club, and a Saturday night club, and there is much here that furnishes food for thought. * * *

The Planters yesterday passed a resolution in favor of of the total prohibition of the sale of liquor in the Kingdom. As a matter of business, they would prefer to go without wine or liquor of any kind, for their own use, rather than to be annoyed by drunken workmen. A prohibitory law will prevent the introduction of liquor into the Kingdom, but it will not prevent them from making it here.—It is largely done now. While such a law may do some good, I shall stick for a while yet, to my belief that we cannot *legislate* men into a better state of life.

I had a long discussion last week on the subject of government. Now-a-days I am practicing and not theorising. I claimed that ministers could only represent public opinion, not make it; that it was unwise to attempt anything, however excellent, unless it was endorsed by public sentiment; that the people must educate themselves, and that this would find expression in the government. Also that ministers must recognize facts and not strike their heads against a wall. This was disputed; it was said "Ministers must form public opinion," just as it is said in America, "Why don't the President have a policy?" Why should he have a policy? The people should have one, and make him enforce it. The trouble is the majority wish to have others do the thinking for them. The difficulties in government come from the people, and with them is the remedy.

The world will not advance in civilization any faster than this lesson is learned, viz: that government represents the average citizen, and he must be elevated in order to elevate the government. * * * *

I had quite an adventure to-day; as the "koua" was over, and the weather splendid, I took a ride around Diamond Head. It occurred to me that I had never looked into the crater, and that there was no better time for doing so than the present. So I selected a ridge, and began to make the ascent. I found it very steep, so that I dismounted and led my horse. In some places it looked almost perpendicular, but I kept on until I reached the summit. After resting, I considered the matter of going down the mountain. It looked so steep where I had come up, that I was afraid to try it. So I rode along the top of the ridge for some distance, looking for an easy descent. No place seemed favorable. It was getting late; I knew that I must go down. Finally I selected a ridge, but the stones were slippery, and when I got down part way, it was so steep, I feared the horse would refuse to be led any further. Any American horse would have refused at once, but mine came from Hawaii, where all horses learn to climb like goats. I had to sit down myself and slide, pulling the horse after me. He hesitated for a moment, then gathered his legs together, and crouched down, so that we both slid together. It was rather exciting for a moment, but we landed all right, and I rode home. I shall not however make many more experiments in my old age.

March 27th.—The "Earl Dalhousie" arrived yesterday with Portuguese immigrants. I went on board early in order to see how they were cared for. The voyage from the Azores was over five months, but the people were looking well, and six babies were born on the passage. All were dressed in their best, the favorite colors of the women being red and yellow.

A curious coincidence has just come to my knowledge. The statue of Kamehameha I; the work of Gould of Florence, was lost near the Falkland Islands while being transported to this country. The vessel was burned and sunk. Insurance of $10,000, the cost of the statue, was paid. But after a time the cargo of the vessel was recovered, and the statue of the great warrior, perfect, excepting only the hand, was placed in front of a ship-chandler's store in the Falkland Islands. The captain of the "Earl Dalhousie," saw it, thought it would be a good speculation to buy it, did so for $500, and here it is in the hold of the vessel. The replica is now on the way out. I was asked to buy it for the government, and consented to do so, if I could get it at a fair price.

March 28th.—The crew of a vessel burned at sea have just landed here. They sailed in boats, 2000 miles, and did it in twenty days, eleven men in one boat, ten in the other. The boats were not more than 24 ft. long. When they arrived they had provisions enough for 8 days more. Each man was allowed one hard bread in the morning and one at night, 8 oz. in all, 5 oz. of corned beef and a quart of water. At the end of the twenty days, when they reached the coast of Hawaii, and could not land on account of the surf, and were told by the captain of a schooner that the steamer Like-like was around the point 30 miles away, these men double-banked their oars, and made the boats fly through the water. They reached the steamer just as she was getting under way. Each boat had one sail, and as they started in lat. 30 d. N. and 115 d. W long., they had the trade winds all the time on the quarter, and made one hundred miles a day. * * * * *

I have bought the statue of Kamehamaha, for $850.00. It will now be put up on one of the other Islands:—Hawaii perhaps. Yesterday a Portuguese came to me and said he had just met a girl in the Immigration Depot, and wanted to marry her. The passage money of a female is $100.00. The man said he had only $50.00 cash. I went to the depot and found the couple looking rather sheepish, as they had only seen each other once before. I concluded that marriage must be encouraged, so I took the man's $50.00 and gave him a year in which to pay the balance. So the two went off et once to the church and got married.

April 4th.—The King and I rode on horseback to Mosualua, to look at a goverment fish-pond; after inspecting it, we went back to the house, where mats were spread on the deep, fine grass, under the broad monkey-pod. As we lay there looking at the sky, the King read aloud from the "Southern Workman," my mother's letter relating to the time when she brought me to America. Then the natives began to talk about my brother B. .... and his skill in riding and dancing, and then lunch was served on the mats in native style. We had a curp, the first taken out of the pond, as they have been but lately introduced into the Islands. As I lay on the grass, with the soft trade-winds blowing down from the mountains, and the broad-leaved bananas and taros fringing the gardens, and a dozen tall cocounut trees lonely in the sky, the King and his retainers idling on the ground; I again asked myself the question, by what course of events did I drop into this curious scene of tropical wealth. I did not answer the question, but took a nap, sleep being most useful, while my answer is of no great consequence.

News has come that Congress has passed the anti-Chinese law, by which Chinamen are excluded from California for twenty years. One can speculate wildly as to what the result will be. I have settled down to this view of the question, viz: that I have a right if I own the soil, to say what sort of a civilization shall exist about me, how my children shall be brought up, and that I have the right to protect myself from intrusion. The Chinese have the same right. Only in 1857 we violated the principle ourselves, and now we are insisting on the observance. It seems to me that the generalization that every man has a right to live where he pleases, and pursue happiness every where, is too broad. We cast out biganists from social life, why not cast out pagan Chinese biganists? The great mistake America has made, is that she forced China to open her ports, and now is forcing her to close them. Nations are selfish, as tigers. The Eastern states of America are not opposed to the Chinese, the Pacific are. But the politicians must hold Oregon and California, so Congress goes for what will save the party, regardless of moral consequences. * * * * *

Last evening, went to a musical concert at Palama, given by the Japanese envoy. It was a nice affair,—not too crowded—broad lensi—flags—nice supper, and a fine breeze, The place belongs to Keelkolani, and yesterday water spouted in the artesian well they are sinking there, at a depth of 700 ft.

April 10th, 6.30, A. M.—Chinese boy brings me coffee and says "steamer in."

One transfers the intelligence of men to that which they make. It seems as if the steamers were a great intelligence which makes periodical visits here. W. N. A.

Southern Workman,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October, four months.)

Printed on the Normal School Steam Press by students trained in the office.

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HAMPTON N. and A. INSTITUTE.

Thirteenth Annual Report

OF THE PRINCIPAL,

For the School and Fiscal Year Ending July 1st, 1882.

To the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

GENTLEMEN:

This is the fourteenth year of the school. My report will consist principally of reports of officers and teachers.

Heretofore I have discussed the Negro and Indian questions in their general phases; with reference to race differences and peculiarities. Now, specialists in the several departments of the school will speak for themselves.

I present below the larger portion of the report of Mrs. Eunice C. Dixon, in charge of graduates department: it was organized last year, and is of increasing importance. The graduating class of this year numbers 60, making a total from the first of 186.

REPORT ON GRADUATES.

BY MRS. E. C. DIXON.

Of the 389 graduates and 37 *senior*-undergraduates—those who left before the end of the third year—entered in the new "Record Book," males, 289, females, 146, total, 420, I have learned that 326 have engaged in teaching, and that more than *three-fourths* of the *whole*, i. e. 319, have made teaching their vocation since they left the Institute; 3 are licensed preachers, as well as teachers. Over ninety per cent have engaged in teaching. Of the whole number, 27 have died; 2 become insane; leaving 297 to be "kept track of."

Since October 1st, '81, letters have been written to all (not at hand) except 16, whose location I have not yet been fortunate enough to find. I have heard directly from 363, and indirectly from most of the others. Papers, magazines, &c., have been forwarded to them from time to time, for which many grateful acknowledgments have been received; 142 have been put in direct communication with Northern friends, who kindly keep them supplied with reading-matter.

276 have taught in Virginia.
46 " " " North Carolina.
14 " " " South Carolina.
16 " " " Maryland.
5 " " " New Jersey.
5 " " " Georgia.
4 " " " Alabama.
4 " " " Louisiana.
2 " " " Florida.
1 " " " Tennessee.
1 has taught in Missouri.
1 " " " Kansas.
1 " " " Delaware.
1 " " " Ohio.
1 " " " Vermont.
1 " " " Nebraska.

It may be gratifying to know that of the class of 41 graduates last year, 31 have taught since in Virginia.

90 of our graduates are reported married—in several instances husband and wife teaching in the same school.

153 report owning land or other property.
7 own above 100 acres.
18 " from 50 to 100 acres.
4 " " 25 " 50 "
14 " " 5 " 25 "
59 " under 5 "
2 land and other property valued at $3,000.
10 " " " " " $1,000.
17 " " " " from $500 to $1,000.
16 " " " " " $200 to $500.
6 " " " " under $200.
13 are pursuing their studies at other institutions.
4 at Oberlin College, O.
3 at Howard University: 1 Medicine, 1 Law, 1 Theology.
3 at Lincoln University, Pa.
1 " Dartmouth College, N. H.
1 " Wilberforce " O.
1 " St. Augustine Inst., N. C.: Theology.
1 graduated from Medical Department of University at Buffalo, N. Y.; is Assistant Physician and Surgeon at Wayne County Alms house and Insane Asylum, Lyons, N. Y.:
1 Missionary in Africa.

PRESENT OCCUPATION OF OTHERS.

Four-fifths of whom have taught an average of four years.

3 Bookkeepers.
3 Clerks in Post Office Department.
1 " " Banking House.
1 " " Custom House.
1 Commissioner of Revenue and Assistant Postmaster.
3 Office Clerks.
10 Engaged in merchandising.
5 General housework.
5 Carpenters.
4 Seamstresses.
4 Waiters.
3 Common laborers.
3 Shoemakers.
2 On railway trains.
2 Mining in Iowa.
2 Care of a deranged parent.
1 Seaman.
1 Tailor at Hampton Institute.
1 Public singer.
1 Body-servant.
1 Assists in care of Indian girls at Hamp'n
1 Compositor in office of Southern Work'n
1 Printer and Newspaper Reporter, at Washington, D. C.
1 S. S. Missionary, for Amer. S. S. Union.
1 Steward on S. S. "Ohio."
1 Janitor.
1 Constable and Carpenter.
1 Keeper of Light-house.

Also recorded, are 45 under-graduates, all of whom have taught more or less since they left the Institute—the majority of them in Virginia.

Most of the graduates report Sunday Schools connected with their day schools, and some have formed temperance societies.

Their letters are generally encouraging. The following are quotations from them. One of the zealous little band of Hamptonians at the "Tuskegee Normal School," Alabama, whose Principal is B. T. Washington, of class '75, writes: "Surely this is a cause worth working for, and everything that can be done by me shall be done to make this school a success." Another, who has charge of its primary department, writes: "I began school November 21st, with 30 scholars: the number has increased, until now—not a month—I have 70 on roll, with a daily attendance of over 60. I love my work more and more; my children seem eager to learn; to ask them not to, do a thing is all that is necessary. One who cared to work for others at all, could not be discouraged. We never dream of discouragement; never speak of it; all our dreams, and thoughts, and talk are of success; success is our aim, and it will be our end!" One who teaches in Augusta County, Va., writes: "There were four Hampton students here teaching when I came. The people in this part of the State make many inquiries about the H. N. & A. I., and four have promised to go to it next season. There is plenty of brain and muscle of both sexes here; some of the earnest ones ought to be put in the right position to *make themselves*, and to help others. They doubtless would become useful men and women to their race." From Botetourt County: "The people here seem waking up to the importance of education, and good teachers are in demand." Another writes: "My school was taught the three terms previous by a Hampton graduate of '75; so I found it in quite a good condition. I have a S. S. connected with the day-school; the children and some of the parents attend the S. S. quite regularly. I teach the Bible class. I teach in a church, and have not maps and many other necessary things for teaching: still, I have no cause to be discouraged." From Halifax County, Va.: "Teaching has been to me almost like being taught; my ideas about things are clearer and stronger; things come to me as I teach as they never did before. The pleasure, too, that is afforded with the thought of helping others! Teaching makes me feel my deficiencies; gives me a better sight of my position. I shall never fail to acknowledge my lasting thankfulness to Hampton School for what she did for me." Another writes: "This is my first experience in teaching. I have had a hard struggle getting up my day and S. S., but I like teaching very much. The people here have been neglected so long, that it makes them not to feel the good of an education. I hope they will be more thirsty for knowledge by the time this session expires." From Powhatan County: "I have been teaching some months, and have not got my pay yet; that troubles me; still, it does not make me lose my interest in teaching; as you know, I am a poor girl, and need my earnings. I came here to teach my people, and really I do think more of *that* than my pay; though I did want to pay my sister's schooling, and not depend on our old father." Another says: "I enjoy teaching very much, and am glad I can work for my people in this way. I have had many discouragements; my school house is very uncomfortable in cold or wet weather; then there was no money in the treasury; twice I have had to sell my money order at a discount; yet, I have been cheered and strengthened by the rapid progress my pupils seemed to be making." From West Virginia: "I am doing first-rate here; feel more encouraged as to the work among my people here now, than I ever have before." Another, from Roanoke, writes: "I do enjoy school and S. S. so much! I have several pupils fitted for the Middle and Junior classes at Hampton; a few promise to go there the coming session. Education is what they need to make them good and useful men and women. I also teach S. S., and talk much to the people about their habit of drinking; they don't like to hear it." From Augusta County: "The men work hard; most of them have bought from one to ten acres of land, and put up small houses; but often their wives are idle, spending their time visiting, telling and hearing news, while the men can scarcely keep bread in their houses. From near Goldsboro, N. C.: "The people here are poor, but industrious. We have temperance meetings; the children all sign the pledge. Tobacco is freely used by both sexes. I have started a S. S. and a Temperance Society." From Wilmington, N. C.: "I am teaching one of the graded schools; have 100 in my room. There are five teachers in the building; Mr. Holt (Hampton graduate) is the Principal. I like teaching, though it is real tiresome; I think it is the hardest work one can do, but tiresome as it is, I would not give it up. When I see what is to be done, I wish I had begun before. I would like to take a peep at my old home, Hampton Institute. Thoughts of by-gone days arise in my mind to cheer me in my work." From Halifax: "I came here with the anxiety to do all the good I could; to try to elevate and enlighten my pupils, and I have found plenty of work here to be done. I am sorry to say that I am surrounded by intemperance, and if I talk to the people, they don't want to listen to me. We cannot break up the habit of the old people, but can teach the children not to form the habit of drinking." From Pulaski County, Va.: "Temperance and intemperance are strongly arrayed against each other here. There are four barrooms in full blast here. I have taken such a stand against intemperance that some of my strongest readjuster friends don't speak to me now." From another quarter, one writes: "Rum is the great enemy here, but not so great among the colored as the whites. In going to my school I have to pass two taverns, and I have not seen a colored man drunk." From Surry County: "The people are very intemperate, and you can't get them to take an interest in the temperance cause. As far as the temperance work is concerned, I feel that I cannot do much." Again, from Camden, S. C.: "I find morality in a sad condition—old and young, men and women, indulge in strong drink." Another writes from South Carolina: "My school numbers 136 pupils; I have an assistant teacher. My night school of 15 young men, who work through the day and go to school at night, is doing well. They are thirsty for knowledge. My S. S., too, is flourishing at this time. I have organized a reading-room; so far, it works well. Religious papers or books, especially temperance reading, would be gladly and thankfully received. I am trying to do *something*. My correspondence with Hampton and her graduates encourages me." From Orange Co. one writes: "I have a nice day and S. S. I don't rule by using the whip in my school; at first the people said if I didn't whip the scholars, they would soon rule me. I have had to work hard to carry my point. Now they say that the order is better, and the children learn faster than ever before. No graduate has taught here before." Another: "I teach 'habits and manners' in my school once a week. I got a first grade certificate, and get $30 per month. The Superintendent seemed well pleased with the Hampton teachers." From Nelson County: "On Thanksgiving Day I taught half the day; then we had a 'Thanksgiving Dinner'—it wasn't goose, like what they have at Hampton—but crackers, that Mr. B., of Boston had sent in a barrel, with some other things, for my school. Before dinner I talked to the children about the Giver of All Good; then asked them what they felt most thankful for. There were nearly as many answers as there were children. The school-room was crowded. They never had 'Thanksgiving Dinner' before, and they all enjoyed it, though the weather was cold, the house open, and our feet like ice. I think we all felt great thanks to Mr. B. for his kindness to us." Windsor, Va.: "I find a great deal of work here to do. There are many obstacles in the way—some are too poor to provide decent clothes and books for their children. I find teaching hard work, with poor wages. I am the only Hampton graduate in this county. Not many like to teach here because there is a political faction that opposes paying the colored teachers as much as they do the whites." Another writes: "I often lecture my little boys in school concerning strong drinks. I can't reach the old but through their young, which is the best: for I find they strictly regard my teaching at home. One little boy told his father a few weeks ago, not to drink any more rum, for the teacher said it was wrong. I learn that the father, through the influence of the child, has forsaken all strong drinks, and wishes to become a member of my society. Strong drink is the besetting sin of the people here. My S. S. is doing well. How nice it is to be a teacher! I wish to be called by no other name, but only to be a better one." From Augusta County: "I am sorry to say that the people here are very fond of rum. I hope to speak to them on this subject soon. They seem anxious to have their children learn, which is very encouraging. Most of them own the spot they have their little hats on. This is a great contrast to the pleasant home I had at the North. Sacrifice must be made, to accomplish anything. I shall try, by the help of God, to do all the good I can." From Albemarle County: "The aspirations of my scholars seem to be to gain all the knowledge they can; the more I teach, the more attached to the work I become. The County Superintendent shows a desire to have the schools conducted by competent teachers." From Bedford County: "I have taught every winter, except two, since graduating in '71; but the short terms, small salary, and generally uncomfortable school-houses, make school-teaching a very discouraging business; the delay in paying the teachers is another annoyance; many are forced to sell their school-warrants at a discount of from 15 to 25 per centum. School-teaching is not a money-making business. Many of our teachers have been forced to seek other and more remunerative employment." From Charlotte County: "I have a school of 45, and we have a large S. S. here. There are prayer-meetings twice a week; quite a number of the young people have been converted. The people in this part are very ignorant and superstitious. The older ones will not fellowship with the young converts, unless they can tell some miraculous thing about hell and the devil. Our ministers are very incompetent. The teachers have very hard work to convince the people of their errors. I hope the day may come when we shall know how to worship as the Bible teaches." In conclusion, Mrs. Dixon says: "From the hundreds of letters received from them during the year, I might fill pages with quotations of a similar character."

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT.

REPORT ON MATHEMATICS, AND NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

BY MISS J. E. DAVIS,
Acting Lady Principal.

Students enter the Junior Class with a very slight knowledge of arithmetic, being able only to add, subtract, multiply, and divide any whole numbers. They come, as a rule, from country places, where their opportunities have been very limited. They have never been taught to give reasons for their work, and written examinations have been unknown. Their first papers are remarkable for poor spelling, and writing, and badly made figures; but there is a marked improvement in this respect as they advance.

Students are taught from the first to analyze examples. As they have little command of language, and small reasoning power, it is impossible for them at first, to make their own analyses. The teacher gives the explanation, and the student applies it to different examples. Unquestionably, this makes the pupil very dependent upon the teacher. The colored people learn faster when the instruction is oral than when they learn from books, and this is because they do not comprehend

written as readily as spoken language. When it comes to pass in the development of the race, that these two languages are equally well understood, but not until then, a text-book, which has good analyses, could be put into their hands, and they need not depend so much upon the teacher. When another point is reached in their development; viz: when they are able to reason out things for themselves, it would be well to use a text-book containing only examples and definitions. On many accounts such a text-book would be valuable even now. It would be better either to have one with no analyses, or or one with good ones in every subject. The one in use now, Hagar's Practical Arithmetic, is not in all respects satisfactory; the explanations are not all good, and there are not enough examples given. Students improve very much in their ability to give good explanations, and in the Senior year, they cannot be prevailed upon to work an example without knowing the reason for every step.

Inaccuracy in the use of both figures and language, is their greatest trouble. There is no want of capacity, except in cases where students were too old when they began the study. Girls, as a rule, do neater and more accurate work than boys, but the latter are generally brighter. Degree of color apparently makes no difference. One with a dark skin may be the brightest pupil in the class, while a "bright" one may be very dull.

Indians make good figures, and having once learned a method, can put down nice-looking work, but their lack of English makes it impossible for them to explain, or to keep up with the colored students.

In making any comparison with white pupils, several things must be borne in mind. If it were possible to find a class of white children whose ancestors had been held in bondage for hundreds of years; who could not boast of even one generation of educated people behind them; who had always lived in the country, where there were few educating or refining influences; and who had been to school to inferior teachers, only two, three, four, or five months for one, two, or three years,—then it would be fair to compare one of our classes with such a class, and, in my opinion, there would be little to choose between them. But such a class it would be impossible to find, so that comparison is out of the question.

Students who finish arithmetic satisfactorily, study algebra one year. Until lately, they hungered and thirsted for algebra more than for anything else, thinking it would be the "open sesame" to wonders beyond. That eagerness has sensibly diminished, many now preferring to review arithmetic. The standard has not been raised during the past three years, and it cannot be done until students come to us better prepared.

It is a pleasure to teach Mathematics, because of the students' interest in the study, which never seems to flag.

The want of language is very noticeable in the study of Natural Philosophy. Students' interest in this study is rather surprising; partly because we do not realize how new everything is to them. They are eager to know the "philosophy" of all that they see, but if a clear statement of any truth not before explained, is demanded, the teacher must give it, or help out the student. Their minds have not been trained to logical thinking, and it is not strange even while it is true, that they do not know where to begin when they wish to prove a statement, and that they will wander away from the point into endless labyrinths, if allowed to do so.

If time allowed, the study of the simplest geometrical theorems, while it would be difficult, would be of great benefit in developing their reasoning powers.

REPORT ON GRAMMAR WORK,

BY MISS M. J. SHERMAN.

In all our work in this department, the chief object is to teach our students, not to parse and analyze, but to use correct language; yet as many of them intend to teach, we must acquaint them with the terms and principles of theoretical grammar, that they may pass the required examinations.

We cannot lay aside the study of analysis and parsing, not only for the reason above stated, but because of certain difficulties peculiar to our class of pupils. Many of them come from homes of ignorance, and from schools but indifferently taught; hence we find them without correct habits of speech, and for one year at least, must fight against "He were not there," or "I tries mighty hard." We have hnt three or four years in which to overcome these faults, a time insufficient, in most cases, to do that work, unless the student knows why he is wrong. Besides, most of them are to return to surroundings similar to those whence they came, and, without a knowledge of the principles of language, would easily fall back into the old ways. Moreover, they are to teach language in other schools; and to be sure of their ground, they must understand the use of words in the sentence.

One of the most trying characteristics of our pupils is their carelessness in the mechanical execution of their work, to which is added, in many cases, a seeming inability to arrange systematically. They are, as a rule, poor spellers.

Such are the difficulties daily to be dealt with in the class room. We endeavor to meet them by combining the study of theoretical grammar with its practical application in sentence-building.

For several months, we found it necessary to teach a new subject orally; for our pupils having had little mental training, cannot, as a general thing, take a text book, and grasp, unaided, the thoughts therein expressed. One reason for this is the fact that many who begin grammar are very poor readers. They will get the thought if the teacher reads the passage to them, and, better still, if she *tells* it. The oral method adds interest to the subject, and teaches to think, as we avoid telling the class anything, but aim to develop the point by questions.

We use "Reed and Kellogg's Graded Lessons in English," an admirable book in many respects. It is small, giving just what one must know, and omitting the mass of special rules, exceptions, etc., with which many grammars are loaded. It is arranged in a clear and logical order, teaching first the entire sentence, and leaving etymology until the close of the book. It contains excellent sets of sentences illustrating each new principle taught.

We would criticise, however, its occasional use of sentences highly figurative. Students of more general information, and who have read more widely than ours, would not find them difficult to understand; but to most of our pupils they are at first utterly unintelligible. The entire year is needed for the study of grammar, and *we* must leave the study and explanation of figures till later.

Sentences stating some historic fact, or bit of useful information, are very valuable, for expressed plainly and simply, they add, without effort on his part, not a little to the student's often scanty stock of knowledge.

We spend the first six months mainly in analysis. The use of a diagram, not Reed and Kellogg's, was very helpful. Naturally rather drowsy, these students, in order to accomplish much, need, for a time, to exert themselves physically as well as mentally. The diagram gives them something to do, and according to their own verdict, makes a principle clearer to them than it could be made without this help.

When they are familiar with the subject, we require oral analysis, which demands purely mental action, and teaches them to concentrate their thoughts without the aid of physical effort.

In general, we find analysis very useful, as a mental discipline more valuable than arithmetic, as the work must be wrought by pure reasoning, and not because of the tempting bait of an answer.

In connection with analysis, we insist upon constant practice in sentence-building, to illustrate the precise points under consideration.

This teaches them how to execute their work, for neatness is required as well as care in the use of capitals, in punctuation, and in spelling.

Spelling is here taught in a department by itself.—Results have proved that constant practice in copying is one of the best methods of forming correct habits of spelling. This, however, does not furnish a vocabulary sufficiently wide; hence a spelling-book, with constant practice in the use of the words studied, is needful.

Sentence-building is especially valuable in fixing in the pupil's mind the principles which he studies; but, more than this, it accomplishes exactly that for which we are aiming,—the use of correct language. The sentences are at first on such simple subjects as *boys, John, Lucy*; but we notice a gradual change in the matter of the work, as the students advance in their other classes, especially as they become familiar with history.

The study of grammar is mainly confined to the Junior term, the text-book above mentioned being completed at the end of that time.

Composition and rhetoric follow in the Middle, and English literature with practice in paraphrasing, in the Senior year. All the while there is more or less reviewing of the Junior work, and, above all, the practical application of that work in oral recitation, and in composition writing.

Our Junior students range in age from fifteen to thirty. Tha faw over twanty-one find their work harder than of those a little younger; hut in many cases, their perseverance on the very account of their age, enables them to do quite well. Still, in most cases, it must ha said that they do not make as good scholars as do those younger than they.

As regarda their ehility in this department as compared with thet of white students of the same grade, we would say that the average colored student will learn in one year as much as the white child in the northern schools learns in two. This may he explained by the fact that, although children in mental culture, they are young men and women in other respects, clear illustrations of which statement are constantly observed.

As regards color, we find some of the lightest ones very bright, and others exceedingly dull, while the same may be said of those with darkest skins.

The girls are less slovenly, as a rule, than are the hoys; and in a given class a larger proportion of girls than boys will be good grammar scholars, although some of the best may be found among the latter.

Lastly, we would speak of their enthusiasm in their work, probably, to a great extent, due to the fact that they fully realize their deficiency in this respect. It shows itself, not only in the class room, but in their intercourse with each other. They are fond of correcting in each other the use of "split verbs," as they term an expression like "They is," and are often coming to a teacher to settle a dispute as to the correctness of some expression.

A new subject in grammar seems to have for them the charm of a fascinating story. There are dull ones, who can do next to nothing; but of the majority it may be said that they enjoy their work, are equal to it, and are greatly benefited by it.

RESULTS OF ENGLISH TEACHING AT HAMPTON.

BY MISS H. W. LUDLOW.

The results of the three years English training at Hampton would naturally be looked for in the students' speech, ability to read and understand the language of books, and power to express themselves in letter writing and other original composition.

But, in these different directions, there is great difference of result. In correctness of speech, there is no doubt, a general and great improvement. Visitors at our anniversaries frequently express surprise at the general good English they hear, the small amount of Negro dialect and pronunciation. The popular sentiment of the school is strongly against this. Any slip into it is apt to be ridiculed, and as fast as possible it is laid aside as a badge of the old time. The Seniors' English is quite fair within the limits of their vocabulary and conversational powers.

How narrow these limits, and how deep the depths beyond them, can be understood only when we consider on the one hand, as we seldom do, how different the language of books is from that of every-day talk on a lower plane of life; how many more words are employed, how many others are used in new constructions, or in a figurative or unusual sense. On the other hand, we must remember that the colored student, ordinarily, has had absolutely no surroundings of culture to nourish or stimulate his mind. For anything like this he must depend entirely on the school. He has very likely not learned to read at all, till he was fourteen or fifteen years old. All the strange experiences come with a rush; one new study after another, new ways of living, new requirements of discipline and work. There is a strain upon him at every point. The whole man is growing, and at a rate of growth far greater than that of a collegian in the North, only comparable to that of a child; but conscious self-expression is the flower of growth, and last to be perfected.

At the same time, he is not in all respects a child by any means. He has maturity of thought, in some directions, far ahead of the young white collegian. He may have supported himself and others for years before he came here; he is full of practical resource; he has worked manfully to get to school, he has a strong sense of the needs of his people, and a desire to work for them; he wants an education for this purpose.

The great problem is how to give him as practical a one as possible in the three years' course; especially, how to give him a taste for reading and ability to learn from reading.

How difficult a task this is, what a very foreign language to him is the English of books, might be illustrated by amusing examples almost without limit.

A Senior copying part of one of Sumner's speeches for declamation, wrote with the book before him, that "tha true grandeur of nations consists not in battle-fields reeking with *scrupulous* smoke." Scrupulous meant as much as "sulphurous" to him, for neither meant anything.

A student altered a line of Gray's Elegy,—"Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind," into, Nor cast one longing, *loathsome* look behind," because," he explained, "lingering meant that they were *loath* to leave."

Another, to illustrate the opposite meanings of the affixes "pro and con," quite innocent of satire, suggested "*progress*, and *congress*."

The disadvantage of this ignorance of English is felt in every branch of study, even in mathematics, where something depends on the clear understanding of a statement or the ability to make a clear one.

A student of geography—in the Junior class,—came with a very troubled face to a teacher for help over the question "Into what waters do the rivers flow which rise on the western slope of the Alleghanies?" "Look on the map and see," said the teacher. "I have looked." "Do you know how the mountains look, how they slope?" In illustration, the teacher improvised a mountain from a partly opened book, saying "Now we'll call this the Alleghany range; which is the western slope? Where does the Atlantic ocean lie?" These questions satisfactorily answered, the teacher asked, "Now, suppose the river rises up here, near the top of this western slope; "which way will it run?" Still the remarkable answer came: "Into the Atlantic Ocean." "But," remonstrated the teacher, how can it get there? It rises here, and the Atlantic is over on the other side of the mountain. Did you ever see a river run up hill?" "No," was the reply. "I never saw one, but the book says 'They *rise*.'"

The question comes, How far are these drolleries the result of race peculiarities? The report of an English Inspector of Schools in the East end of London contains quite as amusing ones as I have given; as for instance, that "great girls, pupil teachers, do not know what a onshroom is, and both boy and girl pupil teachers habitually understand, as a "churchyard," the "rampart" to which the body of Sir John Moore was hurried." These examples match Hampton's, and we may remark, with the English Inspector, "Persons who have had the advantage of a liberal education are apt to ignore conditions under which their own minds have been formed, and which are altogether lacking in the education of children who frequent elementary schools."

Race peculiarities however, have no doubt their effect. Even a good one may sometimes become a disadvantage, as when their musical ear leads the colored students into interpreting a word by its sound, or tracing resemblances that no one else ever thought of, as when Macaulay's stirring verse,

"And be your oriflamme to-day
The helmet of Navarre."

was impressively rendered:

"And be your *diaphragm* to-day,
"The helmet of Navarre."

They have a passion for oratory, and their musical ear again tempts them to prefer a large, sonorous and unusual word to a short and common one, with often little reference to the sense.

"Do I really understand you to say" inquired one, "that one should never use a word he does not understand? Why how can we learn to use words without trying them first."

It would be by no means just to our subject to leave it here, with a laugh. There is in every class a proportion of students who learn to express their thoughts with simplicity and clearness, and a good degree of fluency. Examples of the good writing would be less interesting of course than of the bad, as they are remarkable only for being simple English. A paragraph from this year's salutatory which has not been touched by a teacher, may serve as a specimen, as showing an appreciation of the point and pathos of a scene from real life, and some power of description.

"The group thus formed is exceedingly picturesque. The old man bent with age and infirmity represents the past of his race, the young girl the present, while the teacher personate the friendly hand stretched to it from the other side. And as he sits with his eyes fixed dreamily upon them, he murmurs "God bless you, I love you all." "Why do you love us so, Uncle Cain?, some one asks." "I love you for the same reason I love the Lord Jesus. I love Him because he first loved me, and I know you loved me first, or you wouldn't have come to look after me. Since then, the old man has passed away, and no one regrets having strewn a few flowers along his pathway."

The proportion who can thus naturally and clearly express themselves, is probably never more than 25 per cent. of any Senior class. The shade of complexion does not seem to have anything to do with it; the dark ones are quite as apt as any to be bright mentally, and the light ones to be dull. The balance is sometimes in favor of one type, and sometimes of the other.

The smallness of this proportion would be much more discouraging than it is, were it not for the fact that the best results of our English training come out after the students leave Hampton, not to enter college but the school of life. In the isolated, backwoods stations to which most of them are suddenly transplanted from the movement and excitements of Hampton school-life, a sort of unconscious cerebration seems to go on, a mental settling and clearing. They find immediate use for what they have learned and recall it with gratitude. Now their best thought and expression, the best results of Hampton's training, come back to us in our graduate teachers' letters. Now their thoughts are on

realities; they write not for effect but to express themselves. Many of these letters you have read in the columns of the "Southern Workman" from month to month. The post graduate addresses sometimes delivered by our returning students, and their general conversation and hearing, show corresponding signs of growth in thought and power of expression. We are amply satisfied to go on with our work.

The Indian Students with a corresponding knowledge of English, seem to have some advantage over the colored in the power of using it. They are not tempted to its misuse by a musical sense certainly, and the love of display would be more restrained by self-consciousness, and a sense of the ludicrous, with a consequent fear of ridicule. They seem to have a clearer, sharper habit of thought. But this may be in great part the result of careful English training from the first, with nothing to unlearn; as one of my race learns a foreign language from regular instructors more correctly than the lower classes of its natives speak it.

The lesson, both from the results and the difficulties of English teaching at Hampton, is the imperative need and importance of it; the folly there would be in ever slighting it, or crowding it in the short three years' course to flatter vanity with a crackly veneering of Latin and Greek; the vital bearing it has on every department of school study and life work.

REPORT ON HISTORY.

BY MISS S. L. BREWSTER.

The study of History has too often served to fill the mind of the student with a miscellaneous collection of facts, which he was obliged to hold in his memory by main force, in order to bring them out, properly labeled, at a moment's notice; but this sort of thing does our students no good. Their verbal memory and memory for isolated facts are naturally remarkable, while their power to see the relation between cause and effect, purpose and result, needs a great deal of cultivating.

For instance, the teacher asks a class beginning U. S. History—"Did the Navigation Act have a good or bad effect on the commerce of the colonies?" Half the class will say "Good," the other half "Bad," and neither half will be able to give a reason for its answer. Then the teacher takes up the question in this way, step by step:

Q. To what country were all the exports from the colonies to be sent?

A. To England.

Q. In what ships?

A. English.

Q. Who regulated the price paid in England for the raw material?

A. The English.

Q. Would the price be high or low?

A. Low.

Q. Who made the raw material into manufactured articles?

A. The English.

Q. Where did the colonists buy all their manufactured articles?

A. In England.

Q. At a high or low price?

A. High.

Q. In what ships were they brought to the colonies?

A. English.

Q. Then who made all the money on our exports?

A. The English.

Q. Was that good or bad for the colonies?

A. Bad.

Then one-half the class is triumphant, and the other feels beaten, while really one is no better than the other.

This is a sample of the careful way in which it is necessary to begin, but before a class has finished one of the ordinary school histories, the majority have learned to do this analysis for themselves, and give a sensible answer, with good reasons to back it.

The chief difficulty in teaching History, especially that of the United States, is found in the text-books; for our students' knowledge of English, as a written language, is very limited, and there are always so many long words to be conquered in a history lesson, that its meaning is often quite hidden, until brought to light by the teacher. What these students, and all other students in the same grade of schools need, is a history written in straightforward, simple English, and arranged logically and topically.

The English of Higginson's Young Folks' History is all that could be desired; but its story form makes it hard to use as a text-book. Barnes' History of the United States is remarkably well arranged; but it has too many long words, and too high-flown English. Another book has a chapter beginning "Rays of light shot athwart the gloom that brooded over Valley Forge." Now "brooded" in the minds of our students suggests nothing so much as hens, while "athwart" means nothing at all. So this sentence, like hundreds of others, becomes a stumbling block in the way of their getting at the meaning of the passage in which it occurs. The same passage, however, read aloud by the teacher, who will naturally give emphasis to the most important ideas, becomes quite clear to them; and if she lays aside the book, and gives the same thing in her own language, they understand perfectly, and a week hence will probably be able to give it back to her almost in her own words. From this it might seem best to make the instruction entirely oral; but this would defeat one of our chief ends, which is not to put into their heads knowledge cut and dried, but to teach them to study for themselves, and find out the really important things which fit together.

They need to be taught to read—that is, to skip judiciously—so that they will not think that the number of men killed in a battle is of equal importance with the result of the battle. In reciting a topic of this kind, they are always particular to give a certain number of men killed, and a date, but here their accuracy comes in, for usually both are wrong. In teaching them the history of a war, we try to keep constantly before them the causes, and the way in which the campaigns are leading up to the result; then under each campaign come two or three of the most effective battles and generals. This makes the outline, which is to be filled in with stories, unimportant, perhaps, in themselves, but illustrating the spirit of the times, and making the picture more striking.

The boys are especially fond of the Constitutional parts of our own history, while the girls take more kindly to the study of manners and customs and to biographical sketches. In Ancient History, which is large ly biographical, the sexes are nearly equal, but the boys come out when any likeness is discovered between the government of an ancient nation and our own.

In comparing them with white students, if we leave out the difficulty about the English, which makes it necessary for them to get short lessons, they seem to do quite as well in this study.

The shade of color makes not the slightest difference. The blackest boy in the class may have the clearest head, while the whitest may be a dunce, or *vice versa*.

REPORT ON GEOGRAPHY.

BY MISS A. M. HOBBS.

So much has been written about the best methods of teaching Geography by the Professors and Geography-makers, that there seems almost nothing left to be said. One can only to follow the directions laid down.

In most schools the study of Geography is pursued for two or three years at least; while here at Hampton we must get all we can into one term of nine months.

It seems strange at first to see a class of students—fifteen, twenty, and sometimes twenty-five years old—just beginning to study Geography, who sometimes do not know east from west, and who never saw a wall map, or a globe before. I think it is more interesting to them because it is new, and because they are better able to appreciate it than young children.

The natural divisions of land and water are easily understood. Many of our scholars come a distance, and know most of them from experience. They like to mould them in sand, and to find out the miniature capes, peninsulas, bays, and harbors along the shores of the creek.

At first, map-studies and the globe are difficult. It is not easy to find on the globe or large wall map the places they had learned on the small maps in their books. One who had learned his lesson faithfully in the book—a lesson on the continents—went to the globe, and then to the map of the hemispheres, and searched for North America. At last he gave it up, and said he "was not yet sufficiently acquainted with North America to recognize it."

This difficulty is soon obviated by drawing maps—first on paper, copying from their books, and afterwards on the blackboard from memory. Not elaborate map drawing, reducing everything to an exact scale, but a rapid, free-hand drawing—first, outlines, then mountain ranges and rivers, then political divisions and cities, or writing the mineral wealth, productions, and so forth. They like to make their own inferences as to the climate, productions, commercial advantages of a country, also the slope of the land by the course of the rivers, the water-sheds, &c., having learned the general principles.

At *first* the Indians (there are a few Indians in these classes) draw better maps than the other students, but very soon *some* of the others, by practice, do quite as well, and are ambitious to excel.

After a few months, they will write a very good geographical account of the section of the country from which they have come. They are interested to find out about and compare different countries, and people, their peculiarities, &c. They like to take imaginary journeys by land or sea, stopping at important places, and making purchases of whatever may be the prominent productions of the neighborhood.

I think, as a general thing, the boys are more interested in this study than the girls, especially in the government, commercial advantages, and occupations of the people.

The first half of the school year is devoted to learning about our own country, the laws which govern climate, latitude, longitude, and general information. After that we go to foreign countries, devoting the longest time to Europe. Long lists of names and statistics we have not time for, besides, they are soon forgotten.

Pictures are a great assistance, and they find that most pictures, whether of people, scenery, or plants, have something to do with geography.

When the year comes to a close, they are just beginning to realize something of the world in which they live, and how much there is for them to learn.

REPORT ON READING.

BY MISS MARGARET KENWILL.

DIFFICULTIES.

The first and greatest difficulty in the way of the colored student is his inability to name words. Coming to school for the first time at an age which, with the white pupil, marks the close of school life in a majority of cases, the process of learning words so as to be able to pronounce them at sight is a mountain of difficulty which is hardly surmounted in our three years' course. What the child learns by such gradual, easy progress as to be almost unconscious of effort, is to the grown man a painful task.

The colored student has a pleasant, melodious voice, possibly flexible and capable of expressing a variety of emotions; moreover he loves to hear it, and there is no difficulty, as with the Indians, in inducing him to use it.

My experience in voice culture has proved to me that the quite universal theory, that the vocal organs of the Negro are unsuited to distinct articulation, is incorrect. The difficulty lies not in inability but in slovenly habit, a careless lazy utterance too altogether confined to the *colored* man in the South. I have found my classes capable of imitating any sound or pronouncing any combination of letters with as great ease and readiness as any class of white pupils I ever taught. Of course there are some who cannot do this, but no greater per cent. than in white classes. Yet after having pronounced separately the words of a paragraph with perfect distinctness, they will often proceed to read it with a mumbling utterance scarcely intelligible. Such is the force of habit.

METHODS FOR OVERCOMING THE DIFFICULTY.

I have tried various methods of teaching words, viz;

The word method as taught to children.

Marking difficult words in the lesson for the following day, and requiring the class to study them as to pronunciation and meaning.

Pronouncing words separately through the paragraph before attempting to read it.

Reading backward with careful pronunciation and articulation.

Pronouncing syllables separately through the verse.

Writing difficult words on the blackboard, reading from the board and the book alternately, till the words *are* learned.

Phonic drill in difficult combinations.

Committing selections to memory to become familiar with the words by frequent study.

Awakening an interest in the piece to be read, so that the student shall study it for the story and at the same time learn the words.

HABITS OF READING.

Nothing is more desirable than that the students shall acquire a taste for general reading. I depend very much upon this for a means of getting over the difficulty with words, and have tried many devices to awaken an interest.

I have found it well to arouse curiosity in a lesson by telling the story in part and leaving the student to find the sequel by reading for himself.

By assigning lessons calculated to arouse enthusiasm, first reading the selection to the class. The colored student delights in oratory, and is not insensible to the beauty of verse.

By reading a variety of books aside from the usual text-book; for this purpose I have found nothing equal to the writings of C. C. Coffin, as seen in "The Boys of '76," and "The Story of Liberty." We also read every month the Southern Workman, and the American Agriculturist.

REMEMBERING WHAT IS READ.

To form a habit of remembering what is read, I frequently require the pupil to tell the story in his own words after reading the piece or paragraph, or one who has listened tells what another has read.

Sometimes I require the class to write out on paper or blackboard the story or substance of the lesson read that day or the day previous.

PHYSICAL EXERCISES FOR VOCAL CULTURE.

Though the colored student usually is possessed of a strong, well developed voice, yet I find it profitable to give exercises for increasing its capacity, and flexibility as well as to increase the mobility of the face, especially the lips, to acquire grace and ease of carriage, to arouse the class and prepare them for a hearty, cheerful rendering of the selection.

In the Senior class I also introduce the study of gesture, for since the orators will indulge in gesture, it is better they should be graceful.

REPORT ON WRITING.

BY MISS A. P. BROWN.

The first thing to be done with a class of students in the matter of hand-writing is, in most cases, to get rid of a bad style. With the older students, men especially, this is not soon or easily done, as their style is formed and their hands are often quite stiff from hard work, making penholding a difficult task.

Many however overcome this in a great measure by persistent drill in the rudiments and exercises. The younger the beginner, the more satisfactory the results. I see no difference, so far as my experience goes, in the ability of white and colored students to become good penmen.

The Indians are, almost invariably, good and even fine writers. This is due mainly to their being started in the correct way, and also to their talent for imitation and the suppleness and delicacy of their hands.

The boys of both races are, as a rule, the better writers.

The Spencerian Books and Charts are used, and the students are drilled in black-board exercises and the setting of copies.

REPORT ON SPELLING.

BY MISS ANNA E. KEMBLE.

One of the greatest difficulties the Negro meets in the correct spelling of words arises from his careless manner of speech.

These people for generations have so abbreviated words—leaving off all terminations, ignoring entirely the "d" or "ed" of the past tense—using the present for the past and spelling accordingly, that in some cases it would seem almost hopeless to ever make accurate spellers of them. I have noticed in many cases that they spell very much as they pronounce. Not having learned to read so that they may *see* the words they use, until long after they learned to talk, and having learned words only from parents or associates, who, in most cases, used a careless pronunciation, they have gone on copying these defects until words are so abbreviated and run together as to be almost unrecognizable—as is the case with a student who comes under my care, who speaks of "The coat I *ooter* (used to) wear" and spells as he pronounces.

Our most successful method of meeting this difficulty, has been in requiring the student to first enunciate distinctly each word in the lesson—for, as he pronounces more clearly, he catches the true sound of the letters, and spells more correctly. The spelling lessons are always written, as this has proved to be the best method of imprinting words on the memory. And just here we aim to unite the spelling with writing—the teacher writing on the blackboard, in a plain Spencerian hand, the new lesson, which the student copies. By this plan, he writes the new word for the first time correctly. The next day he writes the lesson from dictation. The improvement in hand writing made in this way, is truly remarkable.

But just here his lack of observation and apparent inability to do two things well at the same time, are new difficulties. It has been said that "Seeing is one of the fine arts, and needs to be cultivated." This is peculiarly true with the colored student. He will often spell incorrectly on his paper words that are plainly written before him on the board; this is chiefly due to *carelessness* and *long habits* of inaccuracy. I have often noticed that a student, after spelling words correctly in my class, will go to another recitation, where spelling is not the leading feature, and *misspell* the same words. I am not able to account for this, save that he thinks in his old defective language.

But Orthography will not be learned by them in a *few* lessons; these evil habits of years must be continually and persistently battled with until outgrown. Many of them experience the same difficulty in learning to spell that a foreigner does in learning our language, and we need not be discouraged if a people in whose hands books have recently been put, should get tangled at times in the maze of a language where so many words are pronounced alike and spelled so differently.

We must make allowance for the numerous words for the spelling of which there is no rule, and which we, having been accustomed to *see* correctly spelled, as well as *hear* correctly pronounced, seem always to have known.

To meet this difficulty, we aim to teach the meaning and practical use of words, calling

on the student for the definition of the word and the proper use of it in a sentence. A very interesting lesson is made in this way, while many amusing mistakes are met and corrected. While this part of the work belongs in an especial sense to the teacher of language, it is quite necessary that the student have a clear and definite understanding of the word that he is writing, else how shall he know if it be spelled vain, vein, or vane, and thus, while spelling is the leading feature of the recitation, a foundation is laid for the subsequent study of grammar and composition. By persistent labor, great improvement *has been* made, but *time* and patient effort are the two greatest factors that will secure the correct orthography of a people who have so many years of careless language to undo.

REPORT ON BOOK KEEPING.

BY GEN. J. F. B. MARSHALL, TREASURER.

Book-keeping has been taught the Senior Class from the first, by Thomas's Single Entry System, which, after careful examination of other methods, is thought to be the best.

The object has been, not to teach an elaborate system, for which few of the students would ever have occasion, but to make them familiar with a simple form of accounts, such as they would be likely to use in their own business, and the best methods of making the different business papers in common use. The classes have been too large, and the time devoted to this study too short, for more than a very general and imperfect training. The work of the classes however, has been creditable, and many of the students have shown capacity for higher branches of this study. The head book-keeper in my office is a graduate of the class of 1876, and has had no other training than what he received in the class, and has since had in the office. The School account books are necessarily intricate and elaborate, kept by double entry, and comprising separate accounts of all the departments of the School.

Two large farms, the Saw-Mill and Wood working Establishment, Knitting Factory, Printing Office, Engineer Department, Indian Training Shop, the Sewing & Tailoring dept. Shoe Factory, and other industries, with the Boarding Departments of the Students and Teachers, the various Donation and other income accounts, also the student's accounts, are all made up monthly, and a balance sheet rendered. These books are satisfactorily kept. Another graduate, with the same training, keeps by double entry the books of the Saw-Mill & Wood Working Establishments which are transferred monthly to the general books.

Visitors from Northern schools generally express surprise at the hand-writing of our students, which they say is much better than that of the average of Northern schools; this is said of the writing of both Negro and Indian students.

REPORT ON THE "BUTLER" PREPARATORY AND PRACTICE SCHOOL.

(All day scholars, from 8 to 11 years of age.)

BY MISS ELIZABETH L. HYDE.

This has been, on the whole, an encouraging year at the Butler. The children entered promptly at the beginning of the term instead of straggling in a few at a time until Christmas, as they have done heretofore. We have had over three hundred children on roll, besides turning away many that belonged in Hampton. Average attendance, about two hundred and eighty.

The school has always seemed to me to be a discouraging one in many respects. It is choked up with a great deal of worthless material; many of the children are to be found pretty much in the same place they were years ago; they have arrived at a certain point, and there they seem to have stopped short. This is partly owing to the fact that many of them leave at the close of the county school, and before the next fall have forgotten pretty much all they ever learned. One encouraging feature this term, is the fact that the day school is in every respect so much more satisfactory than ever before; it is better attended, consists of the most hopeful of the children who, with three or four exceptions, pay for their schooling by working in and around the building.

For the first time in three years, I feel encouraged for the future of the Butler, from the fact that most the younger children seem to be a more hopeful lot; indeed they are fast outstripping those who were in school years before them; this may be said to the credit of the Primary teachers, and proves the importance of starting the children in the right way.

There is a marked change in the amount of interest which the parents of the children have taken in the school this year, and the manner in which they have helped to carry out the plans of the teacher in cases of discipline has been very gratifying. Corporal punishment is not used in the school. We have tried the card system with perfect success; suspension is the most severe punishment, and has only been necessary in a few cases. When obliged to suspend a pupil, I have each time written to the parents, stating the facts and asking them to call at the school and see me about it; in nearly every case they have complied with my request, and stated their desire to do every thing in their power to help us in carrying out our plans. They have visited the class-rooms, and several times this year I have been stopped on the road by people whom I did not recognize, who wanted to know how their children were getting on in school, at the same time adding; "If they give you any trouble Miss Hyde, just let me know, and I will 'tend to them." The increase of the number of parents present at the festival recently, was very noticeable; several of them told me they had come to look after their children, and I think, considering the number of people present, that they were a remarkably well behaved crowd, and certainly a contrast to those of previous years; indeed, some of them spoke to me about it themselves. Just here I would like to say that I have found the Hampton teachers, of the greatest assistance to me in governing the school. This is the first term that the day scholars have been employed as teachers and the result proves that, as far as possible, the Butler should be taught by day scholar graduates; they know the children and the influences surrounding them; their people are proud to see them teaching, and are encouraged by their example to try and get their own children to the same height, and besides this, they furnish what has always been the missing link between the parents and myself. That the colored people are beginning to see the importance of putting their children entirely under the influence of the Normal School, is seen in the fact that among our boarders this year are two pupils from Hampton, and I know of several cases in which the people are planning to do the same when their children, at present at the Butler, shall enter the Normal School.

I wish very much that we could have a good night school; if we could get the people more under the influence of the Normal, it would do more than anything else towards the civilization of the children: school influence amounts to so little when in opposition to the influences at home; and I feel sure from what I have seen of the people around here, that many of their mistakes are due to ignorance; they would do better if they only knew what better was. If we could have our room lighted up and made pleasant, so that we could ask the people to come in other once in a while, I think there would be a change which would be felt not only at the Butler but at the Normal School.

Colored children seem to me to be unusually bright, and the interest which they take in their lessons makes the task of teaching a very pleasant one; the boys are, as a rule, much brighter than the girls and more ambitious. I do not find that shade of color makes any difference. As they grow older it seems to me they lose that precocious quickness and become more like ordinary white children. Colored children are very nervous and excitable, and have very little control over themselves, and you can make up your mind that a colored child is pretty much what he seems to be. They are very easily influenced, but are not to be depended upon; they are affectionate and demonstrative, and the love and thoughtfulness which brothers and sisters show to one another might well serve as a lesson to white children; they are not at all bashful, and their self-possession and confidence when called upon to appear in any public way is in strong contrast to the behavior of white children under the same circumstances. I do not think it is because they are conceited either, but simply because they enjoy doing it.

As very few of our students have ever attended good primary schools, it follows that they are weak in those very branches which they are expected to teach. Before I can give them methods, it is often necessary to teach them the thing itself first, and they get so interested in the facts that they forget to notice how those facts were taught. They are very imitative, and can teach well anything they have once seen taught, but they do not seem to be able to work things out for themselves or to invent new ways of developing things. They will teach by the new methods just as far as they have seen them used, then, as they say, they "do not know what to do next," so from that point will teach as they remember they were taught when they first began going to school; this would work well if their teachers had always been of the best, but unfortunately this is not so. Colored teachers talk too much; when they explain things they use so many words that the point of the explanation is lost altogether, and often some very good idea will be completely hidden by their bungling way of putting it; they are inclined to put their teaching in the form of lectures instead of demanding recitations from their scholars, they have very little system about arranging their work, they have likewise no idea of time—nine o'clock may mean five or ten minutes after or even half past nine to them. They do not go quickly from one thing to another but make long pauses between the different school exercises, and so give the children time to get out of order. If they would systematize their work so as to know exactly what they are to do next and then do it quickly, their school would be in better order and much time would be saved. They make very interesting teachers, are bright and animated in their manner, and keep the interest and attention of the children remarkably well; in cases of emergency they, like the children, appear to the best advantage. As teachers, I think the boys and girls compare very favorably, the advantage, if any, being on the part of the girls, who seem to have more tact and patience in managing the children. The best scholars, as a rule, make the best teachers, although there are occasionally cases in which some students whom we have considered rather below the average, will develop a really wonderful faculty for teaching.

Colored teachers have naturally more confidence in themselves than do young white teachers. And this is an advantage to them inasmuch as it inspires the children with the same confidence. They are not, as a rule, good disciplinarians, they are easily made angry, and have very little control over themselves when so; they use the whip to a shameful extent and do not believe that a school can be governed without it; they make a great many rules but do not see that they are obeyed; they let little things go, and so, soon have large ones to deal with.

Here, as in their lessons, their wordiuesss is a disadvantage to them, if they would do more and talk less, their schools would be in much better order.

REPORT ON THE NIGHT SCHOOL.

BY MISS L. K. DAY.

The night-class is composed of those young men and women who are unable to meet the expenses of the day-school, or are not far enough advanced to enter the Junior class. The greater part of them came with absolutely no money, and without this opportunity, which Hampton affords them, would be unable to obtain an education. Many of them are older than the students in the regular classes of the day-school.

Their purpose is to prepare for entering the day-school the following year. To enable them to do this, the night-class is kept open from October to October. They work ten hours a day, learning the different industries on the place. Their earnings are put aside for them to pay their bills for board and clothing the following year.

Of the boys, 15 work on the farm; 17 in the saw-mill; 4 in the carpenter shop; 1 in the tailoring department; 1 in the blacksmith shop; 1 in the wheelwright shop; 1 in the printing office; 1 in the knitting room; 3 in the shoe-shop; 3 in the engineering department. There are 2 bakers; 2 night-guards; 1 painter, and 2 orderlies; 8 of the girls are employed in the laundry; 5 in the tailoring department; 1 as nurse; 2 as cooks, and 6 are living with families on the place. We began the term with 107 scholars and two teachers. There are now 79—57 boys and 22 girls. The ages are from sixteen to thirty. To do efficient work, it was found necessary to form four sections. One section of fourteen boys and two girls studying for the Middle class; two preparing for the Junior class, and one, having in it eleven boys and one girl, who could neither read, write, nor cipher. There are now employed four teachers—two white and two graduates. The studies of the advanced section are arithmetic, grammar, American history, and geography; of the second and third divisions, reading, dictation, geography, and arithmetic; and of the beginners, reading, writing, and arithmetic. From the last section, three have been promoted. One boy mastered the four fundamental rules in five months, learning to do examples in them with rapidity and accuracy. Two boys, who at the first of the term were put upon two months' probation on account of their difficulty in learning, were reported at the last teachers' meeting as doing as well as any in the section. The lives of many of the students previous to coming to Hampton differ so widely from the life here, that it often takes them several months to fall into the ways of the school. The teachers of the night-school have more opportunity of seeing this sudden development of mind and character than those in most places.

The students begin their night work directly after supper. All are assembled in one room, where prayers are held, the boys taking turns in leading in prayer. After the roll-call, the scholars are dismissed to their several rooms, where they receive instruction until five minutes after nine; thus allowing them a little over two hours.

As spring has advanced, more hands have been called for on the farm. To supply this need, several Juniors have left the day-school and joined the night-class. It has been very encouraging to find that most of the students of the advanced section compare very favorably with them.

With the night students there is no opportunity for outside study. All the work has to be done in the class-room. The students are very responsive and orderly.

There has been no trouble in the matter of disciplino. A simple word, or an appeal to their sense of right, has been quite sufficient. The greatest up-hill work that has been encountered has been the inaccuracy of the work before coming here. In many cases everything had to be undone before there was a chance of progress.

One can readily see the difficulties under which these students labor. After a pressure of ten hours' work, to hurry through supper, and then study for over two hours, requires much persevering energy. To be willing to undertake all this, shows the eagerness with which they seek an education, and the earnestness of their purpose. They have been termed the "plucky class," because of their endurance and perseverance.

REPORT ON THE HEALTH OF THE SCHOOL.

BY DR. M. M. WALDRON.

I believe that the average standard of health in this Institution, is equal to that of white schools of the same size. This is true in spite of the fact that eagerness for education forces from home many a colored pupil under physical conditions which would effectually prevent a white boy or girl at the North, from attempting a three years' course of study.

The striking differences which in sickness are said to appear between white and colored patients, are not necessarily due to any inherent race peculiarity, but may well result from a difference of education and enlightenment between the classes of patients compared. I have seen white patients of the same grade, in the words of a city hospital, furnish parallels to nearly all the peculiar physical and mental phases which are apt to be regarded peculiarly characteristic of the African.

Very many colored paticuts have a sort of physical inertia which retards recovery.

The power of mind over matter, in many cases an important agent in effecting a cure, is not to be relied upon in them. The colored patient generally succumbs to disease with a slight conflict, and accepts the situation as one to be endured rather than overcome. It is largely to this mental deficiency that we may charge that want of recuperative power generally admitted in colored people. But while true of them, it is also true of whites of corresponding mental caliber. It is a fact however, that the unhygieuic conditions under which the race has existed, have left to it a heritage of scrofula. This underlying weakness often prolongs what would otherwise be a short illness, and causes serious *sequelæ* where there should be complete recovery.

The physical stamina of the race must improve with advancing intelligence and consequent better hygienic conditions.

As a rule, students who are not in sound health when they enter the school improve under its requirements of regular hours for study, exercise and sleep.

The health of the Indian pupils has been better during the present session than in any preceding one. Three students have been returned to their homes in ill health. Two of these are reported as improving. The third has been recently sent. Two Indian boys have died from phthisis. One of these had been sick for several months, and died early in last October; the other was in an advanced stage of phthisis at the time of his arrival, was never able to enter school, and gradually declined until the time of his death. Several other students, both boys and girls, who were not in sound health at the time of their arrival, have steadily improved, and are now able to fulfil all the requirements of the school and Industrial departments.

The rule that regular habits of life promote health, does not find an exception among Indian pupils.

The per cent. of death compares favorably with that at the Agencies, and, as a rule, our students improve in health during their school life.

Indian girls in the school are less subject to sickness than Indian boys, probably because from childhood they have been accustomed to more regular occupation.

The Indian boy at home, takes exercise very irregularly, tasking his physical strength to the utmost for a few hours and lapsing into inactivity for as many days.

Indian boys and girls are not especially different from other boys and girls in sickness. Some are very stoical and brave, others are less so. All grades are represented. As a rule they bear pain with fortitude, but once having become despondent in regard to themselves, courage cannot be restored.

Hope is given up once for all, and they fall easy victims to disease.

REPORT OF THE PASTOR.

REV. H. B. FRISSELL.

In connection with the Hampton Institute, there is a regularly organized church, composed of the students and teachers of the school, and the families connected with it. This church is entirely unsectarian, and no attempt is made to draw away the students

from the churches to which they have belonged previous to their entering the school.

The church building is known as Bethesda Chapel. It was used by the soldiers during the war, and is located in the National Cemetery, where thousands of them are buried.

Regular preaching services are held in this chapel once every Sabbath, when all the students are expected to be present, with the exception of those Indians who come from Episcopalian agencies in the West. These attend the Episcopal church in Hampton.

During the past year, the congregation has so increased with the growth of the school, as to render necessary the addition of another wing to the building. The average attendance on Sunday morning has been about five hundred.

In the afternoon, a Sabbath school, composed of all the students, with the exception above mentioned, is held in Academic Hall, where the Pastor acts as Superintendent; and systematic Bible instruction is given by the teachers. A service is held in the evening, when the students are addressed by the Principal or the Pastor. The Indians meet by themselves in the evening, under the care of one of the lady teachers who has charge of the Indian department. The Indians who come from Catholic agencies are allowed to attend Mass in the morning, but are expected to be present at the regular religious exercises of the school. Many of the colored students from Baptist and Methodist churches, attend services of their own denominations in the afternoon.

There is a regular organization for Christian work in the school, and so far as possible the students are made to feel their individual responsibility in the matter. Committees are formed at the commencement of the school-year, which are held responsible for certain specified work. There is what is known as a Reception Committee, made up of Christian students from each of the buildings on the place where there are dormitories. This committee is expected to report to the Pastor on the religious condition of each student in the school. Each member has an especial oversight of the building, or part of the building, from which he or she comes.

The colored people are of an eminently social and emotional nature, and in their religious training, much account has to be made of this fact. Their social meetings for prayer and conference, are an important factor in the work among them.

A Prayer meeting committee is formed at the beginning of the school-term, which has especial charge of this department of religious work. They confer with the Pastor as to the best times and places for holding meetings; they choose leaders; they aid in making out lists of subjects for the meetings which are printed and distributed among the scholars; They make suggestions as to the best method of conducting the meetings.

A prayer meeting for the whole school is held every Sunday morning. The leaders are chosen by the committee from the different classes, in order that all may feel an interest and responsibility. The girls have taken their turn with the boys in the leading of the meeting during the past year. They have have done admirably well, and it has been found that this plan increases the interest of the girls in the religious work of the school. The leaders are informed of their appointment some time previous to the meeting, and are expected to prepare themselves on the subject given on the printed card. Some of the students are really gifted in prayer, and the discussion of religious subjects. This, with their power of singing, makes the service one of the most interesting of the day. The attendance has increased within the past year from between forty and fifty, to about two hundred. Many of the students are unable to attend on account of necessary duties. Strange as it may seem, an effort has to be made to prevent the students from being too formal in their worship. Having been accustomed, in many cases, to wildly emotional meetings, they feel at first, a sense of dissatisfaction with the more quiet manner of worshiping God. They soon, however, adopt what one of them called "the new way" and often go to the other extreme. They dislike to sing their old "spiritual songs," and thus an element of real power is lost. Prayer meetings are held on Friday evening, where the boys and girls are by themselves. Although this is held after the evening study hour, when they are weary with a hard day's work, many of them are regular in their attendance there. Smaller meetings are held in the dormitories, where the younger classes are trained for work in the larger meetings, and for the same kind of work when they go out. There is, perhaps, no one thing which is more essential to their success among the people, than proficiency in this sort of thing.

Religious meetings have been held with the Indians twice in the week, during the past year. As many of them are unable to read enough English to understand the Bible, everything has to be made as simple as possible.

Rev. J. J. Gravatt, Rector of St John's Episcopal church, of Hampton, has held one service with them during the week, and has the Episcopal students for Bible instruction on the Sabbath. His real love for them, and his earnest work among them, have been of the greatest help in their religious training. As many of the students come from Episcopal agencies in the West, and are to return to them on leaving school, they are left under the care of the Episcopal church here. One meeting of the week is conducted by the Pastor, in which the Indian boys take part in prayer, and the reading of the Bible. They are very anxious to know the Scriptures, and to read the words for themselves. After several experiments, it has seemed best to have them each read a verse in the English Bible. It is then translated into Dakota. Prayers are offered in English, in Dakota, and Ponca language.

A meeting is held by the Indian boys who speak English, lead by one of their own number, on Sunday evening and one in Dakota language during the week. The religious instruction of the Indians is intensely interesting. They have a longing for the truth; are very tractable, and seem ready to receive the truths of Christianity. They are thoughtful, and their questions often show that they think much of what they hear.

So far as possible, the students have been interested in working for others. There is always danger in an institution of this kind, where much is done for students, that they become self-centered, and forget that they are to live for their people. In order to call out their interest in their own people, living in the country about, a missionary society has been formed in the school. Volunteers are called for to go into the Sunday Schools of the Baptist and Methodist churches of the place. In one of the Baptist Sunday Schools, where the students have been taking classes, the attendance has increased since their coming, from between forty and fifty, to two hundred. These students make reports of their work at the meetings of the Association held on Sunday evenings;—methods of work are discussed, and thus they gain normal training in religious work which will be of service when they go out. About thirty have been thus employed during the past year.

Bible readers are sent out on Sunday afternoons, to read to the old colored people, who long to learn about the Bible, but have never had any chance to learn to read. Those students who go out, are instructed to report any cases of destitution which they find, to a committee appointed to investigate them, and to render help where it is really needed. Nearly five hundred dollars have been raised by the Association, for the help of the destitute people of Hampton. The boys have mended the cabin roofs and floors; and the girls have helped to carry food, bedding and clothing to those in need of them. Each member of the Sunday School, is urged to lay aside some definite sum for helping others. The last quarter's report showed that the sum of $41.65 had been raised in the school. This goes to help one of our graduates who is working on the West coast of Africa. The next is to be given to aid in the religious work in connection with the school under another graduate in Taskegee, Ala.

There is a temperance society in connection with the school, to which most of the students belong. Monthly meetings are held, where they are informed as to the progress of the cause, and methods of work are discussed. They have been much interested in the Local Option movement in Virginia. Considerable work has been done in Hampton among the colored people. The colored pastors have been invited over to the meetings at the school, and their cooperation secured. On a specified day, they all preached on the subject of temperance, and public meetings have been held, and the sentiment of the community aroused on the subject. Literature has been distributed, and between two and three hundred signatures have been obtained to a petition to the Legislature of Virginia, in favor of a general Local Option Law. In this work, Mr. G. C. Rowe, of Hampton has been very active and has accomplished much good. It is hard to say what future there is for the colored race, unless a reform can be effected in their habits of drinking. It seems especially necessary that the students, who are to be the leaders of their people, should be educated in this matter. Many of the graduates have formed temperance societies in the places where they have gone to teach.

Both the Indian and colored students are inclined to be religious. They are usually reverent, and anxious to know the truths of the Bible. To bring their religion down to the duties of every-day life, is no easier with them, than with other people. It has been too much a thing of the emotions, which, in many instances, had no very definite connection with their daily duties. There has been too frequently a divorce in their minds of religion and morality. One great object in our religious training is to show them the necessary connection of the two. There is great cause for encouragement in this work, and the pure, straight-forward lives of many of the students and graduates, show that their religion is a reality. The total enrolment upon the record books of Bethesda Chapel, shows a membership of 206. 29 have been added to the church within the past year, 24 of whom came on profession of their faith in Christ. In some cases, where the sectarian feeling at their homes is intense, it has seemed best that those who have started out on the new life here, should not connect themselves with the church until their return to their own home, so that they might, as far as possible; retain their influence over their people.

In order that I might come into closer connection with the students than could otherwise be possible, and thus gain a clearer insight into the workings of their minds, it has seemed advisable that I should take part in the regular class work of the school.

On Wednesday mornings, I make it a rule to speak to the students in regard to the Sunday sermon, to see how much of it they carried and what ways of presenting truths were best adapted to their minds. The other mornings of the week, I have taken thirty minutes with the whole school for the discussion of

NEW ITEMS.

They are kept so busy during the day with their work and study, that they have little time for reading the newspapers. The most of them too, read very slowly, and are unable to distinguish between what is important and what is of little value. Yet it seems very important that as they go back as the educators of their people, they should have an interest in what is going on about them, and an intelligent understanding of the daily news. In order to help them in this matter, the more important items are taken up and discussed with them, and they are questioned as to what they have themselves read. A map is opened before them, and the exercise becomes a lesson in geography as well as history. In order to help in this work, two black boards have been placed in the halls of the Academic building: one, on the girls' side, and another, on the boys', where a bulletin of news is posted every morning. The boys are naturally more interested in politics than the girls. The debt question of the State of Virginia has been the subject of much discussion among them. It is hard to make them feel that they, as citizens, have any responsibility for this debt. Their main argument for scaling it down seems to be, that as they, or their parents, were slaves when it was contracted, they ought not to be obliged to have any of the burden of it. All race questions interest them. They are strongly opposed to Chinese immigration, and are inclined to look with suspicion upon the influx of the Irish and other laborers into the Southern States. There is quite a strong feeling in favor of the exodus of the Negroes from the South. Many regard this as the most effective way for the colored people to gain their rights. They take up the news items in their debating societies, and they become the subjects of discussion there. Many of them are regular readers of the papers, and they are all urged to subscribe for some weekly paper when they go out from the school.

CIVIL GOVERNMENT AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

I have given instruction to the Senior Class in these two branches of study during the past year, the early part of the year being given to Civil Government and the latter part to Political Economy. I have found them much interested in both branches. We have studied together the different forms of government, and have taken up briefly the history of the origin of the Constitution. The most of our time has been given to the study of the Constitution itself. Written questions have been handed in and considerable discussion allowed among the students themselves. They have shown a rather remarkable amount of general information and knowledge of the History of the United States. They evince more maturity of thought on this subject than most classes of white boys of the same age. The subjects of study in the class have frequently come up for debate in their societies, and thus an added interest has been given. They have have found that their Civil Government has helped them to an understanding of the news items of the morning, and they have usually been very quick to apply what they have learned to the discussion of what was going on at Washington and Richmond.

In Political Economy we have taken up the discussion of labor, wages, money value and the Tariff. Much the same prejudices have to be overcome in their minds as in those of other people. They think much of the rights of the laborer and little of those of the capitalist. They look at the two classes as being opposed to one another. Their idea of money is quite vague. It is not at all clear why government with a printing press could not make all the money that is wanted. They seem to have a preference for free trade rather than a protective tariff. On all these subjects they show by their questions that they have thought and have usually formed some opinion of their own.

PRACTICAL MORALS.

A part of the year I have had the Middle Class in the study of morals. Instruction has been given in common every day duties, in the relations of buyer and seller, and of employer and employee. It is hardly to be wondered at that these people, hardly twenty years out of slavery, should not have definite ideas in regard to rights of person and property. The same standards have not prevailed among them as in other communities. It is not always easy to make a boy understand that it is wrong to tell a lie or to deceive, if in so doing he may escape the penalty of a wrong act. The principle of doing evil that good may come is firmly rooted in some of their minds. The idea of holding to a contract when one is a loser thereby is not easily understood. It is not that these students are not trying to do the right thing. They are; but their conception of what is right and wrong is defective, and there is for them no more important branch of instruction than this. It is difficult to make them understand that they have duties to other people. Having been so grossly wronged, their thoughts have been fixed upon their dues from others more than on what is due others from themselves. They talk much more of the rights of citizenship than of the duties of citizenship. In order to correct their wrong notions, regular instruction has been given on the rights of person and property, the origin of these rights, and how they may be violated. The subject of promises and contracts, of exchanges and the duties of citizenship, have been discussed. They have much skill in putting questions, and often get at the root of a matter in an unexpected way. They are, for the most part, open to conviction, and are eager to learn.

REPORT ON THE LIBRARY.

BY MISS E. H. LOTHROP.

The record of this year shows the following facts in regard to the books drawn by the students:

Of the boys, sixty per cent. have had books charged to them; thirty per cent. drawing one book; fourteen per cent. two books; two per cent. five books. Twenty-two per cent. of the whole number of boys have drawn U. S. Histories; two per cent. books of speeches; five per cent. books on political subjects, twelve per cent. lives of public men; one per cent. poetry; nine per cent. romance; four per cent. religious books.

Of the girls; fifty-three per cent. have taken books; twenty per cent. drawing but one book; thirteen per cent. two books; one per cent. six books; six per cent. have drawn histories; five per cent. biographies; four per cent. poetry; forty-four per cent. romance.

Though the preceding gives a general idea of the number and class of books drawn from the library, it tells little about the *reading* done by the students. A large number of the students—belonging for the most part to the Junior class—take out many books, read them but little, and return them before they are due. While the number who take books, and renew them until they have read them, is very small, and belongs for the most part to the Senior and Middle classes. There are some students (nearly three per cent.) who are fond of reading, and read intelligently. Instead of turning away from a book whose title contains "Child," or "Young Folks," they are the readier to read it. But, with hardly an exception, they came to the school with the taste for reading and apparently the habit also.

The great difficulty with most of the students in the way of reading seems to lie in the fact that books mean so little to them. They don't understand them—the words—the sentences. The want of *English* is the great obstacle, and yet had they the English, they would still find it difficult to read most books, as there has been so little in their lives to make intelligible to them much that lies behind the words. They need a *fact* literature, as it were, written in the simplest language. They will come eagerly to a book from which a teacher has told them some story, but are disappointed in finding that they cannot get from the book what they did from the teacher. They need to be taught how to read—that is how to use a book. One student after reading a few pages of the preface and testimonials of Uncle Tom's Cabin, thought it a most uninteresting book, which he didn't want to read. They need to be directed in their reading.—to read regularly, thus forming the habit of it,—and to be held responsible for the subject matter of what they read. Though intelligent reading is with them a question of time and of development, much might be done in this way to help it forward.

The girls have a small but select library of their own in Virginia Hall, established by Miss M. A. Longstreth, of Philadelphia, from which they obtain books. This accounts, to some extent, for their not using the school library as much as the boys.

INDIAN EDUCATION.

REPORT OF MISS ISABEL B. EUSTIS, IN CHARGE.

The total attendance during the year, has been 92, including 3 Seminole Negro slaves.

There are at present 81 Indians in the school—27 girls, and 54 boys; 1 has died, 5 have been returned during the year to their homes for ill-health, and 2 have left for other reasons; 47, more than half of the number at the school, are Sioux, from Dakota Territory, the tribe for whom Hampton's previous work has chiefly been done. Five more Indian students are expected soon.

The distinguishing feature of this year has been the return to their homes in the fall of a party of 30—25 boys and 5 girls—after 3 years' training, and the reception of a new party of 45—31 boys and 14 girls—gathered from the same Agencies.

The effect upon the school of the return of these scholars to Dakota has been of great value. The remaining scholars have faced the fact of their own return. They watch the reports from Dakota with interest, and seem to be stimulated by the failures, as well as by the success, of their former comrades.

The more accurate knowledge of Indian life, gained by those who took the party back, has been valuable, from the light thrown on the work to be done, and the moral effect produced upon the scholars, who are now certain that the conditions of their old life are known.

The new party was carefully selected, and has proved of excellent material. Its members are, for the most part, physically strong. There are many minds among them surprisingly quick and retentive, and, in general, a determined, patient, and earnest spirit characterizes both their work and their study.

They have made better progress in the school-room than any previous party. This is no doubt partly due to the wiser methods toward which our experience has led us, and largely to the confidence gained and the heartiness with which they accept the precedent of obedience to authority—a woman's, if necessary—which they find now well established in the Indian school.

The discipline of the school is a much simpler matter than before. A general balk in a class for no apparent reason, which was once a frequent occurrence, is now the rare exception.

The excessive reserve of the Sioux, which places them at a disadvantage in competing with the Southern tribes, is counterbalanced by their retentive memories. The Pimas and Apaches speak English more readily, but have gained no permanent advantage in any other direction.

The Indians show immediately an aptitude for independant study, which is remarkable. The new boys fresh from the plains, soon after their hair has been cut, and their blankets changed for white men's clothes, settle down to evening study with the more advanced scholars, working at the first words of the primer, copying sentences, or making simple combinations in number, for an hour and a half, without asking for help, and apparently without fatigue.

The health question must always be a serious one; but there seems no just reason to fear the results of the change to civilized habits under a wise supervision. The death-rate at Hampton (3 per cent. per annum) is below that at the Agencies, 3.8 per cent. per annum, as appears from their official report.

There has been a marked improvement during the year in the self respect and ambition shown by the girls, and a corresponding increase of courtesy on the part of the boys; though much is left to be desired in both directions. The new building for the girls, though still uncompleted, has been a strong stimulus to them.

The success of the education of our Indians turns on the conditions which await them on their return to their homes. We believe in their ability to stand in an ordinarily healthful moral atmosphere. The false conditions of life which exist to an Indian Agency, the difficulty of obtaining healthful sympathy or wise restraint, make their task of stemming the current of savage life an almost superhuman one. The girls have no foot-hold on which to attempt to breast it. The boys have their trades, and can separate themselves from their old homes and their camp life. There is absolutely no position of dignity to which an Indian girl can look forward, after three years' training, with any reasonable confidence. There is nothing for her but to enjoy or suffer the present as best she may.

Should the United States Government ever find it possible to keep their treaty with the Sioux tribe, which provides for a school and suitable teacher for every thirty children in the tribe, the way might open for the solution of the knotty problem. Schools in the Indian camps, under judicious and vigorous supervision (such as are in a few cases already established by the missionaries), not unlike the log-cabin school-houses to which our graduates go in the South, would give honorable work, full of inspiration, to our best Indian girls; while the children idling about the camp, in the hope of existing on our government rations, would be taught the first principles of industry and virtue.

With the deepest appreciation and gratitude for what is being done for our returned Indians by the teachers, missionaries, and few other good and wise men on the ground, we feel that if our scholars stand, it must be chiefly through direct help from a Divine Force, which can work without and against human instrumentalities, and that they will be acknowledged victors only by one who can read the secrets of the heart.

INDIAN REPORT OF MISS H. W. LUDLOW.

THE TALKING CLASS.

For those Indian pupils who came with no knowledge of English—or next to none—all instruction in the language must be for a long time wholly oral, with the help of objects and pictures. The course has been developed by the necessities and circumstances of the case, and may be thus approximately and briefly described:

First Year.

1. *Teaching by Objects.*
   Names of things: boy, book, etc.
   Ascription of qualities: tall boy, red book, etc.
   Pronouns: you, I, it. etc.
   Actions performed, asserted, and commanded:
   I walk. She walked. Walk.
   Actions described: I walk fast, etc.
   Objects or actions joined: Mary and Sarah. They ate and drank.
   Position of objects or acts:
   The box is *under* the table.
   He jumped *over* the fence.

Classes of objects are naturally taught together, to aid the memory by association; as the parts of the body, the furniture in the room, the dishes or food on the table, the tools of a trade, times and seasons, etc.; and actions or qualities are predicated of things already learned, so that a constant review is kept up.

The object itself is used whenever possible. Toys and pictures representing them are employed in other cases. Dr. Peet's Language Lessons for deaf mutes we find very suggestive and helpful in this part of the course; also Prof. J. H. Worman's "Modern Language Series."

2. *English Games.—Open Air Studies.*

All sorts of talking games, requiring the repetition of words and phrases, have been devised, and found very useful to keep up the interest. The class was often taken out for a walk, for the school hour, taking their lessons on the way in learning the names of natural objects.

3. *Phrases Taught.*

Short dialogues memorized, and repeated daily between teacher and class, or various divisions of the class, have been very useful in giving confidence in speaking, by familiarizing the pupils with common expressions—as Good morning. How do you do? I am very well, thank you. Will you take a walk with me? Where shall we go?

Second Year.

1. *Study of Pictures.*

Cheap chromo-lithographs, large enough for all to see, of some interesting or spirited scene, are now employed to develop the power of expression. Perhaps the teacher begins—"I see a horse." Some one is sure to take it up—I see a horse; I see a man. Soon all are vying with each other to tell what they see. By and by they can answer questions. Where is the man? "He is on the horse." What is the horse doing? "He is running," etc. Another step is to tell what they think. Where do you think the man is going? "I think he is going to Hampton," etc. A still more interesting step is to *imagine*. Let us imagine the inside of the house: "There is a stove in the kitchen. A woman is cooking dinner," etc. The next step is to write some of the phrases given, in the form of a little story or description; then, to copy, and memoriae them.

2. *Drill in Verbs.*

In the last half of the second year, a vigorous drill was begun in the verbs—to break up baby talk, and secure accuracy of expression. At first, only the indicative present of the verb to be—I am, you are, he is, etc.—was taught—hammered into them at much expense of time and temper. When, at last, they had it at their tongue's end, it was joined with other verbs: I am running—you are laughing—he is writing, etc. As soon as they began to see that they had thus gained a key to all verbs, disgust was turned to unbounded delight, and they daily begged for "a new verb." It was then easy to go on to all the simple tenses, calling them only Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow, or Once, Now, and By and by. The difference between I did it, and I have done it, was also taught in this year.

3. *Letter Writing* hardly comes within the province of a talking class, but has been made use of to some extent, the letters being written on the board by the teacher, the sentences given orally by the pupils.

Third Year.

1. *Natural History.*

This has been of great value to the talking class, in furnishing interesting subjects to talk about, and exciting them to talk. The living animals or prepared specimens have been used as far as possible, and Prang's Zoological series have been very useful. This study is just in line with the Indian's native keenness of perception, and might well be further pursued with other similar studies.

2. *Further Drill in Verbs.*

This exercise is carried on in alternation with the other study, and with increasing interest to the class, as they discover its value in helping them master the language. The roots of the verbs are given them, under the, to them, more significant title of Chiefs—and they take pleasure in arranging under each "chief" his own followers, and helpers, and then giving them their places in sentences. All this takes much time and reviewing, but they have excellent memories.

This exercise, and the Natural History lessons, run through the whole year.

Fourth Year.

Only two pupils—little girls—who began with the class in the first year, are taking the fourth. All the rest have gone home. Two others, knowing some English when they came, entered at the second year, and for the other two, this is their first year. They could speak very well when they arrived at Hampton last October. The class being now so small, and so far advanced, can be easily handled, and has made very encouraging progress. The training has been chiefly in—

1. *Construction of English.*
   Teaching with a Book.

For the first time in the four years, a book has been put into the hands of the talking class. They have used books, more or less, in other classes, especially, of course, in the reading class.

It seemed time to give them some systematic ideas of the construction of English, to keep them from errors, and give them a sense of the language as a whole. The results have been most satisfactory. The book used has been the one studied by the regular Junior class of the school—Reed & Kellogg's Language Lessons. It has been used at the teacher's discretion, omitting what seemed adapted only to native English speaking children. Enough analysis has been given to show the plan of English construction. There has been constant practice in sentence building, and the drill in the verbs has been continued as far as seemed needful. All has been taken with delight.

2. *Use of the Dictionary.*

For the first time, the long coveted English Dictionary has been given them—Webster's School Edition—and one of their most highly enjoyed exercises is to hunt up the new words they find in their language lessons. "Let us look it up," they cry. If the definition itself contains a difficult word, as often happens, they look up that in turn, and with the spirit of Indian hunters, track the meaning through definition after definition till it is within their grasp.

INDIAN REPORT OF MISS LAURA E. TILESTON.

GEOGRAPHY.

In Geography, the Indians seem to feel at home. It is about out of doors; has a flavor of the earth, and brings before them vividly the life and surroundings which are dear to them.

In their trip across the country, their interest is aroused, and their natural latent talent for observation quickened. They recognize with pleasure the meaning of our words, giving their own definition—as for city "too much houses," or, for town, "too little people." Mountains, rivers, hills, lakes, and all physical features are their dearly loved friends, and they often come out of their shells, and tell of scouting parties among the mountains, or hunting on the prairies. These first lessons are accompanied with drawing physical features on the black board, and moulding in sand. Most of the boys are very well able to follow their imaginations, and draw remarkably well; others, at first, need a copy, and then every line will be exactly as set for them. A watch was the beginning of my class in geography. Object lessons in its size, shape, use, at the same time teaching them "60 seconds make one minute," etc., took fully two months. When they learned "24 hours make one day," I showed them the globe for the first time, and they would sit perfectly still to hear of the rotation of the earth, with the months, seasons, and climates, etc. After lessons on the zones, on which I used pictures of life in Alaska, our own country, and South America, I let them make a hemisphere, draw the lines for the equator and tropics; in each zone pictures of the houses, vegetation, and animals which they thought would be found there. They did very well, and one little man, of about 35, was so astonished at his own work, that I found him gazing at it with folded hands long after the bell had rung for dinner. In the first part of the geography course, all that they get has to be told them, as they are not sufficiently advanced to read for themselves. But they listen attentively, and remember wonderfully, even the slightest detail. They will sometimes say, "Yes, I know that, too," and then add a little information to yours, but do not like to be asked questions; as for instance: one boy from Arizona was interested to hear of his own country, but when I asked him to tell us, said, "Not now; I like you talk now; sometime you not talk, I tell you."

After drawing, moulding, and talking, I give them definitions, and committing these to memory is their especial delight. In doing this, words are given first, and recognized; then sentences made with them, and learned word for word. At first all read in concert, but soon their interest is strong enough to overcome their natural distrust of trying to speak English, and they are anxious to "say it alone, that good way." This drill helps them in English; and although hardly the method we would take for white children, is what the Indian needs most. An outline map of lakes, rivers, canals, etc., is the first map used, and from this they go on readily to regular map work, bounding, locating, and drawing with wonderful exactness. First, I follow Guyot's method of locating things in the room, and on the place, and have them make picture-maps of their own rooms, the school-grounds, etc. With all of these lessons they use the sand table.

INDIAN REPORT OF MISS JOSEPHINE RICHARDS.

HISTORY.

American History seems viewed from a new standpoint when taken up for the first time with a class of Indians. It becomes a matter of speculation how the graphic descriptions of the Aborigines, with scalping-knife and tomahawk (so entertaining to a white child), will strike their descendants, and how they will relish the comments of the historian, often by no means flattering, on the tales of Indian warfare. In point of fact, however, they seem to take it all calmly, and any allusion to the "savages" is very apt to excite a smile, though it was with a pitiful, "Oh, dear," that a little maiden received an affirmative reply to her anxious inquiry—"And *did* they kill the little baby?" after reading the story of Mrs. Dustin.

It is a branch in which their interest seems easily awakened. "O, yes, I like very much," was the answer of one of the class when asked, "Do you like to study History?" At first the instruction was entirely oral, except that a few leading events were written on the black-board, and copied into note-books by the pupils, and occasionally a review lesson was given by distributing written questions among the class to be answered orally. Later, a simple text-book, Quackenbos's "Primary History of the United States," was placed in their hands, and has proved very well suited to their capacities. Although they remember dates and names (when once they have mastered any difficult pronunciation) quite as well, perhaps, if not better, than white scholars, yet much questioning seems needful to elicit the facts of the lesson, as expressing themselves in a strange language makes it difficult to narrate incidents, or give extended details. At times, a paragraph has been assigned to be memorized, when some of them have succeeded remarkably well, one boy showing such zeal as to take his book to the shop, that he might study while at work. It has been their custom to read over the lesson for the next day in the class, when hard names can be written on the board, and difficult words explained. Not long ago, reference was made in the book to a league formed by Indian tribes against the United States Government, and when the definition of league was called for, the answer came very promptly, "three miles," that meaning of the word having just been acquired in their Reading class. A course of lectures on history by Prof. Warren, Principal of the New Hampshire State Normal School, proved very helpful, these being made the subject of the following day's lesson, and the class being examined as to what they could recall. In sketching the general plan of important battles in the Revolution, a sand table has been found a useful assistant. This war seems to be a favorite theme with them, and Washington their special hero. An occasional attempt has been made to let one of the class ask questions on some given topic, as improving to their English, as well as increasing their familiarity with the subject.

INDIAN REPORT OF MR. O. M. MACADOO.

ARITHMETIC.

The Indians are divided into six divisions in Arithmetic, and although Arithmetic is exceedingly hard to the majority of them, I am greatly encouraged by their progress this term. They make mechanical combinations quite readily; but they find it hard to work practical problems, and reason in a language not wholly under their command. It necessitates carrying on two trains of thought,

when the problem itself, if difficult, requires their undivided attention. They often say, "Arithmetic is very hard for me — very much harder than English." Still they try as hard as they can, and I know they certainly are improving.

I began with the "second division" in October. I gave them plenty of drill in working addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. As soon as they learned how to work the most difficult examples in these rules, I made them combine these rules in a written example, which I put on the blackboard. At first every one refused to go to the board for want of confidence. They thought then that Arithmetic was *very hard.*

I worked and explained the example to them, and they soon saw the connection. Now we are having a review, and they can work almost any example I put on the board containing the four rules. They do their work well and quickly. I am sure I have some scholars in my "second division" who, in another year, can make good Juniors, and who compare favorably with some of the Juniors now.

The "third division" have just completed multiplication and entered division. They are very bright, and some of them can think well when their examples require it.

I put their examples on the board in order that the English can be before them, and thus enable them to think. They can work addition, subtraction, and multiplication as quickly as the majority of scholars in school. But if you combine these rules, they don't thoroughly understand how an example is worked.

My "fourth division" are all "beginners." Both in Arithmetic and English-speaking. They began the year by writing and reading numbers, and can make difficult combinations in addition and subtraction, and are learning the multiplication table.

INDIAN REPORT OF MRS. LUCY A. SEYMOUR.

THE SEWING CLASS.

When I came to the Normal School, a little more than two years ago, I found seventeen Indian girls connected with the Sewing School. With one exception, their work had to be cut and basted. To most of them the sewing hours were a task, and the mending of their clothes on Saturday was performed with reluctance.

Several of these girls returned to their Western homes last fall; before they left, they had cut and made a complete set of underclothes for themselves, and assisted in making their dresses. Some of them remain five of these can cut and fit their own dresses; their sewing will compare favorably with any class of girls of their age.

At different times, there have been additions to their numbers. At the opening of the last term, we numbered twenty-eight. It has been surprising to see how the new ones have entered into the spirit of the school, and how much all accomplish, not only in sewing for themselves, but in making up bed clothes for their new building. The Primary class sew in the morning—the older ones in the afternoon. Several of the girls can sew on the "Domestic" machine—two quite skillfully. It is thought best to have most of the work done by hand, to lay a good foundation for machine work. They have improved, I rejoice to say, in willingness to help each other. Since October, one hundred and twenty two dresses have been cut and made in part by them, with at least three hundred and fifty other articles. When we consider how unaccustomed they have been to industrious habits, their youth, and the other demands on their time for school and house work, I think none will deny them a good measure of credit for industry and ability to learn. If, with our limited accommodations, we have done so much, it is to be hoped, that when we occupy our new sewing-room in the building which the generosity of our Northern friends are erecting, we shall be able to do more to fit "our girls" for usefulness in their future homes, and to help solve the problem of the elevation of our Indian sisters. I am happy to report that the health of the girls is much better than formerly. Only one has returned during the past term on account of ill-health. She was not strong when she came, and had but little ambition to rise above any trouble.

INDIAN REPORT OF MISS CORA FOLSOM,

In charge of nursing.

An Indian boy is very loath at first to confess himself sick, even though his body may be racked with pain. He knows if he gives up he will be laughed at by the other boys, and be pretty thoroughly ignored even by his best friends.

When he is really ill enough not to mind derision, he is willing to keep quiet if he can do it in his own fashion. With most of his clothes on, he will wrap the blankets close about his head, turn toward the wall, and give himself up to tearful memories of home. He wants no dainties. If he makes up his mind it is right to take white men's medicine, he takes it without making trouble. He is apt to have theories of his own on the subject however. Many believe that one medicine of no matter how many compounds may do good, but two or more of different medicines will produce a disastrous effect. One boy of delicate lungs refused to take our remedies, thinking they would kill him. He sent home for a restorative from his medicine man, which proved to be about ½ an oz. of pounded liquorice root, to be stirred in a pint of water, and a teaspoonful taken two or three times a day. Before it was gone, he confessed his conversion to our mode of treatment. Last summer, a little Pima boy 9 years old badly bitten by a dog, was brought in the night from a farm 5 miles away. The wounds had been filled with short, stiff dog hair, to prevent hydrophobia. For an hour and a half the child lay enduring the additional pain inflicted by drawing out the hairs, without a groan. For three weeks he kept his bed without a murmur. Once only I caught him down stairs, hopping cheerfully about on one leg.

The great difficulty in the care of the Indians boys is that they will not "stay put." Left in bed in a warm summer night, at ten o'clock, twelve o'clock may find eight or ten rolled up in sheets, asleep on the verandah roofs. They appear to appreciate theories on the effect of early morning dews on delicate lungs, when remonstrated with, and go in quietly to their rooms, and the next hot night do the same thing again. Many see and appreciate the fact that they have mortal bodies, and must care for them, but the majority are perfectly reckless in this regard. A boy who has had hemorrhages, will take off his warm under clothing in winter weather, whenever the spirit moves him, or go all day in soaking wet clothing without giving the matter a thought.

Picking ripe fruit on the place being a forbidden luxury, the Indians anticipate the order, and eat most of it while it is green.

An occasional mid-night war dance on a moonlight night in the lightest of clothing, has added a complication to the treatment, of some disease; and fanning the place from which a mustard paste has just been removed, hardly increases the chances of a patient's recovery from pneumonia.

They are on the whole, however, quick to see their faults when brought directly to their notice, and ready and willing to do what is required of them.

REPORT OF MISS MARGARET GUTHLOU.

Teacher of Cooking School: Indian and Colored.

Cooking classes, four girls in each, were begun in January, and weekly lessons of an hour and a half have been given to twenty Indian girls, ages varying from ten to eighteen years.

These classes have been, as far as it was possible to make them so, purely "*practice classes;*" that is, the girls have done the work themselves. As a rule, I have not found them very quick in learning; they require much drilling on any one rule before it is firmly fixed, and repetition has been unavoidable.

The girls vary very much in "knack" and general "handiness;" usually the younger ones do better than the older ones, and I have found the new girls quicker, as a rule, than those who have been here a year or more.

All seem to like the work and, for the time at least, are much interested in the result of their experiments in cookery.

The classes have been drilled in the making and baking of breads, the roasting and broiling of meats, the preparation of soups, stews, beef teas, gruels &c. for the sick, as well as in the cooking of vegetables, eggs, plain puddings, souffles, &c. &c.

The work of the cooking classes has been for the most part turned over for use in the Indian Diet Kitchen; where those of the boys and girls considered to be in need of a fuller and more easily digested diet than that of the ordinary dining-room, have taken their meals.

Classes for colored girls were also commenced in January. Owing to their superior aptitude it was possible to have six in each class—and to follow a more exact course than was practicable in the case of the Indian girls. The course extended over a period of twelve weeks—each class of six girls receiving one lesson of an hour and a half each week.—There has thus opportunity been given this year to sixty girls to acquire some knowledge of the art of cooking.

The lessons have been "practice lessons" and the girls have prepared all the dishes ordinarily used upon a dinner or breakfast table; they have also had some practice in the preparation of dishes for the sick. They have been taught the use of weights and measures and their relation to each other, also to analyse and work from the written rule as found in the ordinary cook-book or newspaper.

Some study, as much as time permitted, has been made of the proper use of foods and their relative value to man, as well as of their constituent parts.

I have found the colored girls, as a rule, very satisfactory pupils; they are quick to learn, and for the most part are neat about their work; they are anxious to learn as much as possible; many of them keep memoranda of their work; and speak of the use they intend to make of their knowledge when they go home.

INDIAN REPORT OF REV. J. J. GRAVATT.

Rector St. John's Church Hampton.

Among the most hopeful features of Indian civilization is the religious work. The Christian teacher finds excellent material to mould, and little, comparatively speaking, to tear down; he has a foundation to build upon. There are no idols to be removed. Says one whose life has been devoted to work among this interesting people, "the North American Indian is the noblest type of a heathen man on earth." He believes in a Great Spirit, and realizes what others too often forget, the spiritual presence; hence he is reverential. It is easy to teach him "Thou God seest me." Shape this belief by Christian instruction, and you have done much towards the development of Christian character. He believes in the immortality of the soul, hence, when the gospel brings "light and immortality to light," picturing a better Heaven than the "happy hunting ground," he is not unwilling to receive it. He has a strong, quick mind, he *thinks*, consequently you can give him the principles of Christianity and he has, what he needs, food for thought. To him a picture or illustration suggests thought, and he follows it out.

The Indian has a profound reverence for the Bible. To him it is God's word, and from it there is no appeal. Would you correct any irregularity in life? Then bring the Bible to bear upon him.

As a people, and as an untutored people, the Indians are remarkable for purity, honesty and truthfulness. If guilty of wrong doing, they do not lie about it, but if asked, will make an honest, straight forward confession.

These are some of the reasons why the Indian is a promising subject in the hands of the Christian Missionary.

Of course we do not think the Indians are saints, but we do believe that they have in them the stuff of which saints may be made. Never is the transforming, elevating power of the gospel more manifest than in the building up of Indian life and character.

INDIAN REPORT OF REV. R. R. FRISSELL.

Chaplain of Normal School.

I have held one prayer meeting a week with the Indian students. As many of them are unable to read, and understand but little English, the task of giving them religious instruction is not always an easy one.

I have usually opened the meeting with singing of which they are very fond, but for which they have no special aptitude. I line out a verse and they repeat it after me, catching the sounds of the words as far as possible, but failing in many cases to reach the end of the line successfully.

Those who have learned to read use their hymn books. Some little variations in the hymns they cling to tenaciously. They insist on saying "My face looks up to Thee" instead of the well known line "My faith looks up to Thee." There is volume and earnestness in the chorus they raise, even if it sometimes lacks in harmony and sweetness.

After the singing, we all rise and repeat together the Lord's Prayer, the new ones for a time using their own language; then set ourselves to the study of the Bible; taking up usually the incidents in our Lord's life, and those of his parables and teachings, which they can most readily understand. After trying several methods, it has seemed best to let each one of those who could read English take his or her turn in reading a verse. It is often after great trouble, and long effort that they reach the end, but it evidently gives them great satisfaction to have taken part in the meeting, and to have read a verse in the Bible.

When one has read the verse, they all repeat it together, and it is translated into Dakota; for the benefit of those who can not understand English. Each word in the verse is then explained, and the ideas conveyed to their minds by means of gestures, and in some cases with the aid of colored pictures.

At the end of the reading, they are allowed to choose some favorite hymn, after the singing of which the meeting is given into their hands, and they take part according as they are able, in their own language or in English. One will pray in the deep guttural tones of the Dakotas, another in the softer, more musical language of Arizona, and still another will struggle with the difficulty of the English.

Long pauses intervene, which seem rather to add to the effectiveness of the meeting than to take away from it. Then we all rise and sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

The English speaking students have a meeting conducted by one of their own number, and the Sioux have a meeting of their own in which they use the Dakota language.

AGRICULTURAL INSTRUCTION.

After two previous years of manual labor on the farm, the theory of agriculture is taken up in the Senior year. Elementary chemistry is taught in connection with "Waring's Elements of Agriculture." The elements composing the atmosphere and earthy parts of plants are carefully studied, and the gases are made and experimented with.

The "American Agriculturist" a monthly, is used as a reading book, in order that a taste for such reading may be formed, and students led to subscribe, hereafter, for such a paper. The contents of a text book are soon forgotten. Only as they shall habitually refresh themselves from current literature, will they be influenced by the best farming ideas, and adopt improved methods. They take a lively interest in agricultural topics. There is, however, no better teacher than observation. Our extensive and varied agricultural operations, are object lessons which, in connection with practice through the entire course, serve to fix many enlightened ideas in the student's brain

THE STUDY OF MAN.

For the past six years I have taught the Senior class daily, from January to June, (except during three weeks absence in the spring) using as a text book "The Outline Study of Man," by Rev. Dr. Mark Hopkins, my former teacher, and this year his "Law of Love and Love as a Law," both senior studies in some colleges. I have found it perhaps the most interesting part of my work. Dr. Hopkins's analysis is clear, his argument symmetrical and masterly, expressed in plain language, and so illustrated by diagrams that a plain man can comprehend it.

He says "I believe in no metaphysics which are not capable of being communicated in good English and of being understood by any man of good common sense."

My method is this; to read to and with the class the advance lesson, pencil in hand, emphasizing the proper points, constantly stopping to let them end the sentence, to test their attention; marking the most important sentences, underlining the word that is the key of the sense, passing over paragraphs that may involve the meaning, keeping close to the line of thought, and reviewing often and rapidly. The printed page then means something, and can be studied to advantage. The student sees ideas instead of words; a desert is changed to a garden. It is rather exhausting but very engaging work By studying man the student is revealed to himself. He realizes what it is to be a person; that color has nothing to do with it; he comprehends the nature and the relative authority and the law of his activities and faculties, and what character consists in; the philosophy of ends that make right and wrong intelligible, and what virtue means.

He finds a principle that gives unity to the universe, and places man in his true relation of kingship to it; he sees the proper ground of self-respect which he sadly needs, and has just so far, an antidote to the vanity which is his weakness. In finding what it is to be a man, he feels a new appeal to his better nature.

I believe in a mental gymnastic for students, giving them that which they at first can not do, and holding them to it. I believe in sometimes taxing the power of the best third of the class, leaving the rest to follow as they can. In the rudiments, we should keep every one up, but on the heights one may go where but few can follow. I think Dr. Hopkins believes in this. He once told me that if but ten men in his class could take it all, he was satisfied.

There is, in some quarters I think, a tendency to give the Negro a higher education at the expense of a good grounding in spelling and geography, which is, however, no worse than the supercilious notion of some that colored youth should be restricted to the simplest rudiments.

After all, the teaching is not so important as the teacher. Personal influence avails more than words.

OF STUDENTS AND STUDIES.

Number of Students.

YOUNG WOMEN.		YOUNG MEN.	
Senior Class	27	Senior Class	36
Middle "	36	Middle "	44
Junior "	71	Junior "	95
Preparatory Class	16	Indian Classes	48
Indian Classes	26	Night Students (work all day.)	77
Night Students (work all day.)	31		
	201		300

Day scholars 28
Boarders 472

Total 501

Number of Indian Students.

YOUNG WOMEN.		YOUNG MEN	
Senior Class	0	Senior Class	3
Middle "	0	Middle "	1
Junior "	2	Junior "	9
Indian Classes	26	Indian Classes	48
	28		61

Total ... 89

Colored Students 412
Indians 89

Total 501

This total includes all who have attended school for one month or more. They represent 12 states, chiefly Virginia and North Carolina. Average attendance for the year, 440; average age, 17½ years.

The rudiments, the three "R's," are taught daily throughout the three years course of study. Higher branches are introduced for the sake of mental discipline, but not at the expense of a ground work of elementary knowledge, which is the chief need of any race, and the mission of the Hampton Institute, through its graduates, to diffuse. Such work is exhaustive of skill and patience; its importance is not, I think, fully appreciated by those who most need it.

The foregoing reports of teachers treat of the studies of the school in detail.

A good labor record has often saved one from being "dropped" as incompetent, while one brilliant in studies is sometimes sent away for inefficiency in the shop or farm.

The most remarkable executive man we ever had, graduated with difficulty; the plodding ones make good teachers.

Less than half who enter, graduate: numbers drop out, numbers are "dropped:" of these, a part become primary teachers; the majority are benefited mentally and morally, usually going into industrial pursuits. Many are four and five years in taking the course, being compelled either to repeat one year, or stay out a year to earn money for personal expenses, or to do both.

Most of our students are from country regions; they represent the simple, sturdy portion of the race; its strength rather than its more polished city class, which is inclined, I think, to flinch from the ordeal of labor. The latter prefer schools where classical instruction is given, for which there is a remarkable craving among the colored people.

We have this year been overrun with Negro students, as never before. Total number last year, 321. Total this year, 412. Increase, 91.

Free tuition is provided by friends, who give $70.00 a year for the purpose, on condition that a student shall meet his or her board bills, ($10.00 a month, for eight and one half months,) besides clothing, etc. amounting to, say $100 a year. On an average, they pay in cash not over $30.00 a year, apiece, working out the rest; this money comes from their relations, or from their previous earnings. The perfection of our industrial system is the hope of those youth, who, with earnest hearts and willing hands, care for an education. Giving a scholarship, ($70.00) is helping one who helps himself; it does not pauperize but stimulates.

A small charity fund is distributed every year to needy students to help them with board and clothing. No one ever lost an education by reason of poverty alone. The meritorious find a way or make one. Help comes at the point of extremity.

Until recently, the class enumerated above as "Night students who work all day," 108 in all, (averaging 90) had no existence. Owing, however, to the growth of our industrial system, and especially to the gift of the "Huntington Industrial Works" and the "Hemenway Farm," this large class has been established. (See report on night school by Miss Day.) They spend one year at remunerative labor, studying two hours every night to fit for the Junior class, to acquire skill, and to save money to pay their way. Of their four years' course, the first is the hardest, but most profitable.

The standard of admission has not been raised, and cannot be until the primary schools shall be more efficient. Their annual sessions, except in cities, are from three to five months; their outfit is usually wretched, and the vast majority of teachers are incompetent. Better teachers is the crying need of the South.

Our students advance no further in mathematics, physical science, history &c, than in former years; perhaps not quite so far; owing in part to the increased size of the classes, which it is hard to keep down to divisions of twenty-five in each: but there is a marked improvement in their breadth and culture. A school may grow as an individual does; its influence may become more and more felt: it is so here, I think. Traditions are established; there are never-to-be forgotten experiences; students sense things better and see more clearly the motive and wisdom of the school.

The influence of resident graduates is excellent; their success in the clerical and teaching work has been a surprise and cannot be accounted for on any popular theory of the Negro race.

The mingling of sexes, of both Negroes and Indians, in social, class, and table intercourse, has from the first been most satisfactory.

The mingling of races for the past four years has caused very little difficulty. They are mutually helpful in many ways. There can be nothing better for a wild Indian boy fresh from the plains, than to room for six months with a good colored student, who will, in that time, do more for his habits, manners, and morals, than all the teachers.

Indians do not keep out Negroes.

The latter are limited chiefly by the number of annual scholarship subscriptions of $70.00 and foundations for permanent scholarships for free tuition. There were in all, this year, a little over two hundred free scholarships provided for over four hundred colored students—a sad deficiency.

The Indian department, by dividing the cost of the school among more, makes the *pro rata* expense less; besides Indian board is paid in cash, colored usually in labor, and thus strengthens us.

The mingling of study and of labor, which, as a rule, requires students to remain out of school an entire school day each week besides Saturday, making four days of class work and two of industrial work, is a strain on the teacher, and somewhat, but not seriously, retards mental progress. In the long, daily evening study hour presided over by a teacher, the lessons of the next day are conned; only recitations are lost. But nothing essential in study is lost, and much that is essential to success in life is gained. Students are made more useful to themselves and to their people by their practical education.

Discipline is reported upon by Lieut. Geo. LeR. Brown, commandant. Docility and obedience from principle, are different things. As the student learns and thinks and develops, the former lessens, but the latter does not quickly follow. The docile races, when elevated, are found not to have much self-control or to be easily controlled. The principle of obedience, or the perception that leads to it, grows gradually; it is not learned like a lesson from books. Only when at work after graduation does the student fully appreciate school discipline.

I ask your attention to the account of students Court-martial, in the report of the commandant. Through this there is much wholesome self-government in the school.

The class that graduates this year numbers 60, (three of them Indians,) the largest so far, and is full of promise. Its record has been excellent. The last class, that named itself the "bad class" for the fault found with it, has since done remarkably well.

The growth of students after graduating has been marked. Real life, the dignity and responsibility of their vocation as teachers, develops them. They comprehend not only the discipline of the School, but also its meaning and value more fully, and happy relations are almost invariably the result. To foster them is a special care. Over ninety per cent. of graduates have served as teachers.

During the vacation of three and a half months, from the middle of June till October 1st, students are scattered, seeking either at their homes or elsewhere, remunerative work. A few are trying to find places in the North on farms or in families, and can be recommended. About one hundred and fifty remain on the place; the expense of going home being too great, on the one hand, and on the other their services being needed in the industrial departments.

OF TEACHERS.

The more advanced classes are taught, in part, by graduates of Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith colleges. The Principal, Treasurer, and Chaplain, each have one class. Primary classes will hereafter be taught mainly by graduates from Normal schools, chiefly those of Oswego, N. Y. and Framingham, Mass. Their professional skill fits them for the rudimentary work. It is to be hoped that the various women's colleges will make more of the study of technical teaching for the educative influence they are likely to exert.

The culture, skill and character of those without professional training, have given a rounding out and completeness most important to those who are to lead their people.

A teacher is liable for class duty from 9 o'clock a. m. till 12 m., and from 1.30 to 3 p. m; or for six periods of forty minutes each, besides taking turns in charge of the morning and evening study hours; the former lasting one hour (from 7 to 8 a. m.,) and the latter two hours (from 7 to 9 p. m.) There is much time occupied out of hours in preparing lessons and correcting school exercises.

There are thirty teachers employed in the Academic department, of whom five are gentlemen.

OF INDIANS.

For an account of the year's work, see Reports of teachers.

The interesting fact of the year has been the return, after three years training, of thirty one Indians, five of them girls, to their homes in Dakota: one went to Indian Territory

They were brought here by Capt. R. H. Pratt, in Nov. 1878, by order of Secretary Schurz, and returned Oct. 1st, 1881.

They are employed at salaries of from fifteen to twenty dollars a month, and rations, as follows: Farmers and herders, 7; Teachers, 3; Capenters, 9; Blacksmiths, 2; Office boy, 1; Issue clerk (for rations), 1; Shoemaker, 1

One is out of health, and one was killed by accident.

They are settled among the Sioux Agencies on the upper Missouri, thus: at Yankton Agency, six; four boys and two girls. These are favorably reported upon by the Rev. J. P. Williamson and Rev. Jos. Cook, missionaries. The former says:

"So far they have all run well. I have not heard a slander against one of the number.

They attend church regularly; they are recognized as leading spirits among the Christian youth; their appearance is always creditable." He says "not one white boy in sixteen would do his work or teach as well as David Simmons."

The latter writes less favorably of the two girls who live in the camp with their mothers.

Five are at Lower Brule, of whom three had not been doing well. Major Parkhurst, Agent, has just written as follows:

"All the returned boys from Hampton have 'come to time,' and are now at work. They were 'tired of doing nothing,' and concluded 'to come under the yoke.'"

Three boys and one girl are at Crow Creek: the latter keeping her father's store and accounts, but not under the best of influences. The two shop-boys, carpenters, are reported as "doing all that could be expected," and the teacher as "doing splendidly." They are exerting a good influence on the Indians around them

Five boys are at Cheyenne River Agency. One is an assistant teacher; the rest are mechanics. "All are doing splendidly," reports Major Love, Agent. Mr. Kinney, missionary, writes, "Your boys are doing very nicely."

Two boys and one girl are at Standing Rock Agency. Major McLaughlin, Agent, writes: "Both the young men are doing well." A lady missionary reports that "The young men are (doing first-rate; they are quite conscientious workers, and have the respect of every one." The girl has poor prospects.

Five boys and one girl are at Fort Berthold Agency. The girl writes: "Hard out here to be good woman." She is doing well, however. Three of the boys give good satisfaction as workers; two have gone to school at Santee.

The latest reports upon them are the most hopeful. Those who have separated themselves from camp-life, and occupy decent rooms at the Agencies, have done the best. Girls cannot do this, and suffer in consequence. Forty new pupils from the same Agencies are here, and will, we hope, in two and one-half years reinforce them. Will they hold out? Their relations with the school are most pleasant; there is constant correspondence, and we hope to help them, even from here. A probation of six months is short, and not conclusive, but it gives ground for hope.

The new Indian Girls' building, for which the name "Winona (Elder Sister) Lodge" has been suggested, is nearly finished, and will cost $26,000. Probably it is the most complete provision ever made for such a purpose. Our thirty Indian girls will be increased to at least fifty next fall.

The Indians find a new pleasure in neat rooms. Twelve of the girls, placed temporarily in "Lexington Cottage," this year, under the care of a teacher, have taken great pride in its appearance.

Each boy has the charge of his own room, which is subject to daily inspection. Their natural taste for pretty things, combined with considerable pride, tends to keep their rooms in remarkably good order Many of them are very prettily arranged.

Health is the weak point of the Indians, but the death-rate here (3 per cent.) compares favorably with that at his home (3.9 per cent.) By good diet and careful nursing, weakly ones have been built up. The death-rate, while serious, is not discouraging. As I formerly have reported, they hold their own. "They hold their own under favorable circumstances" is the opinion of the best observers of our Indian people.

Eighteen boys and seven girls spent three and a half months last summer, working among the farmers of Berkshire Co, Mass. with excellent effect upon the people as well as on the Indians. There is no better experience for them in respect to language, habits, ideas, and character. Another delegation is to be sent this year.

Our four years' work for Indians satisfies us that their progress is a question, not of capabilities but of opportunities. Universal education means peace and prosperity to the red man. Justice and humanity call for it, and common sense suggests that paying eight hundred dollars in three years for the education of an Indian is better than paying one thousand dollars a year for each soldier sent to fight him. Education may not always have proved successful, but what has the fighting done?

The Government has so far allowed us $150 per annum for 68 Indians, who are on our hands the entire year.

We have kept from thirteen to twenty the current year, entirely at private expense, rather than refuse them an education, there having been no money at Washington for their help.

There is a special appropriation of $167.00 a piece, for one hundred Indians, at Hampton, for the next fiscal year, commencing July first. This will pay cost of board and clothing; that of tuition, seventy ($70.00) dollars per annum, must be sought, as heretofore, from the hands of charity. Private charity has already given $55,529.14, to buildings for, and expenses of, Indian education at Hampton; the Government, so far, $33,128-

04. Charity has been our main reliance and cannot probably be dispensed with.

Carlisle school is allowed at the rate of $225.00 a piece per annum for three hundred Indians, which, considering the cost of mechanical and school education combined, involving two sets of teachers, and keeping children the entire year, is reasonable. No white children in the country can get the same advantages at the same cost.

Success with Indians is quite as much a question of men as of money, or of measures. It is an executive problem. Weak and changing officials in charge of our Indian wards, have checked their progress. There are a few good ones, but, as a rule, men worth three thousand dollars a year, can't be got for salaries of one and two thousand. The pay of Indian Agents is a practical prohibition of first-class men, and of the best results.

On reservations, where most Indians are, the Agent is the Indian's point of contact with civilization.

From study, and from personal observation on the ground, I believe that the Agent, of all others, is the man to lead the mass of Indians up to the estate of full citizenship, which is the true objective point. Laws alone cannot do it; the Indian cannot govern himself; he is a child, and needs a father; not a savage, needing an executioner.

While civil life has supplied a quota of worthy men to the Indian service, I believe that the army contains a body of men better qualified than any other to settle the Indian question—not because they are officers, but because they are clear-headed, large-hearted, experienced, and trustworthy. No other men would be so likely to be permanent.

There are many others beside Capt. R. H. Pratt, of Carlisle, and Lieut. G. LeR. Brown, commandant at Hampton, who would make the best masters the Indians could have. The moral force of one first-rate officer would be more effective for the pacification of Indians than the physical force of a regiment.

There are Indians quite ready for citizenship, for whom civil rights and obligations, rather than paternal authority, is required. I refer to the mass of them; for whom the little educational work now done seems nearly hopeless, while inefficiency and stagnation so generally prevail.

The foundation of the Indian's hope is in an improving public sentiment, which, happily, is being fostered by associations of people for that purpose, throughout the country, sometimes called "Sentimentalists," and by the presence of Indian students in the East. The sentimentalists on the Negro question were once laughed at; that has changed. Thinkers rather than "practical men" have moved the world.

INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENTS.

Work details. Colored Students.

Housework	175	Cooking Class	60
Industrial Room	65	Laundry	110

No work has yet been provided for day scholars.

A girl often works in two departments.

Farm	65	Industrial Room	1
Saw mill	38	Tinsmith	1
Knitting Room	7	Painters	2
Engineer's Dep't	9	Cooks	3
Table Waiters	35	Carpenters	4
Janitors	12	Shoemakers	3
Office Duty	4	Tailor	1
General Duty	3	Mail-carriers	2
Blacksmiths	1	Wheelwrights	3
Printing Office	3	Stock Farm	10
Commissary Dep't.	1	Brickmakers	4
Watchmen	2	Harness-makers	2
Day scholars on orderly duty			13

Total earnings last year $24,898.37.

Indian Students.

Housework	15	Industrial Room	28
Cooking Class			20
Farmers	8	Wheelwrights	5
Carpenters	14	Painters	2
Shoemakers	11	Engineers	4
Tinsmiths	7	Butcher	1
Blacksmiths	3	Harness-makers	4
Printers	2		

Indians have a monthly allowance of from $2.50 to $5.00 for their labor, according to the time and value of it. It is not included in the above total with this they purchase a portion of their clothing. This is to teach them the use of money. As a rule, they work half days, studying the other half, and have holiday on Saturdays.

Indian apprentices are slow, and, owing to ailments, not very regular; but they are neat, interested in their work, and learn easily.

The several departments are fully reported upon by their respective heads, to whose statements I refer you.

OF AGRICULTURE.

Number of colored students employed, 83 Earnings last year, $6,025; to be increased this year.

This department has two farms, one of 190 acres, connected with the school, and another, 4½ miles distant, of 350 acres, called the "Hemenway Farm," a gift, to which has recently been added, by purchase, another of 250 acres adjoining; both are well adapted for stock and grain.

The last-named, of 600 acres, is in charge of Mr. Chas. H. Vanison, a graduate, and is cultivated entirely by work students. On the former, Mr. Geo. Davis, also a graduate, assists Mr. Howe, the general manager.

Agriculturally the school is well appointed; nearly complete, with land, outfit, machinery, and stock. There remains only a debt of $2,500 on the last purchased farm—half its cost. Brick-making and the wheelwright and blacksmith shops are in this department. See report of the general manager.

OF MECHANICS GENERALLY.

Total number of colored students employed 82. Number of Indians employed, 61.

The recent completion of the Stone Industrial building, the gift of Mrs. Valeria Stone, of Malden, Mass., provides much needed accommodations for the following: the Printing Office, to which a small bindery has just been added: (five boys, two girls); the Knitting business (seven boys), which, owing to a glut in the market, has done less than last year, but has fair prospects; the Shoe factory, temporarily, (fourteen boys), which must be placed in a position to get a custom repair trade from the community; and the Girls' Industrial sewing and tailoring establishment (65 colored and 28 Indian girls), which furnishes opportunities for remunerative work, and also instruction of great value.

A green-house should be added to this department, which, in connection with a vegetable garden, would afford a useful training and some profit for girls, who need such practical instruction, and would be glad of the chance to learn.

The Hygeia Hotel at Fort Monroe, 2½ miles distant, would be a market for the products of a green house.

The "Stone" building, being for the present only half filled with industries, I recommend the dividing up of two or three of its large rooms 70x40 feet, into temporary sleeping rooms for our young men, who, from the first, have been crowded from four to six in a room.

In a few years, all this room will be needed for labor classes, and a building should then be erected for boys on the site now indicated by an excavation near the office.

No part of education is more important than proper quarters. I prefer to have each student in a single room; no more than two should be together; solitude is civilizing.

The "Stone" was purposely built on a liberal scale to meet future needs, and will cost, complete with green house, steam and gas fitting, about five thousand dollars over the amount provided, $20,000.

OF THE HUNTINGTON INDUSTRIAL WORKS.

Colored students employed - - 38

Earned last year . . . $3,535.00.

Earnings will be increased this year. This consists of a saw mill and wood working establishment. The capacity of the mill per day is fifteen thousand feet of lumber. Every year a class of from fifteen to twenty destitute, ignorant, but earnest young men, enter the mill for one year of steady day work of ten hours. Of the most promising, a few are selected for a two years' apprenticeship, in the wood working shop in the second story. They are "work students" studying two hours every night, till they enter the regular course, and then are employed two days each week, studying four days throughout the three years' course, being able to save from one year of steady work at the mill, $60 00, to $70 00 and in two $140.00 for school expenses. They are the poor est class, but ask no charity.

About one fourth drop out for various reasons. Those who graduate are valuable men. The mill is doing a good business, preparing and selling building material of all kinds. It creates fine opportunities for young men to work their way, and may well be a source of gratification to its generous founder.

OF ENGINEERING.

Number of students employed . . . . . 13.

Earned last year $1,130.74

and increasing. This branch has been established eight years, but has never had suitable quarters. It has piped all the principal buildings for steam, water and gas, connecting them by an underground system of steam pipes 1,500 feet in length, which works admirably; made three hundred bedsteads out of gas pipe; attends to ten boilers and four steam engines, and repairs machinery.

A gentleman has just offered four thousand dollars for a new brick work shop 60x40 feet, two stories, in which a bone mill and grist mill can be placed to great vantage.

We have long ground bones, but never satisfactorily, owing to poor machinery, and could save about $35 a month by grinding our own meal.

Considering the probable growth of the shop, a suitable steam engine, boiler, lathes of various kinds, shafting, pulleys, drill press, planer, grist-mill and bone mill would cost ten thousand dollars.

Such a machine shop would add to the educational powers of the Institute, and provide much needed opportunities.

Agriculturally the Negro is going ahead, for he is the laborer of the South; he is buying farms at five dollars an acre, and covering the land with his small holdings.

Mechanically, he is losing ground, for there is no way for him to acquire the needed skill; the majority, however, are not adapted to mechanics. For all that, they are capable of producing an excellent mechanical class. The shops, North and South, are, as a rule, closed to them.

The present generation of colored mechanics were nearly all trained in slavery. I urge the increase of mechanical advantages here.

A WORKSHOP FOR INDIAN BOYS.

Since last year, our Indian apprentices have worked in a shed, a mere make-shift; lack of funds has prevented better things.

The following is needed: a building to contain a shoe factory and repair-shop, a harness shop, tin shop, blacksmith's and wheelwright's shop, substantially built. It would cost, complete, five thousand five hundred dollars. For this object the sum of seventeen hundred and fifty dollars has already been subscribed. It should be erected this summer; another winter in the present shop would not do.

Our Indian workshop is now making, for the Indian department in Washington, to be used in the West, two thousand pairs of shoes, seventy sets of double plow harness, and hopes to supply something more.

STEAM AND GAS.

The evidently ruinous cost of heating our large new buildings, compelled us to seek the most economical method, which was to connect six buildings by underground steam pipes, supplying steam from the sawmill, where the refuse sawdust, slabs, etc., could furnish more than half the fuel required. This has been most successfully accomplished by Mr. J. B. H. Goff, engineer, at a cost of over $13,000 for pipes, boilers, labor, and material, and 1,500 feet of large pipe.

A gas machine of 800 light power has been erected to relieve the distress, both mental and physical, which teachers and students felt for years for want of adequate light. It is just in operation It hast cost us $5,000. The relief from the dimness and danger of kerosene is unspeakable. We have had through it several narrow escapes from fire.

The entire cost of gas, and $10,000,00 for the steam works, was provided in a quiet way by unexpected and most generous charity.

In General it may be said of the industries of schools which teach the trades in connection with studies, that, if given the building and outfit, and salaries of foremen, they will take care of themselves.

Our problem is to turn to account the labor payments of students, who, last year, earned $24,898,37, being paid at the rate of from four to eight cents per hour. This year it will be more.

From their stand point it is fairly earned. From ours, at least one fourth of it, say $6,000,00, is a direct drain on our resources. We give much employment regardless of pecuniary profit; the welfare of the student is made paramount; instruction is primary to production. The student learns, but the school loses.

This six thousand dollars must be had to pay for board and clothing. Shall it be received as a charity or a wage-money? The difference is wide. We choose the latter; though it would be easier to get it by an appeal to the benevolent in the name of poverty. We ask the benevolent to maintain a work that, within itself, takes care of the student and develops self-reliance and manual skill, and preserves his self-respect and dignity.

This is not the way to make polished scholars, but it makes men.

Last year's total charges to students (for board &c) were		$30,679,96
Last year's payments by students:	In labor	24,898,37
	In cash	4,023,37
Aid in direct charity		2,159,29
Total		$31,082,82

The surplus of students' credits is owing to the fact that the ninety work students, who attend night class only, working the whole of every week-day, are laying up their earnings by agreement, so as to have a fund from which to meet their cash payments when they enter the regular course. As students have increased, charity has decreased; as follows:

Session of 1878-9: 254 students: direct aid	$2,452,10
Session of 1879-80: 293 students: direct aid	$2,491,04
Session of 1880-81: 321 students direct aid	$2,159,29

Average students' labor is not up to that of outside labor. The student's chief ambition is for book knowledge. He works because he must; his muscles are not tough; life is not fully serious to him, for all its responsibilities are not upon him. There is a humanity in the school that he may unconsciously count on.

Many, however, either flinch from work or break down under it. The way to make men is to train the head and the hand together. This is the most difficult, the most costly problem in education, but it pays. The better the product, the more it costs.

Whites refuse the offer that the Negro accepts, because the former can usually get their education without manual labor. For the Negro there is no other way. His disadvantage becomes a blessing—a source of power.

IN GENERAL.

MILITARY.

The cadet organization of the institution has been the past year under the care of Lieut Geo. Le Roy Brown, U. S. A. though whose wise and earnest efforts it has been much improved. Your attention is invited to his report, which is herewith forwarded.

CURATORS.

His Excellency, Gov. William E. Cameron, of Virginia, has appointed the following named gentlemen as Curators of the income annually paid by the State to the Hampton Institute, for doing the duty of a State Agricultural College.

Capt. A. S. Segar, Hampton, Va.,
Mr. E. S. Hamlin, Newport News, Va.,
Mr. L. S. Norton, Williamsburg, Va.,
Mr. E. B. Macon, London Bridge, Va.,
Mr. R. G. L. Paige, Norfolk, Va.,
Rev. Wm. Thornton, Hampton, Va.,

The last three are colored. They are to serve four years from the first of last January: until January 1st, 1885.

Their duties are to investigate and report upon the use of the funds appropriated to the Institute, and they have the power to veto any use of it, but not to give any direction to it.

This body of gentleman, and our relations through Indians with the general government, have led many to suppose that this was a government institution. We have, many times the past winter, had to assure visitors that the school is a private corporation; doing duty for the state and general government, but with a self-perpetuating board of trustees under a charter from the State of Virginia; its income being chiefly from charity; and all its property from private benefactions.

EXPENSES.

To pay current expenses, requires, besides all received from public sources, the sum of upwards of thirty thousand dollars annually.

This is derived—

(1.) From annual scholarships of $70.00 each.

(2.) From permanent scholarships of $1,500 00 yielding $70.00 each.

(3.) By contributions for general purposes.

From the former, is annually received about $16,000.00; from the second source about $2,500.00; from the third, from $6,000.00 to $10,000.00. The large sums recently given this school are mostly for its extension, by way of buildings, and result in increased expense for increased work.

An increase in the number of seventy dollar scholarships, or the payment by individuals of a moderate amount, say $50.00 or $100.00 annually for its maintenance, would much relievs the exhausting work of securing the school revenue. No soliciting agent or machinery is employed; but considerable of my own time and strength is devoted to income, which I would be glad to expend directly upon the school.

ENDOWMENT.

Should not the Institute rest in part, at least, on a permanent foundation?

The sum of three hundred thousand dollars, at five per cent. interest, would, I think, secure it for the future. The time for a vigorous effort in this direction may soon come. The success of such an effort would ensure finally a complete endowment. Meanwhile, the school by its direct dependence, is an educator of public sentiment, and public sentiment is at the bottom of all our social questions. It should not, however, always remain in the front rank of charities, but in time give place to those that the exigencies o progress shall push forward; never to be, I hope, wholly out of living relation with the thought and philanthropy of the day.

SPECIAL NEEDS.

For the coming year a considerable amount is required, as follows: already referred to above.

To complete payment on Farm,	$ 2,500.00
To equip Machine Shop, Grist Mill &c.,	10,000.00
For Indian Work Shop,	3,750.00
To complete "Stone Building,"	5,000.00
To repay loan	7,500.00
	28,750.00

This loan was incurred to meet, in part, the following expenses.*

New Boiler House..............	$1270 00
Balances on Steam Heating Apparatus,	3761 76
" due on Library Binding ...	1714 00
" " " Academic Hall,....	2680 57

Academic Hall was burned in 1879; rebuilt with many improvements, at a cost of $37,554.89, to do which we had these resources: Insurance money $28,874.32, the gift of friends $6,000.00. Balance $2,680.57.

The work of the past two years has been to increase the capacity of the school from 300 boarders to 500—nearly doubling it, and in consequence enlarging and building up at great expense. There is now a property worth upwards of $300,000.00, carefully inventoried, well insured, in good repair, and, excepting the small loan above mentioned, out of debt.

Details of receipts and expenditures, of profits or losses on each department, and of our entire property interests, are in the Report of General Marshall, Treasurer, to which your attention is especially invited.

Respectfully submitted,
S. C. Armstrong,
Principal.

Hampton, Va., May 24th, 1882.

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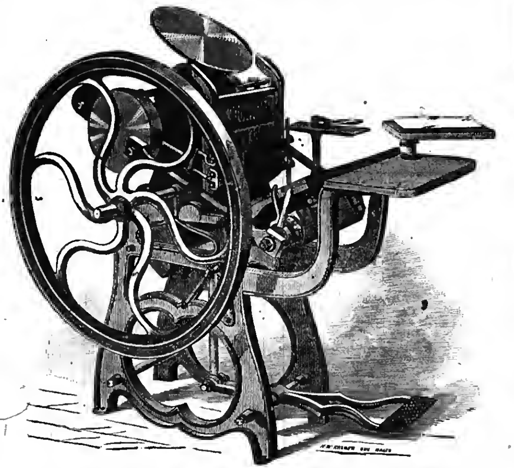
*Since the above was written, this loan has been, through a generous contribution of $5,000, in part repaid, reducing it to $2,500.



Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. XI. HAMPTON, VA., JULY, 1882 NO. 7.

AIM FOR THE BULL'S-EYE. [From "Harper's Weekly."]

WHITTIER ON LONGFELLOW.

From the May Wide Awake.

With a glory of Winter sunshine
Over his locks of gray,
In the old historic mansion,
He sat on his last birthday,

With his books and his pleasant pictures,
And his household and his kin,
While a song as of myriads singing
From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city,
From the prairie's boundless plain,
From the Golden Gate of sunset,
And the cedar woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him,
And his moistening eyes grew dim,
For he knew that his country's children
Were singing songs of him.

The lays of his life's glad morning,
The psalms of his evening time,
Whose echoes shall float forever
On the winds of every clime—

All their beautiful consolations,
Sent forth like birds of cheer,
Came flocking back to his windows,
And sang in the poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender,
The music rose and fell,
With a joy akin to sadness,
And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe, he listened
To the voices, sweet and young;
The last of earth and the first of heaven,
Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the summoning angel
Who calls God's children home.

And to him, in a holier welcome
Was the mystical meaning given
Of the words of the blessed Master:
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

SKETCH OF THE NEGROES IN AMERICA.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

PART I.

"How did the black folks get to this country, any how?" said my young colored domestic, after listening with much interest to a letter in the Southern Workman from a Hampton student in Africa. "If they were wild people in Africa, how did they come to be slaves in America?"

"Mamma" said a tender-hearted little white girl, coming tearfully to her mother, after hearing the conversation of the colored servants, "Is it true that the white people stole all the Negroes away from their homes in Africa, and treated them so cruelly, as aunt Lucy says they did?" What shall we tell our children as the years go on and natural curiosity rises in their breasts, when they see two races, widely differing in appearance, occupying our common country?

The sentiment of the North on this subject, formed by reading such books as Uncle Tom's Cabin, from the stories told by runaway slaves, and, above all, by the pathos inseparable from a people held in bondage and unitedly appealing with manacled hands to Christendom to set them free, rose to such indignation that the Abolitionists were willing to shed their blood, and risk the existence of the nation, to destroy slavery.

The South had for many generations cherished views exactly the opposite of this. The Negroes had been introduced into the country within twenty years after the first white settlement in Virginia. Notwithstanding the earnest protests of many thoughtful men, Great Britain had insisted that slavery should be maintained in her colonies, and gradually a mistaken idea of self-interest had blinded the southern people to any moral evil there might be in the system. The religious sentiment of the land was distorted to suit the slave-code, and the ministers of Christ strove to teach the oriental customs of ages past in the New World and the nineteenth century.

This "conflict of ideas" resulted in the terrible Civil war, whose wounds cannot all be healed in our generation; but out of its blood and tears have come the freedom of the black man, and gradually, step by step, he is working his way to full liberty and equality with his fellow citizens of the Republic.

Now that the two sections of the country, and the two races which dwell therein, are drawing nearer together, the differences being fast forgotten, the prejudices fast dying out in the light of a better day, what lesson can we teach our children from this wonderful story of a transplanted race, brought hither in sorrow and pain, and kept for more than two centuries in slavery?

To understand this question fully, let us look first at the condition of the Africans brought to our shores. The majority of these involuntary immigrants came from the western coast of the "Dark Continent," chiefly from Guinea. Many of them were prisoners taken by the chiefs in their wars with each other, and sold by their conquerors; some were children sold by their own parents, many others were stolen by brutal white men from Europe, who, until the present century, were unmolested in their nefarious traffic. These Africans were nearly all savages—some of them undoubtedly cannibals. Tradition tells of a petition sent to the House of Burgesses in colonial days, entreating that the importation of Africans should be stopped, urging as a reason that in the disturbed state of the colony, the men were often called away to fight the Indians, and they feared to leave their homes lest their wives and children, left to the mercy of the cannibals who were enslaved on the plantations, should be devoured by them. Early Court records tell of the execution of a Negro slave for eating a white child.

The colored people of our day are not unnaturally sensitive about talking of their savage ancestors, but I have occasionally met with very old Negroes, who would relate with much amusement the tales told them in childhood by their parents, of their recollections of Africa. One of these told me lately of a very old woman, still living he believed, who had herself been stolen in her childhood from Africa, and had often told him of a visit her parents had paid to the village of a neighboring tribe, how her father and mother had talked when they came home of a very fat baby they had seen at one of the huts they had passed, how her father had gone out at nightfall and returned after a while with a mysterious bundle which proved to be the neighbor's plump baby, and was duly cooked by her mother for the delectation of the family. A Virginia lady told me not long ago that she had often heard her grandmother speak of some native Africans brought in her childhood to the plantation still owned in her family. These people were by no means savage in their habits, became very valuable servants, soon learned the language, and were fond of telling the white children, who were always a delighted audience, of the manners and customs of the sunny land whence they had been carried away captive. They dwelt much upon the dainties of that tropical clime, chief among which they counted "man's flesh." The human heel, they said, was tough and unpalatable, whether boiled, stewed, roasted or fricasseed it remained uneatable, but every other portion of the human frame was delicious, resembling, when cooked, a delicate and well-flavored jelly.

"Uncle Jack," said I, to a shrewd old colored man, whose ox-wagon often stops at my husband's store, as he carries wood to town for sale, "did you ever hear the old-time black people, those you call "outlandish folks" talk about eating people in Africa?" Uncle Jack is very jolly, and has a loud merry laugh, especially when he is sure of a cash customer. "Yah! yah! yah!" chuckled the old man, "Sho' I has many a time, dey all use ter tell us young folks, how dey use ter eat babies ob dar." "Now Uncle Jack," said I, "was not that dreadful? Can you see how they could do it?" "Lawsy no, mistis, "said Uncle Jack, assuming a deprecating air, as he reflected on the shocking tastes of his ancestors. "Why I uebber eat 'possum, much less'n a baby; 'possum do look so much like a young ebile, when you done skin him an' fix him ter eat." All accounts agree that most of the Africans, when brought hither, knew nothing of the use of clothes, except the loin-cloth common to savages in all hot countries. Some of them were tattooed in fanciful patterns and figures over their bodies. To this day, some families of Negroes preserve the distinctive marks of their tribes, such as pulling out their eyebrows, and cases have been known of Negroes in the imbecility of age, who refused to wear clothing, and delighted to adorn themselves with stains produced from the juice of plants, and made ornaments of feathers, heads, etc., evidently going back to the customs of early life.

Bishop Meade, whose interesting work on the "Old Churches and Families of Virginia" tells much of the native Africans, speaks of them as "the gentlest race of savages God ever made." A venerable and intelligent lady, now probably "the oldest inhabitant" of this place, tells me that in her youth many Africans were brought here, just off the slave-ships. She says, "The Negroes came here savages, but they soon learned our language, and when taught to work, many of them made excellent servants; the children always showed a great improvement upon the parents, and after two or three generations, I could not see any difference between them and other people, except in color."

In religion these people were usually heathens, possessing a belief in what we call fetichism or voodooism, which consists in a system of witchcraft, conjuration, etc. Many traces of their ancient faith still linger among our colored people, and are curiously intermingled with the ceremonies of the Christian religion, which they have, as a race, fully adopted, and of which many of them are faithful disciples. The very singular practice of joining hands and walking in a circle, with many convolutions of the body and a weird kind of singing, which they do when under strong religious excitement, and sometimes when one of their own people is dying, and they are permitted to aid the departing spirit in this way, is doubtless one of their voodoo rites carried into what is meant for Christian worship.

There must surely have been a wonderful mingling of tribes and nations in the accidents of the slave-trade, and there are among us traditions of people who had come from at least semi civilized countries, some of whom were Mohammedans in faith. Among this class of the native Africans was found considerable knowledge of domestic arts, as they are practised among the more cultivated inhabitants of northern Africa. I have heard of little machines for spinning, closely resembling the ancient distaff, and a primitive loom, combs for the hair, rude musical instruments and other simple articles brought by these people from their native land.

I hope that no one will suppose that I write this account of the Africans when first enslaved by my forebears, from any unkind or malicious motive. Travellers in Africa today tell us of just such people as the first slaves in America are represented to have been. The works of Livingstone, Du Chaillu, Stanley and other explorers, give us accurate pictures of Africans in their own land, and, in reading these books, I often notice traits among the wild tribes, which I have observed among our Negro-Americans. Indeed, I sometimes feel as if I could distinguish a Kabyle, a Mandingo or a Kaffir here, notwithstanding the intermingling of races, and the varied influences brought to bear upon them in this country.

An Englishman who had lived long in Africa, told me lately that, when he came to America, he was much struck with the amiable and intelligent countenances of the black people here, contrasting so strongly with the fierce and often brutal expression of the savage Negroes, to whom he had been accustomed there, though many of them were fine-looking people of stalwart frame, and great powers of endurance. I know of no more interesting book on this subject than "The Dawn of Day in Africa," by Mrs. A. M. Scott, the careful observation of a missionary lady, a Virginian by birth, whose early life had been surrounded by Negro slaves in Virginia, and who died working faithfully for Christian missions on the coast of Guinea.

Such of the colored people as have had the advantages of education, and the number is by no means small in these days, know that the history of all races of mankind is the same, the gradual development of a savage people into the highest condition of civilization and enlightenment. The most illustrious example in history is that of the Jews, a wandering and barbarous people, who, in striking analogy with the story of the Negroes in America, were transplanted from their home in western Asia to Egypt, which then led the civilization of the world. The Hebrew, like the Negro, was enslaved, and suffered even a more cruel bondage than the African. To him, as to the Negro, this slavery was a school of training in many arts, from which he went out, under the leadership of his great law giver, Moses, "possessing all the knowledge of the Egyptians." The whole world to-day acknowledges its indebtedness for religious and civil influences to the Jews, and the first lessons of the Jews were learned in slavery.

The history of the English-speaking race, which in this age claims precedence of all nations in the arts of war and of peace, begins far back in that dim era, where the barbarous Britains, Angles, and Saxons, forest wanderers, clad in the skins of beasts, offered human sacrifices to their gods.

When an Englishman intimated to Disraeli the late Jew-premier of Great Britain, that Lord Roseberry had condescended in marrying Rothschild's daughter, the learned Hebrew responded with a smile, "And yet when Roseberry's ancestors were savages in the woods, Rothschild's forefathers were scholars in the temple!"

The first record of the ancient feuds between the English and the Irish, still unreconciled, and often causing bloodshed between the factions, even when they meet on alien shores, tell that the Irish stole the children of the English and sold them for slaves, and an edict issued in England in the eighth century, prohibits the selling of children in any market place of the realm.

If it were necessary, instances of the barbarous condition through which other races have gone, might be multiplied for the encouragement of the Negro-American who, now that his people have passed through the successive stages of savagery and bondage, and entered upon that of complete civilization in a progressive land, can aspire, equally with other citizens of our Republic, to the highest development permitted to humanity.

I think, however, that I have said enough on this point. Suffice it to add that change is the law of nature, and progress the destiny of man.

In the next paper I will endeavor to show that the white man of the south, who has so long suffered under the stigma attached to the slave holder, was not altogether unmindful of the responsibilities he had taken upon himself in assuming the right of tutelage of a heathen people.

AIM FOR THE BULL'S-EYE.

Aim for the bull's-eye—
Fit the arrow to the bow—
Steady—not a thought too low—
So—let the shaft fly.

Aim for the bull's-eye—
Not a hair's breadth either side,
Or, the dart, diverging wide,
"Shame!" will the crowd cry.

Aim for the bull's-eye—
If the mark thou overshoot,
Loud the jeerers all will hoot,
"Tried for— but missed—the sky!"

Give all the go by—
All but the mark shoot—
Ha—so true arrow sped
Straight to the bull's-eye.

H. W. L.

SUGGESTIONS ON TEACHING.

BY PROF. GEO. WALTON.

[Notes of an informal talk to the teachers of Hampton Institute.]

Mr. Walton commenced by commending the spirit of trust and confidence which pervaded all the class exercises. He believed that nowhere could there be seen a better illustration of this essential condition for right mental activity among pupils. The students evinced a great interest in their work in and outside the class; they showed good habits of attention, and much readiness in expression.

The future aim should be to improve the students, as a whole, in the power of patient, critical thinking, in habits of careful observation, and in the power to generalize.

The speaker then stated some principles which must underlie successful teaching.

1. It must be based upon the knowledge of the mind.

2. Upon the ends to be secured.

The course of studies should be adapted to exercise all the powers of the mind.

When the child is young he should have a large practice in using his powers of observation; at this period he is to gain a knowledge of facts. This knowledge comes through the senses, and becomes the occasion for the knowledge of principles, and of classes, which is the study appropriate to the later or reflective period of life. The first kind of knowledge constitutes an elementary, the second kind a scientific course of studies. For a complete education, the pupil must have training in both courses of studies, and in acquiring every kind of knowledge. A complete course of studies includes drawing, geometry, gymnastics, the elements of botany, mineralogy and zoology, with all the branches ordinarily pursued in the schools. This, for the reason that these are a necessary means to the ends of teaching. And what are these ends?

The first end is knowledge, the second end is discipline or culture, and the third end is a method of study.

The acquisition of knowledge is based upon a natural desire; the mind is thus constituted to acquire knowledge; reading and writing which are taught in the schools should not be considered as ends but simply as means to an end; the reading is to be taught as an instrument for acquiring knowledge; the knowledge should be kept in mind as the end; every lesson taught may be tested by this gauge: is the pupil acquiring some useful knowledge? For example, teaching the young learner to say "I see a cat," as an end, is wasteful; he had better have a plant before him, and having his attention directed to the object, name the parts, as the roots, the stem, the leaves, or, having a ball, name its color, as red, its form, as round, and so on. Having used these words orally, he then may be taught the sentences "The plant has roots," "The plant has leaves," &c., or "The ball is red," "The ball is round," &c. This will make the reading both intelligent and useful, which at present, for the most part in primary schools, it is not.

By making such observations as indicated above, the primary pupil exercises his powers of observation, he gains useful knowledge; and, by introducing the element of botany, mineralogy and Zoology, the child acquires the knowledge of these elements without loss of time, or injury to any other branch of study, and with certainly great advantage to his future progress. Every study may be pursued in such a way that the mind will demand the underlying knowledge expressed in all words uttered. In geography, for another example,

(concluded on page 76.)

Southern Workman,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October, four months.)

Printed on the Normal School Steam Press by students trained in the office.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MRS. OLIVIA LANGHORNE, } *Regular Contributors.*

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For sale at 6-th places. Specimens sent from Hampton at 5 cts. a number, or 50 cts. a set.

Subscribers are reminded that, from July to October inclusive, this paper is reduced to an eight page form, resuming in November the twelve page form.

WORKSHOP FOR INDIANS.

Indian boys at Hampton are being taught trades as follows:

fifteen to be carpenters.
eleven " " shoemakers.
six " " tinsmiths.
five " " wheelwrights.
three " " blacksmiths.
two " " painters.
four " " harness makers.
two " " printers.
four " " engineers.
fifty-two in all.

Forty-five of these, (all but the printers and engineers, who work in well fitted up shops) are learning their trades in a temporary frame building, unsuited to winter. Providing two large buildings, now about complete, for the accommodation of Indian girls and boys, has heretofore occupied our energies. Upwards of a hundred can now be cared for.

The cost of erecting a central two-story brick shop 35x55 feet with two one-story wings, each extending from it in opposite directions seventy-five feet, to make room for the industries mentioned above, will be about $5,600.00.

This can be divided by the number of work benches required, giving the pro rata cost of construction represented by each bench, which will be *one hundred and fifty dollars.* Work benches are needed as follows:

For carpenters 15; for shoemakers two at a bench) 5; for tinsmiths 5; for wheelwrights 5; for harness makers 4: 34 in all.

The blacksmiths and painters shops, not to be arranged with benches, will cost, the former $500; the latter $300.

Thirty-four benches at $150.00 apiece will cost five thousand one hundred dollars, making the expense of the shop (including blacksmiths at $500) five thousand six hundred dollars. Properly insured this will be a perpetual provision. The paint shop containing combustible materials will be built separately, at a safe distance.

There have been contributions to the shop as follows:

From a lady in Boston, for blacksmith shop . . . . . $500.
From a lady in N. Y., for paint shop. . . . . $250.
From a lady in N. Y. . . . $1000.

which nearly supplies seven benches besides two shops, leaving twenty-seven now unprovided for. The chief industrial advantage we can offer to the Indian is a chance to learn a trade. Giving this is putting a rock under his feet; on it he can fight it out.

Indians who have returned from Hampton to their homes are saved by their trades which give them occupation and support.

The regular day's work in the shops is about the best refuge they can have from the influences of Indian life where indolence is honorable and industry is despised.

The shop will be needed next year for the increased number to be sent and partly supported by government.

Aid for the shop may be sent to the treasurer Genl. J. F. B. Marshall, or to the undersigned:

S. C. ARMSTRONG.

Hampton, Va., *June*, 1882.

A NEW INDUSTRY FOR AMERICA.

Whoever introduces a new industry into a country is a public benefactor, like one who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. Hundreds of empty hands will be set at work, and prosperity be brought to hundreds of needy homes, if the recent experiment of establishing silk culture in America proves a success, as it seems not unlikely to. It is all the better that the new industry is especially adapted to women, giving home employment thus to those who find it most difficult to obtain work, while yet they are often the most in need of it. The circular of the Woman's Silk Association, of Philadelphia, organized only two years ago, lies before us, and contains very interesting statistics of the movement and its success. The Association has had an exhibition recently in Philadelphia, where specimen cocoons were displayed by twenty-six contestants, for prizes offered by Strawbridge and Clothier, a prominent dry-goods firm of that city; the first prize being carried off by an enterprising old lady, the aged mother of our American poet, the late Bayard Taylor. The greatest triumph of the Exhibition was the manufacture of the first American brocade, made from silk raised in fourteen different states of our Union, spun on a Yankee reel, and woven on a Jacquard loom, requiring three thousand six hundred needles to form the original and striking design. This elegant product of home manufacture, which is said to be one of the heaviest brocades ever woven, is to be presented by the Association to Mrs. Garfield. New prizes are offered for the coming year, from $10. to $100., for the best cocoon raised by any resident of the United States, and the Secretary of the Association — Mrs. H. A. Lucas, 1328 Chestnut St., Philadelphia—is ready to furnish instructions to all who wish to engage in silk-culture.

It is but a few years since no one thought of ever wearing an American silk, any more than they thought fifty years ago of reading an American book. The Cheney Brothers and their followers have made American silks a rival of the best fabrics of France or Italy, importing $15,000,000. worth of floss yearly for their manufacture. It would seem but a short and natural step to the home production of the raw material, when the silk worm and the white mulberry tree on which it feeds, thrive in every State in the Union. The leaves of the Osage orange, also, are found to be equal to mulberry leaves, as food for the silk-worms, so those who have hedges of this pretty tree, need not wait to plant mulberry trees.

The great difficulty of course is to compete with the trained and inherited skill and the cheap labor of Europe and China. But with the incentive of the immense amount to be saved from the expense of importation and duties, what may not be expected from American ingenuity and enterprise? While success in the manufacture will require a degree of perseverance and knack which will keep the business probably from being over-crowded, all through our rural districts women and even children, will find it pleasant and profitable occupation. Nor will our adoption of the industry be any ultimate loss to the artizans of Europe, for wealth creates wants; it is not so far in this country between making silk and wearing it, and any thing that increases the general prosperity of one country, must help the laborers of all others.

JUSTICE.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore,
Justice after as before,—
And he who battles on her side,
God, though he were ten times slain,
Crows him victor glorified,—
Victor over death and pain,
Forever.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

But few years ago, when Bryant's grand old silvered head fell crowned with age and honor, we felt that the circle of our great ones was broken,—and now, almost hand in hand, Longfellow and Emerson have departed, and where are any to take their place and be to the next generation what these have been to the last? We seem already passing out of the golden age of American Literature; the new period will be one of more generally diffused light, but with no stars like those on our western horizon.

As Longfellow was the poet of the people, Ralph Waldo Emerson was the poet and prophet of the young. His influence upon all growing minds that came within its reach may be judged by the testimony of one of the greatest of them. Far as Emerson was from being a practical scientist, the philosopher Tyndall says of him; "If any one can be said to have given the impulse to my mind, it is Emerson. Whatever I have done, the world owes it to him." One loses much who does not read him in youth, before great truths have become truisms; seeking in his pages not formulated systems of doctrines, but just that impulse, and inspiration, and uplift. There is no doubt that he contributed greatly to the forming of the young mind of this generation, especially in New England. He was always young himself; progressive and fearless to a degree which carried him beyond even the most radical "Radicals" of his time, and almost round the circle to the point of orthodoxy. To a Howard student he once said "I have very good grounds for being a Unitarian and a Trinitarian too. I need not nibble forever at one loaf, but eat it and thank God for it, and earn another."—Or as his exquisite poem "The Forerunners" expresses it:

"Long I followed happy guides;
I could never reach their sides,
Their step is forth, and, ere the day,
Breaks up their leaguer and away."

As to all great teachers, Truth was his divinity, followed with a devotion careless of consistency or appearances. He had a reverent love of Nature, a reverent faith in God and immortality, a liberal, sympathetic soul, a hatred of all shams and all injustice, and a rare power to inspire his hearers or readers with something of his own spirit.

The young people of this newly rising race, whose fearless friend he was in its day of oppression, would do well to read and re-read Emerson's Essays. They are almost always simple, and clear as light. Even his occasional obscurities you are sure are not affectations, but the effort to give his thought more perfect utterance. He would have been the last one to write for mere word effect. He said himself

"To clothe the fiery thought
In simple words succeeds;
For still the craft of genius is
To mask a king in weeds."

One of his latest essays, "On the Use of the Superlative" is aimed to show the weakness of overstatement.

One great secret of his power over earnest young souls is no doubt his own faith in them. What such an one could read his words on "Heroism," and not feel a capability of being heroic.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near to God is man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can.*"

THE TRUCKING BUSINESS

The rapid development during the past few years, of the trucking business in certain localities of the South, has a bearing on the future of agriculture in this country, the importance of which can as yet hardly be estimated. It is not alone that vegetables and fruits are raised in immense quantities for direct shipment to the Northern markets, but that the canning establishments which have sprung up like mushrooms, in all our agricultural districts, have created a distinct demand, and are offering a market at the very door of the farm house, for all produce which does not meet the requirements of Northern buyers, or for other reasons cannot profitably be shipped. Now when it is remembered that twenty years ago there were no facilities for shipping early or perishable produce, and that canning factories did not exist, it will easily be seen how great is the change which, in a quiet way, has taken place among our farming population. To one living in the thick of these new activities, it is almost impossible to realize the conditions of the not very remote past. Without at all considering the newer methods or the improved machinery which have of course affected agriculture here as elsewhere, it is most interesting to even a casual observer, to notice the special causes for growth and change in any given locality. If one could, for example, take a glimpse at the town of Hampton, as it stood twenty years ago, and contrast it with the Hampton of to-day, how could one enumerate the changes? The Hampton of the old days it was not our fortune to know, except, as one may say, at arm's length; the Hampton of June, 1882, is familiar, and it, and the subtle causes which are changing it, are worth more than a glance.

It is, in its development a typical Southern town; the changes which are going on within and around it, are the changes which, in a greater or less degree, are at work throughout the South, and they are all, it may be thankfully said, in the line of progress. Hampton is at present the commercial centre for a fertile district of tide-water Virginia, and the port of shipment for the produce of thousands of acres. All the Northern markets are easy of access from here by steam or rail, via Norfolk or Baltimore, and early in April, the rush begins—asparagus, peas, potatoes, strawberries, cabbage, tomatoes, crowd each other fast; the water is alive with deep laden craft, the road from Hampton to the dock at Old Point Comfort shows a long line of dusty "Truckers" who have forced into their service every vehicle that can carry a barrel, every animal that can haul a crate. Telegrams flash back and forth over the wires; the air is thick with postal cards, on every side one hears, "How's the market this morning?" Bottom out of potatoes yet?" "Maryland peas are in." "Not a barrel to be had," etc., while the pockets full of "returns" are not slow in emptying part of their contents into grocery and dry goods tills.

This morning, in the cool, fruits and vegetables are picked and packed, the telegraph gives the latest quotations from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington; the grower chooses his market, and to-night the shipment is made, to reach, to-morrow, its destination and the hungry consumers waiting for it. The half completed railroad from Newport

News to Old Point will give other avenues of outlet, and while the raisers of early truck are of course forced to take the quickest routes and nearest markets for their perishable products, the more solid and less risky crops which follow later in the season, can soon be shipped at the farmer's will, North, South, East or West. At home, also, the market supplied by the canning interest is growing up, and it seems as if this wave-washed corner of Virginia was destined to become the paradise of the small farmer, white or colored.

The first luxury for which men will pay is good food, and so long as the country at large is prosperous, the producers of good food may count on their market. In any locality where as here, the facilities for reaching that market are becoming almost unrivalled, the careful and intelligent farmer has a hopeful future before him. It is, more than anything else, the development of these facilities, which has wrought the changes in the agricultural districts in the South, and in this respect Eastern Virginia is in no way behind. Hampton and the country for which it is the outlet, are certainly especially fortunate, and nothing more can be asked for the little town than that it shall be equal to its opportunities.

We had hoped to give our readers this month, a copy of Prof. George L. Walton's report, on the written examinations of the Senior class at Hampton, this year. It has not arrived in time for this number, but we hope to have it for the next. We call attention instead, to the Professor's own notes, in another column, of a pleasant informal talk he gave to the Normal School teachers, who were very glad of this opportunity to receive suggestion as well as encouragement from so practised and competent an observer.

IN MEMORY OF LONGFELLOW

A note has come to us from the "Longfellow Memorial Association", Jas. Russell Lowell, President, asking our co-operation in the plan of raising dollar subscriptions from the people to erect a monument to the people's poet on the field before his house in Cambridge; each contributor to receive a certificate on which is a photograph of the poet and his home, and a fac-simile of his autograph. The idea is one which will meet response from thousands of hearts that cherish his memory and have his songs "from beginning to end." We regret that we have not room in our present number for the full circular of the Memorial Association. It directs that the subscriptions should be sent to John Bartlett, Treasurer, P. O. Box 1500, Boston, Mass.

We are glad to learn that the recent destruction by fire of the popular and successful Bingham school in Mebanesville, N. C., will finally result in gain rather than loss to the State of which it has been the pride. The disaster was excited wide-spread sympathy, and practical interest and aid for the enterprising Principal, Major Robert Bingham, who has already taken steps to rebuild and equip his school on a larger and everyway improved scale, especially in the direction of physical culture and scientific instruction. It is expected to be an institution of learning second to none in the South. We wish it all success.

Died.—At Kansas City, Missouri, May 25th, of consumption, Charles A. Anderson, a graduate of Hampton Institute of the class of '78. A letter received from one of his friends and class mates with him when he died, says, "The day before he died he talked with me and told me he was ready to go. His last words were, 'I am so happy'—he died as if going to sleep." Not only by a peaceful *death*, but by a useful, Christian life, our friend had proved himself "ready" for any change Heaven might send. He has been a faithful and successful teacher, doing much good among his people, and fell at his post.

(Continued from Page 74)

with right teaching, the thoughts will be the real earth, and not of the marks upon a globe or map.

By discipline is meant the same as by culture; this consists in a certain facility acquired by having done the same thing many times. In commencing a study, the mind pursues it with great difficulty, but as time goes on, the study is pursued with greater ease. This facility is an end of teaching, it is what we mean by education.

A method of study should be acquired by the manner in which the instruction is given in the school. Not much knowledge can be acquired in the longest school course. The most that can be done is to learn a few facts, obtain a little discipline; then we enter upon life with a good method of work; thus we have a world of material before us, from which future acquisitions may be made. Perhaps the most serious defect in the common modes of instruction is that they do not train the pupil's active powers or faculties; they leave him without the power to do. Upon Cape Cod, the people use the phrase "a faculdtied woman," to designate a woman whose husband is but two or three years away at sea, and who during this time has the sole charge of a large family of children. She sees to their schooling, their training, their clothing, and sometimes is their sole provider; this woman has use for all her powers, but especially for her active powers. The industrial pursuits of this Institution train the mind to the active use of its powers. For the most part, the schools train the pupils to use their passive powers only; the pupils have receptivity, or capacity; they are very susceptible to impressions, but they have not equal ability in making impressions. They understand better than they execute or do.

How then can the teaching be made to train the active powers of the pupils? To answer this question, we may notice that teaching may be attempted in two ways. We may assign pages of the text book to be committed and recited by the pupil; this may be called written teaching. By written teaching it is possible that the pupil will learn and recite only the words, in which case he learns nothing, is stultified rather than educated. At best he is only finding out what some one else has thought, and so is training only his passive or receptive powers. So if he listens to another who is lecturing, or telling something, the same result is produced. Lecturing differs no way essentially from written teaching, so far as results are concerned.

The other way in which teaching may be attempted, is to bring an object into the pupil's presence, and direct him in thinking something of the object; if this be done, the teaching may be called object teaching, or, since some words would be used by the teacher, in directing the pupil's thinking, it might be called oral teaching; "oral" is the common term, though "object" would better designate the essential thing about the teaching, which is that the object occasions the idea to exist in the mind of the pupil. The term "oral" is misleading, since it implies that the idea is to be awakened in the pupil's mind by the words of the teacher; whereas, in teaching these should be as few as possible. A means of training the active powers may be found for every branch of study; in language, let him construct sentences, select words for spelling; in arithmetic, let him make problems from data of his own; in whatever he studies, encourage him to propose questions which suggest themselves.

The value of the objective method of teaching is seen by the ends it is calculated to secure. If we observe an object, we have real knowledge of it; its qualities constitute the only source of knowledge of the object. What is true of an object, that is of something which has an existence outside of the mind, is equally true of a subject, which has no existence except in the mind; we can only know of a subject, as grammar or physiology, when grammar or physiology is the object of our consciousness;—words alone cannot awaken the real thoughts of a subject more than of an object of sense. Knowledge then can be acquired only by object or oral teaching.

In the next place, what is true of discipline or culture? One condition is necessary to discipline; whatever the mind is to acquire facility for doing, that the mind must do; it can be trained to observe only by observing; if the object of the schools be to give facility in committing words to memory, it must commit words; but this is not a useful end; the pupil is to learn to write; to do this he must write; he is to learn to think, and express his thoughts; these powers he must acquire by thinking, and speaking what he thinks;—not what another has thought and spoken. The farmer's boy learns to mow not by reading a book on mowing, but by mowing; our girls learn to wash dishes and set tables by practising these useful arts. Discipline is to be acquired only by object or oral teaching.

And how about the method the pupil is to use when he leaves school? If he has been properly trained to observe and think for himself, as he must by the oral method, he has a plan for pursuing his studies in all the future of his life. He has learned how to observe—on the same plan he continues his observations; he has been habituated to form his own judgment, he is now able to judge; his actions have been controlled by his convictions; he is thus prepared to follow these in his every day life. For want of a method, how many persons go out from the schools, without any guiding principles! With a good method, such as can be acquired by object and oral teaching, the pupil becomes self reliant and independent.

How shall we apply the oral method of teaching.

The first principle to guide to this teaching is to present the right occasions for knowledge. If the teaching be in the primary schools, the first things to teach are facts, and of these, the first are facts of observation. The proper occasion for these will be objects of the natural world, of the vegetable, mineral, and animal kingdoms. The order of the teaching will be to bring the object as a whole, and give it name; next have pupils notice the parts, then give their names. The qualities of objects will be treated in the same manner; these names will be formed into sentences, that is, the parts and the qualities of the thing will be affirmed of the thing by the use of first of simple sentences. The language will thus be learned, both by speaking and by writing. In the place of the senseless "I see the cat," the language will express useful knowledge. Subjects will be presented in the same way; instead however of an elementary treatment they require a scientific method. We learn first, the facts of language—what words to use and how to use them—in the higher school we study the philosophy of of the structure of language, this we do by presenting a definition of grammar; we teach on the same general plan: but instead of presenting an isolated fact and teaching all that needs be known about that, we begin with a proposition, which illustrates grammar as a whole, and with this we teach the definition of grammar. In the primary school we teach the combinations and operations of numbers, in the advanced school we teach the science of arithmetic. The first teaching begins with objects, the second with a definition.

In teaching natural objects, we teach parts in a natural order; if the object be the stem of a plant, we teach the bark, then the wood, and then the pith. In teaching to use language, we use first simple, then compound, then complex sentences, going from the simple to the complex. In teaching *subjects*, we present them in a logical order. Suppose the definition of arithmetic to be, *The knowledge which has for its object, the expression, combination and relations of numbers*, we first teach what numbers are, and what is meant by expression, combination and relations of numbers; then what is meant by knowledge, and lastly what is meant by object of knowledge. Having thus analyzed the subject, we are prepared to give the definition with its parts arranged in the order of their dependence, that is in a logical order. Thus every object and subject is first studied as a whole, and then by parts.

Another principle to guide in oral teaching has reference to assigning lessons and hearing recitations. This should be done by a topical method; this method prevails at Hampton, so far as that the teacher has an order of topics, and teaches by them. The student should have the topics and reproduce all his lessons in the order of the teaching; he should, as a student of methods, be required to illustrate his methods by teaching the topics. At any rate, I would have recitations in general by the topical method. By this method the pupil is left to do all the work; he can show what he knows, and what he does not know, the two most important ends of a recitation; and by this method the pupil is led to exercise his *active* powers. As an application of the topical method, let every reading lesson be studied by an analytical method; first, as a whole, that is to get the main thought or purpose of the author; second by paragraph, so that a series of pictures could be made to illustrate the particular thoughts; third, by period for the emphatic word. Then let the pupil prepare, by imagining his audience, to read the piece orally. Having thus studied the piece, let him recite upon it by giving in the same order the results of his study; and this without questions from the teacher. Finally, allow the pupils in oral reading to read with reference to awakening the same thoughts and feelings in others which their study has awakened in themselves.

Geography might be given as an other illustration.

The principles to be observed in oral teaching are,

(1.) Use the proper occasions for knowledge, culture, and method.
(2.) Teach by topics.
(3.) Teach the whole, then the parts.
(4.) Teach the parts of natural objects in their natural order; the topics of a subject in their logical order.
(5.) Lead the pupil to do all the work.

A few suggestions were made upon what had been observed.

In sight of every pupil in the room, and accessible to the teacher without his moving far should be a good blackboard; this should be supplied with crayon, index, and eraser.

In teaching the teacher should have the points to be taught clearly in mind, present them in the fewest words, point to the precise thing to be observed, and keep himself as much as possible out of view.

Oral teaching necessitates a supply of objects for illustration. The *imagination* is aided by pictures; *perceptions* are dependent upon sensible objects. Let both be abundant.

In the every-day work of the school, to secure accuracy, have frequent written exercises; these should be short, and directed to a single point; the attention may be directed to this point, by reading a few papers. Do not spend much time in examining papers, critically. Use paper and slate for these written exercises.

Especially in arithmetic should frequent brief tests be submitted. Accuracy cannot be secured if the pupil works for a given answer. Mr Walton showed a method of examinations by cards of his, by which the time of the pupil and the teacher can be economized to an indefinite extent. The plan was particularly applicable to large classes, and was a test of the class and teacher more than of the individual. It consisted in distributing upon separate cards the questions to be submitted for the examination of the class, so that each pupil should be required to answer but one question in each branch instead of all. This plan applied in the senior class at Hampton, gave within a fraction of one per cent. the same result as was obtained by an examination extending through three days before commencement; and the time required for examination by these cards was but a half hour.

The speaker was of the opinion from what he had seen, that the question, what shall be done with the "emancipated slave" and the red man, was fully answered by the faithful workers at Hampton; give him an education, and a love for labor, and each will distinguish himself, and help to elevate his race.

BOOKS NEW AND GOOD.

"*Eve's Daughters—or Common Sense for Maids, Wives and Mothers.*"—by Marion Harland.—J. R. Anderson & Co., Publishers, New York.

In very attractive form, this well known and deservedly popular writer has embodied an amount of common sense suggestions upon the physical and mental education of women, which every good and earnest young woman, would be the wiser and better and happier for reading. It is a hopeful sign of the times that practical knowledge of the laws of health and life is becoming, like other knowledge, general instead of special. In reverent earnestness it is written, and thus read will be helpful to any of "Eve's Daughters."

"*Roget's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases.*"—New edition—J. R. Anderson, & Co., Publishers, New York and Chicago.

This is an old friend in a new dress, enlarged and improved by the original author's son. It is, as its name indicates, a "store house," of synonymous words and phrases. A writer at loss for the precise word to fit his shade of thought has but to glance over the synonyms of any word he can think of near it in meaning, and the elusive expression will be sure to catch his eye—that is if it exists in English, and if he ever knew its meaning. The book is not a dictionary, and would of course be worse than useless to one who could not tell by previous acquaintance, which word to use in a particular instance. In the hands of a foreigner or slightly educated person, very amusing mistakes would result from its rash use. With this caution, we cannot too highly recommend it for its legitimate purpose.

"*American Newspaper Annual.*"—A catalogue of all newspapers of the United States and Canada, with information regarding their distinctive features, circulation, etc. N. W. Ayer & Son, Publishers, Philadelphia.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of this handsome Newspaper directory, valuable to all advertising firms and newspaper offices.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

NEW RECRUITS.

Four new Indian students—three girls and one boy—reached Hampton June 11th, from Indian Territory, under charge of Mr. E. B. Townsend, Special U. S. Indian Agent. Two more boys, one of whom was taken with measles on the road and left under medical care in Kansas city, came on afterward, making up the number to six. All but one boy—a Pawnee—are of the Sac and Fox tribe. Mr. Townsend having been stationed among them for some time on special duty, became greatly interested in them, and desirous to give them the benefit that other tribes have had in Eastern training for some of their children. The result of his communications on the subject with the schools and with Government, resulted in permission to select thirty one children, twenty five for Carlisle, and six for Hampton, chiefly of the Sac and Fox tribe but including also a few Nez Perces, Pawnees, Osages and Kaws, all told, fourteen girls and seventeen boys.

Those for Hampton are a pleasant, bright looking set, further advanced in English, with one exception, than most of the Indian pupils heretofore received. Their names and description, as given by Mr. Townsend, are as follows:

Nellie Keokuk—age 10, Sac and Fox, pure blood, a princess by descent and in feeling. She is a grand-daughter of the chief Keokuk, on the site of whose village the city of Keokuk in Iowa was founded, and from whom it was named. He was a celebrated chief of the Black Hawk band. His son, Keokuk II, Nellie's uncle and adopted father, is the most advanced Indian of his tribe, and, at the cost of some ostracism and loss of influence among his tribe, of whose five chiefs he is one, he has taken for some years a bold stand for civilization and Christianity. He is a faithful member of the Mission Church—Baptist—and delivers interesting addresses in the Indian tongue—he speaks no English—before the church and Sunday School. He wears the white man's dress, and is industrious, has a good home, five or six hundred head of cattle, wears a good suit of broadcloth on Sunday and will be a rich man if he is prospered. He goes so far as to desire compulsory education for his tribe, which, though it has a reputation for being semi-civilized, still clings generally to its old customs, and desires no other. His wife is a white woman of good character, who was the widow of another Indian husband of the Ottawa tribe. Nellie speaks English quite well, and has been, since March, at the Agency school.

Mary King, age 14, belonga to Sac and Fox tribe, but Ottawa in blood, and only one quarter Indian; the daughter of Keokuk's wife by her former husband. She has attended the Agency day and boarding school and speaks English quite well. She is highly spoken of as a bright and good girl of amiable disposition. Mary's half-sister Matilda, Mrs. Wind, whose husband is of full Ottawa blood, is matron of the boarding school established by Major Townsend at the Agency, and is a woman of a great deal of character.

Hattie Miles, age 16, half blood Sac and Fox, speaks English quite well, is said to be a girl of solid, truthful and honest character.

Charles Tatiah—(Indian name, Cha-hyx-tu-rah-he—age 20, pure blood Pawnee. He has been to school at the Agency, and can talk English quite well, but is extremely reticent. He is a good boy, it is said, and is inclined to become a teacher or a minister, in which event he will have to do more talking than he is at present disposed to.

Agent E. H. Bowman writes us of him:

"He is our most promising pupil. His character is excellent. His personal influence has always been good among the pupils. We part from him with regret, yet glad that superior advantages are opening up for him. I think he will repay you by his appreciation and progress. I have recently had him in my surveying corps as flag and axe man in running our exterior lines. His good conduct and efficient work merited and has received the recognition of the Hon. Commissioner of Indian affairs."

The two boys arriving later are;

Antoine Gokey, age 19 pure blood, (or perhaps with some distant mixture of white) Sac and Fox. He has been at the Agency boarding school a good deal, and talks English well enough to interpret. He is reported as having a good disposition and character; reliable and industrious; slow, but sure. He has been used to herding cattle, and wants to learn farming and the better care of stock.

Johnny Couto, age 12, pure blood Sac and Fox, nephew of Antoine. He is said to be a good, manly little fellow. A year and a half ago he was taken from his blanket and forced to go to school. Naturally unruly, he had the first year quite a severe lesson in a serious accident resulting from an act of disobedience, and taking it to heart, has been ever since a different boy. He speaks a little English. It is proposed to teach him harness making. On his recovery from the measles he came on under the care of his uncle Antoine, who is a very intelligent young man, from Coffeyville, Kansas, where he was left for medical care.

CONDITION OF THE TRIBE.

Mr. Townsend gave some interesting statements concerning the Sac and Fox tribe. It numbers 442, and is about holding its own in this respect. It is chiefly supported by Government, receiving the annuity in cash and expending it for itself. The mission chapel under charge of the Baptist church has a congregation every Sunday of about a hundred, and is in a fairly flourishing condition. Its pastor, Rev. William Hurr, is a full blood Ottawa Indian, a married man, of good character and intention. The Sac and Fox tribe believe in a Great Spirit, and have a mythology of their own, in which they have quite an active faith. Mr. Townsend says they have been having a "regular revival" of their own for some months. He was present, as a friend, at the burial of an old chief recently, and was invited to speak to the assembly. The funeral was in Indian style; the old chief was buried in a sitting position, surrounded by supplies of provisions neatly packed in buckets and tin cans. The saddle and bridle of his favorite horse were added, and then the horse itself was garoted,—an easy death the Agent says,—to bear his master on his long road to the Happy Hunting-grounds.

The tribe has a school, with accommodation for fifty children, and containing now thirty eight, about half girls, all boarders. There are in the tribe 125 children of school age—between eight and fourteen. It is taught for the present by two ladies of the Agency, Mrs. Mary Picket, wife of a trader, and Miss Eva Gibbs, the daughter of another, these ladies having kindly consented to aid Mr. Townsend's effort in establishing the school, until the Agent's arrival. Five of the seven employes at the school are Indians, the matron, the farmer, the cook, seamstress and laundress.

Mr. Townsend gave last Christmas an entertainment at the nice brick schoolhouse, which he filled with blanket Indians, a hundred and fifty at the supper table, and a Christmas tree with gifts for all. He organized a weekly social club, which was regularly attended through the winter by about twenty-five of those who understood English, chiefly half breeds. Several volunteered every evening to contribute to the next entertainment, and the nature of their contribution was determined by ballots drawn—whether to sing a song tell a story, read a poem or answer some question in geography, history or the like. At one of these entertainments, an Indian woman employed as cook in the Agency, read such a beautiful poem of her own selection, (which we give below,) that the Agent appointed her matron of the new school, and she is proving herself as excellent in energy as in poetic taste.

SUNSHINE FOR A CLOUDY DAY.

BY MRS. A. J. BROWN.

I was amused, and puzzled too,
One afternoon this week,
When Neddie came and asked me for
A *box* that would not *leak*.
I asked him, tho', how large a box
He wanted, and what kind.
"Oh, tin, or wood, or *anything*—
The biggest you can find."

I looked around, but looked in vain—
No boxes were in sight.
"Perhaps your papa'll find you one
When he comes home to night."
"Oh, no, he'll have to go down town
To see some *other mans;*
And—oh, say, mamma, can't I have
Some tin *tomato cans?*

I had to laugh, but told him yes,
He might take one or two,
Then followed softly after him
To see what he would do.
Down upon the door-step, where
The sun was shining bright,
He placed the cans, and then commenced
To work with all his might.

His little fat and chubby hands
Were both held open wide,
Then quickly closed, and fluttered o'er
The cans there at his side.
I could not see him grasp a thing,
Which puzzled me the more,
And so resolved to ask the child,
And stepped outside the door.

"Neddie, my darling, tell me what
You're puttiug in the cans,
And what it is you're gath'ring up
With these dear little hands?"
"Why, mamma, don't you see? It's *sun*—
I b'lieve *you* call them *rays.*
I'm putting up some sunshine
To keep for rainy days.

"For sometimes Dod don't send us none,
Not even just a taste,
For days and days, and so I thought
I wouldn't let this waste."
"You darling child! how glad I am
I came and asked you this;
You are a sunbeam, little one—
Come give me just one kiss."

And so I left him to his play,
And closed the door once more.
Was ever such a lesson taught
To motherhood before!
How seldom do we older ones
Improve the many ways
Of "putting away some sunshine
To keep for rainy days!"

Why, there's a world of wisdom in
That simple little speech;
Ah, yes, how oft these little ones
Beautiful lesson teach!
And this is one we *all* should learn,
And strive in ev'ry way
To keep some sunshine in our hearts
For ev'ry cloudy day.

Mr. Townsend spoke very strongly of the advantage of boarding over day schools at the Agency, and of the value of such schools as Hampton and Carlisle in stimulating the local schools as well as in giving a number of the children the advantage of Eastern training, removed from adverse influences, and in bringing the tribes into communication with Eastern civilization. There is little chance for industrial training at the Agencies, owing to frequent changes in its administration. It is not so bad to change teachers as farm managers and heads of industrial departments. He describes the country as interesting and the Indians generally holding their own as to numbers, with evident upward movement in industry, agriculture, stock raising and education. National growth in character is always and every where slow. He sees much encouragement for work among them. In his opinion, the railroad through the Territory will have on the whole a good effect on the Indians. They understand that they must soon be surrounded by civilization, and they will be stimulated to prepare for it.

MEDICAL REPORT.

The report of the resident physician at Hampton on examination of the new students, on the second and third day after their arrival, is as follows:

General Armstrong.

Dear Sir:—

The four Indian pupils who arrived June 11th were examined June 13th and 14th, with the following result. The oldest girl is in sound health, has never had an illness, is robust in appearance. The full-blood Indian girl has no disease at present, but examination shows that her lungs are not strong. Her general appearance is excellent. Her delicate lungs however, indicate necessity for careful attention to her hours of labor and recreation, and to all means by which her general health may be guarded.

The third girl is nearly white. She is somewhat delicate in appearance, but seems sound in heart and lungs.

The Indian boy is apparently robust, but examination shows that he has had serious pulmonary disease. There is a marked depression below the right clavicle and expansive movements are much diminished in this region. Though there is no active trouble at present, the natural strength of his lungs is diminished, and any new attack would probably meet with little resistance. Enlarged lymphatics also show his scrofulous taint. The cervical glands of the right side are much enlarged.

The two Indian boys received June 16th were examined June 17th. One boy is just recovering from an attack of measles. He has a slight bronchitis, but is otherwise well. Both boys appear to be sound in heart and lungs.

Respectfully yours,
M. M. WALDRON, M. D.

OFF AGAIN FOR BERKSHIRE.

The school closing on the fourteenth of June, on Monday of the next week, a party of twenty-eight—eleven girls and seventeen boys—was started for Berkshire, Massachusetts. As in previous years, places have been provided among the farmers of that good old county among the hills, for our boys and girls to get acquainted with Northern country home life, and improve in English and physical tone, while doing a sufficient amount of light work to pay their board and keep up their habits of industry. With but one or two exceptions, this is to all their first trip North, the party including most of the Arizonas and some of the Dakotas. Fifty two remain at the school, those who went North last year, and the later arrivals; in all, 33 boys and 19 girls. They will work on the farm or at their various trades, during summer, from 7 to 11-30 A. M., and from 2.30 to 6 P. M., with an hour of school from 1.30 to 2.30 P. M., with sunday holidays and picnics to vary the monotony of the summer. The boys will go out to the Hemenway farm, in squads of ten, for a change of scene and work. The condition of health is generally good at present, and the prospect for the summer seems encouraging.

PLEASANT NEWS OF ROSA.

We are extremely glad to publish the following good report of Rosa Pleats, the Indian girl for whom some anxiety has been felt since her return from Hampton to the trying circumstances of her Western life. The letter is from the missionary at the Agency.

Ft. Bennett, *May* 15th, '82.

LIEUT. G. LER. BROWN,
Dear Sir:

I have had Rosa Pleats living at my house for nearly three months, and as her record at Standing Rock was not very good, I owe it in justice to her to report to you about her. Rosa has been doing very nicely, is quiet, tractable, neat and quick. Her room is a model of cleanliness and order, and she has learned to do a good deal of work very nicely and is desirous of learning all she can. I really think she had no fair show at Standing Rock, or perhaps too much was expected of her, by people unacquainted with Indian character. We, expecting to find little, have found much to please and encourage us, and we hope to keep her a long time. The mission work prospers apace.

Yours, respectfully,
H. SWIFT.

FROM AN INDIAN AGENT.

Round Valley Agency, Covelo, Mendocino Co. Cal.
Dec. 30th, 1881.

Sir:

I started an Industrial and Boarding school at this Agency this last fall, and hope to make it a success. We have 45 boarding scholars and 2 day scholars.

Have only 4 white persons in the school, viz: Principal, Matron, assistant Teacher and Seamstress.

All work in and about the building is done by the scholars and Indians of whom I pay 4 only.

Propose to have the boys raise all supplies, vegetables except wheat, and do all other work possible—also to learn trades, as it is possible to teach them.

The boarding school is a very great improvement on the old day school, in almost every respect.

These Indians are not the "noble red men" of the West, but those commonly called Diggers, and are very low (the lowest I have ever seen) in the scale of intelligence. Yet they *can* be taught. I find some trouble in finding teachers of the right kind. There are plenty who are willing to take Uncle Sam's money, and who think and say—"Any body can teach an Injin," but to find those who are willing to labor earnestly and faithfully to elevate the race into true civilization is difficult.

Wishing you great success in all departments of your undertaking.

I remain your obedient servant,
H. B. SHELDON,
U. S. Ind. Agent.

LADIES' INDIAN MEETING.

A Union Meeting of ladies was held in the parlor of St. George's Hall, Philadelphia, at 12 A. M., on the 17th of May, in the interests of the Indian Treaty Keeping and Protective Association, when, after an address by Mrs. A. S. Quinton, Secretary of the National Society, a Philadelphia Branch was organized. Representative ladies of the various denominations participated in the proceedings. Mrs. Rev. Dr. Harper was elected President of the new organization, Mrs. J. R. Jones, Secretary, and Mrs. Col. Banes, Treasurer. The names of the Vice Presidents and the date of the next meeting will be duly announced in the *Inquirer* and the denominational newspapers in the city. It is hoped that the women of the Philadelphia churches will join this organization and aid its greatly needed work. Leaflets and information concerning this work can be had of Mrs. Quinton, at 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

A Summer School. Testimony to a School Superintendent. A Reader of Educational Reports.

A SUMMER SCHOOL.

By the public school system of Virginia, some country schools have their session in the winter months, and others in the summer, giving a chance to some to teach the most of the year.

——— *Co. April 2d*, 1882.

Dear Miss H———

According to promise I write you, but instead of a card I shall write a letter.

I left home Saturday morning on the Accomack. I took the South Side train and arrived at Z——about two o'clock, there I met George T———, and he got a mule and cart and carried me to the Superintendent's house. I was then examined, and received a first grade certificate, which pays $30.00 per month.

The next day (Sunday) he got a man and the same vehicle to bring me here. It rained Monday, so I did not open school until Tuesday morning. Four scholars came that day, and the next, fourteen came.

I like teaching very much indeed, and I guess I shall devote my life to it.

I board in a log house and teach in one also.

My boarding place is a large house 22 x 24; it has one room up and one down. I can lie in bed and see through the cracks what is going on outside, so you see we have an abundance of ventilation without the help of windows. By this time next week my school will be very large. George has sixty scholars; he needs an assistant, but there are more schools to be supplied yet. He is ten miles from me, and S———seven.

My hostess is a very pleasant old lady. She has no children living with her.

I am two miles from the P. O. Mail comes and goes from here three times a week.

My session will be four months. If there are any more graduates who want summer schools they can get them. I think Dr. Doles said there were five schools in need of teachers.

Please give my regards to Miss D——— and Miss L———. Hoping to hear from you sometime,

I am,

Truly yours,

L.

P. S. I opened Sunday School to-day, with a very fair attendance.

TESTIMONY TO A SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.

Our graduates' relation with the county Superintendents under whom they work are generally very pleasant; sometimes extremely so, as in the testimony of the young man who writes the following.

——— *Va. April*, 22 1882.

Miss M. A. L.

My Dear friend:—

I have received the little "Rabbi Agur's School and its four Teachers", some dialogues, etc., for my scholars, for all of which my scholars join me in sending to you many thanks. The boys and girls have gone to work in earnest committing the pieces. Thank you, I can make out very well with what you sent me. I was indeed surprised to see my letter in the "Southern Workman", but not at all displeased.

Any of the letters that I send you, you are at liberty to use them likewise, if you think any good may result therefrom.

Our Co. Superintendent said to me this week, "I saw your letter in the *Southern Workman*, and was much pleased with it, it was all truth from what I know, and have heard of you." My Supt. don't live in my part of this County—but some twenty miles from me. I have only been personally acquainted with him six or seven years. He is a good man. He has raised the standard of our schools wonderfully—he is the right man in the right place. I heard yesterday, with much regret, that another man has been appointed to fill his place, though I hope that the new officer may be as much interested in the schools as his predecessor, especially in the colored schools. He has striven to give us good teachers whenever he could get them. I feel thankful to you for your kind words and sympathy, therefore I feel much encouraged. Hope this may find you better than when you wrote. My examination and exhibition will take place in about two weeks time.

From yours respectfully,

T.

A READER OF EDUCATIONAL REPORTS.

We are glad to "find place" for this brief but pleasant report from a faithful worker.

Accomack Co. Va., Jan. 21, 1882.

Dear General;

Sir,—

As one having been trained by you in wisdom's way by example as well as by precept, I feel it my duty to inform you of the work I am doing.

I have a school numbering at the present 85 pupils. It works me very hard, yet I find more pleasure in it than anything I have ever done. I am teaching in the above named Co., near a little village. The people here are getting along very well, the greater part of them owning land, horses, and cattle. This is the second term I have been engaged in teaching. I find that teaching does not stop at the school house, those who have a start need to be taught the lesson of helping each other when they cannot help themselves. This is the lesson I am trying to teach whenever I get the chance; as the northern friends helped me when I could not help myself, I feel it my duty to teach the same. I am greatly encouraged by the reading of Hon. Wm. H. Ruffner's eleventh annual report of the public schools of Virginia, stating the progress of the children in education. I hope they may continue and that the colored people may put more confidence in each other and take up those things that will lift up the race.

If you can find a place in the Southern Workman for this please put it in.

Yours respectfully,

G. E. B.

GRADUATING ADDRESS

OF THOMAS WILBOAT ALFORD.

By request of a friend and visitor at the recent Anniversary of Hampton Institute, we print below, the address delivered on that occasion by one of the three Indian graduates, a young chief of the Absentee Shawnee tribe of Indian Territory. It was in all respects an original composition without suggestion or revision from anyone, and is given unaltered.

Dear Friends:

It is with intense gratitude that I come before you this afternoon to say a few words, acknowledging my hearty thanks for the many opportunities of improvement and of obtaining an education which have been placed within my reach by the kind friends in the North: and yet with feeling of sadness and somewhat restlessness passing through my mind as I look and see so many friends around me whom I shall soon leave behind. But, when I think of the great work that is before me, it is *more* than right, yea it is my duty to go forth into the darkness of the world to bring others into light; that I should fulfil my responsibilities to the school and its demands of me. And besides, there will be a great pleasure to meet my people whom I left nearly three years ago in the far West, to lead them out from the darkness of barbarism and ignorance into the path of peace and prosperity. There is a great deal of work that awaits for every Indian graduate from any school; because, *there* he is the only man who can have influence and sympathy; can be trusted by his own race which has been long corrupted by treachery and cheating in the hands of a civilized people. Although it has been said there were Indian graduates of Colleges, who were good business men, yet have they done no good among their people. While acknowledging this fact to be true, I answer that the American people have yet to learn that Indian education is just commenced. There are only a handful, and they need not expect them to increase, neither their labor to become noticed in the course of few years in the midst of thousands of wolves. Even the *Christ's disciples*, in spite of all their *miraculous power* from God, made their work effective only as the time went and as they increased in numbers. So the Indian must have time and chance to prepare in order to rise from his barbarism and low stage of life to the scale of true manhood. He is in *slavery*. Slavery of vice, from freedom of voice in his own affairs, and from free travel on his own soil; worse than the slavery of the *Negro* a few years ago, which finally caused his freedom. He has been driven by force from place to place, and herded by the boys of Uncle Sam on all sides in that sandy wilderness, where even the beasts of the field found no comfortable places to rest. And yet he is expected to make it up the best he could to appear in civilization. And he did, in spite of all these obstacles and difficulties, by his perseverance, endurance and patience, make some progress, and made an appeal again and again for education and justice. But who would call this a good way for educating the ignorant, of which the American people have pleased to call the method of civilizing the Indian? Not one. They know they cannot educate him up to Christian civilization and fight him at the same time. I don't mean to say that military authority is not necessary, for we know it is indispensable in times of emergency or of war; but I *do* say that it is not necessary, and is not the thing by which to create and promote education and Christianity. This is the *foundation* of prejudice that has long existed between the red man and his white brethren, and from which is the greater source of trouble that has been from time to time inaugurated on the frontier. Like any other man, he is subject to feelings of respect for his friends when justly treated, but if wronged is compelled to retaliate. He has been mistaken for a man of worse character than he is; that even the army officers themselves saw that he is, like any human being, easily controlled, through what is called justice and right, by any person who understands Indian character. Therefore one educated and devoted Indian can do more good among his people in one year than a regiment of soldiers in ten. Although he has been subdued by soldiery and compelled, with humiliating terms, to sign and acknowledge the utility of a fatal treaty by a civilized people ever since the discovery of this continent, to some extent, up to the recent times, but what has been the result? It is obvious. In his heart remains yet fresh that stain of blood or injustice which will, if such method continues, forever cause trouble between him and the American people unless it is exterminated. I tell you, my dear friends, this is an expensive method of civilizing the Indian, which I am glad is fast becoming a thing of the past. But the American people themselves are not to blame for all this, for they know it. And I say, let it be forgotten; and let us look and press forward for the brighter days that are coming to our aid, and follow the new and cheap method of lifting the long down trodden up to a level standard of true manhood. It costs the government an enormous sum of money to support soldiers and their wards, the Indians, both doing nothing, simply dependent beings, while but a trifling sum will pay for the education of all the children of the plains. This method consists of the education of the brain and of the use of the muscle, which is of special importance to this race. And whatever is applied, either in savage or in semi civilized communities, has affected remarkable results.

But, my friends, this great work of lifting man up to a level standard of manhood must be continued; for it is just begun. Just beginning to be appreciated more fully by the races—that education and manual labor are the essential elements of true success in life. The Indian himself is ready to receive instruction of any kind, as he sees the effect of the power of white man and his civilization which is now raging and approaching rapidly upon him with strong, irresistable force, and will soon sweep over his reservation like prairie fire that consumes everything which comes in contact. He knows that he will be consumed unless preparation is made to meet the necessity of standing in the flames of civilization.

I am glad, there has been done, for the last few years, a great deal toward proving his capability for improvement. This will be sooner or later if there has not been partially proved that he is capable of being taught all knowledge which any civilized people enjoy. He has the equal faculties for all learning, and only lacks chance and time, as I have said, to develop his powers of true manhood.

Above all, my friends, I am glad the time is coming when instead of arming ourselves with carbines in preparation to compete with each other in blood, we shall come together with a Bible in one hand and a hoe in the other, preparing with brotherly love and interest to fit ourselves as good citizens and above all to fit ourselves for that great brotherhood of mankind.

LETTER FROM DAKOTA.

Lower Brule Agency Dakota, April 20, 1882.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong,

My dear General;

Your favor of April 3rd duly received. I am glad to hear from you at any and all times, and glad to write *good* news *always*, but I cannot do so and speak the truth.

This time I have mingled sorrow and joy for you and your pupils. Sorrow for some of the pupils and joy for you. For the past two months we have been passing through serious times at this Agency. Sickness has been among us as never before for a long time, and death has been a frequent visitor upon the Agency. "Moor," the father of "Mato," has lost two children, and has, I am told, left for "Standing Rock Agency" very much discouraged. Many young children have died, and the voice of lamentation has been heard almost daily. Our school has been almost a Hospital since February 15th, there being from 5 to 15 sick nearly all that time, some of them very sick—of our number, two have passed away, a son of "Bull Head," a chief; you may remember him, as one who spoke to you, and at the "talk" we had when you were here. He had been sick, was much better, was taken home for a visit on Sunday, took more cold, was returned to school and died within a day or two of his return. Early in February an influenza seemed to prevail through all the camps, that in the case of very young children (with the Indian mode of treatment) was almost invariably fatal—afterward came measles and whooping cough, and these have had their run and taken quite a number.

Among the older ones, "Bear Bird," whom you will possibly recollect, as one who came over the river and took dinner at the Hotel, has passed away; his was a case of inflammation of the lungs, and from his carelessness and obstinacy became fatal. He would not follow the directions of the physician, (the same with many whites) and has paid the penalty with his life. His son is among the "5" who went from here with you last Autumn. I am not sure as to his name upon your list, it is either "Good Hunter" or "Tyomcakte," I think the latter. For a few days the weather has been more favorable, and fewer cases are reported, and we hope the worst is past. I am told a similar state of health prevails at "Rosebud, Yankton, and some of the other Agencies. Now for the good part.

All the returned boys from Hampton have "come in" and are now at work doing much better. George still holds on his way doing well, needs but very little direction, and is very tractable, his faults are of the head, not of the heart, and when spoken to, is willing to amend. He has had almost entire charge of the school room for some time past, the teacher having been compelled to act both as teacher, nurse, matron and at times cook, as the white employees of the school have, one by one, been prostrated by sickness or fatigue.

Henry is doing well; improving in work, and is steady at something all the time.

Zedo was the first of the malcontents to give in after long and persistent trial. I told the three that I should never call upon them to do any more work, they could go just as they choose, but that my time was far too valuable to waste, as they appeared paid no attention to anything said to them. After a few weeks Zedo came in and wanted to have a "talk," stating he was sick of doing nothing, and was willing to do as he was directed. I informed him that he could at once take his place in the shop if he wished, but he must conform to the rules if he did, and that unless he would I had no place for him. He said he was willing to do this, and would in all things obey, not only me but the master carpenter, and he has done so since, at all times, and I have heard no fault found with his conduct or work.

James and Joseph were left, and they were at a loss what to do with themselves; they for a time hung around the shops, hindering the other boys, telling them they were fools for working, &c. till both carpenter and blacksmith said either the boys must keep out of the shop or work must cease. I sent for them, told them if they wished to work very well, the shops were open for them, but they must not longer hinder those who were disposed to work, and forbade them entering either shop except by permission from me, and if they did I would put them out. They walked from the office direct to the shop, and I walked on after them and put them out. Finding no other way open, they then applied for work, and were told the same as was told Zedo—plainly, firmly and kindly—and after a few days deliberation they "came under the yoke," and appear to be quite well "broken." I hope this will be the last time they will need correction. It was simply a matter of will. I have reason to think that some evil disposed person outside instigated them to this attempt at insubordination, with an idea that possibly they might make a little capital for themselves out of the matter. I most sincerely hope that I may bye and bye be able to say that these boys, *all* of them, are doing their duty in that state God has placed them in. As far as I can learn, all in the tribe fully endorse my action. I am enquired of almost daily about the absent boys. "Bear Bird" came almost every mail day to hear of his son. "Moor" came quite as regularly and was always desirous of knowing if I had any news from "Mato." Please say to the boys that I sympathize with them sincerely in their trial. "Medicine Bull," "Spotted Horn," "Two Kettles," all in fact show much interest in the school at Hampton and the school here. With fair weather we hope sickness may be checked and we go on our way prospering.

Please present my kind regards to Lieut Brown, excuse this long letter, and believe me,

Sincerely yours,

W. H. Parkhurst,
U. S. Ind. Agt.

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. XI. HAMPTON, VA., AUGUST, 1882 NO. 8.

STREET SCENE IN JAPAN.

THE IVY OF '82.

On the morning of May 26*th*, the graduating class, with an interested group of teachers and friends, gathered under the walls of Academic Hall, to plant the traditional ivy, which is in years to come, destined, we hope, to keep green the memory of '82. Not many words were spoken, but not a few honest tears were shed, and hearty hand clasps given, for the occasion must always, even to the hopeful outlook of youth, be touched with sadness, and to those of us who have seen class after class depart, there is much suggestion in this last simple meeting. We have space only to give the poems which were sung and read, and to offer to the class of '82 the "Southern Workman's" congratulations and good wishes.

IVY SONG.

BY MISS L. D. BILLETT.

AIR.—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Come let us joyful raise the song
That lands our Ivy-tree;
A band of comrades, true and strong,
Join hearts and voices free;
Our Ivy! type of strength and grace,
Of love that clings and shields.—
So may our loyal memory turn
To these famed halls and fields

Soon must we breathe a fond farewell
To scenes and friends most dear;
Time's winged feet pause not nor stay;
The parting day draws near,
Yet firm as Ivy's tendril bands
The ties of friendship clasp;
Nor time, nor change shall o'er unloose
Their early loving clasp.

Fair Ivy vine! inspired by thee
We yearn to climb, to rise.
Live while we live with lofter aims
Aspiring to the skies.
Be thou our living emblem still
Of constant hearts and true.
And crown with memory's fairest wreath
The class of '82.

IVY ODE.

BY MISS MARGARET KENWILL.

Good-bye, good-bye to Hampton,
||: For our course is nearly done:||
We have labored hard together
In the race that we have run;
We have worked with head and hand,
And have tried to understand;
For we love our Alma Mater,
The best in all the land.

Alma Mater, tho' we leave thee,
||: Wilt thou hold us ever dear:||
Wilt thou care for all thy children
Whether they be far or near?
Here we plant this clinging vine,
May it ever be a sign
That where'er thy children wander
Far or near they still are thine.

Then good-bye to dear old Hampton,
||: For these happy days are past:||
May her memory still live with us
Fresh and green until the last.
May our Ivy climb and cling,
Far and strong its branches fling,
While the '82's of Hampton
Lond and long her praises sing.

IVY ODE.

BY MISS H. W. LUDLOW.

We plant to-day our Ivy green,
A tender plant and small.
How humbly droops its lowly head,
Beneath this massive wall.
How shall it ever dare to climb
Towards yonder lofty eaves,
How can it hope this broad expanse
To deck with shining leaves?
Oh, shall we not the fragile thing
To some warm shelter bear,
And, safe from blasting storm and sun
Nurse it with constant care?

No, comrades, fear not, nor despise
The day of things so small,
But plant with brave and hopeful heart
Our Ivy, by the wall.
No weakling this,—from danger's self
It knows some strength to gain.
The days will come and go and bring
Their sunshine and their rain;
Downward the tiny roots will run,
Upward the stem will tend,
And grateful take from earth and air
The food that Heaven will send.

Upon the wall's strength taking hold
With every slender ring—
The fercer blow the winter winds,
The closer will it cling.
And, on some happy day of May,
In spring time yet to be,
We'll hail, above the topmost stone,
Its banners floating free.
One common stream of life will run
To farthest leaflet seen,
And all this bare and rugged wall
"Stand dressed in living green."

Dear classmates, as we stand to-day,
With drooping heads beside
The home that long has sheltered us,
Our future all untried,—
Oh, let us take our Ivy green,
Our teacher wise to be,—
A lesson on each shining leaf,
Of hope and constancy,—
And whether east or west we spread
Our branches,—all the time
The firmer rooted in the truth
The higher shall we climb.
One common life where'er we stray
Shall keep our friendship green,
With loyal hearts to those dear walls
Upon whose strength we lean.
Our mother shall be glad of this
Her child—her glory true,—
And fadeless ever be its leaf—
The class of '82.

STREET SCENE IN JAPAN.

A Japanese bazaar (that is a narrow street lined on both sides with shops) must be not only an amusing but a tempting place to foreign eyes and pockets. The endless succession of gay wares, silks, bronzes, ivory, lacquer, porcelain, etc. which are wrought by the cunning fingers of our Japanese brethren, must, when massed upon these long lines of counters, show such gorgeousness of color, as we cold Western nations can only imagine. If we could endow this little gray printed picture with life and light, how full of beauty and novelty it would be to our unaccustomed eyes. We should realize too, perhaps, that while in most essentials we younger nations have the advantage, there is still much for us to learn from these beauty-loving Orientals.

THE AFRICAN RACE IN AMERICA.

PART II.

BY ORRA LANDHORNE.

The excuse which the white men of the South brought forward to cover all the crimes of slavery was, that it was our mission to civilize and Christianize a savage people. Right or wrong, this idea took strong possession of the dominant race in the Southern States, and faithful and persistent were the efforts made, in public and private, by the better class of slave-holders, to bring the idolatrous people among us to a knowledge of the gospel of Christ.

The large and influential organizations of colored Baptists and Methodists, with smaller but not unimportant Presbyterian and Episcopal societies, are full proof that the Negro race has been Christianized during the two centuries of its sojourn in our land.

Much of this good work has been accomplished by Missionary societies, and it is quite beyond my powers even to attempt an account of what has been done on a large scale by agents scattered all over the United States. I can only speak of what has come under my own observation, or been handed down by tradition, and accepted with other stories of our predecessors, by the present generation.

When the Negroes were first brought to our ports, they were purchased from the slavers by the white Virginians as their wants suggested, and were usually taken at once into the family life of their owners. They necessarily learned our language and customs, and were taught to labor, thus rapidly acquiring the civilization of the land to which they had been transplanted.

The Virginians have always been, "according to their light," a religious people, and I think there was among the slaveholders, certainly among those of the better class, a general desire for the conversion of the slaves. A place was provided in all Southern churches for the colored people, and churches built expressly for them were found all over the South. In this district, a wealthy planter, who owned many slaves, gave his Negroes a lot of ground for a church and graveyard, with permission to build a church out of materials to be found on the estate. The slaves joyfully united in accomplishing the design, each of them giving a certain amount of tobacco from his own little patch, to be sold with the master's crop, in order to raise the money needful for its completion. I am told that this church is still standing, and a worthy colored minister, once a slave of this planter, is now the pastor of this large congregation worshipping there. The Sabbath was generally observed as a day of rest in Virginia homes, and it was in many families the custom to do all the house-cleaning possible on Saturday, to cook the Sunday dinner on that day, to black all the shoes on Saturday night, and in every way practicable to lighten the duties of the servants on Sunday. When it could be so arranged, the servants were required to attend family prayers, and it was very generally the custom for the white children, or some of the ladies of the family, to instruct the colored people on Sunday afternoon. This custom is continued in many families, and in some communities with noticeably good effect. In Lynchburg, the Presbyterian churches have kept up a colored Sunday-School for many years, and its influence is very evident upon its pupils through life.

Bishop Meade, who wrote a volume of sermons for colored people, still to be found in some of the houses of the ex-slaves, always took great interest in the spiritual welfare of the Negroes, and urged the people of his diocese to have the colored children baptized in infancy, and trained "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." I have seen my mother, after the baptism of one of her own children, hold a little black baby in her arms, while the Bishop baptized it, assuming the same responsibilities for it that she did for her own child. In her last illness, the communion was administered to her, with her slaves kneeling around her bed, and joining with her in the solemn ordinance. In the Bishop's historical work on Virginia, he describes a nephew of General Washington kneeling beside one of his old slaves at the communion-table, and adds—"I wish our *friends at a distance* could have witnessed the scene."

It is told of the first Presbyterian minister of this city that he interested himself greatly in the conversion of a native African who lived near him, and was sometimes employed in his family. After long and faithful instruction on the part of the minister, his heathen neighbor was induced to accept the orthodox views of his white friend, and after much mental excitement, he declared his faith in Christ, and his hope of salvation. The African was fond of referring to this period in after life, and would say earnestly—"When I first found out I had a soul, and was a sinner, I wished I was a beast; I wished I was a dog; I was sorry I was *a folks*; but now I have found peace, and I am happy."

In the last few years I have made the acquaintance here of a very respectable colored family, who, by a singular combination of circumstances, had been free for several generations. Indeed, the ancestors of Mrs. Prime, who was at one time our tenant, were never slaves, and her husband's parents were set free by their owners. Mrs. Prime told me that her grandmother was a native African, and on her arrival in this country was received into the family of an estimable lady, who took much pains to train her to usefulness, and instruct her in the religion which she herself believed. When the African was grown to womanhood, her mistress told her that she had never considered her a slave, deeming slavery altogether wrong; but as she had come into her hands an untaught heathen, she had felt it her duty to fit her for usefulness in the land in which Providence had placed her. To protect her protege she then provided her with free papers, and allowed her to live as she liked best. My informant had often heard her grandmother talk of the customs of her native land, and of her joy in being converted to Christianity. It is a little singular that our worthy tenant, though she evidently desired to be what she professed herself, a Christian, was most painfully under the influence of the African superstitions in regard to witchcraft and conjuration. I have seen her face distorted with fear at the suggestion that she will had been "tricked." She attributed every kind of sickness to a spell wrought by some enemy of the sufferer, and was frequently made wretched by the jests of more intelligent colored people, her own son, a young man of some education, among the number, that "a nail had been drove for her," "something was buried in the ground she had to walk over," etc., and she finally left our house to get rid of her tormentors. I could but attribute the power that belief in these malign influences had over my friend, Mrs. Prime, to the teaching of her African grandmother in childhood, and the fact that having always been free, she had had very little of the association with white people which has done so much to dissipate these superstitions from the minds of better informed colored people.

What were called "body-servants" of the South had many advantages over the slaves, who were kept merely for plantation work, and had little personal intercourse with their owners.

Some of the waiting-man and maids, when possessed of good natural abilities, became people of fine character and bearing, and attained to the position of confidential friends and advisers in the families of which they were members. A story has come down to me of a maid-servant in my husband's family, who was greatly beloved and admired by the white people of a large connection, and her advice eagerly sought by the young members of the family. "Aunt Cicely," said one of those young ladies, when the faithful servant was very old, and was most affectionately cared for by her master's children and grandchildren, "how did you get to be so nice and ladylike in all your ways, so good and gentle, so different from some colored people, I cannot believe that you belong to them?"

"My child," said her old friend, with quiet dignity, "if I am what you say, I deserve no credit for it myself—I owe it all to the teaching of your great-aunt, my blessed young mistress, whose eyes I closed in death, as I had always attended her in life. I was given to her when we were both children, and she taught me everything that she learned. You know that she did not marry until rather late in life, and we were always inseparable companions. She had very beautiful hair, which I always arranged for her, and while I was combing her hair, she always read the Bible or some good book to me. I loved her better than anything on earth, and thought her perfect, and it has always been my aim to do just what I thought she would do."

One of the great evils of the slave system was the lack of any statute legalizing the marriage of Negroes; but this was to some extent counteracted by the custom of having the religious ceremony performed in the presence of witnesses. These weddings were the occasion of much merry-making on the plantation. The marriage would often be performed by the white pastor of the parish in the parlor of the mansion; the master or mistress would give the bride away, and an entertainment would follow, to which the slaves of the neighborhood would be invited.

Recent action by the State and U. S. Courts have legalized all such marriages.

A blind friend of mine, whose family owned many slaves, interested himself for many years in organizing Sunday-Schools for colored people throughout the State, and was in many districts successful in his efforts. When in Richmond some years ago, before the war, he applied to Governor Wise for permission to work in the cause so dear to his heart in that city. The Governor readily agreed to his plans, telling him if any one interfered with him, to come to him at once, and added, that he allowed his servants not only oral instruction, but had them taught to read. Many of our prominent men approved and assisted in the effort to give the Africans religious instruction, though it was apparently inconsistent with the laws, and their public utterances. It has often been told of John Randolph, that when a lady asked him for money to aid the Greek missions, he pointed to the Negro slaves at works in the fields, and said impressively—"Madam, the Greek is at your door."

In thus laboring to Christianize a heathen race, the slaveholders "builded better than they thought," and now that the story of emancipation has been told, it seems as though the teachers themselves had but half learned the lesson they essayed to teach, and having prepared the African for freedom, they should have set him free.

The Negroes, an amiable and assimilative people, discarded their idols as soon as they were shown "a better way," and gladly adopted the faith of those who held them in bondage.

Having been taught to know God, they put firm trust in Him to lead them out of slavery, even as he had led his people of old. Patiently and quietly they waited his time, learning the arts of civilization, and becoming with each generation more enlightened, and at last, when the blessing for which they had prayed came to them, accepting it with joy, as bestowed by him, "who moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

The history of the Negro-American since he became a free man forms part of our national annals, and the analogy with the record of the Hebrew wanderers in alien lands has been continued. Though combined with much suffering for him and for his late owner, irreparable from the sudden and violent change in their relations, upon the whole it has been a record of progress.

When first liberated, the freedmen found himself a pauper, destitute and unprotected; like Jacob of old, "with but a staff" in his hand, he passed from servitude to citizenship; but in less than a score of years great changes have come to him. He owns property; he has the benefits of suffrage, education, and trial by juries, on which his race is represented. In many sections of the country he travels with his fellow-citizens. When he is molested in the enjoyment of these privileges he can appeal to the courts, and to enlightened public sentiment to protect him.

Said one of the ex-slaves to me lately—"Step by step we have been advancing; first, we were given freedom, and then education, and then civil rights, and, I think, gradually we shall get all we need, or have any right to ask."

Everywhere that the Negro has had any chance to make his way, his first act has been to build a temple, wherein he may worship the God who preserved him in bondage, and has protected him in freedom. In this he has always been gladly assisted by his old master. In the dreary years following the war, when our beautiful South was in ruins, and sorrow and desolation cast their dark shadows over our land, thousands of dollars were given by the impoverished white people of the South to build churches for the ex-slaves.

This was done, because the old slave-holder rejoiced to see in the Christian American-Negro the good results of the work done by his forbears in transplanting a heathen and savage people from this Orient to our Western world. Thus, "by ways we know not of," and in the highest and best sense, have we been given "the heathen for our inheritance."

It has been said that no race ever advanced so rapidly in civilization as the Negroes in America, and notwithstanding the painful associations connected with slavery, this intelligent colored people of our day must find in this thought some compensation for the sorrows of the past.

The lamented Henry Highland Garnett, late United States Minister to Liberia, affords a notable example of this remarkable progress. How wonderful must the dealings of Providence have appeared to this representative of the American people, the able scholar, orator, and gentleman, when he set foot upon that tropical shore, whence his ancestor, a savage chieftain, imbued with all the superstitions of a heathen race, had been carried away captive two generations before!

In every community of colored people are some families who display literary and musical taste, and already the list of Negro-Americans who have become prominent as teachers, preachers, editors, and members of other professions requiring intellect and culture, is much too long to be recounted here, and gives gratifying promise of what this race will accomplish in future.

The African in America, as savage, slave, and citizen, has had a wonderful career—often pathetic, always interesting.

He was our faithful servant for two hundred years—our dependence in peace, the protector of our families in time of war.

Our tutelage as his owner is ended; by the will of God he is become our fellow-citizen. Let us truly accord him "equal rights," and, by "social toleration and social sympathy," render him worthy the high privileges emancipation has bestowed upon him, with no excuse for his delinquencies in the proscription of his countrymen.

AN INDIAN WEDDING.

The following account of the marriage of Etahdleuh Doanmos though rather late in reaching us, will undoubtedly be of interest to his friends in Hampton, where, it will be remembered, he spent nearly two years before joining Capt Pratt at Carlisle.—

Carlisle, Pa., June 18, 1882.—In an article on Indian Education at Hampton and Carlisle, which appeared in one of our most popular magazines, some months ago, there was quoted a young Indian's account of his love affair. He said: "I not think about the girl, but Laura she think she tell me she be my wife. I bring her here Carlisle; she study and sew. Now Laura's father dead since come here. Now I think all the time. I think who take care of Laura? I think by and by I find place to work near here: I work very hard; I take care of Laura." This young man was Etahdleuh Doanmos, one of the youngest of the Kiowa prisoners formerly confined at St. Augustine. A year ago Capt. Pratt was forced in an emergency to use him as an assistant in the boys' department. He proved so valuable an aid that his services were continued in this capacity at a fair salary. He has been prudent and economical, and saved something towards housekeeping. Meanwhile, the maiden of his choice, also a Kiowa, has gone on receiving the excellent training of the school. The engagement having been approved by her relatives, was of course sanctioned by Capt. Pratt.

On Saturday afternoon they were married in the school chapel, which was beautifully decorated with flowers. The bride was very simply attired in a brown cashmere dress, with white lace at the throat and wrists, with white rosebuds in her dark hair. She had five bridesmaids chosen from among her schoolmates, Mebel Doanmoe, sister of the groom, Anna Raven, an Arapahoe; Antoinette Williams, Nevajoe; Lizzie McNac, Creek, and Minnie White, Sioux. They wore their school uniforms, with crimson roses in their hair. The groomsmen were Almerine McKallop, Creek; Joshua Given, Kiowa; Dan Tucker, Arapahoe; Ralph I. Eagle Feathers, Sioux, and Ellis Kague, Kiowa.

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

The most distinguished guests of the occasion were Secretary and Mrs. Taller, who had come for a two day's visit to the school. Refreshments were served on the lawn, and the boys and girls were scattered about on the grass in many a merry group. In the evening a little entertainment of songs and speeches by the students was given in compliment to Secretary Teller.

The Secretary had declined to address the school because he feared the children would not understand him, but having been prevailed upon to say something, he gave them a brief talk, full of practical common sense, and expressed in language so simple that they all could understand perfectly, as was shown by the breathless interest with which they listened and the hearty and continued applause when he had concluded.

He told the children he thought they understood how important an education was; from what he had seen he believed they were all trying to get it. It was education that made the white men different from the Indians. Because the Indians have never been taught to work, every year the government has to pay out a great deal of money, many millions of dollars, to take care of them.

Captain Pratt had told him that some of the boys and girls were going home in a day or two. It would be better for them to stay at the school. It took a long time to get a good education. Of course they could not get much of an education in three years: but when Captain Pratt brought them to the school he promised that in three years he would send them back, and now, if their friends were not willing to have them stay, they must go back. It would be the best for them to return to the school, and if, after a visit home, any of them wished to come back, they might. They must tell their friends how much better it was to live like the white people. They must tell all the boys and girls how good this school was, and make them want to go to school too. He thought before long there would be many more such schools as Carlisle scattered over the different sections of the country. There were many places occupied by soldiers that could be used for Indian schools, and if the Indians were educated there would not need to be so many soldiers, because the Indians would not fight.

The Indians had many friends now, and he thought there could be schools enough for all the boys and girls, the young men and women to get an education. When he spoke of education he did not mean only learning how to read and write, that was only part. Girls must learn to make clothes, to cook and all about housekeeping. Boys must learn farming and trades. The government was willing to help them get an education. He closed by saying: "While I am secretary I will do all I can for you. If you will try to help yourselves I will do all I possibly can for you.

Phila Evening Bulletin.

Southern Workman,

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(Reduced to eight pages from July to October, four months.)

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Subscribers are reminded that, from July to October inclusive, this paper is reduced to an eight page form, resuming in November the twelve page form.

During the past month the anniversary of the attack upon President Garfield, July 2nd, and the execution of his murderer on Friday, June 30th, have recalled with painful vividness the horrors of last summer. While medical opinion is divided as to the sanity of Guiteau, the public at large are in no doubt as to his responsibility, or the necessity of inflicting upon him the punishment which human justice declares to be only fit punishment for such a man as he. For the sake of humanity at large, and our national credit in particular, it would have been better could the trial with its inevitably painful details, have been conducted in a quieter and more dignified manner, and the severe criticisms upon our judicial system, which have reached us from many quarters, are only too well deserved and ought not to be easily forgotten. Indeed, the tragedy which began a year ago, and has not yet ended, embodies for us as a nation the sharpest of rebukes, the plainest and the bitterest of lessons. Guiteau murdered Garfield, but what was the power that raised Guiteau's arm, what the conditions that made so base a murder possible? Guiteau was mad, a monomaniac, a "Crank"—what you will—but the facts are deeper than Guiteau's unwholesome brain. Back of him, his miserable conceit, his shameless life, lies the responsibility of the nation, which means the responsibility of every intelligent man in the United States. It is something to think of, and the more we think of it the more closely we shall find ourselves brought face to face with the fact that we can not set up one standard of honesty for ourselves in daily life, and another in politics and that pure and strong government is possible, only as it is the outcome of the lives of pure and strong men.

The remarkably favorable season up to this time has ensured the harvesting of a crop of winter wheat which promises to be the largest ever gathered, and has been equally favorable for the growth of spring wheat and the forcing of the corn crop which is backward and uncertain, the high prices of the spring market still ruling. On all sides the agricultural prospects of the country are very promising, and the threatened disturbances in Europe, (it being an ill wind which blows nowhere), are on the whole encouraging to the American farmer, for anything like a general war would have the effect of creating a strong demand for all American productions.

The prospect of universally good crops has already affected the railroads, which during the winter and early spring, were apparently in a bad way, and signs in general point to a continuance of the universal prosperity which the country has of late enjoyed. Now we do not wish to be classed among the habitual croakers, but we can not refrain from reminding our readers that the time to prepare for rain is while the sun is still shining. The temptations to speculation of all kinds during the next year, will be immense, and wise is the man who in the face of them shall hold to his legitimate business and safe investments, looking for moderate returns and small risks rather than big and sudden profits with the chance of equally sudden collapse. It must be remembered that the man who is earning only his hundreds can speculate as well as he who is earning his thousands or millions, and that the temptation and the chances of ruin are as great to the one as to the other. The fact which is so constantly repeating itself in the history of business, that after a period of great commercial prosperity comes a period of equally great depression, seems to mean only that the bulk of the community can not stand prosperity. They lose self-control, are unduly inflated, launch into speculation and extravagance of living, and are helpless when the resultant crash comes. It is a curious fact that the class which is most quickly affected by these changes, includes those mechanics, operatives and artisans of all kinds, who work day by day to supply their daily wants. They are, as a rule, the most improvident, the most inclined to speculate upon a rise in wages, and the least reasonable in their views of the *science* of business, the laws which govern supply and demand, the stern facts which lie at the bottom of all commercial transactions. Ignorance and selfishness are as dangerous on farms or in factories, behind counter or in mills, as they are any where else, and seasons of great general prosperity, unless rightly used, do undoubtly increase the dangers from ignorance and selfishness everywhere.

It is therefore that sober minded men understand that big crops and fine markets, and rail road building, do not always mean true and permanent prosperity; something else has to be added to them, a something else without which they are only the outward signs of "that pride which goeth before a fall."

On the evening of June 25th, the packing house of Mc Menamin &Co. on Hampton Creek, was almost destroyed by fire. The officers of the Normal school and such students as are left here during vacation, were, as a matter of course, glad to assist in the attempt to check the progress of the fire, though unfortunately their efforts were of little avail. Mr. Mc Menamin has thoughtfully acknowledged their services in the following letter, and desires it to be understood that he includes the colored students with the Indians, the latter being particularly mentioned only because they were easily do be distinguished in the crowd.

Hampton, June 30th, 1882.

My dear sir,

I would be glad if you would publicly thank in our name the Indian boys who worked so nobly to save our property from the fire Sunday night. We could not learn their names but doubtless they are known to the school.

Where our friends put forth almost superhuman efforts to stop the ravages of the flames, the labor of the Indians was most conspicuous, no one going farthar or risking life or limb more than they. Surely much may be expected in the future from material that is so unselfish, and I feel that your brightest hopes regarding the Indian's destiny will be more than realized.

Very truly and respectfully yours,
JAMES McMENAMIN.

Gen'l. S. C. Armstrong.

The difficulty in Egypt which is at present occupying the attention of Europe, is only a repetition of the old story. In one shape or another—the "Eastern question" the "Sick Man" has perplexed and more or less seriously affected European politics for the last two centuries, ever since, in fact, Russia showed her desire to possess Constantinople, and thereby make herself a great naval power. The excessive over-taxation of the Egyptian people, is probably the immediate cause of the present outbreak, and has as usual been the signal for action on the part of England, who is always on the watch to guard this route to her East Indian Empire. The situation up to date seems to be as follows: Arabi Bey is at the head of a small army of Egyptian rebels, which having burned and pillaged the city of Alexandria, and committed, it is said, the basest outrages, is now in camp awaiting attack. The English fleet commands the position, and the English and French Governments have decided upon the terms on which they will undertake to restore order in Egypt, one condition of which is that the Porte shall at once send troops to the seat of war. This condition is not likely to be responded to with alacrity, as the Sultan has not yet relinquished his ambition to have his Sovereign rights over Egypt acknowledged, and is naturally unwilling to put himself entirely under the control of English and British commissioners. He will undoubtedly make every excuse for delay, and will probably desire to have his claims discussed at a new conference, but while it is of course impossible at present to do more than speculate as to the final result, it hardly seems likely that any general disturbance of the political equilibrium of Europe will take place.

REPORT OF EXAMINING COMMITTEE

The following interesting and valuable report speaks for itself. We add to it the eight practical questions given by Prof. Walton in his private examination, the results of which were, as will be seen, quite as satisfactory as those of the more extended committee examination.

To the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute,

GENTLEMEN:—

The undersigned, members of a committee appointed by your Board to examine the Normal and Agricultural Institute, having attended to the duty assigned, would submit the following

REPORT.

The examination was commenced Monday, May 22*nd*, and continued through four days, inclusive of the exercises of commencement, which occurred Thursday, May 25*th*. Two days were occupied in inspecting the classes in their class-room exercises. These consisted of recitations and teaching exercises in the various branches pursued, one of which was an oral examination conducted by the Principal in the "Outline of the Study of Man." The time not spent in witnessing these exercises was given to the examination of papers written by the Senior class, in answer to questions submitted to the class in their several branches of study.

A portion of time was given to the inspection of the industrial pursuits; these include black-smithing, carpentry, printing, tailoring, shoe-making, tinplatework, harness-making, sawing and milling, and farming for the young men; sewing, washing, ironing, cooking and general housework, for the young women. Every facility was given the Committee for making the examination. The utmost courtesy was extended by the students, by the faculty, and by the executive officers one and all.

NUMBER OF STUDENTS.

The number of Students in the Institution is 501, colored 412, Indians 89. Of these 63 are in the Senior class, all but 3 being colored.

TEACHING AND COURSE OF STUDIES.

The more advanced classes are taught in part by graduates of Vasser, Wellesley and Smith Colleges; the Principal, Treasurer and Chaplain have each one class. Thirty teachers are employed in the Academic department, of whom five are gentlemen.

The course of studies embrace all the branches usually taught in elementary schools, reading, spelling, penmanship, etc., and as the class advances, erithmetic, algebra, grammar, geography, history, hook-keeping, rhetoric, English literature, physics, chemistry, physiology, theory and practice of teaching, civil government and political economy are introduced. Besides these, the whole school has a regular exercise in the items of daily news, and all the male students have systematic military drill.

It will thus be seen that but little remains to give to the student at Hampton as complete a course of studies, if we except the language, as is afforded by well endowed academies or Normal schools anywhere.

The Committee would suggest the practice of gymnastics for the female students and the study of the elements of the natural sciences and drawing; also in the advanced course, the introduction of plane geometry.

The methods of teaching witnessed in the classes were oral and objective. The teachers were uniformly self reliant, enthusiastic and inspiring. They showed great familiarity with the topics they were teaching, and a good knowledge of the minds of their students. The students evinced a desire to learn; their habits of attention were excellent, and their ready responses showed that they had much facility in thought and expression. The Indians were on the whole, rather reticent, but the more advanced of them have acquired much power in the use of the language.

A somewhat remarkable feature of the School is the mutual confidence between students and teachers. Nowhere could there be witnessed a better illustration of this most important condition for inducing in the pupil the right mental activity. The same good spirit prevails among the students in their intercourse one with another.

Such additional appliances for teaching and such minor changes in methods as seemed necessary or desirable, were freely suggested by the Committee to the teachers, at a meeting called at the house of the Principal.

WRITTEN EXAMINATION.

The following tests were submitted to the Seniors for their written examinations:—

ARITHMETIC.

1. I shipped to Boston 850 tons of hay, which my agent sold at $2.50 per ton. He paid charges for freight $950. cartage $112.50 storage $65, and charged me 2½ per ct. commission on selling the hay. What sum must he send back to me?

2. How many men will build 60 rods of wall in 10 days, if 24 men can build 648 rods in 18 days?

3. What is the interest on $8,426.84 at 7 three tenths per ct. for 1yr. 7m. 8d.

4. A grocer bought 13 hhds. of molasses of 63 gallons each, at 70 cents per gallon, and sold it so as to gain $57.38. At what price per gallon was it sold, and what was the gain per cent?

5. Find the square root of 26 to two decimal places.

6. If I buy bank stock at 17 per ct. above par, what per ct. do I receive on my investment if the stock pays a dividend of 8½ per ct. on the par value?

7. Find the cube root of 127010004.

8. Sold cloth at $2.62½ cts. per yard, thereby losing 12½ per ct. At what price should I have sold it to gain the same per ct.

9. What is the *face* of a draft on Boston, which can be bought for $2500. when exchange is at 2½ per ct. discount.

10. What will it cost to insure a house worth $6,000 at ½ per ct. on ⅔ of its value, and $1,800 worth of furniture, at 3-5 per ct. on 4-5 of its value, allowing $1.00 for the policy.

ALGEBRA.

1. Divide a_4 plus $4a^2x^2$ plus $10x^4$ by a_2 plus $2ax$ plus $4x^2$.

2. Of what does the square of a binomial consist? What is the product of the sum and difference of two quantities? Give an example to illustrate each formula.

3. Write the factors of $4a^2b-12ebx$ plus $9bx^2$.

4. What is an equation? What is the transformation of an equation? Upon what principles does transformation depend?

5. Given, $\frac{10x \text{ plus } 17}{18} - \frac{12x \text{ plus } 12}{11x-8} = \frac{5x-4}{9}$ to find x.

6. A farmer spent 1-12 of his money for horses, 1-3 for oxen, and 3-10 of the remainder for sheep, when he had $930. left. How money dollars had he at first?

7. Find that number which being increased by 9, the result divided by 2, the quotient diminished by 7, the result will be 20.

8. Find two numbers whose difference is 8, and if ¼ of the less be added to 1-5 of the greater, the sum will be equal to ½ of the greater diminished by 1-5 of the less.

9. How many methods of elimination are there? Describe each.

10. $2x - \frac{y-3}{5} = 4$, $3y - 0 - \frac{x-2}{3}$ to find x and y.

[Substituted for higher class.]

8. A person spends 30 cts. for apples and pears, buying the apples at 4 for a ct., and the pears at 5 for a ct. He sells half his apples and a third of his pears at the same rate at which he bought them, and receives 13 cts. How many apples and how many pears did he buy?

9. Given, $3x \text{ plus } 4z = 57$, $2y - z = 11$, $5x \text{ plus } 3y = 05$ to find x, y & z.

10. Divide $00. into 4 such parts that the first increased by 2, the second diminished by 2, the third multiplied by 2, and the fourth divided by 2, shall all be equal.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

1. (*a*) Describe the geographical positions of the region occupied by each of the following nations.

Babylonians & Assyrians	Egyptians
Phoenicians	Persians
Hebrews	

(b.) Which two of these regions were remarkably fertile?

Give the reason for the fertility of each?

2. Write opposite the name of each of the following cities, the country in which it was situated.

Tyre; Ecbatana; Memphis; Susa: Nineveh.

3. (*a*) Give a definition of history.

(*b*) If you should discover the ruins of an ancient city, name five things that you would look for, to learn the history of its former inhabitants, and tell what each thing would teach you.

4 (*a*) Who were the great navigators of ancient times, on what waters did they sail, and what articles did they they bring home?

(*b*) Name 3 different kinds of writing in use among the ancients, and tell by what nation each was used.

5. Describe the geographical position of Greece proper, and of her principal colonies?

6. (*a*) What was the cause of the Persian war?

(*b*) Under what two Persian Kings was it carried on?

(*c*) What would have been the effect in Europe, if the Persians had conquered?

7. (*a*) What were the two chief cities of Greece, and for what was each noted?

(*b*) What war was caused by the jealousy between these cities, and which was conquered?

8. Under what 3 forms of government did Rome exist, and how did each come to an end?

9. (*a*) What was a Roman province?

(*b*) Describe a Roman Triumph.

10. (*a*) Name all the countries under the Roman rule when Octavius came into power.

(*b*) Which of these had not been conquered by Alexander the Great?

CHEMISTRY.

1. What two kinds of matter do plants contain?

2. Name the elements belonging to each kind of matter and state to what class of chemical substances each belongs.

3. Describe the most striking properties of oxygen.

4. Describe the most striking properties of hydrogen.

5. Give the most striking properties of carbon.

6. Name two fertilizing gases,—state how each is produced, and name properties of each.

7. In what two forms do plants obtain food?

8. How do plants obtain carbon?

9. How do plants obtain nitrogen?

10. How many classes of manures are there?

11. How is potash useful in agriculture?

12. How does clover improve the condition of the soil?

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

A copy of the poem, Nauhaught, the Indian Deacon. by J. G. Whittier, was presented to each student. After reading the poem, he was required.

1. To give in a few sentences, some account of the author.

2. To give, in two or three sentences, the story.

3. To make out a set of topics of the story.

4. To tell the story in full in prose.

PRACTICE TEACHING.

1. Imagine yourself in a school-room without either chart or books—take some object and describe your reading lesson to beginners.

2. Describe your lesson given to children who have just begun to read in books.

3. What can you do in order to make the children good readers at sight.

4. State your method or methods of teaching spelling.

5. Should children ever be taught their letters? If you think they should, mention a good time to do it.

6. Write a short article on the importance of teaching language in your schools and tell how you would go to work to improve the language of your children.

7. How would you teach a child to write compositions?

8. Describe a recitation in number, the lesson being on 10.

9. How would you explain the following example to a child? 25—9=16.

10. What is the best way of securing order in a school?

11. What do you consider to be the qualifications of a good teacher?

12. In your experience in teaching this lesson what errors have you found most necessary to guard against?

13. Describe the opening exercises of your prospective school.

14. What do you think of the importance of developing the sense of sight? Can you suggest any methods of doing this?

CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

1. What is government? Define Monerchical, Republican and Democratic governments.

2. Give some account of the origin of the Constitution.

3. What are the three branches of our government? What are the duties of each?

4. The House of Representatives, how is it composed? Who are eligible? What is the number of Representatives?

5. Senate, how composed? How chosen? When chosen? Who is the presiding officer?

6. Explain the process by which a bill may become a law of the United States.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

1. What is labor? Who are the laboring classes? Show how all men are mutually dependent.

2. Explain the law of supply and demand.

3. What is capital? Show the relation of capital to labor. How are all men capitalists?

4. How is money a medium of exchange? Why is gold the best material for money?

5. What are wages? What determines the price of wages?

6. Explain the derivation of the word tariff. What is a protective tariff? Revenue tariff?

These questions prepared by the teachers having in charge the several branches taught in the Institute, were accepted by the committee as covering the ground of study.

The results in the several branches, taking the class as a whole, showed the following percentage of correct answers.

Mathematics	34.8	Practice Teach'g	85.0
History	60.5	Civ'l Governm't and	78.5
Chemistry	02.1		
Engl'h Lit'ure	62.5	Political Econ'y	

Total average, 81.4 %

Considering the length of time required to answer these questions, the wide range of topics embraced, the infrequency of written reviews in the Institute, the above results are remarkably good; they reflect great credit upon both the scholarship of the students and the modes of instruction pursued. The committee would suggest that brief written tests be applied throughout the entire course of study.

Connected with the Normal Institute is the Butler school, which serves as a training or practice school for the students of the Normal. This school is in charge of the teacher of methods in the Institute, and affords a fine opportunity for training in the art of teaching. There each student spends a portion of his Senior year, not simply in observing, but in acquiring skill by the practice of his art. A "Kitchen garden," as it is called, has been introduced into this school: this consists of practice in the various duties belonging to housekeeping, such as sweeping, dusting, laying and tending table, washing and so on. These operations are practiced under direction of the teacher, by all the pupils, sets of miniature utensils being furnished for the practice. Thus the ordinary exercises of the school are supplemented by training to those habits of order and neatness so conducive to comfort, culture and happiness in the home. Thus furnished, the student of Hampton graduates with an outfit which must place him in the front rank of the teaching profession in the sections of the country where he is called to labor.

Nor does his growth cease with his graduation. By a plan, so far as known to the committee, peculiar to Hampton, the former graduates of the school take the principal parts at commencement; six of the exercises of this year were by graduates of the class of '81, one was by a graduate of the class of '73. For practical wisdom and breadth of comprehension, these parts could nowhere be excelled by any class of students of equal opportunities. All were delivered with force and expression, and must have convinced the most skeptical that the problem of the future of his race is solved when the colored man is furnished with an education and an equal chance to labor. Less time than we desired was given to examining the methods and estimating the results of the industrial education, which is a leading feature of the Hampton Institute. Enough, however, was seen to show that manual labor, as a means of mental and physical training, is an essential. Each student is required to give at least two days a week to this department. Some are engaged in working upon the land, of which there are about 600 acres of tillage; others work at the various trades. The students make long days, but with the varied employments, little fatigue is experienced, and good health is the rule. Thus in addition to the knowledge and discipline received in the school proper, every student leaves the Institution with the ability to support himself by some useful employment.

The industrial pursuits are calculated to exercise the students' active powers or faculties, as distinguished from their passive powers or capacities. In this respect these pursuits supplement in a remarkable degree, the training received by the ordinary school processes. The complaint frequently made that the student is unable to do anything when he leaves school, is too often true, with such training as is received at Hampton, this complaint is not likely to be made, for it will not be true. This would be inferred from the nature of the case, but it is actually shown in the service the graduates are able to render. The Treasurer's clerks are graduates of Hampton, doing their work with accuracy and despatch; the overseers on both the farms run by the institution are graduates of the school; as is also the head of the tailoring department. Over ninety per cent. of all the graduates have taught in the schools of Virginia or other states. One is principal of a Normal School in Alabama, while three fourths of all the graduates have chosen teaching as a profession. Others, not in schools, are filling positions of trust and responsibility; nearly all who teach report Sunday Schools connected with their day schools, and some have founded temperance societies.

Thus it will be seen that wherever they go, the graduate teachers become the leaders among their people.

And so through this and similar institutions throughout the South, the problem of good citizenship presented by negro suffrage is solved; give the colored man a good education and a fair chance, and he will surely become a good citizen and win for himself and his race, honorable distinction. The figures in this problem are the slaves themselves; the solution depends on liberal endowments, and efficiency of management, such as is seen at Hampton.

Though the colored race has been chiefly considered in the report, and though the evidence is less cumulative in the case of the Indian, from what is known, there is every reason to believe that admitted to equal privileges and charged with the same responsibilities, the same results are to flow to the red man. The committee heartily concur in the statement in Gen. Armstrong's Report—for this academic year just closed: "Our four years' work for Indians satisfies us that their progress is a question not of capabilities but of opportunities. Universal education means peace and prosperity to the red man. Justice and humanity call for it, and common sense suggests that paying eight hundred dollars in three years for the education of an Indian is better than paying one thousand dollars a year for each soldier sent to fight him."

So the question what shall be done with the emancipated slave and the "savage Indian" is solved not by extermination, but by mental discipline, and a training of their powers to various forms of labor.

Respectfully submitted

M. E. STRIEBY, New York City.
J. M. WARD, " "
HENRY W. FOOTE, Boston Mass.
GEO. A. WALTON, West Newton Mass.
MRS. E. N. L. WALTON, " "

Subsequently the undersigned examined the class on the subjects of Arithmetic, Geography, and Language, submitting in each subject eight practical questions as follows:

I.

ARITHMETIC. How many bushels of potatoes in a rectangular bin 10 feet square at the bottom and 2½ feet deep, allowing 1¼ cubic feet to a bushel?

LANGUAGE. Write a telegram to some person at home, stating that you have arrived at New York, and naming the day you expect to reach home; also naming the railroad by which you are to come.

GEOGRAPHY. (1) Name some country in about the same latitude as New England, which has a warmer climate.

(2) What are some of the causes that affect the climate of a country?

II.

ARITHMETIC. Two bushels one peck of seed peas were put up in bags, each holding 3-5 of a gill: how many bags were required?

LANGUAGE Correct the following sentence. If incorrect, and state the reason for the corrections:

Samuel or John have worked here last year; I do not know as either of them are here now.

GEOGRAPHY. Name a port to which vessels sailing from Boston go for (1) Sugar and Molasses, (2) Raw Hides, (3) Coffee

(4) Write any thing you know about any of these articles.

III.

ARITHMETIC. A square lot of land was inclosed by a fence at a cost of $40. If the fence cost $⅓ per rod, what was the length of one side of the lot?

LANGUAGE. Correct the following sentence, if incorrect, and parse "laid" and "by:"

A peck of these kind of peas were laid by for planting.

GEOGRAPHY. Name the bodies of water upon which are situated (1) Boston, (2) Springfield, Mass., (3) Philadelphia, (4) Chicago.

(5) Describe any of these cities.

IV.

ARITHMETIC. How many yards of carpeting ¾ of a yard wide are required to carpet a floor 16½ ft. long and 9 ft. wide, allowing nothing for waste?

LANGUAGE. Correct the following sentences if incorrect, and parse "ought."

Ought a pupil to whisper in school I don't think they had.

GEOGRAPHY. (1) Name three important exports of the Southern States.

(2) Tell where they are produced and any thing you know about any of them.

V.

ARITHMETIC. How many cans, each holding 1 1-5 pints, will be required to hold 7 gallons 2 quarts of preserves?

LANGUAGE (1) what is the subject of a sentence? (2) Give an example of a simple sentence. (3) of a compound sentence. (4) Of a complex sentence.

GEOGRAPHY (1) Name five of the largest rivers of North America, and tell into what each flows.

(2) State any thing you know about any of these rivers.

VI.

ARITHMETIC. If 2 boys can shovel a snow-path in 24 minutes, in what part of an hour can 3 boys shovel it?

LANGUAGE Write a short letter to your father, describing your school and your work.

GEOGRAPHY. (1.) Which is farther north, Albany or Paris? (2.) Name in order the bodies of water you would pass through in going from Albany to Liverpool.

(3.) Describe any of the above named cities.

VII.

ARITHMETIC. Find the bank discount on $900.00 from July 15th to the 5th of August next following, the rate being 5 per cent.

LANGUAGE. Write a letter to a manufacturer, ordering goods sent you by some particular express.

GEOGRAPHY. (1.) Through what zone does the equator pass? (2.) How many degrees in width is this zone?

(3.) What countries lie mainly in this zone?

VIII.

ARITHMETIC. Bricks are 8 in. long, 4 in. wide, and 2 in. thick. How many bricks will it take to build a wall 20 ft. long, 10 ft. high, and 18 in. thick, allowing 1 fifth of the wall to be cement?

LANGUAGE. Correct the following sentence, if incorrect. (1.) Each board of officers keep their own accounts. (2) Make out a bill against your teacher for a hat, and receipt the bill.

GEOGRAPHY. (1.) Draw an out line map of your own state, and locate your own town. (2.) Write a brief description of your town, naming in order the towns which surround it.

The results were given upon paper, and showed an average of 01. 4 per cent. of correct answers, varying less than ½ per cent from the results of the more general examination.

GEO. A. WALTON,
Agent, Mass. Board of Education.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

A FRIEND'S COUNSEL.

A pleasant incident of a month ago to the Indian boys and girls at Hampton, was a visit of Miss Alice Fletcher, a lady who, as many readers of the daily papers know, has led, first by scientific interest and then by awakened sympathy and desire to do good, to live for months among the Indians of several of the Northern tribes, her efforts for them having taken form in a bill now before Congress to secure to the Omahas legal rights and protection and greater educational privileges. Miss Fletcher desired especially to inspect the industrial system of instruction at Hampton in the interest of her plans for her Indian friends.

Before she left she gave the whole Indian class a very pleasant talk, listened to with much interest, and likely to be very helpful, especially her kind advice as to what they should do to help their people—what they should send and carry home.

But we will let her speak for herself. All who heard her will be glad to have her good talk in a form they can keep, and it will thus do good to others who are to come.

TO THE INDIAN STUDENTS.

"The last time I spoke to Indian girls and boys was on the Omaha Reservation, two months ago. I have lived among your people and seen how you live—I have been among the Yanktonnais, and the Santees. I know how beautiful your home is—how pretty the creek is, and the yellow bluff of the Missouri. I have been among the Omahas the last six months. I know your Willie Watson's friends there.

I know that your people all over the North, and the South are saying—"The path that our fathers walked—that is gone"—I know they are trying hard to learn the white man's way. Now my dear children, this is a very hard thing that your fathers and mothers have to do, and I want you to feel that it is your great pleasure, as well as duty, to help them do it. When I was among your people, I used to get the children all around me and talk to them just this way. I told them when I was coming to Hampton and Carlisle, and they, and all the people were very desirous to hear about Hampton, and Carlisle, and they will be to hear about you when I go back. So I am going to talk to you just as to them, and let me speak very plainly to you about what things you want to try to do to help your people.

DON'T SULK.

Sometimes my Indian people out there get discouraged. I wonder if you ever get discouraged—want to stop working and studying, and have nobody speak to you, but sit off by yourself, or wrapped up in your shawl, a silent little bundle. Now I want you the next time you feel so to say to yourself, '*No*, I won't do so; I will go and do something, and stand up straight.' That is real courage. I speak of this because this is one thing that is very hard for you and your people to do, and that makes it hard for you. Suppose the sun should get sulky and not rise some morning—No—it rises and sets with untiring faithfulness. That is God's law. We have to try hard sometimes—white and colored people as well, as Indians. I speak of it to you because in the old times, a man or woman could go off by himself to the top of some hill, and draw his robe around him, and wait till he felt like talking; but in organized society where every one has some work to do for others, one must go right ahead and do it. Suppose the cook in the kitchen should get discouraged and conclude not to get your breakfast some morning! No, in our new life, we all have something to do, and must do it whether we feel pleasantly or unpleasantly. So I speak because I know that in the future your people have got to overcome that trouble and learn self control.

HOW TO WRITE HOME.

Another thing. I wish you to be careful about your letters home. Don't spend your time saying to your parents 'I want to see you.' They know you want to see them. They want to see you—oh so much—but they send you away for your good, and they want to see how you live here. Try to make little pictures in your letters of your happy, busy life here. And if you are a little sick one day, or don't feel happy, remember that tomorrow maybe you will be all over it, and feel happy again; but this letter with its little sad picture will travel all to-morrows and the day after, and the day after, and the day after that, and then another day, and another, before it reaches the nearest of your homes. Then you are all happy—all the trouble over—but then your mother gets it, and you make her unhappy for a long time. Remember then to write cheerful letters, and tell little things, about your getting up, how you get up when the bell rings, and how it always rings at the same time. How many have have ever seen a clock in an Indian house! [Only three or four hands were raised.] No. I know they don't have them. Tell them about clocks, about your three meals a day, how you walk two and two to meals. And, in each letter, tell some little thing you have learned, so that your father and mother and sisters and brothers can remember them, and you can help them on in the new way.

WHAT TO TAKE HOME.

I'd be very glad if every boy and girl here could save up money, and when you go home take a nice striking clock to set up in your houses. That would teach your people the value of time, that stands at the beginning of all progress. Tell them how you live by the clock here, and how it makes everything go smoothly, and gives time for doing so much. Then you can teach your little brothers and sisters how the hands go round—and what else can you teach at the same time? [Several responded, 'How the earth goes round.'] Yes, and you could turn out some little wooden bells and take them home with you to teach with. Try and collect real things of use to take home as presents instead of useless trinkets. I am going to take back with me a hundred clocks.

LEARN TO LIKE VEGETABLES.

Another thing. I want you to try while you are here to learn to like the taste of different kinds of vegetables. I know most Indians don't like them, but they are so good for your health. You know how many Indians have little swellings on their necks. It would be better for them if they would eat more vegetables. So I want you every one, both boys and girls, to learn how to raise vegetables, and have a little vegetable garden around your homes and your school-houses. I say the girls too. I don't believe in any special rights to knowledge. I like to have girls know how to strike a nail square on the head and how to fix up things about a house, boys to learn how to cook and to sew. All work is honorable. The only dishonorable thing is laziness. It is a sin before God.

When I look on these bright brave young faces, and think of your going back to carry your sunshine and courage into your homes, it makes my heart glad.

TALK.

Another thing. I want you to be sure to *talk* when you go home,—not to keep silent in the home circle. Tell your father and mother and brothers and sisters, the things you have seen and learned. If people come in to hear you don't be afraid. Tell them all you have learned. If I had kept still here, you would not know what I want you to do for your people.

WORK OUTDOORS.

Another thing. Every woman should work out of doors as well as in doors if she wants to keep her health. Don't think that now when you go home the boys must do all the out-door work, and the girls stay in the house all the time. Every man ought to do enough about the house to feel an interest in it, and make it easier for the women. Both must work indoors and outdoors.

THE ANGEL OF FLOWERS.

Another thing, I want you to learn how to cultivate flowers. Begin by planting little rows of flowers each side of the path leading up to your house. Make the path straight each side with a string and stakes. Then dig up a straight flower-bed each side. Take home a trowel for that—then sow your flower seeds that you have brought with you, or set out the beautiful flowers you have at home. So your home will begin to be nice and orderly. I will tell you a pretty little thing the Germans say about this. They say "only the good spirit can pass over flowers.' That is true. Nobody will put a foot on flowers; people will come to your house in a quiet orderly way. It will give you the blessing of the 'angel of flowers.' They will help cheer you when you feel tired. Your teachers can tell you many pretty things about how they live and grow.

A SUMMING UP.

Now remember what you are to be sure and take home with you

Striking clocks,
Vegetable seeds,
Flower seeds,
Little Trowels.

I am very glad to have had the chance to talk to you about these things. I hope you will remember some of them; especially about your letters home, and helping your people when you go home. Think what things they have not, talk with your teachers about it, and take home all the little useful things you can.

BLESSED PEACE MAKERS.

As soon as I can finish my work for my Omaha friends, trying to secure homes to them, and schools, if it pleases God to prosper my work, you will have some of my Omaha friends here, and I bespeak for them your help. And I hope that, after the long misunderstanding—the Indians of the white people, and theirs of them,—you will be the peace-makers; like the white-winged doves, to carry the blessings to them that you have gathered here by the sea."

SINAI AND THE PLAIN.

RAS SUSAFEH, THE TRUE SINAI.

BY CHAS. S. ROBINSON, D. D.

Along by the Wells of Moses, and so onward for a good distance in the wilderness route, the track is sand only. But before many days travel, as the way bends southward in among the mountains, it becomes gravel, and then rocks. The scenery is wild, hard and rough. The color of the upper hills loses its soft blue, and turns to coarse brown. Then the emeciated ridges tower all around us, shadowy, splintered, and gloomy. Unattractive vast ledges of rock, tree-less, verdura-less, rise in precipitous confusion on every hand.

TENT-LIFE IN THE DESERT.

Not unlikely before long, we shall come upon an encampment of Bedouin Arabs. The dark tents, the uncouth figures, the military—or rather brigand-air of these creatures, are not very reassuring, until one sees his imperturbable Dragoman shaking hands with the sheikh, and so knows they belong to friendly tribes. It is most natural that we pause in immediate companionship with them, and pitch our tents in their neighborhood over the night; but we do it with some shrinking.

A thoughtful mind never ceases to be impressed with the romance and poetry of this way of sheltering one's self in the desert. It is human life that constitutes the world of imagination and feeling. The mere planting of a structure of canvas and wood in the sand redeems that pathetic little area from the waste around it. While man is on the spot, that fragment of soil is populated and under civilization. The moment he departs, it lapses back into savagery again. And all this is done so quickly that the sensibilities are singularly moved. After a few days, one knows as never before what it means to be dwellers "in the tent of a night." And especially is it interesting to watch the morning manipulations of these wild children of the wilderness.

The Bedouin tents are quite slight. And with long habit these wandering people grow extraordinarily expert in handling them. It is but a passing moment's work, as it were, to pull up the pins, unloop the cords, and fold the sheet, winding it around the poles. Where curious life was dwelling for the hour, now reigns solitude again. In the earliest cool of the dawn, they swiftly sweep themselves off the soil, and are gone, nobody knows where. Beautiful simile is that of the verse:

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold up their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

SOME QUIET FORMS OF DESERT BEAUTY.

For a few hours after leaving Marah, the scenery begins to improve rapidly. The hills become more picturesque. Crystals of gypsum lie in the gravel like sparkling stones. Great birds are occasionally seen on the points of rock. Meagre vegetation commences. And a veritable stream of beautiful water appears, coursing through the refreshed plain. Wild mint grows along its edges; pretty blue forget-me-nots may be plucked in profusion, and make one think of home. Here, also, we gain our first sight of the acacia-tree, the shittim-wood, out of which parts of the tabernacle were constructed. Then there is the Juniper-tree, like that under which once Elijah lay down to die in his discouragement.

MOUNT SERBAL.

The first kindling of real interest occurs at the moment, when, having surmounted a difficult declivity, we suddenly are confronted with a majestic view of Mt. Serbal. For many years, the early Christians considered this the true Sinai. It is certainly grand enough in all its halongings; in its outlines and height, as well as in its rugged sublimity. But later investigations have left no real ground for doubt that the Mount of God lies much further south, and down nearer the centre of the Peninsula than this.

And now the landscape changes into granite grandeur unparalleled. It is positively matchless in its scenery. The rocks, like terraces of stone, cyclopean in masses, almost close in on the narrow path. The steep and precipitous sides seem like the edges of some giant's quarry, from which colossal layers have been torn. And amid all this, man appears so small, and God so mighty, that the whole soul becomes subdued, suffused, and is hushed into humility.

Mt. Serbal consists of a vast separated bulk of granite, with at least five prominent peaks, divided by deep sepulchral ravines, in the slow wear and decay of ages. It seems inaccessible; but it has been climbed to the very summit. And it is said, as is always said by those who

(Continued on Page 87.)

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES

THE CULTURE OF TIME AND TEACHING. TEMPERANCE WORK. ANOTHER TEMPERANCE WORKER. A WHITE SCHOOL TAUGHT BY A COLORED STUDENT OF DARTMOUTH. SELF-HELP. LAST WORDS FROM A FAITHFUL WORKER.

THE CULTURE OF TIME AND TEACHING.

There are several good points in the following letter. The experience of the writer is a usual one with our graduate teachers. A mental growth comes after leaving school in the isolation which gives quiet for thought, and in the work of teaching, which brings old lessons into practical use.

——, *Va., March 3rd*, 1882.

Dear Friend,

I am proud of this opportunity to express to you my sincere thanks for the paper which you sent a few days ago. It was very interesting. I have read it all.

I find that I can ponder over such things out here, with much more care and pleasure than I can in town. It is lonesome, and when I let out school, I am at a loss what to do. Then, when I have papers, etc., lying by, they come quite handy. I have read several good books, etc, since I came here.

My school is growing daily, and the scholars are becoming more and more interested in their studies. I hope to have some prepared to enter the middle class at Hampton, after next session. Some of them are very anxious to go there. I am doing all I can to keep them encouraged.

My session will be out in three weeks. The parents (with myself) are trying to get another session. They don't want to give up the school now, when but a few months ago they almost scorned the idea of having one.

Since I have grown natural in the work, I feel as though I would be disturbed otherwise engaged, though at times it is very wearisome. I suppose when scholars have been to school before and are well trained it is different. Taking everything in consideration, I feel that I have done quite well. The scholars have progressed considerably.

When I came here, there were only one or two that could start about reading in the Testament; now I have twenty-five or thirty who can acquit themselves very creditably. Have some, too, who can take an imaginary voyage around the world, telling about all the interesting places as they go. I have some in Arithmetic and Grammar, all of whom give pretty good satisfaction.

Since I began teaching it has served, in one respect, as being taught. A good many little things, such as present themselves in the every day practical life, and long since forgotten, come to me as they never did before. My ideas about things in general are strange; everything seems to be presented in a different way.

The pleasure, too, that is afforded by the thought of helping others is of a kind that never disappoints. When I look about me and see so many on account of my feeble efforts bidding farewell to the shores of ignorance and barbarism, it brings on a pleasure which a multiplicity of words would fail to express.

Teaching makes me feel more imperfect, it gives me a better sight of my position in the intelligent world; pictures out my deficiencies, and enables me to better explain the common necessities of my race. I would that all the young people, who are competent, would step into the field and lay hold of this work. The grandness of it is better seen and known by the putting of one's own shoulder to the wheel.

But for my friends at the North and at Hampton, I could know nothing of these things; hence I can never fail to still acknowledge to them my lasting gratefulness.

Your old pupil,

J. B.

TEMPERANCE WORK.

Our graduates generally, both young men and young women, add temperance work to their labors as teachers. One writes as follows of her efforts. We hope she may still be able not to lose a day in her good work.

——, *Va., Feb. 20th*, 1882.

Miss ——:

Dear Friend:

I received your kind letter, and was more than pleased and cheered by its contents. Your letters are always a comfort to me. I feel thankful that I can say I have enjoyed good health this term. I have been able to be at my post every day. Have not lost a single hour. And now the term will soon expire, which I regret very much, for five months are not long enough to satisfy any teacher. My pupils are all sorry they are to be turned loose so soon. Last Sabbath was our Temperance meeting; the house was crowded and after our speaking and reading, our pledge book was opened and nine signed their names to the pledge. So you see we are still moving along slowly; though weak yet, we hope to be strong, and hope to see some good come out of it in after years. We have been quite successful so far, only one or two having broken the pledge. The people here are getting up a petition to be sent to Richmond to try to have a vote in spring forbidding the distilling of whiskey in the state. A number of cities are giving them a helping hand. They brought their paper to me to sign, which I did; I think it would be a good thing if it could be swept out of every State and District, it is a curse to so many people.

I think you for the pieces you sent me; they are in plenty of time. I have about three weeks to get ready. You spoke of pictures in your letter I did not get. I applied for another school in the county, but there are none vacant, so I shall be obliged to return home, without some great change. I would rather teach up to July if I could get employment. The weather is very bad to-day, so I could not have Sunday School. We have been getting along very nicely all the term, but I suppose the school will scatter soon.

Please, accept my heartiest thanks for your kindness toward me this term. I shall give ear to your good advice and excellent teaching. I wish you much health through life.

I am,

Yours gratefully,

M.

ANOTHER TEMPERANCE WORKER.

Another brave young worker writes thus of her efforts in association with the writer of the preceding letter. In such union there is both strength and pleasure.

——, *Va., Jan. 10th*, 1882.

Dear Friend:

I have wanted to thank you for the very welcome bundle of papers that I received last summer, while at Hampton, but have put it off until this week when I have, through the mail, another nice package. Please accept my many thanks for them all. I have found them *very* useful in my little school, which numbers 57. We sometimes walk 5 miles to meet with M. E. Smith's society. I have taught here for three years, ever since I left Hampton. We are here where the "harvest truly is great" and I hope we are doing much good. I am engaged in a work that I love: the work of drawing out the young mind. I sometimes feel that my little help might be dispensed with. I am doing all I can to sow a good seed, but am anxious to reap what I have sown. I still sow in hope, looking to Jesus for the result. I shall never forget the fervent prayer you offered in Virginia Hall in May, 1878. I often think of it when every thing is not as pleasant as I would like. My term here ends in about 2 months. I don't know yet whether the school will be continued.

Yours gratefully,

A.

A WHITE SCHOOL TAUGHT BY A COLORED STUDENT OF DARTMOUTH.

Wouldn't such a statement as the following have seemed incredible even in Vermont, fifteen years ago?

——, VT., *Dec. 31st*, 1881.

Mrs. ——:

I received your postal a few weeks ago, requesting each one of the graduates of '75 to write a letter, stating what he is doing and how he likes teaching, if he is teaching, &c.

I have just finished five weeks of school teaching at ——, and have seven more to teach. I am obliged to teach winters to help me through college. I am a member of the Junior Class at Dartmouth. I have been especially blessed in my efforts to obtain an education, and the people here have been very good to me in every particular. I am the only colored person that ever taught a school in this district or hereabout. I taught this same school last winter, and the people and children desired me to teach it this winter. I did not want to teach it this winter, because I had such good luck last, and so much praise that I feared that everything might not pass off so well this time. But so far, everything seems to go just as well as anybody could ask for.

I am the only colored person in the schoolhouse. My school is the most advanced in the town of ——, and one of the most advanced district schools in the State of Vermont.

The people pay more in —— for teaching than in any other district in the county. I have the children of the very best families in the place. Mr. ——, the largest manufacturer in town, a Southern man, who fought on the rebel side, and has been an officer of high rank, has three children attending my school. His brother is the man who hired me this winter.

I like teaching very much and think I shall make it a life-work. I hope to return to Dartmouth College in February to continue my studies.

I take great pleasure in my school and labor to make it what it should be. I spare no pains, but work with all my might. My school gained great praise at a Christmas Tree last Monday night. I was very proud of them all.

Yours very proud of them,

W.

SELF-HELP.

THE young man who writes the following, is giving according to what he has received. In his night school, Sunday-school and reading room, as well as his day school, teaching his people the lessons learned at Hampton:

——, *S. C., February*, 1882.

Mrs. ——

Dear Friend:

In reply to yours of the 8th instant, I report: I am here doing what I can to make better the condition of my people. They need help, and they need it now, but the best way to help is to help one to help himself. This is my object. I am teaching and I enjoy it. The circumstances under which I commenced were quite embarrassing, but now the dark clouds have disappeared; the sky is clear. My school numbers one hundred and thirty-six pupils. I have an assistant teacher. My night school of fifteen young men is doing well. The young men seem to be thirsty for an education. They work during the day, and go to school at night. My Sabbath school is, at present, in a flourishing condition. For the benefit of the neighborhood I have organized a reading-room. So far it works well. Religious books and papers would be gladly received and accepted for its use. Temperance literature would do much good. In short, I am trying to do something, and my correspondence with Hampton and her graduates gives me encouragement. How are the Generals and teachers?

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am,

Yours truly,

M.

LAST WORDS FROM A FAITHFUL WORKER.

The last letter received at Hampton from a faithful teacher who has gone to her Heavenly home, will be read with interest by her many friends.

B——, *Va., Dec. 7*, 1881.

Dear Mrs. ——

You desire to know if I am teaching: I am, and have the same school that I have taught for four years, here in the village of B——. It is a source of great pleasure to me. The children are making rapid progress. I have enrolled 90 pupils; average attendance 70. As soon as they can read well in the Fourth Reader and have a pretty good idea of Arithmetic as far as division, I send them to the B—— Institute (which you have probably heard of). It is about three-quarters of a mile from my school house.

The school Board keeps me employed ten months during the year; but not in the same school. I have a term of five months in the country. My present session ends in about eight weeks, after which, I shall begin my other school. I have not rested from teaching longer than two months in any year since I left Hampton. I am trying to do all the good I can for my people. The Lord has wonderfully blessed, and given me great success in my work. There is nothing I enjoy more than training the young minds for usefulness. As my work may be classed among the many bricks that are being laid in the great building—the education of our race—I try to do it thoroughly.

I also teach Sabbath school, and find much pleasure in it. Of course my duties are a little heavier this year, as I have my household affairs to attend to, but fortunately my health is good, so that I perform them all with very little fatigue. I try to teach by precept and example, at home, at school and abroad.

I hope you and Mr. D—— are well. Please remember me to him.

Yours truly,

J. S. I.

SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS

Most of our readers understand, perhaps, that a "Hampton Scholarship" is the sum of $70 paid for a year's tuition of a pupil. The Hampton students pay, themselves, for their board and lodging—$10 per month, paid, on the average, half in work and half in cash, furnished by their families or by their own summer earnings; they also provide their own clothes and pay for their books. More than this they cannot do. Doing this, their self respect is maintained by honest effort to the extent of their powers. The cost of their schooling remains to be met by contributions of scholarships from Northern friends. Every student in the school writes each year a letter of acknowledgment to the friend whose contribution is assigned to his benefit. These letters, giving generally some account of the writer's life and struggles for an education, are often of much interest to the receiver, with whose consent, we publish a number every year, selected for their interest, and printed without alteration.

FROM A SENIOR.

Dear Sir:

I am glad of having the pleasure of writing to you again, to express my thanks for your grateful benefactions, which have done so much toward lifting me higher in the scale of manhood, and fitting me for the duty which lies before me. I left school last year, being unable to finish, and went off to teach school. I was very glad to get into a place in which I could do something for my people and myself. I soon found that studying and reciting lessons in school, was not the hardest work to be done. I opened school in Surry County, on the 2nd of March, last, on a term of five months. I taught six months, however, one month in a private school before my free-school began.

I met with many obstacles which tended to impede my designs; but I observed that something must be done to bring my people in as much light as possible; I therefore tried to encourage myself and went to work with alacrity in my well ventilated—though not thus intended—log school-house in the woods.

The first day, I opened school with thirteen scholars, by the end of the first month, I had about forty-five, and before the close of the term, I had enrolled fifty-three, a number I could not comfortably seat in my small and very trivial school-house. All of my surroundings were very poor, and especially my school-house. I tried to teach my younger scholars to read by the word method, but as I knew but little about it, I could not teach very well by it, yet I like to teach by it.

The children made quite a progress in their studies as I think, and I was very sorry when I had to leave them, but glad that I was coming back to Hampton, to fit myself better for my allotted work. My school closed in July and I returned to Hampton, and worked at the Saw Mill until school opened,

I am now in school again, and hope this is my last term at Hampton. Whether I shall ever be able to go to another school or not, God knows. I always feel that these are my only and last school days; and I hope, and try to improve them to the best of my ability. It will tend to fit me that much better for my work as a teacher. I feel that I learned much by going off and teaching a while before I finished school. I can see much better what I need, and what is required in order to be a good teacher. I feel that "There is a battle to be fought, and a victory to be won" for my people, and I feel that I am one to whose care a part of the charge is given, and I, by the aid of an unseen Helper, shall do all I can to give a character to the down-trodden and poor.

When I look at those, my dear class-mates, who have gone out to battle, equipped with all the honors and credentials, morally and intellectually, that this dear old Alma Mater could bestow, it fills me with an anxious sensation, wishing that my time would come quickly. It causes me to feel that I ought to be with them.

But just then, those true words of Longfellow's steal in and say: "Every man should patiently bide his time;" in order to be successful, I therefore must wait.

Added to this, I can only say, that our school is much larger this term, than ever before.

Both the Black man and the Red man are aiming for higher and better motives. They seem to be rivals, yet without any feeling of envy. I truly believe they will rise if they continue in the right course. I had the pleasure of seeing the King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, this summer; the first king I ever saw.

I cannot express my gratitude to you for your philanthropical contributions to this Institute, for the uplifting of mankind, but I pray for your success, and that God may keep you.

Very respectfully yours,

B. F. J.

(continued from page 85.)

have climbed to the top of these mighty outlooks, in order to tantalize such as have never ascended them, that from its elevated platform the finest prospect is disclosed in all the Sinai peninsula. But there is little encouragement here for experimental excursions.

THE APPROACH TO SINAI.

From this point onward, the way just grows rougher and harder all the time. That must have been an experienced, or become a patient, traveller, who restrains his exclamations of weariness and exhaustion. The sun is relentless; the rocks pour back his fiery rays as from a hundred blast-furnaces suddenly opened. The men sigh pitifully for a rest. The path at this instant turns abruptly around the shoulder of a hill, and there stretches over our heads a most cool line of shade from the cliffs themselves. There one learns the ineffable meaning there is to the simile, "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

But while looking around casually, we summon our guide to inquire; and who can find expression for his surprise as he learns that there, straight before him in the distance, is SINAI, sending up its bold and awful front from the plain!

The cut, which accompanies this sketch, is singularly accurate, displaying the vast area where Israel encamped. It represents Ras Sussfeh, which most scholars now admit to be the true Mount of the Law. It is not believed any importance is to be attached to the modern announcement of a new discovery at Akeba; or to the old tradition concerning Gabel Mousa.

THE TEACHER'S CONSCIENCE.

BY PRES. CHARLES W. ELIOT, *Harvard College.*

There are four points of a teacher's duty which are not always much emphasized—namely, his duty to cultivate in his pupils: 1, the spirit of inquiry; 2, exactness or truthfulness; 3, the historical sense; 4, the sense of honor.

1. It is the common habit of elders to repress or try to repress in children and young people the spirit of inquiry, which is natural to them, and to make them accept an answer, explanation, or decision based on authority, instead of encouraging them to reach their own conclusion through adequate investigation. Linguistic studies foster, in both teachers and pupils, the inclination to rely on usage. Mathematical studies cultivate the taste for logical demonstration; and scientific studies, of all the studies accessible to children, are best adapted to develop and train a just and genuine spirit of inquiry. Now, a daring spirit of investigation into the laws of nature, the customs and traditional opinions of society, the forms and processes of government, and the rules and results of trade, is characteristic of the times, and it is of the utmost importance that not only the few leaders of opinion, but the common people also, should understand what candid research is and implies. No adult, who thinks at all, can these days help inhaling the pervading atmosphere of free inquiry, and every child should be habituated to it. The teacher should seize every opportunity to make his pupils inquire, observe, and reason for themselves on every subject which can be brought within the range of their intelligence. He should use every means to restrict the appeal to authority, and to strengthen the habit of reasonable inquiry and consequent determination for one's self.

Even when enforcing that unhesitating obedience which is often necessary to the well being of a school, the republican teacher should remember that submission to a law, the grounds of which are understood and accepted, makes citizens; but that submission to an arbitrary command, from fear of punishment, makes slaves.

2. Another very important habit which it is the duty of the teacher to inculcate is the habit of exactness or truthfulness of thought and speech. A great step has been made in this direction when a child has been taught that it is a hard thing to get at a fact, to prove a proposition, or to establish a truth.

Very few adults have any idea how hard this process is in history, language, philosophy, æsthetics, natural science, or, indeed, any department of knowledge. It is a natural tendency in children and all uninstructed persons to accept unattested facts and unproved conclusions which happen to fall in with their preconceived notions or prejudices. This tendency it is the duty of the teacher to combat at every turn, and with it the similar tendency to generalize hastily from a few instances. All practice in exact observation and exact description cultivates truthfulness, and this practice it should be the care of the conscientious teacher to provide. It is all important that the teacher set an example of truthfulness. If he pretend to a knowledge which he does not possess; if he hesitate to avow on occasion his ignorance or his need of further study; if he be loose and slipshod in his own statements and descriptions, he must not expect to succeed in teaching the children who are exposed to his influence to be truthful. Perfect candor is an indispensable quality in a teacher.

Children are very quick to detect any lack of this virtue in their instructors and governors. Indeed, like all inexperienced persons, they are prone to attribute deceitful conduct to honest people.

3. Again, it is the duty of the teacher to cultivate in his pupils from a very early age the sense that they are bound by indissoluble ties to past and to future generations; that they can not live to themselves alone; that they belong not only to a family, but to a town, a state, and a nation; and that they share in all the worth and wealth and in all the barbarism and misery of their race. Biographies, family, histories, local monuments, graveyards, town annals, public ceremonies and observances, and the social and political organizations with which children come into contact must be made the vehicles of these ideas of common interest, rights, and duties. Children and young persons are naturally selfish, absorbed in the eager pursuit, from moment to moment, of what seems good to them at the instant, without thought of their relations to others. This supreme selfishness the cultivation of the historical sense tends to moderate and subdue.

4. Finally, the conscientious teacher ought to use every endeavor to implant in the minds of his pupils a nice sense of honor. This sentiment, which makes part of every noble character, is at bottom a just sense of what is right, true, and generous; but, as applied to one's own consciousness, it is nearly equivalent to self-respect. Attributed in times past only to the privileged few, it must become the possession of the many, if free institutions are to prove durable. That increased attention to the cultivation of this sentiment is needed in schools of all grades may be inferred from the deplorable state of student opinion in colleges concerning such dishonorable practices as presenting false excuses, signing deceitful statements in order to secure trivial or substantial advantages in violations of rules, answering falsely at roll-call and chesting at examination. Young men who are guilty of these practices in the Northern states do not in general, lose casts with their fellows thereby; and yet college students are the selected products of American schools. It is said——and, it is to be hoped, truly said——that in Southern colleges a wholesomer condition of public opinion prevails. The means of cultivating this sense of honor are chiefly these: In the first place, the conscientious teacher ought inveriably to make a profound distinction between dishonorable offenses and those violations of necessary rules which may be indulgible indeed, but are not inherently vicious. It confounds all moral distinctions in the minds of his pupils if a teacher rebuke and punish lack of application, pranks, or noise in the same manner as lying and cheating. Secondly, the teacher should inveriably express the utmost reprobation of dishonorable conduct. Thirdly, he should hold up for the admiration of his pupils the words and actions of men and women who have conspicuously exemplified the meaning and worth of honor.—*Unity.*

To Friends of the Institution

In connection with other industrial departments of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, there is also a first-class book, job and newspaper

STEAM PRINTING OFFICE AND BOOK BINDERY,

stocked with everything necessary to produce good work at low prices.

Besides printing the *Southern Workman* and *African Repository*, (organ of the *American Colonization Society*) we also have a fair run of job printing from the town and vicinity.

But we are desirous of increasing this branch of the business, and would solicit work from friends of the Institute, in all parts of the country. The office employs ten regular hands (exclusive of manager) viz:—three colored students, (one from Africa,) one Indian; five ex-students; (one female) one book-binder, and one white apprentice.

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Any work given the office, not only helps the school, but creates an opportunity for students to learn a trade that will be of use to them in after life.

Specimens, estimates, circulars, and any information regarding the school, will be chearfully furnished, upon application.

Address all communications

C. W. BETTS, Manager.
Normal School Steam Press.
HAMPTON VIRGINIA.

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THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AT SEA. [From "Harper's Weekly."]

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AT SEA.

For the very striking pintnra upon our first page we are indebted to the courtesy of Messers Harper Brothers, and are glad that we are thus enabled to give our readers so effective an illustration of the use of the electric light at sea. By the arrangement in use the brilliant rays are thrown directly upon any object in the pathway of the vessel carrying the light, and by this means the danger from collision with icebergs or other obstacles is largely avoided. There seems no doubt that in time these lights will be adopted upon all lighthouses, vessels, etc. and the accidents of ocean travel be by just so much diminished.

A WEDDING AT THE AFRICAN CHURCH

A few weeks ago the following invitation, neatly printed on delicately tinted paper, was handed me:

MR. & MRS. JOHN H. KINCKLE,
Request your presence at the Marriage of their daughters
ALICE, TO PROF D. E. VASSAR,
AND
ROSA, TO PROF. JOSEPH E. JONES,
On ——at the Court Street Baptist Church,
LYNCHBURG, VA.

"What wonderful progress these people have made in less than the time commonly allowed for one generation," was my reflection, as I looked at the dainty envelopa inscribed with a monogram. "What effort what persevence, what capability has been displayed, what difficulties have been undergone to transform the slaves of twenty years ago, into the leaders of their race among us, into property holders and teachers."

But who are Mr. & Mrs. John Kinckle? who are Professors Vassar and Jones?

At the risk of invading somewhat the sanctity of domestic life, I must, in order to furnish a proper account of this wedding at the colored church, give a little sketch of the principal actors in the scene.

"Uncle John Kinckle" as everybody calls tha worthy baggage-man of the city, according to our Southern custom of expressing consideration for the elderly colored people among us, is a great character here and fully merits the high esteem with which he is regarded. "There is not a business man in the place, who has more entirely tha confidence of the community, or more thoroughly deserves it," said our leading book seller, a prominent democrat, the day of the wedding, which was the general theme of interest in the town.

Like most of the old slaves, Uncle John has a pathetic story to tell of his early life. "I was put upon tha block to be sold for debt" he says, "and would have been bought by the traders, and taken away from my wife and children if it had not been for the Episcopal minister. He was a poor man, and he did not want to own slaves, but he said he had married Rachel and me, and we had been members of his church, and he had baptized our little children, and he could not hear to see us parted that way, and he bought me, and then gave me my freedom, and said I could pay him the money just as I earned it. Just think of him trustin' me that way, tekin' the word of a poor nigger, that had nothin', but the close on on his back to pay a thousand dollars!" Truly did Uncle John vindicate the confidence of his white friend, and the emancipation found him well established in business, which he still continues to the entire satisfaction of the travelling community.

His pathway has not always been without thorns; being much too sensible and business-like to be carried away by the political excitement, which upset so many of the colored people in the first years of freedom, he was accused by his own race of joining with the "white folks" against their interest, and at one time the negroes were so excited against him, that his stable and several valuable horses were burned by malicious people. His little home, under the thrifty management of his excellent wife, has been the abode of peace and comfort; and as his children grew up, they have had every advantage he could afford them.

Both the daughters are graduates of Howard University, and since leaving school have taught in the public schools of the state; in their vacations improving themselves by travel, and when at home occupying themselves with music and literature and the practice of many useful domestic arts. I have had many pleasant visits to the little flower-embosomed cottage, always orderly within and without, and as I sat in the tidy parlor surrounded by books and pictures and musical instruments, have marvelled at the taste displayed in its adornment. Among the books, I have noticed the encyclopedia of literature, given one of the sisters by "a friend," whose name she was too delicate to mention, and a work called "The Black Race" by Dr. Wells, of Boston, which I would commend to all interested in the African race. The house has been considerably enlarged of late years, and I am told the girls assisted their father in making the improvements in their pretty home, and have also kept their younger brother for several terms at the Richmond Institute, where the young man they have just married are teachers. Vassar and Jones are both Lynchburgers, the latter having special claims on my interest from having been born a slave in my husband's family. Both were so fortunate in their school days as to attract the attention of a benevolent Northern gentleman, who sent them to Hamilton college, New York, where both graduated, and have since done credit to their friend's kindness in taking high positions as teachers and leaders of their people. Mr. Jones is well spoken of as a lecturer and preacher, and gives good promise of usefulness in the land of his birth.

The night of the wedding I went to the church very early. The hour for the ceremony was 8½ o'clock, but knowing there would be a crowd, I went long before the time, and found only the sexton putting the finishing touches to the arrangements. The church, built lately by the colored Baptists, on the site of their old church, which was condemned after a panic in which many persons were killed and injured, cost nearly $30.000 and is substantial and handsome. Over the pulpit is a memorial window, bearing the name of the deceased pastor Dr. Morris, whose portrait hangs near, and also the names of the nine women killed in the panic. The first picture on the stained glass represents the Baptism of Christ by John the Baptist, and is no doubt a great stand-by for the faithful in defending their favorite doctrine. The altar was handsomely adorned with flowers forming numerous bouquets and garlands, two beautiful oleanders in tubs hidden under moss being prominant among the ornaments. Before the pulpit lay a white rug elaborately bordered with evergreens and bunches of flowers, or the bridal couple to stand on. The church is beautifully lighted with chandeliers and side burners, and when the gas was turned on the effect was very good indeed. The pews in front of the pulpit were reserved for invited guests by white strings, and I heard some of the first comers who did not belong to the select circle whispering somewhat curious comments on the "preparations for the aristocracy," but as the house filled with a well-dressed audience, every thing seemed to be good-humored, and was gracefully managed. A few young girls, who were to be at the reception given by the brides, entered in party costume, looking extremely well in white muslin and flowers, and several very dignified looking matrons, wearing stylish cape and dark dresses, took their seats among tha invited guests.

The organ gallery was filled with white ladies and gentlemen, interested spectators of the scene. Just as every body was getting tired of waiting, an important looking usher took his stand before the pulpit and said gravely: "I hope all our friends will be very quiet;" silence fall upon tha buzzing, whispering crowds, the organ pealed forth, and than good old uncle John Kinckla walked solemnly up tha aisle looking thoroughly respectable with his smooth grey locks falling over the collar of his broadcloth suit. His wife, who is in very feeble health, and was hardly able to undergo tha excitement, leaned on his arm, looking extremely ladylike in black silk with lace about her neck. Other relations followed, and were duly seated by tha ushers, who arranged everything admirably, and then the attendants, four couples on each side, entered and were conducted to their places. The groomsmen wore the regulation black suits with white gloves, but the bridesmaids were all handsomely dressed in a variety of costumes. One who stood just in front of me and possessed a very good figure, wore an elegant white satin dress with a long train puffed to tha waist, with tiny pink bouquets sprinkled promiscuosly over it, and the other damsels had equally handsome combination of lace silk and flowers, all vanity and folly no doubt, but very becoming to the wearers, and helping to fill up a very pretty ecene.

After this stylish party, the minister, who much to my surprise was a white man, and proved to be Dr. Korah, principal of the Richmond Institute, in which the bridegrooms are teachers, and a kind friend of all the young people, was escorted to his place. Then the two brides and their grooms, all very handsomely dressed, the girls in white satin with tulle veils, abundant lace, flowers, etc, were duly arranged before the doctor, and the ceremony was performed, the minister using most of the service of the Episcopal church, of which both the brides are members, and closing with an extempore prayer.

After the ceremony, I noticed one of our prominent physicians and other white gentlemen offering congratulations and good wishes to the bridal party. There was general interest and sympathy felt for the worthy family on this important occasion, and the only unamiable remarks I heard on the subject were from other colored people, some of whom less fortunate, probably because less deserving than the Kinkles, talked very spitefully of these "old issua free niggars setten themselves up for somethin' when they aint nothin'."

People disposed to be critical migh thava commented on the lavish expenditures of this wedding, the trousseaux of the brides consisting of numerous silk dresses, with ornamented under-wear, by dozens and scores, but the money spent was all honestly earned, and it was not unnatural that the young people, feeling that much was expected of them as tha leaders of their race in society, should have been tempted to make some display. Both of the brides and the faithful swains to whom they are now wedded, have been working and waiting for years for this occasion, and we wish them every happiness this world affords and a long continuance in usefulness, now that their little triumph has passed off so auspiciously.

I had noticed with the wedding party, a nice looking young mulatto man wearing gold eye glasses and having rather a foreign air, and learned that he was uncle John's nephew from Boston.

At my invitation, he called to see me the next day, and I found him very intelligent and interesting. Ha had apparently unlearned everything Southern and learned everything Northern, having been taken to Boston by his mother when quite a child, and educated there. He had begun to make his living as a house-boy, then had some training in a store, and is now very happy in having been taken into a lawyer's office with hopes of getting into practice in time. The young man dwelt with much earnestness upon tha pleasures and advantages of Boston, and grew quite enthusiastic over its fine public library, told me of the plan upon which it is managed, talked of Wendell Phillips, who is the president of a colored men's club bearing his name, to which my visitor belonged, and spoke gratefully of tha interest shown by the "silver tongued orator" in his proteges. He says colored people receive much kindness from New England people generally, and there is little to remind them of any race prejudice. He spoke with much feeling of the gratification it afforded him to find his relations here so prosperous and comfortable, and at hearing his uncle and tha two professors who have married his cousins so well spoken of in the community. My Boston friend related a little experience of his own since his arrival here, and I thought his comments thereon showed an excellent disposition.

It seems he went into a barber's shop on Main St. and after taking his seat noticed that tha barbers, all colored men, stared at him and each other in a peculiar manner. After some delay, he was shaved and went his way, and learned afterwards that there was a sensation in the town on the subject, as he was tha first colored person ever shaved in that shop, which is used exclusively by white people.

He remarked that such distinctions were not made in Boston, and he had grown up without knowledge of the prejudices common here. He entered the shop without thought of giving offense; if he had known how his action would be regarded he would not have gone to the shop; the barber's living depended on his customers here, and it was not a matter of any importance to himself as he was only here for a visit.

A few days after tha wedding I called to see Mrs. Kinckle, and found her in bed very feeble, but composed and cheerful. She has always been an interesting person to me, perfectly unpretending, but with a certain dignity about her as a wife and mother, and the head of a family. She said she had made a great effort to keep up, until her daughters set out on their wedding trip, which they did immediately after the marriage, but had been much prostrated ever since. The children were unwilling to leave her and she had not allowed them to find out how sick she was, knowing that it would spoil their enjoyment. She called a girl who was polishing nent mahogany furniture in the room, to bring her the letters and postals received from the bridal party, and gave me a batch of lively, affectionate epistles from the girls and their husbands, describing all the interesting sights they were seeing in their Northern trip, and the pleasures they were having, only marred by tha fear that their dear mother was sick and needing their attention.

Mrs. Kinckle introduced me to her sister-in-law, tha mother of my Boston visitor, who was a slave in early life in Virginia, but has seen a great deal of the world of late years, having lived in various Northern states. At one time she was employed in a boarding-house in Hartford, where Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Hooker were staying, and she was much pleased to find that we had a mutual friend in the last named interesting lady. It was not a little suggestive and diverting to hear this ex-slave speak in terms of affectionate familiarity of "Miss Harriet and Miss Isabella," just as she would have spoken of her old master's daughter's, when I reflected upon the large agency the aforesaid "Miss Harriet" had exerted to bring the freed women to her present comfortable condition.

LOCAL OPTION.

Editor Southern Workman:

This is a subject which I think should occupy the attention of all thinking men of this State. Last year it was a matter for study and action in our sister State, but she lost it, and now I am told it will be brought up in Virginia this fall, and I hope that she may not follow the example of her sister States, but will rather take that of Ohio and Iowa. But truly I am afraid that the cause will be a lost one unless there is more said and done about it than has been. I have never taken the stump, and hope I never shall, but I shall use all my power to help on this grand law, and I truly hope that every teacher and preacher in the state of Virginia may do the same. The great trouble is that almost all the voters are users of rum, and many of them say they will never vote for a law to take away their own pleasure, yet they say that such a law ought to be passed for those who don't know how to use rum without making beasts of themselves. But they say they know how to use it, and don't think that they should be deprived of it because others do not. To such I quote Paul, "I will eat no more meat" &c. I was talking with a man not long ago who is a member of the church, and I asked how he was going to vote on the subject. He frankly said he would vote against such a law, for he likod his dram, and if he thought that the prohibition law ever would pass in this State, he would buy himself a barrel of whiskey and put it away, if he had to sell his horse to do so. And this man is not the only man about this place who would do this. Yet I don't think that all will go against it. When we see what whiskey has done and is doing for our people, I think all lovers of humanity should come up with all their power against this great evil of mankind. Nip the evil in the bud and let it die. I have always been as strong against the idea of women voting as any body, but now I could willingly ask the sisters of the Old Dominion to come over and help us, believing as I do that almost all of them would vote for such a law. But as they are not allowed to vote, I ask them to use all their power to make the men vote aright. Wives, talk kindly to your husbands and make them promise to vote for the law; young ladies, tell your friends that unless they vote for the prohibition law they need not call on you again. All teachers admit that the future of our race lies with the children of to-day; therefore I say that this subject is of grave importance to every clear minded person in this State. Every teacher should use all of his power to have the great temptation removed from our boys; and the best temperance pledge I know is a prohibition law. All our temperance pledges will prove a failure to the young till this law is passed. So preachers and teachers, do all you can to save your race; and remember you are working for the whole human race when you are trying to put down the sale of whiskey. See what rum is doing for the land to-day, and hear the cries of the poor women and children, from whom rum has taken their bread, clothes, and homes.

Windsor Va, July 1882.

A. E. W.

DIED.

On May 29th, Mrs. Jennie (Shelton) Ivy, of consumption, contracted while teaching in the face of many hardships during the severe winter of 80–81. She graduated in '76, and from that time taught regularly and with great success, in the counties of Mecklenburg and Bedford. Her marriage to Mr. P. B. Ivy, took place Feb. 22nd, '81. Testimony to her good works comes to us both from her class-mates and her employees; the former say of her; "Her illness was borne with that fortitude and resignation which characterizes the true follower of Christ, and makes death sad only in that the subject cannot remain longer to engage in the service for mankind. Only those of us who knew her can feel her loss to the list of Hampton graduates." The superintendent under whom she taught for four years writes "She was always found on the side of truth, right and duty."

On June 15th, at Hampton Institute, after a short illness, J. Rosa Spratley, a member of the graduating class. At a meeting of her classmates held shortly after her death, a series of resolutions were adopted, from which we quote; "Miss Spratley was, we believe, a true follower of Christ. She was of a mild disposition, was sedate, peaceful, and always willing to submit to the right."

Her teachers feel that she would have made a good worker, and the comparative suddenness of her death was made especially sad to all from the fact that it occured so soon after her graduation.

Southern Workman,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October, four months.)

Printed on the Normal School Steam Press by students trained in the office.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MRS. ORNA LANGHORNE, } *Regular Contributors.*

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Subscribers are reminded that, from July to October inclusive, this paper is reduced to an eight page form, resuming in November the twelve page form.

The ties between North and South are becoming so closely interwoven, their relations to each other have changed so rapidly in the last few years, that it is no longer a matter of surprise to find the antagonisms of the past merging themselves in an identity of interest. Special illustrations of this come frequently under our notice and we know of none more valuable in its results than that which is embodied in the attitude of the two sections towards each other in the matter of the establishment of schools. Nothing is more interesting in the history of the South during the last ten years than the origin and growth of such schools as those for colored children and youth at Tuskegee, Alabama, and Knoxville Tenn., and for whites at Wilmington, North Carolina, and Norfolk, Virginia. The last two owe their existence directly to the generosity of a Northern lady, while the Normal school at Tuskegee, and Miss Austin's school at Knoxville show what can be done when North and South join hands. The former was established in 1880 by an act of the legislature of the State of Alabama, an annual appropriation of $2,000 for the payment of teacher's salaries was made, and since then about $15,000 have been raised by friends at the North and the efforts of the students, $500 of which have gone towards the purchase of a farm. The principal of the school, Mr. Booker Washington, his wife and two of the teachers are graduates of Hampton, and are meeting with encouraging success in their new field of labor.

Miss Austin's brief account of her work, given in our present issue, bears witness to the energy and devotion of Northern women, and to that gradual change of sentiment which is transforming their whilom untriendly Southern neighbors into their best helpers.

The future of such schools as these is full of promise, for even though, as individual enterprises, they may seem of comparatively small importance, they are the straws that show which way the wind blows. The need of the South has been the opportunity of the North, and the majority of Southerners already appreciate that it has been nobly used. In their turn and according to their means, they are taking up the work, and they bring to it an enthusiasm which seems to ensure its future. There is still plenty to be done, but the identity of interest is fairly established, and the Southerner of to day is as ready as the New Englander, to acknowledge the claim of every child, white, or colored, to as good an education as the State can afford to give it.

We believe that there is food for thought in the following letter, which requires to be prefaced only by the explanation that Rosa Pleets is an Indian half breed who went through a three years' course at Hampton, and returned to her people in September, 1881.

ST. STEPHEN'S MISSION,
Fort Sully,
Dakotah Ter.

Lieut. G. Le R. Brown.

Dear Sir:

Mr. Swift asks me to write you in reference to Indian girls who wish to go to Hampton, and begs you will give him as early an answer as possible. Rosa Pleets has been with me for three months, and has given me complete satisfaction. If surrounded by good influences she will do nobly. She is quite anxious to return to Hampton for a while, and we are to have her to do so. It has occurred to us that if she were taught a trade as the boys are, it would give her a certain position of superiority that would enable her to be a most excellent helper in our work. The Sunday school would be under her charge with my assistance. I would suggest that she be taught knitting, dress making, and also should receive lessons on a cabinet organ. I, myself, consider it a mistake to keep the girls for so short a time and not give them a trade, as it is, when they come back they are about as far advanced as the girls in the mission schools here. If the girls were taught some one thing in a thorough manner they would be invaluable as assistants in the work of educating their people, even if they are not employed except in their regular domestic duties. But a young Dakotah woman who is skilful, who can earn money, has *more* influence than a young man has. * * * * * *

Very sincerely yours,
M. A. SWIFT

There is no doubt as to the justice of Mrs Swift's criticism, and the value of her suggestions. Three years is altogether too short a time for the training of a half wild Indian girl; something can be done, but truly it is only a beginning. The more intelligent among them can see this for themselves, and there is a terrible pathos in their entreaties to be kept in school or at least to be permitted to return. The future is far more dangerous for them than for the boys, and under the present system, they are not so well prepared to meet it. The solution given by Mrs. Swift is the true one, but it costs money.

During the past month the school has received a generous and needed gift from Mrs. J. Milhank of New York city. The note accompanying it runs as follows:

"During our stay at the Hygein Hotel last March, I attended one of the Sunday morning services at the Normal school, and was struck with your need of another piano. I am glad now to be able to present the school with one for use on these occasions."

It is hardly necessary to say that the new piano is as thoroughly appreciated as its need had been felt, and will add much to the pleasure of both students and teachers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Honolulu, June 1st, 1882.

The Cabinet Ministers of this little kingdom have resigned, and an entirely new Cabinet has taken their places. These of us in a most solemn manner gave up what are called "high trusts," and stepped down from the official pedestals upon which we were exposed to the gaze and criticism of the nation, that is of some sixty thousand men, women and children. However, a change of ministers in this little kingdom is a not uncommon event. It is quite the fashion here, as it is in Hayti, Mexico and South America. There have been eight Ministers of the Interior within the nine years. It reminds one of the Englishmen getting shaved in a Paris barber shop. Hearing a noise in the street, he inquired of the barber, "what is that"? The barber went to the door, looked and returned, shrugged his shoulders and replied, "it's only a revolution," and continued the shaving. Still, a change in the government is no small affair here. It may be like the disturbance of a small pond as compared with a great lake, or the raging of a canal as compared with the surging of the ocean, but it is a political commotion, and is entitled to be respected accordingly. The Government of this kingdom is a very rickety affair, owing to many good and sufficient reasons. It expresses certain phases of a very curious problem, and is worthy of study by political students. The fact that the nation is Tom Thumb in size, does not make the principles concerned, or the evolution in progress, or the logic of events any the less interesting. The smallest painting, hardly larger than the hand, under the brush of a master, may involve as much skill, and demand as much study as the largest battle pieces by Vernet. As a "study," the little Hawaiian problem is probably the most intricate that exists. He who will collect the facts truthfully, and treat them justly and philosophically, will make a valuable contribution to political history. The present interest of the United States in this kingdom is wholly due to the geographical situation of the Islands, which are destined to be the commercial and perhaps military arena for the combat between the Anglo-saxon and the Chinese. In other countries the political problems are with growing races. Here they are with a dying race. In the commercial and industrial interests of the Island the natives have little share. That they have none is their own fault. The country was theirs, but they chose to give it up to foreigners, of their own free will; they have parted with their birth right, and now the largest part of the property of the kingdom is in the hand of the whites, the Americans, the English, the Chinese, the Portuguese; at the same time, owing to the constitutional guarantee of universal suffrage, the natives hold the political power by an enormous majority. For many years this was a matter of little consequence, as the natives willingly submitted to the superior wisdom and skill of the whites, and insisted on their holding all of the high and responsible offices. But times have changed. The younger natives, growing up with a partial education of the head, which is always dangerous, and with little education in character and industry, which is fatal, have come to the conclusion that as they have the political power they may as well use it. Just now they are making their first decided attempts to use that power. It is said by some that this is the result of evil influences by unprincipled white men. This is not true. The native is working out the conditions of his life. He is unthrifty and idle. Therefore he is jealous of the prosperous white men. He finds that he holds the political power, and proposes to use it. He considers himself competent to hold any office, and therefore ought to fill every office. He no longer respects the intelligence or the wisdom of the white. The natives instead of recuperating, are dwindling away. They make no effort to arrest their decay; other races are increasing in the kingdom, but the Hawaiian takes no steps to hold his own. The Chinese, thrifty, intelligent, law abiding, equal if they do not out number the adult male Hawaiians, but they hold no political power whatever, and are at the mercy of the natives. If selfgovernment is good for the idle native, it is good for the industrious Chinese. If there must be consistency, either the native must give up the ballot, or the Chinese must have it. The result will be an inevitable conflict of races. It can not be prevented; to ignore this does not destroy it. It exists, and it is only a matter of time, as to when the conflict will begin. There are many persons here, who do not see this, just as there were many persons, counted even by the millions, in the United States, who did not see that the great conflict of the civil war was bound to come; that it was the irresistible logic of events. But here, as there, the vast majority will not believe it till it does come. The average community in any country does not look beyond its own nose. Even an actual crisis never gives men wisdom. It fuses them, strikes out a common idea, utters a solemn music to which they all keep step, and makes them follow leaders who have fixed their ideas and have founded resolutions. But the average community has only an average wisdom, and that is a sorry affair. I have now been connected with the Hawaiian Government for nearly two years, and have watched the process of political evolution with the deepest interest. It was the dream and hope of those who took this little race out of paganism, to make it take rank with the civilized and Christianized nations of the world. I desired to see that accomplished. But one must deal coldly with facts, and accept the inevitable disposition which they make of themselves. The stability and respectability of the Government is due solely to the conserving influence of the whites; take that out, and you have Hayti and San Domingo, and a renewed paganism. The Hawaiian nationality is already a failure, and a sad one. I know that some few think otherwise. The new Minister of Foreign Affairs has an abiding faith in a reconpercted nation; give him all the conditions requisite, and there would be hope. He sees the danger which comes from European friction, and would supplant the European with Asiatics. But commerce and trade, and rich sugar lands deal harshly with theories. He must deal with affairs as he finds them, and the brown race which he is trying to lead, can not and will not cooperate with him, though he have the wisdom of a god. He is treating with a people who are without character, and they will fail him. These Islands are a place for a high order of national life, but the elements are now wanting to form it. The geographical situation will subject the inhabitants to forces which will develope curious results, as the Americans and Chinese close in for that great commercial and industrial struggle which comes in the near future. The Hawaiian, out of his own foolishness, has put himself in antagonism to the Anglo-Saxon, and it does not need much historical knowledge to predict the result. I do not mean to say that the Hawaiian does this deliberately, knowingly or maliciously. He does it because he must act according to the habit of his life, his education and his traditions. He is to be pitied for his ignorance in striking against the whites; what makes the situation peculiarly interesting is, that the small white community which must deal with the political questions, is, in spite of a most unfortunate want of a common idea, singularly intelligent, and comprises a larger proportion of educated, travelled, and well informed persons than any community of the same size in the world, and its strong philanthropy for the native race is beyond question. A community with less conscience would have put the Hawaiian under foot years ago. But it is confronted with novel questions, and in its conservatism, it hesitates, and fears to act. The prosperity of the Islands is great. The Reciprocity treaty with the United States is making men rich, and men who are making money don't like to trouble themselves about serious questions which can be put off. Here as elsewhere men act, though they do not say, "after us the deluge." As a purely commercial affair the treaty with the United States works well, because it gives to the world some thousands of tons of sugar every year, which would not be produced if their treaty did not exist, and all wholesome products of the earth are a gain to mankind; what the gain is socially and politically is about to be thoroughly discussed by the American Congress. That it should be of the greatest advantage to the United States, lies largely within the control of the white people. The political history of these Islands is singularly interesting, as it is the experiment of the strong races putting themselves alongside of the weaker Polynesian race, and submitting to the complete political power being in the hands of the latter. Wherever the stronger races have gone, they have crushed and dominated. The English have never permitted a weaker race to govern them. They attempt to crush it out and then put over it a wise, benign rule, which is the best of government under such conditions. If it were not for geographical situation, I should like to see these Islands under British colonial rule. Here every effort has been made by the foreigners to build up a Hawaiian nation. The great Powers have never hurt them, only scratched a little now and then. The whites have done much for them, given them the Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, and the best of political machinery. Great respect has been shown for the native dynasty. Wisdom and justice could not dictate a more humane policy than that of the whites. It glitters like a diamond in the crown of the Anglo Saxon. But the Hawaiian cannot appreciate this. He is a child in his culture, his thought and his character. He is epoiled. As he pays no attention to his physical condition and allows his blood to become saturated with foul disease, without attempting to clean it, so he is in political matters, and he disregards those virtues which make communities safe to dwell in. He calls himself a patriot, but refuses those duties which patriotism demands. He has utterly abandoned his true, warm friends. Men like Dole, and Castle and Parker, born here, though of American descent, willing workers

in all philanthropic matters concerning the natives, have no hold on them.

Parkar has eloquantly preached to them for twenty five years, and they give him only a pittance, and no confidance.

The missionary influence has died out. Men like Bishop and Widemann, not missionarias, married to native women who are a credit to any social life, hava no infinence, though they are wise, honest, and wealthy. The Hawaiian demagogue has come to the front, and the natives follow him. A drunken Hawaiian met ma in the street, and said, "you told the people in America we are dying out, and we don't like it." "Are you not dying out?" I asked. "Yes we are, but you need not tell us so," "I tell it, because you will do nothing to save yonr lives; we wish you to live, and be prosperous, but you do nothing," I said. "This is our country, and the foreigner has no business here" he said, as he staggered off.

The native knows that he has the political control, and means to use it. He does not intend to do wrong, but being a child, he acts like a child. The time will come when the foreigner, tired of this foolishness, will put aside all generous feeling for the native, and using his better brain and greater resources will reconstruct. It was a mistake, a serious blunder, to hold that a people just over the line of paganism, were fitted for Anglo-Saxon institutions, or could rule Anglo-Saxons. The basis of decent self government is character, this the Hawaiian lacks. His political structnre is built on the sand. It has been propped up by the kindly and wise hands of the white people. But the Hawaiian is now striking away these props, and the end is coming.

If there should be found among the American, English and Germans a common sentiment, a determination to do what the occasion exacts, to put their own characters and resources at issue with misrule, the end will be, as it should be, a better civilization. Men here talk about these matters always, in the streets, at their tables, and in their business honrs. No one speaks openly for fear that the Hawaiians "may sit down on him." Clear headed men, of allnationalities are anxious about the future. It grows darker every day, and no one sees any light. There is among the foreign residents, a strong feeling in favor of law and order, and all are agreed that if the present dynasty would govern as it might and should, there would be political peace everywhere, and that agitation for a change of Government would be foolish. But even the tropical worm may be aroused.

"Annoxation" is discussed. Annexation to the U. S. That is an impracticabla scheme. It involves the consent of the Hawaiians, which will not be given. There is but one out look for the future here, and that is that those who now own the land and the property insist on good government, and if it cannot be now given, that there be made a good government. It will be better for all, especially the Hawaiians. In my private journal, published in the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, I made a general allusion to the numerous lepers in this country. This statement was read by the natives and angrily received.

The Government Phyaician Dr. Fitch, makes out a worse case than I can. He says in his report that the entira nation is full of syphilitic disease, and that leprosy is only the fourth stage of syphilis. It is a terribly sad outlook when a nation is pronounced universally diseased, and that with a disease said to be only an early stage of leprosy. As these diseases are not, and under the circumstances can not be arrested, it is a fair conclusion that every native has in him the seeds of leprosy. The truth is, no one knows how far leprosy has spread. It is a slow moving disease, and often does not appear until late. It has taken hold of the Hawaiians, and, in the judgment of most of the physicians here, will finally end them.

W. N. A.

Most gratifying testimony to the success of the Hampton industrial system has been received during the past month, from the gentlemen who examined the work of our Indian young men, as exhibited in Boston, at the wste-rooms of Houghton, Coolidge and Co. Specimens of work in the various departments were submitted to the inspection of experts, who reported upon them in detail. It is with, we think, pardonable pride that we quote their opinions so far as our space will permit. The harnesses, they report, "are made in the most thorough manner, with every evidence of taste and skill, and there seems no reason why these goods should not compete successfully with the products of Northern workshops." The brogans "are as good as those made in Boston, of the same grade. * * * Two-thirds of our Northern workmen could not turn out any better work." In the opinion of Mr. Coolidge, "they are superior to anything which could be produced, without machinery, by three men out of a hnndred in our Northern factories." * * * *

"The articles exhibited, illustrate much better than can be expressed in words the fitness of the Indians for the handiwork of civilization." * * * *

"When it is considered that instruction in these industries did not commence until March 7th, of the current year, the successful results achieved, are more than ordinarily flattering, and augur well for aboriginal labnr, if judiciously trained and directed."

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Northern Pacific R. R., August 5th, 1882.

We have just crossed the Red River which separates Dakotah and Minnesota. Breakfasted at Fargo, which, with Morehead, across the river, are wonders of Western growth, towns of 7,000 inhabitants, doubling every year, with electric lights, fine buildings, a hotel that would do credit to any Eastern city, and a plentiful supply of churches, while schools are not neglected and factories are under way. They are situated at the junction of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroads, are the termini of another, still others are being built, and North, South, East and West will send here their tribute of trade and freight. The following is a specimen paragraph from the "Argus," of Fargo. "Fargo's fame is almost world-wide, and it is daily growing, swelling, wideoing, deepening. Five years ago wild prairie grass, strewn with buffalo skulls. Three years ago a straggling frontier village of clapboard shanties. To day a metropolitan city of palatial buildings and all the convenience and luxuries, improvements, refinements and extravagances of New York, London or Paris. Pilgrims from every land beneath the sun are flocking to see her beauty, her glory and her boom, and like Sheba's queen of old they all find, however fabulous the stories they have heard, that the half has not been told them."

We are here at the head of Red River navigation, and we are this moment passing the celebrated Dalrymple wheat farm of 30,000 acres, the largest in the U. S., except one in California, which is said to have cleared $90,000 last year. A little farther on is the Steele farm of 20,000 acres. This is the region of great farms, steam ploughing, and the most perfect farm machinery in the world. On the Dalrymple farm a ploughman starts after breakfast in a straight line across the field till noon, a distance of 12 miles, dines there and ploughs back, reaching home at night. The business of these vast farms is managed like that of a factory or bank. There are divisions and sub-divisions of the land with each of which a separate account is kept. Only with perfect method can such business be kept in hand. The vast products of this region (wheat and oats) are carried by rail at 15 cents a bushel to Duluth, Lake Superior, and shipped thence to all parts of the world. For countless miles away on either side, and for nearly all day along the road, there are fields of wheat and oats that help to feed the human race. This territory of Dakotah is the last of the great agricultural sections of the West to be filled up. Beyond it are Montana, Colorado and Wyoming, which are chiefly mining and grazing districts.

Be side me sits an agent of the Palace Cattle Car Co., who has kindly explained his scheme to me. Twenty cattle are placed in each car (two more than in the ordinary kind.) The The animals stand rump to ramp, untied, but safely confined in stalls, which run diagonally, where they can lie down at will, and are fed and watered as well as if in stables. It is as perfect a contrivance for the comfort of animals as the Pullman car is for people. The entire train is watered from one cistern, which feeds the tank in each car from whence water is distributed as needed. When in very cold weather the car is closed, the animal heat keeps the temperature at 70 degrees. The cattle are free from bruises, and gain about 1 per cent. in flesh on their travels. This season over 50,000 head of cattle will be transported by this company on the U. P. R. R., to Chicago, beyond which this humane system will not reach until next year.

We left New York Tuesday evening, Aug. 1st, by the Pennsylvania route, breakfasted at Altoona, and took the "observation car" for the grand ride over the Alleghany mountains. One is struck with the audacity of the railroad engineers in runing their track through this wild region, climbing or piercing the mountains as they preferred, and carrying a mighty commerce above the clouds, till they reach the slope of the Mississippi valley. But one never get much of nature's inspiration from a steam car. It goes too fast, the views are won too easily as wall as too quickly to afford the fullness of joy that awaits him who goes step by step to the top. Pennsylvania runs over into Ohio as to the general appearance of things. There is thrift every where, but at Massillon we first notice the finer condition of the latter. This is a prosperous town with better houses, a cleaner look, and signs of a civilization superior to that through which we had been passing. One often feels in passing from one state into another a change of atmosphere other than atmospheric, there are signs of a difference in the people, variously and curiously expressed, one can sometimes almost smell it. Car riding is a good deal like sea going, it takes time to get into a travelling mood. One is restless the first day or two, then there is little novelty, and on the great trunk lines, much dust and heat.

THE GREAT WEST.

We left Chicago *via* Milwaukee and St. Paul for the extreme limit of the North Pacific R. R. One is amazed at Chicago's size and business and whirl, but its dirty looking brick walls are as little pleasing as some of its drives and places of residence and business are beautiful and wonderful. No finer impression of a great lake can be had than from the heights of Milwaukee, which overlook Lake Michigan. Here are pleasant groves and seats, inviting one to sit and gaze at the great inland sea. To look out upon its vastness, its long horizon, and realize that it is nearly a thousand miles from the ocean and only a fresh water pond after all, is difficult. One expects the Atlantic and Pacific to be big, it is their business. But to find all their dignity and grandeur quietly assumed by inland waters is surprising—Lake Michigan compels one's homage. Milwaukee, like other cities, has streets of handsome residences reposing in beautiful gardens, occasionally one finds something quite palatial. The yellow building stone of this region is pleasant to the eye.

I have rarely enjoyed scenery more than on the ride from Milwaukee to St. Paul along the west bank of the Mississippi, which separates Minnesota from Wisconsin. The succession of conical hills that rose green and wooded to the top, from the river's edge, a unique formation at the base of which our track lay, reminded me of parts of Kauai, the oldest and most luxuriant of the Hawaiian Islands. No body who has been on the Rhine could fail to be reminded of it by the resemblance to its ruined castles, of the summits of some of these hills which are crowned by steep, huttressed rocks, perhaps a hundred feet in height, looking as if built by a former race for strongholds. We passed scores of these fortressed hills, enjoying the illusion which fancy could easily create. On the other side, stretching almost from our feet more than a mile away, was the grand river, seeming as broad as he low New Orleans, moving majestically to the sea, its farther banks picturesque and hilly. It is finest when we come to Lake Pepin, which is only the river widened out for several miles in breadth.

St. Paul looks from its high banks, down upon the "Father of Waters" in an imposing way. Its rival, Minneapolis, some ten miles farther up, is upon the river level, and has a great advantage in its water power which creates its vast flouring interests. We drove up there from St. Paul, crossing the Suspension Bridge over the Mississippi to visit Fort Snelling, in order to pay our respects to Gen. Terry, who has taken a very kind interest in the object of our expedition. He was absent, but will meet us later on in the Yellowstone. Fort Snelling is not a fort, but rather barracks for soldiers, and extensive and quite elegant accommodations for the General commanding the department and quite a numerous staff of accomplished officers. It was once an outpost, now it is far from the front. Thence to Minnehaha Falls, well worth the seeing, a stream of water some sixty feet in width and falling eighty feet, in an unbroken, beautiful and uniform sheet, looking like a veil, then rushing through a deeply wooded canon to the Mississippi. I never saw so perfect a form of falling water, one could watch it for hours. We were too late to inspect the flour mills of Minneapolis, probably the largest in the world, having a capacity to turn 20,000 bbls. of flour a day, but walked round them, peeped in at the windows, and marked well their glory as far as could be seen from the outside. The falls of St. Anthony are interesting, only in that they are not falls, for an "apron" carries the water down at an angle of 45 degrees, instead of letting it fall as nature would have it. This is, I believe, that logs may be shot down to greater advantage. Thus is the picturesque sacrificed to the useful.

We are stopping a few minutes at "Valley city" a new town planted in the prairie. There are some scattering houses, a few of brick, a few well marked streets, and a handsome two story tastefully furnished schoolhouse with a tower, that no New England town would be ashamed of, a pretty little church, and a fine three story brick hotel, the latter not quite finished. The order of progress at the West seems to be 1st a railroad, 2nd a hotel, 3rd a church and schoolhouse. A population doubling every year, and an ample supply of grog shops (where not excluded by law) are facts or conditions on which progress has to act.

The cars are crowded, there seems to be a pressure of people to the West, most of the faces are eager and hopeful, we see a tide of human life setting towards new homes, and we seem to be in a country fit to supply them. The soil is responsive, offering of its own accord, the best of all crops, grass. The farmer need not, as in the East, agonize over stony fields and sterile soil, but a kindly, fruitful earth lies ready to his hand. Were it not for the severities of winter a vigorous people could hardly continue here, for the tropical luxuriance of the land might make life too easy. Western enthusiasm is easily accounted for. Success stimulates men, results are more abundant than the effort to create them, while in New England the farmers toil is at least equal to his reward. The sacrifice here is that of society, but that will come to the children of the pioneers. A young man, a stranger to all, is sick in our car, with signs of heart disease. A physician who happens to be on hand, is giving him every attention, and ladies are caring for him like sisters of charity; this illustrates the things of a civilization which, with all its grasp and selfishness, means that no one shall suffer or starve who is in reach of help.

We are riding through Dakotah which is perhaps the greatest wheat region of America; a part of the Northern Pacific country, which is hardly equalled unless it be ily Washington Territory. Mr. Oliver Dalrymple, the great farmer, says that the "soil is extremely rich in carbonate and lime properties, and in silica which gives very strong straw and contributes to the fulness of the berry." * * Futhermore, the conditions necessary to produce corn, and spring wheat are antagonistic. Corn requires heat, and spring wheat must have a cool climate. Again it is a settled fact that all the productions of the temperate zone arrive at their greatest perfection near the Northern limit of their production." As Mr. Dalrymple is an authority upon farming in this region, his statements in regard to his own system, and his advice, are of great value. He says "I am cropping 27,000 acres this season. My system involves dividing my land into farms of about 5,000 acres each, with a superintendent to each. These are again put into sub-divisions of 2,000 acres each, which are placed by the superintendent in the hands of foremen. Each sub-division has its set of buildings, boarding houses, stables, granary, machinery hall, and blacksmith shop, and are connected with headquarters by telephone. We hire our cooks and board our men. I keep everything in store in order to observe a system, and have everything pass through proper channels. * * * Our laborers are engaged by the superintendent. When a man is taken on, he signs the stub in the engagement-ticket, and when he comes to draw his pay, he shows his ticket to his foreman, who takes the name and what wages he gets and gives him a time check when he is paid off. If he wants to go off before his time is up, he cannot get his pay. We stand by our engagement and they must by theirs. Usually one set of men agree until harvest, and another set through harvest and threshing, and then we employ another set on new agreement for fall plowing. * * Wages have usually been $20.00 per month until harvest, $2 00 per day through harvest, and $30.00 a month through fall plowing with board and lodging. * * * We have the herd law, every man takes care of his own stock. He either fences the cattle in, or provides a keeper for them. * * If you use your own teams and machinery you can raise wheat for about 35 cents per bushel, work done by contract cost 40 cents per bushel. * * I have raised six good crops in succession on the Northern Pacific, in the Red River valley of the North, averaging one year with another about 20 bushels of No 1 wheat per acre. The average crops of the U. S. is from 11 to 12 bushels per acre." As to prospects of settlers, Mr. Dalrymple says, 'the new North-west furnishes good openings for young men and for poor men, I mean men in the first half of life. They can not miss it if they come in to rich lands and identify themselves with some legitimate business. * * * It is better not to try to crop the first year but it is an easy matter to raise potatoes and vegetables enough for the family in the sod the first year. New comers get their farms in condition in two or three years, until then they work for their neighbors." The following seems to be applicable to farming anywhere: "For farm work mules are preferable to horses, as they live longer, eat less and do as much work. After farms are under cultivation some farmers prefer to use brood mares and raise colts at the same time. I never could see the advantage of using oxen, because horses average 18 miles a day and oxen 12, and there are the same board bills for the teamster in one case as in the other, although the oxen cost less at first."

PRAIRIE TRAVEL.

We have passed the region of wheat fields and reached the unending prairie. Stopped for dinner at "Jimtown" which having become a candidate for the honor of State capital, must, if possible, be called "Jamestown." Dakotah Territory is as large as all New England, New York, and New Jersey combined,

and probably will be divided at the next session of Congress, to become eventually two states. Jimtown is the expected capital of the northern part as Yankton will be of the southern. The proposed division is a natural one, Northern and Southern Dakotah are really separate. The railroad lines run east and west, none north and south. The state may be considered as settled up to "Jimtown" which is about one third of the distance from its eastern to its western boundary. It is able to bear a dense population, being adapted to agriculture up to this point, 100 miles west of Jimtown. West of here the land is not all so good.

We are off again "out on the ocean sailing" as it were, for the feeling of being at sea grows upon one. One's car is a totally different thing from what it was between New York and Chicago. There it is merely a more or less disagreeable conveyance from which one hopes for release as soon as possible. Here one's car is one's home. We ramble from end to end, chat with fellow passengers, sit on the platform out side and gaze on the fascinating distances (the end of the rear car is the favorite resort) read, write or nap, participate the next meal, and sleep at night. The prairie about is rolling, more picturesque, I think, than the dead level, the sea of green grass as far as the eye can reach, has an air of solitude; to leave the car would be to be left in a terrible loneliness. It is like flying through space. Here is an empire, the east is its civilized outpost or fringe. The lovely resorts of New England are well enough for purposes of rest and change, but in this region one is dwarfed and expanded at the same time. One feels as nothing in the presence of these vast spaces, but is broadened, enlarged by the contemplation of them and the thought of their infinite possibilities. Every American should traverse the plains of the west for the knowledge and expression of it, as well as for a new pleasure. The knowledge will make him interested in and patriotic over the future, and earnest to do his part. To give direction and character to the civilization of the West, is perhaps the deepest concern of the good people of the land.

One understands that finer qualities of the Indian better from seeing his prairie home. These qualities are unknown to those who want his land, to whom he is an obstruction and a danger. Western people smile at the suggestion of nobility in an Indian. Yet because of the qualities I have seen in over four years educating of wild Sioux and other Indian youth, I had much rather teach them than any Western school that could be offered. The people who roamed for ages over these plains, learned from the firmament above and from the earth beneath, a simple conception of a Great Spirit, probably the finest savage religion in the world. Under such expansive influences of nature, fetichism or polytheism could hardly exist, they were educated by it as we are. Such surroundings and all the conditions of their life created a type of manhood totally different from our own, and the two types mutually misunderstood and were mutually hostile as they approached each other. The Indian had rights but no power, except to harass the inevitable advance of the white man' the latter had might rather than right on his side, and might rather than right has settled the relation of the races. As sure as there is moral order in the world, the West, however great and magnificent it may be, will suffer from wronging the Indian. "Practical" men do not see this; to say it is to be "sentimental." The prevailing sentiment out here about Indians is not hopeful. The only prospect of a fair chance for the Indian, so far as I can see, is in the earnestness of Eastern people in the matter, combined with the few but wise and experienced friends in the West, who know better then anybody, the best methods of dealing with the Indian.

BISMARCK ON THE MISSOURI.

After four nights on the cars, going to bed in a comfortable hotel was a luxury. How one breathes the fresh, bracing air! It has a quality unlike that of the East.

This town has a charming situation, inplainly built, and does not, like some, rival London and Paris, but it has two hotels and a daily paper. Its streets of respectable shanties have rather a neat look, but its air is its glory. We feast our eyes on the distant hills. To day the thermometer is 88 deg. in the shade, and it is hot but not debilitating. We have been out all day inspecting the great bridge across the Missouri, in charge of Mr. George Morrison, chief engineer, who kindly conducted us. It was hot but fresh and breezy, 120 deg. here are, easier to bear than 90 deg. on the Atlantic coast. The bridge consists of three spans 400 feet each, resting on huge granite piers that stand about 70 feet out of the water and cost $125,000 each. It is worth making a pilgrimage to behold such triumph of engineering skill. This is the most Northern of the eleven bridges on this river, and the most difficult on account of the ice problem. The engineer puts his granite piers where he wishes them to stand, and makes this mighty river divert its course and dig a new channel to suit his pleasure. The problem is more than one of bridge building it involves a knowledge of hydraulic and of geology.

The Mississippi starts from a number of level lakes and wends its quiet way till its clear flowing waters mingle with those of the turbid, rushing Missouri The latter takes its rise among the disintegrating mountains a thousand miles above here, and literally brings down the Rocky Mountain peaks in the form of silt and distributes them all the way from Dakotah to the outer delta of the Mississippi river. It is 800 feet higher here than the Mississippi where we crossed it. The Missouri is a river with a work and a purpose, it is forever loaded with all it can carry of mountain material, dropping it where it rests in quiet eddies, and making itself a building power of vast importance in the construction of our continent. It is like no other river. With all its muddy mixtures, its waters are considered the most wholesome of the western rivers, and are drunk with zest as they are dipped from the turbid stream.

S. C. A.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

Even vacation is quite a busy time at Hampton. Recreation is found in change of thought and employment, not in idleness. Nearly thirty of the Indians are among the Berkshire hills in Mass., where they not only see what civilized, prosperous life is, but they also have an insight into what is at the basis of all civilization—the *Christian home*. Being thrown upon their own resources they learn to use their English. In every way this experience is invaluable to them. About fifty remain here during the Summer, and are changed from School ground to the School farm. They go in squads of ten and spend two or three weeks in the country, not in loitering, but they work regularly on the farm. A few days since I saw them hoeing beans and cabbage as faithfully as any one could. Thus they learn not only theoretical but practical farming. This country experience is helpful to them in another way; the work whets their appetites, and they then learn to eat vegetables, a very important and yet a difficult lesson for them to learn. Those at the School devote an hour and a half every day to study under a competent teacher. Their evenings are all taken up. Every thing of a proper kind is done to amuse them. They have and enjoy their games. Thursday and Friday evenings we have religious services with them. When the sessions first closed, one of the boys was missed from service, and when asked the cause of his absence, he said "it was vacation and he did not go to prayers." He was asked if he stopped eating because it was vacation. He saw the point, and is now always in his place. The religious exercises are kept up regularly during the Summer. This is very important. Apart from the good which results from all earnest services, claiming God's promise and blessings, it is helpful on natural grounds. It gives them food for thought, and keeps their mind from other things. It is also good in the way of discipline: they are thus held on the ground and are kept from wandering about on Sunday. Persons ignorant of the Indian mind and character would be surprised to see the quickness with which they grasp principles and the ease with which they drew nice distinctions. This is one very hopeful feature about the work with them.

They also have their hours for work in the Industrial Department. Their aptitude for this kind of work is very striking.

Several different tribes are represented here, and they have little difficulties occasionally though not so often as white boys or as one would suppose. With them however the case is greatly aggravated because so soon as mad they begin to talk at furious rates each one in his own dialect unknown to the other; hence they can imagine all kinds of things.

The Indians are gaining in English all the time. A few days ago a boy who came to Hampton last October entered the Principal's Office to get something. Not feeling quite sure of his English, an officer asked in Indian what he wanted; he replied in English, "Me wants stockings." Not long since several boys were taken to a Church Convention for a two fold purpose—to let them see the body in session and to awaken and increase an interest in them on the part of the Convention. That interest grew, and a desire was expressed to hear the Indians talk. One of the boys who had been here about three years could speak quite well, but as neither had been at school for a short time, the teacher thought he had better speak in Dakota and have it interpreted, but he said in a manly way, "I speak English." Ha did make the attempt, and the Convention gave them a vote of thanks for the good talks they had made. Indeed their efforts were favorably compared with what white boys of a like age could do. It is very hopeful and encouraging to get them to use English.

[Continued from May No.]

REMINISCENCES OF MISSIONARY LIFE IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

BY EDWARD BAILEY.

The house in which the people now met, was a simple affair—its floor the ground strewed with grass; but it was well filled on the Sabbath, and a goodly number assembled there also on Wednesdays, the day on which it was customary to perform the wedding ceremony.

The people come frequently in companies to be married. They were made to stand up in a row and their hands were joined—it being no small affair to get them all joined by the right hand, and to avoid misplacing the couples. Wedding garments were not plenty, but one red uniform coat made its appearance weekly, and did duty for its fortunate lessee, making him the envy of his fellows who, perhaps, could not muster a single article of foreign clothing for this unfamiliar ceremony. All kinds of occurrences varied this weekly performance. One woman changed her mind, and when the question was asked "Will you have this man you now hold by the hand?" after some hesitation, said distinctly, "No!" and was marched off by a constable to pay the penalty of breach of promise, leaving her astonished spouse in blank amazement.

A man who had doffed the first jacket he ever wore, for the occasion, was made to take it off and turn it right side out before the ceremony proceeded

Speaking of dress—it must be remembered that tailors were scarce, and few among the people had skill to cut and make clothing. So they would put on the old cast-off clothing of foreigners, or very clumsily made articles procured on board whale-ships—anything being a fit into which one could squeeze. A man would be seen with a very tall fur hat, and a very old, and far too large pair of boots, without any other addition; while another, sweltering in a thick overcoat, would come to the conclusion that foreign clothing was a bore after all.

The women who wisely adopted the loose, flowing dress—holoku—could not procure them from foreigners who did not use them, and learned to run them together for themselves. But a clean garment was rather an exception; they were usually never washed till they were worn out, or were washed without soap, which left them of a dingy tint, and uncertain surface.

We one day crossed over the bay in a canoe to a tongue of land extending out on the south of Kaneohe, where is a limestone formation which has been elevated from beneath the waves to six or eight feet above them. Dr. Judd went with us. Kumuhonua—not he of historic fame—took us over in his canoe. When we were part-way over, at Dr. J's suggestion, he dove to the bottom and brought up sponge &c. for our inspection. Not a little skill was required to perform this feat without capsizing the canoe.

The strangeness of the situation could not but recall to mind the contrast between our present surroundings and the familiar objects we had left. At this distance of time, it is remarkable how firm an impression those first scenes made on the mind. The noble form and pleasant faces of Kumuhonua are as fresh in memory as if the occurrence was of yesterday, instead of forty-four years ago. The children of those who were then children, are now bearded men.

I know not if any one had the longing which I then and for many long years afterwards felt, to see something *right*. Everything needed to be improved. A few years' experience somewhat modified that feeling as it became clear that a few things could not be bettered. Taro is cultivated to-day no better than it was then, and is no less the staple food of the country—the prince of vegetables.

But the roads—there were none; paths lay unimproved where people walked. Then, and for many years afterward, no obstacle was removed from the way which could be easier *once* got over. So far as I know, American missionaries alone commenced improvements on roads, and were at the sole expense of so doing. I mean those roads which have proved permanent and useful carriage roads. Kahakili built a paved way at enormous cost of labor in Hamakua, Maui, which laid straight over "hill and dale," with a perfect unconsciousness that there was such a thing as grading; and Hopili built roads which were really useful, but I believe that it was suggested to him by missionaries.

It was not for many years that the people appeared to see for themselves that a road for all is a good thing. Many places were quite impassable, which a small amount of labor would have and afterwards did put in good order.

The native huts were often dirty and dilapidated. No wonder Mr. Bingham when he first landed innocently remarked to the Captain who was with him: "I suppose these are the houses for the goats."

There was no order or system comparatively speaking, so far as natives were concerned, in any kind of business.

Their old customs were many of them, still rigidly observed, but they would not tally with a new and better state of things. They were like the use of the bow and arrow against artillery.

It being now possible for me to go to our station, at length we returned to Honolulu and took passage for Hawaii on the brig Peru, Capt. Lapham; and it was stipulated that we should be landed at Koheia if possible. Capt. Charles Brewer was a passenger on board, and sometimes took a spell at the wheel, relieving somewhat the miserable management of the vessel. It was a long, tedious passage.

The attempt to land in Koheia was a very feeble one, and seemed made only to comply with the letter of the agreement, for the vessel did not go near to the landing,—if indeed it went in sight of it. So we were landed with our household furniture twenty miles off at Kawaihae. The animus of all was manifest in the way our goods were handled, it seeming to afford great pleasure to injure them as much as possible.—We were missionaries—that was enough.

Once on shore at Kawaihae, our troubles were not at an end There were five of us: Mr. Bliss with his wife and infant child; and my wife and self. We had a little dry food with us, but no water fit to drink, and no means of cooking. However, Mr. Bliss went about half a mile to an establishment of foreigners, to see if he could get anything to help us, and the rest of us managed to kindle a fire and make tea, and boil a little rice, and make pot in a pail cover, and thus get together something to stay our hunger. We waited a long time for Mr. Bliss, but he did not return, and our hunger became so intolerable that we decided to eat such as we had. It proved afterwards that Mr. Bliss had been invited to stop and eat supper with the foreigners; which he did, and got a good, warm meal.

We might have done better had we known it, for Mr. John Young, one of the two foreigners, allowed by Kamehameha I, to remain on this Island, and the father of John Young, the sometimes premier, and James Young, once Governor of Maui, lived near by, and would no doubt have helped us. It being late in the evening when Mr. B. returned, we were obliged to stay over night in a little house built by Mr. Lyons of Waimea, on the shore. Next morning we started off up the hills for Waimea, 12 miles distant, with an elevation of 2700 ft.

It was customary in those days for ladies to be carried in a manele—a sort of palanquin, suspended from a pole borne by two natives, and I presume that our wives went up to Waimea in this manner, but memory has let go her grasp of this among other things, and I only remember how the way seemed to stretch out and become all but interminable, as it still has the habit of doing, while we ascended mile after mile, the often steep hills. If memory serves me, we were met on our way up by the one horse of the station, but it was too lame to be of any use.

In due time we reached the cool, delightful plain of Waimea, and were received into the hospitable dwelling of Rev. L. Lyons who was stationed here. Mr. and Mrs. Knapp of our company, were also located here. But it was now a house of mourning. Mrs. Lyons, who was sister to Mrs. Bliss, died, during our general meeting at Honolulu.

At that time the forest came within a short distance of the village of Waimea,—now it has receded for many miles, leaving a bare, grassy plain.

There were not many natives living in the place: they preferred living near the shore, both for warmth and convenience of fishing.

Large herds of cattle fed on the plains or among the forests, attended by more than half savage white men, who practiced cruelties on the cattle too bad to be told. It is these herds which have been the cause of the destruction of the forests, which is still going on.

Soon after our arrival at Kaimen, Mr. Lyons, Mr. Bliss and myself made the tour of Kohala, that we now comers might become acquainted with the people, and make arrangements for taking up our abode there.

I think the whole journey was performed on foot. Mr. Lyons preferred walking and so did I; but I became exceeding weary. It was too much, but at that time was scornad fatigue.

At this distance of time it is easy to see how several valuable lives might have been prolonged by more moderation in taking hold of the work. Mr. Knapp entered his work among the schools with great energy and broke down at once, remained an invalid for a few years, and died. The same might almost be said of several others. Mr. Mc Donald, Mr. and Mrs. Locke, Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Castle, all died within a very few years.

[Continued on Page 95.]

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES

LITTLE ENGLAND. AMERICA IN AFRICA. IN ORDERS. GRATEFUL FOR PAPERS.

LITTLE ENGLAND.

Little England is the old "colony" name of a district lying on the west side of Hampton Creek, opposite the Normal School. Here a little school house was built a few years ago by the combined efforts of the colored inhabitants and some of their white friends. A Hampton graduate gives the following story of her little school.

Little England, Va., Dec. 31, 1881.

Mrs. ——

Dear friend:

A few Sundays ago, Miss L——, who teaches in our Sunday school, told me that you wished me to write and tell you about my work here.

I have taught here nearly two terms. Last year I taught eight and a-half months; five months county school and three and a-half pay school, which was aided by Mr. B—— and Mrs. A——. The children paid ten cents a week in work or cash, and the above named ladies and gentleman paid the balance and furnished the fuel.

Mr. B. and Mrs. A. met the people at a meeting which they held to decide how they should run the school at the close of the county school. Mr. B. suggested an educational due bill, which should be signed by the parents, children and teacher. All the children that could not pay ten cents, signed a due bill. At the end of every month I took these to Mr. B. or Mrs. A. with account of the cash received, and they jointly paid the balance, making my salary the same the county paid.

My second term began the second of last October; so far my work is very pleasant; though my school is not so orderly as I could wish.

Both last term and this, we have had a very nice Christmas tree. Last year it was given by Mrs. B. and Mrs. A. This year Mrs. B. is not here, so Mrs. A. gave it alone; it was quite a large tree. There were ninety-three children, and each got a present beside a bag of candy and an orange.

The people here are very kind and pleasant, and the most of them seem anxious to have their children go to school. A few of them seem careless and think more of work then any thing else. Nearly all of them have homes of their own; some of their houses are cold and uncomfortable, because they are not able to finish them inside yet.

Last year there was a great deal of suffering among old people and little children. But for the missionary society at the Normal school, many of them would have suffered severely. But this good society with its timely gifts of wood, food and clothing, relieved many of the most needy during the hard weather. This year the weather has been mild, and there has not been much suffering so far; I know of but one case in my neighborhood.

Ever since I graduated, I have worked in the Sunday schools. I first taught in the A.M.E. church in Hampton, till I took the day school here; since then I have taught here. This term I am teaching night school for the larger boys. I can't say much for that, for most of the boys are careless; they seem to want to learn, but don't care to take the pains. I spend most of my spare time, (which is very little) in visiting and reading for the old people and those who are sick.

I am, yours truly,

B.

AMERICA IN AFRICA.

A young man who has done good work among his people in the North, gives an interesting picture of their prosperity, and sees in it the hope of Africa.

——, *New Jersey, May* 15*th*, 1882.

Kind Friend:—

Again the pleasant duty devolves upon me to write you in reply to yours of a recent date. I was glad to receive yours, in fact I am glad at all times just now to receive news from "the outer world." The long mornings and afternoons give plenty of time after deducting that necessary for my studies and other daily duties, for the perusal of letters. Saturday last T. and I took a jaunt by railroad eight miles into the country to visit the leading colored farmer of this section. It would have pleased you to have looked upon those broad acres of wheat on one side of the road and of clover on the other. Nearer the spacious brick dwelling was a large field of corn, the sprouts of which were just discernable. Directly in the rear of the house and to the right of the barn was a thrifty apple orchard. There were five horses and two mules. In the pasture with the horses were colts aged respectively two and five weeks.

A bright boy came up driving before him, with the assistance of a pure blooded shepherd dog, between fifteen and twenty milk cows whose milk is forwarded daily to a Philadelphia milk dealer. In a barnyard could be seen sheep, but as a fine stallion was standing in a stall with open door near by, I did not pay much attention to them. This animal received the prize at the County Agricultural fair. In the barn among other implements and machines were a combination reaper and self-binder, a threshing machine, and improved cornsheller. I could but reflect upon the words of that eminent divine who not long ago said to the effect that Africa might be forever annihilated and the world would be none the loser thereby.

Tis true that Africa of to-day has no laurels in literature, science, or art, yet a thrust from such a source seems quite unnecessary.

America has not lost but gained by coming in contact with Africa, and Africa in turn is to receive an awakening from America. Even now the encircling gloom is receiving faint streaks of the dawn which shall usher in a day when the lustre that emanated from the land of the Ptolemies, from the cradle of ancient love, shall become more splendid through the achievements of African-Americans. Our people have a work to do and are doing it.

I am preparing for the closing exercises of my school which will be held upon the second Friday in June. Every thing just now is like clock-work, and I consider this the successful year of my teaching.

Very respectfully yours,

P.

IN ORDERS.

An under graduate who left Hampton to study for the ministry in the Episcopal Theological School at Petersburg, writes thus of his ordination to the diaconate.

——, *Virginia, March* 20*th*, 1882.

My dear Teacher:

I am sure you are acquainted with the fact that I have been prosecuting my studies in the P. E. Theological school in Petersburg, for the last past three years. I was examined in Richmond on the 27*th* ult, and was ordained to the diaconate by Bishop Whittle on the 9*th* inst. I will insert a few sentences from the Index *Appeal* before and after my ordination. "James S. Russell, a very worthy and respected colored citizen, will be ordained to Deacon's orders in the Episcopal Church on Thursday morning next at 11 o'clock, at St. Stephen's Church in this city." &c.—10*th*. INTERESTING SERVICES. ORDINATION OF COLORED MAN TO THE DIACONATE. St. Stephen's church was crowded yesterday morning at 11 o'clock to witness the ceremonies of the ordination of Mr. James S. Russell, colored, of this city, to Deacon's orders in the Episcopal Church. Morning prayer was read by Revs. J. H. M. Pollard and Thos. W. Cain, two colored Deacons trained here.

The sermon was delivered by Rev. Thomas Speucer, Rector of St. John's Church, on Matt, v: 16, 'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven.' The candidate, Mr. J. S. Russell, was presented by Rev. Giles B. Cook. The Litany and ante communion service were read by Bishop Whittle, who afterwards asked the usual questions, and ordained the candidate. The Gospel was then read by the newly ordained Deacon, and a collection was taken up for the building fund of a new colored church at Lawrenceville, where he will begin his labors. Rev. Mr Russell is a native of Virginia, and has been a student in the Theological Department of St. Stephen's School, under Rev. Thos. Spencer's direction, for three years. He passed a highly creditable examination. He is the fourth colored man ordained to the ministry in the Episcopal church in Va."

I arrived here on the 16*th*, and am very well satisfied thus far. In the Master's vineyard there is plenty of work to be done and especially in this part of it.

This is a small village, yet she can boast of Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptist, and "Zion Unions." The white Episcopalians are very kind to us and give us the use of their church until we can build one. A church seat has been paid for and a little money is in hand for the building fund. We earnestly pray that God will put it in the hearts of some dear friends who love the cause of Christ and his church to aid us in this our great necessity. The membership of my church numbers only eighteen at present, but there is a prospect of several others joining. These people are in earnest about this work and are willing to do all they can. I believe they are true and devoted Christians.

I often think of your kind instructions given in the Sunday School, and particularly because I have in my possession a copy of Browne's Concordance, given me by you. I thought I had hard work to perform in school and so I did, yet there is harder work to be done here, still I have enlisted in the Master's cause and hope to be ever found at my post, doing gladly and willingly the work assigned me.

Please remember me kindly to both of the Generals, to Miss M, and the rest of the teachers that I am acquainted with.

Inclosed you will find 15 cents for which you will please send me the April and May Nos., of the Southern Workman. I expect to subscribe for the paper when I come down.

I hope the school is rapidly progressing.

I am sincerely your friend, and old pupil,

R.

GRATEFUL FOR PAPERS.

Much good has been done in the last year by regular distribution among our graduates of papers from our reading room and contributed by our friends. One grateful recipient thus acknowledges them.

——, *Virginia, January* 18*th*, 1882.

Dear Mrs. D.

I have to thank you kindly for the package of papers sent me. Besides imparting a valuable lot of information, they will help me to while away many an hour that would otherwise be irksome.

I have been teaching here ever since October, and so far, find it a very agreeable occupation.

I have on roll forty scholars, and am glad to say that their attention to studies, and prompt attendance, as well as good behavior, are indeed commendable.

The parents have been extremely kind to me, seem very much interested in the question of education, and do all in their power to forward it.

When I went to the Supt. of Schools for this county to be examined, I was informed (and it seemed strange to me) that I was the first teacher from H., that had come under his surveillance, and that he "had long wished to see some of their teaching." It is needless to say that I have *tried* to do justice to dear old Hampton and its teaching.

Please remember me kindly to Gen. Armstrong, Gen. Marshall, Miss M. and all of my former instructors.

Sincerely yours,

H.

SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

"Scholarship letters" are written yearly by the pupils at Hampton, in acknowledgment of the $70 contribution to the school from Northern friends which meets the cost of their year's tuition. The following specimen of these may interest other friends in their "short and simple annals."

FROM A YOUNG WOMAN IN THE JUNIOR CLASS.

Dear friend:

It is with much pleasure that I write again, to thank you for your kindness to me in paying up my scholarship again. I have been in Hampton one year, and it has been the happiest year of my life.

When I look back over the past, and see what I once was, and what I am now, I cannot be thankful enough both to the Lord and all the kind people He has caused to be interested in me and in my people.

I will tell you about my vacation. Our school closed the 10th of June and I left on the 11th. There is a young girl in my class whom I love very much. I could not bear to go away and leave her to stay here all summer, for she could not go home, as she lived in Georgia, and it cost her as much to go home as one year's school does. So I thought it would be better for her to go with me home, and be earning money to get her winter clothes with than staying here all summer. I knew we would both be happier together then apart. She is a very nice girl indeed, and I love her more than I can tell. As I was saying, we left school the 11th of June. We only have one boat a day and it leaves here in the morning for Norfolk, so as we had to go in it and take the New York steamer which leaves at six o'clock in the evening. We got to Norfolk about ten o'clock, so had the rest of the day to spend as we liked. There was several of our teachers and students going up with us. The teachers thought it would be nice for us to see the Navy Yard in Portsmouth, as we had not seen it. Portsmouth is right opposite Norfolk, so we had only to cross the ferry. We saw a great many interesting things, but the most interesting was a Man of War lying in harbor; we went all over the vessel, and I never saw so many curious things in my life before. We spent the day very pleasantly indeed. We went back to our boat about five o'clock, thinking we would start promptly at six o'clock, but we did not, for there was so much freight to be put on board that they did not start until half-past seven o'clock. But we did not mind that, for we spent the evening very pleasantly singing and telling stories. We arrived in New York about six o'clock Monday morning. We went home with one of our school mates and stayed with her two days, and the next to Newark, that is my home. We were there two weeks with the lady whom I lived with before I came to Hampton. Then we went to Irvington and staid one week, from there we went to Asbury Park, where I go every summer to earn money to get my winter clothes with. We went on there on the 1st of July and stayed until the first of October. Our summer was a very pleasant one indeed; we had no work very hard, but we did not mind that for we were with such nice people that it was more of a pleasure to work for them than not. We went bathing and boating every time we had the time, and I don't think there was any thing we enjoyed more than the bathing. Several of the boys whose homes are in New Jersey came to see us while we were there, they enjoyed their visit as much as we did, for Asbury Park is the prettiest place that I ever saw, it is right on the sea-coast, and there are two of the prettiest little lakes I ever saw, the Park is right between them, the one on the south is called Wesleyan lake, and the one on the north is Sunset lake. Wesleyan lake is filled with pretty little boats of every kind, and they are lighted with Chinese lanterns, and there are lamps all around the lake, and when they are lighted up it looks just like fairy land. Sunset lake is filled with little islands, the largest one is called St. John's Island, there are several houses on this Island where they keep all kinds of things to sell. As I said before, we were there until the first of October, then we went back to Newark to get ready for school. We sailed for Norfolk on the eighth of October. We had a very pleasant trip. We arrived in Norfolk about nine o'clock Sunday night, we did not leave until the next morning. We could not go to Hampton till three o'clock in the afternoon, so we went to see two girls that graduated last year, and whose homes are in Norfolk; we spent the day very pleasantly with them, and at three o'clock we started for Hampton; we got here just at dark, and a few minutes before tea time. I was very glad indeed to be back to school again. We came here on the 10th of Oct. and went in school the 11th. I think I told you I was a Preparatory last year. I have been promoted to "A" section, Junior Class. I have to study very hard in order to keep up with my class. My studies are Aritbmetic, Grammar, Geography, Spelling, Reading, Writing, Natural History and Vocal Music.

We have a Missionary Society is our school for the benefit of the old colored people living around Hampton; they appoint different ones to go and read for them as they cannot read for themselves. I have been appointed, and enjoy it very much indeed. Some of the people are very glad to have us, and others do not like it so well. My regular work is to clean Miss G.'s room, and I also sew in the girl's Industrial room on Wednesday, and when I have time I help Miss M., our housekeeper. I think I have told you everything that I thought would interest you, so will close with many thanks for myself and all my people.

Respectfully,

J.

Miss Dora Brocket and Mr. A. H. McNeil, both of the class of '77, were married in Norfolk, Va., on the 6th of July last. The Southern Workman unites with their classmates in trusting that this step may "divide their sorrows and double their joys."

When we made our tour of Kohala, it was full of people,—not less than 6000. There were few large villages; dwellings were scattered everywhere,—even far up among the forests. There were however, centers, where many houses were near together, where the school house was located, and here would be assembled the people of the several lands, ready with a hearty greeting. After a tremendous Aloha in concert following our greeting, there was a general hand-shaking, in which each one, young and old, must take the hand of each of the teachers—though there might be and often were hundreds assembled. Even up on the lee of the land, now dry and parched, there was a large population, with walled villages—for the hogs were kept inside with the people, lest they destroy the fields of sweet potatoes &c., which were planted outside.

When night overtook us, the people gave us lodging, and treated us to their best. We might have been maintained by the chiefs, but we came to the people rather, and though they could not always command comforts, they were sure to do their best; and a new clean house, with its pile of clean mats for a bed, and all the appliances which the better sort of people could bring, was not to be despised. There were then no mosquitoes to worry the traveler, worn out for want of sleep. The whole district was nearly in its pristine condition. Almost no foreign clothing was worn. There were but few cattle, and but one horse in the district, so far as I know.

But there were dogs, and they were often more petted than the children, and eaten too. And pigs were often carried in arms, or followed their owners around with devoted attachment, and hogly trust.

A strong wind swept across the district, and the windward sides of the fields and gardens, were protected by long lines of sugar cane. The native *Ki* (*Dracæna terminalis*) was used for the same purpose where it was moist enough for it to grow.

Radiating from the center of the district, which was the highest land; were gulches cutting it into strips from the mountain to the sea shore, forming natural boundaries; being much the deepest on the windward side, where most rain fell, and almost disappearing on the lee side, where only the mountain torrents of winter would flow down; leaving in summer a dry, jagged track of sunburnt rocks and bushes.

Just before our arrival at each place, the conch shell was blown to give notice and call the people together, and one sea of black heads and swarthy faces was before us as we arrived.

At Nunulu, near the center of the district, at an elevation of about 2000 ft., was the immense church with its great doors; its thatch of ti-leaves, having the stems so braided on the inside as to present the appearance of wicker work; and its rows of tall posts with their braces through the center, and another row on each side between the center and the side posts. On the Sabbath, that house 180 ft. long by 54 wide, was filled with as many people as could crowd into it, —and then hundreds remained outside for want of room. We estimated that our ordinary congregation was between five and six thousand.

The desolating scourge following in the wake of intercourse with foreigners, was everywhere apparent, and men going about with gaping ulcers were often seen.

The population of the islands was supposed to be 100,000 when we arrived; it had been much greater; by some estimates as high as 400,000. But no means existed of ascertaining the number with accuracy, and the estimates made were necessarily very crude.

As my department was teaching and superintending the schools, the teachers volunteered to build me a house and bring my goods up from the shore when they should arrive; and so it happened that I was established in my work before Mr. Bliss and family arrived in the field.

We first went into a small end rather old thatched house to live, till our dwelling should be made ready for us.

A hole was cut through the side for the one glazed sash we had brought for our window; our cooking stove was in one side, and the pipe was passed through the thatch: and the bed room was made in the opposite side by a curtain through the centre. It had been a chief's home, and therefore had high doors, which we could enter with only half a stoop. The doors in the houses of the common people could only be entered creeping, and even then there was danger that one unpracticed might carry away the frame. During a heavy shower, quite a brook ran through the center of our house. Another old house near by served as a store room for our goods, and the chief woman, Welawala, put a guard in it to protect them, for the people had not fully learned self-restraint.

Our goods were brought up from Mahukona, seven miles, where they had been landed by the schooner which took them from Kawaihae, on the backs of natives, or when too heavy, slung to poles, so that two, four, or even six or eight men could bear them evenly between them.

A quantity of kapas had been contributed before hand for this work, to be ready in case it should be necessary to hire some part of the work done.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

Knoxville, July 23, 1882.

DEAR FRIEND,

You speak of the growth of my work in Knoxville. There is so great a change in all that pertains to that work, since the dismal, rainy Thanksgiving day, 12 years ago last November, when I arrived here, that I look at it with the feeling of our old nursery friend, "If this be I; as I suppose it be." Then we taught in what is known as "the long school house," an old tumble down frame building, full of large cracks and open to out doors on all sides. But what a pleasure there was in that school; it was crowded with eager scholars, men, women and children, all anxious to learn. Side by side in the same classes were little children and young men. I remember now a man of thirty, I should think, sitting on the floor by a little girl who was teaching him to make figures, while the classes were reciting on either side, and very often we stayed in that old school house with some scholars who had not had time to recite, until it was too dark to see the book. How we used to sing and pray in those days, and how grateful every one was for the new life opening before them! I can see uncle David, who never would master the mystery of "reading words" though he knew all the letters, as he used to sit in one corner with his spectacles on his nose, and a great big Bible open before him studying out his "preachin' for Sunday, and Aunt Susan coming in to see every new scholar, in hopes it would be her son, John Henry Pascal Gates, who had been sold South eleven years before, when he was ten years old, and who to her was a boy of ten years still;—"a little yuller fellow so high," she said when I told her he was now a man. After that I taught at home, a few girls in the morning, a class of men at night, and scholars coming in all day long "just to learn to read." There was Thomas, who always brought his book and sat on the steps to learn his lesson, because "words come easier to him there than at home." He was one who was ever ready with an answer to any question. One night when a large bird which I thought might be an eagle flew over us, I asked him if he knew what it was. With a very wise look he said "its either a humming bird or a hat, I disremember which." As one can not live in a perpetual atmosphere of scholars, I built a little house away from my home, and for six years taught there. Old and young were still together, and very hard they tried to master the difficulties that were in their way. Writers came from the hotels for one or two hours; women from their washing and men when their days work was done. I recall one man who never could comprehend how one taken from one left nothing; he said "I believe it because you say so, but I see that one from one leaves one and I always shall." Some of these scholars studied hard, and they will tell you, that what they learned in that house, has made them the successful men they are to day. Our school now is like any other public school; we owe it to our Northern friends that we have a fine building, and that we have added industrial teaching to the regular work. The sewing school is an inestimable help to these people; what is not known at their home can not be taught excepting at school. Both parents and children need training. I have found Miss Huntington's kitchen garden very useful training for both eyes and hands, and have seen the practical efforts of its teachings in the homes of the children. We will soon have a carpenter shop and a kitchen on a small scale, where the girls will cook a dinner once a week. This I shall enlarge as I get the means. What the colored people need is a good practical education which will make thrifty homes and give thoroughness in whatever they undertake. I think if the young people had occupation they would do better; if they could make their own clothes, adorn their own homes, do almost anything to give interest to their daily lives, and we must train the little children, for the older ones are getting beyond our reach. I could tell a sad story of the boys and girls who have gone through our schools, and as I see them idling their time on the streets, I do not wonder at their wasted lives. * * * * * * * *

Truly yours,

EMILY L. AUSTIN.

We take pleasure in adding to this interesting letter a few extracts from Miss Austin's last report, which gives a most encouraging account of the present condition of her school.

"The report from the sewing school is encouraging; we have had two teachers, 314 scholars; have taught 172 days, completing 359 garments and 640 quilt pieces. Many of the children are only seven years of age and two-thirds of them under twelve. The school board have shown their appreciation of the work by allowing fifty dollars towards the teacher's salary for the term of 1882-83." They kindly say "this is but a feeble expression on the part of the board of the high estimation they have of the value of the work you are doing to put the colored pupils in the right line of training for successful future lives." This is only another fever shown many these gentlemen; they have freely wormed and lighted our room in the school house, for school purposes, for Sunday schools, for extra work of various kinds, and for lectures, concerts and amusements.

In the kitchen garden and classes for celisthenics we have had 114 children, and have made fair progress in this attractive method of teaching.

In the Sunday school we have an enrollment of 350——200 adults and 150 children, with an average attendance of 40 adults and 100 children.

I have visited 87 families and given assistance to 70. Many of these were children in our school who were in a most needy condition and without this help they would not have been able to attend during the winter.

We have a young men's reading and debating society, of 44 members. This was started by one of my scholars, who is now doing good work as a teacher in the public school. They meet one evening in the week, and have manifested great interest both in the reading and in debate. The Chinese question was ably discussed at one of their meetings; also, "Which is the greater evil, ignorance or intemperance." They have paid to the treasurer $7.10, which have been expended in buying books for the library, which contains three hundred and twenty five volumes, and many magazines; I would be thankful to friends who have books to give away if they would remember this library in the Austin School.

Our prospects for another year are good. There is still enough money in bank to pay for the sewing and kitchen school for one more school year. There is more interest felt here in the industrial work than ever before. Some gentlemen are considering the feasibility of starting a class for carpenter work in connection with the school, and sooner or later it will be done, without calling upon our friends at the North to assist us, I think. Some persons who attended our closing exercises felt that the work was a good one, and said "We will help you; call on us when you are ready."

I can not close my report this year without thanking those friends, who not only have given us our beautiful school house, but now have given me a comfortable little home of my own. The colored people say:

"The Lord will provide
For those who divide."

To His providing I leave them, wishing for them as much happiness in their possessions as I have in mine.

EMILY L. AUSTIN.

Box 310, Knoxville, Tenn."

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

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EXCURSION OF FIVE POINTS CHILDREN.

One of the most beautiful forms of modern charity and one which is the logical outcome of the philanthropic experience of the world, is the work which is being done for poor children; those little waifs and strays of humanity, who, in the past, have been disregarded except as they come under the jurisdiction of the law. We have learned that the only reel check upon crime lies in preventing the formation of criminals, and therefore the wisdom of modern philanthropy is concentrating itself upon the children. Instead of punishing those who are already guilty, men are trying to save those who are still innocent, and our illustration for this month shows one of the ways in which this is being done.

In most of our great cities, summer excursions are now given to poor children with their mothers. They are taken for the day to some pleasant country place, are supplied with good food and proper amusement and are accompanied by watchful and experienced care takers, who do all in their power to make the day a bright spot in the memory of their charges. The good, both physical and morel, which results from these excursions, is very great, and where they are prolonged, as is frequently the case, into a holiday of a week or month, the effect is really incalculable.

Such a scene as this picture of a "Five Point's excursion" represents, makes one hopeful for humanity, for it seems typical of what we hope is to be humanity's future. Out of the darkness and filth of these vile city dens, the children are lifted into sunshine and pure air, they have at least a glimpse of what life may be made in God's beautiful world, and who can tell what inspiration may come from it?

AMONG THE OOLORED PEOPLE.

No. 2.

GRANNY.

Some years ago, a very old colored woman, a mere bundle of rags and tetters, bent nearly double, and supporting herself with evident difficulty upon a long stick almost a pole, came to my husband to rent a house. She professed herself abundantly able to pay rent, and in answer to questions as to means of living, she stated that she had three children, a grown son, who gave her part of his earnings in consideration of her washing and cooking for him, a married daughter whose husband was a thriving mechanic, owned property, and was evidently considered the wealthy member of the family, and lastly "a single darter that had three children"—the three children being intrusted to the old woman's care, while their mother went into service. Mrs. Drusilla Dennison, as she called herself, though she was generally known as "aunt Drusy" or "Granny," was always particular in speaking of her children to distinguish thus between her two daughters, and I learned later that there was a long standing feud in the family, growing out of their relative positions. The married daughter, whose only child was a grown son, was willing to give her old mother a home on condition of her breaking off all connection with the disreputable sister and her children. This proposition "Granny" always positively refused to accept. She admitted all that was alleged against her "single darter," and acknowledged that her own condition would be greatly improved by going to the home of the married daughter. But she clung to the children, a mongrel brood, declaring stontly that she "had raised them, they were her own flesh and blood, and she could not and would not part with them." Even when the married daughter, moved by the old woman's tenderness for the children, and the beauty and winning ways of a little curly haired brown skinned maid, had offered to take that one child as her own, and provide comfortably for the old woman, if she would break off from the "single darter," and the rest of the offending offspring, Granny stubbornly refused to listen to any plan which could separate her from her nurslings, and the well-to-do and respectable daughter had departed in great wreth, vowing that she would henceforth wash her hands of the whole tribe.

I regarded our would be tenant with curious interest, while she was engaged in the discussion of her ways and means, which resulted in her renting a sang cottage with three rooms and a small garden.

The old woman was evidently of some race quite different from the type of Negroes common among us. Her skin was smooth and soft, very black, but of tint and texture altogether unlike the sooty hue usually seen here.

Her high forehead, long straight nose and thin, finely curved lips, belonged rather to the Greek than African features, and there was about the keen and wasted form a weird look, to which sharp glances shot from beneath long narrow eyelids and arched brows greatly contributed. Her whole appearance suggested the idea of some ancient sorceress such as in ages past among uncivilized people or even now in heathen lands, might cause all disasters which chanced to befall her neighbors to be laid at the door of this venerable dame.

Having concluded her arrangements about the house to her own satisfaction, Mrs. Dennison placed a short pipe between her lips, settled the remains of a man's hat over the ruffles of a dingy cap, grasped her stick firmly, and calling to two or three dirty children of all colors and kinds who had been playing in the mud at some distance to follow her, she suddenly rose to a majestic height before my eyes. While I gazed at her in astonishment, she steadied herself for a moment with her long staff, the end of which was now upon a level with her head, and strode away with rapid pace; her spare form erect, her small head, with its motley coverings thrown back, and an air of unlooked for vigor pervading her whole frame. Surely, I thought, the old creature must be a witch; none but a conjurer or person possessed of supernatural powers could so alter her appearance in an instant and apparently by a mere effort of the will. But even as I watched the receding form, the impulse whatever it was seemed suddenly to yield to the resistless weakness of age, the tall form bent half way to the earth, and an air of pitiable feebleness all at once took possession of her whole figure as she disappeared over the hill, her staff alone seeming to prevent her crawling upon the ground. Granny's remarkably flexible spine is to this day something quite incomprehensible to me, and in years of intimacy that followed this meeting was often discussed between us, without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion so far as I was concerned. One of the surprising things about it was, that she suffered no pain, and apparently she was never aware, whether she should walk off like a telegraph pole suddenly endowed with pedestrian powers, or must creep along the ground depending wholly upon her staff for support. It was evidently a puzzle to Granny herself, and her theories on the subject were as remarkable as the affection of her spinal column "My back got bent folterin' my bress," she would say in a confidential tone, "you see honey I had a heap of chillen an' I always had a powerful chance ur milk—Mistis could'nt nuvver nuss her own chillen, she was a weakly creetur, an' I raised ten ur my own an' ten fur her, and that's the way my back oome so." It was the same when she sat down as when she walked. Sometimes, when in my capacity of "inspector of fence rails," I was looking after the houses and lots occupied by our colored tenents, I reached Granny's door, I found her seated erect with her head thrown back, looking supernaturally tall, as she always did when the strong fit was on, sometimes crouching in her split bottomed chair, in front of the scent fire, cooking some mess of promiscuous materials, apparently quite comfortable, with her head just over the coals, and looking as if a sudden gust of wind might carry it up the chimney. Once I entered her cabin and found her fast asleep, her thin cheek reposing upon her knee, as peacefully as upon a pillow, her back as completely doubled, as if it had had a hinge in it, and her position seemingly quite satisfactory. Granny's posture impressed me as so remarkable, that I tried to assume it, by way of experiment, but found it could not be done without a dislocation of some essential portion of my frame, so I gave up the effort.

A day or two after our first meeting, Aunt Drusy and the beloved children, who formed the bone of contention between the married and the single daughter, took posession of their new residence. Her household goods followed in a one-horse wagon, by no means heavily loaded, and consisted of a small table, an old chest, a few broken chairs, two dilepidated bedsteads, with a large feather bed, two ragged straw mattrasses and a few odd utensils for cooking and eating; besides these valuables, a large amount of bed clothes, chiefly patch work quilts, and it was her custom, whenever any of the wearing apparel of the family gave out or fragments of any material from carpeting to bleached cotton, came into her hands, to sew the pieces on to one of these quilts, which were consequently of very unequal thickness, but in the aggregate of enormous weight. Their singular appearance seemed to make no difference whatever in the eyes of their owner, who was fully aware that fuel was often out of her reach in winter, while these heavy coverlets were always at hand, and would keep her wasted frame from freezing.

The most valued of her posesions was a large iron pot, which was put over a "brush" fire at certain seasons "when the moon was right," that luminary being an indispensable auxiliary to Granny's labors, and very good soap concocted therein. Granny was a famous soap-maker, and had many regular customers among the house-wives of the town, who saved scraps for her and made soap "on the shares" with her. Many a long walk did Granny take, sometimes creeping on all fours or "tail fives" for her long staff seemed like a fifth limb to her, at others walking briskly along, her head high in air, her spare frame "heyant the perpendiculer," in search of the materiels for the soap manufacture, in which "consecrated lye" as she always called it, formed an important ingredient.

The city assessor, when making his rounds, rated Granny's "personal property" at 11 cents, and the collector duly following him, after a half disgusted, half compassionate glance into the establishment, departed without making one effort to increase the revenue of the town from this source. The ancient householder, however, looked at her scant possessions with very different eyes, and when not suffering from cold or hunger, regarded her surroundings very complacently. When greatly exasperated with the children, who who were alternately petted and scolded, and were as wild a set of little vagabonds as could be found, Granny would sometimes look about her with a lofty air, and declare impressively that if "they did not behave better, she would break up housekeeping," evidently deeming that this implied dire privation for the offenders. On one occasion I found her peering anxiously over some concoction in an old tin fruit can, the ruffles of her cap well under the jamb of the fire place, and the ends of the handkerchief which surmounted the cap in dangerous proximity to the coals, she looked exactly like a witch brewing mischief for her enemies, and I could not restrain a smile, when she remarked with considerable importance in her manner that she was "making peach preserves" adding with the tone of a person accustomed to style, that she "never felt as if she could get through the winter, unless she had preserves in the house."

Aunt Drusy's "single darter" was a very smart, handsome, jet black woman, with fine figure and delicate, expressive features, who was considered one of the best cooks in the city, and usually commanded high wages. She took the cook's perquisite of using the broken victuals from her employee's table, and one of the children made daily trips into the city to bring home these welcome additions to the rations furnished Granny by the overseer of the poor, and the simple viands purchased from the family funds. I chanced to arrive on the scene, one morning just as the contents of the basket were turned into Granny's one skillet, and marvelled at the collection of sponge-cake, pieces of waffles and corn bread, with sundry fragments of vegetables and specimens of fish, flesh and fowl which the old woman and children eyed with much complacency, evidently deeming themselves in unusual luck.

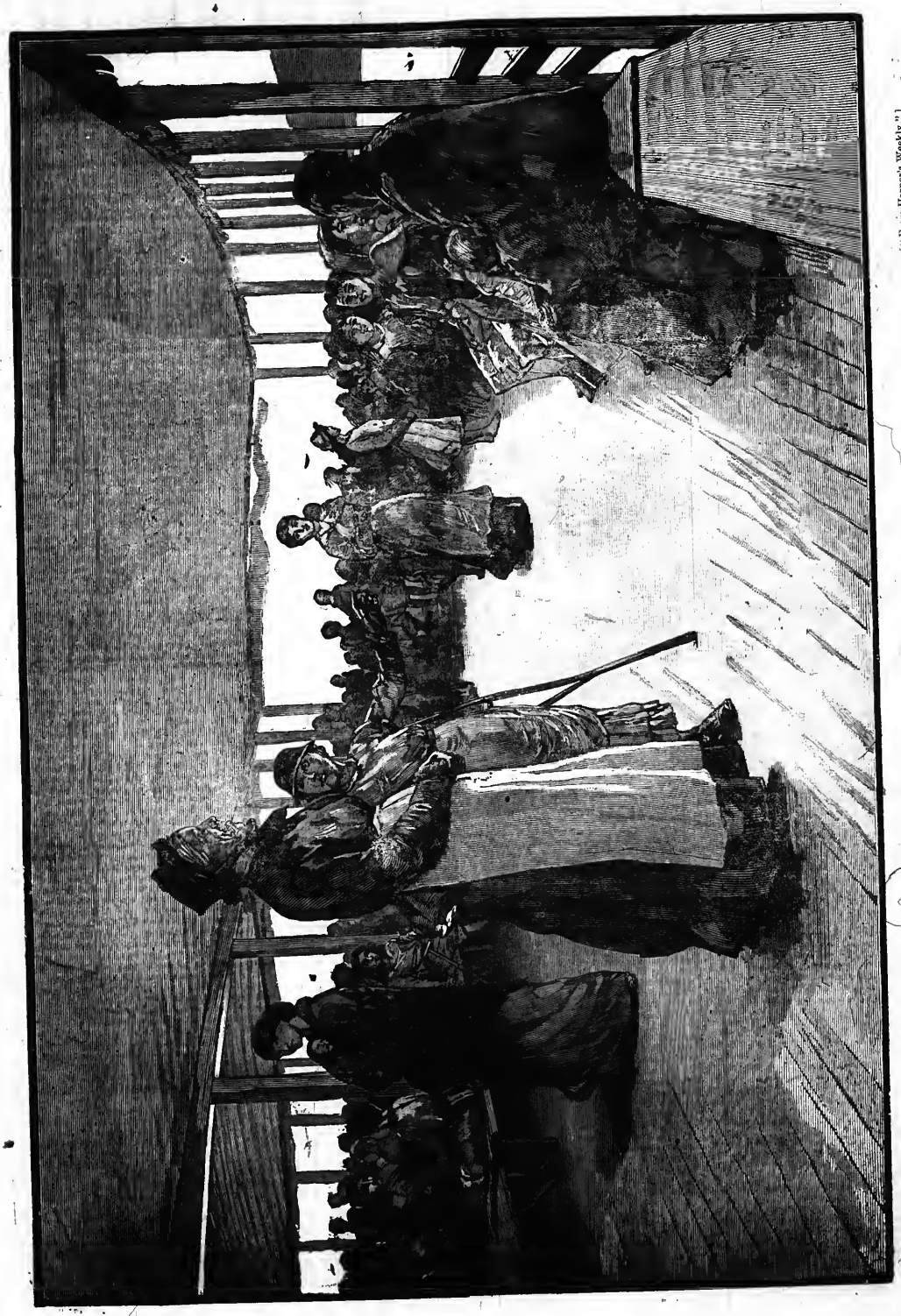
Although I come to feel great interest in Granny, I must admit that her establishment was extremely untidy. She paid little attention to any branch of domestic economy beyond the culinary department, and although she made large quantities of soap, it never seemed to occur to her to use any of that article at home.

"Her single darter" was altogether different in her habits, and in her occasional visits to the family, usually made a great stir, washing and dressing the children, cleaning up the house, scolding vigorously all the time at what she called "the set of full blooded free-niggers," and her visits were accordingly looked forward to with dread and her departure hailed as a relief.

When the weather was cold, and fuel scarce, Granny, who at the hottest season always liked to have "a chunk" smouldering on the hearth, was prone to take very gloomy views, and would state in desponding tones, that the "times was a going back, she had been a noticin' it ever since Lee's surrender," and she evidently believed that an era of continual cold was approaching and might be expected to set in at any time. At such seasons of depression she would express herself strongly in disapproval of rail roads and other innovations on the good old times, and state her belief that people would at last see the error of their ways in using such dangerous contrivances, and return to the customs of olden. When she had a good fire and food was abundant, the children on whom she doted not especially troublesome, and the feud between the married and the single daughter not particularly active, the old dame would smoke her pipe complacently, sew patches on the out side of her bed quilts or stir her soap-kettle and express herself cheerfully on subjects of general interest. She was wont to allude to the war, and the emancipation of her race, as the time when "de Lord destroyed de work." Although greatly enjoying her freedom and the secure posession of her children and grandchildren, she seemed to think that some misteke had been made in not providing fully for the freed people and hopefully predicted a new revolution, which would remedy this by a complete redistribution of property. On such occasions Granny would have fits of enthusiastic piety, and would request that the Bible should be read to her, and would always listen reverently, often surprising me with shrewd observations in regard to the habits of ancient times, and seeming much impressed with the sentiment of the portion read. Once, when I finished the 23d. Psalm, she said softly "Oh honey, if it wasn't for them words, hearts would break."

One hard winter Granny's affair seemed to have reached a crisis. Her son, who had long objected greatly to living in such an establishment as the one over which his mother presided, married a decent girl, and went to live with his wife's family. The married daughter, finding her offers and advice unheeded, withdrew all assistance and refused to notice her discreditable kindred. Her single daughter lost an excellent place, and after a season spent like the early years of the prodigal son, was taken sick in some hovel in the city, and for a time lay ill, unable to provide for herself or her children. A heavy snow storm, with immense drifts, seldom seen in this climate, came upon us suddenly, and for two or three days so disturbed all our arrangements, that for the time I quite forgot Granny and her brood, until a suggestion from my husband reminded me that I ought to find out whether our fences as well as our tenants were suffering, as is apt to be the case in such emergencies. Going at once to the back porch, from which I could see Granny's cottage, my conscience smote me as I observed that the house wore an utterly deserted air. The doors and blinds were fastened close and no smoke ascended from the chimney. Fearing that some serious misfortune had befallen the luckless family, I hastily put on my wrappings and made my way through the snow-drifts, which a keen wind blowing in my face rendered a difficult proceeding. When I knocked at Granny's door, a faint, querulous voice said "come in," and a piteous scene met my eyes as I entered. Granny and the two younger children were huddled together in one of the beds, dressed in the rags which formed their usual attire with all the quilts and bedding from the other bed piled upon top of them. The oldest girl, a stupid, forlorn creature, barefoot and shivering, was hovering over a handful of coals in the fireplace, vainly trying to kindle a fire with some pieces of an old crate, which had been used as a pen for the half starved pig, a mangy little wretch, which had

(Continued on page 103.)



["From Harper's Weekly."]

EXCURSION OF FIVE POINTS CHILDREN.

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(Reduced to eight pages from July to October, four months.)

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PASSION IN POLITICS.

Political debate, like theological, is usually bitter and aggressive. Whenever men are called upon to consider what the well being of society demands, as expressed in political affairs, they pack up and stow away their reasoning powers, and give full play to their feelings, become angry, vituperative, jealous, unkind, and unfair. The average politician and citizen who thinks on political subjects assumes at once that he is himself a person of immaculate virtue, and profound wisdom, but his opponent he considers a creature of infinite meanness and depravity. Why is it that men lose their heads in these matters? This is not a new thing in political discussions. In the days of Washington there was the same disposition to vituperate an opponent. The "Father of his country" was called a traitor, a sneak, an ignorant fellow, by the newspapers of the opposing party, and men like Hamilton, and Jay and Morrie were covered with abuse. There is, to day, the same tendency to foolish, wild talk about an opponent. It has become almost a mania. Lawyers are roundly paid by their clients to abuse the other side, but in political matters all men are judges themselves of the right and the wrong, and should be cool, temperate, careful and slow in their judgments. A man is thoroughly trusted in private life, is honored for his commercial and business integrity, but the moment he enters into politics his friends and townsmen who do not agree with him, believe and call him a fool and a fraud. The men who once respected him begin to throw mud at him. There is no charity in political thought. Every candidate on the stump says "if you elect my opponent, the country will go to the dogs." But it must always happen, that some opponent" is elected, and somehow the country does not go to the dogs. Every Whig predicted that a Democratic administration would ruin the country, and every Democrat said the same thing of the Whigs. The Republicans and Democrats say so of each other now. The Readjusters of the State of Virginia, the Democrats and the Republicans predict that if other parties gain ascendancy in the State, ruin is sure to follow. But ruin does not follow. Men till their farms, and merchants trade, and ships sail, and children are educated, whichever party is in power. The great interests of the country will not be put in danger by any political party. The people will insist on safety to life and property, and as for the rest, they are quite willing that politicians may squabble over minor matters. A great law abiding people can not easily be ruined. Reforms are always needed, but the country is not "going to the dogs" because they are not adopted at once. At bottom, all men have the same interest in the State, and no man will advocate a policy which is sure to ruin him.

In no place is political discussion more "heated" than in Virginia. All the methods of warfare known to modern science are used. Even the duelling code, which is supposed to modify the use of language, has lost its control. *Hot shot* are flying in every direction. If the newspapers state the truth, there is not a candidate for office in the state who can be trusted, and we are left to wonder why the candidates are not in jail for the numerous crimes they are said to have committed. Over the state there is rolling a deluge of vituperation. The curious ridiculous aspect of the case is that each candidate spends much force of brain and muscle in addressing crowds of his fellow citizens, but these crowds are made up of his own adherents, and the cases of instant conversion are uncommonly few. Now all this political excitement is a bad thing for the Negro. He may well be wholly at sea, if his experienced and educated white brethren can't agree among themselves, or fail to beating each other. However, as the Negro is in politics and must take some stand, it only remains for him to consider well what is said, and make up his mind. "Come and let us reason together," is a good maxim. "Come and let us wrangle together," is a bad one, but the one which the politicians propose. The result is that everybody is wrangling, few are reasoning coldly, and the triumph in an election, is more like that of a prize fight, than the calm decision of matters which affect more or less the well being of the state. There are two sides to every question, and the first lesson of political wisdom is to recognize this, and it cannot be recognized by men who lose their tempers, and denounce each other.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BAD LANDS, MONTANA TER., Aug. 7.

Breakfasted on the Little Missouri River, on the line between Dakotah and Montana, where the Bad Lands begin, and continue for over two hundred miles. No pen or tongue can describe their wildness. A clergyman of our party, who has been in Egypt and Palestine, says it is thoroughly the atmosphere and effect of the Orient, and regrets that he delayed so long in seeing his own country. The Missouri suggests the Nile; the sunsets especially are Eastern.

This is like a new world, nearly two thousand miles from home and increasing the distance every hour, we seem to have broken away from ordinary life and entered on another sphere. There is a strange wildness in the hills that roll or stop short in an abrupt steep *facade*, revealing their structure. They are piled together in most striking confusion, such as volcanic action might create; there are undulating grassy fields abruptly ending at the feet of suddenly towering hills, whose bare, stratified fronts look gloomy and solemn. Nothing could be harder to describe; there are no standards of comparison. There is abundant grass, an occasional stream, and in every direction reddish brown ranges of hills constantly shooting up into conical points, zigzagging over the country and presenting a sharp, irregular outline that gives the region a curiously strange look, as if the Creator had left the work half done, meaning perhaps to return some day and finish it. It is all a good grazing country. Wild sheep and antelope abound.

Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado and part of Nebraska and Nevada, are a mineral and grazing, rather than an agricultural country. The conditions of a grazing country are 1st, a climate in which the grass will cure itself during the summer heat, providing dry hay for the stock for seven months in the year. 2d, a surface so cut with valleys and gulches that cattle can find refuge from the "blizzards" that destroy whatever life is exposed to their fury. 3d, a water supply. Cattle cannot winter on an open prairie. Generally agriculture and grazing do not go together. Dakotah is agricultural, but offers cattle very little winter shelter. Montana is agricultural only on her river bottoms where irrigation is practicable. This is true of all the grazing states, but crops from irrigation are much surer than ordinary crops. It is said that at least one out of five wheat crops is a failure. With irrigation, there is no failure, but its area is limited. Cattle are a comparatively sure investment, but the security varies in different places. It costs about $4.00 to raise a thousand pound steer from a calf, this includes cost of herding, etc.; food costs nothing; the rate to Chicago is $7.50 a head. A thousand pounds of Montana beef in Chicago costs a little over a cent a pound, it brings from four to five cents on the hoof, or about eight cents net. It costs in New York or Boston, on the table, from 25 to 35 cents a pound. Sheep raising is more risky but even more profitable; yet the cattle raisers have had terrible losses in bad winters, sometimes a third of their herds. Buffalo grass and bush grass are the food of the country, the latter grows in bunches, not in a compact mass, and is much the best for stock. The grasses stand from six to fourteen inches high, and remain green till about midsummer, when they become cured and turn to a yellowish color, making an excellent hay under the summer sun and dry fall weather; a wet fall is ruinous to this hay.

The broken, rough country where this grass grows, is not only suitable for stock because of the shelter of its ravines, but because the snow is carried away from the exposed points by wind, leaving the grass uncovered. Cattle will starve to death in a level region, though they learn to paw away the snow with their hoofs to get at the grass.

A NEW COUNTRY.

Mr Geo. S. Morrison, engineer of the Missouri Bridge at Bismarck, said that he came to this region much prejudiced against the Sauth Pacific railroad, but has become convinced that [illegible] continental road would open [illegible] settlement and to production such a vast and important area as this. It will pour from its local trade into the great markets of America and England grain and beef to feed their millions.

The ride over it is full of interest and comfort, meals are good, and officials polite and accommodating. The observing traveller is constantly interested and impressed. Another year the trip will be even more desirable from the completion and perfection of the road.

We are now on the banks of the Yellowstone River, along which as we travel, for days, the wild, weird Bad Lands follow us. The climate of Montana can hardly be surpassed, for the greater part of the year it is pure and glorious sunshine, healthful and invigorating. Occasional extremes of heat and cold are felt, but in this dry, pure air, one does not suffer much. The Fargo "*Argus*" thus overflows over western weather.

"This is the perfect summer day; day of the prairies, far-reaching and splendid; day of the cloudless skies, the broad world overarching, day of the kingly sun, burning, majestic, life giving. It is the day of the southwest breezes: gently they fan us and kiss us with the sweet, enrapturing kisses of coolness and warmth intermingled. Over the prairies they come, bearing the perfume of blossoms, of the silk of the tassel corn; and the gold of the waving wheat-fields, and the odors of pastures and woodlands. The sweet, melodious breezes, welcome to all and a blessing, lifting the tresses of youth and smoothing the brow of the aged, with the babe on the floor toying and wantonly playing: onward and over the world they are going, to the waiting, the sick and the mourner, to the happy and far away. Great are the days of the prairies; broad seems the world underneath us, far away stretching and fading into the clear-cut horizon of azure and opal; wondrous the skies far above us, bending majestic as over an ocean, the earth in their wide grasp upholding."

Stories of fabulous profits are in circulation. So and so bought a few acres of land for a trifle, and within five years sold it for $10,000, and it is now worth thrice that. Land in frontier towns is sometimes at the highest city prices. The very air makes men speculative, for it has an effect upon the nerves that often makes it too severe for women. Men and children are said to thrive better than women who often complain of headache and neuralgia. An English gentleman on our car, out on a hunting expedition, after a short talk with a young ranchman, has arranged a partnership of English capital and American brains.

The government land grant to the Northern Pacific is not all of value, judging from miles of "Bad Lands" along our way, which continually interest us by their artistic forms. Ancient castles, extinct volcanoes, crumbling towers, meet the eye and look like the real thing. This is the dough of creation, an unbaked part of the earth. It is literally cooking now, for in every direction, the black strata of lignite are smouldering, and will in ages become coal. It now has about five per cent of the heating power of coal and it is the fuel of the country, requiring stoves made for the purpose. An addition of one-fifth Pittsburgh coal makes it burn well.

All day we speed along on the banks of the Yellowstone, which keeps full flow and width as we ascend towards its source. Without a tributary it winds its muddy way through a barren, silent region for many hundred miles. At long intervals there are settlements, one of them being Miles City, a town of about 3000 inhabitants, where we had supper. The beef steaks are excellent in this region. Montana potatoes are marvellous.

BOUGHING IT.

Wednesday, Aug. 9th. Passed last night at Forsythe, where we "piled in" at the rate of four to one small room. This was the beginning of roughing it. Yesterday we were at Fort Keogh, an important military post, now garrisoned by six companies of the Fifth Infantry, Gen. Whistler, commanding. Here we had the pleasure of meeting and making kind friends. Fort Keogh is fitted for a regiment, having extensive and well built wooden barracks and some fifteen excellent buildings for officers' quarters, each one a double house, besides numerous warehouses and outbuildings all bordering on a fine parade ground. It was hard to realize where we were when sitting in a tastefully furnished parlor with ladies in graceful attire—charming homes amid the Bad Lands—baby carriages and toddling infants where the "Indian wooed his dusky mate, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared." It was a pleasure to meet among others Capt. Henry Romeyn, who, for three years was commandant of cadets and military instructor at Hampton Institute.

Among the many attentions and kindnesses of our visit, was an entertainment by the Fort band, of twenty five instruments, which, after guard mount in the morning, marched in front of our quarters and discoursed exquisite music; they played with unusual taste and feeling, and sustained their reputation, which is second to none in the army. The accomplished and ingenious leader has arranged an Indian campaign to music. It begins with the "reveille" solo on the cornet, then the "long roll" on the drum, "boots and saddle" with other familiar bugle calls, interspersed with brilliant effects by the whole band. Then came a perfect imitation of an Indian war-song with its weird and peculiar cadences. It was strange to lift up one's eyes to the wild, barren hills about us, and listen to the flowing harmony that charmed us. A band at a distant outpost like this is an unspeakable comfort to the garrison. Keogh has the reputation of being a lively post, for the officers and their families, thrown upon their own resources, especially before the railroad reached them, entertained themselves with concerts and theatricals as well as by hunting parties and expeditions to points of interest.

These "forts" are not in the least fortified. There are no earthworks nor sign of defensive arrangement. They are merely a neat, orderly collection of buildings, around a central square. This is the first summer in the history of Fort Keogh when the troops have not been sent after Indians. The country is so settled, so solid and incvitable is the advance of civilization, that the red man is falling back helpless and submissive to his fate. Heretofore, winter and summer, officers and men have been constantly on the alert, marching at midday or midnight when it was 20° or 30° below zero, on campaigns of one week to two months, in the inglorious work of fighting Indians. It takes more nerve for Indian fighting than for ordinary warfare; it is extraordinary in its physical strain and hardship, in the prospect of mutilation and torture, and the frequent sense that the Indian is in the right. Our troops are ready, cheerful, and never flinch in spite of it all, but perhaps the severest strain is upon the officers' families. The devoted women who follow their husbands to the far frontier outposts, undergo fatigue and inconvenience that they laugh at afterwards, but which are inconceivable by those who live in comfortable homes, and added to this is the anxiety of awaiting news from the absent who are fighting an enemy who has no mercy and gives no quarter.

[" From Harper's Weekly."]

EXCURSION OF FIVE POINTS CHILDREN.

Frontier forts are as important on the white man's account as on that of the Indian. "White men are worse than Indians out here" is a common remark. One officer said to me that about seven-tenths of the men who come here to seek their fortunes are of doubtful character, and the rest of the right kind, but that many of the latter class are led away by bad influences. People come out expecting to make fortunes without hard work; a few make great "strikes," the many are disappointed. This gambling with chances and the freedom from restraint, result in a demoralization on which the frontier garrison is an important check. United States troops cannot interfere, except in emergencies, but their presence has a moral effect which is wholesome and prevents rather than remedies troubles.

The Indian is subsiding, but the ragged edge of our frontier is a scene of confusion, of crime and reckless energy, that will long need a soldier police.

FACTS ABOUT INDIANS. THE ARMY.

The principal object of our stop at Fort Keogh was to meet Gen. Alfred T. Terry, commanding the Department of Dakotah, which extends from Minnesota to the Rocky Mountains. The General had kindly taken an interest in the objects of an expedition which were, first, a study of the Indian in this region, especially the Crows, and second, going from the end of the North Pacific rail road *via* the Crow Agency, through the Yellowstone National Park, thence home *via* the Northern Utah and Union Pacific Railroads.

We discussed with the General commanding and with many of the officers, the character and merits of the Sioux and Crow tribes who occupy this region. A remnant of Northern Cheyenne Indians, about 140 in number, part of the famous band that, under Chief Dull Knife, made a daring and destructive raid through Kansas some years ago, were, after their capture, settled about one hundred miles from here, scattered along the Rosebud River, and are now self-supporting. They are considered the most courageous and manly of all the Northern tribes. Their women are chaste and they are anxious to educate their children. They have built log houses, cultivate the ground, and raise cattle, owning now a considerable herd. Gen. Terry has had control of them since their surrender. Captain Ewer having been detailed for their immediate care, is still in charge. There was not time enough to meet their chiefs to talk about education. There is a field for some devoted man or woman, who would live in their midst and influence them to better ways. Gen. Terry, who has given the matter much thought, and practically and wisely illustrated his conclusions, by his success with the Northern Cheyennes, declares that his solution of the Indian question is in one word, "Cows."

He says that the pastoral state is the first step in the order of progress; that the Indians have a peculiar aptitude for it, and that their country is especially fitted for it. He sold the numerous ponies captured from the Cheyennes, purchased cattle with the proceeds, and to-day the prisoners of a few years ago, are, simply because of a wise men and a wise policy, self supporting, orderly, and desirous of education.

There is nothing rash in stating that if the Indian question was taken out of politics, and placed in the hands of competent men with full discretion, there would, in ten years, be very few dependent on the government. As it is, and as it is likely to be, the number of Indians to be wholly fed by government, now about 55,000, will probably go steadily up to 100,000. It is a matter of good management which is now the exception and not the rule. A majority of the officers at Keogh consider the Sioux Indians as superior to the Crows, although Gen. Terry was enthusiastic about the latter. The tribes have long been enemies, but are peaceable now, being separated. The Sioux women are carefully guarded, while those of the Crows lead loose lives after marriage. Indian girls, in order to bring a good price in ponies, must not be tampered with. The Crows have been steadfast friends of the white man, partly because an alliance with them has been the only way to protect them against the far more numerous Sioux, of whom there are 30,000. The latter are the best warriors, truer to their pledges, and reliable in emergencies.

Gen. Terry kindly detailed Maj. Hughes of his staff to accompany us on our visit to the Crow Agency and through the Yellowstone Park, and has done everything in his power to make our expedition both pleasant and useful to the Indian cause. The officers whom I have met in the frontier have shown much interest in the welfare of the red man. Those who have seen real fighting seem to respect the red man and believe in him, more than any other class. Generals Terry, Miles and Cook, the most noted of the Western campaigners, are no less known to be the warm advocates of Indian education. To fight the Indian is to know his manly and heroic qualities, just as to educate him is to know his mental and moral capabilities. The white man's ignorance of Indian life, is no less a misfortune to the red race, than its own ignorance of the white man's life. The destructive duties of the army with reference to the Indians, are nearly over, and there is, I believe, a constructive work which many of its officers can do because of their intelligence, humanity, and knowledge of the red race. Not that every officer, or even a majority of them are adapted to the work, but that many of them are among the best qualified men in the land for the administrative duties of managing Indians. Whatever education, experience, and practice in dealing with men, and responsibility in general, can do to fit man to care for others, they have to fit them for the work. They have life appointments; to be relieved from an agency is not to be sent to poverty but to rejoin their regiments. Their circumstances and relations make it their interest to be honest, which can hardly be said of a civil appointment. It is, I think, the interest of the army to supply all the officers it can for the improvement of the Indians by peaceful methods, now that the day of violence is nearly passed. It is better for a few officers, at least, to care for Indians, than for them to have nothing but military routine; the effect of the latter will finally be to reduce the army. Indian hostilities have been, of late, one of the chief excuses for the army and the condition of the West will, for a long time, require a military force, but there will be less and less to do. When the Indian is in such need of help, and the right men for them are so hard to find, why should not the services of the best qualified man be secured?

ON A CONSTRUCTION TRAIN.

We are travelling to-day on a construction train, in a passenger car attached to the rear of a platform car loaded with railroad ties. This we took this morning. At noon we reached the supply camp of the Northern Pacific R. R. How little do people who see two parallel rails lying across wooden ties, imagine what it all means. To push this road at the rate of a mile or more a day, requires an army of about 6,000 men with some 20,000 animals, widely scattered. Vast stores of provisions are gathered, piles of iron, wood and other material are accumulated. The brain of a first-class major general is required to manage all this. A completed road gives no idea of the work of building it. An experienced constructor said that he never knew such a tremendous force at work on a railroad.

This supply camp was most impressive. Where does all the money come from to support this army of men and animals! Civilization seems to "fizzle out" as we go on. What orgies have been held in the tented village close to Forsythe, which we visited last evening. A canvas town is put up to supply rum and refreshments to the host of railroad laborers; as they move on the tents are moved, until they come to an Indian reservation or a piece of railroad land, where they are prohibited. Last night it was quiet, for the men had left and the liquor shops had nothing to do; the place was dead, not because death was rampant, but because it was not.

Right at the front rail is the place for drunkenness, fighting and shooting. Progress is heralded by the pouring out of rum and by debauchery of every kind, but every successive wave of population is better; this is the universal testimony. Order follows disorder. The rowdy is displaced by the man of family, and that means a school and church and a vigilance committee if necessary. The adventurer goes ahead, because the life is one of adventure. The sober man moves up as he sees signs of growth at any point. You who shall glide over this ground in future years will have no idea of the financial, mental, moral and physical struggle that its prosperity cost. Only during its creation can one appreciate a herculean task like this.

Something must be said about the weather. A wild sirocco has been blowing for about two days; the hot wind would be intolerable but for the dryness of the air. The evenings are cool, and the nights are cold, but the ground is parched, vegetation is suffering, and the dust is terrible. Our construction train does not do its 100 miles very speedily, but this improves our chances for observation. Dry and arid as is this region, irrigation would make it blossom into a garden, and even without it crops of oats have already been raised. This year is exceptionally dry and hot and discouraging for agriculture.

We have passed some bold and expensive cuttings through the high, rocky banks of the Yellowstone, but most of the track lies on ground level as a parlor floor.

CAMP VILLARD.

Aug. 9th. There is a forlornity about the terminus of a railroad track which sads in the midst of a prairie. Fortunately wagons from the Crow Agency were awaiting us near the track, and in crossing the Yellowstone which had faithfully followed us, we were glad to meet Maj. Hughes, of Gen. Terry's staff, with additional vehicles.

One of our party, Col. H. being ill, was deemed hardly in a condition to drive to this camp ten miles away, but no medical aid or comforts being near, it was decided to carry him in an ambulance drawn by four mules, and driven by a wild eyed man, who having received *sub rosa* from the Major, orders to let no grass grow under the mules' feet, started with our sick man and two of us, over a rough and dusty prairie road at an astonishing pace. Instead of holding up the invalid, we had all we could do to hold on with both hands, to each side of the ambulance, tossing to and fro, up and down, pounding violently against the sides of our vehicle, which itself seemed rocking to pieces, while our calm John informed us it was the usual pace of the country. The sick Colonel seemed to do well on this violent but most amusing regimen. We soon caught up with the stage for Billings, and our mules being determined to beat it, the fearful pace continued for nearly the whole ten miles, with varying success, the stage, by "taking our water" as it were, coming in ahead to the disgust of our resolute driver.

We reached this delightful camp late in the evening, where every attention and comfort was supplied, the surgeon summoned, proper care was taken, sweet sleep followed, and next morning all of us, including the invalid, stood admiring the wonderful position of Camp Villard, the chief station of the troops who guard the railroad track. It is on the Crow reservation, and has a commanding position. High bluffs on the left overlook a wide expanse of river which winds around the fort. Before us stretched far away a lovely plain, and beyond was the snow-capped Rocky Mountains, steep hills rising on the right. We turned about and looked down on the busy gangs of men laying the iron track of the North Pacific R. R. about half a mile away. It seemed to creep too slowly to ever cross the Continent. But it "inches along" steadily, it has the pace of a snail, but before another year is over the road will be completed.

August 12th. Young's Point, Ritchie's Ranchis. This is our first encampment, and the jolliest time we have had. We drove in wagons yesterday from Billings, 25 miles with the wind in our backs, the sun in our faces, the dust rising in clouds around us, distressing the animals and disgusting the party. The heat was intense, but with the wind with us the weather would have been most pleasant. It was blissful, after a greasy supper at the ranche to come to our tents, spread our blankets on a bed of hay, and rest in the cool evening breeze. The sight was grand as we looked out and saw the distant mountains on one side, and on the other the swift, broad Yellowstone, a few yards off with its high, perpendicular bluffs on the opposite shore. Then the stars came out and the scene was more impressive than ever. The bath in the river this morning freshened every one of us, for the fine dust had penetrated our clothing and almost changed the color of our skins.

CROW AGENCY.

Twenty miles more of slow, dusty driving brought us to Stillwater, and here we had another of those stage ranche dinners—we were not yet organized on a cooking basis—and then crossed the Yellowstone for the Crow Agency, sixteen miles directly towards the mountains which we had been skirting for several days. Out of the regular stage route the road improved, the air freshened, the valley narrowed and became very beautiful. Before us rose, snow capped and grand, the "Bear Tooth" of the "Rockies" which was as impressive as anything I have seen in Switzerland. It was not a peak, but a long, high range, across our front, lifting itself far into the air, and commanding our admiration and homage. Part of this is the hunting ground of the Crows, abounding in deer and small game. Two of us mounted on mules were the advanced guard, and rode close to the banks of the "Stillwater" and then of the "Rosebud" rivers, charmed with the beauty of the stream, which reminded me of the Housatonic, only that this is more rapid. We passed picturesque clusters of wigwams or teepees, droves of Indian ponies which constitute the chief wealth of the Crows, enjoyed the capers of a nearly naked Crow, who dashed by us on horseback, and could not but admire the skill of another who with his rifle shot a few prairie dogs, just to show off. The view before us grew in power and grandeur as we neared the mountains and the headquarters of the Agency. It was worth all the fatigue and expense of the journey thus far. It was to me very much like a scene in the Hawaiian Islands; indeed, I have been constantly struck by similar rose blances. It is unlike anything in the Eastern States. There is nothing like leaving the beaten track and striking into new parts.

Our party numbered three at the start from New York, two joined at Chicago, two were added at St. Paul, and two more at Bismarck, and finally four at Fort Keogh. Four are either Seniors or Juniors or last year's graduates of Harvard, having come in our way by a singular chance. Two are lawyers from Washington, D. C. Two are clergymen, one from Boston, and one from Newark, N. J., and three are sons of the chief engineer of the North Pacific R. R. We hope to make the rest of the journey together.

S. C. A.

A number of letters in regard to Niagara falls have been printed lately in the *Boston Advertiser* and N. Y. *Evening Post*, by Rev. I. B. Harrison, the author of the fine series of articles on the South, recently published by the New York *Tribune* and *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Harrison's careful and thoughtful writing always entitles him to a hearing, and the subject which now engages his attention is one of world-wide interest. Surely every American citizen is concerned in the proposition to secure for the nation's own this great wonder, which has attracted sight seers and lovers of beauty from all parts of the World

Of late years the utilitarian spirit of the North has led enterprising manufacturers to locate mills and factories near the famous falls to secure the water-power and the presence of the indispensable adjuncts of business have, to a considerable degree, injured the beauty of the scene. Added to this are the annoyances caused by the vendors of small wares, and the clamour of irrepressible hackmen which deter visitors from seeking Niagara as much as formerly, and often drive away those who come to enjoy the place. Mr. Harrison well say:

"Only a very small region adjacent to the cataract and the rapids with the islands in the river,—this is all that is required to make this place, or keep it what nature made it, a place endowed, as no other place on the globe is endowed, with qualities suited to refresh, elevate and gladden the mind and heart of civilized man forever. It is a sad error and wrong that this small territory, which includes or contains all that is essential to Niagara, all its wild grace and ineffable charm, should be held by any private or individual ownership. It should be the property of the State, the possession of the people, and should be held in trust and cared for by the government. All its wealth of beauty and of high uses should be accessible to the poorest children of toil who may, by wise forethought or self denying frugality, save from the price of their labor the means for a pilgrimage to this shrine of ideal and spiritual reality.

Let us have a great city of factories, sustained by the water power of Niagara. We are destined to have it. It is entirely right that this immense endowment of mechanical forces for the use of mankind should be employed to supply their physical wants. Only let us have them all a little at one side; not just here at the falls. There are quite as good and even better sites for them a little farther away. Put them far enough back from the falls and the rapids to give room for a screen of trees between,—far enough for the distance to soften the clangor of steam whistles, so that on Sundey, or (as I observe that many laborers in New England mills have to work on Sunday) at least on the Fourth July, the toiler of the factory may come to the falls, and looking upon their grandeur and noble purity, undefiled by tawdry electric lights, or watching the wild play of the rapids, or wandering amid the solitudes of "the forest primeval" on Goat Island, may feel that he has a soul and is not a mere driven beast of burden, and that he has a country which cares for him as one of the great brotherhood of her children.

The truth is that Niagara is too great to be the possession of any local community, or of the individuals composing it. It should belong to the larger community, the State, or the nation, and be under its care as a possession of the whole people, so that this spectacle may be preserved forever uninjured, to be to all generations the source of the highest intellectual and spiritual pleasures. It would tend greatly to benefit this town and its people if the State would purchase the land adjacent to the falls and rapids, and the islands in the river, and assume, as would of course result, the supervision of all business that should be carried forward within these limits. And I must do the people here the justice to say that they appear very generally to understand this, and to desire the consummation of some plan which shall provide for these changes. There are people to whom Niagara means much. It offers to those who are weary from toil of any kind, of head or brain, or from the wearing, exhausting, quelling which is so marked in modern life—it offers to all such a

vital change, the relief and benefit of new scenes and new mental activities and experience consequent upon observing them and becoming interested in them. Then, for those who will give time and opportunity for the scene to make its appeal, time for their minds to respond to its influences, there is something deeper and higher than this. There is a quickening and uplifting of the higher powers of the mind, an awakening of the imagination; the soul expands and aspires, rising to the level of a new and mighty companionship. Self-respect becomes more vital.

* * * *

It is easy to write too much and too particularly of all this, for such experiences and feelings, like all the higher moods and activities of the soul, have something shy and elusive about them, and it is not often best to try to describe them. And Niagara itself, in its sovereign dignity and perfection, shames and silences all effort at description or eulogy. It is to be seen, felt—not talked about. And as the weeks and months pass while I dwell here, by the very shrine of this awful beauty, this veiled and shrouded grandeur, I become more and more unwilling to write about it, and can well believe that if one remained here long, all attempts at expression regarding it would appear inappropriate and futile, and that silence would seem the only true tribute."

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

A short time since the School had two distinguished Indian visitors, Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa the Head political chief and Nai-ut-tchi the chief ecclesiastical leader of the Zunis. They were from Mr. Cushing's party who came to visit the East and of whom we have had interesting accounts in Scribner's Magazine for August.

Their dress was very elaborate and adorned with plumes, and silver buttons and hangings. Each one wore silver ornaments worth $100. They seemed to be very intelligent, and were evidently impressed by what they saw at the School. Their manners were good and graceful. Learning that the students were not allowed to smoke, they would not light their pipes until they had asked an officer's permission. Very striking was their mode of greeting. They take a friend by the hand, pass the joined hands to the friend's mouth first, then to their own, and breathe a prayer or blessing upon them.

Robt. McIntosh, one of the students here, talked with them in sign language, and evidently enjoyed doing some of the honors of the School.

Another important event is the arrival of five new students and one whose position in the School is not yet defined, as it is difficult to find a class for him. He may prove to be a chief. This is Hampton's first experience in training married people in homes. Miss Fletcher brought from Omaha two families, in one of the families there is a fine looking baby of 18 months. In order that his future career may be watched, we give his name. Edward Stabler. He is said to be like all babies the world over, and speaks a language intelligible to the inhabitants of Babyland. The father, like all other fathers, is proud of his child, and the mother likes to have notice taken of it, but is more stolid.

Lucy Le Flesch is the sister of Bright Eyes, and, according to custom, retains the maiden name. It is a curious fact that the husband takes the name of the wife. All, except the baby, have made a beginning in mental work and are teachable. Lucy is more advanced than the rest. The men are at work in the carpenter's shop, having made choice of trades. The women can sew a little, but are not experts in taking care of rooms. They prefer to put the sheets on the outside of the bed, and blankets in the place of sheets. They are willing to learn however.

The health record has been unusually good this summer. Interest in the studies is well kept up. Those who have chosen to work all day and attend the night school are doing very well. The teachers report special encouragement from the fact that the older ones are striving to gain self-control to overcome sensitiveness.

The reports from the training shops are excellent. The work during the vacation has been more of a general character than ever before. The carpenters have made additions to the Commandant's house, the Engineer's house, 20 rooms in Stone building for dormitories, and have made wardrobes and tables for the Indian girls' building.

In the Tin-shop, over 7,000 pieces of tinware have been made for the Indian Department since the 20th of June, in addition to the tin work done on school grounds.

The harness shop has completed its contract for the Interior Department, and is now engaged on ordered work.

A fine set of coupe harness has just been finished for a lady in Newport, Rhode Island.

The painters have been busily engaged at the new building for Indian girls. It has been painted and kalsomined in tints throughout, in part by the Indians.

The manager of the Industrial Shops says their progress is more marked than at any time during their stay here. Much less time has been lost from sickness and other causes. There is also a stronger disposition to stick to trades.

All the contracts for the Interior Department are completed, and 55 cases nicely packed have been shipped to the different Agencies.

It is a good thing to have this work sent home, it pleases the parents and stimulate the children here.

We take pleasure in welcoming a new subscriber to the Southern Workman, a subscriber of whom one who knows him says, "Such as he are beacon lights along the narrow path." Ke-o-kuck has a daughter at Hampton (who bears her father's name), and is therefore especially interested in the school. We publish herewith the note accompanying the subscription.

Sac and Fox Agency, I. T.

Pub. Southern Workman,

Add to your list of names for this place, Ke-o-kuck, a Sac and Fox chief. Other men may be more widely known, but no living man is entitled to more praise than Ke-o-kuck. Undaunted he feels the more keenly the necessity of it for his people, and having embraced Christianity his constant effort is to bring others to the light.

E. B. FENN
Agency Physician.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor Southern Workman:

M. and I have lately been visiting some of the Chinese schools, and I think you may be interested in our experience. Our wanderings led us first up some old rickety, winding stairs to a school for boys, kept in "Chinatown" by a rosy, hearty lady of great energy. Two rooms are set apart for the school, and here some fifty boys are gathered, from early morning till night. They are very irregular, as many of them are obliged to work, this makes the teaching hard, but Mrs. B. has picked up some of their language which greatly assists her. In the afternoons the teacher is a Chinaman, who uses his own dialect. In answer to my enquiry as to how they managed with the different dialects, the reply was that the Chinese in San Francisco have formed a general dialect which all can understand. The rooms were clean, with good chairs and desks, and ornamented with Scripture mottoes. The primary English branches were well understood and English spoken distinctly by those who had been scholars from two to four years, and this in spite of the limited and interrupted time allowed them for school. One boy, Kon Shu, seemed quite bright. He is fourteen years of age, and being fatherless has been given by his mother to the teacher with whom he lives. In her house he has learned to cook and make fine pastry, and has earned out of school hours some $200, which is in the Savings Bank to be used for his future advancement. His present schooling costs him nothing and he hopes to be educated for a preacher or physician. When asked in the course of his lesson for the definition of "wife", he replied, "a companion for man". This was encouraging from a member of a nation which despises women. The life of this boy is such that Mrs. B. considers him almost if not quite a Christian.

The girls in the school are few in number, as they are subject to ridicule and reproaches from their countrymen when on their way to school. They are kept in a separate room from the boys, except at recitations, when they are classed together in order to break down the national prejudice. They are more irregular than the boys, because they are required to do more work at home, and because of a prejudice against educating women. To overcome this difficulty Mrs. B. visits some fifty Chinese homes to instruct the women and children. The scholars here are all dressed in Chinese costume, with clear, bright faces and polite manners, though frolicsome and playful like all children of either civilized or heathen nations that I have ever seen.

From this place we went to the Chinese boarding school for women and girls. The matron, who received us most cordially, is very intelligent and pleasant. She is a native of Persia, who left her native land with a brother and went to China as a missionary. Her brother's health failed, and when they came to this country, he died in this city. She was left alone and very poor, but her valuable services were secured for this work, where she is doing much good. She speaks five or six languages, and has a slight and very pretty accent in speaking English. A Chinese woman, Mrs. Cam Ching, assists in the culinary department, where all the scholars work in turn, having run away from her husband on account of his cruel treatment of her. She has a little child, Ah Ging, who sat in my lap, and hung her head when we asked her to sing. Some one gave her her doll and said "sing "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber"; her little voice tuned up and she sang, not only that but all the hymns the girls had sung for us. The "Baby" as she is called, is one of the brightest children I ever saw of her age. Her little almond eyes were full of good expression. The girls all had sweet, sad faces, and some of them were far enough advanced to answer question that I asked them. One girl played on a hand organ, while others sang sweetly, and one repeated the story of the prodigal son. The house was neat and orderly with simple, tasteful decorations. All the women remain in this home family until they are married to Christian Chinaman, or go out to service in some good family. They never go out, except when attended, and on Sundays have not only some gentleman with them but also have police protection to guard them from the anger of their former owners. Sometimes the Chinamen come to the house in great fury and threaten the inmates. Mrs. H. told us that one of their scholars, married to a Christian Chinaman, and living in San Diego, always remembers them on holidays in some tangible way, at Christmas she sent five bags of potatoes, and on another occasion $5.00. We left this place with many happy impressions and could write much more, but fear you would weary in reading as I do in writing. I would gladly send you some of these bright children to Hampton to add another nationality to those you now have. If ad I a longer purse I should say, let me send some of them to be under the care of your efficient teachers. Perhaps a kind Providence will somehow accomplish such a thing. We have been visiting the schools for white children in some of the worst parts of the city, and surely it seems that there is no need to cross any ocean to find missionary work.

C. C. ARMSTRONG.

We have received from Messrs Appleton and Co., a new "Geographical Reader" edited by James Johonnot, which strikes us as an admirable innovation.

We should be glad to quote the preface entire, but our space does not permit, and we therefore give extracts embodying the main idea of the book, which itself consists in a collection of a number of short selections from standard authors, with illustrations and a pronouncing vocabulary.

"The volume has been compiled to furnish thought-reading to pupils while engaged upon the study of geography. The articles selected treat of geographical topics, in detail. The order of the topics is the same as is found in any well arranged text book on the subject. One or more illustrative descriptions are given in each general division, and the special lesson is read when the same general topic is studied. * * * * * * By a judicious use of this, and similar books, pupils gradually form habits of observation, reading and thinking, which serve as a protection against the attraction of bad books, and as an introduction to all that is modest and best in literature."

A MAN WITH FIFTY CHILDREN.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Mr. Basingame, a prominent merchant from Social Circle, Ga., reports a remarkable case of vitality, which he says is well known to the people of his county. Near Social Circle resides a colored man named Harry Lackey, who has probably more descendants than any living man. He has been in this country so long that his testimony on this question is corroborated by his neighbors. Harry is ninety years old, hale and hearty, one of the most industrious and highly respected negroes in the county. The other day he took unto himself a third wife, Susan Phillips, aged sixty-one. He already has fifty children whom he acknowledges and who call him by various terms of filial affection. Several of his children have died. In the presence of some gentlemen the other day he named over more than 300 grandchildren and said there were others whom he could not then remember. One of his sons has thirty living children. Several of his sons count up more then a dozen children each. The old man is proud of his record and talks freely about it whenever questioned. He has always been an organized Democrat and is the only negro in his militia district who votes in the Democratic primary elections. He says he don't think his work is finished yet and has no idea of suspending business soon.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES

A Hard Place. Thankful for Papers. From an Observer. A Prosperous County. Grateful to a Kind Friend and to Hampton.

A HARD PLACE.

The athletic presence of the six footer who writes thus complacently of his success in a hard place, probably convinced his "young barbarians" that it was best to "come down without shooting."

——, *Virginia, February 15th*, 1882.

Mrs. D.

Dear friend:—

I am glad that I am able to make a favorable report of my one hundred days work, at——. I opened school on the 17*th* of Oct., 1881, taught every day except Sunday, and closed on the 10*th* of February, 1882.

The superintendent told me before he gave me my certificate, that he was going to send me to a place where no teacher had done well since 1875. But with one or two exceptions, I opened, taught, and closed the school in peace. I got along so well that the people sent in a petition to the district clerk for me to come back next term.

To-day, I have opened another school for three months. Opened with eleven scholars. School-house new with all the modern improvements, in a very nice place indeed. I hope to be successful here as well as in——

Very respectfully,

H.

THANKFUL FOR PAPERS.

The extensive distribution of papers from our exchange list and reading room, and of others sent by friends, has done very much for the happiness and benefit of our graduate teachers in the past year.

Yorktown, Va., February 17th, 1882.

Dear Mrs. D.

The papers you sent me were a real treat. I read them with much interest, especially the "American Messenger." Please accept many thanks for them. I shall be glad to be remembered by you in the same way whenever convenient. I have a flourishing school just six miles from Yorktown, and am doing my best to send light in the many dark homes that are represented in my school. Trusting that I may always be remembered by Hampton, I remain one of its old girls.

M.

FROM AN OBSERVER.

A young women who is both a faithful worker and intelligent observer among her people writes thus of their condition and prospects.

——, *Va., December 27th*, 1882.

Kind friend,

Please pardon my delay in not answering your postal before. I began my second term here, the tenth of last October. My school has been unusually large this term. I have one of the Hampton students as an assistant. We have enrolled over a hundred and forty scholars since we began, and new ones are coming in every day. There are enough scholars in this district to employ three teachers.

The most of the people get their living here by farming. They are complaining of short crops this year. The tobacco crops of many were ruined by the early frost last fall. We were very fortunate in getting a pleasant boarding place almost in sight of the school-house. We have been furnished with books, slates, maps, and charts by our *kind friend Mr. B.* The children take hold with a will, and seem very anxious to learn; some of them have made rapid progress. The Sunday school is getting along nicely. We have from ninety-five to a hundred scholars. A lady friend of the North kindly sent us twenty large Bibles, which were a great help to us. There are three other Hampton graduates teaching near me. They are Mary E. Smith, Angie Talliferro, S. A. Lucas. [The last has since died.] Mary has taught in this county three terms, Angie has taught longer. We manage to hear from each other quite often. The people are very ignorant but kind and obliging, and seem to appreciate the change the children have undergone during our stay with them. The greatest evil I see among my people here, is their love of strong drink. This year the most of the young men have been away at public works, and made a good deal of money; but the greater part of it has been spent for strong drink, at their return at Christmas. Their excuse for spending it thus is that they want to enjoy their labor. I think you will agree with me, that this is a poor way to enjoy it. Some of the colored people own from fifty to two hundred acres of land. They are given one to four years to pay for it. All of them are hard working people, but some of them haven't any business capacity, and consequently get cheated out of their earnings. I like teaching very much and am glad that I can do something toward the advancement of my race. Though it may be little compared with many others, yet it may tell in time. Please remember me kindly to all the Hampton friends.

I hope Mr. D., and yourself are very well.

Yours very truly,

C.

A PROSPEROUS COUNTY.

It is hard to make any general statement of the condition of things in the South, except that there is a general upward movement on the whole. Varied reports are true of different sections. The following is a very pleasant one from a prosperous county.

——, *Va., May 12th*, 1882.

Gen'l Armstrong,

Dear Sir:—

I am yet teaching in one of the public Schools of this County and have been for five successive terms. While a student at Hampton I did not know there was so much work to be done among our people. I commenced to teach in the Public Schools of Elizabeth City County in the Fall of 1876, under the Supervision of Mr. G. M. Peake, and in the Spring of 1878 I taught in Middlesex County; there I found the Schools in a prosperous condition; in the Spring of 1879 I came to this County. There had been a great many schools, but the children had made no progress because the schools had been kept by white teachers, who took no interest in teaching colored children. The people seemed so eager to have colored teachers that I wrote for teachers whenever they needed one. Some of the colored citizens of this County are getting on very well. Some own from fifty to three hundred acres of land, while some seem as if they cared for nothing but whiskey, and what they can get to eat. But I am thankful to say that the majority of them, are looking up, and trying to do all they can to send their children to school, making sacrifices of every thing they can to have their children educated. They will do all they can for a teacher's comfort, and stand by him at all times. Last Fall the schools in this County were discontinued until the Spring, and the people did not want me to leave, for fear I would not return when they wanted me, so, through the influence of some of the citizens, I received the appointment as U. S., Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue for this and the adjoining County. As I had been with them laboring in the Public Schools, Sunday School, and in every good work which would interest them, they did not hesitate in going on my Bond for five thousand dollars. Last Summer my school numbered one hundred and twenty six. I have not got quite as many this term. I have succeeded in getting some young men in this County to teach, who have given credit to themselves and honor to the Institute from which they came, viz., A. J. J. Sykes and W. B. Weaver. These two young men are hard at work doing all they can for their race.

Your former student,

R.

GRATEFUL TO A KIND FRIEND AND TO HAMPTON.

Many acknowledgements come to us of the untiring kindness of the friend here mentioned, and of the benefits of Hampton's instructions. Both are pleasant evidences of the recipients' improvement of their advantages.

——*N. C. March 21st*, 1882.

Dear teacher:

I have been teaching regularly ever since I left Hampton. I never enter the School-room that I do not think of my dear Hampton teachers and the good instruction they gave me while there. I never have any trouble in getting Schools. I have a great many more calls for teachers than I can fill. The year when Miss—now my wife, introduced me to Mr. B. of Mass., who has proved a faithful friend to me ever since. He has supplied me with school apparatus sufficient to carry my school on as it should be. He has also supplied my school children with clothing and a great many other necessaries. Besides my school he has done so much for other schools, I can but thank the Lord for what he has done for me. If I had not have gone to Hampton I never would have been the teacher I am. I surely feel grateful for my instruction at Hampton. I want to renew my acquaintance at Hampton in May, when I know without a doubt I will enjoy myself. I did not think when I left Hampton that I would have stayed away this long. I presume there has been quite an improvement since I was there. The Old Academic no more to be seen, a new one in the stead, also a great many other new buildings. I read a good letter in the Southern Workman of my class-mate Jacob Brown. I am glad to know he is getting on so nicely in the work. I am always glad to hear of our Hampton teachers getting on so nicely teaching.

Please remember me kindly to all the teachers I know, also to Gen. Armstrong. Mrs. D wishes to be remembered to you.

I will be pleased to hear from you at any time.

With many kind wishes, I am as ever, your pupil,

D

SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

Seventy dollars pays the cost of tuition for a student at Hampton for one year. His board is paid for by his own exertions, with, or often without help from his relatives. Thus working hard for himself, he is not pauperized by receiving aid from Northern friends in that which is wholly beyond his power to provide.

The contributions to the school which give him just this aid, are acknowledged yearly in the "Scholarship letters," a few samples of which we select for their interest, and print as written.

FROM A YOUNG WOMAN IN THE SENIOR CLASS.

Dear Friend:—

I am sorry to say this is my third and last scholarship letter to you from the Normal School. I never once thought when I came here I would be so successful as to go through in three terms. It is sad in many respects for me to write you this my last letter, yet I feel glad to know I have so spent my time as to be able to finish up my education in three years. There has not been a time to all my school days at Hampton, but what I can say was spent with the greatest pleasure of my life. I have met with the dearest of friends, who were ready to cheer me in my sad hours, and make Hampton like home. So now it has grown as dear to me as my own home. The work of Hampton is a good one. It has made me fit for most any industrial work. I left school last year two weeks before it closed, on account of the illness of my mother. I spent the first part of my vacation at home attending to the house work, as mother was sick. Besides attending to the house work I taught an evening school for the benefit of my oldest brother, who could not go to the day school, as he had charge of my father's farm. I taught three other young men with my brother. They are all very anxious to come here to school next term, two of them can make the Middle class, and the other two the Junior.

As the summer grew on, and mother got better, I commenced to teach a private school, which I taught for one month and twelve days. The first month I taught I had forty pupils on roll, all of them were very small children, with few exceptions. I had three or four large boys and girls. In the place where I taught there had not been any school for seven years, so you may know how the children were growing up. The parents of those children seemed very anxious to have a school; but one was waiting on the other; they seemed to think that one man had all the right to get the schools. There was a man in this number who wanted his children to go to school so he asked me if I would teach that school; he said "My children must have some education if I never had none," so when I commenced to teach at that place I never had to work so very hard in all my days. The children were just like I suppose children in uncivilized countries are, except that they could speak English. In that number I had some who could read and write nicely, and those who knew nothing at all when I commenced that school, before I closed there was not one of them but what could read. I saw the good I did in that school, more than in the one I taught the vacation before. After teaching one month and twelve days, it was then time for me to get ready for Hampton. On the first of October I closed my school, and left for Hampton on the third and got here the fourth. I found the school very much crowded. You may imagine my joy when the boat on which I came landed at the Normal School wharf. When I got off the boat and looked around there were many new buildings going up. They are building a very nice brick building for the Indians, and also one for the Industrial department for the girls. I think there is one of the greatest works going on here that a people could do. I am now in the Senior class, and am working to make good use of every moments' time. I am very happy to tell you I am in one of the teacher's classes now that I was in the first term I came here to school, and you may know by this time she has grown very dear to me. My studies this term are hard, much more so than they have been; but I try to keep up in my class. There will be sixty-three to graduate this term, more than have ever graduated here in a class before. The school is very crowded this term, there are more students here than ever before. The school numbers about four hundred and sixty-four. They are not all colored, some of them are Indians. The time of the Indians that the government sent for three years was out this fall, so they went home, and some more new Indians came to fill their places. There are three Indian boys that will graduate in this class. You have my warmest thanks for what you are doing for me and the uphuilding of my race. I hope that you will feel what you have done for me was highly appreciated. I will now tell you what my object after graduating is; I am going to teach school the best part of my time, as I can see the vacant place for me now. My race is in very much need of an education, and I shall do all I can for the rise of the colored race.

With my warmest thanks I close.

Respectfully yours,

L.

FROM A YOUNG MAN IN THE MIDDLE CLASS

Dear Friend:

It is with much pleasure that I write you the story of my life. I was born in ——Co. Virginia, in the year of 1862. My mother and father were slaves. Mother carried me to Richmond when I was three years old. She stayed there two years, then moved back to Gloucester, and she is yet living there. My father was poor, and after being in slavery, he had to move to his master's land. Mother often told me how they used to treat her, she said, they would whip me because I was so bad. I did not believe that, but when I got older I found all they wanted was power. I will tell you of my first work.

I went to work when I was ten years old. The first I did was to take the ox cart, and go into the woods after a load of wood. I was so small I could not cut it, so I picked it up. That night I got back home father asked me where had I been. He told me I should not go any more. The next day after he had gone, I took the cart, and went again into the woods, as there were no schools in the country for me to go to. Some years after that the school opened. I was large enough to go to school. My father said, that I could not go to school, because he wanted me to learn a trade. I went to work with him, and there worked three years learning the brick mason's trade. I asked one day about going to school; his answer was, that I might go the next year. That winter I went to school two months, and by that time it was time to commence farming. I went on the farm that spring to work. The next winter I went seven weeks to school. One day I asked father to let me go to Hampton, as I could not get any schooling at home. His answer was that he could not spare me. I said nothing for a long time. One day I asked him again, he said "you may go next year"

Now I will tell you of my first days at Hampton. I came here on the 28th of Sept. 1880. I had no money to go to school, so Gen. Armstrong told me that I might go to work, and make some money. He sent me to the sawmill to work. I must say I fared well. They put me to making boxes, and doing anything that was needed. I worked and went to night school one year. When I came to Hampton I could not do long division. I worked and studied hard. There were six boys who were in my class. We studied all the summer, and when the school commenced we were examined.

Six of us made the middle class. I can but say I am finding Hampton to be the place for young folks. It is a place to make them useful to themselves, and to their government. I suppose you would like to know something about the people of my county. They are poor, but true to their government. I find one thing more our people want, that is to save what they make. Some of them say the future must do as the past. They are beginning to know that they must take care of the cents, and the dollars will take care of themselves.

I cannot tell you how much I thank you for your assistance to me, for I know I could not get along without it. I hope my earnest life may prove the thanks. I can not express them.

Yours truly

W.

Died at Newburgh, N. Y., Tuesday, August 8th, Jacie D. Cunningham, aged 16 years 3 months. She was a member of the Preparatory class, having entered the school last September.

PRACTICAL SYMPATHY.

We deeply sympathize with sufferers from Piles. Practical sympathy manifests itself, however, in helping others. We desire to make known, through the medium of our paper, that any one can be cured quickly and permanently by using Macaneen Matico Ointment. It acts soothingly and efficaciously. One application gives instant relief. Ask your druggist for it and give it a trial.

shared with the children Granny's food and care. The blinds had been kept closed to shut out a little of the cold, and in the dimly lighted room the pinched faces of the old woman and children looked weird and ghastly. Poor old Granny was shaking from head to foot, and when I reproached her for not letting me know her condition, she began to talk in a wild incoherent manner, giving a confused account of her troubles, and evidently trying to screen her children from blame. I found that the eldest girl, who had been in the habit of bringing her grandmother's rations, had had no shoes, and as the old woman would not send her out in the snow barefooted, and their other means of supply had all failed, they had been almost without food and fuel for several days. The colored people around them had let them have some wood when the snow first came, and a kind neighbor had killed the pig and salted it down to keep it from starving, but few families near them were prepared for such a severe snowstorm, and they had been forgotten in the general disturbances.

After despatching a boy with a message to my husband for some supplies, which speedily arrived, and seeing the children, much cheered by the sight of the food and fire, made comfortable, I seized the occasion, to urge the wretched old woman, whose convulsive shivering was painful to witness, to give up this miserable way of living and go to the daughter who was able and willing to provide properly for her. "Why, aunt Drusy," said I, "you would be a great deal more comfortable in the city almshouse. The people there are very well cared for every way." "I know it, I know it," said the poor old soul, shaking in every limb as she spoke, "but I can't give up dese childun. My owu childun was took away from me when dey was little, and I jes' got my two darters back, after de s'rendder. Old master gambled away my two oldest boys, fore dey was half grown, an' all my other childun, "ceptin my boy that's married now a' gone to his wife, was 'vided out 'mong master's childun, when he died an' took out back (West) an' I done know whar' none ur'em is cept dis one boy an' my married darter an' my single darter, an' dese here little childun is jus like my own flesh an' blood, jes' what my own use ter be when dey was little and laid in my hress an' slep' with me, an' I can't give um up. If I die, I'll die with em by me."

Soon after this episode in her checquered career, Granny's "single darter" found employment in a wealthy family at some distance from us, and decided that it would be more convenient to her to remove her mother and the children to the same neighborhood, so we lost sight of them.

Poor old Granny, ignorant, degraded, ragged and dirty, hers was a tender, motherly heart, and perhaps had she lived in the light of a better day, she and the children, whom she loved not wisely but well, might have been different. The last time I heard of her, she was still living in squalor and wretchedness, still taking care of the children of her "single darter," who had added two or three more to the number of Granny's charges, and still obstinately refusing to leave them for the comfortable home offered her by her married daughter.

NATIONAL AID FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The National Educational Assembly that has just been held at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, Aug. 8th and 9th, under the conduct of Rev. Dr. J. C. Hartzell, of Louisana, was a meeting of much more than ordinary significance. The audiences were very large, and the majority of the states and territories were represented by prominent men, engaged in or deeply interested in the subject of popular education. A majority of the state superintendents of education in the country sent letters, as did many others. The sentiment of all was that the education of the illiterate masses of America, is an immediate and imperative duty in which the national government should help.

The opening address by Hon. John Eaton, U. S. Commissioner of Education, on Friday morning, was a powerful argument to show that the nation is the only factor adequate to the work of educating the 6,000,000 of illiterates ten years of ago and over in our midst. The family, the church, the state must do and are doing grandly, but still the work demanded is so great that the national government alone can meet the demand. The address gave the key noto to the whole assembly.

At one session the anbject of discussion was —"*Our Illiterate Masses.*" Dr. H. R. Waite, Washington, D. C., of the Census Bureau, presided, and addresses were made by Gen. Rneling, of New Jersey, Dr. L. R. Fiske of Michigan, and Prof. Caldwell of Tennessee. Dr. Hartzell illustrated the location of the illiterate masses of the country by shaded maps as shown in the latest census report. Three-fourths of the nation's illiterates are in the Southern states, where are only one-third of the nation's population; fifteen hundred thousand of the two million illiterate voters of the country are in the same states. Thirty-two per cent. of all the voters in the South cannot write.

At another session Capt. Pratt, of the Indian Training school, Carlisle Pa., spoke of education among the Indians. He believed that the use of common sense and money can educate the rising youth of these children of the forest, into intelligent and practical citizens. This sentiment was also expressed to the Assembly by Hon. H. M. Teller, Secretary of the Interior, in a letter. The lecture of Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, on Alaska, was a vivid portrayal of the neglected condition of the nearly 100,000 people of that region, as well as a description of the marvelous extent and resources of that country.

Wednesday was given to the general study of the forces at work and yet needed to educate our illiterate masses. In the forenoon, "Education in the South," was the theme. A large number of letters and statements from representative men in various parts of the South were given, all showing the great improvement in educational facilities in the South, and the vast amount of work yet to be done, and requiring national aid to do it. Dr. Haygood of Ga. was to have spoken for the South, but sickness in his family prevented his attendance. For the first time the work of the Northern churches in the South since the war, was brought out. Rev. Dr. M. E. Strieby of New York represented the Congregational Church, Rev. Dr. J. M. Gregory of Illinois the Baptist Church, Rev. Dr. R. H. Allen of Pennsylvania the Presbyterians, and Rev. Dr. J. C. Hartzell of Louisiana the Methodist Episcopal. The churches of the North have spent in the South more than $10,000,000 since the war. More than 15,000 students are in their Southern schools of higher grade. The Methodist Episcopal Church has developed a membership of over 400,000 in the South, fully half of which is among the white people of that region, and nearly half the 6,000 Southern students of the same church are white.

The closing session Wednesday night was given to the study of National measures now before Congress. Hon. H. W. Blair, U. S. Senator from New Hampshire, gave the principal address. The enthusiasm of the assembly continued to the end, the all absorbing sentiment being that the Church and the State and the National Government, each in its sphere, must at once unite in immediate and adequate efforts for the education of all classes of the nation's illiterates in every section.

The sentiments, of the assembly were formulated in a memorial to Congress.

NATIONAL EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

The chief practical result of the assembly was the organization of a National Education Committee, to supplement the efforts already made to influence Congress, and to continue these efforts until that body passes a bill giving from the National Treasury, eight or ten million dollars annually, for a few years, to supplement the public schools of the various states and territories; the distribution to be made in proportion to the number of illiterates in each state as shown by the census of 1880.

The chairman of the committee is Bishop Simpson, of Philadelphia. The associate chairmen are the State and Territorial superintendents of education in the United States; and the secretaries are the official representatives of the various church societies engaged in educational work. The Executive Committee is as follows: President, Rev. Dr. Strieby, of New York; Treasurer, Hon. J. O. Wilson, of Washington; Secretary, Prof. C. C. Painter, of Tennessee; and Rev. Dr. Hartzell, of Louisana, Rev. Dr. Allen, of Pennsylvania, Rev. Dr. Gregory, of Illinois, Rev. Dr. Twing, of New York, Rev. Dr. Curry, of Virginia, Rev. Dr. Haywood, of Georgia, and others.

The Secretary of the committee will reside at Washington until the work of securing national aid is accomplished. The work of stimulating and directing public sentiment through the press, and by petition, will be systematically inaugurated and carried forward, in every section of the country.

SECRETARY TELLER ON NATIONAL EDUCATION, ESPECIALLY AMONG THE INDIANS.

The following letter from Hon. H. M. Teller, Secretary of the Interior, will be read with interest:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
WASHINGTON, August 1, 1882.

Rev. J. C. Hartzell, D. D. Ocean Grove, N. J.

DEAR SIR:—I have your letter inviting me to attend the National Education Assembly to be held at Ocean Grove, August 8th and 9th instant. I regret that I can not accept your kind invitation. The object of the Assembly as you declare it, "to help stimulate and direct the public sentiment of the nation in favor of enlarged state effort, and temporary national aid in public school education," meets my hearty approbation, and I shall be pleased if I can contribute in the slightest degree, towards the attainment of that object. The great mass of the people must depend on the public school system for the education of their children. An efficient public school system extending to all the states and affording equal facilities for education to all classes of children free from rate bills, cannot be too highly prized. In some sections of the country the states are able and willing to support such schools by taxation on the property of the state. In other sections the states are not able to do so, and I fear not willing, unless stimulated by aid from the general government.

I recognize it to be the duty of the state to provide for the education of the children within its borders, but if the state neglects or refuses so to do, I think it is clearly within the power of the general government to provide such school facilities. But fortunately there is no state in which no provision for public education is made, and therefore the occasion for the exercise of this power does not exist, except as auxiliary to that of the state. I believe that in all the states the sentiment in favor of educating the children is so strong, that the action required by the general government would be simply to make and wisely disburse proper appropriations, so as to encourage and stimulate the states that are least able to carry on the work by themselves. To do this without seeming to discriminate in favor of certain states, such appropriations ought to be based on the degree of illiteracy as shown by the last census. If a system of public schools can be maintained for ten or fifteen years in any state, there will be no danger of its abandonment. An educated community will demand suitable educational facilities for the education of all classes of children. So we may reasonably hope that the appropriation from the national treasury need not extend beyond a period of ten or fifteen years.

The attention of the Assembly will doubtless be directed also toward the education of the Indians. The difficulties that surround their education are very great; but I do not believe that they are insurmountable, notwithstanding the fact that nearly all efforts made in this direction during the last two hundred years have proved failures. I believe, however, with the changed condition of the Indians, that is by placing them on reservations, that they can now be made useful citizens if the government will make ample provision for putting the children in properly conducted schools,—schools not simply teaching book knowledge, but educating them in the ways of civilized life.

The Indian requires education in the practical affairs of life; he must be taught to work as well as read; his hand must be educated as well as his head. With additional labor schools established within easy communication with the tribe, yet not near enough to allow the influences of savage life to counteract and undo the work of the school, we may hope to repeat on a large scale what Capt. Pratt and Mr. Armstrong have so successfully done at Carlisle and Hampton. Labor is, and has ever been, the great civilizer of the human race, and whenever the indian becomes a laborer, he is not far from civilization and usefulness to society. Heretofore we have confined our efforts to the education of a few, hoping to make such persons teachers and exemplars to their savage brethren; but experience has demonstrated that a few well educated youths could not withstand the baneful influences of savage life, with which they were at once surrounded on their return to their tribe. We cannot hope for the speedy civilization of the Indian unless we can extend our educational efforts so as to include the great mass of Indian children. To do this now, as the Indians may be located on reservations easy of access, is only a question of "appropriation" and the cordial support of the administrative authorities.

Very Respectfully,
H. M. TELLER.

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

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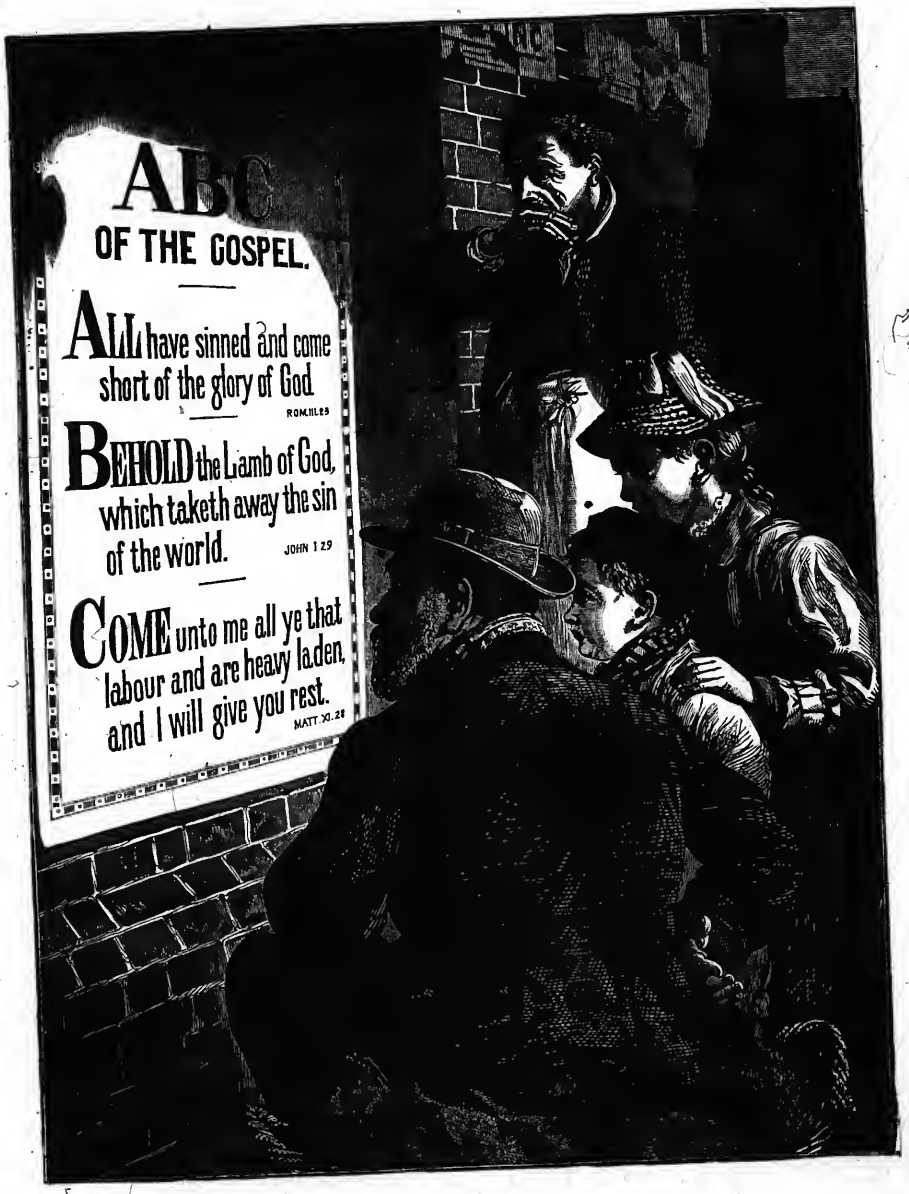

THE A. B. C. OF THE GOSPEL.

VIRGINIA CHILDREN BEFORE THE WAR.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

In the Summer of 1850 we moved from the Shenandoah valley to a beautiful estate purchased by my father in one of the Southern counties of the state. Children as we were, we could but be impressed by the great difference between the country we had left and that in which we now found ourselves. In the valley the number of negroes was small, many of them were free, and the social aspect was much less affected by them than by the large element of sturdy Germans, who refused to own slaves, carried on farm and household labors themselves, and gave tone to the prosperous and thrifty community. In our new residence, the climate was milder, the soil more fertile, vegetation far more luxuriant, the earth seemed literally swarming with slaves, and everything wore an easy, indolent, smiling air, to which we were quite unaccustomed.

In the valley three hundred acres was deemed a large farm, and few persons owned more than a score of negroes, while in the district to which we had removed the planters counted their acres by thousands and their slaves by hundreds.

We had always seen the servants comfortably clad, usually in the stout fabrics woven by the industrious housewives of the country, and now for the first time we beheld little negroes arrayed in a single scant garment, while their elders, except the house servants, who were often greatly pampered by their owners, had only the coarsest clothing and that generally in tatters.

In one of the first visits we paid, the sight of a black boy twelve years old tumbling about the lawn in a yellow cotton shirt, sent my sister and myself in haste to our mother's side—after a while I ventured out alone to look at the beautiful shrubbery, but was still more shocked when I encountered a girl nearly grown, walking round in a dress slit from the hem to the waist, which fluttered in the breeze, while the wearer was apparently quite undisturbed at the condition of her toilet.

The abundant hospitality of country life, where most of our neighbors were in affluent circumstances, with no market for the surplus of small products, was promptly displayed toward us, and as soon as it was known that we had reached our new home too late to make a garden, great hampers of delicious fruits and vegetables were constantly sent us. Every body within ten miles called on us, and my mother was soon overwhelmed with invitations to dine or spend the night, and to our great delight the children were usually included in these invitations.

The visit which made most impression on my childish mind was a day spent at Col. Moncure's beautiful home, which lay along the bank of a noble river, and was ever the abode of the most lavish hospitality.

Here, as in other Virginia communities descended from the F. F. V's, "everybody who was any body" counted the most distant ties of kindred, and the whole souled and genial colonel assured our welcome into the charmed circle of which he was one of the leaders, by announcing the relationship of our family with his own, and insisted upon our coming frequently to his house; my mother, whose tastes were literary and domestic, bore these honors meekly, and often assigned the cares of a large family as an excuse for declining the cordial invitations. This was always a source of deep regret to us children, and we were accordingly much elated when on a fine August day morning, my mother announced that she was going to spend the day at Col. Moncure's and would take with her my elder sister and myself. Our route lay through "fertile vales and dewy meads" for six miles, all the land between our home and the Moncure estate being owned by three planters, and in a high state of cultivation.

A silvery stream, now tiny as a shining thread, now spreading out into a rushing river, crossed and re-crossed the road many times, and we greatly enjoyed the ride.

Our visit was an occasion of a great dinner at Col. Moncure's, when all the country-side were invited to meet some ladies from Richmond, who were spending the Summer at Lethe, the Colonel's fine plantation.

The house seemed full of company when we arrived, and though very cordially received we felt somewhat abashed at sight of the fine ladies and gentlemen who thronged the parlor, hall and porches. Col. Moncure had three grown daughters, one of whom though only eighteen had been married a year. The three sisters were constantly together and were all of the same style, tall, slender and delicate-looking, with languid, refined manners. They were dressed exactly alike in white muslin, with much flowing blue ribbon attached. Mrs. Moncure was stout and elderly-looking, with a kind, motherly face, and always wore rather a weary air.

The house was literally covered with pictures from ceiling to floor; and as the Colonel was fond of collecting specimens of minerals, insects, plant etc., there were many interesting and curious things to look at.

After the family and all the visitors had spoken to us kindly, Mrs. Moncure called a servant to look for the children, and told us we could go into the yard and play with them, a permission of which we were glad to take advantage.

Having seen the fine, grown up daughters of the house, my sister and I were almost as much shocked at the appearance of the little girls to whom we were now introduced, as we had been at the naked young black e-moors on the neighboring plantation.

The two Miss Moncures, whom we were told to call Jenny and Kitty, had apparently never worn bonnet, shoes or stockings, and only resembled their elder sisters in having white dresses. Their hair, naturally light, was sunburned to a dull ashy white, their faces by the same agency had become a rusty red, and their feet, hands and arms displayed the like unlovely hue. Their eyes of a pale lustreless blue stared at us for a moment, and were then arrested in awkward embarrassment.

Each of these children, according to the universal custom of the country, had had a slave girl devoted to her service from her birth, and the white child was literally inseparable from her dusky playmate. The Negro girl slept on a pallet beside the cot of her little mistress, kept close to her side by day, and though the white child was supposed to take her meals at her father's table and the table hand maid to eat hers in the kitchen, no attention was paid to this rule if it happened to suit the children to eat from the same dish, and it often chanced in case of ill-health with the white mother, that they had been nourished at the same breast.

We had always loved our little black playmates, and lived on very intimate terms with them, but our mother had been careful to limit this association to our hours of recreation, and we had been kept strictly under the eye of our good old mammy in the nursery, so that we regarded with curious interest the close attachment between Col. Moncure's little daughters and their sable companions. Each dusky damsel followed her young mistress like her shadow, and seemed never to be an arm's length from her. During the long day that we spent at Lethe, Kitty, who frequently gave way to bursts of temper, fell into a passion with her maid Sabina, and drove her from her with blows as heavy as her little hands could bestow. The Negro girl crept mournfully towards the house, where her appearing alone at once attracted attention, and being explained by Sabina, one of the elder sisters came out, slapped Sabina for making Kitty angry, scolded Kitty for ponting, and tied the two children together with a long cord. Kitty ran towards the negro quarter, and as Sabina was coastrained to follow, the two children raced through the lawn, and were soon shouting and laughing over their compulsory union.

After our first astonishment at the appearance of our new friends, we began to play amiably together, and though we found Kitty and Jenny extremely ignorant and, if opposed, very ill-mannered, we willingly followed them into their usual haunts, and were carried from one end of the large and handsome estate to the other.

When wearied with our ramble, our young hostesses proposed to return to the house, and asked us to aid them in looking for "Julius." They led us through garrets and cellars, and at length announced with merry laughter that they had discovered the object of their search.

We did not know who "Julius" was, and shrank back alarmed when an angry voice and a vigorous pair of heels issued from an old hogshead. The voice asserted that we were all "ugly devils," and this courteous salutation was answered in the same style by Kitty and Jenny who, whenever excited, used language shocking to ears polite. Calling on us to help them, the girls upset the barrel and tumbled out a dirty little sun burnt boy, who proved to be the youngest heir of the house of Moncure, though, to the uninitiated, he might have passed for a cow boy.

After the grown people had dined, the table was re-arranged and the children summoned to the dining room, where a sumptuous repast was set before us. The eldest hopeful of the family, DeJornette by name, now appeared, and having been lately stung by bees in addition to his share of the sunburn, so lavishly displayed by the rest of the party, his appearance was even less prepossessing than theirs. This young gentleman scrambled, fought, and swore in attempting to appropriate the West India preserves and other delicacies on the table, and the dignified dining-room servant finding remonstrance useless, summoned the married sister from the drawing-room to restore order. The young matron came at once, made a vain effort to restrain the children, who were all in a tumult, tried to box DeJornette's ears, threatened to whip Jenny and Kitty, who were eating out of the dish of fried chicken, and lectured her naughty brothers and sisters generally. DeJornette returned her attack upon him so roughly that she became terrified for the fate of her muslin and ribbons, and fled from the scene.

Col. Moncure was very anxious for his friends to adopt his method of bringing up girls, and recommended it on all occasions. He insisted that most ladies were delicate because too tenderly reared, and he left his daughters entirely to the care of the servants until they were twelve years old, permitting them to run wild with the little Negroes, and forbidding his gentle wife to interfere with his plans in any way. The children wore the coarse "domestic" used for the slaves, unless there was company in the house, never had any shoes or stockings except in very cold weather, and were not taught, trained or restrained in any way up to that time. Then they had a governess, were dressed in the height of the style, learned music and dancing; a little later were sent to boarding-school, and at sixteen were fairly launched into society.

My father was always fond of experiments, and rather inclined to adopt the Col's theory, but my mother had seen the elder Miss Moncure's, and had heard our accounts of the children and would none of it. Certainly the genial Colonel was unfortunate in securing health for his daughters, as four of the five sisters we then saw for the first time have long been dead.

About two weeks after this dinner party, a servant on horse back rode up to the porch where my mother sat reading, with her children clustered around her, and dismounting handed her a paper with bands of crepe drawn through its fold. This was a notice that the funeral services of Kitty, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Moncure, would take place at 11 o'clock next morning. The servant, in answer to mother's startled and distressed inquiries, stated that the little girl had seemed quite well a few hours before her death, had eaten immoderately of green fruit, and after violent spasms had, as he expressed it, "ceased it very sudden."

We set out for Lethe soon after breakfast next morning, but the roads were heavy from recent rains, and when we reached the house, the neighbors, to whom the notice had been sent over a large district of country, were just leaving the house for the grave.

All about the place was changed from the gay scene of our former visit. The lively guests had disappeared, the blinds were closed, the house wore an aspect of desolation. Mrs. Moncure, overcome with grief for the loss of her child, was too ill to leave her room.

The sister, who had spoken so sharply a few days before to the child now lying in her coffin, uttered piercing shrieks as the body was carried from the house. The neighboring hamlet did not afford a hearse, and as Col. Moncure kept several carriages, one of them was arranged to carry the child's remains to the grave. When the procession was about to move, Sabina, the dusky companion, who had never before been separated from little Kitty, end had clung to the body from the time the breath left it, having sobbed herself into a stupor of grief, gave vent to a loud, wailing cry, and breaking away from the older servants who vainly tried to hold her back, sprang into the open vehicle, and throwing herself upon the coffin uttered heart-rending screams.

Finding that we were somewhat late, we returned at once to our carriage and took our place in the funeral train now winding slowly through the green fields to the family graveyard on the edge of the estate. When we reached the enclosure, the coffin had been lowered into the grave, and a clergyman who wore the robes of the Episcopal priesthood, stood under a noble oak, with bared head and extended arms, and said in a loud and solemn voice, "I am the resurrection and the life," saith the Lord."

We had never before heard the burial service of the Episcopal church and never witnessed a scene like this.

At the funerals we had attended in the valley, the villagers were wont to accompany the dead to the cemetery in the outskirts of the town, but here only the family with their friends and servants stood beside the grave of our little playmate of a few days before. The scene was most impressive, and as the clods fell upon the coffin, with a dull heavy sound, I realized for the first time, the uncertainty of human life, and threw myself sobbing into my mother's arms.

THE A. B. C. OF THE GOSPEL.

The Salvation Army is the stirring name chosen by a remarkable organization of chosen Christian workers, formed in London some years ago. Its founder and leader, "General" Booth, as he is styled by his "troops," reminds one of Oliver Cromwell in the sturdy vigor of his faith and the blending of military ardor and Christian zeal. He believes in "aggressive Christianity," in "compelling them to come in" and under the inspiration of his genius and of their common faith in the work, his "army" has gained great successes in lines where little has been accomplished by others. Its methods are peculiar and specially adapted to those lines of work among classes hitherto almost unreached, the lowest, most vicious classes of the cities. It has regular army organization, and now has about four hundred and fifty officers and nearly half a million soldiers, from whom at any time a company may be ordered into action. Their weapons are prayer and the word of God, their martial music, psalms and hymns, and their bugles, the uplifted voices of the street preacher and exhorter.

They have two hundred and thirty one stations in various towns, but their headquarters are in London. Every evening the regiment there marches through the city, stopping here and there to sing or pray or preach. Those who are converted, of whatever age or sex, relate their experience and "speak for Jesus." By these methods, many who never went into a church in their lives, or heard God's name except in blasphemy, learn the good news of the Gospel of Christ, and hearing, believe and turn to him. The methods are not such as would attract the cultured and refined, but the results accomplished where they are least likely to be looked for, are so evident that we cannot refuse to believe that God's hand is in the work. Whole streets in the very worst parts of London, where it has been dangerous for a respectable person to penetrate in the daytime without the escort of a policeman, have been reclaimed to quietness, and the voice of prayer and praise has taken the place of low profanity and noisy brawls. The Established Church of England with all its regard for order and form, has officially recognized the usefulness of the Salvation Army and adopted some of its methods in working among the same classes.

In the scene represented in our picture, it would seem that the Salvation Army had hung one of its banners upon the outer walls, and the passers-by are beginning to be attracted.

TO THE CHILDREN OF AMERICA.

The Longfellow Memorial Association has been organized in Cambridge, Mass., to provide a suitable Memorial to the poet near his old home. There is a piece of land opposite the house in which he lived, which was kept open during Mr. Longfellow's life-time that he might have a free view of the Charles River and the hills beyond. It was in a room looking out upon this favorite scene that he wrote Excelsior, The Children's Hour, Maidenhood, and other poems which has made his name dear to the young, and the Association aims to buy the land, lay it out as a garden, build there a memorial to the poet, and keep the place, so endeared by association, forever open to the public.

The contribution of one dollar or more makes one an Honorary Member of the Association; but in order to give the children throughout America a share in this memorial this Association invites contributions of ten cents. In order that it may be made easier to collect and forward these gifts, Teachers and Superintendents are requested to act as agents. For every ten such subscriptions a package of ten memorial cards will be mailed to the address of the sender in order to be distributed to the several contributors. The card contains an excellent portrait of Mr. Longfellow, a view of the house in which he lived and one of his poems in a facsimile of his handwriting. It is also thought that a package of these cards may sometimes be found an acceptable and appropriate present from teachers to scholars.

Contributions should be sent to John Bartlett, Treasurer, P. O. Box 1590, Boston, Mass. Single cards, will not be sent.

H. E. SCUDDER,
FRANCIS COGSWELL,
T. W. HIGGINSON. } *Committee on the Children's Contributions.*

Cambridge, Mass. Oct. 3, 1881.

A Western editor, in response to a subscriber who grumbles that his morning paper was intolerably damp, says "that is because there is so much due on it."

Southern Workman,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October, four months.)

Printed on the Normal School Steam Press by students trained in the office.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MRS. ORRA LANGHORNE, } *Regular Contributors.*

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Published by Putnam's Sons, New York
Edited and printed at Hampton Institute.
For sale at both places. Specimens sent from Hampton at 8 cts. a number, or 50 cts. a set.

Subscribers are reminded that, from July to October inclusive, this paper is reduced to an eight page form, resuming in November the twelve page form.

THE opening of the school year at Hampton Institute is again marked by unusual fullness of numbers and promptness of entry. The increase over last year would be as great as that of the last over the year previous, if the increase in accommodations could keep pace with the applications for admission. At this time last year, the school numbered 461, and the full enrollment of the year was 501. It now numbers 506, and 12 more Indian girls are expected. There are but three more Indian students at present than there were last year. The increase is therefore in the colored students, and as before, it is chiefly in the class which most needs such opportunities—the night class for work students—young men and women who by working all day and studying after hours, through perhaps a year, carry themselves through the rest of their course on their own earnings, and acquire an education in manliness and self-dependence worth far more than the lessons of books.

The examinations for admission, like those of last year, show an increasing amount of good work in the primary schools, though by no means any occasion yet for advancing the school course at the expense of its elementary work. On the contrary, a letter of indignant surprise lately received from a County Superintendent, upon the failure of several Hampton graduates to pass his examination, is a reminder that with all its efforts, the School's danger is in its foundation work, and here its greatest force will continue to be directed. The addition to the corps of teachers gives three especially trained to this work in some of the best Normal Schools of the North, one at Oswego, one at Framingham, and one under Prof. Warren at Plymouth, New Hampshire.

The pressure of the school's increase has been partly relieved by the completion of the Indian girls' building, Winona Lodge, of which an account is given below. It will, some time, we hope, be full of Indian girls, for whom it was built, as Virginia Hall was for colored girls. Meanwhile, as the latter hospitably entertained its Indian sisters the last two or three years, Winona Lodge lends some of its, as yet, superfluous accommodations to colored girls, and a few have been there for the present. The pressure on the boys' dormitories is similarly relieved by the Stone Building. This will eventually be all occupied by industries as they grow. Meanwhile, two stories, each 70x40, have been divided by temporary partitions into rooms accommodating about seventy. Thus, for the first time in a long while, the young men are comfortably lodged instead of being crowded and scattered in the barn and other inappropriate quarters.

A good frame building, finished without plaster, 24x50, has been put up on the Hemenway farm, to accommodate twelve work students, two in a room, and giving a good school and dining room, a kitchen and a washroom. It is plain, but neat and not at all inharmonious with the picturesque house of colonial times with which it is connected.

The Indian Training Shop will be removed this year from its present makeshift quarters to its own building, 40x60, of brick made on the place, now going up on the school grounds, on the corner of the roads to Hampton and to Fortress Monroe, a fine position. It will contain the shoe-factory, harness shop, and eventually in a wing, the carpenter shop and paintshop, and will give facilities to both Indian and colored students to learn these trades.

The generous contribution of Mr. Moses Pierce of Norwich, Ct., of $4000 for a Machine shop, for making shafting &c., repairing engines, boilers and other machinery on the place, and what outside custom it may receive, is taking form in a brick building 40x66, near the Huntington Industrial Works.

Gas has been put into Winona Lodge, and the Stone Memorial, and will be put into the Library and Office building this winter, but not into the smaller rooms of Virginia Hall probably before next year.

This represents the present condition of things at Hampton Institute, and we are looking forward to a year of busy and we hope fruitful work, with the help of God and his stewards.

The increase of the School from three hundred to five hundred students, (four-fifths colored) has required the erection of seven large brick buildings (including Academic Hall, destroyed by fire;) class rooms, dormitories, and other rooms for Indian girls and colored boys; an office, a girls' Industrial building, a saw-mill and wood working and a machine shop, all of which have already cost $140,000. Gifts, including $29,000 insurance money, have amounted to $128,000. Finishing, furnishing, heating, lighting etc., has created a floating debt of $12,000. Full completion of them all will cost $3,000. more.

No more large buildings are contemplated.

Our special effort this year is to raise $15,000, to perfect this many-sided establishment, and $10,000. more for working capital.

Feeding, feeding and clothing four hundred Negro students who, last year, paid $5,179.12 in cash and $31,530,56 in labor, requires resources, both of buildings, outfit, and working capital.

The annual report of the school for its fiscal year ending June 30, 1882, is just printed, and will be sent to all contributors. The Treasurer's report contains a full account of receipts and expenses; of profits and losses for the year. Large amounts have been received for special purposes; for running expenses there has not been an increase corresponding with that of students and of annual cost.

Free tuition is indispensable to and deserved by students who work two full days each week, besides all summer, to pay their bills.

For our 400 colored students, there is, judging from last year, a prospect of 220 seventy dollar scholarships.

For our (soon to be) 100 Indians the prospect is better.

FOUR years ago, one cold November morning, nine Indian girls huddled around the steam-pipes in the colored girls' building at Hampton. They had tattered red shawls pulled over their heads, and held across their faces. They sat in dejected attitudes, and made no response to the advances of the teachers, who would gladly have led them out of their sullenness and home-sickness, had they known how. It was the first party of Indian girls brought to Hampton—the few who could be spared from the Dakota tribes for education at the East. Unwilling to work, and unable to speak English, with little self-respect and no ambition, it was not long before their names became synonyms for all sorts of shiftlessness, and any disorder and impropriety in the building, was freely laid to their charge.

WINONA.

A month ago, another large party of Indian girls gathered in the corridors of Virginia Hall to bid good-bye to the building that had sheltered them hospitably and long. The scene was full of spirit. The rain poured in torrents outside, and the wind swept roughly around the walls. The girls' faces were bright with expectation, and they made the old home merry with laughter and gay good byes as they broke camp, shouldered curious bundles and pitchers and lamps, and, with a joyful shout, went out into the darkness to take possession of the house which was to be their own.

The meaning of the new building to the Indian girls that night! Its meaning for Indian girls through all the coming years! We wish such things could be told.

We called it "WINONA LODGE"—Elder Sisters' Home.

As we sat together in our own dimly lighted chapel and hushed our merry talk, to ask the Divine Presence to be with us in the rooms, to walk with us about the corridors, to lead us from this weakness we had chosen to strength in His obedient service, we seemed to see a crowd of imploring faces looking up to us, and dusky hands outstretched, begging us, their Elder Sisters, to begin life in purity and order and love, with willing service in the place to which they were coming in future years to learn the meaning of the new word home.

Darkness and silence fell upon the building, clouds of mist and rain shut it in, but angel wardens seemed to guard it and make it light and musical with their joy over the accomplished work.

Years of instruction could not do for the Indian girls what a building of their own has accomplished immediately. They feel its influence in the dim morning twilight, as they get up for their early breakfast, and close the doors quietly, and soften their voices and go lightly down stairs that they may not wake others.

It puts their rooms in order for the day, and sweeps out the corners of the corridors, and clears the windows.

It makes the girls glad-hearted and merry when scrubbing day comes, and, down on their knees with brush and pail, they sing over the work which once they dreaded. It keeps them in gay good-temper even when the careless workmen track mud over the big hall, and they know it must be scrubbed again before the week is out.

Long seams are sewed better and more patiently in their own sewing-room, and the study-hour is more quiet and earnest.

The good-wishes of all the builders dance in the girls' feet when they come back in the evening, and forming a ring around the pillars in the big hall play-room, "Sail away away, Sail all over," to the music of their own merry voices; and like a benediction the spirit fells upon them as they go softly into the chapel and sing one after another of the sweet hymns they love, before they say "Good-night."

God grant its memory may abide with them in the coming years, when the conflicts and sorrows of womanhood are upon them, holding them to lives of self-respectful service, lifting them to the joyful surrenders of self-sacrificing love.

Each girl's room was provided by a gift of three hundred dollars from friends, chiefly in New York and Boston. Some of the rooms were made memorials of relatives or friends whose names will appear and whose pictures, if sent, will be hung on the walls, and will, we believe, have a happy effect. The *pro-rata* cost of the hospital department, two thousand dollars, was contributed by two ladies of New York, as a memorial to their mother, one of the best known and most liberal friends of the needy of all races, in all lands.

The building will accommodate sixty girls; thirty-two now occupy it and twelve more are expected this fall; it is most substantially built of brick, and has cost $30,407.30. The sum of $27,126 03 was contributed for its erection. Putting in steam heat, gas fixtures, bath-room, laundry, etc., has, with a small deficit on the building account, cost a little over $3,000.00. For this amount we ask the friends of the Indians.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CROW INDIAN AGENCY,
Montana Territory, Aug. 13th, 1882.

The 16 mile ride from Stillwater on the Yellowstone up to Crow Agency at the foot of the Bear Tooth mountains, was a memorable one for the grandeur of the view as one approached, for the beauty of the narrow valley and winding "Rosebud" river and the picturesqueness of the Indian wigwams, wild naked horsemen, and flocks of ponies.

Our party of thirteen was kindly received and most hospitably entertained by the Agent in charge, Maj. H. J. Armstrong. The Major is the grandson of a man who, stolen by the Wyandotte Indians in his early youth, became an Indian in every sense, but married a white woman.

He assumed charge Jan. 1st, 1882, and is the tenth agent appointed to this place since 1868—ten agents in 14 years! Of course there had been, with this changeful policy, no progress. Scores of agencies and tens of thousands of Indians have been cursed with this vacillating policy. Good men are not to be had at the low salaries offered. Indian civilization would have been accomplished already had first rate men been secured at the start, by adequate salaries.

Millions for any jobbery that will secure the re-election of Congressman, but starvation wages for men competent to lift the Indians to self-support and manhood.

There are good Indian Agents, thanks to the disinterestedness of some men.

There are 3500 Crows. Originally the number was much larger, but small pox and war have made great havoc among them. Now the births are said to outnumber the deaths. Their territory was fixed by treaty in 1867, bounded South by the State line of Wyoming, East by the 107 deg. Meridian, and North and West by the Yellowstone river, including six and a quarter millions of acres, of which about one and a quarter millions, all between the 110 Meridian and Beaver river on the East, and the Yellowstone on the West, was sold to the government for $750,000, payable at the rate of 30,000.00 a year—the proceeding having been ratified at the last Congress.

This was purchased on account of its valuable mineral lands. The Indian is fortunate to sell them, for all the powers of earth cannot keep him in possession of them when the white man once finds them out.

The North Pacific railroad has agreed to give the Crow Indians the sum of $25,000.00 for a strip 400 feet wide along the Yellowstone, wherever the road runs on their side of the river.

The Agency is situated near the western extremity of the reservation, where there is very little land suitable for permanent settlement, where the Indians can never be homesteaded, and also on lands so near and similar to the mining lands already sold, that they are likely to contain mineral wealth and to be pounced upon by settlers. A hundred miles to the East, on the Big Horn and Little Big Horn rivers there is a large quantity of fine farming and grazing land, now being surveyed, enough for the entire tribe.

There seems to be the best of reasons for removing the Agency office of the entire body of Crows to that part of their territory to be assigned to permanent homes. In that case perhaps another million acres of the western part of their reservation could be sold, thus helping them, with their other funds, to purchase cattle and establish themselves on a self supporting basis,—all of which is apparently practicable; the only obstacle being the constant changes made at Washington, through political influences.

About 2700 of the Crows are "Mountain" Indians; the rest are river Indians; all speak the same language. The former are more manageable, temperate, and more disposed to industry and education. They hardly touch whiskey, and eschew even cigars, preferring cigarettes for their mildness; they don't use vinegar or any strong condiment:—natural born teetotalers.

The river Crows, until within eight years, lived 200 miles to the Northeast, on the Missouri river; they are wilder, drink more, and are harder to civilize. The Indian's description of a good man is that he has "a good heart." The Mountain Crows have the best hearts.

Hardly one-tenth of Montana is suitable for agriculture. It is a land not of bread but of beef. It is pre-eminently adapted to the Indians—to their successful survival of and adaptation to civilization, for a grazing region is indispensable to maintain our population

General Terry's solution of the Indian problem is in one word, "cows."

By existing laws, the Secretary of the Interior is authorized to issue a certificate or grant of the following to each Indian head of a family:

160 acres of farm land.
160 " " grazing land.

80 acres to each additional member of the family. To make this worth anything to them, there needs, and I believe is, a provision that the property shall be inalienable for the space of 25 years. There is, however, some difficulty about this, for when I was at Crow Creek Agency in Dakota last fall, the lands had been divided, but satisfactory deeds to the Indian could not then be obtained.

Major Armstrong's idea is to settle all the Crow families on independent ranches. He offers to build a house for each family, provided the Indian *pater familias* will fence in not less than ten acres of land to be cultivated. To carry this out, he begins at the bottom. He found that almost nothing had heretofore been accomplished by way of practical education—there were at least no signs of it, excepting a garden of about 20 acres: which Indians had tended under his predecessor. Since last January he has laid out and fenced in 75 acres of land, which are irrigated by a ditch from the Rosebud river. The 75 acres are divided into 24 portions, each one of which is assigned to a head of a family. We walked through the entire garden, found quite a variety of crops growing, potatoes, beans, carrots, turnips, cabbages, corn, and even lettuce.

We found Chief Plenty Coos, (Lots of Scalps) and his wife Magpie, picking summer and other squashes to slice up and dry for winter use or to eat right away—much fruit is thus put up by them. Others were weeding crops. Of the eighty in all who worked the tracts, but twenty had ever worked before in their lives. Major Armstrong called the most thoughtful men together, talked to them as he would to white men, showed the wisdom and ultimate necessity of learning to take care of themselves. They readily agreed to do what they could. On his summons they came to the fields, with wild, kicking ponies, that never had been harnessed before, knowing nothing about harnessing or plowing.

Each one was helped by the Major personally, and by his assistants, to harness his horse, shown how to plow, and after a while left to himself; so their ground was planted and cared for, the Agent working daily with his own hands, helping and teaching the Crows to make their crops. The seed fell short, or more ground would have been planted. Each one of the twenty-four families that had a portion of this seventy-five acres will this year, if allowed, be placed on a well selected homestead of three hundred and twenty acres or more, according to the size of families; houses will be built, if they will fence in ten acres. Having already cultivated two acres they can next year cultivate ten. This will feed their families; they will probably increase their farm area from year to year, but their principal profit will be from cattle. They now have considerable wealth in ponies, which are not very satisfactory from their being constantly stolen by other Indians, and the Major hopes to persuade them to sell them and put the proceeds into cattle, which are far more profitable. This, and the $750,000, from sales of land to government, and the money due from the N. P. railroad, will give them means of buying enough cattle to give the entire tribe a start. They can cut and sell hay, for which the demand is steady and the profit high. Already quite a number of Indians have given in their names to have one of the twenty-four lots next year.

This is a capital plan; a most sensible school of agricultural practice. An Indian whose traditions, pride of ancestry and social surroundings all impell him to lie off and let the squaws labor, in his advancing years abandons the ideas of generations in response to a common sense appeal, and goes to work with his own hands—learns in a year's time under instruction, to make crops, take a ranche, next year fence in a little farm, and settles down to an improving condition. His place at the farm school is taken by another and so it goes on, till within ten years the Crows might all be self-supporting. They cost the government last year $92,000. This year only about $77,000 are given. This is too large and sudden a shrinkage, for they are not yet ready for it. As I write, Chiefs Dog Eye and Plenty Coos stalk into the Major's office where I sit, arrayed in all their glory for the council this evening. We say "How" to each other cordially; they fumble around for cigarettes; motion violently for tobacco and pipes, but I don't take the hint, but offer some of the Major's cigars, at which they make faces. Dog Eye finds my walking cane, my constant and much endeared companion, asks me by motions to give it to him. I say "Bravo" meaning wait for the interpreter, by which I gain time and may evade the issue, for I wish to keep my cane unless the old fellow will sell me a good buffalo robe. Dog Eye looks wonderfully like the pictures I have seen of Daniel Webster. His head is superb, his face is strong and kind, his long hair falls to his shoulder; he is sitting fanning himself with an eagle's feather, unconscious of this pen portrait. He has on a splendid buckskin coat or robe, gorgeously ornamented, and leggins after the Indian style. His coat is open and exposes a magnificent bare chest. Meanwhile Plenty Coos,—the taker of many scalps—prowls into the Major's bedroom; finds and lights a pipe, and comforts himself and his brother warrior.

The government only agreed to feed the Crows for four years from 1868, but has continued to support them ever since, costing about $100,000,00 a year, but has begun to cut down. Now the game is decreasing. As outside means of support decrease, that from government is cut down; the Indian is not far enough advanced in civilized arts to take care of himself. He gets hungry—desperate, believes he is wronged and is in the mood for bad work.

The Treaty of '68, which allowed the Crows to hunt outside their reservation on unoccupied lands, has until recently been a most important factor in their support. But the lands are rapidly filling up, and they can ill afford to have $20,000, less from government this year than last; squeezing at both ends is too much; trouble is inevitable if this process goes too far. The Indian is an Indian long after he is outwardly civilized. That means that he will long retain his power to resent injustice by violence.

From the Agents memorandum book, I took accounts of the men who had worked this year on his model farm of seventy-five acres.

Old Onion, Old Dog and Wolf Sinew were chiefs who had never worked before, so were Pretty Eagle and Plenty Coos. Other converts to the ideas of labor were Eats-all-over-the world, Boy-that-grabs, Bull-all-the-time, Crazy Sister-in-law and Dead Bull; the two latter men of unusually violent temper.

Some Indians are bad and troublesome. Spotted Horse said he would kill some of the working Indians. Crazy Head said he wouldn't work for $2500 a day. These represent a faction of braves, mostly young "bucks" Indian dandies: "Old Spaniard" won't work because he is too old. These are inflammable; not easy to control—a minority, but able to do mischief, ready to incite the people, especially if their wrongs are real. The squaws are often on the wrong side, ridiculing the men who work, discouraging the very ones who would lighten their burdens. Ridicule is as severe an argument among Indians as among other people.

The greatest difficulty of a good Indian Agent is with settlers; for instance, a man took a contract to supply a certain amount of hay, depending on the tools and labor of the reservation to cut it for nothing; the Agent of course to get some personal benefit from it. The Agent declined to do such work; the contractor lost money, and is forever the enemy of the Agent. A white man married a Crow woman, expecting to have the usual right to live on the reservation, and get a chance to sell whiskey to Indians. He is put off the Agency and declares war against the Agent. White men wish to cut timber belonging to the Indians, get their supply of hay from Indian lands etc. Preventing such things makes it hot for the Agent.

Serious charges are made against him in Washington through political channels; the delegate or representative must respect the appeal of his constituents, pressure is brought to bear upon the Interior department and the faithful Indian agent is discharged. There will be no peace for an Indian Agent who does his duty when whites are trying to get his territory. Major Armstrong is far from sanguine as to his own future here. He anticipates opposition which may, before two years have passed, cost him his official head. He says that it is sometimes impossible not to be discouraged with the difficulties of an Agency. Even the best people in the land have little regard for an Indian agent. No body befriends one who is faithful, and there are many to oppose him. The Indian suffers unspeakably from this.

The Crows are severely tried by the Blackfeet and Piegan Indians, who live on a reservation some 150 miles to the north, but march into the Crow country, and run off their ponies; some white men assist in this business. Not less than six hundred ponies have been stolen this year from the vicinity of this agency. In our conversation with the leading Crows, this was their principal grievance, their horses were stolen, and the Major did not allow them to pursue and re-capture. The agent has an Indian police, and would not hesitate to attack and kill any horse thieves found on the reservation, but has no right to leave it.

General Terry has stationed troops at Stillwater, and other places, to check these raids. A great protection hereafter will be the telegraph lines, which, by prompt reports, will prevent Indians from crossing the river.

Government pretends to redress the wrongs of Indians, but when it takes an act of Congress to pay for a stolen mule, the redress comes rather too slowly. It should, by right, pay for the mules stolen by the Blackfeet.

Saturday morning, we made some calls on the chiefs, who most courteously returned our calls just before dinner time, and so had a free lunch. We visited the log houses of "Iron Bull," "Fringe" and "Dog Eye."

Thinbelly, the greatest of the Crow chiefs, was absent on the hills, mourning for a friend he had just lost, whose body now lies on a scaffold which I can see from the window at which I am writing.

When a friend dies, the Crows put on mourning garments made of skins tanned on both sides, and cut joints off their fingers. Women gash themselves across their foreheads, and let the blood run and clot for days without washing. They go with a knife and whetstone into the fields or on the hills, and whet their knives and cut themselves, and whet and cut again. The entire day time, for weeks, is spent in mourning tents, which are made of the most ragged material, they wear the meanest garments they can put on; going home at night. We met children carrying food to a mourning father on the hill.

We found Iron Bull in bed; a noble old man, the deepest thinker and leading theologian of his tribe. We shook hands all around as usual, for hand-shaking is peculiarly an Indian institution, and soon drew out his ideas of God and of creation.

Six of us stood around his bed, while the philospher lay, half clad, half sitting up, leaning on his elbow, and spoke with a manner and an action as effective and graceful as I ever saw.

He said that the Indian believed in four gods,—one was a woman, and had the care of the lodges, and of the food and stock. One, the supreme God of all, was named *Kiowa*, (Old Sly One,) because he was everywhere, and nobody could see him. Another was the Creator, and another knew everything.

There was a great flood, and only the four gods survived. At last they sent a green-necked duck to dive down, and it brought up some mud in its mouth, which the Creator took in his hand, blew it four different ways, and that made the earth. Then man was made of clay at first blind, but his eyes were opened, and he saw everything—the mountains and rivers.

Indians prayed not daily, but as circumstances changed; for good crops, for the safety of their friends and children, for the return of warriors from battle.

Before battle, one marches around the camp four times, singing an incantation; then all pray.

They pray only to the one god. A red cloth is hung out in their cultivated fields—we saw several of them—to appease the sun-god. When this is done, the poor ceen have the cloth.

Their children are taught not to lie or steal. The dead go to a river, where they have all the buffalo meat they can eat, and a better time than they had on earth. Some go to a heaven above. His ideas about the good and the bad were much mixed. All men are punished in this life. If a man steals or lies he is sure to die soon. Good and bad, he thought, take different ways after death, and come together again. He didn't want the white man's religion—didn't want the white man among them.

There is a singular tradition among the Crows that their ancestors once lived in a warm climate where there were alligators. They often allude to this in opening their speeches, but there is no record of it.

AN AGENCY EXPERIENCE.

Chief Dog Eye gave to a white men, Stewart, a mule in exchange for a mare and colt, which he (Stewart) bought for a rifle and fifty cartridges, from an Indian who did not really own own the mare and colt. The owner claimed them from Dog Eye, who gave them up, and then asked for his mule. Stewart refused even after Dog Eye had got back and given to him the rifle and cartridges which he had given to the Indian for the mare and colt. Dog Eye wanted his mule. What could he done? Nothing.

There is no law between the white man and the Indian, nor even between Indian and Indian. Here is one great evil in the Indian situation. Law is needed more and more as the West fills up and the whites crowd around the Indians.

Among themselves, the Crows, and Indians generally, are very peaceful: their clans or villages, under one chief,—of from fifty to one-thousand people—are most kindly to each other. The young men seldom quarrel and fight with each other; law is hardly needed there. They do worry each other, but that is chiefly between men of different clans. They are peaceful and gentle—much more so than whites in their community life. The Crows, especially the mountain Crows, have "good hearts." Agent Armstrong says he could not ask for kinder, pleasanter, better hearted people, and believes that better people in this respect are nowhere to be found.

They hunter each other a good deal, but dont lose their tempers. No sharp word or severer epithet has nearly the power of "you have no friend." This charge makes trouble. The friend of an Indian to whom this was said, tore to shreds the wigwam of the man who said it.

The crowning wrong done, in the estimation of Maj. Armstrong, to the Indians, is moving them against their will. His own people, Wyandottes, who were settled in Ohio, had good farms. Some had brick houses, and it took ten different formal Commissions from the government to cause them to remove to the Indian Territory, where they now are. It was finally accomplished by bribery and by whiskey. It was a rank outrage on a deserving, well meaning people. The Major fears a repetition of this cruelty, as the country shall fill up.

He is working with wisdom and energy for lands in severalty, *almost at once*, for a tribe that is one of the most ignorant and backward of all. He is not an Eastern philanthropist, but a practical, intelligent man, and knows what he is about and will succeed if allowed to carry out his ideas. But in the background is the shadow of a break-up or change at the instigation of politicians, who can, sooner or later, accomplish their purpose.

CALL FROM A CHIEF.

Thinbelly, chief of all the Crow chiefs, has one hundred lodges, about eight of all ages and sexes in each lodge or tent. Before the small-pox came among them he had two-hundred lodges. Now the number of births exceed the deaths. He thinks the best thing for Indians is to settle on ranches, and raise stock. He "likes horses mighty well, but thinks it better to have cattle, because people steal his horses."

Thinbelly rose up, shook hands all around, and said; "I was once poor, but look at me now. I am chief of the Crow nation. I have done as the white man told me. I shake hands with them. I trouble no white man, but do what the great father tells me. I wish you would try to stop the Northern Indians (Piegans) from stealing our horses. Look at us; our country is small, not as big as it used to be. I wish white men would not hunt on our reservation. I wish more rations for my people, because much of the time we have nothing to eat. [Agent Armstrong says that only beef and sugar run short, other articles are plenty.]

"I and my people who work on farms are ridiculed by other Indians who don't work, because we have such poor houses; we wish better houses to live in. I told President Grant when in Washington that I would take his advice and settle down to work. I am doing as the President told me to do. Some of my children are frolicking and some are at school. Our trader is stingy; we want one who will give us more; unless he trades better he had better go." "[Agent Armstrong here remarks that the remedy for this complaint, which is very general, is to allow competition among Indian traders. The monopoly which now exists at each agency is an evil.]

"I like Major Armstrong, and he likes me. I have been sick, and would like some good medicine from the States. Indian medicine can't help me. Some good salve would cure me."

The chief then turned to the Agent, and asked about a hob-tailed horse that he had lost, which the Agent agreed to find if possible.

"I wish to have all I am entitled to, and the best part of our lands to settle on. I don't like this place for our agency, for the frost comes and kills our crops. I don't know much about farming, but this is a bad place for it, because the rocks break my wagon and plows. I trust Major Armstrong (strong arm in Indian) will choose the best places for my people.

"The whites are disturbing our country, taking the timber off." [Major A. remarks that General Hatch, (White-Hat in Indian), has driven off many intruders already.]

The old chief shakes hands all around again, then says; "I wish to be friendly with the Whites. I wish to eat with them and have them eat with me."

"About four days ago my brother died, so I do not wear my good clothes. I am mourning on the hills; but I heard some gentlemen came from the East, and I came to see them."

"That's all I have to say. If I talk too much I may tell lies."

"Yesterday I could not come and see you, because I felt like crying all day, I am hungry now and would like some dinner."

S. C. A.

VISITORS FROM THE EPISCOPAL CONGRESS.

A cordial invitation extended by Hampton Institute to the members of the Episcopal church Congress recently convened in Richmond, was accepted by twenty five delegates who visited the school on the 27th ult. under the escort of its chaplain. More would have come if it had been possible with their other engagements. Among those who came were Rev. Dr. Grammer of Baltimore, Rev. Dr. Smedes of the Episcopal school of Raleigh, N. C., Rev. Dr. Tucker of Jackson, Miss.—who, in addition to his labors in charge of one of the most prominent churches in that city, has established a Sunday School for the colored people which numbers two thousand, and, for the variety and success of its work, is well called the "Unique School"—Rev. Dr. Heber Newton of New York city, Rev. Dr. Greer of Providence, R. I., Rev. Mr. Gardiner, trustee of the Industrial School for Girls in Middletown, Ct., and Rev. Dr. Syle of Philadelphia, who, after having been a missionary to Greenland, is now Secretary of the African Colonization Society.

The party came from Richmond in a special train, on special time, making the usually three hours and a quarter trip to Newport News in one hour and fifty minutes, the fastest time yet made on the new road. Lunch was provided on the cars, and reaching Hampton about four in the afternoon, they drove directly to the school, stopping first at the barn to inspect that and the stock and climbing to its cupola for the fine view. The day was perfect and Hampton never looked lovelier than in its Indian summer glow on sea and land. The industries of the Stone Memorial building, and the Indian Workshop were visited, and the Huntington saw-mill and wood-working shops. Driving over the school farm, they saw the outoutside of the school buildings; and visited the Library, and Winona Lodge, where the Indian girls were prevailed on to sing for them a little. Classes were over for the day, but at half past five the whole school was assembled in the chapel of Virginia Hall, and sang a few of their plantation songs. Dr. Grammer of Baltimore, was introduced by the principal and made a brief and kind address, urging upon the students the three great duties of life, exemplified in the earthly life of our Lord and Master—to be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. The usual evening service of prayer was conducted by Rev. Mr. Gravatt of Hampton, after which there was time before the boat left for but two short addresses, from Dr. Newton of New York, putting before the students in a forcible way the essential elements of success in life; a heart given to God, a mind stored with knowledge, and hands skilled in labor; and from Dr. Greer, dwelling on the importance of little things and the power of personal influence. All expressed pleasure and interest in what they had seen in their brief visit to the school, and it is hoped that they may act upon the Principal's assurance that they will be always heartily welcome here.

As the students were filing out to one of their accustomed marching songs—"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave"—the Principal, bethinking himself that it might not have been a happy selection, turned to Dr. Tucker and said playfully, in rather late apology, "I don't know how you Southern gentlemen may approve of this"—"Oh that's good" replied the Mississippian with a laugh, *"I've been singing it with the rest."*

FROM "FRIENDS."

We acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt, of a donation of books for the Library of Hampton Institute from the "Representative Committee of Friends of Philadelphia," also "Selections from the Life and Writings of William Penn," from Miss M. A. Longstreth of Philadelphia, and take pleasure in printing the letter, accompanying the former with its interesting information and kindly expressions.

Philadelphia, Oct. 10th, 1882.

Gen J. F. B. Marshall, Treasurer:—

"I have the pleasure, in response to the appeal for books, to forward by express, twelve copies of Friend's publications, for which send to me a separate acknowledgement to the "Representative Committee of Friend's, of Philadelphia."

Particular interest will attach to Wm. Penn's works, in connection with the Bi-centennial of his Landing in Pennsylvania, to be calabrated next week, and the works of Samuel M. Jannay should be in your Library, for the reason that he was a Virginian and a good friends of the slaves and the Indians.

About one hundred and twenty-five years ago John Woolman travelled through Maryland, Virginia and Carolina, preaching against the holding of slaves, and through his efforts, in large part, the Society was early cleared of this iniquity.

In listening to a recitation of a class in Political Economy at Hampton, I was reminded of Wm. Penn's statement "of the end of all government, viz; to support power in reverence, with the people, and to secure the people from the abuse of power, that they may be free by their just obedience, and the magistrates honorable for their just administration; for liberty without obedience is confusion, and obedience, without liberty is slavery." (See Life, fol. 188.)

The people of this Commonwealth have not yet learned this lesson, or we would not be liable to riots like that at Pittsburg.

Please send me a copy of the last annual report.

Respectfully,
H. Gawthrop.

From the *Boston Transcript* of Sept. 18th, we copy the following notice of the death of the mother of Gen. Marshall, Treasurer and Assistant Principal of the Hampton School.

During the winter that she spent here a few years ago, she became personally known to many of us, and we can therefore better understand how great the loss will be to her children and friends.

It is needless to say that our truest sympathy is given to those to whom she was nearest and to whom her place can never be filled.

"The death of Mrs. Sophia Marshall in the town of Weston, on the 17th inst., at the age of ninety-five years, removes from our community one who has filled no inconsiderable place in our social and religious annals. The grandfather of Mrs. Marshall, Rev. Samuel Woodward, was the second minister settled over the parish in Weston, in 1751; her father, Rev. Samuel Kendall, succeeded him in 1773, his pastorate covering a period of thirty one years. With mind clear and active to the last, Mrs. Marshall loved to look back and relate events in the history of our early days as a nation, and her anecdotes of the leading men of those remote days added a charm to her conversation which only those who knew her can appreciate. Youth, equally with old age, was drawn towards her by her happy and cheerful disposition, and the love, veneration and respect with which the declining years of her life have been surrounded, served to keep alive her affection for each and all. Mrs. Marshall differed from persons arriving at her age in this, that while she loved to dwell upon events of the past, she never lost her interest in the present, and she was keenly alive to all that concerned the general public in church and state; her eminently social qualities, her charity and strong religious faith, combined with her wonderful energy, have made her name a household word throughout our section of country. To the clergy of New England, Mrs. Marshall was well known and highly esteemed. Through her ancestors and large family connections she was one of the few remaining links in the chain connecting us with the early religious settlement of Middlesex County. Mrs. Marshall was married in 1813 to Thomas Marshall of Boston, a son of Colonel Marshall of Weston, an officer of the Revolution and a friend of Washington; Mr. Marshall died many years ago. Mrs. Marshall leaves two daughters and one son, General Marshall, who is connected with General Armstrong in the management of the Hampton School in Virginia."

IN MEMORY OF GARFIELD.

The following note with its enclosure was received soon after the last anniversary of President Garfield's death, from one whose interest in Hampton's work has found grateful and generous expression before.

"Sept. 19, 1882.

My dear friend;

It is the day sacred evermore to the memory of "Saint Garfield," and kneeling at his shrine, I drop into your hand the enclosed contribution, that his grace and truth may be fostered and extended throughout the Republic he has so suffered and died to save.

I wish it were one thousand instead of one hundred dollars—I hope each year to consecrate this heart-breaking day to his memory in this way."

GOVERNMENT REPORT ON HAMPTON STUDENT WORK.

The contract of Hampton Institute with the Department of the Interior, to furnish 2000 shoes, 75 double sets of plough harness and 7000 pieces of tin ware for Agency supplies, having been completed, the following official report has been received upon the character of the work. This has been done by Indian and colored students as follows: in the shoe shop, nine Indians and three colored; in the harness shop, four Indians and one colored; in the tin shop, five Indians and one colored. The colored workers attend the night class and work all day; the Indians have worked half of every school day, and all day in the summer. The contract for shoes was from March to September. Besides completing it, they did all the repairing needed in the school, and much custom work both for students and families on the place and some outside orders. The contract for tin ware was received the 20th of June and was completed Sept. 1st—in addition to the tin work done for the school. The contract for harness was from March to September, but the work was finished in June, besides a fine set of coupe harness for a lady in Newport, Rhode Island. The heads of the departments speak well of their student employes.

Department of the Interior,
Office of Indian Affairs,
New York, October 5th, 1882.

Gen'l. S. C. Armstrong;
Hampton N. & A. Institute
Hampton, Va.

Sir;

In reply to your letter of the 4th inst. asking to be informed as to the quality, workmanship and general character of the shoes, harness, and tin ware furnished by the School under your charge, for the Indian Service, I have to state that the various Inspectors report the goods in question to be of good quality, and while not as finely finished as those of the same character furnished by regular contractors, are well and strongly made, and for *actual service*, are fully equal to any purchased by the Department.

Very respectfully,
E. Seward, *Clerk in charge.*

FROM TUSKEGEE

Those of our readers who know of the brave enterprise of our Hampton graduates, Mr Booker T. Washington and Miss Olivia Davidson, also graduate of Framingham, Mass., at Tuskegee, Alabama, will be glad to read their latest report of their success and encouragement. An interesting feature of it is the breaking down of sectarian exclusiveness, to stand shoulder to shoulder for the common cause.

Normal School.
Tuskegee, Ala. Oct. 15, 1882.

Dear Workman,

In our last letter we gave you an account of our closing exercises and of our hopes and plans for the summer. A pamphlet published later gave a more explicit account of our entire work during the year and, a description and approximate cost of a building which we felt was essential to the continuance of the work successfully through another year. The estimated cost of the building, as named in the pamphlet, was $4,200. The actual cost has gone something beyond this, being about $4,550. Of this sum, as said, we had received at the time of closing school, $1,000. During the summer, we are glad to be able to tell you, we succeeded in raising the remainder in the North, so that, now, the money for paying for the building is provided for. Its furnishing throughout is to be paid for, with exception of two of the girls' rooms, kindly furnished by a friend, for whom one is to be named.

Owing to some unavoidable delays in the work, the building was not ready for occupancy when school opened, so we were compelled to seek our old quarters in the church and shanty again, but the work on the building is now being carried rapidly forward, and we hope to go into it the first of the coming month. As we are very, very much crowded in our present quarters, we shall all appreciate the privilege of having pleasant and commodious quarters the remainder of the year.

School opened the 4th of Sept. with quite a full attendance, and the number has increased each week, until now the number of pupils enrolled is more than double the number enrolled within two months after opening last year, and we have applications from many who desire to come in later.

During the summer a number of the most advanced students taught school in this and adjacent Counties, and reports came to us from many of these pieces of the really superior work done by these students as compared with that done by others who had not had the year's training.

Mr. R. S. Penott, a young man from Washing, D. C., graduate of the High School, and afterward teacher of vocal music in the public schools of that city, this year takes the place filled by Mr. Cardwell last year, in the departments of music and geography.

I think in a former letter we mentioned the fact that the denominational spirit is very strong here, as shown by the fact that the public schools (colored) have been taught for years as separate denominational schools, the Baptist children attending the Baptist, and the Methodist children attending the Methodist, school. This year, however, we have gained the consent of the people on our farm to the union of the two schools as a training school for the Normal. Miss Snodgrass and Miss Lucy Smith, another Hampton graduate, have charge of it. To day, for the first time here in many years, I suppose, the children of the two denominations met in school together. We hope for much good in the way of influence upon both parents and children as a result of this union. The school will, when all are in, number more than three hundred, and the Normal School will number one hundred, so that by Christmas we shall have on our farm in daily attendance of public and Normal School students perhaps more than four hundred! When we realize what the work of these students is to be, how necessary it is for them to be well fitted to go into this work with earnestness and ability, and how far in the future their influence for good or bad may extend, can we doubt the importance of the work before us?

You shall hear from us again in future. At present, with best wishes for yourself and readers, I close.

Yours,
D.

Married,—on Wednesday, Oct. 18th, at Bethesda Chapel, by Rev. H. B. Frissell, Geo. J. Davis, to Charlotte F. Smith, all of Hampton Institute.

This wedding of Hampton students within Hampton grounds—the second of the kind—was an occasion of great interest to all who witnessed it. The storm of many weary days abated, and the sun poured out its full prophecy of blessing upon the happy pair. As they stood in the chapel under the "marriage bell" and beautiful arch of wayside flowers that friendly hands had twined, and spoke "the most living words of life," many wished that they might find the future full of wayside flowers. Flowers, music and sunshine, a pretty bride in creamy cashmere wedding gown, veiled in soft illusion and crowned with lilies of the valley, a manly bridegroom and their attendant bridesmaids and groomsmen, made as pretty a wedding scene as is often witnessed. The ceremony was performed according to the Episcopal service, the bride being given away by her brother Mr. Geo. Smith of New York, who was also first groomsman. Her bridesmaids were Miss Lovey Mayo of Hampton Institute, and Miss Catharine Fields of Hampton, and the other groomsman was Mr. Frank Banks of the Institute—these three all graduates of Hampton.

After the service the newly wed received the congratulations of their friends and teachers at the house of General and Mrs. Marshall, whose parlors were beautifully decorated with autumn leaves and flowers, while Chinese lanterns and a young moon combined to get up the æsthetic effects outside. A number of very useful and pretty presents were collected in one of the parlors, and a handsome bride-loaf made by a "Friend" who had given the bridegroom his first lessons in the new life of freedom, crowned the pretty refreshment table. Hampton says "Bless you my children.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

Going Ahead. A School-house in the Woods. A Mountain Settlement. Christian Work—No Bibles. Helpmates.

GOING AHEAD.

We are glad to receive this pleasant report from a graduate of '78, who in four years of faithful teaching has found time and courage to keep up his studies to such purpose. We congratulate him on his success and wish him the continued fulfilment of all worthy ambitions.

WILLISTON SEMINARY,
Easthampton, Mass., Sept. 18, 1882.

My Dear General;

I have purposely delayed acknowledging your very excellent letter of commendation with the other of encouraging words, thinking that you would be interested in hearing of my success.

As a proof of New England's high appreciation of you and "Hampton," immediately upon the receipt of your recommendation the principal wrote that he would be very glad to have me. I arrived on the 5th inst.

Although I had studied Latin and Greek a few months, I entered the Rush Division, and shall try to prepare for college in two years. This division is especially preparatory for advanced students in the English studies. It commences Latin, taking it ten hours weekly during the first term. My other study is Algebra. We commence Greek next term. The division takes Roman History, but I passed examination upon it. I preferred to enter this division, so that by reviewing the elements of the languages I might proceed rapidly with much greater facility.

Next, we take in addition to these, French, German, and Geometry. I have studied Geometry and Greek History, so they will be only a pleasant review.

I like Williston. We are required to attend worship twice on Sundays and may remain for Sabbath school if we so desire.

There is a Y. M. C. Association connected with the Seminary, with meetings Thursdays and Sundays at seven P. M. I was elected a member of it last Friday.

Smoking is prohibited this year unless there is a written consent of parent or guardian.

"Hampton" has high rank here, and you may be assured that I shall endeavor to do justice to the Alma Mater by scholarship and standing.

Thanking you again for your kind interest.

I am very truly yours,

P.

A SCHOOL-HOUSE IN THE WOODS.

To be set down in a school-house in the middle of a forest, to teach without blackboards, maps or charts, would daunt the courage of many a Yankee school-teacher.

——, Va., *March* 30, 1882.

Dear friend:

I feel really ashamed of myself for not writing to you before, and thanking you for your kindness to me.

I was glad to hear from you to-day, as I feel that I am almost out of the world. I am bounded on the north, east, south and west by woods, but I think after I get used to the place that I shall like it very well. The people are very kind, but poor, and the children are easy to manage, though they are quite far behind the other schools that I have taught, in their studies. They are very anxious to learn, but say that they would know more, but they have not had a school here very long.

I have nineteen scholars on roll now, expect twenty-five next week, and more after a while. My school-house is very good, but there are no maps, board or charts. They have promised to get me a black-board after a while.

Mr. Sykes is teaching at Waverly, Sussex County, Va. Mr. Sparks is teaching not far from me, though I have not seen him yet. Many thanks to you for the primers sent me. I heard from Mrs. Hayden to-day.

There are no churches very near here, so we have Sunday school in the school-house. This, too, is very far behind. I have suggested the International lesson papers, and they have agreed to take them. Please give me the address of some place where I may send and get them.

Gratefully yours,

R.

A MOUNTAIN SETTLEMENT.

This interesting sketch of a "Pure Negro settlement," on a mountain top in Virginia is by one of our faithful workers, just the man to cope with the peculiar difficulties which surround him.

—— Co., Va., *November* 10, '81.

Mrs. D.:

I received your card asking me to report to you all about my school and work here. So far as I am able, I will do so with pleasure.

My school house is situated on a very high hill in the Blue Ridge Mountains, where there is a settlement of about thirty two families, all of which are colored. It may be called a pure Negro settlement. They all own the land on which they live, but the land is in such a rocky and unfruitful place they cannot make a living on it; so you see them leaving their homes and "going down to the valley," they call it, and working by the day or month for a living and paying heavy taxes on their land, and raising little or nothing on it. This has and will forever keep them very poor.

I was treated very kindly by all. On the sixteenth of last month I went to church and told the people that I had been sent there to teach their children and wanted to open school the next morning, and this I did, with ten scholars.

The people being very poor cannot do very well by a teacher, in the way of board, but nevertheless they charge the highest price possible. A teachers pay only being twenty-six dollars per month, by the time he buys ink, paper and chalk, there is not much left for him to clothe himself. I went and saw my superintendent, and told him that I could not make teaching pay in his county unless he would allow me to teach Saturdays and holidays. This he did at the first word, and by teaching in this way I shall be able to teach my five school months by the eighth day of February. Indeed this is the only way by which I could make a living teaching in this county, at these wages.

I never want to meet with better superintendents than those of this county; they are as kind as any I have met. The white people, so far as I have met them, are as kind as any I have met in the South.

I do not regret being here, yet I am in a place where there is no society, and I am, so to speak, like a man on an island, without a boat; he cannot go to any one, but they can come to him.

I am yours respectfully,

H.

CHRISTIAN WORK. NO BIBLES.

No Bibles, no competent ministers, gross superstition and ignorance—are the conditions under which a faithful Christian teacher is working earnestly for his people, and finding some fruit of his labors.

—— Co., Va., *Dec.* 7th, 1881.

My dear Friend:

I have a school of forty pupils. Some can read, and some spell very well; but very few know anything of arithmetic, geography and grammar. They do not attend school so regularly as they should on account of not having clothes and books. The people in this neighborhood are very inactive about having their children educated. I have been around to see them and talked with them about having their children come to school. All of the patrons at present are deeply interested in the school. Don't know how long I shall teach here as yet. We have a good S.S. and prayer meeting twice a week. We have no Bibles and Testaments for S. S., and will be glad to receive some from any friend who feels like casting his bread upon the waters. It matters not with us whether they are new or not, just so they have the reading matter. Ten of my pupils have confessed Christ precious to their souls and are striving to lead Christian lives. They are very prompt in attending Sunday School and prayer meeting. Pray for them that they may grow up useful workers in the Master's vineyard. The colored people are very superstitious in their religion, they believe in dreams, crossing hell on a spider web, tracking Jesus by his blood, and a great many other curious notions that are not essential to Christianity. You see by this statement that the little ones have a great deal to contend with. The old ones will not fellowship them unless they can tell a long, miraculous tale about hell and the devil &c. I feel satisfied that they are converted and are striving to love Jesus more and more. Our ministers are very incompetent, and for that reason the teacher has very hard work to convince the people of their error. My prayers are that the day may come when we shall know how to worship God as the Bible teaches. I very often think of Hampton and the teachers that took such a deep interest in me, and the rest of my schoolmates that are scattered abroad over the Union.

Most of the colored people are renters with the exception of a few that have bought little farms. A great many more would be able to buy little farms, if it were not for whiskey.

The whites seem to feel kindly towards me and say that I am worthy of their respect. I take the Southern Workman and the Teachers' Guide: I find them to be very instructive, and especially the Workman, as I am always glad to hear from Hampton.

Your old pupil,

H. Class of '79.

HELPMATES.

We have this pleasant letter on hand, from a wife who with her husband—both Hampton graduates—is teaching successfully in Virginia. The husband being also a carpenter, was engaged in building their new school house.

—— Co., Va., *Dec.* 5, 1881.

Mrs. D.:

I am glad to have the pleasure of writing to you. Your card came safe to hand some days ago, but I have been so busy, I have not found time to write. Hope you will excuse my delay. I was very glad to hear that you and Mr. D—— were well. I would like very much to see you both, and all my good friends at Hampton. I wish to visit the dear old place next Commencement if possible. I am happy to say we are teaching, and getting on very well so far, though we have had to work under many disadvantages this term. We are teaching in an old church, and it is very open, and when it rains we have to close school or keep wet all the while. They are putting us up a real comfortable house now, and we are looking forward to having a nice time when it is finished. It is a log bodied house, with two rooms. Mr. D. has had to work very hard on it. And it keeps him busy all the while; he says, by hard work it can be finished this week. I shall be so glad when it is completed, for we all suffer with the cold and rain in the one we now occupy. The house cost $150. The district gave us $100, and the parents of the children promised to raise $50, but as they failed in all their crops, they say they can not raise the money. Mr. D. is going on with the work, trusting that some way will be opened for him to fulfill his promises. We have ninety pupils on roll with an average daily attendance of eighty-five. We find plenty of work to do, and have to keep very busy all the time, both in and out of school. We find the children very anxious to learn, and we do all we can to advise them. We very often wish we could stay at one place three or four years, and then we could see what we are doing; but it is so arranged we have to change every year. It has been three years since we taught here before, and we find many that were getting on nicely then, are now very backward. They have made very little progress. Our Board is speaking of making a change and we shall be very glad of it. The colored people are very poor. Much more so than they used to be. Their children are very badly clad, and I don't know what some of them would have done if it had not been for our good friend Mr. B., of Boston. He has done much to make them happy in the way of sending them clothing, books, &c. But many of them suffer with the cold. Their parents say they don't know when they can get them better. It is just as much as the majority of the people can do to make a living. Times are very gloomy through the country, and the people seem very much cast down as they have made nothing to go upon another year.

We are well and happy and trying to do all the good we can. We are glad to know that the School is so full this term. It seems that our young people are beginning to realize the importance of being educated. We have two pupils there. We are very much interested in them, and hope they may do well.

With many good wishes to you and Mr. D.,

I am, your old pupil,

J.

SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

FROM A YOUNG MAN IN THE SENIOR CLASS OF '82

My dear Friend:

After spending two years here in school, going through the Junior and Middle classes, it is with a great deal of pleasure that I grasp the opportunity of writing a third time to so kind a friend. I spent the last summer here as before, only in a different kind of work. I had quite as pleasant a time as could be expected. The fears of repetition of classes have past; and, although I have lost a good many moments that I might have improved, I have not time to look back to them now. I shall try to make the best of the few months ahead, looking anxiously to the future.

Before I came here to school, while I had few privileges, it naturally followed that I had few responsibilities; but, as I look forward to my leaving, there is presented a picture of quite a different kind.

There has been a change either in the world, myself, or both. I imagine that I shall be placed in another sphere of life. I shall have to face the wide world, to battle against ignorance and the many other dangerous things by which my race, the people among whom I expect to labor, are kept down, as you know. Of all the different things that tend to keep my people back, ignorance is the strongest. In fact, according to my knowledge, it is the source of all the evils that I could mention connected with this people. Now, as I am a great deal better instructed than the most of them, and a member of this race, there arises a question of my duty. In answer to that, I would say that as these people are a part of this government, and help to compose the mass of illiteracy of this country; I feel that to do justice to myself, to my country, and to show appreciation and thanks to God for the opportunities afforded me, I must exert all my powers in trying to tear down this throne of ignorance. In consideration of this, I expect to teach, if nothing happens, at least two or three years, and it shall always be my aim to do all that I can for the moral, religious, and intallectual culture of my race, and the good of my race, and the good of my country, hoping by this to show to the world the virtue of the Hampton Institute and the good of your benevolence. I wish that I could express my gratitude to you for your kindness to me these three years, but as it is impossible for me to do it in words, I hope that I may be able in the future to show it in works.

Yours respectfully, G. W. B.

FROM A YOUNG MAN IN THE MIDDLE CLASS.

Dear Friend:

I am once more requested by the Principal of this school to write to you, and let you hear from me again. I wrote to you last year, told you where I was from, what I was doing, and what I intended to do. And it gives me great pleasure to tell you that I have the very same spirit, and also the same desire for self improvement.

I have not become discouraged, but have become encouraged, for my way or chance seems to be a little better than it was when I wrote to you before.

I came to Hampton Sept. 27th, 1880, and I found every thing different to what I expected, and one of the first things I found was that the school had a go ahead man at the head, and everything seemed to be going on with so much rapidity, that I felt somewhat discouraged for a while.

I felt that I could not keep pace with the people of Hampton, but I soon got into the Hampton ways, so now I don't have any trouble at all scarcely.

Being self depending and not much to depend upon, of course it helped to bring about many embarrasments, but I bore it all the best I could. Had I been prepared to meet all necessities and obligations, I might have done better. But as I have heard no complaint I suppose I have given satisfaction. At the end of the term the General told me if I wanted to spend the summer here I could do so, and I did, because I wished to stay where I could learn the most, and as I would have looks a plenty to read, I thought I would stay. Another advantage I would have was, that I could work at the carpentar's trade, so I stayed. Of course as I was only an apprentice my wages were very small. I am yet working at the trade and expect to work at it, for I like it very much. It is true I have but very little to depend upon but myself, and what makes it a little tough for me is that I am depending on myself for two things at once; one is to do the studying, and the other is to do the paying, though I shall try to do them both the best I can.

It gives me pleasure to tell you that the Principal seems to be willing to allow me a living chance, if I will make use of it, or if I will do my *best*, as he often tells us.

I lost no time last summer, that is in vacation I did all I could to help myself along. I do heartily thank you for what you have done for me. I feel that there is a great work before me, among my people, and I am anxious to get to it. I like the school very much, and am anxious to go through, for I think it will add many business qualities to me, and make me a business man. I do not think what you have given here for me will be lost, by any means, for I believe the teachers are doing all they can for me, and I will do all I can for myself.

Yours M

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

BACK FROM BERKSHIRE.

The twenty-nine Indian students who spent the summer on the farms of Berkshire beve, with one exception, returned much the better for their sojourn among the hills. A very generally good report of them was made by those who had had them in charge, and in some cases very high praise was given of their industry and fidelity. They seem glad to return to study and work at Hampton. On their way back, a few of them were kept two or three days in New York, to visit some of the Sunday schools and churches which have helped the Indian work at Hampton, and to add, by their presence, to the interest of several meetings held in its interest in Brooklyn and New Jersey. They appreciated the reason of this demand upon them, and overcoming their natural shyness for the sake of aiding their people's cause, sang with their cheerful guidance, some of the simple hymns they have learned at Hampton. It seemed to touch many to hear these Indian children sing, "I need Thee every hour."

TWO YOUNG FOXES.

The students brought by Inspector Townsend last spring from the Sac and Fox agency, Indian Territory, were greatly delighted by his arrival Oct. 26th, with two boys from the same tribe, one of whom has a sister here. Their names are "Colonel Battice" and Tommy Miles. Mr. Townsend reports that they are respectively 18 and 19 years old, quite bright and promising boys who have had some schooling at the agency, read and write some, are industrious, and have shown a disposition to improve themselves. They were anxious to come with last year's party, but Mr. Townsend's number was full, so he had to leave them behind, promising however to lay their case before General Armstrong and the Department at Washington. The result was that they were allowed to join a party of Navajoes Capt. Pratt was making up for Carlisle, and came on from Kansas under his protection till they met Mr. Townsend, who brought them to Hampton.

REPORT FROM THE WEST.

Mr. Townsend reports a very favorable state of affairs at the Sac and Fox agency—the school still prospering, and its Indian matron doing excellently as usual. Things are going well also in Dakota, to which he has made three trips since he left Hampton. The Sisseton Agency, in the north east corner of the state, is peculiarly flourishing, doing a great deal in farming, and advanced to such a degree of civilization that many Indians are buying improved farming machinery. While Mr. Townsend was there, three clubbed together and bought a $700 threshing machine, paying part in cash and giving their note for the remainder. Two others each bought a $70 sulky-plough, and reapers, drills &c., were purchased by many. The agent is Major Cressey, who has been there four years; the Indians number about 1800 Sisseton and Wapeton Sioux. They have a flourishing school of 75, and Government has just authorized the erection of a new building which will about double the school's capacity.

At Rosebud agency, near the center of the Territory, fifty miles from Fort Niobrara, Government is about to erect a good school building, and the Indians manifest a strong desire to have their children educated. He says the same of these at Pine Ridge agency, in the south west corner of the Territory, and Government has just completed a fine school building for them, at a cost of $14,500. Pine Ridge and Rosebud, regarded as sister agencies, have a population together of about 18,000. They are two of the largest agencies in the United States.

HEALTH REPORT.

GEN. ARMSTRONG,

Dear Sir;

The two Indian students who arrived Oct. 26th, were examined by me Oct. 28th.

Thomas Miles, age twenty, has a general appearance of good health. He has had pneumonia but seems to have made a good recovery; no signs of lung disease being noticable at present.

Walter Battice, age nineteen, has had pneumonia, and by his own statement, has suffered from malarial chills for five years. Deficiency of expansion was noted in the left lung, also slightly prolonged expiration. The young man has at present a slight cough which seems to be due to a cold taken on his journey here.

Respectfully yours,

M. M. WALDRON. M. D.

FROM A LITTLE INDIAN GIRL.

Here is a letter from one of our little Indian girls who spent last summer among the Berkshire hills. With the consent of the receiver and the writer, we give it to our readers, just as it was written, to show what a little Indian girl can learn of English in four years.

Curtiville, Aug. 1st, 1882.

My daar Miss G:—

I think it is time that I should write a latter to you and tell you all about the picnic.

We had the picnic the next day after you called, at the shore of the Lake. We all went, there were nine of us.

Besides tha things you gave we had for lunch—biscuit and wiches, cold lemb and ham, apple, coffee, cake, and lemonade.

I think we ell ate a great deal, and Harry had to jump up and run around so he could come back and eat more.

Mr. Dresser rowed us ell over and after we ate our dinner we read and played games and when we got ready to coma home Hattie, Harry, Clara, Lilly and I walked across tha Lake where the water used to be but now there is not any water there because the Lake is so low, and the rest rowed home. Hattie got stuck in the mud end Clara lost her rubbers and Harry stumbled over a stump and burt his knea and Lillie and I fell over the fence, and in all I think we had a very very nice time.

We ell thougbt the things you gave us were very nice, and Lillie and I thank you very much for giving things to us to giva to Hattie and Harry.

They went away last week Wednesday.

Mrs. Dresser Lillie and I went to Pittsfield last Saturday, and I had my pictures taken but I have not got them yet for they are not all finisbed.

Is Miss——— tbere at Hampton now?

Last Monday Mrs. Dresser, Clara, Lilly and I went over to the mountain blackberrying got fifteen quarts within two hours.

Has Miss Fletcber got back with the Indian girls? Mrs. Dresser, Clara and Lillie wanted me to teacher them how to swim so we heve been down the Laks a number of times and Lillie has learned how now.

How is Mrs. S. now?

Yesterday wheu we went down to swim we heard a kitty mewing and it was our little Awie, she followed us two days before when we went down to the Lake.

When we were in water she came to us and she swem very nicely. Please ask Sarah, why she does not enswer my letter?

Lilly sends her love to you—write soon.

I must close uow my love to all.

I remain your loving friend,

ANNIE DAWSON.

AMONG THE ONONDAGAS.

A dusty ride of two bours in a rickety, dilapidated stage, e melancholy surviver of ante-railroad days, set me down at the door of the Episcopal Mission house on the Onondaga Reservation, eight miles from the city of Syracuse, New York. In many years' acquaintance in that city, I cannot recall ever bearing mention of the Onondaga Reservation. Only the occasionel invasion of e passing railroad train by dark eyed girls, and dingy old women with bead work to sell, would remind eue that somewhere in that religou must be settled the remnant of one of the great Six Nations, the Romans among the redskins, whose powerful confederation antedated our young Republic, and made them, in alliance with Great Britain, its terrible foe. I had heard more of them since I was no longer their neighbor, and was glad of the special advantages for a visit afforded by an invitation from a former faithful Hampton worker, engaged for the last three years in mission work in the tribe, under the Episcopal church, Miss Julia E. Remington. She met me, with e bearty welcome, at the vine covered porch of the little mission house, which standa in e grassy yerd bright with clumps of sunflowers, end tangles of morning glory and the scarlet bean, and close to a small mission chapel, the transept of which is used as a school. The Onondaga hills swept grandly round the horizon not five miles away, end delicious eirs brougbt hints of their dewy forests. I found Miss Remington alone in her house, though looking for the arrival of e futuro lady assistant the next day. The clergyman at present is a young divinity student who comes out once a week from Syracuso to read the service in the little chapel.

After rest and supper, I walked with Miss R. down the one long street of the settlement, past the Methodist mission's neat frame buildings, end the houses of e few of the better off Indians irregularly scattered along it, less neat in their surroundings, but, on the whole, comfortable looking. She gave me some interesting statistics and experiences of her three years' labors in the tribe.

It numbers four bundred, with a few Senecas, Cayugas and St. Regis, (the last, the only representetives of the old Mobewks who blended with the tribe in Canada), of whom some have married into the tribe, end others ere suffered to remain, though they heve no legal right to, and are not generally e desirable element. Still less so are a hundred and twenty Onaidas, e part of whose tribe are settled in Green Bay, Wisconsin, and another part in Canada, end doing well, while these, heving been given lands in severalty in Oneida county, mortgaged and lost them end then came here to sponge on the Onondagas.

The Reservation is four miles square: it was originally six, but two have been ceded to the State, in consideration of five dollars annuity to each member of the triba.

The famous Salina saltworks near Syracuse, also belong to the Onondaga tribe, but are leased by treety to the State, which gives in payment for this one of its great sources of revenue, a peck of salt a year to each Indian proprietor. There is a good stone quarry on the Reservation, but this also is leased to the State and run by whites, the Indians being allowed a small interest in the proceeds. By an old treaty, the United States government gives them an annuity of eleven yards of cloth each; it was originally broadcloth, but is now unbleached cotton cloth et sevan cents a yard. This is all their relation with the general government, and but for the trifling aid from that end the State—which also sustains a four months' school with accommodations for about forty of their two hundred children—they are self supporting. Their occupation is chiefly farming, hop picking for the neighboring white farmers, and making baskets, some for sale to the summer visitors at Saratoga, end more on orders from the merchants of Syrneuse, and some of them are very expert in this artistic trade. There are a few carpenters among them who find work in building houses for the others, taking their pay in money or exchanga. There was once a water-power saw mill on the Oneudsga Creek—run by the whites, but it has gone to decay. There is one Indian cobbler; for blacksmithing they must go to the white settlements which press upon them, but there is seldom need, for they own no stock but e few cows and pigs. They have a little milk and make e little butter in the summer, but let their cows go dry in winter. The people are generally poor, and in a low condition as to morals, intelligence and industry. The causes of this condition seem to be exactly the same as are at work in the Western tribes. Our policy of keeping alive tribal relations and exposing a weak race to the pressure of our civilization without the protection of our laws, a selfish exaction of all we covet from its possessions, and as selfish a letting alone when we have got that, has been workad out here to the end. The greatest surprise to me was, as it may be to many, to learn that, of this small remnant of e tribe settled for a hundred years in the very heart of civilization, in one of the oldest and most intelligent Stetes in the Union, fully one-half are pagans, keeping up every superstitious rite and practice of their fathers. Beyond some inevitable concession to their environment, in dress and dwelling—and the old women still wear the blue broadcloth trousers under their calico short gowns, while the older men let their scalp lock grow, though the rest of the beir is cut—the pagan half of tho tribe is as bitterly opposed to any adoption of the white man's ways as the wildest blanket Indians of the plains. They have their medicine men and their pow-wows, and observe their sacred year in all its times and seasons, with their appropriete festivals, the green corn dance, the burning of the white dog in sacrifice, and ell the other ancient ceremonies in succession, some of them ot e most degrading character.

Against this stronghold of barbarism, the Methodist church set up a small camp many years ago, end the Episcopal diocese of Western New York another in 1869. The good they heve done is evident, but the force is too small and ill supported to meet ell the adverse influences of red and white heathenism. There are two bundred children in the tribe. The Government school is under the care of the Methodist mission and accommodates about forty. The Episcopal mission school has forty on its roll, but with no compulsory laws of education, and ell the drawing down of home life, the school attendance is reported, as it is in the West, "very irregular." Here, as there, the frontier settlements and white squatters on the reservation are demoralizing in every way. In the one way of their influence for intemperance, there is the shadow of legal protection. It is against the law for a white man to sell to an Indian anything which will intoxicate. But it is as easy to sell them whiskey as to buy their baskets, and the Indians, of course, will not testify who sold it to them, so it is not easy to trace them.

There are ten chiefs of the tribe; they are generally bright men, but are ell pagans, end the Christians do not find much favor at their hands. The land is good, but, under these circumstances and the system of common ownership, there is little inducement to work it. An incidant bad recently occurred in illustration of this. A young man—e Christian—took up forty acres, enclosed it and planted it. As soon as bis crops were up, one of the chiefs came down to inspect it—"Good! You give me five dollars for this." The next dey another of the chiefs eppeared with the same demend, and so on, till each of the ten had levied his tax, and the profits of the crop were all anticipated. Not satisfied with this, the bead chief managed to trump up some charge against the young man, who is one of the most intelligent, upright and enterprising of the Christians, brought him before the Conneil which, being appointed by the chiefs, is always exclusively pagan, and, as was a foregone conclusion, his whole farre was confiscated and divided among the chiafs and their friends. As for the Pagans, they do not work, preferring to live upon the Christians in this way.

A young man who was head Chief of the Iriquois—of all the Six nations—was put out of office when he was baptized as a Christian. He was the man of greatest force among them, and soon efter, tha Conneil, getting into soma jangle, was obliged to recall him. He said at once, "This must be e Christian conneil and ruled according to the Bible." He was at once put out again, and became a special object of persecution. His successor in the Onondaga tribe was for seven years interpreter in the church, but went back to peganism to get his office—not an altogether uncivilized proceeding perhaps. He can read and write English, end his father was a graduate of Hobart College, Geneva, New York. Tha present head Chief of the Iriquois is John Mount Pleasant, a Tuscarora, living at Niagara.

The Christians greatly desire e radical change, and have petitioned the State legislature for division of land in severalty, and to be put under our lews. Warned by the fate of the Oneidas, they ask to have their lands mada inalieneble for twenty-five yeers, and to bave neither suffrage nor taxetion for the first five years, till they get fairly started on the new road towards citizenship, meanwhile to have compulsory education for their children to prepare them for the new order. This sensible petition has been met by the legislature by the appointment of a committee of investigation, consisting of Chancellor Simms, of Syrscuse University, Mr. E. B. Judson, e prominent banker of Syracuse, and Mr. Seymour, of Utica, son of the ex-Governor. They will visit the reservation this fall, but the change will net be made against the general will of the tribe, and the Pagans, who of course oppose it, ere doing all they can to prepare a plausible statement of their own views for the Commissioners. A hundred names of men and women were signed to the petition. This is a majority of those over twenty one, bnt some will probebly be bought off. The Oneidas also will work against it, not only beeause they are ebiefly Pagans, but because they would bave no part in the allotment of the Onondaga's lands. The Pagans will stand on the old treaty; the Christians claim that it is already broken by the leasing of land to the whites, and might as well be broken further to protect tbeir lands, and their wives and daughters.

As to bealth, the tribe is holding its own in numbers, though, as in the West, the mortality is great from consumption and various forms of scrofula and blood poisoning, and is aggravated by superstition, ignorance and poverty. Last year, just one half the membership of the little Episcopal church—eighteen—were swept away in an epidemic of typhoid fever.

This seems to be e critical moment for the tribe. It is not likely that e stronger voluntary appeal for civilization will ever be put forth from one, and, having so thoroughly worked out the natural results of the old policy, would not this be a good place and time for the State to try the new one?

Discussing these vital questions for ber Indian friends, Miss R. and I walked home as the harvest moon was rising like a beacon fire upon the hill tops. The next morning, she packed a lunch basket and took a fine tramp over them, through woods just beginning to put on their autumnal glories, turning aside here and there to the irregularly scattered homes of some of her interesting "cases." Of course, one of them was the young ex-chief, persecuted for righteousness sake. Unfortunately for the tribe who may some day long for his intelligent counsels, he is apparently already in a decline. His fine face lighted with pleasure to meet Miss R. and he smiled to see that she carried his gift of a staff so skilfully wrought into the shape of a twining serpent, that I could not look at it without a shudder. But he said that a shepherd should bave e crook, end he had eerved a serpent on it because, as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so she bad lifted up Christ before the people for their beeling. He is spending his last days in his foster mother's family. The whole family were gathered out side the house, and brought cheirs out on the grass for us. We baited for e while and admired the beby brougbt for our inspection. I noticed this out door life every where, and was reminded of Hawaiian scenes. The men were generally sitting about smoking end talking, the women et work et their wash tubs, the babies rolling about on the grass. In one house we found an old grand-mother over a hundred years old, left alone while her children had gone hop picking. She greeted the

"minister lady" with childish delight. On our way home in the after-noon, mysterious groenings issping from a deserted looking cabin, attracted us to a search. We fnuud a man writhing in colic, and dispatchad his sister to meet us at the mission heuse to get a dose of the specific Miss R. keeps nn hand fer such cases. His mother had elready started up the mountain to consult a "medicine weman," but Miss R. thought they weuld take her remedy if they hed it. Everywhere she was welcomed with warm pleasure by her poor people, and they told me in grateful tones of her faithfulness. She is at their call day or night, however fer over the hills may be the little cebin where ons of them lies suffering. She is the only white member of their Good Templars' lodge. It includes some Pegans as well as Christians, both men and women, and is extending its influence, has a brass hand neatly uniformed and quite well treined, and is acknowledged by the county society as e branch.

At her request, I went with her iuto its meeting thet evening, and told the members somathing of Hampton and its Indian work. The people crowded ebout the desk to see soma Hampton pictures I had brought, and asked questions through their interpreters. They were especially interested, having already, through Miss R's. influence, asked admission for two of their boys to Hampton end Carlisle. The yonng Christian chief and ona or two others, came back to the Mission house, nnd spent the rest of the evening in asking further questions and discussing the prospects of their tribe.

The next merning early, I took the same dilapidatcd stage cosch back to Syracuse. It came up with a party of Indian men and women going to the hop fields, end took them all on board to the evident annoyance of some of the other pasengers, white country people; especially of one woman, of a type that takes life hard. Before long, overtaking a large wagon with the rest of tha hop picking party, the late ones soon transferred themselves to their friends' company. The white woman shook out her skirts agsin, end ejaculated. "Well, we're rid of em." Looking towards me for sympathy, she went on: "It's a perfect shame that the government should keep up the Reservation—giving up ell thet good land to that rubbish." I mildly suggested that they seemed afer all to have some prior claim upon it. She indignantly replied: "They den't improve it, so they heve no right to it, and the Government ought to taka it away. I guess I would if I was tha Government." "Bnt there are often white people who don't improve their property," I said—"Do you think that would give the Government a right to take it?" I should really heve liked to know if her views had that breadth, but her only answer was e vigorous "I hate em!" and I was left to my own reflections.

H. W. L.

THE BI-CENTENNIAL.

A Centennial and Bi-Centennial celebration within six years, secuis rather fast work for even this go-ahead nation. The glories of the grest Exhibition of '76 in Philadelphia have scarcely dimmed in our memories, and here the sober Quaker city is brilliant egain with flags and fire-works, end thronged with processions and visitors. We look back now to e far earlier period in our national history, and commemorate not the victories of war, but the victories of peece which made these possible.

We are told that in the latter part of October, 1682, William Penn sailed up the Delaware with his little colony of English Friends who like himself had suffered persecution for their religious faith, end lauding on s lovely slope between the Delewere and the Schuylkill, took possession of his uew estate of Pennsylvania, and chose the site of its futura capital. This is the event which not Philedelphia or Pennsylvania only, but the whole nation is called to honor, for it was an event of netional—yes, world-wide importance. The new state was to be established, not on ideas of gain or fame, not eveu as a refuge for one religious sect, and "freedom to worship God" in its own perticular way; but on the broedest principles of toleration and popular liberty and self-government, far in advance of the sentiment of his age. In his own words, it was to be "e holy experiment—a free colony for ell menkind."

In the spirit of these words, he wrote his remarkable Frame of Government, and with wisdom which uo statesman since has surpassed, "to the great and of all government, viz.: to support power in revereuce with the people, and to secure the people from the ebuses of power, that they may be free by their just obediance, and the megistrates houorable for their just administretion; for liberty without obedience is confusion, and obedience without liberty is slavery."

The spirit of these uoble principles entered into all the details of the Code of Laws for the new State: "The Gnvernor and council to erect end order public schools, and encourage useful sciences and laudable inventions." "All children of the age of twelve to be taught some useful trade." "In the courts all persons te appear in their own way and plead their own cause." "No person who shell confess and acknowledge one Almighty God to be the creator, upholder end ruler of the werld, and professeth him or herself obliged in censcience to live peaceably and justly under the civil government shall in anywise be molested for his er her ceuscientious persuasion or practice."

From this wonderful Bill of Rights, the red men of the forest were by uo means excepted. He had refused to consider himself t e rightful owner of their laud by the King's grant, until he had purchesed it with their good will and at a fair valuation. Up to 1810 the ancient elm was still standing at Shakamaxon—now Kensington, a part of the city of Philadelphia—under which Pean and the chiefs clasped hands in their famous treaty—the only Indian treaty uever brokeh though naver sworn to. Its provisions are in accordance with tha Code of Laws for his white citizens. They were, 1. "That Wm. Penn's people or Christians and the Indians should be brethren, as the children of one father, joined as with one heart, one head and one body." 2. "That all paths should be open and free to both Christians end Indians." 3. "Thet the doors of their houses sheuld ha open to each other as to friends." 4. That the Christians and Indians sbould uot believe eny false rumor of each other, but first coma as brethren to inquire." 5. "That if either heard any ill news to the hurt of the other, they should speedily acquaint the other as friends." 6. "That they should do no manner of hurt to each other, but treat each other as brethren." 7. "That if either Indians or Christiana should do nny harm to each other, complaint should he made and right done, and when satisfaction was made the injury should be forgotten and buried as in e bottomless pit." 8. "That Indians and Christians should assist each other in all things against wicked people who should disturb them." 9. "That both Indians and Christians should acquaint their children with the treaty and keep the chain of friendship bright while the rivers run, and tha sun, moon and stars enduro."

"When William Penn landed from the ship Welcome, on the shores of Dock Creek, in 1682,"—remarks a reporter of a Philadelphia journal, "he was welcomed by a few Swedish and Dutch settlers, together with a number of Indians, and took possession of his new territory quietly, with the smallest semblance of form or parade.

"When the person selected to personata William Penn for the Bi-Centennial Association landed at Dock street yesterday (Oct. 24, 1882) he was greeted by from 30,000 to 40,000 citizens of this great Commonwealth, amid the greatest enthusiasm nnd display."

Tha Bi-Centennial celebration in Philadelphia, extended over four days, and introductory services were held by the various religious bodies throughout the State, on the preceding Sunday.

On Tuesday, 24th, the landing of William Penn, was represented at the Blue Anchor inn now the busy wharf at the foot of Dock St. A large procession met the representativo William Penn and his party as they landed from their good ship Welcome and followed them through the city. Prominent in it and one of its most significant features was a company of a hundred and fifty of the Carlisle Indian students, the boys walking in their neat uniforms, the girls riding in omnibuses; showing what might equally well have been dona for all Indian children had William Penn's wise and Christian counsels been lived up to. Preceding these were six Navejo chiefs from Arizona who were making e timely visit to Carlisle. In full Indian costume of paint and blankets and feathers, they formed a striking contrast to the Carlisle students, end enforced tha lesson of the scene, while learning e startling one themselves of the power and greatness of civilization. They seemed terrified at first by the confusion of strange sights and sounds, but Indian stoicism soon recovered its balance and they marched on in dignity. Asked what they thought of it, one chief replied, "Heap white man."

The feature of Wednesday was the great Tredes procession. All the principal business firms and associations of tha city were represented, many by very handsomo exhibits, but as the Philadelphia Ledger well says: "Among ell the fine and useful and ornamental objects exhibited, the men themselves were the grandest sight. Nobody who looked intelligently on that four hours' march of working men could heve failed to experience a sense of pride in their numbers, their resources of brain and muscle, their fine condition, the infinite variety of things they make end build, their inexpressible usefulness to themselves, their fellow working men end to the whole body of society." On Thursday, there were grand musical festivels, a ragatta on the Schuylkill, a bicycle race in Fairmount Park, and a processiun of Masonic Knights Templar from Pennsylvania and other States, North and South. The greet celebration closed on Friday, with a grand military and nevel review, and a general illumination of the city at night.

Seme of the features of the Bi-centennial celebration may seem rathar incongruous with the memory of the great representative of the peace loving Society of Friends, but William Penn was still mere than that, the feundar of a great State, ene of tha chief meulders of e great nation established en tha broedest principles of universal toleration and liberty. It is well therefore that ell the elements that represent its growth should join to do honor to his memory, and preserve it to generation after generetion.

WHITTIER'S POEM ON PENN.

The town of Chester, near Philadelphia, claims the honor of having received Wm. Penn's first footfall on American soil.

A large cemmemorative meeting was held there by the Society of Friends Oct. 22d. Mr. Whittier, who had been requested to write e poem for the occasion, responded:

"I should be glad if it were possibls for me to put into fitting metrical form tha thoughts and emotions which it awakens, but the burden of the years begins te rest heavily upon me, and I shrink from tha effort of handling such a theme.

Looking over some old papers recently, I found some verses written by me when a boy of sixteen, nearly sixty years ago. Of course the circumstances under which they were penned alone entitle them to notice, but I venturc to send them as the only response to thy request which I can make I am truly thy friend, JOHN G. WHITTIER."

WILLIAM PENN.

The tyrant on his gilded throne,
The warrior in his battle dress,
The holier triumph ne'er have known
Of justice and of righteousness.

Founder of Pennsylvania! Then
Didst feel it, when thy words of peace
Smoothed the stern chieftain's swarthy brow
And bade the dreadful war-danca cease.

On Schuylkill's banks no fortress frowned,
The peaceful cot alona was there;
No beacon fires the hilltops crowned,
No death shot swept the Delaware.

In manners meek, in precepts mild,
Thou and thy friends serenely taught
The savage huntsman, fierce and wild,
To raise to Heaven his erring thought.

How all unlike tha bloody band
That unrelenting Cortez led
To princely Montezuma's land,
And ruin round his pathway shed.

With hearts that knew not how to spare,
Disdaining milder means to try,
The crimson sword alona was there,
The Indian's choice, te yield or die!

But thou, meek Pennsylvanian sire,
Unarmed, elone, from terror free,
Taught, by the heathen council fire,
The lesson of Christianity.

Founder of Pennsylvania's State!
Net on the blood-wet rolls of fame,
But with the wise, tha good, the great,
The world shall place thy sainted name.

1824.

IF HE ONLY WERE AN INDIAN.

A white captive from tha tents of Sitting Bull, sends the following interesting appeal to the President.

Clintonville, Wis., Aug., 24th, 1882.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR, *Washington, D. C.*

Will the Government giva me an education if I will come to Washington. I will act as an interpreter, if you will. I am e white boy who was captured by Sitting Bull. I was first taken by the Manominees from near Weupaca when I was four years old, and was takcu by them to Dakota and sold to the Sioux. I was with the Indiens 18 years in all, but I am now with my parents who found me on the 18th of last March. You will please write to my sister, Mrs. Addie Reed, Rochester, Minn., and let her know if you will educate me, and also to my mother, Mrs. Henry Barber, Weupaca, Wis. Please let me know soon.

Respectfully Yours,
OTTO KEMPOR CAMP.

The boy's appeal was sent to the Department of the Interior, and has found its way to Hampton, covered with the fallewing endersements.

"*Dept. of the Interior Sept.*, 6, 1882.

Respectfully referred to the Commissiener of Indian affairs.

GEO. M. WOOD, *Chief Clerk.*"

"*Office of Indian Affairs, Sept.*, 18.

Respectfully referred to tha Hon. Commissioner ef Education. Tha Indian Office has no fund which would be applicable to the education of a white child.

H. PRICE, *Commissioner.*"

"*U. S. Bureau of Education, Oct.*, 24.

Respectfully referred to Gen'l S. C. Armstrong. This Office has no funds to be expanded in the education of any child, white, colored or Indian.

JOHN EATON, *Commissioner.*"

Hampton respectfully refers it to the public. This school is open to all who need its aid and is supported by the friends of human need. Is there one emong them who feels this a special call for his helping hand?

MR. HARRISON ON EDUCATION.

The able and deeply interesting "Studies of the South." which have been coming out for some months in the *Atlantic Monthly*, heve been before noticed in our columns. We quote freely from the September number on Southern Education, for the benefit of those of our readers who mey not have seen it, wishing that more of them may be able to follow the series, in which they may find much food for thought.

EDUCATION.

"The various churches and religious organizations in the Southern States all appear to be deeply interested in the work of popular education, and their leading men were evidently studying the problems and difficulties connected with the subject with serious attention. Education is not so general in the South as in New England, but it is regarded with more respect, and its possession confers greater distinction. The education obtained at the best Southern colleges has long been noticeably solid and genuine in quality, and I thought the young men at these institutions appeared to be rather more vigorous than the students of our foremost Northern colleges or universities,—to have greater intellectual and personal force. Perhaps this is owing to the fact thet usually, in the South, only boys that evince superior ability are sent to college.

The educetional work already accomplished in the South by the American Missionary Association is of a high character, and it deserves all possible recognition and assistance. The best Southern people everywhere spoke of it gratefully and enthusiastically. At the Normal and Agricultural Institute, Hampton, Virginia; Talladega College, in Alabama; Tugaloo University, Mississippi; Tillotson Normal School, Austin, Texas, end at several other colleges and normal schools which I saw, though the money endowments are scanty compared with the amounts which are needed, the endowments in personal qualities and character as represented by the teachers, are of a remarkably high order. This is necessary, for the work of educating the colored people of the south requires the best teachers that can be obtained.

In many of these institutions the boys learn something of various trades or mechenical occupations, and of farming; and the girls are taught sewing, cooking, and the care of a house. I examined a great number of the negro common and high schools, which are taught by graduates and students of the colleges and normel schools which I have named, and I think it wonderful that so many of these negro teachers are successful. They heve to struggle against many disadvantages, but nearly all whom I saw had the confidence and respect of the leading white citizens where they were at work. There were a few fools emongst them, of course, but e great majority eppeered to be serions and sensible young men and women.

DIFFERENT SCHOOL SYSTEMS.

One feature divides the state school systems of the South into two classes. The States of the first class heve each but one school fund for both reces, and in these no distinction is mede between white and black children in the distribution of this fund. Of this class the state of Virginie is e good Representative. Each State of the other class has two separate school funds, one for white and the other for black children. Of this class the State of Kentucky is a good representative. The white people of Virginia, of course, pay much the larger part of the taxes which are levied for educational purposes in that State, but this does not affect the apportionment of the school fund. The state does as much for a

black child as for a white one in the matter of aid from the public treasury for purposes of education. During the year which closed just before my visit to the South, the number of schools in Virginia was almost doubled; the school attendance was more than double that of the preceding year, and was greater by about fifteen thousand pupils than in any previous year. Over two hundred new school-houses were built, and nearly one hundred thousand dollars added to the value of the school property of the State. The total expenditure for all school purposes for the year was about one million dollars. There were nearly five thousand schools in operation. This number should be greatly increased, of course, as there were then eighty seven white children for each white school in the State, and one hundred and ninety-one colored children for each colored school. This shows that for a very large number of children of each race no school facilities had, up to that time, been provided.

A very successful Teachers' Institute for white teachers had just been held at the University of Virginia. Four hundred and sixty-seven teachers attended it, of whom three hundred and twelve were women.

The Colored Normal Institute held at Lynchburg, was attended by two hundred and forty colored teachers, of whom one hundred and ten were women. Dr. W. H. Ruffner, then State Superintendent of Public Instruction, said of this Colored Teachers' Institute, "None who witnessed any considerable part of the proceedings could doubt either the capacity or the desire of the negro for intellectual, and especially, in this case, for professional improvement. There is no social or governmental purpose for which money could be more wisely spent than in the systematic training of colored teachers for colored schools."

The State of Kentucky appropriates the taxes received from colored persons and the fines collected from them to the support of colored schools, not considering it just to tax white people for the education of negro children. As there is comparatively little wealth in the possession of the colored people of Kentucky, their school fund is by no means adequate to their needs. The Virginia plan is far better for both races, and for all the interests of the commonwealth, and Kentucky would do well to adopt it, even if it does go beyond the requirements of strict justice and involve some degree of generosity. In Georgia the law gives authority to local school boards to levy taxes and organize schools, and in some places a very remarkable degree of public spirit has been developed among the people in regard to education; the expenditure for school purposes are wonderfully large, and as the system is wisely managed the results are of the most gratifying character. Other States are doing well, but in most of them much remains to be done in the preparation of plans, and the discussion of methods for the expansion and better endowment and organization of public education.

HELP FROM THE NATIONAL TREASURY.

* * * As I have already noted, there is in the South a strong and very general sentiment in favor of "a national system of education." By this phrase is meant a system which shall provide for the support of the public schools in the Southern States, or in all the States, by appropriations from the national treasury. * * * * *

Other Southern men, more moderate in their views, propose that the national government shall undertake the education of the colored race only, leaving the interests of the white people to be provided for by the state governments. * * *

Such a system or method of education would tend strongly to perpetuate race distinctions, as its most characteristic and essential feature would be discrimination between whites and blacks; and it would hinder and tend to prevent the political amalgamation or assimilation of the two races in the South. This blending of the two races into one political community, so that the color or race line shall no longer form the boundary between political parties, is most important and desirable for all concerned.

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BENEFITS OF SELF-HELP.

The feeling and conviction, on the part of the white people of the South, that the elevation of the negro race is indispensable to the safety of society, and that their present condition of ignorance and debasement is full of danger for both races, is a most wholesome and necessary sentiment. Nothing should be done to release these white people from their proper duties and responsibilities connected with the education of the negroes, and their moral guidance and control. The whites and blacks together form the political community or society in the Southern States, however they may be separated by social or other distinctions.

* * * * *

I do not think that the poverty of the Southern people is so great as to render national aid for educational purposes indispensable or really desirable. Such destitution or paucity of resources as now exists in some of the Southern States need not be permanent, and is not likely to be so.

* * * *

WHAT KIND OF EDUCATION?

The education most needed at the South, and especially by the colored people, is industrial and moral training; and the public schools of this country do not, at present, give to the children and young people taught in them much training or culture of either of these kinds. It is of course desirable that the children of Negroes should be taught to read and write, and to keep accounts for themselves; but it is still more important that they should be trained to labor, and be aided to obtain such elementary moral equipment as will help efficiently to prevent their sinking to the criminal or pauper class.

* * * * *

It is the custom to eulogize our system of common-school education, without limit or discrimination. It is perhaps one of the best things in our possession, but it is curiously unmoral; that is, it is almost entirely intellectual, and makes little account of moral instruction or development. The teaching in our Northern schools tends very generally to produce in the pupils a dislike of manual labor, and a disposition to regard those who live by it as an inferior class.

* * * * *

THE PERSONAL EFFORTS OF SOUTHERN WOMEN.

Among the most important features of the educational work now going on in the South is one which, from its nature, can have little public recognition. I refer to the personal missionary efforts of the women of the leading white families for the improvement of the common people of both races in their own communities. They are circulating every scrap of reading matter that they can obtain; are advising, instructing, and encouraging the colored girls whenever they can obtain any hold upon them; are trying to inspire and strengthen the young men of both races to resist the evil influences about them; and are, in short, reconstructing society by the old, slow, best method of personal effort and influence. I have rarely found anywhere earnestness greater than theirs, or a clearer sense of the dangers to society from ignorance and immorality. The appalling magnitude of the evils against which they contend, and the pathetic slenderness of their means of warfare, would deeply impress any thoughtful person who could observe and measure them, as I had opportunity to do in many places.

In several towns and country neighborhoods these women are forming reading circles and clubs, and trying to prepare the way for the establishment of small public libraries. * * * Every person who has the opportunity to send reading matter to anyone in the South who will receive and distribute it, ought to do so, as in this respect the destitution is very great almost everywhere, except in the larger towns and cities.

The letters received from these ladies, in acknowledgment of gifts of books from Northern well-wishers, are all much alike. The following, from a lady in Louisiana, fairly represents their general characteristics, and I print it as an expression of the feelings and spirit of the class of Southern women to which the writer belongs:—

——, LA., *January* 5, 1882.

DEAR SIR,—The books which you sent reached us safely, and I wish to express, in some small measure, our grateful thanks for your kindness, and for the assistance which your generous friends have given us. * *

Our place was destroyed in 1863, and our dear mother died soon after. Our father, though an old man, was killed in battle, as was one brother. The other died in a prison camp at Elmira, New York.

I was married as soon as the war closed, and I came back to the desolate plantation. The negroes had been scattered, but soon returned. We were broken-hearted, and my sister and I began to go about among the negroes; at first to try to escape from our distraction, and then to see if we could find any women or girls to help us in the house. Our greatest difficulty was that the old ways of living had been broken up, and none of us knew exactly how to adapt ourselves to the new state of things, which was not yet fully developed.

Finally, my sister said the negroes must be taught. It seemed like trying to make a new world, but she said we might as well begin, and we did. My husband laughed at us, but helped us all he could. Most of the negroes about here can read now, and many can write, and we have sent two young man and one girl to the normal school to be teachers.

* * * * *

In answer to your inquiries about the influences and value of different books, we have found that, while almost anything is of use, *good books are the best*, even for the most ignorant. We make much use of poetry. Many of Mr. Longfellow's poems, and of Mr. Lowell's please the negroes, both old and young; and Mr. Matthew Arnold's Selection of Wordsworth's poetry is a good *religious* book for us.

Mrs. Whitney's stories are much liked, as are Mr. George Macdonald's Ronald Bannerman's Boyhood and At the Back of the North Wind. Mr. Edward Cladd's Childhood of the World, and Colonel Higginson's Young Folks' History of the United States, are very good. We could profitably use additional copies of all these. But your selections have been so useful that we do not wish to ask for particular books. We are very grateful indeed for your offer to send another parcel. If it should contain anything not suitable here, we can send it to our friends in Texas Parish, who are working under difficulties greater even than ours.

It would not seem becoming to have our names published, or communicated to strangers; but if it can be done without this, we should like to have our thanks given to the kind ladies who sent us the books. With best wishes for them and for you, I am, dear sir, very gratefully and sincerely yours,

ALICE E——.

* * * * *

The opportunities of education and development should of course be equally accessible to all races and classes in our country. There should be no proscription, no favoritism. But the question of what education should be for the working people of America is a very important one. So far from its having been decided, it has not yet been seriously entertained. That which they now receive in our public schools is mischievously inadequate. One of its defects is that it does not have in view in any definite manner the essential conditions or specific requirements of the life of the men who labor with their hands. The Negroes of the South should have something better."

* * *

[continued from Sept. No]

REMINISCENCES OF MISSIONARY LIFE IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

BY EDWARD BAILEY.

Soon after going to Kohala to reside, in 1837 I commenced a boarding school for boys. It seemed at that time that the only way to influence the people permanently was to isolate the young from those surroundings to which they were accustomed, and which were supposed to have had a great influence in making them the ignorant and degraded beings they appeared to be.

I commenced school with a small number, six or eight, intending to increase it if things seemed favorable. I had no school house nor any of the appliances commonly thought necessary for carrying on a boarding school. But a small room in our own house was used for school and dining room; each of the boys built himself a small hut to reside in, and the school was commenced in earnest. But it did not continue. Untoward influences worked against it, and it was suspended till more favorable auspices should warrant a recommencement. Of the boys in this school who, though the school was given up, still continued in a measure under my direct tuition, one whose name was Haleole impressed me as being a smart boy. He was engaged when I first knew him as a school teacher, though he was not more than ten or twelve years old. He was clad in the dirty rags common to children of that age, and living where water was scarce, was pretty well incrusted in dirt, so that a scratch on the skin would show a white mark.

As he appeared promising, he was recommended as a pupil for the High School at Lahainaluna and he was received there and educated. In the course of his education, or soon after it was completed, he came to Wailuku where I then resided, having charge of the female Seminary and where I have ever since resided. Feeling a special interest in him, I recommended him to the hospitality of my assistant, Malaihi, and his beautiful wife Kalauula. It is painful to dwell on the evils which resulted from the acquaintance thus initiated.

Malaihi obtained a divorce from his wife who, after a short course in sin, died miserably, leaving him with a boy and girl by a former wife—Lale and Paulo. Another daughter died before I came into the school. Lale, though young attended the Seminary school. Paulo was the youngest. The family seemed to lack vitality, and the father to lack judgment. He had one child by Kalaanala, which died in infancy. In his zeal to bring up his children in civilized ways, he kept them too closely confined, and one after another died, till his home was left desolate.

Haleola adopted the lawyer's profession, and pursued an erratic course for many years, in the course of which he produced a novel. So far as I know it is the only one in the Hawaiian language, and is perhaps the only book written by a Hawaiian. It is a 12 mo. of about 400 pages intitled "Laiekawai." It has the fascination common to novels, and is wall sprinkled with the marvelous in keeping with the superstitions of the times; detailing or mysteriously hinting at things commonly believed by people. It is not without its illustrations of a high sense of honor, though it sometimes descends to details illy comporting with strict decency.

After sometime Malaihi married a pupil of the Seminary for a third wife, who still lives. They have had four children, but only one survives, a daughter, who received an education in the first female Seminary at Makauao. She married a foreigner, and they have three small children.

A year ago perhaps, it became evident that Malaihi was a leper! and there was every probability that he would be removed to the leper settlement on Molokai, when he sickened and died May 21, 1881. It was not unexpected by him, and he had been putting his house in order to leave when he was stricken down. Although he had the appearance of a feeble old man he was probably not seventy years old when he died. He did not give any very marked indication of leprosy, and a stranger might not suppose that anything was the matter.

The brother of his widow was a member of the legislature which was called together to elect the present king—Kalakaua—and was the only one whose death followed immediately on the infliction of wounds given by the savage mob on that occasion.

Many comments might be made on this narration. It embraces nearly the whole of the transition period of the Hawaiian nation from a natural state to one sufficiently artificial.

It did not require a very long residence in Kohala to demonstrate that in the circle around us was shown every shade of character, from the honest open one of the well intentioned, to that of the dark plotter whose vision seemed full of suspicion of evil. That dissimulation was common, appeared from the universal distrust of the people of each other. Though it might not be innate, a constant experience of duplicity had begotten it. Toward the missionaries that distrust was laid aside, but they were not slow to discover that many of the foreigners coming among them were still less worthy of trust than their own people. So different their ideas from those of white people, if haply you succeed in penetrating them, they fill your with surprise. But the same arguments which seem to convince them at one time utterly fail at another time, though the conditions are the same so far as can be seen.

A large part of the people of Kohala were at that time enrolled as pupils of the school.

The whole district was divided into school districts, and teachers were appointed over the schools, which consisted of both children and adults. A school house had been built in each school district, which answered also for a meeting house, where the people came together in the early morning of each day to sing as they were able, and pray and listen to the exhortations of the native teachers. Though the exhortations were probably at times a very curious medley, the habit of coming together and engaging in such exercises no doubt had its influence for good.

Sincere prayer no doubt ascended from some hearts but sometimes the prayers seemed to have been *made*. Indeed the whole appearance of things was as if the people only saw streaks of light through their darkness, though the gospel had been seventeen years at the islands. At this distance of time it is only to be regretted that so few records were made of things done and said at that time, but it did not then seem as if they were worth the paper they would be written on.

It was in this same immense house that the quarterly examinations of the schools were held. On the day appointed, at 8 or 9 a. m. long lines of people were seen converging toward the house from every quarter. They were dressed in their best, and during our short stay of two years, Kapewent out of fashion, and they really made a good show in their clean white cottons. Every Kihei or shawl was allowed full liberty to spread itself in the fresh trade wind. And in some of those companies, one or two of the Kiheis were of splendid satin of some delicate shade of green, blue or buff. They were among the treasures of the chiefs, put for careful keeping among their favorites, who were allowed this use of them. The companies, one from each land, with their teachers at the head, marched into the house and seated themselves in the same order on the ground, till the house was pretty well filled. The extent of their acquirements was shown by their reading each a verse in the New Testament, which had been extensively furnished at that time, all imperfect as it might be. It is doubtful if a copy of that edition could now be found. The people carried that and their hymn books with them away where, and one of the disasters of a canoe voyage was often times the loss of the books. Some of the pupils were old, gray headed men, who, as they stood to read, were obliged to hold the book high to the light, and called off each syllable in a prolonged sing song, with no let up or inflection from beginning to end. I may say in passing, that Hawaiians commencing to learn to write always form a continuous line, without any division into words and syllables.

Such reading was common, especially with

the old, and gave one an impression that they did not understand what they read. But this was a mistake. It was only the foreign listener who did not understand. They were not practiced in the elocution of reading, but they got an idea, true or false of what they read, though they had not learned to imbibe ideas extensively from books. Study in the school was always audible, creating much confusion; and it is difficult even now to induce a Hawaiian to study silently. Thought without voice seems to them unsatisfied hunger, and they are not apt to keep secrets.

Of course the missionaries improved these occasions for giving instruction in various matters, but being new in the field with a very limited stock of the vehicle of communication, they could not spread themselves with that pompous exhibition of eloquence which burst forth in a perfect torrent of ready speech from the lips of the favored ones called on by them to help them in their need. The freshet of words rolled over the audience who seemed to know by instinct that the reflection from their faces was the only clew the teachers had of what was being said, and unless checked it would continue indefinitely.

Sewing machines had not come into vogue in 1837, and as the people began to desire the clothing of civilization, rather than their kapas which could never be washed, it became desirable they should learn the use of the needle. The missionary ladies assumed the task of teaching them; and as the older of the native women, though they might be adepts in the use of the kapa mallet, were hopelessly clumsy with the needle, the more promising of the girls were selected for the acquisition of the dressmaker's art. A comely young woman was among those selected by Mrs. B. who proposed to her to come and reside with us to learn not only needle work but all the mysteries of housekeeping as well. She readily agreed to do so.

But shades of Lethe! not so fast! So great a move in so short time was not to be thought of! especially by one who evidently belonged to a somewhat aristocratic family, and whose mother afterwards married a chief man, though that could not then have been foreseen. It appeared the girl learned to write, for one morning a note was received from her, the purport of which was that unforeseen obstacles prevented her coming to live with us, and ending with real obstacles, viz. that she did not wish to marry Haaheo, a boy in our employ. It seemed a foregone conclusion with her that if aba came to live with us she must merry him. She had not learned the finesse of diplomacy, or instead of the flat declaration couched in so many words, she would have displayed the tact of her sex in not saying what was really the matter.

She afterwards married a foreigner, who was our neighbor in Maui, and raised up a family of children, the youngest of whom has been for many years a useful assistant in a female seminary. Two others have married Chinese—one of whom is highly spoken of, their mother, has been dead for many years.

It was during our residence in Kohala that we saw a very primitive sugar mill, made without doubt by a foreigner.

It consisted of two wooden rollers about two feet long and six inches in diameter, mounted on two posts set in the ground, and turned by a crank on the ends. It was probably used for crushing out juice enough from the sugar cane to make by fermentation an intoxicating liquor. Every thing containing saccharine matter was used for that purpose, sugar-cane, water melons, sweet potatoes, the fruit of the prickly pear, &c. &c. At that time it was prohibited by law, and would only be done covertly; and it was only when compelled by the French treaty that the taboo was taken off, and the manufacture and use proceeded openly to a most ruinous extent. Afterwards a law was passed making it a penal offense to sell liquor to natives or to manufacture it; but there has been a gradual letting down in the execution of the law, till more than one hundred cases of liquor are received weekly by Chinamen alone, at the port of Kahului, the greater part of which is without doubt sold by them to natives. Various subterfuges are resorted to for covering the sale, any one of which might easily be penetrated by a man with ordinary brains if he wished to do it. It is broadly hinted that the Chinamen pay large sums to hoodwink justice, and I must say there is strong probability that such is the fact. The present state of things can not otherwise be accounted for.

When we resided in Kohala it could not be foreseen how the sugar interest in the islands would grow and how the machinery used in it would improve through the stages of wooden mills turned by cattle, then imperfect iron mills, with rows of open pans; then steam appliances, till it culminated in the huge mill which swallows up a river of cane all day long delivering a brook of juice to the steam pans where it is speedily converted to a grained mass, which is at once passed to the centrifugals, and thence delivered, still hot, a beautiful sugar, to be packed for the market and whirled away on a railroad to port, where it is delivered to steam vessels—in some cases perhaps within twelve hours of the time when it stood growing in the field.

At that time it seemed to pay a white man to saw out combs, by hand and sell them to the people, for such work was done. The tortoise shell used was brought from other groups, there being none of the kind used indigenous in these islands.

In the early days of the mission, each station was provided with a small medicine case, and the missionaries, each according to his ability, ministered to the dire need of the poor people, many of whom were filled with rottenness from the disease introduced by the first vessel which history records as touching on these shores. How many lives were saved can not be known, but the apparent cures were many, and the grave was often robbed of its wonted victim—for a time at least.

Blood letting was then in vogue, and one of my first medical lessons under Dr. Judd was in phlebotomy. Daily practice and the earnest study of the half dozen books we had, for a course of years, with an upright desire to be of use, and to obey the injunction of our leader "Heal the sick," enabled us to do much. But notwithstanding all, many in whom we became interested and whose help had become valuable, were snatched away by the rude hand of death in spite of all our efforts. The life of the nation seemed to have been sapped at its foundations, and I verily think that it would long ago have ceased to be a nation had not the missionaries taken hold earnestly to save the remnant that remained. Not only medicines but personal efforts were freely bestowed, often at inconvenience and when worn down with toil. Enervated by the climate and obliged to put forth much effort to eke out a subsistence from the slender means furnished, as well as to perform their special missionary labor to the extent of their strength, it may well be supposed they knew the meaning of "weariness and painfulness."

A pocket compass I had brought with me enabled me to construct a map of part of the district, which was afterwards of use. The south eastern part of the district was cut through by very deep valleys, in whose narrow bottoms a stream of pure water fed the taro patches, where much of the best taro was raised. In those valleys were many houses of the people, and each valley of much size contained its school house. Of course, we wished to visit the schools as often as possible, and also to meet the people in their own houses. At the very outskirts of the district there was a village with its school on the top of one of the high ridges, far up where it expanded as it sloped down from cloudland.

It was not a large school, but one we wished specially to see, as its people who visited us seemed very friendly but wild, as if there might be something peculiar in their mode of life. So one day we made an attempt to reach them. A few miles travel brought us to the brink of the first deep valley—Pololu. The steep sides of this valley may be one thousand feet high, but they are grassy slopes and easily passed by their zigzag footpath. As the banks of all these valleys shut on the deep sea, there is no way to enter the valley next south but by climbing the dividing ridge between them. We did so, and met the people of the more secluded and deeper valley of Honokane, expecting that the next ascent would bring us to the top of the last ridge on which was perched the village we sought. But when we had climbed up, and, out of breath, reached the gid dy height, we found instead of a broad land supporting a village, only a thin dividing ridge scarcely wide enough to lie down on except length wise, and that another sharp cent cleft the ridge we sought. As we were quite exhausted, the people who had accompanied us (and it was seldom that some did not go with us whenever we went,) proposed that they beckon the people of Awini to come to us at the bottom of the last valley we had crossed. We assented, and had not long to wait before we saw them all in the sea away down below us, swimming like so many ducks around the bluff. Whether they had their school books in their hands we could not see from our distance, but probably they had.

So we descended again to the bottom of Honokane and met the Awini school; and I do not think we ever thought again of visiting a twin-among the clouds.

We had not been long at Nunulu when a Sabbath school was attempted. In one sense the people were all children. But it seemed best to have a separate exercise for those young in years, so notice was given to that effect. At the time appointed they came together in one end of the great house, to the number of six or eight hundred of beings, not less wild than the goats of the mountains. Such confusion as ensued can only be imagined but not described. The teachers came with them, but the teachers made more noise in trying to still the children than the children themselves made. However, in due time comparative order was achieved, and the work went on. But the course pursued by ordinary Sabbath schools failed here for want of teachers. Those who could simply teach A. E. I. were not qualified to teach the bible, nor had they talent to lead the infant mind. Their manner of dealing with children was much the same as that with which they treated dogs and pigs. They did not seem to realize that the children would by and by be grown, or if they did they expected that their souls would come into being somewhere midway of the growth. Two of the teachers in the district had been educated at the Seminary at Lahainaluna and had good schools; but the greater number possessed very limited acquirements, though they honestly did their best.

It may well be imagined that with such a congregation and our very slender acquirements in the language, the Sabbath was a hard day for us. But it was very desirable that, as oral instruction was mostly the channel by which truth could enter the minds of the people, every opportunity be improved to use it. My associate did not readily acquire the language, and he laid on me a great part of the work. This I was willing to perform, but too strenuous efforts to make the people hear and to lead the singing brought on a bronchial weakness which has never left me.

As the population around Nunulu was thin and the place a bleak one, the winds sweeping over it with great force, often charged with mist or rain; and the lowlands near the sea were fair and pleasant, with large numbers of people, the thought arose in our minds whether we ought not to move down and live among them. True, we were in the centre of the district to which paths converged from all sides; the great church building was there, and the people had built us houses to live in, which must be moved down if we went down. It was hard to decide what we should do till a southern storm blew down our great house of worship, and then we decided to move down.

Before our removal took place, a very great reduction had occurred in our Sabbath congregation. It appeared that our chief woman, Walawala, had coerced the people to attend meeting by fining those who were absent! This, of course, we dissuaded her from doing, and hence the decline. The people did not pull our houses down and carry them to the lowlands and build them again there with the same alacrity they had shown in building them at Nunulu. But it was soon evident that we had done the right thing in moving down. A good comfortable spot was given us on which to locate, and after all we were somewhat central in position to the rest of Kohala.

I did not acclimate readily, and it was only after a course of fever that I became inured to the climate.

Once during our stay in Kohala, both our families visited Kailua, the station where Rev. Asa Thurston was located. Our special object was to attend a meeting there of all the missionaries on the island of Hawaii. It was thought such a meeting on each large island would answer all the needs of the mission work at less expense than a general meeting of all the mission of Honolulu. But that plan was never repeated. How we managed to convey our families from Nunulu to the sea at Mahukona eight miles distant where we embarked, I do not remember, but I suspect it was at that time we tried a curious non-descript wagon we had constructed, which proved a failure. We embarked on a double canoe with a crew of natives. A bed was rigged on the beams connecting the two canoes, on which the mothers and children reclined. Our voyage was rather uncomfortable, the wind being contrary and the sea rough. We were obliged to land and spend the night on the shore of black lava-sand, when we had made a part of the voyage. Our return was more comfortable. But comfortable voyages are not remembered. It is those where danger and hardships are encountered which dwell in the memory. Such a trip I undertook sometime afterward to Kailua to see Dr. Andrews who was located there, and get medical advice, being much run down. I went in a small single canoe with one man and a boy. We left Mahukona about 2 P. M. and sailed along the coast twenty miles to Kawaihae, off which we arrived about sundown. As it was calm we went outside of the reef which extends out some two miles or so from the shore, and were approaching the coast at Puako at about 8 P. M. when the sky became overcast and a violent wind came down from the gap between Mauna Kea and the Kohala mountains. It soon became pitchy dark, so that we could not get ashore where the now furious waves were beating on an iron bound coast, and thundering in its cavern. The old man clewed down the sail, leaving about half a yard exposed, and the boy laid out on an arm of the canoe to keep the outrigger down, for we were in imminent danger of capsizing by its being thrown up by the force of the wind. When all was arranged we fairly shot through the waves, throwing up a spray which alighted far astern. The canoe was constantly filling, but I bailed with all my might and kept it clear. We sailed in this way till towards midnight, when, the wind lulling, we flattered ourselves the rest of the way would be smooth, but here was not a wind coming round the south side of Hualalai, a head wind to us, which we battled all the rest of the night, and landed at daybreak in Kailua.

I spent a few days in Kailua, and then set out on my return home with a fair wind and good prospects, but had hardly turned Kaelehuluhulu, the west cape of Hawaii, when stormy *mumuku* came down again upon us, and was hauled ashore, and I pushed on afoot and alone, a journey of some fifty miles over indescribably rough lava, with nothing special to eat and no fresh water to drink. I lay down where night found me, and slept some. then pushed on in the early morning and travelled till sundown, when I reached Kawaihae, where I found a man with a calabash of fresh water! which I emptied. I then pushed on again towards Kohala, and reached home at ten p. m.—tired! The greatest relief from my hunger and thirst was experienced in drinking the water of two cocoanuts procured from trees growing in a little green spot on the shore, by a man who ascended the trees for me. It was not every one who would have been so kind.

Before we thought of leaving Nunulu we made an attempt to prepare for building permanent houses. Lumber from the coast, which is now so abundantly furnished at the island was not brought here at all, or in small quantities from Columbia river, and of very poor quality. White pine lumber was brought from New Zealand; but it was high priced, and building was restricted to very bare necessity. Stone was employed whenever it could be found, and few permanent, i. e. not thatched houses, were built of anything else—especially in damp regions where adobe houses were impracticable. So we employed some men to collect stones which were lying about plentifully, or could easily be procured from ledges in the numerous ravines.

But Walawala, conceiving herself slighted by our not applying to her, tabooed the stones and imprisoned our men for disobedience to her reiterated orders, so that we were obliged to desist; and finally neither myself nor my associate built a permanent house in Kohala, though we procured lumber for it.

As Mr. Dibble of Lahainaluna found it necessary to visit the United States, and Mr. Clark to visit China for his health, thus leaving Mr. Andrews alone at the high school, the mission voted to remove me there temporarily to supply, in some measure, their place. But it was some months after the action of the mission, and long after our goods had been carried ashore, that a schooner was found to take us to that place. We were now in a house which had a floor, and where we had pleasant associates who were governed by religious principle.

The High school for boys and young men had been in operation several years, having been commenced by Rev. Lorrin Andrews, who was principal at the time of our arrival. Its object was to educate young men for teachers and helpers in mission work. At first married men attended, but at the time we were called there, it was restricted to boys and young unmarried men. This aim still was to raise up teachers; but many who graduated did not teach, but became clerks for government officers, or lawyers, or they engaged in some other secular work.

One of the most noted characters was J. H. Kanaiu who was then a boy in the school, and became afterwards a lawyer of more power among Hawaiians than any lawyer of his time, foreigners not excepted. But his power was not guided by uprightness. He descended to any chicanery by which he could win his cause. Of course he had all the work he could do; and he was not lazy. He compiled a form book which has been of service.

He died young.

Kannuuluba was another pupil. He afterwards studied theology and preached with much acceptance in Kaauapali. He married a pupil of the female seminary of Wailuku, Kaaiawaliia, who has proved a worthy woman and true help meet. Every thing seemed to flourished in Kaanapali while he remained. When it was determined to send Hawaiian missionaries to the Marquesas Islands, which had been abandoned by the English after displacing American missionaries, Kannuuluba was invited to make one of a pioneer company of Hawaiian missionaries to those islands, and he accepted the post of danger and self denial. They have remained in those islands ever since, he only visiting his native land once. Kekela, another pupil at that time, also became a successful minister in Oahu. When a deputation from the Hawaiian islands was sent to Micronesia to advise on the location of Hawaiian and American missionaries there, Kekela was one selected and went; and on his return he made a tour of the Hawaiian islands to awaken the churches to their duty to the heathen, in which he acquitted himself well. Ha also was elected a pioneer to the Marquesas Island mission, where he has remained to the present time, making one visit to his native land. He married Nsomi, a pupil of the female seminary of Wailuku, who has been a true help meet.

At Home.

HOME ADORNMENT.

"There's no place like home." Be it ever so humble, it may be happy, and bright and beautiful—yes beautiful—so that its memory will always linger in the mind of its far wandering children as a pleasant picture of loving cheer. A great deal is said and written for rich people in these days about house decoration and adornment. No amount of money will make a home beautiful without good taste and good will. But Nature knows how to decorate her halls and bowers without the costly help of the upholsterer and cabinet maker. After all, they only copy her designs, and she will freely lend to all. A writer in the "Country Gentleman" gives some excellent suggestions as to how to avail ourselves of her liberality, and we quote his advice as we "couldn't do better ourselves:"

LEAVES AND BERRIES FOR HOME ADORNMENT.

Let me also beg you to gather the ruby red oak leaves in small branches, and trailing branches of woodbine, the maple leaves mottled with crimson, brown, yellow and green, and branches of the sumac before they have been withered by the frosts, and press them under heavy weights as directed for ferns. Also bunches of black elder berries, which grow by the brooksides and in the swamps, and large clusters of the bittersweet, sometimes called "Roxbury wax-work," and hang them to dry in a warm place. And to mingle with them, gather some long, trailing vines of the feathery seed-pods of the wild clematis.

Make a large collection of every kind of brilliant leaf and berry that you can find in your walks in the woods and meadows, and press or dry them carefully, and when the dark wintry days have come, and it is time to prepare for Christmas decorations, you will rejoice that you have such a store of woodland treasures on hand, which, with a bottle of mucilage, some pasteboard, and strong thread and needles, can be made so effective in decorating your apartments, and will add so much to their brightness and cosiness all through the dreary winter months.

Many writers advise their readers to oil or varnish the leaves and branches; but when thus prepared they will catch all the dust that floats in the air and soon be soiled, while if simply pressed for five or six weeks, they will become well dried. If, however, they are needed at an earlier date, they can be very prettily preserved by rubbing a piece of beeswax over the flat-iron while moderately hot, and passing it upon the leaves. This will give them a fresh, shining appearance, and preserve the colors perfectly.

One of those warm Indian summer days, when the pickling and the preserving are all finished, it is a good plan to have a picnic in the woods, and scramble up rocks and climb fences and leap ditches, and put aside our dignity for awhile, and feel delightfully free from all the trammels of civilization; and when we return from the forests and hillsides, rich with the spoils of the woods, we shall soon feel much fresher and able to do the work that belongs to us. Soon will come the season

"Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere,"

and all the glories and delights of the summer and golden autumn will be of the past.

S. O. J.

SOMETIME.

It is a sweet, sweet song, warbled to and fro among the topmost boughs of the heart, and filling the whole air with such joy and gladness as the songs of birds do when the summer morning comes out of the darkness, and is born on the mountains. We have all possessions in the future, which we call "sometime." Beautiful flowers and singing birds are there, only our hands seldom grasp the one or our ears hear the other. O, reader! be of good cheer, since for all the good there is a golden "sometime;" when the hills and valleys of time are all passed, when the wear and fever, the disappointments and sorrows of life are over, then there is a place and rest appointed of God. O, homestead! over whose roof fell no shadows nor even clouds, and over whose threshold the voice of sorrow is never heard; built upon eternal hills, and standing with the spires and pinnacles of celestial beauty among the palm trees of the city on high, those who love God shall rest under thy shadows, where there is no sorrow or pain, nor the sound of weeping sometimes."

Teachers' Table.

AT WORK AGAIN.

The Hampton hive is buzzing again, fuller than ever—all earnest workers we hope, no mere drones among them. We think, as we gather in the old places of the young swarm last sent out, and of all our busy laborers in distant fields. We wish them bountiful harvests and sweet rewards for their labors in the season before them. We hope they will send us reports of their successes, and of their struggles too. Tell us how the Hampton training has helped you—whether you have been able to avail yourself of the "Butler School" methods, and of Mrs. Walton's kind suggestions from her own long experience. Tell us your trials and your victories—the dark and the bright. Remember that whatever lessons you may be able to teach your pupils, the lessons of character are the most important. While you are teaching of the earth's surface, prepare them to live on the earth as useful citizens, and not mere cumberers of the land; with all your number lessons let them learn so to number their days that they may apply their hearts unto wisdom, and let one of your language lessons be to teach their lips the law of kindness.

One of the best lessons you can teach them is the lesson of kindness to animals. Children are often cruel to animals, in the thoughtlessness of play, because they know so little what pain is. Boys seem to have a natural fondness for stoning birds and robbing nests and teasing cats. But it is very easy for an intelligent teacher to interest them in the curious habits, and pretty ways of the innocent creatures that inhabit the world with us, and have a right to their share of its happiness, and a special claim in their helplessness on us to whose necessities and enjoyment they contribute so much. An excellent little series of lessons for primary schools on this subject have recently been issued by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and reported in both England and Germany. We shall take pleasure in copying them month by month for our graduate teachers, who can supply themselves with the complete number at two cents each by sending to the office of the Society, 96 Tremont street, Boston.

TEN LESSONS ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

BY GEO. T. ANGELL.

President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

FIRST LESSON.

Maker of earth, and sea and sky,
Creation's Sovereign Lord and King;
Who hangs the starry worlds on high
And formed alike the sparrow's wing:
Bless the dumb creatures of Thy care,
And listen to their voiceless prayer.

"BELL OF JUSTICE"

[To be read to pupils by Primary Teachers.]

It is a beautiful story, that in one of the old cities of Italy, the king caused a bell to be hung in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it the "Bell of Justice," and commanded that any one who had been wronged should go and ring the bell, and so call the magistrate of the city and ask and receive justice.

And when, in course of time, the lower and of the bell-rope had rotted away, a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it; and one day an old and starving horse, that had been abandoned by its owner and turned out to die, wandered into the tower, and in trying to eat the vine, rang the bell. And the magistrate of the city, coming to see who had rung the bell, found this old and starving horse. And he caused the owner of the horse, in whose service he had toiled and been worn out, to be summoned before him, and decreed, that as this poor horse had rung the "Bell of Justice," he should have justice, and that during the remainder of the horse's life his owner should provide for him proper food and drink and stable.

Until about sixty years ago, there were no laws anywhere to properly protect from great cruelty these dumb creatures that toil for us, and die for us, and make our lives happier and more useful; and so wicked and unmerciful men used to beat them, and work them beyond their strength, and give them too little food, and not properly care for them in cold weather, and in many other ways treat them cruelly and unjustly, and so make their lives very unhappy and miserable. But about sixty years ago some of the good people of England determined that there should be laws to protect these dumb creatures from being abused; and so they formed a society for that purpose, which has become very great and powerful.

In other countries, good people, seeing what had been done in England, began also to form other societies of the same kind. And so the work has gone on, until in almost every Christian country of the world,—in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and many islands of the ocean,—these societies have been formed. And now, within a few years, *the children* have taken hold of this work, and hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of societies of *boys and girls* have been formed in various parts of the world, many in Europe, and some in America, to protect animals from cruelty.

"BANDS OF MERCY"

In England many of these societies are called "Bands of Mercy," and all the boys and girls that belong to them promise to do all they can "*to protect animals from cruel usage, and to promote, so far as they can, their humane treatment.*" And all the boys and girls that belong to these societies have cards of membership to hang up in their homes, so that visitors may see that they belong to these societies. And they have monthly meetings where they read and hear, and tell stories about animals, and recite poems, and sing hymns, and have addresses from older people.

In the public schools of Philadelphia, over three thousand boys belong to these societies, and each has a German-silver badge" in the form of a horse's head, and each society a flag or banner of different color, — blue, cherry, rose, etc. The teachers take charge of them. And they have meetings at which stories are read aloud and recited, and songs are sung, and addresses are made by the teachers and others; and they have a reading room, and a library of interesting books. Sometimes they march to music in the school rooms and sometimes they have a great Union meeting in some public hall, where prominent gentlemen go and address them.

But probably the largest society of boys and girls in the world is one in England, called "The Dicky Bird Society." It was started to protect the birds and their nests, but now includes other creatures. Over thirty-seven thousand boys and girls now belong to this society, and they all promise *to be kind to all harmless creatures, and to protect them to the utmost of their power, to feed the birds in winter, and to never take or destroy a nest*; and that they will all try to get as many boys and girls as possible to join "The Dicky Bird Society."

To the life of a good man named Thoreau, who lived in Concord, Mass., a few years ago, and who was very kind to all God's harmless creatures, it is stated that even the "fishes came into his hand when he dipped it into the stream; the little mice would come and playfully eat from his fingers, and the very moles paid him friendly visits. Sparrows alighted on his shoulders when he called them; Phoebes built their nests in his shed, and the wild partridge with her brood, came and fed quietly beneath his window, as he sat and looked at them." "After he had been two or three months in the woods the wild birds ceased to be afraid of him, and would come and perch on his shoulder, and sometimes on his spade when he was digging."

I think, if the birds could vote, they would make Thoreau an honorary member of "The Dickey Bird Society."

SOME QUESTIONS.

[Others to be added by teachers]

What can you tell about the "Bell of Justice"?

When did they first form a society to protect animals, and where?

Where are there such societies now?

When did boys and girls begin to form such societies?

What are many of them called in England?

What do they promise to do?

Where are their cards of membership hung, and why?

What do they do at meetings?

How many boys in the public schools of Philadelphia belong to these societies?

What badge do they wear?

What banners do they have?

What is done at their meetings?

What can you tell about "The Dicky Bird Society"?

Where did Thoreau live?

What can you tell about the friendship of the fishes and birds for Thoreau?

If the birds could vote, what might they do?

Agriculture.

SOMETHING FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE TO CONSIDER.

"The richest agricultural and horticultural contributions have come down to us from the master minds of Greece. They drew their inspiration directly from nature herself, and not from what some earlier writer had said about nature."

The pupil of Socrates, the leader of the immortal retreat of the ten thousand, from his farm at Elis, wrote: "Agriculture, for an honorable and high-minded man, is the best of occupations and arts by which men procure a living, for it is a pursuit that is most easy to learn and most pleasant to practise; it puts the bodies of men in the fairest and most vigorous condition, and is far from giving such constant occupation to their minds as to prevent them attending to the interests of their friends and their country. A man's home and fireside are the sweetest of all possessions." So long as Greece gave proper attention to her productive interests, and especially to agriculture, her star stood at the zenith, but as luxury increased, labor was degraded, education diverted from practical to speculative course, and agriculture became subordinated to trade and commerce; the star of her glory gradually sank to the horizon, from which it has never again risen.

The policy of Rome was to "secure by the plowshare what she won by the sword." Twice was Cincinnatus called from the plow to save his country, and not until effeminacy and luxury supplanted the rural tastes and habits of the people was she overrun by the hords of the North.

Did time allow, we might run through the whole catalogue of nations that are or have been powerful upon the earth, and show that in proportion as they dignified labor and fostered their productive industries they have been great, powerful and stable. Read the histories of these nations, and we find that the development of their productive industries, either by just laws or the fostering care of their governments, has marked the era of their progress, prosperity and highest civilization. The accumulation of capital in the hands of a few, by trade and commerce and the oppression or neglect of the productive industries, equally marks the era of their decline and overthrow.—*Dr. Thomas P. Janes, before the American Agricultural Society.*

POULTRY.

If you want fowls for general purposes, take the Leghorns, Hemburgs or Spanish, or some would prefer Dorklugs, Polish, Houdens or Crevecœurs. These last named breeds are what we call constant layers; but for eggs alone there is no fowl in existence that can compete with the Leghorn. They lay more eggs, consume less food, and for early, fast-growing spring friers they will out-rank any breed.

Perhaps at this time it would be in better place to say a little towards the care of fowls. There is no other class of stock on the farm, as a general rule, that is so sadly neglected as the domestic fowl. Why neglect this great source of human sustenance in such a way? Perhaps some of my readers will hoot at the idea, but it is true there are more fowls and poultry consumed in the United States than there is beef or pork. This looks like a big thing, but the statistics show that such is the case. Look at the consumption of eggs alone; it is almost as great as that of pork. Now is the time to clean and whitewash your roosts, and be sure and get ahead of all vermin, for they make their start in spring, and are more easily gotten rid of at the start than after they have your hen-houses all polluted. A good way to keep them from starting, is to pour coal oil on your roosts and other places about your hen-houses where they are likely to make a start. Spring generally brings disease with it, and a good way to keep fowls healthy is to keep a lump of alum in their drinking water; the sour from the alum mixed with water, helps to tone up their systems and keep them in healthy condition. To make fowls healthy and lay well, a good way is to give change of diet—say soft food in the former part of the day and whole grain in the evening; and green food is very essential for the health of fowls, and also necessary to insure good success in hatching. But every farmer ought to see to it and have good fowls on his farm; for the first reason, it takes no more to feed good ones than it does scrubs, and if he wants to sell he won't have one-half the trouble to sell blooded stock that he usually has to sell common scrub stock. And I say there is not any stock on the farm that will pay more interest on capital invested than will well-fed fowls.—*Alex. Bickett in Journal of Agriculture.*

SUNFLOWER SEED FOR POULTRY.

A correspondent, Mrs. M. J. C., Otter, Iowa, gives her experience in raising mammoth Russian sunflower seed for poultry and for stock. It is eagerly eaten, makes the hens produce eggs plentifully, keeps the feathers glossy and elegant. Our correspondent has grown it successfully on a variety of soils and even in fence corners, and regards the stalks, to be used for kindling, wood as by no means unimportant. In conclusion, she adds: "It grows to double the size of the common South American variety, and far excels it in the large heads of nice black seeds, if cultiveted like other grains and kept free from weeds. I raised heads larger round than a water pail, and very heavy. I plant a patch every year for my chickens. If you plant near your barn the poultry will live and grow fat, and one would be astonished at the amount of eggs produced. It takes three quarts for an acre and plant as far apart as corn."—*Southern Planter.*

Southern Workman.

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A SKETCH OF HON. JOHN M. LANGSTON.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

The Hon. John M. Langston recently visited our city, and following a speech made by the Hon. John Paul, addressed a large audience of white and colored people, assembled in one of our great tobacco warehouses.

My father had once met Mr. L. at a public meeting in Louisa Co., when he visited his father's grave, and in speeches made there, so conciliated the white people that he was invited to visit and dine in more than one house where a Negro had never before been admitted but as a servant. I had only known of him previous to his visit here by my father's account of him and from common report. His speech here was much admired, and was complimented in the *Virginian*, a bitter Bourbon paper.

I had long desired to see this distinguished orator, who has a fine reputation for learning and eloquence, and is considered among the leaders of his race in our land. It is not customary for ladies to attend political meetings here, except on rare occasions, and I had to content myself with a call upon Mr. Langston at the house of a worthy colored widow with whom he was lodging. Mr. Langston received my call, and in the course of conversation with him I learned many interesting incidents connected with his own history, the various places where his lot has been cast, and the people with whom he has been associated. Mr. Langston has lived in stirring times, and has had a varied experience. After hearing the story of his life from his own lips, I asked his permission to give a sketch of it to the readers of the WORKMAN. I wish I could "tell the tale as it was told to me," but can only repeat it from memory, without attempting to give the exact words of the eloquent narrator.

As it is always interesting to know how the people we care to hear about look, I will state that Mr. Langston is apparently about fifty years old, somewhat above the medium height, though he bears himself so well that he looks much taller than he is, unless standing near other men. His frame is massive, and conveys the idea of a man in vigorous health, with a strong will. He is a light mulatto, with good features and silky black hair and beard, slightly inclined to curl. His manner is extremely dignified, somewhat reserved at first. He talks rather slowly, as if weighing his words, and is exceedingly courteous to all with whom he comes in contact. His dress is plain, but fastidiously neat, and the whole impression produced by his appearance is that of a man of dignity and intelligence, who has had large experience in life.

Mr. Langston says his earliest recollections carry him back to a Virginia plantation, where he played with other colored children. He recalls dimly the scene of his mother's death-bed, and then a long, weary journey, mostly made by wagon, when he was about three or four years old, to the State of Ohio, whither his white father sent him and his two older brothers, and provided means for their support and education.

At this time he was known only as "Johnny," and being received into the family of a Mr. Gooch, an ex-Virginian, and treated as one of themselves, he was for many years known as John or Johnny Gooch. The child was nearly white, and soon forgot all about his old playmates on the plantation. Nothing was ever said in his hearing about his being a colored child, and he does not remember that he was, up to the age of ten years, aware of the fact. Mrs. Gooch made a great pet of him, as he was much younger than her own children, and he always called her mother, and Mr. Gooch father. Their youngest daughter, a very amiable, gentle girl, taught him music and took him to school with her.

When he was ten years old, he was as happy and thoughtless an urchin as could have been found in the "Western Reserve" as Ohio was then called, but at that time events occurred which had a very important bearing on his life, and were forever indelibly impressed upon his mind. His friend Mr. Gooch, who seemed very comfortable and well-to-do in Ohio, was seized with the "Western fever," and sold his farm, to remove to the rich lands of Missouri, about which fabulous stories were then told. He eventually carried out this plan, settled in Missouri, took the Southern side in the great question then beginning to occupy the public mind, bought slaves, and at the breaking out of the war was the owner of much land and many Negroes. When the family prepared to leave Ohio, one of the important questions in regard to the move was, "What shall we do about Johnny?" They explained to the little boy that he was not, as he supposed, their child, and told him the true state of the case, leaving it to him to decide whether he would go with them to the new home, or be entrusted to other hands where he was. The child did not hesitate a moment, but, to the great pleasure of Mrs. Gooch and the entire satisfaction of the rest of the family, insisted upon going with them. They set out on their western journey in a canal boat, and towards the close of the first day, when they were but a few miles from their old residence, some accident occurred to the canal, the water was drawn off, the boat ran aground, and the travellers found themselves compelled to stay where they were. This did not at all disturb the boy with whom my story is concerned, who played happily on the tow-path until night-fall, and was up again early in the morning, amusing himself, while the older members of the party were getting breakfast. The country was perfectly level, and as his eye followed the canal in the direction whence they had come the day before, it seemed like a long thread stretching far away in the distance. He noticed what seemed a moving speck a long, long way off, followed closely by another like it, and as the two objects drew nearer, he perceived them to be men on horseback riding at breakneck speed. As they galloped up to the boat, those on board rushed out to see what the clatter of hoofs meant, and Mr. Gooch found himself summoned to appear at the county Court which was then in session a few miles off, to answer the charge of forcibly abducting a colored child from the district. Mr. Gooch hastily saddled a fine horse he had on the boat, and taking the child he was accused of abducting behind him, he accompanied the officers at once to the Court-house. All along the road, groups of excited people, many of them Negroes, were collecting, and all seemed to be talking eagerly, and often angrily, as they scanned Mr. Gooch and the little boy, who appeared to be the objects of their indignation. The word "kidnap" was so often used that the little fellow, who was much bewildered by the events of the morning, asked Mr. Gooch what it meant, and listened in astonishment to an explanation given him in kindly terms.

When they reached the courthouse, the boy found there his two older brothers of whom he had previously known little. A young lawyer, named Allan Thurman, employed by them as counsel, at once asked the attention of the Court to the case of Mr. Gooch, stating all the circumstances, and bringing up the will of the child's father, which had been contested in Virginia, but through the influence of three gentlemen of that State, who acted as trustees for the heirs, had been sustained by the Court, and one clause which stated that the child John was to be provided for in the State of Ohio. Mr. Gooch employed counsel to defend him from the charge of kidnapping, and he was soon released from custody. The judge decided, however, that the child could not be taken out of the State of Ohio, and that if Mr. Gooch, his former guardian, removed to a slave State, the Court must assume charge of the child.

This was done, and the little boy placed at school in Cincinnati. This was considered a great misfortune at the time by the child, who was tenderly attached to his guardian's family, but in later years, he came to consider it as one of the greatest blessings of his life. In looking back to that time, with all the great events that have intervened shedding their light upon it, there seems to Mr. Langston to have been a wonderful providence in that break in the canal within a mile of the county line, for beyond its limits the officers who arrested Mr. Gooch would have had no jurisdiction.

He remained at school, studying hard and learning fast for some years, and hearing frequently from the Gooch family. About two years after their parting in the Court-room, Mr. Gooch came to Ohio on business, and visited his former ward at school. The little boy was delighted to meet once more the man who seemed like his own father. When Mr. Gooch told him that Mrs. Gooch had said, "he must make Johnny promise that as soon as he was twenty-one years old, and free to do as he pleased, he would come to the family in Missouri, all of whom cherished sincere affection for him," the child readily promised, and for years looked forward to the fulfillment of this promise as the brightest hope of his life. When the time came, however, and the little boy had come to man's estate, things had greatly changed for all parties. The great slavery struggle, which ended with Lee's surrender at Appomattox, had begun, Missouri was torn by contending factions, and Langston, holding the sentiments in which he had been educated, in Ohio, could only have gone to that "debatable ground," at the peril of his life and liberty. He said with deep regret that he had never seen any of the family since Mr. Gooch's visit to him at school. When the war began, all communication ceased between the young colored man, who naturally enough, was working ardently for the freedom of his race, and the white family who had been the tender guardians of his childhood. When the Southern cause was lost, and the emancipation of the Negroes accomplished, Langston went to Missouri, and sought earnestly for his old friends, but without success. No trace of them could be found. Possibly the older members of the family were dead, and their children scattered. Possibly the bitterness which ruled the hour in those days of sorrow for Southern hearts, prevented any of his old friends from making themselves known to him, when it was in their power. Mr. Langston spoke of the family with the utmost gratitude and affection, and said he had often felt that he would be willing to give his right arm to be able to make a proper return to Mrs. Gooch for the loving care she had lavished upon him in childhood.

When Mr. Langston had finished his course of study at the Cincinnati school, he had a great desire to go to college and fit himself for the practice of law. There were at that time many difficulties in the way of such a plan for a colored man. There was no college in the land which admitted Negroes, except one or two theological seminaries, where colored students could prepare themselves for the ministry among their own race in this country or in missionary fields. To one of these institutions young Langston was admitted finally, upon condition of his studying the theological course. After this, he was in time admitted to the bar, but long years of constant application to study, with intervals of teaching had seriously impaired his health, and when ready to enter upon his work he found himself possessed with dyspepsia, which threatened to end in consumption. A wise physician explained to him the cause of his malady, and promised him a cure, if he would do as he advised, and go at once and live on a farm, doing as much outdoor work as he could, gradually increasing the amount. He doubtless owes his present vigorous health, and perhaps his life to following this advice. About this time he bought a beautiful little farm in Ohio, and employed a worthy English couple to attend to it for him, with the understanding that he was to stay on the place whenever it suited him, and do as much of the work as his strength permitted. This plan worked finely, and his health soon showed the benefit of exercise in the open air. But now fresh troubles came in the way, and had to be surmounted by time and patience. The men who owned the adjoining land, and had to use a lane running through Mr. Langston's farm to go to the market town, was a white Democrat from the South—what the Western Whigs of that day called a "Hunker Democrat," a bitter pro-slavery man, and said to be terribly prejudiced against the free colored people. Many harsh things said by this man of Langston's buying land in his section were reported to the colored farmer, and he was warned by white and colored people that he was going to have a disagreeable if not a dangerous neighbor. Langston, however, had early learned the wisdom of at least trying to conciliate one's enemies, and he determined not to be driven from his pretty home, which was daily growing in beauty under the skillful cultivation of his English manager, whilst he was himself rapidly gaining health and strength upon it. By a diligent course of politeness and neighborly kindness, at first churlishly received, but by degrees, properly appreciated, he succeeded in winning the good will of his prejudiced neighbor, who in time came to be his steadfast friend, and they continued on excellent terms until the colored farmer left the district for wider fields of labor.

Many long years after the scene in the Ohio courthouse, which had such important results for the little colored boy, John Langston, who had now become one of the leaders of his race in our land, when living in Washington, had some business to transact with a noted Western Senator, and found himself once more face to face with Allan Thurman.

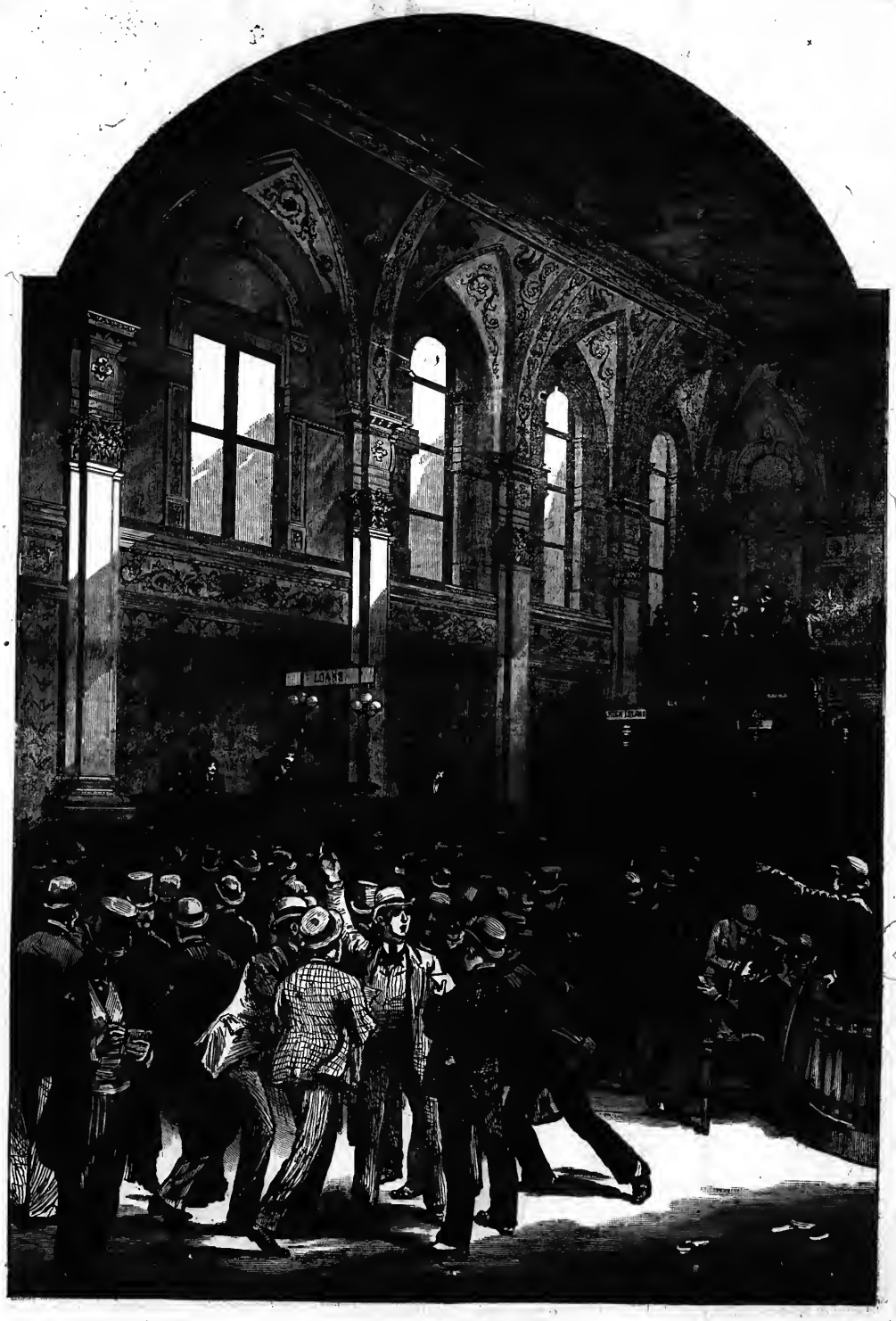
After the business had been settled, the colored lawyer said to the white Senator, "Mr. Thurman, do you know, sir, that for several years I hated you with what I thought would be a bitter and undying hatred, although I now consider myself under infinite obligations to you." "What can you mean?" said Mr. Thurman, in great surprise. Explanations followed, and Mr. Thurman shook hands cordially with Mr. Langston, telling him that he had wondered a thousand times what had been the fate of the colored child, whose brothers had been among his first clients, and that he was very glad to find that the world had gone so well with him.

For some years after the war, Mr. Langston was professor at Howard University in Washington, and during Mr. Hayes' administration he was sent as United States minister to the Republic of Hayti. He has spent the last five years in the West Indies, except for the vacation allowed by the government to its representatives. His presence in Virginia at this time is thus accounted for, but he leaves on the 31st of October for his home in the tropics.

Mr. Langston gives extremely interesting accounts of the Island of Hayti, and its inhabitants, much of which would doubtless be new to most people in the United States, whose chief associations with that country are connected with the terrible revolution which occurred there about fifty years ago, and the name of Toussaint L'Overture. He says there is the utmost good feeling in the island towards the United States, and the name of Charles Sumner, whose portrait hangs in the President's reception room, is greatly venerated by the Haytien people.

Mr. Langston talks very hopefully of the progress of the colored people, and thinks the time is past when they need depend on legislative enactments to help them. He believes that the liberal movement in the South will eventually secure to them all that they have a right to ask from their fellow-citizens, and that henceforth they must trust to integrity of character and industrious habits to bring them success.

THE BENEFIT OF LAUGHING. — Dr. Greene, in his "Problem of Health," says there is not the remotest corner or inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsion occasioned by good heavy laughter. The life principle, or the inward man, is shaken to its innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who moderately indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly, and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. For this reason every good hearty laugh in which a person indulges, tends to lengthen his life, conveying, as it does, new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces.



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PROF. C. C. PAINTER, of the American Missionary Association, remarks in a letter just received: "In Greenville, Tenn., in passing a school house, I saw a young man forming his pupils into line, and stopped to watch his drill. I found him to be one of your Hampton graduates. Next day I hunted him up, and was much pleased with him and gratified to hear from the whites that he was doing good work. When we can run across such men in all the school houses of the South, our national problem will be solved."

It is no exaggeration to say that the only solution of the serious problem presented by the constantly increasing ignorant—and therefore dangerous—class in the South, is in the speedy multiplication of facilities for general education of the most practical kind. Mr. Harrison makes a good point in his Southern "Studies," in saying "The education most needed in the South, and especially by the colored people, is industrial and moral training, and the public schools of this country do not, at present, give much of either."

It is also true enough as he says, that "Nothing should be done to release the white people from their proper duties and responsibilities connected with the education of the negroes and their moral guidance." But in arguing therefrom, against the need of national aid in the fulfilment of these duties, because "the present poverty of the Southern states need not be permanent and is not likely to be so," he forgets that ignorance does not keep at a standstill for the South to get rich enough to cope with it. It is, on the contrary, increasing with the increase of the people, and Mr. Harrison saw enough in his clear-sighted observations through the Southern states to know that all that has yet been done is little more than to show what may and must be done. This is a national problem, for the danger is general, and increasing. We are not even keeping down the interest of this national debt, and it cannot be met by private philanthropy or the resources of the Southern states unaided. It concerns the nation and the nation should aid, not in a way to pauperize the people or paralyze any sense of state responsibility, but wisely, efficiently and speedily.

Public school sessions in Georgia and North Carolina are but three months in the year. In Virginia, they are but four or five, on the average through the country, though longer in some of the city schools. Little more is to be hoped for from state resources. This is not enough to effect a general diffusion of knowledge through the masses of the people.

Northern philanthropy—such noble charities as the Peabody fund and the Slater fund, the American Missionary Association and kindred Societies,—are bearing indirectly on the point by aiding to supply well equipped teachers. But the best of these cannot, by teaching three or five months in the year, while the children run wild the rest of it, accomplish much. There is a waste of strength.

Reading is taught, but, except the small proportion that get into the higher schools and colleges, Fisk, Atlanta, Hampton and the rest, the people generally are growing up with no ability or taste for reading.

The young men who can read at all prefer the local political papers to anything else. This is natural; people read what they feel most interest in. This fact must be considered in trying to cultivate a taste for reading. General literature does not touch them: we must give them first what comes home to them. It is with this idea that we are beginning a series of sketches of worthy and prominent colored people, one of which, a sketch of Hon. J. M. Langston, Minister to Hayti, written by a Southern lady of Virginia, as others of the series will be, is printed in our present number, in broad columns, to be made up in inexpensive pamphlet form with others like it, a biographical series of the Hampton Tracts. It would be well if they could be introduced with other reading of practical bearing, biographical or sanitary information, into the public schools of Virginia as supplementary reading. We have for some time given up exclusive dependence on school readers at Hampton. We introduce into the reading classes, with great success in awakening interest and intelligence, newspapers; the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, *Virginia Educational Journal, American Agriculturist*, editorials from various leading journals, and books from the library: *The Boys of '76, The Story of Liberty*, and *Stories of the Old Dominion*.

The main problem is to create a taste for reading in the young people, and the only way to do that is to give them reading in the line of their interest.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CROW INDIAN AGENCY,
Montana Territory, Aug. 1882.

Sunday Morning.—Two hundred Indians, men, women and children, in picturesque but scanty costumes, are gathered on the square, about an acre in extent, formed on three sides by the long, low, one-story Agency buildings; a pleasant grassy spot; on the fourth side, facing the crowd, is the two-story "home," a school building for girls and boys, in front of which are the agency officers with their wives and our party.

"Nearer my God to Thee" is sung by our company, previous to which the Agent has explained that we had not come to buy their lands, but to see them and to go to the "Medicine Springs" (Geysers.)

The Rev. H. W. Foote of Boston, read the parable of the prodigal son, and we recited the Lord's prayer.

He then addressed them through "Bravo" the interpreter, a Roman Catholic, who did good service. Mr. Foote said that we had come from the far East to them, that we were their brothers; for God made us all, and referred to what "Iron Ball" had said the day before about the creation of man. He spoke of the love of God, how He had sent His Son to teach men to be kind, to love and forgive their enemies, and to save them all.

There were occasional responsive grunts from the audience, most of whom were attentive, and some disturbances from countless dogs who frisked about in the liveliest way, reminding me of similar scenes I had witnessed in former years in Hawaiian churches.

Among the heathen, dogs are fatal to all solemnity; their capers increase as the people's subside. The women were rather veporty too, glad of an excuse to laugh, as when an Indian fell from a box on which he was sitting.

The sun was setting, and, in the soft twilight, Rev. Dr. Eccleson of Newark, New Jersey, spoke briefly, telling of the love of God and of their duty to their Creator and to their children. When their children did wrong it hurt their hearts: when they did wrong it hurt the heart of the Great Spirit. The Doctor spoke of the love of Christ and of His good work for men; how He healed the sick, and raised the dead, but they killed Him because He spoke the truth, and they did not wish to hear it.

"You must not steal, you must help the sick and the poor" said the speaker. After some other remarks, the people dispersed, but a few chiefs came forward and spoke, shaking hands with each person in the audience before beginning.

The chief topics were the stealing of their horses by other Indians; desiring bad white men to keep away, and good white men to come and see them and shake hands with them.

I must mention the chorus of dogs, perhaps 500 in number, mean, wolfish looking curs, that greeted our arrival and tuned up several times every night, in sudden piercing, hideous howls, that rent the air for several minutes, gradually dying out in wierd cadences; no one could sleep through it. But like their masters, they have "good hearts," and don't bite. Unhappily the Crows, unlike other Indians, do not eat their dogs on festive occasions, so there seems no limit to the increase of these curs.

Monday.—The Rev. Mr. Lewis, a methodist minister, is teacher of the Government school. At the opening, this morning, the promptly assembled children sang, "When He cometh to make up His jewels:"—ten boys and four girls from seven to fifteen years of age—more are expected. They are very attractive with their neat appearance and bright faces. Major Armstrong states that the Indian department has been liberal, granting all he asked for by way of buildings and teachers. He expects to enlarge the home and admit ten more. An Agent's power depends on who he is. He can, if able and resolute, have his own way; keep children at school, making attendence practically compulsory. The almost universal complaint that agency schools are failures because of non-attendance is due really to the inefficency of the Agent. The Agent here looks after the pupils' homes so that as children improve, their homes shall be better fitted for them.

This is the true way. He cares nothing for day schools; whatever is gained in a few hours teaching is lost in the low life to which they return.

The position of an Indian agent ought to be an ideal one for a true man: no men in the land have a better chance to do good.

As I write, Mr. Lewis's Indian classes are reciting, spelling by sound, some poring over primers, digging out "cat," "dog," "pins," "maps," etc; his clear, animated manner shows him to be a good teacher.

He is sent by the Methodist Church: he has no salary but that of a Government teacher, and is likely to be soon starved out with his wife and three children. Churches who send such men and add nothing for their support, are doing nothing, and had better give the work to those who will do more. A clergyman who sits by my side said he would pledge his own church instantly for help, were it the thing to do.

Good missionaries are as important as good agents: not a little injury to the Indian cause has resulted from weak, inefficient clergymen, who, with the best intentions, have done more harm than good: those who have failed in character have made their name and religion itself a reproach in the surrounding regions. While the good work at Santee and Sisseton agencies in Minnesota, at Peoria Bottom, among the Cherokees and other tribes, attest the power of the gospel, there are, elsewhere, sad monuments to its unworthy representatives. As I write at a desk the children are reciting well: One fellow, half Indian, half Spanish, Joseph Martinez, outdoes the rest in the spelling class, though the smallest of them all; but he spells partly with his elbows which wag vigorously as he shouts out his words of eight syllables, and comes in ahead.

The Crows are the lightest colored Indians as well as the handsomest I have seen; many have white blood from contact with French and Spanish in former years, and with white settlers of late. Of the white men that Major Armstrong found living with Indian women, those that were married were allowed to remain on condition of leaving low camp life, building decent log houses, and taking care of their families; those who prefered barbarism to decency were condemned as unfit to stay: the unmarried ones had to marry, or leave.

A WAR DANCE.

Fifty gaily attired braves decked with gorgeous feather tails, crowned with graceful end striking head-gear, painted as to their faces and legs in yellow, green and black, sit solemnly in a row, while the *tom toms* beat up their spirits. One, red all over, was arrayed in the American flag, an eagle's feather for a plume: nearly every one had silver or tin bracelets; around their necks were strings of ornaments of many kinds; badges were on their breasts, ermine and other rare skins were worked into their sometimes scant but graceful costumes: there were flannel shirts combined with elaborate leggins, there were bodies tattooed all over with a scarcity of clothing. They rose, and stepping around in their stately way, to the wild rythm of the *tom toms* and the wilder notes of the chanters who, in uncouth sounds, related the deeds of braves and the doing of the Gods. It is the same thing throughout the savage world; the Hawaiians' *hula* dance over again; only the motions there are lascivious and the performances nasty, while here they are full of martial and religious spirit, and the magnificent forms and various striking attitudes are finer than any statuary.

The interpreter said that the dance was partly religious, descriptive of the creation, the red man's "Messiah" perhaps. It was a quick, high stepping, that might result from being compelled to move about on a hot iron surface; yet it was dignified and graceful, as they skipped, gesticulating, around a central pole.

The orchestre was a group of highly plumed Crows, who squatted around two rude drums, which they pounded incessantly as they sang in low guttural tones.

It all made a brilliant tableau, but it already belongs to the past. Like the passionate "spiritual" of the Negro, it is fitted to another era, and must perish.

Around the central party were some 150 young men, squaws and children, picturesquely attired, grouped in a semi-circle, and, of course no end of dogs.

These rites had delayed our intended early start for Bozeman, 110 miles distant, the point of special outfit and departure for the Yellowstone National Park, to after four o'clock P. M.; twenty four miles were to be done that day. Nine rode in wagons; four were mounted on Indian ponies purchased at a pony fair, held all day, to which were brought a considerable variety of equine treasures, small, wirr brutes, with knowing eyes. The Crows are up to anybody in a bargain—prices were not very low.

Each one of us had a buffalo robe costing from $8.00. to $10.00 apiece; they are getting more scarce every year. Hard hunting and reckless killing will soon drive what are left of the buffaloes across the British line, where they may roam in comparative peace; for there they can be killed only for beef, but in the United States they are slaughtered merely for their skins, with such waste that about 300,000 are killed, for 200,000 robes, one third being only wounded; they escape, wander off and die alone.

We have already traveled five days through the heart of the great buffalo domain and not seen one.

Reached Davidson ranche at 11 P. M. two wagon loads of us, fifteen in all, including the four cavaliers and two drivers; after a hospitable midnight lunch of bread and milk, we packed ourselves for sleep on the floor of a small room in a log cabin.

The next night we camped near a ranche in the open field. Here one safely enjoys the luxury of a night in the open air. The rainless season and dry air make it perfectly safe. Buffalo robes under, and blankets over us are enough for tired travelers. One gazes at the shining stars, thinks awhile, and goes to sleep.

The abundance of rattle-snakes makes us walk cautiously, stick in hand, as we go to our morning bath in the Yellowstone river, whose banks we have reached again.

We are making 25 or 30 miles a day in one two-horse, and one four-mule springless wagon; the latter kindly supplied by Major Armstrong; the seats however are on springs. It would be tedious were it not for the wonderful mountains that rise on our left and the striking scenery that makes every hour interesting. Our line of march is along the river bottom, occasionally rising to the plateau, flanking the "Snowies," an independent range of the Rocky mountains, whose steep sharp peaks, jagged outline and deep wooded valleys remind me of the volcanic mountains of Hawaii, especially the Wailoku range. Indeed this is a volcanic region; there are numberless suggestions of craters; countless round hills crested with a rampart of rock: Some are like the helmeted head of a great giant: There is nothing like the smooth rounded hills of New England. The impressive stillness will soon be broken by the screaming of the locomotive, for through this wild and strange country we are going parallel with the road-bed of the North Pacific rail road that winds through the valley of the Yellowstone many hundred miles. In less than a year the long repose will be over.

"Old Spaniard" a half breed Blackfoot Indian, is our driver, and works as hard as his mules. Riding for days by his side one learns their ways. The leading off mule "Joe," receives most of his exhortations and lashes, being expected to set an example to the rest, but the whip being a poor one and rather short, Joe is slow to respond; for he don't mind being called the names which are showered upon him. Jennie, Joe's mate, is let off easily, having a sore place on her shoulder; she does her best. Mark, the off one of the wheel span, is a trump, works hard, all the herder if beaten with the harmless whip; he is a model mule; Buck, his mate, is a mean shirk, makes believe pull, but don't, is whipped every minute and makes a great fuss but does nothing. There's odds in mules as in men.

We walk up the steep places, turn and take long looks as we pass fine scenery. In the long drives we examine the backs of those in front of us, have long talks, long passes, but generally there is something grand in sight. When it is very hot and dry, and the wind from behind fills our eyes with dust, the luxury of ice and Appolinaris water is sometimes mentioned.

Wednesday we arrived at a former Crow Agency, a tumble-down adobe establishment, occupied by a New York man with his wife and three children, who have started a ranche and dairy here. They seemed poor but cheerful; and will probably grow with the country, which, when the railroad is completed through its rich bottom lands, properly irrigated, will "boom." Out here, things "boom" and men "rustle;" an energetic man is a "rustler."

What a dinner we had! Milk, cream, vegetables and eggs, "rustled" up at a few moments notice. Beef is at Chicago prices, 15 cents a pound, where to raise a thousand pound steer costs but four dollars.

Such cattle bring in the ranchs $30.00 and $40.00; prices have jumped of late. There is no cost but that of labor. The trouble is that there are not enough people at any one place to buy a whole beef when cut up; it is like "water water everywhere, and not a drop to drink;" To kill is to waste. Don't go to a cattle country to get beef. A man can put a small capital into cattle, and sit down and grow rich, if hard winters and disease don't kill them and nobody steals them; the only expense is herding and "rounding up" twice a year, counting and branding.

These mountains are full of minerals; one can pick up a fortune on the hills, if lucky.

Our host, Mr. Hincks, is enthusiastic about General Miles, who, he says, opened up the Yellowstone valley to civilization. After the death of General Custer, General Miles established Fort Keogh, drove off the Indian war parties, protected and helped settlers, and was always ready to lend a worthy pioneer what farm implements the garrison could spare. He thinks, however, that with the army trains come a class of men who have done the country no good; they were discharged as the advanced posts were established. But without the help of the army the wealth of resources could not have been reached and opened.

The Indians have great faith in General Miles, both as a soldier and as a man who keeps his word.

Mrs. Hincks is a typical western woman, who, beside teaching her children, does everything else; a hard, wearing life; but the climate is stimulating and gives one strength; it is bad only for rheumatism.

Politically, Montana is Democratic, but as it settles up there is a steady Republican gain. This region was originally settled by Missourians who migrated to escape the Confederate conscription, and by the remnants of General Price's force, after it was broken up by the Union troops. They are known as the "Left wing of General Price's Army." They are laborers on small farms, and storekeepers; though ignorant as a class, they are improving. The climate and other conditions of their life are changing them for the better. They "lit out," as the expression here is, in 1862 and 1863.

In Montana trout are caught in potatoe patches. As they go up stream to spawn, they find their way into the ditches that irrigate the farms.

Even this remote region is nearly fished out; the army of rail road graders have spoiled the sport. Every day there has been "fine fishing ten miles up," but we have not yet got to it.

Crossing the Yellowstone at Benson's Landing, we wind through a pretty valley, the hills are smooth and wooded, instead of being rock crowned and bare, and one is reminded of New England scenery. Muir City is at one end of the railroad tunnel, which is cut 3,000 feet through a mountain. We saw a powerful stream of water playing from a hose upon the blue clay strata; both digging and carrying away more than could thirty men with carts; this we were told, is the first use of water for such railway work; though it is very common in mining. It was introduced by Col. Muir, Engineer in charge, who told us many things of interest.

Bozeman. Pass through which we rode is full of pretty views. From the summit, we saw the town of Bozeman (which Mr. Foote said resembled the plain of Esdraelon in Palestine). Fort Ellis, near by, is situated in the valley of the Gallatin river, which is some nineteen miles in width and thirty miles in length, all capable of irrigation from the two forks of the stream. It is a lovely valley; mountains tower above it on one side and high hills on the other. Its water power is sufficient, it is said, to run all the mills of New England. For irrigation capital is required, but with it crops are sure, and a market is at hand. That of Dakota and other grain states is Chicago and New York. But the farming land of Montana is so limited and her mining and grazing interests so extensive, that she cannot produce the grain she needs at home; flour and vegetables are high and are sold by the farmers, directly to the miners from their wagons. The Gallatin valley and a few other river bottoms raise most of the food supply for those mining in the western part of the state.

The gold and silver mines seem inexhaustible. The easy process of placer mining; washing and sifting out the grains of precious metal, requiring little machinery, may be exhausted, but there is untold wealth locked up in the quartz rock, to treat which requires heavy and expensive machinery, that only rail roads can bring. This will soon be done. The most productive ones, those yielding $100. and $50. and $25. for a ton, may soon be used up; but the lower grades of from $8.00 to $20.00 per ton are practically without limit. Montana's coal, iron, lead, and copper have hardly been touched.

She is fortunate in her varied industries, mining, farming and grazing; a bad year for either is not so serious as in a state like Dakota which stakes every thing on wheat.

Her population is in the main from Ohio, New York, and New England, perhaps one third is Southern. All are modified by the local conditions. In the stimulating air every one is active; they "*rustle*." The climate changes the people, but the railroad changes the business method. The break up already is remarkable. Before the railroad came, there were in the West three leading classes, viz: miners, grazers, and gamblers; the latter cheat at cards, but otherwise are "square." Property is safe; thieves when caught are shot or hung, but life is not secure.

It is safer to kill a man than to steal a horse. In this remote, vast region, a horse is no vain thing for safety: he is indispensable. A man can perhaps do better without his life than without his horse.

One of our escorts tells me that in those days he once left a wagon full of provisions etc., by the roadside near Bozeman for six weeks, and found it as he left it; that there were ranches all over the country full of stores, locked and untouched, which their owners left for even longer periods.

Many fellows, on pretense of going as railroad laborers, get free passes to the end of the track, then strike for higher wages, are dismissed, and become tramps; they make property unsafe, and there is now a new state of things. The completion of the road scatters these characters; steady men move up, and get the upper hand. Vigilance committees appear at this junction; order is finally organized. A leading business man of Bozeman said the railway would ruin some, but benefit the entire country, by changing the way of doing business. It would equalize and cheapen prices, lessen profits, and greatly increase the volume of trade. The present set of farmers and tradespeople would probably fail from the inability to adapt themselves to a new order of things.

The Western portion of Montana has been the longest settled. In 1866 and '67, it had a direct wagon road from Omaha, running thence always along the route of the Union Pacific railroad, then branching off to the northwest, crossing the country of the Sioux, till Red Cloud's attacks broke it up, and the treaty of Fort Laramie, in 1867, excluded both United States garrisons and all travel from that region for ten years. The route from Omaha was thus: via Salt Lake City to Ogden, thence north, making the two sides of a triangle instead of the hypothenuse. A Montana merchant going via Ogden to Omaha, was, at the former place, many more miles distant from his destination than when he started. The Territory weakened, and Bozeman barely held its own, till the Custer massacre by Sitting Bull, in 1876.

The death of Custer delivered Montana. After it the Indians were driven north beyond the United States boundaries; the direct route to Omaha and the East was reopened; the Yellowstone valley was cleared of hostile Indians, occupied and improved by settlers, and the Territory has flourished.

The North Pacific railroad was made possible by the Custer tragedy. So the death of Gen. Canby ended the Modoc war, and peace and prosperity reigned.

The Fort Laramie treaty of 1867 was the beginning of the new policy with Indians; for present purposes, it is hardly worth while going back of that event.

The Western boundary of Montana is the back bone of the Rocky Mountains, though its northwestern portion lies on the further or western slope of the great dividing range.

The territory lies in the great arid belt. It can hardly ever become a State, for it cannot maintain a large population. Ten acres of grazing land with its scant buffalo grass and scattered tufts of bush grass, are scored equal to one of solid turf. People cannot live, except by the streams, which furnish water for irrigation.

Artesian wells may work wonders, but they are as yet uncertain. This is the condition of Wyoming, Idaho, and other Territories. They are big, but so arid, so scant of agricultural land, that they cannot raise their own food though not yet fully cultivated. They will, however, with their cattle, and especially their mines, make a great rail-road business.

We passed three nights in the thriving town of Bozeman. Its hotels are execrable. We preferred the floor with our buffalo robes and blankets to the beds: one slept on the veranda outside. Other towns have a good hotel if nothing else. Bozeman is as full of money as its hotels are of insects. This town is fifteen years old, and offers more misery for the money than I ever knew.

There are churches and some good people, but the variety saloons were brilliant and loud; gambling and singing were rife; we wandered about to see what they looked like; they are a new feature; part of the rowdyism and wickedness of advancing civilization; things will change in a few years.

Here we secured our guides, horses, camp tents and provisions, the latter at Fort Ellis from the commissary. Through the kindness of General Terry, an army wagon, drawn by four mules, was put at our service for heavy luggage and stores, and a small pack train of mules, with packers, to make special expedition. The General's brother-in-law and staff officer, Major Hughes, was in command of the escort force. Our party was most fortunate in its leader and train escort; we had the best possible arrangement for a pleasant and profitable expedition on horseback, from Bozeman, to the Utah Northern railroad via Yellowstone Park, nearly 300 miles.

CAMP HUGHES.

On a side hill; prompt unloading, unpacking, wood and water brought, fire kindled, and cooking started by the vigorous actions of the entire force.

We left Bozeman at noon; Fort Ellis at 5. P. M., crossed the upper end of the valley Gallatin, a beautiful plain overlooked by high mountain peaks; struck into Rocky canon through which the North Pacific railroad is cutting its way, admired the needle like summit that stood here and clear against the sky, and the high, steep cliffs on either side. Thus for a short distance, then the scenery softened into rolling hills, like those of Berkshire, Mass. I never saw such rapid changes in the expression of nature as here.

Our first meal in camp was taken in the dark; tin plates, spoons and cups, were felt for, and the coffee pot and frying pan were dangerously jostled. We were amused by the driver's report; "Major, the mules have got the bulge on me; I've broken my whip."

Being too late to put up tents, we wrapped our robes around us and lay on the ground. Our horses were let loose to graze. They were old stagers, having gone over the route often before, and maliciously strayed off several miles that night, hoping to escape the next day's duty. They did this repeatedly. Our guide, Jackson, knew their ways, and could take their trail like an Indian, and never failed to appear driving his steeds back to be saddled. They carried us twenty seven miles the day following, back again to the banks of the Yellowstone, where our route led through a magnificent plain, well irrigated, waving with crops of wheat and oats, and dotted with ranches.

On the farther side, rose steep and lofty mountains, the chief of all being Emigrant peak, ten thousand feet in height. We passed Emigrant gulch, whose placer mines have yielded millions of dollars, and camped on the river shore where trout abounded.

After seven hours in the saddle, unaccustomed riders relish coffee, bacon and camp bread: the latter being the production of a soldier cook and a dutch oven.

I am sitting by the camp fire of burning cotton-wood, and, with the rest, have been watching the evening glow rise from the base to the summit of Emigrant mountain, as the sun set behind the opposite hills; the scene is one of unspeakable beauty and grandeur. We are on a level plain, the mountains stand about us on every side, piling up one behind another, in huge masses, like the Alps.

S. C. A.

HAWAIIAN FERNS.

Mrs. Dr. Coan, wife of the venerable Dr. Coan, missionary in the Sandwich Islands, generously sent us last year, a beautiful collection of Island ferns, which she herself had pressed with great skill and taste, to be sold for the benefit of the *Southern Workman*. They were very promptly purchased at the price she set—six dollars—and they were well worth it, as objects of beauty and interest. Kindly offering to repeat her contribution in the same way, an order for a second portfolio was quickly sent, and the dainty collection has just been received, with much pleasure by the purchaser, and by the *Workman* with many thanks.

VISITORS FROM FRANCE.

The present Government of France, in establishing its new system of public education, has, in order to obtain the completest information on the subject, sent experts in the different branches, to visit the schools of other countries and report upon the various national systems.

With this object in view, two ladies, Mdlle Loizillon, General Inspectress of Industrial Schools in Paris, and Mdlle. Conturier, Directrice de l'Ecole professionnelle, Rue du Lycee, Paris, have been spending some time in the United States and Canada, and visited Hampton as the southernmost point of their investigations. Their examination of the school here, and the criticisms and comparisons which it elicited, were of very great interest, and the fact that they were not in every respect favorable to us, as Americans, only increases their value, if we accept them in a reasonable spirit. The ladies being well equipped for their work, knew just what they wanted in the way of information, and were evidently keenly observant of all new facts.

They studied faces and aspects, general surroundings and special details, with a vivacity of interest which left little time for discussion, but it was easy to see that they discriminated carefully, and it is a matter for regret that they could not have staid longer on the ground. As foreigners, unfamiliar with our national habits of thought and not entirely at ease in our language, they were, of course, hampered, but their freedom from race prejudice, and knowledge of European industrial systems, enabled them to make surprisingly correct estimates of the points wherein they could learn from us. Having previously visited the public schools of Boston, New York, Baltimore and Washington, they had received strong impressions of the value of the primary work done under the American system, and the superiority of our grading and organization to theirs. They considered however that in respect to instruction in the arts, trades and most branches of manual labor, they were in advance of us, especially in the training of girls in all departments of household work. They said pityingly "we do not think you know how to live, it is not taught to your girls as it is to ours," and an invitation to visit the Kitchen Garden was received with a polite refusal and the criticism "It would be a waste of time for us, our girls, even in the poorer classes, learn all that at home; it would be quite useless in our schools." They approved of the fundamental ideas of the Hampton training for girls, but it was painful to realize that they looked upon us as a nation to be pitied because of the lack of home education in its strongest sense,—training at home in the making of homes.

In some directions they considered us to be trying "pedagogic experiments" whose value was not yet ascertained, but America differs from other nations in that such experiments are demanded by the new conditions which surround us, and to this our French visitors were fully alive. Their impressions of Hampton, during the few hours they were able to spend here, were distinctly and flatteringly favorable, while the great interest they showed, leads us to hope that after their return to their own work, we may get from them, (and lay before our readers) a more extended report of the results of their observations.

An interesting letter from one of the three Indian students who graduated last year from Hampton, will be found on the page of Graduates Letters. The writer is second chief of his tribe—the Absentee Shawnees of Indian Territory—to some extent a civilized tribe, but, like the others, in need of a good deal of civilizing. We are glad to learn from a more recent letter, received too late for publication in our present number, that he has now obtained a school and hopes to be able to give some account of it hereafter.

DR. BLYDEN AND LIBERIA COLLEGE.

As its President remarks in his inaugural address, "A college in Africa for the education of African youth by African instructors, under a Christian Government conducted by Negroes, is something so unique in the history of Christian civilization, that, wherever in the civilized world the intelligence of its existence is carried, there will be curiosity if not anxiety, as to its character, its work, and its prospects." Dr. Blyden is himself an interesting feature of this unique college; a man of pure Negro blood and African birth, of liberal education and extensive learning and travel; free, as his birth in a British colony and education in England can make him of any personal experience of the blight of race prejudice, except through sympathy with those of his people who suffer from it. What such a man's hopes and plans for his race are, it is of interest to know. We have before us his first annual report as president of Liberia college, and a copy of his inaugural address delivered Jan. '81, in which he sketches his conception of the work which lies before the college, and the manner in which it is to be accomplished. His ideas of both are original. He believes that "the African must advance by methods of his own," that "there are possibilities before him" undreamed of by the proud dominant races, but that these are to be developed in original ways,—"the special road which has led to the success and elevation of the Anglo Saxon is not that which could lead to the success and elevation of the Negro." He finds the Negro "notwithstanding his two hundred years residence with Christian and civilized races, largely unable every where—in the United States, West Indies and South America—to cope with the responsibilities that devolve upon him." He goes farther, and says that "while to a certain extent, perhaps to a very important extent, Negroes trained on the soil of Africa have the advantage of those trained in foreign countries, the intellectual and moral results have been thus far as a rule, far from satisfactory. There are many men of book learning, but very few of any *capability*—even few who have that amount or that sort of culture which produces self respect, confidence in one's self, and efficiency in work." He finds the reason for this incapability, not in any inherent inferiority in the race, or any attendant circumstances, but in the "system and method of European training to which Negroes are everywhere in Christian lands subjected, and which everywhere affects them unfavorably. Of a different race, different susceptibility, different bent of character from the European, they have been trained under influences in many respects adapted only to the Caucasian race."—"They live where they are only passive spectators of the deeds of a foreign race, and an element of doubt as to their own capacity and destiny is fastened upon them." "The Negro child revolts against the descriptions given in elementary books—geographies, travels, histories—of the Negro. After leaving school, he finds the same in newspapers, reviews, novels, *quasi* scientific works, and after a while accepts what at first he indignantly repelled, and concludes that his only hope of rising is to strive after what is most unlike himself and alien to his tastes." Even in Africa, "where they are free from the hampering surroundings of an alien race, they still read and study the books of foreigners, and form their ideas of every thing that man may do or ought to do, according to the standard held up in those teachings." "They attempt to copy and share the fate of copyists. It is Devid in Saul's armor."

Dr. Blyden's plan to avoid these disadvantages in his college course is to "teach them to forget." He would throw out all modern European history and literature—at least in the earlier college years—limiting the studies to the Oriental, Greek and Roman and Mediaeval periods. The chief studies of the course will be the Greek and Latin classics, and Mathematics. "In those languages there is not, as far as I know, a sentence disparaging to the Negro." "There is nothing that we need to know for the work of building up this country in its moral, political and religious character which we may not learn from the ancients. Law and philosophy we may get from the Romans and Greeks, religion from the Hebrews. * * * It will be the aim also to introduce the Arabic and some of the principal native languages—to have intelligent intercourse with the millions of the interior, and learn more of our own country. They know better than we of the laws of growth for the race—We see among them the rudiments of that which, with fair play and opportunity, will develop into important and effective agencies for our work * * In the religious work of the College, the Bible will be our text book—the Bible without note and comment. The meaning of the Good Samaritan is as certain as that of the forty seventh proposition of Euclid, and a good deal plainer."

"Christianity is not only not a local religion, but it has adapted itself to the people wherever it has gone. I have often thought that in this country it will acquire wider power, deeper influence, and become instinct with a higher vitality than any where else. When we look at the treatment which our own race and other so called inferior races have received from Christian nations, we cannot but be struck by the amazing dissimilitude and disproportion between the original idea of Christianity as expressed by Christ and the practice of it by his professed followers. We must gather its doctrines not from the examples of some of its adherents but from the sacred records. This is the influence which is to become the principle of the new civilization which we believe is to be developed on the continent. We have a great work before us. The world is looking at this Republic to see whether law and order, religion and morality, the rights of conscience, the rights of persons and the rights of property, may all be secured and preserved by a government administered entirely by Negroes. Let us show ourselves equal to the task."

This is a great and noble aim, and the New England founders of Liberia College will not object to being among the things its students are "taught to forget," if so that aim can be best reached. The exact and full effect of the enforced contact of the Negro race with modern civilization, is difficult to see, as is its yet unveiled future, but it is impossible for us to think that such a mighty fact in its history is only to be ignored, or is without significance and without purposes of good for itself and the world, in the broad providence of God. We hope that this may yet become as clear to every member of that race as this providence towards Israel in Egypt. At present it is evident that the very conception of the unification of Africa, and all the efforts for its Christianization are the outgrowths of modern civilization and its mighty impulses towards universal liberty.

At the same time, there is much in Dr. Blyden's address for those to consider who mean to be friends to the race. He says in a manly way, "It is neither edifying nor dignified to be forever declaiming about the wrongs of the race. Lord Beaconsfield, once said in the House of Commons, that Irish members were too much in the habit of clanking their chains in rising to speak. Such a habit when it ceases to excite pity, begets contempt.' This is true enough, but comes better from the Irish members and Dr. Blyden, than from Lord Beaconsfield, or from us. If we don't like to hear the chains clank, let us take them off.

Dr. Blyden's report is hopeful after a year's work. There are eight students in the college, with twenty eight in its preparatory school, three of whom are aborigines; four out of the whole are looking to the ministry.

The college was much run down when he took it, and the building greatly out of order. It has been repaired to some extent, but his desire is to remove it to the interior, for greater health, avoidance of foreign influences, nearer access to the native tribes, and room for an agricultural and industrial department, applicable to all classes, preparing for the development of the country, and "providing the opportunity of self help to indigent students, and a growing income to the institution." Dr. Blyden regards the college as a necessity, "to train men amid the scenes of their labors—who will know the country and its needs and language and not require acclimation, "who, like the intrepid Anderson educated in Liberia, can walk two hundred miles barefoot doing exploring and scientific work—who as missionaries can walk from village to village proclaiming the Gospel of Christ to the natives in a language they can understand, and can sit down on mats and skins in native huts, reading the Greek Testament and Hebrew Bible, or discussing the Arabic Koran with Mohammedans, and then, at meal time, can enjoy with their hosts, palm oil and rice, palaver sauce and dumboy, not longing and pining for bacon and greens, peaches and pears, broadcloth coats and heaver hats." The wisdom of this is evident; the unwisdom, equally so." If it were practicable to train any number of good citizens, not to say missionaries and heroes, without the restraints and inspiration of surrounding civilization and religious influences, Liberia college would not have run down as it has, or now show but eight students.

Dr. Blyden's ideas are not without force, and his plan is interesting. It would have more chance of success if there were many more like him. Why are there not more Blydens out of all the millions who have not come as he has, under the enervating influences of modern civilization?

The work in Africa and the work in America are both doubtless necessary, and have their place in the providence of God towards this race. Both methods have their advantages and disadvantages, and both must furnish what workers they can, as well equipped as may be, and so God's work go on, "by slow degrees, by more and more," till all advantages can be combined on African soil, and the great problem of Africa's future be solved.

EMANCIPATION: ITS COURSE AND PROGRESS, FROM 1491 B. C. TO A. D. 1875, *by Joseph T. Wilson; published by the Normal School Press, Hampton, Va.*—

This is a very neat and tasteful looking volume, of 242 pages—8 vo., the work of a colored man, of Norfolk, Va. It is highly creditable to its author, and will be of great interest and value to the colored "youth of the present generation," to whom it is dedicated as "a record of the deliverance of their ancestors from bondage and oppression." That deliverance is fast receding into the past. Ten years ago, the students of Hampton were all—with scarcely an exception—ex-slaves, with an experience of slavery more or less intense; of the four hundred who fill its class rooms now, there is hardly one to whom the thrilling events of the war, and even the emancipation proclamation itself are more than historical matters to be half learned with hard study like those of Greece and Rome. While this natural fact has its pleasant side, it is not fitting or desirable that the race as it rises should forget the wonderful story of its past, the sufferings of its fathers, and the great price of its freedom. Mr. Wilson's book will be found a very interesting and convenient book of reference for the general reader. It is, as its name indicates, a brief survey of the progress of emancipation all over the world, from the exodus of the Israelites, 1491 B. C., to the abolition of slavery in the Portuguese dominions in 1875. It is chiefly a compilation of statistics, acts of emancipation, and speeches and documents relating thereto. Dates are given very clearly in the margin, and are sometimes all that is recorded. There are some intended omissions of "minor states and kingdoms in Asia, Africa and the Isles of the Seas," but the general course of emancipation is followed through England, Ireland, Spanish America, Prussia, Denmark, Hayti and the other French colonies, India, the South American states, Austria, Mexico, the British colonies, Tunis, the Dutch colonies, the United States, Russia, Cuba, Brazil, Porto Rico, and Portugal. An interesting description is quoted of the scenes following the peaceful emancipation in the West Indies, and of the liberation of the serfs in Russia. The largest place is of course given to emancipation in the United States, beginning with the proclamation of Lord Dunmore, Lieut. Governor of Virginia, of freedom to the slaves of the colonists in the Revolution, and giving the previous efforts of Virginia and other colonies to rid themselves of the curse of slavery, and the subsequent abolitionery acts of the Northern states. The history of the general emancipation is given in copious quotations—the letters and orders on the Contraband question, President Lincoln's special messages, his preliminary proclamation and letter in its defence to the mass meeting of "unconditional Union men," and the proclamation itself, all in full, with some of the subsequent discussion of its validity; the text of the thirteenth amendment, and the statistics of its ratification by the states. The history of the emancipation of their slaves by the Indian tribes, and the treatice providing for it, makes a separate chapter; and another interesting one, on the progress of the race since emancipation, is contributed by Mr. Monroe, a young Methodist preacher of Maryland. A full account of the Freedmen's Memorial Monument to Abraham Lincoln, and its unveiling in Washington, with the speech of Hon. Frederick Douglass on the occasion, is given by Mr. Wilson who was an eye-witness of the ceremonies. A photograph of the monument is made the fitting frontispiece of his book, and it closes with the declaration of independence, and the constitution of the United States, with its amendments. We congratulate Mr. Wilson on his book and commend it to all our readers, whether colored or white. It is printed and bound at Hampton Institute, the type and press work done chiefly by colored students, the binding by a veteran soldier of the volunteer Union army. It is therefore in all respects a characteristic volume, representative of its title—the progress and results of emancipation, and for this as for the information it gives, well worth a place in a library.

The book will be introduced in the "supplementary reading" of the reading classes at Hampton Institute.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

On the sixth day of December, a sight may be seen in the heavens, which no one now living will ever see again. On that day that beautiful planet will pass between our earth and the sun, in the direct plane of the earth's orbit, an event which occurs in her revolutions and the earth's around the sun, at intervals of 121½ years, eight years, 105½ years, eight years, 121½ years, and so on, in regular rotary periods. The interest to astronomers of this event is, that it affords them an opportunity of making observations which will determine the distance of the sun from the earth, and other planets, and also that of the stars, and the velocity of light. All depends on the accuracy of the observations. None absolutely perfect have yet been made, but as astronomical instruments improve and observations multiply, the measurements approach nearer and nearer perfection. The approaching opportunity, the last for living astronomers, is looked for with deepest interest. Forty expeditions have been projected, and millions will be expended. The United States Government has appropriated many thousands of dollars. One post of observation will be at Patagonia and another in New Zealand.

Let all our readers be sure to witness this interesting sight. Provide yourselves with pieces of smoked glass, if you have no telescope; and looking at the sun, at 35 minutes past eight on the morning of Wednesday, Dec. 6th, if no cloud obscure the view, you will see Venus, like a black dot passing across the lower half of the sun's disc, till it leaves it at 58 minutes past one.

A HARD CASE.

A worthy young woman who worked her own way through Hampton under many disadvantages and is not afraid of hard work in any direction, writes thus of some that is rather "extra hard."

——— Va., *Oct.* 1882.

Dear Friend:

I came here about three weeks ago, and as I had never been here before of course I was an immigrant as well as all other strangers. I say this because I have been wanting to go to Africa for three or four years, and did not know that it was so near me until now. I walked the place a whole week to see if I could get a decent boarding place, and was not able to do so, on account of lay laborers employed by the R. R. Co. If I had been a cook or washwoman I might have been accommodated very readily Any way I stayed in the City long enough to notify the people that I was their teacher, and asked them to send their children to school.

I am teaching in the Church until the school house is built, and I hope it will be completed before cold weather, for this house is not very pleasant to sit in six hours a day, and even longer then that, such weather as we have had for the last two weeks, when the windows need from 12 to 14 panes of glass in them; to keep out the rain and cold. I am sorry to say it, but I think the colored people who have been living here, and have failed to buy land, and secured no money to do it with, are worse off now than they were the year that Abraham Lincoln issued the "Emancipation Proclamation."

If I were teaching for what I expect to make, and not the good that I may do this people, I would have left here the next week, and should not have come back. But I don't like to give up after I undertake, and I want to the next station to get a boarding place there, and I was accommodated better than I could be here for less money. Of course I have to take the train night and morning, and I am better satisfied at that than I was here. I would ask the question, what is the difference between this and a soldier's life?

My pupils come daily with no books, and slates and pencils, and I have nothing to teach them with. Can you send me something that I can teach my pupils from. I have twenty pupils on roll, and as soon as the crops are gathered I shall have a full school. I cannot write as much about the place and people as I might, because I am afraid of the people. I think if I can stand this term, that I can do very well.

Your friend,

W.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

FROM AN INDIAN GRADUATE. AT THE ELECTION. ONE OF FOUR OUT OF SEVENTY. A SEWING CLASS, SUNDAY SCHOOL AND READING CIRCLE.

FROM AN INDIAN GRADUATE.

From two extremely interesting letters from one of Hampton'e three Indian graduates, (Class of 82) we make the following extracts—quoting the second nearly entire.

SHAWNEETOWN, INDIAN TERRITORY,
July 14, 1882.

Miss C.——

My Teacher,

When I arrived here, your letter was in the post office, waiting for me, and indeed I was very glad to hear from'you, as the good advice you gave me was the very thing I needed. We, John Downing and I, arrived here Friday evening, 30th of June. John has left here yesterday for his distsot home, by way of Cheyenne Agency. We all four, Oshkeneny, John Downing, Antonito Azul, and myself, went together, end ons by one we were separated until now we are so far epert. Oshkeneny was separated from us et e place called Grafton, between Washington and Cincinnati, and took the Baltimore and Ohio railroad for Chicago, and Antonito et St Lonis, and took train to Kansas City, while Downing and I came by Sedelia, Mo., to Muskogee, Indian Territory, where we got off the train Saturday evening and staid there all night. Next morning, as we were transported at the expense of the Government, Agent Tuffts paid our hotel hills and, in order to avoid nnnecessary expense of remaining there e day, the Agent hired a private wagon, and we set out on Sunday morning for another three days' tiresome journey over the wild prairies, hills and mountains. We had some wagon bows end a sheet with us, which we set up and spread overhead as an ewning to keep off the scorching sun. It was very warm too, especially towards the middle of the dey: hnt we had e nice cool breeze eli day, and it was quite pleasant under the ewning. We had our singing books ont end sang a few hymns, such as we often sang et Hampton Institute, as the wagon went up and down over the rongh end narrow road; and thonght of Hampton and its services that dey more than once, which made ns felt so sad as to make ns elmost cry. Thus we spent onr Snndey on our way home.

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SHAWNEETOWN, INDIAN TERRITORY.
Sept. 22, 1882.

My dear Miss C.——

I received your letter quite long time ago, end have shamefnlly neglected to answer it sooner; and yonrs of the 9th inst. was also received to which I cannot put off answering any length of time, so I attempt to write at once. I heve had nnnsually mnch running ronnd to do over these prairies, end have once or twice hesn compelled to be cnt off from the world nine or ten days at a time; conld not get my mail.

I made e pleasant trip to Cheyenne and Wichite Agencies, in company, part of the way, with Mr. Teber, Missionary amongst the Cheyennes and Arappahoes, last week. I remained in Cheycnne two days end visited the schools, got acqnsinted with its teachers and pupils. One of them was not in session on acconnt of the absence of its superintendent. I met severel boys and girls who recently returned from Carlisle to their people after some years' treining. I elso met Matches, one of the Floride hoys, who is at present occnpying a stnetion as Missionary interpreter; and saw the grave of poor Bear's Heart, in the school grave yard, npon e beautifnl hill. His poor aged mother comes there very often to mourn for him according to their custom. I elways and cennot help hnt feel sorry when I think of him. He was such a good hearted men, thoroughly convinced of the wrongs of his past life, end was an earnest Christian—wnnted to help his people toward e hetter life. And his death wes e great loss to the people.

In regard to the schools, there is e great deal to be said, and I heve no time to writs all. They are under corps of experienced teechers who are in earnest to do good in the cause of Indisn education. They are about the best conducted schools in the Territory. They are like e clock-work—e certain motion of the hend by the teecher, ell pupils get up on their feet or down to their seats, and snother motion, each pupil has his hooks out or down on his knees, ready for prayer &c. In my epinion they are in every respect np to the point where eli Agency schools onght to be.

Monday I left Cheyenne for Wichite Agency, 40 miles, on horseback, and came there the same evening. I found John Downing clerking in the commissary and cooking his own food. He is doing well, and seemed to be in good spirits. He said if he could not get a situation where he can do some good among the people, he will work for money. Schools were not in operation there yet, at least one was not, and I did not visit them. I remained there nnly one day, then started for home. I never was in these Agencies before, and the country was new to me, and did not even know enongh to follow the roads. I only knew the direction to Shewneetown, so started for that direction without e road. When nights came I lay down to sleep anywhere with my blanket which I took along. I camped in this manner twice before I reached home. I was little nneasy all while, for there is a possihle danger for anyons to be out like that elone; end I never befors felt so much my weakness and need of earnest preyer to God for protection as in these two long nights I hed in the wilderness. I did not even have a pocket-knife or anything like a weapon with which to defend myself if anything should happen. After ebsence of ten days I came home.

Miss C——, I hevo been receiving the papers which you have been so kindly sent me, end I thenk you ever so much for them. I often take them along when Mr. Elliott end I go out among Shawnees, to encourage them in every possihle good wey we could, as often we don't come home for two or three days. We take our food whenever we happen to find it, hut very often we take enough to do us through.

Mr. Elliott is e missionery emongst the Shewnees, Sacs, Kickspoos and Pottowatomies—all under ons Agency,—talk four different lebguages. I can only speek two. He is elways hnsy in going around to see them—in their sick-bed or in their fields, and occesionally preaches a sermon among them. Some will listen and soms will not.

We have had a serica of meetings in Pottowatomie nation letely, and took in eight members, Indians and whites. About twenty-five miles sonth of this place they hed organized e small church, where they meet and have services and prayer meetings. The church hnilding is also nsed as school room, and is ehout 20 x 15, hnilt of logs, and holds about 30.

Mr. Elliott visits it once e week and has one or two other places to go.

He and his wife are excellent people. They ere very kind and good end sre doing ell they can to meke me feel at home with them. It is e greet comfort to find such people. I will now close my letter, and I remain yours gratefully,

THOMAS WILDCATT ALFORD.

AT THE ELECTION.

An intelligent young man gives a graphic account of the obstacles which still block the path of the colored voter to the polls in some parts of the South.

——S. C. Nov. 10, 1882.

Dear Teacher:

You will remember that when I was at Hampton, I said to yon that I expected to find work somewhere in the "Old State," after which I should let yon know where I was. I have done so, and when I tell you that on getting hems I met thsrs a letter calling me to take this school, yon mey reedily see, that I did not heve much hunting to do. I heve been teaching for three weeks, and to this time have liked it very mnch indeed. I began with quite a small numher, hnt have had a delly increase just as the people got in their crops, and now my school is quite large. Besides my day school, I have a night school for those who cannot come in the day, soms on account of having large families, end other for various reasons This, as to educational matters, is one of the neglected spots of the South, on account of there being no railroads running nearer here than tweoty-two miles. Lest yesr there was completed through this place, a railroad which hriogs this place in a more direct communication with the more enlightened parts of the stete. You ton may see that we, as teachers, have e great deal to do, to get ths people up with the time, who are now all of a helf century hehind. In cases of the greatest importence they resort to ns for edvice, end in ths settling of any question of ths least difficulty they are hound to heer from the teacher though he has nothing to do with it whatever.

Tuesday the seveoth was our election day. I was among thom ell day, and was pleased to see that every thing passed off so quietly, though I was sorry to see that *justice* was exercised to such little extent. For the positious calling for officers, we had nine candidates. No two nsmes on the one ticket, hut a ticket for each man, msking it necessary to have nine boxes at eech poll. This was done to puzzle those who cannot read. The boxes in which the votes were cast for Conbgressmen were left down stairs, while the other eight were taken up stairs in the Courthouse, under the exclusive supervision of two or three *honorable* "Bourbons" who would allow one map at a time to come in and vote, after which the door was closed, and nn one on earth knew what they were doing in there by themselves. Out of the eight boxes in which they cast the votes for rspresentatives and other county officers thsre was hut one in which a man was to cast his vote and if he could not read, he would just as likely cast it in the wrong one as in the right one, as after every two man voted, the boxes, like *cards*, were shuffled. This was soon remedied. We gave each man his Congressional Ticket, and when he hed voted this we gave him sight tickets, with the names of our nominees for House of Representatives. He then pnt one of these in sach of the eight boxes, and would by doing this surely get his ticket in the right one. By giving eech man eight tickets, our tickets ren short before twelve o'clock. Pen-men were very scarce, and they put me to writing tickets for them. Right in the open air I begsn, end wrote until late in the afternoon when my hands were stiff. I then geve my place to another men who could not do very well on account of spelling. The time sooo passed away and meny were left without voting. Notwithstaoding the unfairness exercised, the Republicaos elected the Congressman from this District, but I think that they did not get one county officer. While colored men were crowded away from the polls, men who called themselves officers of pesce were sllowed to go where they pleased. The democrsts took the edvantage of this. The guards wonld put their hedges on men who were not gusrds, sllowing them to vote, and in this wey kept the colored men from voting. We hope in the next five or six yeers to bring sbout in this state political reform, and thus render things more fevorslis for the oppressed people. There ere four Hempton hoys in this connty. W. steid with me last night and will he examined to-day. N. sent her love. I forgot to tell you that on coming home I stopped in Wilmington, dnring which time I visited the school where two of the Hempton girls were teaching—one of the Class of '81, end the other of the Class of '82. They are getting along very nicely, and are doing great credit to Hampton. Do not think my letter too long. Excuss ths news, we heve none. Hoping to hear from yon when you have time to write.

Your pupil,
E.

ONE OF FOUR OUT OF SEVENTY.

This is the sort of record we like to receive from Hempton greduates; a good examination. It le thie end this only that will keep np the reputetion of the Hempton diplome; as peper money is good only when it has solid epecie behind it.

——S. C. July 30, 1882.

Mrs. D.

Dear Teacher:

I hevo just completed e three week's course at the colored teacher's institute, which closed on Fridey last. We had a competitive examination given ns hy Colonel Thompson, the State Superintendent of Education.

Ont of seventy applicants, only four passed. Namely: Miss Harrison of Columhia, S. C. Miss Mary Cling, of Snmpter, S. C. Mr. Sewyer, of Bennettsville, S. C. end William Jenkins of Columhia, S. C.

Miss Harrison is e gradnete of the S. C. Normal school which was connected with the State university. Miss Cling is e graduete of e high school in Boston. Mr. Sawyer was in the college department of S. C. U., when its doors were closed against colored students. William Jenkins, is e graduste of Hampton Normal Institute.

We are to receive state certificates which are good for three yeers in any connty of this stets. Three of these certificates will entitle the holder to a life certificate. We were examined in Algehra, Arithmetic, grammar, History, Geogrsphy, principle of letters used in writing, position of pen &c. end pedegogics. I csn not say much of my Algebra, hut I suppose I just managed to pass, although the questions were very fair, and were eleven in number, hut I got along splendiddly in ell the rest. I csn not tell you my average, as I have not, as yet, received my certificste.

I have been asked to go to Manning, a smell town in Clarendon County, S. C., and get up a grsded school. Pay for the first year $40. per month. The county will pey part of the expenses, and the balsuce will he paid by the churches of the county.

I was askel by a committee representing the churches. The promises are very fair. But if I only had a little more education I would feel more confident. I sm going to accept and do my best. If you have aoy snggestions to give me about the matter, I would be very thankful for them.

I learned saveral short methods of working examples during the session of the iosttute, which helped me considerably in the examination. Tha two cases which used to give me so much tronhle in Arithmetio, (Profit and Loss and Brokerage) I had not the least tronble with.

I continne to study and sketch. My fether gets a peper for me nearly every day, so I shall not want for good reading matter.

It was so strange to see those Latin and Greek scholars felling off at the exemination. Still a majority of people think yon are not capable of doing anything nnless yon heve an idee of some dead lengnage. They ere ell astonished at my anccess. Hempton's course will he overestimeted by some, I am afreid. Before the examination it was underestimeted.

The weether is very warm down here. The crops are better than usual. Plenty of fruit. Peaches are worth from ten to fifteen cents per peck retail, and watermsions are worth from two cents to ten cente a piece; many of our trees heve broken down with fruit. If there is no suc word as fell, I shall have more schooling. I have heard from Wilson. He is getting along well teaching. First grade teachers receive forty dollers per month nearly ell through the stete, hut the school terms are very short. I mnst hring this long and dry letter to e close.

I remain your truc and devoted pupil,
J.

A SEWING CLASS, SUNDAY SCHOOL AND READING CIRCLE.

One of our young women gradnates gives the following interesting story of good work under special difficulties.

——N. C. *Sept.*, 1*st*, 1882.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong,
Dear Sir:

Being desirons to heve my brother placed et school, I write to maks application for him to attend this session. I would have applied earlier hut thought it best to wait until I could see my way more clear. Since leeving H——, mine has heen e husy life. In Nov., 1881, I went to Chatham, Va., to assist in the school tanght hy Mr. Jos. Davis and Miss Sallie P. Gregory. We had no trouble with the school officers and patrons, nor shout our salaries. I returned home after five months just in to time fil a vecancy of two months. I havo been teaching at this place since July, hut will close in two weeks. I should not have come, hed I not been informed of the condition of the people and how much they needed e teacher. I could scarcely reelize thet in ell the years which heve elepsed since the Emancipetion of my race these people have never had e day at the Public school. I do not know why, for the white people have four and fivs montha schools eech yeer, and these have to pay taxes; this school, which is ths first they have had, is only for eight weeks. Every thing wore snch e lonesome appearance I was well-nigh disconraged. The nearest honse, with one exception, is two miles off. My school-honse is fifteen feet in length, and twelve in width, and is made of rough pine logs, with ons hole for e window and bench s for seats. I have thirty one enrolled, and of that number, only three could spell words of two syllahle. I fonnd there was mnch to be done, and a short time in which to accomplish it, so I resolved to waste little time in sighing, and hy making the hest use of my tims to carry ont the motto of the Class of '81, which is "Do the dnty which lies before yon." I ordered reading hooks, end slates, and talked until the parents who were ehle honght them. I organized a Sehhath School, which is largely attended hy all. The children ere doing well. Mrs. D——sent me some papers while I was teaching at C——, and as the others had received several packages, I saw no need for distributing mine. Lately I gave them out; they had never owoed any, and were perfectly delighted. I have the girls hring their sewing to school, end et recess I show them how to cut and make their clothes; some are makiog quilts, and two I have tanght to crochet.

I feel that I heve done some good, hoth to my rsce and myself, although I have hed e few hardships to endure, and havs made many mistakes, I heve gained much information, end would not have missed the experience for eny thing.

Will you please send as soon as is possible about four copies of the "Workman," to my eddress? I have three subscribers, end thiok others may be secured by circulating copies among ths colored teachers of this county. I havo spoken to those whom I heve seen and all asked to see it. Please send a reply and papers before the 15th inst., as my school closes on that date. Hoping a fevorable reply, with meny thanks for past favors.

I em yours gratefully,
N.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

INDIAN GIRLS' ACCOUNT OF WINONA LODGE.

"I guess you would like to know about our new building. We call it WINONA LODGE. Well, I am going tell you about it We like our new building very much indeed. almost everything we have new in Winona Lodge. Well, we have a sewing-room and a Chapel and Office, and I dont know how many rooms are altogether. Our new building got three story, end down in sellar we have wash room, iron room and bath rooms. And now I going tell you about what we do in our new building.

We heve two girls in each room and we got everything in it, what we want to used. In morning we get up, dressed ourselves and go to breakfast Virginia Hall, end come back sweep our Halls and steps before we make our beds, and when ws finished that we clean our own rooms, some of us got teachers rooms. So we clean our own rooms before we do the teachers, because they get up later then we do and I always get ready for school before I go to clean the teachers room. Right efter that I go to school and in afternoon we have sewing at 1 o'clock and stop it at 4 o'clock, efter 4 we have study hour. We have lots things to do in our new building; we keep our new building clean indeed we scrub all the halls and steps on Friday, in morning. Saturday we scrub our own room too, our teachers says our works ere all very good indeed, and I am very glad of it and I thought it to myselves we did not keep our new building like out in west.

ROSA BEARFACE."

MOVING OVER.

"O we wers so glad to move, but when we did movs we did not like it the first night because in the morning when we got up we did'nt heve eny bell, and our rooms were not in good order, and enother thing it rained all that week and we had hard time about moving our things over. But we got out alright at last. Now our house is in good order.

PLAY-ROOM.

We have e large hall for our play room. So we play most every evening. We don't have study hour at night like we use to, but we have our study hour from 4 o'clock till 6 o'clock and then efter study hour we have time to get ready for supper.

DRILL.

O, I must tell you about our Capt. Washington, (one of the colored graduetes.) Well she call the roll every evening and morning, so ws named her captain. Some Saturdays if she has tims, we merch sometimes out of doors, and some in our play-room by the piano, and once in ths Assembly room.

SEWING ROOM.

I forgot to tell you about our sewing room. We have a large room to sew in. We sew every afternoon except Saturdays.

LAUNDRY.

I must tell little about our new Laundry. Well my wash-dey comes Wednesday morning. Capt. Washington has charge of the laundry. Ths Captain told us that we must keep our laundry clean as our parlor, so our laundry is pretty clean, but it is not quite finished yet but it will soon be finished.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

We have Sundsy School in Winona Lodge, and we are divided into different classes. They are divided into eight classes.

ANNIE LYMAN."

VISITORS.

"All of us Indian girls enjoy staying over here very much, and think we try to keep it nice end clean, so when the white people come to see it will look nice and clean. I think if we try keep it nice (I am not very surc, this what I think) I think Miss——— will sey "The Indiens are learning how to keep the building nice and clean." I dont think shs can quite sey it yet, but when she does I will be glad and ws all will be glad.

SCRUBBING.

Miss Lovey says—Lets us hurry and get through scrubing before the teachers get up. So it look nice and clean." We scrub our rooms and every thing in the building—have our rooms looking as nice as the halls for when the people come they want to see our rooms looking nice as the hall. We wash the windows, the halls, and sweep the verander, and we try to keep them clean.

MARY GOULET."

"Some girls are going scrub on Saturdey this big hall. I like to scrub very much because this house always want to be clean like the white people houses.

REBECCA MAZUKUTE."

"We have a piano in this building, but I don't think it belongs to the Indian girls because when we play on it by ourselves, they always make us stop. I like to play on the piano. The teachers always give us zero if we don't mind them what they told us, and some of the Indian girls like to work but some of them don't like to work because they are lazy.

MARY HINMAN."

"The teachers that room in Winona Lodge invited the teachers that room in Virginia Hall. They came over here and had a party last night and when they went to school this morning they looked so sleepy.

MARY TRAVERSIE."

"I am very glad because tomorrow we all going to have warm house with the Indian boys tomorrow night. I think the white people were very kind indeed to give us the money to build our new house with, and I think it is very good for the Indian girls to learn while they here so when they go back they can teech their own folks how to work too.

HATTIE MILES."

A LETTER FROM CHIEF KEOKUK.

Mr. Townsend, Government Inspector of Indian Agencies, sends us an interesting letter from the Chief of the Sac and Fox tribe, prefacing it with statements and comments which add to its interest, and we print both letters.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Office of Indian Affairs,
Washington, November 1st, 1882.

Editor Southern Workman,—

Enclosed I send you a letter from Keokuk, father of Nellie and step father of Mary, now at Hampton. Do you wonder I take a deep interest in the Sac and Fox children at school with you? If this letter had been written to *reflect* ths views of some other person or perchance to sound ths praises of the interpreter or amanuensis (as is too generally the case with this class of communications) it would possess little interest for me end I should regard it as of minor importance: but Keokuk expresses only his own feelings and honest convictions, as he has repeated them to me time and time again. It comes like the voics of one crying out in the wilderness of intellectual darkness, and emanating from the source it does, may justly be regarded as a remarkable letter. *I know* thers is no sham in or about it; no high coloring to it and that the appeal for "more light" is earnest and sincere.

The Sac and Fox are a proud people: rich in annuity monies legitimately obtained from the sale of lands and past treaties: thsy are arrogant end correspondingly indolent as they are rich and haughty, and while recognized as semi-civilized are, as a rule, as devoted to their Indian customs, their traditious and the religion of their fathers as they ware fifty, probably an hundred years ago, and far more so than many of their *less* civilized neighbors. It is their pride and boast that they are Indians; they teach their young people that they are all rich and need not work, and thet the religion of their fathers is the best religion for the Indian. This is the worst type of barbarism and must inevitably tend to retard their growth, their progress and their civilization.

They are intelligent, kind hearted people; true to themselves and each other, end respectful to their neighbors both white and Indians. They are no more disposed to become hostile or go upon ths war-path than the colored race in Virginia and while they possess meny noble characteristic (I might add virtues) and few vices, they are wickedly and wilfully perverse in their opposition to the civilizing processes of this ninetecnth century. They watch with keen and rapt attention the ceaseless march of civilization, yet refuse to "fell in" and keep step with the advancing column: they hear the glorious anthems of universal freedom and progress, but turn a deaf ear to their inspiring strains: they see the curling smoke of distant work shops and factories, listen to the hum and din of a thousand industries, but contend thet such things although good for the white man ere "bad medicine" for the Indian; they hear the whistle of the locomotive and the click of the telegraph breathing a myeterious language with voiceless tongue, but believe them to be the children of the Evil Spirit: they regard with deep coucern advancing emigration and its tireless tread sweeping across the Continent even down to the isles of the sea, yet ths advantages and golden opportunities thus placed before them are rejected and they refuse to reap the harvest brought to their very doors.

In the midst of this moral obscurity and darkness Keokuk is the only man to raise his voice in condemnation of the course his tribe is following. Single handed and alone he battles alike with friend and foe in his efforts to beget and promote among them a different spirit. Criticised, almost ostracised for having adopted the "white mans way" he goes forward in his faithful devotion to his people, and by precept and example endeavors to lead where he knows he cannot drive them. To encounter the ridicule and derision of an enemy is no mean test of a white-mans courage! Keokuk has not only this but that of friends and relatives likewise.

To withstand the tide of popular sentiment and prejudice tries the metal of many a man and women, end mental Goliaths often quail and quake and succumb in the presence of these over awing and imperious masters: but Keokuk meets this and more with quiet fortitude, and by his very example of forbearance commands the respect and confidence of his tribe and at the same time administers an effective reproof which exerts a civilizing influence among them. They may profess to ignore and assume to deny it, but nevertheless it manifeste itself in many ways in the lives and manners of those who surround him and with whom he comes in contact. In many respects he is a remerkeble men, and in some sense a stetesman and philanthropist.

The question of compulsory education is seriously considered in many places in our own country, and in some foreign countries is relied upon almost wholly for educating the masses, and may yet be introduced, as Keokuk admits, as an importent factor in the great problem of Indian civilization.

He is son of old Keokuk (in whose honor the city of Keokuk was named) one of Black Hawk's noted warriors, and possesses many treits of the sire as well as of Black Hawk himself, whose blood still courses through the veins of his tribs and by whom the memory of thst old chieftain is honored and revered almost with affection, even to ths present day. The subject of this sketch is somewhere past fifty years of age, a full blooded Indian, and does not speak a word of English. Ths empty holes and slite cut in his ears bear harbarous wituess of his early history. Only e few years ago he was bedecked with paint and feethers, wors his blanket, and joined in the dances and dog feast: hut now the light of a new civilization has dawned upon him and he lives comfortably in a brick house (built by the government for him) cultivates quite a little patch of gronnd: alwaye has a nice garden with considerable fruit, and lives as a man ought to live. In addition to this he has between four and five huudred heed of cattle and if fortunate will soon be a prosperous stock reiser.

While his neighbors and all the leadiug men of his trihe, without exception, dress in native costume, not a few priding themselves upon their stylish (?) head gear, highly ornamented buckskin leggings and moccasins and richly decorated blankets, Keokuk can be seen any day in his plain farmer dress, while on Sunday he appears in a genteel suit of black broad cloth, white linen, polished hoots, driving to church with his family in a spring wegon drawn by a pair of well matched blacks.

The picture is not overdrawn, and others who know him more intimately than myself will bear testimony to the truth of these statements. It has been said that the "only good Indian is e dead Indian or the kind used as signs in front of cigar stores" but I ask shall such a man as Keokuk be thus compared? No. I will not ask the question I it would be an insult to him and a wicked libel upon his many noble qualities. I only wish the public generally could understand and *would believe* that with the Indians as with the Whites there are good men and bad men; smart men and fools: leaders and followsrs; that among the Indiens you find liars, drunkards, thieves and murderers, hut that human nature in its normal condition is the same everywhere, whether glossed over with a white, a bronzed or a black skin, and until our intercourse with the Indian is based upon the eternel principles of "doing as we would he done by" we must expect the Indian to continue to he a very "bad Indien."

Human nature is very like a banana; dissect it from either extremity and wben you get down to the substance it is just the same.

I am fully persuaded that a goody goody kind of policy, or a good Lord and good Devil kind of policy or a policy of extermination will not develop the best side of *my* nature, and the rule applies to the Indian as to ourselves.

Very respectfully,
E. B. TOWNSEND.

SAC AND FOX AGENCY,
Indian Territory, June 27th, 1882.

Mr. E. B. Townsend.

Dear Friend.

Your kind letter is at hand. Dear friend, you don't know how much good I felt when I received your letter, to hear that you are well and also the children, tell them for me not to be lonesome, but to make up their minds to learn the work they went there to learn. Tell them not to think about home in the Indian Territory. They must learn first, and be prepared to teach their people, and their example mey help to lead the rest of the young people to the light of civilization. I hope to see them back in their homes well taught, and well prepared to take hold and help the rest of ths young people to see what education can do, not only for white people but what it can do for Indian also. It is a great mistake in our leading men now, to reject it and refuse to send their children to school. I am ashamed of it hut as it is I must bear it a while longer. If it were in my power I would send every last one of the Sac and Fox children to some school where they might learn to do for themselves when they become men and women. I hope the Government will instruct our agent to urge it upon our leading men to send the children to school. It is the only hope we have for the young people of our trihe. Friend, you know yourself, you have been with us long enough to agree with me. My friend it is high time to do something. The work must be done soon or we must be left in the dark. The rest of the Indiens ere far eheed of our people. It is e shems to think ebout the foolishness of our leading men in the tribe, not seeing what is before them and how far ahead the other trihes are to day—I must stop. You know how I feel towerds my people. I do wish they would do better for their own good. You also state in your letter the expenses of my children. I em still thankful to learn that the Government is still willing to add something to the money furnished hy me to pay the expenses of my children from this agency to Hempton. Friend, you know that I will do all I can to encourege the children. You keep the money for them and give it to them when you think they ought to have it, or to the teacher for them, end send me the account from time to time. Please see that the girls use the money rightly, and that they get it if you leave it in the hands of somebody else. I am willing they should use the money, and tell them for me to be good girls and learn all they can and fast as they can. Farewell, dear Friend, I hope to see you again,

Your friend,—
CHIEF KEOKUK.

Please write soon.

CIVILIZATION
vs.
AN INDIAN PROPHETESS.

Additional testimony to the fine qualities of Chief Keokuk comes opportunely in a letter to Inspector Townsend from the Agency, which we are allowed by him to publish. It contains also an interesting account of a recent conflict between the new ideas of civilization end a revival of superstition from the visions of an Indian prophetess, in which, through the influence of the valiant old chief and the remembered consels of his friend, civilization seems to be getting the best of it.

COL. E. B. TOWNSEND,
Washington, D C.

Dear Sir:—

Our mutuel friend—*Keokuk*, handed me your letter dated Washington, Oct. 28th, and requested me to ecknowledge the receipt thereof.—"What shall I say to him in reply?" was my first question after carefully reading the same.—"Tell him" said Keokuk, as a smile spread over his handsome face, and his eyes were blinking, in a vain effort to dissipate the mist that was fast obscuring his vision,—"thet his letter has made my heart very gled." It was a manly exhibition of genuine feeling, such as an Indien seldom indulges in, and speaks plainer than pen or tongue can portrey, the nobleness of the old chief's neture.

He bade me to tell you that "the outlook toward the ultimate civilization of this people is better to day than ever hefore." "That the opposition you encountered while here, is slowly but surely giving way." "Thet your talk has set his people to thinking," and your words have been repeeted till almost every Indian in the tribe has them indelibly impressed upon his memory. Soon after you went away, a Shawnee woman living in the Northeestern part of the Territory, created quite a stir among ell the tribes by repeating a vision she had seen, and a talk ehe had had with the Great Spirit, when she was in a cataleptic state. Sho etated that she died—in fact all her friends say that she was dead—and while in that state the Great Spirit revealed to her his will concerning the red man. It is a long story, but can be summed up in few words. The substance of it was that the Great Spirit was engry with the red man, for having adopted, in any part, the white man's ways—and the only thing they could do to appease his wrath was to go hack et once to their ancient ways and customs; throw eway every thing the white man had made; dress in the skins of animals killed in the chase, not with powder and hall, but by the bow and arrow. Drink no more coffee, nor "fire water," &c., &c., for if they continued to do these things the Great Spirit had sworn in his wrath to utterly destroy the whole earth, &c. &c.

Many councils were called to consider this matter. The Shawnees, Kickapoos, Potawatamies, Uchees, some Creeks, Caddoes, Cheyennes, and Sac and Fox, together with Otoes and Iowas, canvassed the matter for some time. Gray Eyes and Chickuskuk, with their followers, were terribly excited about it, and for a time it looked as though they were bound to take the back track, but a reaction came, and on the whole Keokuk thinks good will result from it. Cup pa ha, (Chief) and Man-a-to-wa (Councilor) have joined hands with Keokuk, and the other Chiefs have withdrawn much of their opposition to the mission school. Keokuk thinks there will be more children in school this winter than ever before.

Your counsel while here and your sympathy for and with him in his efforts to educate his people has given the *old Hero* a great deal of nerve and back bone, and if you should ever meet him again, you will find him advancing; more earnest and outspoken than ever. He bids us give you assurance of high regard, &c., &c. He also requested me to mention a matter of business, something about his land in Kansas that you were to look up when you had leisure.

I am very truly yours,
E. B. Fenn.

For Keokuk.

THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

A Stock Exchange is a place where stocks are bought and sold. In the United States, bonds representing national, state, county and city debts, and the shares of railroads, banks, mining, manufacturing, telegraph and insurance companies are all called stocks. The dealers in them are known as stock brokers and stock jobbers. In New York the traffic in stock is of two kinds, the regular sales at the first and second boards, and the operations of the street. The first are legitimate, and the sales are presumed to be in good faith; the second are generally speculative, and are often mere gambling or betting by men without capital. The board of brokers in New York is composed of more than 1,000 regular members, who at their two daily sessions, either on their own account or as brokers for others, purchase or sell the various stocks which are in order. The president, secretary, treasurer, and governing committee of 40 members are the executive of the exchange, and can admit, suspend, expel and readmit members. When a member fails to deliver or pay for stock as agreed, his name is struck from the list, but he may be reinstated upon effecting a settlement with his creditors. The New York stock exchange is the wealthiest organization of the kind in the world. The par value of annual sales made is estimated at more than $22,000,000,000, but this enormous sum covers all sorts of speculative transactions, including those where no actual transfer of stocks occurs, and differences only are paid or adjusted, their operations forming in fact the bulk of the business in Wall Street. An applicant for admission must be 21 years old, a banker, broker, or stock dealer in New York for one year or clerk to a member for two years, or a member in good standing of the Philadelphia, Baltimore or Boston board. The initiation fee of a member by election has recently been fixed at $10,000, and of one admitted by transfer at $500. $34,000 have been paid for a seat. During business hours, the board is in constant communication with the financial centre of Europe, and the brokers pay $1,000,000 a year for telegrams from London alone. The stock exchange has its own peculiar terms not generally understood by outsiders; among those in most frequent use are "long" and "short" expressing individual excess or deficiency in the holding of a specified stock for speculative purposes; "bull" and "bear" designating those respectively who find their interest in operating for a rise or fall in the price of stock, or who, foreseeing either a rise or fall, take measures to protect themselves or make a profit on the "turn of the market." The bull endeavors to appreciate, or "toss up," and the bear to depreciate or "pull down" the price.

The building occupied by the New York Stock Exchange on Broad and New streets, just out of Wall street, was rebuilt in 1880, and is very handsome. The front is of marble elaborately carved. The portico has eight polished and carved pillars of red granite. Above it are cut in large letters, the words New York Stock Exchange. The work of rebuilding cost about $800,000. The great room of the building is the Board Room, a picture of which we give our readers, through the courtesy of Messrs Harper Bros.

"There is not such another in this city certainly. It is 140 feet long, fifty-four feet wide, and from the floor to the lofty panelled ceiling is fifty five feet. Two tiers of windows open upon New Street, and give abundant light. Under these windows run railings, behind which messengers wait in business hours. At each end of the room is another railing, behind which subscribers can congregate, and communicate with the brokers upon the floor. On each side of the room rise ten great red granite pilasters, with marble bases and bronze capitals. At each end of the room is a gallery, from which visitors can look down upon the conflicts between bulls and bears in the arena below. The President's desk is on the east side of the room. The board prefers to retain the old one, which is massive, and dark with age. The walls and ceiling are painted in the richest and most elaborate style.

Having paid his $34,000 for a "seat" in the Exchange, the member finds that he has no seat. The floor of the Board Room is destitute of seats, save a few here and there around the walls. There is nothing to impede the course of the members in their struggle with fortune, save a row in the centre, of six small iron posts seven feet in height, each bearing the name of some stock which is dealt in. For instance, one post bears on one side the name "Western Union"; on the other, "Wabash Common." Then at different points on the walls are cards with the names of other stocks upon them. These are guides for the members. If one wishes to deal in Western Union, he sees on entering the room the card, and near he finds the men who are dealing. He hurries up to the group, which may be idly talking at that moment, and shouts the figure that he will give for 100 shares. Instantly there is a commotion. Half a dozen men yell at him the figure they will take; others join in bids. They shake their fists at each other; they reach after each other's hands; they crowd and push, and yell and vociferate. Such a scene in such a group the artist has depicted in the illustration. He gives the action well, but he cannot reproduce the noise. But multiply this group by ten, fifteen, or twenty, and then imagine the noise that goes up among the blue and gold and fruits and flowers of that gorgeous ceiling on a "lively day in the streets." Visitors lean over from the galleries and wonder at the tumult below. They cannot catch a word that is said, nor can they see a reason for the tumult. They see two men who are gesticulating in a throng, grasp each other's outstretched fingers, then suddenly subside, step back, mark upon a small pad, tuck the memoranda in their pocket, and then perhaps rush over to another group, and go through similar operations. That simply means that Mr Bull has sold, say, 200 shares of Wabash Common to Mr Bear for 48½, or whatever the price may be, and that each has made a memorandum of the transaction. At such a time the floor of that big room presents a remarkable sight, crowded with struggling men, some with blanched faces, as they see their fortunes slipping from them. A hoarse tumult of discordant cries goes up with a cloud of dust raised by the shuffling feet. The floor is white with bits of paper—torn memoranda or notes of reference or instruction. Messenger boys, gray coated and white capped, dart hither and thither through the throng. Anxious messengers and subscribers hang over the railing, endeavoring to catch the eyes of struggling brokers. There is nothing elsewhere like the scene."—*Appleton's American Encyclopedia*, and *Harper's Weekly*.

THE NORTH CAROLINA STATE FAIR.

The Norfolk *Landmark* has the following appreciative notice of the exhibit made by colored farmers at the agricultural fair in North Carolina, this fall.

"At the North Carolina State Agricultural Fair in Raleigh, the Negroes are largely interested as exhibitors, and the results were such as to gratify every true friend of the black man. One colored farmer took the second premium on cotton against a large number of competitors, and another received the award of a gold medal and nine prizes. Facts like these are bright shafts of sunshine through the uncertainty and gloom which surround the problem which the South is now working out, and just in proportion as the Negroes bring forth the fruits of honest toil, as the exhibitors at the North Carolina Fair have done, will they advance in the esteem of all classes and towards those just views of domestic economy and respect for law which are at the bottom of the qualifications for citizenship. In the cases of the colored farmers above referred to, we venture to say that it may be set down as a reasonable certainty that they do not spend their time in hearing speeches from untruthful, disreputable, or desperate political adventurers; or waste their precious time—time being their money—in gorging themselves at barbacues, or in yelling like maniacs in torchlight processions. Such men as those who have been among the exhibitors in Raleigh, deserve well of their State, and we hope, unhappily we do not expect, to see the people of color following their example in Virginia."

A man has no right to occupy such high moral grounds that he is constantly so far above his fellows that he can be of no earthly assistance to them.

THE INDIAN SCHOOL AT ALBUQUERQUE.

The *Morning Journal* of Albuquerque, New Mexico, of Oct. 28, gives two columns to a friendly and interesting account of the industrial school for Indian children established at that place in 1881 by Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D. It is conducted by the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions under contract with the United States Government. The appropriation from the Government has paid about one half the expenses of the school. The rest has been raised by the Mission Board and contributed in the East. The Journal's reporter says:

"About one mile, and a very short mile it is, north of the old town plaza, and on the main road to Bernalillo, can be seen a one-story adobe building, which seems to be built across the road. The building, unlike most of those already passed, has an air of neatness and comfort about it. Its bright and clean walls, and the green blinds, give it a handsome appearance that none of the others have, while the merry laugh and one, two, three, of seventy dusky children convince the visitor at once that this is the Albuquerque school for Indian children.

Passing out to the plaza, the reporter there saw all the scholars, girls in one line, boys in another, arms folded, all clean and tidy in appearance, waiting for the signal to march into the dining room.

There are seven long dining tables set across the room, and around these the children stood, while Miss Wood, one of the lady teachers, occupied the seat at a large cabinet organ and accompanied the whole school, while they sang a very pretty little couplet instead of the usual grace, before meat. At a stroke of the bell from Mr. Bryan, all were quickly seated, and the meal, which consisted of soup, meat and any quantity of vegetables, was thoroughly enjoyed by the little ones, if the amount partaken of is criterion.

The kitchen, under the direct charge of Miss Patten, is neat and clean, and the store room connected with it is filled with all sorts of food, the largest portion of course being light, fine bread, baked in an adobe oven at the school, by Robert Helbig, his wife Mrs. Helbig, being the cook.

The old quarters at the school, have always been sufficiently large to accommodate the attending little ones, until this year Mr. Bryan found it necessary to erect a new school room, 40x20 feet, a sewing room and laundry, 88x13 feet, and a sleeping room for the boys, the dimensions of which are 60x10 feet. From these figures some slight idea may be gathered of the growth of the school, and it is a fact that the children now have little enough room.

In the new sewing room Miss Salome Verbeck has charge, and the little maidens are fast learning to use not only the needle but the machine; their sewing is a perfect wonder, and their anxiety to learn deserves the greatest praise.

There are two school rooms in the building, presided over by Mrs. Tibbals and Miss Mariette Wood, in one of which the scholars do their studying, and the other is a class room. In the former, yesterday afternoon, a class was reciting in arithmetic, and what surprised the visitor was the fact that every scholar, no matter how small, had a slate and was taking part in the lesson. In the class-room a reading lesson was taking the time of the teacher, and most interesting it was, the words being taught entirely by object lessons, and then the letters and their sounds in the word.

In the dormitory, along the whole of one side, are the double beds for the boys, the appearance of which shows that somebody has an eye to their cleanliness. The girl's sleeping apartments are in an adobe room just opposite the sewing room, and this is also a part of the domain of Miss Verbeck.

One fourth of the boys are always at work outside the building in the garden, or fields or on the building. They are under the charge of Mr. Kelby.

The average attendance last year was forty-seven, while this year it bids fair to be seventy-five, chiefly Pueblos.

In conversation with Capt. Pratt, superintendent of the Carlisle school, while on a visit here last week he remarked that judging from what the Indians at the different settlements he visited said of the school here, he believed that three hundred pupils would come to the school when the proper buildings were erected."

FORTY YEARS A MISSIONARY.

The venerable "Father Damon," for forty years chaplain of the Seamen's Bethel at Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands, writes thus pleasantly of his long service, which has but increased his sympathy for and faith in all missionary work. If "the shadows lengthen," the level sun rays are lengthening too.

Honolulu, H. I., *October* 19th, '82.

J. F. B. Marshall, Esq.

My Dear Sir:

Forty years ago to-day—16th of Oct., 1842, you kindly came off to the good ship "Victoria" and brought Mrs. Damon and myself on shore. Here we are to-day, in good health, engaged in the same work upon which we then entered. Here I am in my old study, with the same surroundings, a little altered to be sure, but essentially the same. Our family of boys has grown up. Samuel is away, and about, perhaps, to-day landing in Iceland. His wife and two children are in San Francisco. Edward and his wife and three children live here. He is salesman in Waterhouse's,—they have a pleasant home.

Frank is at home busily occupied in his Chinese mission-work, and hard at work on the language, in which he is making progress, as the literature and history of that Great Empire of China loom up before his mind. Most deeply do I sympathize with him in this grand work. I have no sympathy with the anti-Chinese feeling now prevailing in the United States. It is a twin sister to the hatred of the Negro, which has cost so much treasure and so many lives! Here let me say, that I almost envy you the position into which you have drifted, viz., managing the finances of "Hampton," having in view the elevation of the African race in the United States. You are engaged in a most noble undertaking. As the shadows of life lengthen with me, the great mission-work here, in China and other lands, rises more and more into view. I wonder that so many young men and women can waste their talents in Christian lands and never look abroad to heathen lands. I consider your work akin to that of the best mission work. But I did not sit down to write you a letter on missions. My simple idea was that of recalling events on the 19th Oct., 1842; your kindness came to mind, and if Mrs. D——, and myself failed to thank you, we do it now. I still retain the fine edition of the Exploring Expedition which you kindly presented me more than thirty years ago.

I am going to mail you copies of our two "Dailies" for to day, and also our Weeklies for this week, that you may have a picture of Honolulu Oct., 19th, 1882.

Mrs. Damon and myself made a pleasant trip to Lihui, in the spring, and were kindly entertained by Mr. and Mrs Rice.

Mrs. Damon joins with me, in very kindest regards to you and Mrs. Marshall, and also to teachers connected with "Hampton" known to us. With much esteem and Christian affection, Your old friend,

S. C. Damon.

CHRISTMAS COMING IN TUSKEGEE.

The following note has been received from our Hampton graduate, Mr. Booker T. Washington, Principal of the State Normal School in Tuskegee, Alabama. We hope he may pick up some fruit for his Christmas tree. The school building of this normal and industrial school for colored youth, has been built during the past year at a cost of $4,600.00, and is all paid for, chiefly by the personal efforts of Mr. Washington and his assistant principal, Miss Davidson—After such good work, a little rejoicing seems timely and well earned. Christmas comes but once a year.

Tuskegee Normal School, Tuskegee, Ala.
Nov. 6, 1882.

Dear General;—

The amount sent by you from "Mass of Massachusetts, is received, and through you we return our thanks.

In this I hope you will not think me assuming too much. We want very much to have a Christmas tree or something of the kind for our students, Christmas, as they know little of such luxuries.

I write to ask if you could, with propriety, suggest the matter to some friend North. We could provide something ourselves, but the efforts we have had to make for our building leave us with but few resources.

Yours faithfully,
Booker T. Washington.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

A paper read by S. C. Armstrong at the anniversary of the American Missionary Association in Cleveland, Ohio, Oct., 25th, 1889.

Besides the fifty-nine thousand Indians in the Indian Territory, there are about two-hundred thousand of whom about fifty-five thousand are wholly supported by Government, forty-five thousand are partially maintained, and one hundred thousand receive little or no aid. They occupy two hundred and fifty thousand square miles of land, nine tenths of it grazing land; the rest is suitable for agriculture. Its constantly increasing value from its mineral wealth and the building of railroads, presses hard upon its thriftless occupants, who stand right in the line of progress, and must either change or perish.

Meanwhile their source of subsistence, game, is disappearing, and more and more they will depend either on public charity or on stealing their food, unless taught to take care of themselves.

THE "CIVILIZED" TRIBES.

The Indian question is upon us as never before.

Those in the Indian Territory and the few thousand in Minnesota, Wisconsin, New York, North Carolina, and other states, say seventy-five thousand in all, are the remnants of tribes who formerly lived East of the Mississippi river, are inclined to agriculture and domestic life, and have been considered superior to the nomadic tribes of the West. They long since ceased to trouble us, and are, at some places, making commendable progress in education, stock raising, and agriculture, besides generally holding their own in numbers. Still, to a large extent, they seem fixed in a half civilized, half pagan state; lacking their earlier manliness for the want of hardship and discipline in their lives; keeping up their heathen rites and dances, living in poverty, without law, demoralized more or less by annuities, and destitute of the conditions that create character and self reliance.

They need practical education; a few are already at Hampton and Carlisle; five hundred more should have the opportunity. More than this, their tribal relations should be broken up: homesteads, inalienable for at least twenty-five years, should be assigned, and they should be left as citizens of the several states in which they are to vote and be voted on.

Reservations are merely places for herding Indians; temporary, necessary expedients, that, after a given time, may become growing evils. Herding Negroes in like manner would have been a curse to both the white and black races. There has been more sentiment than sense in treating the Indians as a separate people. It was a kindly meant, but, as to its results, a cruel plan.

This part of the red race have suffered most from the whites; their comfortable Eastern homes have been broken up, thrifty farms and fruitful orchards abandoned for a Western wilderness, where thousands have died from exposure; their record has been the saddest part of the "Century of Dishonor."

THE WILD TRIBES.

The destruction of the buffalo has been more trying to the Indian than was sudden emancipation to the Negro. The latter changed the relations rather than the realities of life; the former the realities rather than the relations. The one remained on its old foundation of land and labor; any shifting was voluntary. Game, the support of the other, has fallen, and they have been roughly pushed from tract to tract, till pauperism seems the only fixed fact of their life.

The human machine, after running for centuries, does not readily reverse itself: the strain on the Indian is tremendous; was greater ever put upon man? Force to control them, charity to weaken them; wisdom demands self-help as the condition of charity. Exigency is man's best teacher; it makes him creative. The facts of human nature and of experience have been ignored in our treaties with the Indians, probably because we never really conquered them but purchased peace on the best terms we could make.

Carrying the Indian from helplessness to self support is the most difficult administrative problem of our country. The Negro has taken care of himself. The "forty acre and a mule" method would have ruined the race. He was thrown on himself, and given a vote; dangerous as it once seemed, who would now have it otherwise?

The Indian is fed till he shall become self-supporting, which gives him a motive for not becoming so. He alone, of all men on the earth, finds in industry not a reward but a penalty. The Shoshones, when a reduction of rations was suggested, threatened to stop cultivating their fields.

A few may go to work, but the whole line will not move forward while rations and other gratuities are issued, as now, to lines of ragged, wretched looking mendicants, who are helped for the asking. Treaties must be kept; but the treaties contemplate ultimate self support, and the necessity of education to that end. It is, I believe, quite within their spirit to withhold supplies from the lazy and intractable.

At Yankton, Devil's Lake, Cheyenne River, and at other points, efficient Agents kept the schools full, and the Indians busy by the argument to the stomach, which is their weak point. It is, I believe, the starting point of Indian civilization.

On the Fort Hall reservation, in Idaho, I recently saw fields of wheat, oats and potatoes; two thirds of the tribe had become farmers, besides owning herds of cattle, because a former agent had issued the coffee and sugar rations, which the red man dearly loves, only as each one successively staked out, plowed and planted his allotted little farm.

The nation's gratuities may do the Indian as much good as they are now doing him harm, if wisely administered, especially the luxuries, which afford the best leverage. He is managed by a class of men, whose title, in spite of shining exceptions, is a by-word and a reproach. Decayed clergymen, hungry politicians, and the broken of every profession are not the ones to make citizens of the red man. Fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars a year will not secure first class men who must travel far with their families at their own expense and be liable any day to discharge and disgrace.

By refusing adequate salaries, Congress, (and Congress means the people) decides that the Indian's greatest need shall be unsupplied and that at a comparatively trifling cost. Millions for food and dry goods, but not one or two hundred thousand dollars more that men of repute and of capacity may go to the Agencies. Good beef, flour, and shoes, but second rate men, whose average official life is less than two years, is the present policy for them.

The tender mercies of the government to the Indians are cruel; the much talked of treatment of the slave owner was tender by comparison. The self interest of the Southern barons was humanity itself in contrast with the course of men sent in the name of a high duty, many of whom are tempted if not forced into corruption. I would throw no slur on the good men among them, of whom the country is not worthy.

The Indian is a child and needs a father; physically mature, he is mentally an infant; he stands proudly but helpless on the track of a locomotive. He will not heed the advice of a white man inferior in natural force to himself; and such, as a rule, he has to deal with. No wonder the young prefer their own leaders. In the school of civilization only object lessons are good for much What lessons we have given the Indians!

Recent agitation has chiefly concerned the education, lands and rights of the race, and decided progress has been made in that direction, but the Indian has not moved. He must be touched; the high and the low must come together; virtue will go out of one into the other, as it did into her who once touched the hem of a sacred garment.

There is no salvation in acts of Congress; it is from the springs of action within. To awake these in the bosom of the Indian and to consummate it in Christian character, is the work of individual men, by contact and by personal influence.

The Indian question is first, one of organization; and second, one of executive duty; of conditions and of action. In the former, of late years there has been much progress. Respecting the latter, there has been little; crops and herds have somewhat increased, and education has advanced, but executive work drags because there is a body to do it. Men are the need of the hour, and money to provide for their wants.

At the northern frontier outposts this summer, for the first time, the soldiers remained in their barracks. At the forts in Montana and Dakota, which I recently visited, there was general respect for Indian prowess, and belief in his capacity and in his wrongs. "Were I an Indian, I would fight," seemed the feeling of all.

So far as army officers are gentlemen of character, force, of experience with the red man, and of humane ideas (for there are opposing views,) I believe they are better fitted than any others to settle the Indian question.

Their *destructive* work is nearly done; it has fitted them for the *constructive* work to be done. As officers, they have peculiar advantage over civilians of the same capacity and worth; far less temptations, and far stronger standing ground for the control of Indians. One half of the sixty agencies might well be put at once under selected officers—not that it is strict military duty, but it is not an "Old woman's work," as one of high rank said of Captain Pratt's effort. The latter is indirectly doing more than any two regimens for the pacification of the Indian—the army's special business.

Railroads are doing the work of pioneer and missionary combined; peace is not far off. There will soon be need of the army only as a national police, and half of the fifteen thousand troops at the West may be dispensed with. What better service can a few of its accomplished officers undertake than building up our civilization at its weakest point.

Only by personal devotion can the Indian be rescued from a sad fate. That has, under God, created the great results of the missionary work throughout the world in recent years.

The labors of the Riggs's, Williamson's and of Bishop Whipple, and others, during the past half century, in the western wilderness, has been a seed sowing of which the results are now appearing. The men they have touched and taught are those who are now breaking from the old superstitious and asking for light, while official dealings have scarcely a moral result to show for armies of Agents and vast annuities.

Only the light of Christian truth and example, steadily shining, can lift men up. The missionary work among the Cherokees and others, and for the Sioux at Sisseton, Fort Sully, and Santee agencies, in Dakota, where once wild Indians are settled in so peaceful, prosperous homes, that "a stranger traveling through the country would not think that he was on an Indian reservation," attest the complete success of the Congregational, Episcopalian and Presbyterian Societies. Peoria Bottom, where I visited in 1881, is a charming village of twenty Christian families, in plain homes, created by the energy and wisdom of the Rev. Thomas L. Riggs. "In proportion to the aid and means employed, no missions to the heathen since the Apostolic age have been more successful than those of the American Aborigines," declares one of these bodies. Still there have been many weak and disappointing missions and missionaries.

Such work cannot be inspired from Washington, though it may supply many of the conditions of it; a purified civil service would do more for the Indians than for any part of a class in the country. Good agents would create a *morale* like a favoring tide for the Christian teacher.

The point of the Indian question I believe to be honesty and capacity in dealing with him; given that, and the rest will work itself out; without these, oceans of good intentions and of money are naught. Within ten years, the Indians could be citizens, and there would be no Indian question but one of Christian effort.

Can anything be done to improve the cumbrous machine that is so well fitted not to do it?

The present able and faithful Commissioner of Indian affairs is only a clerk of the Secretary of the Interior. He should be the head of an independent bureau or department, not as now, with an insufficient and poorly paid set of clerks.

His office feels the parsimony of Congress, as does nearly every faithful effort that concerns the Indian.

The government should appoint its own officers; the Churches their own. The latter have made a failure in nominating agents; it is not in their line; it creates a mixed responsibility; and the privilege has been abused.

It is a question how far Indians may at once become citizens and voters of the various states. I believe that to-day Oregon, California, and Colorado, could take better care of their Indians than is now done should they be allowed the ballot. That power would, as it did in the South, compel attention to the welfare of the ignorant voter. Would not Oregon do as much for the enfranchised Indians as Virginia has done for the enfranchised slaves? Homesteading, education and legal rights, would fall into line naturally, and not be forced as they are, upon an unwieldy, indifferent Congress.

Recent visits to the country of the Sioux, Crow and Bannock Indians, have impressed me with the favoring conditions there by way of extensive grazing lands on which they can raise cattle, for which, from all accounts, they are especially adapted.

General Alfred T. Terry, declares the solution of the Indian question to be in one word "Cows;" his success with four hundred Cheyenne captive warriors who, under chief Dull Knife, made one of the most desperate and brilliant raids of our own or any history, goes far to sustain his view. They are now peaceful, prosperous herders on the Rosebud river, under the care of Captain Ewer, of the general's staff. They only lack Christian teaching, and that they sadly need.

The three thousand five hundred Crows are as wild pagans as there are on the continent, but I witnessed a work which in less than ten years will, if sustained, place every lodge on a cattle ranch of its own. The Agent in charge, last spring, induced ninety Indians of both sexes, sixty of whom had never worked before, to cultivate a farm of seventy-five acres, which had been divided into twenty-four lots, each lot having been assigned to a family. I saw them last August gathering their crops. The next season each family will be settled on the legal allotment of one hundred and sixty acres of farm land, one hundred and sixty acres of grazing land, with eighty acres besides for each one of the lodge; on condition that ten acres of land shall be fenced in, the Agent will build a house. He expects to persuade the tribe to convert their sixteen thousand ponies into cattle, place them all in a fertile, well watered region in the Big Horn mountains, on lands of their own, and to sell a large part of their five millions of acres of reservation land, investing the proceeds in stock.

Their lessons in farming will fit them to raise wheat, oats, potatoes, and hay, which command high prices; and create fixed homes, which a purely grazing life would not do.

On most of the reservations there is farm land enough along the rivers for Indian agriculture, and abundant pastures; these turned to account by well directed, persistent effort, would, in a few years, break the miserable herding of Indians, and (always providing for the inalienation of lands, for at least twenty-five years) whites would settle in their midst, and, in spite of some bad men, the Indian would find contact with a thrifty race the greatest help toward his temporal salvation. The five thousand Sioux at Standing Rock are most favorably situated as to lands, while many thousands on other points of the Missouri are most unfortunate in this respect.

This method is illustrative rather than exhaustive, for there are special conditions affecting each tribe that would modify any general plan. Uniformity of treatment would be absurd.

The Indian is, I think, placed where, if encouraged, he can well work his way to self support.

The policy at Washington is now, I believe, to cut down the ration supply all around, in order to stimulate the Indians to work for themselves. It will prove a blunder or a blessing, according as they shall be warned in season, and be wisely helped by competent agents. They look to the Agent call him "Father." If he is the right man in the right place, and, properly sustained he will, after some hardships and difficulty, teach them to do with less food, and finally with little or no aid from government.

At the majority of the agencies the present policy is likely to be disastrous, and may lead to blood-shed; it is pressure on one side without help on the other.

WORK AND DUTY IN THE EAST.

At Hampton there are now ninety (soon to be one hundred and six) and at Carlisle there are nearly three hundred Indians—boys and girls—who are learning civilization as an object lesson, and are themselves an object lesson to the centres of intelligence and wealth where is the sentiment that inspires and the means that provides for the combined practical and spiritual teaching of the red man. They suffice, perhaps, for a tangible proof of the Indian's capacity, of which the need was great; their effect upon public sentiment has been marked. The result with Indians has, so far, proved satisfactory. Scattering these pupils among the farmers of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania for a portion of the year, has had such a good effect mutually, that five hundred more might well be so placed in various states under the care of special agents, with proper rendezvous, where the sick or unsatisfactory might be kept with a view of returning home, say ten per cent. of the entire number.

The Negro institutions at Nashville, Tenn., et Talladega, Ala., and elsewhere, could do excellent work for them. The aims and methods of most white schools render them unfit for Indians.

We have found the weak point of the race to be physical, not mental or moral. They can endure the hardships peculiar to the plains, but not steady work from day to day. They are swept away by measles and smallpox, being weakened by inherited disease; the lungs are their weakest point. They are sinewy but not muscular.

As a race they hold their own, with favorable surroundings; they are not decreasing seriously, if at all; they will not settle the problem by dying out.

Mechanically they have proved apt to learn but slow to execute. Our Hampton Indian workshops have, this year, supplied the Indian department with two thousand pairs of brogan shoes, five hundred dozen articles of tinware, and seventy five sets of double plow harness, which were pronounced by the Inspector at the depot of supplies in New York City, as "*well and strongly made, and for actual service are fully equal to any purchased by the Department.*" Both girls and boys take quickly and kindly to neatness and to industrial pursuits, as well as to books. They are as eager as the Negroes for knowledge, and become more and more so as they advance. Want of ambition is the least of their troubles. Teaching them is hard work, but interesting and stimuleting in the highest degree.

They resent injuries, but are not revengful; there has not been a sign of treachery in nearly five years. Religiously, they are, I believe, the most hopeful of heathen races. The vastness and grandeur of the West has affected them as desert life did the Arabs; they are remarkably Oriental in customs and ideas. They worship no fetish: there are no idols to break; but a crude faith is to be cleared; dim eyes are to be opened. Christian effort under Archdeacon Kirby of the Episcopal Church has evangelized the ten thousand Indians of British America in their simple, natural life. The mixed, harassed condition of our own tribes makes the work far more difficult. The trouble is from the white man. The Anglo-Saxon pounces on his inferiors without mercy.

The mingling of races has worked well: they are mutually helpful and stimuleting; an Indian classmate is kindly, thoughtfully treated by his colored compeers. A race that has been led is leading another. The "house father" or chief of the sixty Indian boys, is a Negro, a Hampton graduate.

With perhaps finer mental and moral texture, the red race does not produce half enough to feed itself: the rougher, stronger black race, has not thrown a pauper upon the country, and raises raw material for the mills of Christendom.

With benevolent intentions, we have diminished and weakened the one: using the other only for selfish purposes, it has multiplied and grown strong.

Both are peculiarly the concern of the American people. In doing for them we are doing for ourselves, our children and our country.

On the Indian girl rests most heavily the weight of past and of present surroundings. When, in October, 1881, I took twenty-five Indian boys and five girls back to their Dakota homes, after three years training at Hampton, the former were readily placed in rooms by themselves away from the camp, employed in agency workshops at the trades they had learned, and were thus helped greatly; the girls could not be so isolated, they had no trades, and though they could make their own garments, and do housework, there were not suitable situations for them, and they returned to their mothers and grandmothers, who would sell them to the brave who would pay the most ponies for them; one of the five, an earnest Christian, wrote; "Hard to be good woman out here;" she finally married a white man of good repute. She has recently brought her savage father and mother near to her home.

Another is reported as a most satisfactory house-servant in the family of a missionary; another keeps her father's store and books; he is one of the best and most thrifty of Indians, but the family live in one room in a log cabin.

Two others, younger, are waiting an opportunity to return to Hampton for two years more training, with a view of becoming teachers. Teaching is the career for Indian girls, as it has been the one way for colored girls of the South to be more than drudges: it is the only field for a womanly ambition. The increase of the educational fund for Indians creates some hope for their girls, on whom rest the hope of the race.

There is a tendency to increase our course of study to longer than three years. One set having returned, the Indians, whose parental feeling is tender and strong, are more trustful of us, and are ready to consent to a longer absence of their children. One boy has already returned at his own expense, and another is saving money for this purpose, both to learn more, and to perfect themselves in the trade of shoemaking. The sooner the Indian can stand without government aid the better. Any boy can return who will pay his way back. This gives a motive to work, and creates appreciation of his opportunities.

For the practical necessities of Indian life, their training should be practical. We give half the day to study and half to labor. An education which does not fit them to take care of themselves, may do them more harm than good. Mechanical more than Agricultural training is given at Hampton and Carlisle, for the better wages that tradesmen get.

Government allows $225.00 apiece annually for each Indian at Carlisle, which is a government affair. For Hampton and other private schools, I think that only board, clothing and cost of medical attendance should be asked—say $15.00 a month, or $180.00 for the entire year. Hampton is allowed but $167.00, (less than was asked for, and less than the Commissioner of Indian affairs requested,) due to a foolish parsimony in Congress.

The cost of a double set of teachers, one in the school room and the other in the shop, is estimated at $70.00 a year; a $70.00 scholarship is sought for each Indian at Hampton.

I think that when charity and the government are linked together for Indian work, the former should erect the buildings and maintain the teachers; the latter supply the wants of the body. United States beef and flour are as good as anybody's, but government employes, as our civil service stands, are not the men to elevate the Indian. Those who support the teachers control them. The telling factor in all humane work is the person who does it. Unless this shall be supplied from the pure fountains of our Christian civilization, it will not, as a rule, be supplied at all. I refer to the educational work at the Agencies: there the government day end boarding schools should, of course, be strictly responsible to the appointing and controlling power, and their moral value will be that of the Agent in charge. Missionary effort should stimulate these greatly: the mission teachers should be superior men and women, directly responsible to their own supporters in the East.

Let us first supply our own teachers for the Indians, and then fit *them* to become their own teachers: to make these is to make the people.

The system of Negro free schools in the South is vitalized by a number of strong, central institutions that train the picked youth of the race as teachers. This is, I think, the true relation of Eastern charity to the Indian; excellent boarding and industrial schools at each important Agency, to train the best boys and girls to teach the rest, both in school and by their good example. Getting fifteen dollars a month a piece from government, for the food and clothing, and medical care of each pupil, need not, in the least, weaken the independence or *morale* of a teacher. The friends of the Indians will do the rest. They are no poorer for having given $27,000.00 for "Winona Lodge," a new Indian girls home at Hampton. Philanthropy and public functions should never be mixed. They get along best when in most clearly defined relations.

THE SITUATION.

Four rail road lines belting the Continent, some of them crossing reservations, mean a belt of enterprise for forty miles each side of the track, and progress everywhere. Indian lands are going up in value; their valuable mines are tempting the pioneer on his weakest side; their rich river bottoms are coveted by the farmer, who can get fabulous prices for his crops of potatoes, wheat and hay. Neither treaties nor troops can sustain the Indian in his tenure of vast tracts; he cannot hold hunting grounds on the track of progress, any more than the white man can. Back of all legislation there are ideas which are mightier than the dollar, the sword and the law. Thought is supreme. It demands *use* as part of one's title to land and property. The Indian must give that or give up. Our frontier line is pushing steadily westward, at the rate of twenty miles a year; has already wrapped itself around and is pressing hard upon the reservations. The red men has given up much already, in part on a bargain, in part to force. The always friendly Crows and the Sioux and others, must make homesteads for themselves or be gradually forced back to where they will endure no longer, and fight. Frontier officers foresee and expect the latter. The alternative is civilization or extermination, and that before very long. For the former is needed a wisdom and executive energy not yet supplied. The latter will cost at least one white man's life for every Indian killed, besides untold suffering and expense; it can be done, but it will hurt us as much as the Indian.

Public sentiment is growing stronger in favor of Indians: contempt and hopelessness prevail but do not gain. Congress provided last session nearly three times as much money as ever for their education. There has been a marked improvement of late years in Indian administration: its standards are higher, its men are better than they were. Plundering Agents are very nearly out of the way. Capacity rather than mere honesty is the need now.

The people to-day will do more for Indians than ever before.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

The recent transfer of the Indians under its care by the American Board of Foreign Missions to the above named, a home society, unites the Congregationalists, concentrates the interest of New England in one body, through which it will express its sympathy for the red race of our country.

The one of the Pilgrim Fathers have a heritage from the past by way of a duty to the Indians that the time has come to fulfil.

The situation is critical; the opportunity is great: the rising tide of public sentiment, the movement at Washington; the eagerness as well as the exigency of the red man, all signify that to meet the duty of the day there is the spirit among the people.

But this work needs a leader: it will drag if thrown on overloaded men. The man is as much as the money, the one will bring the other, not only by wise appeals but by wise, good work, that will commend itself to the country.

For more than a century Indians rejected our civilization. Now their thinking men, (for they are a race of thinkers) forecast the future, and wish their children taught the white man's way as their only hope.

They do not choose this: they are compelled to it; hundreds, thousands, are waiting and glad to work for an education. They beg for what they once detested, and this feeling is growing.

A final word for the result of Indian teaching.

We prefer at Hampton pupils from the simple, wild Indian life; pure blood. Whatever they have done they have not sinned against light: they are low but not degraded; they are not fallen, for they have had nowhere to fall from. Their response to Christian teaching is a surprise and a delight. They are converted from their own way; they have morally come to the right-about, faced the other way. We feel sure of their fidelity, but not of their consistency. There is a moral support in surrounding circumstances that constitutes at least half of the virtue in New England. There is a moral drag in a Christian Indian's surrounding that doubles the value of the good in him, and in virtue of which he may stand justified in spite of a life that would condemn any of us.

The truth applies to ranks of all the less favored classes or races of the world. The only hopeless people are those who have knowingly rejected the light.

A JEWISH SERVICE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

For the Southern Workman. by C. C. A.

I have just returned from the Feast of Tabernacles. I went with a pleasant lady who goes to the Jewish Synagogue sometimes to feast on the music, which is grand. We walked about three blocks, and were in time at 10 A. M. The place was similar to other churches, with galleries, where we sat so as to have a good view. The seats were made of California laurel, varnished; cushioned, carpeted, &c; the window all painted with gorgeous colors, the house dimly lighted with gas. A large fine toned organ rose behind the altar, surrounded in front by a handsome railing. Under the organ was the Holy of Holies, where the Ark of the Covenent stands. Within the railing stood a priest by a table, reading alternately in Hebrew and English, with a very German accent, but a rich musical voice. The congregation of German Jews was sparse. Both sexes sat together in the pews, the men with uncovered heads, for this is a so called Reformed Jewish Synagogue. Many used books when the priest read. The Rabbi came in with a black cap on his white locks, and sat in an arm chair at the right end a little back of the priest, who also wore a black cap. Their garments were not colored and decorated with gold lace as in the Greek Church. The general impression was of sombre black. The singing and organ music was grand. It reminded me of what an old gentlemen in Springfield said of Jenny Lind whose sweet voice I heard there in 1850; "She will lead the choir in Heaven." The Law, as delivered to Moses, was brought from the inner tabernacle, and held up before the people, surrounded by ornaments of gold. This was accompanied with reeding in Hebrew and with grand music. Such clear, melodious, rich voices, it was a delight to hear as they echoed around us. The Commandments were then brought from the tabernacle and the scroll laid on the table, and partly unrolled. Then the Rabbi stepped forward and read—all this interspersed with music. Then it was rolled up, and wrapped in a richly ornamented covering—perhaps the work of some; "Lydia," "seller of purple"—again held up before the people, and then carried out of sight into the Holy Place. The priest then seemed to read a prayer; then all of the congregation who were robed in mourning stood up. Then followed a verbal prayer, and then the benediction. The service seemed solemn and impressive, and in my soul I said, "Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove, quicken and baptize with thy Spirit each soul in this house."

THE ALUMNI JOURNAL.

We are glad to see this little sheet—owned and published by resident graduates at Hampton—still holding its own, in appearance and prosperity. It contains each month news from ex-students scattered in various places, and is a pleasant means of intercourse among them as well as a good school for its managers and contributors. We should be glad if all could take it and sustain it. A graduate correspondant in the last number says:

I have just closed my school, situated about five miles in the country, after a term of nine months; from January *2nd* to Oct. *2nd*, 1882; walking about ten miles a day to and from school every school day during the term. You see that I do not go to and from school every day because I have to, but the summer days are so long here and time is so precious that I could not afford to pass the long afternoons in idleness, but take my afternoons in cultiveting my orange grove which contains about 800 or 1000 trees. It is quite important to know that in laboring with the mind we should also labor with the hands. Education in the State of Georgia seeme to be progressing, but not so rapidly as if there were a sufficient school fund appropriated to run the schools without so much burden upon the patrons of the schools in having to pay the greater part for their children's education; but through the efforts of Professor Orr, State Supt., it is hoped that the educational system will be on a firmer basis.

You will find enclosed fifty cents which you will please accept in payment of one year's subscription for the Journal.—Yes, send me the Journal, for it is a great companion for me: I can never get too tired to read it. Thanking you for your kindness,

Respectfully,

G. R. JACKSON.

Darien, Ga.

PLEASURE TAKING.—Pleasure-taking is not nearly as much provided for among our earnest, intense, energetic American people as it should be. We live altogether too much in the future, too little in the present. We live poor that we may die rich. We get all ready to be happy, and when we get quite ready, infirmity, or disease, or death steps in, and the chance to take comfort in this short life is gone. If we could only be content to seize upon the little pleasures that lie just outside and often within our daily pathway, they would make a large sum total at the end of the "three score and ten." Far too many of us scorn pleasures that are cheap and near, and within our grasp, and complain because we cannot have such as are costly, and remote, and inaccessible.—*Exchange.*

At Home.

HELPING MOTHER.

Sweeping, and washing the dishes,
Bringing the wood from the shed,
Ironing, sewing, and knitting,
Helping to make up the bed,

Taking good care of the baby,
Watching her lest she should fall,
We little children are busy,
Oh, there is work for us all,
Helping Mother.

From the New England Farmer.

PRESERVING CURIOSITIES.

"The young man or young women who, on leaving school consider that their education is completed, will, in after years' discover that they were greatly mistaken; for, in fact, it is but just begun. Only the foundation as it were, is laid, upon which to begin to build. A person may go on gathering knowledge on every hand and treasuring it up from day to day, as long as life shall last. Lessons are to be learned from the animals we care for, as well as those which we have to guard against, and also the birds of the air, and the thousands upon thousands of little insects with which we have to keep up a continual warfare. Useful lessons are to be learned from a ramble in the forest and the field; in the orchard and the garden. Something new is continually coming up for our instruction, and if we keep our eyes open we shall be the gainer. These beautiful autumn days are a very favorable season for outdoor study, and the farmer's wife and daughters who have been roasting over the stove the past few months, preparing food for their hungry menfolks, should embrace every opportunity to be in the open air these delightful afternoons, and take a ramble in the woods to admire the beauties of nature and you will need to take along a basket because you will surely want it. You will find some nice autumn leaves a prize for house decoration, some rich leaf mould to put in your flower pots, and perhaps a lot of chestnuts may be gathered.

I have been thinking lately, if we could have room devoted especially to the preservation of curiosities that we come across on the farm and any extraordinary product of the soil, it would be a valuable adjunct to any and every farm, as it would afford instruction and amusement to every member of the family; and many an hour could be profitably spent here. If we found an extra large potato or apple, or any other like product that could not be kept for an indefinite period, it could be cut open through the centre, laid on a sheet of white paper and a pencil mark around it, so as to preserve a *correct* drawing of its size, and notes made in regard to it that it would be interesting to remember; tall or exceedingly prolific stalks of corn, or fine ears should be saved, as well as very fine heads of grain or anything else of the sort. Sections of trees or shrubs of a peculiar growth might wall be brought here, as well as cabinets of insects that have been collected; and in fact, anything and everything that will be interesting to have here; and make it the *museum of the farm*. For lack of room I have not got this "museum" yet, but I feel the need of it, and it is under contemplation. I have a lot of specimens of stones collected in different parts of New Hampshire, Massachusetts and New York, and if the room was provided, it would most certainly get filled with a collection of interesting objects. I often come across things in the field and forest worthy of preservation, and think that everyone who is deeply interested in farm life can in a few years, gather a collection that it would pay to look at. The influence that such a room would have over the young people of the farm could certainly result in nothing but good to them, and I believe that in after years it would be looked back to, as being a very bright place in the old homestead.

A place of this kind on the farm would have a tendency to make farm life more interesting to the boys, and *girls too*. A great deal is said about getting the boys interested in the farm, but I want to see the girls as deeply interested. Our boys will want wives; and if the boys wish to engage in farming for a life work, the girls should be equally interested in it. How often we hear young ladies say "I wouldn't be a farmer's wife," and yet, they sometimes do ten times worse than marry a farmer. When the farm is made what it should be, it is a very pleasant place, and I have often thought that the farmer's wife had as easy a life as the wife of the village mechanic, and usually very much pleasanter surroundings. To me the quiet of the farm is greatly preferable to the noise and bustle of the town. I think that if the rural people do not enjoy themselves it is their own fault, and there is no need of their being tempted of outside life."

Corning, N. Y., Oct. 20, 1882. F. E. D.

Teachers' Table.

"SENTIMENTS" FOR RECITATION.

We have recently adopted at Hampton Institute a practice found beneficial in other schools, and which we would recommend to any. It is the recitation at the opening of the school each morning, by one of the students of the Senior class—all taking their turns—of a brief selection of prose or poetry embodying some useful truth or vigorous sentiment. It is an excellent thing to store the mind with elevating thoughts and expressive words, and their recitation in the morning will tend, with the reading of the words of inspiration, to give tone to the whole day. For the benefit of those of our graduate teachers especially who may have pupils sufficiently advanced to learn them with profit, we will give from time to time, as below, a column of the "Sentiments for the day"—recited at Hampton.

Those of the last month have been selected chiefly from the golden words of the great founder of a great state, whose bi-centennial has just been celebrated—William Penn.

"Governments, like clocks, go from the motion men give them, and as governments are made and moved by men, so by them, they are ruined too. * * * That therefore which makes a good constitution must keep it, namely, *men of wisdom and virtue*, qualities that because they descend not with worldly inheritance, must be carefully propagated by a virtuous education of youth." *William Penn*

"I know of no religion that destroys courtesy and kindness, which, rightly understood, are great indications of true men, if not of good Christians."—*William Penn.*

"There can be no reason to persecute any men in this world about anything that belongs to the next."—*William Penn.*

"I know some say, Let us have good laws, and no matter for the men that execute them. But let them consider that though good laws do well, good men do better, for good laws need good men, and are abolished or evaded by ill men; but good men will never lack good laws, nor allow ill ones."—*William Penn.*

"Obedience is our universal duty and destiny, wherein whosoever will not bend must break; too early and too thoroughly we cannot be trained to know that *would*, in this world of ours, is a mere zero to *should*, and for the most part, as the smallest of fractions aveu to *shall*."—*Carlyle.*

"True it is that in these days, man can do almost all things, only not obey. True, likewise, that whoso cannot obey cannot be free, still less bear rule. He that is the inferior of nothing, can be the superior of nothing, the equal of nothing."—*Carlyle.*

"Be, and not seem. If you would not be known to do a thing, never do it. Never was a sincere word utterly lost. A man passes for what he is worth—what he is, engraves itself on his form, on his features, in letters of light."—*Emerson.*

"It is by what we ourselves have done, and not by what others have done for us that we shall be remembered by after ages. It is thought that has aroused the intellect from its slumbers, that has given lustre to virtue and dignity to truth. It is by those examples which have influenced the soul with the love of goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble that we hold communion with Shakespeare and Milton, with Johnson and Burke, with Howard and Wilberforce."—*Francis Wayland.*

"The crown and glory of life is character. It is the noblest possession of a man, constituting a rank in itself, and an estate in the general good will, dignifying every station and exalting every position in society. It exercises a greater power than wealth, and secures all the honor without the jealousy of fame. It carries with it an influence which always tells—for it is the result of proud honor, rectitude and consistency, qualities which perhaps more than any other command the general confidence and respect of mankind." *S. Smiles.*

"Method goes far to prevent trouble in business; for it makes the task easy, hinders confusion, saves abundance of time and instructs those that have business depending, what to do and what to hope."—*Wm. Penn.*

Health and Humanity.

TEN LESSONS ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

SECOND LESSON.

On Thee each living soul awaits,
From Thee, O Lord, all seek their food.
Thou openest Thy hand
And fillest all with good—

—Hayden's Creation.

"WHAT WE OWE TO ANIMALS."

[To be read to pupils by Primary Teachers]

Those who have read the story of Robinson Crusoe, the sailor who was shipwrecked on an island not inhabitated by white men, will remember how he soon made companions of the various animals he found there, and with their aid sustained life until he was rescued. If one should be shipwrecked on a desert island where no animal lived,—no horse to draw us, no ox to toil for us, no cow or goat to give us milk, no sheep to give us wool, no hens to give us eggs, no dog to be our companion and guard us in the night, no cat to lie on the hearth, no birds to sing their songs, no living creature to keep us company, no sound of living thing by day or night, only solitude and silence everywhere, with nothing to eat but such roots as we could dig from the earth, and nothing to wear but such bark as we could pluck from trees, we should then know how much we owe to these creatures, which God has mercifully provided for our use. And ever afterwards, if we escaped from such a life, how grateful we should be to God for giving them, and how grateful to them for the service they render us.

It has been said by those who have studied, that if *only* the birds were all destroyed, we could not live on the earth, for the insects which birds eat would destroy all the vegetation, and all human and animal life would perish.

BENEFIT OF ANIMALS.

Let us consider what we owe to animals. Some of them, such as cows, sheep, and goats, supply us with both food and clothing.

The ox toils for us, and also supplies us with food and clothing.

Horses, mules, and donkeys toil for us through life, up to old age. All that these animals get in return for their service is only their simple food and water, with shelter from the weather, sometimes very poor, cold in winter and hot in summer.

The dog is the companion and faithful friend of his master; whether the master be rich or poor he never deserts him, follows him as cheerfully to his hovel as to a palace, and asks in return only words of kindness, and the leavings of his master's table.

The cat keeps our houses free from mice, and makes them more cheerful.

Hosts of animals there are that make the world more pleasant and our lives happier. They add a charm to the meadows by their bleating and browsing, and peaceful existence. They make the woods pleasant with their sweet songs and fair plumage. They peep with bright eyes from tree, and bank, and bush. They cover and fill the streams, and ponds, and lakes, and ocean, with their brilliant forms and abundant life. Since they do so much for us, we should do all we can to make their lives comfortable and happy, by shelter, and care, and kind words, and always give them proper food, and kind treatment.

A FABLE.

In an Eastern fable it is told that Amurath, sultan or emperor of the East, once in a sudden fit of anger cruelly struck a dog that was playing about his feet. At once a peal of thunder was heard in the palace and the Spirit Syndarec stood before him.

"Amurath," said he, "thou hast struck thy innocent brother, who, like thee, has received from the Almighty capacity of pleasure and pain. If thou art justified in giving pain to him, I, Syndarac shall be justified in giving pain to thee."

From this let us learn that if we cruelly cause weaker creatures to suffer, God, who made them, may cause us to suffer in return.

SOME QUESTIONS.

[Others to be added by teachers.]

If we were shipwrecked on a desert island where there was no bird, nor any living animal, what should we be compelled to eat, and what could we find to wear?

If all the birds on earth were destroyed, what is it said would happen, and why?

What benefit do we receive from cows, sheep, goats, oxen, and horses; and what do they get in return?

What does the dog do for us, and what does he ask in return?

What does the cat do for us?

How do hosts of other animals make our lives happier?

What ought we to do for them?

What can you tell about the Eastern fable of Amurath, sultan of the East?

What may we learn from that fable?

Agriculture.

HOW TO BEGIN FARMING.

Success in any business depends more on the man than on the business. Some men will succeed in almost any business, while others may engage in the most profitable business, and not pay their expenses.

If a man possess an average intelligence, is industrious and not wasteful, he will be very sure to succeed in farming, providing he takes an interest in the business and makes the proper efforts to inform himself as to the best methods of growing the particular crops he desires to raise.

We do not think of any business that would promise very good returns without capital, or some knowledge of the business. As farming is a business that prospers by intelligence, quite as well as any other, it would not be wise for any one to attempt to follow it until he has become practically acquainted with the use of farm implements, and understands the principles of plant growth.

The young man who desires to become a farmer, and has neither capital nor a knowledge of the business, should hire himself out to some intelligent farmer who has made the business a success; and he should work so diligently, and make himself so useful, as to get the good will of the farmer, who will thus become interested in his welfare and gladly give him such information as to the best soils and crops, and the best fertilizers and methods of cultivation, as will be needed when he has a farm of his own. While a business education is thus being acquired, if proper economy be used, money may be laid up, so that in a few years he will have enough to purchase a small farm; thus accomplishing two very important things at the same time, and he will also probably have decided what particular branch of farming is most agreeable to him. If it should be the production of milk, fruits or vegetables, he must locate near a city or manufacturing town, where he can secure a good market for his produce.

The amount of capital required must depend somewhat on the price of land where the location is desired, and also on the energy of the man.

He who commences in any business with a small capital, must expect at first his gains will be small, but we believe he had better commence with a very small capital of his own than a large capital that is borrowed.

A young man who desires to become a farmer can invest his first hundred dollars by purchasing ten acres of land, and still keep at work for wages until he has saved money enough to purchase manure to fertilize two or three acres, and enough to pay for plowing and the seed required. He can work on his own land a portion of the time, but still work for others enough to pay expenses until his crops are grown. Thus one can commence on a very small capital, without much risk.

As a rule, it is better to buy only what is wanted for cultivation. Cultivate it well, and its value is very sure to increase; much more so than if purchased and permitted to lie a barren waste.

In conclusion, we would advise—

First, Make yourself acquainted with the business you are to follow, and be sure you like it.

Second, Begin small and on your own capital, and increase your business only as your capital increases.

Third, Strive to produce the best varieties of everything that is grown, and prepare them for the market in the best manner.

Fourth, Do just as you agree. When you promise an article at any particular time, be prompt, and deliver it as soon or before the time expires.

Fifth, Be diligent, be liberal, be just, and thus build up a character that will secure to you, in your declining years, the respect of all and the title of an honest man.—Ed. *Southern Planter.*

SWEET POTATOES.—A DISCOVERY.

It is well known among farmers and gardeners that English peas, beans, tomatoes, and some other plants need some support to climb upon to keep them off the ground, or else the result of the crop will not prove satisfactory. In the case of these plants the reason is obvious enough. Not only the plant itself needs all the air and sunlight that it can get, but the fruit itself must be kept off the ground, or it will decay.

But few farmers, we opine, ever thought of providing similar supports for sweet potato vines to climb upon, or ever thought that it would be any benefit at all to keep them off the ground during the growing period. Yet an accidental discovery we made the past summer almost convinces us, that it would be much better to provide in some cheap way a support to keep the potato vines off the ground, and thus have both them and the earth about the roots more accessible to light, heat, and air. All know how hard it is to

prevent potato vines from taking root, especially during a rainy season. If, then, the vines could be made to climb upon some such support as brush, stuck along the ridge from end to end, this would be prevented, the vines and the whole plant would get more air, and the ground could be worked and kept fine and mellow as long as the growing season lasts. The consequence would be, there would be larger and better flavored potatoes and more of them than now. An accidental discovery leads us to this conclusion, and when we remind the reader that most of the useful discoveries are the result of accident, we hope none will scout the idea before trying it.—*Petersburg Weekly Index-Appeal.*

GOOD WATER FOR THE STOCK.

Pure water and abundance of it is one of the essentials of every good farm. This water should be at or near the barn or barns. During the summer months when the farm stock is in the pastures with green fodder, the water supply does not seem to be of so great importance. A good stream may be all that is necessary, even if it is situated a half mile from the farm buildings; but in winter a supply close at hand is of great value. Barn-yard wells are convenient but are seldom receptacles of pure water. The water, too frequently would serve a better purpose if used as a fertilizer upon the land than given to the animals. Far superior to the well water is that of some spring which is brought to various places in and around the farm buildings from a neighboring hill side. There are very many places where pipes can be laid and the very best of water brought in to supply the wants of the stock. There is a great loss sustained by farmers in giving, or allowing their stock to seek and drink water that is at the point of freezing. It not only chills the system, but requires a large amount of food to bring it to blood heat. Spring water though cool is not ice cold. Before the winter sets in, and the stock are all in their quarters, every one should see that his water supply is what it should be for the sake of the comfort and health of his animals, and the profit which comes with such thoughtfulness."—*American Agriculturist.*

INCREASED PURCHASING POWER OF FARM PRODUCTS.—A contemporary says: "In 1816 one bushel of corn would buy one pound of nails. In 1882 one bushel of corn would buy fifteen pounds of nails. In 1816 it took from twenty to eighty dozen of eggs to buy one bushel of salt. In 1882 one dozen eggs would do the same thing. In 1816 it required sixty-four bushels of barley to buy one yard of broad-cloth. In 1882 five bushels of barley would do the business. In 1816 it required one bushel of wheat to purchase one yard of calico. In 1882 one bushel of wheat would buy thirty-five yards of a better article. In 1816 a pair of woolen blankets cost as much as a cow. In 1882 a cow would buy from six to twenty pairs of blankets superior in every way."—*Industrial South.*

Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute

AT

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

Incorporated in 1870, by special Act of General Assembly of Virginia: exempt from taxation.

Devoted to the Education of Negro and Indian youth in Agriculture and the Mechanic arts, and as teachers of their respective races.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal;* J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Treasurer.*

Annual session from October 1st till the middle of June following.

Terms of admission: a knowledge of reading and writing, and of short and long division.

Tuition free to all, (provided by friends.) Board, etc., ten dollars per month, payable monthly, half in cash and half in labor; six dollars cash, and four dollars in work required of those under 19 years of age. The first year is probationary. None under fourteen or over twenty-eight years of age need apply.

The institution is aided by the State, but is supported mainly by voluntary contributions. Besides State aid and Government help for Indians, the sum of $30,000.00 a year, must be raised by contributions, to meet current expenses.

Annual scholarships of seventy dollars, to provide free tuition, are solicited.

Donations of any amount are most acceptable; and are invited from all.

The great need of the institution is a permanent endowment fund.

The Hampton Institute is supported by, and responsible to, no denomination or society, and has no paid soliciting agent or machinery whatever, but depends directly upon the public. It is earnestly Christian in its teachings and influence.

Present attendance, 464 students, of whom 90 are Indians: average age 18. Negro boys 216; Negro girls 158. Indian boys 62; Indian girls 28. All but twenty-five board at the Institute: twelve states represented, but chiefly Virginia and North Carolina.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and devise to the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., the sum of.....dollars, payable &c., &c.

For further information address,

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal.*

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. XII. HAMPTON, VA., JANUARY, 1883 NO. 1.

IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

About the middle of September, I set out with my sister, who had been spending some weeks with me in the Shenandoah Valley. In order to make the necessary connections, we took the night trains, and it was about twelve o'clock when we entered the comfortable waiting-room at the Union depot, which was well lighted, and everything orderly and quiet. We were the only women to be seen, and the railway officials, the night watch-man, and the half-dozen men, who like ourselves were waiting for the train, were all polite and obliging, ready to answer our questions, and do us any service in their power.

Such scenes always give me a feeling of thankfulness, as I recognise the great benefits granted to women, in a civilized and Christian country. What a contrast with the day when a woman must ever be closely veiled and kept within doors, or if compelled to travel, must be accompanied by an armed guard. When young and beautiful, she was ever liable to become the prey of robbers; when old and ugly, the slave of any who cared to assume charge of her, scarcely sure of her life, unless her services were in requisition.

When the train came, we entered it promptly, and following the example of most of its occupants, resigned ourselves to slumber as calm as if we were at home and in bed.

Reaching Charlottesville about 3 A. M., we were put off on a dimly lighted platform, several kindly hands being extended to aid our uncertain steps and lift our numerous bags and baskets, and obeying the direction given us, we crossed a dark piece of open ground to reach the train, which was waiting to bear us over steep mountains, and through long tunnels, to that fair and beauteous vale, where so many of "our affections lie."

Charlottesville is a famous place for confusion about the stations in the daytime. The University students crowd around, and Africans of every shade, but mostly of jetty hue, in numbers sufficient to have stocked the slave markets of old, and caused a decline in the price of field hands, abound, all bearing trays, loaded with, the leggy chickens and soggy biscuit, supposed to suit the digestion of the traveling public. I had looked forward with pleasure to reaching the classic home of Jefferson in the silent hours of night, supposing that students and Africans, like the wicked, would then "have ceased from troubling." This was true, so far as the students were concerned, but far wrong as to the Negroes. Not one of them was missing, and I could not stop a moment in spite of the warning voice of the conductor, to survey the strange, weird scene about us. Scattered over the dark area between the two stations, fiery little furnaces were glowing, pots boiling, chickens frying, the tray bearers hazzing round, crying their wares in hoarse voices, all looking like gnomes of darkness, who feel no mortal weariness, but are compelled by the evil genius they serve, to go on forever offering sour apples and tough pies, supernatural numbers of chicken legs, and greasy biscuit at the car windows. Then the train plunges on in the darkness, and the uneasy traveller, whom hunger and opportunity have betrayed into eating, starts from the brink of precipices over which he is being driven by a demon, to find himself safe in his seat in the car, with the conductor calling the name of the station at his side. Having turned a deaf ear to the snack sellers, we could have slept comfortably in our rapid transit over the blue mountains, whose beautiful vistas were veiled from our eyes by the heavy wings of night, but for the lively chatter of two pretty school-girls on their way to Staunton to enter one of the numerous seminaries of that flourishing little city. The girls rattled away without flagging for about two hours to a somewhat sedate youth, who seemed to enjoy taking things quietly himself and hearing the girls chatter and giggle, which they were obliging enough to do without stint. Is anything in this world as silly, unreasoning, and attractive as the average young girl?

When we reached Staunton, daylight had dawned, and a rosy light was beginning to come over the mountains. The air was so fresh and sweet we did not care to ride the few squares intervening between the C. O. and Balt. & O. stations, and looked around for a small African to convey our bag and bundles. At once we realized that we were west of the Blue Ridge, and felt the advancing price of labor! Eastern Virginia swarms with Negroes, and in all towns east of the ridge, there are always numbers of little black ragamuffins, dirty and hungry looking, who jump at a chance to go anywhere, and do anything for five cents. In the Valley and Western Virginia, the slaves were comparatively few, and there has, of late years, been a steady deportation of Negroes from that section.

Those who have had advantages of training go to the cities of the North or West; the able bodied laborers are taken to distant mining districts. Our looked for colored boy seemed very scarce at first, and when he was found, he would not touch the luggage for less than ten cents, and seemed quite indifferent about it at all. He was clean and well dressed, however, a refreshing contrast to our Lynchburg street gamin, and we learned, on talking with him, that he had had his breakfast, was on his way to school, and was only picking up a job or two for small change, so upon the whole, he had made a good start as an American citizen, and might be said "to have a bright future before him." Hearing me say that I should like to mail a postal announcing our safe arrival, he remarked politely that he was going by the Post-office, and would drop it in for me, and having fully earned his dime, he took it with a merry smile, and bade us good morning.

We found ourselves an hour too soon for the Valley train, and would have felt uncomfortable in the car, which was chill and damp from vigorous sweeping and sprinkling, had we not recognized in the colored stewardess who was busily dusting the seats, our old acquaintance, Mrs. H——. Her presence recalled my first meeting with her some years ago in Lynchburg, when she came to me in much distress, wanting to borrow money to get back to the Valley with her two sons, who had been beguiled into our tobacco town by reports of the high wages to be gained in the factories. Mrs. H.—— had lately been left a widow, with many children, and had cherished great hopes of the aid her boys could give her, when making factory wages, but these hopes she declared, in vehement language, had proved a delusion and a snare. It was true the boys when working had made money fast, but they had also spent it fast. The work was "unregular," the price of board at the snack houses where the meals had been taken was dear, and in short, the anxious mother after vainly waiting for the boys and their money, had come in search of them, and chancing on a day when the tobacco was not "in order," had found them loafing, ragged and penniless in the streets, with hundreds of factory hands, as improvident as themselves, in the same condition. She had only enough money with her to defray her own expenses, but she was bent on taking her sons back with her, and knowing of no one else in the city to whom she could apply for help, she had come to me, and urged me to lend her the money. I had often heard of my visitor as a tenant of of my uncle's, who bore the character of being honest and industrious, and could not find it in my heart to refuse her entreaties. Having secured the necessary funds, the unlucky mother collared her unprofitable offspring and departed. Some weeks later, a note from my sister in the Valley informed me that Mrs. H.—— had placed the money loaned in her hands to be returned to me, with many apologies for not sending it sooner; she, "had to earn the money before she could pay it." We learned with pleasure from the stewardess that she was quite prosperous, having for years held a good position with the B. & O. company, who paid her "living" wages and furnished a house for her. When I asked for the boys who had caused her so much trouble in Lynchburg, her cheerful tone and expression changed. She said sadly, they were both dead; when children once got wedded from their mother, they were gone for good. The boys had been restless, and soon wandered away from her again. One had come back sick after a while, and lingered only to die; the other had been killed in a row on some western rail-road, where the foreigners "struck" when colored men were put to work with them. While we were expressing sympathy for the sorrows of the worthy stewardess, Mrs. H's youngest son, a bright little fellow, came into the car, and tried to coax his mother to consent to some plan of his, and the manner in which she despatched him from the station, with the abrupt change in her voice, gave good proof that her vigor was not gone, or her natural force abated by reason of age or care.

An hour's ride through the green hills and dales of Augusta and Rockingham, brought us to our journey's end, and many smiling faces at the station bespoke us a cordial welcome.

The elections were approaching, and we found the Valley people much interested in politics. It was amusing to hear the comments of a Philadelphia friend, who had been spending some time in Harrisonburg, on the excessive love of political excitement shown by the Virginians. He said he had heard more discussion on such subjects in a week in Virginia, than he should have heard in the North in a year. When he took the train at Staunton, he wondered why they did not start, as it was long past schedule time, and the conductor explained that the Convention which was to nominate the member of Congress, was in session, and he had promised the people of Harrisonburg to bring the news.

It is proper to state that this was literally the "accommodation" train. The mail and express trains of the B. & O. do not wait to hear the result of political meetings.

I was invited to attend a grand "barbecue" in Augusta county, at which general Mahone and other prominent politicians were to be present, and should have gone but for the long ride over rough country roads. Several of our friends who attended, enjoyed the occasion highly.

Crowds of people of all classes and kinds, embracing the habitants of a district extending over twenty miles of country, assembled, among them some two hundred colored people, all cheerful, good humored and bent on enjoying the day. There was an enormous amount of good things to eat, with plenty of music, speeches from popular orators, and everything passed off pleasantly.

The most casual observer can see that a few years have made a great change in liberalizing public sentiment, and doing away with much of the prejudice between races and sections throughout Virginia. The civil war seems almost forgotten, and the bitterness which was the natural result of such a revolution, has softened into a far nobler sentiment of regret for the sacrifice of so many lives of those who should have been friends instead of enemies. The country is generally prosperous. In the Valley, as in other parts of the state, much mineral wealth is being developed, and those who for a season wore the raiment of sorrow, begin to look forward cheerfully and think "there is a good time coming."

SEAL HUNTING.

The common seal inhabits the colder waters of most parts of the world. It is a handsome creature, with beautifully mottled skin, and large, intelligent eyes. Its color is generally grayish yellow, with spots of brown or black. Its length is seldom more than five feet. Though true mammalia and not fish, the seals, like the whales, are inhabitants of the water, and specially formed for an equatic existence. All the feet are enclosed in a thick web, which makes them into broad fins. On land the movements of these animals are very clumsy; they shuffle along by means of their fore-feet, or rather paddles, and drag their hind-feet after them. Their food is chiefly fish, and they sometimes chase salmon quite far up rivers. They are fond of crawling out of the water upon the rocks, benches and ice floes, to bask in the sun, always keeping a good lookout, and plunging into the water at the approach of an enemy. They are playful, but at times fight fiercely, and their bite is severe. Their voice is a kind of snapping bark. They can remain under water twenty minutes or longer; their animal heat is among the highest found in mammals. They swim with considerable speed and are expert divers. Their sense of smell and sight are very acute. They are easily tamed, affectionate and intelligent. In Zoological gardens they have been taught to sit erect, to bow, kiss the hand, pretend to be asleep, and snore, turn the crank of a hand-organ, shoulder a gun, shake hands, and perform other similar tricks. Seals are among the most useful of animals to man. The Esquimaux use the flesh for food, the oil for light, warmth and cooking; the skins for their thick, warm clothes, from their boots to their boats, and for the coverings of boats and tents; the sinews for thread and fishing lines; the skins of the entrails for window curtains and shirts; and the blood for making soup. The Esquimaux hunt the seal in water proof boats covered with his skin. This boat or *Kayak*, is small, sharp at both ends, and entirely covered over except a small hole in the middle, just the size of the owner's waist. He tucks himself through this hole, into the boat, and then braves single handed the fury of the ocean. He uses the teeth of the seal for spear heads, and makes floats for his lines of the creature's stomach. In the winter he spears them through the holes in the ice where they come up to breathe. The smaller ones are stunned by a blow from a club. The seals are covered with coarse long hair, underneath which is an under jacket of soft fine fur. It is this which is left on and carefully dressed and dyed, to be made into the beautiful seal skin cloaks worn by ladies. Millions of skins are used in Europe and this country, and thousands of tons of shipping are employed in their capture. The seal fishing is extensively carried on from Newfoundland, in sailing vessels of from fifty to two hundred tons burden, manned by from twenty-five to ninety men. Recently steamers have also been employed. The seals are taken on the ice, off the east and north coasts of the Island: the season lasting from the first of March to the last of May. The finest seal skins however come from Alaska. Large herds of seals of various species are found on fields of floating ice, called seal meadows: on these the hunters try to surprise them when sleeping, killing the young with clubs and shooting the old ones.

Such a scene is represented in our picture, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of our friends, Messrs. Harper Bros.—*Appletons American Encyclopedia, Woods' Natural History, and Cecil's Book of Natural History.*

WEALTHY COLORED PEOPLE OF PHILADELPHIA.

Some of the wealthiest colored men of America live in Philadelphia. For instance there is Col. John McKee, who pays taxes on more than a hundred houses besides other properties and stocks. Mr. Green of West Philadelphia can draw on his banker for $50,000. Mr. Robert Purvis is the owner of and lives in the handsomest house owned by a colored man in that city. He is worth not less than $50,000. Mr. William Still conducts a fine coal business and is worth $60,000. Mr. Isaiah Ware is reputed to be worth $30,000.; L. F. Craim, Stevens, Edwards, Cromwell, Adger, Allen, Eddy, Matthews, Bowers, Page, Davis and Foster anywhere between $10,000 and $15,000. Madam Duterle carries on the largest undertaking business in America.—*Industrial Herald.*

AN ANCIENT NATION.—At the departure of the children of Israel from Egypt, China was seven hundred years old; and when Isaiah prophesied of her she had existed fifteen centuries. She has seen the rise and decline of all the great nations of antiquity. Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome have long since followed each other to the dust; but China still remains a solitary and wonderful monument of patriarchal times. Then look at the population of the country, roughly estimated at four hundred millions, ten times the population of the United States, more than thirteen times the population of Great Britain and Ireland. Every third person that lives and breathes upon this earth is a Chinese; and every third grave that is dug is for a Chinese.

AMID the ranks of shame and woe
The Christ is passing to and fro;
O'er sin, and sorrow and distress
He bends with yearning tenderness,
Alike upon the pure and vile
Beams the soft radiance of his smile.

SEAL HUNTING. [From Harper's Weekly.

Southern Workman,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October, four months.)

Printed on the Normal School Steam Press by students trained in the office.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MRS. OHNA LANGHORNE, } *Regular Contributors.*

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Edited and printed at Hampton Institute.
For sale at both places. Specimens sent from Hampton at 5 cts. a number, or 50 cts. a set.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN begins, with this number, its twelfth year of existence. As it speaks for itself every month, we have not much that is new to say of it on this occasion. It has a circulation now of about three thousand, about one half of which is paid for by subscribers. Of these, about one third have reduced rates, as we give it to our graduates, teachers, and some others, at half the regular price. It has, some years, very nearly paid for itself, but does not now, not that the paid subscriptions have fallen off—they have constantly though slowly increased—but because the editions, and some of the other expenses, have been increased to add to the value of the paper and spread an interest in the causes it represents. Its total cost to the school, above receipts, is about $500 a year. By the special appeals it makes for objects outside of Hampton Institute,—in graduates' letters, letters from Tuskegee, and others,—it brings in more than that sum every year for the help of these teachers and workers allowed to state their case in our columns.

The Normal School Printing Office, in the charge of Mr. Chas. W. Betts, is wholly an outgrowth of the paper, about makes up its deficits, and is, in every way, a valuable adjunct to the School. It employs eight apprentices, five of whom are students and three graduates and ex-students, one of these a girl. Several girls have been employed at different times. Of the student apprentices, one is a native Liberian, who will return to his country as a teacher in another year; another is an Indian of the Pawnee tribe, who will graduate with the present class, and return to Indian Territory. Both are good workmen. One other Indian has learned the trade here. One young white man of Hampton is also employed. One graduate who learned his trade here has now a good position in the Government Printing Office at Washington. Besides the Workman, the office has also the printing of the African Repository, the Alumni Journal, a little sheet owned and edited by resident Hampton Graduates, job work from the neighborhood; the Soldiers Home, Hygeia Hotel and merchants in Hampton; pamphlets and books. A book binding department has been added within the year. Fine binding is done here by a German veteran Union Soldier from the Soldiers' Home, very expert at his trade, and faithful in his work.

The Office has been removed within the year to a large room of the Stone Memorial building and is very comfortable in its light, airy and commodious quarters, and ready for an increase of its good work. It is one of the very few printing offices in the country where a colored youth can learn the trade, and as has been seen, its employes represent quite a striking variety of nationalities.

Friends of the school would do it good service by furnishing work to the printing office, which has facilities for doing excellent printing—such as pamphlets, books business cards and other job work—at the lowest rates, including expressage.

As our readers know, the Southern Workman has two lines of effort. It aims to adapt itself to the needs of the colored people of the South, and form in them a desire for some other reading than a merely political paper; to help our graduate teachers especially, and workers like them, by advice, encouragement and the statement of their case. On the other hand, its effort is to add to white men's knowledge of the actual condition of things at the South, the actual necessities and capabilities and dangers of the two races which the nation has upon its hands. In the personal experiences and "humble annals" given in our columns from actual workers in the field, and in the studies the School affords of both the Negro and Indian question, we believe that the Southern Workman does throw valuable light upon these problems of national interest and importance.

We appeal to any of our readers who think that it is of use in these directions, to aid in increasing its paid circulation.

The type employed in printing the paper is now from ten to twelve years old, and getting much worn. We hope that we may, within the twelve months to come, receive aid to replace it, and make our next New Year's bow in a new dress.

An honest work is the better for intelligent criticism. We have been very glad of a recent opportunity to invite and receive such criticism upon the work of Hampton Institute, from one who is not only an expert in educational methods generally, but fitted by experience as a county superintendent in Virginia, to judge of some of the results and difficulties of the work here. An outline of this criticism may be helpful to our students and graduates, and to others engaged in similar educational work to ours.

As regards the School's work, the judgment is for increasing attention to primary studies. All its convictions and efforts for fourteen years in this direction have not been too great, and now, rather than to raise the standard of studies it must raise the standard of study, not build higher but strengthen the foundation. The examinations show the weak points of graduates to be those primary studies which are usually finished in the first year at Hampton; such as geography, and primary arithmetic, especially mental. They "seem to have known them once and forgotten them," while they did best on those studies in which drill is kept up through the whole course. This is really only in line with universal experience. In some of the best school systems at the North, high school graduates are required to review the primary studies for six months before applying for positions as primary school teachers. It is but natural that there should be still less of mental grip in students who have no inheritance of studious habits and tendencies, and who yet have to crowd into three or four years what the more favored ones are soaking in through all their childhood and youth. All this is only the greater reason for trying to deepen the impressions made rather than multiply them. Some of the Hampton graduates, on the other hand, passed very successfully, getting an average of from .75 up to even .97 on the whole examination. These were notably among those who had been the plodders at Hampton, whose very slowness had kept them longer at the primary work and who had been faithful and persevering at it, or those who had already been out teaching for a year or more; while some of the brightest in their classes, who had gone furthest beyond the elementary studies, and learned with least application, failed to secure a first grade certificate. The practical review which teaching itself will bring, if they are faithful, may give them better success next time, but the lesson remains—strengthen the foundation work. Some of our graduates' schools were spoken of as models to all, colored or white, and their influence upon their people is generally good. Some of them, however, had relaxed into the dilatory habits of the neighborhood, and while the school hours are nominally from nine to half past three or four, their fires do not get built before ten, and their school houses are sometimes found closed for the day at two. True, they have to work sometimes under great disadvantages; the children and teacher living at a distance, the school houses cold and dismal, with scant supply of wood and no blackboards, the trustees seldom or never looking into their school rooms, and with no public sentiment around them, except against the improved methods of teaching, so that it requires considerable moral courage to introduce any and teach as they have been taught to. The county superintendents themselves, while not generally experts in the art of teaching, are on such small pay that they cannot take time from their business to devote to the schools without an act of self-sacrifice. The consequence is that the teachers are largely left to themselves, without the supervision which the best of us need both for encouragement and spur.

These are the weak points of our school system and its workings; the lack of supervision and the shortness of the school sessions—from three to five months through the country districts—in which the best of teachers cannot do what ought to be done. With all the progress Virginia has made in educational matters, we fear that there is actual increase in the total amount of ignorance, which the schools are not sufficient to keep down. School outfits should be made complete and adequate, salaries fair and certain, and the pay of county superintendents sufficient to command good work and enough of it. We have not much hope for such reforms from the present outlook, unless the national government take up the work, as we trust it may. Meanwhile we earnestly request county superintendents to give our graduates as far as possible the encouragement and incentive of their supervision, and to pass them upon their merit, rather than, as has sometimes been done, without examination. And we agree with our critic that the best that can be done now is to improve the teachers, working through them to raise the masses of the people and educate public sentiment.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK,
Wyoming Territory, Aug. 1882.

It is not often that an ideal camp like this is realized. I am sitting by a fire of pine logs, on which leafy branches are occasionally thrown, kindling a blaze that pales the full moonlight, for pine leaves are pitchy, and go off like matches.

Tents are not up, for they are not needed of a calm night; buffalo robes and blankets suffice.

We sit around the fire and discuss the thames that war veterans, Indian scouts, and hunters naturally take up. The grove of pines on one side is finely illuminated, and often draws our admiring gaze; before us stretches a grassy plane, where the mules and horses are browsing, meditating their night escape, in which they never succeed, so unerring is Jackson's eye on their trail. Near by is a clear mountain stream; around us are the foothills of Mt. Washburne, 10,000 feet high, from which we have just descended, having made a day's ride of twenty-eight miles over the roughest of all the roads so far; most of the time on the trail of Gen. Howard, when he was pursuing Chief Joseph and his braves. It has been the pleasantest day of all for the magnificent view from the mountain top, and for the wonder and the beauty of the changing scenery as we rode down.

Our Programme has usually been, breakfast at 7 o'clock a. m., dinner about 4.30 p. m. with a pocket supply of hard tack for lunch.

Such voracity as we sit down to our tin cups, plates and spoons, spread on the ground! Boiled potatoes, fried ham, venison camp bread (cooked in a Dutch oven) and coffee or tea vanish in a few minutes. Our ex-Confederate companion has a genius for making tea, and relieves the cook of that duty, to our increased comfort.

There are two camp outfits besides our own. The Major in command has his mess-kit and cook, and the mule packers and drivers their own.

We had led our horses up and down steep places, and at these high altitudes of 8,000 and 10,000 feet, one pants from the rarity of the air; yet there was an exhilaration in it. The scene is one of extreme picturesqueness, of changing attitudes and groups; and the level sunset lights make brightness and shadows upon the fields and hills.

The hunter of our party, just graduated from Harvard college, is somewhat overcome from his devotion to the chase, and, especially from a wild plunge yesterday into the Yellowstone river, in which he struck a rock. He is being treated by the South Carolinian, who has so far pulled through all the ailings ones of our party, chiefly by his wonderful decoctions of tea.

We reached the National Park day before yesterday, camping at the Mammouth Hot Springs. They are like glaciers of crystal, formed from the bubbling up of hot water, charged with mineral substances. Some genius seems to have designed the huge white mass of soft rock, tinting it in places with red, green, brown, and other bright and dark hues. The whole is a vast, fantastic, marvelous pile, covered with a thin sheet of water, which falls down its front of a thousand feet in width, and a hundred in height, forming an exquisitely veil-like drapery. It stands in relief against a back-ground of green woods and blue sky. The water seems to gradually harden, and the whole front is that of a frozen cascade. These great masses have been successively formed one below another, and from the front they rise behind each other, the lowest and latest being white and sparkling and of delicate softness and beauty; those highest up having dried off, become covered with shrubbery, and lost their radiance.

These "springs" are most difficult to describe; there are no standards of comparison. We climbed up the steep front to the top, where there were scores of circular pools of hot water from ten to thirty feet in diameter, with a coral-like fringe, perfect imitations of the islands of the Pacific ocean with their central lagoons and curious groves. By moonlight the mass shone with exquisite whiteness: it is a wonderful illustration of the building power of water. The entire region is alike in formation. The action of the water is apparently less than in former years; the guides say that it was very different ten years ago. When water ceases to flow, the soft glacier like pile assumes a brown and earthy look, and is soon covered with verdure.

The next day we crossed the Gardner river and camped near the banks of the Yellowstone, on a high bluff overlooking the winding river for miles above and below. It had cut a serpentine course far into the earth, and its bright green current rushed with a roar over the rocks, too dangerous to venture into: but we could not resist a bath in its quiet eddies, that well repaid the descent.

Tower Falls, four miles beyond camp, is one of the sights of the Park; so named from the tall spires of rock that rise around it most impressively. From the roof of a vast cathedral, as it were, a volume of water springs two hundred feet into the basin below, and enters the Yellowstone.

During this writing, the rest of the party have gone to bed: are lying on the ground, most of them having adopted the frontiersman method of tying themselves inside the buffalo robes, with a blanket or two beneath; this infant be best way for warmth: the fellows look like mummies.

The midday heat is severe: but the nights are cold: we have found half an inch of ice in our water pails in the morning; the water, except at the hot springs, has been delicious. Camp life is one of shifting scenes; there is the merry cheer around the log fire, and an hour later perfect stillness: it is like life and death. In the morning, when all arise from their enshrouding robes, life returns: there is the bustle of breakfast after a toilet at the river brink, packing of baggage, the profane routine of getting up the mules; then all mount and jog along for another day's adventures. The day's weariness finds its antidote in the waters of the Yellowstone, in which we take our evening bath.

The view to-day from the summit of Mt. Washburne, 10,000 feet in height, included

Yellowstone lake, 380 miles in circumference; columns of steam rising from the geysers thirty miles away; piles of mountains in every direction; vast stretches of pine forest as far as the eye could reach, and the Grand canon of the Yellowstone at our feet, a deep, wide gash through the mountain's back, cut by the resistless power and persistence of water.

Aug. 25th. Within ten feet from where I sit, the Yellowstone river leaps from a height of 390 feet into the bottom of the Grand canon, nearly 1,500 feet in depth, and goes foaming and roaring down between overhanging cliffs. Descent is possible only by means of ropes. The sides are either brown or yellow in color (whence the name of the Yellowstone) and are of soft rock, which the wear of water for ages has carved into curious, fantastic shapes, making gigantic pinnacles and turrets, that from the bottom rise one above another to the top, in wild variety and with surprising effect, almost perpendicularly; the river is green, and contrasts with the colored masses of rock on either side that makes the place so famous. The scene before me, is, I think, the most impressive in America; the tremendous plunge of a great river 400 feet down the yawning, terrible depths below: the struggle of the elements expressed in the strange grand forms carved out of the sides of the canon: the long winding abyss for miles away: all create impressions that I can compare only with those of a volcano.

By turns, as we took hold of hands, each man looked from the end of a human chain over the edge of the precipice, to see the water strike below. It is easy to recall the sensation; some of us could bear it but a moment.

Below here we attempted this morning, to find the bottom, which the guide said we could not reach, and found he was right after a descent of several hundred feet. Two of our party, in crossing a steep slope that ended in a fall of five hundred feet, slipped, and with difficulty escaped a fatal slide. Rescuing by four lariats tied end to end, one of them who had saved himself on a projection of rock, and was perched just above a grim doom, but could reach one end of the long line let down from above, was an excitement that none of us would like to repeat. I doubt if mortal man has ever reached the solemn depths we vainly sought.

An hour ago we sat on a high projecting rock, almost in front of the upper Falls, and watched the full, strong, swift Yellowstone river leap from a cliff above, right towards us, not twenty yards off; then fall one hundred and eighty feet into its basin below, displaying a power and beauty of volume that we could enjoy more than the terrible Lower Falls before us. There is no finer sight than a majestic river gradually hastening to extreme swiftness, curving over the crest of the rock, throwing itself instantly into white, graceful, arrowy forms, flying through the air, seeming to change its whole nature, suddenly resuming its color below, and rushing away on its long journey to the sea.

Above the falls, is a succession of cataracts for half a mile, along which the convenient trail leads us, then for many miles clear to its source in Yellowstone Lake it becomes a wide, placid stream, dotted with green islands here and there: the very expression of peace. At the falls its change of character is complete.

The lake is the highest water of its size on the continent, being about eight thousand feet from the sea level. On the right is Mt. Sheridan, capped with snow. In every direction are broken ranges, which slope quietly down to the brink of this beautiful island sea. We all enjoyed bathing in its clear, cool waters. As we approach the lake, the scenery is for ten miles picturesque, quiet, like that of a gentleman's park. The road runs between the river bank and the forest, sometimes over open grassy ground, sometimes through clumps of trees. In such scenes we made a camp. There were mountains in the distance, and a pine grove to the rear of us, on the edge of which we built our fire; it seemed a perfect place. Later the full moon shone; the land of dreams could not be lovelier.

A strong home feeling soon comes upon one after dismounting: every want is supplied; there are no cares, and nature cheers us. The order and routine of our camp, being military, is complete and most comfortable.

The guide takes care of the horses, for they are his and he is careful of them as can be. You may make something by buying a horse at the outset and selling him afterwards, but nobody will care for him, as will the man who owns the horse you hire. The cheap Indian pony you buy, wanders wickedly off by himself; the others go in clumps and can be traced. What one makes by buying hardly pays, if comfort counts.

Our work is to unroll our blankets, and make our beds. We usually cut a pile of pine needles, and make a layer of leaves six inches thick, on which we place our rubber blanket, buffalo robe and other blankets; a delicious, aromatic couch. We have two wall tents that we can usually dispense with. The weather has been perfect from the first, yet from scorching mid-day heat to midnight freezing is rather trying; once the ice was an inch thick.

We have feasted on black tailed deer, elk, wild duck, and brook trout; eighty-four of the latter were brought into camp last night, some of which weighed three pounds each, but the little ones are the best. We sit around the camp fire till ten o' clock and hear our packers, old frontiersmen, talk. One of them, Jack Bean, a well known character in these parts, also a hunter of renown and an experienced guide, has a never failing fund of stories about bear hunting, vigilance committees, and celebrated local characters.

He once guided the geologists Heyden and Gerike, through the Park. He don't believe much in scientific men. He brought one of them a piece of rock, which he had cut in two, one part being slightly colored by a fire which had been made on it, the other of natural color, and asked the scientist how near together the pieces could be found in nature. He was told that they were only found thousands of feet apart from each other.

He showed a shrub which an eminent botanist declared poisonous, and then ate it before him.

In the morning we repair with soap, towel, brush and towel to the river. Breakfast is soon ready, which we take sitting on the grass or on a log; all our paraphernalia is of tin. Each one helps himself from the frying pan, coffee pot or camp kettle. Flap jacks and maple syrup go to the right spot, and fast disappear. Our appetites are ravenous; everything tastes good.

At half past seven we are off for a twenty-eight mile ride: dinner at four P. M.

As we reached the lower portion of the Park, each day's march and camp seemed pleasanter. Each camp is "Sweet Home" for a few hours.

Aug. 30th. The first Geyser, called "Hell's Half Acre;" a large white mound several acres in extent, covered with pools of steaming water from 50 to 100 feet in diameter, fringed with a border or ribbon of pink and coral like formation; the water being a delicate emerald green. The "Excelsior," the largest one, 150 feet in diameter, once an hour discharges a column of water nearly 200 feet into the air, which shoots like a rocket from the boiling lake that roars and rages, meanwhile throwing off clouds of steam. But the Upper Basin is the finest.

We camped near the celebrated "Old Faithful;" the "Giantess," the "Lion," the "Lioness;" the "Cubs" the "Bee Hive" and the "Castle" were not far off. Beyond them were the "Grand" the Grotto," the "Fan" and the "Splendid." It is impossible to put on paper the impressions they make.

"Old Faithful," every hour to the minute, sends a solid symmetrical column of water three feet in diameter to the height of 200 feet; nothing could be finer than the clouds of steam curling upwards and rolling away; we saw them from the top of Mt. Washburne, thirty miles distant. In all the geysers there is a preliminary pulsation, a throbbing, a few small jets, then a magnificent stream of water is tossed far into the air, while steam clouds cover the whole and sail slowly, grandly upwards.

The "Splendid" looked like a column of white marble, nearly 200 feet in height, from the summit of which issued wreaths of smoke-like plumes.

The solid mass of boiling water descended in cool showers of spray, and its mineral deposits had formed around some of the geysers curious craters. The "Castle" and the "Grotto" are the most remarkable of these: graceful, snowy, white fantastic structures, well described by their names.

We would stand a few feet off on the windward side, or retire some distance to get the effect of the white volcano against the background of dark pine forest. A geyser is a volcano of water instead of molten rock; both are alike inspired by the central heat of the earth.

Some of the finest discharge but one a day: the grandest of all once in ten or twelve days.

We had been waiting for the "Castle" to go off: thick columns of steam meant something; suddenly a stream shot far up; cheers from more than two hundred people made the valley echo. A Montana party of twenty-five yelled incessantly; scores scampered across the fields to behold the peculiar glory of the "Castle" geyser; we climbed to the very edge of the crater; one man threw his hat into its mouth; it was carried up and then descended.

Sept. 1st. Yesterday was full of wonders, but more are to come. We are sitting about the quiet pool of the "Grand," some thirty feet in diameter. There is no crater; it is like any other pool among the rocks, of emerald green and shallow, except a central aperture of three feet, which has a dark, deep look. Through this some time to-day a pouring out of the waters from under the earth is expected.

It comes at length; a rumbling and bubbling and threatening; the pool is intensely agitated, and finally the water leaps to the skies like so many white sky rockets. It is not the usual column, but a succession of jets that fly like arrows twenty or thirty at a time, leaving a long, graceful train of spray behind them.

There are successions of volleys of these for twenty minutes; we walk around and watch the superb display of waters from many standpoints and in every light.

The "Bee Hive," had delayed its usual daily performances, but its "indicator" a small aperture ten feet off, an infallible forerunner, had steamed up, and a crowd soon gathered about this peculiar geyser, named from the small crater—like a bee hive,—that had formed around its mouth, an irregular opening, some nine feet in circumference. Soon it gurgled and bubbled and sputtered below, throwing out steam, till all at once it sprang up, suddenly, splendidly, with thundering noise, shaking the earth around it. Imagine a powerful fire engine, throwing a stream of water two feet in thickness two hundred feet into the air, and you have this geyser. It is the most resounding of them all; by some considered the finest. No one is so energetic and awful in its effect, but I do not think it is the most beautiful. "Old Faithful" and others play more easily and gracefully, but this one gives an effect of concentrated force.

There are five famous geysers within five minutes walk of our camp; this is probably the most active volcanic vicinity in the United States. We here as we walk about the boiling and tumbling of waters underneath us.

There are besides the geysers hundreds of clear, round, shallow pools, with delicate pink borderings and of exquisite green color, either warm or boiling hot, in which travelers are accustomed to wash their clothes.

The "Queen's Laundry" is celebrated for its efficient boiling of garments. Some soldiers ventured to throw a large wash into "Old Faithful" one day, taking it for granted that they would be thrown out at the next discharge, but they waited in vain. "Punch Bowl" the most famous and beautiful of the pools, is close by "Castle" geyser, is thirty feet in area, and one looks with wonder at the huge green rocks, like gigantic emeralds that form its sides but the bottom is blackness itself, seemingly fathomless, in spite of the marvelous transparency of the water. Among other interesting sights, was looking at the geyser as the setting sun's rays fell across the columns of water, and clouds of spray and of steam; by moonlight they were indescribably lovely. Sometimes three or four would be going at one time, and it was difficult to watch them all at once. While memory retains much, it is impossible not to be surprised as well as delighted with every new action of a geyser.

Camping at the geyser basin is less pleasant than elsewhere. The water is not good; many have been on the ground before, and there is too much of a crowd.

Unless a police force shall be organized, the value of the Yellowstone Park, as a national resort will be much diminished: in ten years it will be almost destroyed, The settlement of it would be preferable to that. Wherever tourists encamp they must have fires; they enter the park at the dryest time of the year, when forest fires spread most rapidly, and they are easily started by neglecting to put out camp fires. We traveled for miles among the dead trunks of burned trees, We saw most devastating fires doing their work, which might have been stopped, but there was no one to do it. The attention of the government has been often called to this, and it is hoped that hereafter a company of cavalry will be detailed to guard the park.

Sept. 3rd. Idaho Territory, on route from the park to Utah Northern rail-road, a ride of 120 miles. At camp on the Little Medison river, a gentleman from a neighboring camp called and inquired if he could send an Indian girl to Hampton, whom he had the kindness to take when she was very young and brought up to her sixteenth year.

She was neither Indian nor white; was taught to read and trained in house work, but there seemed to be no place for her among the whites or among her own people; the gentleman was distressed at the situation; was willing to pay any expense, and wanted to know what he could do for her.

He was advised to send her to Hampton, where she could be fitted to be a teacher, and he sent to some Indian boarding school as a helper in the domestic department.

This gentleman owned a large cattle ranche near the Bannock Indians' Agency, where he employed them to care for his flocks, and found them most satisfactory. He added his own to the almost universal Western testimony, that the Indian is especially adepted to a herdsman's life.

Few out West will not say "Amen" to Gen'l. Terry's solution of the Indian question —"Cows."

He had, during the past twelve years, traveled in the interest of his business through Oregon, California, Nevada, Idaho, and Montana; knew the people and the country, and had ideas on the Indian question as follows:

Different tribes should be dealt with differently; the conditions of each varies widely, and makes the same method for all an absurdity.

Indians should vote. Everybody would then regard and treat them differently. In the more settled states, where they had become established, as in Oregon, Nevada and California, they should be turned over to the state authority as citizens, not without government aid for a time for educating and for subsistance. This would prevent a New York politician being sent to Oregon to civilize Indians or a broken down Vermont hotel keeper being sent to lift up the Sioux.

This was the feeling of a man who had all his property at stake in the Indian country.

He stated that the cattle business had been over done; that the stock ranges in the Platte river region in Western Nebraska, Oregon, and Idaho were nearly exhausted; that the only first-rate pastures left were those in Montana, whither thousands of cattle had been driven the past summer, and that in five years that region would be deserted.

Cattle men must get possession of and fence in large tracts of land, in order to control them, and many had so done. This would require extra capital for land and fencing, and keep up the price of beef, which is high. The supply of four year old steers is now less than the demand. The "desert land act" allows one man to take up 640 acres, and, by combining, large tracts had thus been secured for stock ranches.

At noon to-day we passed the "divide," or ridge, which sheds water from one side into the Pacific ocean and from the other side into the Atlantic.

The way of a man with a mule is illustrated by our teamster and four, whose names have hourly been yelled into our ears, "Gimlet eye" "Blue" "Crazy Jane" and "Stomper" have been exhorted to their duty by every imaginable form of appeal. They have pulled our baggage over two hundred miles, and got no thanks for it, but instead, volleys of abuse and curses besides the constant application of a most inefficient whip, for which the quarter master's department has been called by the driver to a terrible account.

Murray declares that a man can't drive a mule without swearing, and challenges our clergyman to try it. Mules certainly have some mean ways; how can one help saying something when, while bridling, his finger is nearly bitten off or his foot stamped on? Vulgarity in the Western wilds seems different from that in the cultivated circles of the East. Approbrious epithets may mean affectionate regard, or the reverse according to the modulation of the expression. They seem a part of the general coarseness of the life, of dress, manners, language and living generally. It is terribly democratic out here. Whatever you pay, there is no master and servant. Cook and guide share equally in the supplies and general conversation. Your hired man will grab a handful of sugar from the bag for his coffee, feeling no reproach from the Eastern gentlemen, who must use a spoon or nothing. He is not altogether at your beck and call; but he is faithful, does what he thinks is right, and is a good natured brave fellow; you can't boss him much. In a tight place he is a trump; especially when your horses are lost; a ten mile tramp after day light in search of them is not uncommon: he takes their trail and is sure to find them in spite of their most knowing "dodges" to escape him. Our animals have practiced marvelous tricks to hide their course, but to no purpose.

September 4th, Idaho Territory; Beaver Canon, a station on the Utah Northern railroad; a distance of 114 miles from the Geysers, which we did in four days, reaching it in time for the 3 P. M. train to Ogden, 300 miles south, on the Union Pacific railroad.

We camped last night at Henry's fork of Snake river, after a ride of thirty miles; six and one half hours in the saddle. The journey to this railroad is, excepting at the start, smooth and pleasant; parts of it are delightful, like riding through a park: far reaching fields of grass, dotted with clumps of pine trees. The great feature is the ride through Henry lake basin.

This lake lies in a level plain, seven thousand feet above the sea; is fourteen miles in circumference, and abounds in fish as the region does in game. Yellow grass covers the extensive, perfectly level plateau: around it rise high mountains, the principal of which are Mt. Sawtelle and Mt. Reynolds. The golden plain contrasts with the blue of the rising ground. We saw antelope and elk in the distance; flocks of wild geese flew over our heads; there is no better hunting ground than this.

This remote region was once a rendezvous of "road agents" (land pirates) who came here for sustenance, rest and pasture for their horses. Being a basin, it is filled in winter with snow several feet deep, and cattle cannot find food; they can winter only in a hilly or rolling region, from the summits of which the snow is blown away, exposing the dry grass.

The three distant Teton mountains, 15,000 feet high, the grandest view of the entire trip are concealed from view by clouds.

The weather has been cool, and our gallops over the plains in the midst of surrounding mountains have been exhilerating. Such appetites as we have had! The memory of brook trout, black tailed deer, wild duck, ending with flap-jacks and maple syrup, will not soon fade.

The cheer of such life makes every camp seem like the pleasantest of all. Whenever we gather about the blazing fire, near some river, or in the edge of the woods, and the sun is setting in glory, and the plain stretches far away till it meets a distant mountain, we have never found it so pleasant before.

The Secretary of the Interior has just authorized a company to build hotels at the principal points of interest in the park, charges to be regulated by himself; to enclose and to an extent control the great curiosities, to keep them from being marred: and by railroad connections to make it possible for thousands every year to see the Mammoth Hot Springs, the Grand Canon, and the Geysers; to be ready by next summer.

This is for the greatest good of the greatest number, but there is nothing like a camping outfit. Talking with Jack Bean by a camp fire is better than all the guide books: a mule team with Murray to drive them, is more interesting than going in a palace car, and sleeping in buffalo robes out of doors better than a hotel spring bed, even if your nose freezes.

S. C. A.

THE story of the remarkable mission of the Church of England among the Indians of North Western British America has been told in this country chiefly through church magazines. It is a history of thrilling interest, and we are glad to give it to our readers in the vivid words of Archdeacon Kirkby himself, a pioneer missionary in Manitoba and for thirty years a heroic worker in those uttermost parts of the earth, the English Church finally wisely putting the mission under his general charge. On another page will be found as full a report as we were able to get of his recent address in St John's church, Hampton. He called at the Normal School, and gave its Indian students a talk, which greatly interested them, which we will give in another number. Dr. Kirkby has left the West for a needed rest, and is endeavoring to interest the Episcopal church in America to take up the work in Alaska. We hope that any who may be inspired to enter the field will have as much vitality and force to begin with as the Archdeacon seems to have left after thirty years of labor. The notable success of the English management of Indian affairs in British America is naturally held up as an example to the United States, and while the positions are different, there is much in her policy that might be suggestive and helpful to us, as the best guide under many special temptations and difficulties is to think how we would act without them.

A VISIT FROM DR. BLYDEN.

Our colored readers especially, though not solely, will be interested in the address to the students of Hampton Institute, reported in another column, from Dr. Edward W. Blyden, President of Liberia College. The school has recently had the pleasure of a visit of several days from Dr Blyden, who preached in Bethesda Chapel on Sunday morning an interesting sermon on the conversion of the Ethiopian eunuch, Acts, VIII, 27, which he considers symbolic of the method designed by God for the regeneration of the African race. In the evening he gave, in Whitin Chapel in Virginia Hall, the informal but interesting talk which we report. Part of Dr. Blyden's present mission to this country is to get recruits for the college and the state from the young people whose education has already made some progress. He made a strong impression upon the students at Hampton, and it seems likely to result from his visit that some of them will make their home in the land of their fathers, where two of them have already been engaged, and one is still, in missionary work. Dr. Blyden enables us to correct a statement in our last month's review of his report, of what he says is a very general impression. He was born in not an English but a Danish colony, the Island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, and was not educated in England but in Liberia and Syria. We are glad to be able to anticipate for our readers a sketch from his own pen, of the life and work of one of whom his race has so much cause to be proud.

A "PILGRIM CHURCH" AND ITS LESSON.

The address of Dr. Means, Secretary of the American Board, at its last annual meeting, shortly before the transfer of its Dakota Mission to the American Missionary Association, in his review of the Indian work generally in the United States gives a striking account of the Indian church at the Santee Agency in Nebraska. He says;

"The Pilgrim Church at Santee has a memorable history. In the stress of our civil war, 1862, came the Indian outbreak, and the massacres at Red Wood and New Ulm. The following winter, the Indians who were conquered and chained in the prison at Mankato, under sentence of death, were visited by their old missionaries. A religious awakening commenced, and many gave such evidence of conversion that in one day two hundred received baptism. The interest which began in the prison extended to the camp at Fort Snelling. A large church was gathered. In 1866, the communicants numbered nearly four hundred. From its numerous removals, as the Indians were transported from one place to another, the church took the name of the Pilgrim Church. Since it was planted at Santee, colonies have gone from it to form churches at Flandreau and elsewhere. The present membership is one hundred and seventy. The church, with its Indian pastor, four catechists, elder and deacon, belongs to the Presbytery of Dakota, and is reported in the minutes of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States.

The Sunday school and social meetings, the women's meetings and missionary society, are well sustained. Members of the church hold meetings occasionally in neighborhoods distant from the Agency. A copy of the Dakota Bible, it is said, may be found in every family on the reservation, and some one who can read it. Family prayer is customary. The missionary thinks there are not more than six adult Indians on the reservation who are not members of some church. Mr. Riggs has general oversight of religious matters, and the other teachers assist in the Sunday school, which includes the members of the Normal school. A good influence pervades the school homes, and some instances of conversions are reported. In other respects, the church work is in the hands of the Indian pastor and elders."

The transformation of the Indian prison camp into a Christian Church has its parallel in the history of the Cheyenne prisoners under Gen. Terry, and the St Augustine prisoners under Capt. Pratt. The history of these and some other efforts shows that the essential elements of success in Indian work are firmness, kindness and consistency. The Indian respects strength when he sees it, and responds with touching quickness to kindness when he is not demoralized by vacillation or treachery. The vital point in all work is the man in charge of it. Everything depends on that. Given a Williamson, Riggs, Agent Miles, Capt. Pratt, or General Terry, and you get Santee, Peoria Bottom, St. Augustine, Carlisle, and the like. With agents bad, weak, or constantly changed, there is no success and none to be expected. The Indian Department, however well disposed, cannot work without Government backing. Salaries should be made sufficient to command strong men. The present policy and methods do not secure these. If they cannot they must be changed. It is questionable whether any change will be sufficient short of Indian citizenship and suffrage, which would force attention to their needs as it has done for the Negroes.

WE acknowledge with many thanks, a gift of over fifty admirably well selected books for the library of Hampton Institute, from Mr. H. P. Nicholls of Lockwood, Brooks and Co., Publishers, Boston. This is the second gift of the kind from this generous friend, who "believes that others of similar position and opportunities would gladly contribute in like manner if their attention were called to this means of doing good." The library and reading room are important agents in the school efforts, and such gifts as this and others we have have had the pleasure to acknowledge, tell directly upon its work. We hope that Mr. Nicholls's "belief" may be confirmed.

NEW INDIAN STUDENTS.

About going to press, we have room only for brief mention of the arrival at Hampton, on Dec. 24, under charge of Inspector Townsend, of fifteen new Indian students, 9 girls and 6 boys, from Lower Brule, Cheyenne River and Yankton Agencies, Dakota. They were selected by Rev. Thomas L Riggs, who brought them to Washington, and are on the whole a fine looking set. Among the number are a husband and wife with their bright little baby, who have come to learn English and housekeeping. This is the second family of this size at Hampton. The small braves were duly introduced to each other and at once instituted amicable relations with a kiss by way of a pipe of peace, seeming to possess a common language of coos and chuckles. Among the new students are several relatives of former or present ones, and one young man who, having returned home a year and a half ago after three years at Hampton, has now paid his own way back in order to get one more year at his trade and in school. He has kept up well in English and morals. A detailed account, and the medical report on the new students, will be given in our next number.

A ZULU FOR HAMPTON.

Favorable answer having been sent to the following letter, we expect soon to receive a young Zulu from the East Coast of Africa for a short course at Hampton, which has now two young Liberians from the West Coast.

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.*, 15, '82.

Dear General:

When I visited your wonderful establishment, at the close of the Richmond Church Congress, I did not know how soon I should have occasion to inquire if you could find "room for one more" but the occasion has come. We have on our hands a real *bona fide* young Zulu—of energetic character and interesting history, and what we want is to find for him a place to stay, and to *learn*, for the next few months; expecting at the end of that time to send him back to Africa, for which object our Society has funds; but not for education *here*. Now can you take care of him for us? That is the practical question.

He was one of the troop of Zulus, brought here for exhibition; and he is said to be *the* one who could outrun a horse. Name, *Bellamy*; age about 20. Awaiting your answer,

I am yours very truly,

EWD. W. SYLE.

DO THE INDIANS WANT THEIR CHILDREN EDUCATED?

Another testimony to the sometimes disputed fact, that the Indians are desiring education for their children, comes in the following letter from a full blooded Indian father.

KESHENA Dec. 15, 1882.

MITCHELL MAH-KE-ME-TAS-JACKSON.
Hampton Institute.
Hampton Va.

DEAR SON:

I received a letter a few days since from your teacher, asking that you may be permitted to remain there for another year, etc. And I hereby give my consent, with the hope that you will do all you can to learn while you are there. I want you to write to me often. (to me direct.)

We will soon have payment, and I will send a share to you.

Show this to your teacher that wrote to me. We are all well at present, write soon.

From your father,

PETER MAH-KE-ME-TAS.

NOTES, QUERIES AND ANSWERS. *For Teachers, Pupils, Practical and Professional men. N. B. Webster, Editor. Norfolk, Va.*

We have had the pleasure of receiving the first four numbers of this new magazine from its editor, and are glad to hear from Professor Webster that his hopes for its reception and success have been thus fairly realized. Its purpose and plan resemble that of the English "Notes and Queries" but with topics and discussions of nearer interest to American readers. It is said to be easier to ask questions than to answer them, and it is not always so very easy even to ask them. We have heard of a minister somewhere who started a Question Box to wake up an interest in his weekly prayer-meeting. Every one who wished was to drop a question into the box, to be discussed in the meetings. The plan worked admirably for a month, the meetings were full of interest, when greatly to the surprise of his congregation, their pastor announced that the Question Box would be given up, because—he had tired, so far, to write every question himself.

This, we are assured, has not been Prof. Webster's experience, and looking over the numbers of his magazine already out, we judge he has a lively set of contributors; active minded inquirers, and expert answerers. The year's issue would make a very good bound volume of "Facts not generally known."—The following is a random sample of the Queries and answers.

Query—14p 44q. July No. If two nozzles of different diameters, say ¼ and ½ an inch, are attached to the same hose at the same time and hence subject to the same hydraulic pressure, from which will the higher stream be thrown?—*Editor.*

Answer—p. 18, Aug. No. An experience of seven years has taught me that the larger stream will go the higher *in the air*—the smaller one breaks to pieces so quick. This however is not an answer to your question as intended.—*J. H. Drummond.*

"We thank Mr. Drummond for his answer, which exactly coincides with our experiments, though many persons have given a contrary opinion, but always without experimental proof. The question was intended as a practical one, the resistance of the air being a condition, as it must be practically.—*Editor.*"

Query, 13p. 27q. What is the origin of the political maxim "To the victor belong the spoils?" —*Eroteme.*

Answer—54p. Sept. No. This maxim is probably due to the statesmen in power during Jackson's administration, for that President introduced the rotation in office system.—*E. J. E.*

Query—15p. 157q. Nov. No. In clearing a piece of land covered with small pines, by burning, why does scrub-oak in variably spring up?

STUDER'S BIRDS OF NORTH AMERICA.

Through the liberality of its friends and the help of the publisher's advertisement, the Normal School Library has come into possession of a copy of the above valuable and useful work. The book contains one hundred and sixteen beautiful and artistic colored plates, giving upwards of seven hundred life-like representations of all our known North American Birds, with an accurate description of their habits and characteristics.

Prof. Horansday of the U. S. National Museum, who has carefully compared the figures with those in Audubon's great work, says Studer's are more accurate in outline and colored more faithfully to nature. It is a most instructive and entertaining work and a valuable addition to any library.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

A Pioneer. Paying up Promptly. In the Woods. A Help-Meet. A School-House Prayer-Meeting. Help to Self Help.

A PIONEER.

Every new school is a new light in the darkness. Let every pioneer teacher feel encouragement in this thought to compensate for all the loneliness and difficulty of the position.

——Co., Va., *Oct.* 1882.

Mrs. D.

Dear Teacher:

I write, thinking you would like to hear of my whereabouts. I am teaching in this Co. opened first of Oct., I like here pretty well. I have thirty scholars on roll. This is the first free school ever opened here. The people are delighted with it. I also opened a little Sabbath school last Sunday, which was very largely attended. I am very much pleased with my work, though I have a great deal to contend with. Teaching is no easy work, and the salary very small. But there seems to be such a great deal to be done for my race, to bring them out of ignorance, that I go cheerfully to my task. This is quite a lonely place. I would write a longer letter but haven't time. If you have any old papers I would be very thankful for some of them, occasionally, as there is nothing I can get here to read. I would be glad to hear from you any time.

Truly your friend,

P.

PAYING UP PROMPTLY.

Promptness in paying a school debt is evidence not only of success but of manly independence and honor, which it is a great aim of the school to inspire. Hampton has many such evidences to record, and is always glad to notice them.

——Co., Ala. Nov., 17, 1882.

Gen. J. F. B. Marshall,

Dear Sir:

Inclosed please find a Post-office order for the sum of $——, being the full amount I owe to the H. N. and A. Institute.

You will please remember my best regards to Gen. Armstrong, and ask him to please accept my many thanks for the kind favor of waiting and trusting me with that amount of money. I have not language to express my gratitude and thankfulness for the kind favor he did for me; it is one I will ever remember as the last of the many good favors I received during my stay at Hampton.

May the blessings of the Lord ever remain with the Institution and you all, is my earnest desire. I commenced teaching an independent school on the 10th day of July, and continued it until the 3rd inst., then I opened a public school, which will last three months.

I will then go about six miles from the above named place, and take another large school that is being reserved for me until Feb. 1st, 1883. I can get all the teaching I can do. The man on whose place I am going when I leave here, said no one should have it but me. I am getting on as well as I can expect to do. My salary is between thirty-five and forty dollars a month. I shall be teaching twelve months from the time I began my school. I am the only Hampton graduate, or any other graduate of color in this county. I do not neglect my studies, for I feel my deficiency very much.

You will remember my regards to Mr. B. and Mr. H. With much sympathy for you all, I am yours respectfully,

H

IN THE WOODS.

A faithful young woman of the last class is carrying the Word Method "into the woods."—We hope she may bring laurels out of them.

——Co., Va. *Oct. 10th*, 1882.

Dear Miss L

It is in the lonesome woods of this part of Southampton that I now take great pleasure in writing to you.

I have not done any work this summer more than working about the house. The people tried to get me to teach a private school, but fearing I needed rest more than what I might make, I wouldn't accept. After enjoying the many pleasant moments spent in waiting on my afflicted mother this vacation, I am now called off to my field of labor, to battle against ignorance and superstition. It is a very lonesome place where my school is situated well back in the woods; it isn't near any public road. I can never see a person pass, nor can I very often hear a bird sing. But I have always said wherever my lot should be I would do all I could for my race, and I still hold that mind.

My school is about three miles from my home, and I shall leave there every Monday morning for my school and stay until Friday afternoon. So you see I only board four days per week. The place where I board is about two-thirds of a mile from my school. I have been teaching only two days; and I have on roll twenty-one scholars, all of whom are very small, and have been poorly taught. They have been taught to commence at the left hand and add to the right. So you may imagine what a hard time I shall have to take down that poor work before I can begin to build. They would be better off not to know any thing at all, than to be taught what they have been wrong.

Tell Miss H—I am using the Word Method on every hand, and it works grandly.

Please write soon to one that loves you.

L.

A HELP-MEET.

The young women of the book-keeping class at Hampton, may get a hint from the following letter, of the use to which their requirements may some day be put, even if they do not want to set up in business for themselves.

T. —— Co. Va., Nov. 10, '82.

Dear General:

It has been a very long time since I have written to you. I was married on the 26th of October, to Miss —— a sister to Miss Fannie —— who is going to school at Hampton. We had a very nice time the day we were married, and a fine supper given at my mother's house. I have a good school now, and am teaching every day. I have the same school which I taught last winter; my wife is managing my mercantile business during my absence, and I am home every evening and morning.

Your old scholar,

H.

A SCHOOL-HOUSE PRAYER MEETING.

The opportunities of graduate teachers for moral and religious work among their people are very great. Many improve their chances for doing good—and of these is the writer of the following letter. We are glad that she has found favor with her school Trustees, and hope that her efforts may be approved and blessed by the Master in Heaven.

—— Co. Va., Nov. 17, '82.

Mrs. D—,

Dear Friend:

I suppose you would like to know what I am doing with myself this fall.

I am teaching at the same place I was last term. I have a good school, and I am getting along as well as I can expect in the country.

I am teaching among a very poor class of people, and they cannot afford to send their children to school regularly, until they get their crops all gathered. I expect to have a very large school this term.

There is a great deal of work here to be done, and no advantage to do it with.

My school will only last five months at this place this year, as the county is in debt; but the Trustees have given me another school, when my time is out here, which will last five months. They were so well pleased with my work last year, they told me I could have work under them just as long as I want it.

It affords me great pleasure to know that I have given such good satisfaction.

The Sunday school I organized last year, is in a very prosperous condition. I am trying to instruct the people in every way I can.

We have a prayer-meeting at my school-house every Sunday night.

I did not know there was so much to be done until I came out to teach.

I do not feel discouraged; for I believe the Lord will prosper any one who tries to carry on a good work.

Give my best regards to all the teachers.

Please excuse my short letter. I will send you a longer one the next time.

Your scholar,

B.

Class of '81.

FROM A TEACHER NOT OF HAMPTON.

We are always glad to hear of outside workers, and wish more of them would sometimes send us a letter. We are happy to publish the following, written to a teacher in Hampton Institute, who kindly offers it to the *Southern Workman*—a letter to her from a former pupil in a school farther South some years ago, now married and teaching with his wife.

Macon Georgia, *August 28th*, 1882.

Dear Miss A——:

* * * I spent two days in Washington, D. C., forty days in New York, fourteen days in Philadelphia, eight days in Boston, one day in Providence, and a short time in Stonington. I returned South a month earlier than I expected do to, that I might have some work done in our school building. This work the city council promised me should be done before I left for the North, but when I left there was no one who would urge them about it at all, and so it was paid no attention to. This D— informed me, and I am home seeing after it, and the interest of my school generally. Well, now I shall tell you what I have been trying to do for the last ten years in Macoo, what I have accomplished, what I am doing or trying to do now, and what I went North for. When I came to Macon, in 1872, just ten years ago, there was not a colored person employed as teacher in the Public Schools of the city.—Southern white ladies were employed to teach the colored pupils, and there was not a single building in which to teach the colored children, save the very miserable old alley cabins rented from time to time by the Board of Education. The whites were nicely provided for in every quarter of the town. The first thing I did was to get a situation in the city schools. This I did, but how I know not, for there was a great objection to employing colored teachers in the city. After I got a situation I went hard to work to induce the city council to buy a lot and erect a school house for our children. I succeeded, after begging and pleading for six long years, in inducing them to buy a lot on which was a large two story frame building, containing nine rooms. These rooms I wanted converted into six large ones, and this is the work I am home seeing after. I have five assistant teachers—all colored. Mrs. H—is second assistant; Ada L. B. the first graduate of my school, is fifth assistant. We raised and educated Miss B. She is now eighteen, and still lives with us, being the only baby we can boast of.

While working hard to build up the school we have, both of us, been vigorously engaged in the Sunday school and Church. At first we were connected with the African M. E. Church, but finding so much opposition to my course here, we noited, a year ago, with the M. E. Church, which is a young enterprise here. I have been trying also, for about five years, to establish a reading room for the young boys and girls of Macon, so as to train them up to read good books, papers, etc. In both these last named enterprises I have met with stubborn opposition, because, first, the congregation of our church, while they are a splendid little set, are very poor, some of them scarcely getting enough from their labor to live upon, and so can do very little to help build up—they are real good, and do their best at all times. Secondly, the whites South own and control all finances nearly, and it seems to me to be understood among them to pay colored employees, of every kind, as little as possible for the work they do. While they do us no other material harm, they are almost a unit in their opposition to the Methodist Episcopal Church or the Congregational Church. You do not need to be told they would not aid me in establishing a reading room for colored children. I went North to solicit aid for our Church, for the Sunday-school and for my reading room. For the Church I was trying to raise money to finish plastering and painting; for Sunday school, I wanted Bibles, Testaments and good Christian reading books; for my reading room I wanted good reading books; histories, lives, books of travel, books of voyage, good books of fiction, good novels, good magazines, good newspapers, books of poetry, etc. Anything to instruct and elevate the mind. Well, I got some money, but not any thing like enough—got three hundred dollars—I got two hundred books, for the Sunday school and reading room. I would have done ten times as well as I did, had I known better *what to do*, and *how to do* it. I feel very thankful to the good Northern people for what they gave me, and know it was my own ignorance that I did not get more help. I shall keep trying still. I am unable to buy a place for the reading room, and the Trustees of the church say I may have a small room in the basement of the church when it is finished, and I am doing all I can to have it finished. I have bought a nice book-case for the Sunday school, and the books, Bibles and Testaments donated by our friends north, give us the most handsome library of any S. S. in Macon, and we appreciate the gift much. Miss A. I wanted to tell something of the moral condition of my people in Macon, but feel ashamed to say any more in this letter. I am sorry I did not see you. I could have done so very easily when I came through Virginia, but your letter did not reach me until I had gotten back to Macon. May we now be honored with a picture of our dear teacher? D—— sends love to you. I never get a letter from Reuben and can only hear from him through his newspaper.

Truly your old pupils.

H. & I. J. F. H.

P. S. Miss A. if you can give me some advice which would help me in my enterprise—and I feel you can—it would be thankfully received.

HELP TO SELF-HELP.

STARTING A NEW SCHOOL.

The following letter is from a worthy as well as enterprising graduate teacher. It speaks for itself.

——N. C. *Oct. 4th*, 1882.

My Dear Friend:

It is with much pleasure that I attempt to make my annual report to my *Alma mater* to whom I owe many kind regards for much of my little possessions.

I have been steadily engaged in teaching since Jan. 1st, 1882, and I am pleased to say that I have been able to see much improvement among my pupils. I have taught at two school houses, both of which are situated a few miles from town. I have had an average of from 30 to 35 pupils and for a portion of the time I have had an enrollment of about 55 or 60.

I have had regular classes in spelling, reading, writing, mental and practical arithmetic, English grammar, geography, and the History of the United States. Both schools are now closed for the present year.

I am now at work trying to get up a first class Graded School in this town of E——, which we propose to carry on about eight or nine months a year. And to do this we have concluded to do as Lazarus did, (feed the crumbs from the rich man's table.) But I suppose we differ a little from Lazarus, as we first beg a small share of the contents of the table, with a willingness to accept the crumbs.

We can keep up an average of from 85 to 80 pupils, and propose to employ two competent teachers, whose services can be secured for about six hundred dollars, for a term of eight or nine months. Two hundred and sixty dollars of this amount have been subscribed by the citizens, and about the same amount promised by the school committee, which foots up to $520.00

We now need from some source about one-hundred dollars for teachers' salary and about fifty dollars or its equivalent for furniture. The committee have furnished an excellent Globe, a map of the United States, an abacus and American Chart, (word method.)

In addition to this we need a full set of wall maps (except map of the United States) Worcester's or Webster's unabridged Dictionary, black-boards, &c.

I have now stated what we have done, what we want to do, and what we need, and if any of our friends at Hampton can help us a little or put us on the road for some assistance we will be very thankful for anything which will be of any service in our school.

The school is now in session as an ordinary free school, and we hope to organize on the basis set forth above, within two or three weeks. I shall be glad to hear from you soon.

Very respectfully,

W.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

THE MERRY MAKING FOR THANKSGIVING.

"I will tell you something; next week Thursday Thanksgiving, good time I know and I am so glad; to day Monday, and three days more I have good time. Something good to eat, good play, no corn bread when Thanksgiving. I am so glad I skip, run."

So wrote an Indian boy in his anticipation of the day, which surely proved all that he or any one could wish. The first excitement was the return of the two boys who had been North to attend the meetings in New York and New Haven. And the loud cheers which greeted them as they passed the Wigwam showed that their friends felt a grateful pride in their success.

The new building, Winona, about which too much that is good cannot be said, was filled during the morning, with the merry voices of the girls, as they went about their work, talking of plans for later enjoyment. As they filed into the Chapel, with the warm color burning in their cheeks, where the crisp Northern wind had pinched them just enough to remind them of their far away homes, we felt that the right chord had been struck, and that in their hearts the true spirit of thankfulness was awakening.

At dinner, which was served directly after Service, one had but to watch the eager looks turned in one direction to find the door through which the turkeys should enter. New they come! The silence of expectation is broken by exclamations of delight, and chattering fills the large room to be silenced only when the happy mouths are "Too full for utterance."

Most of the boys spent the afternoon kicking foot-ball and playing base ball, two games of which they are very fond, and so passed the time before tea, after which they were invited to Winona, where the girls had arranged little tables for quiet games, leaving room in the hall for ring games, of which the smaller ones are fond. While, in the Chapel, others excitely followed one of the teachers, who had hidden pieces of candy in various nooks and corners, and led the game by announcing "An old hen has gotten in, and laid some eggs. Those who find any of them may have them." One of the secret places was behind a door, where a broom, some boards and one or two coats had made a delightful number of cubby holes. At last, when the game was nearly finished, and one tiny girl had found no eggs, the teacher led her to this nook, when lo! behind the door, safely hidden, stood a youth calmly enjoying the banquet all by himself. Amid shouts of laughter, he was dragged out and dubbed "the sly fox who has stolen the eggs."

The walking matches were, as usual, the great attraction. The first was a single-file one. And the prize, a bag of oranges, was given to one of the smallest girls, who held her head so erect and kept such perfect step that it was impossible not to see her. At the end of the line was our small bunch of dynamite, who is never by any possibility still, and when his name was also called his air was the essence of compressed surprise. There was a silence, while he opened his bag, and drew out a large turnip; not to be outwitted, and before the bursts of laughter could break out he calmly remarked, "The next time I think I get a little cabbage." The double march followed; the first prize, a box of candy, being won by another of the little girls, who steadily kept step with the tall young brave who had asked her to march.

And so passed the day or holiday; yes, "Holler all day" as a small Indian boy defined it, and surely the spirit of Massasoit and his ninety men, who were among those who first held a day of Thanksgiving in this New World, must have hovered about with songs of praise that the good work was started, and their race gathered in.

L. T.

HOW SOME INDIANS KEEP THANKSGIVING.

Now I am going to tell you how the Indians spend their Thanksgiving day. Well they didn't have Thanksgiving until the white people told them about it, but they had a feast, and now they have that Thanksgiving. They make a big fire out of doors and kill two or three cows, that is if they think it will be enough to eat for them, and then they make their bread in this way, but first I am going to tell you they dont have corn bread like we do, and they have coffee. Oh! they like coffee better than anything else, and they like meat too. Oh yes, I must tell you how they make bread; they fry their bread, instead of baking it, and they don't have any vegetables as they do here just but coffee, bread and meat, and sometimes they have wild cherries, something like that but not always. You ought see them when they are coming to their dinner, both children and women with a spoon and cup, also a plate, and then they all sit down on the ground and have about two or three men to wait on them. Oh yes, first before they come to their dinner they would pick out an old man, and he would go around to the houses and tell them to come to dinner, but he dont go into the house but he would tell them dinner is ready just as loud as he can holler so they can hear him—and they dont have certain ones come but everybody wants to can come, if they want to come it be all right. These who have their dinner that way dont go to church, but not all of the Indians do that, but just a few of them do it yet.—You never go to a place and find all the people doing the same and the right thing always, so it is with these Indians, most of them have houses and do not do these things, and they spend their Thanksgiving like they do in the East.

ANNIE LYMAN.
(A Sioux girl)

NEWS FROM RETURNED INDIANS.

Thomas (Wildcatt) Alford, an Indian graduate of the Senior class of '82, returned to Indian Territory last June.

Mr Elliott, the Missionary, says of him:—"Thomas Alford has not found the real work of life so pleasant as his anticipations led him to conclude, but he has been faithful to every trust imposed on him, and carried himself as a dignified Christian gentleman."

CHINESE FLOWER GIRL.

Wagoza, I.T. Nov. 11, 1882.

My dear teacher.

Miss E.——

Since I left Hampton Institute I have done no work of any kind worth to mention. Discouragement and disappointment seemed to have characterized my past experience among my own people, and consequently I have not written to you as I ought to have done for fear it might lead you to lose all hopes of me.

Since my arrival at home last June I have been on a sharp look-out for work to do, and had not it been for the kindness of Mr. Elliott, the Missionary, to give me an employment as interpreter, I would have doubtless become one of the "cowboys" on these prairies. The employment has enabled me to procure my clothing and pay my board and washing, and besides to save a little money. Having been away from home a month and come home last Monday week ago, I found things in a better state, and now I have every reason to hope for better times.

I am happy to write that I am pleasantly situated this winter to do good among these people. Agent Carter has kindly offered me a position of teacher in the Pottowatomie day school, which I opened last Monday, 6th inst, with nine scholars. At present I have on roll twelve. Salary forty dollars per month. Though with many doubts and fears that I accepted, for the simple reason that I would much prefer to work with my own people; and would feel more confident of success among them. I took it partly for the sake of getting an experience which will help me to do more good in the future and which otherwise I cannot get. I am teaching in a small log-house about 20x15, and we also use it as a place of worship. We had a good Sunday school last Sunday of which I am also superintendent. School is doing well so far.

Mr. Elliott visits us about twice a month and is a great help and comfort to me in my work.

With best regard to Gen. Armstrong and others, I remain yours gratefully,

T. W. ALFORD.

Josephine Malnouric returned to St. Berthold, in Nov. 1881, after three years at Hampton. She made a brave effort to use the little knowledge she had gained for the help of her people, and has lately married a well to do, and respectable white man. Mr. Hall, the missionary, writes of her: "Josephine's marriage has been the means of drawing her family out of the village to a healthier and better place up the river, about seventy miles, and this will help our endeavor to get others scattered out." This letter has just been received by one of her school-mates.

GRINNELL D. T. Oct. 15, 1882.

Dear Friend:

Just now I am thinking about you, then I write to you This is Sunday evening. Dear Sarah J. J. Walker, what do you think? I was married. I got new name now. I've got everything very pleasant. I had very fine dresses, and gold watch, and rings. I had very pleasant home, I always go anywhere, I always go down to see all my folks, then. when I came here, I went up to Fort Buford I have very good time. I am little lonesome this winter, all my folks going have come up here, and going have nice home up here for new family. Last winter I was at Mr. C. L. Hall's house. I like to stay with them; but it is hard to live for me, because all my folks was getting very poor, then I went away from home, and married. I want to help them, (my poor folks,) and take care of them. Dear Sarah, you will see when you come home; very poor place Fort Berthold; good thing you did not come home. I am very glad you did come home. When you come home, will be hard for you I think. I am all right now. Last week I went down to see all my folks, and I saw your little sister, and grandmother too, she want to hear from you much. If you want to say something to them tell me, and I will tell them. I am sure every body sends love to you. Give my love to all the girls, tell Annie, I will write to her.

Dear Annie, will you please tell me what he, say Mr. Hall, down Hampton?

He say anything about me or say something to me? Give my love to your sister Mary.

That is all I have say to you. Good bye. Try to be a good girl Sarah, next time I will write to you again. Write to me soon.

Dear Sarah, I wish you will send a singing book, or a nice story book.

JOSEPHINE GRINNEL.

Edwin Ashley returned to Crow creek Agency Dakota, a year ago last October, after three years at Hampton. He has been teaching since, in the Agency, school.

CROW CREEK, Oct., 31, 1882.

GEN. S. C. ARMSTRONG,

My Dear Friend:

I am very glad that I heard Capt. Pratt is coming again. I am always rejoiced to know that Capt. Pratt and you like Indian boys. Dear sir, I always remembered what you told me before I came home among my people. I will never forget what you told me, and I am trying to live that way. Everything is going on in my school very nicely, and all the time I have been very busy every day since you left, and we have services just as we did when you were here, about one and a half years ago. Dear sir, I wish you would think about us always, because I often think about you. Please give my love to all the Indians, boys and girls, and also my compliments to Gen. M. and teachers. This is all I have to say.

Your truly friend,
EDWARD P. H. ASHLEY.

FROM AN INDIAN SCOUT.

Lieut. Geo. LeR. Brown, Commandant of cadets at Hampton Institute, hands us this note, as "evidencing something of the condition of the persons mentioned, who have served under his command as Indian Scouts." It makes some mention also of one or two former students of Hampton.

FORT BENNET, D. T. Nov. 11, 1882.

Lieut. B——

Dear Sir.

Your kind letter was received. Ambrose asked me to answer your letter so I will try do best I know how. Paul Traversie says he wants his daughter to stay one more year at school. Ambrose got his daughter at Mr. Kinney's school; he says they are doing well. Ambrose sister dont want to go down. Harry Brown is at McKinzie Point but Ambrose did not see him to find out. Ambrose quit scouting about a year ago, he worked in Robb's store, now he is up to Stone Creek near Warren River with his cattle. Ambrose is rich man if he dont have bad luck with his cattle.

Paul Traversie is working in Agency stable. I am still scouting yet; also Narcisse Traversie and Charlie Veo. I cannot get my sister to go down Hampton to school so I give up sending her down. I got few head of cattle now to start with. Lieut. Myer is in charge of Indian scouts. I am going out on buffalo hunt next week. Commanding officer told me I could go after I reenlisted again. I am getting along nicely now. I was thinking about quit scouting in spring to go out start a home for me.

Your very obedient sev't
LOUIS DERRITT.
Sergt. of Indian Scouts.

GIRLS IN CHINA.

Our young people may like to hear about the real condition of girls in China to-day. Perhaps they suppose the old heathenish customs, such as binding the feet of girls, and of mutilating or selling them, have passed away in the light of these latter days. But China still sits in great darkness.

The *Peking Gazette* of March 15th, in this year of grace, 1881, states that the Governor-General of Sze-chuen asks imperial honors for a girl of eighteen who starved herself to death after the burial of her betrothed. He also asks honors for other females who have "displayed their filial piety by mutilating themselves." The honors were granted.

Miss Safford of Foochow, writing for *Woman's Work in China*, says that parents still sell their daughters and husbands their wives. When a man sells his wife the sale paper is stamped by the woman herself. The palm of her hand is smeared with ink and makes on the paper a full, clear mark that could not be obtained without her consent. A paper thus attested proves that the woman was not stolen from her husband.

Think of a little girl five or six years of age having her feet so bandaged that the instep shall be broken and the toes pressed under the sole! It takes six or eight years to finish the work, and after that these maimed girls must hobble about all their days on their dis-

torted and weakened limbs. But silly as the custom is, no one wishes to be out of fashion.—*Missionary Herald.*

[The women of the lower classes have great advantage over their aristocratic sisters in this respect. Fashionable deformed feet would unfit them for work. The pretty flower girl from North China represented in the picture, for which we are indebted to the *Missionary Herald*, has not had to submit to this painful and hideous custom. She ought to be happy, but she probably envies her fashionably deformed superiors, as a healthy, vigorous country girl in America sometimes envies the equally senseless and far-more dangerous deformity of a wasp waist.]

MISSION WORK IN MANITOBA.

ADDRESS BY ARCHDEACON KIRKBY.

The great warrant for all missionary work, is our Lord's great command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." That is general. It may be asked, what is all the world. He left another command not so often quoted, not so familiar. I wonder how many of you could repeat it. Yet it was his last word. There is something precious—tender—about last words, you know. What were those last words of the Master? Let us see if I can repeat them. "Ye shall be witnesses unto me, in Jerusalem, and in Judea, and in Samaria,"—see how it is widening "in Jerusalem and in Judea, and in Samaria," and then with blessed greatness of love he added—"and to the uttermost parts of the earth"—and so he left them, and a cloud received him out of their sight.

From one of these uttermost parts of the earth, God has brought me, in his good providence, to tell you something of what He is doing there.

RUPERT'S LAND.—I wonder how many of you know where Rupert's Land is. People seem to know everything now-a-days but geography. It is so in England—I was telling so English gentleman in London something of my work on the Mackenzie River, and he said "Oh yes, I know something of that country. I have a friend who writes to me from Tchicago." Of course he meant Chicago, which is quite 3,000 miles from the Mackenzie River. Then a lady came up to me after a lecture and said to me: "Don't you think that's a good work in South Africa Dr. Kirkby?" and I said: "Oh yes, Madam, very good." "But don't you think great good is being done there?" "Oh yes, Madam I have no doubt of it." And then she went on making remarks and asking questions as if because I was working in North-western British America, I ought of course to be equally familiar with South Africa. Poor dear, she thought South Africa and North America were all about the same—some strange place full of heathen all about alike. I hope you know better than that, and perhaps you know all about Prince Rupert's land and the Mackenzie River, but I will just suppose you don't know anything, then I shall feel perfectly at home, quite easy, and go on and tell you all about it.

I will divide my talk into three parts: first a geography lesson—you see we have a map here; second, some account of the peculiar customs of the country; third, some account of the mission work there.

Now first for our lesson in geography.

Please put yourselves thirty years back. It is thirty years since we went out there—my wife and I. We had been two or three days married, and we started out on a long sort of a wedding journey; crossed the Atlantic ocean, and sailed through these straits, [Hudson's Strait] into this bay. [Hudson's Bay] Here we encountered many difficulties. The great fields of ice in the Artic regions above as it breaks up in the summer, all come, floating down to the sea, through these straits you know. As we sailed up, we met the ice coming down, and got caught in the floating fields of ice—the ice floes—for days and weeks together, so that sometimes we could not move, and the Captain was afraid that we would drift back with the ice faster than we could push forward. Sometimes the sailors and I would get out on the ice. Some would play foot-ball, and some hunt Polar bears. I will confess that I generally chose the foot-ball, and let the others hunt the polar bears, because I was afraid of polar bears. But I am not afraid of them now so much, and I have hunted and killed them since then, and have their paws hanging up in my house. Sometimes the action of currents and winds, in some way, would free the straits suddenly from ice altogether, and with an opened passage, and a favoring wind, the ship would slip along four knots an hour.

At last one day, when we had nearly crossed the bay, we discerned in the distance some black spots; by and by, as we neared them, they began to look like men—men sitting on the water. Then we saw a queer looking, long narrow boat, that they were sitting in—a *Kayak*. As soon as we got within hailing distance their voices all rang out over the water "*Chimoh. Chimoh.*" Trade. Trade. "*Squaw-back, Squaw-back.*" Peaceful. Peaceful. Then we saw some great big spots approaching, these were the women's boats,—the *oomyak*. They all came to trade, and thronged about our ship, and passed up their wares; first walrus teeth, then ivory; then fox skins and other furs. What do you think they wanted for these? Iron—most of all saws, which they liked the best; then needles. But any iron would do. If you had had there an old iron off of a boot heel, you could have bought with it one of their handsomest furs. After they had sold all they had, our ship's Doctor happened to be looking over the side of the ship down into one of the women's boats, the *oomyak*, and what do you think he saw there? Why, a beautiful little baby, sprawling about in the bottom of the *oomyak*. An Esquimaux woman, you know, carries her baby in a hood that hangs from the back of her neck. When she wants to take it out, she just puts her arms back, and takes hold of its little hands, and ducks her head down, and pulls it out head over heels over the top of her head. It doesn't have any clothes on, but the hood is lined with fur, and is very warm. So there this little baby lay sprawling about in the *oomyak*. The Doctor thought he would try the mother a little, so he held up twelve needles, and called to the mother that if she would give him the baby, he would give her all these needles. No sooner said than done. The mother laughed with delight, passed up the baby, and took the needles; and to show in the Esquimaux way, her satisfaction with the trade, she licked the needles with her tongue. The Doctor didn't do *that*, to his share of the bargain. He hadn't had an idea the mother would be so ready to trade, he only wanted to try her a little. He took his baby, and showed it around, and we crowded around to see it, for we all liked dear little babies. But what could the doctor do with a baby a year old? He was afraid the mother would go off and leave it on his hands, so he held the baby up over the side of the boat, to show he didn't want it. And that mother actually looked sorry. She thought that if she took back the baby, she would have to give back all of those needles. What do the little children here think about that? Do you suppose if I had gone to your mothers and offered—well, I'll be generous and say twenty needles, for one of these little boys or girls here, your mothers would sell you? Why not? Do you think that you are much better than Esquimaux babies. No my dear children, it isn't that. It is because your dear mothers have come to this church and others like it, and learned that, in your little bodies, are souls which will live on and on.

But this was to be a geography lesson. At York, [on the west shore of Hudson's Bay,] the last link was broken which connected us with the old world. We felt at home in the ship in which we had lived for six months since we left the London docks. When we landed, and saw the ship sail away, and looked around us and saw ourselves surrounded by Indians who had flocked to the shore to see it arrive, we thought that for weal or woe, our lot was cast in this distant land. Shall I tell you the first thing we did? Well, we had a good cry, and next we kneeled down and prayed for the comfort and guidance of our Father. We had now 800 miles to go in boats, with ten Indians in each boat. When we went ashore to camp, hundreds of Indians were around us. My wife was scared out of her senses. We thought we should certainly be scalped before we ever got to our journey's end; of course there was no need whatever of any fear, as we soon found out.

One month of this travelling brought us to our station. We were greatly surprised to find how much had already been done there. There had been a mission there, for thirty years. The land had been granted by Prince Rupert, to the Hudson's Bay Company. There were 250,000 Indians in the region granted. The Hudson Bay Company traders built a large hall; a great wooden building. In the centre, was a great hall for council and trading. All around this hall, and opening into it, were rooms, where the traders lived with their families. When the Indians came to trade with their furs, they said "Come in; camp down in this hall; make yourselves comfortable," so all the wild savages came in to this hall in the midst of the traders and their families. Why did they do this? Because they thought it safest, as long as they were in the minority, and the Indians so greatly in the majority, to put themselves wholly in the Indians 'power, and on their honor. And to their eternal honor be it said, that in all the hundred and fifty years there has not been one single instance of treachery on the part of an Indian. The traders began by treating them humanely, justly, and kindly. There has been recognition of this, and kind response on the Indians' side, and a God of love and providence over all.

Now I will show you a contrasting picture. Alaska was Russian America. The Russians established a trading post. Did they build a hall and invite the Indians in among their families? No, they built a fort, with a bastion at each corner, and on each bastion, guns mounted, and pointed inwards. Every Indian who came there never traded a single skin, except under the cover of those guns. What were the consequences? The Russians never gained their confidence; they were always in fear of their lives, and got rid of province to the United States, as soon as possible. I spent two summers there in Christian work. No Russian had ever penetrated where I went.

But in the English settlements, there was long no missionary. Our mother church whom we love so much, dear old lady, went to sleep for centuries; never waked up till 1798. Till that time, there was no society in the church of England, to send missionaries to the heathen. There was the society for the propagation of the Gospel; that was to send clergymen to you, to establish churches in her American colonies, for her white colonists, but not to the native races. Not until 1820, did she send a missionary to this country. In that year, a little birch bark canoe might have been seen, paddling up the river, and in it one white man, a pale face; a black coat, as the Indians called him; a praying master, for that is what they call a minister. In 1849, when the church sent out a bishop, they called him a *great* praying master. If an arch-bishop were sent out, I suppose they would call him an exceedingly-great-praying master.

Suppose only one ship a year ever came to this port, and that on it one year should come one man and announce his purpose to evangelize this whole country. You would say it was absurd; it would take him more than that time to go over it once. Yet that one man went strong in faith and purpose to set up the standard of the Lord in that vast country where it had never been planted before. Look again into that canoe. There are two little red Indian boys in it with him. They are going eight hundred miles away from their parents. The good Missionary is taking them to train them up. He is wise as well as good. He said to them, you put your hands together and pray—"Oh God give me thy Holy Spirit for Jesus sake." The prayer was answered. They became the first pupils of the Missionary's school, then his first teachers to help teach other Indian children: then the first two volunteers to go out as evangelists to carry the gospel to the people. And in 1849, when the bishop came, they became the first two ordained native clergymen. One of them is still living, after having for fifty years served God in this work. The other died two years ago, and went to his reward.

I began twenty years after they did. The work had been spread wonderfully. The country was settled for a hundred miles around by Indians of different tribes. One of the churches was given into my charge. And I can assure you we never had any empty seats in God's house. I don't know how it is in Hampton, but I notice in other places of the East what we, called civilized people, seem to be very much afraid of catching cold on Sunday. No matter how hard it rains or snows on Monday, they all go with their overcoats and umbrellas to their business and shopping and amusements, but on Sunday—oh! it looks like rain, and if they go to church they will take cold.

It isn't so with the Indians. I don't know whether your good pastor is in the habit of asking questions in his sermon. If not I can recommend the practice to him as very interesting and profitable. I very often ask questions of my people. I remember one Sunday my text was "Lovest thou me?" and I said "Suppose you heard the Saviour speaking directly to you, in his own voice—John—Mary—Thomas—Eliza—lovest thou me?" What would you say to him? To my surprise, a poor old Indian woman in the house—whose name I had heppened to use, and who thought herself questioned, stood up, and in a trembling voice said—in her Indian language—"Well, God is in Heaven, and He is here too,—I dont know what other people would say, but He knows that ever since I heard His name and learned about Him, I have loved Him, and I love Him to dey." Now wasn't that a great thing for that poor woman to do—to stand up among her peers who saw her daily life and could tell if she lived up to her word—and thus profess her love for the Lord.

But this was to be a geography lesson. After a while more missionaries came, and we retraced our steps from the Red river to the Mackenzie river, among the Cree Indians, a new tribe; not a single word of their language had been translated, and no one there spoke both English and Indian. How should we learn the language or teach them ours? I took two or three orphan boys into my house, and after they were used to it, I set them in the corner of the room, and I stood up before them, and pointed to myself and said *head, eyes, nose, chin*, and so on. They repeated the words after me. Then I took their place, and they pointed to their head and eyes and nose and so on, and told me the Indian words. But they learned ever so much faster than I did. It is a very good way to learn a language from the children. It doesn't matter so much if you make a mistake now and then. But you have to be careful in talking to the older ones. A missionary was preaching one day, and thought he was doing very well when suddenly the whole audience burst into a laugh. He was much astonished and rather disconcerted. He went on to the end of his sermon, and afterwards he asked what had made them forget themselves so much as to laugh in church. "You told us that God made Eve out of Adam's tobacco pipe stem." You see he had just used the word *nipuyen* instead of *spogen rib*. The Indians thought little enough of woman anyhow, but the idea that she was made out of an old tobacco pipe was a little too much for them.

After we learned the language, we got a nice school house built, and then a church, and then that was enlarged. The work was going on finely—wonderfully. Then suddenly came a terrible trial. Have you never noticed that so often when we try to do something for the Master, just as we are prospering most in it, then comes a terrible trial? I suppose it is good for us. The sailors say it is not good for a ship to have a fair wind: the mainsail fills, but there is no wind in the other sails—the mainsail takes the wind out of them. A side wind, a wind in the quarter is best—so it is with us—too fair a wind is not good for us, the mainsail is full, but the little sails of prudence, caution, and the rest, are empty. A side wind is best for us.

Ours was a two-fold trial. The scarlet fever was brought from England in 1862; brought in goods on a trading ship, cloths and dress goods and blankets for the Indians. They were distributed far and wide, and every where they went, death and destruction went with them. In my own station, out of three-hundred Indians, fifty were struck down. But the dark cloud had a silver lining. Before that, what with the Indians' reticence and my imperfect knowledge of their language, and imperfect methods of teaching them, I had hardly felt sure, hardly could believe that the truth had touched their hearts and really entered their life. But when the great test of death came, when they found themselves face to face with the other world, I found many of them peacefully resting on Jesus. There was still another silver lining to the cloud. In many families, the parents were gone, and the children were left. The question was how to provide for them. This gave rise to an orphanage on the lake; Great Bear Lake—where the little ones were gathered and taught. Two of the boys manifested early a desire for better things—like the first missionary's pupils that I told you about. They were sent from the orphanage to the Bishop's school at St John's, then they became catechists—native helpers—then ministers of the gospel.

When I was at Great Bear Lake, I was on classic ground, ground gone over by Sir John Franklin. I sat on the dial he had raised by the side of the lake, and heard some natives who remembered him, tell a pretty story about him, how he caught a number of mosquitoes in his hand, but said: "Poor little creatures, this world is large enough for both you and me" and opened his hand and off they all flew. I am afraid I was not as humane to the mosquitoes as Sir John. I'm afraid I killed a great many of them, and wished I could kill a great many more. There are millions of them in that cold country; I don't like to think of them even here.

As soon as the ice broke up on the Mackenzie river, I went far down it, north of the Arctic circle. It was the first time the gospel had been carried north of that circle. I thank the Lord for the great privilege.

Of course in those Arctic regions I saw many wonderful things, and the most wonderful of all, it seemed to me, was the sun, going round and round the sky without ever setting; the long day of the Arctic summer. We had no regular eating time, or sleeping time. When we were hungry would catch a fish, or shoot a duck, or a deer, if we could find one, and then lay down and sleep. Once after a long sleep, I got up, and looked at my watch and found it twelve o'clock at noon, or twelve o'clock at mid-night, I could not, for the life of me tell which, and I never could tell which was which, while I stayed in the Arctic zone.

One day, as we were paddling down the river in our canoe, we saw some *kayaks* and *oomiaks*, shoot out from the land. The Esquimaux were coming. The Indians at home had warned me to beware of them, for they were great thieves. I said to the Indians in my canoes, "Keep way out in the middle of the river. They are calling Squawback; Squawback; peaceful— peaceful—but we don't know what kind of people they are." So the Indians kept our boat in the middle of the river. But directly, the Esquimaux swarmed round us. They lifted up our oars with their long paddles, and drifted our boat along with them, and we were quite at their mercy. They drifted us ashore, and then they began stealing everything they could lay their hands on. But I had taken the precaution to put all my valuables into a box, and I took good care to sit on that box. One old woman had a large piece of blubber, and wanted me to go ashore and get a piece, but I sat on my box.

The Esquimaux are a very different race from the Indians; they are whiter, and have black beards, and oblique eyes, just like the Chinese. They carry long knives. I was afraid they would try to kill my Indians; not myself, for they have more respect for white-

mea. But they think nothing of killing an Indian, and on the other hand, an Indian thought nothing of killing an Esquimaux. We escaped them however, and went on to the Rat river country.

Now I have another story for the children—a good one this time—about the Rat river and the Rat river country, and how they got their name.

Our Indians have their own story of the creation of man. They say that the first man God made was a white man. He looked at him, and found him too pale and sickly looking. Then he made a black man, but he was too ugly. Then he made a red man—he was just right. The first red man's name was Wen-ko-chah—and he had a nice wolf to play with. One day Wen-ko-chah waked up from a sleep and found his wolf gone. The wind told him that the King of the Serpents had stolen it while he was asleep. Wen-ko-chah was very angry, and went after the King of the Serpents, and found him asleep, and got back his wolf and ran off. The King of the Serpents woke up and pursued Wen-ko-chah but could not catch him, so he blew from his mouth a great stream of water, and that soon caught Wen-ko-chah He felt the water rising around him, and said, What is this? I must go into a high place. So he climbed to higher ground, but still the water followed him; and then to a higher hill, up a high mountain, but the water rose all the time, and he was afraid of being drowned. Then he took his hatchet and cut down some trees and made a large raft. Then he said to all the animals who had followed him up the mountain side, "Come—come to my raft and save yourselves." So they all came; the bears, and the beavers, and the rats and foxes, and all the rest, and Wen-ko-chah and his wolf. After they had sailed around for several days, he began to fear they would all starve, for they had nothing to eat. The beaver said he would go and see what he could find. So off he splashed into the water, and was gone for some time, but came back without saything, and all the animals laughed at him for a great clumsy stupid thing that hadn't got what he went for. Then the rat said that he would try—so he went off splash, into the water. But by and by he came with some earth in his paw, and a leaf in his mouth. And Wen-ko-chah blew upon the leaf, and the leaf grew up and covered the rat, and the earth became an island, and the island became a continent, and the continent became a world, and that is the way we all came to be here. So now you know where you came from. The country was named in honor of the Rat.

Now we have finished our geography lesson, and I must tell you, as I promised, about the peculiarities of this distant part of the earth.

In a country as large as the whole United States, you will expect, of course, to find many different kinds of climate and soil. All the Southern part is a great grain bearing country. It has as fine wheat as there is in North America. The Northern part can only be inhabited by Indians, and produces only furs. There are as many Indians, as many tents there now, as there ever were, and it is a very good place for them.

It is very cold there. What will you think when I tell you that the mercury in the thermometer goes down to ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, yes, sixty degrees below zero sometimes. But in the good providence of God, when the thermometer is lowest, it is always calmest, and one can hear still cold at sixty degrees below zero, better than a wind twenty degrees below. If the wind blew at sixty as it does at twenty, no flesh could hear it. I have often been reminded of David's exclamation in the one hundred and forty-seven Psalm. "He casteth forth his ice like morsels; who can stand before his cold?" The ice on the river is often six feet thick; the iron handles of our doors have to be kept wrapped, so that we can handle them, and not leave the skin of our hands on them, as if they were red hot. The frost that forms from our breath on the window panes gets to be an inch and a half thick. This darkens them very much and makes a great difference in our short winter days, only four hours long at the best, the sun rising at ten, and setting at two. So, as soon as the sun rises, we wash off the frost with hot water, to get all the light we can.

Strange to say, in summer it is as hot as in winter it is cold. The mercury rises to 90, 94, 98! And the mosquitoes—Mercy me; as you say in the States! I don't like to think of them even now!

Another peculiarity of our life there is the great distance our houses are from each other. The Indians go wandering all about. The trading posts are two hundred and fifty miles apart; a most excellent country to prevent gossip. And if we want to visit our next door neighbor; well, in winter we just have to walk there. In summer we go in our canoes. Our winter walk is on snow shoes; a wonderful invention of the Indians, a light frame of wood bent into the shape of a ball racket, laced across like a cane bottomed chair, with reindeer sinews. The whole is five or six feet long, but very light. The foot rests in the centre, with the pointed end of the shoe behind. These snow-shoes will bear you up on the crust without sinking, and you can walk comfortably and rapidly, when you are used to them. We had light sledges without runners, covered with canvass, about eleven feet long, holding our provisions, and camp out-fit. I would have an Indian walk ahead, for we had to walk over the snow without any roads, as far as from Hampton to Philadelphia, in a straight line, and an Indian guide would go straight ahead and never make a mistake. Then came the sledge drawn by four dogs, then another Indian behind the sledge to turn it right side up, when it upset, which it did four or five times an hour. Then I would walk last, in the sort of road all the rest made.

At nightfall, when we came to green and dry trees, we would make our camps. We would mark out a space ten feet square, throw all the snow out of the space, till we got down to the ground, cut some green pine boughs, and throw them into the hole to sleep on, then some dry wood, make a fire in one side, sit down by it, and eat our supper, and then go to sleep. If it was a calm night, we would be very comfortable; if it blew, oh, how cold it was! But I took good care to sleep in the middle. Some travellers make a bag of buffalo skin, and bail the Indians tie them up in it. But then they were helpless. I never like the bags, I prefer to have the use of my hands and feet. Sometimes it would snow all night, but that was no matter. The snow was dry as sand, and kept us warm. In the morning the Indians would get up and make the fire, then come and wake me, shake off the snow from me, and after a cup of tea, we would start on.

Of course there is great isolation there as to the mails. During our twenty-eight years there, we never got letters but three times a year. Any larger parcel, like a newspaper, or any goods, only came once a year. If we sent for anything it would be two years before we could get it. Fancy sending for a paper of pins, for needles, for clothes, for a dress for the baby, and having to wait two years for them—that is, if no delay occurred. If you missed a boat, you might have to wait four years for it. As I had to wait for a coat once. I was in such straits for it, that at last I said to my wife, Have you anything in the house that could possibly be made into a coat? And she, dear woman, took a black shawl she had with some sort of a bright red or blue or yellow border, and cut off the border and made the shaw into a coat for me and I wore it all the years till the boat came. When we got to England, I got her the very best dress I could afford to, to pay her for her shawl.

(To be concluded in next number.)

ADDRESS BY DR. BLYDEN,

President of Liberia College.

TO THE STUDENTS OF HAMPTON.

"*Young Ladies and Gentlemen:*—

I am glad to see you here. I have been glad to see the advantages you are having, and the progress you are making, and especially because I believe it will all have results in God's providential designs for the ancient home of our race. I have recently come from that distant home of ours, and you will be interested to hear something about its present condition.

You all know that Liberia is situated on the Western Coast of Africa; the grain coast as it is sometimes called, and that it was founded by colored people from America in 1829, who had been rescued from slavery, and were sent out by the American Colonization Society. The coast was then infested by slave-ships, and the Society hoped that the colonists would help to suppress the slave-trade, and spread religion among the native tribes, and enjoy the blessings of freedom. The first to go were eighteen people. They went out like Abraham, hardly knowing whither they went, like the children of Israel, from the house of bondage into the wilderness. Two men-of-war were sent out by the United States Government, to protect them at first. They settled at Sherbro, but the climate there was against them, and they moved to their present situation. The slave-traders instigated the natives against them also, making them believe the colonists had come to interfere with their commerce. They had sometimes to fight for their lives. But more colonists joined them, God helped them, they drove the hostile natives back, all the time. The tribes in the interior are superior to those on the coast, in intelligence, and in all respects. A powerful Mandingo chief from the interior took them under his protection, and warned the coast tribes to let them alone. So, with God's favor, they went on increasing in prosperity, advancing into the interior and making friendly treaties with the tribes, and sometimes absorbing them. Now they occupy six hundred miles on the coast, and two hundred towards the Interior, and have thirty-six settlements, and towns. In 1847, they incorporated a Republic. Some such step was necessary. As they grew in prosperity, they were imposed on by the traders, who paid no duties and made what bargains they pleased. So the colonists banded with the friendly native tribes, and sent Commissioners to England, who cheerfully acknowledged them as an independent nation; then France, Germany, Portugal, Spain, Russia, the United States; now all the nations of the civilized world. They are now in dispute with the British Government about a boundary line, and America comes in as arbitrator. The coast is swampy, fevers prevail; as in Jamestown, when it was settled. But the interior settlements are healthy. The highlands on which they are, do not suffer from fever. We raise coffee, cocoa, tropical productions in the greatest abundance. Liberian coffee is called the best in the world. It sells at twenty cents a pound, and one settlement produced last year a million pounds. It was settled by families from North Carolina, ten years ago. They came with no capital but a knowledge of labor. The Government gave each family as usual, twenty five acres of land. A good farmer can always get on there. The natives around bring their children to American planters when they come out, to learn their methods, so we get help in farming. So we are pushing on, right across the Continent.

Liberia is a Republic, just like this one in its forms of government, with a President and Vice President, a Legislature, Judiciary and Executive Department, Courts, etc. It is a small government, but a real one, with all the necessary machinery and all the possibilities of growth. I came to this country, and say to you young men, here is a field before you. Go and build up your nation. White men have failed; it is your work. You have been brought here to get ideas that you may carry back these ideas to your home, and push on the work of its upbuilding.

The most important and intelligent native tribe that has become allied to Liberia is that of the Mandingoes. It goes clear across the Continent. I saw them in Egypt. They are great traders. Another is the Vey tribe. They have made an alphabet of their own; and reduced their language to writing. Each letter represents a syllable. Very few tribes in the whole world have done that; the Choctaws did, and the Veys. The Veys have schools. They will be a great nation by and by. Another tribe is the Kroos. They are a maritime tribe. They build canoes that will hold a hundred people; and understand all the rivers and bars and inlets, and the management of the surf. Without the Kroos, there would be no navigation at all on the West Coast. And they are only found on the West Coast. They are engaged as pilots; every pilot pays a tax to the Liberian Government. So do the Mandingoes employed as guides across the Continent. It is a signal providence, that has placed us on just this part of the Coast, with these advantages. The fourth of our allies, is the Bassa tribe. They are manufacturers of palm oil, producers of articles of commerce, bring rubber and other spontaneous productions of the soil. They extend from North-west to South-east. They are the farmers who bring their children to learn the American ways of farming, as I told you.

We feel in Liberia that we can build up a nation with the elements we have, in time, and you need not come at all, But we believe, some of us, that it could be developed sooner by your help, and that you have a right there. It is your home; the great mass of the country is in the hands of your people; foreigners are only scattered in a few spots.

The Mandingoes are Mahommedans. Mahommedanism you know arose in Arabia, It developed the idea of one God. It spread along the East Coast. Now there are twenty millions of Mahommedans in Africa. All Mahommedan tribes speak Arabic, so through that they can have intercourse; all have one religion, and all know their sacred book, the Koran, by heart, all through. So that is a great means of the unification of Africa. All read and write Arabic. In Africa, from the equator to the Mediterranean, there are no savages; no place where you will not find the people manufacturing gold and iron, cultivating the ground, living in houses, under laws, in communities. Why then call them savages? I have been sent twice by the British Government to make treaties with native chiefs three hundred miles back from the coast, but I found no savages. Seven years ago, I went thus to visit a powerful chief. I found all the forms of a court, as in England. The gold studs I am wearing to-night were made by one of these "savages." I am telling you all this to correct the mistakes of white travellers. When I spoke to Cameron of Stanley, he said he didn't see why Stanley had so much trouble. Men can draw out of other men just what is in themselves. Stanley himself talks differently now. In '69, Mr. Reed went with me to visit a chief seventy-five miles from the coast, Sittlag with me at the court table, he said he was sorry he had written as he had. So Captain Burton wrote some dreadful things about the Africans, but now he speaks differently. No people can interpret Africans, but Africans. In Sierra Leone, the Governor one day had thirty chiefs from the interior dining with him, and all his finest dinner service was set out to do them honor. They had never seen a white man before, but such politeness and dignity of manner you would not see in Europe in a promiscuous company.

The twenty million Mahommedans believe in one God. They believe in Christ in a sense; believe that he was conceived by the Holy Ghost and born without sin. They do not believe in his atonement as we do, but they can be made to; they listen respectfully to what you say, Not one of these twenty million Mahommedans ever drinks, or has ever tasted ardent spirits. It is forbidden by their religion. That is a large temperance society. If it were not for them, all Africa would be filled with rum as it is on the coast. The traders go along the coast carrying rum and gin, and getting rubber, ivory and gold dust, and the natives drink themselves to death. A trader was telling me how much liquor he had sold—15,000 cases of gin in a month. I asked him what effect drinking had on the natives. He said it killed them. Yet he sold it. But they can't sell it to the Mahommedans. A trading vessel tried it, took sixty puncheons of rum up the river to a Mahommedan settlement, but had to bring it all back again. They are holding the fort, till by and by those shall come who will give the land a true Christian civilization. The Mahommedans eat no pork, which is unwholesome in tropical countries, so they keep their health; there is no gambling or usury among them. They have strict laws on all these things, and the children are brought up so. When you see them, you think they are a different class of men from the Pagans; larger, brighter eyed, strong, intelligent, with all the elements of manhood. Travellers see that the Christian negroes of the coast tribes are feebler. Our only hope is to bring Christians over who are better and stronger. The Mahommedans believe in Abraham and Isaac, and Ishmael whom they regard as their father, the head of the Arab race. The King of Timbuctoo told me that he believed that Ishmael and Isaac will strike hands and unite in Africa. The Koran has some beautiful passages. I will repeat one in the English and in the Arabic. It is a prayer used by all Mahommedans, in Africa, India and China, when they pray nine times a day.

"In the name of God, gracious and merciful: King of the day of judgment. It is thee whom we adore: it is from thee that we require help. Guide us in the right way, in the way of them that thou hast gratified, against whom thou hast not been displeased; and we shall not be misled."

They are called to prayer not by bells, but by a call—the Muezzin—from the minaret of the mosque, a call which they say was composed by a Negro, named Bilal, to whom Mahomet gave this office because of the strength of his lungs and the strength of his faith. I have often heard the sweet sound of this call in the early morning, and risen from my bed to go out and worship when all were worshipping. When a Mohammedan prays he washes his face, head, hands and feet. Washing his ears he prays to God that they may hear no wickedness; washing his eyes he prays that they may see no vanity; his mouth, that it may speak no evil; his hands, that they may do no wrong; his feet, that they may not go into sin.

As to the honesty of the natives in Africa, I can say that I have travelled seven hundred miles through thinly inhabited districts, and though I was known to be carrying money, I never was troubled."

In reply to questions from the students and others, invited by Dr. Blyden, he said further that the population of Liberia is a million including the Aborigines: that in the course of Liberia college, the Arabic and some native languages are taught: that all Liberian citizens vote, and delegates are sent to Congress from the four Counties, each of which is governed by a Superintendent, who is like a Governor in the United States; that a militia is sustained in which every man from 16 to 50 serves: and that there are in Liberia as here all the various denominations of the Protestant church.

DR. BLYDEN'S OPINION OF THE PLANTATION SONGS.

In reply to a request that he would say what he thought of the plantation songs, Dr. Blyden said with eloquent warmth:

"I am grateful to hear you sing these songs, they tell a tale you can never tell—they express a power you can never express in any other way. These songs you must never despise or be ashamed of. You may be likely, as you advance in your studies here, to despise these songs, as part of a past that you wish to forget. No—that would be a great mistake. These are the songs of your race. They do not come from slavery, but in spite of slavery. They were the Lord's songs in a strange land. They consoled the hearts of your fathers. They were the songs in the night. All Europe has wondered at and admired these sweet strains. Here you sing them under a cloud. When you go back to Africa, you will sing them with fresh delight. Don't be ashamed of them. Never forget them. Do all you can to preserve them."

TO THE HAMPTON GRADUATES.

My Dear Friends.

There is a good old saying, "Where there's a will, there's a way;" and from your letters, I believe you have in many instances, found this to be true. Some of you have had serious obstacles to contend with in pursuing your work, but you have surmounted them by patience and perseverance. In doing so, you have not only improved your own condition, but you have stimulated and encouraged others to follow your example. I hope you will take every opportunity to impress upon those around you the possibility of succeeding in their enterprises, if they will take the proper course. Some persons waste their energies in striving after the unattainable, or in grieving for the want of those aids which they think necessary to success. They wish for some sudden stroke of good fortune, which never comes; they wish for friends without respecting themselves; for the pecuniary result of labor, without performing the labor and using the energy, industry, and economy that would surely bring competence, if not wealth. Merely wishing for a possession, whether it be money, or influence, or power, is a very different thing from determining to obtain it. A foolish man is continually wishing, and regretting that he does not realize his wishes. A wise man resolves, and takes those measures which result in obtaining his reasonable desires. He lays his plans with sagacity, and carries them out prudently. A teacher, on entering a new school, finds his pupils unruly, and indolent, his school house unattractive, and the parents of his pupils without interest in the improvement of their children. If he is wise, he does not sit with folded hands, mourning over his difficulties, and idly wishing; some good friend or fairy, would bring order out of disorder, and put an end to his troubles. By patience, kindness, tact, and unflinching energy, and, above all, with prayer and faith in God, he carries out his resolutions, and finds "Where there's a will there's a way." I know of a case in point. A graduate of the Theological department of Lincoln University, was invited to take charge of a church, in one of the Southern States. On his arrival he found the field of labor very uninviting; the people of his congregation were addicted to the use of tobacco in every form; even the women were constant chewers of snuff. The pews and the floor of his meeting-house were filthy. The Bible in the pulpit was so soiled with tobacco juice, that he could scarcely make use of it. Disgusted as he was with this condition of things, he did not, at first, venture to remonstrate with his congregation against their disgusting habits. The people themselves, although they had invited him to preach for them, were a little afraid of him, because he had been educated in a university, and they rather dreaded that he would introduce Latin or Greek words into his sermons. He, therefore, contented himself for some time with preaching "Christ and Him crucified," and, after he had won the affection of his congregation and satisfied them that he had their highest interest at heart, he said to them one day:—"Before I studied Theology I was a plasterer, and you can imagine how it grieves me to see these walls spattered with tobacco-juice and the floor of this room not fit to walk upon. Now, if you will thoroughly cleanse the pulpit, pews, and floor, I will plaster the walls." To this they readily consented. They gave a thorough cleaning to the church, and their pastor plastered the walls. By giving up tobacco, they had money, not only to put a new Bible in the pulpit, but two small Bibles in every pew, and, when my friend and informant visited the place six months after this transformation, he found the church still neat and clean. Besides this, the minister persuaded the people to remove a great pile of rubbish near the church, and enclose with a paling the ground which they had carefully sodded under his direction. What one man has done, another can do with the same tact, discretion, and Christian effort.

There are three requisites for a teacher's success in the highest sense;—love to Christ in his heart, love for children with an earnest desire for their eternal welfare, and a love of teaching. Hoping you are all imbued with these requisites, I am, with my best wishes for a Happy New Year,

Sincerely your friend,

M. A. L.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EMERALD BOWER, HILO, Nov. 10, 1882.

GEN. S. C. AMSTRONG,

My Dear Friend:

I sure your heart has been moved with deep sympathy for us, as you have heard of the sorrow that has come into our sweet home. This active man, so vigorous, so enthusiastic in his work, so interested in all the progress of the world's concern, because their progress advanced the coming of the brighter day, lies helpless now, stricken down suddenly by paralysis. It is eight weeks ago to night that he retired in apparently his usual health; the day had been a bright one, full of activities and of enjoyment. For many days previous he had been unusually pressed by a series of special gospel meetings, by the meeting of the East Hawaii Association, by his large correspondence. No one but I, who watched him from day to day, knew how he spent himself—how wearied he often was, but always so indefatigable. I could not get him to rest when I knew he needed it so much. But that Friday, eight weeks ago, the Association having adjourned, and it being the day after steamer day, there came a little lifting of the pressure, a little breathing spell—which we took the comfort of—and the memories of the day will always be precious to me. The next day the shadow fell upon us, and we believed the hour of his departure was near at hand.

With him all was peace, yes more, his soul seemed full of love and joy, and to have foretastes of glory.

But the Lord still spares him, and his symptoms have been for some weeks past so favorable that we have been encouraged to hope that he would once more be allowed to leave his couch of weariness and helplessness, but we do not know the gain is very little from week to week, and it may never be enough to put him on his feet again. He is beautifully patient, bearing all without a murmuring word—lying passive in His hands, and knowing no will but His. The mind is not greatly affected; for this we are very thankful—he is able to talk with us to some extent, sometimes to lead in prayer at our family devotion, and he is interested in all the letters that come, and in the news of the day. I know your high esteem and your affection for this dear saint, and therefore I have written thus fully.

Mr. Coan bids me to give you assurance of his love; to tell you that his heart is in your work and that he watches it with interest, assured that it will have great success. He desires also a remembrance to Mr. Marshall, and those associated with you, especially those whom he has met, Mrs. A. and Miss L.

I have written a little sketch of the *family horse*, to which perhaps you will give a corner in the "Workman," though it has no great importance. Give it to the waste-basket rather than to let it take the room of that which is more important. Mr. Coan directed Munson to send you a copy of "Life in Hawaii." He bids me ask whether you ever received it.

Very sincerely yours,

LYDIA BISHAM COAN.

A HELPFUL HORSE.

I have read in the children's beautiful missionary pamphlet "The Dayspring," about Helpful Dogs," and I want to tell of a dear old horse that has done good in missionary work with his kindest of masters, the Rev. Titus Coan. Seventeen years ago, two gentlemen rode into Mr. Coan's yard, having just arrived from the district of Kona, on the other side of the volcanic island. Bringing the heavy baggage of the travellers, came the pack animal, into whose sides the burdens had so been pressed and worn that there were deep bleeding wounds, bad enough to make the horse unfit for further service. So they turned him into a pleasant pasture for a long holiday, and the stranger guests offered him to their host for the keeping of and caring for him.

Afterwards, when the sores had healed, and the animal was found to be valuable, Mr. C. paid something for him, and for many a year Kona, as he was called, because of the place from which he came, most faithfully served his owner.

Perfectly kind and gentle, he was ever ready to come at call, and hundreds of times he has been saddled and bridled for the long tours though Puna and Hilo, and for the pastoral work at the Station. Up and down the "palis," through the wild, romantic gorges, over mountain streams, or long stretches of jagged lava, by the surf beaten shore, or up the highlands, to the world-renowned crater, no matter where, he trotted patiently with willing feet, as the master guided him. And in these journeys he often learned where, by the road-side, grew the dainty tid-bits, convolvulus, the blue flowered "oi," and tender grasses, and the indulgent rider always allowed him to turn aside, a little and loiter in his steps as he cropped the sweet morsels. Then he knew as well as any of us, where the purest streamlets flowed, and quickened his pace as he drew near them.

Undaunted by the onrushing waves along our beach, he pranced joyfully homeward, leaving hoof marks on the sand, to show as the waters receded. And so in shade or shine, in storm or calm, has he gone and come, and never was a horse more truly loved. How patiently expectant he stood by the hour, in the corner of the pasture nearest the house, sure that at last there would be brought to him the coveted breadfruit, or banana leaf, growing on our side of the wall. But just here I must acknowledge, Kona had one fault. He was not generous and courteous to other horses who sometimes came for a share of the rare fodder, but with emphatic gestures made them understand he was master in the pasture, and the household's pet. Yet he fraternized kindly except in the privileged corner, with his fellows, and one of our last memories of him was the truly affectionate welcome he gave a comrade after a week's separation. As Kona heard his approaching steps he looked up and gave a pleasant whinny of welcome, which he repeated more earnestly as the other came nearer. Then the two horses touched noses, and rubbed their cheeks together, saying as plainly as words could have told it, that they were glad to see each other.

One week after this he was sick, so sick that in one day the strong frame succumbed, and when the next morning we hastened to see how he was, we found him dead.

By willing obedience he had been a great helper in good works. I have told this story of him because of grateful memories, and of his faithful services, and because I wanted to chronicle the kindness of the master who never struck his horse a cruel blow, or spoke a harsh word to him, whose gentleness has made him great.

L. B. C.

Teachers' Table.

"SENTIMENTS" FOR RECITATION.

The pleasant custom of beginning the day with a recitation of some beautiful extract of poetry or prose, is continued at Hampton Institute with much enjoyment to those who recite and those who listen. The following are some of the monthly selections, which may be profitably transferred to our graduate teachers' commonplace books, for similar use in their own schools, or for their own satisfaction.

NOBILITY.

"True worth is in being, not seeming;
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good thing—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in their blindness
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and feel pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But alway the path that is narrow
And straight, for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story
The heart of its ills to beguile,
Though he who makes courtship to glory
Gives all that he hath for her smile.
For when from her heights he has won her,
Alas! it is only to prove
That nothing's so sacred as honor,
And nothing so loyal as love!

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses,
Helps more than the thing which it gets.
For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great or of small,
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all."

Alice Carey.

"The reward of virtue is virtue—The only way to *have* a friend is to *be* a friend."

Emerson.

"It is told of Brutus, that when he fell on his sword, after the battle of Philippi, he quoted a line of Euripides, 'O virtue, I have followed thee through life, and I find at last but a shade.'" I doubt not the hero is slandered by the report. The heroic soul does not sell its justice and its nobleness. It does not ask to dine nicely, and to sleep warm. The essence of greatness is its perception that virtue is enough. Poverty is its ornament. It does not need plenty, and can very well abide its loss."—*Emerson.*

"No man can safely go abroad that does not love to stay at home; no man can safely speak that does not willingly hold his tongue; no man can safely govern that would not cheerfully become subject; no man can safely command that has not truly learned to obey; and no man can safely rejoice but he that has the testimony of a good conscience."—*Thos. A. Kempis.*

"Nothing great or good can be accomplished without labor and toil. Motion is the law of living nature. Inaction is the symbol of death if it is not death itself. The hugest engines, with strength and capacity sufficient to drive the mightiest ships across the stormy deep, are utterly useless without a moving power.

Energy is the steam power, the motive principle of intellectual capacity. It is the propelling force; and as in physics momentum is resolvable into velocity and quantity of matter, so in metaphysics, the extent of human accomplishment may be resolvable into the degree of intellectual endowment and the energy with which it is directed. A small body driven by a great force will produce a result equal to, or even greater than a much larger body moved by less force; so it is with minds. Hence we often see men of comparatively small capacity, by greater energy alone, leave their superiors in natural gifts far behind in the race for honor, distinction and preferment."—*Alexander H. Stephens.*

"Never speak anything for a cause which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gives us a tongue to speak the truth and not falsehood. It is a great offence against humanity itself,—for where there is no regard to truth there can be no safe society between men and man; and it is an injury to the speaker, for beside the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind that he can scarcely tell the truth or avoid lying, even when he has no color of necessity for it: and in time he comes to such a pass that, as other people cannot believe he speaks the truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood."—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

Health and Humanity.

THIRD LESSON.

Be kind to dumb creatures, be gentle, be true,
For food and protection they look up to you;
For affection and help to your bounty they turn,
Oh, do not their trusting hearts wantonly spurn!

THE CATTLE

(To be read to pupils by Primary Teachers.)

In the first chapter of Genesis we are told that "God made the cattle"; and in the eighth chapter of Genesis, that "God remembered the cattle," in the one hundred and fourth Psalm, that "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle"; and in the fiftieth Psalm, that "the cattle on a thousand hills are His."

If God *made* the cattle, and *remembers* the cattle, and *causeth grass to grow* for the cattle, and *the cattle on a thousand hills are His*, will he not remember those who cruelly treat the cattle,—those who carry them several days on the railroads with no food or water,—those who kill them very cruelly in the slaughter houses,—those who take the little calves from their mothers when very young and treat them cruelly,—those who, to save the cost of hay, give their cattle so little food in winter that they are half starved, and become lean and sick?

Sometimes cattle suffer more than a thousand deaths because their cruel keepers do not give them enough food in winter, and many times because their keepers do not provide comfortable barns.

Cruelty to cattle and other animals in keeping them, or in killing them, injures their meat, making it unwholesome, and sometimes poisonous. So, also, cruelty to cows often makes their milk, and the butter and cheese that is made from the milk, unwholesome and poisonous.

I should not like to eat the meat of animals that had suffered on the cars, just before they were killed, or that had been killed in a cruel manner, knowing beforehand that they were to be killed. They should all be killed instantly, either by shooting them in the head, or otherwise, and no animal should ever be compelled to see another animal killed.

WHAT AGASSIZ TAUGHT.

The great teacher, Agassiz, used to teach his pupils to quickly kill even the fish they caught as soon as they were taken out of the water, by striking them on the back of the head with a stick or stone, because fish that die as soon as they are caught are much better than those that die slowly and suffer before they die.

No creature, either bird, or beast, or fish, should ever be permitted to suffer long before dying, because it in cruel to the creature and injures the meat. The Massachusetts Society for preventing cruelty to animals, publishes a little book showing how all domestic creatures can be killed in a merciful way.

I would not like to drink the milk of a cow that had been frightened, or in any way abused, for I should know it would not be wholesome. I should not like to drink the milk of a cow that is kept *alone* in a stable, or that does not have fresh air, exercise, and sunshine; for a creature that is kept alone is likely to be very lonely and unhappy, and a creature that does not have air, exercise, and sunshine, is likely to be unhealthy, and give poor and dangerous milk. If we want good milk we must treat the cows kindly. One of the greatest dairymen of America says that "*he always speaks as kindly to his cows as he would to a lady.*" We cannot treat unkindly any of God's creatures that supply us with food, without danger of suffering ourselves.

If you think that cattle have no intelligence, you are mistaken. They understand when their drivers say to them. They understand how to defend themselves when droves of them are attacked by wild animals,—always putting the younger and weaker ones in the middle, while the stronger meet the enemy with their horns. In southern Africa, oxen have been taught to fight in battles for the tribe to which they belong. (See "Ox" in *Chambers' Encyclopædia.*) Cows have great affection for their young. The gentlest cow will fight for her calf. At North Conway, near the White Mountains, a few years ago, a cow fought and wounded and drove off a large bear that tried to get her calf.

STORY OF A BOY.

I have recently read an account of a boy about fourteen years old who, while watching the cows, was attacked by a wolf. One of the cows came to the rescue, attacked the wolf, and saved the boy's life. I know that cows have gratitude, for some years ago I was crossing a field in Dorchester, near Boston, Mass., and found a cow who had been tied to a tree with a long rope. In feeding she had gotten the rope wound about her legs and been thrown to the ground, and in struggling to get away had gotten the rope still more wound about her, until she lay entirely helpless. When, after a long time, I succeeded in unwinding the rope and getting her on her feet, she came to me, with a kind look in her eyes, and lapped my coat-sleeve with her tongue. When I went home I told the folks that I had met a lady in great distress, and had relieved her, and that she had rewarded me with a kiss.

Cows have often been trained to know their own names, and come when called. The great American statesman and orator, Daniel Webster, asked, just before he died, that all his cattle, which he loved so much, should be driven to his window, that he might see them for the last time; and as they came, one by one, to his window, he called them each by name.

Let us always remember how the oxen toil for us; how the cows supply us with milk, and butter, and cheese: how much all these dumb creatures do for us, and how little they get in return, and let us try to do what we can to make them happy.

SOME QUESTIONS.

(Others to be added by teachers.)

What are we told in Genesis about cattle?
What are we told in Psalms about cattle?
In what ways are cattle cruelly treated?
What effect has cruelty to cattle, and other animals, upon their meat?
What effect has cruelty to cows on their milk?
What is said about animals being killed instantly without pain?
What is said about cows being kept in stables alone?
What is said about cows kept without fresh air, exercise, and sunshine?
If we want good milk, how must we treat cows?
What did one of the greatest American dairymen say about his cows?
What is said about the intelligence of cattle?
How do they defend themselves against wild animals?
What have oxen been trained to do in Southern Africa?
What can you tell about the cow at North Conway, near the White Mountains?
What can you tell about the boy who was attacked by a wolf?
What can you tell about the cow at Dorchester, near Boston?
What did Daniel Webster do just before he died?
What should we remember and try to do?

Agricultural.

PREPARING FOR TRUCK FARMING AT THE SOUTH.

BY DOCT. A. OEMLER.

LOCATION.—The requisites the truck-farmer must have in view in selecting a location are cheap, safe and expeditious transportation of produce to the market, convenience for procuring manure, a soil adapted to the crops he wishes to grow, and sanitary surroundings. Other conditions being the same, water carriage is preferable to that by wagon. If in the selection of land, one is confined to a single soil, he should select one consisting of a mixture of organic and inorganic matter; a light, deep, sandy loam, with plenty of humus, or vegetable matter. Experience has shown that, without this, crops will not yield as well in proportion to the quantity of manure applied. Locations in the immediate vicinity of the larger coast cities offering the best facilities in the way of transportation and manure, are in the possession of local market gardeners, and such lands are generally highly fertile. The truck-farm, requiring a larger area, is compelled to locate several miles beyond the corporate limits, on the line of a railroad, or on the banks of a navigable stream. The land will often be one, the fertility of which has been shipped to Europe, or the North, in the shape of cotton, by some planter, whose measure of success was gauged by the rapidity with which he could exhaust his soil. The renovation of land will be the first desideratum. To that end, and the consequent production of remunerative crops, the plowing under of green manures, application of fertilizer, proper preparation and careful tillage and deep plowing will be necessary. The practice of deep plowing depends upon circumstances; a good though shallow mould, or other soil, resting upon a sticky clay subsoil would not be benefited by being at once broken up deeply, bringing large, hard lumps of unfertile clay to the surface, and deteriorating the physical quality of the topsoil. Draining, especially under-drainage, renders a clay subsoil, when moved by the plow, more susceptible to pulverization; and in such case, a thorough drainage should precede a deep plowing.

DRAINAGE, ITS ADVANTAGES.—Under-drainage prevents the drowning out of crops after heavy rainfalls. It increases the fertility and pulverization by admitting air. It keeps the ground moister in a dry season. It prevents the washing away of the soil and the fertilizing materials. It permits the farmer to work his land sooner after a heavy rain, and earlier in the spring, and prevents the land from becoming sour in wet seasons. The total absence of water would be destructive to vegetation, for it is itself necessary to plant life, but undrained land is not merely wet, it becomes water-logged, and through absence of air, drowns out the plants. When, however, water passes through and away from the land, air takes its place, and also passes through the drains and finds its way into the overlying soil, increasing its fertility, and pulverizing it. The reason why drained land gains heat, and the temperature of water-logged land decreases, is lack of heat-conducting power of water; heat cannot be transmitted downwards through water. Efficient drainage being provided, the land should be broken up and pulverized as deeply as possible

PLOWING AND STIRRING THE SOIL.—Owing to the absence of a covering of snow and of successive freezings and thawings, fall plowing so useful in the North, is destructive of fertility at the South, and not advisable.

The land having undergone proper preparation, having been sufficiently manured, and the crop having been planted with special regard to the capacity of the soil, the most important matter is the tough culture or keeping the earth fine and mellow among plants. Stirring the soil can scarcely be repeated too often during the early periods of growth, or until there is danger of injury to the roots or to the tops of the growing plant by the cultivator. The ground may be too wet but never too dry, for stirring; because the more frequently it is broken up, fined, and aerated, the more moisture will the soil absorb from the atmosphere. Stirring is an operation that should be performed after every rain sufficient to cause incrustation or baking, which would prevent a free admission of air into the soil. The most obvious benefit of stirring the soil is the destruction of weeds; for no crop can become remunerative, if crowded by weeds which deprive it of air, light, moisture, and use up a part of the fertility of the soil.

The plow, horse-hoe and cultivator are to be used, whenever available; but the hand-hoe must be relied on for the finer and more careful work, when, particularly in the later stages of the crop, only superficial stirring is advisable. When plants are growing in a crowded state, darkness and the want of air elongate the stems and leaves at the expense of the roots and of a general healthy condition. The operations of thinning and hand-weeding are performed in connection with hoeing to admit free circulation of air around the remaining plants, and the sun is permitted to have an immediate influence upon each, developing the desired form, bulk, and other qualities.—*American Agriculturist.*

Temperance.

TEETOTALISM.

Rev. Stopford A. Brooke's Experience.

At a recent discussion held in Bedford Chapel on the subject of "Teetotalism regarded as a Theory, a Practice, and a Remedy," Rev. Stopford A. Brooke gave his experience as follows:—

"There is one point raised in the debate which I may meet with my own experience. It has been said that moderate doses of alcohol stimulate work into greater activity, and make life happier and brighter. My experience, since I became a total abstainer, has been the opposite. I have found myself able to work better. I have a greater command over any powers I possess. I can make use of them when I please. When I call upon them, they answer; and I need not wait for them to be in the humor. It is all the difference between a machine well oiled, and one which has something among the wheels which catches and retards the movement at unexpected times. As to the pleasures of life, it has been also increased. I enjoy nature, books, and men more than I did; and my previous enjoyment of them was not small. Those attacks of depression, which come to every man at times who lives too sedentary a life, rarely visit me now; and, when depression does come from any trouble, I can overcome it far more quickly than before. The fact is, alcohol, even in the small quantities I took it, while it did not seem to injure health, injures the fineness of that physical balance which means a state of health in which all the world is pleasant. That is my experience after four months of water-drinking; and it is all the more striking to me, because for the last four or five years I have been a very moderate drinker. However, the experience of one man is not that of another; and mine only goes for what it is worth to those to whom as much alcohol as is contained in one glass of sherry or port alters away from the standard of health. I have discovered, since abstinence, that that is true of me. And I am sure, from inquiries I have

made, that it is true for a great many other people who do not at all suspect it. Therefore, I appeal to the men here, young and old, to try abstinence for the very reasons they now use alcohol,—in order to increase their power of work and their enjoyment of life. Let the young make the experiment of working on water only. Alcohol slowly corrupts and certainly retards the activity of the brain of the greater number of men. They will be able to do all they have to do more swiftly. And this swiftness will leave them leisure,—the blessing we want most in this overworked world. And the leisure, not being led away by alcohol into idleness, into depression which craves unnatural excitement, into noisy or slothful company, will be more nobly used and with greater joy in the usage. And the older men who find it so difficult to find leisure and who, when they find it cannot enjoy it, because they have a number of slight ailments which do not allow them perfect health, or which keep them in over-excitement or over-depression, let them try—though it will need a struggle—whether the total abandonment of alcohol will not lessen all their ailments, and by restoring a better temper to the body—for the body with alcohol in it is like a house with an irritable man—enable them not only to work better, but to enjoy their leisure.

"It is not too much to say that the work of the world would be one-third better done, and the enjoyment of life increased by one-half, if no one took a drop of alcohol. These considerations belong to us only as persons. There is a wider view, containing in it a larger and more powerful motive—not scientific, not personal—which has not been touched on to-night, but which of itself alone ought to urge us into abstinence, if we cared enough for mankind. I knit it on to one of the arguments used to-night. It has been said that in all ages of the world men have taken narcotic poisons, and derived enjoyment from them. And that is true, and the universal argument is a powerful one. But, among these narcotic poisons, alcohol stands alone in this: that, while it excites pleasantly for a time, its use demands increase of the dose, and the increased dose brings about in a very large number of persons not only personal ill effects as opium does, but a state of body and mind in which crimes are done, in which cruelty, savagery, a lost of intellect, of moral feeling, and madness are prevalent; in which the greatest misery is brought on all who are connected with the drunkard. Whatever men may have said in the past about the joys of drinking and of its harmlessness, there is no possibility any longer of doubt that they were wrong. It has been proved step by step that this element received into the human system is the direct cause of far more than half of the crime, the disease, and the insanity of mankind, and the direct cause, through heredity, of unnumbered other evils. It stands alone in abominable preeminence as the Power of Evil who degrades and then murders the human race. Nor is this statement one whit exaggerated. It is plain prose. Therefore, I say it does not matter what personal enjoyment you get out of it by using it moderately, it is your duty the moment you see the truth—and it is a sad thing to see it only as I have seen it when the half of life is over—to throw yourself heart and soul into the war against this evil for the sake of the human race. Let love of man banish alcohol from you. If you are not able altogether to save yourself from the ranks of those who belong to this evil, save the young who are not yet infected. Take care that none belonging to you touch it. You will do more good by joining in warfare against this wrong power than you will do by any other kind of charitable or active work; and you will be certain that everything you do will bear fruit, will save and redeem men. There are few things of the good results of which we may be certain, still fewer in which the good fruits of our work we are allowed to see. This is one of those things. And the work is purely human. It is not necessarily bound up with any political or theological party. It can bind together men who differ in anything else, into a brotherhood, all the members of which agree in the end to be reached and in the means fitting to attain that end. The sooner we join that brotherhood, the better. It is not enough to think only of ourselves, to become total abstainers because our health will be better or our enjoyment of life greater. We are then only wise and selfish. We have not done enough until we enroll ourselves among those who form the army of attack on this great evil, and feel in our hearts the impulse, sympathy, power, and ardor which union for a great human cause creates, supports, and develops toward victory. It is that which taking the pledge means; and, let men laugh as they will, no better and no more ideal action can be done."—*The Christian Register.*

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

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VISITING THE GREAT FATHER.

NOTES FROM THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

Among the pleasures of a sojourn in the fair home of my childhood, are the visits of our old family servants, who always have a kindly welcome for me, and this year the meeting with these old friends was especially interesting, because of the reunion of a long separated family, the children of my grandfather's cook; known in the community as "Aunt Lucy."

One of the daughters had been employed for some years after the war in the family of an army officer, and had lived first in the far south, then in the northwest, had finally married in an Indiana town, where she now lives. Josephine, an elder sister, had gone away during the war with her husband and children. The husband, a very worthy and amiable man, had afterwards joined a band of jubilee singers with whom he had travelled far and wide. His wife had sometimes accompanied him on these long journeys, especially since their two children had grown up and found occupation for themselves.

Josephine, a handsome light mulatto of very lively, cheerful disposition, was the beloved playmate of my older sister, now long dead, and myself in our childish days. Meeting her again after the lapse of so many years, recalled many pleasant associations of the time, when, under the guidance of this merry damsel, we had roamed the fields, climbed trees, torn our clothes, and in intervals of rest learned from her to dress dolls, make cat's cradles and grass baskets, and talk "gibberish and dog-latin." In the blissful ignorance of childhood, we were all unconscious that we represented an oppressive aristocracy, and our beloved little playmate a down-trodden and enslaved race; and that out of the conflicting interests of the two classes would come a revolution that would shake the continent and influence the civilized world. Time, with its many changes, had dealt very lightly with my old playfellow, now Mrs. Gatewood, of a flourishing western city, and I found her somewhat more matronly in appearance, but still handsome, amiable and light hearted, with much to tell of her travels and adventures since we parted. She had the pleasure of finding her old parents, whom she had left slaves, living in a home of their own, hale and hearty, her mother now over seventy, but still deemed one of the best cooks in the town, and in great demand on festive occasions.

One of the impressive scenes of my girlish days, which lingers in my memory is of an interview between aunt Lucy, a tall, fine looking, dignified black woman, the queen of the kitchen, who ruled over her dominions with no slack hand, and my grandfather, whenevercoms with the burden of age and infirmity, lay upon his death-bed.

Aunt Lucy had been purchased from a hard and cruel master in her early youth, had developed into a fine, industrious woman, had become the mother and grandmother of many children, and the kindest relations had existed between three generations of our family, and three generations of hers.

Her pathway and that of my grandfather had seldom crossed, as he had been absorbed in books and business, and left the details of household affairs to the women of his family, only venturing to remonstrate mildly when his expenses became alarming, and aunt Lucy had well fulfilled the duties of her department, her reputation as a culinary artist extending far and wide.

At the time of which I speak, an air of sadness and gloom brooded over the usually cheerful establishment. My grandfather had been failing for some time, and had now taken to his bed, strength and appetite all gone. His children, grandchildren and many friends gathered around him, the most skilful physicians were summoned, but the fiat had gone forth, and human power availed nothing. Asking only to be quiet, the old man accepted the decree, and lay calmly awaiting the end.

It chanced one day, that being left to watch the invalid, I was called from the room for a moment, and returning hastily was surprised to find aunt Lucy, whose presence was a rarity in that part of the house, standing at the bedside, and noticed that my grandfather, who had lain almost in a lethargy for some days, had roused himself and was regarding his visitor with a kindly smile. I took my seat quietly, and listened with interest to the conversation that ensued. "Master" said aunt Lucy, whose manner, always impressive, was now a curious mixture of tenderness and respect, conveying much the idea of a queen, graciously conferring favors upon a worthy and highly esteemed subject, "they tell me you cant eat nothin' at all, an' I jus' thought I'd come up an' see you myself, an' ask you if you can't think about somethin' I could make for you that you might eat. Jus' try, an' I'll gat it for you, no matter what it is." My grandfather, with the gentle, courteous manner habitual to him, replied, "I am much obliged to you Lucy, I know you would do your best for me, but my appetite is gone—I cannot eat at all." Aunt Lucy looked deeply disappointed, and drawing nearer, laid her hand on the bed, and in the soft coaxing tones of a mother, with a sick child, urged him to try to eat, suggesting the daintiest dishes she could mention. The old man smiled kindly, shook his head and thanking her in a feeble voice for her interest in him, declined all her offers, and at length, with drooping head and sorrowful aspect, she left the room.

Another incident connected with aunt Lucy comes to my mind, as I recall the weary days of the long hot summer after the close of the war, when, after many vain efforts to cook a beefsteak in the style we had so enjoyed in the old regime, I despairingly seized my bonnet and wended my way to the place where our old servants were living, to invoke aunt Lucy's aid in exploring this new field. Arrived at the house, I found aunt Lucy with spectacles on her nose, seated at a table, laboriously conning a spelling book, and apparently finding her lesson as hard as mine had been to me. She yielded promptly to my request, and went back with me to reveal the mysteries of culinary lore, in which she was proficient, to the luckless novice who besought her assistance.

Although aunt Lucy's literary tastes were only developed late in life, she and all her family are people of unusually vigorous intellect as well as physical traits, and her children, most of whom could read in slavery, have taken a good stand among their race.

The eldest daughter, who has lived in Rockingham since the war, came to see me as soon as she heard of my arrival, and invited me to visit her in the new house into which she had lately moved.

Accordingly, the first convenient afternoon, one of my sisters went with me to "Africa" or "Newtown," as the suburb, chiefly occupied by colored people who own their dwellings, is called. Every foot of this land is full of associations for me, as the village has grown up on part of my grandfather's estate, the freedmen's homes being built on the playground of my childhood. The old family residence was in sight; the graves of our household were hard by; each hill and dale, each rock and tree born for me some connection with our cherished past, told of the joys and sorrows of my people. I felt almost in a dream, and had to rouse myself as we reached the door of a large, comfortable, weather-boarded house, in order to realize that, in this year of grace 1882, I stood before the dwelling of our ex slaves.

The mistress of the house was at the door to give us a smiling welcome, and I suppose it would have been the proper thing for us to greet each other as "Mrs. Wilson," and "Mrs. Langhorne," but middle aged people find it hard to learn new ways, and I fancy I shall be "Miss Orra," and she will be "Our Jenny," so long as we both shall live.

Jenny married soon after the emancipation a man named Robert Wilson, who understands more or less of several trades, and this knowledge has been of great advantage to the family. Jennie, who is an unusually intelligent, active, healthy woman, has earned a good deal by laundry work besides attending to her household duties, and her two older children, John and Lucy Simms, are very smart, useful young people. John is generally in service in Washington or Baltimore, and Lucy, a Hampton graduate, has had considerable experience in teaching, and enjoys a fine reputation in that line. The youngest child, "Ulysses Grant" already begins to earn a little money when not at school, and, like the rest of the family, shows much interest in books. The family have all been industrious and careful, and have all assisted in building the nice comfortable house I was invited to visit.

Some years ago, Jenny and her husband bought a lot on time, and also an old log-house sold at auction for lumber, which they removed from another part of the town to their land. This was patched up for a temporary dwelling, and occupied until recently.

When the land was paid for and means laid up for building, the new house was begun. This is a three story structure, two rooms on a floor, with large, well-lighted halls on the second and third floors. It was interesting to me to see that the house was built after the plan of my grandfather's residence, on a smaller scale,—the folding-doors of the old homestead being reproduced by double doors between neat, airy parlors, which, when thrown open, make one large handsome apartment. The basement consists of cellar, store-room and kitchen. Seated in the tidy back parlor, I listened with heart-felt interest, as the proud and happy owner of this comfortable establishment related the story of perseverance and self-denial by which the work had been accomplished.

They had all been saving what they could from their earnings, striving for this end. Even the little boy had aided in digging the foundation, and his mother thought it a fine joke that he had often invited his playmates to help him to dig and carry out the dirt, shrewdly managing to make them believe it was all play, and keeping them amused while securing valuable assistance from them. Then her husband had induced the contractor, the leading white architect of the town, to take in his and his son's labor, a part of the consideration. The lumber and other materials had been purchased here and there at odd times, in large or small quantities, as chance offered. Parts of the old house had been found of use.

Wilson had often been employed as a hand on large jobs of carpentering, plastering, masonry, etc., and when his employers had lumber, lime stone &c., left over, he had, some times, been able to purchase such materials at great bargains, sometimes had them given him for clearing up the litter around a building. The house seemed substantial and well built, wood work in very good taste, and I was astonished to hear that the outlay in money had only been $450.00, when to look at it one might have supposed it cost nearer a thousand.

I asked if they kept a cow, and Jenny answered that she had always had one until now, but they had "put the cow into the house too," everything had gone into the house this year; she was nearly dry at any rate, and they had sold her to the butcher, but would get another after a while.

Feeling interested that the elder children, who had invested most of their savings in the place, should have their part of it secured, I enquired as to the title to the property, and found "our Jenny" quite as wide awake on that as on other subjects.

Considering the possibilities of her death and her husband's marrying again, and having a keen perception of "Woman' Rights" where she and her children were concerned, she had insisted upon having the deed made to the three children. Her elder children were fond of their step-father, as he was of them; they had all united in building the house, and expected to enjoy it together, but there was no room for interlopers and she did not propose that any stepmother should reap the benefit of her children's efforts.

Jenny showed me many pictures which adorned the walls or filled the photograph albums, and beside the Hampton teachers and students, cherished friends of her children, I found many of my own family. Lucy was not at home, but her mother displayed with affectionate pride the nice books, charts, &c., given to her daughter by her teachers or sent her from kinds friends in the North.

Leaving "our Jenny" happy in the enjoyment of the home, which is the well earned reward of toil, we went over the hill to visit my uncle's family, who still own a portion of the old estate. This visit showed no less plainly than the former one had done, the great changes that have come in our generation, and I could but recall the remark of an English servant to her mistress as reported by Punch, "You see mum, my class is a-going up mum, and yours is a-going down mum." There was not a servant on the place, and my relatives, having grown accustomed to the new ways of living, seemed quite content with them. The eldest son, who attends to the farm now-a-days, told us cheerfully of the good corn crop he had made, and after talking with us awhile, said warmly, I would like to stay with you, but it is growing dark, and I must go and milk." Everywhere it was evident that the change in the social system was complete. Few servants are kept even by those most well-to-do, and many families do not desire to employ more than one. Very generally the ladies are learning to do house work, and the children are growing up with habits of usefulness and self-reliance. Many changes are being made in household arrangements, all looking to saving labor for house keepers, and dispensing with servants.

There is necessarily far less hospitality than of old, as people cannot enjoy the society of their friends, when the hostess must be the cook, as they did in days when visiting was one of the great occupations of the rural districts.

The young, able-bodied Negroes are fast leaving the country, most of those who are left, being very poor, with here and there a family rising rapidly in means and position. I heard of two cases, where colored man were raising blooded stock, to which much attention is paid in the district. One of these exhibited recently at the Augusta Fair, a fine colt of the famous Engineer stock—Engineer was the beautiful white horse owned by the Hon. John Minor Botts, which was stolen during the war by an "enterprising Yankee," who colored his hair. Mr. Botts followed his horse through the North, recognized him in Boston in spite of the hair dye, and recovered him.

My visit was saddened by the death of a lovely girl, the daughter of one of my early friends. The blooming young creature in the midst of exuberant strength, was stricken by brain-fever, supposed to have been a cause by a fall, and after a few days of pain and delirium for the sufferer, and of agonizing suspense on the part of her friends, the silence of death came, and the fair young girl lay in her last long sleep. The whole country side mourned with the stricken family, and a vast concourse assembled in the country churchyard, to which the martial remains of so much beauty and vigor were borne.

In a moment of sadness, or perhaps under the influence of one of the strange presentiments which sometimes comes to the human mind, Josephine had said, some months before, to a group of merry boys, who surrounded her, and whom she had been urging to lives of temperance, industry and usefulness, "Sometimes I feel as if I might die young and if I do, I want all of you boys to be my pall-bearers." Recalling the words, little heeded when uttered, the sorrowing mother requested the boys to fulfill the desire of her dead child, and it was a touching sight to behold the youths, the eldest just come to man's estate, the youngest hardly past childhood, sorrowfully bearing to the grave the cold and silent form of the blooming maiden who had been the love and admiration of all. After the usual services by the minister at the grave, loving hands covered the freshly heaped earth with pure white flowers, sweet emblems of immortality, and then, after a moment's pause, the servants of the family and the ex-slaves, who had come from far and near to attend the funeral, with many colored people of the neighborhood, for "Miss Joe," had been beloved by all, formed a circle, and sang one of the wild, sweet, touching hymns peculiar to the Negroes, with its wailing chorus,

"There is no place like my Father's home," which seemed to linger and trouble on the breeze as if it would bear its burden of human sorrow to the portals of the eternal world. The large assembly of white people stood with bowed heads, as the colored people sang the tender words of the hymn, ever and anon repeating the refrain with its well of love and grief, and when the last notes died away, there was not a dry eye in the multitude.

VISITING THE GREAT FATHER.

Our picture this month, for which we are indebted to our friends Messrs Harper Bros., illustrates one of the many visits of Indian Chiefs to Washington, to interview their "Great Father," the President, and the Secretary of the Interior, upon some of their grievances or anxieties. We recognize the friendly countenances of President Hayes and Secretary Schurz in the white parties to the interview, and may suppose that the red men are the Sioux chiefs who came East during that administration, to visit the children of their tribe at school at Carlisle and Hampton, and see for themselves something of the advantages of education and civilization. Their visit was a pleasant and profitable one. We wish there might be many more such visits and such occasions for them. The intercourse Indians have had with Washington has been for the most part better calculated to give them respect for our power than for our virtue. As one chief wrote in complaint of another; "He has been so often to the Great House that he has learned to lie." In 1830, when the Cherokees were about to be forcibly removed beyond the Mississippi in violation of solemn treaties, one of their chiefs, Speckled Snake, thus replied in council, to a letter from President Jackson assuring them that he "loved them like a father."

"*Brothers!* We have heard the talk of our Great Father; it is very kind. He says he loves his red children. Brothers!—When the white man first came to these shores, the Muscogees gave him land, and kindled him a fire to make him comfortable; and when the pale faces of the South made war on him, * their young man drew the tomahawk and protected his head from the scalping knife. But when the white man had warmed himself before the Indian's fire, and filled himself with the Indian's hominy, he became very large; he stopped not for the mountain tops, and his feet covered the plains and the valleys. His hands grasped the eastern and the western sea. He loved his red children, but said 'You must move a little farther, lest I should, by accident, tread on you.' With one foot he pushed the red man over the Oconee, and with the other he trampled down the graves of his fathers. But our Great Father still loved his red children, and he soon made them another talk. He said much, but it all meant nothing but 'move a little farther; you are too near me.' I have heard a great many talks from our Great Father. And they all began and ended the same. *Brothers!* When he made us a talk on a former occasion, he said: 'Get a little farther, go beyond the Oconee, and the Ockmulgee; there is a pleasant country.' He also said. 'It shall be yours forever.' Now he says, 'The land you live on is not yours; go beyond the Mississippi; there is game; there you may remain while the grass grows and the water runs.' *Brothers!* Will not our Great Father come there also? He *loves* his red children, and his tongue is not forked."

Do we still deserve the biting irony of this speech of eighty years ago? We boast of our high civilization, and wonder whether the weaker races can ever approach it. Will not a more highly civilized age sometime wonder that in two hundred years, a nation of millions could not learn to manage a few thousand aborigines with wisdom and justice?

* The Spaniards of Florida endeavored to break up the English settlement under Gen. Oglethorpe in Georgia.

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In the states of Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, and South Carolina, and in many districts in other states, there are overwhelming Negro voting majorities, which, to an extent, subject the wealth and intelligence of those states and districts to the control of a well disposed but ignorant, incapable class, who themselves, are, as a rule, led by demagogues, whose interest is to keep their constituents in ignorance. Hence, during the twenty years since emancipation, not a notable effort or appeal has been made by the Republican leaders from the South for the education of the illiterate blacks who have placed them in power.

They have apparently been satisfied with the wretchedly inadequate educational provisions of their state legislatures.

As a matter of fact, a portion of the old masters, especially ex-soldiers of the Confederacy, have taken a leading part in the mental and moral improvement of the Negro.

Not that this has been the fashion down there, but some clear-headed Southern men, have, against odds and obstacles, pushed the cause of the Negroes in common with their professed friends, established common schools for both races, not quite as New Englanders would have done, but with remarkable earnestness and success considering the circumstances.

Congress has been throughout indifferent, though individual men in it have urged national aid for education. The Republican party's assumption of the Negro as its "ward" has, so far, failed in a vital point. It gave him the vote, but denied to him, in his political blindness and danger, the light by which to act.

Public men say "it is a constitutional question;" a stereotyped answer, given usually without the slightest apparent concern for the future. But a single outrage that will create a few thousand more votes inspires their vehement orator; throughout the land.

Since the Constitutional Amendments were passed, statemanship, as to reconstruction, has about gone out of sight, and party interest has predominated. Time will show the effect of this. Not until a political revolution such as is now impending, shall transpire, will the real and naked value of reconstructive measures be apparent.

The voter will see how weakly and blindly he has been led: how little has been done for him as a man: how ephemeral have been his political advantages.

What he is and *knows* only will help him then.

A most earnest effort is being made in Congress to pass a bill making liberal provision for the educational improvement of the illiterates of the land, by devoting under certain conditions, ten millions of dollars a year for five years to that purpose.

Unless there shall be a certain per cent. devoted to industrial education, say ten or fifteen per cent. of the amount appropriated, there is likely to be produced what is one curse of our country—quantities of useless knowledge; hosts of intelligent, quick witted youth, unable and unwilling to live by hard work.

This danger has already created many opponents to the bill now before Congress, and they have ground for their objections.

The officers and teachers of the Hampton School have signed the following statement and petition to Congress.

HAMPTON NORMAL AND AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE.

Hampton, Virginia, January, 1883.

HON. HENRY W. BLAIR,

Chairman Committee on Education,
U. S. SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SIR;

The undersigned officers and teachers of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, beg leave to present through you to Congress, the following statement and petition:

We have, the past fourteen years, been engaged in diffusing intelligence among the Negroes of the South, with whose condition and needs we have become familiar, through the over five hundred graduates and ex-students, who have gone from here as teachers throughout the southern states. Experience has shown the Negro's eagerness for knowledge, capacity for improvement, and at the same time, the utter inadequacy of the educational opportunities supplied these six millions blacks by various state appropriations, amounting to something over a million dollars.

Virginia, ahead of other southern states in providing for the Negro, has not one third of the competent teachers needed; her school sessions (except in cities) of from four to six months in most states—are wholly inadequate: southern county school buildings are generally wretched make-shifts, comfortless and miserably appointed; proper supervision is usually wanting, for the small salaries paid the county superintendents do not justify them in doing anything but keeping accounts and records, and in making examinations and appointments.

Teachers go and come pretty much as they please; many who act disgracefully could, by inspection, be made efficient. The training of teachers, a vital matter, is well done at a few points, chiefly by northern charity, but it cannot supply one tenth of the existing demand: many of those now teaching are worse than none at all.

The large class of poor whites is no better off than the blacks: even the increase alone of both races is not being properly taught. In the more southern states especially, the moral and mental condition is as low as that in Africa. If intelligence and virtue have to do with the fate of republics, there is danger ahead.

Masses of ignorant voters are controlled by hired demagogues, or defrauded of their rights. They are not capable of intelligent action. There is danger whether their vote is cast, or suppressed. This can be prevented only by such efficiency of the system of southern education as Congress can supply.

We represent, in part, the vast northern charity, aggregating since 1862, about twelve million dollars, given by individuals, not only for the Christian education of the Negro, but in payment of a debt to humanity, and in fulfillment of a duty of the nation to those whom it has given the ballot without an idea, a power without the knowledge how to use it; creating, thereby, most serious conditions for the future. Why should not Congress follow the people in this great national work?

England, neglecting the emancipated slaves of Jamaica for more than thirty years, now aids in their education. The United States, except through the Freedmen's Bureau; has done nothing for the moral emancipation of the ex-slaves in twenty years from the time of their freedom. We believe it will yet be forced to provide against the increasing sum of illiteracy and consequent evil.

We therefore, through your committee, most earnestly petition Congress to make prompt and adequate provision for the increased efficiency of all schools for the illiterate classes throughout the land, recognizing therein the need of normal schools, teachers institutes, and the equally great importance of industrial training, without which an intelligent, but useless class, political hangers on and adventurers, averse to labor, may be raised up.

GOVERNOR THOMPSON of South Carolina, whose course recently in supporting civil service reform is everywhere applauded, has been known to us for some years, as promoting, with equal earnestness, the cause of popular education in his State, as Superintendent of Public Instruction.

After a good record as a Confederate soldier, he devoted himself with energy to the schools of his state, pushing both the colored and the white; advocating the former against much local prejudice and opposition.

We know of no northern public man who has, the last five years, done as much actual service to the cause of Negro improvement as has the capable Governor of South Carolina.

The Negro will more and more find that his real welfare is not in the plans of any party whatever, but of men who feel, and think, and work for his race; that there are many of them in the South; that not only northern wealth and thought, but southern sentiment and resources, regardless of party, will concern themselves with the condition, deplorable and dangerous to the nation, created by a vast illiteracy, and by the deep moral degradation of people who are unable to help themselves, and are not responsible for their situation.

WE publish in this number two letters from the Rev. Thomas L. Riggs, the second of which is of especial interest, as showing the results of Indian education at the East. We believe that the facts are fairly presented; what ground of hope they give is obvious. They must be well looked after and reinforced. The government policy of employing cheap men as Indian Agents, is a criminal folly: a blunder which is worse than a crime. On the Agent, depends, as much as on the Indian, the success of the latter's education. The former may be a good honest man, but far from the able, efficient, wise, devoted officer who will care for and lead the Indian up. The statement, on page 19, of George Bushotter, who was at Hampton three years, will be of interest as from an Indian standpoint.

THE FOUNDING OF HAMPTON.

On Monday, Dec. 18th, 1882, died at Pittsburgh, Pa., Hon. Josiah King, at the age of seventy-five years, editor and proprietor of the "*Pittsburgh Gazette.*"

Mr. King had been long identified with the leading commercial enterprises in his part of the State, and was influential and eminent as a journalist.

We quote from the *Gazette:*

"But, perhaps, of all his civic and philanthropical activities none have borne so rare a fruition as resulted from his connection with the administration of the Avery estate as Trustee. It challenges the attention of every one conversant with the usual fate of such trusts, when we point to the fact that the Trustees, in the final report made to the legal authorities, accounted for almost half a million of dollars, and for more than four times the amount the worthy testator thought he had committed to their care. The names of the Institutions founded or aided by the Trustees, W. M. Shinn, Esq., and more especially Hon. Thos. M. Howe and Josiah King, for the advancement of the colored race in America and the introduction of the Gospel in Africa, surpass computation, except by reference to the books. But they would number several hundred. One of the most celebrated institutions, that of Hampton Normal and Industrial School, near Fortress Monroe, had its origin in a happy proposition suggested by Mr. King to other philanthropic parties in New England."

Mr. King had long been urged to devote the $10,000.00 assigned from the Avery fund to Virginia, to a land scheme on the York river; a mere speculation with an educational plan as a bait, but on visiting it in company with the late Rev. Dr. Geo. Whipple, Secretary of the American Missionary Association, of New York, Mr. King detected a flaw in the proposition, and consented, on Dr. Whipple's suggestion, to visit Hampton; the latter having had some correspondence with the present Principal, on this subject. They visited this place on the stormiest day of the spring of 1866. Mr. King was quick to see the points explained; he viewed the land from the summit of the present National Soldiers' Home building, appreciated the remarkable resources and the beauty of the region, how it lay at the confluence of many waters, from the north, south and west; was accessible by railroad as well as by water; and that it was a geographical centre, as suitable for educational as it had been for military operations. Later, at the tea table, he turned to Dr Whipple, and said; "This is the place for that money." The farm known as "Little Scotland," of 162 acres, was purchased for $[illegible]000; there were two good brick buildings, and over twenty hospital barracks, which could be put to good use.

Mr. King paid $10 000. The American Missionary Association assumed the rest, and the general responsibility; transferring it later to a Board of Trustees. It opened in April, 1866, with ten teachers and fifteen pupils. It now has nearly fifty teachers and officers, and five hundred pupils, of whom one hundred and six are Indians; and its lands and buildings are worth $350,000 00.

We have always regarded the visit of the Hon. Josiah King as the initial move of the Hampton Institute. He has often visited the school, and seemed to enjoy the part he had had in it.

The Avery fund of $250,000.00 was a legacy left for Negro education two years before the war, before emancipation was dreamed of; yet it placed the foundation stones of many important institutions, when few men were ready to give large sums and little was known of their needs and importance.

THE Rev. THOMAS L. RIGGS, missionary to the Sioux Indians, son of the Rev. Dr. Riggs, the veteran Indian missionary to Dakota, makes the following reports. Mr. Riggs is one of the ablest, and most devoted workmen in the Western field; born in the midst of it, he has unusual experience and insight. The Sioux at Hampton declared that he talked their language better than any of themselves. His settlement of 21 Indian families at Peoria Bottom, on the upper Missouri river is one of the brightest spots in our Indian life.

The second report, on the youth sent back from Hampton fifteen months since, touches the vital point of all this work.—What becomes of the Indians who are returned from Eastern schools?

Very much depends upon the *Indian Agent.* Put first-rate men in charge, and the educated Sioux children, will not, as a rule, go back. There should be at least one good man to help counteract the influence of barbarism.

Hampton Va., Jan. 1, 1883.

GEN. S. C. ARMSTRONG,
Principal of Hampton Institute,

Dear Sir:—In accordance with your request dated Nov. 6th, 1882, and under authority from the Indian office by letter of Oct. 31st, 1882, I bring a party of Indians from Dakota to Hampton School, and respectfully submit the following report:

By letter of Nov. 4th, from Miss Eustis, I was requested to secure at Cheyenne River Agency, if possible, (1) The consent of the parents of Mary Traversie, now at Hampton School, for the extension of her time. (2) To give Virginia Traversie, opportunity to join the party. (3) To return Ross Pleets, a former Hampton scholar, from Standing Rock Agency, to the school. Consent was readily granted, extending Mary Traversie's time at school; no limit set; and great satisfaction expressed. Virginia Traversie had strong desire to attend school, but because of her mother's stronger objections, failed to join the party. Ross Pleets, who had during the summer been at the Cheyenne River Agency, could not be found. She is reported to have returned to her relatives at Standing Rock. I telegraphed to Agent McLaughlin, of Standing Rock, of the case, and also afterwards wrote

to him, but had received a reply from neither Mr. McLaughlin nor the girl, when it was necessary for me to start on my way with what I had secured at Cheyenne River Agency. My success in making the number I wished from Cheyenne R. Agency, had been very poor—I received but two girls, and one young man; Edna Traversie, Felicia Rivars, and William Benoist. Edna is a sister of Mary Traversie, already at the school. Felicia speaks English somewhat. William Benoist has served as Indian scout at Fort Bennett n year and a half; his third term of enlistment expired Nov. 30th, '82. He egrees to refund the amount expended for traveling expenses in his case, if necessary. With these three I left Pierre, Dec. 5th, and drove to Crow-Creek; reaching the later place in a terrible storm, Dec. 6th.

At Crow-Creek my efforts failed entirely, though two days were devoted to every kind of appeal, both in general talk, and by visiting the houses and homes of the Indians. Every sort of excuse was nemed in opposition; I found mora sick mothers, who could not let their girls go, and mora sick girls, whosa mothers would not let them go, than I ever knew of befora. In Miss Eustis's letter of Nov. 4th, already referred to, I was requested to provide for the return of Ziswie, and if possible get hold of White Ghost's daughter. Ziewia I failed to see; she would not coma to me, and carefully kept oht of my way. She is said to be in poor health. White Ghost's daughter is now in the Government school at the Agency. White Ghost himself talked very well; I asked if he would send his daughter to Hampton, and he refused to do so. In several cases whera the houses were visited, I saw unmistakable indications of fear; in two cases, the girls had been sent across tha river, and out of tha wsy. I am at a loss to account for these facts. At the Agency, everything was done in the way of furthering my efforts, both by under clerk Sherman, and by head clerk Dwyer, who was absent when I arrived, but who returned before I left tha Agency. I do not, however, think my mission was specially in favor with them.

Leaving Crow Creek by agency team, Dec. 9, I reached Chamberlain the same day, and crossed over to Brule Agency myself, leaving the party at Chamberlain, tha next day. Agent Parkhurst expressed his doubts regarding the likelihood of success at Brule Agency; ha said however, that *he* would not discourage any effort that I might make, but would be glad to have me succeed, and would lend his aid thereto.

Ten persons were obtained; a bright and promising lot of children, young men and women, as follows: Philip Concollor, wife, Katia Concollor, with their baby; Ida Rencontra and her brother James Rencontre; Elizabeth Kennedy, Lilly Fallis, Jas. Good Road and sister, Eva Good Road, Maggie Bullhead, and Sarah Leed; seven girls, and threa boys. With two of the boys, James Rencontra and James Bushotter, *their* coming was insisted npon by their parents as the condition of allowing their sisters to join the party. Several mora could have been obtained, both boys and girls, from Brule Agency. Application was mada by James Wichakashaka, to return to the school, he having been at Hampton before, bnt, because of representations of tha case by agant Parkhurst, and also one referring to tha correspondence of last winter between Mr. Parkhurst and myself regarding this boy, I decided to report the casa to you for action, as may seem best. The effect of this delay, should you at any future time offer James the opportunity of return, I think, will be good. At any rate, my action refusing to accept the application off hand, will make the opportunity valuablo. It will not do to cheapen the privilege (not understood at best) of education.

My party, now increased to thirteen Indians, left Chamberlain, Dec. 12 P. M. by rail, and reached Springfield the following day. Here I found the wires had been out of order several days, and my messaga to Agent Redpath, from Chamberlain, had not reached him. Hence, to bring down those from tha Yankton Agency, and join them to the rest, necessitated the delay of a day at Springfield, D. T. From Yankton Agency, I was authorised to bring George Bushotter, a former Hampton student, on his own application, by letter of Oct. 5th to Miss Eustis, endorsed by you, and also David Saul, according to application of his father, and endorsed by you. I wsa al o requeated to bring Carrie Anderson, and Lizzia Spider, according to the letter from Miss Eustis, Nov. 4th. Neither of these girls could ba obtained, one had gone over to tha Rosebud Agency. Tha two boys, George and David, were added, and with entire party now of fifteen Indians, nine girls, and six boys, I left Springfield Dec. 14, P. M, but the trains failing to connect at Marion Junction, wa were delayed nearly twenty-four honrs. When out still from Chicago some twenty miles, on the Sabbath morning, Dec. 17th, I took my party from the cars and drove over to Glancoe Hill, five miles off, on the C. and N. W. R. R where my Indians were cared for, and well fested during tha Sabbath, and Monday following, free of expense, at the house of my brother in-law Gen. C. H. Howard, Indian Inspector. On Tuesday, Dec. 19th, by courtesy in granting special pass over their road into the city, on the part of tha Chicago, and Northwestern R. R., my party was brought on to Chicago, and over to the depot of the Baltimora and Ohio, R. R., over which line my transportation had been provided. I should hava stated before, that the orders sent to tha R. R. office at Springfield D. T. were for tickets from that point to Carlisla, Pa. On due representation of the destination of my party, Mr Carpenter, General Manager of C. and St. P. R. R., arranged for proper exchange of tickets on reaching Chicago. This was done wholly to my satisfaction, and with uniform courtesy on the part of the Railroad officials.

We left Chicago, by 5. 10, P. M. train from tha B. and O. depot, Dec. 19, and, having telegraphed to you, asking that I be met and relieved on reaching Washington, so that I might spend the holidays in Maine, I was met at the Depot in Washington at 9.23 P. M. Dec. 20, 1882, by Mr. Townsend of tha Indian office, and transferred to him my party, together with descriptive statements as obtained from the Cheyenne River Agency, and the Brule Agency. Thera was no such statement forwarded to ma from tha Yankton Agancy, from which point two boys were obtained. In general, I may say that I regard my party as very good material; some of the children appear to me to be exceptionally bright and promising. I shall expect them to no wall, and be worth tha training.

Very respectfully yours,

T. L. Riggs.

Hampton Va. Jan. 2nd, 1883.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong,

Dear Sir:—You requested sometima since that I make special inquiry and study, regarding the former Hampton Indian Students, who were returned to their homes October, 1881. I have recently visited the Crow-Creek and Brule Agencies, and from my personal knowledge, and experience as missionary with tha Indians of the Cheyenne River Agency, as well as a stay of two months at Standing Rock last winter and spring, I am able to speak directly regarding what has been done, and is now the position of Hampton-scholars, at these four Agencies. I will give the facts first, and comment afterwrd.

I was at Standing Rock, in April last, and at that time John Pleets was in charga of the Agency stables, where he appeared to ba well contented, and doing good work. He was spoken well of by all. Thos. Uhakeumipa was busy in the carpenter shop; ready and quick, but not having steadiness of character; both boys were doing well. With regard to Rosa Pleets, many tears were expressed. She had drifted into the camp, and was said to have been to tha half-breed dances. Sha afterward, however, was brought down towards the Cheyenna River, and taken into the family of tha Rev. Henry Swift missionary, where she did quite well, as far as I have learned.

At the Chayenna River Agency, Henry Brown taught till spring in tha Government School, and was regarded as doing very well. He was engaged on tha Agency herd a short tima during tha summer, but has spent the greater part of his tima at home, and has not attempted much of late. Respecting Henry Fisherman, much that is good may be said. He worked at tha Agency until spring, then he went home for tha summer, and is now busy again in the carpenter shop. The foreman says "ha is slow but sure; he needs directing, but he does good work; I hava no trouble with him. Ha is very good to work, as Indians go." Tha former clerk at the agency, Mr. Forsyth says, "One of the best of them."

Joseph Marshall Wahn, spent considerable time in tha blacksmith-shop, and did well." The blacksmith in charge says, "He is a good boy reliable and steady when here; I got on well with him."

He spent tha summer at homa, and is now again in the employ of tha agency. Of Louis Aygeonwhen, not much for had or good can be said. He has not done very well, or very ill. He has not been at work either at the agency or at homa to amount to anything.

LeRoy Shutashny, was an office boy, pleasant and ready at timea; was not reliable, and was said to be lazy. Ha is not now doing anything.

Of the fiva boys returned to the Cheyenna River Agency, four have worked more or less of the time, and two are now engaged as agency employees. It is reported of every one, thet he has once or twice during the summer, put on tha blanket and leggins; how true this may be of all, I cannot tell.

At Crow Creek Agency, I found Edwin Ashley teaching in the Government School. Ha has been engaged as teacher hare ever since his return, and in the main does satisfactory work. He plans to study another year or two, either at Yankton Agency, or Santee, that he may become better fitted to teach. Frank Pamani did well at first, and worked as carpantar about nine months; He would be reinstated if he so desire, but is not now at work. His financial reputation is bad; he spends mora thao ha earns. A better report is given of Andrew Fox Smith, also engaged in carpenter work at tha agency during tha nine months of the year, making for himself a good record. He would ba reinstated if he were to apply for a vacancy. He is now visiting at Standing Rock.

As at Standing Rock, so here the girl returned has not done so well as the boys; Ziswie has not satisfied the hopes of white friends, nor has she met the expectations of her father; after helping her father for a few weeks in his store, she left him, and tha prevailing opinion is that sho has not done well; nor is her health good. At the Brule Agency, the returned Hampton boys are at present in bad repute with the U. S. Indian Agent. George Bushotter taught quite acceptably in the Government School for sometime, but soma difficulty arose, in which, doubtless, neither party was wholly right, and George fell out. He has since been attending school at Yankton Agency, and now returns to Hampton school for further study. Lezedo Rencontre, who has been engaged as carpenter, (but is not now in the shop,) did very well. Ha is well spoken of by the agent, and appears to be much depended upon by his father.

Joseph Winnebago, and Henry Rencontre, are both at work, at the Agency; Henry is in tha blacksmith-shop, and Joseph at general work. Agent Parkhurst does not report favorably concerning James Wechakasaka. At first he did well, but afterwards fell into disfavor; from the standpoint of an Indian agent, Mr Parkhurst doubtless presents tha case of his boys fairly. Ha has not as yet realized the difference that exists between trained workman and these boys, and in his expression regarding tha latter, does not do himself justice in broadly condemning, as he at times does, tha work and gain actually accomplished.

COMMENTS.

Now I would offer in regard to the facts above mentioned, the following by way of comment and suggestions; first, there is danger of expecting too much; you are not going to lift up a savage people by giving to a few boys and girls, a three years' course of study alone. The dead weight of tha heathen life is greater than we suppose. 2nd, It is difficult to reach and hold to a correct standard in judging tha boys. It is wholly unfair for au Indian agent, to test no Indian boy returned from school, according to the requirements of trained labor. This is tha practical point of tha difficulty. This accounts for the fact, that many of the boys, who at first did well, are not reported as doing so wall now. 3d, Wa must admit, that in some cases the results hava not been wholly satisfactory. So in any other lina of work and effort; failures are not confined to this work alone. 4th, Careful study of results, show that failurcs have not been tha rule.

Now, my own feeling is, from what I regard the correct standpoint, that of entire satisfaction; tha gain is more than I had expected. A little education is apt to spoil an ignorant man for a time. He nasually, however, grows out of his spoiled condition. So with our Indian boys—being away at school, is very apt to bring them homa on an inflated basis. Often you can do nothing whatever with them. This is not the case with returned Hampton stadants alone.

Soma of tha boys hava returned to the camp and camp life, and to all appearances are but little above what they were before. They are, not however as before, and never can be. They need a certain support and charity of of judgment, and from friends at least, this should ba freely granted.

In conclusion, I may say that, by no means is it true that your boys from Hampton, "have gone back, and are worse Indians than before," as one government official putsit. They have done better than soma of us who are on the ground, and understand the difficulties of the question, expected they would. We rejoice in it, and bid you, hearty God-speed. We see clearly, the great need thera is for continued support, sympathetic backing in the field; tho boy must return home, there is no other place for him. And no one but the man; missionary or agent—interested in him and his people, can enable him to step down, and yet stand upright.

Very respectfully yours,

T. L. Riggs.

DEATH OF A PATRIARCH.

The death of the Rev. Titus Coan, D. D., of the Hawaiian Islands is reported; his severe illness was referred to in our correspondence of last month.

Dr. Coan built up, around the greatest volcanic centre of the world, among a simple heathen people, who had long been impressed with the sense of supernatural power, one of the largest churches of Christendom. Over twelve thousand were enrolled during his pestorate.

Never fully weaned from a love of the great goddess *Pele*, of the volcano, they yet had a simple, genuine faith in the true God, to which, with their soft, weak natures, and their primitive mode of life, they did not always live up. But they have given more in charity, in proportion to their meane, than any church in the United States. The day when Dr. Coan raised from the ranks of heathenism and baptized fifteen hundred people, is memorable in the annals of missionary work. It was the Pentecost of modern times.

They nobly contributed to the freedmen of America, especially to Hampton of which Dr. and Mrs. Coan have long been steadfast friends. In the early days the native converts brought on their backs from the mountains, across deep ravines, the material for their great church, and raised it by the labor of their own hands; diving for coral to make the lime and mortar.

Devoted to Science and Nature, he was called the "King of the Volcano." He had a noble presence, and the air of a patriarch.

The history of Dr. Coan and his associates will never be again repeated. They sailed from home fifty years ago, with no hope of returning, in the filthy cabins of whale ships, on a six months' voyage, and lived for many years under thatched roofs on the ground. But the agony of their lives was the forced separation from their children, who, at an early age, were sent home to be educated.

But few of the old Hawaiian missionaries remain—not ten out of forty.

They have planted a torch in the midst of the Pacific ocean, whose beams have touched the Mortlock islands, close by the shores of Asia, and lightened the dark Marquesian islands of the Southern hemisphere. Their descendants are the nucleus of Polynesian civilization, holding the key to the control of the commerce of the Pacific, which is in its infancy; situated centrally to a region that one day may become a theatre of great events.

A California newspaper refers to him as follows:

"Rev. Titus Coan, tha oldest missionary of the Hawaiian Islands, died at Hilo on the 2d of December. Ha was about eighty-two years old, and had been a missionary or pastor of what had been missionary churches in tha Islands for about half a century. His first missionary enterprise was a voyage of exploration to Patagonia, which he made in the schooner Mary Jane, sailing from New York in August, 1833. He landed on the coast near the Straits of Angellan, made an exploration of that country, enduring some hardships, but found no field about which he could report favorably. In December, 1833, he sailed in the Hallespont, from Boston, for the Sandwich Islands. Arriving there, he made Hilo his principal field of labor, including for a time tha Puna District, on the Island of Hawaii. He was one of the most successful missionaries of modern times. His frequently spoke to audiences of natives in their tongue, of three or four thousand. Probably no missionary of modern times had more personal influence than "Father Coan." Ha was beloved alika by natives and by foreigners who could appreciate sterling character. His presence was everywhera greeted with affection. Ha was in the eyes of thousands an apostle who had spiritual authority solely by virtue of his exalted character. He was not only well known and revered throughout the Hawaiian Kingdom, but he was as well known in the religious circles of the Eastern States, by reputation, as any missionary who had wrought in foreign lands. Ha would have been a marked character anywhera. But, choosing the comparatively obscure field of missionary labor, he wrought so well and with such wonderful success that, ten thousand miles away from his missionary field, his name for a quarter of a century or more has become a household word in thousands of Christian homes."

A book, recently published, has been put in our hands for review, to which it is impossible to do justice, within the limits of any ordinary criticism, but to which we are desirous of attracting our readers' attention. "Great Christ" "*the achievements of Christ*," is written by Mr. C. L. Brace, of New York, and as the best explanation of its purpose we quote the author's Introductory words:

"The writer of this work has been engaged for some thirty years in a practical application of the principles of Christianity, with a view of curing certain great social evils in the city of New York. He has been able to test its power on a large scale, in diminishing poverty, crime and misery. He has also had a humble share in, and been a witness of, the great effort of the United States, to remove its tremendous evil—Slavery;—and he knows how far Christian ideas were at the foundation of this great reform, and how much they stimulated and supported the long struggle."

"For many years, studies in the laws and history of the Roman Period and the middle ages, have shown him the traces (often almost obliterated) of the silent, profound working of the great reforming Power of the world. He has also been engaged in examining and presenting in public writing the influences of the Christian Faith in the more modern period on International Law, Arbitration, and the relations of nations. It has seemed to him, that to write a condensed history of the progress of the humane ideas, practices, and rules of action taught or encouraged by this Religion, would be a useful thing, especially as making them a more distinct possession and coils in the civilized world, and as forming an indirect argument (not less powerful for being indirect) for the truth of this Faith."

"There are certain practices, principles and ideals — now the richest inheritance of the race—that have been either implanted or supported by Christianity."

"They are such as these: regard for the personality of the meekest and poorest: respect for woman; the absolute duty of each member of the fortunate classes to raise up the unfortunate; humanity to the child, the prisoner, the stranger, the needy, and even the brute; increasing opposition to all forms of cruelty, oppression and slavery; the duty of personal purity and the sacredness of marriage; the necessity of temperance; the obligation of a more equitable division of the profits of labor, and of greater co-operation between employes and employed; the right of every human being to have the utmost opportunity of developing his faculties, and of all persons to enjoy equal political and social privileges; the principle that the injury of one nation is the injury of all, and the expediency and duty of unrestricted trade and intercourse between all countries, and finally and principally, a profound opposition to war, a determination to limit its evils when existing, and to prevent its arising by means of international arbitration. Ideas, principles and practices, such as these, are among the best achievements of Christianity."

"It has seemed to the writer not impossible, that great numbers of the vast English speaking race in Great Britain, America and Australia, might more and more unite in a kind of moral confederation throughout the world to support and advance these great and humane ideas."

The plan of the book, to state it in the briefest manner, is to present an accumulation of evidence, carefully weighed and arranged, and tending to show that while the influence of the teachings of Christ has been quiet, slow working, and in the main confined to the individual soul, it has also been strong, far reaching, and permanent, beyond that of any force known to humanity. The subject is treated without prejudice, and from the standpoint of a man who has had a practical experience in dealing with his fellow-men, which makes his testimony almost unique, and puts it, for most of us at least, beyond criticism. As a book of reference, and for all thoughtful people, Mr. Brace's work must be universally recognized as of great value, while it is indeed a joyful thing to know that such a man can say, out of the depth of his knowledge of human strength and weakness, that

"Nothing better has been, or can be conceived by the mind of man, to make man better or happier, than the Christian Religion. * * * It does more than present a system of ultimate morals. It throws in a Force which Evolution does not reckon upon, and which hastens on all the currants for good, working in human life. It offers the love for an unequaled character, for a divine Person who embodies all abstract morality; it throws about him and His teachings, the halo and mystery of a Religion; it presents to the individual struggling for a higher morality, hopes and fears which take hold of all that is grand and awful in the universe. It even makes morality only the blossom and fruit of the love it would implant for this transcendent Being, and of the faith in unseen and eternal realities. In loving the highest excellence as personified in CHRIST, the man unconsciously loves the happiness of all created beings, and is planted in the highest morality."

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BANNOCK AND SHOSHONE AGENCY.

Idaho Territory, Sept. 7, 1882.

Indian Agent A. S. Cook states that this reservation is 70 x 30 miles in extent, contains about 1,260,000 acres, of which 10,000 are arable if irrigated; the rest is pasture land. It is very mountainous, poorly timbered, hardly enough for houses and fuel.

There is now no game to speak of; the Indians go out on passes from the agent to hunt in the mountains of Idaho and Wyoming, but hunting is being steadily exhausted and restricted by the settlement of the country.

For twenty miles along the Snake River, a strip of land one and a half miles wide produced this year a thousand tons of hay, nearly twice as much as last year, cut by Indians with ten mowing machines, seven of which were loaned to to them by the Agent, and three bought, along with hay-rakes, and two wagons, by Indians themselves, at $150.00 a piece, and paid for by selling sixty tons of the hay crop. The like was never done before. On Portneuf River, there is more hay land, but the reservation contains a very small proportion of it. Hay is a most profitable crop in this region.

With the proceeds of the hay, which is in steady demand, Indians pay their bills at the post-trader's, who is not afraid to trust them, buy food, clothing, trinkets, and squander much in gambling. They save nothing, are inveterate gamblers, especially at horse racing; when they have spent everything, they go to work again.

The census of 1880 reports that there are five hundred and forty Bannocks, and one thousand one hundred and eighty Shoshone Indians; they are hardly holding their own as to numbers, being tainted with hereditary and incurable diseases, which, the Indians say, is due to fifty or more trappers, who, many years ago, were established at this point by the Hudson Bay Company; numbers of them became squaw-men. The primary form of this disease is hardly known. Soldiers and settlers are not without responsibility in this matter.

After harvest time, which lasts into September, they go hunting until snow falls. This year the party of four hundred who went out, shot but thirty buffaloes. Buffalo meat, which has been their main reliance for winter food, has nearly failed; trouble is brewing. The Chiefs said that President Hayes, and Secretary Shurz visited them and promised them all the beef they wished to eat. The Agent states that he made accordingly a requisition for 750,000 pounds of beef, that the then Indian Department asked for only 400,000 pounds, and got from Congress but 300,000 pounds. The Indians held a council, and quoted to the agent what the President and Mr. Schurz had said, and declared that the agent lied when he said he had asked for food enough.

Finally, a white man whom the Indians trusted, read to them the Agent's request for 750,000 pounds, and then the answer from Washington; they were astounded. Whom could they believe? This is a characteristic and common experience of the Indians. Everybody means well; the trouble is with our stupid, bungling system.

White men covet the rich mineral and farm lands on the reservation. Some two hundred whites, (part of them before the reservation was allotted) have settled the southern part of it, on the fertile banks of Marsh Creek, and Portneuf river, are established and cannot well be moved. A bill has been before Congress to take from the Indians 325,000 acres of land for $125,000.00. As they shall abandon the hunt and take to agriculture, they will need every acre of farm land they can get; they will soon have neither game, nor land enough to furnish food. Another bill is proposed, which shall take more land, including a valuable mineral region.

It is the old story of pushing the Indian to the wall; consent is always worried out of them in some way.

Agent Cook says, "Indians will work for good pay. It is impossible to get enough Indian labor at present rates, fixed by the department; which is fifteen dollars a month, and rations; twenty or twenty-five dollars would command all he wants."

White men get from fifty to seventy dollars a month; Indians put to work with white men do well, though inclined to be unsteady; they soon get tired and sit down.

There are now no apprentices in the workshop; the six employed did very well, but got tired of working at low wages, (ten dollars a month and rations being allowed) and ran away. Agent Cook, as well as the foreman, think that fifteen dollars a month would keep them.

Over one half of the Shoshones are ready to go to work, while less than a quarter of the Bannocks are so disposed, being more inclined to war and hunting. The former have been trappers; with a few Bannocks, they go after harvest to collect pine nuts, besides berries and elk meat, which they dry for winter use, roaming sometimes two hundred miles away.

One hundred and twelve leading Shoshone families are farming this year, and cultivating over five hundred acres of land; the Bannocks do a fourth as much. There is a slow but steady improvement in agriculture; ten miles of wire fencing have been put up this past year, seven by Indians, and the rest by the government. They then hold their land, and secure their crops.

They are a fickle people, a bad crop discourages them.

All live in *wickiops* or tents. The agent does not encourage log houses, because of the filth that gather around permanent homes, and because Indians need to move in winter to the river banks for pasture and fuel, and return in the spring to cultivate the ground. The abandoned log houses are soon ruined.

Rations are issued to all who have crops and herds, quite as much as to the poorest. When rations were once stopped from those who were able to take care of themselves, they stopped farming, and the issue was renewed. They are fed by treaty as a peace measure.

To depend on government food has been a part of their education. Practically the industrious Indian depends on rations in winter, for he has not learned to save, and gambling makes away with most of his gains. Saving needs to be taught as much as cropping. They beg for every thing; there is no better trained beggar than the proud Indian. With his regular ration of beef, beans, flour, baking powder, coffee, sugar and tobacco, besides clothing, blankets, wagons, harness, plow-harness, tools and utensils of every kind, he still wants more. He has been educated to this.

These tribes have a strong prejudice against the agency school, from the fact that six out of twenty four children who went there died during an epidemic. They call school "bad medicine" for Indians. One difficulty in educating them is that the girls get married at twelve years of age and leave school.

The improvement in dress, etc., due to school influence, makes them attractive to the braves. [Since this visit, Maj. Cook has applied for the admission of four Shoshones to Hampton who desire to come, and many more would follow, but there is no government aid for them. Ed., S. W.]

Commissioner Price has authorized an expenditure of $5,000.00 for a new boarding school house. The present one is of logs plastered with mud,—a piggish looking place.

The Indian police of fifteen men, half Bannock and half Shoshones, in command of Captain Race Horse, is a success: they are paid five dollars a month and an extra ration; only ten drunken men have been seen on the reservation since January last, and horse stealing is almost stopped.

Indian police have been a great success in Pine Ridge, Rosebud and other agencies; they have a remarkable aptitude for this and for military duty. Drunken Indians are arrested, compelled to tell where they got their liquor, and the officers "go" for the seller of it. Especially when off hunting, Indians are tempted by white men. On their own ground, they make less trouble than would whites, and are more easily managed by the right kind of men. At every reservation I have visited it is the remarkable and universal testimony that Indians are among themselves, kind, peaceable, and easy to get along with.

Responsibility will affect an Indian as quickly as it will any man. When Buffalo Horn, chief of the Bannocks, was killed in the Big Horn fight of 1879, Bear Skin took command, was shot down, got up again, again shot through the base of the brain, and left for dead; but lived, and although he was a celebrated horse thief, having stolen thirty at one time, he is now a most exemplary and useful policeman. It takes a rogue to catch a rogue.

Reform in idleness, as the Indians now are, is impossible. Give them something to do and a change of life is easy. Hence the wisdom of the plan of enrolling the young braves as soldiers, which would keep them busy. The plan has often been proposed and is most wise.

Agent Cook called a council to day, at which Tyhee, chief of the Bannocks, made a speech.

He is a tall, white haired, noble looking man, reminding one of the picture of Henry Clay.

He said he was trying to do what Washington told him to do, (he had once visited that city) and doesn't listen to any thing else.

One thing hurts him; He works hard and goes hungry; eats his wheat "just like a chicken." The Agent don't give him enough to eat; he could be satisfied with plenty of food.

"When you go to Washington" said he "tell Washington that he don't send money enough to feed his children; they are starving.

I am ashamed to ask for food; I would ask for bacon were I not ashamed to."

The Agent had promised bacon, but supplies had not come.

Tyhee said he would be the happiest man in the world if Washington would give him enough to eat; "It is hard" he says "to work on an empty stomach." "Be sure and tell the Great Father what I say."

He stated that Secretary Schurz had promised to send him a buggy, for him to ride around in when he was an old man; but no buggy had come.

He had been farming nine years, and had done better this year than ever; had many different things in the ground; oats, wheat, onions, carrots, beans and cabbage: also a yoke of oxen and seven acres of cultivated land. He throws away from his tribe any Indian who shoots a white man; sticks to the white man.

He has heard that there is a God, and believes it, because all men say so. He is somewhere up above. His father never told him about God, but told him to treat everybody right and be kind to all men.

Chief Tyhee thinks that the Indian was made out of a bird just like a white man. "What do you think"? *Ans.* "God made man out of the earth" *Tyhee.*—"Just as children make clay images?"

Peg White, Bannock Chief, thus speaks:

"Why don't you talk about the money government owes us? Why don't Washington make the soldiers keep white men off our reservations; They promised to do so. There are a great many whites on our land; they are cutting our hay.

"I wish to tell you something that you will tell at Washington. I wish that between us and Washington there would not be so much lying. I wish Washington would stick to his bargains.

"We were promised $6,000.00 to let the Oregon Short Line R. R. go through our reservation; the money to be put into our hands, so we could see it. We signed the treaty; they made the road and the money is not paid."

"They said they were not lying, but meant what they said to us; that we all believed in the Great Spirit, and they would tell the truth."

"My people now get only four cattle a week. I wish they could have eight. (government has reduced the rations.)"

The money was, I believe, actually paid to the Indian department; invested, and the interest paid in government supplies. The Indian wishes the money in hand.

He would no doubt squander it; the government becomes at this point, paternal, does what seems best for the Indian; the latter is angered and believes he is lied to. Is it best to be paternal or keep faith, even if it hurts the Indian a little? This is the basis of much trouble with Indians. A treaty making power one day, a little child the next.

We had driven twelve miles to see one or two prosperous Indian settlements. This is at the head of the Ross's Fork, a small river; The other on the Bannock river, is larger.

We are on a fertile plateau, surrounded by hills and mountains, on which are grazing the ponies and cattle of the Shoshone farmers.

We drive by fenced fields and quite extensive crops, witnessing a surprising thrift and cultivation for a wild people and country; and are introduced to "Whiskey Joe" a fine looking man. He has planted fifteen acres and has this year raised 175 bushels of wheat, 125 bus. of oats, 175 bus. of potatoes, 15 bus. of turnips, hay fifty tons; has ninety horses and a herd of cattle. Like the rest, he gambles, but stakes only his horses: he lost this year all but four, but won them all back and five more. He raised considerable more this year than last. From our wagon we could see about thirty lodges in groups of three or four, each containing from six to seven people; standing on the edge of cultivated fields of from five to fifteen acres in extent. For summer life there was in each camp a large leafy bower of brush wood, where they cooked and ate and slept. The fields were traversed by ditches, made by Indians, which carried the mountain waters to the thirsty land and increased the crop.

The work is done in the simplest way, after the fashion of Scripture times. The men use the cradle, and the women the sickle, "Joe" has the only fanning mill. The others pile their wheat in threshing pens, and girls ride ponies round and round in the most picturesque, cheerful fashion, gradually separating the wheat and straw; the latter is pitched out, and the women winnow the grain by tossing it into the air again and again, till the chaff is blown away, a most picturesque sight; the last time it falls on a canvas cloth, and is bagged and stored in the wigwam, to be sold or taken to the agency mill to be ground for use. This makes work for all. In spite of the Indian tent and dress, there seemed a moral health in this wild region, where all are busy. The men work as well as the women, which is a long step towards civilization.

Machinery hardly consists, with such a simple pastoral life. There may be, as in times of old, a true, Godly life in tents, and a fine type of manhood and womanhood; but idleness is fatal to all good.

The great thing for the Indian, as for all, is daily occupation; a routine of duty engaging head and hand is the most conservative human influence on character. Those who voluntarily do nothing, in whatever plane of life, are worth nothing.

(Continued on Page 20.)

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES

CAST DOWN YET REJOICING. A GOOD PLEA FOR HIGHER EDUCATION. RESPECT FOR THE "SCHOOL MISTIS." A REPRESENTATIVE IN SPITE OF HIMSELF. MAKING HIS OWN CHARTS AND BLACK-BOARDS. A PLEASANT REPORT. "TOO MUCH RELIGION."

CAST DOWN YET REJOICING.

One of our faithful workers has a story to tell of blessing and trial. In the loss of his property in the flames, he can rejoice in the good fruits of his labors in his Master's vineyard.

——Co. Va. Jan. 4th, 1883.

Dear Friend:

I write to let you hear from me. I commenced teaching here last Sept. with fifteen pupils—now I have fifty. Dont know whether I shall remain here all the spring or not. I have a nice school house and good furniture. I am boarding with a widow lady about three miles from my school. She is very kind to me and makes everything as pleasant as possible. Most of my patrons are renters, and have to work very hard to make a living; their children are poorly clad, and very few have the books they need; the parents take a great interest in having their children educated, but they cannot feed and clothe them as they ought; the whites as well as the colored are kind to me and treat me with the highest regard. Nearly all of my pupils can read some in the Bible. I organized a prayer meeting in my school house last Oct. Forty have accepted Christ as their Savior; fifteen of them are my pupils. Pray for us that these lambs may hold out and be useful workers in the Master's vineyard. On account of the bad weather, our S. S. has been suspended for a while. I had a very serious misfortune recently—lost my house by fire—valued at $300. It was not insured. I have no right to complain. the Lord has blessed me thus far with health and strength. Wishing you a happy new year and many of them.

Your old pupil,

H.

A GOOD PLEA FOR HIGHER EDUCATION.

A young man who worked faithfully at Hampton in school and at his trade and has done good work since he left as a teacher and missionary in Kansas, now writes from Oberlin, where he is pushing his way for "all the education he can get," and where we heartily wish him success. He makes excellent points in his argument for higher education. There is no question—at Hampton certainly—of the advantage of "getting all the education one can"; in our correspondent's good figure, providing one's self with "sharp tools instead of dull ones." The only folly is in spending time and money on ornamenting tools instead of sharpening them, or in buying a carpenter's tool chest when you mean to do shoemaker's work, instead of fitting up your own kit. But this is not applicable to our graduate's case in the present instance, and we are glad, as in all such cases, to see his enterprise and success thus far.

OBERLIN, OHIO, *Dec. 23rd*, 82.

Miss C——,

Dear Friend:

Your letter and circular of 12 inst. has just reached me in time to receive my undivided attention. Our winter vacation, beginning 19 inst., enables me to write you earlier than I otherwise should have been able to.

It has been some time since I have had any correspondence with any of the Hampton people, consequently I begin to feel myself quite a stranger. I do not know where any of my class-mates are. When I think of the past associations and pleasures, I feel that I have been moved out from the midst of the great circle to welt the development of the future.

There is only one other Hampton student here;—Stevens—who has for some years taught at Winchester, Va.; Randolph was compelled to leave on account of his health. His address at present is Galena, Kas. Miss Cabell, now Mrs. W. C. Boyd, has moved from Baxter Springs, Kas. since her marriage. I have not learned her new home.

I have been very glad to be allowed to study longer. I find this just the place. I have no profession in view whatever. I have no desire to take up any. I intend to teach as long as I am able. The whole cause of my coming here was that I was unable to occupy positions that offered themselves to me, because I had not enough of the higher education. I have frequently heard it said and of its being said that the classical education made infidels of the Negro, yet I have failed to see and can not see upon what ground or evidence such argument is based or what examples worthy of note present themselves in support of such arguments. The whole matter of classical learning can be answered by answering such questions as these: How much money should I have in order to begin life or how many friends ought I to have? The answers would be as much as I can get or as many as I can get. When I used to work at the shoe trade, I always found it backward movement to work with dull knives, besides it was dangerous to the shoe, because I did not know when I should blunder and cut a hole in the shoe. A job with a dull knife never looked well; it was rough, bungled, awkward. So when we come to education, we want all we can get, because it is one thing of which we lay in a life time supply at the outset. A good education is as a sharp knife, cutting just when and where we would have it. A job turned from its shop is neat and smooth, showing a high polish. With a few grains of energy behind the whole and with go ahead in front, the forces all in line of battle, and the order forward march, what can withstand such an army? I say, give me all that I can get. I may not be able to stay here longer than the close of this year, yet I have made the most of the time. I am now in the first year of the regular course, with everything clear for the six months, beyond which we see nothing. I suppose six months is far enough for one to peer into the future.

Yours truly,

D.

"RESPECT FOR THE SCHOOL MISTIS."

A young woman of last year's class writes thus cheerfully of her work in a country school house, though everything is pleasant but the want of pay.

——Co. Va. 1-2-83.

Dear Miss C——;

It is no unpleasant task to answer your kind letter. It is pleasant that you are still connected with the work of Hampton, though unable to be there. I *have* found a great deal of pleasure in the thought that I have actually begun the work for which I was preparing.

I have a very pleasant school house, comfortably fieished and completely furnished—that is with black-boards, desks &c. Maps, charts and globes are *luxuries* in a country school house.

I have fifty-four scholars on roll, most of them are under twelve years of age, a very interesting little set. I have been teaching three months, and never enjoyed anything better—not even studying. My little ones are very bright and take in new ideas very readily. I am their standard of perfection, and you can imagine what a responsibility rests upon me. It keeps me always on the alert that no word or act of mine may mislead them.

The people in this part of the country are poor and ignorant; they don't realize the importance of education. All are not so, but that is what may be said of them generally; I have been very kindly treated among them; every one treats the "school mistis" with great deference. The whites are very kind and respectful.

There is much to be done here. Miss B—— preceded me, and began a very good work which I have been trying to carry on successfully. I have been working in the Sunday School, but the cold weather has hindered me in this. The church in which the S. S. is held is very open and uncomfortable, the children poorly clad, and so I have been obliged to discontinue it until the weather is more favorable. I have enjoyed the holidays very much—resting quietly, reading and studying. On Christmas night I had a tree at the school-house, which gave a great deal of pleasure to the children.

The return of the time to celebrate that Birth which has brought so much good to us all, gives me a new inspiration to do what I can for those about me. I find new pleasure in my work each day.

Last Thursday it began to snow and continued until Friday night. The snow is very deep; there can be very little traveling except on a horse or in a vehicle. I shall not be able to get to my school house, which is nearly four miles away, until it melts away, or at least some of it. Hattie and Rosa D—— teach about seven miles from me. I hear from them but do not see them often. It is pleasant to think that they are so near. I received a package of papers from you some time since, and thank you very much.

The Superintendent and trustees like Hampton graduates, and are very kind to us, but don't pay us very readily. I have received but one payment since I have been teaching. They say they have scarcely any money in the treasury. I hope you will enjoy your work—I imagine you will, though I should think it would demand a great deal of your time. I hope to hear from you again, though it is a great deal to ask of you.

Affectionately yours,

C.

A REPRESENTATIVE IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

Very few Hampton graduates have gone into politics. The best way for office to come is to come unsought, and we hope our correspondent may bear, in the honors thrust upon him, the same character for faithfulness and honest purpose he did at Hampton.

——N. C. Dec. 30th, 1882.

Dear Principal;

Sir: As I've not heard anything from you or the benefactors of Hampton Institute in some length of time, I thought I would write to hear from you and the old knowledge-giver. (Hampton Institute.)

Dear Principal: As I'm relucant to write without speaking a word for the Hampton N. and A. Institute, I must say it must have been a wise providence to establish such an institute for the training of youths of our race. On account of some doubt that I've been possessed with I've not written you before now concerning the past election held in my County, of which I was a candidate and am elected Representative of P——Co. N. C. and will start for Raleigh on Monday the first Jan. prox. Sir: You will please pardon me for not writing you before now, as reason above stated has prevented me from doing so. I shall be pleased to hear from my kind Principal, (Hon. S. C. Armstrong) and teachers at Hampton. I hope to receive a letter from you in short, and continue our correspondence whilst I'm at Raleigh, N. C. I hope you will not think that I have forced myself in political business. I've not. I was chosen out of the School House in the County Convention held in E. City P——Co., of which I am a resident. Was nominated by my party and elected over two other candidates for the same office. My majority over the two other candidates, one white and the other colored, was two hundred and seventeen (217) votes. Our State has gone Democratic by a large majority. Hope to hear from you in short.

I remain your oh't student,

N.

Address, Raleigh, N. C.

MAKING HIS OWN CHARTS AND BLACK-BOARDS.

The following interesting report is from a graduate of '76:

——Va., Dec. 12th, 1882.

Dear Miss——;

I began my school on the 3rd of Oct. with 49 scholars; the number has increased since to 79 on roll, with an average daily attendance of 75. I admire my work more and more every day, because I feel that it is a duty enjoined on me by some higher power, though I often feel my unworthiness of such a high position. My children seem to be anxious to learn; to tell them to do a thing seems to be all that is necessary: they will go about it with all their power. I very often have what one might call discouragements; though I never think of being discouraged in this noble work; since success is my aim, and by the help of the good Master, it shall be my end. I am in this work with my heart and mind. I have no school house here. I am teaching in the church. We suffer a good deal from the cold by the church not being comfortably fixed. Some of the children suffer more than others by having no one to care for them; no one to get suitable clothing for them, no one to give the books the law requires them to have. Many of the children who have parents are poorly clothed, as labor is so cheap that many of them are obliged to work for what they can eat and wear, leaving nothing to supply books for their children. I have to do most of my teaching from blackboards and charts of my own construction; which are very rudely made. The people, many of them, do not manifest any interest at all in trying to educate their children, while there are others who do something at it. Let me tell you about our school-house. We commenced to build one about three years ago, and not being able to complete it gave it up.

ACKNOWLEDGING RESPONSIBILITY.

The white people show a great desire to have the colored people to learn to read the Bible, and for this cause they take an active part in all the Sabbath schools in the neighborhood. They do many things to encourage them to attend their Sabbath schools. They often visit my school during the week, and give words of encouragement to the scholars. One said the other day in addressing the school that God was holding the white people of the South accountable for the education of the colored people. We have a large Sabbath school going on here; 80 pupils and 8 teachers, all white except one. We could have more if the fatherless and motherless had suitable clothes.

I have not been to Hampton since '76, though it has been one of my highest wishes to see my beloved teachers, who did so much for me while at Hampton. I am extremely thankful for the opportunity of addressing you this letter May the Lord bless and take care of you forever. I am yours gratefully,

B.

A PLEASANT REPORT.

Another of the class of '82 gives a cheering account of his new departure in good work.

L——, Va., Dec. 27, 1882.

Dear Teacher;

I am sorry at having waited so long before answering your letter, but I waited until I got a good opportunity to write to you. I was very glad to hear from you, also very glad to know you still have an interest in my welfare. And it makes me unspeakably glad to say I have accepted the offer so freely given to us. I did not own a part in Christ during my stay at Hampton, but I thank God that I can say I do now. Will you pray for me? I desire the prayers of you all.

I am teaching school up in the country about 20 miles above L——, but I am now spending my Christmas at home. The people where I am teaching are very generous, they are sadly in need of education; what they need is good teachers. It seems as if I could not do too much for them. They are social and try to learn; they seem to know they are in darkness and are making efforts to turn to the light. I am blessed to be among friends, of both classes; the white people are very generous toward their colored friends, the majority I mean. There are some who try to pull down every effort to establish a free school among the colored people. You see, this is the second time a free school has existed up here since the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, so you can make a rough guess as to the education of the people.

When I first come here I thought I could not stay, but now I think the Lord that I can look upon my work with a pleasant face, and hope for a bright future. I have a lovely school-house, a new one just built, and I have on roll 27 pupils; but will get a great many more after Christmas. The majority of the students are large and cannot be spared from the crops until late in the term. The terms are only 5 or 8 months and they give from 25 to 35 dollars per month, and they pay up very well. They are very fond of the Hampton graduates, as they are very few, and so far are very successful. One whose lot is cast in this field has his hands full. I think I would be just likable, if I said for the community at large, they and I desire the prayers of the H. N. and A. Institute. You will, I hope, pardon me for saying so much on this subject, but my heart is in the work and I feel I ought to plead for them. We need now in this county 3 teachers that I know of, beside others I know not of. I am dear teacher,

Yours gratefully,

A.

"TOO MUCH RELIGION."

"Plenty of it such as it is," but "not very good what there is of it," seems to be the writer's criticism upon the kind of religious zeal he finds among his people. It is at least a very good indication that one of the preachers has asked to be admitted to the school. Where there is any show of such a spirit, it should be wisely and kindly encouraged.

——TENN. Nov. 11, 1882.

Miss K.

Kind Friend:

I find the people much better here than those in N. C. We have three colored churches and services every Sunday. Society is very good, and the people have more respect for morality. We have no drem holes in the village, still once in a while we can see or hear a drunkerd on our streets.

While this is a good place and the people seem to appreciate education, yet we have our faults. The churches are not on *extra* good terms. They talk about each other. They don't like to see a member, not of *their* church get along. Miss K. I do believe so many different churches' faiths are the ruination of us as a people. The people of N. C. seem to went religion, but here they seem to have *too* much. Our preachers have no education. One now wishes to enter our day school. In N. C. I had immorality to fight against, *here*, I have jealousy. One is just as bad as the other. The worst of it is, the people have carried this spirit into the school. Last year the teacher sided with one of the churches, the people did not like her for that. I am independent and side with no church, and I think I am not pleasing all. Still have heard of no complaint. I think the people like me, and all say I have the best school of all the teachers. The white people treat me very kindly. Sometimes I think they think more of me than the colored. This is a good grain country. I am here among the mountains; mountain people always have the name of warm hearted and liberal, and I think the people here have something of that trait. Not too much. I wish we had more of it.

Sincerely your pupil,

H.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

THE NEW COMERS.

The arrival Dec. 24th, of fifteen more Indian students for Hampton, was briefly mentioned in the last Workman, which was going to press as they came.

From Mr. Riggs, who selected and brought them from Dakota, we have obtained the following more detailed account of them, though not an entirely full one, some changes having been made just before starting, too late for him to obtain all the particulars.

FROM CHEYENNE RIVER AGENCY.

Edna Traversie, Santee Sioux, half blood, age ten; a younger sister of Mary Traversie now in her third year at Hampton. Their father, a Frenchman, works at the agency, in charge of the agency stables. He cannot himself read or write, but is much in earnest about his children's education, and willingly gave his consent to have Mary stay another year at Hampton. The family live quite comfortably. Edna understands some English, but has never been to school.

Felicia Rivers, Santee, half-blood, age ten, cousin of Edna Traversie. She is the eldest of seven children, speaks English, but has never been to school. Her father also is a Frenchman and a laborer, but he supports his family entirely, without drawing government rations. They live off the reservation, near Pierre, a town at the terminus of the Northwestern Railroad, in Missouri.

William Benoist, (Indian name, Howsxta, xis sh in Sioux) a Two kettle Sioux, half blood, age twenty; a cousin of Felix Benoist, formerly at Hampton. He has been a scout in the United States service, for a year and a half; his last term of enlistment expiring the day before he started for Hampton. He cannot read or write, and has never been at school, but talks English well. His father lives in Yanktos, but he at Cheyenne River, at Fort Bennett. He was a good scout, and is reported as a quiet, well behaved young fellow. He came on his own application, pledging himself to work out his own traveling expenses if required.

FROM LOWER BRULE.

Philip Concillor—*Wanokia*—Full blood Sioux, age 24. Mr. Riggs knows little of him. He found him in a house to which he went to talk to another, about going to Hampton. After listening to the conversation, Philip said, he would like to go himself, if he were not married, and at last became so interested that he asked to go, leaving his wife. This Mr. Riggs did not approve, and then Philip asked if he would take them both, which he consented to do. Philip has been at the missionary school, and reads in Dakota, but does not speak English. The missionary, Mr. Walker, recommended his coming, and was of great assistance in collecting the others.

Katie Concillor—*Ninivatwin*—full blood Sioux, age 19; Philip's wife, and sister of Brazo now at Hampton in his second year. She has not been much if any at school, and cannot read or write, or speak English.

The Concillors brought with them a baby of seven months, a fine little brave, who speaks English exactly as well as he does Dakota, and is named William.

Ida Rencountre, three quarters blood, age seventeen; a sister of Zedo Rencountre who spent three years at Hampton. She understands English but does not speak it; has been at school a little, but cannot read or write.

James Rencountre, half blood, age seven, brother of Ida. He was brought as the condition of his sister's permission to come. Their father is a half breed Frenchman, but speaks English. He is a man of considerable character, though a laborer with no education. James also has been at school a little, but cannot read or write, either in English or Dakota, and does not understand English.

Elizabeth, half blood, age nineteen. She came on her own application, her parents living at other agencies. She does not speak English.

James Goodroad—*Ho-ye ya*—full blood, age sixteen; a half brother of George Bushotter who spent three years at Hampton and has come back for another year.

Eve Goodroad—*Ho-ona-rovpi-win*—full blood, age twelve; sister of James. They have been at school a little, at the government and missionary schools, but speak no English. James can read in Dakota.

Emma Fallis, half blood, thirteen. Her father is an "old timer," a Frenchman, a settler of thirty years ago perhaps, one of the old Fur Company employees. He has always supported his family himself. Lillie speaks no English, but understands considerable. Her father used to keep a ranche on the main road, so she learned to understand the travellers who passed. She has been to school some.

Maggie Bullhead, full blood, age thirteen; a daughter of Chief Bullhead; Indian name, *Cauk-wayuha-wise*; Her father gave his consent to her coming, very willingly, and she also wanted to come, after a few tears at first.

Sarah Leeds—*Wi-caur-pi-waste-win*—full blood, age twenty-two. She speaks no English.

FROM YANKTON AGENCY.

David Saul, full blood, age sixteen; a son of William Saul, of Santee, who is a native catechist in the Episcopal mission at Crow Creek. David was sent on application of his father, who was quite in earnest about his boy's coming, having himself spent a year at Hampton as a student. David reads Dakota, and a little English, though he speaks none. He has been at St Paul's school, at Yankton.

George Bushotter, full blood, age——. After three years at Hampton, George was returned to his home a year and a half ago. He taught in the mission school at Lower Brule, for a year, doing on the whole very well; then went to school at St. Paul's school at Yankton. He made application for another year at Hampton, and comes back, under pledge to work out his traveling expenses, in order to learn more of his trade (carpenter's) and more English, to fit himself to teach. He has improved in English since he left Hampton, and seems quite in earnest.

The party left Lower Brule, Dec. 11th. Mr. Riggs reports a pleasant journey to Hampton, in spite of some vexatious delays on the river and railroad. They spent two days at Glencoe, in the vicinity of Chicago, entertained over Sunday by General Charles Howard, U. S. Indian Inspector.

The treatment of the party by people everywhere along the road, was notably pleasant.

Arrived in Washington, Mr. Riggs, obliged to go home, turned the party over to Inspector Townsend, who took them to call on the Commissioner of Indian affairs, and to see the Smithsonian, and gave them a pleasant evening at his own house.

We subjoin the medical report upon the new students, from the resident physician at Hampton.

MEDICAL REPORT.

GENERAL ARMSTRONG,

Dear Sir;

The Indians who arrived Dec. 24th, were examined by me, Dec. 26th. Six of the fifteen examined have enlarged cervical glands, and present the usual signs of a scrofulous diathesis.

The youngest girl appears delicate, but has no local disease.

One of the young men has slight dullness over the upper lobe of the left lung, and is suffering from a severe cough. He is much debilitated, and his only chance for health is in constant care, and very careful treatment. Another young man has an ulcer of the cornea, and conjunctivitis. This is said to have been caused by working in a lime kiln. The young man is apparently sound in other respects. The average health of the whole number is better than of any equal number previously examined.

Respectfully yours,

M. M. Waldron, M. D.

A VISIT FROM RED CLOUD.

The famous Sioux Chief Red Cloud, who is said to have laid out the plan of the "Custer campaign," having come East to Washington, to present his side of some matters at his agency, made also a few days' visit to Hampton, to see the children of his tribe. This was his second visit to the school, his first having been made two or three years ago, in company with Spotted Tail, and other Sioux chiefs.

He went over all the different departments of the school, where the Indian students are at work, or at study, and inspected all with apparent interest and pleasure, noticing the changes which had been made since his visit, especially at Winona Lodge, which the girls showed him over with much pride; he criticized the beds for being made of straw instead of "fur," but thought there was something in the suggestion that such luxurious couches would keep them in bed too late in the morning. He was entertained both at the Principal's table and the students, with the Indians, but seemed to prefer the latter. The Sioux boys and girls received him with enthusiasm as their chief, and seemed to feel a responsibility to give him a favorable impression of the advantages of education. He was given full opportunity to talk with both the boys and girls alone, and tell them of their friends, and take back their messages. He also made a general address to all, which was repeated by the Interpreter as follows.

RED CLOUD'S SPEECH.

I will advise you a few words. You see me standing here; This is the second time I have come to Hampton. I am very glad to see you here. The work here, we like. We are Indians, but this is what I want you to learn; such as wagon-making, farming, and the other work. We want you to learn this because you will find it is a benefit to you. You see that man standing there—who has charge of you. I want you to listen to all he says. He has brains, he has eyes, he will take good care of you. I like all his work, and I am very glad to see it. That is all."

The Principal asked the interpreter to say "We teachers want to know what Indians think about learning the white man's way."

Red Cloud replied; "The Indians love their children, but they send them here, a great ways off, to *learn* the white man's ways. This shows what they think of it. On my reservation, we have a hundred and fifty children. We have a schoolhouse, but the Government has sent us no teacher yet."

Major Townsend, who was present, explained that the building is just completed, a large one for a boarding school, and that the Government will send a teacher as soon as the matters now in discussion are settled. He thought that both boarding schools and day schools are of use—all depends on the teacher. He thinks there will be increasing chances for girl graduates in the future, to teach at the agencies, and that they will have no trouble in securing the respect of their pupils.

STATEMENT OF GEORGE BUSHOTTER.

Mr. Riggs's report, in another column, is supplemented by the following statement from an intelligent Yankton (Sioux) boy, who after a three years' course at Hampton, returned to his home in Oct. 1881. He came back Jan. 1st, '83, to fit himself to be a teacher, and gives the following account (dictated) of the Indian youth who returned with him in 1881:

"I was at Yankton 3 months. I went there to St. Paul's School from Lower Brule. Mr. Walker, the missionary, sent me to learn more about the Bible and other things. I told him I wanted to know more and he thought so too.

Four girls and seven boys went back to Yankton (because they were sick,) after they stayed at Hampton a little while. 1 girl died, 1 is sick, 1 is married, 1 is just like an Indian. 1 boy is working, the others are not doing anything. Two of them are just like wild Indians, very bad.

Two girls and four boys went back in Nov. 1881, after three years at Hampton:

Carrie Anderson is the best girl, I think. She wears the same clothes she wore here. I never heard anything wrong about her, but she don't do anything.

Lizzie Spider is not so nice as she ought to be, she is married to a man down in Ponca Agency.

Oscar Brown went back sick. He is a scholar in the government school. I saw him most every day. He was playing round with the other boys.

Edwin Bishop was killed by an accident. They all spoke well of him. They said they liked him very much. He was doing well at St. Paul's. He was shoemaker at St Paul's, and learned the boys shoe making.

David Simmons is working at the rations house. He helps give out food to the Indians. I saw him working every day. I think he is working well.

Frank Yellow Bird stay at St. Paul's school at first, and Mr. Cook said they liked him, but he was sorry he left the school without asking permission. He went in one Indian store and kept store for him. He came to Brule Agency afterward; at first he didn't do anything much, but help the interpreter make hay and things like that. I heard he was teaching now in government school.

I don't think the Hampton boys are keeping up as they ought to do. They hear the Indians talking around them and they are getting a little down and down.

I think the best thing for the Hampton boys would be to live near the Agency, and have a house and live together, just as we were going to do at Brule Agency, but we didn't have money enough to build our house.

I think it will be easier for the next boys who go back. We were talking about that. This is what I think, and they all agree with me. It is very hard to stand alone. But if we get more on our side, and all keep together and have a young men's meeting and make rules, we can keep up, and bye and bye more boys will come on our side.

[I urged each Agent with whom I left Indian graduates in October, 1881, to place the boys in a separate building. It was done in some cases; where it was not done, as at Brule, their chancee of holding out were small.—S. C. A.]

[Apropos of the above, a note just received from Rev. John P. Williamson, missionary at Yankton Agency, reports—"I am glad to tell you David Simmons holds ont well, is saving and honest, lives with and supports his mother and sister. Oscar Brown holds on to life, and that is about all. Louisa Tasagamaniwin is slowly passing away. Frank Yellow-bird is away somewhere in Government employ. Carrie and Lizzie are both away."—*Ed. S. W.*]

FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

A friend and co-worker with Garrison, with a hand eighty years old but a heart ever young with sympathy and enthusiasm for all good work, penned, in beautiful chirography, the following letter, which we are kindly allowed to print.

BOSTON, *Dec. 9th*, 1882.

Gen. J. F. B. Marshall,

My dear friend:—

Many thanks for the two successive No's of the "Southern Workman," kindly sent to me by you. It is a most valuable paper,—revealing, as it does, so much of what is being done in behalf of the poor victims of wrong, both the Black man, and the Red man. The work in which Gen. Armstrong and you are engaged, is one most vital to the well-being of the nation; and I am most happy to recognize you both, as, each in his own way, laboring;—and, very skilfully and wisely laboring, with others, mostly female,—helping, to raise up the down-trodden and despised ones of the land, and to develop in them the higher elements of their natures, which have heretofore been ignored and crushed down.

All the wrong things in society are kept in force through the unthinking ignorance of the lower classes, and the selfishness and indifference of the upper, enterprising and well-to-do classes. It is so, the world over. In the old countries, worse than here. Despotism and superstition rest, like a vast field of polar ice, upon the development of the humbler portion of most communities; but, in our own land, that ice-crust is broken; and here, where Liberty is at least professedly enthroned, there is room for education, working with high moral and religious principle, to reform all the wrong things of our social condition.

Those wrong things are many; but all of them, including War, Intemperance, Licentiousness, and Injustice to Woman, are but the natural outgrowth of uneducated and un-Christianized selfishness and ignorance. To support this selfishness and ignorance, by infusing, through education and wise and kind treatment, a supreme regard to high moral and religious principle, a principle to be carried out in all private life, and in all public institutions, is the great work of all reform, the great work indeed of redeeming the world, and of virtually bringing the "kingdom of God upon earth;" a state of things, which millions are daily praying for, wherever the Lord's Prayer or the Paternoster is repeated, without the least thought that their own agency, or any human agency whatever, is to have any thing to do in bringing it about.

Among these Reforms, the work to which the Hampton Institute is devoted, Gen. Armstrong and yourself acting as its leading and inspiring agents, with other faithful ones as its assisting operators, this work is, as I have said, one of vital importance to the well-being of the nation. The "Southern Workman" gives me a good idea of your plans and your labors, which, inspired as they are with the broadest sentiment of human brotherhood, and with Christ's own spirit of sympathy with all earth's lonely ones, and a desire to improve and elevate them morally and religiously, seem at the same time, marked with practical wisdom and good sense, to a remarkable degree. I may here mention that I have listened with pleasure and profit, more than once, when Gen. Armstrong has spoken in Boston; and I remember him, when, in the earliest movements for starting the Institute, he came here. I was then, I think, secretary in the Office of the Freedmen's Aid Association, which was then engaged in sending teachers, mostly females, to the South. I appreciate highly his and your labors, and am delighted with the details of your plans and operations for the improvement of the young of both sexes of the ex-slaves of the South, and the Indians of the West. May Heaven prosper your labors in their behalf; and may the present National Congress do something worthy of the Nation, for the education and advancement of its humble and dependent wards, and as some slight atonement for the outrageous wrongs it has in past years, not consciously perhaps, inflicted upon the parents.

Truly, your friend and well-wisher,

ROBERT F. WALLCUT.

Captain Jim, a Shoshone, once a scout, has three wives, and, ten acres of wheat, oats, and potatoes.

Gibson Jack, a very clear headed Indian, one half Shoshone and one half Bannock, has two wives, a farm and stock ranche: four acres and fifty cattle. These people are inclined to Mormon views, having been much under Mormon influence.

Polataliigo John, cultivates forty acres, makes forty tons of hay a year, owns forty fine cattle and seven horses; his brother Tim has a farm of sixteen acres, and owns twenty-nine horses.

Mosho, the "Mormon Bishop" has seven acres of land, fifty horses and nine cows.

The above are Shoshones. Horn, a Bannock, has a good farm and fifty horses.

The tribes are suspicious of each other; do not inter-marry much; speak different languages.

This farming is due to the wisdom and energy of a former agent, Maj. Danielson, who refused to issue luxuries, sugar and coffee, until the Indians had staked out and planned out their allotted fields. Then they were rewarded.

Again he held back the luxuries till the fields were planted and crops were started; then another issue.

This is the way to move the Indian. He feels the argument to the stomach more than any other. That of the bullet makes him angry and dangerous; that of the palate tames and civilizes him. Major Swan at Cheyenne River agency in Dakota, Major Gasman, at Yankton, Major McLaughlin, at Devil's Lake, Major John D. Miles, Indian Territory, and other agents have done wonders in this way.

The ration gives the Indian agent the strongest influence that can be brought to bear upon a man. There is no other such opportunity in the country. He has the power, or can have it with proper backing. Here, unfortuantely, the Indian department is weak-kneed. Indian inspector Genl. C. H. Howard has strongly urged this policy, but it has not been adopted as it should be.

To do this takes men of nerve who are not afraid of hard work; and requires a high order of ability and character.

The Indian agent has no motive to do such work. He will find endless difficulty with Indians. He is usually a cheap man whose salary Congress has fixed so low as to serve as a protective tariff against competent men.

The railroad ride from Ross's Station to Ogden, brings one at daylight within the beautiful valley of Salt Lake, where steep, high mountains rise abruptly on one side, and on the other is a gently sloping plain that stretches away to the horizon.

Near by, along the foothills, is an unbroken line of farm houses for many miles. We pass Brigham City and Coriaae, flourishing Mormon towns, embowered in foliage. The region seems to blossom as the rose. No wonder the people think they are Latter Day Saints, so favored is the land that they have taken and redeemed. Was it the organizing genius of Brigham Young, or what was the inspiration of this wonderful prosperity? All are talking about the registration of voters now going on at Salt Lake City, expected to weaken the Mormon's power, by excluding polygamists, who must swear they have not violated the law, before they can become voters. Their leader, John Taylor, says in effect, "Perjure yourselves and register;" anything for power is his idea. This is no spirit of martyrdom. Property or power before principle never made a people strong. I suspect that the old martyr spirit which created their vigor, is replaced by a much lower sentiment. Taylor dictates to the people whom they shall vote for.

Idaho, through which we have just passed, has great mineral wealth. There is a desert of black rock 150x100 miles in extent, barren, except a little sage brush: impassable except on horse back, absolutely worthless for any purpose.

Snake river, named from its very winding course, runs south of the desert into the Columbia river, through a valley seven hundred miles long, from five to twenty miles in width, which is capable, with irrigation, of producing great crops of fruit and grain. Goose Creek, Rock Creek, and Marsh basin running north into Snake river, traverse a productive country, which is largely occupied by Mormons. They hold in this territory the balance of power between Republicans and Democrats, usually favoring the latter, and have the best lands in their possession.

A "Jack Mormon" is a politician who goes over to the Mormons for the sake of their vote. The present delegate to Congress from Idaho is a Mormon.

There is this year a strong anti-Mormon fight because of the influx of miners into the Wood River region, north of the desert, where there is a vast mineral wealth; they are rapidly changing the politics of Idaho.

A portion of the "left wing of Gen'l. Price's army" from Missouri, settled here; they are being modified by climate and other influences, and form a valuable class of citizens.

The mining interest of Idaho is not fully developed; it has a fine future. While the richest ones may not last very long, there are mountains of silver and lead and other ores which, when treated by proper machinery, will yield a fair profit and are inexhaustless.

The North Pacific Railroad, when completed, will, as the Utah Northern is doing now, bring the best appliances to work the mines. The latter is doing a good business, though running through a seemingly barren, unpeopled country.

The Oregon Short Line R. R., crossing Idaho will connect with the Union Pacific R. R., making a line to the Pacific Ocean independent of the Central Pacific, while the Southern Pacific, connecting with the Denver and Rio Grande, will make another independent road: and the co[illegible] get the benefit of competition in transcontinental travel.

Cattle raising is a leading industry in Idaho, though the grazing lands are rather overstocked and encroached upon by settlers. While it pays enormously, it requires constant care: it is too hard work for Eastern men; a drover makes his fortune at the expense of great exposure and exhaustion.

This region is a mission field. There is little Sunday observance with, however, a tendency to improvement. The arid belt east of the Sierras, four hundred miles wide, and a thousand miles from north to south, is better for cattle than for men. Drovers and miners are its natural inhabitants: the population of such territories can never be great. Some of them may never become states, but they will aggregate an enormous number of souls that need the benefit of church and school. The genius of the people creates the latter, but not to the same extent the former. This is a most serious concern of eastern people and churches. There is fine material, but the good element is much out-numbered.

The far west is in its iron age, as the east is in its golden. The iron age is a profane one, as the golden age is one of refinement. Every thing and every man is "out end out." A doctor who wears "store clothes" cannot get much business. Dignity is et a discount. A man must "rustle" or go under; vigor and roughness are in the air; even the mules will hardly move unless they are sworn at.

Here the minister has a field where he can study human nature pure and simple; fight undisguised sin, preach in a theatre when it is not needed for vulgar shows, and have it out hand to hand with Apollyon.

The human material is like the mineral ore, much of it very rich. Good men and good machinery are the need of the hour; the tendency so far is rather to the letter. The pure gold of character is the real wealth of any country, but it is not so diligently sought as the grosser article.

The West is to be shaped, morally, for better or for worse. The Roman Catholics are making extensive and far reaching plans for the upbuilding of their church. Protestants are on the alert, but hardly as vigorous and well organized.

A long growth has about determined the condition of Christianity in the East: in the West and the uneducated South it is undetermined. Few realize how much more interesting, stimuleting end peying is effort in an open field like the latter, then in the fixed position of the former. There it is like a steady bombardment between old forts and hulks, that pound away forever with little chauge; but here, in the West and among the semi-heathen of the South, it is like a dashing attack in the open; there is earnestness, response, a lack of immaculate propriety, but plenty of straight out manliness: not so much "respectability" as aspiration and push for better things among difficulties and temptations in which men sometimes fall, but they rise up and go at it again. The heroes are in the iron age.

The workers get small pay in this world, but are ready end hopeful for the next.

A good way to study geography etc., is to "pump" people when traveling. Most of my information about Idaho is gathered from a chance acquaintance on the cars, who represents Idaho in the great Denver industrial exhibit this summer.

I met a man who had lived twelve years in Nevada, and was moving to Dakota.

Nevada ought not be a state, it has about 10,000 people, and is thinning out; mining is not very satisfactory there. It was made a state for political party reasons; the folly of it is more and more apparent.

A day at Denver is interesting; the city is a marvel of fine buildings and of municipal perfection in every way. One comes to it in its remote splendor as an Eastern pilgrim to the shining city of his prophet. It is a surprise among the wild mountains. By contrast, it seems magnificent. The good and the ungodly are both there. The exhibition of western resources was fine: minerals prevailed; but the grain made no mean show. The town of "Greeley" through which we passed, has a prosperous well watered look. If could not but notice in the cars, a lady returning East after seven years in Denver, with a robust husband and two splendid looking boys; her head was bound up from neuralgia. The climate is better for weak lungs than for weak nerves; excellent for men and children; often too stimulating for women.

An excellent authority on Western matters, an official, whose name I am not permitted to give, an accidental railroad acquaintance who had lived in Hilo, Hawaii, said that the law allowed the public timber to be used for mining and domestic purposes, for *private* use only: but that it was being extensively cut to sell. First, the saw mills picked out the best timber, next railroad ties were taken: he saw millions of them in the head waters of the Platte river, to be floated down; then the coal burners finished up everything, and left the country a desert.

The mountains of Colorado, and other states and territories, are full of forests, which hold the snow far into the summer, yielding it up gradually as the heat penetrates the cool shade, creating higher water as the summer advances, so that irrigation is possible when most needed. When destroyed, the snow exposed directly to the sun, soon melts, and produces spring freshets such as have not been known before, and crops are damaged.

But the miners of Leadville and other great centres must have charcoal, at the expense, however, of the country watered by the South Platte and Northern Arkansas river, which are begining to feel the spring freshets and the summer droughts. This means more silver but less corn; one form of wealth at the expense of another. Shall grain or gold be fostered?

To offset this, and to improve the arid region, government has authorized the experiment of two artesian wells in Eastern Colorado and one in Dakota. If successful they may marvelously change the present outlook of these and like regions. Water would make even the "bad lands" blossom like the rose, and open to settlement end to the poor of all nations millions of acres now not arable.

There is, however, a steady "marching along" of the edge of frontier settlement beyond the line of sufficient rain. The Eastern portion of Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota, are well watered and good for agriculture; about the western half of each is dry and best adapted to grazing; crops are uncertain, farmers can count on about one in three.

We are riding, at this moment, through Western Kansas, viewing some fine fields of corn, the best crop in three years—which emigrants have ventured into, risking far more than farmers in the Eastern part of the state, on account of the scarcity of rain.

We pass an interesting settlement of Mennonites, a thrifty class of non combatants, exiles from Russia, invited there long since, by the Czar, under promise of exemption from military duty, but it being of late forced upon them, they have sold out and emigreted in large numbers to this country, settling in Kansas, Dakota and elsewhere. They have sold out their Russian goods and come, not in poverty, but have begun here in the simplest, wisest way to build up. They spend the summer on their farms, but winter in their villages. America will gain by Russia's folly.

My companion says that the "timber culture act" by which one hundred and sixty acres may be taken up, provided a man has, during ten years, cultivated eight acres of timber, is taken advantage of in many cases, as a speculation, to sell to somebody. The real homesteader who takes land along side, does a good thing, but the law allows two years for plowing etc: and the speculator usually holds it, does nothing, and sells, if he can, at an advance within the two years.

The cars are crowded, noisy and patriotic, for the "Grand Army of the Republic" meets in Topeka to morrow, to be addressed by Senator Blaine, speaker Keifer and others; sixteen thousand ex soldiers are expected and provided for. The citizens will open their houses, and the American Eagle will screem.

Eastern Kansas is wonderfully fertile: one hundred miles around Kansas City is a garden spot. The city stands on a bluff: on the river edge, are warehouses and heavy operations generally: above, a well laid out, undulating city, around which my drive, with a companion of college and earlier days, was interesting.

"How civilized and elegant these western cities are" is the inner thought of one who lives East, with a suspicion that they are going ahead of anything, but he speaks approvingly of what they are trying to do out West.

Stopped a day in St Louis to see the Industrial School, connected with Washington University, of which Rev. Dr. William G. Eliot is president. The University was built by Dr. Eliot, and has become a far reaching power, a force in western civilization, the value of which is beyond all estimate.

St. Louis has nobly responded to the efforts of a noble man; what she has given to Washington University she will get back an hundred fold.

It is a many-sided institution. "Mary Institute" for girls, was inspired by a great sorrow, and is a model work of its kind. Wisely planned and managed, it has exerted great influence upon the thought and life of the wide circle of young women whom it reaches.

The "Manual labor Training School" gives instruction in Mathematics, Drawing, the highest branches of a High School course, and instruction and practice in the use of tools. The course of instruction is three years. Manual instruction is given on the Russian plan; that is, men are taught to make with their hands, those forms of wood and iron which enter into every article that can be made of these materials: just as girls learn the piano by playing exercises, not by playing tunes. When they are perfect at the exercises, they can play any tune. So boxing is taught, not by boxing, but by a series of motions involving all possible blows that can be given. So all named skill is best acquired.

This is the method of common sense, it is rapid, effective end superior to any other.

Prof. C. M. Woodward backed by Dr. Eliot is the heart of this department, and has made a splendid success of it. There is a large three story building filled with a great and costly variety of tools; lathes for wood and iron, forges, etc with a steam engine, all arranged in spacious shops; there are rooms for recitation and drawing. It was to open the day after I visited it. In September, in much improved condition. It is eagerly sought for. Prof Woodward's soul was satisfied the day before, when he had to say to a rich man's son who wished to make a course of manual labor instruction: "There is no room for you." There are over one hundred in attendance.

It is no experiment. It is the nearest to perfection of the true method of training head and hand together I know of. The same plan is pursued, at the Boston School of Technology, but so far as teaching trades is concerned, the St Louis school is far ahead of the one in Boston.

Our civilization demands this sort of thing. The trouble is that while people theoretically believe in practical education, they are not ready to throw large sums of money into it as they are with the old style colleges, which have a tremendous hold, and are not in the least experimental. People will have such schools when they will pay for them. Labor schools are the most expensive kind. They require two sets of teachers rare business skill, and a variety of material and of appliances of which ordinary schools never dream of. As in every thing else, the better and more complete the product the more it costs. You cannot say "Pay your money end take your choice" but you must pay *more* for industrial education.

I may here remark that such a labor school as at Washington University belongs rather to a high civilization. The student's personal support is assured by the accumulated saving of educated generations. There is nothing to do, but to go directly at the special work in hand.

At Hampton, for instance, and in like schools for like people, the bread and butter and clothes question, is primary if not paramount. They must have something to eat before they can be taught. So we pay them for their work instead of, as in St. Louis, being paid for what work we give them. We cannot make fancy or ideal articles; we must make carts, wagons, window and door frames and building material, shoes, harness end tin ware; make horse shoes, and raise asparagus, cabbage, peas, potatoes, wheat and corn, that we can sell or eat, for it will be all up with us. In doing this, our workmen learn much, not so throughly and nicely, end quickly, as by the Russian method, but perhaps better for the rougher life and experience of the south and west. A rounded character rather than mere technical skill is our point. The *morale* of the one is assumed, in the other it is to be created.

They wish to make a specialist; we wish to make a self reliant man. They chisel daintily away at one who is "heir of all the ages" to make him a little more perfect. We hew from the raw material men who have come out of deep darkness end wrong, without inheritance, but of savage nature, the best product we can, and care as much to infuse in it with a spiritual life end Divine energy as with knowledge of the saw, and plane, and hoe. Such work is full of inspiration and interest. It drags only because few appreciate the tremendous drain on the skill and resources required to convert say $30,000.00 worth of labor rendered every year, into cash, to pay for the food that four hundred people eat and the clothes they wear. Many help; a few put in their thousands at the point of exigency.

There must be a difference in the educational methods of the races in our country a thousand years *behind* the whites in the line of development. Is it fair to say they are *below* us?

At Washington, to arrange for fifteen more Indians, chiefly girls, for the rapidly finishing "Winona" Lodge.

Sept. 17th At Hampton again to push "Winona" and other buildings for the coming tide of Indian and Negro students that threatens to be larger than ever this fall.

This ends our Western correspondence, unless our gallant escort through the Yellowstone Park, Maj. Hughes of General Terry's

staff will, as we are trying to persuade him to do, report the adventures of his party which left us at the Geysers, and found their way back to Fort Snelling through the Big Horn mountains, and via Fort Custer in the hope of game, which abounds there. It couldn't but be interesting with Jack Bean and Murray and his mules, and the trophies of Jack's unerring rifle, taking the trail through that wild country.

The party scattered at Ogden.

The "Parson" has returned to his post of duty near Bunker Hill: the South Carolinian maker of tea, is sitting on the Spanish Claims Commission, adjusting national differences: the Colonel, who came so near sliding into the depths of the Great Canon, is managing the affairs of the U. S. Court of Claims, happy with his babies. The college boys after some serious sickness—perhaps they were too tender for such roughness—are back at their books, excepting one (who nearly split open his head in a mad plunge into the Yellowstone river after a wounded duck.) who is traveling abroad for his health, and improving any opportunity of studying the methods of the industrial schools of the continent, hoping to bring back some facts or thoughts that will benefit our efforts in that direction.

S. C. A.

FROM A SOUTHERN STANDPOINT.

We are happy to receive the following unsolicited testimony to the results of Hampton's work, from a Southern County Superintendent of schools, under whom many of its graduates have taught. Similar letters have frequently been received in the past, and we hope many more may be received in the future.

STAUNTON, VA. Dec. 15th, 1882.

GEN. S. C. ARMSTRONG,

Dear Gen'l;

I have filled the position of County Superintendent School for Augusta Co., Va., for four years. As my term of service is near its expiration, and I do not suppose I shall be retained, I take the liberty of the opportunity afforded me, by the reception of your report for the year ending June 30th, 1882, to thank you for what I conceive you have done for the education of the Negro race in our state and so far as I can, by *my* encouragement and approbation, to uphold your hands in so good a work. Since I have been in office, I have used all the inducements I could offer to get hold of your graduates, and year by year our number has increased, and wherever they have been located there has been visible improvement in the tone of educational sentiment. These graduates, so far as I have noticed, have been morally correct, been diligent in their business, and have made good progress with their schools. their manners show nomistakably the benefit Hampton has been to them, and with all right thinkin people will do more to give them weight in any community than the most decided and boisterous political hiss, whether in the direction of one party or tha other. With great respect and with the kindest wishes of tha season for you and yours; I remain, my dear sir."

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES GRATTAN.

FROM A VETERAN MISSIONARY.

One of the pioneer missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, enjoying a green old age, in the soft air of his tropical field of labor, sends a pleasant greeting with a generous contribution to the Southern Workman.

HONOLULU, Nov. 27th, 1882.

To J. F. B. MARSHALL,

Dear Sir;

Inclosed please find the sum of five dollars, for the Southern Workman. You may send me one copy for the year 1883, and the other four to some of your poor, but worthy graduates, and thus oblige,

Most truly yours,

LOWELL SMITH.

P. S. We are much interested in the Southern Workman, and regret that we are not able to do more.

It is very obvious that your Institution is doing a great and good work, both for the Africans, and also for the Indians of the United States of America. And we hope and trust, that, through the co operation of the American Colonization Society, some of your graduates may ere long go as missionaries to the dark continent of Africa itself.

We have recently mailed for you, and Mrs. Marshall, a small pamphlet, which will give you some account of our *golden wedding*, which took place on the 2nd of October.

According to a record in our old family Bible, I am *eighty years* old this 27th day of Nov. 1882, and Mrs S. is seventy-three.

You are aware perhaps, that in 1865, we had a furlough from the Prudential Committee, to leave our work for one year—return home on a visit to our friends in New England, New York, and elsewhere, with the hope that such vacation would so reenperate our health, as to add ten more years to our missionary life. Well, here we are, having received seventeen years; and, for sught that now appears, *three* more may be given us, before we go hence.

The bounds of course are set, over which we cannot pass But we feel conscious that we are still doing good; instructing the ignorant, healing the sick, entertaining missionaries and evangelists, who are running to and fro, carrying good news, and glad tidings to the destitute.

Enclosed please find a picture, which I have just received from Mr. Montano's photograph gallery. If you do not recognize the original, please ask Gen Armstrong if it reminds him of any person whom he saw when on a late visit to Honolulu.

Mrs Smith unites with me in Christian salutations to yourself and Mrs. Marshall, to General Armstrong, and to all co-laborers in that blessed Institution.

Most truly yours,

LOWELL SMITH.

AFRICA OR AMERICA?

For many years the American Colonization Society has been laboring with monumental patience to effect the transmission of the colored people of the United States over the Atlantic and settle them in Africa. That the great majority of the members of this distinguished and venerable institution are actuated by motives of a noble philanthropic character we do not for a moment hesitate to believe. Their sacrifices have been important, their labor stupendous, their courage superb. Recently the great African scholar and linguist, Dr. Blyden, has thrown the weight of his extensive influence in favor of the same movement. But the Society has made but slow progress against the tremendous force of opinion opposed to it. Its arguments have in every instance been doubly answered, its logical cannonry invariably spiked, and the voice, pen, and the eloquence of events have poured into the benevolent old craft of African Colonization, broad-sides of irresistible demonstration that has riddled its vagaries and announced in language too clear for misinterpretation the wise ultimatum that the home of the American Negro is America.

Standing on Gamble's Hill and looking down on the Tredegar Iron Works, we see hundreds of colored workmen busily engaged in the various occupations which such a scene of variegated labor demands. What would these rollers, hesters, roughers, etc. do if placed on the shores of Africa next April? What material compensation would be given them for the loss of their means of earning their daily bread or the interruption of mechanical education? Is Liberia ready to provide books, school-houses and teachers for the great army of children who are now the beneficiaries of the free schools of the United States? What is there in her surroundings, her antecedents, or what does she point to in the future; what El Doradoes does she contain, to warrant our pell mell crowding upon her shores? Such a universal immigration would be one of the seven wonders of folly of the modern world.

Here is our home. Ours by the toil of our fathers and mothers, by the blood of our kindred, ours by two and a half centuries of wearying, unceasing, crushing, labor. Ah, the gray hairs of the venerable old men who have crossed with us the Red Sea of God's providence, and who toiled that others might rest, who saved that others might spend, who were ignorant that others might be wise, these gray hairs we say, tell us in deeper than human language, that those whose heads they cover, have won for us a flawless title to an imperishable inheritance. If any people have a right to a residence in the land of their birth, a right to be legalized by the Divine approbation and the acclaim of heaven and earth, they are the colored people of the United States. Imagine the Romans after ten centuries of warfare driven from out the gates of Rome; or England after long ages of struggle for constitutional liberty remanded to perpetual servitude in Siberia' and the picture would not be more graphically sorrowful than the expulsion or the lurling of the colored people from the United States.

When Warren Hastings looked upon the beautiful estate that had been the pride of his ancestors but which he could not call his own, a resolve grew in his soul to devote life, time and talents to its recovery. Through a career almost unparalleled in vicissitudes and prodigious in interest, he adhered to that purpose, till the time came when he entered the old paternal home as lord and master. So let us resolve that from the wreck of slavery we shall find a way "to rise in." Though not by the same methods, we can with the same resolution, be as successful as a race as he was as an individual.

We can do more for Africa in the United States than we can in Africa. That great continent, sublime even in its darkness, may be called with extreme appropriateness a vast continental hospital with its hundreds of millions of unspiritualized patients. It is our duty here to furnish medicine from the great dispensaries of this country, to raise up skilled and experienced nurses who can diagnose spiritual disease and prescribe for ignorance. It is our duty to send forth all the remedial influences possible to quicken into life and spiritual vitality the great Dead Sea of human existence that stretches in almost unbroken gloom from end to end of Africa. But to rush amidst the pestilence and become victims when our mission was to be saviors would be melancholy indeed. Firemen stand on the outside of burning buildings and fling water upon them instead of rushing into them and adding fuel to the flames.

Let us help Africa by staying in America, where we can render the most desirable assistance.—*The Industrial Herald.*

WEALTHY COLORED PEOPLE OF ST. LOUIS.

Mr. Thomas was born in Nashville 50 years ago. In February, 1868, he married Miss Rutgers, daughter of Pelagie, the widow of Louis Rutgers, the heir of one of the wealthiest citizens of St. St. Louis, after whom one of the streets of the city has been named, and she is now the possessor of the Rutgers estate, which is estimated as worth in the neighborhood of $300,000.

Mr B. Hickman is the Nestor of colored barbers in St. Louis, who runs the shop in the Laclede Hotel, and who nearly forty years ago made smooth the chins of another generation in Barnum's Hotel. His fortune is estimated at $5,000.

Charles Starks, a cheery old veteran of sixty odd years, is another colored citizen who has managed to make money and keep some of it. He owns a saloon and billiard room on Charity Ave., it is said to be the largest colored establishment of the kind in the United States; also keeps a boarding house, and the net results of his industry foot up the respectable sum of $50,000.

A. T. Bertha, a carpenter and builder, has managed by strict attention to business, to roll an agreeable competence in the shape of a flourishing business and a neat egg laid of some $60,000.

Charles Tyler, who runs a saloon for colored patrons on Eleventh street is worth from $25,000 to $30,000.

Alfred White, who has been a steward on the river for nearly forty years has accumulated a fortune of about $30,000.

Mrs. Laperday, whose family is the most aristocratic in colored social circles, is reported to be worth over $100,000.

Peter Nash a porter and room cleaner, has managed to save about $15,000.

Mrs Wm. Robinson, widow of the late Professor Robinson, who built the famous barber shop, is worth from $35,000 to $40,000.

Felix Dora, a partner of James P. Thomas in the Lindell House barber shop, is the owner of $15,000, most of which he made in the restaurant business at R. and L. Junction.

John H. Johnson, cashier in the custom house, has made some $10,000, which he has judiciously invested.

Among the colored capitalists in a smaller way may be counted Frank Dorsey, porter of Cotton Exchange, who owns $7,500; Charles Newton, principal of Colored school No, 3. 5,000; J. H. Hector, principal of Colored School near Biddle street, $5,000; O. M. Waring, principal of Sumner High School, $5,000; Arthur D. Langston, son of the United States Minister to Hayti and principal of the colored school at Rock Springs, $5,000; W. P. Dye, whose saloon is the resort of the colored aristocracy. $5,000; Rev. John Turner $10,000; Rev. John M. Wilkinson, $5,000; Frank Robinson, barber, $5,000.

In medicine, there is Dr. D. P. Jone regular practicing physician, a graduate of Nashville, Tenn. Medical Institute; in law there is Albert Burgess, graduate of Ann Harbor; who has the confidence of his race and the respect of his associates at the bar, while the newspaper business has James Wilson, editor and proprietor of the *St. Louis Tribune;* James Milton Turner and P. H. Murray, editors and proprietors of the *St. Louis Advance*, and W. H. Bell and A. J. Warner, editors and proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal.*

All things considered, it must be admitted that financially and intellectually, the colored citizens of St. Louis are able to make a showing whose record cannot be but a source of pride to themselves and the race at large.

—*The Industrial Herald.*

INCOMPETENT WHITE TEACHERS.

The evils justly complained of in the following letter must disappear in time from all the South as they have from the better parts of it, with the enlightenment and growth of public sentiment. The demands on all teachers, whether white or colored, are sure to increase and in the direction not of superficial show but of thoroughness, and character.

——Va., Nov. 17, 1882.

My last letter to you was written at ——, where I taught school last winter and spring; I have a school this session only a few miles from home, so I walk to school and back home every day, which makes it much more pleasant than it was at ——, for then I could only get home about once in a month; my school is much smaller than the last one that I taught. I have only 28 scholars enrolled, But after the work season is over I shall have many more. The colored people have never had but one colored teacher before me, and it has been six years since they had one; during those six years tha school has been taught by white teachers picked up here and there by the Trustees and appointed to teach the people's children much against their wishes. I am sorry to say that a great deal of wrong is committed by school trustees in various parts of the country in that particular direction; I do not mean to say that white teachers are not as capable of teaching as colored, but such white teachers as are put in colored schools are, as a general thing, men defective, morally, religiously, and not unfrequently intemperate. I am told by the people here that their last teacher rarely ever came to school without bringing a day's supply of whiskey, and if he failed to bring it when he came in the morning, he would go to tha store at recess and get a supply then; such characters can not get employment as teachers with their own race; the white people will not stoop low them to come in their schools at all, but the Trustees think they are good enough for the colored people. If the colored people in the country could get good white teachers like those at Hampton, and who are interested in the improvement of our race, and who could teach us with a spirit of philanthropy feeling that they were engaged in a grand and noble work, we would have but little to complain about, but it is not so with our white teachers in the country, they care for little except their salary, and even in that they will often teach for lower wages than good colored teachers will teach for. Before I got the appointment to my present school, I applied for a school in another portion of the District and offered my service for $25.00 per month, and a white man was present, and agreed to teach it for $20.00 per month, so of course I didn't get it. While Hampton and other high schools are preparing and sending out good teachers every year to supply tha colored schools, I think it is getting time to retire these white teachers and fill their places with good and well trained colored teachers.

I learn that Hampton has a good many scholars this term from H——, Co., it is a good thing. I am glad they are there, and hope they may do well. Remember me kindly to all who may know and ask about me, The papers you sent me last wintar, I enjoyed ever so much.

I must close, wishing to hear from you soon

I am yours respectfully,

G.

PICTURE PAPERS.

We often laugh over the recollection of the discomfiture of a literary friend by a specimen of small news boy. Tired of the importunities of tha young Arab, he put on a mock scowl, and solemnly said, "No use offering your papers to me my young friend, *I don't know how to read.*" Quick as thought, the little monkey whipped out another paper from his pack shouting, "Take a Frank Leslie, sir—picture paper—suited to the *meanest capacity.*" It is needless to say that the repartee brought him "thrice his fee" from the literatcur, amid an explosion of laughter from his companions.

And that is the glory of a good illustrated paper, to be suited to all capacities, and the enjoyment of all. There is no one with eyes who does not like pictures. In our reading room at Hampton they are a very great advantage, and we can hardly have too many. The illustrated papers are always in demand and constant use. This being the case, we are very glad to add to the number, the well known and long established Frank Leslies—both the *Weekly* and the *Sunday Magazine.* The pictures are abundant, good and interesting, the stories of harmless and superior character, and the general articles instructive and bright. As the colored race gains in general education, reading of one sort or another is sure to flow in, and they will read what is made attractive to them. Every good and pure popular paper is a missionary to uplift the public taste and keep out an untold amount of evil.

MISSION WORK IN MANITOBA.

ADDRESS BY ARCHDEACON KIRKBY.

[CONCLUDED.]

I told you I took my wedding tour to this country. Well, our wedding tour lasted seventeen years and a half. Then we went back to England to educate our children. It took us three months to reach the seaboard, and in all that time we never slept in a bed. Once, as our canoe was shooting the repids of the river, it struck a rock, whirled around in a moment, and capsized in the cold roaring water. In the providence of God, we were not swept away, but all succeeded in scrambling up to the rock. The other canoes shot past us, but when they found we were missing, the Indians landed and turned back, carried one canoe above where we were, pushed it out far into the river, and holding it by a rope, let it float down to us, so we all got safe to shore. I tell you this not to excite your sympathy, or make you think us martyrs. We were not, and if we had been, it wouldn't signify. What could be too much to give or do for the Master? I tell you only to show you how the work has to be done in those uttermost parts of the earth.

MISSION WORK.

Since the first missionary went out in 1820, God has so blessed the work, that we have now four large dioceses, each presided over by its own devoted bishop. One of these, the Bishops of the north-western diocese, has established St. John's college, which he is determined shall be, and which he is making as good as any school can be. Another is the Bishop of Saskatchewan, Bishop McLean, a most excellent man, whom I heard the Archbishop of Canterbury introduce at a convention in London, in his grave and solemn tones, thus: "I have the great pleasure to introduce to you my highly esteemed brother, the Bishop of——the Bishop of—— I am afraid I cannot get the name exactly right, but it sounds to me like the Bishop of Catch-all-you-can." Another most noble man is over the northern diocese, among the Esquimeux.

We have now between sixty and seventy missionaries, and one half of them are natives, I am glad to say, for we are determined that these Indian Christians shall not be held in leading strings; we give them offices in the church as fast as they are fit for them. They can reach their people, and teach them, as we cannot. I heard a sermon from one of them in his own language, on the text "There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God. "Brothers," he said, "Brothers, do you hear? A rest of joy, a rest of peace, a rest of purity! Look over the side of your canoe into the water, and you will see there your image. The more calm the water is, the more perfect is the image. So does the Great Father look down from above, to see His own image in our hearts. The more holy they are, the more pure they are, the more peaceful they are, the more perfect will His image be.

Brothers do you hear? The rest remaineth, It is not promised here; it remaineth for us, it waits for us; Yet it does begin here, and when you are in sorrow, that rest remaineth; and when we come to the hour of death, it still remaineth; and when we awake in eternity, it remaineth eternally; a rest for the people of God."

When I first made an expedition to Alaska, to a region where a missionary had then never been, five hundred Indians were collected there at the trading station. They all gathered about me, wanting to shake hands. When I went into the trading house, the trader said to me, "You'll get along first rate with them, if you go to work right. Don't say a single word against polygamy or Shamanism. If you keep clear of those you can do good." I thought to myself, I don't see exactly how I am to do good, and let alone such evils as polygamy and witchcraft. But I kept my own counsel. I went out to the Indians and said to them, Will you put yourselves under Christian instruction? They said yes. Well, I said, I will have a bell rung at six o'clock every morning, when the sun is *there*, and then at six o'clock in the evening, when the sun is *there*. Then will you come together to hear what I have to tell you?" "Yes." "Through the day, I will see you in little parties, in my room, to teach you to read."

Now you can't teach Indians to read at Hampton in three months, can you? But I could teach any average Indian there how to read, and to write home, in his own language in one month. How is that? I'll tell you, and it is very curious. Every Indian *word* in that language is a syllable, and almost every word ends in a vowel. A missionary who went out there noticed this, and conceived a plain wonderfully successful to reduce the language to writing, in such a simple way that, as I have said, it can be taught in a month. Their vowel sounds are five *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, with the Italian pronunciation. In the alphabet, the *a* sound is represented by a triangle with the apex turned to the left; *e*, the same turned down; *i*, the same turned up; *o*, turned to the right; *u*, the same as *o*, but with a dot over it. Now fix the idea that it is the *position* of the character that indicates the vowel sound. Now, take any word beginning with the consonant *b*, that is to say, the words *ba*, *be*, *bi*, *bo*, *bu*. These are indicated by an *open* triangle, its apex turning as in the vowels. Their *c*, which has the Italian sound *ch*, soft, as in chair, is represented by a character resembling a written E, or a 3 backwards, for the first sound *cha*, the same with its loops turned down for *che*, and so on. D, looks like a horse-shoe, or rather a n, with the same variety of position. Sketch this out for yourselves, and you will have a clear idea of how the Chippewayans can learn to read and write in a month. That is all there is of it, except to provide for a few final consonant sounds, which are indicated by little dots, or lines, in various positions, placed at the end of the syllables they terminate.

The Indians were so eager to learn, that when one party was in my room, I had to nail the door fast to keep the others out. But how about those two great evils, the trader had warned me to keep still about? The greatest difficulty was, in their Shamanism;—witch-worship. Their medicine men are desperate characters; and hold the people in perfect awe and terror. If any one falls sick, he is never supposed to die a natural death. The medicine man tells them; "Well, your friend is dead; that is because somebody has hired another medicine man to bewitch him, and they have paid more for the bad medicine than you have paid me to cure him." The poor people believe it, and when they fall sick, often die from fear, believing themselves bewitched. In my meetings, I had two chiefs seated at my right hand, and two at my left hand, and the medicine man in a seat by himself right in front of me. After awhile, when I had gained some influence over my people, I felt that the time had come for the attack.

I said to the medicine man before them all. "Now Sonaldi, you say that you have power to kill by witchcraft. Well, you try it on me. Don't you touch me, don't throw your spear at me, don't do what any common man would do, but go stand off there by the door, and shake your rattle, holler, shout, see if I fall down. If I do, let all the people say, that what you say is true; if not, let them say it is all false." This made a stir; the people looked. Sonaldi fidgeted about, and at last said he didn't want to hurt me. "Oh, thank you," I said, "but never mind that, I'll take all the risk. Go ahead; go through all your incantations, let the people see whether Shamanism is true or false." Of course he didn't do it. He stayed at home, and sulked for a few days, and then came to see me, and ask for instruction. The power of Shamanism was broken among the people, and before I left there, that medicine man himself, was standing up in our meetings, and speaking for God before them all.

When the time came for me to return home, the chiefs came to me, and said, "Why don't you stay? Before you came we were like animals running about in the thick woods, not knowing where we were going. Now it is as if you had taken a hatchet and made a path for us, and showed us the way to the light. But if you go we may lose it again." "Oh," I said, "I must go home to Fort Simpson. I have my people there to take care of." "Will you not come to us next year again?" they plead. "Well," I said, "If I do, will you promise me one thing? Sonaldi, will you promise me not to conjure again?" He took a long time to answer, but then promised, and when an Indian makes a deliberate promise, I have always found him to keep it. "Will you young men follow the way I have shown you, and teach it to the people as far as you know? Mothers will you never again throw your little girl babies out into the snow?" The poor things, more than one of them, had confessed to me that they had done this dreadful thing, rather than permit them to grow up to the sorrows they had experienced. They promised me with tears running down their cheeks. I declare, that if God had never let me accomplish anything else among them, I should bless his name for that.

The next spring, I went all the way back to them by canoe. They came with joy to meet me. But the young men of one tribe, said sadly; "We are not men. We shall have to hold our heads down." "Why, what do you mean by that? What have you done?" I asked. "We have not kept all your words. We promised not to work, and hunt on Sunday. In the winter we got out of food, we were very hungry, we could find no game. At last a herd of deer came, but it was Sunday. We said, no, we must not shoot; but we were very hungry. At last we said, we will fire once, and if we do not hit any, we will not fire again, whatever happens to us, but if we hit any, we will think God is not angry. We fired and one deer fell. Then we thought God is not angry, so we went after them and got more. If we had not, we should have starved. Do you think God is angry with us?" You may be sure of what I said. God loves mercy rather than sacrifice.

On one old man's neck I saw a stick, hung by a small chain. I asked him what that was for, and he took it off and showed it to me; here you see it. He had made on it a notch for each day as it passed, marking every Sunday as it came by a notch all round the stick, so as to be sure to keep every "praying day."

I do sometimes pray God, that those of us who are now so much the first in privileges, may not be the last in reward.

When I got back once more to Fort Simpson, as my canoe approached the shore at eleven o'clock at night, an Indian came down to the water's side, and shouted to me words which I hardly could believe. "This day has come to us a minister like yourself." It was so. The good Bishop had sent a missionary to be stationed only two hundred and fifty miles from me at the next station, "so as to be near you." "No," I said; "no, go to Yukon, to the people I have just left, and God's blessings go with you." It did. He went to Yukon, worked faithfully there, under many hardships, at one time being three days without anything to eat, and now fourteen hundred converts belong to his church.

I want the church in America to send two missionaries to meet Mr. McDowell, and bring all Alaska under the charge of the Episcopal church. Why not, and quickly, before the traders ruin everthing with their whiskey, and such atrocious acts as we read of this other day? A ship lying at anchor; a gun going off, and killing a man. The tribe went to the ship and asked for two hundred blankets in reparation, and why not? Would that have paid them for the loss of their hunter and friend? Instead of considering the complaint and making any reparation, the white men blew up their whole village! If such things are permitted, the Indians will never take your religion.

Some people say the Indians are passing away. If you think so, then, in God's name, give them an inheritance in that land which shall not be taken away from them!

TO THE HAMPTON STUDENTS.

My dear young friends;

Are there any words in our language more sad than "It might have been?" How much we might have accomplished, if we had made a diligent and faithful use of our opportunities! The Apostle Paul in his 2nd Epistle to the Corinthians says: "We beseech you that ye receive not the grace of God in vain." *Grace* means *favor, gift*. Although St. Paul, in this verse, refers to the greatest of all God's gifts to man,—redemption through His dear Son and sanctification through His Holy Spirit,—we may apply the Apostle's affectionate entreaty to any grace, gift, or talent, that we have received from God; our moral perceptions, our intellectual faculties, our physical strength, our time, money, influence and every opportunity of improvement. And He will expect us to give an account of the use made of all these talents.

When you, my dear friends, entered the Hampton Institute last fall, some of you for the first time, but the larger number to resume your studies, the text mentioned above dwelt on my mind with reference to you, and I have from time to time earnestly prayed that you might make a faithful use of your great privileges. With eminently qualified and faithful teachers; with a Principal who is always on the watch to promote your temporal and eternal welfare, and secure for you every means of improvement; with buildings especially adapted to your comfort and convenience, and apparatus to elucidate your text-books; and with a residing physican to instruct you in the laws of health in order that you may enjoy a sound body with a sound mind, how great are the inducements you have to be "diligent in business." Recognizing all these favors as gifts from God, you will surely desire to fulfil the remainder of the Apostle's injunction, and be "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

Every one of you possesses the talent of influence, especially the members of the Senior Class, who ought to give a tone to the whole School, having enjoyed its benefits for a longer time than other students. I hope they will second the efforts of their teachers by shedding the pure, bright light of an upright example, and by encouraging their school-fellows to implicit obedience, uphold their teacher's hands. Those who have happily "chosen the good part," may, thus, render acceptable service to their Divine Master. What a glorious privilege to be the servants of Christ, working in His strength and walking under His banner, testifying by their walk and conversation their allegiance to Him "whose they are and whom they serve."

Man has been called "a bundle of habits." It is very true that habit has much to do with the formation of character, for good or evil. Your teachers take great pains to train you in habits of order, industry, punctuality, accuracy, attention to little, as well as great, duties, truthfulness, courtesy, charity, and, in fact, all the habits which will fit you to be useful and happy men and women. They hope that after three years training in these good habits at the Hampton Institute, you will continue to practice them through life.

In order to help yourselves in self-improvement, I would advise you to write a list of questions on those points in which you most frequently fail, and examine yourself by them when you retire at night. But you must not be disappointed at frequent failures and slow progress; old habits are not easily changed. Be patient with yourselves, and, when you fail, try, and try again. Relying upon the strength which is promised to those who sincerely ask for it, continue the struggle until you are victorious. Cheered by an approving conscience, you will find the difficulties in your path lessen, and the effort at self-conquest, which was at first painful, will become pleasant.

Above all, every one of you, without exception, obtain the one thing needful,—the pearl of great price,—and thus fill the most earnest desire of those who have charge over you,—your Pastor, Principal and your teachers,—the language of whose hearts is: "We, as co-workers with God, beseech you that ye receive not the grace of God in vain."

Your sincere friend.

M. A. L.

HOLIDAY GIFTS FOR KANSAS FREEDMEN.

We regret that the following appeal from a noble work heretofore described in our columns, reached us too late for insertion in our last number. The holidays are past, but there are some hearts whose Christmas fires burn all the year. To such we commend it

And He left his poor behind—
What unto them have we given?
For "Whatever ye do for these," He said,
"Ye do for your Lord in Heaven."

"A DWELLING AND DORMITORY MUST BE BUILT.

A few hundred dollars have been contributed and spent in getting stone for this much needed building. Can we not get some of the money that would be spent for holiday gifts this Christmas and New Year's for our work of aiding the abused, degraded and neglected ex-slaves in becoming useful Americans; in learning and practicing true principles of fellowship and government? It appears to be admitted by all the best judges in the colored educational work that industrial training is what is most needed. We are conveniently located for hundreds of colored young men and women in the states of Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas and the Indian Territory. We have a farm of 400 acres, well improved, and stocked, outbuildings, shops, tools, etc., enough for a school of 100 pupils, and the pupils are anxious to come, but we have no building for them to live in. Can we not have the money so that the house can be ready to occupy by the fall of 1883? We estimate that, with the cheapness of our material and labor, we can build and furnish a house large enough for 50 pupils, with 25 sleeping rooms each large enough for two pupils, and other necessary rooms, such as kitchen, dining, wash room, etc., for an average cost of $200 each. We will give to each person or association contributing that amount of money the privilege of naming one room in the building, the name to be inscribed on the door ins end of a number. Then the pupils occupying that room will understand from whence the money came with which it was built and furnished; and to the individual or association who will contribute the largest amount, we will give the privilege of naming the building, and also the privilege of furnishing the plan of the building, to be approved by the board of directors. The money need not necessarily be paid now, but when enough has been subscribed to insure the completion of the building.

Reader, no doubt there are individuals or associations with whom you are acquainted that would be glad to aid us in this work. Will you act as an agent and get their donation or subscription and forward to any of the following persons?

Elizabeth L. Comstock, Rollan, Michigan.
Mary Moore, Poughkeepsie, New York.
Isaac Gibson, 302 F Street, Washington, D. C.
E. Folger, Carthage, Missouri.
Eliza Schooley, Springdale Ia.
E. Haworth, Yarck, Cherokee Co., Kansas.
L. M. Pickering, Supt. A. & I. Institute, Columbus, Kansas.

Teachers' Table.

SCRAPS FROM THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

I will own one la often at a loss, for jnst what to keep one division busy while another is reciting. Perhaps one of tha nawest thiags at work in oar schools is the use of cards in fancy shapes. The idea was saggested by an associate teacher, who collected alf the varilous forms she coald get,—birds, fish, boots, leaves, rocks, stars, and the like. This she did not find mnch trenble in doing, as many of the stores lsaue these cards for advertisements, then the children aided very materlally ia the work, many adding their mite tn tha general collection.

As a preliminary exercise the children watched tha teacher trace the outline of her hand on the boerd in crayon; then they were allowed to follow with tba pencil the outlines of their tiny hands on their slates.

The idea having been givea, the cerds wera distributed, one child receiviug a card in the form of a fish, or a bird, or a boot. "Make as many as you can," was the geaeral direction to the class; when they wera left to themselves, whila a recitation was carried on with another divisiny. A few pleesant remerks when glancing et the results delighted the children. "Why, you are a little fisherman." "Do you keep a boot-store?" Yuu are a baker and naka star-crackers."

This exercise gave so much pleasare that gradually pi ces of card and wood in geometrical shapes wero added to tha stock. These the children used as they hed the card forms, only that they learned to make a symmetrical arrangement about a center. These designs, (for they are really designs) figure to their childish imagination as plens for marble floors, oil-cloth, patch-work, etc. It was really wonderful, the clever designs that these little folks produced from what seemed the most meager material. Frequently a child would show from the result on his slate that he had little or no idea of symmetrical arrangement. But when both a good and poor design, with the square or circlu for a unit had been drawn upon the board, he was led to see that there was no beauty in an arrangement of squares and circles scattered over the slata promiscuously and that it was possible to arrange in such a way that the result would be pleasing to the eye.

This fall, remembering how few people can readily reeognize tha common trees of the woods and roadsides and call them by nsme, incidental to tha regnlar work with plant-lessons, I called attention to tha leaf of this or that particular tree. I had already mada a collection of the leaves of tha oak, maple, elm, etc, by pressing them between old newspapers,—these leaves were quite green, yet they pressed nicely. After the nama had been taaght, the children were allowed to take tha leaves, laying them on the slates and markiug roand tha outline. They wera directed to hold the leaves up to tha light, that they might see the venation; when this had been done, the mid-rib veins and veinleta were drawn in the leaves outlined on the slates.

I will admit soma of the attempts were the crudest, roughest imitations imaginable, while others were decided malformations, yet many wera most excellent, and tha children took great interest in tha work, noting the trees on the way to and from school; and hy their very questions showing that their eyes had been opened for a peep at another of Dama Natnre's wonders which are spread aroand us.—*Primary Teacher.*

ADVICE FROM DR. RUFFNER.

Hampton stndents and oradnates will be especially interested in the following excellent advice to a yonng stndent, which our friend and correspondent, Mrs. Orra Langhorne, kindly sends us from a letter from our late Honorable State Superintendent of Education, Dr. Ruffner, to a young friend and relative.

* * * Stndy the details of English composition, use of capitals, paragraphy, width of linea apart, siza of paper in proportion to handwriting, letter writing, purity and perspicuity of language, etc.

What are all acquisitions worth, and all mental culture, without tha ability to express what is in your mind in a clear, concise, vigorous and pleasant style? Write a great deal, and sahject every page as a whole, its general appearance and properties, and every part, down to the minntest detail, to some criticism. Try constantly to improve yonr handwriting, especially on the point of legibility. Drawing is a fina exercise as well as a valnable art.

Nnw, my dear——dn not suspect that I regard ynu as needing more counsel than common. Ynu need less. But the points on which I hava dwelt, are those where girls generally fail, nwing to their imperfect method of education.

Yours,

Health and Humanity.

TEN LESSONS ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

FOURTH LESSON.

All-Father! who on Mercy's throne
Hear'st Thy dumb creatures' faintest moan,—
Thy love be o'ers, and ours shall be
Returned in deeds to them and Thee.
Rev. H. B. Carpenter.

THE HORSE.

(To be read to pupils by Primary Teachers.)

On one of the most travelled roeds, just ont of the great city of Loados, England, at the foot of a hill is hang this sign:—

"HORSE'S PETITION TO HIS DRIVER."

"Up the hill whip me not,
Down the hill hurry me not,
In the stable forget me not,
Of hay and grain rob me not,
Of clean water stint me not,
With sponge and brush eeglect me not,
Of soft dry bed deprive me not,
When sick or cold chill me not,
With bit or rein jerk me not,
And, when angry, strike me not."

To which should be added:—

With light check rein, check me not,
And do not cover my eyes with blinders.

Mankind can never pay the debt they owa to the horse. Without him, our carts and wagons, and carriagas, and saddles, end sleds and sleighs in winter would be useless. Wa would be compelled to ride oxen, or go on foot. Horses are now found in most parts of the world, toiling in man's service, receiving in retura only their simple food and water, with shelter from the weather sometimes in very cold stables in winter and very hot stables in summer. In Arabia the horses live in tents with the rest of the family, and sleep among tha children, whom they are very careful not to harm. The Arabians never whip them.

Horses, like human beings, are sometimes sick and sometimes well, sometimes strong end sometimes weak. They liva, *when kindly treated*, thiry to forty or more years, but, like human beings, they require plenty of wholesoma food and water, also regular exereise, fresh air, sunlight, and eleaa stables. Their stomachs are small, and to keep them in health they should he fed and watered often. In Europe you will oftensee drivers giving their horses slices of bread.

Some persons are very cruel to their horses by letting them go a long tima without food and water. Some persons give their horses so little to eat that the horses become very poor. In tha little village in Massachusetts near Boston, where I livo, a man who pretended to be respectable kept his poor horse half starved; but ona day the village boys got together, and each contributed fiva cents, and they boaght a bag of oats, and that night they went to the man's barn and geva tha poor horse a good feed, and left tho bag with a label on it,—"*Presented by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.*" After that the poor horsa fared better.

Horses know when they aro badly treated. I used to drive a very spirited, but perfectly safe, horse which I never struck with a whip. One day when the horse was tied at a neighbor's, some young people thought it would be a good joke to bavo a frea ride. Tha horse would not hava minded that; but tha first thing thay did was to strika him with the whip. Ha gava them a good deal faster rida than they wanted, and at the next street corner upset the carriage and emptied them out; then ha ran a few roda further, and than stopped and commenced quietly eating the grass by the side of the road. Those young people received a lesson on tha importance of treating an intelligent and spirited horse kindly which tney will never forgat.

I used to driva another horse as spirited as the ona I hava just told you about, and I always treated him kindly. One day he was trotting down a steep hill near Boston, with a heavy two seated carriage, when both tha hold-backs broke, and the carriage cama upon him. Ha stopped almost instantly, and held tha carr agesuntil we could get out. Do yun think if he had been used to being whipped and cruelly treated, he wonld hava done that?

(The Horse continued in ext lesson.)

SOME QUESTIONS.

(Others to be added by teachers.)

Where was the horse's petition hung?
What was tha horse's petition?
What shonld be added to it?
What shonld wa be compelled to do if there wera no horses?
What pay do tha horses get for their labor?
Where do tha horses live in Arabia?
Do the Arabian, whip them?
Do horses vary in health and strength, like men?
Why shonld they be fed and watered often?
What do their drivers often give them in Europe?
What did the boya in a Massachusetts village do to the man who half-starved his horse?
What can you tell about the horse that ran away?
What about the horse when the hold-backs broke?

Agricultural.

KEEPING ONE COW.

The management of a single cow differa from that given the herd in the dairy, as she nsually comes nnder tha cara of the whole family, and possesses a monopoly of attention and privileges that cennot be afforded nader the wholesale system. Sha is the dependence of the poor farmer, and her place cannot be filled hy any other aaimal. But it is qnita a business to so manage the family cow that she may be of the greetest service, but how to furnish her with green food is commonly an important question. Whera pasture can be had at a small cost, advantage is nsually taken of the opportunity, but there are times and places in which no such opportanity occurs. If the family possesses a small piece of gronnd, there can be grown a large variety of green feed, for early in the season e crop of peas can be grown for the fenily, the vines given the cow, and the whola taken off in time for some other crop. Small places are made rich in sach instances when all the meoura is given them, and for thet reason tha seeding down of ona crop befora tha first is removed is but the practice of a high system of forming, to which the small farm and family cow have contributed more than anything else, for it has compelled tha edoption of the best methods in order to attain sucess. Green corn can be cut several times, if only fodder is wanted, and Hungarian grass will spriag up as fast as it is cut down. A few cabbages put away in the fall will help the cow along in winter, and a large crop of carrots, turnips and beets, enough for one cow, can be grown ou one-fourth of an aere, to say nothing of the crop of millet that can be quickly grawn and stowed away late in the season. A Jersey cow or grade Jeracy, is small, and better adapted for a family cow than any other breed, if butter is the desideratam; but the Holstein or Ayrshire is better for milk, and it is cheaper to keep a good cow than a poor one. The owner of a farm of one acre in New York State reports that his cow gives him about fiva hundred pounds of butter every year, but it is by good feeding and attention that she dóes so; and whila he claims that the profit from her is large, he admits that his cow would be an expensa if sha wera an inferior animal. It is best, therefora, to be willing to pay for a good cow. The outlay, though large at first, will bring in a qnicker and surer return than a small investment in a scrub. As tha family cow receives kindness as a general thing from all, tha lesson to dairy-men is thet by carefully managing tha herd, and treating each cow with tha best care, there is no reason why the profit may not proportionately be as great. Tha soiling system is the family plan on a wholesale basis.—*Phila. Record.*

BROAD TIRES.—A farmer who has nsed a wagon with broad tires on wheels long enongh to ascertain their relative value as compared with narrow tires, writes: "A four inch tire will carry two tons over soft ground with greater ease than a two-and-a-half inch tire will carry one ton. Tha wheels are not so mnch strained by stones and rosgh tracks on the read, and the read is not cut np, hnt, on the contrary, is packed down and keeps smooth. The prevalent idea that tha draft is increased by widening the tire is altogathar haseless; on the contrary, a wide tire reduces the dranght. The extra cost of the tire is repaid many times over avery year in the extra work that can be doun by a taam."

[The *Farmer's Review*, of Chicago, Illinois, publishes the above item. We have long thought that broad tires on our wagon and cart-wheels will lessen draught and improve the roads by packing the surface. Why do not our wagon and cart-makers adopt the idea, and why do not our farmers demand that change? The common roads of Virginia are bad enough, all know; and if broad tires will improve them, and at the same time lessen draught, they should be universally used.—ED. SOUTHERN PLANTER.]

At Home.

WHY A KEROSENE LAMP BURSTS.

BY A CIVIL ENGINEER.

Girls as well as boys, need to understand, about kerosene explosions. A great many fatal accidents happen from trying to poar a litla kerosene on the fire to make it kindle hettar, also by pouring oil into a lamp when it is lighted. Most persons suppose thet it is the kerosene itself which explodes; that if they are very cereful to keep the oil itself from heing touched by the firs or the light, there will be no danger. But this is not so. If a can or a lamp is left about half full of kerosene oil, the oil will dry up—that is, "evaporate"—a little, end will form, by miagling with the air in the upper part, a very explosive gas. You cannot sea this gas any mote then yon cas see air. But if it is disturbed and driven out, and a blaze reaches it, there will be a terrible explosion, although the blaze did not toueh the oil. Thera are several other liquids used in houses and workshops which will produce an explosive vacor in this way. Benzine is one; burning fluid is another; and naphtha, alcohol, ether, and chloroform, may do tha same thing.

In a New York workshop lately, there was a can of benzine, or gasoline, standing on the floor. A boy sixteen years old lighted a cigarette, and threw the hurning match on the floor close to tha can. He did not dream there was any danger, because the liquid was corked up in the can. But there was a great explosion, and ha was badly burt. This seems very mysterious. The probebility is thet the can had been standing there a good while, and a good deal of vapor had formed, some of which had leaked out aronnd the stopper and was hanging in a sort of invisible cloud over and around the can; when the match struck it, it exploded.

Suppose a girl tries to fill a kerosene lamp without first blowing it out. Of course the lemp is nearly empty or she would not care to fill it. The empty space is filled with a cloud of explosive vapor arising from the oil in tha lamp. When she pushes the nozzel of the can into the lamp at the top, and begina to pour, tha oil, running into the lamp, fills the empty space and pushes the cloud of explosive vapor up; the vapor is obliged to pour out over the edges of tha lamp, at the top, into the room outside. Of eonrse it strikes sgainst the blazing wiek which the girl is holding down by oue side. The hleze of the wiek sota the invisible cloud of vapor afire, and there is an explosion which ignites the oil and scatters it over her clothes and over the furniture of the room. This is the way in which a kerosene lamp hursts. The same thing may happen when one pours the oil over the fire in the range or stove, if there is a cloud of explosive vapor in tha upper part of the can, or if the stove is hot enough to vaporize quickly some of the oil as it falls. Remember, it is aot the oil but the invisible vapor which explodes. Taking care of the oil will not protect you. There is no safety except in the rule: Never pour oil on a lighted fire or into a lighted lamp.—*Educational Journal.*

WHY?

We want a good reason for evarything wa do, or declina to do. Let na than understand the reasons for and against using tobacco.

Those who use it plead in its favor that it is a pleasure, it is social custom, that it is soothing to the nerves.

Let us examine a few of the reesons for abstinence.

1. It is a filthy habit. All agrea in this, aven those who are most addicted, from the lowest class np to the polished gentleman and Christian. But God condemns all uncleanliness and filthiness. Eph. 5: 3, 4.

2. It is contrary to nature. No one has a natural taste for it; the taste is acquired with difficulty, through sickness which laste for days.

3. It is an expensive habit. One best understands tha amount of this daily leakaga by trying to stop it.

4. It is a poison; strengar than arsenic or strychnine. Those who asy it is not poison are careful not to eat it. They never cook it like cahhage, put it into soup as celery, or eat it in salad as we do lettuce. On the contrary those who chew it are careful not to swallow it, hnt to spit ont all the juice, or if thay smoke it they draw tha smoke into their mouth and throw it out again.

5. It ruins tha mind as well as the body.

This is more noticeable when the user is obliged for a season to do without it. He is irritable, cross, tremnlous, and sometimes delirous. The soothing influence, so often adduced in its favor, is only temporary, like the stimulus furnished by alcohol. The reaction on the nervous system is disastrous.

Are not these reasons sufficient to deter at least a Christian from using the filthy weed? Will he, can he, defile the body, weaken the brain, poison the blood, and so unfit himself for the chief end of his existence—to glorify God and enjoy Him?—*Exchange.*

Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute

AT

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

Incorporated in 1870, by special Act of General Assembly of Virginia: exempt from taxation.

Devoted to the Education of Negro and Indian youth in Agriculture and the Mechanic arts, and as teachers of their respective races.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal;* J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Treasurer.*

Annual session from October 1st till the middle of June following.

Terms of admission: a knowledge of reading and writing, and of short end long division.

Tuition free to all, (provided by friends.) Board, etc., ten dollars per month, payable monthly, half in cash and half in labor; six dollars cash, and four dollars in work required of those under 19 years of age. This first year is probationary. None under fourteen or over twenty-eight years of age need apply.

The institution is aided by the State, but is supported mainly by voluntary contributions. Besides State aid and Government help for Indians, the sum of $30,000.00 a year, must be raised by contributions, to meet current expenses.

Annual scholarships of seventy dollars, to provide free tuition, are solicited.

Donations of any amount are most acceptable, and are invited from all.

The great need of the institution is a permanent endowment fund.

The Hampton Institute is supported by, and responsible to, no denomination or society, and has no paid soliciting agent or machinery whatever, but depends directly upon the public. It is earnestly Christian in its teachings and influence.

Present attendance, 490 students, of whom average age 18. Negro boys 228; Negro girls 170. Indian boys 60; Indian girls 32. All but thirty-two board at the Institute: twelve states represented, but chiefly Virginia and North Carolina.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and devise to the Trustee of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., the sum of.....dollars, payable &c., &c.

For further information address,

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal.*

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

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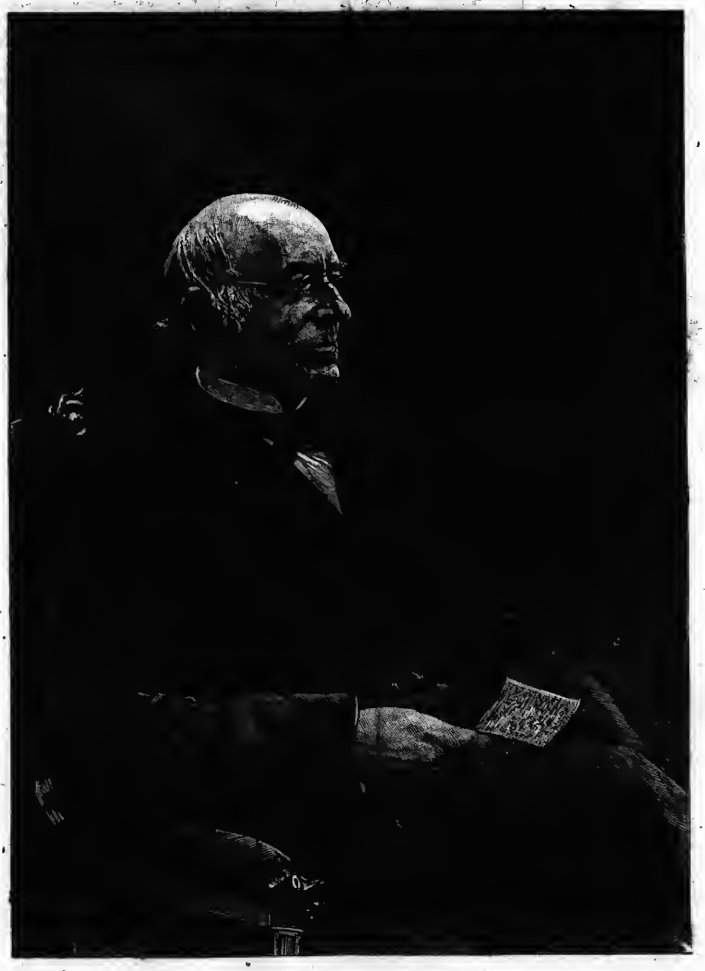

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. [From Harper's Weekly]

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

For this fine picture of the grand old reformer, and pioneer in the anti-slavery cause, William Lloyd Garrison, we are indebted to our friends Messrs. Harper Brothers. All who share in the benefits of emancipation should treasure his name, and the history of his life devoted to its cause. With the fading out of sectional and party passion, as time carries us further and further from the war, and, from all standpoints, things assume their true perspective, the character of Garrison will rise in universal esteem, till it is venerated alike by North and South, as Washington is honored in England as in America. Mr. Garrison was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, on the 12th of December 1804. Like many the nation delights to honor, he began life a poor boy, apprenticed first to a shoe-maker, then to a cabinet-maker, and at last, fortunately for his desire to educate himself, like Benjamin Franklin and Horace Greely, to a printer. When but sixteen, he began to write anonymous articles attracting attention. In 1829, he began his career as a reformer, by delivering an oration in Park street church, Boston, soon after becoming joint editor with Benjamin Lundy, of the "Genius of Universal Emancipation," published in Baltimore. In that chief centre of the domestic slave trade, he did not hesitate to proclaim the rights of every man to freedom, and so vigorously denounced the infamy of a Newburyport shipmaster, who carried a ship load of slaves from Baltimore to Louisiana, that he was convicted of libel, and thrown into prison. Henry Clay was about to pay his fines when they were paid by Arthur Tappan of New York. Leaving the South, Mr. Garrison returned, Jan. 1, 1831, the first number of *The Liberator*. Its motto was: "My Country is the world; my Countrymen are all Mankind." His first editorial began thus; "I am in earnest, I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." He kept his word in every particular. His word was always heard by willing and unwilling hearers, in the advance of every out-spoken effort for universal liberty. In 1843, he was chosen president of the American Anti Slavery Society, and held the office for twenty years, till he laid it down triumphantly, his great life work accomplished. Still true to his broad motto, one of his last public efforts was an eloquent protest against the anti-Chinese policy. He was an earnest champion of the rights of woman, and in all his experiences in the anti-slavery struggle, in one of which he was nearly killed by a mob in Boston, he owed much to the sympathy and encouragement of his lovely and beautiful wife, of whom he said, "on no occasion, however perilous, did she ever counsel a less personal exposure, or a more moderate course of action on my part. On the contrary, it was her desire that I should at all times be firm, courageous, and true to my highest convictions, and I all the more bless her memory for a co-operation that was so essential to my domestic tranquility and public service." She died in 1876, Mr. Garrison died on the 24th of May, 1879, in New York city, to which he had come for medical treatment.

One of the moral lessons for all to be drawn from the life of this noble reformer, was thus finely drawn by the English philosopher, John Stuart Mill.

"If you aim at something noble, and succeed in it, you will generally find that you have succeeded in not only that alone. A hundred other good and noble things which you never dreamed of will have been accomplished by the way, and the more certainly the sharper and more agonizing has been the struggle which preceded the victory. The heart and mind of a nation never are stirred from their foundations without manifold good fruits. In the case of the great American contest these fruits are already great, and are daily becoming greater. The prejudices which beset every form of society—and of which there was a plentiful crop in America—are rapidly melting away. The claims of proscription have been broken. It is not only the slave who has been freed, the mind of America has been emancipated. The whole intellect of the country has been set thinking about the fundamental question of society and government, and the new problems which have to be solved and the new difficulties which have to be encountered are calling forth new activity of thought. A great nation is saved, probably for a long time to come, from the most formidable danger of a completely settled state of society and opinion—intellectual and moral stagnation."

FREDERICK DOUGLAS.

BY ORVA LANGHORNE.

Frederick Douglas, the foremost man of the African race in America, was born in Talbot county, Maryland, about the year 1817. Mr. Douglas has recently published his autobiography, telling the instructive story of a most eventful life, and comprising also the record of a long and very important period of our national history.

This little sketch, taken mainly from Mr. Douglas's narrative, is designed for the large class who have not time or opportunity to read the book. It would be well for every American youth to read the interesting story of the man who, born and reared a slave, has by force of talent and perseverance under difficulties, become one of the prominent citizens of the republic, worthy of the high positions which have been entrusted to him.

Douglas was born on the great estate of Col. Lloyd, but was the slave of Capt. Anthony, the manager of the Lloyd property.

In regard to his parentage he says. "Of my father I know nothing. My mother was a tall, finely proportioned woman, of dark glossy complexion, with regular features, and amongst the slaves was remarkably sedate and dignified in her bearing. My first experience of life began in the family of my grandmother and grandfather, Betsy and Isaac Baily. From certain circumstances, I infer that my grandmother was held in high esteem, far higher than was the lot of most colored persons in that region. She was a good nurse, and a capital hand at making nets for catching shad and herring, and was withal a famous fisherwoman. I have known her to be for hours in the water, seine hauling. She was a gardener as well as seine-hauler, and remarkable for her success in keeping seedling sweet potatoes in winter. She had gained the reputation of being "born to good luck." In planting-time, grandmother was sent for in all directions, simply to place the seed potatoes in the hills, for superstition had it that her touch was needed to make them grow. This reputation was full of advantage to her and her grandchildren, for a good crop brought her a share of the harvest. Whether she was too old for field service, or because she had so faithfully discharged the duties of her station in early life, I know not, but she enjoyed the high privilege of living in a cabin, separate from the quarters, having only the charge of the young children and the burden of her own support imposed upon her. My grandmother's five daughters were hired out, and my chief recollections of my mother are of a few hasty visits, made in the night, on foot, after the daily tasks were over, when she was under the necessity of returning in time to respond to the driver's call to the field in the early morning.

Living thus with my grandmother, whose kindness and love stood in place of my mother's, it was some time before I knew myself to be a slave. I knew many other things before I knew that. The little cabin had to me the attractions of a palace. Its fence-railed floor—equally floor and bedstead—upstairs, its clay floor down stairs, its mud and straw chimney, and windowless sides, the ladder stairway, and the hole so strangely dug in front of the fire place, in which sweet potatoes were kept in winter, were full of interest to my childish eyes. It was not long, however, before I began to learn the sad fact that this home of my childhood belonged not to my dear old grandmother, but to some one who lived a great way off. I learned, too, the sadder fact that not only the house and lot, but that grandmother herself and all the little children around her belonged to a mysterious personage called "old master." Thus early did clouds and shadows begin to fall upon my pathway.

Capt. Aaron Anthony, for such was the title of my old master, was really a man of some consequence. He owned several farms in Tuckahoe, was the chief clerk and butler on the home plantation of Col. Lloyd, had overseers as well as slaves on his own farms, and gave directions to the managers on the Lloyd estate, which was upon Nyo river, and was one of the largest, most fertile and best appointed in Maryland.

I learned that this "old master," whose name seemed ever to be mentioned with fear and shuddering, only allowed the little children to live with grandmother for a certain time, and that as soon as big enough they were taken away to live with old master himself. These were distressing revelations indeed. I wished it were possible I could remain small all my life, for grandmother was all the world to me, and the thought of being separated from her was a most unwelcome suggestion. But the time came when I must go. The distance from our cabin in Tuckahoe to Col. Lloyd's home place was full twelve miles, and the walk would have been too severe for me, but that grandmother afforded me some relief by carrying me occasionally on her back. She was a woman of power and spirit, remarkably straight in figure, elastic and muscular in her movements. My weight seemed hardly to be a burden to her.

We set out on a beautiful summer morning and it was not until the afternoon that we reached the much dreaded end of my journey. I now found myself in the midst of a group of many children of all sizes and colors, black, brown, copper hued and nearly white. After laughing and yelling around me, and playing all sorts of wild tricks, they asked me to go out and play with them, which I refused to do. Grandmother looked sad, but patting me affectionately on the head, she told me to be a good boy and go out with the children.

"They are kin to you," she said, "go and play with them." She pointed out to me my sisters Sarah and Eliza and my brother Perry. Brothers and sisters we were in blood, but slavery had made us strangers. At length I went out with the children, and stood looking at the games of the others. After a while one of them exclaimed, "Fed, Fed, grandmammy gone." I could not believe it, but fearing the worst, I ran into the kitchen to see for myself, and she was indeed gone, far away and clean out of sight.

Almost heart-broken I fell upon the ground, and wept a boy's bitter tears, refusing to be comforted. My brother gave me apples and peaches to console me, but I threw them away. It was now late in the afternoon, and the day had been exciting and wearisome.

I sobbed myself to sleep, and its balm was never more welcome to any wounded soul than mine.

This occurred when I was less than seven years old, and was my first introduction to the realities of the slave system. For some years after this I was left to the tender mercies of a slave woman, in whose charge the children belonging to Capt. Anthony were placed, on the Lloyd plantation. Aunt Katy was a good cook and very industrious, which gave her a strong hold upon our master. As a mark of his favor, she was the only women among his slaves permitted to keep her own children about her. She was ill-tempered and cruel by nature, and was often fiendish in her brutality even to her own children. Cruel as she was to her own offspring at times, she was not destitute of maternal feeling, and in her desire to satisfy their wants, she often starved the other children under her care. The allowance made for us consisted of coarse corn meal, not very abundant in quantity, and I was frequently stinted of my share by the hard hearted old woman. I have been so stinted with hunger that I would dispute with the dogs and eats the crumbs and small bones shaken by the house-girl from the table cloth. I thought it a great thing to be allowed to dip my bread in water in which meat had been boiled. The skin of rusty bacon was a positive luxury to me. One day I had offended aunt Katy, I forget how. My offenses in that quarter were numerous, and their magnitude depended upon her moods. She had taken her usual way of punishing me, making me go all day without food. For a while after my companions had dinner I bore up pretty well, but as the day wore on, I could stand it no longer and cried bitterly. Sundown came but no food; in its stead the terrible threat from aunt Katy that she would starve the life out of me. Brandishing her knife, she chopped off slices of bread for the other children and put the loaf away, muttering the while savage designs upon me. I wept awhile, and then crouched in the corner of the big fireplace, too hungry to go to sleep. Just then I caught sight of an ear of Indian corn on a shelf. Watching my chance I got it, shelled off a little and put it back again. At the risk of getting a cruel beating from Aunt Katy I put the grains of corn in the hot ashes. When it was roasted, I arranged it in a clever little pile upon a stool. I had hardly begun to eat it, when who should come in, but my own dear mother. The scene which followed is beyond my power to describe. The friendless, hungry child, in his extremest need found himself in the protecting arms of his mother. I have spoken of my mother's dignified and impressive manner. I shall never forget her expression, when I told her Aunt Katy said she would starve the life out of me. This was deep and tender pity for me, and fiery indignation for Aunt Katy at the same moment, and while she gave me a large gingercake, she read Aunt Katy a never-to-be-forgotten lecture. But my triumph was short. I fell asleep and waked in the morning to find my mother gone and myself at the mercy of the old virago of the kitchen.

My mother had walked twelve miles to see me, and had to go over the same distance again before sun-rise. I do not remember ever seeing her again. Her death soon after this ended the little communication between us. I have since learned that she was the only one of all the colored people in Tuckahoe who could read. How she acquired this knowledge I know not, for Tuckahoe was the last place in the world where she would have been likely to find facilities for learning. I can therefore fondly and proudly ascribe to her an earnest love of knowledge. That a field hand should learn to read in any slave state was remarkable, but in her circumstances it was extraordinary. In view of this fact I am happy to attribute any love of letters I may have, not to my supposed Anglo-Saxon paternity, but to the native genius of my sable, unprotected and uncultivated mother, a woman belonging to a race whose mental endowments are still disparaged and despised."

Mr Douglas gives a sorrowful picture of slavery on the great Lloyd estate. The white owners of the land were very rich, and lived in the enjoyment of great luxury, while the tillers of the soil, hundreds of slaves, kept in ignorance and degradation, were forced to labor, without rest or recreation, in seed time and harvest. They were at all times scantly fed and clothed, and cruelly beaten at the will of the owner or overseer.

In regard to the wild singing, which was one of the noted features of slave life, he says: "They were expected to sing as well as work. A silent slave was not liked either by master or manager. There was generally more or less singing among the teamsters at all times. It was the means of telling the overseer at a distance where they were. Their songs were both merry and sad. Child as I was, these wild songs greatly depressed my spirits. Nowhere outside of dear old Ireland, in the days of want and famine, have I heard sounds so mournful. I did not, when myself a slave, fully understand the deep meaning of those rude and apparently incoherent songs. I was then within the circle, so that I could neither hear nor see as those without might see and hear. They breathed the prayer and complaint of souls overflowing with the bitterest anguish. They depressed my spirits and filled my heart with ineffable sadness. In the olden times the remark was often made that slaves were the most contented laborers in the world, and their singing and dancing were referred to as proof. It was a mistake to suppose them happy. The songs of the slaves represented their sorrows rather than their joys. Like tears they were a relief to aching hearts; sorrow and desolation have their songs as well as joy and peace."

"I have nothing especially cruel or shocking to tell of my personal experience," Mr. Douglas says of the time spent as a boy at his master's home on the Lloyd estate. "Cuffs and abuse from Aunt Katy, and an occasional whipping from old master is all that I have to record of this kind. My chief suffering came from hunger and cold. My rations, small enough at first, were further stinted in passing through Aunt Katy's hands. My clothing, consisting all the year round of a cotton garment hardly reaching my knees, afforded me little protection in winter, and my sleeping place was the bare floor of a little closet in the kitchen. In very cold weather I sometimes pulled the bag, which was sent to mill for corn meal, from its peg, and crawled into it, sleeping with my feet out."

"The family of my old master, Captain Anthony, consisted of his two sons, Anderson and Richard, with his daughter Lucretia, and her newly married husband, Thomas Auld. Captain Anthony was not considered a rich slave-holder, though he was pretty well off in the world.

I was not deemed old enough for work in the field, and there being little else than field labor to perform, I had much leisure. The most I had to do, was to drive up the cows in the evening, to keep the front yard clean, and to perform small errands for my young mistress, Lucretia Auld. This lady was very kind to me, and in a household where there was so much harshness, the slightest word or act of kindness was highly valued Miss Lucretia, as we continued to call her after her marriage, sometimes heatowed on me such words and looks as taught me that she pitied if she did not love me. Once in a while she gave me a piece of bread and butter, an article not set down in aunt Katy's bill of fare. Once, when one of Col. Lloyd's colored boys had cut my face badly in a fight, and aunt Katy had coolly remarked "it served me right, and now I would keep away from dem Lloyd niggers," Miss Lucretia tenderly bound up my head with her own soft hand.

When pinched with hunger, I had a habit of singing, and the good lady soon learned to understand this, and when I sang under her window she often came to my relief with food from her own table."

This sad experience of the slave child recalls similar episodes in the life of Martin Luther, whose biographer tells how the embryo reformer with other choir-boys of the old German city, often wandered through the dark cold streets singing hymns which touched the hearts of the charitable, and were answered by fragments of food most grateful to the hungry little peasants.

Besides his friend Miss Lucretia, Mr Douglas recalls with gratitude the kindness of Daniel Lloyd, the son of the land owner, a boy about his own age, who protected him from the big boys on the place, and occasionally gave him cakes or fruit from the abundant stores at his command. The kindness of these two friends seem to have been the only alleviation to the hardships of that unhappy child.

"As I grew older and more thoughtful," the narrative continues, "I became more and more filled with a sense of my wretchedness. The harshness, of aunt Katy, the cold and hunger I suffered, with the terrible reports of wrongs and outrages which I heard together with what I almost daily witnessed, led me to wish I had never been born.

I was in this unhappy state when I received from Miss Lucretia the joyful tidings that my old master had determined to let me go to Baltimore to live with Mr. Hugh Auld, the brother of Capt. Thomas Auld. My delight at this information was farther increased by hearing that I was to have a pair of trowsers."

For the first time in his life, the ill-used slave child found himself comfortably clothed and fed, with a good bed to sleep on. His occupation, taking care of Mr. Auld's little son Tommy, and running errands for his wife, were light and pleasant, and his desire for knowledge was gratified by Mrs. Auld's teaching him how to read. This pleasure came to an end, however, when his new master learned from his wife's commending the aptness of her pupil, that the boy was gaining instruction forbidden to his race—by the cruel slave code.

Mrs. Auld was sternly forbidden by her husband to teach the eager student any longer. The order came too late for its baneful effects to be severely felt. The boy, whose genius already began to show itself, had tasted of the tree of knowledge, and though in his circumstances the fruits might be bitter as well as sweet, he could never retrace his steps; could never lose what he had gained. The opposition to his learning, combined with the incentives to improvement, which he gathered in his daily life, only increased his desire for information, which he strove constantly to acquire. "The plan which I mainly adopted, and the one most successful" Mr. Douglas says, "was that of using my young white playmates, whom I met on the streets, as teachers. I carried a spelling-book in my pocket, and whenever chance offered, would take a lesson in spelling. I had earned a little money by blacking boots, and paid fifty cents for the Columbian Orator, then a popular school-book. After a while I decided to learn to write, and did so after this manner. I was much in the ship-yards of Mr. Auld and Durgon and Bailey, and noticed that the carpenters marked each piece of timber hewed, with the initial of the part of the ship for which it was intended. I soon learned these letters by sight, and after many attempts could copy them. Then, with my playmates for teachers, chalk for pen and ink, pavements and fences for paper, I gradually increased my stock of knowledge. When I could write words, I began copying from books, and often wrote in my attic room, on a barrel head at night, when the rest of the family were asleep."

When Frederick Douglas had been three years in Baltimore, his old master Captain Anthony died, and his slaves were divided between his two surviving children, Andrew Anthony, and Lucretia Auld. Federick had been sent for to Baltimore, to be present at the division of the property, and greatly dreaded falling to the share of Andrew Anthony, a cruel and dissipated man, and he was much relieved to find himself allotted to Mrs. Auld; she permitted him to return at once to his home in Baltimore, and though much gratified with this result, the experience of being put up and valued as a chattel, and the risk he had run of falling into evil hands, made him fully realize his condition as a slave. Already bondage had been irksome to him, and the desire for liberty long cherished in his heart, became henceforward more passionate than before. He says, "I lived

(Continued on page 28.)

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A WRITER in the *Popular Science Monthly* estimates, on the basis of the census returns of 1880, that in the year 1985 the white population of the South will reach ninety six millions, while the Negro population will reach one hundred and ninety two millions. The census return shows, apparently, that the white population increased 29 per cent. and the Negro population increased 34 per cent. during the ten years preceding the year 1880. But the census return of 1870, is one of the two important factors in the problem, and its unreliability in the matter of statistics in the Southern States is well known. Curious stories are told of the slipshod manner in which it was done. Much of the work resembled the report of the old darkey who had deserted from General Lee's Army, and was brought before General Grant as an intelligent contraband, well posted in the number of Lee's men. "Do you know how many men General Lee has got? asked Grant. "I reckon I does, Massa." "Well, how many has he?" "Bout a t'ousand million I reckon," was the reply. The same carelessness in dealing with figures may have occurred in the census of 1870, and really accurate data can hardly be obtained from it. The census of 1890, if accurately taken, will be of great value. It is certain, however, that those who have been predicting that the Negro would speedily become as extinct as the dodo, will be disappointed. The estimates made regarding his vitality were all wrong. He not only holds his own, but is rapidly increasing. It is idle to speculate on his future, without means for generalizing. After the convulsion of the civil war, the Negro found himself destitute of material resources. He had neither mule, land or corn. But he knew how to work, and his wants were few. Land was cheap, a drug in the market. The South was a wilderness. There was no crowding of inhabitants, and there was no competition for labor. The demand for field hands was greater than the supply. On the other hand, the whites came out of the war, not only destitute, but without habits of industry, which, in agricultural communities, are the conditions of success. In the the first struggle for existence, terrible as it was, the Negro had the best of it, for he lived in a hut, and ate corn bread. He still keeps the advantage He can raise cotton at less price than the white, because his expenses are less. As the white is without capital, he has no advantages over the Negro, except in the use of better education, and greater financial skill. It is known that in many cases, the Negro is prosperous where the white falls behind hand. Under these circumstances, it would hardly be expected that the Negroes would decline in numbers. If they, on the other hand, had been thrown into a densely populated country, without opportunity to buy or rent land, and if their unskilled labor had come in close competition with skilled labor, or if the means of maintaining life had been difficult to procure, there would have been no increase. If this condition of things shall occur hereafter, it is probable that the apparently rapid increase will be arrested. The writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* claims that the Negro will always remain socially apart from the whites. On this point there is little data. The Negro comes under the same social law which regulates society everywhere. In England and on the continent, the prejudice against color does not exist, and the Negro is on a footing with the most favored. What this writer calls the American "instinct" against the Negro is only a shallow and short lived prejudice. Twenty years ago, horse cars in New York City were especially reserved for colored people. The prejudice which required this distinction, died out, and "for colored people" was taken down. This writer believes that the Negro race, kept by itself, will increase in numbers, become restless, and menace the whites. If the Negro is shiftless, and idle, he will cease to menace the whites, for his decay will be assured. If he is intelligent and industrious, he will develop the same good qualities as his white brother. The moment he accumulates property, his interests are coincident with those of the whites In political matters, the Negro will vote, not on the color line, for that is already broken, but mainly on the selfish line. The fear of the re-establishment of slavery drove the Negro vote into the Republican party. Remove that fear, and the race question goes out of sight. The Germans, the Irish, the Swedes, in the Northern States, make no race issues. The question of ignorant and irresponsible voting may arise some day, and involve the Negro race, not on account of its color or blood, but on account of its danger to the Republic, arising from general lack of education, or knowledge of civil institutions. The friends of the Negro see this, and desire to anticipate such a contingency by general education. The writer above quoted presents again the scheme of colonization, as a solution of the difficulty. It is utterly impracticable. In slavery times, just before the war, the largest slave owner in North Carolina sent one of his best slaves to Liberia, with instructions to look into the plan of colonization. The slave returned and reported. "You and all others who wish to go to Liberia are free to leave at once, and I will" pay your way," said the master. No one left. The Negro will stay here. Only physical force can put him off the continent. He has as much right here as we have. We forced him to come, and we forced him to stay. He will leave only when he can really better himself by doing so.

W. N. A.

At the last anniversary meeting of the American Missionary Association at Cleveland, Ohio, Ex-President Hayes made a forcible speech, from which we extract a few paragraphs.

"In one of the late slave holding States, the ignorant voters constitute an absolute majority of the total voting population of the State. In more than one third of the Union the ignorant voters are almost one-third of the total number of voters. Most seriously important of all, the illiterate voters of the South have increased in the last ten years, from 1870 to 1880, almost two hundred thousand. It may be truly said that ignorance at the ballot box has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.

"In the electoral colleges which choose the President, in both houses of Congress, in all the departments of the national government, ignorance at the South is as efficient for evil as if it were in New England or New York. It was settled by the war for the Union beyond recall that the United States constitute one people and have one national life, one interest and one destiny.

In pursuance of the constitutional amendments, the lately emancipated slaves, by the most solemn expression of the national will, became citizens and voters. In the presence of these facts, how can a statesman say that under this Constitution there is no duty and no power to give national aid to fit by education these freedmen for the responsible positions in which the Nation has placed them?

Under the Constitution as it was before these vital amendments were made, Washington, Adams, Jefferson and other great men of the early days of the Republic, whom we are accustomed to call the "Fathers," by significant and solemn enactments and recommendations; fully affirmed the principle that the general government could and ought to give encouragement and aid to the education of the people. They placed in the ordinance of 1787 for the government of the Northwest Territory, as the corner stone of the institutions they wished to build, this article: "Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, *schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged.*" Under every administration, from the origin of the government to the present time, appropriations of money or land for education in the States and Territories have been made by the general government, and it is now too late to question the constitutional power of Congress to make such grants.

The situation of the South is so exceptional that it is needless to dwell upon it. Slavery and free schools would not dwell together. Slavery could not tolerate universal education. The only American citizens who are in no way responsible for slavery are the sons of Africa. "They are here by the crime of our ancestors and the misfortune of theirs." And it is especially these colored people who now eagerly and with uplifted hands implore the Nation for that light which education alone can give, and without which they cannot discharge the duties which the Constitution requires by making them citizens and voters.

It has plainly come to pass that the whole question of popular education at the South must be considered and dealt with by the great body of the whole people of the Nation. The appeal must be made to the popular judgment, conscience and patriotism. To finish the work of uplifting the slave, and to fuse into one harmonious whole our lately divided people, we must rely upon the healing influences of time, and upon the forces which religion, business and education can furnish. Of these forces, the government can usefully employ only one. Religion, depending under God, upon individual conscience and sense of duty, unaided by government, wins its way by the voluntary contributions and efforts of Christian men and women. Business, an agency of vast and unmeasured power in promoting the peaceful progress of mankind, results from a deeply seated and universal principle of human nature—self interest—and will most efficiently do its work when government wisely lets it alone. To complete reconstruction and regeneration in the South, the only force now left to the government is popular education."

At the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church held last year in Springfield, Illinois, there were many encouraging things said of the colored people of the South; we quote from the *State Journal.*

"They are ready for the Gospel, and I may add that they are the only race of people I ever heard of that were—whose natural instincts are with the followers of Jesus. Go to foreign lands and what welcome is there for the gospel? Go out west, and there is a feverish excitement over farms and lots, and mines and stocks, and it is almost impossible to get a hearing. Go to the Germans, in the country, and you find more opposition and prejudice against the gospel. Go to the Italians here, or the Irish, or whatever race we find here, and their instincts are all set against the gospel. But go to the colored men in these Southern States, brethren, and they all rise up, men, women and children, and say, "Give us the gospel." It is a peculiar feature of that race—they are the only race of people in your land whose prejudices are naturally for the gospel. They believe it, they trust it. Then they are a contented people. With all my experience with the colored people down South, I have never heard them whining or complaining. I didn't hear it even in times of slavery. They bear sorrow with a patience that few people can, and they are happy even under unhappy circumstances. And I have never heard them make charges against any one. They knew very well what the war was for when it came, but, brethren, I was there during all that war, and in the counties where we were, there was a population of twenty thousand, and sixteen thousand of them were black. The men were all gone to the war—nobody at home but the women and children and the old men. These black people might have risen and done just what they pleased with us, and yet, during all that dark time you could not point your finger to a single spot where they ever manifested a revengeful feeling—not one.

The freedmen are already laying the material foundations of self-support. They are widening the circle of intelligence, and beginning to enjoy the blessings that gather around the homes of the industrious poor. Said a Southern paper I picked up the other day, "The negroes in our land are learning the value of marriage and the home. They are learning the lesson of economy, too. Go where you will, you will find the school-house and the church built by the labor of their own hands." And it is a characteristic witnessed in South Carolina and the rest of the Southern States, that these people have been taught at all, they have worked on the lesson of self-help [illegible] brethren, they are [illegible] 583,610 acres of land—homes [illegible] for [illegible]. They are paying today, by the Comptroller's report, in the State of Georgia, a tax on $9,000,000 worth of property. In South Carolina they are paying a tax on $7,000,000 worth, and last year they raised over $10,00 for self support, $1,000 more than they did last year.

Nothing pleased me more than to see during my trip south the little places they had cleared out, and on which they had built cabins and were raising cotton. They are beginning to value these things and to value the marriage relation which has been so neglected among them. Now, brethren, what you have done among these people you cannot realize. I wish you could go to Sea Island, where there are 10,000 negroes and 1,000 white people. They are the blackest negroes I ever saw. One old negro said, "we are old time negroes here." Twelve years ago they were ignorant and degraded; you could not have understood their speech. Now, since they have our schools and churches, they have built good cabins, got furniture, good beds, and in some cabins sewing machines. I bless God for what we have done.

We have, indeed, a dense mass of ignorance in these southern States. The illustrious emancipator, whose portrait adores this hall, struck with one blow the fetters from their limbs. But all the emancipation proclamations in the world cannot make a freeman. "He is a free man whom the truth makes free; and all are slaves besides." They must undergo a second and higher emancipation from the shackles of ignorance and degradation. They must be emancipated through the spelling-book and the Bible, the school teacher and the evangelist. As they now exist, in their present social, intellectual and moral condition, degraded but not vicious, they are as the clay mingling with the feet of iron in our free institutions, which renders them unstable. We must either lift them up or they will drag us down."

The *Atlanta Constitution* says:

"The tenant system has been tried in Georgia with satisfactory results, especially where the land owners have given their tenants the benefit of their skill and knowledge. There are very many lazy and thriftless negroes, but taking all the circumstances into consideration, it is surprising that there are not more. The great bulk of the race that live in the farming regions are reasonably thrifty and industrious; many of them are acquiring property, and large numbers have homes and land of their own. In short, in this as in other matters, Georgia is the Empire State of the South."

The *Globe* of New York seems to be a really independent Negro newspaper. It says:

"The colored men of the North may "kick" against the independence of the *Globe* all they want to, but, until they acquire some of the backbone which we have all along told them they need, they will be used to pile up high majorities for the Republican Machine, and be squelched after the election just as if they were so many mushrooms. We think we are on the right track, and we propose to stick to it until the Republican Machine does the fair thing. There is no terror in Northern Democracy for us. It is just as good as Northern Republicanism and neither one of them is "good enough for us." We want a new, honest party—a party by the people, of the people, and for the people."

"THIRTY-THREE YEARS AMONG OUR WILD INDIANS," *by Colonel Richard I. Dodge*, with introduction by Gen. Sherman. Illustrated. A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn.

This is throughout a very readable, and in some parts exceedingly interesting volume, with some very beautiful chromo-lithographs of Indian curiosities. It deals chiefly with the Indians of the Plains; "Those inhabiting the country between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains," among whom Col. Dodge has lived for many years, "having intercourse with thirty-four tribes, at one time hunting Indians, at another time hunted by them; now associated but at dagger's point, again living in free and friendly intercourse, hunting, fishing, chatting, dancing, visiting." With these truly exceptional opportunities, Col. Dodge gives vivid pictures of Indian life and valuable information upon Indian habits and customs, their religion and language, and arts of peace and war. Among the most interesting chapters are those on Every day Indian Life, Indian Handiwork, Life and Training of Indian Boys and Girls, The Sign Language, Indian Chronology, Pictures and Inscriptions, Indian Drill, How Indians Travel; and "Trailing," the wonderful skill with which the Indian discovers and follows the trail of an enemy or friend, totally imperceptible to less practiced eyes. "An officer of the twenty-third Infantry having a small force of soldiers and some Apache guides was scouting after hostile Apaches in Arizona. To be successful, all movements of troops had to be made at night, though the scouts stealthily spread over the country by day, looking for trails. One afternoon, a scout came in and reported that he had found a fresh trail which he believed led to a *rancheria* or village of hostiles. *After dark* the command moved. In due time, the trail was found and carefully followed, the Indian scouts working out the devious routes of the hostiles through rocks and thickets, *by feeling the ground with their fingers.* * * Before daylight the *rancheria* was discovered."

"Children are highly prized by every Indian man. His pride and affection for his sons knows no bounds." An Indian father has been known—as Col. Dodge quotes from Schoolcraft— to give himself up to a hostile tribe to be burned at the stake in place of his son whom they had captured.

"'The Indian boy, of from twelve to fifteen I consider the best natural horseman in the world. At about this age, he begins to think himself a man. * * * He is given more liberty and wanders about the country in search of the adventure which is to crown his ambition by making him a warrior. One can readily sympathize with the enthusiastic cavalry officer who exclaimed "Give me the handling and discipline of such recruits as the Indian boys, and I can whip an equal number of any cavalry in the world.'" We would be glad to make many interesting extracts did our space permit. Valuable suggestions on the health question may be gathered from the statements of Indian habits, as for instance that "the Plains Indian never by any circumstances sleeps in the open air. Possessing but one blanket, he will make a framework, spread the blanket over it, and lie on the bare ground even in the coldest weather." "Ten, twelve, or more Indians will sleep in a 'wicky-up' which I could have declared would not hold half that number." But he believes that "the extraordinary, unnatural diminution in certain tribes is due to *nostalgia* more than any other cause, from their removal to reservations by Government. "Homesickness with the Indians is a most dangerous malady." Col. Dodge gives no flattering picture of the Indian,— "He is vain, crafty, deceitful, ungrateful, treacherous, grasping and utterly selfish. He is lecherous, without honor or mercy, filthy in his ideas and speech, and inconceivably dirty in person and manners. He is affectionate, patient, self-reliant and enduring. In short he has the ordinary good and bad qualities of the mere animal, modified to some extent by reason." While "the mental capacity of the Indian is of superior order," he has "not the faintest conception of an idea of moral obligation." To us "morality is inculcated with religion, and we with difficulty separate the one from the other. The Indian has a religion but that religion has no moral code. It teaches no obligation to God or man. The Indian is absolutely without what we call conscience; that inward monitor which comes of education, but which our religious teachers would persuade us in the voice of God He is as religious as the most devout Christian, and if our good missionaries would let him alone in his religion and cease their efforts to proselyte him to their particular sect, and simply strive to supply him with a code of morals, his subsequent conversion might be easy and his future improvement assured." Col. Dodge thinks the Indian "has never had a fair chance, and is entitled to a full and fair trial.

"That with his miserable opportunities he has at least been partially civilized, is ample evidence of his capacity for further improvement." Like other good Indian fighters in our army, Col. Dodge has high respect for the fighting qualities of the Indians, considering them "the finest natural soldiers in the world"; real sympathy for their sufferings, and sense of their wrongs, which he lays directly to the Government, the agents it employs, the traders it licenses, the buffalo pot hunters, miners, and cow-boys it is not able to control. "Were I an Indian, I fear that with their provocations I should be a bad Indian." "It must be conceded that the Indian behaves much better than we have any right to expect. The actual number of murders and outrages committed by Indians upon citizens is so small as scarcely would be thought of if perpetrated by the whites. In the summer of 1867, the white men of Julesburg robbed and murdered more citizens than all of the Indians have robbed and murdered during any one of the ten years past. * * The local paper of a frontier town will carefully avoid any mention of the daily or nightly killings by its inhabitants; but let a frontiersman be killed, or even scared by an Indian, and column after column is devoted to the minutest and most generally imaginary details. This can readily be accounted for, each little frontier town desiring troops, not for protection but for the money they spend. That Eastern papers should so readily take up this cry giving a line to a murder by a Kentucky gentleman, a column to a murder by an Indian, can only be accounted for by the desire for sensation."

"Next to the crime of slavery, the foulest blot on the executeon of the Government of the United States is its treatment of the so called Wards of the Nation." "The prolific source of all Indian ills is that most tragic of national farces the Treaty System. By it we have taken advantage of the greed or ignorance of Chiefs to swindle the Indians out of their land. Every so called treaty has been opposed by a minority, sometimes by a great majority of the tribe interested. Sometimes the chiefs themselves have refused to be swindled. The Government has not hesitated, but deposing the refractory chiefs, has set up others, its own creatures, and concluded the melancholy farce by entering into a solemn treaty to which the United States were actually party of both parts. The Treaty System makes it impossible for us to enact laws for their benefit; there is no recognition of individual worth or advancement. But the crowning feature of the system is that the Government at this moment has treaty arrangements with hundreds of petty tribes held on reservations, actual prisoners of war. In violation of treaties or by virtue of treaties secured by fraud, the Indian is confined to reservations. In violation of law, the game on which he depended for food has been destroyed by white men. The United States having made prisoners of the Indians, and by negligence permitted them to be deprived of their self support, it is in honor bound to see that they do not suffer. Is this obligation fulfilled? Far from it! On the contrary, we leave our helpless prisoners to starve, and shoot without mercy the reckless few who, goaded to desperation by their suffering, dare to cross the dead lines of the reservation.

In this horrid crime, every voter of the United States is either actually or passively implicated, for it has its root in the legislative branch of the Government. The appropriation for the support of the Indian is wholly inadequate, the most favored tribes receiving no more than about eight cents a day for the support of each individual All this is criminal. * *

To advance, the Indian like other men must have an incentive to effort Many of the so called wild tribes are willing to labor, and do labor right manfully for the one crop which is all they can rely on under the present management. These are a few of the wrongs and iniquities practised upon the Indian by those who profess to be his friends. There is but one hope for him. Treaty system and tribal relations must be broken up, and the Indian absorbed individually in the great family of American citizens. This must necessarily be a gradual process, and meanwhile some plan must be adopted to protect him and soonest fit him for citizenship." Col. Dodge proposes an outline of such a plan, which is briefly as follows:

"1. Turn the Indians over to the War Department. 2. Abolish the Indian Bureau; replacing its officers by detailed army officers. 3. Abrogate all existing treaties. 4. Give the Indians the same rights in trade—arms and liquor excepted—as are enjoyed by American citizens, till they become so. 5. Enact laws for them till they come under the common law. 6. Make commanding officers of military posts on reservations, *ex officio* Supts. of Indian Affairs. 7. Give the Indians farms in severalty. 8. All other lands to be bought by Government and thrown open to settlement. 9. *Give the Indian the ballot, and all the rights and duties of citizenship, as soon as the country in which he resides shall have been organized into a county.* 10. Feed the wild Indian sufficiently."

"The real friends of the Indian are injuring his cause by demanding too much. They insist that the treaties shall be regarded as binding for all time. There is no power in this Government which can much longer delay the settlement by whites of the Indian Territory, and it is a mere question of time when all the reservations will be overrun. The Government tried faithfully to keep the whites out of the Black Hills. It failed signally. Against the resistless tide of immigration, the Indian has absolutely no chance. His only hope is in setting with the tide, and this he can do only as an American citizen."

Concurring fully in this conclusion, we regret that Col. Dodge's book is not as well calculated to give weight to his opinions, as his long experience should make it. It contains doubtless much valuable knowledge of Indian manners and customs; it is picturesque and conversational, with something of the dash of the frontier soldier, and the breath of the plains. You feel as if you had been sitting by a camp fire after a day's adventures, listening to the best talker in the party. Under these circumstances, you are not critical, you don't interrupt a good story or brilliant sentence to insist on fairness, or question a sweeping statement, or run down a contradiction. It is only when at the close of the volume, you come upon some practical conclusions, and a plan involving radical changes seriously put forth as the only solution of the Indian question, and going back to pick up the preface, read that the book is presented as "a careful study of facts," that you begin to turn over the pages again to look up statements which certainly sounded contradictory and sweeping and one sided, some of them hardly consistent with his conclusions. It is rather confusing to read on page 62, that "Endurance and patience appear to be the warp and woof of Indian character," and read on page 591, of "this constitutional impatience" of the Indian; on page 248, that "There is no such thing as nervousness in either sex," and on page 437, that "He is excitable, *nervous*, easily stampeded,"; on page 210, "He has not the faintest conception of an idea of moral obligation," and on page 586, "A rich man may be assessed five or six ponies for taking a poor man's wife. This comes from a spirit of fairness and equity," and again page 430, "No earthly power could induce him to disclose a secret learned under an oath administered after their forms; and in answer to an effort at persuasion, he looks at you with wide-eyed astonishment and says simply, 'I have sworn.'" Nor is the consistency of the reasoning very apparent that, as the Indian has a religion which has no moral code, and the Christian missionary has one which, as Col. Dodge himself says, is "so welded with morality that the one cannot exist without the other," therefore, the "good missionaries should let him alone in his religion, and simply strive to supply him with a code of morals,"—when in giving him Christianity they give him the purest code of morals with the strongest sanction and motives. But we fear that this last inconsistency is not the slip of a brilliant talker, but rather the unfairness of prejudice. This is indeed the most serious defect of the book, and most injurious to its purpose. General Sherman himself in his introduction to the volume does not fail to criticize it in this respect, as regards its sweeping denunciations of Indian Agents and of the Government. He says, "I do not agree with you and the world generally in accusing our ancestors and the General Government of a deliberate purpose to be unjust and defraud these people * * Nor do I think it just to accuse all Indian Agents of being incompetent if not dishonest. I have personally met a great number of these, who are generally kind, honest and well meaning people, badly paid and deprived of all the comforts which civilized men like to enjoy. Some motive higher than a desire to plunder must actuate men who risk so much and endure such hardship and privation. If our Indian policy has failed, we should seek for the cause elsewhere, in the nature of things, rather than in a systematic desire to do wrong." It only weakens Col. Dodge's denunciation of Indian Agents in general to give no credit to such men as John D. Miles, the Quaker agent of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, Agents Mc Loughlin, of Standing Rock, Mc Gillicuddy of Pine Ridge, Thomas, of the Pueblo Agency in New Mexico, and others like them. General Sherman takes no notice of the same silence upon the good work of missionaries and teachers. Col Dodge says, on the contrary; "While I have known many Indians who professed Christianity, I have never yet met one who, in his conversion, had really quitted his ancient faith. He is a Christian just so far as it is expedient or useful to him." "I have never yet seen a so called Christian Indian who did not in times of real trouble or affliction, go back to his ancient faith." "Here and there, a small tribe, as the Nez Perces, show a slight advance in morality, due to the efforts of Roman Catholic priests so long ago that their traditions but vaguely fix the time. Here and there also, even among the wild tribes, are found men who give some evidence of moral perception probably due to the influence of missionaries and teachers. These cases are however individual." What mention is made of the Riggs's and Williamson's and Bishops Hare and Whipple's—what of White Earth; and Rosebud; what of Sisseton, Fort Sully and Santee, where, through the efforts of Christian missionaries—Episcopal, Congregational and Presbyterian—ones wild Indians are so prosperously settled that "a stranger would not think he was on a reservation"?

What of Peorin Bottom, "a charming village of over twenty Christian families in Christian homes," founded by the still more recent efforts of one Christian missionary, Rev. Thomas L. Riggs? If the Cherokees and Choctaws furnish, as Col. Dodge says, ample evidence of Indian capacity for improvement, to whom is it owing but to Christian missionaries? If Col. Dodge has not "seen" any of this, why has he not, and if he has, why does he ignore it? His makes a very handsome and a merited tribute to the American army—he evidently does not believe with Mr. Charles L. Brace in "*Gesta Christi*" Believing as he says that "the Indian is absolutely without what we call a conscience"— and, though he thinks that a mere matter of education,

not finding that the missionaries—or even the army officers—have succeeded yet in educating him into one, we are at loss to know how he ever arrived at that remarkable ninth proposition of his plan for the solution of the Indian question—"*Give the Indian the ballot and rights and duties of citizenship as soon as the country in which he resides shall have been organized into a county.*"

What sort of an American citizen would a man make, "absolutely without a conscience," and so devoid of even the capacity for one that he could not acquire one even at his "mother's knee," where, Col. Dodge says, "No lessons inculcating the beauty and sure reward of goodness, or the hideousness and certain punishment of vice, are ever *wasted* on him; wasted; for virtue and vice are abstract terms utterly incomprehensible to him."

With these defects and weaknesses, we can but consider Col. Dodge's book one of interest rather than weight. We fully agree with him that the Indian's only hope is in American citizenship, but we would add, and in the education in morals, and intellect, and character that shall fit him for it. We believe with him that the appeal must be to the individual conscience of every voter and citizen, for the Government is but the servant of the people.

A NOBLE COURSE WELL FINISHED.

To live for sixty years in the central whirl of New York business life and society, to take political office, to roll up wealth by the millions—yet to carry through all a pure heart, a good conscience and faith unfeigned,—to live in the world by the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, and *practically* hold that the silver and the gold are the Lord's—this is to fight a good fight. And, after such a life, to depart on almost a moment's warning, with one smiling farewell to the dearest, but always ready and delivered from fear—," to receive the crown laid up—this is a beautiful and appropriate finishing to a noble course. The Honorable and venerable William E. Dodge of New York, whose death recently chronicled will be felt as a loss to the work for humanity in every quarter of the world, was one of the rare men of whom such a record can be made. Among the many shining lessons of his life to the youth of the land, for whom he did so much and before whom he will doubtless always be held as an example, one of the brightest and most useful is of the wisdom of sending your principles to the front—carrying your colors flying.

In George Macdonald's fine story, "Malcolm," the hero's teacher says of him. "I am perplexed at the stupidity of the ordinary religious being. In the most practical of religious matters, he will talk and speculate and try to feel, but he will not set himself to do. It is different with Malcolm. From the first he has been trying to obey, and obedience is the key to every door."

This might have been said of Mr. Dodge. Nobody was ever at a loss on which side to find him. Converted to God, as he believed, when a mere boy, his first question was the same as Paul's: "Lord what wilt thou have me to *do*"; and he thought it answered by the very first opportunity that came for doing good and doing right. It did not seem to interfere with his diligence in business or his success, to be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. As soon as he began to support himself, he became a city missionary, going about in the worst slums of New York to lift bodies and souls out of the mire of poverty and vice, picking up here and there a little ragamuffin, and giving him his first chance at a better life. Increasing wealth did not have on him its frequent effect of hardening the heart and lowering the moral standards because he lived up to his principles as he went along, and increasing wealth only increased his power of demonstrating them. Believing in total abstinence, his table never had wine on it, however richly it was served, and whoever were his guests in private or public life. He was President of the National Temperance Society from 1866 till his death. He brought Father Matthew to this country, founded "Temperance Christian Homes" for man and women in New York, and was prominent in every great temperance movement for the last fifty years. Believing in active religious work, he was always ready to promote it, whether by paying for Moody and Sankey's meetings in the city, or speaking in them himself, or giving freely to build up Sunday schools and churches, or laboring personally for the conversion of souls. Believing in the strict observance of the Sabbath, he never would talk business on Sunday, and resigned his position as director of the Erie, Jersey Central, and Houston and Texas railroads, and sold his stock, as soon as they began to run Sunday trains. Believing in missions work, he gave thousands to the city missions, founding among others, the Jerry Macauley Mission in the old Cremorne Garden theatre; he was one of the most liberal contributors also to establish the Syrian Mission, the Woman's College at Beyrout, and the College of Liberia. He was Vice President of the American Board, the New York Union Theological Seminary and American Colonization Society, and a Director of the American Bible Society and Tract Society. Besides these and many other public efforts, thousands were scattered in private benevolence of which the world knows nothing. Believing in the cause of the freedmen and the Indian, he was not content with staying at home and giving to them. As his pastor says, "Traveling almost invariably in company with her who for more than fifty years has been the sharer of his labors of love, the two were always on the watch for opportunities of Christian ministry. Among the Indians on the frontier and the freedmen of the South, they went together, sharing the delight of dropping good words, good books and charitable deeds by the wayside. Eternity alone will reveal the fruitage of these wayside seeds."

Hampton had the pleasure of a visit on one of these journeys, and of counting this good man among her friends. She would add her tribute of gratitude to the many which will be paid to his memory. His interest in the cause of the freedmen found chief outlet naturally in other directions. The Presbyterian institution of Lincoln University received his special fostering care. Hampton was one among the many side interests to which his generous hand gave what was little to him but much to them, especially as it was coupled with what he gave of himself, his warm sympathy and joy in giving. He was always to be relied on to give *go* to an effort to rouse public interest, by word and example. When it was necessary to raise the funds for our building for Indian girls, and a meeting was held in New York at which some of our Indian students appeared, Mr. Dodge was first on his feet with a subscription. He took the responsibility of the first room in "Winona Lodge," and half of what was raised for it in New York was given by him and his immediate family connections, who share his spirit. He has carried also three "scholarships" at Hampton, one for colored and two for Indian students. He was a friend to whom we with many others could look for moral as well as material aid.

It was Mr. Dodge's custom every morning before conducting family prayers, to read the passage of Scripture for the day in a little book of private devotion. The selections for the 9th of February, the day he died, and which had doubtless been read by him a moment before he fell in death, were these:

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying to me, Write. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

"For I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand.

I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give me at that day."

"Those words," said Dr. Prime, at his funeral services, "may be said to epitomize the life of our brother."

That God can spare such a man from His work in the world,—perhaps to do greater work elsewhere—shows that the excellency of the power is with Him. But we ask, upon whom is his mantle to fall?

A GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT.

In the older generation of freedmen which came out of slavery and is gradually passing away with its memories, are some of the finest specimens of Christian manhood and womanhood, which the younger, ambitious members of the rising race should never think to look down upon and which they in their happier circumstances will find it hard to approach. One of the best of these old time Negro Christians has just been called to his reward from his work at the Hampton Institute, and his death is felt by its officers as a personal loss.

James Jones was owned by one of the largest slave-holders of Virginia, whose estates covered a county, and whose ambition was said to have been to own twelve hundred slaves at one time, only somehow he never could get beyond eleven hundred and ninety-nine. "Old Jim," however, ought to have counted for two in his prime. He was valued and had no experience of unkind treatment. He was one of those quiet, willing, meek, and lowly spirits which keep out of difficulty if anyone can. After emancipation he went industriously to work to support his family, and before he died he had succeeded in paying for a house and two acres of land for them." Very soon after the starting of the Normal school, he was employed on its farm, and, for ten years at least, has been one of its regular employees, and for some time before his death was in charge of the barn and stables, with men under him. The farm manager, Mr. Howe, a Berkshire County farmer, says of him; "You cannot say too much for James Jones; in the ten years that I have employed him I never had any fault to find with him—never once. I never asked any work of him that he wasn't ready to do cheerfully. He was as much interested in the work as I was. I have known him to stay in the field until eight o'clock to get some job finished or ready for the next day, without even telling me he'd done it, let alone asking for extra pay. If I ever told him to do any thing, I knew it would be done, and well done too. A Christian? Well, I should think he was. He carried a little old Testament around with him and read it whenever he had a chance. At noontime I'd see him sitting up against the barn, poring over it. He'd got hold of his letters somehow, so he could puck it out. A year ago his wife died and left him with six children; the oldest is in the Normal School. He felt her loss terribly;—they had been fellow-servants in slavery time, and had lived together ever since; he has never been the same man since. He has read his Testament more than ever; I believe he would have gone crazy had it not been for that and his work; he never neglected that; he was faithful in everything."

This has been his record from the time he was first employed in the school to the day he fell in apoplexy by the side of the cart he was driving. In the few minutes of consciousness left to him, he intelligently took notice of the paralysis of his limbs and its significance, and his stiffening lips murmured "Ready to go." His life justified his confidence. He had been ready for all it asked of him, ready for work, ready for trial, ready to depart and be with Christ.

Can there possibly be any resemblance between this obscure and humble life, and the "noble course" we have traced above? It is in something more important than the accident of wealth or birth, something deeper than the manner of sudden death. "Ready, aye ready,"—that is the grandest motto for human life, and whether proudly borne on the crest of a noble family, or uttered calmly by a Christian millionaire, or faltered by a dying Christian laborer, if the life has said it as well in deed as in word, it sounds the same in Heaven and will as surely meet the Master's tender answer, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Speaking of the project of the Negroes of North Carolina, to build, with their own capital, a railroad from Wilmington, N. C. to a point about fifty miles south, five miles of which have been reported already graded, the *Providence Journal* says:

"In North Carolina, and throughout the South, for that matter, the condition of the Negroes at the close of the war was very much like that of the early colonists of this country. They had everything to make for themselves, and, although the lands were cleared and there were some accumulations of capital and appliances for industry, they were more than counterbalanced, so far as the negroes were concerned, by the prejudice and ill-will of those who owned them. They had to begin almost from the state of nature, and work their way up against the difficulties of obtaining a mere subsistence from a disorganized and embarrassed industry, controlled by a people unaccustomed to the new ways and conditions of success, and a prejudice and distrust that hampered instead of encouraged their efforts. The task of reaching even independence through these conditions was a severe test of economy and enterprise. It is true that the comparative scale of independence is lower in the South than in the North from the abundance and fertility of the land, but the difficulty of obtaining it was hardly less from the stagnation of industry and the small rewards of labor, and the task of the accumulation of capital is very much harder. The industry of North Carolina, for instance, is almost wholly agricultural, but its products are not those peculiar and profitable staples that command a ready price in the world's market, like those of some of the other Southern States, and there are no great marts of commerce or industries to give employment for labor and bring in foreign money. It is easy to get a living, but very hard to accumulate a surplus of money in such a community; and to do so, even in a limited degree, indicates an amount of thrift, energy and intelligence with which the negroes had not been credited.

There is no disputing the fact that the negroes of the South have advanced slowly in thrift and prosperity since the war, and that such examples as the exodus from Mississippi to Kansas, and the condition of those who made it, were discouraging evidences of poverty and shiftlessness. But there has been a steady, if slow, improvement, which is visible in the whole South, except in exceptional localities, and of which this North Carolina enterprise is not a single example. And, considering the remarkable disabilities under which the race has labored, the dependence and ignorance of slavery, the utter destitution in which they were compelled to begin, the distrust and ill-will against which they had to labor, and the conditions of the disorganization of labor and lack of stimulating example, it may be fairly said that they have made as much progress as could be reasonably expected, and much more than their enemies were willing to admit as possible. They have at least defeated the evil prophecies that were made concerning them, that they were so idle and vicious by nature that they would rapidly sink into barbarism in life and condition as soon as the sustaining influence of enforced labor was taken from them, and would even become extinct by the neglect of the laws of wholesome living. The negroes have had to learn and suffer much by experience, and their conditions and surroundings have been serious obstacles to progress; but they have steadily improved, and there is no reason to be discouraged or disheartened as to their prospect of obtaining not only substantial independence, but prosperity."

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR PICTURE PAPERS?

To those of our friends who have no special use for their illustrated papers after reading them, we beg leave to suggest that they notify the editor of this paper if they are willing to send them to the Reading Room of Hampton Institute, P. O. Box 10, Hampton, Va., to be read there by the students, and then sent out to graduates engaged in teaching.

There is nothing that draws our school boys and girls to the pleasant Library and Reading room, like illustrated papers. They drop in for a few minutes after work and before supper, to glance at pictures when they would not sit down to read, and unconsciously take in much that furnishes their minds.

The school cannot afford to subscribe for the English Illustrated papers, but would be very glad to get copies that have been used of these also.

Most of the papers from our reading room are sent out after being read here, to our graduate teachers, carrying thus mental food and stimulus to many who have no other means or opportunity of general information.

The following letter reports a most discreditable effort by the Democratic portion of the Legislature of North Carolina to continue, in effect, the benighted condition of her colored population.

We believe Kentucky is so far, the only State that has passed such a law; it would militate quite as much against the whites as the blacks. Such Legislature makes a solid Negro South.

Raleigh, N. C., Feb. 9th, 1883.

DEAR PRINCIPAL;

Sir, The Democrats of this Legislature are trying to impose upon the Colored people of this State a school system of Class Legislation. The bills now pending before the Committee on Education of which Committee I am a member read as follows: The Colored schools Shall be kept up by the taxes paid by the Colored tax-payers and the White Schools shall be kept up by the taxes collected of the White tax-payers. Be glad to hear your views on this question. You will see through the columns of *The News and Observer*, which I mail to you to-day, a few remarks of my own on that subject. I hope you will remember your old student and inform me on any subject of interest that may come in your mind.

I remain your ob't student,

N.

We take pleasure in calling attention to the *Gospel in all Lands*, a missionary journal making its appearance twice a month, and devoted to the work done by all churches in all lands. It is edited by Rev. Eugene R. Smith, at 64 Bible House, N. Y., and no one who desires to keep abreast of the mission work of the world can afford to be without it.

LETTERS FROM HAMPTON GRADUATES.

Needs of the Children. Teaching a Mixed School. A Wheel Horse. Trying to provide for her child's education. Neither Doors nor Windows. Links in Hampton's Chain.

NEEDS OF THE CHILDREN.

The needs of the little ones in the country districts, where most of our graduates teach, are of course great. Some of them have been supplied at times with a generosity that has seemed a fairy miracle to the receivers, and the heart of the giver must feel the good cheer of the "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of these least."

——Co., Va., *Dec. 22nd*, 1882.

Mrs. D

Kind Friend:

I'm teaching. I have eighty pupils on roll, and am doing all I can to improve their morals as well as their intellects. I try to impress upon my pupils that it is more important that they be truthful and honest—than have a collegiate education with the character of a thief or a robber. I perceive that our people (the colored people) have improved very much in their industrial habits, tastes, &c., and many other improvements among them I have noticed. One would not be long in finding out should they visit them. This school is one formerly taught by Mr. and Mrs. ——, [Hampton graduates], they had a very large school, rather larger than mine for several reasons, viz.: Some good northern friends furnished them with good clothing for their children several times per sessions. They are now teaching about ten miles from me, and were the recipients of a good supply of clothing for their school not long since, and an outfit of charts for the walls of their school; books, &c., for their pupils. I am glad that they are so fortunate—I am aware that there are rich Christian people in the North who would willingly and gladly help the poor freedmen children of the South should they ascertain of their many pressing needs. Second-hand clothing, Sabbath school books, and many such things could be used and donated very profitably among my children, and would be highly appreciated.

Hoping that I may hear from you ere the year is out, I remain, yours with much respect,

J.

TEACHING A MIXED SCHOOL.

A young woman graduate of the class of '73, the first to have the honor of the class salutatory at Hampton, and who has been teaching most of the time since, writes of her present position in a mixed school in the West, and her recent marriage to an ex-student.

——Co., Iowa, *Nov. 21st*, 1882.

Mrs. D.

My Dear Benefactress:

I have always entertained a grateful heart for your kindness in sending me to Hampton to school, for if it were not for that I would not be where I am now. I came out here in September last and stood a good examination. got my certificate, and am now teaching a mixed school in this place. I have a very large school, thirty-five are white scholars. My superintendent visited my school and told the children that I was the only colored teacher in the county, and he gave me a certificate because I was as well qualified to teach as any of his white teachers. This of course made me feel awfully proud. The white scholars are very fond of me, and their parents also. Knowing that you want to hear from your pupils from time to time, I felt it a duty to write to let you know where I am, and what I am doing. Also to tell you that I am married. W. H. T. and I were united in marriage, November 1st, 1882.

Please extend my congratulations to Mr. G. D. I read the account of his marriage in the paper. If Mrs. A. D. is there please give her my love. I once saw an exercise song in the Southern Workman, with these words: "With shoulders erect and toes turned out. hurrah, hurrah, now let us in unison gaily shout hurrah, hurrah," etc. I want it very much to teach my children, so if you can find it I will be ever so thankful if you will send it to me. I want to teach it to my pupils, as I am doing all I can to make my school a success. The paper that I saw it in was printed in the year '78 or '79, if I mistake not. Hoping this will find you well, and with much love to you and your husband,

I am, as ever, your most grateful scholar,

T.

A WHEEL HORSE.

One of the original band of Hampton student singers, who has been, like most, or all, of the others, faithfully at work for his people ever since he laid down his work of singing, writes interestingly of his present position with its labors, trials and encouragements.

——Co., Va., *Jan. 11th*, 1883.

Mrs. D.

My Dear Teacher:

As it has been some time since I have written to you. I feel that it is high time I was letting you hear from me. I am like the good old faithful wheel horse, always at my post. My school is larger now than it has ever been before. I have already on roll sixty-six pupils, and have five or six more new names to enroll now. My school house is small, but very neat and comfortable; and when all of us are together, we are very much crowded. I have applied for an assistant, but the School Board, feeling themselves poor at this time, say I shall have to make out the best way I can for the present. I must tell you how we enjoyed our Christmas. On Saturday before Christmas week, we all gathered at the school house. The boys got the cedars, and the girls tied them; we decorated our school house nicely. Monday, the first day in the Christmas week, was spent in receiving presents and placing them on the tree. At night, the house was over-crowded to enjoy a beautiful exhibition, which consisted of declamations, dialogues and singing by the school, after which each person received their presents, and many a little heart was made glad by the gifts bestowed upon them by their, parents, teachers and other friends.

HIS SEWING AND TINKERING CLASS.

I am so glad you told Miss A. about me; she has been such a good friend to me ever since. Just before Christmas she sent me a package which contained fifty Testaments, ten Bibles, and ten library books for my Sunday School. They just arrived a few days before Christmas, in time for a nice Christmas gift for my Sunday School. As my pupils were poor and so badly clad, she encouraged me to commence a sewing class in my school, which I did about a month or better before Christmas. And you would be surprised to see what effect it has on my school. Every boy and girl take right hold and see how nice they can do. I have different women to come in and assist me every Friday. They attend to the girls and I to the boys. Some are sewing, some knitting, some patching, and some mending slate frames. It is quite amusing to the scholars to see me sewing, but I tell them my mother taught me how to cut, sew and knit when I was ten years old. I received a letter yesterday from Miss C., another of my old Hampton teachers. Enclosed, I found something for my sewing class. Miss C. is living only ten miles from me.

"BEGRUDGEFUL" NEIGHBORS.

I feel greatly encouraged sometimes, though I have many discouragements to undergo. The poor whites and the most ignorant class of colored are very begrudgeful about here. The colored say we teachers make our living too easy, and get along too well. The whites say, we colored teachers teach the colored children too fast, and get too much money. I have had them tell me so many a time to my face. My reply to them is, a man should always have what he earns. We colored teachers in this district get thirty dollars; it makes no difference how good the certificate is, but the whites get from thirty-five to forty dollars for common schools. For graded schools the whites receive fifty and thirty-five dollars; graded school, colored, thirty dollars, and it is a question whether the teacher will get any more or not. It is not decided; we have to wait a long time for our money. Yet I am pleased to know that my Superintendent and Board of Trustees are pleased with my teaching. Please excuse me for my long delay, I hope to hear from you soon. With my best love to all,

I am your old pupil,

B.

TRYING TO PROVIDE FOR HER CHILD'S EDUCATION.

Another married graduate, of the class of '73, writes of a rather hard experience in her praiseworthy efforts to help her husband lay by something for the education of their little boy.

——Co., Va., *Jan. 8th*, 1883.

Mrs. D.

My Dear Friend:

I now take this opportunity to write you a few lines. I am well and doing as well as can be expected, (according to the justness of the people that we are employed by). I am teaching up here in —— county, where I was last winter. I have a very large school numbering at present ninety-eight pupils daily. I am occupying the place as principal with an assistant teacher, a lady from ——. Last year I assisted a white gentleman in the same school, and this year the people would not have a white teacher, so the Superintendent sent for me and gave me the principal's place, but after I arrived here they would not give me any more pay than he did for being assistant. I thought it was real mean, but after I had made my arrangement at home to be absent all winter, I thought I would stay and do the best I could with it. Only twenty-five dollars is certainly poor pay, when they paid thirty-five dollars last year. But it is the old way. I am afraid we never will get justice done by us out of some of the white race. I passed examination at —— last summer to get a position in the city public school, but the Trustees put white teachers in it again. That is the reason I came up here when they sent for me. Our school house was very open, but the colored people made up some money and I gave a concert to help make money enough to ceil the house inside, so it is very comfortable now. I don't write often, but it is not because I have forgotten my kind benefactors, but for the want of time. When I am not teaching I take in sewing, doing all I can to help Mr. F. to get a home, and lay by a little to educate my little boy, if the Lord is willing. Give my love to all of my old acquaintances, and accept a large portion to yourself and companion. Mrs. D. can you direct me where I can get that piece that was recited and sung at the last commencement, called The Rock of Ages? If you please, send me word, and if the General has any books of the Hampton Students' songs, please send me the price of them as I would like one of them. I hope you had a merry Christmas, and I wish you a happy New Year.

Your old pupil,

F.

NEITHER DOORS NOR WINDOWS.

A model of some of the country school houses in which a Southern colored teacher is called to teach, would be a curiosity for a northern educational museum, and furnish a text for an argument for National aid.

——Co., Va., *Dec. 1st*, 1882.

Mrs. D.

Dear Friend:

For the last three years I have taught in this county, and so close to B—, that we boarded at the same place, and socially as well as intellectually the one derived so much benefit of the other, that this year we intended not only to board, but to teach together. So we applied to our Superintendent for a double school, which he granted, and on or about the 10th of October last, B— being principal and myself assistant, we set out to our new school, with intentions to make it the model school of the county. We arrived there in due season found plenty of scholars, the most of whom dwelt in a hamlet situated five miles from —— on the railroad. Well, as I said, we found plenty of scholars, but nothing else pertinent to teaching. As to seats, there were only five benches about eight or ten feet in length. A house had been rented for us to teach in, but it had neither door nor windows, and scarcely roof or walls. We tried hard to have things set aright, but of no avail; everybody was too busy. We left there after a few days for the office of the Superintendent, related the facts of the case to him, and at the same time applied for other schools. B— for his former school and I for the double school at the above named place. The request of each was granted, and to-day we are at our respective posts.

With an assistant in the person of a minister of the Richmond Institute, I have taught a month and three weeks, and enrolled sixty-six pupils. The patrons say that they will give us about a hundred after Christmas. Here are two coal mines at ——, and the cars roll the coal off every day.

In front, on either side, and in an easy bow shot of our school house is a branch. This, on account of being unable to get teachers, is the only colored school open in this district.

I am a laborer in both the Sabbath School and Temperance causes. I found a Temperance Society here, and it is much needed, for the people drink freely, though they get low wages.

I am gratefully yours,

G.

LINKS IN HAMPTON'S CHAIN.

Many students owe their introduction to Hampton to the words or example of Hampton graduates. The influence for good thus excited is a pleasant feature of our graduates' work, as in the case of the one whose interesting letter we give below, who having been brought to Hampton thus himself, has already sent nine of his own pupils there.

——Co., Va., *Dec. 30th*, 1882.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong,

Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of a printed circular requesting me to let you know about my work since I left Hampton. I entered your valuable institute in 1872, having been advised to go there by one of the graduates, Mr. S. C. Windsor, who was my teacher. I left June 6, '75, and was examined immediately by Major W. W. Ballard, Superintendent of Schools for Roanoke county. I passed a creditable examination and opened school, October 15, at a salary of thirty dollars per month. I was an inexperienced hand at the work, having never before taught in the Public Free schools. I buckled on my armor however, and went to work, stimulated by the never-to-be forgotten fact that I had been taken from the wilds of Roanoke by divine providence, and placed at Hampton under her civilization and Christian influence, where I had learned man's mission, viz: Fear God, do right, and help fallen humanity. "Having freely received, freely give." I taught at that place five months, and gave thorough satisfaction to the Trustees and patrons of the school. Among my pupils there was Miss Maggie Rayford, who is at Hampton now. The next term, the Superintendent removed me to Bonsacks where I superseded Rev. C. S. Boston and Mr. George E. Stephens, graduates from Hampton, who were considered among the best teachers in the county, white or colored. I taught at this place two years with marked success, and at the close of my school I sent you three students: S. C. Carrington, who has since graduated, George Blair and John Madre. The next term, I went to Botetourt Springs where I had purchased a home. I taught here two years and sent you five students, who are now at Hampton. This school is now successfully taught by one of my pupils, Mr. S. C. Carrington. I now have a flourishing school at Cloverdale. I am getting on splendidly. If you so desire I will write you about the progress of the colored people generally, their hopes, prospects, etc. Please write.

Yours truly,

H.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

CHRISTMAS AT THE WIGWAM.

Long before Christmas time the little Indian boys in A. Division, Wigwam, were looking forward to the holidays as playtime, and talked it over when they came into my room each night at the "Children's Hour." But only one of them had ever heard of Santa Claus and his benevolent care of children at Christmas time. This boy immediately became the lion of the day, and after he had told all he knew, the teacher was called upon for additional information concerning him. After having heard it all through a number of times, when they were exhorted to hang up their stockings for him to fill, they were rather unwilling to do so at first, and one of them, our little Dickey Donbt, said he guessed it was an ox. Asking what that meant, they told me that when some one promised to do something, and failed to keep his word because he was unable to do what he had attempted, that was an ox. (Query, has ox, used in this sense, any connection with hoax?)

The day before Christmas our smallest boy sighed, "I wish it was night now so that I could hang up my stocking." On this day fifteen new Indians arrived, among them, one small boy, and a family with a little baby; they came to live with us temporarily. Of course, the strangers most be provided for, and it was a good opportunity to make them feel at home by showing them a little attention.

One of the boys, our Crœsus, adopted the new comer as a brother, shared his bed with him, and provided a clean stocking for him to hang up, taking care to pin the right name on it lest Santa Claus should make a mistake. An invalid was also invited to join the stocking party, and his, with the baby's little sock, made eleven to be filled.

A rope was fastened under the mantle, above the fireplace, and, amid excited talk and laughter, each boy fastened his sock to it with a large safety pin. Then after the story of the coming of Him who made our rejoicings possible, and another repetition of, "The night before Christmas," the little men went to bed, wishing it were already morning, though there was still a shade of doubt in the mind of our Thomas as to whether it was not all an "ox."

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Morning came at last, and when the door was opened for them, there was an anxious pause as each peered in to see if Santa Claus had kept up his reputation; then, as doubt gave place to certainty, there arose a grand shout, as they rushed to unfasten the stockings, but Santa Clause had been so liberal and the fingers were so excited that the loaded socks would not come off without help. The shouts of joy over each new found treasure, and the happy excitement, made me think of Christmas morning in a home in the suburbs of Boston, and, with one's eyes shut, one could hardly have told whether the children were Indian or white. In vain had the precaution been taken to send them to breakfast first; nuts, apples and candies disappeared with alarming rapidity.

Our Crœsus was recognized by Santa Claus without any difficulty, as was proved by the pocket-book with a note from the old gentleman himself telling him that that was for the boy who knew how to save his money. The children had heard the German belief about the good old saint, how he always brings all sorts of nice things for good boys, and a bundle of rods with which to whip bad ones, and one little fellow was afraid that a very long slender bundle attached to his sock was something of that sort; but after reflection, feeling that his conscience was clear, he ventured to open it, and found a large United States flag. "Fall in, boys. Fall in," he shouted, and they were all ready for drill and parade, the whole Christmas brigade being in a uniform of new red satin necktie with a bright colored handkerchief peeping from each pocket; picture books were laid aside, marbles and tops went into already bulging pockets, and the trumpeter and standard bearer heading the procession, they mimicked the doings of their elders as gravely and soberly as any soldier who ever appeared on dress parade.

The stranger boy had gone to enjoy the contents of his stocking in the society of his friends in the opposite room, and presently came back to take in the baby's sock, which certainly never was as full before. The father smiled his thanks as the baby on his knee began to examine it; later the mother came in, and being unable to express her thanks in words, at least, in English words—shook hands most heartily, and the plainest English could not have been better understood.

One little fellow summed up his satisfaction the next day, when he wished there was more than one Christmas in a year.

J. K.

FROM AN INDIAN GRADUATE.

One of those Indian graduates of the class of '82, writes of his school among the Pottawattomies of Indian Territory. He is making the most of his opportunities for usefulness, though he would naturally prefer to work for his own tribe, and we hope that he may yet have the chance to do so.

WAGOZA, POTTAWATTOMIE NATION, INDIAN TERRITORY.

December 19, 1883.

My dear friend, Miss C.:—Having received three postal cards and a circular, announcing the fact that Mrs. Dixon has felt obliged to give up her work as graduates' correspondent, and that you have undertaken it, the letter came to me like a command from Hampton Institute. I dare not any longer delay writing you at least a few lines and tell you my present situation among these strange people. No doubt you will notice the changed address above. Shortly after returning from my trip to Kansas, I left Shawnee town, and having accepted the kind offer made to me by Agent Carter—the position of teacher in the Pottawattomie Day School, which I opened the 6th of November with only nine scholars—I have taken my home with these people with the hope of doing some good among them. They are, especially around this neighborhood, very anxious to have their children educated, unlike those of Western tribes who take but little interes in the education of their children. All talk English language, and use it more or less, and most of them come to church and take part in the exercises.

They are very kind to me, although there is a strong feeling of dislike existing between them and the Shawnees, arising from the fact that attempts are being made by the former to move into the country occupied by the letter. According to treaties, both have the perfect right to settle anywhere within the "thirty miles square," as it is called, in which they are now living. But the Shewnees don't like the idea of the two tribes mingling together, therefore they are trying with all their might to keep off the Pottawatomies from coming into their settlements. But this does not interfere with my work or the progress of the school, and I am not going to meddle anything pertaining to their controversies if i can help it.

I have at present eighteen scholars; fortunately all talk English. My school house is a small log house, about 20x25, accommodates about 25 or 30 scholars. We also use it for Sunday School, of which I am also superintendent. We have had good Sunday Schools, but lack of song books. You know Government schools are not like the schools established by churches—plenty of good song books, &c., but always something lacking.

Mr. Elliott visits us every alternate Sunday and preaches a sermon.

You asked me whether the Eastern Shewnees join the Cherokees or not. They have not, and I don't think they will ever do so now.

When I was in Kansas, I thought of coming through the country to see Charles Bluejacket, but finally, having found out that it was too expensive, I abandoned the idea and came the other way. I don't know him personally, but heard of him through others that he is a Shewnee minister. He is the man who sent me the books I had. I have the books still [a Bible in the Shawnee language, etc.]

I received a good letter, a few days ago from John Downing. Oshkenenv I have not heard from since we left school.

I wish you a happy Christmas. But we in this country don't know when Christmas comes.

Sincerely your friend,
T. W. ALFORD.

GOVERNMENT REPORT ON WORK OF HAMPTON'S INDIAN STUDENTS.

Articles manufactured by Indian students at Hampton, for the Indian Department, have again received official approbation, as follows:

UNITED STATES INDIAN SERVICE,
San Carlos Agency, Arizona.
January 18, 1883.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal*,
Hampton Normal School,
Hampton, Va.

Sir:

In reply to your communication dated 10th instant, I would say that the shoes sent from your school will compare very favorably with any others received here. I would not have known that they were made by Indians had the boxes not been so marked.

Yours very truly,
P. P. WILCOX,
U. S. Indian Agent.

UNITED STATES INDIAN SERVICE,
Cheyenne and Arappahoe Agency,
Indian Territory, Jan. 22, 1883.

GEN. S. C. ARMSTRONG,
Hampton, Va.

Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of your letter of 10th inst., making inquiry as to the quality of goods furnished this Agency by you, and desiring to know if they give satisfaction. In reply, I take pleasure in informing that the goods, (1 dozen coffee boilers and 200 pairs of shoes) compare favorably with any goods of the kind that have ever been furnished here. The coffee boilers are neat and durable, while the shoes, in my opinion, are fully up to the standard, and combine neatness, comfort and durability. We have just completed the annuity issue at which time the shoes were issued to the Indians, and they give entire satisfaction.

Yours truly,
JNO. D. MILES,
Indian Agent.
per O. J. Woodard,
Clerk.

THE LARGEST FARM IN THE WORLD.

For the Southern Workman, by E. A. W.

The *Southern Workman* may be interested to know of the famous "Glenn ranche" the largest wheat ranche in the United States and said to be the largest in the world.

Situated in Colma Co. running along the west bank of the Sacramento river for fifteen miles, and five miles wide, stretches an unbroken wheat field. Other smaller tracts are included in this estate. Ninety four square miles Dr. Glenn owns, and 60,000 acres are in a high state of cultivation. Fifteen bushels to an acre is a fair estimate. At the present time there are 14,000 tons of wheat stored on the banks of the river ready for shipment,—enough to load about seven ships. Two hundred wagons and one thousand mules and horses are in use. In harvest time Dr. Glenn works six hundred men, and employs three hundred the year round.

Three beeves and numerous sheep and hogs are killed every day for the harvest workers. The cattle and sheep are raised on still another ranche owned by the same man in Nevada. The little town of Jecinto lies within this ranche and takes its name from an old Spaniard who received his title from the Mexican Government.

A good country hotel, several dwelling houses, one store and two large warehouses for wheat storing, are all the town can boast of; no church and no school house, for there are no children and but one woman in the place; it is quite like an early day settlement.

Dr. Glenn is a strong temperance man, and strictly prohibited the sale of liquor within his borders for eight years, till, as he expressed it "they beat him," for the laborers stole off at night on his horses, and killed so many valuable animals in this way, that he was forced to allow the sale of whiskey in the one hotel under restriction; not a drop can be sold after ten o'clock p. m. The class of men which he employs are single men; low Germans and Irish the majority, and they will have liquor or leave the ranche; he would employ Chinese but the race prejudice is so strong that it would react on him at harvest time.

Oak forests skirt the river bank, and from 25,000 to 30,000 cords of this wood are cut annually. The wood cutters receive $1.25 per cord for cutting and piling it along the banks of the river, and, it is sold for $3.00 per cord, supplying the small steamers which ply up and down the river, and much of it finds its way to the San Francisco market.

It requires four hundred thousand dollars per year to keep this ranche in motion. Dr. Glenn values his ranche at fifty dollars an acre, making the estate worth about three millions. With all this vast estate Dr Glenn still cries more, and is not satisfied because he does not own the adjoining land.

I give a problem for the Hampton students to solve.

Dr. Glenn raises 60,000 acres of wheat on which he gets 13 sacks per acre, each sack containing an average of 132½ lbs. which he sells for $1.72½ per 100 pounds. How much will his crop amount to?

OUR COLORED TROOPS.

The former Commandant at Hampton sends us the following interesting tribute to colored soldiers, which would furnish a good item for Mr. Wilson's forthcoming book on "Colored troops in American Wars:"

Editor Southern Workman;

I take pleasure in forwarding to you, for insertion in your columns, the enclosed slips clipped from the *Army and Navy Journal*, of the 20th inst., as they may be of interest to your readers, of both races.

"Honor to whom honor is due."

Very respectfully,
Your ob'd'nt servant,
Henry Romeyn,
U. S. A.

Fort Brown Texas,
Jan. 29, '83.,

"The annual report of Surgeon Joseph R. Smith, Medical Director of the Department of Texas, brings out the significant fact, while there were 264 cases of inebriation, chronic alcoholism, and delirum tremens, among the white troops in that department, there was not a single case among the colored troops. The proportion of still more disreputable disorders among the white and colored troops are about the same; the warmer blooded Negroes at least showing no excess, though the percentage of disease as a whole and of death was greater among them then the whites. Desertion is far less frequent among the Negroes. On the whole, the colored troops lose nothing by comparison with the white regiments."

"The town of Framingham, Mass., has placed a neat granite memorial over the grave of a Revolutionary hero, which bears the following inscription: "Peter Salem, a soldier of the Revolution, died Aug. 16, 1816. Concord, Bunker Hill, Saratoga. Erected by the town, 1882." Peter Salem was the colored man who particularly distinguished himself in the Revolutionary War by shooting down Major Pitcairn at the battle of Bunker Hill, as he was mounting a redoubt, and shouting, "the day is ours!" this being the time when Pitcairn fell in the arms of his son. Peter Salem served faithfully in the war for seven years in the companies of minute men under Capt. John Nixon and Capt. Simon Edgeli of Framingham, and came out of it unharmed. He was a slave, and was owned, originally, by Capt. Jeremiah Belknap, of Framingham, being sold by him to Major Lawson Buckminster, of that town, he becoming a free man when he joined the Army."

ADVICE TO YOUNG WRITERS.

William Cullen Bryant once gave the following sensible advice to a young men who had offered him an article for his paper:

"My young friend, I observe that you have used several French expressions in your letter. I think, if you will study the English language, that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas that you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written, I do not recall an instance where I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that on searching I have found a better one in my own language.

Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do as well. Call a spade by its name, not a well known oblong instrument of manuel labor; let a home be a home, and not a residence; place not a locality, and so with the rest. When a short word will do, you always lose by a long one. You lose in clearness; you lose in honest expression; and in the estimation of all men who are capable of judging, you lose in reputation for ability. The only true way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust, but in the course of time, truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of us all, but simplicity and straightowardness are. Write much as you would speak, and as you think. If with your inferiors, speak no coarser than usual; if with your superior, speak no finer. Be what you say and within the rules of prudence. No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words or in pronunciation. The truly wise man will so speak that no one will observe how he speaks. A man may show great knowledge of chemistry by carrying bladders of strange gases to breathe; but one will enjoy better health, and find more time for business, who lives on common air."

"Sidney Smith once remarked: "After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half the words, and you will be surprised to see how much stronger it is."

The following words are often mispronounced. It will be well for the young reader to look them out in the dictionary, and fix the right sound and accent: Usually, zoology, yolk, virago, turbine, tour, trow, tiara, thyme, telegraphy, tassel, suit, strata, soot, sonnet, soiree, salmon, romance, robust, repartee, raspberry, pristine, radish, rapine, prairie, polonaise, plateau, pianist, piano-forte, orang-outang, Orion, orchestra, nausea, naivete, mogul, libertine, leisure, jaguar, heinous, homœopathy, heigh, giraffe, ghoul, finesse, European, equipage, encore, ducat, dishabille, Ægean Sea, Marmora, Mount Cenis, Moscow, Potosi, Port Said, Pompeii, Olessa, Nueces, Edinburgh, Ecuador, Ivry, Messina, Bombay.

in the family of Mr. Hugh Auld seven years. The principal feature of my life there was learning to read and write under such serious disadvantages, and all this time my hatred of slavery was growing more intense."

The preaching of a white minister named Hanson and the exhortations and the influence of a worthy old colored man named Lawson, had aroused deep religious feeling in the heart of the young slave, who sometimes forgot the griefs of earthly bondage in the hope of heavenly peace and rest. During this period he had become, without Mr. Auld's knowledge, a teacher of several colored boys like himself deprived of the benefits of education. He had heard and read much of life in the free states of the North, and had begun to revolve some plan for making his escape.

Some family difficulty between his owner Thomas Auld, and his employer Hugh Auld, resulted in Frederick's being ordered to return to his master. Mrs. Lucretia Auld, who had been the friend of his sorrowful childhood, was dead, and Mr. Auld had married a second time. Douglas now found himself again surrounded with hardships; his master and mistress, though professing to be Christians, showed little mercy to the unfortunate slaves in their possession. They stinted the food of their servants, so that hunger forced them to steal, and the slightest fault was followed by cruel punishment. Here again Frederick attempted to teach some of the young colored people on Sunday, but he and his companions were driven from their labor of love with angry blows by their masters. Finding the slave boy rebellious under such treatment, he was hired by his owner to a brutal white man to have, "his spirit broken" by unremitting toil and barbarous beatings. Before the end of the year the wretched boy, rendered desperate by the cruelties practiced upon him, learned to defend himself, and the man who had attempted to "break him" abandoned the effort. The following year found him hired to a lenient master, where his outward condition was much improved, but his desire for freedom only strengthened with the opportunity to advise plans for escape. A rash attempt of this kind, made in connection with some of his companions, resulted only in landing them all in jail.

Douglas had by this time became known in his district as "a dangerous negro." His high spirit, his ability to read and write, his influence upon other slaves, all combined to render him an object of dread and aversion to the slave holders around him. Nat. Turner's unhappy effort at emancipation had aroused general fear of insurrection, and Douglas's master was notified that his slave would be shot if he returned to the neighborhood where he had tried to run away. Thus persuaded, Capt. Auld determined to send his troublesome chattel back to Baltimore.

This was a great relief to Douglas, who had feared being sold to the far South, and he was for a time comparatively happy in being restored to his comfortable quarters in Mr. Hugh Auld's house, and re-united to the little circle of friends he had made in the early years spent in the city. Mr. Auld placed him in Gardiner's ship-yard to learn the trade of calking, of which he had already some knowledge. Here, for the first time, he came in competition with white labor, which is still one of the difficulties of the colored men in this country. The carpenters and apprentices in the ship-yard combined to make a drudge of their luckless, dark skinned co-laborer, and when his manly spirit refused to submit to such imposition they made a brutal and cowardly attack upon him. He was much injured in the affray, and when Mr. Auld, whose indignation was roused at the condition in which Douglas returned to him, wished to employ a lawyer to bring the affair into court, he found no legal redress could be obtained; only white witnesses were competent to testify at that time, and none of the hands in the ship-yard would give evidence to benefit the ill used black man. Mr. Auld at once removed Douglas to the yard where he was himself employed as foreman, and in less than a year the young calker could earn as good wages as the most skilled workers in the yard. Douglas was now about twenty one years old, full of vigor in mind and body. His constant struggle to obtain information had secured to him a degree of knowledge very unusual in a slave, and he had acquired a trade which could have given him a comfortable support, if his earnings had come into his own hands. Mr. Auld required him to bring him his wages every Saturday night, and rarely doled out to him as much as six pence for pocket money.

A burning desire for liberty possessed the soul of the young bondman, and he constantly revolved in his mind plans for escaping to the North. In spite of the dangers and difficulties which beset his pathway, these plans were carried into effect on the third of September, 1838. In the guise of a sailor, and carrying with him a colored seaman's permit to travel, he left Baltimore, and on the following morning he arrived safely, and without any serious accidents, in New York. Of this period Mr. Douglas writes, "I have often been asked how I felt when first I found myself upon free soil, but there is scarcely anything in my experience about which I could not give a more satisfactory answer. A new world had opened upon me. If life is more than breath, I then lived more in one day than in a year of my slave life. Anguish and grief, like darkness and rain, may be depicted, but gladness, like the rainbow and joy, defy the skill of pen or pencil."

By the aid of colored men living in New York, the fugitive from bondage was introduced to the officers of the "Under-ground Railroad," of which he in time became an officer himself, and by them was advised to go to New Bedford, Mass. His trade of calking they thought would ensure him a good living there, and he would be much safer than in a place where he was constantly liable to meet people from the South. Before leaving the city, Douglas found means to communicate with his intended wife, who came at his call, and they were married at once and set out for their new home. "Thus in a fortnight after my flight from Maryland," the narrative continues, "I was safe in New Bedford,—a citizen of the grand old Commonwealth of Massachusetts." He was very kindly received by Nathen Johnson, a colored resident of the town, and at his suggestion the fugitive dropped the name of Bailey, by which he had been known as a slave, and adopted that of Douglas.

For the next three or four years Douglas worked as a day laborer in New Bedford. He could have earned much more by his trade, but the bitter prejudice among the white workmen for a long time prevented his being employed where they worked. The same prejudice for a time closed the doors of the town lyceum against him, and in many other ways he found himself hindered and persecuted on account of his color. His industry and perseverance in time surmounted all difficulties, and one reads with astonishment of the manner in which his education was carried on. At one time he managed to read a newspaper by sailing it on the wall before him while working the bellows in the brass foundry where he was employed. Garrison's paper, the Liberator, soon attracted and engaged his attention, and era long he came to know and reverence the great anti-slavery leader himself.

In 1841, at a meeting of the abolitionists, a Mr. Coffin who had heard Frederick Douglas talk to the colored people of New Bedford in a little school house where they worshiped, insisted upon his addressing the Convention. Thus urged, he made his first speech to a white audience, and at once excited deep interest in his recital of the sorrows of slavery.

A new career, the one for which he was admirably adapted by nature, now opened before the struggling man of genius. The abolitionists, finding him a most effective speaker at their meetings, employed him at a small salary to travel through the north and west and rouse the country to the evils of the slave system. This occupation had many advantages for him. It brought him into association with many of the eminent men and women of this north. It gave him the long-desired opportunity for mental culture, it developed the fine talents he possessed, and it enabled him to labor effectively in the cause dearest to his heart, the emancipation of his race. To an ordinary man, the obstacles in his way would have seemed insurmountable. The prejudice against Negroes throughout the country made travelling difficult and sometimes dangerous. Frequently he was dragged from the cars and beaten by ruffianly officials, when he had paid for first class accommodations. On steamboats he was forced to remain all night on deck and often exposed to the inclemency of the weather. At hotels he was constantly denied admission to the eating rooms, and more than once was unable to find lodgings at night in towns where large audiences had assembled to hear him speak. Hardly anything in his sad experience as a slave is more melancholy than his account of a day spent in Pittsfield, N. H. in 1842, where he had an engagement to speak four times. After the first speech before a small audience, the hour came for the usual recess to allow the people to take lunch. "No one invited me to lunch," writes Mr. Douglas, "and I remained in the town hall until the audience returned, when I spoke until nearly 3 o'clock. Then the people dispersed and left me as before. Feeling hungry, I went to a small hotel near, and offered to buy a meal, but was told "they did not entertain niggers there." I went back to the hall hungry and chilled, for it was cold, and a drizzling rain falling. There was a grave yard near the building, and attracted thither, I felt some relief in contemplating the resting places of the dead, where there was an end to all distinctions between rich and poor, white and black, high and low." For the sake of our common humanity, it is gratifying to know that at length one man in the place, though not an abolitionist, had sufficient feeling to offer him the shelter of his roof.

At some of the places he visited and spoke, the sentiment against the abolition movement was so great that the speakers were mobbed, and on more than one occasion their lives were endangered. In addition to the trials shared with his white fellow-workers, Douglas constantly dreaded being recaptured by his master. A pamphlet account of his early life and escape from slavery had been widely circulated, and betrayed to his former owner the whereabouts of his escaped slave.

About the year 1845 he was advised by his northern friends to seek safety in a foreign land. He sailed for England, where he was most kindly welcomed by people of high position and received the consideration due to his abilities and the cause he represented.

A benevolent English lady furnished the means of purchasing him from his master Thomas Auld, and his anxiety in regard to his personal safety was at length set at rest, by receiving his free papers.

After a two year's residence abroad, Mr. Douglas returned to America, and with means provided chiefly by his English friends, established a newspaper at Rochester, New York, where he made his home until the close of the Civil War.

His time was henceforward busily occupied in writing and lecturing in the cause of emancipation. Many fugitives from slavery sought his aid, and received assistance from him in various ways.

Among the most interesting chapters of his book, which is throughout of thrilling interest, is the story of his acquaintence with John Brown. It will doubtless surprise southern readers of both races to learn that Mr. Douglas disapproved of John Brown's Harper's Ferry scheme, and urged every argument at his command against it. His knowledge of that mad attempt to overthrow the slave system and his supposed complicity in the affair, made American soil again unsafe for him, and again he crossed the ocean and found safety in England for a few months. The exciting period of the war, which then threatened and soon began in terrible earnest, found the eloquent speaker and writer eager to do all that one man could do in such a struggle. His efforts to serve his race and his country were faithful and unremitting, and were to a great extent successful. Mr. Lincoln recognized the character and abilities of Mr. Douglas and gave him his friendship and confidence. Since the war the ex-slave, now the well-known orator and writer, has lived in Washington, and has there enjoyed the friendship of many of our most eminent public men.

In 1876, President Hayes appointed him Marshal of the District of Columbia, and after his term of office expired in that position he was made Registrar of Deeds for the District, a place he still holds.

Among the striking incidents of his experience, since he has hewed his way to fame and fortune, is a visit paid by him, whilst U. S. Marshal, to his former owner, Capt. Thomas Auld, then very old and infirm. The story is most impressively told by the ex-slave, whom the vicissitudes of fate had brought back to the presence of his old master, in such strangely different guise, that one is reminded by the scene of the patriarch of old, who, with but a staff in his hand, went out from his birth place, to return after many years with all the dignity of a ruler in the land.

Mr. Douglas's life has been a most eventful one, and if his early years were full of trials and privations, his later days have not been without compensations.

Doubtless no one man can be said to have done more to secure the freedom of the African race in our land, and no one but such a colored man as he is, could have accomplished as much as he has for the elevation of his oppressed people.

In concluding his narrative Mr. Douglas says, "It will be seen in these pages that I have lived several lives in one. First, the life of slavery; secondly, the life of a fugitive from slavery; thirdly, the life of comparative freedom; fourthly, the life of conflict and battle, and lastly the life of victory, if not complete at least assured. To those who have battled for liberty, brotherhood and citizenship. I can say I too have battled. To those who have lived to enjoy the fruits of victory, I can say I too live and rejoice. I have written in pain for a class whose aspirations need the stimulus of success. I have aimed to assure them that knowledge can be obtained under difficulties; that poverty may give place to competency; that obscurity is not an absolute bar to distinction, and that a way is open to welfare and happiness for all who will resolutely and wisely pursue that way; that neither slavery, stripes, imprisonment, or proscription need extinguish self respect, crush manly ambition or paralyze effort; that no power outside of himself can prevent a man from sustaining an honorable character and a useful relation to his day and generation.

I have taught the fault is not in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings; that those "who would be free, themselves must strike the blow." I have urged upon them self-reliance, self-respect, industry, perseverance and economy;—to make the best of both worlds, but to make the best of this world because it comes first, and that he who does not improve himself by the motives and opportunities afforded by this world gives the best evidence that he would not improve in any other world."

A promise of God seems a very simple thing at first view. So does an acorn. No one who did not know the facts of vegetable life would dream that there is an oak-tree enfolded in it. In a single promise are folded an infinite variety of provisions and adaptations, laid up and not manifesting themselves until they are needed.

Vincent.

HOW THE PEN TRAVELS.

A rapid writer can pen thirty words in a minute. To do this he must draw his pen through the space of a rod, 16½ feet. In forty minutes his pen might travel a furlong. In a little more than five hours, this small instrument may have gone a mile. In a year of three hundred such working days, the pen would have traced a mark on paper three hundred miles long.

REMINISCENCES.

The following were commenced in reply to a request from a colored author, who is gathering material for a book on the record of the Negro soldier, but have been slightly modified in their scope, and published as of possible interest to the readers of the *Workman*.

As Lieut. Colonel, I took command in the fall of 1863, of six companies of the 9th U. S. colored troops then organizing, with three other regiments, in Benedict, Maryland, under the Command of General William Birney; completed the ten companies, and drilled them till the following March.

Our brigade was then ordered by sea to Hilton Head, South Carolina.

Of this organizing period I will say:

That these ex-slaves of Maryland were fine material. They escaped at all hours from the plantations about us, or were sent in from the recruiting stations of the Eastern Shore. We took only the soundest and best, put them at once into uniforms, armed and drilled them almost in the same day. At night they gathered, by hundreds, into a huge old tobacco barn, lit by a few tallow candles, where these strapping fellows pored over primers and spelling books, aided by four teachers, three of them ladies, who toiled for months for two hours every night. The teachers had been sent, at General Birney's request, by a Boston Society; some of them have been to this day my comrades in work for the colored people.

In book knowledge, in drill, and in all military duty they made remarkable progress. Nothing was a greater help to the then newly established, and not at all fashionable Negro service, than the decree of the Confederate Congress or Cabinet that the officers and soldiers of colored regiments should have no quarter if captured.

In our weekly officers' meeting to study tactics and discuss the situation, fully anticipating such treatment, we agreed that our men must go into battle in good shape, and must be made the most of. We told them what to expect. Never were men or officers more devoted to their duty. Their *morale* was remarkable.

Nobody in those days sought a commission in a Negro regiment without a purpose.

How we studied and drilled! Gen. Birney driving us hard; he proved himself a great organizer of camps. His service in Maryland in raising colored troops was a bold, successful and grand work. Sec'y Stanuton was back of him; President Lincoln did not seem to feel quite so sure of a step not strictly legal.

Many a master who came to get a receipt for his human property, was halted by a sentinal who two days before had been his slave.

The old flag over our camp was like the serpent raised in the wilderness. Once in sight of it, across the sentry's beat, was instant freedom. How the men sang at night, around their camp fires! Much of it was rough, uncouth music, and the officers complained of it. One night I was drawn out of my tent by a wonderful chorus. The men had struck up an old church hymn. "Dey look like men of war; dey look like men all marching around; dey look like men of war," which fitted the scene, and their hearty singing of it sent through me a sensation I never shall forget. It became their battle hymn. These were the dramatics of war; the dynamics came later.

I did not then realize how wise it was to put the black man into uniform, and use him as a United States soldier; though the pay was but $7. a month; white soldiers rec'd $13. a month. Treating him as a soldier made him one, just as treating him later as a citizen, did more than any thing else to make him one. The Negro rallied grandly to the duty required. There was, as there has been ever since, more in him than we expected to find, and more than his old masters ever dreamed of.

The question about men is not so much what is their innate capacity, but what are the conditions in which they live. Success is a matter of conditions rather than of predeterminations; not but that heredity is a power in life; but that it is secondary, decidedly, to the surroundings of a man. This fact is not appreciated as it should be. The "their of all the ages" without a chance will come to nothing; the wildest savage with one, may become great.

Both armies despised our black regiments in those days; but before the war was over they were drilling Negro troops in the Capitol Square at Richmond, Va., to help save the Confederacy.

I was once called to command a party to hunt up a Southerner, who had shot, under excitement, one of our recruiting officers, and had the unpleasant duty of searching the house of a charming family, who had most kindly entertained me the week before. Having missed by accident, the steamer from Baltimore, and thereby incurred, I was told, the displeasure of the General, commanding the department. I hired a little canoe, sailed sixty miles down the bay, landing at Pinn Point, hungry and tired, received the greatest kindness from a delightful Southern family, and had been sent on one of their best horses to my command, arriving just behind the steamer. The search of this house was conducted gently.

The soldiers wished to do their whole duty. Galloping one day by the pioneer corps, who were returning from wood chopping, they solemnly "presented axes."

The sentries were loyal, but not always clear headed. A party of officers, lugging slyly into camp a keg of beer, were hailed with "Who comes there?" "Comrades, bearing the body of a deceased brother," was the reply; the solemn sounding words and the dignity of death overcame the awe-struck guard, who let them in without the countersign.

Mess life was usually hilarious; the "Anvil chorus" was produced with great effect on tin cups, knives and tin plates; these and other like doings at times tried the chaplain's equanimity.

With all the care in selecting men, the mortality was great. The men lived and were clothed differently from usual. Pneumonia carried off many. The new quarters, built of logs and mud covered with tents, were damp. Even on their own ground, with no climatic change whatever, the death rate was high. One reason was, no doubt, their superstitious fears excited by sickness. The doctors afterwards said that the black soldiers bore surgical operations with wonderful fortitude, but in ordinary sickness their pluck failed, and they gave up. In February, 1863, the brigade sailed for South Carolina.

Should any one ask "How did you get into this work," the answer is; being a Major—a fifth wheel where there is a Colonel and Lieut. Colonel, especially in a regiment severely cut down by over a year's campaigning in Northern Virginia—there was nothing to do, and so restless and having heard of the use of the Negro as a soldier, it seemed a work worth trying. I left the 125th New York Volunteers, raised in Troy, New York, in the summer of 1862, which I had, just after graduating from Williams College, joined as a Captain; sorry enough to part with the brave boys, and especially to leave "Company D," which never flinched While they always got their share of turkey in some sly way I never discorned, were ever ready for the dreadful work they had too often to do. I felt proud of them at Gettysburg, where many of them fell.

I have hardly a stronger tie in the world than to those boys. They used to call it the "Sunday school company." The truth is, about half were from the Baptist and other Sunday schools of Troy, whom their mothers wished me to take "if they *must* go," and the rest were another class; huge country fellows; farmers from Pittstown and Albia, and workmen from the Nail Factory; a motley crewd of eighty, always infused with fun by the little city fellows hardly bigger than their own knapsacks, who outmarched the country giants, and cracked jokes in the very jaws of death.

My pen runs away with me; make whatever you can of this letter so far as colored troops are concerned. I may write another, but will not promise.

S. C. A.

RELIGIOUS WORK AT HAMPTON.

The text of the sermon preached in Bethesda Chapel on the first Sabbath of the year 1883, was this: "Ye have not passed this way heretofore"; but we little understood then, how true these words of Joshua were to be in our experience at Hampton.

Ever since the opening of the term, there has been an increased interest in religious truth on the part of the students, and a renewed earnestness on the part of the teachers. The Sunday school lessons for the last quarter of '82, were upon the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, and these same truths which, as presented by Peter, had such great results in the conversion of souls on the Day of Pentecost, have had a like result in the minds and hearts of these pupils, when presented by faithful teachers.

The religious work of the school has been more thoroughly systematized this term than ever before. Every building on the place has had its own meeting for prayer, and the Christians of each section of the several classes have been organized for work. We were able to give a more religious tone to the festivals of the year.

Thanksgiving Day and Christmas told their stories in a way which made an impression on many minds. At the suggestion of the Principal, the students contributed, not without some self denial, in order to give to those in need. Twenty-six families were visited by the students and teachers on Christmas morning, and provided with dinners, and thus an object lesson was taught, which some of us will never forget, as to the real meaning of the day. For weeks before, the school had been learning the hymns and verses which told them of the Babe of Bethlehem; and, when at last they came together, each class with a banner that gave some name that belonged to the Christ child, it was one of the most beautiful and instructive gatherings of the year. On New Year's eve, a number of the students and teachers met in a little upper room, and, as the old year passed out and the new year came in, we prayed that God would forgive the sins of the old and grant his especial blessing on the new. He has heard our prayer in a wonderful manner. During the week of prayer, there was much quiet religious interest, and when we came to its close, the students asked that the meetings which had been held every evening during that week might be continued. The request was granted, and with this new week came a turning point in the lives of very many among us. To many of us, has come, as never before, an appreciation of the power of God's spirit to convict of sin and to change men's lives. Night after night, the large chapel of Virginia Hall was filled with students, and many remained for guidance and help. Often, far into the night, the teachers, pastor and principal, worked with those inquirers, striving to show them the way to Christ. In this work, Mrs. A. S. Steele, a missionary of the A. M. A. at Chattanooga, who happened to be visiting the school at the time, rendered invaluable help. Her long experience in this work and her sincere interest in the colored people, gave her remarkable power in dealing with them.

A quiet but intense earnestness pervaded the meetings. As one and another rose to confess their faith in Christ, and their determination to follow him, there was a hush over that great mass of five hundred students that told of deep feeling. These confessions or prayers were sometimes uttered in words that we did not understand, in the Dakota or the softer language of the Pima Indians, but earnest faces and tones told of longings for the better life, and the unknown tongue did not hinder the rest of us from taking part in their devotions.

The story of the starting out in the new life was often told in figurative language; it was the coming out of darkness into the light; the getting off the wrong road on to the right road, the starting out from the city of Destruction toward the Heavenly city; but in it all there was the thought of trust in Christ as their Saviour, and a desire to follow His lead. It was not always easy to make them understand that they were to take Christ at his word when He promised forgiveness and acceptance; there was often a seeking after some strange "experience," instead of Christ; but when they did come to believe that He called them, they could hardly contain themselves for joy. When, on Sunday evening of that week, the last two unconverted members of the Senior class came out as Christians, there was a grand praise meeting in Virginia Hall, and there was rejoicing through all the school.

Between eighty and ninety of the students have taken a stand as Christians, and are trying to put their religion into their daily life. Nor are the good results of these days of earnest thought on religious subjects confined to the students. They have had their effect in many ways, and we all feel stronger for the work which we have to do here. We can truly say, "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad."

THE MONTHLY CONCERT AT HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

During the present term, one Sunday evening of each month has been given up to the consideration of mission work in foreign lands. The plan has been to have the different classes of the Sunday School take up the countries where mission work is being done, study their geography, the customs of its people, the native religions and the work done in bringing to them the gospel of Christ. We have been much favored in having with us missionaries from different parts of the world, from Japan and from Zululand, and Dr. Blyden from Liberia, so that we have come to be much interested in the work which is being done in other lands.

Our last concert had for its subject, Mexico. The evening was one of the most interesting and instructive of the term. One of the girl's classes had been preparing for several weeks and the papers presented were altogether creditable.

One paper took up the geography of the country, and with the help of a blackboard showed us the high plateau on which the City of Mexico is situated, which extends northward into the United States, along which rail roads are now being constructed, which will bring us into close connection with this interesting country. Dr. Elliuwood, in a paper read before the General Assembly at Buffalo, says, "Years ago, Humboldt called attention to a fact which is now being recognized by our rail road projectors; that the whole distance from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to the old Aztec Capitol, there is a natural grade for great highways of commercial intercourse. Above this plateau, the ancient Indian civilization drifted southward and along this plateau we foresee the grander tides of an international commerce. And along this plateau we must plant our churches and schools."

Another paper by one of the girls told of a railway journey from Vera Cruz through giant forests, up the side of the Cordilleras to the City of Mexico, 7500 feet above the sea.

In striking contrast with this was a story which Gen. Marshall had to tell of a journey across Mexico on the back of a mule, on his way from the Sandwich Islands to the United States in the year 1843, through a country where there were no woods but only bridle paths, and down mountain sides so steep that the mule was obliged to bring its four feet together and slide down rather than walk.

He told us of perils by robbers, of the rooms in the best hotels of Mexican cities, which he took for dungeon cells, and of nights spent on mud floors and hard, unplaned planks. His account gave us an insight into the customs of the people, the degradation of the Sabbath, their corrupt religion, which the Abbe Domenech, who went into Mexico with Maximilian, declares is not Catholic. He says Mexico is not a Catholic country. Mexican faith is a dead faith. The abuses of external ceremonies, the facility of reconciling the devil with God, the absence of internal exercises of piety have killed the the faith in Mexico. It is in vain to seek any good fruit from this worthless tree, which makes the Mexican religion a singular assemblage of heartless ceremonies, slothful ignorance, inconse superstition and hideous vice.

Still another of the class told of the early history of Mexico; of how the Toltecs came in the 7th century and the Aztecs in the 13th century, of the coming of Cortez in 1519, of how he found idol worship and the practice of human sacrifices, 25000 victims a year. This he abolished and in place of the idols erected shrines for the Virgin.

She told of the landing of Maximilian, and gave the sad story of his death. Gen. Armstrong gave some of his personal experiences in Mexico when he was sent down there with 20,000 Colored troops to watch the movements of Maximilian and the liberals.

A letter from a former missionary of the Presbyterian Board in Mexico was read, which gave a good insight into the mission work being done there by the different Protestant churches. "Take for instance, the District of Zitecuaro. The whole district is largely Protestant and now stands out as a bright example where peace, temperance, regard for woman, and love for education, rule the masses. The prison, once full to overflowing of evil doers, is now used as a storehouse. The Sabbath, once a holiday given up to drink and fighting, is now a day of rest, a time when the people go into God's house to pray and praise. The children are in the school during work days, and at night they teach their fathers and mothers what they have learned during the day. All this was done in five years through an open Bible." And it is this open Bible which as Dr. Elliuwood says, has been the differential which has wrought the contrast between Mexico and the United States. He says, "While Mexico had a full century, start of us in the introduction of European civilization and the knowledge of the Christian faith, she has, until recent years, remained almost at a standstill in comparison with our progress. And the difference is to be traced not to any inferiority of soil or climate, for in their earlier civilization her Toltecs and Aztecs were in advance of the Peonots and Iroquois; not to any lack of vigor or enterprise in the power by which the country was conquered, for the empire of Charles V, of Spain was peerless in that age.

The free use of the Word of God, liberty of conscience, the sacredness of the family, schools and colleges, the press and general enlightenment—these have been our heritage; while Mexico, with a crucifix instead of the scriptures, and ceremonies for instruction, and festivals and bull-fights, instead of Sabbaths, with foreign viceroys rather than citizen rulers, and a colonial policy which robbed the country without improving it—how could she keep pace with the general march of human improvement."

SOUTHERN LIFE.

[From Correspondence of the N. Y. Evening Post.]

PLANTATION SHADOWS.

Let us draw a rough picture of the ordinary southern plantation home as one finds it to-day, eighteen years since the close of the war. It is usually a stately two-story structure, pillared in front, rarely ornate as to architecture, and with rather an impressive air of aristocratic comfort. But examine it closer, with more attention to detail! The paint is worn off, and long weather-marks cross its front. The cornices and mouldings are fast rotting to decay. Here and there in the upper story is a broken window. The shingles are moss-grown, and the chimney is rough-edged from the disintegration of mortar and brick. The great front yard of several acres, which used to reach out far before this antique dwelling to the street or roadway, has been cut in twain by a cross fence, reducing it to half its old area. The rows of trees are rough and untrimmed. Ducks, geese, pigs, and a gaunt horse wander through the dooryard, making its surface like that of a pasture. A scattered pile of wood within a circumference of chips is a side-scar on the scene. Battered fences, a musty-looking clump of outhouses, a barnyard where one or two dismal mules are meditating, complete the picture of shabby grandeur.

The owner of this typical mansion is usually a gentleman—and a real one—whose outward aspect is not much different from that of a well-to-do Yankee or New Yorker who has been born and bred in the country. But he is far more courteous and polite, not merely as an art but as a genuine element of his character. His kindness to a guest is not a formality but a hearty, voluntary impulse—even when carried to a point which was at the North would regard as absurdly sacrificial. No inconvenience is too burdensome, no hospitality too unstinted to be refused a guest. The planter's own time, his family, plans, his horses, his guns, his fishing rods, must all be at the visitor's full disposal. Let me be absolutely just to Southern character and say that the same courtesy extends to the stranger met on the road or railway train, and that in less degree the same innate politeness is shown even by the poor Southern whites. I have often been amazed at the natural courtesy both of speech and manner of some unkempt native of the South whom, at the North, we would set down as a common tramp. Southern chivalry has its deep rooted and detestable faults, some of which will be touched upon before this letter closes. But among its best qualities must be cited graces of common social intercourse, extending down through all classes, which the Northerner rarely finds equaled in his own communities.

Personally speaking, this quality I have described is most attractive. But, economically, the kindly social habits generated during the slave times, inherited from fathers and still perpetuated, are a fearful bar to material progress. Well enough they were perhaps when the planter had large surplus wealth in human stock, and when the sale of one or two negroes might fill the gap in the annual interest on a mortgage. But the system is fatal now, when industry, watchfulness, and household economy are the only conditions on which the plantation can be saved from the creditor. If, after seeing lately many plantations in the Mississippi Valley, I were asked what is the chief obstacle to Southern progress, the answer would be the wasteful extravagance caused by too much sociability—an extravagance penetrating the whole of the planter's life. The methodical Yankee, accustomed to close and systematic management, would be profoundly amazed at the way the ordinary planter "runs" a plantation of, say, a thousand acres, with a hundred negro hands. It is a vast and ramified interest, as intricate as a big New England factory. Yet the planter scarcely ever keeps a set of plantation books. His costly implements of cotton culture—ploughs, harrows, and cultivators—are constantly seen rusting in the fields, just where the negro hands had left them months before. He may be staggering under an annual interest charge, yet he must have his horses for pleasure, his costly guns, and expensive double wagons, to be worn out quickly on rough rutted roads, upon which a Yankee millionaire would scarcely use a buckboard. The younger planters, too, seem to think it essential to human existence that they should "treat" frequently, gamble a little, and buy a few lottery tickets each year. (I may add parenthetically just here that the Louisiana State Lottery is one of the economic banes of the whole Mississippi Valley, merely from its effects on character). To sum up the whole thing in a sentence, this ancestral and misguided sociability of the planter, to which we give the hackneyed name of "Southern hospitality," is too often more like the last splendid banquet of a bankrupt on the verge of ruin than rational liberality. A very ordinary New Englander would make a good living out of what the planter habitually wastes.

SOME WHOLESOME SIGNS.

Nevertheless, when all that is negative has been said, there remain many wholesome and encouraging signs. One is the really rapid decline of sectional animosity, now that the predatory carpet-bagger has been driven out. Politics are everywhere at a discount, and the South, so far as feeling goes, is ardently "on the make." Scarcely anywhere to-day would a Northern Republican be ostracised, provided he goes about his business, behaves himself, and does nothing worse politically than vote the Republican ticket. As to slavery, the feeling is also very rational. Of course there is a regret for loss, and wistful glances back to the days of comparative opulence. But rarely does one find a Southerner who will say that he wants the slave system, with its immoralities, back. The "institution" which used to seem to him Scripture-founded, is remembered now with a poetic regret, often expended in a verse, story, or song, whose burden is the good old times.

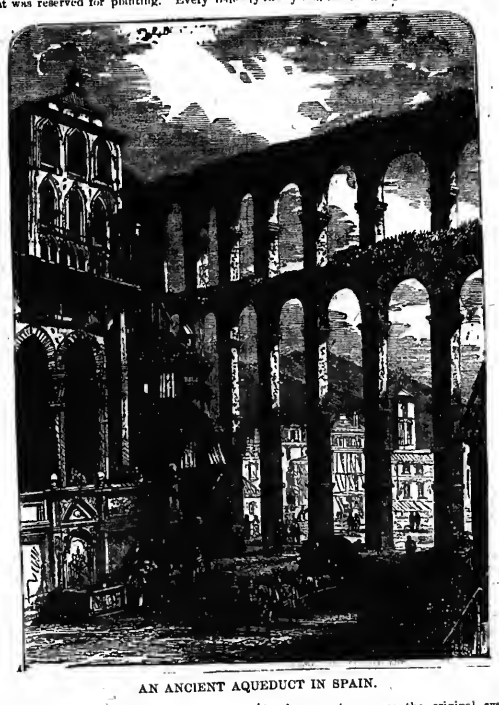
To say nothing of up growth of cotton factories and other industries—for in this letter I am speaking of distinctively plantation life—the planter has received a big "lift" from the cotton seed industry. Before the war, practically all cotton seed went to waste, except a small fraction used as manure and what was reserved for planting. Every bale of cotton represents about 1,000 pounds of seeds, worth at the gin, say, six dollars. Assuming that each acre grows half a bale of cotton—a low estimate—and that half the seed product is reserved for planting, there will be a net product per acre of 1.50, which was substantially lost in the old times. Within a few years the industry of making cotton seed oil has increased immensely, until the manufactured product in oil and oil cake is estimated as worth $10,000,000. As is well known, the oil is often substituted for olive oil in table use, while the cake is exported in large quantities to be used for cattle feed. The industry is a peculiarly ingenious one. First, the seed is taken into a fine combed gin and the short cotton left by the plantation gins hulled away. This produces about thirty pounds of short staple cotton to each ton of seed, worth six cents a pound. The seeds are then hulled by machinery, the kernels ground into meal, which is heated to a certain point, then placed in tough sacks and run into a hydraulic press, which extracts the oil, leaving the yellow meal in hard cakes. This meal is not unpleasant to the taste, much resembling buckwheat flour, and I have heard of its use for human food. Each ton of seed ultimately produces about thirty gallons of oil, worth forty-five cents a gallon; 800 pounds of cake, worth $22 a ton; lint cotton worth $1.80, besides soap material derived from the refining, and the hulls, which may be used both for fuel in the factory and as compost. Both the home and the foreign demand for oil-seed products is increasing rapidly, and the factories are said to pay large dividends. But like cotton itself, cotton seed is a crop much wasted and abused. Every sack of seed seems to have a leaking hole in it, and at Memphis, all along the sloping river-bank, one has to fairly wade through several inches of putrid decaying seed ere he reaches the wharf-boats. As to cotton, a single glance at the tattered, half-covered bales, soiled with mud or soaked with rain, is enough to prove how shiftlessly the crop is treated.

Finally, as to wholesome signs at the South, the annexed census figures are suggestive, as showing the break-up of the big farms and partial disestablishment of the plantation system:

	No of farms 1870	No of farms 1880
Alabama	67,392	105,864
Arkansas	49,454	94,443
Florida	10,211	23,434
Georgia	69,966	128,626
South Carolina	51,989	94,864
	248,992	436,225

How far this subdivision has been accompanied by more improved and precise methods of cotton culture is hard to say. Certainly the system is bad enough now, and if there has been much progress, the original system must have been absurdly wasteful.

To sum up the case, the Southern planter as well as Southern communities in general have a great deal to learn as well as unlearn. The planter must unlearn his prodigal habits, must curb his convivial nature, practise the plantation economies, and set bounds on his misguided hospitality; and communities appealing for our dollars must remember that Northern capital has a prejudice in favor of regions where "dying in the boots" is not so popular, as passing away respectably in bed with the boots off.



AN ANCIENT AQUEDUCT IN SPAIN.

AN ANCIENT AQUEDUCT IN SPAIN.

Here is a picture showing a beautiful specimen of the old Roman aqueduct, such as still exist at Terragona, Pamplona, Segovia and many other parts of Spain. In this aqueduct of Segovia I drank from the stream of limpid water still running along its summit, ninety four feet above the valley, as it has now done for sixteen hundred years. This aqueduct was probably built by Vespasian, though the Segovians call it the work of the Devil. Here we have combined grace and strength, solidity and softness, beauty and utility, the old giving life to the new. May the gospel streams flow as steadily during the coming centuries for the thirsty millions of Spain.

Missionary Herald.

THE FREEDMEN'S PETITION.

It is but fitting that those most nearly concerned in the question of National aid to education, should have an opportunity to express their anxious desire for help, as far as they have intelligence to feel it. That many do feel it is certain, and to this end a petition was framed and sent to all the graduate teachers of Hampton, who have taken great interest in explaining it and circulating it among their people. The letters received from them give evidence of the interest felt. The following are samples.

WOODBERRY, N. J.
JANUARY 20th, 1883.

Dear General:

Your circular with envelope and petition came to me on the 14th inst. I had not time to canvass our town till to day. Recognizing the importance of such aid, I have spent this day in securing the signatures of the most influential men of Woodbury, and of Gloucester County. I trust that Congress, in its wisdom, will grant that request.

I see that France has passed a bill granting assistance to public schools from the government.

In our country the people rule, and the power which rules should be educated. I shall forward the petition to Prof. Painter on Monday.

Wishing you a happy and successful new year,

I am yours sincerely,
L. B. LANGHORNE.

LYNCHBURG, VA., February 7th, 1883.

Dear General:

I have been intending a long time to write and tell you of my success with the petition, as I felt quite sure you would like to know whether I was able to secure many signatures or not. At the time it reached me we were having very disagreeable weather, and it was almost impossible for me to get around the city, so a gentleman friend kindly consented to do the work for me. I accepted gladly, as he was an old citizen and knew all the influential men of the city, and would be more successful than I. Very soon he secured quite a large number of names, over fifty I think, who are known over the State. It was sent in as promptly as possible, and I am sure in good season. I trust your efforts may not be in vain.

Wishing you good health and success

I am, truly yours,
MARY A. STOKES.

NELSON CO. VA., Jan. 17th, 1883.

Dear General:

I have been thinking that I would write to you before this date, but various circumstances have prevented my doing so. I received your blank (Petition to Congress,) and filled it out with signed signatures, and sent it in at once according to order. I could fill out another if I had it, but it would be too late I suppose, as you request them to be sent in by the middle of Jan., though I did not receive mine until the 15th.

I guess you know by this time that I am teaching the same school that I have been teaching for two winters. I have six months this session instead of five. The Superintendant is well pleased with my teaching. I have made only one mistake in making out my report since I have been teaching. I am not teaching just now, the snow is too deep to attend. I have been teaching two months and reported last month thirty-six scholars.

My Sunday school and Temperance Society are still progressing. I opened night school on Monday night, Jan. 15th, with four scholars, several have promised to come. I don't charge anything this year for teaching at night, as the people are very anxious to learn and money is hard to get hold of.

I am yet remembered by the northern friends who kindly consent to furnish reading matters for my Sunday school. I have just answered a letter to Miss ——— of Mass., a lady who having heard of me and my work, has offered to supply me with articles suitable for my school. I generally receive abundance of reading matter from the North, from friends who hear of my work; I make no delay in returning thanks, and giving them a sketch of my work.

Four of the Hampton graduates are teaching near me. I learn that they are circulating a good work among their people. Ignorance finds it hard to flourish among these teachers.

I have written to Miss Claaveland of N. Y., as you requested me to, and shall be pleased to give her an account of myself often. What I am I owe to Hampton; I feel greatly indebted to her. If you should find space enough in your Workman, and deem this worthy of attention, I shall be glad for you to publish this.

I will close with love for Hampton.

Your friend,
MILLIE A. BENNETT.

Teachers' Table.

SENTIMENTS FOR RECITATION.

WORK WHILE THE DAY LASTS.

Work thou thy work, while it is day,
With patient heart, the right to aid;
And leave the wrong to him who said:
"Vengeance is mine; I will repay."

Work, though the task seem sad and slow;
God moveth onward silently;
We know that better things shall be,
But how, or when, we cannot know.

What if the task pass human strength?
What if the day be dark and drear?
Each laborer in his proper sphere,
And all complete the work at length.

What if thou canst not see the end?
Press on, in firm and fearless mood,
And doubt not that all acted good
To some result of good must tend.

MAN.

"How poor, how rich, how abject; how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder, He who made him such;
Who centered in one make, such strange extremes,
From different natures marvellously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds;
Distinguished link in being's endless chain;
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt;
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine.
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory; a frail child of dust;
Helpless immortal; insect infinite!
A worm! A god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost; at home a stranger.
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast;
And wondering at her own, now reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distressed! What joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarmed!
What can preserve my life, or what destroy?
An angel's arm may snatch me from the grave,
Legions of angels cannot keep me there.

Young's Night Thoughts.

ORATORY.

"First in the orator, is the man. Let no man who is a sneak try to be an orator. A man who is to be an orator must have something to say. He must have something that in his very soul he feels to be worth saying. He must have in his nature that kindly sympathy which connects him with his fellowmen, and which so makes him a part of the audience which he moves, that his smile is their smile, his tear their tear, and the throb of his heart, the throb of the hearts of the whole assembly. A man that is humane, a lover of his kind, full of all earnest and sweet sympathy for their welfare, has in him the original element, the substance of oratory, which is truth.

Conversation belongs to oratory. How many men there are who are weighty in argument, who have abundant resources at their command, and who are almost boundless in their power at other times, and in other places, but who, when in company among their kind, are exceedingly unapt in these methods. Having none of the secret instruments by which the elements of nature may be touched, having no skill and no power in this direction, they stand as machines before living sensitive men. A man may be as a master before an instrument; only the instrument is dead; and he has the living hand; and out of that dead instrument what wondrous harmony springs forth at the living touch! and if you can electrify an audience by the power of a living man on dead things, how much more should that audience be electrified when the chords are living and the man is alive, and he knows how to touch them with divine inspiration!

I advocate therefore in its full extent, and for every reason of humanity, of patriotism, and of religion, a more thorough culture of oratory.

To make men patriots, to make men Christians, to make men the sons of God, let all the doors of heaven be opened, and let men drop down charmed gifts, winged imagination, all-perceiving reason, and all judging reason. Whatever there is, that can make men wiser and better, let it descend upon the head of him who has consecrated himself to the work of mankind, and who has made himself an orator for man's sake and for God's sake.

H. W. BEECHER.

EDUCATION.

It is not the extent of the educational course which makes the best mind; that can only be the resultant of well directed, thorough, conscientious, faithful and persistent efforts. Students sigh for genius, but genius is mainly the capacity for work. It is not a vast surface of ground poorly cultivated that brings the bounteous harvest, but that which is ploughed and cross ploughed, and harrowed and pulverized so that each little thread-like rootlet gets its mouths filled, and then the well fed plant throws out its broad leaves to the sun and breeze, and the ripened corn lenghs out from between the opening husks.

EDWARD P. WATTERBURY.

At Home.

BOYS AND TOBACCO.

BY REV. L. H. ELLIOT, KEESEVILLE, N. Y.

Why do most boys have such a hard time learning to use tobacco? Why did Fred, after using that old pipe, hurry off to bed the other night without any supper? Why did John turn so pale and ask his companions to help him one afternoon when he went out with some older boys into the pine grove, or down under the hill, out of sight, to have his first smoke? Why did mother become so frightened and suggest that the doctor be called when Charlie became so terribly sick after smoking a cigar? Let me tell you. There is poison in tobacco, and when a boy begins to use it, his stomach and his whole system recoil. Give a piece of tobacco to an elephant and, if possible, he will strike you a hard blow with his trunk. Now that sickness is the blow your physical system is aiming at you for giving self that tobacco. You never would attempt the second time to give tobacco to an elephant, and if you are a wise boy you will never try to use it yourself more than once.

Dr. Willard Parker, one of the leading physicians in New York city, says: "It is now many years since my attention was called to the insidious but positively destructive effects of tobacco on the human system. I have seen great deal of its influence upon those who use it and work in it. Cigar and snuff manufacturers have come under my care in hospitals and private practice, and such persons cannot recover soon and in a healthy manner from cases of injury or fever. They are more apt to die in epidemic and more prone to apoplexy and paralysis. The same is true of those who chew and smoke. In my opinion, the habitual use of tobacco shortens a man's life at least ten years. The poison slowly but surely destroys life."

Dr. Marshall writes: "The smoker cannot escape the poison of tobacco. It gets into the blood, travels the whole round of his system, interferes with his heart's action and general circulation, and effects every organ and fiber of the frame."

Dr. Brown of Providence, R. I., says: "The symptoms liable to arise from the habitual use of tobacco in any form may be any of the following: Dizziness, headache, faintness, pain at the pit of the stomach, weakness, tremulousness, hoarseness, disturbed sleep, irritability of temper, seasons of mental depression, epileptic fits and sometimes mental derangement."

Dr. Hosack say: "The alarming frequency of apoplexy and palsy and epilepsy, and other nervous diseases, is attributable to the use of tobacco."

Dr. Ferguson says: "I believe that no one who smokes tobacco before his bodily powers are developed, ever makes a vigorous man."

Last year a man in my town was taken very suddenly and painfully sick, and for days his friends and physicians despaired of his life. When he had recovered sufficiently to talk, he said the cause was smoking fifteen cigars daily.

Dr. Prince, for a long time superintendent of the insane asylum, Northampton, Mass., says: "Fully half of the patients who have come to our asylum for treatment are victims of tobacco."

After the death of United States Senator Carpenter, a few months ago, an intimate friend wrote: "Died from smoking twenty cigars a day."

Only a few months ago the distinguished United States Senator Hill from Georgia died a most painful death from cancer in the mouth, produced by the use of tobacco.

Now what boy that reads these statements in regard to the injurious effects of tobacco will not say: "Give me health and strength, give me long life and happy old age, before all the pleasure thet comes from the use of the poisonous weed?"

—Vermont Chronicle.

TRUE WOMEN.

Every man of sense admires a woman as a woman, and when she steps out of this character, a thousand things, that in their appropriate sphere would be admired, become disgusting and offensive. The appropriate character of a woman demands delicacy of appearance and manners, refinement of sentiment, gentleness of speech, modesty of feeling and action, a shrinking from notoriety and public gaze, aversion to all that is coarse and rude, and an instinctive abhorrence of all that tends to indelicacy and impurity, either in principle or action. These are the traits which are admired and sought for in woman.—*Exchange.*

Health and Humanity.

TEN LESSONS ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

FIFTH LESSON.

Open thy lips and speak,
Protect the dumb and weak,
Their cause maintain.
Why should we them abuse?
Why these kind friends misuse?
O! let us never choose
To cause them pain.

SIDNEY HERBERT.

THE HORSE—*Continued.*

(To be read to pupils by Primary Teachers.)

In Russia, people do not use blinders to cover the eyes of the horses, and so they seldom get frightened. They know when to start because they can see when the people have got into the carriages, and when they hear noises they can see the cause.

Blinders were invented by an English nobleman to hide a defect in the eyes of a valuable horse, and then they were found to be good places for the nobility to put on their coats-of-arms, and so they came in fashion. They injure the eyes of horses, and have caused thousands of accidents, because horses with blinders cannot see behind them. In America a great many people are training their horses to go in carriages without blinders,—just as they do in saddles without blinders,—and by-and-by I think they will be out of fashion, and horses like all other animals, will be permitted to use their eyes.

It is a great cruelty to a horse to tie his head back with a tight check-rein, for he cannot breathe so freely, he cannot draw so much load, nor so easy. Many horses suffer great pain and become diseased because of their cruel check-reins. If a boy had to draw or push a heavy sled or wheel barrow with a bit in his mouth fastened to his back, which pulled his head away back of his shoulders so he could not lean forward, then he would know what a horse suffers with a tight check-rein. A check rein, if used at all, should always be so long that when a horse draws a heavy load up a steep hill, he can put his head as far down as he would put it if he did not have a check-rein. Over five hundred horse doctors in Great Britain have signed a paper condemning tight check reins; and I think the time will come when all our men, women, and children will become so humane to horses that they will not make them suffer any longer with tight check-reins.

Some people, when their horses become old, or sick, or lame, sell them for a small sum to cruel men who beat them, and kick them, and starve them, and otherwise abuse them, then the poor horses have a hard time until they die. I think that a good horse that has worked faithfully for his master until he is worn out, never ought to be sold. When his has become too old or worn out to serve a good and merciful master, then he should be killed in a merciful way without pain. This can be done in one instant by shooting him *just in the middle of the top of the front of the head, near the top of the forehead.* The "Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" publishes a little book that shows how horses and other domestic animals may be killed in a merciful way, and the Society employs persons in Boston to kill them.

Five other things about the horse, are worthy of being told, namely: (1st.) That the strongest part of a horse is just behind his shoulders, and the rider who leans forward in his saddle tires his horse less than one who leans back. (2d.) That when, because of old age, the teeth of horses do not properly chew food, they can often be put in good condition by horse-doctors. (3d.) That it is just as cruel to keep a horse in the stables for days without exercise, fresh air, and sunshine, as it would be to keep a boy in the house several days without exercise, fresh air, and sunshine. Horses should have some exercise every day. (4th.) That horses like to have other horses or other animals in the stable with them, and perhaps feel almost as lonely without them as boys do when they have no companions. (5th.) It has been found by experiments in Great Britain, that horses which work hard six days in a week will last much longer and do more work in a life-time, if permitted to rest every seventh day. And this reminds me that a friend of mine near Boston, Mass., used to drive his horse six days of every week to the railway station, and the seventh day, by a different road to church. After a time the horse learned this, and of his own accord would take the road to the railroad station six days in a week, and every seventh day the road to church.

Horses differ in intelligence, but they all know when they are kindly treated, and whether you speak kindly to them or not, and they like to be kindly spoken to. I could tell you many true stories about horses, but it would make this lesson too long. If you want to be kind to horses, always refuse to ride after a horse that is sick or lame, or that seems to be poorly fed and weak.

SOME QUESTIONS.

[Others to be added by the teachers.]

In what country are blinders not used on horses?

Who invented them and what for?

Why is it better to learn horses to go without blinders?

Why is it cruel to tie up a horse's head with a tight check rein?

Could a boy push or pull a load well with a tight check-rein, and why not?

How long should a check-rein be if used at all?

When a horse gets old, or sick, or lame, is it right to sell him to strangers?

How can he be killed in a merciful way?

Does a rider who leans forward in the saddle tire a horse more or less than one who leans back, and why?

When the teeth of old horses become bad, what can be done for them?

Should a horse be kept in a stable without exercise, fresh air, and sunshine? If not, why not?

Why do horses like to have other animals in the stables with them?

What has been found in England in regard to horses that work hard six days in a week?

What can you tell about the horse in Massachusetts that used to go to the railway station week days, and to church Sundays?

Do horses know when they are kindly spoken to?

If you want to be kind to horses what should you always refuse to do?

Agricultural.

A GOLD VEIN ON MOST FARMS.

Very many communities know the excitement produced by the rumor, even, that somebody in the vicinity has found indications of the presence of gold in the soil. Untold millions have been expended in searching for the precious metal in localities where a bit of useless iron pyrites (sulphide of iron) has been mistaken for gold, which resembles it in color. Our observation indicates that there is, on at least four-fifths of the farms of this country, an overlooked golden vein, of much greater value than any yellow metal likely to be found outside of a few special geological formations.

The following experiment, tried on any farm or garden will explain what we are aiming at. Take a quart of fair quality yard manure, and pour upon it a pint of water. After standing a week or two drain off a half pint of the liquid. Now prepare two corn hills, a few feet apart, on any ground, even rich prairie soil. For one hill make a hole three or four inches deep, and pour into it the half-pint of liquid, adding a trifle of fine earth, and plant the corn. Plant the second hill without this preparation. The result will be, almost always, that in the first hill the rootlets, and subsequent roots, will grow downward where the liquid has soaked, much more quickly, grow stronger, spread wider, and send out far more numerous feeding fibres than will be found in the second hill. The young corn plants (and the same with other plants) will, like well fed young animals, develop much earlier and take far better advantage of the growing season. In short, whatever the soil, this hill will, on the average, ripen earlier, produce more stalks, And twenty to fifty per cent— often a hundred per cent— more sound kernels than the other hill.— And by the way, there is in the quart of fertilizer enough material left for a similar effect on three or four other corn hills.

Now, visit the farm-yards of the country generally, and in nine-tenths of them there will be found on one side or another, quarts, gallons, barrelfuls of this golden liquid leaching away and wasting— often scores and hundreds of barrels in a year. Yet, at a trifling cost, perhaps only an earth bank on the lower side of the yard, all this wastage may be saved and turned to account. The streams rich in stimulating plant food, now lost from the yards of the four and one-third million farms of our country, may, with very little care and trouble, be retained in the rotting organic matter, and transferred to corn hills and the roots of other crops. Real gold will be found in the increased crops, and be obtained at far less labor and cost than is expended by the great mass of miners. Proper attention to so simple a matter on the farms of the country, taken together, would add more to the wealth of the country every year then is now dug out of all the mines between the Atlantic and Pacific. During the leisure month let every one look over his own premises, and see what he is wasting in this direction, and where he can save and profit.

Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute

AT

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

Incorporated in 1868, by special Act of General Assembly of Virginia; exempt from taxation.

Devoted to the Education of Negro and Indian youth in Agriculture and the Mechanic arts, and as teachers of their respective races.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal;* J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Treasurer.*

Annual session from October 1st till the middle of June following.

Terms of admission: a knowledge of reading and writing, and of short and long division

Tuition free to all, (provided by friends.) Board, etc., ten dollars per month, payable monthly; half in cash and half in labor; six dollars cash, and four dollars in work required of those under 19 years of age. The first year is probationary. None under fourteen or over twenty-eight years of age need apply.

The institution is aided by the State, but is supported mainly by voluntary contributions. Besides State aid and Government help for Indians, the sum of $30,000.00 a year, must be raised by contributions, to meet current expenses.

Annual scholarships of seventy dollars, to provide free tuition, are solicited.

Donations of any amount are most acceptable, and are invited from all.

The great need of the institution is a permanent endowment fund.

The Hampton Institute is supported by, and responsible to, no denomination or society, and has no paid soliciting agent or machinery whatever, but depends directly upon the public. It is earnestly Christian in its teachings and influence.

Present attendance, 490 students, of whom 93 are Indians: average age 18. Negro boys 228; Negro girls 170. Indian boys 60; Indian girls 32. All but thirty-two board at the Institute: twelve states represented, but chiefly Virginia and North Carolina.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and devise to the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., the sum of.....dollars, payable &c., &c.

For further information address,

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal.*

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. XII. HAMPTON, VA., APRIL, 1883. No. 4.

I HAVE REDEEMED THEE.

IO VICTIS.

BY W. W. STORY.

I sing the Hymn of the Conquered, who fell
in the battle of life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who
died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for
whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows
wore the chaplet of fame—
But the hymn of the low and the humble,
the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a
silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flowers on its branches,
whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they had
grasped at, who stood at the dying of day
With the work of their life all around them,
unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With death swooping down o'er their failure,
and all but their faith overthrown.
While the voice of the world shouts its chorus,
its pæan for those who have won;
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant,
and high to the breeze and the sun,
Gay bangers are waving hands clapping and
hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors—
I stand on the field of defeat
In the shadow, 'mongst those who have fallen,
the wounded and dying,—and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their
pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer;
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper,
"They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished
the demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by
the prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist,
fight—if need be—to die."
Speak, history! Who are life's victors? Unroll
thy long annals and say—
Are they those whom the world called the victors,
who won the success of a day?
The Martyr or Hero? The Spartans who
fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or
Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A Funeral at the African Church.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

The morning paper announced the death of "Mrs. Milly Walton," and stated that the funeral would take place from the African Methodist Church on Sunday afternoon.

To the brief notice, the editor added in kindly terms that many white families in the city would grieve to hear that good old "Aunt Milly," whose estimable character and efficient services had caused her to be highly regarded wherever she was known, was dead.

Perhaps nothing could more fully indicate the esteem felt for such a character as the deceased in a southern community, than the fact that a "Bourbon" editor should use the formal title of "Mrs.," so grudgingly bestowed by the ex-slave-holders on Negroes, coupled with the familiar "aunt," always intended to show the affectionate respect entertained by the whites for old and worthy Colored people.

In my childhood, Aunt Milly was one of the authorities on the plantation of one of our wealthy neighbors, the beloved "Mammy" of thirteen white children, the trusted friend and counsellor of her master and mistress—beloved and respected by all.

She had been the life-long companion of the first Mrs. Landon, coming with the fair young bride to her husband's home from the estate of one of the old Virginia gentry, who had held his office and land-patents from the Crown in colonial days, and abated nothing of the importance derived from these antecedents when taking part in the organization of government under the young Republic, to which he had early transferred his allegiance. Aunt Milly always showed, in her erect carriage and dignified bearing, that she appreciated to the full extent "old master's" position in the county, and in her grave admonitions to the children of her young mistress, as they grew up under her care, it was evident that she embodied the idea of "noblesse oblige."

In person, Aunt Milly was of stout form and medium height, very strong and healthy, slow in her movements, but persevering in industry, careful, accurate, and thoroughly reliable in all that she did and said.

Her color was dark brown, her features large and expressing much intelligence and benevolence. One of her peculiarities was keeping her eyebrows and those of her children closely plucked. This was a mysterious performance to the white children, whose curiosity on the subject was never gratified, until the reading of later years enlightened them with the knowledge that it was the family mark of a tribe on the western coast of Africa. Aunt Milly always maintained a dignified silence on the subject, though doubtless she had full understanding of its importance in the eyes of her ancestors.

Although apparently contented in her home and surroundings, and showing the most devoted attachment to her master's family, Aunt Milly had always a passionate desire for freedom, and her master's will, probated in 1854, stated that she should be set free at his death and a home provided for her by his children.

After the war, Aunt Milly acted as monthly nurse among the prolific race to which she had ministered from her earliest years, and found abundant occupation as the family extended its branches and the grand-children of the children she had nursed were fast coming upon the stage from which their predecessors were disappearing.

As she grew old and feeble and was no longer able to maintain herself, her master's children, sadly reduced in fortune by the results of the war, would gladly have given the dear old mammy, who had been their mother's friend, a home among them; but she steadily refused to leave her husband and children, though thankfully accepting the attention shown her by the white family who considered her one of themselves.

Her master's eldest daughter, a widow struggling to support her orphan children, constantly denied herself to supply Aunt Milly with delicacies, and when informed of the good old nurse's death, sent one of her *two* dresses to shroud the weary frame for its long rest. The youngest daughter of the house which had once held its head with the highest of the land, blind for many years and living with one servant on a little mountain farm, which is all that remains of her patrimony, sent money earned by herself for "dear mammy Milly," and other members of the family showed their affection by like tender remembrances.

At the hour appointed for the funeral, I entered the African Church and found it filled with a large audience, and as the services had already begun, I took the first seat I found, near the door. The Colored people are very particular about doing everything in ceremonious style on such occasions, and a sister in the church soon spied me and came to request that I would "sit with the family," and directed me to the left side of the pulpit, where seats had been reserved for the white family and friends of the deceased, those on the opposite side being filled with the Colored people of her connection. The carriage-driver of one of my stylish neighbors informed his employer the next day that "every Landon in the city, black and white, was at the funeral." A long bench, close to the coffin, was filled with the children of the white family, many of them Aunt Milly's nurslings, looking as if they had been placed there as specimens of the good nurse's skill. Seldom have I seen a fairer sight than these wondrous boys and girls, from four or five to fifteen years old. Many of the children carried wreaths or bouquets of evergreens and early flowers to lay on the dear old mammy's grave. Their fresh rosy faces hushed into unwonted solemnity by the strange scene around them, their little dangling legs in many-colored stockings, their dimpled hands clasping the funeral wreaths, formed a picture so fair to see that for a moment I almost lost sight of the presence of death and the grief of weeping friends in regarding the innocent beauty of the children.

The plain coffin which enclosed the remains of a noble-hearted woman stood in front of the chancel, and her sorrowful old husband, wiping tears from his withered face, sat near it. It would have seemed a curious gathering to a stranger from the North, who, unacquainted with Southern customs and with his mind full of cruel thoughts of slavery and the prejudices of the old slave-holders, had he chanced to enter the church on this occasion.

The Landons are such strikingly handsome, refined-looking people, the eye could but rest with pleasure on the fair faces of the three generations whose infancy had been guarded by mammy Milly's tender care, as their riper years had often been guided by her loving counsel; while in striking contrast, but no less interesting in their way, rose the dark background of people of her own race—all of them well-dressed, comfortable-looking, and reverent in their hearing, many of them fine and stalwart specimens of the Negro-American.

The Methodist preacher, Mr. Homor, is an almost gigantic African, with powerful lungs and a ravenous-looking mouth, which, when open, displays not only every tooth in his head, but unlimited gums beyond them. He is a good man, possessing fine natural powers of description, and having supplemented the fervid dreams of a tropical imagination and the physical training of a cornfield hand, with a ponderous amount of book learning since he took to preaching, is a very popular orator among the Colored people. I have heard him on the rampage, with a large Colored audience, when he did not know that any "white folks" were about, describe the scene of the three holy children in the fiery furnace in a manner that made my blood run cold. He depicted with impressive fervor of tone and gesture the burning of human flesh, the smell of singed garments, suddenly producing an electrical effect by announcing with distended eyes and thrilling frame the presence of the Son of God amidst the suffering children of man, pointing to the miraculous healing of livid wounds, while the obedient flames, yielding to the command of Deity, played harmless over their intended victims.

On this occasion, however, the worthy pastor was evidently cramped by the white portion of his audience, and for a time I feared he would make a complete failure, as he labored among axioms of philosophy, misquoted from their authors, miscalled long words with which he wrestled vainly, mistook "analysis" for "analogy," and wandered wide of his mark in the effort to produce an effective discourse. As he warmed with the subject, however, the restraint vanished, and towards the close of the sermon, which was very long, he grew natural and impressive. He alluded pathetically to the sorrows of Aunt Milly's long life; spoke of her as a Christian for forty-eight years, to whose faithfulness all bore witness; dwelt upon her absence forever from the scenes to which her friends had been accustomed to welcome her—the seat in the sanctuary, the place in the society, "the chair in the kitchen of her white friends," in the home circle and in public. Then he turned abruptly from the sadness of earth to the brightness of the better land, calling upon all who had loved her here to follow her in her Heavenward flight. When he closed with an earnest appeal to the little children, on whom she had bestowed so much affection and care, to remember their "dear mammy's" example and teachings, there were few dry eyes in the house, and the large congregation, forgetting the distinctions of caste, wept together for the loss of a common friend.

I Have Redeemed Thee.

See illustration, page 37.

By the ancient Jewish custom, the borrower who did not pay his debts when due, became indeed "servant to the lender," working for him as his slave until he made up the full amount. But the law given through Moses provided mercifully that if the debtor's brother or near kinsman chose to redeem him by paying the whole charge against him, the master must accept it and set him free. Our picture brings the scene vividly before us. The poor debtor, in his rags and misery, painfully working out the price, perhaps, of folly and of sin. Before him suddenly appears his rich brother who has hastened from his distant home to find the prodigal—has paid his debt in full, and now, with face beaming with love and pity, holds out to him his free papers, saying—"Fear not, for I have redeemed thee!"

And what will the redeemed man do? Will he stand and argue whether his brother is really willing or able to save him, or whether he had not better patch up his old rags and work a little longer as a slave before he goes home a free man? And will he think lightly of the price of his freedom, or fail to show his gratitude to the brother who has bought him to make him free indeed?

See 1. Peter, i: 18, 19; Titus ii. 14.

From Tuskegee.

TUSKEGEE, Feb. 19, 1883.

Editor Southern Workman:

When you heard from us last, I think we had just moved into our new building. Everything now is beginning to appear quite home-like in our new hall.

So far in the term about 130 students have entered. Some of our classes have, of necessity, been too large. We have students from almost every part of the State, and even Georgia is represented.

Just now we are all feeling unusually lifted up, notwithstanding the *absence* of the State Treasurer. The Legislature has just passed a bill giving us $1,000 more annually. The bill came up in the House the next day after the defalcation was reported, and passed by a large majority. I was invited to make a statement of our work before the committee of the Senate, on education, and it seemed especially interested in the industrial feature.

The State Supt. of Education, Hon. H. Clay Armstrong, has notified us that Dr. J. T. M. Carey, by his advice, has decided to give us $500 from the Peabody fund.

It is certainly a cheering sign to see how interested some of the leading Southern whites are becoming in the education of the Negro. It is said that when the bill to increase our appropriation for tuition was before the House, that the Speaker, a staunch democrat, made one of the most stirring and eloquent speeches of the session in favor of Negro education.

We had a very pleasant two-days visit last month from the Rev. R. C. Bedford, pastor of the Congregational church of Montgomery. He spoke one evening to the students and citizens in the chapel. The chapel was crowded, and he seemed to impart new life to every one.

I think we have not told you about Thanksgiving Day. In the day we had exercises in the chapel, and addresses were delivered to the students and visitors by the pastors of the white Baptist and Presbyterian churches and by one of the colored pastors. During Thursday and Friday evenings, and Saturday in the day, Miss Davidson, assisted by other teachers, held a Fair to raise means for the school. All thought at the Fair the people showed in a practical way that they were willing to help *themselves* all they could.

We netted from the Fair $145.00. $45.00 of this amount came from a "jug breaking" Friday evening. The jugs had been given out a month previous to twelve students, who left few persons unbegged for a nickel.

Our students are not ashamed to work. Soon after we moved into the building, the young men were called together and told that a large amount of earth would have to be removed from the basement before it could be completed, and if we had to hire it done the cost would be $30 or $35. One young man suggested to the others that, since friends had been kind enough to pay the greater part needed to put up the building, students ought to be willing to give in work whatever they could. A proposal was made that they be divided into squads, and each squad work every day in turn for an hour after school. This was done. The basement is now cleared out. Not one young man showed the least unwillingness to do his part.

Within a few days, a kind friend from Connecticut has sent us means to purchase an additional forty acres to our farm, making in all 140 acres.

We have not been able yet to take out any insurance on our building. This is the most pressing matter before us now.

By invitation of Capt. Wilson, Supt. of Education of Ballock county, I go to-morrow to hold a two-days' Institute with the teachers of his county. I will try to send you an account of my trip for the next month.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Successes of Educated Women.

At the recent examination of the University of Bologna, a young lady received her diploma of doctress, surpassing the students of the other sex in anatomy, physiology, and chemistry. At the University of Turin, a girl graduate obtained a similar degree for success in law.

Coroline E. Hastings, M. D. for seven years lecturer and demonstrator of anatomy in the Medical School of Boston University, has been made Professor of Anatomy in that school.

The Professors of Mathematics in Antioch and Swarthmore Colleges, are ladies.

Dr. Alice Bennett, resident physician to the female wards of the new Insane Asylum at Norristown, Pa., received at the last Commencement of the University of Pennsylvania the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy, the first ever granted by that University to a woman.

In 1872, Miss White, of Michigan University, solved a mathematical problem which had previously been given to about 1,500 young men during a period of fifteen years, all of whom failed to present a correct solution. She presented the only correct solution by her class.

In 1873, at Vienna, a lady took the prize for an essay on "Operative Surgery," and was pronounced by the Professor the best operator in the class.

The calculator of lunar eclipses for the Nautical Almanac, Washington, D. C., has been a woman, because she did the best work.—*The Student.*

To this list—which might be largely increased—we may add that, by wide acknowledgement of Greek scholars and literary critics, the best English translation of Plato's famous masterpieces, the Phaedo, Crito and Apology of Socrates, is one which has been made by a woman; and that—

The resident physician of Hampton Institute, to whose devotion and skill is intrusted the medical care of its five hundred and fifty students and officers, representing three races,—as well as the general sanitary interests of the school—is Dr. Martha M. Waldron, a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania.

Southern Workman,

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(Reduced to eight pages from July to October, four months.)

Printed on the Normal School Steam Press by students trained in the office.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MRS. ORRA LANGHORNE, } *Regular Contributors*

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THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN appears, this month, in a new dress; the first it has had in over eleven years; which is certainly keeping within the bounds of economy. The statement of its needs, made in our January number, has been so far—though not yet adequately—met by kind responses from some of the friends who are interested in its cause and believe in its mission, that we have felt justified in making the new departure in the faith that what is still lacking will be made up. The change had indeed become a necessity, much of the old type—part of which we had bought at second hand—being fit only for the foundry, while the demands on the office are increasing, not only for the *Southern Workman*, but its job work, and printing of pamphlets and books.

The improvement to the paper is its own witness, in the clearness and beauty of the new "old style" type, pleasant to the eye and doing fuller justice to the quality of the work done by our freedmen, Liberian and Indian student-compositors and pressmen. To do more justice, as far as our press will allow, to the large plates, which our very kind friends, of the *Harpers' Weekly* and *Christian Weekly* generously furnish for the benefit of our readers—we have procured a better finished quality of paper for our outside pages; feeling both that we owe it to these kind friends not to misrepresent their beautiful pictures, and that the pictures will thus do more good in the many little homes and school-houses into which they go as a sort of "flower mission," carrying the light of beauty and suggestion.

We trust that our friends will approve our course.

With its increased facilities, our printing office is prepared to do a first rate quality of work in both job and book printing on the lowest terms. We call especial attention to its advertisement in another column, and suggest that, by putting work into its hands, the friends of the school can give important aid to one of its most useful branches of industrial education.

THE ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES of Hampton Institute will be held, this year, on Wednesday, May 24th. There will be the usual programme of class recitations and examination of the graduating class, and inspection of industries, in the morning; essays, addresses and music in the afternoon; the graduating class represented, according to our present custom, by only its salutatorian and valedictorian; the Indians, by two of their number; the other student speakers being drawn from last year's class and former graduates of the school, whose real experience in life-work gives their words a vitality and practical interest.

The trip to Hampton, either from New-York or Boston, at that season of the year is a delightful one. The country here is in its full flower of beauty, the air bright with sunshine and cool with sea breezes. So it has been in former years, and we can only hope to be favored as usual. The steamers on all three lines—from Boston, from New-York by the Old Dominion line, outside, and the Chesapeake Bay line from Baltimore—are very fine in all respects, and the passage is a very pleasurable one to all who like the water. The Boston Steamship Company has, for several years, made special very pleasant arrangements for the Hampton excursion which is in their regular line. Connecting steamers from Norfolk—twenty miles—bring passengers from the Old Dominion and Boston boats to the wharf at Old Point Comfort (Fortress Monroe), and the Chesapeake Bay line steamers land there, where carriages are in waiting for the pleasant drive of two miles, on a fine shell road, to the School. There will be also, as usual, special boats both from Norfolk and Old Point to the School wharf.

For those who do not enjoy a trip by water, or who like novelty, the connection of Hampton by railroad with the new terminus of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, at Newport News, makes it possible now to come all the way by land, by a pleasant ride of only three hours from Richmond. The new city of Newport News, springing up in the wilderness, with its magnificent harbor, and its wharf—the largest in the United States—with its lines of steamers to Liverpool and Brazil; expected to be, in fulfilment of General Washington's prophecy, the great seaport city of the future, is itself an object of interest worth visiting, though it will not at present take long to inspect.

The Hygeia Hotel, and other boarding houses and hotels in the neighborhood and in the town of Hampton, are open then, and a few days longer stay by the sea shore in that pleasant season, in a spot which is the centre of so much natural beauty and historic association, as well as hopeful work for the future, will well repay a visit.

The Sioux Treaties in Congress.

THE 47TH CONGRESS, which expired on the 4th of March last, has not left behind it a record of which the nation has any reason to be proud. During the session of 1881 and 1882, the country was threatened with an expenditure so extravagant and a legislation so corrupt in its tendencies that the only wonder is that the voters of the nation contented themselves with a protest as mild as that embodied in the elections of last November, and that even that mild protest produced so decided a result, is only another proof that the responsibility lies altogether back of the men whom we elect to represent us. The change in the point of view which took place in Congress after the election, is indicated, for example, by the fact that the same men who passed the disgraceful River and Harbor Bill of 1882 carefully avoided in 1883 appropriating a penny for any similar purpose, and that the Reform Bill of the last session carried majorities which would have been honorable had they been, the result of honest conviction or determination.

During this session our legislators must also have the credit of having reduced internal revenue taxation, and made some changes in the tariff, and of action in regard to public lands, the postal system, and our Indian policy, which was all in the right direction. But that these and other apparent attempts at reform were only superficial and the result of coercion, becomes evident when we look closer into details. An instance which bears specially upon the work at Hampton, but which is also a fair general illustration, is to be found in a clause which, during the last hours of Congress, was tacked on to the Sundry Civil Service Appropriation Bill, making provision to carry out the so-called Sioux treaties, which the three Commissioners appointed for the purpose had reported as negotiated with these tribes of Indians during last autumn,

We have not, of course, space to present the specification of these treaties, but to briefly indicate their general drift is sufficient for our purpose. The Indians cede 12,000,000 acres of land to the General Government, receiving, as one item, 26,000 cows and 1,000 bulls, *no guarantee being given as to what the real value of these animals shall be.* When removed from their lands the holders are forced to take such payment for their improvements as may be awarded them. There is no provision made for conveying to religious societies the land on which their mission buildings stand, or indemnifying them for the great loss of their property. No sum is specified which the Government is bound to appropriate for education, and this alone would nullify all obligations as to schools, for the Government never fulfills a treaty involving money, which does not specify the exact sum to be appropriated.

There was in this entire amendment clause no attempt at justice or fair dealing; it was slipped in at the last moment as a "tag," and was passed by the House without debate.

That it was finally stricken out and the treaty passed over to the next Congress for fuller investigation, is due entirely to the active measures taken by a few individuals outside of Congress who happened to get wind of the facts, and before it was too late brought them to the attention of various Senators, whose hearty and prompt action prevented the success of this disgraceful piece of legislation.

Such a case as this needs no comment, and it does not stand alone. The Republican party has lost, during the last two years, an opportunity as fine as ever fell to the lot of any political organization. Whether it can in the future retrieve itself is still an open question.

A PETITION, signed by a number of weighty names, has lately been addressed to the trustees of Columbia College, New York city, praying that women may be admitted to the advantages of the college on an equal footing with the male students. The reply of the trustees to this is a somewhat curious report and resolutions, which shut the doors of the college in the face of the petitioners, but at the same time rather grudgingly and as it were under pressure, admit the proven capacity of women to receive and make good use of the higher education which the college could give them if it chose.

The discussion which has arisen out of this is interesting, although it covers no new ground, and is valuable principally as an open test of public opinion. There may be, in the judgment of the trustees, business reasons which make the admission of women at present inadvisable, but this is evidently a superficial obstacle, and it is upon the underlying question of co-education that opinions are really divided. The ability of women being conceded, as it virtually is, the opponents of higher education in Columbia College, as everywhere else, have to fall back to their last stronghold and declare their conviction of the danger (to them hydra-headed) of permitting young men and women to work together in class rooms under the same instructor.

On the principle that an ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory, Hampton has, for some years past, put forth a claim to be heard on this point, holding that an experience gained from massing together at study and at work, some four or five hundred young men and women, albeit their skins are dark and their moral and mental standards not of the highest, may, if carefully weighed, be helpful (as mice may be to lions) to institutions whose age and dignity make such experiments more difficult.

In the first place it should be stated that the teaching at Hampton is, and has always been, largely in the hands of women—graduates, some of them, of colleges and normal schools, and some of them self-educated—whose work tested, not as mission work, but by the standard of educational experts, is of a very high order. To this it is fair to add, that being enthusiasts for their work and for their sex, they create and maintain an atmosphere which has an unmistakable effect upon their students. All this must be considered when we state, as an accomplished fact, that co-education here is an entire success, for the manner of the work done in a class room will depend at least as much upon the teacher as upon the student, and it is quite possible that the practical objections to co-education are to be looked for among those who teach, as well as among those who are taught.

We do not, however, claim for Hampton any special advantage in this direction, it is merely that, in order to be perfectly fair, we suggest a possibility, while there is certainly a full offset to this in the lower moral standard and uncontrolled physical natures of our students. The system adopted is sufficiently simple—the sexes work together in class and industrial rooms, and take their meals together, being at meal times permitted unrestricted intercourse, except as the presence of two or three lady matrons in the dining room prevents anything like disorder. They, of course, occupy separate buildings, and visiting or social intercourse of any kind is carefully regulated. They are all under the care of a resident lady physician, and are probably neither more nor less amenable to her rules than any other class of students would be, though her presence is a distinct advantage.

There is no special espionage, but always kindly and conscientious watchfulness on the part of those in charge. The factors in the case are, with the possible exceptions already mentioned, similar to those in most large boarding schools and colleges, and the per cent. of misdemeanors is so small as to be a constant surprise even to those who have most faith in the system.

Co-education at Hampton was, ten years ago, an experiment; to-day, it is such no longer; and we have a right to ask if the result should not throw some light upon the problem beyond the immediate limits within which it has been worked out?

MANY HAVE SUPPOSED that the Roman Catholic Church was making strenuous efforts to win over the Negroes of the South, and that its ceremonial and appeal to the senses would make it as successful with them as it has been among the poor and ignorant generally.

The following statement from the *American Missionary Magazine*, indicates in part the strength of that body in the South.

"The Catholic Directory for 1882 reports for the Archdiocese of Baltimore 1 academy for colored girls with 60 pupils, and 4 other schools with 693 pupils; total, 753; Archdiocese of New Orleans, 7 schools, 330 pupils; Archdiocese of St. Louis, 1 school, 120 pupils; Diocese of Louisville, 6 schools, 332 pupils; Diocese of Natchez, 3 schools, 80 pupils;

Diocese of Natchitoches, 2 schools, 40 pupils; Diocese of Savannah, 2 schools, 75 pupils; Diocese of St. Augustine, 6 schools, number of pupils not given. Total schools, 30; pupils reported, 1,730.

The Negro accepts the religion as he does the language, habits and manners of the country where he makes his home. While this is in one sense a sign of weakness, it is a source of power. A common religion overcomes, to a certain point, race hostilities. The African has a genius for making his home any where. He has even more adaptation than the Anglo-Saxon. This makes him impressible; he is a permanent and more and more important factor in the world's history.

His readiness to do menial work, of which there is a vast deal to be done in the world, makes him in demand everywhere, and gives him a stepping stone for higher things whenever he has the talent and push for it.

Negro Catholics are mainly in Louisiana and in Maryland, where they fell into the hands of the Romanists. They have a fine and attractive Cathedral in Washington, and have made a vigorous but not very successful effort in Richmond, Va. as well as in other places. In the anti-Catholic movement, the whites make common cause with the blacks. The South is intensely Protestant; its population is more truly American than that of the North, and the influence of the Catholic priest on its political system is far less serious now, and prospectively than in the dense and mixed elements of that of the North.

Congressional Temperance Society

The semi-centennial anniversary of the Congressional Temperance Society was held with appropriate ceremonies, on February 26, in the City of Washington,—"not a *jubilee*", so its secretary sadly remarked, for the country is not yet rid of the curse of intemperance. But the conflict, though longer than the pioneers of the temperance cause looked for in their first sanguine charge, has not been without its triumphs and its good results, some of which were interestingly set forth by the speakers of the evening and in the report of the secretary, Dr Chickering, from which we quote a sketch of the history of this time-honored Society in the center of our nation, given in a copy of the National Republican which he kindly sends us.

"The Congressional Temperance society was organized Feb. 26, 1833 in the old senate chamber, now the supreme court room. There were twenty-five signers to the original call; among them John Bell, of New Hampshire; Horatio Seymour, of New York; Edward Everett, of Massachusetts; Gideon Tomlinson, of Connecticut, and Felix Grundy, of Tennessee. Over one hundred members of congress signed the constitution. William Wilkinson, of Pennsylvania, was appointed chairman and Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, submitted the draft of a constitution pledging the members against using ardent spirits. Hon. Lewis Cass, secretary of war, was chosen president; vice presidents, Hons. Samuel Bell, of New Hampshire; G. Tomlinson, of Connecticut; John Reed, of Massachusetts; Lewis Condict, of New Jersey; William Wilkins, of Pennsylvania; Thomas Ewing, of Ohio; Felix Grundy, of Tennessee; John Tipton, of Indiana; Daniel Woodwell, of New York; James A. Wayne, of Georgia; secretary, Walter Lowrie, secretary of the senate; treasurer, Hon. Elisha E. Whittlesey, and an executive committee of T. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey; A. Naudain, of Delaware; John Blair, of Tennessee, and E. Cook, of Ohio. Under this constitution the Society went on for nine years; but in 1842 a new departure was made, the pledge was extended to fermented and all other kinds of intoxicating liquors and a new constitution adopted. The report then went on to speak of the deaths of several of its members—notably, Morrill, of Maine; Dodge of New York, and Updegraff, of Ohio. The occasion, though a semi-centennial, was not a jubilee. The country is still enslaved by intemperance. Not even a modern congress has sent forth an utterance so bold as that of the old "continental congress," recorded on on their journal of Feb. 27, 1776, in the following words: "*Resolved*, That it be immediately recommeuded to the several legislatures of the United States immediately to pass laws the most effectual for putting an immediate stop to the pernicious practice of distilling, from which the most extensive evils are likely to be derived, if not quickly prevented." Nor is the forty-seventh congress likely to appoint a commission of inquiry into the economical, sanitary, and other results of the liquor traffic. Nevertheless, there are indications of a good time coming.

Among these the report mentions the new tidal wave of public opinion among the men, and especially the women, of the land, and the example and influence of men of position and power like Messrs. Morrill, Updegraff, and Dodge, former members of the Society, who have just passed away, leaving a pure and safe example.

At the close of the meeting, the following resolution was offered and adopted by a rising vote:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this assembly, the great principle and practice which has been for a half century the basis of this society's operations—total abstinence from all that can intoxicate—is fundamental to any thorough and permanent temperance reform; and we highly value this public testimony and example of men in conspicuous positions, of whose recent departure we have now been painfully reminded."

While there is reason to doubt the sincerity of a majority of those in Congress who voted for Civil Service Reform, there is no doubt an earnestness of purpose among the people that will not be defeated.

An illustration of this is in a small body of public-spirited gentlemen of Norfolk, Virginia, who have, at their own expense, hired a column in one or more daily papers of that city, from which we quote.

The non-partisan party in the South is larger than many suppose. There is material for an independent political party, that will appear as the color line shall disappear. A very large class does not care for office, has contempt for most officials, but wishes good government. Commercial enterprise creates better public sentiment; men who work for a living are not apt to be bitter partisans. The new South will be an industrious South, which in the long run, means a better local and national government.

INDEPENDENTISM.

It is asserted that independents never accomplish much in politics. That is, as a general rule, perfectly true so far as obtaining offices for themselves is concerned. But incredible as it may seem to politicians, there is a large and increasing class of intelligent citizens, both white and black, who neither expect nor desire to obtain offices, and whose only interest in politics is to make the two principal parties put up better candidates and run the government on business principles.

PRACTICAL INDEPENDENTS

exist in large numbers in Virginia. They stay away from the polls. The most agonizing appeals on the one hand to pull down the Democracy, and on the other to save the white man's civilization are passed over as so much buncombe. Independentism thus has become an obstinate fact, and year after year the party press and machinery have proved utterly powerless to remedy it.

The cause of this independentism is not far to seek. The party press call it apathy; but apathy usually results from despair. These practical independents act as such, because they have lost confidence in all party machinery, and look upon elections as mere scrambles for the spoils, between men who are almost equally undesirable, whether they be active plunderers or weak men capable of being used by the wire pullers.

Under these discouraging circumstances the controlling managers of both parties, caring more for the offices than for principle; and both parties having repeatedly put reform planks into their platforms, and as often gone back on their pledges; and there being no hope of either party running the government on business principles, unless the people compel them to do so, it has become absolutely necessary in order to kill the detestable spoils system, that good citizens without distinction of party, should unite themselves not for the purpose of running independent candidates, (unless as a last resort,) but for the purpose of grasping the balance of power between the two parties and so compelling both of them to compete for votes by putting up good candidates and keeping their promises to reformers.

The reform issue is the most important issue in America, because corruption and venality are the most dangerous shoals in our track. From bribery by giving offices for partisan service the transition is easy to bribery of the individual voter. Public and private morality are being attacked without scruple or shame. The foundations of our government are thus steadily undermined by the spoils system, and still the partisan journals insult common sense by exhorting their readers that the only hope for effecting anything good is by sticking to the old party machine.

The Philadelphia committee of one hundred immediately turn out any of their members who may be elected to any important office. They are composed of men of both parties, but they have smashed both machines, and to day compel good nominations in both parties.

TOO MUCH POLITICS

Among the unfortunate facts which tend to keep men of capital from locating in this city is that the Norfolk press is extremely partisan. So far as most strangers who contemplate coming here are interested at all in editorials on local politics, they care to know whether sound financial administration in our muncipal affairs is the main object sought, and whether good management of the public schools is demanded by the press.

A cordial and hearty support of the movement for Civil-Service Reform on the part of the leading journals would, we believe, convey a favorable impression of our city. It would tend to show a healthy sentiment against rings, and all the rest of the machinery of party. It would indicate that our public opinion was more in earnest for good government than for any mere party successes, and that Norfolk, being up with the times on such an important subject, was a desirable place for men of means to settle in."

The Virginia Historical Society.

The mission of historical societies is very important in searching out and preserving the local and personal memoirs which give vitality to history. The Historical Society of Virginia is doing excellent work in this direction. We take pleasure in publishing at its request the following announcement:

THE "DINWIDDIE PAPERS."

The Virginia Historical Society, in the due execution of its mission, desires to announce the early publication of *The Records of the Administration of Robert Dinwiddie, Lt. Governor of Virginia 1752—1757*, a volume of which, to make 600 octavo pages, is being printed. It will be illustrated with steel-portraits and wood-cuts, and bound in cloth.

The fullest elucidation of the text has been diligently essayed in definite foot notes on the material and social condition of the colony at the period, and much never before in print, is given. A special feature is the biographical notices of English and American officials and of the individual actors, mentioned in the Records, including numerous family names, of both South and North, in whose honorable record many living representatives will be deeply interested.

Upon the completion of the "*Dinwiddie Papers*" the concluding volume of the "*Spottswood Letters*" will be printed in uniform style. The edition of 1,000 copies is distributed only by exchange among learned bodies and to the members of the Society. None of the Society's publications are sold. The annual dues of the Society are $5; no entrance fee; Life membership, $50.

Correspondence is solicited with those interested in the objects and welfare of the Society, as well as the names of others who may be addressed in such behalf.

R. A. Brock,
Corresponding Sec'y Va. Hist. Society.
Richmond, Va., March 10, 1883.

Poor Men and Reform.

We call our readers' attention to a communication on this subject in another column, sent at our request by Mr. F. B. Richardson, of Norfolk. Mr. Richardson was one of the early workers in Hampton Institute and contributors to the Workman, and has since done a most beneficent work for colored people in Norfolk by giving them opportunity to secure comfortable homes, paid for by instalments, for less than they had been able to rent houses for. He has also contributed to the general prosperity of the city by building up its thriving suburb Brambleton, where he is also the agent of Mrs. Augustus Hemenway, of Boston, in her benevolent establishment of a model school for white children. His latest effort for the public welfare is as president of the Civil Service Association of Norfolk, a society which is likely to be of great good in this important direction. His words have therefore the weight of business experience and proved benevolence, and we hope to have more of them.

A Friend Departed.

Died—At Ithaca, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1883, Mrs. M. A. Washburn, wife of the late Dr. Charles E. Washburn of Fredonia, N. Y., and mother of Miss Lucy M. Washburn of San Jose, Cal., formerly a teacher at Hampton Institute.

In this sad and sudden bereavement, the sorrowing daughter and son have the earnest sympathy of their friends and former associates, teachers and students of Hampton. We sorrow for them and with them, for Mrs. Washburn also was well known at Hampton, and ever a warm and valued friend of the school and its interests. Possessing always a young heart of enthusiasm for all good and progressive work, she was especially interested in the people emancipated by the war for the Union, for which her husband gallantly sacrificed his life. Both for his sake and in sympathy with her daughter's faithful and valued work at Hampton, she has been a long proved friend of the school and its graduates, many of whom will hear with sorrow of her death. Since their removal to California, both daughter and mother have kept up a kindly interest in Hampton and contributed generously to its work; occasionally giving us the pleasure of a visit, and maintaining a personal correspondence with a number of our graduates, who will hear with sorrow of this loss.

They will be interested in the following particulars of her life and death which we extract from the "Tribute of Respect" published at her old home in the "Homer Republican."

"Mrs. Mariana A. Washburn was born in Homer, N. Y., Jan. 16, 1821, and died in Ithaca at the home of her brother-in-law, Mr Henry B. Lord; Feb. 21, 1883. She was the oldest child of the Hon. E. C. Reed so long known as one of our most prominent and highly respected citizens. After completing her studies she engaged with marked success in teaching in Norwich, N. Y., Montrose, Pa., and in a young ladies seminary in New York City. In 1874, she was married to Dr. Charles E. Washburn, then the resident physician of New York Hospital. Dr. Washburn practiced with success at Binghamton, N. Y. and afterwards at Fredonia, N. Y. till in 1862, a conscientious patriotism led him to offer himself to his country, and leaving his wife and three young children, he entered upon duty as surgeon of the 112th regiment of the New York State volunteers. After the fall of Wilmington, N. C. in the spring of '65, several thousand exchanged Union prisoners from Andersonville and Salisbury were brought to the city. The supervision of these fell upon Surgeon Washburn, who had been appointed Chief Medical Officer of Ames' Division of Terry's Corps. Unremitting personal toil among these unfortunates, which his official position did not necessitate, but which his unselfish humanity prompted, brought upon him the malignant fever which was raging among them. Mrs. Washburn on receiving news of her husband's sickness, hastened South only to find that his body had been forwarded to Fredonia. This crushing blow was heroically borne as by a heroic Christian woman. The sympathy and aid of many of the officers of the army were extended to her, and she returned home to her fatherless children. How well she has cared for them those know who have been intimate with her history. She has lived to see them all established in honorable positions in life. For several years her daughter, Miss Lucy Washburn, has held a high position in the State Normal School of San Jose, California. Dr. Charles E. Washburn, after completing his hospital course, has commenced the practice of medicine in the city of New York. Arthur, after thorough scientific training in mechanical engineering, occupies a responsible position in Holyoke, Mass. Mrs. Washburn at the age of 17, united with the Congregational church in Homer, and has led an earnest Christian life thrnugh all these years; for most of the last ten years, she has resided with her brother

or her children in San Jose. She had been spending a year at the East, and had come to Ithaca early in December to assist her sister in the care of her aged and now helpless father.

Mrs. Washburn was ill but one week. Her disease was obscure and she suffered acutely at times, but the symptoms did not indicate serious peril until a few hours before her death, when in spite of all efforts, she sank rapidly. Without realizing her critical condition she became unconscious, and passed away."

New Publications.

SOCRATES—*A Translation of the Apology, Crito, and parts of the Phædo of Plato. With an Introduction by Professor Goodwin of Harvard University. 12mo. Paper covers, price 50 cents. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 473 Broadway, New York.*

Emerson says truly that the value of history is in its bearing on the present time, and the vitality of history is in its revelation of the oneness of humanity. "I feel the eternity of man, the identity of his thought. The Greek had, it seems, the same fellow-beings as I. The sun and moon, water and fire, met his heart precisely as they meet mine. When a thought of Plato becomes a thought to me—when a truth that fired the soul of Pindar fires mine—time is no more." A good translator does this important service; bridging the centuries, he brings the great teachers of the ancient people within reach of the people of to-day who have, we find, the same essential needs. "What would you not give," said Socrates, himself, "to converse with Orpheus and Hesiod and Homer?" It would be pleasant, no doubt, to converse with all the immortals, in their several tongues, if life were long enough to learn them; but, as most of us cannot afford the time for that and the other work it brings us, we may as well follow the example of the Greeks who prided themselves on their devotion to their own language, and be thankful to the interpreter who has done the work for us far better than we should have been likely to do it for ourselves, and given us in pure and classic English these golden thoughts which belong to all time.

In the most brilliant period of intellectual activity in Greece, the prominent figure is that of Socrates, and, for the four centuries before the time of Christ, we see no greater. In extreme poverty, making no claim to be a teacher, and refusing all fees as such, only going daily up and down in Athens, questioning everybody on what he professed to know, "in order to find out who was really wise, and who only thought himself so but was not so," he met at last the fate that might have been predicted—being put to death on false charges by the Athenians who did not like, any more than the rest of the world, to be convicted of ignorance and sham. But he called his life not a defeat but a success, and so we see it across the centuries. While he founded no school of philosophy himself, he revolutionized its methods, and after his death several schools were founded by his followers, especially by his great disciples Plato and Aristotle, who, developing their master's methods, have not ceased to influence human thought. His methods have been superseded in the progress of intellectual development, but the character of Socrates shines with unfading lustre. It was this that gave weight to his words when he spoke for truth and conscience in a day of utter skepticism and false reasoning. Reading his grand utterances of faith in the triumph of right, and seeing him go calmly to his death rather than deny his principles, disobey what he believed to be the divine voice, or be disloyal to his country's laws, we do not wonder that Plato thought him "the bravest, truest, simplest, wisest of mankind." As Socrates left no writings, we are indebted to his disciples, Plato and Xenophon, for the faithful transcript of his sayings and the dramatic scenes of his trial and death.

In this admirable translation, considered by many critics far the best that has been made for English readers, we have first his famous "Apology," or defence before his judges, in which we see him bravely defying the utmost of their power in words that remind us of Peter before the Sanhedrim: "You will not believe it, O Athenians, but it is impossible for me to be silent when God has told me to speak." In the next dialogue we see him steadily refusing the plan of his friend Crito to bribe his jailors and escape, because he would thus show disrespect to authority and law which, as a free citizen, he was bound to respect and obey,—a grand lesson to all free citizens whether of Athens or America. In the Phædo, we have the wonderful closing scene—his conversation on the hope of immortality with his friends on the day of his death, his calm departure and final utterance of faith.

By this translation, in its present cheap though very attractive form, this inspiring history and teaching is brought within the reach of all readers of English. We cannot too highly recommend its use in schools. It is a model of pure and simple English as well as a fine translation. It has been introduced with great benefit in the Senior literature classes at Hampton Institute, coming in opportunely, as they had just been learning of Socrates in their ancient history. Interest was roused to enthusiasm. We believe that no young minds could be properly brought into contact with the book without receiving an inspiration and uplift which would last.

HISTORY OF THE NEGRO RACE IN AMERICA—*From 1619 to 1880. By George W. Williams, First Colored member of the Ohio Legislature, and late Judge Advocate of the Grand Army of the Republic, of Ohio. In two volumes. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New-York.*

This is a book of which the colored race may well be proud. It supplies a real need, and shows a great amount of patient study and research in a comparatively unworked field. That, within twenty years after emancipation of this new people, one of its own number should be found to do this work, speaks well for it, and we wish the book were within the reach of every intelligent colored reader. What defects it has in style or argument are but the natural results of existing conditions, and do not interfere with its value as a historical work or book of reference for any reader, colored or white. The work is divided into nine parts, of which the first volume contains three, viz:

Part I.—Preliminary Considerations: On the Unity of Mankind; The Negro in the Light of Philosophy, Ethnology and Egyptology; Primative Negro Civilization; Negro Kingdoms of Africa; The Negro Type; African Idiosyncracies, Languages, Literature and Religion; Sierra Leone, and the Republic of Liberia.

Part II—Slavery in the Colonies,—a chapter on each.

Part III.—The Negro during the Revolution; Military Employment of Negroes; Legal Status; The Negro Intellect: Banneker, the Astronomer—Fuller, the Mathematician—Durham, the Physician, and others; Slavery during the Revolution; Slavery [after it] as a Political and Legal Problem.

These three Parts include the period from 1619 to 1800. The first chapters are of least value, though they contain also much of interest. The question of the origin of races will hardly be settled so easily, and we fear that ethnologists would say of him, as he says of an author he quotes, that he "sometimes gets real funny," reading his grave proposition: "It is fair to presume that God gave all the races of mankind civilization to start with. We infer this from the known character of the Creator." No funnier, however, than some of the solemn arguments he quotes, which used to be drawn in favor of slavery by dignitaries of Church and State, from the Bible, the common resort of special pleaders. His review of the African Kingdoms, Language, Literature, &c., is very interesting. Of Abeokuta he says, "Adgai, in the Yoruba tongue, but Crowther, in English, was a native of this country. In 1822, he was sold into slavery at the port of Badagny. The vessel that was to bear him away to the "land of chains and stocks," was captured by a British man-of-war, and taken to Sierra Leone. Here he came under the influence of Christian teachers. He proved to be one of the best pupils in his school. He received a classical education, fitted for the ministry, and then hastened back to his native country, to carry the gospel of peace. It is rather remarkable, but he found his mother and several sisters, still in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity. The son and brother became their spiritual teacher and, ere long, had the great satisfaction of seeing them sitting at the feet of Jesus. His influence has been almost boundless. A man of magnificent physical proportions,—tall, a straight body mounted by a ponderous head, shapely, with a kind eye, benevolent face, a rich cadence in his voice,—the 'black Bishop' Crowther is a princely looking man, who would attract the attention of cultivated people anywhere. He is a man of eminent piety, broad scholarship, and good works. He has translated the Bible into the Yoruba language, founded schools, and directed the energies of his people with a matchless zeal. His beautiful and beneficent life is an argument in favor of the possibilities of Negro manhood, so long debased by the dehumanizing influence of slavery."

Like Dr. Blyden, Mr. Williams credits Mahommedanism with a great civilizing and elevating influence upon Africa.

"During the Saracen movement, in the second century of the Christian era, the Arab turned his face toward Central Africa. Everywhere, traces of his language and religion are to be found. He transformed whole tribes of savages. He built cities, and planted fields; he tended flocks and became a trader. He poured new blood into crumbling principalities, and taught the fingers of the untutored savages to war. His religion, in many places, put out the ineffectual fires of the fetich house, and lighted the grovelling thoughts of idolators heavenward. His language, like the new juice of the vine, made its way to the very roots of Negro dialects, and gave them method and tone. In the song and narrative, prayer and precept of the heathen, the Arabic comes careering across each sentence, giving cadence and beauty to all."

The chapter on Language, Literature and Religion, is interesting, with many illustrations of African poetry and songs.

"The negro nature is not sluggish, but joyous and vivacious. In his songs he celebrates victories, and laughs at death with the complacency of the Greek Stoic:

"Rich man and poor fellow, all must die;
Bodies are but shadows. Why should I be sad?"

"The following song is descriptive of a white man, and is the production of a Bushman:—

"'In the blue palace of the deep sea
Dwells a strange creature;
His skin as white as salt;
His hair long and tangled as the seaweed.
He is more great than the princes of the earth.
He is clothed with the skins of fishes,—
Fishes more beautiful than birds.
His house is built of brass rods.
His garden is a forest of tobacco;
On his soil white beads are scattered
Like sand-grains on the sea-shore.'"

The chapters on Sierra Leone and Liberia give well the history of these efforts of Christian colonization.

Part II brings together a great number of interesting, forgotten, or not generally known facts of the history of slavery in the thirteen colonies where both Negroes and Indians were enslaved, "not being Christians"—their conversion to Christianity not, however, releasing them from servitude. One of these facts is the so-called "Negro plot" of 1741, in New York, when, in a phrenzy of fear and false swearing, like that of the Salem witchcraft days, one hundred and seventy-eight persons were arrested, thirty-six executed and seventy-one transported—most of them Negroes—charged with a conspiracy to destroy the city of New York. Slavery is mentioned in the records of Massachusetts as early as 1833, and continued down to the adoption of the Constitution of 1780. It was not, however, without its opponents. "The earliest friend of the Indian and the Negro was the scholarly, pious and benevolent Chief Justice Sewell. He contributed the first article against slavery printed in the colony. It appeared as a tract, called 'The Selling of Joseph. A Memorial'—in 1700." The tract is given in full by Mr. Williams, with a reply it elicited from Judge Saffin; and also an early testimony of the Society of Friends against "that anti-Christian practice of making slaves of men"—published in Nantucket in 1733. Georgia, the last colony to be formed, was the only one which ruled out slavery altogether at its very start, in 1782. It held out twenty years against the public sentiment of the times. Then its first charter expired, and with the new form of government, the curse of slavery entered the last stronghold of freedom in the New World.

Part III relates to the military employment of Negroes in the Revolution, which was more extensive than is, perhaps, generally known. As the historian Sparks says: "Many black soldiers were in the service during all stages of the war." They were employed on both sides, though with some protests, and to the number on the American side, as far as the returns show, of 755. Frequent testimony was made to their bravery. A Rhode Island Negro regiment was thus complimented by a clergyman, himself a Revolutionary soldier.

"Yes, a regiment of *Negroes*, fighting for our liberty; not a white man among them but the officers. *Three times in succession* were they attacked with desperate valor by disciplined and veteran troops, and *three times* did they successfully repel the assault, and thus preserve our army from capture. They fought through the war. They helped to gain our independence."

Notwithstanding this acknowledgment, enlistment did not bestow emancipation. The legal status of the Negro in the Revolution remained that of a chattel, whether in the army or out of it. The slave trade also went on side by side with the war for freedom. At the close of the war, however, many of the States rewarded with freedom those who had served in it; and their valiant conduct had undoubted effect upon public feeling. It had also its reflex effect upon the slaves themselves. They began to "sniff the air of freedom," and the slaves of Massachusetts actually presented a memorial to the Assembly petitioning for a share in the "inalienable rights." We know only too well the issue of the "political and legal problem of slavery" after the Revolution, when the new United States of America lost the opportunity of disavowing the curse which the mother country had forced upon her colonies, and slavery fastened itself upon the Constitution of the infant nation.

As examples of the possibilities of the Negro intellect, even in times of general darkness and oppression, Mr Williams points with just pride to Benjamin Banneker, the Negro astronomer and almanac maker; Thomas Fuller, a remarkable "lightning calculator" in Virginia, in 1790; Dr. James Durham, "at twenty-sixyears of age regarded as one of the most eminent physicians in New Orleans;" and Phillis Wheatley, who, under the fostering care of a kind mistress in Boston, where she was landed from a slave ship in 1761, developed remarkable intellectual powers, and wrote poems that attracted the notice of General Washington and many readers in America and England.

We should be glad to quote more from Mr. Williams' book did our space allow. Its second volume will be reviewed in our next number.

For our picture this month we are indebted to our friends of the New York *Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

Letters From Hampton Graduates.

AFRICANS MUST REDEEM AFRICA. LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY GRADUATE. MORE OF THE PETITION. CRUEL POSTPONEMENT OF PAYMENT. INVITED TO VISIT A WHITE SCHOOL. AN HONORABLE MEMORY. FROM A TEACHER AND CIRCUIT PREACHER.

AFRICANS MUST REDEEM AFRICA.

One of Hampton's two missionary graduates, whose heart is still in Africa where he was a teacher for three years in the Mendi mission of the A. M. A., doing faithful work, writes as follows:

Scottsville, Va., 1883.

Dear "Workman"

I am truly glad to see (from the Alumni Journal) that the School has been favored with a visit from Dr. E. W. Blyden, and that he had some talk with the students about Africa in relation with the black man of America. I know he is able to clearly set before them their relation and duty to Africa. I would indeed have been glad to met him before his return, for it seems to me that to be where such a man as Dr. Blyden is, does one good. Yet, some think his statements are too strong, but I find the most of them quite true, and I may say all of them as far as I am able to judge. The Doctor said to me when I last saw him, that the redemption of Africa was waiting for the return of her sons from America, and that she is only to be redeemed by her sons. I fully agree with the Dr. in this. Africans must redeem Africa. I believe that the time will come when every black man in America will look to Africa as his country and his home. This may not be very soon, yet I believe it will come. Why should the black man stay in a strange land when he has a land of his own flowing, as it were, with milk and honey? I think we should begin to prepare for our journey by borrowing all the jewelry of knowledge from our neighbors. After having gotten as much of this precious jewelry as we can, let us set out on our journey to the land of promise. Some will say that Africa is a sickly country. Very true, so was America before it was opened. All Africa needs is to be opened up, and when we get men of brain and means who will go there for that purpose, then you will see Ethiopia stretching forth her hands. For hundreds of years Africa has been preyed upon, and her wealth taken to build up other countries.

Now send men there who shall look upon her as their land, their country and their home, and let them have knowledge and a little money, and you will see another state of things in a few years. Some one may say to this, why has not Liberia done better? To such a one I would say, Liberia has done extremely well, and more than well when you think of the men who were first sent to settle that country. How many of them had a collegiate education, or even a common school education? And with many odds against her, Liberia has done well, I should feel proud could I call myself her son, and could have this fellowship with Dr. Blyden, Davis, Johnson and others. I was asked by a gentleman not long ago, whether I thought that the colored people did truly come from Africa. I told him that there was not the slightest doubt in my mind about the black man having come from Africa, and that he would finally return and enjoy the fruits of the land. I mean to say that every black man in America should look to Africa as his future home or that of his children, and should prepare himself and his children to be upbuilders of that land.

I don't believe God would have allowed the black man to have been taken from his country and home save for the good his return is to bring to that country. The black man knows how to work, and when he is educated let him return to his own land, and teach his people there how to work. Show them how to live this life, and teach them to prepare for the life hereafter. I hope every student who heard Dr. Blyden's address may feel it his duty to help Africa.

ACKREL E. WHITE.

MORE OF THE PETITION.

Another of our graduates, a useful man among his people, reports on his success in interesting them in the freedmen's petition to the last Congress for national aid to education.

——, Va. Feb. 12th, '83.

Genl. S. C. Armstrong,

Dear Sir,

Your kind favors have been receeived. I did not get them until the 14th of Jan. but I attended to the petition at once. I got nearly 100 names signed, could have gotten as many more if I had had time to have gone out in the country. I see it has been presented to Congress. I truly hope it may be effective, for we certainly need some aid here from some source.

The Colored school houses are nearly all unfit for use in this county, especially to teach in during the winter season. And in some sections the people crave schools and cannot get them.

I shall do all I can to get some subscribers to the *Workman*. The people are very, very poor, they say.

Please find enclosed —— for which you will send me the *Workman* for one year.

I have a good school numbering 96 pupils, but small pay. *Cheap* teachers are wanted.

B.

CRUEL POSTPONEMENT OF PAYMENT.

The following letter from an excellent and faithful young woman, gives an aggravated instance of a form of trial which, in different degrees, many experience, and which would be enough to dampen the ardor of most white teachers.

—— Co., Va., *Jan. 10th, 1883.*

My dear Friend.

This is the third time this term I have attempted to write to you; but every time something prevented me from doing so. I am teaching at the same place I was last term, and I have a very nice school. I opened school the first of Oct.

My school will only last five months at this place, and at the end of that time I expect to take another school for five months longer; therefore I shall be teaching until the last of July. I enjoy teaching very much, and I am trying to do all the good I can among the people, both morally and spiritually. I went home to spend my Christmas Holidays with my dear parents, and I had a very nice time; after which I returned to my school, and had a New Year tree for my scholars. I have a very nice little Sunday school, and I am trying in every way to make it better. My earnest desire is to improve the people, and do all in my power for them. I have the pleasure of attending church sometimes once a month; so on Sunday my greatest pleasure is to attend my little Sunday school, to tell the children of Christ, and what He wants them to do, and how happy He would be to have them all good Christian children. I hope you will pray for me and my work, that I may be successful I guess it would be interesting to you to hear of some of the difficulties I had in trying to get my money. I had a check for three months salary last term, and could not get it cashed, so I let a tax collector take it in September and use it, and he promised to let me have the money the first of December. I waited until the 10th December before I called on him for it. That day was cold, and I did not have any other way to go, so I got one of my little scholars about 10 years of age to go with me to get my money. I had to walk four miles; but I was encouraged, thinking that I was going to get my money.

When I got there, I presented the bill to him, and he told me he could not let me have any; but to come back on the 15th, and he would let me have it all. Then I was disappointed; but I tried to content myself thinking in five days more I would have it. I was not thinking so much of myself; but I had promised to send some to my parents, who were needing some very badly. On the 17th of the month I got the gentleman I board with to go for me. That evening I was very anxious for him to come, thinking he was going to bring me good news. But what was the result. He said "Miss A—— I did not get any money for you. The man said come back on the 20th and he will have it for you." I was so vexed I could not help crying. So on the 20th, he went for me again, as I was owing him something for board, and so he wanted it. He came back the same evening, and said, "I did not get it, so you will have to go yourself. I haven't the time to go any more." The next day I went myself, and he wanted to put me off with a part of it. I was then on my way home; so he paid me some money, and gave me a check on the bank for the rest.

On the 20th of the same month, I had to walk three miles through the snow, to get money I had labored for this term; but not a cent have I received yet.

I am confident you Northern teachers dont have any such trials to contend with. It is not so bad for a boy; but when a girl has to run around like this it is very discouraging.

I wish you would please send me some reading matter. I have but a very little, and it would be quite a treat for me to get some.

There are many other things I could speak to you about, which would be interesting to you; but for fear I would worry you in reading, I will save some for the next time.

Hoping to hear from you soon,

Your scholar,

B.

INVITED TO VISIT A WHITE SCHOOL

The effort of a certain county superintendent to have teachers visit each other's schools for suggestion was not pleasantly met, we hear, when he sent some colored visitors to a white school. A pleasanter report of Christian hospitality comes from North Carolina, from one of our young women graduate teachers.

——, N. C., Jan. 10, 1883.

Genl, Armstrong:

Kind Friend,

I opened school here on 13th. Nov., with 24 pupils the first day, the second I had 30, by Christmas I had on roll 74. The weather being so very disagreeable since the Holidays, my school only numbers 61, but a good many of these are new ones that did not come before Christmas. I have had, since I opened here, 84 different pupils, the fullest school I ever had, not the best school, but the best house. They have had several teachers here, but, judging by the progress of the children, they were very poor teachers.

Since I have been here I have been working to get the school under a rule. It was very hard work, and is not what I call a good one yet, but those who visit the school say they have never visited a better arranged school. I have had ever so many visitors among both white and colored. The whites say they like my school better than theirs: the white teacher of this place has been here and invited me to her school. I called at hers a few weeks ago, and was very nicely treated by her, and asked to call again; said she had been wanting to come to mine again ever since the first time, and she would come whenever she could. I was put to a good deal of trouble at first to get books for my school; some hadn't any kind of a book so I had to work partly without tools. I have others classified to some extent now, but nothing as should be, but much better than at first. It keeps me very busy indeed, and works me so hard that I have been fearful that I should not be able to hold out. One good thing, I board near my school. I can walk the distance within 5 minutes. The people whom I stay with are very kind to me, they are nice people, but not religious, and like most all of the Colored in the South are poor people, living in a log hut on rented ground. I stay up stairs very uncomfortable during the snowy weather, as it snows in, but they are so kind to me I am making myself contented, hoping to sow some good seed here, but on the whole it's a rough trip. The people around here are very rough. I was told by my friends with whom I board that the most of the inhabitants of the place, women and men, were very high in whiskey during the Christmas. I dont think I could stand it if I was compelled to stay in the village. I am ¼ of a mile from it. I have written to Miss C——. I hope my sister is progressing. I have a brother younger than she teaching within 10 or 12 miles from me. I dont know yet how long my school will last here, I hope several months yet, so I may see the progress of the children. I shall be more than glad to hear from you personally. Nothing cheers me more than to receive a letter from a Hampton friend or teacher. I hope that I may be able to write another account of this school ere I close. With much love to the friends of Hampton, I remain your devoted pupil, and well wisher for your success.

M.

AN HONORABLE MEMORY.

To forget a lower past and with it the hand that has lifted one above it, is common. A good memory and gratitude mark a true elevation.

——Va., *Dec. 30, 1882.*

GEN. S. C. ARMSTRONG,
Hampton, Va.

Dear Sir:

I entered your valuable Institute in 1872, having been advised to go there by one of the graduates, Mr. S. C. Windsor, who was my teacher. I left June 6, '75, and was examined immediately thereafter by Maj. W. W. Ballard, Supt. of Schools for Roanoke County. I passed a creditable examination and opened school Oct. 18, at a salary of $30. per month. I was an inexperienced hand at the work, having never before taught in the Public Free Schools. I buckled on my armor however, and went to work, stimulated by the never-to-be-forgotten fact that I had been taken from the wilds of Roanoke by Divine providence and placed at Hampton under ber civilization and Christian influence where I had learned man's mission, viz: Fear God do right, and help fallen humanity. "Having freely received, freely give." I taught at that place five months, gave thorough satisfaction to the Trustees and patrons of the school. Among my pupils there, was Miss Maggie Rayford, who is at Hampton now. The next term the Supt., removed me to ——, where I superseded Rev. C. S. Boston and Mr. Geo. E. Stephens, graduates from Hampton, who were considered among the best teachers in the Co., white or colored. I taught at this place two years with marked success, and at the close of my school, I sent you three students, (S. C. Carrington, who has since graduated, Geo. Blair and John Madre.) The next term I went to Botetourt Springs, where I had purchased a home. I taught here two years and sent you five students who are now at Hampton, viz:- Lucy Moore, Marshall Hunt, R. L. Briggs, C. N. Goldston and Luther Hunt. This school is now successfully taught by one of my pupils, Mr. S. C. Carrington. I now have a flourishing School at Cloverdale, and am getting on splendidly. If you so desire I will write you about the progress of the colored people generally, their hopes, prospects &c., &c.—Please write.

Yours truly.

H.

FROM A TEACHER AND CIRCUIT PREACHER.

The following interesting letter is from a hard worker who besides teaching daily, preaches in four places in Virginia.

——Co., Va., *December 15th, 1882.*

Miss C.

Esteemed Friend:

I have been teaching here seven weeks The Board has changed the series of books formerly used, and many of my patrons are not able to buy such books as their children need and supply them with clothing necessary for winter, and therefore my school is quite small. I only have 29 pupils on roll. This school is situated in the western edge of the county; is a very poor place; they only offer $25.00 and do not know when they will pay that. They owe $700. on last term to teachers. My people are poor; there is nothing for them to do without going ten miles to—— Though they are poor they are willing to do what they can, and the majority of them are very anxious to have their children go to school. There has been a great deal of sickness in this neighborhood, and that has been a great hindrance to many of them, nearly all the family being down at once, and no one to support them, but just having to live off of the charity of others. There are two families now in which the husbands are down, and seven or eight little children, with no one to help them. One of these families sends a little girl to school about 7 years old, but she cannot come more than two days in the week, because she has to go around and help her mother to earn for the others, her father lying sick with fever. The white people are very friendly, but the majority of them are as poor as we are. They seem friendly but do not help us any. We have to furnish all of the fuel for the school, and all of the furniture except the desks. The Laws of this State says the Trustees shall furnish them. So you can see how much we are out of. The whites do not disturb us, nor do they help us, and have very little to do with us as a matter of course. I am preaching and teaching. I have four churches. All of these Churches are small and pay very small salaries; all of them together pay about $160.00 per annum. So you see I have to teach to make a very meagre support. And it is very hard on me. I have to go every Sunday and I have to walk from eight to fifteen miles to get to some of them, and have to travel very early Monday mornings through the cold, snow, wet, rain and mud, to get to my school in time. And many times I do not get money enough to pay my way back home on the train as far as the nearest point from home, which is ten miles. I have not the time to labor with my churches as I should, having to go there and return sometimes Sunday evening and Monday mornings. The patrons of the school are very friendly. I am their pastor, and they are very kind to me. Many of them do all they can to encourage me in my work, while others seem indifferent and careless about the education of their children, as any thing else toward progress and development. I graduated from Hampton 73; have been preaching and teaching ever since. I taught in Kanawha Co., W. Va., one year, but ever since then have been working in these counties mentioned. This is a very busy time with me, and I shall have to close. I have to study theology very hard as I have had no regular theological training more than what I take up myself by the assistance of the Lord. And I also have a great many obstacles to encounter and surmount through the help of the Lord. Pray for me, that I may be enabled to perform all the labor imposed upon me by Him who knows all of our infirmities. I am yours in the Lord,

B.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton

THE INDIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

It is Sunday noon at Winona. The great Hall is very quiet, for the girls have not yet returned from dinner. Let us glance for a moment at the lovely pictures on the walls, and the pots of geraniums on the broad-silled windows, drinking in the warm sunshine. We can look, too, through the open door into the Chapel, where the one sweet picture of the Good Shepherd, carrying in his arms the stray lamb, may well recall to the scholars who gather here, the first words of Holy Writ, in the new strange tongue, which are taught them on coming from their far away homes, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

But there is a sound of happy voices, and in groups of three or four the girls come tripping in, some by the front entrance looking out on the shimmering water, some directly from Virginia Hall through the long corridor, which reminded one of them of her Grammar class and a Conjunction, because it connects. There is time for them to get their Bibles, and be in readiness before the boys gather at the summons of the bell. Rev. Mr Gravatt, Rector of St John's Church in Hampton, kindly officiates as Superintendent, teaching also the advanced class of boys. It is surely an inspiring sight when all are met in that sunny room for the opening exercises; some of the faces so fixed and earnest, grave almost to severity, yet lighting up all over at a happy remark; others, some of the little fellows, hardly able to restrain the rollicking fun which seems their normal state, nevertheless, when once arrested, listening, as if spell-bound, to the speaker. What possibilities seem crowded within those four walls, as one's thoughts run on to the future, not very far distant for some of these scholars, when, almost alone, they must face life's problems amid scenes so strangely contrasted to this! What will they make, we wonder, of the homes, one day to be theirs, perhaps in the Agency camps of Dakota, or amid the raiding Apaches of Arizona? Will the boys prove brave soldiers in that war which makes only for peace and righteousness; and the girls will they be true to their motto "not to be ministered unto but to minister"? But the classes are filing out with their teachers to the different rooms where they recite. The Hospital, when vacant, the Sewing Room, and other apartments make very pleasant meeting places. There are varieties of antecedents as well as of age and temperament represented in these classes. Among the tall, manly forms passing out so sedately, are three young married men who are here with their families. Two of them have left not only friends and kindred but thriving farms, well stocked with ponies, cows, poultry, &c., on their Omaha Reservations, thus sacrificing not a little to gain an education. Another took the brave step of cutting off his long locks while still at the West before coming within the limits of civilization. There are many thoughtful questioners among girls and boys, and even those whose slight knowledge of English makes it difficult for them to understand or to say very much, strive hard, with eyes intent upon the teacher, to catch some of the lessons that are taught. Who can tell whether some of these boys may not be fitting to go back as ministers of Christ's gospel to their people. Of course extremes meet, and close beside the staid husbands and fathers are the small irrepressibles, whose class name is the "Little Workers," and whose teacher is certainly kept on the alert. She thus describes the beginning of her class. "What a noise and confusion, every chair moved out of its place, and eight little caps in the middle of the floor. Pretty soon, the chairs are still, and sixteen little feet moving in a hurry to get "My cap." To the question, what was our last lesson about, there is a chorus of answers: "Cain and Abel," "Rebecca and Isaac," Esau and Jacob," "Joseph;" without much anxiety as to whether anyone has hit the mark. One glance around the room, and you find one boy whittling a stick, another tying a string around his cap, a third singing some familiar tune from an old hymn book he has happened to find in his pocket, still another throwing his handkerchief rolled in a wad across the room for a catch at ball. It will take some time to get quiet again, and to impress the fact that to day is Sunday, after which we will go on with the lesson, but one boy, (perhaps the one whose favorite query use to be, as he doubled himself up under a mild admonition—"You want to ke-e-l me? I'm not afraid to dead") is anxious to tell the story of Esau and Jacob; interesting, from the fact that Esau tried to kill Jacob and he got away."

An Act of Prohibition having been passed upon the too frequent drinks at a hydrant on the way to recitation, as they always got in the way of the class that came after them, the teacher was quite encouraged the following Sunday to find her little boys walking serenely past the scene of their former temptations. Her satisfaction was somewhat dashed, as later she noticed a roguish look passing around the class, and thought to herself "What can be up now"? Her attention was soon drawn to the boy on her right, as every body in the class looked that way and laughed. He was holding a quart bottle to his mouth, drinking water. 'I asked him to put it away, which he did very quickly, then I wanted to know why he brought that bottle into the class:—"To take a drink when we want it you said not stop outside." Meanwhile the bottle started on its trip around the class, being passed furtively from boy to boy until it was emptied at the other end."

Another teacher, who suffers very much from a lack of chairs, as they have to be carried out from the Chapel, found a pitched battle impending between a Dakota and an Arizona buy, over some of these said chairs. Matters were at once settled however, and soon the class were all absorbed in the story of Moses, suppressed groans alone breaking the stillness as they heard of the poor babies thrown into the river, and of his own danger. When at last he took his place in the palace, the eager question broke out, "Did he see his mother again?" In the same class, when the sacrifice of Isaac was the theme, one boy covered his eyes as the mournful preparations were made, and the face of another, who had been bending forward to listen, grew radiant when the angel called from heaven.

In entering on a regular course of Bible study this year, the Old Testament has been taken up as preparatory to the New, and certainly a new charm has seemed to invest the old stories, as they have been told in the simplest and most graphic way possible, to such eager listeners, and the fitness of many of the scenes to the understanding of the older ones at least, has been very striking; Abraham sitting at his tent door, Esau coming in hungry from the chase, with no care for the future if only present needs can be supplied, Jacob, resting on the hard ground, and leaving behind the land which had been promised him; all these, with many a deeper lesson, have caused a feeling of sympathy with Eliot, the translator of the Indian Bible, who fancied he had found in his Indian children the lost tribes of Israel. The following account of Noah, written by a little girl, will show how some of them get hold of these stories.

"Noah is a good man, he loves God and God loves him to, he stay in ark for 40 days and 40 nights, he stay with the animals for 40 days and the other people get drowned and he sent a bird out to see and he come back and he sented it again and the bird brought an olive leaf so Noah know the water was going down and long time he look out he can see top of the mountains and long time the bird did not come back. The bird find something to eat."

Pictures are found very helpful. One teacher missing a blackboard on which to write some names she desired to impress on her scholars, spelled them in the air with her fingers, and found her class could follow her very intelligently. After the closing exercises in the Chapel, the boys usually remain at Winona for a time, some clustering near the piano to sing hymns, and some gathering about the pretty book case, the gift of Miss M. A Longstreth, where the books, also largely her kind donation, are given out, to the girls, the boys likewise being allowed to examine the pictures or look over the stories while they linger.

And so the Sunday afternoon slips away. Let us hope that, from this seed-sowing at Winona, golden harvests may spring in the West.

J. E. R.

Reports on Returned Indian Students.

The following interesting letters have been received from two Indian agencies in Dakota, in reply to requests for recent information in regard to students returned eighteen months ago to their homes:

UNITED STATES INDIAN SERVICE,
Fort Berthold Agency, Dakota, Feb. 13, 1883.

GEO. LEROY BROWN,
1st Lieut. 11th Infantry and Commandant of Cadets at Hampton Institute, Va.

Dear Sir: Yours of 29th ult. just received; glad to hear from you. We have thus far endured a cold winter; the average temperature for January was 18.4° below zero, with only four days during the month thermometer indicated above zero; thus we experience a partial illustration of the meaning of the word "latitude." Monthly reports from your School relative to the health and progress of Indian pupils from this agency are regularly received, and are gratifying, more especially to parents and friends of pupils. Of returned students, George White Wolf and Laughing Face were in mechanics shop, last year—the former in carpenter, the latter in blacksmith shop; but unfortunately both broke down in health, so as to render them unfit for duty. They have, however, measurably recovered, and will engage in farming the approaching season. Thomas Smith has done well farming wheat, oats, corn and potatoes, and is a good boy, with manly traits of character. Arahotchkiss attended Government School for a time. When his father located at Fort Buford he took him to his home, where he has been for near a year. Ka-What attends school. Josephine Malnourie was married last summer to a white man, now living sixty miles from this agency, and is doing well. The manifest superiority of these returned students over other Indians is strikingly apparent, yet, in my judgment, three years is too short, taken from their ignorant and untutored state, knowing nothing of the English language, to prepare them on returning to their people to exhibit that strength of character necessary to enable them to meet and combat successfully the old deep-rooted, long-cherished traditions and superstitions. In my judgment five or six years' training in your Institute would establish them more firmly in principle, and qualify them on their return to their own people to teach school, and thus enable them to exert an influence of great and lasting benefit among their people. I am convinced that the Indian is ready for citizenship, if the opportunity was given him. I urged upon the Commissioner of Indian Affairs the earnest request of my agency that Indians be located upon lands in severalty. When I talk with my Indians upon this subject and explain to them the advantages in occupying lands and making homes for themselves, they say it is good, and ask me to "mark" out their lands, and give them a "Paper" such as the white man has, meaning a deed, and they will occupy them and make homes; but I have recently been informed by the Commissioner that there is no prospect of action in this measure by the present Congress.

Very respectfully, &c.,
J. KAUFFMAN, U. S. Indian Agent.

UNITED STATES INDIAN SERVICE,
Cheyenne Agency, February 20, 1883.

LIEUT. BROWN,

Dear Sir: In answer to yours of the 23d January, I would say that Henry Fisherman is working in our carpenter shop and is a very steady hand; the only trouble with him is that he tries to make trouble around the agency. He did the same when he worked here for Maj. Love. I gave him a good talking to, and think it will do him good.

Joseph Walin is one of the employes and is doing very well. Charles White Bull is working for his father up the river. I had a good talk with him a few days ago, and think he is a good boy. Henry Brown, Lewis Agenoughwea, and Henry Schutashnay are at McKenzie Point. Brown and Agenoughwea wrote me for work, and I sent for them, but they finally told me they did not want it. I don't think they staid at Hampton as long as they should. White Bull and Schutashnay want me to get them back. If you have room for a few good boys, I can get them for you, and would be very much pleased to visit your school. I will do all I can for the Hampton boys here.

Yours,
WM. A. SLOAN,
U. S. Indian Agent.

Letters From Returned Indian Students.

Thomas (Wildcat) Alford, whose interesting account of the school he is teaching among the Potawottamies in Indian Territory we published last month, sent to Hampton, some weeks ago, one of his pupils for whom he had requested and obtained admission to the Normal School, with the following letter of recommendation. The young man is now doing well in the School:

Wagoza, Indian Territory, Jan. 31, 1883.

Dear General: Mr. Frank Goodbow, a Pottowatamie Indian, the bearer of this, is a worthy, quiet, Christian young man, and deserves the sympathy and respect of all whom he may be thrown to associate. Ever since I first met and became acquainted with him, found him to be in earnest, seeking an opportunity to elevate and fit himself for a useful life. He is now on his way to school, and I do hope he may find a room in your crowded school.

I am, dear General, yours truly,
T. W. ALFORD.

The following letter is from an Indian student of Hampton who, after three years here, was returned to his home a year and a half ago, and has been doing well:

LOWER BRULE AGENCY, D. T.,
Boarding School, February 9, 1883.

MY FRIEND, MR. GEO. LEROY BROWN:

Now, my friend, I am very much pleased to get your letter Friday, and I am going to write to you and to tell you how I am getting along here at boarding-school in Lower Brule Agency. I here teach school this winter, and last winter I was teaching at boarding-school in Yankton Agency. That all I got to do since I came back from Hampton School; also, I have kept what I learned from the Normal School always, and I never forget all my friends, who they are, know me, and also my teachers, too; I never forget that, because they are very kind to me. I was at Hampton. So I try to do what is right and good. I know those very well; so I have kept what I know from Normal School, or what teacher told me I have kept in my mind, and I trying to live right always I can. Now, my friend, that is all I have to do in myself since I came back from Hampton Normal School; and now I am going to tell you how the Hampton boys were doing at home. I came here at Lower Brule Agency last July 2d, 1882, from Yankton Agency, and I got to study here about seven months ago, but I did not to see any of them to work any, except Henry Rencounter; he is working at Agency blacksmith shop, and the others I have not seen any of them to working any since I came here, and also I never go to their home; so I don't know what they were doing. That is all I have to know about Brule boys; else one of the Crow Creek boys go back to his own way; he has put on the Indians' clothes to wear, and dances with other Indians. I saw him last week; he dress himself like that, and I am very sorry for him, because he lost what he learned from Hampton. Will I put in name on here? That is Frank Pamani.—He is go back to Indian ways. Now, that is all I know about Hampton boys. So I must stop writing, and I say, give my love to all my friends who they are know me. That is all I can said this time.

From truly your friend,
FRANK YELLOW BIRD.

I said I am very glad to shake hand with you, friend.

P. S.—How is Brother Tiyowicakte. I like to know how is getting along at Normal School.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.

THE April number contains even more than the usual attractive features. The Rev. Moses D. Hoge contributes "What is Presbyterianism?" being No. IV. of "Religious Denominations in the United States"; the editor, Dr. Talmage, has a characteristic article, "Mending the Bible"; Edwin DeLeon continues those deeply interesting papers, "The American Pilgrim in Palestine," etc., etc. There are serial and short stories, a large number of very excellent sketches, some admirably written essays, a sermon by Dr. Talmage, "Homesickness," several poems of great merit; a record of important events, Personal Notes and Comments, Editorial Comments Obituary Notices, etc. The miscellany is most comprehensive, entertaining and instructive: the number in fact, overflows with good things, and abounds with illustrations. The price is only 25 cents a copy, or $3 a year, postpaid. Address, MRS. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

The May number will contain the first of a series of papers by Lieutenant Fred Schwatka, the Arctic explorer, entitled, "Among the Natives of the North."

Poor Men and Reform.

The poor man who has nothing may perhaps think that he pays no taxes. The fact is, however, that a large part of his wages goes to pay taxes. If the clothing he wears, the whiskey, he drinks, the pipe he smokes, the matches he burns, the tobacco he chews and the knife he cuts it with, if these were not all heavily taxed they would be much cheaper, and his money would buy a great deal more. If a man rents a house, the landlord has to charge enough to pay taxes on the house. If he own a spade or an axe, or a cradle, or bed, or a clock, the Government has taxed all these articles when manufactured, and the poor man has to pay that much more for them when he buys them.

It is not necessary, therefore, that a man should possess a cow, or a horse, or a few pigs, or a little piece of land before he can be taxed. The bulk of the revenue, which is the

PLAYTHING OF CONGRESS,

comes from indirect taxation, which is paid by the manufacturer or the importer, and then collected out of the poor man.

That the public money should not be wasted is therefore very important to the poor man. A certain amount must be raised to carry on a well managed government. Every penny beyond is so much useless taxation. As there are more poor men than rich men, so the combined interest of the poor for economy and honesty is greater than the interest of the rich. But all taxpayers, rich or poor, are interested in reform, because they want to get the worth of their money.

HOWEVER LIMITED THE EXPERIENCE

of a man may be, he can scarcely be ignorant of the fact that it costs the Government more to do a piece of work than it costs a private citizen. Money is wasted not only by stealing, but by bad management. This is true from building a war vessel down to the repair of the county roads and bridges. Men who are posted tell us that one-third of the Government money is wasted. In the Public Ledger of Norfolk, dated February 8, is the following remarkable comparison, which, as it is now six weeks old, and no one has ventured to contradict it, we presume must be correct. It refers to the Norfolk county ferry as follows:

Amount proposed to be paid as rent for the 12 years after December 31, 1881, viz.:	
Total amount actually paid to the owners $13,000 00 per year	$157,000 00
during the 12 years preceding December 31, 1881	$ 37,025 60
The difference	$119,974 40

In round numbers, one hundred and twenty thousand dollars difference, between the net returns which private management would yield, and the net returns which party management has yielded in twelve years.

It requires no argument to prove that if the county of Norfolk and the city of Portsmouth had that sum to-day, it would be a very good thing for the tax-payers. One hundred and twenty thousand dollars would pay the cost of building every toll road and bridge leading into the two cities (except the road to Princess Anne county), and leave funds enough over to keep them up, and thus give the poor man free access to the markets and to his labor. But the tolls paid by poor men in going to oyster houses and to truck farms, or in coming to market, though considerable, are but a drop in the bucket to what they pay by indirect taxation, laid upon them by Congress, on nearly everything they use or wear

TO POOR MEN

it is thus of vital importance whom they send to Congress. If they send men who care more for party than principle, those men will not spend their time at Washington in trying to save the people's money from being wasted. Instead of giving Government work to the best workmen, they will aim to buy up the little politicians at home by getting them offices. No matter how well qualified a man now in office may be to give the Government the worth of its money, they will have him turned out unless he will neglect his proper business and go running round electioneering to keep the Congressmen, or the party in power.

The Civil Service Reform Association have commenced to fight in favor of good economical management. They want to have the laws so that everybody, rich or poor, may have an equal chance to serve the Government; and that when a man has passed his examination, and deserved by his good conduct to remain, he shall not be turned out on account of his politics. In other words, the reformers want the power taken away from Congressmen, to give the preference to anybody for any office. What an officer thinks is no business of the Government, so long as the officer does his duty, any more than it concerns a rider whether his horse likes fodder or hay the best.

Reformers also want laws passed as to custom-house officers and postmasters, and judges and sheriffs and justices and constables, and the whole tribe of office-holders who are now so anxious that poor men should vote as they say is right—laws to compel officers to stick to their own business. As citizens they have, of course, a right to prefer any party they please, but when they are hired to do Government work, they ought to attend to it, and not be allowed to influence anybody. Because when a man is an officer, he has power to do favors; and that power don't belong to him as a private individual. It is a power he derives from Government. And, of course, Government ought to let the people vote as they please. If the people want the same party to continue in power, they need no help from Government officers to say so.

We appeal to poor men, as well as to the rich, to organize Reform Associations and help us to apply these principles to national, State and county affairs, so that there may be more common sense in politics and less corruption.

F. B. RICHARDSON, *Norfolk, Va.*

Testimony to Tuskegee from North and South.

The story of the Normal School at Tuskegee has been repeatedly told in our columns, through which this child of Hampton Institute was first introduced to Hampton's Northern friends, and the interest invited which has been so kindly bestowed. Mr. Washington and his assistant, Miss Davidson, have proved themselves well worthy of this introduction and interest ever since, on recommendation of the Principal of Hampton Institute, in response to an application of the State authorities of Alabama, they were appointed to their charge. The enterprise has grown beyond its first intent, by their energy and devotion in establishing the principles of self-help and industrial training in their school, which have gained for it general respect and sympathy in the State. The latest news from Tuskegee, in a letter from its Principal, Mr. Washington, will be found in another column, and in our next number, an interesting account from General Marshall, Treasurer and Trustee of Hampton Institute, who went to Alabama recently on purpose to visit the school. We are happy also to print the following testimony to the good will of its neighbors, in a letter from the Pastor of the Congregational church under the American Missionary Association in Montgomery; and, below it, an extract from the report of the State Board of Education of Alabama.

Montgomery, Ala., March 1, 1883.

GEN. S. C. ARMSTRONG.

DEAR SIR:—A short time ago I made a trip to Tuskegee, Ala., for the purpose of visiting the State Normal School for colored people, located there. Inasmuch as four of the five teachers of this School, together with the wife of the Principal, were once pupils of yours, I feel sure that you will be interested to know what is going on there.

The School was opened less than two years ago, in one of the churches of the city. The State authorized the opening of the School, but made no provision for ground or buildings. Two thousand dollars were appropriated to insure free tuition for all pupils and, before the close of the year, the School had done so well that State Superintendent Armstrong procured for it an additional $500 from the Peabody Fund. Prof. Washington was not content to put up with the inconveniencies of the church so, without waiting for further action on part of the State he, and his assistant, Miss Davidson, resolved to present their needs to friends at the North. They were so successful as to secure from one man the gift of one hundred acres of cultivated land within the city limits, and from others money enough to warrant them in letting the contract for a building to cost between five and six thousand dollars. The building was occupied last Thanksgiving, and, at the time of my visit was almost entirely completed, and money enough on hand to pay for it. In the meantime, forty acres of timber and pasture land have been bought and paid for. The building occupies the site of Col. Bowen's old homestead, and is beautifully shaded by the cedars, mulberries and magnolias, planted out by him many years ago. It is four stories high. The first is to be used for a boarding house, the second for recitation rooms, the third is a hall capable of seating 300 people, with additional room for a library; the fourth will furnish rooms for about 50 girls. All the work has been done by colored mechanics. In conversation with some of the older people who were brought up as slaves, and whose children are now members of this School, I learned something of their deep affection for it. From small beginnings, a little over a year ago, the School has grown till now it has 350 pupils under its care, over 100 of whom are Normal Students old enough, and many of them well enough prepared, to teach. In addition to the special work of preparing teachers for the Public Schools of the State attention is to be given to the various industrial pursuits. The farm will be carried on largely by the students, and they will there be taught the best methods of farming. As soon as possible a printing office will be opened, a carpenter-shop, a cooking and sewing school for girls, and such other industries as may be thought necessary. I attended the sessions of this school for two days, and was exceedingly pleased with the enthusiastic spirit of both teachers and pupils. One of the encouraging features of the School is the warm interest it has inspired in many of the leading white citizens of Tuskegee. Mr. G. W. Campbell and Mr. Wm. B. Swanson are among the oldest and most respectable citizens of Macon county. They, with Mr. Lewis Adams, a prominent colored man, constitute the State Board of Commissioners for the School. Colonel Bowen, Mr. Varner and Col. W. F. Foster—Speaker of the present Legislature—all citizens of Tuskegee and familiar with the School, are among its warmest friends. A short time ago, in conversation with Gen. Armstrong, our State Superintendent of Education, I learned that he was so much pleased with the work of Prof. Washington and his associates, as to recommend to the Committee on Education to report a bill giving $1,000 per year additional to the School. I afterwards learned that the Committee reported it unanimously to the House, and the Governor recommended its passage. I was present during the debate on the bill. So much interested was Colonel Foster, in its passage, that he left the Speaker's chair, and, upon the floor of the House, in an eloquent and effective speech, urged that it pass. He sat down and at once, by a vote of 59 to 18, the bill passed. It has since passed the Senate and received the approbation of the Governor, and is now a law. With this example before us we need have no fear as to what the colored people can do if, like Prof. Washington and his associates and pupils, they will only take hold to win.

R. C. BEDFORD.

From the Report of the Superintendent of Education of Alabama.

THE NORMAL SCHOOLS are each in a prospering condition, and doing faithful and efficient work. I deem it a privilege, as well as duty, to make special mention of the School located at Tuskegee. Though only authorized by an Act of Assembly, approved March 1st, 1881, the friends of the enterprise proceeded at once to organize the School and to solicit funds in its aid. They have already raised, by subscriptions, independently of the State appropriation, the sum of $5,521.94; and have erected a structure, imposing in appearance, to which they can point with exultant pride. For special particulars concerning this and other schools, I would invite your attention to the full and comprehensive reports, accompanying and made a part of this report.

REPORT OF TUSKEGEE NORMAL SCHOOL.
TUSKEGEE, ALA., NOV. 8, 1882.

MR. G. W. CAMPBELL,
Pres't Board of Commissioners:

DEAR SIR:—The Normal School, established by the last Legislature, at this place, was opened July 4, 1881, with 30 students and the session closed with 112. The present session opened with 66, and the present attendance is 98, and is likely to reach 140 before the session closes. The total number in attendance since the School began has been 142.

STUDIES.

Branches taught thus far: Orthography, reading, mental and written arithmetic, descriptive and physical geography, language lessons, grammar and composition, United States and ancient history, physiology, geometrical drawing, vocal music, and gymnastics.

The town public school is taught on the Normal School grounds, and is used as a model school for the Normal students.

The course of study extends through a period of four years and includes, besides others, all the branches laid down in the State school law.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Instructors employed	3
Average age of students	18½
Counties represented	9
Non-residents	81
Residents	61
Number who have taught	46

LAND.

In order to give the students a chance to pay a part of their expenses in work, to teach the dignity of labor, and to furnish agricultural training, the friends of the School have bought a farm of one hundred acres, on which the School is located.

BUILDINGS.

The building erected during the summer, by contributions from friends in Tuskegee and the North, is 67x58, and is three stories high, without the basement. It contains six recitation rooms, one large chapel, reading room and library, office, dormitories for girls in third story, and is to have a boarding hall in the basement.

Besides the large building, there are three smaller buildings on the place, containing in all five rooms, all devoted to the School.

FINANCE.

The officers of the School have collected and expended for the objects named, the following amounts, outside of the State appropriation:

New building	$4,450 00
Cost of farm and improvements	707 00
General expenses	131 59
Beneficiary fund	115 00
Books for library	48 35
Furniture for dormitories	70 00
Total outside of State approp'n,	$5,521 94
State appropriation	2,000 00
Total, with State appropriation	$7,521 94

DONATIONS OF MATERIALS

Volumes for library, 600: 1 cabinet organ, and many other valuable articles.

The School owes much of its present prosperity to the hearty co-operation of both the white and colored citizens of Tuskegee, and in the future, with the continued outside help and State aid, it will move on to greater usefulness.

Respectfully submitted,

B. T. WASHINGTON, *Prin'l.*

Pleasant Report From Tennessee.

A friend who knows that we are interested in hearing from other workers besides our Hampton graduates, sends us an extract from a letter recently received from a young colored teacher in Tennessee, with the following pleasant report of his work and the condition of the people:

Columbia, Tenn., January 1st, 1883.

MISS — — —

Esteemed Friend: It is encouraging to see how rapidly the colored people are coming out of the old and very objectionable way of celebrating this anniversary (Christmas). There is quite an appreciable departure from the old plantation dance, the whiskey, and the wild man hilarity that once was so characteristic of the poor Negro.

At present there are social parties, at which are gathered the reasonably gay and cheerful. The cabinet organ, good Christian and sentimental songs, and pleasant converse.

At these social gatherings harmless games are sometimes indulged, or frequently facetious naratives or poetry are given. The churches and societies give entertainments for their own benefit. I have, for a long time, made it my duty to induce as many persons to do regular reading as possible. I find that many of the young persons who have enjoyed school advantages are not much disposed to make those little sacrifices so necessary in order to have on hand substantial reading matter. *The mind must be constantly and carefully fed.*

Please let me hear from you. Your letters cheer me. May God give me many such friends, and may your reward be rich in the life beyond, for rendering such potent help to one who, amidst darkness, and with little strength, seeks to raise others.

Ever yours,

WALTER J. LEWIS.

Picture Papers for Returned Indian Students.

As may be seen in our report of an interview with Agent McLaughlin, on another page, much good may be done by sending good illustrated papers with simple reading, or for their pictures alone, to our Indian boys and girls who have returned to their agencies. We have done this already to some extent, but we have not enough for them and others who need the same. If any friends will send us such papers after they are done with them, marked if they choose. For Indians, they will be doing great good. Every such humanizing influence that we can throw around these young people in their difficult positions, is of utmost importance and value. The papers may be directed to the editor.

Interview with an Indian Agent.

Among the thirty Indian students who were returned in October, 1881, to their homes in Dakota, after three years at Hampton Institute, three were from Standing Rock Agency, which is under the care of Agent James McLaughlin and a mission of the Roman Catholic Church. The fine results of Agent McLaughlin's work at his previous post— Devil's Lake Agency, Dakota—is answer enough to any wholesale denunciation of Indian Agents, or disbelief in Indian capabilities of improvement. We are glad to have these students under his influence. We have now ten more at Hampton, boys and girls, from the Standing Rock Agency.

A recent visit to the Normal School, from Major McLaughlin and his wife, who is equally zealous in the work, has given us an opportunity to hear his latest reports of our returned students, and something of his efforts at Standing Rock as well as at his former station.

An informal, but interesting conversation was had, of which we give the substance.

The three students returned to Standing Rock were John Pleats and Rosa Pleats his sister, and Uhakeumpa, who has, since he returned, become transformed into Thomas C. Fly, by hardly as violent transition as some of our English or Dutch ancestors' names have suffered. Uhakeumpa is Indian for Carries Flying (*i. e.*, a Flying Carrier). Desiring a more civilized title, he adopts the name of Thomas, abbreviates Carries to an initial letter, and Flying to Fly. His descendants may have to search the files of the *Southern Workman*, at some future day, to discover the original name of the founder of their family. To these has been added Andrew Fox, who was returned to Crow Creek Agency from Hampton, but has been transferred to Standing Rock because his relations were there. Of these boys, the report is very good. John Pleats is employed as bostler in charge of the Agency stables, having seven horses and eight mules to take care of, and to groom two of the horses. He is a slow worker, doing about two-thirds of a full white-man's work, and less than many Indians could do, but is perfectly honest, faithful and reliable. What is asked of him will be done, and well done. Few are so steady and constant.

"Just what value has the education been to these boys?"

Of great value. Without it, they would have been indolent, lazy Indians, loafing in the Indian camp, or about the Agency.

"Do they keep up their English?"

Very well. I always talk English to them, and all the employees have orders to talk nothing else to them. They have their Hampton books in their rooms and spend a good deal of time reading them.

"Do they have a room at the Agency?"

Yes. They have a room with the apprentices, 18 by 20. It has a good pine floor, and is comfortable. They take their meals at the house of one of our Indian 'water-haulers.' (Our water has to be hauled two miles to the Agency). He is a respectable mannered man, and his wife cooks for them. They keep their room very nice.

"Do you find it true, as it is of the Sandwich Islanders, that the Indians are cleaner in their wild state than in the transition period?"

Decidedly so. They don't know how to take care of a house at first. There are dirty wild Indians, but a majority of them are comparatively tidy in their persons and their tepees. Everything is kept packed away in *par-fleches*. [Boxes made of buffalo-hide].

"What are the boys' wages?"

Thomas and John returned the 15th August of 1881. Their salary was fixed at thirty dollars (or $30 per month), besides their Abel," "Red White man was then running the school," "Josephine employees." He took their rations to whether he let them their meals at the rate of a dollar a month. This worked well until the Commissioner reduced the salaries, on the 4th of July, to $20 a month. Then they couldn't pay that. I told them to keep on working and I would find them full rations and meals.

"Was the $30 earned or given as encouragement?"

It was to encourage. The reduction was all right if it had been made equal at all the Agencies. But at some they were receiving $30, at others $20, and $15.

"What, do you think, should be the general treatment of those sent back; remembering that those we now return will be better prepared than the first were, what should they be paid?"

Fair payment would be $20 per month, and Indian rations. As a general thing, we have to issue rations between times—say once a week, instead of once a fortnight, and sometimes a little between.

"What pay does a white mechanic get?"

White men get $60 a month—whether mechanics or laborers,—and furnish themselves.

"What do our boys do with their money?"

Spend it generally in clothing, or presents for their friends. Tom supports one man he calls his brother-in-law. I haven't known of their spending anything foolishly since their return. Each had received $255 up to the time their salaries were reduced, then $180 up to now. They buy good, serviceable clothing. Thomas is more apt to be a little extravagant. He bought a nice blanket and gave it right away.

"Do their friends eat them up?"

Tom's brother-in-law does him. He is continually annoying him for a dollar for beads, paint, &c. I have scolded him, but it will probably continue.

John pays up his debts to the last cent, and does not run ahead of his income. John is twenty-two years old, Tom is twenty. John has eight in his family—a mother who is a widow, and eight brothers and sisters. The family live on their rations, and cultivate the ground. They have had a nice patch under cultivation for two years. John put a substitute in his place at the stables, the first of January, and took fifteen days, by my permission, to cut and haul logs to build his mother a house in the spring.

"Has his education made him more useful to his family, and influential for good?"

Yes, indeed. Its influence is marked. Neither John nor Tom ever paint, or go around in blankets. They attract the Indians' attention—especially by their Hampton uniforms when they first returned.

"Would it be a good thing to let them send for another uniform suit—to feel themselves still connected with Hampton?"

They would like it very much, indeed, and it would cost no more than what they would have to pay there. They keep their hair cut and wear citizen's clothes.

"Could they do this if they did not have employment from Government?"

No, unless they were given something to start them in business for themselves; say a yoke of cattle and a wagon, to put up hay for traders, or haul provisions for military use. The Indian must be started a little, and be given some chance. If not taken into an Agency shop, he must have an "outfit."

"Can Government furnish it under existing laws?"

Yes. After the Commissioner makes his estimate for the fiscal year, there is a remnant allowed each Agent to use as he needs. An Agent, knowing of a student's return six months beforehand, could provide any student with work on any Sioux Agency.

Tom is assistant carpenter. He is less steady and more quick tempered than John. He, got into some difficulty through his temper, in my absence, and was discharged. I sent for him and had a quiet talk, and explained to him that he was to obey my bosses, in my absence, just as he did me. He didn't know that before. And I told the boss he must not discharge the Hampton boys while I was gone. I wanted to look after them and give them a good chance. He is working away very cheerfully now, making doors and coffins. He often asks permission to go and see his friends, but never goes back to their ways. He is obedient and neat—not quite up to John in neatness, John always wears a clean, white shirt and necktie.

"How do they spend their evenings?"

Generally in their rooms among themselves, especially John and Tom. They read a great deal.

"What can we send out to help them—papers, or books, or games?"

They are fond of checkers and backgammon.

"Would they like illustrated papers?"

Very much, indeed. Tom gets one from somebody. They would like *Harpers' Weekly* or *Harpers' Young Folks*, or such picture papers, exceedingly. John lost some of his school books in a fire. They would like pictures for their room.

Andrew Fox came to us from Crow Creek, October 1st. He is about twenty. He is learning a new trade, and came as carpenter's apprentice; so he gets only apprentices wages—$5 a month and rations. He is a very good boy, quick and bright; and will make a good carpenter in time. He has Indian rations and messes with the rest. He speaks the best English of the three boys, and never hesitates to speak it.

"What effect do these boys have on the other Indians?"

Indians take things in a matter-of-fact way. They have not much sentiment, but they are a thinking people, and they see the superiority of knowing English and better pay. They do not ask these young men's advice in council, yet a great many say they would like to have their children speak English, if they had the courage to part with them. They have great affection for their children, I have never seen any stronger among white people. For some days after a child has left, the mother goes about wailing, afraid it will never return. But, now that these have returned, the parents feel very differently. The regular card reports of each child, sent monthly from Hampton, have excellent effect. I read them to the parents. One old man came to me and said he had an impression that his daughter was going to die; or, at any rate, if she didn't die her grandmother would, and he wanted her to come home. I reasoned with him, and told him that the girls had been sent for their own good, and that of the tribe; that they went for three years' training, and I should be ashamed to ask the Department to return her in the middle of it, and they wouldn't do it if I should ask. Then he wanted me to figure up how many ponies it would cost to send for her at his own expense. I let him talk out his mind. That is always the best way with an Indian. Then I took him into my house and reasoned with him, and he went off happy and contented to let her stay.

"How is Rosa getting on?"

Rosa Pleets is now with her mother. She lived first in Capt. Van Horn's family—warm friends of Indians—as nurse to a four year old boy, at $2 a week. She had objections to going up to the garrison, and I took her into my own family at the same wages. She had been well trained at Hampton. She was a good worker and very neat. She did very well while she stayed—for two weeks. Then she got permission to go home over Sunday. Then her mother came to ask permission for another visit, which she got. Then her grandmother came. That time she didn't return. Her home is ten miles off. I sent her brother John after her twice, but he couldn't get her; the women persuaded her to stay. She hasn't the force of character he has. About four weeks later I met her in the boarding-school. She said she was going to stay there, but she stayed only three days. She went home to spend Sunday, but didn't return. That Saturday evening there was a dance across the river at the house of a man who keeps a liquor store. Wives of soldiers—laundresses—were there. It was rather a low affair, not immoral. She was there, and then went to her uncle's to stay, near Mr. Swift's mission station. She came to see me, and said she was going to school there, which she did for three or four weeks, but then got permission to visit her mother again, and has not returned. I believe that her character is still good. She means well, but is led by her friends. She still wears her white woman's dress, only that on a cold day she sometimes wears a blanket over it for a wrap.

"What other companionship would she have had if she had separated herself from her relations?"

At that time only one girl, a good white servant girl.

"What future possibilities are there for the five girls we now have from your agency?"

The best is for those who are marriageable to be married to graduates of the school.

"Before they return?"

No, for the parents' consent should be obtained. But, if possible, the engagement should be formed here and the marriage follow as soon as possible after reaching home.

"What outfit would such a young couple have there?"

I never would let go of them, but be sure they had a good chance, and then look after them. That, I believe, is the very best way to help them. Educate an even number of both sexes, and, if possible, secure their marriage to each other.

"Do you think it will do to bring young married couples from the agencies here, supposing we can take them and educate them?"

I never had thought of such a plan till I saw the Indian families here yesterday. I thought it an excellent thing. I should think they ought to have separate houses or apartments to keep house in.

"If our girls go back married or soon to be, can we say to them there is to be a home for you and some chance to live respectably?"

I think there would be no difficulty as to that. In our own school we have always taken the position that we have something to say in such matters; that we will not allow one of our school girls to be sold by her parents, or to marry one who had never been to school. It is not so difficult to manage. In the first place we learn if the young folks are satisfied; then we see the parents. The Indians think it all right to sell their daughters, but we broke that all up at Devil's Lake. Of course it is a somewhat delicate matter to arrange, and we don't bring it up to the interested parties till everything is ready for their marriage, if they wish it. Then the agent says to the young man: Now see where you wish to locate; pick out your land; here is your horse, or here are your cattle. This should be done as soon as they return from school, if possible. They must at any rate be at once provided with work. As long as their minds are occupied, and they see a chance before them, they are not apt to go back to their Indian ways.

"How many such marriages did you bring about at Devil's Lake?"

We didn't have one girl who left that school who did not marry one of our young men from our school, or one of our apprentices. The sisters always made it a point to persuade the girls to remain in the school till they married. Then they would accompany them to their home, and see that it was fitted up. Whenever we found any pressure from the parents, when they came, saying, My daughter has been three or four years at school, my wife is getting old, and I want her to come home, we knew that what they wanted was to sell her to some Indian. So we knew the only hope for the girls was in marrying them to some of our educated and civilized young men. If they returned to the camp, they would return to their Indian life. Those who married we established, giving each couple 160 acres, wagons and cattle. We settled no two on one quarter-section.

"What is their title? Are they sure not to be driven out?"

Pretty sure, as far as the reservation system allows. The fee is in Government, but the title is the Indians.

The first marriage we arranged at Devil's Lake was in 1877. When I left, in September, 1881, there were fifteen couples; now there are many more; there have been two or three a year, and they are increasing. The girls were able to read and write, and were instructed in household duties. We had one girl whose mother was a worthless woman. She was determined to take the girl home. She had been to school four years, and was a good girl. The sisters came to me and said, I wish you could find a good young man for her. The only one I could think of was ——. I talked to him about it. He said he had been thinking of marrying for about a month. It rather took him by surprise, but he liked the idea. So did she, and they were married the next Sunday. George Albert, the first to marry in 1877, was my assistant blacksmith. In 1879 I moved him out to the grist-mill. He runs it himself, and has full charge of it, receiving all the logs that come in. He is an educated young man, and all the Indians respect his character and his wife. They take his advice. He has a nice house, with a floor and everything comfortable. All but three of the fifteen young men were farmers. Their houses are of hewed logs, with pine floors, shingle roofs and two windows. The Indians get out the logs and put them up; the agents furnish them. There are 180 of these houses at Devil's Lake Agency; twenty-five have two rooms, half of them have two stories. The rest have one room, with a little storm shed, where, in summer, they put their stove. The Indians there are very industrious and thrifty. They bring their logs to the mill—oak logs, hard to cut—and build their houses and sheds.

The treaty of 1867 with the Sisseton and Wapeton Sioux gave the Indians certain articles on certain conditions, discretionary with the agent. The deserving were to be rewarded. We made use of this power. That is why those Indians advanced so rapidly. It is the only kind of treaty that should be made. Under the other kind, an Indian agent cannot possibly do as much to advance the Indians. When Government fulfils its share of the treaties, Indians can easily be managed, but that is seldom done. Long Shoulder said to Gov. Edmunds, of Dakota, a commissioner in the last treaty to give up more of their lands: "Before you ask me for any more lands, go back and tell the Great Father to fulfil the promises he has made me before. The Indians always remember the treaties.

"What advantage has a house over a tepee."

Great advantage. It is not so exposed to the weather, and has to be kept cleaner, and keeps the Indian from wandering. Those who haven't been to school don't know at first how to take care of one and keep it at the right temperature, and there is a danger. They can't get their lodge above a certain temperature, the heat escapes, but in the houses they sit round a stove till the perspiration is rolling off them, and then go out and take cold. So, in all the cabins at Devil's Lake, I furnished them brick to have a chimney and open fireplace for ventilation. I gave a man five dollars to build each chimney.

"Would it be well to teach our boys to lay brick?"

Very well. It is a good brick country. It is the duty of the agents and his police to inspect the houses. At Devil's Lake they were as clean as the white settlers.

In 1876, on the visit of the Inspector, I took him to see Chief Wanita. We found the family at dinner, seated round a table spread with a nice white cloth, and set with nice dishes. The Inspector was astonished.

The first point is to get them a house—next a barn or stable. I make it a rule, if an Indian gets a house and a barn, to give him a wagon and cattle—then if he goes to work well, a plough and harrow.

Another good influence of the house is that it equalizes the labor of the sexes. When a tepee is to be put up, an Indian woman shoulders the wood and brings it in. When a house is to be built, the man goes to the woods, cuts the logs, and hauls them home. A great point is to cut the hair. That proclaims the intention to live like a white man and act independently of the chiefs. When a man cuts his hair, the chief can't "boss" him. I had a few young men who cut their hair in 1876—the rest held out longer. I took several of the prominent young men, Iron Heart, Little Fish, Shilto, and others, down to St. Paul's to see Gen. Sibley—always a warm friend of the Indians—Bishop Grace and Father Ravoo. I wanted them to cut their hair first, but only Iron Heart would, though they all promised me to assist in putting down the Medicine Dance. The Medicine man always opposes civilization. He knows his power will be gone. The Indians were much benefited by the visit. On my return, I announced that any Indian who attempted to get up a Medicine Dance would be struck from the rations, and any chief I would depose. I soon heard that Splashing Water and one other were going to get up a dance. I sent for him, and kept him over night to talk with him. He left all right, but in four days I heard that the dance was going on. He had promised it to his friends, and had to give it, he thought. He didn't come near me for weeks. At last he came and said, "I'm going to do something to please you. I'm going to have my hair cut." George Albert, who was our barber, was much pleased. Splashing Water went off, but soon came back saying, "The Indians won't let me live amnng them any more—they say I'm a white man." "All right," I said, "I'll find you work at the agency, and by and by you'll see which is the strongest party." At the next issue I gave to the four who had cut their hair before I gave to the chiefs. Later on, I announced that those who cut their hair should have a new hat free. Under the treaty we issued "ration checks" for work done; for one thousand rails cut, a $5 check. We issued rations twice a year. I got 180 of them that spring to cut their hair for a new hat and overalls. Little Fish, one of the head chiefs of the Sissetons, held out a long time, but he was a great friend of Mrs. McLoughlin, and at last he said to her—" Here is my hair—there isn't much of it, but you can have what there is."

"What proportion of the tribe cut their hair?"

The largest number at Devil's Lake Agency, at any time, was 1,080; 180 had their hair cut the first spring; that was about half the adult males.

"How many families were there?"

There were 280 families, of which I got 180 into log houses; the rest lived in tepees and brush huts in winter, and went out on the hills in the spring, though all planted some corn. Since I left, most of the rest are in houses.

After three or four years I succeeded in getting the Indians located on separate claims, so that none were within three or four miles of the agency. Then I got a teacher. They were very superstitious against a teacher at first. I got four Sisseton children only. The same night the Indians got up a Medicine Dance and initiated several young boys of only nine or ten years—an unheard of thing—to present a solid front against this enemy of the Indian, as they thought the teacher. In September I finally got fifteen children into school, and hired an Indian to run after them when they ran away. I got no assistance from the parents. In eighteen months—the fall of 75—we began to feel on a safe foundation. The Sister, the matron, got the confidence of the Indian women by looking after the sick. Our physician, the acting physician of the military post, went with her to visit them. Very few were converted the first year; the second year prejudice began to die out. One man, who had seven children, brought us another, not his own, and said, "Here is an orphan; you may try your hand on him. If he dies, it is no matter; if he lives, you may have my children."

In 1871 we had 180 families living in houses; all had crops of wheat; one had 80 acres under cultivation, by his own industry. He was one who had fled from Minnesota after the outrages of 1862—in which he was implicated. His name is Shifto. We point to him now with pride. He came into the agency to visit a relative, and was induced to attend one of our councils, but kept outside. He heard through the window some advice we were giving the Indians, telling them it was not so very difficult to get out a few rails and make a fence. He said to his wife, "I believe I will try the white man's road."

That winter he cut 2,000 rails. When any Indians came along where he was working he hid his axe in the woods. Now he is proud to be seen working, and we are proud of him. We say Cannot Indians be civilized? The year he left Devil's Lake, after getting in his crop of wheat from fifty acres, he had several sacks more than he needed for his own use, and gave them away to the poor.

In August, 1874, I was authorized to distribute 14 milch cows and 14 calves. When I left, the herd numbered considerably over 300. This shows they had not destroyed but had taken care of them.

I recently examined the schools at that agency. They are still conducted by the Sisters. They have 94 children, and 18 are in another boy's school, 114 children under instruction, the whole population being less than 1,000.

As for Standing Rock, I came here when Sitting Bull and his followers were brought in and transferred from the War Department to the Department of the Interior. I was transferred to take charge of them. Each one of them is anxious to better his condition. Many wear the white-man's dress, and cut their hair. They have a police force, headed by the one who is said to have killed the last man of Custer's command. Sitting Bull and his followers have been more sinned against than sinning.

"What power did you get over the chiefs?"

I never yet granted an Indian a favor through a chief. The Indian must come to me directly. I wanted to make the tribe, as far as possible, a democracy. It is well to recognize the chiefs; in some matters you can do a great deal through them. I give them precedence by courtesy, but not in rights. I speak to them first in a crowd.

"Don't they deserve precedence by character?"

Not always. They have influence. They hold office by common consent. It may be hereditary, but must be confirmed by consent, and may be held by that alone. Wanita was hereditary chief. Little Fish gained his position by skill and courage in hunting. He is the head man, and the ablest, of the Sissetons. Inheritance helps, but one must be strong enough to hold it.

"We read of trouble from consulting the chiefs alone in treating with the tribes. Would you consider the consent of the chiefs enough as to the land question?"

Yes. I have never known it to be the case that the voice of the chief is not the voice of the people. A chief often speaks right against his own ideas, to represent those of his people. He is loyal to his constituents. We are gradually breaking down the influence of the chiefs. In general the business of the agent is to weaken the power of the chief, and treat him and every Indian on his individual merit.

An Indian Agent wants to be as wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove; be a shrewd man of business; marry the young, bury the old; fight the whisky traders and squaw-men; boss the chief, father all the tribe, and live down general public prejudice.

"How do the relations of white men with the tribe affect it?"

A "squaw-man" is one who marries an Indian woman after merely the Indian fashion. There are none now at Devil's Lake. My predecessors made all marry legally, or leave. But I found their families drawing rations—a baby drawing the same as a man, you know,—and I thought it a shame for the Government to be supporting these white men's families, though about half a dozen of them were good men, working to help provide for their families. There were twenty-three in all. So I requested, and got, an order to remove them from the reservation, which I did, giving them from January to May to move.

"What do you think of the Indian police?"

I cannot speak too highly of the Indian police, for results of order and discipline, if properly armed and commanded.

"What of the order to disarm them?"

It was wrong. Three out of the thirty on the Standing Rock reservation, when disarmed by Secretary Teller, pulled off their coats and resigned. They felt as any white man would, and they had reason to. It weakened them against those they were expected to keep in order, both white men and Indians, for *they* were not disarmed. Putting responsibility on an Indian makes a man of him. I told the Secretary that I had never known an instance of an Indian policeman turning his gun against the United States. I have never known or heard of such a case in all the fifteen Agencies of the Sioux, since the organization of the Indian police among them in 1878.

I went to Devil's Lake as blacksmith and engineer, July 1st, 1871, with Agent Forbes. The first year the Agent made a position for me as Superintendent of the Agency. I learned my Indian at that time. I found them wild Indians. They were all huddled in a little "pocket," close to the garrison, exposed to its temptations. That summer I couldn't do much. Supplies had been sent for them, and got as far as St. Paul's:—six yoke of oxen, six wagons, $2,500 worth of agricultural implements, and milch cows—I took the carpenter, a cook (a colored boy), the store-keeper who had been long among Indians, and started for St. Paul—five hundred miles away. I drove north-west, right across the region where the Northern Pacific railroad now runs. The land was looked on then as worthless. It was full of bluc eranes; level, low, and apparently arid, though now known as one of the finest agricultural regions. When the Post of Fort Totten was established there, in 1875, they never grew their own vegetables. The climate is changing there—there is no question of it. In 1871 not a particle of rain fell from July to September. The next year was as dry, and the grasshoppers came. In '73, '74 and '75, they had good crops; and in '76, but then a few grasshoppers. The rain fall is increasing. The railroad brings work, and opens farms.

"That's where they plow two furrows a day, isn't it—plow on one line till noon, and then back in the evening?"

Oh, we tell bigger stories than that—that the farmers sow out and harvest back.

"How do you regard the present reservation system?"

It is the only safe policy for the present—the only safety for the Indians.

"What should be the objective point?"

The objective point should be to give the Indians farms, inalienable for twenty-five years. Then, after the Indians are provided with land, cattle and crops enough for themselves and their children, open up the reservation for settlement, the proceeds from the sale of the land being laid up as a sinking fund for emergencies. The Indians will be a burden on the whites if not taxed. Tax them, but let the Government pay their taxes for, say, ten years. Then throw the personal tax on them. Government paying the land tax for, say fifteen years more. Then, throw all upon them. Let the vote go with the land, educating them in preparation for it. There is no question of their capability for it. I never yet met an Indian who could not reason as well as a white man, with equal enlightenment. The political parties would soon look after an Indian with a vote, and he will learn who are his friends.

"How long should it take to get the Indians established on their lands?"

I am not afraid to say that, at Standing Rock, I could get every Indian ready for voting in five years. There are now 3,800 there, and Sitting Bull with his Indians are going there in the spring. They are wild but well disposed. If I am supported by Government, I can get them to be in the main self-supporting. Now, Government gives them seventy-five per cent. of support. In five years I would reduce it to, say, from thirty to forty; in five years more to half of that. In twenty years, to put it at the outside, they would be entirely self-supporting. It could be the same everywhere under similar conditions.

"What do you think of stock raising for the Indians?"

Agent McGillicuddy has done well with it at Pine Ridge. I think, however, that farming is better than grazing, when it can be carried out. The herder's life is intermediate, nearer the wild state. It may be the first step in some places. But I would advocate, whenever possible, settling them on small homesteads at once, for herders are nomadic; a homestead is an anchor.

I believe that the Dakota Indians, generally, are now just right for work. The Pacific Road has cut their country in two. Sitting Bull brought back reports of hard times in the British Possessions, and the Indians see that those who stayed at home are now the best off. They see the necessity of accepting work and education, and they are ready for it.

I could not have done the work at Devil's Lake Agency, if I had not had the power of withholding the rations, and giving them on good behavior. At Devil's Lake and Sisseton, more progress has been made than at any other Agency. It is the result of this power, and of taking advantage of it.

"How is it that this power is had there, and not elsewhere?"

These Indians, the Sissetons and Wapeton Sioux, were fugitives from justice, after the massacres of 1862, in Minnesota. They are the only bands of Sioux ever thoroughly conquered, and it has been a good thing for them. Government made its own terms with them. An article in the treaty reads thus: "All articles issued to Indians shall be issued only in payment for work which has been performed by the Indian for the benefit of the tribe or the Agency."

"Can anything of the kind be done at other Agencies?"

Only by disregarding the treaty, for the good of the Indian. There is an article in the treaty of 1876, on compulsory education, which in spirit would give such power. There is also an act of Congress which, "in direct violation of the treaty, says that "there must be a certificate of the Agent on all vouchers saying that the Indian receiving that ration had labored for himself or for others, unless he was infirm or aged." This is in accordance with the spirit of the treaties, but it is against the letter. The Commissioner is well disposed, and an Agent working judiciously, in this direction, would doubtless be upheld.

Teachers' Table.

Sentiments for Recitation.

"In oratory as in every other art, there is no excellence without labor. The two great orators of antiquity studied elocution as an art. Demosthenes, whose voice was weak, whose articulation was defective and whose tongue stammered, after an unsuccessful speech in which he had been hissed from the assembly, was persuaded by an actor whom he met, to undertake the study of elocution; and by a course of training such as few have ever subjected themselves to, proved that by persevering application the most formidable difficulties may be overcome. With Cicero it was much the same; he visited Asia and Rhodes to listen to the best orators, and to receive instruction from the best teachers.

This science has also been studied by England's most eminent orators. Mr. Pitt learned elocution under the tuition of his eloquent father, of one of whose speeches Fox said, "The orator of antiquity would have admired, probably, would have envied it." The case of Sheridan is still more striking. He came to that Parliament which was adorned by a Burke, and which owned the sway of consummate orators like Fox and Pitt. But Sheridan had studied the elocution of the stage; his father had been his teacher, and Pitt himself wilted under his eloquence. It was at the close of one of his celebrated speeches that the practice of cheering the speaker was first introduced. The whole world has heard of the fame of Bismark, the most effective speaker in the German Parliament, who can crush an adversary with a sentence. Clear and vehement in utterance, terrible in frankness, he carries his audience out of itself till they are ready to raise him on their shoulders and pronounce him king of men

"Be not fretful and anxious about the morrow. Face things like men; but remember, like men, that there are a thousand dangers around you from which your prudence cannot save you. Do your best; and then comfort yourself with the thought that you have done your best. Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation; and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw. Does fretting make us in the least more industrious? On the contrary, I know of nothing which cripples and hinders like anxiety."—*Charles Kingsley.*

"True courage comes by faith. There is a courage which does not come by faith. There is a brute courage which comes from hardness of heart, from stupidity, obstinacy, or anger; which does not see danger, or does not feel pain. That is the courage of the brute. One does not blame it or call it wrong. It is good in its place, as all natural things are which God has made. It is good enough for the brute, but it is not good enough for the man. You cannot trust it in man. And the more a man is what a man should be, the less he can trust it. The more mind and understanding a man has, so as to be able to foresee danger, the more chance there is of his brute courage giving way. To go through with a difficult or dangerous undertaking, a man wants more than brute courage. He wants spiritual courage—the courage which comes by faith. He needs to have faith in what he is doing; to be certain that he is doing his duty, to be certain that he is doing right; certain that right will conquer; certain that he will either conquer honorably or fail honorably. In a word, to have true courage, man needs faith in God."

—*Charles Kingsley.*

"One grand virtue which a young man should cultivate is truthfulness. I believe, with Plato, that 'a lie is hateful both to Gods and men.' Whoever in any special act is studious to make an outward show to which no inward substance corresponds, is acting a lie which may help him out of a present difficulty; but, like gilded brass, will be found out in due season. Plated work will never stand the wear and tear of life like the genuine metal. All flimsy, shallow, superficial work is a lie of which a man ought to be ashamed."—*John Stewart Blackie.*

Health and Humanity.

Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals.

SIXTH LESSON.

Oh! let each boy and girl
Sweet mercy's flag unfurl,
And love its cause.
Dare to be kind and true,
Give each dumb thing its due,
Win them in love to you
By God's own laws.

THE DOG.

[To be read to pupils by Primary Teachers.]

In 1858 a funeral procession entered the old Gray Friars' grave-yard in the city of Edinburgh, Scotland. It was the funeral of a poor man, and the chief mourner who followed the hearse was the poor man's dog.

After the funeral, all the human friends of this poor man went to their homes, but the dog would not leave his master's grave. Day after day people tried to get the dog away, but he would keep coming back to his master's grave. Finally, these daily visits became known through the city, and the neighbors fed the dog and gave him shelter in cold weather, and the Lord Provost, or Mayor of the City, gave him a collar; and for about fourteen years, up to his death in 1872, he did not leave the neighborhood of his master's grave.

A few years ago that excellent English lady, the Barroness Burdett Coutts, caused a monument to be built for him near the entrance to the Gray Friars' Church-yard, and it will probably stand hundreds of years to tell the people of Edinburgh about this faithful dog.

And now let us see what dogs do for us. In the cold northern countries where there are no horses or oxen, dogs are used to draw the sleds over the ice and snow. In other countries, they are used to hunt wolves and other wild animals, and sometimes to follow bad men who have committed crimes. In countries where large numbers of sheep are raised, they guard the sheep, keeping off all wild animals. In some countries, it would not be possible to keep sheep if there were no dogs to guard them. In some places it would not be possible, without dogs, to protect chickens and poultry from foxes and other wild animals.

Thousands of human lives have been saved by them,—lives of persons who have fallen into the water and would have drowned if dogs had not jumped in and pulled them out. In one case, while I was in London, England, about eleven years ago, a man fell into the water and sank to the bottom, and a good dog dove to the bottom and brought him up, and brought him safe to the shore. Some of us gave money to buy a beautiful collar for this dog, and on it we had written: "*A member of the Royal Humane Society.*" Sometimes, dogs save shipwrecked sailors, by swimming with ropes from the wreck to the shore.

They have saved many lives of persons who have been almost frozen or buried under the snow. In one case I know of, three little children at Gloucester, Mass., going home from school in a great snow-storm, lost their way and were covered with snow, and would have died if a good dog had not found them.

And then dogs guard our houses in the night when we are all asleep, and drive off robbers and other bad people, or if bad people try to get in, they bark and awaken us. Only a short time ago, I knew of a case in which a whole family would have been burned to death in their house, in the night, if the dog had not barked and waked them; and of another case in which a whole family would have died in the night from coal-gas, which was coming out of a stove, if the dog had not barked and waked them.

There are many books filled with stories about the good things dogs have done, and many other books might be filled with other stories just as good. They have always been the friends and companions of human beings, and are generally, when kindly treated, very kind to children. A great writer of books named *Cuvier*, who has studied this whole subject, thinks that men could spare any other animal better than they could spare dogs.

Some dogs that have been badly treated become cross and dangerous. Some men and boys treat them cruelly, but when they have been treated kindly, I think they are almost always kind. Some of the greatest and best men that have ever lived have been very fond of dogs; such men as Sir Walter Scott and Sir Edwin Landseer. And poor men often find them their best friends. A poor, sick, colored man, sometime ago, travelled on foot hundreds of miles to the hospital at Louisville, Kentucky, to see if he could get cured, having with him his dog. But when they told him he must abandon his dog and turn him into the street, because they would not have any dog in the hospital, the poor man took the dog in his arms, and with tears running down his face, said he would rather die with his dog than turn him into the street and go to the hospital. I am glad to say that when they found how much he loved the dog, they let the dog go into the hospital with him.

It is very cruel to keep dogs in the house all the time. They want to run and play just as much as boys do, and if kept in the house all the time will soon become sick. They should always have a comfortable place cold nights, and plenty of good water as often as they want it, and they should not be fed so often as to make them fat and unhealthy. And when, because of old age and sickness, their lives become painful and it is necessary to kill them, then they should always be killed instantly, without knowing that they are going to be killed, and without pain. And we should always be very careful to speak kindly to dogs unless they have done wrong, for there is no animal that suffers more when spoked to unkindly, or that is more happy when spoken kindly to. And I think we ourselves are always made happier by doing acts of kindness to these friendly creatures.

Many things I should be glad to tell you about dogs, but it would make this lesson too long.

SOME QUESTIONS.

[Others to be added by Teachers.]

What can you tell about the dog that would not leave his master's grave?

Who caused a monument to be built for this dog, and where?

What are dogs used for in Northern countries, and why?

What are they used for in other countries?

Mention some of the ways in which they have saved human lives?

What can you tell about the dog that was called "A member of the Royal Humane Society?"

What can you tell about the three children saved by a dog at Gloucester, Mass.?

What can you tell about the family that came near being burned in the night, and the other family that came near dying from coal-gas?

What did Cuvier think about dogs?

Name some of the great men who loved dogs.

What can you tell about the poor colored man at the Louisville (Kentucky) hospital?

Why should dogs not be kept in the house all the time?

What should dogs have all the time?

When, through sickness and old age, life has become painful to them, how should they be killed?

Why should we speak kindly to dogs?

At Home.

A Welcome.

Far in the Sunny South she lingers.
Yet slowly comes along,
With fairy garlands in her fingers,
With snatches of sweet song.
Her eyes with promises are beaming,
Her smiles will rapture bring,
The sun-light from her hair is streaming—
Thrice welcome, lovely Spring!

She brings us gifts, the royal maiden,
Fair flowers to deck the hills:
With primroses her arms are laden,
Bluebells and daffodils.
Pale crocuses have come before her,
Wild birds her welcome sing;
Ten thousand longing hearts adore her—
The gray world's darling, Spring.

Some Poor Boys.

John Adams, second President of the United States, was the son of a farmer of very moderate means. The only start he had was a good education.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in North Carolina, and was raised in the pine woods for which that State is famous.

James K. Polk spent the earlier years of his life helping to dig a living out of a farm in North Carolina. He was afterward clerk in a country store.

Millard Fillmore was the son of a New York farmer, and his home was a very humble one. He learned the business of a clothier.

James Buchanan was born in a small town among the Alleghany mountains. His father cut the logs and built his own house in what was then a wilderness.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a very poor Kentucky farmer, and lived in a log cabin until he was twenty-one years of age.

Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of ten years by his widowed mother. He was never able to attend school, and picked up all the education he ever had.

Gen. Grant lived the life of a common boy in a common house on the banks of the Ohio river until he was seventeen years of age.

James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. He worked on a farm until he was strong enough to use carpenter's tools, when he learned the trade. He afterward worked on the canal.—*The Youth's Instructor.*

Agriculture.

"The interests of agriculture deserve more attention from the Government than they have yet received. The farms of the United States afford homes and employment for more than one-half our people, and furnish much the largest part of our exports. As the Government lights our coasts for the protection of mariners and the benefit of commerce, so it should give to the tiller of the soil the lights of practical science and experience.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Feeding, Watering and Driving a Horse.

There are hundreds, perhaps we may say thousands, of persons in our towns and cities, who go into the country for a few days, weeks, or even months, in the summer season, who know little or nothing about the proper manner of feeding, watering and driving a horse, and yet are often desirous, and sometimes are obliged to perform this duty. In undertaking it, owing to their ignorance of such matters, they frequently greatly injure their horse, and occasionly cause its death. It is for such persons we give below a few brief hints as to general management which, if closely followed, will save them doing injury, and perhaps incurring a considerable loss; causing them much pain instead of pleasure in the use of a horse

We shall not now describe the varieties of food proper to be given to the animal, for this alone would require a long article, and shall simply say that, whatever this is, the ration at night should be twice as large as in the morning or at noon. The horse has then plenty of time during the night to digest his food, and give him strength for his work during the day. If he is fed too freely in the morning and at noon, his stomach becomes overloaded, and he cannot do any fast or heavy work without rendering him liable to injury. In any event, when first taken from the stable, either in the morning or afternoon, he should be driven the first mile quite slowly and given an opportunity to clear his bowels two or three times. On the second mile he may be driven faster, and the third put up to his full natural speed, unless it is very hot weather, and in this case he must still be continued at rather a slow gait. A horse of good spirit feels very gay when first taken out of his stable, particularly if he has been standing idle in it a day or two, and is anxious to start off at full speed; but it is absolutely necessary to restrain him, as on a full stomach rapid speeding is liable to give him broken wind, and soon bring on the heaves.

In driving, especially if the weather be pretty hot, it is best to stop and give the horse three or four quarts of water every two hours, and be careful that this water is not too cold. A horse wants to drink as often as a man does under the same circumstances of exercise, and if watered often it is the more grateful and refreshing to him; he does not want to take nearly so much at a time, and he is thus kept from over-filling his stomach and bringing on a dangerous ache. He can then also be immediately started again without injury, for traveling on immediately after drinking prevents this.

When brought home from a drive, if the horse is hot or much fatigued, let him drink three or four quarts of tepid water, but not be allowed to eat anything until he has stood in his stall from a half to a full hour, or sometimes more, and fully rested; then he may be given four quarts more water and some hay. After eating a little of this, he should have his ration of grain, and a short time after eating this he may drink all the water he desires, which will not be much after the previous frequent waterings. In all cases see that the water is not over cold, such as comes from a deep well or close gushing spring.

If a horse in returning to his stable after a hot drive is immediately allowed to drink as much cold water as he craves, or if permitted to stand in water or in a very muddy place, he will be pretty certain to get foundered, which will greatly injure him for work through life, and perhaps render him utterly worthless.

When a horse is put up, unless rather hot, don't allow him to be placed in a draft. Opposite doors and windows must be closed to prevent this. If the weather be cool, blanket him till his coat has dried and he has become cool. The blanket may then be taken off, and the horse rubbed down and dressed clean.—*Christian Union.*

Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute

AT

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

Incorporated in 1870, by special Act of General Assembly of Virginia: exempt from taxation.

Devoted to the Education of Negro and Indian youth in Agriculture and the Mechanic arts, and as teachers of their respective races.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal;* J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Treasurer.*

Annual session from October 1st till the middle of June following.

Terms of admission: a knowledge of reading and writing, and of short and long division

Tuition free to all, (provided by friends) Board, etc., ten dollars per month, payable monthly, half in cash and half in labor; six dollars cash, and four dollars in work required of those under 19 years of age. The first year is probationary. None under fourteen or over twenty-eight years of age need apply.

The Institution is aided by the State, but is supported mainly by voluntary contributions. Besides State aid and Government help for Indians, the sum of $30,000.00 a year, must be raised by contributions, to meet current expenses.

Annual scholarships of seventy dollars, to provide free tuition, are solicited.

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The great need of the institution is a permanent endowment fund.

The Hampton Institute is supported by, and responsible to, no denomination or society, and has no paid soliciting agent or machinery whatever, but depends directly upon the public. It is earnestly Christian in its teachings and influence.

Present attendance, 490 students, of whom 92 are Indians: average age 18. Negro boys 228; Negro girls 170. Indian boys 60; Indian girls 32. All but thirty-two board at the Institute: twelve states represented, but chiefly Virginia and North Carolina.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and devise to the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., the sum of.....dollars, payable &c., &c.

For further information address,

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DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

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HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Longfellow's Last Poem.

The following is the last poem which Mr. Longfellow wrote, the revised proofs of which were read by him but a few days before his death. The poem is entitled, "Mad River in the White Mountains," and represents a colloquy between a traveler and the river, the traveler seeking to learn the river's song, and to know the reason for its hurry. The traveler asks:

Why doest thou wildly rush and roar,
Mad River; O Mad River?
Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour
Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er
This rocky shelf forever?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast?
Why all this fret and flurry?
Dost thou not know that what is best
In this too restless world is rest
From over-work and worry?

The river's answer is thus expressed.

A brooklet nameless and unknown
Was I at first, resembling
A little child, that all alone
Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,
Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,
For the wide world I panted;
Out of the forest dark and dread
Across the open fields I fled,
Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,
My voice exultant blending
With thunder from the passing cloud,
The wind, the forest bent and bowed,
The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,
Imploring and entreating;
Drawn onward o'er this rocky wall
I plunged, and the loud waterfall
Made answer to the greeting.

And now, beset with many ills,
A toilsome life I follow;
Compelled to carry from the hills
These logs to the impatient mills
Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and charms
The rudeness of my labors;
Daily I water with these arms
The cattle of a hundred farms,
And have the birds for neighbors.

Men call me Mad, and well they may,
When, full of rage and trouble,
I burst my banks of sand and clay,
And sweep their wooden bridge away,
Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme,
As of thine own creating.
Thou seest the day is past its prime;
I can no longer waste my time:
The mills are tired of waiting.

Literature Among the Colored People.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

For some years past a modest little paper, neat in appearance and lively in contents, has come to me weekly from Washington City, bearing the name of "The People's Advocate."

The Advocate is edited by I. W. Cromwell, who was educated in Philadelphia, but lived in the South as a school teacher for some years after the war.

Recently Mr. Cromwell sent me a strikingly interesting sketch of the Rev. H. H. Garnet, written by Dr. Crummell, the intelligent and accomplished colored United States Minister to Liberia, whose great desire it was to behold the land whence his forefathers had been carried away captive, and who died on African soil after a short residence there. About the same time, a volume of sermons by Dr. Crummell reached me. These sermons are written in excellent style and are instructive and interesting. I should advise all colored people able to buy books to procure a copy of Dr. Crummell's sermons, and would especially commend to careful attention those on "The Family and Marriage."

Then a remarkable production came into my hands from Mr. Cromwell. This was the bound volume of the "Anglo-African Magazine" published in monthly numbers in 1857. The list of contributors contains some names which of late years have attained wide celebrity, among them that of Hon. John M. Langston, now American Minister to Hayti.

A full account of the trial of John Brown is printed in the last number, carefully compiled from the Court records and the newspaper reports. There are various essays, sketches and poems, and a serial of marked ability runs through several numbers.

A handsome portrait of Alexander Dumas, whose African descent is well known, ornaments the beginning of the Magazine. The whole book is of singular interest as the work of people whose mental culture was forbidden by vigorous statutes in many of the states, while a cruel sentiment on the subject long pervaded the Union. Much talent is displayed in the volume, and naturally enough a wail of sadness breathes through its utterances, as each writer felt in his own person and for his race the heavy burdens of slavery and proscription which then rested upon his people.

Frederick Douglas' narrative of his life and times, next attracted my attention. This book while telling the story of the writer in detail, is a work which its admirable style, with its national and human interest, lifts entirely out of any especial class or race relations. Its mission is to instruct and entertain mankind. As a history of the anti-slavery struggle, and the progress of the African race in our land, it is invaluable.

As these books, all written by Negroes, some of whom were born slaves, collect upon my table, I can but regard with astonishment such evidences of talent and education, from a people about whose mental capacity many absurd theories have obtained with the dominant race, and who were long prohibited by our laws from learning to read.

All over the country, papers are springing up edited by colored people. Among those I have seen especially worthy of notice, are the Methodist Recorder, The People's Advocate and the Richmond Star.

A number of the Recorder fell into my hands sometime ago, which contained the following hymn written by the editor, Dr. B. T. Tanner.

Jesu.

My meditation of Him shall be sweet Psalm civ. 34.

Jesu, sweetest name of all,
Heard on this terrestrial ball;
Lisped by men of any race,
Rapture kindles in their face.

See the tribes of Orient—
They who first sweet Jesu sent
Where they have that name confessed,
Joy springs up in every breast.

And the tribes of Occident
Tribes on worldly conquest bent,
Shout they at the joyful Name
And its honors wide proclaim.

And the sunny Southland tribes,
Long reproached with cruel gibes,
Out their hands stretch forth in praise,
That have come sweet Jesu's days.

And the New World tribes the same
Sing the sweetness of the Name,
Through Columbia's South and North
Loud and long the joys peal forth

Jesu rings from sea to sea,
Jesu rings out joyfully,
Jesu, Jesu, sweet as Name
Men or Angels can proclaim.

Christian Recorder, February, 1883.

So far as I have come in contact with the colored people everywhere, artistic and literary tastes are assiduously cultivated among them. Few colored families are to be found, who have advanced beyond the struggle for daily life, who have not a musical instrument of some kind, books, pictures and newspapers. The library attached to the Richmond Institute, which owes its existence chiefly to northern benevolence, numbers 2,700 volumes. In our larger cities literary societies are flourishing among the colored people. The reports of the Bethel Literary Society of Washington City printed weekly in the Advocate, furnish very interesting reading. In other directions the minds and tastes of the colored people are fast developing. Mr. John W. Crawford, a colored confectioner of this place, has long been a collector of coins and other curiosities, and his cabinet has attracted much attention at our agricultural fairs. Mr. Crawford is considered quite an authority in regard to Confederate money, and has no little antiquarian information about his heterogeneous collection. He tells me that at a sale of books in Philadelphia some years ago he bid $20 for a copy of the poems of Phillis Wheatley, the first Negro writer on this continent, a native African by birth; but was out-bidden by some relic-hunter possessed of more means than himself.

That the colored people of our land should have accomplished so much in spite of the restrictions imposed upon them, seems wonderful and indicates the existence of abundant native talent. At present, the restraints which in the past have cramped development are to a great extent removed, and will doubtless all vanish in time. Excellent facilities are afforded the young by state regulations for elementary instruction, while large sums for the purpose of educating Negroes are annually bestowed by charitable hands.

From what has already been accomplished against obstacles, there is every reason to hope for the mental progress of the African in America, and for great results in the literature of our country as time goes on, and the Oriental imagination shall have received full impress of our western civilization.

(Continued from November No.)

Reminiscences of Hawaiian Life.

BY EDWARD BAILEY.

Speaking of Kekela and his wife Naomi they have raised up quite a family of children, some of whom are doing well. One daughter, Rachel, has been educated at the Female Seminary at Makauao, and has married a graduate.

Rev. E. W. Clark went from Lahainaluna to Wailuku, where he resided several years in charge of the native church; then he went to Honolulu and was pastor of Kawaiahao church for several years more; thence he went to the United States and had charge of the publication of Hawaiian books. He acted an important part in the revision of the Hawaiian Bible now in use. He died of sun-stroke in Chicago several years ago.

Rev. Sheldon Dibble died at Lahainaluna. He was never very strong from my first acquaintance with him. He was the author of several works relating to the islands, some of which are quoted as authority.

Rev. Lorrin Andrews continued in the seminary some time after I left; then built a house between Lahainaluna and Lahaina, where he remained a few years, then went to Honolulu, where he became a judge.

He resided in Nuuanu Valley till his death many years afterward. There he completed his large Hawaiian and English dictionary. He had a great desire to engraft the improvements of other countries on the Hawaiian islands. He initiated copper-plate engraving at Lahainaluna, and several of the pupils attained some skill in the art. Some respectable maps were executed and were of use in the schools of the islands. But as no one really knew much about the business, it came to an untimely end.

Through his efforts, the school was supplied with suitable apparatus. One great desire of his was to originate or develop here whatever might be of use, instead of importing every thing from abroad. It was late in life that he produced the dictionary before spoken of.

Many of his descendants reside on the islands.

Mr. Edmurd H. Rogers was the printer of Lahainaluna for several years, but afterwards he removed to Honolulu, where he had charge of the general mission printing.

Both he and his wife are dead, but a number of their descendants remain at the islands.

It is not to be supposed that boys in the flush of youth, belonging to a race in which animalism is so predominant, would at once be trained to control those instincts, the perversion of which brings so much misery upon mankind. Consequently, of the many who entered the seminary to fit themselves for a higher usefulness, only a part came steadily through to the end.

The teachers were often made to despond as they saw bright buds of hope blighted before they fairly opened, and their highest hopes were dashed to the ground.

They came to feel anxious solicitude for any who showed unusual talent, for such were sure to be special marks for the tempter, and all too often fell into the snares which were spread for them.

Mr. Clark having returned to his post at Lahainaluna, and Mr. Dibble also, I became a supernumerary there, and it was thought best for me to remove to Wailuku.

Mr. Armstrong was leaving that station, having been appointed to take charge of the Metropolitan church at Honolulu.

Ophthalmia had been prevalent at Lahainaluna during our stay there of little over a year; and Mrs. B. had suffered exceedingly from it, resulting in weakness of the eyes, from which she has never fully recovered. Our second child, who was born there, was carried over the mountains to Wailuku in a box between two men, his eyes being quite closed by ophthalmia in its inflammatory stage. The rest of us rode over on horseback, moving perforce very slowly" till we reached Kamaalaea at the foot of the mountains, where we found the only carriage of the region—a box wagon drawn by an imperfectly broken horse. The seat was placed on wooden springs, one of which was broken, making it far from comfortable, though the road being rough, it was occasionally level.

Our food, put up for the occasion, was, by a blunder, carried off by the vessel which carried our goods around by sea, and our only relief was a kalo, which, by some chance, was found at Kamaalaea.

In the course of the day we reached the station of Wailuku, to meet such a welcome as only missionaries whose experience had been similar to our own could give.

I wish to say here that if any one, thinking to go on a mission, sits down to count the cost only in a worldly point of view, he had better give up the idea at once. The work of raising up a people from heathenism to Christianity cannot be separated from hardship. No lover of ease has any place there. It is an incessant and earnest struggle. But it has its compensations.

Wailuku is at the eastern base of the mountains of West Maui, being the largest one of four similar places, each of which extends up into a gorge cleft in the mountains, and is watered by its own stream of delicious water, and fanned by the fresh trade wind.

Wailuku valley, as it opened out from the mountains, was filled with luxuriant taro-patches, on the borders of which grew sugar cane, banana and *ti*; all of which, with the addition of fish and seaweeds from the sea near by, furnished the natives their simple fare. The whole plain between East and West Maui, six or eight miles in extent, was covered with luxuriant waving grass; for though there were a few cattle on it, the more recent denudation, caused by the multiplication of herds, had not then taken place.

At Wailuku my first charge was the care of the schools for a region of about twenty miles square, containing upwards of two thousand children. Each village or "land" had its school house, and one or more teachers, according to the population. Regular wages had not yet been paid to the teachers, nor had provision been made for them by the Government. In fact government was itself in a very embryonic state. But the people contributed something for their support when they felt disposed to do so, and the honor of the position did the rest, though it often resulted in an empty stomach, sometimes in starvation, unless the teacher had resources of his own.

The school houses were mostly destitute of furniture, the pupils sitting on the ground. The teachers' stock of knowledge was soon expended, but was supplemented by energetic drill, and vociferation sometimes made up for the lack of any thing better. The Hawaiians are a very noisy race, seemingly incapable of silent thought.

A great want of educated teachers was felt, and I was soon at work in a select school of boys from the ages of ten or twelve years up to sixteen or eighteen. Pupils were not wanting, and I soon had 70 or 80 of the best the island could afford. Good progress was made in arithmetic, writing, geography, reading, moral philosophy, &c. But I did not stop there. General information, government, and political economy were canvassed freely—anything to right up the universal wrong of heathenism was inculcated without let or hindrance. It is doubtful if such disquisitions as were frequently forthcoming on the spur of the occasion would be tolerated by the present thin-skinned Government.

This was my work for a year—a year of joy and hope following the great revival, when the minds of the people were susceptible, and when Popish and Mormon teachers, coming in unawares, had not yet persuaded the people that missionaries were all heretics and hypocrites; but their teaching was still valued and listened to. What might not the nation have become had they still listened to their real friends instead of giving ear to specious advisers, who only loved themselves and cared for the fleece, not the flock.

Nearly all the pupils of this school became useful men, and in some respect were above the ordinary. But I was destined for another field of labor.

WAILUKU FEMALE SEMINARY.

Among the most important departments of missionary labor in the Sandwich Islands must be ranked the education of the people. That it was so considered, the company of nine teachers, with their wives, sent out by the Mary Frazier, should be taken as proof.

It must not be supposed that the people were without a sort of education in their heathen state. Their geography of the islands was extensive and accurate. Each island is divided into districts, each district into smaller sections, and these again into portions, of which the ultimate divisions were farms and building lots. And not only the chiefs and priests, but the common people as well, appear to have had a pretty good schooling in the topography and character of these sections. They had their proverbs and wise sayings and songs relating to them. Their knowledge of their race was quite extensive, and their genealogies embraced not only the Hawaiian race but other cognate races. Their histories were stored in *meles* or songs, and many a heroic deed was thus kept in remembrance.

Astronomy, too, had received attention. The names of the planets and some of the stars were known to them, and their times were thus divided. But although such knowledge had its use, it did not fit them to become a part of the civilized and Christian world; more especially when its whole scope and tendency was to uphold the aristocracy at the expense of the common people. It maintained the idea that the people were only for the chiefs, and had no rights of their own, and of course no responsibilities. This idea stood as a barrier in the way of the elevation of the people, without which the labor of the missionaries was a failure. To do the chiefs justice, it must be said that they have from the first favored the education of the people. Intercourse

(Continued on page 57.)

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THE BUTLER SCHOOL, on the Hampton Institute grounds, is this year, with most of the public schools of Virginia, enjoying under the new administration a prolonged session of seven months instead of five. This school, which is an object of attraction to many of the visitors to the Normal School, has its own historic interest as the first school for the "contrabands." It was built during the war from the public money, and very wisely, by General Butler, then stationed at Fortress Monroe, and took his name.

It held about six hundred, and was filled at once from the swarming camps of the refugees with little eager dark faces, and among them some wrinkled ones bowing with pathetic intensity over the mysteries of the spelling book. The number of course diminished when other schools were opened in the town. When the ground was purchased for the Normal School by the American Missionary Association, the Butler building became its property, the Institute giving the use of it to the town for a public free school, reserving the right to nominate the teachers. This relation to the Normal School has given it the advantage of constant interest and supervision, good methods and teachers, and regular eight months sessions, maintained by the county for five months generally, and kept up for three more by special efforts of the officers of the Normal School, though an outside interest, the parents paying what they could and holding a little fair or festival to help it on; the school diminishing for the time in numbers by one third or one half, but keeping its best material.

For the last four years, the Butler has had further advantage as the training school for the Normal Institute, with constant improvement in supervision, methods and all appliances, and increase in numbers. In that time, the school has grown from ninety, to three hundred and twenty, and from two rooms open, to six rooms with six teachers, four young men and two young women, Hampton Institute graduates, under the superintendence of an experienced teacher, graduate of the Framingham Normal School of Massachusetts. It is an interesting fact that five of these six teachers have been to the Butler as pupils; four of them are from Hampton and its neighborhood.

The practice is, as far as consistent with the best interest of the school, to make use thus of home material, and it is pleasant to be able to say that some among the best graduates of the Normal school have been residents of Hampton.

The majority of the children come from the east side of Hampton creek, on which the school is situated; some of them walk three miles to school. About half are girls. They are taught the three R's—with object lessons in language, number, form etc., geography and singing. The course has been extended, and hereafter the pupils will not enter the Normal School till they are prepared for its Middle class, when they will be better grounded and at a better age to go on and become teachers. This will be also an advantage to those who leave the Butler, as the majority do, to go to work and not to school. The grades are primary, intermediate, and lowest grade of grammar school. Once a week, on Friday, there is an hour of Bible instruction in all the rooms; the highest rooms using the International lessons in the Baptist Sunday school papers, the same as are used in the church which most of the children attend; the lower rooms learn texts from the Bible, and have the Bible stories read to them which they repeat very fluently. The "Kitchen garden" class twice a week is interesting and profitable to the children, and attracts visitors here as in Northern schools to watch with delight the little ones, both boys and girls, going deftly through the operations of bedmaking, washing, table-setting and sewing, with their Lilliputation furniture, and their merry songs.

The students of the Senior class of the Normal school, are practiced in teaching at the Butler, teaching each in turn from nine to twelve o'clock under direct supervision of the superintendent who gives them further instruction and model lessons at the Institute. Commencing in the lower rooms they practice in all the grades, with much profit in fitting them for practical experience as teachers.

Industrial instruction has been introduced this year at the Butler, for both boys and girls. A class of eight girls from the highest grade, go every afternoon from ten to four—Fridays excepted—to the Normal School Industrial Room, and are trained in hand sewing, under a resident graduate teacher of the night school. Knowing very little when they began, they have made excellent progress, have completed a very neatly made set of miniature bed clothes for the kitchen garden, besides making many aprons, and learning to mend, darn stockings etc., very nicely.

The boys have a carpenters' class—six boys from 12 to 16 years, selected from the highest room. They have one work day a week, Fridays, working from nine to twelve and from half past one to four, under the instruction of one of their own Butler school teachers. They are taught the principles of the trade, and they also have done excellently well. Besides trellises, flower tubs, school pointers, etc., they have made a complete model of the Butler school house six feet long, with all its furniture, desks, tables and chairs; and several models of dwelling houses—all with frame, roof and clapboards complete, and painted according to their own taste. These industrial classes were started as an experiment, and have proved so eminently successful that they will probably be increased in size next year. The parents of the children are greatly pleased with them, the children interested and benefited. The experience suggests how easily useful industrial training might be introduced into many schools, with no increase of teachers and but trifling expense.

The past year has been in all respects the Butler's most successful year. It has been better graded, with one more room than before. The teachers have been unusually earnest, and the children have done well; the prolonging of the county school session has been of excellent effect on the spirit of the school as well as a relief to the private efforts by which in the last year repairs were made to the amount of about $1000, the whole roof having been re-shingled, by Indian student labor, and other greatly needed repairs made. By the same efforts, the school closing in May will be kept up a month longer as a pay school, probably not giving up more than one of its teachers. Next year, a longer room will be opened, accommodating more pupils in the highest grade. Shortly before the close of the county school, it received a pleasant visit from the new County Superintendent and Clerk of the Board, and one of the colored trustees who has children in both the Butler and the Normal School. All expressed hearty appreciation and interest, and for the sake of the community it is to be hoped that the historic Butler School will long continue to prosper in its work.

TUITION is free to all Hampton Students. Its cost, estimated at $70. per annum, is mostly contributed by friends of the School in what are termed annual scholarships. The students are charged ten dollars per month for board, which includes room rent, fuel, lights, washing and mending and medical attendance. Of this sum, they are expected to earn on an average five dollars a month, or one half, by their labor in term time, and to pay the balance in cash. This cash payment is either made by the students from their own savings and their earnings in vacation or by their parents and friends. Sometimes students get behindhand, and in debt to the School, either from sickness, which has prevented their earning the usual proportion of their bills, or from inability to meet their cash payments. In such cases, the student is sometimes sent out to teach for a year, or to earn money in some other occupation, so as to be able to return and complete the course—sometimes personal aid is extended from the Beneficiary Fund, often by the donor of his or her scholarship—and sometimes, if the faculty think it best, the student is allowed to go on and complete the course, graduating with a debt to be paid from their first earnings after leaving school.

Once a year a circular is sent to those who have not paid these debts, calling their attention to them and at the same time informing them that if from any cause they find themselves unable to pay their debt or any part thereof, a letter from them stating circumstances will be laid before the faculty who will make such deduction as seems proper and just. The replies to these circulars, almost without exception, express a desire to pay the whole debt without deduction, even when the circumstances would seem to warrant an abatement. A few extracts may be of interest as indicating the spirit of the graduates in relation to their school debts. One, whose debt was about sixty dollars but who was offered a reduction of one half on account of long continued illness, writes "It is my intention to pay every cent of my debt. I would have done so ere this had not sickness taken about all of my pay. I am not willing to pay only half the debt which I know to be honorable and just, so believe me, sir, I mean to pay the last cent." Another writes, "My long illness and traveling expenses home and to this school have prevented my paying sooner. I'd rather you would not make any deduction as I expect to pay the whole amount next term." Another "I feel that one very important duty has been left undone by my not writing to you, I can only ask your pardon. I have paid $106. of my earnings; $12. fare home; $49. board; $45. that I borrowed to go to Hampton and $44. I have to pay my fare back to where I am teaching in buy a few clothes General, I do not want you to deduct one cent. I can pay all if I am allowed the chance and am glad I have it to pay." Another says, "For the last three years I have not been able to teach or do much of anything else. I went North thinking I would be able to send it, but by the time I had earned a little money I was taken down, and had to be brought home, where I have been ever since—part of the time not expected to live. I am improving slowly but not able to go out of doors yet. The debt shall be paid as soon as possible. There need be no deductions made in my case, as it is an honest debt, and I mean to pay it." Another sends the balance due and says: "Don't think your letter was the only cause of my sending the balance of my account. I was getting it ready to send when I received your letter, and was only sorry it did not get to you before you wrote. Only too often have I thought of my indebtedness to you, but, looking at it were, from between the two nether millstones where I seemed to stand. I thought yours would be less apt to grind me to powder."

"Should have paid my debt long ago, but sickness and misfortunes have prevented me. I will pay every cent of it just as soon as I can."

The three last classes graduated with the following debts, viz:

	1880.	1881.	1882.
No. in class,	42	48	63
No. leaving in debt,	24	32	43
Amount of debts,	$682.01	$708.88	$963.82

of which the following amounts had been paid up to April 1, 1883.

Class of 1880	$367.88	bal. due	$314.13
" 1881	338.45	" "	371.23
" 1882	362.06	" "	601.76

The personal aid extended to Students from the Beneficiary Fund for these three years has been as follows:

1880	$515 41	Among 17	Students.
1881	380.00	" 17	"
1882	887.24	" 27	"

Owing to the increased opportunities for earning money afforded by our new industries, this aid is less needed every year, and is extended chiefly in cases of sickness or other disability.

J. F. B. M.

THE Negro schoolmaster is abroad. Living on a meagre salary, working without the stimulus of the society of his peers, mingling, except in the cities, among those with whom he has little but color in common; debarred, whatever his culture, by his complexion, from intercourse with those of similar attainments, he or she often has a lonely time of it.

None in the land are working more loyally, patriotically and to a better purpose than these teachers of the Colored race whose tremendous numbers and power and terrible condition, in many ways create concern among thoughtful people.

The letter below is from one of this worthy class, who replies to an invitation to give an oration at the next Hampton Anniversary; our custom being to call back graduates from the field of labor to give their thoughts and experience, rather than on their just graduating, to speak of what they do not know much of—the life before them;

"Your very kind letter of Jan. 23rd was received in due time, and I thank you very much for the honor conferred upon me in my appointment to speak at your next commencement.

I have taken good time for consideration, Gen'l, and while I feel more and more interested in the future welfare of my race, and am anxious to do whatever I can for the furtherance of that object; and while I believe, without a doubt, that an industrial and practical business education, such as you offer at Hampton, is the best for the ground work or foundation for the upbuilding of any race, of whatever color or previous condition, still I must decline the privilege conferred by your appointment, because I am not sufficiently blessed with oratorical, or public speaking powers, to do justice to any subject upon

which I might write; furthermore, the duties of my position occupy almost every minute of my time, in school and out, and I do not think that I could do myself justice to write on any subject without impairing my work here. I started this school from almost nothing and am anxious to make it *something*; this, with a night class and active Sunday School interest, completely fill my time.

There are others of my class and schoolmates with equally as much, perhaps more experience, who would write and speak with more credit to the Institution than I could, and I hope you will procure one of them in my place.

If nothing happens to prevent, I shall attend the Commencement, and shall hope to bring one or two prominent colored men from this place, who have been somewhat prejudiced from hearsay. I think a sight of Hampton will do them good.

I shall send in, soon, a detailed account of my work here.

Peter Cooper.

Just after writing the brief review of Mr. Cooper's last work, which is printed in another column, we received news of the death of this venerable philanthropist at the great age of ninety two. For many years he has been associated with the city of New York like one of its old land marks. He grew up with the city; starting in it a poor boy, working industriously at one trade and another, and investing his earnings, as fast as he could save them, in suburban lots which were absorbed one after another into the advancing city, accumulated value with its growth, and rolled up a fortune for their owner. It may be thought that the whole secret of his success lay in the fortunate accident which started him in life in a city just growing into a great metropolis. But other fortunes were made and lost there; failures are not the exceptions in business experience, even real estate in city lots changes hands many times; he saw hundreds fall at his right and left hand, while it was the boast of his old age that he had never failed in business. We are quite sure, and so he would have told us, that if, in sixty or seventy years from now, a Peter Cooper is left standing of all the young men now starting hopefully out into life in city or country, it will be one who has as he had, a head to take advantage of opportunities, hands strong to work, grit to go through difficulties, and firmness of principle to resist temptation. If he leave behind him not only a fortune but a name like Peter Cooper's, honored and loved and still fruitful of blessing, it will be by living as Peter Cooper has lived, not for himself alone but for humanity.

The Coronation of King Kalakaua of the Hawaiian Islands has caused considerable amusement in this country, and has met with bitter verbal hostility from the white population of the Islands. The reason for this hostility is not understood here. A curious, though small problem is working itself out in those Islands. The coronation is a part of the development. The political power of the Kingdom, through the want of political foresight on the part of good men who created the nation, is lodged in the hands of the King and a Legislature which is almost wholly native Hawaiian.

The native population has been declining mentally, morally and physically for some years, and the extinction of the race is only a question of time. While the natives rule and control the revenues of the Kingdom and make its laws, they are ignorant of what we call "institutional government," and have had neither training or experience in self government. The whites, on the other hand, furnish the only civilization of tha country, and hold the larger part of the weath by reason of their superior thrift. They desire that the country should be ruled as civilized countries are ruled. There is nothing, however, in the constitution of the country which provides that the rule of the intelligent minority shall predominate. The King and the natives, who are in the majority, insist that their opinions shall prevail. As these opinions are those of ignorant men who are somewhat pagan in character, there is nothing left for the whites but emigration or revolution. The two opposing ideas have now locked horns in debate. The controversy is now carried on after the manner of ancient Marquesan battles, when the oppnsing forces met at sunrise, and, after a day spent in making faces at each other, and calling wicked names, retired at sundown for a comfortable night's rest. There is now a mild crisis in political affairs, which may last some years. The King's chief adviser is gifted with an extraordinarily picturesque moral character. He commenced his early manhood with an obscure act of insurrection in the Island of Sumatra; illustrated his middle life by establishing the Mormon church in the Hawaiian Islands, and is finishing his career by showing a Hawaiian King how to put himself off the throne. He appears to be the chosen instrument for wiping out the Hawaiian nationality. The small minority of whites, on the other hand, are jealous of each other, and are so divided in opinion, that Polynesian rule is, so far, a simple affair. The attempts to solve race differences have been the same from the beginning of the world. The remedies used are always unpleasant. The whites are trying moral suasion on the Polynesian, just as the old man in the fable tried grass. They accuse the King of bad government, and are content with giving him a "piece of their minds." The King regards it as water on the back of a duck. His standing army of sixty men confronts the five thousand whites, and there is peace. The white community is peculiarly conservative. It lacks boldness, unity and decision.

The restless young men, and the old men with young blood, who appear in troublesome time are not there; men in middle life, with families and with property, are not the men who initiate reforms, either by moral or physical means. The soft airs of the tropics subdue the Anglo Saxon. The Polynesesian government cracks and curls its whip around the legs of the whites. They yell and submit. This is, however, an educational process. We, ourselves, have little to boast of. The North and the South vituperated each other for thirty years, on the slavery question, before they came to blood and iron, and then, after all, settled the difficulty by butchering a half million of men. The average good man does not like radical measures. Ruskin said that the *vis inertia* of good men was worse than the wicked deeds of bad men. Men pull at the reform oar only when some radical cuts the boat adrift, and there is nothing left but to pull or go on the rocks. There are many whites in the Islands, who will not initiate revolts but who would do splendid service if a crisis was forced.

The United States have given to the Hawaiian Islands a treaty which is of great commercial value, but so far as the natives are concerned it is a disadvantage. There is in it the possibility of great good, both to the future of the Islands, and to the United States. It is a scaffolding upon which a decent civilization may be built up. It enables the whites to become prosperous, and with prosperity to create a solid, though small nation of English speaking people, in the centre of the Pacific. The kindly feeling of our own people for missionary work done there, aided largely in securing the treaty. If it becomes evident that the object for which it was created is not to be secured, it will be terminated in the course of time. Recent news from the Islands report that the indecent orgies of the coronation period, reproduced paganism in its most repulsive phase. It is for those who are most deeply interested in the material progess of the Islands to show that the moral sentiment of our people shall not be outraged by such proceedings, and that they have not only the will, but a way to check these insults to Christian civilization. Paganism is being rapidly restored to the Hawaiian Islands. There is forced upon the white residents the issue, whether or not it shall be subdued, and the issue cannot be avoided. If they meet it promptly and decisively, they will receive the warmest sympathy from the many Americans who take an interest in the Islands, but who are now becoming discouraged by the apparent failure of philanthropic work done there for the last fifty years.

W. N. A.

A Southern Educator.

The Springfield Republican says in a recent editorial: "No man better represents the "New South" from a southern stand-point than Atticus G. Haygood, president of Emory college at Oxford, Ga., and also trustee of the million-dollar Slater fund for the education of the colored race. Dr. Haygood's thorough devotion to his college was shown by his declination of the bishopric of the southern Methodist church. We trust that his "Sermons and Speeches" just issued by the Southern Methodist publishing house at Nashville, Tenn., will call wide attention to the pressing importance of education for the white youth of the South. These sermons and addresses, with the exception of two given before Boston and Cleveland audiences, were delivered to the students of Emory college and the citizens of Oxford. Eloquent with manly and inspiring words for all young men there, they are especially adapted to the present needs and changing aspects of the South. Their first quality is a vigorous common-sense, thoroughly imbued with a hearty good-will to men of all conditions. Dr. Haygood sees things as they are, lets the dead past bury its dead, and strikes out hopefully and courageously for better things. He tells plain truths with such a winning frankness that all must hear, if they do not at once consent. He treats the whole matter of education with a broad and far-sighted wisdom: "Before the war the South had more sons in the college than the North had. Our mistake was, we tried to stand the pyramid on its apex; we neglected the common school." He pleads that the better people of the South keenly feel the deficiency inevitable with their past history, are doing their utmost to mend matters, and in their comparative poverty are in a desperate need of national aid for common schools, and of better endowments and equipments for their colleges. There is a constant widening and deepening of intense desire among the poor young men of the South for an education. For instance, more than one hundred in Emory college are working their way and living on eight dollars per month. Never were there so many young men in college from the farms as now, with brains and backbone in them, and to be heard from in the golden day dawning upon the new South.

This is the way Dr. Haygood talks to his boys in one of his baccalaureate addresses:—

The first ground I mention of my confidence in your success is this; There is not a genius among you; and what is better, there is not, unless I am greatly mistaken, among you a man who thinks himself a genius. . . . . But many of you have what is better than genius, the spirit of hard, plodding, patient all-conquering work. . . . . Another reason I mention of my hope of you and and confidence in you; most of you are what the world calls poor. For this I thank God. I hope there is not a man of you whose father has money enough for him to live without work. Except vice there is hardly anything in this world that so emasculates energy as gold. . . . . How nobly some of you have already learned the uses of adversity; how bravely you have fought your way through college; eking out your small means, denying yourselves, and patiently practicing economy; how splendidly you have won in this conflict with poverty that does not cause you to blush today, and that in the years to come will be an inspiration to others, in like case, who will come after you; all this some of us know. . . . . Let me ask you this last time I will ever see you together. What are you going to do? Something, I am sure. Most of you must; all of you should. . . It is a shame beyond words when an educated man does nothing to deserve to live in this working world.

After pointing out the various peculiar and pressing needs of the South for educated, skilled, and practical men, he thrills them with their opportunity:—

There is a word I frequently hear the young men employ in their speches—"Renaissance" I think you call it. Young men, this time is the Renaissance of the South, so far as time and opportunity can make it. It rests with our men, and women whether they will make an accomplished fact what history, nature and God has made a possibility. For my part, I am sick of croakers; I am worn out with the prophets of evil; I am disgusted with the men who have no voice except lamentations over what they call the losses of the South, and no gratitude to God for her infinite and eternal gains. . . . You go your ways now; Emory's blessing goes with you. Whatever you do, be men—manly men. Clear a little space about you for your feet, and put them down firmly. Have opinions that rest on your convictions. Then express them when there is occasion. Maintain them, and, if need be, suffer for them. Fear neither minorities nor majorities; fear what is wrong—what is false. Do your very best, and crucify unto death all petty jealousies and envies and suspicions. If you cannot win the world's rewards fairly and honorably, fail. In such a case failure is success, and what is called success is failure forever and ever. When some crazy pre-adventist said to Emerson that the world was presently coming to an end, he answered, "I can get on very well without it." Until we can get on without the world, we cannot get on with it, as God intended we should. Keep your ships prow seaward and sink her in the midocean before you will make a port by flying the enemy's flag . . . . In every good and right way persuade as many to go with you as you can. But if you must, go alone—rather, if there be no one with you except Christ, the Lord. He was with the Hebrew children in the furnace of fire. He is the majority. Keep all things right between you and him. As to the rest, you can wait, if need be, till the judgment day. My dear boys, Emory loves and trusts you. She commits her honor to you and pronounces her blessing on you today. Be true—true to yourselves, to one another, to all men, to God. Be true to your section, and to this great Union and nation that God has set up as the hope of the oppressed and that he would make a blessing to all the world.

While Dr. Haygood delights in his trust of the Slater fund for negro education, his heart is sore distressed for his poor and struggling college boys who also need dormitories, books, apparatus and all those equipments which make our northern colleges rich and strong. Rather than turn away the last who came, he has given up to them all but four rooms of his own house at a great sacrifice of domestic comfort. May the next man who has a million to spare, or any lesser sum, or even a good book, remember his straitened room and his empty shelves. We commend Dr. Haygood's "Sermons and Speeches" to northern as well as southern readers."

Truck Farming for the South.

Orange Judd Co. N. Y.

A number of valuable books have been written upon the general subject of "gardening for profit" but the volume before us professes to treat especially of gardening and trucking in the Southern States, and in that respect is almost unique. It contains many useful statistics and sound conclusions, and will be interesting to all who are engaged in trucking in any of its varied forms in the South. Either to the experienced or unexperienced gardener the careful study of such a book ought to be of advantage, but it should always be borne in mind that no amount of book learning will supply the want of energy, thought and organized labor. The secret of profit in market gardening anywhere, must be looked for in the brain and skill of the gardener, and if these elements are wanting, no book can supply them. The records of every agricultural year show that money, in large sums, is constantly being exchanged for sad experience, and that man is making a serious mistake who fancies that after careful study of works like this, he is fully equipped as a farmer. We do not wish to be understood as under rating the value of sound agricultural reading, we merely wish to press the point that such reading is only *one* out of many means by which successful farming is to be accomplished.

HISTORY OF THE NEGRO RACE IN AMERICA —*Negroes as Slaves, Soldiers, and Citizens. By George W. Williams, First Colored Member of the Ohio Legislature and late Judge Advocate of the Grand Army of the Republic. In Two Volumes. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York,*

Vol. II. 1800 to 1880.

We reviewed the first volume of Mr. William's interesting book in our last number. The second volume covering the period of this century, contains the last six divisions of his subjeet: Part IV., Conservative Era—Negroes in the Army and Navy; Part V., Anti-Slavery Agitation; VI., The period of Preparation; VII., The Negro in the War for the Union; VIII, The First Decade of Freedom; IX., The Decline of Negro Governments. Specially interesting chapters are on Negroes in the War of 1812, and in the Navy, the story of the Amistad Captives, Negro School Laws; Employment as soldiers in the Civil War; The Results of Emancipation; Representative Colored Men, Colored Churches of various denominations, and the Exodus. The book is well indexed and valuable statistics are added in the appendix; lists of works by Negro authors, and newspapers edited by colored men; engagements in which colored troops took part in the civil war, colored officers and employes of Government, with sketches of colored Senators and Congressmen. The testimony to the courage and efficiency of colored soldiers in our wars is invaluable, though it seems to have been always forgotten between times. This was noticed in the first volume as to the Revolutionary war. In that of 1812, Commodore "Perry speaks highly of the bravery and good conduct of Negroes, who formed a considerable part of his crew. They seemed to be absolutely insensible to danger." and a Captain Shaler in the same war, says:

The name of one of my poor fellows ought to registered in the book of fame, and remembered as long as bravery is considered a virtue. He was a black man by the name of John Johnson. A twenty-four pound shot took away all the lower part of his body. In this state he lay on the deck, and several times exclained to his companions, 'Fire away my boys; no haul a color down.' Another fell near me, and several times requested to be thrown overboard, saying he was only in the way of others. When America has such tars, she has little to fear from the tyrants of the ocean."

The Civil War record is well known and here fully given.

We have not space for as many quotations as we would like to make. Among the representative colored men of whom their race may be proud was John DeGrasse, M. D. of Boston, who as early as 1854, was admitted in due form to the Massachusetts Medical Society, the first instance of an honor of the kind. The history of the laudable efforts of the colored people for schools, and of some which were successful is given with that of the Negro school laws. In the chapter on the Results of Emancipation the significant statistics of education since the war are found, and young colored men would do well to notice Col. Williams's opinion of true education. He says:

"Few educated colored men ever return to agricultural life; The cause is first, reaction. There is an erroneous idea among some of these young men, that labor is dishonorable; that an educated man should never work with his hands. Second, some of them believe that a profession gives a man consequence. Such silly ideas should be abandoned. There is great demand for educated farmers and laborers. It requires an intelligent man to conduet a farm successfully. No profession can furnish a man with brains or supply him a garment of respectability. Unfortunately there has been little opportunity to get employment at trades, but prejudice is giving way to reason, and there will soon be a free field. It matters not how many million dollars are given toward the education of the Negro; so long as he is deprived of the privilege of learning and plying the trades and mechanic arts, his education will rather injure than help him. We would rather see a Negro boy build an engine than take the highest prize in Yale or Harvard."

The chapters on "Reaction, Peril and Pacification," and the Exodus, are of much interest. In conclusion Mr. Williams expresses the belief that "the future work of the Negro is two fold; subjective and objective. Years will be devoted to his education and improvement here in America. He will then turn his attention to Africa" where "tribes will be converted to Christianity, cities will rise, states will be founded. In the interpretation of History, the plans of God must be discerned. '*For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night*'."

Our readers will be interested in a few particulars of Col. Williams's life which we take from the *New York Globe*. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1846; of mixed German, Welsh and Negro descent. He served in the Union army though very young, and gained honorable mention and was wounded several times. At the close of the war he was transferred to the regular army, and had charge of drilling colored troops; served with distinction on the plains for awhile, returning to civil life in 1868, because the United States was unprepared to take colored officers in the regular army. While in the army he was converted and joined the Baptist church; after leaving it he entered Howard University, and then Newton Seminary, Mass., where he graduated in 1870. He edited a paper in Washington awhile, and then removing to Cincinnati became an acceptable contributo to the *Cincinati Commercial* over the signature of "Aristides." He studied law in the office of Judge Taft, late Attorney General, and was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court, and in the meantime owned and edited the *South Western Review*. In 1877, he was appointed an Internal Revenue officer by President Hayes. He was twice nominated by the republicans for the legislature, and in 1879 was elected by large majority, the first colored member of the Ohio legislature. He has been for many years an influential member of the Grand Army of the Republic, has represented the Department as a national delegate, and was promoted judge advocate of the department of Ohio on the staff of Gen. John S. Kountz of Toledo. He has been engaged upon his historical work for seven years, as he tells us in his prefaee. In education, successful achievement and character as a man and a Christian, Col. Williams is a representative of whom the colored race may be justly proud.

IDEAS FOR A SCIENCE OF GOOD GOVERNMENT—*In Addresses, Letters and Articles on a Strictly National Currency, Tariff and Civil Service Reform. By Hon. Peter Cooper, LL. D. Trow's Printing and Bookbinding Co., 201, East 12th St., New York.*

The venerable author of this book has been long and well known for his public spirit and devotion to the cause of popular progress and education. The Cooper Institute, in New-York City, founded and endowed by him many years ago, for a free lecture hall and free classes in all the arts and sciences, will be his lasting, noble monument, and secure for him the enduring gratitude of those for whose benefit it was given, and of all interested in the improvement of the people, whether they share his views of political economy or not. These are equally well known, and are embodied in his book, which is of interest and value to any who, from either side of the questions discussed, wish to consult a resume of the arguments adduced in favor of "fiat money" and a protective tariff. We don't see that Civil Service Reform is mentioned on more than two pages, but have no doubt that Mr. Cooper is a hearty believer in this reform as he there declares himself.

DIED.

FRISSELL—At Bloomfield, N. J., April 18th, Mrs. Lavinia B. wife of the Rev. A. C. Frissell, and mother of Rev. H. B. Frissell, chaplain of Hampton Institute.

We are happy to publish in another column a reply from Col. Richard I. Dodge to parts of our last month's review of his very interesting volume on "Our Wild Indians." As to whether our reviewer, "fair" on most points as the Colonel complimentarily says, was "disingenuous" on any, we must leave to our readers with both papers and the book before them. The volume would certainly repay reading from any motive. In a later kind letter, Col. Dodge says:

FORT SULLY, D. T., *March 29, 1883.*

MR. EDITOR;

For many years I have been stationed among Indians. I do not claim to be a special friend of that race, but I am constitutionally impatient of wrong and ill treatment of any man or beast, and sufficiently honorable to feel a sense of wrong in even the small part that falls to my share of the cruelty and barbarity inflicted by our Government on the hapless Indian.

To right this wrong has been the aim of my life for some years, and I have written and talked on every occasion. In 1879-80 I wrote an elaborate and careful essay on the Indian question. It was shown to many persons. Prof. Angell borrowed it, Senator Davis wrote me in hearty commendation of it, other prominent persons urged me to continue the fight, and some even went so far as enthusiastically to predict that I was the Moses, destined to lead these poor barbarians from their "house of bondage." I had been too long acquainted with political modes to have any great hope of changing the existing state of things, but feeling called on to "do with all my might" I, in 1882, revised and condensed my former paper, and sent it, in pamphlet form, broadcast through the country. Whether it will effect any good to the Indian is still an open question, but I have my reward in the commendation of many prominent and excellent men.

Appeal Against an Old Charge.

In a sketch accompanying the picture of William Lloyd Garrison, in our March number, the well known story was repeated of his imprisonment in Baltimore for denouncing, in his paper, the act of a Newburyport shipmaster in taking a cargo of slaves on his vessel from Baltimore to New Orleans. The publication has brought us the following interesting letter from a lady subscriber who, from long acquaintance with the shipmaster and his family, appeals against the further use of the word "infamy" affixed by Garrison to a name she reveres. We do not know whether the statement she presents of the case was brought forward at the time or not. We suppose it must have been, but the stern reformer—though notably gentle when principles were not concerned—would probably not have admitted any excuse for such an act in anyone, any more than in himself. Our correspondent's story of the circumstance may be new to many or all of our readers, and we are happy to publish it in the interest of truth and charity. We hope, also, that some one will be able to answer her inquiry.

NEWBURYPORT, March 27, 1883.

Editor of the Southern Workman.

DEAR SIR:—In the March number of the *Southern Workman* there is a sketch of the life of Mr. W. Lloyd Garrison. In mentioning the incident connected with Mr. G.'s experience in Baltimore, in reference to the domestic slave trade, it says, "he so vigorously denounced the '*infamy*' of a Newburyport shipmaster who carried a ship load of slaves from Baltimore to Louisiana, that he was convicted of libel," &c. &c. A daughter of Captain Brown, the "shipmaster," living in Newburyport, is my intimate friend. In conversation with her, some months since, the Baltimore affair was incidentally mentioned. As I knew but little about it, I asked her for some particulars relating to it. She gave me, in effect, the following. She said: "My father had nothing to do with the charter of the ship Francis; the consignee of the ship had the entire control, subject only to the owners. The ship was put into his hands to obtain for her a freight or charter for New Orleans. Not until the slaves were put on board his ship did my father have anything to do with them; but, from the time he received them on board until he delivered them to their new master, they were treated as kindly by him as his own children would have been. They had the whole 'between deeks' of a large ship entirely to themselves, where they 'kept house,' had their 'class' and prayer-meetings; and, instead of being 'hand-cuffed,' or 'chained,' as Mr. Garrison reported them to have been they were under no more restraint than *eighty* (which was all there were, instead of a '*ship-load*,') white persons would have been who had paid their 'passage' on the ship. Their master in Baltimore had failed in business, and at the time they were sold had scarcely *rags* enough to cover them. When their new master (Mr. Milliken, of 'Milliken's Bend,' below New Orleans,) put them on board the ship, he also put many bales of woollen and cotton cloth, with thread, needles, &c., and the women were busy all the passage making new garments; so that long before they reached their new home they were all in new, warm, comfortable clothing. When my father landed them at Mr. Milliken's plantation, they parted from him with the warmest expressions of gratitude for the fatherly kindness they had received at his hands; and, on Captain Brown's return down the river from New Orleans, (bound to Europe,) he came to anchor off Milliken's Bend, and every one of those slaves was allowed, by their kind master, to go on board and once more thank him for his kindness and bid him 'good-bye.' It was one of the happiest hours of my father's long life—as I have often heard him say—and further, that there was no act of his life that he could look back upon with more satisfaction. Mr. Garrison was one of the most benevolent of men, but my father was not *one whit* behind him in everything that was generous and humane and self-sacrificing. He commanded ship for nearly fifty years, and his sailors found in him a friend and father *always*."

The *system* was "*infamous*" that required such service, but if Captain Brown had refused to take the slaves, what would have been the result? Who would have justified him, either *North* or South, in that day of darkness? John Newton went to the *west of Africa for slaves*—I think—after he was converted. But the day at length dawned when the sin and guilt of oppression was seen; and the wrong, through the discipline of suffering was done away. Unceasing thanks are due to Him who rules the nations for this result! May the time be hastened when on the whole earth "they shall no more oppress."

As this is written as a private letter, I may be asked my object in writing it. I believe the exciting cause was, seeing the word "*infamy*" attached to Captain Brown's name; and further, as a sort of relief to my feelings for the wrong which was done him in thus applying it. I knew Captain B. from my childhood till he died, as a most kind, genial, large-hearted man, who would share his last loaf with anyone in need, black or white—and, as was said by one who knew him well, —"there would not be a slave upon the earth if he could free them."

* * * * * * * *

I avail myself of this opportunity to add a few words relative to Captain Brown, and to ask a favor. For several years Capt. Brown sailed from New Orleans to European ports, and consequently was well acquainted with that city. He was very fond of singing, and liked to hear the "blacks" sing in their meetings. Upon one of his voyages, on his way to Europe, he became converted. It seemed a very remarkable circumstance, as no one else on the ship was in the least interested in religious concerns. There was one hymn which he used to hear the slaves sing which, during his last distressing sickness, was one of his "songs in the night," and which to the last was on his lips.

The following are two of the stanzas:—

In Him I have believed,
Who has my soul retrieved,
From sin He hath redeemed
My soul that was lost.
Oh, give Him glory,
Oh, give Him glory,
Oh, give Him glory,
For glory is His due.

And now I love my Saviour,
For I am in His favor,
And hope with Him forever,
The golden streets to tread.
Oh, give Him glory, &c.

My friend has tried in vain to obtain the whole hymn! Would it give any trouble to make enquiry of your pupils, or through the "*Workman*," if such a hymn can now be found in any of their collections. I would feel greatly obliged if the enquiry could be made, even if unsuccessful.

Who can say that the prayers and songs of the "oppressed" were not instrumental in leading him to Christ? I do not doubt they were. With respect, C.

Letters From Hampton Graduates.

TEACHER, ADVISER, LECTURER AND SEAMSTRESS. TEACHING A WHITE SCHOOL. HER HEART IN HER WORK. THE THINGS THAT DISCOURAGE AND THAT ENCOURAGE HIM. A COUNTY IN SOUTH CAROLINA—CRAZED WITH COTTON. LIEN LAWS. THE DRY TICKET. INTEREST IN EDUCATION. THE PLACE TO STICK. ORGANIZING A READING CLUB. THE SCOFIELD SCHOOL.

TEACHER, ADVISER, LECTURER AND SEAMSTRESS.

The variety of demands made upon the young graduate teacher of either sex is thus feelingly set forth by one of our most faithful workers. She is equal to the occasion.

——, N. C. 29th, 1883.

My dear Miss C——,

Last winter I taught in C——, Va. with two other Hampton Graduates. I was comfortably situated, and had a very pleasant time, being blessed with kind friends and excellent opportunities for improvement. That is my bright experience; now I can tell a darker one, but which was the cause of effecting equally, if not more good. During the vacation I had a school in a remote country place, where there had been no school before. My little log-cabin was church and school-house combined. I had to be teacher, adviser, lecturer, and seamstress, whichever the occasion required, so you can imagine how precise I had to become. While down there trying to do my duty for my unfortunate brothers, and sisters, I received notice of my appointment to teach in one of the Public schools of the city, which was good news for me, for after having been from home nearly four years, it was indeed a pleasant prospect to know that my work would be among my own friends. I have been teaching here since October 2nd; have a large school with an average attendance of fifty; in our schools there are three Hampton graduates, and another under-graduate. There are four schools, two for each race; they are all graded, each being under the supervision of an expert teacher, who visits our recitation-rooms, hears, or conducts the recitation, and makes any fit suggestions. I have introduced the word method, and like it more than ever. The Hampton teachers are making a good impression, it seems, on those connected with school affairs.

I have not heard directly from M. for some time. Mrs. Steele, the missionary, who has been working so faithfully at school in the interest of precious souls, told me that Mary had become a Christian. If you have not heard sooner it will be a bit of glad news. They have had a successful revival. I have had a nice interesting class in our Sunday School; am using the "Church Teaching" or Lessons from the Epistles and Gospels. I am devoted to Sunday School, as well as to day school work. It is almost time to close, and I have not said as much as I wanted, so thanking you for your kindness,

I am your old pupil,

L.

TEACHING A WHITE SCHOOL IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

An unusual position is filled by one of our graduates, who is passing his studies industriously, and under very pleasant circumstances in the old Granite State.

HANOVER, N. H. Feb. 19th, 1883.

MISS A. E. C.

I received your very kind letter last month.

I am treated as well as any white boy in the college by the Faculty, by the students, and by the citizens.

I taught two winters in the white schools where the only colored person was the teacher. I was treated as well as any man could be treated, both by parents and pupils.

The Superintendent said in his report that my school outranked any school in the town during the two winters I taught. I love to teach, and shall make it a profession. I want to teach the higher branches, and that is what I am fitting myself for.

I'll graduate here next June if I live and nothing happens. Your letter is the best I got from Hampton since I graduated from there. I hope you will write me more, it was so charming and good. I am a Christian; I hope, and will try and stand up for Jesus.

I hope you will excuse this letter, for I am in the midst of examination before committee. But if you write again, (which I hope you will do before long,) I will give you a better letter, with more minor details which may be interesting to you. There has been a revival here in college, and several have become Christians. I am glad to hear good news from Hampton.

I remain yours very truly,

C. J. W.

HER HEART IN HER WORK.

A faithful worker writes thus to a very kind friend of Hampton graduates, who sends us her letter for this column.

—— Va., Nov. 27th, 1882.

DEAR MISS L.

As I have said many times, I am never better pleased than I am when I can get a letter from you. It matters not how low spirited I am, your letters always revive my drooping spirits. They seem so much like my dear mother and sister speaking to me, those two who are now no more.

I have now been teaching for nearly three months, and it doesn't seem I have been at the work hardly a month. I have never once thought I should like teaching so well. I now truly have my whole heart in the good cause. Can never think I've done half enough for the dear little children. I leave my home about eight in the morning, get there about half past; find the most of the dear little ones there waiting; after a pleasant good morning to and from all, I open my school with some pretty hymn, and prayer, then have them repeat a 'Psalm.' They have learned the '23d Psalm,' and can say it very beautifully. I then stay there till about 4 p. m. I have then done what I could to instruct the young friends. I also attend our Sabbath School regularly. I always take those wise papers you send, whenever I have them. Oh! how pleased the children are when I hand each a paper, and tell them who sends them to me for them. They always say what a dear kind lady she must be, to be thinking of us while we are so far from her. I tell them you are always thinking what good you can do for so me body. I read those pieces I saw marked on one of the papers. The words were very beautiful indeed.

Affectionately, your girl.

S.

THE THINGS THAT DISCOURAGE AND ENCOURAGE HIM.

There is enough to discourage in the isolation and deprivations of the teachers in the scattered country schools of the South. Our graduates generally have a way of looking also on the bright side, and summing up their encouragements, in which Hampton's constant interest may always count.

——, S. C., *December 21, 1882.*

DEAR TEACHER:—

In reply to your circular, I take this opportunity to say that I have been teaching at the above named place since the 14th of August. I have on roll seventy-two pupils. My school-house is made of logs; it is not as comfortable as it might be, but I think that it is about the best colored school-house in this district. It was formerly a church, but as the congregation has built a frame house, they have turned this over to me. I find the people, white and black, very friendly disposed. The most discouraging thing that I have at present is the absence of school furniture, such as maps, charts, objects, &c. I have been trying to raise money enough among my pupils to buy at least one map, or chart. I have succeeded in raising about one dollar and a half, cash; and I have many more promises.

The things that encourage me are, my pupils' eager desire to learn, the kind letters of encouragement which I receive from friends, the reflex that I get from doing what I believe to be the best thing to elevate the people among whom I am, and to know that Hampton feels such a deep interest in her sons and daughters. I might go on to name many other things that encourage me, but space will not allow.

W——. Is teaching only three miles from me.

We have organized a Teachers' Association for the purpose of promoting the cause of education among our people, especially in this county.

I have nothing more of interest to write at present. I shall be pleased to hear from you at any time you are at leisure.

Your sincere pupil,

A COUNTY IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

An intelligent young man, teaching in South Carolina where he has always lived, writes thus of the condition of things there, making many points:—

—— Co., SOUTH CAROLINA, December 31, 1882.

DEAR TEACHER:—

I am teaching school at a place eight miles from the county seat. This is a low and level country; the soil is slightly fertile, and the chief productions are cotton, corn, rice, and potatoes. The cotton is the chief one that finds its way to market, and is either sold in —— or Charleston.

CRAZED WITH COTTON.

The Southern people seem almost crazed over cotton raising, and seem to think there are no other means for getting ready money. It is bartered for goods in country stores, and even in ——; the merchants there have cotton-houses for small quantities of seed cotton, that they may be able to gather during the cotton season. When the season for cotton is over, all the cotton is ginned and shipped, and the country stores close.

LIEN LAWS, &c.

The lien laws are very severe and sweeping. Some people are foolish enough to take, say two, three, or four, different kinds of fertilizers for their farm, and of course a failure will ruin their limited fortunes. Often, quite often, are farmers broken entirely up by the middlemen and merchants. It is all their own fault, or their mistake, that these men fall into such ill-fortune. We need more brain in farming here. The "obnoxious no fence law" exists here, and the people seem too stupid to change with the change, but content themselves with almost nothing, looking for something almost out of the natural order of things to better their condition. The South, under political restrictions, or under any other hinderances, might be made a rare, comfortable home for both white and black; but, unfortunately, all are blundering over good chances and handsome little fortunes, and seem not to realize it. I hope a change may soon come.

Morals are at a pretty low ebb, but in some places they seem ordinarily good.

THE DRY TICKET.

Voting on the "wet" and "dry" ticket came off, a few days ago, in —— and ——. The "dry" ticket won in both places, to our happy surprise, and rum will now be obtained only by prescription, or for medical purposes. I hope it will soon be dropped from the medical list, for I think him a poor physician who recommends so much whisky as I have known so many to do. I hope that the effect will be so satisfactory to all, that when we vote again, in 1884, our success may be greater.

INTEREST IN EDUCATION.

I have been teaching here something over a month. As I am in the country I am, at times, lonesome. My whole school numbers about forty or more. The school-house is not large enough to hold all comfortably. I expect more, and I do not know what I shall have to do. The people are somewhat interested in education, and they desire me to remain the whole of this coming year, 1883. There is being prepared a nice little room for me, and I think I shall accept their offer. It is hard, very hard, for one to decide to stay twelve months in an out-of-the-way place like this, and where the people are so far behind the times.

But, I suppose, where the most good is to be done is the place to stick.

OPENING A READING CLUB.

I have called together a few into an organization known as a Reading Club, the object of which is, to read from periodicals and to keep them informed of the current news. I would write you more if I had anything worth telling. Your dutiful pupil, W.

THE SCOFIELD SCHOOL.

The school in Aiken, founded by Miss Emily Scofield, and bearing her name, is well known to those interested in the work of the freedmen. Industrial training is being started there under difficulties. It is felt to be the right thing for the development of character as well as a means of securing education. One of our graduate young women who resides in Aiken, and is an assistant in the school, thus writes of it.

AIKEN, S. C. Jan. 8th, 1883.

Dear Miss C.

I received your letter some time ago, would have answered sooner but having been busy I could not. Yes, I am teaching, began about the middle of October last. I am assistant in the Scofield School here. I enjoy teaching very much.

Our school is a Normal and Industrial school. It prepares teachers, and many who come to school all winter teach in the summer so as to enable them to return again another year. The industries of the school at present are printing (we have a Job Press, which does very good work) sewing for the girls, out-door work for the boys, such as keeping the yard and place clean.

We began school in our old board building, and taught there until the holidays, after which we began in our new two story brick building which was completed for us. The building is 60 by 65 feet, six large airy recitation rooms, a large chapel, a library and principal's office.

It was built last summer, the corner-stone was only laid August 1st, '82. On that day we did have a crowd to see it and a good time, being the first for a building of this kind and for school use.

The public fund has been withheld now for two years from this school. It was taken away two years ago while the principal and business manager were up North to their homes on a visit during the summer vacation. We do not know whether it will be returned, nevertheless, the school has gone on as usual through the aid of friends who have donated liberally toward it.

The colored people are as they always have been, willing to have their children educated, and will send them to school though but poorly clad. They have always befriended this school and its teachers, which is one of the great comforts to us.

F. A. Peters is the nearest Hampton graduate to me; he is about thirty miles; but his school closes, and he will then come up and teach with us; begins on 15th inst.

I am engaged in Sunday School work. I never before thought to have my children interested in mission work until you told me. I like the little Magazine; I think I'll take it.

Yes, Aiken is the place for invalids, many of them are here already.

We have had snow twice; it did not last long, for the sun came and melted it. We have been having a very rainy season, but not a very cold one.

I will send you one of our last reports. It gives a full statement of the School.

Respectfully,

S.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

The large number of people who are curious enough to know about the Indians at Hampton will, probably, be interested in reading something concerning the Indian boys' work, their appreciation of their new style of dress, and their life in the "wigwam" which is so very different from that on the plains of the west.

It is as you know, quite a change through which the Indian passes in coming from his home in the forest, where he went almost without clothing, to live in a comfortably furnished room of a large brick building, and wear citizens' dress. His being placed here does not simply put him where his surroundings are very different, but necessitates a change in his personal habits.

Among the Indians, as among other people, there is to be found quite a variety of characters, so a general statement will not apply to every individual. While a majority seem to try earnestly to learn, and comply with the rules of health, neatness, and comfort, there are some who are not docile and have, to some extent, to be forced to do it. Many find pleasure in keeping their rooms neat and well decorated with their own paintings or other pictures.

They associate quite pleasantly together, (a little more so with their own tribe than with others,) and, by so doing, learn a great deal from Indian boys who have been here longer, or from colored boys who in some cases are their room-mates. I was told by a steady young colored man who has an Indian boy in his room that, after seeing the Indian retire several nights without saying his prayers, he asked him why he didn't pray before going to sleep. The boy's answer was that he didn't know how to pray. The young man said that he taught the Indian the Lord's Prayer, which he learned very readily. Then he found there was another hindrance—the Indian's forgetfulness—but, after being urged several times to leave his bed on its account, he never failed to pray before going to rest. This is one of the many instances I might mention to show how the Indian boys become acquainted with civilized habits and learn English much faster than they would with simply the advantages of the school-room. They who know only their own language when they come here, are for a long time very timid, both in the school-room and while at play, about using the English that they learn. The greater part of their conversation now is in English. As the boys are not able yet to interest themselves by reading, their idle moments are spent generally in foot-races and jumping, which seem to be their favorite amusements.

I think all of them, without one exception, like to wear good clothes. There are many to whom their present style of dress is entirely new; and they, as well as the others, like good suits, but not to keep them so. They like to keep *getting* good ones. In other words, they seem to be perfect clothes machines; not used for cleaning or making new, but for making dirty and wearing to pieces. They like to ask very often for, "some cap," "some coat," or "some collar," and have apparently no idea of how to take care of them. Their need of care for clothing makes it necessary for them to have a lesson not taught exactly as the others. Telling a boy how to take care of a coat does not have much effect so long as he knows he can have another when that one, as he says, "is no good." They are not only told how to take care of their garments, but the garments are issued in proportion to the amount and quality of their work.

The Indian boys, being used to doing nothing, when the time comes for work, had a little rather do something else. You see, then, that the way of teaching the above mentioned lesson is a good one, for it works well two ways. It not only causes the careless boy to be careful with his clothes, but encourages all to do more and better work.

Considering the fact that the Indian boys were never required to do any regular work before coming here, some of them do exceedingly well at their trades. In fact, nearly all of them work well when settled to one thing. When on the plains they were used to moving about, and it seems here to be a part of their nature to be restless, and always ready for a change from one shop to another.

To the people who visit the School the general progress of the Indians can be better shown than told. GEO. BRANDOM.

From the Berthold Indian Mission.

The Rev. C. L. Hall is an authority on the Indian question. What he writes is always worth attention. Withal, public attention is unusually awakened respecting Indians. Such letters as the following are timely and hopeful:

FT. BERTHOLD, D. T. March 10, 1883.

MR. EDITOR:

Dear Sir:—We are glad to have a good report from the scholars at Hampton. Here, the prospect of those who returned eighteen months ago, is not very bright. In the first place, those who could be persuaded to go from a community yet thoroughly heathen, were not as a whole of the most desirable class. They were those who had come in contact with the lowest class of whites, and become familiar with white people only to be injured in body and soul. This class of Indians is the first to come about the Mission, and we have to work through it to the better element which is more conservative. So, it was unavoidable, that the first to be taken East should be—many of them—from the lower grade of Indian life. It was just as unavoidable that they should very soon fall in again with the low associations from which they came, especially when missionary work had not previously created a new place for them. I found some of the returned boys here obliged to live in families, or rather with parties of the lowest kind. Some of them, after a while, gave way to indulgences from which they had been restrained for three years, with such abandon that they nearly killed themselves. Regular employment, under the care of the Agent, would be a great aid to them and to all the Indians; but the Agent informs me that the appropriation for the Agency is cut down so low that he cannot employ the returned scholars, as he did at first.

Here is the great need of the Indian—to be set at work. He is willing, but unable to direct himself. To give him directions and instructions means a present *increased* outlay by Government. Instead of this, appropriations are being cut down. It is folly to say that the Indian is lazy, and deserves to starve if he does not work. What is he to work at? We have *isolated* him, so that he cannot leave his reservation without a permit. We have driven him off from contact with the civilization which gives other poor and dependent persons work and direction, and we cannot say, "starve or work," because we keep him from working. This long winter there has been very little the Indians here could do to earn any money, though they have been willing to work hard, and there were a dozen willing to do any little job that offered. Many, having no other employment, wanted to hunt, but the Government would not let the trader sell them any fixed ammunition, so that in every way they are isolated and shut in to idleness and the cultivation of vices.

The missionary force of the country cries to Congress to break down the barrier between the races, to give us the severalty bill and law for Indians, and to give sufficient appropriations—not to feed them—but for the industrial education of old and young. Private benevolence is wasting its efforts for the want of public justice.

Yours sincerely, C. L. HALL.

It is fair, and pleasant, to state, that of the original Fort Berthold party, one young man has, at his own earnest desire, returned to Hampton to learn more of his trade and of English, and is doing well here, while the two little girls who did not go home with the rest—now in their fifth year at Hampton—are developing as hopefully and unexceptionably as any young girls that could be found in any school or family. This shows what can be done for Indians under favorable circumstances. Mr. Hall's remarks upon the difficulties are deeply true, and justice to the effort demands th ir statement.

A later letter from Mr. Hall adds an interesting criticism of Indian character which is in line with some of Col. Dodge's views.

We sympathize with you in reading your report in the April Magazine; and hope the Indian will be steadfast in the faith they profess. The trouble with them is that they do not realize the exclusive nature of Christ's truth—that it is Jesus only, and not something added to their own superstition, and at war with them.

Ahuka even does not yet, and is offended or rather wishes me not to enforce the first and second commandment in my talk to his people. He wishes the religion of their "old men," and the religion of our white ancestors to exist together side by side. Do preach the first commandment to them, for if any people have gods many and Lords many, it is the Indians of this Interior; and if any people are ready always to say yes to anything and everything whatever may be their "heart judgments" it is the Indians of this Interior.

God bless you and your work.
Pray for ours.

Yours sincerely
C. L. HALL.

The Chinese Question.

FROM A CALIFORNIA COLORED MAN'S STANDPOINT.

MR. EDITOR:—

I have been called on, at my church in this city, by your mother and sister, who spoke highly of your work for my people in my old mother State. It of course made me feel proud to hear them speak creditably of the progress of my people. During the conversation, your mother requested me to give to you the condition of my people in California, and my views concerning the Chinaman, as a blessing or a curse. I will first give the real status of my own people here. California is a free-and-easy State; too much so for the moral strength of the colored man; he is apt to take the white man as his pattern, especially where the tide of prejudice is as low as it is in California. Pat's declaration of the black man is true in California, that "he is as good as a white man, if he behaves himself, and sometimes a little better." Here, a colored man is weighed in an almost even balance; he does not have to be considered a white man's superior, before considered his equal. "Color, race, and previous condition of servitude," are things of the past; so much so that colored men, who were born in the extreme southern States, have forgotten all about Virginia, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, or Mississippi, and so free the air he breathes in this country, so uncontaminated with prejudice—his enjoyment so great, his rest so deep and undisturbed—that, concerning his native State, he is a Rip Van Winkle; and has forgotten the State that gave him birth. Ask him of his native State and while, perhaps, he has heard the yelp of the bloodhound on his track, has seen the auction block where many a mother's heart has been broken by a child being torn from her arms by the slave-driver, yet, when asked for the State of his nativity, he will say that he was born in the State of Massachusetts. The colored race in this country are, as a general thing, of the higher grade intellectually, there being a great many raised in this country, and have the advantage of schools which others have not had, which has given them the pre-eminence of acquired ability. There are a great many of the West India colored people here who, generally speaking, are cultured. There are some here who are property holders; some are collectors, clerks, and in other branches of business; and a colored man can get employment in any place where he can take his part. The colored man here is too fond of pleasure to grow rich very fast, but there are some exceptions. We have, in San Francisco, three colored churches, whose value runs from twenty-five thousand to forty thousand dollars, and which have comparatively small debts, averaging from eighteen hundred to two thousand dollars—the Baptists, Zion Methodists and African M. E.—There are about four thousand colored people in San Francisco; perhaps not more than eighteen hundred attend church. The saloons are open on Sunday; also theatres, gambling dens, and other places of infernal amusement; hence the colored man, loving pleasure more than God, spends his Sabbath day and night in these horrible dens that tend to degrade, impoverish, and damn him.

I have tried to paint the colored man in his true light; and now, sir, permit me to speak of the Mongolian as he is in this country. Having considerable experience of him I need not borrow from anyone to give you his true and correct status. I learned from your mother that you are in favor of Chinese immigration. This is nothing more than reasonable for a man who has spent his life as you have in caring for the outcast and down-trodden, yet the people for whom you have been laboring differ greatly from the Asiatic serf. The Chinaman is cunning, sneaking, mean, and roguish. For a few examples: In this city Chinamen have been employed in houses, as servants, for several years in succession, and the dissolving of this union between employer and employe is caused by some crime perpetrated by the latter. A wealthy lady had one in her employ for five years who, not long since, watched where she had laid several hundred dollars, and at a convenient time, he took the money and embarked on a ship for his native land; but the law wanted John a little longer, so he is now paying for his crime in State's prison. Another, a gentleman living outside the city, had one in his employ for nearly twelve years who, a short time ago while the gentleman was in town attending to some business, tried to outrage his wife; then took a hatchet and tried to kill her. There is nothing that he holds sacred; the marriage vow is no more to him than the prognostication of a gypsy fortune-teller would be to a southern gentleman. He will take a woman, live with her, raise children, and then sell her for less than thirty pieces. He regards no punishment but death. There are three hundred of them in State's prison, a great many for life. While in the prison, serving a life sentence, they have committed crimes for which they have been hung. This is the only punishment he dreads, and that but little. For one thing, they are thoroughly organized, and clandestine in their movements: so much so that our police must see him commit the crime, then and there put hands on him, or he escapes unarrested. Their crimes of murder are generally among their own people. Having touched lightly on his faults, my objections to his immigration to this country are, that he is low, filthy and dirty. We must admit that he is industrious, and every dollar he gets is a prisoner awaiting his exile to CHINA. We cannot compete with him in work or in business. He can live on ten cents a day, providing he has to buy his food; or, he can eat a dollar's worth if some American is to furnish it for him. He will rent a room that an American man would consider too small for himself and wife to occupy, and he will put from eight to ten sewing machines, or three or four ironing tables, or a junk shop, or make it any other place of business, and at night some twenty-five or thirty will sleep in the same room. In the South, when there were fifty people it was a village; and a hundred, a big town; and a thousand was a large city. But here there are as high as three thousand of them sleep in one large house, formerly used as a hotel by the whites. The question is asked, what right has America to object to the immigration of any people, when our prosperity, welfare, and best interests are destroyed; friends and children turned out of doors, unemployed, because they cannot work for the wages (and live honorably) that a Chinaman can when he lives in his filth and dirt, and then expect them to compete with the coolies of Asia? If there was such a thing, as some missionary societies are claiming to do, to civilize and Christianize the Chinaman, we might have some hopes that he would eventually grow into the customs of our country and be one of us, but all of this is a failure; he is a Chinaman; his habits and customs are his, and no power on earth changes him, and I doubt if any in heaven will elevate him one degree above his old level. It has been said by some philanthropic men of the east, and missionaries, that power divine will do the deed and, Lord, that power he greatly needs. John is cunning enough even to use his pretensions to morality as a means to obtain money. They have their missionaries, churches, and schools, where thousands of converts are made. John is very religious when he is at work for some pious person, or wishes to be employed by them. He'll bow with reverence at the family altar, follow them to the church if allowed, eat the bread and drink the wine as a token of his fidelity to the God of his employer; and will, sometimes, even cut off his cue, put on citizen's clothes and throw away his opium-pipe; but, as soon as something happens that their union is broken and John is discharged, he is a Chinaman again, and will be found at his josh-house worshiping his pagan god. America never was infested with a plague that should be so much dreaded as the immigration of Chinamen. It is true, they work cheap; possibly, the U. P. or C. P. would not have been built so soon had they not had the Chinaman, and certainly the whole State would not have been owned by a few men. If a man wished to, he could go to one of the China Co's. and hire from one to five thousand of them at eight dollars per month, and have them sent to him if he wished. I asked a railroad contractor, not long ago, when he wanted five hundred men, to let me get him colored men. To this he replied that he would rather have the colored men, but if he employed them he would have to make a bargain with every man, but if he employed the Chinamen he could hire all he wanted from one man, and he would always keep the gang full; if one got sick or died he would replace him, while if he had white or colored men and one died he would have to hunt another man to fill his place; and considering this, and the difference there is between eight dollars a month and thirty-five, of course he would rather have the Chinaman. Whenever they are allowed to settle in cities, property around them is soon depreciated and deserted by the Americans. In what is known as China town, and near to it, there have been several of the leading churches of the city, but they are now so abandoned that where they have cost from seventy-five to a hundred thousand dollars, a few years ago, they can be bought for from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand dollars. A few days ago, in a part of the town where there are no Chinamen living, a small piece of ground (20x33) sold for seventy-thousand dollars. Less than a mile from this, in what is known as China-town, I can buy a lot with a good house on it for twenty-two thousand dollars. The Chinamen, in their country, imitate the ants of South America. They crowd out and force all other inhabitants to leave. The question has been and is asked, if they are such a curse to the country, why do Americans employ them? All sectarian and national love and sympathy fade away before the blazing sunshine of money.

R. SEYMOUR,
Pastor 2d A. M. E. Church, San Francisco.

Letter From Col. Dodge.

FORT SULLY, D. T. Mar. 15, 1883

Editor Southern Workman;

Some unknown friend has been kind enough to send me a copy of the *Southern Workman* for March, 1883.

It is not my habit to answer criticisms on my works, but the article in that paper on "Our Wild Indians," evinces a spirit of fairness so unusual in my experience of the reviews of religious papers, that I feel disposed to show my appreciation of it, by explaining the apparent discrepancies of that work, as noted by your critic.

1. The Indian is "*patience*" itself and totally unaffected with 'nerves,' under all ordinary circumstances and moods. But the man who can submit without nervousness to starvation or torture to the utmost verge of life; who can lie flat on the ground watching a deer for hours and hours, (though the thermometer mark 100 deg. or zero;) who can sleep serenely and comfortably though half a dozen children are romping and tumbling over him, will, nevertheless, under the sudden excitement of surprise, utterly lose his sense of reason and become the most nervous ol mankind. Fear is an animal instinct. The bravest and most patient of animals are equally liable to unaccountable freaks of nervousness ["stup d ty" in plain vernacular.) The humanity nearest the animal might naturally be expected to be most disposed in this direction; and it is true, for this is the great peculiarity of Indian individuality.

2. "*Conscience*" is self knowledge, accompanied by a moral sense of approval or disapproval. The germ, or capacity for a conscience, is born in all. Education can develop it in any direction. A Christian boy is taught to believe that murder and theft are crimes: and were he to commit them, his conscience, educated in that direction, would constantly upbraid him. An Indian boy is taught to believe that murder of, and theft from, strangers, are high virtues. His conscience, educated in that direction, approves. The germ of conscience—born in all—is a seed which will bring fruit of good or evil, exactly as that seed is educated.

3. Your critic is not ingenuous in his comments on my remark that "the good missionary should let him alone in his religion and simply strive to supply him with a code of moral." Previous to this I had carefully portrayed the difficulties, which devout and earnest Indians have in giving up a religion in which they were born and reared. Religion can have little hold on him who can change it lightly and easily. Recognizing the natural aversion to change inherent to all deeply religious people, would it not be better to instruct them in the nature of abstract right and wrong, and trust to this education of mind and conscience to pave the way to final religious conversion? Suppose a man should come to you, Mr. Editor and say, "You are all wrong in your religion; you must abandon it, and embrace another which I shall teach you." The proposal would be simply absurd to you, yet there are plenty of Indians as devout and sincere believers in the truth of their religion as you or any Christian can be in the truth of yours. You would not give up your religion for all the world besides; then be tender with the Indian who emulates you in his faith and his trust.

4. As regards my "sweeping denunciation of the Government and of Indian Agents," your critic quotes Gen'l. Sherman, who in his introduction says, "I do not agree with you, and the world generally, in accusing our ancestors and the general Government of a deliberate purpose to be unjust and defraud these people." So just and true a man as Gen'l. Sherman can scarcely conceive of deliberate injustice in any one, but history shows that our ancestors regarded the Indians as incubi, to be got rid of whenever they were in the way, or their lands were wanted. Their descendants continue in the same feeling and policy, and whether "deliberately" or not, the General Government has always, and will always continue, under one pretense or another, to back the will of the people.

Nowhere in my book do I denounce Indian Agents; on the contrary I have been careful to avoid repetition of the charges and denunciations of Indians and frontiersmen against them. I do denounce the mode of their appointment as both unconstitutional and imbecile.

I have known Agent Jno. D. Miles for eleven years; Dr. Mc. Gillicuddy for nine years. I am acquainted with Bishops Whipple and Hare. I am a witness to the good they have done and are doing, and believe that no more can be done under the present system. Let these and other noble men do all they can and may, they merely create the smallest possible oases in the limitless desert of our present Indian policy.

5. Give the Indian his farm in severalty, and the ballot. It is a matter of indifference "what sort of an American citizen he would make." We give the ballot (as I have said in my book) to the Italian organ-grinder, the Irish bog-trotter, the negro, the Menonite, and ask no such questions. I would not give it to the Indian because of his fitness for citizenship, (shall you, or I, or the organ-grinders decide the question of fitness?), but because he is entitled to its protection.

RICHARD I. DODGE
Col. 11th Infantry,
U. S. A.

From Returned Indian Students.

A letter from one of the Indian boys returned from Lower Brule, Dakota, about a year and a half ago, reports

"I am working for the Agency now, and the other Hampton boys they are working at home. I trying best I could, and I want to school at Hampton.

Your truly, and respectfully friend,
We-cha-ka se-ka—
JAMES THOMPSON.

The following letter has come from a young man employed as teacher at Crow Creek Agency, Dakota. It is written in a clear and handsome hand.

IND. BOARDING SCHOOL,
CROW CREEK AGENCY, D. T.—
March 28th, 1883.

MR. GEO. LE ROY BROWN,
Hampton, Virginia,

My dear friend;

Your nice letter came to me some time ago, and should have been answered long before this. I am so much glad to hear that all the Indian boys and girls are doing first-rate. I have been at White Ghost house last Sunday afternoon. I read to him your letter. He was very glad to hear from you. All my people are doing well, and then I am trying keep on. You know that we spend two much money of Government. So we must not forget the Government is very kind to us I shall not forget myself, or Gen. Armstrong. Please give my compliments to all the teachers or Mr. Marshall.

Your very truly Friend,
ED. P. H. ASHLEY

Teacher Ind. B. S.

CUBA.

A TALK TO THE STUDENTS OF HAMPTON,
BY REV. T. L. GULICK.

Let me try to give you a little picture of it and how to get there. We sailed from New York on a Saturday evening, on the splendid steamer "Newport" of the Ward line, with every modern convenience except the electric light. With seas smooth as a lake, we passed from the ice and snow of New York, by the light-house of Cape Hatteras, the tropical forest and sandy shores of Florida, here and there strewn with wrecks, and Wednesday morning we glided through the narrow entrance into the wide harbor of Havana, passing on the left close under the guns of the frowing castle Moro. Immediately a number of small boats surrounds the ship, every boatman clamoring for the privilege of taking you on shore. You select the one that strikes your fancy, and are soon rowed ashore, and immediately find yourself in the midst of a picturesque crowd of Cubans, Negroes, Mulattoes, Spaniards, Chinese, Americans, Germans and English. You are struck by the appearance of the city. The stone and brick houses, mostly two and three stories high, are whitewashed or painted without, blue, yellow, green, red and all colors of the rainbow. The streets are narrow, straight, paved, and full of hacks which will take you to any part of the city for twenty cents. You are perhaps surprised to find the rooms of nearly all the houses about twenty feet high. The floors of the finer hotels, coffee houses, barber-shops, and many of the dwelling houses and even of the stores, are paved with black and white marble brought from Italy. In the squares and the courts around which the houses are built, you see growing bananas, oranges, palm trees of all kinds, coffee and many other tropical plants, and you realize that you have come from the wintry North to the sunny South.

You find the different races living amicably together. There appears to be little or none of that feeling of antagonism of the whites towards the colored people which, I am ashamed to say, exists in our land of boasted freedom and equality.

The size of Cuba is little larger than the state of New York, though it is an amusing fact that many of its inhabitants imagine that it is as large and important as the whole United States.

The people, as I have said, are of different races. About one half are colored people, composing Negroes, Mulattoes, Chinese, and Indians; the large majority of them however being Negroes and Mulattoes. There are, I believe, between 8000 and 9000 Chinese, who were brought there as coolies [hired laborers under a contract for a term of years.] Most of the Indians whom I saw had a mixture of Spanish blood.

Slavery still exists in Cuba, and I suppose that about one fourth of the Negroes there are still slaves, perhaps more. The promise of the government is that *all* slavery shall cease within three years. We pray that it may be so. The Cubans will tell you that the slavery there is of a very mild form. This is what my friend Miss ——, saw there. Half an hour is allowed the slaves for dinner. The instant that time is up, a bell strikes, and then as she saw, the slaves are started on the full run for the cane fields, a slave-driver after them with a whip, with a long lash, and behind all a man on horseback with pistols. The women and girls were naked from the waist up; some of the children entirely naked. Blood hounds were chained by the house. The slave pen, or court where all slept at night, was surrounded by a high wall which had only one entrance with two gates, one back of the other, and a watchman constantly on guard who did not dare let invited visitors into the enclosure without a special permit. The visitors waited an hour at the gates hoping to get in, but had to go away disappointed.

But my friend said that notwithstanding all these hard conditions, the slaves did appear astonishingly happy. It is said that some wages are now given to all, and that all are promised their freedom within three years. In Havana, a woman who went down on our ship paid $250 to have the service of a good nurse, a slave, for three or four months.

But in spite of all, the black man thrives in Cuba, while the Spaniard and Spanish Cuban deteriorates. It seems that where the cocoanut, the bananas, the sugar and the coffee thrive, there the colored man thrives and the white man does not. The Negroes there, seldom or never have the yellow fever.

The political condition of Cuba is sad. Under the heel of Spain; ground down with outrageous taxes; no Cuban allowed to hold any civil or military office, all being kept in the hands of Spaniards for the aggrandizement of the mother country who has proved herself rather a hard step-mother. But she is breaking down slavery, which Cuba probably would not have done, unless compelled from without.

As to social conditions; there is almost no drunkenness, no stealing, but little fighting, but little cruelty to children or wives. These vices they leave for the more highly civilized peoples of Anglo Saxon and Teutonic stock.

But, according to universal testimony, social vice and immorality is fearfully common.

As to their religion; all the Spaniards, and native born Cubans are Roman Catholics, at least nominally, though the slaves have largely been left without any religious instruction, even much more so than the slaves were formerly in our country. The priests have been very immoral. The church has lost its hold upon great masses of the population. They have come much into contact with Protestants by travel and commerce.

As for the industries—sugar is the great export, coffee the next. Business is reviving since the war. The New York Herald says, that "last year more machinery was imported into Cuba, than in any three previous years of her history." She has a rich soil, and can produce all the fruits of the tropics in abundance.

The fundamental trouble with Cuba is, that she is practically without the Gospel. Here is a virgin field, inviting and urgent for Bible work, for missionary work, and for founding of Christian schools. The schools are very few and very poor, the most vigorous being in the hands of the priests, and we know what sort of education they give.

Who will go in and take posession of the land for Christ? There must be men and women of courage, of faith, of energy, of patience, and of strong incorruptible principle in order to be able to lift up the corrupt society around them.

A New Departure.

New England Journal of Education Jan. 4, 83

The late general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, by unanimous vote resolved to take measures for aiding "The Colored Methodist Church in America" in its training schools for teachers and preachers. Progress has been made. A Board of Trustees has been appointed, and Augusta, Ga., selected as the site of the new school. It is to be named "Paine Institute," in honor of the late bishop, Robert Paine, at the time of his death senior bishop of the M. E. Church, South.

The Board of Trustees announced that they wanted a Southern white man for president, and that they would not have one who was not reckoned good enough for any white college. There was inquiry, consultation, prayer, Southern white men have not been doing this sort of work. The Board and the church were electrified when it was announced that our honored and popular vice-president and professor of English in Emory College had volunteered his services. He has been my right arm here. How sorely we will miss him. But God's hand is on him for a great work, in which Southern white people *must* take their part, and it ought to be a large part. Dr. Calloway comes of a long line of slave-holders, was a slave-holder himself, has a high social position, is a Democrat, was a gallant artillery officer in the Confederate Army, is a scholar of rare culture, a vigorous writer, and an eloquent preacher; and he takes the presidency of this negro school because he feels "*called* to do it." He can bring to his aid a good faculty of Southern men and women. The two conferences of Southern Methodism in Georgia indorse him unanimously.

Mr. Editor, the world moves. Let us "thank God and take courage."

ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD.

Emory College, Oxford, Ga., Dec., 1882.

(Continued from Page 50.)

with white men soon taught them that they could never be their equals while they remained in ignorance. They therefore wished educated clerks and other helpers of their own race, though at first they had not very exalted ideas of general education. Especially did they not seem prepossessed in favor of female education, which they considered thrown away.

Not so the missionaries. Napoleon's reply when asked how France might best be elevated, "*Educate the mothers*," had a peculiar significance to them. They knew that the mother tongue was not more surely interwoven in the organs of speech than was mother education into the very texture of the soul. And that there might be mothers to bring up their children aright, the young girls must be separated from corrupting influences, and trained up as they should train up their own children. With such views the missionaries early and anxiously sought for a way by which such a result might be attained; and a female boarding school seemed then, as it seems now, the only feasible means of accomplishing it.

But how could the missionaries leave their preaching, and other general labors among the people, to devote themselves to this arduous task; or how could they who were already taxed to their full strength add another department to their work. But the work *must be done* even if other pressing work was retarded.

So in 1836 the Female Seminary in Wailuku was commenced by Rev. Jonathan S. Green, assisted by Miss Maria Ogden, a most devoted Christian lady, who continued with the school through its whole course.

Although Mr. Green and his estimable wife labored in the school a few years, he desired to devote himself more especially to his vocation of preaching, and in 1841 I was invited to assume the charge of the school. This I did, with many misgivings as to my fitness for so important a sphere of duty; and at the same time I felt a reluctance in relinquishing the boys' school in which I had spent so prosperous and happy a year of labor.

The seminary had been in the main prosperous; had numbered from forty to sixty pupils, chosen from all parts of the islands. They were from the ages of six or eight to sixteen or eighteen years of age.

In one important respect the seminary had not been successful. Many of the pupils had sickened and died, and many remained in an invalid condition. The change from their former life of careless freedom to one of regular habits and hourly duties, however light, was a greater one than can now well be conceived. The change, too, from living in grass huts to close houses was great, and its severity was greatly aggravated by entire ignorance of ventilation. Every part of a thatched house, except the floor, is a ventilator.

The people had begun to construct houses of adobe, or hardened mud, with windows, a thing never found in their grass houses. These, instead of being left open to admit light and air, were carefully closed with mats, or whatever would keep them dark; and being unfloored, the exhalations from the ground, or from the decaying grass and mats spread upon it, or from what was still more objectionable, kept the air of the house filled with an unpleasant and highly pernicious odor. This was but partially relieved by the lack of ceiling, whereby was added the air from the decaying grass roof to that from below.

Lack of means obliged the missionaries to adopt in some measure the prevailing fashion, and the dormitories for the boarding school were long, unfloored adobe buildings, divided into small rooms by partitions of the same. The beds built across one side and filling about half the room, were of short posts on which small poles were laid; these again were covered with dried grass, and the native mats over all. The pupils, according to the means of the parents, furnished a part of the bedding.

There was not much change in the matter of eating, except that the food was furnished at regular meals three times a day instead of being snatched at irregular times as appetite or opportunity prompted. The food was poi, a paste made from the taro cooked and pounded, and fish, mostly albacore or salmon, in the absence of the native fish, which were not easily obtainable in such quantities as were required.

And here lay one of the difficulties of carrying on the institution. The albacore was cheap, and when properly preserved, was a wholesome food. It was mostly obtained from whale ships, being caught and packed at odd times when they were not immediately engaged with whales. Packed in salt it kept well, but sometimes the temptation was too strong for Jack to increase his profits by packing in it quick-lime instead of salt, in which case it became a poison, occasioning deadly sickness, and not unfrequently death. It was therefore necessary that every cask opened should be closely examined, and, if suspected, that it be so disposed of as to be beyond the reach of the natives who could scarcely restrain their appetites for the half putrid delicacy.

It thus happened that a famine of fish would sometimes occur; and the whetted appetite would create a longing like that of the Israelites for the flesh pots of Egypt, till a new, though always uncertain, supply could be obtained.

The tendency of such a state of things is always to mutiny, but to do the pupils justice it must be said that they bore it with exemplary patience, using salt or sea weed as the best substitute for the savory fish. To those who had been fed and petted at home by wealthy friends the trial must have been great; but their pride came into useful play here, and made them martyrs to maintain in all respects their superiority.

The case was better when salmon could be obtained, though that was not always in a good state, and the price was from four or five dollars per barrel to double or treble that sum, or even more at times. This was obtained from traders who generally favored the school and would furnish it as low as the state of the market allowed.

The clothing of the girls, which was very plain and simple, was mostly furnished by the Mission, as were books, slates and other et ceteras.

For the whole support of this school of from forty to sixty scholars eight hundred dollars per annum were allowed, with extra grants occasionally for unusual needs, as building, &c., &c. This did not include the support of the missionary teacher, $150 per annum being allowed for my family and self—a small addition being made for the older children. Miss Ogden was partly supported by means of her own.

On my assuming charge of the school my first care was to promote the health of the pupils. No change was made in diet or clothing; nor did funds allow any change in buildings at first. But the number of school houses was diminished, and physical education commenced in earnest. Once each week a half day, or a whole day if need be, was spent in a ramble. One week the teacher, or a trustworthy assistant went with the pupils to the mountains in the immediate vicinity, up which all ascended to a greater or less elevation, frolicking, singing, shouting, unearthing ferns, or the sweet trailing maile or myrtle, in which they were adepts. On the alternate week they were led to the sea shore, about two miles distant, where they bathed and swam, collecting shell fish or edible algae, which were abundant there.

Each girl was given a small plot of ground, which she was allowed to cultivate in flowers or sweet plants as she saw fit. But an hour or two in the open air, with a hoe or other implement in brisk exercise, was required. The gardens were neatly kept, and a mass of bloom encouraged them; and through them a taste for the cultivation of flowers was diffused through the islands. A taste for flowers is inherent in Hawaiians, and needed but a little direction to develop florists extensively.

The buildings were very gradually changed as means could be obtained to do it. The adobe rooms were abandoned, and the school was lodged in the stone building—much too small—now occupied by Mr. William H. Bailey as a dwelling. These means superadded to the care of their persons and their rooms, and their assistance in the domestic concerns of the school filled up the time not given to books, &c., and diverted their minds from the very morbid fancies they had acquired by witnessing the numerous cases of sickness and death which had occurred and had cast a damper on the usual buoyancy of youth. They were rewarded in due time by a state of exuberant health of the whole school, which continued as long as the means were persisted in.

The domestic training of the pupils was conducted by Miss Ogden. They cut and made their own garments, and attended to the ordinary care of the table, &c.

For a few years it was easy to procure the requisite number of men to cultivate the food on the land belonging to the school. Cotton cloth was given in payment for labor, at the traders' prices, viz.: three yards for one dollar; and thus the actual cost of a day's labor was only five or six cents. But the price of labor rose gradually, and at length could only be paid for in money. Then it became more and more difficult to procure laborers at any price.

By the use of a rude steaming apparatus, invented on the spur of the occasion, and copied very extensively since, the labor of cooking the taro was materially lessened; but still the reduction of the taro to poi by pounding—a very laborious operation—must needs be performed by men. After a few years it was impossible to procure men to do even this; and I was reduced to the necessity of giving the girls their choice, either to eat the taro without pounding or to pound it themselves. They chose the latter, which they continued as long as the school was kept in operation.

But carrying on the necessary out-door work of the school became, especially toward the last, an intolerable burden; and though I had such native assistants as could be procured, I had still to do all kinds of work with my own hands. Of my assistants a few were faithful, even till their death. Pilipo and his wife Poibe were of these. Some left to get better pay elsewhere, and one proved a wolf in the sheepfold. Outside influences, too, became more and more pernicious, and our hopes of some were thus blasted. Quasi friends of the girls were often a sore hindrance to our work. A little, dirty, scrubby girl, without friends or relatives of any sort, would be brought and given to us as an act of humanity. We took her in; she was washed, fed, clothed and taught; the dull eye kindled, the rough head of hair became smooth and shining, the cheeks became fair, and the marks of sordid poverty passed away. Then the scene changed. Friends and relations of all sorts sprung up like magic; all sorts of influences were tried to draw her away from the school—too often with most villainous success. Our hopes were so often dashed in this manner that we could only hope with trembling. To insure security at night a high wall was commenced to inclose the buildings, but the school was discontinued before it was finished. But notwithstanding all these discouragements many girls were raised up to be a blessing to the nation, and as has been already stated, to bless other nations. One of the earlier married went with her husband as teacher of Hawaiians at Fort Vancouver, in Oregon. When the Hawaiians had all left, they still remained and settled down to farming—a good Christian family. As has been already stated, two went with their husbands to the Marquesas islands as missionaries, where they still remain. Many settled in these islands, who made pleasant homes, and reared large families of children. We were often cheered in after years by the reports of travelers who had been entertained by them. Of many we have hope that they died true Christians.

The care of a Hawaiian boarding school is a post of arduous toil and watchfulness. Many a one has been prostrated by it who would have borne without difficulty the care and toil of an ordinary life. Day and night anxiety and care sit enthroned upon such an one. Full to overflowing of earnest work, subject often to unfriendly criticism from leisurely busybodies, limited to the last degree in funds, liable to be called at any hour of the day or night to attend the sick or dying, or to meet some unpleasant exigency, such a thing as healthful relaxation becomes simply an impossibility. When, for the first time, the measles visited the islands, and the people were dying all around us, our ordinary school exercises were discontinued, and for a whole month, almost my entire time was spent in administering to the sick outside of the school. But our own little flock was not spared. The child of our associate died, and eight of our pupils fell victims. Constitutions already enfeebled, as were those of nearly the whole race, proved inadequate to bear up under the after effects of the disease, and a slight want of care often preceded certain death. One-tenth of the Hawaiian race died at this time.

In 1847 the Hawaiian Board, who had been seriously pondering the question of putting the work here on a self-supporting basis, proposed a plan whereby that result might be brought about. In the case of individuals or families, such an end could be accomplished if the individual could be made to cooperate with the Board. But no plan was proposed whereby the Female Seminary, the only one then in the islands, could secure even a small part of their support. The mission, therefore, voted that the school be discontinued—as has been the universal opinion, it was the greatest mistake they ever made. Possibly this might have been averted had the mission responded, in the few preceding years, to repeated appeals for help in carrying it on. Failure to receive such help had induced a state of despair in the mind of the principal, indisposing him for the vigorous protest which he should have made. From the time when he first took charge of the school in 1841 till its discontinuance in 1849 his work, arduous at first, had much more than doubled; and the cares and anxieties were simply intolerable. No prospect of help appearing, he submitted, as he must, to the action of the mission. To provide him future work they voted that he keep a day school for teaching the English language, for which pay should be charged to the parents. That pay, though amounting to considerable more than his ordinary support, was returned to the general mission fund, till he left the service of the American Board agreeably to their plan first proposed in 1847.

Just at this time occurred the great gold excitement of California, which swept like a mighty tidal wave over our islands, disorganizing old ways and introducing a most anomalous state of things. Money became plenty, and wages rose in proportion. Every one who could do anything had money. But it was "light-come, light go;" in a very few years all the money was gone, the gold bubble had burst, and with it the steady old order of things—all passed away, never again to be resumed. At such times one needs often to take the bearings of his surroundings to find where he stands. Old landmarks disappear and new ones arise in strange places, and presenting a strange aspect.

After leaving the service of the Board I still continued my English School, as long as health permitted. Though my manner of life was now comparatively free, the extra exertion required in beginning life anew, on my own account, without means, and with a growing family on my hands, and with the enervation consequent on the care of the female seminary, soon brought me down to a state from which no ordinary means could recover me.

The Board having generously allowed me to draw on them for the means, about three hundred dollars, for a passage to and from the States, and expenses while away, I revisited my fatherland in 1858–9, where I was very much recruited.

About the year 1850 I studied surveying. The Government was then engaged in making over to the people their lands in fee simple, and few surveyors were available. I was thus employed in connection with the Board of Land Commissioners in that business, and also in job-surveying. This employment took me into active exercise in the open air, and I recovered my wonted health. But the employment terminated mostly with the completion of the duties of that board; and though occasional jobs of surveying presented themselves, as they still do, it was not a business to be depended on for the support and education of a family.

By 1860 most of those who had left the service of the American Board in order to secure a title to herds, houses and lands, which they offered on condition of a release, were again receiving a salary from them. But I determined not to receive help again from the Board till I had tried to secure a support by my own efforts. At that time $1,000 a year was little enough to support my family; and I could not give pledges that I would not eke out the five or six hundred dollars they might give me in such ways as offered. Without such pledges virtually given I could receive nothing at that time; though since then the restrictions have been removed, and those who are still receiving a salary of $800 per annum from the Board are at liberty to seek other means of support as well. So I trusted to support my family independently of their aid.

I tried planting cotton with no success. It would not pay. A flourishing lot of young coffee trees, which I had planted, was summarily destroyed by blight. School-teaching was not to be thought of. I had tried it repeatedly and broken down. My means were exhausted. Sugar planting was the only business which now offered the means of living, and to that I resorted. I had a large family of boys, for whom employment must be sought; so I pioneered them into the business; becoming myself in turn planter, sugar boiler, manager and proprietor, till they were well initiated, when I stepped out and left the business to them. But I will now leave speaking in the first person, and give, briefly as possible, the experience of a Sandwich Island missionary sugar planter.

I have frankly stated what led me into the business, but I do not say that in the following narrative I give my own experience alone. What I have to say is what might have occurred; and many old residents of the islands know that like things have occurred many times.

(To be continued.)

TUSKEGEE.

A Hamptonian's Visit to the Young Hampton.

About two years ago, Gen. Armstrong was requested by the State Superintendent of schools in Alabama to nominate a fit person for principal of a new colored normal school about to be established at Tuskegee. He recommended Mr. Booker T. Washington, a graduate of Hampton Institute, who was then in charge of our Indian boys, and had shown abilities of a high order for such a position. This young man was appointed, and at once entered upon his work. He found that the State only appropriated money to pay the salaries of the teachers, nothing for School building or outfit of furniture, books, and apparatus, or current expenses. Getting the temporary use of a church and some neighboring shanties, he opened the school with thirty students. Most of them were without means; and, after a

few weeks of schooling, they were compelled to leave, in order to earn money to pay their board bills. To overcome all these disadvantages, Mr. Washington found that something like the Hampton Industrial system was necessary, to enable the students to earn their living while at school. The funds for the purchase of a farm which they could work and for the erection of a school building or buildings must somehow be raised. This was no small undertaking for a young colored man without moneyed resources or acquaintance with wealthy friends of education. But he went manfully to work at it; and, with the valuable aid of his assistant principal, the needed funds were secured, the farm purchased, and the school building erected. This assistant principal, Miss Olivia Davidson, is also a Hampton graduate, who, through the kindness of one of Hampton's well-known benefactors, a Boston lady, had taken a course at the Framingham State Normal School.

A few days' rest from office duties being enjoined upon me, I determined to pay a visit to this school, in which the faculty and teachers of the Hampton Institute naturally feel a special interest.

It was a new sensation to be leaving Hampton by any other than a water conveyance. But the extension of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway from Richmond to the new city of Newport News, and thence by a branch road to Hampton and Old Point Comfort (Fortress Monroe), gives us a choice of routes. For invalids who dread steamboat travel, it is a satisfaction to know that the journey can now be comfortably made from New York *via* Washington and Richmond all the way by rail. I was startled at our first stop, some six miles from Hampton, to hear the conductor call out, "Twenty-eighth Street." Looking up, I could only see a stable in the dead level wilderness, but found that we were in the outskirts of the city of Newport News, which has been laid out on a large scale, in anticipation of rapid growth. It already has two hotels, and is doing a large shipping business; and, as we ran into the depot at the waterside, we could easily imagine ourselves at Jersey City or at one of the New York piers. An easy ride of three hours brings us to Richmond, "the seven-hilled city," which has wholly recovered from the devastations, and is fast forgetting the bitterness of the war and growing in size and importance. Walking up one of the fashionable streets, I passed a handsomely dressed child, in an agony of grief because he had broken the staff of a pretty American flag which he was carrying over his shoulders. He was being comforted with the promise of a new one, but the incident was suggestive. It seemed but a few years since the time when even that child's young life would not have been safe under the stars and stripes in that city.

Looking over one of the city papers which upheld the Confederacy, whose "corner-stone was slavery," I saw a notice that a battalion of State colored troops would turn out in full uniform on Tuesday, to escort into the city Hon. Frederick Douglass, who was to deliver a lecture. Virginia's State troops, rank and file, ex-slaves, escorting with honor a runaway slave into the late capital of the Confederacy! In view of such a sign of progress, let us forget the escort which Massachusetts once gave a fugitive back into bondage, though the memory of it still "Burns."

Being in Richmond on Sunday, I attended "Preacher Holmes's" colored church, a large and handsome edifice, seating over one thousand persons, and costing about thirty-five thousand dollars, nearly all paid for. The church membership exceeds three thousand. Mr. Holmes was formerly one of the curators of the Hampton school, appointed by the Governor to look after the Agricultural College fund, of which that school receives one-third. The order of exercises was varied on this occasion in a way which, to a retiring man like myself, was somewhat embarrassing. After the hymn, Preacher Holmes remarked, "Among the strangers present this morning, I see Dr. Marshall of Hampton College." And the exercises proceeded. After an admirable sermon by Dr. Corey, of the Baptist Colored Institute, the clerk read a very long list of notices, of meetings, lectures by Frederick Douglass, etc.; and I was surprised to hear at this lapse of time since the war some dozen of pathetic inquiries from ex-slaves for wives, children, or other relatives who had been sold South. There seemed small hope, at this late day, of such inquiries being successful.

I reached Atlanta in time to see the immense concourse of Georgians from all parts of the State, who had assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to their beloved leader, Gov. Alex. H. Stephens, who has been such a marked character in our history. With Rev. George L. Chaney, who was one of our first visitors to Hampton and whose report at the meeting in Music Hall in Boston in 1870 awakened an interest in our work that has never flagged, I listened to the admirable eulogies of eminent Georgians over the frail body that so long held the great soul of this Christian statesman. All were eloquent and appropriate. Robert Toombs, the great unreconstructed, the class mate and life-long friend of Stephens, though they differed as widely on most of the vital questions of the day as they did in personal appearance, is but the wreck of his former self. Intemperance has ruined him, bodily and mentally. When he rose to speak, he was so overcome that for some minutes he could only stand and wipe away his fast flowing tears; and, when he could command himself enough to speak, he was almost unintelligible, though I sat very near him. The funeral in the afternoon was a solemn pageant. The procession was nearly two miles in length, and among the handsomely uniformed troops which, with reversed arms, followed to his grave the late Vice-President of the Confederacy, whose corner-stone he declared to be slavery, were eleven companies of colored troops of the State, whose bearing and appearance compared very favorably with that of the white troops. As a Georgian at my elbow said, "Those nigger troops march better than the white ones, because, you see, they just take a heap of pride in it." Even "Bob Toombs," as his admiring friends here call him, as he sat in his carriage, following the remains of his friend to the grave, himself followed by the soldier freedmen as part of the same funeral procession, must have realized that the war was over.

Stephens was venerated and beloved by all Georgians of both races, and his kindness and charities were extended to both. At the time of his death, he was educating twenty young men, a large proportion of whom were freedmen.

Tuskegee is one of the very old towns of the State, and is an attractive place of about twenty-five hundred inhabitants. It has not yet felt the spirit of enterprise and progress which is so rapidly changing some other localities, but is a quiet, healthful spot, with a dilapidated aspect; and the townspeople seem inclined to dwell upon its beauty and importance "befo'e the war" rather than on plans for its improvement. It is an educational centre, having several colleges and academies of high repute for the white youth of both sexes. I was glad to find a very strong temperance sentiment here. There were only two bars in the whole county where liquor is allowed to be sold, and they pay a license of about nine hundred dollars each. Would that the surroundings of Hampton Institute were as free from rum-shops and other vile dens of infamy as are those of its young scion, for which no better location could have been chosen.

The leading white citizens of the place appreciate the importance of Mr. Washington's work, and speak of him in high terms. He has evidently won the esteem and confidence of all. Mr Foster, the present speaker of the House of Representatives, lives here, and rendered valuable aid in getting the increased appropriation of the State for Mr. Washington, of whom he spoke to me in high praise. Mr Washington met me at the depot with a ramshackle buggy which looked as if it would fall to pieces if the coating of red mud were washed off, a dilapidated harness, and a nag whose every step was taken under protest, except once when the sudden screech of the locomotive galvanized him into a short but lively run. The team forcibly reminded me of our turn-out in the early days of the Hampton school. Indeed, I am reminded by every thing I see here of our own beginnings and methods.

The school opened July 4, 1881, with thirty students. The present enrollment is one hundred and thirty. The State appropriated $2,000 for salaries of teachers, nothing, as I have said, for other expenses. All that has been accomplished for these objects has been through the personal efforts of Mr. Washington and his able assistant, Miss Olivia A. Davidson. I found on my arrival at the school, which is about a mile from the village centre, a handsome building of two stories and a mansard roof on which the painters were at work. Though not yet finished, it is occupied as a school building, and is very conveniently planned and arranged for the purpose, reminding me of the Academic Hall at Hampton. The teachers at present employed, besides Mr. Washington and Miss Davidson, are Mr. Maddox, a graduate of the Worcester Massachusetts Academy, Mr. Parrot of the Public School at Washington, D. C., Miss Snodgrass and Miss Smith. Hampton graduates, who have charge of the primary school located on the normal school ground, and bearing the same relation to it that the Butler School does to the Hampton Institute. This primary school has some two hundred and fifty children on roll. They are stowed away in what was an old stable and hen house, and are packed as close as crayons in a Waltham box. The resemblance is not in tint, but in the way they are placed; and we hope that, under Miss Snodgrass's able training, they will all make their mark, and *that* a white one. This is a school of practice for the older classes of the Normal, as is the Butler at Hampton; and Miss Snodgrass, like our Miss Hyde, also gives instruction to them in normal teaching. All these six teachers are colored; and to the Negro race belongs all the credit of the work accomplished here, and of the judicious use of the funds which the friends of the school, through the efforts of Mr. Washington and Miss Davidson, have contributed. Mrs. Washington, also one of our graduates, is the housekeeper; and the teachers all board with her in a small cottage which they have rented. The table, in its appointments, cookery, etc., does not suffer by comparison with that of the teachers' Home at Hampton. The farm contains one hundred and forty acres; and the boys were at work clearing a field for sugar-cane, which grows well here. They also raise cotton, sweet potatoes, peaches, etc.

To enable them to train the students properly, they must have them board at the school. The new building will furnish in its upper story dormitories for the girls; and the basement, when completed, will make ample dining, kitchen, and laundry accommodations. But they have no quarters for the young men, who at present, are boarding round with the different Negro families in the town, at a great disadvantage both as to training and labor. A building is needed for the accommodation of say one hundred young men, which Mr. Washington says will cost about $8,000 if their labor can be made available in its construction. For this purpose, he proposes to build of brick made on the farm, which has excellent clay. The young men are impatient to be set to work on their building; and, as soon as money enough can be raised to pay the foreman and start the brick-yard it will be put in operation. The wood lot is close to the clay, and fuel can be got for the hauling. Two hundred dollars will secure a foreman long enough to make all the bricks needed for the building. As bricks are always in demand in the town, which has no kiln, it would be a paying, permanent industry. To finish the basement of the present building, for a kitchen and dining room, $250 is needed. I hope the friends of Negro education by self-help will come forward and furnish Mr. Washington with the necessary funds to complete the work he has so well begun. The experiment, thus far so successful, is one of deep interest to all who have the welfare of the race at heart, and should not be suffered to fail for want of means for its completion.

The school building is to be dedicated May 31, by Hon. H. Clay Armstrong, the State Superintendent of schools. Rev. Morgan Calloway, the associate of Dr. Atticus Haygood, President of Emory College, author of "Our Brother in Black," and recently appointed agent of the Slater Fund, will also take part, with other speakers. The prominent citizens of the town, with whom I spoke about the school, including Mr. Foster, the Speaker of the Alabama House of Representatives, were loud in their praise of Mr. Washington and his corps of teachers. The legislature, at its last session, increased the State appropriation for the school from two to three thousand dollars, on the recommendation of the Superintendent of Public Instruction. As some of the members, who were ignorant of the character of the school, raised objections to this increase at a time when, by the dishonesty of the defaulting State treasurer, the State had lost a quarter of a million, the Speaker, Mr. Foster, an ex-Confederate soldier, left the chair, and made a very eloqent speech in praise of Mr Washington and his work. At its conclusion, the bill passed through all its readings by a nearly unanimous vote. The superintendent has also applied the appropriation of $500 from the Peabody Fund for the benefit of this school, thus empbatically recognizing its importance and superiority over the other colored normal schools of the State. It is vital to the success of this school that the students should all be brought under the training and supervision of the teachers by being boarded and lodged on the premises. Our experience at Hampton has shown the necessity of this. I know of no more worthy object or one conducive to more important results than this school enterprise, and I trust the friends of Negro advancement and education will not suffer it to languish or be hampered for funds. They may rest assured that these will be wisely expended and most worthily bestowed.

The property is not deeded to the State, but to a board of nine trustees, four of whom reside in the North. The present State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Hon. H. Clay Armstrong, is one of the board. My three days' visit at Tuskegee was eminently satisfactory, and has inspired me with new hope for the future of the race.

J. F. B. M.

Teaching Kindness to Animals.

We would again suggest to our graduate teachers—and all teachers—the elevating influence of training the children in kindness to the helpless creatures about us, and call their attention to the excellent series of lessons for this purpose, by George L. Angell, Esq., President of the Massachusetts Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, which we are publishing in another column. As we have before stated at length, the whole series is published by the Massachusetts Society, and can be obtained in any quantity at two cents a copy by sending to its office, 96 Tremont street, Boston. It has been republished we understand by many educational Journals, and is universally valued.

A Good Report of Hampton Graduates.

A Virginia County Superintendent, whose criticisms on some of our graduates' failure to pass examination on primary subjects we accepted as a wholesome lesson in line with our own valuation of foundation work, sends us now a report of some other of our young people at work in the county, which it is only fair as well as very pleasant to publish also, and which is all the more valuable as coming from a witness of frankness and discrimination.

"I have discovered several more of your old graduates who are teaching tip top schools. Among them Mr.— and wife. I spent one whole day in their school room, of about eighty or ninety daily average, and I assure you he is doing as good work as can be done anywhere. Before the term closes, I shall have been inside every school room in this county, and shall have graded every teacher according to their real working merits. Some we had thought of weeding out, but have given them a chance to improve, and they really are improving at such a rate that they may turn out good teachers, after all. I urged many of our inexperienced colored teachers to attend your Teachers' Institute in May. I must tell you how much of a success our Institute proved to be; not beyond what we had faithfully worked for, but beyond what we had expected. Prof. Newall proved just the man for us. The teachers went into it timidly but came out triumphant. They had offers of help, but cheerfully paid every expense themselves, and now we have the little sum offered us as a start for a County Teachers' Library. I feel sure that we have made a long stride in the advancement of our county schools."

Our National Emblems.

The New York Life Insurance Company will please accept our thanks for a beautiful plate entitled "Origin of the Stars and Stripes." Long may they wave, notwithstanding the disenchantment as to their original significance which this plate brings. It contains an interesting collection of facts relating to the genealogy of Washington from the coat of arms and crest of whose family our national emblems were evolved. Instead of symbolizing the "blue azure vault and the stars of heaven," as some of our poets tell us, or the stripes of the slave as others hold, it appears that the stars were the rowels of a spur, emblem of knight-hood, called in the language of heraldry "mullets," and the stripes were simply "two bars gules" or two bloody bars on the shield of the Washington Arms, while "The fierce grey bird with a bending beak with an angry eye and a startling shriek" which was supposed to preside over our destinies as the "Spread Eagle," turns out to be but an English raven, or what Brother Jonathan calls a *crow*, "with wings endorsed proper, issuing out of a ducal coronet." Well, its a comfort to know that the general *crow* over all our institutions that we are so prone to indulge in, is "endorsed proper" by such high English authority, and so satisfactorily accounted for.

J. F. B. M.

Teachers' Table.

Botany.

In teaching botany to primary scholars, it has proved beneficial to give the lesson in a story-form. The facts can be clearly presented, and will remain as firmly impressed upon the memory. It will possess a charm, and pupils will be surprised to know that it has been worked. The following is intended to embrace several lessons.

In our school-room is a geranium-plant. Let us have its story. A small branch, with but two or three leaves, was brought to us, and we were told to put in some fresh earth in a jar, water it and watch it as it grew into a plant. The little plant had never troubled itself for good food or drink, but its wants, when necessary, were supplied by the mother-plant; now it must look out for its own needs, and soon sends little roots down into the earth: each one of which is filled with mouths so small that we can not see them. Every day we pour water on the earth which gathers something rich and healthy for food, and passes into these numberless open mouths. The branch begins to grow, we see a small leaf begin to unfold; and as it grows, like boys and girls, it gets hungry. The mouths in the roots can not furnish it with enough food, so new roots are formed, and from these tiny roots, or rootlets, run off in every direction, because as the plant thinks, the more roots, the more mouths; the more mouths, the more food it can take, then the more and faster it can grow. Soon other leaves begin to appear, and we must call it not a *branch*, nor a *slip*, but a *plant*. This liquid passes up to the leaves, where the sun changes it into sap, which is really the plant's blood, and which passes through and, by the side of the small vein of the leaves, into all its parts, that is, into the stems and the branches. The air that we breathe into our lungs mixes with the blood and takes from it all that is impure, and that is to us, when we breathe it out, poisonous. This is what the plant needs. Now we find that it has another set of mouths. The first were *eating*-mouths, and were in the roots; these are *breathing*-mouths, and are in the leaves. We can not see them any more than we could the others, but they are in the under side of the good leaves and breathe in the air we call bad, and which would harm us, call it good, and in the leaves mix it with the blood, changing it and sending it out fresh to us again. So that the leaves are really the plant's lungs. Even while it is yet very small the buds begin to appear, soon blossom into a large cluster of bright flowers, pleasing us with their beauty and fragrance.

The same rule that has guided the geranium in its workings is used by all other plants, and while each part,—as the root, the stem, the leaves,—is under consideration, encourage the pupils to collect and bring those of different plants, for comparison and to show the great variety. Many useful and interesting hints may be given in this way, to be enlarged upon by the bright ideas presented by the children.

All plants do not grow from the slip. Sometimes it is closely shut up in a little shell,—the seed. This is planted, becomes moist, the sun shines upon it till the plant becomes tired of its little prison-house, bursts out, sends its tiny roots into the earth for food, peeps its head above ground, and grows into a plant. Some of them become very large and strong. The tall trees, the bushes, grains, grasses, and even the plants in the garden, all work and live in the same way. We have now seen how they grow until they take care of themselves. They are, in truth, little traders. We have constant dealings with them, and cannot do without them. We plant the seed or start them from the slip, then care for them. Let us see what they give us in exchange for our trouble.

In the following, write the topics and let the class give all the objects with which they are familiar, adding others not found in daily surroundings.

1. Give good air. We could not live without pure air. These curious traders seem to know it, and keep plenty of good, fresh air for us to breathe.

2. Give food. The grains furnish us the different kinds of flour for our bread; vegetables are found in the garden; animals feed upon the grasses and grains, and give us meat; honey is gathered from flowers, and stowed away for our use.

3. Give medicine. When we are sick we find they are of use, for many of them are changed into medicine. The teas for a cold you can easily find. There are others that doctors call by long, hard names.

4. Give clothing. Linen cloth comes from a plant called flax; cotton, from the round, white ball of the cotton-plant; woolen, from the wool of the sheep which has fed upon plants; leather, from other animals; and for silk, a worm had eaten mulberry-leaves, had spun for itself a nice silk blanket, had become drowsy, and had it taken from it.

5. Give tools. The trees are plants that grow strong and hard, and give us lumber from which parts of many tools are made, from a threshing machine to a wood-saw.

6. Give buildings. From the lumber are made our houses, churches, school-houses, stores, etc.

7. Give furniture. Trees, some of them very choice, and growing at a great distance, furnish lumber with which to make furniture for our houses, etc.

8. Give fuel. Corn furnishes cobs; trees, stove wood; and coal is formed from plants that very many years ago were buried far below the surface of the earth,—so low that there are deep mines for getting it.

9. They give beauty. There is a great variety in the size, form, color and fragrance of plants and flowers. There is always something new and pleasing about them. They help make the world very beautiful. But studying and admiring them, they do us good by making us both happier and better people.—*Primary Teacher.*

At Home.

An Angel's Mission.

An angel stood before the Lord,
Waiting His blessed will;
God spake, and in the heavenly place,
The thousand harps were still.

"I give to some their tasks of might,
To rule each rolling star,
To guide the tempest's hurrying steed,
The comet's rushing car.

"And others watch the wayside grass,
Or tend the lily flower,
That humble ones that love me see
I love them hour by hour.

"But thou, O tender heart and true,"
The Father said and smiled,
"Shalt have the mission mightier far,
To lead a little child.

"I place him in thy guardian hands—
For unto thee is given
To love him with a perfect love,
To bring him home to heaven."

CONSCIENCE.

BY REV. F. W. FARRAR.

An eminent and good man who lived to do much courageous work in the world, which to this day is bearing good fruit on the Western continent, tells us this reminiscence of his childhood:

"When I was a little boy," he says, "in my fourth year, one fine day in spring my father led me by the hand to a distant part of the farm, but soon sent me home alone. On the way I had to pass a little pond, then spreading its waters wide; a rhodora in full bloom, a rare flower which grew only in that locality, attracted my attention, and drew me to the spot. I saw a little tortoise sunning himself in the shallow waters at the roots of the flaming shrub. I lifted the stick I had in my hand, to strike the harmless reptile; for though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys do so, and I felt a disposition to follow their wicked example. But all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said clear and loud, 'It is wrong!' I held my uplifted stick in a wonder at the new emotion, the consciousness of an unvoluntary but inward check upon my actions, till the tortoise and the rhodora both vanished from my sight.

'I hastened home and told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me it was 'wrong.' She wiped a tear from her eye, and taking me in her arms said, 'Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out, little by little, and leave you in the dark and without a guide. Your life depends on heeding that little voice.'

"She went her way," he continues, "careful and troubled about many things, and doubtless pondered them in her motherly heart; while I went off to wonder and think over in my poor childish way; but I am sure no event in my life has made so deep and lasting an impression on me."

Wise mother! Happy son! It is from such mothers that heroes spring; it is thus that are trained the saints of God.—*Pennsylvania School Journal.*

Health and Humanity.

Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals.

SEVENTH LESSON.

The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food:
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests and have the gift of song.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE BIRDS

[To be read to pupils by Primary Teachers.]

It has been said that "if there were not a bird in broad Scotland, yet her hills and valleys would echo the music of her maidens, singing the sweet melodies of her own Robert Burns."

But that is not true; for if there were not a bird in broad Scotland the insects that birds feed upon would eat up the vegetation, the country would become a desert, and so not a maiden could live in broad Scotland.

A learned Frenchman, named *Michelet*, who has studied a great deal about birds, says that "*if all the birds were destroyed, men could not live on the earth*," because the insects which birds feed upon would become so numerous. Some of our little birds eat thousands of caterpillars and other small insects in a single week. A single little bird which a thoughtless boy may shoot would, if permitted to live, have destroyed perhaps more than a hundred thousand insects; and every egg taken from a little bird's nest, makes one bird less to destroy these insects.

In America, I am sorry to say, that, little birds are becoming more scarce, and troublesome insects are becoming more numerous. In new countries, where men and boys have not frightened the birds away, they let us go close up to them and see how they make their cunning nests, and how they feed their young, and how they teach their little birds to fly. Mr. Ruskin, a famous Englishman, much loved by his countrymen, says (in substance) that it is his fondest wish to make English boys and girls kind to the birds. And it looks as though he would have his wish, for "The Dicky Bird Society," about which I told you in my first lesson, has now more than thirty-seven thousand boys and girls who are members of it, and each has promised to try to get other boys and girls to join it.

You remember *Thoreau*, about whom I also told you in my first lesson, and how kind he was to the birds, and how they would fly on to his shoulders, and even on to his spade when he was digging. I saw in the city of Paris, in France, a few years ago, in one of the great public gardens, a man who had been so kind to the wild birds there that they would light on his hands and feed from his fingers. In the city of Venice, in Italy, the people feed the pigeons every day at noon, in the great public square of Saint Mark, and when it is near the hour of noon, you will see the pigeons flying from all parts of the city, over the roofs of the buildings to be fed. It is a crime in Venice to harm a pigeon.

Some people wonder where the birds go to in winter. They forget that birds have wings, and some of them can fly farther toward warmer climates in one day than we could go with horses and carriages in a week. It is said that swallows can fly sixty miles an hour, and that one bird, called the "*Frigate-bird*," can cross the tropical Atlantic Ocean in a single night. Some of these birds have most beautiful plumage, which we should constantly admire if we treated them kindly as Thoreau did, so that they would come near us. And some of them have songs so beautiful that one good man was led to say, "Lord what music hast Thou provided for saints in heaven, when Thou givest such sweet music to men on earth?"

Some years ago, an Englishman was coming down the River Nile, in Egypt, on a large boat loaded with grain, and the birds came off from every village and eat the grain piled on the deck. The Englishman asked the Egyptian captain of the boat "Who owns this grain?" and the Egyptian captain said, "I own it." Then the Englishman asked him why he let the birds eat up the grain. Then the Egyptian asked the Englishman, "Who made the birds?" and the Englishman answered, "God." Then the Egyptian asked whether grain was a food which God intended birds to eat; and the Englishman said it was. Then the Egyptian said, "Let them eat and be satisfied, for God in his goodness has provided enough for all his creatures."

It is very wicked and cruel to kill or wound these little birds that are so useful and sing so sweetly, and it is still more wicked and cruel to kill or wound them in spring-time, when their little nests are full of young that may starve if the mother-bird is injured; and it is just as cruel to catch them, and keep them in little cages away from all *their* friends and companions' as it would be for some giant to catch little boys and girls and keep them in little cages away from all *their* friends and companions. But this is not true in regard to such tame birds as canary-birds, which have never been free. If they have kind persons to care for them, and good cages, and plenty to eat and drink, and are protected carefully from the weather, and perhaps permitted to fly about the house an hour or two each day, they may be very happy. I usually let my canary-bird fly about my house several hours a day, and he will fly to my fingers when I call him; though he rather prefers to fly to the top of my head, and play with me there. When I do not want him to sing I put a little mirror in his cage, taking care never to let the sun or lamp shine in it so as to dazzle his eyes, and he will look at himself for hours together and keep as quiet as a mouse.

If you think that birds don't understand you when you speak kindly to them, you are mistaken. Two or three years ago, a lady whom I know, near Boston, had a canary-bird that she loved very dearly, and had never spoken to unkindly. But one day she came home to dinner very late, and her husband,—an excellent man who had been waiting for her a long time,—spoke very crossly as good men sometimes do. Just then the bird began to call to her, and to make her husband ashamed of having spoken to her so crossly, she spoke to the bird in the same way. A few minutes after she heard a fluttering in its cage, and when she went to it the bird was dead. Birds know a great deal more than some folks think they do. They knew when *Thoreau* spoke kindly to them, and they know when others speak unkindly.

I think no one ever feeds the birds, or does any other kind deed for them, without feeling happier, and being made better by it. If you don't believe what I say, try it.

Walter Von Vogelweide, the great lyric poet of the middle ages, so loved them that he left a legacy to the monks of Wurtzburg, on condition that they should every day feed the birds on the tombstone over his grave.

SOME QUESTIONS.

[Other to be added by teachers.]

What has been said of Scotland, and why is it not true?
What did Michelet say about birds?
What do some of our little birds eat?
What is said about birds and insects in America?
What is said about birds in new countries?
What did Mr. Ruskin say about birds?
How many members does the "Dickey Bird Society" of England now have?
What can you tell about Thoreau?
What about the birds in Paris?
What about the pigeons at Venice?
Where do most birds go in winter?
How fast can they fly?
What has been said about the beautiful songs of birds?
What can you tell about the Englishman coming down the Nile?
Why is it more wicked to injure birds in spring-time?
What is said about catching wild birds and keeping them in cages?
What is said about tame canary-birds?
What can you tell about the canary-bird near Boston?
Do birds understand when you speak kindly?
What is said about Walter Von Vogelweide?

Cure of Chicken Cholera.

The following prescription is from Rev. James E. McSparran, a member of the Virginia Conference of the M. E. Church South, as a preventive and cure of chicken cholera. He tells me he has tried it for years, and it yields most satisfactory results.

"When signs of cholera appear, feed once or twice a week on salt dough, in proportions of one tablespoonful of salt to one quart of meal, to which add a spoonful of alum, dissolved. The salt and alum may be given, when the fowls are too sick to eat, in pills forced down the throat by opening the mouth and dropping the pill into the throat. In this case increase the proportions of salt and alum mixed in the crumbs of bread."—*Southern Planter.*

Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute

AT

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

Incorporated in 1870, by special Act of General Assembly of Virginia: exempt from taxation.

Devoted to the Education of Negro and Indian youth in Agriculture and the Mechanic arts, and as teachers of their respective races.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal;* J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Treasurer.*

Annual session from October 1st till the middle of June following.

Terms of admission: a knowledge of reading and writing, and of short and long division

Tuition free to all, (provided by friends.) Board, etc., ten dollars per month, payable monthly, half in cash and half in labor; six dollars cash, and four dollars in work required of those under 19 years of age. The first year is probationary. None under fourteen or over twenty-eight years of age need apply.

The institution is aided by the State, but is supported mainly by voluntary contributions. Besides State aid and Government help for Indians, the sum of $30,000.00 a year, must be raised by contributions, to meet current expenses.

Annual scholarships of seventy dollars, to provide free tuition, are solicited.

Donations of any amount are most acceptable, and are invited from all.

The great need of the institution is a permanent endowment fund.

The Hampton Institute is supported by, and responsible to, no denomination or society, and has no paid soliciting agent or machinery whatever, but depends directly upon the public. It is earnestly Christian in its teachings and influence.

Present attendance, 480 students, of whom 92 are Indians: average age 18. Negro boys 228; Negro girls 170. Indian boys 60; Indian girls 32. All but thirty-two board at the Institute: twelve states represented, but chiefly Virginia and North Carolina.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and devise to the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., the sum of.....dollars, payable &c., &c.

For further information address,
S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal.*

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. XII. HAMPTON, VA., JUNE, 1883. No. 6.

Fourteenth Anniversary of Hampton Institute.

As the years go on, Hampton's Anniversary days, while well maintaining their interest, increase in comfort and ease to those in charge, and seem in some measure to run themselves. This pleasant characteristic was noticeable in the recent one of the 24th of May. As the day before it closed, the silent grounds and clouded skies seemed to ask, "Do the presumptuous mortals here really look for a bright and exciting morrow?"

The morning dawned in brilliant perfection of cloudless sky and delicious coolness; the waters of Hampton Roads never more blue and shining; the verdure of fields and trees never more freshly, softly green, on any of the thirteen pleasant anniversary days with which Hampton had before been favored. By half-past eight, the visitors began arriving by boat and carriages from Old Point, where the New York and Baltimore steamers had brought some of them the day before; the student battalion turned out with its band for inspection, and Anniversary Day was under way.

The morning exercises consisted as usual of examinations and recitations with exhibitions of the products of the different Industrial Departments and their operation. The Senior class was examined in political economy and civil government, literature, ancient history; and in mathematics—arithmetic and algebra. They did very creditably in these, stimulated by the occasion—as they always are—to do their best. They had undergone not so brilliantly, but on the whole very fairly well, a severer test of written examinations on all these studies during three days previous, and of oral examinations conducted by or before an invited examining committee, consisting of Dr. S. Eliot of Boston, (formerly its Superintendent of Education), and Professor Salisbury, Superintendent of the American Missionary Association's schools. These gentlemen, though more or less new to the field, entered zealously into the work, and their valuable criticisms are mostly in line with the School's fundamental convictions and constant effort. The general class average on the subjects marked by the committee was 70 and a fraction, several standing from 90 to 93.

The under classes had their customary recitations or reviews. The Indian classes proved especially attractive as usual; particularly the lowest division in which some tiny girls and dignified braves emulated each other in telling in unexceptionable English what went *into* and *out of* a remarkably omniverous bag, and what evolutions were gone through by its various contents. The Indians also did well in geography, history, arithmetic, and an elementary botany class. The little Kitchen Gardeners, from the Butler School, were as captivating as usual, in their white pinafores and red turbans, and housekeeping accomplishments.

The centre of the Industrial Exhibition was the Stone Memorial building. Here in the girls' sewing room were gathered in attractive order, specimens of the various industrial products of the school. A handsome part of it was the wood work from the Huntington Industrial Works—turned mouldings, balusters, curtain rods and rings; specimens of matched flooring and weather-boarding doors, sashes, etc. There were shoes from the shoe factory, shining tinware from the Indian Training Shop; sets of single and double harness from the same; wooden desks, settees, tables and cupboards made for the School, and a neatly painted sign—all the work of Indian and colored apprentices, whose names, with the period of their training, from five months to two years, were indicated in cards affixed to their respective productions. The wheelwright and blacksmith shops showed similarly, axe-helves and heads, wheels, etc., and outside the door two gaily painted farm carts proclaimed the skill of an Indian and a Negro mechanic. The tailoring department showed suits of clothes made by colored and Indian hands. The girls of both races were represented by very neat sewing; part of it—some miniature beddiug for the Kitchen-Garden—done by the sewing class from the Butler School. The cooking class showed some inviting looking cake. The farm products had a table to themselves, where the early vegetables that form a profitable part of the School farming, the grain and feed crops, no less important, and the bone-dust from the grinding-mill—so necessary to the success of both—were displayed to advantage. Another interesting exhibit was that from the little carpenters from the Butler School—a couple of model school-houses, perhaps—neatly made frame buildings, 3x2, clapboarded and painted, with sets of tiny furniture, tables, desks and chairs, all complete.

The Normal School Press office had its own exhibit of printing and book-binding, *Southern Workmans*, pamphlets, magazines, business cards, and bound volumes. The press was running off copies of the Report, and the student compositors, boys and girls, at work at their cases; the veteran United States soldier at his book-binder's table.

The various shops were all in operation through part of the morning, and many visitors walked through them to see the African-American, native African and Indian apprentices working side by side at their various trades in the airy and convenient quarters in which most of them are at last accommodated. Some of them extended their walk to the barn to see the Durham, Ayrshire and Alderney cattle, and the Morgan and Percheron horses and colts.

Some statement of the condition and record of the departments of industry may be found in the annual report which forms the body of our present number.

At twelve, the School marched over to Virginia Hall to dinner, the battalion going through a few evolutions on the green. Forty-seven of the alumni, who are teaching near enough the School to allow their return to attend its anniversary, sat down to a pleasant little "spread" with the resident graduates. The rest of the invited guests were accommodated more comfortably than ever before in the ample halls of Winona Lodge.

The steamer Luray now arrived from Norfolk, and the steam launch of General Groner, Agent of the Boston and Washington Steam Ship Cos; bringing new detachments of visitors from Norfolk for the afternoon exercises.

While lunch is progressing is a good time for reporters to look about them and see who is here. Of the Trustees of the School there were present Mr. Moses Pierce, of Norwich, Ct.; Rev. Henry W. Foote, of Boston; M. Samuel Holmes, of Montclair, N. J.; Mr. Anthony M. Kimber, of Philadelphia; Hon. Lewis H. Steiner, of Frederick, Md.; Judge F. N. Watkins, of Farmville, Va.; Mr. Z. S. Ely and Mr. Charles L. Mead, of New York city. Mr. Robert C. Ogden, of Philadelphia, attended the trustees' meeting the day previous, but was unable to stay for the Anniversary; and Rev. M. E. Strieby, D. D., of New York, President of the Board, was called away by other duties as Secretary of the American Missionary Association, to look after its new Indian missions in the West.

Of the Board of State Curators, there were present, Mr. F. S. Norton, of Williamsburg, Va.; Mr. R. G. L. Paige, of Norfolk, and Rev. William Thornton, of Hampton.

Among the other visitors were the Hon. Frank B. Fay, of Boston, the well-known philanthropist who was instrumental during the war in organizing the Auxiliary Relief Corps of the U. S. Sanitary Association, by which supplies sent from the North were carried directly to the wounded and suffering soldiers in hospitals or on battle-fields. Mr. Fay is honorable, also, as one of the leading founders of the Massachusetts Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and to Children; Rev. Dr. Furber, from Newton, Mass.; Rev. Dr. E. G. Mix, from Fall River; Prof. T. W. Bancroft, of Brown University; Mr. G. D. Gilman, now of Boston, formerly for many years resident of the Sandwich Islands. Mr. Lawrence Abbott, of the *Christian Union*, N. Y. From Baltimore there were present Prof. M. A. Newell, Principal of the Maryland State Normal School; Mr H. A. Wise, Supt. of Public Schools; Mr. C. Edwards, Assistant Superintendent; Dr. C. C. Bombaugh, representing the *Baltimore American*; Mr. P. G. Sauerwein, Mr. J. M. Cusbing, Mr. J. H. Bond; and Professor Morrison, Superintendent of the Maryland Institution for the Blind. President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins, had expected to be present but was prevented. From Norfolk were present, Rev. Dr. Burrows, Prof. A. N. Webster, who brought a class of his students in Webster Academy to see the Hampton students whom he has been instructing through the winter in Agricultural Chemistry; Mr. Blackwell, Superintendent of Schools in Norfolk; Gen. V. D. Groner, Rev. Mr. Spiller, Mr. Holt, representing the *Norfolk Virginian*. Rev. J. J. Gravatt, Hampton; Rev. O. J. Herrick, Fortress Monroe, and other citizens of Norfolk and Hampton.

Election day in Virginia, and Brooklyn-bridge opening day, in New York (excitements which might be expected to affect any school anniversary), prevented some of our friends from attending who would otherwise have been with us, and the throng of visitors was not as great as on some previous occasions. But Virginia Hall was very comfortably filled, and there was no lack of interest or enthusiasm in the afternoon exercises.

The following programme was carried out:

MUSIC.

SALUTATORY: "*Preparation Days.*" MARY L. BILLUPS, *Matthews C. H., Va.* Graduating Class.

"*Hampton's Relation to the Next Generation.*" BENJAMIN F. JONES, *Hampton, Va.* Class of '82.

"*A Year of Teaching.*" SULTANA BOBAR, *Salem, N. C.* Class of '82.

MUSIC.

RECITATION, "*The Bride of Pennacook,*" (*J. G. Whittier*) MAGGIE GOULET, *Sioux, from Yankton, Dakota.*

"*Work in South Carolina.*" WILLIAM JESKINS, *Columbia, S. C.* Class of '82.

"*The Homes of Our People.*" EMMA F. HOOPER, *Wilmington, N. C.* Class of '82.

MUSIC.

"*A Talk in Slang.*" PHILIP COUCILLIE, *Lower Brule, Dakota.*

"*The Negro as Pauper and Criminal.*" THOMAS CAYTON, *Hampton, Va.* Class of '73.

"*A New Hampton.*" OLIVIA A. DAVIDSON, *Tuskegee, Ala.* Class of '79.

VALEDICTORY—"*Why I am going to Africa.*" ARTHUR BOYKIN, *Hampton, Va. Graduating Class.*

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS TO GRADUATING CLASS.

MUSIC.

As has been the practice for two or three years now—a practice, we believe, original with Hampton—the graduating class was represented only by a Salutatorian, as usual a young woman; and a Valedictorian, as usual a young man. The other essays were delivered by graduates of the School—four from last year's class, and two of former years. This innovation on conventional custom continues to justify itself in the increased interest and practical worth of the essays. They have a true ring, an effect of reality about them which cannot belong to a mere student of whatever grade. Even one year of real life outside the school-room makes a perceptible difference, and one that grows with years. It is but in line with this statement to say for the present Valedictorian that, being a young man who has already had much experience of honest effort in real life, and having a subject to write upon long of deep practical interest to himself, his valedictory essay was one of the best ever delivered at Hampton. Of the older graduates, Mr. Cayton made a good defence of his race from a charge sometimes urged of an innate tendency to pauperism and crime, and spoke feelingly of the aged poor who, having spent the strength of their life in working for others, have now the burdens of freedom without its blessings. Miss Davidson, Assistant Principal at Tuskegee Normal School—the young Hampton whose history we have from time to time given in our columns,—came on to give her account of the work, and then hastened back to be present at their own anniversary occasion, and the dedication of "Porter Hall," their first school building and girls' dormitory, completed and already paid for, although not yet fully furnished.

The Indians were represented by a recitation very well made by a young Sioux girl in the Junior class, and a short "talk" in the Sioux language by one of the young Indian fathers now at school with their wives at Hampton. His wife and baby boy stood among his audience, but the applause of the latter was so very emphatic that his company had to be dispensed with. The Indian talk, which was, we need hardly say, entirely his own, was given with much dignity of manner, and was interpreted by a boy of the same tribe, who is in the Junior class, as follows:

"My dear friends, I stand before you all to tell you a few words about my own people. I want you all to listen to it. You all know that long ago we were in the darkness, and did not do what God told us to do. You all know if a man walks in the darkness and sees a light somewhere, he will try to go there, because he knows it is light there, and if he gets there, he will see everything clearly. So I want you all to have compassion on us and teach us some more of your knowledge.

My friends, this house was not built for nothing, but it was built to teach us everything in.

I am always thinking about the good news. I came myself to learn how to tell the good news to my people, and show them the right way.

We know that you have helped us, but we need more help. My friends, if any one is not taught to do anything right and good, I don't believe he will know how to do it by himself. I think you must tell him three or four times before he will know what to do. If any body told *you* to do something you never had done before, would you do it at once? No! but they will have to tell you three or four times before you know how to do it. My friends! that's just the way with us Indians.

That's all I am going to say to you, my friends."

And does it not seem that that should be enough to say to call out a sympathetic response from every heart in the white race?

The programme was pleasantly varied by music by the school band, in good condition now under the instruction of one of the resident graduates; plantation songs, and other pieces; Men of Harlech, a male quartette, and a curious imitation of the call of the Muezzim and Arabic songs in the desert, by Pinsuti—from the school choir under the leadership of another resident graduate. The valedictory was appropriately closed by the song, "Faint not at Eventide," softly sung by the choir, the words by Rev. Dr Tanner, a colored minister of Philadelphia, the music by Mr. Hamilton, leader of the school choir.

The diplomas were presented to the graduating class by General J. F. B. Marshall, Treasurer and a Trustee of the Normal School, with a few graceful and kind words:

"In the absence of the President of the Board of Trustees, who, for the first time since he occupied that position, is unable to be present at our Anniversary exercises, the trustees have selected to take his place as this patient audience will be glad to hear, the only one of their number who is not able—I will not say not aching—to make a speech.

My relations to the class and its teachers make this duty very pleasant to me. These diplomas are the evidence that the school has confidence in you, and that you have fulfilled your course here with credit. Not that you have attained or are already perfect, but that we believe that you are willing and anxious to go out from here and press toward the mark of your high calling."

This closed the exercises on the programme, but the Principal, remarking that there was still an hour before the boats would allow any one to leave, and that the feast of reason and flow of soul was not over, and there were gentlemen in the audience whom all wished to hear from, called for some words from Prof. Newell, of Baltimore Principal of the Maryland State Norma. School—"a man always wise and witty." Prof Newell, rising in his seat in the audience, responded as follows:

"I have learned one virtue of the soldier. It is obedience. The General's orders must be obeyed without hesitation. That duty forces me to rise and detain you three minutes exactly. The General did not say how many words. We are told that the pious Musselman makes an annual pilgrimage to Mecca. So I make my annual pilgrimage to this interesting place, to renew my life as a teacher, and to consecrate myself anew to the noble work. For I rejoice to see every year on every side here the growth, the, flowering, the fruiting, of these processes of education—education of the right kind, education by the right methods—by the right man in the right place.

This very hall in which we are gathered to-day symbolizes in a measure the work to which it is dedicated. The massive strength of its foundations, its graceful proportions, its beautiful decoration—above all the sea of intelligent faces before us—are they not symbols of the work that has been done, and that is to be done here. Its strong foundations, symbols of the strength of this foundation work; its beautiful architecture, of the beautiful outcome of all true culture; the truthfulness and honesty of the work on

this building, symbols of the true and honest work upon character that is accomplished here All these are symbols of what true education effects. Physical cultivation—the gospel of health; true mental development—the gospel of honesty; æsthetic culture—the gospel of beauty; moral training—the gospel of goodness. This is what we see here, and I can wish no better wish for the colored people than that General Armstrong may long live to carry on this work, and no better wish for myself than that I may long be able to make my annual pilgrimage to this Mecca."

Both these wishes were echoed by the audience with long applause. After which, the Principal, remarking that the old Bay State is the one which has, from the School's foundation, given it most of practical aid and sympathy, the one to whom Hampton looks in need, called on one of its representatives present, Rev. Dr. Furber, of West Newton, to speak. "Massachusetts always has a voice at Hampton."

Dr. Furber said: "This is my first visit to Hampton, or to any institution and occasion like this. The first time I have seen the results of such work. I have said to a friend who came with me, I feel like the Queen of Sheba when she saw the splendor of Solomon—that the half had not been told me. I might almost add with her, that 'there is no spirit in me,' when I see the results reached here. And aside from my impression of the good results of this and similar institutions, I feel the natural fascinations of this place—of its wonderful beauty of situation—of this military drill which makes us all want to swing into step—this singing, so beautiful, so melodious, from those who are not made singers, but born singers. It is not mere delight that I feel, but fascination. I have been thinking what a delightful field this must be to these teachers; on account, above all, of the eagerness of these people to learn. I asked a master of Exeter College once, how many of the young men, he supposed, came with a real desire and purpose to work. He said, 'Well, about one-half.' I am sure that would not be the answer here. I believe from what I see that not one-half but every soul here comes here with an eager craving to learn. Then how delightful and easy becomes the work of teaching. And when these two races come asking, as this Sioux Indian, whom we have just heard, for more light and knowledge, what heart here will not respond, 'Yes, I will do my part to give it.' Then the results of this work—apparent on such a day as this—how gratifying to teachers and friends. Then, when they know that these are going forth to scatter the good they have received among their people, how the delight increases. They hardly need to say to themselves, 'In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not.' They reap already, and as they go along. It seems to me, they cast their bread upon the waters, and find it after very few days.

What a symbol this and similar schools are of the spirit of America's free institutions. Our great republic is founded on religion and education. As it broadens, we want to broaden these foundations, on which our great Republic shall rise to be the glory of the nations, and of all the generations that shall here abide."

Prof. Samuel Eliot, L. L. D., of Boston, formerly Superintendent of Schools in Boston, one of the examiners who have been inspecting the classes for criticism, on their written examinations and general work, being called on for further words from Massachusetts, responded as follows—though we cannot do justice to his clear cut, chosen English:

"I am sure I speak for everybody here when I say that we are filled this afternoon with the richest emotions of which human nature is capable. Here is not promise, but performance. We are filled with the sense not merely of the present interest and the future hope, but of the past accomplishment; what these young people have already done, to stamp themselves upon this generation.

"I congratulate all here on what we have seen and heard to-day. You can never hear anything more inspiring to trust in God and hope for the future. It impressed me deeply with the thought so nobly expressed by Emerson:

> 'So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man;
> When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
> The youth replies, 'I can!'

May this class enter deeply and fully into the spirit of this place. May they feel that there is nothing so great and so good as to give themselves to others, especially to the children. To nurture the little ones, and see them growing up under our influence into goodness and wisdom, that is the unspeakably blessed work God has given us to do; the work he has given to the generations before us, and will give to those to come after us, but now our work. Let us take it up, and do it in the spirit of love and thankfulness and fidelity. That is a pathetic story of the revolution, how, when the minute men were called out by the guns of Lexington to defend their homes and hearths, as a Captain led his men from before his humble dwelling, he turned back and said to his wife, standing silent and pale in the doorway: 'Hannah, take care of the children.' That afternoon his dead body was brought back to her; but those parting words ring out still from that dark grey morning in April, a hundred years ago—'Take care of the children.' May God be thanked that this place is taking care of them; and may it continue to care of their children and their children's children for many years to come."

The Principal, saying that New York State also had done kind deeds to the School, and we hope will do still more, called on Rev. Dr. Mix, formerly of New York, but now of Fall River, Mass.

Dr. Mix said: "After preaching a sermon on foreign missions, in which I tried to set forth how grand are the opportunities they afford of doing good, and what good they accomplish, a great, strong, tall Connecticut deacon of the church came and stood before me—towering far above me—and said, 'I feel as if I had grown two or three inches taller to-night in hearing about these things. I feel as I never did before what a great thing it is to be an American citizen, and an American Christian.' I must say that to-day, I feel like the deacon, that I have grown a good deal taller and take a good deal more pride than ever in being an American citizen, and a Christian worker in this generation; pride in having any share in the great work going on here and elsewhere for God and humanity.

I sat, one Sunday evening recently, in Dr. Kirk's old church in Boston, where one hundred Chinese were gathered, and by each group a woman sat teaching them to read English, in order that they might read the Bible and go back, as many do, and teach their people the religion of Christ. I felt that those women were reaching out their hands, their voices, their Christian hearts and influence to the millions of China. It is a rare privilege that those here gathered to teach have to reach the hearts of the millions in the South, the hundreds of thousands in the far West. You are sending these youths forth to the Western wilds, to the shores of the Dark Continent, to the dark places of the Southern land, as torchbearers, bearing the light of the gospel, spreading Christian civilization, founding Christian homes, which are the foundation of true civilization. It is a grand work, and I wish that every one in this land had a part in it. I congratulate you, sir, and all of your associates on this privilege. It is a rare privilege!"

The Principal again acknowledging the solid evidences of Massachusetts' sympathy, said, "It is only proper, and gives me pleasure to state also, that Hampton's work has always been backed by Virginia. In her pinching poverty she has done more for her colored children here than Government with its millions has done for the Indians it sends here. I have it to say, that for sixteen years, ever since its foundation, she has shown this School nothing but kindness, courtesy and respect. Virginia's soil is spoken of as the sacred soil—sometimes somewhat lightly. It is sacred soil—made so by blood that has flowed so freely upon it. It is foremost of the Southern States in educational work. Its voice should be heard here, and I will call on the Rev. Dr. Burrows, of Norfolk, to speak as a citizen of Virginia.

Dr. Burrows quickly responded to the call in his usual hearty and humorous vein, saying:

"I verily believe that General Armstrong will make his name as renowned in connection with this school as his honored father's is in connection with the work in the Sandwich Islands.

I have got a big speech in me; it is a long speech, too; but I am not going to indulge it. It is frequently necessary to deny ourselves, and I know there are a great many of you who will be glad that I do. I came here last year, and I mean to come every year as long as the school and I last.

One thought has been deeply impressed on my mind to-day and last year. It is young men and women, that if the very best is not made of you here that you are capable of, it will be your own fault. Here are facilities and aids to bring out all that is in you. The scientists say that is all that can be made of anybody; as they put it, evolution cannot be greater than involution. It used to be the fashion for Virginia gentlemen to send their sons to Germany to be educated. I remember an old Prof. Heinsel here who didn't believe in it, and he used to say—'Well, if you don't carry brains to Sharmany, you won't bring brains back from Sharmany.' We talk a great deal about the 'solution of the Negro problem.' *That's* the solution of the Negro problem. It depends on themselves. We can't boost them up any further than they are capable of going. We'll help them, and the red men, too, as people sometimes call them. But we can't do anything unless there is something in them. And I believe that there *is* something in them; and that when a red man or a colored man shows himself capable, whether in teaching or in his profession, in the mechanical arts, or any other manly occupation, if he shows himself capable, if he shows himself a *man*:

> 'A man's a *man*, for a' that,
> For a' that and a' that—
> Your toils obscure and a' that—
> The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
> The man's the gowd for a' that.'"

This speech was received with great applause. The Principal then saying that all would agree that our colored visitors should be represented on the platform, called on Rev. Mr. Spiller, of Norfolk, to speak for them, adding, as was due him, that he was the only one of the speakers who had not received a word of monition beforehand of his speaking.

Mr. Spiller justified this reliance upon his readiness in speaking by a graceful and fluent address.

He said: "I am truly glad to be here to-day, and I feel that the students who go out from this school go as suns to shine upon their race. I am compelled to feel that our race is advancing, and to these young people I would say: As you are now going out to elevate our people, in some places you won't find the way open; but make a way. Stand upon your integrity. Do not forget the lessons that have been here inculcated. Of course you will find some of the people in a low state, who will not appreciate your efforts. If you are not careful how you approach them, you will drive them away from you instead of helping them. Don't try to change their customs all at once; first, gain their confidence; first make them see that you are trying to do them good; first get their sympathy and love. Then you will be able to teach them, and make them see that many things they do are wrong, and then desire to change them.

May God bless this school and its teachers, and students, and may its light shine on through those whom it sends forth, shine on through all time and into eternity.

I don't feel able to make a speech, and if I had one in me, I would feel hardly able to express it, speaking after all these Doctors of Divinity, who have spoken. I will only say to the graduating class, may God guide you, and when you return, as others have, to this platform in another year, may all see that you have made progress and done good work. And remember this: if you go up, you'll carry me up; if you go down, you'll pull me down. Every colored man has the responsibility of his people upon him; your race is judged by each one of you; you carry it up or pull it down."

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," was then sung by all standing. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Spiller; the throng dispersed to boats and carriages, and another pleasant page in Hampton's history was ended.

The Schofield Normal and Industrial School at Aiken, S. C.

This School, established in 1868, by Martha Schofield, of Philadelphia, under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Relief Association, and kept up by her in spite of opposition and and obstacles that would have discouraged a less resolute woman, seems now to be in a very prosperous condition. A farm has been purchased, which gives the boys industrial training, as well as an opportunity to earn something towards their support. They have also a printing press which turns out very creditable work, as shown by their circular, printed by a girl compositor and a boy pressman. The small wooden school house in which the writer, some years ago, saw the students uncomfortably crowded, has given way to a handsome building of brick—two stories—60 x65 feet, which has cost thus far about six thousand dollars, and on which (though a few hundred dollars more are required to complete it,) there is no debt. We commend this excellent School and its needs to the attention and aid of the friends of Negro education. What those needs are may be learned from the following extract from their Circular, signed by W. J. Rodenbach, Principal, and Martha Schofield, Business Manager:

"It now becomes necessary for the School to ask of its friends to aid in defraying its current expenses. The total sum asked for is $3,000. About half of this has been subscribed. Scholarships of $10. each, will send a young man or young woman here through the year. Are there not 150 persons who will give this sum for such a purpose? Some will feel able to send five or ten students at $10 each.

"One year ago, the duty of asking for help in building a new school-house was laid upon us. We accepted it. You gave the means, and now we render an account of our stewardship. One who put in a thousand dollars has seen the investment, and has said, "We have the worth of our money." Every business man, who has examined it closely, feels the same. It is not quite finished; the large assembly room, and two others, are not yet plastered, but they can wait. Our pressing need now is for money to pay the teachers. Some have not been paid for months; in fact, the treasury is worse than empty. It holds a *debt*, which leaves unpaid, hard-worked, conscientious teachers. This is the only debt, and the waiting ones have lived by faith in darker days than these, working steadily on, knowing that 'He who turns the water-courses, can turn the hearts of men.'

"The building was a necessity. Grand and noble and enduring as it is, the training and instruction of those who hasten with willing feet to its open doors, will be far more lasting, and is a greater necessity. They do not come as idlers, begging bread; they come hungering and thirsting for light; they come asking to be taught; all sizes, from 5 to 30 years of age; young men who never lived near schools—now over 21 years old—are willing to be put into classes with children of six or seven years. Fifty are from distant country places; three girls walk thirteen miles a day; others walk ten. What shall we do? Close the school, shatter their hopes, check such energy, disappoint those who go forth to teach—or, will the needed means come? Will the Divine Wisdom, whose guidance was sought for the best judgment in spending your money for the building, again move you to place in our hands the amount necessary to keep our school open until June 15th? The back pay due teachers, and sufficient to continue to the end of the term will take about $1,200."

Several of our Hampton students have come from this School; all of whom have made a good record, and some of whom, after graduating here, have returned as assistants to Mr. Rodenbach, the Principal. We trust the amount needed will be raised. Aid to the Schofield School will be well bestowed.

J. F. B. M.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

THE June number has the usual abundant supply of charming, interesting and instructive reading, fully justifying its claim to be among the best, as it is the cheapest, magazine in existence. G. W. Riggs has a fine article, "The Port of New York"; N. Robinson, one descriptive of "St. Paul's Cathedral"; A. S. Southworth contributes "Guatemala"; Noel Buthyen, "Ancient and Primitive Kitchens." An article on "Sponges" is particularly interesting and instructive. The above are profusely illustrated. There are several illustrated stories, sketches, etc., and a continuation of the serial, "The Beautiful Countess of Chairville." Some admirable poems, paragraphs, anecdotes, etc., are scattered throughout this remarkable publication, together with handsome embellishments, and a colored frontispiece, "The Unwilling Model." A single copy is twenty five cents only; $3 a year, sent postpaid. Address, MRS FRANK LESLIE, Publisher, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

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HAMPTON N. & A. INSTITUTE.

Fourteenth Annual Report of the Principal,

For the School and Fiscal Year ending July 1st, 1883.

To the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

GENTLEMEN:—In April, 1868, fifteen years ago, this School opened with fifteen students and two teachers. There have been this year five hundred and seventy-eight students and thirty-five teachers, besides officers; and the "plant," unincumbered, is valued at $350,000.00. Until 1878 Negroes only were admitted. In that year it became our unmistakable duty to receive seventeen captive Indians who, under the care of Captain R. H. Pratt, U. S. A., had changed from the worst of savages to well disposed men, eager for education, for whom no place was so suitable as Hampton, because of its industrial teaching. This, and all like schools in the South, had been founded on the principal of admission for all, "without regard for race, color, or previous condition of servitude." This hospitality to a few red men has resulted, not only in an increase to one hundred and nine Indians, but in the great work of Capt. Pratt, at Carlisle, Pa., to which this was an essential stepping-stone; in a new and hopeful public sentiment, a fresh departure in Indian education, and in a new demonstration of the Indians' capacity, with proper opportunities, to become good citizens. Whatever their failures, they are found to be not from innate causes but from surrounding influences. So hopelessly seem the latter against them, that many despair of success; but is it not a little gain to feel that the red race is capable, in self, both mentally, morally, and physically, of the duties of citizenship; and that not whether it can be done, nor yet how to do it, but that getting the men and the means of doing it, is the question? The point is, really, what is the nation's will in the matter; that has not yet been decided. The weakness and inefficiency at Washington is that of the people themselves.

Can any friend of the school regret that Indians have been admitted, especially in view of the following facts?—

From 1874 to 1878 (the year Indians came) our colored students increased from two hundred and thirty-seven to three hundred and seventeen. From 1878 to 1882 they increased from three hundred and seventeen to four hundred and twenty-two. In the first four years the Negro gain was eighty; in the last four it has been one hundred and five.

The Indian question is one of honor and of justice. The Negro question involves the salvation of the country. The former touches the nation at no vital point, save as its broken pledges are sure in time to work out their revenges. It has a dramatic interest and a present popularity which the other has outgrown. Will the red race finally have a faithful constituency of friends, like that of the blacks, who will steadily sustain the educational work for them that, to succeed, must be perpetual?

National aid has weakened the work for Indians, as the lack of it has strengthened that for the Negro; which now, however, can, I believe, stand the effect of it. The time for it has come. Well meant legislation has been a curse to the Indian, and in many ways still is. The ignorance and conceit or indifference of Congress, in this matter, are well nigh discouraging. A result of it is the annoying, harassing position of those who attempt practical co-operation with the Government in the matter, which keeps in the back-ground men able and willing to more than double such work as Carlisle and Hampton are doing. The army posts offered for Indian schools are excellent and a most economical plan for work, on a large scale, but are not and will not, as things are, be taken by competent officers. Money appropriated to found Indian schools over a year ago still lies in the treasury, while funds needed to make existing work more efficient cannot be had. A plan should be devised which shall give to competent men the details of the difficult, delicate task of Indian civilization, never to be accomplished while a legislative body attempts executive work.

The most natural and simple way is to make the Commissioner of Indian Affairs an independent, responsible officer, at the head of a Department with ample discretion; and to create an educational bureau, with a strong man at its head. The present Superintendent of Indian education hardly appears as a factor in the problem.

The fact that army experience is so much at the basis of Indian education at the East is significant, for it can do just as well in the West. There is a class of men in the army, now that its fighting days are about over, who can be spared to help settle the Indian question, and are better than any other for the purpose; not because they are soldiers, but because they are, and only so far as they are, educated experienced men, of high character and capacity; they have many advantages of position. Then, the economy as well as the wisdom of it! Civilian agents (excepting a few, too valuable ever to lose to the cause,) are a failure, with which the parsimony of Congress, in giving meagre salaries, has had much to do. At first hopeful, I am now satisfied that nothing but this fatal parsimony must be expected, along with wasteful expenditures in other ways. Whatever can come of thoughtful study of our Indian problem, and of well directed and systematical executive energy in working it out, is not to be looked for as things are; while prompt, wise, and decisive action is imperative. To merely study and be interested in Indians is one thing; to work for their improvement, to learn their condition and meet practical obstacles, is to lose faith in present methods, while faith in the Indian is sure to grow. Success will not be the outcome of a system of laws or regulations, but of practical wisdom and devotion, of which the present Commissioner of Indian Affairs is an illustration.

Missionary work for Indians, during the past forty years, an unobtrusive but vastly underrated effort, has been the most important success of all. There is nothing to compare with their work among the Cherokees, with the Sioux at Santee, at Peoria Bottom, and at points in Minnesota and elsewhere.

Government has constructive power only in material things. It can build custom houses and bridges and railroads, but on the moral side it is critical, and obstructive rather than helpful. Its principle of selecting its men is a vicious one. In civil service reform would be a great hope for the Indian, but will the law amount to anything?

The country is just awakening to the fact that a vast black population threatens, by the force of its numbers, to overwhelm, at certain points, its civilization, especially in those States where there is a majority of Negroes; but, wherever the blacks are massed in large numbers, they have, particularly in the more southerly States, a tremendous physical advantage. The Negro develops splendidly, multiplies amazingly, while the whites deteriorate; more and more to be outnumbered and out voted. Their standard of morality in places is shocking and almost shameless. Virginia, parts of the Carolinas and Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, and other States, present in many ways a different aspect, but this growth of the Negro population and its power for good or evil for themselves and the country create, I believe, the most serious social and political fact of the day.

The hope of the race is in its desire for land and for education. The former holds true of the adults; the latter of the young. Owning an acre is the best cure for indolence and intemperance; it creates a motive for good conduct of every kind. A homestead separates a Negro from the vagrant class, and identifies him with the side of law and order. Whenever he owns the land, the home, as a rule, is respectable, is partitioned off, making the conditions of morality and of civilization. While far from universal, this desire prevails, as is illustrated wherever the South is prosperous, and indicates a way in which Southern people can aid, and often have assisted the Negroes around them to better lives. Virginia farmers have often thus settled the vexed question of their labor. Schools can do little for those who live in squalid homes. While Northern charity and national aid shall help to educate the young, Southerners should save themselves from a vast vagrancy by encouraging the settlement of Negroes on lands of their own, in such a way as to secure for themselves a supply of "the best labor in the world," as enterprising men down South like to call it. But the better class of blacks is steadily getting real estate, and the fear of their ultimately owning a very large share of it has been freely expressed.

The combined resources of Northern charity and of Southern taxation are wholly inadequate to the educational work to be done for the Negro youth; even the increase is not well taught. Ignorance is gaining ground. School houses and outfit, except in the cities, and usually teachers, are makeshifts. Supervision is lacking; teachers do pretty much as they choose. The usual means of stimulating or making them efficient are wanting. National aid is the need of the hour, and may now, perhaps, be hoped for. Ten millions of dollars a year for five years have been proposed; I think five millions a year for ten years would be better; or an annual appropriation of even less at first, increasing as the States, duly encouraged, shall exert themselves to do more in order to get more, until ten million a year may be both needed and better deserved and better expended. Anything that would cause local effort to relax would be a fatal mistake.

A surrounding civilization is, after all, the best educator of our backward races. Our own has given the Negro the English language, a priceless advantage, industrious habits, and many ideas, but no moral strengthening; it was not, however, a growth from within, which is the only real one, but it is gradually working in. Commerce, the law of supply and demand, the necessity of labor, are all educational; railroads, the best of civilizing institutions, are doing a great work for the South. Schools are, however, a paramount need to teach the multitude to read and write, so they can think and act for themselves.

I believe, also, in a simple method of industrial training in the common schools, which we have tried this year in the "Butler" public school in this vicinity. Boys and girls who attend school from nine o'clock A. M. till half-past twelve o'clock, are taught from two to four o'clock P. M. the use of carpenter's tools and of the needle, by teachers who instructed them in the morning. Twenty, say, out of two hundred, receive mechanical instruction four days each week; two sets of twenty each being instructed in one school year. It would hardly pay to teach a larger per cent. This is the suggestive rather than exhaustive method, and will result in creating, perhaps, five mechanics where otherwise there would scarcely be one. The plan is to seek out and encourage those with special aptitude. Not less than ten per cent. of any national appropriation should be devoted to normal instruction, teachers' institutes, etc., and as much more to industrial education. In a higher civilization an equilibrium of education is kept up by outside influence, by public sentiment, and by parental power; the free school for whites needs less practical teaching. For the Negro, however, there is likely to be, from the lack of social influences, some sad results from neglecting everything but book knowledge.

The Hampton School is more vitally efficiently, related to the work for Negroes than ever before. The following reports indicate it. The period of curiosity and of popular enthusiasm for this race is passed, the work appeals to principle, to the patriotism of thinking men, as one that must be carried through. The Negro race contains a proportion, perhaps ten per cent., of excellent material for an education beyond the rudiments, and these should be fitted to teach, and lead the rest. This thought seems to have inspired the "Slater Fund." Make the teachers, and you make the people.

The mental capacities of the best class of Negro youth, whatever those of the average may be, are best shown by the high attainments and unchallenged success of colored students scattered in many northern colleges, and by those compassing the higher studies in not a few of the southern institutions. The question is not one of mind but of character.

The following reports upon the work done here, and its results, will, I trust, show that there is a solid foundation of hope for and faith in the future of the black race, and make it clear that its success is only a question of time and of effort.

OF GRADUATES.

By *Miss. A. E. Cleaveland*, Correspondent.

The correspondence with graduates and ex-students begun, and so successfully carried on last year by Mrs. Dixon, has been continued during the present term, under some disadvantages, however. My distance from head-quarters has prevented me from getting a good deal of information concerning graduates, which otherwise I might have had. Unavoidable delays also kept me from beginning the work until late in November. At your suggestion, I prepared a circular letter, to which you kindly added a note of introduction and endorsement. Over 400 of these circulars have been sent out, accompanied in many cases by a written letter. The response has not been so general as I hoped it would be. I fear that many of the circulars failed to reach those for whom they were intended, owing to the frequent changes in P. O. addresses. It is very desirable that notice should be promptly given to the correspondent when such changes occur. Replies have been received from 115; very pleasant letters, many of them.

Of the sixty who graduated last year three soon "entered into rest". Of the whole class, more than nine-tenths have been engaged in teaching, and those who have not taught, have been actively and usefully employed in various ways. I have had letters from forty-four of them and have heard indirectly from most of the others.

This has been decidedly a marrying year. Ten of Hampton's sons and daughters have taken this step, all but two of whom married inside the family. Of the three Indian graduates one is now teaching an agency school among the Pottowatomies in Ind. Ter. Exceedingly interesting letters have been received from him, showing not only an earnest desire to do all he can to help his people, but a practical common sense in his dealings with them, as valuable as it is rare. Mr. Elliott, the missionary, in whose family he was for several months, speaks in high terms of him. One of the others applied for a position as teacher as soon as he reached his home, but was told by the Agent that he was too young to teach. He is now a clerk in the employ of white men. The

third is a clerk in the Commissary Department of one of the Agencies. He has had the promise of a position in one of the schools.

It is really delightful to see the enthusiasm and zeal of the young men and women who have gone out from Hampton, and who amid great discouragements, are trying to impart to others what they have received.

Here are a few of the obstacles they encounter: miserable school-houses, mere sheds some of them, without even a glazed window, sometimes no stove, seldom any black-board; "charts and maps unknown luxuries in a country school-house," one of the girls writes,—irregular attendance of children, who quit school as soon as there is any prospect of work in the fields, and who, in the winter time, are often prevented from trudging their two or three miles to school, by the lack of proper clothing.

There has been great trouble this winter in the Virginia Schools from a change in text-books used, parents being too poor to furnish their children with the new ones. Still another trial, which many encounter, is great delay in receiving their pay. One young man writes me that he has not received one cent for his winter's work, and does not expect to be paid until *next Christmas*. At the same time, he sends me ten dollars that he has raised by means of a fair, to purchase Testaments and Hymn-books for a Sunday School he has started.

To toil patiently and bravely on, in spite of all these discouragements, shows a resolution and force of character which commend these faithful workers to the respect of all who can appreciate such qualities. There is a bright side however, the children are eager to learn, in many places the parents are interested, and most of the teachers report a friendly attitude towards themselves and their work on the part of the white people, many of them visiting the Schools, and speaking words of encouragement to the teachers. In one case, in N. C. the teacher reports that her school had been visited by the white teacher in the place, and she herself cordially invited to return the visit, which she has done. In not a few instances night schools have been taught. One young man writes from S. C., that on account of ill health, he was obliged to give up this night work, but not until he had induced six young men to join the Grammar School which is a branch of Claflin University. Several of the graduates have organized reading Clubs. A member of the last class, who is now doing good work in Tennessee, writes that the children read all sorts of trash, and that the only way to eradicate the evil is for him to place good reading in their hands. In response to his appeal, a lady in New York, to whose kind contributions more than one Hampton graduate has been indebted during this last year, has sent him a gift of books, which will enable him to start his reading club. Hampton's friends are earnestly requested to bear in mind *this* need of our Graduate teachers, and occasionally pack off a box or a bundle of magazines or books, so that more Reading Clubs may spring up.

A faithful teacher in Albemarle, Co. having received from some ladies in Mass., a box of clothing for his poor scholars, writes thus gratefully; "When I opened the box and beheld its contents, I could not speak for joy. I cannot tell you the joy of my children when I told them I had received a box of clothing for them. It was no use to tap my bell for order, I felt more like shedding tears when they cheered than anything else. I spread the things out in my room, and with two or three of my people succeeded in marking them so as to supply about ninety of my pupils with something of real value and service to them." He describes in a graphic manner the scene when the clothing was distributed, parents and children coming from four to five miles, and the afternoon given up to speaking and singing by the school, and to grateful speeches from the parents.

Of their interest in the work let a few of these teachers speak for themselves. Mc.K. thus writes, "I am not ashamed to be called a teacher. I enjoy a pleasure, a satisfaction, "a good" as Dr Mark Hopkins puts it, "that I cannot describe."

One of the most earnest members of the last class, who was very sick after leaving school, says: "When my health grew better, I began our Hampton custom, that is, going around and reading to the parents of the children. They liked it ever so much, and said that I seemed to take more interest in them and their welfare than any teacher they had ever had." From Delaware a young woman, J. L. writes: "The white people here are very generous towards me and I receive great encouragement from them. My discouragements are numerous, more so than I have things to cheer me, but it is my intention to do my share of the work in enlightening my race. The principles installed in me while at Hampton shall never be forgotten." This is how R. M., a young man in Virginia, got a new school house, "As soon as I found that I had succeeded in winning the interest of all, I declared that I would not teach any more unless all would come together and help me to prepare a good house, seats, etc. Rather than lose their teacher, all agreed to fix the house according to my wishes, so during the summer we built a very respectable log-bodied school-house at our own expense." A successful teacher in S. C. writes of the recent consolidation of his school with the Polytechnic Institute, a school which is under the management of a Scotch gentleman, who for 18 years, has devoted himself to labors among the people of the Sea Island region. He adds "I am proud to write that there is not a scholar in my school of the 117, ten years old, that cannot repeat word for word and letter for letter the entire Commandments." Another writes: "I have the approbation of the best citizens, white and colored. Of course I have some that are hostile to me and my work, but, like Gen. S. C. Armstrong, I look at the necessity of the work and surmount the scoffs and sneers of the people and go on." A young woman, R. D., says: "I thought of going to Africa, but since I came here, I think this is Africa enough. The people know very little about the Bible. They were very much surprised to have us open our school with prayer. Temperance is something never thought of. We can't do anything with the old people, but we try to hope for the children." One, writing of the school he had before his present one, says: "My labors there were very hard, but my spirits were constantly renewed by thinking about the *good* work and not about the *hard* work." Another says: "My Sunday School is getting on nicely, the old people attend as much as my scholars do, and I take the greatest pleasure in trying to teach them the love of Christ and His goodness, to the best I know how." With regard to the "Word Method" a young woman writes thus: "I have used the 'Word Method' this winter and have also taught one or two the alphabet, but find that the 'word method' works much better." A teacher in Powhatan Co. says: "My 'word method' scholars are doing beautifully. The parents think it wonderful that the children learn to read and write and make figures at the same time without learning their letters first" Another young woman says: "If I had a reading chart, I think I would be more successful in teaching my pupils to read by the 'word method.'" An earnest worker in Alabama says: "I have been told that the man who taught here before I did, was a white Southern man and it was all he could do to get ten pupils. I have on roll 118. I put up the first Christmas tree that was ever seen in this vicinity, it has been the neighbor hood talk ever since. "This young man began teaching "in a school house with nothing but a top and a floor." It looked quite different to things at Hampton Institute. I worked evenings and mornings until I made quite a change in the look of things." A young girl teacher writes from a large town in Virginia, "When I first commenced to teach, some of the grown white girls who go to school used to try to push me off the side-walk. I always got off for them because I did not think it looked well for a teacher to be wrestling over the side walk, but had I been a school girl I think I should have done some pushing too, but now they treat me just as nice as I could wish, and they always speak to me in a respectful way. Those girls were only poor white girls." From Georgia, A. W. writes "I am glad to say that I am teaching in a nice new school-house, just built last year, given by a good man, Wm. E. Dodge of New York. I wish so much that Gen. Armstrong could see it, also some of my teachers and dear classmates."

I close with one more extract, this time from Norfolk, Va. "The Superintendent seems to be very much pleased with our teaching, I am glad to say; he came to visit our school not long ago. The teachers of this county have a monthly Teacher's Institute, held at the Academy in Portsmouth. White and colored all attend."

These extracts give a fair idea of the general tone of their letters. We do not feel disturbed by the charge, sometimes brought against the Negro, that he is deficient in moral strength, when we have such evidence of his capacity for development in this direction, as is often furnished by those who have gone out from Hampton and its teachings.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

Applications for reading matter have in most cases been referred to Miss Tileston, in charge of that branch of the work.

OF READING MATTER.

By *Miss R. E. Tileston*, in charge.

In connection with the regular correspondence, which keeps Hampton informed of the whereabouts of her sons and daughters, there was established and systematized, last year, by Mrs. Dixon, a "Correspondence for Reading Matter," through which they are enabled to make their wants known, and to obtain some of the books and papers they so much need, and are unable, with their uncertain salaries, to buy for themselves and their scholars. It is difficult for those, to whom a well selected library and opportunities for regular daily reading are the simple necessities of life, to realize the great disadvantages under which these graduates labor.

Their work lies scattered through the South, miles, perhaps, from any communication with the outside world, and the old newspapers and magazines, which are thrown aside, or piled in out of the way places to collect dust, would be a blessing, indeed, to them. If it is a pleasure to help those who try to help themselves, here is certainly a chance to reach that end.

Our own library furnishes quite a supply of all sorts of papers, which, after they have been on the tables for a week or so, are sent down to the office of the "Graduates' Reading Matter," and from there distributed through the South. But with a roll of several hundred names, this would be quite insufficient, were it not for the contributions solicited and received from Northern friends. Magazines, Sunday school, illustrated, religious, educational and temperance papers; in fact, any reading matter, old or new, has been gratefully acknowledged. In this way several reading clubs and temperance societies have been helped.

The large Sunday Schools, which are almost always found in connection with the day-schools, have been greatly assisted by the distribution of a large case of Bibles, Testaments and Psalms, kindly contributed by the Society of Friends at Philadelphia.

Letters of thanks have been received from many of the graduates. One writes: "My scholars were delighted to think some one was so much intested as to send them something to read."

Another, who says, "Whenever I write to a teacher at the School, I feel that my words go to one who sympathizes with us and our people," and one who has been teaching this winter in a school-house which lets in snow, hail, rain, wind or sunshine, indiscriminately, asks for "magazines, Sunday school papers, in fact any instructive literature."

"The reading matter came in splendid."

"The papers and magazines that have often been received from Hampton have been a source of delight to me, and a real treat to many of my reading pupils. Such expressions of gratitude must make all connected with the work feel fully repaid.

The names of a good many graduates have been sent to interested friends in the North, who send them papers regularly, and take a personal interest in them which is very helpful.

With every year the work will broaden; as each class is graduated the need for reading matter will be increased, and any contributions gratefully received.

OF THE ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT.

By *Miss M. F. Mackie*, in charge.

The Academic Department for the year ending June 14, has enrolled 582 students, 343 boys, 239 girls: of these 370 have attended the day-school, the balance, 212, the night-school.

Normal Students.

YOUNG WOMEN.		YOUNG MEN.	
Senior Class	12	Senior Class	24
Middle "	41	Middle "	39
Junior "	88	Junior "	91
Night Students	65	Night Students	147
	206		301

Indians.

	Girls.	Boys.
Normal classes,	8	12
Preparatory "	33	42
Night "		12
	41	66

Grand total, 239+343=582.

Average attendance for the year, 510.

The work done in this department compares favorably with that of former years, although there have been an unusual number of irregularities in classes, caused by the illness, and in one case the loss of a teacher in the middle of the year, whose place it was impossible to supply. Another disadvantage under which we have labored has been the large size of the classes; this is particularly true of the Junior Class, which has numbered 174 pupils; divided into five sections, the divisions have still averaged 35, much too large a number to be taught at one time when the work is elementary and must depend for its success upon individual training.

Reporting for the Mathematical classes connected with the day-school, I find we have had 295 pupils, 141 girls and 154 boys, all of whom have been studying Arithmetic, with the exception of 13, these forming about one third of the Senior Class, who have taken Algebra.

We have made a decided gain on previous years in being able to give our lower classes Mental Arithmetic regularly throughout the year. The want of this training has always been felt to be a serious loss in our mathematical work, but until now we have not been able to give it the attention its importance demands. The benefits resulting from this step have already shown themselves in the blackboard exercises.

As a class, colored pupils are specially fond of the study of Arithmetic, much more so than the ordinary run of white students, and many of them for quickness of thought, correctness of analysis and accuracy of work, will compare well with any students I have ever taught. Want of accuracy on the blackboard is, I think, their fault. They are good in analysis and are anxious to know the reason of each step, but in their work they aim chiefly at results, and if the analysis is clear in their own minds and they have the correct answer, they do not see the need of having every step on the blackboard strictly true and logical.

The interest of an advaneed student is not confined to his own lesson; he can never see another engaged on a hard problem without wanting to test his own strength on it, and he is constantly hunting up problems from other text books than his own, in many cases using up time which would be much better spent on other studies.

This year there have been 20 Indians in the several classes. Many of these do excellent work and compare well with the best colored students: their want of English in explaining their work is their only disadvantage.

There is of course a great difference in the ability of students, but not more I think than can be accounted for by the disparity in their ages and the difference in the previous advantages they have had for study, and not more than will be found in any white school of this size.

Comparing the progress and proficiency of our present pupils with those of earlier years, it might at first seem as if no great advance had been made. In many branches of study we do indeed go over no more ground than we did twelve years ago; this is particularly true in mathematics, but outside of this there has been a very decided broadening of the curriculum of study and a much higher grade of text books used. In Natural Philosophy, for example, when I first came here the text book in use was such as, at the North, wouldhave been given to a child eight or ten years of age, written in the style of questions and answers. The same is true of other branches. Now we use such text books as are found in any Normal School.

I see also a decided improvement in the applicants for admission to the school, who every year come better prepared. Ten years ago it was a rare, almost unheard of experience to admit a student into the Middle or Senior Class. Now we often enter a dozen or fifteen into the former and every year one or more into the Senior.

Another very marked contrast is the independence of the pupils in preparing their lessons. When the school numbered one hundred and thirteen students, it was much more busy work for the teacher to keep the evening study hour than it is now for three hundred. I remember when the applicants for help, waiting their turn at the teacher's desk, would be ten or a dozen; now half a dozen in an evening is the average, and these are from the Junior class. When once a scholar is in the Middle Class he takes great pride in being independent of the teacher outside of the class-room.

I do not think there is the same earnest application to work that the earlier students manifested; if there were, I think the grade of scholarship would be perceptibly raised; on the other hand it should be said on behalf of the students, that they have much less time to devote to their books than their predecessors did: there is more of a demand made upon them for exercises outside of the Academic course, and their regular study hours are not infrequently broken in upon by a call to attend a lecture, which however educating and helpful it may be, does interfere with class work. These interruptions were quite unknown in the early days of the school.

Again, the increased size of the classes must also, I think, be admitted to be a reasonable drawback to rapid progress, if we aim, as we do, at thoroughness.

The strictly Normal work is a feature that we have been able to develop only in the last few years. This year the Senior Class being small, (36) the students have had more frequent opportunities for putting their theories of teaching into practice; four pupils reporting daily at the Butler, which is our

"Practice School" has given every scholar a half day of teaching in a fortnight, which has been much above the average of the allowance enjoyed by previous classes.

This year we have made a new departure; we have combined the spelling and writing into one exercise, and thus far with good results; interest being added to two studies in which it has always been difficult to engage the student with a fair amount of success; by so doing we have been able to add to our course of study not only the Mental Arithmetic mentioned above, but also Physical Geography for the half year and a course of Botany for six weeks. The Senior Class has had the benefits of a course of lectures on Agricultural Chemistry under Prof. Webster of Norfolk; notes have been taken during the lectures and a recitation made from them the following morning. The interest of the class in this study has been well sustained, and they seem to realize what may be its value to them in the future.

The standard of the school is, I think, on the whole much higher than formerly; the students are more intelligent in various directions and more independent in their thought and under much better discipline. The generous provision of reading matter in the way of papers, magazines and so forth, which our early pupils knew but little of, is doing a great deal for our present classes in the way of general culture and intelligence.

OF ENGLISH WORK IN THE JUNIOR AND MIDDLE CLASSES.

By *Miss M. J. Sherman*, teacher.

As the general features of the English department have already been reported, we will now confine ourselves to some points of special interest connected with the work done in the Junior and Middle classes during the past year.

Aside from mere mental discipline, our chief aim has been, more than ever before, to train our Juniors to express themselves easily and correctly. As a foundation for this, there has been much drill in analysis and parsing, for we believe that in no better way can they be taught clearness and accuracy of thought and expression. Our great need in this work is a book containing several hundred carefully graded sentences. Many in our present text-book are too figurative for the average student; moreover, only twelve are given under each new subject, a number insufficient to afford thorough drill.

It had long been a pet hobby of the writer that, in defining, the pupil should never commit to memory the words of the book, for we believed that, if he understood a subject, he could make his own definition. Four years's experience in this school has decidedly changed our views. Facts prove that, though a student may be able to distinguish a complex sentence, and learn to write one when called upon to do so, he will in most cases fail to give a definition both accurate in meaning and grammatical in construction. Hence, if to define at all, he must commit to memory. It has been our practice, therefore, as soon as a subject has been thoroughly understood, to draw from the class by questions a correct definition, which has been written step by step on the blackboard, and then learned word for word by the pupils. We believe this has aided in a better comprehension of the subject, and in clearer expression on other points.

Our chief aim has been, we repeat, to train Juniors to express themselves, and most of all in writing. Examinations have been more frequent and more rigid. The papers, with the per cents, have usually been returned, and many others stimulated to greater earnestness in their work.

Illustrative sentences, usually tending toward "The dog bit the cat," seem quite out of place when coming from young men and women nearly twenty years of age. In banishing these from the pupils' exercises we have found pictures in the geography, especially life-scenes, exceedingly helpful, as well as some small ones cut from illustrated papers, and mounted on cards for individual use. A large supply of carefully selected pictures would greatly aid in our work.

Compositions in the form of letters and short essays have been frequently required. These are mostly narrative of personal experience or descriptive of pictures. Thus originality of thought and expression is secured; a point we find it most needful to guard.

Neatness is always insisted upon, while a constant warfare is waged against bad spelling. As a rule, an average of more than two mistakes in spelling on a page necessitates rewriting. Lists of misspelled words are frequently given to the spelling teacher, who drills the class upon them, a system which has resulted in a great change for the better in this respect.

One cannot accomplish everything in eight months. In previous years we have laid aside the "Lessons" at the close of the Junior term. Too little drill can be given in such a limited time to make the knowledge lasting. Many of our pupils, either from dullness or from poverty, are unable to take the studies of the Middle year. These need drill in letter-writing far more than much that they study. We believe, too, that those who complete their course would better understand and remember what they study, if they could have along with it more practice in applying the principles learned. It has seemed best, therefore, to consider the "Lessons" a text-book for the first half of the second year.

As regards the work of the Middle year, the bulk of our effort has been in the direction of composition-writing. The chief difficulty still lies in inaccuracy. For instance, after insisting for six months on a "corner" at the beginning of each paragraph, we received several exercises a few days since which were perfect models of neatness in every respect, but with no "corners."

A few plain rules for punctuation have been thoroughly learned by the class. Give the pupils a sentence to punctuate, and they will usually do it correctly; but in a composition, nine out of ten will fail to observe the rules.

The same course has been pursued as with the Juniors in regard to spelling, and with the same good results.

Our students show considerable fluency in the use of language. Some descriptions of home-life are really very pretty. They are slow, however, to appreciate the leading points of a given article, but take rather to its minor details. In their own compositions, they manifest a great fondness for naming the day and even the exact hour of arrival at a given place.

To train them in clearness of thought we have spent some time in teaching them to make out topics on what they read, a plan which has been followed in the reading classes also. Here we would say that much has been gained by increased co-operation on the part of the teachers. A concentration of effort on the spelling question, the supply of composition subjects by the geography and history teachers, the requirements of written analyses in the arithmetic classes have aided the composition teacher, who feels that much is due to the timely service thus rendered.

We believe, not only that our students should be able to express themselves correctly, but that all possible addition should be made to their stock of ideas to be expressed. Last fall one of our teachers gave the school a fifteen minutes' talk on the comet. The talk was reviewed in some of the classes, and made the subject of a composition. We believe that a fortnightly course of similar instructive talks would be of great benefit to the students. The teacher may give them in class, but if the whole school could listen, time would be saved, and all be instructed.

Certainly no better work can be done for those who are so soon to train others than to teach them to see and accurately describe the wonders about them. To this end we have given a few lessons in leaves and flowers, requiring students to write descriptions from a given analysis, thus aiding them in the use of topics and in expression also.

Give a student a certain page to study, an exercise to write, or a few examples to work, and he knows what to do; but tell him to prepare himself on a given subject, and, in the majority of cases, from lack of energy or ability, it will not be well prepared. He cannot find his own implements and the spot which needs cultivating. He does not work independently. Consequently much of our work must be done in class. How necessary, then, that the student should always be present!

After much damage from previous irregularity, an effort was made at the beginning of the present term, the result of which is that every section has at least two days when no one is out at work. The good effect upon all is very marked. May we venture to suggest that far more and better work could be done, for the Middle class in particular, if, as is the case with the Juniors, all who work should be out the same day? The few who have no work would have extra drill, but no new ground would be gone over.

Looking at our work as a whole, we are tempted to feel discouraged when we consider that of about eighty Juniors under our charge, not more than half can be promoted. This is owing partly to the rapidity with which our work has to be done, and partly to the poor training many of the students have had before coming here. Many a "repeater," however, makes a good scholar in the end, for by reviewing he lays a good foundation for the later years of his course.

We feel that the past year shows a marked gain in material, and hence in work accomplished. There are fewer gross grammatical errors, and in many respects the work is much better than that of previous years, making the outlook exceedingly hopeful.

OF ENGLISH IN THE SENIOR CLASS.

By *Helen W. Ludlow*, teacher.

I have had, this year, both sections of the Senior Class in English Language and Literature.

Our time being short for the study of literature, it seemed to me that the aim should not be to cover much ground, but

1st. To cultivate a taste for reading.

2d. To give some idea of the best American literature.

With the first object especially in view, I have tried to make the exercise always one of pleasure, and have therefore not required much outside, original work from the students who are not, indeed, capable of studying a literary work by themselves at first. They have also done some committing to memory of short poems and prose extracts. Their outside work has been chiefly copying. Each student was supplied with a common-place book in which to copy extracts from every author studied, chosen generally by himself; also, a brief outline of the life, with special points of interest, as follows, for example:

Name: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
Birth: 1807, Portland, Maine.
Education: Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.
Occupation: Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres, at Bowdoin and Harvard.
Residence: Cambridge, Mass.
Character: Genial, pure.
Style: Simple, sympathetic.
Principal Writings: Voices of the Night, etc.
Death: April, 1881. Cambridge.
Extract:

These outlines have been copied from my writing on the blackboard. They have not used a text book except to read from in the class, or to study a piece. The biographical sketches in the text books are apt to be long, and discursive, and I preferred to spend the time rather on the study of the author's own works. For this purpose I have taken two or three or more specimens—not generally fragments—and we have studied them together in the class; their meaning, form and proper expression in reading. They have been generally much interested in this exercise, and their selections for their extract books have been usually from the pieces we have thus studied, so that these will recall to them in future days many pleasant associations and suggestions. To increase the value of their books to them, I have, from time to time, pasted into them some of the beautiful, illustrated "Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes' Leaflets," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A sample of their best kept books I present with this.

In this way, we have studied something of our principal American poets of both sexes:—Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell; Julia Ward Howe, Helen Hunt, and Celia Thaxter; and of our noted public speakers, living and dead.

Preparatory to their study of speeches, I drew from them and wrote upon the blackboard what they considered the essential "Elements of Success in Oratory." They did remarkably well, and after a very few suggested additions to their list, they classified it, under my questioning, under the heads of qualities of intellect, sensibilities and will; physical, educational, and external advantages. Our study of the speeches was based upon this classification, which was a great assistance to it.

To rouse their enthusiasm at the start, I began with the colored orators, Douglass and Elliott. Then, for the sake especially of our Indian senior, we had one or two specimens of Indian oratory, and then came down to the white speakers, beginning with the living ones and working backwards. We studied some fragments of speeches, but mostly whole ones, to get the form and argument. Some extracts were copied into their books. Besides the names mentioned above, we studied speeches of Wendell Philips, Brown of Georgia, a sermon of Henry Ward Beecher; speeches of Garfield, Lincoln, Garrison, Sumner, Webster, Clay and Calhoun. We spent more time on speeches than on anything else, because the students—the boys especially—are more interested in them than in anything else. After studying Webster's Eulogy of Adams and Jefferson, Section A. made a very excellent abstract of it from memory, in the class, one and another suggesting points. I gave them, also, a list of our noted speakers in various departments of oratory, that they may be directed in future reading.

At this point of our winter's work in American literature, quite a break was made by the introduction of Miss Mason's translation of the Crito, Phædo and Apology of Socrates. This doubtful experiment turned out to be an eminent success, from the beautiful clearness, and simplicity of this translation, and has sufficiently proved its admirable adaptation to use in schools.

The closing scene of Socrates' death was first read from the Phædo, as a test, with great interest and appreciation; then his closing speech before his judges, in the Apology; then we took the "Crito" entire; then the whole of the Apology. At last, the interest having never flagged, we ventured upon the whole of the Phædo. I thought that would carry them entirely beyond their depth. But their earnest attention and zeal took both Sections through the deep waters even of Platonic theories of "innate ideas" and "conceptions" and "types"—with, of course, the help of much explanation and illustration and simplification. It would have been cruel to withhold it after their enjoyment of all the rest. The greatest benefit of the whole, perhaps, was the intense excitement of interest and enthusiasm. They had happened, by a fortunate coincidence, to have just been studying about Socrates in their ancient history class, so were especially prepared to enjoy the book. I think that the waking up which they have experienced will last them a long time, and that the impression made upon them by the noble lessons and elevating sentiments of the Apology, Crito, and Phædo, will have some practical influence on their lives.

After completing the "Socrates," we took a brief glance at our historians, essayists, and novelists—chiefly to suggest and direct future reading. Essays are generally over their heads; novels they consider a waste of time—at least the boys do—and it is as well they should, I think, having so little opportunity to read, and so much to learn. History and biography they are especially fond of, and they were interested in learning who our historians are, and what their departments; and, in reading fragments in the class—which was all, of course, that could be done—to get some idea of their style.

After thus much study of American authors, we took a slight glance at the literature of England; taking up first, at their own desire, Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar, which was timely, like the Socrates, in connection with their study of ancient history, and was made still more interesting by their taking up Froude's Cæsar as supplementary reading in their reading class. In studying this play, our plan has been for each to take a part, to study as best he could outside—though they did very little such studying—and then in the class to read it first in the text of the book, and then give it in their own words. This was a difficult exercise, but they were generally interested; though, on one occasion, one of the girls objected to changing the language of Shakespeare because, she said, she thought it seemed to be in very good English already.

We are still on Julius Cæsar (May 1st). I hope to be able to give them also a few bits of modern British authors. But if we do little more than we have done, I shall not be altogether dissatisfied with our year's work. Certainly not if it has, as I trust, given them some idea of the delight there is in good reading and some power to obtain it.

The difficulties and deficiencies that have hindered our work are the same old ones we are all familiar with. There is naturally—as with all pupils—a proneness to forget the earlier lessons of the course; and, for the sake especially of preparing them for examination as teachers, it may be necessary to shorten our proposed plans, for review of grammar, deficiency in which was made apparent by testing them in the winter, on the Norfolk county examination.

But the great trouble is the smallness of their vocabulary and want of familiarity with written English. I spoke very fully of this in my last year's report. I might repeat it all from this year's experience. But the additional point I wish to emphasize—and, I think, a suggestive one—is that this unfamiliarity with the language of books is more of a defect, or lack of training of their eyes than of their ears. A young man in the class was reading in the Phædo. Reading at sight, as he was, fairly well, but of course not without now and then a blunder, I found it myself decidedly pleasanter to follow his reading in my own book. I noticed two or three of the class looking off, their books, though not apparently inattentive. I said to one of them, a very reliable fellow, and one of the oldest and most mature; "You had better look on the book. This requires the closest attention." He answered, "I can understand it better by listening than I can by looking on myself." Immediately three or four others chimed in and said they also could. I made no more objection. In a certain stage of training children will listen by hour to loud reading, but seldom take up a book voluntarily. You don't throw *them* on their own resources, but read and read to them till they are able to read for themselves—training them of course, meanwhile to do so. They know many words and expressions when they hear them which they do not recognize by sight. Their ears are trained ahead of their eyes.

This is very noticeable in one young man in the school who cannot read as well as many a well trained child of seven; but who, even from hearing his own blundering reading of a paragraph, catches the idea and can give it to you fluently, in his own words, to your frequent surprise. His is an exaggerated example of the general fact. It seems to me that this fact points to a radical defect

and to its possible remedy, or, at least, amelioration.

It results, of course, largely, from want of practice in reading; but also, I think, more essentially from a want of observation that is noticeable also in other directions. I think this explains their great difficulty in learning to spell. They do not observe the form of the words; they have not the habit of observation. Even with a printed page before them, some even who have gone through the whole course, cannot be relied on to make a copy without blunders. The Indians, often on the other hand, learn to spell quickly, and more accurately—partly, no doubt, because they have careful training from the first, but is it not also because they are, by inheritance and habit, close and keen observers?

So it seems to me, and I would respectfully suggest that more pointed and systematic attention to the development of the perceptive faculties from the very first of the course, and all through it, but especially in the Junior year, would be of great advantage to the students in various ways: to their accuracy in industrial work, to their clearness of thought, to their moral accuracy—their valuation of truth—and certainly to their English.

It seems to me that such training might be conducted without further demands on time which, I know, is already crowded. I have begun the experiment in my own Junior Grammar class, by making their written exercises description from observation. They are devoting themselves at present to discovering all the productions of the School farm; the trees, vegetables, and flowers; learning to describe their forms, their parts, and habits and uses; making collections of leaves, drawing and describing them. All through the winter, I have given them more copying than original work, and I think they show improvement from it. They are taught spelling by copying, by their spelling and writing teacher, also, which is in the direction of this training.

Many other opportunities for it will no doubt suggest themselves to others. Whatever is already done in this way, would it not be well to do more?

OF HISTORY.

By Miss *M. F. Dibble*, teacher.

Few of our students enter with any knowledge of History. To the majority it is the "Great Unknown;" and, to some, it proves to be the "Unknowable."

Beginning at the middle of the year, when the novelty has worn off from their other studies, History is hailed with delight. It opens to them a new world. They are at first pleased as they would be with anything new, but soon come to like it for its own sake. A full year is given to the study of United States History. The stories of exploration and settlement, the Indian wars, the deeds of Revolutionary heroes, are full of interest, and therefore are remembered without great effort. During the long period of political development the interest flags, but is roused by the guns of Fort Sumter, increases as the struggle goes on, and abates only when the last Confederate soldier has laid down his arms.

The work of the Senior year consists of a mere outline of the ancient Oriental monarchies, followed by a brief history of Greece and Rome.

As for methods, the simplest are the best. The aim is not so much to store the memory with facts, as to teach the students to think and reason about facts. Events are studied with relation to cause and effect. Each subject is analyzed and the topics are copied into blank books. Topical recitations are required as far as possible.—The student tells all he can about a subject, the remainder being drawn out by questioning, or supplied by other members of the class. A superabundant use of words, and inability to stick to a point, are characteristics which show most plainly in these recitations. The use of textbook expressions is always discouraged, but not easily prevented. It is vastly more easy for them to commit words to memory than to grasp the thought and translate it into their own words. The moral side of every act is the one which they wish first to investigate. The frequent occurrence of the question, "Was it right?" is strongly suggestive of a class in practical ethics.

It is constantly borne in mind that nothing clinches a fact so well as an interesting story in connection with it, and a great many stories are introduced into the recitation. Frequent reviews are found necessary. They are conducted in various ways—by rapid questioning, by written topics, or sometimes by questions from the class. A written examination is given upon each subject or epoch as it is finished.

At the beginning of the year we had no maps for Ancient History. One of the young men in the Senior class was equal to the occasion, and prepared a map of Greece which was a great aid in teaching the history of that country. A fine map of the Roman Empire, and a plan of Rome, have since been presented.

The use of obscure expressions in the textbooks, the limited range of reading, and small vocabulary of the students; their inability to grasp the salient points of a paragraph,—these are difficulties which only hard study can overcome. Beginners in History seem to think that every sentence is of equal importance, hence the necessity of reading in class each paragraph before assigning it as a lesson. By the topical method of study and recitation the important points are made to stand out so that, in time, the students learn to find them without help. They have little time for reading, and as a rule, depend entirely upon the text-book and recitations for their knowledge of History. A few have made good use of the library and have gained broader views and more general knowledge. Until they have acquired more perfectly the ability to grasp the thought of a printed page, and the art of judicious skipping, large works on History are of little use to them.

The way in which one department is made to supplement another is perhaps best illustrated by History. It is taught in connection with Geography; it forms a part of the Reading and the Literature classes; historical subjects are assigned for work in composition, while the copying of topics is made a lesson in writing and spelling.

It is almost impossible to estimate the value of the daily reading and discussion of news items in connection with the study of History. A knowledge of the present creates a desire to know what preceded it, and awakens a spirit of inquiry. History thus becomes to them not a dead thing of the past, but a living, and ever developing science.

The most important question is that of results. What does the study of History amount to, in practical value, to these students? We do not look for great results. In two years we can give only the prelude to the world's great drama. We can merely introduce a few of the leading actors, with the hope that this slight acquaintance with the few will create a desire for a more thorough knowledge of the men and deeds of History, and so lead our students to read for themselves. Expecting little, we are not discouraged by the results. The study is universally liked before the end of the course. Historical subjects are chosen for essays, they are worked up into speeches, they are debated in the Societies. Why our students like the study, and how it helps them, may be learned from the following summary of their own statements:—

Ancient History supplements the work of the whole course, explaining and fixing in mind many things that come incidentally into the earlier years of the course. It explains allusions that are constantly made by public speakers. It helps to a better understanding and appreciation of our own times. It leads to a more intelligent reading of the Bible and books in general. It teaches many lessons and gives many warnings. The study of grand characters gives an inspiration to those who study them. One young man enthusiastically exclaims that he is "just full of Sparta." Best of all, History gives a taste for good reading. This is the testimony, not of one, but of many.

There are few suggestions to be made for the department of History. The facilities for teaching are fair. A change of text-books for Ancient History is advised, Swinton's Outlines being better adapted to our needs. A more general use of books of reference by the students would be an immense gain, a suggestion which could hardly be carried out without an additional hour in the day. A short course in English history would supply a great need. The last half of the middle year would be the best time for it.

OF READING.

By *Miss Margaret Kenwill*, teacher.

It has been truly said that our students need a "fact library." This is especially true of the reading classes. We need more books of facts, so that we may pleasantly and profitably combine the study of reading with the acquisition of useful knowledge.

For each year's course there should be a set of books adapted to the needs and progress of the pupil. This need has in part been met. We have used Swinton's Supplementary Readers, and The Boys of '76, in the Junior classes with good success. In the Middle class, Mackenzie's History of the 19th Century, has been read with eagerness and delight, while the Seniors have for a short time been reading Froude's Cæsar as supplementary to the study of Roman History; Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar has also found a place in the reading classes.

Thus by giving the student palatable mental food, a love of reading is developed, which is the chief end sought, and which is a pretty sure road to success in mechanical skill in the art.

One faculty which particularly needs developing, is the ability to see the point of what is read, to grasp the thought, for without this power the student is of course unable to read intelligently. In a simple sentence like this for instance, "They put ferns and mosses around it," the student reads, They put ferns and mosses around *it*. Clinching the nail as it were with a hard blow on the end without reference to the meaning. In a paragraph or even in a whole article, the same thing is true. For example, after reading in the Southern Workman the story of the life of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, a student was asked to give the important points of the lesson; he began and ended by saying, Wm. Lloyd Garrison was born in Newburyport, Mass. Dec. 10th, 1805; never by any chance missing a date, while all the story of devotion and self-sacrifice was quite left out.

To teach the pupil therefore to get the gist of what he reads, he may be required in descriptive or historical selections, to write out the line of thought, or the leading points in the form of a set of topics, drawn from the class during the recitation and from which the lesson may be reproduced.

Here is a reading lesson as sometimes conducted to bring out the history, thought, motive, feeling, manner, style, etc. Take for example the familiar and stirring lines of Sir Walter Scott, beginning,

"The train from out the castle drew;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu,"

and so on till, Lord Marmion escaping, across the trembling drawbridge.

"Halts and turns with clenched hand,
And shouts of loud defiance pours,
And shakes his gauntlet at the tower."

The questions would be something of this order.

Who and what was the Author of this poem?

Where is the scene laid and what are the circumstances connected with the story?

From the reading of the piece what idea do you gain of the character, personal appearance, etc., of Marmion and Douglas?

Then how should it be read so as best to represent these characters? What is the prevailing emotion to be depicted? What is the general style of the piece and what manner, attitude, expression, tone etc. is required to express it? What is the point of the story? Relate the story in your own language. Explain the meaning of the sentence beginning, "Though something I might plain, he said." Give a synonym for the word "behest." Make a sentence using the word "lists."

An so on with obscure sentences and difficult words, thus acquiring the ability to express the same thought in different ways and adding new words to the vocabulary.

OF GEOGRAPHY,

By Miss *M. W. Clock, teacher.*

In the time allotted us for the study of geography, we endeavor to assist the pupils in cultivating their powers of observation and reasoning, that the work in this subject may continue after it has been put aside, in the school room, for other studies.

The majority begin the study for the first time, making it necessary to have the general plan of work similar to that given to children; being guided by the laws of simplicity and dependence, and using the most objective methods.

In the introduction the discussion of the physical features of the surrounding country leads to definite ideas in regard to the kinds of the low and high lands. Then by presenting the earth as a whole they naturally come to the divisions of land and water. These are considered in giving concise descriptions of the miniature representations made on the moulding board. After a little work in regard to the equator and the poles, with a knowledge of what is included in the terms climate, vegetation, occupations and commerce, they advance to the study of the continents.

In considering a continent it is first moulded in sand, the mountains and rivers are represented, and the productions placed on that part of the moulding which is known to correspond to the part of the continent in which they are produced. Then by adding the cities they have a miniature continent before them, making it a reality and helping to form a comparatively accurate, mental picture of the country studied

When the moulding-board is not used, corresponding work is done by drawing on the black-board or paper. In this, construction lines are not used, the whole work being imitative. The object of both drawing and moulding is to impress contour, relief and political facts.

They are especially interested in map drawing, striving with surprising perseverance to make each drawing better than the preceding one. At first, after hours of sketching and erasing, many can only present a much soiled paper bearing a confusion of lines. Yet after a little direction and practice, they can outline so the drawing is recognizable, from which time there is continual improvement. I think the attraction of map drawing lies in their ability to *see* the advancement that is made.

As the time for this study is limited to the Junior year, and the pupils are able to work more rapidly in drawing than moulding, the former has been considered almost to the exclusion of the latter.

The more abstract work on latitude, longitude, the laws governing the change of seasons and the distribution of light and heat is not fully taken until the latter half of the year. At this time the cultivation of the reasoning powers, in the work that has gone before, enables them to draw inferences that at the beginning of the year they could no have grasped. They also enjoy these lessons more than the previous ones, especially the boys. They are surprised in finding, they can slowly collect, step by step, facts which simply explain to them the causes of the change of seasons, also of our long days and short nights in summer, and *vice versa* in winter.

At the beginning of each recitation the previous day's lesson is reviewed. In these oral reviews, I find it necessary to devise as many methods as possible to obtain variety, as they are strict adherents to the adage "Variety is the spice of life." When topical reviews are desirable, questions are written on numbered slips of paper, then distributed from which the pupils can do all the work of the recitation period. They delight in matches conducted on the ancient spelling match plan, also in giving descriptions of places and having others guess what has been described; in fact, the interest never flags when there is any chance or lottery in connection with the review. Of course, all this requires time, yet it insures thorough and attentive preparation, followed by an animated recitation

We close the term with noting the resemblances and differences of countries, thus reviewing largely the term's work and giving a reality to the pupils' conception of descriptive geography by comparing the "seen with the unseen."

To give a completeness to the study of geography, we need a black globe for representing the equator, parallels, meridians and continents; specimens of the various productions of foreign countries, and sets of pictures showing the vegetation and animals belonging to the different zones.

OF WRITING AND SPELLING.

By Miss *Belle F. Small*, teacher.

Students entering the Junior class this year were, as a rule, wretched spellers. They were evidently accustomed to spelling words by sound. Even when this is allowable in the English language, their slipshod pronunciation led them into countless errors. They were not able to write words correctly because the right form of the words was not familiar. Often they had never seen words they attempted to spell.

Since copying is the exercise which requires pupils to notice words most carefully, and which best impresses them upon the eye, that exercise has been used in teaching Spelling.

The teaching of Writing in connection with Spelling followed naturally, since making the forms of letters calls for the same accurate observation as making the forms of words. Pupils took a new interest in learning to write when they were applying their writing to a useful purpose, and were writing that which meant something to them.

I have always used the words I wished to teach—in sentences, since in this way pupils could have much practice in spelling words in their own vocabulary. Those words that the students need to use every day have been used in sentences. The names of objects in the school-room, buildings on the place, articles of dress, food, names of the months, days of the week, cardinal and ordinal numbers, and words occurring in connection with their studies, have been used. Teachers kept lists of words that were misspelled in daily use or in written examinations and these words were woven into sentences again and again.

Words in daily use so often occurred, their correct spelling was indelibly impressed. The right use of capitals and marks of punctuation was also taught by copying sentences. I found that soon they were used correctly without thought.

So far as possible I let these sentences convey interesting and valuable bits of information. We talked about these sentences and made them language lessons.

Pupils often put words in sentences, and wrote and answered questions.

Each day, several sentences were carefully copied from the board. These sentences were kept to study for the following day's lesson. That day the sentences were erased and dictated. Pupils wrote, passed in the papers for examination, then copied a new lesson. It was found necessary to require every misspelled word to be rewritten so many times that the correct form would leave a stronger impression than the error.

The words were often copied wrong, and an error not seen, even after it was pointed out.

Oral spelling has been sometimes used for variety, or as a test exercise.

I have found, without exception, that good readers are good spellers. The Spencerian

Chart has been used in teaching forms of letters.

In writing, all can not be required to hold pens in the same way; since often their hands are clumsy and stiff.

Paper with the Quincy ruling has been used with good results.

The penmanship of the Indians is, without exception, excellent. Their hands are supple, and are controlled so as to execute the dictates of keen eyes.

Classes have been noticeably eager to learn to write well. They like writing because any improvement made is so clearly seen with the physical eye.

My experience has shown me clearly that, with the students here, perception of form needs to be cultivated. I would suggest that the teaching of drawing might lead to good results in this direction.

OF BOOK-KEEPING,

By *Gen'l J. F. B. Marshall*, Treasurer.

There is no change in the method of teaching Book-keeping, and little to add to my report of last year. Thomas's Single entry System published by H. H. Peck, New Haven, is still used, and is the simplest and best work I have found.

Very little can be done during one term with a large class, divided into two sections, each having but two lessons a week, towards proficiency in the theory and practice of keeping accounts. A general idea of methods, and a knowledge of the proper forms and meaning of business papers, the importance of written agreements, receipts for payments, etc., is all that can be expected or accomplished. Even this imperfect training will be found of much service in the country places where many of our graduates teach. Indeed, I do not know of any class to whom such knowledge is more useful or where a thorough knowledge of accounts could be put to more practical use. Many of them go out into communities where great ignorance and illiteracy prevail, and where a good knowledge of accounts, agreements &c., would enable them to be of great service in the settlement of disputes arising from a want of such knowledge. Many of the students have as much natural aptitude for accounts, as those of any other class, and their handwriting is better than the average of most other schools. The books of the treasurer's office, which are more than usually intrieate, embracing the accounts of over a dozen different shops and industries, two large farms, two boarding departments, over fifty teachers and five hundred students, all brought together into one set of books, are satisfactorily kept by one of our graduates who has had no other training than what he received in the Senior Class, and in the office. It would be desirable if the few who manifest a special aptitude for accounts could have more thorough training than they now have time for.

OF THE NIGHT SCHOOL.

By *Louise K. Day* in charge.

The night school opened last October with one hundred and seventy students, seventy more than the preceding year. As employment could not be found for all, several were compelled to leave. The average attendance has been one hundred and forty, ninety-seven boys and forty-three girls. At first there were two white teachers and four graduates, but the force proving insufficient, two more graduates were added in the course of the winter. The graduates teach during the day at Butler School under Miss Hyde; the other teachers have two or three classes in the day school.

There are seven sections in the school; the first and second are taking the Junior studies: arithmetic, American history, grammar and geography; with the hope of passing the examination for the middle class in day school next October. There are about twenty in each section. If the earnestness which they have thus far manifested, is continued to the close of their term of study, many will prove successful. Much time is devoted to English, trying to enable them to tell and write a logical story. In the second division, especial attention has been given to this, and the history papers have shown a marked improvement. Arithmetic, on the whole, seems to be the favorite study, it being of more practical use, in their opinion, than any other. Mental arithmetic, and the explanation of examples, have been most difficult, as very few of these students have been accustomed to anything of the kind. They thoroughly enjoy hunting up some puzzling question to place upon the board for their mates to solve. Sums are found everywhere, on horse troughs, work benches, etc., showing that they are thinking of these studies outside of school hours. Grammar, too, has a great charm for some, they never having known the correct use of language.

Miss Alfred, teacher of the second division, has a happy way of writing, each evening, on the blackboard an apt quotation, which fastens itself in the minds of each scholar, and exerts an influence which could hardly be expected.

The next four sections are studying to enter the Junior class. The third and fourth began with writing numbers in arithmetic, making sentences, and reading Miss Hall's small geography, "Our World." Now they read well, can express their own thoughts intelligently, and can work problems as far as United States Money. Two sections are using a geographical reader as a reading book. It serves every purpose as a reader, while giving excellent subjects for language lessons. In the language lesson, sometimes a story is read by the teacher and written out by the pupils from memory; or a picture is used to suggest a story. Then again, words are placed upon the board with which sentences are formed. One of the teachers, engaged during the winter, has been in charge of a class of sixteen, nine of whom are Indian boys. This section is of an irregular grade, some reading in the first reader, others in the second. The experiment of having the Indians in the night school, on the whole, has worked well. They feel the push of the other students and the most of them study with a will. But it should be said on the other side, that it takes an immense amount of patience. A teacher has been known frequently to stand waiting five, ten, and even fifteen minutes for an answer to some questions.

There are seven Indians, members of other sections. Two are in the second division and are studying with those preparing for the middle class.

To the Night School department belong also eleven boys and one girl who work at the Shellbanks farm. An evening school is kept for them, and taught by the wife of one of the graduates.

Our class has been composed of younger students than that of last year, but they have shown an earnest spirit. The grade is much higher.

One of the great difficulties found in all of the sections is inaccuracy. Much of the struggle is in undoing former poor teaching and filling the gap in the pupils' knowledge. At first, in some compositions, the English was so poor that it was impossible to find a place in which to begin correcting errors. Several times, the papers were all destroyed and new ones written, with very little improvement. The spelling is by no means perfect in any of the sections. It is not always phonetic, but very original. The use of words is sometimes very amusing.

A boy in one of his papers spoke of Longfellow as an "extinguished poet." The colored child hears the English language used incorrectly in his home, and he finds it hard overcoming his faults. In some cases, it seems impossible to root them out. By this, his speech, spelling and writing are seriously affected.

As the students work all day, there is no opportunity for outside study, therefore, all that is learned, must be given in the recitation room. The time hardly averages more than nine hours a week.

The pupils come to their evening study, generally bright and cheerful.

I think the general opinion was voiced by one who said, "I'd rather go and learn something, than stay in my room and do nothing." And I believe that one of the teachers has but echoed the sentiments of all, when he said, "although I feel somewhat tired after teaching during the day, in my night class there is so much real interest shown, that I can but enjoy the two hours spent with it."

OF THE PRACTICE TEACHING CLASS,

By *Miss Elizabeth Hyde*, in charge.

The present Seniors have been able to have more practice in teaching than usual this year, owing to the fact that the class has been so small. They have taken hold of the work with considerable interest, and no class has given me less trouble or been more prompt in its attendance at the Butler. I think they understand rather better than some of the previous classes have what it means to be a teacher, and as far as methods and ways of teaching are concerned are better fitted to teach. Much time which should have been spent in methods, I have had to use in reviewing and teaching; their lack of good primary training must be very much against them as teachers. Their course in Practice Teaching has been as follows: Reading, including word method and Phonetic spelling, number and Arithmetic, Spelling, Writing, Language. Form, Color, and lessons in Theory and Art of teaching. At Mrs. Walton's request I have left Drawing and Geography for her to teach when she comes down. The study of Outline of Man helps the Seniors very much in their teaching, that part in particular which treats of Sense Perception is of great value to them, as it leads them to see the importance of cultivating the perceptive powers of the children, and shows them the value of object teaching. I think the students realize how much they have lost from lack of proper training in this respect, and they promise to try and prevent their scholars from suffering in the same way.

Our students are not accurate enough to be good teachers; there is so much ground to be gone over during the three years' course, that the work can not be thoroughly done. When they become teachers they are satisfied with very poor work from the children, and care more for covering a large amount of ground than for the quality of the work done. Their inaccuracy is one of the most serious faults I have to find with them as teachers, and it seems impossible to teach them that the children have plenty of time before them, and that they must be made *accurate*. They are not good disciplinarians, not because they can not govern, but because they have not the right idea of order; they will allow their children to talk in passing to and from their recitation; as their classes change once in every twenty-five minutes, the school room is anything but orderly most of the time. Those of my teachers who are most quiet and refined in their manners make the best disciplinarians. In order that our students may be good teachers and good disciplinarians, we must first make them orderly; in order that their schools may be good we must give them the best models to copy from. I think it would be well another year to take one of the rooms at the Butler, pick out some of the best of the children to put in it, and have an ungraded school, which shall serve as a model for the Seniors to copy from. I would like very much to have a first rate teacher in it. One day in a good model school would do much for our students; they are too easily satisfied with their own work, and need to have something much better to compare it with. I feel sure that in this way the grade of our teachers would be raised very much indeed, and, if any thing, I think the expense would be less for the Normal School.

OF THE BUTLER SCHOOL.

By *Miss Elizabeth Hyde*, in charge.

The Butler School opened October 3d, with an unusually large attendance. Number of children on roll for the term about 330; number of teachers six, three of whom are residents of Hampton. The work done by teachers has been much more satisfactory than that of any previous year. This is partly owing to the fact that their schools have been better graded, and that each teacher has had no more than his proper number of pupils. Their regular teachers' meetings have been held, in which we have talked over school government and methods of teaching. I think we all feel that these meetings have helped us very much in our work.

The discipline has never been so good; the children have been managed by the teachers with very little interference on my part, and I am glad to say that they are gradually learning that there is a better way of governing than by the use of the rod. We have had seven months of county school this year; the children have appreciated their advantages, and those who have not been obliged to go to work, have been prompt in their attendance at school. We have now a pay school of 160 children; the largest number ever enrolled at this time of year.

A new feature of the school is the introduction of Industrial training. Miss Galpin reports favorably of the class of girls under her supervision in the Industrial room. The bedding made by these girls for the kitchen garden is remarkably well done, considering the amount of training they have had in sewing. As a whole I think the children have enjoyed the work, although now that the weather is getting milder they are a little inclined to drop off. Another year, I think, it would be well to arrange for the girls, as we have done of late for the boys, and let them have one day a week for a work day instead of sending them into the Industrial room every afternoon. They are not used to so many hours of work, and their parents feel that it is too much for them.

The boys seem to be getting along nicely with their work in the carpenter's shop; some of them promising to become quite expert at their trade.

INDIAN REPORT.

By *Miss Isabel Eustis*, in charge.

There have been 110 Indian students at Hampton during the year. One has died, leaving the number at present in the School 109—41 girls and 68 boys.

They represent 16 tribes.

Sioux,	62	Ab. Shawnee,	4
GrosVentres, Mandan, Rees,	8	Apache,	3
		Mohave,	2
		Pawnee,	2
Sac and Fox,	7	Papago,	2
Omaha,	6	Menomonie,	2
Pima,	5	Yuma,	1
Winnebago,	4	Onondaga,	1

SCHOOL WORK.

Twenty-two Indian students, a much larger number than ever before, are taking the regular Normal course.

In the Senior Class,	1
Middle Class,	2
Junior Class,	19

Twelve Indian boys have voluntarily become work-students this year. There can be no better training than this for an Indian boy, when he enters into the arrangement intelligently and heartily. He has the discipline of six full days' work in the week, and studies two and a half hours every evening, with the colored students who are making most sacrifice for an education.

The remaining Indian students are divided into seven classes. Four classes attend school in the morning and work in the afternoon. Three work in the morning and go to school in the afternoon.

The plan of the school is to give to each class a daily drill in reading and spelling, arithmetic and language (including penmanship), with one daily recitation, as soon as their knowledge of English will permit it, in some study which will give them new ideas and broaden their minds. Geography, history, natural philosophy, and natural history, are the studies chosen for this. When the scholars are sufficiently advanced, we use the reading classes to some extent for the same purpose.

An account of the school-work of three representative divisions is given below.

THE FIRST DIVISION.

(3 years' work),

furnishes an example of what can be done, by a little more than three years' training with bright scholars who come with no knowledge of English. It is made up of such scholars, with the addition of some who have been here a shorter time, trained in the Mission Schools before leaving their homes.

The First Division in Reading

Miss Cora Folsom, teacher.

The object of the class this year has been to establish a good foundation in spelling and a clear and intelligible manner of reading at sight. To read well with an Indian means that he must be *interested*, and to be interested, he must have something to think about and study over out of school. With this thought in view we took up Dr. Hooker's book on Plants, and that proved such a success that we have lately taken up the volume on Animals by the same author. The Indian habit of observation shows itself very plainly here. The wonders of plant and animal life are in a great measure new to him. The circulation of sap in the tree, the breathing of the leaves, and the development of fruit from seed to seed, are inexhaustible subjects and doors to him into a new world of thought. But little time has been given to elocutionary work—plain every-day reading being all we have attempted yet. We read every day from our little book, aiming at a clear pronunciation and thorough understanding of the subject—spell and define all the difficult words, and occasionally write a short *abstract* of what we have read or illustrate it by drawings.

Indians are almost invariably good spellers, and this class is no exception to that rule. There are not more than two who cannot spell all the words they are able to use.

One girl in particular is quite remarkable in this respect, coming as she did directly from the Indian camp, with no knowledge whatever of our language. Although she has but little confidence in the English tongue, she reads remarkably well—though with a slight accent—writes a very pretty hand, and will spell without hesitation almost any word found in ordinary reading.

Mr. Brandon, a graduate of Hampton, teacher of Indians, and in charge of the Indian boys, reports on the

First Division in Arithmetic.

At the beginning of the year they could work Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication and some Division pretty well.

This year they have studied Long and Short Division, Factoring, Multiples and Reduction of Common Fractions. They are now working in Addition of Fractions. The majority work well, doing their work quickly and neatly. The girls are careless. Regarding their capacity, I see nothing extraordinary in either direction. I have not been able to see any difference between them and the colored students with whom I have studied as far as their ability to understand arithmetic is concerned.

First Division in Language.

Miss Laura E. Tileston, teacher.

The First Division in Language has followed in a simple form the regular course of grammar taken in the Junior class. The lessons are given entirely without the use of books. Parts of speech are taught in the class, by object teaching. Pictures are used for home work. Words are suggested by these, and classified. Sentence building is hard work for many of them, verbs tripping them at every step. The principal parts are taught

as four chiefs, two of them lazy and two smart; helping verbs (the auxiliaries) being necessary in the former case, and nothing in the latter. Diagrams are of great service in showing which words belong together, and as one boy said, "are as good in grammar as working out a sum in arithmetic."

Recently we have paid more particular attention to letter writing and composition, changing poetry to prose, and forming sentences from diagrams. Pictures are used in the composition work. With this help they have improved steadily, and where at first it was hardly possible to get more than three or four lines, now they hand in as many pages, the writing and spelling being, with few exceptions, wonderfully good. A compound sentence in a paper, just received, is rather more expressive than elegant, but is quoted as showing the general spirit quite fairly, "Grammar is good and don't you forget it."

First Division in History.

Miss Josephine Richards, teacher.

"The studying of history is learning what we never knew before," wrote an Indian girl, and even with so bright and thoughtful a class as the First Division it is a very true definition. Names and stories, which have always been household words with us, are not so fresh to them, but they pick them up very quickly, and seem to enjoy their new treasures of knowledge. Some of them thus commented on the question, "What is the good of studying history?" "The history is good for learn about all things going in past time," "Because we want to learn about the world, Discoveries, Settlements, also about Presidents." "I like it because I'll know about the world." "Because the people wanted to know who is the greatest man in the United States."

In teaching, the same general plan has been followed as last year. The familiarity of most of the class with English has made it very interesting to read them from works other than their simple text book ("Quackenbos' Primary History of the United States"), more detailed accounts of the men, the battles, etc., of which they have been learning. "The Boys of '76," and Hawthorne's "True Stories," have been very useful.

A sister of Bright Eyes, from Omaha, has been one of the stars of the class, a Sac and Fox boy from Indian Territory, its most intelligent questioner and learner, perhaps, while a little Sioux girl, the youngest of all, has shown a wonderfully retentive memory.

THE FIFTH DIVISION, ALL BOYS.

(1 1-2 years' work.)

This division is composed chiefly of Sioux from 12 to 30 years of age, A Negro boy from the Western coast of Africa has joined the class this year; also, a native of Ceylon, who was for some time cruising about the world in the yacht of an English gentleman, as his valet.

At one time a Zulu, who was brought from Africa with a travelling show, and left the party to seek an education, was a member of the class.

Fifth Division in Reading.

Miss Laura Tileston, teacher.

A year and a half ago, on a very warm morning, we welcomed a party of Indian youths and maidens. Dusty and tired, they sat about the rooms, while we endeavored to make them feel at home, and at the same time satisfy our curiosity, for it was a new sight to many of us to see tall, strong-looking men glance out from beneath long locks of dark hair. When a few days later they entered the class rooms, nicely dressed, it seemed that such a step in their lives must be warmly met, and every nerve was alert to help them. Not one word of English could the Fifth division boys use, with one exception. How, then, were they to read? The first lesson was in sounds, m, n, l, r, etc., through the alphabet. These amused them exceedingly, and often the teacher, on entering a room, would hear r, s, t sounds for her benefit. Many days were they gone over, and then words made. Monroe's Chart, and the blackboard doing every thing to aid them. After the sounds were learned merely as sounds, we paid no more attention to them, except as an exercise. Words were taught at sight, and as a whole; the sounds were not further pointed out. In the vowels only one sound was given: a, as in cat, e in ten, i in pin, o in on, u in up; and since then the long or short sound has been given in words, but no attention drawn to the difference. The Primer was used with the Chart, and afterwards the First Reader. Now the class is reading the Franklin 2d Reader as a preparatory to Monroe's 2d, it being thought best for them to read two books of that grade. The attention this year is given especially to voice, pronunciation, position and spelling. All lessons are first taught from the board until words are recognized, then each member of the class reads a paragraph. Expression is only particularly noticeable by its absence. Still there is a slight effort at exclamation, or question marks, and the comma and period are fairly noticed. A lady who visited the class, a teacher of elocution, gave them some points in opening their mouths, which did them a great deal of good. Reading in concert is the next step, and helps them in any attempt at expression, as they are more willing to try when well supported. Another day each boy goes to the platform in turn, reading the whole lesson, and taking corrections from the class. One lesson is often all that is taught in a week, as every step has to be illustrated by drawings, no matter how crude, acted out, or in some way made clear to them; sometimes being put into Indian by the smallest member of the class, a bright little half-breed. The last time that a lesson is read is always the most exciting, as each tries to read the story through, or, as they say, "Read all, make mistake, sit down." This exercise holds the attention of all to watch, and makes the reader especially careful of endings, such as *ing* and *s*, as an error is quickly noticed. In spelling, they have several written lessons a week, and for the most part, the words given are all learned. Once in a while oral spelling matches are tried, and again the class will go to the board and write as many words as possible from memory. It repays all trouble to see these boys, after a year and a half, able to stand in any service with Bible, Prayer or Hymn book, and know that they read for themselves the message of good will.

Fifth Division in Arithmetic.

Miss Cora Folsom, teacher.

The characteristic of this class is faithful and hard work. Most of the boys came a year and a half ago, without a word of English—learned to add 2 and 2, and finally mastered the first two rules of Arithmetic and the mechanical part of Multiplication and its table.

This year they have had short and long division, U. S. money, reduction and very simple fractions, such as are found in the Franklin Elementary Arithmetic.

For several weeks past they have been doing their hardest work, the analysis and explanation of practical examples. Their knowledge of English is so limited, and the expressions in the books so different from their ordinary conversational English, that oftentimes the example becomes almost entirely a language lesson. Still they are very wide awake, and never satisfied until the work is thoroughly mastered.

A very complicated example put into words, with which they are familiar, will be readily thought out in Indian (or Singhalese or African), but the difficulty is always in expressing these thoughts in English words. The abreviations, too, are a source of considerable real confusion as well as fun. They will insist upon reading 5 lbs. 5 elbows, I am afraid, longer than it will be funny to do so.

Upon asking one little boy how many dollars in 500 cents, he answered "5 dollars and no cents;" then after a little pause, he asked, "Which you rather have dollars or cents (sense)? To which one big boy responded: "I'd rather have sense, because then I could get dollars." And another little fellow said, "I'd rather have dollars because then I would have cents (sense), too, wouldn't I?"

Fifth Division in Language.

Miss Laura Tileston, teacher.

These are exceedingly bright boys, but being nearly all Sioux, are very averse to saying anything in English unless fairly sure that it is right. Many of them went North last summer, and so understand much more than they can say, and it is a constant temptation to talk to them rather than make them do so for themselves, for they are excellent listeners. Single words taught by objects came first, and afterwards were put into short sentences—the Present, Past and Future of the verbs was taught by the use of to-day, yesterday and to-morrow. Finding that they had many single words in their vocabulary—such as where, when, who, what, there, here, etc., whose exact use they were not sure of—a sort of game was tried which gave them confidence, and was a great help. About one hundred cards were written with simple questions, such as "Where are you?" Answer "Here I am." "What are you doing?" "I am sewing," etc. Two sides were chosen, and these cards were shuffled and distributed. A question was read from one side, and whoever thought he had the right answer would reply. Of course there were many funny mistakes, but they would try again and again until each answer was properly placed, and at last all were learned. Then new cards were given, or new answers to the same question. In this way they learned many of our every-day phrases, and were very quick in using them. Now they are giving more particular attention to letter writing, as that will be of the greatest service to them when they go home.

Fifth Division in Geography.

Miss Laura Tileston, teacher.

The 5th Division take Geography for their 4th study.

They have been taught the divisions of land and water by the use of the sand-table. Picture lessons of the people, costumes, and animals of different lands, have been given, and the minerals and products of different countries have been brought into the class as far as possible.

They have been interested in the different ways men build their houses, and in their methods of finding communication with each other. A lesson on telegraphy, and one on the Atlantic cable, given in this connection, aroused great interest.

SEVENTH DIVISION.

(5 months' work.)

The 7th Division consisted of but 7 scholars until December, when it was increased to 22 by the new arrivals from Dakota. These of all ages between 9 and 24, knew no English, and only a few could read or write even the Dakota language.

Seventh Division in Reading.

Miss Cora Folsom, teacher.

In teaching these beginners, what is known as the "word method" is used in connection with object teaching. They must be taught like little children in many ways, and yet in many others they must be regarded, as they are, full grown men and women. They have been reading from the Monroe Chart, learning to write, spell and use the words as they go along.

They are, on the whole, an ambitious class, and the prevailing spirit is so good, that the less thoughtful ones are swept on almost without their knowledge.

To-day they are able to write from dictation a sentence like this: "I want to stand in that little boat and toss a stick into the pond."

Seventh Divison in Arithmetic,

Miss Josephine Richards, teacher.

A very interesting class, but somewhat heterogeneous in age and acquirements, ranging all the way from sire to son, at the very first, when little White Corn, our Sioux baby, used to come with his papa and mamma. His problems were rather philosophical than arithmetical, how to find his centre of gravity being more absorbing than additions or subtractions. To teach the new scholars to count in English was the first step. One or two of the little ones have not yet got very much farther, but others have gone on rapidly, and a few have been promoted to a higher class. Objects and a numeral frame have been found useful in giving the idea of simple addition, subtraction, multiplication and division. When in subtraction the difficulties of borrowing were to be met, the little straws done up in bundles of tens proved friends in need. It was pleasant to watch an Indian boy, who at that time assisted in the class, explain this operation in Sioux to the scholars. Judging from their eager interest and the merry smiles called forth, he made it anything but a dry theme.

Seventh Division in English.

Miss Josephine Richards, teacher.

"Good morning," "good evening," "how do you do"—thus we begin our Language class with the new Seventh Division, the members of which, however little they can say in English, have very speaking faces, remarkably free from the stolidity generally considered a characteristic of their race; and their faces, we think, do not belie them, for most have made steady progress since their arrival. Objects and pictures have, of course, played a prominent part in their instruction. Perchance some day, if Indians continue to come to Hampton, Academic Hall will boast a recitation room especially fitted up for such language classes, its walls hung with colored prints, and its cabinets filled with objects which, ornamental or not, would be sure to be useful as something to talk about and carefully observe. Suiting the action to the word is very needful, and some of the tall braves go through the exercises of pulling hair or sleeve, bending wrists and arms, shaking right hand or left hand with great gusto. They seem to show much interest, too, in writing down the sentences put on the board as the lesson for the day, and it is surprising how well they will afterwards read these or re-write them from dictation when erased.

WINONA.

This year has been marked by the occupation of Winona, the new building for Indian Girls. It has done more for them in some ways than ten years' school-work. The pride they take in the building is an education in itself. They have now a good opportunity for industrial training, and are taught to cut, sew, mend, sweep, scrub, dust, wash, and iron, under careful direction. The new building has broadened and strengthened the Indian work in almost every direction.

The Assembly room provides a place for the weekly prayer-meeting, and for a Saturday evening singing-school for boys and girls together. The large hall, with the other rooms thrown open, gives ample space for social games on holiday occasions.

The sunny hospital rooms make the care of the sick easy, and increase their chances of recovery.

We have been able to organize an Indian Sunday School for the first time, dividing the students into classes according to their ability, giving to them more individual religious instruction.

No record of the year would be complete without an earnest expression of gratitude, in behalf of the Indian girls, to all those who have opened wide this new door of opportunity to them. We expected much from the building, but the inspiration it has given to the girls, has been a continual surprise.

GIRLS' INDUSTRIAL TRAINING.

The Indian Sewing Department.

Mrs. *L. A Seymour*, in charge.

The school year of 1883 has been one of marked improvement in the Indian Sewing Department. Our removal from the little, crowded room, in "Va. Hall," to the spacious one in "Winona," has added an impetus to work. If the donors, of King's Chapel, Boston, who gave the room, and the kind friends who brightened its walls with lovely engravings, could but realize how much they have done to elevate and encourage, I think they would be more than paid for their labors of love. We have now 41 girls; 14 have been added to our number since the last report. Also, 2 little papooses—"Little Bear" and "White Corn"—who are very busy, and show the effect of sanitary measures, if they do not appreciate them or their parents' desire for an education. They help to enliven the sewing room, where they are left during their mothers' absence in the mornings, and are kindly treated and waited on by the girls who vie with each other in caring for them. Beside making the bedding, wardrobe and window curtains, etc. for Winona—383 pieces—452 articles of clothing (169 of them dresses) have been made, almost entirely by the girls, and many of them cut and fitted by them. Most of this has been done by hand, as we have but one machine, and that is nearly worn out by the almost constant use of those who understand its use, and by others who are learning. Each school day has classes for sewing and cutting, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Friday is devoted to mending, and it is gratifying to see how even the youngest will come, with her bundle of nicely laundried clothes (done by herself), to repair the wear of time and the rents which will happen "we don't know how." Very little fancy work has been attempted, but a great amount of cutting, making, and mending, that will fit the girls for usefulness, and make them self-reliant and independent, has been accomplished.

The help of our colored graduates in the education of the Indians, deserves grateful acknowledgement. We doubt if it would be possible to find elsewhere, and from another race, service so faithful, so intelligent, so conscientious, and so unassuming.

The following report is from one of these.

The Girls' Housework.

Miss *Lovey Mayo*, in charge.

Last year the Indian girls were with the colored girls in Virginia Hall. There were a great many of the former, and as the latter had a better right to the building, the work in it was divided among them; thus leaving the Indian girls without anything to do but to take care of their own rooms, make their clothes, and wash and iron them at many disadvantages. The colored girls had a nice sewing room. Every afternoon, when the time came for the Indian girls' sewing school to begin, instead of going into a large room, furnished for that purpose, they reported in the small bedroom of one of the Indian teachers. This year, they have a handsome home of their own, with sewing room, laundry, and a splendid chance to learn all those things that will be of so much value to them when they return to their homes. The work of the whole building is divided among them. The earnestness, willingness, and thoroughness, with which they perform their several duties, is very creditable indeed. It is a large building and requires a great deal of scrubbing and cleaning to keep things in order, yet there has never been a cleaning day when there were not plenty of willing hands to do the work required.

All of the Indian girls, from eight to twenty-four years old, make their own clothes, wash and iron them, care for their rooms, and a great many of them take care of teachers' rooms. Besides this they have extra work, such as sweeping, dusting, and scrubbing the corridors, stairs, hall, sewing room, chapel, and cleaning other parts of the building. When one thinks of this he cannot help saying, or at least feeling, that it is remarkable how they do all this and go to school. The way in which they do their work, too, would put to shame many who are far ahead of them in advantages. It

would be hard to find a set of girls, of any race, who would do better were they placed under similar circumstances. It is, of course, a very good thing to know how to do all these things, but the lovely part of it is, to know how to do them cheerfully. It is one of the rules of the building, if a girl is sick and cannot do her work, she must send her room-mate to make it known just after breakfast, that some other girl may be appointed to do it for her before school time. We have had a great many sick girls this term, and whenever a girl was asked, "Will you please take ——'s work for her? She is sick," in spite of her other duties the girl would almost always answer cheerfully, "All right," or "Yes, marm."

There has been a very great improvement among the girls this term physically, mentally, and morally, and it is earnestly hoped that next year will bring with it even greater success.

The following report is from another graduate.

The Girls' Laundry Work.

Miss *Georgie Washington*, in charge.

Before Winona Lodge was completed the Indian girls did their washing and ironing in Va. Hall, late in the week, after the colored girls were all through. This, of course, was very inconvenient, especially when we had rainy weather and the clothes had to be dried in the house, so that their ironing came on Saturday. The girls bore these troubles very patiently, looking forward to the time when they would have a laundry of their own to wash and iron in, and to keep clean. They began work, in their new laundry, the latter part of October. There are two laundries—one wash laundry, and the other ironing laundry—ten stationary tubs, clothes boiler, and starch kettle, new stove, five long tables, and plenty of soap and starch. With all these conveniences, the girls, of course, were expected to do better work; and, I believe, they went into their new laundry with that intention. They wash in different squads of eight and nine girls in each squad. Their clothes are inspected as soon as washed, and, if not clean, they are washed again. This was hard at first for some of them to do, because they could not see the reason; but, after being told and having to do them over a great many times, I notice they make it a point now to wash them clean the first time. I felt very much encouraged at finding one girl willingly washing one piece of clothes four times. I could not say then that it was perfectly clean, but I was perfectly satisfied that she tried and did her best. Another difficult thing, at the beginning, was to make them understand what I wanted them to do. I had to use a great deal of natural language, because sometimes I would tell them something they would not understand, so the next thing was to show them what I wanted done by pointing out the object. A number of girls came Christmas, and the next week they were put into the laundry to wash. They could not speak a word of English; so, here was the hardest class of all. As I inspected their clothes, I would tell them the name of the different pieces in English, at which they all laughed, and thought it the funniest thing they had ever heard. I thought I had succeeded very well at making them understand the name and use of the different things in the laundry, when one morning, as I was about to make the starch, one girl, understanding the starch kettle to be the boiler, put her week's washing in and had it boiling instead of the starch. Now these girls wash and iron very nicely, indeed; and, when one thinks of the progress these girls have made, since Christmas, he cannot help feeling that their next two years at Hampton will make them satisfactory workers. Whenever a girl is sick and unable to wash her clothes, I ask some girl who is well and strong to wash for her, and I must say I have been very much surprised in some of them by the willingness with which they do it. The girls could not understand, at first, why the under-clothing should be ironed as nicely as the outer clothing, their excuse being no one would see them. I was not surprised at this, because I have seen a great many people do the same thing for the same reason.

Some may think these Indian girls do not appreciate their clothes, and the chance of keeping them clean and nice, but they do; they like to wash and iron very much. Some, of course, do better than others; that is true of all people; but the most of them like to have their clothes look clean and neat.

Girls' Cooking Class.

Miss M. A. Guillou, in charge.

The cooking classes are now in Virginia Hall. Another year we hope to move them to Winona, and improve the girls' chances for instruction.

This year four classes have had lessons in plain cooking. They have roasted and boiled meats, made and baked bread and cake, and learned to prepare tea, coffee and chocolate.

They are much interested in the lessons and frequently talk over the use they will make of them when they go back.

EDUCATION OF YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE.

A feature of this year's work has been the taking of young married people as students in the School. Three such couples have been received, two from the Omaha and one from the Sioux tribe. The Sioux family and one of the Omahas, each brought with them a little papoose about a year old. The parents attend school half-a-day and work the other half with the other scholars. We have attempted at Hampton nothing more hopeful than this in training Indians. The husband and wife advance together with common interests. A home will be established, on their return to the reservation, and their future will be comparatively secure.

It is interesting to notice, as side issues in this experiment, the increase of courtesy in the brave for his wife, and the growing care of the mother for her child, and the effort she makes to keep her husband's possessions, her room and her baby, and—last of all—herself, clean and tidy. It is touching, too to watch the increasing expression of tenderness of the father to his child. At first he evidently regards tending the little bit of humanity with scorn, and the woman carried the heavy baby while the man walks unburdened beside her. But the father grows to take great pride in his boy, and often relieves the mother now of part of the burden. He is never urged to this course but is, probably, aware that it gives great satisfaction. We have seen some striking developments of Indian character in this direction.

Nothing could be more exquisitely tender than the care of one of these big braves for his sick child, a few weeks ago. The mother seemed awkward beside him. Hurrying through Winona, late for dinner the other day, we met the same big brave in the corridor of the third floor with a baby in his arms, and felt it our duty to challenge his position. "Philip, what are you doing up stairs?" Answer given slowly and impressively: "I'm in charge of the baby." "Where's the baby's mother?" "Gone to dinner." A gratified chord vibrates in our heart, but duty compelled a further investigation. "Why don't you take him down stairs to your own room?" The brave turned with grave dignity, and walking scornfully to the other end of the corridor, stood looking in at an open door through which we saw the little Sioux papoose rolled in his blanket, deserted by his parents, and wrapt in rosy slumber in the empty room. It was an effective tableaux. The Omaha baby, pointing to his little sleeping playmate, made a gallant defence for his father in his infant jargon, while the brave watched his charges without a twitch of a muscle, though a twinkle in his eye revealed that he knew himself on unassailable ground, and thoroughly enjoyed the position.

The three families are now in Winona. It is intended to build, during the summer, two small frame houses—costing $200 apiece—like the better class of houses at the Agencies, and to teach two of the families to make, in them, as attractive and happy homes as possible with such materials as can be procured at their homes. Their places in Winona will be filled by other carefully selected young married people who will, in their turn, make the same experiment in housekeeping. Funds for these two cottages have been procured.

LITTLE BOYS' HOME.

Miss *J. Koch, in charge.*

We have been able, this year, to partly carry out a cherished plan of separating the little boys—7 to 12 years old—from the older ones, to give them something like home training. Miss Jacobina Koch, who has charge of them this year, and also the care of the sick boys in the Wigwam, makes the following report:

Until this year, the younger Indian boys had been living with the older ones, and had had no care other than that which all the rest received. This year they were removed into Division A. of the Wigwam, and have had more especial attention paid them. The little fellows sadly needed "mothering." They needed special care in almost every direction. Being small and heedless, as all small boys are, their clothing gave out sooner than that of the older boys, and as they could not understand the virtue of mending in season, they were often in a sad plight. On this point the effort was directed, not so much toward keeping them neat and clean for the time being, as toward teaching them self-respect, and making them anxious to look well, that they would take care of their own clothes. With this object in view, it has often seemed necessary to let a boy go ragged for a little while as a punishment for not caring properly for his clothing, and the lesson of neatness has been more surely taught in this way than it could be by precept; for, to the Indian pupils, a certain amount of clothing comes too easily, and they give no thought to where it comes from, being used all their lives to Government support.

The small boys, as well as the larger ones, are expected to buy their under clothing, as well as their shoes, with the money they earn by work; and, in order to control them in the use of this, and thus teach them the value of money, it was necessary for me to keep their accounts. They were allowed spending money only when all their bills were paid; and were advised, when they did get it, both as to the amount and the manner of expending it; which advice was rendered effective by a knowledge of the state of their wardrobes, and they have shown themselves more and more willing to save money for a specified object, and not to spend before earning. As to spending their money, an additional hold was gained on them in this way, for, when it was discovered that one of the boys had been buying cigarettes he was allowed no more money for two months, although he had several dollars to his credit. The punishment was effective, not only with the boy in question, but served as a warning to others. The rule that a boy who had a zero for bad conduct, and was therefore obliged to work on the Saturday holiday, could draw no spending money, has also worked very satisfactorily.

There has been a growing interest manifested in looking over their accounts, and they get much excited over the making up of their accounts every month, and often wish to see the book between whiles to calculate how much will be left if they get certain articles which they might do without.

The responsibility of choosing their clothing and spending their money—with such restrictions as have been mentioned—has always been thrown upon the boys; and if, by good care of their clothes, they lay by any money, they are at liberty to spend it as they choose provided they do not break the rules. The plan seems to have worked well.

When the Indians first come, they are apt to go to bed with all their clothing on, cap and boots included; especially is this true of the small Indian. It takes regular night visits and frequently interrupted slumbers to get him into the good habit of taking off all day clothing and wearing proper night dress. Not even when you think they have learned the lesson thoroughly, is it safe to stop inspection. They take it very kindly, however, and, if visited early enough, open their eyes with a sleepy smile and say, with a yawn, "I'm all right," if they are all right.

One of the best opportunities of getting a good hold on them has been afforded by the "Children's Hour." Every night after study hour, they come trooping in for a short visit before bedtime. An open fire made a good part of the attraction at first, before we were thoroughly acquainted, and as we became friends we talked of the day's doings, looked at pictures or read some good story; and the best time for slipping in a word of advice or reproof or encouragement seems to come in just then; and many little lessons of politeness and thoughtfulness have been learned at that time. On Sunday evenings they are excused from prayer meeting, and spend their time in a meeting here, where they may ask as many questions as they please about the "Story of the Bible," which they find very interesting, and after some marvellous bit of its history they often ask, "Is it true?" When I found the place in a Bible which had been given to one of the boys and read about the Holy City which we all hope to enter, their merry eyes opened wide and their little faces grew thoughtful, and they wondered if the little boy who died last autumn, went there, and asked, "Did the angels come to take him?"

The inspection of their rooms, with little prizes given to the neatest among them, has spurred them on to making greater efforts to keep them neat, and much improvement in that direction has been made this year.

The health of the small boys has been uniformly good during the year: even measles, mumps, and whooping-cough—though prevalent on the place—have not come nigh them.

Discipline has been maintained among the boys without much difficulty. Prompt and invariable, though not severe punishment, has had its usual good effect, and made the task of government light. In but one case was corporal punishment resorted to, and in that it had a most excellent effect. My authority has never been questioned by them, and I am seldom obliged to change a request to an order; and in but very few instances, has a boy been unwilling to do one of the many small things in which they help me.

THE HEALTH QUESTION,

which threatened to be an obstacle, if not a fatal barrier to Indian edueation at the East, has been to a degree settled. It is proved, we think, that constant eare, regular life, and instruction in the laws of health, improve the physical condition of the Indian in spite of the change of climate and new mode of life to which he is subjected.

CARE OF THE SICK.

Among white people we find those who bear pain heroically, and others who whimper over every little hurt, and think they are surely going to die if they have a sore throat or a stiff neck; and the same individual differences are found among the Indians, though the former class predominate largely. As a rule, the northern Indians seem to bear pain much more stoically, and are more unwilling to acknowledge themselves sick than their southern brethren; and, among the latter, the small boys seem to have more courage than the larger ones, and are much less inclined to give up for triffes.

During the first part of the school year, lung trouble, sore eyes, and other manifestations of a scrofulous condition, were the diseases most prevalent. One boy who went to Massachusetts, apparently in perfect health, came home far gone in consumption, having already been told by his Mass. physician that he must die. Coming back, all worn out with the trip, and finding a stranger in place of his former nurse, he wanted to be sent home; but, after a few days of rest and acquaintance with his new nurse, he said he wished to die here. He was a most patient and even cheerful sufferer, responding to all attention with a grateful smile; and, although he lived but about seven weeks after his return, he was much missed for some time. His has been the only death that has taken place during the year. Most of the sickness, during the Spring and late Winter, has been of a malarial type. Those among the Indian boys, who have been subject to chills and fever at home, have been the sufferers. We have had few cases of chills, and no severe cases at all. Malarial head-ache has been the most common form of the disease.

The Indians may be divided into two classes—those who have lived in houses and are accustomed to the white man's clothing before they come here, and those who come directly from the tepee and wear the blanket. The first are more easily trained to good physical habits, and as some northern people say, "know enough to go in when it rains;" the others usually disregard all warnings, and only learn to take care of their health under that hard schoolmaster, experience, through whose object lessons our wise Father teaches us when we are not willing to learn in any easier way.

One boy came to me for medicine for a severe sore throat and was perspiring profusely. "Too much water," said he, passing his hand over his dripping face. I administered the medicine, and, about two hours afterwards, having occasion to visit another part of the Wigwam, found the boy—it was now twilight—sitting on the fence in his shirt-sleeves and bare feet, allowing a raw November wind to dry the perspiration. This Spring this same careless boy has suffered from an attack of pneumonia brought on by wearing moccasins in wet weather. The Indian boy is not accustomed to working at home, and some of the least docile among them try to evade the rule here by malingering. These are soon found out, however, and if a rigorous course of disciplinary treatment is followed up, they soon get tired of nauseous medicine, and go manfully to work.

When a new physician or nurse first comes, it is almost impossible to get any of the patients to speak a word to them, or even to show their faces. They keep themselves tightly rolled up in their blankets and lie like so many mummies, but there is no difficulty after once gaining their confidence, and I have found but one boy who was unwilling to do one of the many little things they are frequently called upon to do for each other.

Taking the year as a whole, and considering their general condition on arrival, and their carelessness, the amount of illness has been surprisingly small. The greatest number under treatment, at any one time, has been 17; the smallest, 2; and I think the average is somewhere from 6 to 8.

We should keep in mind, in connection with the health question, the fact that when the Indian comes here he changes his climate, generally his clothing, his food, and all his habits, and begins a more confining life; works and studies nearly all day, and entirely gives up the free, self-indulgent life of the plains; and yet, in spite of everything, their general health has been constantly improving, year by year; and our report compares more than favorably with the health report of the Agencies.

The danger which now threatens to annul the effect of an Indian's education is his relation to this Government.

The sin which lies at the door of the American people is not robbing the Indian of his lands. It is robbing him of his *manliness.*

There is almost no incentive and no reward for an Indian's labor on a Government reservation.

It is heart-sickening to think of students, after years of training in habits of industry and self-help, throwu hack into such an atmosphere of miasma.

We acknowledge, with the deepest gratitude, the private enterprise and generosity which has made the appointment possible of wise efficient men in charge of three important Agencies in Dakota, who will do what is possible to stimulate and support the Hampton boys and girls who return to their care.

We do not claim that the Indian character furnishes no difficulty in the problem of his civilization. He is weak.

He adapts himself now with ease to the public spirit of the school, and readily accepts its training, but this does not prove his ability to resist the spirit and traditions of his own people when he shall return to them. His mind is unenlightened.

An Indian whose intelligence we have learned to respect, surprises us sometimes by a darkness of mind and superstition which is appalling. It is revealed only to one hc trusts, after most patient and sympathetic effort.

He is so dependent on others for moral support, that those who teach him feel a strong sense of personal responsibility for his failure.

But there is a clear sense of right about him, and a possibility of such power of manliness and self-control, that our respect for him is continually renewed.

We have yet to find any one who has worked intelligently and unselfishly for Indian education who doubts the possibility of his civilization.

REPORT OF REV. J. J. GRAVATT,

Rector St. John's Church.

Since my last report I have held services, with the Indians as follows: During the Summer vacation I met them *four* times on Sunday and *two* evenings in the week. Those from Episcopal Agencies attend, regularly, Sunday-school and church services in St. John's church, Hampton, where it may be, years ago, their forefathers worshipped with the settlers. Their behavior is *very good.* Their attendance upon the services is not only helpful to them, but it awakens an interest in their behalf among residents and visitors. In addition to this, I conducted services for them and the other students, *twice* on Sunday, and *twice* in the week. During the term they worship, as usual, in the old church, and I meet them Sunday afternoons and Friday evenings at the School. The Sunday-school is well graded, and by the valuable assistance of the teachers who take classes into different rooms, we are brought into personal contact with each Indian. At the close of the exercise they come together and are questioned on the lesson. I think this a great improvement on last year. We make the teaching objective, as much as possible, by taking prominent characters in the Bible, and by clustering events around them. I dare say the Indians are in better shape now than at any time since their stay here. With many there has been a radical change of life. Some, under the faithful guidance of the Rev. H. B. Frissell, school chaplain, have joined Bethesda chapel, and *eight* have been recently confirmed, by the Bishop of Virginia, in St. John's church, Hampton. God's blessing is resting on this work. May He give us grace to do it aright, and may the students become messengers of "salvation and peace" to their benighted people.

OTHER DEPARTMENTS.

OF THE LIBRARY.

By *Miss E. H. Lothrop*, in charge.

Both the usefulness and the attraction of this pleasant room have been much increased during the present school year. Much of the needed furniture has been made, the alcoves for the books, and the cases for the Indian and Hawaiian curiosities, the geological, conchological and other specimens. The number of volumes in the library at present is about two thousand six hundred. Nearly five hundred volumes have been added during the year, some of which were bought, but the greater part given to the library by friends.

The record since October shows that one hundred and nine boys have drawn two hundred and eighty-nine books. This does not mean however that two hundred and eighty-nine different books have been taken. In many instances the same book will be charged successively to many students. The same is true of the number of books drawn by the girls. Their reading is however much more limited, being confined almost entirely to fiction. Sixty-four girls have drawn during the last seven months one hundred and sixty five books.

More this year than ever before have books been read in the library. One hundred and nineteen students have called for three hundred and sixty-six books for use in the room. This number includes all references to the Encyclopedias This reading is I think more profitable than that done outside. Here they are free from the noises and interruption which must come to them while reading in the cottages. Here also there is someone ready to help them when they stumble over a word used figuratively or some other obstacle in the way of understanding what they are reading. Many of these students were sent by teachers to look up certain subjects in connection with class work. Direct reference from a teacher to a certain book or subject is one of the best ways to get them to come to the library, to give them an object for reading, thus helping them to acquire a habit of reading.

There is much carelessness on the part of some of the students in the care of books. The practice of losing them has been considerably checked by re-placing lost books at the expense of the loser. There is one source of loss to the library which cannot be met in that way. It is caused by some of the students who leave school without returning their library books. During the summer vacation one hundred and fourteen books were lost, two of which have been found. The number of papers and magazines which come to the Reading Room is one hundred and eleven, sixty-one of which come as exchanges to the "Southern Workman.". Most of these papers after being read here are sent away to graduates who are teaching. Pictures have a power superior to reading matter to attract and interest the majority of both colored and Indian students. The illustrated papers, so kindly sent by friends in response to a suggestion to that effect in the "Southern Workman," have been much approved by the students.

Some recently published illustrated books of travel and adventures for young people were given to the library and put with the papers within the sight of all. More earnest readers than those books had would be hard to find. Some of the work students would come regularly and hurriedly to read them during the fifteen minutes between the work and supper bell.

MEDICAL REPORT OF THE SCHOOL,

From Oct. 1st, 1882, to March 6th, 1883.

By *Dr. Martha M. Waldron*, Resident Phy'n.

The average health of the School has been better this year than last. There have been comparatively few cases of serious illness, and with one exception, all of these have yielded to treatment. There has been no death among the colored students. One Indian boy returned to Hampton, after his Summer vacation, in an advanced stage of phthisis, and died in a few weeks after his return. He had given no evidence of any disease before leaving the school. Two Indian boys (Sam, Brown and Baptist Gabe,) have passed through long and serious illnesses, but each has made a good recovery.

Two Indian boys, (Battice and Cracking Wing,) who, in the early part of the School year, seemed on the verge of a fatal decline, have greatly improved, and are now in a very favorable condition. Another (Medicine Bull), was also in such poor health that his return home was in consideration, but he improved under treatment and has, I think, a fair prospect of completing his school course and doing good work.

No Indian boy or girl has been sent home on account of ill health. One Indian boy, (Deluska,) who was received at the School October 1881, had, at the time of his arrival from the West, serious disease of the lungs, which was noted at the time. He has made no permanent improvement, and has been unable, during the greater part of the school year, to fulfill his duties in school and industrial work.

From April 1st to May 5th, 1883.

By *Dr. W. H. Birckhead*. Relieving temporarily, the Resident Physician.

I have come so recently among the classes represented in the Hampton Normal School —the African and Indian—that any observations of mine must necessarily be crude and incomplete. But some facts which have impressed me, in the course of my daily duties as School Physician, may prove of interest.

The average health of the students has agreeably surprised me, for when the large number of persons represented here is considered, and the poor conditions of life from which so many of them have come, the percentage of those on the sick list is certainly small. This is partly due, no doubt, to the climactic and hygeinic surroundings of the place, and partly to the fact that all cases of sickness are taken in their incipiency; every deviation from health being promptly reported to the proper authorities, as soon as discovered.

In regard to these races, as to susceptibility to disease and their power of endurance in cases of severe sickness, I think that, under similar hygienic conditions, they would compare fairly with the ordinary "hospital patient" of our great cities.

In some types of disease, however, as, for instance, those in which the elements of scrofula are prominent, the Indian, and the African likewise, are at a present disadvantage. This arises, no doubt, from hereditary tendencies and from other causes acquired in their former mode of life, and over which time and proper surroundings must inevitably have a marked influence.

The physical condition of both races, indeed, in this School, is unquestionably in a state of development, or rather change; owing to the difference between their former habits of life and the better hygienic and moral influences under which they are here brought. And, as time goes on, and their improved existence becomes more confirmed, there seems to be no reason why they should not gain a greater power of resistance to a class of diseases to which, just now, they are peculiarly liable.

The want of *morale*, if it may be called so, is another peculiarity of the African when overtaken by sickness. He seems to have but little power to combat disease, and too easily—seemingly almost too willingly—succumbs to its influence. This, of course, would make him an easy prey to epidemics, and even to comparatively ordinary maladies. This holds true, also, in regard to the Indian. He seems to bear pain with fortitude, as a rule; but becomes easily despondent about himself when sick; and, when he loses hope, he is very hard to rally, and often sinks under comparatively mild types of disease. In cases of wounds he seems to expect to get well, and generally does recover quite readily, and he endures an operation with much stoicism.

There have been no deaths in the School since I assumed the duties of School Physician temporarily, April 1st, 1883; nor have there been many cases of severe sickness.

There is one thing, in closing this Report, which calls for special notice; and in which cause and effect are so obvious as to suggest an immediate remedy. This is the fact that almost all, if not *all* the cases of malarial disease, occurring in Virginia Hall, have been in the north side of the building, in that part situated over the Laundry. This has been so marked that, in the opinion of all who have given the matter any thought or investigation, the removal of the Laundry to some place *outside* of the building is the only way by which the difficulty can be remedied; and I would respectfully urge that this be done as soon as possible, as a matter of sanitary improvement. There seems to be no other source to which the continued prevalence of malaria, on one side only of Virginia Hall, can be traced.

REPORT OF THE PASTOR,

REV. H .B. FRISSELL.

The religious work of the year has been of unusual interest and attended with most satisfactory results.

Contrary to the custom of former years, the regular services of the Sabbath were kept up during the summer months, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Gravatt, Rector of St. John's Church, Hampton. Previous to the last year, after the first of August, those of the students who remained during the vacation had no regular services on the place.

The presence of Mr. Gravatt, and his work among the students, was most excellent in its influence upon the school. The prayer meetings and the services were well attended all summer.

At the commencement of the term the religious work of the school was more thoroughly systemized than in former years. So far as possible each class was organized, each section had its leaders, and an earnest endeavor was made to engage every Christian man and woman in the place in some definite labor for the good of others.

The regular preaching services held in Bethesda Chapel, a frame building in the National Cemetery, used by the soldiers during the war, are attended by the whole school, with the exception of those Indians who come from Episcopalian agencies. These attend the Episcopal Church fn Hampton.

One, certainly, could not ask for more attentive listeners than are to be found in the audience of five hundred, composed of colored, Indian, and white worshippers. Responsive services have been arranged so as to give the students as much opportunity as possible to take part in the exercises.

The Sabbath school has so increased with the growth of the Institute as to make it impossible for all the students to meet in the Assembly room of Academic Hall.

During the past year the Indians have met in Winona Lodge, and Rev. Mr. Gravatt has acted as superintendent, while the colored students have remained in the Academic, under the care of the Pastor. It has been found that, owing to the imperfect knowledge of English on the part of the Indians, they do better by themselves. They have been instructed in the Old Testament, while the colored students have followed the International lessons through the Life of Christ and into the Acts of the Apostles. The Young People's Christian Association has done most efficient work. Its prayer meeting committee has advised with the Pastor as to the best times and places for holding meetings. Its reception committee has looked after the new students, and endeavored to interest them, and companies of workers have been sent out on the Sabbath, and sometimes during the week, to render aid to the poor aud to read the Bible to those who have never had the opportunity to learn. During the past year they have started cottage prayer meetings, where several families could come together to hear the reading of the word. They have found a hearty welcome and attentive listeners in all the country round. On Christmas Day a part of the students gave up the extra dinner which the school provided, and others aided with money, so that some twenty-five poor families were supplied with a good dinner. All of Christmas morning was spent by students in distributing these among the poor, and thus they were taught an object lesson as to the means of the day never to be forgotten by many of them. An effort has been made during the past year to interest the students in the work in foregn lands, and, with this end in view, certain countries have been assigned to different classes for them to study them up and present at the monthly concerts. They have been quite enthusiastic over the matter, and thus they have gained a fair knowledge of the geography, customs, and religion of the prominent countries where mission work is being done. The meeting has been entirely in their own hands, conducted by one of their own members, and they have shown much pride in working up their subjects.

Between forty and fifty of the students have been engaged in the Baptist and Methodist Sunday Schools of the place, in some cases acting as stiperintendents. Although it has not been possible to do much in the country around this year, there has been more interest within the school itself in the temperance meetings than ever before. Several of the boys have gone out to take part in the meetings in the school-house with Mr. Rowe, who has been hired by the school to do temperance work in this county, but having been ordained to the ministry, has gone further south to take charge of a church.

From the first of the term there has been an increased interest in the prayer meetings, those for the whole school on Sunday mornings being very largely attended. With the coming of the Week of Prayer especial interest manifested itself among the students, and when at its close they asked that the evening meetings, which had been held for twenty-five minutes before the evening study hour, he continued, the request was granted, and with the beginning of the new week there came a quiet but powerful influence over the school which every one felt. There was much earnest thought among the students upon religious subjects, and many who had been careless and thoughtless before became earnest in their endeavor to follow Christ. No unusual methods were adopted; there was the greatest quiet in all the gatherings of the students. The only change in the daily programme was the giving of a few extra minutes at the time of evening prayers. Those who professed their faith in Jesus Christ were taught that they were expected to show their faith by their works in the school-room and the work shops. Between eighty and ninety of the students took a stand as Christians during the meetings in January, and with very few exceptions those who started out in the Christian life at that time are still holding on in an earnest endeavor to walk the new road. The religious interest was felt among the Indians, and in the meetings a number of them arose to tell of their love for Christ, and their determination to follow Him. At first they seemed hardly to understand the meaning of what was going on, but afterwards they took part, either in their own tongue or in English, sometimes using an interpreter and sometimes commencing a prayer in English and ending in Dakota. There is a marked difference between the two races in their ways of looking at the Christian life. The Indian takes God's word for it that he can be saved through Jesus Christ. The only evidence of a changed life that he seems to look for in himself is the power to put down the old temptation. When he can do that he is quite ready to believe that it is God's help which makes him to do it, and he comes and asks admission to Christ's Church. The colored student, on the other hand, finds it hard to take Christ's word alone as sufficient basis for believing. He frequently expects some evidence which will appeal to his senses. He finds it hard to believe that Christ calls him. Many of them wait for years for an experience such as others have had, and will not be satisfied unless they gain it. Religious work among both races is most interesting. They are both naturally religious; they accept the truths of the Gospel, and when they understand what the new life requires they struggle as earnestly as any people I have ever seen to be conformed to God's law. That their conception

of the requirements of that law is very imperfect, that their moral standards have been degraded and their moral perceptions blunted by the dreadful training of the past, no one can deny; but after close observation in school and on the plantation I consider that they offer a most hopeful field for religious work. The well nigh universal testimony which I have received to the pure lives and honest work of Hampton graduates, by southern men, both white and black, on a recent horse-back trip visiting the schools of tide-water Virginia, makes me more hopeful than ever of the capacity of the colored race for moral and religious growth.

Certain school experiences of the past year have given us a clearer insight than ever before into a dreadfully imperfect conception of right prevailing among them. We have found nearly a whole class pursuing a course of conduct almost as utterly wrong as Paul's persecution of the Christians, with quite as much ignorance as had he of the wrong they were doing. These experiences, while they incite us to new endeavours to make these students understand what is right and wrong, yet create no discouragement in our minds, nor make us believe in the statement so often made, that the religion of the Negro is of no value.

These students show to still better advantage after graduation, when they get out into the work. When one considers their surroundings, the stand which they are able to take seems remarkable. A southern white man, the treasurer of one of the largest counties of tide water Virginia, where many of our graduates had been, said that he had never been able to find anything against their moral character, although they were surrounded by impurity.

In a recent trip through some of the counties of tide-water Virginia, I found several young men in the ministry who were doing as well as they could with the limited advantages they had had in the way of an education, but were anxious for an opportunity to pursue their studies further. There is no school in this region where they can receive instruction in English and at the same time pursue a regular course in Bible study, and many are unable to avail themselves of the institutions in Washington and Richmond. I have inquired in many places hereabouts, and have found a strong desire for something of this kind in this part of the country. I recommend to the trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute that a school for Bible study be established in connection with the other departments of this institution, where men already in the ministry can come and learn more of the use of God's word, and those having the ministry in view can gain such a knowledge of English and of the Bible as will enable them to preach the truth intelligently. Under the circumstances the school must be undenominational, and I recommend that the students who come from Baptist and Methodist churches be placed under the spiritual care of the pastors of the churches of those denominations in Hampton, these gentlemen being invited to take part in the instruction of the school. I would suggest that the students in the Bible school be allowed to enter such of the regular classes as they may be qualified for by their previous advantages, and that opportunity be given for earning a part of their support in the Industrial departments of the school. As in many cases the congregations are unable to support their pastors without their engaging in manual labor, much help might be rendered to pastors and people, at the same time that they gain the mental and moral training which comes from the labor of the hands. I would recommend that two or more cottages be erected upon the school grounds, to cost between $200 and $300 each, for the accommodation of those men who may desire to bring their wives with them, so that they too may feel the influence of the school, and thus more permanent work be done in raising the whole family.

In connection with this school I suggest that a Ministers' Institute, for the study of the Bible, be held for two or more weeks in the year, to which all the colored pastors of Eastern Virginia be invited, and where the professors from the leading institutions of the State be asked to take part.

NEWS ITEMS.

In order that the students might be able to read the papers intelligently and know something of what is going on in this world, I have spent a few minutes of each morning with the whole school in discussing the news items, and a daily bulletin of news his been posted in one of the halls of Academic Hall. I have questioned them upon what they have read, called their attention to certain paragraphs in the papers in the reading-room, and endeavored to correct certain wrong ideas gained from their reading. I believe that they are quite as intelligent on subjects of general interest, and more anxious to know, than most white students of the same age. They never fail to be interested in what is going on at Washington or Richmond. They have expressed considerable sympathy with the Irish people in their troubles, and have taken a lively interest in the murder trials in Dublin. It is not easy to show them that the Chinese have any rights in this country. It is quite natural, under the circumstances, that they should be inclined to think more of their own rights than the rights of other people.

The discussion of the advantages of Liberia as the future home for the colored people was exciting. At the time of Dr. Blyden's visit many were ready to say that they would go back with him. Several of them however, had friends who had been out there and had returned not entirely satisfied. After a pretty thorough discussion of the subject, considerable of the enthusiasm died away. One of the most interesting exercises of the week has been the talk about the news with the students of the night school on Saturday evenings. This is the only time during the week, except Sundays, that they have to themselves, yet they have picked up considerable general information.

POLITICAL ECONOMY AND CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

I met the Senior class four times a week, during a part of the year, in the study of Political Economy. The tariff has been the one exciting topic of discussion in this class. We have read and heard reports from many of the articles that have appeared in the Reviews and newspapers on both sides of the question. Mr. Porter's letters in the *New York Tribune* have been read with much interest, and the articles on the subject in the *Princeton Review*. Although the text-book used is decidedly in favor of free trade, the class was about evenly divided in their convictions. They took up the subject of the tariff for debate in their societies, and often seemed to feel a sense of wrong when asked to give the arguments on the side opposed to the one which they had espoused. They are inclined to be decidedly partizan in their way of looking at these subjects, and it is not easy for them to see both sides.

The Seniors and Middlers have united together, during a part of the year, in the study of Civil Government, thus producing laudable emulation between the best students of both classes. We have used Townsend's Analysis in connection with the study of the Constitution of the United States. A very good knowledge of American History has been shown, and a rather remarkable power to cite cases, in their own experience, in illustration of the subjects under discussion. They have very decided opinions on most of the questions taken up, and do not hesitate to express them. Their strong desire to talk is sometimes a hindrance as well as a help in teaching them

INDIAN EDUCATION.

The foregoing reports, together with those of Capt. Brown, Commandant, and of the Superintendent of the Indian workshop, herewith submitted separately, both very encouraging, complete the account of the year's work for Indians, who, thanks to the liberality of friends, are now provided for in every important respect.

The total charity for Indians at Hampton, from October 1878 to Jan. 1 1883, has been $60, 428.16. Government has given $35, 935. 98. Charity has erected and fitted up all buildings, and supplied one-third of current expenses. There is room for twenty more girls, but there is no money to help, the appropriation bill providing for only one hundred. We now have one hundred and nine Indians—nine wholly at our expense, and do not feel justified in adding to that list.

Arrangements are being made to send North twenty-five of our youth who have, in response to a suggestion, applied to be sent to spend a year and a half with the farmers in Berkshire county, Mass.

After one or two years at Hampton, the change has many advantages. The Indian office can help in the matter only when children are sent for three years, which is a foolish limitation. It is well for Indians to spend four or five years in the East, dividing the time between regular school and farm life, according to each individual case, giving from one to three years to the latter. It is impossible for Congress to legislate wisely in such matters.

The children should be sent North, and an appeal to private benevolence be made to supply the necessary but moderate expenses of our Indian colony in Massachusetts.

While the charitable are willing to help in this cause, it is an unfortunate fact that they have too often been called upon to do what both those who have appealed and those who have been appealed to have felt was forced upon them unjustly, and their liberal giving has been attended with no respect for those who are really responsible for them.

Sending Indians to Massachusetts for the summer has been our practice for five years; leaving them there for a year or more is similar to Capt. Pratt's admirable plan of putting his pupils with the farmers of Cumberland valley, Pa. Another year we might have one hundred and sixty Indians in our care, placing fifty in Berkshire county Mass., at moderate expense. All such work should be connected with and a part of a central institution, which shall first receive the wild children, "break them in," and then judiciously scatter them. Politicians have faintly comprehended and sadly muddled wise work for the Indian, and with good intentions have made the best men reluctant to take hold of their education.

If people knew how much the work at Hampton and Carlisle, as well as Indian education generally, has been disadvantaged by unwise legislation, my reference to it would surprise no one. The hindrances to this cause are chiefly at Washington. In the Indian himself there is little to discourage.

Last January the Faculty of the School took the following action:

"*Resolved*, That the duty of the Government to its wards, the sentiment of the country and the welfare and capacity, as well as condition of the Indians, demand a just and liberal policy towards all well conducted efforts for the education of the red race.

"*Resolved*, That when private institutions, properly approved by the authorities, are willing for any reason to educate Indians for less than actual cost, for less than the Government can do it in its own schools of like kind, besides providing land, buildings and outfit at their own charges, they and not Congress should fix such terms; that such reductions should be voluntary, and not called for by our national Representatives.

"*Resolved*, That the action of Congress in fixing, regardless of the recommendation of the Department of the Interior and of the application of the Hampton Institute for a higher rate (but less than cost), the rate of $167 apiece, as the annual payment for the education of Indians at this school, is unworthy of the Government, and unfavorable, as far as private and charitable efforts are concerned, to the cause of Indian education."

This action explains itself. It is in behalf of combined private and public education for the Indian especially, which attempts to thoroughly carry out the best and broadest practical education. The Society of Friends has received thirty Indians into one of their schools in Indiana, on the terms allowed to Hampton, and when they shall come to introduce elaborate mechanical teaching, will feel, as they even now do, the justice of our position. The allowance of $200 a year for each Indian at Carlisle is by no means a generous one.

Hampton's application, duly approved, for only $175 apiece, per year, has twice been denied by Congress.

The last Congress provided for the education of four hundred Indians anywhere in the United States at the rate of $167 apiece, who are to be kept, clothed, &c., for the entire year, calling for their training in a more complete and difficult manner than, so far as I know, is given in any school in the land for whites. We can do it here only because the immense "plant" for the Negro makes it possible.

People may be glad to take Indians at that rate, but the work called for will not be done. I regard the provision as most unfortunate for the cause of complete training; it is adequate only when the labor instruction is simply in farming; then even less might suffice.

Well situated army posts under good officers seem to afford the best conditions for economical Government schools, from the large number that can be brought together, in buildings already provided. Private schools will never, I think, take over fifty pupils, which makes the cost *pro rata* much larger than when there are two hundred or more. What Capt. Pratt does well at $200 apiece for 300 Indians, a private school will find it hard to do at $250 apiece for fifty Indians.

Of the industrial training of our Indians I can only repeat what was reported last year, that they are willing and apt at work; twelve of them have recently, at their own request, preferred to work ten hours a day, studying two hours at night, to studying mornings and working afternoons. In the latter case they, as a rule, receive $2.50 a month, with which they get their underclothing and shoes, the school uniform being allowed; in the former they are paid $5 a month. Some of them show a disposition to save. They work all day because they see the advantage of skill. They are like other people when they have corresponding advantages. Their failures are in effect forced upon them.

The kind co-operation of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in again giving us contracts for supplies is appreciated. This year we are making for the Indian service as follows:

2,000 pair of men's brogan shoes.
1,100 doz. articles of tin ware,
100 setts of double plow harness,

all at prices corresponding to the lowest bids of outside contractors for the same article. The profits are scant, but it is well to get back cost of material and labor.

Our boys are working as follows:

On the farm	16
In the shoe shop	12
As carpenters	17
In tin shop	5
In harness shop	4
In paint shop	1

Their new work shop, a gift, costing $5,000, from a lady of New York, has given them many advantages.

The health question, which is the Indian's weak point, is no longer serious. They have many ailments, and are rather irregular as well as slow in their labor, but their spirit and their *productions* are excellent.

OF RETURNED INDIANS.—

Of the twenty-five boys and five girls whom I left in October, 1881, at their homes in Dakota, I would give the following accounts from reports dated on or about May 1, 1883:

From Yankton Agency.—Frank Yellowbird is teaching in the Government boarding-school at Lower Brule. Says Rev. Mr. Cook: "He seems to be doing well, and I have the faith to believe he will be an honor to Hampton Institute, and to us." David Simmons is in the employ of the Agent as an issue clerk, saves his money, supports his mother and sister, is a consistent Christian, and commends himself to everybody. Edwin Bishop, a most promising boy, was accidentally killed a year ago. Oscar Brown died this spring of consumption. Both these boys were true Christians.

"Carrie Anderson and Lizzie Spider," Rev. Dr. Williamson says, "have not done as they should, but are both on the upward track now. Carrie is now in the Government boarding-school as a pupil. Lizzie Spider has united with the church lately, and appears to be leading a more earnest, reformed life. It would have been different with these girls if they had had respectable homes. When one knows the temptations which surround such girls, he condemns with compassion." These youths have not had the help that a capable Agent could have given them. The inefficiency of the present one is most unfortunate for the educated Indians who are under his his care. A good Agent is as important as a good school for those who try to improve.

Of those who went to *Fort Berthold Agency*, under the care of of Capt. Brown: Josephine Malnourie has married a white man of repute, and is doing well. Arahotchkis is living with his parents. Laughing Face has behaved badly, but with Ka What and Ahuka is interested in farming at the Agency. "All," says Agent Kauffman, "show marked improvement over those who have not had the benefit of training." Karunach has returned to Hampton, paying his way, to improve himself in English and at

his trade.

The selection of youth from this agency was a poor one, the head men all opposing education at that time, but none have gone back to Indian dress; all are wearing citizens' clothing and short hair. Limited appropriations have prevented the Agent from giving adequate employment to these youth.

Lower Brule.—Crow Creek and Lower Brule Agency (now consolidated), contain together nine of our returned Indians, who are reported on as follows:

George Bush Otter taught in Agency school for about one year, then attended school at Yankton Agency for about six months; after that returned to Hampton at his own requst, that he might complete his knowledge of English and better fit himself for the work. Has done well.

Zedo Rencontre. Worked at Agency at first, doing well; but afterwards fell out with Agent, and has since been at home. Wears citizen clothes, and helps his mother, a widow. Henry Rencontre, same as foregoing.

Wichackasaka. Did well at first, but is now at home. Has not gone back to Indian ways. Asks to return.

Winnebago. Worked at Agency off and on for some time. At last report he was working at Agency.

Agent reports that boys did well at first, but fell away later. Did not stick steadily at work, &c.

Crow Creek.—Edward Ashley: has been steadily employed at Agency boarding-school since his return home; has done exceedingly well.

Zie Wie helped her father in his store for some time, but has not done well of late. She has just died of consumption.

Frank Pamani did very well at Agency shop for the first year and a half; but is now reported to have returned to Indian dress and the camp life.

At Standing Rock Agency.—John Pleets is hostler, at twenty dollars a month and rations; slow but reliable; soon to be married to a nice girl from the Agency school.

Thomas C. Fly, assistant carpenter at twenty dollars a month and rations; reliable and improving steadily.

Andrew Fox (from Crow Creek): employed from October 1, 1882, as apprentice carpenter at five dollars a month and rations; not bad but dilatory; has just left to work on his uncle's farm.

Rosa Pleets, after an unsatisfactory career of several months entered the girls' boarding-school last March, and has been "doing splendidly."

Cheyenne Agency.—Henry Fisherman is at work in Agency shops; doing well.

Henry Brown taught one year in Agency school; worked with Agency herd and on the hay contract; is now at home with his father; is reported to have done very well.

LeRoy Shutashnay: worked at Agency for about a year; is young, and was found fickle and boyish; wants to come back; is now at home.

Joseph Wahn worked very well in the Agency blacksmith shop for about a year, doing well; he is now at home; his brother, "Pretty Boy," has a farm and a small herd of cattle; has since returned to work at Agency.

Louis Agenoughea worked very well at the Agency for some time; but returned to the camp; his uncle is well to do for an Indian; has a ranche and cattle; all the family dress in citizens clothing.

"No Heart," leading Sioux chief, reports that the boys have not done as well as they should, and requests that the boys now here, and to be sent hereafter, be kept at school for a longer period; he doesn't think three years long enough; he applies for the admission of another nephew; he has had a son and five nephews here, four of whom have returned home.

The foregoing details are given because the question is not can Indians be civilized, but what becomes of the civilized Indians? As a whole, those sent back from Hampton have not been a failure. The success of the educated Indian depends on himself and on his Agent, who, when bad or weak, destroys half the chance of the pupil.

Of our thirty returned Indians but four (those at Standing Rock) have had the benefit of a first-rate Agent. Four of the six Agencies above mentioned have been till recently in bad hands, owing mainly to the small salaries, which will seldom command the services of competent men. Our public policy is most pernicious in this respect. Twenty-two of the sixty Indian Agents have salaries of $1,500 apiece; twenty-one get $1,200, or less, and seventeen receive from $1,800 to $2,200; three only have the latter. None should get less than $2,000.

When the Agent at Standing Rock was about to resign to accept a better situation, a friend provided an addition to his salary, that saves to three thousand Indians one of the best men in the service. When other friends wished the 2,500 Sioux Indians at Crow Creek and Lower Brule to have a chance to improve, they urged a competent man and provided extra salary.

But the best of Agents can do little while Indians are indiscriminately fed. The thousand Sioux at Devil's Lake Agency, Dakota, have, in thirteen years, been all brought near to the point of self-support, because (by a special provision) they were fed and helped only as they worked. The rest of the Sioux are worse off than ever, for the lazy and intractable among them fare as well as any.

The treaties that provide food, etc., for Indians, state most emphatically that education and ultimate self-support are their end. But this result is put farther off than ever: one provision of the treaty is made to defeat another. Is this right? It would be right, I believe, to deny to lazy, intractable Indians at least coffee, sugar and tobacco, the luxuries—letting them have beef, flour, etc.—until they should do better. Remarkable results were wrought among the Shoshone Indians in this way.

Looking at this great pauperizing system, which has no parallel in our time, which would make a mob of the poor of our cities, and is ruinous to the red man, I believe that any revolution in our Indian management desirable that would change it to a generous fair help of the Indian under the treaty, according to their needs, putting wise pressure on the idle and thriftless, in virtue of the expressed objects of the treaty. I think this is appreciated at the Indian Department, and that some such measures are likely to be adopted when the agents can be trusted.

On the educated Indian girl rests most heavily the burden of disadvantage. She cannot, like the boys, work at the Agency shops. She can teach, but the schools promised by the treaty to every thirty children have no existance. She is hardly fit for the drudgery of a family servant. Girls go to their old camps, and have hardly a chance. Bringing well selected married couples here is full of hope and promise. (See Miss Eustis's remarks on this subject.)

So far as this school is concerned, I think there would have been little cause of complaint had a single official visited it in the past two years.

Unless looked into by the authorities personally and carefully, this and like work will find their relations with the government unsatisfactory, because they will not be understood or appreciated. There should be a better way of dealing with work like this if men and money are needed to extend it as the people are disposed to do, to meet the exigency of the Indian.

The space given to the Indian question in this report is due to the critical condition of the red race; the scarcity of intelligent ideas about them, and the importance that they should be better understood.

OF THE INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM

The reports herewith submitted give an account of the year's work, which has been, on the whole, a satisfactory one.

Colored students have been employed as follows—an average of one hundred and forty of them working all day and studying at night:

YOUNG MEN.

In Farming,	133
In Huntington Industrial Works,	25
In the Machine Shop,	12
In Knitting Department,	9
In Carpentering,	3
In Harness Shop,	2
In Tin Shop,	2
In Shoe Shop,	5
In Blacksmithing,	1
In Printing Office,	3
In Wheelwrighting,	3
In Tailoring,	2

YOUNG WOMEN.

In Sewing and Tailoring,	66
In Housework,	185
In Cooking Class,	40
In Laundry Work'	60

All girls do house-work.

The total earnings will be given at the close of the school, and fiscal year, June 30th, and published in the annual reports. Total earnings last year were $31,530.56.

There is a disadvantage in student labor, which requires as much regard for instruction as for production, teaches all departments of a trade instead of one alone (hence frequent change of work and less profits), and calls for great forbearance with many who, on a strict business basis, by reason of youth or slowness, or want of toughness, would be discharged. Wages which they need and deserve must be paid rather that what we can afford to pay. All this makes it necessary to provide, as a basis for industrial education, buildings, outfit, and, for a few years at least, the salary of foreman, without expecting interest on capital. Some of our industries do better than this. I think all will in time, but this is the way to begin. The value of training the hand, of industrious habits, and of self-reliance, and the effect of it on character, is such that no one who has had experience with the labor system will ever give it up. The system is difficult and costly, but it pays in the best sense. Perhaps twenty-five per cent. more student labor is required to do a given job than outside hands; the pay being the same, the difference being in practice and in endurance.

Night students not unfrequently flinch from the ordeal of ten hours' work and two hours' night study, but the plan with an average of one hundred boys and forty girls is a success. The disposition of the Negro to "work out his own salvation" seems as strong as ever. The country region furnishes more labor students than the city; this school represents the brawn and the strength of the race rather than its culture. The absence of the classics in our course in part explains this.

The conditions for the favorable solution of the problem of combined labor and study at Hampton seem remarkable. For the Negro student there is no way to an education but by hard work; white youth will not work for what they can get more easily. The exigency of the former becomes his advantage; it is the heroic age of the one, the golden of the other. The ex-slaves are the best material for our purpose.

It was little dreamed fifteen years ago how fortunate would prove this location near Hampton Roads, which is a converging point of water routes and of railroads, one trans-continental, destined to be the centre of a great commerce; its shores to be a resort for purposes of health and of pleasure. The entire region is stimulated, creating a demand for our manufactures, while access by water to the Northern markets secures a ready market for the produce raised on our 650 acres of arable land.

The mechanical department was quite limited until the arrival of Indians in 1878, who (government paying for their personal expenses), were put under competent foremen, with whom a few colored youth were mingled to great advantage. Recently, through the kindness of Miss Catherine Wolfe, of New York, they have been provided with excellent work-shops.

Mr. Geo. H. Corliss, of Rhode Island, started larger operations by presenting to the School an 80-horse power "Corliss" engine.

Soon after Mr. C. P. Huntington's gift of a saw-mill and wood-working establishment was received, and provides for 30 colored students. The "Stone Building," from Mrs. Valeria Stone, gives ample room to the printing office, sewing room and knitting department. A shop for iron work, the gift of Mr. Moses Pierce, of Connecticut, awaits an outfit of steam engine and machinery to make more complete our system of mechanical industries.

All our industies are at a disadvantage for want of working capital, which is as indispensable as buildings or machinery. Each shop should have an amount of material on hand and be able to make up and hold stock till it could be sold to advantage. Each manager should exercise his or her trade intercst or skill, subject, of course, to the central authority; but putting his thought and interest in his work like those who are working for their own living. Now the central office decides on nearly every detail, having no fixed amount at its control, for the work department. We must conduct our business as other people do, each branch being separate and independent by itself; they are now indeed, all separate as to accounts, but do not have that separate existence that they should have, excepting the saw-mill, to which was loaned last year ten thousand dollars of the endowment fund, at five per cent. interest. It is the largest and yet the simplest of all the industries from its complete independence.

I therefore appeal to the friends of the school and of industrial education to contribute the sum of $25,000 working capital for our industries, on which some of them could now pay a moderate annual interest. This would strengthen the school, relieve the undue pressure upon the central office, and establish on the ordinary business foundation the industrial system of this school, which, until this is done, will not be assured for the future. The special task of the coming year is, I think, to complete and establish our departments of labor.

IN GENERAL.

Your attention is called to the report of Capt. Brown, Commandant, herewith submitted. The value of a cadet organization depends chiefly upon the character and efficiency of the officer in charge. Under Capt. Brown our military system is educational in the best terms, promotive of self-control, good habits and of manliness. Upon both races its effect has been marked and most satisfactory.

Your attention is also invited to the accompanying reports of the Farm Manager, Engineer, Superintendents of the Indian Work Shop, and of the Huntington Industrial Works, Business Agent, Manager of the Girls' Industrial Room and of the Printing Office. They are generally satisfactory.

A thorough inspection of the grounds and buildings has been made by Mr. Frank Wingate, of New York, Sanitary Engineer, who kindly volunteered his services. His most important recommendation is that of a new laundry for reasons of health. The present one in the basement of Virginia Hall, where the garments of five hundred students are washed, having caused sickness in the girls' room above.

I refer you to Dr. Birkhead's very strong statement, above, in this matter. A two-story brick laundry, fitted up, will cost $5,000, of which $2,000 are already secured.

In the past three years the School has had an unprecedented growth; all the buildings so far required have been completed and paid for with surprising generosity on the part of friends. It is free from debt.

The Gymnasium, 125x60 feet, with a bowling alley, commenced by the late Mr. F. Marquand, will be completed from the proceeds of his estate at a cost of $6,500.

Many have suggested the need, and we have long realized the probable advantages of a green-house, with a view to the local and northern market for flowers. An excellent start in this direction has just been made by a gift of $922.00, from a friend, for one complete green-house. Additional space under glass, with stock, to cost not over $1,500 more, would be enough for the prospective business.

The new two-story brick shop, 40x60 feet, for work in iron—corresponding to the Huntington shop for wood work—the gift of Mr. Moses Pierce, is finished and needs an engine and boiler besides five thousand five hundred dollars worth of machinery. Of this, two thousand dollars worth have been contributed. A grist-mill costing $500, and a small brass and iron foundry costing $1,500 should be added, all to be in charge of our chief engineer, Mr. Goff, who, with a corps of nine student-workers, is already in our employ. These are simple and easily learned industries, for which Negroes are well adapted and are in steady demand.

The special needs of the School are summed up as follows:

For a Laundry		$5.000
Already given	$2,000	
For Machine Shop		5,500
Beside engine and boiler.		
Already given	2,000	
For Green House		1,500
Already given	922	
For grist-mill and foundry		2,000

In addition to this, is the $20,000 above asked for a working capital. This, and all but $5,000 of the above, would be productive capital varying, of course, in its yield from year to year, but, in the mature condition of most of our industries, and from the advantage of our position, may be expected to give an average yearly interest of three per cent., to say nothing of the moral and educational results involved.

Our annual expenses, amounting now to about $40,000 a year besides public aid, have been met as heretofore by the charity of friends. More comes in the shape of annual scholarships of $70 than in any other one way. Funds for general purposes are needed quite as much as for tuition. Constant effort is required to secure additonal scholarships as the number of students increase as well as to make up for those who discontinue their contributions. We have had this year a hundred students for whom no tuition was provided. It is no easy thing to make ends meet at the close of the fiscal year, June 30th. During the past four years, however, the school has paid its way without employing any soliciting agency whatever.

Nine thousand dollars received from legacies, and two unrestricted gifts, one of five and one of ten thousand dollars, have been most opportune in meeting the great cost of erecting and furnishing six large substantial buildings. Paying for them so soon after completion was a gratification we had not dared to hope for. The school is out of debt, thanks to a generous few.

We cannot but hope for increased endowment funds as a permanent and reliable means of support. This work must eventually retire from the front rank of the charities of the day, but I trust it will always be in relation with the hearts of the people. What they do for they care for.

One permanent scholarship, of $1,500, has been received; also $14,000 for general endowment.

I would recommend that the salaries which, in 1874, owing to deep embarrassment, were reduced ten per cent. (see per schedule herewith submitted), be restored to the original amount. The total increase will be $580.

Respectfully submitted,

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal.*

Hampton, Va., May 24th, 1883.

REPORTS OF DEPARTMENTS.

From the various reports from heads of departments, accompanying and referred to in the above, we make the following extracts and abstracts, which may be of interest:

FARM REPORT.

By Albert Howe, Farm Manager.

The past year has been on the whole quite satisfactory—good crops and fair returns. We have cut and housed about 75 tons of hay, which, with about 120 tons of ensilaged fodder corn, furnished us with abundant fodder for stock. We have now on the school farm 12 acres in potatoes, 20 in corn, 7 in oats, 15 in fodder, 2 in rye, 25 in grass, 9 in asparagus and early vegetables, and 40 acres rented to the "Soldiers' Home." We made the past year 500,000 bricks for the machine shop, Indian training shop, and new blacksmith and wheelwright shops, and have on hand enough for the new laundry.

On the Hemenway farm, in charge of Mr. Chas. Vanison, a Hampton graduate, we have raised the past year 1,500 bushels of wheat, 2,500 of oats, and 2,500 of corn. We have now 50 acres in wheat; 110 in oats, and 43 in clover and orchard grass; we have also raised over 600 chickens and 80 turkeys. The stock on both farms consists of 23 horses and mules, including a Percheron and a Morgan stallion, 17 colts, 30 cows, 3 yoke of oxen, 35 head of young stock and calves; 3 bulls, a pure Jersey, Ayrshire and Durham, 170 sheep and lambs, and 230 hogs and pigs. We have slaughtered, to supply the school and families, 110 head of cattle since last July. The total receipts for 10 months, including brick kiln, are $17,801.38; expenses, $16,850.52; leaving a credit balance of $950.86; and we have now on hand $1,000 worth of bricks. We had more applications for work students at the beginning of the year than we could find places for.

HUNTINGTON INDUSTRIAL WORKS.

Steam Saw-mill and Wood-working Shop.

Albert Howe, Supt.

In the wood-working department, under charge of Mr. Jas. Brinson, a thorough mechanic and draughtsman, various styles of scroll work and turning are done, and all kinds of joiner's work. The boys are all doing well—some have made fine progress. The saw-mill is in charge of Mr. W. T. Westwood, of Hampton, who reports as follows:

During the year ending May 24th, 1883, there have been sawed 2,123,738 feet of lumber. An average of 8,495 feet per day, when the saw was moving. We ought to saw three million feet a year, and expect to do this. We have on hand about 260,000 feet of logs bought at reasonable prices. We have sold during the year 17,375 packing cases to the canning factory and to trucking merchants. By the gift of Mr. C. P. Huntington of a No. 1 matcher and surfacer we are enabled to do more and better work than heretofore. The exhaust fan given by Mr. B. F. Sturdivant, of Boston, is also in operation. The stock of lumber on hand is, with one or two exceptions, fully up to the requirements of the local market. This gives us great advantage. I take great pleasure in commending the boys employed for their good behavior and politeness towards all placed over them. We have now a considerable number of orders for lumber, and a fine prospect for the summer work.

ENGINEER'S REPORT.

J. B. H. Goff, Chief Engineer.

We have been very busy all the year. During the vacation we put pipes in Winona Lodge for steam and water, and fitted up its bath rooms and laundry, chiefly by student labor; in the winter we put gas pipes in Virginia Hall—all the work done by student labor. We are now at work on the Wigwam. Sixty-five iron bedsteads have been made, half by colored and half by Indian students. New gas works have been put in, and supply as good and cheap light as can be obtained in any section of the country, to five large buildings. The average consumption per night is 4,000 cubic feet, not half the capacity of the works—which will be connected with other buildings in time.

NORMAL SCHOOL PRESS.

At no time during the year has work been slack; most of the time it has been necessary to employ from one to four extra journeymen—secured from the Soldiers' Home. The class of work has been better than ever. Hotel registers, check books, ruled blanks have been turned out to satisfaction of customers. We have published a book on the history of Emancipation, written by a colored man, J. T. Wilson, of Norfolk, and are running off the first of a series of Practical Scientific text books, by Prof. N. B. Webster, of Norfolk, which will keep us busy through the summer. We still publish the *African Repository*, *Southern Workman*, and *Alumni Journal*, and are printing an eight-page illustrated paper for a party in Newport News. The value of the work done for the past ten months exceeds that of the previous twelve by $425.43.

Receipts for past ten months.	$559.7 28
Expenses (including salary of Manager)	5,023 65
Cr. balance	$ 736 63

SEWING AND TAILORING.

Mary T. Galpin, in charge.

Our new quarters in the "Stone" building are delightful, light and airy. We have not had to change any of our workers for ill health this year, and give the credit largely to the improvement in our working room. In the tailoring department, under Mr. Hamilton, the number of uniforms made are 155 coats, 306 pairs of pantaloons, 169 vests; of other garments, 1,233. In the general department, 2,524 articles have been made for the household department, etc., besides the mending, which amounts to a great deal of work. The students have done remarkably well in both departments; all girls but three, two colored boys and one Indian, learning tailoring trade, all doing well; one going home this spring to start for himself, in his trade. Two new Howe sewing machines have been added to replace two worn out by heavy work. Another year we want a Domestic machine very much for general use. The store has done a large business in filling orders for students and departments of the school. The pottery painted by the Indians and dolls dressed by colored girls have gone as far as London, Rome, and New Zealand. The bookkeeper reports on this department: "By an accurate record of the work done during the month of April, it was found that the school received back on the work of six girls an average of $16.14. each. Each one of the six was paid $14 for her month's work. For the same amount of work done by outside hands we should have paid an average of $9.04 to each of six girls. [Student labor is, that is to say, educational rather than pecuniarily remunerative. Industrial education and development of character is its primary object.] To capitalize this industry, I estimate, would require about $3,000, though the account of stock to be taken in July may change this figure somewhat.

THE LIBRARY.

J. F. B. Marshall, Committee.

The library now contains 2,664 volumes, of which about 40 relate to the war, as many more to the efforts for education in the South; and it has quite a number of works on Africa. The committee recommends that in addition to works of general interest, the Normal School Library should make these subjects specialties, viz.: 1. Books relating to Negro education; 2. African history and biography; 3. Travels and explorations in Africa; 4. History of the North American Indians; 5. History of efforts for Indian education; 6. Works on Industrial education.

The Museum at present contains a small collection, chiefly of Indian, Polynesian and African curiosities, with shells, minerals, and specimens of the woods grown in the United States. The library is now fitted with shelves and cases made at the Hampton Industrial Works, and paid for by contributions solicited by the committee of teachers who had charge of the erection of the library building. They are very creditable specimens of work in Virginia woods. They are ready for contributions of books and specimens, and funds given for the purpose will be expended under direction of the Library Committee of teachers appointed by the Faculty.

The reading-room is fairly well supplied with the exchanges of the *Southern Workman*, and other papers contributed and subscribed for. More good illustrated papers are much needed. After papers have been on the files in the reading-room, they are sent to graduates teaching often in remote districts where newspapers rarely come.

DRILL AND DISCIPLINE.

Geo. LeRoy Brown, 1st Lieut. 11th Infantry, U. S. A. Commandant.

Drills have been continued through the term, five days in a week. The battalion has received thorough instruction in Infantry tactics up to and including Battalion drill. The Battalion has been reviewed and inspected by the Principal and by Maj. Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, a compliment highly appreciated by its members. It has also received instruction in artillery drill, including the "Manual of the Piece Dismounted." The improvement has been marked in drill and general deportment and fidelity to duty—the day scholars and youngest boys, of course, show it least. Guard duty is at once the most important and most developing duty in this department. The courts-martial have been more thorough and effective and better received by students than last year. There has been no appeal from the decision of the court during the term—a fact speaking highly for the justice of the decisions and the law-abiding spirit of the students; an increase of self-respect and mutual respect is apparent—the system is working satisfactorily. It is unfortunate that the Indian department of the Institute, coming later, has been somewhat segregated from the colored department by the necessity of different methods of instruction, and of the erection of new buildings. In spite of this segregation, which has been pretty well broken up in my department, there has been a growing cordiality between the races; the boys fraternize in their games and visit each other's rooms. This is of great benefit to the Indians in the acquisition of English, vivacity and cheerfulness. Visitors from the Indian country miss with surprise the look of stolid indifference common to Indians in presence of strangers. Six of the officers of the Battalion—one of them an Indian—have merited special mention for proficiency in tactics, interest in drill, and soldierly bearing.

The kindly courtesy and co-operation of the officers and teachers of the Institute have made it possible for me to execute satisfactorily the duties required of me by the War Department here, and I desire to express my hearty appreciation and thanks.

Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute

AT

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

Incorporated in 1870, by special Act or General Assembly of Virginia: exempt from taxation.

Devoted to the Education of Negro and Indian youth in Agriculture and the Mechanic arts, and as teachers of their respective races.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal;* J. F. B. MARSHALL, *Treasurer.*

Annual session from October 1st till the middle of June following.

Terms of admission: a knowledge of reading and writing, and of short and long division

Tuition free to all, (provided by friends.) Board, etc., ten dollars per month, payable monthly, half in cash and half in labor; six dollars cash, and four dollars in work required of those under 19 years of age. The first year is probationary. None under fourteen or over twenty-eight years of age need apply.

The institution is aided by the State, but is supported mainly by voluntary contributions. Besides State aid and Government help for Indians, the sum of $30,000.00 a year, must be raised by contributions, to meet current expenses.

Annual scholarships of seventy dollars, to provide free tuition, are solicited.

Donations of any amount are most acceptable, and are invited from all.

The great need of the institution is a permanent endowment fund.

The Hampton Institute is supported by, and responsible to, no denomination or society, and has no paid soliciting agent or machinery whatever, but depends directly upon the public. It is earnestly Christian in its teachings and influence.

Present attendance, 490 students, of whom 92 are Indians: average age 18. Negro boys 228; Negro girls 170. Indian boys 60; Indian girls 32. All but thirty-two board at the Institute: twelve states represented, but chiefly Virginia and North Carolina.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I give and devise to the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., the sum of.....dollars, payable &c., &c.

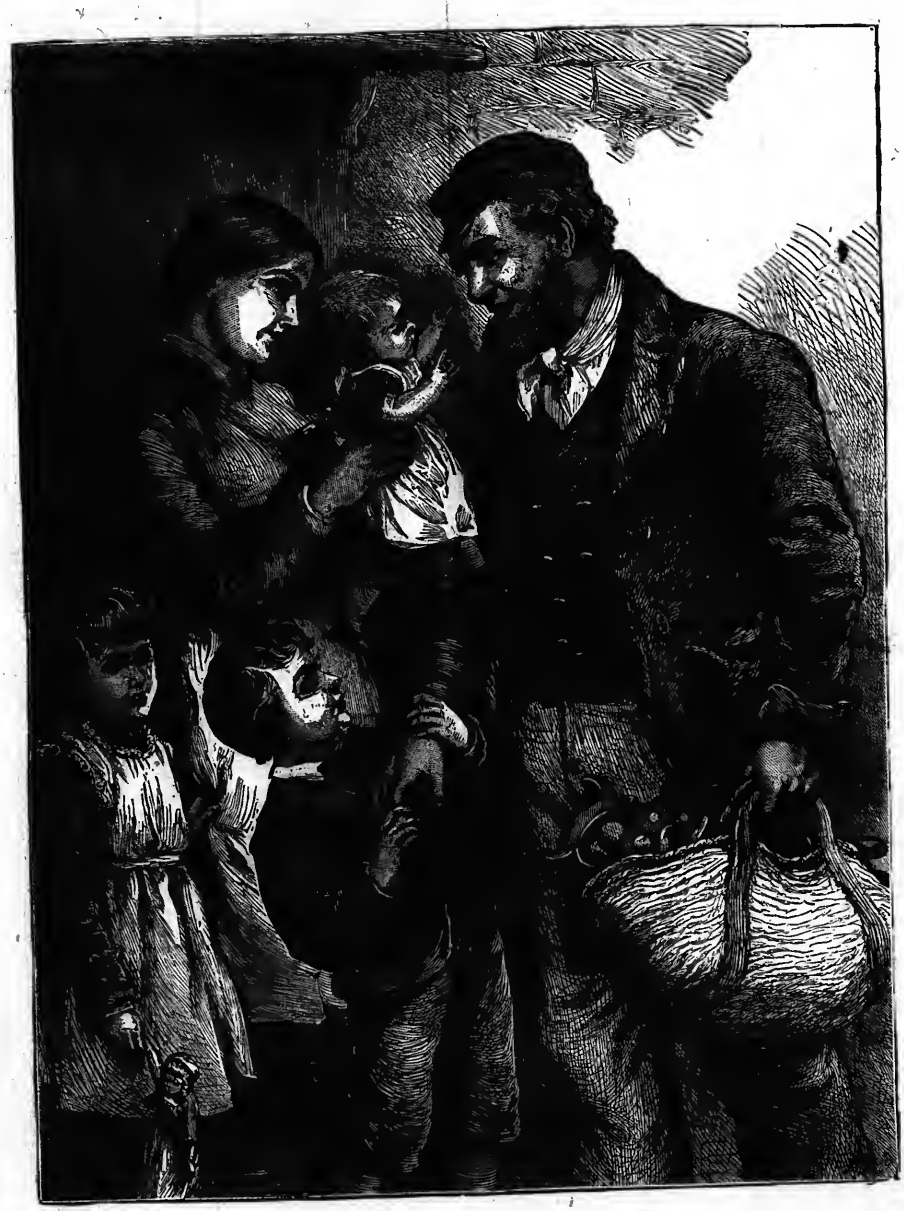
For further information address,

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal.*

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. XII. HAMPTON, VA., JULY, 1883. No. 7.



HOME, SWEET HOME.

A Strike Among the Tobacco Hands.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

The city of Lynchburg worships a dingy, dirty, ill-scented idol. Its temples are great brick buildings heated by steam, reeking with foul odors, highly detrimental to the health of those who spend their lives in offering oblations at the shrine of this false god.

Recently the idol has been shaken upon its throne by a convulsion in the works of its votaries, called in common parlance "a strike."

Have the Northern readers of the *Workman* ever visited a tobacco factory?

If not, let me give them a glimpse into its mysteries. What the chance visitor sees through the dense atmosphere laden with fumes of tobacco, clouds of dust and steam, and the breath of a hundred dusky workers, is often a busy, merry scene. Men, women, and children standing at tables where on the weed in various forms is seen.

Some of the bands work machines, some strip the soft leaf from the tough stem; others knead lumps of the dark mass into small round cakes like ginger-bread.

Here armsful of tobacco are tossed down a flue, followed by the nimble heels of a dirty boy, who jumps into the barrel he has filled and stamps and tramps the mixture of tobacco, licorice, etc., into the form in which the roll-maker will presently call for it. There a couple of able-bodied men in scant attire, with perspiration streaming from every pore, will seize the tray on which the rolls and twists are spread, and rush into the air to place it with hundreds like it on the drying-frame, when the manufactured article will harden into the proper consistency. Then an angry twister snatches up a bunch of stems and belabors the luckless victim who has failed to keep his pouch full of tobacco; there a woman, with a flute-like voice, begins a low, soft chant, swaying her body to and fro, and never for a moment relaxing the deft motion of her fingers as they ply the trade which brings food and clothes to her and her children. One by one, the rest take up the strain, and soon the air is filled with the music of rich voices. Songs are rarely sung. Sometimes it is a hymn from the note-book, carefully practiced at the choir-meetings, oftener still some refrain peculiar to the Negroes. Let us see if we can catch the words as the notes swell out beyond the creak of machinery and the tread of many feet:

> "The devil is a liar an' conjurer, too,
> He can't help me, and he can't help you;
> But God Almighty'll b-l-e-s-s y-o-u."

Apparently these workers, of every shade, from almost white to irony black, are the merriest most light-hearted creatures in the world.

In the factory, all seems good-tempered and cheerful. The white "boss," who overlooks the hands and goes in and out, examining, weighing, giving orders, seems to have little trouble with his colored laborers. But under these seeming faces human hearts are beating, and to these dusky toilers, as to the other children of men, come seasons of joy and sorrow, hopes, fears, ambitions and cares.

The revolution in the labor system of the South, and the great progress made in our internal interests in twenty years, have wrought many changes in the tobacco trade, and as mankind is all "hooked and buttoned together," these changes are felt, not only by the manufacturer who begins to count himself a millionaire, as his business extends to the ends of the earth, but also by the humble steamer, who has nothing to keep the wolf from his door but his skill in handling the weed in the short seasons when tobacco is "in order," and his factory working.

Lynchburg has been famous for tobacco from its earliest days. The trade flourished when the heroes of the Revolution, who had risked "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor" to prove that all men were "born free and equal," bent their swords into pruning-hooks, and sent to Africa for slaves to raise tobacco in the fallow fields of the new Republic.

So highly was Virginia tobacco appreciated in early days that the burghers found it a paying business to send the weed by wagon to Rhode Island during the war of 1812, bringing in return the calicoes and cottons of that thrifty little State. So well does it stand among smokers these days, that the Sultan of Turkey has recently ordered direct from the manufacturer a package of Armistead's Occidental, with the request that he may be informed as to how he can procure seeds, and learn the method of culture and cure practiced here, for the benefit of the planters and smokers of the Orient.

When the Civil war began Lynchburg was a rich and prosperous town. The tobacconist of that period owned his laborers, or hired them from their masters, giving board and clothes in part payment. His wares were always in demand, and his work, done mainly by hand, went steadily on the year round. When the war closed he found that, while he had been cut off from the markets of the world, the cultivation of tobacco had been begun in many districts, where it had once been quite unknown, and there were many new competitors in his field. Then machinery was everywhere taking the place of manual labor, and his workmen were no longer under his absolute control, but must have money wages paid them weekly.

Like the rest of mankind the manufacturer has his grievance. He says the nature of his business makes it irregular. The revenue laws are being constantly changed, and are always interfering with him. His expenses are enormous. His taxes go on, his overseers must be employed by the year, his machinery must stand rusting for long periods. His Negro laborer, though in the main docile and faithful, is not to be depended on when "excursions and holidays" are in the air.

His trade, after being slack for months, may have begun briskly, orders on which his success or failure for the year depend, may be coming in fast, it may be all important to him to fill them, the tobacco may be just in the proper condition to work, when Easter Monday or Whitsuntide comes round, the colored military are to "turn out," or there is to be an excursion somewhere under the auspices of the colored church.

The hands all scatter, argument, persuasion are unavailing. The factory is stopped, and work is resumed under serious difficulties, many of the workers being made the worse for the holiday carouse.

Saturday, which is usually pay-day, and Monday, when the hands are "getting over Sunday," but little can be accomplished, and the heavily burdened manufacturer, who has thousands at stake, has no resource but to yield to these idiosyncrasies of his laborers, though he well knows the effect of indulging them is as bad for the hands as for him.

The Negroes have almost a monopoly of the factory work, few white people being employed in the business. Men, women and children work at the trade.

Skilled workers make excellent wages. The best hands in a factory sometimes earn as much as $25 per week, while children of ten years old, employed as stemmers, can often make $2 to $3 per week. If their work was regular the tobacco hands would average better wages than any mechanics in the city. But as there are two sides to every question, here comes in their grievance.

Manufacturing tobacco is a trade in itself, as much as cabinet-making or bricklaying, requiring long practice to make perfect. The irregularity of the work, trying as it may be to the capitalist, is doubly so to the laboring man, who, unfitted by his trade for active work, is compelled to stand idle half the year, oftenest in the winter, when food and fuel are dear. Highly as he values his freedom, he realizes painfully that out of him must now come the victuals and clothes, the fire and shelter, once provided by old master for himself and his family. Then, too, the new system by heating the factories by steam renders the business very unwholesome to the employes. It was always so to some extent, and it was a maxim among slave-holders never to buy a Negro who was factory-bred, as he was sure to be delicate and unfit for out-door labor.

"I don't wonder the negroes have struck," said a white carpenter, while the strike was the uppermost topic in the city. "I had a job to do in one of the steam factories lately, and I thought I would die before I got through it. It'll kill the last one of the niggers if they don't give it up."

When work is brisk, the whole community feels the influence of the business.

Large amounts are paid in wages every Saturday night, and the hands who, as a class, are extremely thriftless, though there are some very sensible, careful people among them, lavish their funds on "the butcher, baker, and the candle-stick maker." When the factories close, the busy, cheerful aspect of the town is quickly changed. The clothes-dealers, grocers, and confectioners, who coin money from the hands in the working season, wear long faces, and carefully scan their customers, knowing they will soon be asking for credit where they have lately squandered cash. Some of the children go to school, and the teacher, who recently contemplated almost empty benches, is overwhelmed with a dusky throng, clamoring for knowledge.

The women, less dependent than the men on the factories, fall back on laundry work and domestic service to bridge over their idle time—cooks and nurses, but lately in great demand, suddenly become a drug in the market, and "lady, don't you want to?" greets the householder at every turn. A few of the men find work as wood-sawyers, drivers and jobbers, and the rest, aimless and hopeless in aspect, stand in great, mournful, ragged rows on the streets because "no man has hired them." Hungry labor, in the 19th century, as in the days of old, dependent upon grasping capital for sustenance.

This winter the work has been more slack than usual, the tobacconists having delayed starting the factories in order to get the benefit of the rebate. The class of hands known as roll-makers have long been discontented with their wages, and early in April their complaints culminated in a strike for better pay. For several years past an organization has existed among the colored people of the city, under the name of the "Lynchburg Labor Association." The society, by the aid of Mr. Norton, a colored representative from one of our eastern districts, obtained at the last meeting of the General Assembly a charter for this society, which provides that it can "sue and be sued, plead and be inter-pleaded, hold real and personal property not to exceed $10,000, and make such rules and by-laws consistent with the laws of Virginia and the United States as it may deem proper. The object of this society is stated to be "to protect the interests and promote the general prosperity by legal and honorable means of the laboring classes of this city," etc. (See acts of Assembly, 1882, chapter 243.)

The society has so far been confined to the colored people, but is not necessarily limited to them.

A prominent Virginia official, some years ago, in considering the color-line, stated, as one of its advantages, that Negro laborers would not be apt to engage in strikes.

In this, as in other points, I think experience proves that Negroes are "intensely human," and in the same circumstances will generally act as other people would be likely to do.

When the great rail-road strikes were going on in the West, some of the factory hands here, catching the spirit that pervaded the air, proposed getting up a strike on their own account. The hands assembled around the door of a large manufacturer one morning declaring that they would not work without an advance in wages. The movement was not general, hands being abundant and work not pressing. The tobacconist stood calmly waiting to see the result of the disturbance, when a steady old Negro, being a faithful employe of the concern, who had been a slave, feeling anxious to begin work, mounted a barrel and delivered a short but effective oration as follows: "Look here, you niggers, you better be gwine long to work. Don't you know "sures" you're born, if you all starts any foolishness, dis here white Home Guard boun' to turn out d'rickly an' kill de las' one on you." The strikers looked at the orator, then at each other, and one by one slipped quietly within the door of the factory, and in a short time work was going on as usual.

This was years ago, before the Negroes had become accustomed to the ideas of freedom, and before the Readjuster movement had taught them their own power in the value of their votes.

The colored people travel about a great deal these days, many of them take newspapers edited by both white and colored men, and as a class they are wide awake on questions pertaining to their own interests. On the present occasion the Negroes, who have long been dissatisfied with the wages allowed them as roll-workers, were especially agitated in regard to the reduction and rebate of the tobacco tax, perhaps not unnaturally considering that they ought to share with the manufacturer the benefit of these changes.

There was no race question involved, though the terms "white folks" and "niggers" were constantly heard among the strikers. It was altogether a question of wages.

The community heard little about the strike, until the movement was taken in charge by the Labor Association and counting 1,200 names on its list, announced that they would work no more until wages were advanced. The association held many meetings by day and by night, and no little excitement prevailed for a time. A local reporter who proposed to attend one of these meetings was dissuaded from entering the hall by a stout colored citizen wearing a drawn sword at the door. At first some anxiety was felt lest the affair should end in rioting, but on the whole the strikers behaved extremely well, being kept under control by their leaders. In one or two cases a few hands continued work, and were threatened with violence by the strikers. The authorities were vigilant to prevent disorder and the tobacconists interested promptly called on the police to disperse those who were interfering with their laborers. It was soon, found, however, that secret influences were used with those who were willing to work at old prices, and they, too, soon suspended work.

Many members of the Association, ignorant of the meaning of their charter, applied to the Mayor of the city for assistance in preventing the factory hands from working in opposition to the orders of the League. His Honor received the deputation sent to him kindly, but replied to them in courteous terms, that neither he nor the Labor Association could enforce such regulations as they desired, and that it would undoubtedly be his duty to prevent any violence being used toward any of the citizens, upon any grounds whatever.

Delegations from the leaguers to the tobacconists, who have also a society for mutual benefit, passed frequently to and fro, and after many conferences and much delay, the question was finally settled by the manufacturers yielding to the schedule of prices demanded by the strikers. As soon as this was announced, the Association suspended its meetings, and the factory hands resumed work. No doubt they were much relieved to go on as usual, after the heavy strain of enforced idleness during the long winter, which has brought them many expenses and no wages.

As "all's well that ends well," both parties seem content with the result of this affair, which at one time threatened serious interruption to the business of the city.

Outside of the tobacconists, who were very reticent on the subject, it seemed to be the general opinion of the citizens that as the factory work is extremely irregular and is very trying to the health of those engaged in it, the hands are justified in demanding high wages. It was interesting to see how strenuously the colored people stood up to the orders of the League, and though not exactly logical, one could but be impressed with the sentiment constantly reiterated when asked if they could stand going longer without work, "I have stood it all winter; I reckon I can stand it all summer." "Blackberries will be ripe soon," added a merry-looking youth to this formula, heard on every side.

The colored preachers, who have almost boundless influence among the people, and by no means confine their discourses to abstract doctrines, but deal with current events according to their knowledge thereof, stoutly urged upon their hearers in public and in private to stand up to the orders of the Association.

The colored people are very exacting with each other, and one of the number who should try to break ranks in such an emergency as the strike, would doubtless fare hardly at the hands of his fellows.

Home, Sweet Home.

It was a worthy and gentle sentiment that moved an American citizen to bring the body of the poet who sang of Home, Sweet Home, from its lonely tomb on a foreign shore to rest at last in his native land.

John Howard Payne, the author of the familiar song which has thrilled so many hearts, was born in New York City, in 1792. He began his literary career in extreme youth, editing anonymously a little paper called the *Thespian Mirror*, before he was fourteen. The *Evening Post* did it the honor to attack it, and young Payne called by invitation upon the editor, who was utterly astonished to find what a youthful David his Goliah had challenged. But feeling quite secure of his head, published a kindly account of the visit in the *Post* of January 24 1806.

Family reverses forced young Payne to give up his college education, and go to work. He went upon the stage and achieved success, both as an actor and writer of plays, in this country and England. Among others he wrote an opera, and for one of its songs the one which has made him most famous, Home, Sweet Home. The music was written by Mr. Henry Bishop, but the air of the song was contributed by Payne, who had caught it from a young Italian girl. The opera was a brilliant success, and the song became at once so popular that a hundred thousand copies were sold as soon as it appeared, and its publishers made $10,000 in two years. As has often happened, the author was the only one concerned not enriched by his genius.

After varying fortunes, he was appointed United States Cousul at Tunis, in 1841. After some years he returned to America to try to get an easier station, but was not successful, and returned to Tunis, where he died in 1852. There his body has rested until it was removed last March by his distinguished countryman, W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, to the beautiful Oak Hill Cemetery in that city, where "the exile" now sleeps at home at last. Over the lonely grave, which was its resting place for thirty years at Tunis, was this inscription:

> "Sure when thy gentle spirit fled
> To realms beyond the azure dome,
> With arms outstretched, God's angels said,
> 'Welcome to heaven, Home, Sweet Home.'"

A monument is to be erected to his memory over his final resting place in his native land. A more lasting one is the song which touches all hearts that throb with love of home.

The following are the various versions of the song since it first appeared:

(Continued on page 81.)

SOUTHERN WORKMAN,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October, four months.)

Printed on the Normal School Steam Press by students trained in the office.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MRS. ORRA LANGHORNE, } *Regular Contributors*

Terms: ONE DOLLAR a year IN ADVANCE.

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Subscribers are reminded that, from July to October inclusive, this paper is reduced to an eight page form, resuming in November the twelve page form.

DR. TUCKER'S speech before the Episcopal church congress, last fall, on the "Relations of the Church to the Colored Race"—since published in enlarged pamphlet form—has excited, as was to be expected, great feeling among the colored people; and a "Defence of the Negro Race" against his charges has been published "at the request of the colored clergy of the Episcopal church," by Rev. Alexander Crummell, rector of St. Luke's church, Washington, D. C.

The substance of Dr. Tucker's speech was an appeal to the North for a great increase of pecuniary aid to carry on the work for the freedmen, but henceforth by Southern hands exclusively, and through the medium of the Episcopal church, because only the Southerners truly know the Negro and know how to help him, and most of the other efforts have only done harm. His view of the race is that while it is increasing largely in numbers there has been very little rise in material prosperity on the average, and if there has been any change in morals it is downward since the removal of the restraints of slavery. This dark view is based expressly on his own experience in working for them in Mississippi, where his own parish is situated. He gives a very terrible picture of the condition of immorality and heathenism which prevails there, and which he believes extends to a great degree all over the South, due to the "circumstances of slavery superimposed upon the circumstances of barbarism," and now aggravated by the opportunities of freedom.

Mr. Crummell replies by pointing to the inconsistency of the large and rising rate of increase of the race with any general deterioration in morality; to educational statistics, "the grand fact that while before emancipation there were not more than 30,000 people of color in the United States who could read and write, there are now 500,000 who can, and that over 15,000 of them are employed as teachers, and over 15,000 more training in their high schools, normal schools and colleges, and schools of law, theology and medicine; and, that there have sprung into existence since the war over eighty newspapers edited by men of the Negro race. He gives statistics of colored church membership in the South, and deprecates for these two million professing Christians Dr. Tucker's declaration that "the great mass of them are hypocrites and do not know it." He points to the Negro's acquisition of land since the war, amounting in the cotton States—which include a fraction over two-thirds of the race—to over two and a half million of acres, a territory equal in extent to the State of Connecticut; to the increase of cotton production in the five years since the war compared with the five years previous, showing a balance of nearly nine and a half million bales in favor of freedom, and no decrease certainly in industry and thrift; to the deposits by 61,000 Freedmen of over $50,000,000 in the Freedmen's Savings Bank in the year following the war; to the exodus which he thinks was not the act of degenerate beings but of high-souled, aspiring men, albeit poor and ignorant, who had been cheated and refused any of the land by those who, Dr. Tucker says, are the only ones who know the Negroes and love them with the tender remembrances of childhood; and finally, to the projected railroad from Wilmington to Wrightsville, North Carolina, already begun by the black citizens of that State; the route graded by a black civil engineer; and the whole scheme, in capital and execution, the work of Freedmen.

All these facts are "significant," and should have their full measure of encouragement for the race and those who study it. It is a pity that Dr. Tucker should not have given them the recognition which would not have weakened his position when he came to speak of that which he has seen and known of the darker side. There are some points of striking agreement between himself and Mr. Crummell. Both say that there is wide-spread demoralization among the Southern black population. Both attribute it largely, in greater or less manner, to the curse of slavery; Dr. Tucker to a degree that has called upon himself the protest of some of his Southern brethren. Both show a desire to be fair on points where it would be easy to be otherwise. Mr. Crummell recognizes a large class of good, patriarchal slaveholders in the old times. Dr. Tucker acknowledges exceptions—"absolutely many, though relatively few"—to the general rule of badness, and has hopes of the race in spite of all. If some extremely impartial redacteur could make the two pamphlets into one without too much care to reconcile inconsistencies, we perhaps should have a truer view of the question than we have had yet.

We are too much afraid of inconsistencies. We all know life is full of them, yet we go about trying to cheat ourselves and others with a one-sided view of things, or with abstract averages no less ideal. Those who engage in benevolent work often fear to give the whole truth of their difficulties and failures, lest they discourage the support that must carry it through. Too much suppression is common. Dr. Tucker sees this, and goes to the opposite extreme of ignoring the good side; or, he lets the near obscure the far, which it can at the same ratio in mental optics as in physical.

There is a fascination in generalizing, but sweeping statements never strengthen any position; and we are sorry that Dr. Tucker should in any way weaken his hands in the good and great work which we believe he is doing among the colored people in the dark district in which he is stationed by Providence. A Southern man, born at the North,—which means, we know, none the less of a Southern man—and an officer in the Confederate army, ordained a minister after the close of the war, he has devoted a great deal of personal thought and labor to the religious and moral elevation of the colored people in his parish and outside it, where nearly a thousand colored children are gathered in the "Unique School," held in his own church and superintended by himself, and four other Sunday-schools which are the outgrowth of this one. The colored race has reason to be thankful still for that work in spite of what has wounded them. He has discovered, in his own experience, as he pathetically says, as he "was not aware before," by the "overwhelming severity of criticism poured upon him since his speech, how much abusive words *can hurt*."

We hope his really good work, and any similar undertakings by Southern churches, may be helped by Northern Christians, though we suppose that those who give their money will for the most part continue to desire some oversight as to its disposal, even if the receivers should promise to be grateful instead of promising not to be, as Dr. Tucker frankly does, "because the gratitude shown came from the other end of the line." It is likely, too, that the Northern givers will hardly be convinced, by Dr. Tucker's assertion, that "the Northern missionaries do not know the Negro." But will rather conclude that Dr. Tucker does not know the North. No greater ignorance could be manifested than that he shows of the fact that the darker as well as the brighter side of the Negro condition, and the work in the South, has been constantly discussed and taken into the thoughts and efforts of Northern Societies and missionaries whose work has met with growing appreciation generally in the South, and sometimes with cordial co-operation.

Dr. Tucker has taken, we regret to say, the very best way to alienate Northern confidence by such unwise attacks as that, "Various Northern missionary bodies have poured money into the South, since the war, by the hundred thousand; and every dollar of it, so far as I know and believe, which was not given into white control, was wasted;" that, "most of their efforts have done harm; and Southern Christians, of all churches, know it." Because he may have seen in one or two institutions bad management which would justify condemnation, he has no right to pass wholesale judgment on others. He visited Hampton Institute and makes handsome mention of it. He saw its methods and approved them. If he should visit many others he would find them, while dissimilar, yet working in the same spirit to the same ends.

Dr. Tucker even attacks the State fund prospectively, saying, "I have heard of a recent gift of a million dollars for the benefit of the Negro, yet if my understanding of the disposition of that gift be correct, it might almost as well be thrown into the sea." Yet as is well known, if he did not know or want to know it, that fund has been devoted to the very kind of work which Hampton represents, and has a Southern man—Rev. Dr. Haygood—as its agent for distribution. We greatly regret a mistake which will inevitably retard a good work, and for which a man of Dr. Tucker's position must be held morally, as well as intellectually responsible, while we thank him for his deeds which are better than his words, and the contribution he has made to the facts on one side of the question.

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION, which was opened about June 1st, in London, England, has been so great a success, and promises so much of practical value to the world at large, that we trust our readers are proportionately interested in its progress. Being under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, and other royal personages, the exhibition was opened with great ceremony, and no expense has been spared in preparing buildings, entertaining guests, etc.

Below we give a letter from Mr. Jas. McMenamin, our fellow townsman, who has been kind enough to put his special information at our disposal. It is gratifying to be able to add that the American exhibit has carried off the palm in respect to completeness of management, superiority of method, ingenious inventions in fishing tackle and gear of all kinds, etc. This is due mainly to the skill and energy of Profs. Baird and Brown Goode, of the Smithsonian Institute, who have devoted themselves to making our national exhibit a creditable one.

No feature of the exhibition has been more interesting, it is said, than the gathering together of fishermen and women from all countries, bringing with them the implements which they use in their special work, and wearing, so far as possible, their usual dress. Among these, we learn from the reports of visitors, a Negro fisherman, from our own southern coast, has attracted general attention, and, to judge from his demeanor, has enjoyed his opportunities to the utmost.

HAMPTON, VA., *May 26, 1883.*

Editor Southern Workman:—I beg to say, in reply to your communication, that I am glad to offer you any information which I may have in regard to the International Fisheries Exhibit now going on in London. You are aware, of course, that it is more comprehensive in its scope than the Berlin Exhibition of 1880, its projectors having the benefit of Germany's experience, besides that of the recent rapid advances in fish culture and everything relating to its interests.

The field it covers may be best seen by a mere outline of the plan. The Exhibition is divided into six classes, and these into numerous divisions.

Class 1st relates to sea fishing, and will show gear of every description and of all nations used in trawl herring, long line, hand line, and every other mode or system of fishing, including all nets, lines, hooks, harpoons, etc., employed in the same. Oyster dredges, crab, lobster, prawn, etc. Pots and other appliances for catching fish of this description.

Fishing craft of all nations, models and representations of the same.

Steam capstans, compasses, barometers; telescopes, lights, lamps, fog horns, systems of signalling at night for fishing fleets and vessels.

Models of harbors, piers, and slips for fishing purposes.

Fishing tackle and netting in different stages of preparatidn, and machinery used for working up the raw material.

Appliances and methods for breaking the force of the sea at the entrance of harbors and elsewhere.

Salmon nets, rods, artificial flies, spinning baits, creels, gaffs, spears, trout, and pike rods, etc.

Traps, nets, bucks, wheels, and apparatus for catching eels, lampreys, etc. Anglers' apparel of every description.

Boats, punts, cobles, collapsible, portable, etc.

Class 2d. Economic condition of fishermen. Apparel and personal equipment, food and medicine chests, models and plans of dwellings.

Class 3d. Commercial and economic. Preparation, preservation, and utilization of fish. (Our exhibit is entered in this class. I will speak of it hereafter.)

Models of fish-curing establishments; methods of drying, curing, salting, smoking, tinning, cooking, etc.

All products prepared from fish, such as oils, roes, isinglass.

Antiseptics suitable for preserving fish for food. Oils, manures, and products other than edible, prepared from fish. Sea and fresh water pearl shells, mother of pearl manufactured. Sponges, corals, and all parts and products of aquatic animals used for purposes useful and ornamental.

Models of fish markets and appliances connected with the same.

Class 4th. Fish culture, models and drawings of fish hatching, breeding and rearing establishments, including oyster and other shell fish grounds, fish passes and fish ladders.

Transporting fish and fish ova; food for fry.

Scientific investigation, models and drawings of diseases of fish, with special reference to their origin and cure, etc.

Class 5th. Natural history (aquaria). Living specimens (marine and fresh water) fresh, stuffed or preserved.

Algea in their natural state, sponges, corals, entozoa, mullusca, star fish, sea urchins, worms for bait or noxious. Crustacea of all kinds, fish of all kinds; reptiles, such as tortoises, turtles, terrapins, lizards, serpents, newts, etc.

Aquatic and other birds hostile to fish or fishing.

Aquatic and amphibious mammalia (others, seals, whales, etc.) detrimental to fish.

Class 6th. History and literature of fishing. Fishery laws, fish commerce, etc.

Class 7. Loan collections within the scope of the foregoing classes.

The United States Fish Commission, under the able direction of Professor Baird, will probably carry off most of the honors here, as it did at Berlin, and it will do so deservedly. No department of the General Government has created greater interest in its work, and the results of its investigation are gratifying to the country.

Early in July last Prof. Baird invited all persons interested in fishing, fish culture, and the related industries, to display their work under the auspices of the United States Fish Commission, and that it might be complete and systematic, he undertook to make a "collective exhibit of the United States."

Our exhibit is embraced in this, and, like others, we were restricted to a certain number of cahs, the arrangement of which is being attended to by the officers of the U. S. Fish Commission.

Like every other individual exhibitor, we expect to get the highest award for out goods (not having seen the official catalogue yet I do not know the number of our competitors), as we know we have spared neither pains or expense to bring about the desired result.

First and foremost (and we always put them in the front) are our deviled crabs. Only the largest and fattest crabs of last season's abundant catch were selected to represent Hampton Creek abroad, and these were put np with such consummate skill that we were almost tempted to eat some of them ourselves.

The same care was taken in the selection and packing of our crab meat and Quahaug clams, and as to oysters, if we do not get the grand gold medal for the finest oysters, it will be for the reason that in the present excited condition of England, the prefix to the firm's name will lead our transatlantic cousins to believe that the senior member is not of Scandinavian extraction.

It is a well-known fact that our English relatives are not partial to large oysters. This inclines us to suppose that they will look upon the bivalves we have sent them pretty much as the small boy views the elephant at the circus, and if asked to regard them in their gastronomic aspect that they will probably do so with fear and trembling.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

JAMES MCMENAMIN.

THE Indian work at Hampton and Carlisle has proved that success is not a question of the Indian himself, but of his surroundings and circumstances. There is no question of our ability to make good men and women of Indian youths under favorable conditions. The test is home life after their return—and that depends on one man more than on anything else—on the Indian Agent. Experience more and more confirms the conviction that the question of raising the Indian to decency and civilization turns often on this point alone. Yet Government makes it next to impossible to secure good agents. There are sixty Indian agents in the employ of Governmegt, only four get a salary of $2,200, twenty-two get $1,500, twenty-one, $1,200 and under, out on the frontier where living expenses are very high, and a common laborer often gets as high as $90 a month. With tremendous pressure on their integrity, no society or educational advantages for their families, and no public sympathy in their favor, it is no wonder that good and strong agents are the exception and not the rule.

The limited number of Indians at Hampton is an advantage in making it more practicable to look after the conditions of their return. As the result of persistent effort in this direction, the three agencies most largely represented at Hampton are now under management which will not only give a fair chance to the students who will return to them, but demonstrate what may be done anywhere under fair conditions.

The public spirited benevolence of some private friends of the cause in putting the agents' salary on a living basis, has enabled the Commissioner to appoint over three of the most important agencies represented here, two of the very best men in the service: Major —— McLaughlin over the 5,000 Indians at Standing Rock, and Major —— Gasseman over 2,500 at the Lower Brule and Crow Creek agencies, Dakota territory. We gave in our May number Major McLaughlin's account of his previous remarkable work at Devil's Lake, D. T. Since then Major Gasseman has visited Hampton on his way to his new station, and while here gave us the interesting story of his work at Yankton agency—to the report of which in another column we call our readers' attention.

A VERY complete report upon the insane asylums, penitentiaries, and retreats or schools for weak-minded persons or idiots, of the United States, has recently been made by an English physician, Dr. Tucker, who was sent out about eightcen months ago hy the Australian government to examine all such institutions in our country and in Europe as should be open to his inspection. His tour in the United States being now completed, the facts which he has collected have been laid before the public, and are of very great interest, as giving a general view of existing coqditions and the opinions of an expert in regard to them.

The main facts are briefly these—the present forms of insanity are less violent than formerly, being mostly melancholic, with suicidal tendencies; that general paresis has largely increased in both sexes; that, in the Northern States 60 or 70 per cent. of the inmates of asylums are foreigners, while in the Southern States insanity has very largely increased among the blacks since their emancipation, this being probably due to the pressure upon them of new responsibilities.

Dr. Tucker does not find that the patients in our asylums differ in any essentials from those of other countries, but labor under the disadvantage of being very much overcrowded, which, of course, increases the necessity for discipline.

The faults in our system he considers to be that there is little or no properly organized visiting; that the superintendents and officers are insufficiently paid, and that the appropriations are not such as to make it possible for the patients to be properly cared for with a view to recovery. His suggestions as to methods of work corroborate in the main the experience of all familiar with the subject.

He recommends Government supervision or rather a board of visitors, who, by reason of their social status, or of the salaries paid them, would be above suspicion—permanent officers, with better salaries—a superior class of attendants and more of them—and very much larger provision for the amusement and employment of patients.

Also that such institutions should be located always at the centres of population, and should have competent business managers. He reports that the best asylums are, as a rule, in Illinois, Michigan and Iowa, and that "in all cases the advantage in point of management, comfort and order must be given to those institutions where a female physician is in charge of the female wards, and a woman, say the wife of the resident physician, in charge of the general arrangement of the men's wards. The result is more order, cleanliness and better supervision."

He says positively that carefully chosen employment, combined with pleasant surroundings and amusement, will do away with all necessity for restraint, and is essential to recovery.

In the Southern States, for evident reasons, there is greater need than in the North for a re-modeling of our public institutions, and this must be initiated, as we may learn from the experience of others, by the establishment, primarily, of a system of personal supervision. Nothing but intelligent consideration and constant examination by individuals who are in every way trustworthy, will secure the changes which must be made before our asylums can be anything but a disgrace to our civilization.

Organizations similar to the State Charities' Aid Association of New York (which is an association of volunteers), might be established in every southern State, and as our people well know, the need is a crying one. In view of the stated large increase of our insane population the subject demands immediate attention, and belongs to the domain of science and philaathropy rather than of politics.

EDITOR OF SOUTHERN WORKMAN:

Dear Sir—I desire to call your attention and the attention of the readers of the *Workman* to the treaty negotiated with the Sioux Indians last autumn, and presented to Congress for favorable consideration as an amendment to the Sundry Civil Service bill in February last, and which Congress very properly declined thus to consider, as it was obtained in an illegal manner from the Indians. This subject is of great importance to all friends of the work, inasmuch as in it lies the root of the evil of the present system of management of Indian affairs. A treaty is an agreement between two or more independent nations having separate and independent dominion over the lands, occupied by said nations. When therefore Congress authorizes the executive branch of the Government to make formal treaty with any tribe of Indians, it goes without saying, that the inherent right of the Indians to a separate and distinct nationality (as well as their right to land occupied), is thereby admitted. Without entering further into the discussion of this point it is, probably, sufficient for the purposes of this article to call attention to the fact that the best treaties have all been favorable to the strong and distinctly unfavorable to the weak *nation*. Acknowledging, by the treaty system, the Indians' right to the country occupied, the General Government, has persistently forced upon an ignorant and weak nation treaties favorable to the Government and disastrous to the other party to said treaties. The Indian has been conquered from time to time, but while his country has been absorbed, he has been compelled to live just on the "ragged-edge" of the body politic of the nation, neither fish nor fowl, held to be independent, to be under the laws of the United States, and not protected by the said laws. His condition, like that of the confirmed insane and idiot, admitting of no advancement or prospect of admission to an enjoyment of what we so proudly claim to be inherent rights of man. Do we mean to imply that the grand old framers of that declaration, intended to make a mental reservation excluding Indians as well as idiots and insane from the benificent privileges set forth in said declaration? The past treatment of the Indians by the General Government would appear to be based on such implication. The Honorable Commissioners sent out last autumn to treat with the Sioux Nation appear to have been actuated by a desire to get the land, which it was desired said nation should cede to the United States, as cheaply as possible. Witness their haste to call attention to the fact that the consideration was virtually only a repetition of the promise made by the Government to this same Indian nation in 1868, and again in 1876, except the item of cows and bull, 26,000 in all, no mention being made as to grade of said stock, age or cost. Any cow would fill the bill, is the presumption. Taking it for granted that fair dealing should obtain in selection to the grade and quality of stock, the Government would be called upon to expend about $400,000 for a territory containing about 14,000,000 acres of land, which land the Commission reports upon as follows:

"Its value for stock-raising is beyond question, and many parts will doubtless prove equally valuable for farming purposes."

From a personal knowledge of the country ceded or proposed to be ceded by this treaty, I say unhesitatingly that one dollar an acre would be a fair price for the land in bulk, whereas it is proposed to wrest it from the Indians for about *three cents an acre —and more promises of the 1868 treaty pattern.* It is also proposed, as the *best way* to accomplish the education of Indian youth, to continue, in effect, the policy supposed to have been inaugurated by the treaty of 1868, which provides that a school-house and a teacher (another blind bargain, no time being set for commencement of operations, although careful to curtail the other end allowing twenty years, no statement as to kind or cost of school-house or pay of teacher) for every thirty Indian children of school age. One of the 1868 treaty Commissioners has since intimated, I am informed, that above provision was put in as a sop cast to the philanthropists of the East, and not expected to be put in force at all—of a piece with the provision for selection of lands in severalty, which has been pronounced by the Land Commissioner as not of sufficient authority to warrant the granting of patents. It has been a dead letter, whether it was so intended or not. It is hard to believe that anything but the best interests of the Indians was thought of in making such provisions as the ones alluded to, in the treaty of 1868. They proved fruitless, because no *specific annual amount was stated in the treaty and agreed upon* to cover over the *necessary expenses* entailed upon the proper departments of the General Government in carrying out *said provisions*, and a reitteration of said provisions without an accompanying clause specifying the *actual amount Congress shall* be called upon to appropriate to render said provisions *operative*, is a hollow sham. Five millions dollars would constitute an effective sinking fund for Indian educational purposes. Said education should be *largely industrial*, and said amount would be about a third of the fair valuation of the land ceded or proposed to be ceded by the treaty. Many objections might be properly raised in opposition to a sinking fund for general purposes, and I seriously question its advisability; but the wisdom of creating a sinking fund for agricultural and industrial education is beyond question, and has been acted upon by the General Government, and by the State government, and has been proved to be an eminently successful way of accomplishing the object aimed at. Why should not the General Government give the Indian-dependent, for such is the *practical status of the red race in America to-day*, the benefit of the experience and superior wisdom, and take such action in this matter as will eventually lift the dependent upon a plane of self-supporting equality. Without full and free educational facilities for the rising generation of Indian youth, this can not be accomplished, while with the aid of such facilities, under proper management, the next generation of the red race would become a part and parcel of the nation, and be a living monument to the wisdom and humanity of the present generation of the nation's fathers.

I wish to call attention to one more article in this pernicious treaty and I have done. It is proposed to issue a patent to *the tribe* for its reservation. What is the meaning of such provision? Simply the perpetuation of the tribal relation, which is just what every true friend of the Indian *doesn't want*.

No segregated race can long exist in this country without bringing disaster to that race or to the nation. If it is desired to exterminate the Indian, then I can conceive of no better plan than the adoption of legislation looking toward the perpetuation of the tribal relation, unless a price be set upon scalps, and the fiery cow-boy, festive train-robber, and frontier desperado be encouraged to turn their entire attention to the matter. Time and time again have the Indians built houses, cultivated fields and fondly hugged to their hearts the delusion of tribal-reserve promises, only to awake to a realization of their mistake when they found their homes signed away by petty chieftains of the tribe. The provision of the treaty of 1876 requiring that three-fourths of all the Indians must sign any future treaty ceding land, was a step in the right direction; but if that provision be complied with, it may happen that that one-fourth who decline to sign the treaty are the ones who have made homes and cultivated fields, which they naturally feel loth to part with at the rate of three cents an acre. If it is desired to do the right thing, why not appropriate five million dollars for the industrial education of the Sioux, and give the land, or *what is left of it by land grabbers*, to the several Indians in *fee simple, inalienable for several generations.* By such measures the incentive to improve his land and his condition would be raised to the highest point, and the good people in the Senate and House of Representatives assembled, would have the satisfaction of leaving on record fair and just treatment of an oft-defrauded people. The cows, &c., might be thrown in to boot, and the Government still have the best of the bargain by a very comfortable amount.

I remain, very respectfully, yours,

GEO. LEROY BROWN,
1st Lieut. 11th Infantry.

Interview with an Indian Agent.

Major —— Gassman, whose recent appointment to the Lower Brule and Crow Creek agencies, Dakota, made possible by generous private addition to the meagre government salary, has saved to the twenty-five hundred Indians there, and the students who return there, a good and efficient guardian, stopping at Hampton on his way to his station, gave to a few here the following interesting statement of his experience and views of the Indian work. While the circumstances of his first appointment show the wide opportunity for abuse there is in such a system, its happy result in the present case seems a special privilege. Major Gassman said:

Before I took charge of the Hampton agency I was engaged in the ministry in Omaha, Nebraska. My health failed, my means were limited, it was necessary for me to do something, and my friends suggested that I should take charge of an Indian agency, which were then, you know, in the gift of the churches. I was appointed by our Episcopal Church to the Southern agency, of which it had charge.

I went to my post with fear and trembling. I had had no experience, no business experience, or any but in the ministry; but I was sure of one thing, that good, honest, persistent effort, would bring good results. I had heard about many of the iniquities and short-comings of agents. My friends warned me against the position. I knew that the name of Indian Agent had become almost a synonym of rascal or cheat. I felt, however, that it was a position a man could fill with honesty and integrity and good results. So I went to work.

I was horrified at the state of things I found. For many years an agency had been established; thousands of dollars had been expended; a great many men had been employed. But I saw that the Indians were discouraged, doing nothing, sulky, and averse to effort. I arrived at the agency early in April, and found that the fields had been left for a year untilled and in a filthy condition. I had had early experience as a farmer. I called the Indians together, and told them they must clean their fields. They said they had no teams or ploughs. I asked if they couldn't at least clean them up? They said yes. I told them to begin and I'd see what I could do for them, but there was no time to lose. They said they would start to-morrow. The next morning I was waked by loud talking. I looked out and saw at least fifty women with hoes, axes and shovels on their shoulders—not a man among them. I took an interpreter and went out to them. They said they had come to clean the fields. I said that was good, but I hadn't sent for them, but for the men. They laughed at that idea—it was a novelty. I told them the men must come, gave them some good advice on household work for women—on which I am well posted—and sent them home. They went their way, and that was the end of the work. I couldn't get an Indian man out that time. I was puzzled what to do next. I went out to the fields with the interpreter, and we did find one old man who had gone to work. I told him to go on, and I'd plow what he would clean up, which I did. This encouraged one and another by degrees, with the gift of extra rations, and so at last we got the fields cleaned and planted.

That first year, though, was very trying, owing to my ignorance of the Indian character. I spoke to them as I would to any one else about truth and duty, etc., but met constant, persistent opposition. I was wearied to death with their councils. Fifty to a hundred great stalwart Indians would walk into my office, sit down on the floor, and begin to smoke. Then I would wait with patience 'till one of them would rise and make their wants known, and I would answer them. But everything I proposed they would always oppose, for some reason I did not understand. They would tell me my words were sweet, but that like all other white men, I was a liar. So it went on for a year. It was rather hard to take their plain talk, especially as I am somewhat of a muscular Christian. I gave them, however, as good, plain talk as they sent, and let them understand what I thought of them.

But at the end of a year I thought I might as well give it up. I wrote to my friends that I thought of resigning. Then I called the Indians to a last council. I told them what I felt, why I came, what I had endeavored to do. I spoke feelingly. When I had finished, an old chief, "Struck by the Ree," got up and said, "We have listened to your words for a year. We have now come to the conclusion that we will both listen and obey. We had been told that you were not a good man. Many of us believed what we heard, but you have convinced us that you are good, and we will obey you."

Well, I stayed, and I had no more trouble, except such as was unavoidable. The councils were more and more pleasant. I never had a rude or disagreeable word from them again. They would sometimes disagree with me, but generally took my advice, and were always courteous.

I laid before them first this plan. I told them that rations and aid from government are only temporary. They will come to an end. They are given to aid them to be self-supporting. I told them I had come to help them to become so. They were not much interested in that idea at first, but as continued dropping wears away the rock, my words from day to day had some effect, and here and there I saw some improvement.

I found all the work at the agency done by whites—only two Indians employed out of the 2000 Sioux at the station. I employed the Indians as fast as possible to give them work. I put one boy in the blacksmith shop, another with the carpenter, another in the mill, two or three with the agency farmer, two in the butcher house, and to help issue rations. When I came there I found the cattle were slaughtered in a brutal manner, shot in a filthy yard, where the Indians dressed the meat in a careless, unclean way. I applied for a slaughter-house, cattle pens, and a proper butcher, and got them. I put my Indian boys with him, as I said, and at the end of a month they could take hold and do the work properly themselves, and did it so six years. The beef was issued clean.

I found the mode of issuing the rations very defective and injurious. Issue was made to eight bands, to the chief of each. He divided it by his "soldiers" among the individuals. The division was not a fair one, as might have been expected. I altered the mode of issue. I got up ration tickets for each family, which indicated the number of the band, the number of the family, and the number of individuals. Then round the margin of the ticket were numbers for the week and month, which were checked out as they were used. I kept a book corresponding with the tickets. You can see the advantage of this. By the old way the strong men and big eaters got the most; the poor and weak, the old women, got nothing but what was thrown to them.

Clothing had been issued in the same way. The Indians had no way of measuring, or even of counting. The things were picked up as they came and made into parcels, and the Indians helped themselves and went off with small reference to the adaptation of the goods to their needs.

Every year I took a careful census of the whole nation. I called in every man with a ticket and counted every individual. So I had the exact number of the men, women, girls, and boys. Then I took the goods and figured it out—so many things suitable for the men and so many for the women, etc. So with all the goods, down to needles and pins. On issue day I had a counter built out doors around the goods. I marked the counter with yards, half and quarter yards. I appointed a clerk for every kind of article distributed, and I stood in the middle.

When I began this method I was very careful before each issue day to have the Indians see that everything on the bill of lading was received, and then that everything received was duly distributed. To convince them of this I would give some of them the bill of lading, and say, go to any white man you please, on or off the agency, and ask him to read it to you; then on issue day bring him here and see if everything is distributed. Once or twice they did this. After that they said, "You are all right; we trust you."

When issue day came I took my stand at the counter. Each head of a family came with his ticket, and I had my census book open to compare it with if necessary. Then I called out the number in the family—as, for instance, "One man, one woman, two boys, one girl." Every clerk knew at once just what to do—for one man a blanket or suit of clothes, so much for a woman's or child's dress, and so on; so much provision to a family of such a size. The articles were brought to me. I called the next ticket, and while the next lot was being made up I would look over the first, see that it was all right, and give it to the Indian. He would sign the book and go off. The advantage was great, as you can see, over the old way. A chief or powerful man in the tribe got no more than belonged to him; the feeblest got no less than his share. It made a good impression on the tribe. They saw that they were justly treated; there was a growing confidence.

The system of employing Indians and encouraging industry was no less pleasing. They were glad to see their young men employed; they were willing to go to work when there was any encouragement to do so. The old system was to pay in rations. When I wrote for permission to employ Indians, Government said I must pay them in rations. I tried it—so many pounds of pork flour, etc., for a day's work. They agreed. What was the consequence? At the end of the week they took their rations, but they could not sell them, there was no market. They had to eat them up. Now, the Indian capacity for food is great, but it has a limit. The only way left was to invite all their friends to a big feast on the result of that week's labor. If they hadn't been invited they would have come anyhow. The Indians soon saw that that didn't pay; they were only working to feed a lot of lazy people. Those who did not work got as much as those who did; the most industrious could only have all they could eat, and the idlest had that.

I reported the difficulty to Government, and after great labor of writing letters, and long patience, I finally succeeded in getting permission to pay in cash, but not full wages. I tried half wages, but they soon informed me—and I didn't blame them—that they would only do half work for half wages; if they did a full day's work they wanted full pay. I reported again to Government, and at last succeeded in obtaining permission to pay full wages for a full day's work.

My theory is that they should have a little more than full wages. I am not a sentimentalist, but the case is this: The Indian has been brought up to no labor, and only spasmodic effort. He is constitutionally averse to labor. We have to overcome the habits of generations. The Indian's hand is small and delicate as a woman's; the Indian's arm is slender and feeble; his chest is narrow, his shoulders stooping. All those parts of the body which have to bear the burdens of labor have to be developed. With all this to overcome he needs special encouragement. I gave them an extra dollar and good strong rations. The consequence was that at the end of my term at the agency I could get any number of Indians to do any work if I had it to do.

For one instance: I had several thousand bushels of wheat to harvest. I succeeded in getting the ground broken, the crop cultivated, the wheat ground, and eaten up too. While they were threshing one hot day, some of the Indians gave out. They sent me word from the field that two more men were needed. I went out on my horse and looked about, but couldn't see an Indian anywhere but in the field. I rode to the trader's store, and there I found a young Indian *gentleman*, gotten up in fine style, with red blanket, embroidered leggins and moccasins, looking glass, and fan; face painted, hair braided and ornamented with feathers—"a fancy buck," so they say out on the frontier. I went up to him, laid my hand on his shoulder, and said, "Friend, I want you." He looked up with an independent air, and said, "How!" I told him to get on his horse and follow me, which he did. I took him into the field and up to the thrashing machine, and told the interpreter to tell him I wanted him to work and would pay him so much. The Indian boys around laughed. I told them to be quiet. He said "How," and went at it. The only vacant place at the machine was where the chaff and dust comes pouring out—not an agreeably place for him—pouring out on his paint and oil. He never had had a pitchfork in his hands before, but he went to work manfully. Pretty soon oil came his red blanket; then off came the paint itself in streaks. Piece by piece came off the rest of his toggery, till the Indian was an Indian but not much besides. But he stuck to that pitchfork; I watched him; if he had given out I would have taken his place; but there was no give out to him; he worked right on for three days; at the end of the time his delicate hands were all bleeding.

That shows the pluck of the Indian. I have had other employees, who had never done a thing before in the way of labor, work till the blood ran down their hands. This one was, of course, a remarkable case. But I have had Indians who labored for me industriously for eight years without ever losing one day.

It was difficult to get them to save their wages. I finally adopted a system of banking for them. They let me lay aside their wages till the end of the quarter. Then we talked over the question what they had better buy, and under my advice they generally spent their money in useful articles, wagons, harness, stoves, furniture, etc.

I received satisfactory evidence that the Indian can be made a laboring man, but in order to do it we must pay him good wages to start with.

I laid out each year the year's work for the tribe; told them now is the time to plant, now to cultivate, now to harvest. Then I aided all who were trying to work. I sent my own team here and there, and encouraged them, by all means in my power, to start in farming, which is the foundation of thrift and prosperity. I got many respectable farmers out of them.

I am satisfied that if I could have continued working upon them they would all be self-supporting in eight years more.

I also got some sheep, and taught them to care for them and the wool, and taught the women to spin. Then I got the yarn dyed, and set up two or three looms. The women learned to weave, and made some substantial cloth for women's dresses. The manufacture of cloth and of rag carpets became quite a valuable industry there. I had five women engaged in weaving. They appreciated the chance for employment remarkably.

At one time there was to be a fair at Yankton, sixty-five miles from my agency. I thought my Indians ought to be represented, and they went to work very willingly to prepare. One boy made a wagon wheel another a wheelbarrow, another a set of harness, another some horseshoes. The tinner made some tin ware; the women made some cloth. We got up a wagon load of artices of Indian manufacture, and I took them to the fair at Yankton. I am proud to say we took premiums for work over several competitors.

There was a *baby show* at the Yankton fair. Baby shows are quite in favor on the frontier. There was one Indian baby at my agency which I thought the finest baby I had ever seen. So I said to the mother, "I want you and your husband and your baby to go to the fair."

I went to Yankton, and I had the gratification of having what was pronounced the most interesting exhibition on the grounds. Owing to the jealousy of some of the white mothers, however, our Indian baby did not take the prize.

Finally, after six years' work at the agency, and seeing many wonderful improvements, there was a change in the affairs of Government and a new Commissioner put into office. I left in May five years ago. Since I left there have been five agents there in five years.

I never shall forget the scene of my parting with my Indians. The Reservation was thirty-five miles long; the agency buildings in the centre. For fifteen miles I was followed by old and young lamenting as for the dead, crying to break my heart. We held a council. The speeches were very kindly and touching. I don't often give way to tears, but it was beyond my power to restrain them at the words which were spoken. Finally old "Struck-by-the-Ree" got up—old, lame, nearly blind. He came to shake my hand, and said:

"My father, you are about to leave us—All our hearts are very sad. Before you go we want you to tell us one word that we can always remember."

I said, "You have heard all my words. I have no more to say different from what I have often said."

He said, "We want you to tell us this"—stooping he made a map on the floor with a bit of coal—a map of the reservation—"We want you to tell us how to make a fence round this land of ours, so that no white man can ever get over it."

I thought a minute. The thought struck me that I might put in here a word of parting advice that would emphasize what I had taught them: I said, "Yes. I will tell you how to make a fence round your land so high and strong that white men cannot get over it."

They all said "How, how?"

"And I will tell you how to build it without any money, and so that no wind will ever blow it down, but it will grow stronger every year it stands."

Then, like the old chief, I drew a map of the reservation on the floor, but all round the border and in the centre I drew little squares, and in the centre of each I put the figures 160. They asked, "What does that mean?" I said, "You see these squares; in each one there are 160 acres of land. Put an Indian family on each of these squares. Let them stay there, build a house, build a stable, a barn, a pig-pen; plant a crop of wheat, cultivate it. That is the only fence that will keep the white man out of your land; but that will do it, and will pay for itself."

They all acknowledged that I was right. But the fence is not yet built. I trust, however, that if some Indian Commission don't buy out their lands too soon it will be built. This is what ought to be done, if we ever mean to get our Indians civilized. This ought to be the effort of every friend of the Indians, or we are building on the sand, or beginning our house at the chimney pots. They must own their lands in severalty, with a good title. Till then we cannot hope to make them self-supporting.

Letters From Hampton Graduates.

From an Indian Graduate. Teacher, Interpreter and Counsellor. A Young Woman Preacher and Carpenter. "Hungry and Thirsty for the Gospel." A Colored Minister's Library. Making a Foe into a Friend. From a Circuit Preacher.

FROM AN INDIAN GRADUATE.

A graduate of last year's class, a young chief of the Absentee Shawnee tribe in Indian territory, known at Hampton as Thomas Wildcat, but who has by his tribe's desire taken the name of Alford, writes interestingly of his work for his people and their neighbors, the Pottawattomies. Unable as yet to obtain a school among his own people, he has taught in the latter tribe, and we believe will do good work wherever he is. His letter, written in a neat, clear hand, we give without any alteration:

"Wagoza, I. T., April 5, 1883.

My Dear Friend

Your kind letter of February 27th has reached me sometime ago, and I am very sorry to have been so long in answering it. I have just come back from home to resume my duties here again as teacher, and I can now write. I must tell you first that there has been excited times with us during the past week, in which the Shawnees and the Pottowatomies had a joined council at Shawneetown to settle, before Special Agent Townsend, the land question that had been in dispute so long among themselves. I being sent for, closed my school for a few days and went to attend council, but not until I was sent for more than once. As I said before, that I don't like to meddle with their controversies, of course I am always glad to help my people in any way, but this was exceptionally critical. There was ill feeling existing, as I said before, between the two tribes, arising from the fact that the Pottowatomies are going to take up land among the Shawnees, which they had perfect right to do so, while the latter (Shawnees) protested and would not have them mingling among them. The Pottowatomies being in favor of civilization and are more advanced in it than the others. I acted as interpreter, for their interpreter was deficient in both Shawnee and English languages, and Agent Townsend explained to them the "Act of Congress," which gives them right to select land within the "30 miles square" (where they now live), *provided*, they take allotments. But this was just what they didn't want. They preferred holding their land in *common*, which was against the policy of the Government. No one can realize but ourselves how hard we worked to make them understand that it was their interest, their good, to accept the land as it was proposed to them. But our work was a failure. They finally rejected it entirely, and decided to move off the "30 miles square" in the course of time to a place where they will be at any time liable to be driven off as intruders, and thus remain all their lives without lands. This, perhaps, was the last opportunity that they would ever have to secure land, and they did not know that they were injuring themselves for not accepting what was proposed to them. It was their own superstitious ideas which caused them to be so mulish.

I have been so busy, and most of the time I was on my feet, and I am glad now to find myself again at my post, with my dear school children. Having had sufficient rest from their books, they are cheerfully looking forward to the close of the school work for another rest, they are studying hard again. I read to them from the stories of the Bible, the book you gave me, every morning before hearing classes, and keep up review. They answer my questions as well as I can wish them. It was a great help to me, too. One of my scholars was taken away and sent to White's Institute, Indiana, to pursue her studies there. We all missed her. She was a good girl.

I think we have enough Bibles and Testaments that we can use, but while I am thankful to the Secretary of the Bible House for them, I ask if he would not as soon give us "song books" as he would the Bibles. They would be thankfully received, for we could not get them. We prefer the "Gospel Hymns," Nos. 1, 2 and 3 combined.

I have not heard from John Downing now for a long time, and I did not know whether he had decided to study for the ministry or not. The last time I heard about him was that he was about to get married. I do not know how true this is. I am looking for a letter from him every mail.

Please excuse poor writing. I close, yours sincerely. A."

A YOUNG WOMAN—PREACHER AND CARPENTER.

Perhaps "woman's sphere" is in the work that lies right around her to be done, especially if she is the only one who can do it. Would not that statement unite all discussers of the subject? But this is the work one young woman found laid out for her:

"I started Sunday School yesterday. 43 present; most of them young men and women, a few parents, not many children. I was agreeably surprised to find fifteen that could read very well in the New Testament, mostly young men. I read the lesson and gave all the explanation I possibly could. I never saw people so delighted. After school was out, they crowded up to me, catching hold of my hand, expressing great joy and gratitude. Some said, "I thought we were having a good time last summer, when we came here and tried to have Sunday School with our spellers and readers, but no one was able to pronounce the hard words or give any explanation, but now we have a grand Sunday School.' You can imagine how happy I feel to be working where I am doing good to such people. One old man came round to see me last night, and told me that when I was explaining the chapter he felt like he was hearing a good sermon preached. They have no preaching but once a month, and then several miles off, so that those who have no way to ride only get to church two or three times a year. I suppose there are some here who have never heard a sermon. They say I shall have a large school next Sunday. I am going to do all I can, with the help of God. Testaments of large print and sacred songs or Gospel Hymns are what we need. They have no hymn-books or Bibles. They are hungry and thirsty for the gospel.

I got a hammer and nails and some pine slabs last Saturday, and made my room tighter. You may imagine I handled them awkwardly, which I will not deny, but I stopped the cracks, and then pasted up all the paper I could get; so my room is a great deal more comfortable. We can't tell what we can do till we try. I mean to get in some glass windows next. I have the best room in the house, and when I used to try to write by lamp-light, the wind sometimes blew so strong through the room that I expected the lamp to be blown out every moment. I could put my hand through the floor in a dozen places. The one window has no glass and a shutter of pine slabs, so I am compelled to open it or the door to have light in the day time to read or write. It is the same with the school house. Some days it was very cold, but I had to keep the windows raised to give light, and that made us all tremble with cold. I can hardly believe that I am in —— Co., Virginia. The people never had a school in this neighborhood before. A very few of the children have been to school a little, by walking eight miles a day. There is not a desk or blackboard in the school now—not even a water-bucket. The trustees say they can't furnish anything but the teacher; they promise to pay me, and say the parents must furnish everything else.

I am glad to be here. I certainly believe God sent me, and with his help I am going to see how much good I can do. I am going to start a night school to-night for those who can't come to day school.

I ask your prayers. D."

MAKING A FOE INTO A FRIEND.

A young man who was an industrious worker among the flowers at Hampton, and now finds still more pleasure in training the "little human plants," as he says, writes:

"I have been depending upon my friends for reading matter since I have been here. The postmaster has been very kind about letting me look over papers, and sometimes gives me one. The colored minister has a nice library, to which he makes me welcome.

At the beginning of my school term the newly-fitted up, weather-boarded building was threatened to be fired by some of the poorer class of whites who were opposed to it. The one who was believed to be the leader I came in contact with daily, going to and returning from school. At first he didn't seem to care to speak to me. However, I always spoke to him as a gentleman, and now he seems to think a deal of me, and not only he, but his family. I am the first to teach in this district, therefore I have to work under disadvantages. Do not forget me, who sometimes feel working in the corner of the world—that I am in a place cut off from divine blessing. I am the same boy who used to care for the flowers at Hampton, only I desire more to do God's will.

Truly yours, C."

FROM A CIRCUIT PREACHER.

A Hampton graduate who came to the School a few years ago, accompanied by his wife, who generously gave her work to help her husband through the studies that would better qualify him for his work as a preacher, writes thus of his present field of labor. He gives, like Dr. Tucker, the dark side of the Southern picture, which has its heavy shadows and its high lights:

"There is an extensive field of labor among the churches; but the people are very poor, and the worst of all is, they are unwilling to do what they are able to do towards the Gospel to keep it among them.

I have visited churches in four counties in Virginia during last fall and winter, and walked over one hundred miles during the months of November and December, 1882, going to and from churches in these counties.

The people in these counties are most of them very low as to society, and the public schools are of very little avail. When a girl or boy becomes able to write his or her name, they are said to be educated, and an attempt to show them their need of more, meets the answer, 'I know as much as any one else about here. None of the preachers round here can teach me anything. They don't know any more than I do.' And any attempt at reformation among them is met with telling how they 'used to do.' Public schools do poor work up here in the mountains. The pay is small, the teachers are behind, the parents are unkind and unthankful towards the teacher and school.

I have charge of a little church at ——. I hope the people are nowhere in Virginia worse off than they are here. I shall not offer to tell all the defects of my people. I only give you to see all their needs. They are unable to read a paper, or any thing but a school book, or here and there in places in the New Testament. Neither teachers nor parents will subscribe for a paper or buy a book. This is a hard place up here, no doubt.

I have suffered greatly this winter. I was unable to walk nearly three weeks, and was deprived of the use of my hands for a week and more, but am better now.

My best respects to all concerned with Hampton.

Yours ever gratefully. H."

The friends of Rev. Geo. C. Rowe, for some years employed by Hampton Institute, in its printing office, and later in temperance work, will be glad to read the following letter from his new field, to which he was ordained a minister just before he left Hampton, and where he is now laboring under the American Missionary Association:

Cypress Slash, McIntosh P. O., Ga., May 15th 1883.

Editor Southern Workman:

After a pleasant journey I arrived in Savannah on April 26th, and reported to Rev. Dana Sherrill, Supt. of the A. M. A. work in Savannah and vicinity, at the Beach Institute, where I was kindly received and entertained. While in the city I met Miss Cornelia Jackson of the class of '82, who resides there, and who is teaching in one of the city's graded schools. The next day, accompanied by Rev. and Mrs. Sherrill, I went to Snelsonville, the seat of the Dorchester Institute, a school supported by the American Missionary Association, presided over by Misses Kinney and Gibson, where for two days I remained the guest of Rev. Floyd Snelson, a remarkable colored Congregational minister, one who has done much towards establishing and furthering the Congregational work in Georgia.

On the 28th ult. we started from Snelsonville *via* McIntosh for Cypress Slash, twelve miles distant. The journey was a novel one. For five miles nothing but woods, with now and then a log cabin away back from the road among the trees. Then we came to a place called Flemington, with a church, two houses and a grave-yard; further on, three or four more houses, and then a repetition of the scenery from McIntosh to Flemington. We arrived at the Slash about 4 o'clock, p. m., and drew up before the church, an unpainted building about as large as the main part of Bethesda chapel, capable of seating between three and four hundred people, though at a first glance it appears much larger. It is unfinished inside. The "parsonage," about six rods from the church, is a log cabin of two rooms, formerly used as the church, with a two-story addition on one end. There are three large fire-places. The house is unfinished inside, and I have made application for immediate repairs. It depends greatly on suitable repairs whether I bring my family here or not.

I spent the first night at Deacon John Smiley's, two and a half miles from the church, through the primeval forest. A little over half way, one is a mile from any residence, and the woods are so dense that you cannot see twenty rods in any direction. The next morning (Sunday) I started for the church and got lost in the woods, and it was a very anxious time with me, but after a while I struck the right path and reached the church.

Rev. Dana Sherrill of Savannah, and Rev. Floyd Snelson of Snelsonville, came out and introduced me to the people. After giving them a twenty minutes talk on "the beginning," we had a grand hand-shaking, and then had a meeting of the officers to talk over the situation.

During the three weeks that I have been here the people have been very kind to me. They are of the progressive sort; not educated, but what is almost as good, willing and anxious to learn. The schools in this State are continued but three months in the year, and that in the very hottest part—July, August and September. I am expected to teach here as well as to attend to other duties, but hardly think it wise to do so *this* summer as it is so warm, and I am not acclimated. On Monday, May 14th, the thermometer stood at 90° in the shade from 10 a. m., till 5:30 p. m. I have to do my work now from 4 to 10 a. m., and from 6 to 10 o'clock, p. m., and keep quiet in the heat of the day, and summer has not come yet.

The church membership is *seventy-five*. We have three services on Sunday: Regular church service from 10:30 to 11:40; (a fifteen minutes recess); and a Bible service from 12 m. till 1 p. m.; a prayer-meeting at 4 p. m. The Bible service is the hardest work of all, as it takes the course of a lecture on a portion of Scripture. You might ask questions, till you were hoarse and not get answer. I hope to get them into taking an active part in this service. They seem to appreciate it greatly, as they get together in little groups and talk it over afterwards, but they are very backward about "speakin' in meetin'." We use the chapter for the International lesson in this service.

We also have a prayer-meeting on Thursday evening. The people attend meetings well and promptly, and are very attentive. There is no "old-timeism" amongst them in their worship. They do not chant their prayers, nor "mourn" when another is praying, nor get "happy," but pray, and sit and listen like civilized people. Twice our meeting was rather thinly attended, the crowd coming just as our meeting was out, but since they have learned that we will not wait for them, there is seldom any straggling. One old brother said, "You are a minute man, and I like you for it because some come on time, and they ought not to be made to sit around and wait on the slow ones. Our other pastor always used to wait till the crowd came. I likes the idea of working by time. Begin on time and let out on time."

At our church meeting last Thursday evening, the subject of fencing the church property was brought up. Although the church has been organized for more than four years there is no fence around the church or "parsonage," nor a shrub or tree in front. They did not think it was necessary, but they were convinced before the meeting was over that it was necessary, and $12 were subscribed—part paid down—for that object at once, besides a quantity of material. They have begun to haul the material already, and we have a number of holes dug for trees, which we shall set out as soon as a rainy day comes. It is late to set out trees, I know, still there is a chance of their living, and if they live we shall have gained one season; if they die there are plenty more—the woods are full.

We must have a bell, also, and more light for the church, for there are but three lamps now in it, and when we have a meeting in the evening it is difficult to tell who is in the house; and, just as soon as possible, the church must be finished inside and painted. Bro. Roberts said: "Well, I was just simple enough to think that we were doing pretty well, and here Bro. Rowe comes and shows us we hain't done nothing."

To do what is required—what ought to be done now—will require more than these people can do; but if anyone will meet them half way in their efforts to help themselves, it can be done. It is a pleasant field with plenty to do, and I like it.

Yours respectfully,

Geo. C. Rowe.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

(Origioal version.)

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home,
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
(Like the love of a mother,
Surpassing all other),
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

There's a spell in the shade
Where our infancy play'd,
Even stronger than Time, and more deep than Despair!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
O, give me my lonely thatch'd cottage again!
The birds and the lambkins that came at my call—
Those who nam'd me with pride—
Those who play'd by my side—
Give me them! with the innocence dearer than all!
The joys of the palaces through which I roam
Only swell my heart's anguish—there's no place like Home.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

[As revised by the author (date not known.)]

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere!

Home, Home, Sweet Sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds, singing gayly, that came at my call—
Give me them!—and the peace of mind, dearer than all!

Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!

ADDITIONAL STANZAS.

(By Mr. Payne, presented, with his song, to Mrs. Bates, in London, a relative of his.)

To *us* in despair of the absence of years,
How sweet the remembrance of *home* still appears:
From allurements abroad, which but flatter the eye,
The unsatisfied heart turns, and says, with a sigh,

"Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!"

Your exile is blest with all fate can bestow;
But *mine* has been checkered with many a woe!
Yet, tho' different our fortunes, our thoughts are the same,
And both, as we think of Columbia, exclaim,

Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!"

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

The original manuscript of "Home, Sweet Home." is now in the possession of an old lady of Athens, Ga., to whom Payne was strongly attached. The words, as first written, are all interlined, with here and there an expression of endcarment to the lady mentioned.

A Horse-back Trip Through Tidewater Virginia.

BY REV. H. B. FRISSELL.

A visit from the wife of one of our most efficient county superintendents, giving us incidents of the work among Hampton graduates in Norfolk, has made the Principal and teachers in the Normal School feel that they ought to know more of what was done by those who had gone out from the School, and to place themselves in more direct communication with the members. Various plans were proposed—trips by carriage, by boat, by the cars, were suggested. As a consequence of these deliberations, one bright March afternoon I drew my saddlebags out of a corner, filled them with some of the necessaries of civilized life, rolled up my blanket, mounted my horse and cantered away to visit schools, with a letter of introduction from General Armstrong to the county superintendents, and without a very definite knowledge of where I was going; but with the general idea of seeing our graduates in Southampton county, Va. I took the road to Newport News, and, after waiting for two hours, led my horse on board the Accomac and we steamed out into the James. When we rose from supper the captain told us that we were entering the mouth of Pagan creek. Although it was now quite dark, he skilfully guided the boat along the winding channel, taking his course from lamps placed in the windows of houses on the shore.

To one who has lived for any length of time in Hampton, and has been deluded into expecting to find some rise in the ground at Fox Hill or Sugar Hill, one of the striking things about Smithfield is the real hill which one meets on getting off the boat and pursuing his way up the street. A street lamp with a hand pointing up a beautiful avenue of trees shows that one of the old Virginia mansions has devoted itself to entertaining strangers. "You're a sellin' apple trees, ain't you?" said the boy who issued forth from the front door to take my horse. Truth compelled me to answer in the negative. "There was a man 'round here sellin' apple-trees, and I reckoned as how you was him," said the boy. The sound of the violin greeted my ear as I entered the great, generous hall of the old house and proceeded to the main room. I found young men and maidens engaged in a dance, while the guests sat around the sides before the large fire-place. The hospitable host, an old resident, told me of the town, of its noted hams, well-known in London, of its pea-nut factory where the nut is polished so as to obtain a higher price in market. He told me that pea-nuts were shipped from Smithfield to all parts of the world. The evening was passed in an interesting talk with the rector of the Episcopal church who, being a grandson of Bishop Meade the historian, had much of interest to tell of the history of the place, and of the old St. Luke's church—next in age I believe to the one in Jamestown.

I sallied forth the next morning to visit the former county superintendent of schools, who bore the usual testimony to the work of Hampton graduates of the Isle of Wight county. He directed me to the colored school in the lower end of the town. There, in the old ship-yard, in rather an unpromising building, I found thirty-five children clustering around the stove, and one of the graduates of Hampton Institute trying to classify them. The school had only commenced the day before, March 7th, and there had been no colored free schools in Smithfield since July of the preceding year. I met colored children going to a private school in the place, and there was an air of being well-to-do about the people I met. I stopped one colored man and questioned him as to how he was getting on. He told me he owned his own place and had two hundred acres free from debt. "His word is as good as money," said a white man of whom I inquired in regard to him.

The pea-nut crop has been very profitable in this county during the last two or three years. "We might make our fortunes here if we weren't so lazy," said the good-hearted farmer with whom I took dinner. "The trouble is," he continued, "we go to fox-hunts and parties all through the winter, and don't do any work on the land." In answer to a question as to the colored people of the county, he said, "We've made a mistake in this county; we've let the Negroes get the land, and now we can't get them for help." "There are three classes of Negroes," he said. "The best have land of their own. We can't get them to work for us at all. The next class are those who hire land, and we can't get them much. The only ones we can get are the shiftless ones who don't lay up anything and wont work long at a time." I asked him as to the German help brought on to some of the farms of the neighborhood. "Other people may get along with 'em, but I don't want any," he answered. He spoke with pride of a colored school near by, taught by a young woman who went through the Junior year at Hampton. "You'll find a right good school down there I reckon," he said, as I rode away.

In a colored Baptist church down in the pine woods, I found a slight built woman with a school of thirty children about her. She had not learned the latest methods of teaching, but it was evident those children loved her and that she was having, as the white man with whom I staid that night said, "a very civilizing effect" upon them. I heard of her in many ways from both white and colored; they bore the same testimony to the influence she exerted, not only during the week but on the Sabbath, on both children and parents.

A few hours brought me to Zuni, where there were two Hampton graduates. "The Negroes take more advantage of the schools than the whites and they have better teachers," said mine host, at dinner. "They'll do anything to send their children to school." He spoke well of the teachers. "If you meet him a dozen times in a day, he's as polite the last time as he was the first," was his complimentary remark in regard to one of them.

I found both the colored school-houses, near Zuni, erected by colored men on their own land. "I 'ain't got no chill'en, but I thought as how 'twas the best thing I could do for the colored folks," said one of them to me. In one of these school-houses, taught by a graduate from Hampton, I saw as good work done as I have ever seen in any school. The building was made of rough timber, and the wind came in through the spaces between the boards so that the children had to cluster around the great open fireplace to keep warm. It was off in the woods, and one could but wonder where the children came from, yet I found such perfect order, such interest in their work that, during recitations, the scholars did not even look at me although the presence of a white man was not a common occurence there. I heard a child of seven, who had attended school only five months, taught by the worst methods, read with ease and perfect distinctness. I heard children of ten perform feats in mental arithmetic in which I found it hard to follow. Number was taught according to the most approved Quincy method. The class in spelling appeared with their slates and wrote the words as they spelled them. The class in geography showed much general intelligence. The teacher had no book, and asked such questions as these: "What sort of clothes do the people of the north frigid zone wear? What sort of houses do they live in? Why?" This was a sample of what I saw in many of the schools visited.

I went to the house where the teacher lodged, and found a very respectable, thrifty family, with a farm free from debt and under cultivation. Before I rose in the morning the man and his wife were in the field at work, and had been there, I was told, for an hour. The school-house which I visited had been built by this man. The white farmer with whom I took dinner spoke well of the graduates. Referring to one of them who taught in the district he said: "She has promised to come and show my wife how they iron shirts at Hampton."

Near by I found a school formerly taught by two graduates, but now left to the care of one, with sixty children on the roll and over fifty in attendance. The room was small and the scholars closely seated. The teacher was laboring under difficulties, but doing well.

I found that there had been no colored school at Jamestown for four years previous to this spring. One of our graduates had started one with thirty scholars. In another district, owing to the failure of the proper authorities to supply a stove, the children were gathered in the teacher's own bedroom where there was an open fire-place.

I spent the night with a colored man who was renting a farm of seven hundred acres, and doing well with it. Most of it was planted in cotton. We sat in the parlor of the old plantation house and talked about the condition of the colored people. I asked him about a certain white man in the neighborhood who had been reported to me as hard in his dealings with the colored people, taking liens on their crops and allowing them little chance to rise. "No," he said, "the trouble's with the people themselves. They trade all they can, and use up every dollar of credit they can get." His picture of the colored people in that region was not hopeful. They own few farms of their own, and are spending too much in drink. He is doing well himself, re-renting enough land to pay his own rent on the whole place. "I try to teach the colored folks to do better," he said, "but they don't believe me." The Normal School graduate, who taught in the little school-house on the place, said that they were not doing as well there as in other parts of the county. The parts where they raised cotton would not compare favorably with those where there were other crops.

On Saturday afternoon, after losing my road several times, I came to a little school-house in the middle of a swamp, fully three-quarters of a mile from the main road. "'Twas built near slavery times," said a colored man, "and we used to have our 'sultations there." The swamp was filled with water, and I understood what one of the speakers in the school-house meant when he spoke of the children being "water bound." I wondered if they were ever in any other condition, as I urged my horse through the deep pools. The building was filled with children and their parents who had come to attend the closing exercises. Recitations, dialogues, and tableaux, made a very interesting exhibition. Then the parents rose, one by one, to bear witness to the work the school had done and their sorrow at losing their teacher. "Why," said one of them, "she was so much in earnest in teaching I have seen her take the pieces of a broom to make the children know how she meant."

I was very fortunate in having an opportunity to spend Sunday with a very intelligent Southern man who had thought and studied much upon the relations of the two races. He looked with interest, though with something of suspicion, at the educational work done among the colored people. He said the graduates through the county bore the best character for purity of life. I met a most earnest worker in the colored Baptist minister at Franklin. His praises were sounded all through the county by those who are striving to raise the standard among their people in the matter of temperance and purity. I met others trying for the same thing. It is only to be regretted that there are not more of that character. In many places they only had preaching once in five Sundays, and almost all the Bible instruction was given by the Hampton graduates.

A visit to the Suffolk schools completed my tour, and I returned to Hampton with a stronger feeling than ever before of the needs of the field, and of those who are going forth to teach.

Correspondence.

Fort Sully, Dakota Territory,
May 18, 1883.

EDITOR SOUTHERN WORKMAN:

Your May number is before me. I am much gratified with the publication of my letter, and the kindly spirit of your editorial remarks.

There is a curious and rather amusing typographical error under the first heading of my letter. I spoke of the "unaccountable freaks of nervousness" common to all animal life, and said that these were called "stampedes in plains' vernacular"—that is, that we who live on the plains have borrowed from the Spanish a word to designate the cause and effect of nervousness on a crowd of animals. The typo has made it read, "stupidity in plain vernacular." The typo has the best of it, for however unwittingly, he is correct—stampede is sheer stupidity.

For the benefit of those of your readers who have never seen or heard of a "stampede," I give you an extract from my work, "The Plains of the Great West," published in 1877, by Putnam's Sons, but now out of print.

"A stampede may be caused intentionally either by Indians or white thieves, or it may come from any accidental and unforeseen cause, which, frightening badly one or more horses, causes them to plunge and snort, communicating the fright to others and others.

A stampede among horses is precisely what a panic is among men. It is the temporary ascendancy of an unreasoning fear, during which the instinct of self-preservation seems to usurp the functions of all other qualities. Nothing is more senseless and selfish than a panic. A cry of fire in a theatre, the falling of a bit of plastering in the ceiling of a church, is sufficient to change the orderly, well-behaved people into a crowd of unreasoning brutes, who, forgetful of every obligation of manhood or duty, rush blindly to the door, crushing even their own wives and children in the madness, each of his own individual selfishness.

Even highly disciplined soldiers—men who face death as lightly and carelessly as they turn a partner in the dance—men whose courage is so much a matter of habit that the feeling of fear is forgotten, if ever known—may become a blind, headlong, terrified mob, with no more sense or reason than if striken with madness. All animals and birds seem liable at times to be afflicted with this malady; and we have reason to modify our self-glorification of our immense superiority over the brute creation when we reflect that one moment of causeless panic reduces us from our vaunted position "just below the angels," to the level of the poor quail that in senseless flight dashes its life out against a wall.

It should always be remembered that the susceptibility of the horse to the force of example, to all external influences, is so great that no herd is ever to be regarded as more gentle than its wildest, or more brave than its most timid member.

The stampede of a considerable herd is not only serious from the probable resultant loss of animals, but as a palpable and imminent danger. When just fairly getting under the influence of the panic the herd will likely circle round or through the camp. In the headlong rush each animal appears to be perfectly blind to any or all consequences. Crowded together in compact mass, and moving at top speed, the force is almost irresistible. Tents are thrown down and demolished; wagons overturned and broken; and a man caught by the stream would be trampled in a moment to an unrecognizable pulp. Fortunately the front, as a rule, is narrow, and can be avoided by care, quickness and presence of mind."

A "stampede" is undoubted "stupidity."

Yours very truly,
RICHARD I. DODGE,
Col. 11th Infantry.

Chickens and Eggs.

Many farmers say that raising chickens is all luck, but it is management, interest and caring for them and doing the right thing at the right time.

Where the hens have a good run, as is generally the case on the farm, they cost little to keep during the summer, and supply many a good morsel, hence it is often taken as a matter of course; but let the eggs and chickens used for one year in a country home be accounted for strictly and one is astonished at the quantity. Very often the farmer's family is dependent upon his pork or beef barrel for meat, and the farmer's wife is troubled how to cook the meat so that there may be variety. Here is where eggs and chickens come in to supply dishes good enough for any laboring man, and they may be quickly prepared for the table, even when the housekeeper is quite busy or tired. A few slices of salt pork or bacon are cut and put over the fire in the spider or frying-pan, and in a few moments are cooked. Then the meat is removed and a few eggs are broken into the fat, while hot, and soft cooked; the meat is cut into half-inch squares, the eggs laid over, and the whole poached together in a suitable dish. This looks as appetizing as it really is to the laborer.

Another way is to stew the chickens with a generous piece of salt pork, both the chicken and the pork being improved to the taste. Other modes of preparing dishes from these materials will suggest themselves to every housewife. Then what would country farm life be without the old-fashioned chicken pie? When on a visit, city and village cousins little realize the straits to which country housekeepers are put—no market or butcher near at hand, but only stores of home production to draw from.—*Country Gentleman.*

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

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THE FISHER'S DAUGHTER.

The Fisher's Daughter.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

With the first faint dawn of the morning
She comes to the rock-bound shore,
For the fierce, wild rage of the sea is past,
And the dark, dark night is o'er.
With the glow of the crimson sunrise
The tears in her eyes are dried,
For she sees the sail of her father's boat,
And over the distance wide
Her heart a welcome is sending,
Making her glad eyes bright;
"Thank God!" she thinks, "that he comes unharmed
From the dangers of the night!"

Oh, wild was the cruel tempest,
And loud was the angry roar
Of the midnight storm and the giant waves
As they lashed the lonely shore.
And timid the heart of the maiden
Who watched the long hours away,
And thought of the lives that must e'en go out
Ere the dawn of the coming day.
"And oh, if thou come not, father!"
She cried in her agony.
"Nor joy, nor gladness ever again,
Nor safety, shall be for me!"

But now in the morning breezes
She gaily flingeth her fears,
And the sun that shines on the spreading sail
Merrily dries her tear
No more she fears for the future,
For father is close to land,
And all forgotten the night of storm
With the touch of that father's hand.

Christian Weekly.

The Missionary Sugar Planter of the Hawaiian Islands.

BY EDWARD BAILEY.

The writer of this paper does not say that he gives his own experience in these pages, or that he does not give it. What he relates is only what might have occurred, and what most old residents know has often occurred in these Islands. Nor has he used even for purposes of illustration the case of any individual, but has endeavored according to his ability to present fairly a subject which has been little understood by the outside world. He would fail in his main design if the missionary character were eliminated from his work; that design being to record the struggles of those who, having completed the specific work for which they came to the Islands, were thrown by an act of the American Board on their own resources.

The year 1860 will always be memorable in the Hawaiian Islands as the crisis of great changes which had been many years in preparation. Soon after the Islands had been discovered by Captain Cook in 1778, the infusion of a deadly poison into the native constitution began to mow down the race, and has continued to do so until the present time. Intercourse with the before unknown world required and effected changes which have at last transformed the whole marrow of the population till, were it not for the central mountains, one could hardly believe himself in the same country which the daring navigator (Cook) found in a pure state of heathenism. Enterprises are now carried on successfully which would have been impossible a few years ago; not so much for want of energy and capital as on account of the state of society, the outcome of the heterogeneous mixture of the remnants of heathenism with the vices of civilization, together with the perience in judging of men, resulting in timidity and want of confidence, without which such enterprises are simply impossible. But the pioneers in the various enterprises which are transforming the country had a hard time of it. They started before their time, and though abnormal conditions saved them for the time being, yet such conditions would not last and, after a hard battle for success, nearly all failed, of it.

In such a state of things it is not strange that the released missionary—with a large family to provide for and educate, and no such accommodation of means as might have resulted from his intelligence, energy and sobriety, applied in almost any other calling—it is not strange that he should look about him with some wakefulness to see what he should do. "A family of nearly grown up young people will soon be upon the world for good or ill, and must play their part, with none around to support them. Society is in a chaotic state; evil influences are around them, and these young people are soon to be the factors who will make society and conduct the business of the islands."

Such considerations were weighing upon the mind of one whom we will call Mr. M., as, after a futile endeavor to secure his home premises from the unruly cattle belonging to the uncounted herd of his not far distant neighbor Antony, he returned weary and disappointed to his humble home.

Antony was a Spaniard who had been cast away on the islands many years before, but was now living in a half savage native state upon the avails of his herd. He had started from a very small beginning, having found means to purchase a calf—a mule, if his neighbors are to be credited—which had multiplied (so they said) by allowing free quarters to any stray cattle, which no one was likely to claim, till he found himself in possession of a very large herd. This herd, though multiplying indefinitely, cost him very little. They fed on the common, for which he paid no rent, the grass having been hitherto of little or no value. But the land being unfenced and the cattle being allowed to roam at their own sweet will, made sad havoc of the little plantations of the natives, trampling their taro patches and eating up their banana and sugar-cane plants. True, Antony had herdmen who were mounted on fine horses, but they paid little regard to the interest of any one but their employer who paid them for the care of his interests in generous bits of beef whenever he slaughtered an animal. Men of influence were propitiated in the same way, so it happened that the common people who had received damage from his cattle could get merely nominal redress, sometimes not even that.

Mr. M. had surrounded his cultivated land by a fence, but it proved insufficient to turn unruly cattle who had learned to relish the succulent plants of cultivation.

At the time of which we speak the mind of Mr. M. was filled with the present, the unpromising outlook over-riding for the time the sure instinct which would eventually work out a far different state of things, as well as the remembrance of the past. That desirable future seemed to him in the unknown distance almost impossible. "Wife," said he, "I don't see but we must pack up and get away from the islands as soon as possible. Here Antony's cattle have broken in and eaten up everything which we have labored so long and so hard to raise."

"Well, but husband," said his worthy helpmeet, "cannot you get redress? Suppose you go to Judge Keawe and have a stop put to such lawlessness."

"Judge Keawe," said the husband, "neither can help us nor will he. He seems glad at our misfortune. You know Antony is a son-in-law of Keawe, who will never go against him, right or wrong. It is not in natives to do that, no matter what the offence. They can never say 'no' to a friend; and you know Antony, though too lazy to work with his hands, and though he knows not a letter of the alphabet, is glib enough with his tongue, and by specious wiles can easily persuade those who at heart are no friends of ours, to go against us. Besides, he is a good Catholic and Father La Place, being a boon companion as well as a priest, finds it easy to pardon his sins however he may err, especially when we 'heretics' are in question."

It being evening, and the family mostly at home, they were employed—the girls with the needle, the boys in reading. Mission families kept up with their times by periodicals, the best which could be afforded, and by correspondence; and so it happened that, though isolated from the civilized world, they were well informed, and often surprised travellers by their knowledge of men and things. To unthinking men it was sometimes a wonder that they were white and could speak English. Even in the publications of the American Board they were once characterized (inadvertently it is to be hoped) as "children of those so recently cannibals."

We shall see what these children, surrounded by such untoward influences, will become. Their prospects are not bright now. Finding it expensive, the American Board disapprove of their being sent to the mother country. It had formerly been done, parents and children separated perhaps, for life. Education they must have. Shall their parents leave home and country to educate the heathen while their own children are neglected? To provide for their education had been for years a very serious problem in the meetings of the mission, and in correspondence with the American Board, the Institution at Punahou was the result; not that it superseded the necessity of going abroad for a higher education, but it supplied the immediate wants of the mission and relieved the purse of the American Board and the yearning of the parents' hearts at the same time. The children might now see their parents at least once a year. But, though board and tuition were furnished to the children of missionaries at cost, many found it difficult to raise the means to send their children even then; and many a worn mother did the best she could to educate them at home, with occasional help from the father.

The salary paid by the American Board, though small was constant, and by careful economy could be made to cover the cost of sending the children to Punahou, the Mission School at Honolulu. But it could not do this and furnish even the necessaries of life to the family without some outside help. Consequently many of the missionaries found some outside work by which their slender means could be eked out. The government had been liberal in giving them land at a nominal price, with the understanding that they would remain at the islands; and the rents of those lands, or the avails of their herds, or teaching for pay, or surveying, helped many who could not otherwise have supported their families in decency. However furtively these things were done, under the idea that they were in some sense a departure from strict missionary usage, they were done by many, if not most, of the missionaries; and some accumulated little fortunes to eyes unaccustomed to piles of money. But it was a new experience, and many came into it with great reluctance. They would not tie themselves down to what seemed to them the sordid computation of profit and loss. So, some of these little fortunes were speedily lost by inexperience in investment. Any investment was uncertain in the crude state of business then existing. Needy chiefs would offer most absurd interest for the loan of money, but when the owner called it back it was not forth-coming, and the owner was lucky if he ever saw the principal again, without interest. The chief had lands but could realize nothing from them, or they were already mortgaged, and the security offered for the use of money was worthless. How to realize ready money was the great desideratum with the lazy and unthinking. It was from this element that the system of advancing money on contracts came into use. "Jack" in port had squandered everything he had in riotous living, and he could not procure an outfit to go to sea again unless a part of his wages for the prospective voyage was paid him in advance. Once on board ship and under the entire control of officers, he was secure for the payment. But not so the landsman who wished to borrow in the same way. His advance secure, it was a question of adroitness on the part of the lender whether he ever received anything for his money. But the practice of making advances on contracts for labor became well nigh universal. For this reason no reliable labor could be procured except by contract. By law no verbal promise was binding. Borrowing capital also became the condition of embarking in any considerable enterprise.

But, it is time we look after our friend, Mr. M. Although possessed of an ordinary amount of shrewdness and business talent, he was not versed in the scheming ways of the world. His talents had been used in a different field. He did not perceive that most men were governed by sordid motives, and that a high sense of honor was rare, especially among men who considered Cape Horn the boundary line between accountability and lawlessness. But, something must be done. The specific work he had come to the islands to do was accomplished, and if no other reason existed, his labor was not called for in that direction. He therefore tried various ways of gaining a livelihood without success. But it is not necessary to follow him through all his attempts to secure by his own labors an honest livelihood, a living earned by fair and honorable exertion, no part of which was the result of underhand dealing or taking advantage of inexperience or simplicity of others. Whatever came to him should come honestly, and should not plant thorns in a dying pillow. He would ever remain, as he had been, a friend of the Hawaiians. But after passing years in alternate hope and despair he found himself no better off than when he started. The islands had, during that time, passed through great changes, the course of which we need not follow. Business had depended on chance visitors. The whaling fleet, which had brought in some money, had left. It had never stimulated a healthy business, and had been an inlet for untold corruption. There was no foreign export of any amount. A little pulse, a few potatoes—after the discovery of gold in California had drawn together a multitude of gold seekers—and after a while a little rice, a few bananas, and some wool, etc., were a source of very small profit, as some of them continue to be. But they did not attract either capital or population from abroad. Any small kind of business which seemed for a moment to hold out promise of profit attracted a rush which speedily overdid it and resulted in loss.

It was well known that sugar cane would flourish on the islands, and several attempts had been made, in a small way, to produce sugar. Those who had tried it had done so without capital and with very imperfect apparatus. They went into the forest and cut down huge trees, from the trunks of which they made a pair of rollers, with wooden or iron pivots or journals; they were set upright in a rough wooden frame, geered together by wooden teeth or cogs morticed into the circumference of one end; a shaft or cross-beam was fastened across the end of one of the pivots prolonged upward; to this shaft was attached a team, sometimes of men to turn it, sometimes of horses, oxen, or donkeys. The cane was fed by hand—one or two sticks at a time—between the rollers as they turned, and the juice, forced out as the cane was crushed, was received in a gutter of wood and conveyed into a vessel in the boiling house close by, whence it was bailed into pots or pans in which it was boiled. These were usually the old try-pots of whale ships. In the apparatus for making sugar there was variety according to the means or skill of the owner. But improvement was the great watchword, as it still is, in sugar-making; and the passion for new improvements eats from the first, like a canker, into the profits, sweeping money and enterprise. The sugar produced was varied in quality but mostly poor. It was drained in pots or boxes. Some of it was spread to dry by the sun. There was no assured market. California was not then open as it has since become, and the sugars were disposed of as they might be, a part in the home market. At times the demand was good and the price very tempting, especially after California began to call for our sugars. This stimulated production, capital began to flow in, improved machinery was imported, and improved methods of manufacture adopted. But as a rule the capital invested was sunk, and those who embarked in the business became bankrupt. Still, home capital adhered to the business as the only one which offered any hope of ultimate success. Involved plantations were sold at auction, for form's sake, and given back to the owner at a nominal price; the same being, in some cases, repeated. By and by, the necessity for economy became apparent, the planter gained experience; and, in a few cases, dividends began to roll out. The finances of the country became prosperous, every kind of business flourished, being stimulated almost wholly by the sugar-making.

Having thus given a hurried and necessarily very imperfect sketch of the rise of the sugar business to the point at which it has now arrived, we must go back and follow the fortunes of our friend from the time that his attention was first turned in that direction. We have hinted of a sure instinct, not only in him but of the race to which he belongs, which has initiated a renovation of the entire race of man; a renovation which cannot be suppressed, but must go on till the thrones of despots tumble into the rubbish of which they consist; and old fossil ideas, which have incrusted mankind like a persistent eggshell, disappear like the nonentity which they are. We might with truth say that the calculations which have resulted successfully in men who have undertaken this enterprise, were matured by him at least twenty-five years before he personally embarked in the sugar business, though he could not then have foreseen the application. In riding as he often did over the plains, he was impressed with the apparent richness of the soil, though for lack of water for irrigation it only produced an annual crop of fugitive grass, dependent on the winter rains. Riding farther over the windward side of the island, where the rains gave rise to abundant streams which were not needed there, the thought arose, "What if the streams were carried around the flank of the mountain to those dry but fertile plains?" The thought deepened as years passed on and took firm possession of his mind. It grew to a conviction that, though the outlay would be considerable it would well repay the expense. That work is accomplished, but millions of dollars were involved. The inflowing capital from California has done it.

But Mr. M. was poor, and had not capital to embark in an enterprise requiring an outlay of many thousand dollars to commence with. Still, his boys must be provided for in some way in the country, or they must leave the country. They were now at school, but that could not last. The only course open was to make capital of his own personal power. Bones and muscles dominated by brain-power and will must do the work. Having fully decided that sugar planting was the only business open to him, he, with the true instinct of a born farmer, commenced to plant a few acres of cane. Hitherto, a few stands of cane in his garden for eating was all he had attempted. He worked with his own hands plowing, planting, weeding, and watering; and thus became thoroughly acquainted with the habits of the cane and its needs. He was surprised to find how easily cane could be raised, and how certain the crop. A joint or two cut from a matured cane, put into the ground made soft by plowing, and watered once a week or so, would grow sprouts and stool out almost as surely as the sun rose in the morning. All that subsequent care needed was to keep it free of weeds, to water it, and to strip off the dried leaves as the cane matured joint after joint, till the whole ripened cane was from four to ten feet long.

Mr. M. no longer wondered that some of his shiftless neighbors, of very small ability, found no difficulty in raising cane. But, while it had cost them so little, they had unconsciously solved a problem as to how little expense would grow cane at all, and how much neglect and shiftless work it would survive. During the growth of the crop there was an interchange of ideas and experience with his neighbors on cane raising, and the different plans advocated not thought worthy of record, would be truly a source of amusement at the present time, if not instructive. But there was no definite plan

[Continued on page 89.]

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THE LAYING of the corner stone of the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute, took place on the Fourth of July, at Petersburg, Va. Hampton was represented by one of her officers, and a graduate. Many of her old students were present, and Hon. Peter J. Carter, one of the Board of Visitors of the Petersburg school was an early graduate of this institution. Notwithstanding the extreme heat of the day, a large number of the inhabitants of Petersburg assembled on the beautiful lot which has been purchased for the school. The laying of the stone was committed to the order of masons, and was presided over by Mr. Thos. Cayton, also a graduate of Hampton, who holds the office of Grand Master in that fraternity. After the proper ceremonies had been performed, the company adjourned to the front of the old plantation house of the estate, which has been purchased for use of the school. The front piazza was occupied by the speakers and invited guests, among whom were Senator Mahone and Hon. R. R. Farr, President of the Board of Visitors, and Supt. of public instruction of the State of Virginia. After some introductory remarks by Mr. Cayton, and some words by Mr. Carter as to the prospects of the institution and the ends to be accomplished by it, Prof. R. T. Greener of Washington, D. C., was introduced as the orator of the occasion. He spoke of the important part which Virginia had played in the political education of the country, and rejoiced in the fact that she had now taken the lead in the education of the colored race.

He spoke eloquently of the progress which had been made in the relations of the two races, of the effects which slavery had produced upon the mind of whites as well as blacks. He thanked God that on the spot where it had been a state prison offense to teach a colored man to read, and where a Negro found with a spelling book was punished with thirty lashes, an institution was to be erected under the direction of intelligent Negro citizens, which was to be given up to the education of the downtrodden race. He spoke of the progress which the colored people had made during the twenty years since the war, of the prejudices which they had lived down, of the property they had acquired.

He spoke of their struggles and their mistakes, but declared that their present position was described by the words of the little ragged colored boy of a southern school, who when the children were asked by Gen. Howard what word he should carry back north from them, answered in a trembling squeaky voice "tell 'em we'm a risin' si".

According to the circular which has been issued by the Board of Visitors, we learn that the new school is to be opened not later than the first Monday of October. This school is a state institution.

The Legislature of Virginia passed an act on the 6th of March 1882, establishing the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute, for the higher education of colored persons. This act provides that the Board of Visitors, "shall admit as state students, free of charge for tuition, as soon as practicable, upon evidence of good moral character, fifty young men, who shall be not be less than sixteen nor more than twenty five years of age, one of whom shall be selected from each senatorial district, and ten from the state at large, all to be chosen by the Board of Visitors; and when a vacancy occurs or is likely to occur, due notice of the time and place of making the appointment shall be given by the secretary of the Board of Visitors. If, after such notice, no suitable person shall apply from any district, the vacancy may be filled from the state at large; provided that the students so admitted shall enter into a written contract and agreement with the Board of Visitors to teach or engage in educational work for two years."

The cost of living at the school is estimated at $60 for the school year. An examination in the common English branches is required of applicants for admission to the normal department of the Institute, the requirements for admission to the Collegiate department not having yet be n determined. The school year is to be divided into three terms, and the Normal course of instruction provides for the study of Latin through the three years. Mathematics, Algebra and Geometry are to be taken up the second year, and Trigonometry and Surveying in the third.

The proposed building is to have recitation rooms, lecture halls, rooms for cooking and eating, and dormitories for 300 students. A lot contalning forty acres has been purchased for the new building. It is situated just across the Appomattox from Petersburg on a beautiful rise of ground, on which the old plantation house of the estate from which the lot was purchased, is still standing. One hundred thousand dollars have been appropriated by the state to the new institution. The principal and instructors have not been appointed.

Hampton welcomes every new effort for the elevation and education of the colored race, and extends cordial greetings and good wishes to the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute.

THE CORONATION of Alexander III, of Russia, and his Empress, the daughter of the King of Denmark, took place in the cathedral church of the Kremlin of Moscow, on Sunday, June 27th.

The assassination of the late, and the numerous attempts upon the life of the present Emperor, have proved the existence of so strong a feeling among the middle and lower classes of the Russian population, that every precaution has been taken to protect the royal family, and until quite lately it has been judged unsafe to incur the risks attendant upon a public coronation. But, in spite of all fears to the contrary, the ceremony, which was conducted with the greatest possible pomp and show, was attended with no apparent danger, while manifestations of loyalty among the people were numerous, though there is much doubt as to their spontaneousness and reality.

It may be said without exaggeration that the whole civilized world is now awaiting with anxiety the newly crowned Czar's political action. On the occasion of his coronation he issued a manifesto by which all arrears of taxes, to January 1st, 1883, are remitted; penalties under judgments, not yet enforced, are mitigated; permission is given to many persons to return to their homes, and persons concerned in the last Polish insurrection are forgiven. But, while the expenses incident to this remission of taxes, etc., and to the costly ceremonies of the coronation, have been generously met by the Czar, he has not yet in any way committed himself to any permanently liberal policy, or indeed shown his intention to make any concession to the demands of a large class of his subjects. No monarch was ever in a more critical position; on the one hand lies before him the possibility of action so wise, unselfish, and courageous, that it may in the eyes of the Russian people atone for the hideous injustice of their past; on the other, such a continuance in blind prejudice and tyranny, as can end only in death for the monarch and a reign of terror for his subjects.

The whole world may well pray that the scale may be turned in favor of humanity and good government, for Russia claims a place among civilized nations, and the innocent blood which dyes her hands is a stain upon all civilization.

THE HISTORY OF AUGUSTA COUNTY, by *John Lewis Peyton*, printed in excellent style by S. M. Yost & Son at Staunton, Virginia, is a book which it would be well for the Hampton students to read with careful attention, for two reasons.

1st. Because it is a useful and instructive portion of the history of our native land containing much valuable information.

2d. Because the work affords a remarkable picture of human progress within little more than a century of growth.

The colored people of to-day, just emerging from the influences of slavery, beginning to acquire property, struggling for education and honorable position in the land, may find much to encourage them in Col. Peyton's book.

The story is to a great extent the story of the Lewis family of Virginia. John Lewis, the founder of the colony in the "West Augusta" country, which then extended from the Blue Ridge mountains to the Mississippi river, came to Virginia, in 1732. Many of his descendants still occupy the region he settled, and the family, with its connections by marriage, includes a host of names prominent throughout the United States. When Lewis first came into the wilderness he built near the present site of Staunton a stone house, half dwelling half fortress, the remains of which may still be seen.

The county of Augusta was organized in 1745, with John Lewis and nine other freeholders who had joined the colony, as presiding justices. The political and religious dissensions of that age sent many refugees from Europe to the New World. The spirit of adventure prompted many bold hearts to seek their fortunes in this unknown land of which such fabulous tales were told. The convicts and paupers of the Old World were required to "leave their country for their country's good," and found asylum here. The Negroes, suffering all the barbarities of the slave-trade, were brought from Africa; and thus the colony in the wilderness was formed of many incongruous elements, all waiting to drive out the Indian—the original lord of the soil. A hundred years have wrought marvellous changes. The "wilderness has been made to blossom as the rose," and a stalwart and prosperous race, proud of their ancestry and comfortable in their possessions, have grown from this mingling of many tribes and various faiths. The fierce Caledonian and the wild Celt, the persecuted Quaker from England and the Huguenot from France; the dissolute gentleman (often the scion of a noble house); the wretched outcast of overgrown populations; the captured son of Ham—all have forgotten their stories of wrong and oppression, their ancient quarrels, the faiths which exiled them from their native land, and combined with sturdy arms and earnest spirit, to build up in the new world a noble commonwealth, enjoying the blessings of civil and religious liberty. A few of these early settlers were people of culture, and brought with them into the backwoods of America the books and other appliances of civilized life. The majority of them, however, were plain unlettered men, and the stern struggle for life in the wilderness left them little time or taste for mental cultivation. Tradition tells of a person who applied to the Trustees appointed to attend to schools for children in the "West Augusta" who, when asked if he could read, said "no, he could not read but he could spell, and he thought he could open a school and teach the children to spell, and while they were learning to spell he could learn to read and so qualify himself to continue his instructions."

The mother of Gen. John B. Floyd, who lived to a great age and whose childhood was spent in Staunton, was fond of telling her grand-children how she learned to write and cipher on a slate made of the thigh bone of a horse, the best the colony could then afford. Mrs. Floyd remembered the school being hastily dismissed one day when the fearful sound of the Indian war-whoop rung out in the dark forest around the log-cabin. The terrified children rushing with their teacher into the street of the village, found the citizens already under arms and marching to meet their dreaded foe. These habitations in the wilderness were by no means the abode of luxury, and the colored people of our day who have around them cooking-stoves, sewing-machines, clocks, and other inventions of the 19th century, may realize the comforts they enjoy when they read Col. Peyton's description of the manner in which the forbears of many of the "First Families of Virginia" lived a hundred years ago. On page 41 he tells us, "The houses of these pioneers of the valley were usually built of logs without the aid of a single nail or spike, covered with clapboards. The floor was of split puncheons smoothed with the broad-axe, the chimney of stone or bricks dried in the sun. The furniture was rudely fashioned from the timber of the forest. The beds were of straw or goose feathers. It was not until long after 1732 that the pewter plates, dishes and spoons, wooden bowls, trenchers and noggins, were replaced by glass, china and silver-ware." The meat used in those days was usually the flesh of animals killed in the chase or snared in traps. The corn bread and fried bacon which are commonly the fare of the Negro and "poor white" of our day, would have been deemed luxuries in the cabins of West Augusta, when, in the scarcity of mills, bread was often wanting. As a substitute for it the colonists used hominy beaten in a wooden mortar hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, and considered themselves lucky when they had bear's grease to fry it in. The pioneers arrayed themselves and their families in the skins of beasts, tanned with or without the fur, and homespun cloth. The women were constantly occupied with the loom and spinning-wheel, which are still to be found in the rural districts of the south.

One of the greatest difficulties of the settlers lay in the total absence of roads through the country, and all travelling was necessarily done on foot or by following the Indian or buffalo trails on horseback. Col. Peyton gives a highly interesting account of the making of the first road to the older settlement in Eastern Virginia, by the united efforts of the colonists.

These sturdy pioneers of the forest were early accustomed to labor of various kinds, the father of the family being usually his own plowman, woodchopper, mason, blacksmith, and shoemaker, as his wife was cook, seamstress, weaver and dairymaid when she was so lucky as to have cows to milk. It would perhaps wound the pride of some of the descendants of these industrious people to tell of one honored matron among the colonists, who, beside performing her household duties, kept a little shop over the door of which, such of the settlers as could read, discovered the legend, "Cakes and Beer Sold Here. Yet, "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

The head of another aristocratic family attracted the attention of the Indians (who massacred his family) by establishing a distillery. The Indians are gone, but distilling the "fire-water," which brings so much sorrow and shame upon mankind, is still a flourishing business in the "West Augusta country."

Not a few of the white settlers, both in the valley and eastern Virginia were slaves, that is persons sold into service for a term of years to pay the cost of the voyage from the old country. Such persons as could prove their own importation from Europe free of cost to the government, were entitled to a certain amount of land, and at once became freeholders of the community. More than one family, now ranking with the highest in

the land, who trace their descent from the bond servants of that day could be found; and, though the bond-servants were doubtless scorned by the freeholder, their descendants compare well together, and in many cases have intermarried. A gold wedding ring given to his bride by a bridegroom of those days, is preserved in the family, which bears the motto, "Virtue and love COMES from above," showing that the sentiment of the colonists was better than their grammar, though whether the mistake was made by the groom or the goldsmith the deponent saith not.

That people as illiterate as the majority of the early settlers, should have been superstitious was natural, and the Hampton Negro or Indian student, who heard strange tales of witches and conjurors in the cabin where his childhood was spent, will read with curious interest of the prevalence of such ideas among the ancestors of the now cultivated and refined white people of Virginia. By those who view the progress of man from the infancy of a race in its ignorance and credulity to the full development of intellect, the chapter of Colonel Peyton's book, on witchcraft, will be read with attention. On page 52 he says, "All incurable diseases were ascribed to the supernatural agency of a malignant witch, such as epileptic fits, dropsy, rickets, etc. For the cure of diseases initiated by witchcraft the picture of the supposed witch was drawn on a stump or piece of board, and shot at with a bullet containing silver. * * * When cattle or dogs were supposed to be 'tricked,' they were burnt on the forehead with a branding iron, or if dead, burnt to ashes. Sometimes the diseased part was cut out while the animal was alive. The first German glass-blowers in America drove witches out of their furnaces by throwing in live puppies."

Colonel Peyton closes his book with a number of sketches of prominent persons and families who have lived at different periods in the West Augusta country. Among the most interesting is that of Rev. James Waddell, a classical scholar, pious and refined gentleman, who is immortalized in Wirt's description of "The Blind Preacher."

As the colonists grew more comfortable in their worldly condition they began to aspire toward a higher education for the youth of the land, just as the colored people of the better class are now doing for their children. Dr. Waddell was among the first preceptors of the "log colleges" in the wilderness, and his memory is blessed among the children's children of those who were benefitted by his instruction and example.

Colonel Payton also tells of the foundation and history of Washington College, which received the fostering care, as it bears the name of the Father of his country. Preparations are now making to celebrate the centennial of the college, and the little provincial town of Lexington, where it stands, expects twenty thousand strangers to witness the celebration of the college and the unveiling of the recumbent statue of General Lee, who ended his eventful career as its President.

It is a blot on Virginia's history that the colored people who form half her population, and who aided to redeem her soil from the forest, are yet excluded from the colleges supported by State funds; but the prejudices of the past are fast vanishing in the light of a better day, and ere long, we trust, the halls of learning will be open to all who wish to enter.

SERMONS AND SPEECHES BY ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD, D. D., *President of Emory College, Oxford, Ga.*

George Eliot, in one of her essays bearing the striking title of "Worldliness and Other-Worldliness," makes this comparison between the poets Young and Cowper: "In Young we have the type of that deficient human sympathy, that impiety toward the present and the visible which flies for its motives, its sanctities and its religion to the remote, the vague and the unknown. In Cowper we have the type of that genuine love which cherishes things in proportion to their nearness and feels its reverence grow in proportion to the intimacy of its knowledge." It is Cowper's type of religion rather than that of Young which this volume of sermons presents to us. The writer's religion is evidently of a practical sort which interests itself in the questions and duties of this work-a-day world. He seems to have little patience for those "who talk much of faith in Christ, but have no good works to prove their faith; who, to use Edward Irving's stinging phrase, 'hunt for the basis of their religion in their nervous system, and not in the law and will of Christ Jesus the Lord.'" Here is another passage from the sermon just quoted, entitled, "Occupy till I Come," full of sound common sense: "What are means of grace? Most persons will answer, 'prayer, reading of the Bible, the preaching of the Word, devotional meetings, and such like practices and observances.' And so they are; but they are not all, nor the half, nor the quarter part. Work is a means of grace, whether at the carpenter's bench, the blacksmith's forge, the farmer's plow, the student's desk, the mother's work-room, the servant's kitchen—all the work needful to be done in this world is an essential part of God's appointed means of making us what he would have us to be: true children in the likeness of Christ his Son. Till we understand this we do not know the true law of human life."

Most of the sermons contained in this volume were delivered before the students of Emory College, Georgia, of which the writer is the President. The first one, entitled "Solomon's Experiment and Failure," takes direct issue with the answer to the question of the catechism as to who was the wisest man. He declares that Solomon's life was a failure, and that "the chief service he has rendered mankind is, that he left a volume of confessions in the book of Ecclesiastes that are perpetual warnings against the folly of sin." He gives rather an unusual explanation of Solomon's request for wisdom, and finds in it only "the anxiety of a young king conscious of his unfitness for his duties, rather than the longing of a truly humble and penitent heart for the divine favor and mercy." He brings out of it all the thought, which cannot be too strongly emphasized, that the cultivation of the intellectual, without the moral and religious, results in failure; a thought which our educators are beginning to appreciate.

As Thanksgiving-Day has not been widely observed in the South we turn with interest to see what a Southern clergyman would preach about it. He finds reasons for gratitude, amendment, and hope, in the new South. He finds reasons why the people of the South should "thank God and take courage" in the fact that they are "so well off." He declares that there is ten times the comfort in the home-life of the people that there was twenty-five years ago. He thanks the Lord for good mattresses, for cook-stoves, sewing machines, for houses better painted, for parlor organs, pianos and pictures where they were never seen before. He finds that there is more to live for in 1880 than in 1860. As another cause for thankfulness the writer gives the "social and civil order existing in the Southern States," the reasons for which he finds chiefly in "the conservative power of the Protestant religion." Most of all he thanks God for the abolition of African slavery. He is thankful for this for the sake of the blacks, but still more for the sake of the whites, for their children and their children's children.

The author does not stop with mere thanksgiving, but passes on to the things in the South which need to be amended. He mentions the provincialisms to be overcome, the vast mass of illiteracy, the want of literature and educational facilities and the backward condition of manufactures. Among the traits of character which need to be cultivated in the South, he mentions industry and economy in business, sentiments, and habits of political and social toleration, respect for all law and authority, "the ceasing from politics as a trust and a trade."

The volume contains two addresses, one entitled "The New South, from a Southern Stand-point," delivered in many of the leading cities of the North; and the other, "The Negro a Citizen," delivered at the Anniversary of the American Missionary Association at Cleveland Ohio. "Our brother in black" has already established Dr. Haygood's reputation as a real friend to the Negro, and a close observer of the condition and needs of the South. His position as trustee of the Slater fund will give added weight to his words. The book comes from the press of the Southern Methodist Publishing House of Nashville, Tenn. The type is clear, paper good, and the general appearance attractive.

THE ORPHEUS YACHT CLUB of Baltimore, whose members, as its name implies, are musical as well as nautical, visited the school on the 9th ult. After inspecting the various work-shops, they very kindly gave an entertainment in Virginia Hall to the teachers and such of the students as could be spared from their work, which was greatly enjoyed by all present. The music consisted of glees, duets and songs, with piano, cornet and zither solos, and was of a high order.

In return the school choir entertained the club and other visitors with Plantation Melodies. The occasion was a very pleasant break in the monotony of school life in vacation.

For some time past, guests at Old Point Comfort, Hampton, and in the neighborhood generally, have made frequent and fruitless inquiries for some trustworthy guide to the various points of interest lying between the Hygeia Hotel and the embryo city of Newport News. The enterprising manager of the Normal School Printing Office has, in view of this want, recently issued a carefully prepared "*Visitor's Hand Book*," which supplies full and accurate information in regard to climate, localities—historical facts, institutions, routes, time tables, etc, and will be of great assist to the inquiring visitor. We can thoroughly recommend it, and the publication of two editions, one paper covered at 25 cts., the other neatly bound in morocco at 50 cts, puts it within every one's reach. Sent by mail if desired.

Extract from the Journal of Mrs. C. C. Armstrong.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

At 6 o'clock, p. m., went to our usual China Sunday-school, then took car and went over so far to 28th street, and felt well compensated for the effort, though we had to grope along in the dark some two blocks, as the city is too disgracefully poor to have night lamps lighted. And why? The city Supervisors could perhaps give the true reason if their grasping propensities would explain rightly. So, people grumble and endure, but how long? Cars are lighted, but outside light comes only from lighted windows, except electric lights in some places. There were some three hundred Chinamen to represent the schools. All healthy, clad in Chinese garb. The singing was a pleasant surprise, for they sang much better than we had supposed they were capable of doing with voices entirely untrained to sacred music until they came here. They sang the four parts distinctly, and such tunes as "Coronation" sound grand from the lips of such pagans. A small organ was used to lead them. No female voices, but boys sang a sweet soprano. It was queer to see them, when called by name, walk with perfect composure up to the platform, bow to the audience, then recite. All wear Chinese shoes and white stockings made of cloth. The garments were all dark in color, and the large queue hung dangling from behind. Zee Wong, of some seven years, walked up alone, made a graceful bow, and sung his solo very prettily. His embroidered shoes, white cloth stockings, red satin pants and dark silk outer garment, gave him the appearance of a little dignitary. He performed so well that cheering was involuntary. All passed off well as though all were white boys, except as to the pronouncing English. They improve slowly, as fast perhaps as white boys would in the Chinese language. One of the Chinese boys went in the car with us, and paid our car fare before we had a chance, and kept near us when it was void of light.

I send you a letter I received yesterday from a Chinaman whom I met, last year, at their annual celebration. He had lived some two years at the Hawaiian Islands, and could speak quite well in that language. We talked in the Kanaka language. Ladies gathered around to hear the strange sounds, and some asked me if I was speaking Chinese. He has returned from the country, where he was teaching Chinese both in their own and the English tongue. The latter he speaks quite well. Well, he called last evening, as proposed in the letter. He has adopted the American costume entirely, even to the short hair. Very polite and gentlemanly without affectation, he came, and first presented me with some "Lai Chin" nuts—such as you boys seemed to like so well when in your childhood's home—then, a very pretty pincushion, shaped like a rose, with painted flowers and bugs on it. We talked in English and Hawaiian which gratified us both. He seemed bright and intelligent, and comprehended the plan of salvation. He asked if the Hawaiians had been cannibals, &c. I then showed him my cannibal pictures, which amused him as they do other people; then briefly told him how pagans were taught; how they were entirely ignorant of letters, &c.; told him how they used to live at the Sandwich Islands, and then pointed out the difference, which he seemed readily to comprehend. Told him how they used to worship idols similar to what I saw last year among the Chinese, but that education and Christianity combined had made the changes. We talked of the condition of Chinamen here, of the treatment they received here, &c. He fully comprehends that there are different classes of white people—some kind and some not kind. In answer to inquiries, he said Chinamen had told him that many white people were kind to them and taught them without pay, and that made them think white people were not all bad. When looking at the pictures of Marquesians, he asked if we were not afraid of them. I said, "Yes, we feared them, but as God shut the mouths of the lions when Daniel was in their den, we trusted that he would protect us from the jaws of the cannibals, and he did keep us." He grasped the idea at once, and said, "I know about Daniel." He seemed quite interested, even more so than white people often do. My cannibal chair stood near by. I briefly gave its history and the origin of its name, in which he manifested a lively interest. He teaches his countrymen evenings, as they have to work days. You will not admire his English, but it is about as good as we could speak the Chinese with the same limited advantages he has had in learning. There are a hundred scholars where he teaches, with white lady teachers. I asked how it was that Chinamen were willing to be taught by American ladies, when the Chinese despised women so much? He laughed, and said, "Chinamen desire to learn;" and then I said "It is no good for your people to treat women badly." "God made both men and women, and Christ makes them good. Both should be educated and be kind to one another," said I. He smiled, but did not say much. When he left he put on a nice overcoat, and left in a gentlemanly manner.

Yesterday forenoon I went with Captain and Mrs. Gilette to Woodward's Garden. They went to escort five Gilbert Islanders—four men and one woman—to enlighten their minds by the sights. These people were found at sea, drifted from Gilbert Islands, picked up by a ship, taken to Japan where they were cared for and forwarded to this place. Several dead natives were in the boat, and these remaining ones without provisions, in an exhausted, nearly dying state, were taken on board. Their first effort after being taken on board was to kneel down, and seemingly to pray. Before reaching here the woman gave birth to a child which died. They were taken to Japan and then sent here. The Captain of the Tokio reports their conduct as most exemplary on board his ship. Yesterday they were transferred to the Kalakaua, which leaves here soon for Honolulu, where they will meet with Mr. and Mrs. Bingham who can talk with them, as they reduced their language to form, and translated parts of the Bible, prepared school-books, hymn-books, etc. The woman looked very feeble, and was shoved around in a wheeled chair to look at the various things. A large, beautiful tiger from Bengal, a handsome leopard, a Buffalo, &c., &c. Twenty-two ostriches, each eight years old, were in a high pen, besides younger and smaller ones in another place. They were about six feet tall, and when the long neck stood erect, we were told that from the ground to the top of the head measured fifteen feet, and should judge that might be correct. They were taken from an African coast to Buenosayres, from thence here, and are soon to be taken to San Diego where there is to be an ostrich farm. Their legs were long, with large knee-joints, and looked strong. The feet consisted of two large toes. The black ones were males, the gray ones females. Only a few white feathers and they were not clean. They looked like powerful creatures, but their robes were quite demoralized after sea voyages. I inquired what food was given them. The reply was "cabbage, carrots, turnips, alfalfa, &c., &c." We saw two sacred cows with bunches on their shoulders, a buffalo with drooping horns, etc. But I must tell of the natives. They looked at various things without emotion, but perhaps were having wonderful things photographed on their brains, which will astonish their friends at home. They were very placid and serene, and appeared very much as the Hawaiians did when emerging from heathenism. The oldest man—whose hair was sprinkled with white—walked as though his clothes were burdensome, and sometimes he grunted as though to recover strength for the task which was laid upon him. Captain Gilette, who was seven years in command of the Morning Star and had been at the Gilbert Islands, had charge of them yesterday, accompanied by his wife. I joined the company in hopes to use some Hawaiian words that they might understand. Using some Marquesian words and a few Society Islands words which I had learned I named various objects, pointed them out and gave Hawaiian names, etc., but they seemed to understand nothing. Mr. and Mrs. Woodward brought lunch of tea and cakes, as all sat in chairs in a room where an organ was used to interest the natives. The whites then sung the verses in the same tune to the hymn, "Am I a soldier of the cross," etc. Mr. E. G. Beckwith was asked to pray, when the strangers bowed their heads with closed eyes. Then followed the communion service. Then all partook and behaved with perfect composure and quiet. The Captain and his party then left.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

In the month of June, Capt. Brown took a party of eleven Indians to the west, from whom we have not yet received full accounts, and Gen. Armstrong took a party of 14 boys and 11 girls to Berkshire. We give lists of both parties, and are gratified to be able to report that the Massachusetts party were received literally with open arms, their predecessors there having made such a favorable impression that places could easily have been found for a much larger number.

INDIAN YOUTH WHO RETURNED HOME.
June, 1883.
Girls.

Maggie Goulet, Sioux, Yankton Agency, D. T.
Mary Traversie, " Cheyenne Riv. Ag'y, D.T.
Katy Lemont, " Yankton Agency, D. T.
Emily West, " " " D. T.
Julia St Cyr, Winnebago, Omaha and Winnebago Agency, Na.

Boys.

Samuel Brown, Sioux, Yankton Agency, D. T.
Tiyowicatke, " Lower Brule Agency, D.T.
James Good Road, Sioux, Lower Brule, Ag'y' D. T.
Deluska, Gros Ventre, Fort Berthold Ag'y, D. T.
Wm. Hunter, Winnebago, Omaha and Winnebago Agency, Na.

Last three for disability, others expiration term of service.
Wm Benoist, Sioux, Cheyenne Riv. Ag'y, D. T.

Wm. Benoist went at his own expense before the expiration of time, to aid his father, who is disabled and can claim no government support.

MASSACHUSETTS PARTY.
Girls

Mary Goulet, Annie Lyman, M. Hinman, A King, F. Whitecow, Fidelia Walking-Medicine, Susan Carpenter, Ida Rencontre, Sarah Leeds, Rebecca Maznkute, Hattie Melis.

Boys

Wm. Larrabee, Louis Agard, Geo. Stricker, David Stricker, Thos. Paseca, Bear Bird, Frank Black Hawk, Little Eagle, Wannapin, Samuel Cetan, Many Birds, Frank Chisholm, Cracking Wing, Benj. Stago, Frank Goodbro, Antonie Gokey, Walter Battice, Oliver Eaton, Paul Rios, David St Cyr, Robert Conalez.

This and the following letters speak for themselves. We commend them to the attention of our readers.

"Since we came into the new house there are more rules made for us to obey; they bother us a little at first but after awhile we all get use to them and then they are not so hard to obey. You know the Indians never had an idea of what a rule is until they came here, because at home they are not taught to obey their parents, the children most always have their own way in every thing so the rules here will learn them a good lesson. I am sure most of the Indians that go home from here will not wish to have her or his own way in what they do. Because they know right from wrong now. I hope I shall be able to express my thanks in good works for my race, when I go back."

Z. RULO.

Hampton, Va, January 16th 1883.

My Dear Friends;

I am going to write to you, and tell who I am. My name is Lucy La Flesche, and I am here with my husband to go to school. I came from the Omaha Agency. We came here last August. The first time I rode in cars was when we were coming to Hampton.

I got very sick on the way. Every thing I saw when we coming seemed wonderful to me. I went to school when I was about ten years old, at Omaha Mission. I went to school about four years. If I had cared more about learning as I do now, I would have learned more then I did, but I cared more about playing, and so lost all those precious opportunities. The best thing the white people can give the Indians is a good education. I thank all you good people very much for helping the Indians to go to school. I live in Nebraska. I live with my father and mother before I came here. My father lives on his farm. We had a farm too, but we left it for the sake of wanting to learn something of the white people. My mother was sick before I came here, and so I get very lonely sometimes. I like this school very much and all the teachers too. I like to stay here well enough, but I get very lonesome sometimes, and wish I could go home.

The Omahas live on their farms, some of them live in houses, those who can afford it, but most of them live in wigwams. They have two school houses built for them where they send their children to. Twenty seven of us came from the Omaha tribe, twenty one stayed at Carlisle, and six of us came to Hampton. Some of the Omahas were very anxious to send their children here, but the lady that brought us wouldn't take them, because they were not very well. I can't thank all you good people for helping the Indians. God bless you all, and care for you as you care for the poor Indians,

Your Friend,
LUCY LA FLESCHE.

GREENWOOD, P. O.,
Chas. Mix Co., Dak. June 28th 1883.

Dear Miss——

Yours of 19th is at hand, and also the students whom we were glad to welcome home.

They arrived Sat. night last and Samuel Brown came in on me quite unexpectedly, and then after awhile the girls.

Maggie at once intimated that she would like to come to us again. Mrs. C. invited her to come and stay with us until she knew what she really wished to do. She accepted and is here, and seems now to think that she wishes to stay with us and that is also her father's wish. What she may determine to do as to the position at Hampton as the time approaches I can not say. Emily West, after going home for two or three days to her mother, came back and said that she could not live that way and was not happy, and wanted something to do. Mrs. C. went to Mrs. Johnstone and she was glad to get her. She is to be 2nd girl, and has done remarkably well thus far. Katie went home to the upper end of the Reserve and I have not heard whether she wishes to have a place or not. I have no doubt that all this lot will do well, and do you honor.

Sam. Brown is under my wing, but we have not yet settled as to his position. I hope next winter to take him into my family to help me in various work both secular and religious, and to instruct him for a catechist.

Carrie Anderson has expressed a desire to return and I hope she will. Mrs. C. joins me in kind regards to you.

Respectfully yours,
Joseph W. Cook.

Chamberlain Dakota, June 23, 1883.

EDITOR OF WORKMAN,

From the window at my right I look out upon a procession of seventeen wagons loaded with farm machinery, representing the day's sale, they tell me. The street is broad and muddy from recent rains; but the slow moving teams evidence the rapid progress of the development of the country. Two years and a half ago, there was not a house for miles, now the prairie between this point and and Iowa is thickly dotted with little towns and as we rode along in the cars the settlers were busily turning the pristine sod on both sides of us. Little frame houses are scattered over the prairie in all directions. It is said that for the past three months there has been an average influx of four thousand actual settlers per month consisting mainly of farmers from the older states. In business I find a large element of young men from the East. All this is very favorable to the Indian work, as the general sentiment is in favor of giving the Indians a fair show.

The old times and rough border element is in the minority in Chamberlain. Law and order are insisted on and better maintained than in any frontier town I have ever visited.

The Indians of the neighboring agencies sold about two thousand bushels of wheat here last Fall and will sell more this year.

Major Gasmann is pushing the Indians up to working and there is an emulation among them at present that bids fair to make the production of wheat among the Indian's commensurate with that of the white settlers along the border of their reservation, and there is an under current of interest flowing through the business channels, which bids fair to create a public opinion at this end of the line in favor of industrial and educational development of the neighboring redmen, looking to adoption into the body polltic of the future state of Dakota.

Chamberlain claims a thousand inhabitants. A church should be speedily organized here, where the Brule Agent, who is a clergyman, could officiate and build up a parish. The soil is good, the time is ripe and the cementing of the kind feeling that is growing up between the races would be assured. A good school should also be started, having *Indian* boarders and white day scholars, both attending church and Sunday school. I trust that the Episcopal church may be able to do something towards establishing these Institutions. The Agent being of that denomination the works on both sides of the River could be more easily harmonized. Now here is the time and place to make a stand and fight for the industrial development of the Indians.

Here is an excellent market for all farm produce and the Indians are imbued with a desire to improve the opportunity; here our Hampton shoe makers, harness makers, carpenters, painters and tinsmiths, can find remunerative employment at their avocations within sight of their fathers' camp fires, here is growing up an intelligent, liberty loving and industrious colony from the older states, who will not countenance the robbery and rapine of an industrious and advancing community of redmen by a rough, uncrupulous minority of frontier vagabonds, gamblers, cut-throats and land-jobbers, who hover over the outskirts of civilization preying upon the weak and defenseless. Here is a station where the Missionary Board could and should light a beacon fire. With best wishes,

Your obedient servant
GEO. LEROY BROWN
1st Lt. 11th Inf.

The Onondaga Indians.

Our readers may remember an account given in our pages, last year, of the condition of the Onondaga Reservation (New York) and of the very unpromising outlook. We are glad to be able to quote from *"Sunday School at Work"* the following account of a beginning which has been made in the right direction, and sincerely trust that it may be followed by sustained and energetic effort.

"Readers of SUNDAY SCHOOL AT WORK have been kept informed of the progess of the effort inaugurated a year ago for the amelioration of the Onondaga Indians, growing out of the woeful neglect of the Indian children.

The appointment of a commission to examine thoroughly the actual condition of affairs resulted in a report to the Legislature fully justifying the action taken. This report was made on the 13th of March, and covers forty-eight printed pages. It recommends, in view of the absence of a proper recognition of family ties by the Indians, that hereafter legal and formal marriages be required; that, in view of the immoral and indecent conduct sometimes attending the public national feasts and ceremonies, the laws against acts of public indecency should be vigorously enforced; that abuses, in the leasing of lands in violation of treaty, be prevented by law; that adequate school facilities be provided; that the public roads be improved; that individual rights be secured to each Onondaga and that a commission be appointed with power to negotiate a treaty covering the essential points mentioned. In accordance with these recommendations, the following bill was enacted by the Legislature, and is now in the hands of the Governor awaiting approval:—

The Governor is hereby authorized to appoint three citizens of this State, who, with the Attorney-General of this State, shall constitute a commission on the part of the State, to negotiate with the nation of Onondaga Indians, which treaty shall provide for a division in severalty of the whole or a part of the lands of said Indians among the members of the tribe now residing on their reservation, under such condition that it shall be forever inalienable, untaxable and exempt from mortgage or other lien whatever

Such treaty shall also provide that the government of such nation of Indians shall be so modified as to extend to all its people a voice in the election of their rulers and officers.

Such treaty shall also embrace, if the same can be secured, some provisions for adopting by the said Indians the same laws of legitimacy and inheritance as are now in force among citizens of this State.

Such treaty shall also provide for supervision by the State over the leases of the stone quarries on the reservation, and of the expenditure of the proceeds thereof for the benefit of the nation.

Such commissioners shall also endeavor to secure in such treaty the adoption of some plan for the establishment of an industrial school on the reservation, in which farming and the mechanical trades shall be taught, and shall report such treaty to the Legislature during the first week of the next annual session for further consideration."

Section 2—This act shall take effect immediately.

What an Indian Thinks.

Lower Brule Agency, Dakota Ter.
June 15th, 1883.

GEN. ARMSTRONG, *Dear Sir:*

Do the Indians want to learn to take care of themselves?

There are now in the United States 300,000 Indians, 130,000 are taking no help from the Government, 84,000 taking just little help from the Government and the others that are not civilized, they are kept by the Government. There are not many Indians in the United States who can not take care of themselves. From the above number all can see that more than one-half of all the Indians in the United States have learned to think that the way of the whites is better than theirs and so they want to get into it and live like our white brothers. Some think yet that their own way is the better, they want to keep it and not take the best road.

They never will become civilized, if they don't let their own way go down, and let the white people's way come up. Few Indian tribes are so far advanced that they don't want Indian ways any more, but wish to live in houses, and have farms of their own. Indian ways will never be good any more, it is all passed, gone away, and the other way is coming up to take the place. We shall be glad when we all get into the civilized way of living; then Indians will not make so much trouble for the American people. Some people say: "let the Indians get out of the way; there is no use in trying to advance them; kill them all; they are like the wild animals, deaf and dumb; they never will learn anything; we have already paid so much money for them; they have never become civilized yet."

But all good people say: oh yes give them an education and plenty of opportunities and send more teachers among them, so they may come up besides us and live as brothers and live in peace. Indians like to imitate the white people, they wanted to do what they do. Some of them are very anxious to do something, but how can they do it without any white machinery. Some of them are very fond of farming; they think the farming is the best trade, and when the children go away from the tribe to school or with whites to farm, they learn to farm right.

We hope all the Indians will soon become civilized people, and we hope the people of the United States will try to advance the Indians all they can.

Well sir, I like to know about school and myselves, about I come to school. If you would let me to come in or not. That is all I have to say in this time. From your truly friend. I shake your hands my friend.

JAMES THOMPSON.
We-cha-ka-sa-ka.

Eggs as Food.

We put it down as a maxim of eternal truth that a more wholesome, delicate, nutritious, and acceptable morsel was never compressed into so small a compass, as is to be found in the shell of an egg. Under different forms of cookery, it is good alike for the strong and vigorous, and for the delicate and feeble. The hardest laborer on the farm or in the mines, finds the egg nutritious and strengthening, and the invalid, suffering the horrors of consumption or other form of wasting disease, derives from them the only meat food his organs will bear. There is no article of food more healthful to all alike, and when the price is low, no food, save milk, is more economical. At twelve cents a dozen, almost any one can afford to partake of them, for at that price they are cheaper than bacon at the same price per pound. A dozen eggs furnish more nutrition than a pound of bacon, and in summer especially (when eggs are cheapest) they should be largely substituted for the heat and fever-producing fat meats. The use of fat bacon in summer is strongly condemned by physicians, and while it is desirable to employ it more or less at that season, it is far better to partake of it sparingly, and substitute eggs and milk in its place. We advise our people to eat more eggs and less bacon. They will enjoy better health, be stronger and more lithe and elastic, and perhaps live longer. At any rate they will enjoy life more, and be more useful citizens. Fat meat makes sluggards and dyspeptics—eggs and milk makes wise heads and healthy bodies.—*Weekly Index Appeal, Petersburg, Va.*

The School Tax.

But some one objects to this. "Is it right," says my neighbor, "for you to tax me, in order that your boy may go to college?" "The same right" I reply, "that you have to tax me, in order that your boy may go to the State prison! You have no child that wishes to go to school; I have none that wishes to go to jail; if your boy goes to jail, I have to help support him and pay his way to get there: and I object. (Laughter.) You take my money to build a prison and a gallows, and to pay the salary of the hangman, and tax me to help build a State House—which has a fine prospect of being adorned with a magnificent mortgage. I never expect to use that State House; there is not the slightest prospect that I shall ever be Governor, or Superintendent of Public Instruction, or a member of the Legislature. I am told, and rightly told, that this is for the advantage and the protection of the Commonwealth; and I must pay out of my pocket toward the erection of a jail and the transportation of the prisoner, because it is a protection to the Commonwealth of which I am a part.

Shall not you be taxed for the enrichment and adornment of the Commonwealth in building school houses, colleges, and universities?—*Lemuel Moss, D. D., in Penn. Journal.*

We must not hope to be mowers,
And gather the ripe gold ears,
Until we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears.

It is not just as we take it,
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field will yield as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or of flowers!

Letters from Hampton Graduates.

ENCOURAGEMENT FROM WHITE CITIZENS. GOOD SCHOOL - HOUSE AND FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS, BUT NO MAPS NOR BIBLES. FROM A MARRIED GRADUATE. "WORKING FOR JESUS." BUYING A FARM. WHAT WILL KEEP INDIANS FROM THE WAR PATH.

ENCOURAGEMENT FROM WHITE CITIZENS.

A kind friend of Hampton graduates sends us the following cheering letter from one who has known his kindness:

——, MARYLAND, July 10, 1882.

My Kind Friend:

My school closed on the 1st inst. The day opened auspiciously, with sky overcast but giving no promise of rain. Children came early to school in obedience to instructions from me. From 9 a. m. to 1 o'clock, p. m., was occupied in an examination of the pupils in the branches taught during the year, namely—reading, spelling, geography, physiology, arithmetic, grammar and history. No recitations in the last two studies were had, owing to a lack of time. The examination was necessarily cursory, it being impossible to crowd a thorough examination of the school into a few hours. Pupils did very creditably; their answers to questions were generally correct. While I was conducting the recitation in physiology the Superintendent, who was present for the first time, turned to a young man - a student in the military academy of this county—and asked him, "Can you beat that at —— Hall?" He said to me, in the course of a conversation afterwards, that "some of these children have education enough already for all practical uses."

The examination over, a recess for dinner was taken.

The afternoon exercises were held under an arbor erected for the purpose on the school grounds. The programme was a lengthy one, consisting of recitations, dialogues, singing, etc. These were rendered effectively by the children and evoked much applause from the audience. The attendance of patrons and invited guests was quite large, and comprised representatives of some of the best white families in the county.

At the conclusion, the Superintendent made a most entertaining and instructive address. He counseled the colored people to avail themselves of the chances of educating their children afforded by the public school system of Maryland. He expressed himself highly gratified with the results of the year's work, and urged me to return next year. I am uncertain as to what I shall do. It seems to be the unanimous sentiment that I come back again. Duty pulls one way, inclination another.

NO MAPS NOR BIBLE.

A young man who, under the special disadvantage of lameness, has succeeded in making his way through school and doing good work as teacher ince he left, writes thus of his encouragement and deeds:

——, VIRGINIA, Jan. 22, 1883.

Dear Teacher:

I have been engaged in teaching ever since I left school. My school now numbers forty-five, and I make an average of thirty, which keeps me busy. Although my school is not very large, yet I must say I find that the number of pupils I average is as many as I can do justice to. I enjoy teaching very much, and know that I could not be engaged in a better work than trying to enlighten my ignorant race.

I have a very good school-house which is well furnished with desks and black-boards, but I am sorry to say that I have not the necessary things which would help me to impart instruction to my pupils as I desire. I have neither maps nor charts by which I can give that instruction which you taught me at Hampton to give. The School Board refuses to furnish them and the parents are too poor, and the small salary I receive is not enough to enable me to supply my needs in this respect. But, under the surrounding circumstances, I still go cheerfully to my work, ever keeping in view and practicing: "Whatsoever your hands find to do, do it with all your might."

Most of the people here seem to know the advantages of an education and are seeking to gain it. The parents here seem to be very desirous for their children to go to school, but they are poor and cannot furnish them with the proper requisites for their regular attendance. The white people here are very friendly to me and my work. They seem to recognize the fact that the colored man needs and should have an education; therefore, I do not believe that there is one here that would put anything in the way that would impede the progress of my school.

I expect to make teaching my profession because I love the work and believe that I shall make a successful teacher.

Now, in respect to my wants, of which you ask. I would be very grateful to you if you could give me some Bibles, and supply me with a map of the United States, if no more.

FROM A MARRIED GRADUATE.

A member of one of Hampton's graduate "partnerships," writes thus of her work as a teacher, and of her pleasant memories of her Hampton home:

——, VIRGINIA. Dec. 17, 1882.

Dear Miss C.:

I am now teaching here at home. It is a good school, and I like it very much. I have a full school, numbering forty-seven. After holidays I will have upwards of fifty or sixty. The school-house I have is a very fair one in general; I can find but little fault. The children seem to be very anxious to have an education, but they have so little encouragement. Their parents are so poor they are actually not able to send their children to school. Those who are large enough, and ought to attend school are kept out to work for the support of the family. The children, grown up people, and all, esteem me very highly. With the exception of a few, I like the people as well as any I have met. The whites (all who know me) treat me with the same respect as they do those of their own color.

The only difficulty I have in teaching is to obtain the books that the school law requires me to use. We are required to use certain books, and the people are not capable of buying such books which, of course, keeps me back a little, but I intend to fight the battle with the weapons I have. This is the second term I have taught since I left Hampton School. If my health continues to be good I intend to keep on working in the work that is now before me.

Since I left Hampton there has never been a time when I could not sit down and look back upon the time I spent there as being one of the happiest in my life, and I only wish I had it to go over again. I was a member of the choir two terms, and oh, how I loved singing! I sometimes meet with some of my schoolmates and talk of the merry times we used to have at Hampton.

I hear from Hampton, through the *Southern Workman*, every month. Miss C., a lady of Pennsylvania, sends it to me. She is a very dear friend to me.

I have been teaching two months, and sometimes it has been very cold. The ground has been covered with snow. I hope you can form an idea, from these few lines, what I have been doing. It will please me very much to hear from you occasionally. Hoping that the time may soon come when the Hampton graduates shall be scattered all over the United States, doing the work that they are called to do; and finally at last, may we (the graduates) teachers, trustees, and all, be gathered into that Haven of rest prepared for those who have fought a good fight. With these few lines I close.

I am very respectfully yours, C.

"WORKING FOR JESUS."

——, VIRGINIA, Feb. 18, 1883.

Dear Miss C:

I received your letter and circular sometime ago, but have been unable to answer until now. I opened school here the 2d of January, and have been teaching nearly two months, and I like my work ever so much. So far, I have fifty scholars on roll.

Our school-house is a new one, and a very comfortable one. We have blackboards all around the room, just like those at Hampton. The salary here is $25 a month. The children are not as far advanced as they ought to be, but I hope to do my best with them. It is amusing to hear the questions that they ask.

Mrs. Dixon gave me some texts from the Bible, printed in large letters. I have them in our school-room. I let the children bring pictures, and we put them up, also. I think it gives the room a home like appearance. I have them all write their spelling lessons on their slates, like you used to have us do. I find some of them are able to spell very hard words but are unable to write them. I think, by having them write their lessons, they will improve. My little five-year old ones can write any figure on the board that they are told to.

I feel that I am working for Jesus, and that makes me like my work so much. Miss T. has sent me a nice lot of papers twice, and I was very thankful for them. I read to my scholars fifteen minutes every morning, about the news of the day, whenever I get the papers. I often think of Hampton and the dear old times I had there. It was there I first found Christ. I hear that they are having a great revival there. I don't know how I should get along if I did not have Christ for my guide; there is so much to tempt one. I will be pleased to hear from you at any time.

Your sincere friend and scholar, B.

BEGINNING A FARM.

A young man who began at the bottom of the ladder at Hampton, and who has been faithfully working his way among his people for six years since his graduation, writes of his struggles and his successes. We hope that his health may be restored and his life spared to enjoy the fruit of his labor.

NORTH CAROLINA, Feb. 8, 1883.

Dear Miss C:

Ever since I left Hampton I have taught in one place—six years. I like the place very much. The people, colored and white, seem to be kind to me; only a few exceptions. I cannot say all of my people are interested in education. Some of them do not believe very much in education.

You also wanted to know something of our school-houses. I am sorry to say they are very poor, they are not fit to teach in, in the winter. I have been sick for six months, not able to do anything very much. I taught last winter, all of the winter, and I caught a good deal of cold, and I have been sick ever since. I should have been teaching this winter but my health would not allow it; so I have been waiting for the weather to get warmer. I expect to teach two months in the spring. I am a farmer, and a teacher too, but my health has gotten so poor I was obliged to give up farming. I have been teaching about four months in the year, and the balance of the time I have to work on my farm. I have been working very hard since I left school. I bought me a little farm and I have to work very hard to try to pay for it; so now I do not know as I shall be able to pay for it since my health has got to be so bad. I have paid $151.63 on it, and the balance due is $40.

I will be very proud of anything to read for my Sunday-school. I hope to hear from you soon, and for good advice when you write.

Your obedient servant, P.

WHAT WILL KEEP INDIANS FROM THE WAR PATH.

One of last year's Indian Graduates writes suggestively of a war-cloud that seemed gathering over Indian Territory, but has scattered as he predicted. We give his letter uncorrected:

ANADASCO, I. T., April 28, 1883.

My Dear Friend:

Your postal card of the 2d inst. was gladly received yesterday morning. The books have not come, I suppose they are on the road somewhere, and no doubt will soon come, and soon as they reach me will write.

I have been on little Washita River after cattle, and just returned. The Creek Indians, who have been having some trouble among themselves for sometime, and one party of them not wishing to fight came up here seeking protection from the Comanche Indians, were captured this morning by the United States troops, I undersiand. So the Indians here may go off the war-path, and then we should all be killed; *but I hardly think they will, because some have large farms and great deal of stock and horses.*

I will write soon as I get the box of books and tell all about them, and the cost of expenses.

Yours truly, D.

Temperance Notes.

THE RESULTS OF PROHIBITION.

The National Temperance Advocate says:

"The liquor press and its sympathizers have continued to assert with more than usual vehemence and zeal that more liquor is sold under prohibition than under license. We give a few facts and statistics showing that prohibition does prohibit wherever it has a fair opportunity. The Republican State Convention of Maine, last autumn, with thirteen hundred delegates present, adopted the following resolution:

"That we refer with confidence and with pride to the general record of the Republican party in support of the policy of the prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, the wisdom and efficiency of which legislation in promoting the moral and material interests of Maine have been demonstrated through the practical annihilation of that traffic in a large portion of the State; and we favor such legislation and such enforcement of law as will secure to every portion of our territory freedom from the traffic. We further recommend the submission to the people of the constitutional prohibitory amendment."

Hon. James G. Blaine, in a compaign letter last summer, to the people of Maine, said:

"But the people of Maine are industrious and provident, and wise laws have aided them. They are sober; earnest, and thrifty. Intemperance has steadily decreased in the State since the first enactment of the prohibitory law, until now it can be said with truth that there is no equal number of people in the Anglo-Saxon world among whom so small an amount of intoxicating liquor is consumed as among the six hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants of Maine."

Governor Robie, of Maine, in his annual message, in January, referring to the growth and resources of Maine, says:

"The valuation of the real and personal property of the State measures its aggregate wealth, and the large and rapid increase that we have made in valuation (constantly advancing the past sixty years) represents better than population the material condition of our people and the general prosperity of the State. In the year 1820, when Maine became an independent State, our total valuation was only $29,962,778; in 1830, $28,807,887; in 1840, $39,246,966; in 1850, $106,097,564, in 1860, $162,158,581; in 1870, $224,822,800; in 1880, our valuation reached the sum of $235,978,716, an increase of 876 per cent. since 1820."

He shows that in 1870 they had 787 miles of railroad, now 1,013. There were 64,309 farms in 1880, an increase of 4,495 during the last decade. Value of fishing production in 1880 was $3,739,224, and in 1870 only $979,610. The ice harvest has increased 750,000 tons in a years.

There are 2,000 establishments for the production of agricultural implements, employing 40,000 mechanics, with a capital of $62,109,668, and turning out implements for farms valued at $68,640,486. The total number of manufacturing establishments in Maine is 4,481; capital $49,984,571, employing 52,948 persons, paying $13,621,538 yearly in wages. Value of materials, $51,119,281. Value of products, $79,825,393.

Prohibition has worked immense advantages for the State of Maine. The vast sum of money which formerly went into the till of the saloon keeper is now spent for improving farms, households, and a thousand other ways which benefit society, and the entire State feels the beneficial effects, till both political parties and the great majority of the people look upon the prohibition of the liquor traffic as the salvation and safety of the State.

The chaplain of the Kansas penitentiary in a recent letter says:

The average yearly increase of criminals in that institution for the thirteen years preceding the taking effect of prohibition in the State was forty-six. At the time of the taking effect of the prohibitory amendment, December 22, 1880, the number of inmates in the penitentiary was greater than at any previous time. Since then the number has decreased 74—or an average annual decrease, after nearly two years of prohibition, of 40, against an annual increase before prohibition of 46."

The warden of the penitentiary says:

"During the year of 1880 (license year) there were received 200 convicts. In 1881, with only eight months of prohibition, only 188 were received. The government tax in 1881, on distilled liquors was only twelve cents per capita, while Illinois, under regulation laws, was $0.90."

Rev. A. M. Richardson, of Lawrence, Kansas, says that "prohibition is enforced as a rule in four-fifths of the State." He also says:

"It is safe to say that *there is not more than one-third* the amount of liquor made and sold in the State that there was two years ago. I know it is widely asserted that there is more liquor sold and drunk in Kansas than before the amendment was adopted. But this assertion is not only without proof, but utterly at variance with indisputable facts. Ex-Gov. Robinson stated in a speech in Topeka that from the best information he could get there were no government permits to sell liquor issued this year than two years ago. What are the facts? Simply these: In 1881 there were in the State, besides many unlicensed places, 1,832 licensed dram-shops, 39 breweries, 30 wholesale liquor establishments, and two distilleries, making a total of not less than 2,000 places where liquor was made and sold. To-day there is not a distillery nor a wholesale liquor-house in the State, and there are only 8 or 9 breweries. R. G. Dunn & Co., of Chicago, who have had their advertising agents all through the State, report that there are 336 places where liquor is sold in Kansas. These are all their detectives have been able to find after the closest scrutiny.

"The Collector of Internal Revenue says there were issued from MAY 1 to JUNE 15, 1882, the commencement of the government tax year, 1,148 retail permits to sell liquors. Four hundred of these were taken out by druggists, authorized to sell for the excepted purposes. This would leave 748 permits for saloon purposes. But a large number of these *have since been surrendered* because they have been found to be *practically worthless*, owing to the enforcement of the law. We do not believe 500 places can be found in the State where liquor is found openly sold in violation of the law. This would be a reduction of nearly three-fourths. There has also been a falling off in the United States Revenue tax of $30,607.32, and the beer tax has been reduced nearly $14,000. The revenue tax of 1881 was 12 cts. per capita for 1882 only 7 cts."

Ex-Governor St. John says:

"The law passed by the Legislature for the enforcement of this amendment took effect May 1, 1881. The first year of prohibition closed twenty-eight of thirty-nine breweries, and drove every distillery from the State. Our people never were so prosperous as they are to-day, and any proposition looking to a return to the old license system would be defeated by a majority of at least fifty thousand."

for the disposal of the cane when it was grown. There was no mill in the place; but in the end, it was sold for seed to expanding plantations.

The next stage of preparation for a planter, in which Mr. M. engaged, was to raise by contract 200 acres or more of cane for a neighboring plantation. This required no extensive outlay for teams and labor. Money was furnished by the plantation at 10 per cent. interest, and a certain percentage of the crop was to reimburse the planters. This was the first serious move toward that all-ingulfing business which he had chosen as his future occupation. It was a new experiment and it was on a plantation which, though still kept up, has never paid one cent of profit to the shareholders, but is deeply in debt. The soil was hard and ungenial to cane. The seed cane was a medley of a dozen or more kinds, and no one knew which kind was adapted to soil and climate and which was not. But, to hear the oracles pronounce on the value—each of his favorite kind of cane—one would have thought there was no doubt in the matter. Nor were they less positive in regard to the best season of the year for planting, which was in fact a matter of much importance even in the tropics, and might materially affect the profit of the crop.

But, on the preparation of the ground, the manner of planting and managing, the discussion on each point was spirited if thought was crude and manner of speech rude. In fact they seemed like earnest men before whom, in the distance, visions of untold wealth glittered, without, I fear, any very exalted intentions as to using it. Some "would get even with those who," they fancied, "had undervalued them. Wouldn't they come cringing to them, by-and-by, begging the privilege of being their overseer?" "Would not they have their fine horses and carriage and pass without notice some who," they imagined, "could not see them now. Would not they wear their boiled shirt? Wouldn't they"—?

Alas! few, or none of them, ever realized their ideal. A few of their class achieved success, but they were not among the boastful ones, but quietly learned all they could and practiced it. As usual, those who knew the least were loudest and most positive. But the wooden mill, with its two or three try-pots and adobie or stone chimney laid in mud, gave the proprietor a right to speak. Had not he grown the finest cane—seven acres of it? Had he not made "sirrup" for the whaling fleet "ekell" to the best? and who should know, if not he? But his neighbor (Jones) claimed the right to differ from him, and though he laughed in his sleeve as he said it "he, too, knew a thing or two." No matter if he did use his wife's wire sieve for a skimmer, and certain other utensils for his yet unfinished outfit, "Hadn't he got the best sugar that had been made yet?" Reader, I am tempted to tell you a thing about that sugar. It was put in mat bags containing from 30 to 50 pounds each. Some of it had been marked for shipment with black paint. It was noticed after a while that the paint had spread till the marking became illegible, and a close scrutiny revealed the fact that the paint had only lodged on the backs of mites with which the bags were literally covered, and which in moving carried the paint with them!

Although this class of men were willing to work, and meant to do all their work themselves, and were loud in their criticisms of "book planting and sugar making," and "gentlemen planters," they could not plan their own operations, and consequently while they were doing one thing another suffered; and most of them in a few years found their proper level. The case was hard enough when men of ability and education undertook a plantation.

Separated by a distance of half the circumference of the world from the means of carrying on any extended business, the delay in procuring machinery and other means was very vexatious and disheartening. Often times, after waiting six months or so for a very important article, it proved on arrival to be anything but what was wanted. Either the description sent was misunderstood, or a dishonest trader would palm off some unsaleable article and trust to distance to prevent unpleasant consequences; or, either the order would be lost on its way, or the vessel bringing the article would be lost; or, finally, the article itself never had an existence except in the advertisement of some enterprising wind-bag. Again, a man of sense could see at a glance that a business of such dimensions and so varied necessities, could be carried on only by employing "help" of various grades and capacity—from the laborer who had only sense enough to handle the hoe to the overseer who understood combinations, the skilled artisan who could command his two or three thousand dollars a year, and the manager who (unless he thoroughly understood every part of the business and was possessed of more than ordinary tact, shrewdness and will-power,) was liable to daily impositions of a very disheartening character.

This is not the place, however, to go farther into the intricacies of plantation life in its later developments. But it should be said that all who undertook—even in a rude way—sugar-makin, gwere obliged to employ more or less labor. And it did not take a long time to discover that Franklin's adage, "Not to oversee workmen is to leave your purse always open before them," was emphatically true of Kanakas, the class most employed. They could never be trusted without constant and immediate supervision. Consequently the planter was obliged to hire an overseer whose sole business was to go with a gang and stand and see that they worked, and that they did their work properly. With proper supervision they were very good laborers. The overseer kept a book in which was entered a list of the names of the laborers and an amount of the work of each, "docking" the time of any who were tardy or who "loafed." But vigilance did not stop here; a chief overseer was to watch the overseers, and his part was no sinecure; he must be all over the plantation, and must know what each gang of men were doing and see that their labor was where and what was needed, and see there was no collusion between the gang and their overseer, who was often a native. An overseer of teams must see the teams harnessed in at daylight in the morning, and must go with them back and forth all day long, though each team had its own driver. Over all was the manager, who was responsible for the success of the plantation, and whose desire to be known as a successful manager was a sufficient inducement to put forth his best endeavors. But this account applies rather to the result of many years practice, than to the earlier stages of sugar planting, some of the trials incident to which I have briefly described. In passing around to-day, the old resident recognizes sundry heaps of dirt, or the remains of old patched huts, or an old pit, or a scene of more than usual desolation, as the theatre of those earlier exploits in incipient sugar making. Many of them, however, are swallowed up and quite obliterated in the cane fields of to-day.

But I have wandered. Mr. M. hired a few men, purchased teams, and proceeded to business. The plows were furnished by the plantation. Were they not the "best light steel plows procured expressly for the purpose?" Yes, they would run with a very small team. "It was all folly to use the great heavy plow, with its wheels, coulter, etc., requiring a team of seven or eight, often a dozen or more, yoke of oxen." These plows would clear themselves and keep bright ("scour"). So, "though they would cut a furrow twelve or fourteen inches wide and eight inches deep, they would only require two or three yoke of oxen." The first discovery made was that the "coulter," or knife, caught all the rubbish, which was abundant on the surface of the ground, and required a man with a native spade to travel along with it and keep it clear. After all his efforts it was often necessary to stop the team and turn the plow out of the furrow to give the man time to clear it. A smart Yankee might have done it without this trouble, but we had not smart Yankees, but only Hawaiians who, if they are to be noted for anything, will be noted for losing opportunities. Another thing learned was that the soil would adhere to the brightest polished steel plow, requiring double team. The next discovery was that the soil, being stiff and adhesive, and the team required being heavy, the light, thin point of the plow would bend double with the first obstruction. So, heavy wrought iron points, were made to replace them. But the plow being light and the team heavy, a collapse of the whole machine was inevitable, and was not long in taking place. After that Tom, Dick and Harry's plows were tried till, finally, the whole matter was settled by procuring a common sense plow with nobody's pet improvements to distinguish it from all otherplows, and render it fit for—the rubbish heap.

Mr. M., who being a born farmer knew the technicalities of farming, went into the work with the men—holding plow, planting and weeding with the best of them. We are now in the year 1860. Nothing unusual appeared in the growth of the cane and—weeds. The latter grew apace, and unless the ground was often stirred by the cultivator and the weeds prevented from growing, the crop would suffer, and it required hand labor to do this. But hand labor was now becoming expensive, and the supply precarious; not because there were no unemployed natives, but they had a decided disinclination to steady and long-continued labor. Since Adam required calling from his retreat, men have often been missing when they were wanted, and laborers on sugar plantations seldom waste time by waiting for their employer. They are sometimes absent when they agree to be present. Laborers have always been scarce, the supply has not been equal to the demand, and a good deal of leniency has been necessary in dealing with them or they would leave. At first Mr. M. hired men by the day or by the month. Though at that time wages were low they seemed afraid they would earn their money. They would be tardy in the morning and if possible leave before night; and some would work reluctantly all day, slighting their work as much as possible. Then, when weeds were growing and work pressing, they would absent themselves under various pretexts of sickness, or to cook food, or some of their family were sick; though the employer well knew that in three cases out of four the pretext was false. It was well if they hadn't stolen his horse and, after riding it nearly to death, turned it loose into the cane field to account for its absence.

Mr. M. was satisfied that day laborers could not be relied on. A promise to come and work was not considered binding unless money had been paid in advance. This was sanctioned by law. Money paid in advance without security was thrown away. It was therefore customary to sign a contract to work for a length of time on payment of part of the wages in advance, the balance was to be paid monthly as the labor was performed. As a matter of fact it was paid in small sums weekly, that the improvident creatures might have the means to buy food, for the advance paid was at once squandered, if it was not seized by their creditors. It thus became possible to procure labor, for almost any native was greedy to go in debt to any amount to find present gratification. Laws had been made to require laborers who had received money in advance, to labor and cancel the debt, and making it a penal offence to fail to do so. And now opened a game. The point was to see if the laborer could swindle his employer and escape. And the history of the mean tricks to which they resorted would of itself fill a volume. I say *mean* tricks, for in the whole category was not one fair one. Cases did indeed occur where the laborer died with his contract unfulfilled. But in most cases they were careful, if they had property, to have it so secured that the employer could get nothing if he wished to.

I think I have made it appear probable that an employer or overseer would not be likely to trust a laborer's word. The word of a Sandwich Island laborer thus became of little account, and his reasons for asking leave of absence were of little avail. After attending the funerals of half a dozen fathers and mothers, that pretext was used up. Pretence of sickness would not avail where manifestly nothing was the matter, despite all his writhings and retchings, and, especially after he had been often caught deceiving. It thus sometimes happened that a really sick man was obliged to go to work in the fields. But the law was very strict and gave the laborer a great advantage over his employer. The latter sometimes, tried by the purposely insolent conduct of the laborer, would strike him. A neighbor not in his employ, who should use similar insolence to him, might get a sound thrashing, which in court would be shown to be with cause, and he would be excused if he had not drawn blood or used a dangerous weapon. But not so the laborer. A blow broke the contract and released the laborer from further service, however large the advance he had received. Some, however, finding an advance very convenient while the labor was inconvenient, after securing an advance would abscond and go to another plantation, sign another contract and get another advance before discovery. True, he was punished for getting money under false pretences; but that only made him a state prisoner, unless the proprietors of the two plantations effected a compromise, in which case he must go back to work. But in such cases he usually absconds again, shipping to a third party and getting a third advance—leaving three planters out $50 or $75 each—for he would again abscond. But state prison life was not hard. To one who earned it in this way it was a very comfortable retirement, and freed him from many cares.

(To be Continued.)

Closing Day at Tuskegee.

Normal School, Tuskegee, Ala., June 11, 1883.

My Dear *Southern Workman*:

A Hampton Correspondent of the Boston Journal recently spoke of a belief in "Hampton weather." If we dared to generalize from so few special cases, we at Tuskegee might begin to believe in "Tuskegee weather," but perhaps it is better for us to wait till we have left our baby-hood before we speak from *experience*. 'Tis an old saying that nature never repeats herself, but I am inclined to believe she preserved the pattern of your "Hampton day" for our "Tuskegee day" a week later, using an artificer's privilege of improving upon her pattern. We know she has an eye to the fitness of things, and what more fitting than that Hampton and Tuskegee should be dealt with alike by the old lady, with a slight partiality for the *baby*?

Thursday, May 31, our closing day, was a perfect day. Wednesday it rained quite hard from morning till night, and many a time during the day the anxious question, "Do you think it will rain to-morrow?" was asked. When the morning came, every body was made glad—glad of the rain that had fallen, giving such a beautiful freshness to every thing—glad of the lovely day promised by the morning. Even the birds seemed to share in the general gladness. They gave us a perfect Hallelujah Chorus from the trees about us.

We had the good fortune to secure for our main speakers Rev. Geo. L. Chaney of Boston, whose work is now in Atlanta, and Rev. Dr. M. Calloway, formerly of Emory College. Both arrived on Wednesday. The latter was the guest of the white Methodist minister of the town, Rev. Mr. Holcomb. The first part of the morning was occupied with opening exercises, including a military drill with the young men, and class recitations which lasted till 11 o'clock. At this hour all assembled in the chapel to listen to the dedication of our new building by Rev. G. L. Chaney.

His subject was one befitting the occasion, and I am sure few of the large audience went away no better men or women than they were when they came. If I could I would give you a review of his excellent and helpful address, perhaps I may be able to furnish you with it entire later, and from it you can give your readers such portions as you may have room for. Mr. Chaney has very kindly consented to have it printed in pamphlet form for distribution among our students.

At 12.30 the "flow of soul" ended for a season, and our "feast of reason" began. We owe many thanks to Rev. Mr. Holcomb for the thoughtful kindness manifested by him. The speakers and a few of the guests were cordially invited to dinner at his house. As most of the students and friends brought baskets, dinner was partaken of in picnic style and was made quite a pleasant social event.

At 2 o'clock we reassembled for the rhetoricals and the other of the two main events of the day—Dr. Calloway's address. It was with a feeling akin to reverence somewhat mingled with awe that I listened to him. I think the latter feeling was awakened by the expression of his face. No one can look into it without the feeling that there is a powerful mind under the most complete subjection to the *will* of the man behind it. As I thought of what his resignation of an honored position among his own race, his acceptance of a work among us, his being here on such an occasion, meant for him, as I thought these things in connection with what he is—a man of southern birth, training and sympathies, a feeling of deepest respect for the one who, for the sake of a conviction, could forego so much that was brightest, and in many respects, pleasantest, and assume so much that is hard and unpleasant, arose within me. Carlyle says, truly, I think, that we are all, more or less hero-worshipers. As I listened to his strong, earnest plea for the elevation of the Negro on the basis of his *humanity*, I felt that Geogia had given us another hero. Rev. Mr. Owen, pastor of a large colored Baptist Congregation in Mobile, followed Dr. Calloway. His earnest entreaty to those present to make the aspiration of the Greek Slave, quoted by Mr. Chaney in the morning, "Not, Oh, that I *had* this or that, but, Oh, that I *were* this or that," theirs, was most forcible.

The students who took part in the rhetorical exercises of the afternoon—three young women and three young men—acquitted themselves well. They were of the Junior and Middle classes. We shall have no graduating class till year after next. The singing throughout the day was good. Mr. Parrot's success in his department deserves special mention. The result of his work was praised by all present. By-the-way, I presume he is now making his first acquaintance with Hampton's—industrial—shades. He expected to go to H. very soon after leaving here.

In the evening all the students and many of their friends came together in the chapel for an informal social entertainment. The evening was spent pleasantly with a few well-rendered duets and solos, recitations, conversation, music, and marches. Towards the close of the evening "Judgment Day" they used to call it at Hampton, arrived. Amid the most profound stillness the names of the students constituting the different classes for next year were read. There were many happy faces and a few sorrowful ones among the students when this was over.

Soon after, students and friends turned their faces homeward, and the newly christened "Porter Hall" was shortly wrapped in darkness, and its tired inmates in welcome slumber.

The year just closed has been an encouraging one in many respects to us and at present our prospects for the future, though somewhat clouded by the *fear* of financial embarrassment, are hopeful. We *hope* by the close of another year to have a brick building for the boys well on towards completion.

The bricks are being made on the farm now. We have a promising crop of cotton, cane, corn, sweet potatoes and fruit. Our "Uncle Harry" is not Mr. Howe, but he has learned his *three* C's. Few, under like circumstances, can show a better crop of cotton, corn, and cane than can "Uncle Harry."

The Lenox.

A number of our students hastened away Friday and Saturday after the close of the school to be on hand in as many districts to begin schools the following Monday morning.

This they do to earn money with which to meet their expenses next year.

Some months ago, the colored teachers of Bullock, an adjoining county to this (Macon), expressed a desire to have a summer Institute held in the county. To this their Supt., a white man, gave a ready consent, and at his request Mr. Washington is now there in the work.

A few of the teachers of this county and of Montgomery, and of Lowndes County are here for the summer in a similar work with myself.

The weather, which through April and May was remarkably cool for this climate, is now quite warm.. Old heads say we are "in" for a long hot summer. Already I begin to wish for some of Hampton's cool breezes.

Wishing you and all your readers a pleasant and *breezy* summer's vacation. I am

Yours truly,

D.

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. XII. HAMPTON, VA., SEPTEMBER, 1883. No. 9.

OUR FROZEN-OUT PETS. [From Harper's Weekly.

A Funeral Among the Colored People.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

May 1st. My husband said this morning that as he would be very busy for some weeks, he wished I would undertake to look after the houses occupied by our colored tenants. Somebody has to look after the property constantly, as the people are very destructive. I rather shrunk from the task but did not like to tell John so, as he wants me to be business-like.

He said I must examine all the gates, fences, windows, doors and locks, and especially see if the well was in good order. John has built since we have been living in the suburbs, which will be ten years next month, eight small houses for rent. Usually they are all occupied by colored people. John says the white people who would live in these small houses with Negroes all around them must be of the lowest class, and he does not want any dealings with them. He will not rent his house to any one who has not some visible means of support, and his tenants generally pay their rents very well. There is a great deal of pride among them, the old slaves who belonged to "quality" white families regarding with much scorn their fellow Africans, whose masters were in limited circumstances, or who happen to be what they call "old issue free niggers." I visit among the tenants when there is sickness in their families or occasionally carry some message from John when he is busy, and they always receive me kindly. It is quite useless to attempt to speak to any of them about business, no matter how hurried I may be, until they have inquired for my health and John's, and knowing they expect me in in turn to "give them the time of day," I am fain to comply with their customs, and exchange greetings before proceeding with the matter in hand.

A very good family of people moved out of one of John's houses lately, chiefly on account of their having always been free, while their neighbors had belonged to a large slave holder and bore the name of their aristocratic master. The free people were very orderly in their ways, but Mrs. Prime, the mother of the family, was affected with rheumatism at times, and having had several quarrels with the people next door, she took it into her head that they had "tricked" the well, which stood between the two houses, in order to injure her. Her son, who had some education and a great deal of sense, liked the little white cottage with its green yard and large shade trees and at first refused to move. He was one of the best factory hands in the city, sometimes earning $25.00 a week, and as he paid most of the rent, his mother was compelled to submit. When, however, the eldest girl, who had walked a mile one very hot day with a huge basket of clothes on her head, complained of severe head-ache, and after drinking freely of the well-water which is deliciously cold, fell down in a fit, Mrs. Prime would listen to no arguments from her son, but packed up her possessions and moved away from what she firmly believed the poisoned fountain. The house has been standing vacant for some weeks, and this afternoon when three women, a mother and daughters came to look, at it, I went as John had desired, to show them the place. There is a large rose bush in full bloom at the door, and as we stood under the great maple-tree I said to the old woman, who told me she supported herself by washing, "I think this is the nicest place we have to rent. You see this yard is larger and has more trees in it than any of the others." "Yes," said the women looking approvingly as I thought at the neat cottage, the grass and trees, "this is a mighty pretty place to hang out clothes!" She came back at night to see John, but said the rent, five dollars a month, was too high, and as she had several children, a class John greatly objects to, they did not come to an agreement.

May 4th. The house vacated by the Primes is rented, and I went over to-day to see our new tenants. I was so glad to hear they were respectable married people, which is rather a rare occurrence among our colored tenants. I found the family at dinner, the man seated at a bare table, with his wife waiting upon him, and the two pretty little brown skinned boys on the floor, with a frying pan between them, each holding a big piece of corn bread in one hand and eating with the other. This is the fashion of taking meals among the Negroes; they sometimes vary it a little on Sunday, when they will have a very elaborate dinner or breakfast. The house wife will spread a white cloth on the table and display the nice glass and china ware brought from the old plantation home with them. The whole family will assemble around the table, the father and mother will assume the impressive manners of old master and old mistress. The children, awed into good behavior by the austere aspect of their parents, the unwonted quality of the viands and the uncomfortable consciousness of their Sunday clothes, will awkwardly imitate their elders, and secretly long to sop out the pots and skillets, which it seems to them such a pity to wash with gravy in them!

Our new tenant, David Davenport, is a magnificent specimen of a man—tall, well-formed and athletic. He is rather dark, but his reddish brown cheeks and hair slightly curling, with his handsome clean cut features, shows the mingling of the white race with that of the sons of Ham. His wife, large and tall also and brown rather than black, with high cheek bones and long straight hair, evidently has Indian blood in her veins. She must have been handsome too in her best days, but a slight stoop in her shoulders, querulous voice and hacking cough indicate failing health.

Davenport spoke pleasantly, recognizing me as his landlord's wife, and soon went off. The two boys dropped their dodgers as he rose and ran after him, begging for a ride on his wagon.

The woman sat down wearily by the fire, and I stayed sometime talking with her. All the Negroes have much to tell of "their white folks" of whom most of them speak with pride and affection, and they are always ready to talk of the great event of their lives, never calling it the emancipation, but dating every thing from "Lee's Surrender."

May 20th. John said this morning, the ball-club would play to-day on the college campus, adjoining one of his lots, and I must go and tell the tenants on the place, to keep the boys off his fence, and see that the well was locked, as the youngsters are very rough in their ways and often injure property around the campus, when a match game attracts a crowd. When I reached the cabin near the ball-grounds I found old aunt Judy Parson, who lives there, walking up and down her little yard carrying the bale of a bucket in her hand and evidently in great excitement. When I enquired what was the matter, the old woman held up the bale and trembling, with indignation, related her grievance. It seems the heedless boys had borrowed a new wooden bucket from the old dame and after using it as long as they wanted it, had kicked it to pieces, and then one of the party had picked up the bale and brought it to the owner, thanking her with an air of mock politeness for lending the bucket. After sympathizing with her for the ill-treatment she had met, I asked for her husband, intending to give him John's instructions about the well and the fence. "Joe!" said his wife, in reply, "Laws a massy! Joe is done gone clean off. He come home jes' arter dat imperdent creetur hring me dis here bale, an' when he seed it he went to cussin so I says, I'd don' sen' yo'r soul to purdition fur one bucket; you 'member you was at de mo'ners bench Sunday through fo' nex' Sunday. An' Joe he says: well ef I stays here an' looks at dem boys I is boun' to cuss so I'll g'long an' cut up dat load o' wood for Mis' Jenny Stanley." I gave aunt Judy John's orders as to keeping the boys off our property and fancy she undertook the job with zeal quickened by her wrongs, and the young gentlemen will find themselves worsted if they attempt any depredations.

I went from aunt Judy's house to ask after Davenport's wife, who has been very sick for some days. I found the woman in bed and looking miserable. She has been taking opiates prescribed by the doctor, which increase her nervousness and irritability. It was melancholy to hear the racking cough and listen to the catalogue of pains she recited in a feeble broken voice. She believed she had the "inflummatory sciatics, it was in the family, her mother had died of it."

She had "such a misery in her head she couldn't see out of her eyes," and then "there was a pain in the spine of her back so she couldn't set nor lay," and she had "the ricketts too, she done had that ever since her las' chile was born."

A brisk looking girl named Polly Smith, the daughter of another tenant, was moving about the room, cooking dinner, sprinkling clothes to iron, etc. When I asked Mrs. Davenport how she managed about her work, the peevish face relaxed a little, as she said "Polly had agreed to stay with her until she was better: David always told her to hire a girl when she was sick, and Polly lived near she could go home at night. David always let her do anything she wanted to." I suggested a simple cough mixture and Polly at once set about preparing it, seeming very kind and attentive to the poor creature, who will soon be beyond the reach of pain and sorrow.

30th. John is often called upon to act in a magisterial capacity with his colored tenants, who come to him with all their wrangling and discontents. I am often amused at his decisions and tell him he is thoroughly impartial as his only design is to preserve the peace among them so that they will keep his houses. He gave me an account last night of a most absurd scene he had had with Davenport's wife. It seems she has become jealous of Polly and accuses her husband of making love to the damsel. Her indignation revived her failing strength and she dismissed the girl declaring she was fully able to do the work of her family. She came to John's office to request him to lecture David, saying he had not been at home except to eat his meals for a week, and was always at the Smith cottage. John tried to calm her excitement and advised her to make her home pleasant to her husband and leave off scolding and fretting, promising at the same time to "speak to David," as she desired. John says the woman's confidences were so ridiculous and given with such intense earnestness it was difficult for him to keep his countenance during the interview. He did talk to Davenport seriously, telling him his wife was in a dying condition and could not possibly live long. Dr. Jones had told him her lungs were hopelessly diseased, and it was very wrong to make her unhappy by attention to other women. Davenport put on a very injured air, denying the accusation of his wife, saying he stayed at home whenever he was not needed by his employer, that he did all he could for his wife, and, only went occasionally to see "Uncle Shedrack Smith," who had belonged to his master's brother, and was an old friend of his.

June 13th. My old cook, who keeps us well informed of what goes on "among them Cabin niggers" as she calls the tenants, says the quarrel between Davenport's wife and Polly Smith culminated in a grand row yesterday. It seems the Smith family are members of Mt. Pisgah church as is also Mrs. Davenport, who has been telling every one who will listen to her that Polly has been using malign influences to win David's love, and has cast a spell upon her, which is the cause of all her sickness. Polly's mother finding the subject likely to come before the church if it was not suppressed in some way, went to Davenport's house, when the jealous wife was alone, and railed at her fiercely for aspersing Polly's character. The woman answered furiously, repeating the charges. Mrs. Smith, who is a tall majestic looking African, very black and solemn, with a very large mouth and double gums which give her a most formidable appearance, suggesting that her ancestors might have been kings of the Cannibal Isles, deliberately struck the wretched creature before her and turned to leave the house. If she imagined the sick woman helpless, she found herself mistaken, for Davenport's wife roused to fury, sprang from the bed, on which she lay apparently exhausted by the effort to put her house in order, seized David's loaded gun from its place behind the door, and aiming it at her adversary, who ignominiously fled before her, chased her to the door of her own house. Her strength failed her there, and she fell fainting to the ground.

Poor soul, I suppose this will hasten her death, as she is evidently failing fast.

Davenport provides everything he possibly can for her, and I often find her surrounded by delicacies her sickly fancy craves, though she is unable to eat them.

14th. Davenport's wife sent for me last night and poured out a piteous story of wrong and suffering.

It was hard to know what to say to comfort the unhappy woman, and I could only read to her sweet, soothing words from the Bible and urged her to turn her thoughts to the better land beyond this vale of woe.

She assented listlessly to what I said to her, and professed to have her trust firmly fixed upon Him "who is mighty to save," but it was easy to see from the tears that constantly crept from beneath the drooping lids and the expression of anguish on the worn features that her heart clung passionately to the husband of her youth, and the handsome boys in whom she delights, though her fretfulness is as often shown to them as anyone else. I presume it is uncontrollable now, she is so weak and miserable.

16th. The Davenport woman died last night, her disease having taken a fatal turn in the morning. I went to the cottage, when I heard she was worse, and found her suffering greatly but quite composed as is so often the case in the last hours of those who have previously shown mortal dread of the King of Terrors. A white physician was at the bedside, kindly trying all he could to relieve the intense pain which racked the dying woman. Several colored people, who had shown the sufferer much kindness in her long sickness, were round her now. Her husband sat beside her, and seemed to be trying by every gentle endearment to atone for the neglect with which his wife's last days had been tormented. This seemed to be all that the poor soul asked or wanted. She submitted passively to the remedies which the kind-hearted physician attempted to relieve her suffering, listened without any effort at response to what I said to her, but in a slight interval of ease after a terrible struggle for breath, turned towards me and with an expression of joyful elation on her face, said in broken words, "David set by me this mornin' an' cried over me." A moment's tenderness having apparently atoned for months of unkindness and neglect! And so it was to the end. The pain and struggles for breath continued for many hours, but were borne with patience, the dying woman's eyes resting to the last, lovingly upon the man who had promised when she was young and strong "to keep her in sickness and in health, and leaving all others to cleave only unto her," but had grown weary when the day of trial came. The last words that came from the trembling lips were a gentle murmur about "not wanting David to worry himself out watching her" and holding David's hand tightly clasped in hers she fell into the last long sleep.

17th. The colored people far and near gathered at Davenport's house last night for the wake, which is to them an indispensable mark of reverence for the dead, and how they did wail! Their songs of lamentation filled the air, and it was difficult for anyone to sleep in the neighborhood.

I attended the funeral at 10 o'clock this morning, knowing our tenants would all be hurt if I were not there. Everything had been arranged by the colored people, who had taken charge of the house when Mrs. Davenport died, to make the best display possible under the circumstances. The dead woman had always tried to have her house neatly kept, and loved to adorn it with gay pictures and little ornaments. The bed had been removed from the front room, the pictures, clock, looking-glass, etc. were all covered with white draperies, and flowers every where. The body of the poor sufferer, so lately racked with pain, was very peaceful now, and neatly dressed in her best attire, lay in a handsome coffin adorned with flowers and evergreens. Knowing that Davenport had been at great expense during his wife's illness, for though careless of her feelings he provided well as he could for her wants, I was quite surprised at the display on this occasion. The colored people show a bad spirit in not wanting to encourage their own race in industrial effort, and instead of employing a worthy colored man, who provides coffins and keeps undertaking rooms, those who are ambitious of style always employ the fashionable white undertaker to bury their dead.

He was in attendance now with his best horse and several carriages. David Davenport, looking the magnificent specimen of manhood he is, his fine face wearing an expression of profound melancholy, was seated near the coffin, with his two boys beside him.

Brother Dobbs was there as usual, and came near upsetting my gravity by stating with a flourish of his red bandana over his shining black countenance, that "but for the imbecility that had pervaded his frame since his late illness, he should have arrived sooner."

After the services were ended, all present were invited to look for the last time upon the face of the dead before the coffin was closed, and so piercing were the cries and shrieks from the whole assembly, which rent the air, that my nerves could not stand it and I was forced to beat a retreat. Some of Mrs. Davenport's relatives had been sent for to attend the funeral and their grief was heartrending to see, and as for Davenport it seemed as if he would go into spasms; it was difficult to decide whether his agonized groans and cries were from sorrow and remorse for the harshness he had shown to the lone sufferer, whose weary frame "had now forever done with aching" or came merely from the emotional excitement usually expected of the colored people on such occasions. The funeral must have cost fully fifty dollars, a great expense for a laboring man already heavily burthened with debt.

As I walked slowly homeward, followed by David's melancholy cries, I could but think what a pity it was that some of this tenderness could not have been shown the dying woman in her pain and languishing instead of being kept for the funeral.

Our Frozen-out Pets.

In these long summer days, when the white swans float lazily from dawn till dusk on the sheltered surfaces of tree-embosomed lakes, seeking rather the shady nooks of the shore than the broad glare of the sun-rays, our illustration seems almost an impossibility. Is it true that in a few weeks, icicles will take the place of greenery, snow cover the velvet moss of the rocks, harsh winds ruffle and at last harden into steel the softly rippling waters, and our poor swans in all their stately plumage be driven from their haunts and hidden nests, to seek the artificial shelter and warmth provided for them by kindly human hands?

The "pets" in our picture have found friends and are evidently to be well cared for, but the winter is upon them, as it will soon be upon us, with all its hard necessities and inevitable demands. There is so much that can be done in the long summer days to provide for the coming cold, the neglect of which often means real suffering, that it is strange that any one should require to be reminded of the universal need of preparing, even in the milder southern climate, against the winter, which, with storm or cold, must soon be upon us. We trust that our picture may carry a timely suggestion with it.

SOUTHERN WORKMAN,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October: four months.)

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Subscribers are reminded that, from July to October inclusive, this paper is reduced to an eight page form, resuming in November the twelve page form.

A NORTHERN man, resident in the South, and a Republican in politics, said the other day, "People think that with the end of the war, and the freedom of the slave, the trouble about the Negro was over. I think the trouble has only begun, and in spite of my strong sympathy with the Negro, I am afraid he may increase the difficulties which arise out of his existence in our political system." On being pressed to explain further, he said, "The transmission from a condition of slavery, which was that of ignorance, both social, political and financial, to a state of freedom and a right to the ballot, was sudden, though it may have been necessary. Possibly there was nothing else to be done under the circumstances, but it was risky. I have more than ordinary faith in the future of the Negro race. In many respects it is doing better than we expected, but it would be very trange if it did not make some grave mistakes, and it will probably make some, which will cause serious alarm." Many of the devoted friends of the colored man entertain the same opinions, and they hope that the education of the colored race will be assured before any evil consequences follow. There are many evidences of the abuse of political rights by the colored men. In many localities they are in a majority, and their political action disturbs their best friends. The vast majority of the Negroes have received no education, nor have they ever had a chance of receiving any. The northern people, in the majority, politically, and superior physically, after securing freedom for the Negro, left him to work out his own salvation. No provision was made for his moral or intellectual improvement and so the Negro commenced to work out his own salvation without preparation of any kind, excepting a certain habit of industry on the plantation. This ignorance, which was the incident of slavery, is beginning to make itself felt in the politics of the southern States, and has at times presented some alarming symptoms. Students of political philosophy dwell upon the long training which the Anglo-Saxon has had in self-government. One generation absorbed the experience of that which went before it, and handed down its own experience with all it had accumulated to the next generation. The habit of self government was a matter of slow growth. It came in the blood. Men adopted it as readily as children adopt the language of their fathers. The Negroes have had none of this education, nor do they know anything about this process of education. Probably the majority feel themselves capable of deciding great questions, as well and as soupdly as the wisest of the white race. Indeed a colored orator, in a political convention of Maryland declared that "The Negro was today the equal in education and brains of the white man." We should willingly admit it, if it were true. The prejudice against color is dying out, and we should gladly see the Negro put himself at the front of our civilization. But he cannot do it yet, and perhaps he never will. The vital question is, not what the Negro can do in the future, but what is he about to do now. There is evidence accumulating on all sides that he is becoming the tool of unscrupulous whites as well as blacks; more than this, he is beginning to sell his vote, or demand office. The complaint is made by the more thoughtful Negroes, that venality is becoming universal, that money can control any election, that good men of color are not sustained by their own people. This is to be expected. Why should the Negro hold the ballot in high esteem, if no one has trained him to an appreciation of its character and power in the Republic? The Federal Government, which gave him freedom, has never taught him the duties and penalties of freedom. He is left to sin from want of light. No comparisons are made here between the ignorant whites and blacks. There is an abundance of unscrupulous politicians among the whites, but among the blacks there is a much larger proportion of such men, owing to the reasons we have given, and the danger is that they may conduct themselves so as to endanger the interests of their own people. The Negroes depend upon their leaders for ideas, and follow them blindly. They do not understand their situation in the machinery of the Republic. It was not love for the Negro race which induced the forces of the Republic to give them freedom, and enfranchise them. It was a sense of duty, of justice. It was the general belief that if the Negro became a citizen he would conduct himself well. So far, the black race has had behind it, as a firm suoport, the intelligence and power of the North. It will be an unfortunate day for that race, if that support should be withdrawn. It is useless to conceal the fact that many northern men, the Negroes' best friends politically, are alarmed at the revelations which are being made from time to time, regarding the political action of that race. They are willing to accept many excuses for blunders already made, but there may be a time when mistakes will become so serious, or corruption so flagrant, that an alarm may take place. If the hest of the whites, North and South, acting with thought and justice, should unite against the Negro, it would be a serious matter for him. Such a reaction is not desirable. It has been the sentiment of the nation, that "the Negro should have a chance." If he throws away his opportunity it will be his great misfortune. There are intelligent and patriotic Negroes who can guide their people safely, but they complain already that their influence is weak. There has been too much boasting on the part of colored leaders, and they are doing incalculable harm. There has been already severe friction between the blacks and the whites of the South. The danger to be apprehended is another friction between the blacks and the whites of the North. Those who are devoting themselves to Negro education see this, and are pressing schemes of education, which may prevent it. The question of freeing a race by means of the sword, is not difficult. But to deal with that race, after a sudden elevation into citizenship, and without any preparation for self government, presents extraordinary difficulties. In the working of political institutions, character tells in the end. As time goes on, the character of the Negro developes and makes itself felt, and if that character works in opposition to what is best for the nation, it will find itself in antagonism to the strongest political forces of the country.

W. N. A.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

SELECTED LECTURES AND ADDRESSES OF HON. JOHN MERCER LANGSTON, L L. D., *U. S. Minister Resident at Hayti, with an introductory sketch by Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D. Publisher—Rufus H. Darby, Washington, D. C.*

The dedication of this interesting collection should pave the way for its grateful reception by those for whom it has been especially prepared, and we quote it entire, hoping thereby to secure the attention of some at least of those "Young Colored Americans who in home and school and college are trying to make themselves worthy of the freedom and citizenship with which God and their country have endowed them."

Dr Rankin's valuable biographical sketch of Mr. Langston introduces eleven lectures and addresses, every one of which is worthy of careful reading, while "Equality before the Law," "Pacific Reconstruction," "Future of the Colored American" and one or two others, are notable contributions to the literature of the colored race in this country.

Mr. Langston's position as scholar and orator is too well known to require any notice from us, but we are glad to be able heartily to commend this selection from his works, and regret that our space does not permit us to give it a more careful review.

WE have received the first number of DIO LEWES' MONTHLY. The paper and type is unexceptionable. The Magazine is devoted to Hygiene. Published by CLARKE BROTHERS, 68 & 69 Bible House, New York.

MASTERY,—This very attractive looking illustrated Magazine, published weekly by the Mastery Co., 842 Broadway, is devoted to Useful Pastime, Home Handicrafts, Manual Arts and Studies of Nature. Terms $3 per year.

The Publisher offer fourteen prizes at from $5 to $50 each for the best original illustration of the International Sunday School lesson for the quarter ending Sept. 30th, 1883. Rev. Chas. L. Robinson, D. D. to be the judge.

From Adrian Times and Expositor.

A Voice From, Texas.

Raised with no Uncertain Sound in Opposition to a Recent Georgia Letter against Negro Education.

Our readers will recognize an old friend and Hampton Officer, in the writer of the spirited and effective defence of the Negro's right to an education and the pursuit of happiness. It seems strange that an "Adams" should seriously at this late day, deny this right.

FORT BROWN, Texas, July 4.—I read with interest and astonishment, the letter of Mr. Adams, which appeared in a late number of your paper—interest, because it is always interesting to know what an observing man thinks of the people among whom he may be called upon to sojourn or reside— astonishment, that any man born and raised, as I believe he claims to have been, on northern soil, among free schools, and all their accompaniments, should at this late day attempt to "out-Herod Herod," by holding and ventilating such opinions as he has in his letter. Did Mr. Adams, when he penned those lines, think for a moment what the result of putting his opinions in practice would be? Is he ready to have a constantly increasing part of the population of this country exercising the right of suffrage, yet deprived of all knowledge of what they are voting for?

Does he wish to go back to the old ways and days, when to teach a colored person to read was a crime in a great part of our land, or does he want to establish a state of things such as exists among the different castes of India? Has he, or any other man, any right to say that any other man, or class of men, shall not have equal rights with him, in the pursuit of all or any real happiness? Shall he say to any man, desirous of bettering his condition, "You were not born for anything more than to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water for me and mine?"

It has been often noticed that those who are fearful of elevating any hitherto uneducated or oppressed class, are generally themselves in need of elevation; and if any men in the south to-day wish to curtail the opportunities of "our brethren in black," in the pursuit of knowledge, they are not themselves of the most cultivated class, or are those who had been so long accustomed to seeing him a chattel, that they are too old to keep pace with the new order of things, and like Bunyan's enfeebled giants, can only sit at the cave's mouth, and snarl at the passer-by.

Such men as Rev. Dr. Ruffner, of Virginia, Governor Thompson, of South Carolina, Governor Brown, of Georgia, and scores of others of that stamp, do not desire that the coming man of African descent shall be as ignorant as was his slave ancestor. Mr. Adams is not keeping first-rate company, and his letter in THE TIMES, if read in many places and families at the south, would call up a smile of contempt on the face of the reader. In any part of this land a man can choose his associates. Many of us have not forgotton the ante-war sneer of the pro-slavery democrat—"Do you want your daughter to marry a nigger?" Yet it is a noticeable fact that yellow-faced children are in less proportion now than when slave owners could prohibit a chattel from learning to read, and could search for him all over the north. "He wants to wear good clothes, and ride in first class cars." In that he shows his good sense and desire to improve. "He wants to set up as a land owner." Another token of it. And thus we might go through the whole catalogue of Mr. Adams' complaints.

But, grant that some of them have some foundation in fact. Mr. Adams, as well as some others, should remember that though nations may be *born* in a day, as when set free by ukase or edict or by result of war, they require *time* to *grow*, and then he will not demand impossibilities. We admit that the Negro is not perfect. Neither is his white neighbor. He may be unreliable; so are many of fairer complexions; but whatever he may be, we who have had greater privileges should remember that our present condition is the outgrowth of centuries of personal freedom, while the black has not yet had a score of years of freedom among us, and that, if we will go far enough back in history, we shall find that some of our ancestors, though they had white skins, were sold as slaves, or roamed the forests of Europe, vastly more savage than the southern black man has *ever* been in this country.

No, education is not injuring the colored man. It was the fortune of the writer to serve for about three years as an officer of colored troops, during the rebellion, and he kept trace of many of his old command since their discharge. Most of them learned to read while in service, and they read now, and their children read also. Many of them own their homes, and some have money in bank, and names that are good for more.

Would Mr. Adams send them back to ignorance and unrequited toil? Is he any worse off because of this prosperity?

From 1878 to 1881, the writer was on duty at Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va., a school organized by the assistance of the freedmen's bureau, for training colored teachers. From it have gone forth hundreds of young men and women to teach not only that knowledge that is to be found in books, but that knowledge of the things of every day life that their race need, and higher and more intelligent ideas of Christianity; and to-day they, and the graduates of Fisk, Straight and Shaw universities, and of Howard and less noted schools, are doing a work in elevating their race that cannot be understood by such men as Mr. Adams, and which will last when he and I will be forgotton. And while most of them are teachers, many have found their way into other vocations. The ranks of the clergy, lawyers, and of the medical profession, have received from them numerous accessions and (this should cause the hair of Mr. Adams to stand on end), one teaches a school in Vermont; while another, who stood eight in a class of one hundred graduates, at a northern medical college, is employed as surgeon in charge of

of the insane ward of an asylum in Western New York, and is recognized and highly respected by his brother practitioners; and though he was denied admission to one college when he applied, he rides in a parlor car, takes a newspaper, and can set Mr. Adam's leg if broken, as well as he could groom his horse, or hoe his cotton.

Yet, if we are to credit his statement, he would have the minister quit his pulpit, the physician his patients, the lawyer burn his briefs and library, and the teacher dismiss his scholars, and, taking up the hoe, devote their attention to their merely animal wants, and to raising cotton, under the oversight of a white man, as in days long since ended.

But, sigh as he may, those days can never return, nor do those who saw more of them than did Mr. Adams, desire that they should.

Revolutions never go backward, and, spite of all such protests as his, the colored man *will* have schools, *will* take the papers, *will* ride in parlor cars, *will* wear good clothes, *will* have his race represented in congress and the learned professions, long after the protester shall have gone to dust, and, should he be happy enough to stand justified before the Great Judge, he may find our sable friend there also. What will he do then? Ask to have him turned out?

HENRY ROMEYN.

Letter From Rev. Geo. C. Rowe.

CYPRESS SLASH, MCINTOSH P. O.
LIBERTY CO., GA., July, 10th '83.

EDITOR SOUTHERN WORKMAN:

Another month has glided away rapidly—because every moment has been full of something to do. As a sequel to my last, I will tell you what we have been doing. The parsonage has been celled down-stars, ceiled and partitioned up-stairs; the stair-ease removed, and in a more convenient part of the house, and three new doors made. The lumber for this work, and the carpenter work was paid for by the A. M. A. The front room has been papered and arranged, and is now quite pretty and home-like. As the house is now arranged, we have the front room 18 x 16; a dining room 18 x 14, a kitchen 18 x 12; and two bed-rooms up stairs 9 x 16 each. We hope to build a kitchen back from the house, and use the present kitchen for a family room.

The people have subscribed and paid in $25.00 toward "Church property Improvement," and have purchased $15.00 worth of lumber and pickets for the fence, besides lumber for a belfry. We have a bell; one formerly used by a small Church near Savannah, which was blown down in the gale last year, and which has not been rebuilt, next week we expect the carpenters here to finish the work and to put up the bell.

We have organized a debating society, "The Palmetto," which is doing well. Its meetings are a treat. The young men are very bashful and awkward on the floor, and make some very comical gestures. One young man, had the main speech to make in the affirmative on a question of their own choosing.—"*Resolved*, that the hen that lays the egg, rather than the one that hatches it, is the mother of the chicken. "He said very confidently, *Mr "President* and *Gentlemen*:" then he paused and began: "Gemmen I am here to prove, and I says the hen that laid that chicken is his mother. I tell you, gemmen its so." He stopped, scratched his head, looked up at the ceiling and said "Yes, gemmen, its so. "He stopped, scratched his head again, bit his finger nails, looked wildly about the room, then said, very meekly, "*I guess I'll quit*," and sat down. The time was limited to twelve minutes, and he was one of the number that thought *twelve minutes* was just no time at all; but his experience convinced him to the contrary. There is no need of getting the blues, for after attending one of these debates, one has enough to laugh about for a week. For odd expressions and dry humor they are equal to any thing I have ever witnessed.

A short time since, on returning from a visit to one of my members who lived four miles from the church through the woods, I noticed in the road a peculiar trail. It kept a certain position in the road for more than half a mile, and I concluded that it must have been made by one of the poles of a turpentine wagon; but on rounding a sharp curve there was an alligator about four feet and a half long. Just as soon as he saw me, he stopped short and hissed terribly, and started towards me. I went back a little way and got a club and hit him across the head, and he rushed at me with open mouth. The next blow caused him to stop and consider, while big tears ran out of his great wondering eyes. He looked so pitiful that I did not know whether to hit him again or leave him, but he was a fine natural history specimen, so I hit him again, which seemingly killed him. I took him by the tail and started, but he revived in a few minutes and tried to fight. On finding that he was powerless to do any harm while he was held up by the tail, I kept on, and finally got him home alive.

He would not eat anything while confined, and though kept in a box for a week he did not fall away, and was as active as could be.

The next week I took him to Savannah and gave him to Rev. Dana Sherrill, who, when he went on his vacation last week, took him to Illinois, where, according to a letter received on the 7 th inst., he is doing well.

I have caught two others since; one quite large, which I skinned for stuffing; the other a little one about 10 inches long. The men here are afraid of them and run from them: my sexton, a six-footer said why, "*passon*," I wouldnt lay my hands on that thing for five bushels of gold. Why ef I was walking with a lady and should meet that fellah in the road, I would politely tell her good evening, an ef he cotched me he'd have to do some running." Just then I poked the alligator with a stick and he jumped and hissed, and my brave sexton started to run, and collided with a post with such force as to knock himself down. You can hardly find one who is not afraid of them, and several were afraid of me because I was not afraid of the alligator.

There is a little superstition among them and a few believe in conjurers, but the majority are above that. At first they were afraid of me, on account of my reptile collection, and seemed to think that I was some sort of conjurer, but since I have explained to them the object of such a collection, they look at it in a different light, and some have brought me specimens. In some future letter I will describe the joint snake, a beautiful creature, the coach whip, the king and the rattle snake.

In visiting a colored church in this vicinity several times, I have gained an insight into the sort of preaching which many of the people get. The pastor has charge of four churches, and can scarcely read. In his discourse he spoke of Zachariah, and said "The Bible say, brothering, that Zachriah was struck dumb, but I tells you it aint so. It was God's hush. God jest hushed him. For you know when Jesus was coming along, and Zackriah was up that sycamore tree, (I dunno whether that sycamore tree was in Liberty Co., Ga. or not,) and he said: "Zackriah! Zackriah! yere!—he answered him, so that proves that he wasn't struck dumb, so it does. You jest feed me an take care of me, brothering, and I'll tell you the truth; that I will, brothering;" and the "brothering" and "sistering" all united in saying: "Amen, brother, preach de word!"

There are a great many "locusts" (local preachers) hereabouts, who are as ignorant as can be, and who are exerting a very bad influence. One, who had a fist fight with a brother local the week before, was preaching the next Sunday night, when a young man who knew of his fight, smiled audibly. He stopped in his discourse and said:—

"When I was a young man, my father and mother would never let me go to church to laugh and carry on. No, sah!" Then others began to snicker, which proved the last straw on the camel's back, for he said, his voice quivering with wrath "I wouldn't preach to no such darned congagation nohow" and thus concluded his discourse.

We need missionaries here! Earnest educated men, for the influence of these ignorant preachers is most degrading. It is literally the blind leading the blind. I could give you a small volume of incidents of a similar nature to the above which have come under my notice since coming here, if time would permit.

Earnest work is needed. As we witness these things we can see the great need and value of schools like Hampton Institute and can rejoice that so many are taking advantage of the opportunities there offered for fitting themselves to do this work.

On the 22d ult. I attended the examination of teachers at Snelsonville. The examination was in writing. Ten questions in each of six studies. An average of *six* was necessary to pass, which entitled one to a third grade certificate or one year's license.

Seven and a half gives a second grade or two years license; and an average of *nine* entitles one to a first grade certificate, or three years license. Thirty-five entered, and quite a number failed. I entered the examination fearfully, for it has been fourteen years since I left school and my time for review had been limited. I was agreeably surprised, however, with a record of 6 and four sixths, missing one in geography, and one in grammar.

We shall begin school on the 16th inst. Miss Emma Thomas of Savannah, a graduate of the Beach Institute, who has been employed by the A. M. A. as assistant teacher at Woodville, for several terms, will be my assistant.

The school work will be the most discouraging of all, as in three months the children cannot more than get well started. I hope to build up a permanent school here, taking advantage of the county appropriation for three months school, and soliciting aid for its continuance. If it succeeds it will give employment to two teachers and prove a great blessing and help to this community.

The missionary pastor here ought not to teach, as it will give him no time for pastoral visits and visits to the sick, and very little time for study, and both are necessary in order to make the work a success. We shall have to work at a considerable disadvantage, having neither maps nor black-boards, but by the opening of our next we hope for a brighter outlook.

Yours respectfully,
GEO. C. ROWE.

Correspondence.

Sault St. Marie, Mich. July 28th, 1883.

EDITOR OF WORKMAN.

Returning to the scenes of one's childhood after a lapse of years, the fact that one is growing old is brought home. It is nine years since I visited here and nineteen since I rambled through the woods, and whipped the "Rapids" for trout. Many of the Indian boys I used to play with are now in the employ of the canal, in the Custom House service, on homesteads and in business in the town. Many of the old ones remain much the same, fishing, making fancy bark and bead-work, gathering berries in the summer and living as best they can from day to day. They are practically independent of government aid, citizens in point of fact, some good, some indifferent, some poor; but all very much in advance of the Western tribes. Their condition compares very favorably with that of the colored people in the South.

A few only have risen to any prominence; but the foundation is being laid for the future. A number of Indian children I used to know have graduated at the High School and are in a fair way of becoming wealthy and prominent citizens. Free schools and a fair show under the law should be given the Indian, *in common with all who come to our shores*, and the results are sure.

I have been greatly pleased to find that many of the old Indian families have located homesteads and are educating their children. The outlook for them all is encouraging. Across the river in Canada an English clergyman has established a home for Indian boys and another for girls. I visited them; but as the schools were not in session and the managers away on a missionary tour, I was unable to obtain satisfactory information in regard to their practical working. The theory or system appears to be much the same as the one adopted at Hampton. The boys' home can accommodate about fifty and the girls about twenty-five. Both are very prettily located and have industrial training features, the boys having shops of various kinds and the girls being taught housework.

I regretted very much not meeting Mr. Wilson, the superintendent, as I would like to have obtained reports and figures from him in regard to his work. Perhaps I may be able to do so before leaving here, in that event I will write again, giving full particulars.

The country round about is undergoing a rapid transition from pristine wildness to the civilized rural, the hill sides are dotted with farms and thousands of acres have been cleared off on the benches back from the River Sault, which rolls by, a mile wide and no one knows how deep, to Lake Huron. The old French habitants along the Sault intermarried with the Indians, and much of the land to-day belongs to their descendants. The first mission was established here the same year Philadelphia was located, later a trading post was established and after a course of years, a portage was effected here by means of a horse tramway on which cargoes and small ships were transported by the rapids. This old tramway gave way in time to the ship canal, which to-day is one of the grandest pieces of masonry on the continent. The rapids are about ¾ of a mile wide and about the same length, having a fall of 19¾ feet.

The water rushes over the rocks with great force and the roar is heard for miles away. Three railroads are now making their way towards the Falls and it is probable that iron bridges will soon be spanning the roaring flood. With the advent of the railroads the water power will undoubtedly be utilized, having all of Lake Superior back of it, it will afford a *steady* and inexhaustible supply of power to grind the wheat of the great Northwest.

The development of the country has been so wondrously slow as compared with the rest of the United States that the Indian race has had time to get a foothold and to assimilate with the whites, so that it is probable that we may yet see the descendants of the sturdy Huron or Chippewa taking a prominent part in the New World's History.

There is as yet no thoroughly distinctive American race; it is for the future to develop.

With best wishes,
Your obedient servant,
GEO. LEROY BROWN.

DIED in Boydton, Va. July 29th, Eva Shelton, aged 17 years.

We are glad to give such good report of the Indians who have found places in the North, and present the following as witness of their success.

MONTEREY, MASS. July 17, 1883.

Editor Southern Workman:—There are 35 Indian boys and girls in this vicinity and they are a brighter set than we have had in former years, more intelligent, quicker in their movements and in their understanding, and compare favorably with white boys, certainly when you take into account their limited experiences. Because of their intelligence they are less easily controlled, more independent in their feelings and actions, but they are giving general satisfaction to their employers and generally are quite as industrious as white students, and show their satisfaction in being appreciated, especially when it is expressed to them in some substantial way, by the gift of a dollar occasionally and other presents, which in justice they are entitled to, when they do their best. The girls are pleasant, more social in their natures, generally fond of children and kind to them, and like good clothes and respectable appearances, and are careful of their reputation and honor.

Yours &c.
M. S. BIDWELL.

DIED:—July 5th, at Mill Creek, Va., Anna Diggs, of the class of '83. Thus ended the struggles of one of the most faithful earnest students that ever came to Hampton Institute. The one desire of her life was to gain an education. Her father's family was large, her mother was an invalid. Again and again she was obliged to go out to work and teach in order to gain means to go on with her school course. When at last, it seemed as though she was about to accomplish that which she had so much longed for, her mother was stricken down with paralysis and she was obliged to care for her at the same time that she carried on her studies. The struggle was too great. Night after night when she had left her mother's bedside she went to her own room and there worked at her studies until after midnight. She was taken with consumption early in the Spring and it soon became evident that before many days she would be graduated from this school into a higher. Her name was read among the graduates of the class of '83, and the diploma for which she had so much longed, which told of good faithful work done, was sent to her mother as she lay in her bed. Her real commencement day came a little later, when she quietly entered into the other life. No one who knew of her earnest Christian character could doubt that she heard from her master, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

DIED Aug. 12th, at Hampton Institute, Henry Kendall of Yuma tribe of Indians, from Arizona. He was taken with meningitis some days before his death, and was almost entirely unconscious. Sometimes his eye would brighten and he would show by some little motions that he appreciated the faithful labors of the nurse who strove so earnestly to save his life. The funeral services were conducted by the pastor and the Rev. Mr. Gravatt.

We have received from C. W. Larison, M. D., an attractive looking volume called "The Tenting School," "a description of the tours taken and of the field work done by the class in Geography in the Academy of Sciences and Art at Ringos, N. J.," of which he is principal. Would that we were a boy again, that we might study geography in this way, under a teacher who takes his pupils in a carryall with four horses, for a camping tour, and who, after devoting the day to their comfort, spends most of the night in writing up notes of the journey for their benefit. The accessories chiefly used by *our* geography teacher were the ruler and the rattan, but even the driver of the four horse carryall which is shown in the frontispiece, carries no whip; nothing more being requisite to train them in the way they should go, than moral suasion. The work is profusely illustrated with cuts of implements used, buildings and plans. To ordinary eyes, however, this is a sealed book, owing to what at first sight, seemed the blunder of the printer in upsetting his case of punctuation marks over all the pages, but which we learn from the introduction, are the diacritical marks used in printing the author's Elements of Orthoepy." His purpose in thus disfiguring the book was to call attention to the need of a reform in spelling. The result is to discourage if not wholly prevent one from reading the book.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

The following note from one of the Indian girls who left Hampton last June shows both the hopefulness and discouragement of our work. The faithfulness of our pupils after their return to the unfortunate conditions of their homes depends largely of course upon their individual temperaments, but in all cases the indications point in one direction, viz., to the imperative need of longer and therefore more thorough training before they are subjected to the extraordinary temptations of frontier life.

Winnebago Agency Neb.,
Aug. 2. 1883.

LIEUT. BROWN;

Dear Sir:

I am going to write you a letter and tell you how I am getting along. I am glad to say that I am getting along very well. And again I am glad that I am going back to Hampton in the fall. I wish you would write and tell me what I am to do. When do you expect to go back to Hampton? Some of the Winnebago boys are very willing to go for I told them what a good school "Hampton School" was.

Wm. Hunter, I am sorry to say is trying to tell all he can about Hampton; he says it is a bad school and everything like that. I tell them good stories about Hampton. Tell me just what to do about going home. I remain yours respectfully.

JULIA J. ST.CYR.

The Indian Pic-nic at Monterey.

There were some anxious hearts in Berkshire on Wednesday, the 1st of August, watching the mists through which the morning tried lazily to break. Those clouds had the happiness of nearly forty people in their keeping, for this was the day appointed for the Indian Picnic, when the braves and maidens from Hampton scattered in Berkshire, were to meet in happy carnival at the Lake in Monterey A rain would spoil it all.

Perhaps the clouds knew it. At any rate they kept good guard over their shower. The mist rolled slowly away down the valley, and at half past eight the baskets were packed, the teams harnessed, and soon after nine the Barrington party had collected and were ready for their start.

We made a jolly line of conveyances as we drove along. In some cases the farmers and part of the family had come, and brought the Indian in the wagon with them. Here was a load of Indian girls with a brave to drive them, and here an excursion wagon full of happy friends.

The August day proved sweet and fresh as June. The air was fragrant with the new mown hay and full of summer sounds. The click of the mowing-machine was still busy in some late fields. As we drove through Monterey, a four-in-hand of beautifully matched greys, swept down the hill, the reins in the hands of an Indian boy, riding with two of his friends happy as kings. We took it calmly as possible, and looked as if it were just what we expected as they came up and took off their hats, and announced the team as Mr. Bidwell's lent them to drive that day.

Most of the Monterey party had reached the ground before us. The Sheffield girls came soon after—then such merry greetings, such hand-shakes and hugs. The boys and girls rowing in the lake hurried back to welcome their friends in the pine-grove, and stoical faces were radiant with sunny smiles. Such an exchange of confidences and experience in all sorts of languages. Hattie Miles at Sheffield under the beautiful mountain, worked for a family of sixteen. What a chance for an Indian girl to make a record. Sophie Little Bear was happy as a bird. She didn't say so much about work. She talked more about the beautiful pond behind the house where she went swimming, and of the showers that caught them while they were berrying, and how the lady she lived with hurried home drenched to the hair, while Sophie staid out in great glee to be rained on.

Karunach was there. He had come from Hampton alone a few days before, taking a vacation at his own expense.

Annie Lyman had a rosy-cheeked blue-eyed little boy clinging to her hand,—one of the children she helped take care of in a happy home, where there were twin babies besides. One of the pleasantest things of the day, was to hear her employer praise her.

Ida Rencontre and Emma Fallis, who cannot speak English, told volumes, by their bright faces, of the love and care which had made them happy since they came, and taught them to be helpful.

The call was given for dinner before long, and the response was quick and enthusiastic. Thirty-seven Indians sat down in the pavilion to the generous collation provided by their kind Monterey friends. They had all they wanted and there was more beside. No one unaccustomed to provide for Indians knows what a tribute that is to generous provision.

The Indians were kept a little while after dinner for some good advice, and given a chance to tell their grievances if there were any.

Hearing Indian grievances separately is a slow task and the boys knew it. Two or three who had no complaints to offer, started for the door—the driver of the four-in-hand as a leader. He was unexpectedly halted and turned into guard—his first duty being to face the boy just behind him and keep him in. The Indians, (they enjoy a joke immensely even at their own expense,) entered readily into the plan, and no one passed the door till the last words of counsel were received.

About an hour afterward the clouds began to break into gentle showers and the whole company gathered in the pavilion for shelter.

Gen. Armstrong was introduced by Mr. Bidwell. He spoke strongly of the pressure upon the Indian, forcing him to civilization or death. Help must come quickly or not at all. He urged those before him to make room for more in their homes, and to give them the practical training which is the Indian's crying need.

Prof. Painter who has just returned from a visit to the Sioux country, where he has been investigating the terms of the new Sioux treaty requiring a new surrender of lands, gave a touching recital of his interview with the Sioux Chiefs. They acknowledged sadly that they had signed the treaty, "not for hope of what the white man promised, but in fear of what he threatened."

The showers were over. It was time to say "good bye" and we went home in the evening sunshine.

* * *

Driving about Barrington and Sheffield to see the girls in their homes, we were caught late Tuesday afternoon by a sudden storm, and sought cover in a neighboring barn.

We were a little tired, the empty carriage house was rather barren of suggestion and there wasn't much for it, while the rain fell in torrents, but a confusion of sad and perplexing thoughts.

As we drove out after the storm, a cry of delight broke from us. Behind us, the mountain rose, still dark in the mists of falling showers. Before us, the broad valley lay in sunshine. The silvery grain-fields sent back a flood of light. The soft long evening shadows fell around the quiet homes.

Over all, a rainbow hung, a perfect arch, in unbroken radiant beauty.

Was it a promise that for the Indian too, over the mountains of bewilderment and pain, there lies a Beulah-land, where harvests ripen and where love is safe? Perhaps the answer is written in the hearts of those whose homes lay glorified before us.

Waiting for an Opening.

At the latest report from a promising field, we publish the following, trusting with the writer that "a chance will open" for the deserving eight who are knocking at Hampton's doors.

Sasafras, Va. June 21st, '83.

GEN. S. C. ARMSTRONG.
Hampton, Va.

Dear Sir:

I have not written to you in relation to my work, for some time. I like always to be able to tell you of some progress, when I write. I am glad to say that our work is telling for itself. Our school closed on the 19th inst. and I am exceedingly glad to say that the examination and the closing exercises generally were a grand success. Rev. H. B. Frissell of Hampton Institute, was with us on that day and seemed to be well pleased. He urged upon the school officers and parents to keep us here, and urged upon us to stay. The County Supt. was present and spoke in the highest terms of our school and work. He said that it "was the best school in the county, that it was better attended and was making better progress." Our school ran eight months this term again. The county gave us seven and we continued one month longer, making eight. At the closing exercises we raised money enough to pay for that month.

We were over run this term. We enrolled 135, and turned off ten. I spoke of the great need of more room and another teacher. We need another room and another teacher and we must have them. The county can not help us any on the room but they have promised to give us a teacher if we can add the room. So we need about $200 to add another room and to make some repairs on the old building. The parents are anxious to do what they can to aid in adding the room. They have all agreed to help. Some will give work and some money. In a few days I shall order the lumber and commence work.

By this you see that our educational spirit here is not lessening but growing. These people are earnest and are doing all that they can to help themselves and deserve help and encouragement. I have about eight pupils, that I wish to send to Hampton Institute two of whom are ready for the middle class, but I see no chance of sending them as their parents can not pay for them and they are too young to work their way. However I hope that a chance will open. The public schools of this (Gloucester) county generally are on a march upward.

Yours at work.
W. B. WEAVER.

A VILLAGE IN SOUTH INDIA.

A Village in South India.

Among the most interesting people living in India, and perhaps one of the most hopeful classes to labor for, are the hill and jungle tribes, such as the Santhals, the Gonds, and the Khonds. These are the aborigines of India, corresponding to our Indian tribes in the West. They are rude people, having different languages, but none of them written. These tribes probably were compelled to take refuge in the hills during some of the early invasions of India, and there they remain, finding it safer to contend with the numberless wild beasts infesting these regions than with their fellow-men on the plains. Our picture shows how some villages of the hill tribes are built. Dwellings on the ground are not safe from the attacks of elephants and tigers, and hence many houses are constructed in the trees, out of the way of wild beasts. These houses are said to be quite comfortable, though it is doubted if any of us would like to live in one of them.

There are about two hundred of these wild tribes, all quite distinct from the ordinary Hindus. They are very ignorant and superstitious, and have been supposed to be very savage, but missionary efforts among them have been quite successful, and when under the influence of the gospel they seem a simple-hearted and kindly people. They have no caste like the Hindus.

—*Missionary Herald.*

The second of Mr. Frissell's letters in regard to his horse back trip through Tidewater Virginia, will appear in the next number of the paper. It was crowded out by other material which made an earlier appearance.

Letters From Hampton Graduates.

"Civilized Whites." The First Colored Teacher in the Place. Faithful Work Stopped by Sickness. Success under Difficulties. "The Almighty Dollar." Grateful for Reading Matter. "Looking Up and Not Down."

"CIVILIZED WHITES"

It is well to look at civilization from different stand-points, and remember that while we are watching others, they are watching us. The following lively and interesting letter is from a young man who did well as a student and is doing well as a teacher:

——S. C., Jan. 31, 1883.

Dear Teacher:

Your letter was received sometime ago, but on account of being very busy, I have so shamefully neglected to answer, that I am almost ashamed to do so now. However, when you learn that my school is made up of three school districts, you may imagine how it is. The children are coming in from every direction, from one to five miles around.

I began to teach in October, and think that my school will close in April. The scholars from two districts are stopped, and now I have only one to encounter. I have a full school still, but not near so many as I have been having. Teachers here have to work very hard, that is one is compelled to teach as many scholars as three or four should, if he wishes to have his school year longer than one or two months.

The appropriations for free schools are so little that they cannot employ more than one teacher to a school. I am glad however, that I have as yet met with nothing that is really discouraging in teaching. It is true that at first I had considerable trouble with trustees, who did not show that they had such interest in the school as they should, and in that teachers cannot get their salary as readily as they should and many other little failures, but I am still encouraged, and believe that most of the weak places in our school system will soon be mended, and that we shall have better trustees, more good teachers and longer terms.

The colored people are getting more and more in earnest about educating their children, and show it after the free schools close, by keeping private schools, yet there are many from whom to get seventy-five cents a month for schooling a child is like drawing an eye tooth. The *civilized* whites are getting more and more in favor of the Negroes being educated, and we find many who five years ago were bitterly opposed, now strong advocates of universal education.

My community is quite an industrious one, though they are not so friendly towards each other as they should be, but I think that this brotherly love will come in its time, when they are educated, for no ignorant man will realize the fact that what helps his brother helps him, or what injures his brother injures the whole community. Hoping to hear from you soon.

Ever your faithful pupil, E.

THE FIRST COLORED TEACHER IN THE PLACE.

This is from a young woman graduate—class of '75—who has a responsible position in a city school under colored teachers.

City schools in Virginia have greatly the advantage in the length of the sessions, over the country schools with their "school year of two or three months," as the foregoing letter describes.

——Va., Dec, 31st 1882.

Dear Friend;

I received your most interesting letter this month, and would have replied sooner but I have been very busy teaching in one of the public schools of our city. I graduated in the Class of '75, and have never taught school before. I like it only tolerably well. I am teaching in a very large school house.

We have ten teachers, and a colored principal, about 650 scholars. I have 85 in my room. I have a class that goes home at 12 o'clock, and another that comes in at 12½ o'clock.

This is the first time we have ever had colored teachers here. Our schools in the city have always been controlled by white teachers.

This is my home. I was born and raised right here, and of course the people all know me. They are as a general thing very friendly. The greater portion of the colored people here have good homes and are getting along very well. I began teaching on the 2nd of Oct. and my term will end sometime in June. Will you please have the Southern Workman sent to me, and Alumni Journal and I will send the money on in January. If you have any reading matter that would assist me in teaching, it would be gladly received, as *I* am just a beginner in teaching.

Respectfully yours. F.

FAITHFUL WORK STOPPED.

One of Hampton's most faithful workers, sends an interesting report of his labors, which have been arrested by failing health, we trust not permanently.

——Md. Jan. 6th 1883

Miss C;

I am very thankful to you for your letter. Sickness has kept me from answering promptly.

I have been teaching at the above named place ever since the fall of '78; teaching ten months in the year, and spending the other two vacation months (July and August) at ——my home.

My school house was built the year before I came; it is well plastered and furnished with patent desks.

The people are friendly, and most of them interested in the work of education, but yet they send their children to school so irregularly, that scarcely any of them get the benefit of more than two-thirds of the time allowed by the county; they are kept home to assist in planting and gathering crops.

I find most of the whites to be no more advanced in learning than the colored. I can't find more than five or six literary men in the community. They all are friendly and polite and always speak well of my work.

During my first year I organized a Sunday school in a Methodist church, and of my fifty day scholars only twelve attended it, the parents of the other children were Catholics, and of course their children went to that Sunday school. I worked with the twelve until I got their parents and others to attend, then we had a good school; it is in operation yet. I haven't done anything in the work of temperance except to advocate the cause of Local Option, which I am glad to say, prevails in this county, and has done much good.

I am much pleased with the result of my work. With the teaching help received from Mr. ——, I have been able to teach quite successfully. Children and their parents seem to be devoted to me; the Examiner and Trustees express themselves as being well satisfied. All that is enough to encourage me. My discouragement is that I am not able to continue the work; my health has failed. I was sick two months last winter and my friends advised me to give up teaching, but I felt that my poor circumstances would not allow me to do so, but now I am obliged to give it up regardless of circumstances. I am only trying to make this month, but I am afraid that I will not be able to do so.

I am not married, but I have a widowed mother and an afflicted sister to take care of, and for whom I had nearly purchased a home, but what will become of it now, I don't know. However, I have resigned everything to the will of the Lord. I hope to hear from you again.

Yours truly B.

SUCCESS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A handsomely written letter from a graduate of '77, gives an interesting account of successful work under encouragement of appreciation.

——Va., February 12th, 1883.

Dear Friend:

I left Hampton in '77, and have taught every term since, always in the same county.

I have taught in all five different schools, numbering about 200 pupils. I was called to the above place as principal of this school in '79, and have been teaching ever since, here. I am now a resident of this place. I have been called to teach a spring school for the last two years in the county, which I have always done, with very good success.

My school here now numbers 96 pupils.

One has been able to assist me in teaching, and another is now off at an Institute.

I like teaching very much. I am satisfied that education and industry are the only hopes for our race.

As to the school house, the officers have none here. We are, and have been, teaching all the while in the basement of the Baptist church, which is in no way fit for the purpose, being too dark and damp, especially when the weather is cloudy. The people seem to appreciate me and my services and are generally friendly.

The white people here, with many of whom I have some dealings almost daily, are entirely friendly.

One of the leading lawyers and residents of this county, asked me a few days ago about the colored school. When I commenced to tell him about it, I was not a little astonished at finding that he knew about as much about the school as I could tell him.

He told me that the colored school was larger than the white school, though there were more white children in town than colored. He said "you deserve much credit for keeping up such a good school." The school houses for the colored people in this county are nearly all unfit for use, and cheap teachers are in demand.

Very truly yours, B.

"THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR"

A teacher who loves his work has something to say as to various motives in teaching.

"I heard a teacher remark, not long ago that if it were not for that 'almighty dollar' he would never be caught teaching school.

I fear that this has been the impediment to progress all along through the past. There are too many who are teachers only for the pay. I must say I am proud of my profession, it is so proud and so noble a calling to mould the minds of those who are to be the future men and women of our race.

I closed a six months session of my school about three weeks ago. I have never heard a complaint as yet, therefore I must believe my labors were a success. I always try to do the best I can with my pupils, and if I fall short of success, it is not to be attributed to any neglect known to myself, but to my inefficiency.

I highly appreciate your gift of the New York Observer, and will ever owe a debt of gratitude for your kindness to me. Those Sunday school tracts you sent me were also acceptable. I distributed them among my Sunday school scholars, and they were considered very much of a gift. Our Sunday school is too poor to purchase such things, though we hope to be able before long to refit our library.

Truly and gratefully yours, S"

"LOOKING UP AND NOT DOWN."

A faithful worker sends the following cheerful account of herself. We believe that most Hampton graduates are following the good aim Mr. Hale set before us, "Look up and not down; look foward and not back; look out and not in; lend a hand."

——Va., Feb. 5, 1883.

My Dear Miss——

Your nice letter came to me Saturday.

I am teaching school in Prince Edward Co. and about nine miles from home. I have enrolled since teaching fifty-five scholars, daily attendance thirty. Many of these are very young and have never gone to a school.

My school house is not so comfortable as it should be. It is built of logs and then daubed with mud. The floor is not closely joined together, therefore the wind does not find it hard to creep through. The black boards are very nice, also the desks, but the seats are poor. They have no backs to them, consequently the scholars' backs get pretty tired. There are enough pupils in this district to have three schools besides mine.

Yes, Louisa —— is in this district, she has been teaching here four terms. We are about three miles apart. It is nice to have some of my school-mates near me. The Trustees told me not to take any more than thirty-five pupils, but seeing that they were so plentiful and only one school I took more. This keeps me later in school than I should be.

I have worked hard ever since I first begun teaching, and don't feel tired although I have had some trouble, and felt discouraged at times. But I remembered what Mrs. Walton said to us during the three weeks she had us. It was this "Look up and not down;" look foward and not backward."

The people told me that school had been here before, but it was taught by careless teachers.

They have had one Hampton teacher before, but that was quite a while ago. Every body is kind to me and think that I have taught their children more than any one else.

The whites treat me kindly. Several of them visited my school and seemed much pleased at my teaching. I also have a nice Sunday school. But they do not appreciate it as I want them to do. I have been to see their parents, and now they come more promptly. A lady in Waterbury Conn. sends me papers and books for it. She said that Hampton introduced me to her. Her Sunday school class of young men are sending me a paper every week, the New York *Weekly Witness*. It is a nice paper. Miss —— sends me papers too, so I have plenty of reading matter. I have heard of the good which is being done at Hampton this term. Surely, they must be all happy. Especially those in the Senior class. I am so glad that I confessed Christ before leaving Hampton.

Many of the '82s have become Christians since leaving school. I feel that I have done some good toward the advancement of my race, and can be the means of doing more.

I hope that you may have health and strength to do the tiresome work which you have undertaken. You must keep very busy writing to all the graduates and others scattered about. My school will continue seven months.

Sincerely yours. T.

Temperance.

The Savannah *News*, in a recent editorial referring to the progress of the cause of temperance in the State of Georgia, says:

"The temperance cause in Georgia has been quietly conducted, but the results of the work done are so striking as to attract wide attention elsewhere. A surprising feature of the movement is the fact that where the traffic has been abolished or curtailed it has been effected with a degree of spontaneity upon the part of voters not witnessed in other sections.

"Many of the counties where the change has been effected were noted for the amount of liquor consumed and the reign of violence to which drunkenness gave rise. These communities are now recognized as the most orderly and progressive in the State. The testimony of citizens of Washington, Screven, Liberty, Spalding, Pierce, Wayne, and other counties proves the wisdom of the change. A gentleman, who has a large store in a town in one of these counties, and who for many years sold liquor, speaking about the effect in his county, said that he was a drinking man and had made considerable money in selling liquor, but he had advocated and voted for prohibition in his county. Previous to the passage of the law his store was crowded with men, who spent their money for liquor, and would quarrel and fight, and occasionally a man would be shot. They would go home with nothing for their wives and children, and were always in debt. Now, there was a radical change. Farmers came and exchanged their produce and bought what they wanted and went home sober. They were raising better crops, were better clothed, and were getting out of debt.

This merchant, who is one of the shrewdest of the many who visit Savannah, added that now it was a pleasure to do business in his town. Before, he was anxious to quit the place on account of the disagreeable necessity of trading with unreasonable drunkards."

Something About Bread-Making.

By the process of bread-making it is intended to convert the flour of certain grains in to a cellular structure, in which it is most easily chewed, saturated with the fluids of the mouth, and digested. In order to arrive at this end, alcoholic fermentation is resorted to from olden times, by introducing the same in the dough by means of brewers' yeast.

Thus a small part of the flour is converted into glucose, which again is transformed into alcohol and carbonic acid. The former is recognized by its peculiar vinous odor, exhaled by the loaves, when sufficiently raised. Both gases produce the raising of the dough—*i. e.*, the porous and spongy appearance.

By this fermentation the flour not only loses weight but the bread also attains qualities which may injure the process of digestion.

In order to evade these inconveniences chemists have long ago searched to impart the spongy structure of the dough by other means than yeast, respectively by substances evolving gaseous bodies, or which, in the oven are transformed into gases themselves. To the best known belong the bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar, certainly well known to all housewives. And with regard to most of the baking powders of the trade, they are mainly preparations containing these substances. However, it cannot be said of any of them that they exert a beneficial influence on the system, not to speak of the adulterations, to which most of them have lately been subjected.

We are glad to learn that *Prof. E. N. Horsford*, of Cambridge, Mass., who held the chair of chemistry in Harvard University, invented some time since, a baking preparation forming an exception to those spoken of, which has already attained universal reputation.

The dea by which Prof. Horsford was guided, was not only to furnish a substitute for brewers' yeast, but also to provide those nutritious constituents of the flour lost in the bran in the process of bolting. These are the so-called phosphates, which are also the nutritive salts of meat, and of the utmost importance for the building up of the organism. If we take into consideration that the nutritive value of wheaten flour is from twelve to fifteen per cent. less than of the wheat grain, and that this loss is now restored by Prof. Horsford's invention, then we must look upon it as of the greatest national economic importance. As Justus von Liebig said: "The result is the same, as if the fertility of our wheat fields had been increased by one-seventh or one eighth."

The Missionary Sugar Planter of the Hawaiian Islands.

BY EDWARD BAILEY.

While the planting was going on, preparations were making to build the mill for grinding the cane. The grinding and boiling were to be entirely done by steam,—at that time a new phase of sugar making in the island. It was untried, and, without experience, was entered on with fears as well as hopes. But it was to have all the modern improvements. The cane was to be laid by the armful on the "automatic" cane carrier which fed it to the mill; the rind, as it left the mill minus its juice, dropped onto the "automatic trash carrier" which took it to the mouth of a furnace that had been made deep in the ground for the purpose, into which it was dropped and fell upon a "skeleton arch" of iron, where the heat was supposed to dry it and prepare it by various evolutions of the gases, to act as fuel. A pit had also been made in front of the furnace communicating with the outside of the building, where wood was taken down for fuel, and fed into the furnace by hand, in case the cane trash or rind was found insufficient. A stock of green kukui and other wood had been collected for that purpose, and with great exertion the logs were shoved under the skeleton arch on which the wet trash was dropping. The heat was to be so intense as to kindle both the green logs and the wet trash. But it was a failure. To begin with, when the fire, kindled with dry refuse lumber, possibly some of the old plows and carts, had succeeded in making a tremendous smoke, it became evident that the smoke must go somewhere. A brick chimbey had been built for it at great expense, and communicated with it by a passage; but for some reason the smoke had not found the passage. It should have passed under the long boilers, then turned and passed back through their flues, and then have entered through a "bonnet" into the passage and up the chimney. But it chose to go by the much shorter, direct and *ascending* passage over the mouth of the furnace by which the trash dropped in; and as that opened inside of the building, the dense cloud of smoke followed by a fitful flame filled the capacious house in spite of all its ventilators and drove the workmen outside. And not only that but as soon as the flame had time to warm things, the trash carrier which was over it took fire and was partly consumed before it could be extinguished. Here was a pickle. The iron trap doors which being "automatic" should have closed after the dropping of each mass of trash, did not see fit to close; so to assist in getting things started, boards were brought and laid on to shut the opening, with what result it is easy to imagine. But the fire in the furnace had got headway and, by some means the smoke found its way up the chimney, and the heat being great, the slight iron bars of the "skeleton arch" in the centre of the fire were burned, bent or melted so they would no longer sustain the trash which they should have held up, till the fire, playing among it, had dried it and kindled it to flame. Instead of that they bent and fell with the damp mass of trash directly on the grate which they choked, while also preventing the feeding in of fuel from the outside.

After a few days' trial the idea of feeding wet trash was abandoned; the opening was effectually shut; the "skeleton arch" was among things which disappeared—a trial of heavier iron resulting also in failure.

An opening was made through the side of the house, and the trash was carted off and dumped in a great pile to dry by fermentation, or not at all, as it would; the frequent rains rendering it impossible to dry it by the heat of the sun, and skeleton trash-houses not having been thought of at that time.

It had not been thought necessary to employ a first class engineer to run the mill, so a chance hand under ordinary pay was set to the work. His trials were serious enough. The engine was often stopped by the too crowding cane fed by the "automatic cane carrier" and all hands were required to turn the fly wheel backward to relieve the mill of its too large mass. Sometimes a little help to turn the hesitating wheel forward while the cane was hauled back from the feeding, would answer the purpose.

But what had become of the juice while all this was going on?

Like all the rest of the outfit the boiling apparatus was an experiment.

Conversation with those who made sugar-producing apparatus had led to procuring some enormously heavy hemispherical pans surrounded by a "jacket" through which the exhaust steam from the engine was made to pass with more or less back-pressure, causing a greater or less amount of heat accordingly.

Probably these were somebody's cast off pans—only worth their weight as old iron. But unfortunately the amount of back-pressure required to clarify the juice took away just as much pressure from the engine, rendering it incapable of grinding the cane. Less than this would not clarify the juice. So the clarifying was delayed or imperfectly done.

From the clarifying the juice was drawn into two "sweeping pans." These were square iron pans of 500 or 600 gallons capacity, having an iron steam drum in the middle, through which from top to bottom were a great number of iron tubes which admitted the juice,—adding so much to the capacity. These were intended for evaporating pans, but the clarifiers failing in their office it became necessary to use them first to clarify and then to evaporate. The juice admitted was made to foam up to the top by admitting a small amount of steam. A man with a broad wooden blade fastened to a handle swept off the impurities brought up by the foaming juice till it was tolerably clean, when a full head of steam set it to boiling till it was somewhat concentrated.

The space for the man sweeping the foam was only about three feet wide and the heat intolerable; but there was no help for it. Economy of room had been consulted before comfort.

From these pans the juice after being allowed a little time to settle, was drawn into another similar pan where the concentration was completed and the now thickened syrup was passed into shallow iron pans called coolers, to crystalize. Almost from beginning to end the whole thing is now changed.

But the sugar boiling. Toward the end of the season, when the cane was nearly grown, Mr. M. went and took lessons of a sugar boiler at no great distance. He was requested to do so that he might be prepared to boil off the crop when every thing should be ready. The sugar boiler of whom he learned was engaged to commence the boiling for a month or so, and Mr. M. was to continue it.

Scarcely a week had elapsed after boiling commenced when, by the bursting of an imperfect valve the sugar boiler was nearly scalded to death, and would by no means be persuaded when he recovered to enter the mill again. So it was proposed to Mr. M. that he continue the boiling, and he reluctantly consented. It was a worriment. Nothing worked well. Fuel was wet; cane was uncertain in the rainy season, and at the best the juice was poor.

The yield was poor, scarcely reimbursing the planters, and falling far short of reimbursing the owners. But Mr. M. continued to plant another year that he might get the benefit of the ratoon crop; *i. e.* the crop springing from the roots after the cane was cut. The cost of cultivation of this, latter crop was comparatively light. But when it had sprung up, and was four or five feet high, looking very thrifty, a worm made its appearance, which ate up the whole plant, leaving nothing but the ribs standing; so that in a field of fifty acres scarcely a green leaf was to be seen.

This was disheartening. No remedy was to be thought of, for the scourge was sudden and complete. It passed away in time, but it had greatly weakened the growth of the cane and the ratoon crop, always less than that of the first planting, was small.

The distance from home being considerable and an offer being received of the management of a plantation in the immediate vicinity, Mr. M. withdrew after the second year from the plantation where he was engaged, leaving a son to continue the business, who also learned sugar boiling, and remained some time on the plantation.

Between the two grinding seasons in which Mr. M. had boiled the crop, he accepted an offer to boil off the crop of a neighboring plantation. The situation was peculiar, but as it illustrates some features of the business I will here describe it.

The plantation was located at an elevation of nearly 2000 feet above a sea level, and there was no chance for irrigation. The cane depended entirely on the rains, and as the seasons varied greatly in their rain-fall, so did the crops. In the wet years a fine crop was raised; but then the frequent rains greatly retarded the manufacture of sugar, by making it difficult to dry the trash which was spread on the ground for that purpose.

But about once in ten years two or three dry years occurred in immediate succession, and in those years the crop was small and poor. All those plantations which could not irrigate were liable to the same difficulty and often lost their crops in whole or part. In some plantations where water has been conveyed by great expense for irrigation, the profit has been manifest. But this plantation and some others were above any such possibility; it being difficult and sometimes impossible even to supply the steam boilers with water. At this particular time the season had been dry and all the cane was not only small but injured. Almost every cane on being split showed a brown cavity through the centre. The quantity of juice was small and did not act like ordinary juice,—shewing a great disinclination to granulate. Good sugar could not be made from it. The agent, having had experience of it before, and knowing something might be got out of it, stipulated that it should be boiled just as he should direct; and Mr. M. knowing his peculiarities and thinking something might be learned, consented.

The boiling was done in open pans over a furnace. The juice clarified slowly, hardly at all. Powdered lime was added by weight, no more and no less whatever might *seem* to be necessary. When the juice in the last, or strike pan, was near the concentration point the fire was urged for a little, and the brown, tarry mass seethed and tumbled about like boiling soap, and finally commenced to send up puffs of smoke from its bubbles. This shows that a crust was forming and that the bottom of the pan was being burned through.

A long handled while-spade was then thrust to the bottom and the black crust—one fourth of an inch thick or so—was chipped away; the smoke increasing meanwhile till the house was filled to stifling. At length, when the mass seemed ready to burst into flame, and would have done so had a match been applied, the fire was suddenly withdrawn, and the seething mass was poured into troughs which conveyed it into coolers, where, in the course of from twelve to thirty six hours it had become a hard dark brown mass on which a man might walk without making tracks. After several days, when the molasses began to separate from the sugar, it was passed through the centrifugals, (treat spun) only would separate the tar-like molasses from the sugar which was dark brown, soft and moist, and was now packed for the market. Whether the yield paid the expense of manufacture may well be doubted; but it seemed better than a total loss.

The plantation on which Mr. M. was now employed was a new one. It had not built its mill and had only planted a small field of cane, but it continued to plow and plant till it had become one of the largest plantations on the islands. Being in a section where rain is infrequent except in winter, all the cane was raised by irrigation. This added greatly to the expense of cultivation, for in order to convey water to the cane it must be planted in trenches, and ditches must lead to every part. The watering must be kept up constantly, being applied once a week and sometimes oftener. But the yield was larger than has been known in places where irrigation is impracticable. Still it had not attained the amount it has yielded since cultivation has been better understood.

The position in which Mr. M. stood on this plantation was not clear. Subsequent events shew pretty clearly that it was not intended he should be sole manager. He had some skill in planning buildings and machinery, and that was soon to be done on a large scale. Water interests too appear to have been considered. Being a resident of the place, and having water rights in common with other land owners, it was desirable to secure his interest in the new plantation and thus, while its water rights were still unassured, prevent trouble at the outset. In the light of subsequent events it appear that this was perhaps their greatest reason for wishing to secure his services. Even then there was considerable uneasiness about water among the neighbors, but no legal action was taken.

Another reason appears to have had much weight in considering why the services of Mr. M. were wanted; he was a surveyor and had been connected with the Land Commission in securing titles to the people for their little farms with which the whole place was checkered. He might and did help in settling disputes with them and in making transfers and exchanges, which were convenient in working the plantation. As a surveyor his services could be had much more cheaply than if paid for by the piece.

It is not necessary for me to point out the essential meanness of the whole proceeding, made manifest by his summary dismissal, when every thing had been put in good running order and no difficulty was apprehended.

Mr. M. continued on this place a year and a half, during which time he superintended the erection of the mill-buildings &c. &c. An "open train" was put up and soon after another was added. The grinding was done by water power.

But for several years the plantation was only feeling its way, and it was evident that as then conducted it could not pay.

There was really no head on the plantation. The real manager lived in Honolulu, visiting the plantation occasionally, and spending only a part of his time there. But he had little practical knowledge of the business; and if he had, he could not always act as circumstances required, being overruled by the Board of Trustees resident in Honolulu, who could judge even less than he of the real needs of the plantation.

Very much depended on the manager, whether the plantation was successful.

We have now to do with Mr. M. in a new position. Hitherto he had been employed for others. While doing so he had been able to support his family. But he had not accumulated property. He had given his children such an education as his means allowed. But he had nothing to fall back on. The guaranty of the American Board to help disabled or superannuated missionaries was of a very unsatisfactory nature, and effectually prevented one's making provision for old age, or any special need that might arise. But he was now adrift, he decided—wisely—not to look to them. His land and herd remained to him, and it was natural that he should make it available if possible for support. The thought of selling his land to the plantation from which he had been discharged, but fortunately they demurred at his price, which was not really one half its value.

By the aid of his boys some cane had been planted with the expectation that the plantation would manufacture it on shares as they had offered to do. But it became evident to him that any interest he might have in the plantation would be little regarded.

When he asked the agent if he would guaranty to grind his cane when it required to be ground, he answered, by a most portentous slip of the tongue that he should attend to their own interests first. Had he not blundered into this honest admission,—so unlike himself—Mr. M. might have been hired on to great loss of time and expense, as many another in such circumstances has been hired by promises not meant to be fulfilled except at the convenience of the promissor,—or even worse if he had a grudge against the promisee. This naturally opened his eyes. Judging from what he knew, he saw clearly that the only result of continuing to raise cane as he was doing, would be to place himself in a state of dependence, with no prospect of fair remuneration.

There was another plantation at no great distance; but there was even less to be expected from it. Under the cloak of a pretended interest in the natives of the place who were the original owners of the land and the water belonging to it, the proprietor had managed to get the water into his own power to such a degree that the simple people did not dare to use it, although they had an undoubted right, without, in every case asking his permission; and so completely had he "eaten up the land" that the native population, formerly large and prosperous, presented an appearance of general squalor. He had even interfered with government roads,—shutting them up and opening others to suit—not his own convenience, for they would have been better for him as they were, but his own obstinacy.

He did not yield till he was obliged to do so after long and expensive litigation. As a farther cloak to his misdeeds a fulsome article, not written by him, Oh, no! was published in the islands paper setting forth in glowing terms his great aloha for the people, and the fine things he had done for them, and by implication comparing it with the neglect others had shown them.

This was so worded as to be an evident thrust at missionaries, who, forsooth, while laboring for the spiritual interests of the people had passed their immediate interests, like the priests and the Levite, by on the other side. But it blinded no one who knew the circumstances.

A great deal of the same kind of blowing one's own trumpet has prevailed at times and become fashionable; but in most, if not in all cases, it needs investigation.

It is very fine for a "born gentleman" from abroad to come and play patron to the "poor simple natives;" and the natives are easily imposed on—till the game developes. Those natives in the highest station are no exception; till one might think that the most preposterous, bare faced deceptions were most likely to be successful. The country has suffered exceedingly by the misplaced confidence of its native rulers. And what is worse, the lessons of that severe schoolmaster, experience, seems to be lost on them. Every new scoundrel who has ends to serve and is aware of their weakness, has a better chance of success than an outspoken honest man. Again, Mr. M. took into careful consideration the question of future action.

Should he now, before going any farther and taking any decisive steps, sell out and leave the country? He might labor on as he had been doing till sickness or other trouble should lay him aside, when all means of support would cease. At this time his family were in the United States and would remain there should he so determine.

But then he would have to begin life anew with enfeebled health and infirmities which had of late increased.

Again, the price of sugar had taken one of its fitful variations and had gone up to a very high figure. A firm were ready to furnish money in case he wanted capital to begin business on his own account, on condition of his making them his agents. Providence thus opening the way, and his family disliking to leave the country, Mr. M. decided to remain in the islands and start a plantation on his own account. Although he had seemed to consider the subject in all its bearings, he was not prepared for all his experience in his new position. The missionary had turned money maker! "I'll tell

you" said Griffin "those missionaries are a set of hypocrites as I said they were. They love to make money as well as other folks." It became necessary that Mr. M. have an agent in Honolulu, as all sugar must be shipped from that port to whatever quarter; and all supplies must be brought the same way. All plantations had their agent there.

The manager of a plantation could not leave and go there to transact his business; it would keep him away from his plantation most of the time. Besides the price of a passage was very high—not less than five dollars for a single night, for a white man. Deck passengers paid only one or two dollars.

But there was much more in an agency than appeared on the surface. There was much difference in the degree of faithfulness with which the agent fulfilled his duties Usually he was a trader; and often, instead of seeking and furnishing the plantation good, serviceable supplies, there was a constant temptation to send them his own unsaleable goods, but without any reduction of price; in fact they sometimes charged retail prices where they furnished by wholesale. The planters lost immensely in this way; the urgency of need often not allowing a return of the article, and the expense in all cases was charged to the plantation.

But here again I anticipate; though it seemed necessary to say so much at the outset. Misunderstood orders may account for some of the difficulties arising in this way; but I apprehend it was oftener feigned than real; and I know that such conduct has led to a change of agency.

The agent did not always wish to see the planter prosper; for as soon as he became independent he dictated terms to the agent.

The latter, therefor, liked to keep him in a state of dependence, and made what otherwise was very uphill work a mountainous precipice. But here again the disease ought to furnish a remedy, for in case of failure the planter lost all. Some agents who, while the planter was dependent on them charged 5 pr. ct. commissions, besides various perquisites, suddenly discovered that they could afford to do the same business even better after the planter had become independent of them for half that commission. But I have allowed my pen to run away again and will now return to my story.

Mr. M. was not a man of financial instincts. His thoughts had always run in a different channel. Balance and Co. who would loan him money to start his plantation, and who would be his agents knew this very well; but what their inner thought was, we will not now enquire. Some of their terms were openly stated and implicit—they would require a mortgage on all Mr. M. possessed, as security. If they loaned him money at a risk, "it was only right that he who was to have *'the entire profit'* should risk his part in the business,' though he put in all he had. He did not demur to this. As prices were at present and might be in future, all would soon be paid up, and then whatever might be the profit would be clear gain for the planter.

So the understanding was fairly established and all movements were in accordance therewith, and had proceeded too far to be retraced without great loss, when one of those neat little operations which schemers know so well how to manage, was initiated by Balance & Co. It was an "of course" statement that money would be loaned to Mr. M. at 12 pr. ct. interest to be paid quarterly; and he was not to have any connection with any outside business; *i. e.*, any outside means connected with other parties were liable for debts contracted in this.

This meant that the interest on the money lent should be compounded four times a year; for, of course the money lent could pay nothing back till the business was in operation. It is easy to figure the time required to double the amount lent; also to figure the difference between interest so compounded and simple interest.

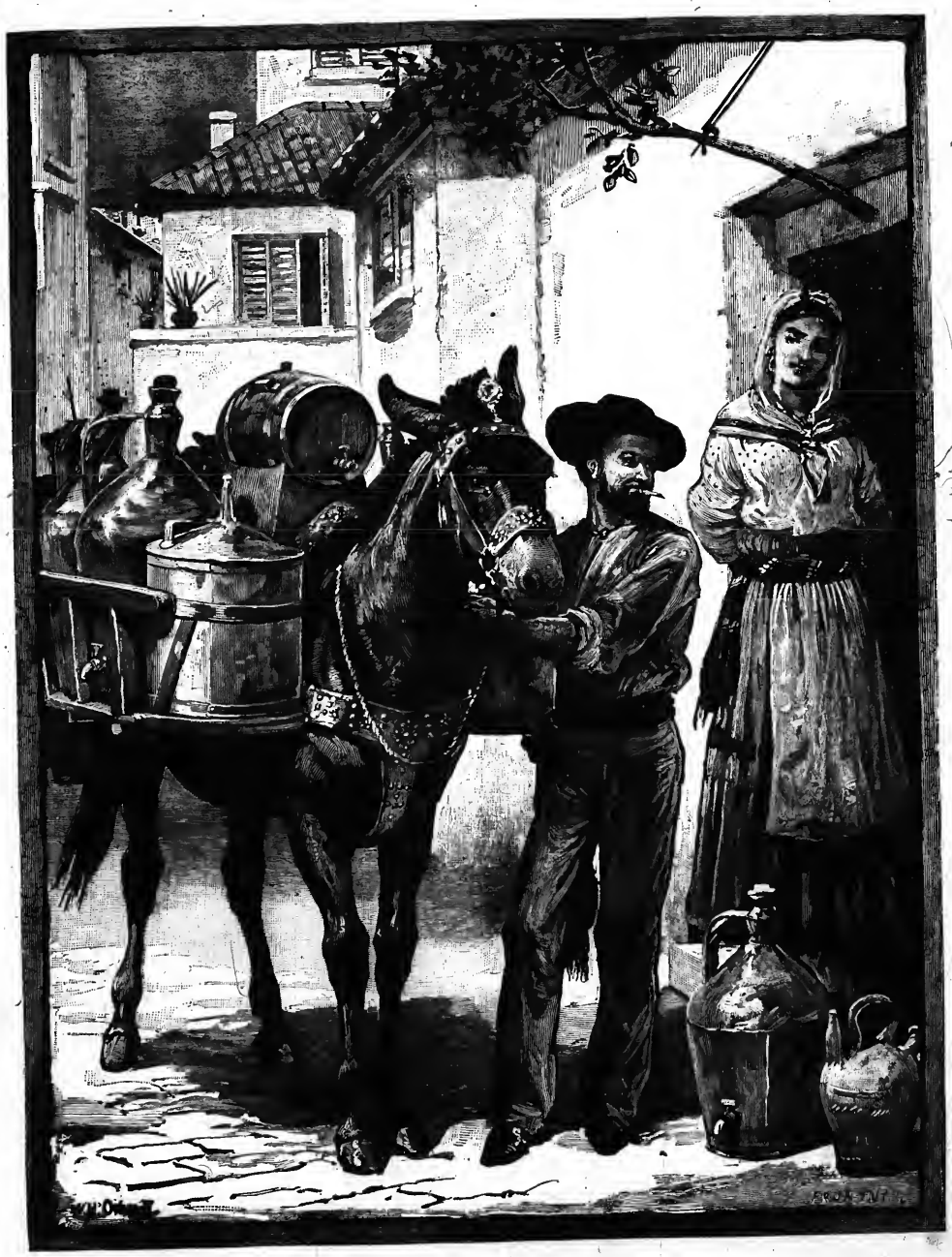
This looked like planning at the outset that the money should not be repaid. Had Mr. M. been apprised of it sooner he would probably not have gone any farther in the business. But things had gone so far that there seemed no retreat and he felt obliged to assent. He determined that the expense should be as small as possible to work with profit.

(Concluded in next Number)

Southern Workman.

DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OF THE SOUTH.

VOL. XII. HAMPTON, VA., OCTOBER, 1883. No. 10.



STREET SCENE, LISBON. [From Harper's Weekly.]

Wings at the Pane.

EDWARD S. GREGORY.

Oft and again in the winter
I hear the driving rain
As it drifts at night on the window,
And rattles against the pane.

It seems to me in the darkness
As if the wings of a bird,
Striving to enter the chamber,
Were at the window heard.

But I joy to know that the tempest
Raves at the window pane,
And rallies its eerie spirits
And beats with its wings in vain.

And fancy weaves in the darkness
The image of other forms,
That strive to enter the window
With wilder wings than the storm's.

Birds of more evil omen
That wider and wilder roam,
Come in silence and darkness
And crouch at the eaves of home.

Do envy and hatred and malice—
The busiest brood of sin—
Beat their wings at the window
And struggle to enter in?

As the rain breaks on the casement,
In impotent froth and foam,
Black wings that wait in the darkness
Are scared by the lights of home!

And evil spirits that gather,
And threatening forms that move,
Take their flight in the shadows
Before the warmth of love.

And though each shape of sorrow
A darkening shadow flings,
It cannot bear through the casement
Any curse on its wings.

For the home-light and the love-light
The shadowy shapes adorn
With many a grace and beauty
Beyond the lights of morn.

And so the brood of evil
Stops at the window pane,
With the broken wings of the tempest
That beat through the wind and rain.

And each winged form that enters,
Though dark and dread afar,
The home-light and the love-light
Make glorious as a star!

A VISIT TO THE VALLEY.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

Lynchburg, Va., Aug.—, 1883.

I had appointed the 25th of July for setting out on my annual trip to my dear old home in Rockingham Co., without reflecting that the State Democratic Convention was also appointed for that day. The only train making close connection for the valley leaves Lynchburg at 1 A. M. and I sent my trunk to one of the city hotels and about dusk went there myself, proposing to take a room and rest quietly until the hour for the train.

My little home in the suburbs seemed so calm and peaceful that it was hard for me to realize how different things might be in the city.

Not being disposed to attach any great consequence to political Conventions, especially when conducted by Democrats, I was not a little surprised when I reached the "heart o' the town o" to find that the "Bourbons" had taken possesion thereof and "slopped over" in every direction.

The horse-cars were crowded with what is to be hoped was the second class element, many of the strangers, who wore the olive badges marking members of the Convention being much the worse for the inspiration they had sought in bar-rooms.

Groups of members were strolling about on the hills and in the streets and numerous vehicles were bearing the Bourbons who had "carriage friends" in the city or could hire hacks to visit the various points of interest about the place.

At the hotel, where I had hoped to have a quiet time, the politicians were having it all their own way, and being out in force looked strong enough to alarm Mahone himself if that astute individual could be daunted by Democrats.

A caucus meeting was going on in the parlor, the halls and stairways were thronged with members of the Convention going in and out, the office was full of them, the chambers were all taken, the clerk, landlord and house-keeper were too busy to be seen, and in short there was no place, not even an arm-chair, for a lone woman on her travels.

A polite maid, who was the only person I could interest in my difficulties, had gone to see what could be done for me, and I was sitting in a hall window somewhat forlornly guarding my lugguge, when an open door gave me a glimpse of the committee in the parlor, and the drawling tones of one of the "Tuckahoe" talkers permitted me to hear fragments of what was going on, and amply comforted me for any present inconvenience by showing the dilemma with which the Democratic gentry were dealing. Major Daniel, one of the handsomest and most intellectual looking men in the state, was presiding with the grace and dignity for which he is conspicuous, and a quiet looking country-man standing just opposite me, begging for a moment's attention, slowly gathered himself together, and proceeded to state that in his county, almost the only one of the eastern counties so blest, the hated Readjusters who now rule the roost in the Old Dominion, had never made much headway, but had been discomfitted in every canvass, because the Democrats had been able to secure three or four hundred colored votes. With all the force consistent with limited intelligence and natural slowness of speech the worthy Bourbon urged and entreated his brethren not to throw away that precious colored vote; not Mahone himself or one of his "Lieutenants" could more highly have valued or more earnestly have argued for this point.

Some one passing in closed the door and I did not hear the end of the speaker's remarks, but I had heard enough to confirm my impression that the race question is still the vital point between the Liberal and Conservative parties in Virginia.

There has been a steady advance for the oppressed race among us since the war for its emancipation closed, in spite of the efforts of the Democratic party which has been well described as "a standing protest against progress."

In just proportion also has been the advance of the dormant race, who are at last wisely learning to consider the mental and material interests of the country, whilst relaxing their efforts "to keep the Negro down."

Very many of the white people are forgetting their prejudices and learning in good faith the stern lesson taught our generation by the bitterness of retribution, and not a few have found among its results the sweetness of compensation for patience in the hour of trial.

It cannot be denied that serious evils have resulted from Negro Suffrage, where there has been a majority of colored voters, but the remedy has been all along in the hands of the leaders of our people, who it is to be hoped will yet awake to the idea of limiting suffrage by an educational qualification and letting that be the *only* disqualification.

It has been the policy of the Bourbon party to ignore the colored vote, thereby practically ignoring the results of the war; but the remarks of the gentleman I had just heard convinced me that even the Bourbons might take a new idea, after the Liberals had convinced them that it was entirely efficacious in practice. Feeling sure that as famous old Mr. Ritchie was wont to remark "the skies are bright and brightening," I contentedly adopted the advice of the amiable maid and sought shelter in the house of a friend close by, returning to the hotel when the family retired, to wait until train-time.

It was not altogether a pleasant experience for a person travelling for health to spend the next two hours on a hard bench in the corner of a hotel office, with loud talking men going in and out, smoking and spitting after the fashion of Virginians, but after a start of surprise at seeing a lady at such an unexpected time and place, each and all showed the influence of the chivalrous sentiment of our land by moderating their voices and behaving like gentlemen as soon as they were aware of a lady's presence. About 12 o'clock the Convention adjourned having adopted a platform in favor of abolishing Mahone and intimating that in future they would acknowledge the existence of the people who form half the population of our state. The office was thronged with the members and I found some amusement in observing the personel of the Convention.

I noted with pride the fine appearance of the valley delegation, most of them old friends and acquaintances, who compared very favorably with the eastern Virginians, the latter in general showing little of the advantage claimed by the Bourbon press for the "best people" of the state. I must except from this statement the Chairman chosen by the Convention, the Hon. John S. Barbour, a magnificient specimen of manhood, who stood like Saul the son of Kish, "a head and shoulders above his followers" and was easily recognized as the only possible leader among the common-place men who thronged about him.

Politicians present an interesting phase of human nature, but one soon sees enough of them, and it was with little regret that I saw them one by one leave the train at their own stations, so that when we had crossed the Blue Ridge we had left most of them behind us.

The dawn of a lovely day was breaking when we entered Staunton, and then came another weary hour of waiting for the train on the B. & O. road.

A colored woman with a lively baby sat near me in the station room and when I asked where she was going she began to tell her simple story as if glad of some one to talk with. She was from Charlottesville, had always lived in Albemarle county; wages was so low there colored people could not get enough to live on; a great many of them were going away north and west. Her husband had been offered good wages in Pittsburgh and had gone a year ago; he had found plenty of work and had sent for her and the baby and she was going to him.

The woman was well dressed, had good manners, could read and write and seemed a sensible, prudent person. I was sorry she was going to leave Virginia. She placed the baby on a seat near, gave him a cup of milk from the basket, and then putting a biscuit in his hand and telling him sternly not to fall she went out to walk on the platform. The child, evidently of the Jim Crow tribe, was so merry, laughing, chattering, rolling his eyes and squealing at every one who came near him that it was impossible not to be amused at his antics. A white man standing near the door laughed aloud at the child and called some one else to look at him, some-body else came in to see the fun and soon a little crowd had collected to watch the monkey tricks of the ebony infant. In the midst of the hilarity the mother returned, and apparently quite unconscious of the notice her baby was attracting gravely reproved him for dropping his biscuit and seated herself near him with an air of abstraction, doubtless thinking of the "old folks at home" she was leaving perhaps forever, and the untried life among strangers in an unknown land upon which she was about to enter.

After the first greeting with friends was over and I had time to look about me, I found that many changes were going on in my native valley.

The Summer boarder has discovered that Harrisonburg is a neat, quiet, orderly little town in the midst of a beautiful and abundant country, within a few miles of the famous tonic waters of Rawley and Taylor Springs, whence the water can be procured daily, and fully a hundred visitors were scattered about in the pleasant houses of the village. The streets were full of strange faces, and one heard constantly of picnic parties to Weyer's Cave, the Natural Bridge, Rawley etc. The visitors were from all points, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, and the people of various sections enjoyed coming together. The prices of living seemed very cheap, board could be obtained from $15.00 to $20.00 per month according to lodgings. Beef was 10 to 12 cts per lb. Butter 15 to 20 cts., eggs 12½ per dozen, flour about $5.00 per bbl.

Among the ornamental buildings of the town is the new colored school house, built on the edge of "Newton" or "Africa" as the quarter occupied by colored people is called. Lucy Simms, one of the Hampton graduates, has taught in the public schools of the county and town for several years and ranks high in the estimation of the school superintendent and the people.

The colored Methodist church, a large and handsome building, had been dedicated with impressive services a short time before my visit, and I heard an interesting account of the proceedings. White and colored ministers occupied the pulpit, a fine sermon was preached by the white Bishop, and the admirable singing of the colored Presiding Elder charmed the audience.

The Mayor of the town and other prominent white citizens occupied the front benches. After the sermon, one of the ministers stated that there was quite a heavy debt upon the church and he hoped all present would contribute liberally to such a good cause as liquidating it. As is the custom in the colored churches South, the congregation rose in regular order, except the white persons mentioned, and walked past the table before the altar, depositing money thereon and quietly returning to their places. The white citizens, who always aid the colored people liberally in their church enterprises, but unaccustomed to this method of contribution, sat with their hands in their pockets, bashfully regarding the table which they had not the courage to approach. The "*Providing* Elder" as some of the illiterate Negroes call that functionary, who had been singing a beautiful solo during this interval, took in the situation at a glance, and when the congregation was again seated and the hymn ended, he remarked quietly that an *opportunity* would now be afforded to their white friends to aid in this worthy object. At a word from him the deacons took up their hats and handed them to his Honor the Mayor and the other white persons present, who responded with alacrity to the appeal.

One evening during my stay, loud shouts and hurrahs reached our ears from the railroad station, which is not far from my brother-in-law's house, and on inquiring the cause we learned that "Shumatis" gang was passing through town. This meant that five-hundred able-bodied colored men, collected by Mr. Shumate, a Virginian, who acts as agent for Iowa mining companies at various points in the state, were on one of the B. & O. trains, and this hilarious parting between them and their friends covered the the heart-ache of separation.

There is no talk of an "exodus, but some invisible agency like the "Under ground Railroad" of slavery times is gradually drawing the colored people away from the South and scattering them all over the country.

In companies for mines or rail roads, or one by one, they are fast going North or West, and where they go they usually stay and prosper. A white friend writes from Portland, Oregon, "there are 1200 Negroes here, and all are doing well." Another says: "I find 3,000 colored people in San Francisco. Thousands have gone to the Iowa mines, and the rate of wages is advancing perceptibly in the valley and begins to be felt in Eastern Virginia."

LISBON.

The streets of Lisbon have not the busy aspect one usually finds in the thoroughfares of a capital. But if the throng is not great, those who frequent them make up for want of numbers by noise. Venders of fish and fruit and other eatables exercise their powerful lungs, boys selling lottery-tickets bawl their loudest, while newspaper boys and knife-grinders add to the uproar. The Galician water-carrier still survives in spite of modern water-works, and his prolonged "A-au!" is heard on all sides.

The people of Lisbon live much upon the street, and it is here that they are to be studied to the best advantage. The houses of the poor open to it, and one can have a full view of home life from the narrow sidewalk.

On one of the seven hills on which Lisbon stands it was once proposed to build a central market, but the cooks and housekeepers refused to go up hill each time provisions were needed; so they continued to patronize the old markets, six or seven in number, where corn, wine, oil, fish, meat, and other provisions are sold wholesale and retail.

The traveller entering one of their markets is at once besieged by an army of *Gallegos* carrying big hampers, and soliciting the honor of taking home his purchases. But while their markets supply the housekeepers of Lisbon with the bulk of their supplies, there are other articles of domestic consumption which, like our milk supplies, are carried round from house to house by peddlers. In all southern climes oil is a necessary of life, and equally indispensible for making a salad is its opposite, vinegar. "A spendthrift for the salt, and a madman to mix them altogether," is an old Portuguese recipe for salad-making. The peddler in the illustration is evidently on good terms with the purchaser of the prime ingredients, but he is more picturesquely clad, and jars and vessels are quainter in shape, than those we see at our kitchen doors.—*Harpers Weekly.*

The McAdoo and Ocean Side Scholarships.

The following letter from Miss M. B. Sedgwick, gives a very gratifying report of the record made by the Hampton Students, selected by Mr. O. McAdoo, a Hampton Graduate and one of the teachers of the Butler School, as a corps of waiters under his charge at this pleasant watering place on the Massachusetts Sea Coast.

The practical way of showing their appreciation of the services and deportment of these students, chosen by the ladies of the "ocean side" is worthy of all imitation and we should not "make ado" at receiving any number of such scholarships.

Ocean Side, Magnolia, Mass., Aug 25, 1883.

TO GENERAL S. C. ARMSTRONG,

Dear Sir,—The ladies of "The Ocean Side" have been so well pleased with the manners and attendance of the Hampton students this summer, that they are anxious to express their interest in the Institution by the establishment of two scholarships. Mrs D. C. Holder of Boston is the originator of the plan, and has already collected seventy dollars for the first year of one scholarship. As a mark of our approbation of Mr. McAdoo, who has performed his duties so agreeably to us all, it is proposed that *he* should select the person to be the recipient of this scholarship, and also to have it entitled "The McAdoo scholarship." For the other, we wish *you* to select any worthy object, and we should like it to be called "The Ocean Side scholarship." This will of course be continued for the usual term of three years. The *first* one we hope to make permanent, and if there are any two persons in whom our waiters are especially interested, it would gratify us to have these scholarships presented to them.

A check for a hundred and forty dollars will be placed in the hands of Mr. McAdoo to be delivered to yourself. We have pleasure in informing you of our little plan, as your devotion and zeal enable us to take our small share in this charity, so important to the welfare of our country.

We enclose a list of the names of the ladies interested.

Yours very respectfully,
MARIA B. SEDGWICK.

SOUTHERN WORKMAN,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October, four months.)

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Subscribers are reminded that, from July to October inclusive, this paper is reduced to an eight page form, resuming in November the twelve page form.

More than forty years ago there was established in the city of New York, an association for the benefit of colored orphans, the history of which furnishes a not unsatisfactory index of the changes in the condition of the colored race during that period. Nearly three thousand children have been provided for in the Asylum at an average cost of about $91.00 per annum, exclusive of gifts of clothing and certain supplies received from various charitable societies, and the small proportion of deaths shows that the children are well cared for. During the war riots in New York the inmates of the institution were driven from their home, which was burned almost over their heads, and were saved, probably from death, only by the courage and devotion of those in charge of them. Since that time the work of the association has proceeded, undisturbed in the main, and successful, so far as the immediate welfare of the helpless little ones is concerned, but there remains always more or less difficulty in providing for them after they leave the asylum, which they are obliged to do at about the age of twelve. They are not, of course, old enough to be made responsible for themselves, and it is, as a rule, impossible to find people of a respectable class, who are willing to adopt them. There exists among them a fair proportion of really good material, and there are every year a few individuals, to whom the Hampton course would be of great benefit and before whom it would open possibilities which could hardly be supplied in any other way.

The colored people in all our large northern cities are generally doing well; so far as ability and opportunity to make money goes, there is a steady and sufficient demand for their labor, but their record shows them up to the present time to be wanting in the virtues of thrift and economy. It is said of them that they are usually careless and extravagant, fond of pleasure and inclined to let the future take care of itself, and the exceptions are not as yet sufficiently numerous to produce any such thing as a general sentiment among them.

An infusion of the spirit which characterizes so many of our Hampton graduates, and which is a result, to a certain extent at least, of the system under which they are trained, seems to be needed as much among the comparatively opulent colored population of our northern cities as among their poorer and less responsible brethren at the South, and though the problem in the former case is even more complex than in the latter, there are almost in both the same great laws at work.

To send each year a few of the more promising of these colored orphans to Hampton, could hardly be considered in the light of an experiment so far as concerns themselves, while it is possible that their influence might come in time to be felt among that class of their people from whom they spring, and whose need of sound thinkers and leaders is as great now as ever.

Such work, of course, must be done mainly by private charity, and in reading the Reports of the New York and other similar asylums, it becomes a matter of some surprise that an attempt has not been made before this to utilize the resources of Hampton in educating deserving waifs and strays from our northern colored population.

We are glad to receive and publish so sensible a communication as the following, and trust that those of our readers who are personally interested in the general question of colonization either in this country or elsewhere, will give it special attention.

Colored Colonization Proposed.

AN ARKANSAS MISSIONARY IN WASHINGTON —SECRET ORGANIZATION IN THE SOUTH TO SEPARATE THE RACES.

Mr. John W. Niles, a colored man, from Mariana, Arkansas, was met by a STAR reporter this afternoon and questioned as to his mission to this city. He stated that he came here to solicit the aid and help of the colored and also the white citizens of this District in a movement that is going on in the south. He showed the reporter a letter of introduction to Mr. Fred. Douglass, Prof. Greener and Mr. Williams, of this city, from P. W. Winfield, chairman, and R. H. Newsum, secretary, of the Colored National Indemnity Association of Arkansas. He said the object of this association is to get territory and be separated from the whites in the south, and to the end that this may be effected there are secret organizations all over the South. He complains in general terms about the oppression of the colored people in the South. He particularly complained of the irregularity of the delivery of mails in that section.

He stated that because he is connected with this movement his letters are intercepted. He also said that he had been to see the Assistant Postmaster General and made a statement to him, and he promised to have the matter investigated.—*Evening Star Aug. 27.*

The above is one of the absurd schemes for the relief of the real disabilities of the colored people. It reminds me of the horse that had two faults. He could not be caught, but if caught, was good for nothing. So this scheme is impracticable if it were right, and wrong if it were practicable.

Of the seven millions of colored people in this country there are a fraction of them in the North, living mainly in the cities, while the great majority occupy the best settled and best fertile portions of the cotton growing states. The sparsely settled regions of the South have generally a poor soil and are occupied by white people who, in the main, were never slaveholders, but who have quite as strongly as the ex-slaveholders the cruel race prejudice, which is the greatest barrier to the peace and prosperity of the country.

There is no region of arable land either in the southern states or in the territories that could afford a home for 6,000,000 or 3,000,000 of people. There is neither means nor disposition to purchase it if their were. 2d. A considerable percentage of the colored people in the South have comfortable houses and are reasonably prosperous, and their number is increasing; they have public schools and colleges cheerfully supported by a common tax, they have institutions for professional education sustained largely by Christian benevolence, and in a remarkable degree their young men are acquiring collegiate and professional knowledge. Moreover, as a result of this advancement in wealth, education, and morals, the cruel caste spirit is slowly but steadily abating. It would be madness in the colored man (if it were possible) to relinquish all these advantages and to commence unaided to establish a distinct civil society with corresponding civil, religious, and educational institutions.

3d All attempts to isolate the races of men is a step backwards in civilization. The tendencies of the age are all the other way. Such attempts grow out of race prejudice and tend to promote it. The good poet Whittier says that the white and colored American are in the Providence of God, ever marching onward abreast, what God has joined, no man can put asunder. All schemes of colonization or separation of the entire race, will be as futile and delusive in the future as in the past

4th. Experience shows that isolation of the colored, or indeed any race, has not tended to its best and highest development. Friendly and intimate relations with those who have enjoyed superior advantages, is one of the best means of our own advancement. This is true of races as of individuals. There are many people in this nation to whom the Negro owes nothing. There are others, both North and South, who in his poverty and ignorance have extended a helping hand, and he cannot yet afford to discard it. Colonization in Africa has been a meager success. Hayti and San Domingo are no special honor to the race. But it is here, under our amended Constitution, that we see the finest physical and mental development of the Negro, and that here are all the elements of ultimate and highest success. With mental and physical industry, patience, economy, and self respect, the triumph of absolute justice is certain.

5th. A secret organization to secure the separation of the races is a wrong method, even if the object were good. A great national movement concerns everyone, and everyone has a right to, and will know about it. Such a work cannot be done in a corner. The secret society business, besides being largely overdone, is wholly needless for the accomplishment of any good object Let it be shown that any thing can be done to materially benefit the colored people and many willing hearts and hands will respond. But if a great movement is left to the control of an irresponsible secret society few people of character and means will be willing to support it. I make no insinuation when I say that such a society might be used for the basest of purposes. Irish secret societies have gathered vast sums from ignorant and unsuspecting servant girls whose hard earnings have been squandered nn demons in human shape, men whose sole object was to commit crime against those who would not espouse their pernicious schemes. I have no fears of a dynamite conspiracy among those who are in this movement, but I do say that secresy is needless, suspicious, and wrong. I trust none of the excellent men whose names are given will endorse it.

H. H. HINMAN.

A Horseback Trip Through Gloucester Co., Va.

BY REV. H. B. FRISSELL.

Riding up to a school house in Gloucester Co., I met a young man with a paint brush in one hand and a pot in another. He was putting the finishing touches to a two story frame building, which had just received a coat of paint. I recognized him as a Hampton graduate. After receiving the usual hearty welcome which Hampton graduates are accustomed to pay to any one connected with their old school home, I asked him questions in regard to his painting, his school house and his school. He told me that the regular school session had closed a month before, but feeling that the scholars needed more than the trustees could well give them, he had continued his school a month longer than the time allowed by the board, believing that the parents of the children would come to his help, which they had not failed to do. The school was to have its closing exercises on the following day and as he felt a pride in having the building look well, he had set to work to paint it. I asked him where he got his paint, and he told me that since leaving school he had kept in correspondence with some of the northern friends, who had been interested in him while at Hampton. One of them had sent ten dollars for Christmas for the children. He had persuaded them to practice self denial so far as to give up their Christmas presents and let the ten dollars go for the paint. I had before me the result. I asked him how he had secured so good a building. He told me that it had been put up in large part by the contributions of the colored people of the district. The school board had helped, outside friends had done something, but the most of the cost had been borne by the parents of the children And so among the pine woods of Gloucester had arisen a two story school house with a fine large room on each floor, making a graded school possible. The earnest efforts of this teacher to raise money among the parents had had many good results. It had interested the colored people of that district in the subject of education. They had put money and labor into that school building and they wanted to get all they could out of it. So they kept their children at school longer than any other district in the county. The average attendance was much larger, and the average of age much higher than in the other districts. The young man showed me his room in the upper part of the building where he taught the older classes. In the lower room he had an assistant, a graduate of a high school in one of the cities of the North, a sister of one of the graduates of Hampton. The County Superintendent had told me of the good work she had done in her school and I had reason to concur in his judgment when I entered her room.

I commend the plan adopted in this district in Gloucester Co., to those Hampton graduates who do not find their schoolrooms all that they might wish, and as the teacher of this school has been seeking help from friends in the North for a still further addition to his building, which really seems to be needed, I give his name, W. B. Weaver, Sassafras, Gloucester Co., Va.

Returning to the school on the following morning, I found the woods around the building filled with steer-carts and wagons. Little groups of gaily dressed colored men and women were chattering together out under the trees. On entering the building I found it filled to overflowing with children and their parents and friends, three and four children trying to squeeze themselves on to a seat intended for two. In the front of the room stood the county Superintendent, an energetic Scotchman, who believes in public schools as thoroughly as he does in the Westminster Catechism. I had had experience of the man on a previous occasion. Calling for me at an early hour with his horse and buggy, he took me out to visit the county schools. After driving some fifteen miles and visiting several schools we drove up to a country store. The Superintendent jumped out and soon appeared again with two brown paper parcels, and on we rode. I soon discovered that no precious hour of that day was to be given to dinner. All the nourishment we were to have was to be taken as we rode along, or slyly munched between the questions put to the scholars in the school room, and was to come from the two suspicious looking brown paper parcels. There evidently was to be no rest either for our horse or for me that day, and the children in the schools seemed to understand that they were likely to have no time to go to sleep during our visits. If the public schools of Gloucester Co. are not effecient it will be from no lack of energy or good earnest work on the part of their county Superintendent.

Having had this personal experience of the man, I felt some fear for the class in Geography which I saw on the floor of the Weaver school house as I heard him hurling his questions at them in quick succession. He wanted to know all sorts of things about latitude and longitude, Baffin's Bay and Cape Horn, the Gulf Stream and the Trade Winds. But they stood up well under the fire and came out of the ordeal in good shape. The next class was in Grammar, and we had this statement in bold characters in the hand writing of the Superintendent, "Some saucy sparrows stole my cherries from my garden fence." We found out what sparrows these were, what kind of reputation they bore, what they had to do with the cherries and what the relation of the birds and cherries was to the garden fence. We went through nearly the same process with "some foolish persons," who "beg their daily bapplness from door to door." After listening to a class in Arithmetic, we adjourned for dinner. I noticed that the building was surrounded with booths for the sale of lemonade and ice cream. I found that these were sold for the benefit of the Young People's Christian Association, which had been formed in that part of the county. They had monthly meetings and kept up an organization similar to the one at Hampton. They worked in connection with the Baptist Church, had formed various committees for holding meetings in different places for Bible reading and the relief of the poor. The president, a former student at Hampton, told me that they had raised considerable money for this purpose, they had gone out and repaired the cabins of the old people and afforded considerable relief during the winter months

After a hearty meal out under the trees, we were invited into the Baptist Church near by, and shown some articles of needle work done by the children and exposed for sale in payment for the extra month's schooling. Soon after the children formed and marched into the church to the familiar tune of "Babylon's falling, falling, falling." The gallery and floor of the church was filled with the parents and friends of the children,

who had come from all the country around to attend the anniversary. After a few opening remarks by the teacher, the school arose and sang a piece entitled "Be in time," which contained a valuable lesson on punctuality. In fact, all the pieces and songs of the afternoon contained good practical lessons and were well rendered. Here are the titles of some of them. Little by little. Speak the truth and have the blame. "Don't talk about all you see." Put your hands to the plough. Don't dream. How to act at table. Don't forget the old folks. There was a dialogue on the subject of temperance and another on the use of tobacco. After the students had had their chances, the friends of the school were called upon for speeches. All the exercises of the day were modelled after the Anniversary at Hampton. It was all good, it was all elevating and helpful and as I came away I thought that I had found some explanation of the good things I had heard of the colored people of the county. There was no one in the jail. I was told that no colored man had been sent to the penitentiary for two years from the county. Stealing was almost unknown. The morals of the young people were improving. Parents were careful in the training of their children. There was little drinking. I saw no drunken man in the county. Two story houses were common among the colored people. Thrifty little farms were springing up in the woods. The relation between the whites and colored was pleasant.

This condition was brought about not only by the schools but by the churches. Both colored and white bore testimony to the good influence which the colored ministers of the county had exerted upon their people. I went to the homes of two of them and found them on farms of their own, in large part earning their own support, giving their people an illustration in their own lives of the sort of men and women they should be. Much has been said, of late, of the immoral character of the colored preachers and the utter divorce of religion and morality. I am glad to bear witness to the honest straightforward lives of the ministers whom I met in this county and the influence for good they have had upon their people.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALBUQUERQUE INDIAN SCHOOL,
Albuquerque, New Mexico.
Sept. 9, 1883.

TO THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN:

At the instance of the Indian Rights Association of Philadelphia, I am making a tour through Arizona, New Mexico, and the Indian Territory, with a view to ascertaining the leading facts as to the Indians in the Southwest, and soon shall complete the first two territories, expecting, in four days, to go to the latter, and get through about the first of October.

I passed a little over two days at the Navajo agency, which lies in the northern part of Arizona and New Mexico, a still unsurveyed reservation, containing about ten thousand square miles, chiefly a desert, without any rivers, supplied with water, to a very limited extent, by a few springs. The Navajos have had undisturbed occupancy of this region, spreading themselves with their flocks over about twenty-five thousand square miles, going fifty miles in every direction beyond their legal limits, which never have been drawn, from time immemorial, excepting for a period of two years, in 1866 and 1867, when after a crushing defeat by the United States troops they were exiled in Texas.

Fifteen years ago the reservation was assigned them, then nine thousand in number; they now number seventeen thousand.

They are the richest Indians in the country, owning on an average over $100. worth of property apiece: they are the Jews of their race; keen as the cutest Yankee at a bargain.

They own about $25,000 worth of coral ornaments which they have bought of travelers.

They have skillful silversmiths making a variety of rather tasteful ornaments, into which their silver is mostly converted and worn on their person: they do not care for gold; they make their own coin, which is strung together.

They own twenty-six thousand ponies, and a million sheep, of poor kind, and subsist chiefly on mutton, buying flour, sugar and coffee from traders, and raising wherever they can, a little corn to help out in summer.

They are willing to work, and have a good eye to the main chance.

They are a powerful race, the best of Indian fighters, all are armed and splendidly mounted.

They can put four thousand warriors in the field.

The young bucks are eager for military glory, but the old men remember their defeat years ago, and so far have kept the more ambitious braves quiet.

Immigration from Colorado and Utah on the north, from California and Nevada on the west, and from New Mexico and Arizona on the south is pressing this scattered people back upon their legal limits, which are too barren to support them, but the white man must have at least all that is not reserved for the red man, and under the pressure now going on there may be trouble; it is said to be quietly brewing.

This, the largest single reservation in the country, is under the charge of Maj. D. M. Riordan, recently appointed.

The condition of the agency after fifteen years of government control, is disgraceful.

There is one fine but incomplete stone school building, three stories in height, costing $6000.00, but the rest of the buildings are wretched adobe huts, of one story, with flat mud roofs, condemned twelve years ago as unfit for use.

Here the Agent lives, stores his goods, and transacts his business. In mid-winter his children were tied up in chairs to keep them from the muddy floor, where water stood in pools; and in warm weather snakes crawled out from holes in the walls of his house. I saw streams of mud trickling from above on government stores such as flour and cloth.

Maj. Riordan is a "new broom" and no doubt will soon improve things, but it will take time; he is too far from Washington for his condition to be realized, and, indeed, resigned not long ago, in disgust. But Secretary Teller sent for him and induced him to hold on awhile. He has an excellent reputation in this region, commands the confidence of the authorities, and no doubt will, ere long, create a better condition of things.

The school will be completed and opened with about one hundred children, and the Indians will be looked after, their water resources developed, their stock improved, and the "impending crisis," if possible, averted.

Secretary Teller intends to send them several hundred blooded rams.

It is impossible to describe the wild, strange appearance of this mountainous region; both form and color are unlike anything in the East. They strike bold, original attitudes, stand up in a savage nakedness, like that of the denizens of this remote country, with a scant covering of scrubby trees that make one long for the richly covered deep blue mountains of what they call out here "God's country."

There are low valleys, then *mesas* or table lands that rise with steep rugged sides to perfect levels, which stretch for miles away.

We lunched at a spring near the "haystacks," huge boulders, sixty or seventy feet in height, most fitly named.

Life is not seen; birds do not sing or fly; there is a solemn stillness. Creation's work does not seem complete; everything is in the dough; one longs for the music that is not in this air.

I rode out one afternoon and saw a Navajo woman weaving a broad scarf, sitting in a dirty, wretched "hogan" or hut, built of brushwood; a summer residence. Here they weave by infinite labor, the famous Navajo blankets, that are worth sometimes $150 a piece.

With good guidance, such as the present agent is the man to give, with good schools and direction in their worldly affairs, the Navajos may become a wealth producing people in the South-west. But far more must be done than has been. All these South-western tribes are feeling more and more the upper and nether millstones of civilization, and they will not stand everything.

Prof. Thompson, Col. Stevenson, and several other scientists from the "Smithsonian," Institute at Washington, have a pleasant camp near the agency, carrying on their survey and researches. These gentlemen have long and carefully observed the Navajos, been all over the reservation, and spoke with enthusiasm and hopefulness of these Indians as most capable of improvement; as docile, yet capable, brainy, and, with their intelligence, wealth and good dispositions, affording a basis of civilization to be found in no other tribe.

Returning to the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, thirty-five miles away, I rode all day to Ash Forks, where the stage takes me fifty-five miles to Prescott, the capital of the Territory. A mile away is Fort Whipple, General Crook's headquarters.

Most of the railroad ride was through the same wild, desolate country. Late in the afternoon we entered as lovely a region as I ever saw; It was like enchanted land, after the desolate hills. Magnificent forest-covered mountains towered into the air on either side, while we dashed through the loveliest green valleys, that lay between; it looked like a grand park with great level or sloping lawns, dotted with clumps of trees, cattle browsing everywhere, while the forest skirted the valleys, or pushed out in a picturesque way upon the plain.

It was Nature's compensation for the dreariness of the rest of it. I never was more fascinated. The track lay through Johnson's canon, a bold piece of engineering, affording striking views in every direction as we shot around the curved track cut into the side of the great gorge.

The all-night ride in the stage to Prescott is to me memorable. The road was rather level but full of stones, over which we jolted seven mortal hours before reaching smoothness. We were rattled all over the stage unmercifully, cruelly, till there was pain in every joint and muscle.

Prescott is a pleasant town with some pretty residences; my chief interest was to see Gen. Crook, who kindly made me his guest at Fort Whipple, which is beautifully situated on high ground in the centre of surrounding mountains of great variety of striking forms. The first sunset I witnessed was magnificent; I have seen several of marvelous color and glory in this strange country.

Gen. Crook said much about his experience with Indians. He is as good a thinker as he is a fighter. His face is full of kindness and strength too; his eyes show that he will not kill if he can help it; his mouth means determination; his humor is ever appearing, making his conversation most pleasant and interesting. He has, I think, unusual insight into men; he has read the Indians as few men have done, and discusses the subject differently from any man I ever met.

He studies his subject, makes his conclusions, stakes himself on their soundness; hence his mode of warfare.

Fighting Indians with Indians is his idea. He quelled the Sioux war in the North by arraying their own people against them, and ever since the Sioux have been quiet. Sitting Bull's retreat to Canada was only delaying till starvation should bring him back as a meek subject to our power.

He fought Apaches with Apaches: even relative against relative, success being based chiefly on his personal influence; they believe in his peculiar power; they trust him implicitly, for he never failed them, and he is careful of his promises.

He pays them well, gives them light flank duty at first; a fair chance at any "loot" that is to be had, letting soldiers do the heavy work. In two years the Indians will do it all and soldiers will not be needed. He had forty-two regular and two hundred Indian cavalry on his last compaign. He makes it their interest to be true to him: treats them fairly and kindly, and trusts to a certain sense of fidelity besides.

When Indians had inferior weapons, twenty soldiers could whip one hundred Indians: now, armed as they are with breach loaders, there must be more soldiers than Indians. It is like Greek and Greek. Behind a low rock the perfectly concealed Indian can shoot ten times in a few moments; and do terrible work; you seldom see him: when he moves it is like a flash, he zigzags, and there is no chance to get a shot. Only a puff of smoke reveals his position.

Getting the breach loaders has revolutionized Indian warfare, and the Indians know their advantage. They can get all the rifles and cartridges they want, though at heavy cost; they will give a dollar a piece for cartridges; they are not as good marksmen as soldiers, for they cannot afford to practice at a target, and are nervous under fire.

I visited at San Carlos the three hundred and twenty-four captives brought from Mexico; there were about thirty-five fighting men; the rest women and children, looking pitiably forlorn: one hundred and twenty-four were children under ten years of age, many of them orphans. Gen. Crook trusted to his personal influence over the renegades, who, when he had captured their camp with the women and children, came at his invitation into camp to talk over things; they, tired of years of ceaseless warfare and of exhausting alertness, agreed to come, later, back to their old home under promise of protection and food.

They have not come yet, and many predict that they will not come, and declare that they never intended to. Time will show the precise results of the campaign.

The Apaches are proud of their brethren who have for years, without a single defeat, fought two nations. Overwhelming defeat is the best lesson for warlike Indians; it has made many tribes peaceful. Not principle but bitter memories have kept the powerful Navajos so long quiet. The Apaches are mountaineers, and have the traits that belong to that life. The wilder the Indian the less their blood and bodies are tainted with white men's diseases. The temptation to come in short range of whiskey which is perhaps their chief curse. The mental quickness and rigor of the Apaches is remarkable; they have a high order of capacity for improvement. The way out of the Apache troubles does not yet seem quite clear, but Gen. Crook has them in hand, which is the best possible thing.

I rode in a stage one hundred and forty-six miles from Fort Whipple to the Pima Agency, traveling night and day, over a very rough mountainous country, almost banged to pieces in the unsteady vehicle. A pleasant experience was stopping an hour or two at Phoenix, a thriving town upon the Salt river, where about a million acres of land have been made productive by irrigation. The village has a luxuriant look with its rich verdure, great clumps of foliage, and abundant growing trees. There is great variety of vegetation: a pomegranate tree laden with luscious large fruit charmed my eye. Irrigation creates a marvelous contrast in this desert country; the greenness has a peculiar richness; the whole effect is like that of magic.

The Pima and Maricoba reservation where I spent a day, is the home of twelve of our Hampton Indians; it was interesting to see their old homes and friends. But what hovels they live in! Their brush, mud covered huts are called "Keys."

The thirteen thousand widely scattered Indians under the care of Dr. Jackson, Agent in charge, are self supporting, ready to work at any job, and only need plenty of wise direction, better utensils and good schools to get into very good condition. Agent Jackson, like all the agents I have met out here, appears to be an able, energetic, competent man. I am surprised to find so many good men in this field; all are newly appointed, within a year, and do credit to the Secretary of the Interior.

Much may be expected of them if properly sustained. Things look more hopeful than I had expected to find; in Mexico and Arizona thirty-nine thousand five hundred and eighty-five Indians are wholly self-supporting, cultivating the bottom lands of the Salt, Gila, and other rivers, or living as herders in south-western Arizona; five thousand seven hundred and fifty depend entirely on government; one thousand and twenty-six receive one-third of their support. This is a far better state of things than in the Northwest where the great Sioux nations of twenty-five thousand and many others are being spoiled by complete dependence on government bounty. The problem here is simple.

These south-western Indians need and deserve more attention. Sustain the Agents, give them plenty of help to get these industrious people from plowing with sticks, as many do, to using plows and other utensils which they will pay for, and to fight whiskey men, build industrial schools everywhere and, excepting from the five hundred Apaches, no more trouble and much good result may be expected.

S. C. A.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

When the regular school term is ended, fro the sake of improvement in health, and the benefit received by being left on one's own mettle among strangers, many of the Indian students are sent to the hills of Massachusetts to spend their vacation—the boys working on farms. This year there were twenty-one boys to go North, and some who went home. The rest are here.

Last year the boys who remained here, took turns in going to the Hemenway Farm—one-third going in each squad to stay three weeks. This year, owing to the amount of work to be done in the shops and some disadvantages in the system of sending them to the farm, the old plan has been put aside. All the boys here this year are working at their trades.

The government orders for tinware, harness, &c, are much larger than they were last year; and the labor of the Indian boys is largely depended upon for the filling of these orders. I believe many of them take pride in their work because they are making shoes, coffee-pots, &c., for their own people.

Owing to the previous condition of the Indians here, they are unlike the colored boys, who have inherited the ability to stand hard labor and heat from early morning till night. In our opinion, it is not yet best for our Indians (as a whole) to work on the farm or in the shops all day. Therefore they stay at their regular work only eight hours per day. This leaves two hours that might be used otherwise.

We know that boys who have the privilege of being idle do not stay long out of misehief, so there is school in the middle of the day to keep them engaged. The main study in the school is *drawing*, to which the Indians seem very partial. Whenever the boys can get into a recitation room out of school hours, they seldon fail to fill the boards with pictures. If you should see, on entering a vacant school-room, a half dozen of their pictures on the black-board, you would very likely find that two of them were pictures of buffaloes and three of mounted officers of the army. The eyes of the visitors are often attracted by the representation of Indian warriors and buffalo-hunters—painted by the boys, and hanging about their rooms. There is no reason why the drawing of the students who have attended our summer school should be limited any longer to buffaloes.

The exercises on Sunday are substantially the same as in term time. All attend afternoon services in Bethesda Chapel. In the morning a little party goes to the Episcopal Church in Hampton while others attend Sabbath school with the colored students. It is really interesting to have a class of these boys in Sabbath school. As in other classes, owing to their being timid about using English they do not ask many questions. But they are generally very attentive, and seem to be much interested in the lessons, while their answers are in many cases suggestive of their life in the West.

G. W. B.

VACATION IN "WINONA".

The restraints of school having been removed by the general roll call on the 13th of June, a number of our largest Indian girls left to spend their vacation to work in Massachusetts leaving twenty at Hampton.

The work for vacation was arranged in order to keep the girls busy, giving each a certain part of the building to take care of in the morning, besides her own room. At nine o'clock the house is ready for inspection, and the girls report at the ringing of the bell to the sewing-room, where they are kept busy till dinner time. The girls took hold of this work very willingly, feeling the responsibility of keeping one's own house clean. I don't think there could have been anything better done for Indian girls than giving them a house of their own to live in and keep clean. The girls being small, of course the work had to be cut up in little pieces; one girl would sweep a corridor every day; when scrub day came two girls would scrub it. Our large hall that used to be scrubbed by eight large girls during the term, is now very nicely scrubbed by fourteen little girls. They like the idea of doing the same work that big girls used to do, and pride themselves on doing it a great deal better. Sometimes a broom is left in the hall, a room left out of order, a dust pan left on the floor, an apron left on the banisters, a corridor left unswept, because "I forget it," but one expects all of this from little girls that think of playing more than anything else. They never complain of scrubbing, although they have it to do every week; they seem to think it is all right, because it is necessary to keep Winona clean.

In the afternoon their time is occupied three hours in school in a drawing class, which they like very much indeed. After school they play till supper; this is the only time one feels anxious about them, because they havn't anything to do and are sure to get into mischief. There isn't much amusement for them except a see-saw and a bath house, so they often wander towards the orchard, especially during the time of green peaches and pears.

The evenings are wniled away in Va. Hall most of the time, sometimes they have a dance to the song of "Rain little bit and snow little bit, 't aint going to rain no more."

The girls speak in their own tongue a great dcal to each other, but I overheard a conversation by little Susie Nagle to Sarah Walker, her room-mate, not long ago, given in English. It was something about home, so I'll quote it as it was given. "My mother bad two children, my brother and me. My brother she go away to school, very long time, I cry; my mother say I cry she send me to Hampton. I hush, now I glad I come to Hampton. I wish she come to Hampton, he big now. When I go home I work, scrub, wash, sweep. Mr. Hall, he give me some work to do. One time he come, Mr. Hall, she talk Indian to me. Her wife dead, she got three little children. At Mr. Hall's house, in afternoon we sew. My little half brother, one time big snow, he fall uff in snow when I try to pull him in wagon." Just here Susie stopped talking to go to look after a little bird, which had been given her by one of the boys: she had put it very carefully in a little basket and covered it over very snugly, saying all the time, "Poor little thing, he go to sleep now, he fraid to sleep out doors."

After the evening fun is over, we have another roll call, sing a hymn, say the Lord's prayer and then go to bed.

In the latter part of August, our number was broken for the first time among the girls, by death. While the time was passing so pleasantly away, our heavenly Father saw fit in His mercy, to gather one of the lambs with His arms, and carry her in His bosom to the beautiful home of the soul. She was buried from Winona, which took away the sunshine for a while, but we have it back now.

We are looking out from the veranda now for the return of our Principal with those big girls, refreshed by their vacation, ready to master work and studies. A more pleasant vacation never was spent at old Hampton.

G. W.

Correspondence.

Lansing, Michigan, August 13th, 1883.

EDITOR OF WORKMAN:

Overcame an acute attack of laziness and arose at 4 A. M. to-day in time to take the east bound train from Marshall to Jackson, Michigan. The State Prison is located there; but I am not old enough and I trust not wicked enough to merit admission to that Institution. No, I came on up here seeking admission to the Reform School and they allowed me to enter about 9 A. M. The grounds are ample and very handsomely laid out, the buildings appear from the outside to be built somewhat after the plan of those belonging to moderately wealthy people. Nothing indicative of jail or prison is to be seen, windows, doors, gates open and barless. A maximum of moral suasion obtains and comfortable food, clothing, rooms, general cleanliness, half-day work and half day study, Saturday afternoon holiday, and evening amusements, operate together to make the boys contented and anxious to make good records. Corporal punishment is seldom resorted to and run-aways are of very infrequent occurrence.

The school has a plant of about $200,000 in buildings, grounds, stock, &c., and costs the state about $45,000.00 per annum for running expenses. The farm of about three hundred acres affords training for the boys and besides being an ornamental appendage, is a source of income, providing the school with vegetables, &c. Boys varying in age from ten to sixteen, are sent to this school by justices of the peace from all parts of the state, and the law allows them to remain till eighteen. The Board of Control have the power to release an inmate at any time on account of good conduct, and, as a matter of fact, few boys remain at the school till they are eighteen years old, and a large percentage of the present inmates are under fourteen years of age. This system has the disadvantage of rendering impossible the adoption of a regular course of training either in shops or in school-room. Boys work, while at school, on the farm, as janitors, in the laundry, dining-room, kitchen, at shoemaking, tailoring and chair-caning. This last industry employed in 1881—82, 256 out of the 362 inmates, and is of no practical value to the boys after leaving the school, though it is highly important as a means of keeping them busy and healthy and brings in an annual income of about $5,000 over and above expenses incurred in purchase of material, &c. Think it might be introduced at Hampton to aid girls in paying their way through school.

I was informed by officials of the Reform School that efforts had been made to change the plan of conducting the school so as to admit of thorough industrial training. Such change should be made, for the school has wonderful advantages for the successful execution of such a work and would be enabled to increase its present usefulness a thousand fold. I was particularly struck with the admirable plan adopted in the construction of cuttage dormitories. These structures are of brick, three stories and double, having a capacity for one hundred boys and two teachers. The basement, which is mainly above ground, is devoted to bathing purposes, basins of concrete, about ten feet long, three feet wide and one and a half deep, have running over them, at a height of about four and a half feet, three two inch water pipes, perforated on the under side with small equidistant holes. By opening a valve at one end of the pipes, the water flows out of the holes into the basin below and is carried off by waste pipes. This plan is neat and insures bathing in clear, clean water, and goes far toward preventing thy spread of contagious diseases. Boys form in front of bathrooms and march to meals, under supervision of teachers in charge of cottages. The second story or first story over bath rooms is devoted to recitation rooms, and the remaining two stories to dormitories. Teachers and assistants have rooms opening into squad-rooms. Everything is kept scrupulously neat and thoroughly ventilated. The library and chapel are well adapted to the needs of the school. All the teachers have classes in the Sunday School and are enthusiastic in their work. Though these boys are taken from the criminal class, the record of the majority of those who have gone out from the school is highly encouraging, many having become very useful citizens. Many who have left the school find the struggle outside too hard and beg to be taken back. I am informed that it is the practice in such cases to take them back till homes or employment can be found for them, and to grant furloughs to the more meritorious of boys who have served out part of their term. I noticed a number of Indian and colored boys at work in the shops and about the grounds, so I infer that the privileges of the institution are free to all races. Fire precautions are not sufficient and sewerage arrangements are faulty, there is much low wet land on the farm that should be drained and filled up. The grounds are beautifully laid out and there is much commendable care exercised in keeping buildings clean; boys are neat, orderly and a marked improvement over their comrades in the city streets and country by-ways, and the moral atmosphere that pervades the institution cannot fail to redound to improvement and reformation of the boys and fully repay the state for her benevolent munificence in erecting this home for youthful criminals.

Yours faithfully,
GEO. LEROY BROWN.

Lansing, Michigan. August 13th, 1883.

EDITOR OF WORKMAN,

After dinner I visited two or three of the liveries and having found a saddle horse, highly recommended, of prepossessing appearance, I determined to ride out to the State Agricultural College, which is located on the banks of Cedar River about three miles east of Lansing. I was extremely fortunate in finding President Abbot at home and in one of his most kindly and courteous moods and I am indebted to him for a very pleasant and instructive afternoon spent in inspecting the buildings and grounds and discussing the features and methods of the College. The grounds are beautifully laid out, grand old oaks and elms stand about the place in all their pristine glory, extensive green house with best appliances and fine collection of plants and flowers, flower garden and lawn, botanic garden, sample grounds for timber trees, beds of grasses &c., orchard containing fine assortment of fruit trees, arboretum, small fruit garden and the vine clad, prettily modeled brick residences of the professors, with the library and academic buildings scattered about the grounds, all impress the visitor favorably. The College has by far the handsomest grounds I have ever seen. The College farm consists of 676 acres, ten acres being devoted to experiments, one hundred and eighty to systematic rotation of crops and one hundred and ten to woodland pasture. All students work three hours a day during the nine months of the school year. They are paid for labor at a rate not exceeding 8 cts. per hour. Much difficulty has been experienced in working out the problem of properly and profitably (as possible) utilizing student labor, so as to insure a maximum of useful instruction to the student and as large a return to the College as practicable. No system of management appears to have been as yet crystallized, though the advisability of introducing instruction in the various trades has been taken into serious consideration. As a large percentage of the students work their way through College, it would appear to be wise to widen as much as possible the facilities for acquiring such knowledge as will enable them to earn maximum wages during vacation, without being required to keep up such mental strain, as when the avocation of teaching is sought. Vacation of three months in the winter was adopted, I am told, early in the history of the College in order to favor students who were working their way through, as at that time schools could be obtained and a large percentage of the students taught in primary or district schools during vacation. Annual expenses of students, apart from clothing and traveling, is estimated at about one hundred and seventy five dollars. This is the first school of its kind established in the United States and well merits its hard earned reputation for thoroughness and practical usefulness. English, application of sciences to every day life, obedience and good morals ought to be taught in public or free schools. The ornamental and polishing branches of the high-schools and colleges pertain to private institutions not dependent upon state or governmental aid. During the afternoon a concourse of ladies and gentlemen assembled on the campus near the conservatory to witness the presentation to the College of a fountain by the Senior Class. The good President led the way and as we approached the cadet-band began to play. The band was uniformed, presented a fine appearance and their performance was very creditable. The spokesman of the class delivered a very neat and appropriate address, setting forth the sincerity of the affection and gratitude the class felt toward the College and hoping that their example might be followed by each succeeding class, until the grounds be adorned on every hand by beautiful mementoes of the graduates' appreciation of the benefits received at the hands of Alma Mater. Doctor Kedzie, Professor of chemistry, thanked the class for their beautiful gift and expressed the hope that their useful life would prove an immortal monument to their Alma Mater. Referring to the fact that the class of 1873 had moved a mighty boulder, found on the College farm, placed upon the campus and presented it to the College as a memento of their prowess and gratitude, the good Doctor discoursed on its probable history and travels by land and water till its giant ark of ice stranded on the College farm and it came ashore by going to the bottom, thus gathering to itself the honor of being the first freshman to enter the agricultural College. Though a hard-head and hard hearted it had plenty of sand in its get up and would stand by the College till the end of time. At the close of the addresses and while the band was regailing the good people with martial strains, we wandered through the green-house, fernery and botanical garden, all of which were well arranged for practical study, as well as beauty and adornment. A large percentage of the graduates become farmers and it is largely through their example and influence that improved methods in farming have been generally adopted throughout the state. Of the class of 1883, thirteen will go to the farm, the others will enter life as follows: one journalist, one merchant, three teachers, one professor of agriculture, two physicians, two civil engineers, one lumberman, one entomologist and one clerk. Sixteen are in favor of protection and fourteen are free-traders. Does that mean anything politically? Labor, living, liberty and capital are the leading factors in this problem and its solution is, probably, more dependent upon the development of the country, maturity of growth and consequent cheapening of the necessities of life, with the equalization of the value of the potent dollar all over the land. Mr. Howe would have been specially pleased with the fine exhibit of farm, barn, stable and "Piggery," without which no agricultural school would be considered a success, and I am inclined to think he would approve of them all. Fire precautions and sanitary rules obtained everywhere; but the former were not, in our judgment, adequate to the needs of the institution. Money is well invested, when expended in water works commensurate with the value and importance of buildings exposed to fire-risks, and when human life is in jeopardy, economy or rather parsimony in the expenditure of money, for ample water supply is criminal on part of individual or state. Proper drainage, fire precautions and disposal of disease engendering refuse in such manner as to reduce human suffering and discomfort to a minimum should be features of the first importance in the management of every public institution, to the end that the same be taught the people by example as well as precept. The maintenance of discipline and order, is somewhat delegated to Captains and Lieutenants of semi-military organizations. The law requires and the faculty desire military instruction, but the matter has not yet crystallized into good form. Tuition and lodging is free and living expenses of students are reduced to a minimum rate by the system of paying students for labor: which is really of great practical value to them in after life.

With best wishes, yours sincerely,
GEO. LEROY BROWN,
U. S. A. Com'dt.

Letters From Hampton Graduates.

FROM AN INDIAN GRADUATE. ABLE AND WILLING TO TEACH, BUT REFUSED THE CHANCE. "NO TIME TO FEEL LONELY." "DRIFTING INTO POLITICIANS' HANDS." DOING HIS BEST. A SCHOOL-HOUSE GIVEN BY HON. WM. E. DODGE.

FROM AN INDIAN GRADUATE.

The young man who writes as follows, an Indian of the Menomonee tribe in Wisconsin, graduated last year in high standing in his class, and is well able to teach we believe. It is a great pity that, being also desirous too, and his people anxious to have him, he should be denied the opportunity. We give his letter—written in a clear and handsome hand—without any correction.

Keshena, Wis., Feb. 6, '83.

Miss—

Dear Friend; I received your letter sometime ago and was glad to hear from you. To be sure I haven't forgotten you already. The trouble why I have not written to you before is that I am most of the time very busy and that I am not doing some important work as teaching to write about. I am not teaching because the Indian Agent here refused to give me employment when I asked him for a position as teacher last summer soon after I arrived home. He told me that I was too young to teach school. The Indians were all expecting me to teach and they were in favor of having me one of the teachers, but were disappointed when they found out of the Agent's refusal. After this I did not look to the Agent for employment. I went to clerking in a store outside of the reservation among the whites and remained there for quite a while. Since two months I quitted working there and was employed in another store with better wages. This store where I am working now is also a Post Office. I was employed here for one year and expect to stay that length of time if I live. I like my work real well. So much for this time. I will write to you again.

From your friend,
M. OSHKENENY.

"NO TIME TO FEEL LONELY."

A young woman who has done excellent work in the "Butler School," and since leaving Hampton, writes cheerfully of her arduous field of labor.

——Co., Va., March 3, 1883.

Dear Miss C;

Your letter was sent me from Hampton, it was quite a surprise, but a very pleasant one. I am always delighted to hear from my Hampton teachers. You will see by this letter where I am; have been here ever since Sept. I taught here last term; the children and parents wished me to return, and I yielded to persuasion, though it is a very lonely place, but the people are kind and try to make me happy. I have quite a full school, but the most of my scholars are small. I open school at 9 in the morning, and close at 4 in the afternoon. Besides this I have a night class, so I am always busy and do not give myself time to get lonely.

I do not get to church very often, as there are none near here.

I have used the 'word method' this winter, and have also taught one or two the alphabet, but find that the 'word method' works much better.

I read an account of the revival at Hampton in the 'New York Evangelist.' I was just as glad to hear about it as if I had been there. What a glorious thing it is for them to find Jesus precious to their souls before they enter the wide field of labor where they will meet ignorance, superstition and temptation on every hand. Nothing but their faith in God will 'carry them through.'

Very truly yours, R.

DRIFTING INTO POLITICIANS' HANDS.

Our correspondent does well to dread the danger of the schools drifting into the hands of the politicians. No worse fate could befall the schools or the people than to become the tools of political parties. To see the danger is the first safeguard against it.

——Va., Feb. 13th 1883.

Miss C;

Dear Friend; I am teaching in a large brick building with eight rooms. There are eight teachers, and about 500 pupils on roll. We are getting on pretty well. Some of the parents seem to be interested about their children, while others seem to be very careless. They do very little in the way of encouraging the teachers.

Some of the white people say that they want to see the colored people educated, that they may understand their duties as citizens; while some others say nothing to encourage it, but do all that they can to impede its progress.

In this county the position of the *Public* Free schools is somewhat critical. They seem to be drifting into the hands of politicians. If they get there, then the schools will be political property, and we know not what the end will be.

There are a great many colored people here, some are getting on nicely, while others are not doing much.

When I write again I will tell you more. This leaves my family and self well.

Respectfully yours Y.

DOING HIS REST.

We hear as follows from a graduate who under some disadvantages seems to be doing his best; none can do more.

——Co., Va., June 9, '83;

Dear Teacher;

I came to this place the 28th of Jan. and commenced to teach on the 29th with about ten scholars. I continued until my school increased to twenty-nine. I had the promise of many more, but they failed to come, the parents not being much interested. My school house is an old dwelling house about 20x22, given first as a school for the whites. There are four large windows. The chimney has fallen, but its place is nicely filled up, and a place made for the stove, which made the room very comfortable through the winter, all of my wood being furnished to my hand, as I wanted it. I don't feel that my school has made as good progress as I wish it had. Some have given satisfaction in all their studies. Some are good grammar scholars in the school room but make little use of it outside.

Very few of the colored people here own their land. Most rent, some paying in a share of their crops. Many have very good horses and work on large farms owned by white people, who have more land than they can manage. Many are living on the places where they used to belong, and get on well with the white owners. Sometimes you hear of their making depredations in a small way, but the white man disregards it and it passes as nothing.

I have worked in Sunday school as well as day school, and find it very interesting. There are about 75 on roll and they come very regularly. I have to address the school every other Sunday, and I come down hard on them about drinking and the use of tobacco. It seems to have good effect. But there are bar-rooms here as in other places, and they are visited by both colors very frequently. I am trying to get up a temperance society, but I fear I shall not be able to do much as the 15th of this month will close my five month's term.

Respectfully, W.

A SCHOOL-HOUSE GIVEN BY HON. WM. E. DODGE.

We make rather a long extract from the following letter for its interesting account of the growth of some of the good seed scattered by a noble hand.

——Island, Ga., 4—24—'83.

My Dear Teacher;

I often think of you, and in fact all of my teachers. My thoughts often are found wandering in different places in our DEAR OLD HALL. I have been teaching ever since the 15th of Sept. There is no government school down here at all this term. A list has been made out, explaining for what purpose the money is, and for how long a time the sum of money must run, and by so doing the children go to school. A committee of three men (colored) are appointed to collect (in each ward) the money from those parents who care not to put their names on the list, and thus you see that all can attend school. I am not teaching by myself. An undergraduate from Atlanta is principal and I assist; she has been teaching here three or four years now, and is much older than myself; each receives the same amount of money, $30.00. The school will not close until the last of June. I am glad to say that I am teaching in a nice new school house, built last year, given by a good man, Wm. E. Dodge of New York. I wish so much that Gen. Armstrong could see it, also some of my teachers and dear class-mates. It is as long and as wide as the church in which the students at Hampton worship (not including the two wings) and only one room. The furniture is good, nice little desks with chairs, two large maps, two large blackboards, crayon, pointers, rulers, erasers, window-shades, a large stove, two settees, (for the classes) two large windows on the left of the room, two in front and the same in the back; those in the front and back are small, and none on the right; everything is nicely arranged; a little gong for the desk, a nice desk for the teachers, and a large bell to ring, something which every school needs. I like teaching very much and do all in my power to teach the children what is right. The language of the children is very much broken and sometimes I cannot understand what they say; but they gradually improve. Grammar is taught in school, also reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic and geography; they can read and spell very well. Some think that grammar is grand work. I teach them to diagram as Miss S. taught us. We use the same book that I used in my Junior term. The white people show great interest in our school and often, when met by them, ask how I am getting along, wishing me success; of course if they are polite, I must be the same to them. I reorganized a S. S. since I have been here, and we have very encouraging looking ones to come; only one teacher sometimes and that being myself, so the work falls on me nearly all the time. Our number in day school is sixty: average attendance of girls 21.2 of boys 16.17; so you can see for yourself who is in the lead. I like my work and do the best I can to impart that which I know to others of my race. The older persons down here think more of school than some of the smaller ones; they insisted on me to teach night school, so I agreed, and still I am teaching it. There is a mill down here like the one at H. and a great many boys and young men work there, and have to pick chances to learn something while working. I hope that the Lord will spare me to do the work which I am now engaged in, well and in an earnest manner. I am always thinking to myself of the school, wondering if I am doing my best. I am as ever.

Respectfully, A

Correspondence.

Sault St. Marie, Mich. August 1st, 1883.

EDITOR OF WORKMAN

I have been thinking about Hampton and her works a great deal to-day. Having strolled about the "Point of Pines," eating from the bushes and vines whortleberries, wintergreen berries and *strawberries* till we could eat no more, our little party went on a high mossy bank overlooking the Sault St. Marie River, and Mrs. Brown suggested the thought that it would be perfectly splendid if the Hampton teachers could be with us to help enjoy it all. The open pine forest with its velvety carpet of variegated mosses and berries, and vistas of sky and water made up a perfect camping ground. A number of the young people were rowing back and forth along the shore or lying at anchor in the sandy coves fishing. One party of three young ladies caught eighty perch, rock and bass in about an hour and a half. Taken collectively, we were a Sunday School Picnic, and we had been landed at the "Point of Pines" some six miles above Sault St Marie by the M. S. Trempe, a steam barge, chartered for the occasion. Though it has been twenty odd years (the years are odd because of their number) since I was a member of the Sunday School in question, the good people were kind enough to extend to me an invitation and I most cheerfully accepted, knowing of old the peculiar beauty and berry worth of the "Point of Pines." At different times and places during the day I attempted to calculate the pecuniary value of the moments as they flew: but finally gave it up and myself up to unalloyed enjoyment. It is surprising how easily and quickly the years fall away and we become children again amid the familiar scenes of childhood. The old pine trees, the mossy banks, the clear, limpid water and the cool, balmy air were all the same, no change, no improvements(?) the same wild grandeur obtained on every side. I wish I owned it and was rich, I'd make a North Hampton of it and bring every one up there for summer encampment, but perhaps after all you would not like it as I do, for it has withal, a subtle home-like charm for me from old time association. It is a famous place for pigeons, partridges and speckled trout, and we boys used to put in a good deal of our spare time hunting in the woods or fishing along the shore. There were a number of Indian children in the party, members of the Sunday school, and their faces reminded us of Hampton.

I think I told you in my last letter that the Indians here are citizens; some good and some otherwise. Yet citizens all in name and in fact. There are a number of families that would be a credit to any community, intelligent, honest, virtuous and industrious. There is a dignity and strength in a status of equality before the law, that acts as a tremendous moral force in the uplifting of any people, and I am more and more inclined to doubt the wisdom of *reserving* or *reservationizing* the Indian race from its powerful influence. Brought up in an atmosphere of freedom and Christian civilization the child of the Indian compares favorably with the child of civilized parents.

This is not philanthropic fancy, it is a *proven fact.*

With best wishes, yours faithfully,
GEO. LEROY BROWN,
U. S. A. Commandant, &c.

The following notice deserves the attention of all such of our readers as are interested in the extremely important subject of fish culture in this neighborhood. It is difficult to speak too strongly as to the necessity of protecting our supply of fish food, and it is a matter in which the interests of the highest and lowest, the richest and poorest are one. In our own immediate locality there are many places which, with a small expenditure of trouble and time, could be made suitable for this experiment with the German Carp, and we trust that some of our enterprising townsmen will accept Commissioner Baird's offer.

To My Fellow Citizens of the 2nd Congressional District of Virginia.

Having been requested by the Hon. S. F. Baird, of the U. S. Commission of Fish and Fisheries to aid him in his desire to propagate the fish known as the German Carp, I invite all those wishing to procure a sufficient supply to make application through me before the middle of October, at which time the work of distribution will commence, to continue probably until the end of the year. Due notice will be given by mail, to applicants, of the sending of the Carp.

I have blank applications that I will furnish those who wish a stock of this valuable fish.

The supply of Carp sent to each person will be from fifteen to twenty, according to circumstances. It may be well to state that Commissioner Baird is of opinion that it is of no use to introduce Carp into water already occupied with such fish as bass, sun fish, perch, trout, or any other flesh eating species.

It is therefore recommended that persons interested in the subject will begin by preparing a pond say fifty feet square for the reception of the Carp. After they have attained the age of from three to six months they may be transferred to other suitable waters.

H. LIBBEY, M. C.,
2nd Congressional District, Virginia.

The Missionary Sugar Planter of the Hawaiian Islands.

BY EDWARD BAILEY.

Many have wondered why sugar making could not be carried on in a small way, so each small farmer could raise his own cane and manufacture the sugar. The reason is that a stick of sugar cane is of a size and substance that requires a very heavy pressure to crush it. The expense of machinery to make the requisite pressure is so great as can only be repaid by doing a very large amount of the business, and the boiling apparatus must be commensurate therewith.

It took men a long time to find this out. Machinery was constantly breaking till it had arrived at a strength to withstand the enormous strain requisite; and even now a breakage of the ponderous machinery is not uncommon. There is a limit to the strength, even of iron; and that limit is not far from what is required for the strength of sugar mills.

Mr. M. planned his own sugar making establishment; and while home operations were carried on by his sons, he went to San Francisco and superintended the making of his machinery. This saved an outlay and ensured satisfactory work. The usual wages of six dollars per day was paid to a competent machinist to set it up, and he proved a good, faithful workman. The cane was ready grown as soon as the mill was ready to grind it. A kind of cane had been found which would not tassel, but would continue to grow year after year, and might be ground at any time of the year. It grew a very heavy crop on the ground, but it was not profitable to grind it as soon as some other kinds—thus consuming time while the money was accruing compound interest. Mr. M. felt no disposition to hasten the wheels of time while compound interest kept pace with them.

And now came the testing of the works—always a critical time. But with a few small exceptions, where the attempt to economize had been carried too far, every thing worked well.

Experience had taught its lessons well so far; now this severe school-master was about to give a higher course. The sugar "panned out" well, as miners say, and was of a very fair grade. All the boiling was done by steam—ultimately—an attempt to use the sorghum pan, so called, being soon abandoned. Economy of working had been studied in all points.

Just about this time, and before any of the sugar from this mill had gone into the market, the refineries of San Francisco commenced to work against the Sandwich Island sugar interest; a thing they have continued to do till the present time. There is really no ground for antagonism between the two.

But the attempt of the refiners to monopolize the Hawaiian market, though costing immense sums of money, was to a great extent successful, and greatly crippled the business. Sugar consumers of the Pacific states were the ultimate sufferers it is true, but the planters suffered to that degree that cane planting became unprofitable, and had not the United States Gov't agreed to the treaty of reciprocity, it would to a great extent have been abandoned. The refiners having spent so much money in securing a monopoly were bound to reimburse themselves in the use of it. All the smaller vexations of plantation life were met, of course; and we have seen that they are not few. And there were some of larger size. A native man employed in the boiling house was caught in the act of discharging a few hundred gallons of concentrated juice out among the common slops in order to finish his day's work half an hour sooner. How long he had practiced this wholesale robbery no one knew, and it was impossible to bring proof against him. All that could be done was to "fire him out" of the boiling house about eight inches ahead of a boot heel. He did not call round for his pay, and was not seen again. Probably he has been sent to the legislature. This was not a solitary instance of the kind. Facilities of working were turned into facilities of mischief. And I should say here that the natives of the Sandwich Islands are as ready as another people to take any mean advantage to revenge a fancied injury. Their revenge is usually out of all proportion to the injury. Their favorite way is setting fire to trash houses full of dry trash; to mill buildings and to cane fields. Many hundred thousand dollars have been thus sacrificed,—more probably by far than by all the accidental fires yet experienced. Even if the incendiaries are caught a few years of imprisonment is all the penalty.

But Mr. M. was spared this infliction. The effort on his plantation was to do justly by all, and no reasonable man had any fault to find. As far as possible natives were employed on the plantation, and for a time there was no difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number. Without boasting Mr. M. really treated them better than they were treated elsewhere.

But to return a little; about this time the United States Government, set on by the refineries, imposed a duty on raw sugar which seriously diminished the profits of the plantation. The tariff was graded by the color, and was two and a half cents, more or less, to the pound. When the profits of sugar making were scarcely five cents, this was hard. But it must be submitted to. However, it seriously crippled new plantations which were in debt, and stopped at the outset some which would have been attempted.

Now the refineries stepped in to revel in their booty. They would take the entire crop of the islands at a certain figure, but they would not receive it at the mill. It must be shipped by the planter, who paid one freight and insurance to Honolulu; cartage, storage, cooperage and loss there; another freight and insurance to San Francisco, and a variety of other expenses there accruing till the sale of the sugar in a market already manipulated by the refineries. This, unless it was sold to the refineries to be delivered in San Francisco. In that case the plantations were not dependent on the market. To this it must be added that all the mediums of communication with the San Francisco market appear to have been tampered with, making it as nearly impossible as could be for other parties to ship sugar there and sell it. It was said that a very substantial bribe was necessary to induce Custom house officials to enter sugar at all for other parties than those who sold to the refineries. Other things of a like kind appear to have been in vogue at Honolulu, and the passage between the two places.

In purchasing the sugars of the plantations the refiners required an analysis; and they paid more or less for the amount of saccharine matter found in the sugar by the pretended analysis. Mr. M. submitted to this for one year. But his opinion of it was that it was a fraud bidding for bribes, and his opinion is not changed now after the thing has passed away. To test it, he took a mess of sugar and mixed it many times over to insure perfect uniformity, then divided it into two parcels which he numbered and sent to the analyzer for test. After the usual time an answer came. No. 1 differed by several degrees from No. 2. This experiment was repeated till Mr. M. was thoroughly satisfied that the whole thing was a humbug, and that honest sugar would not analyze so high as a much inferior sugar made by others. He therefore refused to sell longer by analysis. The cost of analysis was paid by the planters.

An experiment was made about this time to concrete the sugar instead of graining it. This would form the concentrated juice into a solid mass which retained the molasses and whatever accidental ingredients might be present. The Manilla sugars,—always played off by the refiners against the Sandwich Island sugars, were purchased in this way at a very low figure, and we forsooth, must sell as low or lose our only market.

But it did not work. We could not concrete our sugars so as to retain the molasses. But one of the planters who visited the largest San Francisco refinery saw two teams constantly employed in carting away the sand which had been separated from the Manilla sugars. Sand is plenty in the Hawaiian Islands, but we had not thought to sell it. It might have helped to retain the molasses!

But notwithstanding all difficulties, the account sales made by the agents in San Francisco and copied by the agents in Honolulu with various emendations to include their own accounts, began to come in,—but no money, O no! The sales had been made at 60 days notice with how many days of grace goodness knows. Well, the 60 and more days passed and the credits came at last.

But in them was a mysterious item of 1½ or 2 pr. ct. for exchange; or in other words for remittance of this money from San Francisco to Honolulu! Not one cent of that money had been transmitted from San Francisco to Honolulu, but Balance and Co., had used it in San Francisco to pay for their own goods, and thus saved themselves another 1½ or 2 pr. ct.—in all 3 or 4 pr. ct., or at times 5 or 6 pr. ct. as the rate happened to be, the whole of which justice would have required them to put to the credit of the plantation, but which they actually charged to him. They supposed Mr. M. would not scent the fraud. "Blessed is he whose iniquities are covered." Remonstrance was of no avail. They knew they had the reins in their own hands. But they did not always keep them.

Note here that all losses by "accident" or carelessness was set down to account of plantation; agents were not responsible. And losses of that kind were not infrequent nor footed up a small item.

From the time when Mr. M. commenced his plantation there was a steady rise in the price of labor, and labor was more and more scarce. This raised a competition among planters, some of whom were mean enough to try and get away the laborers on other plantations by offering larger wages. To keep them, their wages must be raised, and they were thus raised till now they were more than double what they were at first. And, having the staff in their own hands they become more and more difficult to manage and performed less work and of a poorer quality as years moved on. Consequent on this rise laborers become more scarce. The native, at such high wages can supply his wants by working only a part of the time and has little disposition to accumulate. The Chinaman very soon acquires enough to set up a laundry, or a dry goods store, or to buy a few bottles of bad whiskey which he will sell on the sly at a great profit; and the country has become filled with these pestiferous vagrants instead of useful laborers.

If justice could be bought and sold by wholesale why not by retail as well, and it is more than probable that the whole police force had a full understanding in all this business. At any rate convictions were exceeding rare, though it was well known that the police knew all about it.

If a Chinaman accumulated enough to pay his fine of $500, he stood some chance of being caught. It would pay. But, as a general thing they took care to conceal or send away their money.

Another dodge of the Chinaman should here be noticed. The runaway Chinaman could not be identified. They are clannish; they change their names; and to an unpracticed eye they are alike. They wander all over the country, putting into any kind of a shanty to live. It therefore became very risky to advance wages to a Chinaman.

Some plantations will only employ them by the day, giving no advance.

And now, as if all other difficulties in the way of Mr. M. were too little, his water rights were invaded. The agent on the plantation on which he had last been employed entered suit against him with a purpose no less than to deprive him of water. Without water not a stick of cane could be grown, and land was comparatively worthless. Mr. M. had purchased his land with all the rights thereto pertaining, one of which from time immemorial was water for irrigation. Water obligations were the only laws known from ancient times, and the system of irrigation was well understood and rigidly maintained. Any interference with it was like striking a blow at the life of the man. The kalo could only be grown in water, being essentially an aquatic plant. This was not well understood by foreigners; and every new comer was soon in a contest with the people for water to which he had no right. Mr. M. had purchased a considerable tract of land from another foreigner who had boldly taken water for irrigating it, although it had not been watered before,—at least in modern times, and no objection was made to it.

The land was bought by Mr. M. with all the rights thereto belonging; one of which was supposed to be water. It was expected the cane would be ground on shares at the mill; so, as it was for the interest of the above said plantation no questions were asked nor opposition made. Mr. M. had consented that an irrigating ditch should be made through his land,—the only possible course by which water could be conveyed to it, on condition that it should not lessen his amount of water. When he afterwards bought the land, to irrigate which the ditch had been made, he still continued to water it in the same way, using the same water he had used on his own land before. But the prosecuting agent set up his claim that because a portion of his plantation was purchased from the original landlord of the whole district therefore he succeeded as "lord paramount" of the place, and could do what he would with the water. It was a baseless assumption made in utter ignorance. But it was prosecuted with energy and without minding cost. It was said to have cost them twelve thousand dollars. Mr. M. was distressed. He was poor and could not cope with his adversary without help. But to allow such a claim would be his utter ruin and leave him a helpless prisoner to a life-long debt.

To do his agents justice they came forward with offers of help. But they well knew they would lose all they had lent him if he failed in his suit. All the expenses of starting the plantation had been borne, but little had been received in return. The whole debt remained unpaid,—in fact it had all the while increased. No doubt the plan was to crush out Mr. M. and leave but one plantation in the place; and the present was the most likely opportunity.

So each party addressed itself for the onset;—the rich company of the great plantation on one hand; and the poor, struggling missionary planter on the other. The big plantation employed for counsel a blustering, pompous man, not without ability, but of dissolute character. Mr. M. employed the best counsel he could obtain. The case had been appealed from the decision of the Water Commissioners who had decided without any scruple or much examination against Mr. M.—almost as a matter of course, being influenced undoubtedly in the usual way, being men of corrupt minds, of whose history I spare the reader the recital.

The Supreme Court sat about a week on the case; the judges going upon the ground to make personal inspection.

After a thorough trial the case resulted triumphantly in favor of Mr. M. The only offset to the completc assertion of justice was that the costs were divided equally between both parties. This was probably done as a sop to mitigate the stinging sense of defeat; and because the partners in the great concern were men of note or influence of some kind. Could the Chief Justice who was of an undecided turn of mind, have been able to look forward a few years he might have felt firmer in openly maintaining what he evidently felt was justice in the case.

It was the first considerable trial of the kind; and the positions laid down were of use in after times. Consequent on the new channels of industry and wealth new arrangements were needed; and it was decided that a man who owns water may make what use of it he pleases, not injurious to others. Also that an occasional overflow from another's land does not constitute a right to water so overflowing. Both these were among the main points contested in the case.

But it had been a costly business to Mr. M. though his rights were vindicated. Still though his debt was not lessened there was no way but to keep going on. A change could not be made lightly. But it was evident that some kind of change—or ruin—was not far off. Other plantations, much larger, were failing in rapid succession; being sold at auction like so many toys and given back to their owners; or, where convenient, merged in other plantations.

If Mr. M. had been a younger man, full of life and unspent energy he might have had hope. His endeavor had been to get the plantation well started, and then pass it into the hands of some one of his sons. He had put forth his best efforts to do so, practicing the most rigid economy in all his expenditures, and bringing every thing to bear on the main business.

But after all it was likely to be a failure; and that would be the loss of all he possessed. The San Francisco refineries seemed to acquire new power and skill to harrass the plantations with every new season. The United States Government put the money in its own pockets which should have belonged to the planter. Two and one half cents per pound is $2.50 per 100 pounds; $25.00 per 1,000 pounds, or $50.00 per ton; and for 200 tons which was about the yearly average for the plantation it is $10,000.00 a year. That amount of profit for only a few years would enable Mr. M. to retire with a competence. But it was not to be. There was no profit, but a loss, though it was small.

It might be supposed that Mr. M. would naturally employ his own sons on the plantation wherever they could be employed; and such was the case. But they were now of age and could choose for themselves. Several of them were employed in various ways on the plantation; and Mr. M. finally sold out the whole to one of them; only reserving a house lot for himself, and a small annuity, barely sufficient to maintain himself and wife for a few years.

So this great enterprise which was to afford a decent living in his old age, ended next door to beggary. Why?

(The End.)

Ten Lssons on Kindness to Animals.

By George T. Angell, Esq., President Massachusetts Society Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. These leaflets can be obtained from the Society, 19 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., in any quantity, at two cents per copy.

EIGHTH LESSON.

Dear friends! fair women, sweet with all your nameless
charms and wiles,
Bright, laughing maidens, flitting by in innocence and
smiles.
Gay children, grave and bearded men, we pray you all
give ear;
Dear friends, kind friends, we turn to you for sympathy
and cheer.
Uphold us in our noble work, nor let us speak in vain
For those too helpless to protest, too patient to complain.

THE CAT.

(To be read to pupils by Primary Teachers.

We have many reasons for being grateful for cats. They catch rats and mice. They are a daily delight and amusement to hundreds of thousands of children, and they make hundreds of thousands of homes happier by their presence.

Many eminent men in European countries have been very fond of them. The famous Dr. Johnson, of England, seemed to think quite as much of his cat as of any human friend. The famous Cardinal Wolsey, of England, used to receive the nobles of the land with his favorite cat perched on the arm of his state chair, or at the back of his throne. The great statesman of France, Richelieu, once excused himself from rising to receive a foreign ambassador, because his favorite cat and her kittens were lying on his robes. Petrarch, the great poet of Italy, had his favorite cat embalmed when she died.

In Eastern countries cats have been even more highly esteemed than in Europe or America. In Egypt, where it is supposed tamed cats were first used, they were considered sacred, and when they died were embalmed and placed in niches in the catacombs.

It is said that a Persian King once, before going into battle with the Egyptians, gave each of his soldiers in the front ranks a live cat to carry before him, and the Egyptians surrendered to the Persians rather than insure the cats, which they considered sacred. It is said that the Eastern prophet, Mohammed, was so fond of his favorite cat that when it fell asleep on the sleeve of his robe one day, he cut off the sleeve rather than disturb the cat, and it is said that to this day almost every Mohammedan in these Eastern countries has a cat in his house, which he loves and makes to share all his comforts.

Some of the peculiarities of cats are these: They can see very well in the night. They can climb trees by sticking their sharp claws into the bark. They can leap down considerable distances without hurting them, and walk without noise, because they have little pads under their toes. They have long whiskers or hairs on their foreheads and cheeks, by which they know whether holes are large enough for their bodies to go through. They have very sharp teeth, very strong jaws, and very rough tongues. They are very fond of meats and fish. They do not like to get wet, and they have the power, when carried long distances to new homes, of finding their way back again to the old ones very quickly if they want to. I remember an instance in which a cat was carried on a sail-boat some twelve miles from one Massachusetts coast-town to another, and in about two days, as I remember, she found her way overland back to her old home.

That they reason about things I have often proved by turning my cat out of the dining-room into the kitchen, leaving the outer door into the front hall or entry open. She would go up the back stairs, down the front stairs, and in about two minutes walk back through the front door into the dining-room.

It is said that the great Italian poet, Dante, trained his cat to hold a candle in her paw for him to read; but one night a friend turned a mouse out of a box onto his table, when the cat at once dropped the candle and rushed for the mouse.

But while cats are useful in these various ways, they should never be allowed to become too numerous, because they are apt to eat the little birds, which are quite as useful, and sometimes more so than the cats; and when not properly fed they are apt to catch and eat young chickens. I think that every one who keeps a cat should see that it has proper food and water, and should keep it in the house or stable, nights, so that it may not kill these useful little birds or the chickens. And I think where there are already cats enough, that all the kittens but one should be killed in a humane way as soon as they are born, and that the most humane way of killing them is that usually practised in this country, by drowning.

SOME QUESTIONS.

(Others to be added by teachers.)

Why should we be grateful for cats?
What is said of the famous Doctor Johnson?
What is said of Cardinal Wolsey?
What is said of the French statesman, Richelieu?
What is said of Petrarch, the great poet of Italy?
How are cats esteemed in Eastern countries?
How are they considered and treated in Egypt?
What is said about a Persian King?
What is said about Mohammed?
What is said about the Mohammedans?
What are some of the peculiarities of cats?
What is said about their finding their way long distances?
What is said about cats reasoning?
What is said about Dante's cat?
What is said about their eating little birds and chickens?
How should those who have cats keep them?
What is said about the kittens when they are too numerous?

Southern Workman.

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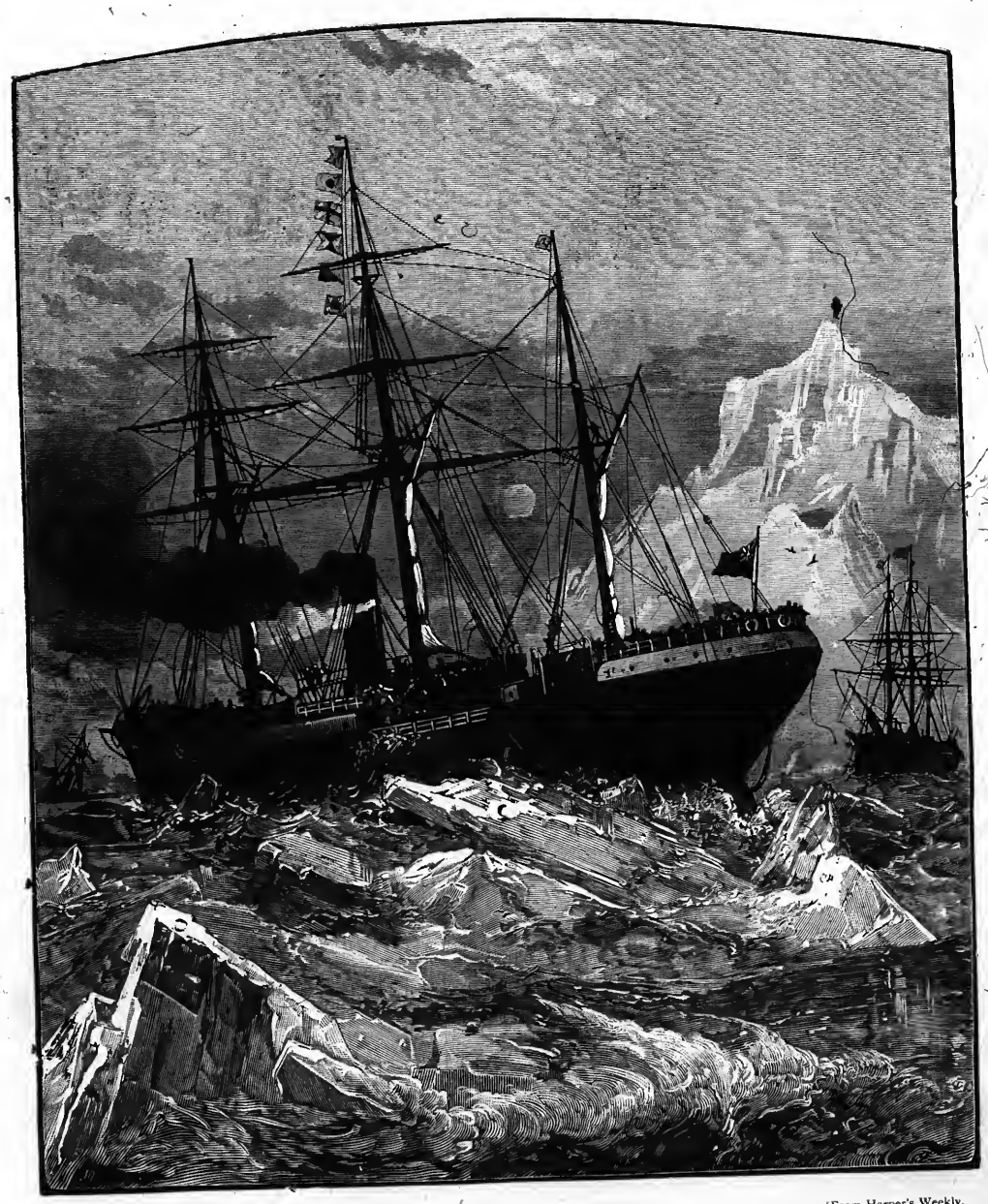

CAUGHT IN THE ICE-FIELDS OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC. [From Harper's Weekly.

Abraham Davenport.

By J. G. Whittier.

In the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
Their wisest men to make the public laws.
And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,
Stamford sent up to the councils of the State
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'Twas on a May-day of the far old year
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland sagas tell,—
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
The crater's sides from the red hell below.
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barnyard fowls
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;
Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew sharp
To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim as ghosts,
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,"
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
The intolerable hush. "This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
But be it so or not, I only know
My present duty, and my Lord's command
To occupy till he come. So at the post
Where he hath set me in his providence,
I choose, for one, to meet him face to face,—
No faithless servant frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of harvest calls;
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
Let God do his work, we will see to ours.
Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,
An act to amend an act to regulate
The shad and alewive fisheries. Whereupon
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,
Straight to the question, with no figures of speech
Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without
The shrewd dry humor natural to the man;
His awe struck colleagues listening all the while,
Between the pauses of his argument,
'To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.
And there he stands in memory to this day,
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
Against the background of unnatural dark,
A witness to the ages as they pass,
That simple duty hath no place for fear.

In the Shenandoah Valley.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

As is to be expected in this changing world, I found many changes going on in my native place. Nowhere were they more apparent to my eyes than at "Collicello," my grandfather's old homestead, where my happy childhood was spent. Of late years it has passed into the hands of strangers, and is now owned by an energetic widow lady and her sons, who keep a fashionable boarding-house.

The new occupants manage the farm lying back of the mansion house, successfully, carrying on a milk business for the village, besides having a fine garden and raising fowls for the benefit of the boarders.

A large frame addition, having a painfully new look, has been made to the old stucco house, and there is a vigorous air of thrift and energy about the place very different from the easy-going ways of the good old times. Among the guests was a young cousin of mine from a Northern city, who had brought her children back to the mountains and nursed her beautiful baby in the dear old wainscoted room where her father was nursed by his mother more than sixty years ago.

In frequent visits to my cousin in what was in my childish days the home of the good fairy, I usually entered the grounds by the back way, to avoid the strangers always sauntering about the hall and porch, and encountered one evening about sunset a most unexpected scene. It seemed to me that some magic wand had conjured up for me a picture of that olden time which I had thought was gone forever.

Under the old trees in the lawn, two long tables spread with snowy cloths, and covered with great variety of savory viands, were standing, and a servant explained that it was the supper for twenty hands employed in the wheat threshing, a fine crop having been made on the farm. As I lingered on the porch thinking of the many scenes on such occasions in the old plantation days, the hands came from the barn and took their places at the well-spread board. Half the hands were black and half were white, and though they had worked amicably side by sids all day, they were now seated at different tables, for the same reason, I presume, that "the Jews ate not with the Egyptians" thousands of years ago. All seemed cheerful and contented, and evidently enjoyed the abundant repast. So strong is the effect of custom that the men of both races, if the question had been put to them, would probably have objected eating at the same table.

Among the guests of the establishment were refined and gentle ladies from Washington, most of them members of the broken down Virginia aristocracy eking out a precarious living in government employment obtained by the influence of a distinguished house. Other ladies, just as gentle and refined from the North, were seeking new scenes in the unknown South, some of these being people of great wealth. An annoying incident which occurred during my stay illustrates the bad habit so common in the South of young men's keeping firearms always at home and using them with foolish recklessness. A gay party of boys from the village one night entered the lawn about the witching hour of twelve to serenade the young ladies of the house. Seating themselves under the trees on the lawn, they discoursed sweet strains on the moonlit air. The harmony was rudely broken after a while by a succession of pistol shots from one of the windows. The serenaders retired disgusted, ladies shrieked, babies screamed, dogs barked, windows and doors were hastily opened and closed, general confusion prevailed, and after a time it was explained that a young man from Richmond had fired his pistol out of the window, "because that singing in the yard kept him awake!" The ladies from Boston were terrified to the last degree, doubtless fancying themselves ambushed by Ku Klux, and would have left by the first train, but that they were too sick to travel. The next morning the Richmond youth found himself the most unpopular man in the town.

The village beaux talked of ducking him for interrupting their serenade, the girls of the house were angry at his driving off their lovers, the landlady was indignant that he had disquieted her pleasant house, both the elder ladies were wroth because he had frightened them out of their slumbers, and the much-abused fellow, who had plenty of money and was not really so bad-hearted, if he was thoughtless, proposed getting up a pic-nic to calm the nerves of the ladies and effect a diversion from his foolish performance.

An Ice-Bound Gulf.

The natural gateway of the Gulf of St. Lawrence for all outward and inward bound vessels, whether European or coastwise, lies between Cape Breton and Newfoundland, a broad passageway of at least fifty-five miles. At all seasons of the year there is more or less danger in this region; but, curious as it may appear to those familiar with better behaved seas, it is not in winter, in the natural season of storms and rough weather, that the danger is the greatest. It is in the latter half of April and the earlier part of May, when great masses of ice move down from arctic latitudes, and crowd about what the sailors call "the tail of the banks" of Newfoundland. For a number of years past this invasion of the straits has been later, more protracted, and more violent than formerly, but it has always made the late spring a more dreaded season than midwinter. The world has not heard so much of these perils when they have been visited upon freight vessels, as for the most part they have been, but of late years a number of passenger steamers have been caught, and the knowledge of hundreds of lives in danger has aroused the public attention. The ice which runs down with a northeasterly wind is in all shapes. Sometimes it is made up of vast fields, or "floes," of broken ice, from a few inches to several feet thick, sometimes of floes varied by icebergs of varied dimensions, occasionally towering, according to the mariners' reports, a thousand feet into the air, and often rising at least two hundred feet. But appalling as are these tremendous moving mountains, they are not really as much to be feared as the thin wide cakes of ice rapidly swept before the swift wind, which, when they strike a wooden vessel's side, saw through it in a few moments. It was by this sharp ice that the *Vicksburg* was cut into and sunk with a hundred souls on board, on the 1st of June, 1875. And an officer of the British Light-house Service reports that he has known a dozen vessels to sail out into the Gulf across clear and unruffled summer waters, and within twenty-four hours had learned that every one was a wreck, torn and cut asunder by this keen-edged weapon.

The *Northern Light*, an ice steamer, built to cut, with armed sides and powerful engines, through at least six inches of solid ice, was taken under her keel by the low-sloping edge of an iceberg, and literally lifted out of the water. She lay, rolled, and pushed about, stranded if not beached, for three weeks, and then escaped only by good luck. The *Scotland*, a finely built steamer of some 2,700 tons, was wedged in the ice on the 5th of May, 1882, with a large number of passengers on board. The crew and passengers worked for nine days and nights cutting a channel, sometimes through twenty feet of ice, and finally freed her just as the provisions were giving out, and the horrors of starvation were coming painfully near. On the 1st of May the *Western Belle* was struck in the fog and darkness by a sharp projection of an ice-field, and went down in twenty minutes, carrying with her the captain, who refused to leave his ship unless he could bring with him some thirteen of his crew who were desperately laboring to launch a boat. Such instances of heroism are not rare, and they shine in bright relief against occasional exhibitions of cowardice and cruel indifference. On the 17th of May the *Prussian*, a heavily laden and very strong steamer, struck an iceberg, and was saved from instant destruction by her bowsprit, an unusual feature for a steamer. This was driven far into her bow, but the steamer was not seriously injured.

The greatest excitement prevailed at Montreal and all through the country when it was reported, on the 17th of May, by an incoming vessel, that the *Peruvian*, a steamer of the Allan Line, with over eleven hundred souls on board, had been spoken on the 12th, fast bound in the immense ice-field, with her propeller screw smashed, and unable to move. The extent of the peril, as it appeared to the owners, can be imagined from the vigorous steps that were immediately taken for the rescue of the *Peruvian*. Five vessels were sent out, one after the other, as rapidly as possible, to find and if practicable, bring her in. The first, the *Progress*, dispatched the day the news reached Montreal, with some $20,000 worth of provisions, unfortunately took fire the same night, three of her crew being lost in the flames. In addition to the other vessels sent by the company, two British war steamers were ordered to join in the relief expedition, while telegraphic orders were sent to all points of the coast to provide food, clothing and shelter for the *Peruvian's* company should they come ashore. On the 18th she was sighted off Meat Cove, Cape Breton, having drifted some seven miles with the pack, under the pressure of a strong northeast wind. Great fears were then felt that she would be thrown upon the steep rocks which form the coast at this point. But happily the ice-field was penetrated, and two of the rescuing vessels, with great trouble and no small risk, reached the beleaguered and helpless steamer, and at last towed her into clear water. The officers of the Allan Line, though profoundly gratified with the escape of this great number of imperiled lives, feel that the danger from the ice is not yet past.—*Harpers Weekly of June 3, 1882.*

Correspondence.

Cheyenne River Agency, September 4th, 1883.

EDITOR OF WORKMAN.

Left Crow Creek Agency 11-30 a. m. August 31st, drove about forty miles and went into camp near Chappelle Creek. During the afternoon we passed farm after farm all along the road, small and poorly worked for the most part, still bearing evidence of honest work. This has been a good year for them and the Indians have five crops of wheat, oats, corn and potatoes. They have their separate places, log houses, stables, more or less cattle and poultry, and all are ambitious to improve their farms and to increase their stock. Their ponies are too small for prarrie breaking and many of the oxen are wild and unmanageable. No one who has not been in the Indian country, can realize the real disadvantages under which the Indian farmers labor. Their muscles are untrained and all their habits and customs are as opposed to manual labor as those of the average professional man in civilized life, and besides this every thing is awkward and unhandy to them. If they could have a good practical farmer located in each of the three or four farming communities, it would do much towards hastening forward their progress in agricultural pursuits. These farmers could be on hand to *instruct* them in the practical details, show them how to plant and to adjust tools and machinery at the time of using same. Now much time is lost by the necessity of the Indian leaving his field and going to the Agency or waiting till the agent, or "Boss Farmer" may visit his place, which can not be often, where the Indians are as much scattred as at Crow Creek Agency.

The dearth of water and wood on the high upland prairies of the reservation is a great drawback to successful cultivation on a large scale. This may be overcome by artesian wells. The military authorities are experimenting with these wells at Fort Sully, D. T. and Major Gasmann is awaiting the results of said experiments before recommending their adoption at his agency. Passed through Pierre on the 1st of September and went into camp about half way between that thriving town and Fort Sully. The country west of Pierre up the Missouri river is throughly settled, every available acre of land, they tell me, is taken up by actual settlers. It is wonderfully changed since my visit here in June. On arrival here I found the agent away and many of the Indians away on a Buffalo hunt and at the several convocations: those remaining at the agency are scattered over the reservation from forty to sixty miles apart. I am very busy gleaning the field for Hampton candidates. Some fifteen boys have applied to go, among them Harry Brown, who is now working on the agency, as are all the other Hampton boys, except Harry Fisherman, who is working for his father, and doing well. I am told they are both independent of government support and are seldom seen at the agency. All are working satisfactorily. I will undoubtedly be delayed here, but am hopeful of success. Am invited to dinner at the Missouri boarding school for Indian girls, under Mr. Kinney, and must close for the present and ride up there.

With best wishes, yours faithfully.

GEO. LEROY BROWN

Fort Bennett, Sept. 7th, 1883.

EDITOR OF WORKMAN.

Am still waiting as patiently as I can for quota of girls from this Agency. The Indians are generally favorable or indifferent; but so widely scattered that it takes time to get at them.

The Agent has not yet returned from the East, but is expected to-morrow; hope to be able to hurry up matters after his arrival and to leave here for the East about the first of next week and to arrive at Hampton about the 20th of the month. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Kinney yesterday and had the pleasure of visiting the school-room, laundry and garden. Everything was in apple-pie order, neat and tidy. Instruction is in English and Mrs. Kinney is very happy in her mode of instruction. I dictated a number of verbs and the older girls wrote short compositions on their slates containing said verbs. I was very much surprised and pleased with the result. All were interesting and showed conclusively that the girls thoroughly understood the meaning and use of the words. They were all neat and tidy in their dress and their manners were free from the excessive timidity shown by girls in the camps. There are thirty-five girls present, all the school can accommodate; they had to turn away twenty girls this year, Mrs. Kinney tells me, because they had no room for them. All were on hand before school opened this year and I heard nothing but praise from the Indians in speaking of the Kinney school. Many hesitate to send their girls East, who are anxious now to have their girls attend Mr. Kinney's school. There is no trouble about boys, applications come in every day. "The Hump" left word that he would furnish a hundred boys and all the girls we wanted from his camp; but as he is now on a buffalo hunt, over a hundred miles away with his people, I don't suppose I will be able to wait here till they come in. I sent word to him several days ago. I wish I could for I would like very much to make a start with this wild band. None of their children have yet attended school and they need the help more, possibly, than any others on the Agency. They are a portion of the Sitting Bull Sioux.

There is another band of these Indians up on the Meannan River about eighty miles from the Agency. Harry Brown has gone up that way and will bring back all he can get to come with him.

Harry is looking very well, is in the employ of the Agent and doing well. He wants to go back to Hampton with me and, if the Agent will let him go, I will take him.

I noticed an item in the Pierre paper yesterday to the effect that boys educated in the East had gone back to their old ways and were more ferocious than ever. This is utterly false. I have yet to see a Hampton boy dressed in Indian clothes. It is a matter of surprise that they have done so well after so short a period of instruction. When I meet them they speak to me in English and appear to be struggling to make the best of their opportunities for improvement. I don't believe that white boys under the same circumstances would do better. It is folly to expect all these boys after three years training in the East to return to their Agencies and compete successfully with skilled white laborers.

If left to themselves after their return home, only a few would, probably, continue to progress. They have made a good start and are in a condition to advance rapidly, if properly handled. They have shown conclusively the feasibility of educating and training Indian children in civilized pursuits. That is a point gained. Now the question is, will the government adopt a system of educating and training, which will adequately meet the needs of the present generation of Indian children. There are at this Agency nearly a thousand Indian children of school age. Mr. Kinney

(Continued on Page 116)

SOUTHERN WORKMAN,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October, four months.)

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THE GROWTH of the Hampton Institute since 1878, the increase of Negroes being even greater than the number of Indians added, making a total present attendance of 535 boarders, has required enlargement in many ways at heavy cost.

The utmost capacity of the School has been reached; it is now too full, but will probably be reduced to proper limits by January 1st, through "weeding out" the least competent and worthy.

The exhalations of the basement laundry in Virginia Hall have caused much sickness, resulting in deaths and creating just fear of an epidemic. A separate two-story brick laundry is nearly finished, to cost complete $5,000, of which but $2,000 are supplied.

A thousand dollars have been expended to extend and fit out the teachers' boarding department, and a thousand more are needed for sanitary purposes.

During the four months from July 1st to November 1st, few contributions are received, while the summer expenses of 261 boarders are considerable, and October, the opening month, is the most expensive one in the year, bills for new outfit, books, etc., being large.

The School's present need of five thousand dollars on current expense account for the first four months of the academic year, and of five thousand more for permanent improvements, will, we hope, be responded to by its friends.

Working as we are on the whole circle of living, the hand, the heart and head—for the crude material that comes to us needs care at every point—there must be a large corps of instructors, a double set, including expert mechanics as foremen, about fifty in all, to do the work.

Such a school, when students pay in labor, is far more costly than one where they are boarded for cash, and are taught mainly from books, with mental training as the main object. To meet annual expenses, a scholarship of seventy dollars for the varied tuition of each one is needed, besides a considerable sum for general expenses. While last year there was an encouraging increase of scholarship gifts, nearly a hundred colored students were not provided for, while every Indian was supplied. Only the generous gifts of a few friends and a timely legacy saved the School from disaster.

The strength and the future of Hampton depend upon the wide and widening circle of moderate givers who shall contribute either scholarships, or gifts for general purposes, both being equally important. The circle is not now large enough to sustain the School. There is a yearly gap of several thousand dollars to be filled. The work that appeals to all, is nobody's special business; here is our weak point; we have no patron or full purse to draw on; no society or sect to fall back upon; no soliciting agent to collect funds; we pay nothing to get money. When it comes, it comes from those who think and feel for the Nation's wards—Negroes who have received freedom but no teaching how to use it; Indians who are perishing by indiscriminate feeding and want of wise care.

There is some tendency to drop Hampton for more needy efforts. When a work is established, and pushed with every energy to fulfil its purpose, is there anything better worth helping?

It was the Northern gift of "continuance" that crushed the rebellion, and will finally overcome an evil no less dangerous to the country's welfare.

For ten years, from 1868 to 1878, the entire strength of the Hampton School was directed to the Negro race. During the past five years, from 1878 to 1883, the Indian question has been studied and worked over, the former work meanwhile growing more than ever. Both efforts are in the same line, under the same methods, for the same object—to create character and to dignify labor.

"For the Indian, labor must be;" "for the Negro, labor must be free," said President Garfield. For both races labor training is vital, and to be varied and thorough requires the best of management and great resources.

While the Hampton Institute submits its need of an endowment fund, it does not urge that point, believing that while dependent on the general public it is educating the people and building up a public sentiment on our race questions which is the most important single factor in their solution.

SCHOOL opened at Hampton Institute on the first of October. The number present, as we write, is 560:—247 girls, and 313 boys. Last year at this time it was 506. The rush of applicants has been greater than ever. With dining-room accomodation for nearly five hundred, it is necessary to give extra meals to fifty. Many more apply than there is room to receive; the pressure on class room and lodgings compels careful selection and strict probation, that the School's advantages may belong to those who will best use them. Of the 560, there are 445 colored and 90 Indian students, and 25 day scholars. Seven of the colored students board and work on the School's "Hemenway Farm," attending night school there.

About twelve more Indian girls are expected during the winter. Twenty Indian students—11 boys and 9 girls—are still in Berkshire county, Massachusetts, where they with others have spent the summer. While still on the roll and under the charge of the Hampton School, (making the number of its Indians now 110), they have been left in Massachusetts with their own consent, to spend a year in the farmers' families where they have found kind welcome, learning industry, English, and the ways of thrifty New England homes. If the experiment results as is hoped, it may in future years be doubled or quadrupled.

The preparation of the applicants examined for Hampton, this year, shows progress in the primary schools. The examinations for admission to the Junior class are reported better than ever, with fewer failures to pass. An indication of Hampton's own influence in this direction, is evident in the large number that rose in the Assembly-room in response to an inquiry as to how many had been sent by our graduate teachers. The general appearance of the new-comers is promising, also, as to character and work.

Two hundred and sixty-one students remained on the place to work during the summer. In the absence of the Commandant, for over two months, the young men were placed under charge of a graduate of the last class. He maintained good order, and his authority was very generally respected.

The night school for the work students was well kept up, and contributed some of the best candidates for this year's Junior and Middle classes. It has again filled up with new recruits, and nearly one hundred and fifty earnest young men and women are taking advantage of its opportunities to work out their own elevation, working all day and studying in the evening. Some of the best material in the School is always found in this class. It opens with a larger force of teachers and more students than ever.

Of the various industrial departments of training, the report of summer work and present condition is as follows:

THE FARM.

Twenty-three boys—15 colored and 8 Indians—have been employed in farm-work and care of stock; 3 colored and 1 Indian in the wheelwright shop; 10 colored and 1 Indian in the blacksmith shop; 10 more, all colored, on the Hemenway Farm. All have given satisfaction. All have now gone into school, and their places are filled with others, besides the daily squad of forty from the day classes, working each one day in the week, besides Monday which is now substituted for Saturday as the weekly vacation from school exercises.

INDIAN TRAINING SHOP.

Various trades are taught in this department.

The carpenter shop has employed 11 Indians and 7 colored students. They have erected and enclosed the new Gymnasium building, 50x125, of frame on brick foundation; have constructed seven lodging rooms for boys in the Stone Memorial Building, and reconstructed dining-room in Virginia Hall; made 27 bedsteads, repaired buildings and furniture, made 85 large packing cases for Government goods, and have commenced the erection of a building, 32x52, for a fire engine house.

The tin shop has employed 5 Indian and 2 colored students. The Indian apprentices completed their Government contract, of 13,000 pieces, about August 1st. Since then, they and the colored apprentices have put about 13,500 square feet of zinc roofing on the new Gymnasium and Laundry, besides repairs on other roofs, and have made 18 dozen articles of tin besides other miscellaneous work.

In the harness shop—employing 2 Indians and 2 colored students—have been made, during the summer, 30 sets of double plow harness, and 60 sets of double wagon harness for Government, and a large amount of repairing has been done. Indian students only are employed on Government work.

The painters—one Indian and one colored boy—have painted four houses; painted and glazed the Green-house with a little outside help, besides doing all the job work required on School buildings and furniture.

HUNTINGTON INDUSTRIAL WORKS.

The saw-mill has employed an average of 20 students—colored—this summer, and done more work than any previous summer; sawing lumber and laths, getting out building material of all kinds, making fruit boxes and packing cases. The outside custom has increased, and now amounts to seven-eighths of the whole. All hands have done well, and all but three who entered later have now gone into the School. The new-comers are older young men and promise well. The wood-working department, upstairs, has employed 10 students—colored—four of whom have now entered school, having been at work two years. They will still come for two days work in the week, and are good workmen. Work has been plenty for the School and outside customers, including all kinds of house-building work, window-frames, cornices, wood-mantles, etc. Nine new students have entered, since October, to stay two years and learn the trade.

ENGINEER'S DEPARTMENT.

This industry has employed this summer, 5 colored students and 1 Indian, with 3 colored men from outside. They have put steam, gas and water pipes into several large buildings on the place, and laid the drain for the new Laundry; have worked well. There has been less building, and consequently, less work in this department than for the last three years. One of the five colored students employed has been engineer of the Huntington Industrial Works for a year; one has had charge of the gas works, and one charge of the boilers for cooking and the engine for the Laundry. The engineer having completed his apprenticeship of two years, goes into the day classes of the School. Three Indians have been taken on since October, two working every half-day; one an Onondaga, from New York State, who understands English, working every day and going to night school.

SHOE SHOP.

The shoe factory has employed, since June, 4 colored and 5 Indian students. They have done remarkably well in every respect, with less force, but more skilled workmen, who have been at the trade for a year. No outside help has been employed. Two thousand pairs of shoes have been made on contract for the Indian Department, besides repairing work more than usual for the place and for outside custom. The new shop is found very pleasant and comfortable—light, wholesome, and con-

venient. All the old students continue as work students. One new Indian boy has been taken on. Two of the six former Indian workmen have now re-entered as work students in the night class.

PRINTING OFFICE.

This department has employed, this summer, 4 colored students and one Indian, three graduates and five outsiders. Two enter the day classes. Three new Indians and one colored boy have been taken on this fall. They have done well. The office has been busy as usual with its regular work on the *Southern Workman*, *African Repository*, job printing and book-binding. There is no lack of work, and hardly facility for doing what is demanded, the engine being old and the press not fast enough for the needs of the office.

KNITTING-ROOM.

This department, which works on orders for a firm in Boston, using the Lamb Knitting machine, has employed this summer, 17 colored students—all boys. It has made about 5,000 dozen pairs of mittens. Cash premiums were offered at the beginning of the season for perfect work and reduced waste. This has brought up the tone of the department in every way. The work has been very satisfactory, and enough has been promised to employ from 12 to 15 boys through the winter, working every day, and 6 more working two days in a week. Six of the seventeen summer hands now enter School, and twelve new ones have been taken on.

GIRLS INDUSTRIES

Sixty-five colored girls and twenty Indian girls have remained on the place through the summer, employed in sewing and general housework. They have done very well indeed. Eight have been employed in the tailoring department, making uniform suits and shirts. One Indian boy is also learning this trade, and can make a good full suit; has yet to learn to cut. These go now into the day classes, working one day a week. Twelve new girls have been taken on, besides the daily detail from the School—over sixty in all.

THE BUTLER SCHOOL.

This primary school on the Normal School grounds, supported most of the year as a public free school by the county, and for the rest sustained by private effort, and serving as a training school for Hampton Institute, has opened very encouragingly with larger numbers, and much prompter entrance than ever. In charge of expert normal school teachers, and a good corps of Hampton graduates, the prospects for the year are excellent.

NEW FEATURES.

THE LAUNDRY.—The absolute need of separating laundry, bath-rooms, and closets, from a building occupied by hundreds of people, has been growing more and more apparent, and it would have been criminal to neglect it. The new laundry will be one of the most important sanitary improvements of the place. It is a two-story brick building, 40x60, is being pushed to completion, and will be ready for use within the coming month.

THE PIERCE MACHINE SHOP,

while waiting funds for its outfit, has been occupied during the summer by the summer biological school of Johns Hopkins College. The presence of the professors and students, and their interesting work, have been a pleasant feature of the place while they stayed. The building will soon be fitted for its original design with a new Corliss engine and boiler, given by Mr. Geo. H. Corliss, of Providence, R. I. Lathes and other apparatus for work in iron will be added as the funds are secured.

THE GREENHOUSE.

It has long been apparent that the cultivation of flowers might be developed into a valuable and paying industry at Hampton. The opportunity is now made, in part by the generous gift of a friend, of a green-house, now nearly finished, 20x100 feet square, with boiler-house 12 feet square. It will be under the care of a practiced florist, and the students employed will be trained in budding and grafting and care of orchards, as well as the cultivation of flowers.

THE GYMNASIUM.

This building was the free gift of a friend of the school, the late Mr. Frederick Marquand, of New York, in kind spontaneous consideration of the needs of overworked teachers. While it would not have been asked for, it will be of great benefit to them, and also to the girl students for hygienic exercise, in which the military drill has heretofore given the young men a decided advantage. The large hall will also be of great service as a more accessible, perhaps safer audience-room for anniversary occasions than the chapel in the third story of Virginia Hall.

THE CLASS FOR PASTORS.

A class designed to give colored pastors opportunities of further preparation for their work, in Bible study, moral science, and pastoral theology, has been started under the charge of the school chaplain. Several of the white pastors of Hampton have kindly consented to add their instructions to those who desire special instruction in the discipline and tenets of their various denominations. This experiment is in response to an apparent need felt by many of the pastors themselves. Application has been frequently made by such for admission to the school, and one of those who now attends the class says he has been praying for one fur years. Some of its members have asked permission to attend other classes of the school, and may be found day after day on the benches with the under-graduates. The class now consists of three boarders and eleven day scholars. The boarders, who lodge in a wing of the Butler school building, pay their way like the under graduates by the labor of their hands, working with a will, in the saw mill and on the farm. It is hardly necessary to say that there is no intention or desire to form a theological school, in the ordinary acceptation of that term, in this undenominational institution, but the need is undoubted and great of a more intelligent ministry for this people, who are growing in intelligence, and the desire is to, in some measure, meet this need, or indicate a way of meeting it. In the present incipient stage of the effort, nothing further is to be said of it.

DEMAND FOR TEACHERS.

But a very small proportion of our graduates have failed to devote themselves to teaching. Nearly every one of the last class is engaged in the work. But the demand for teachers is far ahead of the supply. From some counties in Virginia we have requests for seven or eight teachers at once; from one for "as many teachers as you can send us."

In this state of progress and necessity it becomes an important question what to do for the many who must be refused admission to Hampton for want of room, and who cannot pay for an education without the chance to work for one.

Editorial Correspondence.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO,
September 11th, 1883.

TO THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN:

Arizona and New Mexico abound in antiquities and natural curiosities. I am disappointed in having had no time to see the long deserted cave dwellings which indicate that a populous race once lived in this strange way, digging out their homes in precipitous places, probably as a refuge from hostile bands.

North America is supposed to have been originally peopled from Asia; those who found their way to this region became in time softened by climatic conditions, and were finally attacked by more vigorous invaders from the North. The compact and fortified Pueblo villages and these almost inaccessible cave dwellings were, unquestionably, a defence from American Goths and Vandals. The Apaches and Navajos were within the last thirty years a constant terror to the Pueblo or village Indians, often destroying their cattle and crops.

The Grand Canon of the Colorado, over two hundred miles in length, in places five thousand feet deep—one of the grandest sights in the world—will soon be within easy reach of tourists by the opening of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. The Papago Indians, of whom we have a few representatives at Hampton, have a small reservation ten miles from Tucson, in southern Arizona, where but about seven hundred of the entire tribe (seven thousand strong) are now living. The rest are scattered over a belt of desert country in south-western Arizona, two hundred miles in length and fifty in width, driving their flocks wherever they can find springs of water, supporting themselves in a scanty way by their cattle, and on vegetables which they raise on the occasional fertile spots. All are industrious, but few are well off. They will work for anybody; Mexicans often employ them.

The agent in charge is required to live on another reservation, a hundred miles away, and cannot visit them as he wishes and help them to settle on Government lands forever secure from the aggression of the whites. They are too far out of the way to get proper attention at Washington. They could easily be established as citizens.

Dr. Jackson, the agent, and I drove to the Papago reservation, and there met the chief whose son, Santiago, had, a few months before, after two years at Hampton, returned by reason of sickness, along with Antonito, a Pima, whose father's old age required his presence at home.

Santiago had recovered his health, married a nice Indian girl, built her a neat cabin, not the wretched "key," or hut, of the common people, and started in life with a pair of ponies.

Wishing a wagon, he went to the Pima reservation, ninety miles distant, where Dr. Jackson, agent, gave him at first work on the nine mile ditch, 525 feet, which Indians were building to carry water from the Gila river to the agency school farm, and for general cultivation; but on their finding that he had been taught painting at Hampton, he was put at painting the agency buildings. In this way Santiago earned a good wagon, and when we called he was absent teaming.

It was pleasant to meet Antonito, the interpreter, whom many will remember as the sober Indian man who made quite an august appearance in the student's dining-room at Hampton, sitting between his little nephews. His father is the chief of the Pimas and maintains a quiet state in a mud-covered hut, where he received me with great cordiality. Aside from Mormon proclivities, his son is exemplary, and exerts a good influence. His thirty-two hundred people are self-supporting, anxious to get better working tools, and with proper backing from Congress, the agent can, in a few years, improve them greatly.

White whiskey sellers are their worst enemy. A superior article of wheat which they raise is their money. They live on irrigated farms extending forty miles on both sides of the Gila river. A good boarding school at the agency is educating a number of their children.

The event of a few hours' stay in Tucson was a visit to the *fiesta* (festival), which is annually given in honor of San Francisco, the patron saint of that town, according to a universal Mexican custom.

A few of our party wandered for an hour among the trees in the centre of the enclosure, brilliantly illuminated by electric light, which is quite common in this far West. We passed groups of men, women and children in simple and sometimes gay attire—the men chiefly in loose shirts and trowsers and broad-brimmed hats. Refreshment tables abounded, but gaming tables more abounded, roulette, faro and monte being the favorites, around which were thickly grouped the old and young of both sexes. Loud voices proclaimed unintelligible things in Spanish; the speaker's faces having the set, impenetrable expression of those used to alternate success and ruin. The strangest part of it was the interesting, innocent looking faces of pretty, well-dressed girls watching the game. To them, all was, evidently, right and respectable. A "raw-hide" Mexican band blew and scraped shrill music to the cheerful crowd. The *fiesta* is at its height in the later hours, and lasts several days. Its more civilized concomitant, a "variety performance," was far less fit to be seen.

During the hot months almost every one sleeps out of doors. I passed a clerk asleep on a cot in one of the streets before the office door. Later I could have seen, perhaps, half the people in their beds.

Ladies sleep in their gardens, and it is all right and safe as possible; there is no harm in this dry air; otherwise night would be intolerable.

Tucson is an ancient town; when isolated it was quite a commercial centre. They say the railroad has taken the life out of it; a common complaint. Its low, one-story, flat roofed, adobe buildings are quaint and amusing to a stranger, but to me they seem homelike, for, though Hawaiian roofs are pointed and thatched, adobe walls were for many years familiar. I learned to spell and read in an adobe school house, attended meeting in an adobe church, and made acquaintance with Zenophon and Cicero within mud walls. The mud pie of childhood had a peculiar significance, for it was not a useless delight of splashing and mixing, but was resolved into miniature adobes, with which terribly earnest little forts were built and battles fought, the soft earthy mush serving as ammunition with most visible effect.

Riding in a stage one day, the driver pointed out the pod of the mesquite bush as the winter food, or bread, of most Arizona Indians; without it, thousands would have starved the past winter. Picking and tasting it, I discovered it to be the very pod of the Algaroba (the leaf also corresponding), which is in Hawaii; a lofty, quick-growing, spreading elegant tree, that thrives in the dryest places, and has transformed the once desert plain beyond Honolulu into a luxuriant forest. Like the Indians, the Hawaiians consider it excellent food for stock, but do not eat it themselves. A white lady told me a few days ago that she had made an excellent dish of it for the table.

Few in the East know the weariness of day and night staging. I can believe, as I have been told, that the long trans-continental drive of former years resulted sometimes in insanity. The wear and tear of it over rough mountain roads, sitting day and night on a rickety buck-board, with a mail-carrier, through miles of dust, is severe enough. Such mail routes are called "Star routes," for which service extravagant sums have been paid. It was thus I went from Bowie, an appropriately named Western town, to San Carlos agency, a distance of one hundred miles, to see the Apaches, and in particular, the Captive Chiricauas from Mexico. The best refreshment on the way was the delicious watermelons just in season, which enterprising Mormon settlers are glad to sell. At the stage ranch where horses are usually changed, the fare is pretty rough: beef is so high in this cattle country that most are compelled to use pork instead. But a traveller's appetite gives a relish to the plainest fare, which is always abundant; then, the people are interesting, and when you're not too tired, there's great fun in this knocking around.

The San Xavier Catholic church at Papago agency was built a hundred and fifty years ago by missionaries and artists from Rome. Climbing up the dilapidated stairway, we had from the top a commanding view of the plain about us and of the distant mountains; all bare, dreary and depressing. Clustered around the noble old pile, and scattered in remote clumps, were the low, adobe huts of seven hundred Papagos, who manage somehow to take care of themselves by teaming, selling wood and doing odd jobs at Tucson, and by farming to some extent.

The Presbyterian Board of Home Missions intends to start a much needed mission school here in October; let us hope that next to being a Christian the teacher will have the knack of getting the language and of gaining the confidence of the Indians, and a faculty for teaching. Mission schools are valuable or worthless according to the tact and special fitness of the teacher.

The old church viewed from the front suggests Notre Dame of Paris, on a small scale, with its two square-topped towers and carvings over the entrance. The interior is full of interest and of repose; it contains over a hundred figures carved in wood, gilded and colored; many of them of life size and very well done. The faces are full of expression, the drapery is natural and the pose good, often striking. But those of the dead Christ are revolting. Some of the Madonnas are lovely. The elaborately gilded carving behind the altar, the curiously elaborated detail all over the church express the devotion, piety and skill of the artists who did the work.

More impressive than all was the atmosphere or general effect of this silent ruin standing alone and crumbling among the sombre, bleak hills and bare plains. Such places are history in the concrete. This one seems to have gathered something of the life of all the generations that have come and gone since its erection, and one somehow feels the presence of the life that has been—of its feeling, its devotion, the only part of life which is worth preserving.

The old bells still ring out their chimes, and a few Indians gather in this place far more inspiring than the costly churches of civilized Christendom.

Albuquerque, in New Mexico, is a very old Mexican town: the new and convenient part, a mile from the other, is but a few years old, and connected with the old town by a horse railroad.

The new town is wide awake and aggressive, and being at the point of intersection

of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, and the Atlantic and Pacific Railroads, appears to have a fine future.

The old town is a sleepy collection of one-story, flat-roofed adobe houses, where Mexicans enjoy their quiet *placita*, or inner court, and the cool rooms that open into it, a perfect plan for the climate.

My chief interest here was the Indian school, under the charge of Prof. Bryan, who, with twelve assistants, chiefly ladies, has instructed, during the past year, about a hundred Indian boys and girls, giving them all the routine work of the place to do; also farming; unable, so far, to teach trades, but intent upon introducing them, a teacher of shoemaking being already arranged for. His pupils have been mainly Pueblo children, for whom the school is very convenient, and some thirty wild Utes from Colorado.

Government gives, per annum, for the Utes, $167 apiece, the same as to Hampton; for the rest $120 a year. The Presbyterian Home Mission Board of New York provides the buildings and is responsible for teachers' salaries, and all deficits in current expenses. The property is leased, and not to be the permanent location of the school.

Citizens of Albuquerque have contributed $4,500, and bought sixty acres of land, which they have given to the Government as a site for an Indian school and farm; information has been received that the building plans are ready, and will soon arrive from the Indian Department. About $20,000 were appropriated by the last Congress for this school.

Albuquerque is, beyond question, the natural centre for a great educational work for the forty-five thousand Indians in New Mexico and Arizona. To a large number of Indians it is accessible, so that they can see their children, and get the direct impression of the institution, and the children can get to and from the school cheaply and easily. It hardly hurts the well-regulated Pueblos to spend the summer at their homes. It would not do for the Utes to go home during vacation.

The town is on a line of increasing travel. Many visit it, and always see the Indian school, which would attract them more every year, and be the effective *object lesson* in this far West that Carlisle and Hampton have been in the East, doing the whites almost as much good as the Indians.

Besides, there is an interest in Indians and a public spirit on this subject in Alhuquerque that I know of nowhere else in these Territories. I met, one afternoon, leading citizens who showed an earnest feeling in the matter. They have already done generously for the cause.

I cannot emphasize too strongly the value and suitability of this place as an educational center for the Indians of the Southwest, deserving the best encouragement frnm Government.

Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico, is most pleasantly situated, seven thousand feet above the sea, in a plain surrounded by mountains, nestling under a spur of the Rocky Mountains, whose foothills rise from its very streets. In the distance, springing from a plain which stretches away to the South, stand the Cerillos, where are the successful mines of the Territory; of gold, silver, copper, lead, irnn, coal (bituminous and anthracite), turquoise, gypsum, with fine clay lime, and marble, all in abundance. Here for the sake of these rich ores, the Spaniards pushed their way eighteen hundred miles from their base of operations, within ten years from their conquest. To the east are the Santa Fe mountains, also mineral, and to the west Black Mountains and Jamez Mountains, lofty and commanding in appearance.

The climate is delightful; there is an atmosphere of quiet. The place is not yet enough Americanized to break up the easy Mexican ways that have held for centuries. By and by it will live in to-day, and everybody will be restless and pushing. Now it lives in the past, and "*poco tempo*" (pretty soon), and "*manyana*" (to-morrow) dispose of the vexations of life.

The view of the town from old Fort Maury is lovely. The houses are scattered, gardens brighten the picture, and trees embower many an antique house; the eye is arrested by some striking buildings.

The Palace Hotel at our feet is excellent in every way. The new Cathedral is the most imposing structure of all. The Catholic College is conspicuous, but less interesting than the old San Miguel Church near by. Far away is seen the tower of the Santa Fe University (Congregational).

Nearer, the Sisters of Loretto have their Convent under the auspices of "Our Lady of Light."

The "Adobe Palace," built in 1650, is not very palatial in appearance, but has rather an imposing front. The Army Post is a large square, beautifully kept, with accommodations for officers and troops. Protestant churches of various denominations may be seen, but are modest in appearance;

What with the mountains ronnd about, the plains before us, and the picturesque old town with outlying clumps of flat, one-story, dingy adose houses, one is richly entertained. The whole effect is oriental. Men who have been in Syria or Egypt say it has a familiar look. It is much more like Palestine than New England. Here is a resting place for the overworked Eastern man. He will forget business in his amusement over the omnipresent donkey lugging around baskets of fruit, chickens, and vegetables; from one to ten of them, without bridles or driving gear, followed by a Mexican seeking customers, lazily moving about, both man and beast, with the air of philosophers. Nobody is anxious; nobody is doing much; things take care of themselves.

One gets charming glimpses of the *placita* or inner court, often a beautiful garden surrounded by a verandah, where the inmates sit in repose, out of the world, and enjoy their own vine and fig tree.

A Missouri Judge, who has stopped here over a few days, thinks it the hardest town he ever saw, judging from the number of gambling houses within a few minutes' walk. All is done openly: no one plays on the sly: you see just how things are.

We descended from the hill and soon entered the new Cathedral, which is built over an older and most interesting one full of quaint old pictures, and with an atmosphere that centuries only can create; it is to be torn down. Then we visited San Miguel Church, after we succeeded in arousing the sleepy janitor. Nobody is ever on hand; why should they be; there is plenty of time. The interior of this oldest church in the region is full of interest. We climbed the outside to the top, picked from the ancient mud walls bits of pottery that were used in building the church more than three hundred years ago, making, with the mud, a sort of concrete.

All their churches illustrate the Roman Catholic idea of meeting the savage on his own ground, letting the outward form down to meet the ideas of the pagan where he is, and finding it hard to get up again. This is especially true of the one at Laguna Pueblo, where only behind the altar does it seem Romanish, the paintings on the walls are wholly heathen, of barbarian rites and symbols.

It is curious to find these antiquities in our own land; it is so unlike America to stand among ruins and think of bygone glories, of departed chivalry, of gorgeously attired priests before kneeling multitudes, of pious artists expressing their devotion in statuary and paintings and architecture. They seem, in some shadowy way, to be present, lingering about their works.

The acting Lady Superior of the Convent of "Our Lady of Light," was very kind. We were shown an expensive and beautifully kept system of buildings, where two hundred and fifty little girls of the town, chiefly Mexicans, are taught, and eighty from abroad are boarders. All had been done since 1852 mainly by the labors of the Sisters; the annual fee for boarders was $200. There is no endowment, no public aid; charity is kind to them, but the most of the annual cost, about $7,000, is earned by their own efforts, in school fees, etc.

All is enclosed after the old Moorish style adopted by the Spanish and introduced here. There are great apple trees in splendid bearing, and many fruits and vegetables besides; the garden was luxuriant. The *placita* for the Sisters' private use is a little inner Paradise of shrubs and flowers; there were two or three of these pleasant inner courts. The boarding girls' building was two stories in height, and excellent in every way; the bathing and washing arrangements as perfect as I ever saw; not put off one side or down below, but in the lightest and airiest part of the horse. No direct teaching can exceed in force the indirect moral effect of these appliances for personal cleanliness their value is too often forgotten. The chapel is simple, chaste, and in absolute contrast with those built for the ignorant Mexicans.

Protestants do not realize the completeness and perfection of some of the institutions established by Roman Catholics in this far-off region; one of the best of them is in an obscure corner of Indian Territory, where even white girls from Kansas go for the superior advantages offered.

Santa Fe University was, ten years ago, a little school kept in a crumbling adobe house. To-day it has a $15,000 building, is well attended with as yet only a preparatory department, but with a hopeful outlook. Such schools are the growth whose seed was some man's purpose. This has already a remarkable start, and the President, a man of singleness of aim and untiring zeal, is likely to create a shining light in the new civilization that is coming. He has begun in good time, and his work will grow as the country grows. There is no other college within a thousand miles in any direction; it is needed, and deserves the warmest support. The academic work appears to be as good as in any Eastern schools. When such a man as President Ladd resolves that there shall be a college, there is apt to be one; not because of the resolution, but of the facts and means on which it is based.

The Presbyterians have a high school, and also cnntemplate a college, but they do not seem to have found their man.

There are numerous churches in Santa Fe; more than are needed for the population. I have seen in the West many cases of thus forming a number of weak churches, when, by combination, a few strong ones could be established. Contributions for mission work ought to be used for real needs.

Santa Fe is headquarters of Major Pedro Sanchez, agent for the Pueblo Indians, nine thousand in number. He is a Mexican, and speaks little English. Of the Roman Catholic faith, he took a fine stand in the Territorial Legislature in favor of fair support of popular education, which the Catholic majority of New Mexicn had failed to give. He is regarded as liberal in his views, and earnest to improve the Indians under his care; and the feeling, once not very cordial, has become favorable to him. He is able to address the Pueblos in Spanish, which many understand, and has taken great pains always to impress on them the importance of education and of better sanitary laws in their villages.

The fine climate of Santa Fe makes it a very proper and attractive centre of education for the cities of the two Territories. The location of Albuquerque, and the special interest there, makes that the proper centre for Indian education in New Mexico and Arizona.

Going from Santa Fe to Caddo, Indian Territory, I was compelled to pass a day at El Paso, on the bank of the Rio Grande, opposite to El Paso del Norte, an old Mexican town on the opposite bank. The river was nearly dry, and smugglers seemed to have an easy chance for their operations. The traveller, of course, must put his foot on Mexican soil to see the old church where Cihuahua Indians have worshipped for centuries. It was quiet and solemn; a solitary kneeling woman made an impressive picture.

Take away the antiquity and associations, and one would hardly care to go to the place, yet how well it is to have such places open for silent prayer at any hour.

El Paso is a railroad town, quite new in a commercial way, yet they are erecting the most solid buildings that I have seen in the Territories. Its business men are most energetic; it has, however, a rnugh, border element, who do not seem quite terrified enough; life is too lightly held, as a few outspoken men have found.

In such conditions brave men on the side of truth and honesty are not wanting, and in the end they must conquer. There is a fearless editor, who has been shot at more than once.

The reckless characters out here usually "die in their boots." Wickedness is bold, and justice takes short cuts; the one is usually brief, the other direct and to the point. Order is steadily gaining. The life seems dreary and uninviting as possible, but those who get a taste of it seldom are content after returning to old civilization. He who goes West, like the man who puts his hand to the plow, should never turn back. There is an excitement in the life, in spite of great drawbacks, that often spoils the repose of him who, once tasting of it, tries to live again in the East.

S. C. A.

ROBERT MOFFAT.

Born 1795—Died 1883.

During the month of September there died in Scotland, a man who ten years ago said of himself, "In the year 1816 I laid myself on the missionary altar, and from that day to this I have been advocating the claims of Africa."

Under the auspices of the London missionary Society, Robert Moffat, born in 1795, went to the Cape of Good Hope in 1816, and remained there first as pioneer and then as patriarch, until 1870, when he returned to Scotland to end his days in less arduous but perhaps just as necessary work for the country of his adoption. The story of his life is told in his "Narrative of missionary Labors and scenes in South Africa," one of the most fascinating accounts of missionary enterprise ever written, and no one who has any interest in the development of Africa, should fail to know something of his heroic work, done, much of it, single handed, and with no backing, beyond that of his own invincible determination. His first arrival at the Cape of Good Hope was signalized first by the refusal of the Governor to permit him to land, and secondly, when that refusal was withdrawn, by his repairing at once to the village or Kraal of the then most dreaded chieftain of South Africa, on whose conversion his heart was set and in which he was successful, for in a comparatively short time he paid a visit to the Governor, introducing as his companion, an amiable, well mannered native, in whom it was almost impossible to recognize the turbulent warrior, before whom even English soldiers trembled, and none had dared to face.

From that day his lot was irrevocably cast in the dreaded wilderness of South Africa, and the woman whom, early in life he married, proved able to walk with him unswervingly in the weary path he had chosen for his own. Their daughter, Mary, became the wife of Dr. Livingstone and thus linked together the two foremost names in the missionary record of Africa, and united in a life-long relationship the men who were already warm friends and sympathiz rs.

It has been said that the best blessing Moffat conferred upon Africa was Livingstone, as it was largely through his persuasions that his younger and stronger friend was induced to devote himself to the field wherein he won his undying laurels; and there is certainly nothing in the history of African work more striking than the connection between these two lives. When one considers the advantage Livingstone must have gained from the experiences of his father-in-law, and the influence that the indomitable spirit of the old Scotchman must have exercised upon his young compatriot, it seems evident that the fath laid the foundation upon which the son built and that Moffat had a right to feel the intensest personal satisfaction and pride in the life and death of his great successor in the one and predecessor in the other.

Livingstone died ten years ago alone in the swamps of Central Africa, following the wife, with whom, eleven years before, he himself says he buried his heart on the lonely shore of an African river. Within a few days the old hero to whom they were as children has passed from his peaceful Scottish home to rejoin them beyond the reach of the clouds which here darkened their toilsome days and shadowed even their high courage.

Can mnrtal tongue or fancy paint that re-union?

Bright Prospects for Returning Indian Students.

An indication of better opportunities for Indian students returning to their homes, and of the disposition of the Interior Department to encourage the work, comes in a letter from Secretary Teller asking for a selection of such as would be suitable for assistant teachers or as helpers in various industrial schools for Indians to be opened in the West. Names have been sent in response and there is cheering prospect that here is the begining of an opening for employment which will settle a difficult problem for many, especially of our Indian girls, giving them profitable and respectable occupation in a safe home.

The suggestion comes from an occasional reader that the *Southern Workman* should give now and then fuller information of the school, not taking so much acquantance with it for granted. The fact is that most of our readers are acquanted with the general history and features of the Hampton Institute. The account of its industrial departments, on page 114 of this number written by its treasurer for a Boston journal, from which we copy it, may be in the direction of our occasional reader's thought.

Letters From Hampton Graduates.

A Defective School System—Friendly White Neighbors. A Girl's Lecture. No Rest. Stirred up about Emigration. From an Indian Graduate. From a Physician. "The Vast Work to be Done." Working for Missions.

A DEFECTIVE SCHOOL SYSTEM.—NO REST.

Vacation does not mean play to the young graduate teacher in the South. When one door of work shuts another opens. When the winter school closes, he is glad to find a summer school ready to begin; or failing that, to take up his shovel and hoe, his trowel or his square or his last, and goon hoarding stores for future use. Girls and all find that there are few furloughs in this warfare of life for which they have enlisted. It is no wonder that their imaginations sometimes dwell on the luxury of rest. But they work bravely and cheerfully with many hindrances; but, also, with many encouragements.

——, Tenn., July 4, 1883.

Dear Miss C——.

Your letter and the map arrived the same week. Both were happily received. You heard of my appointment to this work. I came early in May, and began teaching with forty scholars. Since then the number has been increased to one hundred and six.

This is apparently a thriving little town of about fourteen hundred inhabitants. But it is thriving in appearance only. —— county, of which it is the seat, is noted for its defective school system, and for the great amount of whisky distilled in it. The people are, in consequence, ignorant and intemperate; and with two such powerful evils as ignorance and intemperance predominating, you cannot wonder that this has only the *appearance* of a thriving town. The school system hardly deserves the name of a *system*. There are no taxes levied in this county for school purposes; the public funds are only sufficient to pay a teacher for a term of one, two, three or four months each alternate year; and the School Board, having little or no interest in the matter, have employed teachers with scarcely any regard to their qualifications. With this state of things existing, you can imagine how little the children whom I have gathered into the school room knew about school regulations, or in fact, about anything. But they were anxious for an education, and came determined to do their best, and they *have* done remarkably well—so well that my school, in spite of its size, is a marvel of quietness and order.

I have found the white people in this community very friendly. Several of the most prominent citizens have visited my school, and have expressed to me and through the columns of the paper, their appreciation of my work. A lawyer visited the school-house the other day, and after witnessing the order in which the school was conducted, came forward and assured me that he was pleased to have me in the community, and hoped my stay would be long and pleasant. Another candidly averred that he was a "Southern man, and had all the Southern prejudices," but he was pleased with the work and would be glad to assist me in every possible way.

These people have many things to learn about their way of living. Every Sunday afternoon I have meetings in my school-house for adults; and, can you imagine me talking to a crowded house of old, middle-aged and young, about living pure lives, about setting examples of piety before their children, and about making their homes pleasant—in fact, about everything that will serve to *make* their lives pure and better? Think of me, next Sunday afternoon.

I stopped over, as you have learned, to help Harris in preparing his scholars for a May party. He was very happy over some books sent to him by Northern friends for a public Library, if I mistake not. The people there are more enlightened than they are here, and in better circumstances. His health is far from good, and I hope the summer, spent as he proposes in the open air, will be beneficial.

I am sorry to learn of Sultana's and Wharton's ill health. I hope they will improve during the summer.

Many of my friends have feared that such constant work was too great a strain on my health, but I have gotten on very nicely so far. I used to think, during the winter, how pleasant it would be if a number of us girls of '82 could get together for a month during the summer, in some quiet place in the country, and just *rest*. It would be so pleasant and so easily accomplished, if it were not a matter of dollars and cents. But I guess the most of them, like myself, can only *imagine* such a luxury

I have not yet received my salary from ——. Since I have been here I have been able to close my account with the school, and I feel so glad and relieved.

One feels a sort of loneliness which is hard to discribe in a place like this where no one exactly understands you, or is in sympathy with you. But there is a great deal of pleasure in this work of uplifting, and one has but little time to think of self; still, once in a while, there *will* come that feeling which accords with the words, "Alone in a crowd." I shall teach until the first of next month.

I imagine the pink laurel must have been lovely. A vine-covered porch fronts my room, and among the vines a little mother bird reared her family. They have all matured and have all gone out in the world to seek their fortunes. It was very pleasant to watch the loving care of the parent birds for their young.

I shall be very glad to hear from you again soon. Pardon my delay. I am kept so busy.

Lovingly, S.

STIRRED-UP ABOUT EMIGRATION.

The following short but interesting letter is from one of our most faithful young women, a good worker and observer.

——, S. C., June 22, 1883.

Dear Miss C——.

Nothing can give me more pleasure than to write a letter to you. Your letter was received with much gladness, for it has been a long time since I have heard from Hampton and its dear teachers.

I have been engaged in teaching ever since I left Hampton. I love my work dearly and think there is nothing better I can do. I have never had any trouble with any of my scholars or their parents as yet I have been teaching here in ——, S. C., for two years, and expect to go back next fall and teach again. The white people show me the greatest of politeness wherever I go. The Trustees of my school are all whites, and I have never had any trouble with them. Every year they always ask me to return.

The colored people of this town and county are very much stirred-up about emigrating to Arkansas. The pastor of the M. E. Church, here, has just returned from a six-weeks trip to Arkansas and the Indian Territory. He seems to be fully converted by what he has seen and heard, and gives a glowing account of the fertility and beauty of the country. Next fall I think there will be quite a number to leave —— county.

I will thank you kindly for some papers to read. Miss Longstreth sends me books and tracts very often, for which I feel very thankful. I hope you spent a pleasant time at Hampton. I heard from Russell J. Spann to-day. He is doing well. With my best love

I remain yours truly. R.

FROM AN INDIAN GRADUATE.

Thomas Wildcat Alford, who graduated with honor in the class of 1882, and has been teaching ever since in a neighboring tribe to his own—the Pottowottamies—writes now that he has obtained at last the desire of his heart—a school among his own people, to whom, as one of their chiefs and a faithful teacher, he will we trust have many opportunities to do good.

Shawneetown, I. T., July 17, 1883.

My Dear Miss C——.

I received your kind letter just before my school closed at Wagoza, but I have been so busy in general at one thing and another—have been at the Agency, and riding over the country, trying to get up teams and wagons to haul lumber for our new school-house at Shawneetown, &c., that I could not well sit down to scribble a few lines.

Having received instructions to go with freighters—who are to be all Indians—I intend to give my attention to the work soon; perhaps be on the road most of my time.

I have just accepted the position of principal teacher at Shawnee Boarding School, which I had so long wished for to be among my own people, and take charge of it this coming season. It is considerably better financially, and in other respects, than the one I had held. The capacity of the school is fifty scholars, but when the proposed new building is finished it is to be one hundred. I think it will hardly commence before Christmas, unless some arrangement can be made temporarily, there is so much work to be done. The lumber has to be hauled from a distance of about one hundred miles, and that may occupy about three months time.

My school at Wagoza closed quietly on the 29th of June. Had at the end eighteen scholars. A new school-house is also to be erected there this coming season. A teacher is already appointed to run it, who left here last Saturday to push the work of building through.

I wrote to Mr. Frissell soon after I received your letter about the "Song-Books," and I have already received them. I sent them to Wagoza. I shall not lose interest in my scholars there and the people. Being the first scholars I ever taught, I do think they are smart little things. The people begged me to take charge of their next school, and they even went almost so far as to send a petition to the Agent to retain me there. Now, understand this, I have not said it to praise myself.

I have not heard from John Downing yet. I heard of him, indirectly though, that he was still working at the Agency. I comfort myself with the idea that he has a good excuse for his negligence.

I am yours, gratefully,

Thomas W. Alford.

P. S.—Pardon me for writing on an old sheet of a book. Writing paper here is a luxury, especially note paper. Traders here hardly have a supply for themselves. I sent for mine to Hampton, but never got it, although I received a letter from Mr. B—— saying that he sent it, by express on the same day I think the letter was mailed. T.W.A.

FROM A PHYSICIAN.

A Hampton graduate, who has sturdily and steadily pushed his way by honest work and manly energy to the position he now holds with a diploma from the Medical School of Syracuse University, writes thus of the purpose to which he desires to devote his skill:

Office of C. N. Dorsett, M. D.—Resident Physician of Wayne Co. Alms-House—Lyons, N. Y., 3m, 9, 1883.

Miss A. C.: *Dear Friend:*

I received both of your circulars just as I was starting for the South, and intended to answer on my return here: pressure of business since has caused a delay.

I am practicing here and doing nicely, but as it always has been my desire to work among my own people, and assist them in their struggle for elevation, it is hard for me to content myself here, and more especially since my return, as I see and feel that I could be of use to my people in many respects, aside from professional service. My only object in coming North was to get a medical education, and when that had been completed, had I been in proper shape financially, I should have gone back South. If I cared for just making a living, or honor's sake, I should remain; but that is not my only aim. I told the Board of Superintendents, yesterday, of my intention to go South soon, as I have recently had some urgent letters from different cities South.

Please excuse a hasty reply, as I am very busy just now. I shall be glad to give an account of my medical efforts as soon as I can. With many thanks for the kind interest you take in us. I am, your ob'dt

C. A. Dorsett.

"THE VAST WORK TO BE DONE."

A young woman—Salutatorian of last year's Class—gives her impressions of the vast work to be done for her people, which makes her glad to labor even without wages, and which makes Hampton—while heartily rejoicing in such well earned and conscientiously devoted successes as those described above—still more concerned to supply the broader needs of the present hour.

—— Co., 5. 4, 1883.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong.

Dear Sir: The present date finds me many miles from my recent field of labor in Virginia. I left there on the 28th ult. and arrived here on the 3d inst. I should have been glad to have paid a visit to my Hampton home before leaving it so far behind, but my time was so limited that I could not do so.

My first experience in teaching was pleasant in spite of the fact that I have not yet received my wages for it. During a term of six months I received two payments, and they still owe me a balance of one hundred and twenty dollars. I found the people in the part of Virginia where I taught, full of superstitious ideas that were the outgrowth of long years of ignorance. These they clung to, rejecting everything that was new. There was, however, a desire among some of the younger ones for a new and better way of living. I had several among my scholars who, with education, would make excellent workers for their people.

My present work was given me by the Woman's Home Missionary Association, through the introduction of Misses —— and ——. The people in this vicinity have had few educational advantages, and the Association has provided them with a teacher for the Summer months, and has promised to make the work a permanent one if the experiment proves a success.

A great deal of whisky is made here. In a range of five miles there are as many distilleries. Intemperance, with all its evil effects, prevails. This, with the fact that there have been comparatively few schools since emancipation, will give you some idea of *the vast amount of work to be done here.*

I have been greatly impressed since I left school, by the great work that is to be done among my people. There is no time to sit with folded hands; every moment must be filled with hard, earnest work; and when we have done our very best the results will be so small in comparison with what remains to be done, that they will be as a "drop in the ocean."

On my way here I stopped at Greenville, where Mr. Harris, one of my classmates, is teaching. He seems to be working faithfully among the people there, is now collecting a library for them, has already received quite a number of volumes from friends at the North. Unfortunately he *can't sing*, and I stopped to teach his children some tunes for their "May party," which takes place some time during the month.

I regret very much that I cannot attend the "Commencement" exercises. I learn through the *Journal* that special arrangements have been made for the accommodation of the graduates. It is a great kindness on the part of the Institution, and I greatly appreciate it.

Since I have been teaching I have been supplied with very excellent papers by Northern friends, and have also received several kind letters, evincing great interest in my work.

I have made my letter very long. Please pardon me. I could not get all I had to say in a "nut-shell," at least not in a very small one. I remain yours respectfully.

S., Class of 1882.

WORKING FOR MISSIONS.

It is a hopeful sign when those who have been helped begin to think of helping others. Our faithful young graduate teacher (a former Valedictorian), in all the good work he has done for his people, has done nothing more helpful, it may be, than this of rousing them to interest and effort in mission work.

—— Co., Va., Dec. 17th, 1882.

Dear Friend and Teacher:

I was glad when I found it convenient to come here again. I felt that I had gained the confidence of parents and children, and that the latter would follow where I led. I thought I had impressed the authorities sufficiently to make the needed improvements by way of building. They did some, but much is undone. During vacation text books were changed by "Board." Some of my best pupils are out; unable to get their books. You see, then, there was much to hinder, much to blast my bright hopes. Under these and other inconveniences I think we have and are working cheerfully and willingly, for there are others in the "Old Dominion," or in the "Union," to whose disadvantages ours are but small. In my room I know there is much hard study, and there are most always good lessons gotten.

I have very little punishing to do, but last year I had to do a great deal. I think the change is caused by the pupils finding out it is not my chief aim to lord it over them, but to improve them. I have an abiding faith in the good sense of children; and therefore believe, in a measure, in consulting their feelings and prejudices as we do old people. I sometimes tell them of my desire to treat them as men and women. Here are two sentences which may be somewhat original in construction, if old in thought, which I often refer my pupils to: "If not women you can be ladylike; if not men you can be manly." "Do right because it is right, and not for fear of the whip."

I have already given two talks on Mission Work, and expect to give another next Sunday at 3 o'clock. I have it arranged so as to take up a collection for Foreign Mission Work. Each church is engaged in that work and the pastors seemed to like my efforts. My missionary maps helped me wonderfully. I wish I had books or papers sufficiently to know more about Africa. I read articles about Africa, marked in my *Journal*, with much interest.

I do not know Mr. Miller, but Miss —— told me, at one of my talks, she was in same Class with him in '77. Sister and brother are teaching near home. There is such a need for teachers that my two highest pupils have taken schools. One in an interior mountain county reports the people quite ignorant, but a few owning some property. I enjoy teaching ever so much. I hope I can get another school when this ends. I want to spend a little more time in School myself. What do you think of it? I think I will write the General about the matter.

My health has been poor, but I am better now—quite well. I see, by your "Circular," you have taken Mrs. D.'s place. I wish you much success. Yours very truly, S.

P. S.—I forgot to say my time has been much taken up in teaching a night-school. Cold weather has stopped all except the more earnest. Among them is a little boy who is unable to attend day school. S.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

FRANCESCA RIOS.

One winter morning, nearly three years ago, a party of Arizona Indians came to Hampton. Most of them were strange, wild-looking men; three were funny little Pima boys, with great black felt slouched hats, and very ragged clothes. Two little girls finished up the procession. One of them, Melisse, a regular Topsy with disheveled hair and queer, wild ways; the other, Francesca, a quiet, sweet-faced child, who looked up from under her shawl with shy, trustful glances, which won our hearts right away.

She hardly looked like a girl who could brave the public opinion of her tribe and resist the threats and persuasions of her friends to follow the ray of light that glimmered before her.

We think this extract from Dr. Jackson's statement in regard to securing Francesca is worth reprinting:

"The next morning, preparing to go to the Papago village for a few children, we were officially informed that the chiefs and head men had held a council and decided that they would not allow any of their children to go East. This, however, did not deter us from going after them. Loading the Pima children into a hack, we drove south nine miles to their villages. Agent A. B. Ludlam, who gave very important assistance, sent for Juan, the head chief of the Papagoes. We showed him the Pima children that were going, told him the advantages that would come to his people, and asked him for some children. Mrs. Troiel, daughter of a deceased chief, took an interest in the matter. There was a running to and fro private and public consultation, and in two hours we added to our number two boys, Santiago and Pablo, and one girl, Francesca.

We had expected to leave Tucson on the midnight train, but the telegraph brought news that a band of the Apaches were again on the war-path—that they had captured the stage coach, destroyed the express and mail matter, and killed and mutilated the driver and passengers. As the marauding Indians were directly on our path, we remained over a day to telegraph for a military escort. The delay brought us the danger of the Papagoes changing their mind and reclaiming their children.

Early the first morning Chief Juan, with one of his leading men, came and asked for Francesca. It seems that the night before they held a council, and the opinion had been stoutly maintained that the children had been bewitched and were being carried off prisoners. Upon the arrival of the chief, the children commenced crying for fear they would not be allowed to proceed. The frightened girl was called and questioned; and when she stoutly maintained, in the presence of witnesses of her own people that she wanted to go, I was asked to draw up a paper, which the chief carried back to his people, certifying that she went willingly. All day long individuals of the tribe were banging around trying to entice the children away."

The little girl fairly established in school, set herself diligently to improve. In a marvellously short time she began to talk pretty broken English. Two of the older girls took her to room with them, and helped to teach her. They were discouraged sometimes, but I think when they think of her now, they must feel they have a rich reward.

After Francesca had been at the school a few months, reports of her mother's death were brought to her. It was some time before they were verified. When at last the little girl had to believe them, her grief was very sharp, but she bore the pain with the same patience and courage she had shown before.

When we moved to Winona Lodge no one was readier than Francesca to do her share in the work, or more conscientious about accomplishing it.

But toward spring the little girl grew weak. She didn't care to go to school, and she couldn't play.

She stood in the hall and bade us good bye as the Berkshire girls started off in June for the summer.

We didn't know she was going so soon on a longer journey from which she would never return.

We print a letter of Melisse, the other little Arizona girl, written to one of the teachers after Francesca grew very sick.

HAMPTON N. AND A. INSTITUTE,
VIRGINIA, *July 20, 1883.*

My Dear Miss Richards;

It seems to me that it has been very long time since I heard from you. I was very glad to hear from you indeed, and I am not always happy; sometime such sad thing on me, and make me very sorry, and I think I am getting home sick; but I know my parents are well, but great many of them die in this year, and that make me home sick; and the other night I had very tired, and so thought I might get rest, and I went to Nelie's room to sleep there, but I couldn't sleep. You know that we only two girls come from Arizona, and Francesca Rios is sick, and now she is getting worse—everywhere she just as poor as she can be. I know you would be very sorry if you see her; when I look at her that makes me almost cry, but I try to comfort her and do whatever she like, and that makes me remember that when she well I and her used to have such good time and happy together; and when I am all alone I am lonesome when she is sick and have to stay in house, and she look worse and look tired, and I am very sorry for her that she had been sick so long; yesterday she said she want to see Miss Richards, and I said Miss Richards is not here; it way in night that time; everybody gone sleep, and she keeping ask me, and I said to her—Miss Richards is not here; I said over and over; but time I was so sleepy and don't know what to say when she want to see you; and I am very well, but am very tired, for been not sleep for many nights. I wish she get well soon; and now, Dear Miss Richards I hope you will remember me when you say your pray, and I have always remember you when I am going to say my pray in evening. MELISSE.

It was about the time that Melisse's letter was written that Francesca knew she would never be well again. "I know I am going to die," she said bravely one day. "I should like to live and tell my father about God." She knew Geo. Armstrong was going to her home. When she bade him good bye she wanted him to see the old church, and to bring her some of the Indian fruits. In the early morning twilight of the day she died she called the teacher who watched her and said: "My mother come to see me last night. She glad to have me here." "I think she will take you to be with her soon." "I know," said the little girl, "but I should like her to stay here a little while and learn." Only a few hours after she reached the brink of the cold river. With her sweet old courage she set her face forward, and we think she was waiting to carry her across, as she cried with infinite tenderness and gladness—"Jesus! Jesus!"

And the teacher beside her whose hair was white with years of service and sorrow and trust, called to the child—"Yes, blessed Jesus, say it Jesus!"

Was she already in the arms of everlasting Tenderness and Strength that with a voice and look of such inexpressible peace she echoed the words—"Sweet, sweet Jesus!"

Poor, dear little Francesca. From the Infinite Love that shelters you come back and teach us sometimes—for we see through a glass darkly, and you know Him face to face.

Medical Report.

GENERAL ARMSTRONG;
Dear Sir.

The last company of Indian students were examined by me September 29th. As a whole it compares favorably with other companies previously examined. One Indian boy has organic disease of the lungs. The trouble is not extensive and it may be hope? that in his case, as in several similar cases, careful treatment with good food and improved condition of life, may succeed in bringing him back to a period of average health. However, his return home is recommended at the first favorable opportunity.

Two boys, at the time of their arrival, were suffering from phlyctenular ophthalmia. Both cases are, at the present date, much improved.

One of the Indian girls has chronic gastric ulcer. Seven severe hemorrhages have occurred since the time of her arrival. Her condition since that date has improved, but her lungs are unsound, and the general prognosis is not favorable. Her return is also recommended.

The remaining thirteen boys and five girls appear to be in sound health.

Respectfully yours,
M. M. WALDRON, M. D.

Report on Returned Indian students.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

EDITOR OF WORKMAN:

During last month I visited the homes of many of the Indian students. At Cheyenne River Agency on the Missouri River I found Harry Brown, Louis Agenoughwea and Le-Roy Shutashnay at work at the Agency at twenty dollars a month and board. Joe Wahn was in the employ of the Military at Fort Bennett, D. T., situated near the Agency. Felix Benoist had just stopped work on account of sickness. Has a sister who is doing excellent work on the Cheyenne River at "The Hump's" Camp as a teacher. She is very well spoken of. William Benoist was putting in hay on a contract and had accumulated about five hundred dollars, was well spoken of, though some seemed to think he was too close with his money. An *excellent fault* in an Indian. Henry Fisherman was working for his father, who has a farm and wood land on the Missouri River about forty miles from the Agency. Mary Traversie was at home helping her mother, who has a large family of children. At Crow Creek Agency Edward Ashley was employed in the Agency boarding school as assistant teacher. He had been steadily employed in this capacity for nearly two years and gives satisfaction. Frank Pamani was working in the carpenter shop at the Agency. Zedo Rencontre and wife had been engaged as assistants in the Agency boarding school. Zedo was very highly spoken of, as a good, steady young man. At Lower Brule Agency, James Thompson was at work at the Agency, as was also James Smith. Frank Yellow Bird and wife were engaged as assistants in the Agency boarding school. Henry Rencontre was at home sick, and Winnebago was also at home; both boys had been employed during the summer by Mr. Luke Walker, who with his good lady are staunch friends of the Hampton boys and have done much to sustain them during their occasional troubles with the ex-Agent. Ziewie died early in the spring. Her father D. K. Howe (Dont-Know-How) came to me just before I left and said that his heart was sad over the death of his daughter; but he knew that his eastern friends, who had done so much for her were not to blame for her death, that he knew they were trying to help the Indians, and he told me he wanted his remaining daughter educated in the East and asked me to take her; of course, I could not refuse him, though she did not look as strong as I could wish. Major Gasmann reports that Mr. Howe is thrifty and enterprising. I passed by his store and dwelling. Both were made of hewn logs, a story and a half high, with shingle roof and board floors. He has quite a little stock of general merchandise and a small farm. At Cheyenne River Agency I heard of Rosa Pleets, John Pleets and U-ha-ka-umpa, who now styles himself Thomas C. Fly; the English interpretation of his name being *carries flying*. Rosa was in the Agency boarding school and the boys were both at work at the Standing Rock Agency, D. T. The Indians who had recently visited that Agency spoke very well of the boys. At Lower Brule Agency I met the Rev. Joseph Cook, his wife and a number of Indians from Yankton Agency. The boys who returned to that Agency were reported to be generally doing well. Maggie Goulet was working for Mr. Cook and Mr. Cook had special oversight of Sam Brown. Maggie is formally engaged to Thomas Wildcat Alford, one of Hampton's Indian graduates. Emily West, Katy LeMont, Carrie Anderson and Lizzy Spider, were all at their homes and both Mr. and Mrs. Cook appeared to be troubled over their future. There does not seem to be any chance for them to get into remunerative employment, though they may find places in the new government schools to be established in the West. Julia St Cyr is anxious to return and finish the course of study here, and it is hoped a way may be found to gratify her wish. At Cheyenne River Agency the four Indian children whom I accepted were thoroughly examined by a competent physician. Thier names are as follows: Harry Brown, formerly at Hampton, Mary Traversie, formerly at Hampton, Sophia Laundrett, Sioux, Theodore Little Boy, Sioux, Johnny Ganoux, Sioux. At Crow Creek the examination was very hurried and not satisfactory. "The Brother" sent two girls. D. K. Howe sent one girl. "Fire Cloud" sent one boy. Simon Maza Kute, is a brother of Rebecca Maza Kute a Hampton girl. Santee One Feather, was working in the Blacksmith shop at the Agency and is very highly spoken of. He is the nephew of "The Brother" one of the wisest, most faithful and kindly natured Indians I have ever known.

Arriving at Chamberlain about 10 p. m. just before the departure of the eastbound train, I found a messenger, who informed me that there were eight girls waiting for me, and I sent word over to the Agent to send on ten girls, if he had them. My surprise may be imagined when I found seven young men, two boys and one girl waiting for me in the depot at Chicago two days later. The young men appear to be good material with exception of two or three weak physically, and may, by their conduct and progress, prove the wisdom of the Agency officials in over-riding my instructions as to sex and age. There was no physician at Lower Brule. There were more boys applied to come East from Cheyenne River and Crow Creek Agencies than there are now at Hampton from all the Agencies. When there is such a large number of applicants, none but those having sound minds in sound bodies should be sent East. The Lower Brule party answer to the following names. Voice of the Cloud, Looking Eagle, Red Bear, Red Fish, Omina, Hoop-Cloud, Andrew Robert, Sagyeonkle, and Wi-ca-ka-sa-ka, boys; and Big Main's daughter, the girl. The party of seven Omaha and Winnebago girls failed to meet me in Chicago.

I am, very respectfully, your obdient servant,

GEO. LEROY BROWN.

Correspondence.

The following interesting letter is from a lady artist of reputation and ability, who very generously volunteered to spend two months at Hampton this summer to test and develop the Indians talent for drawing.

Salem, Oct., 8th, 1883.

Dear General;

I think, before you left Hampton for your tour in the South-west, you expressed a wish to receive from me in the autumn, some report of my vacation work with the Indians. I am glad at the outset, to answer with an unqualified yes, your question as to whether I would find the Indian's capacity for drawing worth cultivating. With due allowance for some unfavorable conditions, I do not hesitate to say that their work would compare very favorably with that of most classes of *beginners* on similar subjects, with whom I have worked at the North. We must remember that the time was very short in which to try such an experiment—only seven weeks, not including Saturdays, and the lesson was in the hottest part of the midsummer day, an hour and a half, between one and three o'clock. Many of them had scanty knowledge of English, and all were totally ignorant of every term in an artist's vocabulary. They had no finished drawings on the wall as in ordinary art schools, only an occasional suggestion on the black-board. I did not even show them the few things in my own portfolio until sometime in the last fortnight. Consequently there were no copies and no attempts at mere "*picture makings*," which is the bane of so many Drawing Classes. It was simple, honest work, and it brought its own reward there as elsewhere, when the patient workers caught glimpses of those everlasting principles which must be illustrated in every picture that is worth looking at. I think Miss Eustis will tell you, if you have not time to look at the box of drawings that was left for her inspection, that the boxes, baskets, books, chairs, lamps, vases and table, grew into better proportions as the weeks went on, until at the last there were some real creditable drawings.

The attempts at out-of door sketchings were few, and by the boys only, but they were such as to make me feel that the sketchers would learn to love it well enough to make it a life long study, as they have opportunity to take it up. Of course you are familiar with their original drawings and paintings, and see with me, that they especially need to acquire some sense of proportion. If they can be taught that, with the right use of the horizontal and vertical lines in determining surfaces in perspective, I would leave them mainly to choose their own subjects. I think it is very important that they should draw independently, and then their own individuality will come into their work and make it interesting; exceedingly so, if after gaining some skill they should visit their own homes and take with them representations of objects here and bring back pictures of Indian life there. Hampton has had a warm place in my heart for many years, but my Summer work has given me a new interest in the great Institution and I very much desire that some permanent arrangements should be made to add the study of drawing to the many advantages already afforded the students. At the Monday evening class, which was held for the benefit of those who could not go in the day, I notice that several of the colored students showed an interest and capacity for drawing which might be cultivated to advantage. One of the most prominent artists in Providence, R. I. (Mr. Bannister) is a colored man, and we know that Edmonia Lewis won a name and place for herself in Boston by her skilful modeling. However I suppose that *their* special share of the Fine Arts is more likely to come under the head of music. I trust that the next structure to be erected on the School grounds will be either a separate building for the Art-students, or an *annex* on the north side of Academic Hall, with accommodations for decorative and mechanical, as well as Fine Art work, where objects could be left where they were placed until the studies were finished, and where the seats could be moved at will. The Indian Assembly Room was much the best in the building for my class on account of the size, and the windows being high and on the left side of the seats. But it has a western exposure and with a class of 35 or 40, and stationary seats it was nearly impossible to keep all the heads and the papers out of the range of the afternoon sun. In the evening the light was very poor for drawing and in term time that room is in constant use for other purposes I was told. I am hoping that some one, who is looking for a good investment for surplus funds, will be glad to be identified with the first Art Rooms at Hampton. It was interesting to notice the particular bent of individual members of my class. Some of them, I am confident with proper training, would make good architects, and others would inevitably turn to landscapes or figure

drawing, or some decorative work. I met lately at Manchester, a gentleman from Milwaukie who had traveled through the Indian Territory and noted the marks of civilization there. You must have observed the same hopeful signs in your recent journey. Some of the most promising members of the Drawing class are from that region. Would not some knowledge of building construction and the ability to draw plans for ordinary houses be of great value to the mechanics you are educating? That is not all. Why should not these Indians learn to make designs for a variety of things. We know that the demands for originality in different directions are multiplying constantly. Why should not some of these avenues to profitable employment be open to them as well as to us, and I believe that *some* of these would work better in these lines than in more active occupations. The practice of drawing freely from natural objects is the best preparation for all such work. The Indians love color and soon learn to use it skillfully. I hope they will have the chance to do so. With best wishes that all your efforts to benefit these long neglected, or mismanaged races may be crowned with success, I am, very cordially yours,

SARAH EDEN SMITH.

Hampton's Industrial System.

The Hampton Institute, as is known to its friends, has been an industrial school from the beginning. All students are required, as a matter of training and discipline, to earn about half their board at some industry, even though they may have the means to pay the whole in cash, which is, however, rarely the case, and even though, as was sometimes the case in the early days of the school, when farming was the only industry, their labor was sometimes paid for at a loss to the school.

Within a few years, however, the generous gifts of five friends of industrial education have enabled the school not only to supply a variety of industries to the students in the regular course, but to take *a new departure*, by which its advantages are brought within reach of a class hitherto unable to comply with its easy terms of admission. Some account of the new method, which promises important results, may be of interest.

The different industries which these friends have enabled Gen. Armstrong to establish are:—

1. "The Huntington Industrial Works," comprising a large, substantial brick building of two stories, with tower, together with a complete outfit of the best machinery for various kinds of wood-working, including a saw-mill, with a capacity of three million feet per annum, a turning lathe, with planing, molding, and mortising machines, band-saws, etc., the gift of Mr. C. P. Huntington, of New York.

2. The "Stone Memorial," a brick building of three stories, with three large, well lighted and ventilated rooms on each floor, in which are located the steam printing-press and bindery, the sewing and tailoring department, knitting factory, with room for other industries for girls, when the school is supplied with the means to put them in operation. This building was given by Mrs. Valeria Stone of Boston.

3. The "Wolfe Buildings," chiefly intended for work-shops for the Indian students, but also affording employment to several colored boys, comprise one two story brick building, in which are the shoe, harness, and tin shops, now all busily employed on contracts from the government for its Indian Agencies, a one-story brick wheelwright and blacksmith shop, and a long wooden carpenter's shop. These are the gift of Miss Catharine Wolfe, of New York.

4. The "Hemenway Farm," about five miles from Hampton, containing, with an addition, purchased with the legacy of Lydia Maria Child and the gift of another Boston lady, about six hundred acres of the best land on the peninsula.

5. The "Pierce Machine Shop," another substantial two-story brick building, just completed, and awaiting its outfit, which, when fitted up, will enable the school not only to repair its own machinery, but also to do much heavy work for the neighboring towns, which now has to be sent to Norfolk. This building is the gift of Mr. Moses Pierce, of Norwich, Connecticut.

The school, with the advantages afforded by these complete establishments, is now able not only to provide ample work for the students in the regular course, but also to offer to young men and women without other means than willing hands and an earnest desire for an education an opportunity to acquire it by their own efforts, and at the same time to learn a valuable trade that will always be a means of obtaining a livelihood.

When it is considered that the schools which the Hampton graduates go out to teach are in session but from three to five months in the year, the value of this industrial training, aside from the rare opportunity it affords of earning an education, can hardly be overestimated.

The "work students," as this class of pupils are called, who work all day and attend the night class, enter into the following agreement with the school:—

The student, on his (or her) part agrees to work steadily at the industry to which he may be assigned, for the term of one year; in some more intricate branches of the trade for two years; to obey all school regulations; to leave his earnings, less what is necessary to pay his board and clothes, on deposit with the treasurer, as a fund for the ordinary school expenses when he enters the regular course. He also agrees to be punctual in his attendance on the night school, and, in case of non-fulfillment of this agreement on his part, to forfeit a certain proportion of his earnings. The school, on its part, agrees to furnish the student with regular employment at one of its industries at full rate of wages, and give him the opportunity of attending a good night school free of charge, except for books, etc., where he will be fitted, if capable, to pass the examination for one of the classes of the regular course.

The total enrollment of the Hampton School for the term of 1882-83 was 582. Of this number, 295 (including 21 Indians) were in the regular course, 89 were in the Indian classes, and the rest, 198 in number 65 of whom were girls, composed this class of "work students," working all day and attending night school. Nearly two hundred earnest young men and women, longing for an education, but hitherto unable to pay for it, are thus afforded a chance to earn it for themselves. Most of these "work students" will enter the Junior, and some of them the Middle class of the regular course next term. Their places will be supplied by new applicants for these rare opportunities, of whom there were more last year than could be received. The work students of last year, with the earnings they have saved, and what they can earn on their regular work days during term time and the three and ahalf months of vacation, will now be able to complete the full course of study, and graduate free, or nearly so, from debt, and with the proud satisfaction that they have earned their diplomas by their own hard work of hands and head.

The night school at Hampton is a separate department, having its own teachers and methods, and, though seldom seen by visitors, is one of the most important and interesting features at the Institute. Of its eight teachers for the last term, six were Hampton graduates, and two were experienced teachers from the North.

No one can visit these night classes, and look into the earnest faces of these students who, after a hard day's work in the shops or in the field, come here to spend their evenings in, what is to many of them, the still harder work of study, without a genuine admiration for their perseverance and pluck, which promises well for their future usefulness, and is full of inspiration and hope for the race.

The "Hemenway Farm," which is too far from Hampton for its work students to attend the night school there, maintains one of its own, which is taught by Mrs. Charles H. Vanison, the housekeeker, and wife of the manager of the farm, both of whom are Hampton graduates. This fine farm is admirably managed, and with its cultivated fields, neatly kept fences, roads and bridges, and its superior stock of all kinds, with its quaint, old fashioned farm-house and smooth lawn along the banks of little Back River, is full of interest to the visitor. The contrast it presents to the other farms of the peninsula is marked and suggestive.

There is no more important work in the South, or indeed anywhere, than that which transforms ignorant men and women, who otherwise would swell the numbers of "the dangerous classes," into useful, respectable, and influential members of the community in which they live. This is the work which Hampton is now doing for her work students. Such schools should be multiplied all over the South, that thousands, instead of hundreds, may enjoy their benefits.

J. F. B. M.

in Christian Register.

A Horse-back Trip through the Peninsula.

BY REV. H. B. FRISSELL.

Having gained some knowledge of the country on the other side of the York and of the James, it seemed that I ought to know some of the places nearer home, and I determined to investigate the Peninsula. So one morning I mounted my horse at an early hour, and started on my trip. I passed over the long bridge, which during the last war separated the Union from the rebel forces for some time, into the old town of Hampton, whose Indian name was Kichotan or Kecoughtan. Old Point Comfort was probably the first place that Captain Smith and his company touched after entering the Capes, and we are told that, while they were exploring with the purpose of finding a suitable place to settle, they were visited by five of the natives of Kichotan on the present site of Hampton. Bishop Meade says that it became, in 1610, one of the settlements of the colony, and was "a kind of Cape of Good Hope to the colonists who called here on their expeditions up the York, Rappahannock, Potomac, and Nansemond Rivers."

I rode out by the old church of St. John, built of brick brought from England, and used as barracks by soldiers in the three wars through which its walls have stood. Mr. McCabe, a former rector of the church, makes the following lament over the dilapidated condition of the church after one of those wars: "The owls and bats held their revels undisturbed within its once hallowed courts. The church in which our forefathers worshipped stabled the horse and stalled the ox. The very tomb of the dead, sacred in all lands, became a slaughter ground of the butcher and an arena for pugilistic contests." Passing by the graveyard where lies buried "John Neville, Vice Admiral of her Majesty's fleet in the West Indies, who died in 1667," I came out on the old Yorktown road, along which passed, on the night of the 9th of June, 1861, a regiment of Duryea's Zouaves, followed by the Third New York Volunteers, under the command of Gen. Butler, with the purpose of capturing the Confederate posts of Big and Little Bethel.

Stopping at one of the little cabins that are to be seen along the road, I accosted the middle-aged colored man that stood in the doorway, and asked him how many acres of land he owned around his little cabin. He said he owned six and rented two. Did he work for others? I asked. No, he hadn't done a stroke of work outside his own land for ten years. "How many children have you?" "Six boys." "Have they had any schooling?" "No; they don't seem to care for books no how." The probabilities are that he had given them no chance, and had kept them at work as long as he could on his place. This man is a representative of a pretty large class in this part of the country, who have enough land to help them to eke out a poor existence. They are not ambitious for more land. They sell what they can and waste it in drink, and during the winter live on almost nothing. Occasionally they will get a mess of fish, and when they come to streets they borrow of a neighbor, with the promise of repaying it with rents in the spring. For weeks they go without meat. One man told me he had only one meal a day, and that of hoe cake. Even during the harvest time one will see the men coming into the little grocery, from the fields around, to buy a penny's worth of crackers out of which to make their noon-day meal.

Of quite another class was the intelligent looking colored man with whom I held my next conversation. He had his carpenter's tools in his hands; said he had all the work he could do; had a comfortable two-story house and fifteen acres of land; his boy was in a store in Hampton, and was expecting to go to school at the Institute in the fall. He had learned his trade before the war, and was getting good wages. The next man, at whose house I stopped, was renting of the Old Dominion Land Company; found it pretty hard to get along; couldn't get hold of any land around there. He handed me a subscription paper for a new church, and said they had a minister from the north.

I passed many points of historic interest. I was told that a fork in the road was the spot where the Union soldiers from Hampton, meeting the column of our own troops coming from Newport News, mistook them for enemies, fired and killed twenty-nine men before the mistake was discovered. A little beyond, across a bridge, was Little Bethel, where the Confederates, hearing the firing, retreated up the road to Big Bethel. At the latter place now stands a peaceful-looking Baptist Church, surrounded by the mounds which tell of one of the first encounters of the war, where Major Northrop and a hundred Union soldiers fell.

I found, by inquiring, that I was not far from the house of a colored teacher, who, for many years, had done good service to his people, and had sent many pupils to Hampton—among others his own daughter. After a ride of two miles on a cross-road through the woods I came upon a well-cultivated farm and a comfortable-looking two-story house. As I rode up to the place an intelligent-looking colored man came forward to meet me. He invited me to come into the house, and showed me his library of well-thumbed books, the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress having received the most attention. He said that he had been soldier in the war, had gone down to Texas, and after they were mustered out he and a comrade had bought forty acres of land with the money they had remaining when they were paid off. They had never divided their land but worked it together. I asked him if he did not fear that they might have some trouble when they came to make a division. He said that they never had had any trouble, and he reckoned they never would. I asked him about his church and his school. He said that the old people didn't change much, never would. He spoke hopefully of the young; said they were most of them learning to read, and were improving in morals.

An hour more of riding brought me to Warwick Court House, a little hamlet surrounded with woods, having the usual row of brick buildings which we find in such places, consisting of Court House, Clerk's Office and Jail. There was no public house in the place, except as the storekeeper offered accommodations to passers-by. It is evident that the people of this part of the country have never believed in congregating together in towns and villages. We read, in the early history of Virginia, of many attempts made to bring the people together, but it never seems to have succeeded. The inhabitants of this section preferred to live apart, and Lord Culpepper's Cohabitation Act had little effect. A tract was issued at one time by the dissenting clergymen, called "A Persuasive to Towns and Cohabitation," but all efforts seem to have been of little avail. The Court Houses of Virginia are, as they always have been, merely places for the monthly gatherings of the people, where they come together to transact business and, meet one another socially. I found that the Clerk of the County Court of Warwick lived several miles out of town, and only came in on certain days in the month. On Court days these little hamlets are crowded. Horses are traded and bargains for land are made. Servants and employers ride from the plantations, where they have worked together all the year, to renew their bargains for the ensuing year, considering a contract made on the farm of little account, but when made at the Court House as binding on both parties. Here the teachers of the county come to receive their pay from the County Treasurer, and if one happens to get to the Court House on one of these days he may see most of the teachers of the county congregated there, talking over their work. Many of the country people make the Court day a time for drinking and carousing, and the saloons, which have almost no business during the rest of the month, manage to survive because of what they sell on this one day.

The storekeeper of Warwick came out to greet me as I rode up, invited me to dismount, and come into his store. When I mentioned dinner he asked me to jump over the counter of his store, which I proceeded to do, as this seemed the only public entrance into the dining-room. I was waited on there by a stately colored woman, who told me, with evident pride, that she had belonged to one of the old families of Warwick. Mine host tried to supply all my wants, and upon my asking for milk, ran out and brought some in a pail, from which he proceeded to fill my glass, spilling a quantity upon the floor, much to the disgust of the colored woman, who remarked, "I should think we ought to have some dignity." Our friend, the storekeeper, was reported to be worth $50,000. He said he had come out of the war without a cent. He didn't speak very well of the colored people of the community, but evidently made a good deal of money out of them.

After dinner I went out to see the jail, which I found in a miserable condition, and so insecure that it had been found necessary to remove its occupants to the Hampton jail.

I visited the Clerk's office, whose records extend back to 1642. Here is an extract from an old will among the records, to be found in Bishop Meade's book: "In the name of God, Amen: I, Garrett Corbett, of the County of Warwick, being now sick and weake, but of sound and perfect memory, and knowing not how soon it may be the pleasure of Almighty God to release mee out of this transitory world, do hereby make my last will and testament.

"First, and principally, I most humbly recommend my soule into the protection and conservation of my blessed and precious Redeemer, Jesus Christ, with full and whole trust in Him, by his utter death and passion to receive salvation."

I spent part of the afternoon with the former owner of most of the country about the Court House. He had sold it piece by piece until he held only about twenty acres around his house. He told me of the plantation life in this part of the country; said that they raised little but slaves and corn to feed them. He said there were few of the plantations where they got much work out of their slaves. He said the war found most of these planters running behind hand every year. He spoke much of a colored man in the place, most of whose sons and daughters had been at Hampton Institute. He was a free man before the war, and by his upright life had won the respect of all that community. "He could always borrow all the money he wanted before the war, for he was sure pay," was the testimony given as to the man's honesty. No wedding was considered complete without the presence of his wife. His children, most of them Hampton graduates, had been the colored teachers in that part of the country, and one of them was carrying on a very successful lumber trade. One of the daughters had gone north to attend one of the summer schools for the instruction of teachers.

When the extreme heat of the day had passed I mounted my horse and rode out to the farm of this colored man, of whom I had heard such great reports. The house was far back from the road, and it was about the most comfortable-looking place that I had seen during the day. The house was an old one, but very well preserved, surrounded with fine large trees. When the white-haired owner of the place found that I was from Hampton, he made me quite certain that I was welcome. My horse was stabled, and, while the wife was getting supper, he and I sat under one of the old trees and talked. He told me the story of his life, and the wonderful changes that had come over all his people thereabouts. He was a preacher, and had a church further up the country, where he went on the Sabbath, while he still carried on his farm. I have read of a minister who was accustomed to borrow a ten dollar bill of one of his parishioners of a Saturday evening, so that he might have it in his pocket when he went into the pulpit on Sunday morning. He said he could preach more boldly when he had some money with him. One trouble with the colored preachers of the South, and perhaps of some other preachers, is, that they stand in fear of their congregations. In many of these churches there are elections for minister every year, and the preacher must have walked very carefully and spoken very quietly not to have offended some member of his congregation, who is glad to make his power felt in the casting of his vote. Thus, in many cases, these preachers resemble Aaron more than Moses. They are rather led by their people than the leaders of them. They hold up the golden calf more than the ten commandments. But a preacher who owns a farm like the one on which I was looking as I sat out under the trees, is quite likely to have a mind of his own.

Before we had had a chance to finish our conversation we were summoned in to supper. As I sat down to the table, covered with a snow white cloth, and ate of the broiled chicken, the light biscuit, and delicious honey, I felt very hopeful of the future of the colored race. My host pressed me to spend the night, and, as I glanced at the comfortable-looking bed, I felt very serious doubts as to whether any such awaited me in Yorktown, but as the evening was beautiful, and there was a full moon, I concluded to press on. I will tell you at another time how I fared.

Letter from Tuskegee.

NORMAL SCHOOL, TUSKEGEE, ALA.
October 18, 1883.

EDITOR SOUTHERN WORKMAN:—

Our third session began September 1st. The attendance is larger than ever. The students represent a much larger area of the State, and are of a much better quality than at any time since the organization of the School.

BOARDING DEPARTMENT.

For the Frst time, the students now board on the School grounds. The girls are reasonably well cared for in Porter Hall; the boys are in temporary quarters. To start a Boarding Department, with almost no money, has been indeed "making bricks without straw;" and, had not some of us been at Hampton in its childhood, and experienced eating with no table-cloth, drinking corn coffee from yellow bowls, seeing wheat bread but once a week, and sleeping in tents, we doubt if our faith would have brought us through thus far. Our students are manly, and endure privations and inconveniences in a good spirit. The girls have made the sheets and the bed-ticks, and the boys some of the furniture. We hope that most of the days that "try men's souls," and women's, too, are over; yet we do have much anxiety about the boys standing the winter in their present poor quarters with the few blankets we are able to give them. However, the advantage of having the students together counteracts, in a great measure, the disadvantages under which we labor.

LABOR.

The spirit of labor is growing, and there is not a student on the place who does not work out some part of his expenses. A few work out all, and others as much as half of their expenses. The girls do the washing, ironing and mending for the boys.

CORPS OF TEACHERS.

The increased appropriation from the State has enabled us to increase our teaching force. The following compose the Faculty, and it is the most satisfactory we have had:

B. T. Washington, Principal and teacher; Hampton Institute.

Miss O. A. Davidson, Assistant Principal and teacher; Hampton Institute and Framingham.

Mr. R. S. Parrot, Music teacher; Washington High School.

M. J. Maddox, teacher; Worcester Academy.

Warren Logan, teacher; Hampton Inst.

Miss Rosa Mason, Matron and teacher; Hampton Institute.

Miss Adella Hunt, teacher of Normal Classes and Principal of Model School; Atlanta, Ga.

Miss Addie Wallace, teacher in Model School; Hampton Institute.

Mr. H. Clay Ferguson, Farm Manager; Hampton Institute.

Mrs. Fanny N. Washington, Housekeeper; Hampton Institute.

FARM.

The farm has been held back somewhat by the drouth and other causes. Now that we have been able to add a farm manager, this industry will be made still more valuable.

WIND-MILL.

Through Dr. A. G. Haygood, Gen. Agent of the "John F. Slater Fund," we have a wind-mill which will supply all the buildings with water.

PRINTING PRESS.

We are indebted to the thoughtfulness of General Marshall, and the kind interest of Miss Abby W. May of Boston, for a printing press and outfit which is now on its way. Several of the boys are anxiously awaiting its arrival in order to try their hands at printing.

BRICK-YARD.

We have burned one kiln of bricks, and another will be ready to burn next week. The students do all the work at the yard except what is done by two outside hands.

CARPENTER'S SHOP.

We need very much the necessary tools to begin a carpenter's shop. Much money is paid to outsiders for carpentering that should go to the students. Several of the students are anxious to learn the trade. Our plan is to produce on the place, as nearly as possible, everything consumed.

REPORT.

We have now in press a Report showing the receipts and disbursements of the School since its organization July 4, 1881, to September 30th. Hereafter, this Report will appear annually. By this Report it will be seen that the receipts from all sources, for the two sessions, have been $11,659.69. The greater part of this amount was given for the erection of Porter Hall which, we are glad to say to our friends, is completed without a debt.

OUR GREAT NEED.

Our great and pressing need is another large and substantial building. The quarters occupied by the boys are crowded, and the young men are so exposed to the weather that it is impossible for them to keep comfortable enough to study to advantage; besides, the students need to be taught as much as other things, habits of order, cleanliness, and neatness; and this it is hard to do the way they are now situated. The young men say that they will make the bricks, and what they want is the money with which to put the building up. The faithfulness with which they now work in the yard testifies that they will keep their promise. A building such as we need will cost $10,000. A part of this amount has been secured.

Miss Davidson is going to spend November in Boston and vicinity, soliciting donations for the building, and if our friends aid us in the future, as they have in the past, we feel sure that we shall not be long in proving that their gifts have been well bestowed.

B. T. WASHINGTON.

Outline of Method of School Discipline.

The following outline of method may assist in the practical application of the true principles of true school government. The pupil should be told what is expected of him, and, as far as posible, the reasons for requiring such actions should be given. The nature of the reasons given, and the frequency of the repetition, must depend upon the age and intelligence of the pupil. But one point in discipline should be taken up at a time, and when fair progress has been made in the first, another, and then another can be presented, until the formal side of discipline has been completed. Pupils should not only be told what is desired of them, but, after the explanation has been given, they should be allowed to exercise what appears to be their judgment, and to express their willingness to comply, by answering the questions: "How many think this would be the better way?" "How many will try to do this?" Of course, the answer is always given in favor of your request, but the child feels a personal responsibility when treated in this way. Good will and voluntary action are secured; the majority is with the teacher. Watchfulness, care, and well defined plans of action, will secure the rest. By her conduct, the teacher must show her pupils that she has an interest in their welfare; that her own personal comfort can be sacrificed for their good; that she has respect for their feelings and will avoid, so long as possible, any public expression of displeasure toward any one of them. The habit of calling out the name of a pupil whenever the infringement of a "rule" is noticed (the "checking" system) should not be practiced. The offender should be quietly notified, as he passes out at the close of the session, that you desire to see him. In extreme cases it may not be possible to delay the notice of an infringement of the rules, but in all cases the transactions between teacher and pupil, pertaining to individual conduct, should be of a private nature, and so managed as not to attract the attention of others. Quietness and kindness toward pupils should ever be the motto, yet strict obedience to necessary regulations must be enforced. A distinction must be made between strictness and severity. The latter implies unkindness, but strictness and kindness can abide together. Kindness prompts one to enforce necessary requirements, without inflicting physical pain or wounding the feelings, if possible. The disobedience of the child is not an offence against the teacher, hence punishment cannot be given in the spirit of retribution. The teacher manifests a desire and puts forth an effort, to assist those who need assistance. Under such conditions, when repeated carelessness, or willful disobedience is manifested by a pupil, and he has been quietly notified by the teacher to remain after the rest have retired from the room, the pupil is in the position necessary for the beginning of real reform; for he feels bound to, and will acknowledge the teacher's kindness, her interest in his welfare and her desire to aid him in his efforts to do well. He is easily led to a free acknowledgment of his wrong, and to a promise to *try* to do right. I have emphasized the word "try," because I know from experience that many failures have been caused by exacting a positive promise of obedience; for when the promise is broken, the self-respect is weakened. Every other method should be exhausted before resorting to any method that tends to destroy the pupil's self-respect. Success in securing from the pupil an honest recognition of wrong-doing and the promise to make an effort toward right-doing, places him upon the road that leads, if pursued, to the "attainment of perfect manhood." Freedom of action must be the leading principle in discipline, and must be secured through an interest in the school-work, a natural desire to do right, persuasion and reason. Freedom is not caprice, but a willing conformity to necessary requirements.

Authority is sometimes necessary, and must be used when occasion requires. Without authority, anarchy might prevail, and respect for others and for self would be violated. There must not be a constant parade of authority. Authority must be used only when necessary, for the end of school government should be self-government.

The teacher should not assume the position of one who must be obeyed because of his authority, but rather the position of a friend whose duty is to direct the pupil in his conduct and to aid him in his efforts. Earnestness, patience, care, and labor are required. If we ignore these, how great the offence when we consider that ours is the work of moulding the characters of beings created in the image of God!

The motives presented to pupils for their action or conduct should be such as will be of the highest value in after life. No purely selfish motive should ever be given. Whenever self-interest is involved, the interest of others should be coupled with it. Special incentives, such as the head of the class, merits, premiums, high rank, etc., may be proper within certain limits, but they are not the best and highest motives, and should be dispensed with as much as possible. With strong teachers such means are not necessary. Respect for self, and the thought of the right and the just should ever be present. The desire to please, when the teacher can gain the love and respect of the child, is a strong incentive with young children. The Golden Rule is wonderfully potent, and should ever be presented when the rights of others are involved. A child can very easily be taught the influence of discipline upon his character. Punctuality, regularity, attention, and conformity to necessary requirements, cultivate the power of the will. A pupil ten or twelve years of age cah readily see that without the power to say to himself, "I will do this, I will abstain from that," he never will accomplish anything in life. Without will power he never can be a successful man, much less a moral man. In a more advanced age, the pupil ean see that the greatest of all is mastery of self. He must conquer self, that be may be free. Though he not be able to grasp, through the intellect, the necessity of the external conditions that seem to limit his action, he ean be led to receive this on faith until the time when the mature intellect may be able to grasp the highest truth. His attention should be called to the fact he is surrounded by institutions created for the protection and welfare of the individual; that these exist from the very nature of man, and are necessary. It is his duty to obey their mandates, for these institutions—the family, society, the State, the Church—are all for his protection and welfare. Much of this he can be led to see. His passions, appetites and desires must be subdued by himself—brought into willing obedience to the principles involved in these institutions. He sees how it is in accordance with man's nature to be able to cultivate or subdue habits, tastes, and desires. When he has learned to renounce himself, he is on the road to the highest culture. The highest standard of school government is self government. Teach the pupil to control and govern himself.—SUPT. E. H. LONG, *St. Louis.*

OUTLINES OF CHEMISTRY:—

by N. B. Webster, A. M. Clark and Maynard, Publishers, New York.

This neat and attractive little book is a great soul in a small body. The essential elements of the study of chemistry, the latest results of modern research, and the experience of forty years teaching, in the methods and art of putting things, are condensed into the 144 pages between its covers. The author, Prof. N. B. Webster of Norfolk, Va. is a teacher of rare taet and power to inspire a class. The degree of information and interest he succeeded in putting into the class at Hampton Institute which had the pleasure and benefit of his instructions during last winter, was surprising, considering the smallness of the time and previous preparation. That this book is in part the embodiment of those instructions, will suggest its clearness and adaptation to elementary instruction. Its condensation demands a teacher with a familiarity with his subject and a power of enlargment and illustration. Such an one will find it highly suggestive and helpful, full of ingenious devices for object lessons, and vivid illustrations; clear in arrangement and method; all that could be wished, while it will be interesting and valuable to put into the hands of students for review and permanent use as a book of reference. While it is adopted by Clark & Maynard, the well known school book publishers, as one of their Practical Science series, it has been printed on the Hampton Normal School Press and its neatness and correctness speak for the ability of that office.

A Devoted Indian Missionary Dead.

Dr. Stephen R. Riggs, for forty-six years a devoted and successful missionary among the Sioux (Dakota,) Indians, has closed his labor and entered into his rest. He died at Beloit, Wisconsin, Aug. 24th, in the 72nd year of his age. He was an ardent friend of the Indian. His heart was set upon missionary work among them from the commencement of his education. At its close, he volunteered his services to the American Board as a missionary to the Sioux. He received his appointment, and entered upon his work about the beginning of the year 1837. When he began his work, the Sioux could scarcely be said to have a written language at all. At its close, their language was better reduced and more perfect than that of any other of the Indian tribes; and this principally through his personal labors. But the great work of Dr. Riggs, and that for which his name will be held in everlasting remembrance, is the translation of the entire Bible into the Dakota language. He had, in this work, the assistance of a fellow missionary; but the oversight and the largest portion of the labor were his own. The great object of all missionary work is the conversion and salvation of perishing souls. At the outset of his work, there was not a church nor perhaps a single convert among this benighted people. "When he laid aside his armor, he could point back to a dozen churches, with 900 Indian members as the fruit of his and a few co-laborers' work." And in the meantime, not a few, no doubt, of his converts had preceded him to the church triumphant, with whom he is now associated in the song and blessedness of heaven, and realizing the promise "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

Dr. Riggs's visit to Hampton Institute two years ago will be remembered with pleasure by teachers and students. We take this sketch of his life and death from the "Morning Star," of the Carlisle school.

has thirty-five, Hampton has eight (I hope to get twenty more) and the Agency school, when the building is completed, can accommodate fifty, I am told; which leaves about nine hundred running loose in the camps. Could any civilized community improve very rapidly with such educational facilities? Some of the civilized governments have found it desirable to make education compulsory. I don't think it would be found necessary to do so with the Indians; but it is necessary to afford school facilities or the rising generation will not be much in advance of the present.

It would be difficult for the government to be too liberal in this matter In buying land from the Indians, why not reserve certain portions for school purposes? Had the last treaty been ratified or should it be ratified by the next Congress, it will not be over a year or so before there will again be raised a cry for more Indian land and the time would not be far distant before these Indians would be driven to the Indian Territory. As long as there is an "Indian Reservation" the same cry will be heard in the land. There is a glamour thrown about Indian lands and the average frontier settler thinks that paradise is just across the border of an Indian reservation. They will pass by thousands of acres of rich land to locate just on the edge of an Indian reservation, where the land is not half so good as that they have left behind them. When the United States Government feels rich enough and large hearted enough to give the Indian a patent for his land as it does to the Swede, Scandanavian and other foreign races, there will be an end to the trouble.

If, under the impulse of an awakened conscience, the government should make said patents inalienable forever, not for a term of years, but forever, it would go far toward mitigating the injustice and inhumanity of the past and present treatment and management of the Indians. There can be no injustice when there is no law and it is inhuman to deprive the weak of privileges and advantages enjoyed by the stronger race. By a recent order from the Indian Bureau, a code of laws has been adopted and Indians appointed judges, to serve without pay. If they have not risen to a condition of advancement, when they can conceive of a code of laws for themselves, is it probable that they will be able to administer laws made for them? We claim to be enlightened; how many of our law officers work without pay? Do we seek our judges from the criminal and ignorant classes? One of the laws made by the Bureau prohibits polygamy and yet at one of the Agencies two of the Indian judges are polygamists. I have urged for years that the United States laws be extended over the Indian reservations and that regular sessions of the United States Court be held on said reservations. If the civil arm of the government is as yet too weak to control the Indians the only sensible thing to do is to turn them over to the War Department. There is a falacious idea that has been industriously spread abroad in the land that the Indians would be cruelly treated by the army. This is merely a bugbear to frighten the good people, who are dissatisfied with the present management of the Indians, from advocating any radical change in the present system.

Provision should be made for retaining in the service certain good men who are now Indian Agents and who are doing a great deal of good under great disadvantages and discouraging opposition. These worthy men are well known to the military authorities and would undoubtedly be retained in their present position, if no provision was made to the contrary in the transfer of the Indians to the War Department. No officer of the army covets the disagreeable task that would be imposed upon the army by the transfer. To properly manage the Indians requires a great amount of persevering care, firmness and patience on the part of those in charge. Requires, in short, trained and disciplined minds as well as kindly and sympathetic hearts, and these requisites combined with experience among the western Indians and an intimate knowledge of their character, customs and habits may be found among the line of officers of the army, who have served several years west of the Mississippi River. Economy and common sense and the best interests of the Indians demand that the entire management of the temporal affairs of the Indian be transfered to the War Department. At present a large part of the annual appropriation made by Congress for the support of the Indians, or as the Indians consider it, to meet payments due them for land ceded to the General Government, goes not to the Indian, but to pay the salaries of an army of office holders, which is constantly changing its personel with the change of administration or the whim of the head of the Indian Bureau. No permanent system of management is possible under the Indian Bureau as it now exists. It has been patched up from time to time, but its pattern was faulty in inception and the sooner Uncle Sam consigns it to the lumber room the better off he will be and the less trouble will he have with his swarthy children of the West.

A slight extension of the supply departments and clerical service at Army headquarters would enable the War Department to carry on the Indian business in connection with its present cares and duties and the expense would be trifling as compared with that entailed under the present hydra-headed and unwieldy management.

Punishment is swift and sure for offending Army Officers and the removal of the unfit or indolent is easily accomplished. A defaulting Indian Agent has yet to be punished, though their peculations are notorious, and an unfit Agent may remain in office for years, if supported by political influence, though the average term of an office of an Indian Agent is computed to be about a year and a half.

With the enormous pressure that is now being brought to bear to throw open this reservation, there is brought home to every friend of the Indian a realization of the fact that the Indian's tenure of land is inadequate to resist the encroachments of the mass of white settlers surging continually westward and eastward too for that matter, for the flow has already begun to spread from the peaks of the Rockies toward the great valley of the Mississippi. The Indian has hardly had time to catch his breath so rapid has been the march of development and, under the circumstances, it is a matter of surprise that he has made as much advancement in civilization as he has in many cases.

Whatever else may be decomed wise to do, sufficient land should be accorded them, under an inalienable title, in order that they may retain a foothold long enough to get rooted in civilized modes of living, and ample school and mechanical and agricultural training facilties should be freely and liberally furnished. That the Government of the United States has not long since done so is a shame. It is no palliation to argue that the Indians may not have demanded these things and therefore no blame can attach to the Government or more properly to the people of the United States for not having insisted that practical measures be adopted for the preservation and advancement of the Indian race.

Were the Indians so far advanced in civilization that they could comprehend fully enough the advantages of education and individual ownership of land to demand them for themselves and their children, they would need but little help from the Government; but it is absurd to consider the Indians proper judges; they are grown up children and the Government must stand in the place of a father and protector for them and it is in this light the Indians look upon the matter, calling their Agent "Father" and the Government "Great Father."

I am most respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
GEO. LEROY BROWN.

CROW CREEK AGENCY, D. T.,
September 15th, 1883.

EDITOR OF WORKMAN:

Left Fort Pierre, D. T., early this A. M. on the steamer Behan, and arrived at this agency at 2 P. M. The run down the river was very enjoyable—the weather cool and pleasant; no accidents, though we had an old-fashioned race with another steamboat. It was moderately exciting, and the possibility of an explosion had a tendency to keep one on the alert. The other boat left Pierre ahead of us, and remained in the lead nearly half way down to the Agency, where our boat managed to slip ahead, to the great satisfaction of our folks and the disgust of the other party. The most of the time was consumed in going round the "Big Bend," which has been computed to be a mile and a half across and forty miles around. This bend would make a magnificent pasture. One would have but a mile and a half of fence to make to secure thousands of acres. It all lies within the Crow Creek reservation, which just now is attracting the attention of the border settlers, who are piling up like a wall around the Reservation, anxious to break over the border. The Indians are located on separate claims here under certificates from the Department. All are farming and improving their claims, live in log houses, have more or less stock, and this year they will turn in a goodly quantity of wheat into the market at Chamberlain. They are terribly in earnest in their efforts to so improve their homes that the Government will not allow them to be driven off. Should full and adequate measures be taken to assist these Indians in their efforts at this juncture, a few years would be sufficient to place them on a solid footing, when they would be able to command protection by the business interests of the Territory. As soon as their production is commensurate with the production of the border settlers, it will be to the interest of the railroads and business men to see that they are protected in their rights to life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness and ownership of land. They want oxen and breaking plows, hard wheat for seed, lumber and brick for houses, and an active, energetic man as agent could push them forward wonderfully. Changing from the tipi to a log house, poorly constructed, and peculiarly attractive to vermin, the health of the Indian is very apt to be injured. Generally there is but one window, and the cooking stove stands in the centre of the only room in the house; there is no chance for ventilatinn and the *tonte ensemble* is dirty and uninviting. One cannot wonder that the Indian should prefer his tipi, with its light and neatness. It is easily moved, and the camp-fire has peculiar charms for us all. A great old-fashioned fire-place in a neatly floored and roofed tipi would charm the Indians scattered about the hearth, furnishing light, warmth, ventilation and ample facilities for the good housewife to prepare their simple food. We cannot jump at a single leap from barbarism to enlightened civilization; it is necessary to allow for the weakness of the undeveloped natures. The fondness for the dress and the dance is not confined to the Indian. We want them to throw away their gaudy colors, vari-colored blankets, paints, beads, and gaily ornamented toggery, and put on flimsy, shoddy, ill-fitting, ill-made clothing, furnished by the government, and are surprised at their reluctance. We want them to give up their gay camp life and settle down to hard work on farms, with no relaxation or amusement, and are surprised at their unwillingness. We promise them help in a thousand ways, fail to keep our promises, and are surprised that they don't feel disposed to take our good advice. We go on the principle that "anything is good enough for the Indians," and are surprised at the meagre results of agents and missionaries. Affairs are mismanaged, and policy constantly changing; there is a woful lack of system, unison, and thoroughness in all work done for the advancement of the Indians, and it is a matter of real surprise that they have made the progress they have. Able, earnest, enthusiastic men, whose hearts are in the work, are needed more than anything else, and they should be *respected* and *supported* by the government and by all good men and women. A man is elevated by the bringing out and development of his good qualities, not by constantly twitting him about his bad ones. This is true of the Indian; the sooner we civilize him, the sooner will we devote ourselves to the encouragement and development of his good qualities. Furnish the Indian with material to build comfortable, cheerful dwellings, and teach him how to properly construct them; furnish him with oxen and proper farming utensils, and teach him when and how to use them; furnish him with proper kind of wheat, and teach him how and when to sow and reap. All this has been done at, but never thoughtfully done. There are farmers and farmers. "Agency Farmers," are generally bosses of a gang of hands engaged in the necessary police of the Agency. At Cheyenne River Agency the Indian camps are scattered from forty to eighty miles from the Agency, and it is almost impossible to cross from one camp to another without returning to the Agency. The inaccessibility of the camps renders the Indians independent of the Agent's immediate supervision, and places him at the mercy of an *ill-paid* native police for information; yet the Agent must certify that his Indians have performed an amount of labor equal in value to the amount of rations issued him. Unless these Indians at Cheyenne are credited with the work of transporting their rations home, and with the labor of masticating Texas beef, it is hard to see how an agent can justify himself in making the certificate referred to above. Should a good, honest, practical farmer be employed to reside with his family at each camp, and supervise the most of the Indians about him, the Indians would have a living sample of industry and thrift in their midst, and the Agent be enabled to obtain reliable information regarding the labor and general behavior of his Indians located at camps far distant. Such farmers might be entrusted with a month's or quarter's supply of provisions, so that the Indians would not be required to spend two-thirds of their time going to and from the Agency, but would have no excuse for not plowing, planting and feaping.

Some member of the farmer's family might conduct a day school at the camp, and the discipline and attendance of pupils could be looked after by the farmer. Such a family should receive the most liberal compensation. No *cheap, flimsy, incompetent, indeclify* should be tolerated. There are good Christian families, who could be induced to take up such a work, if properly compensated and treated, and their work would be of the greatest value to the Indians and the Government. If there are no funds for such a purpose, *there ought to be.* A few practical steps taken now with the River Sioux would have great effect upon their advancement in the different modes of civilized life. Let them have good, practical farmers living in their midst, with ample facilities for breaking up land and building clean and comfortable dwellings, a first-class physician and hospital at each Agency, and well paid, honest agents, whose recommendations will be received by the Department with respect and confidence, and approved when it is possible to do so, *all well knowing* that a good, honest, practical and fit Agent on the ground is better qualified to judge of the needs and requirements of his Agency and Indians than any *one* can possibly be many hundred miles away. There are many minor circumstances attending nearly every issue at an agency, which do not appear in a written report, but which are known to the Agent, and may have great weight in effecting the merits of each case. An Agent should be trusted to drive his own team; if unfit—*discharged.* These so-called preventions of crime by red-tape rules and circulars, are absurd. They may annoy and hinder a good agent, but are no check upon a rascal.

Hampton boys all at work here and at Lower Brule. Edward Ashley returns with me to Hampton. Leave here Monday, Sept. 17th, 1883.

I am, very respectfully,
GEO. LEROY BROWN.

Died:—Aug. 27th, at his home in Abingdon, Va., of consumption, Daniel Webster Clarke, a student of Hampton, a young man of amiable and Christian character, respected and loved by his teachers and class mates.

Died:—Sept. 12th, Ephraim C. Powell, a graduate of Hampton, in the class of 1878. One of our most faithful and useful workers is thus called from his post of duty on earth, "willing to depart and be with Christ which is far better." His sorrowing wife has the deep sympathy of his Hampton friends.

Died:—Oct. 8th, at Hampton Institute, of malarial fever, from which the existing diseased condition of her lungs made it impossible for her to rally, Saluda Hughes, of Harmony, Halifax Co., Va., a member of the middle class. During her whole course at Hampton, Saluda had let her light shine, faithful in every duty, earnest and active in her Christian life. Her teachers and pastor feel that they have "lost a helper," her school mates, a bright example and beloved friend.

At Home.

Thanksgiving.

The "Good Old Times."

Thanks be to Him who built the hills;
Thanks be to Him the streams who fills;
Thanks be to Him who lights each star
That sparkles in the blue afar.

Thanks be to Him who makes the morn,
And bids it glow with beams new born;
Who draws the shadows of the night
Like curtains o'er our wearied sight.

Thanks be to Him who gives us home,
And deigns within its doors to come,
Where loving hearts and lowly be,
As in the home at Bethany.

Thanks be to Him who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God,—
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
Fountain of joy and holiness.

"When thou has thanked thy God for every blessing sent,
What time will then remain for murmurs and lament?"

"The halcyon days are in the past, and these are the days of degeneracy." The same cry was heard last year and last century. The records of many hundred years bear the same complaints, the same sorrowful discontent with the present, and the same admiration of the past. One of these complaints is that life is waning; that more children die; that a smaller proportion are permitted to enjoyed the full period of labor and usefulness and die in a good old age. All this is without foundation.

The records of the earlier ages were loosely made, and are a mixture of fact and fable, including what the writers thought, as well as what they knew to be true.

Neither the ancients, nor the people of the middle ages took account of the three great events of man—his birth, marriage and death. It is only within 400 years that in any nation, state or town, reliable records have been kept, by public authority, which could show the longevity of the people. To-day, such records are kept among all peoples with any claims to civilization.

In London, from 1604 to 1682, the births were 699,675, and the burials 964,882. In the ten years from 1851 to 1860, there were in London 863,263 births, and 610,473 deaths. In the former period, for every 100 births there were 137 burials. In the latter period, for every 100 births there were 78 burials. 200 years ago, the deaths in England were 1 in 32½ of the living; now the rate of death is 1 in 42.

In Prussia, Silesia, and other countries where such statistics have been preserved, about the same state of things has been found to exist.

In Boston from 1728 to 1752, the deaths were 1 in 21 of the living, while from 1846 to 1865, in the same city, they were 1 in 42. This is a wonderful change.

Fifty years ago, the Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia used a table in which the expectation was 28 years. The life table of the United States, calculated in 1860, made it 41 years.

CAUSES OF DEATH.

In London, from 1675 to 1757, 7 to 10 per cent. of the people died of small-pox. Mortality from this disease is now almost entirely banished. In the 10 years from 1851 to 1860, 1 per cent in England died from this cause.

Fevers were fearfully destructive. More than 15 per cent. of the deaths in London during the last quarter of the 17th century and the first half of the 18th century were from fevers, but from 1851 to 1860 only 3 per cent.

Consumption was formerly much more common than now. It formerly caused 17 per cent of the deaths, now from 10 to 12 per cent.

Some diseases formerly prevalent, traceable to the ignorance, poverty and vicious living of the people, and which were fearfully destructive, have disappeared from the earth.

During all that period of the world's history, the mortality was enormous. When the plague was absent, the "purples," small-pox, autumnal cholera or some other malady was at work. Diseases were then so prevalent and so fatal, that what would now be regarded as very unhealthy seasons, would then have been esteemed highly favorable, and received with gratitude. The seven to ten per cent. mortality was considered as the natural lot, and created no more alarm than a one-and-a-half to two-and-a-quarter per cent rate does at the present day.

They took no pains to search out the causes of these pestilences. Though there were stagnant pools about them, no underground drainage, the gutters full of all sorts of filth, decaying animal and vegetable matters choking up the way so that the water could not run off; though their houses were unswept, and their inhabitants wore their clothing unwashed, though the air within and without was reeking with pestilential exhalations—yet the people and the rulers took no note of these things. They believed the wrath of heaven or the malice of enemies was the cause. These were the special objects of their dread, which they endeavored to propitiate. They believed in contagion, and often exercised the most extreme cruelty in separating the sick from the well.

"In London, for some years previous to 1602, the average annual mortality was from five to six thousand. Then the plague appeared, and there were 42,042 deaths in a single year, of which 36,269 were from the plague. Again the mortality increased, and 54,265 died in the year 1625, 35,417 from the plague. Again, forty years later, in 1665, the epidemic appeared, and carried the mortality up to 97,306, of which 68,596 were from this single cause."

This wretched, horrible story makes one seriously question whether the people of those times were mad beasts or human beings. Instead of the old times being the "good old times," there have never been any times as good as these." The world has never been in as good condition as it is to-day. There are ignorance and vice enough in the world now, but there was ten times as much in former years. Those who talk of the good old times, know nothing of the story of the past.

The earth itself has become more favorable to human existence. Wet lands have been drained, swamps have given place to dry and arable fields. European sanitary reports contain abundant proofs of the evil influence of marshy and wet grounds, and of the beneficent effects of drainage.

The mechanical inventions, whose name is legion, have relieved the overburdened toilers.

The steam-engine, man's powerful, tireless and versatile co-operator, has released him from a thousand exhausting labors. Probably no invention in the history of the world has done so much to lift the poor toiler out of his killing slavery.

DWELLINGS.

The English man lived in holes and caverns of the earth, or built huts of sticks and brush; next he built himself a cabin of stone or brick, mud or clay; next, what we call houses, and the houses were successively improved and made comfortable and healthful from age to age.

Erasmus, the learned scholar and writer, says of England at the beginning of the 16th century, "The floors of the houses are generally made of nothing but loam, and are strewed with rushes, which, being constantly put on fresh, without the removal of the old, in some cases for 20 years, are full of fish bones, broken victuals and other filth, impregnated with the excretions of dogs, children, men, etc."

FOOD.

Foods are much improved. More and better agriculture has increased the quantity and variety of our grains and vegetables. Better provision for feeding cattle in winter has increased the amount of fresh animal food throughout the year.

Potatoes were unknown before 1600. For many years after their introduction into Europe, they were luxuries eaten only by the rich. In 1633, the law made the price of potatoes fifty cents a pound.

Thirty years later, Muffet wrote: "Potato-roots are getting to be quite common. Even a farmer sometimes buys them to please his wife."

A substantial diet was the exclusive privilege of the higher classes. A maid of honor might have roast-beef. A ploughman worked on the strength of water-gruel. For 300 years, laboring people have gradually added barley to their oats, then rye, then wheat. Improving their nutriment has improved their capacity for labor, and their longevity.

Animal food has improved more than vegetable; cattle and sheep have increased in size. Whereas a beef carcass weighed 307 pounds, it now weighs 550. Calves weighed 50 pounds, now 105. Sheep weighed 28 pounds, now over 50. The weights given as those of the present time are less than the fact.

Fruits have multiplied and improved. We have hundreds of varieties of luscious apples; where they had the hard, small, sour crab. Plums, peaches, pears and berries have all been multiplied and improved.

WAGES.

Wages are larger, money buys better food, shelter and clothing. A good mechanic earns a bushel of wheat in half a day. Two hundred and seventy years ago, it would have taken him nine days. Two hundred years ago, weavers and dyers earned 17 cents a day, and paid 62 cents for the cheapest shirt.

Two hundred and fifty years ago, a good mechanic's wages for one day, would buy two pounds and a half of wheat, or two dozen eggs. He could earn a pound of potatoes in three days, a turkey in three or four days, a hen in less than a day and a half, and by working six days and a half, he could earn coarse linen enough for a shirt. He is five to twenty times better off to-day.

EDUCATION

Intelligence is among the most effective means of sustaining human life.

In six counties of England and Wales, during 17 years, 63 per cent of the mothers could not write their own names. Nearly 19 per cent of their children died before they were a year old. A comparison was made with 15 other similarly situated counties, where two thirds of the mothers could write. As often as 100 infants died in the more intelligent counties, 134 died in the uneducated districts. There was no appreciable difference in the situation of the districts, except the difference in education. Inability to write one's name, indicates more than ignorance of chirography, a lack of general knowledge, a lack of discipline. It represents a less, and more uncertain supply of the means of living, and in the management of family and children, a more frequent failure to meet the necessities of the weakest period of human life.

A recent comparison between different countries of Ireland showed 30 per cent. more infant mortality where two thirds of the mothers could not write, than where two thirds of the mothers could read the newspapers and write their names.

In cities and country districts at the present day, the classes whose poor, insufficient and pestilential living resembles that of the middle ages, suffer as their ancestors did; they have many consumption, dysentery and fever, and they drag their slender lives to early graves.

The field of vitality is yet only partly cultivated. Present and coming generations will progress in practical methods, and each will have a larger, richer, longer life.—*Dio Lewis's Monthly.*

Agriculture

The Palmetto Rat Trap.

Dr. J. Wm. Folk, of Jalapa, S. C., reports to the South Carolina Agricultural Department a new device for catching rats, of which mischievous pests he writes: "They are more numerous than ever and inhabit almost every barnyard in our country, and their destruction to grain is no little item, and how to exterminate them has puzzled many, while the various traps, poisons and cats have all been tried in vain. I will tell your many readers the best and most harmless plan I have ever used, as well as others near me, with wonderful success, viz:

Take a barrel that will hold water; cut a notch on edge of barrel on opposite sides after one head is taken out; then take a strip to reach across the barrel to fit in notches; make round each end so it will turn easily; then take a second piece to go across the barrel flat; allow one end to rest on the edge of the barrel and cut the other end two inches from edge of barrel; tack in middle of the first strip, bait by tacking a meat skin on this short end; fill barrel with water, and often one-half bushel rats can be caught in a single night."

"This," writes, Dr. Polk, "is a self setting trap, and the best, I believe in the world." Any intelligent reader of THE CULTIVATOR ought to be able to make, or plan for some one else to do the work, a trap of this kind to put in corn-house, cellar or other places infested by rats.—*The Southern Cultivator.*

Chicken Cholera Cure.

We promised a friend, says the Coweta (Ga.) *Advertiser*, to publish a good receipt for chicken cholera in our last number, but it has been misplaced. We present this week the following which the agricultural editor knows personally was tried with great success. It may fail when given to chickens who are far gone with the disease: First, separate the chickens who have shown no signs of the disease from the others, and as a preventive, mix three or four teaspoonfuls of moderately strong alum water with their feed, say with meal, and feed them with this once a day when the disease is prevailing. We know of nothing better than this to prevent the attack. Never let them have access to slops, swill tubs, or any kind of sour food; and let them have with their food small quantities of fresh meat, or worms such as are used for bait; all their other food should be dry. This will save the well ones, or rather prevent their being attacked by the disease. Their water should be fresh and pure. The above is a preventive.

To those already sick and droopy, give two or three teaspoonfuls of strong alum water for at least two or three days in succession, and mix some of the alum water with their food, feeding it to them twice a day. As soon as any chicken seems to be evidently past cure, put it out of the way. After three day's use of the alum water and food, give it once a week until all danger is passed.

The following is another remedy: Mix two eggs, and a tablespoonful of finely pulverized alum with enough flour to make a thin paste and force the chicken, duck or turkey to swallow a portion of the mixture. This is quite a certain remedy if used in time. We know of nothing better than the above for chicken cholera.—*The Southern Cultivator.*

Health and Humanity.

Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals.

By George T. Angell, Esq., President Massachusetts Society Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. These leaflets can be obtained from the Society, 19 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., in any quantity, at two cents per copy.

NINTH LESSON.

For, lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold:
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund Hamilton Sears.

THE SHEEP. THE PIG, THE TOAD.

[To be read to pupils by Primary Teachers.]

For our warm woollen clothing, our blankets, and shawls, and stockings, and mittens, and carpets, and everything that is made of wool, we are indebted to those kind and harmless creatures, sheep and lambs.

The lamb has been for ages the type of innocence. In Eastern countries sheep are most kindly cared for, and tenderly treated. The Eastern shepherd does not drive his sheep, but leads them, carrying the feeblest lamb in his arms. When the Psalmist would speak of God's kindness, he says: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside still waters."

In Europe and America I fear they are not treated so kindly. Some men are so wicked that in winter and cold weather they cut off the warm fleeces from these poor creatures and then send them to the markets, where they sometimes shiver and freeze, several days before they are killed. And in some of our slaughter-houses some men are so cruel that they kill them in the presence of each other, and not separately as they should be killed.

Pigs are generally considered, and found to, be very dirty, but that is the fault of their keepers, not of the pigs. They would be very glad to get clean straw, clean water, clean food, and a clean sty, and then they would be cleaner than some children. Nothing pleases them better than to be kindly treated.

Pigs are very intelligent. Some of them have been taught many cunning tricks, such as to pick out the letters of the alphabet, and make a word out of them.

Some years ago, I was walking near North Conway, New Hampshire, one day, when a large dog came from a house and followed me. A little farther on another dog came from another house, and followed me, and when, a few minutes later, I looked behind, I found a large pig following me. I walked a considerable distance, and they all followed. Then I went back to the house the last dog came from and asked how this happened. The man told me that his dog was the friend of the first dog that followed me, and his pig and dog were such friends that it was almost impossible to keep them apart. Wherever the dog went the pig would follow.

I read, some time ago, a very funny story about a dog and pig kept on board a ship. They were good friends, but liked to play tricks on one another. The dog had a nice kennel which the pig would try to get into in stormy weather, but as it was only large enough for one, when the pig got in first, the dog had to stay out. One day it began storming and the pig went to the kennel, but found the dog already there. Piggie thought a little, and then went to the dish out of which both were fed, and began to make a noise with his mouth as though he was eating. The dog pricked up his ears, came out of the kennel and ran for the dish, when piggie ran for the kennel, and got snugly fixed there before the dog had found out the trick.

It is a great pity that men treat these creatures so cruelly in sending them on railroad cars thousands of miles without food or water, so that many thousands of them die on the way. And it is a great pity that many of them are killed in a most cruel manner. When I was in the great slaughter-house of Paris, France, I found that pigs and hogs were always stunned by a single blow on the head with a long-handled, round wooden mallet, before they were killed, and so they died, without knowing that they were to be killed and without suffering.

And now I have a few words to say about that very useful and good creature, though not very handsome, the TOAD.

All children should know that toads are not only entirely harmless, but are among our best friends. They live on, and destroy thousand of ants, spiders, and the many bugs that injure our gardens. In France they are considered so valuable in gardens that they are sold at from fifteen to seventeen dollars a hundred, or fifteen to twenty-five cents a piece.

The great Duke of Wellington, many years ago, found a little boy crying because he had to go away from home to school in another

town, and there would be no one to feed the toad which he was in the habit of feeding every morning, and the noble-hearted Duke, sympathizing with his young friend, promised that he would see that the toad was fed every morning. This he did, and letter after letter came to this little boy from Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, telling him that the toad was alive and well.

SOME QUESTIONS.

[Others to be added by teachers.]

For what articles are we indebted to sheep and lambs?
What has the lamb been for ages?
What is said about the Eastern shepherd?
What does the Psalmist say?
How are they sometimes treated in winter?
How are they cruelly treated in slaughter-houses?
What is said about pigs being clean?
What about their intelligence?
What can you tell about the pig near North Conway?
What about the pig on the ship?
How are they cruelly treated on railroads?
How are they killed in Paris?
What is said about toads and their value in France?
What can you tell about the Duke of Wellington's care for a toad?

Southern Workman.

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A SLOOP REGATTA. [From Harper's Weekly.

The Present Crisis.

When a deed is done for freedom, through the broad
earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east
to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul
within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full blossomed on the thorny stem
of Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace, shoots the
instantaneous throe,
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems
to and fro;
At the birth of each new Era, with a recoiling start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute
lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps be-
neath the Future's heart.

So the evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror and a
[illegible]
U[illegible]ntinent to continent, the sense of coming ill,
[illegible]ave where'er he cowers, feels his sympa-
[illegible] with God
[illegible] tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be drunk up
[illegible] the sod,
[illegible]n corpse crawls round unburied, delving in the
nobler clod.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears
along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of
right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's
vast frame,
Through its ocean sundered fibres feels the gush of
joy or shame;—
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal
claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to
decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or
evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each
the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep up-
on the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness
and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou
shalt stand,
Ere the doom from its wore sandals, shakes the dust
against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone
is strong,
And albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her
throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from
all wrong.

Backward look across the ages and the beacon mo-
uments see,
That like peaks of some sunk continent, just through
Oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding
cry
Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose
feet earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment
hath passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but
record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems
and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the
throne;—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the
dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above
his own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what
is great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm
of fate;
But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave
within—
"They enslave their children's children who make
compromise with sin."

Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellest of the giant
brood,
Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who have
drenched the earth with blood,
Famished in his self made desert, blinded by our
purer day,
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his miserable prey:
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our helpless
children play?

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her
wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis pros-
perous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward-
stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had
denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—They were souls
that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contume-
lious stone,
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden
beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith
divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's
supreme design.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet
track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that
turns not back,
And these mounts of anguish number how each gene-
ration learned
One new word of that grand Credo which in prophet
hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face
to heaven upturned.

For Humanity sweeps onward: where to-day the
martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas, with the silver in his
hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling
fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe
return,
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden
urn.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves,
Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light
a crime;
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by
men behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make
Plymouth Rock sublime?

They were men of present valor, stalwart old icono-
clasts,
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the
Past's;
But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that
hath made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender
spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove
them across the sea.

They have rights who dare maintain them; we are
traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit altar
fires;
Shall we make their creed our jailer; shall we in our
haste to-day,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral
lamps away
To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets of
to-day?

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient
good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep
abreast of truth;
Lo! before us gleam her camp fires! we ourselves must
pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the
desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-
rusted key

James Russell Lowell.

Letter from Lynchburg.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

Lynchburg, Oct. 30th, 1883.

The thermometer standing at 80, and gathering a basket of ripe tomatoes from the garden, are a pleasant leave-taking from the warm weather. In the afternoon, a thunder storm with heavy rain cooled the air deliciously. The forests are gorgeous now in coloring and in sheltered spots, dahlias, chrysanthemums and other autumn flowers are radiant with departing glory. As yet we have had no frost and the winter clothing that generally seems suitable at this season is insupportable now.

Last week beheld Lynchburg absorbed in the Agricultural Fair which was unusually successful. The first day was somewhat cloudy, but those which followed were warm and pleasant, and crowds of white and colored people were on the grounds all day.

The fruit and flower department was in charge of Mr. Samuel Patterson, a native of Maine, who came to Virginia in search of health and a mild climate thirty years ago and, having found both, has proved his gratitued to the land of his adoption by doing much to promote fruit culture within her borders.

Sam Purdy and Dan Sparling the famous race horses given to Capt. Daingerfield of Rockingham County by Jas. R. Keene of New York to improve the stock of Virginia, were at the Fair, and attracted much attention.

Judge Fullerton of New York, recently employed as associate counsel to defend the man who killed Carey, the Phoenix Park assassin, made the opening address, which was greatly admired.

There were premiums for everything, from fat cattle to fine fancy work. Among others premiums for races run by white and colored boys.

The "Burlesque Oriole" under charge of "Lord Ragamuffin" afforded great entertainment, one of its best features, being a wagon load of Ethiopian performers, arrayed in gaily striped calicoes, strumming guitars and singing in the most lackadaisical style in comic imitation of the Lynchburg Mozart association, a musical society composed of the *elite* of the town.

Many of the papers for the last few days have contained articles on the recent decision by the Supreme Court which pronounces the Civil Rights bill unconstitutional. If this decision had come ten years ago, it might seriously have retarded the progress of the colored people, but the past ten years have seen such a wonderful advance among them in education, in property and in the estimation of their fellow citizens, that it is not likely to do them any harm.

As "unsettled questions have no pity for the repose of nations," it seems more than probable that this decision will be the basis of a new agitation of the so called "Negro question" and being made an issue between politicians will result in securing for the colored people every privilege enjoyed by their white compatriots under the law.

Southern people are curiously inconsistent in regard to the color prejudice, which is the best hope for its final abolition. For instance, about a year ago, Hon. John M. Langston, the accomplished U. S. Minister to Hayti, went through Virginia, making admirable speeches in the interest of the Liberal party. Mr. Langston made no point of being admitted to hotels, and when in Lynchburg was lodged at a neat little cottage where a worthy colored widow entertains colored travelers. I called twice to see Mr. Langston and could but be impressed with the absurdity of one of our Ambassadors to a foreign government, an elegant man every way, accustomed to the society of such men as Sumner and Lincoln, being unable to obtain admittance to a Virginia hotel.

On the other hand, when Fred. Douglas was invited some years ago to Staunton by the white citizens to speak AGAINST the Negro Exodus from the South, he was entertained at the best hotel in the town, all the prominent people called on him, and the leading gentlemen of the place, "delighted to honor him."

A letter just received from my sister in Harrisonburg mentions that Mrs. Evaline (Jones) Brown, lately of Dayton, Ohio, but some years ago assistant in the Industrial department at Hampton, known to a large family of Virginians as "Mammy" has recently returned to the valley. Mrs. Brown says the West is attracting many colored people from the South, and it may have advantages for the young but it is different from what the older people have been accustomed to, and for herself she prefers old Virginia and is coming back to end her days among the friends of her youth. The Hampton teachers and students of his class will be sorry to hear that Mr. Brown's son, Addison Jones, a most amiable and promising young man is in delicate health.

My sister adds—"One day last week, our intelligent governess, whose broad, liberal, mind realizes that much education is gathered outside of books, took the children over to the new public school-house recently built for the colored people by the town, independently of the school fund, to hear some of the recitations. There are a hundred and forty pupils, and Lucy Simmons, a Hampton graduate and highly respected teacher is the principal of the school. She has two assistants, one of them, Miss Brag, was partially educated in New Jersey and then went for two years to Mr. Giles Cook's school in Petersburg.

Our children were much impressed with the exercises they witnessed in reading, arithmetic, history, etc., of the pupils from eight to sixteen years old, many of whose parents were probably unable to read and write.

Miss Brag says many of her pupils are very bright, but are not as well mannered as she would like to have them. She says very truly that improvement in manners and morals ought to begin in their homes, and there it is often hardest to find it."

With best wishes for "Hampton and its workers."

I remain very truly yours,

ORRA LANGHORNE.

A Sloop Regatta.

We give on our front page a spirited drawing of a sloop race. Few of our readers are aware of the amount of skill and judgment required to manage one of these tiny crafts even in ordinary sailing trim: but when with their immense spread of racing canvas and nimble crew they cross the line for a race, they seem almost like animate beings striving for supremacy, so quick are they in their manœuvres.

At their annual regattas these contests are keenest. The crews, varying from eight to fourteen in number, are composed of the most athletic and skillful watermen and harbor pilots, who enter into these contests with the keenest ardor. Each is experienced in scores of races, and fully able, if need be, to command a boat, but the helmsman is usually some keen eyed, clear headed veteran, conversant with the tides, channel, and dodges known to the profession, and his word during the race is law

Forty or fifty bags of sand, weighing fifty pounds each, are used as ballast, and piled on the windward side of the deck, the crew, excepting the two helmsmen and jib-tender, sitting on them to add to the weight, and sometimes even hanging partly over the boat's side when hard pressed. The boat's hull when sailing thus appears like a saucer tipped up on one edge. While tacking, the crew transfer themselves and bags to the opposite side with marvellous celerity.

Driven at such speed, the boats are often forced bodily through the turbulent billows, the boat filled with water, and crew half drowned; but holding on with cat-like tenacity, they bale out, and resume the fight most defiantly. Under such hard driving, the seams of the hull open, the rigging strains, and after a hot race extensive repairs are required. At the finish the racing sails are removed, until required in another contest. When too hard pressed, sand bags are thrown overboard to lighten ship, and tradition has it that some of the more reckless of the crews have jumped overboard and swam ashore for a like purpose.

A regatta of these is always a pretty sight, and when a fleet of them dash by, accompanied by a huge excursion steamer, they remind one very much of a flock of chicks out for an airing attended by the staid motherly hen.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Correspondence.

Crow Creek Agency, August 31st, 1883.

EDITOR OF WORKMAN:—

I arrived here last evening and thanks to the kind hospitality of Major Gasmann and his good wife, I feel happy and refreshed, ready for another day's ride over the prairie. Yesterday at Lower Brule Agency I met a goodly number of Episcopal ministers and Indian catechists, who are gathered at that point for the annual convocation. I regret that I can not stay over with them. These annual meetings must be very interesting and helpful. All whom I have had the pleasure of talking with spoke hopefully of their work and appeared specially pleased with the recent visit of Senator Dawes' Committee at their several Agencies. "Now" say the Indians, "We have men in the great Council at Washington, who have seen us and know our wants." This visit will be long remembered by them with special pleasure. They are full of it now and don't want to talk about any thing else. So far as I can learn the Indians talked freely and sensibly with the Committee and every facility was given the Senators to form a clear and comprehensive judgment as to the present condition of the Indians and the most practicable methods of advancing them in civilized ways. Riding over the Lower Brule reservation yesterday I was greatly pleased to note the marked progress they were making in agriculture. Log-houses and fields of corn and oats were scattered along at intervals all the way up to Fort Hall, where two companies of the 25th Infantry are stationed. My Indian driver remarked as we drove by the Post garden, "Black Soldiers very good farmers," and from the results of this year's work he had good grounds for making such a statement. Everything in the line of what they call "truck" at Hampton, was growing in the garden luxuriantly. The fact is the soil is very rich and productive and only needs cultivation and rain to insure very large crops of all roots and cereals. The two colored soldiers, who rowed me over the "great Muddy," said that they liked the country very well in the Summer, but found the Winters altogether too cold for comfort. Few re-enlist here; they prefer service in Texas and New Mexico. Many of them, they tell me, save up from five to eight hundred dollars during their term of enlistment and then buy land in Kansas and other southwestern states. They look well and their officers speak well of them as dutiful and useful soldiers.

I found all but two of the Hampton boys usefully employed. One of the idle ones was sick and unable to do anything and the other had given up the place given him at the Agency, on the plea that the wages are not sufficient. I am sorry to say that I am convinced that he was not justified in his action. All the Hampton boys worked faithfully with the Rev. Mr. Walker this summer, putting up an addition to his church, a very neat and pretty little edifice, standing in the midst of Mr. Walker's fields, which are very well cultivated, he, himself, doing the work, thus teaching the race by deed as well as word. Mr. Walker is a full blood Indian, a thorough practical man and an honor to his people. I had the honor of taking tea at his house, a comfortable frame building, nicely furnished and nicely kept by his worthy helpmate; everything evidenced the presence and work of a Christian man and woman. Mr. and Mrs. Walker are yet young and I trust that they may be blessed with many years of usefulness. I met James Good-Road at Brule; he is very much improved in health, was working in the Agency school house and said he was very anxious to return to Hampton, but as every thing encourages the hope that the Brule school will be a success this year, I was constrained to advise him to wait until next year, that his renewed health might be thoroughly tested. Frank Yellow Bird is married and he and his wife are engaged as assistants in the Agency boarding school; both are highly spoken of. Zedo Rencontre is also married and has taken up a farm and is doing well. Edward Ashley and Frank Pamani are both employed by the Agent, who speaks favorably of their work. Edward talks of returning to Hampton, but the Major is loth to spare him from the school, where he has proved to be a valuable assistant. The Indians are threshing their wheat, of which they have raised several thousand bushels this year. They glean their fields, as folks of old, and it is a very interesting sight to see them moving over the fields picking or raking up the scattered ears. They are beginning to understand the value of farm produce in a market, for it is brought near to them and if their present worthy Agent can be retained and supported in his good work among them, they will in a few years produce more than they consume, but it requires an enormous outlay of patience and practical work on the part of Agent and employes to bring about such a result. These people should be of the *best material, pure, earnest* and *efficient*. It is a grand mistake to suppose that anything is good enough for the Indians. But I must close and get into the wagon which is waiting. Will try to find time to write to you from Cheyenne Agency.

With best wishes, I remain your obedient servant,

GEO. LE ROY BROWN, U. S. A

SOUTHERN WORKMAN,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

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THE recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, that certain laws passed by Congress for the enforcement of the "XIV Amendment," are unconstitutional and void, is attracting much attention among colored people, and has given rise to much excited feeling. These laws were intended to protect the colored man in his political and social rights, and the opinion of the Supreme Court that they are unconstitutional, leaves the inference that the colored men are now without protection. Such an inference is not correct. Very few colored men have read, or seem really to understand the decision of the Court. Indeed very few white men understand it. The consequence is that there is a great deal of foolish talk on the subject, and knowledge is very much darkened. It would be safe for every colored man to believe little of what he hears on the subject. The difficulty is that the Supreme Court has been dealing with a matter which is intricate, and which few people have ever taken the trouble to study. Few lawyers really understood it, and it can hardly be expected that "common people" should have any correct notions about it. It is difficult to make the matter so simple that it can be understood. We will make however some attempt to put it before our readers in such a way that they may get a general idea of what the Court has decided.

The "XIV Amendment," of the Constitution says, that "no State shall make or enforce any law, which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any State deprive any person within its jurisdiction of the equal protection of the laws," and it also said that Congress could pass laws which would make this Amendment effectual. Congress then passed laws which among other things, declared that "if any persons shall injure, threaten, intimidate or oppose any citizen in the enjoyment of any right secured to him by the Constitution, they shall be punished." Now the Supreme Court sees that Congress had no right to pass these laws. It does not say that the colored men shall not be protected, but it says that Congress has not gone to work in the right way to enforce the Constitutional Amendments. It says that that the Constitutional Amendment forbids any State to pass laws which abridge the rights of white or colored men. So long as a State passes no laws which abridge these rights, the Constitution is not violated, but the moment it does pass any such laws, Congress has the right to provide a way by which they can be declared void. To illustrate, there is a provision of the Constitution that no State shall pass any law impairing the obligations of contracts, and Congress is authorized to pass laws for the enforcement of this provision. So Congress passed a law that if any State passed a law of this kind, which impaired contracts, the Supreme Court of the United States should have the right to make the parties come before it, and submit the law to it, and then it could declare the State law void, if it thought it was void. Now in the matter of protecting the colored men, the Supreme Court says that Congress did what it had no power to do. It says that the Constitutional Amendment forbids any discrimination against colored men, by any State law, and that Congress had the right to provide a way by which any objectionable laws can be declared void. But it says that Congress went farther than this, that it declared that any person who interfered or oppressed any citizen should be punished, and, in passing such a law it went beyond its powers. Under the Federal Constitution, Congress has only limited power, and if it goes beyond the powers granted to it, it falls into error at once. The regulation of the conduct of a citizen is in the hands of the State government, and Congress cannot interfere, excepting in a certain way. The colored men may say "the State does not protect me, and I am oppressed in various ways." This may be true. The whites are in the same fix. A man's house is robbed and the State authorities do not catch the thief. A citizen is knocked down by a drunken man, and the magistrate lets the culprit off with a small fine. A man is slandered and a jury does not punish the slanderer. All citizens, white or black, meet with troubles of this kind. But the Federal government cannot help either white or black men. Take the case of a colored man who attempts to ride in a railway car with white people, and the conductor puts him off the train. He sues the railroad for damages and the jury refuses to give him any damages. Now the Federal government cannot reach a case of that kind. If, however, a State then passes a law that "no Negro should ride in the cars with white people, and that the conductor has the right to put such persons off the train," that law would be unconstitutional. Further than this, Congress cannot go, because, as we have said, its powers are limited. It is the business of the Court to interpret laws, not to make them. If the laws do not protect persons or property, it is not the fault of the Court, but of the Legislature. The colored man in Georgia may say, "I am not protected by State laws." If such is the case, it is his great misfortune. But Congress cannot compel a State to pass laws. The most that it can do is to prevent States from passing laws which are not in accordance with the constitution; as we have said, the colored men are not alone in their troubles. In many States, the laws on various subjects are very defective, and the whites suffer from it. A man can desert his wife and family in North Carolina and go to Colorado, where he can get a divorce, and marry again, leaving his wife and children in poverty, yet they have no remedy for such an infamous outrage The Constitution of the United States does not protect them. Indeed it protects the wicked husband. For it says, that if the State of Colorado gives him a divorce he may go back to North Carolina. and live there, and that the State of North Carolina must "respect" what the State of Colorado does. The colored people are apt to think that they alone are left unprotected in the States. They are not alone. It was a great step in advance when the XIV Amendment was made. However strongly the people of the Southern States might feel against the Negro, they were forbidden to pass any laws which discriminated against him, and it is believed, that as a rule they have not violated the Constitution. The colored man must not expect too much. He has obtained great privileges. He has the suffrage, which is an enormous protecting power. So long as he has that, he will not be oppressed very badly. The whites will always want his vote, and will take care that he can vote.

The decision of the Supreme Court is not that the Negro is left unprotected, but that Congress had no right to pass a law allowing either white or black men to go into the Federal Courts and prosecute those who oppress them. The question is one which concerns the relation of States and the Federal Government, and as we have said, it is not easy to understand just what these relations are, because they involve a subject which few people study; but one thing is certain, the legislation of the Southern States, during the last few years, fully protects the social and property rights of the Negro. As much cannot be said regarding the protection of political rights, but if the Negro will contrast his condition to-day with his condition thirty years ago, he will find cause for great thankfulness.

W. N. A.

Editorial Correspondence.

CHEVENNE AND ARAPAHOE AGENCY,
DARLINGTON, INDIAN TERRITORY.
Sept. 24th 1883.

There are curiously contrasting phases of Indian life in this Territory; that of the so-called civilized tribes, and that of the wild tribes. The wild tribes have the western portion of the Territory, occupying, generally, grazing lands, while the "nations" are mainly on fine. arable lands with, however, abundant pastures. The arid belt of the far West, running north and south, cuts this country about in halves, river bottoms being, of course, everywhere more or less good for farming. There is no irrigation.

I drove from Caddo, a town of the Choctaw Nation, fifty miles within the well-watered region, northwesterly two hundred miles through part of the Choctaw and all of the Chickasaw Nations, and traversing the Kiowa, Comanche and Wichita reservations, to this place of great pastures but little farming capacity. It should be a land flowing with milk and honey, for there are countless cows and bees; but milk and honey are scarce; even beef is hardly to be had, and is so high in price that, even at the ranches, they have taken to "hog meat;" but they say the "beef boom" has broken.

My eyes have never rested on a lovelier land than I have seen during this journey, especially the first half of it. The pastures are exceptionally rich and green from the abundance of rain. It is impossible to describe the superb country that spread out before us, as we would come to the edge of a prairie plateau, gently descending to lower levels of unending grass that waved like grain in the wind; masses of forests in the distance; valleys intersecting the plain, were fringed with trees. A glorious land after the deserts of New-Mexico and Arizona! What more could a people ask than resources like these for crops and cattle raising, to say nothing of abundant coal and other minerals, and an excellent climate. These Indians and Negroes (in proportion of 60,000 to 20,000) are favored people; there is nothing but their own idleness to keep them from high prosperity. Their opportunities seem to have enervated them; white men are reaping much of the profits. Marrying Indian women makes them legally Indians, except with the Creeks, and gives them unlimited rights of occupying land for grazing or farming. Of four white brothers one may be thus "galvanized," as is the local expression, and the four have their entire herds pastured for nothing. Or, by false transfers, regularly registered, the great flocks of cattle are made to appear the property of any man with "rights," who gets a small annual allowance per head, and lives without labor. Should he prove treacherous, as he may, for the stock is legally his in spite of private memoranda, there is a personal difficulty. Both whites and Indians share in this fraud. Many live in this way, but good men are not in it and society is rather "Mexican." The real owners make the money. Although it is made, in certain tribes illegal to employ white men as herders, in order to keep them out and give Indians a chance for work, many are employed nevertheless.

Thus by marriage, which is sometimes a cruel fate for the squaw of the heartless husband—if she dies his rights are safe;—by a system of annual renting of farm lands, each outsider paying $5.00 a year or more for a permit, (the prohibition of long leases being of little practical effect,) and by illegal measures, the white man has already a tremendous hold on the resources of these nations. Besides about 12,000 whites, chiefly in the employ of Indians, there are not far from 10,000 "intruders" who have no right whatever to be there.

Such is the state of things, especially in the Chickasaw nation, through which I drove for a whole day, after visiting its capital, Tishomingo, and seeing its principal men. "What shall we do to be saved from white men" is their cry—and from ourselves, they might well add. Their Texas frontier is cloudy and threatening.

The well watered region shades off gradually into the arid land. Paul's valley and the Kickapoo flats are a fine farming country; the former is unsurpassed, I saw great fields of splendid crops and every sign of thrift and plenty, but while the land was the land of the Indians, the crops were the work of white men. Nearly every Indian family has a small garden or corn patch for home use, but as a people they do next to nothing in the way of regular labor, or of raising produce for the market, but live on the rent of which white men pay, and on the easily raised stock.

Wichita is the headquarters of Col. Hunt U. S. Indian agent for the Kiowas, Comanches and Wichitas, wild tribes, occupying with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, the western portion of Indian Territory. I reached it after a stage drive through a fine grazing country, dotted, as the entire route from Caddo has been, with herds of excellent looking cattle. The quality of stock in this section surprised me. All was most pleasing to the eyes, but I am told that the drought of three years ago made these delightful pastures look like a desert. This Indian Territory stands out in relief, a green spot against a background of over stocked ranges in Texas, on its south and west. More and more pasture is needed and sought for eagerly by cattle-men whose droves constantly trespass on its boundaries, following the Indian police or the military over them again, as soon as ever they turn their backs. Valuable Indian pastures are like valuable Indian land; the use of them by Indians will be respected by the whites the same as would be their use by anybody, but when they are unused or little used, white men will crowd in. A vital fact out here is that *the land will be used;* whether the great grass resources of the wild tribes, or the vast Cherokee belt of six million acres. The latter and three million acres of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation have been recently leased to cattle men. For all that, there are probably no more cattle on them now than there were before the lease. Now Indians get pay for the consumption of the grass besides getting all the improvements at the expiration of the lease.

Col. Hunt is in charge of three thousand Kiowa and Comanche Indians whose reservation contains 3,500,000 acres, occupying the south-western part of Indian Territory; also of the thirteen hundred Wichitas and Caddoes, north of them on a smaller tract. The two former tribes receive a regular annuity of $32,700.00, of which $30,000.00 have been used for clothing and the rest for implements, Agency expenses, etc. To this they have a right, but in addition, as a gratuity, because of the extinction of the buffalo and other game as a means of support (something never dreamed of fifteen years ago) they receive $150,000.00 a year in beef and flour, and must till other means of living are provided, or else the Indians will live by raiding, for they will not meekly starve. When, last year, these Indians and the Cheyennes and Arapahoes north of them were notified that their beef rations would be reduced ed one third, their threat of war compelled the Government to order the entire issue. There is no choice with us but to feed or fight, and the Indian has become adept in bulldozing Congress.

Col. Hunt, a most efficient officer, has proposed to make these Indians self supporting within ten years, asking that Congress shall pay up their annuity for five years in advance, a large herd of cattle be at once purchased, cared for by him with Indian help, and at the end of ten years the whole, herd be divided among them, stopping the rations at that time. This plan carried out would save $500,000 to the government and

not cost a cent more than the present routine expenses for the next ten years, and nothing whatever after that. Otherwise, the food-routine will go on indefinitely. Secretary Teller has heartly approved the plan, and already, with the Indians' consent, has used this year's clothing allowance of $30,000, to purchase a herd of eight hundred cattle as a beginning. Sensible red skins, to deny themselves for a future good!

Here is a possible policy which would settle a part of the Indian problem in a few years, and is well worth public attention. There need be little delay; the right men are on the spot. Will Congress do anything? The Indian Department is in full accord with the proposed measure. The rub is in the Appropriation Committees which are so likely to cripple wise and liberal measures.

Four years ago, these Comanches and Kiowas were producing nothing. Now, influenced by Col. Hunt, for forty miles up the Wichita river, they have over fifty farms, averaging ten acres each, well fenced and cultivated. Nearly every family has its patch of vegetables. Many even have grain to sell to the garrison at Fort Sill which is, like many army posts, a good customer for the Indians. These farms break up tribal relations and tend to fix this roving people and lead to better living, tents being replaced by log houses, though the latter are, as yet, scarce.

Such progressive wild Indians as these Kiowas and Comanches, the Mescalero Apaches, and some of the Sioux and other Northern tribes, all now fed by government, can in a few years, become self supporting, and that is a great step toward civilization, by cattle raising; provided their agents are competent men, and that Congress will appropriate liberally for the purchase of herds.

General Terry says that the solution of the Indian question is in the word "Cows" and has shown it in his successful treatment of the Cheyenne captives in his care, whose warponies he turned into cattle. They are independent and prosperous.

The only real difficulty is at Washington. Col. Hunt's plan approved by Secretary Teller, fell dead in Congress, and with his Indian police he is fighting off Texas herds that are constantly invading his unoccupied pastures. To keep them off is impossible; to use them would be to secure their benefits to the Indians.

There is no greater extravagance than the seeming economy of our law makers; they are pauperizing and entailing vast future payments for feeding Indians who are capable, with proper care, of self support.

The Wichita and Caddo Indians draw beef and flour from government; are half civilized, the former living in log and grass houses, and the latter entirely in log houses. They are not blanket Indians like the Kiowas and Comanches.

All these tribes are careful of their women, whose virtue compares favorably with that of the working class of whites. Unfaithfulness was punished, till the custom was suppressed by agents, by cutting off a portion of the nose.

They appreciate their few educational advantages. Considerable occupation is furnished by freighting government supplies from Caldwell, Kansas, a railroad station a hundred and fifty miles away. At least five thousand bags of flour are yearly imported. The agent has perfect faith in the Indian's honesty; they have often suffered hunger rather than take the food they had in charge. At first awkward, they have become excellent teamsters.

There are three trader's stores at Wichita, doing a good business. The Indians are good customers, having considerable money, selling about $25,000, worth of ponies a year, and thousands of hides at $3.25 apiece, besides some produce. Judging from the contents of the three stores, Indians purchase about the same articles as the white settlers of the West, though candy is conspicuous.

Agent John D. Miles has under his charge at Darlington, forty miles north of Col. Hunt's agency, 3794 Cheyennes, and 2283 Arapahoes, wild blanket Indians, all supplied with public beef and flour, but warned as all like tribes are, that they must expect a reduction of the rations. Practically, they dare us to do it; we reduce the beef ration at our peril.

He has recently leased the portion bordering on Texas, three million out of the four and a half million acres of grazing land, of this reservation, to a wealthy syndicate, at the rate of ten cents an acre, making $62,000,00 a year for ten years, half to be paid in cattle in the spring, and half to be paid in cash in the fall. It is to be fenced into six large tracts, and the land with its barbed wire fences to revert to the Indians, at the expiration of the lease. The agent believes the true policy to be to use the land for the Indians first, if possible; when they cannot or do not use it, lease it that it may benefit them. To neglect it is to leave it to irresponsible drovers, for cattle pastures can no longer remain unoccupied in the present demand for them; they will be stocked any how. The cattle paid in rent are to be herded and kept intact on lands not leased, and the cash to be used for clothing etc., for they this year agreed that the $14,000 00 of their clothing allowance out of their joint annuity of $34,000,00 should be put into cattle, which has been and will continue to be done. In ten years, Agent Miles expects his wild Indians will have a herd sufficient to divide up and give each family a small herd sufficient to support them.

Of course, careful supervision will be necessary after the division of the cattle lest many by extravagance shall become destitute and troublesome vagabonds. All these Indians are improvident, inveterate gamblers, continually wasting their substance in games of chance, horse racing, etc. Even with abundant herds they cannot safely be left to themselves. Improvidence creates poverty, and poverty hunger, and Indian hunger means food in some way. What one has is everybody's, a custom that terribly tries the thrifty ones and makes personal independence nearly impossible.

The Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians are pure blooded tribes, the former more hopeful, more manly, more virtuous and about holding their own in numbers; the latter very loose in morals, badly diseased, and diminishing. The majority of the families in both have small patches of corn and vegetables, the Arapahoes being much the better farmers; but their lands are inferior to those of the Kiowas and Comanches. Crops are uncertain: some years they lose everything by drought, for they are in the arid belt. All dwell in tents. The finest Indian picture I have seen is that of the three thousand Indians gathering in picturesque groups about this Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency. Here are the teamsters and many families whose cultivated patches of land are miles away.

The clans are separate. There is an organization in this seemingly careless and beautiful placing of hundreds of white conical tents. A few buggies stand outside, with other signs of mingled savage and civilized life.

From Darlington, I drove eighty miles through Oklahoma, a tract of some three million acres of good grazing land in the centre of the Territory, purchased of the Indians by government with a view to the possible concentration of the race in this region; the Sioux and others have declined invitations to settle here.

It was a charming drive through prairie and wooded country, a Paradise for the cattle, but uncertain, most of it, I think as to crops. The North Fork of the Cheyenne river, and other streams flow through it, but water is in places scarce, and cattle often die from drinking from stagnant pools. The grass was luxuriant and waving, and what with the open level spaces and the clumps of trees, chiefly oaks, and masses of dark green forest foliage contrasting with the yellow grain-like grass, the scene was one of continual interest and beauty. I doubt if the country is very healthful; malaria prevails over this Territory, and has been made complained of this month. In about the centre of Oklahoma, I met an intelligent white man who told me that with others he had at that point a herd of a thousand cattle, that eight miles north there was another herd of about four thousand, and eight miles south another of equal size. This is, I believe, the regular cattle route from Texas north and herds can be pastured along the way, but I learn from good authority that Oklahoma is regularly stocked with cattle for which nothing is paid.

The U. S. Agent in charge, Major Tufts, tells me that a proper rate paid for the cattle now grazing there would bring an annual income of $50,000 a year. A hundred men are ready to bid for the privilege, but so far unlawful occupancy is practically encouraged. Whose fault is this neglect? Why not rent Oklahoma for five or ten years to the highest bidder, and put the $50,000,00, more or less, of annual income into the "civilization fund" at Washington, or use a part of it for a mechanical school in that region. Government builds fine and costly school houses in Kansas and other Western states, but makes so little *per capita* allowance that, while farming is taught in nearly all, not a trade can be introduced because of the expense of skilled mechanics, of tools, and machinery, and of the difficulty in selling products.

Hampton and Carlisle are doing most of the mechanical education of Indians in connection with schooling them, and but for outside help would have to give it up. As these schools manufacture shoes, harness, wagons, tin and other ware needed for Indian supplies, so could other schools out West, and thus dispose of what they make.

Oklahoma could, I believe, furnish a fund for a large and admirable work shop in the South-west, whose mere existance and indirect influence would be a powerful stimulus, and its direct results of great value.

Congress never will do it. To legislators a school which feeds, clothes, teaches the rudiments and household industries to girls and puts the boys on a farm a few hours a day, is the same as one that employs a corps of skilful and costly mechanics, providing shops and working capital and paying its students mechanic's wages, besides doing all that other schools do. It is too fine a distinction to be recognized by them.

Now this education is all important for the Indians. The mechanical work of the "civilized nations" is more than four fifths done by white men. With all their progress, they have no industrial class;—very few mechanics, yet, plenty of work for them with their multiplying farm-houses and increasing use of improved utensils of every kind.

These and the wild tribes, are remarkably apt at learning trades; as quick, at least, as the average white apprentice. Wages of mechanics are more than twice those of farm hands; all should have an idea of agriculture, but picked men should be taught trades to help them in the coming sharp competition with whites. At least one first class shop should be opened in the West.

The leasing of the land of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes for grazing purposes has been attacked, in the West. It is claimed that one or two U. S. Senators are parties to it along with St. Louis millionaires and the like; that no Indian agent will dare to take the Indian's side in case of difficulty, lest he lose his official head; that power and wealth put the Indian wholly in the control, as to their lands, of men from whom they can appeal with no hope whatever; that the lease was not made in open market; that the pastures will be left exhausted at the end of the lease, and that hordes of cow boys supplied with whiskey will be brought into the midst of the tribes and demoralize them.

If U. S. Senators make such leases, such remarks will naturally follow. But the grass, if exhausted, will grow in two years unless rain fails, and with fenced lands, few cow boys will be required; certainly, no more than are now and have been on those lands to herd the numerous cattle improperly brought in.

Nothing can be said for a lease not made in open market. The six million acres of Cherokee land, I am informed, were leased for five years at $100,000,00 a year to the highest bidder. So all such land should be disposed of; whether grazing land or mineral land, (on which the Choctaws are getting a royalty of about $40,000.00 a year for coal beds leased to whites) These resources should be used, first, to give occupation to the Indians and increase their income; second, if not used by Indians, to be farmed out to those who can use them for the red man's benefit.

The principle is sound; its application is somewhat difficult. To properly guard the rights of the Indian is a most important duty of the government.

To keep these great resources which he cannot or will not turn to account is impossible. For influential public men whose duty is to guard them, to have a hand in making money out of their mines or pastures, is to destroy confidence in them.

The wild tribes of the Territory though far behind the civilized Indian nations, are improving and, with wise and proper care, can be established as a self-supporting, progressive people.

S. C. A.

WOWAPI.

This mysterous title heads the aesthetic cover of a new magazine which lies upon our table. From the editorial "Enigma," and the enigmatic editorial within, we guess that it means a "Page," and that the aim of the editor and contributors is to help turn a new page in the history of the Indian in America.

The story of the enterprise is told very simply by its authors. A few young ladies of Boston, who attended the meeting held last spring in Tremont Temple in behalf of the Indian cause, were moved to ask "What is our part in the work?" Organization followed, some fifty set to work, all summer busy hearts and hands were planning and executing, and as a result a fair has recently been held in parlors in Beacon street, generously thrown open, and in addition to the pretty things usually found at fairs, were various and characteristic articles of Indian work and use: Indian pottery, Indian baskets, Indian bead work and Indian *dolls*. To all these attractions, a happy thought and a generous purse added "Wowapi," a magazine of ninety-six pages, so attractive without and within that it will be saved the too common oblivion of charitable circulars, and instead of being consigned to the scrap basket, will lie upon many a parlor table this winter, as something to be looked at and talked about.

Bright verses and readable stories are interspersed among the graver articles, but even those who have considered themselves unfriendly or indifferent to the cause of Indian civilization can hardly look over the papers without getting interested in the record of the latest efforts and conclusions of practical workers in the field. The history of the Indian work at the Carlisle and Hampton schools, is given by their Principals and others. A report on returned Indian students is made by the Commandant at Hampton. Mr Herbert Welsh of Philadelphia, president of the Indian Rights Association, has interesting papers on the Indian problem and its solution, and a visit to the great Sioux Reserve. There is also a statement of the organization and constitution of the Indian Rights Association; Capt. Pratt's original and suggestive speech on the question, Is Indian Civilization a success, which he answers in the negative; an account of a visit to the Crow Indians in Montana by Rev. H. W. Foote, and to the tribes in the South West by Gen. Armstrong; articles on Indians before the Law, by Henry Pancoast, Army Control by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, and Medicine Men by G. A. Stockwell, Ada Archer, a Cherokee Indian girl, thoroughly educated at the East and anxious *to study law*, contributes a paper which will be read with interest on the social and political condition of the "five civilized Nations of Indian Territory; and there is a paper on the Origin of the North American Indian by a Japanese professor in the University of Tokio These, with shorter papers on Indian statistics and incidents and domestic life make up a full measure of interesting information. With all that has been said, "and so well said," on the various sides and aspects of the Indian question and the Indian work of late years, people are constantly requesting information in regard to it.

They will find it all here; and can post themselves up on the history and present condition of the work, by sending for a copy of this magazine to W. B. Clarke & Carruth, 340 Washington St., Boston, who have kindly consented to mail them to any address. The price of the magazine is 50 cts., lots of 25 copies to one person will be sold for $7. We have no doubt that the edition of 1000 copies which has been printed will be very soon distributed among friends of the cause and those whom they wish to interest in it.

We are glad to hear that the Indian Fair has been, as was to have been expected, a great success, having netted $3,000 thus far. We trust that Wowapi may greatly increase its good results not only by its sales but by its influence, and that the sight of what these Boston girls have accomplished may inspire many young earnest souls to take up their part in the world's work.

A letter in our last number from Lieut. Geo. Le Roy Brown, U. S. A., Commandant of Cadets at Hampton Institute, written from one of the Indian agencies he was visiting in Dakota, contained certain hastily chosen expressions which might naturally be misunderstood at the office of the Indian Bureau, concerning which Lieut. Brown desires to make explanations, better defining his position, as he does in another column. While in common with other journals generally, we do not undertake to be responsible for the views of our correspondents, we do not intend to publish any thing that may be harmful to good work and effort. We are happy to give space to this communication from Lieut. Brown, in fairness both to the Honorable Commissioner to whose good will and works we have frequently borne witness, and to the Commandant whose nine years' record as an army officer on the frontier, part of the time acting Indian agent and all of the time actively working for Indian civilization, entitles his statements to a courteous hearing.

We have received a "Summary of the case of General Fitz John Porter, by Theodore A. Lord" of San Francisco, California. It is a careful and exhaustive analysis of the case in the light of facts which have become known since the war, as well as a discussion of the original facts in a dry light, such as was impossible at the time of the court-martial which condemned General Porter. The vindication of the latter seems complete, and Mr. Lord, who is a prominent lawyer, carries the reader of his vigorous pamphlet with him in his conclusion, when he says:

"Porter, who deserved as well of the Republic as did any officer in the army, has been for twenty years, the chief sufferer from Pope's misstatements and mistakes. It now remains for the people through their representatives in Congress, to right the grievous wrong inflicted upon one who in two wars served his country faithfully and gallantly."

"As the case stands to-day, Porter is fully vindicated by the highest military authorities of this and other nations; by the most eminent statemen and jurists in the land; and by all intelligent and fair-minded men who know the facts."

The Virginia elections have been of such general interest and the results are of so much importance to both races, that we need no excuse for offering to our readers, extracts from Southern papers of different shades of opinion, for in so doing we are boxing the political compass and giving views of the situation from all standpoints.

It is only by some such means that anything like a fair idea of the state of affairs can be given to non-residents, and while allowance must be made for the exaggeration which characterizes all party-speaking and writing, there is still much to be learned as to the spirit of the people, from these utterances of the press. It is hardly necessary to say that the Southern Workman is identified with no party and that the present attempt to give to its circle of readers a fair picture of the political situation, is directly in the line of its work, it being mainly an attempt to do something towards bringing about a better understanding between the colored and white races, and possibly between the Northern and Southern divisions of the latter. It is impossible to live in the South and not realize how vast an amount of harm has been done in the past and is still being done, because the facts in regard to that section and its people, colored and white, are beyond the reach of most Northern men, and although newspaper statements, South as well as North, must be taken with a grain of salt, it is still upon them that we must depend principally for our information. As editors of a paper published in the South while most of its subscribers are in the North, we have somewhat unusual opportunities, and we trust that the cullings from the Southern press which we present, may be read, with some attention by our Northern friends.

Election by Terrorism.

Can any honest and intelligent man in Virginia regard the results of Tuesday's election in this State as the expression of the free will and free suffrage of the people? It seems to us utterly impossible that any man acquainted with the facts, no matter how partizan and bigoted he may be, can regard those results as other than the results of terrorism, backed by actual violence at Danville, South Boston, and elsewhere. Both whites and blacks were, to a large extent, demoralized and bulldozed by the "Danville Circular," and more especially by the Danville massacre and the wide-spread spirit of lawlessness which that enormity developed among Bourbons and Funders. There was no free ballot. The removal of the poll-tax qualification of suffrage only freed the ballot nominally, to have it subjected to armed force, menaces, and overt acts of bloody intimidation. In fact, to a great degree, the ballot only got from under the poll-tax restriction to fall under the condition (backed by the pistol) that it be cast *for* Funderism, *or not cast at all.* Everybody knows this. It is true, indeed, that there were men not to be intimidated and demoralized (all honor to them); but the plain fact remains that enough men of both colors were sufficiently terrified to change the tide, which set so unmistakably toward another grand victory for Liberal-Readjustment, in favor of a Funder victory. Previous to the Danville massacre the Readjusters were as confident of victory through a free ballot as their opponents were despondent in the presence of that ballot. All indications pointed to Bourbon-Funder defeat. The Danville campaign documents, convicted of fraud, were either laughed at, or indignantly trampled under foot. That trick was a flash in the pan. But desperation had in reserve all that violence of which the Danville slaughter was only a comparatively slight outburst. If the Danville affair had not been enough, it would have been reinforced by other and greater deeds of blood. *It was enough; and all over this State Funders and Bourbons were chuckling previous to the legal election of Tuesday that they had already carried the State at Danville on Saturday!* Such seems to have been the fact. The felonious bullets at Danville, and not the free ballots of all the citizens of Virginia, decided the contest.

Yet temporary and local advantages won by such means *must* bring permanent and wide-spread retribution upon the faction resorting to them and upon the party which sustains that faction. Already the Northern and Western elections are responding to the Bourbon-Funder dare. Already the spirit of discord and sedition is abroad. Already men's tempers are inflamed to the point which leads to war. A Northern gentleman who passed through this city yesterday, on his way from New York to South Carolina, declared that the result in New York was largely attributable to the Danville affair, and that, upon the publication of the details, Democrats all over that State left the Democratic party, like rats deserting a sinking ship, and voted with the Republicans. So it was elsewhere, no doubt. Will our people, on the second, sober thought, endorse the methods of BARBOUR and of Bourbon-Funderism in the late campaign? There must come a speedy revulsion against these methods and the men who employed them. The Liberal-Readjustment movement may be stayed for a season; *but it is a necessity of our situation and will succeed.* Beaten in 1880, we rose with renewed strength to accomplish the victories of 1881 and 1882. The bullet must yield to the ballot; the mob must surrender to the people; violence must obey the laws, or suffer the consequences; and Virginia, with the whole South as well, must recognize, protect and enforce the equal civil and political rights of all men.—*Richmond Whig.*

And we Will Keep it!

We have Virginia once more in our possession, and will keep her this time, be sure of that. The fight that MAHONE and his clans has given us will not be forgotten soon, and our people will not again be found sleeping on their posts; but having learned by the hard teachings of experience that eternal vigilance is indeed the price of liberty, they will be sure to watch and guard the boon they have now secured.

It is true, we have not yet perfected a complete restoration, nor can we under some years undo all the wrongs that have been inflicted upon us, yet we can by degrees, if we are but true to ourselves and our people, at last recover all, even the Court of Appeals; but until then we must look for obstruction from the Excutive and the Judiciary in every effort we make for the good of the Commonwealth

But we must take care that in all our acts we are liberal and progressive, and that we never again give color to the reproach of Bourbonism. It will not do. This age is too advanced and the people too enlightened to be kept back or under by the few. Fogies of all sorts called Bourbons, whether old or young, whether twenty-five or ninety-five, must either recognize the logic of the era in which we live and keep abreast of it or get speedily to the rear.

Gradually we must undo, as we can, the bad acts of the Mahoneites, while letting whatever was good that they did stand. The schools must be well provided for, and every care bestowed upon the education of the children of the state, black and white, and we must see that every promise in our platform is performed in good faith.

It is a pity, a great pity, that we will have to submit for some years to misrepresentation in the Senate of the United States; but even that we can learn to endure with patience when we remember that in time it must come to an end, and that men who occupy the seats belonging to us there are without power or influence, and that when a Democratic President is elected and installed they will become such absolute nonenities they will probably follow the example of CONKLING and his "Me-too" and vacate their undesirable places.

Let us, above all things, wisely use our victory, not for the furtherance of personal aims or projects but for the benefit of the people of the State and the advancement of the highest interests of the Commonwealth, and we shall run no risk of again losing control of its political affairs, but hold them for years to come easily in our own hands.

Richmond State.

A High-Toned Republican View.

The New York Times, a leading Republican paper of this country, has conscientiously and persistently antagonized Gen. Mahone and his alliance with the Administration. It never saw any good, in a party sense, for such a coalition, and has been loud and powerful in denouncing it. Disaster was predicted to the party at the North, and it came fast and furious enough to please the most insatiable prophet of wrath to come. And now that final and crowning defeat has upset "the little tin god on wheels," the great organ peals out another note of warning mingled with tones of joy. It is pleased to regard the Southern question as not closed by Mahone's vanquishment, but reopened in a different and better form. It gives potent reasons why the Republican party has failed, utterly and miserable failed, in impressing itself upon the South. The programme of "organizing hell," under Thaddeus Stevens' domination, came to naught. The scheme of inverting the social pyramid, with Dahomey on top, was an attempted "circumvention of God" that crushed its perpetrators. Mahoneism, an infusion of all the bad and base and barbaric elements of the other plans, has, after "flourishing like a green bay tree," withered like Jonah's gourd. The Times, regarding with critical disgust and severity, all these diabolical or insincere essays to make the South Republican, concludes that old rubbish must be cast aside, and that a new departure, founded on something like common sense, should take its place. Here is the proposed experiment:

"How, then, can it be done? In our judgment it can only be done by presenting the Republican party to the South in the same character it should have in the North, as essentially the party of good government. The principal agency in this work must be necessarily Federal Administration. The chief instrument ready to its hand to accomplish it is the Federal service. That service should be carefully and firmly gone over and purified at every point. It should be organized in every part on the principle that character and not politics shall secure admission to or retention in it. The spirit of the reform act of last winter should be carried out in dealing with it. The more prominent officials in the South, those particularly connected with the revenue service and the United States courts, should be weeded out, and every man who is a politician and nothing more, or whose official standing is not unquestionably high, should be replaced, if possible, by a Southern man, and in any case by a man of conspicuous integrity and of business capacity. Officers in the service should be made to understand that their tenure is not political and no amount of zeal in politics will save them if they be not honest, circumspect, honorable in the discharge of their duties. Their subordinates should undergo the same process, and the people of the South, of both races, should be made to comprehend that the first service of the Federal civil service in that section is the just, faithful and pure admiration of the duties of the various offices and not the manipulation of conventions or the management of elections."

This is a sweeping reform and might have comprehensiveness and virtue if it did not come so late in the day. Besides, it is easier to formulate than put in practice. The people of the South would suspect the gift of the latter-day Greeks, especially on the eve of a Presidential contest that may revolutionize the whole civil service, and we really do not see how any such plan can be carried out while the machine men and Stalwarts at headquarters rule the Administration and threaten to knife it if their friends in office at the South are but so much as menanced with removal. We are frank enough to say that the Times means well but that it preaches a doctrine that the ARTHUR-HAYTON ring will never practice, even if the opportunity served and the times were ripe. The Democratic and Conservative masses have about made up their minds that eleventh hour displacement of petty officials at the South, the mere lopping of little branches, is not the cure of the national disorder, but that the great axe must be laid at the root of the tree of Radical-Republicanism. The tall poppies must be cut off and a new regime introduced The Republican party will not turn its big or little rascals out. The people must do that for them. And, in spite of the result in New York, we believe that such an overturn will come next year, unless the traditional Democratic blundering in and out of Congress shall "blast them in the hour of might."

Nevertheless, the Times is to be congratulated for its reform propositions, although they are not likely to be entertained at headquarters. Had the Republicans, just after the war, approached the South in the proper spirit, there is no telling what the effect upon some of our people might have been. But these twenty years of insult, spoliation and unnatural forays have solidified this section for its righteous protection and self-defense. The Times means well, but appealing to the Stalwarts is "like a child wailing in the throat of a volcano," and the South, with folded arms, looks on with pity and amazement at the tardy offer of a mythical spoonful of molasses after so many dreadful doses of vinegar and gall.—*Chronicle & Constitution (Augusta, Ga.)*

What Argument do the Funders offer to Induce You to Vote against Readjustment?

The end of the political campaign which has been so hotly contested for the last three months is about drawing to a close, and we venture the assertion that no man has yet heard one single valid reason given why he should desert the Readjuster party.

All admit that the Readjuster party has *saved you millions*, in interest and principal, by their settlement of the public debt, has *reduced your taxes 20 per cent, restored the State's credit, put your charitable institutions on a firm basis, rebuilt your Free Schools, given you Free Suffrage*, and last but not least *brought about good feeling* between the Northern and Southern sections of the glorious Union, whereby our material prosperity has been greatly increased.

We say all this is admitted, and all know that these great things have been accomplished in spite of the bitter and unscrupulous opposition of the Bourbon Funders. This is a glorious record, and we might search the records of the political parties for generations back without being able to find such bright pages.

Why then do these Bourbon-Funder-Democrats ask you to turn over the Government and the offices to them?

What claim do they make to your suffrages? Do they rely on their past record? Do they parade before you their financial record, and ask you to endorse that? Do they point with pride and satisfaction to their attempts against Free Suffrage? Do they invite the attention of fathers and mothers to their successful efforts in breaking up the Free Schools? Do they insist upon the tax-payers reviewing the history of their coalitions with Brokers and Speculators for the sake of plundering the people?

No, they carefully avoid even the slightest allusion to these sore subjects, and depend on coarse and unfounded abuse of Readjuster leaders, and upon their false claim to be the only true Democrats.

We think we are good Democrats in the sense in which Thomas Jefferson and Gen. Jackson were Democrats, but if Bourbon-Funderism is Democracy, then we acknowledge we are not Democrats.

If it be Democratic to rob the tax-payers, to suppress Free Suffrage, to oppose Free Schools, &c., then we thank God we are not Democrats.—"*Spirit of the Valley,*" *Virginia.*

The truth stripped of all venecring, is that not only has the tiny Virginian received a Waterloo defeat from which he will never be able to recover, but Arthur, the trickster and supple-conscienced President by accident, has been shelved in a manner that will not give him the chance of political resurrection.—*The Norfolk Virginian.*

The following extract from a leading colored paper is a fair exposition of the bitterness undeniably existing among a certain class of colored men, while as an offset to it we take from the Charleston "News" parts of a letter from a Southern Negro, who, being an ex-slave, speaks, probably, from an experience of both races, equal to that of the writer of the article first quoted. Following that again is the temperate utterance of the "Christian Recorder" (colored), and a quotation from the Norfolk Virginian, which is a fair expression of the honest opinions of many Southern whites. That these latter are by no means indifferent to the welfare of their colored brethren, or neglectful of their duty to them, is indicated in the resolutions of the Synod of the Presbyterian church of Va., with which we close our extracts.

"To Your Tents, O Israel!"

The time has come when the colored people must think and act for themselves. We can no longer rely entirely upon the friendship or the disposition of our party friends. True, they are willing and ready to *help* us, but they have more than once intimated, in no uncertain sound, that they can no longer make us the object of their special solicitude; that they have bolstered and propped, protected and defended us long enough, and that now we must strike out for ourselves, assured of their *moral* support and encouragement. They have in substance said to us: "Utilize your elective force, your native intelligence and your education in the formation of such political and social movements as shall tend to produce unity of purpose, touching the surest means of your material and mental development; and we will help all we can" This they have said, and this they *mean.*

Now, the question which rings out of this admonition as clear and unmistakable as the shrill clarion notes, is, How shall *we* make practicable those constitutional and statutory provisions which have declared our equality of citizenship and to secure to ourselves and our children the fullest enjoyment of all the privileges and immunities to which in our civil capacity, all are justly entitled? Our destiny is in our own hands. We can by apathy, by lack of unity, by failing to appreciate the proper methods of remedy to be resorted to, completely destroy our chances for full emancipation. But this must not be. We can, by accepting the issue, by taking advantage of the results of our observation and by applying the tests of mild, though persistent, retaliation, secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity. The white people of the south are not just. After having stolen from us the worth of two hundred years' hard labor; after having bound us in chains and fetters, mentally as well as physically; after having surrounded

(Continued on page 126.)

Letters From Hampton Graduates.

A DARTMOUTH COLLEGIAN'S EXPERIENCE AND VIEWS. TEACHING NIGHT AND DAY. A GOOD EXAMINATION. FROM OUR MISSIONARY IN AFRICA. "A FACTOR IN POLITICS."

A DARTMOUTH COLLEGIAN'S EXPERIENCE AND VIEWS.

Another Hampton graduate who has availed himself of the doors that are open to wit and will, sends an interesting account of his experiences, and some of his very impartial views.

HANOVER, N. H. Feb. 28, 1883.

Dear Miss C.—

Your letter was gladly received last Saturday. I was glad to know that my other one had reached you. Your letters have been, or rather, are very interesting to me, and I hope that mine may be somewhat so to you.

There is another colored young man here in my class. His name is Colson, from Petersburg, Va. We are the only ones here. I was very sorry last fall, when I returned to college from my summer vacation, to find a colored young man here who claimed that he left Barnum's circus and wanted work, but sought the lowest company, and would use such profane language that I thought once or twice of speaking to him. But I knew that I would get into trouble, so I let him have his way. I asked him to call on me but he would not, and when he left he carried many things away that did not belong to him. So, you can see how we felt. I think in a great many cases the colored people have injured themselves by their own meanness. No man can injure himself alone, but he surely brings reproach upon others, too.

I believe that the colored man can overcome in a great measure the bad feelings against his race. A colored young man graduated in the medical school here in September last. He was honored by his classmates and respected by the citizens. He was made valedictorian by his class. Observing the different colored men that have found their way here, I must confess that if the fault of any one's failure is not altogether his own, it has been the fault of some colored persons before him, and if he has lived in a community five or ten years and does not win for himself that respect which he desires, I say, without hesitation, the *fault lies in himself.*

When I see statements in the papers that colored men are misused, in New England or any of the Northern States, I question if by their action they did not compel the people to use them so. But I have taken up more time on this particular point than I intended when I began.

It would take me so long to tell my own little wanderings since my boyhood that it would weary you, so I will just say a few words. I came up to Post Mills, in Thetford, in 1868. I came from South Carolina with a gentleman, a Colonel in the United States army. I worked for his father-in-law and went to school in winters, working on the farm the rest of the year. They were good people in the truest sense of the word. He was to pay me for my work, or help me to get an education when I got to be twenty-one. I went to Hampton in 1873, and graduated in 1875. I returned to Vermont, feeling that I ought to go through college. I worked that summer and went to Oberlin in the fall; fitted for college in two years (1877) by doing the hardest work I ever did in my life. I did not take any vacation during the two years. I did almost a half-day's work every day for my board and room, and my studies beside. I was so tired and financially poor that I was compelled to stay out two years for rest and recruiting my purse. Through a friend I got the Principalship of the Enterprise Academy in Albany, Ohio (colored school). I worked hard for that school, and felt pleased with my labors when I closed my work there. Though it was my first experience, I had the satisfaction of knowing that my labor was appreciated by the people, and that they wanted to engage me for six years, and after that, as long as I wanted to stay; but I could not bear the idea of not taking a college course. And I had the greater satisfaction to know that by my life and work, in the Sabbath school and daily intercourse, many of my pupils were led to Christ. God did truly bless me and them, too. If I ever felt the love of Christ, and if I ever felt that I was working for my Savior, it was during that two years that I worked there.

I entered college in 1879, (Dartmouth). I wanted to go through Dartmouth for I could get better pay for my summer's work in New England, and it is near Port Mills, and it suited me better than any college I knew of then. I taught two winters in Vermont with as good success as in Ohio.

I hope to work in some place next year, if my life is spared. I have just written to my town Superintendent for a recommendation, (for I intend to apply to the Bureau of Education to find me a position,) and he though sick wrote this for me, which I enclose in this letter hoping that you will send it back in your next letter, which I hope I shall get. I will promise not to weary you again. This is very unsatisfactory and imperfect to me, and must be more so to you.

The Congregationalist and *The Alumni Journal* came to me to-day from you. Many thanks.

Yours very truly,

W.

TEACHING NIGHT AND DAY.

A young man who was married before he came to Hampton, and did not go through the whole course, but who has been since as he had been before an industrious and faithful worker, writes thus of the rather difficult field where he is working night and day for his people.

——, Co., VA., February 17th, 1883.

Dear Friend: It affords me much pleasure to correspond with you. I am teaching at the same place. The colored people are very ignorant here, not because there have been no schools in their midst, but because they have not been taught well or long enough in the year. The children are influenced by their parents and surroundings, and it is hard to make an impression on their minds for the better. The surroundings are gloomy. They have a worthless school-house. Their parents take but very little interest in education. They are not really moral; therefore they do not impart morality to their children. They will not buy necessary books for their children. Some send their children to school without books; others are not able to buy books. Everything is left to the teacher. I have loaned and given them all the books that I could. The white people are very friendly. We have a very good and faithful Superintendent. He does all that he can to promote the interest of the schools, but the officers of the school Board do not assist him as they should.

I have a very large family, and I could not support them by teaching if it was my only resource; but I farm during the time of my vacations. I love to teach, and my whole soul is in it. I am sorry to see my people here so dejected. I nearly wear myself out at times, my pupils are so wild and rude; but I can say that I have made considerable change in them since I first commenced here.

I shall ever feel grateful to Hampton and the Faculty for their kindness to me. I am teaching here night and day; I teach the old people at night. I have thirty night scholars. I have the luck to stop and board with the nicest colored lady in the neighborhood. I am in good cheer notwithstanding the disadvantages. Very respectfully S.

A GOOD EXAMINATION.

A sister of the above writer sends a cheerful report of herself and her work, in which she is successfully following her brother's example.

——, VA. January 29, 1883.

Miss C——,

I received your kind letter, and was glad to hear from you. I intended to write you the very week I received your's, but being busy I did not do it, and I received your's first.

I purpose to go up North directly after my school closes.

As I am one of the graduates of Hampton I can write to the School, to Miss Tileston, for reading matter, can I? I thank you kindly for writing and telling me about it, as I am in need of papers for my scholars to read.

I will tell you how my time has been spent since leaving Hampton. I left Hampton on the 14th of June, and arrived home on the same day. I remained home two weeks, and within those two weeks was sent for by the Trustees of a village in North Carolina, to take a school at that place. I went there and got examined and passed a first grade examination. This was in June, and I taught until the 1st of October. I came home, got re-examined, and passed the same grade. The examiner said I passed a better examination in history than any one else who had been examined; I was perfect. I think the term of my school is eight months. My school-house is crowded with scholars. I have 50 or 60 as an average. The school-house has been white-washed, and the trustees are getting ready to ceil it now. If it were ceiled it would be very pleasant in there. I have decorated my school-house with mottoes and pictures, and it just looks beautiful, if I am allowed to praise it. I have 3 blackboards—2 belonging to the school, and the other to me. I have addition and multiplication table charts. The addition chart I made myself, and the other is printed. I have two language charts. The Monroe's to go, with the primaries, and the other for higher classes. I have two maps—one N. A., the other U. S. I am always busy, and after being busy all the while I don't do all there ought to be done there.

My youngest brother is teaching in Virginia, too, near home. You have never seen him. After school is over, every day, I come home and sew on my machine to help mother.

It is very pleasant teaching at home, although I have two miles to walk every night and morning.

I have heard from only two of my classmates since leaving School—I mean private letters.

Yours, S.

FROM OUR MISSIONARY IN AFRICA.

The following letter from Mr. Samuel Miller, graduate of the class of '76, and for the last two years a missionary teacher in Benguela, Africa, under the American Board, will be read with interest.

BAILUNDU, W. C. A. June 25th, 1883.

Gen. S. C. ARMSTRONG,
Hampton, Va.

Dear Sir:

It is now winter with us; the cool nights and chilly winds have given to all vegetation a beautiful golden hue not unlike the autumnal scenes of the sunny South: harvesting is now in order; the corn, beans, peas, peanuts, pumpkins &c. are waiting in the field to be taken to the stores by the women. The fields are far from the villages where the land is better and free from domestic animals. Wild animals are not numerous enough to do serious damage to the agriculturist. The corn is shucked in the field, stored in huts and later taken to the villages. It is wonderful how they make enough and some to spare, farming as they do only with short double handled spoon-like hoes. They disdain to work beasts, contented with eating them.

The forest fires have begun in various districts, but the grass and leaves are not yet dry enough to produce a general conflagration; about two months hence, the air will be thickened with smoke from burning vegetation, after which the whole face of the country will appear a black, barren, dismal desert, till September, when the almost daily thunder storms bring new life to earth, bidding nature to dress herself again in glorious green. Then is sowing time; women and girls, sometimes men and boys, may be seen going in every direction to the fields, each woman or girl gracefully carrying upon her head one or more baskets freighted with a hoe, and a lump of mush for lunch. When the grass is burned and there is no covert for animals, then scores of natives surround a given field or forest and walk toward the center driving into close quarters the deer, eland, or any animal within the circle. But, on the whole, very little game is killed. The flint gun, bow and arrow and cudgels are not the best of arms.

I am getting on pretty well with my eight regular pupils and seven irregular ones. The most advanced ones can read and write any word in the language, or read any number under a thousand. We often carry on a short conversation in writing; all the lessons are given in manuscript. I am expecting a printing press soon. A donation has been given to build a school house. Most of us are repairing or making additions to our houses. The first house, built Sept. 1881, is undergoing repairs; parts of the roof have been thoroughly perforated by innumerable boring insects that are capable of seriously impairing a house in a short time. The native roofs last longer; having fire continually in the middle of the room, the insects can't successfully attack the whitened stalactites of soot and smoke. The native hut is almost air tight but fire is absolutely necessary these cool nights for one without plenty of bed clothing; four or five good blankets are not at all uncomfortable. The air is extremely penetrating; the thermometer varies in twenty-four hours from forty to sixty degrees.

None of us has had the fever for a long time. The natives are subject to chills and fevers more than we are; at this I don't wonder, since some live almost naked. They have their doctors and conjurers too. When one is affected about the head and shoulders bleeding or making a series of gashes with a knife deep on the forehead and temples is in order. If the entire body is weak, and the patient complains of a combination of ailments, he is supposed to be affected with spirits. The doctor then ornaments himself and patient with various marks and colors, going through many incantations at the same time, after which he will thoroughly sweat the body of the patient. Then, taking two chickens by the head or feet (one in each hand) he whirls and jerks them at his patient, till they are dead, saying to the spirits at the same time in a scarcely audible voice "Go," The whole story can't be told in a short letter but the above gives you some idea of the proceedings. Tricking or conjuration is believed in here. One of our *seconlos* or headmen, was employed to take some men to Benguela and bring up loads for us. While preparing he was taken sick and could not go. He told me some one had made him sick by putting medicine in him to prevent his going to Benguela, but could not tell how it was done. The real disease of the secoulo was pneumonia; he thought he was going to die, but is nearly well again.

Dr. Nichols and wife left here June 2nd, for America. Being too late for the June steamer, they will remain in Benguela and take the July steamer. Mr. Saunders accompanied them to Benguela. Dr. N. was forced to return on account of ill health.

Kwikioi, King of Bailundu, has been in camp for over a year, and the reports are that he will not go to war for months to come. His camp is only forty miles from his palace village, but he does not visit it; he seems to be well satisfied in camp.

We expected mail to leave to-day but the carriers did not come; they may possibly go to morrow. Some months we have hard work to get two men to take our mail to the coast. Last May, our mail bag full of letters and papers fell with the carrier, into the Balombo river. The carrier was taken out, but the mail was lost. This is the first time we have ever had any letters lost by the natives. The accident was caused by the falling of a part of an ill constructed bridge.

Give my kindest regards to Miss M. F. Mackie, Gen. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Howe.

I hope your school is doing well, or, that is, will be, when this reaches you.

I am, yours sincerely,

SAM'L T. MILLER.

Your letter dated June 8th, 1882, was received Aug. 21st, 1882.

A FACTOR IN POLITICS.

Experience is the best, though not the easiest, teacher. Individual sense and judgment are tested in the application of general principles to particular cases. For the most part our graduate teachers find their hands full in supplying their people's most pressing need, not withholding their votes or the manly expression of their opinion when needed, but keeping out of the arena of party politics.

——Va., *June 23 '83.*

Miss C——,

Your letter to the graduates and ex-students was received some time ago, but I regret much to have to say that I have neglected to answer it sooner. I suppose you merely want to know something of my work. It will suffice to say that I have been teaching ten months each year ever since I bade you farewell at Hampton in Feb. 1880. I have had a fine school all the time and find my greatest pleasure in teaching. I shall close my school four weeks from now to reopen the first of Sept. with one of the girls as my assistant, who started in a second reader when I first began to teach and is now quite a fine scholar. I am one of those fortunate teachers who have nothing to impede their progress. My school house is as comfortable as can be desired and the people appreciate my labor. They show their appreciation for my work by giving me a large attendance. I never was at a place in my life where a colored person had more political and social equality than he has here in ——Co. Though it is to some extent at variance with the teachings of Gen. Armstrong, I must confess that I have been a factor in politics, believing that this is a cardinal part of a colored teacher's work. It depends on the manner in which the colored people (who are the balance of power in this state) exercise their suffrage, whether or not they will enjoy the benefit of free schools. If this be so, they must have some one to lead them, and whose duty is it to take this ungrateful position if not the teacher's. I will not say any thing else on this subject, because I know you know something of the condition of the colored voters in this state. I will only say that I will never refuse to advocate the rights of my people until they have security for the future. There are in this state a class of dishonest men without learning who claim to be politicians and who would willingly be used as an instrument by which some white man would step to the surface of political glory. Teachers, some say, must sit still and see all this perpetrated on their color and themselves, but I shall never remain neutral when a question is being discussed in which my rights are involved. I am glad to know that the graduates of Hampton are considered to be the best colored teachers in the state, and sincerely wish that I were one of that class. The Supt. was at my school a few days ago and says that he can give employment to at least six graduates. Male teachers will succeed best here. The pay for good teachers is $30. and the term is from five to seven months unless they should be fortunate enough to secure two schools, in that case they would teach ten months, as I do. I hope to hear from you soon.

Yours &c.,

W.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

VISIT FROM AN INDIAN PASTOR.

An incident of great interest, especially to the Indian students, but also to all the pupils and teachers of Hampton, was a visit last month from the Rev. Luke Walker, the faithful Indian pastor from Lower Brule Agency, Dakota, from which many of our boys and girls have come. A full blood Indian of the Sioux tribe, Mr. Walker is a gentleman in appearance and manners, a Christian man in faith and life. He is not only a minister but a farmer; his church is near his house. He himself plows and plants and reaps, and not only preaches to his people but shows them by example what Christian civilization is in the life and the home. He and his excellent wife have been good friends to the Hampton boys and girls at their agency. This was his first visit to Hampton. He was accompanied by Henry Stricker, also a full blood Indian of the same tribe, but a progressive man, of character and intelligence, and looking so thoroughly the United States citizen that it was difficult to remember that he could, much to his regret, speak only the Indian tongue. Mr. Walker is quite fluent in English, and besides a talk in Indian to the students of his own agency and tribe, he addressed the whole school at evening and morning prayers, as follows, prefacing his few words at the evening service by reading the parable of the good Samaritan, which seemed to those who listened a touchingly suggestive selection.

Then he said:

"My friends—boys and girls—my heart is full of joy. Because why? Because I see you all well? No—because of something better. There is nothing better or more desirable than the right education. This is the thing that makes my heart full of joy. You are all here, girls and boys, to get education; not *an* education, but *the* education the good education, the right education in way of goodness. This is the thing that makes my heart almost dance for joy—That is a fact—that is a fact! And now my friends, I have just read a chapter to you out of the good book. What I read was a parable which our great Saviour said when he was on earth. And this is the thing He says to us. We are all here of different skins—white, black and red people are here. But these white people not only have a different skin, but they have the word of God in their homes; and not only in their homes, but in the inner man, in their hearts. So these white people have looked on us—and what?—Some have passed us by like the Priest and the Levite, [and might he not have added "some have set upon us like the thieves?]—I am sure we ought to pray for them that God would give them another heart,—but some have pitied us and and helped us in our need and brought us to their homes to save us and put us in the right way. Now my children, my boys and girls, we ought to do much to learn the right way for ourselves and our people. We ought to do more than we have. This is the thing I wanted to say to you, so I have said it."

At the morning service, at the opening of school, Mr. Walker spoke again.

He said:

"My friends, girls and boys, last night I said just a few words. This morning I see you again all in good health. We ought to be very thankful to Almighty God for preserving our bodies from day to day.

To night I go back to the red men again to work there as well as I can. We have been to an Episcopal Convention of ministers in Philadelphia for the last four or five days. It is just over and we came to see you here, not only the red but the colored and the white friends and teachers. I want to say a few words about my work among the Indians.

I stand here, and you look at me and at the Indian boys and girls here. You see we are not red, but we are rather dark. I think the Indians were called red men because they used to paint their faces red for war or feasts or dances. But what we all want to do now is to be not any longer red men. Because we don't want to use more paint on our faces—we want all that done away with. We don't want to be called any more red men.

Now only in 1860, about twenty years ago, these red men were all wild savages. The Sioux are all who understand each other's language, though some have different dialect. Those who have another language are not Sioux. I am speaking of the Sioux; twenty years ago they were savage, wild and no one could teach them anything, but they teach [taught] themselves what was not right or good for them or for any other Indian. Of course their children grew up in their parents' way for they knew no better. They did what their fathers told them. They did not know anything; they were like beasts. We all know that beasts don't care for anything at all except for what they can get to eat. Those Sioux were like that way. The ministers, the missionaries, went to teach those red men Sioux. At first they all looked at them with suspicion and try to send them back. Some of them they killed. But these missionaries, they keep on. They were afraid that in Dakota they would lose their lives, but they remembered that those Indians could only kill their bodies of flesh, they could not kill their souls. So they kept on teaching, and finally the seed that God has given them to plant grew, and now to-day more seed is growing, and you can see the prairies covered with the good vine; climbing up and down the ravines and valleys, and not only covering them, but this vine bears fruit—I tell you it bears fruit. There is nothing impossible—we *know* that there is nothing impossible with God. So this Sioux—this red man thought his tribe a very strong tribe and his own ways the very thing, so he tried to keep them all he could. But he found that the old ways were *not* the very thing. So now those old habits are largely disappearing—gone.

And now we have at one agency, the Santee, where they planted—where God planted one seed, we have now three churches with Indian teachers, Indian deacons, Indian preachers there. And I tell you that every Sunday those three churches are crowded. Not only that, but at Santee the Indians have their own farms, and the young people don't draw rations. Government feeds the old but not the young; they have separated themselves, and some of them, they are patterns to the rest.

That is what we want of you. We want you to get into line with them to lead your people.

Beyond Santee, at Yankton, was started a mission many years ago. Now we have three churches there, Episcopalian, Congregational, and Presbyterian. All work together. That is as we ought to, for we all work for one Master, to build up one thing—there is but one salvation.

The Congregationalists also have two churches at Santee, and a boarding school, and the Episcopalian too. And at those schools we don't allow the children to talk in their own tongue, except on Friday afternoons; the rest of the day we want them to talk English all the time, so they talk English very well now.

At Yankton agency we have three big Episcopal churches and the Presbyterians three. All six are crowded. Not only that, but we have one government school and one boarding school for boys and young men. Not only that, but the Indians now are taking claims all over the reservation, raising wheat and oats, and all kinds of vegetables. We hope that the Indians may get patents for their lands after a while, and become self-supporting.

Beyond Yankton, at Crow Creek, there is only one denomination, the Episcopalian. It has three churches, and there is one government school. There too the Indians are taking up claims all over the reservation, have nice frame houses, nice farms, and raise every kind of vegetables.

Beyond Crow Creek is my place, Lower Brule, where I have been for five years. When I went there I sent some boys here to Hampton—in their blankets. When I got there I found the Indians savage—they did not care for anything better. Two missionaries had been there but they had got discouraged and left. They sent me there, to do what I can, because the Indians were wild. I do what I can. Now I have five chiefs in my church—members of my church, baptized. Now that church is too small for my people, so this spring I enlarged my church. The Indians are taking up claims all over my reservation too. I hope government will help them because much of the land is poor, not fit for Indians. We have a government school there, and a Sunday school.

At Spotted Tail's agency beyond mine, a good Indian missionary has commenced work. Then comes Pine Ridge Agency: then Cheyenne River Agency. There is a Presbyterian mission and a government boarding school and farm. Some are taking up a claim and living as citizens and are doing pretty well; all the agencies are very different now from what they were years ago.

There is an Indian settlement two hundred miles from my place where the Indians are citizens and can vote. I go there and preach to them. They are in my charge. They have nice farms; many have good homes; they all are well off.

Now the Indian man is coming on—beginning to grow like a big boy. I hope he will become a man.

I want you to know these things my friends. I know you like to hear them, for you are here to help us. Let us all—whether red, dark or white—work together, for our one country. For you know that the just God—the great Spirit—is not separate men, but three persons in one God. So let those who are neighbors in his church, be not separate but one;—of one mind, in one work; like one man, with different members but one body; one body in Christ.

God bless you all."

A telegraphic dispatch sent from Paris will reach Berlin in 1½ hours; Copenhagen in 4 hours; Constantinople in 5 hours; Dublin in 3 hours; Hong Kong in 12 hours; London in 1¼ hours; New York in 4 hours; and Vienna in 1¼ hours.

From Returned Indian Students.

Another letter has been received from Thos. Wildcat Alford, a young chief of the Absentee Shawnees, who graduated with honor at Hampton in the class of '82, and has been teaching since then, now among his own tribe. He gives a good account also of his class-mate John Downing.

Shawneetown, Ind. Ter. Nov. 6, 1883.

MISS R. E. TILESTON.

My dear Friend:

I am about to write you again for some reading matter, as I learned through circular of Miss Cleaveland, that you are still in charge of that portion of the Department of graduates. I ask your kindness to please look over old pamphlets or papers and find me a suitable matter that has simple pieces of either poetry or prose that can be easily learned by scholars from 5 to 14 years of age and send it to me. Lively and funny pieces preferred. Also if you have any old refused magazines please send them. They are always thankfully received in this country.

I have at present 38 scholars. Our school accommodates 40 boarding scholars; and expect to have the required number soon. Our school-house is rather in a bad condition, but will do, we think, this year. Next year we expect to be in a better building, which was to have commenced last Summer but some way or other was prevented from commencing the work of building it. The lumber for it has already been bought. When finished it will contain dormitories for boys, dining-room and a school room. Then we can accommodate about 100 scholars. I expect to make my head-quarters here now for sometime, as I am now among my own people, unless something unthought of should happen to drive me out. But that is not likely be the case.

I have just received a letter from Downing to day, who said that he has resigned his position as assistant clerk in the Commissary Department of that Agency (Wichita) and has engaged in running cattle for some one there for the winter. He seemed to be in good spirits as usual.

Frank C. and Robert C. arrived here a few days from Hampton. But I have not seen the boys yet to know enough how they feel, &c.

Sincerely your friend,
THOS. W. ALFORD.

The following interesting letter has been received from a returned Indian student, of last year's Senior class.

Pawnee Agency, I. T. Nov. 1st, 1883.

DEAR CAPT.

I have been thinking of writing to you for the last month, but as I heard that you were away I did not. I arrived home safely, and you may imagine how my relatives received me.

When I went away the Pawnees were not on their farms but were in villages.

On my way home from Arkansas city, I saw farms on the sides of the road owned and worked by Pawnees. They had log houses as well as the mud lodges to live in, and very comfortably fixed. I was pleased to see what they had done in such a short time. Many had some wheat and were harvesting when I arrived. Many made money from it, which encouraged many and many have already sown some four or five acres apiece. Pretty near all the Pawnees are farmers, with the exceptions of those that are employed by the government and those that own cattle.

I taught little at the school when I first got back, but was soon employed in the store as clerk. I clerked for Mattock and Bishop, the Co. I worked for, and they seemed to like me very much. I kept all the books for them and when I left, everything was squared. I left the store and came up to this school as an assistant teacher. I have charge of the boys and their dormitory, which is very close, and show them how to make up their beds in the morning. Our school opens at 9 o'clock, and I take the lead and open the school exercises by reading and interpreting the Bible to our scholars. They are very attentive. They do well for Indian children.

Many times I speak to them about the Hampton school, what good it is doing. In my recitations with those that have not been in but a month, I take one of the boys, place him in front of the other and tell them that he was called by the whites. boy. After two or three lessons, they can read sentences like this "I can see the boy." "The boy I can see. Can you see the boy? Yes; I can see the boy" and so on as I would put on the board for them. Sometimes I have to talk to them in Indian but that does them good. Sometimes I see white teachers asking an Indian child a question when the child did not know a word of English. Sometimes and often the teacher would get mad and punish the child when the child could not help it.

Only one month have I been struggling with my scholars and every-one of them can read, and write too what they can read. The Superintendent comes around every once in a while and is pleased with my teaching. The superintendent, Mr. L. D. Davis who is very kind, has the whole school taught by the object teaching and word-method. Our S. S. is rather poor but we are doing all we can, if the government can not furnish us any S. S. books. Every teacher here seems to be in earnest to teach the scholars, while the scholars are all anxious to learn. Write to me please and I will write again.

Your friend ever,
JAS. R. MURIE.

From an Indian Pastor.

The following letter was received some time ago from an Indian Deacon in the Episcopal church mission in Dakota, who was for a year at Hampton to study English, Ashley, of whom he speaks, has returned to Hampton to better fit himself for a teacher.

St. Thomas Mission School,
Crow Creek Agency, D. T.
May 8, 1883.

MR. GEO. LEROY BROWN.

I have your communication a long time ago, and say that I will answer you now, always I never forget you since I came from Hampton, but always remember you, and also that you ask me something about them who return from Hampton. But don't know anything about the Brule boys. I know all the boys in the Crow Creek. Andrew Fox has been at Standing Rock Agency, but is still here, and also Edward Ashley is teaching school in the Government school, he has 32 scholars and is doing well indeed. Miss Ziewie died last week. Since she came from school she doing well, but always she has been sick most one year, when then she has been sick all time I pray to her last day a month. But we know that she have good place in heaven. We have one master here that is Rev. H. But Miss Ziewie who dead we put in church. I have a very nice church down to Lower Camp. I stay in by the church. Every Sunday I have preaching in church. This people knowing white men ways now, they have very good plant, every one sends their children going to school in the Government school always. I recollect those going to East with my prayer. I am glad that you care of all the boys very nicely and also that you told me about the every one is doing very well. I am glad that. That is all I have to say. All my family very well in deed.

Your truly friend and I shake hand with you,
WM. H. SAYE.

Continued from Page 123.

us with the most demoralizing social evils after having received our protection and devotion while they were completely at our mercy, during the late civil war, they now reward us by ignoring every claim we have upon citizenship, every tie that should bind together the members of a body politic, and withhold from us all sympathy and all encouragement. From the close of the war the treatment of the southern whites toward the colored people has been simply brutal. Riot, bloodshed, devastation and misery have followed the colored people wherever they went. Ku Klux Klans and whitecliners, the scum of the south, have done their work and have left the colored people to choose between life and death. They have said to us, "You cannot remain with us if you insist on being our equals." We are given our place, and woe to him who dares assert his full manhood! How we can remedy our unfortunate condition is a matter which we should be seriously considering. We perform all the labor at the south. What would be the effect upon our white brothers if a movement were made to quit the south? When they see the laborers leave their farms, their workshops and their plantations, would they not call them back, and promise to deal honorably with them? When they see skinny-fingered starvation staring them in the face, would they not show a disposition to encourage the much-abused colored man? The propriety of emigrating to the West, where there are millions of acres of fertile lands seems to us very apparent. The southern white man is holding his land. He will not permit the colored people to purchase. The South is becoming more and more prosperous, and in that proportion will it become less probable that the landholders will sell to colored people. The West beckons us on. Immigrants from Europe are flocking West and are taking up lands. A few years will see the best lands taken up by these people, while the colored people are eking out a miserable existence, vainly hoping that the day will come when they can purchase lands from their former master. That day will never come. We should at once form companies who will go West, take up lands and by industry and perseverance rear homes for our children, where they may be free from the vicious tendencies of southern society. By leaving the south, we will be enabled to administer a rebuke to our former masters which will make them regret their conduct toward us, and be disposed to treat the colored people who remain with proper consideration. Let us be slaves no longer. Let us give the vicious, arrogant and tyrannical southern autocrat a practical illustration of the right of locomotion, and we will be doing ourselves and them a favor. Let us emigrate! Westward ho!—*People's Advocate, (Colored.)*

The Civil Rights Decision.

Broad Views of a Former Slave—What the Colored People have Accomplished—The Only Way to Rise.

To the Editor of the New York Herald.

To cross a bridge before one gets to it is not an easy matter, but all of us don't seem to agree on that point. Such is the case with our rights. Why stand and swear at the Supreme Court? For one, I am glad that it is over, and feel that the country is safe and so are our rights. I have too much faith in the good sense of the American people to feel otherwise.

As a Southern Negro I feel that the South will do more for us of her own accord than she would if Congress did nothing but pass enforcement Acts, &c. Instead of anathemizing the supreme Court and the Republican party let us go to work and compel to a recognition of our rights, not the Republican party, not the Democrat party, but the civilized world. And how? By doing as every other class has done which has come to this country—save our money, build a few churches, but lots of work shops, mills, and anything else that will tend to make our children independent. For, as one with a black face, I see, and know, too, that money and education are the two mighty levers that are to bring the Negro to the level. An educated Negro here and there is not the thing; this only shows the possibilities of the race. We must go earnestly to work and educate our children. We must not educate them for gentlemen until we have something to back it. We must not fret about our children not being able to learn trades while we sit and try to build no machine shops, no factories, no mills or other places where our youths may learn how to become the peers of other people.

Our opportunities are what we make them, and we are destined to be not what other people make us or the law for that, but what we make ourselves. I have found out to my sorrow, to some extent, that we want the pleasures of the rich without suffering any of the hardships that the fathers of our rich men (the most of them) suffered that their children might live at ease. I am not opposed to agitation; I want all that we can get, and don't blame our people for getting all they can, but I would rather see them go about it right than spend their days fussing and doing nothing.

Twenty years ago I was a slave. Since that time I have spent ten years in the United States Civil Service. If such a change can occur in twenty years, who can tell what the next twenty years will bring. Black men, let us educate our children and in a way to make it possible for them to be free and independent.

We can never be free while we fit ourselves for nothing but waiter men, barbers and coachmen—though all labor is honorable; but then we must learn to strike upward and onward ourselves. We cannot afford to wait for our white brother to stop his onward marching in life to pull us up with him. We must help ourselves, wait not for God or man; God helps those only who help themselves. Educate your children in manual and all other kinds of labor and buy land and cultivate it, build houses and improve them, build steamboats and railroads—in a word, let us try and learn to do everything that any man can do. You must know that what the white man has learned with hard study, after years of toil and much pain, that we, too, with patience, may also gain.

I have no objection to seeing a colored gentleman a Cabinet minister or anything else that he can get, but I do say that he is foolish to lose time fighting for it when by working faithfully he may get more.

I am more than surprised at our brethren in Chicago who threaten to desert the Republican party for what the Supreme Court did—a Court that is supposed to be above parties, the keepers, so to speak, and defenders of the Constitution. Did not Congress, and with the approval of a majority of the Republican party, pass this Civil Rights bill in the face of these facts as just laid down by the Court of last resort. Lyman Trumbull, Judge Edmunds, George W. Julian and many others opposed it on these grounds.

For one I feel that it is one of the best things that could have happened. It is about the last of the war of class legislation; hence we are no longer the wards of the nation, but citizens in every sense of the word. It is foolish to hold the Republican party responsible for this decision, or think it a cause for desertion; on the contrary, to desert them now would be treason. Yet, when the day comes, as it must, when the Negro can see principles clearer, and vote for principles instead of men, that day will be the day of our salvation. It does not look natural to see the Negro all on one side, and yet it is hard for him to do better. Democracy offers him no place of refuge.

B. U. H.

Philadelphia, October 26, 1883.

From Charleston News.

The Recent Elections

In the November elections just passed the whole country has need to be satisfied with the result. Nor do we except the South. Far better for is it for the men of this section that the Republican party continue in power. Supposing the South once to have been able to rule the nation more wisely than the North; beyond all question that time has passed, and this section of our common country is less prepared than ever. During the sway of the old time South there could be found a class of men quite worthy of holding the reins, but where the men of this class have not died, aside from the fact of their age, they have refused to step into the new light, and are therefore unprepared to wield authority. And if we seek for young men to take their place they cannot be found; and for the reason that the South has been in no condition to produce them. Busy at repairing the ill fortunes of the war, they have had neither time nor ability to produce national statesmen; sufficient is it if it produce men sufficiently wise and learned to administer the affairs of their individual States.

We say, then, in the prospective continuance of the Republican party, the whole nation has need to be satisfied.

Nor has any class more reason, not only to be satisfied but absolutely joyful, than we of the seven millions. Say what you will, the Grand Old Party, as the wrathy editor of the Globe is wont in irony to say, is the party yet. Not without fault, we confess, and yet when it is compared to the Democracy it is as a spotless bride. Therefore do we rejoice at the bright prospects of having another Republican President in the White House; and not for our good only, but, as we have said for the good of the whole nation.

And just here we feel like saying to our people everywhere, hold up your heads, for your salvation is nearer than you believe. And what makes it the more assured is that it is a salvation that comes from within. The man who is helped over the ditch has need to be thankful; but the man who helps himself over has need to be satisfied. And this is precisely what we are doing; and let him who doubts read the following. It is taken from an address made by Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden before the annual meeting of the American Missionary Association, 1 Nov. 1883. Says the Dr. referring to the States of Georgia, Kentucky, and Tennessee: "Taking these three states together, we find that the percentage of increase of males of voting age was 27; of illiterate voters 18; of illiterate white voters, 25; of illiterate Negro voters, 12.

Now these figures completely overthrow the statement that the increase of illiteracy is relatively greater among the Negroes than among the whites. They show that the proportions are all the other way; the difference between the two races is startling. The whites are gaining a little, in this battle with the powers of darkness; but it is very little; they are scarcely doing more than holding their own; but the Negroes are gaining splendidly; it is to them that the large increase in the percentage of intelligent voters is mainly due.

Now what does this mean? Of course it is due to several causes. The Negroes had had but about five years of opportunity when the census of 1870 was taken; in 1880 they had had fifteen years of opportunity. That a better chance has been offered them, and that they are taking the chance that has been offered them, these figures assure us. But they tell us something more, that to us is very significant. The gain of intelligence among the Negroes in all parts of the South has been much more rapid than that of the whites; it has been more rapid in these three states than in most other parts of the South."

With the white Republicans of the North united and triumphant and the black Republicans of the South slowly yet surely coming to the front, what have we to fear, even though the Supreme Court has nullified the Civil Rights bill? The race that has suffered as long as we have, can yet bear up a few years longer.—*Christian Recorder.*

The truth is, the progress of the colored people in the scale of human rights will depend exclusively on themselves and they will find every experiment to legislate them into this or that position an utter failure. The chief drawbacks to their advancement in many respects have been forged by themselves. In politics, especially, their conduct has shown utter incapacity for citizenship. They are marched to polls in elections, local and general as if they were sheep, not men. They are under the almost absolute control of the party lash, and submit to dictation that is worse than slavish. They wear the badge of servitude at the very moment they clamor for freedom. They do not investigate and judge intelligently for themselves the practical effects of State and Federal legislation on the promotion of public prosperity, but are influenced by such considerations as seats in cars, berths on steamboats, beds in hotels, preferred locations in theatres, and like matters, that no power on earth can or will decide for them by forms of legislation.

We are far from contending that colored people can not advance. They have made progress, but in social respects efforts to labor for themselves, and with this understanding that social equality is not a subject with respect to which either the State Legislature or Congress can legislate. —*Norfolk Virginian.*

Resolved—That it is the duty of the Synod to make a more earnest effort in the direction of evangelistic labor among the colored people, especially in the region where they are most numerous; and the committee recommend the appointment of at least one evangelist who shall be charged with the duty of superintending and fostering efforts to interest the colored people in Sunday Schools, and to labor for the establishment of Presbyterian churches among them whenever practicable.

That inasmuch as the evangelization of the colored people must depend in large degrees upon the efforts among them of educated ministers of their own color, our ministers and churches be directed to thoroughly out and help, as practicable, suitable young men who may be trained for the gospel ministry.

That the committee on Colored Evangelistic labor be continued and directed to find the way, if practicable, to employ a colored evangelist, and are authorized to appoint such an evangelist at their discretion.

Central Presbyterian, Richmond.

Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

The report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs contains much of interest and suggestion.

Among the things needed to solve the Indian problem, he enumerates:

"First. *An appropriation to survey the outboundaries of Indian reservations*, so that both Indians and white men may know where they have rights and where they have none."

Illustration of this need was given in our recent editorial correspondence in the case of the Navajos whose reservation of 10,000 acres has never been surveyed, while they spread in all directions over 25,000, which they claim as their own and have occupied from time immemorial.

"Second. *A law for the punishment of persons who furnish arms or ammunition to Indians.* No such law now exists.

Third. *More liberal appropriations for Indian police.* Our Indian police are an absolute necessity, and have in almost every instance rendered very valuable service, and ought to have more encouragement and support. The pay of these police as now fixed by law is $5 per month for privates and $8 per month for officers, a compensation entirely inadequate to their proper support, especially as many of them have families, which at non-ration agencies are not entitled to rations. As it is the duty of an agent to be careful in making his selections for the force, good men are secured only with the greatest difficulty. One agent, on this particular point, very appropriately remarks:

'Should the pay be increased, the best men in the tribe could easily be enlisted as a road to distinction that formerly was the reward of prowess in battle or skill in hunting.' I must, therefore, take this opportunity of repeating the recommendation made in my last annual report, 'that commissioned officers be paid $15 per month, sergeants, $10 per month, and privates $8 per month."

"Fourth. *An appropriation of money sufficient to defray the expense of detecting and prosecuting persons who furnish intoxicating liquor to Indians.* The reports of my predecessors for the last 30 years agree with singular unanimity in reference to the trouble among Indians growing out of the use of intoxicating liquors, and the fact has been established beyond controversy, that it has been productive of more disease, crime, and loss of life than all other causes combined. The laws now in force on this subject are found in Sections 2087, 2139, 2140, and 2141, Revised Statutes, but experience has proven these laws to be insufficient to stop the traffic complained of."

Concerning appropriations, the Commissioner says futher:

"If Congress would fix the amount to be expended for the Indian service, and leave the Department to distribute it as the wants of the service seem to require, I am confident it would be a great improvement on the present manner of doing business. Under the present system some non-treaty tribes of Indians receive 3 pounds gross of beef per capita each day, and some 2 ounces per capita each day.

The appropriations for the War Department for the year 1883, amounting in round numbers to $25,000,000, were made under less than sixty different heads, leaving, very properly as I believe, a large discretion with the Secretary of War as to their disposal. The appropriation for the Indian service of about one-fourth that amount is cut up into about two hundred and sixty separate and distinct appropriations, each one of which must be used as specially provided, and for no other purpose, although it may happen that in one place there is an abundance, while in another want and famine may prevail."

INDIAN AGENTS.

"The impression seems to prevail to a great extent that almost any man will do for an Indian agent, and as a consequence of this belief, men who are broken down physically, financially, or politically, are frequently recommended for that position. The civilization and elevation of the Indians depends more upon the agents who have their immediate care and management than upon any and all other instrumentalities combined, and hence none but the best class of men should be selected for this service, and to them a fair compensation should be paid.

Sometimes such men are found who are willing to undertake this work for the good that they hope to accomplish, but they soon find themselves surrounded with difficulties and hampered and embarrassed by regulations and rulings that are not to be found in any other business or any other department of the Government. One agent, who was appointed at the earnest solicitation of a United States Senator from his State, wrote me a few weeks since, after being in the service about one year, using this language:

"If I had known at the time of my appointment of the heavy responsibility, trouble, sleepless nights, and agony of mind I have had to undergo, $6,000 salary would not have tempted me to accept the office. I would resign if I could in justice to myself and bondsmen."

LAW FOR INDIANS.

No action has been taken by Congress on the recommendations from this office, numberless petitions from Government officials, institutions, religious societies, missionaries, and other philanthropists, asking the enactment of a general statute putting

Indians under the restraints and protection of law. It has occurred to me that, pending the long delay in the enactment of a general law on the subject, a considerable body of Indians might soon be brought within the jurisdiction of courts in another way. In Dakota and New Mexico are nearly 60,000 Indians. If, when those Territories become States, it shall be provided that the respective State courts shall have jurisdiction over Indian reservations within the boundaries of those States, the condition of the Indians residing therein will be vastly improved. And I would particularly recommend that hereafter, whenever a State is admitted into the Union, the act of admission shall contain a provision giving to Indians within its limits all the rights, privileges, and immunities enjoyed by the citizens thereof, subjecting them to like penalties, liabilities, restrictions, &c., except in cases specially otherwise provided for by treaty or act of Congress."

COURT OF INDIAN OFFENSES.

"On the 10th of April last you gave your official approval to certain rules governing the 'court of Indian offenses,' prepared in this office. These rules prohibit the sun-dance, scalp-dance and war-dance, polygamy, theft, &c. and provide for the organization at each agency of a tribunal composed of Indians empowered to try all cases of infraction of the rules. Many of the agents have as yet been unable to organize the courts: some asking for further time, others reporting their inability to secure proper men to fill the position, the larger proportion however assigning the reason that their Indians positively refuse to accept a position as judge unless paid by government. If appropriations were made for a salary of say $20 per month, I am of the opinion that the court, with some few modifications, could be put into successful operation."

ALLOTMENT OF LANDS IN SEVERALTY, AND PATENTS.

"During the year the total number of certificates and patents issued has been one hundred and forty-six.

"As to the utility and desirability of allotting lands in severalty to Indians and giving them valid titles thereto, I can only reiterate what has been said in my preceding reports. In no case where allotments have been made and the titles secured, with proper restrictions, have any other than the best results followed. I shall, therefore, adhere to the policy of allotting lands wherever the same can legally be done and the condition of the Indians is such as to warrant it."

EDUCATION.

The most interesting, suggestive and hopeful point of the Commissioner's report is that upon education. We would like to transcribe it bodily.

"Exclusive of the five civilized tribes the number enrolled at boarding-schools during the year just closed is 5,143, an increase of 654 over last year. The attendance on the day-schools has been 5,611, an increase of 748 over the preceding year.

"Of the 5,143 boarding-pupils, 4,396 have attended schools on reservations or in their immediate vicinity, 641 have been enrolled at Hampton, Carlisle, and Forest Grove, and 106 have been placed in various schools in the States.

An interesting event in the year has been the educational inroad in the Ute tribe. The wild Southern Utes allowed twenty-seven of their youth to be taken to the Albuquerque boarding school, although not one of the tribe had ever before attended any school of any discription. At first the necessary routine and restraint of the school was irksome, and the labor required was repugnant; but within a few months Agent Sanchez reported:

'On his arrival, one boy who aspired to the leadership of his fellows and who thought he should have fifty cents for bringing a pail of water and refused to perform any labor without pay, has been kindly and gradually led to change his views and has become a ready, willing worker, being especially interested in the industry of gardening. On being asked whether he had any word to send to his people, he soon replied: 'Yes, tell them to make a garden; I think a garden is a good thing.'"

"*Training schools.* No one can read the reports of the Carlisle, Hampton, and Forest Grove training schools, which will be found herewith, without being impressed with the growing interest and value of the work they are doing, and without wishing that it might be increased a hundred-fold. Each school has exceeded the number for which appropriation was made, and they have enrolled respectively 390, 109, and 151 pupils. Their standing and importance are now so fully recognized as to need neither explanation nor defense. They have been visited and inspected by men and women from all parts of the country, friendly and unfriendly, enthusiastic and skeptical. The result has been uniform that these schools should be continued and enlarged, and other similar ones established. A visit to either of these schools will remove the most obstinate prejudice against Indian education.

"It gives me pleasure to report that a fifth another year, three new training schools will be in operation, at Chiloco in the Indian Territory for 150 pupils, at Lawrence, Kansas for 340, and near Genoa, Neb. for 150."

Under the appropriation act of last year, a few pupils were placed in schools in six different states, the report from whom was so encouraging that an appropriation was made for this year, providing for thus educating nearly 400, on an allowance of $167 each per year, the same as that allowed Hampton. Realizing the absurd disproportion of this allowance to the demands of the appropriation act for mechanical and agricultural and household training, book education and all expenses of board, clothes, medical attendance, etc, through a whole year, the Commissioner sent a letter of explanation to forty-three industrial schools endowed by national land grants, (Hampton being already engaged in Indian work, was not included.) Of these forty-three, only nine replied, and only one accepted, and that one could promise to train only the boys in farming and carpentry.

The fact is that the allowance of $167. is based on the offer made by Hampton to inaugurate the effort, and only possible here because of the "plant" already possessed of shops and apparatus already in successful operation. With all these, it is by no means an adequate allowance, but leaves a deficit of from sixty to seventy dollars each per annum to be made up by private charity as well as all erections of buildings: $200 would be not too much; with that Carlisle needs outside aid. $175 has been twice asked for and refused by Congress, while even the $167 was once cut down to $150, under Commissioner Hayt. The present Commissioner more wisely says;

"So long as the Government practically solicits the aid of private charity in the carrying on of Government work, private charity should have a hearing. There should be made to it at least a fair proposition, and I therefore renew a recommendation made last fall, that an appropriation be made that will enable the office to offer to any suitable institution that will furnish buildings, teachers, and all necessary machinery of the school a compensation of not less than $180 per annum for each Indian pupil supported and taught therein. This policy would secure the aid of men and money which can be reached in no other way, and the work of Indian education be immensely and permanently advanced. Private charity should be enlisted so far as possible. The outcome will be an intelligent interest in Indian civilization and a public sentiment substantial and permanent, which will outlive changes in administrations and parties and policies. To ask charitable institutions to furnish buildings and all equipments and then offer less than mere current expenses is unworthy of the Government. It is parsimony that becomes waste, and justifies Gen. Armstrong's remarks on the subject." [In Annual Report.]

To the co-operation of religious societies and Christian communities the Commissioner bears appreciative testimony.

"The total amount expended during the past year by these societies for educational purposes, so far as reported, is $74,659, besides $70,142 expended on missionary work as distinguished from school work. To this should be added contributions amounting to $13 278, made during the year to the Forest Grove and Carlisle training schools, and the $26,668 which General Armstrong reports that Hampton expends on her Indian pupils in addition to the appropriation made by Government for their partial support.

This does not include $30,504 expended by religious societies in the support, in whole or in part, of seminaries, academies, and missions among the five civilized tribes, nor $24, 149 devoted to establishing and carrying on schools and missions in Alaska.

This aggregate of $239,430 by no means expresses the value of the assistance thus given to Indian education and civilization. The influence of men and women whose lives are devoted to the uplifting of the degraded and ignorant cannot be measured by dollars and cents. Moreover, the very fact that he represents a great religious denomination, that a Christian community is his constituency, and that the funds which come into his hands have been consecrated by prayer and self-denial, gives to a man and his work a moral force and momentum which Government patronage does not impart. In my opinion, the best hope for the Indian lies in bringing him in the closest possible relations with the various religious societies whose sole business consists in working for the elevation of humanity, and who, from long experience, are presumably best informed as to the methods and men and means to be employed in such work."

FREEDMEN IN INDIAN TERRITORY.

"The Indian appropriation act of May 17, 1882, appropriated the sum of ten thousand dollars for the education of freedmen in the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, to be deducted from any appropriations for those tribes, unless they adopted the freedmen and provided for them before such expenditure. The Choctaws passed an act of adoption but not being found sufficient, it was not approved. The Chickasaws and Cherokees have both failed to take any action respecting their freedmen. These have petitioned Congress for assistance in securing rights in the nations. The Commissioner recommends their settlement upon the Oklahoma district under some well defined form of government, or else laws to compel their adoption by the respective tribes."

A Communication.

EDITOR OF WORKMAN,

My letters in November *Workman* were written as incidents of my Western trip last summer, at times when I was deeply impressed with the necessity for the adoption of stronger measures than those now employed, to insure the Indians a fair chance to become useful, civilized and self supporting citizens. Under the influence of strong feeling I used strong language. No personal attack was intended. I desired to express my belief in the inadequacy of the measures, not the men, now employed by the Government to accomplish the civilization and protection of the Indians. I heartily sympathize with those who are struggling manfully, under existing law, to improve the condition of the Indians, and no one would feel more gratified than I to see their efforts prove successful. I would gladly see sufficient, tangible and effective power, with generous appropriations of funds, placed in the hands of the civil department of the government to insure said department a fair chance to perform the work of civilizing the Indians placed under its care. If the civil arm of the government be found to be too weak to properly manage the Indians, then in such contingency, I suggested and am constrained to maintain, that economy and common sense demand that their management be transferred to the War Department. No officer of the army covets the difficult task that would be imposed upon the army by the transfer.

Many of the officials of the Indian service I know to be honorable, efficient and Christian gentlemen, worth twice the pay they receive for the performance of their arduous and difficult duties, and who are richly deserving of public confidence and esteem. On the other hand it is well known that many are inefficient and unfit for the places they hold and in so far as their places might be filled by the detail of experienced officers of the army of honorable record and character, it is hard to see why the pay of said inefficient officials would not be well saved for more wise use.

In making use of the word support in one of my letters, I intended to cover management and advancement of, as well as subsistence and clothing for the Indians, and there was no intention of conveying the idea that any part of the money appropriated for said purposes was wrongfully diverted from its proper channels under the law.

In expressing my doubt as to the adequacy of the means adopted (I believe in good faith) by the Indian Bureau for the suppression of certain barbarous rites and practices, I had no idea anyone could draw therefrom an inference that I approved of such practices or that I intended to reflect upon the Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who is undoubtedly endeavoring to perform his duties in a conscientious manner and to the best of his ability under existing law, which he reports to be in many ways, inadequate, and in which he urges many radical changes. I had no such intention. This remark also applies to my incidental criticism upon the clothing furnished by the government to the Indians, costing the former from about $2.58 to $6.54 per suit, consisting of coat, pants and vest. See Commissioner's report for 1882. No reflection upon Mr. Price's honesty and personal integrity was intended. The clothing is probably worth the money paid for it. It is but fair to say that he has done much to improve the service and to advance the best interests of the Indians, thereby commending himself to the approval and support of good men interested in the civilization of the Indians.

The most pressing needs of the Indians may be briefly stated to be sufficient land, under an inalienable title, in order that they may retain a foothold long enough to get rooted in civilized modes of living, ample school and industrial training facilities and experienced farmers settled in their midst and employed under good pay to instruct them in farming.

I remain very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

GEO. LEROY BROWN.

THE Nashville (Tenn.) *American* says "The race problem is to be worked out where the Negro outnumbers the whites in such large proportions as are exhibited by the census of Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, and parts of Georgia. It is a momentous question for the white people of these States. They have not begun to study it too soon in Mississippi." The remark was suggested by a paragraph in a Mississippi journal in which it was said: "The great chief political question which overrides all others in this State, overrides in Virginia, and will override in all the Southern States is: How will we compromise the colored problem? Until that is done political disquiet will remain, and no other great question can come to the front."

A Voice from the South.

The Rev. Dr. Atticus G. Haygood of Georgia, President of Emory College of that state and agent of the "Slater Fund," recently delivered an address at Nashville, Tenn., in which he put the cause of Negro Education with great vigor on his part, as follows. As the language of a Southern man, it is especially interesting. No Northern man could speak with such force.

"With not a few persons of good business faculty and shrewd worldly wisdom, it often happens that an argument on the lower plane of policy goes much further than an argument on the higher plane of truth and right. The Negro is here and here to stay. He is a citizen, armed with that thunderbolt of political power, the ballot. That it was given to him unwisely because untimely and without conditions that would develop in him a wise conscience as to the use of it; that as a rule he is unfit to be a voter—all this I understand fairly well. But this is not the subject to discuss at this time. He is a citizen, he is a voter. In some States he is in the majority; in every Southern State he is a tremendous power—a power, whether he uses it or designing white men use it. It is about time to consider facts. His citizenship is a fact and his presence here is a fact. There are now at least seven million of Negroes in this country, nearly all of them are in the Southern States. They increase rapidly and steadily—faster than the white race.

What do the census tables show? The increase in total population of the United States from 1870 to 1880 was 30.06 per cent.; the increase of the white race, aided enormously by foreign immigration, was 28.82 per cent.; the increase of the Negro population, unaided by foreign immigration, was 34.78 per cent.

Some writers, of name and position, have endeavored to break the force of these figures.

If they want the best test for comparison let them try ten decades instead of two sets of two. One hundred years ago there were in this country about seven hundred thousand Negroes; now there are seven millions. That is, they have multiplied ten times in a century. How many will there be in 1993?

A man who does not know that voters

OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO READ AND WRITE

does not know enough to be argued with. The illiterate vote of our Southern States is simply appalling, and the illiterate vote is increasing. From 1870 to 1880 there was an increase of illiterate votes in the Southern States of nearly two hundred thousand.

THE VOTES OF IGNORANCE.

How are the votes of ignorant men determined? 1. In small part by the counsels of the wise and good citizen. I say in small part, for the bad and designing demagogue has more power over the ignorant vote than has the good and unselfish patriot. 2. The votes of the ignorant are largely determined by prejudice. Out of prejudice proceed conflicts and all manner of social and political wrongs. 3. The votes of the ignorant are largely influenced by bribes, offered in one form or another. And this means power and corruption without end, and bottomless. The worst thing about this huge illiterate vote is not the incapacity of the voters to use their ballots wisely; the worst thing about it is this; ignorance fits them exactly to become the tools of corrupt men of superior intelligence. With an illiterate vote large enough to hold the balance of power elections are, for the most part, dictated by demagogues and manipulated by villains. It is left to intelligent, industrious, and honest citizens to settle the costs of corrupt government.

THEY SAY, "TEACH HIM MORALS."

I am not unacquainted with the answer to all this as a plea for the education of the Negro. "Book-learning," we are gravely informed, "is not sufficient; the Negro needs education in morals." This is true, and true as to the Negro because true as to all other men. But will sensible men seriously urge the Negro's education in morals as an objection to his education in books? Is book-knowledge, then, in itself unfavorable to good morals? Is ignorance the master of devotion and the nurse of religion? then recall the fierce Arabs who put torch to the library of Alexandria and bid them burn down your colleges and school-houses; bid them destroy your books and stop your busy press power. Then, stop all education—stop all thinking—vegetate and die.

It is unmitigated nonsense—this miserable pretense of reasoning, that since the Negro does need betterment in his morals the school-house is not good for him.

A most significant fact may be mentioned at this point. The only white people in this country who are expending either much service or much money in the effort to improve the Negro's morals are also the people who are expending more money and service in the endeavor to teach him the knowledge of books. It is also true that those who have the most to say about the Negro's need of education in morals, as a reason for not educating him in books, are precisely the people who are not doing anything of consequence to educate him in anything. To a plain man there seems to be a degree of sham and cant in their talk.

FOUR ROOT OBJECTIONS.

The objections to the Negro's education that control men's opinions have their origin in four roots, closely united.

1. In ignorance; there are not a few who are, at bottom, opposed to all education.

2. In stinginess; multiplied thousands deny their own children education because it costs money. Money is their god.

3. In prejudice—prejudice against the Negro because he is a Negro. Avarice is a mean spirit, but this sort of prejudice is meaner.

4. In apprehensions that appeal to two kinds of fear:

(1.) The apprehension that the education of the Negro will spoil him as a laborer. I know what I am talking about when I say that this fear is at the bottom of much of the current opposition to the education of the Negro. I go among the people and keep my eyes and ears open.

If the argument that supports this apprehension be worth anything, it proves too much, for it is just as good as an argument against the education of the poor whites. Education will as certainly spoil them for laborers. The spirit that is capable of such an objection to the education of the poor of any race is selfish, cowardly and essentially mean. It is worthy only of the Dark Ages.

There is nothing in the argument. No man is better for anything in the world to be done because he is ignorant. A trained dog is better than a wild dog. Ignorance is not a qualification for anything that God intended man to do. It is first, last and all the time, disqualification rather. Every principle of right and justice denies it; any law of political economy condemns it; the history of the human race repudiates it.

THE RUSSIAN SYSTEM.

What is history good for except to teach us by its examples? If history teaches anything it teaches that no social, or labor, or national, or race problem was ever yet truly solved by mere repression—by merely trying to keep human beings down. It is in our times seen at its best and worst in Europe; it is the Russian system. It fails always and everywhere; there is in it dynamite and death and hell. It must fail, for in its very heart it is tyranny and the eternal powers are against it.

A NEEDLES SCARE.

(2.) With some there is opposition to the education of the Negro from a vague fear of something that is called "social equality." Just now the poor Negro is in a place where "two seas meet." There are two classes of extremists: One is in mortal terror lest the Negro should become somebody; the other is morbidly anxious that he should assert claims to what he is in no wise fitted for. If between the two he does not lose his balance he will deserve the respect of both. There never was in this world, in any nation or community, such a thing as social equality and there never will be. The social spheres arrange themselves to suit themselves, and no laws promulgated by State or Church will change the social affinities and natural selections of men. Men choose the circles for which they have affinity, seek the companionship they prefer, and find the places that are suited to them.

THE QUESTION NOW.

But the question is no longer what we prefer; it is now a question as to what can be done. These millions are here among us they are citizens; they are voters—taking part in the government of this whole nation. When a man of sense can't have his own way he will seek the next best thing he can get. It may well be that we would not choose that the conditions of our very difficult problem should be what they are. Only fools have contempt for facts. It is now in the providence of God left to us to choose our own problem; it is ours to accept facts and to do the very best we can. Nor is it any longer a question whether the Negro will be educated. That work was begun before Appomattox; it has been going on ever since; it is now being pushed with more vigor than ever before. Of this we may be sure; the Negro will, sooner or later, be educated. The State Governments recognize him in the public school administration; Northern liberality has spent more than twenty millions of dollars in the South since the surrender of the Confederate cause, for the education of the Negro. With our approval or without it, this work will go on and ought to go on. I thank God for those who have carried it on thus far; for the liberal men and women who have given great sums of money, and for the devoted men and women who have given their personal service.

During most of the time that this work has been going on in our midst, its promoters have had little countenance or encouragement from us. Many times they have been opposed and despised and made to feel our contempt.

ABSURD AND CHILDISH.

In all truth and common sense, there is no room for discounting, in any respect, a white man or woman simply for teaching Negroes. It is utterly absurd. I believe it to be also sinful. Let us consider our attitude on this subject for a moment. We have the Negroes to cook for us and if they do not know how, our wives and daughters teach them. We employ them in all sorts of ways. When elections come on, we ask not only their votes, but their "social influence." Candidates, from Governor to Coroner, do this, earnestly, invariably, and without social discredit. We sell goods to them, we buy from them, we practice law for them, we practice medicine for them, and it is all well enough. In all business relations, except teaching, so far as I can remember our ways on this subject, whether as employers or employes, we think it all very nice, and so do our wise neighbors. How utterly and childishly absurd it is to "make an exception" if one teaches a Negro child how to spell, to read and write. Will some master in such fine knowledge explain just wherein it is seemly to sell goods to a Negro, or to buy from him or to practice law for him, or to give him medicine, or even to preach to him sometimes, but a thing abhorrent to teach him whatever he can learn that we can teach? Of what shams we are guilty.

Think of people going in raptures over David Livingstone, explorer of Africa, and pioneer of Christian civilization, and then turning up their noses at a teacher, not because he is ignorant or ill bred or bad, but because, forsooth, he teaches a Negro school.

A word more I add on this point. If the best results are to be achieved, both for the white and the black races, in the education of the Negro, then Southern white people must take part in the work of his education.

TIME CHANGES AND THE GRAVE BURIES.

Let us take courage; prejudices that must hold their own both against conscience and common sense, must die after awhile. Great changes occur in the life time of one generation, and the law of mortality buries the bitterest prejudices in the grave. How great resolutions in sentiment fifty years may produce, many facts of our country's history illustrate. It has been only fifty years since a fierce multitude in Canterbury Green, Conn. mobbed a cultivated and Christian woman, only because she was teaching a few Negro children.

THERE ARE SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

In May, 1882, at the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the College of Bishops, in their quadrennial message to the Conference, earnestly recommended some adequate provision for the better preparation for their work of colored teachers and preachers.

The committee on education reported in favor of the plans suggested by the bishops; the General Conference, without a dissenting voice, adopted the report of the committee. The result so far, is the appointment of a board of trustees, the sending forth of a general agent; the selection of a place and the election of two of the best men in that church to serve in the faculty of Paine Institute, Augusta, Ga. For seven months the general agent and the president, both of them distinguished and old ministers in that church, have worked hard with small success.

It may be considered "unparliamentary," but I take leave to ask, did the General Conference mean anything by the action it took on the subject of Negro education in Nashville, Tenn., in May 1882? If so, what did it mean? It is incredible that we should have in this history, a case of conscience like this; too much conscience to repudiate a duty, but not enough to do it—just enough to use good words. If that General Conference represented the church, in its action on the subject of Negro education, how are we to interpret the non-action of that church when asked to do what the General Conference put into words?

If it did not represent that church, what is to become of a church that does not even put into words its recognition of an obvious duty? What finally will be the attitude of this church if it shall drop the work which it solemnly declared, through its bishops and its General Conference, that it ought to do and that it promised to do? It will be discredited and it will never recover from the wound given its own heart by its own hand.

Other churches in the South have small occasion to glory over the church whose General Conference action I have discussed, for none of them have done anything worthy of special mention; few of them have even gone so far as to talk of doing anything.

THE ONLY PLATFORM.

It is one of the sad things connected with the difficult problem of the two races living together in this country that not a few good people of both races have despaired of its solution. The author of the Declaration of Independence wrote, it is said, in 1782, this prediction: "Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free; nor is it less certain that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government."

It does not surprise me that Mr. Jefferson made both these predictions. As to the first there was at that time in Virginia and other Southern States, a strong party that favored the emancipation of the slaves. As to the second, he had studied French philosophy more than he had studied Christianity. If this country had been pagan Rome or infidel France, the first prediction would have failed—the slaves never would have been set free by the will of man. Had they been set free, the second prediction would have been fulfilled, for in a pagan or infidel country the two races could not be "equally free and live in the same government." They would not have been set free had this not been a Christian country; as it is a Christian country, the two races "equally free" before the law, can "live in the same government," and the problem of their free citizenship can be solved.

As to this whole subject, full of difficulties as those best know who have personal relations to it, there is just one platform on which Christian people can stand. Our problem with those millions of Negroes in our midst can be properly solved, not by force of any sort from without the States where they live; no more can it be solved by repression within those States. *It can be worked only on the basis of the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount.* On this platform we can solve any problem whatever, whether personal, social, industrial, political, natural, or ethnical, that Providence brings before us. On any lower platform we shall fail and always fail.

Temperance.

The Price of a Drink.

"Five cents a glass!" Does any one think
That that is really the price of a drink?
"Five cents a glass," I hear you say,
"Why, that isn't very much to pay."
Ah, no, indeed; 'tis a very small sum
You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb;
And if that were all that you gave away,
It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink? Let him decide
Who has lost his courage and lost his pride,
And lies a grovelling heap of clay,
Not far removed from a beast, to day.

The price of a drink? Let that one tell
Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell,
And feels within him the fires of hell,
Honor and virtue, love and truth,
All the glory and pride of youth,
Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame,
High endeavor and noble aim,
These are the treasures thrown away
As the price of drink, from day to day.

"Five cents a glass!" How Satan laughed.
As over the bar the young man quaffed
The beaded liquor; for the demon knew
The terrible work that drink would do;
And ere the morning the victim lay
With his life-blood swiftly ebbing away;
And that was the price he paid, alas!
For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of a drink? If you want to know
What some are willing to pay for it, go
Through that wretched tenement over there,
With dingy windows and broken stair,
Where foul disease, like a vampire, crawls
With outstretched wings o'er the mouldy walls.
There poverty dwells with her hungry brood,
Wild-eyed as demons for lack of food;
There shame, in a corner, crouches low;
There violence deals its cruel blow;
And innocent ones are thus accursed
To pay the price of another's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!" Oh, if that were all,
The sacrifice would, indeed, be small!
But the money's worth is the least amount
We pay; and whoever will keep account
Will learn the terrible waste and blight
That follows the ruinous appetite.
"Five cents a glass!" Does any one think
That that is really the price of a drink?

—*N. O. Christian Advocate.*

At Home.

The Deacon's Creed.

"I wish," said the Deacon, "that I were a woman."

The Deacon's wife looked up at him a trifle sharply, but furtively, and said nothing.

"For the men," continued the Deacon, "are all the time lecturing the women about their spheres, and the husbands are all the time talking about the duty of wives; and if I were a woman I would turn the tables on them and give a lecture on the sphere of men and the duties of husbands."

"Bless me!" said Mr. Geer, in a whisper "is it possible that the Deacon has been married twenty-five years and hasn't heard any lectures on the duties of husbands?"

"H'sh, Thomas," said Mrs. Geer.

"What would your text be?" said the Parson.

The Deacon has a side pocket made in his coat, in which he carries a pocket edition of Bagster's Bible. He dove into this pocket, produced his Bible, opened it—the Bible seemed to open of itself to the place he wanted; think the Bible and the Deacon understand one another—and read as follows: "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it."

"Don't you think that husbands generally love their wives?" said the Parson.

"I don't think they give themselves for their wives to any great extent,' replied the Deacon.

"What do you mean?" said the Parson.

"I mean," said the Deacon, "that Christ laid down his life for his church. He counted his own happiness as nothing. He endured poverty, dishonor, strife, social ostracism, everything that could be heaped upon him, for the sake of the love he bore to his church. He became its burden bearer. He suffered willingly and cheerfully for its errors, faults, and sins. He lived for it and he died for it; and he made no boast of his sacrifices. He rejoiced in this service and self-sacrifice of love; and this is the reason why the church reverences him, and loves him, and easily and joyfully submits to him. It knows that it is submitting to no selfish will. It is love submitting to love; and that is always easy. I should like to see the husband that does that—that even attempts to do it."

Here the Deacon's wife, who was sitting just beside, but a little behind him, pointed silently to the Deacon. But he was quite unconscious of the pantomime.

"In courtship that is just what we do. We live for the girl we are courting. Her happiness is our happiness. To do more for her than the other fellow is the supremest achievement of our life. We give her no chance to make demands, for her wish is our law; and scarcely a chance to express a wish, for we anticipate it. I should like to see the husband that keeps up courting his wife after he is married."

Here the Deacon's wife repeated her pantomime. But the unconscious Deacon continued without a pause—

"After the wedding-day a change begins. We expect our wives to live for us. We expect our wish to be her law. We expect her to anticipate our desires. We expect her to find her happiness in our enjoyment. She is *our* wife; and if, finally, not having her interests looked after by her husband, nor her rights defended by her protector, she at last, grows self-assertive, and resists the tyranny of our selfishness, we grow eloquent about the sphere of women and the duties of wives. I declare I am ashamed of myself sometimes when I reflect that I am a man."

The Deacon's wife shook her head at him gently, behind his back, in a kind of silent protest.

"I saw a sight the other day," continued the Deacon, who was evidently full of his subject, "that filled me with wrath; and I have been nursing it ever since. I was on my way to the station in the city. Just before me was a German woman, carrying a large box on her back, and bending under the load, while the streams of perspiration were running down her face. Just before her was a big hulk of a fellow, who was, to be sure, carrying the baby in his arms. As I passed them he turned round to her and said something in German; I could not understand it of course; but I interpreted it 'Hurry up!' I could have knocked the fellow down. And I've been growing madder about it ever since. For I think it is what we are all doing—binding heavy burdens on our wives' shoulders, leaving them to stagger under responsibilities that we ought to carry, and to kill themselves in sacrifices which we ought never to permit, and refusing to give up our least indulgences for their sake. I tell you, gentlemen," and the Deacon's eye kindled with unwonted fire, and he was really eloquent, "I believe in wives submitting to their husbands; but the husband who does believe that, and then makes her submission a means of gratifying himself is a—a—a three-tailed Basbaw."

"Wbat is a three-tailed Basbaw?" said Mr. Hardcap.

"A three-tailed Bashaw, Mr. Hardcap," replied the Deacon, turning his benignant face toward his questioner and speaking with unwonted deliberation, "is a man who piles all the household work on to his uncomplaining wife, and, while he's abundantly able to hire a servant for her, dosn't do it, and lets her drudge herself to death without a helper."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Hardcap. It is impossible for me to express this grunt by any printer's device. It was the exclamation of a pachydermatous animal that had been touched, but not really wounded, by a well-directed rifle-ball.

"But," said the Parson, "there are surely exceptional cases. Men of culture do not act in this way."

"Don't they?" said the Deacon. "There was poor Jane Welsh Carlyle—"

"Order! order!" said Mr. Geer, rapping on the table. "No one is permitted to mention Jane Welsh Carlyle for one year after the appearance of Mrs. Oliphant's last paper, on penalty of expulsion from this Club."

"Well," said the Deacon, "there's Mr. Geer; he's a good husband, as husbands go; a very good husband, I've no doubt."

Mrs. Geer looked up with an expression on her face that seemed to say, "I would like to see the man who would dare question that."

"But he loves his cigar better than his wife," continued the remorseless Deacon; "and, every time he comes up from New York, rides up in the smoking-car, and compels his wife to stifle her native repugnance to the abominable smell of stale tobaco-smoke, in order to give him a wifely greeting."

"A fair hit, Mr. Geer," said Mr. Wheaton.

"And there's Mr. Wheaton," continued the Deacon, "who loves Shakespeare better than he does his wife. For, despite the fact that his orthodox wife does not believe in the theater, he will go off to it with a companion, and leave her—if I know anything of woman's nature—to reflect alone that before they were married he thought her company worth a great deal more than any play that was ever produced on the boards."

Mr. Wheaton looked hard at his wife; and she bent a rose-red face—as bright and pretty a face as it was in her maidenhood—over the crocheting in her lap.

"Seems to me you'r getting rather personal, Deacon," said I, by way of relieving the embarrassment.

"And here's Mr. Laicus," said the Deacon, "who goes to New York every day in winter on his business, and says he gets all he wants of the city between breakfast and dinner. I wonder if he ever thought to question his wife whether she does not get more of the country than she wants, in the lonely winter days, when the town is full of life and Wheat-hedge is as barren of it as an iceberg in the North Sea.

I glanced at Jennie, but Jennie did not glance toward me. I wondered whether she had been making a confidant of the Deacon, or whether he was only guessing.

"Seems to me," said the Parson, "it is time for you to confess your own shortcomings, Deacon."

"It is the business of a father-confessor," replied the Deacon, "to confess everybody's sins but his own."

There was a moment's pause. I rather think we were all applying the Deacon's rather personal remarks to ourselves. Presently Jennie broke the silence:

"You promised us last week, Deacon," said she, "your rules for husbands. What are they?"

The Deacon took a package of letters out of his pocket, selected an envelope, emptied it of its enclosure, turned it face down upon the table, reflected a moment or two, and then wrote as follows:

Rules for the Husband.

Husband, Love Your Wife.

1. Never find fault with her before others.

2. On the contrary remember the counsel of the Good Book: Her husband shall praise her in the gates; that is, before folks.

3. Bear all her burdens for her; even then she'll bear more than you do, in spite of you.

4. If you want her to submit to your judgment, never ask her to submit to your selfishness.

5. A woman's life is made up of little things. Make her life happy by little courtesies.

6. Love is a wife's only wages. Don't scrimp in your pay.

"There," said the Deacon, as he handed the paper to Jennie; "there they are. But I think a woman ought to write the rules for husbands. No man can do it."

"So," said the Parson, "if I understand you aright, Deacon, the sum of the whole matter is this: the duty of the husband is self-denial, but he ought never to submit to his wife; and the duty of the wife is submission, but she has no occasion to deny herself for her husband. Eh?"

"Hum-m-m," said the Deacon, reflectively. "Hardly that. You see the Lord knew that the women, God bless'em! would deny themselves for their husbands, whether or no but they *are* just a trifle self-willed by nature and need a little exhortation on that subject."

"And you see," said the Deacon's wife catching and imitating her husband's tone exactly, "the Lord knew that the men, God bless'em! would submit themselves to their wives, whether or no; but they *are* just a trifle selfish by nature, and need a little exhortation on that subject."

"I declare," said the Deacon, looking at his watch, "do you know, wife, that it is quarter to ten and time we were at home this very minute? We must go."

What Jennie and I thought, and what Jennie said as we walked home together, I have no occasion to report; for this is a report of the Deacon's creed, not of ours. But we were agreed in this that having lived twenty five years and over happily together, without any rules, we do not propose to adopt even the Deacon's rules now. But as we turned in at our gate I said, "Jennie, I think we will go to New York for two or three months this winter."

"Oh no! John, I wouldn't," she said. "I don't want to."

I looked down with questioning into her eyes, which were turned up toward mine; eyes that never yet looked a falsehood; and she added, with a wifely little pressure on the arm on which she was resting, "that is—unless you want to, John."

But I do want to.

Yours, etc., LAICUS.

N. Y. Christian Union.

Agriculture.

Effects of Food and Air upon the Flavor and Quality of Meat.

The best animal food comes from localities where the peculiarities of the soil are such as to develop rich and high flavored herbage It happens that such peculiarities exist high up on the Alps, and on some of the elevated parts of the British Isles, where the grasses are rich and aromatic to an extent notably greater than on the lands lying lower, while on the elevated portions of New England and New York, as compared with the lowlands and the blue grass region of Kentucky, the reverse is true. No: much exercise is not the basis of superior animal food. It may seem, at first glance, that the severe exercise which gives great strength and power of endurance to the muscles, and which contributes to vigorous health and the strongest hold on life, would also be most favorable to high quality of food in the bodies of such animals; but it does not follow that what is best for the welfare of a living animal is best for the welfare of the one who is going to eat the animal. The welfares of the two clash strongly at some points, and the result of laborious exercise on the part of the animal is one of them. It is not so much severe exercise as good food and pure air that contribute most to excellence in animal food. Pure air is one of the most essential. Its importance is well illustrated in the difference between wild fowl and tame. The partridge, grouse, and prairie chickens, which are comparable to our gallinaceous fowls, are vastly superior to our domestic hen, not because they are better fed, nor because they have more exercise, but because they breathe purer air. Next to pork, the flesh of domestic fowls is most uncleanly and impure. Besides injury from over-fattening, and from mingling offensive matter with their food by being fed in filthy places, the most objectionable thing is their breathing the effluvia of the roost, over which most of them are compelled to sit till the marrow of their bones becomes saturated with the malarious infections of their offal. This is enough to make all the difference between wild meat and tame. The close stable, the sty and the roost, are the bane of domestic meats.—*Prof. L. B. Arnold, in New York Tribune.*

BEANS are not eaten whole by any kind of stock excepting sheep. But by grinding and mixing with corn or oatmeal, beans unfit for sale may be profitably fed to cattle, horses and pigs. They are very strong food, and as stock become used to them the proportion of bean meal may be increased."—*The Southern Planter.*

Health and Humanity.

Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals.

By George T. Angell, Esq., President Massachusetts Society Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. These leaflets can be obtained from the Society, 19 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., in any quantity, at two cents per copy.

TENTH LESSON.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Coleridge.

ANECDOTES.

[To be read to pupils by Primary Teachers.]

"A man of kindness to his beast is kind,
But brutal actions show a brutal mind:
Remember *He* who made thee, made the brute;
Who gave *thee* speech and reason formed *him* mute.
He can't complain, but God's all-seeing eye
Beholds *thy* cruelty, and hears *his* cry.
He was designed thy servant, not thy drudge;
And know that *his* creator is thy judge."

—Anon.

A teacher of a large public school in England has, during many years, been carefully teaching the children in his school, kindness to animals,—to feed the birds, and pat the horses, and enjoy making all God's harmless creatures happy; and he now tells us that out of about seven thousand children that have gone out from his school, not one has ever been charged with a criminal offence in any court.

A celebrated French teacher (M. DeSailly) has been teaching the children in his school, ever since 1851, kindness to animals. He says it has had the best influence on their lives and characters. He has found them "not only more kind to animals, but more gentle and affectionate toward each other," and he hopes that principles of kindness to animals will soon be taught in every school. In more than five thousand French schools regular lessons are now given the children on this subject; as I have before said in these papers, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of societies of children have been formed in the schools of England, France and other countries, to protect animals from cruelty. Out of about two thousand criminals in American prisons, inquired of on the subject, it was found that only twelve had any pet animal during their childhood.

About six hundred prizes are now given every year to the scholars in English schools who write the best compositions on kindness to animals. They have been presented to these scholars by the daughters of the Queen, and other distinguished persons, in the presence of large audiences, numbering at one time nearly ten thousand people. And I was glad to read, the other day, what two brave English boys did to prevent cruelty to a cat which three wicked boys, or *hoodlums*, had stolen, and having tied a string to her neck, were, for fun, throwing her into a broad ditch of water and then dragging her out: These two brave boys were smaller than the hoodlums, and they offered to give all the money both had,—about a shilling,—if they would let the cat go, but the hoodlums only laughed at them and refused. Finding there was no other way to save the cat, they both suddenly rushed on the big hoodlum and pitched him into the ditch where he had been throwing the cat; then they rushed with such force at the one who was holding the cat that he dropped her; then they rushed at the third one, and he ran away; and then they picked up the cat and ran away themselves before the hoodlums could get ready to follow. It was a brave battle, fought against great odds for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and I think the boys who did it deserve to be made knights of the "Legion of Honor" as much as any man who ever fought on battle-field.

I read another good story the other day, about a distinguished clergyman of Massachusetts, known throughout the Nation as a great and good man. It is about one of the experiences of his childhood, and I will tell it in his own words. He says, "I saw, one day, a little spotted turtle sunning itself in the shallow water, and I lifted the stick in my hand to kill it, for, though I had never killed any creature, I had seen other boys kill birds, squirrels, and the like, and I had a disposition to follow their wicked example; but all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud '*It is wrong*,' and so I held my uplifted stick until the turtle vanished from my sight. Then I went home and told my mother, and asked her what it was that told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye, and took me in her arms, and said: '*Some call it conscience, but I call it the voice of God in the human soul.* If you listen to it and obey it, then it will speak clearer, and always guide you right. But if you do not listen to it, o. disobey it, then it will fade out, little by little, and leave you in the dark without a guide. Your life, my child,

depends on heeding that little voice.'"

The celebrated Dr. Channing writes in one of his books, "I would not crush the meanest (harmless) insect that crawls upon the ground It has the same right to life that I have. It received it from the same Father, and I will not harm the works of God by wanton cruelty."

In my parlor I have a beautiful picture,—a hunter with bow and arrow about to shoot a mountain deer that stands unconscious of his danger; but suddenly, behind the deer, appears in the mist the dim but gigantic form of the Spirit of the mountains, with uplifted hands. The terrified hunter drops his bow and spares the life he could not restore. Remember, children, whenever you may be tempted to take without cause the innocent life of any creature, that there is present everywhere, that great and pure Spirit upon whose mercy you depend, and who knows every wrong that you may inflict on the humblest of his creatures. Protect the weak, relieve the suffering, make the world happier that you have lived in it, and you will be happier yourselves in this life, and better prepared for life immortal.

SOME QUESTIONS.

[Others to be added by teachers.]

Who can recite the first piece of poetry?
Who can recite the second?
What is said about a large public school in England?
What is said about a French school?
What about lessons on kindness to animals, in French schools?
What about societies of children in England, France, and other countries?
What is said about criminals in American prisons?
What about prizes given in English schools?
What can you tell about two brave English boys?
What about a distinguished clergyman of Massachusetts?
What did the celebrated Doctor Channing write?
What can you tell about the picture of the hunter and the Spirit of the Mountains.

Southern Workman.

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From the Picture by Arthur Hopkins. HAMPTON "BEAUTIES OF THE DEEP." [From Harper's Bazar.

Manners.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

It is said that a back woods school-house once bore the inscription "Redin,' Ritin' and 'Rithmetic taught here for one penny a week —them as larns manners pays two pence." This school of "manners" is apparently much neglected by the young colored people of to-day.

An old colored woman, who had been trained under the slave system, and developed therein a fine and useful character, said to me not long ago, "Dar aint no young niggers been brought up right since dis here freedom come in". Good old Aunt Hester was mistaken in part, and in part correct.

Some of our young colored people, the happy class, born of worthy parents, who train their children well, and give them every advantage in their power, have already attained the best culture our land affords. But another and far larger class are growing up in ignorance and outlawry.

These are but too often the offspring of immoral and reckless parents, suffering the reproach which the sins of the parents bring upon the children unto the third and the fourth generation. In very many cases the child is disowned by the worthless father, but ill cared for by its sinful mother in tender years, and then turned adrift to scuffle through life as best it may, without any of the good influences of family affection, religion and education.

Under the slave system, the colored children had some great advantages. It was well understood by the slave owners that to have good servants the training must begin in childhood.

The colored children were taken from the mother's cabin to the owner's house at a very early age, neatly dressed and carefully instructed in the duties required of them by the master, the mistress, and the older servants, many of the latter class being models of neatness. Scrupulous neatness, industrious habits and perfect sincerity of demeanor, was thus taught the slave children. Sometimes this result was reached by gentle kindness, sometimes by great harshness. I once heard of one unlucky urchin, who appearing in his master's presence with his locks in great disorder, had them combed by that august personage with an old fork, kept for such purposes. It was never necessary for old master to play barber again. "Your dining-room servants have the finest manners I ever saw", said a visitor to a Virginia planter." Yes," was the reply, "and it has taken a thousand lashes to make them so."

Under the old system the white and colored children were loving playmates, the white child often teaching his dusky playfellow the "hook learning" denied by the laws to the children of the slave.

On Sunday, in many localities, the colored children were taken to church and taught in Sunday-school by the white ladies.

Bishop Meade, who set his own slaves free and provided for their support, always took great interest in the Negroes, and in his historical work, he dwells much upon the careful training given the slaves by their owners.

He describes a visit paid by a friend of his to Gen. Washington's wife, when "the first lady in the land" was found with four or five colored women around her, all of them engaged in household occupations under the supervision of their mistress. The Bishop tells also of seeing Gen. Washington's nephew, Col. Lewis kneeling at the communion table beside an old and faithful colored servant, and mentions that he once stopped with his invalid wife at the home of a southern friend, when the white family were all absent, and he and his wife being too ill to continue the journey, they were most courteously and hospitably entertained for some days by the amiable and well trained servants of the establishment, who did everything in their power to render their master's guest comfortable.

While freedom has been an inestimable blessing to the African race among us, it is greatly to be feared that many of the young people, growing up now in the South have failed to derive any benefit from it. This class of colored people are an element of danger in our land; coarse, rough, idle and vicious in their habits.

It is a common thing in the towns of Virginia for several Negro boys to lock their arms together and parade the streets, rudely jostling passers by, for whom they refuse to make way, and terrifying ladies and children. Such an incident happened to myself not long since as I walked with an old lady in feeble health, near the city reservoir. I was surprised to recognize in the group of boys, who had pushed us roughly from the side-walk, the son of one of our colored tenants, an amiable old man, with excellent manners, learned by life long association with his master's family. I promptly reported his son's misconduct to good old Uncle Ben, who has many friends among the white people, and within half an hour the young man was sent by his father to apologize to me, which he did with a sheepish air and downcast face, assuring me that he had not been drinking as I supposed, but "was only projectin." In one of the valley towns some weeks ago two young white men, one of them an Englishman well-trained in the art of boxing, were thrust from the side-walk by a party of Negro "roughs," and the Englishman instantly dealt the African nearest him a blow which made him measure his length on the ground, and perhaps taught him a lesson in manners.

"When the colored boys behave to you in this way," said a lady to her young nephew, who told her of some such rudeness, "Why do you not take off your hat, make your best bow, and say if you please permit me to pass. You have had many advantages over the colored boys, and should set them an example of good manners." The hot blood of a slaveholding ancestry flushed the boy's cheeks, as he answered with flashing eyes; "I would die, before I would speak so to a Negro." "And yet," said his aunt, "it is on record that President Jefferson once took off his hat, and made a low bow to a black man, and when some one expressed surprise, the author of the Declaration of Independence said: "The man spoke to me first, and do you think I would allow myself to be outdone by a Negro?"

It is this coarse and rude conduct of the colored youth, with the fierce and arrogant behavior of the young white men, that in times of political excitement culminate in tragedies like the Danville riot, and brings shame and sorrow on our land.

I have nothing to say here of the cowardly brutality which would lead fifty or sixty white men armed with shot guns and pistols to fire into a crowd of unarmed Negroes. But I would urge the Colored people not to forget the amiable and gentle manners which once distinguished the southern slaves.

"The meek shall inherit the earth," is one of the great truths taught by the divine teacher of mankind, as true now as in days of old. The colored people of America may well learn a lesson from the Jews, who have prospered in spite of prejudice and proscription among all the nations of earth. Inquiry will prove that the colored people of the South, a rapidly increasing class, are those who have not forgotten the lessons of courtesy, patience and consideration for others learned in the stern school of slavery, who in times of trial bend to the storm, instead of struggling against it, and breaking before it.

At the time of the agitation following the passage of the Civil Rights bill, old aunt Hester, quoted above, who often made shrewd and impressive remarks, said severely to a young man who was talking in loud rough tones on the subject, "Don't you mine so much 'bout Civil Rights—Civil Rights is very good in dere place, but you try civil manners an' behavior an' you'll git along wid white folks." Was there not some force in Aunt Hester's opinion?

Hampton Beauties of the Deep.

HARD CRABS.

Regarded from any point of view, a crab is a curious creature. If we look him in the face we see that his mouth is between his shoulders, and that his claws or arms move in the same plane as his nostrils. If we look at him from behind, where we would expect to see a tail, we see a smooth surface, at either end of which is worked a flipper, that answers for both leg and tail. If we look at him sideways when in the water, he is either coming towards us or retreating from us; for in his native element, a crab is as perfect a double-ender as a ferry-boat, and, anomalous as it seems, when he goes forward, he goes sideways. No one, at first glance, would admire the personal appearance of a crab, but his lack of comliness is largely due to his wearing most of his skeleton on the outside, which, it must be confessed, is a trying fashion to any animal, especially one with so many legs. Clams and oysters carry this fashion to extremes, and have all their skeleton on the outside, but they have no arms or legs to manage, and if permitted to be wrapt in a mud blanket and a sheet of water, they ask odds of no one. Crabs, however, are nomads of the sea, and except when they have retired for their winter nap, or are gorged with food, they are ever restless, darting or sauntering through the water, where business or pleasure leads. This restless spirit is easily shown, by confining some in a barrel with slats over one end, and sinking the barrel in the tide. The constant efforts of those inside to get out, are only equaled in zeal by the efforts of those outside to get in. The parallel between the crab and a certain higher animal is too plain to need showing. It may be a surprise to some, who are accustomed to think that crabs are "sea scavengers" and will eat everything, to learn that hardly any other creature is so particular in examining food before putting it into its mouth. Its olfactory organs are of the most powerful kind, and are brought to bear on every bit of food before a bite is taken. The delicate mechanism of a crab's nose is hardly surpassed in nature. It is an interesting sight to see a crab approach a piece of bait, and note how dexterously it will brush away anything which its instinct or its nose says is unfit for food.

Crabs are as born warriors as clams are creatures of peace. Their weapons of both offense and defense are strangely powerful; no living man can hold open the jaws in the end of a crab's claw, if his crabship see fit to shut them. But even Achilles had to be vulnerable somewhere, and a crab has his point of vulnerability. Grasped by the thigh, or rather where the hind flipper joins the body, a crab is harmless, and the most ferocious of the tribe may be held by a small boy, if he only have faith that the snapping jaws cannot reach him. With so perfect an armory of offensive and defensive weapons, it is not strange that crabs should be quarrelsome customers, and pass most of their time in duels and the like. It can hardly be said that there is any "softer sex" among crabs, for the lady crabs are quite as vicious as the gentlemen, and practice the arts of war quite as constantly. Indeed, if there be any difference between them, the lady crabs are the more vicious. If any one were called upon to excuse the crab for this snappishness of disposition, the line of defense would not be difficult to select. The poor crab, since the year one, has been compelled to feel how differently it was constructed from all its neighbors, and how that every creature that can reach it, from men down to barnacles, lives with its hand raised against it, in a metaphorical sense at least. While other animals reach their growth by regular and easy stages, protected during that period with the greatest care, the wretched crab grows only by jerks, and has to lose all its shell to make that growth, and in making it, is exposed to countless dangers; for that delicacy, known to epicures as "soft shell crabs" is only the hard crab making one of his jerks of growth. A series of such hardships extending over countless generations, is enough to curdle the milk of any kindness. The strongest argument against this gradual souring of the crab's disposition, however, is to be found in the fact that nature clearly recognizes its warlike tendency by providing, that if a crab lose an arm in honorable or dishonorable warfare, a new one grows in its place. Although the crab is to a certain extent amphibious, its behavior on land is almost the exact reverse of its behavior in the water. On land, if a man makes a motion toward a crab it will at once turn to fight, but in the water it will scuttle away. On the contrary, if a person stand perfectly still in the water, crabs will approach him, and nibble or bite his toes; while if one stand still on land amid a company of crabs, not one will attempt to injure him. In the water if a crab seizes anything, it at once pulls it under its nose to see if it be good to eat; while on the land you may put its favorite food in its claws and it will not put it to its mouth. Another strange thing about crabs is, that if you put a stick or something like it in a live crab's claw it will only hold on for a very few seconds, whereas if you seize it by the flipper and let it seize something itself, it will hold on while you lift it and its burden to any height. In other words it seems to dislike to support itself by its claws, but will, if it has a chance, hold up ten or a dozen times its weight of other crabs. It is a common thing to see crabbers unloading their boats by means of letting one crab, which they hold by the flipper, seize another crab, and this second crab a third, and so on, till sometimes "a' string" of a dozen is tossed into the basket. There seems no limit to the number of crabs that may be thus got on a string except the weight which is needed to pull out the hind flipper of crab number one. The number of eggs laid by a single crab, is marvellous—they are carried beneath the under shell, and in the spawning season these bunches of eggs look exactly like pieces of fine Turkish sponge. It would take too much time to describe in detail all the changes which occur in the development of the crab, but it is sufficient to say that a single egg is hardly to be seen with the naked eye, while crabs grow to weigh over a pound.

Crab catching as a matter of pleasure, and crab catching as a matter of business, are two very different things—for the first a summer day on the sea shore, or better still, in some quiet day, a string with a bit of red meat on the end, a net, basket, and a little patience, are all the amateur crab catcher needs as an outfit. He may try his luck off a dock, or over the side of a boat; in these waters, the bait will have hardly reached the bottom when a vicious twitch of the line will indicate the presence of a crab: all to be done is to pull the line steadily, and the crab with the bait clutched in his claws will be drawn to the surface—then slip the net under him and toss him into the basket. If the crab-catcher has time, and an eye for the beautiful, he or she may study with delight the many exquisite colors with which the crustacean is marked. To the old crab catcher these colors are as an open book, telling him the probable age of the crab, how long since its shell was shed, whether it has been a long time in the bay or whether it has just arrived from the sea, etc., etc. To the amateur, however, it will probably present only a curious blending of fresh tints, the most beautiful being the blue, with which parts of the arms are marked. Until one has been taught how to pick up a crab, it is well to admire him at a safe distance, for they have an enormous "reach," as the prize-fighters say, and strike with the rapidity of an arrow from a bow.

Catching crabs for the market requires quite extensive preparations. In the first place a boat has to be built on purpose for the business; it is flat-bottomed, very wide in proportion to its length, and contains but two seats: one near the centre for the crabber to use, when he rows to and from the fishing grounds, and the other, a small one in the bow, to use when fishing. There is no seat in the stern of the boat, the space there being used to coil up the line; between the two seats mentioned is placed a "dry goods" box, as a receptacle for the crabs caught. The line consists of a half-inch cotton or grass rope, varying in length from one hundred to a hundred and fifty fathoms. At intervals of eighteen inches or two feet, are hung bits of stout twine with loops on the end, into which the bait is fastened. These bits of twine are called "snoods," and the bait used is generally tripe. The line once baited, an anchor is securely fastened to each end, and to the anchors are made fast buoys, which enable the crabber to know just where his line is. Reaching the grounds the anchor is thrown overboard, and the boat pulled away from it, causing the line to "pay out" over the stern. When it is all overboard, the second anchor with its buoy is dropped, and taking his seat in the bow, the crabber begins pulling his boat back hand over hand toward the first anchor, by means of his line. In this way every bait is brought to the surface, and the crabber, with his net, tosses over his shoulder the crabs caught investigating his bait. Over the box are strewn green bushes, sprinkled with salt water, to prevent the crabs being sun-struck, for no amphibious animal is so sensitive to the sun's rays as the crab. When cooked, (boiled or steamed) the shell of the crab, no matter what may have been its color when its occupant was alive, turns red, and the shade of red developed, is a sure guide as to how thoroughly the crab is cooked.

The meat of the crab is the most delicate of all the crustaceans, but varies amazingly: if taken from a crab which has died a violent death, it is one thing; if taken from one which has been suffered "to drown in the air," it is another. The meat of the crabs cooked alive is firm and smooth, while that of a crab which died before it was cooked, is mealy or pasty, and unfit for human food. All death is a change, and the manner of the change has everything to do with the quality of the food furnished. If a crab die a lingering death from sunstroke, or unskilful amputation, its flesh is only fit for hogs, or fish bait. But let his death be sudden as by turning fifty pounds of live steam upon him when full of fight, then the market affords no more delicious morsel.

The necessity of eating crabs freshly caught would seem to render it *impossible* for the majority of American people to indulge in these gastronomical tidbits; for the census of 1880 will surely show the centre of population to be far west of the Atlantic, north of the Gulf, and east of the Pacific. Modern Science, however, is a deadly foe to the word "impossible," and is daily narrowing its compass. By hermetically sealing in cans the choicest parts of the meat of the crab, those dwelling farthest from the sea are to-day enabled to enjoy the luxury of fresh crabs as thoroughly, if not more thoroughly, than those residing on the very shores of Old Ocean.

There are good crabs in many waters, better crabs in some waters than in others; but the best crabs in the world are those found beneath the bright blue waves of the Lower Chesapeake.

T. T. BRYCE.

SOUTHERN WORKMAN,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October four months.)

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NO YEAR without at least some effort for improvement is the *Southern Workman's* aim, and looking over its twelve volumes, we feel encouraged to hope for further success in attaining this purpose.

During the past year, the kindness of friends has enabled us to fulfil the hope then expressed, and make our New Year's bow at the beginning of our thirteenth year, in a new dress of beautiful type and paper whose quality shows to better advantage the fine engravings for which we are indebted to our friends among the Northern publishers.

The circulation of the paper is about the same as it has been for several years past; with a monthly issue of from twenty-five hundred to three thousand, about one half of which is paid for by subscribers, the rest returning indirect profits from interest thus awakened in the school and the causes for which it is working.

The paper is sent at reduced rates to our graduate teachers, who become to some extent its agents among the colored people of the South.

Arrangements have also been recently made with one of the graduates, Mr. Thomas P. Caton of Hampton, whose work as a teacher and hopes as a scholar have been brought to an end by serious trouble with his eyes, to act as agent for the *Southern Workman* in the North and to speak as he has opportunity to bring the work of the school as well as the paper, before the public. He is the only accredited agent of both in the North and we be-speak for him the kindness of friends of education for the freedmen.

While the *Workman* represents the school, and aims at the improvement of the races here trained, the design has been from the first to make it no mere charity organ or class paper, but one of actual and permanent value in the information it gives and the light it throws on some of the most interesting and important questions of the day. If the Hampton Industrial School presents, as Presidents and Secretaries in their messages, and many other leaders of public sentiment have declared, a successful solution of both the Negro and Indian problems there can be no question that the record of its work and results is worth study, and its opinions worth consideration. The letters from Hampton graduate teachers which appear monthly in our columns, and the reports from its Indian work and returned students, belong to this record.

The fact that both the school and the paper are free from political and sectarian control, gives these records a value not always to be found in the organs of any particular sect or party.

Another field, almost unworked, and in which our position gives us special opportunities is that of general Southern sentiment. While here and there, now and then, an extract from a Southern paper is made to point a moral or adorn a tale, by some Northern one, we know of no organized and persistant effort to collect and represent the various phases of Southern feeling, as expressed in the Southern press, white and colored. We have long desired to enter this field, believing that good is to be done in introducing North and South to each other, and that the more publicity is given to local expression, the more cautious and responsible it becomes.

We are very glad to be able, with additional editorial force, to make this the new departure for our thirteenth year. We call our readers' special attention to the broadside of selections on another page of this number. While, as might go without saying, we do not hold ourselves responsible for all or any of the curiously differing expressions, we believe they will be found both interesting and valuable.

The paper being largely distributed gratuitously to our donors, and others, has been thus far published at a direct loss to the school, though of great indirect benefit. We appeal to those who know it and believe in its value and mission to sustain it and increase its circulation by sending it advertisements and subscriptions.

The Peabody Fund.

The Trustees of the Peabody Education Fund held their annual meeting in New York in October last, and the printed report of their proceedings is before us. The introductory address of the Hon. R. C. Winthrop, Chairman of the Board, is very forcible. He states that after unexpected success in the encouragement and establishment of free common schools in the South, and in creating an intelligent and earnest interest in popular education in almost all the Southern States, the Trustees of the fund were "met by the ascertainment of a great want which our own work had developed, and without the supply of which all further efforts would have been comparatively fruitless. That want was the want of accomplished and capable teachers; and it could be supplied only by normal schools or colleges, in which suitable persons might be adequately trained to the work of teaching.

To that all-important object our means are now mainly directed.

We have also sanctioned the employment of a considerable sum annually, from the income of our Fund, for the holding of Teachers' Institutes in many convenient places, at which lectures and addresses are delivered, and other exercises conducted in the cause of Normal instruction.

Much has been accomplished in this line of our work, and we have every inducement to persevere in it, and to make it the principal aim and end of our efforts and expenditures for the future.

In despair of being able to grapple successfully with so great an exigency, we have already laid the matter before the General Government of the country, and have appealed to Congress in a memorial, drafted by our distinguished associate from Virginia, and sanctioned and signed by the Chief Justice of the United States and Mr. Evarts.

This memorial has been followed by one of great force and emphasis from our General Agent. I trust that these memorials will be presented again on the assembling of a new Congress, and that they will be pressed upon the consideration and action of the Government as long as the evil shall remain without ample provision for its remedy.

National aid is the only adequate provision for this crying necessity of our institutions, and the nation may reasonably and rightfully be invoked and expected to supply the means of educating the great mass of utterly illiterate and undisciplined voters to whom it has itself so suddenly committed the equal exercise of the elective franchise. As I have said elsewhere, 'Slavery is but half abolished, emancipation is but half completed, while millions of freemen with votes in their hands are left without education. Justice to them, the welfare of the States in which they live, the safety of the whole republic, the dignity of the elective franchise, alike demand that the still remaining bonds of ignorance shall be unloosed and broken, and the minds as well as the bodies of the emancipated go free!'

A great work evidently remains to be done. The nation alone can do it: and it is false to its own highest obligations and responsibilities in leaving it undone. It is a question of self-defence. Armies and navies are not more essential to our physical defence, from foreign or domestic foes, than Common Schools and the education of our children to the safety of our free institutions, and to the existence of intelligent self-government."

The Hon. J. L. M. Curry, Agent of the Peabody Fund, after some general account of operations, says:

"There is a growing recognition of the alliance betwixt industrial and mental training. As the command and discipline of the mental faculties qualify for any avocation or profession, so the training of the hand and the eye is an auxiliary to mental development, and helpful in every sphere of life. For centuries, education was, in a broad sense, the exclusive possession, and was considered the exclusive privilege, of the elect few; now it is a universal right, and in the United States is a vital part of our social and national life. The masses, while fitting for citizenship, must earn their daily bread by manual labor, by the sweat of the brow. That education has much to commend it which, while making more rapid and thorough mental instruction and discipline, combines intelligence with knowledge, and gives aptitude for learning trades, or increases the power to make a living. Under the peculiar condition of the States which are the sole beneficiaries of the Fund, industrial schooling is a necessity. These considerations meet the obvious and earnestly pressed objections often urged against general taxation for school purposes, and show that material prosperity, social quiet, and individual thrift and probity are all promoted by education."

Dr. Curry points out the injury to the cause of education from the change of school officials with the varying fortunes of political parties. A public sentiment is needed that shall lift the free schools out of the arena and the fluctuations of political strife.

He further states that—

"In some of the States a new phase of the free-school question is presenting itself. Kentucky has recently stricken from her statutes an unwise discrimination betwixt the races, in the disbursement of school-funds; but in the flush of our rejoicings over such a triumph of patriotism and generous self-sacrifice, we find a disposition elsewhere to adopt what Kentucky, after trial, has cast aside."

He thus urges national aid for schools:

"Public education at public cost has its best defence in the obligation to preserve national life. A State may well go to the extreme limit of taxing power to save its autonomy, to prevent dissolution, or to perpetuate the liberties of the people. Indispensable to these ends is the fitting of the people to fulfil intelligently the duties of citizenship. In the discharge of this duty, the State must act as a unit, irrespective of races, communities, and individual citizens. Among its citizens, in the bestowment of favors and the imposition of burdens, it must not be governed by fear or favor. Ignorance is not the less harmful, whether the tenement which the mind inhabits be of one color or of another. A citizen is a citizen. The expenditure of blood and treasure, as well as the organic law and authority of the Union, have settled this irrevocably."

The total distribution from the Peabody Fund for the year closing October 1st was $71,175, of which about $25,000 were expended for "Nashville Scholarships," through which students from twelve States are aided in obtaining normal training at Nashville, Tennessee.

The best summary of the educational sentiment of the South is found in the Annual Report of Dr. Curry, who visits every State and gives a brief account of the condition of each. While in places the movement is retrograde, it is generally forward, and on the whole encouraging.

WE ask attention to a letter in another column from General Guy V. Henry, Commanding Fort Sill, Indian Territory, in response to an inquiry from this office.

He writes of the Negro soldier purely from a military standpoint, and gives valuable testimony to his success, based on a personal experience of two years. His statements are endorsed by Lieut. Brown, U. S. A., Commandant at Hampton, who has served four years with or near black troops.

Statements made to us personally by the officers at Fort Hale, Dakota, in 1881, concerning the colored garrison at that point, were to the same effect.

The Negro service has, we believe, proved an agreeable one to every good officer who has entered it, no matter with what dislike or prejudice.

The black soldier has held his own in the English and French as well as in the American armies. Negroes are not lacking in bravery; a regiment of them will be shot down in their tracks if their officers will stand.

In the civil war they showed soldierly qualities of a high order; but were at a disadvantage, in many ways, by reason of prejudice. A Confederate general on the return from Appomattox Court House, said to a Federal officer, "The Negro soldier was the winning card of the the Union army."

In the spring of 1865, black troops were being drilled in Richmond to reenforce the Confederates; but they were not ready for the field when the war closed.

Had the rulers of the Confederacy offered freedom for military duty, the course of events might have been different. Its military leaders were in favor of enlisting Negroes long before its political leaders would consent to it.

THE success above referred to is due to the elements of manhood which the Negro possesses to a degree far beyond anything admitted from the standpoint of the slaveholder; is also due in part to the conditions of military life which

under good officers, not only develops manly qualities, but applies a discipline that is most wholesome to a people unused to self control.

The two hundred thousand Negro troops enlisted in the Federal army received a training that has had, we believe, much to do with the good conduct of the emancipated race. Their self respect was raised, tidiness was promoted by daily inspections nf person and of clothing, neatly packed knapsacks being brought out for weekly inspection: schools were opened in many regiments; they learned to read and write by tens of thousands. Not a little force of character was created among the non-commissioned officers, by the responsibility put upon them, and when they were disbanded they left the service far better, stronger men than when they entered it. As a rule they were commanded by men who took an interest in their moral welfare, and vice was held in check.

The military system at Hampton in which student Courts martial are introduced seems indispensable to the best results. The majorityof cases of wrong doing are tried by their peers: all proceedings being subject to revision by school authorities. In the past five years there has not been a single unworthy act by the student officers, who have "well and truly tried" each case before it, according to affirmation made by each one before each trial.

The Indian policeman or scout is raised by his position to better manhood. Some have recommended a general enlistment of Indians in regiments to insure better control of them, and perhaps it would be the solution of the question of law for Indians, which so far has found no answer.

We do not believe in promoting a war spirit among these races. The spirit of the officer in command works down through his men, and if he is what he should be, his own type of manhood is impressed on those under him. There are soldiers and *soldiers:* they may be brutal and they may be noble and Christian men.

Whatever sectional feeling there may be in our land, the least is found among the old soldiers of both armies, who freely say that the fight is all out of them; they are the peace party of the country to-day; not peace-at-any-price-men, but true men, in whose hearts there is no hatred or bitterness.

Editorial Correspondence.

PIMA AND MARICOPA AGENCY,
Arizona, Aug. 30, 1883

I have been struck with the difference between the Indian question in the Northwest and in the Southwest. In the former, the great Sioux nation of 25,000 people is the centre of interest and of effort; the difficulty there is that there is provision by treaty for the entire support, with a few exceptions, of the Sioux, including food, clothing and many articles of furniture and house-building, and all the implements of agriculture, with plows, wagons, harness, and free repairs. The worthless fare as well as the worthy. The smaller tribes are wholly or partly fed; few raise all their food.

Besides full rations and supplies to four thousand Apaches in Arizona, and the sixteen hundred Mescalero Apaches in New Mexico, and less than half rations for a few hundred Mohaves on the Colorado river, there is no food issued in these territories. More exactly, from the last official report: 5,750 receive full rations, 1,026 less than half rations, and 39,586, or about five-sixths, no food whatever.

All are under the care of agents, whose duties are to encourage education and industry, introduce better methods of farming, better tools and implements, to preserve order, administer justice, keep intruders and whiskey off their borders, and the Indian within, as far as possible. Schools are a special concern, and are making more headway than ever, though not nearly what they might be in the present favorable state of public sentiment, and with more energy at Washington.

I have visited the principal agencies, and have been surprised to find its men in charge, nearly all appointed within a year, apparently men of capacity and character, and having genuine interest in their work, chafing generally at their want of facilities and of efficient support from headquarters, but making the best of things, and well spoken of by the press and people of this region.

The Indian problem in the Southwest is, I think, simpler than that in the North, excepting in the case of the Apaches, of whom about four thousand are peaceful, disposed to industry, and, with good care, capable of being brought within five years to entire self-support; the rest, composed of about three hundred Chiricahuas, besides Warm Spring and White Mountain Apaches and renegades from other tribes who have never been conquered, are likely to make some trouble. General Crook is confident that the fifty or sixty fighting "bucks," still in the Sierra Madre mountains, in Mexico, will come in, as they agreed to, but many doubt it. If they do come, it may be only temporarily for rest, for they have long been between the press of two armies; and many are tired out.

Gen. Crook, with plenty of well posted cavalry, and a hundred and fifty active Indian scouts, with complete control and power to strike when he chooses, will guard them well and perhaps prevent future outbreaks of these flying Indians, who have prided themselves on fighting two nations for years without a defeat. If they do not come in they can calmly defy the "powers that be" in their impregnable stronghold, but must come out for plunder, for they can get food in no other way. The way out of the Apache trouble does not yet seem clear; citizens of Arizona are deeply exercised on the subject, as it seems to them to threaten their welfare. There is, however, the best of feeling towards the 15,000 Pimas, Papagoes and other well-behaved tribes, who supply a willing and considerable laboring class. Their good conduct has been rewarded with neglect. They should have liberal industrial education, good leadership, encouragement to become citizens, protection of their rights and defense from bad whiskey.

They are considered superior in many respects to the voting Mexican population.

I cannot too strongly emphasize the need of caring for these people, who are as hopeful a class of Indians as can be found in the United States.

I have passed a busy day here looking into things. Dr. Jackson, agent in charge, is a recent appointee, and appears to be the right man in the right place; working with energy, but responsible for some thirteen thousand Indians scattered on three separate reservations, one of them ninety miles distant, which he is not allowed to visit, even in order to catch a thief, without special permission from Washington, which may be got in from two to four weeks. Far too much is placed upon him. The best man can do little when so spread out.

This reservation is a long, narrow strip on both sides of the Gila river, containing 30,000 acres, of which but twenty-five per cent. is irrigable and useful; barely enough to maintain the 4,800 Pimas living upon it; not enough to support the scattered Papagos, who ought to be brought together. To this end Dr. Jackson desires an extension of the agency, north and south, over land not occupied and urgently needed, not only to accommodate more, but to keep whiskey-sellers further from his people.

The 578 Maricopas are off the reservation; squatters on good Government land for want of water on their own; farming, raising wheat and barley, but pressed by Mormons who would like their land and ditches. These and thousands of other Indians here might at once take up the lands they are on and become citizens, were there the men to help them. The Indian Agent has no time, and these people on the very edge of settlement are kept from it for want of advice and direction.

Self-supporting as they are, the way is clear; but they are too ignorant to secure permanent homes and settle their own future.

Of the 6,800 Papago Indians, there are 500 on each of the two widely separated reservations, the rest being scattered over southwestern Arizona, over a desert country two hundred by fifty miles in extent, supporting themselves by stock raising, on the natural production of the soil, such as the mesquite bean and agave plant, and on corn and vegetables which they raise when the water supply allows; and by odd jobs for Mexicans and for other Indians; they work on the railroads, and compare well with the Irish. Many of them could homestead themselves where they are, were there any body to look after and help them.

All these reservations are "Executive," not made by act of Congress; hence a feeble tenure, and no little disadvantage to the Indian in his inevitable struggle with the white man. One Papago reservation, were it their own, could yield in grass and timber $2,000 a year, and support a school where there is none; it is now anybody's property.

All these people live in "keys," huts made of mere brush in summer, mud-covered in winter; they scatter in warm weather to their fields, but in winter gather in villages of from fifty to three hundred people. They store their produce in better houses than they live in. This is a serious difficulty in religious work among them; while not nomads, they lead shifting lives. Their home life, like that of all Indians, is quiet and peaceable as a rule. Children are idolized and indulged to excess. They are generally adopting citizen's dress; the Papagos have done so invariably.

The Maricopas cremate their dead. The Pimas dig a hole and run from it a horizontal shaft several feet, and place the body there in a sitting posture, covering all up with brush to keep wolves away. The name of the dead is never mentioned after the period of mourning; every similar name in the family is changed, mourners go off alone, sometimes for a year for a lost husband or son.

The disposition to industry among the Southwestern Indians is most encouraging, and has not been nearly developed; it needs the constant care of a force of competent men—say one farmer to every hundred families, to improve their methods of irrigation, for water is wasted; many of them plow with sticks, but are eager for white men's tools, and ready to pay for them. The Agent regrets his inability to devote more time to them. The Pimas are agricultural; the Papagos are herders; the former cultivate from ten to a hundred acres apiece, on both sides of the Gila river, for a distance of forty miles; and this year have raised one and a quarter million bushels of wheat of excellent quality, sixteen thousand bushels of corn, ten thousand bushels of barley, and nine thousand of beans. Years ago they were the only wheat raisers in the country. Wheat is their money.

A consequence of being allowed to ride free on the cars is that often they will go to Tucson with a bag of wheat, and buy and bring back a supply of whiskey. The agent has tried to induce the railroad authorities to give free rides only to those who shall have passes from him.

Education is pushed at this agency. The old adobe school building has been raised to two stories and greatly improved. A married couple and a lady assistant are on the ground as teachers. School is soon to reopen with about a hundred boarders of both sexes, who are fed and clothed by Government, the only drawback being the need of some $1,500 to put things in complete order, over $4,500 having been expended during the summer.

The Agent has cleared and fenced in seventy-five acres, worked daily by the school boys, irrigated by a ditch four and a half feet deep by five in width, and eight miles in length, made entirely by Indian labor, including a substantial dam of over a hundred feet in length, across the Gila river; considered a good job.

This and other work at the Agency, costing over $5,000, was paid for by the issue of Government supplies, clothing, tools, etc. It was wise in Dr. Jackson, the Agent, not to give these goods as had been done previously, but to issue them in return for an equivalent.

The Pimas are thrifty and in four or five years may be able to support their own teachers as well as buy their own tools. They need, unspeakably, closer supervision than the overloaded Agent can give them. There are now five boys apprenticed to the blacksmith's and carpenter's trades.

The total appropriation for the management and care of the fifteen hundred Indians included in the agency, is $13,700, or about $1.10 apiece. The large majority must be neglected. It ought to be doubled. There is no better field for public or philanthropic effort.

The Presbyterians have a missionary stationed here, the Rev. Mr. Cook, who has labored long and faithfully among them, but with little apparent result. Their shifting life is one difficulty. Some are attentive; many are influenced by the opposition of the medicine men whose craft is in danger; but it will pay to keep on. The success of work with Indians in any direction is not so much a matter of superior knowledge as of knack and skill in getting at them.

White men's diseases prevail among these as among all peaceful Indians; they are, however, about holding their own in numbers. Special detectives could do much to break up the whiskey traffic that is so ruinous.

The Indian question in this remote region, excepting for the few Apaches and their allies, is, I believe, capable of being settled in a few years. The appalling food question, so serious in the Northwest, is out of the way; what they need is what all quiet and well-disposed people need—education in its broadest sense. S. C. A.

The surgeon-general's annual report compares the hospital records of white and colored troops. There are four colored regiments in the army. Rather surprising facts are produced, opposed to the common impression that black men are less healthy and efficient as soldiers than white men. Thirty-eight whites out of each thousand soldiers were constantly under treatment for disease, and only thirty colored men. The deaths were ten per thousand among the white soldiers and eleven among the blacks. Six colored men died of disease and seven white men. Five out of each thousand colored men died of wounds and only three white men. The report also says:—

"It is interesting to note that the colored troops make a particularly favorable showing in the small number of admissions for alcoholism and its results, exhibiting, as they do, a rate of only four per one thousand to a rate of seventy-six per one thousand of mean strength among the whites. On the other hand, in diseases of the nervous system they have an unexplained preponderance."

This exhibit has an important bearing on the military possibilities of colored men.—*Boston Advertiser.*

A Day in Athens with Socrates.

Translations from the Protagoras and the Republic of Plato. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

Those who have read and enjoyed—and no one can have read without enjoying—the predecessor of this little book which appeared last year—translations from the Phaedo, Crito and Apology of Socrates,—will rejoice in this early gratification of their desire for "more," and this second treat, we venture to say, will only increase it.

It gives translations from two more of the most famous of the so called "Dialogues" of Plato, selected because, as the translator well says, they embody one of the most vivid pictures which have come down to us of the age in which these men lived and taught." The vividness of the picture is not lost in its transfer to an English setting. As in the "Socrates," the translator admirably succeeds in inspiring the words with the spirit of life.

The "Protagoras," named like the "Phaedo" and the "Crito" from one of the principal parties to the dialogue, is the account given by Socrates of a discussion between himself and the great "Sophist," Protagoras, upon the nature of virtue. It was held at the house of Callias, a rich man of Athens, who was fond of entertaining the literary "lions" of the day, and opened his doors at the early hour,—just after daybreak,—when the youthful enthusiast Hippocrates persuaded his friend Socrates, then still youthful himself but beginning to attract attention, to accompany him thither.

The translation from the "Republic" gives us but the prelude to that great description of an ideal commonwealth. We follow Socrates, with some of his youthful disciples, at the close of a festival day in Athens, down to the Piraeus or seaport of the city, to the house of his aged friend Cephalus. Here the party are easily persuaded to stay to see the torch light procession in honor of the goddess whose feast day is celebrated. Socrates, always ready for instructive discourse, questions their host upon his view of life, and the secret of his happy old age. The venerable man replies in beautiful and touching counsel to the youth around him, to devote their lives to justice: "To him who is conscious of having done no wrong to others, sweet hope is ever present, and she is a good nurse of old age." To the all questioning Socrates, this gives opportunity for the inquiry what is justice, and Cephalus retiring to his evening sacrifice and peaceful slumbers, the discussion of the essential nature of justice and righteousness, and whether it is a good in itself or desirable only for its profitable results, is kept up late into the night; Socrates arguing for the inherent value of righteousness as the very food and happiness of the soul whatever external advantages or disadvantages it seems to bring, against the angry attacks of the rude and worldly minded scoffer Thrasymachus, and the plausible arguments brought forward by Glaucon and his brother not as their own, but as representing the common view, and to draw out Socrates, who, fearing that "it may be an impious act for a man who happens to be present when justice is evil entreated, to yield to weariness and not come to her rescue so long as he has breath and power of utterance," throws his utmost strength into the illustration of the "beauty of holiness" by his immortal description of an ideal commonwealth founded and built upon justice.

The translation stops with the "prelude" of this description, and we turn away with regret, leaving the Athenian youth to learn the "true glory of nations"—of theirs, and also of ours.

The Southern Press.
All Sides.

In the last number of the *Southern Workman* we endeavored, by means of quotations taken from Southern newspapers, to give as nearly as possible, a view for the moment, of the political situation from all sides, from the standpoint alike of Bourbon and Readjuster, Republican and Democrat, Liberal and Conservative.

The experiment having proved to be of some value, it has been decided to make such quotations a feature of our monthly issues, and to let our Southern friends speak for themselves directly to our Northern readers. That there is a strong feeling among the former in regard to what they consider the misrepresentations, intentional or otherwise, of Northern journals, is beyond question, and anything which tends in ever so small a degree, to lessen that feeling, will be of distinct advantage to both sections. No one resident in the South, who is not blinded by prejudice, can fail to sympathize with a people who have paid and are paying so dearly for the mistakes of their fathers, and the stronger our interest is in the colored race, the more clearly do we appreciate the necessity of understanding their attitude towards their white citizens.

It is not difficult to believe that one chief cause of the slow development of the material resources of the South, is to be found in the misapprehension existing in the minds of many Northerners in regard to the Southern people, and in any case, the present situation in the South is so worthy of study from a politico-economical point of view, and as an abstract problem, that it has claims to more attention than it receives.

It does not need a pessimist to see that there are clouds on the horizon, nor a professional philanthropist to urge that the best means of averting the threatening danger lies in a broad and generous conception of our duties towards our fellow citizens.

The quotations which follow are taken from among many similar expressions of feeling and are given as "straws."

[*From the Richmond State.*]

"Unfair Treatment.

"There is nothing so discouraging to the people of the South as the fact that however basely they may be represented, and however cruelly they may be maligned, they have no hearing among the people of the North, who see only the slanders printed in the unscrupulous bloody-shirt organs. Though innocent of any offence, and though the charges brought against them are false, and intended only to heap ill-gotten political capital for the Radical party, yet they are convicted in public opinon by the malicious testimony of their enemies and without an opportunity to offer any defence.

"This deplorable state of affairs is owing to the indifference of Democratic and socalled Independent journals of the North. In the great city of New York, to which we look in vain for any trace of national journalism, the newspapers give up a large part of the editorial space to assailing and defending JOHN KELLY, a man who has monopolized already too long the attention of the people of that State and city. Whenever the Radical journals take time to speak of the South it is only to print slanders upon our section. But the Democratic papers, on the other hand, are too unwilling to forsake their favorite theme of award politics ever to give time or space to the presentation of the true character of the southern people; it is impossible, therefore, for the South to be heard at the North except through northern settlers in the South or residents of the North who visit this section. But, of course, this baphazard, word-of-mouth manner of reaching the northern people is by no means effective. The Lynchburg *News*, commenting upon this fact, well says:

"No doubt truth makes a slow and perhaps a sure progress among them, but it does so in despite of the *Tribune*, the *Press*, the *Herald*, and such one-sided and prejudiced journals. Nor do we acquit Democratic organs of responsibility. The most of them are but a timid and time-serving set. They seem to be more busy in general in debating and deciding the division of the spoils and in settling or in aggravating their own unseemly local strifes and contentions, than in securing the great ends of justice, and in forwarding the great mission of intersectional peace. Some of them appear to be afraid to strike an honest blow in answer to Radical slanders that assail the South. Most of them are indifferent. Some—like the New York *World* under Pulitzer—seem to be really playing into the hands of the Radical party."

We long ago despaired of ever being fairly treated so long as it is necessary that a sectional war in politics should be waged and the bloody-shirt be flaunted in order to keep the Radical party in power. The conduct of the Democratic and socalled independent newspapers at such a time as this is sickening. Their indifference to the interests of our people and their inexcusable silence while the innocent are being attacked, mark them as public journals unworthy of trust. We shall, nevertheless, take care of ourselves and do our duty as law-abiding citizens. We scorn unwilling aid.

[*From the Charlottesville Chronicle.*]

Shameful.

"In view of the character of the people of Virginia, the most law-abiding and most law-loving on the face of the earth (we speak deliberately), the comments of the rabid press of the North are shameful and slanderous to the last degree. Let us state one among many instances in the history of Virginia in answer to these outrageous calumnies. In 1868 (we believe) the "Pierpoint" government was swept away by the Federal Congress, a military rule established, and Virginia became "District No. 1." After the edict or ukase or firman, or whatever it may be called, of Congress was promulgated and the civil government ceased to exist, an interim intervened before the military government could be put in operation of some ten days or two weeks or more, and for that space of time there did not exist in Virginia an official of any kind. For more than two weeks there was not a sheriff or constable to arrest a murderer or horse-thief; there was not a magistrate before whom he could be committed or sent to jail; there was not a judge or jury before which he could be tried. We venture to assert that if this state of affairs could exist in New York or England for half that time, that not one stone would be left upon another in the city of London or New York. Why, upon the flight of James II. from England in 1688, London was left for one night without city government, and on the following morning, Macaulay says, the city presented the appearance of a "city which had been taken by storm or sacked." It may be answered that this was on account of a rumor in circulation that the disbanded Irish troops were marched to sack the city, but we reply that this rumor was put in circulation by the "dangerous classes" for purposes of plunder. In Virginia, on the other hand, during that long space in which we might be said to have been in a "state of nature," not one crime was committed as far as we ever heard, and it was so natural to our people to conduct themselves in an orderly manner without "the fear of the hangman's whip," that we do not believe this extraordinary state of affairs was even noticed at the time, and it will require an effort of memory for most of us to recollect it when reminded. And yet this people, so orderly and law-abiding as hardly to require law officers to keep the peace; this people than whom no more religious can be found on earth, are held up to the world by some of our northern brethren as ruffians so unruly, as criminals so bloody, that it is dangerous to walk the streets of our towns and cities in broad daylight, or for strangers to come to settle among us. Shame!

[*From the Virginia Star.*] (*Colored.*)

"For the life of us we cannot see where the consistency of the *N. Y. Times* and other Northern papers like it, comes in at their opposition to General Mahone. The *Times* is said to be the champion of human rights and the advocate of the oppressed against the oppressor. Nearly, if not fully one half of the population of Virginia suffered untold oppression at the hands of the Bourbons. They were denied the commonest rights and privileges guaranteed them by the constitution and laws till General Mahone came forward as their deliverer. And yet the *Times* is against General Mahone and in favor of the Bourbons. We can no longer regard the *Times* as the friend of the colored people of the South.

If anything were needed to strengthen the point which we make as to the tendency among our political leaders and presumably among a large majority of our people, to shut their eyes to facts which must inevitably and powerfully affect the nation's future, it could be found in the President's message for the present year, wherein the Negro question, both in its political and educational aspect, goes unrecognized. The briefest and most indirect allusion is made to it, and discussion of, or suggestions as to the most vital question of the day are put aside in favor of matters which, in comparison, are of the smallest importance. Furthermore, among all the numerous criticisms of this message, there has been, so far as we know, no allusion to this omission, which, it would seem, is too noticeable to be overlooked by any but the most superficial of critics.

It is idle to deny, that, as a nation, we are in a position which can be made safe and honorable only by the wisest statesmanship and most intelligent philanthropy, and in the world's history no nation has ever had such opportunity to show what these two in combination can accomplish.

Among the six and a half millions of the colored population there are some who show an intelligent appreciation of the situation and could probably be counted on to co-operate with the best of the whites, in any measure, legislative or otherwise, for their own improvement. Such utterances as the following, for example, are hopeful.

[*From the People's Defence, Augusta, Geo.*] (*Colored.*)

"There are some people in these United States who are always talking about a war between the races. Every little disturbance they herald abroad as the initial step of the war. If these people will open their eyes and give their mind to reason they will see and know that there is nothing more foolish and nothing more improbable. The white and colored people are becoming more tolerant every year.

[*From The Africo-American Presbyterian.*]

Room For Hope.

"Notwithstanding the dire predictions of many, the attitude of affairs between the races in the South has not undergone any perceptible change for the worse since the decision of the Supreme Court.

It is well enough to remember, however, that sufficient time has not elapsed to determine with certainty what will be the effect of this decision.

What we would have our people do, is not give themselves to woful forebodings as to what the future may develop, based upon the inconsiderate predictions of inexperienced and impulsive men. It will be well for us as a people to summon to our assistance common sense, and, deliberately consider all the facts and circumstances of our environments.

Emigration in any considerable numbers will not help the matter. The colored man can never run away from himself, and if he cannot succeed in maintaining his liberty and rising to a high plane of success in the South, he will certainly fall far short of these things elsewhere in this country.

The South is the citadel of the Negro race in the United States. The army which abandons its stronghold and takes its chances in the open field, with the odds against it, will not have to wait long before reaping the fruits of its folly."

On the other hand these are offset among certain classes of colored people by a bitterness which is not unnatural, but in which there is an explosive element not to be disregarded. Because the animus of the following article has its origin in a misconception of the truth, it is none the less difficult to meet.

[*From People's Advocate.*] (*Colored.*)

Protect Yourselves.

BY AROUS.

Last week Le Duke spoke of emigration. Emigration may be the surest remedy for the evils which are rank at the South, but it will take some time to awaken the people to a sense or proper appreciation of the idea. Until they are aroused, something must be done to ward off and retaliate upon the riot and bloodshed which is of common occurrence at the South. Emigration is a mild and peaceable solution of the vexed question; but while the reasons for it are being promulgated the colored people are being robbed, cheated, insulted, bulldozed and murdered. What will remedy this? Should I believe that all remedies should be applied according to the complexity or severity of the case to be treated? The colored people perform all the labor at the South, make all the corn, raise all the cotton and tobacco, the substance of immense revenue to the white tyrant. Notwithstanding this, the colored people are styled the "pauper class" and twitted by the whites as an improvident, shiftless and worthless class. They are reviled, spit upon, tyrannized over and persecuted. They are branded as cowards and petty thieves. This they have borne with a "patient shrug" and humiliation which are disgusting and which outrage every instinct of true bravery and true manhood; which have been the cause of much unfavorable comment from our friends and more ridiculous criticisms from our enemies. We have increased the cotton crops steadily until the yield has reached prodigious figures and we deserve commendation. But what do we get? The blood of our fathers is the price we receive for our labor. Profaned thresholds we receive, for our fidelity and forbearance. Night is made hideous with the yells of denunciation and anathemas directed against us. Riot, racking in blood; mad rapine and organized bands of relentless murderers track us to our homes, our churches, our places of business and our public meetings, and there is no retreat, no succor, no commiseration for us. We must submit to this or take the only alternative—defend ourselves with our manhood, our valor and, if need be, with our blood. We are shot down like dogs, let us shoot back. We are cheated out of our earnings, let us demand remuneration and apply the torch when the demand is not acceded to as the means of removing the subject of contention. We can no longer afford to lie supinely upon our backs to be tread upon by ruthless robbers.

[*From the Biblical Record, Raleigh, N. C.*]

From a journal edited by the white Baptists of North Carolina, we take the following extracts, the sound sense of which should commend itself to all denominations and all political parties. Intelligent Southerners of both races, are becoming conscious that the education of the people must be provided for in one way or another. In the main, it is a matter not of opinion but of means.

"WE REGRET to see in some of our State exchanges articles in favor of measures calculated to impede the educational interests of the people, and to array the poor against the rich. * * * * * *

To break up our common school system, poorly supported as it is, would damage every interest of the State and fix upon the people a degree of ignorance unattained by any State in the Union. There are now 145,296 voters among us who cannot read their ballots. Of this number 58,218 are white! This, of itself is appalling, and enough to carry despair to the hearts of all those who are so nobly striving to educate the people. While this number of our people remain in ignorance the best interests of the State remain in jeopardy. The ballot can never be taken from the people; vote they may, and vote they will, even if it be in solid masses at the bidding of unscrupulous and designing enemies of the State. Our only hope, as well as our safety and the safety of our children, depends on the education of the people. No State was ever safe without it, and no people ever prospered without it. We must educate the rising generation or perish. To this end every good citizen should readily and willingly contribute of his time and money.

To legislate that the colored people shall educate their children as best they can in their poverty, is to legislate that they shall not be educated at all. They are amongst us, not of their own choice, but of constraint. They have done nothing to cause us to feel any enmity against them or to lead us to wish them ill. Faithfully have they toiled, and humbly and peacefully have they accepted the changes of fortune. To them we owe both respect and sympathy. They are here to stay, and it is the interest of the State, and of every citizen who wishes well to himself and his fellow-men, to aid them in improving their condition. * * * *

If we can legislate to make the Negro educate the Negro, we can just as easily legislate to make the poor white men educate the poor white children of the State. It is in the interest of the children of the poor white men of the State that we wish, here in the beginning of this discussion, to speak. The common schools of the State are the only schools these children can attend. Destroy the common schools of North Carolina—and the proposed measures would destroy them—and the poor children of the State would be forced to grow up in abject ignorance. If miscegenation is ever brought about in North Carolina, ignorance will be the prime cause of it. Every instance which has occured originated in abject ignorance of the parties to the marriage. There are in every State a few selfish rich men who, forgetting that the rich and the poor are all in the same boat and must survive or perish together, complain of being taxed to educate the poor children. And they would readily embrace the opportunity of relieving themselves of all such tax. This is the danger that now threatens the educational interests of North Carolina.

With great respect for our brethren of the press who differ from us in this matter, we still advise our readers to pay little attention to any one who advocates any measure calculated to destroy the hopes of the poor children of North Carolina. Educate your children. Work and vote for schools, and schools in reach of all people."

Letters from Hampton Graduates.

Wandering the Wilds. Pluck vs Luck. Pleasant Words from White Neighbors. Working for the Girls. From Petersburg.

WANDERING THE WILDS.

The following humorous picture of her experience in search of a school is given by one of our young women.

——Co. *Oct. 4th*, 1883.

My very dear friend:

Since I saw you last, I have wandered the wilds of ——Co; I left home on Wednesday, 26th, of September and arrived at——about one the same day. I then had to get a conveyance from there to ——which was twenty five miles distant. I very carefully placed myself in a neatly drawn carriage *decorated* with two oxen, and they pulled to suit themselves. We trudged on for nine long hours, now and then we could see a house but no people. When night came on and I had not yet reached my port of destination, many were my thoughts. All that I could hear was the swaying of the lofty pines and the mournful barking of the farmer's dog. Still I rode on; as the saying is "My heart was in my mouth." The oxen became so worn out with their long journey and rugged roads, they quietly folded their legs and laid down before the cart. There I was sitting up in the cart looking down on them, and wondering was life extinct. The driver persuaded me to get out and rest myself and assured me that no harm should befall me in that dark and lonesome hour. After they were rested they concluded to start again, and of all jolting up and down, sidewise and backward, I had it. I dare not talk while riding, if I had I would have bitten my tongue. At last I reached a house that was on the farm of the Superintendent, and there I reclined my weary head upon a downy pillow of *old hair* and my much worn body on a bed made of fodder. But sleep was impossible for me. The next morning came and the woman of the house received very bad news; that her son was killed by the falling of a tree. Here I was again routed. They told me where I might go and stay until I was examined and that was nine miles away. I started about nine o'clock in the morning and reached there about half after one. I stayed there all night; the next morning came and I had to walk those same nine miles to be examined. I got there (to the Supt); about half after one and I had to wait until four o'clock before I saw him. At last he came; I was then examined and received a first grade certificate, which he said was the best he had given to any one this year and especially one who had never taught before. He marked on the scale of ten and my average grade was 9.00. I did not fall below eight in any thing. My marks were 8.00 and 9.00.

I have an excellent boarding place, also school. My school is only 100 yards from my house. It is the school that——— taught last year. I opened the first day with twenty and every day since I have more coming in. To-day I had thirty-eight present. The people around here say that it is one of the largest in the county. I am getting along nicely and pretty soon I am to commence my Sunday school in my schoolhouse.

You have no idea how I miss you and the dear ones at Hampton. It seems so strange that I should be out here instead of at school. Instead of ironing tablecloths and waiters' aprons on Monday I am in the school-house imparting to them that which I have been so long in getting.

I hope you will excuse this lead pencil; my pen and ink are in my trunk and I have not gotten it yet. Please remember me to my friends at Hampton. I long to see you all, but I have a work before me that must be accomplished. It is quite a pretty sight to see both men, women, children and babies picking cotton. The fields are white with cotton and crowded with laborers. Who works with you on Mondays now? If you will give me $35.00 per month I will come down and work for you. I guess you are tired reading this wearisome letter. I will close, hoping to hear from you soon.

I am yours truly,

A.

PLUCK VS. LUCK.

A wise apothegm or brief sentiment has often been the inspiration of some young mind, and adopted as a motto, has directed and influenced the whole life. The teacher can often do no better work than to suggest one now and then, and store the minds of the young with the wit and wisdom of the fathers, in these small portions that they quickly take in, but can feed on for life. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." The one which our young correspondent has adopted is an excellent one for any worker and we recommend it to all Hampton graduates, many of whom are already working out its truth.

——Co., Md., Nov. 17th, 1883.

Miss A. E. C.—

Respected Friend; I have already received two circulars from you, both requesting me to give you an account of my field of labor &c. I will briefly comply with your request. The above named place is a little town of about fifteen-hundred (1500) inhabitants. I have just entered cleverly upon my third year's work as a teacher at a place four miles distant from the said town, though I have been a teacher in this county six years. my former school having been closed on account of small attendance caused by the removal of patrons to other districts, after which I was transferred to my present locality. I can not say my lines have fallen in the most pleasant places, yet after viewing all the odds which are decidedly against me, I yet think there are worst places than this. I was much inspired by the words of Hon. H. G. Eastman of Poughkeepsie to the students of Eastman College in which he asserted "Luck is a fool, pluck is a hero." Inasmuch as I am not situated as I would like, I have the pluck to fight it through. I have had enough experience to teach me that a teacher's influence should go beyond the school-room, and this year I have made an attempt to follow my conviction to a greater extent than ever before. There is work here, and plenty of it.

The tints which sprang from slavery are too plainly seen here; the Colored people have not learned to respect themslves sufficiently to regard education as highly as they should; they do not know that "knowledge is power," yet they see that he who has it exerts a wider influence than he who has it not. He is taught by the whites that it is no advantage to send his children to school, that it's a white man's country, that he'll be made a slave again; all such barriers I have to fight against. These people are hostile to the education of the Negro. Ignorance will beget prejudice, which abounds here in a very great measure. I find a very large per cent. of whites no better educated than the blacks, yet they claim a higher social position; to confirm this I will relate an instance that came under my immediate notice last fall. A gentleman, a Scotchman by birth, full of Robert Burn's sentiment "A man's a man for a'that," taught school about one mile from me; having never been accustomed to caste he took me for an associate as a "brother in cloth;" this so incensed his patrons, that some threatened to do us harm if we were seen together; regardless of this threat he followed his inclination, which resulted in his dismissal, as some put it for "associating with a nigger." This of course could only be imputed to down-right ignorance. But, however, as I am "laboring to keep a conscience void of offence toward God and man," I can only smile and pass on. My facilities for teaching are anything else but good. I hold my school sessions in an apartment of a dwelling house, a room about 16x18 feet, perforated so badly that during very cold weather we are compelled to cluster around the stove in order to keep ourselves comfortable. The people have frequently appealed to the board of School Commissioners to build them a school house, but they are told there is not sufficient funds in the treasury. One night think that the legislature did not legislate. After repeated rebuffs the people commenced to build one, and after getting it two-thirds built were compelled to stop for the want of means. They recently asked the Board for fifty dollars ($50) and they would complete it, but have received as yet no reply. They are poor and cannot bear such responsibilities. They have just completed the building of a church at the cost of $800, their former building having been burned down while in use as a school house; which I think should be sufficient inducement to render the needed assistance now. I tell the people not to be discouraged for industry and self reliance will insure them success. I opened school with an enrollment of twenty-five pupils which will be augmented to about 45 after Christmas. There are some very promising ones among them, who some day, I hope, will show the fruits of my labor, for "every blade of grass receives its drop of water." I am, very respectfully yours,

H.

PLEASANT WORDS FROM WHITE NEIGHBORS.

A more common experience than the above, and one nearly universal among our graduate teachers, is of peaceable and often pleasant relations with their white neighbors. One of the brightest of these is related by one of our young women who has been for some years a successful teacher, as follows:

——, *Virginia, Nov. 12th, 1883.*

Dear Friend:

Your circular is rec'd, and nothing gives me more pleasure than to send you some account of my work in the "South West."

I am paticularly glad to write at this time as I happen to be one of the fortunate workers who has been successful in securing a more comfortable state of affairs than we have had heretofore. For the past two years I have taught in the graded school here as first assistant, and find that with some experience of six years, in different parts of the State, I have never had a more successful and progressive work. I enjoy being at home a great deal more than I had thought to; knowing that a prophet is not without honor save in his own land. I felt more inclined to work elsewhere; but now that I have succeeded so nicely, and have the confidence and esteem of friends, I feel no inclination whatever to change my field of labor. My Supt. and Board of Trustees are second to none and seem willing to do all in their power for the advancement of the school.

After spending a very pleasant vacation, I began a 7 months term Oct. 1st, with a more hopeful prospect than we have ever had, the school-building having been repaired and whitewashed, premises enclosed, coal-house built (and filled with coal) and new stoves put in each room. I have enrolled 68 pupils, with a regular attendance of 60, so you can imagine how busy I am kept to note any progress.

I manage to keep excellent order with so many little folks around, and was assured of the fact a few days since, when five or six of the most prominent ladies of the place visited us. After witnessing the order of exercises and hearing the classes recite, they expressed themselves as being highly pleased, and said that they had never seen a more orderly number of children. I was pleased to have them come and see how we conducted affairs. They wished me much success, and just here I will say that I could not wish any better treatment than that which I receive from the white people here. I am always pleasantly spoken to, and have no ill will manifested in any respect.

I have only to make our wants known to the school Board and every necessary arrangement is made. We are so well cared for that our Supt. is pleased to call the Board an indulgent one, so you can well see how they are pleased with my services.

Hoping that you will have many pleasant letters from my co-workers, and to hear from you at any time, I am very truly yours

A.

WORKING FOR THE GIRLS.

The record of the young women graduates of Hampton has been, we believe, universally unexceptionable. They have held their own in their isolation and in the midst of surrounding darkness and proved for their race as well as themselves that working for the girls pays. One of them whose heart has been touched by the necessities of her sisters, writes thus feelingly of them;

——, *W. Va. 11. 7. 1883.*

My Dear Miss C.—

I was very glad to hear from you; I intended to write before this, but, owing to my many duties I have not. I reached home safely, and it caused no little rejoicing, I assure you, when I was once more restored to the loving embrace of my parents.

Such a cordial greeting quite repays one for the pains of parting. But how true that there is no good without a balancing evil. With all these pleasures I cannot ward off the sad feeling that presses upon me when I think of my dear school-home and those kind friends from whom I must now be separated. "Alma mater" is a happy appellation for this endeared spot, and often I find myself there, absorbed in the "memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul." It does seem too strange to be teaching, instead of being taught. To be obliged to plan business for each day seems really a great change, this having been so long done for me. I think it is quite as true that there is no place like Hampton, as that there is "no place like home." I find it so, any way. In leaving dear Hampton, I find myself entering upon new and untried scenes; new duties open before me. Instead of following prescribed rules, I now find myself obliged to make rules for others.

It is my hardest task, for I am afraid of making an unwise one. I find it quite necessary to apply often to the "Fountain Head," for aid. I opened my school the 17th of Sept. with six, now I have enrolled seventeen.

The school is quite small; but there are only three more in the place to come, then my house and school will be filled. I teach in a small mining village three miles from home. I walk it every day.

The school-house is built of logs, and daubed with mud. Oh! It is very rude.

I have two imitations of black-boards. I cannot write a decent sentence on either.

I have none, or rather a very few of those things necessary to a comfortable school-house. But, I shall not despair, or fail to do my duty, because the Board of Education fails to do its. I have five months with $32½ per month. I know that my "Alma mater" expects her children to do their whole duty, and I expect to fill all her expectations —God helping me. I enjoy the work intensely, and am determined to devote my life to the interest of my people. The children take hold right willingly, and all seem to love me, and I am sure I love the little ones.

Connected with my day school, is a Sabbath school, of which I am superintendent. I also enjoy this, and take delight in leading the little ones to Christ. I do try to rule my school wisely, and I am doing *everything* that I think will promote the children. I would be ashamed to be called a daughter of Hampton, if I did not do all in my power to help my race.

I am trying to be a power for good among these poor ignorant people. There is one thing about this school that makes it *so very* pleasant to me, and that is, the most of my scholars are girls. I have only five boys, and the others are girls. Now, I am very much interested in the girls of my race, for I firmly believe that the advancement of the race depends almost wholly upon the women. Among our women there are few virtuous ones, and the few virtuous ones are afraid to speak of this, for fear that they will be ridiculed by the others. But, I intend to teach them the *higher* ways of life by *living* a higher life, simplicity of dress by dressing neatly but plainly. *Dress* I find is destroying most of our girls. I would gladly devote my life to a work among the women at half pay, if the doing so would help them in the least.

Hampton is fitting the sort of women the race needs. Those who will not give up a life of *purity*, for one or two *silk* or *satin dresses*.

Miss C.—, you must not think I am writing in the tone or spirit of complaint, for I am not. I only mean to give you a faint idea of what we have to fight against.

I *love* my people, and I intend to do all I can to help them. But my heart goes out more to the girls.

I should enjoy working in a reform school. Oh! I do wish there was such a school for colored girls; especially in this State. I live in hopes of seeing my people raised to a higher plane.

When you think of me Miss C.—, just think that I am here in W. Va. fighting ignorance, intemperance, and impurity everywhere I find it. I will certainly try to perform my duties faithfully, and as well as it lies in my power.

Thanks to you for those papers. You knew, it seems, my taste. "Mission Work in Africa." I am interested in that land also. Thanks to you for any advice, or aid in any way you can give.

Very truly yours. J.

FROM PETERSBURG.

We had a visit at Hampton from two of the teachers in the New Institute at Petersburg, and were glad to find them such intelligent and earnest men. The presence of the Institute will give an impetus to the other schools and the general intelligence of the place. Three of our Hampton graduates are teaching in the town, one of whom writes as follows:

Petersburg Va., Nov. 8, 1883.

Dear Miss C.—

I received your most interesting letter and would have answered it sooner, but I have been so very busy. Our school opened this term with 725 pupils, all in one building, with Mr. W. L. Hamlin for our principal. We are getting along very nicely; 125 is what I have on roll now. I have had as many as 140 but I promoted 15. We have over one thousand colored pupils going to school in this place, and we have 21 colored teachers, more schools and teachers than we have ever had since the public schools have been in existence. Three out of the twenty-one teachers are students from Hampton. We expect to open another school this month and then the teachers in our building will be relieved of some of their pupils. Miss S. P. G.— is boarding in the city and teaching out at the Institute about three miles from here; they have about one hundred students from different parts of this state.

I would like very much to visit Hampton again and see the many changes which have taken place since I was there in 1875. Will you please inform me where Miss H— is? She was the Matron then. Miss Lucy Moss is the Matron over at the Institute. I want to go to see her as soon as convenient, she was an old class mate of mine.

I am most truly your friend P.—

Incidents of Indian life at Hampton.

AN INDIAN DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Indian boys and girls have started a debating society which meets once a month at Winona.

The two meetings which they have held have been very successful. Teachers are invited to be present and the debate opens the evening's entertainment, and is followed by recitations and music.

The first evening the discussion was on the question "Shall the white man be allowed on the Indian Reservation.?" On the second evening "Ought Indians to be permitted to vote"? was debated with much earnestness.

Anyone who saw and heard the manly boys and thoughtful maiden who spoke on the question, can have little doubt that before long the day will come when Indians may vote greatly to the benefit of themselves and the country.

"ENGLISH ALL THE TIME".

A paper has been circulated among the boys—with this heading—started by one of their number. The girls were not to be outdone and they too are making a great effort not to speak any Indian. It is hard work for them and particularly for those whose room-mates are new comers.

One little girl said that she repeated the ten commandments before going to bed, and the ehild who rooms with her and does not understand English, thought she was calling her names and began to cry.

A FLAG AT HALF MAST.

As the kind motherly friend of the little boys at the Wigwam looked out of her window one day not long ago, she saw the newest and smallest of her charges, Daniel Fire Cloud by name, stretched out on the ground. She called to him to get up, and was not a little dismayed to receive the reply from the other boys who stood about "He can't Mrs S—! He dead!" She hurried to the spot and on demanding an explanation was informed "Oh! we wanted the flag at half-mast, had to kill a man." Mrs S. insisted on the resurrection of the dead man and was relieved to find that his wounds were not serious. A few days later, coming towards the Wigwam she saw the boy's flag at half-mast again, and hurried on anxiously to discover the cause. Charlie Matthews, the leader of the small boys, in all exciting exploits, stood at the foot of the flag-staff with an expression of great satisfaction and triumph on his face. Mrs S—. called out "Oh Charlie! I hope you haven't killed another man to-day!" "Rat" was the laconic reply, and there on the ground lay the dead hero.

It was a very satisfactory solution of the difficulty and we hope that the rats may rapidly disappear from the Normal School Buildings.

F. E.

Correspondence.

TESTIMONY TO COLORED TROOPS.

OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING OFFICER,
Fort Sill, Indian Territory, Nov. 23d, 1883.

GEN. S. C. ARMSTRONG.
Hampton, Va.,

General:

In reply to yours, I have found the colored troops, excellent as soldiers. In the field, they are patient, and cheerful, under hardships, or deprivations, never growling, or discontented. Arriving in camp, after hours in rain, or cold, they will sing and be happy. An enforced reduction of rations, is received with good nature. They are vigilant as sentinels. If properly led, they will fight well; without such, they have not the staying power of the white man, nor his individuality when thrown on his own resources They go rather in crowds, the result of habit, and surroundings, and the former habit of dependence upon a leader, is a result of his slavery. In this particular, they are like children. They do not feel the importance of responsibility for property, and in this respect, are neglectful, causing loss to the Government, bnt this loss is more than compensated for by the much fewer desertions than in the white troops. The duty imposed on officers in looking after them, is on this account much greater than with whites. In garrison, they are sober, clean, soldier-like, and respectful, and acquire, under good instructors, a ready knowledge of their duties, In over two years time, at my post, I have seen but one soldier under the influence of liquor. I believe the percentage of discharges for alcoholism, among the Blacks last year, was about 4 in 1000 and the whites 75 in 1000. These figures speak for themselves, I believe as a rule, they are better fitted for soldiers, in our service, in many things, and that their surroundings before entering the army are respectable and good. The prejudice against the Negro, makes it unpopular for duty with the men as soldiers, but those who have them, have far less trouble than otbers, and find in the end an agreeable service outside the prejudice attending the same. They are inveterate gamblers, a matter hard to stop, in fact I have never attempted it. Please let me have copy of your paper. Any thing I may add in favor of the "colored troops" possible I will do.

Yours very truly,
GUY V. HENRY.

My experience covering about four years in garrison and field service in Texas with colored and white troops leads me to endorse General Henry's statement concerning the character of the colored soldiers.

GEO. LEROY BROWN, *Comt'.*

STANDING ROCK AGENCY,
FORT YATES, D. T.
Dec 1st, 1883.

My dear Capt, Brown:

I should have written to you long before this to have acknowledged the receipt of your two kind and very interesting letters from Marshall, Mich, last autumn, and would have done so at once, but was expecting to see you here during your tour. I accompanied the senate committee as far as Pierre and expected to meet you at Cheyenne Agency as it was the end of August, but you did not arrive there until some time after my return up the river and I had hoped that you would visit Standing Rock before your departure for the east. Your letter notifying me that Louie Agard was being sent back home did not surprise me, as from information received from time to time I was aware of his continued bad behavior. Louie was comparatively a stranger and unknown to me when he left here and he had the reputation of being an unruly fellow, and a hard case, but I had hoped that a three years training with your school discipline would bring him out all straight, but it is undoubtedly better to dismiss him from the school as such repeated irregularities, persisted in by him, would be liable to produce disaffection of others. I was expecting him home daily and was waiting for his return before writing to you so as to inform you of his arrival, but I have received a letter from Agent Gassmann of Crow Creek informing me of Louie's arrival at Crow Creek Agency, via Chamberlain, without means of coming further. Upon receipt of Major Gasmann's letter I sent for Louie's father, and although Louie Agard Sr. is uncouth with rough exterior, he is a good man at heart and he was deeply moved to learn that his son's conduct should be such as to cause his dismissal, and he told me to write to him not to come, he did not wish to see him under such circumstances, and also requested me to write to Agent Gassmann to tell his son that when he was a young man without means and desired to go to any place, he walked if nothing better offered, and that if he wanted to come to Standing Rock he might walk through from where he was. On the following day, however, the father returned and gave me ten dollars to send him, which amount I sent to Major Gassmann with the request that he use it in such manner as he might deem best and proper for the young man and to send him up with the first party of Indians coming through, of which there are frequent visitors, and I expect him home shortly and shall endeavor to keep him under surveillance to prevent his becoming too wild.

John Pleets is still employed at the agency as hostler and is the same quiet, steady person; he is living comfortably with his wife who is an excellent young Indian woman, and Rosa is living in the family of one of the Trader's clerks who occupies a portion of the same building in which John Pleets (her brother) lives;—Rosa still maintains the dress, customs and habits inculcated at Hampton. She attended the agency school for some months during the past year and is desirous of returning to Hampton or some other eastern school for another three years term. I have no uneasiness about Rosa in future, as John and his wife exert a wholesome influence over her and she of her own volition is particular in selecting her associates.

Thomas C. Fly has not been employed at the Agency since last July as he desired to assist his uncle "Keep the Eagle" in building a log house on Grand River. The house is now completed and I have issued him a wagon and harness to enable him to commence farming, which business he wishes to engage in, in connection with his trade. I have not offered any objections but have advised him to do all odd jobs of carpenter work offering, such as putting in doors and windows for Indians, of which work he can find plenty to do and for which he will be well paid; this meets with his views and I am in hopes that he will enter into it with a determination, as such work is of an independent nature and more agreeable to him than the confinement of shop work. I have no fears for John, Rosa, or Thomas, but Andrew Fox (although bright) is more careless and indifferent; he clings to his white man's dress however and may come out all right yet, as he is not a bad young man but rather indolent and changeable.

Mrs. Mc. L. joins with me in kindest regard to Mrs. Brown, Le Roy and yourself; also to Gen. Armstrong and other friends we met at Hampton.

I am very sincerely yours,
JAMES MC. LOUGHLIN,
U. S. Ind. Agent.

General Terry on the Indian Question.

The following is an extract from a letter written in 1877 by Major General Alfred H. Terry to Senator Allison of Iowa, in reference to the sale of a number of ponies captured from Indians, with a view of converting into cattle the proceeds of the sale. General Terry's success in making an industrious, self-supporting people of the Cheyenne raiders under Chief Dull Knife, whom he captured, gives weight to his opinion. Turning their ponies into cattle, he placed the three hundred captives on the Rosebud river, in Montana, under the care of Capt. Ewer of his Staff, who made a complete success.

While herding creates the chief wealth of the Indian, it is most desirable that he shall have good land to cultivate for the sake of the better houses and better living that comes of it, and the occupation that it gives to the entire family. The Shoshone Indians at Fort Hall reservation illustrate this combined cattle raising and farming, which is, we believe, better than a purely grazing life.

"It appears to me that most of the efforts to civilize Indians, which are made by the government, are infected with a fatal error, the error of passing over, or rather of attempting to pass over, one of the natural steps in the progress of civilization. Savage tribes whose wants are supplied by the chase, never, of their own accord, suddenly abandon their nomadic habits and become cultivators of the soil. Uniformly they pass through an intermediate condition: the pastoral state. It can not be supposed that the savage forefathers, even of those nations which are now the very flower of civilization, could have overleaped this necessary step. It is, doubtless, true that such a change in mode of life can be brought about more easily when a savage tribe comes in contact with, and under the control of, a civilized people. In such case the savage has not to discover for himself the art of cultivating the earth: it is taught. But savage habits still remain: savage love of freedom to roam: savage impatience of constraint, savage hatred of persistent labor. These are obstacles difficult to overcome, they are almost insurmountable. Why the first step in the progress of civilization should be to the pastoral state is readily discovered. It is the step which is most easily made, because it involves a comparatively slight change of habits. The new condition imposes but little restraint: it requires no constant labor. The Sioux treaty of 1868 fairly illustrates the course of though which has generally controlled the government in its efforts to civilize Indians. The results obtained by action under it show what may be expected from such a policy. That treaty makes special provision for individuals of the tribe who shall cease to roam and hunt, and shall 'desire to commence farming.'

A PASTORAL PEOPLE.

The cultivation of the ground seems to have been considered the only alternative to roaming and hunting. In effect, many of the Sioux who were parties to that treaty have ceased to roam and hunt: but very few of them have commenced farming. Gathered around the national almshouses called agencies they are for the most part an idle, listless, worthless people, living simply to eat the food and wear the clothing provided for them by the governmetn. Even if it were easy in ordinary circumstances to convert an adult savage into a civilized farmer, it would be almost impossible to accomplish this in the country reserved for the Sioux by the treaty of 1868. There, in three years out of four, droughts or grasshoppers seem to destroy whatever crops may be planted. There, even a skillful husbandman would despair of obtaining a subsistence. Is it to be supposed that a savage can be made to appreciate the superior advantages of a farmer's life where the cultivation of the ground consists almost exclusively of ploughing and planting, where a harvest is seldom known? Unless some change in the system of management be made, these bands will be a heavy burden on the government for many years to come. As you know, the popular belief that the Indians are diminishing in numbers is an error; at least it is an error so far as the Sioux are concerned: they are actually increasing. There is no prospect that the extinction of the race will soon relieve the government from its reponsibility for them. I can discover no policy which will make these Indians self-supporting, except the cessation of efforts to confine them to fixed habitations and to force them to perform manual labor, and the adoption of the natural process of civilization. Cease trying to make them farmers; make them shepherds or herdsmen. Make their first step easy instead of difficult. The Sioux reservation, though so ill adapted to agriculture, affords abundant pasturage for cattle, pasturage of almost unlimited extent and of excellent quality. I have never seen finer beef than that from cattle fed on the grasses of the Missouri valley. The present is a most favorable time for the change which I advocate. When the Indians were dismounted and disarmed, it was apparent that they were forcibly impressed by the proposition that the money obtained for their horses should be used to purchase cattle. Since then, reports from officers at the agencies show that the belief that the possession of herds will "make them rich" has become fixed in their minds. They eagerly look for cattle. Of their capacity to take care of herds there is no doubt; they are accustomed to the care of herds of horses. Should the policy which I propose be adopted, it would be absolutely necessary to provide for the next few years the usual supply of food for these people. This supply should not be diminished in order to provide for the purchase of cattle without increasing the appropriation. The appropriations for them should be in addition to, as well as independent of, the ordinary appropriations.

LOGICAL SEQUENCES

If, while the experiment of raising cattle is making, there should be a deficiency of food, the cattle would be killed and eaten, and the experiment would fail. If the usual supplies should be furnished, it is my belief the experiment could not fail, and that in a few years the Indians would become self-sustaining—the government would be released from the burden of their support. Deprived of their horses, the Indians will be unable to carry on hostile operations. Possessed of herds of cattle, all their interests will be on the side of peace. Property is the great peacemaker. It is not only the question of the future of these particular bands which may be solved by the policy which I advocate. It may satisfactorily determine the course to be pursued in regard to all tribes similarly situated. To make this experiment not less than 1400 cows should be sent to each agency, with, of course, a proper proportion of bulls. The cows should be of American not Texan breed, and the bulls should be carefully selected with reference to the beef-producing rather than the milk producing qualities of their offspring. I am told that two and three year old heifers and cows can be purchased in Iowa and Minnesota for about $20 each. Cattle from these states are accustomed to a severe climate, and without doubt, would thrive in the Missouri valley. An appropriation of $55,000 in addition to the money derived from the sale of horses would be sufficient to purchase the number required. Much more might be said on this subject; but I fear that I have already wearied you. Permit me however to express the hope that, if my suggestions commend themselves to your judgment, you will use the influence which you possess to secure the admission of the policy which I propose."

We do Believe in Him.

In reply to a letter from a benevolent friend, inquiring as to our knowledge of the work of Mr. Wm. B. Weaver of Gloucester Co., Va. a Hampton graduate teacher, we are happy to say that we believe he is doing excellent work in an enterprising and missionary spirit. With much enterprise, under much disadvantage, he has succeeded in raising a comfortable school house in the place of the breezy log cabin he found there, and it is now the graded school of the county. He deserves credit and encouragement and success.

ITEMS FROM SOUTHERN JOURNALS.

All Leaders.

There is no race under the sun burdened with so many *leaders* as the Negro. Every year, every month, every day, some new *star* appears to guide the race, and each one has friends who claim that their own particular favorite is the modern Moses. It is the same in all causes—religious, educational, political and business. The result is that there is an "innumerable caravan" of leaders—all leaders of the race, of course. In consequence of this, in every convention there is generally a split or wrangle. The way things have been going on, pretty soon there will be no followers. This should not be, as it is well known that all cannot be in the front. As to the choosing of delegates to the various conventions, the people should select the men they want, regardless of all the advice of the leaders. There was a time when they couldn't do this, but things have changed. Of course, there must be organization, but because a convention is called by one man, or a set of men, is no reason that he or they should have any more voice in a convention than anybody else. If we have impressed anything upon the minds of our readers, that thing is that the people should rule.—*The People's Defence (colored) Augusta, Geo.*

Will the Democrats keep their pledge made at Lynchburg last summer, to give colored persons positions in institutions established for the sole benefit of their own race? The Central Lunatic Asylum is such an institution, and there are two very worthy colored physicians employed there as assistant superintendents; will they be permitted to retain their positions? We shall see. Will the colored men who have been appointed principals of our school in this city, and the teachers under them, be permitted to hold their places? If the pledges of the Democrats mean anything, they will not. Whether or not the Democrats will keep a promise made voluntarily to the colored people will be made manifest.—*Star (colored) Virginia.*

Just think of it! During a late meeting of the Chester Presbytery at Lincoln University, after examination, eighteen young men belonging to the University, and in various stages of their education, were taken under care of Presbytery. The colored Presbyterian ministerial force is rapidly increasing in numbers and will play a most important part in solving the Negro problem.—*Africo American Presbyteran.*

Another indication of the growth of the South is the increase in post offices. The gain for the southern States, and Indian Territory for the past year was 725; for the western States, 580; for the Pacific slope, 68. The middle and eastern States have had very few gains, while Connecticut loses one.—*Independent South.*

The southern Negro has three alternatives; (1) he must abstain from asserting himself in politics against the will and pleasure of the Southern whites and bide his time; (2) he must be prepared to fight for his rights; or (3) he must resort to the expedient of emigration. Between these he must choose the path of duty.

A SOLID South is a stupid and wicked South—especially in the renewal of the issue and the strife over the Negro, in any form, which, in the last resort, were decided at Appomattox.—*Richmond Whig.*

AFTER ALL, the money made by farming is the cleanest, best money in the world. It is made in accordance with God's first law, under honest, genial influences, away from the taint of trade or the fierce heat of speculation. It fills the pocket of the farmer at the expense of no other man. His gain is no man's loss, but the more he makes the better for the world at large. Prosperous farmers make prosperous people. What ever benefits our agriculture benefits the commonwealth.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

For Hampton and Tuskegee.

Meetings were held last month in New York and Brooklyn, Boston, Providence and Norwich, Newark and Bloomfield, in the interest of Hampton and her child, Tuskegee. The history and needs of the latter were related by its Principal, Mr. Booker Washington. An Indian student of Hampton, and four of its graduates were present, and spoke and sang, interesting the audiences. Addresses were made by the Principal of Hampton, and prominent citizens of the several cities. We are happy to say that through these and the previous efforts of Miss Olivia Davidson, Assistant Principal at Tuskegee, half of the funds desired for the new building at that school, or $5,000, has been secured.

ITEMS FROM THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

The Cherokees and other tribes who have made, or contemplate making leases of their lands for grazing purposes to wealthy corporations in the states, should have intelligence enough to know that they themselves are aiding in bringing about a state of affairs that will necessitate legislation by Congress, which will not be favorable to the preservation of their rights. Nothing more than pretext is wanted to bring about this result, and if these leases are approved by the department of the Interior, it will be furnished by the herders, the horses, the interminable miles of wire fencing and other property of citizens of the United States that will become fixture in the Territory, without law, without order and without organization. If the voice of reason, of patriotism and even of self interest could be heeded in the haste to grab the mess of pottage tendered them for their birth-right they would see that this valuable trust could and should be kept within their own hands and under their immediate control. If cattle and sheep and horses and goats must be introduced into the country to graze on our native grasses let it be done by those amenable to our laws, under well-matured restrictions and regulations devised and adopted by our National Council.—*Indian Chieftain.*

Why cannot Congress live up to the spirit of the ordinance of 1787?

"The utmost good faith shall always be observed toward the Indian; their lands and property shall never be taken from them without their consent; and in their property, rights and liberty they never shall be invaded or disturbed unless in just and lawful wars authorized by Congress; but laws founded in justice and humanity shall from time to time be made for preventing wrongs being done to them and for preserving peace and friendship with them."—*Word-carrier, Dakota Mission.*

Cheyennes.

CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 15.—Mr. William S. Dyer, special agent in the Indian service, is at the Leland on his way to Montana to take charge of and locate some Cheyenne Indians on Tongue River. There were about 550 in all, and he has since heard that there will be 400 more. These Indians have been wandering about and have lived by hunting, but now wish to settle on farms. Each Indian will be given 160 acres under the Homestead law. Mr. Dyer will distribute agricultural implements among them and superintend the building of houses. They will be given rations until they become self-sustaining. Mr. Dyer has heretofore been in charge of the Yanktonais Sioux Indians at the Crow Creek Agency in Dakota. He says they are becoming excellent farmers. Last year they put in 250 acres of wheat, 1,000 acres of oats, and raised 400 bushels of potatoes. He thinks it is entirely practicable to make farmers of the Indians, and in the long run they would be better satisfied.

It is said that in his annual report Secretary Teller has undertaken to find out the exact financial standing of all Indian tribes in the United States, and the result does not look very well for the government. He says a perfect indifference has been maintained about paying debts under Indian treaties, and altogether the debts on that score will aggregate $5,000,000, over $1,000,000 of that amount being owed to the Sioux. The government agreed to support a school for every thirty children, to give every family a yoke of oxen, a cow and $100 worth of tools, all of which has been neglected though they are clearly entitled to it. All this will be lay before Congress so there will be no excuse for neglecting these obligations longer.—*Indian Journal.*

At the Crow Agency a few days ago peace was concluded between the Crows and Sioux. The two tribes have been at war for many years. The Crows have always been friends of the whites, and some of them were out with Custer in the campaign which ended in the death of that General and most of his army. The treaty proceedings were peculiar. A band of Sioux warriors first advanced, knelt on one knee on the ground, and cocked their guns. An old Crow brave advanced, accused the Sioux of killing his son, and raised his gun as if to fire. Other Crow warriors rushed in, disarmed the old man, and, coming to the Sioux, presented them with bits of wood. Each twig presented represented a pony, and these wooden promissory notes were redeemed by giving the Sioux 183 ponies. Thus was peace concluded between the two nations.—*Indian Journal.*

A Greeting From the Blind.

The following pleasant letter was recently received and speaks for itself. The package alluded to soon followed it, and its contents excited very great interest among all at Hampton, being shown to the students with interesting explanations and accounts of what has been done for and by those who, deprived of outward vision, seem often to grow the keener in mental sight.

Philadelphia, Dec. 10, 1883

GEN. S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Supt.*,

My Dear Sir:—

Upon my recent visit to your Institute, I was much pleased at the results that you are accomplishing and impressed with the fact that it is the solution of two of the most important questions with which our government must deal.

On my return I gave my pupils an account of my trip and of all I saw and learned at Hampton. They became interested, and upon my suggestion that we should send some specimens of our handiwork to show to your pupils what can be accomplished without sight, all were anxious that their work should be sent. I was compelled to make a selection. The brooms were made by a colored man only five months under instruction; the bead work was done by a colored girl, who was so anxious that there should be no flaw, that she took out portions of her work several times. All of the work was done by pupils entirely blind.

I trust that there will be an opportunity for as many of your pupils to examine them as possible. They seem to be so much in earnest and so pains-taking that it may encourage them to renewed efforts, when they see what can be accomplished by their blind brethren.

Thanking you sir, for your courtesy while at Hampton, and trusting to be able at some time to reciprocate,

I remain very truly yours,

FRANK BATTLES, *Asst. Supt.*

The Late Dr. Wm. G. Semple.

In the death of Dr. Wm. G. Semple, of Hampton, in November, the community has lost an honored and venerable citizen. At the time of his death he was one of the most eminent as well as one of the oldest physicians in the State. He had been President of the State Medical Association, and a contributor to various medical journals. He had for many years been Senior Warden of St. John's Episcopal Church in Hampton, and an active and honored member of it. He was a man of liberal mind and kindly heart. A Southern man of "Southern principles" during the war, when, a few years after its close, the kind physician of Hampton Institute, Dr. Seymour, a Union army surgeon, was removed by death, Dr. Semple came promptly to offer his own medical services to the school gratuitously, saying that he desired thus to show his appreciation of a work which he would be glad to help in other ways if he were able. The School's officers feel that it has lost a friend, and earnestly sympathize with the bereaved family in their deeper sorrow.

Progress in China.

[London *Times.*]—Like snakes in Ireland, progress in China is generally supposed to be non-existent, immobility in the Celestial being considered equally ineradicable with the leopard's spots and the Ethiopian's skin. This however, is not the opinion of those best acquainted with the past history and present doings of the Chinese. Their rate of progress is not ours, they move more slowly; but then the vastness of the body to be moved must be taken into account. China is nearly as large as Europe, and contains a much larger population, every third man in the world being, it is calculated, a Chinaman. Their progress in the past has been most marked; thus the Chinese appear to have been among the earliest, if not the very earliest, of the human race to emerge from barbarism. They have a literature older than the days of Moses, and astronomical observations that go back at least to the days of Abraham. Comparing their early progress with that of European nations, they were clothed in silk robes when our savage ancestors still painted their naked bodies. They invented printing, and had printed books about the middle of the tenth century, 500 years before the time of Caxton. Gunpowder and the mariner's compass were Chinese inventions long before they were known to Europeans. Lieut. H. N. Shore pointed out, in a recent paper read before the Society of Arts, that in the matter of canlas, the utilization of carrier pigeons, the artificial culture of oysters, fish, and poultry, and in the satisfactory solution of the great sewage question, the Chinese have been before us in time, and, in some of these at least, are still ahead of us in results. Their progress in the past cannot be gainsaid; it may, however, be contended that they have now reached the limit of their capacity, and that no further progress need be anticipated. This to say the least of it, is exceedingly unlikely in a people acknowledged by anthropologists to be the biggest-brained race in the world, while facts are against it, for signs of progress are not wanting among the Celestials of the present day.

Life among the Piutes.

By Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This is a deeply interesting recital, by the daughter of a chief, of the "wrongs and claims" of her people. If the half of it were but half true, it would deserve the sad and serious attention of all who feel any anxiety to wipe out from our national history some of the stains of a "Century of Dishonor." She has been employed as a teacher, interpreter, U. S. scout and guide, and she is endorsed by Gen. Howard and other officers and prominent citizens of Nevada. There are, however, serious charges against her now on file at the Indian Department. She makes an unsparing and scathing expose of the mischief done by bad agents, and desires to see the care of the Indians turned over to the army. One cannot wonder that judging from the stand point of her own experience, she should want some change, though what that should be may be an open question. Her story demonstrates the fact that the character of the Indian agent is the vital point of the Indian question. A man like her one good Agent Parrish, Agent John D. Miles of Indian Territory, McGloughlin and Gassman of Dakota and others of like character, can do more to settle the Indian question than any number of theorizers thousands of miles away from the scene of action, if they can only be secured and sustained.

Of course not all army officers are fit for the trust any more than are all civilians. There are those admirably adapted to it by experience, character and training, and while good agents are so necessary and so hard to secure, it would be well if they could be taken from wherever they can be found, whether in military or civil life.

"Harper's Achievement."

For many of the beautiful pictures with which we are enabled to adorn our first page and interest our readers, we and they are indebted to our generous friends the Messrs Harper Brothers, who for the period of a generation have not ceased to contribute to the pleasure and progress of society by their excellent, high toned and delightful books and perodicals. Harper's Monthly, Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazar, and Harper's Young Folks have world-wide reputation and popularity. These genial and enterprising publishers have established a name which is represented by three generations and will be handed down to a fourth; and we trust to many more. They have been always generous friends to authors as well as to the public. At the beginning of a new year of the Monthly, the New York Times gives an interesting sketch of its history, which we are glad to give our readers.

"The approach of a new year and the consummate excellence of this month's issue make proper and agreeable at this time a few words concerning *Harper's Magazine*, the prospectus of which for 1884 lies before us. *Harper* is now somewhat more then 30 years of age, and its career as mere matter of history has become of the first importance to American art as represented in wood engraving. Scarcely any progress that has been made in these 30 years in any department of human endeavor is more striking, or, rightly viewed, perhaps more really important, at least to the intellectual and artistic side of American life, than the progress represented in these *Harper* pages. And this fact, apparent as as it is to all men who ever indulge in thought, needs to be insisted on before the public at large, usually slow to take full cognizance of such facts and their meaning. But for the true importance of *Harper's* art history, it of course is not necessary to go so far back as 30 years, since within very recent times, within 10 or even 5 years

it has made steps forward that are strikingly impressive. Already have we noted the high water mark achieved by the Christmas number, the highest mark, it seems to us, that it has, ever yet achieved, or perhaps that any magazine has yet achieved, and it would bestow upon an unthoughtful generation lasting good and some credit, were this number diligently compared by it with the December number of five or ten years ago. And if it could sometimes be rightly said that the literary department has not kept full pace with the artistic, it is to be remembered also that in that direction there was not the same opportunity for advances, although very considerable advances have every year unquestionably been made. Much comment has been evoked by the success of *Harper's* in a foreign market, (in England alone it has circulation of over 50,000 copies,) but to us a more remarkable thing is the fact that it achieved its eminence entirely at home before it was tempted to seek additional support beyond our borders. And here probably lies the honor that chiefly belongs to *Harper's Magazine*. It was founded and for 30 years it was maintained as an American magazine, drawing its material from all lands and all writers, but still holding its essentially American eminence and drawing its support entirely from the American people, until finally it went over the water to extract, within a brief time, from the insular and solid Britisher a sale of 50,000 copies and several not yet successful attempts to rival it with new magazines of the Britishers' own making.

The Hampton Band of Mercy.

Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals are much needed in the South, both for the protection of the innocent creatures which suffer from inhumanity or ignorance, and for the refining and elevating influence of lessons of kindness upon the people. The SOUTHERN WORKMAN has always devoted a space in its columns to this subject. During the past year, organized work was begun in the school, and after correspondence with the Massachusetts Society, the Hampton Institute Band of Mercy was formed, and provided with the beautiful star badges issued by the parent society to all its branches. The Band, which includes both teachers and students, and is officered from the latter now numbers , and we hope that the whole school will become voluntary and intelligent and active members. Some instruction and correction of false ideas is, naturally enough, needed at first, as when some zealous member objects on account of his pledge to kill a centipede or drown a superfluous puppy, or another withdraws his name from the roll with the declaration, "I can't be a Band of Mercy while I have this mule to drive."

The first public meeting of the Hampton Band was held in Virginia Hall chapel, on a Sunday evening of last month, and was a very pleasant one. We give the programme for the benefit of such of our graduate teachers who may find room, as we hope they will, for some work of this kind among their people. For their benefit also we say that the pretty badges—a silvered or gilt star inscribed with the name and pledge of the society—and various little tracts and circulars of information as to forming Bands of Mercy may be got by application to Mr. Geo. T. Angell, President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 96 Tremont St. Boston, Mass.

PROGRAMME OF THE FIRST MEETING OF THE HAMPTON BAND OF MERCY.

Reading of selections from the Bible.
(from one of the Society's Tracts.)
SINGING—HYMN—Let us with a joyful mind,
Praise the Lord for He is kind.

PRAYER.

History of the Society, and explanation of its objects.
(This may be found in one of the Society's Tracts.

Name enrolled in Texas.

As each of the following texts was recited by a different student; its first letter—cut from gilt pasteboard—was hung upon a black board, till the name was complete.

- **B**e ye merciful.
- **A** righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.
- **N**ow abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.
- **D**epart from evil, and do good.

- **O**pen thy mouth for the dumb.
- **F**inally be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another; love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous.
- **M**ercy rejoiceth against judgment: he shall have judgment without mercy that hath shewed no mercy.
- **E**very beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.
- **R**est on the Seventh day: that thine ox and thine ass may rest also.
- **C**onsider the ravens; for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have store house nor bar: and God feedeth them.
- **Y**our Father in heaven is merciful.

The result was very effective, as letter by letter was added till the name shone bright against its dark background:

BAND OF MERCY.

RECITATION. Longfellow's poem, "The Bell of Atri."
SINGING. Our Band is Marching On.
By choir, the school joining in chorus.
RECITATION. How to Treat a Horse.
SINGING. Oh let each boy and girl,
Sweet Mercy's flag unfurl.
by Choir and school.
[This and preceding song from one of the Tracts.]
RECITATION. Flash, the Fireman's Horse,
Reading the Society's Pledge.
"We will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and will try to protect them from cruel usage."
Rising of those who desire to join the Band.
DOXOLOGY. "From all who dwell below the skies."

Industrial Training At Knoxville, Under Charge of A Hampton Graduate.

A visit to Hampton from Miss Emily Austin, head of the Austin School at Knoxville, Tenn., for the purpose in part of finding some practical carpenter to take charge of the Training Shop just started there, resulted in the engagement a of young man about to graduate from Hampton. He has filled the position satisfactorily thus far. Miss Austin kindly sends us his first report which we append, very happy to note this new but natural outgrowth of Hampton's training.

Knoxville Tennessee, Nov. 23rd, 1883.

Miss E. L. Austin.:

This is my second month in the "Austin Training Shop," but my first report.

Owing to your absence, and my not having a full understanding of the work, no report was made out for the month of October. So this, in respect to the financial part of the report, will include that month.

I opened my shop on the 27th of October, as directed by Mrs. Greenwood, then in charge. Since that time, I have been receiving boys from each grade in the "Austin School," which I divided into four squads; each squad having an hour for instruction.

Much has been done in the way of work, really more than was expected.

One great difficulty I have with the boys is, to keep them from working too fast, and to have them do their work well.

I have a number of boys who have good heads for carpentry, and I think are doing all they can to receive a full benefit from the shop.

I have others who are simply blockheads, and I think, after a fair trial, had just as well be dropped from the shop.

The disposition on the part of the students to do the right thing, is not what it should be, but every effort is being made to make it better.

You will see, from the following report, the attendance, scholarship and financial report.

Present attendance,	172
Average "	21
" "scholarship,	25—100
No. of absentees,	150
" days present,	431
" expelled for misconduct,	7

WORK.

Amount of work done, including, ceiling, fitting up shop, repairs &c.,	$55.80
Cash, received.	9.75
	$65.55

Expenditures, to date, $9.25

Respectfully submitted,

WM. C. BROWN, *Carpenter*,

Hampton Alumni Association.

The third triennial meeting of the Hampton Institute Alumni Association occurs this year, and a full attendance is hoped for. It will be held as before, the day after the School Anniversary in May, giving the members opportunity to attend both exercises. Circulars have been sent out to remind them of the occasion and of the necessity of notifying the Secretary of the Association as early as may be of their intention to be present, that proper preparation may be made for their reception.

The pleasant remembrance of former meetings will, we have no doubt, animate many with a desire to come. In union there is strength. Hearts grow bolder when elbows touch all along the line. Isolated workers in difficult fields take courage in remembering that five hundred brothers and sisters are working with them, and thinking of them, and that they are cared for and relied upon at home.

The Alumni Journal does good work in keeping the chain of communication bright. The Alumni meeting will be an excellent opportunity to polish it. Hampton has a constant interest in all her sons and daughters in the field. Let all who can, come and shake hands in the old home.

The Underground Railroad

Wm. Still, Author and Publisher.
244 South Twelfth St. Philadelphia.

We printed the advertisement of this book last month, and having read it over since then, can add our own recommendation of it to all who have an interest, personal or philanthropic, or merely of curiosity, in the record of a most striking part of the story of freedom. Mr. Still is doing a service which the future historians and poets and novelists of his race will appreciate in preserving these records of thrilling escapes and rescues in which he once bore a part which gained the deeper gratitude of those who participated in them.

It is one of the books that every colored man should buy when he can afford it, and every one else who is interested in the history of the race. This new edition contains several interesting points not included in former ones, and is a handsome book.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly

This really remarkable periodical—(remarkable for its cheapness and literary and artistic merit), commences its seventeenth volume with the January number, and a more attractive one has never been issued by any of its contemporaries. The first of a series of articles is given by Evert A. Duyckinck, "New York; past and present"; Mrs. Ann S. Stephens contributes a charming Christmas story, "Half a Dollar"; and Etta W. Pierce continues her most interesting serial, "A Dark Deed." There are articles by Victor M. Hollinsworth, N. Robinson, A. S. Fuller, Noel Ruthven, Edward A. Hale, Sarah K. Bolton, Professor Edward J. Hallock, Millie W. Carpenter, etc; short stories, descriptive articles, narratives, adventures and poems by popular writers—in fact, the 128 quarto pages are brilliant with literary and artistic gems. Besides the more than 100 illustrations, the number is embellished with a beautiful colored plate frontispiece, "A Day Dream." The price is only 25 cents a number, or $2.50 a year postpaid. Address Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

One Half a Million of Dollars for Postage.

George Stinson & Co., the celebrated Art Publishers, of Portland, Maine, undoubtedly pay more money for postage stamps than any other firm in the world; for the last five years their postage bill has averaged over two thousand dollars per week, making a grand aggregate of over five hundred and twenty thousand dollars; this is about the three-hundreth part of all postage of every description collected by the United States government during that time, and in this connection it must be borne in mind that the country now has over fifty million souls, and fifty thousand post offices. But the enormous sum paid for postage represents only the cost of sending the light packages, letters and circulars, for large, heavy packages are sent by express and freight. Messrs Stinson & Co. publish every description of pictures of the better class, and their trade now extends over the entire world. A short time since an order for an assortment of over three thousand large and expensive pictures was received from Tasmania, away down under the South Pole. Not many years ago Tasmania was a penal colony of England; and its population was entirely of convicts and their keepers. This place is so remote, that three months are required for an answer to a letter. Tons of pictures are sent to South America by this firm, and West Africa sends to Portland for works of art. Commencing at the bottom, they have worked their way up to the top, step by step, and thereby added to the greatest push and enterprise, they have that solid, practical experience that is always necessary to the best results, in all things. They carry in stock millions of pictures, and are at a moment's notice ready to fill a five cent order, or one for thousands of dollars. Their assortment of steel plates is especially fine, and ranks very high in artistic merit; many thousands of dollars are often spent on a single plate. They appreciate the value of printer's ink, and know how to use it to the best advantage; therefore they advertise largely and liberally in the newspapers—newspaper advertising was an important factor in laying the sound foundations of their great success, and without it, they state, it would have been utterly impossible for them to have reached their present position.

American homes should be made beautiful by refined and meritorious works of art; no one has any excuse for not adding to their homes the charm of pictures, for fine works of high art are within the reach of all.

Distinguished Visitors.

As we are going to press, the School is receiving the visits of Hon. R. R. Farr, State Supt. of Education, of Virginia, and Hon. Frederick Douglas, of Washington. Mr. Douglas addressed the School in his usual brilliant and impressive style. We regret that it is too late for us to print his eloquent speech in our present number, but we will give it in our next one.

Mr. Farr was accompanied by State Senator, E. W. Hubard, of Southampton Co. and Mr. Douglas by Mr. J. B. Jones and Mr. Geo. L. Pryor of Hampton, the latter one of the earliest graduates of the School.

General Crook on Indians.

The Annual Report of General George Crook for 1883, contains much interesting matter concerning troubles in Arizona, and should be read by all interested in the Indians. No one has had a wider experience or better means of knowing these people than he; no one has thought more deeply and clearly on this subject.

His combined humane and military ideas, based on many years of contact with them, have great value now that a better public sentiment is forming and needs facts to build upon. We extract as follows:

"It appears proper at this point to state, that in all the conferences with the Apache Indians, one great ground for dissatisfaction among them was that they were huddled together around the Agency where many had already died from disease, and where for lack of suitable ground for cultivation they could not raise crops. They assured me in terms which satisfied me of their honesty of purpose, that if they were allowed to choose land for themselves in different parts of the reservation, they would immediately go to work, plant and raise crops, and would soon become self-sustaining. Their Agent Mr. WILCOX told me in effect that their complaint was just, and that the orders of The Indian Department required him to keep the Indians at the Agency, but if I would take the whole responsibility of settling the Indians on other locations within the reservation, he would make no objection. I accordingly allowed the different bands of Apaches to settle on lands of their own choice within the Reservation limits, and gave careful instructions to Captain CRAWFORD to supervise their movements and the allotment of planting grounds, to give them all possible advice and assistance, and to use his scouts in such manner as would be most advantageous in carrying out the end in view, that is that these Indians should become as soon as possible self-sustaining.

The result of this action has perhaps been even greater than I anticipated; large crops of barley have already been harvested and sold; the corn crop now maturing is by all odds the largest ever raised on the reservation, as are also, the other grain and vegetable crops.

It appears that one hundred and seventy-nine families which were thus transferred from the pestilential regions about San Carlos have raised on their new locations near Fort Apache, sufficient crops to sustain themselves.

There are certain points which arise at once in all dealings with the Indians, and one of the most difficult for them to understand is the distinction between the Government, that is the supreme authority, and the individual or agent representing this authority. They recognize at once the power which is sufficient to control and punish or protect them, and respect the individual holding this power—but the abstract idea that this man merely represents the Government, and that his promises, or actions or recommendations are liable to be disallowed by higher authority, they cannot understand. To explain—although I endeavored to impress upon the Chiricahuas that I could make them no promises on the part of the Government, and in fact did make none, it was impossible to make them understand that the Government might do otherwise than as I requested.' They knew me and had confidence in my intentions, and further than this they neither understood nor cared. They were convinced that I had the power to carry out whatever I might undertake, and therefore wanted to make peace with our people.

Their understanding of the whole matter was, that they would be permitted to go upon the White Mountain Reservation and live under the same conditions as the rest of the Indians, and that they would be protected so long as they behaved themselves. The course pursued with the Chiricahuas was the only one possible under the circumstances. Only a few years ago, when there were few interests to be looked after, except such as pertained to the Government, the personal prejudice of the individual was a large element in the settlement of Indian difficulties. It made little difference whether this personal feeling was right or wrong, so far as results were concerned. We then had a frontier, and in Indian wars few suffered except the troops engaged. Now all this has changed, we really have no frontier; and an immense amount of capital is invested, and cattle raisers, prospectors and farmers swarm, where comparatively a few years ago the foot of white men never trod. The new interests now to be considered are legion, and all must be protected. Nor are the inhabitants of this Territory alone interested. People living in all parts of the United States are represented by numerous investments in the different industries, and all demand, with justice, that this Indian question shall be settled on such a basis as shall afford the greatest security to life and property.

In the settlement of this question, leaving out entirely the moral aspect, there are simply two methods; either the Indians must be exterminated, or they must be treated with justice. From my experience of late years, I can state unhesitatingly, that since the Indians have learned the strength and power of our people, in almost every Indian war which I have known anything about, the prime cause thereof has been, either the failure of our Government to make good its pledges, or the wrongs perpetrated upon them by unscrupulous whites. This condition of affairs can no longer continue. The Indian has now sufficient knowledge of the needs of the country to force us to deal justly with him, and if he is not so dealt with he will go upon the war-path.

That Indians are often robbed of their rations and of the goods provided by Government for their subsistence and support, by rascally agents and other unscrupulous white men, is a fact within the knowledge of any one having relations with them.

These are the men who are responsible for this unsettled state of affairs.

Public sentiment in frontier communities does not consider the malicious killing of an Indian, murder, nor the most unhlushing plundering, theft; and a community which will hang a horse thief to the nearest tree will submit to the plundering of Indians, and the entire ignoring of their rights, even when they know that this course will bring an outbreak with all its attendant horrors. In this way it happens that whole communities are made to suffer by the cupidity of a few persons. Individuals should not be too severely blamed for their quiescence under such circumstances, for though they know of the injustice practiced, they are, as a rule, powerless to prevent the wrong.

It is too often the case that border newspapers are the organs of the thieves, and disseminate all sorts of exaggerations and falsehoods about the Indians, which are copied in papers of high character and wide circulation, in other parts of the country, while the Indian's side of the case is rarely ever heard. In this way the people at large get false ideas with reference to the matter. Then when the outbreak does come, public attention is turned to the Indians, their crimes and atrocities alone are condemned, while the persons whose injustice has driven them to this course escape scot-free and are the loudest in their denunciations. No one knows this fact better than the Indian, therefore he is excusable in seeing no justice in a government which only punishes him, while it allows the white man to plunder him as he pleases.

I have no knowledge of a case on a record where a white man has been convicted and punished for defrauding an Indian.

I am not an apologist for the Chiricahuas—They are bad Indians, probably the very worst on the continent. They have suffered least of any from the cupidity of white men, and are therefore less excusable for their deeds of outrage than any other band. They deserve the most exemplary punishment. These Indians are all equally culpable, but any attempt to punish one or half a dozen of them for past crimes would unquestionably drive them upon the war-path. In the autumn of 1873, I had whipped all other bands of Apaches into submission, and driven them on to reservations, and was prepared to take the same course with the Chiricahuas, under conditions that assured success, but at the moment I was entering on the campaign, I was stopped by a negotiation with their Chief, *Cochise*. A so called treaty was made, the terms of which I have never been able to find out; this much I do know, that the Chiricahuas were given a reservation on the confines of Mexico, and that the Indians understood that in consideration of sparing this Territory their raids into Mexico would not be interfered with by Government. The Indian though ignorant is not innocent, and in all matters of this sort is excessively shrewd. No one knew better than he that the conditions of the so called treaty as understood by him, were entirely in his favor, and he was quick to take advantage of the wrong possition in which the Government was placed. The results are too well known to need reiteration.

It is now too late to punish them for past atrocities in which this transaction makes us equally guilty, without sacrificing the interests of the present.

There are perhaps less than one hundred and fifty Chiricahua warriors; to fight them now would be to endanger the life of every stock man and prospector within striking distance of their mountains, and would ruin many important interests in this Territory.

The invention of breech loading guns and metallic cartridges has changed the entire nature of Indian warfare. The Indians are now no longer our inferiors in equipment; their weapons of even ten years ago have given place to breech loading arms of the best makers. An Indian in his mode of warfare is more than the equal of the white man, and it would be practically impossible with white soldiers to subdue the Chiricahuas in their own haunts.

The country they inhabit is larger than New England, and the roughest on the continent, and though affording no food upon which soldiers can subsist, provides the Indian with everything necessary for sustaining his life indefinitely. The agave grows luxuriantly in all their mountains, and upon this plant alone the Indians can live. They have no property which they cannot carry with them in their most rapid marches, nor settled habitations of any kind, but roam about like coyotes, and their temporary resting places are chosen with all the experience gained by generations of warfare. The Indian knows every foot of his territory; can endure fatigue and fasting, and can live without food or water for periods that would kill the hardiest mountaineer. In fighting them we must of necessity be the pursuers, and unless surprised by sudden and unexpected attack the advantages are all in their favor. It should be remembered that in Indian combats you rarely see an Indian, you see the puff of smoke and hear the whiz of his bullets, but the Indian is thoroughly hidden. The soldier on the contrary must expose himself, since he is the attacking party. In operating against them the only hope of success lies in using their own methods, and their own people with a mixed command. The first great difficulty to be met is to locate them, and this must be done by Indian scouts, then we must move against them in such manner that the Indians may not discover our movement. The marches must be by stealth, and at night. Indian scouts must be kept sufficiently in advance of the troops to be able to discover the enemy without being seen themselves, and to this end they must be scattered in front and on the flanks. They must leave absolutely no trail, but must travel over rocks, and keep constantly under cover. The enemy discovered, runners are sent back to the command, which must make forced night marches, so as to attack by surprise; the scouts meantime if possible surround the hostile camp, and keeping constantly concealed, should be able to give all possible information with reference to the situation of the camp, number of Indians, and in fact everything which it is desirable the commanding officer should know. The Indian's eyes are as keen as the eagle's, and his natural instincts developed to the highest degree. The unusual movement of a bush, the falling of a rock, the glint of the sun from the weapons of the scouts, will immediately send them scudding like a bevy of frightened quail. The surprise over, the Indians who escape are secure; pursuit is impossible in a country where every rock may hide a fugitive enemy, from behind which with the present improved weapons in his hands, he can kill at will without exposing himself. Nothing can then be done except to return to your base, wait until matters have quieted down, and then repeat the operation. The above shows the necessities in successful operations; a single condition absent, or a precaution neglected, and failure is certain. Your presence in their haunts be known, the Indians send their families beyond reach of danger, and the bucks without impedimenta, swarm about your column, avoid or attack as their interests dictate, dispute every foot of your advance, harass your rear, and surround you on all sides. Under such conditions regular troops are as helpless as a whale attacked by a school of swordfish. The tendency of military drill and discipline is to make the individual soldier a machine, dependent upon the officer in command for its movement and action, and upon cohesion with its fellow machines for its efficiency. His individuality is completely lost in his organization, and he therefore cannot compete on equal terms with an enemy whose individuality under all circumstances is perfect.

With all the interests at stake we cannot afford to fight them; we are too culpable, as a nation, for the existing condition of affairs. It follows that we must satisfy them that hereafter they shall be treated with justice, and protected from the inroads of white men.

The reservation system offers at present the easiest way to this end. Settle the Indians on reservations, and teach them what they do not know of the methods of agriculture, stimulate them to industry by providing a market for their crops, supply them with such food as is necessary for their subsistence until they learn how to live in the new way, and to become self-supporting.

The reasoning power of the Indian from his own standpoint is unequalled. The wild Indian just brought on a reservation must understand that the person in charge of him is absolute, and that he has the power to enforce obedience to all his commands. He yields readily when he has confidence and respect for the individual exercising control, but without this it is an impossibility to satisfactorily manage him. He knows how great is the power of the Government, and if treated with common justice, will become tractable, obedient and easily managed, but he cannot be governed or protected by the same methods that have proved so successful in the management of the freedmen of the south. Unlike the Negro, the Indian cannot speak our language, has never been domesticated among us, and is consequently ignorant of our maner of life. Therefore Indians must be segregated, until they learn the way of the whites, and until mutual interests spring up between them.

Recently it has been the general wish of all the tribes among whom I have been, to own their land in severalty. There is among them a constant feeling of insecurity; they have been so often legislated or tricked out of their reservations, that they fear the same thing may again occur should their land be coveted by white settlers. As showing the strength of this desire to own his own land individually, I have been reliably informed that *Pedro*, the Chief of the White Mountain Apaches, has tendered taxes on the land he occupies, thinking that in some way, a tax receipt might give him some title in law.

Contrary to what may be the general impression, there is no people who have stronger affection for children than the Indians, and the thought that troubles the Indian most is what is to become of his family when he dies. The main reason for the tribal relation of Indians is that their families may be cared for and protected by the band to which they belong after they are dead. Give the Indian a patent for his land, under such conditions preventing alienation as may be deemed advisable, and let him feel that it is his own, and cannot be taken from him. He then becomes not only conservative, for he has property to lose by misconduct, but, when he surrounds himself with pigs and cows, etc. he finds that he has all he wants to live upon. He then realizes that he is independent, and that his family is provided for in the event of his death, and there is no further need of the tribal organization. It will then, in my judgment, disappear, and not until then.

So soon as the Indian gets his land in severalty he should have the ballot. Nothing can be of greater value in the settlement of the Indian question than a community of interests between the Indian and the white settler in his vicinity, and in no other way can this be so easily brought about as by making the Indian politically the white man's equal. He is certainly the equal mentally, of a large class who now have the franchise, and with the right to vote, he would soon find that the white communities living nearest him would take an interest in his concerns. No people or race can live in our country deprived of full political powers without becoming more and more degraded. Nor can such a people be long imposed upon or mistreated with the right to vote allowed them.

The disarming of Indians is very generally believed to be the first step in solving the Indian problem, and it is often insisted on as the one condition precedent to placing them on reservations. In my judgment this is an error. In the first place it is impossible to disarm Indians. Individuals may be taken in certain instances at such disadvantage as to make it possible to get their arms, but with whole bands or tribes this is hardly possible. I knew that the Chiricahuas had an abundance of the best arms, and yet when they came into our camp, thinking very likely that I would demand the surrender of their arms, many of them were armed only with lances, and others with very indifferent guns, which would have been given up had I demanded them. The result would have been, they would have considered that we were afraid of them, their arms would have still been in their possession, and we would have lost their confidence, which can only be secured by showing them that at their best we have no fear of them but are able under all circumstances to punish or control them. Neither is it possible to prevent Indians from obtaining arms and ammunitions; in this countrymoney will buy any thing. One strong incentive for Indians to go upon the war-path, is to obtain munitions of war, or the means to purchase them. As I have already stated, this was the main reason for *Chato's* raid into Arizona. There is another reason; the Indian knows better than any one else, how necessary arms are for his protection. He has discovered that the Government does not prevent the disreputable class of white men with which he is surrounded from committing depredations upon his reservation, or punish them for their acts. He concludes that he must protect himself.'

At Home.

The Children's Church.

CONTRIBUTED BY REV. DR. PUTNESS.

'Tis Sunday. The Church bells are ringing,
And calling the children to come,
But three little golden haired children
Are left to keep quiet at home.

To be taken to church quite too little,
And given to mischief and play,
Yet they would like their elders, be pious,
And hallow the Lord's holy day.

So each one a big book has taken;
It is held, to be sure, upside down.
Yet from it,—the dear little witches!
The'r singing goes lustily on.

They know not what they are singing,
Each sings in a different tone;
Sing on, little ones, for it reaches
Even thus to the heavenly Throne.

There stand the pure ones, your angels,
They sing to the Father above.
But praise from the mouth of you children,
He doth most especially love.

Sing on—out there, in the garden
There is music that rivalloth yours,
The deer little birds,—how they twitter
As they flit 'mong the bushes and flowers!

Sing on, for with faith you are singing,
And that will the Saviour suffice,
The heart that is guileless as ye'
To Heaven—how quickly it flies!

Sing on—we sing too, your elders,
We read, and we understand—
But ah, the Bible—one holds it
How oft upside down in his hands!

Sing on, we sing by note too
So no discord the hearer annoys,
But ah! the strife of the brethren,
The harmony often destroys.

Sing on, for the grandest church music
That ever on earth we hear,
What is it? The prattle of children,
A breath in the Eternal's ear!

—*After the German of Pastor Gerock.*

Agriculture.

What can be done with an Acre.

One acre of ground in lawn and garden is sufficient to maintain a family cow in any village or rural locality. One who knows how it is done, and has done it for several years, describes the method by which it is accomplishe ; "A quarter of an acre is in garden—strawberries, currants, grapes, raspberries, blackberries and gooseberries. There are six apple trees, and fourteen pear trees. All but the garden is in grass, chiefly orchard grass. I am already feeding down a small piece of orchard grass under some apple trees the third time by tethering the cows upon it. Some of the grass I have just cut the second time, and some give a third cutting. Fifty rows of sweet corn for table use are now beginning to yield boiling ears, and the stalks and husks go to the cow. There are pea vines, bean vines, beet tops and small potatoes, and other wastes to help feed the cow luxuriously, and in this way the family cow may be kept in abundance throughout the year upon one acre, while her manure will keep the whole acre growing richer every year, and will provide a liberal quantity for flower beds and the shrubs, and dwarf pears on the lawn. A very large quantity of the best manure is made by throwing the weeds with all the soil attached to them, the leaves that are raked up, and the wood ashes from the house, together with as much soil as may be needed, into a shallow pit in the cowyard, and leading the drainage from the manure gutter into it. If a farm were only managed as one manages the garden, every acre might easily pay a hundred dollars; but the labor is not to be had, and one pair of hands cannot do it for more than five or six acres. But the time will come when it must be done; when the land becomes fully occupied, and this great country has its 500,000,000 of inhabitants, a number which it can sustain with the greatest ease, with a thorough system of cultivation."—*The Dairy.*

Skimmed Milk for feeding Stock.

How much is skimmed milk worth for feeding purposes? This is an important question in butter-making districts, and quite often the possible use of skimmed milk determines the profit or loss of the dairy. With young growing pigs, an addition of the skimmed milk from a cow in full flow of milk for each pig will keep them growing with very little cor. It is quite as well, however, to have two or three pigs to every cow, and supplement the feed with a greater proportion of grain. For the amount that they will eat, no kind of stock will make so profitable use of milk as laying hens."—*The Southern Planter.*

Teachers' Table.

"Sentiments" for Memorizing and Recitations.

The value of brief and pithy extracts stored up in the memory cannot be estimated. A text of Scripture, a simple verse learned in childhood, a proverb, a great utterance of some great soul, has often flashed into the mind, a light in darkness, a comfort in sorrow, a stay in times of bewildering temptation. Youth is the time to fill the memory with these treasures, the ammunition for future need.

For a year or two we have followed the practice at Hampton, of having our students learn daily some such "Sentiment." Some of these are recited before the school. Some are learned to be sung as the grace before meals, or at the close of the silent prayer in the church service. We cannot too strongly recommend a similar practice to our graduate teachers or any others.

The following are some of the "sentiments," recited this year at Hampton:—

THRIFT.

Spend your money to feed and clothe the mind rather than the body; for culture rather than for amusement. The very secret and essence of thrift consists in getting things into their higher values. As the clod turns into a flower, and the flower inspires a poet; as bread becomes vital force and vital force feeds moral purpose and aspiration; so should all our saving and out-go have regard to the higher ranges and appetites of our nature. If you have a dollar or a hundred to spend, put it into something above the average of your nature that you may be attracted to it. Beyond what is necessary for your bodily wants and well-being, every dollar spent for the body is a derogation of manhood. Get the better thing, never the inferior. The night supper, the ball, the drink, the billiard table, the minstrels—enough calls of this sort—there are, and in no wise modest in their demands, but they issue from below you. Go buy a book instead, or take a journey, or bestow a gift.

Thrift is the conserving and protecting virtue. It makes soil and atmosphere for all healthy growths. It favors a full manhood. It becomes the reason and inspiration of generosity.

THEO. MUNGER.

From On the Threshold.

PURPOSE AND TRAINING.

A purpose, steadily held, trains the faculties into strength and aptness.

The first main thing a man has to do in this world is to turn his *possibilities* into *powers* or to get the *use* of himself. Man is packed full of faculties, physical, mental, moral, social, a veritable box of tools, ready for use. How to use these tools, how to get the faculties at work is the main question. The answer is, steady use under a *main* purpose.

The call to-day is not only for educated but for trained men. The next mightiest event that happens in this world of ours, after the sunrise,—that "daily miracle" as Edwin Arnold calls it,—is the publication of such a newspaper as the "New York Herald" or "London Times." If it were possible to send to Mars or Jupiter a single illustration of our highest achievements, it should be a copy of a great Daily. I think nothing greater could he brought back. But what produces this superb and gigantic achievement? Not learning, talent, energy nor money, but training. The work throughout is done by men trained to their specific tasks by steady and sympathetic habit.

Every man's work should be both an inspiration and a trade. It is said that Napoleon could go through the manual of the common soldier better than any man in his army. He could not have been the greatest general had he not been the best soldier; So in railroading, now one of the great callings. So in all lines of business, the demand is for *trained* men. Pick out the successful man in almost any occupation, and nearly without exception, it will be found he has been *trained* to it.

THEO. MUNGER.

From On the Threshold.

MANNERS.

Every young man desires, above all else, to be regarded as a gentleman. None of us can bear any other imputation. You may accuse one of violating the entire decalogue with less offence than if you tell him he is not a gentleman. What *is* this thing that outweighs every other good word and estimate? So fine a thing necessarily has many counterfeits; and so we will search it with definitions.

The word undoubtedly comes from the Latin *gens*, meaning tribe or family. Hence all the one-sided and incomplete notions that a gentleman is a man of family. It may be a good thing to be well born; but birth does not make the gentleman. Julius Hare, himself a fine illustration of his definition, says: "A gentleman should be gentle in everything; in carriage, temper, aims, desires. He ought therefore, to be mild, calm, quiet, temperate; not hasty in judgment, not overbearing, not proud, not rapacious, not oppressive."

Ruskin makes the leading traits of a gentleman to be fineness, sensitiveness and sympathy. Prof. Lieber, who has written on the subject in a manly way, says: "The word gentleman signifies that character which is distinguished by strict honor, self possession, forbearance, generous as well as refined feelings, and polished deportment. The gentleman is never unduly familiar; takes no liberties; is neither artificial nor affected; bears himself tenderly toward the weak and unprotected; he can be self-denying without struggle; subordinate his lower to his higher self. He is electric with truth, buoyant with veracity, glowing with honor, mighty in manliness."

Who misses or who wins the prize?
Go lose, or conquer if you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

THEO. MUNGER.

From On the Threshold.

Health and Humanity.

The Collie Dog.

WHATEVER may be said about the canine race in general, their relation to the farmer's well being or to the industry of sheep raising, I make assertion that for intelligence and for susceptibility to being educated with an instinct akin to reason in the child, the Scotch collie dog stands at the head. Like children of the human family, the collies become valuable in proportion as they are educated while young. No dog can be made so serviceable to the farmer or the shepherd as the collie.

In the care of the dog, if the brain be cultivated while young, the animal is fitted to adapt himself to surrounding circumstances, and, in consequence, to become valuable to his master in the varying occupations of life. It matters very little what you teach your dog to do. The fact that you keep his brain in active employment some part of each day soon makes him your companion. You appreciate him more and he becomes more attached to you, and, as I attempt herewith to relate the circumstances of the education and life of "Old Sweep," I want to say a good word for all the well-bred collies and hold up upon the farm of every intelligent farmer an assistant in the form of a first-class collie dog.

A somewhat famous collie dog, named "Old Sweep," is the subject of my sketch. At four months old he became a member of a village household whose master loved a dog and whose pets were treated almost as members of the family. Obedience, however, was a law not to be broken, demanded of all, according to age, intelligence, and accountability. Puppy Sweep was first taught to come promptly, when called, by the use of a mackerel line attached to his collar. The master called out "Sweep, come to me!" and at the same time pulled the dog gently to him. When at his feet, the dog was told to "whoa," thus teaching him to stop or stand still at the word "whoa." The word of command to sit down was first taught by placing one hand on his loin and one under his throat, often repeating the pulling of the cord, to bring the dog, then setting him down, using the above commands until it was apparent that Sweep knew what they meant. The next step was to have all done quickly.

When called to come in, if Sweep did not obey instantly, he was drawn to his master's feet at once in a forcible manner; and this seldom had to be done twice in correction of any dilatoriness. Next Sweep was taught to carry things; and his playful instincts were cultivated at the commencement by the use of a rubber ball, which was thrown across the room, the dog getting the ball and bringing it to his master, from which exercise he soon learned to bring the newspaper home from the office. At first, whenever he brought anything home, it was given to the housewife, who rewarded him with a lump of sugar, and before Sweep was six months old he would go into the periodical store, get his paper, and go to the office of his master with it, then take it home when directed.

In performing all these acts, everything was carefully called by its right name. If a paper was given him to carry home his master said; "Sweep, take this paper home." If a letter was offered, the word "letter" was employed. Again, he was particularly cautioned to go straight home with a parcel, whatever it might be. Thus he soon became an errand boy of the very best kind, taking every kind of bundle or note to or from the office or to or from any of the family by name. For instance, the slippers of the family (of four persons) were all kept in one closet and were of different sizes. If the dog was commanded to "go get my slippers", of the four pair he would bring those belonging to the person who sent him on the errand. The ordinary tricks of jumping though the hands or a hoop, sitting up, standing on his head, kneeling down to a chair at family devotions and not rising till the word" Amen" was uttered, came one after the other and were more easily learned by reason of previous practice. Each day the dog learning something new. To open or shut the door was added to his accomplishments. In walking in the street, he was taught to walk ahead, to the side, or at the heels of his master. The hydrants on the street were pointed out to him, and he soon learned their names, and was soon taught to go into the street and get upon them and sit down. The wheelbarrow he soon learned to know by name, and, if told to go find a wheelbarrow and get into it, he would do so, and, if told to stay there till his master came, he would do it, if forgotten a whole day. It did not take any longer to teach Old Sweep all this than it would have occupied in the case of a young child.

The time finally came when the master's life of a village merchant changed to that of a farmer. When once settled in their farm home, Mr. B. said to Old Sweep: "A new life is before us, Sweep, and you must have your hand in, as well as the rest." So, taking the cord, he attached it to the dog's collar, as of old, and placed it through a ring in a post some one hundred feet away. The master then said" Sweep, now go a-field!" and he gently pulled the line till Sweep was some distance away. Then followed the commands: "Whoa!" "Sit down!" "All right!" Next, using a line through a ring, in another post, fifty feet to the right, he would say" Sweep, go to the right!" motioning with his hand to the right, and by a gentle pull the dog was taken to the right, then to the left by the ring and left-hand motion. When this was thoroughly understood, it occupied only forty minutes in making sure that Sweep had this new accomplishment of "going a field," to right or left, all mapped out to him. His village education had given him a keen sense of preception, to that degree that he understood his new lesson at once.

Another lesson: by the use of the line, attached to the collar, Sweep was sent "a-field" its length, then told to "go around," this latter command being accomplished by the gesture of the hand and arm in a sweeping motion, holding the line taut; and, as the dog traveled, he had to make a circle. In all this the dog was praised for doing his duty, and thus in two lessons the prime elements of field training for cattle and sheep (the primary knowledge) was taught. Now for its application. Sweep was taken to the pasture in the morning with the cows, and here he at first would go to the head of the cattle, or, rather, the cattle would turn their heads to him. The quick word of command "Whoa!" brought him to a halt at once, and, standing facing the cattle, holding his ground, the dog was told to "Speak to them!" When after a little, the cattle would turn to go away, then the words "Go on and drive them", soon initiated him into the method of going around the cattle. He had then only to be sent to the left hand or the right of the cattle, and then, by word or gesture, told "Go on around!" till opposite the cattle, then commanded to "Drive this way!" and in a week's time Old Sweep became as nice a cattle dog as he had been clerk and errand-boy for the merchant in town.

From this time out his especial work was the care of the milch cows, which were taken to and from the pasture, a half mile away, every day without help; and, to enable the dog to do this, his master had taken the pains to make gate-latches at the farmyard and the pasture that Sweep could open and shut. The gate is four feet in width. The latch and catch were arranged with a half-ring attachment, very simple in its construction, so the dog could hoist it up. When the gate is swung to and the dog places his paws against it, with the inclined-plane guard, the gate closes of itself. Sweep only needed to be taught how to open the gate, for, after that had been accomplished, all else was easily done. The master took Sweep with him and spent the time to have him do it properly, and in about a week's practice, every morning and evening Sweep could open and shut these gates, go to the pasture or return with the cows alone. There is scarcely a farmer in the land, who will take the trouble to teach his dog, but can have just such a dog as Old Sweep. It all lies in a nut shell. "You cannot have something for nothing;" and, again, "There is nothing but you may have if you will pay the price."

Suppose it takes a good, intelligent man six months of his leisure time to educate a collie to the degree herein described. Would not the investment be a good one for an equivalent in the services of such a dog for twelve years, of his saving you, some night, the rob-

bery from your premises of valuables worth twice what six month's service of a man would cost in teaching the dog?

Only a few months since my next-door neighbor came into my house one morning and said "I was on the point of coming in last night and asking you to take your collie into the house, because he made such an unusual noise." My neighbor came back at noon, to inform me that seven of our immediate neighbors had had their houses broken into the night before, with a serious loss of money and other valuables. "Your dog" said he "probably saved me $300 last night." If such dogs are noisy at night, you may be sure there is a cause. One such service in the life-time of the dog pays his bills. Reader of *The Cultivator*, in your wholesale condemnation of the canine race please hold one corner of your esteem for such dogs as Old Sweep. Finally, may his good works secure greater esteem from the farmer for similar animals and induce intelligent people to spend a little time in educating collies in the service of the agricultural classes.—I. K. FELCH, *in "American Cultivator."*

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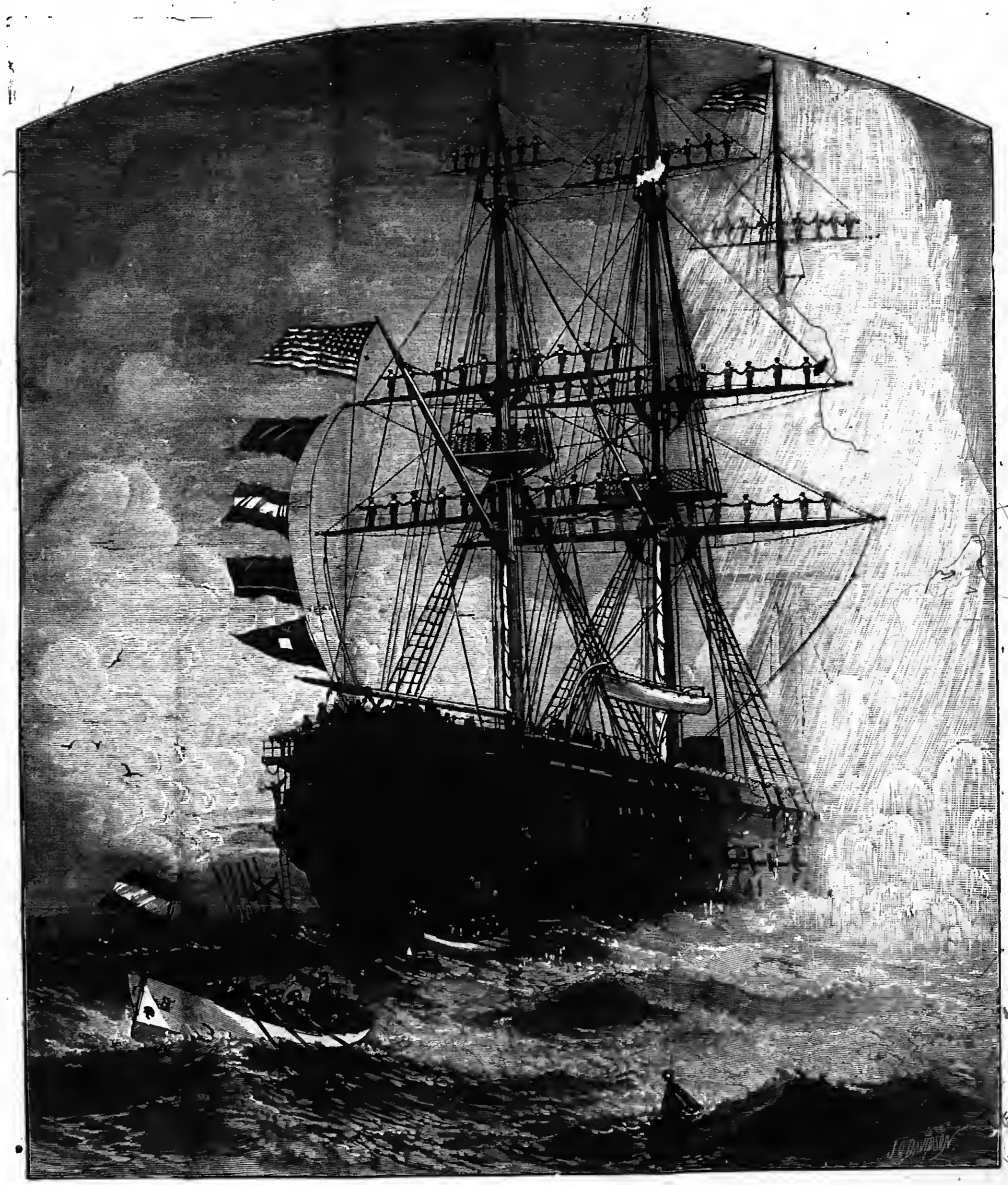

A NAVAL REVIEW AT FORTRESS MONROE—CEREMONIES DURING THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO THE FLAG-SHIP.—[From Harpers' Weekly.

White and Colored People in Virginia.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

There was so much excitement and vituperation in the papers for some weeks following the election, that one was tempted to wish that elections would only come once in a life-time. It has been especially sad to me to read the expression of bitter feeling in the colored papers. Perhaps it was natural for the Negroes, as they "are intensely human," that they should wish to retaliate upon the white people, and counsel a resort to violent measures as remedy for their grievances. I think, however, that as the colored people have borne two centuries of slavery, and the white people have somehow struggled through two decades of reconstruction, and in spite of some friction both races have managed to live together so far, it is more than probable that we shall be able to jog along peaceably for the rest of the time.

"The school master is abroad in the land," and with the better influences of education we may reasonably hope for the gradual improvement of our beautiful South land.

Although politics are very exciting, and elections as yet rather too much for our equilibrium, the relations of the two races are in general very kindly, and the history of the colored people shows a steady advance since freedom came to them.

In regarding the South, it must always be remembered that for many generations the white race had been governed by a single absorbing idea. It had been taught by pulpit, press and public speakers, in hall and cot, everywhere and at all times, that whenever the two races come into contact, the white man must rule, and the the black man must serve. Having fully adopted this idea, a theory in conflict with the progress of the age, it has cost countless treasure in blood and gold to prove that the lesson must be unlearned.

In what Southern white people deem the "natural relations" of the two races, and for his material interests, the Negro has here a great advantage, as nine times out of ten the white man of the South prefers employing colored laborers.

The Northern philanthropist who will risk his life and give his money freely to aid the black man to rise in the social scale, very often shrinks from coming into contact with him. The Southern white man, under the influence of the old ideas, demands that the Negro must "keep his place,"(a place he has selected for him,) but feels that he cannot live without the dark forms that have surrounded him from his birth.

"I must have niggers to work for me," said a Virgina planter, hot-headed and ignorant after his kind, "I can't do nothin' on my place without 'em. If they send all the niggers to Africa, I'll have to go thar, too."

Thus in many lines of industry in the South the Negro has a monopoly, which insures him a living, and is bitterly resented by his poor white compatriot and competitor. In domestic service, the white people want Negroes, "first, last and all the time." It is common to hear ladies declare they would not trust their babies to white nurses. We all have kindly memories of the dusky faces that looked tenderly upon us in our cradles, and naturally want our children to have the same loving care that nurtured us. I have had a poor white woman rail fiercely at me, for "hiring a nigger," when people of my own race were starving for lack of employment, and though I felt very sorry for a white woman in such circumstances, I could but realize that it would be impossible for me to employ a white woman, when a black one could be had.

In Lynchburg and other "Tobacco towns," the colored people do all the factory work, and it is common to see one white man acting as "boss," with a hundred colored laborers.

The thrifty ones among the factory hands have fine chances to make money, and the "filthy weed" in the hands of a sensible and industrious man, not seldom expands into the sheltering roof-tree. There are various other trades among us almost exclusively filled by Negroes. The wagon and hack drivers, and porters in stores are nearly all colored men. At the funeral furnished by the city for the five firemen killed in the great fire which occurred here last spring, an impressive feature of the immense procession, which included all the civic and military organizations of the town, was the mounted array of colored porters, all stalwart men, who had been employed in the burned warehouses and stores.

In a place where the snack-seller is seen at every turn and is freely patronized by citizens and strangers of all classes, that functionary is usually a colored man or woman, more often the latter.

As small grocers, hucksters and saloon-keepers, the colored people are found everywhere and begin to compete successfully with the white dealers in those lines. The barbers of the town, with one exception, are colored, and as their best customers are white men, nowhere is the color-line drawn more severely than by the colored barbers.

In the trades requiring skilled workers, the colored people have some difficulties to contend with, as the white master-mechanics refuse to take them for apprentices. When they manage to pick up some mechanical skill, they have the advantage over white laborers, as they usually underbid them, and a white contractor will sometimes work all colored hands because as one of them told me, he "could hire niggers cheaper and manage them easier than white hands."

It is common now for contractors to put white and colored hands together on a job, though at first the white men were disposed to make trouble by refusing to work with Negroes.

Sometimes the old relations of the races seem strangely changed by "the whirligig of time," as when a well-to-do colored man will employ poor whites to do his work.

In one case which came to my knowledge, a Negro carpenter, who had learned his trade as a slave and become independent as a freedman, hired a white man who had once been a rich Negro-trader to work for him. It gave me a curious sensation to see the thrifty African come into our little store, and bid the clerk give provisions "on his account" to the dejected looking white man following him, who must have had bitter reflections in regard to "the Institution" once the idol of the South, which had resulted in the chattels becoming a power in the land, whilst they who had put their faith in it, had found but dust and ashes for their fortune.

There are now two or three colored builders in the city, who, by improving scant opportunities, have found abundant employment and gained a good reputation in the community. One of these is now putting up a handsome two story frame house on a lot near us.

The owner of the property, a white gentleman, says the house will cost him $1600.00, and the contractor has promised him a "turnkey job." He added that the carpenter was a reliable man, and he had left all the details to him.

The avocations of which I have spoken, as filled by colored people, who conduct such lines of business among us, with general kindly relations for both races, are such as can usually be performed by an illiterate people trained to labor. Many of them, indeed, were filled in antebellum days by slaves, whose masters found such occupations for their chattels profitable to themselves.

As the colored people advance in property and education, which they are doing very rapidly, it is natural but essential that they should seek avocations better suited to a class possessing those advantages.

In my next article I will try to tell something of the conditions of the colored people, growing up under the new *regime* and the investments they are making of their newly acquired wealth.

A Naval Review in Hampton Roads.

The outlook from Old Point Comfort or Fort Monroe, has a charm beyond that of most sea coast watering places in the extreme variety and animation of the scene. It is not a lonely stretch of water broken only by screaming sea gulls, and occasional passing of some distant sail or steamer. Ships from all parts of the world, merchant vessels and sloops of war flying the colors of every nation, gather in this magnificent harbor of the Roads, coming and going, while flocks of smaller craft seek its shelter from outside storms; at night their lights look like a vision of Venice; next morning the white sails are spread to the favoring breeze, and they are off and away-like the white clouds scattered by the returning sun.

One of the most brilliant occasional attractions of the place is a grand Naval Review of the North Atlantic Squadron or the school ships on which boys are educated and trained for the service.

An eye witness of such a beautiful spectacle, during the administration of President Hayes, gives the following graphic description of it, which we take from Harper's Weekly, to which we are also indebted for the spirited illustration of the scene.

"As one glances along the fleet of anchored war ships, extending from the Rip Raps in the roadstead on the left to the thirteen ships on the far right, memory naturally reverted to that bright morning not quite twenty years ago when the gallant *Cumberland* and *Congress* went down in flame and smoke beneath the green waters off there to the right.

The gallant duel of the *Monitor* with the *Virginia* occured but a little beyond where the *Minnesota* now lies at anchor, and that fine old ship which so narrowly escaped destruction then is here again on the same historic ground.

A salute of guns from the water battery anounced the arrival of President Hayes and cabinet; and amid the thunder of salutes, manning of yards, and explosion of submarine torpedoes, they made their round of visits to the different ships.

On the flag ship *Tennessee*, the crew man yards, clear ship for action, and load and fire the great guns. Mrs. Hayes touches a button, and the hundred pound torpedo explodes alongside, shooting a column of water as high as the mast, to fall in showers of spray on deck. A steam-launch hurries by with a long spar torpedo extended in front; she makes a rush for a floating mark, and it is blown to atoms by another torpedo. Twenty-one torpedoes of smaller size are exploded along the shore. The repeating cannon, throwing fifty balls a minute, strikes up its terrible music, while the bullets strike whiffs of spray from the water's surface a half-mile seaward.

The signal flags run up and down, the band plays, marines salute, and the President and party pass to the *Minnesota*, where more guns salute, and the sword practice by the crew entertains them; and so they pass from ship to ship of the fleet.

At a signal, all the ships' boats loaded with sailors put for the shore, towed by hunches, which cast off their lines when near shore, and the men dash through the surf, forming a line 2000 strong on the beach. They then form "column of fours," and, with bands playing and colors flying, march into the Fort, where, with the military, they pass in review before the President.

The beauty of Washington and Baltimore, the fleet officers in uniform, and the Marine Band render the ball at the Hygeia a scene of light and life long to be remembered.

Next morning the naval apprentices from the school-ships *Minnesota*, *Constitution*, *Portsmouth*, and *Saratoga* muster in a solid body on the star-board side of the *Tennessee's* deck. President Hayes makes a brief address. Captain Harmony calls their names, and while a thousand heads "uncover," Mrs. Hayes pins the medal to their white jackets, speaks a few pleasant words, and shakes the hand of each blushing graduate.

On signal, the *Constitution* and *Saratoga* make and take in sail. A parade of boats passes in review, and forming in line, a grand race of seventy boats against tide and wind takes place through the fleet, which is won by the *Tennessee's* boat.

At 9 P. M., the President's ship leaves her anchorage, homeward bound. Two rockets leave the flag-ship, and ere they break in stars, all the ships are ablaze with a splendor of red, blue, and gold fires, rockets course hither and thither through the heavens, the bands strike up, a grand salute of cannon flashes from the fort, and a pyrotechnic display from the beach strews the moonlit heavens with a glory of dropping fire. As the last gun booms over the bay, the *Dispatch* turns the "Point," and the review is over.

As a display the review was a success, and if manly hearing, clean faces, neat dress, and general appearance of proficiency of the apprentices (who were drafted to various ships the next day) be any guarantee of the good of the school-ship system, that certainly is a success also."

Speech by Hon. Frederick Douglas at Hampton Institute.

As our last number was going to press, we could make only brief mention of the visit the school was then receiving from this distinguished representative of the colored race, and promise some future report of his eloquent address to the students; which promise we are happy now to fulfil.

"My friends: it has been my good, or ill, fortune to be called upon almost every day to undertake some duty for which I have had no previous qualification or education; and I am before you to day in just such a position. I am speaking to a body of college students, and have myself never had a day's schooling in my life. I never attended school; I never was in a college, except to look at it, or to sweep it out; and I find myself called upon—with some laudatory remarks in my introduction—to speak to you, students of Hampton Institute. I hardly know what to say to you. I ought to have months to prepare a proper speech to you.

This school is too vast, too uniform, too *common*, to be grasped in a single hour. I have seen London, I have seen Edinburgh, I have seen Venice, I have seen the Coliseum, I have seen the British Museum,—but I should not have seen the world if I had not seen Hampton Institute. I have seen more to day of what touches my feelings, more of prophecy of what is to be, more of contrast with what has been, than I have ever seen before.

The difference between the Now and Then, the contrast between my childhood, my youthful days, and the youthful days through which you are passing—is so vast—so amazing, that I have no words to express it. I sometimes say to the American people: You are not to measure these freed people by the heights to which we are yet to attain, but by the depths—*the depths*—THE DEPTHS—from which we have come. And when I see the heights to which we have already attained through the efforts of this Institution, through this and other efforts of the Teutonic race—my heart is melted, and fired with hopes of what is yet to come.

Only fifty years ago, I was living down here in Maryland near you, a *slave*.

A gentleman once asked me, "Mr. Douglas, at what College—or Institution—did you graduate?"

I answered, "From the *peculiar* institution, and my diploma was printed not on sheep-skin, but on my own skin."

For before I made part of this breathing world, the chains were forged for my limbs, the whip braided—the cowskin twisted—for my back. And this name, which, through the mercy of God our Father, may yet be found inscribed in the Lamb's book of life, made part of my master's register with his cattle and his swine.

When slavery yet existed, with its rack and thumb screws and scourge, I could speak, I could denounce, I could appeal; but now that freedom has come to our people, and our country is delivered from that damnable curse, I cannot speak—I don't feel like talking; I feel like *feeling*—thinking.

I feel profound pleasure, my young friends, in looking out upon this glorious view, looking up to this beaming sky, and thinking of the benevolent kindness, the disinterested, lofty, religious sentiment out of which these buildings have sprung; out of which Huntington Hall has sprung, and all these work shops for your training in useful arts—the joiner shop, the shops for the workers of wood, the workers of leather, the printing office—I can't talk—I can only say: I am glad—glad—glad—deep down in my heart, with what I see.

And I am not much more glad to see our own race—or *variety*, for I know of no *race* but the Human Race—than I am to see my brethren from the West, my Indian brethren, here to day.

It has been my belief all along that there must be something wrong in American civilization, to account for the condition of our Western tribes. I see on the north of us, British civilization meeting Indian nations, and no war; on the south of us, Latin civilization meeting Indian nations, and no war. Why is it not so with us?

I believe that Hampton will do much to bring the time when all shall say, To live under the wings of the American eagle is to live in peace.

I don't say what I say of slavery in a censorious spirit against our white friends. I have always seen slavery as a great organic evil, and I saw the difficulty of removing it. I think the masters were almost as great sufferers as the slaves. In Virginia, the state suffered as much from the evils of slavery as the slaves did. And I agree with Cowper that I had

'Rather be the slave than him
who chained him.'

I am glad for the blacks that they are out of slavery; for the whites, that they are no longer slave holders. I believe the time will come that every descendant of slave-holders will be glad that slavery is no more.

If the white people want to know what is best for them to do in the present condition of things, I can tell them. Find out just what was necessary for safety in slavery times, and do just the reverse. In slavery times, it would not have done for slaves to know much about reading and writing, or arithmetic, about geography and the north star,—even about the Golden Rule—It would have created confusion and loss of *property*. It wouldn't have done to have freedom of speech—to have old Fred. Douglas come down into old Virginia and denounce the curse of slavery—to have school mistresses from New England come down here with the light of civilization and refinement. All that would have been ruin to society, when slavery was the base line of society. It would have disturbed things.

But now, the very things that would have most endangered society here, you need for the security of society. You need freedom of speech. Let us all speak out. No secrets, no dynamite, no revolutions, but a quiet pervading of society with the sentiments of intelligence and civilization. Let these go forth, and they will be the safety of society.

I am not here to make a long speech. I told General Marshall I could rise and make my bow but had no speech to make. But I have been tempted to say these few words. Perhaps you will remember, when you hear that I no longer live, that Frederick Douglas once appeared before you to make his bow, and wish you peace, happiness, prosperity, success, and a glorious career of usefulness to you one and all."

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Published by Putnam's Sons, New York
Edited and printed at Hampton Institute.
For sale at both places. Specimens sent from Hampton at 5 cts. a number, or 50 cts. a set.

An English friend writes to inquire if a good colored teacher can be secured to take charge of a school on one of the West India islands. He would prefer an American colored man, for the sake of his greater "push," but has some anxiety as to his possible character, and encloses a slip from Dr. Tucker's pamphlet, and also a letter he has received from his partner at the Islands, who remonstrates against the employment of an American, thinking that while the condition of morals is "bad enough" at the Islands, it is "much worse in the States," where "every decently educated colored man who goes from the Islands easily gets a good school," though he may have left home in disgrace, as happened in three aggravated cases which have come under his own observation.

The English gentleman, a man of active philanthropy in the cause of the colored race, inquires with concern whether this and Dr. Tucker's statements give a true picture of the American Negro.

No one-sided picture is a true one, however correct its details, and this is no truer than the rose colored visions of an enthusiast on the opposite side. Three or four cases are rather few to found such broad generalization on. All they suggest to our mind is that there is, as we all know, a great demand for teachers among our colored people, and, it would seem, a disposition here to accept a decently appearing English stranger on his appearance till he has belied it. We do not question the veracity of Dr. Tucker's statements in regard to the condition of things around him, which, we believe, he is faithfully laboring to improve. What we do deny, as we have heretofore said in reviewing his pamphlet, is the justice and accuracy of making sweeping denunciation of a whole race, because of a personal experience of its worst portions, utterly ignoring as well established facts on the other side. Experience for experience. We can point to the five hundred graduates, both young men and young women, who have gone out from Hampton during the last twelve years, kept continuously in view by the school, and known to be, with few exceptions, and in spite of imperfections of partial education and development, an honor to it and to their race; working faithfully and with true missionary spirit, often on meagre or ill paid salaries, in isolated stations and under every disadvantage; centres of light and civilization to their people, fitting scores of their pupils for Hampton, commanding the respect of their white neighbors, and a good report from the county superintendents, often ex-confederate officers, who employ them. Their race has a right to their record, and to that of the thousands sent out by other educational institutions; notably, Fisk and Atlanta and Lincoln Universities, and Berea College; and to that of all other evidences of improvement which are conspicuous in its history since emancipation. The Black Belt of Louisiana and Mississippi does not spread over all the states. Sixteen years' work in Virginia, gives us good cause for hopefulness. At the same time, we by no means ignore the fact of the vast amount of work to be done and the imperative necessity for it, especially in those sections where the blacks have always far outnumbered the whites; where slavery struck its fangs deepest, and the environment of climatic conditions and general state of civilization are least favorable. This is no time for suppressing the facts. Every one who tells them boldly deserves the thanks of every intelligent thinker. But tell both sides. The near and small is likely to obscure the large but distant; an illusion which must be constantly corrected if we are to see things in their true proportion.

THE following from the *Commercial Bulletin* of New York is food for thought. The drift of it seems to be that white labor must ultimately displace the alleged unsatisfactory Negro workman of our Southern States.

The *Bulletin* reports, however, the dark side of the picture. Negro homesteads and small farms are multiplying in many localities: the movement is in two directions: one forward and the other backward; the latter is chiefly among the blacks of the gulf States where they far outnumber the whites, the former among those in the northern belt of States, including Georgia, where there are far better conditions of progress by way of a better climate, compelling activity to supply physical needs; more business enterprise, more educational advantages, and stronger civilization from the predominence of whites. These make a majority of the race, and have a somewhat hopeful future.

We doubt the success of white labor generally in the Gulf States, and believe that the Chinese only could supplant the Negro; but that would hardly be attempted.

There is no doubt danger that many plantations in and around Louisiana will, as things are going, sink into decay, and result in a barbarism disgraceful to the country—not alone from the condition of the blacks.

A moral to be drawn from these facts is the importance of labor training and moral instruction for the colored race in schools and institutions devoted to them.

The nation has, in the Negro problem of the South, a work before it, the magnitude and importance of which it little realizes. In comparative importance, the Indian question is insignificant. We do not stand or fall on the tariff or civil service questions; they are interwoven with our life, and will not fail of attention. But comparatively few to-day think seriously of or work earnestly for the moral foundations on which we rest: an important concern in every part of the land, but a supreme concern in the South, where the balance of power is held by people steeped in ignorance and immorality.

"A great deal has been said and written in the past ten years about the improved condition of labor in the South since slavery has been abolished. It was certainly natural to expect that the Negro would be more industrious and be a better citizen under the system of getting the wages he earned, with the privilege of spending it as he pleased, than under the compulsory labor of former years, and it is natural also to refer the acknowledged prosperity of the South since that change in no small degree to this cause. But there are abundant reasons for believing that, in some of the Gulf States at least, Negro labor is not any more reliable or better than it was formerly. In point of fact, as regards Louisiana, recent investigations show that this labor has deteriorated, and is become so irregular and unreliable that it is a question whether, unless white immigration can be tempted thither, the plantations will not sink into absolute decay.

It used to be thought, and especially by the Southerners, that the white man could not maintain continuous labor under the hot suns of that climate; but necessity has driven the whites into the field, and it has been proven that the supposition was a fallacy. The prosperity of the South in the last decade has been due to the fact that the Southerners themselves have gone to work. There can be no regrets that slavery has been abolished, nor that the colored man has a right to the fruits of his toil. The people of the South not only do not now regret this, but rejoice that it has been accomplished. At the same time, they cannot shut their eyes to the fact that the colored people, as a class, are not turning their privileges to the best advantage. All through Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana the complaint is that they are shrinking more and more from engagements by the year or by the month, or by the week even, and are becoming largely day laborers and job workers. * * * * * *

Planters find themselves more and more at the mercy of capricious colored laborers. They can rarely engage any of them for a definite period. They like to move about in gangs, working by the day, and rarely more than four days in the week, taking Saturday, Sunday and Monday for a season of frolic, in which they spend all their earnings. This would not, perhaps, make so much difference to the planter if labor was more abundant than it is. Because labor is really scarce everywhere in the South, these gangs are very independent and will altogether leave a plantation suddenly for slight causes. This is the situation as it exists to-day along the once flourishing Teche and throughout the Red River country, which in former years were known as the Arcadia of the Gulf.

What the South really needs and earnestly desires now is a large importation of reliable white labor. Any number of such, with or without families, would meet with a favorable reception in any part of that section. Good farmers can have cottages furnished them, and teams, and work the crops on liberal shares, or receive wages. If they have teams themselves, they can secure a much better share of crops or better wages. One dollar a day is now paid to the colored laborer in many localities, and much of this could be saved in that climate, where it costs very little to live.

Among the sugar plantations of Louisiana the condition of colored labor, we are told, is very bad. The dollar a day does not give the Negro any new interest in his industry, he works more reluctantly than he did at $15 a month and rations. An old resident of that State writes to the New Orleans *Picayune* that "higher wages give the colored man more money for dissipation, gambling and other vices, which keep him out of the field for two or three days in each week; that the labor performed the other days is not two-thirds the value of labor formerly; that he does not regard either his verbal or his written contract, and that confidence and good feeling have been weakened between planters themselves through such a system of labor, while confidence in the labor itself is almost utterly destroyed." * *

It is easier, however, to point out a grievance than to indicate the remedy. An infusion of white immigration, no doubt, would provide a satisfactory solution of this labor problem; but is the infusion practicable? We cannot forget that just after the civil war there was no inconsiderable emigration of industrious white labor to that part of the country, not only from the Northern and Western States, but also from Europe; but the experiment, for various reasons which are too familiar to need recapitulation here, did not work well and it had to be abandoned. * * * * * *

As in Louisiana and the Gulf States, a renewed endeavor is making by the planters on the Atlantic to substitute, as far as it is possible, white for colored labor. The South Carolina Immigration Bureau is particularly energetic in the work, and the advantages which the State holds out to new settlers are widely advertised, not only at the North, but also in the principal seaports in Europe; and the work has not been altogether in vain. Within the past season or two there has been a considerable addition to the agricultural population from this source. Colonel Butler, to whom the management of the Bureau is entrusted, says, thus far the Bohemians have been more successful and given better satisfaction than any other foreigners brought into the State. As compared with Negro labor, white laborers require better wages and better rations, but he thinks they will do more work; not more than the Negro might, but more than he is willing to do. The policy of selling large tracts of land to speculating companies is discouraged. It is deemed better for the State to encourage an immigration which will ultimately occupy small farms earned by the labor of the owners. No doubt that is the sounder policy; albeit it restarts the vexed and still unsolved, if not insoluble question, what is to become of the Negro whom the white immigrant must ultimately displace?"

Southern Women in the War.

The *Charleston News and Courier* requests us to help make known its purpose to publish a series of sketches by Southern women of their experiences during the civil war. It strikes us as an excellent idea, and we hope it may be well carried out. The record of the war would not be complete without it, as the *Courier* justly remarks. There was doubtless "some comedy," and much of pathos and "tragedy" in their lives, whose story, simply told, will not fail to excite the interest and sympathy which was always felt in all sections of the country for those who bore the saddest burdens of the war born of slavery. We hope that our own regular contributor, Mrs. Orra Langhorne, may be represented in the sketches. A Southern woman who passed through the ordeal with the rest, her broad views would give special interest to her narrations. The conditions of the *Courier's* plan are as follows:

"The sketches in question will be published in *The Weekly News*, Charleston, S. C., under the general title of "Our Women in the War." The conditions are as follows:

1. The sketches must be written by Southern women who were in the South during the war, and shall be confined to a description of events and circumstances of which the writers have personal knowledge, and with which they or their families were connected.

2. Each sketch shall fill not less than fifteen nor more than thirty pages of foolscap, written on one side.

2. The sketches shall be sent, with the real name of the writer, to *The News and Courier*, S. C., not later than March 1st, 1884.

4. Every sketch that is accepted will be promptly paid for, and any Southern woman who desires to do so can send in two or more sketches."

The "Globe" of New York, the ablest of the Negro periodicals of the country, takes up vigorously the cause of national aid for education.

This is timely, and if seconded by the dozen steadily improving newspapers which shape the course of colored voters, will help to secure the desired legislation.

In the past, the Negro sentiment of the country has been felt chiefly in claims for civil and political rights. Their many representatives from the South, during the period of reconstruction, did not make one notable effort for the real improvement of their constituents; but rather, united with their white allies in efforts to secure party control rather than the progress of their people.

The efforts of Representative Eliot and Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, in the past, and of Senator Blair and others recently, have been in contrast with the general course of the Republican party in respect to fitting the ex-slave for citizenship.

The better and fast increasing class of Negroes realize that there is now nothing to be gained by special legislation. The country has, by the constitutional amendments, given them ground to stand on; other measures have amounted to little.

What they now need and ask for is not in the name of their color, but in the name of facts; of an illiteracy for which they are not responsible, and

they ask the same for all in like condition throughout the land.

They can, with dignity and respect, press upon Congress a measure which really is one of the nation's safety; more serious even to the white race than to themselves. We hope the "colored" press generally will speak with force and persistence on this all-important matter.

Perhaps we shall see that the men who once made it a crime to teach the slave will be among the first to recognize the wrong of enfranchisement without enlightenment.

The Rev. Atticus G. Haygood, Agent of the Slater Fund, one of the ablest of Southern men, giving, in a Thanksgiving sermon, reasons "why we of the South should thank God and take courage," said:

"The great body of our people not only make more than they did before the war, but they make a better use of it—they get unspeakably more comfort out of it. I am willing to make the comparison on any line of things that you may suggest, for I know both periods. Remember that I am speaking of the great mass of the people, and not of the few great slave-holders, some of whom lived like princes, not forgetting, meantime, that the majority of our people never owned slaves at all.

For one illustration, take, if you please, the home-life of our people. There is ten times the comfort there was twenty years ago. Travel through your own county—and it is rather below than above the average—by any public or private road. Compare the old and the new houses. The houses built recently are better every way than those built before the war. I do not speak of an occasional mansion, that in the old times lifted itself proudly among a score of cabins, but of the thousand decent farm-houses, comely cottages that have been built in the last ten years. I know scores whose new barns are better than their old residences. Our people have better furniture. Good mattresses have largely driven out the old-time feathers. Cook-stoves, sewing-machines with all such comforts and conveniences, may be seen in a dozen homes to-day where you could hardly have found them in one in 1860. Lamps that make reading agreeable have driven out tallow dips, by whose glimmering no eyes could long read and continue to see. Better taste asserts itself: the new houses are painted; they have not only glass but blinds. There is more comfort inside. There are luxuries where once there were not conveniences. Carpets are getting to be common among the middle classes. There are parlor organs, pianos, and pictures, where we never saw them before. And so on, to the end of a long chapter.

Test the question of our better condition by the receipts of benevolent institutions, the support of the ministry, the building, improvement, and furnishing of churches, and we have the same answer—our people are better off now than in 1860.

In reply to all this some one will say: "But it costs more to live than in 1860." I answer, True enough; but there is more to live for.

Secondly, the social and civil order existing in the Southern States is itself wonderful, and an occasion of profound gratitude. For any wrongs that have been done in our section, for any acts of violence on any pretext, for any disobedience to law, I have not one word of defense. Admitting, for argument's sake, all that the bitterest of our censors have ever said upon these subjects, I still say, considering what were the conditions of life in the Southern States after April, 1865, the civil and social order that exists in the South is wonderful. Our critics and censors forget, we must believe, the history of other countries. They have never comprehended the problem we had given us to work out after the surrender. Only those who lived through that period can ever understand it. Why has not this whole Southern country repeated the scenes of Hayti and San Domingo? Not the repressive power of a strong Government only; not the fear of the stronger race only; not that suggestions have been lacking from fierce and narrow fanatics; but chiefly in this, the conservative power of the. Protestant religion, which had taken such deep root in the hearts and lives of our people. The controlling sentiment of the Southern people, in city and hamlet, in camp and field, among the white and the black, has been religious."

There are said to be sixty-five thousand colored people in Wasbington, and doing well. Glad to hear it. Hope as many more will go tbere and do well.—*Exchange.*

Hawaiian Law Reports, Vol. IV.

Compiled by Chief Justice Judd.

Several years ago, we received Vol. III of these reports, and commented upon the fact that they indicated the extension of our Anglo Saxon jurisprudence beyond the Continent and to the Islands of the sea. The fact that this jurisprudence exists in the Hawaiian Islands, is, to a large extent, misleading. It is anomalous that it has been established in a nation or among a people who neither understand or care for the "institutions," which are the foundations of such a jurisprudence. The native Hawaiians are about as well fitted to adopt these "institutions," as an infant class is fitted to plunge into Bacon's abridgment. This system of jurisprudence, however, as administered by the three intelligent, honest, and prudent Judges, of the Supreme Court, furnishes the Hawaiians with a method of obtaining justice, admirable in itself, and of which the Hawaiians would be proud, if they were capable of comprehending it. The creation of this judiciary was not the work of the Hawaiians, but of disinterested and intelligent foreigners, some of them missionaries, and some of them not missionaries, who believed that the native race would quickly raise itself to the level of the system.

They fenced around the native race a scaffolding of our own civilization upon which it could stand, and build up institutions like ours. Forty years of experience now shows that the Hawaiians do not understand our institutions, and do not care for them. They decline the scaffolding which has been erected for their own benefit. Naturally enough, they follow the law of their own growth, and decline the law of the aliens. This is the involuntary historical process. There is always danger to the State, where men are called upon to experiment in matters of which they are ignorant. If the French have made a failure of self government during the past centuries, it is hardly to be expected that the Hawaiian will succeed. He ignores foreign civilization, because it is above him. He has dragged down the Executive and Legislative branches of the government, until it expresses fully and faithfully the low national life. The Supreme Court alone stands pure and incorruptible. This too would be degraded, if there were not a life tenure of office. The three persons who now hold that Court cannot be touched by the natives, and therefore they are the last barrier between civilization and paganism. When they go, the natives will drop back into the paganism out of which they came. This volume of reports exhibits the strange mixture of interests and personalities which appear in a country without a permanent and growing native nationality. The Chinese, Portuguese, Kanakas, British and Americans figure in it largely. The Chinese find that in these little Islands there is an effective equality of all men before the law. It is a happy experience which they have not enjoyed in some more enlightened countries. This is due to the excellent judiciary we have described.

W. N. A.

We are glad to see good reports of Major Pedro Sanchez's work among the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico.

He is their agent, and judging from published accounts, has been earnest and energetic in telling them about their duties as husbands and fathers, urging abstinence from liquor, the proper care of and kindness to animals; he has impressed them with the value of education, and urged them to go to the Albuquerque School.

The Indians answered in these words:

"What you have told us, father, we will bave to do, even if it is directly against our old habits. What you bave told us is a new tbing to us. We have never before heard such words. These words make us tremble, but we bave to obey."

Death of Father Hanson of Hyde Park, Mass.

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF A SLAVE WHO ESCAPED TO FREEDOM.

WILLIAM HANSON.
Died November 14, 1883,
Aged 112 years.

This simple inscription was marked upon the silver plate on the lid of the coffin that inclosed the remains of a venerable Negro whose eventful life terminated only after he had lived nearly twice the number of years usually allotted to mankind. His history is obscure, and the slight glimpses of his early years, given by himself, seem to connect him closely with the era of the Revolution. He was a man of a past generation. William Hanson was probably born before the breaking out of the Revolutionary War. This fact is not established by any other confirmatory evidence than his own memory. But his description of events which occurred a century ago is too accurate to admit of any other belief. He was born of slave parents, and spent the greater portion of his life in bondage. Of his parents nothing is known. They were probably among the thousands of human beings who were relentlessly torn from their homes and freighted like merchandise from one section of the country to another until every trace was lost. At his earliest recollection he was owned by a man whose cruelty made him feared by all his slaves. Right here it might be stated that his real name was not Hanson. The latter was only adopted by him after his escape from slavery. He could never be moved to disclose his identity. His lips were sealed and his true name was buried with him. While yet a boy he was sold, but after a few years of servitude with this master he escaped to another plantation, only to be treated even worse than ever before. He seemed fated to endure the lash and anger of a cruel tyrant. At this last place he married and settled down to work as a field hand, toiling faithfully for many years. But after seeing his children pass one by one beneath the auctioneer's hammer, he, in a frenzy of despair, forsook his wife, and under the mantle of the night pushed forward for the land of liberty.

Father Hanson, as he was familiarly known, did not know his own age, and it is only by comparison that one can approximate the years of his life. During his twenty years' residence in Hyde Park he has been intimately associated with a few persons who have befriended him in his weakness and poverty, and it was to them only that he disclosed the few incidents that establish the proof of his longevity. Mrs. M. Sunderland, beneath whose roof he was first given shelter when he reached Hyde Park, relates the story of his life as told by himself at different times during the last 20 years. The few facts were only gleaned by close questioning, for the old man was extremely reticent, and would only talk to known friends. The story is substantially as follows; When a very young lad he was in Baltimore, and remembered the visit of a "great French soldier," as he expressed it, to that city. He was too small to work, and distinctly recollected the enthusiasm with which he followed the bands about the streets, and his horror when finding himself lost in the crowd. Lafayette's first visit to America was in October, 1777, and although history is silent on that point it is probable that he stopped at Baltimore while en route for Philadelphia. Hanson would have been between seven and eight years of age at that time.

At the close of the war he and his oldest boy helped rebuild Fort McHenry, the reduction of which furnished the inspiration for the "Star Spangled Banner." This is the second event that seems to substantiate the statements as to his age.

The remainder of his life as a slave so closely resembled the picture of slavery as painted in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that when, in recent years, the book was read to him, the old man would murmur, the tears coursing down his wrinkled cheeks the while, "Yes, dat is so! I've seen it myself."

He was the first colored resident of Hyde Park. During the latter years of his life he was dependent upon the charity of his friends, and no man was ever more worthy of it than he. His honest face and hoary locks were always welcome in any house. He was a special favorite with the children, and always had a pleasant greeting for the little ones. So long as his health permitted he was regular in his attendance at church, and, when unable to walk so far, would still do good missionary work among the people in his neighborhood.

Funeral services were held at the Baptist Church. At the close of the services the many friends of the aged man were given an opportunity of looking once more upon the face of their venerable friend before he was carried to his last resting place. The remains were interred at Mount Hope Cemetery.—*Boston Journal.*

Good School Books.

We have received from Messrs Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., New York, the following books for review: *Swinton's First, Second, Third and Fourth Readers, Swinton's Word Primer and Word Book of English Spelling, Swinton's Elementary Geography, First Lessons in the History of our Country, and Condensed United States History, and Fish's Elementary Arithmetic.*

Some of these books have been used with much satisfaction in classes at Hampton, and we regard all of them as among the best text books published. The paper, type, binding and illustrations are beautiful, the arrangement clear, the method sensible. The only criticism we would make on any of them is that the language of the First Lessons in History seems to us in advance of its grade. The number of long, "grown up" words is striking, glancing down a page. With a simpler vocabulary, it would be admirable. The necessity of especially considering this point for our Indian classes in particular, doubtless makes us acute in this direction. It is one worth considering however for all beginners. It is a common fault in speakers also to address both Indian and other children in language quite outside of their vocabulary. The graded Readers are fine in this respect. The selections in them are also admirably made, many from the first authors, interesting and instructive. They may well be used as supplementary reading where others are already in regular use. The language lessons in connection wit the selections are an excellent feature, suggestive to the teacher as well as helpful to the pupil.

LAMPS AND PATHS—*by Theodore T. Munger, author of "On the Threshold." N. Y. Bartlett & Co., Boston.*

Rev. Theodore Munger is a minister who possesses the rare power of speaking equally well to young and old. We know of no better gift to put into the hands of a young fellow just starting in life, than his "On the Threshold." Its constant use at Hampton to furnish "sentiments" for memorizing and recitation shows how rich it is in seed thoughts that can be stored away to germinate in young minds when the heat of the day calls them forth.

"LAMPS AND PATHS" is a collection of sermons which have been preached by Mr. Munger to the children of his church in North Adams, Mass., at their annual flower festivals in June of each year, "when all the beauty of leaf and blossom that can be won from garden and mountain-side, woven emblems of love and hope, and tender memorials of children gathered to the heavenly fold, are brought into the church and piled about the pulpit and chancel, a feast of tabernacles, when, considering the lilies, we also strive to tell the children the lesson they teach." The children of Mr. Munger's flock are to be congratulated. However far they may wander from their first home in after life, they cannot fail to take memories with them that will guard and enrich their lives. Parents, teachers and pastors—all who are called to "feed the lambs"—may profit as much as the children from this little book.

The *Christian Union*, referring to the subject which its name suggests, says: "There is but one road to Christian unity. It is in turning the back upon formularies of doctrine which are not authoritative, which are valuable only or chiefly as historical landmarks, and going back to the one creed which is a unifier because it is a simple statement of historical Christianity, not a complicated philosophy of the universe. If there ever is a church universal, with a common faith, the symbol of that faith will be, if not in exact phraseology, at least in the spirit and essence, the Apostles' Creed. It is the earliest; the nearest the Master; the simplest and purest; unstained by blood of persecution or smoke of battle; the unquestioned faith of the Christian Church universal."

The Southern Press.

ALL SIDES.

The impossibility of doing any permanently good work in the South until the facts in regard to the Negro and his relations to the white man are understood, is day by day increasing the complications which surround this vexed question. An article in the N. Y. *Independent* of Dec. 27th, written by a Southern lady and ex-slaveholder, Miss Porter of Louisiana, gives a startling view of at least one side of the situation, and she speaks, to use her own words, "of the extraordinary relapse into barbarism which is going on among the Negroes" as one who "can realize and understand the causes of it as no outsider can possibly succeed in doing." There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of Miss Porter's observations in the locality of which she writes, and that such degradation as she describes should be permitted to exist in a civilized land is certainly a national disgrace; not merely a disgrace to one state or another, to this section or that, but to the whole country. Fortunately the time has come when those who know can dare to speak the truth; there is no longer any personal risk to either Northerners or Southerners in publishing the facts that come within their cognizance, and the collection and careful sifting of such evidence is of the first importance.

Miss Porter's statements in regard to the condition of the Louisania Negroes are only a corroborration of Dr. Tucker's account of his experience in Georgia and Missisippi, and fully bear out her declaration that they are approaching a state of barbarism, and the alarm has been sounded in more quarters than one. The *N. O. Picayune* considers that Miss Porter's colors are none too vivid, and while holding that to the premature emancipation of the Negro is due the present condition, says:

"Without repeating instances we will merely state the conclusions to which they point, viz; ignorance, superstition, idleness, gross immorality and race prejudice."

In the *Church Review* for December the Rev. S. D. McDonnell writes:

"For us the Negro is not in Africa, he is in the United States. He is here nearly seven millions strong, more than twice as many Negroes as there were white people at the time our government was established. *They are practically pagans.* Christianity has but slightly affected either their understanding or their morals. The awful picture drawn by Dr. Tucker of Mississippi at the last Church Congress has never been gainsaid 'It is substantially true.' Here and there is an Uncle Tom, but for one such there are a hundred thousand savages."

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Christian Advocate* writing from Mississippi, gives the following testimony:

"With the exception of a flying trip to New Orleans in 1877, it has been twelve years since I was in the South, and I have found much to sadden me and impress me with the conviction that it will be a long while before prosperity returns to those portions of Mississippi and Louisiana which I have visited. To one accustomed to Western enterprise and "push" there is an utter absence of every element of prosperity. With the large majority of the people it seems to be a struggle for existence, and they are well content to secure the bare necessaries of life, and think they are fortunate if they are "making a living." There are absolutely no improvements going on, and no indications of thrift or progress. The whole country seems to be under a terrible nightmare, from which there is little prospect of it awakening for a long time. The towns wear a deserted, sleepy appearance, while the farms are dilapidated and look very much as if they were only half cared for. The explanation of all this, to my mind, is to be found in the swarming population of idle Negroes, which is maintained at the expense of everything else.

* * * * * * * * * *

The towns are the earthly Edens of the Negroes. While at Vicksburg, we drove out to the National Cemetery, (where 16,700 Federal soldiers are buried,) in the middle of the afternoon. The whole road was lined with Negro cabins, before every door the inmates swarmed, basking in the warm sun of this genial climate, and seemingly as happy and contented as the day is long. The Negro's ideal of happiness is to have nothing to do, and his highest conception of freedom is to be his own master, so that he can be perfectly idle. The Negro rarely works from choice, and has little idea of accumulation. They are all philosophers after the Diogenes school."

In offering our readers such statements as the above we, as editors of the *Southern Workman*, desire to make two points, the first of which ought to be, and we believe can be, supported by direct and positive proof.

While all that is said of the far South, especially of the Gulf states, is, if anything, less than the truth, the conditions which prevail in the states lying to the north of them, in part of the Carolinas and in Virginia and in portions of Tennessee and Georgia, is different and far more hopeful. There is not wanting evidence of the prosperity, industry and increasing morality of the ex-slaves in these sections, and the record and experience of the Hampton and other Schools, gained largely from the young men and women who have come from these localities as pupils and gone back to them as teachers, are full of promise for the future of the race, under even moderately favorable conditions. Without enlarging at present upon this, we do not hesitate to say, and this is the second point to which we are anxious to draw attention, that it is not the actual degradation, or retrogression of the Negro that is the alarming feature in the picture given us by the writers from which we have quoted, but the fact which they one and all admit, that nothing like an organized attempt is being anywhere made to change the conditions. Miss Porter says:

"Upon the top of all these facts, what is the first question to be naturally asked? Why, of course, what is being done for the reclamation of these people? And to this I can merely say that in the parts of Louisiana which I know, *nothing is being done.* There are no schools, no missionaries, no efforts made of any kind. I believe there was a public school in F——at one time; and there may be one in name now. But when I say that when I *did* know of one there, it was taught by one of my own old slaves—a quadroon girl, born just before the emancipation, and as ignorant as any of the others—it will be seen what I mean by saying there are no schools. But even if there were, schools do little or no good. The half education they give, combined with total want of all home or civil training, only adds to the confusion and general distress of the poor people, who seem so hopelessly adrift."

The *N. O. Picayune* admits all this, and comments upon it as follows:

"Fortunately or unfortunately, we have now to deal not with the enslaved but with the emancipated Negro. Men may differ as to whether his emancipation was premature, but he has been emancipated, and he is neither rich nor wise nor virtuous. Miss Porter tells us that he is relapsing—going back to barbarism, and the problem now is how his retrogression may best be stayed. This is not a question which effects the welfare of the Negro only. Barbarism upon an extended scale in any nation is a poisonous element which sooner or later must affect the whole body politic. What then, is to be done?"

Rev. Mr. McDonnell, speaking for the Episcopal Church, which it must be remembered includes many earnest workers, says:

"The Negro race in this country, our Church, as such, has not touched. We have not reached the Negroes yet. The Church in the various localities where they are, has had opportunity for more than a hundred years to reach them as individuals—and has not done it. The Church people, in the South, *did* not do it in the past, and *can* not do it now. The simple truth is, they are too poor. Whatever may be their good will—and with a few conspicuous exceptions their will is good—they are not able. No one will ever know the straits to which the southern people have been reduced since the war. They have never told it themselves. They are a proud, reticent race. After the surrender, the Chaplain and his flock—what was left of it—went home together, and found their Church tumbling into ruin—may be torn with a shell—maybe with the ordure of cavalry horses in it. For nearly twenty years they have been trying to rebuild their waste places. They have all they can do to feed their own sheep. During all these years, also, they have been compelled, by no fault of their own, to regard the Negroes as their political opponents."

The correspondent of the *St. Louis Advocate* says of the people of whom he writes. "Literally, they take no thought for the morrow" finding that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," while adding with a hopelessness which we trust is exaggerated:

"It is little wonder that this country is in its present condition. The fact is it is impossible for it to be otherwise, and what lies in the future for it, no one can tell.

I feel a profound sympathy for the people thus burdened and the more so that it is through no fault of theirs, and that there is no solution of the question save in the abandonment of their homes."

The acknowledgement of the Episcopal church that it has accomplished nothing among the Negroes, naturally leads to a comparison between it and other religious denominations; though, of course, it is hardly possible to make such comparison perfectly fair, or to judge, other than in a general way, of results. The Presbyterian church stands in much the same position as the Episcopalian; that is, it has made no general effort in the line of mission work among the Negroes. The Congregatinnal church—through the American Missionary Association—has, since the year 1861, made the South its special field, and has spent some $5,000,000 (about $300,000 a year,) in the establishment of schools, churches, and several large chartered institutions, doing thoroughly good and telling work. The Methodist and the Baptist denominations have by far the largest enrolment of members among the Southern Negroes, but they have done comparatively little for their education outside the churches and theological schools, and the demand is for something more than this.

The tendency of modern mission work is to broaden the foundations, to include the whole man in its scheme, and to recognize the absolute necessity of a sturdy, practical training, which shall supplement or even precede any attempt to stimulate the spiritual nature. The industrial or manual labor schools which have been established in the South have demonstrated what is needed, and their success indicates the direction in which all practical work for the colored people is gradually tending. The American Missionary Association has led the way in this new departure, and has done much for the South by proving the value of a training which recognizes all the demands of the situation. Miss Porter says, "schools do little or no good;" but there are schools and *schools*, and a system of industrial education for those young enough to receive it, is exactly in the line of her own convictions when she recommends that they should have

"Industrial centres, where they can be taught to work and to save, to live together in communities and grow into civilization. A few well governed Negro villages, with some common or universal industry, a local savings bank which they could trust and whose good influence they could feel, a mayor and officers, a courthouse and judge of *their own*, some better and higher civic training than this miserable scramble for votes—these are the things the Negroes want. At present they are a burden to themselves. Without self-respect, wrenched from their old habits, kept down by their new ones, feeling more keenly than is generally supposed their false relation to the white race, they are in a condition to excite the pity and compassion of the most thoughtless. Churches and schools are excellent things; but before they can be brought to bear with any effect on such a wretched and downcast people there must be a great deal of other work done first; and it is in the earnest hope of calling the attention of thoughtful persons to the condition of these strangers in our midst that I venture once again to say it is no slight matter to allow a race of savages to grow into terrible reality within our borders; and even the most remote of us will sooner or later find this out."

That anything like this suggestion of Miss Porter's, on a scale sufficient for the emergency, can be carried out, is not at present to be expected; it is simply impossible. But, surely the demand made in the following article—a leader taken from the *Richmond Planet*, (colored), is neither extravagant nor impracticable:

"National Aid to Education.

"The popular pulse beats strongly in favor of aid to the schools by the national government. The sentiment has grown so strong that ere long it must ripen into maturity. This question is of vital import, and is one in which the rich and the poor, the white and the black- men, women and children—are all concerned. This is no party measure, but one which will result beneficially to the whole country. Illiteracy exists to a greater or less extent in every part of this country. It is a fact that there are illiterate whites as well as blacks. It is no fault of the colored people that there are so many illiterate ones in their race. Since their emancipation they have shown great eagerness and thirst for knowledge. Whilst those who wore the yoke of bondage were deprived of the advantages of education, they are not insensible to the importance of educating their children, thereby fitting them to become intelligent citizens. Between intelligence and ignorance the former must and always will predominate. With universal suffrage, universal education ought to have come.

"We believe that it is a duty that the national government owes to the people to help in the removal of illiteracy. Especially does it owe this duty to the colored people, since they were emancipated by the act of government. With education they are prepared to discharge the duties of a citizen intelligently and faithfully. Congress has power to make an appropriation to aid the common schools of this country, and it ought to do so, and not stintingly.

"The States bear their part of the burden in educating the people, and the national government ought to lend a helping hand in fostering the public schools of this country. The public schools have done excellent work since their establishment in the South. But the ability to carry on this great work of educating the masses has decreased, whilst the demand of those to be educated has increased. In our own State, the majority of the schools in the rural districts are only open five months in the year. Our teachers are paid low wages. Our school-houses are few and, in a number of cases, our little children have to walk in some instances five miles to school. With aid from the national government, our schools could hold longer; our teachers be paid better salaries; there would be more schools. Do not bring sectionalism and prejudice into this vital question, but let our representatives in Congress unite upon some measure to aid the common schools of this country. Presidents Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Arthur, in their messages to Congress, have urged federal aid in behalf of the education of the rising generation. If congress grants an appropriation, as it is earnestly desired that it should do, the people will see that this gift is honestly and wisely used."

The "*Big Morning Star*" is the title of an always interesting little paper published at the Carlisle Indian School, printed by Indians, and inspired by Capt. Pratt. Price 25 cents per annum. We commend it to any one who wishes to know vital facts about the Indian question, and especially concerning the Carlisle School, upon which the hope of the Indian race is concentrated more than upon any one point in the country.

The December number contains encouraging reports from the many score of Indian youths who are scattered among the farmers of Cumberland Valley, Penna.; an admirable plan that ought to command not only the hearty support of the Interior Indian Department, which it has, but also of Congress, which it has not in any intelligent way.

Another Negro Exodus.

The Newberry N. C., *Observer* of January 3d, says: "Between one hundred and one hundred and twenty-five negroes will leave Newberry tomorrow or next day for Texas. These go to Col. H. R. Hearne, of Robertson County, Texas, one of the solid men of that section, being worth $75,000 or $100,000. This lot will make about two hundred and seventy-five from this county. The colored majority is being gradually reduced."

The Newberry *Herald* says: "The Texas fever has laid a strong hold upon the Newberry Negroes. The week before last one hundred and fifty left this place for Texas; we learn that a large party will go to-morrow, and another party on the following Friday. Some of these emigrants are well-to-do Negroes, but they say that labor is too cheap here and their wages too hard to collect after they have been earned."

Letters From Hampton Graduates.

"DAUBING DAY." STUDYING ART. "ONE OF HAMPTON'S SEEDS." LIVELY SKETCH OF A COUNTRY SCHOOL, BY AN UNDERGRADUATE TEACHER. ANOTHER UNDERGRADUATE'S SUCCESS.

"DAUBING DAY."

The "sameness" of human nature among "all sorts and conditions of men", and the power of a good example of common sense, are well shown in the following story of a young teacher's experience.

——Co., S. C., Nov. 7th, 1883.

Dear Miss C——

You can hardly imagine the pleasure it gave me to receive your letter of the 16th of Oct.

I opened school here on Monday at my same old school-house where I have been teaching for two years; this makes the third. My school is not very large now, but it will be after awhile. The great mass of colored people in this place are so poor that they cannot send their children out even to school. Some of them are better off than others. I have spoken to many of the parents about sending their children to school; some would say: "Miss——I want to send them, but I have not any clothes for my children." Others say, they have not any shoes and others have no any wrappings. I do not know what to do for them. I have tried to do all I could. The first year I came here the school-house and yard was a deplorable looking place; weeds and bushes had grown all around it, even up to the steps; in fact, there were no steps to the house. The door and window were off their hinges, and the only thing I found inside as furniture was a bench about four feet long, and that had but three legs. The chimney, which was built of clay, was partly down. I asked some of the children what they did for seats; they said that each one had a rock, and they put them under the ends of rails and sat upon the rails all day. I at once taxed the children five cents a piece and went to a saw-mill near by and bought enough boards to make five long benches. Then I appointed a day which the children called their "daubing day," and daubed the school-house, put up the chimney, scrubbed the floor and raked off the yard. You would have been amused to see the teacher and scholars with their hands full of clay working on the school house. I had to be leader of the daubing business because of the indignation of the large girls. After they saw me put on my apron and roll up my sleeves, I did not have any more trouble with them, though they had said that before they would work in clay they would go home. The school house looked better after that. The same year, I taxed the children and bought a blackboard, six feet by four. The next year, I received a letter from the Trustees asking me to come back again. I did so, and that year we bought three more blackboard's, a teacher's table, ten benches, water bucket and dipper. I have a great deal planned out to do this year. I shall try and get the U. S. map of which you wrote, and as many others as I can. I can not send the money now for the map but will in a few days. My dear Miss C. any thing you can do in the line of clothing for the poor children of my school, will be gladly received. I want to try and have a Christmas tree for my school.

Very truly yours.

R.

STUDYING ART.

A young man who has done excellent work as a teacher since leaving Hampton, is now with great joy taking advantage of a chance to continue his education and develop a natural taste for drawing. We congratulate him on the opportunities before him, and hope that he will improve them with vigor and use them to the best purpose.

Columbia S. C. Oct. 23 1883.

Dear Miss C.——

Your circular reached me yesterday. But instead of finding me in a school room as a teacher it found me as a scholar. You remember I told you that I intended having more education, and ever since leaving Hampton I have bent all my energies in that direction.

I have at last succeded in entering Allen University at this place. I have been fortunate enough to obtain employment which pays me enough to cover all my expenses. The art department is managed by a young colored man, a graduate of the art department of Yale College. So you see that another one of my great hopes is about to be realized. I have already commenced taking lessons in drawing. It is needless for me to tell you how delighted I am with this grand opportunity. My school patrons were very much against giving me up, but they are glad to know that I quit them for no other purpose than that of improving myself. The weather is not very cold here, yet. We have not had any frost this fall, which is something unusual. I hope that I shall have the pleasure of being present at the Alumni meeting next spring, but I have my doubts, as my books cost me so much I am afraid that I shall not be able to afford it. Nevertheless I shall make an effort. I am sorry that I have not as gratifying a report to send you this fall as last, but do not think that I have retrograded in the least.

Respectfully and truly.

J.

Class '82.

"ONE OF HAMPTON'S SEEDS."

We gave in our last number, the report of the Training Shop started in the Austin School, Knoxville, Tennessee, under charge of a Hampton graduate. The following letter has been received from him, giving some account of his work and purposes.

Knoxville, Tennessee, November 10th, 1883.

Dear Gen'l:

When I left Hampton, I regretted very much that I could not have at least a handshake with you and other officers of the school, but the absence of the officers and teachers deprived me of that pleasure.

I left Hampton on the 14th of September for Knoxville Tennessee, at which place, through your influence, I was directed by Miss Emily Austin, to take charge of a carpenter shop.

Having been delayed a few days at home, to see my people, I did not get here until the 26th, about 4 o'clock a. m.

I expected to find Miss Austin here, but to my surprise did not, for her illness, which I knew nothing of at that time, prevented her from traveling.

None of the teachers were expecting me, so no arrangement had been made for me whatever; but Mr. Manning, the principal of the "Austin School," received me very warmly, and did all he could to secure for me a boarding place. The whole day was spent in trying to secure it, but only to fail.

A few days later I was introduced to a Congregational minister, and in talking I told him of my trouble in getting board, so in a few days he had a nice place secured in a nice family.

Notwithstanding my trouble, I commenced my work the next day after my arrival, 27th.

My stock of tools consisted of 6 jack-planes, 12 hammers, 1 screw-driver, and 11 barrow-knives.

I was soon supplied with what tools I thought would be needed at present, which amounted to $50. worth or more, and lumber to cell the shop.

I have on roll 175 boys, and they are divided into 16 sections, each attending from an hour to an hour and a half once per week.

The boys as well as the girls have lessons in "kitchen garden."

The building has been ceiled, and work-benches, tool-racks, grindstone-frame, 2 doz. pointers for the city schools, hammer-handles, and 9 dials for the city schools have been all very neatly made by the boys; and some repairing has been done.

The boys seem to like the work, and take hold of it well.

It was thought that the people here would not like to have this training for their children, but it seems quite to the contrary, the majority seem to think that education and a trade are the only true road to social-equality.

One great trouble or difficulty I have is lack of room. The room which I have is only about 20x30, and is by no means large enough.

We hope to commence a new shop soon, if we can get the money.

We can put up one 30x20, for about $500, and our idea is to have the boys do the work as we did the gymnasium at Hampton.

I am interested in this work, and I am doing all I can to make a success of it. I just now begin to see and know the good that Hampton did for me, and as I am one of its seeds, which has been thrown here by you, I want to spring up and bring forth fruit; that is, to do all I can for the good of my race, and all mankind.

With kindest regards to all the officers and teachers of the school.

I am your earnest pupil

W. C. B.

LIVELY SKETCH OF A COUNTRY SCHOOL BY AN UNDERGRADUATE TEACHER.

Among the best successes of Hampton's young workers have been those of some of its undergraduates, who, for one reason or another, not affecting their character, have not completed the whole course there, but who, besides a grounding in the elementary studies they need to teach, bring to their work a more than ordinary strength of purpose or talent for teaching.

One who has done and is doing good work and throws her heart into it, sends this lively and pretty sketch of her country school.

——,Co., Va. Dec. 16th, 1884.

My dear Friend:

I have just been reading your kind letter, for which accept many thanks. I know, if you could see me start off to my school in the morning, with umbrella in one hand, basket containing my lunch in the other hand, followed by five little representatives of the Afric-American race; jumping one fence crossing a bridge not wide enough to put both feet on together; jumping another fence, there met by fifteen or twenty little chaps of all colors, from the fairest lily to jet black ink, you would smile at the sight. All say "good morning," and each expects a separate answer. I get right tired, sometimes, and say, "good morning to you all, dear children." Then, I sometimes get this in return: "I certain Miss Teacher didn't see me;" "Yere's me too," and "Ho - me—her isn't even laughed wid me neder." Such a sight you would laugh to see, When we ascend the two hills I look back, and have sometimes felt quite amused.

I noticed among my little tribe the other day, the least mite of a tot, her face scarcely as large as the palm of my hand. I thought she might be four years old. Stooping down, I put my arms around her and asked: "Who is this little girl and where did she come from?

"Me is Maude" "Where did you come from dear?" "Tudder side de *mountains*." A general sniggle from all sides. I took the little one by the hand and walked on while a dozen or more of the most comical remarks slipped from the lips of my poor, dear, little silly kittens. For instance: "Well Sah, little chile cant keep up wid we's." "O Teacher, aint you tink dat little gal's mar turn her out too soon?" "Her mar must certain sho make mistake, and tought it was her oldest child she was send into school," "Why look! She done got on *trains*, her dress longer than yours; she kin hardly step for de train." I glanced down, and, sure enough, the poor little soul's dress was so long she could scarcely walk. I feel ashamed to say, the child did look so funny. I would have laughed too, had I not met those dear little eyes filled with tears turned toward me. But I stopped there, and said: "My dear children, let us stop and put ourselves in this little girl's place, and think how we should feel if some one made such remarks about us. Such things hear upon the mind, and are never forgotten." Nothing more was said.

One day two of the boys were whispering when I said I wished the undivided attention of my scholars. They saw me looking at them. So when the school rose to pass out for recess, I said "the boys that were out of order may remain in their seats." As soon as the rest had passed out, the youngest of the two came to me and said, with his eyes filled with tears: "Teacher, I know I done wrong but I forgot, I'll try not to forget any more." I patted him on the shoulder, shook his hand, and told him I was sorry that it had happened, too; to run out and play and I wouldn't think of it, as I well knew that big as well as little folk often forget. The other boy didn't seem to think much of any thing about it, so I kept him from part of his recess. A little fellow came in to hang up his lunch basket, and seeing him said: "What is you done, make Teacher keep you in?" "I aint done nothing" "Ah but *son*, I know you must a' done something mighty bad, or she never'd keep you in in dis world. You ought to be shame. I's goin; we fellers is havin fine times out do's."

Last week I cut up one of my flannel sacques for a poor little girls. She knew nothing of it beforehand. "I just wish you could have seen her little eyes sparkle when she came Sunday morning to go to Sunday school. But lo, and behold! when she came to go home, she hung up the sacque on a nail and flew home in a hard snow storm with nothing at all around her. When I asked her this morning why she did it, she replied that she thought it was only to wear on Sundays.

What do you think? I have just received one of the sweetest letters from New Haven, from dear Miss——, telling me she has sent me, with assistance from other dear ladies who put in some things,—I mean her Sunday school class of four young ladies of eleven and fourteen years—a *barrel*, so I can have a Christmas tree for some of my children. She said there were presents for *sixty-five*, as that was the number I had when I last wrote her, but I have 87 or 88 now. I think I can divide it so I can give each something. I know I can make out in some way. I hardly think I can have the tree till after Christmas, as I want to have some nice singing and recitations by the children, and I want to have all done just up to perfection. I shall try to have a Santa Claus to take the things from the tree. The barrel will have candles and candlesticks, little balls and fish, and everything to make the tree pretty, besides the presents; candy, books, little dresses, dolls, handkerchiefs, neck-ribbons, some knives, testaments, cloaks for the little girls, and some presents for me.

I am cold and tired, having worked very hard to day, besides teaching, copying verses for the children to learn from the Bible, teaching carols for that great occasion. I have $1 in my temperance society, and a nice Sunday school class, but no Bibles or suitable singing books for all, so I teach them orally.

Good night, dear friends with love,

O.

ANOTHER UNDERGRADUATE'S SUCCESS.

Another successful undergraduate writes, with natural pride, of his work.

——,Va, Sept. 29th, 1883.

Dear Sir.

I have been intending to write you for several weeks past. In 1881, I came home from Md. where I taught four years. I engaged in teaching in this Co., taught two sessions, and made here, as I had made in Md. a good record. Recently the colored schools of this my native city were turned over to colored teachers. I passed successfully the examination and got a "tip-top" recommendation from our ex-county Supt. Being an undergraduate of Hampton, I am very proud of my success. I have succeeded in every field which I have entered in Md. and Va. In a corps of seven teachers in——I rank third. ——of 74, teaches the highest grade, Mr. A. of Storer College the next highest, and I the next; the other grades are taught by three graduates and one common school student. By God's help I intend making my mark in this new field of labor and love. Five years ago you wrote me these prophetic words "Be not weary in well doing, you shall reap if you faint not" Then my father had just died, and the storms of adversity were pressing me hard. At last the harvest has come, and I hope to reap enough this session to pay every cent of the $35.00 which I justly owe Hampton for making a *man* of *me*.

Your faithful pupil and *undergraduate* teacher,

D.

For Snowy Weather.

The following is an excellent method of preparing boots to stand the snow and water: Put half a pound of resin and a pound of tallow in an earthern pot, and melt and mix them well together over a slow fire. Warm the boots well for some time beforehand, so that they will be thoroughly dry, and, while as warm as may be found convenient for handling, apply the hot mixture with a brush until neither the sole nor the leather will absorb any more. By using care the leather may be made very hot without burning it, and it should be warmed through that the preparation may fill all the pores. The resin gives the mixture an antiseptic quality preserves the leather, and prevents the tallow from rotting the stitching. For a polish, dissolve an ounce of wax and a teaspoonful of lampblack in a little turpentine. A day or two after the boots have been treated to the tallow and resin, apply the polish, but not before the fire. This gives the exterior a coat of wax that will shine like a mirror.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton

AN INDIAN GIRL'S COMPOSITION ABOUT CHRISTMAS

I will tell you about the Christmas day. We had a nice dinner in that time, the boys and girls are come to Winona. Miss call the name and girls take the boys arm and went over to Virginia Hall, to they going to have a good dinner. When after the through dinner the girls and boys both have washing dishes, the girls washed and, boys are wiping. And we had enjoy time. In the Christmas morning we went to breakfast and we come in our rooms; oh nice things on the bed: dolls, cards, little books, every nice things but I could not write all those because I don't know how write in English. When the night's come we went over to supper and we come back to Winona, boys come over and play the games marching the boys and girls. Some of them played the dominos and have a very good time indeed. When the morning the girls nobody go to breakfast because they are tired out, that is why. And after about one week on Tusday we had a Happy New Year again; it is 1884!

FRANCES PIESAN (WHITE COW).
A Sioux Girl.

AN INDIAN BOY'S SPEECH.

The following speech was made by a Sioux Indian boy of the middle class, at Hampton, before the Indian boy's debating society. He prepared it himself, making some use of what he had read, and it is given without correction.

CAN THE INDIAN BE CIVILIZED?

It is related as a fact in the natural history, of an eagle, when the proper time has arrived for the young eaglets to leave their nest, the parent eagle so stirs it up that they cannot stay in it longer and they are obliged to find some other spot in which to live; they now make their first attempt to use their wings, in this they are assisted by the parent bird, who flutters over and about, spreads out her own wings, so that when the efforts of her young fail, she bears them on her own wings to a place of shelter and safety, by this means they are taught to fly and provide for themselves. It is so with our people, my friends, they were just like the young eaglets before the white men colonized America. They were so ignorant and superstitious, they know not what is good. This country where we are now used to be occupied by Indians; but what become of those Indians? When the white men came over they saw that the Indians were ignorant, that they cannot do anything with their ground but just to hunt on, they took away their fertile lands, driven to the western Rocky Mountains, make towns, cities and cultivated the soil, established manufactories, steamboats, railroads and telegraphs are employed in promoting God's glory and benefitting mankind. Now to-day they are a great powerful nation in the world but we are crushed and degraded. We are almost the lowest in the human nature. The white men saw that the Indians were entirely in darkness, never try to make any advance and helpless and they are trying hard to raise them up. Now it is the proper time for us to rise and to leave our ignorance and superstitions. The missionaries and government are trying to stir up our old Indian ways and they show us another way we ought to be obliged to take that is good, but our old Indians loudly murmur and complained at this good. Why? because they did not know that was good for them, but now the good people out there are succeeding in stirring up our old Indian ways from our people. Now they attempting to use their knowledge. They are taught to till ground by the goverment so that when they stop supporting us we can provide for ourselves, Now it is the time to lift our people while we are here; if we cannot get intellectual education let us try hard to get the physical education. The good missionaries and government succeeded in converting many of our people, and the churches and schools are instituted and we are starting all right. The great question among the white men is: "Can the Indians be civilized?" Why, my friends if we are not wild animals we can be civilized as well as any other nations; even the wild animals when they are taught to do anything they can do it. The savage has a soul, a mind and a heart, therefore if we belong to the humankind we must look at the future and not the past. The bad white said that the Indians will never be civilized. They said this because they need ground, but our poor Indians do not know anything about these things, they do not look around; it is just as if they cover their heads with blankets and singing and dancing, they do not know that every steamship arrived from Europe brings hundreds of men nearly equal size as a tribe; little they knew when farmers settled around their reservation. This encouraged them and since eight or ten years ago they commenced working. You all know when they commenced work how poor the houses were, but since that time great improvements have been made and I say we are advancing very slowly, we will rise from the lowest to the highest civilization. It seems to me the white men will die out if they did not make stories about Indians. Nearly every reader or some other kinds of books when I opened and look at it, while I found something about Indians, nearly all the stories are true stories but some of them are not true. I don't know whether it is true for my tribe, if the Indians have same character or reputation then it will not be true for all tribes. Some of the stories are worst kinds about Indians and I say my friends some of the stories pull the Indians down. Why? because when the missionaries come East and asked some white men to go and teach the poor Indians they are afraid; they think if they go out there they will be killed and be eaten up. Some the men who wrote the history never saw an Indian, but they collected from other books, and I say my friends some of the untrue stories degraded the Indians or injured our character, that makes the white men think that Indians are nearly like wild animals. I read once in a book and I found these words: "The good Indians are not live Indians but dead Indians," but it is a great mistake then to think of the Indians as a strange people, that way of thinking of them has been the source of a vast deal of errors in dealing with them. The Indians have some life in them. They were born in ignorance and how can they find out for themselves if they were born in darkness and never saw any house built of woods or stones or any other kind that will convert them from ignorance. Long time ago the white men or Saxons were savages themselves. How did they get their civilization? They got them from other civilized nations and they learned by themselves but we cannot because they were no civilized nations before the white men came over. Many white men said to me: "If I go to your home would they kill me at once?" I was born among darkness before my people made any advance but I never saw an Indian kill a white man for nothing. When the Indians killed some white men whose fault is it? It is the white men's fault. If they let the poor Indians alone and not to steal their ponies, corn and land they will never kill a white man. The bad white men gave the poor Indians trouble all the time. We can prove this by looking at the Indians of Canada. The white men over there are never trouble the poor Indians and they do not war with them, but in United States the bad white men trouble the Indians and we have been to war with them many times. We are getting civilized and the bad white men out in the West are jealous; they afraid we will be civilized and hold our ground. Now some of them are trying hard to pull the poor, helpless Indians down therefore my friends we must hurry in getting our education and go back and teach our people and stand like a man. We must not let those white men say that the Hampton boys are going back to their Indian ways &c. It is God's work, all these good work have done to Indians, therefore if it is God's work then it will never stop. The Indians will be civilized in some of these days, therefore my friends the future is ours and not the past.

T. W. TUTTLE.

From Our Berkshire Colony.

As many of our readers know, nineteen of the Indian boys and girls who went to Massachusetts last summer have been left there to complete a year, this seeming, in their case, a better arrangement than to bring them back to Hampton at present. They are in kind families, learning trades or other industries and also studying more or less, while improving in English and absorbing ideas of New England civilization. A constant communication is kept up with them, and they are not regarded as dismembered from the School but as one of its outlying departments, our Massachusetts colony. From one of the girls and one of the boys, the following letters have been recently received.

NORTH EGREMONT, MASS., *Jan. 6th, 1884.*

DEAR MISS——

My kind and loving teacher:

I thought I would write to you as I like to hear from you. I am well and enjoying myself. I weigh 146 lbs. I help Mrs. Loomis do the house work. I make bread. Mr. Loomis is going to teach me to make pie and cake. I study arithmetic, geography, reading and spelling and I recite to Mrs. Loomis last night. I done seven examples and all perfect. Mary King lives four houses below me. She called on me yesterday and we went and called on Emma. Last week I went sleigh riding to see Ida Rencountre. I had a nice Christmas. I made a chicken pie. We had a rice pudding full of raisins. I got nice presents from Mrs. Loomis and from Miss Wadhams, paper and envelopes, handkerchiefs and ribbon for my neck, thimble and box of candy; a nice card from Mrs. Loomis; a nice handkercheif box from Miss Wadhams. Mrs Loomis knit me a pair of handsome mittens for a New Years present. I have the cloth for a flannel dress and this is a piece of it. Mrs. Loomis is going to make it this week. I have very nice buttons, hood and shawl. One of our neighbors got killed in woods, a tree fell on him and broke his back. He was buried last Sunday. Mr. Loomis and I went to the funeral, when he was buried. Yesterday was very cold day, the mercury was six above zero. I read in the testament with Mrs. Loomis at night before I go to bed. We are going to read the New Testament through. Last night we read the 10th chapter of Mark. Thanksgiving day we had very nice dinner and turkey weigh 16 lbs. and oysters, nice pie and cake. I wish you had been with us to dinner. I have had four pictures taken. I send one to one of my teachers at home, gave one to Mrs. Loomis. I going to send one to mother.

Give my love to all the girls. I must close for, I have another letter to write. I am going to write to Mr. J. Wanamaker.

Please let me hear from you soon. Love to you. One of your girls.

JENNIE M. NO EARS.

MONTEREY, MASS., *Nov. 24th, 1883.*

My dear friend;

I am going to write you a few lines this evening. I am think about book and you told us when we want book a write to me you said and I did now and I want book now and I think you will send me book. I not know what kind book I want, I think Miss E—— she know what book I want. I had book last year but I been through that book long ago. I got nothing to study, that reason I want book to study and arithmetic too. I like to reading, I have reading news papers sometime and I like to reading some more very much indeed. I think that very good for me to learn too. I like that better in the book and the words tell anything because tell some about Indian too. I help Mr. Townsend a great deal, we are chopping woods all this month. We have almost through chopping woods I think. We have very cold here in Mass. we have warm only this week now. I working in the woods great deal and the chopping. We had little snow last week not very much. I milk five cows and Mr. Townsend he milk three cows. Mr. Townsend he gets up very early in the morning and I get up behind him. I like to work with him very much indeed. I am a good boy now and I never been homesick any yet. I am quite well too. How is Indian boys and girls Hampton now? In Monterey boys very well. I think we have Thanksgiving next week. I like to stay with Mr. Townsend very well. I been church every Sunday and to Sunday School too and I learn about Samuel and Saul in Sunday school, I like too. We Indian summer this week and I said we Indian boys here that reason and laughed at me. I been talk only English every week now, but I can spell not very well, but sometime I spell very good but I cant remember and I forget some time and sometime Mrs. Townsend she help me to spell and I did spell very much too. I have very good room. It better Normal School room. I am think to go to school first December don't know yet; if I study hard I can. I take care of myself, I can in Mass. Girls very well and boys too, but no girl Monterey except five boys and we go to school then. I think I like to go school with white boys and sometime I have very good time too. Please write me soon and send me book soon you can. That all I say. Good-by. Your friend.

OLIVER EATON.

From a Returned Indian Student.

STANDING ROCK AGENCY, D. T

Dec. 16, 1883.

My Dear——

I was glad to hear from you and was glad to hear from all the dear friends. I would like to see all their pictures some times.

I have to work at the Agency since I came home and always take care of the agent's stable, but now I work outside. I think I am going to work six months more, and I will going to take a piece of land.

Dear E—my wife is glad to know you. She is glad and happy because you said you shake hands with her, and she says give my love to your teacher when you write to her, and I said all right. We are very well, and hoping you are the same. My wife is her name Mary. She is a very nice woman. She has been here school six years at the Agency school.

I am going to tell you something about Uhakeumpa. He was married last two weeks ago. He got from Sitting Bull's daughter. And Andrew is not married yet. Now I will close and say good bye.

Please give my best regard to Gen. Armstrong. From your truly friend.

J. P. PLEETS.

Indian Education and its Results.

No one is better qualified to speak on the practical results of Indian education than Mr. J. M. Haworth, Superintendent of United States Indian Schools.

We quote from an address recently delivered by him, published in the "Big Morning Star."

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"There are now 75 boarding-schools and 72 day-schools at agencies, the former with capacity for about 5,000 pupils, and the latter about 4,600, making a total agency capacity of 9,600. Carlisle and Forest Grove and Hampton Institute will accommodate about 650 more, making the present capacity equal to about 10,250 pupils.

One hundred children have been put in industrial schools in several different States during the past year, and more are arranged for this year, and we hope to increase the number to 400.

Besides these government arrangements there are some missionary schools, which may have some 350 more children provided for, making a grand total of 10,950 Indian children provided with school privileges, out of a school population of over 40,000.

Additional facilities will be added this fall and winter by the completion of a building in the Indian Territory near Arkansas City, Kansas, with capacity for 150 children; one at Lawrence, Kansas, for 300 children, and one at Genoa Nebraska, for 150 more, to which we hope during the coming year to add accommodations for several hundred additional pupils. Most of this is the work, or rather the result of the work, of the last twelve years, under the embarrassing circumstances of small appropriations and, generally speaking, less sympathy. One of the greatest obstacles to our cause has been the opposition of the wild tribes. This had to be overcome before they would surrender their children for school.

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With most of the wild tribes the feeling of opposition to schools has passed away, and they willingly give up their children, not only to the agency schools, but to go to the more important ones, situated entirely outside their own country.

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The interest of the Indians having become aroused, and with it a willingness to allow their children to attend school, makes the educational the important matter in Indian affairs of to-day, and the duty of the government to provide the ways and means for them.

Our system of settling up the country is rapidly cutting off the Indians' opportunities to live as Indians do. Frontier lines can hardly be said to exist; or, if they do, it is between two advancing columns of civilization, which must soon meet. And then our country's flag will float over a whole country dedicated to civilized industry and human elevation. The Indian cannot be educated and remain an Indian, and he cannot longer resist some kind of education. The once almost impassable reservation line is found to be of that imaginary character which by many is easily passed, and especially is this true of many whose influence is for evil; and, while they are not teaching from books, they are educating with that kind of tutorage which comes from association and example, and intuitively enters into one's being.

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An Indian is as ambitious for fame and glory as his pale-faced brother; a chief, however humble, is always flattered and proud to have his speech written down, and enjoys as much having his name in the papers.

This ambition exerts over him a wonderfully controlling interest. In his natural state the profession of arms holds out to him the only road to the temple of fame. To show himself worthy as a leader in this, he endures the severest tortures without exhibiting any emotion of pain. Death has no terror for him, and cowardice is despised.

The Sioux young man, baring his breast, cuts two gashes, and, lifting the flesh between them, passes a lariat through it, which he makes fast to a post or two, and then, with his weight thrown against it, dances until the flesh is broken loose and he is free to become a leading warrior. It is said of Little Big Man, a Sioux war chief, that when he was thus dedicating himself—being as his name indicates, a small man—his weight was not sufficient to tear loose the flesh, and, moving the post to which his lariat was attached, he made a bound and turning a somersault, freed himself, much to his own satisfaction and the admiration of the spectators.

The Kiowa young man shows his ability by dancing three days and nights without food, with his eyes at all times fixed steadily upon the sun, while it shines, and not ceasing the dance when night hides the light from his view.

The per cent. who are able to successfully endure this severe test is said to be quite small. All wild tribes have some ceremony

or test to which the young and ambitious are subjected, all requiring great will power which only needs to be directed in the proper channel to show itself capable of good ends. Education opens new avenues to fame, and does away with these barbaric customs.

But the education and civilization of the Indian is no new problem; it has been successfully carried out already as respects a portion of the six nations and many of the five civilized tribes of the Indian Territory.

And daily evidence is added to the testimony in the results, not only at Carlisle, Hampton, and Forest Grove, but at some of the agency schools. If any one has doubts on this point let him visit either of the leading institutions: a day there will dispel his doubts.

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Hampton and Carlisle furnish most of the shoes, harness, tinware, and part of the wagons, used at many of the agencies. It is interesting to remember that these are made by boys who but a few years ago were as wild as the chickens on the prairie. Indian teachers generally agree that Indian children are much like white children in their learning and school days. The boys soon learn to amuse themselves with marbles, tops, and hoops, as well as bows and arrows, while the girls as naturally take to the jumping-rope, play house and doll-baby.

In school hours, when the teacher's back is turned, paper wads fly at random, and the ceiling shows the effects of good marksmanship; a change of position of the teacher finds each one intently interested in his lesson. Pillow battles often furnish amusement for the night, and rarely is a teacher able to find them not all asleep. Teachers whose hearts are in the work enjoy it and rejoice in being able to see the fruits of their labors growing up; but their labors are necessarily more arduous than if in a white school, from the fact that they must not only start an idea, but cultivate it too, as the Indian child cannot, as the white one, go home and have that idea developed, as his people know even less than he does; hence an Indian teacher's work is not done when the school hours close; he must be instant in season and out of season. It may truthfully be said that the Indian child comes to his teacher with a mind as susceptible of molding as potter's clay. How important and responsible, then, the position of that teacher. I call to mind a circumstance bearing upon this point.

A little Caddo boy, who for two years and a half attended school at the Kiowa Agency, after leaving school was taken sick and died. His teachers had not only taught him how to read his week day lesson books, but also in the Bible, and in some degree to understand its beautiful precepts and promises, and had given him a Testament to take home. While confined to his sick bed he talked to his family of what he had learned of that beautiful world beyond, and what the Good Book said about it. His own eyes had grown too dim to read it, and none of the family to which he belonged could read it for him, and his mother placed it gently on his breast; and there it laid when the curtain of life was lifted, revealing to him the better world. His mother brought me the message to send to his teachers—that the lessons they had taught him had not been forgotten, and he had gone to live forever.

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It is impossible for those of you who have not visited the homes of the blanket Indians to fully realize the wonderful transformation a few years of education has made in these young men, and can make in the Indian child.

These may not be classed as exceptions, but representatives of their tribes.

The Modocs were brought as prisoners of war, only a few years ago, from the lava beds of Oregon to the Indian Territory. I need not stop to describe or more than refer to the terrible scenes enacted by them, in which two of the commissioners, General Canby and Dr. Thomas, appointed to treat with them, were killed, and the life of the other member, Col. Meacham, miraculously saved. They believed they were doing as they had been done by. It is impossible to imagine a more uninviting appearing mass of human beings than they were when they reached the Indian Territory.

Christian hearts opened for them and Christian hands took hold of them, with day-schools for the children and night-schools, part of the time, for all. They have been wonderfully changed to an industrious, well-clothed community of farmers, living in good, comfortable houses of their own building; their children averaging as well as farmers' children usually do in learning. Of only about one hundred souls in the tribe, over fifty of them are professed Christians, with Steamboat Frank a minister and Scar-faced Charley an elder in the Society of Friends.

In 1877, Joseph's band of Nez Perces were upon the war-path, and made one of the most wonderful fighting marches of which history gives us any account—successfully crossing over almost fifteen hundred miles of country, with an army in the front and rear, with but a small loss of either people or property, finally voluntarily surrendering at Bear-Paw Mountain, Montana, from where they were brought, prisoners of war, to the Indian Territory, in 1878. In 1879, two young men of the same tribe, who had been educated by Miss M'Beth at their Idaho home, came to work with them as teacher and missionary. One of them, Archie Lawyer, after a few months' faithful service, was taken sick and returned home, remaining there over two years: the other, James Reuben, remained, and fitting up a carpenter-shop for a school-house, commenced a school for their children through the week, and preached to them all on Sundays. Out of a school population of sixty-five the average attendance was sixty-two. The influence of the school was felt, and exercised a strong control over the entire band, until all have cast aside the Indian customs, and dress as white people. One hundred and seventy-two have been admitted as members of the Presbyterian Church, of which they have an organization and of which Archie Lawyer is now their pastor, and the officers are chosen from their own number. The service is conducted in the Nez Perce language and entered into heartily by all those attending.

Another very notable example of the civilizing effects of education is found in the Flaudnan Colony of Sioux, in Moody County, Dakota. Under the provisions of their treaty of 1868, the Sioux can absolve themselves from the tribal relationship, enter upon government land, just as white people do, and become citizens of the United States. Taking advantage of this provision, a number of Santees gave up agency rations and annuities, and, selecting homesteads in the valley of the Sioux River, in Dakota, have made themselves homes. When I visited them they numbered over four hundred souls, and were getting along as well as their white neighbors. Most of them had good, comfortable houses, and well selected farms; their crops were good. I found them threshing wheat with two eight-horse-power machines, managing the machinery and business themselves. They had two churches, Presbyterian and Episcopal, a good school, taught by one of their own people, a graduate of the training school under the care of the Rev. A. L. Riggs, at Santee, and the general testimony was favorable. They had paid their taxes and kept their credits good in bank and store. Another similar neighborhood is located in the Peoria bottom in middle Dakota. These are both the results of the missionary and educational labors of two noble and devoted families—the Riggs and Williamsons—the younger generations of whom were missionaries by birthright and have grown up in the work, the good fruits of whose labors are found in all the branches of the large tribe of Sioux.

The results of education are very noticeable at agencies where boarding-schools have been well conducted: the influence is reflected upon the adults in many ways. If the school is industrial, as all should be, the opposition to labor, on account of its being ignoble, is overcome; in fact, it may be said that the advance in civilization at agencies of equal possible opportunities is much greater at the one where a good boarding-school is conducted; it educates those outside the building as well as those in, and demonstrates the fact that education is the greatest civilizing agent we can employ in lifting up the old as well as the young from barbarism. While the well-conducted agency schools have been educating those in and near them, and overcoming the superstitious opposition to schools, and making possible the more important ones away from the Agencies, such as Carlisle, Hampton, Forest Grove, and I may add, that of Albuquerque, N. M., they too have been doing a grand work, not only in educating the Indian youths sent to them, and through them the Indians at the agencies, but the country in general. They have more effectually advertised to the world that the Indian is a man, susceptible and capable of intellectual and heart culture, as well as the mechanical arts; that beneath the paint which in his wild state spoils his face there is true manhood and a heart which may be made a fit temple for the Most High.

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But some are discouraged because a few who return home from these institutions go back again to Indian ways. This is to be expected, and, until a larger number are educated, and a stronger sentiment created in the tribes against it, it will continue; but even now the per cent. is very small, and when the number of those educated is increased, as it will be very materially in a few years, the number going back to Indian ways will grow less and less.

The influence of the Indian girl, educated and trained at any of these schools, is not lost, even if upon returning home she has to submit to the laws of the tribe and be sold as a wife by her uncivilized father to some wild or uncivilized young man for a few ponies, and for a time bury her light under a bushel; her own home, if only a tent or a tepie, will soon begin to bear evidence of knowledge received elsewhere than from her own people. And when a number from the same tribe get together, it cannot be otherwise than an influence for good upon the whole tribe. Many of the boys go out and find work, and this will increase as the number increases, until, the tribes becoming educated, new avenues for business will naturally present themselves.

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Indian education means a great deal. It means broken up tribal relationship, individual ownership of property, severalty in lands, farms and settled homes. In a word, the acceptance of the white man's civilization, to become an integral and homogenous part of this great nation—not simply a receiver of its bounties, but a sharer of its responsibilities and a supporter of its laws."

A Problem in Civilization.

The Rev. M. J. Savage of Boston, has reeently preached and published a sermon on the Indian question under the above heading, which deserves the widest circulation. Wishing we could give it entire, we must content ourselves with the following extracts, remarking however, that the missionary work referred to, has been directed to simple general ideas of God and of religion: and to inculcating morality and industry rather than to "special tenets and beliefs;" of this we could give many illustrations. Missionary work has created the few bright spots in Indian life: enough to justify high hopes for the race.

"When we have ceased to fight the Indians, what then? Is the question of justice and civilization settled?

Instead of that, it is literally true that, after two hundred and fifty years of our dealing with these people, we have not as yet taken the first intelligent, persistent, serious step toward solving the Indian question. When will it be solved? When they have permanent and peaceful homes; when they are self-supporting; when they have at least the rudiments of a common education, so that they can read and thus come into sympathy with the common life of our country: when they have the opportunity held out before them, on certain terms that are fair and just, of attaining the position of citizens. It will be settled when these things are done.

What have we done with the Indian? You know, in a general way, that there are a certain number of Indians scattered over the plains, although you do not know exactly where. You know that the army has fought them, that the United States agents now and again have plundered them, that certain spasmodic efforts have been made to educate them, that missionaries of different denominations have been sent to them, who have endeavored to convert them to their own special tenets and beliefs.

The Indians possessed this country by right, when our fore-fathers came here. What have we done with them? We fought them: we drove them from their homes, from one home to another, pushing them west and still west, until suddenly, by a flank movement, our civilization took possession of the Pacific Coast; and, since then, we have been grinding them between the two movements at the centre of our country. We have made treaties with them over and over again; and perhaps it is literally true that not one single treaty has ever been made that has not been broken. We have solemnly appropriated money to build them school-houses and to educate them, but we have not done it. We have made them sacred promises time after time, but have broken those promises. We have done everything except, like an independent, free, strong, manly nation, keep our word, and deal justly and fairly with these people. I think I shall not be overstepping the limits of sober history,—and I challenge contradiction of the statement,—when I say that, of the long series of bloody, merciless, cruel wars that have been fought, nine out of ten have been caused by our own perfidy, our own treachery, our own aggression; and that, in almost every case, the Indians have shown a remarkable disposition, considering the stage of civilization that they have attained, to be true to their treaties to keep faith with us. They have borne with us patiently, much more patiently than we should have borne with them. From their standpoint they have nobly attempted, in the main, to be true to the solemn treaties into which they have entered.

An army officer said on one occasion, It is hard enough for our soldiers to be compelled to go and kill these people, but it is a still harder thing when they have to go with the consciousness that the Indians are in the right.

Let me give an instance. A white man—one of that type of low-lived villains that makes forever the dirty, half-ravelled-out fringe of our frontier—assaults and outrages an Indian wife. The husband does what we would honor any one here for doing,—kills him like a dog. Then he flees. The United States, thereupon, makes a demand upon the tribe to which the Indian belongs, that he be given up for punishment. The chief of the tribe replies that they would gladly give him up, although they think he did right, if they could find him; but they do not know where he is. And because they do not carry out an impossibility, war is declared and the whole tribe is made to suffer. Its goods are confiscated, its dwellings burned, its people put to death, because they tried to stand up for something that, in their rough way at least, they consider justice.

I do not deny that the Indians are barbarous, cruel, uneducated, uncivilized. I simply say that, in spite of this, the facts are essentially as I lay them before you this morning.

Now, what is to be done with these people? There is a general impression—I find it almost everywhere, when I speak of the matter—that the Indians are only few in numbers. This is true. People think that they are gradually dying out,—fading, as we say, before the advance of the higher type of civilization,—and that all we need to do is to wait and let things alone, and the matter will settle itself. Unless you have studied the matter more deeply than most people have, I shall perhaps surprise you by making the statement that the Indians are not dying out. I had a conversation on this subject two or three years ago with Major J. W. Powell, of the Smithsonian Institute, probably the best authority on the Indian question we have today in America. He certainly surprised me, when he told me that there was probably about the same number of Indians in America to-day that there was when the country was discovered.

If we remember that the Indians are some ten or twenty thousand years possibly behind us on the road toward civilization, and if we remember that within five hundred years the highest Christianity of Europe has persistently handled the inquisition, the rack, the thumb-screw, and all the most ingenious methods of torture in trying to persuade those of their own kindred and blood,—if we remember these facts, we should not be too much horrified at tales of Indian cruelty. And when we remember also what is true, that every deed of barbaric cruelty on the part of the Indians you can match with one on the part of the whites, we ought still less to call up their cruelty as a reason for the method with which we have dealt with them.

The Indians had a certain rough, brave manly virtue, when they were discovered. We learned nothing in the way of vice from them, when we came here. We could match them at every point, and teach them something new. And the very worst vices that the Indians are cultivating to-day are those that we have taught them, and that did not exist here when this country was discovered.

I have no sentiment concerning this matter. I do not plead for benevolence. I do not appeal for humanity. I believe that we had a right to come here; we had the right of conquest. We had the right of the higher type of civilization to supersede the lower; but along with that right,—and this is my one plea—went the duty of justice. The United States from the very first conceded that the Indians had the right of occupancy of the soil.

They are not such outright hopeless savages as we are accustomed to suppose. This human race, of which we are a part, started perhaps a hundred thousand years farther down the road of barbarism than the position the Indians occupy to-day. We all started there. Age after age, through blood and tears and difficulty and struggle, we have been toiling up toward the place we occupy to-day. What are these Indians? They are simply laggards in the race, they are fractions of humanity that have not as yet advanced along this common road so far as we have; but they have advanced a great deal farther than many are aware.

Let me give you an illustration. We delight to read Homer's description of the life of the Greeks at the time of the Trojan War. We talk of their kings, and think of them as wonderful men, as possessing many of the arts of life. And yet, when this country was discovered, the Iroquois tribe of Indians, that went by the name of the Six Nations, had reached politically almost precisely the same point of development that was occupied by Agamemnon and his compeers, when they banded together to fight against the city of Troy. What were these Greeks? They were separate tribes, each tribe under the command of its *basileus*, or king, as we translate it. It would be a great deal nearer the truth, if we called him war-chief; for that is what he was. These Greek tribes banded together under different chiefs to fight Troy. The Six Nations were six different people, each banded together under the government of its own chieftain, and these federated into one common people. They had reached relatively the same position as that occupied by the Grecian kings and people at the time of

the Trojan War. It was seven hundred years after the Trojan War before the Greeks took the decisive step which constituted the turning-point between the ancient and modern political civilization. These Indians, then, are not in so hopeless a condition. They are travelling the same road that we have travelled only they have not come so far.

What can we do for them? The problem is simple as daylight. We stand in the same relation to them that we do to our own children. It took this human race thousands on thousands of years to invent an alphabet, to earn to work in metals, to learn the art of printing, to take the various steps leading to that which we call civilization.

But, when a little child is born into the world, we do not leave him to take all these steps alone. We do not leave him to invent an alphabet for himself, to learn to count, and invent a system of notation alone, to learn to print, and to work in metals unaided. We give the child the advantages of our attainments, and help him in a few years to pass over the ground that it took the human race a hundred thousand years to traverse. It is precisely this that we can and ought to do for the Indians.

I want now to ask you to consider five steps that the Indians are competent to take, that we can help them to take, and that we owe it to them and to ourselves that we should help them to take.

1. We need, in the first place, to assure the Indians a permanent home somewhere. Give them a permanent home,—a territorial limit, that shall be *their own country*. The importance of this, unless you have studied the methods of human civilization, you may perhaps not realize.

Up to the year 509 B. C. there was not a people on the face of the earth that did not keep up their tribal organization. The government was vested in a supposed father, or head, of the tribe, and the tribe was made up only of lineal descendants thus united by ties of blood into this one great family. If any one was admitted from another tribe, he had to go through the fiction of adoption, so as to make him a child of that tribe. Only 509 B. C., every government was constituted like that. The first man that made the transition from that to the more modern system was Kleisthenes, the Athenian. He was the first one who established a government based not on the fiction of blood relationship, but on territorial limits, so that all the people who lived within certain boundaries, no matter where they were born, had the rights of citizenship. This is the turning-point of political civilization. Right there should be set up the mark of division between the ancient and modern world. If we wish the Indians to be civilized, we should give them a permanent home, help them to take this step that it took the world so long to take.

2. The next step is one that follows naturally, and is a carrying out of the same principle. Help them to ownership of lands in severalty, to personal possession. Consider for a moment; put us in the same position, and where would we be? Why is it that you work and strive and plan and toil? Because you know certain benefits may accrue to you, that you can reap the reward of your labor. This is the only impulse under which men come up to the level of civilization. Take it away, and we should all be barbarians in a year. Give a man a home, something he can call his own, something to live for, to work for, something that, if he betters it, if he makes it more valuable, it shall be to his own advantage and to the advantage of those he loves. Who would do anything for the future if, here in Boston, we knew that some stronger force might come and drive us out and dispossess us? Who would care to purchase pictures, to invest in libraries, to build up schools, to provide churches, under such circumstances? When this sense of security is taken away, the tap-root of everything human is cut. No wonder that the Indians have made no progress in civilization. We have given them no chance to make progress. Not only that, we have deprived them of the possibility of finding and making chances for themselves; for we have made the prospect of a permanent home something that no man of them all could look forward to.

3. We need to give the Indian personal responsibility before the law. What is their responsibility to-day? An Indian can be punished, but he cannot be defended. He cannot defend himself before the laws of the United States. No Indian has a personal status before the law. Suppose he is abused, robbed, murdered, neither he nor his friends have any legal recourse. He can complain to the agent, who, if he does not happen to be the one who did the wrong, can perhaps have something done in the Indian's behalf; but the Indian has no power. Put us in that position. How long do you think it would be before barbarism and savagery would exist there? When legal protection is taken away, men will attempt some rough approximation to justice. They will try lynch law or something of that kind, and who blames them? Certainly not those who have studied the history of human development.

4. The next step is to give the Indian a common education. I do not plead for this in the way of benevolence. We have promised it. We have robbed them of property enough to build and pay for a system of education, beginning with the primary school and ending with the university, in every tribe of America. Not only this, but we have robbed them of property that we have conceded to be theirs. They ought to be taught the use first of agricultural implements, taught household ways and duties, and trades by which they may earn their own living. They say sometimes that the Indians will not work. Who *will* work, if he has no motive, if there is no possibility of reward? I do not know of any white man that likes very much to work; and I do not know of any one that would work at all, if you took away every human impetus for his labor. * Instead of this charge being true, more than one-third of all the Indians in America to-day—in spite of all the difficulties and obstacles in their way—are actually working enough to earn their own poor support. Teach them to work, how to till the soil, to do those things adapted to the place where we give them a home. Teach them the English language, so that they can learn what sort of a people we are, so that they can read the papers and understand our type of civilization, and thus come into sympathy with our thought and ways.

5. The last step is to hold out to them the prospect, when they have earned the right through self-support and intelligence, of becoming citizens of America. We complain of a large class of foreigners that they make no attempt to become citizens, and yet, of those men who were here before us, who have rights in the soil, who can appeal to us by the strongest claims for justice,—of those men we take no sort of account, we take no step toward inducing them to travel in the pathway that ends in the possession of a vote and voice in our government.

These, then, are the five steps,—a permanent home, personal possession of land, a personal status before the law, a common education, and hope of citizenship. Mark the parallel between these steps and those that we ourselves have taken. They are the individual steps that all peoples have taken who have risen from barbarism to civilization. They are only behind us in the same path that we have trodden. It is for us to take them by the hand, and help them to come up where they can stand by our side.

Had I a voice that could reach the ears of every voter in America, I would not plead for benevolence for the Indian. The man who has a just and righteous claim demeans himself when he asks for mercy. I would not argue this question on the basis of economy, although the United States has already lavished, wasted, and thrown away, in its dealings with the Indians, more than enough twice over to have accomplished all I plead for this morning. If you look at it from this stand-point, it is the cheapest thing to be done. But I would not put it on this low level. I would, were I able, reach the ear of every man in America with a voice that had in it the majesty of God's thunder and the cut of his lightning,—a voice as if it echoed from the throne of the Almighty itself,—and my message should be the one demand for justice."

DIED, at Salem, N. C. Dec. 16, 1883, of consumption, Sultana Boner, a graduate of Hampton Institute of the class of '82. A faithful and bright scholar, recalled to represent her class at the School Anniversary, the year after her graduation, a successful teacher devoted to her people, a Christian in faith and example, she will be missed and mourned by many. When the soldier falls honorably in the fight, his comrades close up the ranks and march on in his course; so let it be the aim of Sultana's comrades to carry on her work in her spirit. One of them sends these memorial lines, which we copy from the "Alumni Journal."

Within our Hampton home we wove our chain
Of sixty links—sixty united hearts;
We sell them o'er, but with a thrill of pain,
For some are gone; the tear unbidden starts.

Nay, weep not friends, the chain is still unriven
Tho' we the missing link cannot discern;
Lost to our sight in the bright light of heav'n,
We think them gone, and mourn for their return.

When earthly joys and sorrows all are o'er,
And we our homes within the portals gain,
In Heaven's bright light we'll tell the links one o'er
And find them all in an unbroken chain.

SADIE A. COLLINS.

Judge Ruffin represents a class which polls a possible 6,000 out of an aggregate of a possible 500,000 votes. When any southern community, by the votes of its white citizens, bestows higher honors than those conferred on Judge Ruffin in Massachusetts, or Auditor McCabe in Kansas, on any of its colored citizens, it will be time for the South to reproach the North for its tardiness.—*People's Advocate.*

[* Of our 260,000 Indians, but about 56,000 receive full rations, and 50,000 are half fed the rest look out for themselves.—*Ed. S. W.*]

The "Slater Lyceum."

The following letter from a Hampton graduate who has done successful work and has a special talent in teaching, gives account of her efforts with others, outside her school, to inspire and help improve the young people of her race.

We commend the Slater Lyceum to those who have good reading matter to save from garret shelves.

Staunton Va. Jan. 21st, 1884.

Dear Sir

I have been thinking for some time to write to you since I left Hampton, but my work has been very heavy, therefore I have just found time to carry out my intentions.

I came directly from Hampton here to assist in the Teachers' Institute, and having found that I could secure a city school, whose term would be much longer than one in the country, and again would enjoy many advantages which I would be deprived of in the school which I had in view, I concluded to accept the position. But at the close of the Institute, I went home and got a teacher to fill the vacancy caused by my change of positions; then I returned and began my work here Sept. 17, '83. There are seven of us teaching in the city and three in the suburbs, four of whom are graduates of Hampton. We have a very large school and it is well graded. I teach the Primary grade. I applied for that because I taught it in H., and because I had such a nice chart, which would of course, be of no use to me in any other room. It is one of Appleton's $12.00 charts, which they sent me to use in the Institute as my use of it there was an advertisement for them.

The first day we opened school I enrolled one hundred and seventy-five pupils and there was an increase every day for several weeks. The Supt. advised me to divide the children equally and teach one half of them from 9 to 12 and the others from 12 to 3. By doing this I teach an hour later than any of the teachers; so they have increased my salary $5.00 per month. Although I have the smallest children and the weather is and has been very bad, I have not had less than 114 as an average daily attendance.

All the rooms are visited every day in both the white and colored schools by the Supt. He holds also weekly meetings with us in which are discussed various subjects, such as the causes of tides, climate, and the best methods of government in school.

We, the teachers, have organized an association to be known as "The Slater Lyceum" for the benefit of the people generally.

Mr. G. E. Stephens is president, and I am treasurer. We are trying to raise a library, so as to have some place for our young men and women to spend their spare moments to an advantage. If we can get our plan well arranged, we hope to be able to do much good. The ministers of this place are members of the Lyceum and will give us their hearty co-operation. I have deposited the papers Miss L. sent me which contained good moral stories and any more of the same kind or old books will be thankfully received at any time.

Through a letter from Hampton some time ago, I learned that there were vacancies in the Industrial Department, for boys. If this be true, I apply for admission cards for four worthy boys, who are now out of school on account of having gone as far as they are allowed to go in the public school. Two of them are teaching as assistants in the country, but their schools will close in Feb. and they would like to go at once then to Hampton.

Their parents come here constantly to see me about sending them and I would be happy to do so as soon as possible. They are prepared to enter the advanced class in the night school, and with such polishing as one gets at Hampton, they will be made useful men to their race.

I saw by the "Journal" that your recent trip north was a very successful one, and I am delighted to know it. I only wish I could have joined the party again.

I am just beginning to feel what it is to launch out in the sea of life. At times I feel as though I have just begun my work as a teacher, since I remained so long within the walls of my Alma Mater, but the true principles of womanhood, which were instilled in me there, and that independent spirit which enables one to stand alone and fight her own battles; together with that faith and trust which I have in the Savior, prompts me to say, I am happy to have the calling as well as the privilege to be engaged in this work.

Love to Miss M. and Gen. M.

Yours, with much respect.

LUCY J. BOULDING.

A New and Striking Argument for Teetotalism.

BY REV. TRYON EDWARDS, D. D.

THE anecdote is told of the celebrated Dr. Richardson, of London, that by a simple experiment he convinced an intelligent young man of the importance of total abstinence, when argument or appeal might have been in vain. The young man was singing the praises of the "ruddy bumper," as he called it, and saying that it not only did him good but that he could not get through the day without it.

Without attempting a direct reply, Dr. Richardson said, "Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I am standing here?"

He did so, and the doctor said, "Count it carefully, and tell me what it says."

"Your pulse," was the reply, "beats seventy-four to the minute."

The doctor then sat down in a chair, and asked him to count it again. He did so, and said, "It has gone down to seventy."

The doctor then laid himself down on the lounge, and said, "Now count it again."

He did so, and exclaimed, "Why, it is only sixty-four; what an extraordinary thing!"

The doctor then said, "When you lie down at night, that is the way that nature gives your heart rest. In sleep you know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon it up, you will see at once it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less every minute than before. Now multiply that by sixty, and it is six hundred, and multiply that number again by the eight hours you may give to sleep, and, within a fraction, it is five thousand strokes less than when you are awake. And as the heart throws out some six ounces of blood at every stroke or pulsation, it makes a difference of thirty thousand ounces, or nearly nineteen hundred pounds of lifting during the night, or nearly eleven millions of ounces, or almost seven hundred thousand pounds, of lifting in a single year; and this by so delicate an organ or instrument as the human heart. When I lie down at night without alcohol, that is the rest that my heart gets. But when you take your wine or whiskey, or grog of any kind, you do not get that rest, for the effect of alcohol, or spirit is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting this rest you put on something like fifteen thousand extra strokes, or some ninety thousand ounces of extra lifting, in a single night; and the result is that you rise up weak and exhausted, and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken another drink, which, in the end, increases the exhaustion, and rapidly wears away the life itself."

The young man acknowledged that all this was perfectly true, though it had never before struck him in that light. He carefully reckoned up the figures, and finding what it meant to be lifting up so many extra thousand ounces whenever he took a drink, he became a total abstainer, with every benefit, as he admits, to his purse, his health and his happiness.

Is not here a most striking and conclusive argument for teetotalism? Let every young man ponder it.—*Christian Weekly.*

Outlines of Chemistry,

By Prof. N. B. Webster, Norfolk, Virginia. Published by Clark & Maynard, 734 Broadway, N. Y. 144 Pages—Cloth—Price Sixty Cents.

Though out but a few weeks, many letters of commendation have been received by the author from well known educators, scientists, and scholars.

Hon. M. A. NEWELL, Superintendent of Public Education for Maryland, says of it:

"I received your "Outlines," glanced it over, and was so highly pleased that I put it in the hands of our Professor of Chemistry, with the request that he make it the basis of this year's work in his class. It is simple, exact, suggestive, and practical. It ought to be in all our country schools, and in city schools it might well replace a more bulky and pretentious volume."

Prof. DeVolson Wood, Stevens' Institute of Technology, Hoboken, New Jersey, says;

"It appears most excellent—pointed, clear, terse. Besides the presentation of the essential scientific part of the subject, it is full of practical matter."

PROF. JEROME ALLEN, A. M. President of the State Normal School St. Cloud, Minnesota, and for many years Editor of Barnes' Educational monthly and Professor of Chemistry in the New York State Normal School at Geneseo says:

"Your Outlines of Chemistry is excellent. Our large books are often our worst ones for school use; far greater skill is exhibited in the work of condensing than expanding. You have arranged the facts of Chemistry in so skillful a manner as to be of great use to the teacher who has but limited time to give to the subject. A course of simple experiments with this in the hands of pupils would accomplish valuable results; for what you have printed constitutes the real kernel of the noble science of Chemistry."

ITEMS FROM SOUTHERN JOURNALS.

It is a poor defense of the "Solid South" that it is so solid to confront a "Solid North." Better would it have been for us twenty-three years ago if there had been no "Solid South." In that event, there would have been no "Solid North," and no war, coupled with complete Southern subjugation. And now, after our solidity has resulted in war and subjugation, to continue this sullen solidity is to invoke adverse passions and prejudices at the North—to repel the very sentiments and impulses of friendship and favor that we chiefly need—upon the absurd plea that our solidity is necessary to defend us from the consequences of that solidity! The very cause of our greatest troubles is urged as our remedy for them! Not only is this ridiculous and silly in the extreme, but experience has taught us (when we were stronger and the North weaker) that Southern Solidity has been a mistake, a delusion and a snare, both in peace and in war.

We cannot afford to be solid, even if we really agree in principle and policy upon all public issues; but to insist that we shall not divide—that we shall still remain solid — when we differ among ourselves upon the gravest questions of public interest, is the part of folly gone made.

The North has nothing to lose by solidity and everything to gain,—for its solid strength is irresistible. The South, on the contrary, has everything to lose and nothing to gain by a solidity, which at best is comparative impotence, and which inevitably raises up against it a Northern solidity which is sure to overwhelm us, not only on the sectional issue, but upon every other.—*Richmond Whig.*

Virginia Coal.

Under the above caption, we find that many of our Northern exchanges are speaking of the great mineral resources of this State, and especially of the coal fields recently opened to the outside world by the Norfolk and Western Railway. Many of our contemporaries write in a tone of surprise; but this is not singular, for both Virginia and North Carolina have been systematically undervalued or ignored by our Northern exchanges. But as capital from that section comes into this, the papers north of the Potomac become more enlightened. Between the coal deliveries of Lambert's Point and Newport's News this "Virginia coal" is destined to be known all over the world, and this harbor [speaking in the large sense], is certain to become one of the greatest coaling stations in the world, as will be abundantly manifest when the Panama Canal is finished, as it will be in a reasonable time.—*Norfolk Landmark*

The colored press is almost unanimously in favor of a high protective tariff, because we think that is the doctrine of the Republican party. If our contemporaries will reflect a moment, they will see that a protective tariff always bears most heavily upon the agricultural population, and if the colored people are not agriculturists they are nothing. If this is true, and it, is generally conceded, do our contemporaries espouse the cause of the people or pursue the path of duty in advocating a tariff system which feeds the manufacturing interests at the expense of the agricultural interests? We think not. Colored men are generally farmers, consequently they are free traders, or should be. Let our colored contemporaries give a reason for the faith that they profess.—*N. Y. Globe.*

A Good Example.

The Atlanta *Constitution*, which truly deserves the name of a great paper, showed a few days ago the best and noblest quality of all greatness—charity. The sudden change in the weather brought to Atlanta an unaccustomed severity of cold. The poor, unexpecting, had made no provisions for such a calamity, and they were suffering on every side. The *Constitution*, with its wonted enterprise, took the work of benevolence in hand at once, and in a few hours fires were burning brightly in many humble houses. Rich men helped not only by purse but by hand, and gave their best efforts to the noble cause. The time was short till the warm glow of comfort drove out suffering from the quavering hearts and trembling limbs of the bonest poor, Let the good work go on everywhere till out of the abundance of the fortunate there shall be found comfort for all the needy.

The Negroes of Virginia are talking of holding an Industrial Fair. This is far better than holding political conventions for airing vapid "eloquence."—*The Era, Charleston, N. C.*

ITEMS FROM THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

The Indian Question.

The idea is just gaining ground that it is better to give these Indians lands than tribal reservations; that it would be a mercy to them to compel them to make their own living rather than to support them in idleness, and that they would be more effectually and honestly governed by the war than the interior department of the government. There are many who have made a study of the Indian question who believe that we shall never have any power with the Indians until we cease recognizing them as tribes, and deal with them in their individual capacity. So long as they are governed by chiefs and supported in laziness, so long will the war-path be the means to which they will resort to redress their real or fancied grievances. The present methods of dealing with them have failed, and it is worth while to try something else. Placed upon farms, and each one compelled to support himself and those dependent upon him, and the business of living will appear to be a more serious business than it does now. Let the Indians be made individually amenable to the laws of the country like other tillers of the soil, and lawlessness and war will not be so fanciful a thing to them as it is now.—*Chicago News.*

Red Landholders.

Few people reflect upon the fact that the Indians are the richest landholders in the United States. We have 237,066 of them, exclusive of the Alaska Indians, holding 151,397,768 acres of land. Some of the tribes own 3,000 acres per Indian. The average is about one square mile to each Indian, while a white man is not allowed to pre-empt more than 160 acres of the public land.

Secretary Teller advises the cutting down of these vast reservations and the payment of the value of the land taken to the Indians. Of course the Indians have a good and square title to the land, and not an acre of it should be transferred to the public land, save through the most honest negotiations with the Indians and their full understanding of what they are doing. This is a large amount of land to be occupied by Indians, many of whom are not utilizing it, but let us remember that millions of acres have been deliberately stolen from them, or obtained by the Government through the most despicable swindling processes. The only thing which can be done is for the Government to acquire a large portion of the reservations by fair purchase, and to use the proceeds of the sale of such lands for the establishment of Indian schools and for making the adults either farmers or herders. Three fourths of the 75,000 Indian Territory Indians are civilized Indians, wearing citizens' dress, cultivating farms and herding cattle, providing good schools for their children, and having about 140 churches and 200 schools. Outside of Indian Territory, which is a favored spot, the "wards" of the Government depressingly exhibit the emasculating effects of the wretched Indian policy of the Government. A very large proportion of the Indians are fed by the Government and live in demoralizing idleness. Upon the children of all these Indians can be wrought a saving work, and it is through the education of the Indian children that the Indian problem must be solved. The Indian schools at Carlisle, Pa., at Hampton, Va, at Forest Grove, at Lawrence, at Genoa, at Chilocco, are doing a good work, but there should be four or five times as many schools. The Federal Government has undertaken to suckle the Indian, and it is about time he was treated as a human being. Before our laws the Indian is not really a man. It would be well therefore for the Government to use some of the money it has stolen from the "wards" in educating the papooses. Uncle Sam has fathered the Indian responsibility and he must live up to it.—*Courier Journal.*

—"Our Brother in Red," published at Muskogee, Indian Territory, by Revs. J. F. Thompson and T. F. Brewer, has improved and increased in matter, and is a very important and useful paper, instructive about church and Indian affairs and well gotten up. In making up your list of papers, do not forget "Our Brother in Red."—*St. Louis Christian Advocate.*

Negroes in the Indian Territory.

The following from the "Chieftain," edited by William P. Ross, is an interesting statement. From personal observation last fall, we endorse the concluding sentences that "their (the freedmen's) condition is far in advance of that of any portion of that race on the face of the globe." For all that, they should have shared in the 15.50 *per capita* recently paid to all but colored citizens.

As to numbers, the Negro population of the five "civilized" nations is about twenty thousand; the Indians number about sixty-five thousand; both are increasing, but the blacks with far greater rapidity. Already they are almost as numerous as the *pure blood* Indians, who are hardly holding their own; the increase being with the mixed class created by the presence of nearly twenty thousand white men in their midst, with whom the Indians affiliate.

In the Creek nation only, Indian and Negro blood commingle to a considerable extent.

The blacks are destined to an important part in the future of that region. They have, however, but scant chances for education; the primary schools referred to below amount to little, while they have no chance whatever for a more advanced education, being not only excluded from the public high schools, but, we understand, also from the missionary institutions established by the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists. From the Hampton stand-point, this seems rather strange.

That the Negro of the Indian Territory has no share in the charities established by the Christian philanthropy of the East, is a serious fact. A few have found their way to Hampton and are doing well.

"A valued friend, writing from the Choctaw Nation, after expressing the opinion that the freedmen of that Nation will be adopted as citizens in a few months, desires information in regard to the status of freedmen in the Cherokee Nation. As the subject is one of general interest, we have thought it not out of place to repeat and answer the questions he propounds, in the columns of the CHIEFTAIN as follows:

1. Are they citizens, entitled to *all* the rights and privileges of Cherokees?

At the beginning of the late civil war in the United States, there were about 2,000 colored people who were, with but few exceptions, owned and held as slaves by native and adopted white citizens of the Nation. During the war the Cherokee National Council passed an Act emancipating all these slaves. At the close of the war, in the treaty negotiated between the United States and the Cherokee Nation in the City of Washington in 1866, it was agreed "that all freedmen who have been liberated by voluntary act of their former owners, or by law, as well as all free colored persons who were in the country at the commencement of the rebellion, and are now residents therein, or who may return within six months, and their descendants, shall have all the rights of native Cherokees." The date of the treaty was the 19th of July, and the six months' limitation expired in January, 1867. The rights of those who fall within the terms of the treaty are all the rights of native Cherokees.

2. How many are there in the Cherokee Nation?

According to the census taken by the authorities of the Nation in 1880, there were 1,976 recognized as citizens, 249 claimants to citizenship, and 758 non-citizens within the limits of the Nation. The claimants and non-citizens were composed chiefly of those who were barred by the limitations of the treaty above given. Whatever may be the humanity of their case, the law is against them, as declared by the Department of the Interior.

3. Do they have equal educational privileges? Do they have separate schools, or do they attend the same school that the Cherokee children do? Can they send their children to the seminaries?

They have equal educational privileges, so far as primary or neighborhood schools are concerned. Some of these schools established for their benefit are taught by teachers of their own race—others by white or native teachers. Their schools are separate, and it rarely happens that the two classes of children attend the same school. Their children are not admitted to the seminaries or the orphan school.

4. What churches are there among them, and what is their moral and religious condition?

The churches among them are Baptist and Methodist, the latter, we believe, chiefly under the A. M. E. Conference. The preachers who labor among them are generally of their own race, and possess different degrees of qualification. Their moral and religious condition taken as a whole, is good. As a class they give our courts but little trouble, and are generally self-sustaining. Of course there are exceptions among them, as among other races of citizens. These exceptions are found more generally in the ranks of the younger persons among them, and in localities where their numbers are greatest, and where temptations to dissipation, gambling and idleness exist. Their exclusion, in common with adopted whites and Indians, from all participation in the fund paid recently *per capita* among the native Cherokees, and which amounted to only $15.50 per head, gave rise to some dissatisfaction among them, but when contrasted with the other privileges they enjoy, if not so full in some few respects as they should be, is of minor importance. With all the land, timber and water they can use, with range for their cattle, horses and hogs, with the enjoyment of the elective franchise and equal protection under the law, their condition is far in advance of that of any portion of the race on the face of the globe.—*The Chieftain.*

The Continent.

The Continent Magazine has been signalizing its removal to New York by the issue of several unusually attractive numbers, in every way worthy of emanating from the metropolis—no longer of commerce alone, but of art and literature as well. The first number bearing the new imprint offers some amends to the Philadelphia home of the Continent, in an appreciative article on "The Mission of great Art Schools," in which the career of the Philadelphia Academy is made a model, the illustrations being reproductions of paintings by Philadelphians abroad. A wonderfully illustrated article on Tennyson, entitled "The Princes and its Author," derives interest from the recent elevation of the poet to his Baronial dignity. The career of "Robin Hood," is handsomely illustrated by Howard Pyle, and other illustrations maintain the Continent's favorable reputation. For the Christmas number, just out, there are Christmas Poems by Mary D. Brine, and the author of "Arius, the Lybian," Christmas stories, and other seasonable matter in abundance. The Continent seems to have struck a new vein of prosperity, to which its labors in behalf of good reading entitle it.

The Youth's Companion.

As a source of profitable entertainment for the family, no paper exceeds in interest the YOUTH'S COMPANION. Its list of writers embraces the best names in periodical literature, and it is evidently the aim of its editors to secure not only the best writers, but the best articles from their pens. It is a remarkable thing for a single paper to obtain such a succession of lively and brilliant stories and illustrated articles. While the COMPANION is in the main a story paper, the mental, moral and religious training of young people is an end kept steadily in view. Its articles on current topics are written by the most qualified pens, and present, in a clear, vivid, direct way, the fundamental facts of home and foreign politics, and all public questions. Its original anecdotes of public men are valuable in their influence in stimulating right ambition and a high purpose in life. It is published by PERRY MASON & CO., of BOSTON, who send specimen copies upon application.

Washington Irving.

The writings of the most honored of American authors are at last made accessible to all readers, and in such varied and beautiful forms as to delight the most fastidious taste, and at prices so low as to be an astonishment to book-buyers, and a consternation to book-sellers, of whom the "Literary Revolution" makes no account. As examples, we have "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" for three cents, "Wolfert's Roost" ten cents, "The Sketch Book" 20 cents,—these in paper binding but large type; in neat or elegant cloth or half Russia bindings, his "Choice Works" are published at prices varying from 30 to 45 cents, and his complete works (excepting "Life of Washington") in the superb CAXTON EDITION, six volumes, over 5,000 pages, choice typography, elegant binding, for only $4. Specimen pages or large descriptive catalogue are sent to any applicant on request, and orders over $5 in amount are filled to be paid for after arrival and examination, on reasonable evidence of good faith being given. Address John B. Alden, Publisher, 18 Vesey Street, New York.

At Home.

Hymn to the Seasons.

When Spring unlocks the flowers, to paint the laughing soil;
When Summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil;
When Winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood;
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns her Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade;
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy glade;
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way;
The moon, and stars, their Maker's name in silent pomp display.

Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,—
Shall man alone unthankful, his little praise deny?
No,—let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be,
Thee, Master, must we always love; and, Savior, hon or Thee.

The flowers of Spring may wither,—the hope of Summer fade,—
The Autumn droop in Winter,—the birds forsake the shade,—
The wind be lulled,—the sun and moon forget their old decree,—
But we, in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will cling to Thee!

—*Bishop Heber.*

Care of the Baby.

A traveling companion remarked to me recently, with emphasis, that "there needs to be about one child killed on every train to make people take proper care of their children." While strongly tempted to ask Artemas Ward's question, "Be you a parent, Miss Peaslee?" I refrained, for I knew well she was not; knew it by the way she started every time a perverse but attractive little fellow in the forward end of the car climbed on the back of a seat and balanced there; knew it by the way she held her breath when he approached the car door. Later in the day her words took on new meaning, and seemed to have a good deal of force. A young woman, and one who was evidently her mother, were traveling with a baby—a little creature in a long white dress, but with no wraps whatever over it, though the mother and grandmother both had on winter cloaks and hats. The baby was fed from a bottle, and at different times during the day the mother had gone out to the lunch-room by the way and had the bottle filled. About four o'clock in the afternoon, the interest I had felt all along in the trio deepened; the baby, who had mildly resented its treatment at various times during the day, became more energetic—in fact, it cried as hard as it could cry. When it had cried for twenty-five or thirty miles, the mother was so overcome that she cried, too, and gave the baby to the grandmother, who danced it up and down till my head grew dizzy and ached for sympathy. Then the mother took it and tossed it still, up and down, and grandmother tried dexterously to insert the drinking apparatus into its mouth. An accomplished acrobat could not have swallowed a mouthful at the rate of speed the boy was going up and down. Probably at this stage of proceedings, there was not a woman in the car who did not believe that she could quiet that baby by loosening the clothing over its aching stomach, wrapping it up in a warm blanket, and cuddling it at her side. A motherly-looking woman came to them and said, "Let me take the baby;" but she was glad to return it soon, saying, "This boy is cold; that is one reason why it cries; its hands are like ice, and its head, too." "I should like," said a gentleman behind me, "to get a kind of a cheap child, not one of my own, and see if it could not be brought up as it ought to be; do you suppose that is necessary over there?" Night came on, and as the call to "change cars" rang out, above this and the noise of moving feet the continued protest of that poor ill-treated babe sounded in our ears. "Who didn't suppose," said the motherly-looking woman, "that everybody knew that a baby's hands should be kept warm, and its clothes loose, and that two or three kinds of milk meant colic and distress to a child of that age?" The "enlightenment of the masses" is not even yet complete, I thought, when the woman at my side said, as she disappeared in the darkness: "Why didn't that mother, instead of crying, try to think out what it was that ailed the baby, and then profit by her thoughts?" *E. W. B., in N. Y. Post.*

Teachers Table.

"Sentiments" for Memorizing and Recitation.

ESSAY ON PURPOSE.

A purpose is the eternal condition of success. Nothing will take its place. Talent will not; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men of talent. Genius will not; unrewarded genius is a proverb; the "mute inglorious Milton" is not a poetic creation. The ebance of events, the push of circumstances will not. The natural unfolding of faculties will not. Education will not; the country is full of unsuccessful educated men; indeed it is a problem of society what to do with the young men it is turning out of its colleges and professional schools There is no road to success but through a clear strong purpose. A purpose underlies character, culture, position, attainment of whatever sort. Shakespeare says: "Some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them," but the latter is external, and not to be accounted as success.

It is one of the gracious features of our nature that we are capable of forming high and noble purposes. The career of Beaconsfield, the most brilliant figure amongst modern English statesmen, is an illustration of how a definite purpose carries a man on to its fulfilment. When the young Jew was laughed and jeered into silence in his first attempt to address the House of Commons, he remarked: "The time will come when you will hear me"; speaking not out of any pettishness of the moment, but from a settled purpose to lead his compeers. The rebuff but whetted the edge of his grand ambition.

It is the character of the purpose that determines the character of the man, for a purpose may be good or bad high or low. It is the strength and definitiveness of the purpose that determines the measure of success.

THEO. MUNGER.

From On the Threshold.

FAITH.

"If you travel through the world, you will find cities without walls, without literature, without kings; cities which know not what theatre or public halls or bodily exercise mean; but there never was nor ever shall be, any one city seen without temple, church or chapel. Nay, methinks a man would sooner find a city built in the air than one in which there was no form or place of worship. For this it is which contains and holds all human society, this is the foundation, stay and prop of all."

It is well to remember these words of the great Plutarch, that nothing so universally engages the attention of men as religion, hence nothing will bear so long study. The experience of life generally tends towards the confirmation of faith. A young man pronounced in unbelief is premature. He has decided that Jupiter has no moons without looking through a telescope. I ask young men to wait and hear what life has to say before they formulate their doubts. The years have a message for you which you must not fail to hear.

An eminent American statesman, though an unbeliever, daily read the Bible on the ground that every citizen should be familiar with the religion of his country. Had he gone a step further and read it because it contained the religion of the civilized world, he would have read it from a higher consideration and perhaps to a better purpose. For this faith marches at the head of the army of progress. It is found beside all the most refined life, the freest governments, the profoundest philosophy, the noblest poetry, the purest humanity. I do not think it too much to expect of young men that they shall know its external history, and from that go on to raise the question. What is the secret of the power of Christianity? Why does it lay strongest hold of the best races? Why does it have the way to freedom and social elevation? Why does it make a man better? Why does it have the peculiar effect of ennobling and dignifying character? What is the subtle power by which it breathes upon troubled hearts? Why does it make the path of daily duty an easy one to tread? Not long ago a ship was wrecked upon the reefs of an island in the Pacific. The sailors, escaping to the land, feared lest they might fall into the hands of savages. One climbed a bluff to reconnoitre;—turning to his mates he shouted: "Come on, here's a church;" a simple story but involving a profound question. Why was it safer for shipwrecked men to go where a church upreared its cross heavenward than where there was no church? Was it not because it is the symbol of that religion which brought "Peace on earth. Good will to men?"

THEO. MUNGER.

From On the Threshold.

Agriculture.

Posts that will last.

The decay of wood imbedded in the earth is difficult to guard against; but, according to the British Farmers' Gazette, a simple precaution, costing neither money nor labor, will increase the durability of posts put in the ground by fifty per cent. This is simply by taking care that the wood is inverted—i e., placed in the opposite direction to that in which it grew. Experiments have proved that oak posts put in the ground in the same position in which they grew, top upward, were rotten in twelve years, while their neighbors, cut from the same tree, and placed top downward in the soil, showed no signs of decay for several years afterward. The theory is that the capillary tubes in the tree are so adjusted as to oppose the rising moisture when the wood is inverted.

Onions for Fowls.

Give the young chickens a weekly feed of chopped onions. It helps to keep them healthy. A medium sized onion minced very fine is enough for a brood. If you have been enterprising enough to get early chickens, don't let them die for want of a little extra care. Give them one feed daily of rice and another of oatmeal. You can get cheap qualitics of both. Let the other meals be any sort of kitchen scraps, occasionally a little cracked corn. Twice a week give some raw meat cut very small. At the first sign of gapes, treat the patient to a bread pill thickly coated with red pepper or a small lump of camphor. It may be necessary to repeat the dose. We have never known a second dose to fail of effecting a sure cure.—*Toronto Globe.*

The Destruction of Our Forests.

Of a desolation which is recorded in history far back of the days of Roman or even of Grecian glory, we read that "a man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees." In the days when American forests were considered practically limitless, our fathers were far too famous for lifting up axes upon the thick trees, and the resultant destruction is even now upon us, like the Philistines upon Sampson. This destruction comes upon us in many forms, most of which are, in fact, rapidly and terribly cumulative. Here is a beautiful stream of water, for example, which was a great element of wealth to the region through which it flowed. It might not only have continued to be so, but to have gained in usefulness instead of being either dead or swiftly passing away. The numberless little hollows on the hills where were the springs which grew into rivulets to feed it have been stripped of the moisture-economizing verdure with which the Creator clothed them, and so the springs are dry, and the rills no longer murmur their once glad songs of labor as they hastened down the valleys to turn the mill-wheels of mechanical industry.

Fruit Trees for Ornament.

Can any one tell me why a grapevine is not a suitable ornament for a front porch, or what would be the objection to a fine standard pear or grand wide spreading apple tree in the lawn? Was ever a blossoming shade tree more beautiful than either of these when the flowers come out? And is not the rich green of the leaves a thing of beauty all the season? When the purple clusters hang thick on the vine, and the red apples and juicy pears shine through the leaves in autumn, it certainly could not take anything from the beauty of the scene. When one has but little space, as in a village lot, could not the useful and ornamental be profitably combined by putting in handsome fruit trees in the place of those designed only for shade? And a pretty dwarf pear or two would look well among the shrubbery. A row of young cherries before a fine house with a many pillared porch is one of the pleasant memories of my early walks to school. The old doctor who owned the property gave those trees as much care and attention as he ever did a rich patient. He was almost daily doing something for them, if it was only to pour a bucket of suds about their roots, loosen the ground a little or bury a dish of bones under the soil. But their marvellous growth was the wonder of the village, and in a very few years they cast a deep shade over the whole sidewalk, and yielded a bountiful supply of great ox-heart cherries. Let us give our children all such memories we can, for they are healthful for mind and body both. Fruit, or no fruit, means riches or poverty in the minds of our little children, and there is certainly a thriftiness about a home well supplied with this luxury which is better than an old stocking full of hard dollars in the strong chest, but only one old crab apple tree in the pasture lot.—*Correspondence Indiana Farmer.*

Health and Humanity.

HOE HANDLE MEDICINE.

On a bright pleasant summer morning, a young man with a silk muffler around his throat, and a woe-begone look in his pale face plied the big knocker upon the doctor's dwelling. A lady answered the summons, and informed the applicant that the doctor was in the garden at work. To the garden the young man went, where he found the man of medicine engaged in hoeing his sweet corn.

"Well, sir, and what is the matter?" the doctor asked, when the applicant had stated that he had come for medical advice and assistance.

"Well, doctor," with a lugubrious face; and whining, moaning tone, "I feel poorly all through. My head has spells of aching; my appetite is poor; my food does not set well; and I am very weak. Really, I need help."

"Yes, I see. Let me look at your tongue. Ah! Yes. Now—your pulse."

The pulse was felt, and, after due deliberation, said the doctor:

"Look you, young man, you do certainly need help. Now, see: I must attend an important case at 10 o'clock, and I must have this corn hoed before I go. So while I am gone, you take my hoe, and go on with my work here. You know how to use a hoe?

"Yes, my father was a farmer, but I haven't worked on a farm since he died."

"And you haven't worked much anywhere else. I take it"—the doctor threw in pleasantly.

"No, I am not obliged to."

"Very well. I'll warrant you the work here won't hurt you; so go on with it until I come back."

With that the doctor trudged off, and the young man went at the work of hoeing. He hoed to the end of the row, and there removed the light muffler from his neck. Then he went at it again. Half way down the second row he stopped and looked up, but no doctor was in sight. At the end of that row, as the absent one had not yet appeared, he pulled off his coat.

The third row he hoed more slowly, stopping several times before the end was reached; but he finished it, and after a good rest attacked the fourth row. There was but one more row after this, and the fancy seized him to have it done before the old fellow got back. It would be a surprise to him. It quickened his pulses and gave him renewed vim. He had just completed the last hill of the last row when the doctor came back.

"Well, well, my young friend, how are you feeling now?"

The patient really had to consider. He had been looking to see what the physician had brought with him of medicine, but he had brought nothing. His hands were empty. "The work hasn't hurt you, has it?"

"Oh, no," his face glowing with the exercise.

"I thought not. Let me feel your pulse again." He held the young man's wrist for a brief space, and then—

"It has worked to a charm. Now do you go home, and repeat the dose twice a day, every morning and afternoon: do it faithfully, and be honest with your diet; don't use tobacco; and if that doesn't work a cure, come and let me know. My fee is one dollar."

"One—dollar?" gasped the astonished youth.

"That is all I charge when patients call at my door."

"But in mercy's name! what is it for. Where is your prescription? What have I taken of yours?"

"My prescription, my dear young friend, I gave you before I left you here with my hoe; the medicine you have been taking in my place—a health-portion which I should have enjoyed had I not given it up to you. And now I will tell you frankly, you are rusting out, literally tumbling to pieces for want of exercise of both body and mind. That is all. You can follow my prescription and be cured, or you can take your own way."

The young man paid the dollar, and went his way. Not then could he be cheerful; but afterwards when he had allowed reason fair play, and had come to prove the life-saving and the new life-giving virtues of the doctor's prescription he came and thanked him.—*Banner.*

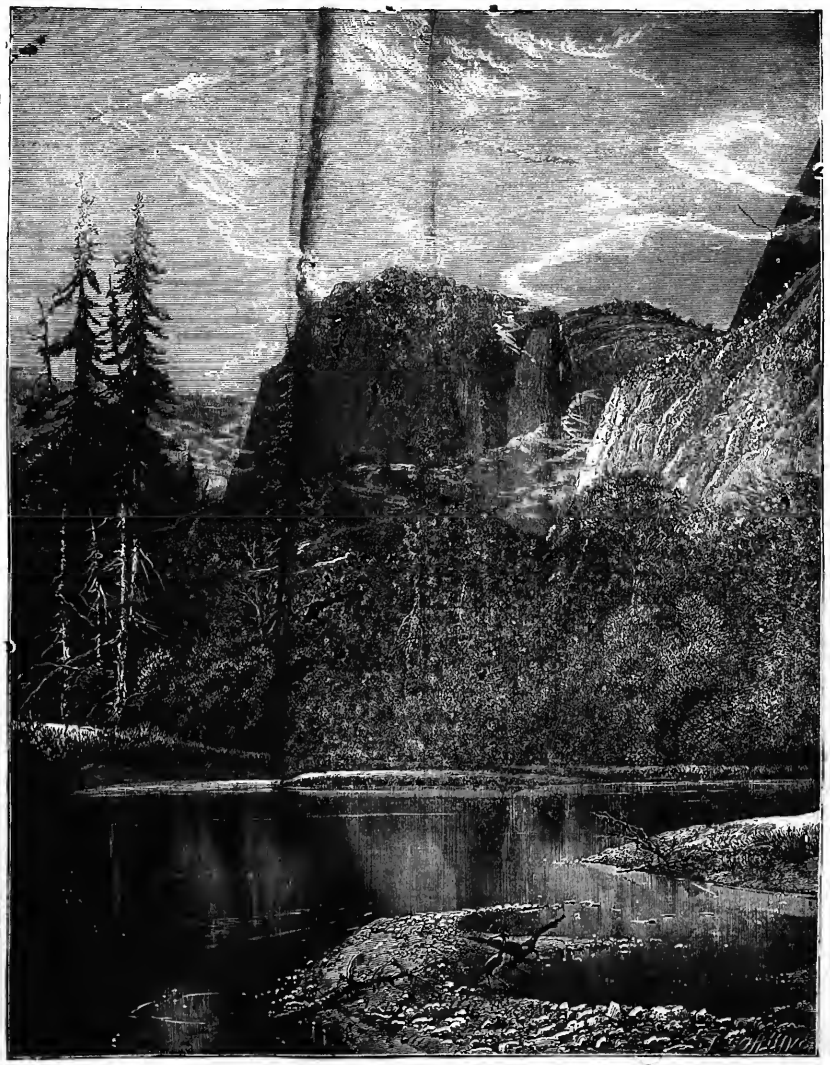
A Conscientious Dog.

I HAD had this dog for several years, and had never—even in his puppyhood—known him to steal. On the contrary, he used to make an excellent guard to protect property from other animals, servants, &c., even though these were his best friends. [Mr. Romanes here adds in a note: "I have seen this dog escort a donkey which had baskets on its back filled with apples. Although the dog did not know that he was being observed by anybody, he did his duty with the utmost

faithfulness: for every time the donkey turned back his head to take an apple out of the baskets, the dog snapped at his nose; and such was his watchfulness that, although his companion was keenly desirous of tasting some of the fruit, he never allowed him to get a single apple during the half hour they were left together. I have also seen this terrier protecting meat from other terriers (his sons) which lived in the same house with him, and with which he was on the very best of terms. More curious still, I have seen him seize my wristbands while they were being worn by a friend to whom I had temporarily lent them."] Nevertheless, on one occasion he was very hungry, and in the room where I was reading and he was sitting, there was, within easy reach, a savory mutton-chop. I was greatly surprised to see him stealthily remove this chop and take it under a sofa. However, I pretended not to observe what had occurred, and waited to see what would happen next. For fully a quarter of an hour this terrier remained under the sofa without making a sound, but doubtless enduring an agony of contending feelings. Eventually, however, conscience came off victorious; for, emerging from his place of concealment, and carrying in his mouth the stolen chop, he came across the room and laid the tempting morsel at my feet. The moment he dropped the stolen property he bolted again under the sofa, and from this retreat no coaxing could charm him for several hours afterward. Moreover, when during that time he was spoken to or patted, he always turned away his head in a ludicrously conscience-stricken manner. Altogether I do not think it would be possible to imagine a more satisfactory exhibition of conscience by an animal than this, for it must be remembered, as already stated, that the particular animal in question was never beaten in its life.—*Quarterly Journal of Science.*

Southern Workman.

VOL. XIII. HAMPTON, VA., MARCH, 1884. No. 3.



MIRROR LAKE, YOSEMITE VALLEY. [From Illustrated Christian weekly.

The Future of the Colored People.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

As the colored people of the South acquire education and property, exercise the rights of citizenship and travel about the country, it is evident that they cannot all continue to be the hewers of wood and drawers of water for the land.

The young colored man who may have inherited property, who has spent several years at school in Virginia and then graduated at a northern college which made no distinctions on account of race or color among its students, when he returns to his southern home, cannot, from the very nature of things, follow the callings of the servile class to which his parents belonged.

The young colored girl, whose parents have tenderly shielded her from the trials that beset their early years, have given her all the advantages in education they can afford, and on her return from Hampton, Howard or some Institution in the North, furnished a parlor with musical instruments, books and pictures, bidding her occupy herself therein, whilst they continue to provide her with all the comforts of life, cannot possibly become a cook, housemaid or laundress as her mother was before her. It is quite natural that for a time most persons of this rising class should find employment as preachers and teachers for their own race, but every colored youth does not wish to preach and teach, any more than all young white people desire to enter those honorable avocations.

An instance of the difficulties encountered by a colored man who desired to secure a living in an occupation hitherto confined entirely to white people among us, came to my knowledge recently, and I give the story as I heard it, thinking it will interest those who watch the progress of the black man with hope.

One of the teachers of the Richmond Institute, a school established by Northern philanthropists, which has done much good among the colored people of Virginia and the neighboring states, told me last summer that one of his late pupils of the name of Hill had lately opened a book-store in Richmond.

Mr. Hill was a very poor boy, with no influential friends to assist him in his struggle for the education he was bent on acquiring. It was hard for the boy to pay the very moderate sum required of pupils at the Institute, and for several years he went North in the summer, working as a hotel waiter to earn funds to support him during the school term.

To suit the wishes of his friends at the Institute, he studied the theological course, but felt no call to the ministry, or to teach, and when he had graduated, he was somewhat at a loss as to his future course. After consultation with his teachers, he decided to open a book store, as his friends thought they could best aid him in that occupation. The Institute usually ordered its books and stationery from the North and West, but frequently bought small amounts of such things for present needs from Richmond firms, all of whom were white men, and this amount of patronage was promised to Mr. Hill. Richmond dealers were one and all deeply disgusted at the proposed intrusion upon their trade by the young African, and he was now made to feel severely the competition of labor, supplemented by the prejudice of color. For some time, he found it impossible to rent a store room in any locality which would be suitable for his business. After many efforts, he learned by chance, that a desirable store occupied by a white man, but owned by a Negro, was about to be vacated, and found his fellow African willing to rent to him. This important point gained, he next set about buying his stock of goods. Having very little capital, he proposed to make his purchases on the terms common among merchants, giving his note for 60 or 90 days.

Greatly to the surprise of the Institute teachers, who were doing all they could to aid him, every application of this kind made by young Hill was refused. After many disappointments in his efforts to buy goods, the would-be stationer applied to a large western house, and the firm returned the usual discouraging answer, adding that they had been warned by certain southern customers not to trust Mr. Hill, if he applied to them, as he was an unworthy person, devoid of character, means, etc. Further correspondence produced the letter of a white bookseller in Richmond, and Mr. Hill's difficulty in obtaining credit was explained. The officers of the Institute, who had at times dealt largely with the western publishers, now came to the aid of their ex-pupil and furnished testimonials of character based on long acquaintance, and the stock of goods was secured without further trouble. At last the storehouse was rented, a good supply of books, stationery and sheet music was neatly arranged within its walls, and the much-vilified colored bookseller modestly invited the patronage of the public. For a time he was loudly denounced by the prejudiced among his white compatriots, especially by his fellows in the craft, but fortune has nevertheless favored his undertaking.

His stand proved to be a very good one, with numerous schools in the vicinity, and the young merchant, by moderate prices and accommodating manners, has made every effort to gain custom.

His well-selected stock of music soon attracted attention, and the white ladies of the neighborhood, many of whom regarded the struggling dealer with kindly sympathy, patronized him liberally. His school friends aided him by sending their pupils to his store for textbooks, and his business is steadily prospering. He has been able to meet every obligation as it fell due, and his credit is now so well established, that he can purchase goods anywhere on equal terms with others in his line.

Instances might be multiplied in which colored people are trying in various pursuits to get a footing, and enough has been accomplished to encourage every effort that may be made. Colored lawyers have appeared here and there in the South, and colored doctors are beginning to gain practice among us. The Rev. Atticus G. Haygood says a thousand colored physicians are needed in the South.

The government has materially aided the colored people by employing them in the Post-offices and on mail-routes. There are several colored mail-carriers in Lynchburg, very respectable looking young men, in the neat uniform of the mail service, and, so far as I am informed, no complaint has been made of them since they began their duties, although there was some opposition to the appointment of Negroes to such places, as might have been expected.

Such colored people as had the advantage of learning a trade during slavery have found it a great help to them in freedom, and two or three of the prosperous colored contractors of the city, owe their success to their early training and are doing well in spite of the prejudices of their white competitors, who would doubtless like to force them from the field.

I am often interested to know what investments will be made by the colored people as they make money, which not a few of them, both of the educated and uneducated class are doing.

Very naturally, their first idea is to buy a home of their own, but a great many have gone beyond the point of securing a dwelling and have funds for investment, to which they add from time to time.

The failure of the Freedman's Bank was a heavy blow to the colored people, and that, with their general ignorance of investments represented on paper, inclines them to seek real estate. It seems likely that, before many years have passed, a very large amount of real alty will be owned by the Negroes of the South. Already there may be found a number of them in the landlord class.

A colored builder here some years since put up a large brick building known as "Wilson's Hall," which is used as an Assembly room by the colored people, who hold their fairs, balls, etc., in it, and I am told the owner has found his investment such a good one that he will soon erect another building to be rented as a store, with the upper stories for lodgers, etc.

Sometimes a colored man will own property occupied by white people, and in one case I knew of a white lady, whose father once counted his slaves by hundreds and his acres by thousands, who was living in a house owned by a black-man.

"My landlord is a jet-black Negro" said the refined and cultivated lady to whom life had brought such strange vicissitudes, "and at first it seemed very strange to have him come to me to collect the rent. But it would be impossible for any one to be more gentlemanly and considerate than he is, and I feel under many obligations to him."

A story is told of one of the Rothschilds that, in the days when Jews were cruelly oppressed in Europe, it so chanced that a heavy fine was levied upon the city, where the ancestor of the great bankers of to-day then lived. The conquering army, whose leader exacted the fine, waited impatiently at the gates of the city by night, and threatened, if the money were not forthcoming before dawn, to give the town over to pillage. The terrified council soon realized that their only hope of producing money lay in recourse to Rothschild, already famous for his wealth, but he, according to the oppressive custom of the Christians, was locked up with other Hebrews in the quarter assigned to the Jews.

In all haste, the keys were brought, the bars let down and the Jew, who was treated as an outlaw and public enemy, entreated to open his coffers and deliver the citizens from the peril which menaced them.

The Hebrew banker at once appeared with the requisite funds, the rapacious soldiers were satisfied and went on their way, the citizens once more breathed freely, and when time for reflection came, it occurred to the city fathers that there was an absurdity in treating the benefactor of the community like a malefactor.

In the more enlightened countries of Europe the restrictions against the Jews have gradually disappeared, and many lands now pride themselves upon the genius and wealth of their Hebrew citizens.

If the colored people of America will persevere as the Jews have done in acquiring knowledge and property, and will impress the conviction of their usefulness upon their fellow-citizens, as the children of Israel have done in every land where their lot has been cast, they too, like the oppressed Hebrews, will rise to power and influence, and conquer a full appreciation from their compatriots.

"Prejudice is the voice of a multitude, which can only be put down by a long and faithful struggle."

How Success is Won.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH OF JOHN WANAMAKER—HIS LEADERSHIP IN GOOD WORKS.

Miss Sarah K. Belton contributes the following to the juvenile magazine called *Wide Awake*:

It was about twenty years ago that a poor young man in Philadelphia started, in the southwest part of the city, a Sunday-school in a shoemaker's shop. Saloons were on every corner round about. Rough men fought and stoned each other in the streets, and murders were not uncommon.

"You will probably lose your life!" said his friends, trying to dissuade him.

But that young man had become a Christian. The highest love always renders us heroic and forgetful of self. Young Wanamaker's sunny face, his warm grasp of the hand, made him immediately seem a friend to the roughest man accosted.

His school grew in numbers and was moved into a tent. While the young men of his time enjoyed their leisure, the encouraged superintendent, laboring all day to earn his bread, went on gladly giving his evenings and his Sabbaths to lifting the lowly; year by year his hope, and his faith, and the school grew. One after another the saloons disappeared. Pleasant homes were built in their places. The years still went on. By and by a beautiful stone structure arose, with these words graven on its front: "A Little Child Shall Lead Them." On Sundays 3,000 scholars gathered in the spacious assembly room. This room was of itself attractive, with its frescoes of blue and gold, and its cool, silvery fountain in the centre. Presently, too, the adjoining church was built for the twelve hundred members which had grown up from the Sabbath-school, the poor young man, now a millionaire, giving sixty thousand dollars as his thank-offering for God's blessing on his work.

The last time I stood in Bethany Sunday-school and heard the exquisite music, and listened to the dying message of one of the boys, "Thank the superintendent for the help he has been to me," I bowed my head in gratitude that here and there, like a beacon light, there shines out an ideal life like that superintendent's, to inspire noble aspirations in others—noble aspirations and courage to undertake Christian work.

John Wanamaker was born in 1838. His parents were Christain people, but they were poor, and all his early life was a struggle with poverty. Of a summer morning, before school-time, little John turned five hundred bricks for his father, that they might dry in the sun, thus earning two cents each day. When a mere boy, he worked in a bookstore at a dollar and quarter a week, walking four miles each morning and evening to do it, often buying a two cent dinner—a cup of milk and a biscuit, that he might save the more money for his mother. A good boy he, be sure, who would undertake four-mile walks and two-cent dinners to earn money for his mother!

"Her smile was like a bit of heaven," he once said to me, "and it never faded out of her face to her dying day." If a kiss from Benjamin West's mother made him a painter, the smile of John Wanamaker's mother gave the inspiration and cheer which made him the warm-souled "Merchant Prince."

By and by the cheerful lad obtained a place in a clothing store at a dollar and a half a week. There he soon won the approval of his employer, because he determined to be "the best in whatever he had in hand." This sort of ambition has been the keystone of many a bridge over which boys have passed from penury to plenty.

Balzac, the French author, when urged by his father to enter law, because in literature one must be either king or hodman, replied, "Very well; I will be king."

The boy's first intellectual stimulus was from hearing a sermon which he did not understand. Writing down all the difficult words, he looked up the meaning of each in the dictionary as soon as opportunity offered. Not content simply to sell goods, at eighteen, with another lad, he published a paper called *Everybody's Journal*, he soliciting the advertisments and serving the subscribers. The partnership could not be other than harmonious, as he did all the labor. Until he was nearly twenty-three years of age, he worked on in the store, every week carrying his money to his parents. Does this seem business folly and weakness to any of you? Well, I have never known son or daughter who obeyed the fifth commandment, to go unrewarded.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

And now the work of the Bethany Sunday-school was begun. There was but one life to live, and how could he make the most of it? Full of the reaching, leaping strength and the unlimited enthusiasms of youth, he was yet deeply meditative and reflective. Should he study for the ministry? He pondered the subject. Then, instead, he considered men like George H. Stuart and William E. Dodge, prominent business men, who had done honor to Christianity in their daily deeds, preaching a noble and very convincing gospel in all their dealings, great and small. Surely there was as sore need for consecrated business men, on 'Change and in the counting-room, in these days of marvellous commerce with the ends of the earth, as in the pulpit.

On his twenty-third birthday, he had decided. It was then, I think, that he wrote over his name the resolutions which have governed his life. He said: "I will embark in the clothing business, because I understand it, and I will let nobody dissuade me from my purpose." Two of his mottoes were these:

"He is a rewarder of them that diligent seek him."

"No man is ever lost on a straight road."

And now his life was well ballasted with a purpose. That grand old Scotchman, Carlyle, once said, "The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder—a waif, a nothing, a no-man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to kill and divide and sell oxen well, but have a purpose; and having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you."

Young Wanamaker now began to show his business sagacity. He invested the first one hundred dollars which he was able to save in an undivided interest in an estate, bought two more shares on credit, settled the matter to the satisfaction of all parties, and cleared for himself a trifle less than two thousand dollars. With this money he began active business. Presently, too, he married a Christian girl, who had faith in his future and confidence in him. She might well argue in heart that a dutiful son would make a devoted husband.

The civil war had just begun. Many discouraged his enterprise and prophesied failure, but the self-reliant, straightforward young man had no expectation of defeat. He possessed will-power to the degree which Victor Hugo calls genius. He had also the habit of hard work. He swept his store and kept his account books. When a bill of goods was to be delivered, and no one was at hand to do it, he was not too proud to trundle the wheelbarrow along the street. Did he dream, then, that some day Philadelphia would ask him to represent her in congress? Emerson truly said, "The man that stands by himself, the universe stands by him also." Canon Farrar well calls labor "the girdle of manliness."

Fifteen years passed on. The young merchant had

ATTENDED CLOSELY TO BUSINESS

advertised largely and judiciously, held strictly to one price, given customers the best for their money, chosen men enterprising and sagacious for the heads of his departments, and now, at the end of these years, found himself the owner of three stores, covering nearly seven acres, one of them, the largest retail dry goods store in America, with three thousand employes!

Was this chance? Was this luck? It was consummate ability. It was the work of a mind that thought out large plans and original methods. It was the logical fortune of a man that with quickness of perception knew how to seize opportunities, that could inspire prompt, strong men with his own enthusiasm, that could systematize, and with swift conclusions, few words and bold action, could crowd much into little time; that with genial and polished manners knew how to win friends in the business world, in circles high or low, and also how to hold them—ah, it is his sincerity that has held them!

He might count his honors, his public recognitions, if he would. When the Centennial Exposition was talked of, and Philadelphia looked about for men to aid in the vast enterprise, John Wanamaker was one of the first called to the national work. He was made chairman of the Bureau of Revenue, and with the aid of the Board of Finance, he raised the first million dollars; he was chairman of the Press Committee that brought the subject before the whole country; and with much labor and judicious management, he stood by and helped carry the enterprise through to its success.

Meantime he had been a leader in every good work. He was one of the founders of the Christian Commission. In the Moody meetings, his sympathy and tenderness touched thousands of hearts.

(Continued on 34th Page.)

SOUTHERN WORKMAN,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October four months.)

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S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, } *Editors.*

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WE regret the apparent loss of interest in the *Southern Workman*, indicated by the fact that subscriptions have fallen off somewhat the current school year, commencing July 1st, 1883. While its subject and scope do not make it a popular paper, it hopes for encouragement from those who desire the facts relating to the condition and welfare of the Negro and Indian races of our country, of which it is in a position to speak intelligently. It aims to be an educator of public sentiment on the general question of these races, not the least of whose misfortunes is the prevailing ignorance about them: it is also a record of the work done at Hampton, and by its little army of graduates in the South and West.

The *Workman*, together with job work from the School and from outside, creates an opportunity for learning the printer's trade, which seven Negroes and four Indians are now improving, ten having wholly or in part mastered it already.

We have of late been making special efforts to improve the paper, to make it more broadly representative, an abler champion of the black and red races, and to bring it up to the point of self-support; in response to this effort, many appreciative letters have been received. Sending, as we do, over seven hundred copies each month, free, to contributors to the school and to others, especially in the South, both white and colored, who are connected with the educational effort of those States, is, we believe, no wasted work, but one that, in various ways, helps the general cause without making a credit on our books.

Every year some hundreds of dollars are sent in response to statements from our graduate teachers scattered through the South, whose letters, seldom written for publication, touch the hearts of those who read them in our columns.

It is our ambition to make the *Workman* not only an educator of the people, both North and South, a help to many earnest workers who are struggling in obscure places against heavy odds, but also to make it self-supporting. Heretofore we have made a loss of about five hundred dollars a year. We would be grateful for co-operation from our readers by way of furnishing lists of names to which to send sample numbers, or for any suggestions in the matter of increasing the usefulness and strength of *The Southern Workman*.

Negro Girls.

WE suppose no one acquainted with the facts, would deny that more has been done in the education of the colored people of the South by devoted Northern women than by any other class. They came in after our armies. They were unable to fight in the ranks, but they have ever since been fighting a foe which is harder to conquer than troops of armed men. They have been battling bravely against ignorance and vice in a way which it was quite impossible for any body of men to do.

And it seems as though their colored sisters were the ones to whom we are to look chiefly in the future to carry on the work which these brave women have commenced. It is pleasant to bear witness to what we have seen in some recent visits to schools taught by Hampton graduates, of the devoted work they are doing for their own race. It seems to us that Hampton's success has been even more marked in the case of the girls than in that of the boys whom it has graduated. When we consider the condition in which the colored women were left by slavery, the depth to which they were sunk; when we consider the temptations by which they are surrounded when they go out to be teachers; when we see the places where many of them are obliged to live; the testimony borne to their virtue, and devotion to their work, by the Southern whites where they are engaged, is most gratifying. They are more sought for by superintendents of schools than the young men are, and that fact is not to be accounted for entirely by their keeping out of politics, as is sometimes stated, but there are other reasons. In some important respects they excel the boys.

Women are usually more unselfish than men, and these colored girls throw themselves heart and soul into this work of teaching. As a rule, they win the hearts of the children. They have a kind of maternal instinct with regard to their children which insures their success. They thoroughly love them. While they are at school, the girls do not show as well in some ways as the boys. They have not had the opportunities of seeing life before coming to Hampton that the latter have had; they do not take up the studies which depend upon general information with the same earnestness as their brothers, but when they get into the school room with a little knot of children around them, whom they are to lead, they develop splendidly. There comes before us now the picture of a little woman in one of the school houses of one of our Eastern counties. No general ever had his soldiers under better control than had she those students. A look from her was all that was needed to bring the idle one back to a sense of his duty. Her classes were filled with eager listeners, for she was thoroughly alive to her work. She had carried with her the methods of teaching which she learned at Hampton, and had overcome the strong opposition there was among the people of that county to the "word method", by the remarkable success she had achieved. She had a class of children of five years old who had never been taught a letter, who, with five months' teaching, read simple sentences with perfect distinctness. These colored girls are many of them born teachers. They have a real genius for the work. "You'll find her a right smart teacher if all I hear of her is true," said a southern white man with whom I had taken dinner, in speaking of a Hampton graduate whose school I wanted to visit. And we were not disappointed. Said a school superintendent in one of the cities of Western Virginia, of one of our Hampton graduates, "She is, without exception, the best teacher I have ever seen." And he was an educated southern white man who had been connected with schools all his life. We attended the closing exercises of a school kept by one of our teachers. We listened with much pleasure to the well selected pieces and dialogues so well rendered and so clearly articulated, that with your eyes shut you would not have known that these students were colored. After the exercises were closed, the parents were invited to say something. The teacher was not to return to the school the following term. More fervent expressions of gratitude for work done we have seldom heard, or more sincere expressions of regret than this young woman received when she announced that she could not come back the next term. But the work in the school room is by no means all that these teachers accomplish. They are felt in the homes in a way that the young men never can be. When we went home with one of these teachers and saw what she had accomplished by her refined and lady-like ways among the women and children, we felt that this department of her work was quite as important as her teaching in the school room. We did not travel far on our horseback journey before we learned that it was wise for us to stop for dinner where the influence of the Hampton cooking teacher had been felt, for the food was better and things looked cleaner there. "She has a mighty civilizing influence on these people," said an intelligent Southern man, who had some sixty hands employed in his saw mill. "The houses look cleaner where she goes. She started a temperance society here, and had tableaux last Christmas. I didn't go to see them, but such a thing has never been known among the colored people here before." At the closing exercises of one of the schools, we saw mats and other pieces of the children's handiwork, which their teacher had taught them to do, exposed for sale to pay for an extra month's schooling which the trustees had not provided for. The white people gladly availed themselves of the industrial training which the girls received at Hampton. We were informed by one of the trustees of schools in a district where several of our graduates were teaching, that one of our girls had promised to come and teach his wife how to iron shirts as they did at Hampton. And the work of these young women is not confined to the week days. Go on Sunday into that log school house, where she has been teaching children all the week, and you will find her with a Bible in her hand, giving to the fathers and mothers as well as the children, the only instruction many of them receive out of God's word. In many of the country districts a preacher is heard only once in five or six weeks, and his sermons are not always to edification. So that these girls are often the only religious teachers which their people have. In some cases we found them doing work among the poor, going out into the cottages as they are taught to do at Hampton and reading the Bible to the sick and old. The better class of colored preachers are by no means slow to recognize what they are doing. "I owe more to that woman than to any one in this place" said a colored Baptist preacher of one of the Hampton teachers who for several years had taught school in the neighborhood. Then he told me how he had opposed her when she first came there, and how he had come gradually to believe that "her quiet kind of religion" was the best kind.

In a meeting we held in one of the western villages of Virginia, all the colored preachers were present and were called on to give their views on education. One of them had been telling how education "made some folks stuck up," but, said he, "taint so with the young woman who came here from Hamton." And he went on to tell of her work among the poor and with the children of the place. In many places these young women have changed the whole character of the religious teaching by their silent influence. One of them brought two of the preachers from the place where she had been teaching to the Teachers' Institute held here two years ago, that they might get some idea of better ways than they have known. But, perhaps, most important of all is the testimony which is borne to the pure lives of these young women when they go out from the restraints of Hampton to places where a fall from the ways of virtue would lower them very little in the eyes of their own people, and is a thing altogether expected on the part of the whites. They are exposed to temptation not only from those of their own color but even more by those of the white race, sometimes by the very ones that employ them; and yet they have stood. We made more inquiries both among whites and blacks as to this matter than any other, and the answers were very satisfactory. They were much more satisfactory in the country than in the city, and yet in both much better than could be expected. We give the testimony of one southern man out of many, because he seemed to us in a better situation to judge than any of the others whom we met. He had been brought up in the county where he lived, had been the county treasurer for many years, and all the teachers went to him for their pay. He had a large farm, a mill and a store, and was brought constantly in contact with colored people. He was not at all sure how this experiment of educating the blacks would come out, especially as regards its effect upon politics, but he bore strong testimony to the effect which Hampton had upon the morals of the young women. There were fifteen Hampton graduates in the county at the time, eight of them girls, and he told me that in the case of only one of them, after careful inquiry, could he find anything that affected their moral character. This was in a county where he told me that it was not an over-statement to say that ninety-four out of every hundred of the colored women were immoral in their lives. These statements and others that were made to us of the same sort, lead us to think that the work done for girls at Hampton is most hopeful in its results, and that anything which looks toward better opportunities for them, and the granting them the same chances that are given the young men, is a move in the right direction.

THE two hundred girls at Hampton, are, as nearly as possible, the right number; not only on general principles of due proportion between the sexes, and giving the girls a fair chance, but also with reference to labor supply and demand. There is work enough for all, and there are enough to do all the work well. For the first time in the history of the school, no regular help from outside is employed in this department. It is desirable, therefore, on the most practical considerations of economy, to keep up this proportion. If we cut down the number of girls, we must cut down the number of boys still more, or spend money for outside labor that might be helping students through school.

The work done by these two hundred girls, is the washing, ironing and mending for the whole school of five hundred, with the housework of their own buildings, and sewing in their Industrial room, making chiefly under-garments and uniforms. One boy only—a student—is employed in the laundry to run the steam power washing machine, one as cook, with two as bakers. The work is more satisfactorily done than it has ever been before. It is a good thing to have the various departments of an establishment thus balanced and mutually supporting. It is the order of Nature, whose different kingdoms run each other.

The earnings of the girls this year are from four to six dollars each, a month. None earn under four, most earn about five dollars, which is the average amount of the boys' earnings, and is half their board, leaving but half—a fair proportion—to be paid by their relatives or by their own exertions in vacation. The amount of work for each is also about all she has time to do well, with one day and a half of work per week, and four of school, with occasional duties, except for the seventy "night students", who, for a year, work every week day, and attend the evening school to earn enough to carry them through the remainder of the course in the day classes. But for this chance, hundreds who are excellent material could not have any education.

Looking beyond economical considerations for the school or the student, the reasons for keeping up the number of its girls become only more urgent. There is absolute need and a waiting place for every good, intelligent young colored woman that Hampton and all other school can send out. They become centres of light, civilizing powers, barriers against barbarism. It cannot be put too strongly. All truisms concerning woman's mission become of vital interest in this foundation work for a race. To cut down their chances is to cut off hope for whole communities.

A very intelligent young woman, who has been teaching ever since her graduation from Hampton, said to one of its teachers—"Oh, if you could only see the homes many of the girls come from, you would wonder that they can do so well here and when they go out to teach. There is———; she is dresssd up nicely to come here, and you'd think she had been used to nice ways, but her people live in a house with only two rooms, and the whole family sleep in one of them; her father and mother and herself and two grown brothers. A great many live like that." Many, of course, live better, but whether they do or not, they go often to labor among those who do not. It is of the first importance that they should gain at Hampton the knowledge and necessity of better things; habits of industry and order; moral stamina.

School life tends in this direction. The regular hours, regular meals and work and study, occupation for the mind and hands, inspection of rooms and requirement of personal neatness, are among its best lessons. Three years is short enough time to teach them. There should be no obstacles to their full enforcement. Unfortunately there are some.

Visitors to Hampton like to look into the students' rooms. Let us glance into one of the girl's rooms in Virginia Hall. Inspection has been made, and the occupants are still away at school or work. This would no doubt be a prize room if prizes were given for neatness. It belongs to girls who have been two and three years at Hampton, one at least having had also careful early training. Your first word will be an exclamation of pleasure. A red glow fills the room, the sunshine streaming in across the Roads falls through a home-made window shade of Turkey red, which hangs across the upper panes. Their clean muslin curtains do not keep much of it out, the sash is open at top and bottom, and the air is perfectly fresh and sweet. The furniture is of the plainest, and some of it, you are told, is made at the school—the table, chairs and iron bedsteads. For the rest, there is a pine bureau with four drawers and glass, and a wardrobe. This is drawn out from the wall in a corner of the room, making behind it a nice little dressing room, where is the washstand. The chintz curtains which make its door are looped aside, and everything, inside and out, is the picture of neatness and order. Bright strips of carpet are on the clean scrubbed floor, pretty cards and chromos on the walls; the two beds are neatly made, and on one of them reposes in state, in the whitest of gowns, a doll, whose owner has not quite outgrown her earliest affections. This room has given a tone to the corridor, and its ingenious and tasteful devices have been frequently copied and will no doubt have an extensive mission. All grades might be found between this and the room of some new comer, who finds the inspection standard impossible to maintain in a bureau drawer, and if she has any pictures to put up, distributes them without regard to symmetry. You have, of course, taken for granted that a room with two very narrow single beds is meant for two, and have thought four bureau drawers and a small wardrobe a fair allowance for them. That was the original design ten years ago, but now no girl's room in Virginia Hall has less than three occupants; a number have four. A few of the latter have three bedsteads, none have as many as there are girls; there would not, indeed, be room for them. The problem of arrangement no outsider will attempt to understand. Those most concerned solve it as best they may. The state of things is, or ought to be, positively unbearable, but what can be done to remedy it?

Send a third of the girls away? The reasons against that we have given. But there is nothing to keep them here against their own will. Many more press for admission than can be taken even in this way. They do not want to give up this chance for an education. For this cause, they are bearing the discomforts of their lot with patience, pluck and cheerfulness worthy of respect. If the confusion of their own homes makes it less annoying to some, that is a condition which the school should rather remove than take advantage of.

The general character of the girls now at Hampton is, on the whole, good, and they may be expected to become good workers among their people. There are some deficiencies, naturally resulting from the over crowding; some illness is traceable to the same origin. The danger of both must increase. The girls need and deserve a better chance.

There is no more difficult problem than to fix rightly the limits of an apparently successful enterprise, whether business or educational. Bigness seems to be the great American virtue; there is nothing like a "big thing." Our national temperament and surroundings incline us that way. Hence, perhaps, the periodic expansions and collapses of business from which prudent men suffer the least.

Shall the Hampton Institute, with its six hundred students, continue to enlarge? Ten years ago its supposed limits were three hundred.

From the first it has been like a manufactory which could not nearly supply the demand for its products.

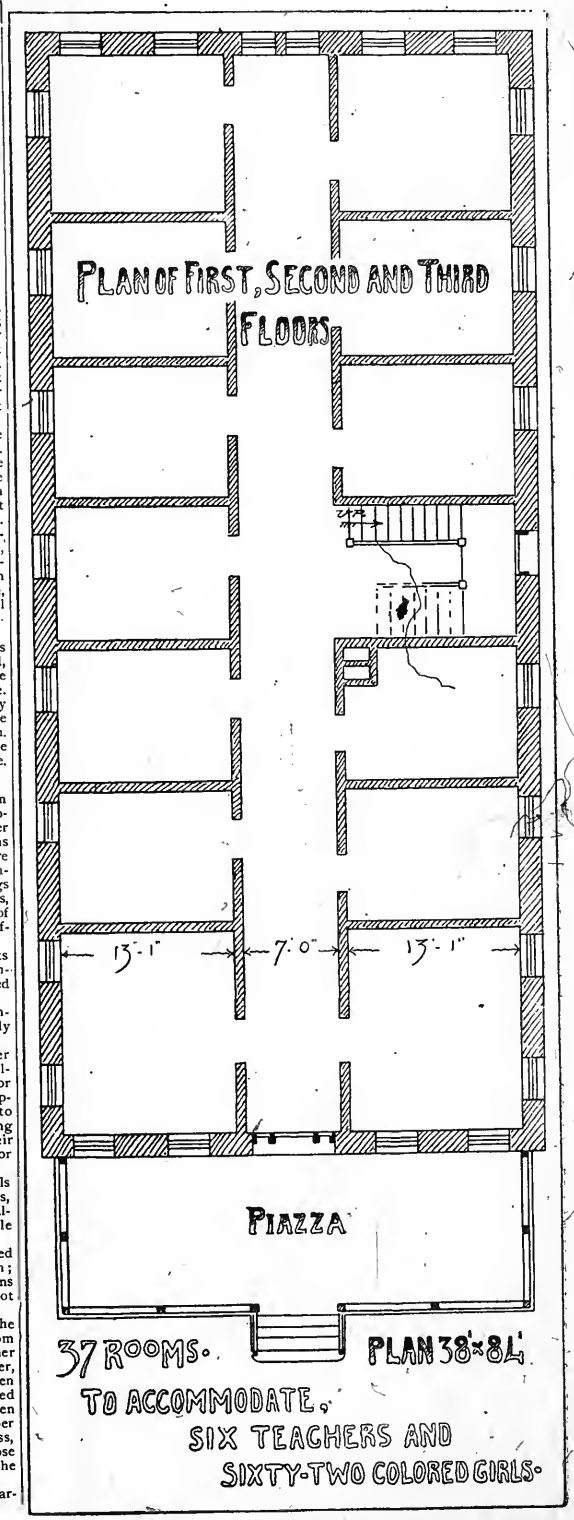
The free schools of Virginia and other states have, since 1870, yearly, been calling for many more colored teachers for five months service than we could supply, offering generally $25.00 a month to young women, and $30 a month to young men; often preferring the former for their superior economy and fidelity, and for their separation from politics.

A large proportion of these schools have been under wretched teachers, blind leaders of the blind, whose morality has frequently been as objectionable as their ignorance.

Hampton has, this year, received four hundred and seventy Negro youth; its one hundred and twenty Indians having had special provision, and not kept out one black pupil.

No one out of the work can realize the pressure upon us, on the one hand from applicants for admission, on the other for graduates to teach. Of the latter, since 1870, five hundred and thirteen have been sent out, and five hundred more, after a partial course, have been fitted for usefulness. Seventy-five per cent have become teachers. Business, politics, family duties, moral relapse and death have had their share of the rest.

Every one qualified by a full or par-



tial course to teach has had and still has immediate employment. With their many imperfections, they, with others from like institutions, have been as shining lights, often dim, but better than nothing; better far than the utterly crude teachers who would have been the alternative.

Teaching about five months each year, though getting sometimes a second five month's session, they have usually worked the rest of the time, for they have been taught to do that; the labor drill we give seems essential not only to livelihood but to moral success. In Negro as in all life, idleness is fatal to morals.

Our triumph in the war created an obligation, and emancipating and enfranchising the slave, a duty—the betterment of the low and degraded classes of the South. This, to those who believe in Providence, was the moral objective of the great struggle. Our black population is gaining at the rate of five hundred a day. How shall this rising tide of ignorance be met?

Living and working in the midst of it since 1868, our students have increased from fifteen to six hundred; officers and teachers from five to sixty, and a property worth $350,000, free of debt, has been established, needing, besides its small permanent income, and besides aid from public sources, fifty thousand dollars a year for current expenses.

If we mistake not, there is a growing feeling among the friends of Hampton that it is large enough and perhaps too costly. While conscious that we are working in the line of God's providence and for the fulfillment of His purposes, it is for us to consider carefully our resources. There is, too, a philosophy of education which teaches that where, as with these races, the work is not merely mental but upon the whole life, upon head and heart and hand, upon the student material as the work of the potter is upon the clay, or as that of the sculptor is upon the marble,—the end being manhood and womanhood rather than polished scholarship,—numbers cannot be increased beyond a certain point without risking success with the individual.

The Twelve Apostles were better for Christ's purposes than a hundred less well selected and taught.

Our present enrollment of two hundred and fifty three young men and one hundred and ninty nine girls, boarders, besides twenty day scholars, seems a wise limit to our work for the Negro race. There is in the various industries a labor supply for two hundred girls and two hundred and sixty boys.

The Executive Committee of the Trustees of the Hampton Institute recently met, decided that a new girl's dormitory was necessary, and adopted a plan of a brick building to contain thirty-seven rooms besides a sitting room, and to cost about sixteen thousand dollars. The entire work, excepting brick-laying, will be done by our own mechanical departments. With it there will be provision for the whole student force. A limit must be fixed, has unquestionably been reached, and the work before us is to properly provide for those we have.

The condition of woman is the gauge of civilization. Upon the Negro girl rests most heavily all the sad past: in her is the hope of the future of her race. For her we ask a fair chance; she will do the rest.

While the Agricultural and Mechanical departments of the school are well established, needing only rounding out, and there is ample room for all our young men, and for Indian boys and girls, both as to boarding, shop, and school room, there has been, since 1874, when Virginia Hall was completed, no addition whatever to accommodations for colored girls or the lady teachers of the school. What sufficed in 1874 is not enough in 1884.

We now have for colored girls forty rooms, thirty of them intended for two and ten for three occupants. By crowding three and four into each of these, several into unlighted corners called "pens," fenced off from a passage way, and a score into a few Indian girls' rooms, soon to be needed, two hundred Negro girls are at present cared for, but at a sacrifice of what is most important in their training.

The picture on our 30th page represents the proposed building for colored girls, to cost, complete, sixteen thousand dollars; fourteen thousand for construction alone.

The dimensions are eighty-four by thirty-eight feet. There will be thirteen rooms on each of the three floors—excepting on the first, where the space of two will be used as a sitting room for gatherings of various kinds—thirty-seven sleeping rooms, each to hold two girls: four to be for teachers; the *pro rata* cost of each will be about three hundred dollars; its size, thirteen by eleven-and-a-half feet; outfit to cost not over thirty dollars. It is hoped that contributions, both large and small, will be received for this much needed dormitory.

Clay for brick-making is now being dug on the school farm for the three hundred and eighty thousand bricks required. The walls will be double, and the partitions are all to be of brick, the roof of tin: the building to be as nearly fire-proof as possible. We hope soon to be justified in buying the logs now growing timber in North Carolina, to be cut and rafted here and be sawed in Huntington Industrial Works, into timbers, flooring etc., and seasoned for use in summer, so that the girls' new quarters may be ready by October 1, 1884.

The Huntington Works are ready to contract with the school for the construction of the building for $14,000. This does not include steam heating, gas and water fixtures, to cost not over fifteen hundred dollars, all to be put in by the Engineer's department of the school.

Bedsteads, wardrobes, tables, and washstands, will be made by the Indian boys at their workshop. Student labor throughout, except brick-laying, directed by skilled foremen, somewhat cheapens the work, but not very much, for many are employed; they work slowly, and all are paid fair wages. Their labor will bring them not only wages, but much other advantage.

We await the response of friends.

We call special attention to the record of our girls' work in the graduates letters this month, page 31. There is nothing more encouraging in the work at Hampton than the character sustained by our young women graduates. With very few exceptions, it has been without reproach; a light to their people.

Mirror Lake, Yosemite Valley.

One of the most delightful of the many charming things in the beautiful Yosemite Valley is Mirror Lake, represented in the cut on our first page. It takes its name from the fact that when there is no wind blowing, the water in its glassy repose reflects as from a mirror the surrounding mountains. The effect is charming in the extreme.

It was the writer's good fortune to see three times in one morning the sunrise reflected in this natural mirror. Taking our stand on a broad rock on the margin of the lake, and gazing into the water, we waited for the sun to rise over the saddle of the South Dome. All at once the water began to change color, then the glory came, and in an instant the first point of the sun shone out, looking like the most brilliant of diamonds. A moment more, and the light was too dazzling even in its reflection to be endured.

Then we hastened to another part of the shore, and as the sun came up over a higher point in the mountain the magnificent spectacle was repeated. Still for the third time moving our point of view, we beheld the wonderful sight. Scarcely any sight can be conceived of more charming than this of the sunrise in Mirror Lake.

When, however, the wind roughens the surface of this sheet of water, it loses its beauty, and becomes simply a shallow duck-pond, destitute of charm—an apt illustration of the rule that circumstances alter cases.—*Christian Weekly.*

THE Indian Rights Association, the branches in Philadelphia and in Boston, have done the Indian and the country a service in having a representative at Washington to protect the red man's interest. Had it not been for other than legislative care, in the last session of Congress, eight millions of acres of the Sioux reservation would have been to-day occupied by white men in a most unjust way. The iniquitous plan was rushed, without discussion, through the House in the last hours of a dying Congress, but was stopped in the Senate on the strength of facts supplied by friends of the Indians who were there to look out for them.

When a few weeks ago Gen. C. H. Howard, Inspector of Indians, reported to the Secretary of the Interior the starving condition of thousands of red men in Montana, the representative of the Indian Rights Association who urged, not without ultimate success, immediate action, thus details a part of his experience. Conversing with a prominent man:

"Well, said he, "there is a regular way for bills to come and go through the proper channels, and we do not violate senatorial etiquette.' I said: "Mr. Senator, this is another case of Andersonville starvation. Congress has shut up this people where they can get nothing to eat, and they are not allowed, under penalty of outlawry, to leave their prison. It has cut off their rations, and General Howard tells me that he has seen them—men, women and children—literally dying for want of food." He said he would see about it. I went over again this afternoon, and my friend said: "I have just been talking to a member of the committee about what you said, and he tells me the bill has come over, but has not yet been printed and referred, but he will bring it up as soon as it is. I said: "Gentlemen, it does not take three months for starving men to die. Congress has made another Andersonville, and is responsible for what is going on. I saw a man the other day who told me that he had picked up children from the ground who were dying with hunger." "Why," said they, "does not the commissioner of Indian Affairs come over here and raise a bowl which will secure action?" I said: "The facts have already been sent here by the Secretary of the Interior, and the House has finally given the magnificent sum of $3 per head to feed these people, when the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the Secretary earnestly urged a much larger sum; but that comes so tied up that it could not be used. Congress cut down the recommendations of these officials last session, and we have this state of things as the result. Further conversation led to a statement of my grounds of interest, and my connection with the Indian Rights Association."

From this statement, it is evident how watchful and self-sacrificing the members of the Indian Rights Association are at this period of distress, and how necessary such outside earnestness is to urge any legislation of this imperative kind through Congress. The recent modest call for funds to aid in this work, which has been issued by the Boston association, should find immediate and ready response. Why should not people in New York city and elsewhere lend a hand in the support of either the Boston or Philadelphia branch of the association, or better, form one of their own?

If you wish to help the Indian, do something or give something.

Wendell Phillips

One more—about the last one—of the great abolition leaders, has passed away after seeing as few reformers have, the full accomplishment of the greatest object of their lives, though in ways they did not dream of. While some hoped for a millennial change of public sentiment in the grand march of ideas, freedom was born on the battle field and baptised with blood; while others believed, with Wendell Phillips, that the only cure for the cancer of slavery was in cutting the tie between the free and the slave states, it came in a war for the Union, and both sections rejoice together in the result.

Every American freedman ought to be familiar with the biography of this great champion of universal freedom. It has been extensively given in the columns of the daily press, and our part is rather to read the lessons of his life.

One of the finest sights in this world is to see a human being living squarely up to his principles. True, it makes a vast difference what those principles are; the more need then to show the difference by putting them to the test of practice. There are many to talk, many to teach, many to find fault, many who have no very decided principles to follow, many to follow them afar off or when others lead, and that is better than not to follow at all: but how often do we see the man with whom to think is always to do? Not often enough for us not to stand and admire, while we hold him all the more responsible for his opinion. In the many causes to which Mr Phillips lent his silver tongued eloquence, his best friend could not always stand by him or fail to regret that he was not more certain to "be right" before he "went ahead" with such impetuosity. But this greatness he had, to be always true to his convictions and heroic in acting upon them. This is what united all hearts to honor his last repose in a city which gave him very little rest in his lifetime; this is the glory that will brighten around his name, when party differences die out and are forgotten and the questions for which he fought have all been decided for or against him Born to every advantage of wealth, position and culture, he valued all gifts, natural and acquired, only as weapons to wield for truth as he saw it. He was the champion of every cause he believed in. Whenever he saw it ready to perish, he flew single handed at the adversary, bear or lion or Goliath of Gath

"Therefore he went
And humbly joined him to the weaker part,
Fanatic named and fool, yet well content
So he could be the nearer to God's heart,
And feel its solemn pulses sending blood
Through all the widespread veins of endless good."

WE wish to remove an impression made upon many by the publication of the benefactions of the late Mrs. Valeria Stone of Malden Mass., to the effect that she has just left a bequest of twenty thousand dollars to the Hampton Institute.

In 1881, Mrs. Stone distributed of her husband's estate, to various charities, over a million and a half dollars, giving to Hampton the above named amount, which was used to erect the Stone Memorial building, completed in 1882.

A friend has kindly sent 100 copies of the Pictorial Commentary on Mark, by the Rev. E. W. Rice, though the American S. S. Union of Philadelphia. The students highly prize these books. They were given to those who go out for missionary work in the cabins, and in the Sunday schools of the vicinity. A number of these commentaries were sent last year, and many expressions of gratitude for the help the students have received from them, are found in their letters.

More from Tuskegee

BRAVE BOYS AND GIRLS. A BRICK MACHINE NEEDED.

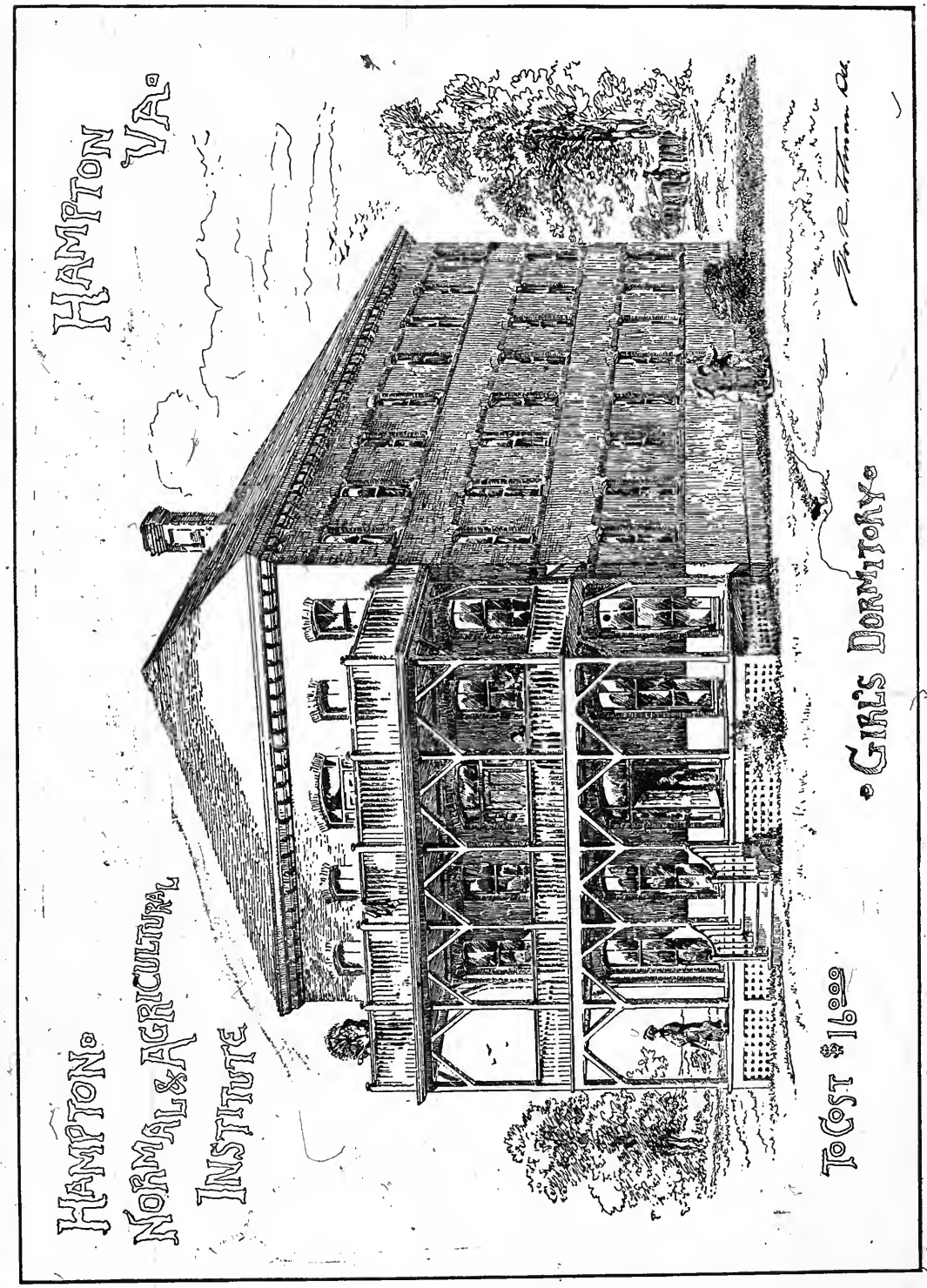
Dear Workman:

No less than ten hands went up in the chapel a few nights ago, in answer to the inquiry among the young men as to how many had been frost-bitten during the cold weather. At this showing, the teachers were not surprised, for on more than one night when some teacher was making a tour of the rooms at a late hour, to give a comforting word when there were no more blankets to give, have the young men been found hovering around the fire while the cold wind poured in from the roof, sides and floor of the room. Sitting up with overcoats around them was preferable to going to bed. While there has been this suffering, yes, I say *suffering*, so anxious have the students been to remain in school, that there has been almost not a murmur of complaint, but on the other hand they have shown cheerfulness throughout.

The school does not own the shanties in which the young men stay, consequently, in our present condition, we can't lay out money to repair another's property when we are only using it temporarily. The severe winter finds us wholly unprepared. The worst having, we trust, passed, the young men will be content with their condition for the remainder of the winter. But must they be asked to endure the same thing another winter? We have faith to believe not. They want nothing done for them which they can do for themselves. The new building which has now been begun will cost $10,000.00, and over $5,000 of this amount has been raised. The young men are now digging out the basement for the building, and preparing the clay for bricks in order to begin moulding brick for the building as soon as the weather will permit. In order that the student's work may be utilized to the highest extent, we need a horse-power brick machine very much; the regular price of a good one is $300, but the manufacturers agree to let us have one for $200. I write this believing that God will put it into the heart of some kind friend or friends to give the needed amount for the machine, in order that the students may have a chance to help themselves.

B. T WASHINGTON,
Prin. Normal School.

Tuskegee, Ala., Feb. 15th, 1884.


HAMPTON VA.
HAMPTON NORMAL & AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE
GIRLS DORMITORY
TO COST $16000

Letters From Hampton Graduates.

WHAT HAMPTON GIRLS ARE DOING.

AMONG THE PINES. HOW THEY BUILT THE FIRE. THE MISSION OF OLD NEWSPAPERS. SIX MILES A DAY. SUPERINTENDING SUNDAY SCHOOL. LANGUAGE LESSONS. TEACHING NIGHT CLASS. READING HISTORY. THE STATION SHE PREFERS. WORKING FOR THE WOMEN. A CITY SCHOOL. "SCHOFIELD SCHOOL" TEACHERS. GOING ON WITH HER STUDIES. WANTS TO STUDY MEDICINE. WORKING UNDER THE WOMAN'S BOARD. A SUPERINTENDENT'S CERTIFICATE. TEACHING AND HOUSEKEEPING. A GRATEFUL HEART. A SISTER'S APPEAL. SANTA CLAUS IN SHEEPSKIN.

As this number of the Southern Workman is making special appeal for the girls, it is but fitting that they should speak for themselves, not by words but deeds. We make up our budget of letters this month from those from our girl graduates already at work in the field, where those now training will follow them, and where so many more are needed. That as many may speak as possible, we make most of the extracts short, though, in some cases, from different letters from one hand.

AMONG THE PINES.

——Va.

"My school house is a little log-cabin situated among fields of cotton and tall pines. Instead of viewing from my window the broad harbor of Hampton Roads, with ships lying at anchor from the storms, and steamers going to and fro daily, my scenery is the dreary and uninhabited forest. The people are kind and I get on nicely. The Supt. said I stood a better examination than any teacher he had had this term. My average was 90. I was not examined in Algebra (which I am keeping up) but in Arithmetic through Banking. I like my work intensely: I have an average of 25 daily, 47 on roll. There was no Sunday School when I came, but I succeeded in forming one. Our school term is only five months, but I am expecting to take another school in Jerusalem—not the Holy Land.

ADELINE."

HOW THEY BUILT THE FIRE.

——Va.

"I have 32 scholars," says another. "They are all very poor, but willing to do all they can to get an education. The Board does not furnish us fuel and when I tell them they must bring money to buy wood, they say, 'We haven't any money, but we will carry some sticks;' and they have carried every stick we have burned thus far.

I received the newspapers you sent, and enjoy them very much. When I have read them I give them to the children. Some read them with interest, others look at the pictures. I am going to subscribe for the Southern Workman as soon as I possibly can. I like to know something about dear Hampton.

MARY."

SIX MILES A DAY.

——West Va.

The next five extracts are from letters of one earnest worker, who finds opportunities for varied labors.

"I am in school from nine in the morning to four in the afternoon. At night I teach a select class from seven until nine. After that I feel very much like retiring, as I have to walk six miles every day, teaching three miles from home. I am Superintendent of the Sabbath School. Though my duties are heavy, I try to find a little time to feed my mind and shall be glad of any papers you may send. I am trying to bring others to the light by keeping mine just as bright as it was when my Alma Mater sent me out. I would feel very much ashamed to be called a daughter of Hampton if I did not try to do my whole duty."

"My school house is very rude indeed. It is built of logs, daubed with mud. It is only tolerably comfortable. The walk to it has been very pleasant till just now that the weather is so cold. I find that everything taught me at school is of the greatest benefit, especially ancient history. I do not say this to you because you were my teacher in it, but because this particular study has helped me so much in my teaching. I have read a Roman History through since I have been here. I would like to have a history of Greece. I read all the histories I can get. I am very fond of history anyway. I hear from all the girls of my class but two. All are doing well and enjoying the work."

"I am glad to hear of the extensive missionary work that is being carried on at Hampton this year, by the students Young Peoples Christian Association. My thoughts often wander back to my little class across the Creek. I am still studying the Sunday school lesson, but I now have to be the instructor. I have my teachers meet Saturday evenings to study. We use the lesson papers you do at school. When I first became superintendent they were not used, but I kept after them till I got them to take a few, not half as many as we need, but all we can pay for now. The school is very interesting and I hope will grow more so. I felt not capable of the position of superintendent, but I trusted God's word which says 'Acknowledge me in all thy ways and I will direct your paths.' Truly I have been led by him.

"My work in the day school is progressing. I am particularly encouraged in the improvement made by the children in their language. I have only one class in grammar—well, it is not really grammar either—my whole school has language lessons. They enjoy correcting each other's mistakes."

THE STATION SHE PREFERS

"The school I am teaching now will be out in two months; then I am going forty-five miles back in the mountains to teach a four months school. 'The harvest truly is great but the laborers are few.' I have had more schools offered me since I have been home than several could fill. I go to the place where I think I can can do the most good. There are numbers ready to answer "Here am I, send me," when the call comes from cities, but when it comes from the "back woods" as some please to term the country schools, few are the answers. So I prefer to go where my poor people are groping in darkness."

WORKING FOR THE WOMEN.

"My mind and heart are in the work for women. I long to be enabled to do something for the women of my race. I am deeply impressed on this subject; my heart goes out to them. I am willing to make any sacrifice to help them.

JANE."

A CITY SCHOOL.

——Va.

"I have on roll one hundred and forty children this term. Hattie F. and I have primary rooms, and we have two sessions a day, half the children coming in the morning and the other half in the afternoon, because there is not room for all at once. The Board has promised us a new building ever since last summer, but they have not started the foundations yet. I am very grateful to you for the papers. My school was much benefitted by my reading them to them.

GEORGIE."

"SCHOFIELD SCHOOL" TEACHERS.

Two of our girls teaching in the Schofield school at Aiken, S. C. were moved simultaneously to write to a former teacher, of their work.

"I have a full school room. Sixty every day, and they continue to come. Little children are such interesting creatures. In my chart class I have forty. They do delight to count and write numbers. I teach by the objects, you know.

SUSIE."

"Here I am teaching in the school where I was once a scholar. I am in a good school and have fifty very intelligent boys and girls in my charge. We have on roll about three hundred in all, but the inclemency of the weather has kept at home many of the poorer ones who have not warm clothing. We have in our school a debating society, in which teachers and scholars take part. I am secretary of it, and also of the temperance society, and also for the A. M. E. Sunday School. I am taking music lessons and continuing my studies in chemistry, botany, physiology and history. I had and still have a great desire to study medicine. My chances are favorable. What do you think of it? Isn't it funny that Susie and I should be writing to you at the same time, thinking about the same thing? We often do.

ANNA."

WORKING UNDER THE WOMAN'S BOARD.

One of our most faithful workers, now sent out as teacher and missionary by the Woman's Board of Missions, writes thus of her work:

—— Tennessee.

"This is a field in which so much is to be done, that though to do all overtaxes my strength, I don't know what to leave undone. There are sick to be visited and persons to be instructed who cannot attend the regular school, letters to be written—all this besides my school and Sunday work. The society was not able to support an assistant this term, and so the county gives us one, but her help is only in the school-room. Next year I expect one from the society—a Hampton graduate. My school work last month was very satisfactory, and the written examination at its close very good on the whole. I have the nine months divided into terms of three months, and a certain amount of work to accomplish in each. I have much before me this year, and hope to have strength for it all. I am sending my younger brother to Hampton.

SADIE."

A SUPERINTENDENT'S CERTIFICATE.

An encouraging feature of our work is the good report often received from county superintendents of our graduate teachers under their employ. One of our young women writes with natural pride, to send such a report from her superintendent.

"I am still in charge of the same school I have had for three terms, this one making my fourth. I am now in my new school house, which has three glass windows with twelve panes each, and it has a large stove. I am very comfortably provided for, for the winter. I have been teaching now nearly two months; 23.65 average daily attendance; now on roll 31. Not long ago I went to see the superintendent, who lives about sixteen miles from my school. He spoke very kindly and gave me some good advice in regard to school laws. I received from his hand a certificate, which I will enclose for your perusal. The superintendent said he would like to have two more graduates from Hampton now. Be so kind as to return me the certificate.

MILLIE."

TEACHING AND HOUSEKEEPING.

——Tenn.

"The children are delighted with the maps, and all send many thanks to you. It is the first help they have ever received from any Northern person. I mean to have those who study geography write you a letter of thanks. I wish you could visit my school. I have enrolled one hundred and eleven, though the factories have not closed yet. One of my white Trustees read your letter and thought it so nice. I have an assistant from Knoxville, one of Miss Austin's girls. While in Knoxville, last summer, I took advantage of the Teachers' Institute held there in the Austin School building. I am having it rather hard this winter. I had to go to housekeeping to take care of mother. She is about the house but not able to do much. I have to pay $6 a month for my home and had everything to buy to furnish it. I get $30 a month, and the assistant teacher boards with me. I bought two bedsteads, a stove, a bureau, a home-made carpet for my back room, rocking chair and other things for mother's comfort. My front room looks very nice. I am the only colored person here that hasn't a bed in the front room. I have no pictures, so I have decorated it mostly with autumn leaves. I shall not be able to keep a house for my mother if I do not get another school when this closes in January. I am now undergoing an examination sent me from the superintendent of ——Co., five questions each in eight studies, that will enable me, if I pass, to get in ten months' teaching in this scholastic year. I have also received an invitation to become a permanent teacher in——Co.

MATTIE."

A GRATEFUL HEART.

"To be truly grateful implies nobility of heart," some one has said. Certainly one often fails to meet it in working for others—and the motive for such work had better, in fact, be found elsewhere. On the other hand the response is by no means always lacking—soon or late. Our girls are nearly all teaching, but home duties of course come first. One who after faithful years of teaching has been called home by bereavement and responsibility, writes thus feelingly and gratefully.

——N. C.

"It is with regret that I resign my position as teacher, but you will plainly see that duty bids me stay here for the present. I shall ever have pleasant remembrance of dear Hampton, for it was there I made a woman of myself. My heart is filled with gratitude and I can scarcely express my thanks for the favor conferred upon me concerning my sister's school bills for the remainder of the term. It was an unexpected kindness. I hope she may prove herself worthy of all that is done for her. My father wishes me to say that he also is sincerely thankful for the kindness done us. Though I may never teach school again, I shall try to 'do the duty which lies before me' and thus prove myself worthy of being a Hampton graduate.

MARY."

A SISTER'S APPEAL.

"There is," as our correspondent above says, "other work to be done besides teaching." The young girl is doing some of it who, choosing to stay out of school herself for a year and work to give a young brother the advantage, sends him in a letter this touching appeal.

"Give my love to all the girls who ask for me, and Willie, when you meet any lady, if you please take off your hat to them, and be polite to every lady for my sake.

Your sister."

SANTA CLAUS IN SHEEPSKIN.

A kind friend who gladdened the hearts of one of our girls and her little school children by a Christmas barrel, kindly sends us her letter of acknowledgement which picturesquely describes their pleasure. The lady says:

"The following letter was received in reply to a Christmas barrel which had been sent from New Haven. The writer is a colored student of Hampton Institute, now occupied in teaching a large colored school in a small Virginia village, among the Blue Ridge mountains. Many of the children walk seven miles each day to school, in their eagerness to obtain an education. As seen in the letter, Santa Claus was an entirely unknown character in that neighborhood until his very novel introduction so graphically described. Only a few slight changes in punctuation have been necesary"

——Co., VA., Jan 1, '84.

My DEAR MISS——

* * * * The barrel got to——station on the 19th. That station is eleven miles from here. I trusted to the good will of those going and coming and the man with whom I boarded, to get my barrel here, but the only thing I could hear was "no barrel at the depot." I waited as patiently as I could till Friday, Dec. 27, and I made up my mind I would go and see for myself. I got a man who is always kind and obliging, to go with me, and found the barrel there. You see there are several very long hills to climb, and the roads were very bad to drive in. Therefore I think the man I boarded with didn't wish to take his horses. I had to walk a good part of the way as I didn't like to see the horse work so hard. I fell down over some rocks and was hurt much. I can't tell you all I want to, but will try to explain all about the tree.

The joyful time came off at last Monday, Dec. 31. You have no idea how many hearts you have made happy by your loving kindness and labor. Words are not enough to express the joy.

The barrel was such a very nice one. I sat up one whole night looking at the things and reading some of the nice books. Everything was just done up to perfection. I cried and I cried, I laughed, and I prayed my Heavenly Father to bless my dear friend, and all those who so kindly assisted her in giving us so much pleasure.

Nearly a hundred or more received gifts from the tree. I had a Santa Claus (and *just let me say here*, if I had it and was able, I wouldn't have minded giving any sum of money to have had you here to see and hear what went on.) Santa Claus had two large sheep-skins fitted on him, boots that came over his knees, some large gloves, a red round cap on his head, (the one that came in the barrel), a masque made of light brown paper; he had side brows and long whiskers reaching almost to his waist. The whiskers were made of wool and looked quite natural, the cheeks were lightly painted pink, the eyebrows were of wool. Santa Claus was stuffed with a pillow and several other small things. The little bells and rattles you sent were pinned on him, his arms were covered with picture papers, he had several strings of red berries around his neck. They hung so as to form different circles, some falling just a mite below the others. There were little toys hanging out of his boots, ribbons and light toys were fastened on him. The children knew nothing concerning Santa Claus or the tree. I told them I was going to sing for them and have a recitation, and wished them to help me out with my entertainment by singing the carols and reciting the verses I had given some to learn. I strung some corn and some red berries for the tree. These hung in festoons around the tree, the red and white twisted together.

I will give a little description of the evening. The doors opened at 7 o'clock, the children recited the first psalm, I prayed, a carol was sung, three recitations, then singing again, and so on till all had recited, (singing between each three.)

The tree is lighted.

Remarks by teacher: "Now children do you see these pretty things on this beautiful tree?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"Well, wouldn't you like to have something from it?"

"Yes!"

"Well, I want very much you should have them and they have got your names on them; still, I can't touch a single thing unless Santa Claus comes and gives permission. Therefore if he doesn't come this way to-night you will have to go home and leave the things behind you."

"Dar!" came from one corner of the room.

Teacher: "Children, why don't you call and beg Mr. Santa Claus to come?" she pretends to feel very sorry for the children, and cries out: *"Oh, Mr. Santa Claus, wont you please be so good and so kind as to come this way?* (Repeats the same several times.) *Children you must call! Beg earnestly!*

Then such a begging and calling as there was from the old as well as the young.

Teacher. "I will go, children, and listen and see if I can hear or see him coming over the mountains. If I hear him in the distance, I will give you a sign by singing,"—she goes out, walks outside the church and sings:—

"He's coming, children, he's coming!
I know he's drawing near!
Santa Claus will soon appear!
Listen, children, listen—I hear
The jingle of some bells!
He must be coming, yes; coming,
Santa Claus doth now appear!"

She steps in quickly, followed by a woman who pretends to be all out of breath, exclaiming: "I just must get out of Santa Claus' way!" The children begin to call; in comes Santa Claus. The teacher greets him, and introduces him.

Well! some of the old folks were as much afraid of Santa Claus as the children; some of the children shouted, Oh, Miss 'Ollie, *do please, ma'am make Mr. Santa Claus go!*" 'Don't let him get me!" One little boy pulled two other boys on top of him to hide from Santa Claus. Some began to take to their little scrapers, but I called them back, made all come to order, shook hands with Santa Claus, told them he never killed a child in his life and he loved all children. I wouldn't let him hurt them. All got quiet, Santa Claus shook hands with many of them; they all did finely till he stood too near them. You would see them slipping away. Many said they thought I was only fooling them. They didn't think I would bring him, sure enough.

More than a hundred children received presents. I invited our white neighbors to bring their children to see the tree. There were about two hundred persons present. Many came from miles away. Many said they had never enjoyed themselves so much in their lives and would like to come the next night to see the tree and Santa Claus again.

I wrote a letter for the dear ones who helped you.

Respectiully,

O.

A Welcome Snow-storm at Hampton.

The Hampton Institute, with its various factories, workshops and printing office, and its 600 normal and 340 primary (Butler) students, and its nearly 100 officers teachers and employes, consumes great quantities of paper of all descriptions; much of this is used for exercises, mems., etc., for which any sort of paper that has one side blank that can be written on with pen or pencil will answer.

A few weeks ago, the supply of paper being low, and the funds equally so, a few of us put our heads together to see what could be done in this emergency. Letters were written to some of the large paper manufactories, who had shown interest in our work, and one was sent to Clemens Herschel, Esq., the superintendent of the Holyoke Water works, who sent a copy to the treasurer of every paper mill taking water from the works under his charge. The responses were prompt, and generous; a snow storm of the largest flakes on record, set in, and for a while we were in danger of being buried, but it has already begun to melt as the spring advances. The gratifying result is an ample supply of all kinds for this whole term, at least. Our friends who so generously responded to our appeal will please accept our grateful acknowledgements for their timely contributions. The names of the donors are given below.

J. F. B. M.

S. D. Warren & Co., Boston, Mass.
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Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

A visit from four Apache chiefs, under the guidance of Dr. Given of Carlisle, and Major Wilcox their agent, has been one of the features of the month. These small, stern, compact, well-nigh immovable figures, in the motley dress of semi-civilization, with long black hair fitly framing their brown, deeply lined, sagacious faces, formed a sufficiently striking group even for Hampton. The watchful, intense expression on those faces, equally removed from vulgar curiosity and stoical indifference, as they looked upon the impressive movement of the great school, was an interesting study. This is an old type of which but few are left, and soon these few will have passed away.

Mrs. S.—tells in her sympathetic fashion how the little maiden in the sewing room who knew that her father had arrived, sat at her work hour after hour with her usual propriety, only glancing up now and then as a new-comer entered to hear or repeat the news. "I wanted to take her sewing away from her and tell her not to work any more—I couldn't have sat so still all the morning, if it had been my father," and the kind lady is evidently touched with a little of the natural excitement which her charge had failed to display.

The fascinating pappooses who are soon to play on their own door steps and to be sadly missed from Winona, waylaid me on the stairs with shrieks of baby laughter as I set out on one of Hampton's wettest mornings to visit the nearly completed Indian cottages.

They look like good-sized baby-houses almost, with the diminutive porch over the door, the inside finished with really artistic panelling of brown cartridge paper divided by raised lines of dark-red; the tent-like ceiling, the three tiny, pretty, well-cupboarded rooms. A newly made home is always a suggestive sight, but it makes one peculiarly glad to think of the domestic life to be begun in these complete little dwellings, and of all that it represents and seems to prophesy. E. G.

Pleasant as was the visit of the Arizona chiefs, it had its dark side. for these raiding Apaches carried off one of Hampton's most promising boys, Telma Voorhees. It was *another* of the Apache boys who said he was glad he was at Hampton, where he did not have to fight the Indian his brother, or the white man his friend, but certainly Telma, with his frank, bright face, and peculiarly winning smile, seemed of the same opinion. He was doing very well in his studies and in the shop, but his uncle, who was one of the party, was very urgent that he should go back with them, and the Agent felt he could present no more irrefutable argument for educating their children to the wild tribe he has in charge, than this same manly, refined looking young brave.

The charming Hospital Room at Winona is accommodating a very patient invalid, Maggie Bullhead, a little Sioux girl from Dakota. Another little Maggie, also a Sioux, in telling about her in a letter says: "I hope she will pray to God, and I hope he will willing to help her and put His hand round her and bless her and make her well and she be glad to play out green grass and green tree."

A kind friend of Indians sends the Sunday School this year one hundred copies of children's papers, which are highly appreciated. Some of the very small boys however, the first Sunday they were given out, put them to rather a novel use. Having discovered that with a little judicious rolling they made excellent trumpets, they proceeded, after leaving Winona, where the lesson of the day had been on David, to form a procession and illustrate the bringing up of the Ark to Jerusalem, as they marched across the lawn in front of Virginia Hall.

INDIAN "COMPOSITIONS"

The Indian girls and boys of the "3rd Division," have been writing for a school exercise in English, what they could remember of their lessons in their geographical reading book. The following are some of their little compositions: with one from a Zulu boy in the same class.

ENGLAND.

I know I can say that the England is famous country, and also I can the England is small, but strong and large cities in the world, is name London, and also the some largest castle, and some goods are made strong, many thing to declarative about it, but I declarative about all those things. So that is all declarative about England.

JAMES THOMPSON. (WICHAKASAKA.)

[Spent three years at Hampton. went home and stayed two years. Has now returned by his own desire, and is improving much, valuing his opportunities more than before.]

HOLLAND

The Holland is very small country, but the people work hard to keep the cows and ben, and sometimes goats too, and then summer time go to work farming; very nice farms in Holland. Ground is low, flat, the people build around these banks of earth, called dikes. Canals run all through the country to drain away the water, and in summer you will see the people moving about in little boat.

MEDICINE BULL.

[Came to Hampton two years ago last October. A Sioux from Lower Brule, Dakota Territory.]

SWITZERLAND

The Switzerland is very small countries. The first thing I heard from Switzerland. Alps is a high rugged mountain and I heard another thing, the Switzerland have farmer, vineyard, orchards, wheat fields and meadows.

The Switzerland is capital, Berne. The all the mountains ties each other all the together, and take care of cows too.

CATKATANKA (BEAR BIRD.)

[Came to Hampton two years ago last October. A Sioux from Lower Brule, Dakota Territory.]

ITALY.

Feb. 5th, 1884.

Dear Friend,

Italy is a very good country and it is very warm and very nice, and good air just right, and every thing is clear, and the sky looks so blue and the sea looks so blue too, and long time ago they use to built very nice houses, but it is very old city now, the city's name is Rome, and some very nice picture, the draw long time ago, and they put some in a large house to show when the people come to write I think, so and some statue they made by the old people long time ago, and there is some volcanos in Italy too, in Mount Vesuvius there are some villages, and the mountain just open and come out big fires and covered all the villages up and some of the people have to run as fast as they could and some of them they have to die and covered all the fire of stones and ashes, too, and up North there is a city named Venice; it is on 72 Islands, they have canals instead of the streets and that is all this time I want to say.

REBECCA MAZAKUTE.

[Sioux from Crow Creek Dakota. Knew a little English when she came two years ago last October.]

FRANCE.

France is a bright, pleasant country and sunshine. The people like to have good time and every thing like that. Paris is city of France; when sunshine day they have supper outside, and some of the things grows in France grapes and flax and olive all such things like that. I do not know. I forgot all.

BAPTISTE GABE.

[Sioux from Cheyenne River, Dakota. Came to Hampton Oct. 1881.]

NORWAY.

Norway is a large country, the people that live up there are very tall and very handsome indeed. Sweden and Norway have the same capital; they have iron, gold and silver and copper and pine trees: they cut down the trees and make mast.

That's all I know.

JOSEPHINE MC CARTY.

[From Standing Rock, Dakota. Had been at the Sister's School. Came in 1881.]

RUSSIA

is a country that is far away from here and Russia is the capital is St. Petersburg and Ural mountain and Ural river. Well once upon a time there was a woman who had four children and she thought that the wolves would eat her up and so she threw her children to the wolves and until the wolves eat all her children she went to a man and when the man saw her he thought it was very foolish to do that and he kill the woman that she throw her children to wolves.

MELISSE INEZ.

[Pima girl from Arizona Ty. Came to Hampton Feb. 1881.]

HOLLAND.

I think Holland is very good, and it is very low land, and they have canals for road, and winter time they skate to their works and market, and in summer time they take care of the cattle very good, and they get great many milk out of them; they make cheese and butter, and capital is Amsterdam, That all I can say.

KISTOE.

[Pima boy from Arizona Ty. Came to Hampton Feb. 1881.]

FRANCE.

In France they make wine with grapes; they make silk; they bright people they like to eat chestnuts.

SAYON.

[Native African, from Zulu land. Has been a runner in P. T. Barnum's show; second year at Hampton.]

FROM AN INDIAN FATHER.

An Indian father, delighted to receive an English letter from his little daughter, wants to answer her in English, through his agent. The little girl, who has been at Hampton only five months, was helped in her letter by an English speaking school mate, her teachers not knowing of her writing, but she is trying her best to learn, and will be able some day to write one all by herself. Her father's letter shows what Indian parents think of their children and of their education.

CROW CREEK AGENCY, D. T.

Feb. 4th, 1884.

My dear Lieutenant.

"Brother of All," wishes me to answer his daughter's letter and to say he was very glad to see she could write English. He had the letter read in the office before all the Indians. He was very proud of it. All his family are well. Red Bull's little children walk and talk. Your pony is fat and fine, *your dog has 6 pups.* Brother wants me to tell you he loves your letter very much. He keeps it under his *arm* all the time. He says he is well and gets along well with the agent. The Indians do not dance as much as they did. He and all his men (Police,) are now ordered out by the Agent to stop gambling. They have brought in to the Agent a great many cards, and the names of the gamblers. He hopes you are well and happy. He wants you to learn all you can and do what your teachers want you to do. He loves you in his heart and hopes you will grow up to be a good and wise women. He shakes hand with you. This is from Brother of All to his daughter Rose. He wants you to write to him often in *English.*

BROTHER OF ALL.

By the Agent.

Major Riordan, Agent of the Navajos, numbering about 16,000, and increasing, the largest Indian Agency in the country, wrote Jan. 21st, 1884, as follows to the authorities at Washington:—

"This tribe ought to have not less than ten schools actively at work. I believe it should have thirty, but feel that I am away under the mark when I say ten. I believe the Government would be making a paying investment if it put every Indian on the reserve, and started thirty day schools amongst them, half day in school and half in the field, or alternate weeks as may be found advisable. I would not spend a dollar on food supplies except for the sick and crippled, and that should be in the hands of the physician.

Speaking for myself as Agent, I never want to have to handle a dollar's worth of food for this tribe, after the present year. Given tools and a show to learn there is no reason on earth why they should not become self supporting and citizens.

It is useless to try to teach the old men and women, I would not waste any time on them, but there is "good leather" in many of the young people, and they can be led aright. I have utterly ignored all their traditions, as far as tribal Government is concerned, of late, dealing with them as individuals, and ranking all alike, as far as tribal standing is concerned. The result has been the young men are coming to the front. They show a disposition to better their condition, and laugh at the anathemas showered on them by the medicine men. The dread of losing their control is a little severe on the chiefs, but I am determined that the old order of things "must go," and that natural ability and a disposition to do right, will be the tests for leadership. The one that becomes prominent hereafter will have to earn and deserve it. And the Government should give them nothing but tools and schools."

THE SOUTHERN PRESS.

ALL SIDES.

Doing Good.

[*From Religious Herald.*]

"How many girls there are in Virginia, and all through the South, who might become bright and gifted and useful women if they could only be educated. Some of these are too poor to avail themselves of the opportunities afforded by the many excellent female schools which have been established in the South. For young men, free tuition is provided at our University and at some other schools, but who, in all the South, proposes to help the poor young woman in her struggle for an education?"

If the white race in the South is in danger of neglecting its women or of sacrificing their interests to the predominant claims of their brothers, the danger is even greater from a similar neglect among the colored people, and a plea for the one should be, with double force, a plea for the other. By inheritance and association, the colored girl is handicapped in the race; she is spared none of the disadvantages common to all women, and, in addition, is weighted down by a burden peculiarly her own, bequeathed to her as the result of generations of enslavement. In the article by Miss Porter, quoted in our February number, the extreme views taken of the condition of the Negro women of the South would be almost paralysing were it not that the experience of a majority of observers goes to show that they are not only extreme, but also local. A reply to Miss Porter, written by a colored woman, and dated from Howard University, should be put on record as the protest of a woman who feels deeply the accusation against her race and sex, and has presumably, a knowledge of the facts. She says:

"Is a Negress less than a woman, that any condition could rob her of all natural modesty and delicacy? It is false; I repeat it, it is false. Slavery has much for which to render an account; it invaded the sanctity of homes, it nullified the marriage bond; it exposed to temptation and induced to immorality: it prostrated virtue at the feet of vice; it did all this and more; it was a huge blot upon the face of society, a great ulcer upon the body politic, a burning shame to the American people; but it did not, because it could not, take from the women of the oppressed race that innate regard for purity and chastity which remained theirs by right of their womanhood."

Most fortunately for the future of both the white and colored people of the South, there has grown up since the death of slavery, a class of Negro women who have demonstrated the truth of the above assertion; women who have somehow escaped the brutalizing influences which in the past made virtue an accident, and even yet make its possessors very literally lights in the midst of darkness, and who have a claim of special strength upon their own sex everywhere. No efforts were ever more surely or speedily rewarded than those which have been made for the assistance of these women, and there is nothing in the history of the Negro race in this country which promises so much for its possible elevation as the development of strength among its women. The instances which come constantly under our own observation are so marked as to make them, in the aggregate, the most encouraging feature of our work, and we have no reason to suppose that the experience of the Hampton School is exceptional.

"Every argument which has been or which can be used in favor of the education of white women is applicable to their colored sisters, while additionally their claim is strengthened, by just so much as their womanhood has been wronged in the past. Not merely personal either is the claim which these women have upon us, for it is not merely as individuals that they are to be saved and upheld, but because, as a class, they have before them an opportunity as grand as has ever fallen to the lot of the women of any race.

Such a report as the following, made by the State Superintendent of Instruction for Virginia, is a statement of facts which is worth considering, for it holds good of the entire South.

"We want more thoroughly drilled and competent colored teachers, and the education of the colored race will never be what it should be until we have them.

We find that this year there were 1,277 colored schools,—an increase of 190 over last year,—and that 1,277 of these schools were taught by colored teachers,—an increase of 218 colored teachers over last year,—which still left 438 colored schools taught by white teachers. We discussed this subject fully in the last report and urged that colored teachers be employed for colored schools, when competent ones could be obtained, and since that time our position has been strengthened by the universal demand for colored teachers for colored schools. This want we fear cannot be properly met for years. The present year we were short 433 colored teachers for the schools in operation, to say nothing about the large percentage of those employed who have been allowed to teach because better ones could not be obtained, and besides, simple justice demands that many more colored schools shall be opened to accommodate the colored children; for by reference to Table 10, it will be seen that great injustice has been done them in many localities.

It evident that none but the best teachers should be employed, and this is especially applicable to the colored schools, and whilst recognizing the justice and importance of having none but colored teachers for colored schools, we again insist that the mere fact of a man's being colored does not entitle him to a school, he must be morally and mentally qualified.'

For many reasons, this work of primary teaching falls to the women rather than the men of the race, and the knowledge that they have this field before them reacts upon them most favorably. It raises them above the necessity for, or temptation to, the hasty and ill-considered marriages so common among them, for, knowing that they have a permanent means of subsistence, they make more careful choice and, as result, their homes, when they marry, are built upon a much surer foundation and become, in turn, a power for good.

The testimony is general, that as teachers they are morally stronger than men, while their gentleness and tact, not to mention their advantage in being political non-combatants, give them an influence outside their merely technical work.

In short, the work done during the past ten years, by the comparatively small number of colored women who have been trained as teachers, has been so good as to create a demand far beyond the existing supply. No policy can be safe which permits such a demand to go unanswered, and that the various means of meeting it should be taken speedily into consideration, is of the first importance.

The Education Bills now before Congress are seven in number, as follows:

A Bill to aid in the establishment and temporary support of common schools.—Sen. Blair, N. H.

A Bill to appropriate and expend fifty millions dollars derived from the internal revenue taxes and sale of public lands, for the education of all children living in the U. S.—Gen. Logan, Ill.

A Bill to aid in the support of common schools.—Mr. Hewitt, Geo.

A Bill to donate in trust, the net-proceeds of the sales of the public lands to the states and Territories, to aid in the support of common schools.—Mr. Oates, Ala.

A Bill to establish an educational fund, and apply a portion of the proceeds of the public lands to public education, and to provide for the more complete endowment and support of colleges for the advancement of scientific and industrial education.—Sen. Morrill, Vt.

A Bill to aid in the support of common schools.—Mr. Mackey, S. C.

A Bill to aid in the support of common schools.—Mr. Willis, Ky.

Of these, the bills brought in by Messrs. Blair and Willis are the most prominent, the former in particular having been strongly pushed. Of it, the Virginia *Star* (Col'd) says:

"We take it that no greater good fortune could befall the South than the inauguration of such a measure for the enlightenment of her ignorant masses of both blacks and whites. We candidly believe that were the masses of the South educated, the acts perpetrated by the Klukkux and White Liners in this section would be impossible. Education, popular education, made as common as it were, as water, would be the one panacea for all our woes here at the South. Consequently we say God send the day when the bill under consideration shall be a law; when teachers shall no longer go for weeks and months without their pay while plethoric county officers shave the paper paid to them instead of money, with money which those officers have collected from the people, but are unjustly allowed to hold in their possession for months after it has been wrung from the people.

Senator Blair has immortalized his name by introducing that bill, and if it shall become a law, his canonization will have been assured."

The clause in this bill which elicits the favorable comment of the colored press in general, reads as follow;

"* * * which instruction shall be free to all without distinction of race, color, nativity or condition in life: *Provided*, That nothing herein shall deprive children of different races living in the same community, but attending the separate schools, receiving benefits of this, the same as though the attendance therein were without distinction of race."

And again, Sec. 9:

"That a part of the money apportioned to each State or Territory, not exceeding one-tenth thereof, may yearly be applied to the education of teachers for the common schools therein, which sum may be expended in maintaining institutes or temporary training-schools or in extending opportunities for normal or other instruction to competent and suitable persons, of any color, who are without necessary means to qualify themselves for teaching, and who shall agree in writing to devote themselves exclusively, for at least one year after leaving such training-schools, to teach in the common schools, for such compensation as may be paid other teachers therein."

The feeling, which, to a certain limited extent, prevails in the South in regard to Federal aid, is expressed in such articles as the following, from the the Richmond *State*:

"It is no time now to ask Federal aid for public schools while the people are demanding a reduction of taxes. The Government can assume no further burdens; but, on the other hand, should be relieved of most of the weight that now rests on its shoulders. Moreover, there is no more dangerous sign of the times than the tendency of not a few to look to Washington as the source of all power. The States cannot afford to lessen their strength more than has already been done, and the people should be ever on their guard and ready to oppose every step of centralization.

The States are able to educate their children, and the support of schools should come directly from the people. Why take it first in form of Federal taxes, then send it to Washington to be piled up, then divided, and afterwards distributed among the States? No! Let the Federal taxes be reduced, and the people of each State will take care of its schools."

Sec. 8 of Mr. Blair's Bill seems to meet this objection, and certainly the statement given above that "the States are able to educate their children" provokes an enquiry as to why, if such is the case, they do not do it, and at once settle the vexed question of Federal intervention.

"Sec. 8. That the design of this act not being to establish an independent system of schools, but rather to aid, for the time being, in the development and maintenance of the school system established by local government, and which must eventually be wholly maintained by the State and Territories wherein they exist, it is hereby provided that no part of the money appropriated under this act shall be paid out in any State or Territory which shall not, during the first five years of the operation of this act, annually expend for the maintenance of common schools at least one-third of the sum which shall be allotted to it under the provision hereof, and during the second five years of its operation a sum at least equal to the whole amount it shall be entitled to receive under the act."

Dr. Ellsha Harris.

The death of this good and noble man is a great loss to the interests of systematic and scientific philanthropy. With the United States Sanitary Commission, the health department of the city of New York, which was his home, the Prison Association, for improving the condition of prisons and that of their unhappy inmates during and after their term of confinement, the American Social Science Association, and the cause of social improvement generally, his name has been intimately associated for many years. In the midst of his constant, laborious public services, his sympathies were ever open to special calls. Thus he took time from his busy days to write one of the Hampton Health Tracts, on "Cleanliness and Disinfection" carefully prepared, an interesting pamphlet, adding much to the value of the series, to whose objects he gave his hearty and active encouragement.

We are glad to have received the following tribute to his memory from his life-long friend, an honored trustee of Hampton Institute, Dr. Lewis H. Steiner, of Frederick City, Maryland.

Frederick City, Md., February 21st, 1884.

Editor of Southern Workman:

Our friend, Elisha Harris, died at Albany on Thursday, 31st, ult. His name has been connected so largely with sanitary and philanthropic operations, that it seems fitting for the Southern Workman to bear its tribute to his memory, more especially as he was the author of one of the Hampton tracts. Although comparatively a young man (he was only sixty when he died) no one has done more effective work for the promotion of the health of the American people than Dr. Harris. When the Rebellion broke out, his reputation as a Sanitarian directed attention to him as one of those best fitted to organize the U. S. Sanitary Commission. During the war, he was employed in directing much of its work among the sick and wounded, personally laboring on battle fields and in hospitals, and seeming utterly regardless of fatigue or the wear and tear which results from this kind of service. Kind, genial, sympathetic, he carried with him a magnetism which was always wonderfully effective upon the jaded spirits of the suffering. Strong in his attachment to the national cause, he still ministered to those who opposed it, when they were prisoners within our lines, with a gentleness and care that showed him free from all ill-feelings or thought of anything but how he could relieve suffering. And during these years of his life, there seemed to be no desire to claim any credit or honor for what he was doing. There was no self assertion in him. His mission was to work for the alleviation of distress, and his reward consisted in being allowed so to work.

Since the war, his work in systematizing the health service of New York City, and that of the State of New York, has shown how much administrative ability, this gentle, good man possessed. He also had the singular faculty of stirring up men to work, and making them enthusiastic in carrying out suggestions that proceeded from his busy, active brain. In this way, from small beginnings, the American Public Health Association, first proposed by Dr. Harris, has grown to such proportions as to have enlisted thousands in the work of caring for the health of the people of our land.

His philanthropy was cramped by no considerations of race or nationality. Was there suffering.—if so relief must be procured in some way or other. This seemed to be the motto which enspirited him at all times.

The writer, having for twenty-two years had most intimate relations with Dr. Harris, feels that his death has removed one of the most useful, intelligent, philanthropic, kind hearted, and patriotic men he has ever met. While he lays this tribute upon the grave of the dead, he fondly trusts that the results of Dr. Harris's influence may never die, but that many may take his place as apostles of health and good will to their fellow men.

L. H. S.

How it looks at Last.

J. B. Vassar, in the life of his father, "Uncle John Vassar," gives the following incident

"My father, as is known to many, was for many years in the employ of Matthew Vassar, the founder of Vassar College. It may not be generally known that the money with which the college was founded was made from the sale of pale ale. My father was the foreman in the business while most of the money was being made. When he was converted, and for 'conscience' sake,' left the premises, Mathew Vassar was very much offended, and for a number of years would not speak to him. A year before Matthew Vassar departed this life, father called upon him, and as was his wont, offered a short prayer before leaving, Mr. Vassar kneeling. I, a boy, observed the two men with uncommon interest. Never shall I forget that at the ending of the prayer Matthew Vassar arose, and with tears, laying his hand upon father's shoulder, said, 'John, you did right in leaving the business.'"

(Continued from 26th page.)

Daily and systematic reading had enriched his thought, trained his mind, enlarged his sympathies, broadened his outlook, widened the horizon of all his heights. Said a prominent man to us recently: "I have not read a book for five years, business is so absorbing." But the man who does not daily broaden his mind and heart, goes poor into eternity.

In the later years, Mr Wanamaker has given one hundred thousand dollars to the Young Men's Christian Association, of which he has been president for thirteen years, has built a church near his country home, has aided hospitals and orphanages, and, says a friend, "He gives a fortune every year in private charities." Three years ago, he established an Industrial College at Bethany, where five hundred boys and girls, under the presidency of Rev Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, study book-keeping, telegraphy, cooking, embroidery, printing, painting, etc; a mission akin to that of Cooper Institute. Thousands of our future citizens will probably bless him all their lives for having been thus enabled by him to earn their living and establish themselves profitably and pleasantly in business.

How does he find time to accomplish these charities, and yet manage his great business interests? He saves the moments, often studying the next Sunday-school lesson as he goes from his business to his home. On his desk I read the words, framed; "*Nulla dies sine linea*" "*No day without a line*," the motto of the Roman painter, Apelles. Mr. Wanamaker is still in his early prime. He has light hair, blue eyes, with the light of youth in them, and a frank, manly face, whose sunny smile, like his mother's, one never forgets. Said one of his employes to me: "I can work better for a week after a pleasant 'good morning' from him." With a persuasive voice, a magnetic manner, a noble presence, he wins every person with whom he comes in contact, as I have said before.

Unostentatious, he is yet a born leader of men.

WITH THE SKILL OF A GENERAL,

he deploys the seven thousand persons who work for him. Years ago he said to his associates, "I will not lie to sell goods," and he requires no subterfuge from his clerks in their dealings with buyers. He says, "When a country boy, I was shy about going into fine stores; and I resolved if I ever owned one, that everybody should feel at home in it, and not be urged to buy goods." It is a pleasure to walk through his immense houses, look at beautiful things, or linger in the reading-rooms for rest. Always progressive, he was the first in this country to use pneumatic tubes for carrying money, in place of cash boys, and to utilize the electric light.

But this busy, alert, occupied man takes time to carry flowers to the sick-bed of a Sunday-school scholar, and to talk with any person who needs his help. A man came to the office one morning and asked for Mr Wanamaker. A score were waiting to transact business with him, involving thousands of dollars. What was his errand? To talk about being a Christian! The great merchant eagerly responded. That hour together they knelt and prayed over this, the most important decision of life.

In his home, with his four children, he is a boy again. He enters heartily into their amusements. He plays croquet as though croquet were the one important thing in a man's life. He starts off arm in arm with a friend, to see who can come out ahead in a brisk mile walk. It is this warm winsomeness of temperament that will keep him always young. He is interested in boys and young men. He says often after the day's whirl of business. "The best thing I have had to-day was a talk with a poor boy."

Does it seem strange, now, with his upright life, his energy and his attention to business and good judgment, that he should have won success? Does it seem strange, with his sympathy, his consideration for others, and his cheeriness, that people love and trust him? You must see, I think, that it has not been chance or luck. And is it not inspiring to see a man, still young, so grandly successful in business, so eminent in Christian work, and so joyous and brotherly as to make life for himself, and for those having to do with him, like one of those bright days in spring, when hope, courage, a sense of youth and strength and some gladness to come is in the very air?"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Santa Claus at the "Butler."

Visitors to Hampton Institute will remember the first object to which their sable driver calls their attention as they turn into the Normal School grounds, with a shake of the whip and a jerk of his thumb, and, "Yon's de Butler. Would you alls like to stop and see de kitchen garden?" A big, barn-like structure, like two long freight depots crossing each other in the centre at right-angles, stretches out into the fields, east and west and north and south—an object lesson on the points of the compass, for which one may be truly grateful to the late Governor of Massachusetts, in a region where you become so distractingly turned round from the first that you cannot wonder that Captain John Smith explored every maddening creek and inlet for the North-west Passage. A crowd of pickaninnies is probably surrounding the latticed porches at the four ends of the building. The visitors generally conclude to alight and see what the "Butler" and its "kitchen garden" may be. Entering a door at one of the angles, they find themselves in a large square room, as barn-like as the exterior, free from paint or polish, and without furniture but for a tapestry of little shawls, hats and caps, and in the centre a platform with a few seats, to which they are invited by the teacher.

A big bell is rung. The cloud of pickaninnies crystalizes into orderly lines that come marching in, headed by the smallest of boys in the biggest of boots. Of course you ask his name, and are not surprised to hear that it is Methuselah, or Abednego, or something equally scriptural and appropriate. In they pour, till the dusky room is overflowing with a sea of dusky little faces with shining eyes and flashing teeth. Another minute and it is overflowing with song, rich, melodious; children's voices, but how different from the shrill piping of Northern school infants—no offence to the little pink and white cherubs, but they cannot sing like their little brothers in black, who beat them at their own songs. If anyone who has never been at Hampton fancies he has heard "*Johnny Schmoker*" sung, let him suspend his judgment till he visits the "Butler." "*Wide Ribber*," "*Roll Jordan*," and "*Peter on de Sea, Sea, Sea, Sea*," are best after all; and by the time the "whale has swallowed Jonah—*whole*"—the visitors, not knowing whether they feel more like laughing or crying, are generally doing both.

A door on each side of the square room is opened, the dusky regiments file out to their own music, and the visitors follow to one after another of the cardinal points of the compass, surprised to find in all quarters, neat and cheerful school rooms, bright with sunshine and pictures, well furnished with charts and maps, and other school belongings; some classes presided over by graduate teachers from Hampton Institute, and some taught by pupils from the same, under supervision and training as teachers.

The kitchen garden is of course the great attraction, with its dainty devices for teaching the little ones the ways of well ordered homes.

Many have enjoyed such a visit to the "Butler," and all who have, we think, will wish they might have been present when Santa Claus made his visit this winter.

To provide Christmas presents for three hundred is a serious matter. For two or three years past, the kindness of certain Northern friends has made it possible to include this little Hampton "annex" in Hampton's Christmas joy. But, like other features of Hampton, the "Butler" has been growing—and three hundred!—the question looked serious. Santa Claus was not to be snubbed. He meant to come, and come he did. Little hearts are easily made glad. Some people don't know what to do with old Christmas cards; some do. Not that Christmas cards were all that Santa Claus could bring. Didn't he count every little nose three times over? It was some days after Christmas, but that was no matter. The year was young, like the children. They had been in school all the morning, and were not surprised to find a few visitors in the big room when they marched in at noon to sing before being dismissed. They had grown accustomed, too, for a few days back, to the presence on the platform, of a clever imitation chimney made of wood painted like bricks. It was, moreover, partially hidden now by the group of visitors. A little singing, some mysterious preparation going on meanwhile, and, the visitors quietly changing their places, a row of little stockings becomes visible hanging around the fire-place, and a few irrepressible screams and shouts burst from the most excitable as they are discovered. But there are not three hundred stockings, and they are evidently empty; so the enthusiasm subsides. The presiding genius of the place comes to the front of the platform and tells the children that if they will be good she will tell them a story. The eyes shine. It is a delightful story:

"'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

Emphasis and gesture make it vivid. The attention is breathless. But what do they hear? Is it the "prancing and pawing of each little hoof?" It seems like it, indeed. The emotional thermometer is rising rapidly.

"As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound."

He did, sure enough; and it wasn't the children only who were surprised. They turned the tables on their elders. One wild shriek—three hundred in one—rose to the rafters, and that room was half empty before one knew what had happened. Out through the open door they poured. A span of horses whose owner had deserted to watch the fun, took flight before them and broke their wagon. One guilty conscience betrayed itself in the piteous cry, "I's been a naughty boy; he's come for me." There was no time to laugh at the unexpected turn of affairs. First a rush to the rescue, to pick up the fallen before they were trampled on, and rally the fleeing; a vain effort, till a wise head thought to strike the school gong. The voice of law touched the instinct of obedience, and an instant hush fell upon the crazy little crew. The panic was broken; the deserters came trembling back, encouraged by kind and firm exhortations, in tones they knew, to the room where poor "Mr. Santa Claus" was marching disconsolately back and forth before the lonely hearth, stroking his long, white beard, in dismay at the unexpected sort of sensation he had created. He stood considerately back from the edge of the platform, while his harmless and benevolent character was explained to the children, and the interrupted story went on till—

.... "lay ing his finger aside of his nose,
And making a bow, up the chimney he goes."

More screams and a feeble attempt at a second panic, but a wise assurance from the presiding genius that any who went out again could not return, pricked the bubble of their fear and they collapsed into good behavior. A conversation with the invisible Santa Claus resulted in that worthy's forgiveness of his uncourteous reception, and his return down the chimney with little injury to sensitive nerves; and the most amicable relations were soon set up by the appearance of a basket full of candy bags which he proceeded to distribute among the children himself; the "naughty boy," we fear, faring equally with the rest. One small girl had to be comforted at long range, remaining through the whole performance in another room, afraid to venture forth, but by no means forgotten or deserted. Another inquired confidingly of a visitor, "Didn't any of the big folks run?" and was quite gratified by the suggestion volunteered by an unscrupulous friend of the *biggest* of them, that that gentleman looked as if he would have liked to. The day after the occasion, most of the school were anxious to disclaim any share in the panic, though one honest lad feelingly exclaimed, "Oh, but when I saw his heels come down!"

Some help was required for the distribution of the Christmas cards and the third lot of more substantial gifts—shoes, hats, mittens, hoods, scarfs, aprons, material for dresses, and oh, crowning joy to little girl hearts—dolls! pretty dolls; beautiful, wonderful creatures to their blissful recipients; dolls with nice clothes and real hair! The supreme delight of attainment, the motherly adoption of the treasures, were something to make one's heart tender. If the Sunday school that sent that gift could have seen the ecstatic joy on one little dark face, they would have had a Sunday-school lesson that would never be forgotten. And, somehow, through the whole scene, even with the amusement softened by compassion, and with the sympathy in the little terrors and delights, mingled an echo of the old, dear words: "The least of these—my brethren."

The thanks of the children and their teachers are due, and are most heartily extended, to those friends whose generous thoughtfulness sent Christmas joy to the "Butler":

To the Congregational church S. S., Northampton, Mass. through Mr. S. C. Bridgeman; the children of Hatfield, Mass. through Rev. R. M. Woods; the ladies of Memorial church New York city; the First Cong. S. S., Keene, New Hampshire, through Mr. G. E. Holbrook; Mrs. G. Fountain and daughters, New York city; Mr. F. C. Briggs, Hampton, and many donors of Christmas Cards.

H. W. L.

The Rescue—A Virginia Story.

By Miss Jennie B. Hope—Published by J. H. Estill, 3 Whitaker street, Savannah, Ga.

The sketch of colonial life in Virginia which has lately been published under the above title, is not only a bright and pleasantly written novelette, but has a special interest by virtue of the thread of history which is interwoven with its romance and upon which, indeed, the romance itself depends.

Just three hundred years ago, in April, 1584, Sir Walter Raleigh despatched from the Thames the "two small vessels," which were destined to bear back to England such a description of the land they found as to win for it a christening from the Queen herself. "Virginia" by royal order it became, and from that day this fair and fertile coast, with its lovely, wide-spreading waters, began to play its part in the drama of nations, crowding its records with material for novelist and poet. From the ivied walks and stately magnolias of the James River to the yellow beaches of Chesapeake Bay and "the Roads" the country is rich in legend and tradition, and from among them Miss Hope has chosen one which has its foundation in history, for her plot depends upon the pirate Blackbeard, a veritable personage, who for years maintained a proud pre-eminence among the sea-robbers who harassed the commerce of the Virginia and North Carolina coasts.

"The Rescue" is the story of an attempt made by this bold buccaneer to abduct a beautiful young woman of whom he was enamored after the ardent fashion of his kind, from her father's plantation on the York River, and her rescue at this most unpleasant crisis of her fate, by the opportune arrival of her lover, an officer of H. M. ship, the Seahorse. Whether or no this was an actual incident in the life of the much dreaded pirate, there is no reason, judging from other of his exploits, to doubt that he was capable of such an attempt, and Miss Hope has worked into her narrative so much local coloring, and given it so pleasant a flavor of "old time" life, that it is likely to be read with interest beyond the circle of those who know and love the "Peninsula" whose charms she celebrates.

While history and tradition indicate that Blackbeard did not confine his depredations to any particular locality, yet Hampton has a special claim upon his memory, for the shores in the neighborhood of Hampton Creek, in his time thickly wooded, are said to have been among his favorite haunts. It is easy to imagine him lying here in wait to pounce upon the richly laden vessels sailing in between the Capes on their way to some of the river ports, and that his warfare was no child's play is shown by an inscription upon the broken headstone of a grave, which may be found, with a half dozen others, in a little tangled thicket whose neglected vines are almost within reach of the passers on the busy highroad between Hampton and Newport's News.

"This Stone was given by his
Excellency Francis Nicholson
Esq. Lieuten't and Gouvenour
Generall of Virginia, In Memory
of Peter Heyman Esq, Grandson
to Squire Peter Heyman of Sumerfield
in ye County of Kent. he was
collector of ye Customes in the
Lower District of James River and
went Voluntary on Board ye King's
Shipp Shoreham in Pursuit of a
Pyrate who Greatly infested this
Coast, after he had Behaved himselfe
seven hours with undaunted courage
he was killed with a small
shot ye 29th day of Aprill, 1700
In ye Engagement as he stood
Next ye Gouvenour upon
ye Quarter Deck—
And was here Honorably Interred
by his Order.

There are those still living who can tell the tale of Blackbeard's life and death "as it was told to them," and it is with a vivid consciousness of the contrasts of human life that one looks from the windows of Virginia Hall across the water to a peaceful little point of land, which, reaching out into the narrow, winding channel of the creek, is known still as "Blackbeard's Point," its name having clung to it from the day when, to quote Miss Hope, "the head of the malefactor having been brought into Hampton Roads as a grisly trophy swinging from the bow of the "Seahorse," was exposed on the little peninsula on the west side of the river at Hampton, as a prey to the fowls of the air and a terror to all evil-doers."

At Home.

"He Careth for You."

BY REV. A. B. MINER

Yes, leave it with Him,
The lilies all do,
And they grow;
They grow in the rain,
And they grow in the dew—
Yes, they grow;
They grow in the darkness, all hid in the night,
They grow in the sunshine, revealed by the light;
Still they grow.

They ask not your planting,
They need not your care,
As they grow;
Dropped down in the valley,
The field, anywhere—
There they grow;
They grow in their beauty, arrayed in pure white,
They grow clothed in glory by Heaven's own light—
Sweetly grow.

The grasses are clothed,
And the ravens are fed
From His store;
But you who are loved,
And guarded, and led,
How much more
Will He clothe you, and feed you, and give you His care!
Then leave it with Him, He is everywhere
Ample store.

Yes, leave it with him,
'Tis more dear to His heart,
You will know,
Than the lilies that bloom
Or the flowers that start
'Neath the snow;
Whatever the need, if you seek it in prayer,
You can leave it with Him, for you are His care,
You, you know.

—*The Interior.*

The Education of Girls.

A young man who is willing to sit down in idleness, or devote his time to "Society," and live off the earnings of his father, is justly looked upon as a useless if not a dangerous member of society. No young man of spirit or principle will consent to do such a thing. And further, every man, however wealthy, if wise, teaches his son some business by which he can earn a livelihood. The same principle should be applied to girls. Every girl should be taught to be self-supporting,—should be taught that it is discreditable to live a life of dependence, even upon her father. Every girl, whatever her social or pecuniary condition, is liable at some time in her life to be thrown upon her own resources and the cold charities of the world, and this emergency should be provided for. Besides, the ordinary duties of life require that boys and girls be taught to work, whether their parents are wealthy or not. Public sentiment is greatly at fault in this matter, especially with reference to girls, and teachers can do much in correcting this sentiment. They should teach the boys and girls in school that work is honorable and that idleness is dishonorable, and that it is the duty of every girl as well as every boy, to learn how to earn a livelihood. It is not enough in this world that one be good: he must be good for something.—*Indiana School Journal.*

After Graduation.

A few years ago a young man was graduated at Harvard University. He determined to become a cotton manufacturer. Instead of relying upon his general education, and waiting for an opening, as many of his classmates did, he began at once to prepare specially for the business he had chosen, by entering a machine shop as a workman—making full hours and acquainting himself with every part of the machinery of a cotton mill. From the machine shop he went into the cotton mill, and by hard work and close attention rapidly acquired a thorough knowledge of all the process of cotton manufacture. While some of his classmates were waiting and looking for an opening in business, and others with difficulty filling subordinate positions, he was rapidly rising, step by step, until he is to-day in charge of one of the leading cotton mills in New England, with ample salary, and what is better, is discharging the duties of his position with great satisfaction to the company he serves. *Providence (R. I.) Journal.*

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine

THE March number is promptly on our table and is filled, as usual, with delightful reading matter—edifying and entertaining, and adorable embellishments. The popular editor, T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., contributes a characteristic article, "Alarming Things of To-Day," and The Home Pulpit contains one of his sermons, "Sensitiveness of Christ." "Count Zinzendorf," the founder of the Moravian church; "Salem, the Old Moravian Town, in North Carolina"; "The Boston Institution at Deer Island"; "Annals of Little Compton"; "Anthony Vandyck, a Court Painter," etc., are finely illustrated and exceedingly interesting articles. The serial, "How It All Came Round," and "Wrong From First," are continued, and the Essays Sketches, Poems, etc., are by popular writers. Marion Harland has a charming story, "A Practical Woman." The contents are so varied and abundant that no one can fail to be gratified. The price is 25 cents a number; $2.50 per annum postpaid. Address, FRANK LESLIE, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York, N. Y.

Teachers Table.

"Sentiments" for Memorizing and Recitations.

SELF RELIANCE.

Keep steadily before you the fact that all true success depends at last upon yourself.

By nature we are weak, our destiny is to become strong. We do not get on the track of success until we cease to lean upon others and learn to depend upon ourselves. By success, I mean a full manhood and its inherent peace.

A man may have money, friends, opportunity, good fortune, but that which underlies achievement is the ability of the man himself.

If success comes from without, it will be fictitious and will fail to make return of happiness: When it springs out of one's energies, it is a vital, living thing. One of the most successful men England has produced said "The longer I live the more certain I am that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy, invincible determination, that quality will do anything that can be done in this world, and no opportunities will make a two legged creature a man without it.' But energy and invincible determination; these with a right motive are the levers that move the world. Money, family, friends, circumstances, may come and go on the uncertain tide of time. Ah! The old Norseman was right when he said that on neither idols nor deems, upon nothing but the strength of his own body and soul would he depend. There must however be a *self* to depend upon.

And "This above all, to thine own self be true, And it must follow as the night the day Thou canst not then be false to any man."

THEO. MUNGER.

From On the Threshold.

BOOKS.

In books, be it remembered, we have the best products of the best minds.

We should any of us esteem it a great privilege to pass an evening with Shakespeare or Bacon, if such a thing were possible. But were we admitted to the presence of these illustrious men, we might find them touched with infirmity or oppressed with weariness; to us the oracle would be dumb and the light eclipsed

But when we take down one of their volumes, we run no such risk. Here we have their best thoughts embalmed in their best words: immortal flowers of poetry, wet with Castilian dews, and the golden fruits of wisdom long ripened on the bough, before it was gathered.

We may be sure that Shakespeare never out-talked his Hamlet, nor Bacon his essays. Great writers are indeed best known through their books.

The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armor of the soul. I remember a satirical poem in which the Devil is represented as fishing for men, and adapting his bait to the taste and temperament of his prey; but the idler, it was said, pleased him best, because he bit the naked hook.

To a young man away from home there is no surer safeguard, no more certain means of keeping him from evil companions, than a love of reading. If, when the shades of evening bring a sense of loneliness and friendlessness, he can find companionship in books, happy is he. They are indeed the friends of the friendless, and the library is the home of the homeless; friends that will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times.—*G. S. Hilliard*

Stirring Words from an Educator.

The royal inspector of public schools, at Mestratta, Italy, Professor Luigi Palmarini, delivered an address upon the occasion of the distribution of prizes to the most deserving scholars, from which the following stirring words are taken, translated from *L' Istitutore:* "Do you, for your part, combat egotism with a love not swollen with words, but fruitful in works; to-day, love your country in high studies and severe discipline, which educate the mind and the heart; love her in your fellow-scholars who are your brothers, because one is the history, the language, the religion, the future of Italy, the mother of you all; love her in the teachers and educators, who with a faithful hand guide you upwards through the pathway of virtue and knowledge; love and venerate her in the parents whose whole life is bound up in yours, and promise to render their old age serene and proud; to-morrow, having become citizens, you shall love her in your respect for the laws, in the jealous custody of your rights, in the scrupulous fulfillment of your duties. Love your country; that love inspires in man the most noble and generous sentiments; love her with all the powers of your soul, and let her be for you and your descendants, united, free, and independent."

Health and Humanity.

A Mother Seal's Love.

During the visit of an excursion party to Anacapa Island, a young seal pup only a few months old was brought away from the island. The little animal was secured by a rope around one of its fins, and tied within a small yawl belonging to the sloop. Shortly before sailing, a large seal was noticed swimming around the sloop anchored off the cove where the capture was made, uttering loud barks and at times howling piteously. No particular attention was paid to the animal at the time or to the little captive, which at times barked in response to the old dam's plaint.

The boat sailed away, making for Ventura shore. When off San Buenaventura, a calm in the wind decreased the speed of the boat, when a large seal was noticed near by. On reaching the wharf at Santa Barbara at two o'clock the next morning, a seal was again discovered swimming about the boat. It was not supposed that this was the mother of the captive, or out of pity for its misery the pup would have been thrown overboard. To better secure the pup until daylight, the rope was taken from its fins; and it was soon tide up in a jutesack, and let loose upon the deck. Soon after coming to anchor, the seal responded to its mother's invitation by casting itself overboard, all tied up as it was within a sack. It is asserted by the man on deck that the mother seized the sack, and with her sharp teeth tore open the prison of her offspring. This, however, is a mere conjecture. If it did, the little pup was saved; otherwise, it would drown tied up in the sack. The incident was the more interesting from the fact that the old seal had to follow the sloop at least eighty miles over the ocean in a hopeful endeavor to rescue its young.—*Christian at Work.*

[From Our Dumb Animals.]

Good Drivers.

NUMBER ONE.

One day last winter the attention of a lady was drawn to a lad who was using every possible means (except striking and kicking, as too many do) to get a poor old horse up Pinckney Street. Although its load, consisting of a few bags of rags, was light, it seemed impossible for the animal to get it through the snow; finally he stood still, seemingly discouraged. In vain the boy talked coaxingly, patted and stroked him, he only moved his head from side to side, as if to say: "don't you see the ice and snow?"

The lady, pleased with the gentleness and patience of the boy, and wondering what he would do next, stopped to see the result.

Suddenly the boy darted into a grocery store and returned with an armful of hay, which he held in front of, and almost within reach of, the horse, saying: "Come now and you shall have it;" the horse moved; the boy went slowly in front, and, by dint of showing the hay and coaxing, succeeded in getting the animal to the top of the hill, where he stopped until the hay was eaten, when they moved on without further difficulty.

Raw Oysters.

Dr. William Roberts, in an interesting series of lectures on digestive ferments, published in the *Lancet*, says:—The practice of cooking is not equally necessary in regard to all articles of food. There are important differences in this respect, and it is interesting to note how correctly the experience of mankind has guided them in this matter. The articles of food which we still use in the uncooked state are comparatively few; and it is not difficult in each case to indicate the reason of the exemption. Fruits, which we consume largely in the raw state, owe their dietetic value chiefly to the sugar which they contain; but sugar is not altered by cooking. Milk is consumed by us both cooked and uncooked, indifferently, and experiment justifies this indifference; for I have found on trial that the digestion of milk by pancreatic extract is not appreciably hastened by previously boiling the milk. Our practice in regard to the oyster is quite exceptional, and furnishes a striking example of the general correctness of the popular judgment on dietetic questions. The oyster is almost the only animal substance which we eat habitually, and by preference, in the raw or uncooked state, and it is interesting to know that there is a sound physiological reason at the bottom of that preference. The fawn-colored mass which constitutes the dainty part of the oyster is its liver, and this is little else than a heap of glycogen. Associated with the glycogen, but withheld from actual contact with it during life, is its appropriate digestive ferment—the hepatic diastase. The mere crushing of the dainty between the teeth brings these two bodies together, and the glycogen is at once digested, without other help, by its own diastase. The oyster in the uncooked state, or merely warmed, is, in fact, self-digestive. But the advantage of this provision is wholly lost by cooking, for the heat employed immediately destroys the associated ferment and a cooked oyster has to be digested, like any other food, by the eater's own digestive powers.—*The Scientific American.*

Agriculture.

An Agricultural Creed,

According to the *Canada Farmer*, the agriculturists of Canada met in convention and adopted for themselves the following creed: We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation; we believe that the soil lives to eat, as well as the owner, and ought, therefore, to be well manured; we believe in going to the bottom of things, and, therefore, deep ploughing, and enough of it—all the better if it be a subsoil plough; we believe in large crops, which leave the ground better than they found it, making both the farm and the farmer rich at once; we believe every farm should own a good farmer; we believe that the fertilizer of any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise, intelligence—without these, lime, gypsum and guano would be of little use; we believe in good fences, good farms, good farm houses, good orchards, and good children enough to gather the fruit; we believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a clean cupboard, a clean dairy, and a clean conscience; we believe that to ask a man's advice is not stooping, but of much benefit; we believe that to keep a place for everything and everything in its place saves many a step, and is pretty sure to lead to good tools and keeping them in order; we believe that kindness to stock, like good shelter, is saving of fodder; we believe that it is a good thing to keep an eye on experiments, and note all, good and bad; we believe it is a good rule to sell grain when it is ready; we believe in producing the best butter and cheese, and marketing when it is ready.

Small Farms.

How often we find a farmer who is going over far too much land to make it profitable. He has too much land, and the remedy may be selling a part, or giving it to his boys, to keep them from going West. I believe in small farms, although a great many think, unless they have one hundred acres or more, they can do nothing at farming. A young man of my acquaintance who is now an engineer on a railroad, is quite anxious to engage in farming, but does not wish to purchase less than one hundred acres; but he has not the capital to buy so much at present, so proposes to wait until he does have. Now if it were the writer, he would purchase fifty, twenty-five, or ten acres even, and go to farming. A great deal can be done on *ten acres*, if it is properly situated and judiciously worked. More depends on the man than on the amount of land he possesses.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Money in Ducks.

Ducks possess many advantages over other domesticated fowls. They are very hardy, and are liable to but few diseases. They take to confinement much better than most kinds of fowls. A very cheap fence is sufficient to keep them in the place desired. They are not liable to be injured by vermin. Their feathers are of considerable value. They stand transportation, when alive or dressed, better than most kinds of fowls. They are great egg-producers. It is true that they are heavy eaters, but they make a good showing for the food they consume, and will eat almost anything, vegetable or animal, that any bird or animal will. They are not liable to stray off long distances, as turkeys and geese are. Ducks are not as reliable sitters as hens, neither are they as good mothers. On these accounts it is better to allow hens to hatch the eggs and "bring up" the young ducks. Generally ducks show little disposition to sit after they have laid their first litter of eggs in the spring. They will often lay three litters of eggs before they show a disposition to take to the nest. Two litters may be hatched by hens, and the last may be hatched by the ducks themselves. Hens will ordinarily be more successful in raising good flocks. This is largely owing to the fact that they keep the birds away from the water when quite young. By so doing they keep many of them from being destroyed by snakes, turtles, and water animals.

Ducks will be much more likely to live and thrive if they are not allowed to go into the water till they are at least six weeks old. Hens will keep them from it, while ducks will encourage them to swim almost as soon as they are out of the shell. If young ducks are raised in an inclosure, a tub or half hogshead may be sunk in the ground and filled with water for them to swim in. Security may in that way be insured against their enemies.

People who desire to raise ducks often covet the advantages of those who live on the shores of a lake or the banks of a large stream or river. They think a large body of water is almost essential to raising ducks successfully. They do not take into consideration the fact that water snakes, minks, muskrats, and turtles are likely to abound in these places, or the additional fact that a large body of water often tempts ducks to swim off to a long distance and become lost. Small bodies of water, under the control of the breeder, are much better than lakes, rivers, or even very large streams. A comparatively small spring will afford sufficient water for several hundred ducks, if the supply is properly managed. Small and quite shallow ponds can be excavated along the line of the overflow and their sides covered with gravel or sod. By taking pains to form little islands in these ponds they may be made ornamental as well as useful. Artificial ponds suitable for the uses of ducks may be filled with the water escaping from artesian wells, raised from ordinary wells by wind power, or furnished by tile laid for drainage purposes. Good ponds may also be made by building dams across small streams that flow from a farm. If these small ponds are kept free from grass and bushes, they will not be likely to be infested by animals or reptiles that will prey on the young ducks. They can be readily cleaned out when they become foul, by cutting off the supply of water and allowing that which is foul to flow off. An ordinary dry-goods box with a door cut in one end affords a good house for a flock of growing ducks. These little houses may be located on the islands in the pond or on the sides of them

Ducks while laying should be kept in inclosures during the night, and until such time in the morning as they have dropped their eggs. Many ducks do not repair to a nest for the purpose of depositing eggs. They drop them on the ground, and it is necessary to gather them up, Great improvement has been made in the varieties of ducks during the past few years. The most popular breeds are the Aylesbury and Rouen. Birds of either of these breeds mature early and grow to a large size. Their plumage is beautiful and their flesh is fine. There is money in breeding ducks to sell to persons who wish to raise them, as well as in producing birds to supply the general market.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Castor Oil for Fowls.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* saye castor oil is his resort whenever he finds a fowl is affected by any internal disease, and he finds it uniformly successful. When a chicken has symptoms of roup, he shuts it up in a warm, dry, ventilated coop, sprinkled with air-slaked lime, and gives it a teaspoonful of the oil, more or less, according to the length of time the fowl has been ill, repeating the dose two or three times a day, and keeping the coop, feed-dish, etc., absolutely clean. The fowl soon recovers.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Receipt for Cure of Foot-Rot.

The following is said by an old stockman who has tried it, to be an excellent recipe for foot rot: Six tablespoonfuls of tallow, one teaspoonful red precipitate, one teaspoonful pulverized blue-stone, four teaspoonfuls flour sulphur, three-fourth inch cube of beeswax, sufficient sweet oil for thick paste. Melt tallow and beeswax and work in other ingredients as it cools, oil last. This was given by an old herder, and I found it a cure in from one to two applications in very bad cases. Use every other evening after cleansing the hoofs.—*N. E. Farmer.*

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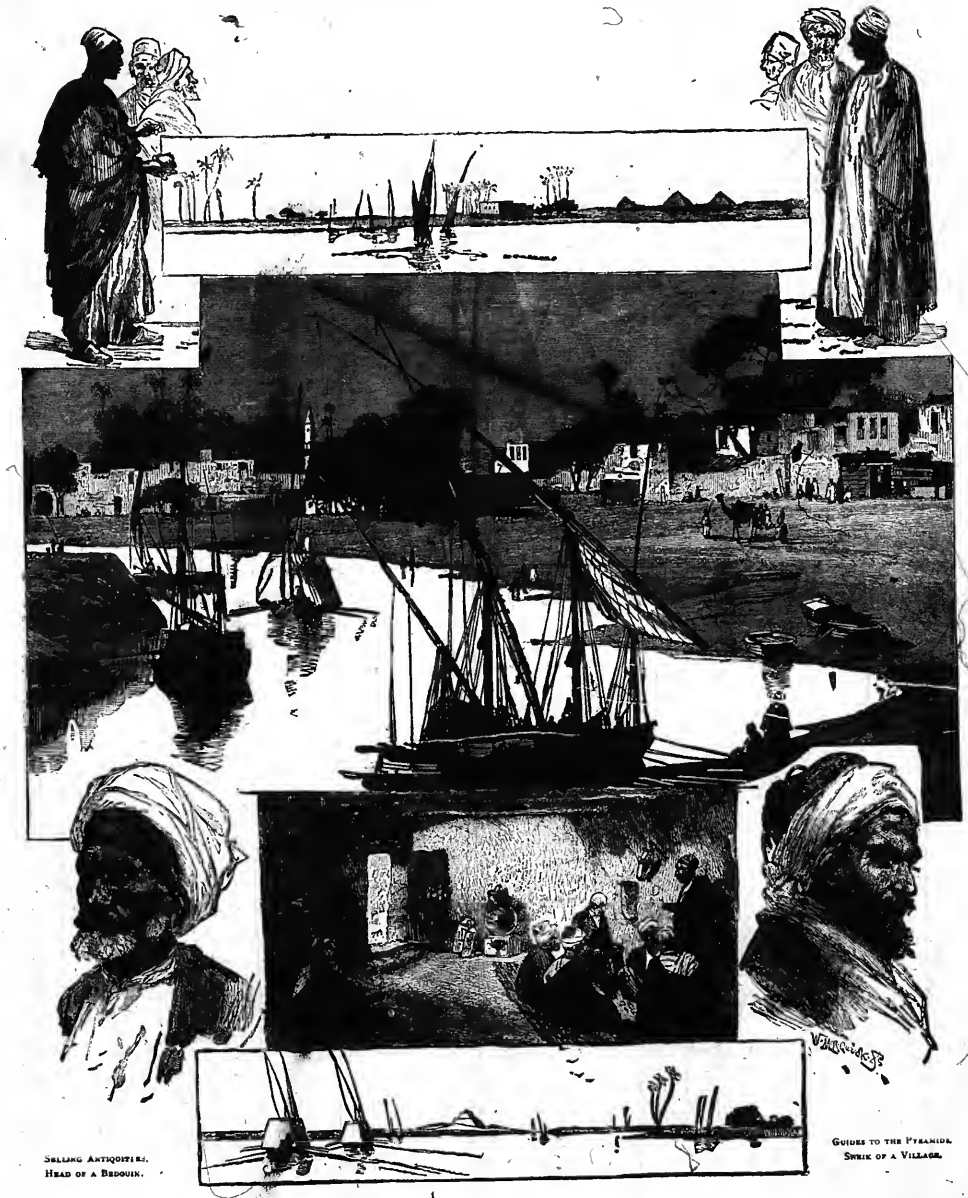

Selling Antiquities.
Head of a Bedouin.

Guides to the Pyramids.
Swirk of a Village.

ALONG THE NILE.

[From the Christian Weekly.]

The Pyramids, From the Nile.
On the Mahmoudieh Canal.
Visiting an Arab Household.
The "False Pyramid."

From Alexandria to Cairo by Rail.

BY REV. JAMES M. LUDLOW, D. D.

We will take the 2:30 A. M. train. But do not grumble about the early hour, fearing we shall see nothing in the darkness. Since the Mohammedans make the day begin at sunrise, we are not off until our watches declare that it is between 8 and 9 o'clock.

What a motley crowd at the station! Atlas must have stumbled and shaken off from the globe he was carrying, specimens of nearly every nation on the face of it. Here are official representatives from half the governments of the earth, having a good time on pretence of protecting their nation's honor; each is followed closely by a body-guard of one, who is, however, a walking armory of weapons, and an entire court of tinsel. Animated black ebony statues from Nubia and the Soudan stare at animated white marble statues from Albani, while both are quizzed by the one-eye-glass of the cockney Englishman. Here are green-turbaned saints from Mecca, and frowzy-headed fellaheen from neighboring villages; vermin-cloaked beggars and red-capped, black-coated Turks; tourists in slouched hats and helmets, both with the ubiquitous three yards of tarlatan wound around them, which every new traveller is inveigled into buying as the only amulet against sunstroke.

Let us get into the car and make sure of our own personal identity. It will be well to think a moment as to where we are before we are whirled away to new scenes. This city was built over 2,000 years ago by Alexander the Great. We always knew it, but try to realize it. Along these streets, or those which they cover, thronged the art and scholarship which illumined ancient centuries. Here Apelles painted, Euclid wrote on geometry, Aristarchus, Theocritus, Aristosphanes, and a host of intellectual giants worked on the foundations of the world's philosophy. Here the seventy learned Jews made the Septuagint translation of the Hebrew Scriptures. On yonder hill, by Pompey's Pillar, was gathered the most famous library of the early world, whose destruction burned up the best records of primitive ages. This spot was hallowed by the labors of St. Mark. Here flowed, in a single massacre, under Caracalla, the blood of nearly all the male population. Here the monks under Cyril, with blood uncooled by their asceticism, rather inflamed by their misinterpretation of the language and spirit of Christ, led the mob against Jews and Pagans, and murdered the fair Hypatia. Cnosroes the Persian and Khalifah Omar laid siege to these walls. And more than once the destinies of the world have been pivoted upon this spot, from which we are now being carried by a second-hand steam-car imported from England, a distant Island, which, when Alexandria was in its glory, was hardly heard of, and of no more importance to the rest of mankind than Kamtchatka is now.

For some time after leaving the station, we have on the right the reedy shore of Lake Mareotis, whose shallow marshes are alive with white aquatic birds, as undisturbed by the rushing train as if it were no innovation. A little way off on our left is the Mahmoudieh Canal, the story of the making of which has horrified the world, twenty thousand Fellahs perishing in the slime of its banks during a single year. The line of the canal gives us a startling contrast between the decaying Oriental and the encroaching European civilizations which are striving in Egypt. On the eastern bank of the canal the wealth of Alexandria has scattered beautiful villas, rivaling some of those of Italy and southern France. But on the western side stretches for miles the squalor and discomfort which have been inherited from ages of ignorance and degradation. The huts of the common people are mere mounds of baked mud, or, at least, walls of sun-dried brick covered with stalks and brushwood. At every hovel, the women and children are patting into cakes the dung which they have gleaned from the highways, where in the morning the camels and buffaloes crowded with their produce towards the markets of the city.

How dense is the population! The fields as far as the eye can reach are covered with moving masses of humanity, all hard at work; as well as they may be, for these 5,000,000 Fellaheen of Egypt must pay an annual tax of $50,000,000 to the foreign bondholders; and this will leave them nothing for their own sustenance unless they gather every blade of grass they can force the earth to yield them. Villages of bottle-shaped houses, looking not unlike inverted hornets' nests, keep close companionship. Canals vein the country, the larger ones conducting water from the Nile, and distributing it through a thousand smaller conduits to the land which, out for this artificial irrigation, would open a myriad parched mouths and proclaim a universal famine.

But what means that long line of humanity through which our train passes, stretching away on each side until it is lost to sight in the horizon? These are canal diggers. We suppose that, under the influence of European civilization, the terrible corvee system of compulsory, unpaid labor, has been forever abolished; but the spirit of it remains. It is hard to get cruelty out of the blood of Egyptian rulers after the practice of generations. The Hebrews were compelled to make bricks without straw; but the Fellaheen are doing what would seem to be as hard a task—making an enormous public work with scarcely an implement. Nearly all are naked, or, at best, with only a bit of coarse bagging which covers the upper part of the person, protecting the back from the blazing sun. Those at the bottom of the great ditch stand waist deep in the mud and water, digging out the earth with their fingers, patting it into balls, which they toss to those a little further up the bank; who in turn throw it to those on the top, who tread it down into a shapely dyke with their feet. In this way the Mahmoudieh Canal was built, and thus, too, the Suez Canal was begun in 1859, and continued until the cry of humanity compelled the use of proper helps.

After about an hour's ride, flashing past picturesque villages nestling among palm groves, and more that are not picturesque, sprawling in half-built dilapidation along the miry flats, we arrived at Damanhur, the capital of the district of Beheyreh. A few European-looking houses rise above the mass of huts, and by their incongruous contrast divide the attention with the graceful minarets which adorn the numerous mosques.

The group at this station is, if possible, more motley than any we have seen. It is the time of the fair, and every conceivable specimen of humanity, from the white-robed, black-faced eunuch to the beggar in his matted dirt, crushes with you through the crowd as you try to get a five minutes' airing on the platform. Napoleon was at this place nearly captured by the Mamelukes, and unless you are careful not to go too far from the car-door you may find yourself in a similar predicament when the engine whistles.

As we steam out of Damanhur, the road, for at least five miles, is crowded with people on donkeys, on camels, on horses, and on foot. Some of them are as gayly dressed as if they were walking dry-good shops, as perhaps they are, for they are going to the fair. Some are almost entirely naked, having not much more than the conventional string about the loins. As our train generally frightens the camels, their awkward gyrations, together with the friskiness of the donkeys, make confusion worse confounded. Now we "slow up" to cross the Rosetta branch of the Nile. A magnificent bridge spans the sacred river at a cost of upwards of two million dollars. In 1856, before the bridge was built, Achmet Pasha, heir to the Khedive's power, was drowned here by a mistake of the engineer, who, in the darkness, drove the train into the river, instead of upon the large ferry-boat which was used for the purpose of getting the cars across the stream.

In an hour more we are in Tantah, where a branch railroad runs northeast to Damietta. This being a capital city, it shows much of its fashion at the station, where the people congregate to tell and to hear something new. A party of ladies squat on the same platform without the luxury of chairs, or even of the six-inch stools which are offered in most places to waiting guests.

These ladies are in elegant attire, wrapped from top to toe in loose flowing silk, black or purple colored. Lustrous eyes flash through the peep-holes in their veils. Some whoare quite goodly of countenance coquettishly throw the veil a little farther aside than is necessary, when they puff their cigarettes. Their finger-nails are stained with henna. Ear-rings and pendants at least a foot long are appa rently of gold. Strings of gold-coins are about their necks and on their bosoms. Their wrists are entwined with silver serpents and bangles. Yonder is a group of them unveiled, but tattooed on the temples and chin. The gentlemen in attendance upon them are slashed after some hideous pattern across the cheeks. This is, I believe, sometimes a religious and sometimes a caste symbol.

But see what is getting into our adjacent carriage! A mound of black silk bows itself at the door. There is a commotion at the bottom of the balloon. It lifts a little from the ground! Behold two black ankles: no japanning could give them a more jet-like polish. Above they are clasped with elegant silver anklets, while they terminate in white satin, high-heeled gaiters.

What a pitiable sight is this! A boy, with pain-drawn face, holds up to us the stump of his arm which has been taken off at the elbow. We are warned not to be deceived by beggars; but there can be no doubt in this case! Yet while we are getting a few piastres from our pockets, the guard whacks him unmercifully over the bare back with a stick large enough to have killed Captain Cook, when the lad raises both *hands*, to emphasize his bawling. In another moment he has both those hands, the amputated one as lifeful as the other, playing tandem at the end of his nose, in recognition of our American institutions. Beggars! Why, even the beasts go begging in this country. There sits a great white bird, as large as a crow, on the back of a buffalo, fleecing out of him a living.

One habit which we observe at the stations is exceedingly commendable, where most are so filthy as to be disgusted with their companions. Each kisses his own paw and puts it into that of his neighbor, while he wishes him farewell with a sky full of blessings.

Leaving Tantah, we are not without regret that we cannot spend a day or two among its strange sights, and especially be present at one of its noted fairs, which are held four times in the year in honor of the great Sayyid, a Mohammedan saint who lived here nearly a thousand years ago. Over a quarter of a million people throng the streets of the town at such times, and the fields around become a vast camp for eight days. Jugglers, dancing girls, reciters of poems and legends, and priests of the Prophet, mingle with the sales-people; and the elegant pointed Turkish tents, wrought with needle-work, crowd against the low black tents of the Bedouins. This would be a perfectly safe place for one to tarry, as Saint Sayyid is the patron of those in danger; and one has but to cry, "Ya Sayyid," to check a storm or avert an accident.

Soon we glide by the palace of the Khedive Ahbas, one of the most enterprising, and altogether the most honest (?) of the recent viceroys of Egypt, excepting, in the latter respect, the present Khedive Tewfek, who is said to be as good as he is weak. Now we skim the Damietta branch of the Nile, on a bridge which conducts us as gracefully as if we were the souls of good Mohammedans crossing the bridge of hair which spans the valley of perdition. At Benha we touch the railroad running east to Ismalia. About midway on this road is a spot which is marked on English military maps as an objective point where, in case of war, it would be well to drive an enemy, with a view of holding the whole country in case the enemy were defeated. It is Tel-el-kebir, just beyond Zagazig. Benha is famous for its oranges, whose groves fling their fragrance into the car-windows over the high mud walls which protect them from the small boys, the veritable "street Arabs" of the place, who swarm at the station. Here is the ruined town of Athribis, whose debris covers many Roman and Greek relics, and from which has been exhumed a statue of Rameses Second, who lived as long before the rise of the Roman Empire as we are living after its fall.

But look! look! cries every one, stretching over to the right side of the car. Do you see those pinnacles far away, twenty miles or more over the landscape? Just where the green meadows terminate, and the barren sand-hills of the Lybian desert project their huge barriers against not only the enterprise of men, but against every living thing, rise the pyramids, declaring in their silent majesty that, if man cannot conquer, neither can he be altogether conquered by the blind forces of nature.

Now splendid minarets of alabaster gleam in the near sunshine, like the bayonets of sentinels guarding a group of domes and semi-domes, which, in turn, rise from frowning fortress walls. And these are on the Citadel of Cairo.—*Christian Weekly.*

A Visit to the Jail.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

Some years ago, accompanied by an Episcopal clergyman, I visited the city jail once or twice, intending to continue my visits regularly. Ill health and other circumstances have, to my great regret, since made it impossible for me to carry out my design.

A scene witnessed at one of these visits has often come back to me, and has renewed its painful impression as often as it recurred. The first cell we visited contained more than a dozen white and colored men, and was uncomfortably crowded. The room, however, was clean, and the arrangements reasonably good. The prisoners received us good humoredly, and in answer to questions as to how they occupied themselves, some of them said they did nothing; others stated, with a grin, that they played cards sometimes. The next room we entered was rather dark, and at first it seemed to be empty, but as my eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, I saw a fine looking white woman asleep on the stone floor.

The weather was cold, and there was no fire in the cell.

The woman was wrapped in an old blanket, and sleeping so soundly that the voice of the jailor calling her several times in loud tones, made no impression on her.

The man muttered something impatiently, and approaching the sleeper, pushed her contemptuously with his foot, calling her name roughly, and at last succeeded in rousing the woman who sat up and looked stupidly about her. She was half clad, and a dress of handsome plaid poplin hung on the wall above her head. The woman seemed about twenty-five or thirty years old, and at her best must have been very good-looking. The tousled hair was very abundant, and her bare neck and arms white and plump; her general appearance that of a strong, healthy, handsome woman. It seemed such a grievous thing to find her in such surroundings, and see the jailor's scornful treatment of her, that I could scarcely find words to speak to her.

The jailor explained that the woman came from the lowest quarter of the town, had been drunk and fighting with others of her kind, and had been "given thirty days."

As he spoke, the woman rose shivering to her feet, and looking about her in a half-stupid, shame-faced way, drew the ragged blanket round her for a shawl. The minister spoke to her kindly and urged her to turn from her evil ways, and lead a better life. He gave her some books he had brought with him, which she promised to read, the jailor laughing and shrugging his shoulders while this conversation was going on.

In reflecting on this melancholy scene, which is constantly repeated with variations, as white and colored women are almost daily carried to the prison, it has always seemed to me that these unhappy creatures should be taken in charge by *women*. This plan is now often employed in the North with satisfactory results.

It has also long been desired by the city fathers, that a work-house should be established for prisoners who have committed what are considered, under the law, the lighter offenses, and as the recent message of the Mayor of the city treats particularly of that subject, I add the portion of it which refers to the work-house.

It should be understood that the message is dictated by no political or prejudiced views, but is simply a faithful statement of the evils existing among us, and a suggestion of the best means to remedy them, by a very efficient officer, who enjoys the full confidence of his fellow-citizens:

A WORK-HOUSE OR FARM.

An institution where minors of both sexes and women, convicted of petty offenses, may be made to labor during their terms of imprisonment has become so necessary as to require serious notice. All officers charged with the enforcement of state and city laws are severely puzzled in dealing with these persons. Our city is overrun with a very large number of idle, vagrant and disorderly Negro women, who congregate in particular localities and annoy all quiet, peace-loving people by their drunken broils and fights. They are daily arrested, fined, and for non-payment of fines must be confined in the city jail or turned loose, for an immediate repetition of the offense. They do not regard imprisonment as a punishment. Their chief aim is to exist without labor, and to exact that, is the severest penalty that can be inflicted upon them.

Without special provision, women, and boys under 16 years of age, cannot be made to labor. Nor is it wise to incarcerate boys and girls with the hardened criminals to be found in every jail. Some are so frequently arrested that it is necessary to imprison them, and each time they come from the jail more confirmed in a course of crime.

Proper legislative enactment is already provided in the City Charter for the establishment of such an institution. There should be a work-house in the city, or just without the limits, with a few acres enclosed for cultivation as a garden or farm by minors and women, as a means of correction and punishment. Neighboring towns and counties might be induced to co-operate in the erection and maintenance of such an establishment. The good government of surrounding communities, just as much as our own, needs the kind of discipline that would be thus afforded for youthful criminals, some of whom might be reclaimed and become useful citizens. Such schemes have been put into successful operation at other points, and when properly managed are, in a large measure, self-supporting.

Many topics that might be of general interest are passed over, it being my design to bring to your attention, in this necessarily brief manner, only such matters as seem to demand prompt consideration.

Most respectfully yours,

ALBERT H. PETTIGREW,
Mayor, Lynchburg Va.

The new Indian school near Arkansas City has been opened and is nearly filled with Indian youths. It will be run on the plan of Carlisle and will be a great help to ward solving the Indian problem.—*Indian Journal.*

SOUTHERN WORKMAN,

TWELVE PAGE, MONTHLY.

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WE are glad to report a marked gain, during the past month, in the subscriptions to this paper. Friendly expressions have been received, both in words and in more substantial forms. A dollar for the paper may do more good than a dollar directly to the school, for its facts and thoughts spread abroad are likely to fall, like seed, into good ground, and bear fruit in many ways.

We realize from nearly every issue of the *Workman* its helpfulness to teachers in remote places, amid many discouragements, whose letters, published in these columns, excite the interest of far away readers, and often bring valuable aid. We aim to make this medium of communication between earnest Southern and Western workers and their friends self-supporting, as well as helpful to the causes it advocates.

THE ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES of the Hampton Institute will be held in the New Gymnasium building on Thursday, May 22d. Friends in all quarters are cordially invited to attend. Inquiries as to routes, hotels, etc., addressed to the Principal of the Institute, will receive attention.

The March edition of the *Southern Workman*, though unusually large, was soon exhausted, owing to the general interest felt in its account of Negro girls. That account, with the accompanying illustrations, has been republished in a four-page sheet of the size of this, and will be sent to any one who may desire it, or be willing to distribute it.

Prison Reform.

THE article in the February number of *The Century*, by Mr. G. W. Cable, on the subject of the convict lease system, has done much good in calling the minds of men to the duties owed to prisoners. Said one of the recent Governors of Virginia, in an interview with him on the subject of prison reform, "It is hard to make the people of this State feel that they owe any duty to prisoners except to punish them."

In a somewhat extended tour through Virginia, I have found the sheriffs and jailers good hearted men, with but one or two exceptions, having no thought of reforming the prisoners placed under their care, and having the general idea that a prisoner is different from any other man in that he has been found guilty of crime and placed in prison. I am glad to be able to say, that the present Superintendent of the State Penitentiary is a very honorable exception to the class of which I have spoken. His influence is on the side of better things in the matter of prison management. Speaking of the gangs of convicts employed in different parts of the State, he said: "Humanity requires that these men be brought within the prison walls." But the conditions under which he has to work are most discouraging. He showed me the Penitentiary, built in the year 1800, to contain 250 prisoners, and having within its walls at the time of our visit 688 souls. What sort of discipline was it possible for this man to have, when he was obliged to place as many as twenty men in a single cell? How much classification of prisoners could there be under such a condition of things? I was surprised to find so little sickness in a place where men were huddled together in a way that no respectable farmer would think of herding his hogs. There was much truth in the remark of the Superintendent when he said, "It is like trying to dress a man in the clothes of a child, to try to care for the increased number of prisoners with the accommodations of eighty years ago." The women's quarters were still worse than those of the men, and yet it was with difficulty that the Legislature could be persuaded to appropriate $20,000 toward a new building, which was about half that was needed for a decent place for the women.

There are many valid objections to the contract system, but the introduction of this system is such an improvement on the condition of things—as shown by the reports of former years in the Virginia Penitentiary—that one can but rejoice in the change for the better, even though there be very great room for bettering the condition of things. The Superintendent told us that when he took charge of the Penitentiary he found 300 convicts utterly idle. As to the condition of the men on the railroads, of whom, according to the Superintendent's report, there are now two hundred and sixty-five, although they are not free from the disadvantages which belong to the convict system everywhere, they seem to me to to be treated with more care than in many of the neighboring States. Their death rate tells its story of what that system means under its best conditions. While in the crowded Penitentiary there were nine deaths out of seven hundred convicts in one year, on the railroads for the same time there were thirty out of three hundred. I went down on the train with a gang of these convicts going to work on the Mechlenburg and Danville railroad. They seemed happy and contented, and said they were glad to get out of the prison walls. The keeper showed me his gun. On the stock were names and dates. These, he said, were the names of the men he had shot while attempting to escape. He said the men were worked in squads of 16 or 20, and an officer from the Penitentiary guarded them, while their work was superintended by a "pitt boss," employed by the railroad company. These convicts, I was told, were allowed one cent a day for their work, which enabled them to buy tobacco, and acted as an incentive to good conduct. They slept in large barracks with three tiers of bunks rising one above the other. So far as I could find, the food given the prisoners was good, and they were treated humanely. Their quarters were rough, and provided insufficient protection against the weather, which undoubtedly accounted in part for the increased mortality. But, after a pretty careful inspection of the Penitentiary, and inquiring into its condition and that of the convicts at work on the railroads, it seemed to me the least objectionable of our system of prisons in Virginia. Very much remains to be desired. As the Superintendent says, "the gangs on the railroad ought to be called in where there can be some discipline, and the Penitentiary ought to be enlarged to meet the demands of a large and growing State." The best kind of work is impossible in a prison where there are twenty men together in a cell, but the saving feature in the Penitentiary and in the railroad gangs is that the men have to work. It is the absence of this element of manual labor which makes the jails of this State and of other States such a curse to the community. Go with me and look at some of the institutions that we are supporting at public expense, and judge of the work they are doing. Look, for a moment, into the Norfolk jail. At my first visit, I was told by the jailer that there were 75 prisoners in the jail. There were two long corridors with three tiers of cells rising one above the other. In one of these corridors, I found between fifty and sixty prisoners turned loose; one great herd of filthy human beings—black and white, young and old. Every cell on the corridor was unbarred, and these men were turned loose together, with no attempt at separation or classification. I found a boy of nine years turned loose with old and hardened offenders. There was no work for them to do. They were allowed to spend the hours, from seven in the morning until seven in the evening, in absolute idleness, the older ones teaching the younger ones in the way of wickedness. Instead of being in any sense of the word a reform school, it presented the best possible conditions for vice. It was a real seminary of crime. At 7 o'clock in the evening, the prisoners were turned into their cells. I entered one of them. The prisoners reported ten and even thirteen, confined in one cell, 12x12. The air was sickening. There was no ventilation except through the door. The beds were filthy, and some of the prisoners complained that they had none. Some of the prisoners were partially or wholly naked. The boarding in the flooring of the cell made a secure retreat for vermin, of which the prisoners reported the jail as being full. One-half of the jail, where the three or four women were confined, was scarcely used. It was the show part of the jail, where some of the good ladies of the city came once a week to pray with the prisoners who were then allowed to file into this part and listen to the services. It was kept well white-washed and clean, while the other part was filthy. I asked the jailer why this part was not more used. He said it was not needed, that there were not one half as many prisoners as at some former time, and he seemed to think the putting ten men in a cell 12x12, not at all out of the way. The Mayor had endeavored to better the condition of these men by giving them a chance to work on the parks of the city, but the men complained that they had so little food that it was impossible for them to work; and if the morning's allowance—which was one of two meals a day—was a fair sample, there was force in their plea. A tin full of meal scarcely cooked at all and covered with black-strap was their only article of food. Coffee, they said, could be procured of the jailer at four cents a cup.

Here is a picture of only one of the prisons of Virginia. It is not the worst. It gives us an idea of the working of the county jail system in this State and in other States. As the Secretary of the Illinois Board of State Commissioners of Public Charities says, in his article on the Public Jail System, "They are an absurd attempt to cure crime, the offspring of idleness, by making idleness compulsory." And again, "In our jail system lingers more barbarism than in all our other State institutions together." At the recent meeting of Prison Managers and Reformers, in the city of New York, a report was made from the jails of that State which showed a condition of things little improved on our own. The cause is, in both cases, the same. It is the connection of the Sheriff with the jail. Instead of having them under State control, as is our Penitentiary, they are left in the hands of petty local politicians, who are chosen at popular elections with no eye to their fitness for their place. It is not strange that under the existing condition of affairs the number of prisoners in the Penitentiary is on the increase. It must of necessity be so while our jails perform such an important part in preparing the occupants for the higher schools of crime.

During the summer of 1883, I visited the Penitentiary and seventeen jails in different parts of Virginia. I hope in next month's *Southern Workman* to give a further account of their condition as I found it at that time.

This trip through Virginia was made possible by the generosity of two ladies of Boston, who agreed to bear all travelling expenses in order to bring to light, and if possible, remedy in some manner, whatever evils might be found to exist. In all cases, I called upon the local authorities and public officers, from the Governor down, and so far as possible, secured their co-operation. In most cases, it was most cordially given.

I do not make these statements public to bring reproach on this noble old Commonwealth, but for the sake of a broader and more hopeful interest in these matters, and as a teacher in the Hampton School whose scope is the whole range of civilization, although it is so largely devoted to the "three R's," and to teaching farming and the trades.

The people of Norfolk have already made a move toward a better condition of things in the matter of prison management, and I feel sure that this will be the case wherever the condition of the jails is fairly brought before the minds of the people. H. B. P.

Indian Rights Associations.

These are the order of the day wherever there is an interest in the fate of the red man. Through them a unity of action is possible, for the want of which much enthusiasm and energy has been wasted.

The Philadelphia Association is the natural centre of them all, for there is the headquarters of Mr. Herbert Welsh, who has thrown himself into the work with tireless earnestness; much hard work has already been done by that body to secure better legislation at Washington, to gather and publish facts regarding Indians from the Northwest and Southwest, and to enkindle a fresh interest in the Eastern and Western States. Over two thousand dollars have been expended in the work.

We have received a pamphlet containing the Constitution and By-Laws of the Middletown (Conn.) Branch of the Indian Rights Association, of which Mr. Benjamin Douglas is President. It is a model for such organizations.

The Ohio *State Journal*, of March 1st, contains an account of a meeting of twenty prominent citizens held in the office of Governor Hoadley at Columbus, which was addressed by Mr. Herbert Welsh, with a view to organizing an Indian Rights Association in that city.

Mr. Welsh is now visiting Western cities, doing similar work in all of them.

The lack of unity in efforts for Indians has been fatal to nearly every good measure proposed. It can be brought about only by homogeneous organizations everywhere, independent of any one church or sect, welcoming to membership all who are interested,

and, by correspondence, working with the central Society for the salvation of the Indian, so far as a better public sentiment can do it.

A right public sentiment is the only solution of the questions of the day. This unity of action, and pushing the right points, are the chief end of Indian Rights Associations. There should be one in every town in the land.

We have received the thirty-first Annual Report of the *Children's Aid Society*, of New York, of which Rev. Charles L. Brace is the Secretary, and its centre and inspiration.

No work in the land appeals more strongly to the benevolent. We invite the attention of our readers to the following account of this noble charity, taken from the Report, which tells the story better than we can.

"The workers in this charity have been striving for more than thirty years to lessen crime and misery among the children of the poor in this city. They have gone from house to house in the most wretched quarters; they have searched attics and cellars in the crowded wards for the abandoned or neglected children of poverty; explored the streets in the silent hours of the night, or wandered through the markets and over the docks in the day to find out the little ones who were homeless and friendless. Often in these labors they have been in rooms where small-pox or scarlet fever or typhoid raged, and have stood by the beds of the dying. Recognizing that the criminal classes are filled continually from the neglected and outcast children of the city, they have sought to prevent crime by early care and instruction of the young, and have reasoned that it was more humane as well as more economical to check the growth of crime than to punish it. Their great desire has been to lessen human misery and soften the fearful social evils of this great city. They have wished to wipe away tears, to cure wounds and cause young children to begin wholesome and pure lives, instead of growing up to crime and debauchery. In these efforts of thirty odd years our hundreds of laborers—both volunteers from comfortable homes and employed agents—have not spared themselves. They have given their best days and best powers to this humble but most useful service. Some have grown old in the work, some have perished by the way from too earnest devotion to these labors of humanity. Among so many, in more than a quarter of a century, there never has been a single instance of the slightest peculation, betrayal of trust, or scandalous conduct with the Society.

Their efforts have been crowned by Providence, with a remarkable and unexpected success. The plan of this charity was carefully formed in the beginning, and has been faithfully followed out through these thirty years. Its great advantage has been in uniting so many branches under one head, thus saving the expenses of many agents and much machinery. It has had the enormous assistance of the almost unlimited demand for children's labor in the West. And it has been favorably regarded by the great public of moderate means throughout the country who support such enterprises of charity. It is the small gifts from every part of the Union which have enabled this Society to accomplish its important work.

Its great results are that over 60,000 homeless children have been placed in good homes in the rural districts; that some 300,000 boys and girls have been sheltered, fed and instructed in its six Lodging Houses; that hundreds of thousands have been cared for and trained in its 21 Industrial Schools, or taught in its 14 Night Schools, and many thousands refreshed, strengthened or restored to health by its Sick Mission and Summer Home.

The fruits in this city are seen in the diminished number of petty thieves, child vagrants, young prostitutes, boy burglars and youthful criminals. Since these labors began there are fewer children's faces behind prison bars; less childish poverty, beggery and crime; a smaller number of deserted orphans and waifs, and a lessened crop of young offenders against the laws. We are enabled to say that no child in New York at the present time need be homeless on the street, or beg or steal for a living, or want for a meal if he will work for it, or be without a school where he can get both industrial and book training and plain food; or wait long for a place of work and a home. There is little excuse now for children's homelessness and crime in this city; and the friendless young girl in New York need not, if she will, be without shelter or work or home for a single night."

A Good Work.

No more remarkable or deserving work has grown up, as a consequence of the war, than the "Holy Communion Church Institute," founded and built up by the Rev. A. Toomer Porter, D. D., of Charleston, S. C. It was opened December, 1867, to provide a practical and religious education for Southern boys, especially those of good families, whose fortunes had been utterly wrecked in the war. Friends at home and in the North have helped it liberally; the latter, with many in England, have contributed by far the most, and still do for the current expense, which is about $35,000 a year for 200 young men, nearly two-thirds of whom are boarders from all over the State, one-third at least being able to pay nothing whatever, and the rest an average of $117 apiece towards the remarkably low charge of $200 a year.

The school is held in what was formerly the United States Arsenal at Charleston. It was given to the school in 1880, and, with many improvements, has become a noble institution, a blessing to the State of South Carolina and to those beyond; its sixteen years of work show results in over two thousand educated men, whose leavening influence will be a power in Southern civilization. It is non-sectarian, though under Episcopal control; it is no hotbed of Negro-hate, for Dr. Porter has given Negro mechanics and laborers every chance he could, and has earned their gratitude and admiration in many ways. It is reconstructive. There is no better work for the South than to help its white as well as black youth to the education which the ravages of war made impossible. They were not responsible; they will not forget the kindness they have received.

To-day there is no stronger bond of union between North and South than the kindly and grateful feeling created by the gift of over twelve millions of dollars from the one to the other for educational purposes.

Had our politicians the good will of the people they are supposed to represent, the nation's record in the cause of true reconstruction would have been different.

Lifting the people by Christian education is casting up a highway for the coming of the Prince of Peace. Our reconstruction laws have been like a bridge of wood over a river of fire.

Dr. Porter's work has been one of faith and love; its history, as he tells it, is marvelous. Its origin was an inspiration; its growth was through tremendous difficulties, of which the lukewarmness, or worse, of friends, was not the least.

We believe that there is no school in the United States where the standard of honor and of manly conduct is higher than in that in the old Arsenal at Charleston, which stored the shot that was fired at Sumpter. The New South is building up on the very spot where its terrible break-up began.

Santa Claus at the "Butler."

REPUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

Visitors to Hampton Institute will remember the first object to which their sable driver calls their attention as they turn into the Normal School grounds, with a shake of the whip and a jerk of his thumb, and, "Yon's de Butler. Would you alls like to stop and see de kitchen garden?" A big, barn-like structure, like two long freight depots crossing each other in the centre at right-angles, stretches out into the fields, east and west and north and south—an object lesson on the points of the compass, for which one may be truly grateful to the late Governor of Massachusetts, in a region where you become so distractingly turned round from the first that you cannot wonder that Captain John Smith explored every maddening creek and inlet for the Northwest Passage. A crowd of pickaninnies is probably surrounding the latticed porches at the four ends of the building. The visitors generally conclude to alight and see what the "Butler" and its "kitchen garden" may be. Entering a door at one of the angles, they find themselves in a large square room, as barn-like as the exterior, free from paint or polish, and without furniture but for a tapestry of little shawls, hats and caps, and in the centre a platform with a few seats, to which they are invited by the teacher.

A big bell is rung. The cloud of pickaninnies crystalizes into orderly lines that come marching in, headed by the smallest of boys in the biggest of boots. Of course you ask his name, and are not surprised to hear that it is Methuselah, or Abednego, or something equally scriptural and appropriate. In they pour, till the dusky room is overflowing with a sea of dusky little faces with shining eyes and flashing teeth. Another minute and it is overflowing with song, rich, melodious; children's voices, but how different from the shrill piping of Northern school infants—no offence to the little pink and white cherubs, but they cannot sing like their little brothers in black, who beat them at their own songs. If anyone who has never been at Hampton fancies he has heard "*Johnny Schmoker*" sung, let him suspend his judgment till he visits the "Butler." "*Wide Ribber*," "*Roll Jordan*," and "*Peter on de Sea, Sea, Sea, Sea*," are best after all; and by the time the "whale has swallowed Jonah—*whole*"—the visitors, not knowing whether they feel more like laughing or crying, are generally doing both.

A door on each side of the square room is opened; the dusty regiments file out to their own music, and the visitors follow to one after another of the cardinal points of the compass, surprised to find in all quarters, neat and cheerful school-rooms, bright with sunshine and pictures, well furnished with charts and maps, and other school belongings; some classes presided over by graduate teachers from Hampton Institute, and some taught by pupils from the same, under supervision and training as teachers.

The kitchen garden is of course the great attraction, with its dainty devices for teaching the little ones the ways of well ordered homes.

Many have enjoyed such a visit to the "Butler," and all who have, we think, will wish they might have been present when Santa Claus made his visit this winter.

To provide Christmas presents for three hundred is a serious matter. For two or three years past, the kindness of certain Northern friends had made it possible to include this little Hampton "annex" in Hampton's Christmas joy. But, like other features of Hampton, the "Butler" has been growing—and three hundred!—the question looked serious. Santa Claus was not to be snubbed. He meant to come, and come he did. Little hearts are easily made glad. Some people don't know what to do with old Christmas cards; some do. Not that Christmas cards were all that Santa Claus could bring. Didn't he count every little nose three times over? It was some days after Christmas, but that was no matter. The year was young, like the children. They had been in school all the morning, and were not surprised to find a few visitors in the big room when they marched in at noon to sing before being dismissed. They had grown accustomed, too, for a few days back, to the presence on the platform, of a clever imitation chimney made of wood painted like bricks. It was, moreover, partially hidden now by the group of visitors. A little singing, some mysterious preparation going on meanwhile, and, the visitors quietly changing their places, a row of little stockings becomes visible hanging around the fire-place, and a few irrepressible screams and shouts burst from the most excitable as they are discovered. But there are not three hundred stockings, and they are evidently empty; so the enthusiasm subsides. The presiding genius of the place comes to the front of the platform and tells the children that if they will be good she will tell them a story. The eyes shine. It is a delightful story:

"'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

Emphasis and gesture make it vivid. The attention is breathless. But what do they hear? Is it the "prancing and pawing of each little foot?" It seems like it, indeed. The emotional thermometer is rising rapidly.

"As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound."

He did sure enough; and it wasn't the children only who were surprised. They turned the tables on their elders. One wild shriek—three hundred in one—rose to the rafters, and that room was half empty before one knew what had happened. Out through the open door they poured. A span of horses whose owner had deserted to watch the fun, took flight before them and broke their wagon. One guilty conscience betrayed itself in the piteous cry, "I's been a naughty boy; he's come for me." There was no time to laugh at the unexpected turn of affairs. First a rush to the rescue, to pick up the fallen before they were trampled on, and to rally the fleeing; a vain effort, till a wise head thought to strike the school gong. The voice of law touched the instinct of obedience, and an instant hush fell upon the crazy little crew. The panic was broken; the deserters came trembling back, encouraged by kind and firm exhortations, in tones they knew, to the room where poor "Mr. Santa Claus" was marching disconsolately back and forth before the lonely hearth, stroking his long, white beard, in dismay at the unexpected sort of sensation he had created. He stood considerately back from the edge of the platform, while his harmless and benevolent character was explained to the children, and the interrupted story went on till—

"... "laying his finger aside of his nose,
And making a bow, up the chimney he goes."

More screams and a feeble attempt at a second panic, but a wise assurance from the presiding genius that any who went out again could not return, pricked the bubble of their fear and they collapsed into good behavior. A conversation with the invisible Santa Claus resulted in that worthy's forgiveness of his uncourteous reception, and his return down the chimney with little injury to sensitive nerves; and the most amicable relations were soon set up by the appearance of a basket full of candy bags which he proceeded to distribute among the children himself; the "naughty boy," we fear, faring equally with the rest. One small girl had to be comforted at long range, remaining through the whole performance in another room, afraid to venture forth, but by no means forgotten or deserted. Another inquired confidingly of a visitor, "Didn't any of the big folks run?" and was quite gratified by the suggestion volunteered by an unscrupulous friend of the *biggest* of them, that that gentleman looked as if he would have liked to. The day after the occasion, most of the school were anxious to disclaim any share in the panic, though one honest lad feelingly exclaimed, "Oh, but when I thaw hith heelth come down!"

Some help was required for the distribution of the Christmas cards and the third lot of more substantial gifts—shoes, hats, mittens, hoods, scarfs, aprons, material for dresses, and oh, crowning joy to little girl hearts—dolls! pretty dolls; beautiful, wonderful creatures to their blissful recipients; dolls with nice clothes and real hair! The supreme delight of attainment, the motherly adoption of the treasures, were something to make one's heart tender. If the Sunday school that sent that gift could have seen the ecstasy of joy on one little dark face, they would have had a Sunday-school lesson that would never be forgotten. And, somehow, through the whole scene, even with the amusement softened by compassion, and with the sympathy in the little terrors and delights, mingled an echo of the old, dear words: "The least of these—my brethren."

The thanks of the children and their teachers are due, and are most heartily extended, to those friends whose generous thoughtfulness sent Christmas joy to the "Butler:"

To the Congregational church S. S. Northhampton, Mass. through Mr. S. C. Bridgeman; the children of Hartfield, Mass. through Rev. R M. Woods; the ladies of Memorial church New York city; the First Cong. S. S., Keene, New Hampshire, through Mr. G. E. Holbrook; Mrs. G. Fountain and daughters, New York city; Mr. F. C. Briggs, Hampton, and many donors of Christmas Cards.

H. W. L.

The good work of Miss Emily L Austin, at Knoxville, Tenn., is already known to many of our readers. It has, by good management, become a permanent establishment, in cordial relations with the city authorities, and is doing every year increasing good.

It teaches practical industry: carpentering to boys, and sewing to girls; is crowded and needs more room. Miss Austin speaks for herself:

"I send you my school report for three months. Our work has grown in interest and in the good will of our people to such a degree that I feel very much encouraged. It is my desire to build a larger house for our training school, as we are crowded beyond comfort in the small building we occupy. We need a reading room, a larger shop, a sewing room, and a kitchen: at present we are working and sewing in the same room. The city authorities will help us to some extent, but we shall have to look to our friends at the North to do as they have done before, and aid us with their generous gifts. Unfortunately, one's work will spread and grow out of the narrow boundaries with which we commence it. I thought I was done building, but our school-house is crowded; our training school overflowing, and we stifling in bad air and crowded rooms. Will you tell me what I can do or what you do yourself in like circumstances.

Yours, EMILY L. AUSTIN.

Knoxville, Tenn., Jan. 22, 1884."

We advise Miss Austin to ask for what is needed for the good of her school.

The Convict Lease System.

In the February number of the *Century* magazine, an article by Mr. G. W. Cable on the Convict Lease System in the Southern States, has opened the discussion of a subject which was already beginning to attract some attention in the South, and which cannot much longer be ignored either in its relation to public finances or public morals. The article in question was, in the main, embodied in an address delivered to the National Prison Reform Convention, held last year at Louisville, Ky., and it is somewhat remarkable that the facts and statistics contained in it have met with no contradiction from any quarter. On the contrary, Southern journals are furnishing items which more or less directly corroborate Mr. Cable's sentiments, as for example, the following glimpse given by the *N. O. Picayune* of the state of affairs in Louisiana.

"*The Lake Charles Echo*, a strong administration paper, pitches into James's Penitentiary lease with emphasis, and makes the following terrific charge against the Legislature:

"James has already forfeited his lease, and had it not been for the cupidity of former legislators in granting him relief, every convict would now be within the four walls of the State Prison, where they were sentenced to be confined, as a punishment for their misdeeds, where no human eye, other than their keepers, could see them, and not as now, being paraded in the presence of mankind as a grand menagerie, beaten, kicked, lashed and jeered at, and their blood and heartstrings being utilized for individual gain.

As a corrupting element in our politics, in manipulating legislation, it is equal to any yet claimed to exist, and we believe it is without a parallel in this respect, as we think of the fact that poor human blood is being sold to obtain means to debauch the people's law-makers."

Mr. Cable's work in collecting and sifting facts, has been so well and carefully done as to leave no room for doubt as to his ability or opportunities. He has gone into the field with unbiassed judgment, and is fortunately able to handle his difficult subject with the coolness of a business man and the enthusiasm of a lover of his kind.

At the outset he makes a broad comparison between the Northern and Southern States, drawing attention to the fact that while thoroughly well managed prisons are rare enough in the former, they do exist, there being nothing in the system which has been adopted to make them impossible, whereas, under the Convict Lease system common in the South, nothing is possible but cruelty, injustice, or at the best, neglect. A criticism appearing in the *N. Y. Nation* of Jan. 31st, indicates the root of the trouble.

"Mr. Cable brings forward facts enough to show that the Southern convict system needs overhauling; but the inference that the reader would naturally draw—that nothing more is required than the abolition of leases, and the substitution of the Northern system of contracts—is misleading. A lessee can be held in check and made to work his gang properly, just as well as a contractor. In fact, a short lease of the labor of a gang of field-hands is in principle the same thing as a Northern shoe contract. Constant State supervision and publicity are evidently much needed, and nothing is better adapted to bring them about than the publication of articles by Southerners who feel the inhumanity of such features of Southern life."

Now, the fatal fact in this Lease system, as is evident enough to any one observing it personally, is, that it can *not* be controlled. Within the prison walls a certain regularity in meals, labor, sleep, rest, etc., is almost a matter of course, and however bad the conditions may be, there is, of necessity, some attempt at control, and the brutal license of the chain gang is hardly possible. When criminals are leased singly, or in numbers, to irresponsible private individuals, or equally irresponsible corporations, anything like organized control becomes practically impossible. A lessee can not be held in check or made to work his gang properly, except at an expense or under conditions which, as to the first, can never be met, and as to the second, can never exist, until there shall occur some radical and hardly to be looked for change in human nature.

While of course much more is required than the abolition of leases or even that the substitution of a wise contract system, yet without these fundamental changes it is certain that little improvement can be expected, and a very brief examination of Southern prisons will convince most people that Mr. Cable's arguments are sound.

That public sentiment in the South is becoming aroused, is shown by such articles as the following:

"At the quarterly meeting of the Prisoners' Aid Society, held Wednesday night, January 9, in the Friends' meeting house, Eutaw and Monument streets, Mr. G. S. Griffith, president, made an interesting report of his recent visit of inspection to jails and alms houses in the South. In this report he says: During October and November I made a journey through the following Southern States: Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Louisiana, where opportunity was given me for a thorough inspection of their penal and pauper institutions, some of which I found in an excellent condition, but I am sorry to say that many others are in a deplorable state.

My visits embraced the jails and alms houses of Richmond, Alexandria, Norfolk, Raleigh, Danville, Salisbury, Charlotte, Greensborough, Columbus, Macon, Montgomery, Mobile, Columbia, New Orleans, Augusta, and some smaller cities. The lessee system seems to prevail generally in the South, and I cannot but regard it as barbarous in the extreme, as it places the prisoners almost wholly at the mercy of contractors, and in many cases they are worked exceedingly hard, poorly fed and clothed, and often subjected to the most inhuman and cruel treatment.

Contracts are given to the highest bidder, some of them for a long term, which is the case with the Louisiana convicts, who, in 1871, were leased by an act of the Legislature for 21 years.

These convicts work in mines, on canals, railroads, &c., in gangs. The convict women act in the capacity of cooks in these convict camps.

The prevailing idea seems to be to employ the convicts so as to get the greatest amount of money for their labor as a revenue to the State. In Louisiana they have a large penitentiary building at Baton Rouge, containing all the necessary machinery for the manufacturing of cotton goods, but instead of utilizing this the convicts are, as I stated, leased out in thirteen different gangs, to work on public roads, mines, &c., simply because more money can be made out of them in this way.

In Georgia and Florida they have not even a penitentiary building, all the convicts being leased out. The death rate in these convict camps is truly appalling.

During the past two years in Raleigh, N. C., out of 1,986 convicts, 237 escaped, 140 died, 8 were killed while attempting to escape, 3 while blasting rock, 1 was killed being captured, 2 by railroad accidents, and 3 died from the effect of gun shot wounds.

Under the lessee system little opportunity is given for secular, moral or religious instruction, and prisoners made desperate, use every opportunity to regain liberty.

The majority of the prisoners and convicts in the Southern prisons are under 20 years of age, a number of them being boys from 10 to 16 years. These children mingle freely with rougher and more hardened criminals, and instead of being reformed, are returned to society worse than when they enter the prison. What is particularly needed in the South are reformatories for young offenders, say those from 10 to 17 years of age, where habits of industry could be taught and enforced, and where, as far as possible, the rudiments of a common education could be given them, for we find that ignorance is one of the most prolific sources of crime.

Many of these children are incarcerated for very trifling offenses; for instance, in one penitentiary I found two little boys, twin brothers, sentenced five years for stealing a box of cigars valued at five dollars, and they were working and mingling with men sentenced for the most revolting crimes.

Out of 1,243 convicts under the lessee system in Georgia, 100 are boys from 10 to 16 years of age, and 400 from 16 to 20 years, the average age of all not being over 25 years.

Many of the county jails of the South are old dilapidated buildings, erected some eighty or ninety years ago, and are totally unfit for the purpose for which they are designed. Some of these jails are even without a heating apparatus, and the prisoners are compelled to huddle together, wrapped up in filthy blankets, and in some of them they are obliged to crowd the cells enough on the floor for the prisoners to lie down, even though their only bedding is a blanket.

The food, too, is frequently of very inferior quality, and then only about half cooked. In the jail at Charlotte, N. C., one of the prisoners showed me a piece of corn bread that had been given him for his supper. It looked more like the food prepared for chickens from cornmeal and water than co n bread, and had no appearance of ever having been near the fire. He also complained that the molasses was so bad it made the men sick. This jail is a tolerably large brick building, with 20 cells, and cost from $25,000 to $30,000, but is very badly constructed. The small windows on the outside walls, six inches by four feet in height, do not allow the passage of much pure air or sunshine, which is so essential to health, consequently the building is poorly ventilated and the cells dark, gloomy and damp. The sanitary condition and ventilation of many of the jails is also very defective, and in some the stench coming through the iron bars of the cells is almost unbearable.

A commendable degree of attention is given to the poor of the South, and the majority of their alms-houses are well managed, and will compare very favorably with those of the North. The alms-houses and city hospitals of Richmond, Norfolk and Alexandria are in a most excellent condition, and deserve special mention, as does also the asylum for the insane at Columbia, S. C., which is under the charge of Dr. Griffin. At this institution they have 610 patients, who are afforded healthy exercise and cheerful employment in cultivating the 200 acres of ground connected with the same, and they are thus enabled to have their table supplied with fresh vegetables and fruits.

The Prisoners' Aid Society intend to petition the City Council of Baltimore for an annex to the city jail, to be used exclusively by women. A plan of the proposed structure, which will probably cost $15,000, was presented to the meeting. During the quarter $509.25 were collected. Rev. L. P. Zinkhan, agent of the society, submitted a report showing the condition of the prisoners in the institutions under his charge.—*Baltimore Sun.*

"CRUELTY TO THE CRIMINAL.

"It is impossible to be religious before God unless we be humane to our fellow-men. There is one class of men it behooves us to be specially careful about, lest we violate the laws of humanity, because we are more liable to err towards them—that is the criminal class. The need here is great; for we are tempted to treat them as not partakers of our common humanity. And humane men are called on to look after the treatment of such, because jailers are tempted to be inhuman. They see the evils of the class of men they have to guard; have committed to them autocratic authority, so are specially liable to become brutal in their instincts and cruel in their treatment of criminals. Two matters, therefore, it becomes humane men to look after—the conduct of the jailer and the well-being of the criminal.

We published a short time ago the report of Mr. Griffith, of Baltimore, of his visits to some Southern prisons, and the impression left upon his mind by what he saw. He justly finds fault with a crying evil connected with our Southern prisons—the hiring system—by which large numbers of men, for the sake of money, and to free the State of expense, are hired out to build railroads and for other purposes, and are so badly treated that large numbers of them die for want of shelter, from exposure and other causes. We regard this as an evil which the people in the South should submit to no longer. Criminals are men. God requires us to treat them as men. They cannot be so treated and be hired out for money making, and placed under the power of brutal task-masters, by which many die and perish. In such situations, too, they have no opportunity of moral or religious instruction. We think this hiring system should at once be abolished.

Mr. Griffith points out the need of reformatory prisons for the young. We wish he had told us at what prison he saw two little boys incarcerated for five years for stealing a box of cigars, and these children made to herd with the outcasts of society. Let our people require that there shall be prisons for the young, where, without association with the hopelessly depraved, efforts may be made for their reformation.

Of our prisons, some are without means of being heated; the food is to be looked after; Mr. Griffith holds up Charlotte, N. C., as sinner above all in the quality of the food given to the criminals in jails.—Surely there must be some man in Charlotte who will look into this business, under his own eyes, and see that matters are made better.

Jailers are in the main cruel. They are tempted to this by their position. Let all citizens look into this, too. Why should there not be one or two gentlemen in every county who will make it their business to look after the prison in his county; see they are warmed and clean; that prisoners are properly clad and fed, and cruel jailors are dismissed.

In the Virginia Legislature, on Tuesday of last week, the President of the Senate read a letter complaining of abuses at the penitentiary in this city. The charges are of grave character, showing neglect of the sick. We were surprised that one of the Senators made objection. The letter, however, was referred to the special committee on the penitentiary. We feel satisfied that not only the Virginia penitentiary, but every jail and penitentiary in the United States ought to be examined regularly, not by hirelings of the State, but by men of humanity, who will see that the convicts are treated as human beings, and not as wild beasts. And we hope the committee of the Virginia Senate will let the public know something about the number of deaths, and whether there be cruel treatment in this prison.

Our appeal is to the humanity that God has put in our hearts. For the sake of that common humanity, let there be some man in every county who will make it his business as humane, to see that the laws of humanity are not violated in the shameful manner that is now being done in many places; by which men suffer from cold, and dirt, and hunger, and cruelty, and evil associations. And if the clergymen in every parish would make it his business to call the attention of citizens to this, we believe his Master would be well pleased. The gospel is not designed to make us only members of the church; designed to make us good men, kind men, humane men, who will not permit cruelty and inhumanity even to the lowest and vilest criminal.—*Southern Churchman.*

In a long and appreciative review of Mr. Cable's article, the *Charleston Weekly News* says:

"The temptation to continue the lease system is always strong in States where there is a vigorous demand for the opening and completion of extensive public works, and for ways and means for getting them done as quickly and cheaply as possible. The lease system then presents itself as the lowest bidder, and holds forth the seductive spectacle of great works, which everybody wants and no one wants to pay for, growing apace by convict labor that seems to cost nothing."

"But," the reviewer goes on to say, "the testimony of the prisons is enough. * * * * * * Even if the objections to the abandonment of the lease system were well grounded, it must be abandoned when it comes to be seen that it does not make good even its own poor profession. It does not even pecuniarily pay. 'It is,' says Mr. Cable, 'in its very nature dishonorable to the community that knowingly tolerates it. In its practical workings it needs only to be known to be abhorred and cast out. The system will very speedily, we are sure, come to an end in South Carolina. The lease system is not, perhaps, as offensive in this State as in other States, but it is indubitable that the leased out convicts have not all been properly eared for, and that the true purpose of their punishment has not been regarded as it should have been. There are many restraints upon the lessees here which do not exist in other States, but the desire is to abolish the system at the earliest practicable moment, and employ the whole of the convicts in and about the penitentiary, under the direction of the State officers who have the institution in charge. This would have been done this winter if the penitentiary had been large enough to accommodate the convicts who are now at work, under lease, on railroads and at the phosphate mines."

The time seems to have come when concerted action is possible, and the formation of local Prison Reform Associations through the South should be urged by all thoughtful citizens. Individual examination and report are always desirable and proper, and in most cases, indeed, are the necessary preliminary, but the sooner organized and general work can be begun, the better it will be for the credit of the States in question.

It is very encouraging to see that the women of the South are waking up to their own needs in the matter of education, and are putting forward their claims in a strong and womanly way.

When women can speak for themselves, as does the writer of the letter given below, they may be pretty sure of getting a hearing, and of, sooner or later, obtaining that for which they so reasonably ask. Nowhere in the world would the effect of increased facilities for the education of women be more quickly felt than in the South, for no-

(Continued on Page 44.)

Letters from Hampton Graduates.

FROM ONE OF THE HAMPTON SINGERS. "ACCUMULATING SOME PROPERTY." SUNDAY SCHOOL WITH TWO BIBLES. MAKING HER OWN CHARTS. KEEPING A GROCERY STORE, BUT "DON'T BELIEVE IN SELLING WHISKEY." STARTING A SEWING SCHOOL. "COLDER IN SOUTH CAROLINA THAN IT HAS BEEN IN A HUNDRED YEARS." A NEW SCHOOL HOUSE. FROM "A LITTLE BIT OF A GIRL." WORK OF A JUNIOR.

FROM A. HAMPTON STUDENT SINGER.

The "Hampton Students," whose songs helped build Virginia Hall, and interested many throughout the country in the cause of the school, nine years ago, are now scattered through the South, most of them engaged in teaching and doing good work for their people. One of them writes to us as follows:

——Va., Nov. *2nd*., 1883.

Miss A. E. C——

Dear Friend :—Down in the fork of the rivers,——and——, in an old dilapidated log cabin, is the hoarding place of the recipient of your circular. This little cabin sits on a beautiful little hill, about four hundred feet above the low lands; it overlooks one river on the south, and the other on the east. You may know by this, that I am teaching school. I commenced my first term here, the first of October. My school term is six months. This school has always been taught by white persons, and the children are very wild and reckless. They do not know anything about order in school or out. I have to commence as I do with a school that has never been taught. I have a very large school, which numbers about sixty-two pupils, and new ones are coming in every week. I am teaching in a church which will not be comfortable this winter. This is my first experience in teaching in this district, and I hope I will give good satisfaction, as I have in the past. I have been teaching ever since 1876, excepting one year. I like the work more and more every year, though I have many discouragements. I remember Poughkeepsie very well; I met many pleasant faces there when I was travelling with the "Hampton students." I hope you will excuse this short letter. I will say more when I write again.

I remain your truly, B.

ACCUMULATING PROPERTY.

A more recent letter from the above writer gives further and still more cheering account of himself:

——Va., Feb., 15th, 1883.

Mrs. D.——

Dear Friend :—I received two packages of papers a few days ago, and I am assured they come from you, for no one would have thought of me but you. The papers found a happy welcome with me, and I am very thankful to the giver. I am teaching yet, but I am not teaching in the same district. I am teaching in a church which has been very uncomfortable, but I made my complaints to the Board and they have had the house worked on a little. I have a very large school, numbering eighty-two pupils. I have no assistant, though I have applied for one. I have to work very hard, and I am almost broken down when I go to my boarding place, yet, I am in good heart because I am doing a good and noble work. I have since I have been teaching, accumulated some property. On one of my lots, I have quite a neat little building, which I rent to a white man for five dollars per month. I expect to commence my farm building this spring if I have good luck. I spend my Saturdays in cutting and splitting rails for fencing.

I would like very much to see the school in its present condition, and if I can fairly get off next May, I want to come down there. You will please find enclosed one of my pictures, and hope sometime in the future, you may send me yours. I often speak of you to my scholars, and they all know you by name and say they would be glad to see you; so your picture would not only afford me great pleasure, but all of my pupils. I must now close by hoping you may excuse all mistakes, for the children are coming in continually telling me something.

I am yours as ever, B.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL WITH TWO BIBLES.

Most of our graduate teachers become also Sunday-school teachers, often starting Sunday-schools where none have been before. The lack of all appliances for such work—even of Bibles—is greatly felt. Whoever buys a new Bible or Testament for himself could not make better use of the old one than to make it a missionary to supply some such need.

—— VIRGINIA, 2—15—1884.

My Dear Friend:

I hope you will pardon me for not writing before now. I did not mean to leave your letter so long unanswered, but I have had so many things to do that I neglected to answer. I have a great deal to do. I have ninety-five pupils on roll. I have to teach in the day and study at night. I teach Sunday-school, but it is a very poor one, though I do my best. We have only two Bibles and nine singing books.

I received several packages of papers from Hampton, and I gave them out in Sunday-school. The little ones are very much delighted with them. I have nearly as many old people as I have children. I have never described my school-house to you.

It is situated in the woods, with the front door facing the road. My distance to walk is about half of a mile. The house is very small for the number of scholars; sometimes I have seventy in one day. Their ages range from five to eighteen years. I have not been home since I have been here. Papa came to see me a few weeks ago. I have made some little charts for my school, as I did not have any. I take a large piece of paper and take a picture of some kind and paste it at the top of the paper; then I print several sentences about the picture; under a printed sentence I write a sentence, so I may teach them to read and write at the same time.

I saw all of the teachers Tuesday except three. The Teachers' Institute was held at the Court House on that day.

It is late and I will stop writing.

Respectfully yours,

MARTHA.

A TEMPERANCE GROCERY.

Less than ten per cent. of our five hundred graduates have failed to devote themselves to teaching. Of this small majority, some are pursuing their studies, some keeping house and taking care of their children; some have gone into business. The grocery business is one which is open to colored men, and is a good business, except that the temptation it brings to sell liquors is almost irresistible. Competition is strong, and temperance groceries are very few. We are glad to have this report of one kept by a Hampton graduate.

—— VA., *October 12th 1883*.

Dear Friend:

Your letter of the 3d inst. came duly to hand and was quite welcome indeed. At present I am not teaching and don't expect to teach here again, but my P. O. is the same and will be I suppose for sometime to come. I taught here eight sessions and left the school work last winter. Have been asked to take the same school again this session but declined to do so. During the present year I have been engaged in the grocery business, on a small scale so to speak, and have done tolerably well. But whiskey around here seems to be the staff of life and without it as a leading principle in business, one can't do much. I don't believe in selling it at all. Many thanks are tendered for your kind remembrance of me as one of Hampton's children, and, will be ever glad to hear from you.

I am indeed, respectfully yours, &c.

B.

STARTING A SEWING SCHOOL.

Hampton ideas of industrial education get pretty well inwrought into the Hampton student's faith and practice by the time he graduates—and frequently reappear, as far as practicable, in his own teaching. One of our young women writes of a sewing class she has gladly started at the suggestion of a kind friend.

—— *Va., Feb. 3d 1883*.

My Dear Miss C.

When I went up to——the second week in January, I found your letter there, and read it to the school. Oh my! the girls were so proud to know that you wanted them to learn how to sew. Some of them asked me if I would learn them how to cut out a dress. We truly will thank you for any thing you should send and I will show them all I can about sewing. By teaching them to sew it will do much good among them. I have met many of the parents who do not know how to cut an apron. In the house where I board, are three females, a mother and two daughters, who did not know how to cut a button hole, when I first went there.

—— is here in ——, keeping books for a store. He has been here since September, '83.

We have had snow one day but it did not stay on the ground any time. It is said that it is colder in S. C. now than it has been for one hundred years. We have a cold day and then a warm one. To-day it seems like a day in May,

My love to you.

Yours truly,

R.

FROM "A LITTLE BIT OF A GIRL."

Another of the first band of Hampton singers, then a little girl indeed, and now not much bigger, writes cheerily of her new school-house and her work.

—— Va

Miss A. E. C.

Kind friend. I have wanted to answer your letter ere this, but I felt as though I wanted to enter into my work before I wrote you. I have been waiting for the trustees to finish our new building; they finished all but the painting, and we begun our work last Monday, a Mr. H. and myself. The school house is quite large with black-boards on the walls, two small rooms and two large rooms; one I want to arrange as a reading room for the little folks. I have thirty in my room, and I have only been teaching one week. Both rooms have over 100 when the peanut picking is over; the farmers are very busy now getting their peanuts in. Our building is two stories high, six windows in each room and two windows in each small room. I have been teaching here four terms, and I conduct myself in the way that were I to leave I can at any time get the same school again should there be a vacancy. My Superintendent has told me he wanted as many of Hampton's students as he could get. This is quite a town; the only objection I have is, they don't want to pay us but $25.00 per month. I have petitioned for $30.00 per month, so I am persuaded to teach in the country if they don't agree to pay more. My reasons for teaching in the country is, because I can get board for $7.00 and not more than $8.00. I have a dear mother and grandma to care for. I haven't any father or brother, not any one to look to for one penny outside of my work, so it makes it quite hard for me. I have one dear sister who does the best part for the old folks, as she gets a little more. We also have to clothe them; neither of them are able to work, house rent to pay also, so it makes it very hard for to bear. I have made up my mind to be one of Hampton's best workers, and to make an honest living. God helping me, though I am only a little bit of a girl. Most of my children are as tall as I am.

Respectfully yours,

S.

THE WORK OF A JUNIOR.

Many of our under-graduates engage in teaching for the summer, or for a year, to earn money to continue their own education. A Junior—who is evidently competent to teach spelling and writing—gives this report of his work.

—— Co. Va. *Feb. 16th, 1884*.

Dear Sir:

I have been thinking for some time I would write you a letter. But only being a member of the Junior class when I left, I thought I would not be able to write you an interesting letter. However I will drop you a few lines telling you of my success as a teacher.

I left Hampton in June '82, and the following October I went to Augusta Co. for an examination, which was very good, and then took up my work here for a term of six months. I had never given the idea of teaching a serious thought until I began my work. I found to instruct was more than to receive instruction. I taught here one term and gave general satisfaction both as a teacher and in moral deportment.

I am now teaching my second term at the same place. My advance class is finishing up decimals. They would make very good Juniors. I would like for my beginning to be carried on to success, and as I intend to return to Hampton next term, I feel I would be doing a good part if I could bring one or two of my scholars to Hampton with me. Let me know whether you have any vacancies in the industrial department. They will be ready by the 1st. of September.

Please let me hear from you before that time. They are working hard now so they may be ready. If I teach this term it will make thirteen months in all I have been teaching since leaving Hampton.

I find there is a great deal that the young men of my race can do in this world of ignorance if they only prepare themselves with an education such as Hampton gives. If nothing happens I will be back to finish up where I left off, next term.

I remain your o'bt. pupil.

M.

Indian Debating Society.

By an Indian Student of the Middle class at Hampton.

When we first came here in '81, the Indian boys who are in the higher classes, got up a debating society for our own good, or to encourage us in speaking English, but they themselves have not courage enough to carry out their plan any longer than two weeks.

So we started anew again this year, on seeing the arrival of some of our Western friends, who do not know anything of the English language, to teach or to encourage them in trying to talk English. I am very glad to say that our Great Father has helped us in this and now carrying the work out successfully.

My idea in this is, as I have said, to encourage the boys in speaking English, and those that can already talk English, to encourage them to speaking before many people, and practice speaking. I have seen many boys who go back from here to their homes and have to look for an interpreter to the Agent and often wonder what was the matter, why because they never did try to encourage each other in speaking English. That is one of our great faults towards getting our civilization, never encourage each other. But now this year we have our debating society every Saturday night except the first Saturday in the month, which that time was given up to the temperance meeting.

On the first Saturday night when we commenced the society only two of us spoke on the subject appointed for the night, which was: "Shall we allow the white men in our reservation," and the rest in recitations and singing; and since then we are improving it every time, and we also owe many thanks to our kind teachers who have so willingly helped us. We have one debating society with the girls in their Winona Lodge, who also willingly carry out, and we boys have two debating societies in our own cottage. There we, those who can talk or understand English, take about two or three of the new boys and teach them a sentence or two to say before the rest, which they did with willing heart. About the second Saturday in Feb. T. T. had one to teach, and I have one to teach, and I teach scholar this sentence: "My friend, I want to learn how to talk English and I want you all to help me," which he and I went to his room after supper and have him stand against his room door and first make his bow and then say it, and we practice there until the boys are back from prayers. And when the time I called on him to recite his piece, he bravely got up and said: "My-Friends:-I-want-to learn-to-talk-English-and--I-want-you-all to-help-me," without any stammering at all which made me think that we could be raised from that degradation.

Those new boys are now learning the English language very fast, and hoping that they will not be ashamed to practice and be an honor to our poor race. And may our King find us in striving to get something worthy of having in this world and in the next.

We all ask your prayers that we may improve still more and more.

From your Indian friend,

JOSEPH H. ESTES.

ONE of the blessings conferred by Christian missions upon Pagan lands is the impulse given even to those who are not now converted to the faith, to care for their own people. A striking instance of this comes just now from India, where for centuries the Brahmins have not only despised the lower classes, but have deemed it a part of their religion to do so. Roused by the efforts of missionaries in behalf of the Pariahs, and the consequent turning away of this class from the national faith, a society has been formed entitled the "Native Philanthropic Association for the regeneration of the Pariahs," and two prominent Brahmins have sent out an appeal to the native princes, zamindars, and gentlemen of South India, calling for contributions for the establishment of charity schools for the education of the lower orders, and the employment of preachers to teach religion and morality. The appeal is a striking testimony to the influence of missionary labors in reaching the lower classes, as it complains of the readiness of these Pariahs to embrace foreign faiths. It is no slight good to have thus stirred these men to care, to some extent, for their own neighbors, for whose welfare they have hitherto been totally indifferent.

Missionary Herald

Indian Incidents.

OUR INDIAN HOUSE WARMING.

A year ago a plan was drawn up for the "Omaha Cottages," described in the last *Workman*, in accordance with the kind proposals of the donors, two New York ladies. It was a very pleasant coincidence that one of these ladies happened to be here a few weeks ago, just in time to give the first finished little house a "warming," and with a few other friends to fill it brimful of good wishes, on the day when Noah La Flesche and his wife Lucy, a sister of Bright Eyes, moved in. That Monday morning was a busy time in the bright, cosy rooms, as Lucy and her helpers put the finishing touches to the new home. The Indian girls chatted gaily over needle or scrubbing brush, and "My little house out West" seemed to cease to be an airy castle, and to grow into a glad possibility before their eyes. The furniture is of the simplest. Wooden boxes upholstered with furniture covering or bright cretonne, stand at the front windows as miniature sofas; corner shelves answer for a what-not, while a wardrobe and wash-stand have been manufactured out of a few boards and draperies of coarse burlap, trimmed with maroon canton flannel. The same material curtains the windows, while a maroon hanging conceals an obnoxious cupboard door. A little necessary furniture, some strips of red carpeting, gay Christmas cards tastefully arranged on the walls, and a few plants near the window, make the wee house look very inviting. In the afternoon, the young brave and his wife received their guests with quiet dignity, and Lucy regaled them with lemonade and cake of her own manufacture, so tempting as to augur well for her success as a housekeeper, when a cooking stove is added to their present *menage*. That evening after study hour and night school were over, the husband called for his wife at Winona, and they went out through the darkness to light up the little home. Let us trust its light will shine far off into many a crowded cabin and comfortless teepee, and transform them likewise into pure, sweet, Christian homes.

J. R.

OUR STUDENTS IN BERKSHIRE.

We have for several years sent a number of Indians North for the summer among the Berkshire hills and its farmers. It has proved to be a most excellent plan in many ways. The change of air and diet has tended to build up bodies never over strong, while the moral, social and domestic life into which they have been thrown, has in many instances met with very striking results.

It is necessarily so arranged that no more than one or two are taken into the same family, and they are consequently obliged to confine themselves to the English tongue.

The common every day life among these busy, thrifty people affords, to the Indian girl especially, advantages such as no large institution, however well conducted, can give; the art of planning and arranging work for one's own self is so important and yet with so much difficulty learned where almost every motion and almost every thought is governed by bells. The bells, however, have their lesson, which is among the first the Indian has to learn, that of having a time for every thing and every thing in its time, as well as place. For these and many other reasons, eight boys and nine girls were encouraged to remain with their kind friends in Berkshire during the winter, thereby making their stay of fifteen months' duration.

So far, this plan has been a very successful one. Seven boys have homes in Monterey, three girls and one boy in Tyringham, three girls in Great Barrington, and others in adjoining towns.

A girl in Tyringham who could speak scarcely any English a year ago writes, "I am getting along very nice indeed and I know great many English words since I came up here but I couldn't read in English and I am very sorry about that, but they teach me in the house everything, and I can do them all alone now, and I want to learn everything if I could. I think my classmates are all learn more than I do now and I will try and learn all the the work they will teach me."

Most of the boys attend the regular winter schools, while others are taught more quietly, and perhaps as effectively, at home by their friends.

One boy says he goes to school all day and the young ladies of the family teach him in the evening. His letters show that his ambition is meeting its reward. Another writes that, "All boys study hard in Mass. and work is going quick," and then adds, "Why is it all boys study hard? because no girls here to bother us, that's the reason why;" showing to the experienced eye that a certain problem is reaching a timely solution in his mind. Another extols the ice and snow, the doughnuts and pies of Massachusetts, and speaks slightingly of one poor little snow storm and the very *wholesome* fare which seems to linger still among his memories of Hampton. One tells of the Sociables which meet at different houses once a week; the supper, the games, the music, and the kindness of all in teaching them new forms of entertainment along the "white man's road."

Judging from these letters, the daily routine of all is much the same: for the girls, the ordinary duties of a farmer's household, with lessons during the day or evening; for the boys, caring for horses and cattle, chopping and bringing in wood, and other light work; then off for school with a nice dinner packed away in a pail or basket; "just like a picnic every day" one boy says: back again at night, more "chores," then a long quiet evening, and a night blessed with "pillows with feathers in them."

Such a life cannot fail of making a lasting impression for good on a life hitherto controlled by the calls of hunger or pleasure: and though it may oftentimes seem monotonous, they feel the advantages of it perhaps, like more thoughtful people, more appreciatively after it is past.

One very pleasant feature of this work is the affection and respect in which these kind people are held by the children whom they have helped in this way. For years after, you may hear them recalling the kindness of "my Massachusetts mother," or some wonderful feat of "my Massachusetts father" while letters directly from them almost invariably speak of *father* and *mater familias* as "my father" or "my mother". This filial confidence does not, however, prevent this free-born thinker from differing from the parents of his adoption and making considerable trouble sometimes, but a long patient talk—the old Indian's only medicine for this trouble—is pretty sure to restore harmony and insure a better spirit.

Until this year, the Berkshire visit has been almost entirely as a reward of good honest work of one kind and another, and has been eagerly sought, as it is still, but in the Spring we had among us some whose influence we had reason to distrust, and yet whom we were glad to give one more chance. We therefore sent them to the country, hoping the change in surroundings might be all that was necessary, but it proved otherwise, and some were finally dismissed to their homes rather than to be kept in places more worthy ones were ready to fill.

A letter from the teacher of the school in Monterey has just been received, and seems so fitting a conclusion that it is given here. Those who are acquainted with the undemonstrative Indian character know that the praise she bestows upon them must rather be in great measure upon herself. A less devoted teacher would hardly be apt to find her pupils "devising ways to make her work easier."

She says:—

"My whole number of pupils was thirty two, six of whom were your Indian boys. These were very studious and expressed a great desire to "know English." Their advancement in some of their classes was superior to the white children's. Of course, they are like all other children; some have greater intellectual ability than others; but comparing these six with the other pupils, the Indians are above the average. Their conduct, with the exception of one, was excellent.

They always treated me in a very gentle, manly manner and were quick to devise ways to make my work easier.

The only noticeable error is they have such a strong passion for tobacco. They seldom failed to go out after eating their dinner and have "Some little smoke."

My experience, though slight, with this race of people, has caused me to become greatly interested in them, and I feel assured that all efforts for civilization among the Indians will in the future bring their just reward."

C. M. F. L. M. MINER.

FROM OUR INDIANS AT WORK.

Some of our Indian students learning different trades at Hampton, give, at our request, the following accounts of their workshops and work.

PRINTING OFFICE.

The printing office of the Normal School is in a large and comfortable room in the Stone Memorial Building. We have one large steam press which we use for printing the *Southern Workman* and other papers which are brought in from the surrounding towns. There are also two small presses run by treadles; on these are printed jobs and small bills which are brought to us.

We have a great many cases of type, nicely arranged in a row, on one side of the room, while in one corner is a book bindery.

The boys not knowing anything about book-binding, an old soldier from the Soldiers Home is employed for that business.

There are four of us Indian boys and five colored boys working in the office. Three of us Indian boys have only worked at the trade five months while the other boys have worked from one to two years.

We who have not been in the office long set up articles for the *Southern Workman*, and those boys who have been in for some time set up hard jobs.

We like the trade very much and take a great deal of interest in our work. We hope to learn the trade well enough while we are here, so when we return to the West we will be able to take it up and carry it on out there.

THOS. MILES,
Sioux, Middle Class at Hampton.

CARPENTER SHOP.

In the spring of 1883, which is now about twelve months ago, our new carpenter shop was completed by the students of the school (both colored and Indian) of those who were members of the shop. This shop was furnished by one of the kindest ladies in the state of New York, and it is called the Indian Training Shop, of this Institute, to which I am now in situation as apprentice carpenter. I am interested in it. It is a great many things to say about this place that I could not describe. It is quite business place. The carpenter shop was not quite entirely finished by the hands of the students but by the manager of the shop, who has charge of all the new buildings that are now standing around the place. The gymnasium which is the largest frame building on the ground, will soon be finished. The members of the carpenter shop that are now in the hand of the shop are about fifteen in all. (not including colored.) The Indian boys who have been brought here for the short time ago are now doing most anything in the interior part of the work. Some of them, when they came here without any knowledge of the training of the kind, or any meaning of an education, or in general progress towards civilization etc., are now gaining something in the cause of life. They have not learned enough during the term for studying four hours and working four hours which is very short, than the white people have. When I first came here (four years ago) I could not find any carpenter shop until I found it in an old cabin—one of these cottages used as the carpenter shop. Now I am able to report my own duty as the carpenter, although I have not fair knowledge of my trade yet, as I ought to have.

I thank for the people who have done a great many things for the school, and to those who are kind to the Indians of this school.

Respectfully yours, JOHN KING,
Absentee Shawnee, Junior Class.

TIN SHOP

I will write a few lines about the tin shop. The shop is of pretty good size and very convenient to work in. It is always very comfortable in summer and winter. I like my trade and always try to do my work well. In order to learn it better I worked about 16 months all day and went to night school. I think I have lost nothing in so doing, if I am not allowed to finish my course in school.

There are five Indian boys working in the tin shop at present, 4 Sioux and 1 Pima. One Apache boy who worked all day to learn his trade has just gone home. He was a good boy and did good work and is going to teach his trade in Arizona. We make tin-cups, coffee-pots, dish-pans, wash-boilers, tin roofs, &c.

Most of the tin-ware is sent to the Indians in the West at various places. Our people can see by this that the Hampton boys are learning to work as well as study and that they are learning to walk in a path that is new to them. I think Indian boys can work and learn trades as well as any other if they have the same means to do it with. The boys are most trying to do their duty in working. That is a good spirit for any one to have. No doubt they will have great success if they dont get discouraged as I do and many others. That is one of our great faults and when one gets started down hill it is very hard to stop until we come to the bottom. Then we have to pick ourselves up again and commence anew and follow the advice of our guides (the teachers) and then we come out all right,

CHAS. PICOTTE, *Sioux, Junior Class.*

SHOE SHOP.

Dear Friends:

I will tell you something about our work at Hampton school. The Indian boys are now trying to learn their trade, and many of them are work students, that is they work all day and go to school in the evening. It seems to me every year the boys are trying to learn more about trades and one important one is about shoe making. There are now eleven Indian boys working in the shop, six of them work all day, and I am one myself trying to learn the trade. We are now able to make our own shoes and for others also. The shoemaking is good for any one who wants to learn it. The trade is for us so when we go home we can make shoes, and more than that we can teach the others also, and when we go from Hampton we can say we have done our duty well. So many times I want to learn my trade and say "I will try." I am now trying to learn all I can, while I am at school. The trade is mine and I am going to learn it if I can and do it well. The Indian boys in the shop are very anxious to learn their trade while they are here. There are now six boys work students and five are not yet, and I hope after a while there will be more boys work students. I have not much to say but I am very thankful for what I receive.

Yours respectfully,
W. B.

From a Returned Indian Student.

The good work done by Indians returned from Eastern schools to their homes is illustrated in the following from one who was educated at Hampton.

Cattle men have had a taste of Indian grazing lands, and are likely to acquire all they can get by fair means or foul.

While we have advocated renting out unused pastures, we regard the policy as fraught with danger from the corrupting influences of designing men.

The writer of this letter was no doubt sound in his opposition to the return of leasing his people's lands:

PAWNEE AGENCY, I. T.,
February, 1884.

Dear Friend:

I guess you have heard that we are to have a paper in our school, called "The New Era." It will be in the form of a magazine. You see I shall put to use the knowledge of printing of what I obtain while I was at Hampton. Mr. B—— made me a present one day at Hampton—a nice nickle plated composing stick, and I now often use it when I set types.

There has been quite a time among the Pawnees about leasing part of their reservation to a cattle company. Many approved it. Few wanted to lease, because they were bought, were paid somewhere about $600. When I found out, I opposed it. I oppose it for some reasons. I know it was against the wishes and interest of the Government. The Indians are now getting on their claims, and I was afraid if they should lease, would not advance them any, nor would they be put back but to a stand-still. They would all go back into their villages and mud lodges. They would then depend on the few beeves they would receive from the company. In councils I was threatened by some dignities; but as I know that I was for the right, I stood for it. My side came out as conquerors, and it was a glorious thing for the poor class, for this is the first time the low class have something to say, and also conquer the dignities.

My scholars were all new scholars, but I tell you they are learning fast; understand most anything you tell them. Daniel Horse Chief, Clifford Taylor, Jacob Echohow, Walking-Path White, and many more names I would like to write, but as you see my paper is near full, are very bright.

J. R. M.

A Young Hampton.

A letter from the Lady Principal of Hampton Institute, written a few days ago from Tuskegee Normal School, Alabama, describing her first impression of that noble work—Hampton's oldest child—says:

"The wish constantly on my lips or in my heart, since I reached here last evening, is that you could see this school. I am sure you would feel, as I do, that the dial of time must have turned back 12 years in its course. In many respects it is more like the Hampton I first knew than the one of to-day is; in some things, I think they have improved upon us. I was particularly struck by the contrast in their plantation melodies, which Mr. Washington called for at the close of the evening prayers. Their rendering makes ours seem artificial; there is more of the real wail in their music than I ever heard. The teachers here laugh themselves over their exact imitation of the *alma mater*; even the night school feature has sprouted; to be sure it only numbers two students, but it is on the same plan as ours. Do you know that Mr. P. has lately given them 440 acres of land, making their farm now 584 acres?"

(Continued from Page 41.)

where have women more influence, social and political, and although an extreme conservatism in regard to female education is still, perhaps, the rule, yet "Shirley" is not alone in her views, and there are thousands of women in the South who would rejoice to see the way opened for them "to obtain knowledge and train themselves for honest, useful and lucrative avocations."

To the Editor of the State:

"The Old Dominion, mother of States and of statesmen, has provided well for her sons. The University of Virginia, the Virginia Military Institute, the Agricultural and Mechanical College, all supported by State appropriations, offer advantages surpassed by no other schools in every department of learning, intellectual or industrial, that a boy may desire, or even aspire to obtain. The Indian and the Negro have been invited to her feasts; the unfortunate, whether blind, deaf and dumb, or insane, have been cared for; the orphan has been sheltered, warmed, fed and clothed. Only one class has been overlooked or ignored. All over this State, from the mountains to the sea, are girls and young women struggling with poverty and ignorance; poverty of circumstances, and ignorance of the 'ways and means' of earning an honest and respectable livelihood, and no helping hand or dime has been extended to them. Why should Virginia not do something to make the acquisition of a literary or industrial education possible to those daughters of her soil whom adverse fortune has shut from select schools? Are they not as deserving as her sons? Are they not as true? Wherefore the difference?

In our Legislature are pending, even now, bills asking for larger sums for those institutions that have been nurslings of the State ever since they had an existence. Should every gift from the public coffers be bestowed upon those schools open only to boys and young men? Why should girls and young women be left to pick up what they can in public schools, glean a few sheaves in some private institution for young ladies, and then be turned upon the world to live as best they may, with memories crammed with scraps of information, intellect untrained, no real knowledge that may be skilfully used and successfully applied?

Will not the fathers and brothers bring before the Legislature a bill for an appropriation to aid young women who are anxious to obtain knowledge and train themselves for honest, useful, and lucrative avocations? They do not ask for seats in your representative halls, within your legal bars, upon your judicial benches, nor in your jury boxes; they do not ask to visit your polls, stand upon your rostrums, nor be known in your political circles. They do ask for something out of that treasury their mothers helped to fill, for aid like that given their brothers. Shall they have it?

'The pen is the tongue of the absent.' Will you listen to its call, give a serious thought to its call, and grant its prayer?

SHIRLEY."

Once more we must remind our readers that colored women as well as white are in dire need of help, and that their inability to speak for themselves makes it the more necessary that others should speak for them. There is much truth in the following general statement of the case by the Richmond *Planet:*

"Twenty years ago the Negroes were turned adrift upon the world and told to shift for themselves.

Previous to this time, with few exceptions, they had all of their simple wants supplied by the hand of a master, and, in the natural order of events, had sunk to that state of dependence which incapacitated them from properly thinking or acting for themselves; thrown upon their own resources, some proved unequal for the task and were lost.

Those who braved the tide and stood the storm were the fittest, and thus survived, and in them and their sons was an almost "new line," developed. Of course the weaklings remain sheltered perhaps by the stronger, but they, from lack of vitality, must soon go.

It is therefore not to the slaves of old that we look for a redemption of the past but to this new race which has sprung into existence'

And it is in its women that to-day the strength of the "new race" lies. The material which they furnish is worthy of the most careful training, for in proportion to its development will be the progress of the whole people. The white women of the South have the men of their own race to look to, but their colored sisters are, for the most part, dependent upon the charity, or at least upon the exertions, of individuals who may interest themselves in their behalf. Their appeal is a strong one, and, be it remembered, they can do little for themselves.

President Andrew D. White of Cornell University, N. Y., in a recent address said:

"Take, first of all, the political spirit. Its manifestation in American patriotism is strong; who shall deny it, since, in obedience to this feeling, such prodigies of valor, such examples of self-sacrifice, have been exhibited on both sides in our recent civil war? And we may hope that in any future great crisis, commercial interest will be again put beneath the feet of political interest. But the life of a nation does not consist of great erises; what we are talking about is the steady normal march of our civilization.

And how does patriotism hold its own in this daily life against mercantilism. Glance for a moment over the greatest political question now before this nation. One is unquestionably the education of those millions set free and endowed with citizenship in the civil war; and indeed, not only of the colored population, but of the white population in many States. It is a question of prodigious import; for it is the question of "educating our masters." Every thinking man in the country accepts the principle that a controlling body of illiterate voters will, in the long run, ruin any country. To grapple with a question of this sort is worthy of the greatest statesman; and yet session after session of our national legislature passes by, and though it is made the text for a few speeches, the great majority of the representatives simply mirror the feeling of the vast majority of the people when they pass it by without a thought.

Take another question—the reform of our civil service. At this hour our civil service presents many features which have been sloughed off by every other leading nation. More and more it has become evident that some reform in this respect is a condition of national honor, indeed of any decent national existence. And yet how little thought or attention can our people or our public bodies be induced to give it. They have been, indeed, ready to hurry it off the scene, but real thought they have not given to it. They are like the people of Gadara; they have simply besought the Reformer "to depart out of their coasts.'"

On the fourteenth of January last, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Hon. Hiram Price, addressed a letter to Major Riordan of the Navajo Agency, which we in part publish, to show how far the Indian Department is able to help those who look to it:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS,
Washington, January 14th, 1884.

D. M. RIORDAN,

U. S. Indian Agent, Navajo Agency, New Mexico:

In his report on the inspection of your Agency, Inspector Gardner refers to the need of establishing a sub-agency in the settlement on the San Juan River, 130 miles from the Agency, where Francisco Capitan and his 4,000 followers are located, and of providing a sub-agent, blacksmith and carpenter, laborer and teamster.

Want of funds will prevent the carrying out of this recommendation, but possibly in another way something valuable can be done for the people. For the establishment of schools there is money; for buildings, there is, as you have often been informed, only the most meager allowance. If you can devise some way in which a building for a day-school, and for the occupancy of a teacher and his wife, can be furnished, a school can be established there provided you can find suitable people to fill the positions. The man could spend half his time in the school room, and the remainder amongst the Indians, directing them, and giving them help of every sort. If advisable, a daily lunch could be served the pupils, *prepared by the girls* under the direction of the teacher's wife. If this suggestion meets your approval, and is practicable, I would like a report from you on the matter, with definite recommendations and estimates. It is possible that for a school building a very small sum might be spared.

Major Riordan forwards the above to us with the following remarks:

"I beg to enclose copies of some correspondence on the subject of a school on the San Juan river, on the northern boundary of the Navajo reserve. I have taken the liberty of laying it before you, in the hope that through you some of the friends of Indian education might take hold and push the matter through to a successful issue. If you can do anything, and will let me know, I shall try and make other efforts combine, and success will follow, I hope, soon. An earnest, energetic man on the San Juan, properly supported, would do great good. The people must do what Congress won't. Yours, D. M. RIORDAN,

Agent.

Concerning Educated Indians.

Extract from a paper prepared by S. C. Armstrong, to be read before the National Educational Association at Washington, Feb. 13, 1884.

"My own view is that Indians at our Eastern schools who, to begin with, have a strong home and filial feeling, and would seldom consent to settle permanently among strangers, should be taught that they have a duty to their people; that education is more than a preparation for their own support and decent living, but that they have a great work, which they must begin by writing home good advice (which in many cases has had good effect) and expect to return to teach by precept and by example a more excellent way.

Our Hampton pupils are already inspired with this idea; it is the staple talk of their meetings and runs through their compositions, little speeches and short prayers.

The enthusiasm of the educator as well as of the educated is kindled by this thought. The former feels that his work is germinant, to be, probably, repeated many times upon others by the pupils before him who, himself, is stimulated by the thought of helping his own benighted people. I regard the idea of a *mission* in the mind of an Indian, Negro or any youth as a directive and helpful force of the greatest value in the formation of character.

To improve, and, to all appearances, change radically for the better once wild Indian boys and girls is comparatively easy, by bringing them to and teaching them in the midst of civilization; it is like throwing them into a stream that bears them along. Whatever the past may have done, I am satisfied, from experience, that present surroundings may overcome the power of heredity. So circumstances may even more easily drag them down; they go with the current.

Are the influences at home necessarily fatal? Can conditions be created favorable enough for their salvation while they are with their people, thus making them object lessons in Christian civilization which the Indians have so sadly needed? It is a matter of experiment or experience. I believe that it can be done.

To offset bad home influences three things will, I believe, in the majority of cases, suffice.

1st. Good Indian Agents. "The difference in the condition of Indians at the reservations is the difference in their Agents," said a competent observer.

When, in 1881, I took back twenty-five boys and five girls, leaving about five apiece at six Sioux agencies between and including Yankton and Fort Berthold, Dakota, there was only one first rate Indian Agent among them all. Those left with him remained steadfast, not without some inconsistencies, due to the fickleness of Indian character, and are now employed in the government service. The rest, partly from the weakness or worse of the agents, made, at first, a less satisfactory record; but, on the whole, did remarkably well, though some were reported as having gone back to the blanket. But the leaven worked, better men were placed in charge of the Agencies, and now in two and a half years not over five out of the thirty are given up as hopeless; the majority are school teachers and mechanics in the public service. Three who graduated later have gone back to the Indian Territory; of these, two are teaching in responsible positions and one is a government clerk and a successful cattle raiser. All did better the second year than the first. The best third of these trained youth had, I think, enough force of character to do well under disadvantages; the rest needed a parental care. The Indian Agent is called their "Father." To the red man the white man is typified by the "Father" in charge of him, and the Great Father in Washington. The former, if competent, and especially if sustained at Washington, has great power for good or evil, and is to-day the great factor in the life of the Indian; to the educated youth who return to the reservation, he is as important as the school that trained him. It is clear that Indian agents like Majors McLaugblin, Gassman, McGillicuddy, Riordan, Jackson, Llewellyn, at least a score in all, are able to hold up our returned boys and girls, unless the conditions are specially unfavorable, as when the lands are bad, or their resources are cut off as the result of short sighted legislation.

The present policy of paying small salaries to Agents is against efficient service. Congress wishes the cheapest of everything; party record seems paramount to justice. The Executive department hopelessly urges adequate pay for the responsible and difficult duties required. I consider it useless to work for some of the reservations on account of the inferior quality of the management.

2nd. Schools at the Agencies furnish an increasing field for work, for returned Indians. The breaking up of tribal life and settlement on limited areas if not on lands of their own, which is not far off, will increase rather than diminish the educational work which public sentiment clearly demands and Congress more and more favors. Not only are they calling for class teachers, but for our graduate carpenters, blacksmiths, shoe makers and harness makers. Probably not over six thousand, five times as many as now, will ever be taught away from their reservations; the rest, not less than thirty thousand, will be trained, if at all, at their homes. Each field supplements and helps the other. In quantity, the Western work is far ahead; in quality, that at the East is far ahead, as a rule. Liberal expenditure may bring the former up to the highest standards. To illustrate their relations: Dr. Jackson, Agent of the Pimas in Arizona, recently asked to have a dozen picked youth out of the hundred at his agency boarding school sent to Hampton to be fitted for teachers of book and mechanical knowledge, and they will be accepted, if government will aid in the matter. I think our specialty should be *training teachers and mechanics.* The agency schools can fit Indians to be farmers as well as we can, and the great majority must be farmers.

3rd. The missionary is the other important factor in the life of the returned Indians. Like the agent, he should be a first-rate man, or he may be worse than useless. Weak missionaries are as bad for the cause as weak agents. The religious societies have made some mistakes in their selections. In the mission fields of Bishop Hare, Rev. Dr. Williamson and the Rev. Thos. L. Riggs in Dakota, and others, our Indian graduates have found most helpful allies. Men like these have, after all, created, under God, the few bright spots in Indian life. Whatever have been their failures, the Christian churches of our country are the hope of the red race, whose existence is a question of morality and intelligence. Government is only incidentally Christian in its influence; it can fight, feed or educate Indians, but will utterly fail of the needed moral results unless the religious forces of the country shall take hold and send their best men into the field. With capable and well sustained Indian agents and a proper Indian missionary force on the ground, there need not be serious disaster to the Indian youths who return home from our Eastern schools. I would not say this of all the reservations, but of many of them

"All very well" it may be said, "but must the government keep up an expensive system to give employment to these youth?" It certainly will continue the school work. The reservations will ere long be broken up or much reduced, and the shops closed. Yet so far as Indians are (and not less than half of them are) on grazing, not arable ground, the entire value of which depends on access to water, homesteading in the usual way is out of the question; yet large numbers will receive lands in severalty. In this advancing stage, will no shops or mechanics be needed to repair wagons, and harnesses, shoe horses and build houses? Nothing is more important than to establish a force of Indian mechanics at once, in advance, if possible, of this radical change, whose intelligence, as well as skilled labor will be indispensable to the welfare of their people in this crisis. Let Government abandon the work-shops when it shall so choose; we can depend on a certain amount of wisdom and care in the matter; nothing could be greater folly than to keep back skilled Indian labor from the reservations, which, if employed steadily, will improve till thrown upon itself.

The far West is the battle ground of Indian civilization: white men's lust, avarice and rum, besides their own besetting sins, make the issue doubtful. The easy affiliation of the races will lead, I believe, finally to the absorption of the Indian by whites; pure blood Indians are probably decreasing; mixed ones are increasing, and the name will finally be nominal as it now is, in so many cases, in the Indian Territory and elsewhere.

All men, whether white or black or red, on our continent, are engaged in a physical and moral struggle. Christian institutions can save them by training selected youth for their leaders. The annual re-enforcement from schools and colleges sent yearly into the midst of this struggle, is the hope of the races and of the nation.

Pour into Indian life men and women of better lives, living illustrations of what their people should be; create the conditions which shall make manhood and citizenship possible, and, there will be, in a few years, no Indian question.

The new Indian School near Arkansas City has been opened and is nearly filled with Indian youths. It will be run on the plan of Carlisle and will be a great help toward solving the Indian problem.

THE pen pictures of Negro life in Louisiana, which Miss Annie Porter is publishing in the "Independent," have excited some indignation expressed through the colored press. We regard her work as really constructive, as sure to draw attention to a terrible state of things among the blacks, not, of course, even in Louisiana, universal, but as a great danger to the civilization of that and other parts of the South, where a similar state of things prevails, we believe, to an ex ent not dreamed of by the thinking people of the country. These facts should be pressed till something is done about them.

With Congress seemingly indifferent to these things, and a public overloaded with charities which are, so far as those in the South are concerned, maintained by but few, it appears to be of little use to push this cause which calls for millions of dollars of aid.

From "A FEW MORE PLAIN WORDS" by Miss P rter, we extract what follows as profoundly true and deeply important.

Whiskey is equally the curse of the Negro and Indian races; while bad enough for whites, it does not as much impede their advance; great educational, religious and social forces among the latter are arrayed against it; the two former have had almost nothing in the past and present, and little to work for in the future to protect them against the ruinous vices of gambling and drinking.

Happily, we believe, the majority of the Negroes north of the Gulf States are marching on steadily, slowly improving, but making headway against fearful odds. To day the white race is in a critical condition.

Miss Porter's statement about a class of Jews, (with mean men of every kind,) is a "bottom fact" in Southern life. It, rather than political reasons, was the chief cause of the exodus. The Jews have a grip upon the South of amazing strength, which has never here been shown, that makes masses of the ex-slaves worse off than ever, from the cruel "grind" and extortion under which they live. Food and clothing are sold them at a profit of two and three hundred per cent. and their crops are swallowed up by ravenous traders who leave their victims in hopeless debt. Hundreds of thousand of the slaves in the Gulf States are, we believe, worse off, physically and morally, than when in slavery.

"The race is, in many respects, like a race of children, and especially so in its want of capacity for taking thought for the morrow. Naturally improvident, deprived of the safeguard which gamblers sometimes find in instincts of saving, with just intelligence enough to appreciate simple games of chance; and with no real knowledge of their evil, even if they had the self-control to resist temptation, it is no wonder that this idle, excitable, amusement-loving people should have become inveterate gamblers, utterly without restraints of any kind except such as are furnished by their own wild, idolatrous form of worship, resenting the interference of those whites who would assist them, while readily falling a prey to the worst class of white sharpers. They are literally without protection from within or without; and the consequences, while most fatal, are surely not to be wondered at. When we add to this source of passion and constant goad to anger the facility with which the most poisonous and dangerous kinds of drink can be procured, such as are sold everywhere under the name of *antidote*, and the universal whiskey, it is not a chance, but a foregone conclusion that quarreling should be a matter of hourly occurrence in Negro cabins. The blacks are naturally, with few exceptions, extremely good-natured, phlegmatic even, hard to drive to real anger, and slow to revenge themselves when they are in their own senses. But they succumb with childlike rapidity to all forms of excitement: and though many of the older ones can and do consume enormous quantities of spirits without showing it to the extent one might dread, still, as a rule, they are easily intoxicated, and once in that condition, are savages—neither more nor less.

They are taken most unfair advantage of likewise in this very matter, not only in the shameful, nay, I will say criminal manner in which they are tempted to drink by those who should know and practice better things, but in the quality of the spirits with which they are so supplied. These are grave charges to make; but I ask any man of common integrity, who passes through the country, to answer these questions. Does he not see in every village an average of one "store" to every three dwelling houses? And in every one of these "stores" are not whiskey and other forms of spirits sold by the cupful or the barrelful, as may be desired? And is not this in addition to bar-rooms and coffee-rooms besides? He must answer most emphatically "yes" to every question. And I will add further, that if he remained a few hours in any one of those "stores," he would see children of every age served with cups and pitchers of such drinkables, for their parents, perhaps, but still openly placed in the hands of little boys and girls. Of course there are honorable exceptions to this rule everywhere, and I must say, with all desire to avoid hurting the feelings of a people whom I really respect, and for some reasons admire, that by far the greater number of these "stores" are in the possession of Jews, and are kept by them. Even on the loneliest parts of the prairies, wherever a few wretched Negroes are huddled together in what might become, under fostering care, a prosperous little settlement of hard-working people, fortunate enough to own sufficient land to keep them, there will be found a Jew store selling at exorbitant prices, and on credit, clothes, provisions and drink. The Negroes are soon in debt, and it is not long before they are working on that "store-keeper's" land, at his own price, and living on what they draw from the store.

You may be very sure the store prices never lower the amount of the original debt. Of course, in all such settlements, gambling and quarreling are the only amusements, drinking a chief occupation. But many as there are of these places, for which Jews are responsible, I must state, in fairness to them as to others, that so far as I know, without exception, the planters are equally, if not more to blame; for they all either allow such stores to be established on their plantations, as a means of keeping the Negroes at home and fettered by debt, or establish them themselves. In some instances I have known the planter and "store-keeper" to have been in partnership. So universal is this system of plantation stores that I am sure, from personal experience, that no Southern man would undertake to manage a plantation without the privilege of establishing one, nor would there be any reason to object to the custom, except the way in which the credit system is used as a means of getting a hold on the Negroes, and the freedom with which spirits can be procured. All planters, probably, who read this will answer, and with great appearance of plausibility, that they are compelled to seize upon the only means in their power of compelling these shiftless, trifling, untrustworthy people to work at all. To this I can only say that I know the Negroes are *very hard to manage in their present embruted condition*, and if the only means of controlling them and using them now is to be found in debasing and lowering them to a still further degree, then God help the country which needs such service and those who render it, whoever they may be."

A letter in the *Christian Register*, of Boston, from Rev. C. A. Allen, of New Orleans, gives interesting facts concerning the prospects of the sugar industry of Louisiana, the danger that four hundred thousand Negro laborers may be thrown out of employment by changes in the tariff, and an improved race feeling. It also speaks hopefully of education in that State, which "stands lowest of all the Southern States" in that respect. We are glad to publish the following extracts, telling of a "vigorous awakening," of course relatively of slight present value, as an offset to the dark side of things in Louisiana, to remedy which the first thing to do is to throw light on them, as Miss Porter is doing.

"Our State is just now agitated with great anxiety about the threatened prostration of the sugar industry. Such an event would depopulate half of Louisiana, and ruin our city for many years. It would be a long time before any commerce or manufactures could restore to New Orleans the moderate prosperity which it is now beginning to enjoy, and which the destruction of the sugar industry by hostile tariff legislation would paralyze; for nothing but sugar can be profitably grown on the lowlands, and the loss of capital that is now invested in buildings and machinery as well as in land and stock, would completely cripple the planters, and prevent them from embarking in new enterprises elsewhere. Four hundred thousand laborers, nearly all colored, would be reduced to starvation, and compelled to migrate to other States. The colored people have keenly shared the common anxiety, and have met in a State convention to memorialize Congress. The cordial fraternization of employers and employed, without regard to party or race, in the presence of a common danger, is one of the most cheering signs of the times. It shows that an intelligent feeling of common interest will now rapidly bring together the different classes of society in this State, which has suffered more than perhaps any other from the miseries of 'reconstruction' and Negro demagogism.

Another hopeful sign is the vigorous awakening of public sentiment with regard to education. An association has been formed in this city, composed of the most influential citizens, to secure needed legislation, send lecturers through the State, and organize educational societies everywhere. The teachers in our city have likewise formed an association. The managers of our approaching World's Exposition are arranging an educational department, which will instruct the people of the Southwest with regard to all the details of the best methods and means of our modern school systems. And, not least in importance, we are to have the guidance and stimulus of some of the most experienced laborers in educational work. Dr. Curry, the agent of the Peabody Educational Fund, has already come; and his addresses have awakened a new interest. And, in a few days, Mr. Mayo will come to spend the winter in the Southwest, and will give to the cause of popular education here the energetic and wise enthusiasm which has made his labors in other States of the utmost value for this great work. Altogether, we are looking now for a rapid and thorough revolution in educational matters; and we hope that, in a year or two, our State, which now stands lowest of all the Southern States in education, will compare favorably with our neighbor Texas, which at present heads the list."

Correspondence.

We publish with pleasure the following kind letter from our friend, Mr. Herbert Welsh, of Philadelphia, Secretary of the Indian Rights Association, whose untiring efforts and eloquence have done so much to create the present public interest in the cause of the red man:

No. 1316 FILBERT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
March 4th, 1884.

EDITOR SOUTHERN WORKMAN,

My Dear Sir:—I learned with regret, in reading the last number of the *Southern Workman*, that the subscription list to that journal was not as large as could be desired. I enclose the sum of $5 as a small contribution toward its increase; also the names and addresses of those persons to whom I wish copies of the *Workman* regularly sent. Gladly, had I the means, would I do something worthy of Hampton and its grand work. Not only the service which this Institution renders the cause of Indian education (in which I feel an especial interest) awakens my gratitude, but I also thank you for that which it does in behalf of the Negro. May the day soon come when men and women, similar in spirit and in aim to those who labor at Hampton, may be raised up from among our money-getting and money-loving people.

I remain most truly yours,
HERBERT WELSH.

Death of Addison Jones.

BY MRS. ORRA LANGHORNE.

I am sure the teachers and students who knew him in his school-days, will be sorry to hear that Addison Jones, a most promising Hampton graduate, died at the residence of his step father Rev. Isaac Brown, in Dayton, Ohio, on the 25th of February.

This was a most sorrowful event to his mother, who was well-known at Hampton as Mrs. Evaline Jones, for Addison was the last of seven children.

His remains were brought back to Harrisonburg, Virginia, by his parents, and laid to rest in the land of his birth, among his sisters and brothers and other members of his family.

My sister wrote me on the 28th: "Addison was buried yesterday morning, and in the evening I went to see Mammy at her sister's house, and found her displaying the same sweet patience, and beautiful Christian faith that have always characterized her. She says that for a time Addison was in an agony of grief at the thoughts of leaving her, though reconciled to giving up life in his early youth. He told her she was burying her last child, and her heroic soul was equal to cheering and comforting him even in that thought. She told him not to grieve a moment for her, that but a short time remained her on earth, her good husband would care for her as long as they were spared to each other, and she could always have in her heart the remembrance of her children around the throne."

While his strength lasted, Addison worked most industriously, and his employer, a gentleman in Dayton, said he had never known a young man in whom he felt such entire confidence.

When Addison came to Virginia last autumn in the hope of improving his health, his friends noted with pleasure the development of his character, and his amiable manners and intelligent conversation were generally remarked.

One of his old master's daughters said of him, "Surely he is a lovely young man."

Every possible attention was paid to Addison by both white and colored friends in Dayton. His mother said that from Thanksgiving day until his death in February, a glass vase in his room was never without fruits, flowers, confectionery or some such considerate offering of friends.

Many hearts will offer earnest sympathy to the bereaved mother and will pray that the Comforter may come to her, whose spirit is "though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

A Wrong Impression.

It was recently reported in the newspapers that the Hampton Institute had received, or was about to receive, a legacy of twenty thousand dollars, from the estate of a gentleman who has recently died in Roxbury, Mass.

It is true that such a bequest has been made, and by one who was not known to have visited the School, or to have felt any interest in it. The legacy is not payable however, during the life of a relative of the testator, and several years will probably elapse before it is received.

This statement is made to correct a general impression that the Hampton Institute has an overflowing treasury. The fact is, that aside from its need of a new girls' dormitory, as set forth in the March number of this paper, it has to-day outstanding bills for current expenses, which it has no present resources to meet. In a School supported so largely as this is by the voluntary contributions of its friends, and without a fixed income, occasional emergencies are inevitable. But the faith in its work, which has led its generous friends to carry it through all its difficulties hitherto, will, we doubt not, continue to sustain it.

Hampton and Tuskegee Meetings.

In Hampton, Baltimore and Philadelphia, meetings were held last month, which were largely attended, and which, we hope, will result in increased interest and aid for Hampton Institute and its "child," Tuskegee. The sweet singing of a male quintette of the students of Hampton, and speeches from some of its Indian boys and colored graduates, excited applause and sympathy. We will give in another number the address of Mr. Booker T. Washington, graduate of Hampton, and Principal of the Normal and Industrial School at Tuskegee, Alabama.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

THE April number is even more interesting than usual, and is replete with instruction and entertainment. The embellishments are admirable—the colored frontispiece, "The Approach of a Storm," is particularly so. The opening article, "How Uniform Standard Time Came About," abounds with information, and is profusely illustrated. There are also illustrated articles by Walter E. McCann, E. A. Duyckinck, Chas. Von Sas, N. Robinson, Prof. Barrett T. N. Seymour, etc. Etta W. Pierce continues her great serial, "A Dark Deed," and there are short stories, sketches, etc., by John Habberton, W. E. McCann, K. V. Hastings, Helen W. Pierson and other popular writers. There are poems by Sidney Gray, Jos. B. Dalton, S. Waddington, etc., and a large variety of short articles, paragraphs, anecdotes, etc. There are 128 quarto pages and over 100 illustrations in each number, and the price is only 25 cents, or $2.50 year postpaid. MRS FRANK LESLIE, Publisher, 53, 55, & 57 Park Place, New York.

Rev. J. C. Burkholder has spent some months in the South, and gives his "impressions" in the Chicago Baptist newspaper (*The Standard*). He says: "The Negroes were unfit to exercise the privileges of citizenship, and the ballot in their hands was becoming more dangerous than bullets on the battle-field." And he adds: "I am not at all sure but that the very men in the North who have exclaimed most vehemently against bulldozing would have acted quite similarly under like circumstances. The very men in the South who have been regarded as the Negro's worst enemies are his best friends. They treat him with a kindly consideration that has been a constant surprise to me." That is what a Northener says. We simply copy it and leave every man to form his own opinion.—*Religous Herald.*

Among the Contrabands.

REMINISCENCES OF A VETERAN MISSIONARY.

The stories of an eye witness have always a peculiar interest and value; they give flesh and blood and life to the dry bones of statistics. The reminiscenses of those who, on either side, passed through the dramatic scenes of our civil war, will be read and sought for with increasing interest as time goes on. We are glad to have these few pictures of the Hampton of twenty years ago, from the pen of our friend, Mr. W. L. Coan, who has recently visited the Normal School grounds for the first time since those eventful days, when they were not Normal School grounds, but Camp Hamilton, covered with soldiers' tents and barracks, and the cabins of "contrabands."

"WHO WERE THE CONTRABANDS?

"A recent visit at Fortress Monroe, Hampton and Norfolk, has called to my mind—vividly—scenes witnessed twenty-two years ago, when my first visit to those interesting points was made. Can I write them up? No—emphatically, no! It could not be done. Shall I try? If you will charitably bear in mind that more than twenty years have passed, and that I am not undertaking to write a history, but only to give, as memory calls them up, a few of my personal observations among those 'peculiar people,' of whom the younger portion of the Freedmen themselves can now know but little

Then, go back with me, reader. It is the first year of the war, Dec., 1861, and we are at Fortress Monroe. The old flag floats over the fort. At every point we see evidences of strife, preparation for 'forward' movements: huge guns mounted on the shore, and war ships floating on the beautiful waters of Hampton Roads. Hampton village is a wreck, blackened chimneys alone marking the place where it once stood. Only five miles across the Roads floats the rebel flag, and a few miles back of the ruined town are the Confederate forces.

A few months previous to this time, there had come within the enclosure of the fort what appeared to be men, women and children; beings who could not only walk and run but talk, and with panting breath beg protection from those who claimed them as their property. We all know the story of Gen. Butler's famous order, which at least settled for the time the question of what should be done with those who, as human beings, a United States' Chief Justice had decided had no rights which a white man was bound to respect. "If property, they are, then, like other property falling into our hands, they can be declared contraband of war—to be held by the United States Government, cared for and employed for the benefit of the Union." This shrewd measure cut the knot of the problem; and the contrabands flocked in by hundreds. But the poor fugitives did not taste at once the sweets of freedom; the sympathies of even the Union officers, who had the charge of them, was not always with them; they were set at work on the defences, at the Rip-Raps, in the quartermaster's department, in the camps—which was all right; but for some time they were not paid, which was all wrong. On inquiring at headquarters, I found that the orders required that they should be recompensed for their labor; but no money reached them for a long time, and it is no wonder that to them, and to us who sympathized with and worked among them, seeing their toil and their needs, it seemed sometimes that they had but changed, one slavery for another. One of the more intelligent of them stated it thus:

'Dey said that we, de able-body men, was to get $8 a month, an' de women, $4, and de ration; only we was to allow $1 de month to help de poor an' de old—which we don't 'gret—an' one dollar for de sick ones, an' den anudder dollar for *Gen'l Purposes*. We don't zactly know who dat Gen'l is, but 'pears like dar was a heap o' dem Gen'ls, an' it takes all dar is to pay 'em, 'cause we don't get nuffins.'

This was quite too literally true, and knowing naught of their future, or whether they would ever be really free, it is no wonder that they were often sadly depressed and discouraged.

A CONTRABAND PRAYER-MEETING.

It is Christmas day, 1861. The 'contrabands' are to have religious meetings. About two hundred and fifty of them have gathered in a dirty, gloomy room; some seated on old boards laid on kegs, some standing. We approach. Hark—they are singing:

'God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.'

We enter; the singing ceases. They know me, for I have seen many of them, and have been sending them clothing, etc., for several months. Their missionary, Rev. L. C. Lockwood, of the American Mission Association, is sick to-day, and at their request and his I am to lead the meeting. A few selected passages of scripture read, a short prayer, a hymn lined off—

'Most Jesus bear the Cross alone?'

and sung pretty well, and I say, 'Now, Christian friends, this must be your meeting, not mine.' An aged woman prays, all bowing low, many prostrate on the ground. 'O God, be pleased to bress my dear children now away in slavery. And, oh, bress de ole massa an' missus'—sobs and wails and groans all over the room. A brother rises and says, 'Brudderin, we's now right in de Red Sea—looks dark, but I bleves de Gubberment 'll bring us outen it. We must trust in de good Lord.' Another shakes his head and says, 'Maybe dat brudder can trust but I sees no light. Nebber seen no such darkness befo' de war. Seems like ebry ting gits worser an' worser.' Then a prayer—'Will de good Lor' be pleased to bress de Gubberment ob dese Unitum States. Carry deir arms for 'em, an' gib 'em full victories.' Another says, 'I don't see how we can pray for de Gubberment. 'Pears like dey just done bring us h'yer to work fur dem, an' its de fact, brudderin an' sisteren, my old massa nebber treat me so hard as I'se been treated sense I come widin de Union lines.'

Another says, 'Bredren, we must be patient an' wait. God am seems like tryin' on us. We does has our trials. I has to work hard, an' I don't get nothing 'cept de rations, but I means to be faithful, an' if I dies in de cause, 'an never sees freedom, 'praps my children now in slavery may get to de land of promise. Remember de Bible done says, Godliness wid 'tentment is de great gains. I knows it seems hard to be treated as we is, but I specs de Gubberment aint to blame, but its some o' dese ole army officers. We must work an' do all we can; pray for de President an' de Gubberment, an' believe in God, who is much more mightier dan all de enemies. Let us all pray.' And it seemed as though all did pray, indeed; and our prayers were answered.

A long letter from Mr. Lockwood, giving the facts in detail, which were presented to Senators Sumner and Wilson and Congressman Pomeroy, by myself, with a statement of my own observations, given in person in January, 1862, resulted in an investigation which led to the appointment of 'Superintendent of Contrabands,' Capt. Wilder. General Wool's attention was also called to the matter (he was then in command), and it is with pleasure I state that there was a great improvement, and that much nearer practical justice prevailed as early as the March and April of 1862.

THE FIRST SCHOOLS FOR CONTRABANDS—UNCLE PETER'S SCHOOL.

As early, I think, as September, 1861, two schools were opened near Hampton, one of which was for quite small children gathered by a worthy, aged 'contraband,' who had been a slave of ex-President Tyler, whose summer residence was at Hampton. 'Uncle Peter' remaining in charge of the property when it was left by the owner. Possessed of little learning himself, his efforts to help his race were praise-worthy. Go with me into the cellar kitchen of the 'Tyler Mansion.' Uncle Peter is seated in a large arm-chair; some twenty-five little 'contrabands' around him; a 'class' standing at his knee; he is trying to teach them the alphabet. Holding up before them an old, well-worn spelling-book, bowed over it and turning it so that he can see the letters himself—they to see if they can—pointing with his finger as he finds the place, he announces, 'That's A;' 'A,' responds the 'class'—looking everywhere but at the letter, which they could hardly see if they tried. 'That's B.' 'B,' they shout. So on, down the line, 'Wait a moment, Uncle, that is answering you pretty well. Now try them on the up grade. Begin at the bottom.' Looking over his glasses, then under, then through them, Uncle Peter announces frankly, 'I don't zackly know 'em up dat yer way, boss, but I done knows 'em all down dis yer way'—with finger suiting action to the word,

MRS. MARY PEAKE'S SCHOOL.

Mrs. Mary Peake was the first teacher of a 'Contraband School.' A sketch of her life, self-denying labors, and triumphant death, was published by the old 'American Tract Society' of Boston. Mrs. Peake was never a slave herself, but had married a slave. She was an intelligent, quite well educated woman, possessing noble, womanly traits; was alive to the terrible wrongs and needs of her race, and chose to suffer affliction with them, and watch the dealings of Providence with them. Though in very feeble health—long standing consumption—she voluntarily gave her little strength to help the ignorant, to live her few remaing days for her people But go with me into her school-room, and see for yourself.

An old house, standing but a short distance from the 'Chesapeake Female Seminary' (now the Soldiers' Home), was known as the 'red cottage,' and was used chiefly as 'quarters' for contrabands.' In one of the upper rooms lived Mrs. Peake. In a dirty, forbidding room on the ground floor, she gathered the children—how unlike the school-rooms at Hampton Institute to-day! We enter; the children are here, but—'Where is Mrs. Peake, children?' 'Up stairs, she 'm being sick, worser to-day.' Clambering up the old stairs, the room is reached. What a scene! Ten or more girls, from ten to eighteen years of age, are standing close around the bed of their devoted but dying teacher. She is bolstered up by pillows, holds her book, is hearing, correcting, aiding her pupils, and, between terrible paroxysms of coughing, doing what she can, and as fast as possible, for her poor race, fully realizing that she must soon leave them. Wasted to a shadow, grown rapidly worse in the few days since I saw her in her school-room below, the failing voice, oh how weak, every symptom saying unmistakably, dying—almost through with earth. Watch that expressive countenance. Would I could portray it as it lives in my memory. Startled by the scene, I take her hand, saying: 'Mrs. Peake, you must dismiss your pupils; stop *now*—you cannot continue your school any longer.'

Raising her poor thin hands as high as possible, fastening upon me the intensest gaze of the sunken eye, once so soft, bright, and sweet, she said: 'Oh, Mr Coan, don't, please don't say a word. Let me do what I can for my race, my poor race, till I die.' Then, with an earnestness impossible to describe, she cried; 'O, God, O my God, what is to become of my race, my dear, wronged race?'

And we leave the poor room which, in a few days, became the chamber of death—no, surely, but the pathway of life to Mary Peake, from which she entered into the presence of the God of her race. At midnight, as the watchman cried 'twelve o'clock and all's wel;' catching the word, she answered softly, 'Yes—all—is—well.' 'Even so, saith the Spirit, for she rests from her labors, and her works do follow her.'"

The Heathen Chinee in San Francisco.

From a private letter we extract the following interesting sketches:

"Yesterday I went to 'Chinatown' to visit a small school which is taught by Mrs. Sheldon, a friend of mine. Besides her household duties, her family consisting of her husband and four children, she teaches a class evenings, and goes out two hours in a day to teach a small class. Three of her pupils are ministers. She reads with them and gives them scripture lessons, besides lessons in the construction of the English language. One of the three, Gee Gam, is a preacher in Chinese, and assists on a Chinese newspaper which is published here. I will get one for you as a curiosity. Mrs Sheldon is employed by the American Christian Association to work for the Chinese.

I reached the place early, and found a minister studying a spelling lesson, so I assisted him until Mrs. Sheldon came. He speaks English quite well, but English must be as hard for them to learn as Chinese is for us. Yesterday was a day set apart for Mrs. S. to help Gee Gam on his part of the newspaper, which consists of items. He had several daily English papers to glean from, and it was interesting and amusing to see him glance over them and eagerly ask Mrs. S. 'What this means?' He was particularly interested in the troubles between France and Anam. I said, 'France is like a naughty child and needs to be governed;' at which he seemed amused. The room was dark and dingy, but his mind seemed very bright.

While Mrs. S. was teaching another one, Gee Gam escorted us to his family apartment. We followed him up a dark and narrow stairway, through a long, dark hall, and entered a small, dingy room, which was crowded with various things. There was his wife in Chinese costume of dark blue, with a baby boy in her arms. Its birth was on the Luther anniversary; so it was named, if I recollect right, Wong Su Luther McLane (for Dr. McL. of Oakland) Gee Gam. It was a bright baby. Another, about two years old, had an equally long name, ending with Pond, for Rev. Mr. Pond, the missionary. To crown his other garments, he wore a scarlet head-covering with a cape, cut so as to form a resemblance to two short horns on the head, which were tipped with white swan's down. It was most comical, and reminded me of the way men dress their hair at the Marquesas Islands, either with one or two horns. It was evident that the boy's parents had taught him manners. He was shy at first, but came from behind his father's chair, and bowed to me, lifting his little hand and then bowing almost to the floor. This was repeated several times. It was extremely funny. Both children were well wrapped, as it was a cold day, and there was no fire. Gee Gam remarked that he was ashamed of their room, for he had no time to put it in order. A high desk was filled with papers, books and so forth. The room could not have been more than twelve feet square. The Chinese seem to like small quarters.

Mrs. Gee Gam appeared quiet and pleasant. A son, of some eight years, was at school. When I called there, the eldest had a large sore on one cheek, caused by a stone thrown at him by some rude white boy. They still receive rough treatment from rough fellows on the street.

M. and J. continue to teach in the Sunday School for Chinamen, and feel increasing interest in them. We have read with interest an article by President Angell, of Michigan University, on China, in the *Missionary Herald*, of December. We have some pleasant calls from some of the Chinese, and enjoy talking to them, though their English is broken.

"A bright Chinaman called on us yesterday, whose name is Quai. He speaks English very well. He was in a Mission School in Canton for a while before he came here. We asked why he came here. He replied, that he thought he would preach to the Chinese. When asked why he did not preach as he intended, he replied, that preaching is hard in the mind. When asked his present employment, he replied, 'I pick a chicken.' We then learned that he was in a grocery store, and sometimes earned $2 per day by picking chickens. He has roomed among Chinamen, but has had a small room by himself. Knowing that Chinese love to live in crowds, we asked if he liked to be alone? He said yes, for he did not like to live among heathen. When alone he could read and study. E.'s cook, Wong Zeh, continues to do well, and perseveres in learning what he can. He was desirous to learn to play on an organ, so that he could play for de bredren (the brethren,) in their prayer meetings. With another Chinaman he bought a house organ, and has taught him to read music, and he has got so as to play some tunes in sacred music. He calls on us once a week, when we hear him read and speak, and talk with him. He is refined and polite. He continues to cook, yet has a friend in a store, of which he is half owner." C. C. A.

Yet the Chinese must go!

At Home.

City Life and Country Life.

The general report of the "exodus" emigrants to Kansas is that those who pushed out into the country, either colonizing or scattering among the farmers, have done well, many having acquired homes and some land, while those who settled in the cities are—with exceptions—not so well spoken of, either as to industry or character. With more apparent advantages, they are not so desirable as workers or so respected as citizens. There is always a tendency among young people to drift into the cities. They have an impression of greater chances with less work, as well as of more excitements and amusements. The tendency is unfortunate, and comes from ignorance and wrong ideas of life and work. Any who are thinking of going to the city for a start in life would do well to read what the most thoughtful and experienced people think about it. Read the following:

THE OTHER SIDE.

"City life seems to be generally regarded people in the country as having many attractions, as indeed it has, but the mistake made, especially by young people living in the country, in drawing comparisons between country and city life, is in forgetting that while they are quite familiar with both sides of country life, and generally far more impressed with its disagreeable side, of city life they generally know but the one side, and that the attractive one. It has become, we are glad to say, quite a customary thing at farmers' institutes, grange meetings, and other kindred associations, to discuss the farmer's home and the means of making it more attractive, especially to the younger members of the family. Few of these discussions fail to bring out some hint or suggestion in the right direction, but the speakers on these occasions rarely get far from the beaten track, and by their language we are generally led to infer that they regard city life as such, as far more attractive than life in the country, and, as our little contribution to the next discussion on the same subject, we unhesitatingly protest against such an admission, and declare the attractions, pro, and con, to be fairly balanced, with the odds in favor of the country.

The trouble is that the comparison is generally made between an average country home or one below the average, and a more than average city home. Farmers' families, if they visit the city, do not usually visit their poor relatives, but usually those who are better off than they are themselves. If hospitably received and entertained, the life as led during the week or two of their stay is made exceptionally pleasant, and does not serve as a fair criterion of the usual city life, even of their well-to-do relative. As a rule, the visits of country people to the city are holiday occasions, and only the pleasures and attractions of the city are sought for or met with. In a general way, therefore, to the youth of the country, the city life seems a synonym for ease, gaiety and luxury.

But let them just turn over the leaf; let them visit various portions of the city where the struggling masses dwell; follow to his home in the outskirts of the city, with all the disadvantages and none of the advantages of city life, the weary mechanic, the man who at all times, whether in sickness or in health, must be prompt at work or suffer a reduction in wages, while in times of depression he is often thrown out of work; look at his over-burdened wife and sickly children, crowded into two or three poor rooms, suffering from impure air and the never-ending struggle to make both ends meet; consider that most miserable of all types of our commercial life, the clerk, crowding and elbowing his fellows, for they are legion, for a petty place at paltry pay, ambitious and hopeful, perhaps, for a few short years, and then sinking into a dogged apathy, or worse still, drifting into the mass of unfortunates too numerous in every city, and generally described as "wrecks." Look over a few pages in the life of that young girl, struggling to live respectably on a few dollars a week, amid home surroundings altogether unlovely, but whose life, passed in sight of gaiety and amusements, which, alas, are none of them for her, or such as her, unless she stoops to forbidden pleasures, soon becomes one listless, aimless round of monotonous work, destructive of the noble womanhood which was her natural heritage.

Even take the comparatively successful men, who, after years of hard struggling in their respective occupations or professions, attain at length to a moderate competence, apart from a few phenomenally exceptional cases, these are the fortunate ones; what advantages do their homes afford for which the average country home cannot provide an equivalent with, generally, the inestimable boon of health superadded."—*Farmers' Review.*

Teachers' Table.

Sentiments for Memorizing and Recitation.

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

St. Augustine, well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design
That makes another's virtue less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill, all evil deeds,
That have their roots in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright field of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to brighter levels rise.

The heights that great men reached and kept,
Were not obtained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last,
To something nobler we attain.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

If I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his Country. But I am to tell you the story of a Negro, Toussaint l'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a Negro and a slave; hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon at the age of twenty-seven was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen—the best blood in Europe, out of the middle class of Englishmen—the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of Negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery; one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and as you say, despicable mass, he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesmen you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the highest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreathe a laurel rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this Negro—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a State to the blood of its sons—anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams, before any Englishman or American had won the right; and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

Some doubt the courage of the Negro. Go to Hayti and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the Negro sword.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the State he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave trade in the humblest village of his dominions. You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when truth gets a hearing, the muse of history will put Phocian for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hamden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint l'Ouverture.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Agriculture.

A Home made Filter.

The following has been advised as a cheap and good filter for rain and other waters for cooking and table use. Small families use a spirit or wine cask, placing it on end, with the head removed, and having a faucet at the bottom to draw off the clear water. To fit for a filter, take the removed top head of the cask, and with a small bit bore holes all over it; then place four clean bricks or blocks of wood on the bottom, and on these rest the perforated top. Now fill upon it about four inches of charcoal chopped into small bits the size of peas, and over this place a layer of clean sand, six inches deep. Impure water poured into the cask on top of the sand will become clear and sparkling after a little while, or as soon as all the fine particles are worked out of the charcoal and sand. This filter will not need renewing oftener than once in two or three months.—*Christian at Work.*

Chickens for Market.

A correspondent of the New York World gives this timely advice to poultry raisers: Having had some experience in marketing chickens I have found it profitable to pay attention to the following points: In the first place, it is best not to give a chicken heavy food for ten or twelve days before killing. If the intestines are not empty at the time of killing, their acid fermentation tends to cause decomposition. Neither should the feathers be immediately stripped off, for if the blood is still fluid it will settle in the vesicle at the base of the feather, thus giving a spotty look to the skin. If, in addition to these precautions, a few pieces of charcoal are put inside, chickens will be in good condition to keep as long as the state of weather permits.—*Christian at Work.*

Harvest Calendar of the World.

We are all taught that by reason of inclination of the earth's axis the several seasons happen at different times in different portions of our globe, so that seed-time and harvest do not correspond in the various zones. But probably few persons realize that if all the harvest periods of the world were grouped together, they would be found to occupy more than three-fourths of the whole year. As a fact, leaving out of sight altogether the equatorial and neighboring regions, in which the different seasons are actually contemporaneous, there are, perhaps, only two months out of the twelve in which the harvest is not being actually gathered somewhere on the face of the earth. Thus in the greater part of Chili, portions of the Argentine Republic, Australia and New Zealand, January is the harvest month. It begins in February, in the East Indies, going on into March as we come north. Mexico, Egypt, Persia and Syria reap in April, while Japan, China, Northern Asia Minor, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco, and also Texas, do so in May. California, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Sicily, Greece, and some of the southern departments of France, gather the harvest in June. July is the harvest month for the greater part of France, for Austria, South Russia, and the greater part of the United States of America; Germany reaps in August, with England, Belgium, the Netherlands, part of Russia, Denmark, part of Canada and the Northeastern States of America: September is the time for Scotland, the greater part of Canada, Sweden, Norway and the northern midlands of Russia, while the harvest drags on slowly throughout October in the most northern part of Russia and the Scandinavian peninsula. It would thus seem that November and December are the only months which have not a place in the harvest calendar of the world.—*London Public Opinion.*

Health and Humanity.

How to Cure a Cold.

The London Monthly Magazine reports Dr. Graham as saying that it is not a correct practice, after a cold is caught, to make the room a person sits in much warmer than usual, to increase the quantity of bedclothes, wrap up in flannel, and drink a large quantity of hot tea, gruel, or other slops, because it will invariably increase the feverishness, and, in the majority of instances, prolong, rather than lessen, the duration of the cold. It is well known that confining inoculated persons in warm rooms will make their small-pox more violent by augmenting the general heat and fever; and it is for the same reason that a similar practice in the present complaint is attended with analogous results; a cold being in reality a slight fever. In some parts of England, among the lower class of people, a large glass of cold spring water taken on going to bed is found to be a successful remedy; and in fact many medical practitioners recommend a reduced atmosphere, and frequent draughts of cold fluid, as the most efficacious remedy for a recent cold, particularly when the patient's habit is full and plethoric.

Dr. Graham further says, it is generally supposed that it is exposure to a cold or wet atmosphere which produces the effect called cold, whereas it is returning to a warm temperature after exposure which is the real cause of the evil. When a person in the cold weather goes into the open air, every time he draws his breath, the cold air passes through his nostrils and windpipe into his lungs, and consequently diminishes the heat of those parts. As long as the person continues in the cold air, he feels no bad effect from it; but as soon as he returns home, he approaches the fire to warm himself and very often takes some warm and comfortable drink to keep out the cold, as it is said. The inevitable consequence is, that he will find he has taken cold. He feels a shivering, which makes him draw nearer the fire, but all to no purpose; the more he tries to heat himself, the more he chills. All the mischief is here caused by the violent action of the heat.

To avoid this, when you come out of a very cold atmosphere, you should not at first go into a room that has a fire in it, or, if you cannot avoid that, you should keep for a considerable time at as great a distance as possible, and, above all, refrain from taking warm or strong liquors when you are cold. This rule is founded on the same principles as the treatment of any part of the body when frost-bitten. If it were brought to the fire, it would soon mortify, whereas, if rubbed with snow, no bad consequences follow from it. Hence the frequent colds we experience in winter would, in a great measure, be prevented, if the following rule was strictly observed: *when the whole body, or any part of it, is chilled, bring it to its natural feeling and warmth by degrees.*—*Popular Science News.*

What Can Children Do?—

They can feed the homeless and hungry cats and dogs, and give them water to drink; they can, at least, try to protect them from the assaults of cruel boys; they can always speak a word in behalf of those creatures which cannot speak for themselves; they can say, Please be kind to that poor dog, please don't worry that homeless cat, please don't throw stones at the birds or rob their nests; these creatures have a right to live and be happy.

Children can fasten the blankets on the horses when they have blown off. They can give them a drink of water on a hot summer day, and sponge off their faces when they are tired and dusty. They can lift up the heavy collar from the tired neck and rub the perspiration off; they can move the troublesome blinders off from the eyelids where they are often found pressing down close; they can ask the drivers and coachmen to please loosen the check-rein and let their horses stretch out their necks and rest themselves. They can often speak to their playmates of the use which the large animals are to man, as the horse and cow, and the pleasure which people derive from the smaller ones, as the cat, dog and bird. These little creatures are company for us and ornaments to our homes when we feed them properly and provide them with comfortable places to sleep. And if, as sometimes happens, they see an animal, insect or reptile that must be killed, they can plead to have them all killed quickly so that their suffering may be short.

Animals know when they are kindly spoken to; speak kindly to them when they are sick or disabled and lay a gentle hand upon them. They are conscious of a kind word or caress, though they cannot speak and tell you so. How quickly they start and tremble at harsh tones; why should they not be fully as sensible of kind ones? *The Humane Journal.*

Pallisser's Useful Details.

We have received from the firm of Pallisser, Pallisser & Co., architects, of Bridgeport, Ct., a copy of the above work, consisting of forty plates 26 x 20 inches each, filled with practical and tasteful designs for every description of architectural work, which we have examined with much interest. These plates are drawn on a large scale and will be of great service to the builder and mechanic, and tend greatly to improve the taste of the Community. Price $3.00 per set.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate,

A good thing.

DR. ADAM MILLER, Chicago, Ill., says: "I have recommended Horsford's Acid Phosphate to my patients, and have received very favorable reports. It is one of the very few really valuable preparations now offered to the afflicted. In a practice of thirty-five years I have found a few good things, and this is one of them."

The National Association For Sanitary and Rural Improvement

was organized the summer of 1882, at Greenwood Lake, N. Y., at a convention which was attended by many representative sanitarians.

The objects are to establish local societies for Sanitary and Rural improvement; the issuing of tracts and other publications as means of popular enlightenment; and the holding of anual conventions for discussion and conference.

The Association issues a monthly journal entitled "INDOORS AND OUTDOORS," devoted to diffusing knowledge of how to have healthy homes and beautiful surroundings. The price is low, only 50 cents per year, and it is furnished in quantities to Rural Improvement Societies at much less.. It aims to stimulate the members of such societies in their work, and to supply practical information in this special line. The editors are Charles F. Wingate, Sanitary Engineer, and John Y. Culver, Civil Engineer and Landscape Architect.

The officers are as follows:—

President—Hon. ERASTUS BROOKS. New Brighton, S. I.

Vice-Presidents—HENRY E. PELLEW, New York.
FRED'K LAW OLMSTED, Brookline, Mass.
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Treasurer—WM. O. MCDOWELL, Newark, N. J.

The Office of the Association is at No. 119 Pearl Street, New York.

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THE RACE OF THE DRAGON-BOATS IN CHINA. [From Christian Weekly.

Among the Colored People.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

No. 3.

Living in a neighborhood where there are many colored people, I am often impressed by the strong natural affection they display in their family relations.

The little children are usually tenderly cared for and much petted. In many families among the laboring class, the children are given entirely to the care of the grandmother, the mother being engaged in laundry work, going to a tobacco factory, huckstering or being in service, just as it happens. In such cases the grandmother is generally called mother, or among old-fashioned people "mammy," by the children, who call their own masters by their Christian names, regarding them somewhat as children, too, and being little disturbed at any suggestions of rendering obedience to them when the grandmother is present.

The authority of the oldest member of the family is acknowledged, long after the children have become men and women themselves, and I have known an old black woman, noted for her dignified bearing, to rap her son, who had passed middle age, over the head with her stick, when he and his companions continued to laugh and talk noisily after she had bidden him be quiet on account of a sick neighbor.

When the old woman, who lived beyond eighty years, began to yield to the infirmities of age, she was cared for with the utmost tenderness by her children and grandchildren, and when her death came, the family bewailed her loss with excessive grief, although her support had been a heavy burden to them in their poverty.

After she was gone, the eldest daughter, herself a grandmother, said sadly, "I don't know how to make the children behave. I never did no managin' with 'em; mammy always had control of everything; I have had my mammy so long, I don't know how to live without her."

A year or two ago, I noticed about the house of one of our colored tenants a decrepit looking old man, who seemed to be a stranger in the neighborhood. Upon enquiry, I learned that he was the father of the woman at whose house he was staying. It seemed that in slavery they had all lived in an adjoining county, and the old man having separated from the mother of his elder children, took unto himself another wife. When freedom came to them, the first wife and her children moved to town to seek employment, whilst the father remained at their old home, with his young wife.

The eldest daughter and her husband, who are our tenants, have a large family, and it is a hard struggle with them to get along, but when, after the lapse of some years, the woman heard that her old father was ill-used by his second wife, she did not hesitate to walk thirty miles across the country, and gathering up the old man, a mere bundle of "rags and wretchedness," brought him to her humble cabin, where she has up to this time tenderly cared for him, and made him as comfortable as it is in her power to do.

Soon after we came to live in this suburb, I became much interested in a family of colored people living near us, who have since moved into another district.

When I first knew them I was impressed with the unusual number of children in the household, although it is by no means uncommon to see colored people abundantly supplied in that particular, if they are scantily endowed otherwise. Upon inquiry, I learned that three of the children in the family I speak of were not the offspring of the woman who kept them, but her mother's children. "My mother got married again when I was nearly grown," she said, when questioned about the size of her brood, "an' she died when this little Molly, my half-sister, was born. I had been married then two or three years, but I didn't have no children, an' mistis gave me mother's children to raise, an' she tole me I mus' raise 'em jes' like they was mine. It 'pears like things alway goes contrary in this worl'. I hadn't never had a chile of my own, tell I took mother's children to raise, and I jes' set in then to havin' children, an' I have had one mos' every year since. About the time my firs' chile was born, we was all set free, an' then my husband an' me had our han's full to get along with all the children."

"Was your husband willing that you should keep your mother's children?" I asked, thinking of the feeling usually attributed to men in regard to relations-in-law.

"Yes, marm," said the woman, "he has always been good to the children; an' hasn't never made no objection to keepin' em, though there was plenty of people, his own kinfolks, an' people that didn't have nothin' to do with it, that tried to set him agin' keepin'em. But we had took the children when they was little, an' we always calls 'em ours, an' they calls John father an' me mother, jes' like our own young ones do, 'an we never thinks about 'em not bein' our own." This woman had been brought up in a family of wealth and refinement as a lady's maid, and when a slave had been accustomed to luxurious living. She was an expert seamstress, having been trained to do needlework of many kinds. She said her mistress had never allowed her to do any coarse work, fearing that her hands would be injured and rendered unfit for the hairdressing and fine sewing required for the young mistress. The husband was a rough blacksmith, whose health was not very good, and as his trade is one of the handicrafts which is going down with the increasing use of machinery in iron work, he could not always find employment, and the burden of the family fell heavily upon the woman. In such a case, the support of three additional children was a very serious thing, and only strong and tender hearts would have undertaken it. I often observed with curious interest the care this woman took to treat the half-sister she had adopted in infancy exactly as she treated her own child near the same age. She never gave her own little girl anything unless she could give the other child just the same thing, and I have known her keep her own child barefooted all winter because she could not buy two pairs of shoes.

The two little girls, who were inseparable companions, were very proud and happy when in the early spring the faithful "mother," having plenty of work, purchased a neat cotton dress and stout pair of shoes for each of them. When the little girls were old enough to go to school, the woman, whose early association with her master's daughters had given her a due appreciation of education, was much disturbed in considering how she could manage to give the two children equal advantages in that line. It was impossible for her to get along with her work and the care of the young children when both the girls were away, and she did not want one to be in advance of the other in learning. After much deliberation, she decided to let them attend school on alternate days. It seemed to me that this plan was of very doubtful benefit to the pupils, and quite severe treatment of the teacher, but it originated in a very loving desire for the welfare of a child having comparatively little claim upon the woman so solicitous for her interest.

Among the colored people near us this winter is a family in which the grandmother, until recently a strong, active woman, who had taken tender care of the children of the daughter with whom she lives as long as she was able to do so, has become bedridden and helpless. The people are poor managers, and in the winter, when the children cannot get work in the factories, they often have hard times.

During the bad weather, a well-meaning neighbor advised Martha Jackson, the old woman's daughter, to send her mother to the city alms-house, where she was sure of being well provided for. Martha does not have very correct ideas of morality, and is a rough, ignorant woman, but, as is generally the case with colored people, her heart is in the right place, and she was indignant at the thought of pushing her old mother off now, in her helplessness and infirmity. "I can't send mammy to the po'-house," she said in tremulous tones; "she would't live two weeks away from me; I know she wouldn't live if she didn't have me to wait on her. She is that feeble she can't raise her hand to her head now; I has to feed her every mouthful she eats, an' she can't turn herself in bed; I has to get up an' turn her over every night. I has the baby with me, an' I know she would 'sturb mammy, but I makes my bigges' gal sleep with her to keep her warm, an' I keeps a chunk burnin' all night, so I kin put warm bricks to her an' rub her with somethin' hot, when them cold fits come on her. There's my brother, what don't do nothin' at all for mammy, an' he's a big man in the church, an' sets up to preach sometimes, an' he ought to help her, cos she borned him jes' as much as she did me. I aint no professor nor nuthin', but I does what I kin for my old mammy, an' I am a gwine to keep her an' take keer uv her as long as I is got a crust to 'vide with her; an' she shant suffer for nuthin' as long as I can help it; me an' the children will work for her, an' she shant nuver go to the po'-house."

The Chinese Festival of the Dragon-Boats.

BY REV. J. A. DAVIS.

About the first of June, as we count time, or the first of the fifth month, as the Chinese reckon, begins one of the great festivals of China. In some parts of the country this is called the "Children's Festival," though it is generally known as the "Festival of the Dragon-Boats." It lasts five days, but the most important time is the afternoon of the fifth day. The children do not think five days too long for the festival, but many of the grown people would be glad if it did not begin until noon of the fifth day.

Many of the Chinese buy on credit, and do not settle their accounts until the end of the year, but every one is expected to pay something on his debts during this festival; if he cannot, he may not be trusted afterwards. All through the fourth and the morning of the fifth day, men are hurrying through the streets, trying to collect bills or to borrow money to pay part of their debts.

While many of the fathers see little pleasure in the first four and a half days, the children look forward as eagerly to the Festival of the Dragon-Boats as children in America do to Christmas or Fourth of July. The boy or girl who rises late other mornings is quite certain to be up early the first day of this feast, and the child who is compelled to work at this time thinks himself very badly used.

Dressed in their best clothes, the little folks, hardly waiting to eat any breakfast, hurry into the streets. The public places are soon filled with cheerful children, and ring with the merry laugh and the joyful shouts of the little ones, who are as happy as though the world were made for them alone. It is, the harvest for those who sell good things for children; and many a little pocket that goes out well filled with cash comes home empty, while little stomachs that went away light come back heavy with aches and dainties. For four and a half days the children have the feast mostly to themselves. They visit their friends, eat dainties, play in the public places, go to see the sights, and enjoy themselves in every way possible, except by working. Perhaps they think it a fine thing not to be men or women now.

Near noon of the fifth day, the shops are closed, the merchants and workmen and customers go home; no more business or work is done; each one is getting ready for the good time of the afternoon. Every one seems happy; even the luckless debtor, who had nothing to pay, and who hid away from his creditor, breathes freely again, and comes from his hiding-place. To-morrow, he thinks, will be time enough to see if any one will trust him.

In China, nearly, if not quite, everything of importance is begun with idolatrous or superstitious ceremonies; so the most important part of this festival is begun with the worship of the idols and with superstitious practices. Pieces of yellow paper, having on them pictures of idols and Chinese charm-words, are pasted over the door to keep away evil spirits. Candles and incense-sticks are lighted and placed in front of the household gods and of the ancestral tablets. These tablets are small pieces of carved wood, into which are cut the names of some dead ancestors, whose spirits are supposed to live in the tablets. Rice-whiskey, with which a harmless red powder has been mixed, is placed before the gods and the tablets. Various kinds of food are set there too, with the expectation that the gods and the spirits of the dead will drink and eat the spirit of the whiskey and the food. When these offerings have stood long enough to give the idols and the spirits all they wish, then the body of the whiskey and food, of which the spirits have already been taken, becomes a part of the family feast. During the ceremony or before, fire-crackers, that make little noise and burn with a yellow smoke and disagreeable smell, are exploded to drive away worms, bugs, and other troublesome insects.

When all the idolatrous ceremonies are ended and the gods have been fed, then the people sit down to their feast. If they can have no good dinner at any other time in the year, unless it be New Year's Day, each family tries to have a feast now. The Chinese enjoy good living as well as any other people, but there are some boys and girls in America who would rather be hungry than take some parts of a feast in China. The meal is soon finished, for there is something better to follow. Dressed in his best, each man and boy, sometimes mothers and daughters too, go out into the streets and to the water; for to keep this festival as the people think it should be kept, there must be water near. The banks of the rivers or shores of the bay are crowded with people. The debt-paying time is past, and no one is afraid to be seen. Every one who owns a boat, or can hire or beg a seat in his neighbor's, is soon afloat, until the water seems alive with men and boys.

Quietly moving away from the smaller boats, or lying on the water some distance from the crowd, are a number of long narrow vessels filled with men. They are the famous dragon-boats that give the name to the festival. They are from twenty to sixty feet in length, and rarely more than six feet wide and three deep. They are usually sharp at both ends, and built for speed. From the bows of some, a huge and unshapely neck and head rise several feet above the water. This head is carved to represent the Chinese dragon. As far as we know, it is an excellent likeness. It surely does not look like anything else, and is as ugly as the homeliest dragon ought to be. Boats whose owners cannot afford to carry a carved dragon neck and head have them painted on the bows. The painted ones are as ugly, and we like the headless dragon-boats the best. No sails or oars are used; the boats are moved by paddles in the hands of men. Sometimes there are sixty or more of these men packed closely along the sides of a single boat. As swiftness is what is wanted in a dragon-boat, just as many men are crowded in as the boat will hold, each with his paddle to help win the race.

After a long time of waiting, these boats are finally ranged side by side, with room enough between for the paddles. Each man grasps his paddle tightly, seats himself firmly, and waits for the command to make the first stroke. The crowd on the shore grows excited, and those in the boat still more so. Feeling certain that the command is about to be given, some of the excited men, to make sure that no other boat shall get the start of their own, dip their paddles into the water with a strong stroke, and away starts the boat. Perhaps another follows. The people on the shore shout, "They have started!" and the cheering begins. It soon stops, for the excited men are ordered back. Then follows no little advice, in which all who did not start join, until the eager men wish most heartily that they had waited. When every one has had his say, the boats are ranged again, perhaps to have some other one start, come back, and allow its crew to hear what others think of them.

At length all are ready and patiently waiting, while the people on the shore are wondering and grumbling at the delay. The men with paddles held over the water sit firmly in their places, each determined not to touch the water until the command is given, and just as determined that his boat shall win the race. The word to go is finally given, and in an instant hundreds of men bend forward, and with all their might dig their paddles into the water. Suddenly and swiftly the long boats leap forward. The sight of all moving makes it certain that the race has begun, and the shouts and cheers of those on shore excite the racers to their utmost strength. Some, in their efforts to get ahead, rock their boats, and these soon drop behind. Sometimes in desperate struggles to overtake, the narrow craft become so unsteady that they rock enough to take in, and even to fill, with water, or they may be upset; and instead of paddling a dragon-boat in the race, each man is obliged to paddle himself ashore. It happens now and then that a steersman becomes confused, or his crew strike wildly at the water and the boat plunges its bow into another. The men are fortunate if such an accident does not drive them out of the race, if indeed it does not tumble all into the water. The upsets and collisions rarely do any more damage than to give the men a thorough wetting, and not a few uncomplimentary remarks. When some of the men see that others will win, they suddenly stop and try to make it plain to all that their boat was not in the race, but only started to see how well the others would do. A few boats keep on until the end of the race is reached; but these are only such as have some chance of winning. Swiftly their paddles strike the water, rapidly the boats move; now one pushes a little way ahead, and now another, while the captains cheer their men and urge them to put forth all their strength. The people from the shore shout to their friends in the dragon-boats, bidding them to do all they can to win the race, and promising presents if they succeed. Those in the small boats along the line of the race row hard to keep up, or urge the racers on by shouts and cheers. The men in the dragon-boats, not trained for such work, soon become tired, yet paddle as long as there is hope in winning.

When the race is ended, the proud winners rest on the sides of their vessel, listening to the cheers and praises of their friends, while those who did not "beat the race" paddle idly about and wonder why such a fuss is made about a mere trifle. Any boat might have won; their own surely would, had they cared enough about it to try, or had it not been for a little mishap. There is no prize, no reward for the winners, unless some one chooses to give the successful boatmen a present. Praise and flattery are satisfying to the Chinese, and all are willing to work hard for such rewards.

Lesser races follow this one, and sometimes a single boat will start out with the speed its men can give it, perhaps to show what they could have done in the race had they tried. Often, during the afternoon one or more dragon-boats may be seen going swiftly up and down the stream, this and that way on the water, as if in search of something. The reason for this may be told when the origin of the festival is given.

Later in the afternoon, the dragon-boats, one after another, go ashore, and are stowed away to wait a year for the next festival. A few may be left near the water so that their owners may try a race or two the next day. The other boats go ashore too, and gradually the people scatter to their homes.

(Continued on Page 58.)

SOUTHERN WORKMAN,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October four months.)

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S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, M. F. ARMSTRONG, } *Editors.*

REV. H. B. FRISSELL, *Chaplain,* MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MRS. ORRA LANGHORNE, } *Regular Contributors.*

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Published by Putnam's Sons, New York
Edited and printed at Hampton Institute.
For sale at both places. Specimens sent from Hampton at 6 cts. a number, or 50 cts. a set.

We republish the information that the Anniversary exercises of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute will be held Thursday, May 22d; the morning to be devoted to the usual recitations and to industrial exhibits in the various shops, and the afternoon to rhetorical exercises in the new gymnasium. There will, at that time, be ample accomodations at the Hygeia Hotel, which is not likely to be more than half full, owing to the lateness of the season. The friends of the school are cordially invited to attend.

The National Education Bill now before the House of Representatives, reduces the proposed aid from one hundred and five millions of dollars in twelve years, as proposed in the original "Blair" bill to seventy-seven millions in eight years. This is, we think, an improvement. What is wanted is not so much a great quantity of money as a wise and stimulating expenditure that shall leave all the State's (especially the Southern) school systems, in a vigorous, hopeful condition after the government aid shall be discontinued.

The bill provides that a State shall receive from government each year no more than it shall expend from its own funds, which is the saving clause in this direction. There are provisions guarding the first distribution of the fund between the races. The three "R's" with geography and history and other branches of useful knowledge are to be taught in the schools aided. Public funds can be applied to the use of common and industrial schools that are not sectarian.

One-tenth of the national aid received can be applied to teachers' institutes or temporary training schools. Not a dollar is allowed for the school house or for rent, which is a mistake.

Just and stringent regulations are made to insure on the part of the States and Territories compliance with the letter and spirit of the law, on pain of forfeiture of all its benefits. The time within which the expenditure is to be made is, we believe, too short. If, instead of eight, twelve or sixteen years were allowed for the distribution of the seventy-seven millions of dollars, the results would, without question, be far better. The object of this short period is probably to prevent too much dependence on government aid.

Educational work is only in part dependent on money. The true value in teaching is the personal element, the teacher. For the past ten years, Virginia and other States have had plenty of school houses, such as they are, and small salaries; the paramount difficulty has been the lack of teachers, especially for the blacks. This the records of the Hampton school show emphatically. For the first five years the making of teachers should be half the business.

The normal institutions in the South established by northern aid, do not appear to be regarded in the law; yet they have been the source of nearly all the mental and moral force that has gone into Negro schools; they even now supply over a half of the demand for colored teachers; they are over-crowded with students; they cannot afford to build more. The states are doing better than ever in this direction, but it seems clear that the eight years of proposed national aid will pass before that which is most vital and valuable in education can reach, as it should, the freedmen. There will be thousands ready to hire out for the salaries, but few who will do really good work. *More time is necessary to develop the moral strength needed to make the most of national aid.*

The plan of aiding and stimulating the school system, of the Southern States is grand; it is an absolute necessity of the times; but the stimulus should not be like a dram, the reaction from which would make the last state worse than the first. The bottom and vital fact of all is the popular sentiment on education. Let it be built up by wise management, and such aid be given that at the end of national help there will not be a disbanded army of teachers, and a demoralized system, but a strong healthy growth; to this end, with States as with individuals, the main thing should be a constant cultivation of self reliance. To help those who help themselves is wise and constructive charity; help to the nation's weak school systems should last long enough to permit a solid growth; eight years are not, we think, enough.

On the other hand, it is justly said that after eight years, the work done will be tested and that the will of the people in the matter will be carried out. Let the duty of the day be recognized and the future will take care of itself.

The more attention given to this subject, the stronger has been the conviction of its importance. A vote on the bill may not be reached this session, but if reached, it will unquestionably be passed by the House. National aid for the enormous illiteracy of the land is an idea that has been gathering force many years, and is now only a question of time. Failure is not to be thought of; it is emphatically the demand of the people who have long been pushing it upon Congress and its reluctant leaders. They will stand longer in the way at their peril.

Prison Reform.

The Prison Association of New York is doing a grand work in the matter of prison reform. A convention was recently held under its auspices, of ministers and friends and officers of our various reformatory institutions, to consider the relation of the churches to the criminal classes. A resolution was adopted approving the work of the Association, and recommending that all the churches of the State set aside one Sunday in the year for the consideration of the relation of Christian people to the reformation of criminals. It would be well if here, in the State of Virginia, we could have a like Association, to arouse us to a sense of our duty to prisoners.

In this convention, Bishop Henry C. Potter said: "There are two great crises in a criminal's life. The first is when he finds himself within prison walls, and the second, when his prison doors are opened and he is a free man again. When a young man is convicted, he should be kept from the evil influences of hardened prisoners. He should be isolated for a few hours each day while his hands are kept busy in some healthful employment, and then he should be brought into contact with good Christ-influences."

In my visits to the jails of Virginia, of which I gave some account in the last issue of the WORKMAN, I was led to the conclusion that none of these conditions which Bishop Potter deems so desirable, are attained. The prisoners are not isolated but herded together. The young prisoners are not kept from the hardened ones, but are allowed the freest intercourse with them. The hands of the prisoners are not kept busily occupied but they are left for the most part in absolute idleness. And, as for being brought in contact with good Christian influences, it would be hard to find a worse atmosphere than that which pervades our county jails. And in this respect, unfortunately, we do not differ widely from other States. "Did you ever know of a man being reformed in this jail?" I said to the sheriff of one of our counties. "No, I never did, but I can tell you of hundreds that have been made hardened criminals by it," was the answer. "Do you see those two boys?" he asked, pointing to two, of about twelve years, standing in the midst of a crowd of hardened looking men. "They're in for their third time now. They'll be in the penitentiary one of these days. They'll be better off there than here, for they'll have some work to do." Said one of the judges of the State: "Whenever practicable, I send boys to the reformatory schools of other States, for I know that it would be utter ruin to place them in our county jails."

One of the worst jails in the state, I found in the city of Petersburg. I visited it on the 5th of July, 1883. The sheriff was a very polite man, who answered all inquiries in regard to the jail, very pleasantly. He evidently prided himself on the fact that he ran the Petersburg jail more cheaply than the one at Richmond was run. The building was of brick, situated in the same yard with the clerk's office. It had been built about 50 years. The sheriff's offices were on the first floor, prisoners' cells being on the two floors below. The jail was on the side hill, a narrow court separating it on two sides from the earth wall. The cells on the floor next below the office, were about 18 by 18. I entered one of them. There were 14 prisoners in it of different ages, some of them being mere boys. The day was warm. Part of them were entirely naked, and others had only one or two pieces of clothing. The floor and bedding were in need of washing. There were two windows opening out toward the street. The male and female part of the prison were separated by a grated door, allowing of conversation between the men and women. The women's side of the jail opened into the narrow court of which I have spoken. During half the day the women were allowed access to this court, their cell doors being left open. In this court was running water, the only place for washing allowed the prisoners. Here was the kitchen and laundry, where four men and three women were employed, the only work done by any of the prisoners.

Half the day the women were locked in their cells and the men were allowed access to the court. The condition of the cells on the second floor below the offices, was very bad. They were damp and dark and filthy. In one of these I found an insane man confined. I entered his cell. It was so dark at noon that I could hardly see the man. A little light came through double grated windows where the filth of rats and other vermin had been allowed to accumulate for months. Outside, in the corridors and in the court, hardened women and young girls were turned loose together and were listening to the coarse jokes of one of the male prisoners who was employed in the kitchen.

The sheriff told me there had been 623 committals in six months. There were 65 prisoners in the jail at the time I visited it. He said that the crowded condition of the building made it impossible for him to make any separation between those awaiting trial and those convicted of crime—boys and hardened wretches had to be thrown in together. He said there was little sickness, no regular visitation—no regular religious service, no books or papers—time spent in idleness. He reported the capacity of the jail quite insufficient for the prisoners. He knew of no one ever reformed there.

I found the jail in Richmond an improvement on the one at Petersburg, although much remained to be desired. The city jail contained, at the time I visited it, 93 prisoners; 18 whites and 75 blacks. There were two long corridors on the first floor into which the cells opened. These were occupied by male prisoners, the females being confined on the second floor. During the day the prisoners were allowed to be together in the court. Thirteen prisoners were at work on the streets, choice being given them between that and bread and water. The sheriff said that classification of prisoners was impossible; but the jail was clean, the prisoners were obliged to bathe regularly, they had religious services nearly every Sabbath, only two men were placed in a cell, they had a hospital, and the separation between sexes was fair. The Chief of Police of the city of Richmond, reported marked improvement in the condition of the colored people of the city. Pointing to a large room in the same building with his office, he said: "Ten years ago I used to have that well nigh filled with colored women that had been arrested; now I seldom have more than five or six." The sheriff of the Henrico Co. jail in the city of Richmond, bore witness to the same thing. He spoke of the smaller number of arrests, and emphasized the fact that the colored people no longer concealed the crimes committed by their own people.

There were, at the time I visited it, a colored boy and a woman, convicted of murder, confined in the jail. The sheriff said that they had both been convicted on the testimony of their own people. He said that the colored people of the county believed in their guilt and demanded that they be hung. The woman said to me, speaking of the evidence that her own relations had born against her; "Yes, my daughter and two sisters swore my life away but it don't make no difference."

The jail building was new, the prisoners well cared for, and the sheriff an intelligent man who was interested in those under his care.

At Danville the prison was filthy, the records miserably kept and the separation between the sexes very imperfect. At Lynchburg I found the best jail in the state and a good sheriff. They had tried to give the prisoners work but the attempt had been a failure. The jails in the western part of the state were an improvement on those in the east, as a rule.

In the smaller places, where there were two or three prisoners confined, the jails received very little attention. In many cases they were insecure. Not infrequently, the jailor lived at a distance from the jail and having given the prisoners their allowance of food in the morning, locked the outside door and left them, not to see them again until the following day. A popular mode of construction for the smaller jails, was that of having an iron cage in the middle of one large room where all the prisoners were placed together like so many wild beasts.

In some cases, owing to the insecure condition of the buildings, one county jail was doing duty for two or three counties. There seems to be no reason why one jail should not do service for several counties.

As the jail system is now conducted in Virginia, (and the same is true in other states) there can be no adequate provision for the employment of the prisoners. The few counties that try to make the inmates of the jail work, fail, and single counties cannot well provide work houses for the small number of prisoners. Why could there not be district prisons whose organization and discipline should correspond to that of the penitentiary, and thus work be provided for every prisoner? Why should not the jail system be under State control, and why should not the districts of the State be sufficiently large to allow of work being provided for all the prisoners, instead of having them supported in idleness as they now are at public expense in the county jails which are too small to make any adequate provision? As Dr. Lyman Abbott said in the New York Convention, the avowed object of prison machinery is to protect the innocent, and discipline and reform the guilty. The real object now seems to be to make money. In the county jails the profits go to the sheriff—the county boarding house keeper—who is interested in having his hotel as well filled as possible.

Certainly, the needs of the State of Virginia, as regards its prisoners, are imperative. The penitentiary is so over crowded as to make the hiring of the convicts to the railroads, by the lease system, almost a necessity. The same overcrowded condition makes the discipline of the penitentiary difficult, and all attempts at classification fruitless.

There is much need of new jails in many of the counties and cities, especially in Norfolk and Petersburg, and some system ought to be adopted, by which the inmates of the jails shall be obliged to work instead of living in idleness at public expense.

A reformatory school for young offenders is much needed, so that they may be taught some useful trade instead of being educated in crime, as they are, according to the present system.

There is much need of change in the existing prison laws of the state of Virginia.

A Prison Association which should inquire into the condition of the prisons and jails of the State, and interest itself in the conditions and needs of prisoners, is much to be desired.

My attention has been called to the work of Christian citizens of Richmond, in the religious instruction of the convicts at the Penitentiary in that city. It is reported to me as being a work of remarkable devotion and success, and I gladly make mention of it.

In my account of the Norfolk Jail, I neglected to speak of the work done by the Young Woman's Christian Association of Norfolk, in connection with the jail in that city. These efforts are the prophecies of reform in the matter of prison management.

H. B. F.

The *Pawnee New Era* is a bright attractive little monthly paper published in the Indian Territory at the Indian Training school. Price fifty cents a year. It is referred to in the letter of Mr. James Murie published in this number. The following is from the editor.

"THE PAWNEE NEW ERA is established in the interest and as another industry of the Pawnee Industrial Boarding School, and is entirely under the management of school employes.

At present it is wholly independent of government patronage—our press and printing material being a gift from entirely disinterested parties living in the East; and the editorial and mechanical work done by ourselves.

We propose to make THE NEW ERA a complete epitome of school, agency, and general territory news, and therefore a first-class advertising medium for stock men, post traders, and others doing business in and adjacent to the territory.

We have secured a correspondent at each of the neighboring Indian agencies and cattle camps; but will gladly publish any items of general interest from any source.

The receipts from subscriptions and advertisements will be applied to defray the running expenses and the purchase of material and stock of our office—no person or persons to derive personal pecuniary benefit therefrom."

We accept the suggestion, made in the following letter from a friend abroad, as excellent, and publish it in the hope of some response from our Southern readers, and of suggestions from any quarter. There is a literature that is fast escaping forever as the old Negroes die out. That collected by the newspapers mentioned below has a market value and is paid for by periodicals that are making money; hence its easy collection. Hampton's busy clientage of graduates have no time and seldom a taste for such work; it should however be done. An admirable collection made by Miss. H. W. Ludlow was printed in the book entitled "Hampton, and its Students."

Dear Sir:

You probably have it within your power to perpetuate reminiscences of the greatest interest and value, by gathering and printing in your important paper the stories that can be related by colored people of the period before and during the war.

These can be collected for you by the graduates of your institute who can transcribe the experiences given them by the word of mouth of those who themselves are unable to write. The Phila. "Weekly Times" has made an excellent feature of its record of the war, and the "Weekly News" of Charleston seems to be following in the same line. By all means let the personal incidents as narrated by the colored people be added to the history of those eventful times. These incidents will help to form, like those seized upon by Sir Walter Scott, Fenimore Cooper, Mrs. Stone, graphic tales, which will reproduce for posterity a life like picture of an era which can never be repeated. The few narratives we already have, such as those of Wm. Still and Frederick Douglass, are essential to the writing of History by the future Macaulay of the colored race. Commending and thanking you and your co-laborers most heartily for your valuable efforts in behalf of the colored people and the Indians,

I am, very respectfully,

Yours truly.

HORACE J. SMITH.

Paris, France.
March 9th, '84

An appreciative subscriber on a distant Pacific Island, sends us the following letter in the vernacular of his country, which, fortunately, we understand, and publish, believing that it may edify our readers as a curiosity at any rate, if not by its kind and liberal spirit.

HAIKU MAUI,
La 21 o Maraki, M. H. 1884.

LIMAIKAIKA OPIO,

Aloha oe

Ua loaa mai ia'u i kau palapala paipai no ka uku o ka nupepa "*Southern Workman.*" Eia iloko nei ke hoonna aku a'u i Elima Dala $5.25, Oia hoi ka uku no ka nnpepa no na makahiki elima mai ka mahina o Aperila, 1883, aku a hiki i i ka maka hike, 1888, a he hapaha kekehi no ka uku banaka no ke kii aku i kela kala ma kalaponi. Me ka mahalo

Owau no Kau Kauwau hauhaa.

C. H. DICKEY.

A Distinguished Visitor.

The school had the honor of a visit on the 11th of last month, from General Sheridan, who came to Hampton on the annual visit of inspection of the National Soldiers Home. After looking through the various departments of the school and its industries, the General and his party were greeted by the assembled students with their singing, and in a short speech he kindly expressed his pleasure in what he had seen, and his interest in the causes it represents.

The following private letter from an able, reliable and most valuable Indian Agent shows how the tide of Indian progress is checked by the parsimony of government in paying inadequate salaries.

The Indian Department has long urged better pay but utterly without effect upon Congress.

We know the man by his work, from personal observation last August. The Pimas and Maricopas need his care and will suffer from his departure. Can nothing be done to retain this excellent Agent?

PIMA AND MARICOPA AGENCY,
April 3rd 1884.

This day I have sent in my resignation to the Department, to take effort at the end of this quarter, June 30, '84.

No doubt you very well know my reasons for so doing. No man can afford to undergo the anxiety and look after four reservations for the amount of salary I am getting, and live on a desert like this.

In a lengthy letter to the Commissioner I have given him my full reason for tendering my resignation. If they will give me a better Agency I would take it, or send me to Alaska I would go there, but I cannot afford to stay here and look after so many reservations and two thirds of the time pay my own expenses. You have been here and know partially what an Agency must go through. I would prefer a wild tribe at any time in preference to a half civilized one that had not the communication with low whites that you find around so many agencies living with squaws. So far my salary has kept me about even, owing to cost of living. In case of exceptions in the treasury department that I cannot make a satisfactory answer to, I must pay that out of money made by "Pill peddling" before I came here.

Very respectfully yours,

A. H. JACKSON.

The Alumni Journal, devoted to the interests of the Graduates of the Hampton Institute, makes its apperance every month with every sign of life and prosperity, and keeps a keen eye on events. It takes wise and strong ground on the rights of the Negro, does not believe in setting aside competent colored men as representatives of their race, for white men who are no better; complains, in a manly way, of rude treatment of a party of colored students on a Potomac river steamer from one no better than they, and quotes as follows from a well known newspaper:

"I've got three colored reporters on my staff, and I'm proud of it," said Julius Chambers, the city editor of the Philadelphia *Times*, from his seat under the clock tower cor. Eighth and Chestnut streets Wednesday. "I am proud to be among the first newspaper men to really acknowledge these people as men and brothers by having them work alongside of white men and do reportorial assignments. In the second place I am proud to have discovered a new journalistic pasture, as it were. I tell you, sir, the colored men are the reporters of the future, and of the near future, too. The men I have engaged do their work admirably. I only wish my white reporters were half as efficient. If they were we'd whoop 'em up, I tell you. It is the first time that colored men have been put on as regular reporters. They have never before, as far as I know, been sent to represent a newspaper at balls, parties, weddings and so on, as they are doing under me. They are very apt at society gossip—taking to it quite naturally. It is very easy for men to obtain that class of news. My society editor who at first was prejudiced against them, has become quite reconciled, now he realizes their usefulness. I think these men I've got are so bright that they will soon work their way into editorial positions. I wouldn't be surprised at seeing a black managing editor some day or even an octoroon dramatic critic"

A number of able-bodied young men of the Hampton Institute, trusty and handy about work, would like situations for the summer vacation, from about June 15th, to earn funds to help them through the next school year. Wages should be from fifteen to twenty dollars a month besides board; at the former rate, traveling expenses one way (eight or ten dollars) if north of New York, should be allowed. Correspondence on this matter with the Principal of the school is invited.

A Visit from Osage Chiefs.

An unexpected and interesting visit from a party of ten Osage Indians from Indian Territory, under escort of Dr. Bird, their agency physician, was received at Hampton last month. They manifested great interest in going through the Indian classes and training shops. The head chief, Strike Axe, a tall, commanding looking man, thus explained the objects of their visit, through his interpreter:

"We have been intending for some time to visit the East. The Osages two years ago, organized a government of their own. Last summer they got a patent for their land, but, as it is explained to them, it is not satisfactory to the tribe, being only a deed of trust to the United States. They want to secure a home to themselves and their children forever. We have been to Washington to see about it, and are going again. Another object is to see the schools where Indians are taught. Another is to visit our children at the Carlisle school, where each of the delegation has from one to three. I am well satisfied with what I have seen of this school, and I am glad to see so many Indians here. We want to become a civilized people; therefore we want to see civilization—to see how you do all these things and tell our people. That is all."

The chief was assured that his speech should be printed, so that many should hear it as if they were present. Questioned as to his opinion of the severalty bill, the Chief replied: "We don't want our lands divided. To have them all in one, makes a home for all forever. No one can legislate or sell it off unless all say so, and it is better if one man don't like his land to be able to go elsewhere." At the Chief's request, his national secretary further explained in English that the severalty bill is objectionable because it would put the full blood Indians at a disadvantage. They would hang back, not approving the change, while the half-blood and white men in the tribe would rush in their applications and get all the best land first. For these reasons they have petitioned to be excepted from it. The tribe numbers not quite 1800, 300 of whom are half breed or white. Of the 450 men, about one third are not full blood. Epidemics have recently decreased the proportion of full blood Indians. The Osages were formerly settled in Kansas, sold that reservation to the Government and bought 1,500,000 acres in Indian Territory from the Cherokees. Their income from the balance is now $100 per capita, which, with farming, supports them; they have also an educational fund of $183,000. They have republican government and compulsory education laws, these reforms originating within themselves; white men marry into the tribe but cannot vote, and if childless, lose their connection with it when their wife dies. The policy is to exclude them. The tribe has mechanics, all Indians. The Friends have a mission now among them, but most are Catholics as they were in Kansas—none are pagans. The Osages are evidently an intelligent people, capable of development.

The *Virginia Critic* is a new weekly paper published in Staunton, Va., price $1.50 a year, devoted to the colored people. It will advocate their civil and political rights, keep them informed on all educational matters, and furnish them with the latest news and reading matter; it will aim to improve the condition of the laboring class, generally.

It is excellent in tone, and may do great good. The appearance of numerous newspapers amongst the Negro population of the country is significant. It means that they are thinking more than ever; they will work together better from wide-spread discussions, and their power will be increasingly felt. The intelligent Negro is fast becoming a factor in our national life. It is of the greatest importance that the progress of this people morally shall keep pace with their mental growth; knowledge is not always wisdom. It is, after all, moral earnestness that tells. This quality is not wanting in many of the educated young colored leaders of the South; as they shall direct the thought of their people, the latter will act wisely. We believe that the tendency of the colored newspaper literature of the day is to a better moral tone, and to a true political independence.

The Southern Press.

ALL SIDES.

After quoting from an address made at Louisville by Rev. Dr. Curry, as agent of the Peabody fund, the Southern *Christian Advocate* (Charleston, S. C.,) says:

"It seems to most thoughtful Christians just now, that the cloudy pillar is in motion, leading the churches on to a great aggressive missionary work. That work must include the colored people in the South. No one will presume to limit the great commission, to "Go EVERYWHERE, except to the blacks at your doors." No one will say that Paul's great maxim, "God loveth a cheerful giver," does not apply to any gift bestowed upon his less favored children. The imperative demand, "Go, OR SEND," applies to them, likewise.

Without referring to the past, we can see enough in the present to give the colored people a strong claim on us. The ignorant, and the needy always have a claim on all who have means or benefits to spare. Let us put aside all remembrance of their connection with us in the past, their indebtedness to us, and our indebtedness to them in the past. They are all around us to-day, and they are human beings, fearfully exposed on every side. Much that is now being done for them will never find its way into census statistics, or into history. The ten thousand acts of kindness done daily, in the common relations of employers and employed; the valuable help given them in the way of example, advice, gifts, mercy—these cannot be taken account of. Let us be thankful for every gleam of "silver lining" that is thus thrown on the dark cloud. This is all that we ought to do, if this is all that we can do. But if other doors are open, or, if they can be opened by Christian love and patience, then we ought to do more."

A certain slowly increasing number of Southern whites are committing themselves more and more to views like these, and are by no means limiting themselves to the enunciation of theories. Since the close of the war, much kindly work has been done by individuals, but it is only of late that such work has begun to be fused into organized shape, or to be of any importance as a factor in the relations of the two races. Evidence of the change is found in an occasional expression of appreciation like the following from the *Biblical Recorder* (colored, N. C.), which gives a hopeful view of the situation from the colored stand-point:

"A brighter day has dawned; The Negro is moving; true he set out with nothing twenty-three years ago, with nowhere to lay his head; what property the white man had, was swept away by the two armies, hence they at that time were unable to help him, as doubtless they would have done, if they hao had the means. But the present age shows that he is rising. The State is dotted all over with little cottages and school-houses erected by him since his liberation. and many friends surround him. The obstacles which laid before him then are no longer obstructions along his pathway. Prejudices which existed then, are not met with to-day. A better feeling prevails throughout our commonwealth. All Christendom is praying for our success. The white man of the South is no longer considered as our enemy. but our best friend. He overlooks the previous condition of the colored man, and respects him just in proportion as he carries himself. Much has been and is being done by the white people for the education of the colored race. The law that provides an appropriation for the whites asks the same for the colored. The hand of the Government reaches around both races alike."

Another view is afforded in a letter written from Richmond to the *New York Globe:*

"Much interest is manifested here in the bill for National Aid to Education. It is a bill that should certainly be the means of lifting the colored man to the foreground, but we cannot see any reason for leaving the distribution of this money to the several States. Dr. J. L. M. Curry asserts that the Southern States will certainly do justice to the Negro in the distribution of this money, and cites their past generosity (?) as an example of the same. If the true state of affairs was known the matter would assume a different aspect. Let any fair minded man examine the various institutions of the South entirely supported by State appropriations, and let him judge for himself. Let him place the institutions for the colored youth alongside of those for the whites and he will find that this confidence is entirely misplaced. The white people of the South will put $100 on a white school where they will not put $10 on a colored one. Nearly all the fine institutions of the South for the colored youth were reared by northern contributions. When the accommodations for the whites are accommodations for the colored, then, and not until then will we believe in the possibility of the whites doing justice to Negroes in this respect. The South passed laws before the war to crush the educational abilities of the black man, and it takes more than twenty years to wipe out that spirit. To consign such a bulk of money to the keeping of these Southern Bourbons would be worse than folly, and fatal to the interest of the Negro."

And still another in the resolutions passed at the convention of colored men held in Gainesville, Fla., a few weeks ago:

"WHEREAS, It is feared that the present division among the colored voters in this State between the two old parties and the Independents will lead to weakness, and thereby render our political future hopeless, and our large vote ineffective in the next election, as it was in the 1st District in the last campaign; therefore it is respectfully suggested that the leading colored men meet in conference and determine on such a course of action as will unite our vote in favor of the election of an Independent for Governor, should the circumstances existing thus warrant it. By uniting, we can effect the election of such men to office as will secure to our people redress for the following evils and grievances to which we are subjected:

1. We want increased facilities for common school education and the highest branches, so as to be able to reduce the high rate of illiteracy which the last census shows to exist among our people in this State.

2. We want a fair representation on juries, and a fair show in the Courts and Justices of the Peace.

3. We want to cast our votes freely and have them fairly counted; and also a better system of registration; one which shall give county Commissioners less power to do injustice to colored voters.

4. We want a fair recognition and representation in the offices of the State and county, and also under city governments.

5. We want to enjoy the same rights and privileges accorded to others in all public places, on railroads and steamers, when we pay the same fare.

6. We want a law enacted restoring to the right of suffrage all men [most of whom are colored] disfranchised for alleged petty offences tried before Justices of the Peace.

These are our grievances and disadvantages, and it will be to our interest hereafter to act in full political accord in local and State matters, with such of the whites as will deal justly with our people and give them such chances as will enable them to enjoy the full rights of citizenship, and to bear their just share of public burdens and responsibilities."

How far these resolutions may have been "assisted" by white politicians it is, of course, difficult to say, but that many members of the white Republican party in the South have a very strong and perfectly honest conviction of the dangers to be apprehended from Democratic rule, is beyond doubt. The *National Republican* publishes a letter from Birmingham, Ala., which expresses views by no means so uncommon as is supposed, among men of Southern birth.

A Note of Warning.

"A large number of Confederate soldiers were upon principle, opposed to secession, but when the war began, actuated by love of home and sympathy for friends and neighbors, were easily and willingly induced to take up arms against a government they respected and loved. When the war ended, they returned as prodigal sons, desiring to be taken back into the family, and willing to prove their sincerity by faithful observance of all the duties and obligations of citizenship. With them were a number of prominent Southrons who had believed in the right of secession, but who honestly acquiesced in the result of the war.

All of these ex-Confederate soldiers know the evil which would result to the National Government from a victory of the Democratic party in a National election. They know that no spark of love dwells in the breasts of the leaders of the Democratic party toward the Federal Government, at least so far as the leaders in the South are concerned. They know that the cohesive power of Southern Democracy is antagonism to the Federal Government, and that the success of that party in a National contest would be a conquest of the United States Government and not a political triumph. The United States Government would be the spoils.

That there are true and loyal citizens of the Northern States members of the Democratic party I am willing to admit; but how they can be induced to deliver the reins of government into the hands of those who hate the government, as long as it is in the hands of the political party which defended and preserved it against the attacks of those who would have destroyed it, is a matter of surprise.

It is not true that the Southerners are largely in favor of the Bourbon Democratic party. I honestly believe, if they had an opportunity, that a large majority would vote against that party. But, situated as they are, intimidated, bulldozed, ostracised, vilified, and denounced as traitors to their race and section, and, lastly, swindled out of their votes, with no aid from the Federal Government, what can they do?

The history of the South since 1874 is full of evidences of how little regard is paid to the rights of citizens who dare to oppose Bourbonism. Character, liberty, and life are ruthlessly assailed and taken from those who dare to lift a voice in behalf of fair elections and honest count. Is it possible that the law-abiding people of the North have failed to read the accounts of the wanton and cowardly assassinations perpetrated by the leaders of the Democracy in the South; the only reason assigned being that they opposed the Democratic party? If they have read, is it possible that they don't believe? If they will shut their eyes to the truth and permit Bourbonism to obtain control of the National Government, as it now has of the South ern States, then truly is loyalty at a very low condition."

Over against this may be set such a statement as the following from the *Norfolk Virginian:*

"The Negro race has nothing to fear from the success of the Democratic party. It has been the dominant party of the South since redemption from carpet bag rule, and from that period the South has prospered. The Negro has been protected in all his rights, paying but a mite of the taxes; the same educational advantages have been extended to him that have been secured the whites, and yet, in return for all these favors, the Negro has been almost solid in support of the party that has exerted every effort to oppress and degrade the South."

And again, in the *Charleston News* we find a warm denial of aspersions on the loyalty of Southern citizens, and a reasonable statement of what they themselves believe to be their motives in adopting the course which has laid them open to the charge of disloyalty.

Southern "Dislike of the Government."

"We find in a leading article in the New York *Evening Post* the following extraordinary statement;

Probably three-fourths of the white population at the South to-day—that is, the bulk of its governing class—dislike the United States Government, and teach their children to dislike it.

There is not a vestige of truth in the assertion that the white population of the South "teach their children" to dislike the United States Government. The children, on the contrary, are taught that this is their country, and that they must be true to it and serve it faithfully. We have never known a single instance where a Southerner, after the war ended, taught his children to dislike the General Government. Why should he? We have no other country than this, and for that reason we make much of it, and desire that our children shall be proud of it. Nearly all the text-books used in the Southern schools are published by Northern houses, and these assuredly do not inculcate dislike of the Government.

There is no truth in the assertion that "three-fourths of the white population at the South to-day dislike the United States Government." Among the older Southerners there are some, no doubt, who have never forgotten or forgiven the injuries and losses caused them by the invasion of the South. But even these rarely go to the length of a positive feeling of dislike. There is not to be found in the South, in our opinion, even a single man who dislikes the United States Government in the sense of wishing it harm, or desiring that it shall be brought into disrepute.

The mistake of the *Evening Post* is a common one. It consists in confounding dislike of ignorance, incapacity and corruption, in the public service, with dislike of the Government itself—the visible representative of these United States. The Southern people insist that the Federal officers ought to be capable and honest, and they desire that the administration of the Government, in every department, shall be economical, efficient and clean. They condemn any variation from this standard and frankly avow their dislike of it. They condemn the partisanship, the sectionalism and the prejudice of the Republican party as in conflict with true Republicanism, and dislike the methods of the dominant party to the extent of exposing them on the stump and in the press, and voting against them at the polls. Just such dislike of the Government as this is to be found in the South. No other, and no more."

So thoroughgoing a disclaimer can hardly be set aside, and is especially worthy of notice in that it comes from the city where the first attempt was made to overturn the Government and destroy the national life. That the people for whom, twenty years ago, the United States existed only as a hated name, should now be willing to teach their children "that it is their country," that they must love it, and serve it faithfully," shows that the changes which are going on in the South are in the direction of a wholesome growth which is, to a certain extent at least, beyond the reach of political tricksters. There are, fortunately, forces at work in the South, which do not come within the domain of politics, and that they are, in the main, healthful, becomes, from day to day, more evident.

Recognition by the colored people of their weakness and its auses must take the place of the false estimate of their power, which is at present one of their chief dangers, before they can be reckoned as trustworthy members of the body politic, and the first indications of this change are to be looked for in in the colored journals. The "West Indian Abroad," a weekly paper edited in the city of New York, by colored men in the interest of colored West Indians, is strong enough to confess this, and in the extract given below touches a truth recognized by many friends of the race.

"In the political battle between the two races who are citizens of this great kepublic, we dare not conceal the fact that the Negro is not organized and united, and neither is he prepared or equipped for consequences. The lack of these absolute necessary elements that constitute a nation's greatness, will render him powerlsss and unrecognized for some time yet. That positive race-union which characterises the English, Scotch, French, Irish, Dutch, and German emigrants, whether settled in the United States or in any part of the world, is in an embryo stage of development among us, as an important factor in the United States. But in order, too, that the Negro may be a recognized power from Maine to Mexico, he should by all means get the almighty dollar, land and education. He is fast acquiring these, and twenty years hence he will be heard and felt as a link in a common brotherhood, though carved in ebony."

Ashville, N. C., has taken a step in the right direction by establishing a colored "Reform Club," with the following objects:

1st. To furnish all the possible moral aid to the young people of that community in their efforts to totally abstain from intoxicating drinks. To stimulate them to a higher religious, social and virtuous standing.

2nd. To prevent, so far as it is in its power, all profanity and unwarranted use of our Creator's name.

3rd. To foster and encourage a spirit of industry, and economy, heartily endorsing a course of strict integrity and honesty as the only true avenues to our future development and permanent success.

4th. To collect for our race a library of useful and instructive books and periodicals, to be under the control and management of a proper Librarian, and known as the "Rural Home Library."

American Newspapers in 1884.

From the edition of Messrs, Geo. P Rowell & Co's. AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY, now in press, it appears that the newspapers and periodicals of all kinds at present issued in the United States and Canada reach a grand total of 13,402. This is a net gain of precisely 1,600 during the last twelve months, and exhibits an increase of 5,618 over the total number published just ten years since. The increase in 1874 over the total for 1873 was 493. During the past year the dailies have increased from 1,138 to 1,254; the weeklies from 9,062 to 10,028; and the monthlies from 1,991 to 1,499. The greatest increase is in the Western States. Illinois, for instance, now shows 1,009 papers in place of last year's total of 904, while Missouri issues 604 instead of the 523 reported in 1883. Other leading Western States also exhibit a great percentage of increase. The total number of papers in New York State is 1,523, against 1,399 in 1883. Canada has shared in the general increase.

Letters from Hampton Graduates.

CONDITION OF PRISONS AND PRISONERS. "HAPPY AS A MOUSE IN A MEAT-HOUSE." CROWDED QUARTERS. BAD AIR. NO EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN. NO SEPARATION OF OLD AND YOUNG. NO SEPARATION BY DAY OF MEN AND WOMEN. NO RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION. A BETTER REPORT IN SOME RESPECTS. CAUSES OF CRIME. CROWDING THE CITIES. THE POOR HOUSE. FROM A MISSIONARY BEGINNING HIS MISSION AT HOME. STARTING A MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOL IN RICHMOND. FROM A GRATEFUL GIRL.

PRISONS AND PRISONERS.

Inquiries among our graduates as to the condition of the prisons in the towns where they live, have brought a number of replies, among which are the three following from those who seem to have had the most opportunity, or to have done the most of personal investigation of the subject. It may not be always easy to obtain access to these places, or accurate information concerning them, but we recommend the matter to the serious attention of our graduates, as one of deep interest in its relations to their people, and for the good they may do when allowed, in bringing some knowledge and desire of a better life to those who have few to care for their fate.

FROM A COLORED JUROR.

One of our earliest graduates, a man of character and good report, gives a graphic picture of the jail in his town:

DANVILLE, VA., 3—21—1884.

Dear Friend:

Your letter of February 25th was duly received, and should have been answered promptly, but I was serving as a juror for eight days after, so that that and my other business have prevented me from doing so. I hope therefore that you will not think it negligence and lack of interest on my part.

I went through the jail the other day for the first time since I have been living in Danville, and as I entered the door of the main hall of the prison I felt somewhat, I suppose, as a fly feels when he alights in a plate of grease or milk—the air was so very bad!

IGNORANT CONTENTMENT.

Around a large stove that gives heat for the whole building, were seated and standing about fifteen prisoners, who seemed as happy as a mouse in a meat-house, so to speak. There are about 20 prisoners in the jail, and about one-third are females, ages ranging from 13 to 54 years—average age 20 years. Term of imprisonment from 1 to 6 months, for *stealing*, fighting, getting drunk, &c., and not being able to pay the fines imposed by the Mayor, or Magistrates, they are put to work on the streets as corporation hands until they work out the amount of the fine.

The females have no employment, as I know of. There is no separation as to old and hardened prisoners, from the young. They are turned in together as hogs are turned into a pen.

The sexes are separated at night, but in the day they are not. The building is two-stories high, and the women occupy the upper story. The general condition of the whole building, as to cleanliness, &c., is very bad, and I wondered how any one could live and seem perfectly satisfied in such a place. When I came out I felt as, I suppose, the fly feels when he succeeds in crawling out of the grease to the edge of the plate.

The ministers, so far as I know, never go to the jail to hold religious services. The moral condition of our people here is deplorable, and preaching seems to have but little effect upon them. I would like very much to attend the Alumni meeting, but I very much fear that I shall not be able to do so. I have not been able to attend the Alumni meeting or Commencement since I graduated in '75, and I have lost trace of nearly all my old class and school-mates.

I had to give up teaching this term because the trustees would not pay me enough. I disliked very much to give up my school, but my duty to my mother, who is left alone, demanded higher wages, so that I had to seek employment at something that pays a little better." I.

A BETTER REPORT IN SOME RESPECTS.

In the jail above described, as in that described below, food seems to be plenty, judging from the animal contentment of the inmates. Some, no doubt, are better fed than in their poverty outside its walls. In some other respects, the following report is more cheerful than the former one:

PALMER'S SPRINGS, VA.,
MECKLENBURG CO.,
March 19th, 1884.

Dear Friend:

Yours requesting information in regard to the prison at Boydton has just been received (forwarded to me from Boydton). I have not been to Boydton for some time, and therefore I am unable to give you what I have seen from my own observation, but I have asked of those that have ample opportunity of knowing the condition of the prison, and they assure me that as far as the condition in the way of cleanliness, it could not be better, but they say that there should be more room. The prison is very small—only having four small cells, and only two of them are used as regular cells, because the others are on the ground floor, and have wooden doors, and would not hold prisoners any time if they were put in them. The prisoners are fed twice a day, and have plenty; this I enquired particularly about of a young man that has just been turned out, having served a term of six months for stealing an ox from a neighbor of his, and if looks go to show anything in that respect, I must say that they have plenty, for he is as fat as a pig. The greater number of offences are among the colored people, but not all. Most of the offences are for petty thefts, such as stealing a pig or ham, but not all are for thefts; some are for fighting, &c. Old and young offenders are generally put in the same cells. No employment is required, except to cut their own wood for the stove and bring water for the prisoners. The two sexes are always kept apart. Mrs. Sharp and the Rev. Jno. T. James, the teachers of the Boydton Institute, hold religious instruction quite often for the prisoners, and allow me to say just here, I think these two servants of the Lord are doing a good work among our people in this country. I have never seen the chain-gang, which is employed on the railroad, and therefore cannot give any information.

If I had gotten your letter soon enough, I would have tried to go to Boydton to investigate the matter more fully. I am busy with my school, which is very large, and demands all my attention and more besides. I have on roll 95. My last month's report showed 63.50 attendance. I am employed every Sunday with my Sabbath school from 9 o'clock to 4 o'clock. This part of my work is very encouraging, indeed; old and young attend regularly, and take much interest. The bundle of papers sent was very much needed, and thankfully received. If you have any picture papers that could be spared, I would be very glad to get some to put up in my school-room.

Mr. G. W. B—— is only three miles from me, and is doing a noble work among the people, both in public school and Sabbath school. I saw him last Saturday; he is to spend next Friday night with me.

I am always glad to hear from any of my Hampton friends. I want to attend Alumni meeting, if my school closes time enough.

Your former pupil. I.

CAUSES OF CRIME.

The degradation which cannot feel going to jail a descent, is a sufficient reason for much of the going there. Other causes of crime are suggested in the following letter from a young man who, while as yet an under-graduate, is doing good work as a teacher, and is well able to observe.

STAUNTON, VA., *March 16, 1884.*

Dear Teacher:

I have visited the prison and poor-house since receiving your letter.

The city jail is a stone structure, well located for the good health of its inmates, drainage good; heated in cold weather by a furnace. Prisoners are well attended to, their food being well cooked, and their clothes frequently changed. "But some of them," says the jailor, "are very hard cases, refusing sometimes to eat, saying that 'such food is not fit for us.'"

Staunton is in the centre of the valley. Here the whites predominate. Before the war there were but *few* colored people in this section; since then they have come up in *large numbers* from East Virginia, and now *swarm* the cities and the towns of this, the "Garden Spot of Virginia." This not being a manufacturing, but a farming district, employment can not be found in proportion to labor seeking employment. Hence idleness abounds, crimes increase, wages are low. Colored and white are emigrating West; colored men to the coal fields of Iowa, and young white men are crowding the already overfilled business centres of the North and West. But I am digressing from my subject. Though there is a large number here, whose time is not profitably occupied during certain portions of the year, the people are as well behaved as can be expected under the trying circumstances. Our population is about 7,000, of whom about 2,500 are colored. Last year there were 464 arrests; 378 were for petty larceny, 29 of abandoned women—(the jail now contains a large number of this unfortunate class, mostly, I am sorry to say, colored)—and the rest for drunkenness, and other causes. The sexes are divided in cells so arranged that there can be no communication. The term of service varies from 30 days to 18 months. Some are returned several times during the year.

The jailor tells me "there are as many whites arrested as colored—the whites commit the worse crimes, the colored a greater number of small ones. More colored women are arrested than colored men, and more white men than white women." Employment is given to some who prove themselves good cooks at the jail. They receive no *religious instruction.* "A few tracts," says the Warden, "were sent me not long since, but the prisoners could not read them." I gave him your letter to read, and if he had as hard a time reading those tracts to the prisoners as he had reading that, I would not give much for the satisfaction derived from the tracts.

THE POOR-HOUSE.

The poor-house is occupied exclusively by colored *women* and *children*, about 15 in all. The overseer is white, is paid a regular salary, and is an efficient officer. Most of the children are orphans—a majority of them offspring of unmarried women. What is to become of this numerous class of colored children in and out of the poor-house, God only knows! There are several ministers who visit these deserving people and dear little ones, and administer to their spiritual needs, while the city (to its honor) provides a good warm, comfortable home for them. There are just as many poor whites, and more, probably, but they are provided for by church societies, &c. In conclusion, I wish to say that many of the colored people here are well-to-do—have fine churches, wear the best of clothes, have good stores, and plenty to eat.

Your friend and pupil, D.

A MISSIONARY BEGINNING AT HOME.

A young man who has devoted himself to practical missionary work in Africa is preparing for it, not only by going on with some of his studies, but by doing with his might what—by seeking—his hands find to do for the needy right around him.

RICHMOND INSTITUTE,
Richmond, Va.

REV. H. B. FRISSELL,

Dear Friend:—Since my arrival, the 3d inst., I have met the missionary lady of whom I spoke to you, and have found that she is from Pennsylvania and working under the Baptist "Women's Home Mission Society, Chicago." The Sunday school has grown since the 6th inst. from fifteen to thirty-nine. Our Mission school is on the corner of Twenty-first and Maine streets, in the basement of the court-house, where we have a very large room that was given to us by the Judge for the purpose. There has been no school in that part of the city for the children, and they being poorly dressed, are ashamed to go to the large school on Sunday; so they play all day in the streets, and grow up to be worthless. I would meet the children on the street and ask them up. On the 13th I had 31 children, girls and boys, (two white children). The lady was at another Mission school, therefore I was alone; the school had not been organized, so I just read, sang and prayed with them. They seemed to be very much interested. Time will fail me to tell you how I tried to impress them; whether they were impressed, we will see. The lady came and was very much surprised to see so many little bright-eyed children, and more so to see those white children. We organized the school, took the names and number of each child; then she turned all the work over to me, feeling satisfied that it would be a successful field, and that I could conduct it. I told her that I would do all I could, both in getting teachers and children. The children promised me that they would come and bring their playmates. Last week I succeeded in getting five good young men. At 8 o'clock I went down, finding a goodly number. I opened the school, and classified them, and about one-third or more could read the Bible; so I made two Bible classes and three infant classes. We had no Bibles or papers for them; so we read to them and asked questions, and in their midst I found some very bright ones. At 3.30 P. M., we had over thirty-eight on roll. The lady came, having quite a lot of papers, which pleased the little ones very much. We have in the treasury 43 cents. I have the boys march out in order, and I try to do everything in order. When I closed I found a woman at the door with her daughter, saying that she did not know such was going on in that part of the city, and when she heard such sweet singing, she came to see, and also stating that she had two more at home. Soon came another mother, saying that she had five and could she send them. I told them yes, and only wished that they would come themselves and bring others. They promised that they would. I am looking forward for a great work, if God be my helper. I am having now severe studies; but I make out to get to see some families.

My kindest regards to you and family, teachers and Principal. May the blessings of God be with you all in sickness and in sorrow. Pray for me that I may not be swept away by the storms of the evil one, but that I may ever hold fast to that which is true and noble in the sight of God. Please write me how things are going on at school. My co-worker, Miss L. C.——, wishes to be remembered to you.

I remain yours in Christ, B.

A later letter of April 2, from the same writer, says:

"The average attendance on our Sunday school now is about sixty-five, besides fourteen teachers, and now the young men have become so interested, that from fifteen to twenty young men and ladies come to visit the school, and many have joined the Bible class. I have visited the families, and they have received me kindly, indeed—have manifested their interest in the work, and do send their children. Sunday before last I was called in by an old lady to see a very sick young man; happy was he in the Lord. I talked with him, read to him, and prayed for him; that night he passed away. Another grand and hopeful field for Christian workers is that of the alms-house. I have been working there over two months in company with the white lady of whom I spoke to you; but I have brought the subject up before the young men, so that every time I go now I have company."

FROM A GRATEFUL GIRL.

One of our young women graduates, and faithful teachers, thus expresses her gratitude to a dear and generous friend of Hampton and its students:

SOUTH CAROLINA,
February 29, 1884.

My Dear Friend:

Nothing can afford me more pleasure than this opportunity to write to you. I have been quite ill, but thanks to Him, I am up again and at work. I have had a fall, which has injured my spine. Wednesday was a happy day in my school. I had three writing desks made, costing three dollars of the money you sent us, and presented them to the children just as if they were directly from you. I purchased a school-bell, costing seventy-five cents. Oh, they were so happy. After all were seated, we sang, "What a Friend we have in Jesus." Presently all were in tears; then I explained the hymn to them, telling how God has helped us through you and Miss——. There is a great contrast now, for when I first came to this school I found them sitting on rails. I asked them what I should tell you for them. All cried out, "Tell her we thank her;" one said, "Miss R. tell her God will bless her for us." Now, my dear Miss L., my heart is overjoyed. When I see what you have done for these children—just a little to what you have done for *me*—I cannot thank you enough. I only wish there was *something* that I could do in return, to show you how I appreciate the favors and benefits I have received from you. But from my heart I give you thanks.

My school will close the last of March. It lasts five months; this year longer than ever.

With my love, I am yours gratefully, B.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

NEW COMERS.

A party of nine Indians girls from Crow Creek Agency, Dakota, arrived at Hampton April 5th, under the escort of the Rev. Mr. Gravatt of St. John's Church, Hampton. Their Agent reports of them as follows:

Indian name	*English name*	Age	*Father's name*	*Rank*	*Band*
Good Body	Ida Lucy Black	15	Black Inside	Brave	Wizi
White Woman	Jessie Banks	9	" " "	"	"
Yellow Eyes	Mabel Thrown away	16	Geo. Banks	Police	"
Lone Winona.	Laura Bowed Head	14	John Thrown away	Brave	Running Bear
Yellow Eagle Woman	Mamie Bowed Head	8	" " "	"	Dog Back
Red Legs	Amy Wizi	21	Bowed Head	Chief	"
Yellow Star	Laura Face	15	Wizi	"	Wizi
Spotted Horse	Emma Grease	9	Face	Brave	Running Bear
		19	Grease	"	White Ghost

MEDICAL REPORT.

GENERAL ARMSTRONG: *Dear Sir:*—

The company of nine Indian girls which arrived April 5th, was examined by me the same day. With two exceptions, they appear to be in excellent physical condition. Two have some general indications of weak lungs, but no local disease. One has enlargement of the cervical lymphatics, but is apparently strong and in good health.

It is, on the whole, the soundest company which has been received.

Respectfully yours.
M. M. WALDRON, *M. D.*

A NEW THANKSGIVING DAY.

Some kind friends of our Indian boys in the North have lately started for them a Library by sending a generous supply of handsome and well selected books; also a bookcase. When the box was opened and the books were being examined by their grateful and admiring recipients, a friend came in and said. "It looks like a holiday time, is it Christmas?

One of the little fellows immediately replied "No; Thanksgiving."

OUR NEW GIRLS.

For days and weeks, not only the wiser members of the Indian Department, but many of the dusky maidens, have been busy planning for a number of girls "who were to come from Crow Creek Agency, D. T. as soon as snow and weather would permit; and when, about three weeks ago, the Rev. Mr. Gravatt of Hampton started westward, the nimble fingers flew faster, keeping pace with the busy tongues, as the girls put finishing touches to many necessary garments, and wondering who should wear this dress, or that skirt, and would the new comers be large or small, bright or stupid, friends or strangers, and withal, how many would accept the hand held out to draw them from their homes into this new strange land. What delight there was in Winona when on Wednesday the 2nd, a telegram came from Chicago; "Leave here tonight with nine Indian girls." Saturday morning would find them there, and nine while only eight had been expected. How could we be ready? But seeming mountains melt into mole hills before our sympathetic thoughtful planner, and soon enough nine piles of neatly made clothing were ready.

On Saturday morning, it seemed to me before time for Apollo to be fairly on his course, but in reality at about seven, thoughout the whole house there "was such a clatter" that like the renowned people of St. Nicholas, "I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter." Flew to the window, threw up the sash, and all that, and there, in a flood of beautiful sunshine, beheld for the first time our new nine. Out they came, one by one, from the depth of a great stage coach, straight into the midst of a happy group of the school girls who formed a circle about the steps. All was quiet now, and I could imagine the comments which passed through the children's minds as their hands reached up to take the heavy baskets, or to welcome some familiar face. An hour later, and the Assembly room at Winona was the scene of much merry making and no little consternation; for behold here three tiny mites whom it seemed at first nothing we had prepared would fit, and there, two as much larger than had been expected. So there were tucks to be taken in or let out, and some things to be borrowed from school supplies, before each one had a fresh set to start with. Over the names, too, there was much fun, and a great deal of tact called into service, for Indians are as disinclined to answer "What is your name?" as many of us are to reply when asked "How old are you?" The black eyes would disappear under the blue shawls, before the timid voices would murmur "Mamie" "Emma" or "Mabel" as the name might be; but no sooner was it given than down it went in black and white, indelibly marked on some piece of clothing. One wee dot seemed utterly unable to dub herself by any title, and so was passed over to a little chatterbox, who took her off into a room by herself and there, through the medium of the mother tongue, gained a glorious victory, emerging ere long triumphantly, leading little "Yellow Star," which is the English of her pretty Indian name. A happy morning was spent by the old girls, directed and assisted by two of the graduates, who cheerfully bear on their shoulders much of the hardest care of our children, giving baths, allotting rooms, etc. until at last all seemed settled into quiet again.

Then came a visit to the Doctor, where it was proved that appearances are not always deceptive, for the girls' physical condition was pronounced good in most cases, as their healthy, bright faces seemed to indicate

The evening shadows creeping in, found the Western strangers surrounded by many friends, safely and happily ensconced in their new Eastern home. But here again came our little "Yellow Star," led by two laughing midgets, who declared "*It* has no place!" though they were delighted enough to bear "It" off again to share their beds, and as the last bell rang, a great peace came into our hearts, as we thought of those who had made this home and new life a possibility to our children, and of Him whose love passeth all understanding, while we smothered a sigh as we missed the bright smile which has always before added sunshine to the welcome at Winona.

L. T.

Simon Mazakute.

On the 12th, of May 1873, Rev. Paul Mazakute, the first Dakota Presbyter of the Episcopal Church, died at Santee, Neb. at the age of 31, and on the 26th of Mar. 1884, his son Simon died at Hampton, where he had been at school since the previous fall.

In his "Last Words to his Friends," published by the "Dakota League of Massachusetts, the father wrote; "I have five children; four boys and one girl. If any, no matter where they live, will have pity on them for my sake, and teach them letters, to lead them along the way of Christ, they will make me truly thankful. I must now soon leave them, and as they are yet very small, I am truly sad at heart.

I do not look to any of the Dakota people. But I look with confidence to the white people who have the charity of Jesus. I seem now to be very near the gates of death. Therefore, for my children's sake, I put my trust in strangers.

In the year 1868 I went to the East, and saw much of the country there. In Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts, especially, I saw many houses and works of mercy. I have a very strong affection for all those States on that account, and a desire that my children be there. In a little while I shall not be with them, and if they are not instructed, they will grow up foolish and sinful, and if I think it sad that I can no longer see them on earth, it will be sadder still if I shall not see them hereafter in Heaven.

Therefore, if any one will pity me, and take one of them, and make it wise, and so cause me to see it in Heaven, my soul will have great joy. I am an Indian, and I know all their thoughts and ways, and they are all hard and full of misery. I grew up among them, sad and wretched; but at last I found a blessed Faith, having which, though I am dying, I know I am but waiting for a great joy and peace. It is true that the Dakotas now have this blessed Faith, and also have teachers, but these are among Dakôtas, and the teaching is in their language, and so it is difficult for them to think of much, or to learn much. I desire that my children be well taught, and that as I was the first Minister from the Dakota people, so, if God my Father shall so bless me, and keep me, from mine may grow up another Minister, who though I be not here, shall bear my name among the Ministers of Christ, and finish the work that I now lay down.

If a man is rich, and humble himself to ask from another man, it is a shame; but if a man is poor, and in misery, humble himself to ask help from another, it is right. Thus I, a Dakota, ask for help, and I ask without shame. And it is a shame for one to ask help from another people, but I send these my words to the whites, but I do it without shame, because we are one body in Christ."

Wholly ignorant of this pathetic plea of the father's, Capt. Brown, when collecting his party of Indians from Crow Creek last September, at first refused permission to young Mazakute to accompany them to Hampton, as girls for Winona Lodge were especially desired; but he was not to be denied. The party had driven about twenty miles, when they were overtaken by Simon riding bareback on his pony with only a rope for his bridle. Most earnestly he begged to be allowed to come with them. He was ready to work, to do anything, if only he might come to gain an education and to see his younger sister, a girl of much promise, who had already spent two years at Hampton. He was not sent back.

It was soon evident after his arrival that the tall, fine looking young fellow, though quiet and reserved, had received careful training. For the first few months, he seemed well and strong and made an excellent record.

About Christmas time, he was stricken down with violent hemorrhages of the lungs, from which he had suffered before leaving home. His otherwise strong frame battled bravely against disease, and it was not until the spring blossoms had come that the struggle ended. The patient fortitude with which he bore the weariness and pain were surprising. If, sometimes, considerate as were his boy friends, the sounds in the Wigwam seemed many and loud, and the kind watcher by his bed side would ask if the noise troubled him, it was with a sweet smile he would answer "No" and the response always was, "Yes," if questioned as to whether he had all he wanted.

His sister often went to see him, and fruit, flowers and jelly were carried to him. A Scripture Roll was the gift of one friend, and he liked it turned every day so that his eyes could rest on the fresh verses.

He passed away very gently one night. It seemed as if the Good Shepherd of whom his father spoke as "Always active, He who never tires. He who walks bravely in difficult places and in desert lands ever seeking the lost; this One only everywhere strong of wing, this One only every where strong in battle," Himself bore him through the valley of shadows.

The wish of Paul Mazakute that one of his sons should take Orders was not realized in Simon, yet, among the ranks of the shining ones, who can tell what ministry to his people may not be given him?

The setting sun lighted up the school Chapel when his schoolmates and friends gathered for the simple funeral services, and as we walked home from the Cemetery after the bugle had sounded the long good night to the quiet sleeper, the West was still glorious, reminding us of that City which by faith his dying father saw, and in native eloquence described as, "The City always brilliant, and the buildings all of shining gold; the men in their raiment brighter than the sun; these all day and night, wise in mind, walk, making peace and singing hymns such as we never knew below, and with voices such as we have never heard. And on either side, the everlasting mountains bright and ever green; men walking there rejoicing; the City with its streets of gold, and houses pleasing in their color like the leaves of autumn, green, scarlet and white as silver, and there is no sun, but the face of the Lord is the everlasting Light."

Does It Pay to Educate Indians?

The following from a young Pawnee, illustrates the spirit and life of one Indian trained in the East and sent back to his own people, and serves to answer the above question.

Pawnee Industrial School,
Pawnee Agency, Ind. Ter.,
April 3rd, 1884.

DEAR SIR:—

Though an undergraduate of your institution, I feel it my duty to write to you about my work.

I arrived home last May, and was asked at once to clerk in the store. I accepted the offer, and clerked there 3 months. I like that kind of business and work. If it was not for my beloved learning place, Hampton, I would have been clerking there now. While clerking there I used to go up to Pawnee school to collect. The Pawnee students all sang well, and I enjoyed the services. Mr. L. D. Davis, Supt. of this school, asked me many times to speak to the scholars. I did, and all seemed to listen to me, that he asked me to come up again and often.

Mr. Davis asked me if I would teach if he got the place for me. I told him that Hampton expected me to teach, but what could I do, I could not go to teaching for nothing. He saw Mr. Hayworth, Supt. of Indian schools, and got the place for me as an assistant teacher.

The 1st of October I went up to the school and found Mr. W. W. Davis, principal teacher in the school-room. He turned all the new scholars just brought in from the camps, and those that were in the primary department, over to me. Here I took my first class into another recitation room; boys averaging from 10 to 12 years of age—never attended school before, neither did they know a word of English. When I entered the recitation room I found the Supt. in there. He had taken a chart, (Appleton's) in for me. I hung the chart up but did not have anything to do with it until for some time. I took one of the smallest boys and stood him in front of the class. I told them that *pe-lus-he* was *boy* in English. Here they learned their first English word. After teaching them some other words, they got so they could read sentences like these—

I see the boy.
The boy can see.
See the boy.
I can see the boy.
Can you see the boy?
The boy has two ears.
The boy has two eyes and one nose.

I did the same way with my girls, but instead of writing boy I wrote girl, for I had a girl in front of the girls' class.

Sunday came around. The Supt. took for his scholars the older boys, while I took all those that could not understand a word of English, for my class. I took them on one side of the school room, and told them that I was going to talk to them in Pawnee, so they could understand what I was telling them. Many of their parents were present and I took them to where my class was. Our lesson was in the Old Testament. I commenced telling them about the way they worshipped and offering sacrifices on the altar to God, when a tradition of the Pawnees came into my mind. I told the Indians that their tradition corresponded with the Bible. They were very glad they had come that morning. They asked me if I would give them their dinners if they came every Sunday. I told them I would, and they come to hear me tell more about the old stories in the Bible. One priest came to me and wanted me to talk with him about the Bible. On talking with him, he told me that though he was a priest, he believed that their religion was altogether nothing now. He said if we had some one to talk to us and to enlighten our minds, we would listen to him. The Pawnees are a religious people and I am trying all I can to tell them about our Saviour, as far as I know. I wish I had become a minister while there at school, for I could do a good work right here among my own native people. Gen'l I do not see why Christian people do not send their missionaries among these Indians, where the Gospel is needed. They send missionaries to foreign countries.

Monday I found that my new scholars had remembered what I taught them the week before.

It was not very long when they got so they could go to the Supt. and asked him for shoe-strings, or a coat, or a pair of shoes. They would go and say, "Mr. Davis, please, I want shoes," or anything they wanted. I taught and do teach the way I saw teachers teaching their scholars at Butler, in primer or in numbers.

Not long after I organized a battalion, including every boy in school. I have four companies and all drill well now. I have a Sergeant Major, Sergeants and Corporals. They appreciate their offices. They mind, and are careful not to do anything wrong while drilling.

Not long ago some friends in Philadelphia, through Capt. R. H. Pratt, sent us a nice little job "Jewel" press. So we have started a paper called the "*New Era*." Out of my school and drilling hours, I work in there setting types. In my department all are doing well. They are learning fast. I will not say any more about my teaching, for I do not like to tell of myself in teaching.

While teaching, an Indian told me that they wanted me at the Agent's office. I went down and found the office full of men. They asked my opinion about leasing part of their reservation. I told them that I opposed it because many are yet in villages; and they some day would have to pick their claims, and I wanted them to look out—first for the Pawnees, then cattle men.

I learned that a proposition was laid before the chiefs by Mr. Bennett (who owns the cattle) at 2 cents an acre for the term of ten years.

Some of the Indians (interested party) wanted to lease at that price without taking any consideration. Many opposed it; then put it at 2 1-2 cents; then at 3 cents per acre for the term of five years. But still the majority opposed it. The interested party then asked Mr. Bennett for beeves, which they well knew would turn the Indians in their favor. That turned a good many for lease, but was finally decided to hold another council before our Agent Dr. John W. Scott. Another council was held soon after before Reese Pickering (clerk in charge) Agent Dr. Scott somehow could not attend. At the council it was decided by the chiefs and people not to lease. The interested party then behaved shamefully, cowardly, unmanfully, unworthy to be called gentlemen. Some of them threatened the lives of persons who differed and opposed their scheme. One man went so far as to challenge anybody (who opposed him) to go out and fight him.

Our interpreter then tried to resign his position as an interpreter, just because he was defeated in his scheme with the monopolists.

These old parties having the power care not for the rights of the people but are ambitious for more power. They know the educated, enlightened rising generation is springing up in our midst, and they are very much worried. They are afraid that their power will soon be taken from them. This is their object for bulldozing and brute force, which are the old way of doing things. When they cannot accomplish that, feasting, apologizing, bribing is their object. The scheme was a failure.

Long after the councils, the party that were bribed, held feasts bribing Indians. They went to Reese Pickering (clerk in charge) not telling the opposite party that a council was to be held again. They have carried their scheme through at last.

I opposed it because it will be a disadvantage to the progress of civilization of my people, and against the wishes and welfare of the people of the United States.

I feel that the Pawnees would depend upon the few beeves or the little rental money they shall receive from the company. With this object in view, they would not advance any, but rather put them at a stand still for many years. The part they have now leased is the best for farming purposes; and the majority of the Indians have claims there—living on them. Those Indians need protection from the encroachment of cattle. I opposed it because it was a scheme of money corporation whose sole object was to further their own interest and not for the welfare of the Indians and the Gov. of the U. S. And in the situation the Pawnees are in—compare the small rental money or beeves to that of damages by cattle to crops and hay, and the trouble that would bring on with cattle-men, besides the trouble of the U. S. Gov. in trying to promote civilization and peace. I don't believe the Indian or the Gov. would derive anything from the lease. I am afraid the Indians will be discouraged (except few who will get the full benefit from it) in farming their claims.

The Pawnees are doing well so far. I believe they raised more corn than any Indians around us. Last fall they had a good market, and are encouraged to work more this Spring.

Frank White, a chief of the Chowee band, has a settlement inside where the cattle-men want to fence. Frank is a worker. He takes his young men in the woods, and shows them how to split rails. I think they have split about 18,000 rails. They are a set of workers. Frank White's settlement were welf off, but they were outside of the reservation lines. They had good farms all fenced, with good log houses. He was sorry when he received orders to go on his own reservation. He received $100 for what he had done on the farm. His settlement then moved southeast of the reservation on the Raccoon creek. They are now getting along well down there.

Many of the Pawnees are doing well; some are not yet on their claims but will be when the surveyers go out again to survey their claims. Before I close I want to let you know that I have some white children in my classes, and I do not see any difference, except the white students understand their language while it is difficult for the Indian children to understand. Both of these races get along well together. Nobody sees any quarreling or fighting like you can at white schools.

I do not receive any papers from Hampton. All I receive is the *Southern Workman*, and I thank the one whoever sends it. I enclose a dollar for the *Workman*. I like to read it. It encourages me, when I read letters from different graduates and students about their work. May God ever prosper your grand work until all races in the U. S. shall be equal before all civilized people.

Your friend, JAS. R. MURIE.

Address by Booker T. Washington, Principal of Tuskegee Normal School Ala.

The following address, delivered by Mr. Booker T. Washington at the recent meetings held in Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia, in behalf of Hampton and Tuskegee, shows the good work that he is doing, and the good sense with which he is doing it:

"Twelve years ago, it is said, that Northern teachers in the South for the purpose of teaching colored schools were frightened away by the whites from the town of Tuskegee, Ala., where the Tuskegee Normal School in now located. About three years ago, the member of the Alabama legislature from Tuskegee, who is a prominent democrat and present speaker of the house, offered and had passed by the General Assembly a bill appropriating $2,000, annually to pay the salaries of teachers in a Normal School to be located at Tuskegee for the training of colored teachers. At the end of the first session of the school the legislature almost unanimously passed another bill appropriating an additional $1,000 annually for the same purpose.

From the opening of the school to the present, the white citizens of Tuskegee have been among its warmest friends. They have not only given of their money, in small sums it is true, but they are ever ready to suggest and devise plans to build up the school. When an unfavorable report has gotten afloat, they have been among the first to find out the truth and help set matters aright; when the school was making an effort to start a brick yard but was without means, one of the merchants kindly gave an entire outfit of tools.

A former slaveholder working on a Negro Normal School building, under a Negro master carpenter, is a picture that the last few years have made possible.

Any movement for the elevation of the Southern Negro, in order to be successful, must have, to a certain extent, the co-operation of the Southern whites. They control the government and own the property. Whatever benefits the black man benefits the white man. Brains, property and character for the Negro will solve the question of civil rights. The best course to pursue in regard to the Civil Rights Bill in the South is to let it alone; let it alone! Good school teachers and plenty of money to pay them will be more potent in settling the race question than many Civil Rights Bills. A young colored physician, a graduate of the Hampton Institute, went into the city of Montgomery, Ala., a few months ago to practice his profession. He was the first to professionally enter the ex-confederate capital. When his white brother physicians found out by a six day's examination that he had brains enough to pass a better examination, as one of them said, than many of the whites had passed, they gave him a hearty welcome and offered their services to aid him in consultation or in any other way posssible, and they are standing manfully up to their promise. Strange to say, that this same young man after being promised admission to a New York medical college, was refused by the faculty when he presented himself and they saw the color of his skin. Not discouraged, he pushed forward, gained admission to the medical college of Buffalo, N. Y., where he worked his way through as he had done at Hampton, and graduated and has made the record just stated. Let there be in a community a Negro who, by virtue of his superior knowledge of the chemistry of the soil, his acquaintance with the most improved tools, and the best breeds of stock, can raise fifty bushels of corn to the acre, while his white brother only raises thirty, and the white man will come to the black man to learn. Further, they will sit down on the same train, in the same coach and on the same seat to talk about it. Harmony will come in proportion as the black man gets something that the white man wants, whether it be of brains or material.

Some of the country whites looked at first with disfavor on the establishing of a Normal School in Tuskegee. It turned out that there was no brick yard in the whole country. Farmers and merchants wanted to build, but bricks must be brought from a distance or they must wait for one house to burn down before building another. The Normal School with student labor started a brick yard. Two kilns of bricks were burned. The whites came from miles around for bricks. From examining bricks they were led to examine the workings of the school. From the discussion of the brick yard, came the discussion of the Negro's education and thus many of the "old masters" have been led to see and become interested in Negro education. In Tuskegee a Negro mechanic manufactures the best tin ware, the best harness, the best boots and shoes, and it is common to see his store crowded with whites from all over the country. His word or note goes as far as that of the white man.

As to morals, the Negro in the South, is slowly but surely improving. In this he has had no standard by which to shape his character. The masses in too many cases have been judged by their so called leaders whoare, as a rule, ignorant, immoral preachers or selfish politicians.

I repeat for emphasis, that any work looking towards the permanent prosperity of the Negro, must have for one of its aims the fitting of him to live peaceably and friendly with his white neighbors, both socially and politically.

In spite of all talk of exodus, the Negro's home is permanently in the South; for, coming to the bread and meat side of the question, the white man needs the Negro and the Negro needs the white man. The South being his home, it is our duty to help him prepare himself to live there an independent Christian citizen. In this there should be no unmanly cowering or stooping to satisfy unreasonable whims of Southern white men, but it is charity and wisdom to keep in mind the two hundred year's schooling in prejudice against the Negro, which the ex-slaveholders have to conquer.

A certain class of whites object to the general education of the colored man on the ground that when he is educated he ceases to do manual labor, and there is no evading the fact that much aid is withheld from Negro education in the South by the states on these grounds. Just here the great mission of industrial education coupled with the mental comes in. It kills two birds with one stone, viz: secures the co-operation of the Southern whites and does the best possible thing for the black man. Educate him industrially and mentally and there will be no doubt of his prosperity; for a race who have lived at all and paid for the last twenty years, twenty-five and thirty per cent interest on the dollar for food advanced, can certainly take care of itself when educated mentally and industrially. As another example of how the brother in black has lived: an old Alabama planter said a few days ago, "Why, I never think of settling with my darkies; what's the use of a settlement? When the crop is being made they get all they can out of me, and after it is made I get all I can out of them. Now where is the use of bothering with settlement?"

The Tuskegee Normal School, situated in the "Black belt" of Ala. with an ignorant degraded Negro population of twenty five thousand within a radius of twenty miles, has a good chance to see the direct needs of the people; and to get a correct idea of their condition one must leave the towns, and go far out into the country, miles from any railroad, where the majority live. First of all, they need teachers with not only trained heads and hearts, but with trained hands. School houses are needed in every township and county. The present wrecks of log cabins and bush harbors where many of the schools are now taught, must be replaced by comfortable, decent houses. In many school houses rails are used for seats, and often the fire is on the outside of the house while the scholars are inside. Add to this, a teacher who can scarcely write his name and who is weak morally as well as mentally, and you then have but a faint idea of the educational condition of the South. It is the work of Tuskegee to send into these places teachers who will not stand off and tell the people what to do or what ought to be done, but to send those who can take hold and show the people *how* to do. The blacksmiths, carpenters, brickmasons and tinners who learned their trades in slavery are dying out, and slavery having taught the colored boy that labor is disgrace, few of their places are being filled. The Negro now has a monopoly of the trades in the South, but he can't hold it unless the young men are taught trades while in school. The large number of educated loafers to be seen around the streets of our large cities, furnishes another reason in favor of industrial training.

Beginning about three years ago with thirty students and with nothing but the State appropriation for tuition, we now have one hundred and sixty eight of mostly country students gathered from all parts of the State. By the aid of friends North and South, we have paid for farming and wood land to the amount of five hundred and forty acres, on which the school is located, and have built a large building at a cost of $6000.00. The entire property is free from debt and is not deeded to the State but to a board of trustees. The majority of the students are poor and able to pay but little cash for board: consequently the school keeps three points before it; first, to give the students the best mental training: secondly, to furnish him with labor that will be valuable to the school and that will enable the students to learn something from the labor *per se*; thirdly, to teach the dignity of labor. A *chance* to help himself is what we want to give every student. This is the chance that was given me ten years ago at the Hampton Institute, when I went there with but 50 cts. in my pocket, and it is my only ambition in life to do my part in giving it to every other poor but worthy young man and woman.

From the first we have carried out the plan at Tuskegee of asking help for nothing that we could do for ourselves. Nothing has been bought that the students could produce. The boys have done the painting, made the brick, the chairs, tables, and desks, have built a stable, and are now building a carpenter shop. The girls do the entire housekeeping including the mending, ironing, and washing of the boys' clothes. Besides they make garments to sell and give some attention to flower gardening.

In one direction we have gone as far as we can go unaided. We are compelled to have another large building for 75 girls and their teachers, with boarding hall, kitchen, and laundry for all the students. The State of Alabama pays for tuition but not for buildings and land. The boys, now in temporary and uncomfortable lodgings, where they really suffer during the winter months, are to be put into the rooms now used for the girls in Porter Hall. We plan to have 25 rooms 12x13 feet for girls, three to a room, and five for teachers. The cost of building each will be $200. Thirty rooms at $200.00 with library and reading room, parlor, dining room, kitchen and laundry for 150 boarders will require an outlay of not less than $10,000. Over $5000 have been raised.

The young men have already made two kilns of brick and will make all required for the needed building. We only ask for the money with which to put the building up. While the young men are crowded into these shanties as at present, the needed training in cleanliness and habits of order cannot be given, and these lessons they will never learn if they do not have an opportunity of doing so while in school.

Thus far I have only attempted to state facts in regard to the general condition of the South and our own work at Tuskegee, but I will venture the assertion that the sooner the Southern colored man learns that one political party is not composed of all angels, and the other of all devils, that all his friends do not live in some distant section of the country and all his enemies in his own town or neighborhood, and that the sooner his Northern colored brother, and the lawmakers learn that the most effective way of curing the South of its terrible malady is to apply the medicine which will remove the cause, and not those palliatives in the shape of little investigating committees, and vote catching bills which alloy the pain only for a season. If by the sooner the colored man North and South, and the law-makers learn and practice these things, the sooner will the time come when the common brotherhood of all the citizens in the United States will be established.

Two Colored Girls.

PICTURES FROM LIFE.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

One of them has been favored by fortune. Her parents are both good people, who had the rare advantage of Christian marriage in days of slavery. The husband, a most industrious and sensible man, having purchased himself and accumulated a little property, was able to secure a home for his family without the hardships endured by so many of his race at the emancipation.

The mother, a person of fine mind and character, was carefully trained by her owners in all womanly and housewifely arts, and has with equal care imparted them to her daughter. Both parents have made every possible effort to give their children all the advantages which the new *regime* permits to the colored people. The young girl, after excellent home training, and having been tenderly guarded from evil association, was sent at the proper age to boarding school, where she diligently improved her advantages. When her school days were over, she began at once to teach the children of her race, and has carried light into darkness wherever she has gone, never shrinking from disagreeable surroundings when an opening was found for useful and profitable employment. Full of the spirit of her worthy parents, her earnings have been used to aid them in bringing up the younger children, and hu ding up the home, which has been to all its inmates the abode of peace and happiness.

After some years, she has married the man of her choice, who is worthy of the faithful love with which she has crowned his life.

I visited her lately in the home of her parents, where her mother's failing health makes it necessary for her to continue.

Her husband labors and she saves for the little home of their own to which they look forward after a while.

Now she is fully occupied; her sick mother, her little baby, her old father, claim much time and care. She has no idle time, for she teaches music for some hours daily, and cultivates a fine voice and ear with assiduity. When an hour of rest comes to her, she is eager to spend it in reading of current events, or studying the history of the past,

and is always ready and willing to aid any effort for the progress of her race.

With such training, such character, such enthusiasm, what can keep a woman down, what can prevent her from having a useful and honorable life?

Blessing and blessed in her life among men, may she, when the Master calls, enter His presence and dwell forevermore with those "who walk in white garments, for they are worthy."

For the other, what shall I, what can I say of her? An outcast, homeless child, she knows not her father; her mother has given her no love, no home, no care.

Degradation and shame, hunger and cold, have been her portion. She has not grown up, but been "jerked up." From infancy, her associations have been with the evil and the vile. At a time when the children of comfortable homes are absorbed with play-things, she has learned to work for food and clothes, and learned also to steal, to lie, to slink, whenever opportunity offers.

Whilst scarcely beyond childhood, she has become a mother, and the base father of the ill-fated infant, who shows its relationship to him by the fair complexion of the proud Caucasian race, deserts it, and the unhappy creature, who has brought it into life, to struggle as they may. What can she do? It was hard for her to live before; what will become of her now, with this additional burden? Some spark of nature in her dusky breast keeps her from destroying the child, but she gives it away or abandons it on the hill-side, and begins her wretched life again. She is young and strong, and can find work, and now for a few months a chance is given her in a well-ordered household, where her duties are light and she is surrounded with comfort. But she has never been taught that a steady, regular life of industry is necessary for the child of man. Evil habits cling to her, temptation is ever around her. Again the pains of maternity are upon her, and she is sternly ordered away from the home that would have given her shelter if she had done her part. Where can she go? who will take her in?

In a bitter storm of rain and sleet, a woman tottering with weakness, burnt with fever, shaking with cold, is wandering. This time the child is dead, and the people in the hovel where she had taken refuge have driven her away. Some blind instinct leads her out into the dreary fields in search of a hut she has visited where others like herself had gathered in times gone by, where orgies had been held, and drink furnished, and evil acquaintance made. The hag who keeps the place does not want her now, in this wretched condition, but she can go no further, and moaning and shivering, she creeps into a corner to suffer a little while longer and then die!

These are no pictures of fancy. The sketch I give first is taken from life. Thank God, such houses and such woman are to be found among our colored people.

The second story, alas, is true also.

A year ago, just such a miserable girl died in the hut of a degraded Negro woman within a few miles of my house, and the untended corpse lay for days in the corner where the hapless creature died, before burial was provided for it by the brutal beings around it.

Is there not in this Christian land some remedy for such cases as this? Is there not some hope to hold out to the erring ones like her to whom the Saviour said: "Go and sin no more?"

Virginia School Report.

We have received from Hon. R. R. Farr, State Supt. of Public Instruction, a copy of the Thirteenth Annual School Report of the state, for the year ending July 31, 1883. It is as usual an interesting document, showing progress, and growth of public sentiment. "The enrolment of pupils has increased over last year, by 29,314, the number of schools by 592, and of teachers, by 605, with a corresponding improvement in the amount of available funds, which, for the past year, justified the opening of many new schools, and enables all to run for an average session of 6.09 months."

The school population of the State is, of white, 314,827, of colored, 240,980; total, 555,807. Of these, the percentage enrolled in schools is 56.3 per cent. of whites, and 37.7 of colored, an increase over last year of 1.7 per cent. of white, and 2.3 per cent. of colored. The number of graded schools has increased by 27 white and 9 colored, there being now 221 white and 66 colored. The number of pupils enrolled is, white, 177,412; colored, 90,948; an increase of 5,378 white, and 5,620 colored. But the number in average daily attendance is 102,155 white, and only 48,850 colored. A reason for this is doubtless the necessity of keeping children at home at certain seasons for help in work, or for want of warm clothing. On the other hand, the statistics show a rather curious difference in the relative number of those studying the higher branches, of whom there are 5,850 white and 801 colored, a decrease from last year of 5,850 for the whites, and for the colored an increase of 801. The whole cost of public education per month per pupil enrolled is .70, against .72 cts. last year: per pupil in average attendance, $1.25 this year against 1.21 last year. The number of white male teachers has decreased by 180, that of white female teachers increased by 289. The increased business prosperity of the State, offering other more lucrative positions to men may account for this. The number of colored male teachers has increased by 79, but that of female teachers by 121, perhaps in part from the same cause, and in part from a preference for colored teachers who will be sure not to engage in politics. The average monthly salaries are about as last year; for males, $29.60, for females, $25.84, an increase in both of less than one per cent. Our graduates generally report more prompt and full payment.

The comparative summaries, extending from 1878 to 1883, show a steady growth and improvement in all respects. The grand total of expenses of the public school system in 1879 was $511,902.52; in 1883 it was $1,288,409.32.

To those who are interested in statistics, the tabulated reports showing the number of schools, teachers, pupils, and various school facilities in each county and district, will be convenient and interesting. In regard to public sentiment in favor of the schools, 89 superintendents report favorably, 3 report unfavorably, 9 report improvement, 5 report some opposition, 4 make no report. In 85 counties and cities, teachers' institutes have been held, in 18 none; 7 counties do not answer on this point.

A new and excellent feature of the year's work has been a Conference of the County and City Superintendents and Principals of Public High Schools of the State, held in Richmond, from Feb. 27 to March 2, for consultation as to the best means of securing unity and efficiency in the administration of school affairs. Great interest was manifested, 89 out of the 109 County Superintendents attending, and only 8 failing to respond to the invitation, though paying their own expenses. The other expenses of the Conference were supplied from the Peabody Fund by Hon. J. L. M. Curry, its general agent. The capitol was placed at the disposal of the Conference by Governor Cameron. Reports are given of addresses made by Hon. John Eaton, U. S. Commissioner of Education, and others. Resolutions were passed in favor of annual Conferences and Institutes, supported by State appropriations, in favor of national aid to education, in favor of increasing Normal Schools, and making William and Mary College a Normal School, and in expression of cordial approbation of the work of Hampton Institute and its graduates, of whom 174 were reported by the 93 superintendents who made reports, as being teachers in the State.

From the Peabody fund, Virginia received this year $1,378.50 for Institute work in addition to the $146 for the Conference. Institutes were held at Blacksburg for white teachers, and at Staunton for colored. Reports of both are given, the first conducted by Professor and Mrs. Walton of Massachusetts, and Professor McGilvray of Virginia, the second by Professor K. A. Mitchell, assisted by a full corps of teachers, among them Miss Lucy Boulding, a graduate of Hampton, who explained the methods of teaching object lessons and primary reading. Of the Staunton Institute, Mr. Farr says: "I cannot speak too highly of the zeal and interest manifested by the teachers. It has never been my pleasure to meet a more earnest, self-sacrificing body of teachers. It is extremely gratifying to me to make special mention of the aid and hearty support given to the Institute by the citizens of Staunton." The opening of the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute at Petersburg is noticed as "marking a great period in the history of the colored race in Virginia." Founded by the State, with a faculty and Board of Visitors composed, with one exception in the Board, entirely of colored men, "the school formally opened the first Wednesday in October, with nearly one hundred matriculates, and this number was soon increased to one hundred and twenty-five, all that could possibly be accommodated in the building."

The report shows that less than half the school population in the State is enrolled in its schools, while the present enrollment averages to each school reported forty-five pupils, which are about as many as a school can accommodate (each grade of one teacher is counted as one school). "Clearly we must have more schools or deny to half the children in the State any part in the benefits of public education. The Superintendents report that there are still needed in the State 549 white and 465 colored schools. If these were added, the schools would aggregate 6,988, which is far in excess of the wildest dreams of those who inaugurated the school system. But according to the census, and allowing the present average of 45 to a school, this would leave 98,461 white and 142,880 colored children—in all 241,341 children—outside the scholars. We then need at the lowest calculation 2,026 more schools." In view of this manifest need, the Hon. Superintendent advises amending the Code so as to increase the maximum allowed, and give Boards of Supervisors more discretion in fixing the amount of district tax to be levied; also so as to allow Boards of school teachers, upon recommendation of the County Superintendent, and with the sanction of the Board of Supervisors, to borrow money for a greater length of time than six months, and to execute a deed of trust to secure its payment, upon any property purchased in whole or in part with the money borrowed.

For the New York Evangelist.

The Invicible War-cloak.

A Friend in Charleston, Mass. has kindly sent us the following extract:

Extract of a letter from J. F. B. Marshall, merchant, of Honolulu, Oahu, Sandwich Islands, to his friends in Charleston, Mass. written in May, 1839.

"I have to-day seen the most valuable cloak in the world, computing the value at the price of the material and the labor bestowed upon it. I mean the feather war-cloak of the King, which belonged to his father, the celebrated warrior Kamehameha. The King's Secretary, Haalileo, brought it for us to look at—his Majesty having heard us express a wish to see it. We were deeply sensible of the distinguished honor done us, and examined the cloak with much pleasure and interest. It is of yellow feathers, and the enormous value of it arises from the fact, that the birds from which these feathers are taken, are very rare, having but one such feather under each wing, and consequently very valuable. The common price for one feather is a piece of nankin, or $1.50. Thus, at a rough estimate, the cost of the cloak, computing it at the value of the feathers alone, is at least one and a half millions of dollars. The cloak has been seven generations of Kings in making, and computing the value of the labor bestowed upon it at the average rate, that is, 25 cents per diem, the whole cost of the cloak would be quite as much as I should wish to see at the foot of any of my tailor's bills. It is 11 feet broad at the bottom, 2½ at the top, and 4 feet long. It is called the "Invincible cloak," old Kamehameha having been impressed with the idea that when he wore it, he was invulnerable. His war spear was also shown us. It is of a dark, hard wood, 10 feet in length, and a very formidable weapon in the hands of a master of the exercise."

Fires in Hampton.

The most extensive fire that has visited the town of Hampton since it was all laid in ashes during the war, broke out before daylight April 9, and raged till twenty-nine buildings, and $127,000 worth of property were consumed. The Normal School engine was first on the ground, but lent its hose to that from the Fort, that the stronger engine might reach the water, and the student brigade did faithful service for six hours in carrying out property from the houses. The steamer from the Soldiers' Home was on and did efficient work. The School engine went over in the afternoon to play upon the still burning ruins. After their hard morning's work, Mr. J. J. Barnes, proprietor of Barnes Hotel, courteously invited the students into the hotel dining room to take coffee, but they had already partaken a good breakfast through the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Bickford. For both these courtesies we tender their and our hearty thanks. A card was published in the Hampton Monitor by Mr. Barnes, expressing his own recognition of the services rendered the town by the Normal School brigade.

We are glad to say that the examination by the Grand Jury resulted in the belief that the fire was the result of accident and not incendiary malice. We are glad to hear that a county meeting has been called by Judge Booker to consider the advisability of providing the town of Hampton with a fire department and engine.

On Sunday evening, April 13, a Normal School guard about to ring the retiring bell, saw flames on the Soldiers' Home grounds and gave the alarm. The boys were on the alert and surprised the Home officials by reaching the scene as soon as any one did. The fire was in the stables, and had gained such headway that all were consumed, with a granary just stored with 500 bushels of grain. Four fine horses unfortunately perished, it being impossible to get them out. The Normal School engine was able to render good service in playing upon the flames so as to enable the Home brigade to save the Hospital buildings which were in great danger. Captain Woodfin, Commandant of the Home, made handsome acknowledgment of the students' services. We hope they may not be again needed in such away.

DIED, on Wednesday, March 19, at her home in Chatham, Va., of consumption, Mary V. Ivy, recently a student at Hampton Institute, and a niece of its graduates Lorenzo L. and Frank B. Ivy. In hope of eternal life.

DIED, on Wednesday, March 26, at Hampton Institute, of consumption, Simon Mazakute, an Indian student of the Sioux tribe, from Crow Creek Dakota, Ty. Simon was the son of the Rev. Paul Mazakute, the first native Presbyter under the Episcopal mission in Dakota.

DIED, of malarial fever, Nov. 2d, 1883, at Middletown, Penn. where he was working to earn money to reenter school, Thomas Lee Jones, an under graduate of Hampton Institute, a faithful worker, and an earnest Christian.

DIED, Monday, April 21, at Hampton Institute, of consumption, Cracking Wing, a Sioux Indian student from Fort Berthold Agency, Dakota. At his intelligent desire, he received Christian baptism, a week before his death, on Easter Sunday.

(Continued from page 50.)

Tired out with five days of play, and with the greater excitement of the race, the children go to bed to dream of boat-races and dragons, of feasts and quarrels, of cheers and upsets, of winning races and being half-drowned by falling into the water, until many a little one has good reason to be thankful that the "Festival af the Dragon-Boats" comes but once a year. Not much better do the men end their part of the festival. When tired of talking about the race, many of them quietly gather in gambling places, where most of the night is spent in winning or losing money.

The learned of China give a strange origin to this festival. They say that about twenty-two hundred years ago there lived in their country an excellent officer, whose great object was to make the people better and happier. All respected and loved this man. China, at that time, was not so closely united in one government as now; and the princes, or rulers, of the provinces did about as they chose. Often a great deal of suffering was caused by the bad government of these men.

This good officer, whose name was Wuh Yuen, saw that the prince of the province in which he lived was bringing trouble upon the people by bad laws. Wuh Yuen warned him of the danger, and begged that the laws might be changed. The prince who was a relative of the good man, liked to take his ease and to have his own way, though he was not a bad ruler, and he refused to listen. Matters grew worse. Wuh Yuen again went to the prince and asked him to change some of the laws. Again he was refused. As time went on the trouble became greater and the danger of ruin to the province more certain. The good man could not endure to see his country ruined, so he went the third time to the prince and begged him to make some change, to do something to save the province of the people. The third time the prince refused to change the laws, and besides told Wuh Yuen not to say anything more about it. Since he could do nothing more with the prince, Wuh Yuen gave up in dispair, and determined not to see the evil that he felt sure was coming upon the people. Sad and heart-broken he went to the bank of the Yangstse Kiang, and plunging into the water drowned himself.

When the people learned what Wuh Yuen had done, they hurried to the water and into their boats to search for his body. For a long time they continued looking, going up and down the stream in the hope of finding his body. As most of the people tell the story, the body was never found. Wuh Yuen's death is said to have been on the fifth day of the fifth month; and ever since his sad end the people, from respect to the good officer's memory, meet together on this day each year and pretend to search in the water nearest to them for his body.

The Chinese say that the prince was so grieved at the death of Wuh Yuen that he at once changed the laws and saved the country. In this way the good officer, they say, did more good by his death than he did in his whole lifetime. He gave his life to save his country, and now, after more than two thousand years, his countrymen show their gratitude by holding a yearly festival to his memory.

How much of this story is true we do not know; but it is quite certain that there was once a Wuh Yuen, and that he was a good officer; and it is probable that he drowned himself because he could not persuade his prince to do what was for the good of the people. Wuh Yuen may have been even a better man than the Chinese say, yet it does seem cowardly in him to desert the people when they most needed him. No doubt he loved the people and did not wish to see them suffer, yet it was not to relieve them that he drowned himself, but that he might escape the pain of seeing them suffer. He thought of himself. He did not know that his death would do the people any good. He did not think of that.

Wuh Yuen may have been a wise officer, but true wisdom does not kill the leader in any good work because that work does not at once succeed. As a wise man and true friend of the people, Wuh Yuen should have stayed to help those he loved.

But it was not his death that brought good to his countrymen. Thousands might have drowned themselves because of the evil threatening the Chinese, and the prince would probably not have given himself any thought about it. Because Wuh Yuen was a good man and an officer, because he pleaded so often and earnestly for the people, the prince loved him and missed him when dead. Dead Wuh Yuen could do no good. That which he had done while living led the prince to do what the good man asked. What Wuh Yuen could not kill, what lived when he was dead, brought the good. If his death happened to bring what he failed to get when alive, Wuh Yuen was none the less cowardly in killing himself to escape evil. To take one's own life is always the act of a coward. He would have been brave had he been willing to die a martyr for the good of others, but to kill himself because he was afraid to live makes us think him a coward, as are all suicides.—*Christian Weekly.*

Correspondence.

THE ONONDAGA TREATY.

Onondaga Castle, April 1884.

Your note of February 23, with an article clipped from the —— in regard to the Onondaga Indians is at hand. It is evidently written by some one who takes Syracuse papers, and has jumbled several articles together and arrived at conclusions in his or her own mind which have hardly been reached here. Truth and fiction are so wrought together that it is difficult to separate them. Before I undertake the criticism for which you ask, I might give you a short sketch of the Iroquois and their former position in the State, which may lead up to their present attitude, and show that after all that has been said and done, it is not so much the "intractable nature of the American Savage" that has left them in their heathenism, as a mistaken policy at first, and later an ignorant selfishness, combined with a certain sentimentalism founded on a more thorough perusal of Cooper's Novels, rather than a personal knowledge of the half-civilized tribes residing at their doors. I have no reliable history at hand, and never was good at dates, except the eatable kind, but at the close of one of the wars, when a treaty of peace was made with the British, no mention was made of the Indians on either side. The Indian had been the firm ally of the British, hating the colonists, who were, to them, invaders, settling themselves upon their land, yet giving them nothing in return; neither a protective government nor lands. Many invidious comparisons have been drawn between our treatment of the Indians and that of the English, and yet what could we do? We had to fight both the Indian and English for every rod of ground we had. The English commenced buying again of the Indians, thus gaining a foothold again in the State. To put a stop to that, treaties were made between the State and the Iroquois, by which each tribe was to hold certain lands in reserve, upon which they were to live, do as they chose, having their own laws and own way of living—*they and their heirs, forever.* The land was not to be sold or leased in parcels to any white man. This treaty did not prevent the State from buying the Reserve of either tribe at any time they wished to sell and leave the State. The Mohawks, who are the Indians of Cooper's novels, principally, were the first to do this and go in a body to Canada. Their place is supplied in the Six Nations by a tribe of French and Indian half-breeds, living in Franklin county, on the line between Canada and New York. Next the Cayugas sold, and the most of them went to Canada; but a part remained at the Alleghany Reservation in Cattaraugus Co. Then the Oneidas sold to the State, but they divided into three nearly equal parts. The greater part went to Green Bay, Wisconsin, remaining under the United States Government. A smaller part went to Canada, and a part remained at Oneida Castle, but not as a Reservation. They were given their lands to do with as they pleased, yet were not taken under the protection of the State. Deprived of their own home rule, they are a people without a country. The Tuscaroras have their Reservation in Niagara county, and the Senecas are divided between the Alleghany and the Tonawanda Reservations. The Alleghany Reservation is the most prosperous. It lies on either side of the Alleghany river, in Cattaraugus county, is 40 miles long and one mile wide. It has all the appliances of civilization. Schools and an Orphan Asylum, conducted by the Indians; manufactories, stores, groceries, houses of brick, paved streets, and their regular laws and courts. An Indian city in western New York. The Tuscarora Reservation is more rural—more like any farming country. But each man owns his farm and large orchards and abundant harvests; the necessary farming implements of modern times show an advanced stage of civilization. They have their schools and churches. They, too, have their own laws, with power of appeal to the white court of the county. The Senecas at Tonawanda are much less advanced, giving more attention to their old games and manner of living. I think they are subject to the laws of the Senecas in the Alleghany Reserve, and I have known of their sending teachers from Cattaraugus county to Tonawanda, but the results have not been any more favorable than from the white teachers sent among them. The educating of the Tonawanda Senecas has been so far like Mrs. Glass's recipe for rabbit pie: first catch your hare.

Of the Six Nations, the Onondagas were indisputably the head. Their Reservation is eight miles south of Syracuse. The Six-Nation Chief must be an Onondaga. It is there the council fire has always been lighted; there the yearly council always meets, the pagan ceremonies are always performed, and under the council house of the Onondagas is buried the body of Kah-nee-yah-di-yoh, or Beautiful Lake, whom they claim as their Lawgiver and Savior, and who promised to *rise again some day to release them from the white man.* Here the wampum belts are kept in charge of the head chiefs of the Onondagas. It is the Mecca toward which all who desire to continue in the old way turn. It is a remark current among the tribes, that it is impossible to get a *pure* Onondaga to give up his superstitions. They have seen first the Mohawks, then the Cayugas, and then the Oneidas apparently swallowed up and lost, and having all the appurtenances of their traditions in their midst, they cling to them with all the tenacity of a dying nation. The women *do* make their baskets and bead-work yet, for the same reason that we make articles most marketable. There being no trades among them, hunting and fishing all gone, they on an area of only four miles square, what would the men do but try to turn the products of the soil to the best account. Is it not what the white men of the rural districts are doing every day of their lives. It rather spoils the picturesque, I grant, to think of the chief of the tribe going to market, bringing home in their stead his flour, tea, and sugar—necessaries, become so by intercourse with the white man, and deprivation of the more Adam and Eve way of living—for the chieftainess to prepare in an exceedingly prosaic manner, rather than to imagine him sitting in state on his couch of skins in constant paint and feathers, with the "squaw" pounding corn at the door, and the pappoose strapped upon its board, hung upon the nearest branch. We only get Hiawatha and Minnehaha in books—just as our own heroines can wear white muslin across dewy fields without becoming bedraggled, only in print. The Church of England was introduced among them by Queen Anne—during the wars it was in a measure broken up—but not until the cross had found a place in their wampum belt—then it was lost for so long that the "white robe Church" had become a tradition. Backward and forward, with no steady purpose, the ball of civilization and Christianity has been thrown among them until it was declared in council that they would have none of it, but adhere steadily to their own pagan ways, and consequently those who belonged to the Council were to be those who had never been Christians, or were willing to deny the Lord who bought them. With the "carrying of the bag," as so powerful a reason for a Judas, could we wonder that the prospect of power, of handling the nation's money, and dread of the bitter anathemas hurled upon those who forsook the religion of their fathers, by the old medicine women, should shake the feeble Christianity of those who had embraced it, and take them back to the laws of Kah-nee-ya-di-yoh? Yet there were a brave few who held to their faith and refused to join in the old ceremonies—who gave up their belief in witchcraft, and refused to join in the ceremonies. Every year, at about our New Year's time, a fast is appointed, the people are gathered together in the council house—an acknowledgement of sin is made, and the white dog is buried as expiation. Devil dances and witch dances are held, and each house is visited by a man in a mask, who carries a burning firebrand to expel the evil spirit. All of these rites occupy about two weeks. Formerly all the tribes met for it; now only a few come. Their immorality is not entirely owing to their own perversity. These Oneida Indians, of whom I spoke, fell easy victims to the Oneida Community and its loose morality. Of course those who remained at the East were the least enterprising, and soon lost their farms. They sought asylums on the other reservations, and the most of them are here—a less number at Tonawanda. They have brought all of that looseness of moral principle with them. With no claim, their only chance for a home was intermarriage with the Onondagas, and that has, in most cases, been most deplorable, really resulting in a certain kind of slavery of the Oneidas. A year ago the Christians made an appeal to the Legislature to be taken under the laws of the State. A number of the Indians went to Albany and presented the appeal, immediately followed by the pagans with a protest. The pagans seemed so very anxious that they should be "let alone," that a Committee of Investigation was appointed to enquire into and report at this last winter's Legislature. The Christians hoped it would result in legislating and taking them under the laws of the State; but the end has been a new treaty, which the Council refuses to ratify, and there the matter now stands. I cannot throw the whole blame of incorrigibility upon the Indian. It is our own weakness in dealing with them, and shows most clearly the perniciousness of Reservations and the result of a certain kind of civilization, without training and education, and the uselessness of schools, and trying to educate at home. The only thing to be done, and the very first thing, is to take them as one of us, and train them to work. The course taken with the Western Indians is certainly an improvement upon that which has been taken with our New York Indians; and I am yet hoping that the old Empire State will lead the way by being the first to make her Onondagas citizens and freemen, instead of bringing up the next generation as weak, and then, of course, weaker and more puerile. J.

Advice to a Boy.

Get away from the crowd a little while every day, my dear boy. Stand to one side and let the world run by, while you get acquainted with yourself, and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself; ascertain from original sources if you are the manner of man people say you are; find out if you are always honest; if your life is as good at eleven o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as good a boy when you go to Chicago as you are at home; if, in short, you really are the sort of a young man your father hopes you are, or your mother says you are.

Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and believe me, every time you come out from these private interviews you will be a stronger, better, purer man.

Don't forget this, my friend, and it will do you good.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

PERPETUAL INJUNCTION.

In the U. S. Circuit Court in Maryland, it was, on the 10th of March, 1884, adjudged and decreed that a perpetual injunction be issued against Louis E. Wetter, and eighteen others, restraining them from imitating the labels of of the Rumford Chemical Works, manufacturers of Horsford's Bread Preparation, and also from using their old bottles.

The defendents were required to bring into court all fraudulent labels, and all imitation powders, for destruction.

It was decreed that the Rumford Chemical Works be entitled to receive the profits which have been diverted from it by reason of the infringment and the defendants were ordered to pay all costs.

Thus is another victory scored for the Rumford Chemical Works, who, not long since, caused several parties to be heavily fined for violating the injunction of the Supreme Court restraining all persons from offering for sale "Acid Phosphate" (so called) in any package which shall be a substantial or colorable imitation of Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

At Home.

Help Each Other.

Help each other, brothers,
Through the toils of life,
And the task grows lighter
In the daily strife;
Burdens lose their pressure,
Weariness its power,
And where darkness brooded,
Sunshine fills the hour.

Help each other, brothers,
Working in the mine,
Hammering at the anvil,
Planing down the pine,
Toiling on the waters,
When the winds are high,
Gathering the harvest
'Neath the summer sky.

Help each other, brothers,
God designs it so,
If you till the meadow
If you toil below;
If you guide the engine,
If you watch the store,
If you feed the furnace,
If you ply the oar.

Help each other, brothers,
Whatever you do;
If the work be honest,
Help each other through.
Not a deed of kindness
Faileth in His sight—
When the heart goes with it,
Like the widow's mite.

Help each other, brothers,
In life's work combine,
And much peace shall cheer you
In the day's decline;
Every cup of water,
On time's dusty track,
By the gracious Master,
Shall be rendered back.

British Workman.

Work of the National Temperance Society.

During the recent temperance campaign in Macon, Hon. J. N. Stearns, the energetic Publishing Agent of the National Temperance Society and Publication House, made the following interesting statement of its work:

"Our Society was organized eighteen years ago by Christian men from the twenty-five States, to be to the Temperance cause what the Bible, Mission and Tract Societies are to the causes they represent. Its basis is Total Abstinence for the individual, and Prohibition for the State. Any one can become a life member with voice and vote in management, by the payment of $20. It started without a dollar or a writer, and now has 250 first class writers; has published 1,200 different publications, from the one-page tract to newspapers, pamphlets and books, up to the bound volume of a thousand pages. It has circulated over six hundred million pages of books, tracts and papers, in every State in the Union, and in every country upon the globe. These works cover the moral, social, political, medical, religious, physiological, economic and scientific phases of the question, and are adapted to every condition in life, to every rank in society.

Our work is educational, and covers the Nation. We have petitioned Congress for a National Commission of Inquiry into the results of the Liquor Traffic, and an impartial investigation is steadily opposed by the entire liquor interest; but such an important question must be investigated. Our missionary work consists in holding Sunday evening Gospel temperance meetings in different parts of the country, public meetings, conventions, conferences, temperance camp meetings, visiting religious bodies, circulating literature in jails, prisons, penitentiaries, and in destitute places, introducing temperance text books into public schools, etc. Just now there are strong appeals for a literature to be circulated among the colored people of the South, and to send missionaries to preach the gospel of total abstinence to this race.

We have prepared a pamphlet of 200 pages to be sent gratuitously to colored ministers in the South. Thousands of dollars' worth of publications have been sent free to the freedmen, everywhere well received, and productive of great good. The Society has also sent Rev. C. H. Mead as a special missionary for this race. Last year he spent three months, and this year will give five months of work. He visits educational institutes, schools and churches, speaking to large and attentive audiences, an average of twice a day. Hundreds of thousands have been reached, and touched with the living truths of temperance, and we have abundant evidence of the great good everywhere accomplished. The good work is going on as never before, and the people everywhere are waking up to the enormities of the evil, and banding together for its utter extermination. We must agitate, educate, legislate and consecrate—pray as if all depended on God, and work as if all depended on ourselves, and in God's own good time, He will give us the victory.—*The Helping Hand.*

Teachers' Table.

Be A Woman.

Oft I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son of duty,
Urging him to be a man,
But, unto her blue eyed daughter,
Though with love's words quite as ready,
Points she out this other duty—
Strive, *my dear*, to be a lady.

What's a lady? is it something
Made of hoops and silks and airs,
Used to decorate the parlor,
Like the fancy mats and chairs?
Is it one who wastes in novels
Every feeling that is human?
If 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not *this* to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far
Than to be mere fashion's lady,
Woman is the brightest star.
If you, in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughter no less strongly,
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman, brightest model
Of that high and perfect beauty,
When she mind, the soul and body
Blend to work out life's great duty.
Be a woman, naught is higher
On the gilded list of fame,
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.

Be a woman, on to duty;
Raise the world from all that's low;
Place high in the social heaven
Virtue's fair and radiant bow.
Lend thyself to every effort
That shall raise thy nature human;
Be not fashion's gilded lady—
Be a brave, whole-souled, true woman.

"Sentiments" for Memorizing and Recitations.

THE FRUITS OF LABOR.

To the youthful aspirant of to-day, who is willing to take so humble a sentiment as "Labor" for his watchword, there are many noble examples among the great names of the past to cheer him on his way. Some of the brightest lights that have adorned the generations in which they lived and have led the way wherever they have appeared, are those that have been obliged to trust to their own hands for maintenance and aid. With strong wills and trusting hearts, their lives have exhibited that majesty which action, steady, noble, successful action, alone can give.

James Watts, the inventor of the steam engine, was in early life a toiling mechanic in indigent circumstances, but the thinking of that man revolutionized modern society, and future generations will rise up to bless his name.

Nathaniel Bowditch was a Boston sailor boy, and spent the greater portion of his years as a practical navigator. He had no instructor and no opportunity for study, except such as the deck or the cabin of his vessel could afford, but he wrote mathematical books, which only learned professors could understand, and his "Practical Navigator" has carried many a sailor through the storm and darkness of a tempestuous ocean, and has guided him safely over unknown seas. He died lamented as a man, a Christian, and as the first mathematical scholar of his age.

Elihu Burritt, the linguist, antiquarian and philanthropist, was, when a fatherless youth, apprenticed to a blacksmith, but his mind was not satisfied with blowing bellows. He was seized with a desire to learn Latin, and while the iron was heating he read Virgil. From Latin he passed to Greek, then to the modern languages, and finally back to the oriental tongues. Thus, with no aid but his own right hand, and with no teacher but his untiring mind, he acquired a knowledge of upwards of fifty of the leading languages of the earth, and earned a world-wide reputation as the "Learned Blacksmith."

Need I mention in this connection a name which has become a houshold word, the cherished and honored name of Franklin. Thrown upon the mercies of the world while yet a boy, with no opportunity for school education, it is like listening to a fairy tale to read the simple narrative of his life. We see him enter the printing office as an apprentice, we behold him an awkward boy, wandering up the streets of a strange city, with his three rolls of bread. He becomes a master spirit in literature. Step by step he steadily mounts the heights of fame. He joins hands with the Father of his Country and that noble band of patriots in making a Constitution for the grandest republic on earth, and in his age crowned with glory and honor, receives the grateful homage of a people whom he has blessed. S. P. BATES.

Health and Humanity.

Hampton Institute Band of Mercy.

Our Dumb Animals, the lively little paper published by the original Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, publishes in its March number the programme of the first meeting of the Hampton Band, which was organized this term. Our society is growing in numbers and sustaining its interest. We trust that it will accomplish its share of good, and that to most of its members its membership may be something more than a name.

Hampton Friends—Fred and Shunka.

Fred is a magnificent fellow, part New Foundland and part St. Bernard, it is said, and sharing the excellencies of each fine race. "Shunka" is a beautiful collie, just full grown, and hardly out of his puppyhood, walking—when he does walk—as if he were on springs and could hardly keep himself on the earth. As he belongs to the "Indian Department," of course he had to have an Indian name; and who but a Sioux would know that it only means Dog?

Shunka was "to the manor born"—the Hampton manor. When Fred arrived this season to assume his proud position as *attache* of the Executive Department—the honor of which he does not fail to appreciate—it was, of course, very necessary that he should come to a definite understanding with all the other dogs on the place. This was very soon accomplished—with varying results. The Skye (celestial in disposition as in name), and the vixenish little Scotch terriers, he sniffed at as they meekly awaited their fate. Since then he ignores their insignificant presence. With the big barn watch dog, and a fine shepherd dog whose arrival had not long preceded his, it was a different matter. They must have disputed his usurpation of authority, and they were foemen worthy of his ivory. I regret to say that war to the teeth was at once instituted. With the bull-dog—spite of its race—the battle was short and decisive; and Spot retired to the humble precincts of the barn, to nurse her wounds, but not revenge. The royal Bruce would not be so easily daunted. Smaller than Fred, he had some advantages, and fully equal spirit. He showed his right to his name by unfailing readiness to "try, try again." Both seemed determined to "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." At last, with help of some unsolicited human arbitration—intervention of the Great Powers—they seemed to have consented to treat each other with cold indifference, which is, however, evidently only ice over fire—an armed neutrality; though "what it's all about," and "what they hate each other for," whether their differences are sectarian or political, is "one of those things that no"—human—"fellow can find out."

Isn't it curious—especially as the great Frederick is not superior to all the gentle claims of friendship for his kind. He is not a universal hater; he makes exceptions. He has preferences, he discriminates, this dog. To him, there are collies and collies. The royal Bruce he will none of. For the youthful, graceful, bounding Shunka, he has conceived an ardent unlimited admiration. Is it because Shunka is a puppy? But he is full grown. Has he an eye for beauty? Bruce is beautiful; though possibly Fred may not think so. However that is, Bruce he abhors, Shunka he adores. Shunka does not seem—so far as the human eye can discern—to court his favor. On the contrary, he takes all manner of liberties with his big friend, and sometimes, one would say, treats him rather cavalierly. Fred goes occasionally to Shunka's home to call on him. He waits at the door and gently calls him to come out for a run. Shunka affects indifference. At last some sympathizing human invites Fred in, and he gladly trots up to his friend who is lounging upon the rug before the fire and barely wags his tail in recognition. A gentle poke of Fred's nose follows; Shunka gets up and ungraciously retires under the table. Fred taking no offence, lies patiently down to wait till the nap is over.

Generally, however, they are in equal mood for a romp. There they go now over the lawn, racing for dear life, Shunka's youth and light weight now gaining the advantage, but Fred's strength carrying him ahead in the long run. There he stops for Shunka to catch up, salutes him after his fashion, and off they start for another run. But the one heavy snow fall of the winter was their carnival of frolic, filling their Northern natures with ecstacy. What races and rushes and leaps and bounds, and tumblings and tousslings—the two plumy tails waving like the proud crest above the helmet of Navarre. What abandonment of delight; Is any play like dog's play?

But let me become serious, to narrate with due respect Fred's latest and most human—not to say superhuman—achievement in the line of friendly devotion. A few days ago, after receiving the well covered bone which was the portion of his one daily meal, he was seen, instead of ravenously devouring it as usual, to take it straight over to the friend he had just left, and depositing it before him with a most evident invitation to partake, retire to a little distance and wait till he saw that Shunka felt at liberty to accept the hospitality, which certainly was not very long. Yes, 'tis true that he then went straight as an arrow back to the kitchen, to ask for another bone for himself. That simply shows the breadth of his nature; his noble assurance that human generosity would not be outdone by a dog's. I am happy to say that this time, his confidence was not misplaced.

Agriculture.

The Watt Theory of Farming.

Mr. Watt, the well known plow maker of Virginia, promulgates the following views relative to farming, which are so sensible and good that we hope every reader of this paper who does not already practice the principles laid down, will at once begin to do so.

"First," says Mr. Watt, "preach to your people diversified crops.

"Second: To use good seeds and good breeds.

"Third: In the preparation of land to do half the work of cultivation by preparation before the ground is planted. Take a piece of land and half prepare it and it takes five times the labor to work it that it would if well prepared on the start.

"Fourth: No man, rich or poor, is able to keep a mean mule, a mean horse, mean cow or mean anything else. It takes as much to keep a mean mule as it does to keep a good one. It will take half the labor of a man to whip a mean mule ahead of him, whereas a good mule will carry the lazy rascal ahead without any whipping at all.

Suppose you have six mean mules, and six men, at fair, average wages, plowing them, doing half work. Why, three good mules, with three average men, will do the same work, saving half the expenses of labor, feed, gearing and tools. A man is just paying double wages in such a condition of things as this.

"Plow deep enough," says Mr. Watt, "to make the loose earth drink up the rain water. You may place a barrel of rain water and one of spring or well water side by side, and in a short time the rain water will become offensive and be filled with millions of wiggle-tails, and breed mosquitos enough to torment a whole plantation. The spring or well water will not be affected at all. Then take a gauze sifter and strain the wiggle-tails from the rain water into the other, and they will die, because there is no matter in it to feed them, it having been left in the earth by filtration. The rain water is nothing in the world but what the Almighty has prepared in his laboratory to fertilize the earth, if men are wise enough to utilize it, and plow their ground deep enough to drink it up.—*Southern Planter.*

Principles Governing Rotation of Crops.

No matter how fertile a soil may be, constant cropping with one, two or three kinds of grain which require the same elements of plant-food, will soon result in permanent exhaustion. It may be laid down as an axiom, "that every system of culture which does not bring from an outside source the materials—whether nitrates, phosphates or potash, etc., rare in a soil, and carried off by the produce, must ultimately cause the soil to suffer in fecundity."

As the most important elements of plant-food are nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, it is necessary that such crops be grown in succession as do not require the same substances in equal amount. For example, while the cotton crop appropriates much more nitrogen than the corn crop, it takes quite as much more potash and phosphoric acid. Or, as stated by Prof. Pendleton, there is taken up by one crop of cotton, 31.00 nitrogen, 9.06 phosphoric acid, 11.06 potash; four crops of corn, 36.00 nitrogen, 10.08 phosphoric acid, 8.58 potash. Thus it seems that cotton and corn feed alike on these substances, the main difference being as to the quantity of each. A double crop of corn would consume about as much of these substances as half a crop of cotton. Of the other principal crops in the South, the oat crop destroys more potash than the others, and the field pea less phosphoric acid, while each of these crops consumes more nitrogen than corn or wheat.

The need of a rotation that will leave the soil in the best possible condition is apparent. Every bushel of grain, pound of cotton, beef, mutton, pork, or bone, and every ton

of straw or hair carried off the farm, reduces the productive capabilities of the land by exactly the amount of nitrogen, phosphorus, potash, etc., removed from the soil.

A single system of rotation is not, nor can it be applicable in all localities. The only true test of any system is its continued success. In planning a judicious rotation it is advisable to alternate with the narrow-leaved cereals, such as wheat, oats, barley, or rye, those having broad leaves, such as clover, peas, and the root crops. Perpendicular rooting plants, and such as root horizontally, ought to succeed each other. Two plants favorable to the growth of weeds ought not to succeed each other. Grain and oil plants should only be grown at intervals unless the soil is in excellent condition. Plants which prove to be the least exhaustive should invariably be alternated with those of an opposite character.

Among the many special advantages of rotation, a very decided one is that it affords the means for destroying weeds and noxious insects. The latter, if deprived of their special food for two seasons in succession, usually die of starvation. Clover is of special value in a rotation, as the shade produced by its rank growth of foliage favors the development and storage of nitrogenous matter near the surface. Another advantage gained by rotation is that it affords the land an opportunity to rest. The length of this rest should be determined by the supply of vegetable matter in the soil. The less the quantity, the more frequent should be the periods of rest and recuperation. As a general rule, a system involving rest every fourth year is the best. However, the leading object in any system of rotation should be to realize the highest profit from our land, and, at the same time, to preserve or increase its fertility. While it cannot be consistently claimed that rotation is indispensable, it is undoubtedly the best economy of manure, time and labor. A rotation of manures may be substituted, in part, at least, for one of crops, but the most skilful farmers are those who combine a rotation of crops with one of special manures for special crops.—*W. M. K., in Farm and Fireside.*

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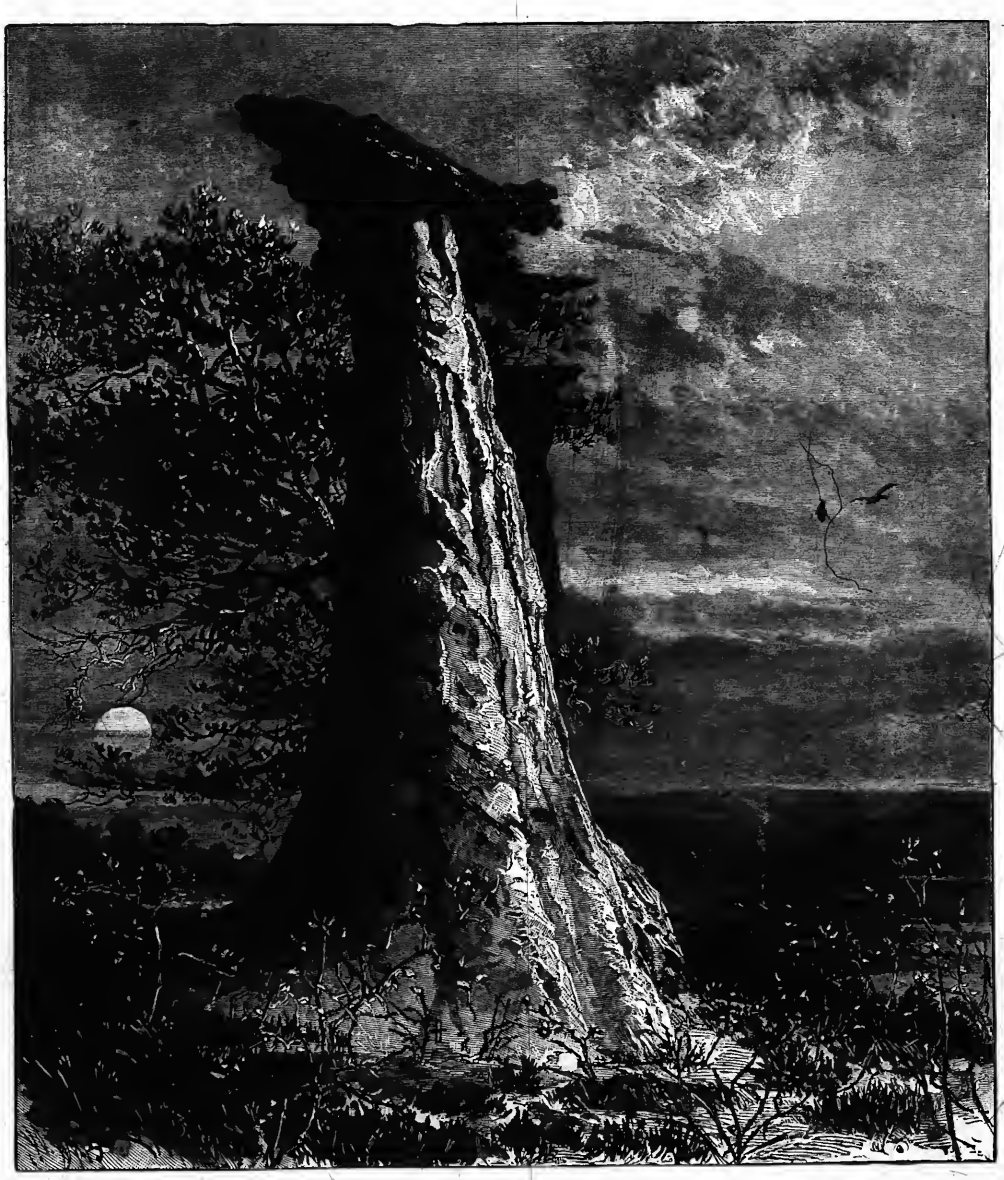

A MONOLITH FROM MONUMENT PARK, COLORADO. [From Christian Weekly.

Sixteenth Anniversary of Hampton Institute.

A gratifying circumstance common to anniversary occasions at Hampton is that before the day is over some one or other is sure to say "This is certainly the most interesting anniversary you have ever had." This enthusiastic tribute was not wanting on the present occasion, and shows at least that the interest of these days does not decrease as the years go on, though less outside effort is made to secure it. The growth of public interest in and knowledge of the school and the causes it represents, and its daily visitation, kept up more or less through the whole year by the throngs who stay at Old Point Comfort on their way South or North, make such effort less important than in earlier years. The real interest of the occasion is felt to be in the school itself, its students and its results, and though on this anniversary there was little speaking outside of the programme, it was in some other respects, as was said, one of the best we have had.

Among those who were present were all the members of the Board of Trustees but one, a larger attendance of this body than has ever before been possible, viz.: Rev. M. E. Strieby, D. D., New York; Mr. Elbert B. Monroe, of Southport, Ct.; Judge F. N. Watkins, Farmville, Va.; Mr. Z. S. Ely, New York; Mr. A. M. Kimber, Newport, R. I.; Dr. L. H. Steiner, Frederick City, Md.; Mr. Robert E. Ogden, Philadelphia; Rev. Henry W. Foote, Boston; Mr. Moses Pierce, Norwich, Ct.; Mr. Chas. L. Mead, New York; Hon. R. W. Hughes, Norfolk; Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D. D., Cambridge, Mass. Also the five Curators, Judge John Booker, Rev. Wm. Thornton, Hilinpton; Mr. R. G. L. Paige, Norfolk, Hon. Mr. Norton, Yorktown, and Mr. E. S. Hamlin, Newport News.

Among the guests were Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., and wife, Colorado; Rev. Dr. Spaulding, Manchester, Vt.; Rev. D. S. Schaff, New York City; Hon. R. R. Farr, Richmond, State Superintendent of Education of Virginia; Hon. F. A. Johnson, of New York; Hon. D. R. James, of New York, and Hon. H. H. Hatch, of Michigan, Members of Congress; Jno. Cary Thomas, M. D., and wife, Baltimore; Mrs. Aitken and Mrs. Dorman, of New York; Prof. T. McC. Stewart, of Liberia College, studying industrial school systems in this country; a lady representing the Brazilian government for the same purpose; Mr. G. S. Griffiths, of Baltimore; Prof. Jas. Stoman, and Prof. R. L. Mitchell, of the Normal College at Petersburg, Va.; Prof. C. C. Painter, Washington, D. C., representing there the National Indian Rights Association; Miss Dorsey, correspondent of the San Francisco *Argonaut* and *Chicago Tribune*; Mrs. B. C. Barrows of the *Christian Register*, representing also the *Christian Union*, and the *Boston Herald*; Rev. Jno. Harding, of the *Springfield Republican*; and representatives of the Washington *National Republican*, *Richmond Dispatch*, *Norfolk Virginian*, and *Hampton Monitor*. The *New York Herald* and *New York Evening Post* sent for letters from the school.

The Industrial Exhibits, grouped in the airy Industrial Room of the Stone Memorial building, and the various shops where colored and Indian students were at work part of the morning, attracted, as usual, much attention.

Outside the building stood more than the usual number of wheelbarrows, carts, and farm wagons, fine in their newness and gay paint, but expecting hard work, the manufacture of colored and Indian boys in the wheelwright shop. Its table inside the door showed iron work, and axe-helves in various stages, from the rough stick to useful shapelines; On the Farm table next, raw material was represented in part by a box of uninviting bone dust, from which, in Nature's laboratory, are evolved with daintier art, the mammoth cabbage heads and odorous onions, and delicate asparagus, and tempting cherries and luscious strawberries, the rich wheat and rye and oats and rosy clover, surrounding it, which have all come forth from this most wonderful of conjurer's bags. Fresh sweet butter, the pride of the Hampton graduate who, with her husband, presides over the Hemenway farm, was also an ornament of the table, and a nest of remarkable eggs, the achievement of some of her well-fed Brahmas, one of which measured 9 inches by 7¼ in circumference.

The Indian Training shops showed school furniture, tables, settees, washstands and cupboards; tin ware of various kinds, tinness, single and double, the work of Indian and colored boys; the shoe-shop, samples of the heavy brogans made on contract with the Interior Department, and the light, but substantial shoes for school use. The knitting department had a large box of mittens ready for shipment to Boston; the Indian girls' table showed neatly made garments cut and sewed by them, and samples of bread and cake from their cooking class; the sewing and tailoring department showed well made shirts and uniform suits. The Huntington Industrial Works had a table covered with handsome specimens of wood cutting and turning, and joiner's work; mouldings, balusters, scroll work, etc. There was also a table of the pottery painted in native style by the Indian students.

For further details of these departments and their progress, see Annual Report of the Principal, which, according to custom, fills the chief part of this number.

The usual recitations and Senior examinations occupied the morning in Academic Hall, and showed good progress and encouragement for the next year. They had been preceded by a three-days' written examination of the Senior class; after which the more public one is less trying.

After the usual rest and lunch at noon, the afternoon exercises were held in the new Gymnasium just completed, the generous gift of the late Mr. Frederick Marquand of New York City, and other friends. Its great, airy hall, 125 x 50 feet, was, for the occasion, an improvement even upon Whitin Chapel, in the third story of Virginia Hall. The school massed effectively in rising seats at the end of it, behind the platform, and the audience, which filled the room, sat in perfect comfort and unwearied attention through the long exercises, which, after the opening prayer by the Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D. D., of Cambridge, and the chanting of the Lord's Prayer by the school, proceeded according to the following

PROGRAMME.

MUSIC.

SALUTATORY, "*The Women of our Race*,"
JANE PORTER, *Macon, Ga.*, Graduating Class.

"*Industrial Education at Knoxville*,"
WILLIAM C. BROWN, Norfolk, Va., Class of '83.

"*Teaching in Virginia*,"
ADELINE M. WILLIAMS, *Norfolk, Va.*, Class of '83.

MUSIC.

"*Historical Surroundings of Hampton*,"
IDA F. ERE, *Freehold, N. J.*, Graduating Class.

"*Short Talk in Sioux*"
NANTES SINGLE FEATHER, *Crow Creek, Dakota*, (*Interpreted by Geo. Bushyhitter, Lower Brule, Dakota*.)

"*Colored People in Georgia*,"
EDWARD SMALL, *Macintosh, Ga.*, Class of '83.

MUSIC.

"*My African Home*,"
CLAUDIUS CLEMENT, *Sherbro Island, Sierra Leone*, Graduating Class.

"*Address to my White Friends*,"
ROBERT MCINTOSH, *Apache Indian, San Carlos, Arizona Territory*.

"*Relation of the Race to the South*,"
WHIT T. WILLIAMS, *Danville, Va.*, Class of '76.

MUSIC.

"*The Children of the Year*," Recitation by four little Indian Girls.
MERCY CONGER, *Sioux*, MARY TRAVERSIE, *Sioux*, SUSIE NAGLE, *Mandan*, ADDIE STEVENS, *Winnebago*.

"*Work Among the Refugees in Kansas*,"
GEO. W. DAVIS, *Abingdon, Va.*, Class of '80.

VALEDICTORY, "*Our People and their Needs*,"
JOHN R. DUNGY, *Cobake, La.*, Graduating Class.

MUSIC.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS TO GRADUATING CLASS.

MUSIC.

The salutatorian's essay was a sympathetic, earnest appeal to her girl classmates to devote themselves by teaching and example to the women of their race. The graduate who has for a year since his graduation had charge of the training shop of Miss Emily Austin's enterprising industrial school in Knoxville, Tenn., gave an interesting account of the work, and its growing favor with its Southern neighbors, one of whom had said: "We like the Yankee idea—teach a man to do anything that comes along." The speaker thought that this was what all the race should like—that skilled industry would be the secret of its success.

Another graduate of '83 brought down the house repeatedly by her humorous account of teaching in Virginia; her night ride of twelve miles through the woods over a corduroy road in an ox-cart, "jostled up and down, backward and forward and side-wise—not because the oxen carried me too rapidly—till the poor creatures at last became entirely exhausted, gave out all at once, and, quietly folding their legs under them, lay down in the woods, leaving me perched up in the cart, looking down on their worn-out forms and wondering whether life was extinct." Then she told of her call to Jerusalem—"not the Holy Land, but the county-seat of Southampton"—where she became, not only day school, but "Sunday school teacher, local preacher, and general adviser." A graphic bit in the sketch of Hampton's historical surroundings, was the story of Uncle Peter Herbert, ex slave and trusted servant of ex-President Tyler, still living near the school and fond of telling how he was left in charge of the Tyler mansion, in Hampton, when it was abandoned in the war; and how he opened the first school for contraband children; and how the spirit of the ex-President afterwards haunted the grounds and terrified many, but was always pleasant to him; and how it is his firm conviction that the departed President wished that he should take possession of his property—"case his ghost was always so *partial* to me."

The Short Talk in Sioux was impressive as interpreted by the speaker's friend, who is one of the Indian boys who, after three years at Hampton and two of subsequent good record at home, have returned to perfect themselves in trades and the language. Santee said the people out West had sent their young men and women to Hampton so that they could teach the children the white man's road on their return. He ended impressively, saying, "We cannot get valuable things in an easy way. If any one is trying hard, and after a while gets what he is after, I think that man must be thankful."

An interesting account was given of the condition of the colored people in Georgia, particularly of the progress of one little settlement which succeeded in buying land from a Northern owner, paid up all instalments promptly, has done well, has lived down all prejudice, has two good school houses, and sends a colored representative to the General Assembly. The speaker is satisfied with the progress of the race on the whole, wants no more class legislation, but does want education for all.

The native African's account of his tropical home interested all near enough to catch his rather broken accent. The Apache's address we give below. He was, as he says, a United States scout; was brought to the school three years ago; has worked faithfully, and will be of use among his people.

A graduate who was one of the original band of Hampton Student singers, and has taught eight years since his graduation, in western Maryland and tide-water Virginia, spoke very cheerfully of the growth of amicable relations between the races in the South, of many pleasant experiences of his own, and his hope for the future in spite of obstacles and imperfections still remaining.

A graduate of the class of '80, who has been doing ever since earnest and excellent work among the refugees of the exodus, and now in a Southern school, gave an interesting account of his experience among the "exodusters," as a teacher and agent of the Relief Association, where his skill of head and hand were alike called into use, to make his own benches and blackboards as well as teach books.

The valedictorian, the third of four brothers who, with their sister, have been educated at Hampton, spoke earnestly for a fair chance, and urged on his classmates the importance of building up the race in wealth, education, co-operation and industry.

It has not been our custom to print any of our students' essays, but as the smaller number of outside addresses gives a chance for it, and some of our friends may be interested in a specimen of their efforts, we subjoin one by an Indian student, and will print two by colored graduates, next month.

As many know, most of the appointments on our programme are given not to members of the graduating class, but to those who have won their spurs by at least a year's work in the field. The revision of these essays is simply cutting down, and occasional transposition of a sentence or correction of some error in English. The thought and expression are wholly their own.

Robert McIntosh was brought to Hampton from Arizona three years ago, at his own request, by Dr. Sheldon Jackson—though the protectorship seems, from his essay, to have sometimes been interchangeable. He had been a United States scout, and had picked up a little English. He has worked very faithfully since he has been to Hampton; is older than most of the Indian boys, has made the most of his time; attending by his own desire both day and evening classes, to get more English, and working at his trade of tailoring in the afternoon. He can cut and make a suit of clothes, and will be able to do good to his people by example and teaching. His address was spoken with great earnestness, and quite distinctly.

ADDRESS TO MY WHITE FRIENDS.

Dear Friends:—It is time for me to give you my thoughts, as I should like to tell you something about my people, how they live, what they need. They live in Arizona, on the San Carlos river. About twenty years ago the people of my tribe use to live in tents covered with hides, and they wore clothes made of buck-skin. At that time they got their food by hunting the deer and other wild animals, and also by trading with the white people, giving them deer skins for grain. Now they live in log houses and raise their own grain. For a long time the Government gave them rations and clothes. Nearly every week they got rations. Once a year before cold weather came, each of them got a suit of clothes, a pair of shoes and a blanket. When I was at home I was employed by the Government as a scout to put down the Indians, whenever they rebelled. Six years ago I began to help the Government to look out for the Indians. We went into Mexico, where we found in the mountains wild Indians. That is what you call savages. Ten days we have been towards their homes. They are very anxious to fight with us. We fought with them until night, and all the next day we heard the echoes of the guns way below at the foot of the mountain, where the white and colored soldiers camped together one mile below. Soon we ran down towards that camp to help our friends. We found all the soldiers scattered away. Wild Indians had got their things already before we got there. Then we came down behind those wild Indians and drove them away. The white soldiers fired at us, but I said: "Holloo, Apaches solado," which means the Indian soldiers. Then I waved my red handkerchief to show that we belonged to the Government soldiers. Sometimes the white men in the West got into trouble with Indians, and it is because they do not understand their language, and should I make the most of my time here, I may be able to put an end to all their strife. At my home in the San Carlos Agency we have no school at all; therefore you can see that my people have no chance for an education. The great question with my people is that they wish to have a good interpreter for the elevation of my people. They said that they want educated Indian to teach them, so that they can trade peaceably with whom they wish. They like trading in a polite and honest way. My relatives were the first Indians to come acquainted with the white people, and I was the first Apache that ever came to Hampton school. I remember all that our Indian chiefs said to me before I left home. They promised a long time to put away their arrows and not to fight any more. "Now you go to school," said they to me, "and see if you can learn the English language." "If you learn, you may be able to speak for us some day." They said this to me, and I made up my mind to come to school. On the way I had a very hard time getting here. Probable you know Little Red river in New Mexico. On that river we had a terrible time. We began to cross the river and the horses stopped, and the wagon began to sink. Then I jumped into the water to save Dr. Jackson and his wife. I carried his wife out first, and then I carried him to the shore. He brought me here three years ago. We can send more Indian children here to school. I shall persuade my people to send their children to school that they may be educated for them. They can do much to carry the light to those who are now in darkness. This is the principal need of my people, and the great blessing to the whole nation. Then they will become responsible for their wrong doing, and must give account for their own religion and faith in God. Our assistance is a great blessing everywhere. Whatever you have done good for us, we thank you kindly for it. Educate us that we may preach the gospel to our people as you do. We may be able to lift up our people to a better life. If you walk along between beautiful valles hearing the birds singing, you will soon find a little bird; you should take it up in your hands and teach it some good lesson. It is the way with the Indian; you can help them if you will. We can learn as well as any other race, but do not learn all at once. We should try hard, yet it would take us a long time to receive it. Nearly every day the people ask me questions—how I like Hampton school, and what part of the United States I am from. Then I hold my head to answer their questions. It is impossible for some Indians to hold up their heads. I think a great lesson for the Indian is to hold up their heads. We shall very soon learn the white ways. They wish us to follow their examples. And if we learn whatever the white race knows, we shall be able to stand between the white race and our own race, and help both of them. We expect you to shake hands with us, and we thank you for the schooling which we have received. I hope you will like us better when you know all about us.

General Armstrong, I cannot help thanking you for your kindness to me since I have been here, and that kind feeling which you have shown towards me since I have been here under your care, I shall never forget for I believe you are a friend to my people.

Dear teachers, I cannot leave Hampton without thanking you for your kind instruction in so patiently showing and telling me the ways of your people. Think not wherever I am I ever shall forget you, for thought of Hampton will always be with me, and remembering the place would be of no use at all unless remembering you.

My dear school friends, the time has come and I must leave you to return to my people in the West. I must thank you for your kindness since here I have been. Though I am an Indian, you have treated me like one of your own people. In our different departments we have enjoyed many pleasures, we have become acquainted with each other, and school life has bound us close together as brother and sister. Hoping you will all pray for me, thanking you all, good-bye.

Naki—ROBERT MCINTOSH.

The girls sustained themselves well in their efforts: the story of teaching in Virginia, the ride of twelve miles through the woods in an ox-cart, and other experiences, humorously

(Continued on page 75)

SOUTHERN WORKMAN,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October four months.)

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HAMPTON N. & A. INSTITUTE.

Sixteenth Annual Report of the Principal,

For the School and Fiscal Year ending July 1st, 1883.

To the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

GENTLEMEN:—This, the sixteenth year of the school, has been one of unprecedented numbers and of good progress toward the completion of the system required for the work we have to do. While the total enrolment, not including those who have been here less than a month, has been 654, the average attendance has been 550: 426 Negroes and 124 Indians. They are of the average age of 18 years, and represent 10 States and 4 Territories.

The number of officers, teachers, assistants and clerks, is sixty-four.

The School has, I think, reached its maximum number, and should hereafter be limited to two hundred (200) colored girls, two hundred and fifty (250) colored young men, sixty (60) Indian girls, and seventy (70) Indian boys, making a total of five hundred and eighty (580) boarders: there are besides about twenty (20) day pupils from the town of Hampton in attendance.

There is employment in the industrial department and general service of the Institute for this number, about one-third of them working the entire time (with night study), and the rest laboring at the rate of two days each week, leaving four days for study, through which their earnings this year will be nearly forty thousand dollars. As much labor is given to students at a disadvantage, for purposes of instruction and of opportunity, the school cannot employ more without undue strain. The situation seems to point to six hundred as the limit of growth in numbers. It is twice as large as was thought of ten years ago; it is folly to make more of quantity than quality, and our future efforts should be to more perfectly arrange and economize the affairs of the School. The only present difficulty is the want of room for girls, there being, besides certain makeshifts, only forty rooms for the two hundred here, into which three and four have, this term, been crowded, at the expense of comfort, if not of decency. A new building, to provide forty more rooms, two girls in each, has been proposed, and will be referred to again.

With this, and some minor improvements, complete and paid for, there will be next year, ample accommodations for all; the Institute will be nobly equipped for its work, and be, in its general outline, substantially finished, free from debt, at a cost of over $400,000.00.

There are three principal divisions of students, each with its own head and teachers, an arrangement which, by dividing and simplifying things, prevents the friction and confusion so liable from large numbers, and keeps each pupil under careful watch.

1st. The Normal School, consisting of Junior, Middle and Senior classes, and, with the Pastors' class, numbering, 349

2d. The Indian Classes, a three years' preparatory course, - 93
(19 advanced Indians are in Normal classes and 19 in Night classes.)

3d. The Night Classes, for work students, a one or two years' course, - - - - - - 212

Total, - - - 654

Industrial training is given to each division, and is connected with them, as described below. Labor is universal, because it is the great practical factor in life, and without it a drill and a consequent skill and force most essential to success and to character would be wanting.

THE FIRST DIVISION.

Normal Classes.

These work at the rate of two days of ten hours, and study four days each week, attending school from 8.30 A. M. until 12 M., and from 1.45 P. M. till 4 P. M., besides meeting for study from 7 to 8 o'clock A. M., and from 7 to 9 o'clock P. M; 34 teachers are employed, including 7 belonging to the Indian Department. The Normal course receives Indians who have passed through the three preparatory years of language lessons and rudiments.

The year has been one of hard and generally satisfactory work. A great concern has been to get the best material to work upon, and to get rid of those who were incapable or not in earnest and deserving. Considering the past lives of students, it is wonderful that there are so many of worth and promise. Attention is given at the weekly faculty meeting and the teachers' Wednesday meeting, to many individual cases, and three times a year the entire list of students is gone carefully over in order to "weed out" the unworthy.

Negro youth seem to have lost none of their zeal for knowledge; they are pressing in upon us as never before; scores, if not hundreds, must be turned from our doors next year, as many have been this year, while our graduates are in more pressing demand than ever as teachers. The trouble in the South is not the want of school houses and salaries, but of men and women qualified to teach

While fifty thousand dollars a year must be annually raised to keep this school afloat, I have too little time or strength for the important duty of watching or studying the class work of the school. The best of teachers are helped by suggestions and fair criticism; ours are too much left to themselves. A public school has this advantage over a private one, that its methods are regularly inspected and discussed, and as a rule thereby improved. While isolation like ours does not promote intelligent self-criticism, the desired end can be, in a measure, attained by securing skilled teachers, by class visiting, by mutual discussion, and by inviting the co-operation of able educators who may be willing to come. This should, I think, be done more carefully in the future than it has been in the past. Where all is done in three years, and a fifth of the time usually given to study is devoted to manual labor, the work should be carefully studied and skilfully done. Other schools for Negroes, in some cases at least, take more time than we do to do the same work. See Miss Mackie's report of her recent visit to southern institutions.

I believe with her, that for our pupils more brain work can be done by working two days each week and studying four, than in the usual five days' studying without work. In the night class the results of two hours' evening study after ten hours' hard labor have been a surprise.

Students are hard pushed from morning till night, and I believe the "go" is good for them: it quickens their pace through life; their thoughts are purer, and their characters are better for it. There is little mischief when there is no time for it; hence, I think, the remarkable moral record here for the past sixteen years. Activity is a purifier; labor is perhaps the greatest moral force in civilization.

Student life outside the school room is nearly as formative as that within it: pupils influence each other, and are moulded by contact with teachers; whatever gives tone and direction to their thoughts and actions is educative; no care is greater than of the *morale* of students. This depends more upon the force and wisdom of the officers and instructors than upon their technical skill. A corresponding influence to that here exerted upon them, the students are likely to have hereafter upon others in the wide field of labor before them at the South.

The discipline of the young men is largely committed to the "Students' Court-Martial," under the care of Lt. Brown, Commandant, to whose report on this subject I ask attention. In nearly six years it has passed upon many and grave offences, and never has done a weak or unworthy thing. Heedlessness is the chief cause of unsatisfactory conduct. There is a general respect of the proprieties and a lively interest in the instruction given on "Habits and Manners."

The interest in schools like this is that the teacher has a far more decisive formative work to do than among more advanced races who, on their part, are not nearly so responsive to or appreciative of what is done for them.

The "despised races" make, on the whole, a better use of their advantages than the more developed ones.

I call attention here to the suggestion in the report of the Lady Principal, that after the second or middle year of the Normal course the class remain out one year at teaching or other work, in order to best realize their needs and deficiencies. A number from every Middle class have done this of their own accord, or from necessity, always with excellent effect. A Senior class, made up of those who had had a year's practical experience of life, would be morally stronger than one of youth who had not been tried by responsibility.

In Appendix, A, under the heading NORMAL SCHOOL, may be found the reports of the Lady Principal and her associates, which treat in detail of the studies pursued and of the nature of the work done, to which your attention is invited.

THE SECOND DIVISION.

Indian Classes.

Evidently a part of Hampton's duty is to supply an object lesson on the capacity for improvement of the two races with whom it is dealing. From February till May, and during July and August, the School is daily visited by guests from the neighboring resorts, especially from the "Hygeia Hotel," two and a half miles distant. I think valuable impressions have been made and a better sentiment regarding both races created; Indians, however, being the chief curiosity. The elevation of the Negro is unquestionably a matter of time and effort; to this end nothing has proved more favorable than his position as an American citizen. A similar capacity in the Indian has been shown, but the most important condition for its development—citizenship—has not yet been created.

The question is, no longer, can the Indian be civilized? but what becomes of the civilized Indian? The best answer we can give is that, of over seventy Indians, chiefly Sioux, who, since 1881, have returned from Hampton to their homes, not over seven have relapsed to Indian ways; not one has become a bad character; even the few who have "gone back to the blanket" having not misbehaved. Most of them are doing well, and some of them very well. They were, at last reports, employed as follows:

Boys.

Teaching in Government Schools, - -	4
Assisting in Government Schools, - -	1
Clerks at Agency, - - - - - - -	2
Interpreter at Agency, - - - - -	1
Working at trades at Agency, - - -	9
Employees at Agency, - - - - -	4
Attending School at Agency, - - -	3
Working on their own or parents' farms, - - - - - - - -	9
Cutting cord-wood, - - - - -	2
Young boys at home behaving well, - -	4
Unemployed and adrift, - - - -	5
Returned to Hampton for more education, - - - - - - -	5

Girls.

Assisting in Girls' School, - - - -	1
Attending " " - - - -	3
At home doing well, - - - - -	4
Married well, - - - - - - -	2
Unemployed and adrift, - - - -	2
Returned to Hampton for more education, - - - - - - - -	2
Died since return—both sexes, - - -	
	71

These do not include the seventeen who, in 1878, came, under Capt. Pratt's care, from St. Augustine, Florida, most of whom have turned out well; nor about a dozen who were sent back early for poor health or bad conduct, who improved very little at this school.

I refer you to the report of the Rev. J. J. Gravatt, in Appendix "*B*" for recent and satisfactory information on returned Indians.

The Indian Agent has great power; he is the "Father," is so addressed, and when competent, faithful men are appointed, there is little danger of the relapse of students, in spite of all the evil around them.

We have chiefly to thank Indian Agents Gassman, McLaughlin, and Swan, of the Sioux reservation, for their earnest efforts to build up our returned pupils; others have been helpful.

Last year, we were, by the aid of friends, able to add a little to the salary of these agents, whose pay from Government is so small, that competent men are often unwilling to serve, or soon leave the work. The wisdom of securing a good executive force is practically denied by Congress, where, rather than in the Interior Department, the obstacles to Indian progress are found. The latter, well informed and in earnest, asks for what the Indians need; the former, as a whole, ignorant and indifferent, refuses it. It is most important that private aid to agents be continued. We cannot overrate the importance of competent Agents to the Indian youth whom we educate and send home: here they go with the current; there against it, and the crisis is serious.

You are referred to the reports in the Appendix B, from Miss Richards, head of the Indian department, and her assistants, and to information given by Rev. H. B. Frissell, Chaplain, and by the Commandant, Lt. Brown, showing what the work of the year has been, and the grounds of encouragement in all departments of their training.

Our general policy has been to concentrate effort upon a few agencies or tribes, that they might be fairly leavened with intelligent trained youth who will gradually take their place as leaders. There is in the outlook much to encourage. Friends have supplied all needed buildings and the scholarships we have asked for to provide tuition for Indian pupils. The number aided by Government next year is likely to be 120 instead of 100 as now, and the rate $175.00 a year instead of $167.00 as now, which covers cost of board and clothing: tuition to be as before, provided by friends. The school this year has had twenty Indians wholly at private charges, and has always provided for more than the number aided by the Government. Our efforts will, probably, as before, be directed chiefly to the Sioux, but a few Pimas and Apaches have been expected from Arizona, and some select youth from the Indian Territory. The recent resignation of Dr. Jackson, the very able Agent of the Pimas, because he could not do his duties on his salary, makes it doubtful about taking Pimas, for it is useless to work for a tribe un-

less its Agent is a man to be depended upon.

THIRD DIVISION.

Night Classes—The Work Students.

No year of the course is more improving than the preliminary one of labor, in which those who have no money or mental preparation spend one or two years to earn the means to take the full course, and to acquire by two hours of evening study, five nights a week, for eleven months, the requisite knowledge for admission.

While many fall out by the way, for the ordeal is severe, they gain much even in a few months' attendance, and our work for them is not a total loss.

More and more I believe in LABOR AS A MORAL FORCE. While its pecuniary return to the student is important, and the acquired skill is equivalent to a working capital, the outcome of it in manly and womanly quality is, in the long run, perhaps, the most valuable of all. Work students, to be worth wages, must be able-bodied; they are the oldest class of students; hence often dull, but, more than all others, earnest. The majority, chiefly farmers and mill bands, work only a year at wages from the first; those who are taught trades are a younger, quicker class, spend two years in the shop, receiving, for the first six months, board only, afterwards, if satisfactory, steadily increasing wages, and by the end of the second year have not only mastered a trade, but in many cases have saved up over $100, which, supplemented by the earnings of two days' work each week, in school, carries them through the entire course.

The brightest of these are able, by evening study, in the second year, to keep up with the Junior class, then enter as Middlemen, and thus by two years in the work shops and night school, with two years in the Normal course, acquire in four years a trade and a good education without a dollar from charity. Of course their tuition is free; a scholarship is provided for each one. A complete manhood is what we aim for, not expecting that most of those who have learned trades will be tradesmen; while having in their lives constant use for their manual skill, and in case of necessity a resource in it, they will be more likely to teach and exert a wholesome influence among their people. They can interest their pupils in the use of tools as well as of books. Young women, who compose one-third of this class, will not only be competent to teach, being in great demand for that purpose, but by their practical training, be better able to take care of themselves during the half-year when schools are closed; they will be saved from the temptation that poverty makes strong, and be better fitted to fulfil whatever part they may take in life. Twelve Indian boys have voluntarily left half-day work, prefering to work ten hours a day and study at night, in order to master their trades.

Experience leads me to believe that young mechanics or even day laborers in any part of the country, can, by evening study, acquire a good education; two hours of earnest night study is often worth more than six hours of ordinary day schooling.

I refer you to the report of Miss Baldwin, in charge of the night classes, and those of four out of her eight assistants, in the Appendix *C*.

THE INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENTS.

Every student has a place in these; labor being required of all. There are three:

1. The Household industries, including the boarding department and the care of all the buildings.
2. The Agricultural.
3. The Mechanical.

THE HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT,

Miss C. L. Mackie, in charge (assisted by *Miss M. A. Wheeler*, Supt. of Laundry, and *Miss M. L. Dewey*, teacher of Cooking school,) gives employment chiefly to girls, who are assigned to work as follows:

Girls.

In the laundry 26 work all the time, studying nights, and 60 Normal School girls work one day each week.

In the four kitchens (diet, cooking school, students' and teachers') there are 3 cooks and 7 assistants, the latter caring for the dining rooms—all work girls. Sixty school girls set tables and wash dishes three times a day. Sixty-three do general house work, including the care of teachers' room. There is one nurse.

Girls in the Normal course are employed one entire day each week, either in the laundry or sewing school, and one hour every day in the week in house work. Cooking lessons are given from January till June. For account of girls in sewing and tailoring shops see below.

Young Men

are employed as follows: one cook, three bakers, and one for general duty; all night students. Thirty-seven Normal school boys are employed as waiters at as many tables, averaging sixteen at a table, and there are thirteen janitors in care of the various buildings.

Since the completion of the new laundry, with bath rooms, etc., costing $4,000, the girls' work has been done to far more advantage than ever. I cannot say too much for the hygienic importance of this improvement. Such needs do not excite general interest, but they are vital, and a few have helped generously to erect this building so requisite to a civilizing work.

The large amount of work in the Household department is wholly done by student labor, excepting a hired hand in the teachers' kitchen and laundry; while non-productive, it is a vast saving of expense, and most profitable as practical training.

All have regular wages, but are paid *in kind* not in cash, except small amounts for necessary expenses.

THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

Besides forty-three acres recently leased for a long term to the National Soldiers' Home, and thirty-five taken up by school grounds, building lots, and roads, there are about one hundred and ten acres under cultivation on the home farm. At the "Hemenway" and "Canebrake" farms, five miles distant, there are five hundred and fifty acres; four hundred under cultivation, the rest pasture, of which a part is marsh. Thirteen work boys and two work girls, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vanison, graduates, do the farm and house and domestic work at this plantation—studying nights. It is in itself a complete institution, satisfactory in every way. Others like it might be established at considerable first cost, but could be run at small current expense.

The home farm, on which milk, vegetables and small truck are raised, gives employment to thirteen work students, who also do a variety of service for the institution; they are engaged for a year, and attend night school. Daily details for farm work from the Normal School average ten boys, except Mondays, when half the entire farm force is out, giving each one a day and a half each per week for work.

The agricultural department is comparatively complete and in good condition.

For an account of agricultural operations, see report of Mr. Albert Howe, Manager, herewith submitted.

Under the farm management are the

Wheelwright and Blacksmith Shops,

in which there are six Indian boys working half days, studying the other half, and six colored boys, of whom as with Indians three work in one shop and three in the other, but the latter for the whole year, studying nights. The work has been very satisfactory.

THE MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT.

The leading industry is the *Huntington Industrial Works*, a saw-mill and wood working establishment, under the general charge of Mr. Albert Howe.

In the saw-mill, managed by *Mr. W. T. Westwood*, there have been sawed during the past year over two million feet of lumber, and work has been furnished to 19 Night students and 10 Normal students, who work two days each week. There is on hand a full supply of marketable lumber, and though during the past three months the demand has been light, the outlook for summer business is good; our market is almost entirely local; the machinery is in first-rate condition, and the workmen are reported as doing well and a very promising set.

Mr. James H. Brinson, in charge of the wood working part, reports in his employ six journeymen and thirteen colored apprentices. "Orders are taken from and contracts are made with outside parties in Norfolk, Portsmouth, Hampton and Old Point for a variety of articles, such as fancy front and vestibule doors, store fronts, store doors, newel posts and balusters, pulpits, pews, window and door frames, brackets, trusses, scroll work, wooden mantels, counters and cabinets and stair-rails, ready to put up; also mouldings of all sizes and patterns, and turning in all forms. Plans of buildings are prepared, estimates made, and information given."

This department has, the current year, put up four moderate sized buildings for the School, and is ready to undertake the much desired new building for colored girls, furnishing even the bricks to be made on the School farm.

The apprentices are spoken of favorably; their success is a mere question of will. Three or four who have served two years, mastered their trade, and gone into school, working two days each week, have done remarkably well.

The Industrial Works have now plenty to do, but competition is sharp; builders have little capital, do not always come out ahead, and we have some difficulty in collecting what is due us.

The Pierce Machine Shop,

Mr. J. B. H. Goff, Engineer, in charge, employs four night students, who, besides iron work in summer, take care of the gas works, of nine boilers, four steam pumps, and five steam engines, (one a sixty-horse power Corliss;) employs also five Normal students, two days each week, three of whom have served a two years' apprenticeship; they look after the steam, water and gas pipes in the many buildings, and do general repairs and aid in construction, when any is to be done. Seventy-two iron bedsteads have been made for the school this year, and fifteen for the county. Gas and steam fixtures have been put into the Stone Building.

There is an ample and satisfactory supply of water and of gas; of the former, 40,000 gallons are consumed per day; of the latter, in the long winter nights, an average of 5,500 cubic feet; less, of course, when the days are longer; the number of burners is 786; the cost per thousand feet has been ninety cents.

The large steam heating apparatus has worked well, but needs more boiler surface. Burning the refuse of the Saw Mill has been a great economy in making steam.

The Printing Office in Stone Building,

Mr. C. W. Betts, in charge, is training six colored boys (four of them night students), four Indians, and employs four outside hands, of whom two are ex-students, one a girl. The *Southern Workman*, *Alumni Journal* (monthlies), and *African Repository* (quarterly), and the little monthly paper of the Indian Debating Society, the composition, type-setting, make-up, &c., of which is wholly done by Indians, are printed here.

The supply of outside job work has been good, and the year's work satisfactory. The office is in good condition, and the progress of student learners encouraging.

Ten who have fully or partly mastered the trade have already gone out, and the majority are at their trade.

There is a decided increase in applications for colored printers, and there are very few places in the country where they can learn the art.

Girls' Industrial Department.

Miss M. T. Galpin, in charge.

Fifty-nine Normal School girls work each one day every week, about twelve a day, mending clothes for 350 boys, and making household furnishing of all kinds, bedding, etc.; about 2,000 sheets are in use and kept in repair. There are thirteen work girls attending night school, of whom three do general work, four make shirts and under-clothing, five are in the

Tailoring and Shirt-making Department, under the care of *Mr. Robt. H. Hamilton*, a graduate of the School, assisted by two young men, apprentices, where, during the year, so far, 140 uniform coats, 225 pairs of uniform pants, and 100 uniform vests have been made for students; six of the above-mentioned thirteen girls doing most of the work; some outside help, however, being employed on coats; 1,500 other garments have been made.

The Indian Training Shop.

Mr. J. H. McDowell, in charge.

This includes carpenters, tin-smiths, harness-makers, and painters, as follows:

There are 13 Indians and 6 colored carpenters, who, with one journeyman assistant, this past year have put up a gymnasium 50 x 125 feet, with bowling-alley annex 16 x 70 feet, new engine house, etc., 32 x 52 feet, two new cottages for Indian families, each 12 x 24, with 8x12 kitchen. Alterations, additions, and repair of buildings, the manufacture of a quantity of school and house furniture have, with buildings, kept the force constantly busy.

Five Indian and two colored apprentices to tinsmith's trade, under a journeyman instructor, have made over 15,000 pieces of tin ware (13,000 of them for the Government Indian service), put on 22,000 feet of tin roofing, besides doing all manufacturing and repairs for the school much of that of the Hygeia Hotel, and considerable for the local trade.

Three Indian and three Negro apprentices, under a journeyman instructor have, during the year, made for the Government (Indian service) 98 double sets of wagon harness, 100 double sets of plow harness, and to order for customers 15 sets of fine harness, besides all repairs for the school and a large part of the neighborhood work.

Two Negro and two Indian apprentices, under a journeyman teacher, have painted all the new buildings, and done a large amount of repainting, kalsomining and glazing.

There has been in the training shops a marked improvement over our preceding year, both in the quantity and quality of the work done, a decidedly better spirit and increased interest, and less complaint, in all the shops. This is very much due to more constant employment; the fewer the breaks, the more contented the boys are.

Total number of Indian boys employed, 23; Negro, 13; of the former 11 and of the latter 7 work all day, attending night school; the rest are in the Indian or normal classes, and study three full days each week.

The Shoe Shop,

Mr. E. F. Coolidge, in charge, employs three colored and eleven Indian students, and, occasionally, an outside band; they are, for the third year, manufacturing two thousand pairs of men's brogan shoes for the Government, to be issued to Indians in the West; will make this year for the School and for custom work about five hundred pairs, and repair annually at least sixteen hundred pairs.

This work of the shop has been well tested, is gaining confidence, and finer kinds of shoes are called for than before. School officers and teachers often purchase there. A good serviceable girl's shoe at $2 a pair is made, which is becoming popular among the young women, long outwearing "store" shoes. For the boys, an English Balmoral at $2.25 is made, and is the regulation shoe; custom made, it costs $3. The

boys are doing better this year than ever. Instead of working half and studying half the day, five of the seven Indians have applied to work all day and study nights, in order to learn more of the trade—a good sign.

Knitting Work.

Mr. F. N. Gilman, in charge.

Twenty-two young colored men, 14 of them night and 8 of them normal students working two days a week, are under *Mr. A. G. Lyons*, instructor, a former student, filling an order for ten thousand dozen pairs of mittens, manufactured on the "Lamb" knitting machine; a low grade of work at moderate prices, for a Boston firm, which supplies the material and pays us for the labor. Five school girls work two days a week "tacking" the finished mittens and preparing them for shipment. Against 15 outside hands last year, there are this year 7 such hands, 4 white and 3 colored, who share in the different parts of the work.

This not only helps many to an education but, as task labor, is an education in accurate and rapid work. It is the only industry in this place in which students are paid for their work; in the rest they are paid for their time. If possible, piece work should be more generally introduced; it is the true method.

Remarks.

The accounts of each of the above-mentioned departments, household, agricultural and mechanical, showing receipts, expenditures, and loss or gain of each, will be published in the Treasurer's Report, and sent after the close of the fiscal year, ending June 30, to each contributor to the school.

The total earnings of students last year in these three divisions were $35,288.93, and will be considerably more this year. Paying them or crediting them with such a large amount for their work is, to some extent, a direct drain on our income, for the instruction of the student is regarded as equally important with the profits of the shop. To make money we would select the most skilful, keep them from year to year, dismissing at once the dull and doubtful. But as soon as a student is skilled, his course is ended, and a new hand takes his place; many are kept who are earnest but improve slowly; our working force is at least 25 per cent. larger than it need be for regular business. From his standpoint, the student is honestly self-supporting; from our own, one-fourth of wages paid (amounting to $10,000 or $12,000) is a direct drain. Does it pay? A sound practical education costs much more than one in book knowledge only. Two sets of teachers are required, and the shops should, as a rule, not be expected to bring back more than cost of student's labor and material; salaries of managers, with building and outfit, being a school expense. A few of the shops can do better than this.

I stated last year that our system of workshops needed a working capital of $25,000. In all production, capital is as important as the "plant" or buildings and machinery; not a dollar of working capital has ever been given us; hence much embarrassment and a serious check to the success of our mechanical operations. Each one should be on its own basis, endowed, complete and independent, to test itself by fighting its own battles.

The distinctive feature of the Hampton Institute is the labor system as a means of support, and as a moral force; probably nowhere else have work and study been so fully allied, and I believe that the plan should be worked out to completeness. Especially in the mechanic arts are the Negro and Indian races at a disadvantage; the former are losing their ground, the latter have none, while skilled labor is paramount to the progress of any race. Conducting mechanical operations without capital is like "making bricks without straw."

SUPPORT.

The matter of permanent and reliable means of support is becoming more and more serious as the school is better established.

Fifty thousand dollars a year, besides the yield of our small endowment fund and State and National aid (which is for specific purposes), must be annually secured from the benevolent public. A wide-spread impression that this is a government institution, has done no good. It is not generally realized that not a dollar of public money goes to land, building or improvements, or that the trustees are a private self-perpetuating corporation, chartered by special act of the State of Virginia, representing the constituency which mainly supports the work.

By the annual contributions of scholarships of seventy dollars (the cost of tuition or instruction of a student for one year) about twenty-two thousand dollars may be reasonably hoped for yearly; two thousand have been received this year from the Slater Fund, and five hundred from the Peabody Fund.

Estimate for next year.

From annual scholarships and from these two funds say - -	$25,000 00
From donations for general purposes (average of previous years) about, - -	$10,000 00
For the remaining — - -	15,000 00

we look to legacies and for gifts that so far have come to the school from unexpected sources.. We do not know how it will be this year or in the future; if the money does not come, we must cut the work down; the larger salaries can be reduced. It is to be hoped, however, that our student force will not be cut down while there is so great a call for able, earnest men at the South.

Endowment.

The Negro is rapidly increasing; he is here to stay. Institutions are as important for the black race as for the white race, and just as the latter will need forever a supply of trained men and women, so will the former. We must organize for all time; Hampton should not always be in the front rank of charities. Should it secure an endowment of five hundred thousand dollars, it still would need twenty-five thousand a year in charity for current expenses. A partial endowment at once is, I think, important to give the school a more assured life, power to go through exigencies, and allow some of the force and strength at present devoted to revenue to be given directly to the uplifting work of the school; to a better knowledge of the field and of the people.

To ask for half a million dollars seems hopeless; but other things seemingly more hopeless have been done, and I believe the money is somewhere.

THE WORK BEFORE US,

is, I believe, 1st. A limitation of the school to not over six hundred students, including both races, of whom not over 150 shall be Indians.

2. Completing our system and organizing the school throughout in the best possible way; there is room for improvement everywhere. This is, in many ways, the hardest duty of all, and is never ended. A work that is really sound and worthy of support will, I believe, get it.

Omitting minor improvements, the pressing need, as above stated, is of a NEW GIRLS' DORMITORY, with forty rooms, each to hold two, that will cost sixteen thousand dollars. Each room will cost about $300; the girls' assembly room, $1,000, and the hospital, $1,500. This will complete the system of buildings required for 600 pupils. The *last* $5,000 have already been guaranteed; not $100 besides have been subscribed. Ground is broken for brick-making, and other preliminaries have begun. The building can be ready, if the means are supplied, by next November.

3. Securing an endowment fund of five hundred thousand dollars more than we now have; one-half, I would suggest, in the form of permanent scholarships of fifteen hundred dollars each, to yield $70 annually; and half as a general fund. The two are equally important.

A direct effort should be made by an appeal to the public for the funds, and an equally important work is to make the school as worthy as possible of that which it asks for.

CONCERNING GRADUATES.

Of the 528 who have taken a full course, 195 of them girls, at least 75 per cent. are teaching, and an equal number of those who failed to take a full course are employed in the country school houses of Virginia and the neighboring States. There is little to attract an intelligent colored man or woman to these remote places; school houses are poor, often miserably fitted up; salaries are small, from $20 to $30 a month; school sessions last about five months, and for most of the year teachers must support themselves in other occupations.

But the most and the best of the people are in the country, and I feel that Hampton's work should be for the rural farming population quite as much as for those in cities. For a graduate to teach year after year on less pay than he or she could get in steady city employment, or in some public service, is a strain under which a number have given up teaching.

The demand for teachers is greater than ever; the need of them is growing; hardly the *increase* of our black population is being adequately taught; the evils of an ignorant voting population are not lessening; it is creating a state of things in some parts of the South that threatens, if not civilization, at least the integrity of republican institutions.

There is no remedy but in popular education. This is, so far as it goes, the work of our school through its graduates, of whose work some account is given by Miss Cleaveland and Miss Tileston, correspondents. See Appendix *D*. Our interest in and care of them is most important.

No fact in my experience is more striking than the growth in manly and womanly qualities of many of those who have engaged in teaching. Morally their record has been, as a rule, admirable. Many of them are seriously deficient in scholarship, are poor spellers, readers and writers, and at the same time exert a moral influence, and set an example of inestimable value.

I ask attention to Rev. Mr. Frissell's remarks, in the Appendix, upon his personal visitation of graduates; a work in which I long to engage.

From the very first since 1870 they have been generally well treated and appreciated by all intelligent people about them. For such workers there is no color line; only those who love darkness rather than light are against them.

IN GENERAL.

Your attention is invited to the following reports in the Appendix marked *E*: To that of Rev. H. B. Frissell, Chaplain of the Institute, especially to his account of the Pastors' class; to that of Dr. M. M. Waldron, Medical officer; to that of Miss Alice M. Bacon, Librarian; and to that of Mr. F. C. Briggs, Business Agent, giving details of school expense and other statistics of great value, also to the full reports from the various labor departments which have been outlined above, including that on the New Green House, by Mr. J. O. Folsom, not heretofore referred to.

I commend to your attention the report of Lieutenant Geo. Le Roy Brown, U. S. Army, Commandant, (see Appendix E), which is his last, as his duties here will soon cease. The self-government of students of both races to which he alludes, has proved more successful than we had dared to hope.

My application to the Secretary of War, dated January 17th, 1884, for the detail of Lieut. Brown for another term, his three years of service here expiring July 1st, 1884, was replied to in a letter from the office of the Adjutant General of the Army, dated May 7th, 1884, stating that the Secretary of War had decided to detail an officer at the Virginia Agricultural College at Blacksburg, thus depriving us of any officer after next July, as the State is entitled to but one officer on the active list. Hampton Institute has had the benefit of that regulation for six years, and consideration was due to its sister institution for the white race.

This decision has placed the school at a disadvantage. The duties here require a mental and moral energy, a physical activity and an adaptation to peculiar conditions rarely to be found, and hardly to be expected from an officer on the retired list, from which a detail could be made.

Lieut. Brown has done most valuable service as Commandant of the battalion of Normal School Cadets, having brought it up to an excellent condition of drill, discipline, *morale* and performance of guard and other duty. Night and day he has labored for its improvement with most satisfactory results. In every relation he has commanded the confidence and respect of all.

The cause of Indian progress receives a blow; his six years' service among the Sioux qualified him to deal with this peculiar people and to be a daily help in our efforts for Indian youth. He has, I believe, rendered a more valuable public service than many officers in the field.

I think that the only Agricultural College in the United States, where Negros can get the *tonic* of military discipline, so needful for them, should not have been deprived of its officer so summarily.

Resignation of the Treasurer.

In closing, I cannot but refer to the resignation of General J. F. B. Marshall, Treasurer, to take effect July 1st, who, having served the school with an untiring devotion for nearly fourteen years, is now compelled, by the condition of his eyes, to give up the duties he has so long and ably performed.

Our relations here were a renewal of early associations in the Hawaiian Islands, where the peculiar and almost the precise conditions of the present Negro problem of the United States had to be dealt with thirty years before they were created in America by the results of civil war. That experience, of which he was, for twenty years, a witness and a part, furnished the plan of the Hampton School. For his wisdom and aid, and no slight self-sacrifice in building up this work, which has been an attempt to solve two of the nation's problems, not only the institution but the country is indebted to General Marshall.

His work began almost with the school's life, and to him is due the very perfect condition of its records, the order and method of its business, and the credit of a most faithful stewardship of the great trust committed to his care. With his estimable wife, he has been socially and in every relation helpful and strengthening to this work. Both will be missed seriously in the life and work of the school.

I trust that the dictates of thoughtful appreciation in this matter will be regarded, and that his future may be, to some extent at least, one of continued usefulness to the cause which he has served so long and faithfully.

Respectfully submitted,

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal.*

Hampton, Va., May 21st, 1884.

Appendix A.

The following reports are from the instructors in charge of the studies specified, in each of which there are from one to three teachers engaged:

NORMAL DEPARTMENT.

Report of Mary F. Mackie, in charge.

The roll of attendance for the present Academic year, not including those who have been here less than a month, is as follows:

Boys 380, Girls 274, Total 654. Of these 426 belong to the day school, 228 to the evening school. The daily average attendance for the year has been 550. The following is the order of classification.

Normal Students.

YOUNG WOMEN.		YOUNG MEN.	
Senior Class	18	Senior Class	27
Middle "	40	Middle "	63
Junior "	98	Junior "	89
Evening "	69	Evening "	143
Indian School	49	Indian School	44

Pastors' class 16.

Of the 124 Indian students, 19 are are included in the Normal classes and 12 in the evening school. The remaining 93 are Preparatory.

Of the total number on roll, 31 are day scholars from Hampton; the balance, 624, are boarders, of whom 297 entered as new students this year.

This is much the largest attendance we have ever recorded. The gain has been chiefly in the number of girls admitted to the Junior class. In previous years, nearly twice as many boys as girls have applied for admission to the school, but this year at the opening, the Jun.for girls outnumbered the boys, and while In the higher classes they do not equal them in numbers, they have gained on their ratio of former years.

A marked feature of the attendance has been the promptness with which the students came in at the opening. Formerly, applications were made and students entered quite up to Christmas, much to the detriment of class work, but this year, before the close of the first week the classes were full, and but few have been admitted since.

The large decrease of day scholars on our roll needs an explanation. At present we have only 31 against 60 of last year. This is owing to the fact that we have arranged with the two county schools of the town of Hampton, the "Lincoln" and "Butler," to fit the students they send us for the Middle class,instead of the Junior as formerly. In consequence of this arrangement, made last Fall, no new day scholars were admitted in October.

The record of class work has been about the same as that of former years. Reporting for the mathematical classes, the progress has been satisfactory and as usual our work has been mostly in the line of arithmetic about two-thirds only of the Senior class taking algebra. We tried for a part of the year giving "Inventional Geometry" to the Seniors with very good success. The pupils showed an aptness for designing their own geometrical figures and in some cases wrote fair original demonstrations of their problems. Want of time alone prevented us from giving the study anything more than a trial.

The only change we have made in our order of studies is to take the "Theory of Teaching" out of the Senior and put it into the second half of the Middle year. Our reason for so doing is that many students leave the school at the end of the Middle term never to return and some of these do excellent work as teachers. Their training in this study will be invaluable to them in their work. Hereafter the Senior class will have only the daily practice which they get in our Training School, instead of combining Theory and Practice as formerly.

There is one point in our curriculum which I consider at present very weak and where I would urge a longer time for the study, even at the expense of some higher branch, on the ground that this being an elementary study, ought to be more thnrough, and that is geography. We give one year to it where the best schools give four, and every year the complaint grows louder on the part of our geography teachers that they cannot possibly, in the time allotted, take their classes through the intermediate geography which we use, and give more than a very superficial knowledge of some of the great divisions of the earth. I think a year and a half is the shortest time we should allow for geography, and this with the physical geography we give later, for a half year, would be quite satisfactory to the teachers in this department and as much as could be allowed in justice to the other branches taught.

So far as I can judge from my own experience and what I see of the work of other teachers in the corps, the aim and desire is constantly to require more and more thorough work in all the branches taught. Comparing,as I now can, the work of this Institution with that of many similar schools in the South, I feel that we have reason to be encouraged. Considering how much shorter is the number of years in the academic course with us than in any other school, we giving in three years nearly the same English branches which elsewhere is given in six and in some cases in eight years, the work is well done.

I think our experience proves also that, for our class of students,the two days of work and four days of study, instead of the usual one day of work and five days of study, is a gain. Bodily exercise seems to stimulate their brain to better action. I attribute also our ability to put students through the course we do in the limited time we have, to the constant and close grading we do in our classes.

If a Normal School is to be judged by the work it does through its graduates, I think ours will stand the test. Nowhere during my recent visit South, did I see more satisfactory work by colored teachers than by those trained at Hampton, and in some cases it would compare well with that of many white teachers who have had much greater advantages. Wherever I met superintendents, I received most gratifying reports of the satisfaction Hampton graduates gave as teachers.

In discussing with some of our graduates the training which Hampton gives for this special work, more than one expressed the thought that it would add greatly to their power as teachers if there could be a year allowed to every class for teaching between the Middle and Senior years. I have long held the same opinion myself. We frequently have students who for want of sufficient funds do take such a year of work midway in their course, and we have always found in these industrial cases a gain of at least 100 per cent. in the earnestness and intelligence with which they have taken hold upon their Senior studies. Generally, too, they come back with a much higher appreciation of the value to them, as teachers, of thoroughness in the elementary branches.

I think the effect of some such step as this would be to sift out the lighter and less earnest part of the class and give us material for our Seniors which would make that year of study worth double what it is at present.

Report on English.

By Helen W. Ludlow, teacher.

I have had charge this year of the Middle class in rhetoric and composition.

The class now numbers 103; 23 having dropped out from time to time, chiefly for want of means to carry them through. Of these, some are teaching, others working in various ways, most of them expecting to return next year or the year after, to repeat their middle year if necessary, and complete their course.

The average ability compares favorably with that of other classes of the same grade I have taught heretofore. For English and some other studies, they are divided into three graded sections. There is great difference between the highest and lowest of these. Most of Section 1 are excellent material, some of the best. Most of Section 3 will either repeat or be dropped at the end of this year. On the whole, the promise is good, I think, for the next Senior class. There are seven Indians in the Middle class: two boys, a Sioux and a Pawnee, in Section 1, three girls, Sioux and Gros Ventre, and two Sioux boys,in Section 2. These Indian students have generally done very well, keeping up with their class, and are likely to be promoted.

Most of the work of the year in my department has been practical, the constant writing of exercises and compositions. Th only text book used has been one highly recommended to us last year by Mrs. Supt. Baker of Norfolk, who has used it in the St. Louis school. Dr. Calthrop also thought it "one of the cleverest books of the kind" he had seen. —"How to Write"—Cowperthwaite & Co. It is a progressive succession of exercises in composition, with many interesting pictures, some of them botanical, to furnish subjects for description or narrative, with more abstract work in the end of the book. The only objection to it is that having been prepared for Northern pupils of the same grade, the subjects in at least the first half are considered rather juvenile by our students; but a suggestion that the best talent in the country is devoted to writing children's stories and that their own work as teachers will demand an ability to interest children, sufficed to satisfy them. As much might have been accomplished perhaps without any book, but less easily, and there is an advantage often in all having the same picture to write from, and much in their learning to use a book, and in having a good one for reference in their own work after leaving here. Besides the text-book, they have had small blank books in which to write additional rules or suggestions given by the teacher, and others for copying some of their exercises in composition.

Most of these exercises have been in descriptive writing. Like all beginners, they find this more difficult than narrative. I have been trying to train them to see what there is and to tell what they see. Early in the year, I read with much interest an account in some educational journal, of an experimental examination to test children's powers of observation, in the Boston public school. It stimulated my efforts in the same direction. I cannot exceed that writer in amusing examples of the lack of perceptive power, but I can equal some he gives. His pupils were of course much younger than ours. One young man in Section 2 of our Middlers, in a description, for the most part carefully written, of an illustration taken from the Deserted Village, described the venerable pastor as "the largest of three little boys who is talking to a beggar"—having judged his age from some peculiarity of dress without taking the slightest notice of expression or proportions. Another called a winding, narrow river, in a picture, a lake, and could not be brought to perceive the difference. A girl described the horse as having a head, "about nine inches lnng." Asked to show the length she meant, she measured about a foot on the table, and was sure that was "outside measurement." Their imaginations are far more active than their perceptive power. The distant village in a landscape may be omitted altogether from a description, but if it is mentioned, it will be pretty sure to be supplied with "well paved streets, gardens full of roses," and other beauties not visible in the picture, or at the distance represented. Few seem to know by name or by sight, the common flowers and plants of the garden or field, or many of the trees. Not one of the girls in one section, most of whom had been here over a year, knew one sailing vessel from another by name.

This lack of observation and curiosity as to the common objects surrounding us is, I know, only too general a failing. I think that a training of the perceptive faculties is of especial importance to these students, and will have a bearing, as I suggested in my report last year, upon their education in various directions, as for instance, their ability to spell, and to read at sight, and even further, in the very foundation work of character, the desire and power to speak the truth.

Another of my aims has been to accustom them to classify and arrange their thoughts; to think out some outline of thought and follow it closely. This also is a weak point with them. In revising the anniversary essays of Seniors and even of graduates, the chief work has usually been to follow the meandering mind of the writer backward and forward through his theme, put his arguments into order, and pick out his introduction from the middle, and his climax from almost anywhere. I think the year's work has told in this respect, and, extended in higher work though another year, will make a great difference. In this work also, our text book has been helpful.

For the rest, my efforts have been directed as usual to improving their English, in grammar, vocabulary, accuracy and neatness in writing, spelling and expression.

There is noticeable, I think, in these, and in all the points I have mentioned, a general advance in the standard of the school over earlier years. This is true, I should judge, of the present Senior class, and certainly is so of the best half of my Middlers.

Graduating younger and younger as they will be likely to do, it would be well, I think, if our students could have between the Middle and Senior years, a "wander-year," like the German apprentice, of practical experience of their life-work, coming back better fitted to appreciate the last year of their course, and graduating with more mature views and powers.

Junior and Senior English.

By M. J. Sherman, teacher.

Three years is too short a time for the accomplishment of all our pupils ought to know in the line of English grammar, composition, and literature. We can only do our best to ground them in the fundamental principles of these branches. This being done, we can hope that they will carry on the work by themselves after they leave us, especially if they teach.

It was decided at the close of the last term, to extend the study of Reed and Kellogg's elementary grammar, which we use merely as a guide, into the Middle year, and thus to make our work in English more thorough than ever before.

The most glaring defect in the language of our students is their incorrect use of verbs. They will persist in saying, "I taken," and "he have." Particularly inclined are they to drop final *ed*. As this is, each year, to our Juniors,the hardest battle of all to fight, it was thought best that, after learning how to write, punctuate, and capitalize short sentences, they should attack straightway the Goliath of their foes, the verb. In November they began the contest by learning the conjugation of the tenses where are found the forms *is* and *are*, *was* and *were*, *has* and *have*. This was followed by sentence building to illustrate the use of these words. Then, step by step, the entire conjugation of the verb in all its forms was learned. Most of the work was written, the students being required to observe a systematic method of arrangement, accuracy in the use of periods and capitals, and above all, scrupulous neatness.

It was thought that if they had blank books of their own in which to write their exercises, they would do better than if provided with slips of paper as had previously been the case. The experiment resulted in marked improvement and increased interest in the work.

We believe in the "new methods," but we believe in the old as well. If a verb is worth studying at all, it is worth studying thoroughly. Our chief aim is to correct errors in the use of the verb, but in order to do this effectually the verb must be perfectly mastered. This work is mostly done, it is true, by learning the conjugations; but they themselves are made secure by practice in parsing —no careless "Verb, Indicative,Third, Singular," but a carefully arranged bit of composition, with heading and margin, correctly spelled, punctuated, and capitalised. Thus the student is taught how to arrange any composition, while learning how to parse, and this has been a part of our work on verbs, a work in which our Juniors have been engaged for five months, a long time indeed, but time well spent, for now all but the poorest understand at least one thing thoroughly.

And now comes the practical application of what has been learned. The many exercises already written have been for the most part detached sentences. This week begins the work of continuous composition, consisting of letters mostly, describing bits of personal experience. The verbs will be most carefully criticised, and the pupil required to give the reason for the correction.

We hope before the term ends, to teach adjectives and pronouns, but whatever may be left undone this year will be attended to another. We believe that the work already done will be especially valuable to those who may be unable to return to school another year from lack of money, ability, or both.

All departments of our academic work would be greatly aided, if, before entering the regular course, our students could be trained, not in technical grammar, but in English. A large part of the work we are obliged to do ought to be done before a student tries to enter the Junior class. Ought any one to enter that class who cannot use *is* and *are* correctly? May there not be a certain proficiency in language as well as in arithmetic required of all candidates for admission?

We should like to send our graduates forth fully prepared to answer every puzzling question in grammar which a wise county Superintendent might ask, but the simple truth is, *we can't*. When boys and girls come to us speaking fairly correct English, and, it may be, having studied grammar under competent teachers, and when they spend five days in school each week instead of four, we may be able to give them a course in some higher text-book. Until then we must do for them what they most need. We are inclined to think that skill in expressing oneself may be of somewhat more importance than analysis and parsing; hence the Middle year is mainly spent in composition writing.

We believe that in these days of dime novels and low-class periodicals, a taste for good reading is a point in the education of our young people which ought not to be utterly neglected. They lead a busy life during their last year here, having in many cases but very little time to read, and perhaps not knowing exactly what books to choose. Believing that the class-room and the recitation hour can be used in no better way than as a place and a time in which to cultivate a taste for good reading, we have made it our one aim during the past year, to interest our Seniors in a few good books, hoping thereby to awaken a desire for more.

At first, they analyzed "The Witch's Daughter," and made a written abstract of the poem. Then followed a similar study of "Abraham Davenport." As this poem contained an allusion to the "twilight of the gods," a few familiar talks upon Norse mythology were given to the class, which they reproduced in writing. They were then prepared to appreciate Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor" and "Baldur the Beautiful." A month was then spent in reading Dr. Butler's "Land of the Veda." The class took notes, and when the book was completed, wrote essays upon different subjects connected with the history of India.

As they were studying the history of Greece and as Bryant's translation of the Iliad was at hand, we tried the experiment of reading, practically the whole, but in reality omitting what was not necessary to the thread of the story. "Appreciative?" Yes, delighted, ever ready to gather some bit of historical information, and so interested that every one regretted that there was not time for the Odyssey too. Then followed a brief study of a translation of Plato's Apology, read to the class, and and reproduced each day either in writing or orally. This was enjoyed greatly by the class, although perhaps not by all, for Socrates' argument was much harder to reproduce than the Homeric tale.

Our work may seem somewhat desultory. Yet if our students have, as we believe is the case, learned to enjoy reading of this sort, the work has not been altogether useless.

We hope to give a few talks on American and British authors, whose names shall be laid up for future use by the class, when the corpulence of their pocket books shall correspond better than even now with John B Alden's price list. Every Senior has one of that publisher's catalogues, and is laying many plans for patronizing that benefactor of poor school teachers. He will indeed be a blessing to that race, one of whose daughters once told the writer that there was a good library in her own city, but "colored people were not allowed to draw books from it."

Our own library has been used more this year than heretofore, and there is a growing tendency on the part of many to select histories and biographies rather than stories.

We believe the majority of those who leave us this year have laid a foundation upon which they will build in the days to come.

Report on Natural Philosophy.

By J. E. Davis, teacher.

The study of Natural Philosophy is begun by the Middle Class in February, and finished a year from that time. Until 1883, it was a half-study in the Senior year, but when the spelling and writing classes were combined, it was found possible to give a full year to Natural Philosophy, a change which was much needed.

Our conveniences for teaching natural science are much greater than ever before. The recitation room in the Stone Building is furnished with raised seats, blackboards, charts, and a stationary working table with a sink set in one end, and drawers and closets underneath. This was made in our carpenter shop, as was also the heliostat which is used in teaching Light. The arrangements for darkening the room are not yet perfectly satisfactory. The room is also provided with water, gas, steam, and closets for the small stock of apparatus owned by the school. We say *small*, and while that is true, but few additions are necessary for our purpose, which is to teach the students with the simplest possible apparatus; so far as may be, with such as they can easily procure or make with their own hands. Much that we are using has been made on the place, and some of it by the students in the philosophy classes. There are many valuable pieces of apparatus on the grounds, such as the Corliss engine and the machines at the mill, the gasometer, centrifugal wringer and force-pumps, with all of which the students are made as familiar as possible.

We have been using the same text-book, Cooley's New Physics, for the last three years, but it contains parts unsuited to our students, and though it is valuable in many ways, especially for the accuracy of its statements, in some respect Steele's Fourteen Weeks in Natural Philosophy would be better for our work. There has been a constant increase in the ability of our students to use a text-book intelligently, and the reference books in the library are much more generally read than in previous years. It is now entirely unnecessary to read over the advance lesson with any section of the class, a daily habit two years ago. While there is thus, undoubtedly, a gain in the ability to acquire and use knowledge obtained from books, there is at the same time, a decrease in original thought and inquiry. To stimulate this and encourage the use of the eyes and hands, the students are required to describe and perform original experiments, as well as those given in the book, and to draw from memory diagrams illustrative of principles, and of such apparatus as air and water pumps.

The classes review each subject as it is finished, reciting from analyses, given by the teacher, but usually written on the board, from memory, by the students. After each review comes a written examination, and at the end of the term, one covering the term's work. In these written reviews there has been a marked improvement in spelling, neatness, and expression of thought.

Report on History.

By M. F. Dibble, teacher.

Our estimate of the value to our students of historical study is shown by the fact that it is introduced into each year of the course. Illustrative of the work in the Junior and Middle classes, the following report by Miss Small is inserted:—

"Since in one school year our students must get all they can from the study of U. S. History, it becomes a question how to best teach them, very hurriedly, the necessary facts, of which, usually, they are utterly ignorant, and at the same time get them so thoroughly roused and interested that they will be eager to carry on the course of supplementary reading suggested. Recent inquiry upon this point has shown the results to be satisfactory.

Books of the nature of Coffin's, Higginson's and Abbot's, with reference books, and some stories of historical value, are in constant demand at our library by the Juniors and Middlers. Reading lessons frequently supplement work done in the history class. The Juniors are reading "The Boys of '76" with great interest.

Barnes's History is used as a text book, because of its valuable topical arrangement. Since the first difficulty is with the use of difficult words and obscure expressions, it is found necessary to always take the time for reading the advance lesson.

During this preparation, after a paragraph is read, the class is called upon to suggest a topic for that paragraph. This has been done fairly well. Topics, arranged by the teacher, are afterwards copied and kept for use in their own schools. Classes are easily roused to enthusiasm over the story of some hero's brave deed, or exciting battle.

Oftentimes, however, their admiration gets the better of their judgment, and they credit Roger Williams, or John Smith with all that is noble, quite over-looking their mistakes.

Class exercises are brightened by matches and other recreations. Maps, on which as pupils proceed they locate discoveries, settlements, and campaigns, have proved invaluable. Tests of the progress of pupils are given in frequent oral and written descriptions of some person or event, as Arnold's treason.

The boys like the political history and do best with that. The girls excel in descriptions.

This year the Middle class had a review in the form of several lectures on the Civil War, by Gen. Armstrong. Abstracts of these lectures were written, and served to show that they carried away a clear mental picture of the campaigns and their significance.

All through this course, students are required to recite topically. We insist upon it. We also aim especially to teach pupils to see clearly the relation of cause and effect, to grasp the salient points, and to make full, accurate, and *concise* statements."

The results of this work are very noticeable in the recitations of the Seniors, who show less inclination to wander from the topic or to repeat the phraseology of the text-book, and express themselves with greater freedom and clearness.

The plan of Senior work has been much the same as last year. The class has advanced more rapidly, not because the work has been less thoroughly done, I believe, but because there has been a more judicious selection of material, more careful separation of essentials from non-essentials. Fewer subjects have been studied, but those few have been studied more thoroughly.

Since the element of personality imparts more interest to events, the method of grouping the events of a period about a few prominent characters has been helpful in producing distinct impressions upon the memory. We endeavor to have the daily recitations bright and interesting, thus to make the mental impression vivid; then to call up the picture by frequent reviews, and finally to stamp it indelibly by having each student reproduce it upon paper. Very creditable essays have been written upon Greek Civilization, which show the results of the topical method of study and recitation. A few of the subjects chosen will illustrate the character of this work: "Contrast between Greek and Oriental Civilization," "Spartan Education and its Results," "Influence of the National Festivals," "Growth of Democracy at Athens," "Relation of Greek Religion to Christianity."

The aim throughout the course has been not so much to teach history, as to teach *how to study history*, and to create an appetite for historical reading. Lists of books read, or consulted for certain topics, have been handed in by the class. Considering how little time in our crowded schedule is left for general reading, the results have been in many cases surprising. The girls have in general read more than the boys. Works referred to in class are in constant demand at the library, and the supply of reference books is inadequate to meet the needs of the class. There is an especial need of standard works on Greece and Rome.

The plea made last year for a half-year's course in English History seems to me of enough importance to be repeated here.

Report on Geography.

By *J. Koch*, teacher.

Interesting as geography necessarily is, my scholars find it the easiest thing to forget, and I am obliged to bring that best assistant to memory, repetition, into constant use, varying the questions in every possible way to be sure they have gotten the idea and not a mere form of words. I find them most interested in such things as are not mentioned in their books; for instance, a lesson on the coral animal, with an account of the wonderful way in which it has built up the peninsula of Florida, accompanied by specimens of different kinds of coral, was more accurately reproduced than a trip from St Louis to New York by water, and I am sure that my class can more easily describe the coffee tree and tell me about its cultivation, than name the Pacific States and Territories, giving the capitals of each.

These scholars are most deficient in English, and every study that fails to bring good English, written as well as spoken, into constant use, accomplishes but half its object. I soon found out their poverty in this respect; it showed plainly in their written examinations; and I began devising ways and means of combining geography with written English in their every day recitations. Dividing the lesson for the day and the review lesson into short topics, they are sent to the black board to write all they know about their topic. Ten minutes before the close of the recitation, they take their seats and the little compositions are read, while the class is called upon for help in correction; thus not only the whole lesson is recited, but they have had an exercise in English and have learned to spell the hard names they are constantly meeting.

Having given this plan two or three days' trial, the question as to its frequent use was put to vote and all were in favor of its continued employment.

Some of the pupils find map drawing very hard, while others have drawn very correct and even elegant maps from the first. All have improved in this particular.

Specimens of ores; pictures of noted places; manufactured objects from different states and countries; all have contributed to making this study interesting and helpful; but if they could go more slowly, taking lessons on manufactures, productions, customs, manners and dress of different nations, and other related topics, there would be a great gain in intelligence and thoroughness.

Physical Geography.

In teaching physical geography to a class of grown-up men and women, with their reasoning powers in full activity, it seems necessary to give a reason for every statement of fact made either in their text-book or by their teacher; therefore, as their book taught them that the world was once in a gaseous condition, they were given the nebular hypothesis first, as the generally accepted theory of the formation of the world. Many of them looked incredulous and insisted in their examination papers that "God spake and it was created," very much as if the authority of the Bible had been called in question. But when, profiting by experience, they were taught the successive ages through which this world has passed, by the light of the first chapter of Genesis, they no longer doubted, and accepted the nebular hypothesis with all the rest.

It was curious to note how the mind, craving knowledge, takes the best that it can get. One of my scholars, a grown man, said that he had been told by the "wise man" of his neighborhood that a volcano was caused by a flash of lightning striking and setting on fire an exposed seam of coal, and it was really difficult for him to disabuse himself of that idea.

The text-book, Warren's, though shorter and easier than Mitchell's, which they had last year, is still much too difficult for many members of the class. They must necessarily meet with many new and difficult words, but I have not yet found a geography as simple as it might and should be for them; for instance, the statement that "the earth was, at a remote period of its existence, in a state of igneous fluidity," was simply unintelligible to most of them. For this reason all the more difficult lessons, such as the theory of the cause of earthquakes, the Newtonian theory of the tides, or electricity, have been given orally, with illustrations on the black-board when practicable. To explain the summer shower and hail storm, Prof. Espy's theory, every step of which is supported by a well-known physical law, was given, and they followed with constantly increasing interest and curiosity even through the explanation and application of latent heat.

This, though confessedly the hardest lesson they had to learn, is in itself so interesting a subject that they could not fail to be enthusiastic over it, and their interest only ceased with the lessons.

Report on Reading.

By *Margaret Kenwill*, teacher.

The points which require particular attention in this department are:

1st. Learning words and their uses.
2nd. Articulation and pronunciation.
3rd. Comprehension of thought and expression.
4th. Cultivation of a taste for reading.

A large per cent. of the students who enter the Junior class are very poor readers. Some of them are almost unable to read at all. It is perhaps not too much to say, that with the exception of the first section, about one sixth of the whole number, they are extremely defective in this fundamental study. For these the little practice possible during a short recitation in a large class is altogether inadequate, and unless a love for reading is awakened, which will insure much outside practice, they are quite likely to continue to be poor readers, although much time is given to simply learning words and their uses. Various methods are employed to make this exercise pleasant and profitable, and the student feels richer day by day as new words are added to his vocabulary.

A measure which will doubtless produce good results by imparting increased zeal to the learner as additional importance is given to the study, has recently been decided upon, and hereafter no student will receive a diploma unless a certain per cent. in reading is reached.

Articulation and pronunciation require particular attention. From hearing only incorrect speech in early youth, careless, slovenly habits have been acquired which are not easily overcome, and ceaseless correction by the teacher and utmost effort by the pupil are often powerless to effect a lasting reform. A tendency to lapse into the old peculiar dialect when out of the class room is quite universal.

As a constant reminder to the teacher and pupil, a chart, containing examples of classes of words and sounds in which the student is habitually defective, has been arranged and will soon be placed in the recitation rooms.

We believe with Delsarte that impression must precede expression. Not until the reader understands and feels can he give expression to the idea of the author. He must be trained to a ready comprehension of the thought, and no word, sentence, paragraph or subject should be passed over until it is understood. This ability to quickly grasp a thought will assist the student in learning other lessons, for often the idea derived from an expression is very vague or distorted; as, for instance, the line: "The subtile brain of Yaroslav" which was explained to mean, "a brain suttled (settled) down and become solid."

Experience has proved that to devote the entire course to the study of technical elocution is a mistake. The school reader still has a place in the class, but is supplemented by other valuable books, that useful knowledge may be acquired along with the art of reading and that a love of reading and a familiarity with books may assist the pupil in becoming proficient in this study.

As a means of mental and moral culture, this study of the lives of great men, great deeds and great epochs, this familiarity with good writers and good books, though limited, has not been fruitless. It was very encouraging, after having introduced that admirable little book, Dickens' Child's History of England," to one of the classes, to find every work on English history drawn from the library, everybody reading English history, and the record of Good King Alfred hunted up and down.

Gems of poetry from British and American Authors have been studied with an appreciation and interest which we feel sure will not cease with the class room but will be a source of future pleasure and growth.

Report on Spelling.

By Anna E Kemble, teacher.

There has been a noticeable improvement in the spelling during the past two years. This is due in a great measure to the fact that the teachers of every subject have given especial attention to it, deducting a certain percentage for every misspelled word in their different exercises. Before this was done, many of the pupils would go from a class in spelling to one in history or geography, and misspell the words they had just spelled correctly.

We meet the same difficulty in teaching spelling that we meet in teaching writing—the difficulty of undoing a careless method of their own.

The Indians in the same classes with the colored are usually their superiors in spelling as in writing. This is chiefly due to the fact that they were taught correctly from the first. I think, too, that the Indian is naturally more accurate and has greater power of imitation.

With the exception of a short exercise in oral spelling at the end of the recitation or at the end of a week, our lessons are written.

At one time, a number of words are placed on the black-board in a plain Spencerian hand and copied in books by the class. These words are arranged in sentences showing their use, and are written by them from dictation the following day.

To a considerable extent, news items, items of history or geography, and also gems of thoughts from good authors, are used as lessons.

Thus, while spelling is the main feature of the exercises, their general knowledge is increased. The books in which the new lessons are taken grow into small encyclopedias containing much that will be useful to them in their future work.

I would say that, in all cases, the lesson is read aloud by the class before being written. Words are carefully pronounced and the attention of the pupils called to new ones. This gives an opportunity to correct false and careless pronounciation, to which much of their bad spelling is due. It also teaches them the true sounds of the words.

The greatest difficulties met are the lack of observation and want of accuracy on the part of the pupils. A student, after all our care in directing his attention to the proper spelling of the new words, will, when writing, look carelessly and see perhaps the word "caution." Being familiar with the use of the word, he spells it in his own way "causion" and replies the next day, "I copied it from the book."

By various methods, we seek to reach the many difficulties of the learner, to avoid ruts, to make the recitation bright, and above all to increase his interest in the study and use of words.

I am sorry to say that, with all our efforts, we do not succeed in making good spellers of all, and it often happens that those who have the strongest characters, and on going out do the best work, are not the best spellers. Thus, while results are not always so favorable as we desire, we have great reason to be hopeful. Great improvement has been made, and the work is still going on.

Report on Practice Teaching.

By E. Hyde, in charge.

I have had this year both Seniors and Middlers in Theory and Art of Teaching. The Seniors I have had all though the term, the Middlers only the last half.

Our present Seniors promise to make good primary teachers; they have done good work in the training school, showing, with each lesson, they give a better understanding of what teaching means. As a rule, the girls do better than the boys; they show more tact in managing the children, and their lessons show more thought and careful preparation. The boys are inclined to lecture and to be satisfied with merely hearing the recitations; the girls do more real teaching.

The removal of the training school from the Butler to the Stone Building, has been a great gain; much time hitherto wasted on the road has been saved, and the Seniors now look upon their work in the practice school as a part of their regular recitations. The Middlers have only methods this year, leaving the practice until they become Seniors My work with both classes is necessarily oral. The students have their topic books, which are handed in from time to time for inspection, while frequent written examinations make it unsafe for the work to be much slighted. I believe the Middlers will do better work in the training school another year for having had methods the year before, and as many of them stay out and teach at the end of the middle term, it will be a gain for them to have some knowledge of teaching beforehand. I only wish it were possible to turn out the whole Middle class to teach a year before entering the Senior class. After a year's teaching, they know so much better what they need and are so much more earnest and willing to work hard. Although it is true that the brightest scholars do not always make good teachers, equally true is it that the dullest students can not make good teachers. Some are so poor in the primary branches, reading writing and spelling, that they should be encouraged to try some other occupation than that of teaching.

I regret that time and circumstances do not admit of more normal work throughout the whole course. It is somewhat of a surprise to many of our students to find themselves at the beginning of the Senior term brought face to face with the fact that they are soon to become teachers. Many of them assert that they do not intend to teach. It may be said however, to their credit, that it is a rare exception when one of our students does not teach for a while at least. A word in the beginning of the course to the effect that it will be well for them to preserve their topic books in which are the carefully prepared topics and plans on history, grammar and geography; a hint once in a while calling their attention not only to the facts being taught but also to the teacher's method of dealing with these facts, all this would not take much time and the students could not help being much benefited by it.

I would say in closing that the applications for teachers this term have very far exceeded the supply. Since last June, I have had on hand many more applications than I could fill. One superintendent wrote "send me as many teachers as you can." I believe at the time I had not one to send. The wife of one of the county superintendents told me that many schools in their county had remained closed all through the year because they could not get good teachers, and that rather than engage inefficient ones, they preferred to keep their schools closed.

Report on Butler School.

By E. Hyde, in charge.

We have enrolled at the Butler this year about 350 pupils—Number of teachers, six. Forty of the pupils, representing different rooms at the Butler, were afterwards sent up to a room in the Stone Building, which has been used this year as a training school for the Seniors. The average daily attendance has been remarkably good, the children making their appearance days when it would have been wiser for them to have remained at home. As it is, they have appeared drenched to the skin, but always smiling and apparently quite happy. There was one day indeed, when the teachers, after trudging down to the school in a violent snowstorm, found but two shivering little Butlerites to meet them, but even on that day others turned up later on, expecting to find the school open.

The interest on the part of parents has been very gratifying; they have visited us much more than ever before, and when, in cases of discipline, I have been obliged to send for them, they have never failed to report promptly.

At the beginning of the year, I called a meeting of the parents of the children. About one hundred men and woman responded, and we spent a very pleasant hour talking over the children and school matters in general.

We were disappointed to find that we were to have but five months of county school instead of seven as we had last year. We have no cause to complain of our pay school however, as we have on roll 220 children. Every third child in the family comes free; there are perhaps a half dozen children who pay for their schooling by working in and around the school building, but, with these few exceptions, our pupils appear Monday morning with their ten cents clasped tightly in their hands, tied up in the corner of their handkerchief or held in their mouths, as the case may be. Our terms are C. O. D. When our children pay for their schooling, they are more inclined to be prompt and regular in attendance. At the end of each month, a report stating number of times late and absent and a report on conduct are sent home. By this means there is no chance given the children to play truant and to spend their ten cents for any other than educational purposes. I regret that the loss of two of the teachers has prevented our carrying out the industrial plans for this year; we hope another year however to have both sewing and carpentering taught as a part of the regular course. The Kitchen Garden class has done well this year, having gone over more ground than the classes usually do.

We shall need another school room at the Butler next term. Our rooms have been so crowded that we could not do justice to the children; forty is a very fair number to have in one room; we have been obliged to double and in some cases to more than double the number. There is still room in the east wing of the building for a good sized school room besides leaving two smaller rooms which will do nicely for the sewing room and the carpenters shop.

(For account of teaching Political Economy, Civil Government, and general information, see report of the Chaplain, Rev. H. B. Frissell, Appendix E.)

B.

INDIAN SCHOOL.

Isabel B. Eustis, (Till Jan.)
J. E. Richards, (Since Jan.) } In charge.

During the past year 18 Indians have returned to the West, and 4 have died at school. In Sept. a party of 20 arrived from Dakota, largely from Lower Brule and Crow Creek Agencies, where the Agent is in full sympathy with Hampton and its work, and ready to render efficient aid. In Oct., 2 Onondagas from New York arrived, and in Nov., one Pawnee from Indian Ter., and 6 Winnebagoes from Nebraska, the latter coming with a Hampton girl who had spent the summer at home. In April, 9 Sioux girls were brought from Crow Creek by the Rev. Mr. Gravatt.

There are now 108 Indians here at school, 61 boys and 47 girls, besides 7 boys and 9 girls in Massachusetts.

With the exception of an epidemic of mumps, the health of the school, during the greater part of the year, has been very good.

Winona has continued to exert its healthful influence over the girls, in stimulating them to habits of neatness and industry, as they strive to keep their pleasant home fresh and sweet, and to make its sunny rooms as pretty and tasteful as possible. It was a happy thought of their teacher's last summer to appoint some of the older girls Captains over squads of little ones. They kept order in their corridors, superintended their young charges in the Laundry, taught them in Sunday school, and in various ways tried to be real "Winonas," true "Elder sisters." The system has been continued in a measure throughout the year, and at the morning roll call, on returning from breakfast, each Captain answers for her company. The arrival of new girls at once lifts those who have been here longer to a higher plane, and nothing seems more quickly to develop in them a sweet womanliness than to have a feeling of responsibility and care over some shy, awkward new comer, who clings to the shelter of her bright shawl with almost as much tenacity as an Oriental to her veil, or one of the little waifs who toils so laboriously, though by no means silently, up and down the long, strange stairways, in those instruments of torture called "shoes,". If only a true Christ-like spirit of loving helpfulness can take root in the hearts of these Indian girls, we may surely hope it will bear fruit when they return to their people.

Winona has been bereft during the latter part of the year of her whose unwearying devotion and love to her Indian children had so taxed her strength as to render necessary a long rest, but the inspiration of her words and example remains with them still, and they look forward with hope of her return.

In the Wigwam, or Indian Cottage, the older boys have been thrown more than ever before upon their own responsibility, and in the main have stood up bravely under this test of their manliness. The quiet and order they have maintained, and the friendly interest they have shown in the new boys have been very encouraging. At night, after study hour is over, one of their own number calls the roll and conducts family prayers. A Debating Society is held Saturday evening, when even the strangers, whose English oratory consists of a brief sentence or two, painfully learned and recited, are encouraged to take part. Once a month the meeting of this Society is at Winona, when the girls share in the exercises by songs and recitations.

The little boys' home has been a favored spot in the Wigwam. These small braves are not warranted noiseless, any more than their white brothers, but it has been pleasant to note their growing courtesy, thoughtfulness and earnestness.

An encouraging feature of the year has been the large number of Indian boys who have asked to become Work Students and attend the Night Classes, thus voluntarily assuming an amount of steady labor which would seem to annihilate the theory that the red man is too lazy to work.

The homes for the two Omaha families which have sprung up within a stone's throw of Winona, are its first off-shoots. These furnish an effective object lesson to the students, and teach them how comfortable and attractive a house can be put up at small expense. At the same time they also give such an insight, it is hoped, into true housekeeping, as cannot fail to do good.

Hampton's Massachusetts Annex has proved a valuable help. At the close of last summer, a party of ten boys and nine girls was left behind to remain through the winter, and for the most part the plan has worked very well. A winter in a thrifty New England farm house must be in strange contrast to life on a Western reservation, and such an atmosphere seems mentally, as well as physically, invigorating. The outlook for the future of the pupils has perceptibly brightened. Some former students, after standing fire at the West for one or more years, have returned to take up their work in the class room and the shop with fresh zeal and interest. New Industrial Schools are opening in Kansas, Nebraska, and elsewhere, which call loudly for Indian helpers, graduates of Hampton and Carlisle. Girls as well as boys, are needed, and the former can no longer think sadly,—"Nothing for us to do."

Heavy shadows of ignorance and superstition still hang over the Western plains. Even in the East the question of Indian education, with its many puzzles and discouragements, may seem only in the twilight. Yet surely we may feel that the dawn of a Christian civilization is breaking for this people, so long in darkness.

REPORTS ON INDIAN CLASSES.

English.

By Cora M. Folsom, teacher.

The Indians' first lesson in English, though it may seem a simple thing, is in reality, a subject for much study and tact, especially if the teacher has no Indian words to aid her.

A class of boys and girls from eight to twenty-five years of age, ignorant of every rule of school or society, sits mute before you. The sad homesick faces do not look encouraging. Everything is new and strange to them. The boys' heads feel bare without the long braids, and the new clothes are not easy and home-like. They do not understand one word of your language nor you of theirs perhaps, but they are watching your every look and motion. You smile and say, "Good morning;" they return the smile in a hopeless kind of way, but not the "good morning." By a series of home-made signs, which they are quick to interpret, they are made to understand that they are to repeat your greeting, and you are rewarded with a gruff or timid "Goon monink," and thus another gate is opened to the "White man's road."

They are soon taught to suit the action to the word and "stand up," "sit down," "walk softly," "speak louder" or "march out." The next step is to teach them to pronounce and write their own names, usually the interpretation of the Indian, if that is unpronounceable. Then comes a long list of objects to be taught in or about the school room, cottage or dining room, and then a list not so long, of every-day articles of food and the proper manner of asking for it at table. When easily obtained objects, colors and motions are exhausted, the object teaching cards are brought into use and are a great help and delight to the pupil. He glories in being able to name every object with its appropriate adjective, from the blue sky above to the green grass beneath. He is amused to learn that rakes have *teeth*, that fingers have *nails* and that tables have *legs*, and not at all pleased with the English mode of spelling some very common and otherwise easy words. If he has previously learned to read and write his own language, as many have who come from the Mission Schools, it is a great help to him; and if the teacher is able to give the Indian for a new English word, it is of greater assistance still. From the first he is required to explain pictures, write sentences, tell stories, and in every way encouraged to use the English language as much as possible. Letter writing, too, is a thing that must claim his early attention both for his own sake and for that of the friends at home who are always anxious to hear from their children and interested to mark their improvement

From the newly arrived there are all grades of English pupils, to those who have been studying grammar one year, or are in the regular Normal Department.

First Division in English.

By Helen W. Ludlow, teacher.

I have found this class very interesting; bright, quick and of excellent spirit. The number being so small—only eight—it has been possible, and a great pleasure, to give special attention to each one. The two girls, being so small a minority, have been more shy and rather harder to manage, but on the whole, all have done well and made good progress.

For the first two or three years, nothing like technical grammar is taught to the Indians. After that time, when they have become somewhat fluent in speaking and reading, and understand all that is usually said to them, it is a help to them—as it is to any of us who learn a foreign language—to learn something of its construction. The verbs, in this as in other languages, are the most troublesome part, and a drill in the verbs has been the principal work of the year in this division. If they enter the regular Junior class of the Normal School, as we hope they will next year, they will go over the ground a second time, which will not be too much, and with a degree of confidence which they will need in beginning to work with their English speaking associates.

To keep these restless, slightly disciplined pupils, some of them mere children, steadily at work upon anything so dry as a drill in verbs generally is, has required some device. By turning it into a sort of game, and not demanding very severe order, I have succeeded beyond my own expectations.

To the active imaginations of my Indian pupils, the English verb will ever hereafter appear, I suppose, under a somewhat military aspect. Its "principal parts" we know as "Chiefs;" the different modes, as so many Reservations, in which each Chief has a certain number of Bands (tenses) that follow him. These Bands are numbered as Companies, doing valiant service in support of the King's English—or the President's American. For many weeks, Company drill progressed with unflagging interest and patience. To marshal a company on the black board for inspection, send it marching into the cars of the audience, and finally to set one or more of its members to work, building sentences, was fun enough for a long time. Battalion drill was proudly gone through at last, and after that height was attained in our system of tactics, to save time, each company is represented by its 1st Sergeant—in other words, each tense by its first person—and they are able to put a very neat synopsis of any verb upon the board, calling upon each other in turn for the tenses, and modes, in successive order or skipping about; writing all in sentences, and changing these into various forms, interrogative, passive, etc.

After having done this one day, one of the small boys looked at me rather reproachfully and said, "The Junior boys laugh at us, they say we shall have to learn different way next year. They don't say Chiefs—they say Principal Parts."

Before I could reply, Ashley a member of the class who after his first three years at Hampton had some experience in teaching in the mission school at Crow Creek, came to my rescue.

"That's all the same. In my country they call the Chiefs, 'Principal-men'—all the same."

"And they say mode—not reservation," persisted the aggrieved one.

My champion was ready for him with—"That is to make it easy—to make us understand."

I told them that if they liked it any better they could always now say mode, and Principal Part—but they seldom avail themselves of the permission, and an assurance from Miss Sberman, teacber of the Junior grammar classes, who was invited to inspect their

work, that none of her Juniors could do better, has made them more comfortable as to rival criticism.

They are now required to bring me every day a few sentences written in the form of a letter. These are read and criticised in the class with especial reference to the verbs. It is seldom that a mistake in one cannot be detected and corrected by some member of the class, when the sentence is put upon the board. They are also encouraged to talk in the class, to tell me what they have seen, etc. and to correct their own mistakes if they make any.

The improvement both in writing and speaking has been sufficient to convince me that the drill has been labor well spent.

Arithmetic.

By *Caroline K. Knowles*, teacher.

The divisions in Arithmetic range all the way from those learning to count, to the classes in fractions.

They all show ambition and evidently enjoy mathematics as long as they are not required to give analysis, but that includes English, and they find it very hard to express themselves in our language. They work rapidly when they once get an insight into a method.

The new Indians, in October, had for their first lesson, one in Arithmetic, and soon learned to count, to recognize and to form figures.

We used for objects colored balls, shells, blocks, marbles and bright papers, and taught the combinations of number as far as 25 by distributing objects to the class and having the pupils give to each other until the required number was obtained.

The first really *hard* step for them was learning to reduce numbers to higher denominations. Much was taught by signs. They worked well and so better prepared themselves for the harder work of subtraction. Here we used little bundles of straws tied up in clusters of ten each. They have made fair progress in multiplication. They also learned to tell time by black-board clocks and were much interested in so doing. It is all slow work, but when scholars are so good, the teacher's labor is greatly lessened.

The next higher divisions are working well in multiplication, division and analysis, and are very interesting classes. They are showing much pride in the neatness as well as correctness of their work.

Many of them are very quick and often vie with each other in the amount of class work they can accomplish.

The second division is composed of young men who are in earnest and are faithfully working their way in analysis, factors and fractions.

The highest class may well be proud of their record for the year. They are studying hard, hoping to enter Arithmetic classes in the Academic department next fall.

Geography.

By *Elaine Goodale*, teacher.

Earth knowledge, or the study of Geography, seems to have a particular fascination for the Indian mind. As the ancients in drawing maps located each his little country in the centre of the known world, so it is with these children. Unhesitatingly they place "buffalo" among the fierce wild animals of India; decline to believe that an Arab steed is equal to an Indian pony; and after dutifully proclaiming that the Himalayas are the highest mountains in the world, instantly add—"But not so high as the Rocky mountains!" Indeed, while they seize so readily upon stories of strange things and new ways, and delight in what Herbert Spencer might call the "descriptive sociology" of Geography, it is not easy to give them clear ideas of the relative importance of places and people. I suppose that must come later.

The 2nd. Division have this year taken up Swinton's "Geographical Reader," with intense satisfaction to themselves and some real benefit, although it has been largely supplemented by oral teaching. Such phrases in it as "These celebrated cities are said to have been more magnificent than any now in existence," while trying their powers of utterance, appear wonderfully to sustain their self-respect, and aid them in raising as one of their number has said, "Too much big words out of natural order."

In studying about the countries of Europe and touching on some of the older civilizations, it has been found almost impossible to give them an idea of great pictures and statues except as "graven images," and splendid architecture can be done scant justice to as "big houses." It is in descriptions of striking natural features, of unknown products, and above all of the appearance, characteristics, dress and customs of various peoples, that we meet with a delightful appreciation.

With the children of the 3rd Division, the lesson has been entirely oral, with variations in the shape of map studies, blackboard exercises, and writing an occasional "composition" on the country last visited. Many are the devices resorted to, to hold the attention and fetter the memory; pictures are shown which they afterwards describe and stories told which they are required to repeat in their own words. One day each child was addressed as "our friend the German," Frenchman, Chinaman, or what not, and expected to tell us as much as he could about the land of his adoption. "What will you be?" I enquired of one promising youth. "Indian Savage." was the concise reply. After the others had recited, I turned to the "Savage" and requested an account of his Western home. "Ugh,'—the characteristic unspeakable sound—"I no talk English!"

History.

By *Henrietta S. Lathrop*, teacher.

The Indian students in United States History have shown an unflagging interest in their lessons throughout the year and have unconsciously been a most interesting study in themselves, as their characteristics were brought out in the discussion of various questions.

Beginning with the discovery of the New World, they have followed the story of the colonies through the Indian Wars and the struggle for independence, fighting every battle with the utmost zest until it becomes a question how far it is wise to excite their too ready enthusiasm for war. The bright spots in the sad story of their race have been emphasized as far as possible, and all due credit carefully given them for their skill and artifice in warfare, with such success that the reason given for each defeat of the Americans came to be; "Oh, too much drill. They no fight behind trees like Indians."

They are great hero-worshippers, these Sioux boys and girls, and invariably the hero is the bravest man, and the man who outwits his enemies. Even their favorite Ethan Allen was indignantly called "coward!" for sparing the life of an Englishman, and all argument on the subject failed to restore him to his former popularity.

Of course, even with these more advanced classes, the main difficulty in the teaching, in fact the only one, has been the imperfect knowledge of English; it being sometimes found that after a lesson has been very smoothly read, some simple word which seemed to need no explanation has proved a stumbling-block. For instance; Dorchester Heights was supposed to be a man, because it "commanded" the city of Boston. But with the aid of numerous pictures and anecdotes, and of the moulding-board, where battle-fields have been modelled and paste-board troops and paper flags manoeuvered, it may be hoped that this has not been a serious drawback in their faithful and persevering study.

Indian Sewing School.

By *Mrs. Lucy A. Seymour*, in charge.

Since the report of 1883 was issued, there have been several changes in our band of Indian girls, which of course affect our Sewing classes. Five in June returned to their Western homes, fourteen went to Massachusetts to learn house work, and one little Arizona girl, after weeks of suffering, left us for the "bright mansions above." The nineteen who remained were very busy during the summer mornings sewing for themselves, and preparing outfits for the twelve girls who were expected during the fall. Five who then came were girls who went home in June, but returned to graduate, one bringing with her five little Winnebago girls and a boy of seven. The other five were Sioux girls. Within the past week nine more have arrived, which makes our number 47, besides the two busy boys of two, and two and a half years who are prominent members of both the morning and afternoon classes. Their mothers show great improvement in making their clothes, and several "Mother Hubbard" dresses and aprons, have been the result of watching how some of the little white visitors were dressed. One of the little girls on being handed a new garment to make, remarked that when she first came, she thought as soon as *that work* was done we would stop, but it seems as though we kept sewing and there was no end. As the result of all these stitches, we have 648 articles. When we consider that nine of the girls are in the Normal School, and only able to help themselves after school hours, and more than half of the remainder are quite young, we think a large amount has been done. More of the garments have been cut by the girls themselves than ever before. Last spring we received through the kindness of two Northern ladies, a good Domestic machine, which has been a great help. Several of the girls have learned to use it. Since last October, two girls who returned with the party of six from Massachusetts, have assisted in the sewing room, preparing themselves for positions in some school among their own people. Only one person outside the school has been employed to help and we have much to encourage us, by the great progress made, to hope that our efforts are not in vain.

The Girls' Housework.

By *Lovey Mayo*, in charge.

When the Indian girls moved into their new quarters last term, the school was undergoing so many changes that it was difficult to obtain everything necessary to keep the new building in good running order. In fact, we were so overwhelmed by the improvements then made that we scarcely knew what we really did want, or how to use what we already had. Besides, a large portion of the girls were not only strangers to us, but to the English language, the new building, and the efforts needed to be put forth for the good of the whole. In the face of all this, we began our first year's work in Winona Lodge.

The present year began under much more favorable circumstances than the last. One of the greatest advantages connected with our Indian work, is that there is no time when all the girls are perfectly new. When one set returns to their homes and a new set comes, there are always some who have had a little experience in the management of affairs, and can lend a helping hand in working the new girls into the regular routine of business.

On the arrival of new girls, the old ones are required to give up their former roommate and take new ones. They show their charges about the room work, and almost before they are aware of it, their work has had the effect to force the new comers to accept the rules observed by them.

At six o'clock every morning (except Sunday), the Indian girls fall in line in the hall on the first floor and, after answering to their names, march in order to breakfast. Immediately after breakfast, they meet in the study room for a second roll call and to hear directions for their morning work. From here they go at once to their rooms, get their brooms, dust brushes and dust-pans, and report in the hall and different corridors to put them in order. After this is done, they return to their rooms and get them ready for inspection. At eight o'clock, the girls who have the care of the teachers' rooms, begin their work. By this time the school bell rings and they have to hurry over to the opening exercise of the school. So you see there is not much time for extra work.

The unusual prevalence of mumps this term has made the house work, in many respects, much harder than ever. There have been as many as seven girls in the hospital at one time. Of course their part of the work had to be done, so the well girls have been called upon continually to do what has been almost too much for them.

I think however, in spite of disadvantages, the work this term has been more effectual than ever before.

Girls' Cooking Class,

By *M. L. Dewey*, in charge.

The cooking classes have been held either at Virginia Hall or Winona, whichever was more convenient at the time. There is a prospect of a room being arranged expressly for the lessons, which will be a decided improvement. The Indian girls have had an advantage over the colored girls in these lessons. They began before the others, and afterwards were excused from other duties to come in the morning, and being bright and fresh accomplished more real work. The lessons have included only a few of the simplest dishes, but each one has a thorough knowledge of these. All enter heartily, even to the youngest, into the details and are delighted with the results.

Laundry,

By *Georgie Washington* in charge.

The work in this department is very much improved to what it was last term. We have begun this year with the thought of getting the work done well, and in less time, and have no reason so far to feel discouraged, yet there is plenty of room for improvement. These girls, besides spending most of their time at school, have to keep Winona in order, so have to be pushed very hard to get their washing and ironing done. One can't very well hurry a large Indian girl to advantage, because she will get stubborn and won't work well. It is generally according to a girl's feeling when her turn comes to wash, whether or not she gets through early; if she feels like working, it will soon be done in order; if the opposite, she will take as long again to get done. We have quite a number of little girls this term and their work in the laundry is very much better than any children's I ever saw. Sometimes after getting these little girls started at their washing, I leave them to finish alone; they like the idea very much of being trusted to work by themselves, and will hurry to get the laundry in order before my return.

When cleaning day comes, which is the latter part of the week, I often hear them say: "You always tell *us* to do everything, you never tell *big* girls to do anything." This is true in one way, because we haven't as many "big girls," as little ones; another reason is, the little girls work so much better and more willingly than the 'big girls," and with less complaint of being tired. Three years at Hampton is short time to give these children the training they need, for I think the best missionary that will ever return to the West will be a girl who has spent six or seven terms at Hampton.

When a new set of girls comes they are put in the laundry to wash with some older girls that can speak the same language; in this way they soon learn to imitate, which they can do almost as well as the Chinese. The large girls that are well and strong, are called upon every week to wash for sick girls. This is not an easy thing to do, but they have responded very well. Every Friday after school, the girls report in the little chapel at Winona, with the week's washing; here the clothes are inspected by our lady principal; if they are washed, ironed and mended well, the girls are marked five. It is very interesting to see each one coming in with a bundle of white clothes; still more so to watch how anxious every little girl is to have five; what a disappointed expression if she fails. Looking back at the homes from which some of these girls have come, the length of time they have been with us, the improvements they have made, one can't help feeling encouraged to go on assisting them, hoping to reap in due season if we faint not.

Hospital and Diet Kitchen. "Memorial Rooms," at Winona.

By *Ada J. Porter*, Nurse.

The large sunny hospital room, with pretty engravings on the walls, three beds made up with snow white counterpanes, nice soft feather pillows and other furniture in the room to correspond, makes a very pleasant picture, and is a convenient place for the girls when sick. They are very patient, very seldom fretful, and always ready to do what is best for them.

The girls that are well, help about the care of the sick. It is surprising to see how many there are ready to stay with them and help take care of them. When one is asked in the presence of a number of girls to sit with the sick, several will say: "Let me," "I want too," or, "you never let me help take care of the sick girls." They are ready to do for one another.

The health of the Indian girls has been excellent this year. No very serious illness has occured excepting 6 cases of severe sore throat, 5 cases of measles, 19 cases of mumps 1 of malarial fever. They all recovered and look back with pleasure on their hospital experience. At present two girls are ill with pneumonia and four have mumps.

[For further notice of the health of the Indians see Dr. Waldron's report.]

Closely connected with the Hospital and its work is the Diet Kitchen with its four communicating rooms. One large sunny room has three windows; these are filled with plants. A long table, which will seat twenty-two persons, stands in the centre of the room. When the table is set with pretty brown figured dishes, bright spoons and knives and forks, it looks very inviting.

This room is called the dining room. It is only used for the students who are sick but who are still able to go out of their rooms to their meals. They look very cheerful and happy while partaking of the food that is prepared especially for them.

A little room opening out of the dining room is used for preparing and sending out meals to those who are not able to leave their rooms.

Two rooms out of this are used for kitchen and store rooms. The four neatly kept rooms make a very pleasant and convenient place for preparing food for the sick. The average number of meals served a day has been 85.

Division A of the Wigwam.

By *Mrs. Irene Stansbury*, in charge.

Division A is the home of 11 little boys. The wisdom of the plan of placing the small boys under special care is still clearly demonstrated, by the improvement they continue to make in conduct and appearance.

The excellent discipline of my predecessor and the good habits they formed under her training, has made them easy to control. Moral suasion is the only force I have found necessary to use, for they have a strong sense of justice, and when convinced they have done wrong, especially if it is pointed out to them by some Bible truth, they try not to commit the same fault again. Appealing to their honor has been successful. I have not known of one instance where a boy sent to his room for punishment, has left it, though the door was open, until he received permission.

In character and disposition they compare favorably with their civilized brothers; but unlike them they take very little pleasure in being read to, unless the story is founded on fact. "Is it true," is always the first question asked, and if the reply is in the negative, they seldom want to hear it. They enjoy most of all the "Story of the Bible," which their kind Sunday School teacher reads to them on Sunday evening,—especially that part which refers to the Old Testament.

With the exception of two cases of mumps, and one of threatened lung trouble (which soon disappeared under the skilful treatment it received), there has been no serious case of sickness among them.

There were three new arrivals in the Fall: two from Dakota (Sioux) and one Winnebago. The first mentioned have had much trouble with their eyes, and the fortitude with which they have borne severe treatment, would do credit to those of older years.

The little Winnebago (eight years old) knew not a word of English on his arrival, except "Yes sir," which he replied to every question asked him,—which afforded his small companions great amusement, when they asked him how old he was (which they did repeatedly.) Though he has not been here six months, he understands what is said to him, and can say whole sentences in reply.

The little band will be broken for the first time this summer when two return home: one to Arizona, and th other to Dakota. As they are both bright boys, and give much promise of future usefulness, let us hope they will come back to receive further instruction in the right way, so that they may be "a light unto their people," and not only "point to a better world, but lead the way."

To the regret of all, Mr. Dudley Talbot, who had charge of the other Divisions of the Wigwam, was compelled, on account of ill health, to relinquish his work early in the winter.

For further particulars concerning the Indian boys, see Reports of Capt. Brown, and Dr. Waldron.

Indian Boys on the Farm.

By *Geo. J. Davis*, in charge.

It is surprising how well the Indian boys have gotten along on the farm this year. The anxiety as to what kind of farm work they should do, seems to have worn away, or has disappeared in some way or other. They have got to a point where they are willing, and see that it is right for them to do whatever is given them to do. When they are given a hoe, shovel or spade, it is taken, and the work, when it is done, shows that they have tried to do it as they were told. Not one of them has said this year, when they were told to take hold of a plow, "I don't want to plow." They have taken the plow and have done very well. No fault can be found about their turning out for work.

There has not been any year in which the boys have worked with so little dissatisfaction as this; both among themselves and those who have had the care of them. Strict discipline has not been resorted to at all. I have been asked often by outsiders how the Indians worked, and if they were not hard to manage. I have said in both cases that they worked very well as Indians, and were not very hard to manage. Some of them work as well as any boys. I am glad to say that this year the boys have shown a better spirit about work than I have ever known, and have been obedient. Of the ten boys on the farm, only four are large enough to plough. They have gotten quite a drill in that. The little boys in winter stay in the barn and help to take care of the cattle. They have done very well at that.

Religious Work among the Indians from Episcopal Agencies,

By *Rev. J. J. Gravatt*, Rector St. John's Episcopal Church, Hampton, in charge.

I am glad to make a hopeful report of the religious work with the Indians. They attend services as usual in St John's Church Hampton, where, it may be, their forefathers worshiped. I have held regular services for them, at the School, Sunday-afternoons, and Thursday evenings. I gratefully acknowledge the valuable assistance of the teachers at the Sunday afternoon exercises. It is a great comfort to me, and an incalculable help to the Indians.

The spirit has been good throughout the year. Three were confirmed by Bishop Randolph in February last, and three have joined the School Chapel.

We have abundant cause for thanksgiving to God for his blessings, and can only say "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory."

(*See also Report of Rev. Mr. Frissell Chaplain of the School.*)

Report on Returned Indians,

By *Rev. J. J. Gravatt.*

Since my visit to Dakota, last March, I feel greatly encouraged about the Indian work. Many of them are more advanced in civilization than I had supposed. They are ploughing the land and sowing seed; they are raising cattle and poultry. I found more houses and fewer *tipis* than I expected to see. Some of the children at Hampton have good homes to return to. We held three services on Sunday with large congregations.

The Hampton children, as a rule, are doing very well. Lezedo Rencontre has married an educated Indian woman and both are employed at the Agency School. All persons speak well of them. Samuel Fourstar, who was here for a short time only, has made a good record. Samuel Brown is doing well at his trade, (shoemaker,) and is teaching it to others at St. Paul's School, Yankton Agency. David Simmons has worked steadily and faithfully at the issue house, as clerk. He is commended by all. Maggie Goulet is employed by a white family at the Agency and is doing well. She wanted to return to Hampton.

Frank Yellowbird has married a bright, nice-looking Indian woman, and brought her to see me. Frank conducted religious services at the Agency during the absence of the Missionary.

George Deloria, who was here about two years, and who was sent home on account of ill health, had returned to Indian ways. He came to see me in company with other Hampton boys, but before coming removed his blanket, put on citizen's clothes, and tucked his long hair under his coat collar. After an earnest talk with him in the presence of the Missionary and one of the Hampton boys, he promised to have his hair cut, and to start afresh on the "White man's road."

Several have lapsed, but I am sure it is not permanent. No good work is lost; we have a hold upon them and can influence them for better things by following them up.

C.

NIGHT SCHOOL.

By *Anna G. Baldwin*, in Charge.

The night school seems to have been originally an experiment, growing out of the necessity of providing something to occupy the work students during the evening. It is no longer an experiment, but an established feature of the school, which meets the wants of a large number of students who are unable to enter the Junior or first year of the regular school, as well as those who must spend from two to three years in learning a trade. They can, in this way, obtain the necessary preparation, as well as the means to meet their expenses while in the day school. By working ten hours a day, they save from $50.00 to $60.00 a year above their board. This, with what they can earn while in the day school, working two days and studying four, is sufficient to carry them through two years of school.

A large proportion of these students are full-grown men and women, dull, many of them from beginning study so late in life, and yet, on this very account, earnest and persevering.

The school opened with 162, exclusive of those whose examinations were below the standard fixed for entering the lowest class. This standard required the candidates to be able to read and write and work examples in simple addition. The number of students has been increased during the term to 212, with an average attendance of 170;—60 girls and 110 boys, in addition to the 12 at Hemenway Farm. These have been divided into eight classes, three preparing for the middle class of the Day school, and five for the Junior classes. Perhaps 20 of these scholars were in the night school last year and not more than six in the day school. With these exceptions, the school is entirly new material. In connection with the advanced classes, numbering fifty, it should be mentioned that these scholars, in the two hours that they have for school in the evening, with no time for outside study, accomplish the work of the entire Junior year the same as is done by the Junior class. The lowest classes simply prepare for this year.

The term continues through the months of July and August, making eleven months of study, but during the summer, the period is shortened to an hour and a half each evening.

The classes were graded as accurately as possible from the entrance examinations, but a number of changes have been necessary, owing to the fact that some have developed wonderfully, while others had evidently "crammed" for the occasion and consequently did not keep pace with the class. The latter, however, formed a much smaller proportion than the former.

The sixteen Indians belonging to the Night school, as a rule, are doing well. The benefit, however, is all on their side, as their knowledge of English is so limited that they are necessarily slow. Yet the other students have never manifested any impatience, and perhaps the lesson of forbearance thus learned compensates for the temporary discomfort.

The school has been characterized throughout by a spirit of earnestness and anxiety to learn. Indeed, in their desire for an education, they are blind to the necessity of thoroughness in the fundamental branches, which, with these pupils, is of vital importance.

The favorite studies are arithmetic and grammar, and in neither of these do the pupils need pushing; but it is hard to make them realize that the details of letter-writing, correct spelling and punctuation are as important as the conjugation of a verb. History is also a favorite study with the advanced classes.

Much attention has been given in all the classes to writing and spelling. Each class has had one lesson weekly which was strictly a writing lesson, special attention being given to correct movement and position. This is all the time that could really be spared for drill in this work; the other evenings, the writing has been left to the teacher of the class, and has generally been conducted in connection with spelling. The three advanced classes have written from dictation and were marked for neatness, arrangement of work, punctuation and capitals, as well as for spelling. In the other classes, the exercise has been sometimes merely spelling, and in others, a reproduction of a geography lesson, or a story which had previously been read to them.

The opening exercises of the school are necessarily short, as the assembly room is used for that purpose and must be vacated before study hour. One evening in the week is given to a drill in singing, two evenings to current news, and one to a ten minutes talk on some subject of interest. A course of talks on "Manners and Morals," has also been given at this time, and a great demand for copies of "Don't" has resulted.

The individual reports given below, from the teachers of the two highest and two lowest classes will give some idea of the work in detail. The question of what to do with pupils who have already finished the course of study practicable in the night school and who must spend two or three years more at their trade, is a very serious one. The suggestion proposed by the teacher who has had charge of such a class this year, is a possible solution of the problem.

A tendency to sleepiness is the exception, and vocal exercises, or free hand gymnastics at the discretion of the teachers, make these cases fewer still. In all probability if the closing hour were ten, instead of nine, the scholars would work with the same will.

In order to give a complete outline of the life of these students here, it is necessary to make a few suggestive statements with regard to their work which is not by any means an unimportant phase of their education. The boys are employed in the carpenter shop, the lumber yard, printing office, shoe shop &c., while the girls are principally employed in doing the housework, and mending and sewing in the tailoring department. They are all taken on three months probation. If during this time they have proved themselves capable and their conduct has been satisfactory, they are retained. The detailed reports of work are given by the heads of the various departments, but the following quotations will serve as examples in this connection. Mr. Westwood, in charge of the lumber yard says: "The nineteen I have this year compare very favorably with those of previous years. One boy who came last October is trusted to measure and inspect lumber, and I feel sure he can do it as well as I can myself, although of course not as rapidly."

Mr. Brinson, in charge of the mill, reports: "The colored students who have served two years in this department are a great credit to the Institution. Of four who have served two years, one as a turner compares favorably with any outside journeyman and the other three as joiners do equally well, being competent to be trusted with any work of the kind." Mr. Goff has one boy who has served two years in the engineering department, and who promises to make a first class engineer, while Mr. Betts says of those in the printing office, "Considering their previous disadvantages, they compare favorably with white apprentices." Mr. Howe has thirteen at work on the farm and six in the blacksmith and wheelright shops; all of whom are doing creditable work.

Most of the girls room in Virginia Hall, while the boys are distributed in the various domitories. The boys as well as the girls take entire charge of their rooms, which are always subject to inspection by teachers appointed for the purpose. The inspectors report but few cases in which there is any tendency to disorder or untidiness.

In closing, I would add that a large part of the interest in the school is due to the teachers, many of whom are volunteers, and whose efforts to make the most of the time given for study, have resulted so advantageously.

First advanced Class

By *Harriet B. Waterman*, teacher.

My class has been the most advanced of the three fitting for the middle class.

They have been eager learners and intelligent students: at the same time the most unsatisfactory and altogether the most perplexing part of my work has been due to the number in the class who in scholarship are in advance of their grade in school.

While it is not wise to fit pupils in the night school for more than the middle class, those who have already passed the entrance examinations and are obliged to stay out to earn money, those who are learning trades and know that the work of this year must be repeated next, naturally fall into the habit of slightingly doing that which in any case must be done again.

For such I think special provision might be made, that having once completed the course they could interest and improve themselves by supplementary reading and composition work and so correct many deficiencies.

For the rest, a colored man who is trying to learn as much as he can is certainly as easily instructed as the average college boy who is exactly reversing the process. These higher grade scholars suffer from irregular and defective training in the fundamental branches. They are liable to understand square root and be doubtful in multiplication.

They have no inherited or imbibed knowledge; they have consciously learned all that they know. Small wonder then, that their tendency is to exaggerate that knowledge, and the more need that they should be taught until they are impressed rather by the vastness of the to-be-learned than by their own acquirements. They certainly have a well developed appetite for the fruit of knowledge, immense respect for wisdom, and a full appreciation of the advantage that it brings.

Second advanced Class

By *Caroline Alfred*, teacher.

The educational work among the Night students is to me far more interesting than labor for those who have begun the ordinary school course, and in every respect my experience of the past year has been encouraging.

Excellent discipline has been maintained, not so much from outside pressure as from the feeling among the students, that for them to become true men and women, the first requisite is self government.

Reading has been confined to history and geography lessons, and the latter have been specially interesting from the constant way in which the thought of the pupils turns to some other land than this, as a future home. This feeling leads them to wish to know all about the products, the government and the labor system of all warm countries.

Of course the race question is always one of profound interest, and oftentimes an extremely puzzling matter. Russian serfdom has excited considerable attention, and great astonishment was expressed at the idea of the degradation of their own race by the nobles.

Africa and its present condition, elicits the greatest interest, and El Mahdi's course is followed with eagerness. My weekly distribution of papers has wakened much thought, and I find the topics studied in class, and the articles read, are frequent subjects of discussion at their work.

Writing from dictation seems to me of great value, not for its immediate result (which is generally very poor,) but for the training it gives their ears, teaching them to listen, and understand clearly what is said to them. The Northern or Yankee vocabulary is so extensive, their own so small, that greater care in teaching the meaning of words is required than in the ordinary schoolroom.

The reasoning from cause to effect in matters of history, is very often amusing, and I have been agreeably surprised at the curiosity evinced in regard to the causes of the Revolutionary war. The behavior of the Boston boys of that early period, has filled them with a delight, which augurs a like spirit in a similar situation. The growth of the American people in self government and the manner in which they were fitted for freedom have been frequent subjects of discussion.

Most agreeable to me has been the feeling of confidence which my girls and boys have in me, and this spirit will, I trust, be always evinced to those who may in the future have them in charge. I cannot but look forward to their future, and hope that their lives may be made as sunny as my work has been by this constant cheerfulness.

Fourth Preparatory Class.

By *O. M. McAdoo*, teacher.

Another year's experience as teacher in the night school only assures me of the real earnestness of the Negros to obtain an education at almost any sacrifice on their part. It is very evident the night class is suited to the needs of a great mass of young men and women who would be deprived of the chance of getting an education if such a chance were not given by this Institution.

The school is much larger now than in any previous year, and the material is equal in every respect to that of former classes. In my opinion, the earnestness shown by the majority of the scholars, who struggle over their lessons from seven until nine in the evening after a hard day's work, is seldomed equalled by any other class of students. In their present position, any attention given their studies outside of the class room is impossible. Therefore, if they would improve at all, they must give their entire attention during this period. It is strange, and yet very pleasant, to say that I have not seen a night scholar asleep in my class during the term. I find it requires a great deal of energy on my part to prevent my class from becoming stupid. Gymnastics can be used to great advantage several times during the evening to arouse them.

My grade is somewhat lower this year than it was last. As soon as a scholar shows himself capable, he is promoted. I have sent ten into higher rooms during the term, who are doing well. We began with the rudiments of arithmetic, reading, geography, language and spelling, have almost completed the fundamental rules in arithmetic, and do equally well in the other studies. I find their greatest difficulties are improper pronunciation and use of language. They invariably say, walkin', comin', el, kin', &c., paying but little attention to their g's and d's. These young people, having only heard the English language improperly, are not wholly responsible. This difficulty can, by constant drill, be overcome. I am sure the other teachers who are engaged in this work will echo my statement when I say we have great reason to be proud of this year's work in every respect.

Fifth Preparatory Class.

By *Mary Arquit*, teacher.

This division is the lowest in the Night School. Of these students, three never attended school before coming here, and the remainder have attended school for periods varying from six months to two weeks. For this reason the work has been very elementary, and the same programme carried out each night. The programme was this: 7 to 7.15 study; 7.15 to 8, reading; 8 to 8.30 arithmetic; 8.30 to 9 spelling and writing. From this may be seen that more time has been given to reading than any other subject, but for these students who have so short a time to prepare for the Junior class, it is a most important subject. Students upon entering the Junior class must study history and geography, two subjects from which they can gain very little without a knowledge of reading. As most of the students, upon entering this class, were able to read a little, it was not necessary to begin with the sentence-method, but I used a modification of the word-method adapted to their ability. After a review of the preceding lesson, followed by a talk upon the subject of the advance lesson, the difficult words were drilled upon for pronunciation, meaning and use in sentences. This was followed by a vocal drill, in which, as far as possible, words and sounds were given which would help the students to overcome their faults, the chief of which is, I think, a failure in distinct articulation. Phonic spelling has helped this fault very much. After this, the students, each one reading a little, in order to allow all the members of the class to take part.

The Junior class seems to be the one thing to be gained by many of these students, and the question: "Do you think I will make any kind of a Junior?" has often to be answered.

The work in this class has been characterized by a spirit of earnest endeavor, and it has been a pleasure to teach those who are so anxious to learn.

Report of Night Class at Hemenway Farm.

By *Mrs. Chas. H. Vanison*, in charge.

The night class on Hemenway Farm this year consists of ten boys and two girls; two of the boys are small and will not be able to enter day school next October, but will have to stay a year or two longer. The others, with the exception of one Indian, are studying for the Junior class.

The pupils have but little time to study outside of recitation hours, but all the spare time they have is well spent on their lessons; they seem anxious, and study hard as well as work hard. When the weather is favorable, the boys go to their work a little after six A. M.; but when it is too disagreeable for out-door work, they have the spare time for study.

The class is younger than any I have had before, but not as bright as some of the former classes, although on the whole I think they do well.

The first of the term I had only one class, now I have two. My first class studies arithmetic, reading, spelling and geography, and sometimes I give them a lesson in grammar. I had more time for grammar the first of the term than I have now, because I had but one class.

Although the work is hard here, the students seem cheerful, and go about their duties with a will. They enjoy the books that have been given to Hemenway Farm Library for them, and when Sunday comes, they show that they are glad by singing and reading.

D.

REPORT ON GRADUATES.

By A. E. Cleaveland, Correspondent.

Since October 1st, circulars or letters have been sent to not less than five hundred Hampton graduates and ex-students. I have heard directly from one hundred and sixty-five of this number—a larger proportion of respondents than last year, but still falling very far short of what might reasonably be expected. Great care was taken to ascertain the right addresses; a difficult matter, in view of the nomadic life that some of our teachers lead. I therefore think that in most cases my letters must have been received.

Many of my correspondents have shown sufficient interest to write me several times during the year; and I cannot but hope that some good has been accomplished, some lonely worker cheered, perhaps, by means of this interchange of letters.

They have been encouraged to state the wants of their schools; and, through the kind help of friends, I have been able, in some cases, to supply these wants. The need of maps and reading charts was so much felt, that an effort has been made in that direction this last winter, and I am happy to say, that through the very liberal discount offered by certain publishers, the assistance of friends, and, last but not least, the efforts of scholars and teachers themselves, sixteen teachers have received either a map or a reading chart. It was thought better to require, where it was possible, that some part of the amount should be raised by the scholars themselves—and, in one or two instances, the full sum required for the purchase has been sent to me.

One teacher writes, "If Barnum had been coming, there could not have been more interest and curiosity than was shown the day the map was brought into school."

Of the one hundred and sixty-five, of whom I can give direct information, all but thirty-nine have been teaching.

Three of my correspondents are in the ministry; one settled over a struggling little church in Baltimore, one a missionary in West Virginia, and one a member of the Faculty of St. Augustine's school, Raleigh. This young man, who is in deacon's orders, is very anxious to pursue his studies at the General Theological Seminary, N. Y.

Nine of the thirty-nine have been studying at Howard and Allen Universities, Richmond Institute, and at the Raleigh and Westfield Normal Schools.

One has just graduated from the Dental Department of the University of Pennsylvania. Two are preparing for mission work in Africa.

The last class, numbering thirty graduates, has lost three of its members by death. So far as I have been able to learn, all the remaining members of this class have been teaching, with the exception of two young men, one of whom has charge of the farm work and carpenter's shop at the Tuskegee Normal School; the other one is at the head of the training shop in connection with Miss Austin's work, in Knoxville. The one Indian, who belonged to this class of '83, is now among his own people, teaching, and laboring intelligently for their best interests, as will be seen by the interesting letters from him, published in this and the last number of the *Southern Workman*.

The letters which I have had, have been, on the whole, of an encouraging kind. The same hopeful, brave spirit which has characterized our students in the past, is still evinced by them.

The reports from Virginia, especially, show a general improvement in their school houses. Many have been teaching this year in new buildings, or in the old ones improved.

I think but *one* writes of a log hut with *no* windows—generous *cracks* letting in the light of day.

The school terms have been longer in many districts; more scholars have been under instruction; more teachers employed in certain counties.

In Petersburg, for instance, over one thousand colored children are going to school; and twenty-one colored teachers are employed; three of whom are Hampton graduates.

In Danville, there were four hundred scholars and eight teachers last year; this year, five hundred scholars and ten teachers, of whom five are graduates. So writes one who is spending his third year in Danville, and sees "many signs of improvement."

Another change which works for the good of our graduates, is the substitution of colored for white teachers in many of the schools. In Staunton, all the colored schools have been taught this year by colored teachers. There was some opposition at first on the part of both parents and scholars—"didn't want Negroes to teach them"—but that soon passed away.

Besides their daily work in the school-room, many find or *make* time for a night class, temperance work, a debating society, or Christian association; and there are but few who do not, on Sundays, gather around them, both old and young, to listen to the Word of Life.

Here is a specimen of the busy life some of these young people lead: "I am in school six and a half hours; have a daily walk of from four and a half to five miles, and teach from three to three and a half hours at night, besides Sunday school two Sundays in the month."

From New Hampshire to Texas is a long step, but one of our young men, who graduated at Dartmouth College last summer, is now teaching in Galveston. He says he received the highest grade certificate that could be given; a fact upon which the *Galveston News* and other papers commented. He has had "very courteous treatment from all the prominent men in town."

Another young man, who, after leaving Hampton, spent some time at Oberlin, has taken hold of school work in North Carolina with great energy and spirit. He writes that he is anxious to make his school "a centre of educational advantages for that section. Thirty counties ought to be stocked with teachers."

Before closing, I must report the *material* progress that some are making.

An under-graduate, who left school in '80, writes that he has taught ever since, with the exception of two summer months each year; that he has "bought and paid for a handsome little plantation of land, over a hundred acres," has "also bought two young and good horses and a wagon and buggy; *all* paid for."

Another, who found that he could not earn a living and support a family by teaching, has succeeded so well in farming, that he has bought a lot and built a small house, purchased two cows, and sent his wife to Hampton to school. A graduate of the class of '82, who has gone into business in Louisiana, is "getting on very well in the money line." He and his brother have put up a large store, costing about $4,500, and intend to employ colored clerks entirely.

Another of that class, whose husband, an under-graduate, is an industrious young painter, writes of "a beautiful little home," into which they had just moved—a home, I am glad to say, where the family altar has been set up. One young man who thinks it was "not intended that all Hampton's sons and daughters should do nothing else but teach," but who has, nevertheless, taught four years since graduating, has bought three houses and lots since leaving Hampton, and last year raised 845 lbs. of pork and 3,200 quarts of strawberries. These few statements will give you a little idea as to what some of Hampton's sons and daughters have been about since leaving the old home. Besides the three already mentioned, as having died during the year, I have to record the death of four other graduates, and of seven under-graduates. Ten of the young people have been married since last May.

My report is already too long, I know, but, in closing, may I suggest just two or three ways in which friends can help these teachers? Please, then, dear friends, send off, once in a while, a barrel of children's clothing, for the poor little ones who cannot go bare-footed and half-naked in mid-winter to school, often two or three miles away; and please put into the barrel some needles and thread, and a few thimbles, for some of our young women teachers are instructing their children in sewing.

They will also be very glad of a few pictures to brighten up their school-rooms and serve as object-lessons. And I do believe in Christmas trees as "a means of grace" to these people; so if you can help our teachers in that respect, you will be doing a good work, and will receive our hearty thanks.

Distribution of Reading Matter.

By *Ruth E. Tileston, in charge.*

The appeal to our Northern friends for reading matter to distribute among the graduates who are teaching in the South, has been most generously responded to this year.

Many barrels and boxes of old but valuable papers and magazines have found their way to the "Bureau of Correspondence for Reading Matter," and from these have been sent in any direction the record book may indicate, bringing back many letters of gratitude from teachers in some thinly settled "county," where papers are a rare treat. The requirements of some of these teachers are for the simplest child's papers—as the work of many of them is among those who are just beginning to learn. We have been able to meet this need much better this year than last, and are sure that many nursery closets and garret corners have been looked into, and their contents examined for the sake of the little bright-eyed, dark-skinned brothers and sisters down in this part of our great country. In looking over a large package of children's papers, we were interested and amused to find some more than *forty* years old. Perhaps the now grown-up children who enjoyed them once, will be glad to know that they have been sent out on their second mission, after many years of rest, and will bring pleasure again to some little child-ish heart—truly, "They also serve who only stand and wait."

The rolls of papers, which are sent out as often as possible, are made up with as great a variety as the shelves of the department will allow. The contents of one such bundle will give the best idea of what matter is used:

Some copies of the *Sunday School Times* and quarterlies; two or three religious papers, and some tracts; any fresh daily or weekly; an educational paper, if possible; any additional monthly magazine, old or new, &c. These are for the teachers's own use. For the school-room are added—Sunday school picture papers of all kinds—as nearly all the graduates have a Sunday school connected with their work—such as *Youth's Companion*, children's magazines, little papers for presents, fancy cards, texts, and any picture papers, such as *The Graphic*, *Harper's Weekly*, and *Bazaar*, which are so useful for covering the bare walls of a school room, and serving as object-lessons for the little ones.

We often have to be careful in the distributing and arranging of these, and, perhaps, not send so many at once as we would like, as our supply is not boundless. And each year adds to the demand—last year's graduating class adding thirty new names to the record, and this year's more yet.

Extracts from some of the letters of thanks will show whether the papers are appreciated:

"At times when I needed reading matter most, the papers would come, just in time, like any other good blessing which comes from God."

"Please send me something to read; also, if you have anything for children, please send any reading matter, for I try to spread it all I can, and encourage them to read it by marking different pieces. * * I would be very glad if you could send me anything to use in Sunday school."

"When I have finished reading the papers, I give them to the children; some of them read them with interest."

"I shall give the papers to the children. I wish you could see how pleased they are to get a paper, and how their eyes sparkle; it would do you good."

One teacher writes that he has used the papers as rewards for good conduct; another has a little table where she spreads them out, and allows the children to look at them during recess. We have also sent off a number of express boxes containing Bibles, singing books and school books, which have been sent to distribute. The Greek and Latin books which have come in one barrel are still uncalled for—their mission does not appear to be extensive in the South yet.

We have sent off during the year postal cards to all Northern friends who have been corresponding with graduates and sending reading matter directly, but are sorry to state that the replies, on the whole, have not been satisfactory, and where graduates have changed their addresses, they have often failed to send word to these friends. They have yet to learn that their Alma Mater is not their only benefactor.

The postal expense for sending the rolls of papers has amounted this year to nearly $75, more papers having been sent than in any of the previous years. This does not include expressage on packages also sent.

This plan of sending reading matter out to graduates, while it is quite an expense to the Institute, has proved a very good one, as it not only helps them in their work, but keeps us well informed of their whereabouts, and the use they are trying to make of their education.

E.

GENERAL REPORTS.

REPORT OF THE CHAPLAIN,

Rev. H. B. Frissell.

With the growth of the school grows the importance of the work of building up the right sort of moral and religious character in the student. This is *the* aim of the school. Every year we have impressed upon us the slight value of mere book knowledge without moral earnestness. A visit to the schools of the neighboring counties reveals the fact that very frequently the dull plodder at Hampton is the real leader of his people toward better things, while the bright scholar who was our pride and delight at school because of his mental acuteness, either yields to temptation or leaves school work for the more tempting offers of clerkships or political appointments. In the training of mind or of body, the school-room or the work-shop is valuable to these people

only so far as they help to build up character and give these youth a love for God and their fellow-men. The problem at Hampton is not to make scholars, but to make Christian men and women. Dr. Samuel Elliot, of Boston, did valuable service to the school in the report which he rendered to the trustees and instructors at the close of the last term, by pressing upon them the paramount importance of this part of the work. There must always be here the double standard of judging of students, by which their moral worth is taken into account even more than their intellectual advancement. What will this student do for the upbuilding of his race? is the question we are obliged to ask of every one placed under our care. This year, more than ever before, the thought has been urged upon us that we have no right to ask help from the public for the support of students who have no moral purpose. During the past year students have been asked to leave the school, whose scholarship was of the best, because it was felt that they lacked in moral earnestness. Where such multitudes are pressing in upon us, it seems only right that trifling men should give way to earnest ones. At the last anniversary exercises, a young man spoke as the valedictorian of his class who by no means led his fellows in scholarship, but had notably taken the lead in Christian manhood.

And at the same time that these students are taught the value of moral character, they need to learn the worthlessness of mere cant. Students who have not lived the right sort of lives have been suppressed in the prayer meeting. They have been inclined to think that the mere externals of religion were all sufficient, and we have striven to impress upon them the insufficiency of a mere pretense of piety.

It seems almost invidious to speak of any part of our work as being the religious work. It is all religious work. I think there is no teacher or head of a department who does not feel this. A boy is taught to make a shoe or to knit a mitten, not only that he may learn a useful trade, but because of the effect of the learning of that trade upon his character, upon his will power.

It is no easy task that is given us to perform at Hampton. We have the same ignorance, the same superstition, the same divorce of religion and morality with which other colored schools have to contend. Our large numbers, their short stay at school, and the advanced age of many that we receive, add to the difficulties under which we labor in our endeavor to send out the right sort of men and women. Our industrial system makes it necessary that we have in the school a large number of grown men and women, who come to us with habits formed, in many cases, under unfortunate surroundings. These cannot be treated like children, for they are not; they know more of life than some of their teachers. More freedom must be allowed them than could be given to younger students. They must be allowed to choose for themselves in some cases between good and evil. They are not always able to rid themselves of their bad habits when they arrive here. There came into our night class last year over 200 students, most of them of the sort of which I have spoken. How to make them into good Christian men and women is an important part of our problem, and our manner of dealing with them must effect somewhat the work with all the rest of the school.

Then there is the work among the regular classes, many of them younger, all of them more advanced in their studies than the night class. There is more forgetfulness of the end and aim of all this school life with these. They are more correct in their morals, but in the higher classes, especially, possessed of a good opinion of themselves, and unless directed with care, heady and impatient of restraint; their mental development being more rapid than their moral. The suggestion of the Lady Principal that at the close of the middle year students be sent to teach for a session, seems to me an admirable one. These men do not feel sufficiently the responsibility of their position. They have not quite digested the food they have taken in. They need to give out that which they have received. The mission work in the outlying country has been helpful in interesting them in others, giving them a taste of the pleasure of helping them, and a glimpse of the work they will have to do when they go out.

In the training of these youth, the military organization of the school is of the greatest help, making the students in their officers' court the judges of the actions of their fellows, thus causing them to respect themselves and others.

With the Indians the problem is not essentially different from that in the case of the night students. They are ignorant, they have bad habits, they are more exposed than the others, because they have seen less of the world. They are more readily led into evil. It is hard to get at them at first, to gain their confidence, or to make the teaching of truth intelligible, but they are anxious to know the Bible, and many of them try to walk in the good way.

The past year has been one of progress in some departments of our work. There has been a higher standard among the students. The mission work in the outlying districts has been increased. I believe that the moral condition of the school is an advance on previous years.

Rev. Mr. Gravatt, rector of St. John's Church, Hampton, occupied the pulpit during my absence in the summer, and thus the Sabbath services were kept up the year round, and the religious tone of the school maintained.

Sabbath Services.

In order to give the teachers more rest on the Sabbath, the regular preaching service has been changed to the afternoon, and the Sabbath school placed at 11 A. M. The results have been most happy. Better work has been done in the school, and the evening services at the close of the day in the Bethesda chapel, in the cemetery grounds, has been very pleasant. Their occurrence at this time of the day has acted as a good police measure in preventing the students from wandering from the grounds.

The services have been largely attended by visitors from the hotel, and the choir has remained at the close to sing plantation melodies instead of in the evening, as formerly. The effect has been to give a more serious tone to the service of song, and has been helpful in many ways. The building has been crowded to its utmost capacity. It is to be hoped that the old frame building which was used by the soldiers during the war will, before many years, give way to a larger and more durable structure.

Sunday School.

Almost every teacher in the Institute is also a teacher in the Sunday school; those who teach colored classes during the week, meeting with the colored school on the Sabbath, and the Indian teachers with the Indians. The pastor acts as superintendent of the colored Sunday school, and Rev. Mr. Gravatt as superintendent of the Indian school. In order to give unity to the religious teachings of the week, the subject for study in the International series of Sunday school lessons has been made the subject of the prayer meeting during the week; still, other aspects of the same subject have been presented in the daily readings, which have been used at morning prayers and in the Sunday morning meeting, the afternoon sermon taking up the same subject. In this way one subject has been pressed home upon the minds of the students during the whole week, and more of permanent good gained than though the shot had been more scattering.

The Sunday school is the centre of the religious work of the school, and the teachers, representing five different denominations, become responsible for the religious training of the students, a large portion of whom are Baptists and Methodists.

The evening services have been more than ever given up to the students for the meetings of the different societies into which they have been formed for religious work. Reports have been made from the country about of the poor helped, the Sunday schools established, the cottages visited. All these meetings have been under the general care of the

Young People's Christian Association,

of which Mr. W. H. Daggs, one of the graduates, is President, and Mr. R. H. Hamilton, the Treasurer. This association has under its general care the mission work in the country around the school. This year seventy workers have gone forth on the Sabbath to read the Bible in the cottages, to carry food to the hungry, and clothing to those in need. In some cases the boys have patched up the poor cabins. There are many cases of deserving old people in this region, who have experienced few of the joys of freedom and many of its hardships. A regular committee make a careful examination before relief is rendered. On Sunday morning, students may be seen starting out in every direction to help in the Sunday schools of the place, and, in the afternoon, wagons and boats are brought into requisition; the different squads start for the poor-house, the jail, Little England, Slabtown, and the different parts of Hampton. Christmas and Thanksgiving have been celebrated by the students by carrying dinners to the poor in the vicinity. In all this work the teachers and resident graduates have borne an important part, going with the students and directing their labor. Two new Sunday schools have been started this year, and old ones revived. We hope to extend our work further into the country another year, and have a training class for workers.

The Temperance Society.

Under the general care of the Association is the temperance society, with officers of its own, and a committee of the teachers to assist in working up the meetings. These meetings have been especially interesting this year, and the students kept informed as to the progress of temperance reform and the evils of intemperance. The effect of this work will be seen by referring to the report on the graduates, which shows how they start like societies in the place where they go. We hope very soon to begin aggressive temperance work in the country round.

Band of Mercy.

In connection with our association, we have organized a Band of Mercy, in order to call the attention of the students to their treatment of dumb animals. Each of the members signs the following pledge: "I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from all harm." In the meeting of this society we have not confined ourselves to our duties to the lower animals, but have considered our relations to one another, to prisoners and the despised classes. Regular committees of the students have been formed for the care of new ones who come into the school, for the care of the prayer-meetings, and the religious interest of the place. I think the students have felt a responsibility as never before in regard to the morals of the school. Each building has been given to certain boys, and they have been made to feel that they were in a sense responsible for the moral and religious well-being of its occupants. The same has been done in the case of the girls.

The Pastors' Class.

In my travels through tide-water Virginia, I became convinced that there were a number of colored ministers in this part of the country who would like to avail themselves of an opportunity to pursue their studies further, and prepare themselves more fully for the duties of the Christian ministry. With the advice of the Principal and trustees, a class for colored pastors was started in October last. The six colored pastors of Hampton immediately availed themselves of it, and through all the year, in rainy weather as well as in fair, they have come over to the recitations. The class was started on an entirely undenominational basis. Rev. Mr. Boston, the white Baptist clergyman of Hampton, assisted in the instruction, giving three lectures a week. The same was done by Rev. Mr. Gravatt, the Episcopal rector. Rev. Mr. Tolman, the former pastor of the school, and Miss Alice Bacon, of New Haven, have both regular classes. Regular instruction has been given in ethics, in the study of the New Testament, in practical theology, and in the writing of sermons.

There have been sixteen regular students in attendance upon the class. Of these, six were pastors in Hampton, and the rest licensed preachers and candidates for the ministry from the country about. A part of those who remained on the place worked on the farm, in the knitting room, and in the saw-mill. The class was held for three periods in the afternoon, so that the morning could be given to manual labor by those who wished to earn their bread by their work, their tuition being provided by $70 scholarships, as in the case of the other students of the school. Those who had sufficient money to carry them through went into the regular classes, and were taught the common English branches, while the others, who worked during the morning, went into the night class. No more earnest students could be found on the school grounds than these members of the pastors' class. Said one of the teachers, speaking of the interested attention of these students, "It seems as if they would swallow me, so eager are they to drink in every word." This class reaches men who never could have any chance in any other way. Two of these pastors have each a membership in their churches of 1,500. They are real leaders among their people, shrewd, practical men, with knowledge of their fellows, though but little of books. "This is what I have prayed the Lord for all my life, and now it's come," said one of them. Said another: "I can read better, I can write better, I can think better, than I could before this class commenced."

Among the good results that have come from this class is the kindly feeling that has grown up between the colored ministers themselves and between them and the school and the white ministers, who act as their teachers. Many of the colored preachers have had a prejudice against the school because of a misunderstanding of the work that it is doing, but this pastors' class has brought them into most pleasant relations with it. We now have the active co-operation of these men in all our mission work in the neighborhood. We send squads of workers to report to the pastors for labor in their churches, and in connection with their Sunday school. Not less important is the kindly feeling which the class has brought about between the white and colored pastors of the place. The school has afforded them an opportunity of finding out what of good there was in one another. One of the misfortunes of the work among the colored people is the almost utter separation of the white and colored in their churches, the white clergymen often being in entire ignorance as to the work done by their colored brethren. The white clergymen of the place have become intensely interested in their work. Said one of these, who was called to another field of labor: "There is no part of my duties that I more regret to leave than the teaching of this class." I think it has been a matter of surprise to these ministers to find their colored brethren so willing to learn and so capable of receiving the truths of God's word. The colored ministers, on the other hand, have found real friends in their instructors, and have been surprised to find how much they had in common with them. Not the least of the happy effects which this school has brought about is the establishing pleasant relations between the colored ministers of the different denominations in the place. As they have walked amicably together to and from the class, they have found their petty differences were of small account, and they are in better position than ever before to unite in the real upbuilding of the colored people of the place.

This class has affected the school itself in giving the students more confidence in their religious instruction. They were accustomed to speak of the sort of religion taught here as the "new religion," as being quite different in kind from that which they had been taught at home. They have more confidence in it now that their own preachers are being instructed here.

News Items and Political Economy.

In order to give some direction to the thought of the students on the great questions of the day, I have met the whole school for twenty minutes each morning for a familiar discussion of news items. We have talked over the bills that have been before Congress the last session—the Blair bill, the Morrison bill. We have discussed the Civil Rights bill and the politics of Virginia. With the use of maps we have kept up our knowledge of the war in the Soudan and in Tonquin.

In order to a more thorough knowledge of the laws and government of our country, Miss Alice Bacon has taken the Senior class through "Northoff's Politics for Young Americans," and I have given them talks on Political Economy. A carefully written bulletin board has been prepared each morning by one of the teachers, and placed where all of the students could have access to it. News items have been given to the night school, sometimes by the teacher in charge, and sometimes by myself.

I am inclined to think that there are few white schools where there is more general intelligence on the part of the students as to the news of the day.

Visiting the Graduates.

Through the kind aid of two ladies of Boston, who bore all my traveling expenses, I have been enabled to make quite an extensive trip through Virginia, in order to study the condition of those people with whom we are working, and to gain some idea of what our graduates are accomplishing. I have visited their jails, schools, churches and homes. I have talked with whites and blacks. This school has this year 170 teachers at work in Virginia alone. These young men and women are not scholars, but for the work of civilizing and Christianizing the country districts (for it is from these that most of our graduates come, and to these they usually return), I believe that the training at Hampton is well adapted. As a rule, I found the morals better, the houses cleaner, the children's faces brighter, where they had been. I found them not merely working five days in the week in their school, but teaching in Sunday school, starting temperance societies, and young people's Christian associations, making themselves felt in the homes of the people among whom they labored.

MEDICAL REPORT.

By *Dr. Martha M. Waldron*, Resident Physician.

There has been an unusual amount of sickness in the school during the present year. This has been due in part to local causes which have been investigated and as far as possible removed, and in part, no doubt, to general atmospheric conditions which have shown their influence also in the surrounding country.

The most serious cases have been those of fever, which have occurred at intervals during the entire year. The fever has been of malarial character. Sixteen cases have occurred. Five of these have been simple intermittent; eleven have been remittent, with more or less serious typhoid symptoms. Only one case of typhoid fever has occurred. This case could be traced directly to its origin in the patient's home, where she had been during a similar illness of two members of her family.

There have been five cases of tonsillitis and twenty-six cases of very severe sore throat. These cases occured during two successive weeks. In the greater part of them the local trouble was accompanied by unusually serious constitutional disturbance, presenting a character quite distinct from cases of common sore throat with fever, of which there have been the usual number during the year. There have also occured seven cases of measles, two cases of facial erysipelas, four cases of pleurisy, one hundred and thirty cases of mumps, one case of acute bronchitis, seven of pneumonia, two cases of gastric ulcer. Three colored students have been sent home with phthisis. Two of these have died. Both were new students and were sent home soon after the opening of school in October.

Of accident cases, but two have been serious; one a fracture of the patella, the other, a fracture of the external condyle of the humerus with dislocation of the radius.

Considering the entire number of students (620) that have been here during the year, and the poor conditions of life by which most of them are surrounded in their own homes, the amount of sickness may not be considered remarkable. Only one death among the colored students, has occured at the school during the year. This was that of a colored girl who died early in October, of malarial fever, complicated by pulmonary disease of long standing. Cases of pneumonia and other pulmonary diseases among the colored students have done uniformly well.

The average health of the Indians has been somewhat higher this year than usual. Although the winter has been unusually trying, there has been comparative freedom from pulmonary troubles. None of the young Indian boys have been seriously ill. Three of them have suffered from phlyctenular ophthalmia; one having had three, another five separate attacks.

Two deaths from phthisis have occurred among the older Indian boys.

The Indian girls have shared in the epidemics of sore throat and mumps, but with this exception, their general health has been good. Only one case of fever has occured among them. Three have suffered from serious enlargement and inflammation of the cervical lymphatic glands, and two from phlyctenular ophthalmia. Two have had pneumonia, and one of the cases of gastric ulcer occurred among them.

In considering the health of this school as compared with others, it is fair to say that the industrial system involves necessarily, exposure of the students in all weathers, and while in the main it is an advantage, increasing the physical stamina of the mass of the students, in individual cases, it no doubt makes way for sickness. There have been, however, very few cases which could be traced directly to any unusual exposure.

Fevers have occured about equally among boys and girls, and in every building on the place used for students' dormitories; even the mill tower, which has every advantage of sunlight and fresh air on all sides, has not been exempt.

Instruction in Physiology and Hygiene.

The Middle class (numbering 103), has been instructed in Physiology and Hygiene. For this study the class has been divided into nearly equal sections, reciting at different periods; members of the class have been without exception earnest in their study, and especially interested in its application to the hygiene of their daily life. The work of the class would compare favorably with that of any class of similar grade in northern schools. The course of lectures on First Aid to the Injured, begun before Commencement, will be completed during the school year by the same class.

REPORT ON LIBRARY.

By *Alice M. Bacon*, Librarian.

There have been added to the library from Oct. 1st to Apr. 1st, between four and five hundred volumes. Of these a few have been purchased, but the larger part have been given. The library now contains about 3,000 volumes, many of them good standard books of history, science and travels. There are nearly four hundred works of fiction which are in great demand, particularly among the girls. The works of fiction which we now possess are almost all of the light and trashy order known as Sunday School literature. I would suggest that these books be carefully looked over during the coming year, the worthless ones taken off of the shelves and catalogue, and their places supplied as rapidly as possible by the works of the great novelists, who are now but poorly represented. The needs of the library for good historical and scientific works are so noticeable that the advisability of raising the standard of our fiction has been somewhat overlooked. Still, so long as the demand on the part of the students for fiction is so continual and pressing, it seems to me that we should try to meet that demand by a supply that will not unfit the mind for good reading in other directions.

There seems to be among the students a growing desire to use the books which the library affords intelligently in connection with their studies. Appleton's Encyclopedia has been placed in the revolving bookcase in the reading room, where the students can learn to look out subjects in it for themselves, and there is hardly ever a time during library hours when one or more of the volumes is not in use. From Oct. 1st to Apr. 1st there have been drawn from the library and returned to it again 1014 books. Of these, 47 teachers have drawn 321 books; 120 boys, 439 books, and 83 girls, 254 books. Of the 254 books drawn by girls, 141 have been fiction, the remaining 113 mainly biographies and histories. This is, I believe, an improvement on the girls' record for last year, both in the number and character of the books read. The increased interest in the library this year on the part of both boys and girls is due largely, I think, to the fact that some of the teachers have taken pains to post up in conspicuous places in the reading room, lists of books on particular subjects which they wish to have their classes refer to.

In addition to books drawn out and taken away from the library, there has been much reading done in the room. Reference books have been placed on the tables where students could pick them up and read them when they had a few spare moments, and they have made good use of them. The reading room table is well supplied with periodicals; 85 weeklies, 40 monthlies and 3 dailies, coming regularly to the room, many of them in exchange for the Southern Workman. The papers seem to be thoroughly enjoyed by the students, and when they have served their time on the reading room table, are sent to graduates who are teaching throughout the South. On Sundays, particularly, the reading room is crowded with earnest, orderly boys, reading the papers, drawing books, or looking at the bound volumes of illustrated periodicals.

Access to the library has been difficult and inconvenient because of the incomplete system of cataloguing. A card catalogue is now nearly finished, by means of which any book in the library may be found by title, subject or author. When this is finished, it is hoped that the library will reach a larger usefulness than ever before.

REPORT OF COMMANDANT.

Lieut. Geo. Le Roy Brown.

I have the honor to submit, for your consideration and for information of the Board of Trustees, the following report upon the military department of the Institute, and upon the duties performed by myself in charge of same, for the scholastic session ending June 30th, 1884.

A battalion of three companies was duly organized on the 14th day of June 1883, and placed under the command of Arthur Boykin, of the class of '83, as acting commandant, during the summer.

On the 18th day of June, '83, in compliance with the instructions of the Principal, I left Hampton in charge of a party of twelve Indian youth, who were to be returned to their homes in Dakota Territory. Having performed this duty, I was directed to look up ex-students, visit the parents of students, and to return to Hampton about the last of September with a party of twenty Indian youth.

On arriving at their homes, the boys had no difficulty in obtaining remunerative employment. Revisiting one of the Agencies in September, I was informed that one, who had been returned in June on account of the physical disability of his father, (who had been badly frozen the previous winter) had earned during the summer several hundred dollars furnishing hay to freighters to the Black Hills. This is an exceptional case; but I was agreeably surprised to find that all the boys who had been returned home from Hampton, had done better than I had expected. The majority had decidedly improved and not one gone back to Indian habits. They have shown a strong inclination to work, earn money, and improve. The three years' course is too short a time to accomplish the best results. A number of the leading Indians are recognizing this and requested me to keep their children as long as I thought best. I brought back to Hampton three of the boys who had been returned home two years previous, after a three years' course; one had assisted in teaching at the Agency school for a year and was employed at twenty dollars a month as a laborer at the Agency at the time of my visit, another had been employed for nearly two years as assistant teacher at the Agency school, and the third had been employed, off and on, at the Agency as laborer. They were at different Agencies, all had improved since leaving Hampton, but were anxious to receive a better training. Altogether, the outlook for the boys was very encouraging. The Indians readily acquiesce in the new departure taken and independent spirit shown by returned Indian boys.

Only one of the girls who returned home in June received employment, and two returned to Hampton in the autumn. In the erude state of society at an Indian Agency in the West, there is little chance for the educated Indian girls to obtain remunerative employment, and the matrimonial intriguing of grandmothers, mothers and aunts, is apt to seriously interfere with the further advancement of returned Indian girls.

The Indian agent, or as the Indians call him, "the Father", will be found an indispensable factor in the solution of the problem of how to insure the complete development of the returned Indian girls into useful womanhood. Perhaps "Agency Boarding Schools" may be advantageously used as retreats for the girls until suitable employment or acceptable suitors be found. Burdened with a savage and cruel husband, further development of the educated Indian girl in Christian and civilized ways must necessarily be painfully slow, if not impossible. Of course there is an ultimate gain; but the cost is great.

I was deeply impressed with this thought last summer while visiting an Indian camp. On approaching the camp, I noticed a young woman with a child in her arms steal swiftly away among the bushes, evidently desiring to avoid notice. I thought little of it at the time; but before leaving the camp I saw her again, and in spite of her torn and soiled dress, disheveled hair and haggard face, I recognized in her a young girl who had returned to her home from a school in the States three years before. At the time of her return she was a bright and interesting girl, about sixteen years old, could read, write, and speak English very well, and appeared to be well versed in house work. I remember that she helped in the Agency school for several months after her return home; she married badly.

I know an Indian Agent, a sterling good man, who required young men who desired to marry Indian school girls, to have a comfortable house, five acres of land under cultivation, a yoke of cattle, a cow, and a good character for industry and sobriety, before he would consent to the girls leaving school to become wives. This may be considered a somewhat arbitrary course; but the results fully justified it. The Indian is accustomed to the idea of purchasing a wife, and the requirement did not strike him as unreasonable; besides, as the Agent wisely aided the young couples after marriage, this method of obtaining a wife became fashionable among the better class of young men.

Tht ultimate success of the work of Eastern schools in the education of Indian youth, appears to me, to hinge upon Indian Agents, to whose care said youth must be returned after their school life is over, and upon the concentration of the work. Each student should be carefully followed up after his or her return home, helped, encouraged and stimulated to do good work.

I am indebted to Agents Gasmann and Swan for courteous reception and kindly aid and encouragement in performing the duties required of me. I trust they will meet with success in their work and wish I might some day be able to return their kindness.

Having collected twenty-one Indian youth for Hampton, I started East, arriving at Hampton on the 22nd day of September, 1883. I found the battalion in good shape. From the records on file in the Commandant's office and the verbal statement of the instructors, who remained at the Institute during the vacation, I judge that Captain Boykin performed the duties required of him in a very satisfactory manner.

On the 29th day of September, 1883, a four company battalion was duly organized and regular drills commenced on the 3rd day of October, 1883. Companies "A" and "D" drilling on Tuesdays, Company "B" on Wednesday, Company "C" on Thursday, battalion drills on Fridays and general police duty on Saturdays between four and five P. M. Morning inspection and parade between eight and eight-thirty A. M., every week day, except Monday which was the school holiday during last session. Sunday inspections were held between three-thirty and four P. M. Guard and Court Martial duties were regularly performed by the members of the battalion during the session. In developing and maintaining discipline and the *morale* of the oganization, much importance must attach to the proper performance of the two duties mentioned. As a rule, the duties have been well done. This is specially true of Court Martial duty. A spirit of fairness and thoroughness has been apparent in the proceedings of the Court, and little has been left for the reviewing officer except to approve and execute the sentences, which, with a single exception, have been accepted by the offender tried without protest or complaint.

The temptation is strong to copy report of last year. A change of dates would leave little more to be done.

The keeping of a detailed record of each student's conduct in the various departments would entail a certain amount of unavoidable drudgery; but the advantage of having such a record in black and white would, I believe, fully repay the cost.

The battalion has received instruction in "Infantry Tactics," including battalion manœuvers (without arms) and in "Artillery Tactics," including the "Manual of the piece."

Attendance, interest and progress during the term have been satisfactory.

Not a single serious case of quarrelling between Indian and colored students has come to my knowledge during the session, and the general feeling has been friendly.

The experiment of introducing self government among the Indian boys in their cottage has shown favorable results. It has been somewhat of a struggle; but they are better for it, and I think the idea might be expanded gradually. Many of the older boys have been perceptibly improved through their efforts to help the new boys. An annual influx of new Indian students is very desirable for this and a number of other reasons. A closer connection would be formed between the people and the school, and an opportunity of sending home doubtful material would be afforded, thus relieving the school from unprofitable expenditure of vitality and funds.

The number of applicants for admission is greatly in excess of the number that can be accommodated. The best material for the work to be done by the school can be obtained, and it is a question how far it is wise to encroach upon the domain of regular reformatory institutions. A large majority of the colored students are earnest, ambitious fellows, appealing strongly to one's sympathies and compelling respect and admiration by their manly conduct, yet there is an element of trifling and vicious tendencies, often in the intellectually bright and capable. In a very short time this element is felt, though the individuals may escape detection during the entire session, in a misdemeanor sufficiently grave to warrant suspension or expulsion under the rules.

A carefully kept record of slight delinquencies would, before or at the close of the session, afford a convenient proof of their general character, and justify weeding out.

I am under obligations to the Faculty and instructors for kindly courtesy and forbearance, which have made my service here pleasant to myself and I hope profitable to the government.

The following named members of the Senior class deserve special mention for earnest and faithful conduct throughout the session:

Cadet Captain John R. Dungey, Co. A.
" Captain Edward Stewart, Co. B.
" Captain Willis Holland.
" Captain Geo W. Edwards, Co. A.
" 2nd Lieut. J. B. Tynes, Co. A.
" Serg't Major Robert Evans.
Color Sergeant, W. S. Reid, Co. C.

It affords me pleasure to state that the graduates receiving special mention in my previous reports have made very good record since graduation; several have done excellent work. I feel confident that those mentioned this year will not fall behind the others in good, earnest work.

I remain, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEO. LEROY BROWN,
1st Lieut. 11th U. S. Infantry.

The Colored Conference.

By Mrs. Orra Langhorne.

The Washington Conference of the Colored Methodist Episcopal church met in Lynchburg on the 12th of March, 1884, at the Jackson Street church, and continued its sessions for five days.

When the roll was called, out of 136 members, 115 answered to their names, 21 were absent and 6 were dead. Bishop Andrews of Washington was the presiding officer, and the Conference, a highly respectable looking and very orderly body, represented the states of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and the District of Columbia.

The members of the Conference were of every shade of complexion, from jetty black to such fairness that it was difficult to understand why the owner should not be called a white man. There were very old men and very young men, but the majority were of middle age and vigorous frame. The ministers represented many ranks and aspects of life, from the old slave, who could only indifferently read the Bible, and bore the marks of toil and hardship, to the youth who has come up in the new *regime*, to whom slavery is a thing of hearsay and not of remembrance, who has had all the advantages of education, untrammelled by any restraints upon "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." There were in the body, farmers, mechanics, "jobbers," merchants, editors, teachers, and a few whose position enabled them to give themselves wholly to the ministry.

Some of the presiding elders and pastors of city churches, were men of striking appearance and polished manners, while some of the old members of the Conference, coming from the rural districts, were very plain, sometimes rather rough-looking, but these latter were mostly quiet, leaving the discussion of affairs to the brethren who had had better chances in life. On the whole, the Conference compared quite well with similar gatherings of white Methodist and Baptist preachers I have visited from the same districts of the country.

They all looked happy and cheerful and were evidently enjoying the occasion highly.

The members of the Conference were entertained by the colored people of the community, those who had sufficient house-room giving them lodging, those who had not, willingly contributing to the general fund collected to pay the boarding house keeper who provided for the brethren.

By accident I entered the house of one of the colored Methodist families of the town who were entertaining members of the Conference, and chancing upon the dinner hour, found such a bountifully spread table set before the guests, that I was not at all surprised at the cordiality with which the Conference at its last meeting, tendered a vote of thanks to the citizens for their exceeding hospitality during the session.

I was not aware, until I attended the Conference, that the presiding Bishop was a white man, and found him a venerable and distinguished looking person. The old man with his silvery hair, beautiful smile and fatherly manner, made such a striking picture, seated before the altar in the church, surrounded by his dusky brethren, so gentle and considerate of their feelings, yet so wise and firm in guiding their deliberations that one might have fancied it was St. John himself taking the Master's place, and fulfilling his last request "to feed his lambs," among this simple-hearted and affectionate people.

"Is your Bishop always so gentle and mild as he seems now?" I inquired of one of the older preachers. "Just like you see him, that's the way he always is," was the reply. "I have known him for many years, and never saw any difference in him."

At one side of the chancel, at a small table covered with writing materials, three of the younger members of the Conference were acting as secretaries, and a neat looking and carefully prepared copy of the minutes now lying on my desk printed in Baltimore by Clay & Co., testifies to the efficient manner in which their work was performed. I learned that one of these young men had received the early religious instructions which laid the foundation for his work as a minister when a slave boy, in a Sunday school class taught by Gen. Stonewall Jackson in Lexington, when that famous commander was only known as a Professor at the Virginia Military Institute, and the colored Sunday school was an object of special interest with him.

At every meeting I attended, the Conference was closely occupied with business, which, thanks to the Bishop's careful supervision, was usually despatched with promptness. At one session, the roll of the regular pastors was called, and the character of each passed upon by his co-laborers. To most of the names, the cheerful response "Nothing against him" was made, and the brothers were continued in active service; but in one case grave charges were preferred, and being duly examined and fully proved, the "wolf in sheep's clothing" was at once ignominiously expelled from the fold.

In another instance, a minister and his wife were reported to have lived unhappily; both parties were called before the committee, explanations made, and reconciliation effected, after which the brother was assigned to his sphere of duty with exhortation to preserve peace in his family.

It was amusing during the roll call to hear the names of the leading families of the districts represented, answered to by the ex-slaves, who in many cases cling affectionately to their old master's names and cherish the associations of their early lives.

Calloway and Steptoe, among the first white settlers of this region; the latter, clerk of Bedford county under colonial government; Washington, Jefferson, Lewis, and other familiar Virginia names, were called, while Pinkney, Carroll and Boothe represented Maryland.

When this business was ended, the young candidates for the ministry came forward and were questioned as to character ability, education, etc., etc. It was gratifying to see from the report of the committee on Theological studies, that much more was now demanded of candidates in the way of education, than formerly. In one case the record as to general usefulness was very good indeed, but the young applicant for orders was deficient in some of the studies he was expected to have prepared himself for.

He had a very sensible appearance, and according to the witness, had accomplished a great deal in the previous year. He was teaching a public school in one of our back counties, had preached regularly and performed much ministerial duty out of school hours. He had built a church for his people in the village where he was teaching, but he had passed a poor examination in some studies, especially in ancient history The Bishop spoke very strongly io this case, as he always seemed to do just at the right time, against the candidate's attempting too much at once and dwelt earnestly on the advantage of "hastening slowly." Most of the applicants of this class passed without question from one grade to the next higher, but in one instance there were for a moment alarming symptoms of a candidate's being accused of heresy. An elderly brother somewhat officious and opinionated, called a halt as the name of the young man was about to be passed, and stated solemnly that he was a friend of Brother Johnson, but he felt it his duty to guard the church, and he wished at this point to ask one question. Silence fell upon the Conference, which had been rather inattentive to the proceedings just then, the Bishop looked enquiringly at the speaker, and the old man, evidently pleased at the notice he had attracted, continued impressively, "Bishop; I want to ask *were there fallen Angels in Heaven.*"

Some of the brethren laughed, others who had probably heard the point discussed, seemed vexed and made whispered comments on the contentious character of the speaker, and the Bishop with a keen glance at him, said gravely "This is not the time and place for such questions to be considered" Nothing daunted, the advocate of orthodoxy requested solemnly, "I only want to ask one question Bishop, *were there fallen Angels in Heaven?*" Really I can't tell," responded the Bishop, with his pleasant smile, "I wasn't there," and without looking at the friend of "fallen angels" who sat down discomfited, the Bishop passed rapidly on to the next case.

The Conference considered many important subjects, special attention being given to education, temperance, and the support of ministers.

The Rev. A. B. Wilson, one of the secretaries of the Conference, had published during the year a little book called "The People's Foe, or Alcohol: what it is, what it has done; what shall be done with it." Mr. Wilson made an interesting and encouraging report oo this subject.

While regarding with interest the orderly and intelligent proceedings of the Conference, and the very systematic way in which business was despatched, I wondered why the political meetings of the colored people could not also be conducted in this manner. Why is it that meetings of the latter kind are such scenes of riot and confusion that respectable white men shrink from going into them? Was the merit here all in the presiding officer, or is the difference in the fact as stated by John Randolph, that "electioneering would corrupt the Angels in Heaven, and all the evil passions of men are brought out in a political canvass."

The last meeting of the Conference was chiefly devoted to eulogizing the members, who had died in the year previous, and the Bishop, who, in the discussion of every other question had been constantly on the alert, for the first time relaxed his vigilance. Probably he deemed the dead were safe from injury at the hands of the living, and he took little naps during the speeches in praise of departed, and slumbered peacefully during the singing of a hymn which followed each eulogy. The panegyrist told at length of the virtues of the brethren who had left the scene of earthly labor and entered into rest. Of one venerable and faithful saint It was eloquently stated that "the garment of holiness with which he was adorned glittered with the light of glory." Some of the speakers grew fervid in eulogy and one of them made the astonishing assertion, that "the departed one might be discerned by the faithful, scudding the river of God and circumnavigating the shore of divine love."

The Bishop roused himself at the end of the funeral orations in time to deliver a very interesting and earnest address to the brethren upon their duties and responsibilities as citizens and Christians, and then, after prayer and singing a hymn of thanksgiving, the Conference, having held a meeting full of interest and instruction, adjourned.

From A Returned Indian Student

The following very interesting letter is from Thomas Wildcat Alford, a young chief of the Absentee Shawnee tribe, who graduated at Hampton Institute two years ago, and has ever since been faithfully working for his people by example and influence, teaching first among the Pottawatamies, a neighboring tribe, and now—ever since he was able last year to get the school—among his own people. He writes to his friend, first chief elect of their tribe, who graduates in the present class, manly words which contrast well with some politicians' sweeping and incredulous denial of the possibility of civilizing Indians.

SHAWNEETOWN, INDIAN TER.,

April 25th, 1884.

MY DEAR KIND FRIEND:

Your letter of 16 inst. is at hand. You have been so kind to write me letters so often. I had written to you lately and urged you to write to the U. S. Indian Agent and let him know that you are soon to come home to your people and that you desire to lead a different life from their's, and in order to succeed you must have a work to do with which to make you a start. You must not forget to say though that you are willing to do any kind of honest labor that he may be able to provide for you. You can then wait for something better while having something to do. We have spoken to him about you, but he will feel better if you write to him personally.

I think if you consult with Gen. Armstrong, or Capt. Brown, they would both be willing to give you advice. They will be more than happy to help you, I think, and their advice will be very valuable.

John, if you are to be man at all, you must expect a good deal of opposition from your own relatives as well as from others. They will say all sorts of things against you for acting white man's part, and if you don't mean fully to stand firm by the principles you have learned at Hampton, if you are in any way weak—easily led—they would soon find you out; they would soon drag you down to their level and make an "Indian" of you again; and then the training you received at Hampton would be nothing to you; those four years you spent there to better yourself would be nothing to you—only so much time wasted. On the other hand, you can do good and lead them to a better life by simply doing your duty faithfully, whatever that may be; by standing firm by your principles and by keeping in mind all that you have learned at Hampton; in other words, by being *continually civilized.* They cannot help but respect you in your truthfulness of purpose. They will soon learn to believe that you are going to do what *you* think is right, and that which you set your mind to do means perseverance. They cannot help but believe that you will accomplish it whether they like it or not. You will be obliged to associate with them sometimes, that you cannot help, but be careful not to encourage them in their old ways or to make them think that you approve their doings in any way; because it would injure you. If you yield to them in any way they would soon learn to point you out and say, *"There is a young man who tried hard to get an education and to lead a different life, now see him! he is the biggest Indian you ever met! He is not able to do that which he thinks is right! He is weak! avoid him!"* Thus you see you would injure your character as well as weaken their respect for you and their interest for education and progress.

The best way to deal with any people is by *kindness*, therefore you can deal with your people by this weapon and help them in every way, but keep in mind all I have written you—you will conquer.

I am writing you from experience—I have gone through this all myself—so you must not be indifferent to what I write but rather think this matter over and over and seriously too. Regard all as from a brother who is older in practice and who can sympathize with you in all.

Remember me to the General.

Ever yours truly.

T. W. ALFORD.

Monument Park.

In passing from Denver to Colorado Springs, Col., on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, with the Rocky Mountains on the right rising 14,000 feet above sea level, and the vast plain on the left spreading away 500 miles to the Missouri River, you run near Monument Park, a few miles north of Colorado Springs. This is a park, not only of trees and flowers, but filled with stone pillars and statues of all forms, as if wrought by some gigantic artists of pre-historic age.

The Report of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of 1874 describes somewhat minutely the appearance of Monument Park, so called from the great number of columns standing thickly over the surface, each one surmounted with a cap of harder material than the body of the column. These columns, thick at the base, rise from 10 to 20 feet, tapering to the top. The cap is deep rust color, composed of sand cemented with oxide of iron, and by its greater hardness it has resisted the eroding agencies which have worn away the looser materials in the pillar itself. A walk through the park by moonlight with long ranges of columns on either hand of fantastic shapes and varied forms, reminds one of like scenery, with a difference, as found in ruined and deserted cities of the Old World—there the work of men long since returned to dust, here the work of nature's great agents, the summer rains, the winter frosts, and the mountain torrents.—*N. Y. Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

told by one who has been, since she "left these walls, teacher, local preacher, and general adviser," brought down the house more than once. The native African's account of his home in the Dark Continent interested all who heard it. A very attractive variety in the programme was the recitation of the following pretty verses written for the occasion by Miss Elaine Goodale, who is a teacher at Hampton, by four little Indian girls, dressed in appropriate costume. The school museum supplied the pretty island dress of bark cloth fringed with grasses, and the western Indian dress of deer-skin was brought from her home by one of the little dusky maidens; the Eskimo robes of fur were an effective improvisation, and the shy little child of the springtime brought her native grace to add a charm to the garments of civilization.

Urgent requests for a photograph of the group have been made, and we hope a good one may be taken.

THE CHILDREN OF THE YEAR.

ELAINE GOODALE.

SUMMER. *Mercy Conger.*

The child of the Summer, I lived in the South,
I never was hungry or cold or afraid;
The fruit of the tree I could put in my mouth,
Its bark was for dress and its leaves were for shade.
Look! a great white bird on its broad wings flies?
'Tis the white man's canoe on this lonely sea
I thought that the white man came down from the skies
To my happy island and me.

AUTUMN. *Mary Traversie.*

The child of the Autumn, I come from the West,
In the free wild West I liked to roam;
Sometimes the prairies I found the best—
Sometimes in the mountains I made my home.
With moccasined feet I ran so fleet,
As swift and glad as the forest deer;
Like the notes of birds were the simple words
Of the tongue I loved to hear

WINTER. *Susie Nagle.*

The child of the Winter, I lived in the North,
In a field of ice, in a house of snow;
In my dress of fur, walked boldly forth
Where the great cold lives and the strong winds blow.
With a supper of fish and a whale-oil lamp,
I welcomed the long dark winter's night,
And glad was I when I saw in the sky
The wonderful Northern Light.

SPRING. *Addie Stevens.*

Mine, mine is the Spring-time! I live in the East—
The land of morning, the land of Springs,
With wealth for the poorest and help to the least,
And bright beginnings of all good things.
On these fair pages I learn to look
By the growing light of the rising sun;
And life unfolds like a beautiful book—
A life that is well begun.

The music by the student choir and band was very good, as usual. The male and the female quartettes were in excellent voice, and sang delightfully. A new feature was a class song, the words by one of the teachers and the music by Mr. R. H. Hamilton, graduate and leader of the choir.

Diplomas were presented to thirty-two of the graduating class, and one young man who, conditioned some years ago, has amply won this recognition by his excellent character and work ever since. As usual, the diplomas were presented by Rev. Dr. Strieby, President of the Board of Trustees, with a few felicitous words of advice and encouragement, as follows:

"Young ladies and gentlemen of the graduating class: By vote of the Faculty of this Institution, the Board of Trustees have granted to you these diplomas. If you have ever looked on boards on which fireworks were to be exhibited, you have seen only rough, uninteresting boards; nothing to be seen but some strange tracery and outlines of no great meaning or grace. But the moment came when the match was struck and the fire applied; and then what a sudden, instantaneous illumination and grace and glory! A little while ago, this paper programme which I hold in my hand, seemed of no special interest or meaning; but you have touched it with the fire of thought and feeling, and how full to us all has it been of inspiration and interest. How it has kindled us all to that ardent sympathy and enthusiasm which we are sure to feel on these occasions.

"And now, my young friends, you have, for your background, life; and on it a tracing all marked out for you. One of the greatest of preachers—Horace Bushnell—said in one of his greatest sermons, that every man's life is a plan of God. That is most true. You know that for each one of you there is such a plan. It is marked out for you in God's word, in the lessons you have been learning in school; and, as you have everyone freely acknowledged, in the example set before you here. And now it is for you to put the fire into the plan, and make it shine and glow with earnest living. It is with the hope that every one of you will do this that we give you these diplomas. We are rejoiced to see some coming back from the field of work bringing sheaves with them. May every one of you, not only when you come back to these scenes, but in the great day of the Lord, be found to have done what he could; and, with these words, I present you with these diplomas."

ADDRESS BY THE STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION.

The exercises on the programme having thus ended, the Principal remarking that it was fitting that the one to whom our graduate teachers will chiefly look after leaving here, should say a few words on this occasion, introduced Hon. R. R. Farr, State Sup't of Education in Virginia, who cordially responded as follows:

"Members of the graduating class, ladies and gentlemen: I had no idea when I came here that I would be called on for a speech, but I recognize the honor of the invitation and the privilege of meeting here those whom I hope soon to meet in the active work of education. I know, my friends, you will excuse me if I address myself especially to these, after having listened to their eloquent addresses, equal I will say to any that could be heard in any school in the State. As its chief school officer I am here to honor this Institution. I am here to say that Hampton furnishes—not as good as any—but the best teachers in the State. I welcome this as the harbinger of the brightest day for our whole people. We are but one people, divided by the color of our skin, and the only question of success for any of us is the question of merit. The day is past when anyone, whatever his race, can demand anything on account of the color of his skin. You stand on the same platform as I do—that is, the platform of merit. If we deserve success we shall receive success. If we fail, we shall fail because we deserve to. Stand on the platform laid down here to-day by your graduates when they say, "stand only on your merit," and you will never be put down. In the name of your people and in the name of our people, in the name of Hampton, don't go seeking work elsewhere. Stay in your own State. Seventeen hundred schools here and only twelve hundred teachers! If I could get the best white teachers for colored schools, and they were the best teachers for them, I'd employ them. Let us have the best. But you know, as I know, that the best white teachers do not—I will not say they cannot—take the care of colored schools. You know that those who do are not the best. They are not teaching school—only keeping school. So, I want to see thoroughly drilled Hampton graduates in every colored school in the State. I want to see it because I want to see your race elevated, and you are the people who can do this work.

You must excuse me, but I must electioneer a little. I say, let every one of you seek—no, there is no *seeking* about it, the places are waiting for you—let every one of you take a position as teacher in this State.

Expressing, once more, my gratification with all I have seen and heard, I will say, "good-bye."

The time for departure for trains and boats having arrived, no further speaking could be done, though some were present from whom it would have been pleasant to hear. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Wm. Thornton, of Hampton; and thus, one of Hampton's "most interesting days" pleasantly closed.

Alumni Triennial.

The third triennial meeting of the Alumni Association of Hampton Institute, organized in 1878, was held this year, and made a very pleasant addition to the Anniversary exercises. Ninety-seven were present: fifty-four alumni and forty-three alumnæ; representing ten States, seventy-nine from Virginia, the rest from N. C., D. C., Penn., Mass., N. Y., Ala., Md., S. C., and Tenn.; and eleven of the 13 classes which, besides the present one, have been graduated from the Institution. All arrived in time to attend the anniversary exercises, in which five of their number had part as speakers. They lunched together in Virginia Hall as guests of the school, and were received in the evening by the Principal, meeting also their friends among the officers and teachers but saddened by the fact, which some learned for the first time, that it would be their last greeting in his official capacity from the friend who had given his Godspeed to every class, the honored Treasurer of the school, Gen. J. F. B. Marshall.

The morning of the 23d was occupied by the business meeting of the Association. In the afternoon, a public meeting was held in Whitin chapel, Virginia Hall, and largely attended by the officers and teachers, the class just graduated, and others. The President of the Association, Mr. B. T. Washington, made a feeling and eloquent speech. "What does this coming together every three years of Hampton's sons and daughters mean? That we love our mother; that we want to bear our share of her burdens, drink fresh of her spirit, keep pace with her progress, keep up our friendship with each other, and accomplish better and better work. From whatever distant post we come, from success or disappointment, joy or sorrow—to some the sound of marriage bells, to some the funeral knell since we last met—we know that the arms of our Alma Mater are ever-ready to give cheer and comfort to us; as when we first came to her, some with no capital but stout hearts and brawny muscles and untutored brains, she gave us a chance. As we see how building after building has gone up here, what does it all mean? That Hampton's work has just begun. I know I express the feeling of every graduate when I say to our Principal—in the arduous work of battling with ignorance, you have our honor and our love.

And I cannot close without saying to him whom, as we learn with sorrow, we meet here for the last time as our honored Treasurer; if in your retirement it will be in any degree a comfort and satisfaction, remember that you have a place down deep in the hearts of every graduate of Hampton.

And now I know every one of us will leave here to go to our places of work, determined to work harder to carry out the Hampton idea, which is education of hand, head and heart."

The orator of the day, Mr. B. T. McNeil, class of '80, repeated the expression of the feeling that binds all Hampton graduates together as children of one family, and the sympathy for those bereaved by the angel of death; and welcomed the new recruits.

"Class of '84, we welcome you into our lines—to win your spurs. It is our purpose to join forces against the enemies, immorality, prejudice, ignorance and oppression, and fight till the warfare is ended. It is our purpose to avoid writing Strut and Pretension over our doors; we recognize the fact that respectability and common sense better become our sign-boards. Sympathizing friends cannot lift us by force to our feet and match us against more powerful foes; we must gain our own footing by those powerful levers, intelligence and wealth, or we shall fall back to the mortification of our friends who have given, and are giving, us the best possible aid. They have showed us the *cane*, Education, and by its help we are fast getting the *crutch*, Wealth, and with their united aid and our own energy we propose to rise to fall no more. Wealth and intelligence are better guarantees to Civil Rights than any legislation state or national; and, since Civil Rights are to be thus obtained, in the course of time they will be ours. The hatchet of race discord must be buried, and it is our purpose, with the spade of intelligence and moral and social advancement, to bury it so deep and securely, that it shall never be disinterred. The sons and daughters of Hampton, with few exceptions, are exponents of the fact that we are rising. Yes, we are rising, and as fast as we rise in the social, moral, and intellectual scale, just so fast rises the sun whose rays are laden with healing and hope, and soon will be seen coming arkward over the fast subsiding waters of prejudice and ignorance, the dove bearing the olive-branch of peace, prosperity and happiness."

Rev. F. M. Stewart, professor of history and belles lettres in the College of Liberia, visiting the school to study its industrial system for the benefit of that college, delivered, by invitation, an address before the Alumni. Its subject was The Condition, the Means and Success. It was full of good sense and eloquence, and we would regret that we have room for but two or three of its striking passages, were it not that it will be published by the Association in pamphlet form, and can be obtained on application to Mr. Wm. M. Reid, editor of *Alumni Journal*, Hampton Institute.

Mr. Stewart held that it is not color that embarrasses the race, but condition. Other races have been enslaved and oppressed: the Helots in Sparta, the serfs in Russia, the Britons in Rome, the Chinese here, the Irish, the Jews in England, till the wealth of Rothschild and the intellect of Disraeli threw around the latter the marks of respectability.

That is the secret; "to receive recognition, we must represent something. We are something that men want, and you break down all barriers. When our representatives stand as members in the stock and produce exchanges, the clouds of prejudice will flee away. In the effort to change our condition, we should first of all strive for good and upright character, and recognize with all our heart, mind and strength the dignity of labor. Some of our young people complain, 'We are crowded out—are pushed and jostled.' True, the white race push; and they succeed because they push. They push under mountains with their wonderful tunnels, and span rivers with their marvelous bridges; they make hills to fall and valleys to rise. They see the lightning flash along the vaulted sky, and they catch it and make it speak their words and do their bidding. They see the steam in the teakettle, and they hid it go and it goeth, come and it cometh: all this they do and more, because they push. They seem to be inspired with the sentiment of the unlettered farmer who turned his pigs into a field of frozen turnips, with the remark, 'Root hogs, or die.' They seem to echo and re-echo the strong declaration of Napoleon Bonaparte, '*Impossible*, is the language of fools.' Let us catch this spirit of *push*."

The speaker closed with an earnest appeal for Africa.

The Principal and Treasurer were called on for speeches, but preferred not to divert the thoughts of the audience from the good words already spoken, by more than a brief tribute to the interest of the occasion. An unexpected addition to its interest was then made by the presentation of a beautiful ebony gold-headed cane from graduates to General Marshall, with a few graceful words from the president of the Alumni, Mr. B. T. Washington: "General Marshall, that the graduates of this Institution love you, you are perfectly aware; that we shall never forget you, we need not say, but we wish to do our part as graduates, to express the esteem in which you are held, and our recognition of your long and valuable services to our Alma Mater, and your kindness to all her sons and daughters, by presenting you with this token, hoping that it may be, with our love, some support in your future years." On the head of the cane was the inscription:

Presented to Gen. J. F. B. Marshall by the Alumni of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, as a token of their appreciation of his valuable services as Treasurer of said Institute, May 23, 1884.

The Treasurer, taken quite by surprise, found few words most expressive: "That I appreciate this gift, you know, and if before receiving it I was unable to express adequately my feelings on this occasion, you must know that words fail me now. I can but thank you, and assure you that I shall cherish your beautiful gift and the feelings which prompted it, and always in the future, as in the past, feel constant and affectionate interest in Hampton and its graduates."

The pleasant re-union was agreeably closed that evening by the Alumni dinner, at which the Association and their invited guests, their old friends among the officers and teachers, and some others sat down to one long table, stretching the length of the large dining-room in Virginia Hall, and spread with a bountiful feast, ending in the orthodox way, with appropriate sentiments and speeches.

The next day they began to scatter again to their various fields of labor, carrying with them Hampton's Godspeed. We hope it may always be true, as their president, Mr. Washington says, that Hampton graduates are distinguished for their love for each other and their Alma Mater. The results of her work make its inspiration and cheer; her sons and daughters growing in true manliness and womanliness, fulfilling the trust here committed to their hands, are her "glory and crown of rejoicing."

OTHER PLEASANT INCIDENTS OF THE ANNIVERSARY.

Testimonials are the order of the day. Capt. George LeRoy Brown, for three years Commandant of Cadets at Hampton Institute, was not allowed to leave without a token of the loyalty and affection of his battalion, in the form of a handsome cake basket, presented, with an appropriate speech, by their elected representative.

The graduating class planted their ivy by the walls of Academic Hall with becoming ceremonies; an ivy ode and song contributed by teachers present and absent and a speech by the class orator of the occasion, Jos. Tynes.

The Alumni of the class of '82, which glories in being the largest class ever graduated, and had the largest representation at the recent Triennial meeting, gathered round their own ivy for some appropriate rejoicings. They could not quite yet

"Hail above the topmost stone,
Its banner floating free!"

but, it has made, like the class, a good start in the right direction.

COURTESIES FROM HAMPTON.

A very pleasant incident occurring as we go to press is the visit to the school of a committee deputed by the citizens of Hampton to present their acknowledgements for aid rendered to the town by the Normal School fire-brigade in the great fire of last April. Arthur S. Segar, Esq., chairman of the committee, with a handsome speech, made the presentation to Mr. J. B. Goff, engineer and chief of the Fire department of the school, an elegant gold watch with complimentary inscription; to twelve students selected to represent the brigade, handsome silver badges—shields inscribed H. N. & A. Institute Fire Department;—and to the Principal for the school, a framed copy of the resolutions passed by the citizens.

Similar testimonials have been presented, we understand, to Capt. Woodfin and his gallant veterans of the Soldiers' Home brigade.

This is another instance of the friendly relations which have always existed between the town and the school. We trust that they may ever exist, but never again have such an occasion for demonstration.

We have received the following from Rev. Jos. Cook of the Episcopal mission at Yankton. The bride groom, and the bridesmaid were for three years Indian students at Hampton Institute, and returned to their homes last year.

MARRIED, at the Cathedral Church of the Holy Fellowship, Yankton Agency, Dakota Territory, May 1st, by the Rev. Joseph W. Cook assisted by the Rev. Philip J. Deloria, Deacon, Mr. Samuel Brown of Yankton Agency and Miss. Mary Bruyier of Choteau Creek, Yankton Reserve, Mr. Alfred C. Smith and Mr James Brown acted as ushers, and Mr. Keith, teacher at St. Paul's school, and Miss. Maggie Goulett, groomsman and bridesmaid. The Cathedral was crowded with both Indians and white people. The reception was given by Mrs. Johnstone house-mother at St. Paul's, and Mr. Cook. Aside from the boys of the school there were about sixty of the relatives and friends of the bride and groom present.

MARRIED. April 30, 1884. may be set down as the date of an important event in the history of the Alumni Journal. On that day its junior editor, Mr. Wm. H. Daggs, class fo '78, was married to Miss Sallie A. Carper, class of '80.

The nuptial ceremony was performed by the Rev. Benj. F. Floyd at the A. M. E. Church at Salem, Virginia, the home of the bride, at 8 o'clock P. M. in the presence of a very orderly company of about 75 persons. A reception was held at Mrs. Carper's from 8:30 to 11.

The happy couple reached Hampton Friday morning, May 2d, and went immediately to their new home where a few friends had assembled to welcome them. The house which has just been completed and furnished, is situated on a pretty little lot which Mr. Daggs, with his usual foresight, had bought some years ago. It is on the Fox Hill road near the Zion Baptist church. The home has about it an air of comfort, elegance and convenience much in keeping with the good taste of the occupants.

A large number of useful and valuable present, was received from officers, teachers and friends at Hampton, from friends in Salem, and Mr. Daggs' numerous friends in Boston and elsewhere. We regret that the want of space as well as the late date of the marriage prevent us from publishing a list of the givers and their articles in detail.

Mr. and Mrs. Daggs will no doubt have the good wishes of the many friends who will learn of the auspicious events in their lives. May the pages of the Journal grow brighter in consequence of the happy union.

Alumni Journal.

DIED. The numerous friends of Mr. B. T. Washington will be pained to learn of the death of his beloved wife, Mrs. Fannie (Smith) Washington, class of '83, which occurred at Tuskegee, Alabama, Sunday, May 4th.

Mrs. Washington has been suffering for some months, but for a while was thought to be getting better. A card dated Saturday, May 3d, from Mr. W. expressed the belief that a change for the better would soon occur. Her death is indeed a serious bereavement to Mr. Washington whose acquaintance and regard for the deceased had begun in their childhood. Their happy union had done much to lighten the arduous duties devolving upon him in the management of his school. To the writer he had several times expressed the great comfort his family life was to him.

We know that all our readers will join us in extending to him the warmest sympathy in this sad hour.

A bright little girl, not a year old, is left to sustain, with her father, a loss which she can never know.—*Alumni Journal.*

[We quote the above from the Alumni Journal, adding our own earnest sympathy, in which all at Hampton join.]

DIED.—May 30th, at Hampton Institute of consumption, Mary Redbird, Sioux, of Crow Creek Agency, Dakota.

Southern Workman.

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ARCHIMEDES. [From Christian Weekly.

"'Spacially Jim."

I was mighty good lookin' when I was young;
Peert an' black-eyed an' slim,
With fellers a courtin' me Sunday nights;
'Spacially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all was he,
Chipper an' han'some an' trim;
But I tossed up my head an' made fun of the crowd;
'Spacially Jim.

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,
An' I wouldn't take stock in *him*;
But they kep' up comin' in spite 'o my talk;
'Spacially Jim.

I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun',
('Spacially Jim!)
I made up my mind I'd settle down,
An' take up with him.

So we was married one Sunday in church;
'Twas crowded full to the brim;
'Twas the only way to get rid of 'em of all,
'Spacially Jim. (*From The Century.*)

Anniversary Essays by Hampton Graduates.

By request of friends, and according to our promise last month, we print below samples of the essays delivered at the recent Anniversary of Hampton Institute by its graduates. They were not selected as better than others, but taken for convenience, from those who remained to attend the Normal Lectures, the others having left at once, taking their essays with them. They are, however, very good samples, and on subjects of possibly more general interest than some. As was said last month, the only revision they have received has been cutting down, and very occasionally, once or twice perhaps, the reconstruction of a sentence.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION AT KNOXVILLE.

Thirteen years ago, there came to Knoxville a lady, who, like many others from the North, was animated with the purpose of elevating and educating that great mass of illiterate people to whom the war had given freedom.

Her first work was to engage in a general mission work, such as assisting the poor and distributing clothes to the needy families of Knoxville.

In connection with this, she taught both night and Sabbath school, by which she succeeded in doing a great work.

The lady of whom I speak is Miss Emily L. Austin, who has had many difficulties to overcome, and many slanders to bear, but God has been her helper.

After nine years of battle, she was inspired to take an advance step in civilization—that is, to introduce manual training into the public schools of Knoxville.

At the time of her first efforts, in 1880, the colored school house was a mere shanty, but through her efforts, aided by Northern friends and with some assistance from Southern friends, she succeeded in erecting a large and roomy building, which cost $10,000, of which $2,000 were given by the city.

This aid was given by Miss Austin with a promise that she should have the use of two of the rooms; one for her industrial classes, and the other for night school, Sabbath school and evening entertainments.

In the course of two years, the school having increased, she was crowded out of this building; and feeling that some other provision must be made at once, she asked permission of the School Board to erect another industrial building on the school grounds. This was granted, and the building was erected at a cost of $524.50.

The money for this building was subscribed and paid principally by citizens of Knoxville; several contributions of $25 being given by wealthy white friends of the place.

The shop was conducted by one of the white carpenters of Knoxville the first year, but for some reason did not give satisfaction. That summer, Miss Austin applied to General Armstrong for a carpenter, and I was appointed to take the place. I went there in September, and found this building of which I speak, 50 x 20 feet; it was divided into two rooms; one 20 x 30 feet, for the carpenter shop, and the other 20 x 20 feet for the kitchen. There is also an attachment 10 x 12 feet, for the sewing classes.

There are about 400 scholars who attend; so you see from the dimensions of the rooms and number of scholars who attend, that the rooms must necessarily be crowded.

These children do not come all at one time, but in sections numbering from twelve to eighteen each.

The very least we propose to do is to give each grade one lesson per week, taking one-half in the morning and the other half of the same section in the afternoon; but these numbers being so large, for the want of room we are compelled to sub-divide, and have them come every other week.

When the school first opened, the supply of work was small; so I spent the first week in giving *object lessons* in carpentry, to the small boys, while the larger boys ceiled the shop. Later on I supplied them with work from my own idea, in the line of book-cases, knife-boxes, flower-frames, &c. Later still we began to receive orders from the people; a considerable number of articles have been made for different ones; a number of boxes have been made for manufacturing companies, and the prospect for the entire order for another year is good.

At times we have had so little work, that I have been compelled to substitute some other exercise to fill in time; for this purpose I used a military exercise called "*setting up*," which they performed beautifully.

The City School Board has been very generous towards our work, from the fact that they have given us work to the amount of $33, and all the fuel used in the industrial school has been at their expense. This shows that the South is gradually growing in sympathy with this sort of work, and to keep up this interest will require a continual effort.

I am encouraged with the progress which we have made, for the boys take hold of the work with great earnestness; their deportment has been reasonably good, and the skill which some of the boys develop cannot be surpassed by any set of boys of like opportunity; all they want is a chance, and they will be useful men.

At the close of the term, articles were given the boys as a reward for their good attendance and deportment, to the amount of $20.

The interest shown by the friends of the work, by the children, and the success we have so far met with, have encouraged our Superintendent to try and erect a new industrial building. To build one such as we wish will require not less than $6,000. The lot has been purchased, and in order to get the money for the building, we propose to do all we can at home, and at the same time solicit what aid we can abroad.

The proposed building, which we are anxious to complete by Christmas, will consist of a carpenter shop, kitchen, sewing room, printing-office, and rooms for teachers on the first floor; on the second floor we wish to have a chapel, where night school, Sabbath school, and a Young Men's Christian Association can be held.

We do not propose to make finished workmen of our boys, for the shop claims only to be a primary institution. Our idea is to give the boys a general practical idea of tools; such a practice as is necessary about their homes, and at the same time we hope to awaken such an interest in this sort of work, that some of the boys will pursue their trades elsewhere. The success of these boys in this pursuit of life depends, of course, upon what we give them, for the foundation is that upon which we build.

It is plain to see that the South needs working men and women—men who are not afraid to go forward into the educational work of their race and country; women, who are no less anxious to raise the standard of morality.

"We like the *Yankee* idea," said one of our Southern writers, "to teach men and women to do anything that comes to hand." That is what we all should like, for I believe that the success of our people depends largely upon the acquirement of knowledge in the improved methods of labor.

As a certain writer has said: "Excellence is granted to man only as a reward of labor; it augurs, indeed, no small strength of mind to persevere in the habits of industry, without the pleasure of receiving those advantages which, like the hands of the clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their assigned points, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation."

These words teach us that there is no reward for anything but good, honest labor, that being slow, but sure.

In getting a trade your compensation may be small, but every blow you strike trains the hands, and at the same time your brain becomes a lifetime diary.

Idleness, not necessarily with ignorance, is the foundation of almost all crime; and without the cultivation of labor we are a lost people; we are simply a stepping-stone for those who will seek this grand component of life.

It might be said that we have been taught to work all of our days; that is true, but we were not taught in the best way; we had not the advantages of that combined training of mind and hand which goes to make up a man, a training which, like this at Hampton, develops habits of industry which become a part of the man himself.

This is what we want at Knoxville, and this is what we want all over our country. Nothing but honorable occupation can assure us success; wealth accumulated in any way is liable to leave us at any time, but your skill in handicraft, no man can rob you of.

I advocate this cause because I feel that it is the only true way of elevating our people. The problem of education not only mental but manual, is the problem to be solved; when it is solved, and not until then, will our people successfully demand their political rights. Collectively speaking, our people do not see their condition; while the few who do see it are ashamed to have it made known.

When I went to Knoxville, I was surprised to learn the opinion which prevailed there concerning Hampton; not only among the illiterate part of the people, but among those who professed to be educated. The uneducated said that Hampton was not the place for their children, for they had to work too hard. The educated said that the colored people were being misrepresented by the manner in which its Principal was laying before their friends the condition of their people. All this is itself a true result of ignorance, and is a sentiment which should be corrected. In connection with that which is so essential to the elevation of our people, it is worse than any contagious disease; and its correction depends much upon these young men and women who go out from here year after year.

Let me say in conclusion to you, my sisters and brothers, that as you go out from here, you enter upon a desperate field of battle. Whatever you do, shun not, but face the enemy.

W. C. B.

WORK AMONG THE REFUGEES IN KANSAS.

This privilege of appearing before you I owe to the fact that Hampton is my *Alma Mater*. Seven years ago I came to this place. Having traveled four hundred miles, I landed on these grounds with one dollar and twenty-five cents in my pocket and nothing in my head. I spent three years studying my books; my board and incidentals I paid by working on the shoe-bench. I never went away during the summer, for fear I should not earn money with which to get back in the fall. At the end of my first month in school, when all was gloomy and I was in debt, Geo. Armstrong said a few words to me which he has long since forgotten, but they have been my inspiration ever since. He said, Go on, that is the way in which George Washington made a great man of himself. I have obeyed the order. I have gone on, three years at Hampton, two in Kansas among the refugees, two at Oberlin, O., and now I am permanently in the South helping to work out the problem of the Negro.

I have been asked to give an account of my experience among the Refugees who emigrated from the Southern States to Kansas. During the summer of '80, just after I had been compelled on account of health to give up a school in this State, I received a call to join the workers among the Refugees. Ready for any work that was for the most good of the down-trodden, I at once gave over to the claim laid upon me, and in Sept. I left this State for Topeka, Kansas, where, upon my arrival, I was kindly received and put to work by the Kansas Freedmen's Relief Association, under which I worked till the close of the Exodus. The Exodus over, the Association disbanded. I decided that my mission was ended; but supplying the outer man did not make a thorough western citizen of the Refugee, so the old officers set about to establish a place of learning, the result of which was the Industrial Institute situated at Columbus, Kansas. In this work I took part, remaining with it till the latter part of '81.

Few people, save those who were on the ground, have a sufficient idea of the proportion assumed by the Exodus. The total number that went West is estimated at sixty thousand. Forty thousand of these settled in states accessible by the navigable rivers of the West. As our work was confined to Kansas, we dealt with the forty thousand. These people went from all parts of the South and settled in all parts of Kansas. Under the Relief Association, agents were constantly at work in the prominent parts of the State. During the Exodus, this Association received and distributed seventy thousand dollars in money and clothing. Had each Refugee received an equal portion, his share would have been one dollar and seventy-five cents: but such was not the case; many received little or nothing. Fit subjects of charity were cared for, imposters were absolutely refused help; men of means, (for such there were among the Refugees), received a word of cheer and were content. Barracks were built in Topeka. Often there were as many as one and two hundred arrivals in a single day and on a single train. Many of these people had left their homes with hardly money enough to land them at Kansas City or Topeka. Some had had plenty, but whenever they expressed the determination to leave the cotton blooms and, as of old, seek refuge toward the North star, the giant tyranny had, upon the slightest pretext, and at the very last moment, wrenched from their feeble hands their all, and left them to go empty handed into a cold and unknown clime. When these people arrived (in mid-winter) from the cotton fields, with no money, no food and little clothing, they were met by agents of the Association, taken to the barracks, fed, clothed, and as soon as possible, helped to homes among the more substantial settlers.

My first work was out on the broad prairies, fifty miles southwest of Topeka. At that point the Association had planted a colony of thirty-two families on twelve hundred and eighty acres of land. Eighteen miles from me, another of the same size, and occupying as much land, had been planted. This land was purchased by the Association from the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe R. R. Co. on seven years time, at two dollars and twenty-five cents per acre. It was divided into twenty and forty acre lots and secured to the Refugees by title deeds, given by the railroad Co. directly to the Refugees. For one year these colonies were, to a certain extent, cared for by the Association. Our provisions were hauled fifty miles in wagons. While with the colony, I taught day and Sunday school. I followed all the professions necessary for the well being of new settlers. Saturdays I went with the wagons for fuel or other supplies. My work at the colony ended in Feb. '81. The life on the plains was by no means like that of a butterfly. Our post office communicated with the outside world once a week. A merchant in New York or Boston could communicate with one in San Francisco as quick as we could with our nearest towns. The lumber out of which the benches for my school room were made was hauled eighteen miles. I was disappointed in the promise of a carpenter, and two days after the appointed time, he put in his appearance to find the benches made, black-boards up, windows in and school under full heading; but we expected such things, and in a certain measure had mustered sufficient grit to meet them.

Leaving the colony, I was put on the road as general agent of the Association. My points were Kansas City, Wyandotte, Rosedale and Armstrong. At these points great numbers had collected. They seemed to desire of each other a protection which they no longer needed; and it required great exertions to scatter them, so that all would be able to live. Whenever homes were procured for families, we invariably had trouble in getting them to break loose from their old associates, who persuaded them that they had been treated and driven enough, and now that they were in a free country, they no longer desired nor would tolerate being led and driven about. The charity of the land had long since been exhausted by the earlier arrivals, and the result was the same in all cases, privation and intense suffering. In the town just mentioned, I worked two months. Our plan was to visit the stopping places of the Refugees, see with our own eyes their condition. If they needed help, we gave them a check on our supply store. There were imposters among the Refugees, and it required diligence to detect them.

They used all the devices that their fairer brothers would have used under like circumstances. But the prominent feature which I characterized the Refugees was, that of the sixty thousand not one was ever reported as having taken upon himself the profession of a tramp. This work of relieving was continued throughout the Exodus and ended April 15th, '81; at which time the Exodus practically ended, and the workers decided that it was best to stop the work of relieving. The relief given, and the manner in which it was given, was not such as was fitted to make paupers of the Refugees, but that which would best make industrious and reliable citizens. It was for this reason that they were settled in the country places, and upon land which they could cultivate and call their own.

Thus it was that the Refugees were cared for and the Exodus ended. What have been the results of this movement of sixty thousand of our people from one section of our land to another? The people have strengthened their spirit of self-reliance. They have demonstrated among themselves and to the world that they possess certain properties in common with all mankind, and that if they are not respected and sustained in these human rights, they can resort to expedients. The contentment with which they accept the situation, shows that the Negro is not inferior to his fellow-man in his ability to adjust himself to all conditions and claims. The Exodus was a success. The Refugees are to day a fixed art of the population of the West

But the principles of extortion, pauperization, practical disfranchisment, shot gun politics, and frequent political murders, which caused the Exodus, are still the spots of disgrace upon the American nation's character. The Exodus is in no sense an accepted equivalent for the obligation under which the na-

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Subscribers are reminded that the "Workman" is reduced to eight pages during the next four months, resuming, in November, the twelve page form.

ONE of the most interesting problems unfolding at Hampton is the varied bearing of industrial training upon education in general. The manual labor system was made fundamental here from the first for its own sake, with full conviction of its value in the symmetrical development of the individual or the race, and with readiness to sacrifice to this the necessary per cent. of mere mental culture. Experience for sixteen years not only confirms this conviction but is proving that industrial training tends on the whole and in the long run, not against but to favor mental progress.

The poverty of the most of the students and the urgent demand for teachers for primary scholars in the South limit the regular course at Hampton to three years. It is of the first importance therefore that this short course should be sound in foundation and thorough in essentials, and then that it should be as full and varied as it can be consistently with such thoroughness. The very most that can be made of these three years should be made of them. With this in mind, the students are watched and the schedule of study is reviewed from year to year. It has not changed in much variation from the individual plan, but in its fuller carrying out, with a higher quality of text books and the addition, not of the coveted classics but of more instruction in teaching, and a few English studies such as Literature, Political Economy, Pres. Hopkin's "Outline Study of Man", some elementary or fragmentary knowledge of which may furnish principles, and awaken thought and tastes of practical benefit to character and life. At this year's discussion of the course, a professor of pedagogics present by invitation, an expert critic of Northern and Southern schools without the industrial system, expressed incredulity that the course laid down could be gone through with in the three years, especially in a school hampered with this system. It could not of course with the elaboration in all points required and desirable in a twelve years' course in a Northern school.

But in the discussion, the striking fact was brought out that the industrial system, so far from impeding school work, enables Hampton to give its students a full hour more of study per day outside of school hours, than the institutions with which it was compared can give, excepting only the one other which has like it an organized labor system. And this is simply because it takes a work bell to turn people out in the morning early enough to secure the fresh morning study hour which the Hampton student thinks the best of the day, and which will be increased for him next year to an hour and twenty minutes. Another advantage, one which would not be fully appreciated in less than a year's residence at Hampton perhaps, but which is watched here with great interest from year to year, is the moral stimulus of the work idea and habit, the earnestness it gives to character, the quickening and strengthening to intellect. The weekly work day breaks in upon the study, but it wakes up the mind. More actual progress can be accomplished with it than without it, especially by these people who are not accustomed to long consecutive study and who, as one of their representative young men, Prof. Stewart of Liberia College, well put it recently to the Alumni Association of Hampton, "need to catch the Anglo Saxon spirit of *Push.*"

The record of Hampton graduates is the test of Hampton's success. It is of interest also to notice the fact that while leading colored men themselves at first looked upon the Hampton industrial system with general disfavor, they now as generally approve it, having seen its striking advantages.

BY vote of the Trustees on the recommendation of the Principal, one important change is to be tried in the course of study at Hampton. Beginning with the class that entered as Juniors last term, each class will be sent out for one year of teaching or other practical work between its Middle and Senior year. In '86 there will be a Senior class made up from such as are already out or stay out next term by choice or advice as some do every year. As thereafter there will be of course always a Senior class, there will be room in it for any such exceptional cases, at the discretion of the Faculty. Instruction in the art of teaching being now carried through the Middle as well as through the Senior year, the students will not go out unprepared for that work.

This is a new departure which will naturally not strike all favorably at first consideration, and it is an experiment which time must test. It is however the outgrowth of many years of observation of the great practical benefit of just such an experience to many who have taken it from pecuniary necessity or otherwise, willingly or unwillingly, and then returned to graduate. A common remark concerning such a student is: He is twice the man he would have been if he had gone straight through his course. After a year of real life work, the student comes back to his last year in school with a new purpose. If there is good stuff in him it is brought out. He knows what he needs, appreciates his chances and knows how to use them as he did not before. This is simply a fact of human nature which has been demonstrated thousands of times in schools and colleges everywhere, and was acted upon in the "wander year" required of the German apprentice before he became a journeyman. Discounting exceptions, we believe that it is worth the effort thus to annex the school of life to a regular academic course.

THE difference between the mathematical and the unmathematical mind and the unfairness of insisting on one standard for both, is apparent at Hampton as in schools for the white race. On the other hand, the convenience of taking an exact science to grade by is especially felt with a class of pupils whose preparation has been so irregular and uneven as theirs. A Boston teacher looking through the night school remarked of a preparatory class, that it would be impossible to grade it by Boston grades; it would be seven year old reading and twelve year old arithmetic. As a rule, the preparation of candidates for admission is better in arithmetic than in English, partly no doubt because that has been supposed to be the chief requisite, partly because it has been easier to teach it—at least, counting in home surroundings,—and partly perhaps because the colored pupil takes more to arithmetic than to English, such is our experience, at least so far as its mechanical operations are concerned. When it comes to the careful explanation of its processes, constantly insisted upon at Hampton, power of expression tells as well as power of thought and is by no means always even with it.

Indeed, the maturity of mind in certain directions, gained by years, and actual experience of life and responsity, which we notice at Hampton continually in contrast with a childish lack of development in other directions, notably in the power of clear expression, makes one of the most interesting features of the problem here, and which must never be ignored in its consideration. This same maturity makes it possible for the pupil often to catch up with himself—so to speak—and bring his attainments to a more even grade than when he entered; as a child could not do. This is one pleasant peculiarity of the condition.

To bring up the standard in English it has been decided to require for the entering examination, hereafter, besides the usual knowledge of the first four rules of arithmetic, the ability to recognize and write a complete sentence correct in construction and punctuation and capitals, and to frame a short letter fairly well. They may not in a year or two be brought up to this requirement but this will be the aim.

VACATION at Hampton never means cessation. The shops and farms with their contract work or other industries go on through the year, with the night school for work students and the varied labor required to take care of all who stay. Two hundred and seventy five students thus remain this summer—more than the whole school numbered eight years ago, and to be increased before we go to press by the coming of about thirty new Indian students. Of the two hundred and seventy, two hundred and ten are colored students: one hundred and twenty eight boys and eighty two girls; sixty are Indians: thirty four boys and twenty six girls. One hundred and seventy—forty eight of these girls—are night school students who have been for a year or more preparing by work and study to enter the Junior or Middle class perhaps next fall. The rest fall quietly into the line of work, and the change from the winter to the summer organization is effected with less and less friction from year to year. Those who are not in the night school have their evenings to themselves with some limitations. The girls are required to come in doors at eight. The weekly prayer meetings are kept up, and the Sunday Bible classes, and church service; the school Chaplain remaining till August, and Rev. Mr. Gravatt of Hampton then supplying the place. The reading room is kept open as usual. The Indian students, most of whom are younger and less robust, have two hours rest from work at noon, in which they will have some drawing lessons and other light lessons. Some of the older ones take the full work day by preference. They also work part of the season at Shellbanks for the benefit of change. The summer work is varied for all by an occasional holiday or pic-nic. The weather is seldom oppressively warm for long, and vacation life of Hampton is not only busy but pleasant.

John F. Slater.

Our June editorial pages having been devoted as usual to the annual reports of the Hampton Institute, we have been unable until now to add our tribute to the memory of this good and noble man to whom the whole country, and above all its colored citizens, owe a debt of lasting love and gratitude.

The terrible succession of financial failures and disgraces which have occupied the columns of our daily papers since this good man's death was recorded there, put in the strongest light the truth that even earthly success is not in heaping up riches. It is not what we gain but what we keep that makes us rich. And the only way to keep, to enter into full possession of property, even in this world, is to use it rightly, in God's service, for the good of others. Looking further, the quaint old epitaph tells the story "what I hoarded I have lost: what I spent, I had: what I gave, I keep."

Mr Slater's life illustrates, like that of many of our successful men, the advantage of early training to industry and business habits, the happy combination of business ability with courteous manners and a genial spirit, the value of sturdy honesty and purity of life, the power of Christian principle to preserve integrity and consecrate all to the highest objects. Giving loyally and liberally to the support of the Union in the war, and always warmly interested in the cause of the colored race and in the prosperity of our undivided country, he crowned the generosities of his life by the royal gift of $1,000,000, in 1880, the interest to be used for the education of the Freedmen.

In the hands of such men as ex-President Hayes, Chief-Justice Waite, the Rev. Phillips Brooks, Morris K. Jesup, and their associates, who work without pecuniary reward on its board of trustees, and their efficient agent Rev. A. G. Haygood, the blessing wrought by the Slater Fund will be a lasting monument and an unperishing possession of John F. Slater.

Singing For Tuskegee.

When the growth of Hampton Institute necessitated the erection of Virginia Hall, the school sent its student singers out into the North and West, as our readers know, to do what could be done to further the work. Though the great financial panic of '74 so interfered with their success after the first year, (when they cleared $10,000) that losses balanced profits, yet, considering the indirect benefits of the interest thus excited in the school, and the moral strengthening there is in doing all that is possible to help one's self, it is not too much to say that Virginia Hall would not have gone up without the Hampton Singers.

The young Hampton at Tuskegee is following its parent's example in this as in other applications of the principle of self help. Our readers must almost without exception know the story of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial School in Alabama, whose Principal and assistant Principal and four out of six teachers are Hampton graduates, who are making industrial education a success there as it is here, and winning the respect of Northern friends and Southern neighbors, by their enterprise and good sense. Having bought a farm of 480 acres and erected a school building costing $6000 all free from debt, they are now about erecting their second building, Alabama Hall, for girls "and teachers' quarters dining room, etc., to cost $10,000, $6000 of which have been already collected. To help raise the balance needed and bring the school before the public, Tuskegee sends out this month a male quartette, three of the young men being students, and one a teacher, a graduate of Hampton, under the direction of Mr. R. H. Hamilton, one of the original Hampton Student band who has been ever since connected with Hampton Institute, and leader of its choir. The voices are good, the repertory of plantation melodies, entirely new; and the expenses of a quartette being so much less than for a full chorus, we trust the direct results may be profitable as well as the indirect benefits. The quartette expects to spend the season chiefly among the summer resorts of Massachusetts. We bespeak for them, wherever they may go, the special interest of friends of Hampton.

The Southern Press. Both Sides.

The event of the month has been the nomination of Jas. G. Blaine for President and John A. Logan for Vice President. The *Southern Workman* being of necessity a non-partisan journal, can do little more, than offer to its readers such selections from the editorials of the Southern press as seem fairly to represent the opinions of both parties and both races. The marked feature in these expressions of opinion seems as yet to be a certain indecision among the members of the Republican party, which, while it has not arrived at open dissatisfaction or rebellion, has a flavor of both, and is possibly prophetic. It is indicated in such half-way endorsements as this of the *People's Advocate*, (colored.)

"That the 'majority must rule' is one of the fundamental principles of our governmental and party system. James G. Blaine, in a convention in which the people were more directly represented than ever before, receives the nomination for president. All Republicans who acknowledge the obligation of the party as binding should give themselves henceforth to the one purpose of winning a glorious success. It is not pertinent now to say what might have been or to declare how personal preferences, if accepted, would have occasioned less hazard.

James G. Blaine is the choice of the majority of the republican party, and for this reason alone he merits hearty support.

While Blaine was nominated independently of colored votes, he cannot be elected without their aid, that is certain. It is absurd to think that he can carry New York, hotly contested as it will be, without the aid of their vote in that State, which numbers some twenty five thousand; then in Indiana, New Jersey and West Virginia, which will be battle ground, the colored vote is equally essential to Republican success.

Four weeks hence, when the National Committee confers with Mr. Blaine and Gen. Logan, it will be the time for our prominent colored politicians to have a plain understanding from the nominees as to what we must expect from them. The time is before, not after the election. The example of the colored delegation at Mentor must not be repeated."

The *New York Globe*, probably the strongest colored journal in the country, while announcing its intention of standing by the Republican party, is somewhat more out-spoken in its warning,

"The men who placed in nomination Blaine and Logan were not children, nor were they ignoramuses. On the contrary, they were men who have in past times led the party to glorious victory —men who, amid all the varying revolutions of party methods and public opinion, have held on high the banner under which the mighty champions of the party have marshaled. These men have placed this ticket in nomination, knowing full well that it was like throwing a fire brand into a powder magazine. Yet they paused not; constituting, as they did, the sentiment and the wishes of the party in every State and Territory of the Union, and being conscious that the destiny of the party would hang upon the result of their choice, they deliberately placed in nomination the men who have split the party in every direction.

The Republican party has very evidently struck a very large rock —a sort of submerged island in the vast ocean of politics.

The grand old ship, around which so many and furious storms have spent their fury in vain, appears to have sprung a leak, not unlike the one which carried down the parties out of which it was carved in 1856.

The solemn fact is not to be suppressed that the outcome of the Chicago Convention has produced a solemn pause in the career of the Republican party's lease upon popular favor; has produced widespread dissatisfaction in the ranks—has precipitated a split which cannot be healed by the stereotyped prescription of the small statesmen. There is something radically defective in the party machinery when the nomination of standard bearers is greeted all along the line with hisses and wholesale revolt of strong papers which are moss-covered with age and service in the cause of the Republican party".

The Virginia Star, (colored,) though not yet enthusiastic, is hopeful.

"While Mr. Blaine's nomination may have been and we presume was a great surprise to many, it was not a disappointment to any but the enemies of republican government. Republicans of all shades will heartily unite upon the nominees of the Chicago Convention. And what is better still, they will elect them. We are glad of Blaine's nomination for many reasons, but the two cardinal ones are that he will unite the two wings of the national Republican party—the Stalwarts and the Half-Breeds, and if there be any virtue, any trustworthiness in what was known as the Straightout Republicans of Virginia, they will now unite to a man with the Liberal Republicans, and carry Virginia for Blaine and Logan. Will they do it? We shall see. They, the Straightouts, profess that Blaine was always their choice; if that be so, then there is no longer any reason for their estrangement from the rest of their brother Republicans of the State. Let there be one united and determined effort to carry this State for the chosen Republican standard bearers. They will be elected anyhow, whether Virginia is carried for them or not, but in that case the Old Dominion will share none of a glorious victory".

The white Republicans of the South do not confess to serious discouragement, but Democratic editorials throw some pretty strong lights on the situation. The *Richmond Whig* says:

"Every Republican paper in Virginia printed since the nomination of the National ticket has run up the names of the bold standard-bearers of our party. That is the proper thing to do."

And the *Baltimore American* gives no uncertain sound;

"Blaine is the choice of the people. His nomination is a victory of the people over the politicians. A great enthusiasm formed itself spontaneously in the hearts of Republicans, and burst like a huge wave over the petty dykes that hostile factions and official discipline had built up against it. Blaine has been the object of the keen attack of enemies without and within the party. He has had for years to meet calumny and detraction, and to see his good spoken evil of. Base motives have been ascribed by malice to his noblest actions: his genius has been underrated, his popularity underestimated, and yet there is something about the man that makes the people love him. Twice had the popular voice called him to the nomination, and twice had the politicians thwarted its will. But now the voters rose with a power not to be withstood, and made him their candidate.

His nomination unites the party as none other could. There now need be no longer any two wings. The third term party defeated four years ago now disappears. Its leaders are now Blaine men. Not since Grant's first term has the Republican party been so united as now; not since Lincoln's second term has any leader been so beloved".

But over against these must be set such opinions of the effect of the nomination as we find in the following;

"When it was a doubtful and desperate chance, we can see how Mr. Tilden was a name to conjure with—any port in a storm—any driftwood in the raging sea. But if we are to credit the bulk of Democratic and the most respectable element of Republican and Independent opinion, the Lord has delivered the once "grand old party" into our hands, and, in such a providence, Mr. Tilden is not the one man necessary and the only available and imperative candidate."—*Constitutionalist*, Augusta, Ga.

"The picture in *Puck* which drew attention to Mr. Blaine's record, represents not only the bitter humor of that publication, but the feeling of the Puritans of the Republican party; and there is every reason to believe that these will make their disapproval felt in a practical manner. In evidence of this we have open expressions of hostility from such papers as the *Times*, the *Evening Post*, the *Herald*, and, still more significant, the talk of an independent ticket to represent the Puritan element of the Republican Party. But without counting on this we believe that there is a very widespread feeling at the North that it is time to make a change in the management of public affairs; and with a good ticket the Democrats seem bound to win next November.—*The Landmark*, Norfolk.

"Mr. Blaine's nomination was the result of thoughtless excitement, and the error committed by the Convention is now fully felt as it is bitterly lamented by thousands of Republicans. The great independent vote of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Indiana will be cast against the man from Maine and not a few of the most prominent members and most influential journals of the Republican party refuse to support him.

Among the leading Republican journals that refuse to give aid to Blaine are the New York *Times*, the New York *Evening Post*, the Boston *Transcript*, the Springfield *Republican*, and the Boston *Advertiser*, and among the independent papers that pursue the same course are the New York *Herald* and the Boston *Herald*, which has a far larger circulation in New England than any of its rivals. Republican civil-service reformers denounce the nominee as the enemy of a pure and well conducted Government. Republicans who are conscious of the weakness and bad record of the once respected Republican party, feel that in failing to choose Edmunds, Lincoln or Hawley, either of whom might have been claimed to be better than his party, they have lost their best chance of success. For the corruption of the party and the corruption of its candidate go together, and Star-route frauds and whiskey rings suggest at once Mulligan letters, railroad jobbery, and guano speculations. In short, Blaine cannot carry the party and the party cannot carry Blaine.

In the South, Blaine is weaker than other candidates would have been. For the colored voters, who constitute by far the larger part of southern Republicans, will not be drawn to Blaine as they would have followed Logan, as they would have kept true to Arthur, or as they would have been conjured by the magic name of Lincoln. As for the vast body of whites who are Democrats, they will bitterly oppose the election of a corrupt politician, who is the promoter of jobs, the pet of monopolists, and the *protege* of Jay Gould. Moreover, they will put forth their most earnest and energetic efforts to defeat a man who is still remembered, as a member of Congress, when he was one of the most virulent assailants of the southern people, as the originator of the cry of the bloody-shirt and as the very apostle of sectionalism. As the nomination of Blaine antagonizes the great spirit of reform that moves a vast majority of the people of the country to demand a pure, economical and efficient administration of the Government, it is necessary that the Democrats should choose a statesman who will meet the requirements of the hour, and whose whole record will stand out in bold and striking constrast to that of the Republican party's choice; a clean-limbed, high-minded and pure-hearted specimen of strong and healthy Democracy, who shall be the victorious competitor for presidential honors with the tattooed deformity that the Republican showmen at Chicago have put on exhibition, shamelessly asking the people to elect him to the highest office in the land. Should Mr. Tilden's ill-health cause him to decline to allow his name to be presented to the convention, a possibility that is deeply and widely regretted, there are others worthy to take his place, and the name of Bayard or Cleveland would at once inspire confidence and arouse enthusiasm. Those two names are already on the lips of many Republicans and are frequently mentioned by Republican and independent journals that refuse to support Blaine, and are now awaiting the action of the Democratic convention. Should either of these distinguished men be chosen, together with a popular soldier or eminent civilian from the West, such a ticket would give business men security against the devious ways and reckless schemes of the Republicans' choice, it would furnish full assurance that the dignity of the United States would be maintained at home and abroad and that her citizens would be free from molestation in foreign lands, yet that at the same time this country would not be dragged into any freebooting and buccaneering exploits under the guise of a so-called "spirited foreign policy," it would make certain that the people's money would not be squandered in subsidizing jobbery, that the people's burdens of taxation would be lightened, and that the Government would be a Government of the people, not a Government of speculators, spoilsmen and monopolists.

Never were Democratic prospects brighter. Let the Democracy seize the opportunity, present two of its best and purest men to the people, and adopt a platform of principles that, unlike the weak and senile mumblings of the dying Republican party, shall be bold, clear and strong—worthy of the acceptance and support of every honest man".—*The State, Richmond.*

The question of Tariff Reform is of course complicating the situation and is helping to create a somewhat unusual amount of personal feeling.

"*The Richmond Whig* comes out for Blaine and Logan, since it could not get Arthur. It shouts "Hurrah for Blaine," with a cracked voice. It eats the crow that the New York *Times* and the New York *Post* couldn't stomach and calls it good, but evidently don't relish it."—*Danville Register*.

"The New York *Times* and *Post* are Free-Trade organs. They like Blaine well enough, but the Protection features of the platform on which Mr. Blaine goes before the country is what is so objectionable to the journals named.

The *Register* will please observe how quickly these papers will fall into line when the nominee of the Democratic party is made known.—*Whig*.

There is no lack of vituperation on either side, but as yet nothing especially spicy has been produced.

In the midst of the turmoil there is occasionally to be heard a cooler voice, and proof is not wanting that under all the froth and scum of superficial politics, lies the great common sense of the people, tending always strongly though very slowly in the direction of a sturdy reform. More and more the people are beginning to find out that it is not a question of this party or that, or even of this man or that, but, instead and always, of the average strength and average honor of the men and women who make the nation.

The encouragement of the present conflict lies in the indications that the old semi-superstitious notions as to party loyalty are losing their power. Such an article as the following is illustration of a decided and hopeful change:

"It is becoming every day more and more clear to thoughtful observers that the United States do not embrace a nation of self-governing people. The nation is governed by parties; the parties are controlled by machines, the machines are engineered by demagogues and capitalists in combination. In other words, the work of legislation and administration has been practically abandoned to an exceedingly small minority.

This proposition is easily demonstrable, and the facts that constitute its proof are matters of notoriety. * * * * *

It is no answer to say that under our constitution the authority of the people is delegated, and that the number of office holders must and ought always to be small in comparison with the whole number of voters. The objection is not that the number of office holders is small, but that the class from which they are selected is small. It might be urged with more apparent, but scarcely with more real, force that the offices at the disposal of the President involve for the most part the discharge of ministerial or clerical duties, and that no actual governing power is lodged in them. The office-holder is committed to his patron, and whatever influence he has will be exerted to prevent a change in the course of patronage. The President who aspires to re-nomination has always the advantage of ready-made and devoted followers.

The case is plain enough so far; but the more radical evils of the situation lie far beneath these comparatively superficial considerations. To get at the bottom facts of party management we must study the interior organization of parties, not as they are represented in Washington City, but as they are moulded under the style of "We, the people." We have seen, hitherto, that while the people voted occasionally, they never nominated. The nominating machinery is the property of a close corporation—the perpetual monopoly of a few. The ward club, the primary, the nominating convention, the caucus, are successive links in the chain which has not a break or a weak place anywhere. An attempt to work outside of the party machinery is denounced as an attempt to disrupt the party itself. The effort to place the machinery in better hands has usually ended in failure, and in some places it appears to be impracticable, without bloodshed. Reduced to its last analysis, the party is run by its "bosses." Buy the bosses and you buy the party. Great capitalists who have objects to secure through legislation, or administration, are familiar with this rule. The boss, of course must have a personal following—an effective working force. He secures his lieutenants by the gift of the minor offices, and his rank and file by favors of another character.

We may now sum up: The country is governed by a party; the party is governed by a part of itself; the governing part of the party is the creature of an organization whose roots are in the coffers of monopolies, in the gutter and in the tap-room. The party as a whole is never in earnest as to the expression of the popular will, and the man who would reach the practical leadership of the party must begin at the bottom, that is to say, in the filth.

It is not our purpose to preach pessimism; but only to protest against party slavery. Although we have lost our illusions, we have not abandoned our ideals. Self-government will become an assured fact when men cease to *belong* to parties."—*N. O. Picayune.*

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

RETURNING HOME FROM HAMPTON.

The last days of our "merry month of May" have been saddened by the going forth of 32 of our number into the new life for which many have been so long preparing.

I say saddened, though it would seem that sending children home to loving friends ought not to be considered in quite that light, even when they have held firm places in our hearts for many years, but it cannot be otherwise. It is like saying to ourselves what we dare not say to them, "You have been snatched for one, two, three or four years from the influences which were dragging you downward; we have tried to teach you better things, to lead your thoughts and lives into higher channels,—how imperfectly only we ourselves can know—to strengthen you against temptations such as we know nothing about, and now the time has come and you are to go forth into your world under the eye of thousands of critics, whether to stand or fall only the Father of all can tell. Those whom you love may be your greatest stumbling blocks. We would hardly feel ready for the test ourselves, yet we expect you to *stand firm*. Childhood and play are over, henceforth you are men and women and must put away childish things in the real struggle and work of life"

This is the dark side, but like every other event in life it has its brighter one. We believe these boys and girls to be, with few exceptions, earnest Christians, realizing in part the importance of the work they have to do, and going to it with a spirit of unselfish devotion. Many have learned the great lesson that they "know very little" and are anxious to return another year for more "light" to bear to their people.

As we watched the intelligent and even refined faces of many of these neatly clad boys and girls as they waved a last farewell from the deck of the steamer, our thoughts went back, not many years, to a very different picture of strange, dull, half-frightened faces, long unkempt hair and shabby blankets covering garments which never afterwards saw the light of day. Then it was that we realized what education is doing for these children, and hope for greater things.

In the morning of the day the party was to start, the boys asked permission to hold a farewell meeting with teachers and girls at Winona. In spite of Indian control, many were the tearful eyes and sad hearts as some said a last farewell to schoolmates and friends, and others bade God-speed to departing friends. The speeches, some in Indian, but more in English, were full of gratitude for the privileges enjoyed and of determination to profit by what they had learned and extend it to others, while on the other hand fell strong words of sympathy and encouragement from those who were yet to wait awhile, all ending with a touching and earnest prayer in English by which each and all were consigned to the Father's watchful care. Some were going much against their will, because parents required it or because the body was not strong enough to stand the work demanded by heart and head. Three of these young men wished to stay and risk all rather than lose their chance for an education, and were only comforted when promised they might return if a change to their native air should render it advisable later.

The following is a list of the names and Agencies, with ages as nearly as possible;

Name.	Present Age.	Arrival
Fort Berthold Dakota.		
*Sarah Walker	18	Nov. '78.
Mary Walker	15	Oct, '81.
Henry Karunach,	23	May '82.
Standing Rock.		
Rosa Bear Face,	19	Oct, '81.
Frances White Cow,	19	" "
Fidelia Walking Medicine,	19	" "
Josie McCarthy,	15	" "
Cheyenne River.		
William Larrabee,	21	Oct. '81.
Baptiste Gabe,	20	" "
Lower Brule.		
*Sam'l Medicine Bull,	23	Oct. '81.
*Baptiste Bear Bird,	23	" "
Peter Brazeau,	21	" "
Philip Councillor,	26	Dec. '82.
Katie Councillor,	20	" "
Charlie Councillor,	2½	" "
Maggie Bullhead,	15	" "
Jamie Rencontre,	12	" "
Sarah White Cow,	19	Sept. '83.
Andrew Roberts,	23	" "
Looking Eagle,	20	" "
Crow Creek.		
*Santee Single Feather,	18	Sept. '83.
John Archambeau,	19	Oct, '81.
Yankton.		
Mary Goulet,	20	Dec. '79.
*Charles Picotte,	21	" "
Sac and Fox, Indian Terr.		
Nellie Keokuk,	18	June '82
Hattie Miles,	18	" "
Mary King,	17	" "
Shawnee town I. T.		
John King,	23	Oct. '79.
San Carlos, Arizona		
Rob't. McIntosh,	27	Feb. '81.
Benj. Stago.	16	" "
William Roberts,	25	" "
Pima.		
Juan Garfield,	25	July '81.
Harry Azul,	12	Feb. '81.

*Expecting to return.

Ft. Berthold is the most northern outpoint of our work at Hampton. Not a little that is interesting and curious has been told of this village where Mandans, Gros Ventres and Rees have lived together, it is said, more than a hundred years and yet have kept their language perfectly distinct up to the present time. One of these girls came to Hampton nearly five years ago—a shy little stranger, speaking hardly a word of English. It is hoped she will return next Fall to take her place in the Middle Class of the Normal School, still further to fit herself for the position of teacher in the Fort. Stephenson school, lately opened among her people.

Not so far to the north is Standing Rock, under the care of the Roman Catholic church and an Agent whose whole heart is in his work. To him go the four bright, womanly girls, who have made themselves so valuable in the more practical department of Winona lodge, to help him, we hope, in his work among their people.

To Cheyenne River we returned but two of the seven who came nearly three years ago, trusting they will make up in influence what they lack in number. Of the seven, one has died and the others voluntarily remain for further instruction.

Lower Brule and Crow Creek are now united under one Agency, a man willing, and capable of helping the large number we send to his care. Among them are too many whose physical condition would not permit them to remain, yet they are strong in spirit, and may not that be the greater power in the end?

Two years ago came a tall, strong father, a gentle sweet-faced mother, and a funny little black-eyed baby closely wrapped up in a big shawl. All fell gracefully, though not suddenly, into civilized ways, the baby soon learning to rule all, both red and white, in a thoroughly impartial way, growing fat and rosy and wise as the months passed, until as we last saw him waddling along and displaying his various accomplishments by way of throwing kisses and rehearsing his somewhat limited vocabulary, we were quite satisfied with the work he had done.

Of the strong, manly boy who goes home to help his father, a much respected and even noted chief, and many others, it is a strong temptation to speak, but it is better resisted, at least for the present.

To Yankton only two have returned this year, both after a lengthened term. One we hope will return in the fall to finish his Normal course and further perfect himself in a trade for which he has shown great proficiency.

The boy from Indian Territory has also devoted the greater part of his time to his trade, that of carpenter, and returns with the hope of making that useful to himself and to his people.

It is pleasant to know that the three Sac and Fox girls return to excellent homes. One of them is a daughter, another a stepdaughter, of Chief Keokuk, whose quiet and dignified bearing, as we met him recently at Hampton, seemed the index of an earnest and noble character.

Three and a half years ago, in the dead of winter, after a journey of four weeks, through perils of land and water, Mexicans and Indians, Dr. Sheldon Jackson presented to our mercy 16 Indians from Arizona, 14 boys and 2 girls, Pimas, Papagos, Mohaves, Yuma and Apaches. Among these Pimas a father and son. After a year the father was called home to assist the head chief—his father,—leaving his little son in our care. This spring though the child was not ill, yet the doctor's advice was a change of air, and we hope it will be of so much benefit that be may return, as he desires, after a year of rest.

Not long ago a party of Apache chiefs came to make the school a visit, and took back with them our most promising boy as an illustration of what an education could do. It was hard for him to go alone and hard to stand the test by himself, (though at last reports he was doing well), and he will be glad of the helpers who are on their way to him. One boy, who was for some time a scout in the U. S. employ, and came here under the name of "Fiery Bob," returns as an interpreter, shoe-maker, and tailor, peaceful, thus far, certainly.

Another, a bunch of human dynamite, we are anxious to hear from.

Beside the five who have just gone back, four have returned at different times during the last two years, four have died, and the rest remain for an indefinite time.

We who know most about these boys and girls cannot but feel very hopeful of their success, and we trust their friends all over the country will feel amply repaid for all they have done, as well as encouraged by what they shall hear in the future.

A Trip to the Agencies.

BY REV. J. J. GRAVATT.

One going West in March naturally expects to be met by "blizzards" and all that is rough in the way of weather. To my utter surprise, I found brighter days than I had left at Hampton. The people were plowing and sowing.

Arriving at Springfield, Dakota, early Sunday morning, March 23, I was greeted by a perfect Spring day. This was cheering, but it was still more pleasant to be so cordially welcomed by the Principal and ladies of Hope School. In the absence of Bishop Hare, whose headquarters are at this school, and by the earnest entreaties of the efficient teachers, I held three services before the day was over. It was nice to see the eager faces of the Indian children. I found among them, relations of the Hampton students. I was most favorably impressed by the admirable management of the school.

On Monday, another bright day, the heavens seemed to smile on my mission. I started for a drive of thirty miles across the prairie to Yankton Agency. The air is so pure and bracing that one seems to drink in strength for anything. Imagine my sensation as I drove into the Agency. Is this the homes of some of the Hampton children? Where did Frank Yellowbird live? Where is Geo. Stricker's home? What has become of Sam'l Brown? A moment more the wagon stops, and a bright face stands before me. It is David Simmons, one of the returned Indians. His smile and hand-shake were a sufficient reward for the trip. He was grateful for what had been done for him at Hampton. All speak well of David, he has worked faithfully and steadily as clerk in the issue-house.

Here comes a nice looking girl across the ground. It is Maggie Goulet, who, in her modest, gentle way, expresses so much pleasure at seeing a Hampton friend. She goes with me to call upon the Agent, Maj. Redpath. After a short visit, we go to the sweet home of Rev. Mr. Cook. Before reaching it, Samuel Brown appears, and taking satchel, etc., escorts us to the house. Many questions are asked about Hampton and about the children. After a refreshing night, Tuesday comes. It was begun with a communion service in the M. E. Church. It is issue day. How much that means! Indians of all stages of civilization and heathenism can be seen at the Agency. After going in and out among them and contrasting the scene with the quiet one at Hampton, we visited the homes of some of the Indians. Some were neat and some were simply miserable. Our time is limited, so we must go to St. Paul's school. We have heard the Indian children speak so often of it that we had pictured it to ourselves. But it is much more of a place than we had thought. The buildings are good, well kept and the students well trained. It is a power for good. Samuel Brown has a shoe-shop in one of the buildings and is teaching his trade to others. George Stricker is at work some miles above the agency. He is trying to earn money to pay his way back to Hampton that he may be better furnished for his work. Joseph C. has returned to some of the Indian habits, but, I believe, has done nothing very bad. The hour has come to leave Yankton Agency. We do it with great reluctance. The Government School we could not visit, our stay with Rev. Mr. Cook, shorter than we wished, a mere call upon Rev. Mr. Williamson, and we had to say no to several fine young men who wanted to come to Hampton, because we were instructed to bring girls.

Samuel Brown drives me to Choteau Creek, from there a stage ride to Springfield, thence to Chamberlain, terminus of the R. R. From Chamberlain we drive thirty miles to Crow Creek Agency. The creeks being high, we had to go out of the usual route. We got lost, not a very comfortable feeling on a broad prairie—and seeing an Indian house, we went to be directed aright. An Indian woman appeared, and though she could not speak English, she took in the situation and pointed towards the right road, talking all the time. She then turned to me, and with a good many gestures gave me to understand she was sick. This done, she came to the vehicle and shook hands with me. After leaving her, I expressed some surprise at her actions and her intelligence to talk with strangers. The driver, a borderman, said, "did not you know what she meant? She wanted to tell you she was sick, and by shaking hands she asked for money to buy whiskey." I could say nothing to the contrary. After arriving at the agency, I told Major Gasmann, the excellent agent, about it. He seemed greatly surprised and said Indian women do not behave in that way. He asked where she lived. I described the house and the woman. He said she is one of the best Christian Indians on this Reservation. He explained it thus. She is sick, her daughter is at Hampton and she wants her to come home. This is what she was trying to tell you, for the Indians have been told of your coming. Here we have the interpretation of a border man and of an earnest, faithful Indian Agent. We were fortunate to reach the Agency on issue day. We took in the whole thing at once. It did my heart good to have those people come up and shake hands with me, because they had learned of me through their children. Legredo Rencontre has married an excellent woman, and both he and she are employed at the Government School. Samuel Fourstar who was here a short time only, has made a good record. Andrew F. has lapsed into Indian ways, but has done nothing criminal. Knowing the boy as I do, I am convinced he can yet be influenced for better things.

The Agency School is doing good work; it should feed Hampton. Too much credit cannot be given Mrs. Gasmann and Miss King, teacher, for their interest in it.

In company with Rev. Mr. Burt, I visited Indians in their homes and in their tepees. Daniel Firecloud, a good brave man, whose son is at Hampton, has a neat home. He was plowing, but came in to entertain me. After a pause he said, turning to me, "Our hearts are glad to see you here. When one of the Dakotas goes away and stays a long time and comes back, we are glad to see him. I want to say that is the way we feel towards you." After asking about his boy, he said, "Tell him I am glad he is doing well, but I want him to do better. He must be obedient to his teachers."

Chief Wizi, whose daughter is here, has quite a large and comfortable house. He is an earnest, plain man. He and his wife drove thirty miles to see the last of their child.

I cannot speak too pleasantly of the Sunday spent with Rev. Mr. Burt in his nice little church. We had three services with large congregations. One of these services was peculiarly significent. Two Indian babies, twins, were baptized by Rev. Mr. Burt, an American, two Norwegians, a mechanic and his wife, employed at the Agency, stood for one child and Indians were sponsors for the other.

It was truly gratifying to see the earnest desire on the part of Indians to come to Hampton. More wanted to come than the government instructed me to bring.

Promising young men earnestly asked to come, and it hurt us to tell them they must wait.

After a most interesting visit at Crow Creek (the only trouble was it was too short) Maj. Gasmann, his clerk and myself, started for Lower Brule Agency. We crossed the Missouri, yet full of floating ice, at Fort Hall. Here we called upon the Commandant who was unable leave his room, and then pressed on to Lower Brule. Rev. L. C. Walker had appointed a service in his pretty church, so a good congregation assembled to hear about the work done for their children.

Frank Yellowbird I found at Lower Brule; he is married and has conducted religious services in the absence of the Missionary. I could spend only a few hours at this place, as the evening was wearing away and I was that night to meet the children for Hampton at Chamberlain, they having been brought by an escort from the Agency. Rev. Mr. Walker had asked the ferryman to wait until dark, but to our great dismay, upon reaching the river, no boat could be found. Fires were kindled and all of us called for the ferryman to come, but no reply. The white driver comforted me by saying, "It is no use, these people never cross this river in the night at this season." But the Indian Missionary and another, whose brother is at Hampton, who lived near the water's edge, seemed to feel some responsibility in the matter. They yelled and shouted until a light was seen to descend the opposite bank, which we soon learned was that of the ferryman. After struggling for some time against the currents and wind, the boat reached the shore. I don't know which felt most relieved, the Indians or myself, for both knew that I must cross the river that night if possible. We reached Chamberlain about ten o'clok. The children were there in comfortable quarters. Early next morning we started East in the midst of a severe snow storm. What an experience to these children of the plains. It is an education in itself. Their appearance and behavior called forth favorable remarks from conductors and passengers. After a comfortable journey of four or five days, we arrived at Winona Lodge, Hampton Institute, to be met by the teachers and Indian pupils, both anxious to see who and what the new comers might be. They have fallen into their places in the school and are a bright, happy set. Here we must leave them for a while, praying that God's presence may ever go with them, that he may prepare them for a great and good work, and finally give them an inheritance with the Saints in light

Letters From Hampton Graduates.

FROM A YOUNG EDITOR. "COME OVER AND HELP US." FROM A TEACHER IN DEACON'S ORDERS. THE STORY OF HIS LIFE. FROM ONE WHO IS ROUGHING IT. LIKES TO WORK HARD. FROM A GIRL GRADUATE. A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

A tree must be known by its fruits. We are glad to put before the friends of good work from month to month a few samples of the fruits of Hampton's raising in these simple records of its graduates' work and experience.

FROM A YOUNG EDITOR.

Over one hundred newspapers are now edited in the United States by colored men. We are glad that this new enterprise is to make room in the columns for educational matter, and wish it all success. While its teachers make so large a proportion of the reading colored population and are so largely looked to as its leaders, they should demand recognition and consideration of their needs in their own press, and not be satisfied with mere political papers. Every teacher should take, if possible, some good educational journal or paper, and any one of their newspapers would be doing excellent work devoting at least a column to selections from the various excellent ones that are published, the *Virginia Educational Journal*, *N. E. Journal of Education*, and others.

———*Va., April 5, 1884.*

Dear Teacher:

Yours of a recent date is before me, I am glad to hear from you. I am getting along very well with my school. The spring is here and we are making preparations for our Commencement. I want to come to Hampton to the next meeting if I can possibly get off to come. I think I would enjoy meeting the gathering of the different faces connnected with the "Alumni Association."

I send you, this morning, a copy of a paper in which I am interested, which you will see by my name. All of us are young men connected with this paper, I am the only son of Hampton. I hope I shall get some names from your state, that will cause us to be encouraged in our enterprise. This copy is our first issue. I want to make one request of you, and that is, will you give us ideas for our teachers, through its columns? We are going to devote a special part of it to education. Our teachers need a good many methods and principles to guide them in their work as teachers. Please "Come over into Macedonia and help us." Our paper is the only paper in the valley of Virginia.

I hope I shall hear from you soon.

I am your pupil.

C.

IN DEACON'S ORDERS.

A graduate of '78 gives the story of his efforts for an education and study for the ministry in the Episcopal church.

———*N. C. 11-4 1884.*

My dear friend,

It is with no small degree of pleasure that I write you to acknowedge the receipt of your letter of recent date, and also the *Churchman* sent sometime ago; for them both I thank you. I thank you for your interest in me and for your desire to know of me. Well I must confess that I hardly know how or where to begin. To be short then I will say that I was born in Salisbury N. C. in the year 1858. I went to the missionary schools there during the winter time and worked in the brick yard during the summer. My father died ere I could remember him. My mother kept me in school with three other children as best she could. In 1876 one of my teachers suggested that it would be well for me to go to Hampton and work my way through. The way seemed all dark to me, not a ray of hope was shed to guide me through paths through which I deemed it impossible for me to pass, until a friend offered to assist me through the first session. With his help and the work I did, I pulled through. I arrived at Hampton Sept. 28, 1876. Entered the Middle Class and graduated with the class of '78 with a first grade diploma. I worked at the Hygela hotel two summers, and one month on the farm at $10 per month. I saved every cent that I made during the summer and paid it over to the Principal, who received a gift of $50 for me and for which I shall always feel grateful to him. I now owe about $40 to the school which I mean to pay whenever I can. I came to the St. Augustine Collegiate Institute at Raleigh to study for the ministry. I entered in the session of '78. I begun the study of geometry, Greek and Latin, arithmetic, grammar and other studies. You may best judge whether I have made good use of my time or not when I tell you how I am situated. I am now teaching. Am on the regular staff, and a member of the faculty. I have classes in Latin, reading, grammar, arithmetic, and have taught a class in Greek. I was ordained one year ago last April and have since had charge of a church in Lexington, Ky., and am now called to that post, but I cannot now accept, since I am teaching and at the same time carrying forward my studies for the Priesthood. The zenith of my ambition now is to come North and enter the General Theological Seminary, but I don't see how just now. I do not want to go out as a Deacon, for in that capacity I am so circumscribed, and my sphere of usefulness is curtailed to some extent.

Respectfully,

H. HENDERSON.

Since the above was received, the writer has completed his course, passed his examination, and with two classmates, received full ordination, the first colored ministers we understand to be ordained in the Episcopal church in North Carolina. Mr Henderson has been appointed to the charge of a parish in Louisville, Ky., and stopping at Hampton on his way thither officiated at the evening services at the School on two Sundays; reading the service and preaching. We wish him all success in his new field and are confident that he will have it.

ROUGHING IT.

The more ordinary experience of Hampton graduates is such as the following. Some of our finest workers are giving themselves to their people in these varied labors, "liking to work hard," and rejoicing in the fruits of their efforts.

———*Va. April 3rd, 1884.*

My dear teacher,

I received your letter just as I was about to close my school at S——and I thought I would wait until I had got my other school all straight, so as to write you about it. After teaching thirteen months at S——it was quite sad with the children for me to leave them. The trustees examined the children and said that they were suprised at the progress which they had made. My field of work has been very broad here. Every body says that my work has been satisfactory. The people give me the name of being a splendid teacher, but I say not, because I never had any idea of teaching when I was in school. I like engineering better than I do anything else; though I believe I can do most anything. My work has not only been confined to the school house but to the Sunday school, Bible reading to the old people and sick, prayer-meetings, and Debating Society on Saturday nights. Now I am teaching at the above named place; have on roll fifty-six scholars. My school house is a little log hut, very rough indeed, with a slab roof, and no windows, but I get plenty of light through the cracks. Last week I made a black-board and painted it. My boarding place is four miles from the school house. After walking that distance twice a day, and teaching a night school of five, I feel like resting. I received my map from Miss C——just about five weeks before I closed the school. I find no easy work teaching school, but the work is very hard and troublesome all the time. Don't think that I want an easy place by saying what I have, because I like to work hard. I have not decided on going to the Commencement. I would like to go. This leaves me quite well and enjoying the blessings of God, and hope you are enjoying the same.

Sincerely your friend and scholar,

B.

A GIRL GRADUATE

Thus writes of her arduous but successful work:

———*Va. March 23, 1884.*

My dear Miss——

Times without number have I said I must write to you and have never gotten at it until now. And now I can only ask your pardon for being so neglectful of my duty toward you. My time is very much taken up as you will see when I tell you how, under many difficulties, I get along. I am in school every day 6½ hours and have a walk of 4½ or 5 miles a day and then teach from 3 to 3½ hours at night. Then Saturday is the only time left to make, mend and clean up in general. I teach Sunday school the first and second Sunday in every month. I enjoy that very much indeed. I have the Berean Lesson Leaves sent me by my cousin in Philadelphia, Pa. who is Superintendent of a large Sunday school there. They are old, but the gospel is just the same, old or new.

Last term I had six months school and this one seven. The pay is only $25, and very hard to get; particularly so for me for these reasons: it is twelve miles to the Treasurer's house and I can not go there as I do not know him or the way there either, and have to depend entirely upon sending by some one who chances to be going to court any fourth Monday in a month, as that is court day and he is mostly prepared to pay some then. I have taught six months this month out, and have only gotten $35. so you see how well I get my pay.

Everything, and person both white and colored, is very different here to what it is at my home in——Pa.

A few days ago an old gentleman stopped in my school who was the owner of 160 slaves when Lee surrendered, and we had a long talk on slavery. The first time he met me he knew I did not belong here and wanted to know how my parents came in the North: saying they must have run away from there; I gave him to understand that none had ever called a white man master as far back as I could learn, and as for me I would sooner live on a crust of bread and cold water than call any man master. I prized my freedom next to my religion. I did not enjoy his conversation as we differed too much in our opinions.

I have had a very severe cold for more than a week from which I have suffered very much. I think it was from getting wet so much and staying so sometimes all day. I hope you are having good health and a good time in general. I feel no ways weary in leading a Christian life, nor tired of my journey. I expect to find peace for my soul.

Yours truly,

M.

Commonwealth of Virginia.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
OFFICE NO. 520 N. 9TH ST.,
Richmond, June 19th, 1884.

The following arrangements have been made for the SUMMER PEABODY INSTITUTES:

The one at WYTHEVILLE will open *Tuesday*, July 15th, at 9 A. M., and will continue until August 12th inclusive. It will be conducted by Prof. E. V. DE GRAFF, of Washington, D. C., up to August 1st, assisted by Prof. W. B. MCGILVRAY, of Richmond, and then continued till August 12th under Prof. MCGILVRAY. Major W. G. REPASS has charge of the local arrangements, and all communications of inqury in regard to board, &c., should be addressed to him, at Wytheville.

The HARRISONBURG INSTITUTE, will commence on *Tuesday*, July 22d, at 9 A. M., and will be conducted by Prof. M. A. NEWELL, of Baltimore, assisted by Prof. J. G. SWARTZ, of Lexington, and a lady expert from Baltimore, for the first two weeks and will then be continued two weeks longer by Prof. SWARTZ and the lady. Rev. A. P. FUNKHOUSER, of Harrisburg, has the local arrangements in charge, and will give all information relating thereto.

The FARMVILLE INSTITUTE, for colored teachers, will begin *Monday*, August 4th, at 8 P. M., and will be conducted by Prof. H. P. MONTGOMERY, of Washington, D. C., assisted by his wife and others, for two weeks, and may then be continued longer, under such arrangements as can be effected. Supt. T. W. CRAWLEY, Prospect Depot P. O., is held responsible for the local arrangements, and has designated Rev. J. W. WHITE and Mr. T. BRANCH a committee to assign teachers homes. All inquiries should be addressed to Rev. J. W. WHITE, Farmville, or to Supt. CRAWLEY.

In addition to the Farmville Institute, and for the exclusive benefit of the colored teachers, the last Legislature passed a law establishing a Summer Session of the VIRGINIA NORMAL AND COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, at Petersburg, under the auspices of the Board of Education, to be conducted by the faculty of said institute, with such special assistance as the Superintendent of Public Instruction may be able to furnish.

In view of the incompleteness of the building of the institutions, the Board of Education deemed it best to authorize the faculty to arrange for a six weeks' course this year, instead of eight, as the law provides. This is really doing more than the situation justifies.

The session will begin July 15th, and to continue for six weeks. For detailed information, parties interested are referred to the act creating the session, circulars of information sent out by faculty, and to Prof. JAMES STORUM, and Hon. A. W. HARRIS, Petersburg.

In addition to the faculty, which is fully competent for the work, Prof. GEO. E. LITTLE, of Washington, D. C., has been secured to give two weeks instruction in drawing and its accompaniments during the session. Prof. LITTLE'S reputation is a sufficient guarentee that his presence will add greatly to the pleasure as well as profit of the session.

It has required good management to get so much work out of the fund appropriated by Hon. J. L. M. CURRY, the agent of the Peabody Education Fund for this work in Virginia, and but for the liberality of the instructors selected to conduct the Institute it could not have been done. Superintendents and teachers who really appreciate the great need of educating the teachers of our State, cannot be too greatful to Dr. CURRY for his kindness in giving us the means to carry on these Institutes again this year. But for him there would be no Institutes, and we are deeply thankful that, though he has often warned our law-makers, in his wrath he has not left us to the mercy of the Virginia Legislature, but still ministers to our wants, in the hope of a better day. This circular is sent out in order that all may begin to make preparation to attend the Institutes, for in this way only can we forcibly show our appreciation of the favor granted us.

At the Wytheville Institute, Supt. REPASS reports that board can be had for $12.50 per month at hotels, and for $10, $11, and $12 at private houses.

At Harrisonburg, Supt. FUNKHOUSER reports board at from $10 to $12 per month.

Supt. CRAWLEY reports that board at Farmville will be $2.50 per week.

Board at the Summer Session of the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute, at Petersburg, is about the same as at Farmville, and we are informed that, by messing at the institution, it need not cost over six dollars per month.

Now let all the *live, progressive* teachers get ready. We are arranging for reduced rates on rail-roads, and as soon as a schedule can be made out cards will be sent Superintendents, to be delivered to all teachers and school officers who desire to attend, as well as to any persons who expect to teach. Applications for these cards must be made to Superintendents.

PEABODY SCHOLARSHIP.

Chancellor EBEN S. STEARNS informs me that Virginia will be entitled, next session, to ten Scholarships in the State Normal College, at Nashville. This is another blessing offered our people by the Peabody Agent; but he very justly requires that they shall be strictly awarded of merit, on competitive examinations.

These examinations will take place at the Wytheville and Harrisonburg Institutes, and will be conducted by Maj. W. G. REPASS and Rev. A. P. FUNKHOUSER, Supts. of Schools, assisted by the conductors of the Institutes. The examination papers will be forwarded to this office, and the Scholarships awarded only to those who attain the required standard. The contest is open to all young men and women, between the ages of 18 and 30, of good moral character and deportment.

Those who desire to enter will address this office for full information.

Very respectfully yours,

R. R. FARR,

Superintendent Public Instruction.

The Normal School Library acknowledges the receipt during the present school year of valuable public documents from the Departments of State, War and Interior, through the courtesy of Senator Mahone, Representatives Dezendorf and Libbey, and Gen. Eaton of the Board of Education.

J. F. B. MARSHALL.

Chr. Library Com.

(Continued from page 78.)

tion is placed. Neither will the Negro always resort to such expedients as the Exodus, nor will the nation be released from its obligation until it has guaranteed to every citizen a republican form of government, and spent its energies in placing before every child the best educational advantages which the national treasury can provide. This is the nation's only atonement for the curse it has heaped upon the land, and the depth of degradation into which it has thrown a part of its people.

While this atonement is being made, the Negro will patiently toil on, using the liberty of to-day as the stepping stone to that of the great hereafter, whose brightness will be as the noonday sun. G. W. D.

Temperance.

Extracts from Nineteenth Annual Report of the National Temperance Society.

THE PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT.

"Let us first take a brief survey of the Publication Department. We commenced the year with 1,112 different publications, and have added 7 bound volumes, 23 pamphlets, 109 tracts, lesson-leaves, responsive exercises, and similar productions; making 1,251 now upon our roll. The principal work of this Society is educational. This is the bedrock of the reform. The books, tracts, and papers go into every State and Territory in the Union, and into hundreds of thousands of homes where no other temperance influence ever comes, and it is the great moving power which has created the rising public sentiment all over the land for total abstinence and the suppression of the liquor-traffic.

THE WORK AMONG THE CHILDREN.

One of the most hopeful and important departments of our work is that for and among the children; about one-third of all our publications are for children and youth; fully one-half of the printed pages which go out from this Society are for the education and training of the youth of our land. This is truly a work of prevention, and deserves more than a passing mention." In addition to the Sunday-school library-books, the *Youth's Temperance Banner*, with a circulation of over one hundred thousand, goes into every State and Territory in the Union, reaching a great host of families who otherwise would be without any temperance teaching. The "Catechism on Alcohol" has circulated over one hundred and thirty thousand; more than one hundred thousand pledge-cards have been printed the last year, and nearly two hundred thousand illuminated temperance cards; one million and a half pages of children's tracts, seventy thousand lesson-leaves for schools, thirty thousand copies of the "Catechism on Alcohol," a great variety of badges, pledges, song-books, and other publications.

THE WORK AMONG THE FREEDMEN.

This Society has continued its missionary work among the freedmen to the full extent which the funds contributed for this special purpose could command. This work has mainly consisted of sending special missionaries to speak in churches and schools, the circulation of a temperance literature among the people, visiting educational institutes, churches, conferences, and schools, and furnishing a special pamphlet to ministers of colored churches in all parts of the South. This movement for temperance among the colored population is one of the most important, and more full of promise than any other before the American people. It is the great temperance missionary work of the age. This people, now more than seven millions in number, stand with outstretched hands for help to break the bondage of intemperance, whose chains, fast being forged by the whiskey oligarchy, are riveted by the saloon and a depraved appetite. This work is all elementary and educational. It is the first time in the history of the large majority of this race that the temperance question has been presented as a rule of life and a necessity for action. This work is most interesting and hopeful. Temperance meetings here are larger, more earnest and enthusiastic than among any other people. Entire congregations rise to their feet pledging themselves to temperance and a right life. The number of those who maintain their pledge is fully equal to that of any other race.

A special pamphet of 226 pages, "The Church and Temperance," written by sixteen different persons, has been printed and sent to five thousand ministers of colored churches the last year, giving argument, appeal, statistics, and facts upon various phases of the temperance question. This has been one of the most practical and successful of the missionary efforts of the Society. We have received abundant testimonials of the good accomplished through the instrumentality of this pamphet.

THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.

The national aspect of the liquor-traffic assumes each year increasing importance. In Congress greater interest is manifested for and against the liquor-traffic than ever before. In the House of Representatives resolutions have been introduced declaring against any interference by Congress with the liquor-traffic except for the purpose of taxation and revenue, and also proposing that the Constitution of the United States be so amended in the interest of distillers, brewers, and liquor-venders as to prevent the prohibition of the liquor-traffic by State legislation. On the other hand, bills and joint resolutions have been introduced to provide for a Commission of Inquiry concerning the liquor-traffic; to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages in the District of Columbia, and proposing a prohibitory amendment to the national Constitution. Deputations from this Society have been granted hearings by committees of both Houses of Congress in favor of the proposed Commission of Inquiry and of constitutional prohibition. The bonded whisky extension scheme has been overwhelmingly defeated. The liquor issue is thus rapidly becoming a foremost question of national interest.

THE WORK IN THE SOUTH.

In no portion of the country has the temperance sentiment made more rapid progress than in the Southern States. Fully one-half the territory of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Tennessee, with large portions of Kentucky, Arkansas, and Mississippi are under prohibition, largely through the operation of local prohibitory laws. The Legislatures of these States, yielding to the request of local communities, have passed laws allowing the people to rule, and in nearly every instance the "dry ticket" has prevailed. While the Legislatures of nearly every Northern State have denied the reasonable request of the people to submit the matter to the voters at the polls as a non-partisan measure, the Southern States have yielded, and hence escaped the agitation for a separate political party, which was made inevitable at the North by the repeated and persistent refusal to allow the people to vote directly upon this question at the polls. Hon. James Jackson, Chief Justice of the State of Georgia, in an article in the North American, said: "The day of the grog-shop and of that which it produces—the inflamed passion and the deadly weapon—is rapidly passing away. The local-option retail law generally pervades the State of Georgia: county after county prohibits the traffic, reduces the expenses, and diminishes crime. The prosecuting officers of the State are paid according to the number of criminals tried; and they inform the writer that in those counties where this traffic is prohibited the office of solicitor-general is worthless. Soon, let us hope, the generous Southern sun will shine upon an entire population sober, prosperous, and happy. May that population be swollen into a vast multitude by a tide of emigration which shall enrich every valley and cover every hill-top with good, sober, industrious men."

Archimedes. (See page 77.)

The Illustration represents the old philosopher Archimedes absorbed in mental demonstration of some mathematical problem, unheeding the fact that the Roman soldiers, who have been besieging Syracuse, have mastered the town. As they burst in upon him his only thought is for the preservation of the diagrams which are aiding him in his demonstration. Of his personal safety he has no thought. "*Noli turbare circulos meos!*" (Do not disturb my diagrams) is his warning. But for this the Roman soldier cared naught, and the mathematician, as most authorities agree, was killed on the spot. This was in 212 B. C., when Archimedes was sixty four years old.

He was born in Syracuse in 287 B. C., and was of Greek extraction. He became profoundly versed in mechanics and hydrostatics, and made many discoveries and inventions in those departments. The story is a familiar one of his discovering a method of detecting the presence of alloy in king's crown. The King suspected that a disbonest artificer had largely alloyed his crown with silver, and Archimedes was consulted in reference to the matter. Pondering the subject, he immersed himself in a full bath-tub, when the thought flashed upon him that the water that overflowed must equal the bulk of his body, and hence his mind at once leaped to the conclusion that here he had a method of comparing the bulk of the crown with the bulk of an equally heavy mass of pure gold. Transported with joy he rushed from the bath, naked as he was, crying, "Eureka, eureka!" "I have found it!"

His was one of the master minds of the world, and his genius in his department of thought has never been exceeded, unless by Isaac Newton. The artist has well caught the expression of absorbed attention characteristic of the philosopher.—*The Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

At Home.

"Only Mother"

In one of the prairie towns of Northern Iowa, where the Illinois Central Railroad now passes from Dubuque to Sioux City, lived a woman whose experience repeats the truth that inherent forces, ready to be developed, are waiting for the emergencies that life may bring.

She was born and "brought up" in New England. With the advantages of a country school, and a few terms in a neighboring city, she became a fair scholar—not at all remarkable; she was married at twenty-one to a young farmer, poor, but intelligent and ambitious. In ten years after the death of their parents they emigrated to Iowa, and invested their money in land that bade fair to increase in value, but far away from neighbors. Here they lived, a happy family, for five years, when he died, leaving her, at the age of thirty-five, with four boys, the eldest nearly fourteen, the youngest nine. The blow came suddenly, and at first was overwhelming. Alone, in what seemed almost a wilderness, she had no thought of giving up the farm. It was home. There they must stay and do the best they could. The prospect of a railroad passing near them in time was good; then some of the land might be sold. A little money had been laid by—nothing that she ought to touch for the present. Daniel, the hired man, who had come out with them, and who was a devoted friend and servant, she determined to keep—his judgment was excellent in farm matters. Hitherto the boys had gone regularly to school, a mile or two away; for a settlement in Iowa was never without its schoolhouse. They were bright and quick to learn. Their father had been eager to help and encourage them. Newspapers, magazines, and now and then a good book, had found their way into this household. Though very fond of reading herself, with the care of her house she had drifted along, as so many women do, until the discipline of study, or any special application, had been almost forgotten. It was the ambition of both parents that their sons should be well educated. Now Jerry and Thede, the two oldest, must be kept at home during the summer to work. Nate and Johnnie could help at night and in the morning. The boys had all been trained to habits of obedience. They were affectionate, and she knew that she could depend upon their love.

One evening, alone in her bed room, she overhead some part of a conversation as the children were sitting together around the open fire-place:

"I don't mind the work," said Theodore, "if I only could be learning, too. Father used to say he wanted me to be a civil engineer."

"If father was here," said eleven-year-old Nate, "you could study evenings and recite to him. I wish mother could help; but, then, I guess mother's—"

"Help, how?" she heard Jerry ask sharply, before Nate could finish his sentence; and she knew the boy was jealous at once for her. "Isn't she the best mother in the world?"

"Yes, she is; and she likes stories, too; but I was just thinking, now that you can't go to school, if she only knew a lot about everything, why, she could tell you."

"Well," replied Jerry, with all the gravity of a man, "we must take hold and help all we can; it's going to be hard enough for mother. I just hate to give up school and pitch into work. Thede, you shall go next winter, anyway."

"Shan't we be lonesome next winter?" said little Johnnie, who had taken no part in the talk until now; "won't mother be afraid? I want my father back"—and without a word of warning, he burst into tears.

Dead silence for a few minutes. The outburst was so sudden, she knew they were all weeping. It was Jerry who spoke first: "Don't let mother see us crying. Come, Johnnie, let's take Bone and all go down to the trap; then she heard them pass out of the house.

Desolation fell upon that poor mother for the next hour. Like a knife Nate's remark had passed through her heart. "Father could have helped!" Couldn't she help her boys, for whom she was ready to die? Was she only "mother," who prepared their meals and took care of their clothes? She wanted a part in the very best of their lives. She thought it all over, sitting up far into the night. If she could only create an interest in some study that should bind them all together, and in which she could lead! Was she too old to begin? Never had the desire to become the very centre of interest to them taken such a hold upon her.

A few weeks after, she said, one morning at the breakfast table: "Boys, I've been thinking that we might begin geology this summer, and study it, all of us together. Your father and I meant to do it some time. I've found a text-book; by and by, perhaps, Thede can draw us a chart. Jerry will take hold, I know, and Nate and Johnnie can hunt for specimens. We'll have an hour or two every night."

The children's interest awoke in a flash, and that very evening the question discussed was one brought in by Nate. "What is the difference between limestone and granite?" A simple one, but it opened the way for her, and their first meeting proved a success. She had to study each day to be ready and wide awake for her class. They lived in a limestone region. Different forms of coral abounded, and other fossils were plenty. An old cupboard in the shed was turned into a cabinet. One day, Nate, who had wandered off two or three miles, brought home a piece of rock, where curious, long finger-shaped creatures were imbedded. Great was the delight of all to find them described as *orthoceralites*, and an expedition to the spot was planned for some half-holiday. Question led back to the origin of the earth. She found the nebular hypothesis, and hardly slept one night trying to comprehend it clearly enough to put it before the others in a simple fashion. Her book was always at hand. By and by they classified each specimen, and the best of their kind were taken to shelves in the sitting room. Her own enthusiasm in study was aroused, and far from a hardship, it now became a delight. Her spirit was contagious. The boys, always fond of "mother," wondered what new life possessed her, but they accepted the change all the same. She found that she could teach, also could inspire her pupils. They heard of a gully, five or six miles away, where crystals had been found. Making a holiday, for which the boys worked like Trojans, they took their lunch in the farm wagon and rode to the spot; and if their search was not altogether successful, it left them the memory of a happy time.

In the meanwhile the farm prospered. She did all the work in the house and all the sewing; going out, too, in the garden, where she raised a few flowers, and helping to gather vegetables. Daniel and the boys were bitterly opposed to her helping them. "Mother," said Jerry, "if you won't ever think you must go out, I'll do anything to make up. I don't want you to look like those women we see sometimes in the fields." Generally she yielded: her work was enough for one pair of hands. Through it all now ran the thought that her children were growing up; they would become educated men; she would not let them get ahead; not so as to pass her entirely.

Winter came. Now Daniel could see to the work; but these habits of study were not to be broken. "Boys, let us form a history club," was the proposition; "it shan't interfere with your lessons at school." They took the history of the United States, which the two younger children were studying. Beginning with the New England settlements, and being six in number, they called each other, for the time, after the six states, persuading old Daniel to take his native Rhode Island. "The woman beats all creation," he he was heard to exclaim, "the way she works all day and goes on at night over her books." The mother used to say she hardly knew if she were any older than her boys when they were trying to trip each other with questions. The teacher of the district school came over one Saturday afternoon. "I never had such pupils," said he, "as your sons, in history; and indeed, they want to look into everything." Afterwards he heard with delight, the story of their evening's work. The deep snow often shut them in, but the red light shone clearly and bright from that sitting-room window, and a merry group was gathered around the table. Every two weeks an evening was given to some journey. It was laid out in advance, and faithfully studied. Once Theodore remembers, a shout of laughter was raised when nine o'clock came, by Jerry's exclamation: "Oh mother don't go home now; we are having such a good time!" Five years they lived in this way, and almost entirely by themselves. They studied botany. She knew the name of every tree and shrub for miles around. The little boys made a collection of birds' eggs, and they began to watch closely the habits of the birds. It was a pure simple life. It would have been too wild and lonely but for the charm of this devoted mother. Her hours of loneliness were all hidden from them, but she learned in an unusual degree to throw every energy into the day's work of study, and create, as it were, a fresh enthusiasm for the present hour. Her loving sacrifice was rewarded. Each child made her his peculiar confidante. She became the inspiration of his life.

English history opened a wide field to this family. One afternoon she brought in Shakespeare to prove some historical question. It was a rainy day, and the boys were all at home. Jerry began to read "Hamlet" aloud; it proved a treasure that brought them into a new world of delight. Sometimes they took different characters for representation, and the evening ended in a frolic, for good-natured mirth was never repressed.

First of all a preparation had been made for the Sabbath. There was a church in this town, but at a distance of several miles,

and during many days the roads were not passable. She had leaned upon Infinite strength, gathering wisdom through all the experiences. The secret of many a promise had been revealed to her understanding, and, above everything, she desired that the Scriptures should become precious to her children. She took up Bible characters, bringing to bear the same vivid interest, the same power of making them realities.

The lessons were varied by little sketches or reports of one Sunday to be read aloud the next. Of this Nate took hold with a special zest. None of this family could sing. She thought of a substitute. They learned the Psalms, much of Isaiah, and many hymns, repeating them in concert, learning to count upon this hour around the fire as others do upon their music. How many of these times came to her in after life—a vision of the bright faces of her boys, as they clustered affectionately around her.

Time rolled by. The railroad passed through. A village sprang up and the land was ready to sell. She could keep enough for her own use, and the boys could prepare for college. Thede and Nate went away to school. The old home was kept bright and pleasant, friends, new settlers, came in, and now there was visiting and social life.

Jerry stayed on the farm; Thede became an engineer; Nate, a minister; Johnnie went into business. Thedore used to say: "mother, as I travel about, all the stones and the flowers make me think of you. I catch sight of some rocks, and stop to laugh over those blessed times." Nate said; "mother, when I am reading a psalm in the pulpit, there always comes to me a picture of those old evenings with you in the rocking-chair, by the firelight, and I hear all your voices again." When Jerry, who remained faithful always, had listened to his brothers, he put his arms about her, saying tenderly; "There will never be anybody like mother to me."

She died at the age of sixty-five, very suddenly. Only a few hours before, she had exclaimed, as her children all came home together; "There never were such boys as mine. You have paid me a thousand fold. God grant you all happy homes." They bore her coffin to the grave themselves. They would not let any other person touch it. In the evening they gathered around the old hearthstone in the sitting room and drew their chairs together. No one spoke until Nate said: "Boys, let us pray;" and then all kneeling around her vacant chair, prayed that the mantle of their mother might fall upon them. They could ask nothing beyond that.—*Penn. School Journal.*

Sulphur for Stock.

An English correspondent puts about two ounces of sulphurous acid into a quart bottle of water, and gives a tablespoonful of this dilution three times per day to cattle suffering with foot and mouth disease. In addition to this, he burns a little sulphur three times a day in the stable in which the animal is kept. He moistens the feet also with the above solution with a sponge. One must be careful not to use sulphuric for sulphurous acid, as the former would be hurtful in this case, instead of curative. Burning sulphur in the stable of healthy cattle once or twice a week, he thinks, would ward off disease.

I have long been in the habit of giving a heaping tablespoonful of sulphur for this purpose to my horses and cows once a week, in a mess of meal; also to large swine; to full-grown sheep about half this quantity; to lambs and pigs less, grading it according to size and age. For poultry, once a week I mix sulphur with their pudding, at the rate of a heaping tablespoonful of the former to a gallon of the latter. This keeps them free from lice, unless they are much exposed to these parasites on their roosts or otherwise. Sulphur in moderate doses, and not given too often, is healthful, and a guard against various diseases and vermin.

A simple method of burning it is on a slip of cardboard, or extra stout paper, a foot long and two or three inches wide. Scatter sulphur on one end of this, light the paper and then move it about the cattle in the stable. Be very careful to set nothing on fire when doing this. In order to guard from fire, if litter is in the stable, it should be removed previous to lighting the sulphured paper. A safer way, however, would be to put some paper in a hollow dish or pan with a handle to it to take hold of and move about.—*T. B., in N. Y. Tribune.*

Southern Workman.

VOL. XIII. HAMPTON, VA., AUGUST, 1884. No. 8.

WATCHING FOR THE BOATS. [From Christian Weekly.

Watching for the Boats.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

It's time that the fishers were coming back,
Coming laden with shining spoil;
The oars are beaten the homeward track,
And the rowers are weary with all night's toil.
The rose of morn, so pearly and red,
Unfolding has made the round earth sweet,
The boats are bringing the children's bread,
And we must be waiting our men to greet.

So, father, gaze through the trusty glass,
And scan the waves of the foaming bay,
You will catch them soon as the Point they pass,
Your eye is keen, though your hair is gray.
And, wife, with balm in your arms asleep,
Keep up your heart, he will soon be here,
The sea's rich harvest he went to reap
For the sake of your babe you hold so dear.

Fair lass, with hush on your nut-brown cheek,
Your sailor is hasting across the waves;
For lack of a word that you would not speak
His heart is sad and his brow is gray.
Yes! 'twas is gone, but you have to-day;
Let a welcome beam on your parted lips;
For theirs is a perilous stormy way
Who needs must go to the sea in ships.

There was One who stood on a grassy shore
In the morning's beautiful opening glow,
And watched the boats with their quivering oars,
And said to a fisherman soft and low,
"Lovest thou me?" And still He says
To the men who toil on the billowy sea,
"You, most of all, should be full of praise,
If over the billows you go with Me."

The night was chill, and the toil was hard,
But the boats are bringing the children's bread,
The Lord is ever the sailor's guard,
And under his smile are our tables spread.
So, baby, wake, for thy father's near,
And, grandsir, say when the Point they round,
For sweet in the fond wife's waiting ear
Is the sound of the keel as it scrapes the ground.

Notes of Travel.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

On the 22d of May, I set out on a little trip to the valley of the Shenandoah. The cold late spring had been very trying to me, and after wrestling for weeks with repeated attacks of neuralgia, I was beginning to feel as if I belonged to the tribe of Coneys, "who are but a feeble folk," and like one of the mythical heroes of old, whose name has escaped me, I longed to gather new strength by the touch of my mother earth, and was sure that, "Times of Refreshing" awaited me among the friends of my childhood.

The modern treatment of nervous diseases discards the use of pills and potions, the application of blisters and ointments, the debilitating effects of blood-letting and the soul-harrowing emetic, and bids the sufferer seek the balm he needs in complete change of atmosphere, diet and associations amidst "fresh fields and pastures new."

Following such a prescription, at 4.30 P. M. on a bright pleasant day in May, I took my ticket at the office of the Richmond and Alleghany Railroad, to try the new route to the Valley by way of Lexington, where connection is made with the Baltimore and Ohio. The car I entered was not more than half full, it being yet too early for summer travel to the mountains, and most of the occupants seemed to be of the class usually to be found in our rural districts, plain looking people, who had never known want of the necessaries of life, but were to a great extent ignorant of its luxuries and refinements. There were several motherly looking old dames with weather-beaten countenances and most unbecoming headgear, accompanied by young daughters fresh and fair enough to atone for their ill-assorted millinery and overtrimmed dresses, laboriously made in the vain effort to adapt the New York fashion plates to the back woods of Virginia. These womenkind were all ladened with boxes and bundles, having come to the city to purchase their spring attire, and were all evidently enjoying the recently completed railroad which had at last given them easy access to the busy world from which they had been so long removed.

I noticed one old lady whose bent form and deeply lined countenance told her to be "a woman of sorrows and acquainted with grief," holding out a long skinny finger, bearing a ring of ancient workmanship, to a neighbor she had recognized on the train, saying in a tremulous tone, "It was Mary's, aad she put it into my hand when she was dying. I broke it soon afterwards, and I was afraid to part with it to have it mended, but I always intended to have it done, and when the railroad was finished and I could get to town myself and have it fixed, I came the first chance I got." To judge by the silvery hair and wrinkled face of the speaker, how many long years might have passed since Mary had sunk into endless sleep, and the simple-hearted mourner had waited for the scream of the engine to wake the echoes among the mountains and enable her to come to town and have her ring mended!

There were several tobacco planters from the hills and vales of Amherst and Rockbridge, who had abandoned the mules and oxen, which had been their life-long companions, and taken advantage of the iron horse to reach the nearest market.

In the words of the old slave song, familiar to all Virginians, they had "Been long down to Lynchburg town, to sell tobacco down dar." Planters and commission merchants are natural enemies, and one red-nosed farmer who had evidently not invested the proceeds of his crop so entirely in dry-goods as his female fellow travelers had done, held forth long and loud on the iniquitous practices of the Lynchburg dealers and ware house-men, winding up with the cheerful wish that "the owls and the bats would yet take possession of their habitations; and the devil would get the last man of them." The Richmond and Alleghany rail-road runs alongside of James river and up its rugged valley overshadowed by the broken cliffs of the Blue Ridge, and following closely the course of the old canal, being built sometimes in its bed, at others on the tow-path where the patient mules crowded along with the lumbering boat, which bore messages of good cheer from the city by the sea, to the rocky heights of the distant mountains. The James River and Kanawha canal was designed by George Washington, and like some other institutions of G. W.'s day, tolerated if not encouraged by him, has proved all unfit for the progress of our age, and given place to new methods. That portion of the canal, running from Lynchburg to Lexington was opened for travel about 1850 and was at that time of great value to the people of the district, bringing wood, grain, tobacco, cattle and other products of rural regions to the low-land cities, and carrying on the return trip all the manufactured goods needed by the up country folks.

The canal was very often out of order; in winter every severe freeze would close it against travel, the heavy rains of spring and fall would put the usually slumbrous James upon the rampage, and then the tow-path would be washed away, the locks would break, the company would put in for repairs and the bond holders lugubriously realized that no more dividends would be forthcoming for many a long day. Even when all things worked together for good, which they did on an average one day in three, the canal was a slow, uncertain method of communication between the sections. And yet with all the lights before them, in an age when the world rushes on with break-neck speed, and all the great forces of nature are called into requisition to facilitate progress, there was a strong party in opposition when it was first proposed to substitute a railroad for the old canal, which perhaps the best method of the times that produced it, had outlived its usefulness, and like some of its "Bourbon" co-temporaries was compelled to give way to modern ideas. Every possible obstacle was put in the way of the railroad projectors, the legislature wrestled in anguished eloquence for several terms with the problem, but at last Mr. Parsons, the leading spirit of the new enterprise, proved beyond a peradventure that the canal was the most expensive luxury that Virginia could possess, conservatism was forced to yield, progress triumphed, and the lovely, long silent hills and dales of the upper James were roused to life and energy. Mr. Parsons has bought the famous Natural Bridge property, and built upon adjacent grounds a charming summer resort, with all the latest attractions and conveniences to which the world is invited and is coming. Various and valuable minerals, notably iron and slate, are attracting attention from capitalists, and the universal Yankee is found busy in the cliffs and hollows developing treasures which have waited ages in the bosom of the earth for the wand of the magician to call them to light. At one station great stacks of roofing slate were waiting transportation, from the quarry near the Natural Bridge, now owned and worked by Capt. Wilson, well known in this district from having been first bureau agent and then Postmaster at Lynchburg in the troubled period of re-construction. Capt. Wilson is a wounded Federal officer, who has filled every position he has occupied in a manner to command the respect of all with whom he came in contact.

When political change and "the ingratitude of Republics" removed him from office, he turned his attention to the slate quarry he had purchased some years before, and now finds ready sale for all he can send to market, with peace, which political life can neither give or take away.

For fear of wearing out the patience of my readers I will postpone further results of what Mr. Selby's Sam called "bobservation" along James river, for the next number of the *Southern Workman*.

Closing Exercises at Tuskegee Normal School.

Leaving Hampton on the afternoon of May 26th, on the 3.50 P. M. train, we found ourselves on the morning of the third day at 8 o'clock in the town of Tuskegee on the premises of the Normal School, after a walk of five miles over a sandy road: (our dispatch for a team to meet us not being delivered until an hour after our arrival at the school.)

On the way, we passed through Richmond, Danville, Greensboro, Charlotte and Atlanta, Prof. R. T. Greener joined us at Danville, enroute for Tuskegee. Having about six hours at our disposal in Richmond, we were fortunate in being able to witness the closing exercises of the Richmond Institute. The salutatorian of the class being sick, his paper was read by another member of the school. The other two of the class were present and in a very creditable manner delivered their respective essays. The student who read the salutatory deserves special mention for his reading, having had only a few hours to look over the manuscript. Space will not allow us to go into a detailed account of these exercises, so we must hasten to our next point, Tuskegee, since it is of this school we are to write.

Having rid ourselves of the dust of 36 hours travel and refreshed the inner man, we are prepared to look around the school.

At the sound of the gong, the young men fell in line for morning Inspection, reminding us very much of the inspection at Hampton, before the military department was organized. To the music of two drums they march into the building (Porter Hall) and go immediately to the Chapel for roll call and devotional exercises. The hearty manner in which they sing is very inspiring; again we are reminded of Hampton's earlier days.

Passing from one recitation room to another, we cannot but admire the good work being done, the earnestness of the teachers, and the thorough appreciation of the advantages of the school on the part of the scholars. Leaving Porter Hall, we go to the Slater carpenter shop—the money for this shop was gotten from the Slater Fund. Here are being made the doors and other wood work for the proposed Alabama Hall. Mr. Thweatt, a colored master carpenter, is doing this work, assisted by the Tuskegee students, Porter Hall was built by the same mechanic. In one end of the carpenter shop is located the Printing Office, where job work is done.

We next go to the brick kiln, where bricks are being made for Alabama Hall, by students' labor. A brick machine is required for making bricks, the clay is so stiff it can not be moulded by hand as is customary. It requires more patience and energy to make a thousand bricks here than in most parts of the country, nevertheless we find the young men, with two mules to drive the machine, working manfully. The barn yard and buildings, now almost in miniature, show signs of a very hopeful nature for the future possibilities. The farm and vegetable gardens certainly attest the skill of the manager of the department.

Towards the close of the day, the students, at the Principal's request, sang quite a number of the old time melodies, greatly to our delight.

After a pleasant night's rest, Thursday, Tuskegee's Anniversary day, opens bright and cheerful, a nice breeze is blowing which goes a long way towards counteracting the heat of a late May sun, which is quite intense when there is a calm.

Early in the day, teams begin to arrive bringing friends and patrons of the school. The vehicles were varied in construction, and the animals were not all of one kind. But the happy hearts and faces of the owners of these teams, and the joyous smiles and exclamations of welcome on the part of the students soon take our attention from the curious conveyances

The school band furnished music for the morning inspection. The opening exercises held at 8.30; at nine o'clock the recitations in U. S. History, Ancient History, Arithmetic, Algebra, Plane Geometry, Grammar, Geography, Reading and Natural Philosophy, began and occupied all the forenoon. At noon the visitors were invited to witness the various industrial departments in operation. I will not describe them here, having already done so above—suffice, to say that much interest was manifested by the visitors in these as in the academic department. Many complimentary remarks were made by those who had come from a distance, on the thoroughness of the work.

Four large mulberry trees furnished abundant shade under which the company gathered and partook of a bountiful supply of sandwiches, coffee, cake and lemonade.

The following is the programme of the afternoon exercises:

PROGRAMME.

MUSIC—NORMAL SCHOOL BAND.

ESSAY; "*Effect of Good Association*". Lola B. Gaulden, *Montgomery, Ala.*

RECITATION—"*Over the Hill to the Poor House.*" Virginia L. Adams, *Tuskegee, Ala.*

RECITATION—"*Over the Hill from the Poor House.*" Bell C. Stevens, *Tuskegee, Ala.*

MUSIC.

ORATION—"*Alex H. Stephens*". Jno. T. Hollis, *Cotton Valley, Ala.*

MUSIC.

"*Exercises in Teaching*" Laura D. Floyd, *Opelika, Ala.*

MUSIC.

Annual Address. Prof. R. T. Greener, *Washington, D. C.*

MUSIC.

Prof. Greener's address was replete with sound practical advice and it would afford us much pleasure to lay it before the readers of the *Workman*, but space will not permit.

Among the guests were Dr. C. F. Dorsette and wife, Prof. R. D. Wood, and the congregational minister, Rev. R. C. Bedford; all of Montgomery, Alabama. Also several prominent gentlemen of the town of Tuskegee.

Mr. B. T. Washington, the Principal, and his assistants Misses Adella Aunt, Rosetta Mason, Ada M. Wallace, Messrs, Warren Logan, M. J. Maddox, Wm. Jenkins, W. B. Ross, and H. C. Ferguson are certainly doing a noble work in a splendid manner and too much praise cannot be given for what has been accomplished, and having seen the workings of the Institution, we are led to believe that Tuskegee is to play no small part in the solution of the educational problem of the Negro in the South,

R. H. H.

What will become of them?

Fort Berthold, May, 19 1884.

A recent issue of one of our illustrated papers pictured the return of a young Indian woman to her wild relatives. One cannot but tremble, not at the physical, but the moral danger of the girl, friendless and alone as she seems to be in the picture, and ask how she is to be kept from degradation. There are three considerations not set forth in the picture, which give grounds for hope that she will stand. The first of these is the moral chance in the girl herself. If she has simply exchanged the shawl she formerly put over head for a hat, and learned the use of a fork instead of the fingers and a butcher knife, she will soon fall back again into the old ways with her people; but if conscience has been quickened, and love of good and right things and persons awakened, then we may have hope. What if she does take to shawl and moccasins again, as her poverty, or social surroundings may compel her to do, if in affection, knowledge and purpose she is a different person? It is providential that in our Indian schools at the East as a whole, the moral and positive religious training has been in good hands. The pupils have not been simply white-washed, but instructed in Christian thoughts and principles, and, in many cases, have become such as God will keep. The force of Christian principle in the heart is, we know, doubted, but not by those who have personal experience of it. Such believe in it in others, and base their hopes on it, and find that their hopes are not ill-founded. They have worked, worshipped, ate and travelled with returned Christian pupils, and believe in them, notwithstanding many failures.

Then there has been a change, in the Indian people. They are becoming rapidly more and more willing to accept the new condition of life providentially made necessary to their future existence. One chief who often talks with me, speaks of his daughters being ashamed of his uncouth Indian manners when they return to his home; and, though an old man, will sit like a child at their feet to be instructed; and has for some times been struggling with the question of an entire abandonment of the heathen worship and ways of his life time. He is one of many, and it is because so many among the Indian tribes are struggling up towards the light, and at some agencies so many are already in it, that we expect the returned pupils to stand against the still abounding evil.

But our main hope is in the fact that at most of the Indian agencies, missionary work is going on. In a number of cases this work has now the aid of returned pupils from Christian boarding schools, and as new pupils return they will be enlisted in the war against evil. They will find two parties, and will be of neccessity impelled to take the right side. Christian missionary men and women will say to them, help us, find sympathy and strength in us, and to many Christian workers from among their own people will say, you have had advantages above us, now help us to overcome the heathen party. We listened to two Christian Indians the other evening, who urged upon the scholars in an Indian school, the necessity of fitting themselves well to help their people, and were before them a living embodiment of their own speech. The great hope for the Indian as for the white man, for the life that now is, as well as for that to come, is the teaching and the living of the word of Christ.

C. L. HALL.

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Hard Times.

Since trade became dull, and banks began to fail, and bankers defaulted, and merchants went to the wall, and railroad securities have shrunk up more than fifteen hundred million of dollars in three years, the question is constantly asked, what is the trouble? What is the cause? There is sufficient cause, though we may not know it, or be able to explain it. Trade is governed by natural laws, as all things are governed. We do not study these laws sufficiently, and cannot reach any very just conclusion on the subject. We know a few facts, and reason from them in an indefinite sort of way. Communities, like individuals, get their wisdom from bitter experience, and not from listening to men who claim to be, and are perhaps, very wise. This great prosperous nation, with the resources of a boundless continent behind it, is as subject to financial panics as Japan is to earthquakes. Notwithstanding the richness of the soil, and the vast mineral resources of the country, and the most unlimited personal freedom of action, and in spite of the boasted intelligence of its people, every few years these financial panics come. Fortunes disappear, merchants fail, trust institutions crumble, workmen are thrown out of employment, and suffering prevails. It does not seem necessary that this state of things should occur so often. We must infer that something is wrong. No doubt that many reasons may be given to account for these troubles. The tariff system, the paper currency, may have something to do with it. And it is very possible that the energetic characters of the people may have something to do with it, and, perhaps, more than all other causes, we are constantly "overdoing." It must be admitted that the average American has a settled conviction that he ought to be rich, and will be rich in a dozen years. In Europe, that sentiment does not prevail. A man's traditions there, are, that his father and grandfather made a living by close economy and great industry, and at the end of a long business career, left little or nothing to his heirs. To these people, the rich, the millionaires, are a class far above them and beyond imitation. The average American has no such sentiments. He has seen too many, in fact, nearly all of the very rich rise out of the ranks, and he sees no reason why he should not rise also. By this he arranges his standard. The owner of a small factory makes a little money. His goods are in demand. He at once increases his factory and enlarges his trade. If the demand again increases, he increases his business on the theory that he will soon put himself among the millionaires. What this single manufacturer is doing, every other manufacturer in the country is also doing. No one feels satisfied. Production is pushed in every way. The limit of demand is soon reached. What is made cannot be consumed. Markets become glutted, and are closed, and the manufacturing interests are in distress. There are now a hundred more iron furnaces than the country needs. The shoe factories of New England can supply the country with shoes by working on half time. The nail factories produce so enormously that their markets are over-stocked. So it is in nearly every business. No one is contented. We sneer at the phlegmatic European, especially the thrifty Frenchman, who does a "small business." We tell them that they lack enterprise, and when the 4th of July comes around, we talk of our greatness and our marvelous energy, without reflecting on the penalty we pay for it. Are we the gainers by this great, almost mad enterprise? "How fast will your horse go?" asked a buyer of an Irishman, who had a horse for sale. "A mile in three minutes," was the reply. "I want one that will go in two and a half minutes" said the purchaser. "Ye must be in an awful hurry if ye cannot wait half a minute," said Paddy. The business men wish to get their commercial speed down to the best time on record. And it has resulted in this; that ninety-five out of a hundred business men become bankrupts, and these financial cyclones strew the shores of mercantile life with wrecks. The merchant prince of to-day becomes a book-keeper to-morrow. The railway director becomes an insurance agent. The promising young men take to the rum shops. Those who survive financial disaster are weary and worn out. Gradually the effect of overproduction disappears. Trade slowly revives. But the moment the demand begins each producer rouses himself to his greatest efforts, thinks, contrives, and works to again increase his trade, never considering that every other man is doing the same thing. So that in energy and enterprise are the seeds of trade panics. There was a time, when the manufacturers of the world could not supply the demand. But steam power, doing the work of millions of men, and cunning inventions have more, than met the demand. It will be many years before the laws of trade are well understood, and until then, and until business men know and believe what contentment is, the commerce of the country and the world will be subject to severe financial disaster.

.W .N .A

Mr. Welsh's work is already so familiar to our readers that it hardly requires either introduction or comment. But the letter from him printed on another page of this issue and followed by extracts from a letter written by Capt. Brown, lately commandant at Hampton, furnishes a text which carries its own evidence with it, and the two letters taken in connection give such insight into the present condition of Indian affairs and throw such light on future probabilities, as to justify certain conclusions in regard to both national and individual action towards these people, who still remain at the nation's mercy. Mr. Welsh speaks of the promising, healthy children, and of the appreciation which a majority of the Indians show of the value to them of practical education. Capt. Brown says: "They want their children to learn from books and to work," and speaks at length of the well doing of the returned students from the East. Again, they agree absolutely as to the necessity of controlling the conditions at the agencies, and our own School chaplain, Rev. Mr. Frissell, corroborates in detail all their statements. The points, in brief, of these various experiences are these; Agency Schools, Carlisle, Hampton and other similar undertakings have established the fact that Indians desire, appreciate and are capable of receiving such education as will fit them to become useful citizens and helpers of their own people. The success in training individuals is marked, the relapses are few, the struggle, in general, is brave and commands respect, but all this when granted, only brings us face to face with the at present, almost hopeless difficulties of the conditions which meet our Indian boys and girls who too often are expected to stand absolutely alone in the midst of temptations which even those who have studied the question most closely can hardly appreciate. The question is no longer "Can the Indian be educated?" nor even "How can the Indian be educated?" but, rather "How can we enable the Indian to utilize his education?" We look to the Government for the first solution of this problem, but as a matter of fact the Government will act only as pressure is brought to bear on it by public opinion, and public opinion now as always must be created by individual conviction. How the field is to be prepared for the young men and women who, after careful training in the East, are sent back as the best missionaries to their people, is a matter not easily decided. Good men at the agencies are essential; the witness borne to this by the gentlemen from whom we have quoted is so strong that we feel that the time has not yet come for publishing it in detail, but even good men cannot stand alone, and without good backing can accomplish little. Friends of the Indian everywhere should give careful thought to what is meant when a man who speaks from so wide an experience as does Capt. Brown, says: "It is of little use to attempt to do any thing with the personnel at the agencies unless you can find a good man to put in, *and have the power to put him in, and keep him in.*"

The Indian can be educated; the Indian *is* educated; it remains now, as we have said, to make the result of some practical value to the nation.

We have received a copy of a letter written by Capt. Henry Romeyn, formerly Commandant at Hampton, in response to a request from Gen. Crosby of Montana Terr. that he should give, so far as possible, a resume of his views. concerning a future Indian policy We regret that we cannot give the letter entire, but in condensing it as we have been obliged to do, we endeavor to retain all the most important statements. Capt. Romeyn's experience has been so wide and his observations are so unprejudiced that his opinions should be received as authoritative and given the circulation that they deserve. He dates from Fort Keogh, April 7th, and says:

"It is assumed and must be allowed that until the Indians can be fitted to care for themselves in a manner not in conflict with the best interest of their white neighbors as well as their own, they must be controlled and carefully looked after by those responsible for the best interests of the country. The time has arrived when they can no longer roam at will, as they have hitherto done, over vast tracts of country, which they use only as hunting grounds, and not as producing any other kind of food supply. But their ranges must be circumscribed by law, or it will be done without it, though not without bloodshed, by those who need room for the plow, the flock or the herd Until they are 'located' but little can be done to improve their status.

In order to secure this result he recommends.

1. That each head of a family should receive a tract of land in fee simple, situated always in the neighborhood in which he has lived, in order to avoid the dangers and complications of a removal. The area of the tract should be in accordance with the different habits of the different tribes, the grain producer needing less than the grazier etc, while the grant should be made inalienable for twenty one years, except to heirs in case of death.

2. The lands remaining after the reservations have been thus apportioned should be bought by the Government, on the theory that they still rightfully belong to the Indians, and the money thus obtained should be used in the purchase of tools of all kinds, cattle, horses, etc, which would be at once needed by the Indians; but would otherwise be in most cases beyond his reach. As far as possible the lands should be sold to bonafide settlers only, and an effort made in this way to surround the Indian beginner with helpful influences.

3. Break up tribal relations. Have one and the same law for the Indian and his white neighbors.

4. Aid must of course be given at first, until they have time to earn the necessaries of life. At the end of two years however, it should be made conditional.

5. The system of agencies should be materially changed. Only good business men of tried integrity should be employed, and to this end fair salaries should be paid and peculation and fraud punished.

6. Education should be compulsory between the ages of six and sixteen, and should combine as far as practicable, that of the hand with that of the mind, and if any preference is given to either it should be the former. The Indian can live among his white brothers and not know how to read; he cannot live among them without labor; and an early training in that direction will be certain to produce better results than if casually had at a later period of life. Establish and maintain the common school, and from among its most promising pupils select a certain per cent. annually to be sent to schools like Hampton and Carlisle, where they can be brought under stricter discipline and in contact with better surroundings than at their homes, and be taught the trades which are necessities in any civilized community. Then after four or five years of such training, if the young man or young woman thinks that he or she can hold his or her own in a white community, do not force a return to the old home, but allow them to do as young whites—go into the world and make the most they can of it. Enough will return to form a strong nucleus for good, and all will be better satisfied.

7. I do not believe that there will be any increase among them. Everything goes to show that they will be absorbed by the Anglo-Saxon race.

8. They should have the ballot when they have become fit for it, not before. Make this the test and you add another incentive for his improvement. Not much perhaps can be done with the adult Indian but the children can be made improvements on their parents. For sometime, probably until this generation and its memories have passed away, it will not be safe to withdraw military control. Enlistment of some of the more turbulent young men as soldiers might be productive of good.

But suppose we drop all useless verbiage and simply say, "Treat the Indian as a man" —a man degraded and brutish in many of his instincts, but not utterly devoid of manly qualities; a man with human rights, a being with a soul, a human integer which we have no right to eliminate.

Thus far most of his history has been written in blood, and can be bound into fearful books of record with the fragments of our broken treaties. Out of the nearly 650 treaties made with them since the formation of our government, we have not kept ten per cent, and yet we complain of Indian treachery and want of good faith. With shameful greed and avarice, such as, great as we think ourselves, we would not dare to indulge in toward another nation of our own race, we have set him examples of robbery, with and without form of law, the record of which should tinge our national record with shame. Let us resolve that the future shall not be as the past, and when we have done what we can for the race, if it shall be found that Providence has decreed that it shall disappear from the land and its history be closed, let it be in peace and quietness, not in uselessly shed blood and slaughter, and let its white supplanters appear at the final obsequies as mourners and not as executioners,

GEN. Crook is one among a number of army officers, who, having thought out the Indian question, are practically testing their theories, so far as they can do so in the face of the political complications which hinder, more or less, all work for Indians. In his recent address to the West Point graduates, he says:

"Make them no promises which you can not fulfill. Make no statements you cannot verify. When difficulties arise, as they occasionally will, endeavor to be so well informed of all the circumstances of the case that your action may be powerful and convincing because just and impartial. Let the Indian see that you administer one law for both the white-skinned and the red-skinned, that you do this without regard for praise or censure; and you will gain his confidence, because you have shown yourself worthy of it. The rest will be easy. Don't expect too much at once, and don't lose courage or patience on account of backsliding. He should be encouraged to work and to save. The man who works and saves is fast leaving savagery behind him. You will find that the Indian has no rights which our people are compelled to respect. The benefit of laws which protect the white man are not extended to the Indian. Even the courts are closed to him; and to secure him common justice and protect him from outrage will frequently require all your intelligence, courage, and energy."

This is the simple common sense of the whole matter, and with this for a basis, the details of our Indian policy could surely be worked out into something more promising than is the present aspect of affairs. Gen. Crook's words of advice, coming as they do from a man whose record will bear the closest criticism, deserve careful attention, and that not merely from the West Point graduates whom he was addressing.

Whatever may be the merits of Gen. Porter's case, it exhibits marvellous pluck, endurance, patience and sincerity. We begin to feel that he "deserves" success. The German poet said that even if there were no new world for Columbus to discover, a new world should have been called into existence to reward his desire and energy. Gen. Porter has, for twenty years, looked the American people steadily in the face, and demanded justice. The great war General of the American Armies, the Senate and House of Representatives, and a military court of inquiry, have fully vindicated him. As his weary work seemed near its end, and the vindication was about to be completed by the final act of the President, he finds himself far from his goal. The President declares that the law of Congress which vindicated him, is unconstitutional. Probably it is. If it is, it remains that a law for his relief be passed, which is constitutional. The people, generally, cannot decide on the merits of this case. Few have the time and patience to read the enormous mass of evidence involved in it. They must look to those whose business it is to decide the question, and accept their conclusion, if apparently fair, and the judgment of these has been rendered. No one should dispute it, unless he has placed himself in a position by the most thorough examination, to criticise with intelligence and knowledge. There can be no reflection cast upon those who originally condemned Gen. Porter. They acted on their consciences. Still they might have been mistaken in their judgment. It is hardly yet time to say that any body of men are infallible, especially military men, who are selected more for their fighting, than than their judicial qualities. If Gen. Porter was guilty of the charges preferred against him, he should have been shot, kneeling before his coffin, and those who convicted him should have seen that it was done. That they did not, is the best evidence that there lurked in their minds a suspicion that their own conclusions were not correct. This man has struggled for twenty years to rescue his name from infamy. The popular sense of "fair play" is now aroused, and the matter must be settled. Either Congress must reconsider the subject and condemn him, or it must find some way of righting his wrongs. He stands to day before the world with the word "traitor," by lawful verdict, burning in his forehead, which the Nation, through its representatives, has partially wiped out, but halts before it completes the work. It should be obliterated, or rewritten in bolder characters.

"We lost a good friend to-day" said one of the colored boys the evening after Gen. Marshall's departure. There was not a soul on the place but could have said the same thing. The drizzling day seemed quite in sympathy with our feelings. The school all collected the night before around the windows in Virginia Hall where Gen. and Mrs. Marshall were staying, and tried to show as best they could by their songs the gratitude they felt for all their years of labor and love. In the morning the battalion was formed, the business of the shops and the mill was stopped, and we all came together to say good-bye to those whose departure makes more of a break among us than we have ever felt at Hampton.

Knowing, as we do, that their place here can never be filled, we trust that they understand how universal is the appreciation of what they have done for and been to the school, and we look forward to the prospect of their frequent visits, as indication that the tie which binds them to us can never be wholly broken. In letters received from Gen. Marshall since their arrival, he speaks with satisfaction of their new and charming home, which is not lacking in mementos of Hampton, and his kind thoughtfulness for the students whom he took with him from here shows us that the helpful influences which went out from their home here are to be no less powerful under the changed conditions.

What Hampton owes to Gen. and Mrs. Marshall will never be written down in this world. Like many another record it awaits the eternal reckoning.

The Mount Pleasant Orphan Home.

A homeless child appeals to the most tender feelings of humanity. Almost everywhere among our own race, workers in charity have searched the alleys and lanes, the cellars and attics of our cities, for the outcast and forsaken children, and have gathered them into comfortable homes, where they have been trained for lives of usefulness.

Throughout the large colored population of our southern cities, there are many little ones left in utter destitution, friendless, or with friends only a degree less destitute than themselves.

Near the city of Charleston, one who has given years to teaching the colored people of that section, having long felt the need of these homeless ones, had that feeling intensified by finding, one chill day, a little wanderer upon her doorstep. The child had been homeless two years, and that life had been very hard was proved by the scars and bruises upon her little body. She was provided with a home, and, later, four motherless children came under the lady's notice. In the true spirit of benevolence, she cared for them also, and they became the nucleus of an orphan's home for colored children located at Mt. Pleasant, across the bay from Charleston. The home has grown rapidly, and now the family numbers twenty-three boys and girls, whose ages range from two to seventeen years. A house has been procured and, through the aid of northern friends, paid for. The little institution has been incorporated, with a board of seven trustees. The manager, Miss Abbie D. Monroe, has long been the principal of a flourishing freedmen's school, and, the home being near at hand, the children pass a part of the day within its walls, and the remainder is devoted to doing the work of the home, the girls being carefully instructed in house work and sewing, while the boys are no less busy in outdoor labor.

On Sunday, they form a prominent part of the congregation at the little church, presenting a pleasant picture in their neat and simple dress, the product entirely of barrels of clothing sent by northern friends.

Their quiet and respectful behavior, and bright, cheerful faces add to the charm, and the patrons of the home have reason to be proud of their little proteges. It is the design of the trustees to find suitable homes for the children as soon as they are fitted for usefulness, and one boy has just found a northern home, while two children have been adopted by colored residents of South Carolina. The colored people in the neighborhood are becoming interested and helpful, and we may hope that as they gain wealth, they may profit by the object lesson before them and that many such homes may be the outcome of Mt. Pleasant Home. At present it is, to a great extent, dependent upon northern benevolence and is in need of generous assistance.

The cost of the support of one child for a year is $ 53. It seems a small sum when we consider that, but for this home, these children would be growing up in idleness and in all probability would become the criminals of the future.

"In as much as ye have done it unto the least of these" may be the welcome of those who do not forget the dusky but bright faces of the Mount Pleasant Home.

A very pleasant entertainment was given by the Orpheus Yacht Club of Baltimore in Virginia Hall on the evening of Friday, July 11th. This is the second visit of the Club to the school, and their second coming was enjoyed by the students even more than the first. Dr. Harrison's recitations and comic songs were received with rounds of applause. The performances on the zither and cornet were highly appreciated. The quartette from Tuskegee, solos from Messrs Hamilton and Paggs, and choruses from the school seemed to afford entertainment to our visitors. Our hearty thanks are due to the Club for coming up through the severe rain and giving the students and teachers such a treat.

The National Educational Exposition which was held during July at Madison, Wisconsin, attracted large exhibits, partly in its own name, and partly because all the material collected is to be sent, later on, to the great International Exposition which is to be held at New Orleans.

The Schools of the A.M.A. were requested to make special efforts to send creditable exhibits in the line of their school work, which were to be grouped as coming from a single State. The exposition included a "Main Exhibition" and a "Department of Industrial Education, in both of which Hampton had a place, and in both of which the school, as the oldest child of the A. M. A., has endeavored to do credit to its systems. The material was classified as follows, and in accordance with the "Rules and suggestions" sent by the Association, Hampton sent the following exhibit:

Large hexagonal revolving case, 6 ft. high, 3ft. 2in. longest diameter.

This was made in the Indian training shop, in part by Indian boys, of pine stained to imitate black walnut, and was surmounted by a scroll ornament of yellow poplar, made in the wood working shop of the Huntington Industrial Works.

It contains eighteen divisions, three on a side holding large photographs, etc. as follows:

FIRST SIDE.

1. (top) Photograph of Senior Class of 1884.
2. Two groups of colored girls.
3. Group of Indian girls and teachers.

SECOND SIDE.

1. View of buildings from Barn cupola. Library. Wigwam, Virginia Hall, Gymnasium, Winona.
2. Group of newly arrived Indians with the Indian student (Julia St Cyr,) who brought them to Hampton.
3. Photograph of Interior of Training Shop for colored boys—(wood working shop of Huntington Industrial Works) showing specimens of their work.

THIRD SIDE.

1. View of Academic Hall.
2. View of Buildings—Library, Wigwam, Stone Memorial.
3. View from Mill Tower—Academic Hall, Virginia Hall, Library and Office, Gymnasium, Wigwam, "Stone," Fire Engine House, "Marquand."

FOURTH SIDE.

1. Wigwam.
2. Winona, Virginia Hall.
3. View from Academic Hall—Principal's House, Winona, Virginia Hall, Gas Works, Library.

FIFTH SIDE.

1. Virginia Hall—Battalion Cadets in front.
2. Huntington Industrial Works, "Graves" and "Marquand", Machine shop.
3. Barn.

SIXTH SIDE.

1. Group of Indian boys.
2. Specimens of printing from Normal School Steam Press.
3. Circular letter of Gen. Armstrong.

Specimens from the Industrial Department and of students' labor in general, are hung from the bottom of the case and stand grouped about it, as follows:

Specimens of Tin-ware: cups, cans, coffee pots etc. (Indian Training Shop.)
Mittens from Knitting Room.
Iron work from Blacksmith Shop: (hammer heads, horse-shoes, hooks, wagon fittings, etc.)
Spokes and felloes from Wheelwright Shop
Specimens from Shoe Factory—Government brogans, men's shoes worn by students, ladies' buttoned boots.
There were also sent, specimen copies of *Southern Workman*, reports, circulars, etc.

Extract from a Letter

FROM CAPTAIN ROMEYN, FORMERLY MILITARY COMMANDANT AT THIS SCHOOL.

Jan. 29, 1884.

"I was in Detroit one day last week to attend the meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic, and among others I met there two of Hampton's boys, one, Sam Smith, whom you may remember as having at one time, been in the Navy, but who did not get through Hampton, and the other Cruze. They are employed by the Mich. Central R. R. as night watchmen at $40 per month each, and I find that Hampton guard duty has not been "duty vainly done." There was a glorious display of dental organs when they met me, and their smiles were only limited by the distance from ear to ear on their countenances."

The Southern Press. Both Sides.

On the 11th of July, the Democratic Convention nominated, on the second ballot, Grover Cleveland, Governor of New York, for President, which nomination was, later in the day, made unanimous and has already received such tokens of the hearty approval of the party, as make it evident that the campaign is to be close and hardly fought. As a rule, the colored press makes the question one of parties and not of men, which is hardly to be wondered at, when it is remembered that their interpretation of the intentions of the two parties is based upon the experience of the colored race in the past, and that this experience has been wholly in favor of government by Republicans.

The *People's Advocate* says that the Chicago Convention "represents despotic and unequivocal hatred to the Negro * * and will doom its participants to ignominy and contempt."

The *Southern Tribune* (col'd) after an energetic appeal to the colored Republicans of the South, says: "We will not be a party to anything that will create a breach in the party, or that will give any one an excuse not to vote and work for the ticket. we are for the rights of all and the harmony of the party."

A very concise statement of the situation is given by the editor of the *New York Globe*, who, however, is in danger of being considered unfaithful to the best interests of his people, and in view of a tendency to "bolt," is coming to be looked upon by his fellow journalists with some suspicion.

"When you assail the Republican party you assail the protected interests of the country—the protected interests which thrive by subsidy and the conference of undue advantage—the corporate interests, and all other "interests' which concentrate wealth and produce pauperism and crime.

Still, there is no party in opposition to which the people are disposed to confide their destiny. They have no confidence in the Democratic party, which stands for revolution, nullification and spoils; they have no confidence in the Greenback party because a specie currency is a settled fact; and they have no confidence in the Labor parties because there is no organization of labor forces, no intelligent concert of leadership and procedure, and no well defined issues.

As things stand now, the Republican party is the only party in the field which has a thorough organization, a sharply defined policy and masterful leadership. Hence that party has swept the field in the past, and will continue to sweep it in the future, unless an opposition shall arise masterful enough to depose it."

* * * * * *

"The Republican party will receive the bulk of the colored vote in the coming election, not because the colored people are persuaded that the success of that party will further fix their status as citizens (that's a lie), but because they are afraid to trust the Democratic vandals. Every measure which the Republican Congress has enacted into law for our behoof has been declared to be unconstitutional—by Republican, not by Democratic judiciaries. The colored people will support Blaine and Logan, but they will not do it blindly—they do it because nothing better is offered to them."

The *Christian Recorder* (col'd.) sums up the sins of democracy, and consides the individual candidates of small importance in comparison with party platforms.

"Comparison of the two chief parties results in finding in both the evils common to mankind. But the one shows a marked indifference toward the race-varieties outside of its own. We heard a democrat answer the question, 'What is democracy?' by saying, 'Well, it would take me two days to answer that; but it is equal rights so far as practicable.' The other evinces a definite feeling of a sort of general, universal manhood, extending beyond any given race variety. Whether we consider the two parties with reference to the Indian, the Negro, or with reference to money and tariff, we get the same result. The one despises, the other defends the weak.

There is a moral element to be considered in politics. With these virtues in favor of the Republican party, and those vices against the Democratic, it would seem that all men hoping for better days and better politics should devote themselves to the better party and, if more virtuous than either party, attempt the reformation of the one that is not 'clean gone from original righteousness, instead of the one that has committed the 'unpardonable sin.'"

The satisfaction of Southern Democrats with the nomination has increased daily, and the expressions of the press in regard to it are remarkably unanimous, especially when contrasted with the uncertain ring noticeable in the utterances which come from the Republican ranks.

"We have never seen a community more delighted than ours at the nomination of CLEVELAND and HENDRICKS. It is true that many of our people would have selected BAYARD as their first choice; though they always had a very high admiration for CLEVELAND; but at the same time they were willing to surrender their choice in favor of CLEVELAND, against whom they never had any objections whatever, and who—as it has been proved—is the very strongest man that could have been selected to carry our flag to certain victory. * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Fellow-Democrats, the skies have never been so bright as they are now. Not only are our candidates above even any suspicion of political haseness, but they are confronted by men who are known all over the Union as the leaders of the plundering-squad of the Republican party, and were put there to gorge themselves and their gang with even more of the spoils. The people of the United States have been taxed and taxed long enough to make millionaires of these sackers of the treasury, and the national stomach revolts at placing in the Presidential chair a man who is notorious all over the Union for his unblushing corruption, and to whom the name of the 'tattooed man' has been given by acclamation from the Atlantic to the Pacific."—*Landmark.*

The *N. O. Picayune*, after calling attention to the indications that the present standard of business morality in this country is alarmingly low, and that there is close connection between dishonesty in business and corruption in politics, goes on to make the following deductions:

"The recent Republican nominations at Chicago, with the comments of independent and bolting Republican journals, combine with late failures and revelations in Wall street to lend emphasis to these gloomy reflections. It is a very remarkable circumstance, that the majority of a great national party should willfully select as its leader, in a contest of such importance, a man who has so small a claim to the moral support of the American people. That sagacious politicians should have considered his candidacy a safe venture, is among the ominous signs of the times. Their opinion seems to be that the people have so intense an admiration for smartness, sharpness, shrewdness, and a ready flow of vivid speech, that the possessor of those traits can command their suffrage, although it may be demonstrated that he has already abused the opportunities of office.

It remains to be seen how far this estimate will be justified by the popular verdict in November next; but we are not in need of this particular instance to prove the prevalence of corruption in politics. That is something that men admit only too readily. If they would test the matter more by personal examination, we might have more hope of a speedy reformation. The Republican party has been corrupted by a too long tenure of office. Its corruption as a national party may be accounted for by precisely the same conditions that have led to the corruption of the Democratic party in certain quarters where its supremacy has been long unquestioned. A reformation involving only a change of parties will be, can be, only superficial and temporary. The true reformation will come when the people realize that public business has all the urgency of private business in free countries. They will begin to see this point when they understand how closely and vitally politics and business are related. Congress is engaged much of its time in giving away the people's money and the nation's land. Corporations and monopolies govern through the lobby, and the people are flattered and satisfied with a little cheap eloquence on the stump."

A deduction from similar views is made by the *Richmond State*.

"The remark is sometimes made that a politician cannot be honest, and that no matter who the candidate for high office may be, serious flaws are surely to be found in his private and public life. For while it is true that the Republican party at this time includes very few honest leaders, it is not true that as a rule politicians are necessarily corrupt. The Democrats at Chicago had many statesmen of spotless reputation to choose from. BAYARD, THURMAN, HENDRICKS, McDONALD, and CLEVELAND, are all men of high character. They are men who have been in politics many years, but their records are clean. Can men claiming to be honest treat the matter so lightly, and say, 'True, BLAINE may be corrupt, but he is no worse than hundreds of others politicians.' At the polls in November the people will have the opportunity of voting for a ticket composed of pure men—men who have been as honest in their political work as they could have been in their private transactions. If the people vote for CLEVELAND and HENDRICKS they will help to put down rascality. If they vote for BLAINE and LOGAN, they will only vote to continue corrupt men in power. From a moral standpoint, there is a wide gulf between the two parties: in the present case, there is a great difference between the moral status of the standard-bearer of the two parties."

The *Baltimore Sun* believes that the tariff complication may prove to be the turning point in the coming election.

"According to the estimate of our esteemed contemporary, the *Philadelphia Times*, there are more than one million "thoroughly independent voters" in the country, who vote to suit their own notions, and are not subject to strict party discipline.

If that be so, it would seem at first that the Democrats would certainly win the next election. If the personal honesty of the candidate be made the turning point, nearly all the million Independents will be pretty sure to vote for Mr. CLEVELAND. But, on the other hand, if the Republicans shall succeed in their purpose of bringing toward the tariff as the main issue, if they can cover over the character of their candidate by making free trade or protection the distinction between the parties, then the majority of the Independents may side with BLAINE.

There are more things that nobody knows now to be learned in this election than were offered to learners in any previous contest we have ever seen."

It is hard to foresee how far the pendulum will swing, but so far as the prospects for the coming election can at present be calculated, there was never less chance of a split in the Southern democracy.

The power of the independent vote is already making itself felt even in the South, and one rather amusing result of this is indicated in such items as the following.

"For once, some of the northern Republican papers are hurrahing for 'the solid South.' They are opposed to BLAINE and in favor of CLEVELAND; therefore 'the solid South' is not such a bad idea after all."—*Richmond State.*

Southern religious journals, as a rule, carefully refrain from expressions of political opinion, but just now the feeling is too strong to be entirely ignored. Brief ideas like this from the Southern *Christian Advocate* (Charleston) show the power of the forces that are at work.

"CLEVELAND AND HENDRICKS is a strong ticket. Could the Convention have done better, with all the material which it had at command? The country has not had a better chance to put the Democrats back into power."

An interesting summing up of the work of the Convention is given by the Augusta *Constitutionalist*, and it is not too much to say that its declaration as to the general satisfaction with the nomination, is receiving corroboration on every side.

"The National Democratic Convention, which finished its labors at Chicago on last Friday, will be memorable in the history of American politics.

The plan of battle has been agreed upon. It will be intensely aggressive.—It is impossible to fight a successful campaign in national politics without an idea. Governor CLEVELAND has an idea that in the American mind means something, and that something is reform. He reformed the government of Buffalo, and then the people of New York said this man has done a good work and we will make him Governor of our State. With clean hands, perfect system and determined energy he entered upon the discharge of the duties of this high office, second in importance only to that of President of the United States. He found abuses there and he has corrected them. * * * * * *

As the Governor of a great State, Mr. CLEVELAND rose above the dictates and demands of angry faction in his own party. Sworn to do his duty, he never hesitated, where the interests of the public came into conflict with the private ends of his friends or his party associates. It was when he determined to be the Governor of the whole State of New York, and not of factions or of a party in its narrow and illiberal sense, that the country looked upon him as the embodiment of reform. No other name became so thoroughly identified in the public eye with reform as that of GROVER CLEVELAND. And that is why he was nominated at Chicago.

His nomination is not the outcome of machine politics. There was no preconcerted clap-trap about his nomination. It is the outcome of an honest, hearty demand all over this country for honest methods in politics, and a thorough reform in the administration of the general government. As an evidence of the spontaneity of the feeling that Governor CLEVELAND was the candidate for the Democratic party to nominate for President, the writer, who had an opportunity of being informed, does not know of a member of the Georgia delegation who received a letter from any friend of Gov. CLEVELAND, asking support for him at Chicago. It seems to have been a settled conviction with men who had given the question of the best nomination thought and who were not governed more by sentiment than judgment that CLEVELAND was the man of all men for the party to nominate. A new man, with correct methods in the administration of county, municipal and gubernatorial affairs, he had but one record as a politician and that record is written in two words: HONESTY—REFORM.

When Mr. BLAINE was nominated at Chicago, the Independent public opinion of the country as represented by such papers as the New York Herald, Times, Post, Harper's Weekly, the Boston Herald, Springfield Republican, Philadelphia Times, all with one voice said now is the opportunity for the Democratic party. CLEVELAND and reform will sweep the country in November. * *

Gov. CLEVELAND is the antithesis of Mr. BLAINE. The one is officially honest and unpurchasable. The other is believed officially to be venal and corrupt. The one is crystalized with economy and reform. The other is honeycombed with extravagances and peculation. The American mind is quick to contrast the difference between the two men. Hence CLEVELAND'S nomination.

No other name would be so potential with the Democratic party, and any other candidate would have, to a certain degree, necessitated an explanative or defensive campaign. The feeling in favor of CLEVELAND'S nomination was not manufactured or brought about by any influence other than by a desire to subserve the interests of the party and the country by the selection of the best and most available candidate.

The presence of the Southern Senators and their influence in the delegations would have been potential for the nomination of Senator BAYARD, but there were men on the respective delegations whose convictions could not be swerved by sentiment from the line of common sense and practical politics. Mr. BAYARD'S nomination necessitated a defensive campaign and a doubtful issue. While Mr. BAYARD was undoubtedly the personal choice of the delegates from the South, it was felt that it would never do to force his nomination upon the Northern Democracy. Outside of Tammany and Massachusetts there was no material following from the Northern States for Senator BAYARD. Even in the case of Tammany, one of its leading members seconded the nomination of ex-Senator THURMAN, "the noblest Roman of them all," who was knifed in the Convention by JOHN MCLEAN, Chairman of the Ohio delegation, nominating Gov. HOADLY for the Presidency in opposition to him.

The boom of Governor HENDRICKS for the Presidency was apparently real. The spark of one vote from the Illinois delegation set the Convention in a blaze of excitement. It looked as if a tidal wave had set in to sweep him into a nomination. For twenty minutes the Convention was stormed by a cyclone of cheers and shouts for Governor HENDRICKS, but when the excitement subsided and the Convention came down to business, it was apparent that the members had not lost their senses. It was a conviction with the majority from the start that CLEVELAND only was the talismanic name that could bring victory to the party. * *

The platform is the result of compromise-of conciliation. It is entirely acceptable to both views in the party. All Democrats, Independents and Republicans who desire reform and honest government can stand upon it. It is the embodiment of the conservatism, wisdom and patriotism of the Democratic party.'

Letters From Hampton Graduates.

FROM AN INDIAN GRADUATE. GOOD SUCCESS AND GOOD SPIRIT. SEE A HEAD AND HIT IT. FROM SOUTH CAROLINA. FROM A HARD WORKER. FROM A MARRIED TEACHER.

FROM AN INDIAN GRADUATE.

One of the first three Indian graduates of Hampton—who, after three years in the school graduated in the clas of '82, and have all done well ever since—writes the following interesting letter.

Keshena, Wis. Mar. 3, 1884.

Dear Friend and Teacher. I received your postal card a few days ago, and was glad to hear from you. I received also your circular some time last fall and I intended answering it but I forgot to; and after sometime could not tell whether I had written to you or not, till I received your card.

You wanted to know what I am doing. I have been clerking in a store for one year and a quarter, and I have lately resigned. I am now teaching at the Govt. Boarding School at Keshena. I was appointed an assistant teacher by the new Indian Agent, D. P. Andrews, last fall, in the month of September, but did not commence teaching till the 13th day of February, that is last month, as the school was not finished till then.

When I first returned home in June, 1881, I was filled with joy for being permitted to have the happiness of seeing my people once more, especially my dear parents and relatives. I did not seek for employment immediately but I spent my time for a while visiting friends. I had a very happy time wherever I went. In every way I had the natural feeling of gladness that people feel when they return home after having been away from home for years. After seeing all my friends I went to work on the farm for my father for some time. In the month of August I heard that the school was to commence on the following month, that is in September. I thought I ought to do something, and I soon had my mind fixed to apply for a position as an assistant teacher of this school, so I went to E. Stephens, who was then U. S. Ind. Agent, and made my application. But to my surprise he told me that on account of my age I could not control and govern the school children and he therefore could not take me. I went home disappointed. I did not expect he would refuse me. There were two teachers at the school, viz: the principal and assistant; the assistant was his daughter.

He was regarded a mean and dishonest man and was disliked by all the Indians under his charge, as well as by the whites who knew and saw his acts. The Indians at last made a petition to the Department for his removal, in which they succeeded.

After thus failing to get a place to teach, I was employed by Mr. M. Wescott, a Postmaster, a store keeper, and railroad man, to clerk in his store, which I accepted and held till the 13th ult. when I went to teaching school. The building of this school was commenced early last spring and has been completed at a cost of a little over $8000. It is intended to be an Industrial school. Next summer we are going to have more buildings put up, I mean work shops; shoe maker, carpenter, harness-shops, etc. This is the first school of this kind that was ever built here on this reservation, and I hope that it will prove to be what is most needed for the education of these people. This is all for the present. I will try and write again in a short time.

Your Friend,
M. OSHKENENY.
Class of 82.

GOOD SUCCESS AND GOOD SPIRIT.

A young man who, since his graduation from Hampton, has with much earnest effort accomplished a collegiate education, studying at Dartmouth, writes of his present work and aspirations as follows:

Galveston, Tex., Feb. 23, 1884.

Miss C.

Your letter dated January 22nd, reached me February 21st. It went to Port Mills, then came to me at this place. I arrived here on the first day of Sept. last. I was offered a position in the public school here and I accepted it. You know that I have been studying a long time, and that my means were very short. I had to borrow money to finish up my college course. I felt, when the position was offered me to become a teacher at Tuskegee, that my first duty was to pay the debt I owed for my education. So I selected the place that would pay me the most.

I felt sorry that I could not join Mr. Washington and help him in his work. I get $65. per month here with a prospect of increased pay. There is no place I think would have suited me more than the Tuskegee position. But I had to leave selfseeking out and work to pay up and be a free man. I can not feel free as long as I owe any man. The School Trustees and Supt. seem to be pleased with me as a teacher, and apparently well satisfied with my work. I love the work and I give my undivided time to it. I came here known to no one save the Harbor Master. They placed me next to the principals who were elected the year before, and do all they can to make me satisfied with the place. I have had very courteous treatment from all the prominent men in town.

The Supt. is a gentleman in every particular. He seems to know no color in his desire to promote the best interest of the school.

I got the highest grade certificate that could be given, and the *Galveston News*, and several papers made comments upon it, as there were so few of these certificates issued. And there is no school in town among the colored people that could give me employment according to the certificate I hold, and only *one* among the whites and the teacher of that one is a young man of the U iversity of Virginia. It will be two years or more before the colored have one or have enough children to go to the highest grade school. Yet they are moving towards it rapidly. There are some very bright (intellectually) children in the school here.

Galveston has a very mild climate. No winter hardly. Fruits are growing the year round. New potatoes are in market. My children bring me bouquets often. The atmosphere is very heavy and damp. I think I can not make it my home, yet my prospects seems to be bright here. But the dampness and heaviness of the atmosphere seem to take hold of me, so I must close now.

Yours very truly, W.

SEE A HEAD AND HIT IT.

A variation on the Irishman's motto and method in Donnybrook fair, has been found by a Hampton graduate.

——*Co., Va., Dec. 17th, 1883.*

My Dear Teacher;

I hope you have not given me up as "missing." I am glad to inform you that I am still at the front though not making much fuss about it, but every time I see an ignorant head I hit it. I have regained my health again for which I thank God. I had a very good school on Eastern Shore but wanted to come among my relations, and in the mountains which I think is a great help to my health.

I opened school here the 8th of last Oct., under anything but flattering circumstances. The school that I came to take had been taken when I got here, so I had to hunt up another. I heard that a new settlement of people wanted a school started in a place called the big woods, so I went up to see them and found that they were very anxious to have me start a school, but they had no house, but I told them that I could get a room from some of the families until I could have a house built, so I got a room at $2 per month, then I had to go to see the Supt. who lived about twenty miles away. I took the cars for S——, to see the Supt. When I got there I found that he lived eight miles in the country. It was late in the afternoon when I found this out, and I had walked nine miles that day, but I started for his house and got there a little after dark. I slept that night with some farm hands and got up next morning before day and found the "Colonel" at the barn, and told him what my business was and he said he could not examine me then, for all of his papers were in S——, and he could not go down until Saturday, and this was Monday. I told him that it was very inconvenient and expensive for me to come up again; then he asked me where I had been to school. When I told him at Hampton, he said that he would not examine me if I had my diploma. I told him that it was in my trunk, so he gave me a letter and told me to open school and send my diploma to him and he would give me a Certificate So I did, and after making benches from slabs which I got from a sawmill with an ox team, I have a fine school of 30 pupils which will be increased to 40 after Christmas. I have made two months with an average of 24.60 and 47.75. I hope that I may be able to fill out Hampton's expectations.

Yours Truly, S.

FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

A teacher in the "Black Belt gives the following interesting account of his work.

——*S. C. Jan. 5th 1884.*

Dear Friend,

This term I am on——Island, my native home, as I can be home every day and thus secure better attent on during my illness.

I went up to examination in October, and among seventy three teachers I had the distinguishing honor of passing the best examination of colored, obtaining 97 out of a possible 100. I am principal of a graded school here with a white lady for my assistant. We have 97 on roll and a daily average of 83. The pupils are very backward, having had very inferior teachers and only four months term. I am trying to reform the system in my school room, and I am thankful that my labors are being rewarded.

Now I see that interest and desire for learning showing itself, as it never has yet. My work has given such universal satisfaction, that it amounts almost to dissatisfaction. The progress made by my pupils has been published around. The result was many parents took their children from the school in their district and sent them to me. Of course those teachers became displeased. My failing health prevented me from opening my night school as usual, but my Sunday school is in full bloom and I trust will bear fruit for the Master.

I walk three and a half miles to my school every day and come home in the evening. I am compelled to go the same distance for my Sunday school

The cards you sent me I distributed as Christmas, presents. You ought to have seen the real joy pictured on those little faces, and how pleased they were for such simple tokens of love. I have no assistance in my Sunday school but such a few older men can give, yet we manage to get along quite well.

The people are interested in education as much as can be expected of them. There is not much interest in Sunday school, as there are only two on the island. As regards religion it is more of the demonstrative than real. Yet I feel at times as though they are incapable in their present state of feeling any differently. They have so long been accustomed to their wild and sensual manners of worship that they firmly believe in them, and I feel as though they will be saved upon their belief.

We have one or two good members around of the A. M. E. denomination who are doing considerably towards religious elevation. I am more than ever determined to pursue the course I mentioned to you last year and, if nothing occurs, shall begin at Lincoln University next Fall.

Yours truly, B.

FROM A HARD WORKER.

A young man who has in some respects an exceptionally difficult field, writes nevertheless cheerfully:

——*Tenn., Jan. 29, 1884.*

Kind Friend,

I was in——on Thanksgiving Day and made a speech on "Temperance and the Negro as a citizen." M——wrote for me. I had a very pleasant time.

This is my second year at this place. If my health was good I would enjoy the work much more. If it were not that I work all day in the school room and suffer all night, I would not give it up for any other profession. My school is very large. I have one assistant teacher. Last year I had on roll 108; I have already 127 on roll, and eleven transferred from country schools to this. There are more to enter. I am kept quite busy with my school room duties and with the Secretaryship of the Independent Order of good Templars for Tennessee. The last named office I have recently given up. I hope I may have less work to do now, though my school duties are on the increase.

Christmas I had a Christmas-tree in my school house. The building was trimmed and the tree had over 300 presents. Music was furnished by the colored brass band of this town. It was certainly gay. Complimentary notices of our exhibition and tree appeared in the" G——Democrat" and "G——Herald." I can certainly say that the better class of people are very interested in my school. The Herald says;——Its preparation evidently showed more care and pains than any other similar entertainment gotten up in our town. We noticed with commendation the fact that the recitations were from the the very best standard authors such as Dickens, Longfellow, etc." Both papers spoke in the very highest terms of me and one ventured to say: "The colored people here cannot well dispense with his services hereafter."

Of course I have my opposers and they would willingly "dispense with my services" now. But where is the teacher who hasn't them; the teacher that pleases everybody, pleases nobody. The man or woman can find his worth only by facing obstacles.

The books given to my school last year do much more good than I expected. I wish you could be here some Friday P. M. when I am loaning books; all are in ecstasy to secure a book. I have to call them by classes to keep back a rush. I am glad to say that they don't merely read through a book and that is the end of it. They read and remember, and, I trust, digest. I often have them to give me a general idea of a book, (its contents) that I may tell others. A book called "Aunt Sally" goes like wild fire. It is is a story of slavery. Reading it at the fireside, makes father or mother tell some sorrowful story of their own to the child.

How glad and thankful I am for the Library. I have now about 300 volumes. Kind friends in Conn. in sending me a box very thoughtfully placed in it several files of papers. Rainy days these papers are just the thing needed. I sometimes turn the school into a reading room. The books you and Miss C. sent are as much read as the others. They take care of them much better than I expected. Please pardon my long delay in writing to you.

I am, very truly. H.

FROM A MARRIED TEACHER.

In most cases marriage has not brought our graduate teachers' school work to an end. With a "good companion," it often goes on as usual. One of our young women graduates gives a pleasant account of her good examination and her faithful work.

——*Va., Jan. 6, 1884.*

My Dear Teacher:

As the old year has passed, and I have begun my work in the new. I thought I would write to you. I intended to have written to you before, but I kept putting it off. I know you will excuse me, as you know I am married, and as I have all my business to attend to, it keeps me quite busy. I received your kind letter a few days before Christmas and I was very glad to hear from you.

I was married last May at the Loyal St. Baptist church——Va., and came here to live, where I have been teaching ever since I left Hampton.

I have a good companion and a pleasant home and I am getting along nicely. I am teaching at the same place, and I have a very full school this term, larger than I have ever had before, and everything seems to be in a prosperous condition.

The children set in this term as if they intended to learn and I am glad to say, I never saw children more attentive to their studies than these children are. It has been said by both white and colored in this neighborhood that this is one of the best schools in the county. The children seem to be under such good discipline, and improve so fast.

We have a new Sup't. this year, and I was a little afraid at first that I would not stand as good an examination this term as I had before, as I did not know anything about him. I went and was examined and he was so well pleased with my examination, he took a copy of it to show some other teachers. He is greatly in favor of Hampton graduates. I had fifteen words in spelling, ten questions in arithmetic, twelve in geography, ten in grammar and ten in history, and these are my averages: arithmetic 10, spelling 8.5, geography 10, grammar 9.5, history 9.

I am thankful to say that I have a new school house this term, which is very comfortable. I had a Christmas tree for the little ones, and had a very nice time. I try to do everything I can to make the little ones happy.

My Sunday School is getting along very well. I hope you had a merry Christmas, and will have a happy New Year. I guess you have heard how the people of Va., were treated about the last election.

I hope you are getting along very well in keeping house for your brother. I often think of my Hampton friends and wish I could see them.

I remain your old student, Class of '81.
A.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

"Tasted not the food before them,
Only waited on the others;—
Only served their guests in silence."
Hiawatha's Wedding feast.

There was no "representative of the press" at the sumptuous little "tea" with which Mrs. Philip Stabler, on a lovely June evening, inaugurated her complete house keeping in one of the "Omaha Cottages." There was only a select circle of friends, whose toilets the reporter would have had little trouble in describing, and whose *bon mots* were like the fancy-dress caps they improvised from their pretty napkins —for this day only.

If anybody had been able to refrain long enough from eating strawberries and chicken salad and delicate cake, prepared by Minnie's own skilful hands and served by two pretty Indian girls in the neatest of white frocks, they must have felt the suggestive contrast in the faces of some of the guests, surrounding the table with its white cloth in the tiny cozy room. Our minister, with his grave, pleased looks, the gratified faces of the teachers; the proud hostess smiling shyly at her end of the table; the host sitting in bashful dignity opposite; and above all, that irresistable baby, pervading the feast and tyrannizing over everybody with the most perfect grace in the world! Perhaps the prettiest moment, after all, was when your correspondent, (to keep up the imposing picture which we began,) stepped from the diminutive porch into the narrow foot-path winding through blooming clover, heard the sweet, powerful voices from the Chapel rise in their evening hymn, saw the white dresses dispersing and Philipset out for night-school with a pile of books under his arm—then in a minute met him returning with long strides, carrying on the other arm that tyrant Eddy, who had strayed too far into the long grass.

So ended our second Indian house warming

E. G.

The following letter is the first of a series descriptive of the expedition into the Indian country recently undertaken by Rev. Mr. Frissell, the results of which will be presented to our readers in our September No.

Ft. Berthold, June 4th, 1884.

Dear General:

Our long journey with the Hampton children came to an end this afternoon, when we brought the three for Fort Berthold, Mary, Sarah and Karunach to their homes. We sent off the different squads by the way, those for Arizona leaving us at Grafton, W. Va., in charge of Robt. McIntosh, and those for the Indian Territory under the charge of John King. The railroad company placed a whole car at the disposal of the children, so that they were very comfortably fixed. They brought out their Moody and Sankey hymn books occasionally, and we all sang together.

We parted with Capt. Brown at Chicago, and left the Standing Rock children at Mandan D. T. in charge of a young man whom Maj. McLaughlin sent for them.

The Fort Berthold children spent the Sunday with us at Bismark. We went together to the Presbyterian Church and Sabbath School.

The people seemed much interested in the children and asked me to speak to the school about our work, which I did, and preached in the evening.

As the movement of the boats seemed quite uncertain, we took the Monday morning stage for a 90 miles' ride across the plains to Fort Berthold.

On our way up we met a number of Indians with very good teams and wagons going down to Bismark after having put in their crop. Among these were Kawhat and White Breast. They had both been back to the camp for a time but were working on their farms and wore the white man's dress.

I confess to a feeling of pride in the appearance of our Hampton children. They made a most excellent appearance at the table and behaved themselves in a quiet, orderly way. "They don't seem at all awkward like at table" said the young man who came to escort the Standing Rock girls to their homes.

After a ride of two days across the plains, we came to the Fort Berthold reservation, and the Fort Stevenson school. I found here Mr. Wells and his wife whom I had known in the East. They were both enthusiastic over their work and were struggling against poor accommodations in the way of buildings and small appropriations for rations and help.

The children at Hampton would have hardly been satisfied with the tin dishes of soup which, with bread, made up the principal meal of the day. The children were much crowded, nine girls being placed in one, room, as only a few of the barracks had been fitted up for school purposes. They had in all 48 children, all from the Berthold reservation. Instead of having the children work half a day and study half a day as at Hampton, they detailed boys for two and three weeks at a time for a certain job of work which needed to be done. During that time they did not go to school at all. The instructions from the Interior Department lay much more stress on work than study. I went out and looked at the farm, where I saw 20 acres of oats, 9 acres of potatoes, and 4 acres of garden truck. The health of the students had been very poor during the winter, much worse I should judge than of the Indians at Hampton. Mr. Wells, said that they were obliged to doctor them continually, for weak eyes and sore throats. Mrs. Wells, the wife of the principal, was acting as matron, and doing self sacrificing work, having no help except such as she could get from the Indian girls. I think that Mary and Sarah Walker will be of much help to her.

After taking dinner at the school, the farm wagon was brought up to the door and we drove away toward the agency, which is seventeen miles from the school. A part of the way lay through the bad lands, and a more impressive entrance way to an Indian village could hardly be imagined than these great domes of red rock rising on both sides of the road abruptly from the plains to the height of sixty and 100 feet. They looked like great temples and gave one a sense of awe.

As we approached the village, for quite a distance along the river bank, we saw nicely cultivated plots of ground running down from the road to the bank, with here and there an Indian and squaw at work. This had been laid out, I was told, under the direction of a white man, and the result had been the best sort of farming by the Indians and excellent results in the way of crops in former years, so that this year the farmers around went to the Berthold reservation to get their seed corn.

The Indian burying ground on the reservation was the next object that attracted our attention, if indeed it can rightly be called a burying ground where the bodies are raised on high poles and covered with all the belongings of the departed ones. In some cases the box containing the remains was merely placed upon the top of the ground.

We had heard pleasant words said of the new agent, and we received a most cordial welcome and kind attention. He promised to make places immediately in the Stevenson School for Karunach and the two girls. Karunach is to mend the shoes and teach the boys shoe making. Sarah is to help Mrs. Wells as matron, and Mary will go into the school and help Miss Ward in the school room, as she is able.

The Major kindly escorted us through the village, which is a closely crowded collection of mud and log huts with here and there a circular lodge made of earth. In many cases there was a large central room with a fire in the centre and from this central room smaller rooms opened, where families lived together, this central place being the lodge room of the chief. It was in such a place as this that the Mandans held their grass dance in the evening, where only men were allowed. Into this dimly lighted room the men of the tribe came, some of them almost entirely naked, with very extensive head dresses of feathers extending down their back. One of these was said to be worth $40. At the sound of the drum and a peculiar chant the dance commenced, the men trying to make themselves as much like the different animals as possible. These dances are held nearly every evening, I am told, at Berthold, and continue through much of the night.

There was much wailing when the parents of little Susie learned that she had not returned with the other children, but they were consoled with the promise that she should come back in the fall. I inquired after the children that had been at Hampton previously. Tom Smith had been in the camp but I found him in white man's clothes, having charge of the stables at the agency, and heard good accounts of him from the agent.

Of Josephine Malnourie, I heard good things; she had gone to Fort Buford and was keeping a decent good home for her husband. I was told that he had sowed more than a hundred acres of grain this spring.

Arihotchkish had gone with his father to Buford and was doing well. I found Deluska in Indian clothes. The poor fellow had not strength physically or morally to withstand the pressure. I found him lying down in one of the lodges. As I pulled back the clothes and saw the bells and the Indian dress, he looked ashamed, but promised better things. The Major is interested in him and will help him toward the white man's road. I listened to the story of the death of Abuka and Laughing Face; they tried to walk the white man's way, they tried to keep at their work, but they grew weaker and finally had to give it up.

I shall bring back no children from Berthold. The conditions are not favorable there. They have a good missionary but the people have so far adopted the vices of civilization that they are rapidly dying out. Unlike the Sioux, they have yielded readily to the demands of the white man and it has been their ruin. They are crowded closely together in a small unhealthy village. Not one of them, so far as I saw, had a place of his own apart from the rest. They have their dances nearly every night, and the result is that they sleep much of the day. There is such jealousy between the Arickarees the Gros Ventres and the Mandans that the work of the agent and the missionary is much hindered. The work of these faithful teachers is not lost and the school at Stevenson is a move in the right direction. The Major has taken a strong stand in favor of education. He has said to them, "If you want rations you must let me have your children." Rev. Mr Hall has won the confidence of the people to a remarkable degree and good reports come from the children sent to the Santee school. But it seems to me that the death rate at Berthold is too high to make it advisable to bring many from there. More than half of those who have been at Hampton, from this reservation, have died during their stay there or after their return to their home, while not a single one of the Standing Rock children has been lost.

We enjoyed the hospitality of Rev. Mr. Hall and his pleasant home on the banks of the Missouri. He showed us his pretty little chapel, where he preaches in the Ree language in the morning, in the Gros Ventre in the afternoon, and in English in the evening.

We shall never forget the picture that we saw from the high bluffs near his house, the tall domes of the bad lands in the distance, the closely packed Indian village with its strange looking cemetery in the rear, here and there an old chief wrapped in his blanket looking off into the distance, and down below, the queer tub boats with their skilful Indian boatmen battling with the swift current of the river. The two girls stayed with us at the missionary's house and Karunach stayed at the engineer's house so that no night might be spent in the camp. To-morrow morning the teams will carry us back to Bismark, and take the children to their new school at Stevenson.

H. B. F.

MEDICAL REPORT.

General S. C. Armstrong,

Dear Sir:

Physical examination of the thirty-two Indians received at the school June 28th, results as follows:

Of the seven girls, all give some sign of incipient disease of the lungs. In no case is it advanced, and good results from treatment may be hoped for. In one case, there are complications which render it advisable for the girl to return home when practicable.

Of the twenty-five boys, fifteen are apparently in sound health. One of these has scars showing previous swelling of the cervical lymphatic glands. Another lost the sight of the left eye in infancy.

Ten boys have indications of pulmonary weakness.

Three of these are particularly unfavorable cases. I would recommend that one should immediately return home, and that the others should be under careful observation and that they should be sent home on the first sign of advancement of the disease.

The remaining seven have a good physique and, without examination, would appear in robust health. Judging from former experience, these boys have a chance for improvement in health while in the school, and for subsequent years of usefulness.

Yours very respectfully,

M. M. WALDNON, M. D.

On our editoral page we have called attention to the two following letters which contain the results of personal observation by intelligent and interested students of Indian life, and have, in every line, a practical value.

SANTA FE, N. M, JUNE 8th, 1884.

Dear General:

I feel that I must write you a few, if only a very few lines, regarding some results of our journey to the South West. Mr. Gardiner and I passed two weeks at the Navajo Reservation, where similar impressions were produced upon our minds to those which you received a year ago. Great things may be expected of those Indians under the management of a strong, wise Agent, untold evil and trouble, otherwise. The loss of Major Riordan is universally deplored. Indians and whites are but of one mind regarding the folly on the part of the Government, which compelled his resignation. The Navajos offered to add $1000 to his salary from their annuities if he would remain, I feel that men of this border-land are even more indignant than we of the East at the extravagant parsimony which marks our policy toward Indian Agents. The ladies who are at present conducting the School at Fort Defiance, Miss Coffin and Miss Mc Ivor, are doing a work which should be known and supported. It is admirable, as Mr. Gardiner and I can testify from personal inspection. The children under their care are healthy, intelligent boys and girls. They are in good discipline and making rapid progress. No one with any heart and head can see such children without beseeching God and man to open to them some better future than we have afforded their people in the past. Our apathy regard- them is criminal. The employees on the Navajo Agency are well fitted for their work and should not, in my judgment, be disturbed or removed by the new Agent (Mr. Bowman of Colorado. This gentleman had not reached Fort Defiance when I left, but wrote to Mr. Marshall, acting Agent, asking the number of employees at the Agency and amount of salary attached to each position. He added that times were dull in Colorado and many of his friends proposed coming to New Mexico. But I am wasting your time and writing not a few lines; but a long letter.)

I am delighted to be able to inform you that two strong branches of the Indian Rights Association have just been formed in New Mexico—one at Albuquerque, the other at Santa-Fe. This fact, to my mind, is one of greater encouragement than any other which has occurred in the history of the movement. The reception which we and our work have received from the leading men of this section has been most gratifying,—frank, cordial, sincere. The practical character of our aims—their freedom from sentimentality, has been fairly recognized. I regret to say that we failed to meet Gen. Crook at Whipple Bar rocks, as he had just gone East. We had, however, the pleasure of a delightful interview with Captain Bourke, a charming and highly cultivated man, who has had long experience in the Indian field and who is possessed of a great fund of information regarding the character and habits of the various tribes. Capt. Bourke expresses warm sympathy for our work. At Prescott we met a number of gentlemen who strongly approved our projects and who are likely to aid us in the future. Prominent among these, was the Rev. Mr. Hunt, Pastor of the Congregational Church, who entered heartily into our project approving a branch Association at Prescott. A meeting of prominent gentlemen was held at the place and I think we should have succeeded in gaining the desired end had it not been that Govenor Tritle was not willing to commit himself in the matter. In the face of his disapproval we thought it wise not to press the question at this time, but to wait until Arizona might gain confidence from the examples of New Mexico. We feel entirely content with the splendid way in which Santa Fe and Albuquerque have come foward to our aid and judge that the moral influence of this occasion upon the East will be very strong. Gov. Stover, is President and Mr. Snyder, a rising lawyer, is Secretary of the Albuquerque Branch, while the officers of that which was formed last night at Santa Fe are: Mr. W. W. Griffin, Pres., Mr. Pedro Sanchez, Vice Pres., Mr. William M. Berger, Rec. Sec'y., Rev. E. W. Meany, Cor. Sec'y. These gentlemen and others on the Executive Committee, represent the leading men of Santa Fe. But I have said far more than I intended to, and will close with the hope that I may have a chance to talk of these matters with you on my approaching return to the East. I remain as ever, my dear General, with regards to all at Hampton, most sincerely yours,

HERBERT WELSH.

UNITED STATES INDIAN SERVICE,

Crow Creek Agency, June 6th, 1884.

GENERAL S. C. ARMSTRONG,

Dear Sir: I found Major Swan at Pierre on my way here from Cheyenne Agency and he promised to give employment to Gabe and Larrabee. Felix Benoist is Agency Interpreter, Joseph Wahn is a Scout, Henry Fisherman and Agenougewea are both working on farms belonging to their people. All are well spoken of. Here at Lower Brule all the Hampton boys are well employed. The tone of the Indians at this Agency is progressive, and I am convinced that it is the best point to concentrate on. The improvement in the last year is very marked and encouraging. The Indians will probably have, if the season is good about ten thousand bushels of wheat. Major Gesmann is thinking about a mill, and would like to have two of the boys taught how to run a mill. You haven't that industry at Hampton; but I think that Mr. Goff might arrange to grind the corn meal without much additional expense for machinery. These Indians will in a few years raise a great deal of wheat and probably most of the industries will be carried on here. The Major expects to work the Indians into sheep raising. They now have a goodly number of cattle, hogs, chickens and horses. * *

Boys who have written or brought foolish stories about Hampton are hurting themselves more than Hampton and are very foolish. Their people here are very earnest in their wish that their children should do well and work well and are not pleased to listen to foolish tales. The good boys have written good letters and have given their people good talks after they returned home and the Indians say the others *lie* and are *bad* and that is the reason they speak ill of Hampton. Medicine Bull, Jr., spoke in council the other day and has made a marked impression on the Brule Indians in favor of school work and farming. Even John Archambeau has gone to work and bids fair to redeem his record. I am greatly pleased with the tone here, though Major Casmann says that he feels that he has accomplished very little, only made a good start. It is certainly a good start. There is so much to be accomplished in this work that I do not wonder at his feeling little has been done. John Williamson, the best man in all the mission work, who has spent his life in the work expresses the same feeling.

I assure you that my hearty sympathy and interest will always be yours, and I shall always hope for the success of your labors. With best wishes and kind regards to all,

Yours truly,
GEO. LEROY BROWN,
1st Lieut. 11 U. S. Infty.

Gumption.

If called upon to express in one word the essential qualifications for success in rural industry, I would unhesitatingly use the "old English" word "gumption."

A farmer may have energy, intelligence and means, but if he lacks gumption he will fail of success. Gumption not only directs how, but what to farm—what products bring the largest returns from the labor and money expended thereon.

Gumption discourages going on increasing from year to year an over-supply of any commodity, when others are in demand which pay better and which could be as readily and more profitably produced.

Gumption never risks all on one crop, but diversifies; and after making the farm as near self-sustaining as possible as regards home needs, then directs attention to what is wanted and can be best and most profitably produced on the farm, consulting adaptability of soil, capacity and experience in management.

It is the province of gumption to select the best tools and implements and take proper care of them; to keep the best stock and teams and to properly care for them; to feed and improve the soil, beautify the homestead and surroundings, adding every convenience necessary; to prepare for work and execute at the proper time, using system in the management and adapting it to favorable or unfavorable conditions of seasons and circumstances, making the most of the first and wrenching success from the other.

This is gumption, a faculty allied to common-sense and greatly improved by cultivation.

Gumption is by no means confined to the rural population, but is potent in other callings and occupations. When the writer was a pupil in college, he had for associates two young men, both of more than ordinary intelligence and capacity. One called himself "a genius," and stood fairly well in his classes, without much study; while the other a quiet, modest youth, said "I have to study closely and long on my lessons to prepare for recitation." These two were often pitted against each other in debate in the literary society, and it was the verdict of that society that the "genius" often got the benefit of his opponent in discussion. But the former went to the grave a wreck, leaving no impress of his genius upon the age in which he lived, while the latter is now a distinguished Bishop of the church, of humble piety, great learning and commanding influence. One had genius, the other had gumption.—*The Rural Messenger.*

Farm implements, when occasionally brushed over with crude petroleum, will last longer and be protected from changes of weather when exposed.—*Southern Planter.*

Southern Workman.

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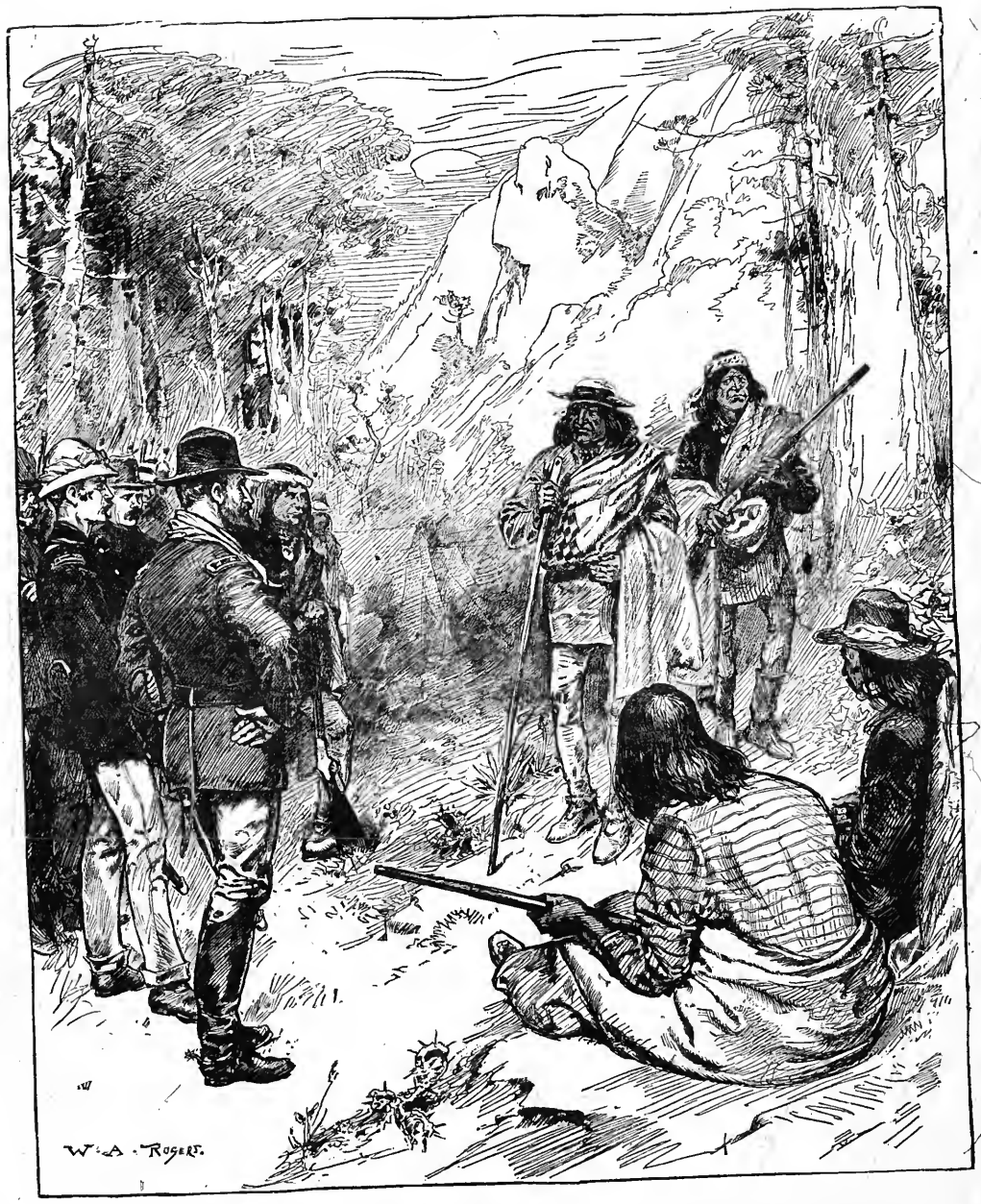

THE APACHE SURRENDER—CHIEF NANE ENTERING GENERAL CROOK'S CAMP TO SUE FOR PEACE.

[From *Harper's Weekly*. Copyright, 1883, by Harper & Brothers.]

A Ride on the New Railroad and into the Shenandoah Valley.

NO. 2.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

The scenery at Balcony Falls, where North River pours into the James about halfway between Lynchburg and Lexington, is wild and beautiful, and made me long to stay and enjoy it.

A monument high up on the mountain side attracted attention from the passengers, and many surmises were ventured, as to its history, until some one acquainted with the locality told a touching incident connected with it. It seems that many years ago, an old white man fell into the river at this point where the current is very strong, and was struggling vainly with the flood, when a negro boy seeing the danger of the drowning man sprang into the surging stream and only succeeded in saving the white man's life with the loss of his own.

The story excited much interest throughout the country, great sympathy was felt for the fate of the generous youth, and at the suggestion of Mr. C. C. Baldwin, then editor of the Lexington Gazette, funds were collected and a monument erected on the cliff over hanging the spot where the noble deed was done.

My visit to the valley was made in what some one has called the season for Alum Water and Alma Mater and the air was full of excursions to the springs and school commencements. After family affairs had been duly discussed, my sisters had much to tell me of the Exhibition at the Colored School which had attracted general attention in the community, and was a signal triumph for the faithful teachers over the prejudice and proscription with which they had long contended.

The principal of the Colored schools in Harrisonburg is Miss Bragg and her assistants are Miss Evans and Lucy Simins, who is well known at Hampton. Miss Bragg is a very intelligent and cultivated young lady, with good knowledge of music and genuine enthusiasm in her profession. She is a graduate of Rev. Giles Cook's school in Petersburg; Miss Evans is a native of Michigan and sister of a promising young minister who has lately gone as a missionary to Africa. Miss Simins was born a slave in the country where she is now a highly valued teacher, and is a Hampton graduate.

One or two white families in the town, who had long been interested in Lucy's school, and had frequently attended her examinations were anxious that the closing exercises this year should take place in the Town Hall, a building of considerable size in a central location, instead of in the Colored school house, situated in the suburbs of the village. An application to the trustees for the use of the city hall, though warmly urged by the constant friends of the school, was positively refused and the disappointed teachers who had taken great pains to arrange an interesting programme for the occasion were compelled to hold their Exhibition in the school house. Their steadfast friends succeeded, however, in inducing some of the prominent white citizens, who were perhaps still laboring under the impression that "niggers could not learn," and efforts to educate them were thrown away, to attend the exercises. Quite a large audience constituting as, the fluent reporter always remarks "an array of beauty and intelligence" witnessed the exhibition and so great was the surprise, so genuine the admiration among the white spectators that the exercises were repeated a few days later by general request, and this time there was no difficulty whatever about using the town-hall.

The faithful teachers had the satisfaction of seeing the large hall filled to its utmost capacity with white and colored citizens and the praise bestowed upon the children and their instructors after the songs and recitations were ended, was really unbounded.

Everything passed off harmoniously and the occasion was doubtless the means of making a wide breach in the stubborn walls of prejudice between the races.

The editor of the Democratic paper gave glowing accounts of the affair in his next issue, complimenting the teachers in no measured terms, and expressing with much kindness earnest hopes of the progress of the colored people among us.

It has been well said by one the early masters, of Englisb Literature that "Learning driveth out the ignorance, prejudice and barbarism of men's minds."

The present Superintendent of schools for Rockingham is a worthy citizen of the county, who received his appointment, when the Readjuster element was in the ascendancy. A great deal of abuse has been lavished upon him by the opposition press, the cause of which when sifted down, proved to be no greater offense than his having invited a colored minister, a missionary to Africa, and brother of one of the excellent teachers hitherto mentioned, when a guest at his house to take a seat at his table.

Endless tirades were uttered, and columns of vituperation, printed, doubtless annoying and unpleasant at the time, but in the end the agitation of the subject probably benefitted the colored people.

The county Superintendent is an estimable citizen and good officer, having a large and respectable family and church connection. When his conduct towards a visitor under his own roof was attacked, his friends felt called upon to defend him, and some persons were found bold enough to declare that even in Virginia "a man's house is his castle" and he has a right to ask whom he pleases to sit at his table.

To the dispassionate observer, the fact that Mr. Trunkhouser was willing to receive his colored brother, in the name of Him who sent him, and honor him for his works sake, knowing full well the storm of prejudice that would thus be aroused, is excellent reason for respect and esteem.

We have just received the annual report of Miss Austin's Industrial School Knoxville, Tenn., and find it even more interesting than usual. The extracts which we make, from it, require no comment, but we are very glad to express once again our cordial sympathy with Miss Austin's work.

The "Departments" of which she speaks are as follows: Sewing School, Cooking Class, Little Housekeeper's Class, and Training Shop in Carpentry with a total enrollment of 424, and an average daily attendance of 77.

A Sunday School of 422 children and adults.

It gives me pleasure to send you my report for the session of 1883—84.

Every year shows better work done, more systematic arrangement, and an increasing interest on the part of the parents of the scholars and the friends of the school.

Four years ago I said that our schools would soon be self-supporting. My mistake was in looking for that result too speedily.

I still hope for it, and shall make every effort to that end consistent with thorough instruction. The work is still a great problem; the public is to be converted, school boards to realize the necessity for it, parents are to see the results, the children are to feel that this is as important as any other school work, and teachers themselves are to be trained into correct ideas and practical methods. Any one with this load to carry needs patience, hope and great faith. In my case the difficulty is increased by that uncertainty in money matters which belongs to an independent effort, unconnected with any organization pledged to its support. To be able to show progress and success in these circumstances proves that we have good material, reliable friends, a solid foundation, and something worthy of your continued interest.

We have in all our departments different children each day in the week; a very bad arrangement which is forced upon us by lack of accommodation for our scholars.

The cooking class has been very experimental. We had only one lesson in the week and attempted nothing but soup and bread, which was given to the children or to some needy persons. Expenditure, $4.88.

During the holidays we gave a dinner to a party of twenty-five, each guest paying ten cents, which defrayed the entire expense. The dinner was in three courses, cooked and served entirely by the members of the class, and consisted of beef soup, veal croquettes, Irish stew, potatoes, cold slaw, macaroni and cheese, rice pudding, apple dumplings, coffee and bread; enough for every one.

I am indebted for this idea to the New Century Cooking School, of Philadelphia, and I am happy to testify that a ten-cent dinner is a feasible thing.

The city school has enrolled six hundred children. The lower grades are so overcrowded that the children are divided, half attending school in the morning and half in the afternoon. This arrangement gives me the opportunity of taking them into our industrial classes the half day they are out of school.

When we built the Austin School House, we thought it large enough to accommodate a growing school for years to come. Two years after it was built, I was obliged to give up the room reserved for industrial purposes, that classes might recite there a part of each day, and besides I needed more room for a kitchen and a carpenter shop.

With the consent of the Board of Education, and with money given by them and by citizens of Knoxville, I put up a frame building on the school grounds. This is no longer large enough to accommodate us; each boy going into the shop only once a week for half a day, and each boy going into the shop only once in two weeks. If we are to teach anything thoroughly the children should come to school every day and make it a business as well as a pleasure.

We ought to have a large brick building, 60x80 feet, with shops for carpentry, cobbling, tin work or whatever industry we may be able to introduce; with rooms for cooking, sewing and house keeping classes; with a large room for library, reading room, and for meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association, which has just been formed among the colored people. This room should be open every day and evening, and made as far as possible a place of resort for them. There should be also an assembly room for lectures, concerts and for our Sunday Schools and it would be very desirable to have a roller rink in the basement.

We have tried to have a good deal of this in the public school house, but the difficulties are numerous. The house is overcrowded and desks are in every room. The appliances for school work are injured and often destroyed by those who are not, of course, under school discipline, and there is trouble in keeping rooms in order which are used both day and night for so many different purposes.

I had an opportunity of buying a lot of land, adjoining my own, at a cost of five hundred dollars, and having four hundred dollars in hand, thought it best to secure it, and should we get the desired building we will need the lot beyond, which can be bought at the same price. There are great advantages in having our school away from the crowded part of the city in which the property is owned largely by the colored people, and is out of the way of saloons. A brick building is desirable, as it is more durable, and as brick-making is one of the industries of the place, it is not very much more expensive than a wooden building. The property will be conveyed by deed to trustees, who will hold it in trust for the purposes described in this report.

It may look greedy in me to ask my friends for another building, but it is not my fault that the seed you have sown has increased so rapidly.

In 1876 you gave me six hundred dollars for my first little school house; it was afterward sold for what it cost and the money was used in the school. In 1880 you gave six thousand five hundred dollars for the Austin Building.

In 1882 you gave nine hundred and seventy five dollars for my own comfortable little house; in that year also the Knoxville people gave four hundred and twenty four-dollars for the frame building we are using, and which the board of Education will probably buy again for school uses.

In 1884—'85, will you give six thousand dollars for the John F. Slater Training School?

The colored people are showing their interest in this project, and are willing to give what aid they can to further it. It is not a matter of great interest to the people of Knoxville, and I can not say what any of them will do, but I think I can depend on the Board of Education and some others who have already shown their interest in our schools. After all I must look to the North, and to those who are interested in this people, in me, and in every good work. Therefore I appeal to you; the hope for our people is in this manual training, and having started a school which every year is nearer to being on a paying foundation, I must look to you to sustain it till it can stand alone.

It is extra money I ask for the building, for regular expenses must go on as usual. It costs me about two thousand dollars a year to carry on this work. In six weeks our schools will reopen; one teacher's salary will be paid by the Slater Fund—we have one hundred and twenty-one dollars in the treasury; I have had to engage two teachers for the next term, and I ask myself with a considerable anxiety, where is the money to pay their salaries? I shall work hard to make these schools self-supporting, but at present I must beg for your continued contributions. There is an old saying "he gives twice who gives promptly," and with the year's work almost at hand, I urge my friends to take off from me the anxious burden of its support.

For the new building there is hard work to be done; we are not idly depending on the North and I never encourage the colored people to feel that they are to be carried all their days. Some of them are doing what they can, feeling the necessity for their children, but what is our responsibility for those who have no one, not even a father or mother, to care for their temporal or spiritual welfare? I believe that such a building would be a great help and an untold blessing to the little children, and to the older ones who have no place to spend their evenings, and no respectable place of amusement open to them. If any one will give for this purpose without special solicitation I shall be most thankful.

I am often asked by children and Sewing Societies, What can we do to help you?

Work cut and basted for sewing school is a great help; pictures for object lessons, or pasted on muslin and sewed into books; old copies of St. Nicholas, Wide Awake, and such magazines are most welcome. Just now money in small sums or large for our present work is our greatest want.

My address is No. 88, Patton St., Knoxville, Tenn., and money may always be sent to me there. Also, to Miss Isa E. Gray, No. 20 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Mass., or to Mrs. C. D. Austin, No. 2719, Wabash Avenue, Chicago, or to Mr. James S. Cox, Room 63, Trinity Building, New York.

EMILY L. AUSTIN.

Knoxville, Tenn., July 15th, 1884.

The following extract from a Chattanooga paper has been sent us, with the suggestion that the readers of the *Southern Workman*, who already know something of Mrs. Steele and her work, may like to know more. While the bitterness of the old days in the South is gradually giving away to a juster feeling yet there are still many and peculiar, difficulties to be encountered, so that any evidence of appreciation is encouraging to those who like Mrs. Steele know what it is to labor with small hope of earthly reward.

In this practical age, when the world seems absorbed in selfish ambition, there is a never ending strife between man—a constant struggle for ascendancy. It seems hard to realize that there are persons who forget self, lose consciousness of their own needs, and devote a noble and self sacrifing life to the elevation of those far below them in the social scale, denying themselves every comfort and braving scoffings, sneers and discouragements.

In our midst to-day there is a noble woman who has undertaken a stupendous work, which entitles her to the veneration and esteem of every one. The work she has before her is the amelioration and the education of the hundreds of colored children who are in our city, many of whom were orphaned by small-pox and left dependent on the cold charities of the world, without friends or relative.

The inspiration of this charity came to Mrs. A. S. Steel, a lady living in Massachusetts, and through her influence the American Missionary Association interested itself in the work, and she came to this city to devote her personal attention to its prosecution. Her first step was to thoroughly familiarize herself with the number of needy children, their condition and other details. Her investigation developed a sad state of facts. In our midst she discovered hundreds of children growing up in the most besotted ignorance, surrounded by the most depraved influences, without the means of sustenance and living by what they can beg or steal. It would be impossible to exaggerate the picture. She then addressed a circular to friends in the North, relating the facts and asked aid to educate these unfortunate creatures. Her appeals met with a quick response and in a few weeks she had received sufficient to purchase twenty-five scholarships in the schools at Nashville, Atlanta and Jackson, Miss., and selected the most deserving children as the beneficiaries. She continued her work and yesterday secured another sum sufficient to educate five more.

County Judge McRee is aiding her in every possible way in her noble work. He furnishes free transportation for all the children for whom the provides scholarships, and does everything else to encourage and advance her work. She is very much pleased with her success so far, and thinks she will procure at least one hundred scholarships this year.

A COLORED ORPHAN'S HOME.

Her work in behalf of the older children is but one branch. She is now inaugurating a movement which will be even more far-reaching in its benefits. A few days since she purchased the Morford place, a tract of land on an eminence in Tadetown 100 feet square, and will erect there a home for colored children. It will accomodate thirty inmates. Children under 12 years of age will be chosen by the County Commissioners on her recommendation, and will remain there until 12 years of age, when they can be sent to the colleges. The county will contribute $5 per month for each inmate, as is done for the Orphans Home of the Woman's Christian Association, and will encourage the work by every means possible.

The effect of this charity cannot be overrated, and we bid it God-speed and bless the self sacrificing woman who has inaugurated it."

SOUTHERN WORKMAN,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October four months.)

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Normal School Press, Hampton, Va.

Subscribers are reminded that the "Workman" is reduced to eight pages during the next four months, resuming, in November, the twelve page form.

Entered at the Post Office at Hampton, Va., as second class matter.

The unusual preponderance of Indian matter in our present number has been made necessary by a combination of circumstances, and we trust will not be unacceptable to our readers. The increase in the number of our Indian students has not altered their relations to the school, as there has been a corresponding increase in the colored department, but the pressure of their need is at times so great that it is difficult not to give it what may seem an undue prominence. The Negro has in many respects a vast advantage over the Indian, and the contrast between the future of the two races, even should the latter be given every possible chance, is so overwhelmingly in favor of the strong sinews and sound lungs of the Negro, that in common fairness he should hold out a helping hand to his less fortunate brother, who has, even more unjustly than he, been sacrificed to the interests of the white man.

WE WILL give in our letters from the different agencies a more detailed account of the condition of our western field. A brief statement as to Indian children who have returned to the West and those we brought with us to school may be of interest to our readers.

"Return 32 Indian youth to their homes in the West, and collect and escort the 35 children to be brought from Fort Berthold, Standing Rock, Cheyenne River, Crow Creek, Lower Brule and Yankton Agencies to Hampton" was the order which came to us from Washington.

FORT BERTHOLD.

Of the children to be returned, three come from Fort Berthold, Sarah and Mary Walker and Henry Karunach. All three of these were placed in the Fort Stevenson school which is on the Fort Berthold Reservation. Sarah and Mary will help in the school room and Karunach will mend shoes for the boys and girls. The new agent Maj. Gifford, and the missionary Rev. Mr. Hall, kindly interested themselves in securing places for the children. Mr. Hall took the two girls into his house so that they might not spend a night in the camp and Karunach found a place with the engineer at the agency. The next morning the school wagon conveyed them to their new field of labor.

Of those who had returned from Hampton to Fort Berthold in former years, Tom Smith had charge of the agency stables and was doing well; Kawhat and White Breast had put in their crops and had gone down to Bismark to spend a few days. They dressed in white men's clothes but had had some relapses into the old life. Daluska I found in the camp in his Indian clothes and long hair. His health was very poor and the current was too strong for him. He promised better things. The Agent had already looked him up and tried to help him. Ahuka and Laughing Face worked as long as they could but their strength gave out and they died trying to walk the white man's road. Very pathetic was the account which the half breed interpreter gave me of their struggles. Good reports came from Josephine in her married life at Fort Buford.

STANDING ROCK.

We returned four girls to Standing Rock, Rosa Bear Face, Frances White Cow, Fidelia Walking Medicine and Josie McCarthy. I found that the excellent agent Maj. McLaughlin had very definite plans for each one of them. He evidently believes in establishing as many good Christian homes on the reservation as possible. Of his excellent management of the reservation, of his plans for new schools and the good work done on the farm school and in the sisters' school at the agency, it will be our pleasure to speak in another place. We left Rosa with all the work she could do as seamstress and orders ahead in the families at the fort and on the agency. Frances and Fidelia were fortunate in going to live with Mrs. McLaughlin although a number of places were open to them.

Josie McCarthy was spending a few days with her mother who had a good home on Grand river. Both she and her mother promised that vacation from work should last only two weeks and then she should go back to the sisters' school.

Of the old Hampton boys we saw John Pleets with his neat intelligent wife in their clean home with their pretty babe and Uhakiumpa who has married into a royal family, having become Sitting Bull's son in-law. John has charge of the stables and Uhakiumpa makes doors and windows for the log houses that are going up all over the reservation.

Of the 12 we brought from Standing Rock Shield is an Uncapapa Sioux from the Grand River camp, a full blood and one of the most promising of the boys in Mr. Riggs' school there.

Bleheca or Industrious comes from the same school. He is the son of a chief and is a full blood Blackfoot Sioux.

Zintkalawaxte or Pretty Bird comes from the same camp on the Grand River and is an Uncapapa Sioux, full blood. Five other girls came with us from the camp but this girl was the only one who held out in her determination to come.

Wicakutela or Single Feather is a Blackfoot Sioux, a full blood. All these children come from the late hostile bands of Indians who have been only a short time on the reservation.

Wanampa or Joseph Arrow is an Uncapapa Sioux, a promising boy of 17 years. We refused more young boys in order to give a chance to those who having had some little opportunity for study or work on the reservation were anxious for further education.

Mastincala or Charles Rabbit is a strong looking boy of 19 years. He had worked in the blacksmith shop and was a paid apprentice on the agency. He had made a good record.

Pamani or Frank Hooting Walking had been at Hampton before but had married a nice looking wife who was very anxious to return. So we brought with us both Frank and his wife Celeste Pamani, both of them being Yanktonnai Sioux.

Rosa Pleets was another of the old Hampton students who was anxious to return. She had been living with Rev. Mr. Swift at St. Stephen's mission and felt anxious to learn more. She had made a good record since her return from school.

Kokat Wosica or Jerome Makes-Trouble-Beforehand, the son of the Lieutenant of Po ice had been on the Farm school and had done well.

Cihila or Benedict is another of the boys who had been at the Farm school. Maj. McLaughlin placed much confidence in him and was glad to have him come. He is a Blackfoot Sioux and has a fair knowledge of English. Our quota from Standing Rock seem to give promise of doing well and so long as Maj. Mc Laughlin remains as agent, our returned students will have in him a wise and kind friend.

CHEYENNE RIVER AGENCY.

We returned to this agency two boys who belong on Peoria Bottom where Mr. Riggs has his school. Wm. Larrabee goes on to the farm where he has good prospects of success and Baptist Gabe is to be interpreter. They both of them come from a civilized community of Indians where they will be surrounded by good influences. Of the old students I saw two, Felix Benoist was acting as interpreter and doing well. Louis Agenouwbea had been on a farm and asked to come back. Besides Louis we brought from Cheyenne river seven boys. Five of these come from the government school under the care of the agent's wife, Mrs. Swan. These are, Harry Woodface, Lewis Rattling Rib, Frank Door, Albert Cedar Boy and Arthur Crow Boy. The two others came from Mr. Rigg's school at Peoria Bottom, Yuxpu and Spotted Eyes.

CROW CREEK.

To Crow Creek we took back only two boys; John Archambeau and Santee or Single Feather. I left John working away with a will in the carpenter shop. Santee was not strong enough to work.

Few white boys have as good chances as are offered to returned students from Hampton to Crow Creek. We found the condition and tone of the Indians at Crow Creek of the best; the interest and hard work of Maj. Gasmann and his good wife is shown on every side. We shall have an opportunity to speak of the comfortable homes of the Indians there, as well as their fine crops and general progress, in our letter from this point. We brought back from there twelve Indian youth, eight boys and four girls. They were all Lower Yanktonnais Sioux. Most of the boys had worked in the shops and had made a good record there. Two of these, Andrew Fox and Samuel Fourstar had been at Hampton before. Andrew was acting as interpreter on one of the steam boats running up and down the river, buying wood of the Indians along the shore. Samuel had been in the carpenter shop. Chas. Le Clair and Chas. Mc Bride are half breeds and can speak English very well. Of the other boys First Hail, Pretty Hand, Alfred Crow, and His Blue Pipe all had been in the shops except the last named. The names of the girls from this agency are, Owl Woman, Whip, Sacred Iron, and Beg-From-Her. The average age of the youth from Crow Creek was 19 years but they had all had some opportunities on the reservation.

LOWER BRULE.

Our largest delegation went to Lower Brule. Of these Bear Bird immediately entered the government school as instructor in farming and drill master.

When we came down the river we saw his potatoes which did him and his boys credit and his row of Indian youngsters marched into church with great precision.

Peter Brazo found plenty of work as a painter and was to be employed in the shop in that capacity.

Medicine Bull was going into the carpenter shop on the agency. He was helping his father on his farm down at the White River Camp. We heard good things of him and of how strong a stand he had taken for better ways.

Philip and Katie Councillor with little Charlie had settled down in a comfortable house at the agency and the Hampton boys who work in the shops are all to board with them.

Andrew Roberts had come and tried to work but his eyes were too bad and he had to give it up.

Looking Eagle, Maggie Bull Head and Sarah White Cow were at their homes not well enough to do any work.

We left little Jamie Renconter hoeing the minister's potatoes. He had given his father some sage advice in regard to raising clover in Dakota as they did in Hampton, telling him that it was very good for the cows.

Frank Yellow Bird we found hard at work in the blacksmith shop. We went to his house and saw his thirty acres of wheat and his comfortable home.

Zedo Rencontre was also working his farm. The prospects for a good crop were excellent. We brought back only one boy from Lower Brule. He came from the White River Camp where the Indians are not favorable to education.

The return of Maj. Gregory to Lower Brule is a fortunate thing for the Indians.

Two of our party went to the Yankton Agency; Chas. Picotte who expects to return in the Fall and Maggie Goulet.

The three Apache Indians left us for the south west at Grafton, W. Va. under the care of Robert McIntosh, the party consisting of Robert, Wm. Roberts and Stago. Juan Garfield and Harry Azul left us at the same place for the Pima Agency. John King took charge of the girls from the Sac & Fox Agency, Hattie Myles, Nellie Keokuk and Addie King.

Of the thirty two new comers, there are excellent reports from the shops and the school rooms. The one who has control of those that work on the farm says: "It is the best lot of Indians we have ever had." There has been some sickness among them but the Doctor reports that in many cases it is home sickness.

In another column of our present issue will be found an obituary notice of a man whose life offers a really fine example of what can be accomplished by straightforward common sense and steady industry. Mr. Porter, of whom we speak, was not distinguished for brilliant endowments, nor had he had especial advantages of education, but was nevertheless a man of whom his people have reason to be proud. His soundness of judgment and honesty of purpose gave him, early in life, a powerful influence among them, which he never forfeited by word or deed, and the record which he leaves behind him is that of a man who deserved and won the thorough confidence of all who knew him. The generation of colored men to which he belonged produced some individuals who were made strong by the bitterness of the struggle which they undertook, and who stand as beacons for the younger generation, of their race. In spite of changed conditions, the demand for such men as Mr. Porter, the need for such characters as his, the value of such influence as he wielded, is just as great now as it was thirty years ago. His life was quiet, his ambitions thoroughly practical, and without push or protestation, he made for himself a most enviable position. Above all questions of pecuniary success, social influence or political power, stands the fact that he made himself trusted and respected by men of both races, and in so doing did much to advance the interests of the race to which he belonged. For, one such man, whose life is known to many men, does more to prove the possibilities of the Negro, than all the arguments that ever were printed.

The following pleasant letter from Gen. Marshall is meant to include all his "Southern Workman" friends, and will give them a glimpse, at least, of his life under its new surroundings. It is needless to say there is always room in our columns for communications from him.

Kendal Green, Boston, Mass. Aug. 3, 1884.

I cannot yet sit down to write to any of our Hampton friends without a sensation akin to *homesickness*; and I have taken up my "stylo" more than once to write to you, but have dropped it again for that reason.

We both fully realize how great is our own personal loss in leaving so many warm friends, and in relinquishing our share in the grand work in which it has been our privilege to be engaged for so many years.

The many kind expressions of regret at our departure which have come to us from all sides, are inexpressibly grateful to us, though they but deepen our own sense of loss at parting from such friends. We will console ourselves however with the hope that we shall be permitted to make frequent visits to dear old Hampton as long as we continue in the flesh.

If we can be contented anywhere away from our Hampton friends, we surely shall be in this lovely, quiet country place, where we have set up our Lares and Penates. The air is pure, the location beautiful, the elms which overshadow us are magnificent, and we are among the familiar scenes of my childhood in my mother's native town, where her memory is revered by all. We attend the village church, of which my grandfather and great grandfather were pastor till their deaths.

Into these quiet scenes we have brought a pocket edition of Hampton. Five Hampton students, three of them Seniors, and all of them willing workers in their several spheres of duty, are with us, and are the wonder and admiration of the juvenile portion of this little community, who listen to the plantation music of this quintette, and to Sterling James' fantasias on the accordion, and Harris Barrett's stories, as they sit on the steps after their day's work is over, with open eyed wonder.

The old country farm house of my uncle in which we have taken up our abode has been made comfortable and convenient by a wide hall running through its centre, the stairs, mantel and wainscoting of which were made for me at the Huntington Industrial Works, of southern wood, and they are much admired by visitors, to many of whom the knowledge that such work can be done at Hampton school is a revelation. My carriage and cart harnesses made at the Indian work shop, compare well with similar work done here. In the shed stands a neat and well made tip-cart, on whose blue sides are painted "Hampton Institute," made at the Farm Wheelwright Shop, which my carpenter, whose winter work is carriage making, says cannot be made so well here for anything like its cost, including freight from Hampton.

Three pure Jersey cows, two of them born on the School Farm and all from Hampton are much admired, and furnish us with rich milk, good butter and that most delicious and healthful summer drink, pure buttermilk.

Last, but not least, comes "Kate" the gentle but spirited five year old mare born on the Hemenway Farm, and educated by that thorough trainer and lover of horses, Chas. Vanison. She never saw a hill or a rock, or running water or a horse car and but once or twice a locomotive before she came to Massachusetts last month, but she is getting accustomed to all these wonderful sights and sounds, except that of a little long eared donkey in a child's yellow wagon, which she can't abide, and which by her actions she evidently takes to be the evil one himself, and like the little Butlerites at sight of Santa Claus, thinks he is surely after her, and she doesn't mean he shall get her. The poor donkey is amazed at the terror he excites, but having no candy for Kate, as Santa Claus had for the Butlerites, is not likely to make friends with her ladyship.

The Presidental Campaign bids fair to be one of political summersets. Many of the old line republicans and original anti-slavery men, consider Blaine and Logan as well worthy of the nomination, and will either withhold their votes, or give them to Cleveland the democratic candidate, on account of the good record he has made as Governor of New York. Some will vote for St. John, the prohibition candidate.

The Blaine men claim that this defection of the "Dudes and Pharisees" as they contemptuously term these advocates of civil service reform, will be more than made up by accessions from the Irish voters, who have always heretofore been solid for the "Dimmicratic Ticket," but many of whom have now proclaimed their intention to vote for Blaine, under the idea, which has been very industriously circulated among them, that Blaine if elected, will proceed forthwith to "twist the tail of the Britisb Lion" or in other works, get up a war with England, a consummation most devoutly wished for by every exiled son of Erin. It is not a hopeful sign when the great political parties have to resort to such buncombe to attract voters to their sides.

* * * * * * *

J. F. B. MARSHALL.

OUR attention has been called to an article in a late number of the *Overland Monthly* (San Francisco) which purports to be a description of the working of a curious piece of New Zealand legislation known as the "Law of Muru."

"The law, as will presently appear, is unmistakable in its practical working, yet it is difficult to define abstractly. In outline, it may be said to be a vigorous and ferocious sort of "hazing," with robbery superadded. Sometimes it is the robbery alone without the personal violence, but frequently, perhaps usually, both are combined. The law is commonly applied to an individual by the village of which he is a resident, that is, by his own relatives and friends, but oftentimes one village will muru another village or one tribe another entire tribe. The aggressors appropriate all the movable property of the person or community thus murued, and divide it equitably among themselves. Thenceforth, the defendant becomes the guest of the assailants. He is received into the community, and is supported with as much comfort and honor as any member of it until his own industry, or the muru of somebody else, restores his material prosperity.

The recipient of a muru, so far from considering it an injury or a disgrace, regards it as a great privilege and distinction. He looks upon it very much as a poor clergyman looks upon a donation party. Both visitations are often substantially alike in their operation, yet both indicate the polite attention of the neighbors, and both bring some measure of benefit in their train. In both instances the zealous friends are "cruel only to be kind."

The more extensive and complete the plundering and destruction are, especially if they are accompanied by a beating which renders the recipient almost senseless, the better he likes the muru, for it is then a "*great muru*," and he is proud that, in the opinion of his fellow citizens, *he* is worthy of such elaborate preparations and such conclusive results. In other words, he regards himself as a man of a good deal of consequence when his neighbors think it worth while to take so much trouble on his account. It is a curious paradox, which is in keeping with many contradictions in the Maori nature, that the greater the abuse to which the victim is subjected, the greater is his gratification.

The personal castigation is occasionally omitted, but the plundering part of the muru is rarely varied. It always consists in taking all the property a man has, so the only variation possible would arise from the differing nature and extent of the possessions of different individuals. The monotony of wholesale robbery is often relieved, bowever, by burning the victim's house and outbuildings, and destroying his fences and growing crops. This is, of course, an additional honor.

The word *muru* literally means "plunder," "robbery"; or, to speak more accurately, the proceedings indicated by those terms have been called in recent times muru. This use of the word, however, is one of the "modern improvements" resulting from civilization. The ancient meaning of *muru*, and its technical meaning at the present day, is a lawful and bonest one. When used in that sense, it does not convey any disagreeable suggestions to the native mind. The spoliation by virtue of it does not strike the Maori, as at all akin to theft.

The principal reason for this is, that the people are communists. All property, though often accumulated by great individual labor, and apparently held by distinct individual tenure, is really at the service of the community whenever needed. For instance, all the inhabitants of a village eat together, and each contributes to supply the common larder. They thus enjoy a perpetual picnic. So, in case of war, or the entertainment of strangers, or any other event which taxes the resources of the tribe, each man bears his share of the burden. Since all property actually belongs to the community, and is only held in trust by individuals for the common benefit, therefore, whenever the community sees fit to muru a man, it is simply relieving him of bis trust, and resuming the control of its own estate. It is a practical and effectual method of obtaining an accounting. By another contradiction, however, though all property is so beld in trust, if a native chooses to sell a pig, or a horse, or anything else that be may have, he can do so, and use tbe money for his own purposes, without being accountable to anybody. This principle may have been adopted in mercy, or it may have resulted from policy. If the savage nature is at all like civilized nature, the aborigines found out long ago what a trial it is to a trustee to refrain from appropriating the trust estate to his own use, and how nearly impossible it is to prevent such appropriation. Perhaps they cheerfully made some concession to his feelings, or, perhaps, making a virtue of necessity, they permitted bim to use a part of the estate and remain with them, rather than have him take the whole of it and emigrate."

It is impossible for us, of course, to attempt anything like an analysis of the above singular state of affairs, singular, it strikes us, even for New Zealand, but whether the author owes his material chiefly to history, or has drawn in part upon his own imagination, the result remains that he has produced a clever bit of sarcasm upon communistic theories, for as he says in his closing sentence "The only thing in civilized communities which at all resembles the 'Law of Muru,' is Mr. Henry George's theory of the nationalization of land."

DIED—On Friday, Aug. 13th, at her residence in Philadelphia, Mary Anna Longstreth, in the seventy-fifth year of her age.

There are few who have such a claim upon the love and respect of the teachers and students of Hampton, as had the dear friend whose beautiful life has just come to its close. Ceaseless in her beneficence, thoughtful for all, from the least to the greatest, full of spontaneous kindness, while remarkable as well, for her capacity for organized work, she has left for all who knew her an example which is full of inspiration. We hope, later on, to be able to give to our readers a sketch of her exceptionally busy and useful life; as yet we can do no more than pay a loving tribute to her memory. On the evening of the day upon which the news of her death reached Hampton, the students, as they assembled for prayers in the Virginia Hall Chapel where she had so often sat with us, were informed in a few earnest words by the Rev. Mr. Gravatt, acting Chaplain, of our common loss. Early on the following day the portrait of Miss Longstreth, which has hung for several years in the Teachers' Parlor, was draped by loving hands, in soft folds of white and grey, with beautiful clinging ivy sprays from the school grounds, and as one by one her friends came to look at it, it was not hard to believe that she knows better than mortal tongue could have told her, how truly she is mourned.

On the evening of the same day a short address was made to the assembled students and the following resolutions were adopted, signed by representatives of the school who had personally known Miss Longstreth, or were under special debts of gratitude to her, and sent with warm expressions of sympathy to her family in Philadelphia.

"At a meeting of the Officers, teachers and students of the Hampton Normal School, as represented by those remaining during vacation, held in Virginia Hall, August 19th, 1884, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas: We bave learned with great sorrow of tbe death of Miss Mary Anna Longstreth whose life is linked with the history of this School.

Therefore be it resolved:

First: Tbat we realize that in the death of Miss M. A. Longstreth, we have lost one of our earliest and most faithful friends, to whom we owe a debt which our warmest gratitude cannot repay.

Second: That with the deepest appreciation of what her life bas been, a lesson and a blessing to us and to many others, we offer as a school and as individuals, our sympathy to her family and friends.

Third: That these resolutions be spread on the records of the Institute and a copy of the same be fowarded to tbe family.

Officers and Teachers.

ALBERT HOWE, *Acting Principal.*
J. J. GRAVATT, *Acting Chaplain.*
F. N. GILMAN.
DUDLEY TALBOT.
LUCY A. SEYMOUR.
MARY A. GALPIN.
LYDIA P. HOWE.
M. F. ARMSTRONG.
ELEANOR W. COLLINGWOOD.
SARAH A. GOFF.
EMMA F. MARSH.
EMMA H. LOTHROP.
M. LOUISE DEWEY.

Resident Graduates.

GEORGE J. DAVIS.
W. H. DAGGS.
W. M. REID.
LOVEY A. MAYO.
CHARLES VANISON.
ARTHUR BOYKIN.
W. C. BROWN.

Colored Students.

JOHN H. EVANS.
ALICE I. SIMMONS.

Indian Students.

REBECCA MAZAKUTE.
GEORGE BUSHOTTER.

DIED—on Thursday, July 24th, at his residence, 252 W. 26th St., New York City, Peter S. Porter, aged seventy-two.

For many years Mr. Porter and his hospitable house have been known to travellers of his own race and to their white friends throughout the country, and his death will be a serious loss far beyond the circle of his immediate acquaintance. He was born in Milton, Delaware, but since 1833 had made New York his home and as a business man had been more than usually successful. He took a courageous interest in the cause of anti-slavery and had a wide knowledge of and sympathy for the sufferings of his people. His position at the head of the small hotel known as "Porter's Mansion" gave him somewhat unusual opportunities, and many of the young men and women, who have been made at home under his roof, feel that they owe much to his experience and wise judgment. His uniform kindness to Hampton students and their friends deserves special recognition in these columns, and has always been thoroughly appreciated by the officers of the school.

He was buried on the Sunday following his death from the Fifteenth Street Union A. M. E. Church, of which he had long been a member, and the simplicity of his nature was shown by his request made just before death and carried out by his family, that there should be "no display nor great ornamentation" connected with his funeral.

A sketch of his life, if the materials for it could be collected, would be both interesting and valuable, for he was in the best sense, a representative man.

DIED—Pinkie Kauffmon, a graduate of this school, class of '80, of consumption at her home in Little Plymouth, Va., Tuesday, July 29th.

Tribute of Respect to the late John F. Slater.

The following resolutions were passed in a mass meeting composed of the colored citizens of Tuskegee, and the Normal School officers and teachers:

Whereas, Mr. John F. Slater, was, in the true sense of the word, a philanthropist such as is seldom seen; and whereas, he manifested his abundant generosity toward us in the gift of one million dollars for the industrial education of our race, therefore be it —

Resolved, that we, the teachers and students of the Tuskegee Normal School, do sincerely lament the death of this, our proven friend and benefactor, and extend our deepest sympathy to his family and friends.

Resolved further, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of Mr. John F. Slater.

Resolved further, That these resolutions be published in some of the leading journals of the country, and also that a copy of the same be sent to the Trustees of the John F. Slater Fund.

The Southern Press. Both Sides.

The position of the Negro race in the present political campaign deserves, (and is without doubt obtaining), the most careful consideration, not only from politicians, but from those who aim to go deeper than does the average politician. The next four years promise, whichever way the election may go, to be a pretty severe strain upon Republican institutions, and men who think clearly and honestly were never more needed by their country than now. We propose to give our space for this month largely to editorials from colored papers, for their remarkable unanimity of opinion in the face of what they feel to be a crisis, shows that with them the old fear of Democratic rule is stronger still than any other motive.

The *Christian Recorder* speaks "a word to colored Domocrats," which is worth listening to, and might well gain a hearing from others than those to whom it is directly addressed.

"Despite the fact that a colored Democrat is somewhat of a *rara avis*, yet are they sufficiently numerous to receive attention. That there should be men of this class both in the North and in the South, is in no sense surprising. In the North no little color prejudice exists even among Republicans; in the South no little we-are-your-best-friend doctrine may be heard. The result is one and the same—colored Democrats are made. The word we wish to say to those of our brethren who have either been driven or coaxed to the verge of leaving the Republican party—driven in the North and coaxed in the South—is: DO NOT FAIL TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN PERSONS AND PARTIES. This is absolutely necessary, if we as a people would not become a cipher in the politics of our section and our country. We must distinguish between the party and the men who compose it; for potency is of a party and not of individuals. Individually there may be but slight difference between a Democrat or a Republican. Indeed, the Democrat is often the better man—that is, he is the more ready of the two to give work, and there is no phase of our career more important to us than this very question of work. But, as we have said, it is not to men but to parties that allegiance is owed. This being the case, the second word we would say to our colored Democratic brother is: COMPARE THE TWO PARTIES. First, compare their history; second, compare their rule when in authority; third, compare their probable future.

The history of the two parties is so well known that it is scarcely necessary for us to say a word. Even Democrats themselves do not deny that it is a bad one as it relates to the colored people; and when a man pleads guilty, prosecution is unnecessary.

But we come to the second: Compare their rule when in authority. It is to be said that while the Democrats plead guilty as to the past, they strenuously insist that as it relates to us, they are all right now—that this is what their friends say for them with greater readiness than they say it for themselves. But let us test the assertion by whomsoever made, by the facts in the case, as these are made to appear in the region where the Democrats hold sway. The Democratic party rule the South, the Republican, the North. Without going into detail it is only necessary to take a glance at the two sections, and it will be seen which of the two is to be taken as the more friendly toward us.

Only a word is necessary as to the third: Compare their future. The Democratic party has been bad in the past. It is bad now. The probabilities are it will be bad in the future—at least it will take another generation to purge it.

In conclusion, we say, we are anxious that those of our people who may feel inclined to vote the Democratic ticket shall consider and decide upon the above points we have made before they carry their intentions into effect. And this is the more desirable if they live in a State or locality that is likely to be hotly contested, New York, for instance. We say: to the colored voters of the Empire State, before you vote the Democratic ticket, satisfy yourselves as to its history, its present rule in the South, and its probable future."

The *Virginia Star* quotes from the *New York Witness* an article which asserts comfortably that, in a general way, everything has been for the best, that the Democratic defeat in the last Presidential election, the death of Garfield, and the succession of Authur, made "the hand of Providence clearly visible," because the "Democratic party was not yet fit to rule." The article closes with the following declaration:

"The time has come for when, for many reasons, a change is not undesirable. The passions and prejudices of the war period have spent their force. The fear of Southern domination is dying out. People are beginning to surmise that perhaps after all virtue and patriotism are not monopolized by the Republican party. If the Democrats had nominated a Butler or a Randall, there would have been little to choose between the two parties. The ways of Providence would then have been inexplicable indeed. But just when he is needed, the man for the emergency appears. All eyes turn toward Cleveland. His party is endowed with the courage and the good judgment to nominate him. The Independent Republicans declare that they will vote for him gladly. The Prohibitionists need no longer fear Democratic any more than Republican ascendency. What means all this? God reigns. Let timid souls trust Him."

Apropos of which the *Star* goes on to say:

"The election of a suitable person to be President of this country, and the party that elevates him to that position, are matters of importance to every citizen of whatever color or condition he may be in; and we call attention to the above article because it essays to show that a power beyond that of man has been, and is now, controlling the affairs of the nation.

Admitting all that the *Witness* says about Presidents and parties in the past, we are puzzled to see the great change alluded to in the Democratic party. That party in the South holds control of the majority of the States by the presistent disregard of the political rights of the colored people. If a free vote and fair count was allowed by them in many States where colored voters are numerous Republicanism would flourish in the Southern States. But the rights of colored voters are not respected, and Democracy reigns.

Agreeing with the *Witness* in its views of a superintending Providence, we are at a loss to see the fitness of the Democratic party for the control of the affairs of the Government now more than at other times spoken of.

Mr. Cleveland may be at this time a desirable man in every respect, but if he is elected President the Democratic party will rule the country and not Mr. Cleveland.

Southern domination, and the passions and prejudices of the war are slumbering and only await a Democratic victory next November to convince the too confiding colored people of this country that their best interests are allied with the success of the Republican party."

The *Christian Recorder*, after enumerating the various parties and the causes which they claim to represent, warns its fellow journals that even religion can not purify the Democratic party, or wipe out its past record.

"We have neither time nor space to consider formally the merits or demerits of these various parties, and the policies they represent. Indeed, for the most part it would be a work of supererogation. While some of the men, as St. John and Governor Cleveland, are but little known, Hon. J. G. Blaine and Gen. B. F. Butler are well known. But far better known than any of the candidates are the parties which stand behind them. Save as between the Republican and Democratic parties, there is no serious contest. The rest are simply—in vulgar parlance—side shows. Now, looking at parties as they stand to-day, and as they have stood during the past twenty-five years, who can hesitate in choosing which party, and therefore which candidate, to support and vote for next November? We heartily deprecate the petty war being made on the Republican party in the name of virtue and purity. If we were chief and had the right to speak here, we would frankly tell it our mind. We are out of sympathy, we have no patience with religious papers that are going to purify the nation through Democracy. They may be honest, but they are blind. We hope, we shall pray and vote for the election of James G. Blaine."

In Virginia the dread of the Democratic party is perhaps intensified by a distrust of Bourbonism which, whatever its basis may be, is certainly very general.

"The Electoral votes of Virginia will be cast for Blaine and Logan if her voters are dealt with fairly. The people are tired of Democratic rule, and at the first opportunity will give the Democracy a set down. The farmers of our State are suffering from Bourbon rule and are determined to vote to better their condition.

Last spring hand bills were distributed throughout the limits of the corporation of this city calling on the white voters to support the Democratic primary, as much as to say they wanted no black voters and that it was a white man's party and no Negro need apply. Now we come to a National contest and we find them concocting their petty schemes to catch the Negro vote. What means all this? Are we tools? Must we be used as cat's paws to execute deeds of wickedness? Must we vote to place the enemy in power? We want the colored voters here to remember the above and cast their ballots accordingly.

We want to see a Blaine and Logan club organized in every precinct. We want every colored voter to make it his duty to be present. Don't wait until the next meeting but come to the front. This is no time to wait for we will lose ground if we do so. The enemy is preparing for a determined fight. There are colored men throughout this county who never vote. These men are to be hunted up and brought to these clubs. There are great numbers of young men who will cast their first ballot this fall. We want them to be looked after. If you want a full vote begin now and have good organized clubs'—*Virginia Critic.*

The only outspoken evidence of anything like divided opinion, which comes just now under our observation, is found in the *N. Y. Globe*, and it is only fair to let the editor speak for himself, though his sentiments take somewhat heated expression.

"I desire to say a personal word of my attitude to the ticket, put in nomination at Chicago. I am not in the habit of apologizing, nor am I apologizing now. I generally follow my own convictions, let the consequences be what they may.

* * * * * *

I shall not support the nominees of the Democratic party as against Blaine and Logan. I want that emphatically understood. What support I give Blaine and Logan will be given in a way best calculated to advance the cause of the people, and not to satisfy politicians. The Republican ticket, as put forward, is not the best that could have been selected, and it is not for me to express unqualified admiration and enthusiasm for it which I do not feel.

* * * * * *

I propose to continue to fight for the race, and if the race don't support the paper I will leave the field to some other man, who by his slippery methods, his personal vituperation, his subserviency to men and parties and his purchasable character, will give them more satisfaction than I who propose to follow my own idea of what I think is right and best, and not what somebody else thinks.

I stand where I have always stood, a defender of the race as against the treachery and hypocrisy of all men and all parties, and if the people want a man of more subservient character to be their editor they can easily find such one."

In spite however of the declarations of the colored press, the white Democrats of the South look for a following from among the Negro voters and keep up their spirits by such assurances as these:

"As we have often explained, there is not a southern State that does not thrive under Democratic rule. The intelligent, industrious, patriotic people of the South are staunch in the Democratic faith, and where the negroes are left free to vote, a large proportion of that race vote the Democratic ticket. Under Republican rule the southern States were in a terrible condition, and not until the Democracy got control was there anything like peace and thrift." *Richmond State.*

"No party can be trusted for a quarter of a century with power without growing corrupt. The attraction of the spoils brings to any organization long in power all the trading politicians and spoilsmen of the country; and this has been the fate of the Republican party. Here in Virginia its recruits are men who were among the office-hunting, negro-baiting Democrats, and they boldly avow that they went over to the other side 'because ARTHUR was for [them].' In other words, it was a bargain in which service was to be paid for in place and plunder. The same thing has been going on at the North, until corruption threatens to give us an oligarchy of the worst and most profligate men in the Republic. It is because of this that the Independents have entered the field; and they have organized with such numbers at their command as to justify us in the belief, already expressed, that our ticket will be invincible. This is a source of unspeakable satisfaction, not because it will give us the victory, but because it promises to give the Republic a new lease of life, and to restore the body politic to something of its original health and vigor." *Norfolk Landmark.*

There seems something almost contradictory in the fact that from the far South come the coolest utterances, and the broadest views of the situation. We quote from two New Orleans journals, the *Picayune* and the *Christian Advocate*, parts of editorial articles which show much common sense and remarkable freedom from the prevailing excitement.

"There is one feature in this independent movement that aside from all considerations of immediate party success or defeat has an important bearing upon the future. It affords conclusive proof that political parties will no longer be sustained by sectional issues, and that new lines of party demarcation are coming into sight, that strictly national issues must henceforth be brought to the front, and that the party spirit which has foisted so many unworthy and corrupt men into prominence must give place to deeper considerations of public welfare and national honor."—*Christian Advocate.*

"We are again entering upon a quadrennial political contest, and it promises to be unusually exciting. The two great parties are so nearly equal in strength that the issue is difficult to forecast. The one in power, flushed with the victories of twenty-five years, and sustained by immense patronage, will contest bitterly the last inch before lowering its flag. On the other side there is a party thirsting for power, strengthened by the disaffected and independent elements of the majority, and encouraged by the general American conviction that a change of administration is best for the purity of government, which will strain every nerve to regain its ascendency. The character and enthusiasm of the two national conventions, and the sharp contest for the nominations, indicate the hopefulness and determination of each. Unless, therefore, an unexpected reform is vouchsafed to the American people we will have the usual campaign of slander. Each party will denounce the other without discrimination, and invoke the direst imprecations. The country will go to rottenness and ruin if the one remains in power, or will suffer revolution and anarchy if the other wins a victory. So in either case, according to the average newspaper and stump-speaker, the nation will be destroyed. And, strange to say, the ordinary partisan believes it, and grows wild with foolish excitement. Well, what has a religious journal and Christian citizens to do with the matter? Much every way.

In the first place, every citizen should vote. Clothed with the solemn privilege of suffrage with responsibilities which can neither be neglected nor relegated to others, he can not be indifferent to the issues involved or the result of the contest. To exercise the elective franchise is an imperative duty. In Republican governments, founded upon and sustained by the popular will, it is the Christian citizen's sacred duty to use the power of the ballot in the interest of a good and honest administration.

In the next place, he should vote as he prays. He should deposit his conscience with his ballot. Let it be the expression of profound conviction, and not sectional, sectarian or partisan prejudice. To pray for good rulers and vote for bad men is an anomaly and sinful folly.

Again, we should study both principles and men. The old party shibboleth principles, *not* men, needs repudiation. Study platforms and see who have been nominated to represent them.

We should be slow to accept and repeat campaign slanders. They are hurtful to the soul and an injury to good citizenship. So far as our opinion may be regarded, we are glad to believe that both the distinguished gentlemen nominated for the presidency are of high personal character, and in either hands the nation will have a chief magistrate worthy of honor."

The Apaches Surrender.

On our front page we give a picture from a sketch taken on the spot by Mr. A. F. Harmer, of NANE, the Apache chief, entering General Crook's camp, in the heart of the hostile stronghold to ask for peace. The campaign of our redoubtable Indian fighter was marked by consummate strategy, and the victory, attained with the loss of one life only on the side of our troops, was complete and crushing. Should General Crook's wise suggestions be carried out, and the captured Apaches be destributed in small groups among different reservations, we shall probably hear of no more outrages by this pestilent tribe.

Letters from Hampton Graduates.

A Live Teacher's Institute. A Faithful Worker. A Fair Field and no Favor. An Encouraging Outlook. Pioneer Work. An Ambitious Teacher. A Pathetic Letter. Room for more.

A LIVE TEACHERS'S INSTITUTE.

How helpful to timid and inexperienced teachers an "Institute" conducted specially with reference to them, can be made, is shown by the suggestion in the following letter.

——Va., February 1st, 1884.

Kind Friend;

I have not written you anything of my school work this new year, although I have intended to for some time. I am still getting along nicely. We had a visit from our school trustees to-day; they staid quite a while. Their visit seemed satisfactory to them, and it was very much so to us, as they praised the children *very* much for the promptness and accuracy with which they recited.

My school is not so large as when I wrote to you last. I had eighty-six, but was obliged to send some of them out into another room, and they have only a half day session until we get another teacher, which I guess will not be longer than a week.

Our "Teachers' Institute," was held on the 16, 17, and 18th of last month. It was the most interesting we have had for several years. There were over two hundred teachers present from this county and two Superintendents from other counties of the State. One of the most interesting features of the Institute was a question box, to which the teachers contributed quite freely as there were, many too timid to get up and ask questions who were not afraid to write them. One of my questions was, "How many pupils should be allowed to a teacher at a graded school?" The answer given was Forty. At the time I had eighty-six; some of the trustees being present, surmised it was from some one of us, I guess, so they promised us another teacher.

I received the hymns you sent me some time ago; thank you. Hoping you are well and to hear from you soon.

I am yours truly, S

A FAITHFUL WORKER

Seven years of faithful teaching might almost win the rank of "Professor" for the young graduate, who gives us this bright glimpse of her work.

——*Dec, 7th*, 1883.

Dear Miss C——

Your letter came a long time ago, and it does seem so much like sheer negligence to have kept you waiting so long. "Better late than never" is an adage which, though poor, gives a sort of comfort to those who are late. I returned from dear old Hampton Sept. 2nd, whither I had gone to spend a part of my vacation, to this place to reopen the school that I have taught for three terms, this now is my third. I have a school of fifty pupils and an average of forty daily. I have much work to do among this number besides teaching them to read &c. I have a moderately comfortable school house with nice desks and as there are so many workers who have not this accessory, I feel very grateful.

We have beside the school house a very pretty church here, built about two years ago, and a pastor who resides among us, so we have Christian preaching and teaching at our very doors. Yet I am sorry to say the people here are not as zealous with all the helps they have as others whose blessings are fewer and whose advantages are inferior. I enjoy teaching my people, which I have been doing ever since my graduation in '77 without one single year of interruption. I, of course, have had moments of darkness and almost despair. I have always struggled on, committing myself and work to the care of Him who clothes the lilies and without whose knowledge a sparrow does not fall. I am not feeling very strong this year but I go about my work cheerfully, fearlessly and I do trust faithfully. Please excuse the tardiness of my letter. I shall be glad to write you from time to time and tell you of myself and work.

Yours very sincerely, N. B. G

A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOR.

That the field ready for our Hampton boys is by no means a narrow one is shown by such young men as this, who is able to bear the test of "no favor" so successfully.

Post Office Department, Washington, D. C.
November 21st 1883.

Dear Miss C.

The first, and only communication I have received from you came yesterday. I am indeed happy to reply to the same.

I am not teaching, but employed in the Department, and have been since I left Hampton.

I am doing very well, I have just heard the result of an examination which took place on last Monday, and am pleased to tell, you that I passed with 97.8 in arithmetic, 95 in grammar 80.75 in letter writing, and a good standing in other branches. My general average was 86.7 on this I was promoted to a first class clerksbip in tbis office.

I am making an effort to succeed, and am blessed with good health to work on. I never forget Hampton, and I often visit there during the summer season.

I have just returned from my vacation—I visited for the first time the West as far as Chicago. I visited also Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, and other cities in those sections.

I will state as a consequence that my desk has much accumulated work on it, and I am just now very busy.

Hoping that you are well, I remain yours truly. H.

AN ENCOURAGING OUTLOOK.

We find that, as a rule, our graduates work harmoniously together, feeling "Hampton" to be a strong tie, and are usually aggressive in their work, that is, are not contented with doing their duty in the letter only, but rather in the spirit.

——Va., Dec. 20, 1883.

Dear Friend:

I feel quite ashamed of my negligence. I have thought often I ought to write and give an account of my work, for I am trying as you say to do my duty, and no more is required.

Last winter I was assistant to Miss Nannie B. Groom in Catonsville, Md. for a few months—vacation we spent together with Mrs. Vanison at the Hemenway Farm. In the fall she returned to Md. and I to Charles City Co., where I taught the winter of '81. My health was so poor I could not return last year. Now I have been teaching since the 15th of Oct. and have an enrollment of 38. The school has never been larger. We had some trouble the first of the term about books. The new books were to be introduced in our school and it was too expensive to the parents. We were not allowed to use the old books, there wasn't a store in the county that kept the new ones. The nearest city was Richmond, 36 miles, so you may imagine my trouble. The parents did well, got their books as soon as possible, and in a month my whole school was progressing finely.

The Sup't visited me and told me I was ahead of all the other schools. He admired my chart and cards of other kinds I had in school, and wished all could be so well supplied. He wants some mottoes for all the schools he said. I told him I was going to make me some of splatter work he said if I made one and he liked it he would give me the contract to furnish all the schools. I havn't sent my sample in yet.

The churches are so far apart the children have been deprived of Sabbath School. I began one a month ago, and it is crowded every Sunday, with young and old. I teach at my school house, which is very comfortable. I had some Sabbath school papers a lady sent me when I taught before and I never gave them out until a few Sundays ago! You never saw such delight, they never saw one before. We have two Bibles, three hymn books. Yet I feel delighted because I am trying to teach these little ones early the love and fear of God, and I believe he will bless me in the work. My health is better and I am contented in the pines and go happily to my work daily. I have written so much but I must tell you this. We the colored teachers of —— have organized a Teachers Institute which meets monthly for the elevation of ourselves and progress of our schools. Mr. Thos. B—— is President; he is a Hampton graduate of my class, '78, and is married and has a good school. I shall be glad to hear from you. L.

PIONEER WORK.

The growing demand emong colored people for good Schools, means, of course, larger opportunities and a higher standard for our colored teachers, and this they evidently appreciate.

——S. C., Nov. 29, 1883.

Dear Friend:

Your circular has been in my possession for some time and I have been intending to write to you but have delayed until now. I hope you will not feel that my silence is from want of interest in my Alma Mater for I can assure you that some of the pleasantest days of my life were spent at Hampton.

I am now teaching in this city and have been for the past three years. There has been established in this city a University known as Allen University. I am assistant in the Normal Department and also teach in the Intermediate. I like my work very much and feel that I am a very weak instrument in aid of my race in this State. I was one of the first scholars that went to Hampton from this State and have the pleasure of teaching in the first boarding school founded in Columbia for our race. I feel that we are doing a good work. Quite a number of the counties are represented largely and we are moving on grandly in the midst of our poverty, for we are poor. I shall send you one of our catalogues which I hope will be of interest to you. Perhaps Gen. Armstrong has seen one already.

I hope Miss C. that you will answer this letter though I don't suppose that you are expected to answer the letters you get from the students. I feel that I should like to have a personal letter from you. I used to correspond with my teachers very frequently, but now I never get a word from my old friends but, of course, it is my fault.

Very respectfully yours. P.

AN AMBITIOUS TEACHER.

"A Map and an Encyclopedia" are certainly worth working for, and a teacher who has made up his mind that his school is to own one or both of these, is pretty sure to leave his scholars better off than he found them.

——Co., Ala., Dec. 11, 1884.

Dear Teaher.

Your kind and much esteemed letter came safely to hand some time ago, and I was glad to hear from you. I would have answered it before now, but at the time I received it our county superintendent's time had expired and I was waiting for him to be reappointed or another in his stead, so I could give you some account of my school. I mean that the public schools were not opened until a superintendent was appointed, and I wanted to carry on my school a while betore I wrote. I commenced a public school on the 28th of October last, near the above named place. I have on roll 95 pupils, average attendance about 68. The school that I am teaching now, will close the last of March. It will last 5¼ months. My salary is $35.00 per month. There is another school being reserved for me until I close this one. I have an old map at this school, but the other one is without a map. I will try to send for a map in April, also send the names of those who pay on it. You will please let me know in your next letter, how much a good Encyclopedia or a set of them will cost. I feel that I should have one.

I remain as ever, yours truly, H.

A PATHETIC LETTER.

The writer of this has, with the help of her sister, to support her helpless mother and grandmother, and it is no wonder that her burden seems sometimes greater than she can bear.

Some rays of sunshine must however come into her life when she finds herself at work in her "nice, new school house, two stories high, well lighted, with black boards on the walls."

——Va.

Dear Miss C:

I have been through a great deal of sadness the past year. My mother was sick all last winter, could not walk. Grandma has been sick for the past three years, just can creep from one room to the other, and during their sickness last winter my brother died and my sister and I had to bury him. I am a little bit of a girl, most of my children being as tall as I am, and this was as much as my little heart could bear at the time, but still I do not forget to thank Providence for his kind protection over me. After teaching eight months last year at $25 per month I was not able to spend one week from home for a little rest. I hope it will not be so always. I pray for you kind Northern friends who do so much for us, and pray that some day I may have the pleasure of seeing you. I feel as though I could talk to you all this evening. I thank you very much for your kind greeting, and hope I may be more successful this next year than last. When I kneel at my bedside, night and morning, I shall not forget my kind friends in sending up my petitions to Him who cares for us both.

With many kind wishes, I will ever try to do my duty. D.

ROOM FOR MORE.

This interesting account of a country school shows what one earnest teacher can do. And this teacher could find places for four more, if Hampton could but supply them.

——Va., Feb. 20, 1884.

Dear Miss. C.

After graduating last June, I went to Massachusetts and stayed a short while, then I returned home, reaching here about August 1st. Our examination came off earlier than usual: commencing August 28th, and lasting three days. I went the first day; stood examination very well and received a first grade certificate. Could have secured schools for four more teachers last fall. Did write to quite a number but was unsuccessful. There are no Hampton graduates in this county. There are two undergraduates doing good work, Mary T. Junior class of '83 and Henrietta M. Junior class of '82. My brother is teaching in Westmoreland Co., Va., has a large school; 83 pupils enrolled. I opened my school October 15th, with 12 pupils, now numbers 98 pupils. My school house is very good; but if one had peeped inside, they would have thought it anything else but a school room. After taking charge, I had some desks and benches made, and three black-boards; two 4 by 6 and one 3 by 6 feet. The map you sent me is highly appreciated by the children and is a great help to me. If I just mention "map," they are like so many busy bees, ready to take their places on the floor. When I first used to give them the pointer and tell them to point to a certain State, some would as soon point to the Atlantic Ocean or the Gulf of Mexico as to point to the State; that created quite a laugh with those that knew better. *Now* I have to be quite sharp to make them blunder. The day I was to bring the map in the school room, was quite a different one to the former ones. If Barnum had been coming to exhibit his circus, I don't suppose they could have been aroused any more; each one was eager to have his or her curiosity gratified. I have about three more weeks. I am glad to say, the people are much pleased with me. They show their appreciation by meeting together, promising and binding themselves to pay me twenty-five dollars ($25.00) per month for five months, with a view of having me to teach for them again next winter. Heretofore they have had considerable trouble about teachers; more so last winter than ever.

It is quite amusing as well as affecting to see the children as they come to school with their apparel variegated. Some are snugly dressed, while others are not clad sufficiently to stand the wintry blast. I have seen some come with a square piece of calico made into a bias-fold and tied on their heads, seemingly as contented as one with the costliest bonnet or hat that could be had.

There is one thing that impedes the progress of some greatly, and that is being unable to get books sufficient. The people as a general thing are doing very well here, some owning comfortable homes, and striving to rise in the scale of elevation. I must say, the people here are striving to educate their children. It behooves us as a people, to be more anxious at present to secure education, than to cast ballots and hold office. When we become intelligent, we cannot long be excluded in any State from the place we are fitted to occupy. "Knowledge is power." Let us become intelligent and it will be impossible to keep us in any position of weakness and inferiority. But no outward franchises and legal guarantees can raise us to honor and respect, if we are weighed down with ignorance. We must learn to speak correctly, to think clearly, to understand ordinary matters with intelligence, to cultivate a taste for reading, for art and for all elevating influences.

But in obtaining a higher education, we must be cautious. There is danger that in the natural ambition which is aroused by the new opportunities, we will seek to occupy places for which we are not as yet fitted. No man is really raised to honor, when artificially elevated in position. His defects in that case, become the more glaring. True wisdom therefore, dictates that we should make of ourselves thorough scholars, and acquire solid learning. We do ourselves and our race a positive discredit and injury, when we get a little smattering of knowledge, and then assume the airs and literary titles of educated men. I must stop, as I have already said too much.

I feel grateful to you for reading matter sent me, and shall go on with my work, trying to be faithful.

Resp'y yours, W. D. L.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton

Things are moving on in the tenor of their way. In spite of the fact that the number of Indians is larger than usual and many of them raw recruits, there is no great friction. The new ones have fallen into the traces and are doing their part.

Among the most important features of the Indian Department is the instituting of an Officers' Court composed of Indian boys. To this Court, subject to the approval of the Commandant, is committed the discipline of the Indian boys. It is found that they inflict penalties to the full extent of the offence. The effect is most excellent. The boys submit most readily to the decisions. The cases calling for discipline are fewer. The officers feel their responsibility and realize that they have a share in school work. This, of course, increases interest.

The Indians are often apt at mechanical trades. Among the number brought by Rev. Mr. Frissell in June, is a boy at work in the tin shop who shows an uncommon capability. The gentleman in charge says so far as he has gone, the work is as good as could be done by any one.

J. J. G.

On Aug. 2nd, Frank La Flesche, an Indian employee at Washington, arrived at the school with thirteen Omahas from Nebraska, six boys and five girls and one married couple. Many others were anxious to come, one young man desiring to make it his bridal trip. They make one of the most interesting and promising parties that has yet reached Hampton, and the physician's report is very favorable, her opinion being that "they are all in fair physical condition."

Their names are as follows;

Cary La Flesche,	12 yrs.
Marguerite La Flesche,	21 "
Susan La Flesche,	18 "
(Brother and sisters.)	
Nancy Levring,	18 yrs.
Milton Levring,	20 "
(Husband and Wife.)	
Josephine Barnaby,	19 yrs.
Garry Myers,	14 "
(Half-Brother and Sister.)	
Susan Burt,	18 yrs.
Nettie Fremont,	11 "
David Wells,	21 "
Samuel Baxter,	21 "
George Ramsey,	14 "
Edward Morris,	15 "

SUMMER WORK.

STANDING ROCK AGENCY, DAKOTA TERR.
June 14th, 1884.

My dear General;

We have been here one week and expect to take the steamer Gen. Terry to-morrow morning for Cheyenne River.

Maj. McLaughlin kindly sent for me to Mandan, having previously conveyed the children to their homes. Our ride of 60 miles across the country was most delightful. The road took us over the high bluffs, giving us fine views of the river and a good idea of the country. We passed Fort A. Lincoln where our friend Lieut. Brown is to be stationed. It is pleasantly situated on the river only a few miles from Bismark and the rail road. One of those terrific storms that are so common out here chased us across the prairies for miles. Our driver applied his whip with effect, the great mules seemed to take in the situation and we drove up to the door of the ranch where we were to spend the night just as the storm burst in its fury. In a few minutes the ground was covered with large hail stones. The ranch where we stayed was on the Cannon Ball river, the northern boundary of the Standing Rock. The man who was running it said he employed Indians very largely in farming and found them good reliable hands, holding their own with white help. He said they felt a pride about keeping up in their work and as they received their pay every night, they were contented and pleased. In the morning we found an old Indian chief, Two Bears, waiting to talk with the interpreter who had come after us. His son had died and left property, and he wanted to have the court at the agency decide what disposition was to be made of it. That certainly looked like civilization.

The fording the Cannon Ball was a matter of some difficulty owing to the "June rise" in the Missouri.

We had no sooner crossed the stream than we came in view of Indian houses and teepees showing a different state of things from what we had seen at Fort Berthold. Instead of being huddled together in one village we found the Indians living in houses apart from one another, each having some land which he cultivated. The houses were for the most part built of logs but many of them had a very comfortable look. On a very beautiful rise of ground overlooking the Missouri, we saw the new log school house which Maj. McLaughlin was building in this part of the reservation. I noticed that he was making preparation for a kitchen which was to be to these Indian children a lesson in the art of living and at the same time through the dinner which was to provided each day, an inducement to come to school. As we rode down toward the agency, although somewhat back from the river, we caught glimpses of comfortable looking houses along the Missouri and were told that all the land along the banks from the Cannon Ball to the agency had been taken up. Some of these houses had end rooms with teepees in front for use during the summer.

We met an armed policeman as we drove down toward the agency. He had a business-like air. His hair was cut and he had a regular soldier's dress. We were told that he was being sent after cattle that had been lost.

As we neared the agency, we came upon large fields of oats which we were told had been raised for the horses at the agency, by the Indian apprentice. We were made welcome by Mrs. McLaughlin at the agency and told that the Major would be home on the following day. The old Hampton students gathered around the agent's house when they heard that we had come. Jno. Pleets and Tom Fly as they call him here or Uhakumpa as we know him at Hampton, Louisa Bull Head with her pretty little babe and the girls that had come a few days before, asking, already, one of them at least, to go back to Hampton.

The Sunday services were of interest to us. We went with our kind hostess to the chapel on the hill side where the kind looking priest met his flock of Indian children and their parents. The children gave evidence of careful teaching. They sat with folded hands through all the service and not one of them, so far as I could see, gave way to sleep. The little Indian altar boys in their white garments and their close cropped hair made no mistake in all the service of the mass. Very beautiful too, were the responses and the hymns and chants in which all the children joined. The meaning of the mass had been made known to them, and their reverent looks and hearty joining in the service was certainly most beautiful. In this object, lesson teaching of religious truth of which the Catholic Church makes so much use I think we have much to learn.

We were invited, in the afternoon, to see the school under the Sisters' care. We had felt its influence even in Hampton in the quiet womanly ways of the girls that had come from the care of these kind women. We found the children all assembled in the large school room, and as we entered they all rose and sung hymns to us and spoke pleasant pieces that had been taught them by the Sisters. Then we were shown about the house into the children's rooms, all in perfect order and the floors clean enough to eat from. The Sisters showed us where the children worked and took us to the kitchen where one of them presided and taught the children in the art of cooking. This school becomes a second home to the best girls on the reservation. Here our Hampton children went until homes were found for them. Here John Pleets' wife was educated and I judge that she is quite his equal in many good things. We went to see the priest in his house on the hill-side. We found the place filled full of school children, for each, he had a pleasant word and smile. They all seemed to know and love their Father Claude.

Maj. McLaughlin came with the boat from Bismark. Then we had long talks about his plans for the reservation. These plans were not merely theories of one who did not know the Indians. They had been worked out at Devil's Lake among the Indians there. He showed how disastrously the Sioux Treaty worked in making paupers of the Indians. Of how the rations given indiscriminately kept men from working. He introduced a system of tickets at Devil's Lake which stood for money. If the Indians cut 100 rails they were paid $5.00 worth of tickets which could be exchanged for things they needed on their farm. They were paid a certain number of checks for each acre of land they broke. So successful had this plan been that one Indian at Devils Lake had raised 500 bushels of wheat a year. Five Indians had paid for self binding machines by their own work. When a wagon was broken they paid for its mending from their tickets and thus they were taught care in its use.

This same system he was trying to introduce at Standing Rock. The Indians were made to feel that what they received depended very much on what they did. So far as the instruction allowed, he was proportioning the supplies to the amount of work done. I found that the Major had a very complete system of police, by which all parts of the reservation were guarded, those in distant camps being transferred to the agency, so that he might be brought in contact with the whole force. He had also section farmers who looked after the different parts of the reservation. After the Major's return, one of these, Gaul, one of Sitting Bull's chiefs in whom he placed much confidence, came to make his report, which was translated to me. He told how one man left his field to go hunting, how another had a good crop; what ones he thought were to be trusted and who were undeserving. He reported on the roads and bridges in his section and showed much interest in the well being of his people.

We rode down to Sitting Bull's camp and called on the old gentleman We found him out digging turnips. We called his son-in-law, Uhakiumpa, who is living with his pretty wife in the house the Major built for the chief The last son-in-law is always the favored person, and so Uhakiumpa is in clover.

Two days were consumed in visiting Running Antelope's camp on the Grand river where Rev. T. L Riggs has a school, from which you requested that some Indian youths be brought to Hampton. It was some forty miles from the agency. The road ran across the prairie through a beautiful country. As we approached the camp, we saw signs of enterprise in improved roads and bridges, this section being under the care of Chief Antelope.

The prominent building in the camp was Mr. Riggs' school house with its bell in front, built upon a hill rising in the midst of the camp. We met here the teacher, Mr. A. Phelps, an Indian of prepossessing appearance and a good sensible face. He and his wife lived in their neat house with one room for a school. Maj. McLaughlin spoke in the highest terms of his work and he seemed to have won the respect of all the people in the camp.

We paid our addresses to Chief Antelope, who in his narrow brimmed straw hat and long duster gave evidence of an attempt to walk the white man's way. In the evening the people were summoned to Mr. Phelps' school house. I told them my business, the Maj. gave me his hearty endorsement and Mr. Phelps told how he had travelled hundreds of miles on foot to get the education which was offered so freely to them.

The next morning we took with us three girls and two boys, but one of the girls was rejected by the doctor, another one was unwilling to go at the last, so that only three came to Hampton from this school.

On our way back, we stopped at the Farm school where about sixty boys were receiving an industrial education. A large tract of land was under a most perfect state of cultivation, the work being done entirely by the boys under the care of the Brothers. I went into the shops and saw very creditable wood work done by them.

We were entertained most hospitably by Father Henry, who is at the head of the school, and his assistants. The school is situated on a most beautiful spot seventeen miles from the agency, and it seemed to me that the best sort of work was being done there.

Each day of the week has brought something new and interesting. With the help of Maj. McLaughlin I have had no difficulty in filling our quota. Andrew Fox who was acting as interpreter upon the boat, I shall bring with me. The Maj. thinks it desirable that he should have another opportunity. Pamani has married a pleasant looking wife, who is anxious to come. I shall bring them both. Rosa Pleets is anxious to return and her brother John says he thinks it would do her good. I have been much impressed with the importance of the work being done here and the difficulties of the position of an Indian agent and the wisdom and tact which Maj. McLaughlin shows in dealing with his problems. I heartily agree with you, sir, in your feeling so often expressed, as to the importance of keeping men like Maj. McLaughlin in these places. I cannot but feel regret that his name does not appear among those who are recommended to congress for an increase of salary. He has over 4,500 Indians under his control and is entitled, having that number to care for, to a salary of $2,200 whereas he is allowed only 1,800. Could not this be brought before the authorities at Washington and an increase be recommended?

Yours very respectfully,
H. B. FRISSELL.

Declination.

Capt. Pratt was to be present and participate in the discussion of Indian education at the National Educational Convention, Madison, Wisconsin, on the 11th to 16th inst. He was compelled to send the following declination:

JUNE 30th, 1884.

MY DEAR PRESIDENT BICKNELL:— The fact that to-day ends the fiscal year and no money for the Indian service is yet appropriated by Congress for the year beginning to-morrow, complicates my work, compelling me to remain at my post. I therefore most reluctantly inform you of my inability to be present at the meeting at Madison. I have delayed writing you until the very last minute in the hope that the way would clear for me to go.

You will have a noble meeting and educational matters will, no doubt, be stirred to the bottom.

If you project any course of education for the Indian which does not in the fullest sense kindly invite him to disintegrate his tribes, enter our life and to be of us you will block the way to his salvation. If he is educated in schools with us, and in the grind of our industries, and our life with us, he will be of us, and with us, and that will save him and be the end. All else is conflict. There can be no peace nor exact justice except through equality of individual privilege, and right, and obligation. Separate peoples and languages in one home beget suspicions and antagonisms. Intellectual or physical strength or both, decides who shall dominate. Either the Indian must come to us or we go to him. Successful Indian education means destruction of all Indian life and languages. Every reservation hinders and consequently wrongs him. He is now ready for the change, and we must do our part. Seven millions of exotic, savage black men, have been anglicized and incorporated from many languages into one with us. Why daily over two hundred and sixty thousand indigenous savage red men?

With high regard, cordially yours,
R. H. PRATT.

THE Carlisle Indian school sent 100 pupils back to the prairies yesterday. It is but a few years since higher education was undertaken as a solution of the Indian problem. It has already proven its justification. A majority of the young men and women educated at Hampton and Carlisle return to their people as teachers, and it is from this and similar influences that the Poncas are to-day proposing to renounce their rations and stipends from the government.—*Memphis Appeal.*

The following interesting extracts are taken from a report lately made by an Englishman, who has lived long enough in Africa to know more than most men of its possibilities.

There is much suggestion in what he says, and while his estimate of the power of trade is somewhat startling, it is only a strong putting of a truth which is not yet fully recognized. If we believe that "all things work together for the glory of God," we need not be afraid to admit that commerce opens doors through which better things may pass.

"One railway is worth ten bishops in Africa." That is what Sir Lyon Playfair once said, and I entirely agree with him. I think that if all the missionary societies were to devote a year's income to the construction of a Central African line of railway from the highest navigable point of the Niger to the Congo, they would do more for the Christianization of the Dark Continent than all the efforts of the missionaries for the next fifty years. It is a great delusion to imagine that the African native is not quite as good a man as many Europeans, and a good deal better than some Europeans. I have travelled on foot 4,000 miles down the African coast, going in at the Niger and coming out at Loanna, and my experience is that in manliness and shrewdness, in intelligence and honesty, and in the essentials of government, the black man is quite as good as the white. Boil down your idea of civilization as much as you please, and unless you make it consist of the mere use of pocket handkerchiefs, you will find that these so-called savages are as civilized as any of ourselves. They are traders, and keen traders too. They have their own religion, their own laws, and their own patriarchal methods of life. All the best of them are Mohammedans. They administer justice in their own way, and show more hospitality to the stranger and the traveller than the ordinary Englishman or foreigner. Through all my travels in those parts—and I have lived for many years in Central Africa—I was never molested, nor had any occasion to molest a native. Only once was anything stolen from me and the man who did it made a mistake. It was in one of the creeks running into the Niger, where I lodged for the night in the grounds of one of the traders. In the morning I found that my clothes and all my belongings had disappeared. I simply sent word to the local King of what had happened, and in a very short time every missing article was restored. Stolen goods are always recovered provided you go the right way to work; and some of the African chiefs might give Scotland Yard a hint in that matter. They have not, it is true—these so-called uncivilized black fellows—our conception of the value of time. Neither have they any penny newspapers; but they have what, until the last hundred years, served as a very effective substitute, and still serves the Spaniard and the

Portuguese, in the shape of their barbers' shops, which are the accepted news centres of the neighborhood. Every one goes to the barbers' shops to learn the news, and these establishments fulfil a great social want. So particular are many of the natives in the matter of personal neatness that in many districts the barber, besides shaving and shearing his customers, trims the nails of both his feet and his hands. Nor are they far behind us in the art of transmitting intelligence. News travels from mouth to mouth through the villages, more rapidly than it would be brought by steamers along the rivers. I heard of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870 from the mouths of natives who had passed it on from one to the other, from the seaboard of the Mediterranean to the upper waters of the Niger. Then as to trade, I would like to take those who think that these unsophisticated natives are mere children, to an African horse fair. They know as much about a horse as any Yorkshireman and are up to all the tricks of the trade of the professional horse-coper.

"The wealth of those regions is simply boundless. The amount of money that is to be made by an intelligent application of British enterprise and British capital is beyond belief, though it is not as if you had to do there what you have to do elsewhere, that is, to plough your land and sow your seed for the harvest. The harvest smiles around on every hand and only wants to be gathered. Look, for instance, at the development of the oil rivers. A few years ago it used to be thought a great thing to get £1,000 worth of oil; now £100,000 worth of oil is collected every year, and this is but a mere foreshadowing of what might be done along the whole of West Africa if the country was only opened up. The great disadvantage in the way of trade with Africa is the fact that the coast line is inhabited by a set of very inferior natives, who are middlemen between the tribes and the nations of the interior and the foreign trader. As you approach the sea in Africa from the interior you find that the population becomes blacker, both morally and physically. Why it should be I do not know, but the skin of the coast tribe is of a much darker tint than that of his inland brother, and his morality is immeasurably worse. What you have to do therefore, is to pierce through this evil fringe of savagery, and you find a whole virgin continent waiting to welcome the advent of British goods. There is no one whom they esteem more highly than a trader.

"What is wanted along the west coast are piers, wharves, harbors, railways, far more than Custom-houses and Portuguese officials. Along the whole stretch of the West African coast there is not even an apology for these elementary appliances of civilization. Several years ago the first sod of what was to have been the first railway in Portuguese territory in West Africa was cut in the presence of an English admiral with great rejoicing. The first sod was the first and last work that was ever done on that Portuguese railway. And yet in spite of all these disadvantages trade has increased wonderfully. It is a mistake to imagine that the climate is so deadly as to be fatal to European enterprise. I have lived there many years and the insurance company continues my policy at the same rate of premium as before I went out. The one thing needful is to keep a good heart, live a temperate life, and not expose your head to the sun. As for the African fever, it is only like a bad cold, and we think nothing of it after a time. Neglect of these precautions, however, unquestionably has serious results. I went out with twenty-four young fellows several years ago, of whom I am the solitary survivor. But I never was afraid, and that makes all the difference. The moment you lose heart you lose your life, especially when yellow fever is raging around you, as is sometimes the case in those parts."

Southern Workman.

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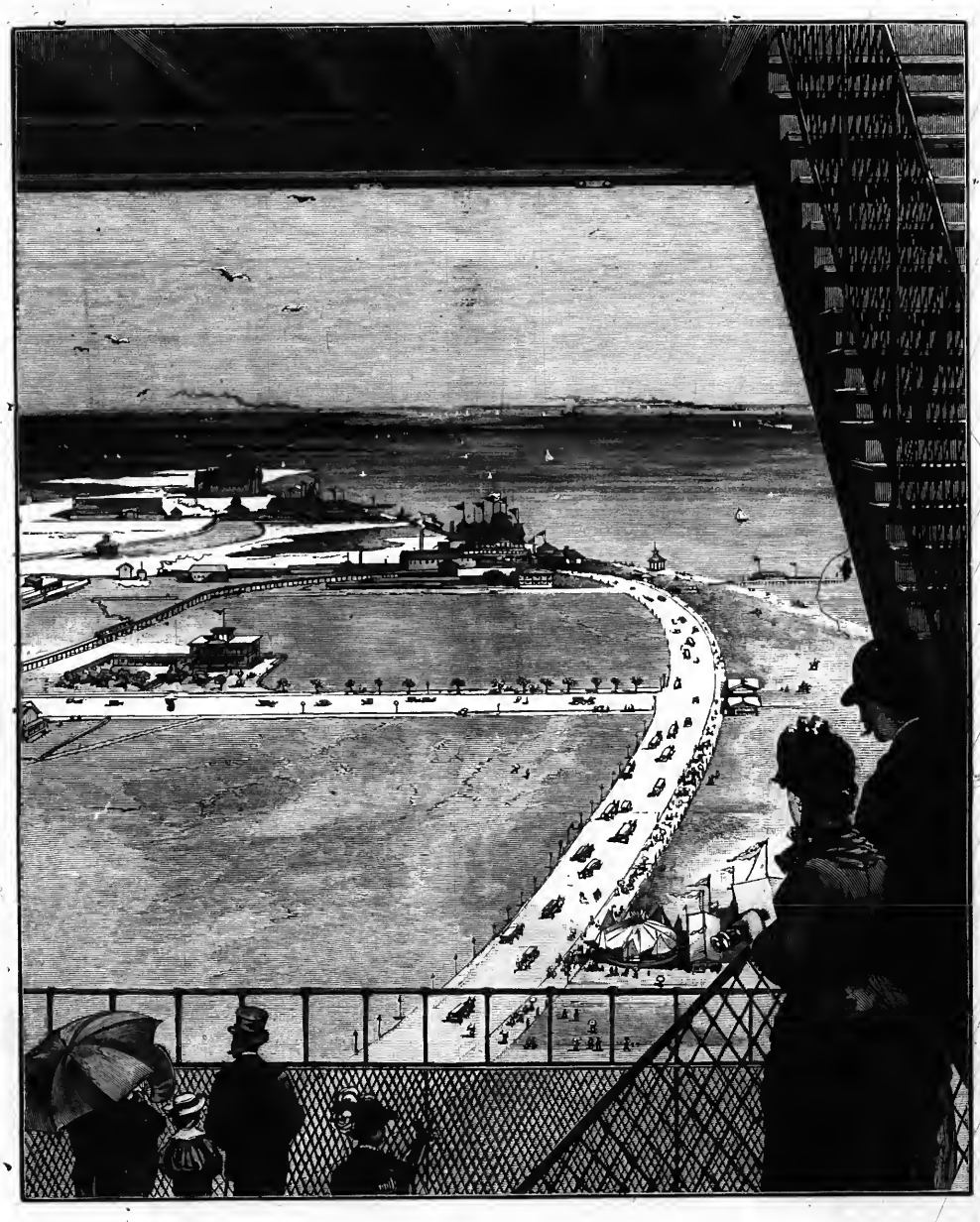

ON CONEY ISLAND—VIEW FROM THE OBSERVATORY, LOOKING EAST.

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A Visit To The Jail.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

During my stay in the valley I was glad of an opportunity to go with my sister on one of her accustomed visits to the jail. For years past she has gone regularly on Sunday afternoons to read and talk with the prisoners, and is always anxious to interest other people in her pets. The one claiming special attention at this time was a little Negro boy sentenced to a long term in jail for committing burglary, the judge having pronounced him too young to be sent to the penitentiary.

The jail in Harrisonburgh is a substantial brick building, the broad entrance and grass plats on either side giving it a tidy and comfortable appearance, with little to indicate the sombre use for which it is intended. In the rear, a high wall and iron bars across the windows, with an occasional glimpse of a prisoner's weary face peering through them, bespeaks it a place of punishment.

I well remember the building of the "new jail" as it was for many years called, in my childhood, and the interest of the citizens when the structure, then quch the handsomest in the village, was completed; and how, when it was ready for occupation, there were no prisoners to incarcerate, how the Jailor's wife took boarders in her spare rooms, how the Presbyterian minister being a bachelor, went there to board, and the well-worn joke, which met the reverend gentleman at every turn, about having "gone to jail." It seemed as if there was little use for a prison in those quiet times.

Offences committed by colored people were left to the owner's jurisdiction in the case of slaves, or summarily punished at the whipping post if the offenders were free Negros. Once in a score of years a man was hung for some desperate crime, and at rare intervals the malicious burning of a house or barn gave the jail an occupant, who was after trial sent to the State-prison at Richmond.

When the war came on, the jail saw sorrowful sights in the imprisonment of men for opinion's sake, the valley having many Unionists who were either driven from their homes, or arrested by Confederate authority. Just before the army surrendered, a party of Southern deserters, when ordered out of the jail on the approach of the Federal army, supposing they were to be executed, got up a mutiny, and were overpowered with much difficulty. The Confederates did not have time to attend to their case just then, and the deserters a few days later found themselves at liberty by the close of the war.

There seems to be a great increase in the criminal classes since the close of the great revolution which changed all social conditions in the South; and the jail is never without occupants now.

The want of accommodation in the Insane Asylums often makes it necessary to confine lunatics in the county jails until other provision can be made for them. At the time of my visit a wretched old black man, harmless, but quite imbecile, lay in one of the upper cells. His condition was hopeless, and it was a comfort to hear not long afterwards, that death had come to his relief.

A civil turnkey recognized my sister when we entered the jail, and at once took us into a long, well lighted hall, upon one side of which there were several grated doors. One of these doors was just opposite the front entrance, which is usually open by daylight, so that the prisoners occupying that apartment can look into the street and see all who come and go. This cell contained two white men, one of whom was to be released in a few days, having been arrested for making a row in the street.

The other, a gaunt, haggard looking man, had drawn his bed close to the grating, so that he could sit or recline on it, and talk to his wife who had a chair in the hall. The woman was neatly dressed, and her troubled face and disturbed manner showed how keenly she felt her position. It gave me a shock to hear the man's name and recall it as belonging to a respectable family in the county. My sister told me the sad story after we left the place, and, like the history of many other crimes, it might be summed up in one word —whiskey. The prisoner had hardly reached middle age, though his worn and haggard features bearing the painful imprint of a wasted life, made him look much older than he really was. He had fair prospects in early life, inherited a little property, was well connected, married a nice girl, but was "wild"—had kept bad company—been addicted to "sprees"—had been in jail before for fighting, but was now charged with the more serious crime of forgery.

Being the sort of man who is crazed by drink, he had done many reckless things, and his friends, weary of helping him out of scrapes, were now disposed to let the law take its course, and put him where he would have neither temptation or opportunity to make further trouble. He talked freely, referring sadly to his evil deeds, to his only child, a boy fourteen years old, to the sorrow he had caused his wife, and thought if he could escape the penalty of his fault this time, he would in future live, oh! so differently. Alas! his regrets had come too late. The crop of wild oats had produced a bitter harvest, and having sown the wind he had now to reap the whirlwind.

At the grated door, a few steps further on, a little Negro boy was standing, as we approached, smiling and cheerful, evidently much pleased to see his friend "Miss Annie."

If the first prisoner had misused his chances in life, this one seemed to be of quite another class, and could not be said ever to have had any. He was a poor little black waif, one of the children whose name is legion, now-a-days in the South. He had known no home, no parents. Like Topsy, he "wasn't born, he jes growed." He had never been brought up, only "jerked up." When thought old enough to make a living, some one had hired him and he had seized the first opportunity to steal. It so happened that he had broken a lock to secure some money, and being proved to have committed burglary, was sentenced for a year.

He was said to be about fourteen, but nobody knew his exact age and he had been so stunted in his growth that he might have passed for ten. He did not seem by any means dull, but answered questions brightly enough, and said a little lesson from his dog-eared primer and a verse from the Bible, as he does every time he sees Miss Annie, who is teaching him to read, through the grating of his cell. It made an odd picture. The lady on one side of the iron bars, holding the book, and the sharp little black-a-moor, not at all bad looking, on the other; the prison into which his childish feet have strayed, being the first place where any leaves from the tree of knowledge have fallen for him. As we turned away he went back to a toy house he was building of blocks and picture cards when we came, and the jailor said he allowed him to walk in the little yard back of the jail sometimes, when he seemed "droopy," and once in a while let him cut wood when he had time to watch him. A stout, sullen looking black woman with a sunbonnet drawn down over her face sat on a bed in this room, which was rather dark, though tolerably clean and well furnished. The turnkey said this prisoner was "in for borrowing chickens." When called, she reluctantly approached the door, and in answer to questions said she had seven children, only one large enough to be of use. When asked if she could not have gotten work enough to support herself, she said "yes," but seemed disinclined to talk, and went back to her bed.

The Hon. John Paul, now Judge of the United States Court for the Western District of Virginia, whose experience as Commonwealth's Attorney for Rockingham Co. gave him much acquaintance with the criminal classes, has long been desirous of seeing a Reform School for young prisoners established in the State, so that juvenile offenders being separated from older criminals and taught useful occupations, may have some chance for improvement. Judge Paul urged the importance of this subject when a Member of the General Assembly some years ago, and it is to be hoped when the Presidential election is over and redistricting the State in the interest of politicians is no longer the point of engrossing interest with our lawyers, the Reform-School and other questions of general importance may claim the attention of the Virginia Legislature.

Editorial Correspondence.

Cloudland, N. C. Aug. 25th, 1884.

Here we are on the top of a mountain 6,394 feet above the level of the sea. By taking a walk of five minutes we get a view into seven different States, with a hundred mountain tops over 4,000 feet in sight. The Roan Mt. upon whose top our hotel is situated, is between the Unokas and the Blue Ridge. Looking to the north we see Mt. Mitchell, the highest point this side of the Rockies. To the northwest lies the Cumberland range and out beyond, the Cumberland plateau. The mountain lies partly in Tennessee and partly in North Carolina and is a most attractive summer resort. Gen. J. T. Wilder a gentleman largely interested in the iron trade in Chattanooga, has purchased the whole mountain and has already commenced to erect a hotel with a capacity of 300 guests. The ride over the Norfolk & Western R. R., and East Tenn. and the North Carolina R. R., is most beautiful. The last fifteen miles is through the deep gorges of the Doe River. This part of the South is coming to be better known every year both for its wonderful scenery and the richness of its coal and mineral resources. On this mountain top one entirely escapes the summer heat. Our proprietor reports this as the warmest day of the season, the thermometer having reached 68 deg. Fahrenheit. These mountains are remarkable for their wonderful verdure, being heavily wooded to the very top. They are filled with enormous cherry, black walnut and oak timber. Prof. Asa Gray of Harvard College says: "This is the most beautiful mountain east of the Rockies. The mountain top is a beautiful grassy prairie of 1000 acres, dotted with red Rhododendrons, Azalias and mountain Heather in clumps from a yard to ten acres in area, set in beautiful greensward, fringed with rich balsams and spruces, growing from beds of most luxurious mosses. From our lofty height we can often look down on the thunder storms in the valleys, while we are bathed in the sunshine. The cloud effects are wonderful, and it is rightly called Cloudland."

The company which fills the hotel is made up from all the Southern States, especially from the interior. One may gain here a good idea of the northern mountaineer in his simplicity. The inhabitants are strong, well built men, of Scotch-Irish extraction. The country abounds in "moonshiners" or whiskey distillers, who give the Internal Revenue officers plenty of work. They have little regard for human life. It is said that there are more murders in this county in proportion to the population than any other in the State. The people say that they can do nothing with their wheat and corn as they have no roads by which they can carry their produce to market, and so are obliged to convert them into whiskey.

These people suffered very much during the war, as their houses and farms were ravaged by both the Union and Confederate armies. As one rides through these mountains on horse-back, almost every man he meets accosts him with "Howdy stranger?" and hauling a black bottle from his trousers pocket, he adds "Have a drink, stranger."

The opening up of a rail-road to the Cranberry mines, which runs within twelve miles of the top of the mountain, has made great changes in the people. Three years ago not one of the natives employed on the mountains had ever seen a rail-road train. They had no money, and all their exchange was by means of barter. The mines and the rail-road have brought money into the country, and they find a much better market for their produce. At Bakersville, just at the foot of the mountain, a large Mica mine has been opened, which is said to be the richest in the country. The ranges are full of iron ore which crops out at intervals through the mountain. As we came up the mountain in the stage coach, which runs from the railroad to the top, we passed the polling place of one of the districts in Tennessee. Our driver was anxious to vote, so the stage stopped and I accompanied him to the polls. It was quite an interesting scene. The polls were not yet open. A table was placed with chairs out under a tree, and a number of hardy mountaineers were collected from the country around. They had considerable difficulty in getting the polls opened. One old man was there to swear in the judges of election, but he read with difficulty, was unable to find the place in the book of the Tennessee laws where the proper oath was to be found. We found it for him, and then he read it slowly, hesitating on each word, to the men with up lifted hands who were to act as judges of the election. When the polls were opened they did not seem quite certain as to what they were to vote for. These are a most interesting people, and very little is being done for their education. An Agricultural and Industrial school for whites on the Hampton principle is much needed in this region. They are anxious for education, but they have very few opportunities. A gentleman who owns very largely in the region has made a most excellent offer of land and improved water privileges to any one who will come into this country and start a school of this kind.

We were able to get a few days out among the graduates before coming here. Although the schools were closed, we could get a pretty good idea of how our students were doing. In most cases they had made their mark upon the community. Our first visit was to Southampton County. We took the cars to Franklin, found one of our graduates living in a nice comfortable home of her own. She had been for many years in this one place, and had avoided the expense and necessary loss of power which comes from moving from place to place. She had sometimes taken summer schools in the country district, but returned again in the fall to the same place. Her minister told me of the work she had done in the church, of her influence upon the young people of the place. I heard of the large Sunday school she had gotten together. She told me of her last school in North Carolina, where, with her own hands, she had helped build her school house and make her room comfortable. In the afternoon she kindly gathered the Hampton students from the county around; and we heard reports from most of the Hampton workers in the county. The teachers have been troubled about getting their pay this year, in some cases having to wait six months before they could get the money due them, and in others being compelled to accept large discounts.

We spent two days at Danville. More students come to us from this place than any other with the exception of Norfolk. We have a number of Hampton graduates teaching in the schools, and I was pleased with the record they had made. The Danville riots have been a very unfortunate thing for both white and colored people. The only good result that I have seen is the causing some of the colored people to leave the city. There are too many of them there. The children go into the tobacco factories where they learn very little that is good and grow up weak in body and mind. The better class of colored people are doing well. They have comfortable houses and are building respectable churches. I went to see a number of the Hampton students in their homes and found them living in very nice, respectable houses. I found that rows of houses in very pleasant streets were owned by the colored people. These property owners I found to be a conservative, respected part of the community. In one of these Hampton homes I found four of our graduates; every one of them had made a good record as a teacher and two of them had pursued their studies in higher schools. I went into the Sunday school and found two of our graduates acting as superintendents and many as teachers. In the missionary societies and in all the charitable work of the place they had a part.

I heard very pleasant words in regard to Mr. Slaughter, the superintendent of schools. The teachers feel that he is very fair in all his dealings with them. He gives the same examination to the colored teachers as to the white, and hopes to bring them up to the same standard. He kindly showed me his examination papers and the marks of our graduates. One of them, Grasty, received a first grade ceticicate. It was certainly very creditable to him and showed that he had been making progress since graduation. The papers were difficult and embraced some subjects not in the course at Hampton.

We found some of the graduates with pleasant homes of their own in which they take much pride.

At Lynchburg we found the colored people in a better condition than at Danville. There was less of race prejudice there and the advancement of the colored people was still more marked. I found there a colored church worth $10,000 said to be the finest in the place. The colored people had become builders and property owners to quite a large extent. Mr. and Mrs. Langhorne have done much in aiding them to acquire property. They kindly showed me the settlement of colored people that they had started in houses of their own, and told me that some of these former tenants now had tenants of their own.

I went to the homes of several of our graduates and found them living on fine high land in a very good part of the city.

Lynchburg has the best jail in the State of Virginia and the prisoners are well cared for and are somewhat classified. They have endeavored to introduce some industries into the jail but with no very great success. It is much to be hoped that our present jail system, which keeps a large number of prisoners in enforced idleness at public expense will be changed. Any employment for their hands, however simple, would be a great improvement.

I ran down to Farmville to be present at the opening of the Institute for colored teachers in that place. I found some twenty Hampton graduates present, several of whom I had never seen before. As the morning was unoccupied we had a meeting of the Hampton students in the Baptist church and heard reports of their work. The new State Normal School at Farmville will make it quite an educational centre. Our good friend Judge Watkins is active in this as he is in every good work. The colored people of the state have no better friend than he. I was glad to hear that in this place there was coming to be an intelligent, respectable community of colored people; that the feeling between the two races was excellent, that the colored pastors were studying under the care of one of the white pastors. Hampton sends into this community this year some of her best students, and we feel sure that they will have every opportunity that their excellent school superintendent, Mr. Crawley, can give them.

Yours,

H. B. FRISSELL.

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In an article published in the September number of the *Century* magazine entitled "The Foreign Elements in our Population," Mr. Joseph Chamberlain offers us a most comprehensive resume of statistics which are, in themselves, so suggestive that they are likely, even without the further suggestion of the author's comments, to stimulate thought and open a broad field for discussion. He shows that the various nationalities represented in the immense flow of immigration to this country, can be grouped almost within definite boundaries, and he gives the relative percentages of children born of foreign and native parents, with the percent, so far as it can be ascertained, of race intermarriages, so that a map of the United States colored and indexed upon his basis of division, would furnish to the eye, instant evidence of the type occupying, or in the next generation likely to occupy, any given locality.

We recommend to our readers a careful study of the whole article, but for our present purpose we extract only such statements as bear directly upon the development of the Southern States, and notably upon the future of their Negro population.

Mr. Chamberlin broadly localizes our foreign citizens as follows;

"From the examination we have made, we perceive that the Germans are the most numerous body of foreigners in fifteen States and territories, which are the following: Alabama, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky Louisiana, Maryland, Missouri, Nebraska, Ohio, South Carolina, West Virginia, and Wisconsin.

The Irish are the most numerous foreign element in twelve States and territories, as follows: Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Georgia, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, and Virginia.

Of the remaining States and territories, thirteen have more Irish than Germans, and seven have more Germans than Irish. There are, therefore, twenty-two States and territories where the Germans outnumber the Irish, and twenty-five where the Irish outnumber the Germans.

The Chinese are the most numerous foreign element in five States and territories, as follows. California, Idaho, Nevada, Oregon, and Washington.

The British Americans are the most numerous foreign element in four States and one territory, namely: Maine, Michigan, Montana, New Hampshire, and Vermont.

The British are the largest foreign element in two States and two territories: North Carolina, Colorado, Utah, and Wyoming.

The Mexicans are the largest foreign population in one State and two territories: Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas.

The Scandinavians are the most numerous in one State and one territory; Dakota and Minnesota."

The West Indians are the most numerous in one State; Florida,

A glance at the map, in connection with the list just given, will show that the immigrant races have grouped themselves in a manner worthy of further note. We find what we may call the Irish States, beginning with Massachusetts, constituting an unbroken tier as far south as Maryland, and after the narrow interruption of that State beginning again with Virginia, and, bending westward, extending through Tennessee and to the Gulf in two prongs, Georgia and Mississippi. The German States are a compact mass in the center of the republic, extending from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico (Wisconsin to Louisiana), and from Nebraska eastward, with a tongue through West Virginia and Maryland to the Atlantic. The British Americans have a group in northern New England, and a detached State and territory, Michigan and Montana, in the North-west—all these bordering on Canadian territory. The British have three contiguous mountain political divisions and a detatched Southern State; the Mexicans have a group bordering on Mexico, and the Chinese the Pacific group, facing China."

A closer analysis of this distribution shows:

"Our foreign map grows lighter in shade as we move southward. New Jersey having 19.6 per cent. of foreign birth, 8.2 per cent. of the population being Irish-born, 5.7 German, and 3 British. Pennsylvania has 16.1 per cent. foreign-born, 5.5 per cent. of the whole population being Irish, 3.9 per cent. German, and 3.0 per cent. British. Delaware has 6.5 per cent. foreign-born, of whom something more than half are Irish, the rest being of various nationalities. Maryland has 8.1 per cent. foreign-born, 4.8 per cent. German and 2.2 per cent. Irish—the Irish here first losing their leadership in the Atlantic States south of New Hampshire. In the District of Columbia the foreign-born are 9.7 per cent., the Irish being 4.4 per cent. of the whole population, and the Germans 2.8 per cent. West Virginia has 3 per cent. only of foreign-born, the Germans being slightly in excess of the Irish. In Virginia there is not one foreign-born person to one hundred natives, the percentage of native-born being 99.02. Here, as in all the remaining States of the South bordering on the Atlantic or Gulf (except Florida, where 1.8 per cent. are West Indians), until Louisiana is reached, we have fewer than 1 per cent. of foreign nativity, and the few foreigners, living mostly in the cities, are of diverse nationalities. Our Southern States are scarcely so much affected, as yet, by foreign settlement as are some of the countries of Europe by immigration from neighboring nations. The presence of a lately enslaved race keeps away, in nearly all of them, all but traders and a few handicraftsmen and farmers."

Now, there are, at this moment, in the Southern States vast tracts of uncultivated land, within reach of good markets, fertile and easily tilled, extending over an area which includes almost every variety of climate, and it would seem, in every respect as likely to attract immigration as are the Western lands which are being so greedily taken posession of by German, Scandinavian, English, and Irish immigrants.

That the great river of immigration should have so persistently flowed past the fair fields of the South, to vitalize the less promising regions to the Westward, is easily comprehensible. Slavery barred the door against free labor, and kept the lands it held back from the tide of progress as firmly, as it did the men who owned them. But slavery died twenty years ago, and still the influx has not sought out the new channels which apparently the changed conditions afforded it. It is recognized of course, that the reason for this is to be found in the presence of a prolific, easily satisfied laboring class, already domesticated and at ease with the soil and their surroundings. This, then, being the case, why is the South not already on equal terms with the West, and what to her would be the advantage of peopling her uncultivated lands with men who speak another language, and are the product of a different civilization? Mr. Chamberlin suggests the answer when he says:

"The greatest danger would seem to be that the mingling of all elements, with a resulting evolution of a single nationality, will not proceed without interruption. No greater danger can threaten than that the population will split into two or more castes, with caste hatreds and conflicts. Whenever in any place a tendency to such a condition seems to be arising, all the proper influence of the State and of society should be brought to bear against it."

The Southern Negro, in spite of his three hundred years of life on American soil, is still a foreigner of the foreigners. His language, his religion, his habits, are those of his white neighbor; but there is no such process of assimilation going on as has fairly set in between all other races and the native born American. The half breeds of slavery are dying out, and the color line is becoming physically more and more marked. The "split" already exists, and the danger from caste hatred is not to be ignored and is as great to the one race as to the other. Would immigration lessen this danger and how, is a question that many a Southern landowner is asking himself, and its answer is of the most vital importance.

The situation from the point of view of the employer that is, of the man who holds in his hands the capital which will sooner or later control the labor market, is this: "The colored population of the South represents a laboring class, in the main untrained, with few wants, with plenty of physical power, but little natural energy, who, living on the most responsive of soils, with a range of varied and genial climates, know absolutely nothing of the stimulus of competition.

Competition among themselves can hardly be said to exist at all, as there are no grades of skilled labor; it is all alike in the rough, and the causes which have prevented foreign immigration have shielded the Negro from what, under healthier conditions, would be the natural result of his own ignorance and lack of energy.

It is pretty certain that there is no force known to man which acts more powerfully upon the majority of the human race than wholesome competition, and when it is remembered that not only has the Negro been kept beyond the reach of this force, but that also the simplicity of his wants enables him to supply himself with all he needs by the minimum of labor,—the result goes without saying."

The average employer, finding himself thus at the mercy of unskilled and unambitious labor, is not likely to devote himself with much zeal to its improvement, but will rather consider first the possibility of availing himself of the superior labor which, he has reason to believe, a little exertion will put within his reach.

It is a fact that isolated attempts are being made all through the South to introduce foreign labor, generally German or Scandinavian, and the experiment means more than the face of it. When a farmer, after a year's experience of a couple of imported hands, sends at one shipment for fifteen or twenty others from the same source, it is evident that there is an opening, and a fair show in the opinion of both employed and employer. If this should continue it will have a definite effect upon the future of the Southern Negro, and there are some among his friends who believe that it may be an important factor in his development. A pressure would thus be brought to bear upon him which would possibly affect him more powerfully than anything that has yet come within his experience, and produce in him, by a natural and wholesome process, that capacity for intelligent and persistent work, the lack of which makes him his own worst enemy. And further, the presence of even a small class of whites who have no inherited race prejudice would do more or less toward breaking up the dangerous caste divisions, and might exercise a decisive influence for good.

It must be confessed that all this is, as yet, largely problematic, but it is certain that the future of the South is not to be as its past, and that the Negro has no guarantee to his place within her borders unless he can make good his claim by showing himself to be an essential agent in her development. The fact that other men are ready and able to do the work at which he still has the first chance, ought to act as the strongest of stimulants, and the Negro, in working side by side with the foreign laborer, may find just the training which he needs to stimulate and direct his own growth.

ABOUT a year ago we referred, in our editorial correspondence, to Albuquerque, New Mexico, as the proper place for the leading industrial school for Indians in the Southwest, and to the fact that its citizens had contributed four thousand dollars toward a site for such a school.

A large brick building is being completed by the Government to accommodate one hundred and fifty Indian pupils, who are expected to enter October 1st, to be under the charge of Professor Bryan, who has, for years, taught in miserable adobe buildings. The work has been encouraged by Indian Agent Major Pedro Sanchez, who has been doing all in his power to advance the cause of the education of the Pueblo Indians, (of whom he has the care) who live in the immediate neighborhood of Albuquerque. Children from the Pima, Mescalero Apache, Navajo and Colorado river tribes will also attend. Much is to be hoped for from this new light for the Indian in New Mexico and Arizona.

We understand that the Presbyterian church selects and supports the teachers, while the Government erects buildings and furnishes food and clothing for the pupils. This mingling of public and private interests is most wholesome; the only permanent part of the work for Indians is that which is not maintained by public aid.

Editorial Correspondence.

Prout's Neck, Coast of Maine, Aug. 1884.

Within forty years after the landing of the Pilgrims, early in the seventeenth century, this coast was frequented by English fishing craft, who prospered exceedingly in their trade, using many of the picturesque islands that lie along the shore for curing and storing their catch, and building their homes upon this and other advantageous points, where they could carry on their trade in furs with the neighboring Indians.

Gradually this place, then known as Black Point, became one of the most important on the coast, and in 1671 there were fifty houses, probably not less than three hundred people, and a quantity of stored materials. The "Collections of the Maine Historical Society" furnish much interesting information of these early days, mentioning the first "Maine Liquor Law" passed in 1636, which forbade liquor dealers to sell to "neighbors, laborers, or servants except men invited, or laborers upon the working day for one *hower* at dinner, or strangers or lodgers there" under penalty of ten shillings. The record goes on to state that there was much hard drinking in those days without serious bad effects, which was considered by a famous pioneer, John Jocelyn, to be due to the climate's favorable influence upon their constitutions.

One of the earliest laws passed required every planter to "do his best endeavor to apprehend, execute or kill any Indian that hath benne known to kill any English, kill their cattle, or any way spoyl their goods, doe them violence and will not make them satisfaction."

The Indians in this region are of the Saco tribe, "well formed, highly painted warriors, the best figures in the whole colony." They finally removed to Canada, and are now part of the St. Francis tribe.

Squando and Assacambint were their most famous leaders; the latter used to boast that

with his own band he had slain 150 English. "Massere Pond" mainly commemorates this bloody day when all but one of the twenty whites engaged were killed. The Indian name of this locality was "place of mucb grass" so called from tbe extensive marshes.

It should be known that up to 1675, there was, generally peace between the Indians and whites in Maine, and an interchange of friendship, hospitality and confidence until King Philip attempted tbe extermination of the New England colony. He found it hard to bring the Maine Indians into his schemes, and Squando, the leader, acted like a genuine Christian convert, till his wife and child were recklessly overset in a canoe and drowned.

Squando at once declared himself the enemy of all Englishmen, and hard fighting was the order of the day, in which the colonists, after many losses, were victorious. In 1688 the Anglo-French war began, and the Indians, instigated by French priests, attacked the settlements. In spite of the fact that tbese were in better condition then ever before, having been fortified, the combined French and Indian forces made terrible havoc, destroyed nearly every town along the coast, and scattered the settlers among strangers, where they made new homes.

The second set, seven in number, came in 1702 under pledges of peace, but soon after the whole eastern country was on fire, not a house standing, not a garrison unattacked, a band of 300 French and Indians devastated the coast, killing, capturing and burning till they reached the spot from which I am writing, where, though the garrison consisted of but eight fighting men, the brave John Larrabee refused to surrender, and drove back the enemy

As soon, however, as the war ended, settlements were again begun, farming being confined to small parcels of ground in protected situations, while the salt marshes furnished hay for cattle, and the sea did as much as the land in the way of food.

There were some men of note in those days. The record tells of famous huntsmen and marksmen, some of whom, after their wives and children had been murdered by the Indians, devoted themselves to shooting every red man they could find.

After nearly nineteen years of comparative quiet, there began, in 1720, new attacks upon the Eastern settlements, instigated of course by the French, and a sudden attack upon Black Point resulted in the loss of some valuable lives. But in 1725 peace was again declared, after the successful campaign of a small army of colonists. In 1719 a town government was organized here, and lumbering became the principal business, lumber seeming to have been the currency of the day, even the school master being paid in lumber. Maine settlements flourished during, this, the longest peace they had enjoyed, but war between England and France, forced them again in 1745, into hostilities with Indians who were under French influence, and who did much destructive work while avoiding open battle. The capture of Louisburg, the French strong-hold, ended the war, and Black Point suffered no more, for the Indians, though frequently on the war path, avoided fortified towns.

The people were plucky and patriotic. After the battle of Lexington every available man was enlisted for the struggle, out of 471 males, from sixteen upwards, a large proportion were enrolled. It is interesting to read accounts of the joy with which the people hailed the capture of Burgoyne and the surrender of Cornwallis.

"Two of the most respectable of the townsmen could express their delight in no other way than by dancing together on the top of a small round table in the middle of the room."

Burning tar barrels were hoisted to tbe top of the liberty pole, all the powder in town was consumed, with a good deal of liquor, and the celebration closed with an all night dance.

Sitting in front of the Cammock House in a pleasant arbor, on the edge of a bluff looking across the water to Old Orchard which, with its hotels, crowds, and citified aspect, is forever lost to simplicity; seeing the sunset beyond three miles of intervening quiet water, which is marvelously tinted by the slanting rays, and musing upon the past, the thought comes, that here at least, with the Saco tribe, the strongest of their race, the longest peace with the Indians was from the first settlement till 1675, a period of nearly fifty years. It was broken by the wilful drowning of the wife and children of a chief, Squando, who had been trying to lead a Christian life.

If the oldest and ablest of our fighting officers are to be believed, Indians are not disposed to be aggressors until excited by wrong; then their retaliation is terrible.

Prout's Neck is, in effect, an island, the breezes from every direction but one being freshened by coming over the sea. There is the best of surf-bathing and a glorious beach, especially when illuminated by a big bon, fire made from the drift-wood gathered along the shore; a bold rocky front on the north-east side upon which beat the waves of the open Atlantic; while the west side forms an opposite shore across the bay which is shallow or an extensive sand flat, according to the tide. When bare, scores of clam diggers make a pictuesque scene; when the tide is coming in, at sundown, the play of the light upon the advancing wavelets as they break in graceful curves, is indescribably lovely.

Speculators have been kept out by the family that has owned the Neck for generations; the place is decidedly undeveloped, and hence its charm. It must, perhaps, yield in time to the fashionable crowd, with their equipages and dress, that will sadly change this restful, delightful resort. Interesting local characters now control the place, and lose nothing by having their own way, for people will always come to this unconventional and remote place, which is five miles from any railroad, for the bathing and fishing and air, and for the privilege of wearing the most comfortable summer clothing. It is recreation such as I have seldom found, to ramble through the pine woods that cover half the ground, sit on the rocks and watch the waves, or plunge into the breakers, fish for cummers in spite of aggravating sculpins and forget, for a few days, the care of the "despised races." S. C. A.

"For upward of twenty-five years the Rev' J. H. Brooks has looked after the spiritual welfare of a large flock of colored people in Washington D. C. He was an able preacher, an untiring worker, and an honest man. Among the citizens of African descent and Baptist faith Mr. Brooks was a leader, and as such he occupied one of the foremost positions among those of the cloth. For some weeks he has been slowly wasting away from the combined effects of overwork, age, and disease, and finally on Saturday he died. His funeral was held at his church yesterday, and in many respects it was the most remarkable private funeral ever seen in this city.

The body of the deceased pastor lay in state in the church over which he had so long presided, for twenty-four hours, and although the ceremonies were advertised for 1 o'clock P. M., there was a crowd of several thousand people around the church as early as 8 A. M. By noon this crowd had swollen to such proportions that every approach to the building was blockaded. Squads of mounted policemen were called out to keep order, but so eager was the multitude to enter the church that the police were of no avail. When the services finally began the crowd outside had been augmented by the addition of at least five thousand more. The procession moved about 5 P. M., through a double line of colored people of all ages, which extended nearly a mile from the church, and the line of carriages was followed by thousands of dusky mourners on foot. Washington has about 75,000 colored citizens among its population. It is safe to say that fully 20 per cent. of the number attended the funeral of the Rev. Mr. Brooks. Probably no colored man was ever before followed to the grave by so vast a throng."

The man, whose life gave him such a hold upon his people that he was thus honored in his death, accomplished his work by the force of character and purpose. Although we knew nothing of him personally, the numerous notices of him, which have lately come under our observation, have been so interesting that we are glad to publish extracts from them, and to increase, if possible, the knowledge of a life which seems to have been spent freely in the service of others.

"No man can, in twenty years, attract so many followers, hold them and be so universally mourned as was the late Rev. H. Brooks, without possessing the essentials of a strong character. He came here in the dark hours of the war, one of a despised class, hated by the Bourbon whites, regarded by the more fortunate of his own race as an inferior outside of the pale of social recognition or affinity. But he did not succumb, he did not lose heart, he did not long after a place among those who loathed him as "a contraband," but he contented himself by working among his own people.

And to-day we behold him mourned as the founder and pastor of one of the largest of our congregations, a builder of one of the two of the forty or fifty colored churches on fashionable avenues—a church with a debt of only a few thousand dollars, which will be paid at its maturity next spring.

He lived to see the reproach taken away from the section in which his people dwelt. He lived to see many of the children grow up to manhood and womanhood, some with the highest honors of their classes in our high and normal schools. He lived to see many of his congregation the owners of their own homes and respected members of the community in which, years ago, they were both hated and despised. Such is the work of Rev. John H. Brooks as viewed from a secular stand-point.

How did this man, with little or no learning, with no acquaintance with books, secure and maintain such a hold upon his flock and become such a power for good in the community, a central and commanding figure in our midst? By his simple Christian character, by his confiding, sympathetic position, by his knowledge of human nature, by his devotion to duty, by fidelity to the trusts reposed in him. These are the secrets of the success of the life of Rev. John H. Brooks. These, in the first place, made the opportunity which he improved, so that his career from the log cabin of the poor slave in Hanover county was as conspicuous in comparison as that of Lincoln or Garfield to the first place in the gift of the Nation.

Count this no exaggeration. Had Brooks, with the qualities of mind and heart he possessed, engaged in politics in a great constituency, he could have risen to the greatest civic heights. There is a lesson in his life for us all. It is not brilliancy that in the long run ensures the most enduring success. —*People's Advocate.*

"Rev John H. Brooks, one of the most popular preachers in this city, died at his late residence last Friday. Rev. Brooks came to this city from Richmond in 1862, and located in what was then the most abandoned portion, known as "Hell's Bottom," where he gathered a few people into a small room and organized what is now the Fifth Baptist church. The great influence for good exerted upon the neighborhood by the deceased minister, through his church, has quite redeemed the hitherto forsaken locality, where they worship. Under the pastoral charge of Mr. Brooks, the membership of the Fifth Baptist Church grew to nearly 2,000 in number, and a large and magnificent church edifice has been erected. The pastor has been sick for the past two years. He was greatly beloved by his congregation, and his death has cast a gloom of sorrow over the entire vicinity in which the church is situated. Never was more general and feeling tribute paid any person of color by the city press. At the time of his death Rev. Brooks had attained his 52d year. His funeral took place to-day from the scene of his labors for the past twenty-two years. Six thousand people were in attendance." *N. Y. Globe.*

"One of the noblest characters in the Washington Clergy was the Rev. John H. Brooks, of the 5th Baptist Church, better known as Brooks' Church. This church is located in a section of the city bearing the classical and euphoneous name of "Hell's Bottom." It is largely inhabited by colored people, and it is said that not many years ago, neither life, limb, nor property was safe either by day or night. This good man came with the Bible, his philanthropy, and all the zeal of a reformer, and ability commensurate with the demands of his work. Now the section of town named is clean, quiet and orderly, and the church numbers 1,400, and the good man "Brother Brooks," is reverenced as something a little lower than a god.

The changes wrought by the labors of this man are strongly suggestive of "Ho Presto," "Open Sesame" of the Arabian Nights transformations. His accomplishments in his chosen field will endure when monuments of brass and marble shall have been crumbled.

E. J. Waring's letter to the Plain Dealer of this week.

A reply to "B."

Hilton Head, S. C. Aug. 21st, 1884.

To Editor *Southern Workman.*

Dear Sir:

Please allow me space in your very valuable paper, to call your attention to some apparently very bold and untrue assertions which I have noticed in one of the graduates' letters, dated "Jan. 5th, 1884," found in the Aug. No. of the *Workman*

The letter that I have reference to, is headed—"From South Carolina. A Teacher in the Black Belt" etc, and signed below, "B." B has never had enough pupils at any time to keep him busy, nor enough among whom to establish any very effective system of instruction. Many, who live on the plantation where his school is, say that they have never seen over 35 or possibly 40 pupils attending his school. In the stead of B's work giving universal satisfaction, it gave almost universal dissatisfaction.

No one seems to know of B's ever having been connected with any Sabbath school on this island in any capacity. The two Sabbath schools that be referred to must have been mine and that of the Methodist church; he taught in neither of these.

I do not believe a word of it, that the religion of our people of this island, nor of any other part of the South "is more of the demonstrative than real," nor do I believe that their "manner of worship" is "wild and sensual." I will admit that they have many little peculiarities about their religion, but when they are urged down to a fine point, they truly regard them as being quite unnecessary to salvation and quite subordinate to the plan of God, through Christ, as arranged in the Bible. It is my very strong belief that there is no Christian denomination or people in the world, whose religion is more strongly and truly founded upon the Gospel of Christ than ours. They accept every part of the Apostles' Creed. Our colored people of the South are not just a people a few years since brought from the jungles of Africa or Asia or any of the islands of the sea, but to the contrary, they have been here over two centuries and a half and have been educated in the same common religious schools along with their slave masters, and in addition to this religious training, they have had the experience of the last twenty years of freedom.

I believe they will only be saved upon their true belief in the love and omnipotent power of Christ and their obedience to His will. I think B needs a little more faith and frankness and less ambition.

B says there is one or two Methodist members here who are doing much for religious elevation.

There are only two denominations on this island, they are the Baptist and the Methodist. They are in the ratio of about fifteen Baptist to one Methodist.

I have the honor to be, yours most respt'y,

J. D. WESTON GILES.

"A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: *by Horace E. Scudder*: for use in schools and academies.

Nothing is more refreshing to a reviewer whose trade has not altogether embittered him against the makers of books, than to meet with a volume like the above, of which there is really nothing but good to be said.

Mr. Scudder takes the true view of his work when he says, "There is a logic in events which it is the business of the historian to unfold, and the secret of success in any history must lie in the power of the author to conceive the development of life and to discover the critical passage, the transition periods, the great epochs."

History, as it has been studied under the average teacher in the past, has meant simply an assemblage of dates, and the dryest possible statement of facts, without regard to their value or effect, but simply in their chronological order. A very different thing it will be when a child, beginning at the roots of the world's life, and following the whole sweep of its growth, shall learn how logical has been the evolution of nations, and how unerring the laws which govern every phase of development. It is not events themselves, but the meaning of events, that makes history, just as it makes individual life, and it is Mr. Scudder's comprehension of this which makes the first value of his book. He has grouped his facts so that they give their due impression of relation, and has earned for himself the blessing of his readers, by, so far as possible, omitting dates while emphasizing clearly those which he retains as of importance.

To teachers the topical analyses will be helpful and suggestive, and the thoughtful among them will accept and work upon Mr. Scudder's "conviction that the most which a text-book maker can do is to furnish a clear outline which a wise teacher may fill with details."

For the rest, the maps and illustrations are sufficiently ample, and are excellently supplemented by the suggestions as to books of reference and for general reading, contained in the appendix. The index is full and clear, and although the eyes of an adult are not always to be trusted, it seems as if Mr. Scudder's long literary acquaintance with the children of his country had enabled him to write for them a history which will be thoroughly to their minds.

The criticism of intelligent children upon such a book ought to be final, and we believe that in this case the author has little to fear at their hands.

Correction.

The September No. of the *Workman* contained a letter from General Marshall, the former treasurer of the School, which, by our mistake, was dated *Kendal Green*, BOSTON, Mass., instead of WESTON, Mass. Thinking that some of his many correspondents might be misled by our error, we make this statement and give his address in full:

J. F. B. MARSHALL,
Kendal Green,
Weston, Mass.

The Southern Press, Both sides.

How evident it is that no man is fit to be a voter, who cannot give intelligent consideration to the vote which he casts, and does not feel that his political opinions, as an individual, are of some value., And yet,if we can imagine some entirely disinterested and unprejudiced observer taking up the records of the present campaign, is it not likely that his first, and not impossibly his last, impression would be, that voters thus qualified are the exception in this country?

What a curious state of things is indicated by the following, from the Norfolk *Landmark*—:

"One of the bad signs of the times is that you hear men on every hand talking about the different "votes" in this country, not as "votes" expositive of opinions, but of nationalities, or color. In the present canvass we have the Labor vote, the Greenback vote,the Prohibition vote, the Democratic vote, and the Republican vote. These would seem more than enough, especially as three of the so-called parties make their appeal to the people on a basis entirely too narrow for potential organization. But this, unhappily, is not all. We have the German vote, the Irish vote, the White vote, and the Black vote."

And the climax would seem to be capped when we find that not only must a man vote as Black or White, as Democrat or Republican, as Prohibition or Protection, or German or Irish, but also as Baptist or Presbyterian, before he can cast his vote as an individual with independent convictions.

"The Democratic party has recently given great offence to the Baptists of the State. In making the nominations for State officers, they not only failed to put a Baptist on the ticket, but substituted an inferior man in the place of Bro.——the popular and efficient Superintendent of Public Instruction; and yet one-half of the votes that will be cast in the election will be Baptist votes. We know why the Baptists are thus ignored and insulted, but we will not go into that at this time."

—Religious *Herald, Va.*

That the ex slaves of the South should be forced almost *en masse* into the party to which they feel that they owe their freedom, is to be expected, but that men who have no such past to cast its shadow of dread upon the future, should persist in making party lines their only measure of political right and wrong, seems to show that organization may be carried a little too far, and become a mania rather than a controlling power.

The colored voter when he speaks for himself, has, from his point of view, many good reasons to give for his position, which indeed is none of his choosing. There is much truth in such declarations as this:

"The colored voter of to-day is forced to assume about the same attitude toward political parties that he assumed fifteen years ago —that of fealty to the republican party and opposition to the democratic party. As a voter, the colored citizen has advanced in all that pertains to a full appreciation of the political needs of the country. His material and educational progress has been almost phenomenal and his high appreciation of his social relations is such that marks a studious and rapid development.

Notwithstanding these changes which he has undergone as a political, social and intellectual character, he has not found that healthy change in political parties which would give him an opportunity to exercise a keen discrimination, commensurate with his advanced development, as to a choice between political parties. He finds the republican party still holding out its arms to embrace him as a man and a brother. Its principles and its practices proclaim and execute, in so far as is possible, the theory of the equality of citizenship. It builds his school houses, it stimulates in him a desire to develop all the nobler instincts of his nature.

Wherever it maintains power, the colored man is protected against insult in a moral sense, as well as against the encroachments which his enemies are constantly endeavoring to practice, in a political way.

The democratic party has not changed its ancient attitude toward the colored people. It has opposed every measure proposed, looking to the advancement of the colored man. It opposed his emancipation, it opposed his enfranchisement, it opposed and still opposes his education, it ignores his social rights and opposes his civil rights. Its methods of administration are aimed at the humiliation of the colored man, and it seeks power by base resorts which inflame and re-kindle race prejudices and race antagonisms.

It is by reason of the existence of the democratic party, that we are made to hold to the republican party. When Bourbonism gives way to a wise conservatism; * * * * in a word, when it dies and is buried, without hope of resurrection, then, and then only, can the colored man think of deserting the republican party. It is our duty to stand by the republican party until the last rebel dies, or is regenerated; until the prejudices which now seriously interfere with our full development and which are now mountain-high, are wiped out; until the Nation is united into one people, with sympathies, aspirations and motives, harmoniously blending, and with a common pride in her institutions and an abiding faith in one another. Until then, Republicanism must be our ship, for "all outside is the sea"—a roaring, seething waste, with uncertain depths and distant shores."—*The People's Advocate.*

The Virginia *Star* believes in the growing importance of the colored vote, and its tendency to mass itself within the lines of one party or the other, but, it is to be hoped, overvalues the effect of antagonistic race feeling on the future of American politics.

"Remember that less than twenty years ago, the people decribed above were held in hopeless slavery: that less than that number of years agone they were turned loose without skill or learning in the art of self-government and providing for the future. Turned loose, not amongst friends, but amongst their bitterest enemies, their former owners, who were filled with prejudice and chagrin at having what they called their property taken away, turned loose without a dime, a a foot of ground or a tent to shelter them. Remember all this and mnre, and compare the condition of the colored citizen of twenty years ago with his condition to-day, and then write your answer as to whether or not the colored citizen has progressed since his emancipation. We tell you the colored citizens are coming. They are coming seven millions strong!

Whichever of the national political parties can control the vote of these seven millions of citizens will control this country. The rising generation of colored people will understand this fact in all of its force. And when they do, understand it properly and act upon it, they will constitute a power in this land that will not be contemned, and the world at large will be compelled to acknowledge that the colored citizen has progressed."

That there is room for a difference of opinion among representative colored men in regard to this prejudice of the two races against the other, is shown by the expressions of kindly feeling found even in the midst of the campaign bitterness;

"The Southern white people are not all a bad set. Some of the most generous, high-souled, law-loving citizens in this country reside in the South, and were born there. The warmest friends the colored people have are to be found among this class. Show me a colored man holding office in the South, and I will show you his bondsmen from this class of Southerners. Colored papers should be careful not to stigmatize the whole white population in the South on account of the lawlessness of those who disregard the protest of the loyalists of that section." *N. Y. Globe.*

That the present campaign does not differ from any that have gone before it in the element of personal bitterness, is shown by the *Memphis Appeal* in a brief resume of the scandals through which various presidential candidates have been obliged to fight their way to the coveted distinction:

"It seems that a Presidential election is the signal for turning a calcium light upon the character of presidential aspirants. No man's character, however long established, pure and unquestionable, is a defense against the most outrageous slander and unblushing vilification. Juvenile politicians in their ignorance conceive the idea that the defamation of presidential candidates is something new—that Blaine and Cleveland are the first victims that have been assailed. But they are passing through the same ordeal to which every candidate for the presidency and every President-elect have been subjected since the organization of the government. Washington, Jefferson, and both the Adamses were maligned. There were scandals and bickerings in their Cabinets. A remorseless war was made upon Andrew Jackson. He was called a gambler, horse-racer, duellist, and accused of stealing another man's wife. Clay was stigmatized as an immoral monster. Webster was branded as a drunken libertine and as dishonest in money matters. Every vile epithet in the English language was applied to Martin Van Buren, and the candidate elected to the Vice-Presidency on the Van Buren ticket was charged during the campaign with having a Negro wife. Grant was vilified for eight years, and defamation was the cause of Greeley's death. Garfield and Hancock had their names dragged through the filth of the canvass. Blaine and Cleveland are passing through the same terrible ordeal.

And the *Appeal* hardly puts the case too strongly when it suggests that, "judging from the pet names used in the presidential canvass, foreign nations may well be impressed with the belief that we are fifty millions of fools and knaves led by a few rascals."

A leading Southern paper, the Augusta *Constitutionalist*, sums up, as follows, the reasons for counting in a sweeping Democratic victory; it says:

"The demand of the people upon the Democratic Convention was for a thorough representative of wise and honest government. No man so completely and availably met that demand as Grover Cleveland. If he cannot be elected, no Democrat could be. We believe however that the Democratic masses and the Independent voters of the country will rally to his standard."

"Beyond the fact that the Republican party, closely united in 1880, elected GARFIELD by a mere scratch, we have the certainty of a large Independent element that will vote for CLEVELAND this time, and this element, added to the Prohibitionists, who were never so earnest and formidable and numerous, will more than offset any possible Democratic backsliding.

Again, the business situation is different. In 1880, there was an apparent commercial prosperity, and the Republicans took advantage of it. They claimed that their policy had brought it about, and that the Democrats proposed to disturb it. The whole aspect of affairs is changed, and the Republicans cannot escape responsibility for it. A change of administration is the only hope for a revival of business prosperity. That was TILDEN'S winning card, allied to reform in the civil service, and it will, with the same auxiliary, prove CLEVELAND'S talisman.

Other potent reasons are found in the fact that four years ago nearly all the important Northern States had Republican administrations in power. Of these New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kansas, Connecticut, Michigan, California, and Nevada, all now have Democratic Governors, whose influence and patronage, widely extended as it is in each one, will be thrown and used for the success of the Democratic candidates.

Still further, and not less important, the Republicans are "out of soap." They cannot buy the election as they did in 1880. Against all such crooked procedures the clarion voice of EX-GOV. POUND is raised and he will summon many thousands to his standard.

With the factions reconciled, as we expect at an early day, the Democracy of the Union, with their honorable allies all over the country, will march to certain victory."

One must be of a very hopeful spirit not to find an intimate acquaintance with the details of campaign work thoroughly discouraging, and were it not for the conviction that it is not republican institutions that are at fault, but rather human nature, the dangers of freedom would seem greater than its benefits. The Norfolk *Landmark* has not far to look for proof of its assertion that

"Intelligent men of color should realize that their race can never be elevated by contact with the sort of degraded white people who drink and hob-nob with Negroes only to purchase votes.

The recent arrest of a colored man for attempting to pass a fifty dollar Confederate bill which he had received at a late election in exchange for his vote, points the moral to this without much comment.

We reprint the following notice of the death of Mr. Robert Hoe, of New York, which is most appropriately placed in the column of the *Southern Workman* for the reason that the gift of a fine large Cylinder press from the firm of R. Hoe & Co. eleven years ago was, in part, its foundation. The press has ever since been in constant and satisfactory use, having served in a true sense, as a teacher of many a Negro and Indian apprentice who has worked upon it. It has been the means of circulating millions of pages of information upon the ideas and operations of the Hampton school, creating an interest of untold value to the work itself and to the cause it represents. Such a press may almost be said to have brains—it certainly has force and purpose, and may be most efficient in human progress.

Death of Robert Hoe.

Robert Hoe, of the firm of R. Hoe & Co., died September 14, at his summer house, in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, on Saturday, in his seventieth year. Mr. Hoe was born in New York city, and was the son of Robert Hoe, an Englishman, who came to the United States in 1803, from Hose, in Leicestershire, England, and founded the business house of R. Hoe & Co., well-known manufacturers of printing presses. When quite a young man the late Robert Hoe, with his brother Richard M., succeeded to the business established by their father, which has become the largest of its kind in the world. He was always a public-spirited,liberal-minded citizen. While an active member of a number of charitable institutions, as well as business corporations, he gave much of his time and means to individual charities. It is doubtful whether one of the more than a thousand hands in the employ of his firm can recall a harsh or unkind word spoken by his late employer. Mr. Hoe was of a quiet and retiring disposition, and, although taking much interest in political matters, never assumed any prominent public position. He served, however, as a member of the Committee of Seventy organized to reform the city government. He was a member of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church (Dr. John Hall's.) Mr. Hoe leaves a widow, one daughter, and one son, Robert Hoe, jr. *Evening Post.*

Capt. Pratt, Superintendent of the Indian Training School at Carlisle, Pa., reached that city on the 24th inst. from New Mexico, with seventy-seven young Indians of the Pueblo tribe, ranging in age from 9 to 20 years. The school opened on the 1st of September with 400 pupils.

It is of interest and worthy of note that a colored man is present dean of the Diplomatic corps here, a position of high honor and dignity. It is Mr. Preston, the Haytien Minister, resident in Washington, and on all state occasions he is given precedence of entrance. The Minister who has been longest in continuous service is regarded as Dean of the Corps.–Washington correspondence *Detroit Plaindealer.*

Letters from Hampton Graduates.

FROM SUN TO SUN. TWO VIEWS OF CHRISTMAS. TEACHING HIS SCHOOL-FELLOWS. THE DARK SIDE. THE BRIGHT SIDE. A TEACHER WHO READS.

FROM SUN TO SUN.

A teacher who does not wish to be bound to teach only six hours a day, but on the contrary finds all the day-light hours not sufficient for the work that is to be done, is evidently in earnest and "means business."

DEC. 12, 1883.

Dear Friend and teacher;

I was real glad to hear from you, and delighted to think that though I for sometime have been away from Hampton, she is still interested in my getting along. I am still teaching, but not the school I taught last winter. My school is very large, numbering eighty-five; so large that I had to employ an assistant teacher. I am getting along very nicely considering the disadvantages under which I labor, having so many pupils, and not a map nor a chart. In order to do my work as I wish to do it, and think it should be done, I find it impossible to follow the school rules, beginning at nine and closing at three o'clock, but come much nearer to the farmer's rule "from sun to sun."

This, like the neighborhood in which I taught last term, is almost entirely composed of colored people, who are just striving to work their way up. Notwithstanding their being an industrious and hard working people, their progress is slow, owing largely to their having sold their crops, some of them before, they are planted, and to their wastefulness, all of which may be summed up in the little word *ignorance*.

The church and school at this station are the largest in the county, but it is almost painful to think that the school year at its longest will be about three months. Thus you may see that our greatest need here still is education. The people themselves are not able to suppot independent schools and the children are bound to grow up in ignorance, for teachers cannot afford to teach for nothing as they have expenses to bear. That is what I have been doing from March to August. The people, most of them, at harvest time were unable to pay their liens and could not pay any debts before they were paid, and of course if any body waits until next fall or perhaps forever, it must be the teacher. Notwithstanding my many disadvantages I am still in good faith and hope that the time will come when the South Carolina school system will be improved. My free school term will close in about two months. If it is possible, I shall keep up a pay school, and if not I shall look out for another.

Hoping that you will excuse my delay in answering, and write me when you are at leasure,

I am, as ever, your friend,

E. F. E.

TWO VIEWS OF CHRISTMAS.

How the unruly, unmeaning and often harmful Christmas-keeping of the past can be made to give way to the beauty and joyousness of a Christmas kept in reverence and thankfulness, is shown in the following letter. And with it comes a realistic bit of description which throws a strong light upon the obstacles to progress in the South.

——— *Tenn. 1883.*

Dear Miss C.

You were very kind to think of me amid so many demands on your time. I hope the holidays have brought you much happiness. Yours and similar kindly greetings from unexpected sources helped to make them very pleasant to me. I received several very nice presents from friends at the North. But that which gave me most pleasure was the Christmas gifts sent to my children from friends in Weymouth and Haverhill, Mass.

They were never happier I think than when they were ushered into the room where the tree stood laden with gifts for them.

A Sunday school class in Wellesley, Mass. sent some beautiful Christmas cards which were distributed among the children, and the many visitors who came to see the children had a good time. But we thought we would give them a little pleasure other than that of seeing others happy, so we had prepared a programme in which Christmas carols and recitations on the beautiful subject of Christ's birth were the order. Afterward came the cards.

So passed Christmas-day with us. And when compared with former ones, when drunkenness and disorder prevailed, it was a blessed day to all.

Yes, strange as it may seem to you to whom the day is fraught with sacred meaning, Christmas-day is looked upon by these people as a time to get drunk and do all the mischief possible. It is an old custom of the place to free the people from all restraint of law on that day. They can break any of the rules of the corporation without being called to account for it, and as a result, lawlessness is the order of the day. Some even thought it would be unsafe to have the Christmas tree, but I did not feel afraid to venture it. I felt that I could nothing better than provide some entertainment to take the place of the usual mode of enjoying(?) the day. And the happy faces of the children, the beautiful story of "Peace" and "Good will," and the cheerful songs were, I hope, an ample substitute.

I have enjoyed the days of rest that followed. Rest is very sweet to those to whom it is a luxury. I was very kindly entertained for a few days at the home of my assistant in Nashville, Tenn. Visited Fisk University, and saw and heard much that was interesting and entertaining.

My school has reopened with a number of large scholars, grown up persons. It seems such a pity to me that they had to wait so long to begin. The path of learning is by no means smooth, but to them, burdened with other cares, it is indeed rugged.

The people in this part of the country are not thrifty. Their surroundings in a measure account for it. In a county in which the chief industry is the manufacture of whiskey, and a town where saloons are in the majority, one would scarcely hope for a people just emerging from the thraldom of slavery to grow into thrifty and prosperous citizens, especially when added to these disadvantages, is the fact there have been very few advantages for education among them.

Imagine this picture which can be reproduced many times with new subjects: A horse, the outlines of whose skelcton can be plainly seen, hitched to a cart very much the worse for wear, and driven by an individual whose ragged though oft patched clothes bespeak extreme poverty.

Mark the dialogue;

"How do you get on?"

"I works on shares,"

"How do you divide the produce?"

"Massa takes one row of corn and I takes de odder;" dat is he gi'bs me every odder row."

"Who comes out ahead at the end of the year?"

'De boss; he give me an order to de sto,' fo meat and sich like, and when de year is out it takes my half of de corn to pay him back."

Think of the poor souls working on from year to year and seeing no fruit of their labor-always coming short. I will not say that they are not improvident, that much of the year's "corn" does not go for whiskey and other unnecessaries, but they are to be pitied with it all. My work here is a varied one. The school work, the Sunday meeting and the visiting among the cabins, when the weather will allow, all this is a great tax on my time, and strength, but I enjoy it so much. Again and again I have thanked the dear Master that he has given me such work to do for Him.

Now I feel that you will forgive my tardiness in writing. I am always glad and grateful to hear from you.

Yours, S.

TEACHING HIS SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

To go back as a teacher to those among whom one has spent one's childhood and youth, is always something of an ordeal, but when those scholars rank the teacher in point of age, and in many other respects are on an equality with him, it is no wonder that he should be apprehensive of "hard times"

——— *Va. Nov. 26, 1883.*

Dear teacher;

Yours came to hand, and I was overjoyed to hear from you. I intended writing soon. Would have, but I wanted to see more of my work, as it is a new work to me.

I commenced teaching Oct. 8th, but was examined in July. I opened with 28 children, of whom a great many had been my class and school-mates before going to Hampton. I thought I was going to have a hard time, when I was appointed to the school that I used to attend before going to Hampton, but I can say I am getting along well with the children. I am astonished at the way I am treated by those who were my class-mates once. They show no unpleasant feeling toward me at all. They seem to put forth efforts to do what I tell them to do. I opened with 28, now I have on roll 80. About two thirds of them belong to the church, so you can judge the size of my children.

I have more than I can teach, but I keep them and do the best I can. Next year the people are going to help me to put a piece to the house, and the Board say if we will put a room to the house they will give another teacher next term.

I have some very smart children, and if I am successful in getting the piece to the house next summer, I want to have my school a kind of a graded school next year.

My school-house is a very good one, plastered nicely inside, with a good stove, and good writing desks,—but blackboards and maps are lacking. I got a man to make me two large blackboards, but he has not delivered them yet, so when I get them I will be straight about boards. I have nothing like a map nor can I get any just yet. Every thing like maps and charts the teacher has to get himself if he wants them.

I am a teacher in the Sunday school, and now nearly all of my children belong to it. Before I opened school the children seemed to care nothing for Sunday school, but I have them interested in that work. These are some of my ways of getting them interested. I would select pieces to sing in Sunday school, that were strange to them, and practice in the week, and say let us see how well we can sing this piece. Sunday, I got the Sunday school to send for the Sunday school Quarterly. I would go over the lesson with them, and give rewards for the best lesson. Now they don't look for rewards, but hate to be called on and not to know the lesson. Also children who do not come to day school, I meet them, talk with and get them to be missionaries and bring with them to Sunday school some who do not belong to it. These I reward by giving some good little book or Sunday school paper.

By these and other similar methods I have a good Sunday school. I am now on the eve of starting the young people's society. The older people are generally Christians and are glad to see good work go on. They are coming to see more and more, every day, the need of education. When I sit and tell them about Hampton, what Hampton is doing for the colored people, they answer, that is what they have longed and prayed for.

They are all the time after me about getting a place in Hampton for some of their children. I sent two this fall, and three or four in my school I want to send next term. Now I must close, good by.

T. C. W.

THE DARK SIDE.

Occasionally our graduates find their way into districts where there has been no awaking, and there is discouragement in the very air. Then indeed the struggle is hard, and often unequal, but we are glad to say that these experiences are rare.

——— Md. Dec. 1, 1883

Miss ———:

Your letter has been received. I left W. the spring of eighty two, and the school has been in the hands of Jerome B. ever since. I taught during the last school year at Parsonsburg, this Co., and would have returned but the Examiner is trying to get some of the people here in the work, and so he sent me here as he said "to prepare some young ladies," whose abilities and so forth are such as he thinks will make good teachers. I can't see however that the people take any more interest, in fact hardly so much, as where I was last year, in school affairs. I have tried time and again to get some to send some of their children off to school but it seems useless. My school is not so large as my last one, though it may pick up during the next term. I am doing what I can for them, and may be able to build up a school, for I have not got it now. I thank you for your kind wishes and pray that some good may come of my labor.

Respectfully,

Y. W. C.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

To have done much hard work, knowing that there is yet harder to be done, and still to believe that "the sun is always shining behind the clouds" shows a spirit which will not easily be crushed. The value which the writer sets upon the books and papers she receives, and the use she makes of them, ought to encourage the friends to whose generosity she looks for further help.

Dear Miss C.

Your letter of the present month is received. I thank you for the greeting of the new school year, and am happy to inform you that I am yet in charge of the same school that I have been for three terms. I responded on the 15th of this month, with a goodly number, and a fair promise of a successful term. Am also blessed with a comfortable school house with three large glass windows which afford thirty-lights, and a large heater. I attended the Institute, which was held at Staunton, Va. last summer; was there during the entire session. I feel much strengthened and benefitted by it, and have entered into my work with better views and ideas than I ever had before, and I hope I may be able to attend the Institute every summer.

This will make my fourth term teaching here. I have worked hard among these people, and yet there is plenty of hard work to do. Every year there is something new to take hold of, which tends to the building up of the race. My Sunday school is getting on splendidly, and I am glad to say that I have been fully supplied with Sunday school matter all the summer, from Northern friends, to whom I return many thanks. I give papers out every Sunday in my school, after they are taken home and read, I caution my scholars to return them to me in good order; these I take and send away to other Sunday schools who have no way of getting any papers at all.

My occupation is teaching, and I desire no other branch of business. The work is hard and sweet. Though my path is often overshadowed with clouds of distress, and discouragement, yet I remember that the sun is always shining behind the clouds, no matter how dark they may appear. I shall write to Miss——in regard to reading matter, as I am always pleased at having something to read. I shall be glad to write to you again Miss C. when I have something more interesting.

Yours respectfully

M. A. B.

A TEACHER WHO READS.

How dear to this lonely little teacher must be the faces of the few books within her reach. There is certainly a strong appeal in the picture of the long quiet Sundays, spent with the "Pilgrims Progress" and the Bible, and the busy days wherein time is found for Longfellow and Bryant, and their companion poets.

——— Va. Oct. '83.

Miss C.——:

Please forgive me for not answering any sooner. I am teaching at home, but I don't get my mail regularly. Sometimes I get it once a week.

Brother A. J. J. S. is teaching about 4½ miles from home, and comes home every afternoon. Brother D. is the Commissioner of Revenue, and that takes his time. An interesting letter from you now and then cheers my lonely hours. I am teaching in the same school house in which I taught last term. It was repaired in the summer, and we have a warm room.

Three of my scholars are at Wayland seminary. They went from Carsley, Surry Co, Va.

I believe I have improved in teaching, but I am far from being a good teacher. We will have a two days Institute in this month. I like to attend them. Besides gaining information, I meet Hamptonians. Do you hear from many of the 82's?

I am lonely sometimes, especially Sundays. I go to Sunday school, and after it closes I come home. I read some library books from Cook's establishment, Pilgrim's Progress, and the Holy Bible which is my dearest comfort. I am so busy in the week that I have not time to be lonely. I miss my father very much but I hope our loss is his gain. Brother A. says he will write you before long. When I have time, I read Whittier's and Longfellow's poems, and others such as Poe, Bryant, Holmes and Lowell, Shakspeare and the Fool's Errand.

Respectfully,

A. S.

In connection with the Physician's report on Indians as given below, it is satisfactory to be able to show a remarkably good health record for the entire school during the summer. Up to date there has been no serious illness of any description, and there is no doubt, that after certain necessary improvements in arrangement of buildings, drainage, etc., have been made, the school will be, by virtue of its location and the very favorable climate, on as good a basis in respect to its sanitary condition, as any institution in the country.

GEN. S. C. ARMSTRONG,

Sir: I have the honor to send you the following Medical report of the Indian Department, of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

The health of the Indians, both boys and girls, has been remarkably good during the summer months. No acute cases of illness have occurred among them, and the condition of those suffering from chronic diseases has been very favorable. Excepting for a day or two at a time none have been confined to the house.

The thirteen Omahas sent early in August, arrived in very good physical condition, with the exception of a tendency in two of the boys to incurable disease of the eyes. Two more were suffering from mumps from which they speedily recovered. One of the girls had tumours in the lobes of her ears, which have been removed, and she is much improved in looks.

There are twelve of those brought to us in June, who have incurable pulmonary disease. These with several others who have been here for a longer time, and three cases of chronic eye trouble, will be returned to their homes on account of physical disability.

Respectfully submitted,

A. A. ANGELL,
Resident Physician, pro tem.

THE harness mentioned in the following letters was a light buggy harness, with solid nickel mountings, the cost of which, without collar, was $55.00. It was ordered by Major Gibbs, U. S. A., for Miss Wolfe, and by her was presented to Bishop H. C. Potter of New York. Major Gibbs had previously ordered one for himself, and we ask no better advertisement of the work of our Indian students than the orders which we receive from such sources. Maj. Gibbs says:

"The harness you sent me has arrived in good order. I am very much pleased with it, and shall take great pleasure in showing it as the work of the Indians in your shop."

Bishop Potter writes:

"The harness you sent has been kindly presented to me by Miss Wolfe and I admire it every time I drive behind it. Nothing could be more creditable as a piece of workmanship, and I am proud to think that it is a "Hampton product."

The chief obstacle in the way of manual training everywhere, is the difficulty of making it, to any extent, self supporting, and at Hampton we need every possible help in that direction. Nothing encourages our students so much as to have tangible evidence, in dollars and cents, of what their work will be worth to them, and with the Indians especially it is a necessary adjunct to their training, for their knowledge of commercial principles is, as a rule, of the crudest.

They have to be taught, step by step, the relation between their labor and their earnings, before they can understand the value of money or its reasonable uses, and until they have acquired some practical acquaintance with the fundamental laws of trade, they are at the mercy of any one who chooses to cheat them. Fortunately they are not lacking in shrewdness, and a little practical experience in honest trade, proves to be by no means their least valuable resource on their return to frontier life.

MARRIED: In the Church of the Holy Fellowship, Yankton Agency, Dakota, Wednesday, Aug. 27th, by the Rev'd. Joseph W. Cook, Mr. Edgar M. Keith and Miss Margaret Goulette.

Mr. Keith of Phelps, N. Y., has for a year past been the industrial teacher at St. Paul's School, Yankton Agency, and Miss Goulette is a student of Hampton Normal Institute, who returned home a year ago. They took their wedding trip to Pine Ridge Agency where Mr. Keith has an appointment as Government teacher.

Historic Hampton.

The following essay on "Historic Hampton" was delivered by its author on the 22nd, of May last, the fifteenth anniversary of the establishment of the Hampton School, and the interest shown in it at that time by the audience of students and guests, leads us to publish it for the benefit of a larger circle of readers.

In the early days of this Institution the students differed in some respects from the students of to-day. This difference did not exist in complexion, for the eyes that watched with an eagerness that can only be found where the heart is realizing a long concealed desire, and the ears that were bent with almost breathless attention upon their instructors, belonged to a group as varied in complexion as the classes of to-day. The difference most marked lay in the experience and purpose of the individuals. Those were men and women from whose lives the shackles of slavery had just been severed, men and women whose lives had been one continued dream of the privileges they here enjoyed, and who felt the critical and doubting eye of a watchful public upon their every movement, wondering the while if it would result in success or failure. So with double energy they strove to acquire all the knowledge here afforded, that they might the better enable themselves to meet the stern realities of the life before them; and we are glad to say that many of our early students have helped make the Negros' ability to acquire an education no longer a question. We feel that it is well to bring before the minds of the present students a knowledge of the facts, that used to be so well known, concerning these grounds and their surroundings, for the accounts of war and of slavery which we have but imperfectly learned from the lips of parents or from the study of history, were upon the minds of our earlier students indelibly impressed by observation and personal experience.

Most of the students then as to-day were Virginians, and to me this location which is historically so important, seems a very fitting place for an Institution like ours. The story of the founding of the colony in which Capt. John Smith and Pocahontas are so dramatically associated is too well known to need repetition.

There was little that the colonists could ask that Nature had not herself provided; indeed she seems to have most generously manifested her presence everywhere, as is shown in the fertility of her soil, her genial climate and the beauty of her James and York Rivers. The valley of the Shenandoah by its surprising loveliness and the important part performed there in the late war has become ever famous in American History.

Very many of Virginia's beautiful old rivers and towns are important in history, as the York rivers on which is situated the old town where Washington with Rochambeau gave the blow which proved so fatal to the British and ended the Revolutionary War. The Virginian aristocracy wishing to enjoy the advantages their sunny climate offered without physical labor of their own, thought to accomplish their desire by appropriating whatever they came across for its execution. For this reason the Red, men the Aborigines of America, were enslaved. But rather than be, "Bearded thus in their dens," some resorted to suicide, others refused to eat till death, which was far more preferable than to suffer the indignities of slave life, came to the rescue.

In 1620, passing between Old Point Comfort where now stand the Hygeia Hotel, and Rip Raps, a Dutch trading vessel laden with human freight landed its cargo of twenty Negros at a trading post near Jamestown. Ah! could Holland have realized the dreadful extent to which her beginning would be carried, unless she had been void of human feeling, I believe she would have returned her cargo to the homes from which she had brought them and sought employment less odious, for there never was an institution that gave more anguish to the oppressed or laid more misery at the door of the oppressor than did that of slavery which began with twenty victims and ended with millions. To-day as we look from our windows to the mouth of the beautiful "Historic James," on whose banks the first of our people were landed and bought, we thank God that those waters are no longer a resort for the slave-trader's vessel, and that they no longer witness the shocking sights of encounters with sword and bayonets, which they beheld in the struggle to blot out the curse from our land.

Let us turn to the waters surrounding us, which were infested, in the early history of Virginia, by the notorious Pirate Blackbeard and his marauding band, till Gov. Spotswood, who was determined to punish all evil doers, succeeded in having him captured and beheaded, after which his head was placed on a stake and set up just opposite the Soldiers Home on a point now know as the Armstrong Point. To the left of Armstrong Point is the beautiful Ivy Home, so called from the ivy which has clambered over its walls, till one end is almost totally covered, not only on the outside but in many places it has penetrated the crevices between the bricks and extended its growth over the inner walls. The bricks, which form the walls over which that ivy climbs, were brought from England in the old colonial days when America manufactured nothing.

Seven miles from here is Shellbanks, our school farm, the house of which was built before the Revolutionary war, and it is said, as is thought to be the case regarding some house in nearly every old village or town, that Gen. Washington spent the night there.

On the way to Shellbanks we pass the St. John's Church one of the oldest churches in America, which has borne severe treatment in both the Revolutionary and Civil wars, being burned in each. Connected with this church is an ancient burying ground where rest the remains of many of the Old Virginian aristocracy.

Hampton and its vicinity were especially interesting and eventful to the Negro during the rebellion. The hope cherished by the mass in the general exodus from all parts of the south, was to reach Fortress Monroe, three miles to the N. W. within and around whose walls they should receive both refuge and protection. This hope they realized through the shrewdness of Gen. B. F. Butler, who seemed equal to any emergency.

The hard work within the Union lines with promise for pay lasted only a short time, during which the despondency manifested by some was banished by the cheerful words of the more *trustful and God loving* among them, whose faith in the Union lived on through the darkest hours, which proved to be just before the breaking of the glorious day of freedom.

The grounds now occupied by the Stone Memorial Building and the farm beyond, were occupied during the war by Union hospital barracks. When the Confederates found that they could no longer defend Hampton from the Union Soldiers, the masters in many cases set fire to their beautiful dwellings and watched them perish, rather than have them fall into the hands of their enemies. Not satisfied with destroying personal property they also burnt the bridge to obstruct the passage of the Federal troops, so that at the close of the war all that remained of the once beautiful town was a multitude of blackened chimneys which the flames had no power to destroy. A few miles to the W. lies Newport News, off which occurred the engagement between the Merrimac and Monitor. About ten miles in another direction is Big Bethel. To the north and almost within calling distance from this building stands the old summer resort of ex-Pres. Tyler. At the breaking out of the war he left his property in charge of a trusty slave belonging to one of his neighbors, who was to care for it till he returned.

This slave man was old and generally called Uncle Peter. He is still living, and almost any night you can find Uncle Peter at his home across the creek, in a very small house, nearly hidden among the vines and shrubbery and from which he goes day after day to his old occupation of oystering.

The war went on and Pres. Tyler did not return. "And at last," says Uncle Peter, I knew he was dead, for I seemed to feel his presence about me everywhere on the place and I wasn't afraid, for he always seemed pleasant to me while to others his ghost was always frightful. He seemed to have something to say to me and I shall always believe he wanted to tell me to take his property, because his ghost was so partial to me." This man is doubtless superstitious but he held a decided advantage over his fellow servants in his ability to read, and you shall see how noble and unselfish he was and how earnestly he endeavored to enlighten his less fortunate brothers with his limited knowledge. The story of his effort in acquiring this knowledge before the war shows great perseverance, but is much the same as is told by almost all who learned to read in slavery. He gained his first knowledge from associating with his young master, and then by persistently studying after hard days of toil till the late hours of night, aided only by the flickering light of a pine torch. Even then he was obliged to keep an ear open to guard against the approach of any who would detect and expose him. Often, as he has told me, at the sound of footsteps he used quickly to extinguish his torch and feign sleep till all was again quiet, when he would relight and resume his study. During the war one room in the Tyler mansion was left for his use, and in this left as he was with no one to interfere, he at once started a school where, from miles around he gathered his friends night after night, and gave them freely of the little he knew.

Uncle Peter's school, the first ever opened thus to the bondmen, was followed by the opening of another by a colored woman, under a tree near what was then known as the Chesapeake Female Seminary and now the Soldiers Home. Mrs. Peake, for that was her name, who was very anxious and determined to help her people, finally succeeded in securing shelter for herself and pupils in a building belonging to the former Seminary, where she taught very successfully till her strength, which had never been great, was spent in the service of the race which she loved and from which she was called "From labor to reward." A little later, Gen. B. F. Butler, who was then in command at Ft. Monroe, succeeded in securing Gov't funds sufficient for the erecting of a building which has since borne his name, and which accommodated about six hundred contrabands. The ages of the pupils varied from six years, to sixty and of course the school was poorly disciplined. In 1865 the school was turned over by the Gov't to the American Missionary Association; afterwards the trustees of this school, which was established in 1868, purchased the Butler school, and it has since been used as a preparatory department for the Normal course and a training school for the graduating class.

Hampton Institute was for years devoted to the uplifting of the Negro race alone, till our principal who, we believe, would if possible place every man in a position to obtain his rights, united with us another and more oppressed race, namely, the Indians, whom you see with us to-day.

On the grounds where once the tomahawk and scalping knife turned on the race whose aggressiveness had driven from the Indian his hospitable spirit and where afterward the driver's horn and the slave whip were ministers of terror and misery to the Negro, now stands our Institute, united in its efforts to enlighten both Indians and Negros, whose constant prayer is long life and prosperity to Hampton and the kind friends who support the work.

IDA V. LEE.

The New Orleans Exposition.

As the time approaches for opening the doors of the World's Exposition at New Orleans, encouraging reports from various foreign and domestic commissions indicate that the riches of the great fair have been by no means over estimated. The scheme has grown so rapidly that it has been found necessary to erect additional buildings from time to time, in order to accommodate the increasing number of exhibitors. Three and possibly four of the buildings will be found to be larger than any similar erections of any age or country. This fact gives the Exposition a pre-eminence among world's fairs that will be potential in drawing strangers from far-away lands. Those who have made up their minds to see one world's fair have now the opportunity of seeing the best example that has yet been devised in America or Europe.

There can be no such thing as failure now. With abundance of money in hand, and the largest number of exhibits ever booked at an exposition, and thirty-five States and fifteen foreign countries participating, the management may well feel proud of the success already achieved. In addition to the products of art, science and industry of the old world, such as have made other fairs renowned and attractive to remote dwellers of the round globe, the New Orleans creation has unique features.

The Mexican garden of five acres will contain one hundred and four varieties of trees from every part of the Republic. Many of the woods have a high commercial value and yet, strange to say, some of them are practically unknown in the United States. The Mexican cedar, mahogany, Campeche logwood, saffron and linaloe, that has a perfume that never leaves it, are all trees of great value in commerce. The timber growth of Mexico is practically unlimited, and there is boundless wealth in many untouched forests awaiting the hand of enterprise and industry.

Should the Exposition succeed in making known to the people of the world the riches of the North, Central and South American forests, it will have accomplished at its close a highly important mission. But what is said of trees may be repeated in different and more precise language of tropical fruits that are to be brought to the great Exposition. The different varieties of figs, grapes, oranges, mangoes, bananas, pine-apples and many rare fruits will be shown growing upon plants or trees, thus presenting a rare spectacle to Northern eyes. While the departments of forestry and horticulture will be the largest yet seen, the other features of the Exposition such as the cotton, sugar, mineral, machinery, government and live-stock exhibits, will attract scarcely less attention.

The actual results already obtained are quite sufficient for the management to base a prediction upon, to the effect that the coming World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial is to be the largest, most complete and satisfactory of the nineteenth century.

On Coney Island.

Our artist went up to the top of the tall observatory in Coney Island a few days ago, and took a bird's-eye view of a portion of that popular resort, where thousands of people from New York, Brooklyn, and other cities find daily relief from summer heat. No beach in the world furnishes greater facilities for rest and refreshment. Easily reached by several lines of railroad and excursion steamers, with miles of safe bathing grounds, with hotels of every variety, from the cheapest to the most expensive and luxurious, Coney Island attracts visitors of every class. As a rule the beach is well policed, and in the day-time crowds of ladies and children resort there without fear of disturbance.

There is much complaint, however, of the presence of gamblers on the beach, who apparently play their tricks upon unsuspecting countrymen without hindrance from the police or from the proprietors of the hotels. They are a source of great annoyance to decent people; and although they are careful to make no disturbance, they should be driven from the island without ceremony or delay. *Harpers Weekly.*

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Notes on the Shenandoah Valley.

No. III.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

The Valley was looking its loveliest during my visit in the last soft, sweet days of May, and one of the pleasures of the trip was a long ride into the country to see some old friends, whom I had not met for years. It is about six miles from my sister's home in Harrisonburg, to the beautiful grass farm, where our friends, the Herrings, have lived since the early settlement of the country. It was a fine, sunshiny afternoon, when I set out on the long drive, taking some of my sister's children with me to see the young folks at Mr. Herrings, the friendship of four generations between the two families being particularly ardent with the children of the present day.

Being accustomed to Lynchburg charges for conveyances, which are about the same as in other cities, I was quite surprised when ordering a carriage, to find how very moderate were the prices asked at the livery-stable. A comfortable open carriage with a handsome pair of blooded horses was furnished for the half-day we wanted it at $1.50. I presume the rich, abundant country, which exports large amounts of grain and forage, accounts for the cheapness of stable bills. The town and neighborhood are annually filled with Summer boarders now, and the stable men do a flourishing business in taking strangers to visit Wyers' Cave, Rawley and Taylor Springs, and the various battle-fields, and other points of interest in the vicinity.

The children sprang into the carriage, as merry in the prospect of the ride as Mrs. Gilpin's party on the famous wedding-day, and the horses danced and pranced so at starting, that I feared we were going to have some of Gilpin's adventures, but my young nephew who drove us, was skilful and strong, and we were soon trotting smoothly over the hard turn-pike. One of the great advantages Rockingham county boasts, compared with most districts of Virginia, is the excellent macadamized roads, for which the abundant limestone affords the best material, leading from the county seat in various directions to adjacent villages and summer resorts.

We passed through a smiling country, with green meadows, ripening wheat fields, and corn rows just marking their soft outlines, stretching away on either side into uplands, which gradually rose into mountains, the valley at this point being from seven to fifteen miles wide. We noticed many fine orchards along the road, the apple crop being one of the important interests of the county.

Our swift steeds brought us in a half-hour within sight of Dayton, a tidy little hamlet, four miles from Harrisonburg, containing five or six hundred people, nearly all descendants of the thrifty Germans, who were the first settlers of the valley.

There is a great mill-pond at Dayton and a pretty little stream flows in and out of the town. The shining waters, and the trim houses of the "Dutch folks," as their neighbors call them, with the surroundings of richest green, made such a picture of calm rural life, that it seemed hard to realize the fearful scenes of civil war, which memory brought vividly before me. In the autumn of 1864, Sheridan, then in possession of the Valley, ordered every house within five miles of the spot, where one of his favorite officers was killed, to be burned, and Dayton being within the prescribed limits, was condemned to destruction. The terrified people, many of them devoted Unionists, as were all the members of the Tunker church, were sternly ordered to leave their houses, and women and children, with all the old and feeble, carrying with them such things as they could hastily collect, rushed into the streets, each moment expecting to see their houses in flames. Several large houses in the country around were already burning, and the fire-fiends were beginning their dreadful work in the village, when a messenger galloped up from the camp with orders to stop the burning. The soldiers readily obeyed, and the people were told that it was owing to the representations and entreaties of the Colonel of an Ohio regiment, that Sheridan's fierce wrath was stayed, and the homes of the villagers spared. The Onio soldier was afterward well known to the country as President Hayes, whose name will ever be remembered in Dayton, Virginia, with gratitude. No promises in the Scriptures are sweeter than those addressed to "the merciful" and "the peace makers" and surely the honest and true hearted man who stayed the arm of vengence amid the cruel scenes of civil war, and sought to reconcile opposing factions in the no less trying times of reconstruction, can claim them all. Noble indeed is the example set by such a man to the youth of a country, and well would it have been for our people if Mr. Hayes could have been nominated in this canvass for the Presidency.

The thrifty and sensible community, living in and around Dayton, lost no time in going to work after the war closed, and the little town is full of life and energy now. Several important manufacturing establishments have been successfully begun there, and the place is destined to be the centre of a busy district, occupied with various industries. At Bridgewater, a somewhat larger village four miles beyond Dayton, lying along the north branch of the Shenandoah, which furnishes fine water power, already numerous flour, woolen and saw mills are at work.

The sober, industrious character of the community to be found in this part of the county, with the fine soil and climate, make it especially attractive to northern settlers, and several families who have made homes here, found a ready welcome and have identified their interests with those of their neighbors.

Dayton has a carriage and wagon factory, an organ factory, and the large printing and publishing house of Keifer & Co I had often heard of a little paper printed in the mountains of my native county by a family of Germans, named Finck, called the "Musical Million," said to have a large circulation through the West, and as it had recently been conducted in Dayton, I felt interested in seeing the establisment and editor. We drove up to a frame building on a side street, to which we were directed, and being politely invited, entered the printing office. Two or three young men were very busy at a steam press, in an atmosphere so different from the breath of the hills and dales we had been inhaling with such delight that we seemed at once to have dropped from the realms of beauty and pleasure into a very hot, hard part of the work-a-day world. One of the workers said civilly that he would take us to the book-bindery, and we willingly turned from the steam bath we had unwillingly encountered, to a steep stairway leading to a much pleasanter region above. Here we found ourselves amidst piles and piles of books, in all stages of manufacture, so neat and fresh looking, it was hard to believe they had ever had anything to do with the grimness of the printing room below. In the centre of one room was a long table covered with loose pages, which four quiet, respectable white girls were folding and arranging for the binder. When introduced to the steady workers, who handled their pages busily, while talking to us, the German names sounded very familiar, and I learned that the owners thereof all lived close by. They earned four dollars a week so we were told, which sounded like small wages, considering that they had to pay their own board. The country is so abundant, however, that provisions are cheap, and I presume these girls all had homes of their own, being daughters of the farmers around.

Mr. Keifer, the editor of the paper, and head of the establishment, was seated at a high desk when we entered, but laid down his pen and received us very kindly. He has large contracts for printing religious song and note books, using a musical system, which he has invented and patented, and which he claims is much simpler and easier to learn than the old system.

The paper he edits, called the "Musical Million" is a neat little 12 page monthly, and is a "Journal devoted to Music, Poetry and chaste Home Literature." The price is 50 cts. a year, and each number contains several hymns or songs, set to music, with the patent notes of the new system. Mr. Keifer certainly has versatile talents. He attends to the printing office and bindery, is part manager of the organ factory close by, edits the paper, and finds time to write poetry besides. When we left he gave us a copy of the paper, one of his nice little song and note books and a book of his poems, called "Vigils and Visions." I wish I had space for some of his verses, and may perhaps be able to send copies of some of the poems, which especially impressed me, to the *Workman*. The paper he prints has a circulation through more than twenty states and territories, being popular among the music loving Germans, whose ancestors brought their Zithers and other simple instruments from the old country to their homes in the new world. They have cultivated the art all the time they were building up fortunes, as many of them have done in America, and now that the younger generations are many of them leaving their Virginia homes for "fresh fields and pastures new" in the far West and the far South, the little paper, with its music and songs, its stories and familiar notices, follows them in their wanderings and gives them news of the friends of their youth.

Our friends, the Herring family, were less fortunate than their neighbors in the adjacent hamlet, in escaping the burning orders of Sheridan in 1864. The large and comfortable brick house, which had been known as the abode of hospitality and abundance, was reduced to ashes, and as the family were only allowed a half-hour to move their furniture, much that was valuable, besides the house, perished in the flames. As there is a comic side to most that is tragical in human affairs, one of the ladies recalled with much amusement, when things had grown calm, and they were comfortably settled in an old house on the farm, that during the burning of their home, whilst much property of great value was destroyed, some one at great personal risk, preserved from the fire a large jar of pickles. Mr. Herring, although an old man when the war began, did not give way to depression when his house with most of its contents was burned; his slaves, always kindly treated and well cared for, set free, his flocks and herds carried away, and his beautiful estate over-run by an invading army. The memory of all those dreadful times seemed like a dream as we approached the handsome brick house, where peace and abundance are the order now as in days of old, and found the family cheerful and cordial, entertaining some friends from a distance, and ready to give us a hearty welcome. The estate is one of the best in the county, and the owner, though now past eighty, is still fully able to attend to business, and, in spite of rheumatism, leads an active life. He has long been considered one of the best farmers in the district, and his farm products have always commanded the highest market price. His plan has been to raise large crops of grain, with some cattle, sheep and hogs, besides giving due attention to fruit. The ladies of his family have always been noted house-keepers, their butter, fowls, etc. being in great demand. In spite of the difficulties of the labor question in recent years, Mr. Herring has kept up this system of farming, and like most old people he clings to his accustomed methods, and objects to new theories. His oldest son, who is the farm manager, thinks the day has gone by when grain can be profitably raised in Virginia, western products regulating prices here, and making it impossible for our farmers to compete with the West in cereals. The younger man realizes fully the great changes the rail roads have wrought in the country, and wishes to devote his lands, naturally adapted to grazing, chiefly to raising stock. It seems probable that such ideas will eventually control the Valley, which bids fair to become the rival of the famous blue grass region of Kentucky, in raising cattle, horses, hogs and sheep. Mr. Herring, junior, thought it much easier to conduct stock farming with the labor available now, than to raise grain, and many of his neighbors are importing specimens of fine stock of various kinds and beginning the business with good prospects of success. Blooded stock of all kinds were evidently the chief interest of the country, and we seemed to hear of little but thorough-bred horses, short-horn and Jersey cattle, with discussions as to the relative merits of various breeds of sheep, hogs, etc.

Harrisonburg is becoming a noted horse market, and people from all parts of the country come there to buy the fine horses raised in Rockingham, and the adjoining counties. "Sam Purdy" and "Dan Sporling" the famous race horses, now retired from the turf and owned by Capt. Daingerfield, are considered among the attractions of the place, and few persons visit the town without calling on Sam Purdy, the "King of the Turf," in his palmy days in California, where he once sold for fifty thousand dollars.

The Followers of El Mahdi.

(See picture on next page.)

The obstacles before the expedition which England has sent up the Nile to reinforce General Gordon in conducting the evacuation of the Soudan by the Egyptian garrisons, are forcibly set forth in the September "Century," by Gen. R. E. Colston, late Bey on the Khedive's staff.

He thus describes the advantages which the wild Arab followers of the "False Prophet" have over the civilized soldier, in the terrible desert where they are at home.

"Immediately after leaving the sea-coast or the Nile, one enters the 'Waterless Land', where there is not a stream, a creek, a rivulet, or even a living spring,—nothing but deep and scanty wells at long intervals, with here and there a few natural, rocky reservoirs in narrow ravines, away from the line of march and known only to the natives. In the six thousand miles of travel, I saw not more than five living springs, and their waters disappeared in the sand within sixty yards of the observable source. Therefore, in addition to all its supplies, ammunition, etc., an army would be compelled to carry water enough to last it on the journey from well to well, sometimes a distance of five days for a caravan moving without opposition. Droughts of long duration are common all over the Soudan. When I traveled over these desert routes it had not rained for three years. Many of the wells were dry, and multitudes of camels and cattle had perished. Water must be carried in goat-skins and ox-hides, on camel's back. Hicks Pasha's army of ten thousand Egyptians had six thousand camels, a large proportion being water camels; yet I believe he had transportation only for one day's supply.

In the 'Waterless Land,' water is the paramount question. If it be asked how a large body of Bedouins like the ten thousand who nearly destroyed the British squares at Tamai manage to subsist, the reason is plain. In the first place, they do not need the enormous trains required for a European army. They are the most abstemious of men. Each man carries a skin of water and a small bag of grain, procured by purchase or barter from caravans. Their camels and goats move with them, supplying them with milk and meat, and subsisting upon the scanty herbage and the foliage of the thorny mimosa, growing in secluded wadies. These people could live upon the increase of their flocks alone, which they exchange readily for other commodities; but being the exclusive carriers and guides for all the travel and commerce that cross their deserts, they realize yearly large amounts of money. As to water, they know every nook and hollow in the mountains, away from the trails, where a few barrels of water collect in some shaded ravine, and they can scatter, every man for himself, to fill their water-skins. On my first expedition, near the close of the three years' drought, I reached some wells on which I was depending, and found them entirely dry. It was several days to the next wells. But my Bedouin guides knew some natural reservoirs in the hill about six miles off. So they took the water camels at night-fall, and came back before daylight with the water-skins filled. An invading army would find it hard to obtain guides, and even if, they did, they must keep together, and could not leave the line of march to look for water. Besides, the Bedouins, accustomed from infancy to regard water as most precious and rare, use it with wonderful economy. Neither men nor animals drink more than once in forty-eight hours. As to washing, they *never* indulge in such wasteful nonsense. When Bedouins came to my camp, water was always offered them. Their answer would frequently be: 'No, thanks; I drank yesterday.' They know too well the importance of keeping up the habit of abstemiousness. No wonder they can subsist where invaders would quickly perish.

* * *

El Mahdi, flushed with success, is steadily advancing. The theological university of El Ahzar at Cairo, which is to the Mussulman world what the Pope and the College of Cardinals are to Roman Catholicism, has just recognized his mission as from God. No true Mussulman will oppose him now, and

[Concluded on Page 120.]

EXULTATION. [From Harper's Weekly.]

SOUTHERN WORKMAN,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October four months.)

Printed on the Normal School Steam Press by students trained in the office.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, M. F. ARMSTRONG, } *Editors.*

REV. H. B. FRISSELL, *Chaplain,* MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MRS. ORRA LANGHORNE, } *Regular Contributors.*

F. N. GILMAN, *Business Manager.*

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The Workman office will be glad to give estimates for printing periodicals, pamphlets or books of all sorts. Special attention given to Society and Association Reports. Prices always reasonable and made with a due regard to material and workmanship required. Proofs furnished without extra charge. Expressage paid on finished work. Address all communications or orders,

Normal School Press, Hampton, Va.

Entered at the Post Office at Hampton, Va., as second class matter.

THE editors of the *Southern Workman* propose (beginning with the December number), to establish an "Indian Department" of the paper, with a view to obtaining and diffusing trustworthy information in regard to Indian affairs in general. While the work done for Indians at Hampton will receive special consideration, it is hoped that through the various channels which are, directly and indirectly, open to the School officials, much may be learned about the conditions now controlling Indian life, and that close and thoughtful study of these conditions may thus be made possible.

There is so much to be done in the way of making the Indian known to his friends; that is, the facts in regard to him are known to so limited a number even among those who are avowedly interested in securing justice for him, that light from any source should be welcome. How many American citizens are there to-day who know anything, specifically, about our Indian treaties, about the agency system, the division of tribal reservations, of mission work among Indians, of their opportunities for education; in short, how many of us know anything of the real life and possibilities of these helpless thousands whom we are pleased to call the "wards of the Nation?" There is a strong and apparently a growing demand for authoritative information as to the Government's treatment of the Indian, and his attitude towards it, for upon these two factors must depend, primarily, all work done for him, either now or in the future.

New force and effort will, at the same time, be put upon the other department of the paper, to make it more characteristic, original and valuable as a representative of the condition and interests of the freedmen. With the changes contemplated, we believe that the *Southern Workman* will be an increasingly good place for good work of the friends of both the Negro and the Indian.

THE Hampton school opens again more hopefully, strongly and in better shape than ever, with five hundred and ninety boarding students (besides twenty-eight day pupils), representing fourteen States and territories; their average is between seventeen and eighteen years; two-fifths are girls and one hundred and twenty-seven are Indians. The three grand divisions are as follows:

Normal classes (a three years' course)—Colored 317; Indians 22. Indian classes, preparatory; (a three years' course) 98. Work classes (one to three years' course) who work days and study nights—Colored 174 Indians 7.

For further details see full account below.

By the first of next January all are expected to be well accommodated. Four girls are now crowded into small rooms meant for only two, awaiting the completion of the new brick cottage which will hold sixty young women. It will cost seventeen thousand five hundred dollars, of which fourteen thousand five hundred are already given or pledged. The three thousand needed will, we hope, soon be made up by friends; the pro rata cost of one room for two girls is three hundred dollars.

CURRENT EXPENSES.

Fifty thousand dollars must be raised this year to meet current expenses.

For half of this we look to annual scholarships of seventy dollars, the tuition or cost of education for each student, which they, having their own board and clothes to provide, cannot pay. Last year $21,000 were contributed in scholarships.

For the other half, we hope for donations of any amount for general purposes and for legacies, without which, of late years, the school would have been unable to pay its way.

Besides government payment for board and clothing of Indians, the annual expenses are sixty-five thousand dollars. The state of Virginia pays ten thousand dollars yearly interest on the Agricultural College land scrip fund (assigned to Hampton Institute to expend for the colored race), and interest on the endowment fund amounts to five thousand dollars.

Seventy dollars educates a student for one year.

Fifteen hundred dollars educates one perpetually.

The condition of the enfranchised Negro points to the black teacher as the man for the hour. Hampton's graduates have proved, as a class, successful, exemplary and self-supporting leaders of their people towards a Christian civilization.

In the exigency of the Indian, citizenship, labor and law, are the only hope. To teach them English and industry, and to secure to them lands in severalty, is the objective point of their friends.

Of the one hundred and three trained Sioux and others sent home since 1881, eight have died, eleven have relapsed to wild life, and thirteen have returned for more instruction in books and tools. The rest are teachers, mechanics, farmers and employees chiefly in the Government service at the agencies. The great majority have turned out well in spite of the low life around them.

Ignorance of and faithlessness in the capacity of the Indians is part of the nation's crime against them.

The school has been filled with students in faith in the friends of the races which it is trying to lift up.

No reduction of numbers has been made because of the business depression which threatens our income this year. Efforts will be made to extend interest in the school, as well to make it more worthy of the confidence and support which we ask.

The entire Negro race has, since emancipation, unquestionably advanced. Its promising youth deserve a chance: Who will give it them?

HAMPTON INSTITUTE re-opened Oct. 1st with full numbers and promising material for the coming year. The enrolment as we write is 598; 248 girls and 350 boys, or dividing by races, 491 Negro and 107 Indian students. The corresponding numbers at this time last year were, total, 560; 247 girls and 313 boys: or 470 Negroes and 90 Indians. The quota of Indian students for whom partial provision is made by Government appropriation is 120, and will be shortly filled up this year as it was last by new Indian students to replace 25 just returned to their homes after three years' course at Hampton. Twenty are expected from Dakota under charge of Rev. Mr. Gravatt of Hampton, and five later, from Indian Ty. This will bring up their number from 127 to 132, and the grand total to 623; 595 of whom are boarders.

As we said a year ago, Hampton Institute has thus reached its desirable limits as to size. Its work for the future is for security and permanency for what has been attained, and to develop in the direction of quality instead of quantity; in the perfecting of its methods and facilities, and in the material rather than the number of its students.

About a hundred applicants were refused admission to the entering examinations after the lists were full. The principal feeder to the regular Normal classes of the institution is its own "Night School" of work students, who, on the farm or apprenticed for from one to three years in the training shops, have been helping themselves at once to a trade and an education. Outside of the supply from the Night School, only 75 applicants were examined for admission to the day classes. Of these 45 were admitted to the Junior class, 5 to the Middle, 9 went by advice into the Night School, and 15 failed to pass. For the Night School, 148 applicants were examined: 87 boys and 61 girls; of whom 126 were admitted. Twelve more, 10 boys and 2 girls were received as work students on the Hemenway Farm.

The Night School is thus not only the chief feeder of the day school this year, but receives most of the supply from outside, is the main inlet into the Normal School. It is best so. Self-help is the best start in life. While, as might be expected, there are some excellent, clear-headed workers who are not quick at their books, the more general observation is that the best material all round and in the long run is that which has come up through the working class. Education at Hampton is thus virtually, for the majority, a four years' course in the training of head and hand. The average age is from 17 to 18, with a somewhat increasing proportion of younger ones who will be the better, whether as teachers or mechanics, for the longer experience of the school's training and influence.

The whole enrolment of the Night School at present is 171; boys, 105, four of whom are Indians; girls, 66. Forty-five remain in this school from last year, of whom 7 are repeating on account of their scholarship, and 38 stay to complete their apprenticeship at various trades, expecting to make the Middle class when they enter the Normal School next year. All now entering to learn trades apprentice themselves for three years instead of two as heretofore, which will be better for them in the end.

The examinations in general compare favorably with those of last year. There will be some weeding out as usual, but the material is, on the whole, very promising.

The reorganization for winter work has never been effected more promptly and smoothly. In consideration of the unusual number of changes in the corps of teachers this year, and the loss the school has sustained of some of its most valued and responsible officers, this is a very encouraging fact, proving a solidity and efficiency in the constitution of the school which is one assurance of permanence.

In the removal of the school's efficient commandant, Lieut. Geo. LeRoy Brown, U. S. A., and the decision of Government to send his successor to the white Agricultural College at Blacksburgh, Va., instead of to Hampton for the next three years, the duties of acting commandant have been assumed by Mr. Geo. L. Curtis of Yale College, class of '78, while Mr. Arthur T. Boykin, a Hampton graduate, who has acted very efficiently as commandant during the summer, will be Instructor of the battalion in drill and tactics. The student officers' court will assist in the discipline of the school as heretofore, trying cases brought before them, and awarding sentences subject to approval by the school authorities. The spirit of the young men seems good. The superintendents of all the departments speak cheerfully of the outlook.

THE FARMS.

The school farm employs 56 from the day classes, an average of 11 a day, each boy working one day in the week, and every other Saturday. Eleven from the Night School work on full time, in charge of the barn, stock, etc.

The Blacksmith and Wheelwright shops are under charge of the farm manager, each with a competant foreman. The former employs at present 5 colored and 3 Indian students, the latter 5 colored and 1 Indian. Carts and wagons are made and repairing is done for the school and outside sustomers. Work has been brisk all summer and continues to be so.

At the Hemenway Farm, 12 work students are employed, 10 boys and 2 girls.

THE GREENHOUSE.

This pleasant and hopeful branch of industry at Hampton, so well started last year, will be continued, and though under new hands, we expect for it continued success. It will give work to one night student under the manager, and gives him a good trade, besides being of prospective profit to the school.

HUNTINGTON INDUSTRIAL WORKS.

The Steam Saw Mill employs 17 colored young men, night students, on full time for one year, and 14 from the day classes on two days in the week. Of the 15 night students employed through the summer, all have entered the day classes this fall, except one who is in his second year of apprenticeship. All the other hands are new, but seem to be taking hold well.

Outside business has increased during the summer, in selling lumber and building materials, and the mill has held the contract for the new Girls' Cottage. The superintendent has "no complaint to make" of his employes—"good workers, fully equal to any he has ever had." His only trouble is, when sometimes his best hands fail to pass on their school examinations, or when they all "pass" at once, and leave him with an entire new set of green hands.

The Wood-working Shop, above the Saw Mill, is now employing 11 colored night students on full time, and those from the day classes two days in the week. Five of the eleven are new apprentices entered this fall for three years. All are doing fairly well. Outside work has been brisk this summer, and the shop is now very busy on joiner's work for the new cottage.

ENGINEER'S DEPARTMENT.

This department employs at present two Indians and five colored students; of the latter three are new hands, two entering for one year, and one for two years apprenticeship. All are doing well; considered by the superintendent the best new material he ever had, of either race. The summer work has been general overhauling of boilers and steam heating apparatus, putting up the new kitchen and bakery, putting in new machinery in laundry, fitting the fire engine house with piping, and making 25 new iron bedsteads, the work on which was done entirely by two Indians. The winter work will be the steam, gas and water piping for the new Girls' Cottage. Four of the seven outside hands employed last year have been replaced by student labor. Besides the above force on full time, five colored students work two days in the

week. Two more work students will be employed in the winter, and probably two more Indians.

PRINTING OFFICE.

This office employs its full force of 7 colored students, 2 ex-students, and 4 Indians, with an occasional outside hand in a press of business. Its bookbindery is carried on as usual by a veteran from the Soldiers' Home, and a young white woman from Hampton as assistant. The office has been and is now full of business.

KNITTING ROOM.

This department is employing 20 colored young men; 10 work student apprentices for one year, and 10 from the day classes, 2 days a week; 1 outsider; also 8 colored girls, finishing mittens, and 1 outside forewoman.

INDIAN TRAINING SHOPS.

The Shoe Factory is employing 3 colored students, 2 on full time, having completed their apprenticeship of two years, but asking to extend it to three; the third works two days in a week. Twelve Indians are employed, five of whom work half a day and are in school the other half. Two are regular work students in the Night School, one of these having entered for two years on his recent return from Massachusetts. Five others are new students who came from Dakota in June. These are reported as being "as well behaved a lot as I ever had; willing, bright, and industrious." On the 25th of August this shop finished a contract for 2,000 pair of brogans for Indian agency use. It is now busy only on school work, and has plenty of it, in repairing and orders.

The Harness Shop employs 6 hands, 3 colored, and 3 Indians, two of the latter being new hands, one doing very well, the other "rather slow." The shop has just closed a contract for 269 double sets of plow harness for agency use. It has also done a good deal of fine work, filling orders for an $80 set of double harness for Boston, and a $50 set for Baltimore, a $55 set of single harness for Newport, and a $38 set for Boston.

The Carpenter Shop employs 5 colored and 13 Indian students. Of the colored one is a new hand, two in their second year, and two in their first. Of the Indians, one is a new hand, and one a Night student, the rest working half the day, or one or two days a week.

The work through the summer and at present is chiefly repairing, on the place and at Fort Monroe. The apprentices have done fairly well.

The Paint Shop is employing the same hands as in the summer; 2 Negroes and 3 Indians working on the place and outside; all have worked well.

The Tin Shop is employing 1 colored Night student and 4 Indians, all old hands but two. The shop completed in September the year's contract for 13,560 pieces of tin ware for Indian agencies. It is now working on the roof of the new Girls' Cottage, and on repair work for the school and outside. The apprentices have done well.

GIRLS' INDUSTRIES.

The Sewing and Tailoring Department employs 12 Night students on full time; 60 are detailed from the day classes, about 12 each day. Six of the twelve are in the tailoring department, apprenticed for two years; all are colored girls. Besides the forewoman but one outside hand is employed, in a press of work. During the summer the shop has turned out 110 uniform coats, 90 pairs of pantaloons, 50 vests, 121 shirts, besides other under clothing. Two parties of returning and incoming Indians have been fitted out, and a large amount of home linen made up for school use. The spirit of the girls has been excellent during the summer, and the new material seems very good. The department has just sent a creditable exhibit to the colored State Fair at Richmond, a specimen uniform suit, shirts, undergarments, dressed dolls, with pottery painted by the Indian students.

The Laundry. The superintendent of this department reports that "thirty girls in the student's laundry and three in the teachers' did the summer's work more satisfactorily than it has been done before. The addition of a 'French mangle' from the Walworth Manufacturing Co., and an Oakley and Keating 'washer,' so increases the facilities that only 24 girls are now employed on full time, for both laundries, who will, with the detail of 70 from the day classes working 2 days in a week, do all the work this year."

Household Industries in general occupy all the girls. The cooking class under direction of an experienced assistant of Miss Parloa, will be begun in November. The character of the new comers seems very promising, though there are more younger ones than usual, of whom full work cannot be expected.

INDIAN STUDENTS.

In the Normal School proper there are this year, 22 Indian students: 13 boys, and 9 girls; in the Senior class, 5, Middle, 4, Junior 13. In the Night School are four more boys working all day to learn trades by their own desire. Few have physical strength enough for this. The Indian classes, containing those who have to learn English, study half the day, the other half being spent in work. The first division of last year having passed into the Normal School, and the second mostly gone home, there will probably be none to enter the Normal classes next year. Those who were left in Massachusetts for a year have all returned but two; most are improved. Twenty new ones are expected from Dakota, and five from Indian Territory.

Indian Girls' Industries.—During the summer, the Indian girls' sewing room has turned out clothing for the girls of two parties of new comers. Besides their own sewing, mending and in part making their own clothes, the girls do their own washing and all the cleaning in Winona Lodge; care of rooms and halls.

Pastors' Class.

This class, started last year, to give colored pastors the advantage of Bible study under the school's chaplain, assisted by ministers from the neighborhood, now numbers fifteen, and more, will come later. Rev. H. B. Frissell in charge, gives instruction in preparation of sermons; Rev. J. J. Gravatt in the study of the Old Testament; Rev. Dr. Woodfin in the New Testament; Rev. Albert Tolman in practical theology, and Miss Alice Bacon in Sacred history. Of the fifteen pastors, four are Hampton graduates; ten of them board at the school and pay their way by manual labor, like the other students. The interest in the class is well kept up, and its usefulness is undoubted.

BUTLER SCHOOL.

This primary school taught on the Normal School grounds, and furnishing a training class of 40 for its Seniors, has opened fuller than ever, with a present enrolment of 325. The teachers are as last year, 4 Hampton graduates under superintendence of the Normal School training teacher and her assistants. With the Butler children, the total number of youth studying on the Normal School grounds is over 900.

THE NEW GIRLS' COTTAGE.

This new building, long a serious need, from the very desirable increase in the number of colored girls, for whom no additional accommodation has been provided since 1875, is now nearly completed, and we hope will be ready for occupation in January. It will contain sleeping rooms for 40 girls and 7 teachers, two hospital rooms, and an assembly room for girls' meetings. This will relieve the great crowding of Virginia Hall, which is dangerous to health, but could not otherwise be relieved except by shutting out from all chance of education young colored women, every one of whom is needed as the light of a whole community of her people.

Farewell to Friends.

George and Eunice Dixon, devoted friends of the freedmen, who have worked long and faithfully for the colored race, and to whom the Hampton School is deeply indebted for services and aid, especially during its earlier years, have recently left Hampton to return to England, Mr. Dixon's native country. "Raby Lodge," their modest and very attractive home, where (such gracious hospitality has always been extended to their friends, has passed into other hands. Many an overworked teacher will miss the kindly welcome and the restful atmosphere of that quiet, pleasant home, and the helpful sympathy of its occupants. Their places will not be filled, but the memory of their kindness and good deeds will abide. They have richly earned the rest and comfort which we trust they will find in their home across the sea, where children and more than a score of grandchildren impatiently await their coming.

Mr. Dixon was, for many years, the head of the Friends' Agricultural school at Great Ayton in Northallerton, England. His son succeeded him in this position about the close of our Civil War, and Mr. Dixon, with a daughter, came to this country under the auspices of the English Friends' Freedmens' Aid Society to do Missionary work in establishing colored schools in the South. While engaged in this work, he met the present Mrs. Dixon, then a teacher of colored schools in the South; their experiences in this work just at the close of the war, before the passions and prejudices of the Southern people had subsided, were full of interest and peril, and we hope may some day be made public. After their marriage, Mr. Dixon returned to England with his wife for a visit, and came to the Hampton School enroute. They became greatly interested in this work, and decided to solicit contributions among the English Friends, for the purpose of giving some of their former pupils the benefit of its instruction. They succeeded so well in this endeavor, that they were enabled to send over sixty young men and women to the school for a full course, paying all their bills, amounting to over $7,000, cash, a great help both to the students and to the Normal School. Most of the graduates whose education was thus secured, are now doing good service as teachers of their race. On their return from England, Mr. and Mrs. Dixon settled at Hampton so as to have an oversight of the students who were being educated through their efforts, and Mrs. Dixon took charge, for a few years, of the Butler School, where she rendered valuable service in the good cause. Mr. Dixon has continued to devote himself to the cause of the Freedmen, and his counsels and aid will be surely missed by the colored community. His papers on "The Flora of Hampton," published in the *Southern Workman*, are a valuable contribution to botanical knowledge.

Conference on Indian Affairs at Lake Mohunk.

The Lake Mohunk Conference on Indian matters held its second annual session on the 24th, 25th and 26th of September, at the popular resort in the Catskill mountains of which Mr. A. K. Smiley is the proprietor.

At one side of the hotel, which is loftily perched just under the crest of Sky Top, reposes the beautiful Lake Mohunk, the lovliest sheet of water in the land; on the other side is the Walkill valley lying far below, and beyond are ranges of mountains, peak rising behind peak, increasing distances developing a deepening blue. Nowhere can be found a more charming spot.

The successful proprietor has instituted an annual gathering of those engaged in practical efforts for the Indian race, making them his guests for the three days session. The attendance this year was much larger than last, about fifty responding to the invitation, representing a wide range of Chistian and philanthropic efforts; the religious societies, the leading schools, the press, the Indian Agencies, the Indian Rights Association (both ladies and gentlemen) and the Board of Indian Commissioners, which was represented by a majority of its members.

The meeting was organized, General Clinton B. Fish being elected president, and Mr. Herbert Welsh, secretary, and an order of business was adopted. Its two divisions were, 1st, Citizenship as the solution of the Indian problem; 2d, Criticism on existing methods. Miss Alice Fletcher began with a full statement of her experience in establishing the Omaha Indians of Nebraska on land in severalty, showing that the presence of an earnest, determined worker was sufficient to lead one tribe of Indians in a few years into civilized ways. Her account of life in their midst, of their customs and social laws, was extremely interesting and profitable.

She was followed by General Milroy, Indian Agent in Washington Territory, whom Captain Pratt introduced as his old commander in the war: the hero of the defence of Winchester, Va., where, with ten thousand men, he delayed Gen. Lee's march into Pennsylvania for three days, and escaped with his force. General Milroy, who had been for thirteen years in the Indian service, spoke of the readiness of the Indians of the Pacific Coast for civilization, of the importance of providing them with land in severalty; of the need of more educational advantages for them, and of his strong assurance of the capacity of the Indian to become, with a fair chance, an intelligent citizen. He believed that while some might need protection against white men around them and their own folly, by being incapacitated from selling their land for twenty-five years, many would be able to hold their own without such restriction in far less time. With late speakers, he condemns the present reservation system as a mere hindering process, ineffective and to be abolished as soon as practicable.

The two opening addresses occupied the morning session of three hours, and contained a variety of information of rare interest and value.

Afternoons were devoted to driving about over the mountain roads, of which Mr. Smiley has laid out over twenty-five miles, bringing many picturesque views and much grand scenery within easy access.

The evening and the remainder of the session were occupied in ten minutes' talks about citizenship for Indians and how to secure it. A great variety of experience was brought out, and while there was absolute uniformity in opinion as to the end in view, there was some difference respecting means to that end.

Some of the best and ablest workers declared their belief that the Indians never would voluntarily give up the tribal relation for citizenship, and that therefore any law would amount to little which should provide that only by a two-thirds vote in favor of it could the tribes proceed to divide up their lands and sell the rest to government, to be held as a fund for their benefit: they said that immediate action is necessary in order to secure to Indians the good lands on their reservations which white aggressors will soon grasp and leave the slow moving red man nothing worth having when he is ready to select a homestead: that the object of the treaties is to save the Indians and that immediate compulsory settlement of their land in severalty is imperative. The hopeless condition of the so-called five civilized nations in the Indian Territory was instanced to show the fatal tendency of Indians to fixed tribal life, and the mistake should not be repeated; we must save the Indians from themselves, cut the Gordian knot and secure to them at once, what is good upon their reservation. Miss Fletcher, Rev. Dr. Kendall, Capt. Pratt and others took this view.

On the other hand it was urged that the voluntary principle is the true one, that the Convention should respect the treaties to which its members had so often pointed our delinquent Congressmen.

The Southern Press. Both Sides.

"It is doubtful," says the Philadelphia *Telegraph*, Republican, "if ever before there were so many voters in a state of mind as to what they shall do and what their neighbors will do. Party lines everywhere are broken down and voters are wandering about with a vacant can't-find-the-way-home air that is as novel as it is significant.

Before our present number reaches most of its readers, the campaign will be over and the prophetic souls of our much-tried political seers may find a brief interval of peace. Whether it be to one man or the other that victory is given, the nation will at least know for a time the luxury of rest from the personal excitement of the election, and men will have time to realize that the great principles and ideas which our system of government represents, remain radically unaffected, and as worthy as ever of our confidence.

The chief danger of partisanship is that it blinds men to facts, and it is hardly possible that such deductions as the following could be made by intelligent observers except as their sight was beclouded by the dust of party conflict.

"We cannot forget that the party which oppressed the southerner, which trod on him when he was down, was the Republican party. We cannot forget that the party which was his friend was the Democratic party. We cannot forget that the value of property when the southern States were under the dominion of the Republican party was just about one-half the value of property now while these States are under the dominion of the Democratic party. We cannot forget that the value decreased with every year of Republican power and increased with every year of Democratic power. The prosperity of the South only began when the Republican party, its natural enemy, was driven from its borders. While in many instances when the South was still under the rule of the carpet-bagger, farming was carried along in a struggling way; manufacturing was not carried on at all. Iron cooking utensils, the farming implements, tools, stoves, house furniture, and indeed, the whole list of such articles were imported into the South from the North. The skilled workingmen found no work in our border. How is it now, when the States are under the protection of the Democratic party? *Richmond State.*

"The people hold fast to a faithful, honest and efficient official, and for the same reason they cling to the party which substitutes honesty for corruption, economy for extravagance and reform for abuses. It is therefore natural that the people of the South should be solid for the party that has lifted them up and placed them on the highway to progress. The following instructive statement of the material progress of the South in verification of our claim is taken from the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*:

	1883-84.	1882-83.
Alabama	$172,000,000	$155,126,118
Arkansas	156,000,000	133,179,377
Florida	60,500,000	55,219,311
Georgia	315,275,000	303,110,000
Kentucky	401,250,000	374,554,979
Louisiana	296,000,000	262,738,862
Mississippi	137,620,054	129,754,927
North Carolina	225,200,000	201,821,287
South Carolina	150,511,889	145,482,519
Tennessee	227,964,877	226,657,073
Texas	580,000,000	527,500,000
Virginia	340,000,000	320,000,000
Total	$3,987,834,861	$3,768,115,883

These figures show that during the past year the assessed wealth of twelve Southern States increased about $200,000,000, and we learn from the same source that the increase in the value of the taxable wealth of those States from 1873 to 1883 was $640,707,938, an average of $160,176,757, per annum. No section of the Union can make a better showing. Within this time all these States have been under Democratic rule, and their prosperity is greatly due to the wise and honest administration of affairs. Since the advent of the Democrats to power in these States poverty has been converted into abundance, and retrenchment, economy and reform have taken the place of robbery and wastefulness. The laws have been faithfully and humanely administered. Justice has been dispensed with firmness and without delay. Taxes have decreased and educational facilities largely increased. These blessings are the results of home rule and the ascendancy of the Democratic party of the South. Instead of throwing away the fruits of Democratic policy which have brought happiness and prosperity to the Southern people, by restoring to power the Republican party, the people will uphold the party under which they have prospered. *Memphis Appeal.*

Is the South then indebted to the Democratic party for her fertile soil, her genial climate, her rivers and water-courses? and are her vast seaboard, her magnificent ports, her shining suns and fresh breezes at the mercy of a handful of politicians?

Surely the thinking men of the South are not likely, in their cooler moments, to admit any such absurdity as is involved in the statement that their unexampled prosperity is "due to the ascendency of the Democratic party of the South." The simple common sense of the matter cannot be better given than in the words of the N. Y. *Evening Post.*

"All this is a most gratifying confirmation of the views of those, like ourselves, who have steadily maintained that it was material progress which was to eradicate the social and political evils left by slavery.

* * * * * *

The beneficent influence of equality before the law acting on an Anglo-Saxon race living on a fertile soil has never yet failed to produce material prosperity sooner or later, and the material prosperity of a free community always means the growth of gentler manners and purer laws, and the formation of higher social and political standards."

The material progress of the South is the result of conditions which are largely beyond the domain of politics and cannot be interfered with by any party whatsoever. Not even the actual disruption and dismemberment of the body politic could put the Southern States back where they were a quarter of a century ago, and while the soundest policy in every direction should, of course, be the standard, it is childish to ascribe to this party or that a power over natural laws hardly inferior to that of Him who made those laws.

It is certainly overshooting the mark to say, as does the Augusta. *Constitutionalist*, that

"The South does not desire Democratic success for mere partisan advantages. Neither the spirit of revenge, nor the spoils of office have any controlling influence in the eager desire of our people for party triumph. A higher, nobler, more patriotic aspiration inspires the Southern people in their advocacy and support of the Democratic cause.

Democratic success does not mean the mere triumph of party. It means a wholesome and pure administration of the Federal Government. It means a healthy and remunerative development by the restoration of confidence in all the varied interests and industries of the country.

It will benefit the stagnant industries of the North. It will develop the dormant resources of the South. It will mean the brotherhood of fifty-five million of people and the union of hearts and the union of States harmonized and crystallized for a higher civilization and a better and purer administration of the Federal Government.

In a moral and material point, the blessings and benefits that will flow to the South and to all sections of our common country cannot be estimated. The race question that clouds the present and the future with its darkening and portentous color line will be eliminated from our political horizon, and we will leave to those who come after us the happy spectacle of both races living in peace and happiness, each in its proper sphere—the one the guide and controller, the other the follower and co-worker in the development and prosperity of the most favored section of the Union."

Whether the year of grace 1885 shall see Blaine or Cleveland in the presidential chair, is yet uncertain, but it is certain that neither the men nor the parties they represent, have the power to seriously disturb the basis on which rest the beginnings of Southern prosperity.

It is to the signs of the times as indicated in such items as the following that we must just now look for trustworthy information, rather than to political editorials and campaign documents.

"The Hon. J. L. M. Curry, agent for the distribution of the Peabody Fund, in his report to the trustees, read at their meeting on Wednesday last, gave a very encouraging account of the advance that is being made in all branches of education at the South. He says that in West Virginia the school system grows in efficiency and popularity. During the year fifty-four county and district institutes were held. The Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute is having extraordinary success, its last report showing 554 students from ten States and four territories. The Normal and Collegiate Institute at Petersburg, with colored instructors, is well sustained. A State Normal School for girls will soon be opened at Farmville. In North Carolina people are becoming more alive to the advantages of good schools, and are demanding that they be improved. The fund has materially aided the Normal Institute in South Carolina. In Georgia, teachers' institutes were held in Norcross, Macon and Dalton for four weeks. In Florida five institutes were held in the summer. Alabama is leading the other Southern States with three white and three colored normal schools. An industrial institute and college for white girls has been founded at Columbus, Miss. Five institutes for white and colored people were supported in Tennessee in June and July by the Peabody Fund. Education grows in popularity throughout the State. In Arkansas thirty-two institutes were held. About 1900 teachers attend the forty-two institutes held in Texas.—*Memphis Appeal.*

And consider how broad a field, in more ways than one, is covered by these "small farms," upon which the introduction of the new systems of tillage is revolutionizing whole neighborhoods and waking up many a sleepy or half despairing land holder.

"There has been a very remarkable increase in the number of small farms in the South since the war. In no direction has there been a more striking change in our industrial life than in the division of the old-time plantations into numerous small holdings. Just how large a farm should be and how much capital a man should have before he can afford to invest it in farming lands, depends of course upon his individual circumstances, and the kind of farming to which land and labor are to be devoted. For instance, one man can as easily manage 1000 acres of grazing land as he can 100 acres devoted to grain growing. Fruit growing and market gardening demand vastly more labor and attention than ordinary tillage. A fruit farm of twenty acres judiciously divided between apples, peaches, pears, and small fruit will demand as much care and labor as two hundred acres devoted to miscellaneous farm products, or five hundred acres in grass, and usually it will yield as much clear profit as either. But whether the farms are large or small, remarks the *Charleston News and Courier*, the success of the farmer must depend upon the character of his crops, the careful selection of the best seed and through tillage. It is a waste of labor to attempt the cultivation of more ground than can be tilled thoroughly. It is better to raise 60 bushels of corn on one acre than 30 bushels each on two acres.—*Norfolk Virginian.*"

One of the most interesting and in some respects, one of the most complete, expositions of the opinions of a large class of Southern whites that we have lately seen, comes to us in the Charleston *News and Courier*, and we re-publish full extracts from it, believing that they will repay careful reading.

* * * * * *

We will admit that the thrusting upon us in legal equality of such a mass of festering ignorance, without warning, without reason and without our assent, was a great and unpardonable wrong; but it is done; there is no redress, there is no retreat. Shall we conquer it, or by our supineness and indifference, allow it to conquer us?

Some of us still feel the bitterness of our losses, of our defeats, of our struggles to regain a competency once enjoyed, and perhaps never to be regained, and have no heart and no purpose to lift a hand to ameliorate the condition of the unconscious authors of our misfortunes.

Some of us, rising above these unmanly considerations, have exerted ourselves in their behalf, have given of our substance and time and effort, unreservedly, to the extent of our ability, but without any immediate or apparent good result, and are discouraged and faltering.

Again, there are some who, while giving something of their means and influence in aid of public education, and never outwardly opposing it, yet secretly have no hope in it, and trust and believe and hope that in some way, mysterious, undefined and providential, we shall be relieved of the great incubus of immorality and ignorance.

There are others more honest, who do not disguise their hostility to the Negro, who, like Alison, have no faith in popular education, and who, when asked how otherwise the people can be improved mentally and morally, reply "by suffering, for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." Moreover, they have an abiding faith that this is to be in the future, as it has been in the past, a "White Man's Government," (as it undoubtedly will be, if we trust to our own civilization,) and will maintain it peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must, even if it shall be necessary to drive the Negro into the Gulf of Mexico.

And there are still others, perhaps of the whole the class most dangerous to the public welfare, and who are utterly indifferent to the Negro, who say in the language of Dr. Noble: "I don't care for him. I don't care for his education. I don't care for his morals. I don't care for his thrift and comfort. I don't care for his Christianization; he can go his way and live as he pleases, and die at last like a beast, and it is all nothing to me."

Now it seems to us that in the position of these classes there is very much that is unreasonable, unphilosophical and unpatriotic.

As we have not the space at our disposal to examine each one in detail as fully as it deserves, it is our purpose to show as briefly and as forcibly as we can the unchristian, the impolitic and dangerous position of those who are indifferent to our increasing illiteracy, and who declare openly their indifference to its greatest factor, the Negro.

We do not intend to follow the Christian or the philanthropic argument, which, to many, no doubt, is the most touching and the strongest, but waive it and put it aside entirely for one that is utterly and supremely selfish.

We all, with sorrow, realize that the Negro is here. He is extremely ignorant, extremely immoral and easily influenced. With his peculiar and unfortunate circumstances, conditions and environment, it is much easier for him to be immoral than moral, illiterate than literate, and, consequently, he raises enormously our percentage of illiteracy. He crowds our chain gangs and penitentiaries. He debases the standard of our public morals. He puts the State to a great annual expense in maintaining the administration of the laws. He annually increases the difficulty and responsibility of good government.

If this immorality is doubted, it will be seen that wherever the Negro swarms there will be found a great preponderance of the black prisoners over the whites, in excess of the ratio of the black to the white population. In the neighboring State of Alabama it will be found that the black prisoners outnumber the whites five to one! In Georgia seven to one! and in South Carolina, where there is in the total population a black majority of 65 per cent., there is an excess of black prisoners over white of ten hundred and forty-six per cent.!

How this state of things retroacts upon us, and is subversive of justice in preventing the proper punishment of criminals among the whites, is worthy of a separate inquiry. We all know how ignorant the Negro is, but cannot properly realize it, nor the terrible retroactive influence such a mass of illiteracy must have upon us, until it is put before us in some tangible shape.

The census returns show us that seventy-six per cent. of the Negroes in our Southern States cannot write their names, and that nearly forty per cent. of the entire population of these Southern States, both white and black, cannot read.

* * * * * *

We have said that the Negro is here, and by every argument based upon common sense and the common experience of mankind here he is bound to remain, as a great, important and increasing factor for good or ill, in our social system.

It is hardly possible, and highly improbable, that in our day he will be driven into the Gulf of Mexico as the Spaniards drove the Moors into the Mediterranean, as some of us affect to believe; neither by a war of races will he be again reduced to bondage. But admitting the probability of either of these events, they are not likely to occur in this generation, nor before this seething mass of illiteracy and immorality will ripen into a community which will know no God but the basest of passions.

What, then, are our obligations (not as Christian men and women, we have waived that argument) on purely personal and selfish considerations to our families, our government and our property?

We declare our first obligation in regard to them to be to accept the burden of responsibility put upon us at once. However much we may desire or wish it otherwise, we cannot separate ourselves from our environment and lead double lives, one for ourselves and another for the community. We are bound together into one indissoluble whole, for weal or for woe, by an absolute community of interests; that which is good or evil for a part is good or evil for the whole, for the whole is the sum of the parts, unequal and incongruous as they may be.

A tree is judged by its fruits, and the standard of public morals, public education and public sentiment in any society is shown by its criminal records and its records of illiteracy, without regard to the purity and cultivation of any individual members of the community. Authentic statistics show us,

[Continued on page 116.]

Letters From Hampton Graduates.

NOT ALL TEACHERS. A LESSON IN THRIFT. A TEACHER WHO WILL NOT DESPAIR. AN ANALYSIS OF "POWER."

NOT ALL TEACHERS.

The letters which we give from our students and graduates, do not always fully show the advantages of an educational system which trains muscle as well as brain and makes work as important as study. The two following letters we have therefore chosen because they present evidence of what our scholars can do, when for one or another reason, they have not devoted themselves exclusively to teaching. A good object lesson in farming, in housekeeping, in carpentry, in any trade or honest occupation, may sometimes find a large and more appreciative audience than could be put into any schoolroom.

——Md. Nov. 2nd, 1883.

Miss——;

Your letter was received, and I am very glad to learn that you still remain our correspondent representative of Hampton Institute, and I am sure all her graduates often think of you, and love the Northern people who think of Hampton's sons and daughters. The day will come when our Northern friends will be proud of us.

I am very well, and doing well. I have no reason to complain.

I have taught school four years since I graduated at Hampton, Va.

Kept a small store of my own for two years, and cultivated strawberries for the Northern market, and raised large hogs. You see Hampton's sons can do something else besides teaching school, and I believe it was never intended for all of us to do nothing else but teach. I am holding a commission as trustee of our public school of S—— my own town.

I have bought three houses and lots since I left Hampton; last year I raised 845 lbs. of pork, and 3200 quarts of strawberries. I must say in conclusion, the colored people are doing well generally all over the Southern States so far as I can bear, both in wealth and education.

Yours respectfully,
R.

——Fla. Nov. 13, 1883.

My dear Miss;

I received your welcome letter a few days ago, and need not say how I appreciated it. I suppose you wish to know what I have been doing since I left Hampton. I taught part of two terms only; after trying it thoroughly, I found there was not a living in it, and having a family to support, I was compelled to do that which there was a living in. On coming to P——, 3 years ago I met with great opposition and I was compelled to go at something to let the people know that I did not depend only upon teaching for my living. I was taught if there was not an opening, to make one, and so I have done it. I will state to you my condition when I came to Florida. Three years ago I was married in Hampton and came to this State. I did not have much money after getting here. That year I taught school in O——Co. 4 months at $20.00 per month. I had to sell my school warrants, some at a discount of 25 per ct. so you see how much I made in that operation. We came back to P. in the spring of '81, and did not do anything that summer owing to taking care of myself the first summer in the State. That fall I went to work at $1.00 and $1.25 per day. I worked until Christmas and then I finished up a term of two months and went to work again; so I have been at it ever since until this summer. Since that time we have bought a lot in town and have built a small house on it; have also bought two cows at $25.00 apiece and I have sent my wife to Hampton to school this year. I am not quite through paying for my lot yet but have paid nearly two-thirds on it and have over a year yet on the balance. That is what I have been doing in the 3 years, and my prospect is better for the future than it has ever been.

Yours truly,
R.

A LESSON IN THRIFT.

"A strong desire and inclination to accumulate something to go upon," seems in this instance to have fully justified itself. The results, as given below, show what a young man who is determined to "get ahead" can do for himself, even when he has been obliged to forego his most valuable year at school, and to attack his work with even less than the usual preparation.

——Va., Nov. 10, 1883.

Miss A——

Dear Friend;

Yours of Oct, 30, came promptly to hand. I am more than glad to learn of the continued interest you manifest in corresponding with the Hampton graduates and ex-students. Indeed, I received your kind and good circular and read it with intense pains and care. Being engaged at the time in the county canvass, riding around with the circular in my pocket I lost it before I could commit your address to memory; for which I hope you will pardon me. I spent three years at Hampton, lacked one year of finishing up there. I often regret my not having the time to spend more months in school, owing to a strong desire and inclination to accumulating something to go upon, my father being old. I am glad to inform you, that by my industry and energy I have been made able during these three years at home to buy and pay for a very handsome little plantation of over a hundred acres of land. I have also purchased me two very young and good horses, wagon and buggy, all of which cost me several hundred dollars, paid. As a general thing the people around me are poor, white and colored, but work very hard for a living. I have been teaching ever since I left school, with the exception of two summer months in each of the three years. We have more schools in this Co, than ever heretofore; as a general thing are getting on nicely, with this exception:—we have been using Holmes, Venable's and other text-books for about eighteen years, and this year the school board decided not to use them longer, adopted new series altogether, making it a rule if not law, that no pupils shall be allowed to come to school unless he or she is well supplied with all necessary new books. This sudden change of course found quite a number of parents unable to send any of their children as yet, possibly, not before the ensuing school term; since, in many instances, one pupil's books will cost from four to five dollars. The idea is, that most of the parents have just bought a lot of the former school-books, Holmes and others, and now they are compelled to get other books before they can send their children to school. So, you will not be surprised at hearing of such small numbers attending our schools in this Co. My school was opened later this year than usual, but was among the first opened. I commenced teaching 17th Sept. with a pitiful number of 10 and now I have on roll 35 pupils. My average daily attendance for the 1st month 23.25, second month ended yesterday, Friday 9th, with a daily average of 25.30: several years back, (even last year) I rarely ever had a less number than 65 or 75 in the same school-house, and they kept me and my assistant busy. All the school-houses in my District are very good, comfortable and warm. I am striving each day to do my duty in the education of my race, and feel very plainly I have done but little after all in that direction. Indeed I should be very glad to hear from you at any time.

I am respectfully yours,
R.

A TEACHER WHO WILL NOT DESPAIR.

A graduate of Hampton who, in the pursuit of his calling, is obliged to turn his back upon all the aid and support to which he has become accustomed in his school life, and go out into the midst of a darkness sometimes greater than that of heathendom, must perforce have some trying and depressing experiences. Such letters as this show how much can be done for these teachers by keeping up the connection with Hampton, and through the school machinery, giving them occasional assistance.

——N. C. *Feb. 2nd, 1884.*

Dear Miss C.——

Your letter surprises and gladdens me very much. Your words of encouragement and hope were worth more to me than you can think. I know that there is a big work to be done in this town. The subjects are here, and it is impossible for one, who professes Christ, and is a professed factor in solving the problem before the Christian part of our own country, to escape doing his duty.

Sometimes the task looms up before me in such proportion that I feel like giving up in despair. That thought is momentary. I am now old enough to see and know my imperfections. One is an irresistible spirit of impatience. I should have said almost instead of making it absolute, for I do muster up more patience than both of my teachers, who daily despair. Nothing but true faith in God can overcome these little things. You see we are away off South; there is no genuine fountain nearer than those good Northern communities, and when I receive such good letters my happiness is increased. Two men have been here, tried the work and left in despair. They now occupy positions in Institutes in this State. I shall try and avoid the slough through which they went.

Yes, I still say that if these people would pull together they would need no help, but the time is not yet. They must be tutored up to that point. I am after the young people and I think I have got them. I can take my school and do most surprising things. They are ready to follow me in anything I suggest. Children in such a position as that will not let the older ones rest until they pay heed to their entreaties. I will tell you, as a secret, what I have in my mind; it may be an air castle and it might be a reality. For several counties around there is no school of any importance. Thirty counties, I suppose, ought to be stocked with *teachers*. Any kind of teachers are employed. I say that will not do for this day. I should like to see this place the centre of educational advantages for this section.

This is no new idea of mine. It has been growing ever since I came here. So many from other counties want to get better training. This might as well be the place as any other. I will tell what we want: it is just twice our present capacity for school work. We charge tuition for every child or grown person who comes from outside a three-mile radius. Our board of trustees is an incorporated body. They are appointed by the State Legislature. What more do we need? I think this can be made the centre. I may take the field in support of the measure. It remains to be seen how many supporters I have after I whisper it around.

Well, now about the ten dollars. I think we are fit subjects of charity, and that it will do us good if nothing more than to get the confidence of the people. I would say send us twenty-five Gospel Hymns, No. 1, 2, 3, 4, board cover, without notes. They retail at 22 cents a copy. For my benefit you may include in the order two with notes. These books will add more to my Sunday and day school than anything else.

I have means of protecting all my school outfit from destructive parties. We have plenty of good locks. I am going to try and make the Sunday School buy its own lesson leaves and papers. We have from forty-five to fifty scholars that come regular. To-morrow I expect seventy-five or a hundred. The weather has been bad, and a little opposition by ignorant preachers has to be set aside. We have a lyceum of sixty members, all alive and in earnest. I wish you could hear them debate. One question more I must answer. One of my teachers helps me in Sunday School. I work my older scholars in for the rest. The singing books will not use up your appropriation, but for the present I must let you keep the rest. If you can get more than twenty-five books for half or a little more of the money, so much the better; we need fifty, but we need other things.

This letter has been written with no arrangement. Hope you will excuse it.

Yours truly, D.

There are no Hampton graduates in this section that I know of. One, you know, Mrs. R——, is with me.

AN ANALYSIS OF "POWER."

The essentials to success, according to the young teacher whose letter follows, are "education, good morals and the accumulation of real estate."—At first sight, one smiles at this trio of forces, but on second thoughts, the soundness of the writer's views of his people's needs is palpable enough. It is likely that those who take his advice will, in the end, in spite of his anti-climax, have the laugh on their side.

——VA., Nov. 5th, 1884.

Miss A. E. C——

Esteemed Friend:—Agreeable to your request of me on the 25th ult., I will endeavor to comply.

After a long absence from my school of five months' vacation, spent, I trust, in usefulness to others and myself, I came back to this place and opened my same school on the 1st day of October, with 19 pupils enrolled. Before saying more about my school, I must give a brief sketch of my vacation. After having the pleasure of teaching a six months' session in Appomatox, I thought to take pleasure riding around and visiting several of my friends where I had taught prior to this place; but when I got home (which is in Charlotte county), there was no such idleness, as I term it, for me.

The church of which I am a member, had appointed me superintendent of the Sunday school, which position I held up to my leaving home for public school teaching. I had connected with my Sunday school 75 pupils, beside parents in daily attendance, which was very creditable to themselves and the noble work in which we were engaged. I had many visits and encouraging suggestions from good friends. My reading matter was the Bible lesson monthly, and the Intermediate Quarterly, in connection with good papers sent from the North.

I had a very fine garden, and also a large watermelon patch, which kept me busy during the week.

My people at home seem to realize the fact, that the road to success depends greatly or entirely upon power; which consists in education, good morals, and the accumulation of real estate. Some have bought from two hundred and upward acres of land, and are building frame houses for comfortable living. But I am afraid that I am drifting too far from the nature of my subject.

My school numbers at present 43 pupils in daily attendance. It is not altogether as flourishing as I would wish to see it; have been unwell since I commenced teaching, and cannot use the energy I wish to. The trustees, parents, and myself are working smoothly together so far. They will keep a spring school for me, when this closes, which will be about the 1st February, 1884, if nothing prevents. You will please pardon dullness of expression, &c., as I am unwell, as I have stated. When you write to Miss T., please say in favor of me, that any good reading matter would be gladly accepted by me from her.

Sincerely. H. C. E.

Mr. Samuel Taylor Miller, a Hampton graduate, who has, for some years, done excellent service as a missionary to Africa, writes this interesting account of recent hardships at the hands of savages, which will enlist the sympathies of our readers. Mr. Miller is the only Negro at this station, there being besides four white missionaries and their families from the United States.

Benguela West Coast Africa,
Aug. 11th, 1884.

Dear Sir:

For the last two months we have had experiences common to pioneer missionaries. You see from the head of this letter that I am not in Bailundu. Peculiar circumstances have brought us all to this place. On 15th May, Kwikwi, King of Bailundu, sent us a letter notifying us to leave that country. Investigation showed that a Portuguese trader, had circulated false and malicious reports against us. The King believing them to be true, gave orders to have us plundered and driven out. On July 4th we left our homes in Bailundu with only a few clothes and provisions. Carriers were few and unreliable, many of them taking loads only to steal their contents. Mr. Saunders, Mr. Fay and myself had to walk to the Coast. The ladies had only 3 or 4 men to each topoia when they should have had 6 each, consequently they too had to walk some. After an unusually long march of 23 days we reached Benguela on 27th of July. Mr. Stover, wife and child will return to the United States, also Rev. W. E. Fay. The loss in Bailundu is about five or six thousand dollars. We have put our case in the hands of the Governor of Benguela who says he will try to make King Kwikwi pay damages.

The charges against us are too many and foolish to enumerate; the following are a few examples.

"They are fugitives from justice." "They are fetichmen." "Their object is to take the country, kill the King and old people, and make slaves of the young." "They will blow up the country with gun powder." "Reinforcements will also come from their country."

The King has been in his war camp since 1882 expecting yearly to go to war but having near his palace such "reputed warriors" he concluded his first and wisest job was to expel us. Now it is hard for me to think King Kwikwi really believed these reports. I rather think he used them to carry out his purpose of robbing us. He knew we had a great supply of goods and he and his people wanted them. Hence the far-fetched belief in the above charges.

We can't tell yet whether or not the field will be given up; there are yet signs of continuation. Bihe and Chivula are good places to work in. The King of Bihe has not been heard from recently. The King of Chivula invites us to build in his country.

I cannot write you the details of this strange and peculiar affair. I only give a few facts from which you may draw some idea of our situation. We intend to remain here till we see how matters go. If the mission continues, a station will be established here as a base of supplies, while other stations can be established in the interior. At present all is darkness and uncertainty. It is vain to predict; man proposes but God disposes, is as true as ever. All well,

I am respectfully yours,
S. C. MILLER.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

OUR RETURN PARTY.

A party of twenty-five (25) Indians, in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Gravatt and Miss Folsom, left Hampton for their homes in the West on the 30th of September. Their escort will visit the different Agencies and bring back fifteen or more selected youth in their place.

The usual "farewell meeting" was held in Winona on the eve of departure, closing with a more than usually impressive ceremony—the baptism of Wannapin, whose face and those of his witnesses were earnestness itself, as they listened to the prayers, and gave the response in an audible voice.

It was remarked both on that evening and the following day that the "good-byes" were unusually subdued and sad. There was less noisy excitement than on former occasions; as the big wagon drove away, nearly every girl was in tears. As for the boys, the abrupt fashion of their leave-takings was at least as often an indication of real feeling, as of the lack of it.

The following is the list of names and agencies:

Ft. Berthold.

Susie Nagle.

Standing Rock.

Tiaokasin,
Chas. Rabbit,
Joe Archambeau,
Jennie No Ears.

Crow Creek.

First Hail.
Andrew Fox,
Susan Carpenter,
Lizzie Onspesni,
Alice Sacred Iron,
Nancy Begs-for-her,
Ellen Burt,
Rosa Blake ("Her Holy Pipe.")

Lower Brule.

Voice of the Cloud,
Felix Homna,
Andrew Sageonkte,
Wannapin,

Yankton.

Wm. Beans,
Thos. Tuttle,
Jos. Estes,
Mercy Conger.
Lizzy Keeler.

Santee.

Rebecca Mazakute

Winnebago.

Sophia Little Bear,
Carrie Alexander,

A FANCY-WORK CLASS.

The first study hour of this term held in Winona Lodge was turned into a talk with the girls on the subject of "Speaking English," and it was really delightful to see their bright faces as a little scheme for helping them in this arduous task, was unfolded. But the same little scheme must be laid before the young readers of the *Workman* before it can be fully matured; and we only hope that as many hands will be lifted in the North as there were here in answer to the question, "Who will help?"

It is certainly very hard for an Indian to say, "All day and every day excepting Sunday I will try to speak only English," for there are many here who can only say about ten words in the strange tongue, and hearing them use Indian is a great temptation to those who know English and mean to use it. Still, English must be spoken, or a great part of the whole time here is lost. So many things depend upon just that point. Now, we have planned and said to all who will *try* and succeed for a whole week in using English that we will give an hour Tuesday afternoons and teach them to make pretty fancy work for themselves and for each other. Already a part of each day is spent in a sewing room, where they learn to make all of their own garments; but this will be a little different, and they are eager to begin. Crocheting, simple embroidery, hem-stitching, knitting, tatting, dollies' clothes, and even "crazy work" will be taught, and each one may keep or dispose of her work as she likes. How many of the little girls at home would consider this a prize, I wonder; only a sewing class! And yet the children here signed their names bravely, and are making great sacrifice of speech just to be called members of the class. They were told, too, that this letter should be printed, and so feel that their promise is to you as well as to us. *Now*, what we want is that you shall send us anything that you think will help sustain our part of the bargain. Worsteds, worsted needles, crochet needles, knitting needles, bits of ribbons, silk, etc., crash, cheese cloth, or any materials pretty for table or bureau scarfs, embroidery silks or threads, pieces for dolls' dresses, patterns for pretty stitches or outline work, or even advice will be gratefully received, and it will be a bright picture for you just to imagine the happy faces that will hend over the work, as those who have held out strongly on their English for a week, chatter of the hard struggles they have had, and grow stronger in their determination to succeed.

And so we shall regularly await the numerous bundles for the

Fancy-work Class,
Winona Lodge,
Hampton Institute,
Hampton, Va.

A Letter from Standing Rock.

Standing Rock, Fort Yates, Dak. Sept. 24, '84

GENERAL ARMSTRONG, *Dear Sir*:—

I placed Frances Ptesan as seamstress in the Farm School on July 1st, and placed Rosa there also on September 1st, to help Francis, and they are both quite contented and doing well.

Rosa is anxious to get a school to teach and I am desirous of giving her an opportunity as soon as I have a suitable place for her; that is when I get a building for a *single day school*; and I am now authorized by the Department to advertise for the construction of three day schools, but the law requires three weeks' advertising and then the delay incident to approval of contract may bring it so late that I cannot have them finished until late this season and perhaps not before next spring. I want to place Rosa in one of these day schools near the agency, (as soon as completed) so as to have her near by to keep her under my care and guidance. The new day school at the Cannon Ball settlement, is 25 miles from the agency and requires a male and female teacher, so I could not have placed her there with propriety, and have engaged a man and his wife for that school. There are 60 pupils in attendance there, and the children are given the mid-day meal, which is prepared by the pupils under direction of the female teacher, while the boys provide the fuel and water, and in the summer, will cultivate a garden, under the direction of the male teacher, so you will readily understand that it would have been imprudent to have placed Rosa in that school. I am now building a similar school at another point south of the Agency, as I have great faith in the good effect that the mid-day meal will have in keeping up a regular attendance.

The 3 day schools that I am going to have constructed will have a capacity of about 30 pupils each, with but one teacher for each school, where no meal will be given, and it is into one of these that I intend to place Rosa.

Rosa and Francis have both done real well since returning home, also Josephine McCarthy who has been living with her sister most of the time, (who is also educated and married to a very good white man). Josie was in my office this morning and I asked her if she wished to return to Hampton; she replied that if her sister got well enough to do her own work she would be willing to go back for another three years' course. Fidelia is more indifferent and less stable than the other girls. I procured three different situations for her, but she only remained from one to three days in any. She is now at her father's who is very good man, and is conducting herself very well.

Regarding other pupils for Hampton, I could furnish five or six at any time. There are two very bright boys 13 and 15 years, respectively, who are brothers, and are anxious to go, and I could doubtless find other volunteers if required,

Mrs. McL. is in New York City at present, with Sitting Bull, and if she goes as far as Washington will certainly visit Hampton before her return,

Everything connected with the service at this Agency is in a very satisfactory condition. Our crops have been excellent this year and the Indians are very much encouraged in consequence.

I contemplate visiting Washington next winter and shall endeavor to run down to Hampton.

Yours very truly,
JAMES MCLAUGHLIN,
Indian Agent.

Correspondence.

CHAMBERLAIN, DAKOTA, June, 1884.

EDITOR OF SOUTHERN WORKMAN,

Dear Sir:—

After two days of waiting at Standing Rock, which was made profitable by the insight gained into the Indian life at the agency, at 3 o'clock in the morning we heard the whistle of the steamer General Terry which was to carry us down the river to the lower agencies. The boys and girls were quickly gathered on the bank of the river. Somewhat to my dismay, the boys all came with their hair cut. It seems that the night before they had a discussion among themselves, and had come to the conclusion that this was altogether the proper thing, as they were coming East to school. One of the girls was missing. Maj. McLougblin immediately sent a policeman to the Indian camp, and the missing girl was brought. She was evidently quite indisposed to come, so we left her on the shore and commenced our journey toward Hampton. As we passed down the river we saw that the boys at the farm school were up, waiting to wave their good-bye to their old mates, Jerome and Benedict. Owing to the "June rise," the current of the river is very strong at this time of the year, and our steamboat made good time.

Some distance down, we stopped to take on some wood that Andrew Fox had sold to the captain for use of the Indians on the reservation. In the afternoon, we stopped a few moments at the Moreau, or St. Stephens Mission, giving us time to shake hands with the Rev. Mr. Swift, who, with his good wife, is doing most excellent work. His face was bronzed by the sun, and I was told that he spent weeks out among the Indians, teaching them how to care for their crops. "He'll get to heaven if ever a man does," said our rough, good-hearted captain. Nor was he the only one of those rough frontiersmen, who have little thought except for money, who yet expressed their admiration of the self-sacrificing work that Mr. Swift is doing.

Leaving out of account what these missionaries are accomplishing among the Indians, their influence upon the whites of that country is most excellent.

At an early hour the next morning we arrived at the Cheyenne River Agency, which can hardly be said to be "beautiful for situation." This Missouri river is not to be depended upon, and it has thrown a high bank in front of the agency, so that the boat is obliged to land some five miles below. Maj. Swan gave us a hearty welcome, and took us to his home. We met there Inspector Barr, a kind man, whose heart is evidently in the right place. At the office we found Felix Benoist acting as interpreter. His sisters are teaching school at Hump's Camp, some sixty miles from the agency, while he lives with his mother near the office. He had made a good report in his position. We went with the inspector to the agency boarding school under the care of Mrs. Swan, where we found five bright boys ready to come to Hampton. The boarding school seemed in a very prosperous condition. We were shown through the dormitories and the kitchen, and listened to the recitations.

We were next taken to Mr. Kinney's school. I agree with your judgment as expressed in your letter after your return from the West, that "no better work is being done for Indian girls." It means much that the Indians so far appreciate the work that Mr. and Mrs. Kinney have not room for all that desire to come. They have the same difficulty that all the schools at or near the agencies have to contend with. They are not left in undisturbed possession of their children. On ration days, the parents linger about the school building and disturb the work.

I visited the homes of several of our Hampton children. They were, for the most part, living in log houses, with one and two rooms. I listened to a letter which a mother had received from her daughter at Hampton, and was amused at this request: "Send me some dried beef and moccasins."

As it was ration day, the people were gathered from all the camps, and a general council was summoned by the Inspector, where I was allowed to tell the people that I wanted their children.

I listened for a time to the long Indian speeches which Felix patiently interpreted. They had many complaints to make as have most men who havn't much to do. They complained of the cattle that were being driven over their reservation, of the wood that was being taken from them, of the small rations that they were receiving I imagine there was some truth in the remark of one old chief: "If a man tries to farm and help himself, the Great Father tries to starve him."

I was interested to hear the cause of the "bad heart" of one of these men. He said that the great father sent them white boss farmers that cost them much money and did them no good. At Standing Rock I had heard Chief Running Antelope make a strong appeal for these very men as the one thing needful.

I am convinced that the only way in which these men will learn much of farming is by being brought in contact with whites, and having to work for their living as other men do. This reservation system cannot last many years longer, and it will not be a bad thing when those railroads that are waiting so impatiently on the other side of the river force their way through all this country. It will be a hard process for these people, just as the passage from slavery to freedom was hard for the blacks, but there is not much chance of obtaining true manhood and womanhood out of such a system as our government employs. Slavery had some redeeming features. It taught the blacks to work. What I have seen of good work out here seems to me to be done in spite of the system by the faithful laborers in this western field, rather than because of it.

It was a cause of regret to me that I could not visit the Rev. Mr. Riggs and see his work at Peoria Bottom. I felt his influence all along down the river. I had met one of his workers at Standing Rock. I saw others at Cheyenne River. I brought with me some of the students at his school at Peoria Bottom. The company of Indians already numbered over twenty. My time was limited, and I took the boat down the river the following day, having obtained eight boys from this agency.

There is a marked difference between the upper and lower agencies in the matter of civilized ways of living. At Fort Berthold we found mud houses, all being in the camp; no land taken up, naked men, much dancing. At Crow Creek the people are all scattered through the reservation. There can hardly be said to be any Indian village. All the best lands on the reservation have been taken up by the Indians.

The agency buildings are the most attractive that I have seen on the river. They surround a pleasant park in which there are a number of thrifty trees. Out a little way from the other buildings is the school house and the pretty little church.

I found Maj. Gasmann away, but his good wife took excellent care of us until his return. John Archambeau was working with a will under the care of Mr. Fuller in the carpenter shop. This is the model shop in this part of the country. Our carpenters will do well if they are to compare favorably with some that Mr. Fuller has trained.

Santee came to see me. He is in better health than when at Hampton, but not yet strong enough to do much work. We found a number of nice boys awaiting our coming. The Hampton company, now numbering 26, all lodged together, and made quite an excitement in the community.

In the evening some of the old Hampton boys marshaled them into line, and they marched two by two across the green to the little chapel, where evening service was held. They sang and joined in the responses most heartily, behaving in a most decorous manner.

Notwithstanding the frequent drains upon the Crow Creek children, Maj. Gasmann summoned his interpreter and one of his policemen, "Brother-of-all," and they started away to find girls for Hampton.

We visited the boarding school and heard creditable recitations in arithmetic and grammar, rode through the reservation and saw the comfortable houses and well-kept farms of the Indians, and felt glad at heart.

Seven thousand bushels of wheat were raised on this reservation last year, the Major told me, and they need a mill. Certainly here is a place where home industries should be encouraged. Why could not the people be encouraged to raise their own supplies and the Government buy them?

Maj. Gasmann wants to have a place where the wool which is raised on the reservation can be carded and spun. He wants shoe shops. He wants more opportunities to employ those boys and girls that are going back from these schools to their homes in the West, and he should have them.

I realized, when I visited these agencies, the fact that orders from Washington to the agents to provide work for Hampton students had not much meaning when they had almost no shops in which to place them.

Finding that I could afford little help in gathering students for Hampton, I determined to leave my charge with Maj. Gasmann and spend Sunday in Lower Brule. Before I went I witnessed the marriage of Frank Pamani and Celeste. Our Hampton company again assembled at the little chapel, and the Rev. Mr. Burt performed the ceremony. It was an interesting sight: Frank, with his red handkerchief about his neck, nicely dressed, standing with Celeste before the white robed missionary, and in the body of the church the little company of volunteers about to leave their homes for the far East.

At Lower Brule I was the guest of Major Gregory, who, after some years of absence, has returned to a field where he formerly lived, and which he thoroughly understood.

I found Frank Yellowhird working in the blacksmith shop. I saw his forty acres of wheat that he had sowed, and his comfortable house. This taking hold of farming by our graduates seems to me a most important matter. The pay at the shops is small and openings few, but here is a fertile soil, with farming implements, seed, and all the necessaries furnished by the Government. Bear Bird was drilling his little Indian boys, teaching them to hoe corn, making a good record. Philip Counciller, his wife and little Charlie, were comfortably settled in a cottage, where some of the other Hampton students were to take their meals.

I drove down six miles to the White River Camp to see Chief Walking Medicine and his son Samuel. Samuel had given some talks on education after his return from Hampton, but my visit was not successful

in the matter of getting children. Matters were in a disturbed state, and the people were excited. While I was talking to the chiefs in council, an immense woman strode into the room with her knife in her hand and talked most rapidly and excitedly for some minutes. She had heard that I had come to take her girls from the boarding school on the reservation to Hampton. She followed me in my visit to the school. We have here quite a nice company of Hampton graduates, most of them doing well and working at their trades.

The native missionary, Rev. Luke Walker, is doing a good work here, and will be a great help to the boys on their return.

To-morrow morning we take the train for the East. Sincerely yours,

H. B. FRISSELL

Correspondence.

MOUNTAINS AND RELIGION. THE BEST PLACE TO EDUCATE AMERICAN BOYS. GERMAN CHRISTIANS' ESTIMATE OF THE AMERICAN SABBATH.

We take the liberty to make a few breezy extracts from a private letter, touching some subjects of interest to American citizens.

REICHENHALL, BAVARIAN ALPS.

Aug. 28, 1884.

"This is a pretty watering place among the Alps, resorted to especially by Berliners and Roumanians, and rain gives me a chance to write a little, as when it is fair we must be out.

As at all Germans baths—great salt works are here—there is the '*Curhaus*' [Cure house] and regulation concerts, which we avoid, having them all the year in Wiesbaden, and preferring to enjoy the beautiful scenery and fresh air in Nature's own way. So we go where we can feast our eyes on mountain, stream and pasture; patronizing 'Milk Cures,' for indeed one seldom finds such rich sweet milk as this; and we enjoy these rural scenes.

Before coming here, we crossed over into the Austrian Tyrol, and there I realized my idea of the Tyrol in its wildness and picturesqueness. In the Gastein valley were high Alps, waterfalls, dashing streams, (Bismarck does not regulate their flow), fields of wild flowers thick with pansies, shrines by the way side to which our driver touched his hat, and picturesque costumes, 'Maud Mullers raking meadows sweet with hay' in Tyrolese dress.

The children in their freshness were a pleasure to behold and there was an interesting quaintness about it all. On many houses, verses of scripture were painted in large letters, and on others pictures of saints, etc. The queer looking wardrobe in the house on the valley side where we stayed, being unable to find rooms in any hotel, was decorated with pictures from Bible scenes, and the religious atmosphere of the region impressed me.

Religion and mountains seem to go together, and a fervent Catholic spirit is pleasanter than an indifferent Protestant one. As we drove away down the valley in the early morning, I looked up with reverence to the purple heights so suggestive of the 'everlasting hills.' We were nursed by mountains at the 'Islands,' and our infancy was lulled by sea waves, so no wonder we love Nature; a love which grows stronger with years. Paris cannot charm like the Alps.

We shall be here a week or more longer, as it has been a very hot summer in Wiesbaden, and we all want fresher air. As soon as it clears, we intend to take a trip to Berchtesgaden, said to be very beautiful; and there intend to go into a salt mine. The snow came down on the mountains yesterday, making it so cool here below, that this morning there was a fire in the tall *ofen* [stove] in the breakfast room, which was cheerful.

Hawthorne is right. For a man without occupation, Europe certainly offers far more inducement than the other side of the ocean. But we shall probably return to the States next year.—It is for D. that a change seems needed. For his welfare I think and feel much. It is the longing of my life that he may become a man of character, and how can he unless he is under suitable influences. Soon he will be seventeen, when he will become liable to military duty. He is utterly unwilling, and the more we know of it the less desirable it seems; the influences are such. Besides this, he fully intends to make his career in America, and he will be at a disadvantage if he does not receive part of his education there; not only to learn English, but to know men and things. The experience of others proves this. Then, you know the state of religion in Germany, and what the European Sabbath is. The longer I live here, the more I see the value and necessity, physically and spiritually, of the Christian Sabbath, to a nation.

The *Gustav Adolf Verein* [Gustavus Adolphus Society] has just had a great meeting here, to which pastors and laymen from all parts came. They advocate stricter observance of the Sabbath, and it is strange that it is relaxing in the States. Germany finds it does not do." C. B.

[Continued from page 113.]

as we have seen, what our condition is in these particulars. Our common experience and observation prove to us their truth. Since the abolition of slavery the two races have been growing gradually apart, and our interest in the Negro has gradually waned. He has done our work, we have paid him his wages, and the greater part of his educational expenses and of his maintenance, and here our ways have diverged; he has gone his and we ours, each without any special thought of the other. With what result?

A lamentable and constantly increasing deficiency in morals, a continued absence of any true comprehension of Christian teachings, or of any active sense of virtue or vice as such, or as principles of action.

Now, we ask, to what height can this tide of immorality, of iniquity, of vice and vulgarity rise, before every individual in the community will feel its baneful retroactive influence?

As we have already suggested, the State feels it to-day in her reputation for illiteracy and in her debasement from the high moral and intellectual standard that she should hold. She feels it practically in the enormously increased expenditures for her criminal courts, and in the maintenance of a police. She feels it in the daily increasing difficulty of maintaining an honest, upright, and intelligent administration of government.

The day is close at hand when every citizen of the State will have it brought home to him by finding himself a member of a community in which neither the honor of his family, nor his rights of property, nor the justice of his government will be respected.

And who will be the losers in this state of anarchy? The answer is a simple one—those who have property to lose. Our duty to our Government, to our manhood, to our families and to our property, then demands that we shall accept the burden of educating this race; that we shall do it heartily, ungrudgingly, and with the thorough understanding of his needs which our experience has given us.

* * * * * * * * *

The Negro needs our pity, our care, our interest, our direction in his pathway to the place of a decent and respectable citizenship, and if we do not give it to him, he will fall deeper than any depths yet sounded, and carry us with him. Permit us to declare, that in a vital question of this nature, a question which comes home to every man, to every woman and to every property-holder in the State, indifference is stupid, aye, almost criminal foolishness!

We do not withhold our sympathy from that class, now fortunately a small minority, which is still absorbed in the contemplation of its former prosperity, and its present difficulties and struggles. Time is the great healer to such, and we say to them let "your working be your prayer."

Of those who are discouraged in well doing, who have given of their means, and time, and effort without any apparent result but indifference, impudence and ostentation, we respectfully request a calm reconsideration.

Let us ask, Have you given full weight to the fact that you are dealing with a race in the very infancy of its development, or at least of its re-development, a race whose present mental horizon is bounded by the advent of his ancestors to this land of promise, from the Paganism and Feticism of Central Africa; a time which is not yet beyond the memory of some now living?

Can you rightly expect from him the same quick response to your efforts, the same intelligent acknowledgment of your high purpose, as you do from a race which instead of two hundred and fifty, has behind it two thousand years of continuous progress?

Have you given any close thought to your methods, and inquired if they were right, or wrong?

Have you not paid your school taxes and administered your charities without thought, upon the accepted theory, knowing it to be false, that the white and black boy are mentally and morally equal, and, being equal, should be subjected to precisely the same methods in education?

In doing this, have you not practically ignored the history of the races and denied to the white child any advantage of inherited ideas, in the mind, in morals or religion, slowly gathered in the growth of centuries?

Have you not, to the injury of the black child, and to your own disappointment, equally ignored in the latter any consideration of his environment, of his feeble moral sense, of his poverty, his improvidence, and the entire absence of any home influence, or family culture, or inherited habits?

To secure the best results, has it ever occured to you that you must supply the place of good home influences, and proper religious training, and that your mental and moral educational work *must* go on together, otherwise, in cultivating his intellect alone, you are putting edged tools in the hand of a child?

Have you not given of your substance and energy without thought, without care, without real sympathy, in a perfunctory way, and looked for returns which, from an inferior race, you had no right to expect?

With those who treat this question in a physical and indifferent spirit we have little patience.

As sensible men they should know that they are playing with fire; and if they "trust in Providence" to rid us of the Negro we suggest to them the wisdom of "keeping their powder dry" for any unlooked-for emergency.

We can respect the honest, if misled, class who openly avow and declare their hostility to the Negro.

It is this class which originates the ingenious circumventive laws which deprive the ignorant Negro of his franchise.

It is this class that builds upon the sand of expediency.

It is this class whose method of culture is the heroic one of digging up the roots.

It is this class which is continually raising the devil of hateful ignorance, forgetting the common experience of mankind and the philosophic declaration of Goethe, "It is easier to raise the devil than to lay him."

It is useless to repeat to them the argument already advanced. It is useless to point out to them that they cannot always control by expedients an ignorant and immoral suffrage. It is useless to declare to them that without public education there can be no government of true law, nor any protection to legitimate liberty, or to suggest that the immoral and ignorant voter wields a positive poisonous influence of vast proportions upon society.

It is useless to show them that in spite of all their temporary expedients, under the lead of demagogues and political adventurers, this ignorant suffrage can repudiate their State and county securities, and the most sacred obligations of civilized society, without compunction or remorse, before they will have the opportunity of driving it into the Gulf of Mexico.

In short, this is a class of blind, inveterate pessimists and fatalists, with whom argument is useless, and which will only be convinced of its error when its peace and property have vanished, and it is too late to remedy it.

There are others, and they are the dangerous majority, who quietly and unconsciously sleep on while the volcano mutters. So long as their bonds and stocks are good, their banks solvent, their money is not stolen, their barns are not burned, or cattle purloined; so long as there is nothing in their immediate neighborhood to excite alarm for the safety of their families or property, they will sleep on in fancied security.

But cannot they read the signs of the coming time as to the security of their bonds in the sophistic and captivating argument addressed to the ignorant Negroes by political demagogues in a neighboring State in a recent election, and which had its effect: "You had no part in creating this debt, and why should you help to pay it?"

Can they not see the wide application and the dangerous and destructive tendency of this argument, when they for a moment consider that of the five hundred counties of Georgia, Alabama, South Carolina, North Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, and Louisiana, nearly one-half have absolute Negro majorities, some of them as high as forty thousand?

How long, we finally ask, will they live on in peace and comfort in the now quiet community if they persist in allowing the rising generation of Negroes to grow up indolent, improvident, uninstructed in the mechanic arts and steeped in immorality and ignorance? It will not do for us, if we value our property, our honor, or our peaceful existence, to be indifferent; for, "by whatever road we travel, however wide our excursions, we come round to the same point, the august fact of our membership in each other."

We may stupidly ignore the membership, but we cannot get away from it. We are interlinked and interbraided to such a degree that it is a concern of each man in the community, in the nation and the world over, that every other man be intelligent, moral industrious and trustworthy.

A man may refuse to be his neighbor's keeper. Sooner or later what his neighbor does will come home to his own life and tell on him, and he will see that after all he had some motive for being his keeper.

Property, virtue, public order, opportunities, the perpetuity of cherished institutions, the vigorous transmissions of national character are always at stake, to be affected favorably or unfavorably by the opinions and actions of each in the body politic.

We need then no longer ask what our selfish obligations are, if all that we hold dear is bound up in this educational question; and let us, at the risk of becoming tedious, earnestly plead once more on purely selfish grounds for the manifestation of a greater personal interest in, and a greater sympathy for, those who are dependent upon us, but egally our equals.

We give abundantly of our means, but too little of our thought and time. We give too much heed in what we do to their mental and none whatever to their moral training, that to them and to us is by far the most important.

In all we do in future let none of us forget that the Negro is our especial ward, and, however disinclined we may be to accept him, we of the South and North are bound by our common humanity, by the credit of our superior race civilization, by our sacred obligations to our wives and children, by our public obligations to our Government, our country and our property, to raise him morally and mentally to a higher plane than he now occupies, and to fit him for an exercise of his civil rights which shall neither be revolutionary nor dangerous.

G. R. S.

A Memorial Service For Mary Anna Longstreth.

On Sunday evening, Oct. 12, a pleasant service was held at Hampton Institute in memory of this beloved friend whose name will always be revered and cherished in the school, to refresh our hearts with memories of her beautiful life and loving deeds, to acquaint the new comers with the debt of gratitude the school will always owe to her, and to give appropriate reception to the generous gift which occupied her last thoughts of Hampton, her parting gift to the school, a fine crayon portrait of its honored friend and treasurer, Gen. J. F. B. Marshall.

Two easels on the platform held, the one this portrait and the other, the beautiful crayon of Miss Longstreth herself from the teachers' parlor. The two genial faces smiled benevolently upon the assembly. We rejoiced to feel that one of them will often cheer us still in bodily presence; yet who can tell that in spirit and in truth the other was not lovingly near us as it seemed that night.

Rev. Mr. Tolman—for eleven years the school's first chaplain—dwelt upon the beauty and significance of such a life of unselfishness and Christian love. Our present pastor, Mr. Frissell, spoke of the deep interest Miss Longstreth always took in the religious work of the school, the help it had been in his own efforts: the letters that came from her hand every year to the graduating class; the deep solicitude she expressed that every graduate should go out as a soldier of Christ, a teacher of right cousness. The Principal gave the history of Miss Longstreth's connection with the Hampton school from its early days; the many generous, gracious, delicate deeds which, with spontaneous, untiring kindness, she had scattered along its way; the cheer and inspiration she had given to its work, her interest growing with its growth, following its graduates to their little school houses with helpful gifts, and even with invaluable letters of counsel from her busy hand; her broad nature finding room for many other benevolent works; the tributes brought by hundreds who rise up to call her blessed. Not hers the bare "gifts without the giver." The deepest gratitude owed her by the many she helped and blessed is for the loving heart that went with all she gave, large or small. One of those rich souls of whom the Christ will say;

"Who gives himself with his gift feeds
three;—
Himself, his hungry neighbor and Me."

A Pleasant Word for Hampton Students.

Seven Hampton students, young women, were employed during the past summer at the Woodland Park Hotel, in Auburndale, Mass. At the close of the season, they were pleasantly surprised by the kind gift from the guests of the house of a sum of money to be distributed among them, and a still more valuable testimony to their faithfulness, and to the interest felt in them and the school, in the following note which accompanied the donation.

"To the Hampton students at Woodland Park Hotel;

We the undersigned, guests of the Woodland Park Hotel, recognizing your efforts to please and contribute to our comfort during our stay here, and knowing that you are about to leave us, cheerfully give the sums against our respective names, hoping that the amount thus contributed may serve to aid you in your laudable efforts to acquire an education and fit yourselves for teachers. With our best wishes for your success in the future, we herewith annex our names."

Card.

Miss Emily L. Austen, Superintendent of the Austen Industrial School, Knoxville, Tenn., desires to thank "C. of Orange" for her letter and donation to that school, for which her interest was aroused through a report of it published in the last July number of the *Southern Workman.*

Notes from the Indian Conference at Lake Mohunk.

From the special correspondence of the *Springfield Republican*, we take several interesting extracts from the addresses and statement of experts in Indian affairs at the recent conference at Lake Mohunk, elsewhere editorially considered in our columns.

"Miss Fletcher, who has wintered and summered with the 1200 Omahas, studied them thoroughly, won their confidence, and got through Congress last July, a bill giving them lands in severalty, said: "Citizenship implies individuality, and the Indian is exclusively an individual, even to the extreme of woman's rights. When an Indian woman wants to give away her ponies, it never would occur to her to ask her husband about it. The Indian's posessions are not massed in any way, not even in the family. Every woman has her own field as long as she chooses to cultivate it. The right of occupancy is well understood, but the idea of abstract property is not understood. The reservation has meant property to us, not to the Indian. Reservations are a makeshift, and a great mistake. The Indian land is poor. It stands in his way; he can't use it, and the influence of so much uncultivated land about him is wrong, and a temptation to the white man to use it. The only way out for the Indian is, right out into our midst. Bona fide settlers do not harm him. There are three waves of settlers before you get to the one that sticks. On the reservation system the Indian is a great obstacle—a burden—not taxable himself, nor his land taxable, therefore valueless, unproductive, and an irritant, and these irritating conditions are bad for both races. The reservation system takes away the possibilities of misfortune. You must have the capacity to tumble down, if you would get up. Nobody knows what a reservation is by staying awhile with the agent or the missionary. But if you go and live with the Indians you find out. There is nothing in their surroundings to make it possible for them to go forward. That undefined atmosphere of civilization—the regular hours and habits, the roads, the houses, the property rights and the community life—is absent. The best-meaning agent under such conditions can no more make civilivation than one swallow can make a summer. The five nations, or so called civilized tribes of the Indian territory are a great misfortune—they mislead; they are not civilized in any American sense. We can't have different nations. The sooner you dovetail the two races the better. On being questioned by Gen. Whittlesey and others, the whole story of Miss Fletcher's queenly success with the Omahas was drawn out. She went among them many years ago for ethnological studies but her scientific interest by and by, became merged into considerations of philanthropy. Everywhere she met with this gloomy shadow of removal. The Indian has the strongest possible sense of local attachment. She found them already much advanced in their ideas through long missionary instruction and the wise and energetic rule of their chief Joseph. La Flesche, an intelligent half-breed; living to a considerable extent on their little farms, they had practically homesteaded them. How could they make them sure? First, each one's land must be surveyed and described. So Miss Fletcher pitched her tent here and there, with an educated young Indian for clerk, and an Indian woman for matron;—an encampment gathered around her, and she with her clerk galloped with the crowd as they picked out their lands, till allotments were made to 69 heads of families. Then a petition for lands in severalty was signed by a large number of the tribe, giving the facts about each man's land and house, etc, and all duly witnessed. The document was sent to Washington—all the tribe anxiously waiting—one month two—[illegible] passed—nothing was heard from Washington—the suspense became unindurable. "I am going to Washington," Miss Fletcher told the now almost incredulous Omahas, "and I will not come back, till your petition is answered." She went to Washington, and although persistently bluffed and thwarted, the more persistently persevered, till after 12 years from the time the president signed the Omaha bill, the facts conquered, and last July she got it through. It was a long and patient struggle both with Indians and white men, the chief hindrance among the Indians being the lazy English speaking half-breed go-betweens who were always saying "No *we* are going to be Indians." When, however, she got the law on her side, the force of law was used to bring the malcontents to terms by which their allotments must be confirmed at a certain date, or henceforth they would lose their choice. Miss Fletcher participated in some 40 councils which demanded great store of patience, but when she left, there were no disputes unsettled; over 700 acres were broken up, many houses were erected, and two story houses, and painted in two colors—the best and most farsighted Indians getting the best lands, to the shame of the shiftless ones, right in sight of railroads and markets, where there will be no loss, right in the midst of bona fide white settlers, where they will be sure to get saturated with civilization when the solution gets strong enough. Miss Fletcher had, however, the efficient aid of good chiefs like Joseph La Flesche, who made his own liquor laws, and enforced them by flogging every Indian who got drunk or gambled, from the least even unto the greatest. Being asked whether "Bright Eyes" was a phenomenal representative of Indian woman? "Susette, was her real name, and although daughter of a very remarkable father, La Flesche, she is not phenomenal. There is a young married woman now at Hampton with her husband and child—out of the heathen lot too, not a Christian Indian, who has made wonderful progress in her two years of Hampton life, and displays a remarkable intelligence and force of character. * * * * *

Commissioner Lyons, chairman of the purchasing committee for Indian supplies, described a scene on the Crow reservation when 3500 Crows came for their government beef, bacon, blankets etc. They were lusty fellows who owned some 12,000 ponies and 10,000 dogs, a drinking, racing, gambling set of loafers, who could do almost everything a white man does, but work. The government policy of rations is like segregating all the tramps of a given district and feeding them at the public expense on the condition that they shall not settle down to work but keep on tramping. Mr. Lyon's recommendation was to give each adult male Indian his land in severalty, settle him on it, help him if need be to a little house, cooking stove, bedstead, the necessary agricultural implements, seed and breeding stock—whatever is needful for self-support, treat him as well as you would a poor white settler and a little better, and then give him very plainly to understand that it is all that will be done for him, and that his future depends on the "root hog or die" principle. But to be a farmer, the Indian must have a place to farm his land in severalty, his tribal relations must disappear, must be merged into the common citizenship. The New York Onandagas, who have tried it for a hundred years under the best conditions of the reservation system, are a sufficient warning that no true progress can be achieved that way. On the other hand, the Flandreau Indians, a part of the Santee Sioux who went to Flandreau, Dak., nine years ago, to become homesteaders, have already good farms, excellent houses—in some of them a melodeon—clean and nice housekeeping. The merchants of Flandreau trust them the same as white men; the banks likewise. They are already civilized—that is, Americanized—good citizens, and some of them were of the bloody Sioux who engaged in the New Ulm massacre. To the question, How did these Flandreau Indians get their motive? how did they come to want their lands in severalty? it was answered that the long and faithful instruction of such missionaries as Riggs and Williamson, and Wilbur was the sudden secret.

Capt. Pratt, the great sachem of Carlisle, from time to time sturdily threw out advanced views. He was thoroughly opposed to the whole reservation system, Break it up. If you break up one reservation and keep another, the Indian will drift into that. As long as there is an Indian reservation he will go for it. We have got to educate, and go at it lively—do far more than we have done. The best civilizers are the common school and the family, and for feeders such as Hampton and Carlisle. We educate and incorporate emigrants by the million, and we hem, and haw, and stop with these Indians—only 45,000 of school age at that. I will get every young Indian I can away from his reservation and put him on a Pennsylvania farm, anywhere where he will get what he needs; no retreat, but into civilization; force them into it, keep them in it. The way to resume is to resume. The greatest need of the Indian is that of experience; that which he learns by observation, by the side of those who are talking it and doing it. The best equipped Indian boy for civilized life that we have turned out from Carlisle is a boy we sent to a farmer in Cumberland county, Pa. Educate these Indian children in large numbers amid the best object lessons, where they will soonest get the English language, and send them back, if they must be sent back, to the prison-house of a reservation. But it is like taking a gallon of clean water and pouring it back into a barrel of muddy water and expecting that the process will make the whole barrel clean.

Mr. Pancoast, a Philadelphia lawyer and member of the executive committee of the Indian rights association, presented the draft of a bill designed to provide for the practical Americanizing of the Indian by the application of local law in the reservations, and to bring him to stand as soon as possible side by side with other citizens in respect of his legal rights. The bill was tentative and anticipatory, looking to the problems. How is the Indian to have the rights of citizenship, and how is the local law of the reservation to be administered so as soon as possible to break down the various differentiations and barriers that now exist. Mr. Pancoast's carefully drawn bill illustrated an important function of the Indian rights association, which has several accomplished lawyers on its executive committee, Wayne Mac Veagh included, viz., to aid in the legislation of Congress pertaining to the Indian. The happiest illustrations of these legal bearings, and indeed of all the deliverances of the conference were given by Gen. Milroy, Indian agent of Washington territory. Gen. Fisk introduced him as his commanding officer in the civil war, hero of the brave and bloody fight of Winchester, his peer and his instructor. Gen. Milroy said that for Indian citizenship we must first get a way to do it from Congress, give the Indian his land in severalty, foster Indian schools like Carlisle and Hampton in the midst of civilization, and get rid of the Indian languages. I reason with my Indians. You have plenty of rich lands. Why don't you have farms like white men? "Because," the Indian replies, "this reservation belong to us Indians. We got no papers. We go to work, build house, plow land, and white man shove us off. We want papers like white men." Twenty-five years, Gen. Milroy thought, is too long to tie up the land as the Coke bill does, making the Indian a tenant for that period. And yet should you give the Indian his land in fee simple *now*, in 10 years, the majority would not have an acre—white men would get it all away—(Capt. Pratt, "He gets it now.") It is worth all the land to be a citizen. The negro has the advantage of the Indian in speaking the English language and in his training for labor. The Indians have capacity enough, but they lack culture—the desire for accumulation. One word is the key to Indian civilization and all civilization. *Want.* Increase the Indians wants and you increase his civilization. And behind all, the first requisite to create his proper wants and motives is Christianity. The superstitions of the Indian—his dreams and visions are very serious obstacles in my region. For instance, it is one of the visions of their seers that all the Indians that ever died will come to life at once—a general resurrection—so hold on, cry their medicine men, for the good time coming.

"I have always tried," said Gen. Milroy, "to administer justice in Washington territory. I never knew, so far away from Washington, exactly what I could do or couldn't do. But I find that I can do almost anything with the Indians, but hang them—that I never tried. The Indian has no legal status, and the Coke bill, whatever objections may be raised, is a good starting point. Let Congress pass it, and then improve it if they can. This has been my experience at Puget sound. I would organize a council, and in important cases try them myself. Overwhelmed with a multiplication of cases, I called a general council, told the Indians there must be a way of settling their own difficulties. So I organized five districts, with a presiding chief, a sort of justice of the peace, to hold over a year. I wanted to educate them, on that line, by and by to be citizens. I appointed voting districts; devised colored ballots to be put on strings. When the justice was elected he came before me to be instructed. I gave him his commission. They have tried cases very intelligently. Then, to secure a right appeal, I appointed three judges, the most intelligent I could find. At first the court of appeal held three terms a year, afterwards reduced to two. The judges wanted to know what their salaries would be; they wouldn't serve without pay; white judges had pay. I had nothing to pay with, but fixed their salaries at $3 a day. But after a while they struck for $5. To meet that exigency I devised a system of fines, county commissions, and a poll-tax. I asked them: 'Where do you think all the money comes from to pay for your government supplies? It all comes from taxes—the white men's taxes. You must begin to learn about taxes.' The fines for neglect to pay mostly went to support my police, but it instructed them. Then I laid out road districts and appointed road supervisors, who were paid for extra work. It is all working well. My courts are conducted as orderly as the white courts. I am supreme court myself."

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

THERE are three articles in the November number which render it one of the most interesting yet issued. "Money Panics," by Richard B. Kimball, L. L. D., traces the history of panics from that of 1866 in London, to that of May, 1884, in New York; and Charles Gayarre relates the particulars of "Washington's Surrender at Fort Necessity," in 1754—both articles are finely illustrated. The third feature is the commencement of a thrilling serial story by Mr. Garrett Walker, of New Orleans, entitled "The Death Mark." The author is both blind and paralyzed and yet with beautiful cheerfulness and energy supports himself upon his writings, which he dictates to an amanuensis.

There are, also, the usual variety of choice reading matter in the 128 quarto pages, and the embellishments number over 100. This is unquestionably the cheapest magazine in existence—the price is only 25 cents a number, or $3.50 a year, post-paid. MRS. FRANK LESLIE, PUBLISHER, 53, 55, and 57 Park Place, New York.

The vacation industrial schools in Boston, Mass. opened last summer under the auspices of Mrs. Hemenway, and managed by Miss Homans, in the Starr King school house, as an experiment, have proved a greater success than was anticipated by their founder. The Boston *Herald* refering to them says:

"What this work has been is shown in part at the Institute fair where there is an exhibit of needlework, clay modeling, and cabinet-making. It is sometimes difficult to make visitors believe that the pretty easels, tables, toy bedsteads, ironing-boards, and knife-trays, which form the principal part of the cabinet-making exhibit, was done by girls, but the fact remains that it was all done by the class of girls, whose ages averaged sixteen, and that every detail of the work was carried on by them, even to taking the dimensions and getting out the wood. It was a sight to remember, that basement room in the Starr King School, with a group of happy-faced girls busily wielding saw, plane, and hammer, while the articles grew to perfectness under their willing hands. They entered into their work with a heartiness that was delightful to see, and they were always sorry when the work hour is over. The same hands can do beautiful needlework, and could model in clay with great skill. They took their turn in the housekeeper's class, and could lay a table and clear it with skill and neatness, and make a bed that should tempt the weary with its fair proportions. They had their marketing lessons, and could choose the best or the most economical cuts of meat with a discretion that many an old housekeeper would have envied. Such a work as this cannot go on without attracting notice, and already the fame of the school has spread abroad so widely that letters are constantly being received from young women from a distance who wish to enter the school. Work for work's sake will be respected, and the woman who does her part in the place allotted her, doing with her heart what her hands shall find to do, will be the one that may challenge the world's suffrages, for they will belong to her by right, since she has captured them by industry."

Our personal inspection of this school in July last, made it clear that girls could handle tools with delicacy and skill, and convinced us that every young woman would be greatly benefited by a training in the use of the hammer, saw, plane, etc, or in modeling. How wholesome and wise for them to spend part of their time in useful and tasteful hand labor, by which, at very little cost, their homes can in the future be made more convenient and beautiful. Such instruction as that is as desirable for those who are well off as for the poor.

Worcester, Oct. 12, 1884.

Southern Workman,

Enclosed find check for twenty dollars for educational purposes, not including sectarian religion.

Respectfully,
CHARLES NASH,
ELIZABETH S. NASH.

We welcome the gift; the school needs a large map of the world which will be at once purchased on the strength of it. The Hampton School could most usefully expend tens of thousands of dollars in a way that no one could call sectarian.

Independence Day in Liberia.

On the 26th day of July, 1847, the representatives of the people of Liberia declared themselves a free and independent State, to be known as the Republic of Liberia. Treaties have been made with Great Britain, France, the United States, Sweden, Italy, Brazil and other Nations.

The Constitution of Liberia resembles that of the United States. The Legislature consists of a Senate and House of Representatives. The Senators are chosen for four years and the Representatives for two years. The President is also elected by the people directly and holds office for two years.

The Constitution states that Liberia was intended "to provide a home for the dispersed and oppressed children of Africa" and "to regenerate and enlighten" the benighted continent of Africa. None but persons of color are admitted to citizenship in the Republic. The Constitution also provides for the "improvement of the native tribes, and their advancement in the art of agriculture."

Liberia fronts the Atlantic Ocean for six hundred miles, from the fourth to the seventh degree of latitude north of the Equator, and from the seventh to the tenth degree of longitude west of Greenwich, and from the sixty-seventh to the seventieth degree of longitude east of Washington.

The President of Liberia, Hon. H. R. W. Johnson, is a native of the Republic and was elected by a vote almost unanimous. There are four counties or large districts, Montserrado, Grand Bassa, Sinoe and Maryland. The capital, Monrovia, is named after James Monroe, whose friendship while President of the United States secured the foundation of the Negro State. Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Lutheran churches abound through the Republic. As a gateway to reach the populous tribes of Central Africa for trade or missionary operations, Liberia presents an inviting field for American merchants and missionary societies. Founded by American philanthropy, Liberia deserves our sympathy and co-operation.

Our friend, Mr. Wm. Coppinger, Secretary of the American Colonization Society, prefaces, with the above statements, an account of a recent celebration of Independence Day, in a town in Liberia, written by the daughter of the prominent colored clergyman and U. S. Minister to Liberia, the late Rev. Henry Highland Garnet.

HOW WE CELEBRATED OUR NATIONAL BIRTHDAY.

At Brewerville, Liberia, July 26th, 1884, the sun rose bright and clear, but soon the sky became overclouded and throughout the day we had flitting showers intermingled with sunshine. The weather on the 26th at Brewerville was a fair type of an April day in New York.

At 9. A. M. the drum corps called the soldiers and citizens together and the procession was formed in front of the residence of J. B. Munden, Esq., who is justly styled the "Father of the settlement."

Captain Manson S. Wynn was Marshal of the day. The procession was headed by the volunteer company, under command of Capt. Brisband. Immediately following came the clergymen and leading citizens who were led by Father Munden and Mr. John Smith, the first settlers of the town. Then came a long line of visitors from Clay-Ashland and Virginia, followed by the militia and the school under the care of Mr. N. C. Armstrong; other citizens falling in line made the procession complete, numbering between two and three hundred. After parading the principal streets, the procession halted in front of Zion Grove Baptist church. There they found an arch, through which Father Munden, Mr. John Smith, Mr. Isaac Woods and others led the way to seats on the platform for the distinguished guests. Rev. J. O. Hayes and Rev. J. S. Washington occupied the pulpit. Father Munden presided. On the left were seated the speakers and visitors, among whom were Lieut. Col. D. A. Jones, school commissioner Mr. T. C. Lenox, Mr. John Rix, Mr. H. M. Rix and two of the grandsons of Elijah Johnson, Mr. Cornelius Miller and many others. On the right was seated the "Choral Union" of Brewerville, consisting of the young lady pupils of the "Garnet Memorial School" and young gentlemen of the settlement, led by Mrs. M. H. Garnet Barboza.

Marshall Wynn then assigned to each company, school and individual a seat, and the church was soon crowded to overflowing. At 12, M. the entire audience, at the suggestion of the choir, joined in the grand old choral "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and the notes rolled heavenward, coming from glad and grateful hearts, an earnest of joy and freedom such as only a Negro can feel, and feel only in his aboriginal home.

Rev. J. O. Hayes then read in a full clear voice the thirty-third Psalm. Afterwards he led the assemblage in a comprehensive prayer. The choir then sang "Rising as a people." Mr. Henry Phelps read the Declaration of Independence in a creditable manner. "My country tis of thee" was next sung by the audience. Mr. Isaac Woods, the orator of the day, was then introduced by Marshall Wynn. The oration was brief but soul-stiring. He told of the birth of Brewerville, of the privations and sufferings of its first settlers, giving their names and histories; and touchingly alluded to those who, having borne the burden and heat of the day, had gone to rest. Then he told how wonderfully God had preserved so many who had with their own hands cut the first brush. He closed his remarks with words of encouragement to those who had newly arrived, hailing the joyous event that brought us together on the occasion. Thanking God and the American Colonization Society for the untold blessings resulting from their efforts in returning the exiled Negro to his original home; with a tribute of praise to our President, in whom the nation reposes the utmost confidence and who was the first "Son of the Soil" who had won that high distinction, he took his seat amid great applause. The Liberia National Anthem was then sung by the Choral Union. Mr. A. J. Mathews was then introduced to the audience. He spoke as follows:

"Dear friends and fellow citizens; I feel myself highly esteemed that by and through the well directed hand of Providence I am before you on this the 37th Anniversary of our Independence. It was on this day thirty-seven years ago that the Independence of Liberia was declared, and it has since been recognized throughout the civilized world as a free and independent Nation. I imagine that when this great composition—our Declaration of Independence—was presented and received on earth it was so much the will of God that heaven itself also made recognition of the event and the angels said amen! to one of the first grand steps toward the civilizing of a great heathen Continent. We feel and know or fondly trust that those who composed this great work and thereunto affixed their signatures are this day in the bright realms of Paradise. "And they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." Let us hail with joy the festal day and give unto God thanks. Let us build on their well begun work, and go on and be encouraged to press onward and upward. We are "new comers." Our settlement is new and we are yet to be established. We deem it our right and privilege to come together on this day and talk over matters of this kind; to arouse our minds from a drifting state; to review the past, to realize facts of the present and to lay plans for the future; to know and to feel more deeply that we are at home. We have attempted this day to fill our programme entirely with local talent. Yet we cordially welcome all the visiting friends who are with us to join in our glee. In this respect, dear friends, we hold that we resemble the framers of our Declaration. We have done this in order to bring about a more perfect union among ourselves; to unite the factions that we may count the whole number; to establish confidence, self-reliance, love and peace in the settlement of Brewerville, the county of Montserrado and the Republic of Liberia. We believe it to be our duty to come together as often as this anniversary may find us on this side of eternity, and dying to commend it to our children.

Looking over this assemblage, I see white headed fathers and mothers who have but recently come here. They come not expecting to reap what they might sow here, but while in the land of strangers, far distant America, they were imbued with the idea they would bring their loved offspring *home* where, untrammeled by any reminiscences of their parents' wrongs, they might, in their own God given land, look from Nature up to Nature's God. Let us give thanks for all we see and enjoy at this time. May God enable us to let the world know that we are not dead to our interests or to the knowledge of the blessings of civilization and Christianity in this our own free Negro nationality, entirely governed by the Negro, from the president down to the constable. God speed us on in this way going forward. Amen!"

"Nearer my God to Thee" was then sung by the Union. Mr. Chas. Wilson next addressed the audience. He spoke at length from a manuscript which evinced much forethought and careful study. We quote from him as follows:

"The grand objects of the founders of the American Colonization Society, as I have always understood it, and which, as far as I know, has never been departed from, were to establish an asylum on the West Coast of Africa, where such of her children as might choose to rid themselves of slavery, might find a free and happy home, and in this connection they would fairly test the capacity of the Negro for self government and the maintenance of free political institutions.

2nd. That through the instrumentality of a country thus established, composed of men who had themselves been the victims of cruel servitude, additional facilities would be afforded for the extirpation of the slave trade, then rampant with all of its attendant horrors, at nearly every prominent point along the West Coast.

3rd. By means of Christian settlement in the midst of this people, to introduce the blessings of civilization and Christianity among the heathen tribes in this benighted land. These were grand conceptions, embracing nothing less than the founding of a great Empire with Negro nationality and the redemption of a Continent from paganism and idolatry. Of course a work of such magnitude required large natural resources and suitable men as emigrants to assist in conducting the work in a manner promising successful results. We can therefore readily imagine the serious misgivings which must have weighed heavily on the minds of these good men when they engaged in the enterprise. But they were men of great faith and energy, fully imbued with the spirit of their mission in behalf of humanity and religion, and they therefore hesitated not to commit the success of their enterprise to the discretion and support of an All-wise Providence.

In this manner Mr. Wilson spoke at length, reviewing the history of Liberia and of the men who had gained distinction as leaders of the people. Alluding to the father of our President he said: "Remember this fact: that Elijah Johnson, responding to the British officer, when he offered his flag as protection, boldly replied 'I refuse it. It would be easy to put it up but hard to pull it down.' Had this been accepted, the British lion would have swept the grasp of the colony out of our hands and to-day Liberia would have been a dead letter among the Nations.

Let us remember the sons and daughters of Elijah Johnson. I am proud to repeat that his son is our Chief Magistrate, 'A son of the Soil' he has received the highest gift of the Nation, and his title is A. M., L. L. D."

Then he spoke of the educators of the land who were developed on the soil, among whom were our President H. R. W. Johnson, Rev. Doctor E. W. Blyden, Prof. A. B. King, Rev. A. D. Ware, Hon. Thad. M. Williams and many others. He referred also to the brave defenders of our land, also to the ministers of the Gospel of Christ, who would, as pulpit orators, vie with the clergy of any other land. He closed his very able address with a synopsis of the issues of the day, discussing the north-west boundary controversy, and other important questions that must come up before the next Legislature for settlement. His valedictory was an earnest appeal for concentrated efforts, unity of sentiment, and integrity of purpose which only could, with the blessing of God, make us successful as a nation and respected as a people.

The Choral Union then sang an "Ode to our President," arranged for the occasion by Mrs. M. H. Garnet Barboza, which was received with much good feeling. A collection was then taken for the benefit of the church; during the time thus employed the choir sang "Joy! Joy! Freedom to-day."

Mr. J. S. Capehart as chairman of the committee of arrangements, completed the programme in a few happy remarks complimentary to the orator, the speakers and the audience.

Rev. J. O. Hayes under whose direction the whole Celebration was organized and carried on to perfection, then announced to the company assembled that a repast was ready in waiting at the M. E. church, and that thither he would lead the way, the invited guests following him. After the benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. S. Washington, the line of march was again formed and stopped at the M. E. church, which was decorated. A well filled table, surrounded by kind friends, welcomed all to partake. The many guests as well as the citizens and children of the different schools were supplied with a bountiful feast, the expenses of which were defrayed from private subscriptions of the people of Brewerville. During the exercises, after the reading of the Psalm and prayer, a letter from Mr. C. T. O. King was read, in which he regretted the fact that it was impossible for him to be present in person, although he was in spirit and in sympathy with us, but as Mayor of Monrovia the duties of the day required his presence in Monrovia.

M. H. GARNET BARBOZA.
Sec. Com. of Arrangements.

The Indian Art Class.

The interest which our Indian students show in drawing, modelling, carving and similar work, has made it seem worth while doing the past two summer vacations to keep up special classes for them, and to make some experiments with such material as could easily be procured, in order to test their capacity for the simpler forms of art work. The results have been more satisfactory than was expected, and the teachers who have had charge of them in their classes are quite enthusiastic in regard to the talent shown by some of their pupils.

In her report for the summer of 1883 Miss S. C. Smith says:

"I have never visited Carlisle, and I do not know if drawing has been taught them at any of the agency schools, but judging from my little experiment, it certainly appears evident that a taste for drawing is as characteristic of the Indians as that for music of the Negro. * * * I think that if they have the opportunity and encouragement they need * * * * they will make original drawings that will be very interesting."

Miss Parke, who taught both Indians and colored students during the summer of 1884, agrees with Miss Smith in her opinion of the ability of the former. While, she found among her colored pupils a few individuals of decided talent, the taste for art was much more general among the Indians, and they were especially successful in moulding. She considers that one Indian boy who worked under her direction with much enthusiasm, deserves a thorough art education, and that if it could be obtained for him, he would undoubtedly make a name for himself as a landscape painter.

Both Miss Smith and Miss Parke unite in the opinion that there is a practical side to the whole matter, which ought to be considered, and it is to this that we should like to draw the attention of our readers.

Miss Smith says—

"I could easily explain to them the meaning of "decorative" by alluding to their pottery and their moccasins, etc. I was so fortunate as to obtain a pair of moccasins beautifully wrought by a young Sioux woman, the wife of one of my pupils. The design, in small beads, is graceful in shape, and displays a nice eye for color that would be valuable in any decorative work. This faculty is probably a common one among Indian girls, and will, I doubt not, enable them some day to rival some of their whiter sisters in embroidery.

The Indian's love of color makes it more desirable that he should be taught to draw as one means of civilization. From my short acquaintance and limited observation, I should say that if they could have the common education and the special training needed, two or three of these boys would be more likely to make good artists or designers than good mechanics, because they have the natural ability, and they would like it better. If the Onondaga boy is a fair specimen of his tribe, the day is not far distant when the Cooper Institute, or the "Art Students' League," or some similar school in New York will have pupils from among those native New Yorkers."

Miss Parke suggests that their eye for color and aptness in modelling could be utilized by teaching them to work in clay, making vases, tiles, plaques, etc., with their own hands, and from their own designs.

Their work, when original, is so unique and has often such genuine art value that it would be certain of at least a modest success, could it be brought before the public under favorable conditions. The means to do this are not yet at the command of the school officials, but if the expense necessary to introduce such an undertaking could be met, (as we trust it may ultimately be) by some generous friend who combines an appreciation of art with an appreciation of Indian possibilities, we believe that the investment would pay a good interest.

In moulding and decorative work of various descriptions, both boys and girls might find a perfectly practicable outlet for their talents and the establishment of some regular system of instruction in these lines of work in which their practical value would be carefully considered, seems very desirable, though just now beyond our reach.

At Home.

It is not surprising that in the Middle Ages the Jews, with their frequent ablutions—not to speak of their superior constitutions—should have escaped epidemic diseases to which the unwashed non-Jewish communities fell an easy prey. Not only did the monks endeavor to afflict their souls by a deliberate avoidance of soap and water, but the general public seem to have avoided washing from inclination. The filth in which people then elected to live must have been frightful, when we find that even the wealthy and high-placed were frequently eaten up by vermin. Moquin-Tandon, in his "Zoologie Medicale," gives a list of historical personages whose lives paid the penalty of their uncleanliness—a list comprising such names as Philip II. of Spain, Cardinal Duprat, and Bishop Foucquau. Substantially the Mosaic laws of personal cleanliness are still observed by Jews. It is often made a subject of remark that the ghetti, in certain towns appear dirty and unwholesome, yet there cannot be the slightest doubt that the classes of Jews inhabiting them are infinitely more cleanly in their personal habits than the classes of non-Jews inhabiting similar squalid lanes and back-streets. The truth is that the Jews so situated have not and never have had any authority beyond their own thresholds, and it is only now that public sanitation is beginning to utilize that "legalism" for purifying the public throughfares which the Mosaic code taught thousands of years ago. It would be superfluous here to recapitulate the different features of that "legalism," inasmuch as the Jews have so long been debarred from taking advantage of it. Suffice to say that its general system anticipated the modern dry method of disposing of sewage; that in its laws of disinfection we find a complete prototype of the regulations laid down by Sir James Simpson in 1848 for stamping out smallpox, and now generally followed, and that the principle of small "cottage" hospitals at present being everywhere adopted is one clearly set forth in the Levitical laws. The strict observance of this hygienic system during their national existence must have formed in the Jews a special capacity for resisting zymotic diseases, and this capacity they have no doubt been enabled to preserve under less felicitous circumstances by their observance of the more personal details of the system which were within their control. To the general value of the whole system of Mosaic hygiene Dr. Carpenter bore suggestive testimony in an address delivered before the Sanitary Congress held at Brighton in 1881. He said, "Obedience to the sanitary laws laid down by Moses is a necessary condition to perfect health, and to a state which shall give us power to stamp out zymotic diseases. If these laws were observed by all classes, the zymotic death-rate would not be an appreciable quantity in our mortality list"—would be less, in fact, than among Jews at the present day.—*Fortnightly Review.*

A letter from Germany to the Boston *Advertiser* speaks of the not altogether happy lot of the peasant woman. "The native American family," says the writer, "however poor and lowly, could not live as the working people live here, huddled with their beasts and fowls, indecent according to our ideas in their habits. And the woman! We sometimes talk of the drudgery of the wives of American farmers. Fancy her driving wagons, cutting the hay, spreading the dressing on the land, planting and digging the potatoes, barefooted and barehcaded, carrying on her head or her back the farming tools and the sweepings of the road, harnessed to a cart with a dog! Fancy that, and that is but a part of the drudgery of the wife of the European farmer, who must also tend her babies, cook her food, and bear sons to be compelled to do military service when most she needs them to rest her weary hands. No wonder she cannot tidy her house, clean her children, make her own person womanly or smart. She merely exists to labor: and to labor till age has bent her double; yet in every little farming village in Germany, in all its filth and bad order, grows on each window ledge a box of blossoming plants, carefully tended. It seems to be the one outlet of that feminine love of grace and beauty which every woman has."

A good relish to take with a lunch is made of ham. Pound some pieces of ham in a mortar, just as fine as you can. Season it with pepper and spice, and moisten it with clarified butter. Put this into a mould, or earthern bowl, and press it in very tightly. Put it into the oven for half an hour. Let it get perfectly cold. It can then be cut into thin slices. It is nice if used for a filling for sandwiches.

Health and Honesty.

Put Yourself In the Horse's Place.

It is worry and not work that kills." Let every owner of a horse think when he brings his team to the stable at night how much vital force has been expended in work and how much in worry, and then strike a balance. And let him consider himself to be put in the horse's place, so that he may better know how it is himself. As thus:

A man goes out to work in the morning after having all night fought flies of the most pestilent kind, breathed hot, foul air, reeked in the sweat and dust of the previous day's work, eaten a breakfast in haste, without any sufficient cleansing of his skin, and with boots and clothing ill-fitting and galling the tenderest spots upon his person.

He is then, from the filthiness of his body exposed all day to the venomous attacks of flies, which he fights with hands and feet, but which, from the exigencies of his work, he can only drive off for the slightest moment, after which a cloud of them settle upon his face and exposed parts and sting him severely.

He works on from hour to hour in the broiling sun without water to moisten his mouth or to quench his raging thirst until midday, when he rushes home, swallows a drink of dirty water and hastily eats a dinner in the foulest-smelling and worst ventilated part of his premises.

The afternoon is like the forenoon, and after this has been occupied in the same way, the man, all foul with gathered dust and sweat, eats his evening meal as he dined, and lies down to rest (?), if he can, on a filthy floor, in an apartment that is hot, close and swarming with flies, which he vainly fights as he catches an odd wink or so of sleep.

And so, again from day to day, he fights it out on this line all summer. Then how much of the resulting wear and tear is due to the worry and how little of it to the work?

Something like this is the weary condition of the average farm horse. No note is taken of the cruel lashings, the over-working, the injudicious feeding and watering, the torment of check-reins, the hindrances of blinders, the bad treatment of the feet by the blacksmith, and other mistakes which produce actual disease, nor of the truly horrible nostrums and poisonous stuff which are made use of as "remedies" for these complaints.

Thinking of all these things, who can wonder that the average farm horse, whose useful life is natural y twenty-five to thirty years, gets into a hole in the corner of the farm and is consumed by prowling dogs in less than half his allotted term of life.—[*Ohio.*

Girls In A Garden.

The age of ten to thirteen is the time for leading young minds and young activities into the wonders, pleasures and profits of the vegetable kingdom. They take up then with avidity the arts which they see older people busied with, and by which we derive from the plant-world almost all our food and most of our clothing, shelter and adornments. Two industrious little oustlers here, of ten, who have themselves marked out, bought and planted beds of twenty-four plants each, of Manchester and Cumberland strawberries, and who visit them daily to look for the first appearance of weeds, runners or crusted surface, found me one day at an older bed, scissors in hand, clipping out, not only runner points but old leaves or fruit stems, where they were shading the new ones. They asked why I cut the leaves off. "I want my plants to look as green and healthy as yours" I said. But for better answer I took them to a bed of shrubbery and flowers near by, and showed them how stems and flowers were largest on the shoots which had the largest and thickest and greenest leaves, and how there was no growth at all on such as had no leaves or faded ones.

They soon understood from what they saw the importance of healthy entire leaves. Next we searched to find whether any leaves were perfect that were shaded by the light from others. The children clapped their hands and poured out exclamations of surprise and delight when they saw how cunningly every leaf stem was turned so as to have the face of the leaf in as full sunlight as possible, and how good naturedly each seemed to be satisfied with just its share, making all the room possible for others. None but the well-lighted ones were healthy. We went back to the strawberry rows with these observations fresh in mind, and my ardent little visitors saw for themselves that wherever a green leaf was shaded by older ones, or by dust, or by being bent away from its light, its usefulness to the plant was lost. Their faces became reverent with respect felt for these main agents of plant growth. By way of adding booklore to the object lesson I read a paragraph from the "Wonders of the Leaf," and promised another when they called again. For the present they had quite enough to meditate upon and to guide their further plant-care by.—[*Quartus A. Brother.*

Teachers Table.

For teachers to read to their scholars.

Wonderful Intelligence of a Dog.

The large Newfoundland dog "Heck," belonging to the St. Elmo Hotel in the oil town of Eldred, Penn., was known throughout the Northern oil field for its great strength and almost human intelligence. The porter of the hotel, a kind-hearted but intemperate person, was an especial favorite with the dog. The porter, a small man, slept in a little room back of the office. The dog slept in the office. On Thursday night last the porter was drunk when he went to bed, and soon fell into a heavy sleep. Some time in the night he was awakened by the loud harking of "Heck," who was jumping frantically on the porter's bed and seizing the pillow with his teeth. The still drunken and drowsy porter tried to make the dog go away, but the animal persisted in his efforts, and it finally dawned on the befuddled mind of the porter that the house was on fire. His room was full of smoke, and he could hear the crackling of the flames. He sprang from bed, but was still so drunk that he fell to the floor. The faithful dog at once seized him by the coat collar, the porter not having removed his clothing on going to bed, and dragged him out of the room and half way to the outer door of the office, when the man succeeded in getting to his feet, and, unlocking the door, staggered into the street. The fire was rapidly spreading over the building, and the hotel was filled with guests, not one of whom had been aroused. The dog no sooner saw that his helpless friend was safe than he dashed back into the house and ran barking loudly up stairs. He first stopped at the door of his master's room, where he howled and scratched at the door until the inmate was made aware of the danger and hurried out of the house, as there was no time to lose. The dog gave the alarm at every door, and in some instances conducted guests down stairs to the outer door, each one of these, however, being a stranger in the house, which fact the dog seemed to understand in looking out for their safety. All about the house seemed to have lost their heads in the excitement, and it is said that the hotel dog alone preserved complete control of himself, and alone took active measures to save the inmates of the house. In and out of the building he kept continually dashing, piloting some half-dressed man or woman down stairs, only to at once return in search of others. Once a lady with a child in her arms, tripped on the stairs while hurrying out and fell to the bottom. The child was thrown on the floor of the hall some distance away. The woman regained her feet, and staggered in a dazed way out of the door, leaving the child in the midst of the smoke that was pouring from the office door. The brave dog saw the mishap, and jumping in through the smoke, which was now becoming almost impassable, and seizing the child by its night clothes, carried it safely out. Notwithstanding this rescue, the mishap that made it necessary led to the death of the noble animal. The mother of the child being restored by the fresh air, first became aware that the child was not with her, and crying out wildly that "Anna was burning up in the house!" made a dash for the building as if to rush through the flames to seek the child. "Heck" had already brought the little one out, but it had not been restored to its mother. The dog saw the frantic rush of the mother toward the burning building, and her exclamation that some one was burning up in the house, and, although the building was now a mass of smoke and flames inside and out, the dog sprang forward, and, as a dozen hands seized the woman and held her back from her insane attempt to enter the house, disappeared with a bound over the burning threshold. The faithful animal never appeared again. His remains were found in the ruins. There is no doubt in any one's mind that but for the intelligence and activity of "Heck" the fire in the hotel would not have been discovered in time for a single inmate to have escaped from the burning building with his life; and that the noble animal understood from the half-crazed movements of the child's mother that there was still another one in danger, and to rescue whom he gave his own life, is accepted as certain. The remains of "Heck" were given a fitting burial, and his loss is regretted as that of a useful citizen might be.

The Christian at Work.

Mr. C. M. Hovey expresses the opinion that all the tea we require could be produced at the South. The question is whether we can compete with China in preparing it for market.

Agricultural.

More of Stable Manure.

It indicates a lack of business ability if not of common sense, to spend money for plant food in commercial fertilizers, and at the same time neglect the care and preservation of the very same kind of plant food in the stable manure of the barnyard. This neglect is still far too common in our more Eastern States, where manure must be either saved or bought if any sort of respectable farming is to be carried on. The waste is perhaps often unintentional; the farmer who throws manure out in the open yard where sun and wind may play upon it, does not fully realize that this manure will produce so many bushels less of corn or wheat than if he should provide some simple means of sheltering it, even if rude and cheap, or should, which is doubtless the next best thing, cover it in the field as soon as possible.

What makes the present price *of wheat* so low is the large crop in England. This year they have had a good harvest there and forty bushels to the acre is looked upon as quite a small yield; which is, considering that a good many farmers in good years produce as much as sixty-four bushels to the acre. Our average is about eleven bushels; parts of New-York and Ohio and even of Michigan and Wisconsin, run lower than this and seven bushels in some counties is an average; twenty-five bushels is a rare yield and thirty or forty is rarer, but the fact that some farmers reach up to it shows how consistently some others are reproaching wheat growing as a small business. It is easy to get out of this small business by enlarging it, by treating the land more liberally and trebling the yield. What man has done, man can do. Solomon said: "In times of prosperity rejoice: but in times of adversity consider." And "average" wheatgrowers may profitably do a good deal of considering just now, but not all to the disadvantage of the wheat.—[*Triticum.*

A new idea has been started in bee-keeping. It has long been a grievance among farmers that a neighbor should keep a large number of bees without any pasturage of his own and gather honey from crops planted and sown by others. It might not be that any loss or damage was inflicted, but it was a clear case of reaping where one had not sown and gathering where one had not scattered, and therefore had a large element of injustice in it. No doubt the unfounded charges against the bees, that they injured the crops and the fruit, especially grapes, were thus originated, and more from prejudice than from any real belief. A Mr. Hetherington, of Schoharie County, N. Y., is one of the most extensive bee-keepers in the world, and it is said keeps 2,500 swarms, a large number of which he puts out among farmers to whom he pays a rent for the use of the pasturage, clover, buckwheat, &c., grown upon the farms. This is a new departure which will commend itself to farmers who do not keep bees, as an example which other bee-keepers might follow.

A new thing has just been started in England, and that is to attach a dairy school to each of their dairy factories, where the peasantry of both sexes can be *taught dairying* in the most perfect manner. They have also traveling dairies, which go about the country for the purpose of teaching those people at their homes, or near by, who cannot attend the schools. Dairying is getting to be one of the most important interests of the United Kingdom, and noblemen and rich landed commoners, bishops and their clergy, are now taking hold of the thing with a will. Even Queen Victoria has her model dairy.—[*Sandala.*

Children's Clothes.

At the London Health Exhibition, Miss Ada Ballin delivered a lecture on children's clothes. She quoted statistics to show that in 1871, 18,000 infants under the age of one year died for want of common sense and care in this important matter by their parents or nurses. The lady also pointed out that serious injury was done to the little pieces of humanity by shaking them to stop their crying. She protested against rocking-cradles, for though the violent motion might have the desired effect of making the "squaller" sleep, it was at the risk of making him an idiot for life, his little brain being but a jelly. It was terrible, she said, to think what number of embryo poets and great men of intellect had been entirely destroyed by this silly, ignorant custom of daddling the infantile brain.

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all the population of Egypt consider him as the deliverer from the yoke of Christians and foreigners, so that even the defense of lower Egypt may become a very difficult matter."

Gen. Colston advises enlisting the aid of the king of Abyssinia, and the latest despatches from the London correspondent in Khartoum say, that while the Egyptian troops are so afraid of these terrible Arabs, that "eight of them have sufficed to put to flight 200 of our Egyptian soldiers armed with Remington rifles, our best dependence is on the Negroes."

Chinese Gordon is a man of endless hope and resource. It has been said of him as of another—"Hope shines in him as a pillar of fire when it has gone out in other men." His dauntless courage, nobility of character, and invincible faith in the providence and guidance of God inspire all who serve under him and all who know him with the trust that he will return crowned with new laurels.

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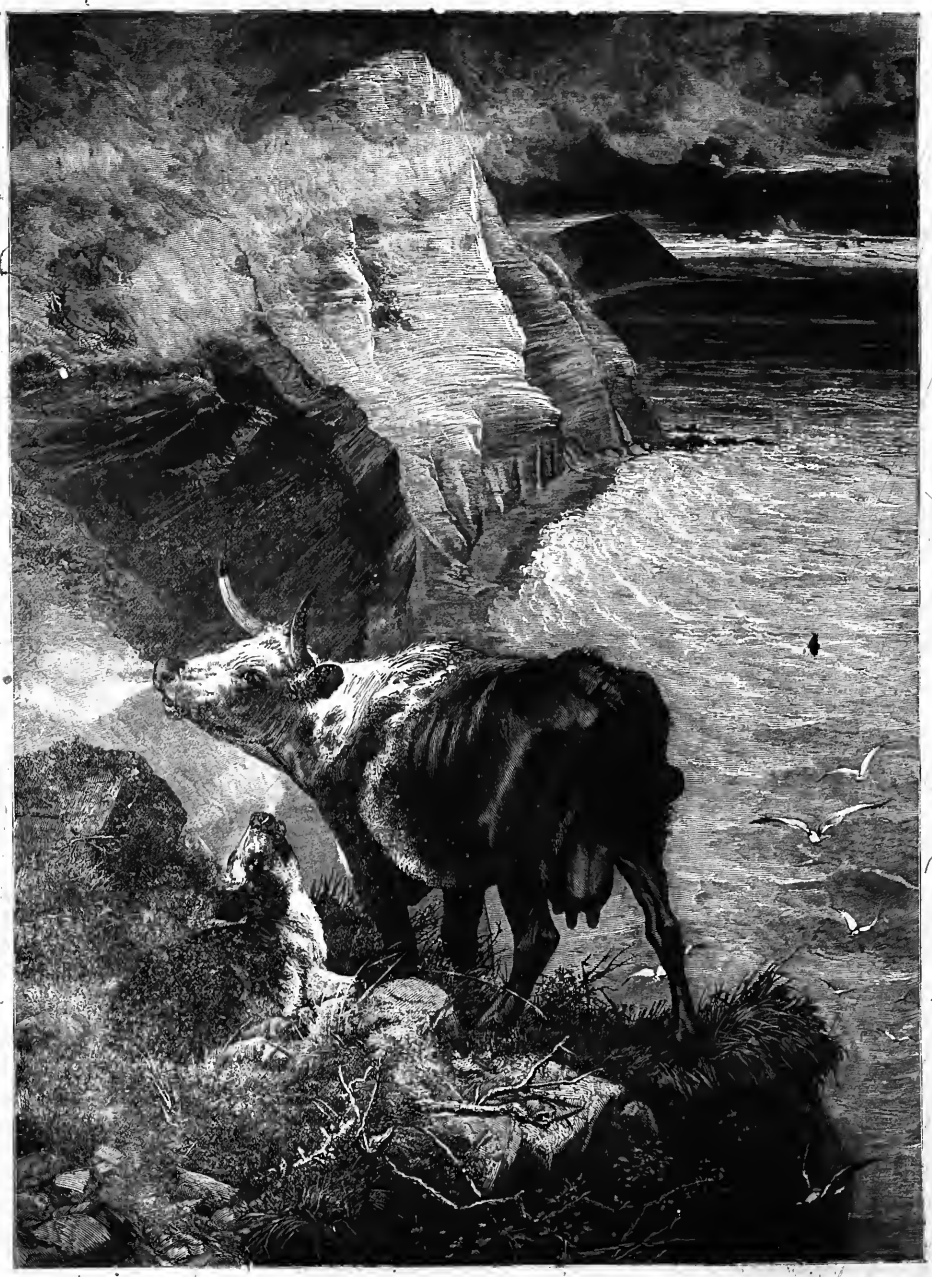

"LOST." [From Harper's Weekly.]

A Visit to the Valley.

No. 4.

BY MRS. ORRA LANGHORNE.

My sister and I took the afternoon train on the B. and O. road on one of the balmy days of June, proposing to stay a night in Lexington on our way to Lynchburg. The town is beautifully situated on the north bank of the James, surrounded by rugged hills and mountains. An English traveller who visited Lexington in the early part of the century wrote of it, "The town, as a settlement, has many attractions. It is surrounded by scenes of beauty and stands at the head of a valley flowing with milk and honey. House rent is low, provisions cheap, abundant and of the best quality. Flowers and gardens are more prized here than in most places," and this description still holds good of the pretty village nestling among the hills.

It was about dark when we reached the tidy and comfortable hotel, where good Mr. Brown soon provided us with a quiet room, and promising to send a note to our aunt Mrs. Ruffner, early in the morning, left us to welcome repose. By the time breakfast was over the next morning, the messenger had returned from Dr. Ruffner's farm, about two miles in the country, to say that the family were at home and said we must come out immediately; and in a few minutes we were enjoying a ride through the quiet streets of the orderly little town.

A general tone of soberness and propriety in Lexington must always strike the stranger, and seems remarkable when one remembers that in the winter seven or eight hundred boys are there at college. In visiting the place I often recall a remark my father used to make of the town, that "when he attended the law-class there, the Presbyterian religion seemed to be established by *law*, and if he called to see a young lady in the evening there was always a probability of being invited to join a prayer-meeting."

ROCKBRIDGE COUNTY.

The tone of the place, indeed of the whole of Rockbridge county, is evidently derived from the character and habits of the Scotch-Irish emigrants who were the first settlers of the country, and built up a God-fearing and culture-loving community, which has been a blessing to their descendants and has excited a wide influence in our land. All who have approached the subject have been impressed with the strong and honest character of the founders of this settlement among the Virginia mountains, and some of the best writers have dwelt lovingly upon the sturdy virtues of these mountaineers, so that it is needless for me to enter upon a theme already fully treated.

At the season of our visit, the air had that delicious quality of freshness which falls short of being cold while bracing every fibre of the human frame, and the country was beautiful in its robes of verdure, when leaving the town we entered a country road, smooth and pleasant then, but capable of unutterable depths of mud in winter.

DR. RUFFNER.

A winding lane soon brought us to the farm house at Tribrook, Dr. Ruffner's beautiful and well cultivated farm, which has been his home for many years, and where his summers were spent while occupying the the place of State Superintendent of Public Instruction. The snug farm house stands on a little terrace above a sloping lawn filled with handsome evergreen and other ornamental trees, and is surrounded with green meadows, seeming the very abode of thrift and comfort.

A gurgling stream winds around the lawn and in and out of the farm, giving a soft lullaby to the sleepers in the white cottage hard by, charming to calmness the weary and sorrowful spirit of man. A hedge of sweet roses borders the stream at the edge of the lawn, and a fringe of willows shows the windings of the brook as it loses itself in the meadows beyond.

Dr. Ruffner and other members of the family came out to meet us, and we were soon seated on the sunshiny porch, the pleasantest part of the house at that early hour, discussing various subjects of private and public interest.

The Doctor had recently been appointed Principal of the State Normal School for female teachers, and had thrown himself into the work of preparation for his new duties with his accustomed energy.

He had just returned from a long visit through the Northern States, where he had been examining Normal Schools with a view to the arrangements of his plan for the Virginia Institute; part of his object being to secure a competent and experienced lady as vice-president in the school. Scores of applications had been made to him for the position, many of them accompanied by references which proved the candidates to have many desirable qualifications, and showed that there was no lack of learned women in the land. One of the applicants had studied a term at Oxford, England; another was a graduate of Harvard, with numerous teachers from the highest American schools.

Within the last few days, Dr. Ruffner has called at my house in Lynchburg with Miss Bush of Hartford, Connecticut, the accomplished and experienced lady, whom he has decided upon for his chief assistant.

This appropriation for a Normal School for females is a good step in progress for Virginia, and is the first distinct effort to improve the condition of Virginia women made by our legislature, which has always given liberally of the public funds in favor of masculine education. No class of our people have suffered more from the consequences of the Civil War and the violent changes in our social system than the Virginia women, and I think a close examination will prove that no class has shown more fortitude in submission to the reverses of fortune, and none more perseverance and energy in the effort at recuperation that has restored our people to comparative prosperity, than the daughters of the Old Dominion.

RAMBLING TALKS ON TWO RACES, ETC.

Our visit in Lexington was extended longer than we had at first intended it to be, and we had opportunity for much pleasant discussion of affairs, past, present and future. Dr. Ruffner spoke with strong interest and approval of Hampton and the excellent results he has seen among the colored teachers from her faithful work in the cause of the colored people. In discussing the Negroes, the Doctor recalled an incident of his early life, which he said was so completely among the things of the past that until this conversation brought it up he had almost forgotten it.

It seems that the African Colonization Society once had an agent in Lexington, and it must be now over forty years since the Rev. Rufus Bailey urged the claims of the association upon the devout and conscientious people of that community. This gentlemen, a writer of text-books and a man of decided ability, labored diligently in the interest of the Society which was thought by many good people of that day to hold the solution of the problem of African slavery, then beginning seriously to agitate the country. Many members were added to the Society by Mr. Bailey's influence, and not a few of the sturdy Scotch-Irish, when their consciences were roused to the duty of sending the Christianized Negroes back to Africa to convert their heathen countrymen, were willing to make the pecuniary sacrifice involved and give up their slaves to this promising work. The churches began to educate Negro boys for missionaries, and it was not uncommon for slave-holders, when dying, to set their Negroes free with the proviso then required by the laws of Virginia, that a portion of the estate should be devoted to the purpose of sending the freed slaves to Liberia. A lady living in one of the south-western counties made such a will about 1843 or 44, the agent of the Colonization Society in Lexington being made executor of that portion of the will referring to the slaves. Dr. Ruffner was about eighteen years old at this time, and being, like most of the Lexington people, deeply interested in the Liberian scheme, he was desired by the elders of the congregation to undertake the task of sending these emigrants, as involuntary as had been their ancestors on the slave ships from Africa, back to that tropical land to display to their savage compatriots the advantages they had acquired by civilization. The plan decided upon by the trustees of the estate was to bring the freed slaves to Lexington and send them by way of Richmond to Baltimore, whence a ship was soon to sail for Africa. Sundry unavoidable delays occurred, and it was mid-winter and bitter cold when the Liberian travellers reached Lexington expecting to go by canal to Richmond.

A hard freeze had set in, no boats could travel on the canal, and time was pressing. After much consideration, Dr. Ruffner, then in the full vigor of youth, with abundant enterprise, decided to take his charges to Richmond by bateaux on the river, a mode of conveyance which had been abandoned after the opening of the canal, and always considered dangerous, was now doubly so, from the difficulty of finding skilled boatmen.

Some of the old bateaux men were hunted up, however, and the party made the trip successfully in spite of the ice in the river and the difficulty of shooting the rapids at Balcony Falls, one of the wildest and most beautiful scenes in the mountains. They reached Richmond in safety, and went at once to Baltimore, where the ship was just ready to sail, and the Africans left Virginia for the land of their forefathers.

The story of a Virginia Negro who was destined for the career of a missionary in Liberia, which ended very differently from this expedition under Dr. Ruffner's escort, came to my knowledge recently, and thinking the readers of the *Workman* may find it as interesting as I did, "I will tell the tale as it was told to me."

(To be continued.)

The Mountaineer's Lament for his Lost Cow.

From the French of Casimir Dalavigne.

To the Swiss peasant, even more than to the Scotch Highlander, his cow is his greatest wealth and dependence, which, like the Arabian's horse, or the Irishman's pig, shares her master's friendship and the best the house affords. The poet has feelingly expressed the dismay and grief occasioned by her loss.

Ah, from the mountain lonely
Return my Nera now;
Reply, my comrade only,
My only wealth—my cow!
Thy master's voice imploring,
Nera!
Art thou so soon ignoring?
Ah, Nera!

Return, for wolves come prowling
From woods as evening falls;
My dog with mournful howling
Answers alone my calls.
From him wilt thou still wander,
Nera?
What friend, save me, is fonder?
Ah, Nera!

Tell me if in thy manger
I ever failed to spread
Fresh herbage, though in danger
Myself of wanting bread.
While hungry we were going,
Nera,
Thy crib was overflowing,
Ah, Nera.

* * * * *

When for thy milk at table,
My little child shall cry,
And see thy empty stable,
Who shall his need supply?
For want of one to cherish,
Nera,
Wilt thou then let him perish?
Ah, Nera!

* * * * *

When all at home united
Our Twelfth-night feast to make,
Thou ever wast invited,
My lass, to share my cake.
When next 'tis celebrated,
Nera,
Thou'lt not its queen be feted,
Ah, Nera!

Oft, when with ague shaking
My fingers stiff would be,
My goat's hair mantle taking,
I've spread it over thee.
Ingrate, will cold November,
Nera,
Alone make thee remember?
Ah, Nera!

The night is falling faster,
Alone I must return;
Go, seek some other master,
Richer than he you spurn.
Go, go—my heart is rending,
Nera,
Yet God be near, defending,
Ah, Nera!

My prayers shall ne'er forsake thee;
To curse, my heart would fail;
No mountain storms o'ertake thee,
Nor darkness in the vale.
Graze long in pastures growing,
Nera,—
We perish by thy going
Ah, Nera!

When storms the pass are blocking,
Some night thou'lt stand forlorn,
Upon my window knocking
For entrance with thy horn.
If all are dead who knew thee,
Nera,
Who'll rise and open to thee?
Ah, Nera!

HELEN W. LUDLOW.

Testimony to "B."

A letter from a Hampton graduate printed in the *Southern Workman* a few months ago, brought out a sharp reply from a colored resident of the neighborhood who recognized its authorship and felt himself and others misrepresented by some of its general statements. Our graduates' letters in the *Workman* have done much good by their simple and graphic pictures of the Southern field. For the most part private letters, not written for publication, they are submitted by them for use at our discretion, and for their protection and other's, care is taken to avoid personalities, and names are generally suppressed. We of course intend never to publish from any on whose good sense and purpose we cannot rely. Mistakes may sometimes be made, and on the very rare occasions when a graduate's letter has been called in question, we have, in fairness to the other side, published the protest, as we did last month an answer to "B." We cannot open our columns to a personal dispute, but very willingly publish the testimony "B" send us from a prominent citizen to his character and that of his work. Such testimony is better defence than any personal expressions, and we trust that our graduate may commend himself by good work, good nature and tact, to all.

LINCOLN UNIVERSITY PA. Nov. 5th, 1884

Editors Southern Workman.

I am sure you will allow me space just once, at least, in your columns to respond to an article written by Mr J. D. W. Giles, and published in the October No. of your Journal, denying certain statements written by myself and published in August No. of your paper.

* * * * * *

Of my work, its success and my estimate among my people, I can furnish testimonials if necessary, but will content myself with one from the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, under whom I taught during my stay on that island, and in whose yard my school house was situated.

Enclosed find his letter, which I trust you will publish in my defence.

J. T. BROWN *Class of "78"*

It is as follows;

HILTON HEAD S. C. OCT 31st, 1884.

S. C. Armstrong, Esq:

DEAR SIR.

My attention having been called to a letter from J. D. W. Giles, published in the *Southern Workman*, that casts reflections on the veracity of J. T. Brown, I wish to state for the benefit of whom it may concern that Mr. Giles' letter, is, as far as the number of pupils taught by Mr. Brown is concerned, a gross misstatement of facts. I have consulted the books, and find that the school of which Mr. Brown was principal teacher, is credited with an average daily attendance of pupils as follows.

For the Month of Nov.	"83	59	pupils
" " "	" Dec.	" 78	"
" " "	" Jan.	84 86	"
" " "	" Feb.	" 84	"

I will also state that the Trustees were entirely satisfied with Mr. Brown's teaching, and furthermore, I have yet to hear the first word of complaint from the pupils' parents. As regards the Sunday school, I will say that Mr. Brown did start one, and kept it in operation till lack of interest of the children compelled him to discontinue it.

The Sabbath school and day school were both held in one building, said building being on my plantation and not over 100 yards from my residence.

Very Respectfully
F. E. WILDER.

Chairman Board of Trustees School District No. 5, Hilton Head Township.

A Great Newspaper.

The Pall Mall Gazette, of London, England, did not overstate the case when it said that *The New York Independent* is "one of the ablest weeklies in existence." It is as overwhelming as a monthly or quarterly magazine, with all the matter in its many departments. Any monthly might indeed be proud if it could show as distinguished a list of contributors as *The Independent*. In a single department—its story department—we find, among Englishmen, such contributors as Sir Samuel W. Baker, the celebrated Egyptian explorer; Thomas Hardy, W. E. Norris, James Payn, F. W. Robinson and Henry W. Lucy, the well-known and deservedly popular novelists; while among Americans we notice the names of Edward Everett Hale, Frank R. Stockton, H. H. Boyesen, Sarah O. Jewett, J. S., of Dale, Rebecca Harding Davis and Harriet Prescott Spofford. *The Independent* printed also, recently, the last story from the pen of the late Ivan Tourgeneff, having secured the only translation from the Russian into English. This department is but a sample of the others. It would seem to us that *The Independent* offers not only "fifty-two dividends during the year," but, in addition, a stock dividend with each department. We advise our readers to send for a free sample copy.

SOUTHERN WORKMAN,

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

Reduced to eight pages from July to October four months.)

Printed on the Normal School Steam Press by students trained in the office.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, M. F. ARMSTRONG. } *Editors.*

REV. H. B. FRISSELL, *Chaplain,* MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MRS. ORRA LANGHORNE. } *Regular Contributors.*

F. N. GILMAN, *Business Manager.*

Terms: ONE DOLLAR a year IN ADVANCE.

Specimen copies sent upon application.

To secure safety, it is important that money should be sent by checks, Post-office orders, or registered letters. Write plainly; give name in full, and name of Post-office, County, and State to which the papers are to be sent.

A limited number of advertisements inserted at following rates:

SPACE.	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year.
1 square.	1 00	2 75	5 00	9 00
1-4 column	2 75	7 50	13 50	23 00
1-2 "	5 00	13 50	23 00	40 00
1 "	9 00	23 00	40 00	70 00

Special notices 10 cents per line.

The Workman office will be glad to give estimates for printing periodicals, pamphlets or books of all sorts. Special attention given to Society and Association Reports. Prices always reasonable and made with a due regard to material and workmanship required Proofs furnished without extra charge. Expressage paid on finished work. Address all communications or orders,

Normal School Press, Hampton, Va.

Entered at the Post Office at Hampton, Va., as second class matter.

OUR new departure, as promised last month, begins in part in this number, with the establishment of a distinct Indian department in the *Southern Workman*, to which four full pages will be devoted, beginning with the seventh of each number. The Indian department will be under special editorial charge of Miss Elaine Goodale, who needs no introduction to our readers, though they may be surprised to find the young muse of Sky Farm descended to the sea level of Hampton. Miss Goodale has been for a year a teacher of Indians at Hampton Institute, and, like H. H. finds enough in them to touch a poet's soul to enthusiasm and effort. Regular and occasional contributors have been secured from among the best and most experienced friends of the Indian cause, for this department, and we believe that it will be found of increasing interest and value.

In our next number, we shall begin with a new year and volume, an important change in the make up of the *Southern Workman*, which will, we hope, be as decided an improvement. Leaving out the picture, the first page will be devoted to brief editorial paragraphs, in recognition of the increasing demand of busy readers in this busy world for short measure in words—the gist of what appears elsewhere at length, or glances at the deeply interesting problems and conditions which surround us. The second page will contain the longer editorials, and the third be occupied by extracts such as we have been publishing for some months from the Southern press—white and colored—and of all sides. We call attention to this broad-side, entirely unpartisan and impartial, as of special, almost unique, interest. The fourth and fifth pages will be of lighter nature, the fourth having sketches of Southern life by our regular contributor, Mrs. Orra Langhorne, a Southern woman, of birth and talents; the fifth page, sketches of life and character from inside and around the school, under special charge of Miss Alice M. Bacon, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon of New Haven, Conn., herself one of the Hampton corps of teachers. Letters from our graduates will fill the sixth page as usual. They have always attracted attention and done good by their simple and graphic pictures of their field of work, and the condition of their people, the more valuable for not being written for publication usually.

The next four pages will be devoted to the Indian department of the paper; the first of these to the editorials, the second to incidents of Indian life at Hampton, and kindred matter. The third will be given to facts from the field: reports of returned students, communications from our regular and occasional correspondents in this department, from missionaries, agents and other expert thinkers and workers in the Indian cause. The fourth page—the tenth of the paper—will be occupied for some time to come by views of Indian life and history, collected for the paper, from original reports to the Indian Bureau. Much of really interesting, and valuable matter lies buried unde statistics and official formalities in these reports, unread because they are official. We believe that we are doing a service to the public by presenting them in more readable form.

These four pages of the paper being devoted to the Indian department will leave the eleventh for miscellaneous articles, and the twelfth for advertisements as at present. Our June number is usually chiefly taken up with the annual report of the school and its anniversary; and during the four following months, the paper being reduced to its vacation size from twelve to eight pages, there will be more or less contraction of its different departments. With allowances for exigencies, the above arrangement will be the general make-up of the twelve page edition, and every effort will be made to sustain its interest in the important fields which are especially its own.

In giving, perhaps for the last time, a first page picture in the *Southern Workman*, we take the occasion to express once more our great indebtedness and gratitude to the friends who have so long enabled us to add thus to the attractions of the paper; especially to the Messrs., Harper Brothers, who have, with characteristic liberality and generosity, given us freely, electroplates of their fine engravings, bearing with our limited means of reproducing their beautiful works of art, for the sake of the help they might give to the cause for which we are working. To our friends of the New York *Christian Weekly* also and others, we are indebted for generous terms in allowing us the use of their illustrations. Pleasure and good have been thus carried into many little homes and school houses in the South. The proportion of our readers who do not need these illustrations in the *Workman*, and to whom any except at first hand and of first rate workmanship are not desirable, has been for some time increasing, while, with the increase of means and ability to read, the best pictorial papers of the day are more and more within reach of the masses of the people; certainly of such as would take the *Workman;* and while we want to increase our list of colored subscribers, believing that it is for their interest to be intelligent in Hampton's work and all efforts for their race, and to learn of what is done for others, we know that the chief mission of the *Southern Workman* must still be to work for both races by making public sentiment. To this end we need all the space and strength we can put into the paper, and therefore try the experiment of giving up the pictures for more solid matter.

AN old colored man on being told, recently, that Cleveland had been elected President, exclaimed, "I reckon judgment day's come." The notion that an evil day has come to the colored mau, and that Mr. Cleveland's administration will be extremely sulphurous for the colored race, is very generally entertained by them. The older Negroes have a simple, abiding, and unswerving belief that their freedom is due to the Repuhlican party and that loss of power by that party, puts their liberty in jeopardy. Many of them believe that they are about to lose their civil liberty, and be reduced to servitude. Their own leaders, have, in many instances, forced this argument on them in attempting to control their votes. It has force, because it is addressed to their reason. It will be some time before they will he assured of the utter groundlessness of their fears.

Aside from any fear of the loss of their liberty, the colored men believe that a democratic Federal government will, in some way, enact laws which are hostile to them. These fears are based on ignorance of our theory of government, which is that we are ruled by laws and not by men, and that humanity takes no backward step, however it may seem to at times; the wheels of civilization are not reversible, though they appear to the ignorant to retreat. That the colored man will have an easy time of it socially or politically is out of the question. The white man does not, and will not, until all things are perfect. Irregularities and injustice will prevail, so long as the imperfections of men continue.

The race issue, as a political question, is dead. During three preceding presidential elections, it was the only issue. In the recent election, attempts to raise it were utterly ignored by both parties. The abandonment of this issue is an extraordinary event. It shows to the Negro, that those who befriended him, now consider him so completely out of real danger, that they will not discuss it. The organic law of the Republic has been solemnly amended, and nothing but revolution can change it, so as to impair the political condition of the Negro. Any attempt to alter it would instantly cost any political party its power and its life. The politicians know this perfectly well. New questions are pressing on the thoughts of men, and the foundation of new parties are being laid.

In an exciting political election, men lose their heads, and believe many foolish things. The men of one party believe that the men of the opposite party are ignorant, selfish, evil disposed and unpatriotic. In science, religion and politics, along the line of reason are always hanging low the clouds and fogs of prejudice and personal feeling. Facts are received without evidence; opinions are formed without reflection. A French writer observed that on reading the political papers during a Presidential campaign, it appeared to him that each party had nominated a scoundrel. On the second election of Washington to the Presidency, his party opponents, among whom were men of great ability and purity of character, accused him of acts, which, if done by him, would have unfitted him to live in decent society. This same Frenchman also said, that although each party claimed most strenuously, that the election of the candidate of the opposing party would result in the ruin of the country, it was very extraordinary that immediately after the election, the men who were defeated went about their business as usual, and acted as if they did not expect any trouble.

As men come to a better understanding of their political relations, they are more disposed to concede that there is some good in every political party. Bad laws, passed by a democratic government, for instance, injure democrats as well as republicans. A hundred democratic and a hundred republican merchants are equally affected by bad legislation. Men who are pure in life, honest in business, and are under every incentive to right conduct, will not intentionally injure the country, whether they be of one party or another.

It is not disputed that the election of Mr. Cleveland is due to the votes of the Independent Republicans. He is, therefore, under a pledge stronger than ever given before by a candidate for the Presidency, to administer the executive branch of the government in a just and wise manner. This pledge was sought from him, and he freely gave it. Whatever his partisans may expect, the Independent vote which elected him, will watch, with great solicitude, his conduct in office, and will prefer to pass judgment on him after he has proved himself, rather than before. He may grievously deceive them, or he may justify all they expect. In these days of growing political independence, every man in high office is like the conspirator in Bulwer's play, to whom his adviser said, "Make no mistake. Behind thee stalks the heads-man."

The close of Mr. Cleveland's administration will probably find the colored men entering the democratic party in large numbers. As they discover that no harm comes to them by democratic success, they will divide on many questions, and from one motive or another will enter that party. It is clearly evident that there is about to be a reconstruction of parties and the colored men will unite with those who suit them best, socially, intellectually and morally. Their votes will be in demand and they will give them according to their understanding. Their best friends look with anxiety, and some apprehension, on what they will do. From their experience in republican political institutions, they will make unfortunate blunders, but if, as Emerson said, all success is founded on failure, they will gradually grow stronger, and in the end be valuable elements in the life of the nation.

James Wormley.

Intelligence of the death of this well known and universally respected representative of the colored race, came just too late for notice in our last issue.

He was a man to whom his people may point with honest pride and whom their young men may well strive to imitate. His funeral, from the famous Wormley's Hotel in Washington, of which he was the founder and proprietor, was attended by a large concourse of leading citizens of both races.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* says:

"Among the white friends of the dead caterer present were such distinguished names as W. W. Corcoran, Rear Admiral Almy, Chief Justice Carter and Mr. Charles Sherrill. The leading hotel proprietors of the city were also present as honorary pall bearers. Mr. Corcoran was accompanied by Miss Eustis, sister of Senator-elect Eustis of Louisiana. The previous day, while Mr. Wormley's remains were lying in the northeast parlor, Mr. Corcoran came alone in his carriage to view them and sat beside the casket for a long time. He said reflectively 'In Mr. Wormley, Washington has lost one of her most useful and valued citizens,' then added, 'My friends are rapidly passing away; I feel the sand slipping from under my feet.'

Mr. Wormley's three sons will continue the business left for them by their father. His daughter is a wife of a $1,000 clerk in the Pension office; a fine looking colored man. Mr Wormley had a large circle of relatives, yet probably few white men of his wealth have had smaller demands on their purse from poor relations. One of them said, with not unbecoming pride, on the day of the funeral, 'We had great regard for Uncle James, and knew we could call upon him if we were in need, but we are a self-helpful family and know how to stand alone.'

Although but 65 in years, Mr. Wormley had twenty-five grandchildren, and as many of them as were old enough were present at the funeral, following the elders two by two in the procession from the house to the carriages, and completing the patriarchal aspect of the scene. In that well-known triple suite of parlors, which can be thrown into one and where so many elegant historic banquets and receptions have been given, lay the comely central figure of the occasion, the founder of his house's prosperity, the valued friend of Sumner, in whose arms the great statesman yielded up his breath. He looked like a recumbent statue in bronze, and his casket was heaped with rare floral tributes from white as well as colored friends, including one from the White House conservatories. To a familiar spectator the pageants that those walls have looked upon could not

otherwise than pass in review before the mind's eye like a troop of gentle ghosts.

At Wormley's Hotel, Garfield was tendered the most elaborate of the banquets which celebrated his election to the Senate, viz.: the one by Congressmen Amos Townsend and Anson G. McCook. There the now deceased Spanish Minister, Senor Mantilla, and his radiantly handsome wife, gave the memorable reception and fete in honor of King Alfonso's accession to the throne and his marriage with the fair Mercedes, so soon to perish out of life. Her full-length portrait, in bridal robes, adorned the wall on that occasion, nearly facing a life-sized portrait of Charles Sumner by the gifted Ulke.

There Mr. Blaine, as Secretary of State, his hair even then whitening day by day from the fresh horror and grief of Garfield's assassination, entertained as guests of the nation one evening in October, 1881, the party of French and German visitors descended from our Revolutionary allies.

But more impressive than any of these memories or than the invited throng of aristocratic colored circles that crowded the parlors of the mansion was the large concourse of the uninvited, who blocked the streets adjacent to the hotel to look upon the procession as it issued from the house and formed enroute for Harmony Cemetery between 3 and 4 P. M.

Washington's average colored population, on whom so much of our domestic and exterior comfort depends, were there. The kitchens, laundries, workshops and colored schools were emptied of their denizens, and the eye could not fail to mark in their faces the growth of an enfranchised race. There were old crones among them, with eyes pitifully drawn out of shape by long bending over the fumes of the washtub and hands still parboiled from their morning's labor, whose faces grew sublime as they looked upon the school children of their race, pausing in their homeward walk with their books in their hands. Some of these very spectators have been sold on the block in the streets of this city, and the 'Wake Nicodemus' look in their old faces was touching. One such looker-on nudged your correspondent's arm in passing, in response to the careless salutation, 'How do you do, Aunty,' and said, 'Praise de Lawd, honey! jess see dem blessed chillun wid dere books in dere hands, all a-comin' from dere school.' Twan't so in my days! Ole Frances mos' ready to depart in peace, fo' mine eyes hab seen Thy Salvation.'

There is a growth, a gathering vigor, from year to year, independent of the fluctuations in politics, which is, in the main, encouraging to a lover of humanity."

Mr. Wormley was the first leading colored man who showed a cordial appreciation of the Hampton School, which, by its refusal to admit the dead languages into its curriculum, and by its demand upon students for manual labor, was for a long time not in apparent favor with prominent Negroes.

Mr. Wormley was a self made man and knew how men were made. He once told us that he had watched the course of the white boys of his own age and neighborhood. The mere studious, learned fellows he saw were, most of them, still poor men, hanging around waiting for something to turn up, but those who went to work after a good school foundation, own to-day most of the city of Washington in which he himself was a prosperous owner. Often has he spoken to us of his championship of the work at Hampton among his own people who, he said, did not appreciate it. He several times brought prominent Negroes from Washington on purpose to see it, and always with good result.

Had he been a young man, he would probably have built a hotel near Fortress Monroe upon a fine tract of land he owned lying upon Hampton Roads, which would have rivaled the famous Hygeia in quality if not in quantity. He "knew how to keep a hotel "which is said to be the chief test of American genius.

Mr. Wormley was so modest and non-aggressive and full of tact that he never made one conscious of his color, and was one of the Negroes whom one in intercourse with never thought of as a Negro but rather simply as a gentleman. He kept his grievances to himself and had cordiality and a smile for every one. Above all, he had the rarest of gifts,—*common sense.*

Self-help makes such men. We see the promise of many more like James Wormley among those who come to Hampton with nothing in their pockets, and work their way up to an education without a dollar from charity.

"American Questions. Black and White."

By *T. Thomas Fortune.*

The standpoint from which Mr. Fortune has written this somewhat disappointing book can best be stated in the words of his preface. He says:

"In discussing the political and industrial problems of the South, I base my conclusions upon a personal knowledge of classes in the South, as well as upon the ample data furnished by writers who have pursued in their way, the question before me. * * * *

In the discussion of the land and labor problem, I but pursue the theories advanced by more able and experienced men. The primal purpose in publishing this book is to show that the social problems in the South are, in the main, the same as those which affect every civilized country on the globe, and that the future conflict in that section will not be racial or political in character, but between capital on the one hand and labor on the other."

We speak of the book as "disappointing," and we have found it so because we should have expected, and indeed we feel that we have a right to demand from a man of Mr. Fortune's known intelligence, a juster and more sober-minded view of the questions at issue, especially as he must himself be fully aware that heated and intemperate advocacy is of no advantage to any cause; above all, this is no time for setting up men of straw for the pleasure of demolishing them, and a man of Mr. Fortune's influence owes it to the public to weigh his words well before he casts them in the one scale or the other. To quote fully from his own utterances is the only way to do him justice, and this we propose to do, being confident of the interest of our readers.

The first three chapters; "Black; White; The Negro and the Nation," can be summarized in the following extract:

"It was not sufficient that the Federal Government should expend its blood and treasure to unfetter the limbs of four millions of people. There can be a slavery more odious, more galling than mere chattel slavery * * * This is just what the manumission of the black people has accomplished. They are more absolutely under the control of the Southern whites; they are more systematically robbed of their labor; they are more poorly housed, clothed and fed, than under the slave *regime*, and they enjoy practically less of the protection of the laws of the State, or of the Federal Government." To us this seems rather a high flown view of the situation, and we cannot follow Mr. Fortune when he declares a little further on "that the system which constitutes the real grievance is the appropriation of fertile acres which create and maintain a privileged class, a class that while performing no labor, wrings from the toiler in the shape of rents so much of the produce of his labor that he cannot on the residue support himself and those dependent on him * * * * * * * It is this great wrong which has crowded the cities of the South with an ignorant pauper population, making desolate fields * * * * * where now the towering oak and pine tree flourish instead of corn and cotton which gladdened the heart and filled the purse." The fallacy of this seems evident, and Mr Fortune comes much nearer the truth and is far more just to his own people, when he says in the chapter "The Triumph of the Vanquished" that "the magnificent plantation has in many instances been cut into a thousand bits to make homes for the former slaves, now freemen and citizens, the equals of "my lord;" or in the chapter on "Illiteracy" that "illiteracy in the South is one of the worst legacies which the rebellion bequeathed to the nation. It has been the prime cause of more mis-government in the South than any other one cause; * * * * it has nerved the courage of the assassin * * * * * wholesale murders have been committed and sovereign majesties cowed into silence and inaction by reason of the wide-spread illiteracy of the masses." For this evil Mr. Fortune can see the possible cure and his views on education strike us as sensible and foresighted. He says "I do not inveigh against higher education, I simply maintain that the sort of education the colored people stand most in need of is elementary and industrial. They should be instructed for the work to be done." The whole chapter on "Education" is thoughtful, and taken in connection with that on the "Political Independence of the Negro" is very suggestive, for it is certainly true that "the black man and white man of the South have a common destiny * * * * It is therefore to their mutual disadvantage that anything but sympathy and good will should prevail." Mr. Fortune's political creed for his people as presented in this chapter, is full of common sense and fine spirit. He finds that the solution of manifold difficulties of the situation is not "in standing solidly opposed to the sentiment, the culture, the statesmanship, and the possession of the soil and wealth of the South" but "in cultivating more cordial relations with the white men of the South, in hastening by a wise policy the the day when politics shall cease to be the 'shibboleth' that creates perpetual warfare." And although in the "Solution of the Political Problem" we think the writer again overshoots his mark and is carried away by his prejudices, yet he is certainly not far wrong in saying that the South must use less powder and buck shot and more law and equity, must pay less attention to politics and more to the development of her magnificent resources * * * * * * and must find in mutual forbearance, elevation and assistance the panacea for which she has sought in vain down to this time."

Of the remaining chapters of the book, the "Analysis of Classes in the South" stands first in interest, for the "Labor Problem" is not in any of its multifarious forms, distinctively a Southern question, and we are glad to be able to concur in Mr. Fortune's conclusion that "the future landlords and capitalists of the South are no longer confined to the white race; the black man has become a factor and must be counted." As a whole, there is much sound thought in Mr. Fortune's work, but as a critic is nothing if not critical, we must reiterate our belief that in the warmth of his championship the author has not only over-stated his proofs of what he feels to be the blind injustice of the whites, but in so doing has failed to be completely just to his own people, even to the extent of making us doubt his acquaintance with the real facts.

In closing, we must express our appreciation of Mr. Fortune's testimony to the success of the Hampton Industrial system, which we are glad to find he considers to be worthy of reproduction in other parts of the South.

Card.

With the coming of winter, many poor little children are kept from school for want of clothing; many who still go, suffer greatly from the biting cold against which they are so scantily protected. Our graduate teachers have sometimes sacrificed part of their own clothing to cut into garments for the poor little ones. Our graduates' correspondent, a former teacher of Hampton, now in charge of this important branch of its work, that of keeping in relation with the workers it sends out, asks us to say that if any benevolent friend would like to contribute to the little Christmas trees which some are trying to set up in the barren soil of poverty, she will be glad to put them into communication with some Hampton graduate teacher—if they will address her,

MISS A. E. CLEAVELAND,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y

On the 16th of October, the Hon. Mrs. Charles R. Bishop, a native Hawaiian, died at Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. She had in her veins the blood of the highest of the old Hawaiian chiefs. Her youth dated almost in the darkness of paganism, but her womanhood was under the light of Christianity and civilization. She was the foremost woman of the Hawaiian race, the full blossom and fruit of all that had been done by the philanthropy of alien races. She would not accept as the standard for the measure of her own character, anything lower than that which was highest in the more advanced races. By that standard she was measured and was not found wanting. She possessed all of the simple, attractive grace of the women of the tropic zone, and yet had the strength, the culture, the refinement of the higher average of the Anglo Saxon. In the United States and Europe, where she made a number of visits, no concessions were needed for her Polynesian antecedents, because her bearing, her intelligence, secured more than respect: it commanded admiration. She came from a race where women were kept on the lowest plane of life, morally and socially, but she reached a higher plane, and kept it during a life which ended in her fifty-third year. In early life she married Mr. Charles R. Bishop, an American, who became, and now is, the wealthiest resident of the Kingdom. His life of remarkable purity and uprightness, associated with clear and sound judgment, aided greatly in forming the character of this remarkable woman. The predecessor of the present King Kalakaua, on his death bed desired to have her his successor to the throne, but she refused the gift. Had she accepted it, it is more than probable that she would have added to the list of illustrious women who have ruled over men with grace and wisdom. She refused that which most women of the stronger races would have eagerly grasped, because she preferred the refinement of domestic life to the uneasiness of wearing a crown. Much has been said and written about the conversion of the Hawaiians from paganism. In that remarkable movement, she became the one solitary example of a Hawaiian woman reaching the altitude of the best civilization, and so it will be recorded in the annals of that dying race.

W. N. A.

One of the earliest friends of Hampton Institute sends us the following, suggested by Prof. N. S. Shaler's article in the November number of the *Atlantic* on the Negro Problem, which many of our readers have doubtless read with interest.

Common Sense.

Editors Southern Workman:

As a constant reader of your Journal, I notice with pleasure that the most distinguishing aims of the Hampton school continue to be to cultivate "common sense" and produce "level heads." In fact these words have become a sort of formula for the principal results desired at Hampton. But, like other formulas, it is observable that these expressions do not carry the same meanings to all minds. Probably two students, even of the Hampton Institute, might be found, who would differ if asked to define precisely what is meant by a "level head."

In order therefore to promote clearness of conception on this important point, I offer a definition of "Common sense," which definition, when tried in the crucible of severe criticism, will not, I believe, wholly vanish.

I would define common sense as the faculty of discerning those things which are essential, from those things which are not essential.

A man may have abundant force of character, continuous will, and firm resolve; yet if he has not the power of recognizing those things that are essential to success, his strength will be expended on non-essentials, and his opportunity slip forever from his hands.

Yours,
WELL WISHER.

The Southern Press. Both Sides.

To an entirely peaceable election, with some local excitement and much local rejoicing at the result, has succeded, in the South, a curious and to most people an unexpected state of affairs. Probably no white person can fully comprehend the genuine anxiety, not to say terror, with which a majority of the colored people of the South regard the dominance of the Democratic party, and the very unreasonableness of the fear makes it the more difficult to meet. Southern newspapers everywhere have given descriptions of scenes and incidents which indicate such a misapprehension of the situation, as might clearly have culminated in a panic, and personal observation on all hands corroborates their testimony. The following article from the *Memphis Appeal* would seem exaggerated were it not that it is only one of many similar statements, and as such we give it to our readers.

The writer, after some criticisms on the attitude of the colored people since they became citizens, goes on to say:

"The ignorance of the colored people would be amusing were it not pitiable * *

In voting they never consulted either the public interest or their own. The only inquiry they made was which is "de 'Publican" ticket and they voted it straight, could not be induced to scratch it even if one of the candidates was a thief and an enemy and the Democratic opponent a friend and benefactor. The whites could not understand such blind and obstinate fidelity. But the problem has been solved by the election of Cleveland to the Presidency. When the negroes first secured their freedom they were impressed through the Loyal Leagues, the adventurers and the carpet-baggers, that the ascendency of the Democratic party to power meant their restoration to slavery, and this secret fear has been the cause of their persistent and immovable opposition. That they have been honest in the fear and belief that the Democrats would again enslave them so soon as they got control of the government is evidenced by the alarm they have manifested at the possibility of Cleveland's election. On Wednesday and Thursday there was a general panic among the colored people. In all parts of the city they manifested a dismay, a nervousness, restlessness and consternation ridiculous as it was painful. They congregated in groups and gangs to discuss the crisis that was upon them. Every demonstration of Democratic joy added to their fright. They seemed to regard the booming cannon as sounding the death-knell to their freedom. Some indicated their determination to fight to the death; others talked of seeking safety in the Northern States. Many colored women abandoned their position as cooks, house servants and nurses to discuss the best means to avert the impending danger. Several selected their new masters, and begged that they buy them. Mothers congregated together and resolved to drown their children. The consternation was similar to that which pervaded Carthage when it was decreed that the city must be reduced to ashes. Their white employers appealed to their good sense, and endeavored to convince them that there was no cause for alarm; that they would be as secure in their freedom with Cleveland as President as if Blaine had been elected. The white Republicans, whose teachings had instilled into the minds of the ignorant negroes the belief that a Democratic triumph means negro slavery, made no effort to relieve the agony which their deception had created, by calling the colored people together and telling them they were safe in their freedom and to return to their avocations in serenity and contentment. The APPEAL, speaking for the National Democracy, and especially for the Democrats of the South, takes pleasure in assuring the colored people that the election of Cleveland will not take from them any of the rights and liberties that they now enjoy. On the contrary, they will be benefited by the change, and in less than two years they will be ashamed of their present ignorance, and see how they have been deluded by the adventurers who have used them for selfish purposes. The sad scenes of the past few days show most conclusively that the blacks were honest in the ignorant belief that their freedom was involved in the election for President, and for the first time the whites readily excuse them for casting a solid vote against the Democrats in every election. Now that the Republican party is destroyed beyond the hope of resurrection, the whites and blacks will come to a better understanding. They will soon discover that their destiny is the same, that their interests are identical. During the past week the whites have learned why the blacks so persistently and obstinately banded themselves together in opposition to the whites, and the blacks will soon learn that the Democrats are not hostile to the negroes, but to the Republican party. There is no wish or purpose among Southern whites to restore slavery. All see that freedom is best, and the Southern whites, and especially the rebel soldiers, would be the first to shoulder their muskets in defence of all the liberties which the negroes secured by the results of the war. The blacks, divested of a prejudice and fear inspired by ignorance and falsehood, will soon learn that the purpose of the white people in overthrowing the carpetbag governments and in casting a solid vote for Cleveland was not to restore slavery, but to secure honest and intelligent home rule and administrative reform in the national government. The considerations which made the South solid have kept it so, and the desire to re-enslave the negroes has never been one of these considerations. * * *

The same destiny and the same interests of the two races are indissoluble, and now that race antagonisms are to be obliterated, the whites and blacks will take a new start in the race to greatness and prosperity. * *

One in common interests and one in common sympathy, no mind can comprehend the grand future that awaits us. * *

We must appreciate the blessings which are within our grasp by energy and industry, loyalty to the government and to each other, and make our achievements equal to our opportunities. The footprints of slavery have long since been effaced from Southern soil. Any attempt to restore slavery in the South would cause a million of Southern white men to spring to the defense of the negroes. Notwithstanding the antagonism of the two races, both have increased in wealth, population and educational progress, and made some advance in the domain of art, eloquence, music and poetry. What will be our destiny when the two races are harmonious? Will we not have a grand section then? Both races, harmonious, prosperous, happy and free from the fear of slavery and the curse of sectional hatreds and misrule, will join in casting their votes for the common good and to preserve the liberties of all."

So far, the desire on the part of the better class of Southern Democrats to allay the fears of their colored fellow citizens, does them credit and shows that they are taking a common sense view of affairs, which, if it should prove permanent, will be an excellent foundation for future work. Both before and since the election they have bound themselves, so far as words can do it, to consider and protect the rights of colored people. The first step in this direction is, manifestly, to quiet an alarm, which, while it may be groundless, is not incomprehensible, and this no other class or party can do so well as they, because no other class or party understands the situation so well. They have taken upon themselves, with their eyes open, a very serious responsibility, and at no time have the common sense and right-mindedness of the people of the South, been put to a severer test than this of meeting squarely an opportunity which they have long and eagerly sought, and which the whole civilized world recognizes to be full of possibilities. And men everywhere are looking to them now, for deeds which shall be the logical outcome of such words as these.

"We understand that many of the Negroes, who ought to know better, are seriously alarmed at the notion that Democratic success means trouble for them and theirs. We are told, on good authority, that numbers of this race seriously believe their personal and political freedom to be threatened: that they will lose their rights, and be turned back into a state of slavery.

It is difficult to understand how these extravagant errors have arisen in the minds of the Negroes; but it is a fact, as here stated, that the notion is entertained; and on this we have a few words to say to them.

The idea has been put into their heads by the unscrupulous white men who pretend to be their friends, and it is a crime against the Negroes and against Society to instil so false a belief into their credulous minds as that of which we speak.

It is at once our duty and our pleasure to correct this wild impression, and we do it with alacrity, partly because of our sense of responsibility, and partly because some of the cases of alarm which have come under our notice, or of which we are informed, are really pathetic.

We say, then, to the Negroes, and people of color, one and all, that the whole story is an abominable and cruel lie from beginning to end.

We have no desire to re-enslave them. The experiment of free labor leaves us all convinced that slavery was an economical misfortune to the white people. The present system is cheaper than the old, and in this verdict view alone the Negroes ought to see that our selfish interests, to say nothing of anything else, are on the side of freedom for them and for their children, now, henceforth, and forever more.

But there are other reasons and other guarantees which are on the surface, and which nothing but terror and ignorance combined could have obscured from the minds of our colored friends.

We repeat with emphasis: *We don't want them as slaves; we wouldn't have them as free gifts if they were offered; slavery is dead and will never be resurrected.* On this point there is no doubt, and the Negroes know that THE NORFOLK LANDMARK has not flattered or cajoled them; that it speaks the truth; and deals with them in a spirit of absolute candor on all occasions.

But, apart from the sentiment of the Southern people, whose feelings are those of kindness towards the Negroes, we could not make them slaves if we desired to do so. We have ratified the act which gave them freedom. We have entered into an agreement on this point which cannot be broken, and which *we do not wish to break.* The Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of each Southern State secures the Negroes, men, women and children, in their freedom, and their privileges as citizens; and with all these safeguards around them it is foolish to think their present condition could be changed for one of servitude.

This is plain enough it seems to us, and ought to be plain enough to the Negroes; and we call on them to dismiss their fears, to throw aside their apprehensions, and to realize that the honest white people of the South are their real friends.

Indeed, we are so firmly convinced of this that we have more than once pointed out in these columns that the time is coming when the "white folks" of the South will stand between the Negroes and the "white folks" of the North, some of whom (not Democrats) have already been talking a good deal of nonsense about sending all the Negroes to Africa. We say "nonsense" because it couldn't be done; and as we have to live together, we, the Democrats of the South, heartily desire to be friends with so large and so valuable a part of our population.

Let the Negroes dismiss this pernicious notion from their minds. Let them understand that their *freedom is secured to them—secured to them, men, women and children, to the remotest generation and for all time.*

Let those of their head men and leaders, who are honest and truthful, realize their relations to the race problem before us. Let them consider how much better it is to have the minds of their people calm and tranquil and their hearts at peace. Let them consider, above all, what sort of men have been putting these false and foolish notions in their heads; and if they will measure these fellows justly they will see that this dead question of slavery has been dwelt on by them for the basest purpose.

No, a thousand times no! The Democrats of the South are done with slaves and slavery. The institution of slavery has disappeared from the land never to reappear: and the Negroes of the Republic will never be disturbed under their vine and fig tree by the Democracy of the South or of the Republic.—*Norfolk Landmark.*

The New Orleans *Christian Advocate* gives the same assurance, in fact, the white journals throughout the South are almost unanimous in their attempt to re-assure the colored population.

"So recently in rebellion, we have been distrusted as to the sincerity of our patriotism and the purity of our fidelity to the federal Constitution. Now our people can demonstrate their loyalty to the general government and their kind consideration for the lately enfranchised negroes. We believe they will do it, and, forgetting the points of the compass, emulate the truest patriot of the North in advancing the prosperity and glory of our common country. There will be no disposition or effort to reverse the legislation of the past for the negro's protection or to defy the amendments to the Constitution. Large liberality will be shown these "wards of the nation," and the fact demonstrated that the colored man has no truer friends in the North than in the South."

The colored papers are most unwilling to concede the election of Cleveland, although in most instances, confessing that the election was a fair one. The *Virginia Star* says,

"On Tuesday, November 4th, the citizens of this good old commonwealth were permitted, as far as we know, to cast their ballots in favor of their choice for the next President and Vice-President of this country.

This great privilege was embraced by the voters of this city and State in an orderly manner for which they deserve much credit. We have heard of no serious cases of violence or bloodshed in any part of the State."

On the other hand, occasional charges like the following show how sore the feeling is and how difficult it is to adjust the new relations which the election has created and with which the victorious party has to deal.

"Every State south of Mason and Dixon's line should be cast out in the summing up for the result of the recent election. Our country should not be represented by men elected by fraud and foul means. The country will not be safe while such a gang is sent to administer the affairs of the government. In Louisiana the old rebel element seeing the prospects growing brighter for Blaine and Logan, at once set at work in bull-dozing the colored population. In New Orleans 1,000 colored men were arrested and crowded in prison. Democratic policemen were appointed for the purpose, and their acts were worse than the patrols with their blood-hounds catching runaway slaves. At New Iberia white Republicans were thrust into prison, and at other places colored men were mobbed and murdered. Such is Bourbon Democracy. Then brag of giving a fair administration! We should sooner live in a den of tigers than among Bourbon cut-throats of most of these States. In Mississippi the bull-dozing ran to such an extent as to have compelled the Hon. John R. Lynch, the colored candidate for Congress in the Shoe-string district to withdraw from the canvass and leave the State. In Virginia the tissue ballot was used to thwart the will of the people."—*Va. Critic.*

The *People's Advocate*, under the heading "A Hint," offers its solution of the difficulty.

"The South which is claimed to be the habitation of the colored people, has proven the only field in which they have been tyrannized over and denied the results of legitimate competition, in a material sense and their legal prerogatives in a political sense.

They are handicapped in every possible way and to-day they are but little nearer the hoped-for results of war and reconstruction than they were in 1860. * * *

Previous administrations have been powerless to engraft upon the sentiments at the South, an acknowledgement of our political equality; and it is quite time for us to examine with closer scrutiny our real solution. Manfully speaking, something must be done.

Our children are growing up without these helps so necessary to their proper growth. Is it not time to set about seeking another abiding place where men, whether white or colored, are treated as men, where fields are fertile and broad, where labor is well paid, and where the spirit of competition is generous? Are the millions of emigrants who flock West and take up lands, any more entitled to them or more willing to suffer hardships than we?

Have we not suffered all the torture and privation that ordinary beings could possibly suffer? Can we not stand the storms as well others?

A generous hand has been extended to us in the West. Can and will we accept the invitation? A free country is open to us. Can we not appreciate its benefits?

The laws are justly and wisely administered. Can we not appreciate them?

The future is full of promise. The shackles of political serfdom, of social and political ostracism and the fires and the rack which forged them will disappear as we recede from the South.

WHAT IS OUR DUTY?"

The Latest from Tuskegee.

A letter from Mr. Booker T. Washington, Principal of Tuskegee Normal School, Ala. received as we go to press, brings the cheering news that of the $10,000 required for building "Alabama Hall," $9,100 have been secured. The school has opened fuller than ever, the Assembly room and carpenters' shop having to be used as dormitories till the new building is ready. Mr. Washington says "We trust God and the friends Hegives us for the remaining $900. Our young men and women have stood privation when necessary so manfully and *womanfully* that we think there is no harm in saying we wish some of our friends could aid us to make them a merry Christmas." We hope they may have it.

Letters From Hampton Graduates.

Grateful Memories of Miss Longstreth and General Marshall. A Good Trade better Capital than Politics. From a Hampton Student—A Husband, Father and Pastor. An Answered Prayer. From One of Miss Longstreth's Beneficiaries. A Sewing School and Bible Class. From a Home Missionary. Wants Bibles. From one of Hampton's Daughters. From a Teacher and Pastor. A Circulating Library.

The circular letter sent out this fall as usual, to our graduates, conveyed to some of them the first intelligence of the death of our dear friend Miss Longstreth, and of the resignation of the school's honored Treasurer, General Marshall. From many have come expressions of sorrow and grateful remembrance, which we are sure will ever be cherished.

——N. C., Oct. 12th, 1884.

Esteemed Friend:

I received your circular to Hampton Graduates, and read it with pleasure. I am sorry to say, I am one of the great number who have failed to write to you. It would not be like me if I did not feel a great sorrow in learning of the death of our friend Miss Longstreth. I well remember her kind words to all of us while I was a student at Hampton, and it was with deep regret that I learned of her death. It is not for us however to mourn the death of the just, but rather to rejoice that the loved one who taught us gentle grace and charity has, in leaving us, passed to the better land to receive her just reward.

Gen. Marshall, ah; I know the boys will miss him; so good and so kind, whether at his desk or as a Santa Claus at our Christmas trees; it was always the same genial, big hearted General; all the boys' and girls' friend. And Mrs. Marshall, I remember how I used to upholster her furniture while she fed me on goodies from the pantry; dear good lady, she knew the tender place in a school boy was his stomach.

What have I done? Well a good deal. I taught school two terms after I graduated, and kept store in this city for three or four years. I was only moderately successful. I am now a Postal Clerk on one of the lines running into Charlotte, N. C. My salary is $1,000 per year. It is a political position. While it is quite a lucrative position, it is one of worry, and the young man who expects to live on politics may depend on having a hard time of it.

There is a disposition among young colored men to ignore most every thing else in life for Federal office. How many are successful? One in a hundred. For five years I have been among office holders and politicians and my observations are, that the young man who is master of a good trade is the only man with a sound capital.

The colored people in this part of the state seem to be doing very well, but are not so successful here as they are in the eastern part of the state, where they are more numerous. There are two points among them which are highly commendable: their zeal for religion and a desire for real estate. They will build churches and attend meetings, and it is rare, very rare to see or hear of a colored man selling land after once getting it.

I hope I have given you my experience and observation in a manner that will be approved by you.

Yours, C. Class of 76.

FROM A HAMPTON STUDENT SINGER.

——N. C., Oct. 16th, 1884.

My dear friend:

Your kind letter is before me. It is truly gratifying that the dear friends of Hampton's pup is still remember them with kind words. When the cares and responsibilities of life have so narrowed our minds to the things around us, that we seldom think of our dear old Alma Mater, like a fond mother she sends through some representative, words of cheer and comfort to her many sons and daughters now toiling and suffering for the uplifting of humanity.

This is encouraging, dear friend; it strengthens us for the heat of the day.

We have lost a trusted and tried friend in Miss Longstreth. I remember almost as though it was but yesterday, how she talked to the "Hampton Singers," in Philadelphia in 1873; how her earnest face beamed with an unselfish anxiety for our welfare, and after presenting each with a copy of Longfellows Poems, how she prayed with us. I have often thought that the Lord answered her prayer and suffered us to be ten minutes late, which saved us from the Stonington wreck in that year.

As I must not weary you with much writing I will close, but before doing so I must answer your request as to how we are getting along. I finished at Hampton in 1875. In 1876 I married a schoolmate. We both taught school in this state awhile and then in St. Mary's County, Maryland. I have taught every year since leaving Hampton. In 1882 I entered the ministry in the A. M. E. Church, was ordained last November, and am now in charge of three churches, with a membership of about two hundred. My wife has the Sabbath School in charge at one church. Seventy-three have professed faith in Christ this year in my work, twenty-five of whom are from my wife's Sunday School. We have four children, two boys and two girls. My people are poor and cannot or do not give me a good support, nevertheless I teach and make it up that way. I will send you the minutes of our last Sunday School Convention, and Annual Conference if you would like to see them. I am desirous of educating my children when old enough.

Please pardon this long letter quickly written. I beg an interest in your prayers that I may be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed; approved of the Lord.

Very truly your friend,

C.

FROM ONE OF MISS LONGSTRETH'S BENEFICIARIES.

——S. C. Oct. 17, 1884.

My dear Miss C.

Your letter was received. You have not any idea how happy I was to hear from you after the vacation was over. I am indeed pained to hear of dear Miss Longstreth's death. I feel her loss keenly; it was she you know, who paid for my schooling while I was at Hamoton, and oh! such cheering letters I received from her since I have been teaching; even up to June. Yes, and even my school will miss her. I have her photograph, and now it is as dear to me as anything on earth. I wrote a letter to her the same time I wrote yours. I did not know she was dead until your letter came.

A SEWING SCHOOL AND BIBLE CLASS.

My school is getting on nicely so far; I opened the first day with twenty (20) That is the greatest number I ever begun with in the country. I am very much afraid cold weather will thin them out, for quite a number are very poor. The sewing class began Monday afternoon. We have changed it a little by having each person joining pay ten cents; then we take the money and purchase cloth and make up little articles of clothing for the poor children of the school and Sunday School. We will have a Christmas tree and put the things upon it. Do you think that is a good plan? My idea in doing that way is to teach them to first try and help themselves and one another, and then I would ask you to help us with the tree. Eight came Monday, and since then several gave me their names. Quite a number of the scholars are not able to get their books. I have met very near all of the parents and they seem to think a great deal of me. I teach a Bible class also in the Sunday School. There has not been a school here now for two years. It has been said that the teachers are afraid of the place. I do not know why, it is very healthy here.—unless it is the money. The school has never lasted longer than from one to three months, but the Trustees wrote to me that if I would come and teach they would run it six months. I ask your help in this work. How sorry I am to see that our dear Hampton has lost Gen. Marshall; I am glad it is not altogether. Hoping to hear from you ere long.

I remain, yours sincerely, R.

FROM A HOME MISSIONARY.

——Va., Oct. 23d, 1884.

Dear Friend:

Your very interesting letter to hand. I am always glad to hear from the friends of Hampton. I am sorry to know that Hampton has lost one of its strongest and warmest friends, (Miss Longstreth. She will never be forgotten by those who knew her.

I am teaching near the above Post Office, with good success; have 55 pupils on roll and average 40 daily. I am appointed by the association (of which I am a member) as a Missionary for Charlotte and the adjoining counties. Have had good success in leading soul to Christ. Last September I was engaged in a meeting five miles from this place which resulted in forty-five professing hope in Christ. I am now engaged at this point. Fifty have confessed that they have found the Savior and a great many are enquiring the way to Jesus. Twenty of those that have come to Jesus are my pupils, and can read the Bible. Pray for us that we may grow strong, and be useful workers in Christ's vineyard. Our Sunday School is not doing as well as we desire on account of not having Testaments and Bibles. We need help in that direction. If you know of any that can help us and will, I am sure that it will be as "Bread cast upon the waters." I would like to have a Christmas tree: but I am afraid we are too poor; at any rate, will try. I strive to take the Lord in my work, and I am thankful to say that he has wonderfully blessed us.

Yours in Christ, H.

FROM ONE OF HAMPTON'S DAUGHTERS.

Baltimore, Md. Oct. 15, 1884.

Dear Miss C.

Happy am I to say that I have received your very welcome and interesting letter; but sorry am I to know that you were the first to write when it was my duty to have written, by the 1st of October. I assure you that it would not have been so, had not circumstances, over which I had no control, prevented me. My health has been very poor since I left Hampton, in June, and does not seem to be improving as yet. This cause prevents my carrying out many desires which I have, among which are these, viz., teaching (that is away from home) and corresponding regularly with my many and dear friends, many of whom Hampton has made. However, I shall not be an idle worker, or rather an idle soldier in this world of battle. I shall try to have a small private school at home, keep my position as a Sabbath School teacher, and work with more zeal than ever. I am studying music and shall try, when I have completed the study, to teach that also, for I think it a real charm in life, as well as developing. I shall continue to work and learn all domestic affairs; and not only learn them but exercise them in my little school as far as possible; for I have not forgotten Hampton's theme: Educate the *hand* and the *heart*, as well as the head.

I am sorry to hear of the death of Miss Longstreth, but am not surprised, as she was very feeble. I hope and I believe, that she is housed in the Kingdom, where all faithful workers receive their reward. She was, indeed, a faithful worker in the cause of the education of the colored race. I rejoice to know that I have a token by which I shall always remember *dear Miss Longstreth*; it is a hymn book I received last year, from her.

I am sorry too, that Gen. Marshall resigned, but I am glad that I was so fortunate as to be even in his last class in Book-keeping, for he was a whole-souled, good, and interesting teacher.

I regret that I cannot write you a more interesting letter, however, I have performed my pleasant duty, and I am happy to sign myself as one of Hampton's daughters.

M.

Class of '84.

FROM A TEACHER AND PASTOR.

A young man who, after graduating from Hampton, studied for the ministry of the Episcopal church, he and two companions being the first of their race to receive its ordination in the State of South Carolina, writes of his new field of labor where he finds use for his gift of teaching as well as preaching, for his own benefit and his people's.

L——Ky. 11—30 1884

Dear Miss T.

It has been some time since I wrote you, and since I heard from you. I am hard at work. This is my field. L——is a city of about 23,000 inhabitants About 13,000 of these are colored. In a competitive examination I won the principalship of the Eastern division of the city schools. So I have been teaching ever since the first of Sept. I have a nice little church and a Sunday School numbering about 100. My day school numbers 130, so you see that I am hard at work. I have about 20 members of the church. They have a building on which they have paid $3,000 and they owe $6,000. This is a field that which there are none finer for missionary work. This is a fine country, indeed "Every prospect pleases and only man is vile," for the people have taken more pains in training horses then they have in training children.

I get the *Living Church* and the *Churchman* so kindly sent by Mr. B. through your active interest in my work. For these I thank you.

Gratefully yours, H.

A CIRCULATING LIBRARY

Useful and readable books, whose interest is exhausted or outgrown for Sunday Schools or families, might renew their mission for good with double value, in such hands as this and other earnest young colored teachers' in the South.

——*N. C. Oct. 15* 1884.

Dear Miss C.——

Your "greeting has" been received, and I am very much pleased to know that I am still remembered by you and the friends at Hampton. I commenced a letter to you last week but did not succeed in finishing it. I have been sick ever since July, and have not been able to resume my school duties. My sister is substituting for me and if I am able I will begin my work next month. As I've not been in school this term, I can't tell you very much about the work though I hear from it every day. There are over 300 pupils enrolled in our school (the Williston Graded School) since Oct. 1st. From the report of the principal and other teachers, of whom there are six, everything seems to be working smoothly.

I am so used to teaching and like it so much, that I feel quite out of place staying at home. I don't know what I will do if I am compelled to stay at home all the winter. I can find a plenty to do, but then I will miss the children.

I have the fourth Grade, and last term started a Circulating Library, tor my room. We have over fifty books and it is my earnest desire to get as many more if I am spared to get back in school. The books that I have are very nice and useful ones. I've always loaned them such books as I possessed and knew would interest them. So last winter we gave a concert and the proceeds I used in purchasing books. One of my Hampton teachers, Miss Tyler, gave me a few, and some of my friends here gave me a few. I am a poor hand at begging, or I might have done better than I did. We teach sewing and fancy work, so I thought I would have them try and get up a little fancy fair some time during the term. I expect to go into an Industrial school the first of next year and, if possible, I want to get one hundred or more books before I leave. The children are delighted with the Library, as I let them take books home on Fridays.

If you find time to write me, I wish you would suggest some plan for me to conduct a fair on, and if I am not asking too much, will you or some of your friends give me a few books? If they are not new it does not matter so they are good and useful.

There are four of Hampton's graduates in the public schools of this city; their work seems to give general satisfaction.

I am, yours, sincerely,

H.

We acknowledge with thanks the gift from President Charles Platt, of the Insurance Co. of North America, of a handsome colored lithograph of the New York Cotton Exchange, which is said to be now by far the largest and finest Cotton Exchange building in the world, the New Orleans Cotton Exchange having heretofore claimed that honor. The lithograph is worthy of its original, is itself a costly and beautiful work of art, an ornament to our walls and an object lesson to our students.

Southern Workman.

Indian Department.

ELAINE GOODALE, *In charge.*

Regular Contributors:

HERBERT WELSH, *Cor. Sec'y. Indian Rights Association,*

ALICE C. FLETCHER.

REV. JOHN J. GRAVATT.

You teach a bright boy and think only of him, but you have to teach in him all his grandfathers.—*Rev. A. L. Riggs.*

Miss Fletcher believes that, as a rule, we must wait for the second generation to fit an Indian for one of the learned professions. It's a great thing to have an ancestor or two.

Mr. Standing contradicts the old adage about a little learning, at least so far as our Indians are concerned. There are some now, he says, who have had a year or two of schooling; perhaps the results are scarcely perceptible, except in the use of a few English words, yet these are the ones who are first to send their children to school. "Those boys and girls who have been with you only a few months, and have gone back to the blanket, perhaps, on their return, in a little while will be offering you five-year-old babies!"

HOW IT BEGAN.

Dear Bro. Armstrong:

Please have your Professor of Music send me the words and music of the blessing that your pupils sing at the table.

We have now 41 boys and from 50 to 55 girls in the boarding department of our Industrial School at Sitka. I wish you were here to give us a more thorough organization, Kind regards to all the friends.

Your Bro. in Christ,

SHELDON JACKSON.

The letter speaks for itself. From Dr. Jackson's address before the National Educational Association, a year or two ago, we learn that the school at Sitka was opened in April, 1878, and again dropped in December of the same year.

In the spring of 1880, it was reopened by Miss Austin of New York City, with 103 children. This number was soon increased to 130. After awhile *some of the parents* applied for admission, but could not be received for lack of room.

Dr. Jackson says;

"In November some of the boys applied to the teacher for permission to live in the school house. At home there was so much drinking, talking, and carousing, that they could not study. The teacher said she had no accommodations, bedding or food for them. But they were so much in earnest that they said they would provide for themselves. Upon receiving permission, seven Indian boys, thirteen and fourteen years of age, bringing a blanket each and a piece of tin for a looking-glass, voluntarily left their homes and took up their abode in a vacant room of one of the Government buildings. Thus commenced the boarding department of the Sitka school."

The entire address, containing much other interesting information in regard to this school and to the history of Indian Education in Alaska, is to be found in the Circular of the Bureau of Education at Washington, D. C No. 2, 1882.

THE HISTORIC RED MAN.

The inscription prepared for the proposed monument to Red Jacket, the celebrated Iroquois chief, best illustrates, says an exchange, the popular ideal of him.

Red Jacket,
(Sa-go-ye-wa-tha,)
The
Resolute Champion
of a Wronged and Hapless
People.
The inspired Orator
"The Rienzi of the
Iroquois."

Died at Buffalo Creek,
January 20th, 1830.
Aged 78.

"When I am gone and my warnings are no longer heeded, the craft and avarice of the white man will prevail. My heart falls me when I think of my people, so soon to be scattered and forgotten."

"Who then lives to mourn us?
None!
What marks our extermination?
Nothing!"

A statue of the Indian chieftain surmounts the shaft. He is described as standing "with his bow at rest in one brave hand, his staff in the other. He has a contemplative, statesmanlike face, with high forehead, and shrewd, but not unkindly eyes."

These note-worthy lines were written for the occasion.

RED JACKET, (*From Aloft.*)

Impromptu on Buffalo City's commemoration of and monument to the old Iroquois Orator, Oct. 9th, 1884.

Upon this scene, this show,
Yielded to-day by fashion, learning, wealth,
(Nor in caprice alone—some grains of deepest meaning.)
Haply aloft, (who knows?) from distant sky—clouds' blended shapes,
As some old rock, or tree, or cliff, thrilled with its soul,
Product of nature's sun, stars, earth direct—a towering human form,
In hunting shirt of film, arm'd with the rifle,
A half-ironical smile curving the phantom lips,
Like one of Ossian's ghosts looks down.

Walt Whitman.

WALT WHITMAN CONCERNING INDIANS.

In a few remarkable sentences we get some further illustration of the typical "savage." They are culled from a rambling account of Whitman's experiences in the Indian Bureau at Washington, in 1865.

"About this time there came to see the Great Father an unusual number of aboriginal visitors, * * the most wonderful proofs of what nature can produce * * as if to show how the earth and woods, the attrition of storms and elements, and the exigencies of life at first hand, can train and fashion men, indeed chiefs, in heroic massiveness, imperturbability, muscle, and that last and highest beauty consisting of strength—the full exploitation and fruitage of a human identity, not from the culmination-point of culture and artificial civilization, but tallying our race, as it were, with giant, vital, gnarled, enduring trees, or monoliths of separate hardest rocks, and humanity holding its own with the best of the said trees or rocks and outdoing them. * * * There is something about these aboriginal Americans, in their highest characteristic representations, essential traits, and the *ensemble* of their physique and physiognomy—something very remote, very lofty, arousing comparisons with our own civilized ideals, something that our literature, portrait painting, etc., have never caught, and that will almost certainly never be transmitted to the future, even as a reminiscence. No biographer, no historian, no artist has grasped it—perhaps could not grasp it. It is so different, so far outside our standards of eminent humanity. I should not apply the word savage, (at any rate in the usual sense,) as a leading word in the description of those great aboriginal specimens, of whom I certainly saw many of the best."

The Indian will not respect our civilization the more for being taught to despise his own —in some points to be compared with those of the beautiful Greek and the war-like Roman—and as much as these a part of the past.

A NORTH AMERICAN MYTHOLOGY.

Charles G. Leland, the student and exponent of the Gypsies, has lately turned his attention to the wandering red men, and offers us a rather remarkable collection of what he terms the "myths and folk-lore" of the New England Indians. *

These very ancient tales have been gathered from a variety of sources; many were found in old Indian-English MSS., and many taken down by the author and others from the lips of living Indians. The illustrations, which are certainly unique, are *fac-similes* of drawings scraped upon birch-bark by an Indian, and in their delicate wild fancy, which often borders on the grotesque, embody much of the spirit of these legends.

There is no elaborate effort to explain the origin of the Algonquin mythology, but its points of resemblance to the Norse are frequently commented upon and emphasized by quotations from the Edda. Mr. Leland's own theory is that the Indians learned much direct from the Norsemen, at the time of their semi-fabulous discovery of the New World. But he does not insist upon it overmuch.

The main classification is into stories about Glooskap, the Indian divinity, and Lox, the mischief maker, or Indian devil. With much that is fantastic, childish or coarse in the adventures of these personages and of their servants or friends the Animals, the character of Glooskap is not lacking in dignity, nor that of his opposite in sly humor and fertility of resource.

A remarkable legend of the Penobscots, which comes under neither of these divisions, may serve as an example of the more impressive of the tales. It gives, says Mr. Leland, the Fall of Man from a purely Indian standpoint.

Of the Girl who married Mount Katahdin, and how all the Indians brought about their own ruin.

Of the old time. There was once an Indian girl gathering blue berries on Mt Katahdin, and, being lonely, she said, "I would that I had a husband!" And seeing the great mountain in all its glory rising on high, with the red sunlight on the top, she added, "I wish Katahdin was a man, and would marry me!"

All this she was heard to say ere she went onward and up the mountain, but for three years she was never seen again. Then she reappeared bearing a babe, a beautiful child, but his little eyebrows were of stone. For the spirit of the mountain had taken her to himself; and when she greatly desired to return to her own people, he told her to go in peace, but forbade her to tell any man who had married her.

Now the boy had strange gifts, and the wise men said that he was born to become a magician. For when he did but point his finger at a moose, or anything which ran, it would drop dead; and when in a canoe, if he pointed at the flocks of wild ducks or swans, then the water was at once covered with the floating game, and they gathered them in as they listed, and through that boy his mother and everyone had food and to spare.

Now this was the truth, and it was a great wonder, that Katahdin had wedded this girl, thinking with himself and his wife to bring up a child who should build up his nation, and make of the Wabanaki a mighty race. And he said, "Declare unto these people that they are not to enquire of thee who is the father of thy child; truly they will all know it by seeing him, for they shall not grieve thee with impertinence." Now the woman had made it known that she would not be questioned, and she gave them all that they needed, yet, for all this, they could not refrain nor restrain themselves from talking to her on what they well knew she would fain be silent. And one day, when they had angered her, she thought, "Truly Katahdin was right; these people are in no wise worthy of my son, neither shall he serve them; he shall not lead them to victory; they are not of those who make a great nation."

And being still further teased and tormented, she spake and said, "Ye fools, who by your own folly will kill yourselves; ye mud wasps, who sting the fingers which would pick you out of the water, why will ye even trouble me to tell you what ye well know. Can ye not see who was the father of my boy? Behold his eyebrows; do ye not know Katahdin by them? But it shall be to your exceeding sorrow that ever ye inquired. From this day ye may feed yourselves and find your own venison, for this child shall do so no more for you."

And she arose and went her way into the woods and up the mountain, and was seen on earth no more. And since that day the Indians, who should have been great, have become a little people. Truly it would have been wise and well for those of early times if they could have held their tongues.

"Nothing is so contemptible in Indian eyes," we are told, "as a want of dignity, and idle loquacious teasing; therefore it is made in the myth the sin which destroyed their race."

* "Algonquin Legends of New England," by Chas. G. Leland. Miffin & Co. $2.00.

OUR BULLETIN BOARD.

Indian Items—Sept. 28th.

Sitting Bull, with two wives and several warriors, Mrs. Major Mc Laughlin, Major Newson and Lieut. Allen are in New York. It is hoped that they will visit Hampton before leaving this part of the country.

An interesting illustrated article on Carlisle may be found in the St. Nicholas Magazine for October.

Bishop Whipple has ridden 30,000 miles on horse-back during his 40 years of missionary work among Indians, in Minnesota.

Sen. Cokes' bill for alloting lands under a protected title has passed the U. S. Senate.

Congress has appropriated $25,000 to employ farmers to teach the Indians.

Oct. 5th. The first Bible ever printed in America was John Eliot's Indian Bible.

Agent McGillicuddy of Pine Ridge, Dak., tells us that since the year 1879, the Indians have built 625 houses, engaged 500 wagons in freighting, built 135 miles of telegraph lines, and raised 1500 head of cattle.

Fifteen Indian boys and girls under the direction of Prof. Riggs, from Santee Ageney, Neb., were present at the National Educational Association, Madison, Wis.—where they sang in Dakota and in English, one of them playing the organ.

Oct. 12th.—The Indians at Sisseton Agency have adopted a constitution patterned after the Constitution of the U. S. Three distinct departments of government, the legislative, judicial and the executive, are provided for. These Indians bid fair to become qualified for American citizenship.

Oct. 19th. The remains of the famous Indian chief, Red Jacket, were lately reinterred at Buffalo, with interesting exercises.

Two hundred and seventeen of the Indian pupils under the care of Capt. Pratt at Carlisle, have been placed out on farms and in families during the past year.

Three car-loads of harness, tinware, wagons, etc., made by the Indian boys at Carlisle, were shipped last month to different Agencies in the West, some going as far as the Pacific coast.

Oct. 26th. The 39th Session of the Indian Mission Conference was held in Indian Territory last month. Bishop Hargrove presided.

An Indian Territory Educational Association has recently been formed, and resolutions adopted in favor of the establishment of an Industrial School at Fort Gibson.

The Digger Indians are learning to read and write. Some of them have become musicians, and have given an entertainment in San Francisco, under the care of their teachers.

The Indian gets $5,456.000 in cash from the Government this year.

Nov. 2nd. It is said that in all the deeds of land in New England which were given by the Indians, they reserved for themselves the privileges of *gathering nuts* and *taking fish*!

Mr. Dorsey, who has lived among the Omahas for many years, is preparing a dictionary of the Omaha language, which has never before been reduced to writing. He is also collecting their legends from the old and wise men of the tribe.

There is a young Choctaw Indian studying theology at Yale College. He is a graduate of Roanoke College, Va., and a B. A., in full standing.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton

Question. Where do we find the warmest climate on the earth? *Answer.* Near the *Creator.*

1st Indian Boy. If twelve inches make one foot, how many feet——? *2nd Indian Boy.* Humph! white man's foot too much big.

Mr. Gravatt and Miss Folsom's party of 29 Indians from Dakota, including three married couples and two babies, arrived Nov. 4th. Full reports in another column.

Interesting letters have been received from Dakota during the past month. As each fresh bulletin passed from hand to hand, and lip to lip, it seemed quite the event of the day in the Indian Department.

The picture screen made and sent to us by the girls and boys of the Orange Valley (Pa.) Sunday school, was received in Winona with lively appreciation, and holds a conspicuous place in the large hall.

A useful addition is soon to be made to the furnishing of one of the Omaha cottages, in the shape of a small cooking stove presented to Lucy La Flesche by some of her friends among the teachers. These ambitious house-keepers, the young Omaha wives, now prepare breakfast and supper for their families, at a cost of $1.50 per week for two adults, and in one case two adults and child.

There has not yet been time for a response to our appeal to young amateurs in art needle-work, in the last *Workman*, yet our girls are working eagerly, and already making progress in this science of the fingers. Mrs. Lyman Abbott was an interested visitor one Tuesday afternoon, and one of our Senior girls wrote a letter to the *Christian Union*, at her suggestion, giving to its readers the same opportunity that has been given ours.

The Bible verses which must be learned by heart and recited every Sunday morning furnish some queer complications with the more secular labors of the week. A dictation exercise was lately given out as follows: *Hampton, Va. My dear friend, I came here from the West.* One boy brought in a paper reading thus; *Hampton, Va. My dear friend, I came here from the West. The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.*

There was no service at St. John's Episcopal Church in Hampton one bright Sunday morning of last month, and we took our Episcopal Indians, at their own request, to one of the colored Baptist churches. It was a novel experience. "I stood it as long as I could," said one boy afterwards, "and then I came out. They cry too much and make too much noise." Another's face was bright with real feeling. "That man was in earnest," was his comment on the preacher.

A weekly bulletin of items from the Indian country, and notes in regard to Indian work everywhere, from both public and private sources, is posted up in the hall of the Wigwam, and in the Assembly Room at Winona. The items are expected to furnish suggestions for the boys' Debating Society on Saturday nights. A selection from the last month's bulletin is published in another column.

Friends of the Indian who wish to see him better informed as to the condition and needs of his own people, will help to that end by sending books, pamphlets, and magazines treating of the history, ethnology, present position and practical wants of the Indian, to the *Indian Reading Room, Normal School, Hampton, Va.* Here we hope, with the help of teachers who will take all such reading matter in charge, for a couple of hours daily, to give our boys a much needed object-lesson in *the use of books*, and at the same time to stimulate thought and satisfy inquiry in the field peculiarly their own.

Miss Alice C. Fletcher, the well known friend of the Omahas, gave a day to Hampton on her way to Arkansas Hot Springs, last month. We saw her strong, sensible, kindly face in our Indian Sunday school, where she talked to the children in plain, impressive language, of the progress their people had made and the work they had to do. She told how the Omahas first learned to cultivate their lands, and how she went to Washington to obtain titles for the farms they had plowed and planted. She put before them very plainly the necessity of English speaking. "Opposite every Indian in this country stand 200 white men; the 200 white men speak English, and the Indian must speak it too."

Another distinguished guest of the School during October, was Mr. Standing. Captain Pratt's "right hand man" at Carlisle. As one of our advanced boys rose, as usual, to interpret for him, he remarked that, although he had talked almost daily to Indians, it was several years since he had availed himself of an interpreter, or used any Indian words. He gave some good advice on the subject of constant English speaking, and instanced some of the methods employed at the Carlisle school. At an informal meeting with the Indian teachers and some others, in the evening, Mr. Standing spoke of Hampton's peculiar advantages in the contact of another great English-speaking race with the Indians, and also of our remarkable facilities for industrial training. Carlisle runs more to farming; Hampton to trades. His experience has been in favor of a mixture of tribes at school, in something like equal proportions.

WEDDING CARDS.

The wedding cards of Thomas Wildcatt Alford, an Indian graduate of Hampton, and Mary Grinnell, have been received by some of his friends here. The following letter from him gives a pleasant picture.

SHAWNEETOWN, I. T. *Oct. 9th, 1884.*

My Dear Sir:

Many thanks, though rather late, for your kind letter that I received sometime ago. We were married on the 7th of last month and are now settled in our own home. My dear wife is a sister-in-law to Rev. Franklin Elliot, the missionary amongst these people; her father, Rev. J. A. Grinnell, lives in Ohio.

We are very happy in our little home which, though small, having only two rooms, is very neat and cozy. We have no other improvements about the house as yet; my farm is adjoining to our place but I leased it to a white man with the view of enlarging it. We hope by next year to be able to make other necessary improvements.

My school is prospering and keeps me very busy. It is just a pleasant walk distance from home. Our new building is soon to be erected which will contain dormitories and a play-room for boys, a school-room, dining-room and a kitchen. The school at present goes on with its usual size and in the usual way.

I am as ever, yours truly.

T. W. ALFORD.

A TRIPLE CHRISTENING.

It was toward evening of a fair, bright Sunday in November, that we gathered in the Chapel to celebrate our simple Communion service. Through the open doors we looked out at the blue sky and the quiet graves of the Nation's dead. The sparrows were twittering about the vines and the low fig trees. All seemed in harmony with the day of rest.

Within the plain, weather-beaten Chapel, the scene was very suggestive. From the East and the West, from the North and the South, we were met around the Table of our common Lord, and some were coming for the first time that day; two of the teachers, one colored student, two Indians and one native African. The latter was born in Zululand, but left the Dark Continent for this country, where he became a fleet runner in one of its Great Shows. Later, he entered the school here and has been an eager learner. Reverently he knelt to receive the rite of baptism from the Pastor. After him came the earnest young Omaha husband, from Nebraska, and his gentle, sweet-faced wife, who have made so happy a home at Hampton in the little cottage built for them. They came not only to dedicate themselves to God, but their little Eddie, the child He had given them. With sweet trustfulness, the dark-eyed little three year old boy stepped forward to his mother's side, and suffered his father to lift him in his strong arms. May we not believe that the Master also Himself, with infinite love and gentleness, as of old, "took him up in His arms, put His hands upon him and blessed him," while through the hushed church almost we might have heard His benediction, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

J. E. R.

OUR NEW ARRIVALS.

Half an hour after midnight, on the morning of Nov. 4th, 13 boys and 14 girls were driven up to their respective doors, and received a hospitable welcome at the "Elder Sister's Lodge," and the "Boys Cottage." The telegram announcing this late arrival was carefully concealed from their friends in the school, lest a general uprising in the middle of the night should disturb the slumbers of all the good people on the place. So the girls were quietly smuggled into Winona, and allowed to "camp out" on the floor till morning; and not before daylight did one of our scholars discover that her sister was among the arrivals! It is said indeed that one voice was heard to exclaim "Fresh fish"! as the wagon wheels stopped before the Wigwam; but let us hope that most of the new comers were not yet up to English slang! Another irrepressible couldn't resist shouting, with suggestive irony, "The *terrible* Indians are coming!" "We shook hands all round," says the gentle hostess of Division A, "then all seated themselves Indian fashion on the floor, and partook of coffee and bread. After all had retired, and quiet was supposed to reign, an impromptu war-dance on the porch was found necessary to express their mingled emotions."

The first thing after breakfast on the morning of the 4th, was to "take their pictures," before any of the primeval dirt and picturesqueness should have given way before the soap and water of civilization. To be sure the boys had cut their hair, but "I don't call that citizen's dress, do you?" said one bystander rather helplessly, looking at the coats of some which came down to their knees, the Western sombreros, and moccasins sadly the worse for wear. One tall girl was especially effective in a clinging gown of Turkey red, and a red and black shawl worn with real, if somewhat unconventional grace.

Some slight difficulty was experienced in getting the little boys together, and one small specimen whose brother had carried him off to see the "lions," was obstinately invisible. The various groups were however taken with the usual success by the indefatigable Mr. B. and the deep gloom on the faces of the victims was replaced by a very natural smile.

The next step was to assign rooms, give out and mark clothing, etc., etc., and a day of systematic toil followed. "Names, ages, and general propensities" were called for, and in obtaining these first there were some amusing scenes. One unpronounceable cognomen was variously translated as "Warwhoop" and "Wears the-hoops," the latter scarcely suitable for a young man, even though he has already come under "petticoat government," being wedded to "Big Blanket." But you would hardly recognize him as plain "Edgar Lee." Sometimes the difficulty of making a neat translation was reversed. "I am in despair about this boy," Mr—was heard to remark, "he says his name is Shield, now we have another boy in school by that very name, and although I have done my best to induce him to call himself 'Golden Shield' or 'Iron Shield' or anything of the sort, he won't listen to it." "Well, give him his Indian name, 'and down it goes in indelible ink, "Wahacanka."

The helpfulness of the older boys and girls in bringing about the transformation was perhaps the pleasantest feature of the day. Little Willy's air of pride and immense responsibility, in his character of *valet-de-chambre* to a minute companion, was something wonderful to see.

Well, we all felt rewarded when we saw them at prayers that evening, so neat in appearance and decorous in behavior; scarcely to be recognized as new comers, much less as "savages."

The names of the new arrivals are as follows:

Cheyenne River Agency.

Cora Bell-Little black foot,	age 16
Edith Yellow Hair,	" 9
Helen,	" 7
Edward Depuis,	" 23
Wahacanka (Shield,)	" 18
Marshall,	" 18
Luther Van Meter,	" 13
Jamie Doffitt,	" 9

Crow Creek Agency.

Louis Buck,	age 26
Hannah Buck,	" 25
James Fire Cloud Phillips,	" 8

Lower Brule.

*Battice Bear Bird,	age 23
Julia Bear Bird,	" 16
*Samuel Medicine Bull,	" 23
Virginia Medicine Bull,	" 16
Marguerite Hotoninyankewin,	" 18
Edgar Lee, Cankdeskakoyake,	" 19
Nellie Lee, Big Blanket,	" 15
Pretty Hair, Hinwastewin	" 13

Yankton Agency.

*Mercy Conger,	age 14
Elma Beans,	" 13
*Chas. Picotte,	" 19
Chas. Johnson,	" 19
Daniel Bubuna,	" 18
Jos. Beaupres,	" 24
Mary Lyman,	" 13

Santee Agency.

*Rebecca Mazakute,	age 16

REPORT OF RESIDENT PHYSICIAN.

General S. C. Armstrong:

DEAR SIR;

The last company of Indians, numbering twenty-seven, which arrived at the school Nov. 4th, were examined by me Nov. 5th. On arrival, one woman was suffering from tonsillitis and another developed it in a severe form, the following day. On examination, one young man is found to have weak lungs and also weakness of the back, caused by an injury received three years ago. Since the time of the injury he has been unable to do any work. His return home, at the earliest opportunity, is therefore recommended. One young man has enlargement of the thyroid gland, but is otherwise sound.

Two children, whose reported ages are nine and seven, were in the party. They appear delicate and will doubtless need careful attention for some time.

The younger child had, on arrival, a rough ened appearance of the skin, supposed at the time to be due to privation and neglect, no previous history being given, but which subsequent developments prove to have been the result of an attack of German measles.

On the whole, the company is in the best physical condition of any received at the school within the last three years.

Respectfully yours.

M. M. W ALDRON, M. D.

* Returned to Hampton for further instruction.

THE INDIAN ART CLASS.

The following report on the Indian art classes for the past summer, should have appeared in the November No. but the facts contained in it are, of course, in no wise affected by the delay, and there seems no doubt that the establishment of some forms of art industry among our Indian students is very desirable. Their own eagerness to engage in something of that sort is encouraging, and those who best know their capacity feel that in every sense they deserve the training to which they aspire.

"The Indian classes commenced in June and continued until the 12th of Sept., each Indian, during that time, averaging about one hour and ten minutes each week at the drawing. It was not much time to carry them far, but enough to show what they are capable of doing. I found them quick, intelligent and attentive; they have been taught to draw from objects, and those who did the best were allowed to work just outside the building, sketching the different views. They seem very much interested, and draw remarkably well, several showing considerable talent. Drawing is usually considered an educational luxury, but in almost all the trades, a man is the better workman if he has educated his hand and eye to a certain extent in that direction, and so it is with the trades taught at Hampton; various designs are put upon harness and tin ware, and in the carpenter shop one of the boys has drawn a plan for a house he intends to build on his return to Dakota, showing to what practical use he has brought his drawing. I think very much might be done with it, in a practical way.

The summer's work has been most thoroughly enjoyed and I have become greatly interested in the Indians.

KATHERINE B. PARKE.

Correspondence

EN ROUTE FOR DAKOTA, OCT. 2nd, 1884

Dear Miss R.——

How you would enjoy looking in upon 25 of your children this beautiful morning as with sooty faces and happy hearts we quietly enjoy our "special." This is the second day of our house-keeping on wheels and we all vote it a grand suceess.

The three big boxes of food stand at one side of the car, the butler's pantry; and three times a day the chief butler and his assistants—the bread cutter, the meat or cheese cutter, the coffee man and the waiters—take possession and serve up very satisfactory meals to a very hungry family. Our enthusiasm however received a cruel blow last night, when, all ready for our first meal, we found the boxes locked and no keys. All the rail-road officials assembled with their keys, but ten cent locks do not seem to be common on the C. & O. R. R; Neither do screw drivers! T—, our carpenter, took the matter in charge, and with an old knife succeeded in getting the lock off. We believe in teaching trades to the Indians.

The boys are self-appointed waiters and the girls do the dish washing, scraping the little wooden plates, rinsing the tin cups, and putting things in order generally. T—presides with great grace over the coffee can which stands on the coal box behind the stove, and little Joe and Felix are never happier than while bobbing down the aisle with a big tin cup of hot coffee in each hand; not so, however, the unhappy neighbor who chances to be too near when the two small boys and four full cups collide.

This morning, when the little firkin was opened, the cry of "beans, beans" rang thro' the car, causing much merriment, and when they were passed around on the little wooden plates, they found a welcome everywhere, and made the children feel, as some one said, "just like Friday."

The sick ones have been very comfortable, and fortunately seem inclined to sleep most of the time. First Hail suffers more than any other, but I hope the medicine—which he likes—and my smelling salts, which he keeps stylishly under his nose most of the time, will help him through.

Both boys and girls have been gentlemen and ladies in the best sense of the word, and have made the hard journey so easy and pleasant that I shall be sorry when it is over. Last evening before bed time the singers got together in one end of the car and spent over an hour in singing their Hampton songs; Mercy's clear sweet soprano with Rebecca's alto, made the chorus very pleasing, and attracted much attention; strangers wandered into our car to hear them and expressed much surprise that an Indian could *sing*. Everywhere we have attracted more attention than is at all pleasant. At the stations the news soon spreads that a car full of Indians is passing, and the inhabitants improve their chances. Many times have I had just cause for being ashamed of my race, and quite agreed with the children that these "white people are so silly." We are constantly obliged to send them out of our car, but cannot prevent them standing on the platform and looking at the show, through the windows and doors. 'Tis a poor rule that does not work both ways, and we have had our show too—given by these unconscious sight seers. It seems to take more than one kind of grace to receive even the kindest information that you are in a private car and are requested to seek rest in another, without being ridiculous. One man amused us very much by assuring us all that he had not the slightest objection to travelling with Indians, and then turning to them all and patronizingly saying "the Indians are very nice, and so am I." In spite of all, he had to go, as had many another large hearted man and woman before him.

At 9 o'clock we had the seats turned to suit the occupants, the boys took the front and the girls the rear end of the car, and settled themselves for the night. When peace and quiet reigned, we went forward to the sleeper, leaving the older boys in charge; we did not realize what a night might bring forth or we would not have gone off so readily. When we came back at 7 o'clock everything was in good order, but the boys in charge. They said that in the night some men came in and "looked at the girls," so after that they had to hold the doors every time the train stopped at a station, and so could not go to sleep at all. I sympathized with them most heartily, for the night had been one of agony to me. The road through the mountains is very uneven, and the cars sway from side to side in a way that makes you realize the comfort of a decent berth on a stormy sea. I was hoisted up into my berth by means of a tall step ladder and a big porter, but both disappeared and left me a prisoner. I would have given anything I possessed to be able to get away or to sit up, but even that little comfort was forbidden oy the roof only 2 feet above me. Henceforth we shall stay where we belong with the children.

The scenery along this road is *grand*. I have never seen anything in the North more so. All along the Kanawah river the mountains rise hundreds of feet and are glorious in their autumnal foliage. It is still very warm; much the same as at Hampton.

LATER.

CROW CREEK, OCT. 4th. 1884.

Dear Miss R——

This time I write to announce our safe arrival. The trip has been the shortest and easiest of any made for a similar purpose, the time being just 3 days 3 hours and 30 minutes.

At Chicago we had plenty of time to replenish our stores, and add to it delicacies for the sick ones, who have been improving ever since we left there. The prospect of seeing "my home" so soon, made them feel quite like themselves again.

At Milwaukee we parted with Tiaokasin and his charge. Very manly he looked as he ushered his family of four into another car and we could not but feel that all would be well with them. This was the first break in our party, or our enjoyment, and it was some time before the eyes or the voices of our charges could get back to their old cheerfulness. Later, Sophie and Carrie had to be taken away and put in charge of the Conductor for Sioux City. They were very brave about it until the last moment.

A little later, your three girls in charge of the three big boys left us at Marian Junction for Yankton Agency. There we had a very pleasant surprise in finding that Bishop Hare was to be our fellow traveller the rest of the way.

It was a little after 7, when the last little settlement on the big prairie was reached, and we were informed by the boys, who had for over an hour been patiently watching for it, that we had arrived at Chamberlain, the end of our rail road journey.

Before we could get the children off the train, the Indians who had assembled outside to meet them set up a dreadful wailing. I thought it must be because they expected to find their children very ill, but afterwards learned that it was only an expression of joy. One kind faced little woman came up to her tall, manly son, crying in the Indian way, but on seeing his unconscious look of disapproval, stopped, and because her feelings must have some expression, reached up and caressingly touched his cheek with her hand. He turned and kissed her, probaly for the first time in his life, and she repeated her caress, but that was all. He joined me, and she followed us to the hotel, there to stand and look at him only from the other end of the room. I have great respect for a certain control these people have over their feelings, but cannot but wish it might be turned into other channels.

The Indians had come from the Agency with wagons to meet their children, and had encamped near by to spend the night; some of the girls went there in preference to staying at the hotel with us. Mr. Gravatt went down about 9 o'clock and found three of the former occupants of our pleasant Winona, composed for the night on the ground with many others in one small *tipi*. They were anxious to stay and were permitted to do so, but were glad to appear at the hotel for breakfast next morning. Soon after breakfast, Major Gasmann's fine, new, two seated carriage drove up for us, and with Dr. Gullet for driver and cicerone a very pleasant drive of thirty miles across the prairie began. As we had a very ambitious span of horses we were not long in overtaking some of the Indian wagons that had started at daybreak. The roads are good and the air glorious.

My first treat was a beautiful little wild plum tree that I discovered a short distance from the road. After hearing the beauty and deliciousness of the fruit extolled for five years, I could not but get out and avail myself of my privileges, and as I found the plums quite beyond my expectations, lay in a store "for future reference." Farther on, we came to some buffalo berry bushes, and there added to our store. If you can imagine a branch of mistletoe with bright currant colored berries, you *see* the buffalo berry, and if you can imagine yourself eating currants without sugar you *taste* them also. For dinner we had buffalo berry jelly, and my respect for Indian delicacies has gone away up.

As we passed the log houses from which children have come to us, we stopped and talked with the people who flocked about us. I dare not tell you how many hands we have shaken to day so far. I think Mr. Gravatt got the Indian "How" first; I had an idea that it was better to put on the rest and did for awhile, but soon concluded they knew best about it and dropped the "do you do" altogether. If "how" means as much as "how do you do?" why should one be burdened with the extra words so meaningless to them? The Indians certainly know how to shake hands; whether they mean it or not, they make you feel that they do, and leave you with a satisfied feeling that is very grateful.

It seemed that we must have seen the whole tribe, but they say I am quite mistaken, and will have time to rest my arm before we go forth again and see the rest. The agency is very pretty, with its little white fenced park in the centre and its well kept buildings. Near Major Gasmann's house, where we are most hospitably entertained, is a large building, the Government school, and not far away a pretty little church with rectory near. As the Indians say, "wánna hanana;" that's enough now.

Mr. Gravatt is to do the heavy writing called sense, and I am to devote my writing hours to nonsense.

Yours,

C. M. F.

Letters from Returned Indians.

My dear Teacher—I thought I would write to you few lines to-day and telling you what I am doing now. I am charge of the sewing at Farm Mission school, and we are happy as ever out here, also thinking pray for my dear teachers who so good to us and try to help the Indians.

F. P. *Standing Rock.*

* * I came home last month. I was very glad * * except you know that I told you my brother he was death and I am very sorry that, but now he is Good happy in heaven I guess. * * I work carpenter shop now. P—C—to and P—he has work paint; we are all live together in one house; we have good time always. I always think about you and I never forgotten you * * and I remember what is you tell me so.

S. M. B. *Lower Brule.*

* * * I must tell you what I do first time I come back. Well first I do is I stand before my people and I talk to them. And so the Indians says they like to hear something about white man's ways and so I tell them great many ways about the white men. * * Now I work in Agency and I get $20 a month. * * I think about the prayer-meeting at Winona this evening and please tell all my Indian friends when they have prayer-meeting I want them to sing this Beautiful valley of Eden, page 252, and Jesus lover of my soul, page 83.

T. T. *Standing Rock.*

I am very glad to see all my indian friends at home again, but when I look back to Hampton to think of you all my good friends it made me feel sad and lonesome. How do you feel now. I hope you are feel well and strong and help the poor Indian more. * * We got home on Monday on a big ration day; soon as we got out of the carriage, the Indians just ran after us, they told them that we are the same girls that went away to school are now back and they all come to see us. * * They shake hands with us and some of them cry. I think they too glad to see us, at last my mother came in and saw me. She said, oh I thought I'll never see my dear daughter again and then she cry. I had to shake hands with the Indians all day and night, just think, they all said *wa'sicuze*, just like an English woman it means.

E. B. *Standing Rock.*

Dear Friend.—I was arrived at Yankton Agency on the 4th. of Oct. There I stayed six days, but the boys were not engaged in any where except J—E—was painting a house for Mr. Cook. * * The two girls were at home, nothing to do. I hope they will find something to do to keep from temptations. * * I arrived here on Wed. I am now working. Just now I have three work. In the morning I work in the office or what they called clerk. Wm. D—is a clerk and I will do as he told me to do. Maj. G—said he will have something for me to copy every morning, besides I am now interpreter, our interpreter is very sick so I took his place while he is sick. In the afternoon I teach at the Boarding School and also in the night too.

T. T. *Yankton.*

TRANSLATION.

My friend—To-day I am sitting up and write you this letter with a glad heart. I should have written to you long before, but I was very sick since I returned, and not able to write. So I now write this to you. Since I have come back I am in the midst of temptation, but since I have come back home, I always remember what I have learned, because I know now that our ways are wrong, for that is the reason I cannot take up my old life again. When I think of what is past, it makes me sorry many times.

And now I am sick and not expected to live. I feel as God will do what He think is best for me. And now I am asking Him to protect me from evil. I am now getting little better. I can not say much this time. I always kindly remember all of you who taught us these things. *It is all so.* I shake hands with you with a glad heart.

C. H. C. *Lower Brule.*

(The friends of Chas. Tatiah will like to hear from himself that the former reports in regard to him are incorrect. When it seemed a necessity that he leave the Eastern air, rather than go to his own home to Indian Territory, he chose to take a position at Ft. Berthold Agency D. T. as a teacher in the boarding school. He understood the language, and felt that he could do more good there than at home. But the climate was too severe, and we heard first that he was not able to work, and later that he was dying. We are glad to know that he is back in his own home and doing as well as his letter proves he must be. His strong Christian influence is still felt here among boys and girls, and we are sure he must be doing good work there even tho' he may not be strong in body. The following is a part of his letter just received.)

PAWNEE AGENCY, I. T. *Oct. 29, 1884.*

Dear friend:

This morning I thought I would write to you and let you know how I am getting along. You know I left school on account of my health and was sent to Ft. Stephenson.

The climate did not agree with me and I got worse. The doctor asked me that he would like to know if I wanted to go home. I told him that I would like to, so in the month of August I left for home. I was almost tired out. I was quite discouraged and gave up all hope. * * * * * * *

Our agency is not far from our home, and the doctor comes often to see me. My brother-in-law gave me good gentle pony the first time I came home, and I often go out on horse-back, and am glad to let you know that I am doing well, also I have a bright hope before me. B. wrote to his brother and in the letter he said that I was dead. Please ask him what person it is that told him or how it came that he knew it. * * * * *

I am sorry I did not write you sooner, but will ask you to excuse me for I was not well.

Remember me to all. Believe me to be your friend,

CHARLES TATIAH.

Enjoys Teaching Better than Ever.

SHAWNEETOWN, IND. TY. OCT. 19th, 1884.

My dear friend, Miss C.

Your kind letter has just been received, and as I have not answered fully your questions in my letter that I have just sent, I will at once write you again. I am still teaching in the old school house which I have been hoping so long to abandon, yet notwithstanding disappointment I hope still to be in, or see the new building accomplished, by next spring. This one is in such a dilapidated condition that I have doubts of its ability to shelter us comfortably during the winter. The contract has been let for the new building, and the stone is being hauled for the foundation, so that now it begins to appear in a process toward completion.

I am now teaching alone, my assistant having been removed by discontinuance of such position, and I have at present 28 pupils. Tho' there has been and still is, to some extent, much opposition against schools amongst these people, just at present there is marked change in the right direction. Yet no one who is acquainted with them can have much reliance upon such a change, as *the minds of these people are as unsettled as their land is; which is the sole cause of their restlessness.* There is a continual fear in their minds of losing their land, or other imaginable changes which would result either in compelling them to take land in severalty or in mixing with the Pottowatomies whom they dislike. In this state of things we attempt to interest them to send their children to school, and, considering all their troubles, they have done well. * * *

I enjoy teaching this year better than I have ever before; partly, or perhaps wholly from the fact that now I have a dear one who is always by me ready to comfort and sympathize with me in the work. As she was herself a worker once in the same field among these people, she knows just how to feel with such laborers under all circumstances. * * *

We are to have a church building soon, and we have already a well organized meeting known as Shawneetown Monthly Meeting of Friends, of which my wife is correspondent and I am clerk. It has over forty-five members, mostly Pottowatomies, and very few whites, and its membership is increasing rapidly. *One of our great needs now is educated Indians*, trained men and women in principles of Christian religion, who can stand firm and resist all temptations, and evil influences of Indian life, who are zealous in the improvement of their race. * *

Our home is small but we are ambitious to have a larger one, which we hope to be able to build in time to come. We try to be contented with what we have at present. * * *

I am yours, gratefully,

T. W. ALFORD.

Indians of New Mexico & Arizona. Their Past and Present.

GATHERED FROM INDIAN BUREAU REPORTS.

THE history of the North American Indian from the day when, on either coast, he first faced the white man, who, by a law beyond the reach of human legislation, was destined to witness his extinction and become his heir, has been full of pathos and tragedy. From Maine to Mexico, we may search alike the records of English colonists and Spanish invaders without finding a single common-place incident in the strangely cruel story, and as the years go by and civilization, by one or another force, completes its work, the American people are coming to realize that they have borne a part in a conflict of races, so dramatic as to be without parallel.

No essential or detail of tragedy has been wanting, and while it goes without saying that the chronicles of Alvar Nunez in Bartholomew Gosnold read like romance, it is equally true that there stand unread on many a library shelf in this country, Government reports, prosaic, ill written-possessing, indeed, no virtue but that of truth (and that, alas, not always in its perfection), which catch the eye as do the pages of Cooper or Longfellow. And nowhere today is the charm of romance more effective, the mysterious past more mysterious, or the uncertain future more full of possibilities than in the new south-western territories, in the country where, nearly a century before the English landed on the New England coast, the Spaniard Coronado found "a strange people, who wore garments of their own weaving, who tilled the soil and lived in many-storied houses of stone, with pictured walls, wherein were always chapels dedicated to some evil genius."

From that day to this, the wild ranges and rich valleys of the even now but half known regions which United States surveyors have written down for us as New Mexico and Arizona, have been the theatre of vivid enactments, and have known, perhaps, stronger lights and deeper shadows than any other division of our national territory; in-so-far, that is, as these lights and shadows have been cast upon a native race of unusual strength, standing in an almost unique relation to savagery on one side and civilization on the other.

Castaneda, the historian of Coronada's expedition, has undoubtedly a charm of his own for the curious student, but the Indian Department at Washington can furnish volumes of Reports dryly dated 18—, which give as strange pictures as are to be found even in Castaneda's quaint pages, and he who runs may read.

For, as we turn the leaves, the dull facts, the dry bones of statistics, spring somehow into life, and against the great, somber background of the crime and misfortune and injustice of the past, stand out with a stern meaning.

When, in 1680, the Spaniards were temporarily driven from the fertile river-bottoms and fabulously rich mines for whose possession they had risked so much, their power over the people to whom their tyranny had become unbearable, was, to an appreciable extent, weakened, and although they regained their foothold and nominally held the territory until it was ceded to the United States, yet they never succeeded in entirely subduing the wild tribes who, after their own fashion, were as proud and stiff-necked as were their foreign oppressors. Attractive as are the records of these two centuries with their story of Spanish rule and misrule, we cannot linger on their shadowy traditions, for it is not with padre or caballero that we have to do, although along with their vineyards and wheat-fields they planted the seeds of that distrust of the white man of which we are still reaping the harvest. Our work of retrospection goes back, for the present, no further than the date at which the United States Government assumed the responsibility of these fierce Southern tribes, and for the first time put its dealings with them upon record. The change began when, in 1848, by the treaty of Guadalupe, Hidalgo, the first boundary line between Mexico and the United States, was agreed upon, to be followed in 1853 by a second treaty, which finally established the boundary in question.

A Report furnished in 1855 to the United States Government by Major Emory, U. S. A., and U. S. Commissioner, was accompanied by a personal narrative, which has gained rather than lost in interest during the thirty years which have passed since it was written.

For our present purpose, however, we are justified only in quoting from this Report the impressions of Major Emory and his companions in regard to the native Indians, which are valuable by reason of the point of view.

The officers of the Commission seem to have been fair-minded men, who, though forced for the time at least to consider the Indian chiefly in his capacity of horse-thief and murderer, were yet endeavoring to secure him in his rights as a possible future citizen of the United States, and were not altogether forgetful of his past. Major Emory found, as he believed, good causes for the peculiar ferocity of the Indians whom he met. He says,

"Under the Spanish rule, prior to 1825, the military system was combined with the missionary power of the Catholic Church; and all those Indians now running wild from the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of California were brought under the benign influence of the church, and about the beginning of the present century had attained a state of civilization which may truly be called the golden age of this vast, now deserted, country. Under the Spanish dominion, a cordon of military and ecclesiastical stations extended from sea to sea over a distance of fifteen hundred miles. Military parties passed regularly from station to station, and at each station great structures were erected for the accommodation of troops, for religious worship, and for the storing of provisions, the remains of which are still to be seen. Among them are some of the most beautiful specimens of architecture on the American continent. * * * * * * * * * The Indians were required to cultivate the soil, and their families were domiciled in the immediate vicinity of the station. The most active and intelligent warriors were incorporated into the ranks of the military. * * * The downfall of this magnificent cordon of military and ecclesiastical establishments, and the return of the Indians to a savage life, tenfold more ferocious than ever, is directly traceable to two causes. First, the revolution, when both the Monarchists and Republicans courted the co-operation of the Indians, and thus invited them to insurbordination. Second, and more prominently, the attempts at amalgamation by intermarriage of the whites and Indians. This last cause which is now operating so banefully on the whole of Spanish America, I do not think has been sufficiently estimated in the attempts to account for the decline and retrograde march of the population of that entire region."

As an effect of the first of these causes, Major Emory found the Indians well aware of their importance as allies, and he speaks often of the relation between the Indians of this region and the various Mexican towns on the border. He says,

"These relations are peculiar, and well worth the attention of both the United States and the Mexican Governments. The Apaches are usually at war with the people of both countries, but have friendly leagues with certain towns where they trade and receive supplies of arms, ammunition, etc., for stolen mules. This is undoubtedly the case with the people of San Carlos, who also have amicable relations with the Comanches, who make San Carlos a depot of arms in their annual excursions into Mexico. While at the Presidio we had authentic accounts of the unmolested march through Chihuahua, towards Durango of four hundred Comanches under Bajo Sol. It seems that Chihuahua, not receiving the protection it was entitled to from the central government of Mexico, made an independent treaty with the Comanches, the practical effect of which was to aid and abet the Indians in their war on Durango."

The importance of the second factor, viz. the amalgamation of the two races, it is impossible to fairly estimate. It is the old story of lawless men, strong in their lusts and greed, corrupting a weaker people, whose barbarism was healthier than their false civilization, and Major Emory at least was led quickly to the conclusion "that the only way, in which a country can be benefited by the introduction of the white race, is by the introduction of both races, with proper guards upon morals." This means of course, the establishment of the Christian family life, and it is interesting to notice how this, the highest ideal of modern mission work, comes as the simplest of practical suggestions from a man who was neither missionary nor idealist, but simply a shrewd observer.

Of the various tribes with whom the Commissioner came in contact, the following summary is given:

"There are within this territory four settlements: one the Mesilla valley settlement, containing about fifteen hundred inhabitants of mixed Spanish and Indian races, all engaged in the pursuit of agriculture. At Tucson there is a settlement of about seventy families all engaged in the same way. South of Tucson there is a small settlement of semi-civilized Indians called Papagos, and further on at Tomacacori, a small settlement of Germans.

"The most considerable and interesting settlement in the new territory is composed of a confederacy of semi-civilized Indians, the Pimas and Coco Maricopas. Their population is variously estimated at from five to ten thousand. They are located on the Gila river, and form the most efficient barrier against the incursions of the savages who inhabit the mountains to the north of the Gila.

"I became acquainted with these people in 1846, and in another work eulogized their advanced state of civilization, their proficiency in agriculture and the art of war, and their morality. While at Los Nogales, a delegation consisting of the chiefs and head men, visited my camp, nearly two hundred miles distant from their homes, to consult as to the effect upon them and their interests of the treaty with Mexico, by which they were transferred to the jurisdiction of the United States. I said all in my power to silence their apprehensions. They have undoubtedly a just claim to their lands and if dispossessed will make a war upon the frontier of a very serious character. I hope the subject will soon attract the attention of Congress, as it has done that of the Executive, and that some legislation will be effected securing these people in their rights. They have always been kind and hospitable to emigrants passing from the old United States to California."

Here follows a copy of the statement made by Major Emory to these Indian chiefs, which confirms them in all the rights which they had possessed under the Mexican government, and promises them as much as could fairly be offered by subordinate officials in the name of the U. S. Government. There is something very pathetic in the picture of the group of chiefs, whose melodious Spanish names Major Emory gives in full, gathered about the United States officer, who is in their eyes, the representative of unknown and unmeasured power, forecasting, perhaps with a half curious dread, the results to them of the changes which they could feel were in the air.

Lieut. Michler, the associate of Major Emory, devotes several pages of his report to his impressions of the native Indians, of which we can give only the briefest summary. He says:

"On the road to Fort Yuma we passed through several settlements of the Diegens tribe. These Indians were converted by the Jesuits, became partly civilized and collected many comforts about them. Naturally lazy and incapable of self-government and deeply imbued with all the traits of the wild Indian, they easily degenerated after the missions had fallen from under the rule of the church, and have become absolutely worse than in their original condition. They were simply children of nature, with few comforts and fewer wants; now they have learned enough to be exceedingly avaricious and unscrupulous, a herd of drones and beggars. * * * The degradation of the Indian women is only surpassed by that of those offscourings of creation, the male white population who wander over the country. * * * * * From about sixty miles above Fort Yuma to within a few miles of the most southern point of that part of the Colorado forming the boundary, live the Cuchanos or Yumas. A belt of land a few miles in width forms a neutral ground between them and the Cocopas. These with the Maricopas, who now live up the Gila among the Pimas, originally formed one tribe. * * * The Yumas and Cocopas are said to be very treacherous. * * * * *

"The association of the Indians with the whites tends to cause a rapid decrease by the introduction of diseases among them, heretofore unknown. War, too, among themselves, is a great exterminator, but has the advantage of making them more dependent on the whites. Thinking the military will protect all, they draw near to the posts, and from presents, learn the use of various articles of clothing and food; these, now regarded as luxuries, will, in time, become to them necessities. They, too, learn and see the advantages which the whites possess over them in every respect and are not slow either to admit or account for it. They say that whites and Indians were at one time all one tribe, equally well informed and acquainted with the use of implements of husbandry and of all useful articles. Differing upon the choice of a chief, they quarreled, and during the night the whites stole a march on them, carrying away every thing and leaving the poor Indian in the dark. * * * * Nothing is known of their religions; at one time they profess to worship the sun and the moon: at another they say that the white man and Indian have the same God; then you find them making pilgrimages to the tomb of some departed chieftain, elevated for deeds of valor or civic honors. As to their government, they are divided into bands, each having its own head. There is one principal hereditary chief, presiding over the whole. Each of the former with the advice of its members, decides upon all affairs relating directly to the band to which he belongs. Any important business affecting the whole, is acted upon by a council of chiefs, the principal chieftain governing their deliberations. * * * * Their agriculture says Maj. Heintzelmann, "is simple; with an old axe, (if they are so fortunate as to possess one) knives and fire, a spot likely to overflow is cleared; after the waters of the annual rise subside, small holes are dug at proper intervals, a few inches deep, with a sharpened stick, * * * and seeds are planted. They cultivate melons, pumpkins, corn and beans. Wheat is planted in the same way and grass seed for food. * * * * The great dependence of the Indian for food, besides the product of his fields, is the mezquite beans. * * * * * * *

"On the Gila river are the Pimas and Maricopas. The former are further advanced in the arts of agriculture and are surrounded with more comforts than any uncivilized Indian tribe I have ever seen. Besides being great warriors, they are good husbandmen and farmers, and work laboriously in the field. The women are very industrious, not only attending to their household duties, but they also make superior baskets, cotton blankets, belts, vails, etc. Their huts are very comfortable, being of an oval shape, not very high, built of reeds and mud, and thatched with wheat straw. They are the owners of fine horses and mules, fat oxen and milch cows, pigs and poultry. * * * * The Pimas consider themselves the regular descendants of the Aztecs, and claim "Montezuma" to have been of their tribe. One of their legends speaks of his leaving them on horse-back on his pilgrimage to found a new country; as the Aztecs in all human probability never saw any horses until their introduction into Mexico by the Spaniards, this seems to be a fabrication. The Aztecs too, had a form of religious service, but the Pimas, to this, day, have none. As we journeyed along this portion of the valley of the Gila, we found lands fenced in and irrigated by many miles of acequias, and our eyes were gladened with the sight of rich fields of wheat ripening for the harvest;—a view differing from anything we had seen since leaving the Atlantic States. They grow cotton, sugar, peas, wheat and corn. * * * * * * * A little hillock stands near the village, used as a look-out, from which you have a beautiful view of the cultivated fields. As I sat upon a rock, admiring the scene before me, an old gray headed Pima took great pleasure in pointing out the extent of their domains. They were anxious to know if their rights and titles to lands would be respected by our Government, upon hearing that their country had become part of the United States." M. F. A.

Teachers Table.

FOR THE READING CLASS.

The Mantle of St. John De Matha.

A LEGEND OF THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

A. D. 1154—1864.

A strong and mighty Angel
Calm, terrible and bright,
The cross in blended red and blue
Upon his mantle white!

Two captives by him kneeling,
Each on his broken chain,
Sang praise to God who raiseth
The dead to life again!

Dropping his cross-wrought mantle,
"Wear this," the Angel said;
"Take thou, O Freedom's priest, its sign,—
The white, the blue, and red."

Then up rose John de Matha
In the strength the Lord Christ gave,
And begged through all the land of France
The ransom of the slave.

The gates of tower and castle
Before him open flew,
The drawbridge at his coming fell,
The door-bolt backward drew.

For all men owned his errand,
And paid his righteous tax;
And the hearts of lord and peasant
Were in his hands as wax.

At last, outbound from Tunis,
His bark her anchor weighed,
Freighted with seven-score Christian souls
Whose ransom he had paid.

But, torn by Paynim hatred,
Her sails in tatters hung;
And on the wild waves, rudderless,
A shattered hulk she swung.

"God save us!" cried the captain,
"For naught can man avail;
O, woe betide the ship that lacks
Her rudder and her sail!"

Behind us are the Moormen:
At sea we sink or strand:
There's death upon the water,
There's death upon the land!"

Then up spake John de Matha:
"God's errands never fail!
Take thou the mantle which I wear,
And make of it a sail."

They raised the cross wrought mantle,
The blue, the white, the red;
And straight before the wind off-shore
The ship of Freedom sped.

"God help us!" cried the seamen,
"For vain is mortal skill:
The good ship on a stormy sea
Is drifting at its will."

Then up spake John de Matha:
"My mariners, never fear!
The Lord whose breath hath filled her sail
May well our vessel steer!"

So on through storm and darkness
They drove for weary hours;
And lo! the third gray morning shone
On Ostia's friendly towers.

And on the walls the watchers
The ship of mercy knew,—
They knew far off its holy cross,
The red, the white, and blue.

And the bells in all the steeples
Rang out in glad accord,
To welcome home to Christian soil
The ransomed of the Lord.

So runs the ancient legend
By bard and painter told;
And lo! the cycle rounds again,
The new is as the old!

With rudder foully broken,
And sails by traitors torn,
Our country on a midnight sea
Is waiting for the morn.

Before her, nameless terror;
Behind, the pirate foe;
The clouds are black above her,
The sea is white below,

The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong,
She drifts in darkness and in storm,
How long, O Lord! how long?

But courage, O my mariners!
Ye shall not suffer wreck,
While up to God the freedman's prayers
Are rising from your deck.

Is not your sail the banner
Which God hath blest anew,
The mantle that De Matha wore,
The red, the white, the blue?

Its hues are all of heaven,—
The red of sunset's dye,
The whiteness of the moonlit cloud,
The blue of morning's sky.

Walt cheerily, then, O mariners,
For day-light and for land;
The breath of God is in your sail,
Your rudder is His hand.

Sail on, sail on, deep freighted
With blessings and with hopes;
The saints of old with shadowy hands
Are pulling at your ropes.

Behind you, holy martyrs
Uplift the palm and crown;
Before you, unborn ages send
Their benedictions down.

Take heart from John de Matha!
God's errands never fail!
Sweep on through storm and darkness,
The thunder and the hail!

Sail on! The morning cometh,
The port ye yet shall win;
And all the bells of God shall ring
The good ship bravely in.

JOHN. G. WHITTIER.

Health and Humanity.

A Horse School.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

I have always been a lover of horses since the time my grandfather used to put me on the back of an old mare considerably on the shady side of twenty and let me sit there while she ambled leisurely around nibbling the grass in the close yard, in front of the old farm house down on the east end of Long Island. I was aware that a horse could be trained to do many things, but I never knew until I saw Prof. Bartholomew's exhibition, that one could be taught to take a piece of chalk in his mouth and write legible figures on a blackboard and then add them up and put down the result. I must confess that when I first saw it done I felt as if I was dreaming, and then I concluded that it must be some trick. So convinced was I of the unreality of the performance that when it was over I sought Prof. Bartholomew, and after introducing myself expressed my doubts. He laughed good-humoredly and assured me that I had been awake, then added seriously:

"I am as yet but on the threshold; there is apparently no limit to what a horse can be taught. Mine already understand all I say to them and Cæsar begins to answer me in language which I believe all horses will eventually be able to learn. You doubt? Nellie," he added, calling off. In a moment one of the prettiest little mares I ever saw trotted lightly on the stage and stopped beside the Professor.

"Shake hands with the gentleman," said the Professor.

"She looked at me shyly and lifted her left fore foot.

"Which foot do you shake hands with? said the Professor in just the tone that one would use toward a child. I could see the exoression of embarrassment that came into her intelligent eyes as she corrected her mistake and offered the right foot.

"Now get the gentleman a chair." Nellie trotted obediently to the side of the stage, and picking up a chair in her teeth brought it over and set it down by the Professor. "Now go and bring Cæsar." Again Nellie turned and left the stage. In a few moments she came back followed by a large and not so bright a looking horse.

"He is not so intelligent as the little one," I remarked to the Professor in a whisper, for the almost human understanding of the animals caused me to lower my voice unconsciously, as if I had been speaking of a child instead of a horse.

"Yes, he is, but in a different way; he is not so nervous, and consequently does not look so bright," answered the Professor. Then he added, turning to the horse,

"Cæsar, did you have a good time to-day?"

The horse responded in a sort of subdued whining.

"Should you like to go for a walk?"

Another whining and a lively expression of anticipation was the horse's reply. The Professor asked several more questions which Cæsar answered with apparent correctness. I say apparent, because while I could not understand what the horse said, I could perceive a difference in the expression of his eyes, and also that a negative was shorter and sharper than an affirmative.

Professor Bartholomew noticed my surprise and said, as he laid his hand caressingly on the horse's neck:

"This is only the beginning. In the horse we have an animal with a larger brain than a man. Some of his faculties are much more acute than a man's. His memory, for example, is simply marvellous. For instance, you drive along a country road to-day, and then in at a gate and stop to call on somebody. Go along the same road with the same horse in a year's time and he will remember the place and want to turn in. Few men have as good memories as horses. The trouble is that men are put in charge of horses who are not fit to have charge of anything. From constant association with low, brutal men the horse becomes contaminated. Then even the best horse owner rarely takes much pains with his horse's education: He is 'broken,' and if well 'broke,' that is regarded as sufficient. The poor animal is given over to the tender mercies of some ignorant fellow who should be obliged to serve a year's apprenticeship on a saw-horse before he is allowed to touch a live one. He is beaten, kicked and yelled at until the equine race has come to such a pass that when you see real, natural horses you are amazed. These things are common in Arabia. The Arabian makes a companion of his horse and talks to him as he would to a friend. He does not shout at him and use abusive language. A low quiet tone in speaking to a horse is one of the surest tests of a horseman. A man who yells at a horse not only betrays his coarse, brutal nature, but his ignorance as well. A horse's sense of hearing is so much more acute than a man's that this shouting at them is doubly absurd. When I hear, as I often do when driving along a country road, some coarse voice away across the fields, shouting at the patient team, 'Come over here,' often accompanied by profanity, do you know the impression it makes on the mind of any real horseman? It is as if the man had shouted at the top of his voice, 'I am a coarse, ignorant fellow, not fit to have charge of horses, for I know nothing about them, and by my yelling and shouting and swearing at my animals I propose to show the world what a rough, uncouth, ignorant boor I am'—but I fear I am keeping you too long," said the Professor, interrupting himself.

After some further conversation I arose to go, after I had shaken hands with Nellie and Cæsar. The Professor followed me to the door.

"I wise you would say to the boys who read your story, that the evidence of a good horseman is uniform and patient kindness, and that while they may not be able to teach their horses as much as I have taught mine, they can teach them something, and the more the horse is petted and talked to, the better servant it makes. None of my horses have ever worked on a farm, but I will guarantee to put them in farm work of any kind, and do good work, too, without the slightest 'breaking,' simply because they are educated, and their trained intelligence enables them to understand at once what the uneducated animal has to learn by rote. Urge your readers to try and see what they can do with the animals under their care."

The Christian at Work.

To free canaries and other cage birds from the insects which infest them, the following method is recommended by one who has successfully practiced it for years. Every night just at dusk the cage or aviary is covered over with a white cloth. During the night the parasites will crawl from off the birds on to the cloth where they may be seen running about when the cloth is removed at daybreak. The insects may be killed by putting the cloth into boiling water. A repetion of the process will soon clear away the pests without injuring the birds. Insect powders will no doubt kill parasites, but the birds as well.

Boiled and Raw Milk.

The cookery of milk is very simple, but by no means unimportant. That there is an appreciable difference between raw and boiled milk may be proved by taking equal quantities of each (the boiled sample having been allowed to cool down), adding them to equal quantities of the same infusion of coffee, then critically tasting the mixtures. The difference is sufficient to have long since established the practice among all skilled cooks of scrupulously using boiled milk for making *cafe au lait*. I have tried a similar experiment on tea, and find, in this case the cold milk is preferable. Why this should be, why boiled milk should be better for coffee and raw milk for tea, I cannot tell. If any of my readers have not done so already, let them try similar experiments with condensed milk, and I have no doubt that the verdict of the majority will be that it is passable with coffee, but very objectionable in tea. This is milk that has been very much cooked.

The chief definable alteration effected by the boiling of milk is the coagulation of the small quantities of albumen which it contains. This rises as it becomes solidified, and forms a skin-like scum on the surface, which may be lifted with a spoon and eaten, as it is perfectly wholesome and very nutritious.—*From "The Chemistry of Cookery," by* W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS, *in Popular Science Monthly.*

Agricultural.

Alum for Founder.

A gentleman once told the writer of this that he had completely cured several cases of founder by the use of alum. He put one tablespoonful, finely powdered, as far back in the animal's mouth as possible as soon as making the discovery that the horse is stiffened. Not only does he claim that he has cured several severe cases, but strongly affirmed that he had never known the remedy to fail if given immediately after the trouble has developed itself.

Feeding Clover Hay.

A correspondent who has been troubled by coughing horses, says that from observation he has become convinced that the manner of feeding clover hay has been the entire cause. His custom, like that of many others, has been to let the animal draw the hay down through a rack, thus stripping off the fine dust, which was drawn into the lungs in respiration and produced the cough. He believes the remedy for this trouble to be in giving the animal his feed in the natural way, *i. e.*, allowing it to gather the food from the level of its feet. Since changing his racks to mangers the writer says he has had no further trouble with coughing horses.

Eggs in Winter.

Give fowls warm drink every morning; and see that they have an abundance of gravel. Concoct a pudding for them two or three times a week, not oftener, with the following ingredients: Place an old pail out at one side, and into this throw the meat scraps that are good for nothing else, egg-shells, beans, hominy, bread-crusts, corn parched very brown, coarse meal siftings, and then when the day arrives to serve up this dish, take the water in which you have parboiled your pork and beans, or other greasy water, stirring into it bran sufficient to thicken well, allowing it to cook a few minutes, pouring the whole over these saved-up scraps. Let it stand a short time after it is thoroughly stirred and feed while warm. Aside from this, give warm drink every morning, and you will have plenty of eggs.

For Fence Posts.

A writer in an exchange says; "I discovered many years ago that wood could be made to last longer than iron in the ground, but thought the process so simple that it was not well to make a stir about it. I would as soon have poplar, basswood, or ash as any other kind of timber for fence posts. I have taken out basswood posts after having been set seven years that were as sound when taken out as when first put in the ground. Time and weather seemed to have no effect on them. The posts can be prepared for less than two cents apiece. This is the recipe. Take boiled linseed oil and stir in pulverized coal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and there is not a man that will live to see it rot."—*Scientific American.*

SUCCESS IN FARMING depends very largely upon the amount of manure that is made and applied to the farm. Simon Hunt, a farmer of considerable experience, remarked that the best manure that he could purchase was corn; and that fed to farm animals producing manure, was better than to spend money for commercial articles. It is quite true that every process that is calculated, either to increase the quantity or quality of the manure heap, is commendable, and in the use of corn feed, there is a sort of double advantage coming from the production of beef, pork, poultry, milk, or butter, and the improved condition of animals, and the increased value of the manure. But would it not be much better, all things considered, if the corn consumed could be produced upon the farm? In this way the labor of production would be converted into cash, or which is the same thing, would result in the saving of such an amount of cash as is required in the purchase of corn of the dealers.—*New England Farmer.*

Southern Workman.

VOL. XIV. HAMPTON, VA., JANUARY, 1885. No. 1.

THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN begins its fourteenth year with this New-Year number, While the Illustrated papers that make American art famous are keeping the festive season in all the glory of holiday numbers, the Workman justifies its name by dropping the borrowed plumes which some of them have kindly lent it for so long; taking off its fine coat, as it were, and addressing itself to work with new effort. The space of our first page picture will be devoted, henceforth, to editorial notes and comments, saving room for some enlargement of both departments of the paper whose staff of editors and contributors is also increased. We are happy to say that our subscription list also is growing, slowly, and we earnestly ask the co-operation of the friends of the paper and the interests it represents, in securing the audience which it seeks.

In these days, when almost everybody takes twice as many periodicals as he has time to read, a new one may be subscribed for in charity, or to get rid of an importunate solicitor, but one must have peculiar merits to get itself out of its wrapper.

What are the Southern Workman's claims on the reading public?

Right here, at Hampton, focus some half-dozen of the most important and deeply interesting problems which are pressing upon the attention of the country: the great problem of the Negro and his future; the problem of Indian civilization; the relations to both of Southern and Northern public sentiment; the question of industrial education; questions of educational methods and results, of race differences and development. Many visit Hampton every year,—some from foreign lands, sometimes sent by their governments—to get even a glance at these questions, recognizing the fact that there is no better place to study them. This is our field of observation and work, with an experience of six years practical effort for one race and sixteen for the other. Through our colored graduate teachers and returning Indian students it broadens in both directions, and theories and practice receive their final tests. To represent this field, with the aid of expert contributors South and West, is the Workman's aim and ever increasing effort. If our present readers, who believe in its mission and find food for thought in its columns, will become its agents to the extent of securing each even one new subscriber who will promise to read at least the first number that comes to him, its influence and opportunities will perhaps be doubled if not its subscription list.

THE PANIC occasioned among the more ignorant colored people by the Democratic victory, is subsiding here as elsewhere. Some of them, indeed, have not yet given up Blaine's election, and when the Democrats took down their flag, in Hampton, there was great rejoicing among their hopeful ones who regarded it as evidence that the party had finally struck its colors. Many of their more educated and thoughtful leaders—among them the editors of *The People's Advocate* and the *New York Globe*, (now the *Freeman*) whose excellent editorials are quoted in our views of the Southern Press, on another page—are taking, we are glad to see, a broad view of the situation, counselling calmness and courage, perceiving the great fact which it is no wonder the masses, so new to citizenship, do not see, that in a government of the people popular reforms cannot go backward, or constitutional liberties once given be withdrawn. This is by itself a valuable lesson. The results of a Republican defeat may not be exactly all that either party expects, but there will be education to all classes. The great principles underlying our national life will go on to their ultimate development; while, between the anxiety of the party on trial to prove its fitness for power, the sharp watch upon it that will be kept by the defeated one, and the responsibility felt by those whose independent action gave away the party victory, failing public interest in the Negro's cause will receive new impetus, and he will share in the general progress to which we believe all these are together working.

PROF. PAUL PASSY, of the Normal College of the Province of La Seine, France, sent by the French government recently to study the American school system, devotes a special part of his official report to its bearing upon the education of the three colored races in our borders which he well says "has become one of the questions most directly affecting the future of the American Union." This part of his report, copied into the "*Revue Pedagogue*" of Paris, reaches us from M. Passy, who visited Hampton in the course of his extensive journey of investigation, emphacises its industrial system and quotes from its reports. With the industry and energy characteristic of his nation, M. Passy has collected a great number of interesting and valuable facts and statistics with very few inaccuracies, one of the most noticeable of which is that we *italicize* in his statement that, "In Alabama where, nevertheless the whites are one-third the most numerous, three of the four State Normal Schools are for the colored people, and *the four private schools* also *admit them*." Another that might be questioned is, that color prejudice does not exist in New England or in the Far West. We fear that the "mountaineers of Wyoming" were taking frontier liberties with the inexperience of an Eastern stranger when they said to M. Passy, "Oh, as for us, we don't care whether a man's skin is white, black, or red, so long as he behaves himself." As characteristically, perhaps, M. Passy's theories of the development of the problem before us are purely speculative and visionary, looking to the complete fusion of all the races, probably including the Chinese, as its only and certain solution. His suggestion that, to avoid the disadvantages of separate schools for the white and black races, "could not the condition be affixed [to the grant of National aid to instruction] that no State could profit by it except on abolishing completely race distinctions in the schools," leaves out equally the practical factor of public sentiment by whose consent alone the bill could be passed. The value of M. Passy's interesting paper is in its carefully collected facts and its evidence of the world-wide demand for such information.

MR. JOAQUIN MILLER has been making a tour of the South, and thinks things, in general, are all well enough if people wouldn't botber. His views are quite poetic and pleasant, but as the subject wearies him in a column or so, comment may be proportionately brief.

PROF. G. W. GILLIAM, of Maryland, whose startling calculations of the African problem have been widely copied and commented on, goes through the mathematics of the census again in the November number of the North American Review to arrive at the same conclusion: that, in eighty years the Southern blacks will so far outnumber the Southern whites, with disproportionate gain in wealth and education, and less skill in morals, that the South will be an "African waste," and "only three courses open to the whites: to submit, to emigrate, or to remain and struggle hopelessly with an alien race." Prof. Gilliam's only suggestion to offer in this dismal out-look is "African colonization, enforced if need be." If the question is to be mathematically settled, we do not see why the mathematics of the Southern Churchman are not as good as Prof. Gilliam's, viz: that, "If we had one hundred steamers passing between the United States and Africa, each making ten round trips a year with three hundred sent out in each trip, they would take away but three hundred thousand a year, while the natural increase is more than two hundred thousand a year. At this rate how long would it take to carry away six millions?" The Southern Churchman sees that the black people are here to stay, but that, with wise laws, kind treatment and the education of the logic of events through which the white race itself has had to learn to work and behave itself, they will become a blessing not only to themselves but to the country, as other citizens—some good, some bad, but all in the main wanting to advance in fortune, in station and in the respect of the community, and especially in the respect of the white community.

THE resume of Indian Reports which we offer in this number, enables those of our readers who are willing to give a half hour to the subject, to become familiar with the principal facts in the history of the largest Indian reservation in the United States, these facts being gathered, as we have before stated, entirely and directly from official reports. We have given precedence to the Navajo Agency not only on account of the large number of Indians under its control, but also because these Indians have been and are especially deserving. In intelligence and industry they are above the average, while their docility and friendliness under the most adverse conditions, make their story one of peculiar interest. As to the merits of their case, the official statements speak, we believe, more loudly than any special plea.

We copy the following item, adding to it our good wishes for Mr. Fortune in his new enterprise, from the *Christian Recorder* (colored)

"The *New York Globe* and the *Indianapolis Leader*, ranking among the very first of journals edited by colored men, have suspended. Instead of the Globe, which Mr. Fortune has edited with great ability, he now edits the Freeman, a new paper which he promises to make equal to the Globe in freedom from political trammels and in usefulness to his race. The Leader and the Globe will be missed.

The deep interest taken by the people of the North in the conditions which have resulted from the Democratic victory, is apparently entirely sectional, that is, their apprehensions as to possible danger are limited closely to the Southern States, and the reasons for this lie on the surface. There is no denying the fact that the past record of the Democratic party is not such as to make it absolutely certain that they will, now that their opportunity has come, give to the freedmen of the South the same justice that they accord to their own race, and yet every Northern man knows that anything less than complete justice is likely now to be followed by immediate and terrible results.

It is hardly possible to take up a Northern journal which does not in one form or another, contain some allusions to these possibilities, and never was there a time, not even at the close of the war, when the necessity for careful and at the same time generous action was so deeply and universally felt.

Northern men, as a matter of fact, have not the slightest anxiety as to the effect of Democratic rule, upon their local prosperity, but many of them are honestly anxious as to what may come of it in the South, and out of this anxiety is, we believe, destined to grow certain very excellent results.

For example, the *New York Times*, declares that many of the leading insurance companies are thinking seriously of withdrawing from the South, on account of heavy losses, chiefly caused, it is believed, by incendiarism. Here we have a painfully tangible instance of cause and effect and one which it is not easy to dispute. Incendiarism is the safest of revenges; a match in the hands of a man who believes himself injured, is a weapon to be dreaded, but it is possible that it is only by the light of fires thus kindled, that men will learn to read the lesson set before them. It is ignorance which uses these weapons, and whether the ignorant class in a community, be black or white, makes little difference; the shot gun in Ireland and the torch in South Carolina stand as sign posts on the same road.

It is well that these sources of danger in the South should be brought to the surface, and it is just this that has been, with almost startling abruptness, accomplished by the election of a Democratic President:

Even the staunchest Democrats are tacitly confessing that unless the tactics of the party have undergone considerable reformation since last they were on trial, there is real and imminent danger, and it is in this recognition of danger by North and South, that we find good hope for the future.

We take at random from three Northern newspapers, extracts which may be said to define the situation.

Gen. Gorden of Georgia, writing to the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, in reply to a request that he should "discuss certain grave questions," says:

"That the course of the South under President Cleveland's administration will be such as to overwhelm those who, for party advantage, if such there be, are seeking to inflame the Northern mind against the Southern people, I do not for one moment doubt; and I rest with such unfaltering faith in the good sense, the temper and conservatism of the Southern people; in their profound desire for peace between the sections and races; in their fixed purpose to enforce the laws, both State and Federal, in the interest and for the protection of all alike in their sense of justice and acts of justice, toward the black race, in all departments

political, educational, industrial; in their fidelity to the public credit; to the pledge of the nation, to its soldiers and sailors and to every legitimate result of the war, that I wish now to record the prediction that before the end of President Cleveland's administration hundreds of thousands of Republicans, who love truth and justice and country more than party, will rejoice that this election has at last furnished the South its opportunity to demonstrate to the country and Christendom the unfairness, the injustice and the unwisdom of the charges and suspicions from which she has so long and so patiently suffered."

And in speaking of actual existing conditions.

"I state here as a fact, and hold myself responsible for furnishing the proof, that since Georgia passed to the control of the whites, the colored people have accumulated and own in their individual right millions of property real and personal. They are proprietors of farms, of plantations, of city property and of comfortable and happy homes.

I do not believe that a parallel to the prosperity which, under Democratic rule, has been attained by this liberated slave population can be found in any other liberated race in the world's history."

The *Syracuse Journal* gives us a directly opposite view.

"The colored people of the South are put under the feet of their former masters, with their last hope of protection in a friendly administration of the government gone. * * *

Since the result of the election was known, there has come up from the South a wail of anguish and despair from the colored people, who are left powerless and hopeless against their old-time oppressors, and who, ever since the degree of emancipation and the gift of the franchise, have been brought gradually and surely, into a condition of vassalage but little removed from actual bondage. This being the condition with a friendly administration of the general governments, which to some extent has kept the aggressions from reaching the furthest extreme, what now will be the condition of these people with all the barriers to their debasement swept away and full license granted to the white oppressors."

The *Springfield Republican*, recognizing truth both in the prophesy of danger and in the assertion that it is the policy and honest desire of the South to avoid it, says,

"But whatever be the outcome of the long future, however the 'color line' may work itself out, one thing is indespensable, an eminent and pressing necessity. The black and threatening cloud of illiteracy charged with portentous disaster must be scattered. It is a national responsibility. This illiteracy in the southern states, where it is chiefly massed, averages 40 or more per cent of their voters, and these states represent 76 per cent of a majority in the electoral college, in the House of Representatives, and in the Senate of the United States. That is a portentous fact, worse even than the census makes it as to its figures, and immeasurably bad in its threatening outlook. The time is past when we can play off the freeman against the rebel by any party games of politics. That policy of reconstruction is a gone-by failure. The time is fast passing when the idiotic shotgun policy of a "white man's government" and "keeping the nigger in his place" can remain seated on the safety-valve. The only way out of this threatening complication of race caste and ignorance is Washington's way, emphasized in his farewell address. 'Promote, as an object of prime importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge,' and Jefferson's ways,—'If a nation expects to be ignorant and free in a state of civilization, it expects what never was and never will be.' Let the appeal be made unceasingly to Cæsar, till the legislators and the executive of the American people hear it from the people, and compelled by an aroused public sentiment, give national aid to public education and its allied moral forces. We have made the slave a free man. We must do that other thing—make the freedman a citizen with all that that implies."

Correspondence.

The following is from the hand of our always welcome correspondent and friend, Hampton's honored ex-treasurer General Marshall.

KENDALL GREEN, WESTON, MASS.
Nov. 19th, 1884.

* * * * * * * * *

The election is at last over. The suspense which followed it, when such tremendous issues hung upon the possible miscounting of a few hundred votes, is ended, and the Democratic party, after a vacation of a quarter of a century, are again to assume the great responsibilities of the administration of the great Government of this great Republic. It is not to be wondered at that a feeling of distrust and uncertainty should prevail among that large class of voters who have been taught to believe that the Republican party embodied all the virtue, and the Democratic party all the vices of citizenship. Neither are the fears of the colored population in the South, that under the new regime they are to be remanded back to slavery, at all unnatural. But the feeling among the best informed and most clear-sighted citizens of all parties is, that we are to have a wise and beneficial administration. I have great faith that President Cleveland will show himself a true believer in civil service reform, and that he will avoid the dangers of the spoils system which has wrecked the Republican party. The closeness of the election and the fact that Cleveland owes his success to Republicans who could not conscientiously vote for the nominees of their own party, teaches a lesson that he will probably heed, notwithstanding the tremendous pressure from hungry aspirants of his own party, who are already "putting their feet in the trough," in their struggles to be first at the Government rations.

I trust we shall never again have such a discreditable campaign as this, in which personal slander and vituperation seemed to have run riot. I hope, too, that a more sensible way of urging the claims of their candidates to the Presidency of this great Republic will be adopted in future, than that of fireworks, torchlight processions and other childish extravagances, which have cost enormous sums, at a time of universal depression and want, and have led to no good result.

As to the effect on the colored population of the South by the accession of Democrats to power, I am more inclined to believe with Mr. Chase, the editor of the *Washington Bee*, that the "change will inure to the benefit of his race in the South," he says: "The presence of an office-holding class of white men in the South, whose chief endeavor has seemed to be to stir up strife and set the whites and blacks by the ears, will be done away with, thus removing a great cause of race feeling." While his condemnation of Southern Republican office-holders may be sweeping, there is much truth in what he says of the influence of many of them. I am sorry that Fred Douglas has taken so different a view of the situation, and has said so much to needlessly excite the fears of the colored men of the South. He does not show as much good sense as Ex-Congressman Rainey, of S. C., who says: "Were I in a position to speak to the six millions of negroes in the United States, I would say to them, "*possess your souls in peace; your liberties are not in danger.*"

But we shall see what a Democratic administration means, if we quietly wait. The great lesson for both parties which this campaign teaches, is that in the very equal division of numbers, the party who puts up the best man will be most likely to succeed, as against Cleveland, Blaine would have been elected by a large majority, but for his public record; and as against Blaine, Cleveland would have received a very much larger majority but for his private record. Let us hope the lesson will be heeded and that our next candidate, of whatever party, will not need a campaign of excuse, apology, and defence to induce citizens to give them their votes.

The ground is white, and the pure flakes fill the air, and winter is upon us. With *aloha* to all Hampton friends and the hope of meeting them before Washington's Birthday,

Yours Truly,
J. F. B. MARSHALL.

"Thorns in the Flesh."

This is the title of a work recently written by Capt. N. B. Floyd of Lynchburgh, Virginia. The author states in the preface that it is intended as an answer to Tourgee's books on the South. The writer is a Southern man by birth and education, and the book is full of provincialisms and sectional prejudices. The "Thorns in the Flesh" were all who in any way interfered with slavery and its results.

The style of the whole book is a trifle old fashioned, with a flavor of Simms and the earlier romance writers of America. The story, one but too common in the sorrowful annals of the civil war, follows the hero from the home where all was sunshine and happiness before the hateful strife began, until he returns to find it all ruin and desolation, and, weary and worn, takes up the burden of life again to find his task too difficult for mortal hands. On the whole, in spite of some defects of style and sentiment, the book is of unusual interest. As the record of the author's personal experience it is of much historical value. From his standpoint it truly "paints the manners of the times," and will tell to those who come after us, of the Southland as it seemed to those who loved it in their day and generation. In one respect the book is invaluable, that is in showing the tender affection that often existed between the master and slave in days that have gone forever.

"Dick," the faithful Negro who followed his master through good and evil, is admirably drawn, as is also Peter Dillard, a slave who, in ante-bellum days, occupied the important position of headman on his owner's plantation. Peter suffers anguish of mind before he can bring himself to give up the trust confided to him by his dying master, and his story is naturally and most forcibly told.

It would seem impossible to those who have heard only of the cruelties of slavery to realize the kindly and affectionate ties between Stewart and his Creole chattels Fox and Manerine, and also the dear old Mammy, whose character is evidently taken from life with a loving hand, and is beautiful in its tenderness. It may be said that Captain Floyd paints only the sunny side of slavery, but such a side did exist in spite of the shadows that obscured it; and that such noble characters as were often found among the slaves, were developed under it, proves not only that the African had admirable traits but that slavery was not all evil, and fostered rather than repressed them.

Those who have read Judge Tourgee's interesting books on the South, should also read Captain Floyd's book, in order to know both sides of an "owre true tale."

ORRA LANGHORNE.

"Thorns in the Flesh" is published by Hubbard Bros., Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, Boston, New York and Kansas City.

The New York *Evening Post* has been publishing a number of interesting and suggestive letters from a Southern correspondent upon the national and educational progress of the South since the war.

The following extract shows the spirit and gives the gist of these excellent and timely articles, all of which are well worth reading

"Material progress is to eradicate the social and political evils left by slavery. Material progress has done, and is to do, more than this for the South. It is a most important factor in our educational status. That the whole South in the last few years has had a genuine industrial awakening, no sane man who has taken the trouble to look into the matter will pretend to deny; and that the South too in the last five years has been making such material progress as, taking into consideration the wonderful odds, is almost unparalleled by any people in modern times, is equally patent. But many, even down South, while recognizing this, have lost sight of the fact that, going hand in hand with and largely due to this material advancement, there has been a corresponding social and educational progress.

Slavery was inwoven with our society, and largely affected our institutions in ways in which we were unconscious. If the notion that we of the South constituted the highest type of gentility and cultured independence in contradistinction to a working, money-getting race, and that we were rather the guardians of a generous spirit of lavishness and of chivalric ideas, was not openly recognized before the war, it, in practice at least, had in fact a strong hold upon us, and an active, aggressive, industrial movement, such as we now have, would have been incompatible with the whole spirit of our *ante-bellum* tendencies. Not that there were not some good things in our former society and institutions;—we have since the war seen the decay of a whole-souled hospitality the like of which will not soon again be found in any people—but in the main our institutions were founded upon radically erroneous principles. There was among the slave-owning class a false estimate of the respectability of labor; there was everywhere in the South a too great disregard for business methods—a shirking of that attention to details and want of that unflagging application to business so necessary to success; there was a lack of interest in and care for the social and educational needs of the masses; and there was the mistaken idea that any great industrial activity was the concomitant of a sordid, debasing material spirit. The war destroyed some of these illusions. Necessity did more, and forced a people who had held a material age in contempt to look to their own material welfare with an interest never before manifested. The war was thus the cause of the present industrial movement, which is widening and taking a stronger hold upon the people day by day. I recall the words of an able but biggoted speaker, uttered just as our material growth was becoming visible, which were then applauded to the echo: "From the close of the war," he said, "and all through the dark days of reconstruction, they (the Northern people) have given their advice to us free as the winds. To build up our material prosperity—To dot our land with manufactures— to turn the South into one great wealth-seeking people to whom the ring of the almighty dollar sounds sweeter than Cynthia's lute, appears to them to be our only duty," etc., and these will serve to show with what distrust the industrial movement was then received in some quarters. But now the material age is upon us, and the race of old fogies is fast dying out. We do not object any longer to the ring of the almighty dollar, and we greet the manufacturer or capitalist. We like the one and invite the other.

But the industrial movement in the South has aided the educational no little, and the South educationally compares favorably with the South industrially. And North Carolina, the State that has the largest number of cotton mills, that leads the world in tobacco manufacturing, that has held recently the greatest *State* industrial exhibition ever known in the South, and which, if not first, is certainly second in the new order of things, takes first rank in this educational movement. The last five years have seen a new impetus imparted to education here. Everywhere, from the "free school," held only from two to four months in the year, (and often taught by a $15-per month teacher,) up to the colleges and university, very marked progress has been made. As many as twenty graded schools have been put in successful operation in as many leading towns. Scientific societies, reading circles, and various other means of literary improvement have been devised. Four or five normal schools and a number of county teachers' institutes have been held at different and easily accessible points during each summer since 1880, by which the art of teaching has been improved and encouraged.

Perhaps, however, as true an index of North Carolina's advancement educationally as any other will be found in the open and material manifestations of progress seen in improved school equipments and appliances. Many important changes in and valuable additions to the old school buildings have been made within the last few years, and numbers of new and tastefully constructed academies, with all modern comforts and conveniencies have been erected, and many of them filled with the latest and most approved school appliances. The Bingham Military School buildings have been rebuilt on an enlarged scale, and a very complete gymnasium has been added. The University of North Carolina is just now completing in a manner every way worthy of the institution a magnificent "Memorial Hall," which is to contain the largest auditorium in the State. Almost every prominent college, male and female, has since 1880 received valuable contributions to libraries and laboratories, and made notable additions in the way of buildings.

Leaving the leading institutions out of account, Shelby, a town of 1,200 inhabitants, has built a $10,000 building for a female school. Lenoir, a little town of not 600 inhabitants, has rebuilt and refurnished at perhaps half the cost, another similar school. Dallas, with 800 inhabitants, only this summer laid the corner-stone of an $8,000 high school building. La Grange, in Lenoir county, has in the last five years firmly established two excellent schools with commodious buildings, sheltering now over two hundred and fifty boarders. Winston, a little place almost unknown five years ago, has just completed a $26,000 graded school building. Shaw University (colored) at Raleigh, has added, among other buildings, a handsome medical college. Biddle Institute (colored) at Charlotte, this summer dedicated a new "University Hall," costing $40,000; and Fayetteville, Durham, and a number of other towns have erected a new school buildings. This is only a partial summary of the work going on in this line, for I have merely mentioned such as either came under my own eye or were of sufficient importance to invite attention."

The Southern Press. Both Sides.

The colored press is still sounding a note of alarm, though the immediate apprehension has given place to an uneasy conviction that nothing decisive will occur until after the inauguration. The fact that matters have been left undisturbed during the two months which have passed since the election, has, of course, its effect upon all those who think at all, while those who can and do read, are to some extent convinced of the fair intentions towards them, of the Democratic victors. A remarkably cool and sensible article from the *People's Advocate* deserves the careful attention of colored men who are anxious as to the future, and should be equally reassuring to their white friends, from the temperance of its tone, and the straightforward way in which the facts are met:

"It is at last universally conceded that Cleveland and Hendricks are elected; if not by a majority of votes actually cast, at least by the forms and in the manner provided by the Constitution and the laws of the several states.

For the first time since 1860 we are to have a Democratic president and a democratic majority in the popular branch of the national legislature.

Although the triumph of Democracy is partial and by no means complete it is important because of the possibilities, and the tendencies that may follow in the wake of Democratic ascendency. * * *

What of it to the Nation? what of it to the Negro?

To the nation, primarily: Much of it depends upon the policy of Mr. Cleveland and the temper of the Republican Senate. If Mr. Cleveland has a will of his own and lives up to the official reputation which the Independents claim has characterized his administration of New York in the matter of civil service reform and economy; if he is not controlled by the Bourbon Democracy of the South, he will not only retain the support of the independent element, but gain such accessions as to carry the country two years hence, and enter the Presidential struggle of 1888, with his party somewhat redeemed from its malodorous reputation of before, during and since the war, when it had little to commend it, either from a patriotic or a political point of view.

Independent of political appointments the Democratic party can hold the Republican party jointly responsible for the short-comings of legislation, because, as stated before, the Senate can thwart Democratic legislation, and defeat Democratic appointments by the tenure of office law.

As to the Negro: Here again much depends upon the action of the President and his political advisers.

It is true that the present tendencies are unfavorable to the Negro, because, since the election, the worst elements of the Democracy are singing the same old tunes, as "down with the 'nigger,'" "this is a white man's government," "the 'nigger' must keep his place," etc., but we regard this as only temporary, a mere effervescence; for if these elements are to shape the policy of the party to the Negro, whose rights are now secured by organic law, then will the Democracy go out of power with as emphatic a manifestation of popular disapproval as did Andrew Johnson.

But if Cleveland lives up even to the letter of his civil service reform promises—if he does not make undue haste to disenarge by wholesale, colored officials regardless of their fitness; he will succeed in establishing that his party, the better elements at least of it, have grown conservative by the possession of power, and can be trusted to administer the government without revolutionizing its political constituents, although their theories of policy may antagonize the cardinal tenets of the Republican party. Should Mr. Cleveland pursue this course, the colored vote would divide, the South would no longer be "solid" against the Negro, sectional issues would pass away and the country enter upon a new era.

We do not predict what course Mr. Cleveland or his party will follow. We prefer to wait until his cabinet is announced, his policy outlined by their actions, and that of his subordinates. We do not say that we expect greater things from them than from the Republicans, for we do not. We simply state that the present excited expressions and actions of partisans, intoxicated by unexpected success, or dismayed by defeat, is no gauge of Democratic policy either from the standpoint of the Nation or the Negro."

The *Christian Recorder* puts the case in, more sensational light, butundoubtedly is only giving expression to the feeling, for the moment, at least, of a majority of the race.

"SLAVERY IS DEAD FOREVER." We trust this is true, but do not hesitate to warn the readers against trusting the demon, against yielding to the siren song of the vile and subtle passion of greed and race domination. "Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace" to a struggling race in the meshes of a more powerful race, disinclined to favor it in its struggles. Be not too sure of the death of slavery. We cannot forget that peoples comparatively far in advance of the colored American in every respect, have been reduced to hopeless and interminable slavery, i. e., so far as being liberated as a distinct people with the power of resuscitation is concerned. Every colored man should feel himself called upon to live a correct life, trusting God most implicitly and watching men most carefully and suspiciously. We do not expect to be reduced to slavery. We do not fear it, but we cannot forget its possibility. There cannot be, we admit, any danger of the return of slavery in its old form, but it may come upon us in a new form. We warn our people especially against the enslavement to passion in all forms, at the same time watch men."

Items like the following occur now and then in nearly all of the colored journals.

"The colored people will find it greatly to their interest to scatter themselves all over this great country. If the Southern States were once made to feel the need of labor which they have confessed none but the Negro race can supply, the colored people south of Mason and Dixon's Line would be treated far better by them."

The *Charleston News and Courier* publishes an account of an interview with Gov. Thompson of South Carolina, in which that gentleman does not hesitate to bind his party to a policy towards the Negro, which is certainly all that could be desired; he says:

"The relations between the two races at the South will henceforth be those of entire harmony. The only differences between them heretofore have been with regard to politics. The differences have been kept alive and increased by the machination of Federal office holders, whose only hope for continuance in office was by fomenting discord between the races and sectional differences between the two political parties. The negroes will soon learn by experience that their rights are more secure and the opportunities for improvements far greater under Democratic than under Republican rule. At each recurring Federal election our people will be free from the anxiety and unrest which sectional and race issue have heretofore produced."

Commenting upon this the *Richmond State* adds:

"All the civil and religious rights of the colored people will be protected. Their schools will be protected and made as effective as possible; they will continue to have justice in the courts, whether they appear as accused or accusers; in their political rights in all respect they will remain unmolested; and their churches will not be desecrated by the presence of scheming and unscrupulous white adventurers. Most of all, impossibilities will not be falsely promised them. It will soon be seen that the colored people, emancipated from the dread of a return to slavery, as twenty years ago they were emancipated from the real slavery itself, will consent no longer to be deceived into arraying themselves against the intelligent whites, for whom they have always had far more respect than for the carpet-baggers and scalawags who have preyed upon them."

The *Religious Herald* and the *Memphis Appeal* are both jubilant over the changes which the future is to bring.

"If the good people of the North could understand aright this great Southern problem, they would join in this rejoicing, which is now pouring new life and hope into young and old. It is not that the whites are unfriendly to the blacks, not that we do not accept fully all the legitimate results flowing from the overthrow of slavery—not that; but simply that, in the presence of this ever threatening negro problem, we hail with joy the coming of anything which may help in its peaceful solution.—*Religious Herald.*

"Mr. Cleveland's election being no longer a matter of doubt, excitement on that score subsided and men betook themselves to their regular business avocations. Trade seemed to revive and an advance in cotton of fully half a cent and a fall in meat of three cents was accepted by many, especially the negroes, as one of the immediate benefits arising from Democratic triumph. Just after the confirmation of Mr. Cleveland there was some feeling on the part of many of the more ignorant negroes, inculated by wicked and designing connselors, lest they were to be remanded to slavery. Some really believed that they would be put back in bondage; and at one of their churches last Sunday night, the 16th instant, prayers were offered in great sincerity and earnestness, asking God to deliver them from such a fate. They have come to believe now that their fears were groundless, for the more intelligent ones know that the whites would not have them as slaves even if they could. As a laborer, the question is resolved down to this: The white man gets all the labor out of him that is possible, probably more than if he was his slave, and does not have to feed or clothe him or pay his doctor's bill; and should he die, is in no danger of losing his value, $1500 or $2000, as in *ante-bellum* times.—*Memphis Appeal*

The Southern white journals are, in the main, taking very sensible ground and although their arguments are not altogether free from prejudice, there is every evidence of a general intention to give the colored man fair play.

The *Augusta Constitutionalist* is, as usual, not behindhand in meeting the issue.

"Many colored people are reported to be in a state of nervous apprehension lest the election of Cleveland should mean their restorzation to slavery or some other kind of bondage.

This shows how the Republican politicians have grossly deluded and duped the black people for selfish purposes. It also demonstrates how unfit for suffrage the vast body of freedmen must be. It also proves the necessity of a Democratic administration to rescue these poor creatures from a slavery of the mind that is much worse than any physical servitude.

Some of our people, qualified for the task, might, if the game be worth the candle, agree to address the colored people in a plain way upon the situation of affairs. They should be taught that no laws bearing upon their freedom are impaired or even threatened by a change of Presidents. They should be taught that an administration that is national and not sectional, is not only better for the country everywhere, but better for them. They may be assured that, at the end of a four years of Democratic administration, not one legal right they now enjoy will be menaced, much less overthrown.

The worst that can happen to any colored people is loss of office. Some individuals will no doubt have to make a living in some other manner than at Government expense: but what a drop in the bucket is that personal loss, to which white and black are liable, to the mass of Negroes who never had a public position and never expected one?

As to slavery. If the Southern white men, to-morrow, were permitted to restore it, they would decline with thanks.

We misjudge the Southern white man's character, if, during a Democratic administration, there shall not be a much better understanding between both races, and a much more wholesome comprehension of the true relations between them.

The Negroes in the South have, under Republican power and deception, been like a hostile army encamped in this section. They have been drilled to suspect and dislike the white men who employ them and who consent to be taxed for the education of their children. Under a peaceful Democratic administration, the friendship of the black man and his gratitude may be awakened, when facts disarm suspicion and distrust.

We look to Cleveland's administration for a wise solution of the Negro problem that never could have come from a sectional partisan like Blaine. A wise contemporary says, most pertinently, that when the slavery hugabou shall have disappeared into vapor the Negro will "soon learn that the Republican party is one thing and the National Government another thing. He will receive new light when once he sees that Democrats can be Federal officials of all sorts—letter carriers, mail agents, internal revenue officials, marshals, district-attorneys, judges and all the rest of them by whatever title known. He begins to look upon his State, and his country or city or town as something worthy of consideration. He will find out, in a word, that the best friends of the Negro race in the civilized world are the white men of the Southern States. In the hour of victory, the white men of the South have none but kindly feeling for the Negro."

In this connection we regret that, Thos. T. Fortune's paper, the *New York Globe*, was discontinued for want of adequate support. Mr. Fortune is a very intelligent colored man, and in one of the very last issues of his journal, abandoning the hope that Blaine was elected, and preparing his people for the advent of Cleveland and Democracy, said that he had never given himself any serious concern about the change to come, so far as it affected the constitutional rights of the Negro. He paid a warm tribute to the firmness, justice and conservatism of the Democratic President-elect, and felt safe in asserting that no ultra or reactionary measure would meet with favor at his hands.

The colored people therefore may as well dismiss all absurd fears on any subject connected with their freedom or privileges. Nothing will happen to disturb any lawful right they now possess, and we risk nothing in the prediction that much will occur to make them wiser, happier, more contented and liberal.

They may have good cause, a little later, to celebrate their emancipation from Republican slavery of the soul and mind.

Cleveland will be their good genius as well as ours."

To the *Richmond State*, hope tells a flattering tale, and it indulges in the prophecy that "under Democratic rule the South will grow as it has never before grown," a prophecy which is pretty certain to be fulfilled, although the stimulating forces are perhaps not so limited in their origin as the *State* would have us believe.

"If there is one class that will be benefited more than any other class by the election of Grover Cleveland to the presidency of the United States, it is the colored race in the South. The black man's interests here are identical with those of the white men of the South. He gets his living from them He is dependent upon them for his support. If they do not employ him, from whom does he get work? If their business enterprises were to fail, would not his means of getting a living end?

The South under Republican rule cannot prosper. The men whom the Republicans have put in power in Virginia have not been men who cared for the good of the State. They have been aliens. They have been men who have migrated from their Northern birthplaces to Virginia for plunder. Their object has been to secure votes, and by the aid of votes to get their fingers in the public treasury. The white men of Virginia know this. They know that Republican rule in the South means death to the South's prosperity. The colored man should appreciate this fact. Instead, however, he has listened to the lies of a miserable set of renegades, of a set of men with whom he knows his employers do not associate. He will be a faithful servant, will attend to his daily duties, but in this great matter of voting he will deliberately cast his ballot against that of his employer, and will thereby do all in his power to imperil the good of the section in which he resides.

It is time for the Negro to think for himself instead of being led by a band of unscrupulous adventurers. If he will pause a moment and examine the statements which have been so often made to him by the Republican and Mahoneite emissaries to the effect that the victory of the Democratic party means reenslavement of the Negro, he will see how utterly absurd all such talk is. In the first place, the South does not desire slavery. In the second place, if it did desire slavery it could not have it. That is something that has been obliterated forever. Under Democratic rule the South will grow as it has never before grown. Money which has long been hoarded up will seek investment in this section. That this money has never come to us is because capitalists are afraid to put their capital in States controlled by such creatures as the Lost Carpet Bagger Brady or the Virginia Outcast Mahone.

We advise the Negro to ponder over this matter. We advise him to cease paying attention to the silly lies by which an unscrupulous set of mercenaries get his votes and then laugh at his cupidity.

A Slave Who Had His Own Way.

BY MRS. ORRA LANGHORNE.

A Rockbridge lady of high and earnest character, who had reflected much on the scheme of colonizing American Negroes, in Africa, determined to educate a fine little black boy, whose family belonged to her, as a missionary to his pagan kindred, giving him every advantage American enlightenment could bestow, and then at her own expense to send him to the dark continent to convert the heathen. Robert Scott, the embryo missionary, or, as he was better known, "Bob," was a very fine specimen of his race; jet black, with shining eyes, and teeth like ivory. He had a strong, well-built, active frame. His woolly hair covered a very sensible head, and the boy possessed withal a cheerful, warm, affectionate disposition, which made him very valuable as a slave, and involved no small sacrifice to his owners in giving him to the missionary cause. Up to the time it was decided to afford him an opportunity of being eaten by his cannibal kinsfolk, while teaching them to mend their ways, little black Bob had been as happy and thoughtless an urchin as ever played ball or cracked hickory nuts.

His mistress had two or three sons near his own age, and the children had always lived happily together on the comfortable well-ordered farm among the blue Virginia mountains. Bob had received some training as a house servant from the amiable and pious ladies of the family, but his tasks were light, and the white children would often assist in them, in order to give him more time for the games which they could not enjoy without their dusky playmate.

When he was about ten years old and the missionary idea had been decided upon, a new system was adopted with him. He was taught regularly from books, and his education took even a wider range than that of his mistress's children, in order to prepare him for his destined sphere.

An old German music master, who traveled through the Shenandoah Valley tuning pianos, which were somewhat rare in those days, and teaching classes of vocal and instrumental music wherever he could find them, was engaged to instruct the future missionary in the harmonious art, and, having a good ear for music, the boy was extremely happy when allowed to practice on the clarionet, and other noisy instruments, supposed to be especially suited for his intended field of labor.

After a time, the family moved into Lexington, where Bob's studies were continued with much vigor, and great interest was shown in the African student by the pious citizens of the town, who predicted for the promising youth great influence among the heathen. The United States arsenal at Lexington had then but recently been converted into the Virginia Military Institute, which, for the last forty years has done excellent work in training Southern boys. During the civil war, the cadets, some of them not more than fifteen years old, did brave service on the battle-field of the Lost Cause, and the Institute suffered greatly in various ways, the buildings being burned and much valuable property destroyed by the Federal army, under General David Hunter.

In that early day in which our dusky little hero figures, the people of the Valley of Virginia, were ardent lovers of the Union, and the sight of the Star Spangled Banner floating over the Institute, kept warm the fires of patriotism in the breasts of the Lexington youth. Weame's Lives of Washington and Marion, deemed old fashioned now, were the favorite reading of the young folks of that time, who celebrated the 4th of July—always a great day at the V. M. I.—with intense enthusiasm.

In all these emotions, Bob, the black boy, who was getting ready to go as missionary to Africa, shared with all his heart. He read the stories of the Revolution, sang National anthems, and hailed the Flag with devotion, in company with the white children, who were his friends and playmates, not realizing that the fathers of the Republic had secured liberty for one race, whilst they had left another in bondage thus sowing seeds of strife, which their luckless descendants were to see germinate into all the horrors of civil war.

For several years Bob attended a Sunday School, taught by the Institute professors, in connection with the Episcopal Church, and later, one under the care of the Presbyterians, in which Major Jackson, known to all the world as "Stonewall Jackson," took an active part up to the beginning of the war.

When the embryo missionary was about eighteen years old, his mistress began to make preparations for sending him to a theological seminary, where colored students were received, as a final preparation for his departure to the land of his forefathers. But here a great disappointment awaited the good lady.

The proposed missionary had been born in Virginia; there he had spent his happy childhood. His kindred, the kind and faithful white friends, who had done 'so much for him, were there. He loved them all; he loved the land of his birth; he loved the Stars and Stripes; he cared nothing for the savage heathen; he feared to go among the cannibals and wild beasts; in a word, he could not and he would not go to Africa! Great was the distress of his mistress and her friends in the church, deep the indignation of the agents of the Colonization Society; but the youth was immovable in the stand he had taken, and the white people were too good and too sensible to attempt to force him into compliance with their cherished plan.

After due consultation with her friends, his mistress decided that Bob had had too many advantages, and showed too much ability to be employed as a common farm hand, so he was allowed to choose a trade, and was, ere long, to his entire satisfaction, busy in a tan-yard which supplied the country side with leather. He soon became expert at the business, and now tells with much pride, that after his value became known in the community, his mistress had an offer of $1800 in hard cash for him.

As he grew older and read more, he became unhappy at being a slave, and the possibility of being sold, and at one time he and two or three other young Negroes, who thirsted for freedom, arranged a plan for escaping to Canada. None of them knew much of any country outside of the district where they were born, but about this time an enterprising Virginian named Harmon, who owned a line of stages, published a little book, which was of great service to the young men proposing to escape from bondage. This was "A Guide to the Virginia Springs," including a map and complete description of the country, intended for visitors. No doubt the Messrs. Harmon, who were themselves slaveholders, would have been much surprised if they had known the use to which their guide-book was put by the discontented slaves of their district.

Just as the plan of escape was about to be put into execution, it was betrayed by an old Negro man, and the boys were for awhile closely watched and their movements much restricted. Then the war came on, and anticipating that it would end in the emancipation of his race, Bob quietly waited the result. He says he was made very unhappy at one time by hearing that some of his mistress's relatives were trying to induce her to send him and other valuable slaves farther South, where it was supposed they would be out of reach of Federals; but when he appealed to his mistress on the subject, that good lady, who was always his friend, promised him that he should never be sent out of his native place. In the course of time he had married and had become a zealous member of the Methodist Church. He remained with his employer at the tan-yard until the close of the war, and when Hunter's army approached Lexington, he was entrusted by the worthy woman, who had always been very kind to him, with the care of a box of papers and other valuables, which she wished to send to a hiding place in the mountains. The young slave did as he was bid. He set out in the afternoon, carrying the property put in his care in a buggy, and driving a fine horse. When he reached his destination the next morning, a point high up on a neighboring mountain, turning to look back at the lovely landscape below him, he was horrified to behold the Virginia Military Institute, which had been the object of his admiration from childhood, enveloped in flames.

After the close of the war "Bob" determined to enter the ministry, and at last carried out his mistress's early plan for him of studying at a theological seminary. Now the Rev. Robert Scott, he has been a preacher and teacher among his people, doing good work by precept and example. His mistress, who, perhaps, "builded better than she thought," lived to see him a useful and respected minister of the Gospel, of his own free choice; although his labors were not in "Afric's sunny clime," but confined to the race in the land to which they were transplanted, centuries ago, and where they have taken root.

Mammy's Story.

Hardly were the children neatly tucked in bed, Monday night, ere the outcry for their story began.

"It's my turn to choose," said Fanny, "and I want 'Grandma and Marquis de Lafayette,' please."

This was mammy's favorite story. She gloried in telling it. Straightening her turban and letting her hands fall into her lap, she began.

"Now, ef yer's all nice an' warm fixed in bed an' won't talk, I'll tell yer about when the Marquis de Lafayette come to Leesburg.

"Dis here happen a long time ago, when yer gramma war a little girl, only six years ole.

"Marquis de Lafayette, at de argunt invitation ob de young Republic dat he so nobly befriended in its time ob sore need, war a comin' to visit it, in its prosperity.'"

The above sentence she had learned from one of the speeches delivered in honor of Marquis de Lafayette when he visited this country for the last time, which she thought a marvel of eloquence.

"He war gwine to stop at Leesburg a night, and stay at ole marser's. He war your great grampa," she continued. "Sich a time es we had a gittin' ready! The sweepin' an' dustin' an' scourin' an' polishin'! Yer never see de like ob dat house when all war done. Yer could see your face in de silver an' glass on de side-board in de dinin'-room, an' de winder panes, or even de waxed flo'.

"'Pears like I could see dat table still, wid de long damask table clof comin' down to de flo' all round an looped so pretty wid green sprays, an' shinin' wid glass and silver, an' loaded down wid good tings; and dar war flowers an' green stuff ebery whar. De spar room war fixed fur de marquis to sleep in, an' de flo' war new waxed, an' de bes' white counterpane war on de bed, an' de new piller-shams broidered wid' mistus's own han's.

"Ole marser's coach war sent after him, a' my father war de driver. Fum dat time he war know ez *Marquis Dulafeet*, an' it become our family name." This with inexpressible pride.

"I s'pose that's who Uncle Charley meant when he spoke of Uncle Mark, Fan," whispered Harry.

"Yer gramma, Miss Ella," mammy went on, "war to go wid six other little girls, dressed all in white to strew flowers in front ob de coach. Her dress war fine es a fiddle, an' *so* becomin'! She looked like a little white angel. A band of music war to 'scort de marquis home. (Don't kick the blanket off, Miss Nellie, honey).

"People war crowdin' to de edge ob de pavement to see de coach drive up. When it come in sight up de street, de cheerin' mought 'a deafened a body, an' de marquis leaned back so grand, an' de bow he made when dey cheered war a sight to see.

"De music played 'America,' an' de little girls scattered de flowers an kep' step beautiful, 'specially Miss Ella. When dey got to de gate of miser's house, six darkies stood on each side ob de double gate to open it, a bowin' an' scrapin', an' mistus, wid her bes' black silk gown an' wh'te cap on, was standin' the doorway to welcome her visitor.

"Miss Ella, ob a sudden, turned 'round to drop a flower, an' when she see a smile on de marquis's face she couldn't hold in no longer, but dropt all her flowers down on de smooth drive, an' clim de wheels ob de coach, an' put her head in de winder an' kissed him; an' he lifted her fru an' sot her on his lap! De cheer dem people sot up! I never hear de like before nor since. I tell you 'twas a pretty pictur' I see from de cabin do' fru de coach winder—dat white haired old gentleman a smilin' down at my little lady on his knee, wid her brown curls fallin' round her shoulders, an' on her white dress dat de wheels ob de coach had made a spot on de ruffle ob it, an' her brown eyes dancin' an' still holdin' a white rose in one little han'. She war an oncommon fine chile. Her children didn't come nigh her in sense, tho' yer ma's one ob de bes' ladies alive."

"She's the very best of all, mammy," put in Nellie, half asleep.

"Well, ebery ting went on all right while de marquis stayed wid ole marser. Mistus nebber let de plate an' cup an' napkin dat he used be used agin. She put it away, an' it's in de family still," concluded mammy, proudly.

"You needn't tell mammy, Nell," whispered Fanny, "but Polly and I cut up that napkin for dolls' tablecloths last time I was at auntie's."

But Nellie was already in the "land of Nod," where the others soon joined her.

H. H. D.

In the Woman's Journal.

Colored Fairs.

A desire on the part of the writer to understand something of the resources of his native State prompted him to cut short his summer vacation in order that he might put in a week at Raleigh to witness the State Exposition, and the Industrial Fair in connection with it, held from the 1st to the 28th of October. The Exposition was formally opened on the first day of the month. Senator Hawley of Connecticut, formerly of North Carolina, made the address, after a speech of welcome by the Governor of the state. The most prominent feature of the display was the enormous quantity of ores placed on exhibition in the State Agricultural Department. The State has no department of mines and mining, including many kinds of valuable stones, there were more than 5000 specimens. Next in importance came tobacco, then corn and cotton.

The point of peculiar interest to the writer was the part in the concern taken by the North Carolina Industrial Association, now generally known as the only organization of its kind to be found among the colored people of this country. The recent very successful affair at Richmond is not overlooked. The enterprise was set on foot and regularly incorporated by the legislature about six years ago. The success of each annual exhibition has generally been gratifying to all parties concerned. From the beginning the movement has been warmly endorsed by the best white citizens of the State, Governor Jarvis himself foremost among them. Two years ago the legislature provided for an annual appropriation of $500, to aid in putting up temporary buildings and in paying premiums.

During the past summer the managers received an invitation to hold their Fair in connection with the State Exposition to add to the general display. In consideration of grounds and building free of rent and $900 in cash, the proposition was accepted. The exhibit was opened the 16th, addresses were made by the President of the Association, Mr. J. S. Leary of Fayetteville, Rev. Joseph C. Price and Governor Jarvis. Mr. Price had the annual oration. His subject was Negro Capabilities, and his justly earned reputation for sound argument and fine oratory was well sustained. The interest taken by all classes in the efforts of the Association is shown by the fact that a much larger number of both races was present on the 16th than on any of the preceding 15 days of the Association.

There were nearly a thousand entries, embracing a great variety of articles. The ladies' department contained a great diversity of quilts, rugs, knit goods and fancy articles, many of which were considered of great merit.

There were samples of farm produce; corn, cotton, wheat, oats and garden vegetables in great abundance. Canned goods, preserves and wines added to the wealth of the ladies' department. Various breeds of chickens, ducks, geese and other fowls, comprised the stock exhibit, which has heretofore contained horses, cattle and sheep. A round table 3 ft. in diameter, made of 375 different pieces of wood and 60 varieties of timber, found within a mile of the state-house, was a unique piece of mechanism. It was made by William Burgess, an uneducated carpenter of Wake Co. The design was entirely his own. The numerous little blocks forming the surface of the table were diamond shaped, neatly and accurately joined.

A case of edge tools made by Joseph Tyson, a worker in iron and steel, of Carthage, N. C., attracted considerable attention. Among the articles were two razors said to be of first rate quality.

The Secretary of the Industrial Association was corroborated by the Secretary of the Exposition in the statement that almost every county had brought some article illustrative of the ingenuity of colored men. They were not distinguished in any way and could only be discovered by inquiry. A fancy table of different colored woods was found in one county and an attractive lot of dressed skins of animals, suited for rugs, carriage robes &c., was found in another.

The Association begins another year with a large surplus, and will take the proper steps to arouse an interest in its work in all parts of the state. So far, the more distant parts have not been represented at all.

The first Annual Fair of Colored People of Virginia recently held for eight days at Richmond, is reported to have been a great success. The number of articles entered was large and many of fine quality. The department of ladies' work contained some specially meritorious specimens.

A quantity of articles representing the various industries of the Hampton Institute, taken to the Fair by Major A. Boykin, attracted considerable attention and very favorable comment from all who saw them. The articles were not put in competition for prizes, but awards of merit were received for quite a number.

WM. M. REID.

An Afternoon in the Library.

Perhaps nowhere on the school grounds can one get a better idea of our students, what they are and what they are trying to become, than in the bright, cheerful, many-windowed upper room, which is set aside for the purposes of library and reading room. Here the more thoughtful and earnest of the students spend many of their spare moments; here, too, the more frivolous often drop in for a half hour or so, to look at the latest illustrated papers, or hunt up the last joke that is going the rounds of the daily papers. Sometimes a buzz on the stairs and a flutter at the door indicates the arrival of a bevy of girls, then the tramp of masculine boots and the subdued growl of deep voices tells the librarian, sitting at her table, that a company of boys is coming in, fired with a zeal for literary research in one direction or another. Now a teacher comes in to look up in catalogue or alcove some book that may help either herself or her class in the subject on which they are both at work. The librarian at her desk can make some pretty accurate guesses at the mental characteristics of both students and teachers; can judge, more than they themselves realize, what the tastes, tendencies and mental ambitions are of those who come to her for books.

JESSE JAMES OR THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON.

How much of our character is made by the books we read, it is hard to tell, but this much is certain, that in our choice of books there is much variation of character displayed to the disinterested looker on. When a boy comes in and asks for the life of Jesse James, she can guess a little bit at the society that that boy might choose, if left to his own devices; she can judge what qualities in a man attract that boy's attention, and what achievements seem to him the most interesting. She would not say that the boy was bad, or that he was in any way to blame for his choice, but she is glad that he has come to a place where he may have an opportunity to elevate his ideals, and where the life of Jesse James is not found in the school library. He looks disappointed when he is told that we haven't the book, but after a little advice, goes off satisfied with the Swiss Family Robinson. Next time he comes, he may be willing to take something a little stronger for his mental diet, but in this library work we must begin with "milk for babes," and work up by judicious steps until the strong meat is reached. But some one else is waiting for a turn. After patient fingering of the catalogue, he has found the book he is looking for and comes up with a smile and a look of satisfaction in his success—973·44 is the number given, and by extraordinary good luck the book is found in its place on the shelf, for "Boys of '61" is a book that is in constant demand, and the two copies in the library have been read and re-read and re-bound, and are seldom left on the shelves for more than a day during term time. The same may be said of all Collin's books; they are in constant demand, and the demand is always greater than the supply. Work is growing lively now; there are two or three boys studying the catalogue, and others awaiting their turn, while the two or three at the librarian's table are occupying all her attention in the effort to find what they want, when they do not know themselves.

NATIVE COURTESY

Now, the door opens, and though the librarian cannot see who is coming in, she knows it is a troop of girls from the rustle and buzz that accompany their entrance. Some of them go to the table and take up the newspapers; two come down to the desk to return and draw books. How gallantly the boys step aside and make a place for the girls at the desk. How patiently they wait until their sisters' wants are supplied, before they go on with their own business. And how gracefully and pleasantly the girls acknowledge the deference paid them. I have seen gentlemen and ladies with more opportunities for cultivation than these students of ours, who could neither do nor accept a little act of courtesy with the grace that is shown there at the library desk. But let us see what the girls want, and what they get; for I am sorry to say that people don't always get what they ask for in our library, as its resources are limited. "Miss B. have you the Land of the Midnight Sun?"

"I am afraid I haven't, Mary; wait a minute, and I'll look."

A rush into the alcove and a hasty search among the travels in Europe makes the fear a certainty. "What did you want it for, Mary? Perhaps I could give you something that would do in its place."

Questioning reveals the fact that the geography teacher has told her to bring into class an account of a journey from Hampton to Norway; and that the "Land of the Midnight Sun" has been recommended as a reference book. A search through the catalogue and the magazine index reveals articles on Norway in Reclus' "The Earth and its Inhabitants;" and in Scribner's and Harpers' Magazines. So Mary sits down to study the subject, and the librarian turns her attention to the other girl. "Ben Hur," is the object of her desire, but "Ben Hur," is not in the library; then Fenno's Elocution is asked for, but every book on elocution or with selections for reading or speaking is out. Then, at last, the "Fair Maid of Perth" is asked for and found, and the boys close in again around the desk, while our "black but comely" maiden flutters away and whisks herself out of the door with the Fair Maid of Perth under her arm.

In the interval of waiting, some of the unsettled minds have been made up. Eliot's "Lectures to Young Men" is asked for and given out. Whittler's Poems are also found and carried off. The third boy doesn't know what he wants, but after a little questioning, a taste for history is discovered, and Dickens' History of England is given to him to try. A new card is made out for him, for this is his first experience of the library, but if he is the kind of a boy that he looks to be, and we hope that he is, it will not be his last.

RATHER TWISTED.

Now comes up a boy with an anxious, hesitating look: "Please, Miss B. have you the dictatorial biography?" Miss B. looks puzzled, racks her brain to imagine what can be the book desired, but at last the brilliant idea occurs to her that he may want to refer to the Biographical Dictionary, of which a handsome and substantial copy, the recent gift of a Boston friend, lies on the reading-room table. The boy's face brightens at the suggestion. "I reckon that's what I want. I thought I hadn't got the name quite right," and away he walks to study in the dictionary some character whose name has been mentioned by a teacher in the day's lessons.

We notice as we watch the students who come and go, how earnest they seem, how anxious to get something which will be of use to them in their studies or their lives. How many white students are there at the North who, with seven hours of study and recitation daily, beside much hard physical labor, would feel that they had time for improving reading beside? And yet the library has out all the time between 130 and 140 books. If we allow 40 for teachers, the remaining 100 indicate that one hundred out of over four hundred students who can read English, are reading all the time a book from the library; and when we consider the little time that they have for reading and that this does not include the reading that is done in the reading room, but is simply a record of the books drawn from the library, it shows a zeal for learning that can hardly be excelled in any college in the land.

THE BOOKS THEY DRAW.

But you may say, "Reading is all very well, but what are they reading? Do they seem to read with any object, or is it just desultory?" Two cards taken at random will show what two of our students have been doing in two or three months. The cards bear the record of all books drawn by the student, when drawn, and when returned. One of the students was a boy in last year's Middle class, the other a girl in the Senior class of the same year. I take these cards because they have a record for a longer time than any of this year's cards so far, not because there is anything in any way exceptional in the record borne. It is a fair sample of the kind of work done by individuals for themselves, in connection with the library. Each book is kept two weeks, unless renewed, when it may be kept two weeks more. The first record is that of a boy in the Middle class and extends over a period of twenty-four weeks:

Abbott's Life of Hannibal.
" " " Cyrus the Great.
" " " Darius.
" " " Alexander the Great.
Greene's History of the English People.
Abbott's Life of Hannibal.
" " " Oliver Cromwell.
" " " Marie Antoinette.
Scott's Life of Napoleon.
" " " Luther.
Abbott's Life of Julius Cæsar; renewed.

The boy who, in addition to his school work, could carry through that course of reading, is certainly doing all that could be expected of him in the way of mental improvement. The girl's record is more varied. It is as follows:

Life of Luther.
The Story of Liberty; Coffin.
Life of Garfield; renewed.
Tanglewood Tales.
Goldsmith's History of Greece; renewed.
Tyffe's History of Greece; renewed.
Worthies of Science.
Lyddell's History of Rome; renewed.
Creighton's " " "

Perhaps these achievements do not seem very great to you, to whom the names of Hannibal, Cyrus, Alexander, Napoleon, Oliver Cromwell, Marie Antoinette, Luther, at once bring the history connected with them and of their respective places in the intellectual life of the world, but you must remember that to these students, most of what they get out of these biographies, is absolutely new; that in this reading they are broadening their horizon in a way that would not be possible for you in any library in the world, perhaps, before you can judge of the effects of that six months' course of reading.

You who have known the stories of the gods and heroes of Greece and Rome from your earliest childhood, to whom the deeds of great men are old stories, long since worked into the very framework of your minds, cannot imagine what a different thing the world is to that boy and that girl, at the end of those six months of reading from what it was at the beginning. This is, to many of our students, the very first opportunity that they have ever had to make the acquaintance of the books which seem to us as common and universal, and almost as necessary as the air we breathe.

I said there was nothing exceptional in either record given, but I must mention one point that is rather out of the common. On the girl's card there is no fiction. That is unusual, for much of the reading of the girls is fiction. The effort of the librarian at present is to lead the girls by easy steps up from the ordinary Sunday school literature to something a little more bracing, mentally. There is one thing to be noticed in regard to the fiction readers, whether girls or boys. Those who draw fiction at all draw little else. "He who runs may read" the inference to be drawn from this fact.

INTEREST IN THE RACE.

There is something pathetic to an onlooker in the interest taken by the colored students in all works either about or by Negroes. Uncle Tom's Cabin is the favorite novel; Uncle Remus' Songs and Stories is always in demand. The History of the Negro Race, by Williams, a work in two large volumes, is hardly ever on the shelves. "The Black Man of the South and the Rebels," all books in the library that bear in any way upon the Negro race, or upon slavery are constantly called for. They are constantly coming out with some new point in regard to Negro history. I was solemnly assured in recitation one day that Solomon was a Negro, and when I ventured to dissent from the opinion, and even to show some surprise at it, was assailed by the question, "Why then does he say in his Song, 'I am black but comely?'" As the time allowed for the recitation was too limited to allow me to enter into much of an explanation of that variously interpreted book of Scripture, I am sure that the class carried away with them the impression that Solomon was one of their own race; an impression, let us hope, that has served to quicken their interest in the present course of the International Sunday school lessons.

RESEARCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

The demand for works on natural history this year has been steady and persistent. The junior class numbers considerably over one hundred, they are all studying natural history, and nearly all expect the library to supply them with reading on that particular subject. As the number of books on zoology, adapted for their use, would be limited, if we had all that are published, and as those now contained in the library could almost be counted on the fingers of my two hands, the librarian is often at her wit's ends to prevent the students from going away thoroughly disgusted with the whole library system, because they have come day after day for the same book only to hear that it was out and nothing could be found to supply its place. Wood's large and small natural histories, and the "Homes without Hands," of the same popular author, lie always on the table in the reading room, and there is hardly ever a time during the library hours when they are not in the hands of some of the students; sometimes two or three at once may be seen reading off of the same page.

AN EVENING SCENE.

I think that many of our northern friends would enjoy looking in for a few moments upon the room at about five o'clock on one of these short winter afternoons. The four chandeliers along the middle of the room throw their cheerful light into the remotest corners, where it is reflected by the glass of the museum cases and thrown back upon the picturesque, many-shaded faces of the blue-coated boys, who sit poring over the books and papers. There sit four seniors over on the bench by the window; their shoulder straps show them to be officers of the battalion. Let us look over their shoulders and see what they are reading. One is completely swallowed up in the History of the Negro Race; another is reading the *N. Y. Weekly Times*; the third is turning the leaves of the Biographical Dictionary; the fourth has the *Norfolk Daily Landmark*. There sits a boy whose fair, reddish hair and blue eyes, show that there is more Caucasian blood in his veins than there is African, but who is still a "Negro" by a fiction of speech, and can only enjoy such rights, privileges and advantages as are allotted to the Negro race in this democratic country of ours. Black or white, they are all Negroes, and the white seem to cling to the title of "colored man" with as much tenacity as if it were a badge of honor.

But there goes the school bell, summoning the students to roll-call for supper. Instantly books, papers, magazines are laid down, and quietly as the heavy boots and bare floors will allow, the room is emptied. The gas lights shine now on deserted chairs and benches; the afternoon in the library is over.

WHAT OUR STUDENTS ARE READING.

In order that our friends may have an opportunity of judging for themselves of the use to which the library is put, I append the following list of books which were out of the library and charged to students, Nov. 30th, 1884. When a book is drawn by a girl the letter *g* follows the title:

Animal Creation	*Jones*
Holmes' Poems	*Bacon.*
Life of Emily Bliss Gould	*Scott.*
Tales of a Grandfather	
Advanced Reading and Recitations	
Esther Maxwell's Mistake, *g*	*Sophie May.*
Ashury Twins, *g*	
Spenser's Garland, Vol. I	*Dickens.*
Tale of Two Cities	*Drowne.*
Idyls of Strawberry Bank	
Shakespere	*Yonge.*
History of France	*Arthur.*
Advice to Young Ladies, *g*	*Olmstead.*
Astronomy	*Wilson.*
Emancipation	*Tennyson.*
Poems	*Mrs. Gage.*
Elsie Magoon, *g*	*Whittier.*
Poems	*Hodson.*
A Soldier's Life in India, *g*	
Swiss Family Robinson	*Mayne Reid.*
Stories about Animals, *g*	
Columbian Speaker	*Emerson.*
Parnassus	
Shakespere	*Hughes.*
Tom Brown at Rugby	
Am. Commonplace Book	*Aguilla.*
Home Influence, *g*	*Harris.*
Uncle Remus	
Poetry for Home and School	*Brazey.*
Around the World in the Yacht Sunbeam	*Fowler.*
Familiar Dialogues, *g*	*Hodges.*
The White Rose, *g*	*Stowe.*
Uncle Tom's Cabin, *g*	*Smiles.*
Self Help	*Arthur.*
Cast Adrift, *g*	*Harbaugh.*
First Greek Book	*Wright.*
Nothing to Drink, *g*	
Temperance Lesson Book	*Abbott.*
Water and Land	*Tenney.*
Natural History	*Schumacker.*
History of all Religions	*Clarkson.*
Life of William Penn	*Townsend.*
The Art of Speech	*Day.*
Art of Composition	
The Boy's Frolicsall	*Barbe.*
The Bible Looking Glass	*Dodge.*
History of England, *g*	*Owen.*
Solitude and Patriot; Washington	
American Prose	*Scott.*
Life of Napoleon, Vol. II	*Coffin.*
The story of Liberty	*Buckley.*
The Fairy Land of Science	*Brown.*
The Negro in the Rebellion	*Coffin.*
The Story of Liberty	*Count De Paris.*
History of the Civil War in America	*L. Scott.*
Guy Mannering	
Life and Times of Fred Douglass	*Whittier.*
Poems	*Barnum.*
Struggles and Triumphs	*Eggleston.*
My Big Brother	*Mark Twain.*
The Prince and the Pauper	*Stearns.*
The Black Man of the South and the Rebels	
Life of George Fox	*Coffin.*
Old Times in the Colonies	*Dickens.*
History of England	*Lynde Palmer.*
One Day's Weaving	
The Boy's Frolicsall	*Buckley.*
The Fairy Land of Science	*Cahill.*
Daniel Boone	*Kingsley.*
Scientific Lectures and Essays	*Anderson.*
Pictorial History of the United States	
National Fourth Reader	*Richardson.*
American Patriotism	*Cozzens.*
Fields, Dungeon and Escape	*Munger.*
The Young Silver Seekers	*Keene.*
On the Threshold	*Stowe.*
Reading and Elocution, *g*	*Stebbins.*
Uncle Tom's Cabin	*Stephens.*
Our Departed Friends	*Coffin.*
Knockabout Club in the Tropics	*Arthur.*
Winning His Way	*Scudder.*
The Angel and the Demon, *g*	
The Boy's Afloat	*Dodge.*
Temperance Lesson Book, *g*	
Gates Ajar, *g*	*Rose.*
Barriers Burned Away, *g*	*Wilson.*
History of the United States	
Six Girls, *g*	*Arthur.*
Danger, or Wounded in the House of a Friend	*Scott.*
Rose in Bloom, *g*	*Mulock.*
A Noble Life, *g*	*Higginson.*
History of the United States	*Anderson.*
United States Reader	
The Lamplighter, *g*	*Sophie May.*
The Doctor's Daughter, *g*	*George Eliot.*
Adam Bede, *g*	*Moore.*
History of the Great Rebellion	*Liddell.*
History of Rome	*Barnes.*
History of the United States	*Lowell.*
Poems	*Coffin.*
Boys of '76	*Butterworth.*
Zig-zag Journeys in Northern Lands, *g*	*Higginson.*
Oliver Cromwell	
Levi Coffin	*Hale.*
Stories of the War, *g*	*Arthur.*
Three Years in a Man Trap, *g*	*Eliot.*
Lectures to Young Men	*Williams.*
History of the Negro Race	*Bryant.*
Poems	*Bulwer.*
Last Days of Pompeii	*Coffin.*
Boys of '61	*Lamoutier.*
History of England	*Coffin.*
Boys of '76	*Eggleston.*
Captain Sam	*McCausland.*
The Builders of Babel	*Coffin.*
Boys of '76	
First Class Reader	*Watson.*
Camp Fires of the Revolution	
Songs of the Centuries	
Science and Art of Elocution	*Butterworth.*
Zig-zag Journeys in Acadia and New France	
Speeches and Addresses	*Kane.*
Arctic Explorations	
A Boy's Travels Around the World	*Anderson.*
Fairy Tales and Stories, *g*	*Lossing.*
History of the United States	

Letters From Hampton Graduates.

OLD FRIENDS AND TRUE. SHALL I GIVE UP SCHOOL TEACHING? THE "WORD METHOD" IN NORTH CAROLINA. A TOWN WHICH NEEDS A TEACHER.

OLD FRIENDS AND TRUE.

It is a great happiness to those of us who are still connected with the work here, to see how the seed sown in past years by the dear friends who are no longer with us, has taken root and springs up near and far. How constantly we receive evidence of the steadfast quiet goodness of Miss Longstreth, and the strong, wise helpfulness of Gen. and Mrs. Marshall, can be known of course, only to a few, but the two following letters show something of the gratitude of which such frequent expression reaches us.

———Md. Oct. 29th, 1884.

Miss A. C.
My dear friend,

I was truly glad to hear from you, as I have often thought of you since I left New York and come home. I like your letters very much and I would like much better to see and talk with you, then I could tell how I have endeavored to discharge my duty as a wife and teacher since I left dear old Hampton. I feel that the Lord has blessed the work which Mr. L. and I have been engaged in, and we have seen some of its fruits. We have a school connected with our church work here, and have a daily attendance of eighteen. We need more money to carry it on during the winter than we see any way of raising and may have to give up our work here, but our Heavenly Father knoweth our needs, and it may please him to raise up some friend or friends to help carry on this glorious work.

We are still struggling to build a new church. In the meantime I am trying to improve myself all that I can. I am paying particular attention to both vocal and instrumental music, although my husband and I get little to live on.

I was more than sorry to hear of the death of our beloved friend Miss Longstreth. Her dear face and pleasant manners will never be forgotten by me. When the Hampton students first started out, well do I remember how she labored among the people of Philadelphia for our welfare, and the pleasant visits she would make us during our stay there, all seasoned with good words of counsel, encouragement and prayer. She has fallen asleep in the arms of Jesus, and passed over the river and rests from labor and enjoys the bright scenes of the beauties of heaven.

General Marshall and his noble lady will be very much missed from all the circles of Hampton, Miss Longstreth did a great deal for me when I was there and has given me more since I married to help my husband and me in this work. I hope Gen. M may live to enjoy many long pleasant visits there in the years that are to come. I have worked quite hard for the last ten years, until I greatly feel the need of rest mentally and physically, and I know no place that I would rather go to get a little refreshed than Hampton.

I am trying to follow your motto and will continue to do so.

I think our Sunday school is the best part of our church. I shall take great pleasure in helping any way I can to help Mr. L. form a Christian Association. We shall work hard to make it a success.

We intend to have a Christmas Tree.

Hoping this may find you well and with the best wishes to you and yours, I am

Yours respectfully,
A. M. L.

———Va. *Oct. 31st, 1884.*

Kind friend,

Yours is to hand, and I will at once reply. I was indeed glad to hear from you, and to feel that you are interested in me, and my work. I have been out of the work of teaching for one school term. Although my pay was larger, yet I never felt as if I was doing my duty as I do when I am trying to teach. Last winter I was in the mail service for nine months, yet I felt there was the lack of my Sunday School work, (as I had to run Sundays like any other day.) I am now teaching near the City of Portsmouth, and I have a very large school (140 on roll,) I also take part in the Sunday Schools in the city. I hope for much this winter, and believe that the Lord will bless my work I have a good assistant (Mrs. Sadie Williams (Miss Mackie that was.) Our work moves on slow yet we feel hopeful. Speaking of the death of Miss Longstreth, oo one can feel it more than I do; I have been blessed so much in my work by her timely and useful gifts. Not only her gifts, but I have also had her good Christian advice, which she used to write me, until she got too weak to write much. Her letters followed me to Africa, and I trust her good advice will follow me to my grave. I also feel the loss of Gen'l Marshall who is a personal friend of mine, yet I feel that he is not beyond my reach, for I shall write him when I find more time. I have many good books which were given to me by Miss Longstreth, the which I shall ever hold dear for her sake. While I feel sad over her death, my sadness is mingled with joy, to think that she to-day is beyond pain, or sickness, but is happy. My school was taught very badly last year; as the teacher was often sick, he seemed to lose heart. So it will take us some time to get it in running order. The Supt. told me he gives me all this term, 8 months, to get it in order, and he shall want me to teach it next term. But I have already taught some, and expect to teach more before this term is out. We are much in need of maps, and such things, but we see no way to get them till we get able to buy them. I hope to be able to write you a longer and a better letter the next time I write.

I hope that you will accept this as I am in haste, and will write me when you feel like it, I had some papers from Miss T. not long since, for which I was very thankful. With many good wishes.

I am Yours Truly,
A. E. W.

SHALL I GIVE UP SCHOOL TEACHING?

The attraction which the work of teaching has for our graduates is manifested often in the most praetical way by their refusal to give it up for work which pays better and promises more for the future, and while we in no way object to their taking up an honest work, and indeed are glad always to know that our boys and girls have a variety of strings to their bows, yet we want them to realize always that where the need is greatest there their duty lies.

W. P. S. C. *Oct. 20th, 1884.*

Dear Miss C.——

It has been quite a long while since I heard from you, though I have forgotten whether I wrote last or not.

However, I am teaching again at the place where I have spent two terms. I am glad to be here again, and trust that I shall be able to do better work than ever before. I think I told you in my letter before this that I was reviewing certain studies in order to take a course in medicine, but as I have met the bright, smiling faces of the children, at times when visiting the Sunday School here last summer, I have often asked myself if I should give up school teaching for any thing else. I some-how, for a long time felt that school teaching was my calling and can say that I like it more, and feel better prepared for the work this year than ever before.

I told you of the Sunday School which I organized here in '82 and have been working hard since that time to keep up—I am glad to say it numbers about sixty and is getting along very nicely indeed. We had a grand "celebration" last Friday, 17th inst. It was exactly two years since the first day that I opened school here. Quite a large crowd was present though not so many of the white friends as we had expected, on account of a burial which took place in the neighborhood that day. Miss Schofield of Aiken attended the "celebration" and delivered a very interesting address in behalf of Education, and every thing passed off very nicely indeed. One of the trustees was also present with us. He said that he could "hardly believe" what his eyes saw; he spoke of my school in the highest terms, and styles it "The Principal school of the district." Many many interesting things were spoken here on that day, which I have not time to tell.

My school outnumbers any other school in the district though it has not filled up yet. I began here last Monday. Have 22 on roll; when cotton-picking is over guess I shall have about sixty or seventy if not more.

My trustees are, or seem to be, highly pleased with my work. I get along very well with both white and colored people here. I am glad to say that all seem to be unusually friendly toward me. I will tell you more about my school-house, my visit to the Institute, &c. in my next letter.

I suppose you heard of the death of Wilson which took place August 30th.

Are the same teachers at Hampton that were there last year? Aiken has another representative there among the students in the person of Fannie P. She is from our school in Aiken. Hope she will do well.

I remain very truly yours,
F. A. P.

THE WORD METHOD IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The neatly written letter which gives us this picture of a summer school in North Carolina and the "parents who want their children to spell words of four syllables before they begin to read" does credit indeed to the brave little hand that wrote it.

W.——Va. *Oct. 30th, 1884.*

Miss C.——

Dear Friend, It was with inexpressible pleasure that I received your kind letter and the pleasant greeting of Hampton.

I had opened my winter school before I received your letter, but it made me feel more encouraged to know that my old Hampton friends were so much interested in my work.

In my last letter to you, I promised to give you a small bit of information concerning my summer school which was taught in Gates County, North Carolina. After passing a satisfactory examination, I opened school on the 16th, of July.

As this was to be my first attempt to teach, I own that I felt quite nervous the morning that I started to open school, but when I reached my school-house, I was obliged to appear cheerful to see how pleasant my pupils looked and how delighted they were to be in school.

On the first day. I had fourteen pupils, and my number increased daily, until at the end of three weeks, I had forty eight pupils enrolled. The parents informed me that it had been two years since they had any school and that they were very glad that I had come. When I first began, I was obliged to teach in their church, because their school-house had been, by some means, burned and they had never had another built: but as I did not think it proper for me to teach in their church, they rented a house for me to teach in. The house was a very good one, but I had no seats or desks, only such as we could provide out of planks and blocks that the boys sawed. Notwithstanding these difficulties, I took up my work with more courage each morning; because I felt that if I wished to be successful as a teacher, I must learn to overcome difficulties.

At first, it was quite difficult to classify them because they were coming in daily, and nearly every scholar brought a different kind of book; but I told them the books that were to be used, and in that way, I managed to classify them pretty well. As nearly half of my scholars could not read, I thought that I could introduce the Word Method as the easiest method of teaching them to read in the short term of two months, but as I had no blackboards or crayon it was not so easy a task as I had thought.

When I had gotten a black-board I found, that the parents thought that it was more necessary for their children to learn to spell "ba" and to remain in their Alphabets several months than to learn to spell such words as were of service to them in talking and to read short sentences. They would always buy a Spelling Book for their children, and thought that they should learn to spell words of four syllables before they began to read. By giving frequent lessons and much hard study to prepare them so that they could be easily grasped by the minds of children, I managed to start most of the small ones reading in Primers of quite small words and short sentences. Four of my scholars may be able to enter the Junior Class at Hampton if they continue studying during the winter. Although the school terms were short and sometimes it was over two years between them, the children were still anxious to learn all that they could without a teacher.

I took a part in their Sabbath School, which was generally attended by many scholars but owing to the limited number of books, we could not accomplish as much as we might have with more. As my first experience in teaching was so pleasant, I can say that I enjoy teaching, and although my school is now quite small I am encouraged to have a few scholars and hope to have more soon. Where I am teaching now, we have quite a nice Sabbath School except we are not supplied with as many books as we need. I am trying to do my very best to make the Sabbath School interesting so that the scholars may be encouraged to come regularly. I think the motto that you suggested for us is an excellent one, and feel that if we would be successful in teaching we must devote our whole time to it, and trust the result to our Father.

I want to have a Christmas Tree for my scholars because several of them have never seen one, and I am glad to do anything that I possibly can that is of any benefit to them.

I received a very interesting letter from Miss T, also a nice bundle of papers which were very helpful to me.

Sincerely Yours, L. T. B.

A TOWN WHICH NEEDS A TEACHER.

Among all the varied experiences of our graduates, there are probably none so hard as that of a girl with refined instincts and strong conscientiousness, whose walk takes her among a class of her own people so degraded as to make her almost helpless as to their future. And yet, in reality, no work is so hopeful as that done by some of our young women graduates.

———, *Nov. 24th, 1884.*

Dear Miss L.:—You will know that I am troubled about something, for I never write to you until I get into trouble. I know you have all you can attend to without my troubling you with my letters, so I write seldom. My trouble is, my time is nearly out in which I promised to pay the money borrowed last summer. You remember they promised if I would come South they would give me $20, but they failed, and I failed to get a situation in Tennessee, so returned to Virginia. Now I have been teaching here nearly two months and they have not paid me. They say they don't know when they will get money enough to pay us. Please tell me what to do about the loan. I think perhaps in two or three months, or may be sooner, we will get our money. But I don't want the lady who so kindly loaned it to me to think me careless about my promises.

I have never imagined why the Superintendent of ——— would treat me as he did. I wrote him after I went to ——— saying that I would come at any time he notified me. But he never wrote me a line one way or the other. Dear Mrs.——— too was disappointed at my failing to get a place. She wrote me that she had given me a home at the "Orphans' Home" and wished me to be assistant matron of the same. This, and many other kindnesses are due to the recommendation given me from from you and your friends. Believe me, I shall ever strive hard to hold myself worthy of these praises. Mr. F———, the Superintendent here, wrote to Hampton for my recommendation; it came, and it was such a fine one that he would not examine me.

We have a very large school. There are about two hundred and forty enrolled in the colored school, with an average daily attendance of about two hundred. There are four teachers to manage this great number; while here in the white school they have enrolled two hundred, and give them six teachers.

The people are very much degraded here. It seems to me that all the mean people have come here.

There are three colored churches here, and these are made up some of the lowest characters under the sun. I am here as a teacher and have to be with them that I may teach them.

But I endure many things that are very hard. For instance; in the Methodist Church they asked me to play for their choir—the gallery is on the front end of the church.—I went and played for them. After they sang several hymns, the minister commenced his sermon; two of the young men took off their shoes and went to bed on the seats nearest me with their feet right in my face without any apology whatever. Out of the great number of children in school not more than fifty have good mothers and fathers. I never saw so many bad charactered women in one place before. There are between three and four hundred colored families in and near, and not more than ten are nice, good families.

I am boarding now with Mr. ——, of '72. His wife is a very nice lady indeed, and tries to make everything pleasant for me. Mr. —— and I teach in the same house.

This is the second boarding place I have had since I opened school. The first would bring me more than a mile from my school, so I thought best to move nearer.

I furnished my own room and fire, and get board at six dollars without washing; my washing costs me $1.60 per month, making my board and all cost me less than $10 per month, while in ——— they have to pay $11 without washing.

I forgot to say that I attend two Sunday schools and take an active part in both.

I have been very well ever since I came here. In fact, I believe my lungs have felt better than they did last Spring.

Hoping that you are well and not too busy to write me,

I am very gratefully,
M.

Southern Workman.

Indian Department.

ELAINE GOODALE, *In Charge.*

Regular Contributors:

HERBERT WELSH, *Cor. Sec'y Indian Rights Association.*

ALICE C. FLETCHER,

REV. JOHN J. GRAVATT.

MRS. A. S. QUINTON, *President of Women's Branch, Ind. R. A.*

REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.

JOHN T. MCLOUGHLIN.

WM. C. GASMANN.

Indian children in school, December, 1884, ... 11,994.
Indian children out of school, . . 28,006.

Such proportions in and out of school, says Captain Pratt, would unhinge the civilization of Boston, and set it drifting back to savagery.

The Carlisle *Morning Star* comes to us this month doubled in size and greatly increased in interest. Its strongest point, made again and again, may be put thus: "Don't treat the Indian as an *Indian.* Treat him as a man."

General Beale, of California, says in the *Evening Post:* "It angers me when I hear persons say that this or that man understands Indian nature. *There is no such thing as Indian nature!* It is *human nature* with them as with us."

We have been promised several new contributors to our Indian Department. Among them are Mrs. A S. Quinton, president of the Philadelphia Women's Branch of the Indian Rights' Association; Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the well-known laborer among the Alaska Indians; and the excellent Indian agents, Majors Gasmann and McLaughlin.

The new Indian Training School at Lawrence, Kansas, is favorably mentioned in various quarters. In a letter from the Superintendent, Dr. Jas. Marvin, to the *Morning Star*, he says:

"We now have 168 on roll—others are expected soon. With all diligence, I have pushed at the putting in of heating appliances. The radiators were in last month; ground was broken for boiler and coal house yesterday. * * * I find very little trouble in managing the Indian students."

James Murie, an Indian graduate of Hampton, and for some time assistant teacher at the Pawnee (I. T.) school, left it recently in charge of a party of twenty-one children, to take a position at Haskell Institute. The *Pawnee New Era* speaks of him as a faithful and efficient worker. In a letter from Murie to the *Era*, which he formerly helped to print, he says: "We have arrived at this school and the children all like it. * * * There are three large buildings here—one school house, one for boys and the other for girls."

At Albuquerque, New Mexico, 164 children are on the roll of the new Industrial School. Prof. R. W. D. Bryan, the efficient Superintendent, expects to increase the number to over 200, although the accommodations provided are for only half that number. The buildings are also destitute of many necessary conveniences, and Professor Bryan has made an appeal to public charity to supply the deficiencies of Government aid.

The Industrial Department of the school is well sustained. Each boy is taught a trade, and most are learning readily. The Indians make good wood workers, on account of their trained eye. Some are already quite proficient as carpenters. The boys have taken contracts for house painting, etc., and have been able to earn quite a little sum of money. Professor Bryan says that he intends, as soon as possible, to start a carriage paint shop at the school, as well as a shop for all kinds of wood working.

THE INDIAN NOT A CITIZEN.

A good deal of dissatisfaction has been expressed with the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States that the Indian is not and cannot become a citizen under the law.

The fatal difficulty consists in the fact that, although born within the territory of the United States in the geographical sense, he was born as a member of an Indian tribe, and therefore not "subject to the jurisdiction" of the United States. Even though he separate himself entirely from his tribe and take up his residence among white men, he is not a citizen. Such is the construction of the Fourteenth Amendment, as given by the highest tribunal in the land.

Two of the Judges dissent from this view, and argue that Indians born in the United States, even if born in the tribal relation, are citizens the moment they "become subject to the complete jurisdiction of the United States." As the law now stands there is still in this country a despised and rejected class of persons, with no nationality whatever, who, born in our territory, owing no allegiance to any foreign power, and subject, as residents of the States, to all the burdens of Government, are yet not members of any political community, nor entitled to any of the rights, privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States.

Moreover, under our naturalization laws, as they now exist, they have no way of escape from this condition. These laws are applicable only "to aliens being free white persons, and to aliens of African nativity, and to persons of African descent." The Indian, like the Chinaman, is neither white nor black!

Nothing develops character like responsibility. The ballot has already civilized swarms of foreigners, ignorant of republican institutions. It is capable of civilizing the red man. The Indian can no longer be treated as an independent power. The original American must become an American citizen.

THE COMMISSIONER'S REPORT.

The report of the Indian Commissioner, Price, for the year 1884, is upon the whole a hopeful one. "More Indians," he says, "are living in houses and fewer in tepees than there were one year ago. More are cultivating the soil and fewer following the chase, than when I made my last annual report. There are more in the carpenter, blacksmith, and other mechanical shops, trying to earn an honest living, and fewer at the war dance, scalp dance and sun dance than in October, 1883. There are also several hundred more Indian children in industrial, agricultural and mechanical schools, fitting themselves to become useful, intelligent citizens, than there were twelve months since."

The Commissioner shows that the expense to the United States Treasury for each of the 200,000 Indians which are its wards, is but $7 per annum, or less than 2 cents a day! He says, emphatically, that the appropriation is too small, and recommends increased pay to police, to additional farmers, and to the officers who compose the courts of Indian offences; also, more liberality in paying Indian agents, and in assisting such Indians as need it and try to help themselves.

Other points touched upon are the importance of making appropriations for the Indian service *in time*; of stricter laws against sale of fire-arms and liquor to Indians; advantages of the court of Indian offences recently established at some agencies; entries made under the Indian Homestead act of last year; and allotment of lands in severalty to Omaha Indians.

The principal educational advance of the year has been the starting of the new training schools at Genoa, Neb., Chilocco, Ind. Ter., and Lawrence, Kansas. The Government allowance of $175 per pupil is shown to be too small. Private schools receive only $167 or less; Hampton, $158.33.

The importance of good boarding and day schools on the reservations is strongly dwelt upon. There has been a gain during the year of 627 boarding pupils in the various schools. The increase in number of day schools is 11. Some progress is being made toward compulsory education.

GEORGE BUSHOTTER'S ADDRESS.

(*The following is the uncorrected speech of a Sioux Indian—an appeal to Northern friends.*)

Dear friends:—I am standing before you all as representative of a poor and needy race, and expressing my experience; but, my friends, before I go any further, I must state one thought. Some of the people of civilization have no faith in those Indians who are about to tell of the improvements which are made by the Indian race.

In the year 1878, in Dakota, nearly all wear blankets, and they used to live together in the woods, but now they live out of the woods on the prairies, and nearly all have log houses and a garden beside it, and raise corn and vegetables for the use of their own during the summer. They wear citizens' clothes, but they don't cut their hairs, for they think that would interfere with what they are trying to do.

That time, in 1878, I was still in the darkness; sinful, miserable, and shameful life; yet I have no idea I am laying my footsteps towards the eternal destruction; but now I know a part of the eternal life and happiness, and trying to learn all I can in order to use in right way as possible, and not to make myself useless, after I get the education. I will say a few words about the place where I came from. The name of that place is Lower Brule Agency, situated near the town of Chamberlain, five miles west. There the people scatter around into five camps; near half of them are willing minds to do what the Government want them to do, but it is too hard for them to get along without help. They have some help among themselves, but they are very poor, so now I know something about their feeling in this new life, and how much they need.

I have found that they are willing to divide up their lands for some good reasons, One reason is that if they were far apart from each other they will control themselves in the right way and work steadily day by day on their own land. By that way they will make a far advance to what has been done many years past. They used to live together and to have all sorts of games, that makes pull them back.

One time some of the chiefs were gathered together and asked me to come in. They asked me to write what they said in English and send it to the Government of the United States, for they need so many things. One thing that they want the Great Father to do is, they want him to stop sending whisky out there, and also ask him for a school house near that Agency. After I spend three years in Hampton, I returned to my home, to my own people, and I was with them about a year, and found out all these different feelings among the chiefs or any other Indians towards the right way, and they wished that all these boys who are trying to get education, to hurry up and get all they can in order to help their people.

One day, before I came the second time to Hampton, one of the old chiefs talking to me and said that they want me to stay with them all the time, for it seems as if I were their wings. "We want to have some wings so we can go right to the place where we are trying to go, and you are the ones going to be our wings." The Indian boys stay at Hampton three years and then go back. It is short time to get our education, so when they return to their homes they are not very strong, but some of them are trying very hard to use all they can to help others. I think it is good for the people who are helping these Indian boys to have them stay a little longer.

Now let me tell you about the boys at Hampton, Va. I have been with them and taken notice the feeling of the boys, and they are really want to learn, and look at their poor race and wished many times about the knowledge.

* * * * * * * * *

Now I will tell you another thought. Those people who opposed Indians want to make everything heavy on the minds of the Indians' friends so as to keep them off from the privileges which they enjoy, and some who are thoughtful ever in that which is least and patient about the life, which is very strange to us, and which is higher position, so that the Indian can not take it in place of their own life at once, but we will have to come up step by step, until we become something like your life.

Some of the people are out of patience. My dear friends, the things done by halves are always weak, not strong enough for storms. The impatience will lead towards the crookedness and misery, and the patience will lead toward the right, straight and happiness.

When you plant some flowers you notice how they grow, and the result is that you find some beautiful flowers on each stem. Now, you are the roots, and you are the ones that are going to stand and support us in order to raise some blossoms.

Be patient with us so as to let everything come up right and firm in the sight of God and men. You have the key of knowledge so you can let your children get in and make themselves useful in the world; but the Indians have no key, neither can he make the key of knowledge. But I am glad now that you are sorry for us, and lend away your key in order that we can get inside and learn how to use our hearts and heads, and hands, and fit ourselves for the world to come.

Some people still say that the Indian cannot be civilized. That I cannot say anything about, for it seems as if they were the people who want to make others feel that it is worthless to help the Indian. * * It is better to divide up the lands for the Indians and let them work on it, for I cannot depend on somebody else like a little child and not to be respected as a man, neither driven along; I rather drive myself than somebody else drive me ahead as a flock of sheep.

My friends, let what is passed be passed, and recall it no more. And now as for ourselves we will try to make the present sweet and bright in order to make the future intelligent, and we shall stand shoulder to shoulder like one family under the care of our king, and we shall take our place with Christ Himself into the world which is prepared for us from the foundation of the earth.

Indian Police.

The agency police system should be strengthened. The bold experiment of intrusting the preservation of order on the reservations to the Indians themselves has produced surprising results. It had been said that they could never understand civil law, and that if clothed with authority they would abuse it to gratify personal vengeance. It had been feared also that in controversies between red men and white they would always go with their race. But Mr. Price tells us that what actually occurs is this:

"The impartiality with which the police have performed the duties devolving upon them is amazing, and creditable in the highest degree. It matters not who the offender is, whether chief of the tribe or a young warrior, Indian or white man, friend or foe, when ordered to make an arrest there is no flinching from duty; and it is truly marvellous that so little friction has occcured in the performance of their duties."

These Indian police decrease the need of troops at the reservations, and they accustom the tribes to self-government, under the process of law; yet they are paid so little that 128 members of the force have resigned during the past year. The courts for the trial of Indian offences are also very shabbily treated by the Government. The Judges receive a mere pittance for compensation, although it is admitted that their services are of much value. Nothing is more important in Indian civilization than the cultivation of respect for the administration of justice.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

Our girls are busy making Indian rag-dolls, bead-work, etc., for the Springfield Fair.

There is to be an "Indian Day" this month at a school in Providence, R. I.—a sort of object-lesson which deserves to be imitated. Hampton contributes specimens of work done by our students in shops, sewing-room and art classes.

An Indian boy's application for a new cap, is taken *verbatim* from the Reading Chart as follows: "*My cap is in the well. It fell in. It will get wet. Max, get my cap for me. It fell in the well.*"

Out of a Job.—(*Small Indian boy, employed on the farm.*) "Please let me take you boat this afternoon?"—(*Teacher.*) "But you are at work, aren't you?" (*S. I. B., with much feeling.*) "Yes; but *no geese.*"

There was a genuine Thanksgiving dinner of 14 plates in one of our Omaha cottages—a family re-union, too, as Noah La Flesche returned on Thanksgiving morning from his northern trip. The Yankee festival bears transplantation.

We bade God speed on the 24th ult. to four of our Indian children: Charles LeClair, Red Bear and Red Fish, of Crow Creek Agency, whose health would not permit them to remain through the winter, and Ida Rencontre, Lower Brule, who is wanted at home, and is well qualified to be useful there.

Sentences from the Grammar Class:

I *buy* one horse, cost *valuable.*
Washington *obedient* his father.
My shoes has *immense.*
The Indian boys are all very *careless* for worked.
I think the Gen'l very *sensible* man.
The sometimes the Indians are very much *fearful.*
The ocean one of very *immense*, that is name Pacific.
My shoes very *oblong* for me too big.
Boys let us *sensible* study hour.

INDIAN BABIES AT THE BUTLER.

Four of our smallest boys are attending the Butler School and Miss Hyde reports excellent progress. At first the Indian and colored children stood much in awe of each other, and her accounts of the four drawn up in line opposite three hundred, who stared at the new-comers in perfect silence, were irresistibly funny. Now that the novelty has worn off a little, the influence of the little "darkies" seems to be very good, and there is none of the usual backwardness or shyness noticeable on the part of the Indians.

AN ADVANCED CLASS.

A new feature of our school work this year is the establishment of an advanced class in the Indian Department, composed of young men, (four of them married), and girls who are in earnest, and are fitting themselves for teachers or for the ministry. They attend school all day and take the regular studies of the Junior Year in a somewhat simplified form, which will enable them to enter that class next year with less difficulty, and probably to avoid repeating it, as the Indians must often do by reason of their weakness in English, and inexperience in the use of books. Room is also found for a class in Bible study. These scholars have all been tested, most of them by a return to their homes; and the work done in our "Indian Junior Class" is as interesting and hopeful as any that we do.

FROM THE FANCY WORK CLASS.

My dear friends:—I am very glad that you are send us so many things for our fancy-work. We have our Sewing Society on Tuesday afternoons, and we are going to have lots of things. We all know how to crochet already. We began by different kinds of stiches on little pieces of cloth; now we making table cloths and bureau scarfs, pincushions and some other things, but after awhile we going to make different kinds of things, but this is just beginning. When we go in where we have our Sewing Society, we are all seem to be very happy, and when we begin to work sometimes they read to us; we all like to hear stories when we are working, so we like to hear it. We are making things for ourselves. Thank you all for sending us so many things. I will close now. *From one of the Indian Girls.*

THE INDIAN DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Debating Society was established two years ago, its chief purpose being to give confidence in English speaking. The boys meet every Saturday night in their own Cottage, and once in four weeks have an evening at Winona, in which the girls join, and with music, readings, recitations, etc., it is, if not strictly a "debate," a profitable exercise, and very good entertainment as well.

The first "Winona" meeting of the year passed off successfully last month. Among the speakers of the evening, Ohitika and Black Hawk did well. Zallie Rulo read Poe's "Raven." David Saul, in his maiden speech, started a good record in English speaking.

It is proposed to try a "Mock Council," in which the Chief and the Government Agents can be represented, and practice gained in interpreting from Dakota to English, as well as from English to Dakota.

A GREAT LOSS.

News has just come to us of the sudden death of one of Hampton's oldest and most earnest Indian sons—Frank Yellow-Bird—who died Nov. 11th, after an illness of only a few days.

Frank came to Hampton with the first party of Sioux in 1879. He was then a well-grown boy nearly nineteen years of age, full of life, and Indian ways. He had never before felt restraint, and it was a hard struggle to give his will into the guidance of others, but he learned to do it, and became a favorite with all.

After three years of school were over, he returned to his home at Yankton Agency, Dakota; but later, married and took a position as teacher in the Government boarding school at Lower Brule. He built for himself near the Agency a comfortable log house, and in his spare time, carried on a little farm. Frank was a typical Indian in form and mind; very earnest in all he thought right, and therefore a great help by precept and example, in the missionary work at his Agency. He had been in the habit of going down to an Indian camp, ten miles from his home, every Sabbath to assist the day school teacher—another Hampton boy—in holding religious services, and riding back at night in order to be ready for work early next morning.

To us as we saw him, only a few weeks ago, in all his strength, with the brightest prospect an Indian can have before him, he seemed the most favored of all our boys, and we could hardly realize the truth as it came to us in the Indian words of his devoted friend, that he had gone from his work to his reward.

A few days before his death, he had stepped on some sharp thorn, and although it had caused him some pain and a sleepless night, he did not apprehend any serious trouble, but later, blood poisoning set in and he died very suddenly.

When he realized that the accident must cost him his life, he asked his friends to sing at his funeral, and us to sing for him here, a certain Dakota hymn full of the glories of Heaven and the blessings in store for the Father's children there. Let us trust that as he hoped, he is in full enjoyment of them now.

F.

THE BABY'S MISSION.

Only a few days after the news of Frank Yellow-Bird's death, a little life went suddenly out from our own midst. It is always one of the saddest things in the world—a baby's death—and where our work all hangs upon the future, it comes home to us with peculiar force, as the loss of a possibility.

Among our last party of Sioux, came Louis and Hannah Buch, with two little children, the youngest about a year old. Our experiment of education in families, so far a very successful one, brings with it, of course, its own interests and responsibilities. We have found our babies great educators. It is a beautiful thing to watch the mother's care grow more civilized, the father's affection more demonstrative; to see the baby's influence extend itself among boys and girls in many pretty, softening ways, and even bring a gentler look to a teacher's face, if that be possible.

But it was not long that little Eddy's mission was permitted to last. He was very ill only for a day. In the morning we heard only that he had "a cold," and by evening he had ceased to breathe. The loss was to that father and mother all that such loss could be to any of us. There must have been an added keenness in the first sorrow met with far from home, among the new influences for which they had sacrificed so much, and in which the baby's share was probably more thought of than their own.

Yet, we saw a side which gave us comfort. It was in the old, beautiful service, impressive in Dakota, for the new-comers who understood no English; in the familiar aspiration of the hymn; in the flowers that covered the little form; even in the neat dress and quiet manner of the mourners; for if that baby had not come to Hampton, if it had died under the old regime in Dakota, though the love and sorrow were ever so great, these things could not have been.

A STUDENT'S VACATION.

The Indian no sooner begins to learn than he begins to teach. The hope of giving out knowledge is quite as strong a motive as the desire to take it in. Missionary work of one sort and another is actually done by our students at every stage of their own mental and moral development, and whatever its inadequacy when judged by our own fixed standards, it has a peculiar value as the gift of the race to the race.

We shall try to give in their own words, stories of such effort by our boys and girls. During the last summer vacation two Indians from the advanced classes were given the teaching of some of the beginners, and met with good success. The experiment will probably be tried again; perhaps on a larger scale. The work of an Indian graduate teacher at Hampton may be found as good a thing, in its way, as that of our colored graduates, who now fill so important a place, has been.

The following is a Senior's account of her first attempt at teaching, with other experiences of her summer vacation.

Winona Lodge, Dec. 6th, 1884.

Dear friends:—I find it indeed a great pleasure to be asked and to be able to give a short account of my vacation's work. When school closed in June, as usual, we all had a week or two vacation, and then separated. Some of our Indians went home to the West, and some went up to the Good North to learn to work. To think we have good friends at the North, is a beautiful thought for us. A few days after our friends left us, we commenced our vacation work. As a general thing here, we have school during vacation for the students who stay here. We had night school for the colored students, and a few Indian boys who wished to attend. Both Indian girls and boys worked all the morning and attended school after dinner, from one till half-past two o'clock. At three o'clock, the boys were expected to go to work again, but the girls had that time to sew for themselves or to do any other work they wanted to do. My work in the morning was to have charge of the laundry. I found it quite hard to see to the washing, ironing and keeping the laundry in order. I did not expect it would be easy to undertake the work, but I wanted to do it so that I should be able to do the work when I returned home. My work in the afternoon was to teach. I having had the theory of practice teaching last term, became a teacher of our afternoon school. I also found it was not an easy matter to teach school, but I was delighted in the work. At first I had ten girls in my class and no boys. There were some Indians came in July to fill the places of those who went home in June. A little later, there was another party came so that there were as many Indians here during vacation as there were during all last term. When these Indians came, my class was larger. My class consisted of Sioux Indians, and as I am a Sioux, I get along very nicely with them. If they came to something they do not understand, I would explain it to them. To be sure, I did not teach Indian, nor did I talk Indian to them, but only when it was very necessary to do so.

Our summer school closed on the fifteenth of September, and I began to think I should like to go somewhere for vacation. My plan was soon decided; and I went to visit the Indian school at Carlisle. I left Hampton with a lady who taught drawing school here during the summer, and was going home. I was with her till we reached Baltimore. She left me there and went on her way home. In the afternoon of the same day, I took the train for Carlisle, and reached there safely the same day. I cannot express how delighted I was to see so many Indians at school in the East. I did not have a chance to visit the work shops, but I visited the class rooms, the sewing hall, and the laundry. I noticed their arrangements are very different from our school. I was very happy to meet three students whom I knew before. I am glad to say I found some very dear friends there. After being there a few days, I had an invitation to visit the Lincoln Institute at Wayne Station. I was next on my way to Wayne, and when I reached there, I walked up to the school, and I was met by a friend of mine, who is a student of that school. There are a little more than a hundred Indian girls in this Institution. Everything that can be done to make the girls happy is done in this Institution. They have very easy times. As for myself I should like to have a little more studying done. I spent three or four days there very pleasantly indeed. The last evening I was there, they gave a very beautiful entertainment which was enjoyed by all who were present. The next day I was very glad to turn my footsteps back toward our dear old Hampton, but sorry to leave friends behind me. When I reached Hampton, who should I see first but Rebecca and Mary, who ran to meet me. Mary spent her vacation up North, and I had not seen her all summer, and I was very glad to see her. Mary is a little girl who rooms with me.

In telling of my visits to other schools, I must say none suited me as well as Hampton.

I remain yours very respectfully,
ZALLIE RULO.

OLD STORIES TOLD AGAIN.

The following fables were read in class and afterward re-written entirely from memory. The children first learned that "a fable is a short story that teaches us something." It is interesting to note how in almost every instance they preserve and even emphasize the "point" or moral of the tale.

THE FARMER AND HIS SONS.

Once there was an old farmer lived long time, he was so old that he allmost die, so he told his sons when he die, they must dig the ground and try to find some gold. And their father die, so the two sons take the spades and dug all over the vineyard, and to find gold, but they can not do it, but they find that they make the ground very good, so the grapes grow very big and good. So they sale the grapes and get more money.

K. J.

A farmer, a man who takes care of his farm, one day he had called his sons to him, he told them that they would dug the ground, and his sons thought they would find some money there, but it was not so for they dig and did not find any money there as they thought, but still they do it just as the man had told them to. They dig round the vineyard, and that is where the grapes grow, and so that they find no money, but they find that their vineyard grapes grow so many, and they sell it and then the vineyard make them rich.

M. I.

THE BOY AND THE WOLF.

There was once a little boy keep his flock near the village, and he used to run in the village and say wolf, wolf, and all the men left their work and run to help the boy, and when the men got there the boy laughed at. And when the wolf really come, he rush in the village crying wolf, wolf, and nobody go to help him, so that teaches that if we tell lie once, and if we try again they would not believe us.

K.

[The moral of the following is wholly original!]

My friend we going to prove ourselves about this a short story so that we may able, have some more English language. There's a boy herd his flock a little way from the village. One day a wolf came amongst these poor old lambs and he carried away with one. The boy see this what the wolf done to him, and he ran or rush through the village and crying out that he lose one of his sheep

That is the way my friends, our heart goes, sometimes we have a good spirit in our heart, but the evil things floating over our hearts; and just the same what the wolf did; the evil things carried away our good spirit. Then our soul crying for help.

T. P.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT.

The grass hopper have good time in summer but when winter came he have bad time. But the ant work in summer so when winter come he will have good time. He gathered grains of corn and wheat. The grass hopper beg something to eat, but the ant don't give it him, because he laughed at me when I was working.

J. C.

Ant was work man but Grasshopper was sport Gentleman, and so he never work, but just sport, but Ant was work man and goes to work and put up food for winter, and Grasshopper he never put up food for winter, and so when winter come and he got nothing to eat, because he was sport Gentleman, but he was willing to died.

C. M.

When summer comes Ant is work nard all summer, and when the ground is hard this Grasshopper got nothing to eat, but Ant he had plenty to eat, and when this Grasshopper want something, went to Ant and Beg Something to Eat, but Ant said when I work hard you laughed at me, and that is reason I would give you nothing to eat, you lazy grasshopper; what don't you keep something to eat; I would keep for you my own food, but you may go and work hard and you make something to eat yours. If, my friend.

B. C. B. B.

Indians of New Mexico & Arizona. Their Past and Present

GATHERED FROM INDIAN BUREAU REPORTS.

Fifteen years after the publication of Major Emory's Report, the various tribes of which he speaks had come under the care of the Indian Department of the United States Government, and appear in the Report of that Department for the year 1872, as follows:

Pimas and Maricopas, numbering 4,342, occupy a reservation of 64,000 acres set apart for them under act of Feb. 20th, 1859, located in the central part of Arizona on the Gila river. They are and always have been peaceful and loyal to the Government, are considerably advanced, industrious and nearly self-sustaining. The relation of these bands with the neighboring whites is unfortunate * * * the difficulty arises from the improvident use by the whites above them of the water of the Gila river, by which they are deprived of all means of irrigating their lands. The result is that many of them have left and gone to Salt river valley, but are there also getting into trouble with the settlers * * * They are much interested in the education of their children. Two schools are in operation with 105 scholars. * * * These tribes have no treaty with the United States, and receive but little assistance.

Papagoes, numbering about 5,000, like the Pueblos of New Mexico, live in villages, cultivate the soil and raise stock for a support. They have no reservation, no treaties, and receive no assistance. Many of them have embraced Christianity, and are well-behaved, quiet and peaceable. * * * There is no reason to doubt that if established on a reservation, with implements and stock, they would become prosperous. It is hoped that a reservation may be set apart for them at St. Xavier, to include the venerable church built there by their ancestors.

Mohaves, numbering 4,000, with a reservation on the Colorado of 75,000 acres. Only 828 are established on the reservation, the remainder roam or are on other reservations. They make but little progress, object to the education of their children, have no schools, and no treaty, but are partly subsisted and largely assisted in their farming operations by the United States.

Pimas, numbering 2,000, live near the mouth of the Colorado, as they will not remove to the Mohave reservation where they belong. They are inveterate gamblers, and gain a scanty subsistence by working for the whites. They have no treaty and receive little assistance.

Hualapais, numbering about 1500, inhabit the country near the Colorado, north of the Mohaves, and are more or less hostile. Those who are peaceable are being fed by the Government.

Yarapais and Apaches, 8,000 to 12,000. They range through the central, northern, and eastern parts of Arizona and have long been hostile. All attempts to settle them on reservations have failed, as they will come in in large numbers and then have difficulty when so disposed, renewing their depredations before their rations are exhausted. The bands of this tribe present a great diversity of type, but are all seemingly incorrigible, and all those not on reservations have been turned over to be dealt with by the military."

NEW MEXICO.

Navajoes, numbering 9,114, with a reservation of 3,328,000 acres, in the northwest part of New Mexico and northeast of Arizona, set apart by treaty of 1868. Prior to 1864, no less than seven treaties had been made with these tribes, all of which they broke. They were then made captives by the military and held as prisoners of war till in 1868 they were removed to their present location, where they have since remained, peaceably, many of them being engaged in agriculture, and in raising sheep and goats. They are industrious and attend faithfully to their crops. They have for some years been partially subsisted on account of the failure of their crops, and receive, under the treaty, in clothing or material, $40,000; and in other beneficial objects, $14,000. Provision is made for two teachers at a cost of $2 000 per annum

Mescalero Apaches, numbering 830, have no definite reservation, being unable to live in peace with the Navajoes, and, until recently, having been more or less hostile to the whites. They have no schools, care nothing for the education of their children, are not engaged in farming or any industrial pursuit, have no treaties and receive no annuities. They are, however, subsisted in part, and receive clothing when necessary.

Gila Apaches.—This tribe is composed of two bands, and number about 1,200 They are warlike, and no success has attended the attempt to settle them on a reservation. They have no treaties and no annuities.

Jicarilla Apaches, numbering 850, have for several years been located at the Cimmaron Agency with the Muache Utes. They have no treaty relations with the Government, and no reservation, and have heretofore supported themselves by hunting, with some assistance from the Indian Department. Four hundred of this tribe are reported to be at the Tierra Amarilla Agency.

Muache, Weeminuche and Capote Utes.—The Muache band of about 650, at the Cimmaron Agency, and the other two bands (870) at the Abiquiu Agency, are parties to the Ute treaty of 1868. None of them are disposed to work, preferring to live by hunting, or on the Government, and they do not desire to have their children taught.

Pueblos, numbering 7,683, have no treaty with the United States, and receive but little aid from Government, but hold 439,664 acres of land under an old Spanish grant confirmed to them by Congress in 1858. It is desired to establish schools in all their villages, and few are now in operation. (Here follows a brief notice of their condition under Spanish rule—their revolt, and their gradual decadence—from the time the Spanish power was withdrawn until the United States came into possession of their territory.) There are now 19, villages of these people in New Mexico each having a distinct and organized government, with officers who are all elected annually by the people, except the *cacique*, a sort of high priest, who holds his office during life While calling themselves Catholics, it is thought that they still believe, as did their ancestors, in the days of Montezuma. They are a remarkable people; sober, honest, and docile; simple in their habits and moral in their lives. But for their residence upon reservations and their continued tribal organization, they could hardly be considered Indians. It is to be hoped that it will soon be decided whether they are citizens of the United States, or Indians, to whom the law of 1834 respecting trade and intercourse with Indian tribes, is applicable. It was decided in 1867 by Chief Justice Slough, that their status was that of citizens."

In this year, Gen. O. O. Howard was sent out as a special commissioner to examine and report upon the Indians of New Mexico and Arizona, who were becoming actively troublesome. General Crook was at that time commanding the Department, and General Schofield the Military Division of the Pacific, and General Grant's official letter to the latter, dated from the Executive Mansion, is not without interest:

MARCH 6th, 1872.

GENERAL:—The anxiety felt by the public generally, and by myself in particular, that Indian hostilities should be avoided in the future, and a policy to civilize and elevate the Indian prove successful, has induced the sending out of a commission to study the present condition of Indian affairs in Arizona, and if possible, to suggest a means for accomplishing the end aimed at. General Howard has been selected as the commissioner to visit that country. It is not proposed to interfere with any military movements ordered by proper authority. On the contrary, it is hoped that sympathy of views may be entertained between the commissioner and the officers under your command. Indians who will not put themselves under the restraints required, will have to be forced, even to the extent of making war upon them, to submit to measures that will insure security to the white settlers of the territories.

It is not proposed that all the protection shall be to the Indians, but that, if they will submit to rules and limitations laid down for them, protection by military force shall be mutual.

Very truly your oht. servant,

U. S. GRANT.

General Howard's very full report is accompanied by numerous papers and concludes with an expression of his "conviction that the Society which nominates the agents for Arizona, should also be allowed to nominate the superintendent. They need a man in full sympathy with themselves—one who believes in the possibility of civilizing the Indian, and a man of decided ability."

From the year of General Howard's visit to the present date, the history of these tribes, so far as it has been in any way connected with, or affected by the United States Government, is, of course, a matter of careful record; and we now propose to give the principal facts of this record from year to year, condensing them as closely as possible, while at the same time endeavoring to make them of some value for purposes of reference.

NAVAJO INDIAN AGENCY.

1873.—3,328,000 acres.

A very large portion of this reservation is not fit for agricultural purposes. One half is pasture land. A tract on which the Indians have for several years raised corn and wheat, to the south of their reservation, should, in my opinion, be granted to them, as no white person could then locate nearer to this agency than twenty miles, which would be a great assistance in controlling the Indians.

After December 1st, they will have to be fed, on account of failure of crops. It will require $70,000 to do this.

They have no farmer, and a proper person in that position would save thousands of dollars to the Government.

They own over 10,000 horses and about 175,000 sheep. When they were organized twenty years ago, they had over one million sheep and goats.

They have no schools, and I do not believe there is an Indian on the reservation who can read or speak a dozen words of English.

There are 2992 children, none of whom know so much as the alphabet. In my opinion, the mistake has been in not establishing boarding and industrial schools. Day schools are of no account.

They suffer much from diseases produced by immorality.

One year ago, as directed by General Howard, a police force was established of 100 Navajoes, which has been most successful, and I regret that my instructions require me to disband them.

It appears to be the desire of the Government that moral and religious persons should be employed here, and I submit herewith suggestions for changes, so that I may be able to have the co-operation of the employes in the work of civilizing and Christianizing these interesting people.

W. F. M. ARNY.

1874.

Past year has been more quiet and satisfactory, though I cannot report as much progress as I had hoped. The number of sheep has decreased on account of heavy snows. Horses remain the same as last year.

A farmer has been appointed, and if he is supplied in time with seed, cows, and sheep, I am confident that in two years the tribe will be self-supporting. A boarding school and home for children has been established, and their success shows that with proper facilities the 2,963 children at this agency can be educated in practical labor and knowledge of English, and that before the expiration of the treaty, the tribe can be civilized and Christianized. Their health in general has improved, for they are coming to believe in "white man's medicine."

It has always been difficult to obtain good employes on account of the small salaries, and the recent legislation of Congress still further reducing these salaries, will still further increase the difficulty.

The Navajoes are manufacturers as well as an agricultural and pastoral people, making blankets, wool, and silk work, baskets, etc. I encourage and assist them to make these for sale.

I feel, on the whole, that their progress is encouraging, and I firmly believe in the ultimate success of the peace policy.

W. F. M. ARNY.

1875.

In September, I, with my family and several white employes, were driven from the agency, the Navajo laborers were forbidden to work, and in some cases, tied up and whipped, the school teachers were obliged to leave, and all efforts to train the Indians in industry, etc., were brought to naught.

This state of affairs is the result of the action of the "squaw men" and the whiskey sellers, and the failure of the military to protect us. The demoralization of Indians by soldiers, whisky sellers, and white men living with Navajo squaws, goes on so rapidly that the agent has little chance to civilize or teach. At my agency, the labor of several years has been retarded, if not destroyed, by the machinations of bad white men, and the inefficiency of the military. Either the Indians must be declared citizens and made amenable to the courts, or they must be placed under full control of the agent and military be compelled to aid him. I am of the opinion that the Navajos are in general good Indians and can be civilized.

W. F. M. ARNY.

1876.

When I took charge of this agency in December last, I found everything in confusion, the last agent having been driven away. I must say, however, that the Navajoes seem quiet and orderly, and that the progress during the last year seems all that could be expected. No missionary work has been done among them, and the Mormons will soon occupy the field.

The Indians ask for a school, but want their children to live at home. The hand looms have not been a success, the Navajoes preferring their own method of weaving. There is great need of a saw mill. They desire an extension of their reservation, but one-half of the area asked for is covered by the grant made to the Atlantic and Pacific Railway.

We hear that the Utes are endeavoring to get the Navajoes to join them in a war against the United States, and are advising them to purchase nothing but gun-powder and lead. The act of Congress regulating the sale of these should be made more stringent.

ALEX. G. IRVINE.

1877.

These people are pastoral, depending upon their sheep and goats for subsistence. Owing to the scarcity of water and grass they are obliged to move from place to place and have no permanent houses. The sheep industry should be encouraged. They sold 200,000 pounds of wool this year.

The farm looks well, but corn will not ripen on account of the shortness of the season. Educational matters show no prospect of improvement, unless an entire change can be made.

School houses should be built at various points, and school teachers with their families take up their permanent residence with the Indians. As the agency has now a steam saw mill, the expense of building would not be great.

If the agency could be removed to some point on the San Juan river, all the corn, wheat, and vegetables necessary for the tribe could be raised. Here the buildings are old and the water supply very poor.

I have had some trouble during the year in the issue of supplies and in taking the census, but it comes from the chiefs alone.

ALEX. G. IRVINE.

1878.

Having been at this agency only three months, I am unable to do more than make a few general remarks. Little progress has been made in inducing these Indians to adopt the white man's method of cultivating the soil. The best land is lying idle on account of its proximity to the predatory Utes. The failure of the department to carry out the provisions of the treaty, has had much to do with the failure of teachers and agents in the matter of education. These failures are profoundly to be regretted.

Why the agency should have been allowed to remain in its present location through all these years, it is difficult to conceive, as it is in every respect most unfortunate, not more than half the tribe live permanently on the reservation, and I believe that the natural resources of the reservation are entirely inadequate to the support of the tribe.

But I suppose it would be worse than folly to ask for territory for any tribe, however deserving, from a government that does not

secure to the Indian the peaceable possession of lands already guaranteed to them by solemn treaty stipulation. A few hundreds spent in supplying water would be a good investment. The time has come, I think, when the issue of daily rations to the Navajos, except to the aged and infirm, should be discontinued as demoralizing. Give them cattle, sheep, agricultural implements and seeds, and do more for their education, and they will take care of themselves, for they are a nation of workers.

There is nothing to fear from the Navajos, they have too much at stake. But their peaceful disposition, their industry and willingness to support themselves are only added reasons why the obligations of the government should be fulfilled to the letter.

JOHN C. PYLE.

1879.

The census for this year gives a population of nearly 15,000. Flocks and herds are in a famishing condition. I estimate 700,000 head of sheep, 1,600 head of cattle, 22,500 horses, 500 mules. The drought is unusually severe, and crops will give one-fourth the usual yield, so that there will be a large amount of supplies required. At their last "big talk" there was a unanimous appeal for more land in order to get a "winter range" for their stock. These Indians are peaceable, industrious, and deserving; are semi-civilized in appearance, and quite civilized in their taste for whisky and tobacco.

There is but one day school, with an average attendance of eleven. If I could have boarding schools for each sex, I could fill them, and I believe make as good progress as has been made with any other tribe of Indians in this country.

No missionary effort has been made among them, but I hear that a missionary is to be sent out by the Presbyterian Board. The employes are moral men, but I strongly advise sending only married men with families, as the example of Christian households is the best possible education for these Indians.

My statistics show that the Navajos furnish 85 per cent. of their subsistence from their stock and farming; 9 per cent. from hunting, and receive 6 per cent. from the United States.

GALEN EASTMAN.

1880.

During the past year many of these Indians have been in a starving condition, the result of a two years' drought, and the failure of the contractor to furnish supplies, made the situation at the Agency anything but enviable.

We have now commenced irrigation by means of mud engines, $3,550 having been granted by the Secretary of the Interior for this purpose. The saw mill does excellent work. The building for the boarding school (to accommodate 200 pupils) is getting on well. The Navajos are intelligent above the average Indian, and the school will probably be largely attended.

There has been little missionary work done here, as the missionary appointed died shortly after his arrival.

The greatest evil here is whisky. The more sensible among the chiefs deprecate the traffic and ask, "Why does not the Great Father at Washington, who can do anything he pleases, keep white men from bringing whisky to us?"

I have endeavored to organize a police force but have not yet succeeded. Many of the young men are restless and require to be decisively dealt with.

F. T. BENNETT,
Captain 9th Cavalry.

1881.

I have been absent from my Agency for nearly a year, a military officer having been put in my place, on the ground that my Indians were dissatisfied and hostile. My accounts have now been satisfactorily settled, the charges against me refuted, my salary paid, and my Indians (who have, as a matter of fact, been peaceable all the time) express themselves satisfied with me. I trust as civilization advances into these wild regions these intrigues may cease. I estimate the Navajos at present at 16,000.

Farming this year has been disastrous, owing to drought, followed by floods of rain

The peach crop is said to be larger than usual. The trees are said to have been planted by a superior race, or by ancient explorers, possibly by the cliff-dwellers, whose remnants of swallow-like dwellings line the walls of this romantic canon; but the memory of these Indians does not reach back to that period. They value highly their peach orchards, which belong to families, and are re-planted when necessary, by the aged ones when they are about to depart, the younger people believing that such acts forebode death.

Their flocks have not increased, but they still sell large numbers of blankets.

The building of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad is affecting these people considerably.

They continue to entreat that the "Great Father" will stop the whisky selling among them.

They need agricultural implements sadly, but the very small appropriation granted by the last Congress is an effectual barrier to further progress at present.

The Homestead rights under acts of 1875 and 1880, will enable these Navajos to continue in the occupancy of their homes, and they are happy in this new prospect.

The school has been put back by the difficulties to which I have alluded, but the two missionaries sent by the Home Missionary Society have done all they could, and are ready to organize a permanent boarding school, so soon as the building can be occupied.

I must repeat my strong conviction that only married men with families should be sent out, and that salaries should be made adequate to this end. The native women are cruelly wronged, and the care of all illegitimate children is thrown on the tribe, as they have none of the rights of citizens, and cannot testify.

Arms are being sold to the Indians against the law. For every reason it is to be hoped that the "severalty bill" to come before the next Congress, will also accord to the Indian the right at least to testify in the courts, and thus to afford him relief and protection. Nearly all these Indians cultivate land, and they regard each other's rights sacredly; less than 5 per cent. of their subsistence is obtained by hunting; and less than that amount this year from Government.

GALEN EASTMAN.

1882.

The season has been exceptionally favorable, otherwise the merely nominal appropriation of $5,000 would have been entirely insufficient, and there would have been great suffering. This appropriation gives about 25 cents per capita to purchase all necessary improvements, etc., and to teach them "white man's ways."

The injustice of this is so evident, especially when it is considered that the 4,570 restless Apaches have secured an appropriation of $275,000, that it is wonderful that these Indians still listen when I tell them that they must *now* behave better than before, for the neighboring whites and Mexicans are only watching for an excuse to oust them from their 6,000,000 acres of reserved land. I am left with almost no means of control, and is it not significant that for the first time the military are proffering me their aid?

The school building is about completed, and the attendance has averaged 54, but the employes of the mission board have not fulfilled their contract, and I am more than ever convinced that the best results can be had from such schools, only when they are under the full control of the agent.

There has been no missionary work done here since the death of the first missionary.

Some excitement has resulted from the finding of mines in the almost unexplored country to the northwest of this, inhabited by the lawless Pah-Utes and some Navajos. I trust I have succeeded, at some risk to my employes, in establishing friendly relations with them, and that murders may be less frequent.

GALEN EASTMAN.

1883.

Premising that I did not take charge until the 1st of January last, that I have been without adequate assistance to perform the work of the agency, that I was much of the time without funds, that the labor demanded of an agent here under present conditions is such as to prevent his performing *any* of his duties in a satisfactory manner, I will say that this report must needs be incomplete. It would require the descriptive powers of a Scott or a Dickens to portray the wretched condition of affairs at this agency in language such as to present a faithful picture of it to the mind of one who never saw it.

This reservation is situated on the elevated table land known as the Colorado plateau, and lies partly in New Mexico and partly in Arizona. It is about 105 miles square, and embraces something over 10,000 square miles of the most worthless land that ever laid out of doors. It is wholly a sandstone mesa country, with occasional patches of valley land susceptible of cultivation by the rude Indian methods. It is almost waterless, in fact, a barren rocky desert. What does exist is alkaline, and nearly all of it is such that any well-regulated animal east of the Rockies would refuse to drink; still, it is the only kind available for these people and the white workers amongst them. Many a civilized stomach "goes back" on its owner on its first introduction to the "sheep water" of the Navajo country. The face of the country is almost entirely rock. Rock everywhere. No soil, as such, simply the sand and debris accumulated in the lower spots by ages of erosion and the action of water since the "early days" when the world was new. An Illinois or Iowa or Kansas farmer would laugh to scorn the sandy beds which form the planting grounds of this people.

Seventeen thousand Indians manage to extract their living (in addition to the mutton which forms the staple article of food) from these spots, and that, too, without any Government aid. If they were not the best Indians on the Continent they would not do it. The United States has never fulfilled its promises made to them by treaty. It is safe to assume that it never will. As I have resigned and am about to leave here, and will probably be relieved before this report is read, I may be pardoned for resuming my rights and privileges as a citizen and speaking plainly of the gross wrongs perpetrated by the Government on the Navajos and on the Navajo Agency. Whether that treatment is due to ignorance, malice, or neglect, it is time that something was done to remedy existing evils, and I should feel lacking in the performance of a plain duty if I failed to point out a few of them.

The character of the country, as already briefly described, makes it incumbent on these Indians to depend almost entirely on their flocks for a livelihood. They are purely a pastoral people, and necessarily so. Their sheep and goats furnish their staple food, and from the sale of wool they procure the other necessaries, flour, sugar, and coffee. These comprise almost the entire range of food supplies.

Heretofore, little in the way of aid has been furnished by the Government for the sick, indigent, and helpless Indians, the agent being compelled to see them suffer under his eyes and to close his ears to their requests, or else supply the much needed articles at his own expense. Coming as I did, fresh from business life, and knowing the failure of the Government to fulfill its obligations to them, I for a time, did my best to supply their needs. I spent some $800 in that way. I thought I could do for the United States what I could do for any honest business man, firm, or corporation in the country—that is, make up for its omissions; and that upon proper representations, the money would be repaid. I found, however, that the United States does not pay anything it can avoid. I was compelled to stop that, of course, in self-preservation. How any man could turn a deaf ear to the sufferings I witnessed here last winter—to the cries of hungry women and children whose only support had perished, owing to the severity of the winter, and who were thus deprived of all means of livelihood—puzzles me. But that impersonal myth, the Government, neither sees nor hears these things; and if any of its officers has humanity enough in him to heed them, he pays the expenses. I do not state this for my own benefit. I shall not be here when any action is had on these matters, if it ever is. What I have done is done. The money it cost me is a dead loss. An institution which does not fulfill its written obligations cannot be expected to sustain its officers in an action dictated by any such weak sentiment as humanity. But, for the sake of the unfortunate individual who has to wrestle with this work hereafter, I desire to call your attention to the need of strengthening his hands, and of sustaining him in doing right.

When I came here there was not an ounce of hay or grain at this agency; there was not an ounce of provisions of any kind for issue; the thermometer ranged as low as 20° below zero (and we are over 7,000 feet above the sea); there was not a horse that could walk two miles without falling down from sheer fatigue, caused by hunger and age, and I was compelled to buy food for them at my own expense, rather than see them die of starvation. This at an agency for 17,000 people. There was not a house that would keep out snow or rain. The roofs leaked, the water ran in on the floors, (the floors are below the level of the ground)). In a word, the agent and employes who were to lift up these people to a higher plane, to carry out the civilizing policy of the Government, were expected to live in a lot of abandoned adobe huts, condemned by special, regular and annual reports as unfit to live in fifteen years ago, condemned by every one who has ever seen them since, and repeatedly damned by all who have been compelled to occupy them. They are full of vermin and utterly unfit for human habitation.

* * * * * *

I was told repeatedly by influential and well-meaning friends, verbally and by letter, to "hold on," "be patient," "we can't do it all in a month," "just wait till Congress meets," etc. You have heard it all repeatedly. The meeting of Congress would have been very consoling, no doubt, had I buried one of my loved ones as the result of this experiment. My family is not enduring this now, thank God; but the conditions are not bettered a bit (only that the weather is warmer), and the family of the agency physician *is* putting up with it in the hope that something will be done. I predict they won't stand it all next winter. "Wait till Congress meets." Wait until an indifferent Congress gets good and ready, and if this one doesn't, wait for the next. But don't forget to wait. The same old song for the Indian, too.

Last winter I promised the Indians I would go amongst them and visit the portions of their country which I had never seen. I have always felt that it was an agent's duty to make himself personally familiar with the entire country covered by his Indians; to know their wants, their habits, their resources, the climatic conditions, the amount and kind of stock owned by them, the number of families, the number of children of school age; in short, an agent ought to know his Indians. These Indians range over not only the country embraced within the limits of the reservation as defined on the maps, but far into the adjoining lands. They are found to the south of Zuni, as far east as the Rio Grande, on the north in Colorado and Utah, and to the west as far as the Little Colorado, as well as on the banks of the main Colorado. Many disputes have arisen between them and the surrounding whites. Many are rankling to-day. The Navajos cover more than 15,000 square miles of territory.

When I announced my intention of visiting the country they inhabit, and of examining into all the matters of interest to them, it was joyfully received by the Indians as well as by the whites, who had been patiently waiting for some authoritative determination of the questions so long unsettled. Fifteen thousand square miles of mountain country is a good deal of ground for any one man to cover, in the few breathing spells one gets while doing the clerical work for 17,000 nomadic Indians, in quadruplicate. I managed to make fourteen trips amongst the tribe during the six months from January to June, in spite of the onerous conditions placed upon me by Congress; but in denying an agent for these Indians any clerical assistance, that body prevents his performing any of the higher duties of his office almost as effectually as if it forbade his doing so.

I have had no police. Navajos cannot be had for any such sum as $5 a month. The right to fix the pay of the police should be vested in the Secretary of the Interior, and not be arbitrarily named by men who have no conception of the duties required. I have had to go after red horse thieves and white; to remove unlawful traders from the reserve; to recover stolen stock; to chase criminals, and to do it all myself—be agent, clerk, chief of police and entire force, hostler, courier, everything, to be able to cope with, single-handed, and to wisely treat all the questions arising between 17,000 Indians and their white neighbors; and to personally watch over and guard every item of Government property at the agency while doing this, in a word, to be, (were it possible) a hundred miles from here settling a dispute, and to be quietly making up my papers and guarding the dish cloths and tin cups at the same moment.

The reservation lines have never been surveyed. Oh! how often have I written those words. And how much they mean to the man in charge here. How in the world am I to be always right on questions of jurisdiction, guarding this immense tract with its restless occupants? Must an agent continue to assume (as I have had to) that the reservation is right where he happens to be? There isn't a mark on the ground.

This work is a bricks-without-straw task all the way through. If a man has the mental and physical qualities demanded, the patience to endure, he can take those to a much better market—and he need not travel far. Any man who fills the bill here, is worth $3,000 a year "and found." He is entitled to a good, comfortable house to live in, furnished—at least, as good as an ordinary mechanic occupies "in the States." I do not believe the Government will get the right man for less. It could not keep me for a quarter of a cent less. But I consider myself "discharged, cured." I plead for the future worker in this field.

The Government ought to do something for the development of water on this reservation. There are places where the supply of water is barely sufficient for the needs of a few and where I think a small sum properly expended would develop sufficient water to irrigate considerable land. In other places water has cut a channel through the loose sandy soil, into which it finally sinks, until the present beds of the little streams are 30 and 40 feet below their former levels. These places are abandoned. Suitable dams would cause them to become productive by

enabling the Indians to irrigate, and induce the natives to make permanent homes.

* * * * *

The agency school was conducted during the past season under contract with Dr. H. Kendall, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, and was in operation at the time I took charge, with an attendance of about 80 pupils. It was managed as an industrial boarding school, though no system of teaching industrial occupations was in operation or could be under the conditions existing. This was owing to the usual failure of the United States to perform its agreements in connection with the Indian work. The Government, by its failure, compelled the opening of the school in an unfinished building without suitable appliances; without even a wood shed or a water closet; with a roof on its kitchen and dining room that was about as good as a sieve as protection (it certainly was no better); *sans* everything almost that was needed for success in a school of this kind. Make bricks without straw, ye workers in this field. "Wait for Congress," and keep on waiting. But as sure as you do, you'll get "left." The school is not a success thus far, and the United States Government is to blame.

We have a saw mill, which I am told cost $10,000 to place in position. The only covering for this valuable and useful machinery is the sky. It lies there exposed to the snow and the rain, to the sandstorm and the blizzard, rusting, rotting, and with a fine forest of pine timber within rifle shot. I have begged, implored, clamored for money to cover its nakedness. It makes me angry every time I look at it. I have offered to start it up at my own expense (the money to be refunded to me) and to net $500 a month to this tribe without the cost of a dollar to the United States. This, too, must "wait for Congress." It may be law, but it isn't business.

The interest I take in this work is my only reason for stating these matters. The indifference, the neglect of the legislative branch of the Government in regard to this important work, is not conducive to serenity of disposition. I have found in the honorable Secretary of the Interior and in your office a most earnest desire to do all that it was possible to elevate this people. The history of mankind shows that the advances from barbarism to civilization have been by a series of steps or jumps rather than by a gradual forward movement. The Navajos have been standing still, in a transition period, for some time. They are ready for a jump. Shall it be a forward one? It can be made so by wise action, and where they set their feet when they alight, there will they remain for a time. If this generation is given the proper impulse the next will be a wealth-producing factor in the civilization of the Southwest.

Congress ought to do something to enable such of these Indians as are willing and of the right caliber to take up land without being compelled to pay for it. It ought to devise means to protect them against being swindled. I know a most deserving Indian who selected a ranch one hundred miles from the reservation twelve years ago. He has lived there ever since quietly, has raised seven children, has built a house and corral. Four years ago he went to Santa Fe to get a title to his land. He paid some scoundrel $160 for a worthless paper, the man representing himself as the United States land agent. I reported these facts and sent the paper the Indian had received from this swindler to your office, but nothing was done. This sort of work discourages others who are willing and who have both the desire and the ability to become independent men.

The Navajos are, in my judgment, the most independent, self-reliant Indians we have; and I believe that in native shrewdness and intellect they are superior to any other tribe in the country. They are all armed, and well armed.

I am very respectfully, your obt. servant,

D. M. RIORDAN.

1884.

This reservation is about my ideal of a desert; no water, no soil worthy of the name. Still, these Indians manage to eke out an existence. They are patient and industrious workers. If they were not the best Indians on the Continent they would cause lots of trouble, for they are continually told by their Ute neighbors on the north, as well as the Apaches on the south, that the only way to get any help from the United States is to go on the war path, and then he hired to quit. Mr. Apache says, "look at me; I did all the injury I could for years to the whites; see now how they reward me for promising not to do so any more."

The Ute says, "We killed our agent and one belonging to the Navajos; we have kept the good people of Colorado, as well as others, in dread for years. Come on and see them pay us, our wives and babies, a good many dollars in cash each year, just because they are afraid of us. Go and kill a few women and children, then you'll be noticed; 'Uncle Sam' has forgotten you."

It is hard for a poor Indian who has never seen much of this world, to understand why this distinction has been made; and I am frank to confess that it puzzles me to know why it is so. The treaty stipulations, conditions, reservation, etc., are exactly similar, only the Navajos are industrious and peaceable and the others are not. The Indian police here are very efficient, and were it not for them it would be hard to manage these Indians, scattered over so vast an area and subject to such demoralizing influences. Yet, I venture the assertion that there is less crime committed by these seventeen thousand people, heathen as they are, than in any community of equal size in the East. The Agency school has not been a success, on account, I believe, principally, of the quarrels of the employes. We have a good school building, and as it is the only one there is among all these people, I feel that it should be well attended. In conclusion, I believe if this tribe is allowed a fair proportion of the money appropriated by Congress, that they will make as long strides toward civilization, as any tribe under your charge. They are the largest tribe on any one reservation in the United States; have the most arid and barren reserve; are the hardest workers, and the most patient and peaceable.

JOHN H. BOWMAN.

Some Questions Answered.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE RETURNED INDIANS? HELPED BY HAMPTON BOYS. DO THE INDIANS WANT AN EDUCATION? A VISIT TO HUMP'S CAMP. A HEART-BROKEN MOTHER. "YES, I WANT TO GO." RAN AWAY FROM HER SUITORS. THE TAME BUFFALO.

The question is no longer can the Indian be taught civilization? That has been demonstrated by the schools East and West. All persons are now asking with greater or less interest, what becomes of the returned students? Do they retain their civilization or do they entirely fall away? In other words does the God who teaches and enables the white man to stand upright withold his grace from the Indian, earnestly pleading for the same? "By their fruits ye shall know them" is the test of the red as well as the white man. To the facts therefore let us go. A recent visit to the Indian country assured me that these returned students are doing wonderfully well. Out of all sent back, only one-tenth have in any way adopted Indian habits. Not one, so far as I could learn, had done anything criminal. Where are the classes sent year after year from our Eastern colleges? How many earn their living by honest toil? How many are leading holy, upright lives? Let us not then put upon these poor Indian children burdens which we ourselves do not bear. Of course some have gone into the camp: this is not permanent. No good work can be lost. What they seem to lose others gain. If they drop back a little, they bring their friends up a little. One of the Hampton boys went to the camp and found a wife. At first our hearts were pained to learn that he was living as did the Indians. What however, are the facts? The boy brought the girl to the Christian Church to be married, and man and wife are now at Hampton Institute. Thus, what the boy lost by going into the camp, resulted in the salvation of the girl. If once you get a hold upon these children you can influence them for better things. A boy who was at Hampton for a short time and who was sent home because physically unsound, lived as his wild friends lived. When asked to discard the blanket and cut his hair, he promised, at the risk of losing his so called home, to do both. The promise, I believe, he has kept.

At Crow Creek and Lower Brule Agencies the people had decided to send no more children East. This was caused by the evil report of some disappointed and sick students who had been brought sick and had to be returned sick. They naturally felt badly at accomplishing little here, and threw the blame on the school. How human all this? The poor parents believed it and said they could not send their children away. Providentially however, Thomas T. a nice looking Hampton boy, was in the returned party. He was brought into the council of the chiefs and head men and acted as interpretor for the Agent and myself, and then by the invitation of the Agent spoke to the chiefs telling what he knew about school life. Some believed him and some believed him not. What a trial to this lad of 19 years to do what is contrary to Indian custom, speak in council.

The young men are expected to keep quiet. Yet he stood up in the presence of his people and told them truths which he knew they would not believe. It was evident all felt proud of him, even though they received not his words. That boy now teaches half of the day in the government school, and acts as interpreter the other half.

William S—— who was at Hampton a short time only, is at Crow Creek. He has married, has been confirmed in the church, is working steadily in the carpenter shop, and is well spoken of by all. He wanted to return, bringing his wife to Hampton, but his health not being sufficiently good, we had to say no.

To my great surprise I found a boy at Crow Creek, from whom we expected nothing special, working faithfully in one of the shops. The trade learned at Hampton was helpful. How neat and nice one of the educated girls looked by the side of her friends. She was the pride and joy of her mother's heart.

At Lower Brule Agency, I found fourteen of the Hampton students. Every one wore citizens' dress. They were coming from a service in the church as we reached the agency and presented a fine appearance. They had been working in the shops, and in the school, assisting the missionary and cultivating the soil. Frank Y—— who was a blacksmith had also raised a crop of wheat. Samuel M——, had taught school and acted as catechist in his father's camp, doing a good work. He said, however, he felt the need of more training; that after a year's teaching the pupils would know as much as he knew. His sister and himself are now at Hampton. George W——, who was baptized the night before leaving Hampton, and confirmed by Bishop Hare in Dakota, though exceedingly reserved, voluntarily spoke to a group of his people in behalf of Christian education. We called not a council of the chiefs at this place, but of the returned students, and asked their help in gathering others. To them is due in large part our success. In spite of the unanimous decision of the chiefs that none should leave, we had to refuse to take some because physically weak, and because the number was made up, and brought eleven fine specimens from the two agencies. I was most hospitally entertained at Lower Brule by a native missionary, Rev. L. C. Walker.

At Cheyenne River Agency, we found that one of the Hampton boys was Agency interpreter, another head man at the barn, and another acting as government scout. Felix B—— the interpreter, went with us over the country in search of children, and rendered valuable service. From this agency we brought eight. Do not understand me to say that all these children are saints. This however, I do say. I believe some are earnest Christians, struggling for the right and stemming the current. All are standing up in the face of great opposition. Many of the chiefs do not want the children educated, fearing they may lose their power over them. The grandmothers say as do other old fogies: Why anything new? the old was good enough for us. These children want to be white people and forget their mothers and grandmothers. At some agencies the prejudice of employees is very great. It is to their interest to keep these students down. They fear if these work in the shop they may lose their place and pay. Sufficient opportunities and facilities are not given them to work. They are expected to "Make bricks without straw." Truly the Indian has found no royal road to learning civilization. Do not these fruits however betoken some good in the tree.

Again, people often ask are the Indians anxious to have their children educated, and do they come of their own accord.

When they have had a taste of knowledge or civilization, they are hungry for more, where ignorant like, a starving man, they know not how hungry they are. In one case they see the imperative necessity of education, in the other they see it not. It is heart rending to see their brains, like their lands, lying idle. We visited the camp of Chief Hump about 80 miles from Cheyenne River Agency. My wife, Miss Folsom and Mrs. Swan, wife of the agent, were the first white ladies who had been there. These Indians had been engaged in the Sitting Bull hostilities. I made known to the chief the object of our mission, and asked him to send six or eight from his band. He asked me how much pay I got for each child, I took away. The poor man, in his blindness, could not think of anything higher than the loaves and fishes. He said he could not send any children without holding a council of his people. He, with Burke, thought that a man to lead must follow his people. The people were off hunting and cutting wood, and could not be called together. So in this case he could neither lead nor follow. We learned of a family where there were four children, two girls and two boys, and we were urged to get their children in school. We went to the poor home, if home it could be called, and asked the man to send his daughters to school. He kept quiet for a while and then said, I have not spoken because I am not going to send my children. I tried to reason with him. He said it is no use to argue with me, I cannot let my children go.

The grandmother then appeared at the door of her tipi and began to howl; she declared they must not go saying, the Government has taken away our tobacco, has cut down our rations, and now wants to take away our children. I told them I would carry the children to the Agency to be examined by the physician; if well, I wanted them to go to school, if not, I would not take them. This was enough for the mother who had been sitting still—she thought the time had come for her to part with her children and she could stand it no longer—she looked at me, it seemed for a moment or more—that look I cannot forget—and screaming, rushed to the door of her miserable house, broke it open, took down a long knife and gashed herself until the blood flowed. The knife not being sufficiently sharp, she got a stone and whetted it weeping all the time. This meant, I believe, that she had yielded the point and was terribly grieved at the idea of giving up her children, she knew not for what. The worst was over, and if the children could have been placed in a school near home it might have been well, but it would not do to take them under such circumstances any great distance. These poor creatures know not what they are doing in refusing to take help offered them.

On the other hand, those who know better are exceedingly eager for education. A mother who heard of our being on the reserve, brought her boy sixty or seventy miles to ask us to take him. He is at Hampton to-day. After leaving the Agency for the steamboat landing some three miles off, a boy appeared having ridden fifteen or eighteen miles, and earnestly asked to go to school—we sent him to the Agency Physician to be examined—he went at full speed and returned bringing a note from the Dr. stating he had enlargement of the Thyroid Glands and had better not go. When told the contents of the note he was greatly disappointed and volunteered to run the risk, saying he would not have come if he had not wanted to go. We asked him if he wished to go in the face of what the Dr. had said—he answered yes, I want to go. We then said, suppose you get sick and die there. Nothing seemed to move him—he still insisted he must go, and agreed if too sick to stay, to pay his was way back home by selling some cattle he had, thus relieving the Government of all responsibility in the matter. Of course we brought that boy, and he has had no trouble. Since coming such earnestness must tell.

At Lower Brule Agency one of the Hampton students told me of a girl who wished to go. He escorted the missionary and myself to her home. As we neared the log house, we saw a long piece of red calico flying like a flag over the house. What does that mean? we asked. It is a sacrifice to God for the sick man within, was the reply. We entered the house and found the father very feeble and the bright looking girl making a dress to wear to Hampton. I confess my heart failed me when I saw the old man's condition. I did not know that the daughter ought to leave him. The missionary made known the object of our visit. A Chief who had come to see his sick relative, undertook to reply, saying the sick man could not talk much and he would talk for him. He urged some objections to sending children away. After he had finished, as only one must talk at a time, I tried to answer his objections, first speaking words of comfort and of eternal life to the sick man. The poor man then asked his wife a question, who replied saying the girl says she wants to go because the men are courting her. She does not want to be married now and when married she wishes to be married in the Christian way. The father, almost too weak to talk, then made his speech. He said in substance, I am sick and cannot live long. I want my children to go to school that they may be able to take care of themselves when I am gone. He sent for another daughter and asked me to take both. Did not that man have a brave heart? The Chief, to my utter amazement, then apologized, saying he thought his kinsman would not want his children to go, therefore he said what he did. As the eyes of these people open, they see the pressing need of education. They realize they must be able stand by the side of their white brothers. While driving over the country I thought I saw the Indian question illustrated. In the large herd of cattle owned by a Frenchman who had married an Indian woman, I saw four buffaloes. Now no wild buffaloes can be found in that part of Dakota. Were one to appear he would be hunted down and killed. How do these remain in safety? They were caught when young, and taught to live with the civilized cattle, and now they adjust themselves to their surroundings. Even so the white people live in and around the Indian country. The Indian cannot be hunted down anymore; there is too much Christianity in this land for that, but unless he adjusts himself to his surroundings he will always be oppressed and there will always be trouble. He must be able to work and live as does the civilized white man. This training must be done by the schools East and West, and there is no time to be lost in doing it.

J. J. G.

Southern Workman.

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HUMOR and pathos are blended in Miss Bacon's page of Silhouettes.

OUR INDIAN DEPARTMENT has attacted favorable comment. We are promised new contributors, whose names are therein given..

THE New Orleans Exposition comes slowly to perfection. Hampton Institute is represented there, in connection with the schools of the American Missionary Association, by photographs, reports, specimens of school exercises and industrial work.

THE "HAMPTON CLUB" of Springfield Mass. and its Hampton Fair, are in their way unique affairs and we are glad to give our readers the bright description of them by a former Hampton worker and another friend, which will be found on our twenty second page.

Many questions are asked at Hampton, in the course of a year, by visitors or correspondents, not all of which admit of a conclusive answer, but many of which are so suggestive and full of general interest that we have concluded to set apart a column or two of the WORKMAN to their consideration from month to month. The questions this month, whose discussion will be found on the next page, are from our valued friend, Rev. John Harding, of the Springfield *Republican*. The column is now open to "inquiring friends," to whose questions we shall be glad to give due consideration, if we cannot always give adequate replies.

JUDGE TOURGEE, in a recent *Congregationalist*, in his dramatic way formulates the problem of the Negro's destiny as it exists in the mind of the Southern white, the Northern white, and the Negro himself. As he says, the last of these views is seldom considered, undervalued and hard to get at. Its distinguishing features, he thinks are 1st, a total absence of any doubt of his equal capability of development with the white man, given the same antecedent opportunities; 2nd, a belief that white superiority is owing above all to education; 3rd, a consequent intense desire for education, "believing more devoutly than any people on earth ever believed before, that 'knowledge is power,' the power that distinguishes the free man from the slave, in every age and clime;" 4th, distrust of the whole white race and of any protestations on their part of an interest independent of policy; 5th, an indestructible trust in God, and belief in "the good time coming," though he cannot see how.

The suggestion of Judge Tourgee that "the so called leader frequently represents the ideas he thinks his followers ought to have rather than those they actually hold," may possibly be thought true to some extent of himself. As he says, "the lower levels of humanity feel but rarely formulate." The white race has now at any rate, an excellent chance to so vindicate its good faith as to cultivate feelings of confidence in the new generation, to whom slavery is but matter of history. Certain it is, that the education which is spreading and will spread over the Southern land will give the Negro some of the power he expects, not only to formulate but to act upon the feelings which may be cultivated in him.

The Freedman's Case.

MR. GEO. W. CABLE'S article in the January *Century* on the "Freedman's Case in 'Equity' is of great interest, especially as coming from a Mississippian and ex-Confederate soldier. No Northern waving of the bloody shirt could be so effective as his frank and plain avowals of the numberless oppressions of caste distinction and the worse abuses of the penitentiary and convict lease system, upon a people who have "proved that be their relative standing among the races of men what it may, they are worthy to be free," and have a right to "that simple protection without patronage which any one American citizen, however exalted, owes to any other, however humble." The Atlanta *Constitution* (Dem.) indignantly denies that Mr. Cable represents Southern sentiment in any degree. It is likely that not many Southerners and by no means all Northerners would follow him to the furthest extent, as for instance in his plea for mixed schools.

He is regarding the question on the plane of absolute equity and economic common sense rather than of present expediency. But we believe with him that there are thousands of Southern born men and women, and these of the best intelligence and position, who desire fairness and right above all thing, and who "see that the whole community is sinned against in every act or attitude of oppression however gross or however refined." The principle of right once started will work out its own development and no other. This being so, neither they nor we need be agitated over the question whether or no their little great grand children will go to school with little colored boys and girls, as—according to our Southern contributor, Mrs. Langhorne's sketch on another page,—their little great grand parents did without consternation or disaster, in the good old "*ante bellum* days."

The great need of the hour is education—enlightenment of the masses of both races. We rejoice that, as Mr. Cable says, "all have agreed not to handicap this with the race question," that "there is in the South an honest effort to keep the public school interests in the hands of the states' most highly trained intelligence," and that Southern public sentiment is growing so evidently in the favor of education for all. We rejoice too in the new impetus that is apparent in the general public interest in the question. Nothing is so dangerous as to shut the eyes to danger. No one has put this more forcibly than Mr. Cable when he says: "This is what the impatient proposal to make it a dead and buried issue really means. It means to recommit it to the silence and concealment of the covered furrow. Beyond that incubative retirement, no suppressed moral question can be pushed; but all such questions ignored in the domain of private morals spring up and expand once more into questions of public equity; neglected as matters of public equity, they blossom into questions of national interest; and despised in that guise, presently yield the red fruits of revolution. This question must never again bear that fruit. There must arise, nay, there has arisen in the South itself, a desire to see established the equities of the issue; to make it no longer a question of endurance between one group of states and another, but between the moral debris of an exploded evil and the duty and necessity of planting society firmly upon universal justice and equity."

Indian Rights.

The need of an "Indian Rights Association" was never more manifest than in the case of the starving Piegan Indians, of Montana.

At the September meetings in 1884, of the representatives of that and of the leading religious societies, at Lake Mohonk, N. Y., as the guests of Mr. C. R. Smiley, it was decided to send Professor Painter, the Washington agent of the Association, to ascertain in person the facts of the case.

Returning from Montana, he made to the House Committee on Appropriations, a strong statement of what he had observed, asking for immediate relief, which was promised as soon as possible. Following up the matter with persistent effort, he met an unexpected rebuff, and at once addressed an open public letter in the New York *Tribune* to Mr. E. J. Ellis, Chairman of the Committee, stating the facts of the case. Prompt action was taken and fifty thousand dollars were at once voted to save the Piegans from starvation. These people had practically been forced to sell their wives and daughters to soldiers and citizens about them, for money with which to buy food; the details are too shocking to repeat.

We take this occasion to impress on all friends of the Indians, the necessity of work at Washington, where, more than anywhere else, is the root of the red man's troubles; not that Congressmen are averse to doing their duty, but because the demands of constituents and endless details, push the interests of the Indian into the background.

The Indian Rights Association can, with six thousand dollars a year, for their Washington work, in circulating documents, holding meetings, etc., do more for the red race than all the ten millions a year used by the War Department in the West, and the forty million pounds of beef issued annually (not without justice) to the tribes who never will work till they are compelled to.

Those who wish to know fully of the work of this Association can get information by addressing Mr. Herbert Welsh, Secretary, 1316 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Until this and the Woman's National Indian Association, Mrs. A. S. Quinton, of Philadelphia, Secretary, were formed, the sympathy of the people had no organization, no concentration, no effect. Now, public sentiment is telling; the Indian is every year more recognized, and hope for his future is more and more felt. The beginning of it all was Captain Pratt's quiet work in Fort Marion, Florida.

Dr. Mayo thus sums up the educational progress of the South. "It will pay this year more than fifteen million dollars for education. In the last three years, the Southern people have themselves paid as much money for education as the Nation and the North have given them for that purpose since 1860. The free school for both races has been established by law in every Southern State. The collegiate, academic, and professional schools upset by the war, have been restored. Two State universities admit girls, and the education of women is largely on the increase. A great revival of popular interest in education pervades the South.

The short sessions of the country schools, from two to five months, need lengthening. The larger cities have from six to nine, and an extensive system of Normal schools is needed." A people so bravely struggling to educate all its citizens should have both national and private aid to lift the great weight of illiteracy which threatens not one section or class only, but the National life.

THE ALUMNI JOURNAL, of Hampton Institute, owned and edited by resident graduates, is a little sheet which deserves our frequent notice, and the liberal patronage of Hampton graduates. It is well and independently edited. The January number is now before us. Its editorial on the situation is rather corroborative of Judge Tourgee's estimate of the colored point of view. As to the proposed "Colored World's Fair," the editor thinks the colored people need many other things more, and advises them to devote their energies rather to petitioning Congress to pass the Education Bill. We must agree with him also, in his criticism of a letter to the WORKMAN, that "fostering" is not the most appropriate word to apply to the influence which slavery had in developing some of the "admirable traits" of the African. He probably would not deny the fact of such development, and that is all, we think, that our liberal minded Southern correspondent intended to express.

There could be no stronger argument for the progress of the Negro race or the hopefulness of its future, than the possibility of such a collection of thoughtful, calm, and well-put sentiments, as the A. M. E. Church Review of Philadelphia presents in a symposium of leading colored men upon the relation to their race of the present political aspect, extracts of which may be found in another column. Not the least eloquent of the writers is the one woman among them, Mrs. Frances E. W. Harper, of Philadelphia, and not the least forcible utterance that "If for the next twenty years the colored people take no feverish interest in the success or failure of either party, but will do all they can to build up an intelligent and virtuous manhood, and a tender, strong and true womanhood, we can afford to wait for political strength, while developing moral and spiritual power."

Alarming rumors of illness at Hampton Institute make it proper for us to state the facts of the case from the report of the resident physician, for the relief of those interested in the school.

There has been more than usual sickness this winter, attributable chiefly to atmospheric conditions which we share with the surrounding country, but nothing of the nature reported; not one case of "diphtheria," "scarlet fever," or any malignant disease. In a community of six hundred students such as ours, with the attendant force of instructors and employes, any epidemic makes a great show, and we have had three: "German measles," brought from the West by an Indian child; measles proper, brought from Hampton by day scholars, and quinsy sore throat. With care and isolation, the first and most severe of the three was soon stamped out. The second, with its sources so near us, was of wider extent, spreading to the teachers and families, on the school grounds, but generally of

a mild form. Tonsillitis, or quinsy, which is commonly regarded of malarial origin, has been prevalent about the town of Hampton, as in other parts of the country. At the school, there have been about a hundred cases, scattered through all the buildings on the place, which points to general, rather than to local causes. The long drought of the summer and fall may have had something to do with causing this and other sickness. Of continued malarial fever, there have been but two cases among the students, with two among the teachers. As it is unusually prevalent this season in the country about us, our proportion of the disease is small, and contrasted with the nine or ten cases among the students of last year up to this date, and more the year before, shows actual improvement in the sanitary condition of the place, owing to the measures which have been taken to this end each year. There has been an unusual number of ordinary cases of chills and fever occurring early in the year, chiefly among new students, coming from various sections. Outside of the epidemics, the usual number of incidental cases of various kinds, has helped to swell the aggregate of illness, and the arduous work of the physician and nurses, but has no special significance as to local causes of disease.

The one death from malarial fever in our corps of teachers—the first ever to occur at the school, made naturally, a profound impression, and was, perhaps, the chief origin of the excited feeling. Though an enfeebled condition of health before starting for Hampton this fall made her, no doubt, peculiarly susceptible to disease, if not already in its power, every means was promptly taken to investigate and remove any possible local causes of malaria. Mr. Chas. F. Wingate, of New York City, well known as a sanitary engineer, and a member of the Commission appointed by the city to take measures against the approach of cholera, was sent for, and made, as he had two years ago, a thorough inspection of all the school grounds and buildings. We quote the first paragraph of his report:

"As the result of my examination, made December 28th and 29th, I am glad to find that so many of my recommendations made two years ago, have been complied with, and that the improvements effected have been so satisfactory in their results. The present suggestions, will, I trust, be as readily carried out and with as beneficial results."

We may say that the improvements made in the last two years, at the advice of Mr. Wingate and the resident physician, including a building for laundry, bath-room, etc., with the bulk-head now in construction, to keep the tide from rising and falling on the flats, have cost thousands of dollars. The minor and inexpensive ones now suggested, will be promptly carried out. It would be folly to ignore the warnings of nature and the teachings of experience, but that folly will not be committed. There is no reason for panic, but, with all the work and anxiety inevitable in the care of such numbers, there is much reason for thankfulness and courage.

THE CONDENSED REPORTS of Indian Agents, of which we print in this number a third installment, furnish testimony in regard to the manner in which the U. S. Government has conducted its work for Indians, which is far more forcible than could be obtained from any private source or sources, and has presumably the great advantage of being unaffected by prejudice in favor of this theory or that.

It is interesting to conjecture what would be the verdict of a totally disinterested person, to whom should be submitted this testimony, as to the wisdom and justice of the means adopted by a Government whose attempts at civilizing a handful of half savage tribes has borne such fruit. If all philanthropic sentiment should be laid aside, and the matter regarded solely from an economic standpoint, what would be the opinion of an average business man in regard, for example, to such a story as that of the Navajo Agency, published in our last number? This story is sufficiently startling when hampered by the unimportant details inseparable from official reports, but when these are cleared away, the points present themselves with a distinctness which leaves nothing to be desired.

At this Agency, then, there have been in ten years seven different agents. Every one of these agents has represented to the Government the necessity for supplying the Indians with the means of rendering themselves self-supporting, and has borne witness to the willingness of the Indians to work, as soon as work is made possible for them. Not a year passed without a strong statement of the need of schools and the desire of the Indians for education; and the request that mission work in some shape should be begun among them, has been almost as constant.

Again and again is the fact repeated that the reservation lines have not been surveyed, and that amending and needless trouble and expense are the result. That there are no Agency buildings which are in any sense fit for their purpose, that the sale of whiskey is practically unrestricted, that the Indians suffer cruelly at times from the failure of Government supplies, (the result usually of the insufficient appropriation) is reiterated from year to year with more or less force and bitterness. That the salaries are so small as to make it impossible to obtain employes who are in any sense fit for the work, and that the appropriation for this work, (which, be it remembered, the Government nominally undertakes to accomplish,) is simply an absurdity, so out of proportion is it to the necessary expenses, comes to be taken as a matter of course by these men who have most of them learned by experience, the value of remonstrance. And what is the outcome of it all? What has the Government to show for its ten years of work, for this decade during which it has been responsible for the bodies and souls of these people?

The report of its agent for 1883 takes up every one of these counts as given above and asserts with proof that on every one of them the Government stands guilty; guilty of indifference, of fraud, of a most shameless inhumanity.

In that year matters at this Agency stood as follows: The reservation lines had not been surveyed; there was no police force because there was no money to pay them; nothing has been done to secure a proper water supply; very little or no aid was furnished for sick or helpless Indians; there were no suitable agency buildings; the school buildings were unfinished and the school consequently a failure; nothing had been done towards furthering the plans for industrial education; the Indians had not been assisted in their efforts to take up land or protected against swindlers; in short, in no way or shape had the United States fulfilled the promises made to them by treaty.

The history of this agency is the history of a large majority of the agencies for which the United States Government is responsible, and while the impersonality of "the Government," protects it from the results which would inevitably fall upon any individual who had made similar mistakes, is it therefore true that there is no hope of reform? The Indians can speak for themselves only through the firebrand and the scalping knife, but their friends can speak for them, and certainly, as we have shown above, they have not far to look for a text.

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS published by Given, Heath & Co. New York, are an excellent addition to the supplementary reading which now happily relieve the routine of "readers."

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS.

As to the Lion and the Lamb.

Editors Southern Workman:

I observe two outlooks for the Negro problem, each of which has its plausibilities.

As the Southern Negro grows more intelligent and acquires property, he will be recognized as an important factor in society, be respected accordingly and given due place in the body politic, as a producer, office holder, etc. letting social relations take care of themselves. In this view the two races will recognize their mutual need of each other, and continue to live together, with a growing identification of mutual and common interests.

The cleavage of the color line is so deep and will be so intensified by the preference of the colored people for separate churches as well as the jealousy and old time prejudices of the whites, that there will be a gradual and voluntary separation, resulting in black communities, perhaps a belt of black states. Both races will in due time prefer to live apart, in regions where the colored people will have an indisputable majority, and will assert their competency to buy the land and take care of themselves, both industrially and politically.

Towards which of these outcomes do the present tendencies of each race seem to be leading?

Do the Southern white people who are intelligent and influential favor Negro education? Would they, as a class, welcome National aid?

The above questions interest me and probably many others.

Longmeadow, Mass. J. W H.

In brief, will the Negro, through intelligence and prosperity, become more and more allied and identified with the white race, or will he by prejudice and opposing sympathies become—though peacefully—more and more alienated and separated? Still more briefly—Is the lamb to lie down inside or outside of the lion?

In our opinion, the more educated, industrious and energetic of the freedmen will have the position they want as contented citizens. Many, even without education, have the native force of character to rise. Witness the improvement of the race in landholding. In Georgia their landed property was $7,000,000, five years ago. It is $25,000,000 in Louisiana including that of the creoles. Wherever there is commercial prosperity in the South, business activity, railroad building, the Negro gets his share, and while many are improvident, many buy land and build homes. The saving fact about the race as a whole, is their desire for land and education. This is their indirect, as their training as laborers is their direct gain from the years of slavery to the white; race which left them also the darker inheritance of improvidence and moral weakness. There is no doubt that one third of our 6,000,000 blacks are making decided improvement. Perhaps one third, especially those in the Gulf and South Atlantic States, are deteriorating. The rest are about holding their own, and if afforded a fair chance will rise. On this portion the educational movement at the South is telling and there is hope for it, but the work for them needs to be vastly increased.

The *Workman* believes in the general forward movement of the Negro race, and in the tendency of its better portion to adjust themselves to the white race, to demand office in only a reasonable way, and to be satisfied with a fair chance as citizens and as a laboring class. The South in the next four years has a grand chance to confirm this tendency and make the Negroes a satisfactory and highly productive and prosperous industrious class. The great source of slavery is the demagogues who can command, by tens of thousands, Negroes who cannot read or write and who will willingly trade their vote for the merest trifle. Only as the black voting population shall be able as a whole to read and write and form their opinions for themselves, will their votes cease to be a danger to the prosperity of the South and the country. As things stand, the combined aid of Southern support and Northern charity cannot do the work, and the Government will not.

The record of the Southern whites in taxing themselves for the education of both races as heavily as most Northern states do for their own people, shows that they are in earnest about educating both races and giving the Negro a fair chance. (See Cable's article in the January *Century*.) Acknowledging to the utmost the fact and the ruinous folly of unrighteous oppression, and putting the Freedman's case in E pity with an impartial boldness that would expose a Northern writer to the charge of incendiarism, he writes:

"A far pleasanter aspect of our subject shows itself when we turn from courts and prisons to the school house. * * * With us of the South, as elsewhere, there is a fairly honest effort to keep the public school interests in the hands of the State's most highly trained intelligence. * * * Practically, through the great majority of our higher educational offices, we are fairly converted to the imperative necessity of elevating the colored man intellectually, and are beginning to see very plainly that the whole community is sinned against in every act or attitude of oppression, however gross or however refined."

It is generally felt in the South that it is the Nation's duty to aid in fitting the Negro for the citizenship which it conferred upon him. The only opposing sentiment is the traditional fear of centralization, and this being strongest in politicians and political leaders is likely to prevent or delay such national aid.

This answers the first and third points of our correspondent's inquiries to the best of our ability. As to the depth of the line of cleavage between the two races, it is, while socially very deep, in some other respects less perceptible in the South than in the North. There is a great deal of mutual sympathy and liking between them in the relation of employer and employed, and a mutual adaptation and interdependence that is the result of living together for six generations. Good nature and good feeling, in every thing but politics, and increasingly in that, is the rule. The suppression of the Negro vote is, we suppose, confined to some three or four of the Southern states. We believe it to be free and fairly counted in the rest. This we think shows precisely the relation of the Lamb and the Lion. One of the worst features in the South is the petty oppression of traders, a mean and unscrupulous class, many of them Jews, who grind the faces of the poor, both black and white, especially in the more remote and sparsely populated regions, in the strict ratio of their ignorance, and make a state of things that words can hardly describe, selling for exorbitant prices, receiving pledges of crops, till, at the end of each year, the freedman is poorer than at the beginning. The remedy for all these evils—slow but sure, and the only one,—is general education that shall throw light upon and into the dark places. More light is the need of the hour.

Civilization vs. Nature

Is the effect of civilization and education to destroy or impair distinguishing race characteristics and powers in either race?—*Visitor.*

This is an interesting and suggestive question, and we will give it what consideration we may from the results of our own experience, in our next number.

SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October

Printed on the Normal School Steam Press by Negro and Indian students trained in the office.

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The Southern Press. Both Sides.

The year 1885 opens for the white people of the South, with a promise of good things, of which the mere anticipation is having its effect, for though in reality the conditions have not essentially changed, the point of view has been so much affected by the late election, that the general tone is more cheerful than it has been for many years. The following statement shows how substantial the foundation for this cheerfulness is,

"The Baltimore Manufacturers' Record during the past year has been engaged in the laudable work of attracting attention to the growth, enterprise and development of Southern industries. The facts which it has concisely presented from time to time have had much to do in securing the investing of Northern capital within the borders of the South. In its issue of Thursday it sums up and presents in a graphic manner the results of a year's work in building up the manufacturing and mining interests of the South, presenting a carefully compiled list of all industrial enterprises organized during the past year. From the showing of the Manufacturers' Record the progress made is indeed wonderful, and would be so considering even had the past year been one of general activity in business, but when the great depression in trade and manufactures is taken into account, the advance made by the South in 1884 is well calculated to excite profound astonishment and to impress upon the business world the great importance of the new era upon which the South has entered.

During 1884, according to the showing of the Record, there were 1,865 new manufacturing and mining enterprises—including some that were rebuilt after being destroyed by fire—organized in the fourteen Southern States, the aggregate capital (including capital stock) reaching the enormous sum of $105,269,500. The Record says, one of the most noticeable features of the industrial progress of the South is the immense amount of Northern and Western capital seeking investment there. The Southern people themselves are also displaying remarkable energy in establishing new enterprises and in building up their own country. In what States has this increase taken place, and in what branches of manufacturing is most progress being made, are two questions of particular interest, the answer to which will show that the entire South is sharing in this improvement, and that almost every industry is represented. Summing up the number of new enterprises and the amount of capital by States is as follows:

States.	Enterprises.	Capital.
Alabama	187	$16,075,000
Arkansas	40	2,040,000
Florida	95	2,223,000
Georgia	175	5,455,000
Kentucky	157	21,769,000
Louisiana	53*	5,534,000
Maryland	105	7,121,500
Mississippi	40	1,305,000
North Carolina	226	4,110,000
South Carolina	53	2,174,000
Tennessee	250	7,910,000
Texas	212	10,778,000
Virginia	188	10,450,000
West Virginia	77	4,592,000
Total	1,865	$105,269,500

The Record says that in Kentucky, Alabama and Virginia extensive mining and iron companies, with heavy capital, made the total of the investments so heavy, though they also added many of the smaller industries to their list of manufactures. Despite the depression in the cotton goods trade, cotton mill companies were organized very freely during the early part of the year, and of blast furnaces the same may be said. Of woolen mills there are quite a number, while ice factories are counted by the dozen, and machine shops and foundries, some of great size, even in large number, while of the various kinds of mills that make wood-work their business, such as planing mills, saw mills, building material factories, furniture factories, carriage and wagon factories, handle factories, etc. it may said that they are going up by the hundreds in the South. Many flour mills were built, and still more tobacco factories. Of cotton seed oil mills there were very many, and of mining enterprises of all kinds, gold, silver, copper, mica, ore, coal, the number is so large as to give some hint of the South's future greatness in this direction.—*Norfolk Virginian.*

Mr. Cable's article "The Freedman's Case in Equity" has elicited much criticism, and probably nothing except such an article from the pen of a Southern man could have produced such expressions of feeling. The *New Orleans Picayune* in a lengthy critique, says:

"Leaving out of consideration, for the present, the question of the immediate practicability of Mr. Cable's theory of social ethics in so far as he has explicitly stated it, we may properly inquire, in the first place, how much farther his argument would legitimately lead us. If differences of race are to be disregarded in public places, why should they not be disregarded in private places? If the Negro family is to be admitted to seats by the side of the white family in church and concert hall, why should it not share the hospitality of the white family's home? If, as Mr. Cable contends, the black man is degraded by exclusion from the one why is he not degraded by exclusion from the other?

We insist that we are not pushing the argument beyond Mr. Cable's lead. We know it might be replied that the law can never touch the right of a man to select his own personal friends and associates, but that reply would be an evasion of the doctrine which Mr. Cable has advanced. He argues that the aversion of white people to social intercourse with the blacks is the result of prejudice, and that it is therefore unreasonable and unjust. From his point of view it is morally wrong to draw the color line anywhere. Hence his doctrine carries him over the threshold of private life, leads logically up to the exchange of all social courtesies, and even to intermarriage between the races. Mr. Cable does not openly announce this conclusion, but it is an unavoidable inference from his statement of the "Freedman's Case in Equity." If we accept his premises we must go with him to the conclusion, and as that is monstrous and revolting we can but wonder that he did not see that he was refuting his own conclusion by a *reductio ad absurdum.*

Mr. Cable's position is more eccentric than original. Its novelty consists in the fact that it is assumed at this late day by a Southern man from whom one would have expected a better appreciation of those inexorable affirmations and denials of nature which he proposes to ignore. He ought to understand, though apparently he does not, that the persistent and ineradicable distinctions of race lie deeper than any consideration of etiquette, convenience, or mere sentiment. The fact of immovable and impassable difference may be hard, but it is a fact. As there are superior and inferior individuals in the same race, so there are superior and inferior races in the world. It is the order of nature and we cannot question it.

We are free to admit that the position of the colored man is in some respects uncomfortable in this country. * * * *

Mr. Cable belongs to an old school, not a new one. He merely repeats the shallow sentimentalism of those doctrinaire philanthropists who overlooked the fact that the rights to political freedom and social equality are inseparable from the capacity for proper exercise and due enjoyment. Forgetting that races as well as individuals must be subjected to the slow processes of culture before they can reap the ripe fruit of the highest civilization, they held that the crude cannibal should be permitted to enter at once upon the heritage of Anglo-Saxon liberty as expressed in the institutions of that last result of political evolution, a democratic Republic. But their view is now, if not obsolete, at least, obsolescent. The logic of events has demonstrated that no arbitrary and hasty measure can immediately remove the consequences of many centuries of moral debasement and intellectual sloth.

In agitating the question just at this juncture, Mr. Cable is doing neither the Negro nor the white man a service. He has undertaken a work of supererogation. If race feeling is nothing but a prejudice it will pass away in time; but a result which must rest at last upon the voluntary allowance of individual men and women cannot be forced by legislation or precipitated by rhetorical pleas against the deepest feelings in human nature.

In so far as the black man is the victim of any form of oppression: he deserves the sympathy of all men. Wherever he is refused educational facilities and religious advantages, wherever he is incommoded unnecessarily as a traveler in public conveyances, there is urgent demand for reform in his interest. We can go that far with Mr. Cable; but we cannot advocate the degradation of the white race for the questionable elevation of the black."

From other quarters however, Mr. Cable meets with grateful appreciation, and the *New York Freeman* gives, on the whole, a fair summing up of the effects of the shell which he has exploded in his own camp:

"The Freedman's case has been limboed for so many years by Southern writers, preachers, and statesmen, that well-informed people had about concluded that Southern men did not consider that the Freedmen had any claim in equity. The bugaboo of social equality, admixture of the races, and kindred questions, have so warped the common sense of Southern writers, that it is a novelty to find one who considers that the Freedman has any case in equity, and who has the courage and boldness to say so.

For this reason mainly, the article in the January number of that excellent monthly, the *Century*, entitled, "The Freedman's Case in Equity," by Mr. George W. Cable, of Louisiana, has excited a degree of notice which in many particulars, is striking and painful. Mr. Cable is by birth and education a Southern man. His knowledge of colored people, therefore, must be admitted by all candid men; the same is true of his intimate acquaintance with the condition of the colored people as he has so graphically and candidly discussed it in the article under discussion.

The measure of adverse criticism which the article has elicited from Southern editors is simply marvellous; while the degree of narrowness and sophistry employed makes one marvel at the sort of education these men have enjoyed. Only a few weeks ago these same editors were painfully vociferous in professions that the colored man should have accorded to him all his rights under a Democratic President. Now, they one and all declare that the cession of those rights, as candidly and justly defined by Mr. Cable, is altogether out of the question. Either these editors have a very warped and distorted idea of what constitutes a colored man's rights, or they are unconscionable liars. The former supposition is more likely true.

Such papers as the New Orleans *Picayune*, the Charleston *News and Courier*, and the Atlanta *Constitution* repudiate as heretically absurd and Utopian Mr. Cable's interpretation of "The Freedman's Case in Equity." The conclusion of the *News and Courier* that Mr. Cable is all wrong, and that "*blood is thicker than water*" is ridiculous to the last degree.

* * * * *

The only points of difference between a white man and a black one are, color, mental training, and material condition. All these differences are artificial, and are even now becoming less marked than in past years. Time will totally annihilate them, the impassioned protests of Southern editors to the contrary notwithstanding.

A colored man, is as good, all things being equal, as a white man. The one has no more natural and conferred rights than the other. Just as the white man now enjoys all his rights, so ultimately will the black. It is even so now to a very large extent in the North, East, and West, it will be so in the South. It is bound to come. Character is the only true standard of worth. The differences between a colored gentleman and a white one are so infinitessimal that it requires the distorted perception of an American to discover them. He is more sensitive on this point than an English Lord or a German Grand Duke.

The *Picayune's reductio ad absurdum* of Mr. Cable's article is very logical. Its fears are justly grounded. The outcome of the matter will be just what it pictures and bemoans. There is no escaping it if the two peoples continue to inhabit our Southern land. The free commingling of the races in school and church, in theatre and circus, in Senate and Assembly, in steamboat and steam car. And if this equality of right be obtained, as obtained it will be, social and business relations will follow as a matter of fact. There is but one of two ways to avoid it—expatriate, root and branch, the colored population, or expatriate, root and branch, the white population. Expatriation can only be forcible or voluntary; and as the first will appear impossible, so will the latter appear equally so. The black man will have his just rights—they are the same as the rights of the white man—and the ravings of prejudiced editors will avail nothing to stay the inevitable.

Mr. Cable has done the race a great service. He has given the people of the country a truthful portrait of "The Freedman's Case in Equity;" he has "painted the manners living;" and thereby provoked anew a discussion which has been fruitful in showing how warped and narrow Southern civilization remains twenty years after the "The Freedman's Case in Equity" was filed in the Constitution of the Nation proper and the States in severalty, and in the common law. The Freedmen must have full scope for mental and moral growth, and he can only have this by being regarded in law and equity, and in all avenues of life precisely as other men are regarded."

The *Augusta Constitutionalist* brackets Judge Tourgee and the New York *Tribune* together as enemies of peace in the South:

"Judge Tourgee thinks, if his recent lecture is correctly reported, that unless the Negroes are enlightened they will soon rise in rebellion against the whites of the South. The New York *Tribune*, on the other hand, believes that when they are enlightened as to their "rights," they will be more swift to resent "Southern outrages."

According to these eminent authorities the Negro problem is apt to resolve itself into violence, leaving its solution only between the alternatives of colonization or extermination. Happily, for this broad land of ours, there are wiser men than Albion W. Tourgee, whose only claim to notoriety, is a political novel, in which all the facts were fiction, disguised under a feint of fairness. Since the production of a "Fool's Errand," his philanthropy has degenerated into partisanship; his fiction into absolute falsehood. His "Appeal to Cæsar" is an attempted review and prophecy of the race question—a miserable contortion—a wretched plagiarism.

There is no danger of a Negro insurrection in the South, and Judge Tourgee knows it. Enlightened or not enlightened, the colored race has adjusted its relations as well as could be expected. They will live more tranquilly and prosper better under Democratic government than under Republican misrule. They have stood the test of scalawag instigators, and are not likely to writhe under barren idealists like Tourgee.

The New York *Tribune* has never forgiven the South for voting for Cleveland. It never will. It has omitted no occasion to speak of disfranchisement and terrorism in this section. It begrudges the electoral representation which a Republican administration placed in the hands of the South, and it has bullied and badgered this people since the decisive victory of the Democracy. Tables and figures, turned and tortured, are published to show that the Republican majorities in the South have been reversed by fraud and intimidation.

We have no doubt that if the New York *Tribune* could disfranchise the colored vote in the South, it would do so. It would annihilate this political powe: by exterminating the colored element, and the best way to effect this result, the *Tribune* believes, is to incite an insurrection. The South is amply able to care for herself; her labor problem and her political differences will be settled in time, and the educational question is working itself out wisely and well. Her domestic peace will not be disturbed so long as no more serious destroying agencies than Judge Tourgee and the New York *Tribune* are presented.

The *Peoples Advocate* describes a state of things among the colored people which is not likely to be changed for the worse under the incoming administration, while it is possible that the new forces which the next four years are to see at work, may gradually create juster conditions.

"The colored people of Washington, with its 60,000 population, must rely mainly on themselves, in the work of breaking down the obstacles to their progress.

Though under the shadow of the National Capitol, in a community very largely controlled by the thoughts and feelings of an office holding class, mostly republicans, they are the victims of the caste of race or color, as unmistakably as were they residents of Georgia or Texas. They are denied accommodations in the restaurants and dining saloons; they are excluded from many of the ice cream saloons.

They are without representation in the large mercantile establishments, although their patronage must aggregate over a million of dollars every year to these same establishments. There is no paper, except the two edited by colored men, that dares to raise its voice unmistakably in denunciation of wrongs from which the Negro suffers, and in favor of that equal chance in the race of life, which the white American so eloquently contends should be the heritage of every oppressed people without our borders."

SOUTHERN SKETCHES.

Dick Parsons, The Black Slave-holder.

BY MRS. ORRA LANGHORNE.

Ever since I have lived in Lynchburg, I have been hearing accounts of a Negro man of the name of Dick Parsons, who was a famous character in ante-bellum days, and occupied a very different position in society here from that usually assigned to the Southern Negro. Dick, as I gathered from various sources, was free born, a magnificent looking specimen of humanity; "black but comely," a man of brains as well as muscle, who made quite a little fortune by boating on the river, invested his gains after the fashion of the average Virginian of his day, in land and slaves, was a man of excellent business standing, flourished for awhile, and when the evil hour came, went down in the revolution like others of the class with which he had allied himself, and when the rest of his race were rejoicing in freedom, he, like the "white folks" around him, was brought to ruin and his grey hairs went down in sorrow to the grave.

I had long been trying to collect materials for a sketch of Dick Parsons from every available source, and had vainly tried to see some members of his family who were still living, but efforts have, until lately, been unsuccessful. Yesterday, as I was sitting alone in the counting-room at our little store, where I was installed by my husband, while he, and our small colored assistant, "Captain Swan," took a trip into town, a tall, sensible looking elderly black man entered the room, and with an air of hesitation, asked for Mrs. Langhorne. When he learned that I was that personage, he informed me that his name was Isaac Parsons, and that he was desired by a white gentleman in the country to come and see me. I was much pleased at meeting somebody at last who could satisfy my curiosity about the Negro slaveholder, and finding he was a nephew of the famous Dick Parsons, invited him to be seated, and asked him many questions about his uncle.

If I could tell the story in the words of my informant, I have no doubt it would be more interesting than in the form in which I am compelled to give it; but, as like most most uneducated people, my visitor was given to circumlocution and required much questioning to get at what he knew, I shall be obliged to condense the narrative somewhat and give it in quite different shape, from that in which I received it.

"OLD SETTLERS"

Isaac Parsons said his family, as far back as he knew them, had been free on the father's side. He did not know whether they had always been free, as has occasionally happened to Africans in America, but thought they had been set free some generations before him. He remembered that a long time ago it was a very common thing for "old settlers" to set their slaves free by will. This expression "old settlers" I find in frequent use here with the Negroes, always among them referring to old people of either race or sex, just as the term "settled" refers to middle-aged men or women. "Unsettled," or "unsettling" might apply to young people, but I have not heard it used.

Isaac Parson's earliest memories took him back to a little log cabin in the Blue Ridge mountains, where the James is called North river, and breaks its way among mountains and valleys, affording exquisite views to the modern traveller who sees them from the trains on the Richmond and Allegheny railroad. My visitor had probably never thought of the beautiful scenery among the hills when he first saw the light, nearly sixty years ago. He remembered it as bleak and dreary. The land on which the cabin stood had belonged to his grandfather, and his earliest recollections were connected with the river and the boatmen taking their bateaux to the tide-water towns. Isaac's father had married a girl in the lowland country and taken her to the log hut in the mountains to keep house for him and his brothers. Isaac was the youngest of several boys, who all took to the river as naturally as water-fowl. In one of the trips, when he was but a few months old, his father was drowned, but this event made little change in the life of the family. His uncles and brothers kept on boating and his mother looked after the little mountain farm, attending to the cows, pigs, and poultry, and cooking and washing for the boatmen when they were at home. There were distilleries all around them in the mountains, with no revenue officers to prevent their making fruit or grain into fiery liquor, and Isaac recalled wild scenes in his childhood when the boatmen would all come home, after a successful voyage, and have a grand carouse. They would give the children whisky, and if they objected to drinking it, in their rough mirth, would force them to swallow a dram, thus early giving them habits which have done much harm in later life. Isaac had pleasanter memories of a very different kind in seeing his brothers, when at home in the winter, attending school with the white children from among the hills and dales around them. Rockbridge County was then, as now, a centre of culture in Virginia. The famous blind preacher, Dr. Waddell, and Mr. Lyle, the ancestor of Dr. Ruffner, were then teaching in the "log colleges," which formed the nursery of learning in the wilderness, and were the foundation of "Washington and Lee University," especially cared for and encouraged by George Washington. In those early times, there were few slaves in Western Virginia, and the slave power which attained such evil eminence and met with such a fearful downfall had not made itself felt among the peaceful homes in the Blue Mountains.

The race prejudice as it exists now, had not then possessed our people, and it was provided by law and generally thought proper that the children of free colored citizens should attend the nearest school with the other children of the district. These schools were usually taught by white teachers, but one in Rockingham County was taught by a worthy colored man, and children of both races were instructed by him.

Isaac Parsons said his father and uncles had received some education, and his brothers had attended the neighborhood school as they grew older. His mother had begun to talk of sending him to school, when an untoward event produced a great commotion throughout the State. This Isaac spoke of as "Nat Turner's War," which resulted in much hardship for the Negroes generally. Among other changes made in the laws at that time, was one forbidding colored children being taught in the schools. Isaac had been born just in time to come under the ill effects of this change, so that he never went to school at all. He rejoices that his children have fallen upon happier times and are learning in the public schools of the State.

THE NEGRO BATEAUMAN.

Isaac said his Uncle Dick early began to show capacity for business, and though not the eldest son was soon the leader among the family of boatmen. He became a very skillful trader, carrying wood, grain, and all sorts of country produce from the settlements among the mountains to the lowland towns, buying in return groceries and manufactured goods for the country folks. In the course of time he came to own several batteaux and gained the confidence of the farmers and merchants for whom he acted as agent, large and valuable cargoes being constantly intrusted to the brawny boatman, who fearlessly encountered the rapids of the swift and narrow river, on its course to the sea, and could not be outdone in shrewdness when brain instead of brawn was needed in the business.

The boatmen led a merry, roystering life. Their living cost little or nothing, as they found friends all along their route who were ready to furnish abundant good things in exchange for little favors done by the boat hands.

They were not over scrupulous in their ways, and when going into camp at night on some lonely spot, did not hesitate to knock a stray calf or pig in the head or rob an adjacent hen roost to help out their supper, feeling sure that the bateau would carry them far down the river before the farmer would discover his loss. Of course they were particular not to stop just at that point on their way up stream.

After awhile the bateaux were given up and the lumbering canal boat, with its team of plodding mules, took up their trade, the canal being completed about 1840. Dick Parsons was ready for the change, and taking for his partner, a white man named Swinney, who owned several slaves, he extended his business by degrees, purchasing several fine boats and being an important man on the canal.

THE NEGRO PLANTER.

After a time he invested some of his earnings in a little farm near Lynchburg, and hired hands to work it, finding it convenient to have his home at a more central point than the mountain hut on North river.

In those early days there was a steady emigration from Virginia to the "Western Reserve" of Ohio. There was always more or less agitation of the slavery question, and Lynchburg having been founded by Quakers who would not own slaves, the peaceful Friends were often made uncomfortable by slaveholding neighbors, and preferred seeking "fresh fields and pastures new," to living in strife. The West was fast growing in wealth and importance, and glowing accounts came back to Virginia of the new commonwealth on the Ohio. Among those who decided to seek their fortunes in the Western Reserve was Swiney, the white partner of the Negro boatman.

BUYING SLAVES.

In settling up the business, Swinney desired Dick Parsons to buy his man Alick, who had long worked with the firm on the canal, and Alick and Dick knowing and liking each other well, the sale was made to the satisfaction of all parties. Isaac Parsons seemed to feel somewhat sensitive on the subject of his uncle's having been a slaveholder, and insisted that Dick would never have been a "Negro-trader," the character indispensible in every slaveholding community, but heartily despised by all classes. He declared that his uncle would never have bought slaves merely as an investment for money, but human chattels being as much merchandize in those times as any other articles of barter and sale, it was difficult to transact business without buying Negroes, and "Uncle Dick" purchased the man Alick just as he did his partner's share in the boats, with the other "good will and fixtures" of the trade.

Parsons had a great regard for Alick, and as his new investment was growing old and needed good care, the Negro master soon decided to leave him ashore, and put him on his farm where Alick was made manager.

From time to time other slaves were bought, of course, merely in the way of business, and put under Alick's charge on the farm, where he had full authority in Dick's absence, and managed his affairs very faithfully and well, his master often promising to set him free when he died and assuring him that he should never want for comforts.

BUYING A WIFE.

Among Dick's friends was a worthy old free colored man in Lynchburg named Cato. This man had married the slave woman of a white family in the town, who had a little girl, the child of a former marriage. Cato labored long and faithfully to earn money to buy his wife, which he at last succeeded in accomplishing. The child, however, remained a slave in her master's house, and good old Cato and his wife worked hard for the money for the purchase of the girl. Years went by, Cato and his wife were growing old, and found it difficult to support themselves and lay by money enough to pay for the child, who was fast growing into womanhood, and her value constantly increasing to her master. The heart of the mother grew heavy as she realized that her child was a slave, and thought of the many chances that might separate them forever, before she could earn money enough to secure her treasure which had value in eyes that did not look so tenderly on the girl as she did.

In their anxiety on the subject, old Cato and his wife at length determined to ask for aid from Dick Parsons, the Negro boatman, farmer, and slaveholder, who maintained popularity and business standing in the white community, and was the pride and envy of the black people, bond and free.

Dick sympathized with his friends in their desire to gain possession of the young girl, and readily consented to advance money necessary for her purchase, taking a mortgage upon the damsel herself until the funds were returned.

The girl was now the property of her step-father, subject to the lien held by Dick Parsons. She was brisk and active, decidedly what was termed by slave dealers "a likely girl," and ere long found favor in the eyes of the money-lender, who proposed to take her for his wife, and though much older than the mortgaged chattel, he was greatly beloved by the whole family, and no opposition was made to his wishes. Old Cato dryly remarked, when his step-daughter left his house for that of her husband, that he "reckoned dat money was paid now, an' he need not trouble himself any more about it." The young girl, who had already had three masters, was now the slave of her husband, and her story sounds more like an Oriental tale than a sober business transaction in our land of modern improvements and enlightened ideas.

LOSS OF SLAVES AND SIGHT.

A few years before the war began, some trouble with his eyes, which involved much suffering and useless expense, resulting at length in total blindness, made it necessary for Dick to leave the river and stay at home on his farm. He tried for a good while to keep up his business, but was so disabled by his malady that nothing prospered with him, and his affairs fell into confusion. The beginning of the war disturbed all interests of every kind, and changed all values in the South. Dick had gone in debt for his last boat, and as things grew worse with him he was compelled to give a mortgage on his farm. When the war closed and his slaves were free, almost blind and crippled by misfortunes of every kind, he attempted to resume business on the Canal. A disastrous flood, which almost destroyed the "big ditch," upset his last effort, and the death of his only son completed a sore list of disasters. The old man did not long survive the wreck of his fortune.

He was tenderly cared for in his declining years by his wife and one daughter, who survived him. It must have added to his grief, to realize as he could not help doing, that his family would be left in poverty.

Since his death his affairs have been settled up and a small part of Dick's plantation set apart as the dower of his wife, who, though a slave and not legally married comes under the benefit of the United States law, provided to cover such cases.

Very many people along James river have vivid and kindly memories of Dick Parsons, the famous boatman, who so overcame adverse circumstances as to rise to the rank of a leader in his times, but unhappily failed to read the signs aright, and like other slaveholders, met the ruin which inevitably awaited those who persisted in sustaining a system wholly incompatible with modern civilization.

ORIENTAL DISCIPLINE.

Many amusing stories are told to illustrate Dick Parson's indomitable will, and the resolution with which he carried out his plans. Among them is an incident we culled from the gossips, that at one time finding his young wife somewhat rebellious, he sold her to a neighboring white planter, and sent her to her new master, without hesitation. In the course of a few weeks, his wife returned repentant and submissive, entreating her aristocratic lord to buy her back, declaring herself wretched in her new abode. Dick at once relented, received his spouse with much kindness, and promptly applied to his neighbor to let him re-purchase his wife, a request which was obligingly complied with. It somehow transpired afterward that the whole thing was a sham gotten up by the astute Dick to enforce obedience to his orders.

Possibly other husbands of the district may sometimes have wished for Dick Parson's power in his household.

A Christmas Tree in a Colored School.

To Hampton and Mr. Giles Cook's fine school, we owe the well educated teachers of the colored public school in Harrisonburg. These excellent young women began their work in a missionary spirit, eager to benefit their race. Their pupils, unused to the kindness shown by their teachers, grew fonder of school and anxious to learn, first for their teacher's sake, then for the sake of knowledge, and the result was unexpected success.

Two years ago, they were given a handsome schoolhouse, by the town, and the pupils now number nearly two hundred.

This year the teachers rewarded their praiseworthy behavior by a pretty Christmas tree, at the colored Methodist church, Dec. 25, 8 P. M.

A good many white people were present and the room was crowded.

The entertainment opened by the scholars saying the 23rd Psalm in chorus. The Lord's prayer was then offered.

After a pretty carol had been well sung, a pleasant looking boy made an opening address. This was followed by several poems relating to Christmas. The grateful scholars had taken of their small means and with the help of parents and friends, all contributed to getting a pretty and useful gift for their teachers to show their gratitude to the faithful friends who were doing such a noble work among them, making school and learning seem attractive and doing all in their power to fit them to become useful, God-fearing men and women. These gifts were presented during the evening and the teachers were much gratified. After these were given and received with suitable remarks there was more music, and nine little girls appropriately dressed and bearing banners with their names painted on them, represented the "fruits of the spirit," Love, joy, etc.

Each said a poem relating to them and it was very pretty indeed. Quite a number of pieces, intermingled with lovely or tender Christmas carols, followed.

A little time was left for speeches and two good addresses were made.

While the carol that followed was sung, the candles of the tree were lighted.

Each parent sent some little gift and the tree looked very pretty. It would not hold all the gifts and a table below was loaded.

Most of the children had never seen a Christmas tree and none such a one as this. The carol ended, the gifts were distributed. Each child had something beside a bag of candy and all were more than satisfied. The evening closed with another song and the happy scholars flocked out into the night richer than when they entered, fonder of their teachers and better for the songs they had sung "of Jesus and His love," for there is no surer way to reach a child's heart than by happy music.

H. D

SILHOUETTES.

BY ALICE M. BACON.

Humors of the Classroom.

It is quite appalling to think what a sober, solemn and disagreeable world this would be if we all knew enough never to make any mistakes. Perhaps this is a large estimate, but I should think that fully half of the fun that we get out of life comes from our own stupid mistakes, or those of other people. There are two ways of enjoying mistakes, a good way and a bad way. The man who only enjoys the mistakes of other people and can never see a joke against himself, may be suspected of an ill natured delight in the stupidity of others, but he who sees the fun in a grotesque combination of words or ideas, whether stumbled into by himself or by others, can find endless sources of entertainment in life anywhere. In any great school where day after day multitudes are striving to obtain more knowledge than they already possess, mistakes, misunderstandings and blunders must constantly occur, which give to both teachers and students, who possess any sense of humor at all, a pure and good humored enjoyment that adds much pleasure to their often monotonous lives. Hardly a school or college paper in the land feels that it can get along without a column once in a while devoted to the humors of the class room. Surely nowhere in the land can more of those humors be found than at Hampton and I think I can say that they obtain a full share of appreciation. I do not think that any friend will think any the less of the value or thoroughness of Hampton's work, if I devote a little space to the enumeration of some of these blunders. I do not give them as specimens of the ability or of the stupidity of those with whom we have to deal, but simply to show what strange pranks may be played by tongue and pen when new and undigested ideas have to be expressed, or when language, perfectly clear to the teachers, has not been fully explained to the less cultivated mind of the scholar.

Every one who has visited Hampton is familiar with the Butler school, where three hundred children, more or less, receive daily instruction. These children are of all ages, from the baby who last year was sent home because he didn't know how to walk, but has this year presented himself and passed the examination in the art of locomotion, to the sixteen or eighteen year old boys and girls who are expecting to enter the Middle Class in the Normal school at the end of the year. In the Butler school there is a great deal of pleasure to be obtained from the innocent mistakes of the children; more child-like children than the precocious, forward, prematurely aged, young people that our Northern civilization is too apt to produce. Their smooth little brown faces, big black eyes and shining white teeth are seen perhaps to the best advantage when the whole three hundred are assembled in the large hall for the opening exercises. Here every morning, a simple Bible lesson is read and the children are questioned upon the lesson of the previous day. Some of the answers given are worthy of record.

"Now children, how many of you can tell me what was the dreadful disease that God sent upon the Egyptians when they would not let the children of Israel go?"

Instantly fifteen or twenty brown hands are waving over the curly heads.

"Johnny may tell me."

"Mumps!" says Johnny, while the black eyes open wide and the lips give a half pleased, half sorrowful smile at the thought of all that the wicked Egyptians had to suffer from the scourge that had just visited himself and all his little brothers and sisters.

"Susy, can you tell me what I read to you about yesterday?"

"Christ and the twelve opossums," answers Susy, with a smile of perfect satisfaction at being able to answer the question correctly, in the presence of all her schoolfellows.

There is just a touch of pathos in the following. There is a chart on the wall and on it a picture of a black cat. Underneath are printed the words, "I see a black cat." The teacher is trying to fix in the child's mind the words by constant reference to the picture and the words printed beneath. As the result of five minutes work, the child at last reads triumphantly. "I see a colored kitty." The little thing doesn't think that "black" is so elegant a word as "colored" to apply even to a cat.

When we come up to the Normal School we are often met by mistakes quite as funny. Here is the result of an examination in geography. The ideas are all there, but the words being some of them unfamiliar have become slightly twisted.

"Man is a two legs animal having an immortal soul in him."

"The inhabitants of the globe are divided according to sex, as Africans, Australians, Indians, etc."

"The people in the world live all over the climate."

Perhaps the ethnologist would be interested in finding this trace of a human animal always believed to be of the most modern origin, among the hoary monuments of a remote antiquity. There is a review of early English history in progress, and in taking up the habits and manners of the ancient Britons the topic of religion has been reached. Picture, if you can, the pleasure of the teacher when one of the the class arises in answer to her question and declares that "the ancient Britons had a strange and terrible religion,—the religion of the Dudes."

The classes have all their full share of entertainments of this kind; here is a plea for an oppressed class of men made by two different members of the same class during one recitation.

Scene—A recitation room in Academic. Time, a warm April afternoon. Dramatis Personae. The teacher of Civil Government and the Senior class.

Teacher—"What classes have in general no vote in the United States?

Student. "Women, minors, paupers and insane persons."

Instantly a swarthy figure looms up in the corner of the recitation room, dimly outlined against the surrounding black boards.

Teacher; "Well, Windsor, what is the trouble.

Windsor. "Miss B. I don't see why miners are not allowed to vote just as much as those who work at any other trade." (Sits, bewildered at the amusement of the class.) After some moments devoted to the securing of order the two words "minor" and "miner" are written on the blackboard and explained, and Windsor sits down, satisfied that our laws are not so unjust as he had at first supposed them to be. The recitation goes on until another hand is raised. "Well, Worcester, do you want to ask a question?"

"Yes Miss, I don't see why a man shouldn't vote just because he digs in a pit." This time a shout of irrepressible laughter from the class greets the luckless Worcester who has been calmly dozing in the back of the room while the difference between "minor" and "miner" was being explained.

The following taken from one of the examination papers in answer to the question. "What are some of the requisites of a good teacher?" will perhaps puzzle some good people who are not teachers and do not understand the mysteries of the profession. "The teacher must have a knowledge of the subject to be taught a knowledge of the being to be taught, and a *tack*."

Here is a definition of conscience. "Conscience is that faculality of the mind that teaches us the difference between the right rather than the wrong."

A recent examination in the Sunday school elicited many curious and entertaining answers. The subject was the life of Solomon and the questions given out were the same for the whole school. Of course among four or five hundred answers, some could be found that were not wholly correct. Here are a few that have incidentally come to my knowledge.

Q. "When and how long did Solomon reign?"

A. "10,000 B. C. He rained forty days and forty nights."

Q. "What was the most important event of Solomon's reign?

A. "He died."

Q. "What books of the Bible did Solomon write?"

A. "Kings, Chronicles, Ecclesiastes and Luke."

Q. "Give a quotation from either the book of Proverbs or Ecclesiastes."

A. "Suffer little children to come unto me."

These examples that I have given are only a few collected from the many that daily come to our notice. They come up so often that we, who spend our time in trying to give the right ideas and the right language in which to express them, cannot remember them long enough to make any record of them. They are, as one of our colored brethren has said "like the dew of the morning, in at one ear and out at the other." But every teacher who has time to sit down and think over her own experience can think of innumerable little incidents which have lingered in her mind long enough to cause much genuine pleasure, partly from the oddness of wording or idea, partly from the perfect simplicity with which the mistake was made.

"One of the least of these my brethern."

There is much to awaken compassion in the condition of the very poor, wherever we find them and by whatever means they have come into their poverty, but there is nothing more pitiful than the condition of one, who by the loss of one of his senses, has been made entirely dependent upon charity for support of himself and his family. On a recent missionary visit with a couple of our students, I made the acquaintance of a man whose story I wish could meet the ears of many of our Northern friends. We had visited one or two old women, and the students had held in each house a brief service of prayer, song and Bible reading, and had listened to the earnest petitions of the old aunties that we should send them shoes, firewood, clothing, anything indeed that they had any idea we would give them. There is a sort of whine in the tone of one long accustomed to ask favors that it is hard for most people to pity, and I had thought that I detected that whine in at least one case and my heart had been correspondingly hardened. When we stopped at the next little slab cabin, my interest had begun to flag, but the manner of our entrance to the place and the place itself, when entered, fixed my wandering thoughts at once.

The cabin was a very small one, with a door in front which we carefully avoided and a door behind through which we entered. The step was a wooden box which showed dangerous symptoms of upsetting when stepped upon, and if you were so lucky as not to upset the step, you bumped your head against the top of the door frame before you effected an entrance. Having passed this dangerous portal, you found yourself in a small room containing two or three rickety chairs and stools, a minute stove and no other furniture. An open door showed that there was another room in the cabin, but what its furniture might be I could only judge by that of the apartment in which I then was. In this house lived a blind colored man, his wife and four children. The man, Johnson by name, was a very small specimen of humanity, dressed with scrupulous neatness in his Sunday suit of black, his sightless eyes covered by big dark glasses; his age I afterwards learned to be thirty-three years. His oldest son, a child of about ten years of age, tried to make up to the father for his lack of sight, leading him to a seat and waiting on him with a quiet care that was mature beyond his years. His wife sat in the corner after she had seen us seated, attending to three little ones who clung about her knees. The same little service was held as in the other cabins, and listened to with the most intense satisfaction. When we arose to go, our inquiries in regard to his condition, drew from him the fact that he needed more bed-clothing but he would admit no other needs. That he was terribly poor there was no doubt, but there was also no doubt that he was unaccustomed to asking for help.

Since that visit, I have obtained some information in regard to the history of the man. He was a cobbler by trade and making a living by his work, for himself and his family. Though not strong, he was known through the village as a good cobbler and a reliable, honest man. About two years ago, he had a severe illness, and during that illness lost his sight so entirely that he can barely tell the light from the darkness. Of course, when he lost his sight, he lost his trade and has been unable to do anything for the support of his family since that time. He is a member of one of the colored churches in Hampton, and the pastor of that church is one of the most faithful attendants at our pastors' class. Through him, I became convinced that Johnson simply needed a chance to learn some trade in order to become once more a useful member of society instead of remaining a burden upon his friends. Negotiations were opened with the Penn. Institute for the instruction of the blind at Philadelphia, and an opportunity is now offered to him to learn the trade of broom making. He agrees to go to Philadelphia and stay six months to learn the trade, his church agrees to support his family while he is gone, and we at the school agree to pay the $150.00 that his tuition, board and lodging will cost, and his travelling expenses. We hope that though it is expensive now, it may really be an economical charity, as it is expected that through this outlay Johnson will be made a producer instead of being as he is now, simply a consumer. If any of our Northern friends should feel moved to help in what we believe to be a good work, any contributions, either of clothing for the family or of money to pay for Johnson's education in his trade will be at once used for the purpose designated, if addressed to Rev. H. B. Frissell, Chaplain of Hampton Institute.

A Zulu Runner and the race he won.

BY A. E. K.

In the winter of '82, there came to us a boy from Zululand. His own story was, that he had come to England in the same steamer with the mother of the Prince Imperial on her return from the visit to the place of her son's death. He had come first to London to teach the Zulu language to the son of a gentleman who did business at Cape Town. From there he had come to America, and joined one of its great shows, as he said, "To race with horse and show different way Zulu dance." He had grown weary of this life. "It was hard work to travel with show," he said. "Going change all about I get sick running with horse. I did not think this good way to live." This change of thought was greatly due, I think, to a good colored woman of Philadelphia who had given him a Bible, and taught him the 23rd Psalm on one of his visits with the show to that city. Through her influence he came to us at Hampton.

Having already in my S. S. Class a boy from Gold Coast Africa, and another from Ceylon, I asked that he might be added to the number, little dreaming of the blessing he would be to me.

I saw he was not quite able to take the lesson as it was given to the class,—so I gave him an hour alone on Sunday afternoons. He was greatly pleased, and never from that time forward failed to come unless prevented by sickness, and never forgot to thank me. He had an unusual thirst for Bible truths, saw soon the beauty of the Christ life, and longed earnestly to learn more and more of that life as seen on earth. He, would read and re-read the life of Christ as given in the gospel of St. John. His favorite readings were the 14th chapter of St. John and the 103rd Psalm—The former he knew almost entirely by heart as he did the Sermon on the Mount and many other portions of scripture. He was always greatly interested in any of Christ's commands, seeming to understand better than some of us who are civilized that "Obedience is the way to heaven."

The patience and endurance of Christ in the midst of trials was an increasing wonder to him. His own hasty temper was his greatest trial. One day he came to me utterly discouraged, saying, "Too hard!" "too hard!" (meaning to control his anger.) Then after talking to him he saw he seemed to gather hope from the words, "Try again, and again." His face lighted up, and he said earnestly. "I think *try* a good thing." "First I did not like my arithmetic, but my teachers try best for me to learn, then try and like it—so I think try a good way."

The following Sabbath he came asking, "Teach me something,—some Bible verse—what come in my mind, so I wo.t say bad things when boys make me angry, and I feel all wrong here"—putting his hand on his breast. During the Summer he wrote me, "I go happy, happy to my work, and I think what you teach me. 'Be ye kind one to another——.'"

From the day he entered school until he left us, his interest in all of his lessons was unflagging. His heart was set upon learning all he could and going back to Zululand "to teach my people and help missionary." He talked a great deal about "my people," and though very fond of our physician, who was very kind to him, he never quite lost faith in the Zulu remedies for illness. He would say, "If I get home, then my people, this way, take plant, make drink, and I get well, strong."

Judging from a picture of himself in Zulu dress he must have had at one time wonderful muscular strength but had been with us only a few months when we found his lungs were greatly diseased—and from that time on he gradually failed, but never lost the hope of going home "to teach my people."

When I returned this Fall, my heart sank as I saw plainly in his face, that he was fast passing beyond my poor attempts to teach the way and would probably never teach "my people." But he had fulfilled a mission, for he had taught me and his classmates a lesson of zealousness we would never forget. His breath was short—he could not read long. I must read to him—but there was the same intense eagerness in gathering up the Master's words. About the 1st of December he contracted a severe cold, and was confined to his room, but only for a few days, for on the 10th, in the full light of the noon-day, he passed without a struggle into the land that knows no night—into the promises that are continual, and need no explanation.

On the following day, teachers and scholars followed all that was left of Bellany Sayon, whose earnest face all miss, to his grave in a foreign land. But we believe that he is at home, and again is "well and strong."

Letters From Hampton Graduates.

Political Excitement. Bribery and Incendiarism. The Ebenezer Educational Society's School. A School Teacher, Not a School Keeper. Teacher and Pastor. In Want of a Commentary. How They Kept Christmas. "God Bress Dem, Dey Hab'nt Forgot Us." From a Postmaster.

POLITICAL EXCITEMENT.

Some of the inevitable attendants of an exciting political campaign in an ignorant community, are thus impartially described by one of our most intelligent and experienced workers, who sees that the greatest danger before his people is not bulldozing, but bribery and evil counsels leading them to excesses, the only safe-guard against which, to them and to the country, being their education. Our correspondent writes:

"Politics has caused great consternation among property owners. Within two weeks after the election, many thousands of dollars worth was burned in this section. At last our turn came; a block burned. So it has happened all along this line. There was a $300,000 fire at —— the week before. All is attributed to politics.

I am a little afraid my people wont work well under Mr. Cleveland. They don't like the idea of a Democratic President. The white people do not give expression to their thoughts as to these fires, but from what I can learn, they think that incendiaries are going from place to place. In my opinion, they are right among us, in the shape of some of our colored brethren. I have charity for my people, yet I know them so well, I am among them every day. I do not suppose any one will know just who the incendiaries are. We have had a police force of fifty during these exciting times. For myself and friends, I have no anxiety. No one wants to burn colored people out. I could not vote in this election, (not being a resident long) but I did what I could that advantage should not be taken of the ignorance of my people whose gratitude is the only pay I want. After repeated attempts to silence me, one colored man came to me with two hundred dollars of Democratic money, and offered it to me if I would have nothing more to say. Of course I refused it, and was the cause of the same man's defeat by another colored man, for the office of——. The man who was defeated is a member of my school board. If I regarded the source of my income, I should'nt have done it, but money is nothing when it comes to right. Well, the board as a whole thinks no worse of me, and if I am not mistaken, the people think better. My school opened with a full attendance which grows larger every day. That is the only sign of its worth that I desire from the people. It is a wonder that we start out so well, considering the warfare I have gone through. My wife is well, and my home is pleasant. I do not get home till late every day, but then it is quiet when there."

THE EBENEZER EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY'S SCHOOL.

A very praiseworthy and successful effort of one colored community to solve their educational problem, showing their appreciation of the situation, and what can be done by those who do appreciate it, is described by one of our faithful graduate teachers.

——S. C. *Dec. 19th, 1884.*

Dear Miss C.

As it is probable that you have never beard from this long neglected part of the country, I expect I shall be somewhat lengthy in my description.

I have taught here ever since '79 and all of my terms last eight months; of course the the county does not allow that much free school as it is commonly called, but when the county school is over, we have what is called "The Society's School;" for there is a Society called the Ebenezer Educational Society, and when it runs the school it is the same as free.

The male members pay 20 cents per month and the females 10 cents all the year. and there are so many members that we are enabled to run the school three or four months per year. I have been President for two years.

We have a County Teachers' Association which convenes twice per year and I have been President of that for two years.

I have five pupils teaching, two with third grade and three with second; they have never been any where except to "the old field school."

My patrons declare that when I am tired of teaching I must secure them a teacher from Hampton in my stead.

I have the largest school in the county. My averages are from 75 to 100. I generally have an assistant.

My commissioner and trustees seem very well pleased with my system of teaching and I teach as near like I was taught as possible.

At first my "object teaching" met with a great deal of remonstrance, but I persevered, and now nearly all of the teachers pursue the same course.

The morality of my people can not easily be excelled, nearly all of whom are religious or of a strictly moral class.

Financially they are just about the average, though there are some who own their own land and stock; they are prospering, but the larger part can scarcely hold their own.

Politically there is somewhat of a division owing to the hard times they have endured at the hands of the K. K. K's and "Red Shirts."

Domestically they are a little above the average.

The cry of "Cotton is King" has thrown them back somewhat, but after all we are progressing.

Would like to hear from you again. Will be more prompt about replying

Yours truly,

J.

A SCHOOL TEACHER, NOT A SCHOOL KEEPER.

A faithful young woman, who has the right idea of teaching and is carrying it out, writes of her work as follows:

——Va. *Oct. 20th, 1884.*

Dear Miss C.

On the 4th inst, while on my way to take the train for——, where I am now teaching, I received your kind letter. I was glad to hear from you, and ready to grieve with you when you mentioned the death of Miss Longstreth and the resignation of Gen. Marshall.

My delay in writing to you before now has been because I did not know until yesterday where I should board.

My examination was rigid, though oral, even to arithmetic, but I got a first grade certificate; my average was eighty on the scale of one hundred.

I opened my school on the 13th with eight scholars, and have had a daily increase of three ever since. My school-room is a very nice one and is large enough to seat forty pupils. I have a large blackboard, a nice stove, every seat has a desk, and the school-room is comfortable, and have a great many necessaries that I have not time to mention. Teaching school is more than a notion; and I want to *teach* school and not to just *keep* one. My children are fond of reading, therefore I am trying to have a reading-room in my school. I have just written to Miss T. to help me out in furnishing my children with reading matter.

I am working for the Master and the uplifting of my race, therefore I ask your prayers for my success.

I am truly yours, F. B.

TEACHER AND PASTOR, IN WANT OF A COMMENTARY.

One of Hampton's earliest graduates who has well illustrated its training of head, hand and heart, by very successful, excellent work as a teacher, a carpenter, and now as a pastor, writes thus of his present work and needs:

——C., ——N. Y., *Oct. 6th,* 1884.

Miss A. E. C., dear friend:—It seems strange to me, that I am now up here in New York and not teaching. I came here with my family on the 25th of April, to take charge of the A. M. E. Church, in this place, and therefore I am not teaching "young ideas to shoot," but old ones to come up to the mark of the bigher calling, which is in Christ Jesus. My success in this last calling is for me only to see in part. The temporal part of my work has been as successful as I could wish. I don't think I have any reason to be discouraged about the spiritual success.

The seeds have been sown and I trust some have fallen on good ground, and will bring forth fruit to the honor and to the glory of God.

I find that the demand for sufficient workers in this field is as great as it is in the other (teaching), but the pay is not so great, financially speaking. I suppose you would be glad to know the result of my observation in relation to the colored people in the Middle States, so far as I have been. I have not enjoyed the change of location as much as I expected, being disappointed in not finding the colored people in better circumstances here than those I left in Virginia and North Carolina.

Progress among them has been very slow and the prospects for the future are not very encouraging. My advice to the colored people is, "Go South!"

As a new beginner in the ministerial field I find the need of books a great disadvantage. Commentaries on the different books of the Bible is my greatest need just now in the book line.

If the friends of Hampton who have ministerial books which they could dispose of, would send such to some one then to be sent to young ministers, they would supply a great need both to minister and people. The people are in want of light on the Scripture, so they may see it bearing upon them every day.

Such they must receive from the ministry as a general thing. In the country places and small towns such light is most needed. Those ministers who are sent to such places do not receive salaries sufficient to give them a decent living, and of course they are unable to purchase such books as they really need and ought to have.

Sincerely yours.

L. B. L.

HOW THEY KEPT CHRISTMAS.

Things move rather slowly down South, and letters of acknowledgement of the Christmas boxes, sent by Northern friends to some of our graduates' little schools, will doubtless be coming in for some weeks yet. The following are two that have been reeently received.

——, *Va., Dec. 30th,* 1884.

Dear Miss C.—Your cards and the package came in due time. Please accept my sincere thanks for the nice little things you sent my children. They were delighted with everything. The tree was very pretty, and the children had a real good time. We tried to make them understand the meaning of the happy time. We had a few appropriate pieces spoken by the children, also singing. I must say the children have had a real happy time here this Christmas. The different Sunday schools gave trees. I was out to a very nice one last night, and had a good time looking at the children enjoying themselves. It was given at the Second Baptist Church. The children received very nice presents. The Misses I. took an active part in it. I am quite sure we have all had a nice time, and will enter our different school rooms to-morrow, feeling much encouraged and more determined in our future work. I will write you during the term concerning my work. The Misses I., Mr. Y., and myself all teach together. Three other teachers in the building—Miss C. Mr. G, and my brother Lorenzo, are teaching together. (All Hampton graduates.) We all meet together every Friday night, and have a little school. We have taken up a regular course of study. All seem to enjoy it. We feel that it will help us in the future. I hope you may excuse my poor note. I will try to do better in the future.

With my sincere wishes that you may have a happy new year, I am respectfully

Yours, J. L. D.

"GOD BLESS DEM! DEY HABN'T FORGOT US."

Dear Friend:—Your letter and package were received, also the books sent by Mr. B., of Brooklyn, N. Y. We had our tree in the Church, and a large crowd assembled to see the tree, and our exercises. Many of them had never seen a Christmas tree. I gave them a talk from the 2d Chapter of Luke, and explained how the holidays should be observed. All listened with great attention. The presents were then distributed to the children. All were made to feel happy. When I told them that the presents were sent by a Northern lady and gentleman, I could hear the old people saying: "God bless dem! dey habn't forgot us. De Lord put it in dar hearts to help our children."

Our tree was quite a success, and we are very thankful to you and Mr. B. for your generosity. I close with kindest regard and best wishes for the new year.

Yours truly, F. L. H.

P. S.—I have written to Mr. B.

FROM A POSTMASTER.

It would perhaps surprise some of our Northern readers to know how seldom we receive any complaint in regard to the treatment of our teachers by their white neighbors. On the contrary, we are glad to say, such testimony as is contained in our "postmaster's" letter, is frequent.

——, *Oct. 17th, 1884.*

Miss C——, My very kind friend: This morning's mail brought me, I think, the second or third communication from you, and while it is true that I have not responded to either of them, it is certainly not true that I am in the least indifferent in regard to the interest that you have so manifestly exhibited toward me as a graduate of the Hampton Normal and A. Institute, and while I am tardy in expressing to you my gratitude for the interest thus manifested, I sincerely hope you will pardon me for my past conduct and expect more of me in the future. I am not teaching now, and have not taught since 1881, in which year, on the 14th of the present month, I was commissioned and took charge of the Post-office at this place, which I have held ever since. I have the credit of having conducted the best office that the people of E. have had in twenty-five years, and this in face of the fact that all my predecessors were men of education, experience, and good business men of the white race. I am the first and only colored man who has held the position of P. M. in this, one the oldest and most aristocratic towns in North Carolina. I don't like the work quite as well as I do teaching; yet, I continue it because it is more profitable than teaching, therefore it is that I am not engaged in the work for which I was prepared while at Hampton. I get on with the white people here splendidly; in fact, they are among my best friends, and have done more to encourage me than my colored friends have done. I used to take an active part in Sunday Schools, temperance talks, lectures, etc., but don't spend much time toward them since I left off teaching; this is not from choice or inclination, but I may almost truthfully say, compulsion, or necessity. This fact I regret exceedingly much, but is the result of circumstances which I am unable to influence or avert. Our people, I am sorry to say, in my community, do not encourage education, nor educated people, and as illiteracy is predominant, the few people who are prepared to instruct and give information, are compelled to take the back seats and be governed and controlled by a class of worthless people who, unfortunately, are in the majority. I can no better convey the true idea of the situation than by the use of an old but true saying, viz: "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," I am glad however, to be able to say that this situation is not general in North Carolina, but is only confined to certain localities. The better elements in our community are a clever, sober and industrious people. The great need is a better system of education than what we have, which only furnishes from one to five months schooling in the year, in each county, with such instructors as are available, many of whom are utterly incompetent as teachers, and would best fill the place of pupils.

Well, Miss C——, I have said a very small part of what I would like to, but my time for writing is greatly limited. I have to write a few words or sentences and then wait on some one calling for mail.

Please believe me to be your true friend and servant,

G. W. L.

Southern Workman.

Indian Department.

ELAINE GOODALE, *In Charge.*

Regular Contributors:

HERBERT WELSH, *Cor. Sec'y Indian Rights Association,*

ALICE C. FLETCHER,

REV. JOHN J. GRAVATT.

MRS. A. S. QUINTON, *Gen'l Sec'y of the Womans' National Indian Ass'n.*

REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.

JOHN T. MCLOUGHLIN.

WM. C. GASMANN.

The Senate Committee on Indian Affairs has begun an investigation of leases of Indian lands by cattle companies. Large tracts in Indian Territory and on the Crow reservation in Montana, have been illegally leased, for merely nominal compensation. Another chapter in the history of injustice done the Indian!

A citizen of the Indian Territory wants the lands divided pro rata, and government of the new State provided for by taxation:

"Make the title," he says, "to each individual in fee simple, with permission to dispose of all over 160 acres, if he sees fit; 160 acres to be inalienable for twenty or twenty-five years. The older Indians will then be, in most instances, passed away, and the growing generation will come into their property, and will then be able to compete with their white neighbors. * * *We have no protection against intruders.* * * give us the title to our lands, and then we have the right to eject these tramps and squatters by law."

I never saw age retire more gracefully than the other day, when one of the Kiowa chiefs, who had come to Washington to redress his people's wrongs, was confronted here by some "advanced" doctrines of Indian civilization:

"I am an old man," he said, "and I haven't much learning. I am not standing where I can speak about these things. Let my children go among the white men and learn to speak English, and look at the white men's ways, and then let them decide."

He, at first, opposed the holding of land in severalty, but after listening to the stock arguments, solemnly shook his impassive old head with its barbaric silver ornaments, and said only, "Let my children decide."

Equally touching, is a letter written by four of the middle-aged men at Lower Brule Agency, D. T., to one of our students here:

MY FRIEND:—To-day we are going to write you this letter. Four of us suggest some subjects, and ask you to help us about it. My friend, will you please tell me of the things you have learned; and I think by your doing that way I might learn something. I have been in the darkness during these years past. My friend, I often thought about this: what shall I do in order to gain the light? Therefore, this is the reason I am asking you some questions in much earnestness. Because we have heard that you are counted with the thinking men. Now my friend, I urge you to learn more and know something of this world. I am now anxious to have you give me something out of your own thought. *Perhaps I cannot stand all of it,* but I want you to know now that I am thinking of these things,

A resume of Superintendent Haworth's Report on Indian Schools is crowded out.

There was a fire last month at the Forest Grove (Oregon) school, and the Girls' Building was burned to the ground. Much property was saved by the exertions of the Indian girls and boys, who are commended for their "pluck" and coolness throughout the affair. Rain was falling at the time, which helped largely toward saving the other buildings.

THE NEED OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

By a curious wording in the last annual Appropriation Bill, Indians sent to the government schools at Carlisle, Pa., Lawrence, Kansas, and Genoa, Nebraska, are designated as *scholars*, but those sent to Hampton, Va., Lincoln, Pa., Philadelphia, and other private schools, are called *children*. The Treasury officers have decided that "children" mean those under twenty-one years of age, while "scholars" may mean those of any age; hence, all Indians of age at Lincoln, Hampton, and other private institutions, after November 1st, 1884, receive no Government aid whatever; those at the other schools are all right. We do not know the state of things at the Lincoln, but twenty-four of the best and most hopeful Hampton Indians are thrown upon the charity of the country or must he sent home unless provision shall be made for them. Among them are five out of seven married couples, who are a special feature of this school. Husbands and wives are taught to live in little houses just as they should at home. The married Indian girl has ten times the chance of the one who returns single. Our course being five or six years, half of those we graduate become of age before leaving.

There is, however, reason to believe that the next Appropriation Bill will correct this unintentional discrimination and also provide for all those dropped this year.

But the Hampton School loses $1,040 by an *intentional* discrimination of the House Committee on Appropriations, which voted for Hampton an allowance for 120 Indian children, at the rate of $158.33 apiece; while the Lincoln and other private schools receive $167.00 apiece. They also receive transportation for pupils for the entire year, while Hampton's allowance lasted but six months, making a discrimination against this school of about $2000,00 which ought to be made good in the next Appropriation Bill. The motive of this action is doubtless the fact that private schools receive charitable aid. That is, the more they do for the Indian cause, the less they get from Government, which thus most unjustly taxes the generosity of the country. This is a shame! Carlisle, Lawrence, Genoa, and other Government schools receive $175.00 for each Indian pupil, besides transportation, which should be allowed to all that do equally good work. These public schools are all needing and pleading for charity, for they all need it—they do not get enough from the Government. Captain Pratt is begging for $20,000 for a farm which is indispensable.

Only by public sentiment can these things be righted. Secretary Teller has shown that the Government owes the Indians, for education, about four millions of dollars, a large part yet due them for sales of their lands to the Government, which is selling these very lands at a profit. Congress is not asked to *give* anything for Indian education, but to pay the nation's honest debts to them. Only as the people call on our Legislature to do their duty will they do it. Hence the importance of the INDIAN RIGHTS ASSOCIATIONS, and the WOMEN'S NATIONAL INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

NOT ENOUGH OF A SACRIFICE.

In the *American Missionary* for December, we read a woman's enthusiastic story of her six years' work among Indian women and girls at Santee, Nebraska. Her day "begins at half-past five and ends at ten, often later." It is crowded with constant supervision of the girls in their work and play." The every-day wants and decencies of life call for constant, systematic thought and labor. There are great difficulties to be overcome in the nature of the material itself.

Yet, Miss Webb is really happy *in her work* as well as in her success. "I often wonder," she says, "if there is something wrong about me or my field that I do not feel it to be more of a sacrifice."

A GREAT SNOW.

We are having an alarming snowstorm here. It has been snowing almost continuously for a week, and is still pouring down and is about four feet deep. It is about two months earlier than our usual snows. Herds of cattle and horses are mostly out on the ranges, away from habitations, and it is starvation and death to all that cannot be got in where there is forage. —*Letter from Agent Milroy, Fort Sincoe, Wash. Ter.*

AN INDIAN LOVE STORY.

Helen Jackson's "*Ramona*"* is a romance and a tragedy, but it is a tragedy of events rather than of the inward life. The scene is laid in the beautiful valleys and mountains of Southern California. The stage accessories and supernumeraries are all picturesque. The first third of the book is a delightful pastoral, told with great ease and charm; the dramatic character of the old Senora and the lesser one of the jealous maid Margarita, artfully relieving the softness of the chief portraits. We often feel impatience with the generous but weak Felipe, and of the two central figures—the Indian Alessandro, and Ramona, the foster-daughter of the proud Senora, ignorant of her Indian mother—we remember only that they are young and beautiful and in love.

There is much of what painters call "atmosphere" about these early chapters, with the free Arcadian life in an old Mexican-Spanish family, which they give so well; but when Ramona has accepted her lover's poverty and exile, and the life goes on in an Indian village, we feel that the sentiment is a trifle overstrained. Poverty is made almost too ingeniously picturesque, in the tiny house of tule reeds, under the great fig tree; in the adobe hut, with fine deer-skin rugs on the earth floor, the cradle woven of fragrant willow twigs in its red manzanita frame, the Madonna on the wall, wreathed with vines, where the young wife "unconsciously strikes the key notes of pleasure in the primitive harmonies of existence."

These Indians, among whom she lives, are a gentle, loving, pastoral people, good Catholics, and patient tillers of the soil, and they are dragged through a series of persecutions, without the shadow of justice or excuse. Nearly every American who comes in contact with them is brutal, sensual, or mercenary, from the Indian Agent, who complacently laments, in the face of a great wrong, that "I have no real power over my Indians, as I ought to have," to the ruffian who shoots Alessandro down on the mountain.

As a love story, "*Ramona*" is a success, except that it is a little overweighted with misery. As a presentation of the Indian problem, it is inadequate. Alessandro is a soft, southern, Spanish nature, whose darkest element is a passionate melancholy. His father was a chief, a good and wise and religious man. He is well taught, accomplished, a gentleman. His story is one simply of love and misfortune; he is driven at last to insanity, and dies, leaving the great question exactly where he found it. Ramona, who is just a tender, womanly woman, gradually allows herself to be consoled by Felipe, a little to our disappointment. A bit from the delicious episode of the runaway lovers resting in the canon may serve to illustrate the best charm of the story.

"With the insight of a lover, added to the instinct of the Indian, Alessandro saw how, hour by hour, there grew in Ramona's eyes the wonted look of one at home; how she watched the shadows, and knew what they meant.

"If we lived here, the walls would be sun dials for us, would they not?" she said, in a tone of pleasure. "I see that yon tall yucca has gone in shadow sooner han yesterday."

And, "What millions of things grow here, Alessandro! I did not know there were so many. Have they all names? The nuns taught us some names, but they were hard, and I forgot them. We might name them for ourselves if we lived here. They would be our relations."

And, "For one year, I should lie and look up at the sky, my Alessandro, and do nothing else. It hardly seems as if it would be a sin to do nothing for a year, if one gazed steadily at the sky all the while."

And, "Now I know what it is I have always seen in your face, Alessandro. It is the look from the sky. One must be always serious and not unhappy, but never too glad, I think, when he lives with nothing between him and the sky, and the saints can see him every minute."

And, "I cannot believe that it is but two days I have lived in the air, Alessandro. This seems to me the first home I have ever had. Is it because I am an Indian, Alessandro, that it gives me such joy?"

It was strange how many more words Ramona spoke than Alessandro, yet how full she felt their intercourse to be. His silence was more than silent; it was taciturn. Yet she always felt herself answered. A monosyllable of Alessandro, nay, a look, told what other men took long sentences to say, and said less eloquently. After long thinking over this, she exclaimed, "You speak as the trees speak, and like the rock yonder, and the flowers, without saying anything!"

This delighted Alessandro's very heart. "And you, Marella," he exclaimed, "when you say that, you speak in the language of our people; you are as we are."

*Ramona—a Story, by Helen Jackson. (H. H.) Roberts Bros., Boston.

ACORN BREAD.—The Indians scattered along the foot-hills of the Sierra are a quiet, inoffensive people. They do not appear to be governed by any tribal laws, yet adhere to many of their old traditions. One or two men of superior ability and industry form a nucleus around which others less ambitious gather. Hence they fence with brush and logs a tract sufficient for their requirements of hay-making, pasturage, etc. Although they often indulge in the food of the civilized nations, the acorn is still a favorite article of diet in every well-regulated wigwam. The process of converting this bitter nut into bread is curious. Under the branches of a grand old pine I found them at work. They had shucked and ground in the usual manner a large mass of acorn meats. A number of circular vats had been hollowed out of the black soil, much in the shape of a punch-bowl. Into these was put the acorn pulp. At hand stood several large clothes-baskets filled with water, and into these they dropped hot stones, thus heating the water to the required temperature. Upon the mass of crushed bitterness they carefully ladled the hot water, making it about the color and consistency of cream. Not a speck appeared to mix. A buxom muhala stood by each vat, and with a small fir bough stirred the mass, skilfully removing any speck that floated upon the surface. The soil gradually absorbed the bitter waters, leaving a firm white substance, of which they made bread. I asked to taste it, at which they said something in their language, and all laughed. I asked again, and after more laughter I was handed a small particle on a fig-leaf, and found it sweet and palatable. They began to remove it, and so adroitly was this done that but a small portion adhered to the soil. They spread it upon rocks, and in a short time it was fit for use. This, I am told, they mix with water, pat it into thin cakes, and bake before the fire.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

Look out for stars !

It's a great mistake to be without one of the pretty badges given the English speaking boys and girls.

The Indian teachers met at table one night for a general discussion. "This isn't a tea, exactly," said one, "its a tea pi!" Quoth a second, concisely, "Indian meal."

Some of the new bread trays carved by our Indians read thus—"Anpetu iyohi aguyapi kin, anpetu kin de unqu miye." The usual petition from the Dakota prayer book.

Two of our Omaha girls are learning the organ under Mr. Hamilton's direction; an accomplishment which will be of great use to them in their mission work at home.

Miss Hemple, on her way to teach Indians in Santa Fe, New Mexico, gave a day to the study of methods and of the raw material at Hampton and was, apparently, favorably impressed by both

One of the Natural History boys forgot, and asserted that a snake had no back bone. But his next neighbor patted him on the back with the encouraging remark "O, you're not civilized yet."

THE INDIAN READING ROOM OPENED

When the folding doors were up and the book cases set in order in the little room at the Indian Cottage, we didn't wait to fill our shelves or complete our scheme of decoration, but gave the boys some good advice and welcomed them to their new privileges. Mr. Frissell, Mr. Gravatt and others were present at the "opening," which occurred at the time of the usual evening meeting, and in simple words explained to an attentive and seemingly interested crowd, our hope and purpose in giving them this opportunity. The Reading Room will be open four days in the week, between the hours of four and six o'clock.

A NEW ORGANIZATION.

A "Town Meeting" has lately been organized among the Indian boys, to discuss matters of local interest and gain knowledge of the theory and practice of self- government. At the first meeting, the general nature and value of primary meetings was discussed, officers elected, and a warrant made out in proper form. The articles range all the way from a practical matter of tables for the Wigwam, to an inquiry by a committee into the recently agitated question of Government aid for Indians over age.

HOW WE HAD A "GOOD TIME."

Some of the Boys and Girls give their own accounts of the Christmas Festivities.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I thought I will tell you what we do just before Christmas. Twelve of us we hang our stockings, and in morning we went in the room where we hang our stockings, but no stockings hang up, but it was in the other room and it was lock! And I think about half past seven, we get our stockings, and full of balls and whistles, and candy and cakes, and knives and paint-boxes, and books and some other things. And one thing more I want to say. Some teachers try to fool us, saying that an old man come down from the chimney, but we don't believe.—*One of the Small Boys.*

I am very glad I am going to say a few words about our first holiday. I took very interest in the procession, and Z—— and I went over, and some colored children came over from Hampton and from the Butler School, and they marched round the school and we joined in with them, and all marched together to the Gymnasium, and the band played. We marched round and round, and then we all sang some Christmas carols; then some colored men spoke, and also Gen. A——, and we had very nice time all day.—*One of the Girls.*

I will try to tell you something about the little Indian girls' Christmas dinner, which they never had by themselves before. This being their first, they were really proud of their Christmas dinner. First thing we did in the morning was to set the table, after having nice time over many pretty presents. Some of the little girls got some evergreens and hung them over the pictures, which made it look it very pretty indeed. The teacher was not very well so I helped her in getting the dinner ready. I suppose you would like to know where they had this dinner; in Winona Lodge, in their own dining room.

Now after we got through setting the table and everything looking very nice, some of the girls went to the Gymnasium to the exercises which were held there. Then they got all ready for dinner, looking very nice indeed. All had their new dresses on. The older girls had their Xmas dinner in Virginia Hall, where the boys got up their clubs and invited the girls. Well, the little girls said they want to see the big girls go to dinner first, and so that was it, and the boys came to go over with the girls. They thought it was lots of fun to see them go, and so it was, I must say. Then I told them to get in line; that I was going to ring the bell. And they all laughed, and said, "Where are the boys?" And so I said, "Never mind about boys." I told them they would look just as nice going with the girls as with the boys, and perhaps better too! So they all laughed and marched down to dinner. The teacher asked who liked turkey, and all said "I!" and they enjoyed their dinner so much. One of the girls passed her plate thrice for turkey. After dinner was over some of the girls stayed and helped put the dining room in order again.—*A Junior Girl.*

DEAR FRIENDS:—I am anxious to tell you something about our Christmas, but it is difficult for me in your language, but I will try to say a few words. We have had a very good time indeed. We were had three clubs in our dining room; we had some turkeys, young pigs, cakes, biscuit, and most everything; and in the evening we had games very nicely. And I hope you had good time also.—*One of the Boys.*

HOW THE GIRLS HELPED.

One evening during holiday week was pleasantly filled by a students' entertainment, class songs, recitations, etc., in which our Indian girls bore their part.

One young Omaha girl read a poem of Christmas in Virginia two centuries ago, with an Indian chief as a Christmas guest. Several of the girls sang a choral; and five of the smallest recited some verses, bearing large banners which formed the word "Peace" in gold letters on a white ground. They spoke quite clearly and without hesitation, and the effect was very pretty.

A JOURNEY TO THE NORTH.

An Indian's Impressions of Nature and Civilization.

About a month ago General Armstrong went North with us to see some of our friends. There were in our party four colored men and two of us Indians.

We went first to New York, then to Brooklyn, where we spoke first, in one of the best churches of that city. The whole church was beautiful, and I thought even when we first started from Hampton that I had never seen such wonderful things before. The people filled almost the whole of the church.

I was not nervous when I got up to speak, but I was only afraid that I might forget what I was going to say. First the colored men sang, then one of them spoke. Then it came my turn to speak. I was very glad when I finished speaking.

Afterwards we went to Utica, N. Y. We had a meeting there at 7 30 o'clock, in the evening. We wanted to go to the Lunatic Asylum, which was about half a mile from the depot; so we went. When we went inside we saw the women first; they were very pitiful; I felt very sorry for them. As we were passing through the different departments we saw an old woman sitting in the corner. She scarcely noticed us, but as we drew near, she said, "Where did those crow people come from?" It did not hurt our feelings very much, because we knew she did not know any better; we saw almost all of them; there were 600 in all, I think.

Then we went to Niagara Falls. When I used to hear about the "Falls" so much, I wanted to see them very much, and I saw them very unexpectedly; it was a very beautiful sight; the water falling over the rocks made it look very much like rain; the fall of the water over the rock was 300 feet. I saw a great many wonderful things, but I liked Niagara Falls the most.

In New York City at the menagerie we saw all the animals. I wondered how they could have captured all those lions and tigers and buffaloes. When I saw the buffaloes it made me feel very glad; it was like home to me to see them as I remembered how we used to eat them.

I saw so many good things—how the white men live, and how they do, that it helped me very much. I thank General Armstrong and his friends very much; for it was through him that I saw everything. We ought to thank both General Armstrong and his friends. He wants the Indians to live in the right way. It is the same as though a man was lost in a forest, and some one who knew the way was calling to him, so he could find his way out. He wants the children to be educated, and he does not want them to lose any time at all,

As soon as we know a little better, he wants us to go home and teach our people what we know, so we can help them, and I think that is a very good way; some of us think of doing that; but we are very slow in learning; the teachers are helping us very much too. This year I am going to try very hard, because it is my last year.

NOAH LAFLESCHE, *Omaha.*

OUR WORLD.

Work and Fun in the Geography Class.

The Races.—They are five races, which are the white and yellow, and black and red and brown. The yellow race likes to eat rat. and the black race likes to eat man, and the white race likes to eat frog, and the red race likes to eat buffalo.

The Caucasian is the strongest in the world. The semi-civilized have their own civilization, but not like the white race.

The savage race kept their own ways, and they have had three occupations; they were hunted, fished and foughted to the other people. They beat, to o.

The white race have three occupations agriculture, manufacturing and commerce.

The white people they are civilized; they have everything, and go to school, too. They learn how to read and write so they can read newspaper.

The yellow people they half civilized, some of them know to read and write, and some know how to take care of themself.

The red people they big savages; they don't know anything.

Divisions of Land and Water.—They are going to somewhere, they got two children, and they take long walk, and they are very glad they are going to see so many nice things.

They are gone now, and they walking along, and first they see something, and they went up the hill, and they go down again, and those two little children they say, what is that? And they tell them it is called valley; and they see little creek. and this creek is called River; and they are going again, and they see very nice land and flat, and those two little children, they don't know any nothing, and when they see something, they always ask him, and that man he always tell them, and they asked him what is that? Well, it is called plain; * * * and they went up to the mountain, and they see very large water, and those two children they say, what is that? It's called ocean; and in the middle they see piece of land, and they are called Island.

The following is the uncorrected examination paper of one of the younger girls:

1. What is another word for weather?
1. Climate.
2. Where do we find the coldest climate?
2. In the two Frigid Zones.
3. Where the warmest?
3. In the Torrid Zone.
4. What are the belts of climate called?
4. Zones.
5. How many are there?
5. There are five belts of climate on the earth.
6. What does direction mean?
6. Which way.
7. Give one word meaning how far.
7. Distance.
8. As we go long distances in different directions, what changes do we find?
8. We find different climates and people, and vegetation, and languages, and different animals.
9. To what race do we all belong?
9. The human race.
10. How many classes belong to this race?
10. There are five large classes belonging to the human race.
11. Which are the first?
11. The white people are the strongest.
12. Which are next?
12. The Mongolians or yellows.
13. The next?
13. The Ethiopeans or blacks.
14. Next?
14. The Americans or reds.
15. Tell me something of the white people.
15. The Caucasian is away ahead of all of the other races—he thought more than any other race, he thought that somebody must made the earth, and if the white people did not find that out, nobody would never know it—it is God who made the world.

Here is what the smallest boy in the class wrote about the discovery of America:

First Columbus thought that the earth was round like a Ball, the people did not believe him, so he took three Ship and sail around the earth; he sail across Atlantic Ocean, and when he found the North America, He thought he found India, so he call them Indians. Columbus had hard time crossing the Atlantic Ocean; the Indians did not know how to farm, and when the white men came they teach them how to farm; it is very good for the Indian.

Nearly every card in the Second Division was marked "Excellent" in Geography last month.

Indians of New Mexico & Arizona Their Past and Present.

GATHERED FROM INDIAN BUREAU REPORTS.

MESCALERO APACHE.

1873.

At this date reservation has not been surveyed nor its boundaries indicated; there are no buildings nor accomodations of any kind, the people are savages, seemingly without any desire of civilization. While nominally at peace they are charged with frequent depredations.

S. B. BUSHNALL.

1874.

Reservation still undefined. No schools, no effort to teach the people agriculture, they subsist by hunting and on the Government. They feel that they have no permanent home and make but little progress in civilization.

W. D. CROTHERS.

1875.

Numerous charges made during the past year against these Indians, I believe to be false. As a result of the raids made upon them in retaliation by the settlers, they stampeded, were pursued by the military and have suffered greatly. They feel that they have been wronged. Their efforts at farming are creditable, and as a school house has been built, I have some hope of a school.

W. D. CROTHERS.

1876.

The extension of their reservation (in 1875) has been of assistance, as it has given them plenty of hunting ground.

Liquor is the chief trouble, next, I find the settlers on the reservation. There are still no buildings and no schools. Although warlike they are willing workers, and I believe have been grossly misrepresented. They are very independent and with proper treatment can be made self-supporting. I find great difficulty in enforcing the laws for their protection.

F. C. GODFROY.

1877.

School was opened on Jan. 1st, and has been very well attended, but will not be a success until we have a proper school building. The settlers on the reservation continue to make trouble, and nothing can be accomplished until either they or the agency be removed. Smallpox has raged and interfered with farm work. Stock raising would suit them better, and a small expenditure would make them self-supporting.

F. C. GODFROY.

1878.

Affairs so disturbed that little progress in any way can be reported. The Indians have been kept in a constant state of alarm by frequent raids, and everything has been broken up. The school exceeded my most sanguine expectation.

F. C. GODFROY.

1879.

I find these Indians lazy and thriftless. They do nothing at farming, for which the reservation is not suited, and at present could not be trusted with stock, as they would eat the cattle in spite of all that could be done.

There has been no school this year, but as the new school house is nearly done we hope to open in September.

S. A. RUSSELL.

1880.

On account of difficulties between the Indians and the military, nothing has been done this year. It is claimed that the former broke faith, and they have been treated with severity. It is true that they are troublesome, but there has been gradual improvement. They do not seem to care for school, though some do well, and we have a good school house.

S. A. RUSSELL.

1881.

This reservation includes the "garden spot" of New Mexico, good grass land, excellent water, fine timber, etc. The mountains are said to be rich in gold, silver and copper. But the settlers who own farms within its boundaries are a ceaseless source of trouble. The Indians are poor farmers. School is not a success on account of indifferent teachers, but can be made so. No missionary has ever been here. I have just organized an Indian police. The people seem willing as a rule to work, and should be furnished with employment.

W. N. LLEWELLYN.

1882.

Mescalero and Jicarilla Agencies were last year consolidated, a portion of their lands being conceded to the mining community. Indian police is a success. Sanitary condition of tribe fairly good. Good work has been done on the farm. I am glad to be able to say that the present district commander has given me his cordial co-operation, and I can see that it is all-important for the Indians that the military and the agent should be in accord. While this tribe has committed depredations, there is another side to the story; and till public sentiment shall range itself on the side of law and order, the Indians will have just ground, I fear, for their attempts at retaliation.

W. H. LLEWELLYN.

MESCALERO AND JICARILLA APACHES.

1883.

In accordance with the Executive order of 1882, the survey of the exterior lines of this reservation has been completed. I have had trouble in preventing the Indians from ejecting settlers from their lands, and hope this matter may be attended to.

They have made rapid progress in agriculture, but lack teams, etc. A Roman Catholic priest has visited the agency this year, being the only missionary who has ever been on the reservation.

The day school has done creditable work, and the boarding school will soon be ready to accommodate 30 pupils. Supplies have been good but entirely insufficient. These Mescaleros are restless and turbulent, but the Indian police preserves good order among them.

W. H. H. LLEWELLYN.

JICARILLA SUB-AGENCY.

1883.

The last census shows 747 of this tribe. We trust that their removal (as above reported) will meet with success. As to agriculture, mission work, education, etc., there is simply nothing to be said, as there is no such work going on. Supplies are good but insufficient, and Indians have suffered much. For instance, no tenting has been supplied, and they have been obliged, with the thermometer at 35 degrees below zero, to live under piles of brush.

It is certainly wrong for a Government to pretend it is caring for a tribe of Indians under such conditions and then give strict instructions that they must stay on their reservation, because all their wants are there supplied by the Government.

FRANK W. REED.

MESCALERO AND JICARILLA AGENCY.

1884.

This being my fourth annual report, I can speak with exactness of the condition of these Indians. The Jicarilla Apaches who were removed here last year, are a restless, shiftless lot of people, as a rule, confirmed drunkards, and I expect much trouble in bringing them to order, though I hope much from the example of the Mescaleros, who are a temperance people. The majority of the Jicarillas are, I believe, satisfied with the change, but say it is of no use for them to make permanent improvements, so long as their lands are not guaranteed them, and they can be removed at any time. The fact that this last removal is the fifth within fifteen years, naturally discourages them.

In agriculture they have been fairly successful, the Mescaleros cultivating 460 acres, and the Jicarillas 130 acres. The Indian police does effective and satisfactory work; indeed, little could be done without them; but their pay is too small. I am under obligations to the Indian Office and the Department for courteous treatment and prompt aid whenever it could be given. The supplies not being contracted for until late in July, owing to the failure of Congress to make appropriations, has made it very disagreeable to myself, the employes and the Indians. The latter were loud in their complaints.

W. H. H. LLEWELLYN.

ABIQUIU AGENCY.

1874.

A delegation of these Indians visited Washington last fall and were promised that they should be removed to their reservation in the spring; that they should have teachers, etc., and they are much dissatisfied that this has not been done. I respectfully urge that if this is in accordance with the treaty, it shall be done.

S. A. RUSSELL.

1875.

The Indians on this reservation, both Utes and Apaches, are still asking for the fulfilment of the promises made them in Washington. The Utes have a country of their own; they are peaceable, quiet, not disposed to work, and not willing to have their children educated, but desiring fair treatment from the Government. The Jicarilla Apaches have no home, are restless, and less provident than the Utes, but no incentive to improvement has ever been placed before them. I hope that before another year has passed the Government will show its intention of dealing honestly with them.

S. A. RUSSELL.

1876.

There has been little change in the condition of these Indians. There has never been any effort made by Government to educate, Christianize or civilize them. They have not been treated fairly, and their moral condition is worse than it was a year ago.

S. A. RUSSELL.

1877.

There is little of interest to report. I can simply repeat statements made in former years.

S. A. RUSSELL.

1878.

Small pox has prevailed and the Indians have suffered for *food* and *clothing*. My hearty sympathy is with them. It is not their fault that they are not self-supporting. They have, through me, for almost four years been *begging for a home*, and it has been *denied them*. Having sent in my resignation, I am free to say, that while making no pretense of philanthropy, I had believed that I could do these Indians good. I had supposed that all reasonable efforts would be made to educate and Christianize them. It is needless to say that the conditions are such that I have been disappointed in my expectations.

S. A. RUSSELL.

1879.

The past year has been marked by no change. The wants of these Indians may be enumerated as follows:

1. They do not want to go to any distance from where they were born and their dead are buried.
2. They want farming land of their own.
3. They want schools for their children.

JAS. H. ROBERTS.

1880.

These Indians are very anxious for a reservation where they can make homes for themselves, and express a desire for schools also. Having no home, no work, no schools, no moral or religious training, it is remarkable that they desire to enter upon a different life. I trust that before another year they may be emancipated from these most unfortunate conditions.

JOSEPH B. HOLT.

1881.

This agency (the Abiquiu) has been changed to the Jicarilla Apache and the Indians have been promised a new reservation, to which I am told they will shortly be removed. If this had been done years ago they would probably now be self supporting.

B. M. THOMAS.

1882.

As this is the first annual report made since these Indians were located on a reservation there is of course not much to be said. They have had no opportunity for education but desire it. They have had not the faintest chance for instruction in industry, but have been under the influence of the worst class of men. Still they are anxious to go to work, are not bad or dangerous, and with anything like proper encouragement would do well. A larger appropriation however is essential to this.

F. W. REED.

PUEBLO INDIAN AGENCY.

SANTA FE—1873.

When I assumed charge on July 1st, I called a meeting at Santa Fe of the governors of all the pueblos in order to learn from the Indians themselves their condition and wants. I have also visited 13 out of the 19 pueblos, (villages), and believe that my statistics are approximately correct. By far the larger part of the land of this reservation is unproductive being either rocky or destitute of water. All the pueblos on the Rio Grande are independent and are but slightly affected by lack of rain. Those away from the river are very poor, and their condition is made worse by church taxation, and the oppressions of their Mexican neighbors. This latter is their greatest cause of complaint, for no justice can be had in the Mexican courts, and there will be no improvement until Congress interferes.

They are sober and industrious, but while nominally Roman Catholics, I believe that their ancient customs and superstitions have full sway. The Roman Catholic priests, however, have some influence, and use it constantly against the United States Government and its agents, keeping the people in ignorance and opposing efforts for their education. The remedy for this I believe to be the establishment of an industrial boarding school. (I give the plan in detail). This is entirely practicable, and would prove, I am sure, to be the most economical way to civilize and Christianize these people. Simple, industrious, and peaceable, they have made little trouble for the Government, and deserve, I think, special consideration. I would advise therefore, a special appropriation and submit a statement:

Surveying of lands	$10,000
Civilization of Indians	25,000
Agricultural implements and cases of extreme need	10,000
	$45,000

EDWIN C. LEWIS.

1874.

After carefully studying the history of these people and their present condition, I am convinced that they are but little advanced beyond the state in which they were found by their Spanish conquerors. Little attempt has been made by those who had the power to improve their condition, but I have no doubt as to the possibility of completely civilizing them. Their superiority, I believe, is due more to their pastoral life than to any difference in race.

Although there has been, during this year, much want, I have had few applications for help. I have united all the pueblos except Zuni, (which is too far away), and I would respectfully press upon the Government the necessity for protecting these people against the Mexicans. In the schools favorable advance has been made, but I am convinced that no permanent good will be done until a central training school is established. If the appropriation asked for in my last report is too large, I would suggest an annual expenditure of $5,000 for this purpose. It is essential that the children should be kept constantly under the influence of the teachers and away from their own people. In closing, I would say that I believe the passage of an act of Congress, declaring these Indians to be citizens, would be most unfortunate, for if the protection of the Government be withdrawn they will be left at the mercy of Mexicans and others, and will soon be reduced to pauperism.

Having sent in my resignation, I trust it will be seen that these suggestions are disinterested.

EDWIN C. LEWIS.

1875

These people are quite unable to protect themselves against designing men and deserve protection from the Government. It would be good policy to spend $10 000 in agricultural implements, fruit trees, etc., for they are an agricultural people, and could be helped to complete independence. The schools are doing fairly well; the Girls' Industrial school is a decided success; the obstacles are the small salaries paid, the opposition of the Roman Catholics, and the home influences on the children. I am convinced of the success of the peace policy. A good, honest business man, backed up by the Department, is as sure to succeed in the management of an agency, as he is to wish for such an increase of salary as will enable him to retire from his work, no worse off than when he accepted it.

B. M. THOMAS.

1876.

Each of the nineteen Pueblos has a grant of about four square leagues in extent, and most of it is as desirable as any in the Territory. But for the continual interposition of the agent, Mexican and American settlers would soon possess themselves of the whole of it. These Indians raise enough grain and vegetables for their own use, and often have a surplus.

The schools are not satisfactory for several reasons, the chief being the uncertainty of their being continued for more than a few months at a time, and the smallness of the salaries paid. A central training school is much to be desired. The Presbyterian Church has established a mission at the pueblo of Laguna, and the Indians are delighted. These Pueblo Indians are worthy of every effort that can be bestowed upon them.

B. M. THOMAS.

1877.

There are about 8,400 of the Pueblos in New Mexico, and 1,600 of the Moqui Pueblos in Arizona. They sustain themselves with but little aid from the Government, and

are peace loving and industrious, but seem to be diminishing in numbers. The schools are not successful, owing to reasons given in my previous reports. The one established by the Presbyterian Church is the most flourishing, and nearly the whole population at that pueblo attend Sabbath services. Arrangements have been made to establish another school on the same basis at Zuni.

Since October I have also had charge of the Utes and Apaches at the Cimmaroon Agency. They are all vagabonds, doing nothing for their own support but a little hunting. If a "Southern Ute Agency" is established, it will be the proper place for the Utes, as the Mescalero Apache Agency is the proper place for these Apaches.

B. M. THOMAS.

1878.

The schools this year have been most satisfactory under the management of the Presbyterian missionaries; and if we can obtain funds from the Government for a central training and boarding school, the outlook will be very encouraging. The Utes and Apaches have been sent to their respective agencies (as above), and I have been placed in charge of the Abiquiu Agency, on a private land grant, which they cannot cultivate if they would, with the agency located in a Mexican village, where there is every facility for procuring whisky.

B. M. THOMAS.

1879.

These interesting people offer a tempting subject to the student and writer, maintaining as they do the religious rites and ceremonies, the form of Government, the manner of life, and the superstitions of their ancestors, having simply grafted thereon something of the inferior civilization of the people among whom they have lived for more than two centuries.

Their great failing is lack of self-assertion; their spirit has been broken and it is a question how they can be raised from their servile condition. They are susceptible of education, and four day schools with seven teachers have been maintained most of the year. The Presbyterian Church has supplemented the salaries of three of these teachers, and paid the salary of one assistant, and has also put up several buildings. The railroad is rapidly approaching and it is becoming more and more difficult to keep off trespassers.

As to the Indians of the Abiquiu Agency, nothing can be done until they can be sent to a reservation where they can be set to work.

B. M. THOMAS.

(Here follows an interesting report of the day school at the Zuni Pueblo, too long for insertion here. The mission is under the care of the Presbyterian Church)

1882.

The Pueblos are not in any sense described by the word "Indian" in its ordinary acceptation, and the duties of their Agent consist principally in attending to their general business interests and providing them with so many educational advantages. The day schools at Zuni, Laguna, and Jernes have been in successful operation for a number of years. Laguna is the most appreciative of all the pueblos, a large proportion of the children at Carlisle and Albuquerque being sent from there, and therefore it is especially unfortunate that the service of the assistant teacher should have been, this year, disallowed by the Department. We have also an industrial boarding school at Albuquerque opened under contract with the Sec. Board Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church. In spite of insufficient quarters, this school has made fine progress. We have 18 children at Carlisle, which school we visited last Jan.

The Pueblos were highly gratified at the improvement in their children, and I myself was astonished. The school roused my admiration and enthusiasm, and I shall endeavor to keep as many Pueblos there as possible.

JICARILLA APACHES.

These (717) live in tents and nearly their entire support is received from government but they are not warlike like the other Apaches. I am happy to say that in Oct. 1881, I received orders to prepare buildings for them on their own reservation, to which they have since been removed, and where they have stayed pretty closely, with the exception of a party of 175 who started on a hunt but were captured, and returned to the reservation by U. S. troops. We hope now to start a school, and an Indian police force, and take many other progressive steps if appropriations do not give out.

B. M. THOMAS.

1883.

For this year the first annual report of "Pedro Sanchez" is submitted, and includes a brief report on each of the nineteen pueblos which may be condensed into general statements.

Eleven pueblos have good crops, three have sold all their good land to whites, two, raise little on account of want of water, three are reported as "poor, lazy and superstitious." Nine are reported as "ur clean, superstitious and immoral, but desirous to learn and showing signs of improvement: the remaining ten are "filthy, fanatic, vicious and not inclined to learn."

The Agent adds that the three schools at Zuni, Laguna and Jernes, supported in part by Government and in part by the Presbyterian Church, have been continued, and have made some progress. No mention is made of the industrial school.

1884.

My experience of about thirty years among the Indians, (for a short time as Agent) enables me, I trust, to recommend measures for their improvement. I am extremely sorry to state, that with but two exceptions these pueblos (villages) are debased and idiotized by ignorance, indolence and superstition. The two exceptions are saved by the school in one, and an enterprising spirit among the children in the other. As a rule they hate the whites, prefer to be slaves of ignorance, and care nothing for their children except as they can be made to assist them in keeping up their vicious habits. I compute that there are 1,500 boys and girls in the 19 pueblos, who attend no school, but are growing up in idleness and superstitions of the most revolting character. Shall the American Congress tolerate any longer such a state of things? The children who go to Carlisle and Albuquerque are wonderfully improved, but when they come home they have to deal with the gross ignorance of their people. The local schools are not successful though they have honest and energetic teachers, and in my humble opinion the best way is to take the brood out of the nest and send them where they are taught better habits and a different way of living. Some of my predecessors have said that these Indians are independent. I ask the American people what independence there can be in men whose true picture I have presented above?

PEDRO SANCHEZ.

Correspondence.

CROW CREEK.

Dear Miss R.——

Our sojourn here, tho' of only five days, will end early to-morrow morning. We have been waiting for the council which is still in session this evening. The Indians commenced coming in yesterday and have encamped in the "timber"—a few small trees near the river—for the day and night. The agency, which before had seemed only a small collection of dwelling and store houses, has assumed quite another aspect, and is bustling with life. Tipis spring up as if by magic, and Indians, ponies and dogs are scurrying about on what seems like important business. Central Park could scarcely furnish a greater variety of equestrian equipments than I have seen to-day; the young man on his gaily caparisoned steed hardly more graceful than the young boy without even a bridle.

I have been watching these people all day and am greatly interested in their domestic economy. Taking any ordinary case—first from across the prairie appears a large green wagon drawn by two sturdy little Indian ponies, with from three to six other ponies along as escort; something in a blanket is holding the reins, a number of wind-blown, black-thatched heads appear just above the wagon sides, while from the back protrude the long tipi poles, with perhaps a kettle or pail suspended therefrom. When the camping place has been selected the old folks dismount, leaving the children to tumble out each in his own individual bundle, like so many cheerful little mummies skipping about.

In half an hour behold the change,—the wagon stands deserted, a tipi has sprung up, a cheerful fire is blazing just outside, a woman with the youngest on her back—and there always seems to be a youngest—is dividing her attention between a steaming kettle, a huge coffee pot, a number of small children and a legion of dogs great and small. Like the colored people, the poorer a man as the world counts riches, the richer is he in children and dogs.

Inside, the tipi is in order for the night, and is not such bad order either. I saw several that compared very favorably with the hotels I have seen in the West. The beds are made on the ground and are composed generally of buffalo robes, Yankee "comfortables" and U. S. Indian Dept. blankets. They say the U. S. I. D., always stamped on the center of each blanket, means "You steal and I'll divide," but I'm not sure that this was the original version. I think three is the largest number of "beds" I have seen in one tipi, but several times three would not exceed the number accommodated therein.

A good snug tipi—they are always conical in shape, with a button-hole about two feet long for a door—a wood fire burning in the centre, the occupants laid out like spokes in a wheel with their feet to the fire, and so near to Mother Earth that the smoke cannot descend to them, is by no means the worst place to spend a cold night. I have a very friendly feeling for this accomodating little refuge and cannot bring myself to despise it as much as I am expected to. There must be as many as a hundred tipis pitched in this little grove to-day, and old and young are having a weekly reunion. All have been very kind and hospitable to us and I am attracted to both place and people. Contrary to my expectation, I find the women cheerful, happy and independent. From what I have heard and seen thus far, I prefer the lot of the woman to that of the man. I have not seen but one dejected face since I have been here, and that is more than I could say after five days in a more civilized country. They seem physically stronger, are usually busy with rough or fancy work, laugh at the feeblest joke and seem to have no great yearning for a wider or higher sphere. Poor things!

As we pass thro' the little village they have so quickly reared, the entire family button themselves out (I can find no other word to express their manner of getting thro' this little slit in the canvass) to greet us with a hearty handshake and a friendly "how" They admire anything about us that strikes their fancy, with charming *naïveté* and show the most childish joy over our small accomplishments in the Indian language. Finding that we understand a little they go on to great length and finally end with disgust that we know so much less than they had expected.

Toward evening the girls and young men appeared in costume, and we became more interested in their mode of flirtation than was really necessary, considering our mission. Some of the girls are very beautiful and quite artistically painted. One little girl about fifteen years old, in full Indian dress and paint, with her baby on her back, could have made her fortune as artists' model had we all been artists.

In my interest, next to the young people come the grandmothers, old and shriveled, and ugly, but independent, happy and cordial. They rule the girls almost entirely and their daughters quite so, and thro' them the whole tribe. This is not my observation only but what those who know, tell me. One of the old mothers out of Israel, the terror of her tribe, carries her sharp knives and rules by fear as well as love. She has called on us twice and although deeply injured that we did not return C——'s nephew, and can hardly shake a friendly "how," yet tears, the the civilized woman's weapon, is the only one she has used upon us yet. The first time we saw her she was quite cordial, but owing to our limited Dakota vocabulary, the conversation was not to edification on either side; finally she drew her blanket over her head and abruptly departed. As the door closed we heard the voice of weeping and watched her. A short time before, her husband, a Christian and member of the little church there, had died, and from us she went wailing to the church, passed around it once and disappeared in the dusk, never for an instant resting from the dismal moan that she had started at the house. To-day as we saw her cheerfully helping about the old chiefs' feast and serving out meat from the kettle with a very unappetizing looking stick, she seemed quite at peace with all mankind.

Wednesday we visited the medicine man in his mud lodge, quite a distance from the agency. The hut is called the "Ree Lodge" because it was built by a Ree man several years before, after the fashion of his tribe. It is built of long slender poles stuck into the ground in a circle and bent so as to nearly meet at the top. These are fastened basket fashion and covered with mud, a small hole being left in the top for the passage of smoke. A door at one side, containing originally a pane of glass, furnishes all the light, and spoils the otherwise strong resemblance to an immense ant-hill.

At one side of the door is a tall pole with medicine-flags floating from the top, and at the base a heap of stones gorgeously painted for worship or "medicine."

No one but myself cared to enter, and my courage nearly failed as I caught sight of the interior. To welcome me an old woman came forward. She had on a coarse cotton garment resembling a butcher's frock, but stiff with dirt and nearly the color of the earth floor beneath her. The neck was large and the sleeves flowing, making her little wizened arms and neck very conspicuous. In spite of all she had a kind, jolly face that was very pleasing. About the room were hung the medicine drums, rattles and others forms of "medicine" which I know nothing about. A dismal fire struggled in the centre of the room, while on one side sat two young women with a miserable scrap of a sick baby, and on the other the object of my visit. He was an old man and sat squatted on the ground with blanket about his knees. It was bitterly cold, but his own bronzed skin ornamented with a profusion of brass bangles and necklaces was all he seemed to need—His ears were full of rings and other ornaments, but his long hair was then without decoration As I entered, he reached out his right hand to me and after a hearty shake grasped my wrist with his left and then, hand over hand proceeded to my shoulder. He was strong and I began to feel that I was getting bad medicine, until he relieved me by saying that he was a poor blind man and sadly in need of tobacco. In my choicest Indian I assured him that white ladies do not carry tobacco, but he refused to understand or believe me. The others came in presently and we had a very pleasant call, in which the great father's hardness of heart in cutting off the tobacco issue was duly considered.

* * * * * * * *

Last evening White Ghost, the head chief of this tribe, came in to see us. He is a fine looking old man—intelligent and kindly in face and manner. He was much interested in my Hampton photographs, and wishes to visit us when next he goes East to see the great father. Like other Indians who have formed their opinion of the colored people from the stragglers out there, he had a strong feeling against them. When I showed him the photograph of the last graduating class and told him they were—as their word means,—black skins, he was much surprised and could hardly believe me. He looked at it long and earnestly and then pointing to one boy asked if that were not an Indian. His face was a study when he found he had mistaken a Negro for an Indian, but I believe it did him good.

C. M. F.

The Hampton Club at Springfield, Mass.

No club could begin more simply. It was a Sewing Society of eight or ten members at first.

The presiding genius of the Club, who once taught at Hampton, called them together two and a half years ago.

Each member paid an annual fee of one dollar, which was spent in material for clothing, and sewing meetings were held once in two weeks, on Wednesday mornings at half-past ten o'clock, for two hours. All business was very informal; no refreshments were served. The club grew popular and its membership increased rapidly.

Down in Virginia the generous boxes of clothing were a blessing to many poor students.

The first simple plan for meetings has been followed since. An occasional tea or lunch and two very successful entertainments of private theatricals have been given, where every one had a good time and money has been raised for Hampton.

The club now numbers 100 members. 70 ladies—30 of whom are honorary members paying an annual fee but not attending the sewing meetings—and 30 gentlemen who express their interest in Hampton by their membership.

Its officers are a president, vice president, secretary, and treasurer; an executive committee, entertainment committee, and cutting and purchasing committee.

The public meeting in the interest of Hampton held in Springfield in November of this year, was conducted under the auspices of the club.

A fair was held in December, where $300 was raised for a room in the new building for Negro girls, $140 for the scholarships carried on since the first year, and $50 for the Indian Rights Association at Philadelphia, while a balance remains in the treasury for purchasing materials and for incidental expenses.

A member of this club has written a short account of the fair, which may be suggestive to others.

If an opening can be made for the sale of products of our Industrial departments by such fairs, the help to Hampton will be valuable.

The tin shop and harness-shop manned by Indian and Negro boys, will be glad of the chance to display their wares, with the carved wood-work, painting, pottery and bead-work.

Orders for such articles should be sent to the school in May or June, so that the work can be done in vacation.

The success of the Hampton Club in Springfield is due we think to the enthusiasm of its president and a few of its members who, from the beginning, knew and believed in the work, and to its charming membership, who have made its meeting a pleasant social event,

This sketch is written in the hope that in some other place where there is the spirit of helpfulness toward the Indian and Negro, with faith in Hampton's work for them, it may be helped to take form.

Dear friends, we know your lives are very full, and that no outside claim must mar the sweet and sacred service of your own homes.

We do not forget that not many rods from your doors, there are little children cold and hungry and in pain to whom you would minister, and that young men and women crowd

your cities whom you must shield by Christian sympathy and help, and gird for a purer and noble life.

We remember that new paths of promise and power are opening before you, and voices you dare not disobey call you to enter them.

We know that in social life a kingdom waits for you, and it is not through indolence or selfishness or pleasure seeking you will win and wield the beautiful sceptre of American womanhood.

But far away from these things, near nobody's home, there are places in our land full of men and women growing hopeless, beaten back, in the bitter struggle against ignorance and poverty and sin.

The service is blessed to those who go to help them. Perhaps it will prove more blessed still to those who serve them so far away they can receive no earthly reward, never see their faces as they kindle with grateful love, never watch their lives or hear their voices as they tell the sweet story of powers developed, characters strengthened, and souls saved. I. B. E.

A FAIR FOR HAMPTON.

The Hampton Club fair was held in an unoccupied store on Main St., the use of which was kindly given. It was prettily decorated, with the assistance of an artist, with red and white bunting, plants and flags. The front of the store was used as a salesroom, the rear as restaurant. In the latter, coffee, chocolate, rolls, ice-cream and cake were served on small tables. The work of the Hampton Club ladies was attractively displayed, and included the usual variety of articles. In these days of really artistic fancy work, one has reason on such an occasion to rejoice that the trash which formerly filled the counters of fairs has been superseded by things better worth making and buying.

One counter was devoted to choice table linen and towels, which had been procured from New York and were sold on commission. Small tables were used for the flowers, candy and toys. The unique feature of the fair was the display of articles, from Hampton, which excited much interest. They were arranged by themselves, on one of the long counters. The carving of book-racks and easels was beautifully done, and the perfection of this and all the Indian work illustrated the fact, told us by Gen. Armstrong, of the peculiar manual skill of the races.

The Indian paintings, done in most primitive fashion and with bold indifference to perspective and the coloring of nature, showed great force and spirit. Few hay horses possess such life as the blue ones of these pictures! The droll colored and Indian dolls delighted the children and their elders equally. The cotton picker dolls were especially interesting. The pottery too, came in for its fair share of admiration, and altogether this table was the one at which customers lingered with most interest. Subscriptions to the Hampton paper were taken, and through this and the work of the students it was hoped to form an interest in the school, as well as to raise money. C. M.

Views of Leading Colored Men, on the Results of the Election.

FROM A SYMPOSIUM IN THE AFRICAN METHODIST-EPISCOPAL CHURCH REVIEW.

The panic of the ignorant masses of the colored people in prospect of a Democratic President, is by no means shared by the leading men. The *A. M. E. Church Review* of Philadelphia, has done a good thing in massing the expressions of their sentiments as to the election. With varying views of the disastrous nature of the event, there are almost none who fail to see its possible advantages to their race. From the many papers, all interesting, some striking and eloquent, we extract a few representative passages.

VIEWS OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS,

"There is little to be said of the agency of the solid South in bringing about this result. It is made solid not by discussion and deliberate choice but by bullet and bludgeon, by midnight assault and assassin. There has been no election there since the inauguration of President Hayes. Here one hundred and fifty-three electoral votes were ready to be counted for Cleveland at any time after the day he was nominated."

The old war horse, as Douglass said of himself once at Hampton Institute, knows better the trumpet call to battle than the songs of peace. Yet he says:

"But I am not without hope even of the Democratic Party. Though it is by history and antecedents bitterly opposed to every measure of justice and equality urged in our favor, it is still composed of men—men with heads and hearts like other men. The world moves and the Democratic Party moves with it. The Democratic Party may not be a good party, but it may be a wise party, and wisdom in statesmanship is sometimes safer than simple goodness."

PROF. W. S. SCARBOROUGH,
of Wilberforce University.

"As for my part, the only ray of light I can discern lies in the supposed conservatism and independence of Governor Cleveland. If he will not permit himself to be swallowed up by the party he represents, if the Bourbon element is given to understand that its advice is not needed, and that he intends to co-operate with all law abiding citizens in seeing to it that no harm befalls any citizen, Negro or Caucasian, and that political rights of all are to be held sacred, I entertain some hope for the future."

HON. P. B. S. PINCHBACK,
Collector of Customs at New Orleans.

"Aside from the legal aspect of the question, which I consider settled, there are other considerations which will induce the white people of the South to accept the citizenship of their colored brethren. It increases the political power of the South, and the race furnishes an army of laborers, producers and consumers worth hundreds of millions of dollars—constituting an element of wealth and strength too valuable to be ignored by either the local or national Democracy."

T. THOS. FORTUNE,
Editor of the New York Freeman.

"There can be no backward step. We must go forward. It is the decree of the Omnipotent. The Democratic Party of to-day is not what it was twenty-four years ago. The Democratic Party wants votes, wants all it can get. It will appeal to us for votes. It did appeal to us at the last National Convention. We have the ballot. In the last election the entire Presidential question turned upon two thousand votes in the State of New York. We have twenty thousand votes in that State alone. We have enough votes in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, to decide the election either way. These are the pivotal states. The Democratic Party knows this. We know it. I shall be disappointed if the Democratic Party does not seek to conciliate us. Let us watch events and shape our course in accordance with them."

WM. HANNIBAL THOMAS,
of South Carolina.

"As President, his duties are constitutionally defined. The gravest injustice and the grossest crimes may be perpetrated upon them with impunity, and as the national Executive he has no power to interfere. Assurances therefore of executive protection for any class are imbecile utterances, and call up a smile of contempt—in this instance the proffer comes with ill grace. The President elect is *particeps criminis*, and the chief beneficiary of the disfranchisement of a large body of his fellow citizens by his own party. These crimes against citizenship are the cause of disquiet, on the part of colored men. The freedmen do not believe a relegation to slavery possible. Free labor embodies all the practical advantages of slavery and is infinitely cheaper. In his present condition the Negro is the buffet of misfortune and the football of caprice. His standing as a political factor depends largely on his attitude as a citizen during the ensuing four years. The danger to be apprehended and guarded against is a hasty severance of his present political relations. Should he vindicate his manhood by sturdy political independence, he will win a substantial victory."

GEORGE T. DOWNING,
of Newport, R. I.

"I would not be classed with certain colored gentlemen who since the election have taken pains to publicly affirm their confidence in the President elect, who are now declaring that the South is happy and orderly, that the colored men's rights are there respected; * * still, in response to your query, I affirm the conviction that we will not regret the election of Cleveland.

Hate of the colored man had no deeper fixed place in the breast of Democrat, North or South, than in the breast of the Republican. As a rule, all manifestations, both favorable and unfavorable were prompted by policy. The old South is giving way to the new South that is opening its eyes to results of more liberal policies. The election of Cleveland will give strength to the New South."

REV. C. S. SMITH,
Secretary S. S. Union of A. M. E. Church.

"The Democratic Party may well be distrusted; I may not trust it but I am willing to try it. I regard its coming into power with some degree of satisfaction. First, because I am anxious that the colored people of the country shall speedily understand the true basis of their citizenship; and second that I may know if it is truly the purpose or disposition of any party in this country to stop me of my rights. Countless numbers have been instructed to believe that the continuance of their citizenship depended on the continuance of the Republican Party in power. A most grievous error indeed. Every colored man in this country who is a citizen is so for the very same reason that every white man is—because the constitution makes him so. To thoroughly understand this is necessary to our stability."

HON. PETER H. CLARK,
of Cincinnati Ohio.

"For years we have been taught to believe that a majority of the white people of this country not only desire to deprive us of our political rights, but even to reduce us to slavery; that a minority, reinforced and kept in power by our votes, was the only bulwark between us and the deprivation of all rights. Mr. Frederick Douglas admirably summed it up in his famous sentence: "The Republican Party is the sole plank to which we cling; all else is the wild and wasteful ocean." This teaching chimes with the chief defect in the character of the colored American, which is an entire lack of faith in his fellow men, white or black. This paralyzes every effort public or private. Societies, churches, schools, all fall to pieces because the principle of coherence, mutual trust, is wanting. We shall learn that all the friends of the colored man are not in the Republican Party, nor all his enemies in the Democratic Party. * * * There is a baser and more ignorant class [of whites] the members of which no doubt, with the alarmed colored people, think that nothing but the retention of power by the Republican Party could prevent them from inflicting the outrages which their bitter prejudices suggested. They too will be disappointed."

WILLIAM STILL,
Author of "The Underground Railroad."

"The colored man has learned some wholesome lessons and is profiting thereby. He has of late been taking less stock in politics and more in education and land. Upon the whole his prospects were never more favorable. The color line, if not broken entirely, will be very perceptibly diminished in the interests of conciliation. * * The very gratifying fact is plainly to be seen that two distinct elements have arisen in the Democratic Party—one quite ready for the rights of colored men as far as the law has provided, though the other yet clings to the prejudices of the past."

REV. H. M. TURNER, D. D.,
Bishop of A. M. E. Church.

"I believe the Negro will receive more personal kindness throughout the South than has been accorded to him since the war. The Southern whites are determined to make him feel that they are better friends than the Northern whites; therefore I look for a general reform in the treatment of the Negro South. I need not repeat my well known convictions as to the future of the race. I think our stay in this country is but temporary. Nothing will remedy the evils of the Negro but a great Christian nation upon the continent of Africa."

PROF. THOS. H. JACKSON, D. D.,
of Wilberforce University.

"When it is seen that under a Democratic President, it will be, at least, no worse than under a Republican, and that the rights of citizenship will be at least as secure, all of our fears will be allayed and we shall settle down to do our work—viz., to educate morally and religiously and intellectually, and to get some of this world's goods by industry, thrift and economy. I believe the Democratic Party will seek more then ever to secure the vote of the colored man all over the country. I am not despondent, but hopeful for the future."

MRS. FRANCIS E. W. HARPER,
of Philadelphia.

To some the aspect may look gloomy, but if we look beyond the present to the future of our race we have no right to despair. Had slavery been abolished by the nation breaking off its sins by righteousness, and its iniquities by showing mercy to the poor, there would have been a moral adaptation in the country to the new conditions of freedom, but when it went down by a sudden wrench, it found master and slave facing a problem unparalleled in history. I know of no other country in which enslaver and enslaved were so physically different that the complexion of the one was a symbol of power and superiority, and that of the other an emblem of poverty, ignorance and social abasement. Man cannot live by politics alone—let the colored man abate some of his political zeal and do all he can to shame the nation into a higher regard for human rights and human life. Let him expose to the gaze of Christendom the condition of Southern prisons and the treatment colored men receive in them. Let no Hamburg or Danville massacre pass without earnest indignation meetings and appeals to all that is highest and best in American civilization and Christianity. If for the next twenty years, the colored people take no feverish interest in the success or failure of either party, but will do all they can to build up an intelligent and virtuous manhood and a tender, strong and true womanhood, we can afford to wait for political strength while developing moral and spiritual power. We can better, if need be, postpone taking part in the next election than we can neglect attending to the best interests of the next generation. Power will gravitate into the strongest hands, be they white or black; and to strengthen our hands and base our race life on those divine certitudes which are the only safe foundations for either individuals or nations, is of more vital importance to us than being the appendages of any political party."

Jessie P. Morgan.

Died, at Hampton Institute, December 11, 1884. For five years a faithful worker at the School as bookkeeper and cashier.

The first death in our corps of workers to occur at the School in the sixteen years of its progress, has taken from us one of the most faithful, most useful and most beloved of the number. We are glad to print the following tribute to her memory from our honored ex-Treasurer and constant friend, Gen. Marshall, whose words express what we all feel:

KENDAL GREEN, Weston, Mass.,
January 22, 1885.

DEAR EDITORS:—I wish I were equal to the task of writing a fitting notice of our dear Jessie, that should be just without seeming to outsiders extravagant.

Jessie's rare loveliness of person attracted at once all who saw her. Her equally rare loveliness of character was known only to her intimate friends. Her utter unconsciousness of either was an added charm. Her retiring disposition and very humble estimate of herself prevented her being known and appreciated as she deserved. Conscientious, religious and affectionate in her nature, her prominent trait was an entire faithfulness and devotion to duty. Engrossed in her work, she was unwilling to take the needed recreation urged upon her lest she should be neglecting some duty, and by self indulgence setting a bad example to others, who were stronger. I have often begged her in vain to join in some excursion or to take the rest which her wearied and frail body required. Only an absolute command was effectual to keep her from her work at times when she was absolutely unfit for it; and she even then most reluctantly obeyed. She was not only always ready to perform promptly and accurately the duties of her position, but also to relieve me as far as possible of the pressure of my own; and my work during the last year at Hampton was materially lightened by her quiet but effectual help. By these qualities, and by her affectionate disposition as a member of our family, she greatly endeared herself to us both, and we mourn her loss as that of a loving and loved daughter. For three years she has been one to us, and we shall sadly miss her affectionate greeting when we visit Hampton. But she is at rest from her labors, and for her sake we must rejoice.

Yours faithfully,
J. F. B. MARSHALL.

Correspondence.

29 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK.
January 22, 1885.

Editors Southern Workman:

I know your readers will be interested to learn that the presence of General Armstrong and his wards in New York City is attracting more attention than perhaps ever before. Of the success of the meetings you will know later.

Yesterday I took the students, and White Ghost into an engine house opposite my office here, where they witnessed the rapid methods by which both men and horses respond to the sound of an alarm bell which indicates a fire.

We also went across the Brooklyn bridge, and examined the machinery which keeps the long cables between New York and Brooklyn in motion.

Afterward crossed the ferry, inspected Fulton market, and then visited the Stock Exchange and the Produce Exchange.

Items concerning the latter I enclose you.

I enjoy the *Workman* in its new form very much. Yours truly,

CHAS. L. MEAD,

(OVER.)

WHITE GHOST IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE

Chief White Ghost, of the Crow Creek Sioux Indians, is in the city with the party of students from Hampton Institute, Va., under care of Gen. Armstrong. The chief is about 56 years of age, has two wives, and is without education in the white man's ways. Under an escort he visited the Stock Exchange yesterday. The Indian gazed earnestly down upon the yelling, scrambling multitude on the floor for a minute and informed Mr. Simmons that he could not understand how anybody could transact business with so much racket and confusion. Before White Ghost and his comrades left the gallery they were entertained by a score or more of the brokers with an impromptu war dance, accompanied by imitations of the Indian yell. The shadow of a smile appeared on White Ghost's face when a waggish broker encircled another broker's head with an imaginary knife, and then jerking the latter's hat off disclosed a head as bald and shiny as a billiard ball. "Um scalped clean," said the old chieftain, in the Indian tongue, to the interpreter.—*New York Times and Tribune.*

Fifth Annual Convention of the American Agricultural Association.

The fifth Annual National Agricultural Convention of the American Agricultural Association will be held in the Hall for public meetings, Exposition Grounds of the World's Fair, New Orleans, La., February, 20, 21, 22, 1885. All interested in Agricultural and kindred pursuits are invited to attend and participate in the proceedings. Addresses will be delivered and papers read by the leading thinkers and writers on Agriculture, Live Stock, Dairying, Ensilage and other practical subjects, and open discussion of each by the members.

The Conventions of this Association have been the most important gatherings in connection with agriculture held in America, and have been participated in by the leading men in public and private life. Three have been held in New York, and one in Chicago, and great and interesting as they were, this will doubtless surpass them all in attraction and value.

The Exposition itself will repay a visit to New Orleans. It is the most extensive and comprehensive of all such, and the Agricultural, Live Stock, and Dairy features exceed those of any other ever held.

The time selected for this Convention will be the most interesting period of the Exposition, as it will then be in its best stage, while at this particular time special exhibits of Dairy products, Live Stock and other branches of agriculture will be held.

At this season, Mardi Gras will also be held. Reduced rates of fare have been made from all principal points in the United States. Hotel rates range from one to four dollars per day. Headquarters of the Secretary at New Orleans will be St. Charles Hotel, from February 18th.

N. T. SPRAGUE, *President.*

Jos. H. REALL, *Secretary,*
32 Park Row, New York

Southern Workman.

VOL. XIV. HAMPTON, VA., MARCH, 1885. No. 3.

MRS ORRA LANGHORNE gives us an intelligent Southern woman's view of Mr. Cable's judgment of the Freedman's Case in Equity.

IN HIS SPEECH for the New South, Dr. Curry made hearty acknowledgment of the work and influence of Northern benevolence and missionary enterprise. Of Hampton Institute he said, among other pleasant things: "If I were in a Baptist, and not in a Congregational meeting, I should think it to be strictly in order and the highest consideration of duty, to raise twenty or forty thousand dollars here to night for the endowment of Hampton." And of the *Southern Workman*, before quoting from one of its editorials: "I have a copy of the *Southern Workman*. I hope all take it, and do more than I do—pay for it: it is sent to me gratuitously." As might possibly be expected, the *Southern Workman* modestly approves these sentiments of the Doctor's and wishes his hopes might be realized.

A SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENT of the Augusta *Chronicle*, describing a visit to Atlanta University, to which the State of Georgia appropriates $8,000 annually, says: "The capacity of the race for intellectual culture is here irresistibly demonstrated. Large classes in the elementary branches; classes in Latin, Greek, geometry, algebra, physics, botany, science of government, history and Lieber's Civil Liberty, stood close off-hand examination. The committee were urged to put questions without limit, and often did so, with the unvarying result of correct answers. It was marvellous to the committee. And there seemed no difference in the grades of color, the lightest not surpassing the purest blooded blacks in any element of intelligent and correct scholarship. Not only were the oral examinations good, but the written examinations were admirable, well spelled and well expressed. The truth is that this university is a conclusive proof of the capacity of the colored people for advanced intellectual development."

DR. WILLIAM HAYES WARD, the accomplished oriental scholar and editor of the New York *Independent*, writes to that paper from Turkey: "It was a great pleasure to find everywhere I went the graduates of our American Robert College at Constantinople, all imbued with American ideas and masters of the English language. Those grand institutions, Robert College, Aintab College and Harput College, are the type of the position which American Protestantism is taking in that land. The time cannot be far off when the Turks will begin to accept Christianity, and when that time arrives I believe they will come in such great numbers as almost to overwhelm the churches. After all, the great strength of Protestantism in Turkey may come from the Turks." These views are in direct line with our own convictions and experience, that the best way to elevate a race is through trained preachers of its own blood. The graduates of Hampton and its kindred institutions are those who will carry the light of civilization and Christianity to their people, and the best help the white race can give is in training such teachers.

The New South

Not the least of the evidences that there is a new South is the new spirit of hopefulness that prevails, the disposition to no longer regard the war as a date of death but of birth, a starting point toward better things. Not ten years ago, the caricature was hardly overdrawn that described a Southerner as saying of the full moon which a Northern visitor was admiring: "Oh, but you should have seen it before the war." Now, such men as Dr. Curry, agent of the Peabody fund, President Haygood, Mayor Carpenter of Charleston, George W. Cable, and other leaders of Southern thought and intelligence, not only accept the situation but rejoice in it. While they may be in advance of the masses in some of their positions, the logic of events is irresistible, and the wonderful growth of business and wealth in the South under the new regime of free labor, is making a new South in public sentiment as well as in material prosperity. The progressive North recognizes and rejoices in it; partisan prejudice and old-fogyism on both sides will be left behind together in the new era. Both facts are evidenced in the eloquent address of Dr. Curry, recently delivered by invitation before the New York Congregational Club and the hearty applause it called forth. A Southerner of the Southerners in family, education and experience; officer in the Confederate army and member of the Confederate Congress; who better than he should know what the old South was, and whether it still lives? He says that "At Appomatox the old South perished," and that now in spirit as well as in fact "slavery, secession, exclusive State citizenship, primary allegiance to a State, are all gone." "The present feeling is one of cheer and hope, of absolute loyalty and friendship and good feeling." "I measure my words deliberately. The Negroes will now see that not simply the Republican party but both parties and all sections are their friends, pledged to their protection and freedom." "The South rejoices in the opportunity presented to her to show her love of country, her acceptance of all the legitimate results of the war, her assumption of all the obligations and responsibilities imposed by her relations of confidence and good will." This is not all the extravagance of oratory or the voice of a single optimist. Dr. Curry looks squarely at the tremendous problem which is before the South, and the whole country, "the most gigantic which civilization ever encountered: the imperilment of free republican institutions by the degradation of the franchise, demagoguery and corruption;" and "the dense mass of Southern illiteracy—furty-five out of every hundred voters; eighty per cent. of the colored population, and nearly fifty of the white." The new South rejoices in the removal of the "incubus of slavery." How will the newer South rejoice, and the whole country with her, in the removal of this incubus of ignorance! But he calls attention also to the fact that since the war, in spite of having touched bottom to begin with, in poverty and bankruptcy, every Southern State has adopted a school system; that last year over sixteen million dollars were given by the Southern States to public education and distributed proportionately *per capita* to the blacks as to the whites, though the whites pay eight-tenths of the school tax; that Charleston is to-day paying a larger per cent. of her property for public schools for all classes than Boston is. The Senate of Alabama passed the other day a resolution that "the sense of this Senate, as reflecting the sentiments of the white people of Alabama, is most heartily in favor of the largest appropriations by the State compatible with existing financial conditions, for the support of our public schools; and especially and solemnly do we express the obligation and fixed purpose of the white people of Alabama to aid in the education of the colored children in our midst." In the growth of such popular sentiment as this in the South, and the response it shall meet in the North and at Washington, in private and public aid demanded by a general sense of the exigencies of national life, is the hope of the South, and of the whole country, which shares the common danger.

Dr. Curry is as thoroughly identified with the new South as he ever was with the old; "a minister also of the new dispensation," who has done as much as any one man to bring it about, and has the right to be its voice. Such voices from the New South are heard more and more over the din of party strife. All vital growth—from the growth of a flower to the growth of a child's mind, or the growth of a people in civilization—seems to advance by leaps; not that the growth itself has not been infinitessimally gradual, but that we are only impressed by it at intervals. While we have been lamenting over the winter, the snows have been melting, the buds have been growing, and lo, "the time of the singing of birds is come."

A MINISTER of the "old South" writes to the *Independent* deploring the ignorance prevailing outside the Southern States "in relation to the moral and religious culture of the Negroes during the period of their slavery." "It seems almost impossible," he says, "for those who lived in the non-slave-holding States to believe it possible that slave-owners, who held Negroes as chattels, could feel any more concern about their religious condition than they did for their horses or other 'dumb, driven cattle.'" This is itself, of course, a sweeping and exaggerated assertion, but the incredulity charged was at least natural as far as it existed. Outsiders are always the best judges of the logic of a situation, but the poorest of its practical complications. They cannot allow for the great unknown quantity of human inconsistency, which is often the saving factor in human nature. Men better than their creed are fortunately to be found everywhere. Where's the logic for the flowers on the cactus? But there they are without logic. And so, on the thorny, monstrous growth of slavery appeared many a blossom of human kindliness and good intent, nourished by hidden juices from that most miraculous of laboratories, the human heart. Interesting statistics of the Southern missionary work among the slaves from 1818 to 1860, in which hundreds of thousands of dollars were expended, are given by the writer, who quotes Bishop McTyeire as stating that "The Northern membership of all the missionary societies and stations in all parts of the world did not equal the colored membership of Methodism in the Southern States at the beginning of the war." Doctor Edwards believes that "Multiplied thousands upon thousands of the sons of Ham will rise up in judgment to bless the faithful men of the South for their long-continued labors in teaching the benighted Negroes the way of life." It is pleasant indeed to think that the thrilling refrain of the slave's song, "Ise gwine to tell God how you sarve me," will have some sound of blessing as well as of a curse in that day.

THE series of articles by Professor Salisbury, of the A. M. A., on the schools and methods of training now in operation in the South, are especially interesting on account of the suggestions made in regard to the teaching of industries. Authorities everywhere are coming to be of one mind in regard to the value of manual labor in schools; that is, it is almost universally acknowledged that some form of industrial training, some system by which the pupil may become grounded in one or another art or handicraft, is essential to a true education. And yet this argument leaves still a wide opportunity for difference of opinion as to the application of the principle, and these differences go deeper than the surface. Professor Salisbury has shown himself an able and careful observer, and the ground which he has covered includes most of the industrial systems now on trial in this country. His criticisms, therefore, deserve careful attention and a wide hearing, for their value is not confined to the South, although they are made specially with a view to the conditions there existing.

He has very little faith in the possibility of making manual labor classes do profitable work, and indeed considers it a mistake to make this an object. He believes that it should always be borne in mind that the work is first of all and above all educational; and that while it should of course be done always as economically as possible, its cost should be considered an entirely legitimate expense. For example, in speaking of school farms he says: "Student labor is too costly, simply as service. It must be thoroughly educational in order to be justified."

Schools which are, to any extent, dependent upon charity, must of necessity, be limited in their experimental work, and Professor Salisbury recognizes this fully in his suggestions, as his observations were made primarily with a view to the special conditions affecting the schools of the A. M. A. For such schools those industries which can be made, in some degree self supporting, must, perforce, take precedence, and, especially in the case of the girls' industries, this makes it difficult to get the best results. Still, Professor Salisbury points with pardonable pride to the fact that in several of the A. M. A. schools, girls are being taught not only cooking, but housekeeping in its general details; that is, they are not merely doing the work of the institution, which, as a matter of fact, is rarely an educational process, but are being properly trained, on the cottage system, in what will most probably be their life work.

The suggestions which Professor Salisbury makes as to trades, etc., which may at present be taught in schools, are all thoroughly practical and helpful, and if his articles could be collected, and with some enlargement, published in pamphlet form, they would be welcomed with a larger appreciation than they have yet received.

Conference of School Superintendents.

THE STATE CONFERENCE of County School Superintendents of Virginia was held in the Capitol at Richmond, from the tenth to the fourteenth of February.

In the hall of the House of Delegates, where the ordinance of secession was passed, were gathered nearly one hundred southern men, representing Virginia's public free school system. The feature of the occasion was the marked earnestness of all to get information and to make every possible improvement State Superintendent R. R Farr. presided; he has shown great energy in the management of educational matters; to him is due the credit of these annual gatherings, which stimulate and improve all who attend.

A feature was an exhibition in the Senate Chamber of written papers of various kinds and of drawings, chiefly of maps, by children of both races, from nearly every county of the State, in which the colored children from Norfolk County did as well as any.

While the work was comparatively simple and crude, there were many signs of a spirit of enterprise; much may be hoped for from the common schools of Virginia under their earnest but ill paid superintendents, whose small salaries from $300 to $400, prevent the constant devotion to school work which is needed. For want of funds, the work of education in all the South is retarded at every point. Many speakers referred to the Blair bill in Congress as their great hope.

More profitable than anything else perhaps was the personal intercourse of educational workers from different parts of the State. A superintendent told us that in his county, while the colored population had a majority of three hundred, the whites had thirty-four schools, and the Negroes but nineteen; he was trying to amend matters but found great difficulty, chiefly from want of colored teachers; that the blacks preferred teachers of their own color who were good, but unless they were competent, they wished whites to teach them. He said that Negro teachers of the right kind would devote themselves to the homes of the people, teach in their Sunday schools, and exert an influence outside of their school houses, while whites, as a rule, taught only to make a living.

For the past ten years, the want in the South has been, not so much school houses and salaries, such as they are, but men and women qualified to teach. Over fifty Hampton graduates were spoken for, for the next year; salaries from $23 to $50 per month. The supply will fall short of the demand.

Teachers are wanted who will not whine because the school house needs repairing, but who will put in window-glass themselves, make rough benches, patch up the house, and stir the people to help and do their share; not only men but women teachers have taken tools into their own hands to put some "ramshackle" old building in order, and their example as well as work has given them success and influence.

Many kind words were spoken of those from Hampton.

THE idea of the Union Government in conferring the ballot upon the ignorant millions of just emancipated Negroes, was, of course, as a military necessity, to clinch the decisions of the war by giving the freedman the only protection for his freedom, and by reconstructing Southern party majorities. The miseries and confusions which have inevitably, for both races, accompanied the execution of this heroic measure, have shaken the faith of some of its advocates. But the deeper purpose of that "divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may," is becoming, and we believe will become more and more apparent to all; a purpose of good to both races in combining all classes in one, as no other motive could have combined them, to demand and labor for the education and elevation of the other, as the only protection against, not only ignorant black votes, but white demoralization of the ballot, which is as certain death to republican institutions.

Rev. G. D. Pike, D.D.

The death of Dr. Pike has called from his arduous earthly labors one of the most earnest and untiring friends of the colored race. His enthusiastic work with the Jubilee Singers of Fiske, whom he directed in their European tour, is well known on both sides of the Atlantic. In his eighteen years' service as Agent of the American Missionary Association he spent the strength of his days for the advancement of humanity and the spread of Christ's kingdom, in labors which may well "suit the full grown energies of heaven."

A touching incident of the recent Northern trip of the Hampton party of singers and speakers, was their providential presence in Hartford at the time of Dr. Pike's funeral, and their participation in the services; the quartette singing, "Swing Low Sweet Chariot," and one of their number, as one of the pall bearers, assisting in the last offices of respect to him who had identified himself with the cause of their people.

Caroline Alfred.

News comes to us of the death on February 9th, at Birmingham, Ct., of Miss Caroline Alfred, who for the two years previous to this, was one of the Hampton teachers, sharing with all her earnest nature in our work, and filling a large place in the esteem and love of those with whom and for whom she labored. For her own sake, we can but rejoice with our sister in her release, long waited for, from surely fatal and agonizing disease. It is a comfort to know that the dark way was smoothed, as far as possible, by the ministries of love and skill; a greater still to think of her in the rest and joy that remaineth.

Hers was one of the strong and gentle natures that quietly make themselves felt. With a cultivated mind, an enthusiasm for nature, an artistic skill to copy the glowing beauty of the flowers whose ways she knew and loved so well, she gave the best of her life to arduous work for the lowly. She was one of the pioneer teachers of the freedmen who went South even before the close of the war; sharing with other delicate and "honorable women not a few," the hardships, toil, contumely, and even personal dangers, of that Christlike mission; sharing also the cream of its rewards, which was theirs in rich experiences, fresh enthusiasm, and the uplift of heroic devotion. For ten years she taught in Columbus, Ga., under the New England Freedmen's Aid Society. Strength failing at last, she went West to recruit, and had been living for some years in California, before she came to us. Her two years at Hampton were the last two of her life work. The shadow of fatal disease was gathering about her, the conditions of the work had changed; she missed the old incitements and the strength which had responded to them. But with no less heroism she labored on, faithful to every duty, ready with a helpful smile or word or act of kindness for every one; bravely cheerful till the day when she slipped away from us, shrinking from the good byes which she knew must be final until she,

"In some brighter clime,
Bids us good morning."

Our abstracts of Indian bureau reports this month—in rather different shape from former numbers but quite as interesting—are by Miss Alice C. Fletcher, whose great work for the Omahas has been crowned with success in securing for them lands in severalty. Our other new contributor, Mrs. A. S. Quinton, gives the history of the Women's National Indian Association, of which she is Secretary.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS

Civilization vs. Nature.

"Is the effect of civilization and education to destroy native race powers and instincts?"—*Visitor.*

We take it that the question is not of general principles, which may be regarded as having been already settled by longer and broader observation than any one field affords; but simply as to the degree and direction of change, if any, which may be seen taking place under our eyes at Hampton.

Is the Ethiopian not only changing his intellectual skin and the savage the leopard spots of the wilderness, but are they losing some strength as well as gaining some?

On general principles again, an affirmative answer might be anticipated. And even in the three or four years course of the individual pupil, and still more in the six or sixteen years of our observing the races under training, some such indications are not wanting. In the case of the Indian, the caution and reticence, for instance, so general and marked in the new comers, and conceded characteristics of their race, diminish in three years very noticeably. Not simply with acquaintances, but with strangers, they grow much more spontaneous and demonstrative, in face and voice as well as in manner. A loss, thus far, indeed, to only a very desirable extent, of some of that power of selfcontainment which is perhaps the strongest point in Indian character. It is remarked that there are no such good Indian painters on pottery of late—taking the same tribes and ages—as there were among the first comers. How far this implies actual loss of artistic talent, and further lack of keenness of observation and perceptive powers, is not certain. An artist who came from Boston to Hampton to study the subject, giving her services as their drawing teacher last summer, was greatly impressed with their capacity for training. But in their native work they seem to have fallen off both in skill and originality.

The educated colored man undoubtedly loses a measure of that buoyant cheerfulness which so long kept his burdened race from sinking down. Some of his hopefulness, some of his faith go with it. The new demand upon his reasoning faculties and independent action diverts his vital force from the old channels for the present. "Strife comes with manhood, and waking with day." And whether or no the Indian artist's hand is losing its cunning, the Negro's tuneful tongue seems disposed to cleave to the roof of his mouth, the more it is trained to English as spoken by his brothers in white. Partly from the sobering of his mind, partly from shame of the musical old dialect, he does not sing spontaneously on the school grounds as much as he used to when fresher from the cotton fields and camp meetings. The vocal powers may be as good as ever, but the effects of disuse are well known, and the white songs preferred, have not the ring of the old "spirituals" which, as far as possible, it is our aim at Hampton to keep up.

But these are trifling, or, we believe transient losses. Nothing of the old for which the new has need will be permanently lost; nothing "whose strength gives promise of good fruit at last."

Many more advantageous changes wrought by education, might be enumerated, but there is not space here, and we do not understand that they are within the scope of the question.

As to the Blair Bill.

New York February 9th, 1885

Southern Workman :—

I should like to know what you think, will be the effect of the bill giving national aid to Southern education, upon the people of the South, white and colored. Will it quicken and stimulate their educational interest, or will it serve to make them apathetic and indifferent, on the assumption that the nation is going to provide their education for them?

Yours sincerely,

LYMAN ABBOTT.

Dr. Abbott asks the most important question that can be put as to the "Blair" educational bill, which appropriates the sum of seventy-seven millions of dollars to be divided among the States in the proportion of their illiteracy during the next eight years.

The Hon. John C. Winthrop has well said that slavery was but half abolished and emancipation half accomplished if the Negroes were left without education and without virtue. There is no language too strong in which to state the duty of the country to its ignorant "Sovereigns" of both races in the South. The war settled its right to take all measures necessary to national life; hence we are a nation.

In a few decades there will be a Negro majority in every southern State, and in their present condition Negro rule is ruin. They must be improved or the right of suffrage will be practically annulled, as it is in three States where they now have a majority. Only by national aid for their education can this be adequately done. The United States Senate last winter, after three week's debate, took this ground, and by a two-thirds majority, passed the Blair bill, which is now before the House of Representatives; fifty-five of the seventy-seven millions appropriated going to the Southern States.

Would this help stimulate and quicken the educational interest of the South? The Blair bill provides that no greater part of the money appropriated shall be paid out to any State or Territory in any one year than the sum expended out of its own revenue for the maintenance of common schools, not including sums expended in the erection of school buildings.

Dr. Curry, agent of the Peabody Fund, states that, last year, the Southern States raised by taxation, sixteen millions of dollars for common schools.

The proposed Government aid for education for eight years would give an average of nine and a half millions yearly, though the Blair bill makes the maximum grant the first year and the minimum the last; this we believe to be of doubtful wisdom. It would seem to be easy for the Southern States to comply with the conditions and secure the national grant, which for them would amount to about seven millions a year; or less than half of what they now raise annually.

We believe that there would be some temptation to relax effort beyond enough to secure Government aid, but that a counter-spirit of earnestness to make the most of it would appear.

All would depend on public sentiment, and that is stronger in the South for common schools than the people of the North suppose.

"It is only for a few years; we are on trial to see how it will work. Good use of national funds may secure it for the future by commending it to the people who will continue it if they see that it is a good thing," would be, we believe an argument of many.

Thinking men would know that but little could be done in eight years, and that every reason should be given for continuing the help. National aid is an experiment, a stimulant. The Blair bill and the many like bills prepared, are an admission of a great duty, that, if binding now was equally binding twenty years ago. Ground has been lost, and the country is threatened by the delay. Better late than never.

We believe that, on the whole, national aid as proposed, would stimulate and quicken the educational interest of the South, whose many earnest school men would realize their position and act accordingly.

"Is Hampton Institute a Government school?"

While receiving public aid for Indians it is not a Government school, but is directly dependent upon the people for the great part of its yearly expenses and for all building and outfit.

SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October)

Printed on the Normal School Steam Press by Negro and Indian students trained in the office.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, M. F. ARMSTRONG. } *Editors.*

REV. H. B. FRISSELL, *Chaplain.* MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MRS. ORRA LANGHORNE, MISS ALICE N. BACON, } *Regular Contributors.*

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The Southern Press. Both Sides.

The discussion excited by Mr. Cable's article still goes on, while many among the colored people are waiting in really pitiable anxiety for the changes which they believe are to follow close upon Cleveland's inauguration. Between the criticisms and denunciations of Mr. Cable in the white journals, and the expressions of fear and distrust in the colored, there is a connection which gives food for thought, and we propose in the following selections to set the one over against the other, leaving our readers to draw their own conclusions.

The *Freeman* and *People's Advocate* may be taken as representative colored papers, and the feeling to which they give expression shows itself, with more or less distinctness, in the utterances of all the colored editors in the South.

"A great display has of late been made in Northern newspapers over the "new South," its "marvellous rejuvenation," its "tremendous progress," and other such 'moonshine. True, the South is growing much in the development of its vast natural resources; it could not help doing so when we take into consideration its wonderful resources and the great labor force it is able to draw upon at wages which would starve a Northern laborer. But the South has grown but little in the knowledge of human rights. The poor whites and the blacks of the South are still regarded as "mudsills" and "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Equality before the law and at the ballot-box is still denied, taxation without representation is still practical; common schools are still regarded as luxuries which the white and black mudsills have no right to enjoy, since the doctrine is deeply rooted that "education spoils a good field hand" and the *upper tendom* should "not be taxed to educate the children of the poor"—who are yet the producers and consumers, without whose sturdy arms and capacious stomachs the South would soon, aye, very soon, relapse into a howling wilderness. * * * *

The party of their infancy turned the colored people adrift in 1876, and had colored men possessed the courage of their convictions they would have denounced the party then. But they held their mouths and their offices. They now speak up with surprising boldness and unanimity. Let them speak. It will do them good.

We remain where we have been for the past four years—we have no confidence in either party. When it comes to the scratch we are forced to take sides with the better of the two evils. We did this in the last election. When Blaine was defeated we immediately resumed our attitude of independent criticism Had Blaine been elected we should have pursued a like course.

We are pleased to see colored men take a bolder, more outspoken attitude. We hope the disposition to do so will increase. When we are struck we should yell and strike back. It does not matter who strikes us—let us strike back. In this way we show that we have feelings and can resent injustice."—*Freeman.*

"While it is well for us to speculate on the probable friendship of the leaders of the democratic party and to prepare for a 'new era, yet it may not be well for us to cry out too vociferously for democrats, lest, when they reach us, we may find ourselves woefully 'left' for our pains and ignored by our friends as the price of our infidelity and lack of judgment.

It is therefore advisable to make but little demonstration one way or the other, but to wait with patience the issue and prepare for the worst. This wholesale prattle and voluminous correspondence about what Mr. Cleveland's policy should be or will be, are altogether too 'previous' and indicate but little sagacity. This untimely ecstasy over a bare possibility, at best, but savors more of characteristic obsequiousness than of real manhood. We can well afford to wait and should a division of the colored vote be desirable, the democrats will do something substantial and satisfactory to indicate that desire. If the democrats do not desire the colored vote they will make it plain by no doubtful policy, and in such case, the colored voters should not be demoralized by a surrender of their manhood, but will buckle on their armor for a first class rough and tumble fight in 1888."—*People's Advocate.*

The bright side of the picture for both races is found in such facts as are here given;

The Chattanooga *Tradesman* says: "The present organization of Southern society makes it necessary that we educate our own mechanics or fall behind in the race of development. Skilled labor seldom migrates. It is conservative, and well paid, and acquires property wherever located, and remains there. It follows that the South must grow and educate a class of this kind or her industries will be of the erudest and most primitive kind."

The London *Times* has been sending a special correspondent through the Southern States to inquire into the actual condition of its material interests, more especially as regards manufactures, agriculture and industry. The result is in the highest degree gratifying. "Everywhere," says the *Times* writer, "the talk is of improvement; and with all the social and political difficulties under which this vast region is laboring, there can be no reasonable doubt that the improvement which is now being talked of will become more and more actual. If the South has no longer the monopoly of the world's cotton, it still has seventeen millions of acres under the crop, and it has natural advantages against which other countries will always find it difficult to contend. The very fact that industry is taking so many new directions is a proof that the social state of the country is rapidly improving."

"The message of Governor Jarvis of North Carolina, which was sent in yesterday, contained an interesting reference to a colored industrial association which has done much for the betterment of the race in that State, and which proposes to extend its influences for their improvement in other States.

In 1879 the colored people of North Carolina organized a State industrial association for the encouragement of thrift and industry among the colored people, especially in agricultural and mechanical pursuits.

Each year since its organization the association has held a State Fair, which, in the opinion of Governor Jarvis, has been very creditable to the association, a means of improvement among the colored people and beneficial to the State. The association, proposing to hold an exhibition which shall be open to the colored people of all the States, had asked the Governor to recommend an appropriation of $1,000 to aid them.

Governor Jarvis recommends that twice that sum be appropriated for the purpose, and says: 'I cheerfully bear testimony to the fact that the colored people of this State, with rare exceptions, have been orderly, law-abiding citizens during my term of office. * * * * I can see marked improvement among them in many ways, which is commendable in them and beneficial to the State. The relations existing between them and the white people are so kind and harmonious that we hardly realize that one-third of our population is of one race and two-thirds of another distinct race, and that a quarter of a century has not yet passed since the one-third was held in slavery by the other two-thirds. Governor Jarvis does not fail, it may be noted, to avail himself of an opportunity here presented to declare his belief that "the race problem can best be solved by those who have to meet, day after day, its different phases, and any interference by Congress or by those who are not affected by it is unwise and pernicious." *Baltimore American.*

The New Orleans exposition is likely to be productive of good in more ways than one, and the opportunity which it affords to colored people ought to act as a wholesome stimulus.

"Hon. B. K. Bruce, who is Chief Commissioner of the colored people's exhibit, recently said in Washington City that: "the Exposition is a splendid example of the industrial and aesthetic progress made by the negro race in this country since the war.

"Many eminent writers in different reviews have contended that the negro race has been at a standstill since the war, industrially and aesthetically. The most practical refutation of this statement is contained in the colored exhibit at New Orleans.

"It comprises every branch of commerce, industry and art. The colored people of Mississippi, Louisiana, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Virginia, New York and New Jersey have excelled themselves in their exhibits. Owing to the great difficulty in obtaining display cases, great numbers of these exhibits are not yet unpacked from the boxes.

"We have some 4000 feet reserved for our display and propose adding an art gallery for works of art by colored artists. A colored artist by the name of O'Tanner, of Philadelphia, has sent a large painting, which is valued at $4000, and which has been pronounced a genuine work of art by artist examiners.

"There is no color line, and that is a great feature of the Exposition. The colored people are treated like the whites, and there certainly can be no complaint that discrimination is shown."

The occasional bitterness of feeling among Southern whites, as shown with sufficient plainness by their reception of Mr. Cable's "views," is constantly and hopefully modified or counteracted by expressions of kindliness, and better still by practical evidence of their desire and intention to deal fairly with the colored race.

"The Morris Street School for colored children in Charleston, S. C., is the largest in the State, containing more than 1,400 pupils. It has a principal, vice-principal and twenty-four assistants, the latter being ladies, all white, and natives of Charleston. Altogether the school will compare favorably in progress and scholarship with any similar school of white children. Some excellent specimens of the pupils' proficiency in drawing and painting will be exhibited at the New Orleans Exposition."

"There doubtless are points where the South has failed in her duty to the negro, but no other people on earth, placed in our position, would have done better than we have done, or have addressed themselves to the solution of the problem more cordially and more earnestly.

We recognise fully that it is the great problem of the day. We realise that a mistake made now may prove irreparable and bring about fatal results. No graver mistake could be made than to set the public mind toward mixed assemblies in schools or railroads, or to inspire the negro with the thought that he should demand or expect it. The people of no section can have such vital interest in the just, equitable and harmonious adjustment of this race question as the people of the South. It means everything to them—every-day life, prosperity, peace, growth, and progress. They are meeting the issue without passion or prejudice, and with a full understanding of its tremendous import, and of the deep and unspeakable equities it holds. They realize fully both the most serious dangers that beset its solution come from fanatics on the one hand and from demagogues on the other. They believe further, that the great body of the American people—the fair, frank and level-headed folks of this republic—will decline to be misled by the one or misused by the other, but will leave the final settlement of the matter with the people upon whom this problem presses most closely, and whose civil and social existence depend upon its settlement in the largest sense of justice and common sense. There it can be left, the *Constitution* puts its word and its pledge on this assertion, with the fullest confidence that the honor of the republic will be maintained, and the problem worked out in such exact justice as the human mind can measure or human agencies administer."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"The good order throughout the South on the day of election was phenomenal. The white people (Democrats we mean) were ready for any emergency; but they respect the laws, and have a feeling of genuine kindness towards the Negroes. * * * * *

But to the credit of the white Democrats, and the black Republicans, the facts stands forth before the public that the election passed off in quiet and in good order. Nor was this rule broken by the exultant Democracy when assured of victory. Our people assembled in masses, burnt powder in salutes, cheered themselves hoarse, talked eagerly of the exciting details and threatened no violence. This is the record made by the South and it cannot be disputed. We have no disposition to make invidious comparisons; but our brethren to the North of us indulged in some amiable suggestions, as to pulling dewn houses and hanging a few obnoxious people. This they did not do; but we have no doubt the spirit manifested had a very good effect on the thieves who were organizing to steal the Presidency."—*Norfolk Landmark.*

"In the same issue of the *Standard* is an article of something over a column in response to our late editorial on the work of the Home Mission Society in the South. The writer warmly approves the *Herald's* view of the matter. With an extract from our editorial he begins: 'This extract, from an editorial in the *Religious Herald* of Jan. 15th, ought to be the key-note of a great movement on the part of Southern Baptists to solve the negro problem and put the colored race where it ought to be in the march of civilization. The negro is just what the South has made him. The spirit and bearing of the Chicago article can better be seen from the following paragraphs:

'No man who has given attention to the subject can fail to see that the negro question, politically and religiously, must be settled at the South and by the Southern people. There are a hundred things involved in the issue that cannot be reached from Boston or New York, and while the North has done well in spending large sums of money to benefit the colored people of the Southern States, the time has come when the South should take the matter into its own hands and deal with it as only the South can. If the blacks are to have a free ballot, the South must give it. If the negro is to be lifted to equality with the white race, the South must lift him. If the colored population of the States south of the Potomac are to have an educated ministry, the South must educate. The freedmen are at the South. They are employed by Southern men. They are surrounded by Southern politicians. It is drop-in-the bucket work to reach them from the North. Efforts to give the negro education or the ballot from the North must inevitably meet with more or less jealousy and suspicion. We are not far enough from the "bloody chasm" to expect it to be otherwise, and efforts made will fail, simply because they do not commend themselves to the judgment of those who hold power in the South. Southern politicians, irrespective of party, must give the negro the ballot; Southern Christians, irrespective of sect, must give him education and Christian nurture.

Suppose Societies should be formed in New Orleans and Mobile to evangelize New York and Chicago, great festering sores of moral corruption, we can see how tedious and slow would be the work, and how inexperienced and unnatural the movements of those societies would be. That Chicago and New York need to be evangelized we all know. But the people in Southern States cannot do it—cannot feed our poor, educate our children, shut up our grogshops, make clean our morals. No, we must do that ourselves. The cases may not be exactly parallel, but one may serve as an illustration of the other."

The condition of affairs in the South is peculiarly favorable for such a new departure as that now proposed. There has not been for twenty years a better feeling between the two races than exists at this present moment, and Southern whites never realized more than now that duty and self-interest alike demand that they attempt to do far more in this direction than they have heretofore undertaken. Returning prosperity will soon enable, us, we hope, to do for our colored brethren all that it may be in our hearts to do. * * * * There are some of us in this latitude, however, who propose to do more than we have ever done in helping our Northern brethren bear this burden; or at the other of sharing more equally with them this God-given privilege even at the risk of a 'misunderstanding of motives and acts."—*Religious Herald, Richmond.*

The *Southern Churchman* reprints from the *Spirit of Missions* a statistical account of the work done for the colored people of Virginia by the Episcopal Church, from which we take some interesting figures.

"*Population. White and Colored, of the State and Counties where Colored work is being carried on by our Church.*:—

State of Virginia—White, 880,000; Colored, 631,616; Chinese, 6; Indians, 85; Total, 1,511,707.

	White.	Colored.
Petersburg City	9,950	11,701
Dinwiddie Co.....	14,438	18,428
Richmond City ...	35,765	27,832
Manchester City ...	3,757	1,972
Norfolk City	11,898	10,068
Alexandria City....	8,279	5,385
Brunswick Co.....	6,022	10,608
Charlotte Co.....	5,704	10,499
Halifax County..	13,293	20,259
Lunenburg "	4,611	6,924
Mecklenburg "	8,222	16,388
Orange "	6,210	6,842
Powhatan "	2,726	5,091
Wythe " ...	11,464	2,850
Bedford " ...	18,528	12,677
Bath " ...	3,521	961

Other interesting facts about the colored people.

In the State of Virginia:—

Insane, White, 1,719; Colored, 692.

Paupers—In Alms House, White, 1,090; Colored, 1,027;

Idiotic, White, 1,839; Colored, 955.

Prisoners, White, 350; Colored, 1,204.

SOUTHERN SKETCHES.

BY MRS. ORRA LANGHORNE.

A Life for a Life.

It is now nearly two years since a sensible looking young German, who had recently landed in a northern port, came to my husband to rent some land for a market garden. A contract was soon made and "the Dutchman," as he is called in the neighborhood, was, in a few days, in possession of about an acre and a half of land, part of which lies low and has one or two little springs upon it. The land had been at one time well set in grass, but the wild onion, which is a terrible pest to farmers in this district, was making inroads upon the meadow, which had been a pleasure to look at, and we were glad to have the sod broken, and the land put in cultivation.

Our "Dutchman" has proved very steady and industrious, and has made a very good reputation in the community. His vegetables are as good or better than any brought to the city market, and his beautiful celery, fine cabbage, crisp lettuce, and excellent tomatoes, are in great demand. He has used fertilizers to a degree never heard of before in this region, and in utter contempt of the shallow plowing, common among farmers here, spades his whole garden, thoroughly pulverizing the soil. Only in the busiest seasons does he hire any additional labor, except the colored woman who sells his wares. When he has, with her aid, prepared the vegetables for the market, she puts a basket containing a mule's load on her head, and taking another in her hand, composedly walks off in search of customers.

It has sometimes amused us very much to see a row of Virginians, black and white, leaning on the fence and watching "the Dutchman" with astonishment, as he scatters fertilizers a foot deep on the surface of his land, and then works it in as far as he can push his spade. Had he adopted their methods he would have *sprinkled* manure on the ground and scratched it in with a little plow. They are often very liberal in their advice and suggestions to him, to which he pays very little attention.

Like most new-comers, he has made some mistakes, and had some difficulties to contend with, from not being acquainted with the climate, the customs of the country, etc.

One of his most serious troubles the first year, came from a crop of boils, at one time the most flourishing crop he had, which caused him great suffering and much loss of time.

Although we sympathized greatly with him, it was sometimes difficult to repress a smile, when "the Dutchman" would come to us, with a most woe-begone expression on his intelligent face, exclaiming "another boil! It coomes! It coomes! My garden, *whole* the garden, will be ruined. Again I cannot work!"

Everybody had some remedy to suggest, and the unlucky "Dutchman" tried poultices and potions in great variety, with very little effect, until at length, in much scorn of American medical science, he wrote to his father in Germany, describing his affliction and asking him to procure from "the old doctor" some powders to cure it. The powders were duly sent and immediately produced wonderful results upon the patient. His health and spirits rapidly improved, and when asked about the progress of the last boil he had reported as on the way, he replied joyfully, "Oh, it coomes not at all, the old doctor has cured it."

While moping about unable to work, our gardener tenant told us many interesting things about his native land, and the manners of his people. In one of his talking fits he gave us an account of the "old doctor" whose medicines had such effect on him, and of whom he always speaks with the utmost reverence. This old physician, who lives in the German city from which our gardener came, was in his youth a prosperous farmer of the district. He had naturally very quick temper, which he made little effort to control. His little farm, which was well cultivated and very productive, was worked chiefly by the peasant women of the neighborhood, under the vigilant eye of the master. One memorable day a young girl among these workers went so slowly about her tasks, that her employer spoke roughly to her, bidding her make more speed, and using very rough language in regard to her tardy movements. The girl answered in pert defiance, which so enraged the farmer, a large and powerful man, that he seized some implement close at hand, and dealt the hapless maiden a savage blow, which laid her dead at his feet.

The young man was overcome with horror and remorse at the fearful result of his passion, and at once gave himself up to the authorities. At the time he would make no effort in defence, and was promptly sentenced to ten years imprisonment.

In the long, weary years that followed, the unhappy man, who had brought such terrible grief upon himself and others by one rash act, occupied himself diligently in studying medical books, and, when his term of imprisonment ended, sought employment in the city hospital. He soon distinguished himself in his profession, and gradually extended his practice in his native town. He devoted himself as much as possible to the treatment of women, and sought in every way in his power, to alleviate the sufferings and trials of the class, upon one individual of which his fierce anger had brought destruction.

In a few years his reputation had become so great that he received two flattering offers to remove to larger cities. The physician has, however steadily and firmly resisted every inducement to leave his birthplace, considering himself bound by his self-imposed penance to perform his life work on the spot where his crime was committed. As time went on, his practice became immense, and patients have come to him from far and wide. He opened drug stores in order to have his prescriptions compounded under his own eye, and established infirmaries for the reception of his patients. In all possible cases he employs women to do his work. He is now very old, very rich and very famous, but always very gentle, even humble, in his manner. Ever bearing the burden of his crime—ever haunted by the shadow of the young creature whose blood is upon his hand, surrounded by young women who live bountifully under his watchful care, ministering always to suffering and sorrowful women, he lives his life of expiation, and is beloved and revered among the people who once regarded and shrank from him as a malefactor—a murderer.

I am very sorry to say that in referring to the dreadful deed, which had cast such gloom over the physician's life, "our Dutchman" seemed to think it a matter of very small importance, a mere flaw in the crystal, and evidently believes that such a man as this adorable "old doctor" should be allowed to knock a peasant girl on the head whenever he chooses.

"The Freedman's Case in Equity."

Mr. Cable's article in the January *Century* expresses, I believe, in most respects, the opinion of many of the best people of the South, editors of Southern papers to the contrary notwithstanding. In one particular it is a surprise to me, as it alludes to the exclusion of colored people from railway cars and jury boxes.

I can not speak for the whole State, but in this district and the Valley there has been no difficulty on those points for several years.

The indictment of the State Judges in the United States Court during Judge Rivers's term, and the decided stand taken by that faithful friend of the black man settled the jury question fully. In every term of the courts of the city of Lynchburg and county of Campbell, colored as well as white jurors are summoned, and no opposition is now made to the practice.

For a much longer time, colored people have ridden in first class cars on the B. & O. road, and I have often noticed them on the trains of the Virginia Midland Road. Virginia is nearer to the great centres than her sister states of the South, and the constant intercourse between her people and citizens of the North and West have doubtless placed her ahead of other southern communities in this as in many other respects.

In the Lynchburg Post Office there are a number of colored clerks and mail carriers, who are generally satisfactory to the people now, though there was at first much opposition to their appointment.

Soon after Cleveland's election was decided, I heard a particularly bitter Democrat remark that he should like to see every man appointed under Mahone's administration of state patronage, promptly turned out of office, with one exception, and that was the colored mail carrier on the same street in which he lived. The gentleman added, with much feeling, that he had known the carrier from childhood, he had always been a steady and well behaved person, and since his appointment in the postal service had been so obliging, so polite and agreeable every way, that if there were other changes made in the Post Office, the people on that route would petition for the retention of their carrier.

On this question of race privileges, the Southern people are nothing if not inconsistent. In regard to every step in progress made by the black man from slavery to citizenship, the white people invariably declare that such shall not be, and they will "*never, never never* submit to *them*." The step is taken, however, the white opponents soon become accustomed to the change and wonder that it was ever otherwise; in a little while they forget their opposition and prefer them as they are. While much still remains to be done to give the colored people the full advantages enjoyed by their white compatriots, so much has already been done and is now doing, that the friends of the black man have every reason to look with hope to the future.

To realize what he has done for himself and what has been done for him, it is necessary to go back twenty years, and look at the freed slave as he crossed the threshhold of his new life, "without a local habitation and a name." This matter of the name was no inconsiderable point in the case. There had been no legal marriage possible for the slave, and he had no right to any but his Christian or "given" name. It remained for them to choose a name, and in most cases they naturally took that of the master. Now this question is all settled, and the Negro child is known by the name of his parents as universally as the white children by theirs. Surely He "who setteth the solitary in families" has helped the Africans in America, who now own thousands of comfortable homes, as He did the chosen people of old, when they went forth "with their kneading trays bound up in their clothes upon their shoulders."

All things considered, the colored people have done wonders in the acquisition of property, and there seems reason to believe that they will in time be, to a very great extent, holders of real estate, that kind of property being suited to and sought by them.

They are fast gaining a strong position in the trades and can afford to keep up their habit of underbidding the white contractor, as long as the custom of simple living, learned in slavery, enables them to support their families and save money, where he would starve.

A poor widow lady near me wished, some months ago, to build a little cottage as a home for her children, with the small remains of what had once been an ample fortune. The contract was submitted to both white and colored builders, and was finally given to a white man, known to be a first-class workman, who agreed to do the job at the bid made by a Negro carpenter fast becoming one of the leading contractors of the city. "I had to take the job at a nigger's bid," said the white man, indignantly; but the work was well done and the widow got the benefit of the competition, which, on the whole, is for the good of the community.

The history of the African in our land, both in bondage and in the struggle for civil rights, presents a constant analogy to that of the Hebrew race. It is within the memory of people now living, that the first effort was made in the British Parliament to enable a Hebrew to hold office in the land where his race had dwelt for centuries. The opponents of the Jews said wrathfully, "Why, if this infamous bill should pass, the time might come when a Jew would hang a Christian!" "A strange sort of Christian he would be," retorted the Jewish advocate, "to deserve hanging."

In our day, the Israelites suffer no disabilities under English rule, and the Premier of Great Britain a few years since was the accomplished scholar and statesman, Benjamin Disraeli. Colored men have already filled high offices with honor in our country, and with better opportunities which come to them year by year, there is everything to encourage the race in our land.

The world goes on faster in this telegraphic age than it did in the days of slow travel; and there is little reason to doubt that the child of the slave will enjoy the full privilege of citizenship in the Republic. It is matter for rejoicing that this strong and able statement of the "Freedman's Case in Equity" comes from one of the old slave-holding class. It has far more influence coming from that source than if it had come from one of the old abolitionists.

In reading it, I am reminded of one of Charles Dickens', fine utterances: "To be able to say what others only think, is what makes men poets and philosophers; to DARE say what others only think, is what makes men heroes and martyrs."

I do not know how it is to be accomplished, but it seems to me that there ought to be some way discovered or made, by which the Negro should enjoy the same privileges in every part of our country which he enjoys in some parts thereof. Perhaps this can only be done by the gradual changes of public sentiment in the various states, but it is clear that the sooner it is done the better for all parties. "Unsettled questions have no pity for the repose of nations."

O. L.

An Indian Camp in Virginia.

There are a great many old people in Virginia who can remember a time when there were many Indians in this and adjoining states, and many stories are still told at the fireside, of those days.

When I first came to Lynchburg, good old Doctor Owen, then a very old man, was living, and I have heard him tell a great deal about the Indians he had seen in his youth. He pointed out to me the place on the river bank, now the site of a large flour mill, where the Indians used to camp when on their annual visit to the Great Father at Washington. These visits gave the householders of the town, then only a struggling village, no little concern, for it was impossible to keep the boys of the town from going to the Indian camp. Once there were some sick people among the Indians; the white boys visited the camp secretly, and in a few days their secret was betrayed by two or three of the party being taken ill with a disease which proved to be small-pox. It was the first time the dread disease had appeared in the community, and great was the consternation in town and country. After this, more stringent orders were given the boys, and they were more closely watched; but the Indian camp had irresistible attractions for the urchins of the village, who longed to share the wild life of the wanderers. This desire was so strong in the breast of one youngster that he managed to elude the watchful eyes of his parents, and when the Indians departed the white boy also disappeared. This family were in much distress, and a party from the town followed the Indians and made every effort to find him without avail. The Indians vowed they knew nothing of the child, but it was believed that their party had divided after leaving Lynchburg, and those in charge of the boy had either retraced their steps or gone towards the West. Every possible effort was made by the unhappy parents to recover their lost child, but utterly without result.

Ten or twelve years afterwards, when all hope of seeing their child again had been abandoned by the bereaved parents, they were startled by hearing a report that some Indians were at the old camp ground, having with them a young white man, who said he had left this country when a child. The father was still living and hastened to the camp to see if it were possible that his son could be thus restored to him. It proved to be the wanderer returned; but he was forever lost to his home and friends, and civilized life. The young man told a strange story to his sorrowful father. He had become fascinated with the Indian life while visiting the camp, and entreated the red men to let him join their tribe. A chief had taken a great fancy to the boy, and in opposition to the advice of all the other members of the party, who knew the trouble likely to result from carrying away a white child, he agreed to adopt the boy as his own. He hastily prepared for a lonely journey into the wilderness, and taking the boy with him, left the camp and travelled day and night, until he felt safe from pursuit. After the rest of the tribe had returned from the visit to the Great Father, the chief and his adopted son joined them at an appointed rendezvous. The boy had adopted the Indian dress and language and been trained to be a most expert hunter by his adopted father, who had always shown devoted affection for him.

The old chief made no effort to influence the young man, when his real father implored him to leave his wild life and return to his home and friends. The youth however, was immovable in his determination. His father offered every inducement in his power to recover his lost child, and showed him a valuable farm belonging to him, which he promised to give him at once, if he would leave the Indians, and return to civilized life.

The young man listened with scorn to the proposal, and replied, "You offer me a field or two in which I should be cramped and miserable;" then turning to the old chief, who calmly waited his decision, he exclaimed, extending his right arm proudly, "This is my father, and see what he'll give me—the whole country is his to fish and hunt over; and he will give me a boundless dominion! My heart is with him, and the tribe which has adopted me, and I will live and die with them! I should perish in your narrow bounds, and crave nothing that you can give!" When the Indians went on their way, the sorrowing family were forced to bid adieu to their boy, and they saw him no more, as the tribe was soon after removed to one of the reservations in the West.

O. L.

SILHOUETTES.

BY ALICE M. BACON.

Some of our Neighbors.

Life on the Hampton school grounds has its own charm and its own picturesqueness, but we must not forget that the colored people as we see them and enjoy them in the school are not by any means the South, only a sample of that part of the South which is looking to the future. Outside of the school lie the cabins of many of those whose lives have a long stretch backward through the troubled past, who are looking, not forward to the future but back at the many and great events which have swept over this fair country during the last half century. We, on the school ground, with our lives and thoughts absorbed in the work that the school is trying to do, do not really know what contrasting pictures may be obtained in a walk of a few steps from our own gates. Our neighbors along the shores and in the lanes, living in their little tumble down huts and earning, by hard labor with hands grown withered and shapeless from many years of toil, the barest pittance that will support life, may excite our interest if we go out for a little while to visit them and see what manner of life theirs is and has been.

From my window as I write, I look out on a cluster of cabins, some whitewashed, others aspiring to no such dignity, content if they can hold together their worm-eaten boards and patches of tin and shingles, but all occupied by at least one family. They are not conspicuous objects in the landscape; if my attention had not been called to them, I do not know that I should have noticed them at all, they hide so meekly under the trees and behind the more pretentious houses that border the road; but there they are, and once noticed and visited, they cannot be forgotten. Let us go down from our lofty eminence in the third story of this great brick building and look a little more closely at the lives that lie hidden among that little cluster of huts. As we come nearer to the place, we can see more plainly the smallness and meanness of the buildings. The prevailing style of architecture is like that employed by some shiftless farmers in New England in the building of hen coops. Let us stop at this one and see if any human being really lives here. In the little yard, fenced about by a picket fence, in which the pickets seem to be made of drift wood picked up along the shore, so various are they in size and shape, stands a structure of weather-beaten, worm-eaten unmatched boards. The cabin is longer and lower than most that we have passed, the roof is patched with pieces of tarred paper; in one place some of the boards have rotted away and the tarred paper sinks in, forming a crater or cup into which the rain may conveniently drain and stand. Two geese penned up in the yard and a large hound chained to a barrel, give warning of our approach. With some fear lest the house may fall on our heads, we enter the gate, march boldly up to the door and knock. An aged Negress, her snow white hair just showing under the edge of her black turban and relieving the otherwise perfect sombreness of her face and attire, opens the creaking door and invites us to enter. "Good morning, Aunt Urania how's your husband?" "Oh he's gone, Miss" is the answer, in a quiet, cheerful, matter of fact tone which would lead the uninitiated to believe that he had stepped over to Hampton on an errand, but which is intended to reveal the fact that Uncle Saul has departed this life. Within the cabin is more of comfort than the outside would lead one to expect. A tolerably good sized-room is revealed, containing a table, a number of chairs, and a safe or cupboard for provisions. A ladder at one end of the room leads to the loft which is occupied, as we afterwards learn, by another family. At the other end is a great open fire place, and on the hearth is cheerily blazing a wood fire, with a kettle standing on the back log. By the fire sits an old colored woman working at some coarse sewing, and a small, solemn, elderly child sits meditatively on a little wooden box beside her. Not once during all our call does the child move from his seat. He only looks at us with his big solemn eyes, and doubtless thinks his own thoughts about the strange ladies who ask so many foolish questions.

"Aunt Urania, do you remember about when the honey-dew fell?"

Yes Miss, I 'member it some, but she'll tell you all about it" pointing to the old woman by the fire. "She," thus appealed to, looks up from her work and takes upon herself the duty of entertaining the visitors, Aunt Urania standing and looking on with evident delight.

"Yes Miss, I 'member all 'bout de honey-dew. It was all ober de grass and trees. I put my han' down on de grass, so, and lick it and it tase' jes like honey."

"Did it look like honey, auntie? we ask, curious as to what manner of phenomenon this was.

"Well, you know Miss, how de honey look when it jes come out'n de comb, kind o' white and cloudy like? It look like dat and it tas' sweet, jes like honey. People make a great 'miration about it and dey all say dat somp'n gwine happen. De sun was all blue too, and you put you han out and it all blue and de grass and de trees and all was all blue."

"Well did anything happen, Auntie?"

"Noffin happen Miss, cep what happen to us all. De war come and we all free and de colored people tink som'p'n done happen den."

"Do you remember the war auntie? Were you a grown woman then?"

"Law, yes, honey, I was grown up and had children way back in de ole British war.

"Why auntie, are you as old as that? are you sure you remember the war of 1812?"

"Yes Miss, my young Missis, she say dat if I live till February I'll be a hundred years old. She say I hear my age wonderful well, but I'll be all of a hundred years ole if I live to February." This with an air of triumph and of resolute intention to live until February. She did not know that it was February, nor did we enlighten her for fear lest having attained that end she might see no reason for continuing to live.

"Were you in Hampton when the war was here?" we ask, hoping to get some historic reminiscences.

"No Miss, I was up in York County. I was workin' for Dr. Powell. He lih in York County. You see it was dis-away. My Mas'r he was owin' dis Dr. Powell money and he hadn't no money to gib him so he ask me, he say "Narcissa, you go up to York County and work for Dr. Powell and den when de debt all worked out I gib yo' yor' time for de res' of yo' life.. I went and I worked out de debt and den my ole mas'r gib me my time and I free, and den de war come and we all kep' gittin' freer and freer. I was up dar in York County endurin' de war. De union soldiers dey come dar one time; dey was all in de fiel's and dey was thicker'n dat!" and she held both long black hands with the fingers close together to show us how the Union soldiers swarmed over the face of the country.

"Dey was rebel soldiers dar too, and dey had a fight in de woods and, bless, yo' soul honey, ef dey didn't bring out o'de woods more 'in two wagon loads of capses when de fight was over. Dey brung men out pile up on de wagons and de blood was drippin' down like water from de wagon. I see 'um when dey come out and it give me de mos' onmercifullest headache. I went home and my head ached all day terrible, it did so."

"What became of Dr. Powell when the Union soldiers came? Did he run away."

"Oh, no Miss, he stay right dar"

"Was he a Union man?"

"No, honey, he wa'n't a Union man at de fus' but de soldiers make him one. Dey didn't hurt him but dey jes took and lock him up in he own house and he jes hatten stay dar. He took on a good deal; he say it pear mighty hard dat he locked up in he own house and he asked us were we sorry for him. We say 'we sorry for you mas'r, but we can't do nuffin 'bout it." And there was a triumphant ring in the old cracked voice as if Dr. Powell's imprisonment had struck them all as a species of poetic justice.

"Didn't you go away when Dr. Powell was shut up?"

"No, Miss, we didn't none on us go away, we jes stayed dar to see what gwine ter happen, and we stay dar till de war was over. Jes after Richmond was taken my ole man, he die, and den I come down yer."

"And how do you manage to get along now?"

"Oh we has pretty poor pickin sometimes, but we tries to do what work we kin. Sometimes when I feels right smart, I goes over to de Missionary and picks up papers and things aroun for to sell for to get us a penny to buy sum'p'n to eat. 'N den I works for de neighbors in de lane and we does a little here and a little dar and we manages to keep out o' de po' house."

But if we spend so much time with these old ladies we shall not be able to visit any of the rest of our neighbors to-day, so with a "good morning", we depart, leaving the solemn child and the old woman still sitting by the fire, and escorted as far as the gate by aunt Urania, who complains as we depart that she has a "tremblin rheumatiz" in her leg and "some kind o' sinners under her knee."

On we walk down the lane in the warm February sunshine, the children swarm about the cabin doors and smile at us as we pass. The turbaned old women boh their heads, and the yelping, snapping curs give an uproarious greeting to our aristocratic Bruce, every drop of whose blood can he traced back through generations of Scotch collie ancestors. Bruce dances ahead, his sleek black coat shining, his feathery tail waving, calmly indifferent to the impudent little beasts that fly out at him, or turns sometimes his loving brown eyes toward his mistress, with a look that says more plainly than words could, what a deep and whole-souled affection he cherishes toward that fortunate woman. Now we have reached the end of the lane and find ourselves once more on the borders of Hampton Creek. We are through with the Negro cabins, and along the shore stand the cottages of white people, unpretentious enough, it is true, but still, easily distinguished from the hovels that we have just been passing. An oyster-house here and there standing on the shore and at high tide in the water, shows the principal industry of those who live on the shore. Oyster buying and selling, shucking and gathering, is the business of the dwellers on Hampton Creek.

We stop at a little house with a neat picket fence running across the yard toward the water. Two puppies come running down to meet Bruce, who smiles benevolently upon them. A man in a half military costume, with a halting gait that suggests a disabled soldier, comes down the walk and asks us to come in. We have not time to stop now, but pause to speak a few moments and to inquire after Mrs. C. who has been suffering from one of those severe colds which are epidemic at this season She is better, able to sit up, would be glad to see us, her husband says, but to-day we cannot wait. We have only time to notice the thrifty young fruit trees with which the little door yard is planted, the evidences of care in the rose bushes and flower beds and to pass on to the next house, where a handsome black-eyed, gray-haired woman lives with her married daughter. That they are poor and proud, one glance around the room shows. Proud and independent but willing to do whatever they may honestly do to earn a living. Upon inquiry in regard to whether she will take a little sewing to do for one of the ladies Mrs. X, professes herself able to make anything, "from a sail to a satin dress." We stop and talk a little while, for Mrs. X's clear bright eyes and handsome aquiline nose, her erect carriage and queenly demeanor, have a charm that it is hard to resist. Her clothing may be poor but her house is as neat as a new pin and her daughter's little boy and the baby in the cradle are pictures of rosy, sturdy childhlife. Unless our instincts are altogether untrustworthy that woman has somewhere in her veins the blood of some of the F. F. V's. We do not in the present stage of our acquaintance feel justified in making many inquiries of her, so we go away after a pleasant call in no way wiser about her ancestry than we were when we went in.

We make one more stop before we go to the school, at a large two story wooden house, where live Uncle Tom and his wife, who is known to all the world of Hampton as Sister Lou.

Uncle Tom is a small, round, white haired, shrewd looking man, with an air either of preternatural wisdom or simplicity, it is hard to determine which. He is a character and he knows it, and he rather expects other people to know it. We are ushered into the house, through a dining room neat as wax, into a parlor where everything looks as if it had just this moment been polished off with a duster, so spotless and shining are carpet, furniture and walls. Uncle Tom, arrayed in the cleanest of blue checked shirts, and Sister Lou, looking as if she had just stepped out of a band-box, come in to entertain us. Uncle Tom suspects that we have come to pump him, and he is not inclined to commit himself upon any matter of importance. Inquiry into the history of his life carries us no farther back than to the war time. The explanation of this fact, given in Uncle Tom's own words, is rather a novel one.

"Yo' see Miss, endurin er de war, I had so much to do and I was havin' so much expe'unce dat I kin'er didn't pay no tention to my membunces. "De time jes kin'er got away wid me."

"Uncle Tom, how did you come to leave the school? You used to cook there when I was there long ago?"

"Well Miss, 'twas dis away. I had jes been tryin for nigh about fifteen years to see how much one man could stan'. I had been cookin at de Fort and at Newport News for de soldiers all through de war and den I went into de school and I cook dar a long time and I says to myself all de time, 'I'm jes tryin' to see what one man kin stan'. An I nebber slep a wink day nor night, all dose years, an at las I begun ler to get kin of po'ly and I had some business I wanted to tend to befor I was ready to leave so I thought I'd go way from de school and stay here a while till I was ready to leave."

At this juncture a giggle from Sister Lou's corner, somewhat takes away from the feeling of awe with which I am listening to Uncle Tom's tale, but the countenance of the old man never relaxes a muscle, Sister Lou's frivolity is nothing to him.

"Uncle Tom, what do you think about the election?"

"I think it's gwine to be all right."

"Do you think the colored people about here feel satisfied? They say that farther South they were a good deal frightened at the idea of the Democrats coming into power again?"

Uncle Tom assumes a look of importance, as if he were about to disclose a great mystery.

"My idea about de matter is dis. De colored people is so busy scratchin' roun after some bread and some meat dat dey don't nebber hab no time for to think about nuffin else and so when dey does look up and think bout sum'p'n else dey gets scared mighty easy. De colored people was scared 'cause dey know dat dey haint got but one side to hol' on to."

"What side is that, Uncle Tom?" for the oracle has stopped and is waiting to see the effect of his words.

"Dat's de Norf. De colored people oughter know dat dey frien's is at de Norf."

"But don't you think that the Southern white people are friends of the colored people too."

"Well Miss, its dis a way. Colored man go into store, white man say to him. 'Here, uncle, here's sum'p'n for you' and den colored man ready to go to de een er de row wid dat man and de colored man don't know dat his bes't frien's at de Norf. Yo' can't draw line right fru de people here. De colored people an' de white people dey gotter come up tergedder Now 'bout dat school. I didn't do dat work at de school jes for money. I did it some for de expe'unce, an' I see dat de colored people need help an' so I thought, I'd been cookin' fer white folks all de time, I'd cook fer de colored people now. An' dey's a comin up now an' de white folks comin wid dem and dey's gotter be lifted up tergedder."

With which oracular utterance we must depart, for the great school bell is ringing for dinner and our explorations have made us hungry. Only a few of our neighbors have we had time to visit to-day, but though we have been all the time under the shadow of the school buildings we have seen some sights and heard some things which could only be seen and heard off from that enchanted ground where Northern wealth, charity, and energy have raised an institution, in the South but not of it and destined to play an important part in the elevating and improvement of one of those two races whose destinies are so closely and indivisibly blended that shrewd old Uncle Tom sees that if they rise they must rise together.

A Curiosity in Literature.

The following letter and bill need but a word of explanation. They do not show the work that the Hampton School is doing, but show one of the jobs that have to be, sometimes, given up and left undone. The letter comes from a former student who was dropped from the school as hopeless in scholarship, but who has gone into politics and if his own efforts will carry him there, will soon reach the presidency:

JAN. 14 the——1885.

——, *2 Streets, No 14.) suth.*

My Dear Jen A.—I will Drop you a fue line. I never intene to stopp untill I reach the hyis pole of sezezerpezation, and still go on to learn my Books. Peces and good will to each and evone. I will call hy in a fue monts. I will sende you sume off my bills. I compose and write myself, and all ready specbleum, good by.

MOSES N. STARR.

The bill mentioned is the following appeal to all good citizens. The play upon words, following his name, seems to me rather the strong point of the bill:

AMELIA CO.—— 1885.

A man without an object in this Country is like a ship without a sail. I have an object and will make all the people leap for joy.

AMELIA Co., AND NOTTOWAY Co., VA.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS: —

I now will offer this bill with candor I hope every man will go to work to carry the governor and me and vote the Republican ticket without a scratch. I have asked God for this time, fifteen years ago, and I believe God called me to do this work for the people. I am the man of the people and will feel the people's interest.

MOSES N. STARR.

[AROUND MY NAME THE PEOPLE SHALL HAVE LIGHT.]

Letters From Hampton Graduates.

SECOND BEARING FROM CHRISTMAS TREES. FROM A SCHOOL TO A SCHOOL. SHARING THE GIFTS WITH THE POORER. "HOW I CONDUCTED THE EXERCISES." LETTERS FROM THE LITTLE ONES. "PLEASE SEND US A CHRISTMAS LETTER." A TRYING CASE.

SECOND BEARING FROM CHRISTMAS TREES.

Christmas trees bear two crops of fruit; one for the receivers and one for the givers. Here are samples of the second bearing, still coming in, from the trees planted at Christmas time in some of the little country school houses of the South by kind friends who, whether big or little, we venture to say, find their share of the fruit of their doings sweet to the taste.

——— Va. Jan. 10th, 1885.

DEAR MISS———,

When I opened school in Oct., I wrote you a short letter, but could say very little about my work so early in the term.

My number has been gradually increasing till now. I begin the New Year with an enrollment of 51. This term I have more boys than girls; never before has this been the case, but the girls are older and more advanced.

Before closing for holidays I had a Christmas Tree for my pupils. They furnished candies and cornucopias; the presents, which consisted of pretty, gayly dressed dolls for little girls, cambric work-bags each containing a thimble, spool of cotton and needle case and needles, for large girls, with books, dresses, shoes, hats, jackets and many other very useful articles of dress, were made and sent by some kind ladies in Saugatuck Conn., through Miss Mary Atkinson, a former teacher of mine at Hampton. They can not realize how much they added to the comfort as well as happiness of these little children. I left them rejoicing over their presents, and found them still talking of them.

A few of the children had suitable recitations for the Christmas Tree It was the first they had ever seen, and their eyes did not tire of the beautiful sights.

I shall start a sewing class in my school soon. The bags will be used then. The girls are anxious to start about the sewing.

I spent a few days at Hampton during the holidays, and found some scripture texts Mrs. Dixon left for me. I have tacked them up, and they improve the room very much.

My school term will be extended, but I don't know yet how many months. I hasn't begun my Sabbath School yet, but now I have some books sent me in our Christmas barrel, I shall begin as soon as I can.

We still have our Teacher's Association which meets monthly. Mr. B——is the only Hampton graduate, beside myself, in the county. These monthly meetings are pleasant as well as beneficial. We invite the parents that they may see what we are trying to do for their children. The Supt. is invited but doesn't attend.

Wishing you a "Happy New Year,"

Your friend,

D.

FROM A SCHOOL TO A SCHOOL.

A Northern school which sent a Merry Christmas to a needy one in the South, heard thus from it.

———Station, Va., *Jan. 3rd, '85.*

Dear Friends:

For the kindly feeling which prompted you to send my pupils a Christmas box when you had so much to think of, I thank you exceedingly. The barrels and boxes were duly received.

As there were two other teachers near me who were going to have their Christmas trees the same day as my own, we concluded to have them together. The trees were beautifully arranged in a large church near the altar. The older boys and girls willingly helped dress the tree and by the time we had finished, the house was crowded with people. The exercises began about five o'clock P. M. The programme consisted principally of speaking and singing. After this a few words were spoken by some of the teachers. Then came the presentation of the presents. It would be impossible for me to tell you how great was the joy of each girl as she received her neatly dressed doll, the lovely work bag, dress, apron, or collar; and of every boy on the reception of his knife, cravat, slate, or game, and candy.

SHARING THEIR GIFTS WITH THE POORER.

But this school wanted a share in the second bearing of Christmas tree fruit too, and received it doubtless, for "He said—It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The things left after giving each child a present, were distributed among the very poor people whose actions proved that they were equally proud as my little ones.

I have been working hard to furnish my school with slates and the regular text books.

You can imagine my joy when I received the slates from your school. For the writing materials, pincushions and various other gifts, given me by you and your friends, I have thanked you in my heart times without number. The maps especially do I feel grateful for. I had neither maps nor charts of any kind in my school-room.

I am gratefully yours,

M.

HOW I CONDUCTED THE EXERCISES.

To another generous school and its teacher, a grateful teacher writes.

South———Va., *Jan. 10th, 1885.*

Dear Friends:

The whole of my school and the parents of my children send their hearty thanks to you all. I also thank you all very much for your very great kindness and hope that the blessings of God may be with you.

That being the first Christmas tree I ever had charge of, I did just as you wrote me, and was very successful indeed. I conducted the exercises almost as I do the Sunday School. Commenced by reading the Ten Commandments together, then singing and prayer, afterwards a short address by myself, "Why we should keep Christmas and what it really means." The children had very nice pieces on Christmas, etc., which were very nicely delivered.

Some of my children in a very short way have written some account of their Christmas tree. These scholars have had a very poor chance to improve themselves. My work keeps me very busy all the time. I have 88 scholars and they are crowded in a very small room; quite a large number for one person to teach.

Yours very truly,

B.

LETTERS FROM THE LITTLE ONES.

A few of these little "short letters," or short extracts from them, are as follows:

South ———, Va., *Jan. 10th, 1885.*

My Dear Friends;

Our Christmas tree was very beautiful indeed and I write to tell you about what a splendid time we had. I received a beautiful picture book and a great deal of things, and my little book had in it some very pretty pictures and reading also. I hope you enjoyed yourself Christmas as well as I did at the Christmes Tree. I can not keep from thinking of you when I read my little book; when I received my book I was *as happy as a boy when he knows his lesson.* I thank you very much for sending us such nice presents.

This is all I have to say. From your Friend,

LAURA DILLARD.

My Dear Friends:

It is with no small degree of pleasure, that I write you thanking you for the kindness which you have shown by sending us such nice presents. Oh! I wish you could have heard our speaking and singing, and enjoying our Christmas tree. I received for my present a cup and a saucer, on it a good girl, and I must say that it was the grandest time I have ever experienced at a Christmas tree. The Christmas Tree was a green holly, and on it were red berries which made it look just grand. Now I wish you a happy New Year.

Yours truly,

LUCY C. BOONE.

My Dear Friends:

The Christmas tree was so beautiful you could not help looking at it. Oh! I had such a pleasant time. I wish you had been with us. I got two very nice presents, a little story book and a mug. I thank you very much for sending us such nice presents. I hope that there will be a time when I shall have the pleasure of doing such a kindness for you. Now I hope you a happy new year.

From yours truly,

SUSANNA LAWRENCE.

My Dear Friends:

Oh! we did have such a lovely time, it has been better enjoyed than it can be expressed, for all of our schoolmates were there and parents, and many of our friends, and then a beautiful Christmas tree in the midst of the congregation, loaded with beautiful presents, and our teacher under the tree, so you know that we were happy.

Dear friends, I am very thankful to you for your kindness to us; we may never have the pleasure of doing anything for you, but will ever be grateful to you for your kindness to us.

I remain yours truly,

MARTHA L. MELTON.

A TRYING CASE.

We do not often use this page for direct appeals, and the following one was made to a friend and not to the public. We present it however, knowing the writer as one of our good and faithful workers, and thinking that some of Hampton's friends may rejoice to help in what is to him a peculiarly trying emergency. We shall be glad to send his address to such, or to forward to him their cup of "cold water."

——— *Jan. 31st, 1885.*

Miss C.

Dear Friend:

Months have elapsed since I have written to you. I have had nothing new to write. My condition is the same, the burdens of life are just as heavy, and such things I know do not particularly interest my friends. The last time I wrote to you, my story was a sad one; my health broken down, unable to work and dependent upon others, almost entirely for support. To-day finds me in the same, if not a worse condition. I feel that I am a great burden to my cousin, who has done much for me and is still willing to do more, but even willing hands can get tired.

Sometimes I feel that all my hopes and aims in life are crushed and life itself a burden, but when I stop to consider whose I am and whom I ought to serve I am constrained to say, "My Lord, thy will be done." The Lord worketh for the good of his people and He often carries them through a most rigid discipline to make them what they should be. So in my case I must have needed the discipline or He would have never given it to me.

I am sorry that I am not able to write you glowing accounts of diffusing knowledge, spreading the cause of temperance, organizing Sunday schools among my people, as many of the other Hampton graduates are doing. Though hindered, I am just as anxious and willing as those at work.

I don't wish to burden you with my troubles of life, but as I am writing to you I can't do otherwise than to state my condition as it is.

Another phase of my trouble is the precarious condition of the little home I attempted to procure for my aged mother and afflicted sister. I owe on it fifty or sixty dollars and if I could clear that up I would feel relieved from one of life's burdens. As a last resort I must beg my friends to help me in this matter. I beg you to do what you can for me that I may save my little home. I leave the matter with you, trusting the consequence to Him who cares for the poorest of His poor.

I am yours truly,

B.

"PLEASE SEND US A CHRISTMAS LETTER."

One of our faithful workers, who is teaching with her husband in Virginia, writes as follows of their successes and efforts, and needs. Her modest request was more than fulfilled, and her school made glad not only by a Christmas letter but by other remembrances.

———Va., *Dec. 1st, 1884.*

Dear friend:

My husband has purchased a very valuable place here. We moved here last June and we have been making improvements ever since we moved. We planted a very nice orchard last month, and set out 225 strawberry plants. My husband and I did it on Saturdays. I have a very fine school of 68 pupils. This is the first school the people have ever had here and they are very proud of the school. My Trustees are very much pleased with my school, and way of teaching. I am now preparing my children for a Christmas entertainment. I want to give them a Christmas tree if I can get any help. The people are very anxious for one as they have never seen one. Please do all you can for me and if you can not do anything like gifts for the little ones, please let us have a Christmas letter, and then I will feel more encouraged in my work, for I feel very much discouraged sometimes, and feel like my work is in vain, and then my soul is revived with the Spirit to go on with my work, for I expect to be rewarded hereafter. I am a graduate of '74. I have been teaching ever since 1874. I have been married six years. My husband is a teacher in the same district I am teaching in. I will write you a more full account of my school when I write again. I received a package of reading matter from Miss T. last week. Please let me have an answer from this.

Respectfully yours,

M.

Contributed.

The following pleasant communication is from a valued friend who, on a recent visit to Hampton, made selection of a room in the new Girls' Cottage to be furnished by the donations of the ladies whose hearts as well as voices are lifted up in the mountain missionary meeting she so graphically describes.

A MEMORY AND AN OUTLOOK.

The memory is of a pleasant, summer parlor, with a welcome blaze in the chimney corner; from the windows it were apparently an easy thing to touch the mighty mountain walls encircling the tiny valley.

Here, every Sunday morning, during the short "season," there came up from the neighboring cottages and hotel, a score of ladies (to be absolutely exact, twenty-three,) dwellers in divers cities and holders of diverse opinions, yet gathering almost instinctively with one accord in one place, and that place a missionary meeting.

Society, both human and molecular, has its own laws of crystallization.

These ladies, whose homes are at the centres of thought and philanthrophy, have very naturally sought this summer rest equally "near to nature's heart," and the strains of their morning hymn.

"We are watching, we are waiting,
For the bright, prophetic day,"

are caught up to mingle with the refrain of the poetic, yet overworked river which has its springs in the northern hills.

That they may sing with clearer faith,

"Lo, He comes! See the King draw near!"

they propose the social contribution basket.

The outlook is from the new Dormitory at Hampton, six months later: four ladies from that far away missionary meeting have picked their way up two flights of stairs to the Waterville Room. As yet it contains nothing but rough plaster and cumbered floors, except some excellent possibilities.

Its occupants will be two colored girls, night students, who work all day with their hands, for the privilege of two hours instruction in the evening and the anticipation of earning an entrance to the regular classes.

The room is not large, but it is ample; here will stand the bureau; there, the wardrobe; behind the door, the wash-stand; in those corners, the narrow iron bedsteads, and under the gaslight a table by which the room-mates will study out the promises of God's Word, or write letters that will give an impulse to lonely homes. Over the mantel-shell is to hang a view of the Happy Valley, and the simple conveniences on the bureau and table are sure to be pretty as well as useful.

The completeness and the freshness and the sense of posession will make this upper room an earthly paradise to these girls.

A new existence is open before them.

What shall be its limit? From that unanswerable question, it were better to turn to the window whose view decided the choice of rooms by this self-appointed committee. Just below they see sparkling in the bright February morning, the tidal creek, as it goes tripping on towards the river. They look beyond out to Hampton Roads, whose peaceful waters are made forever historic by the tremendous conflicts and conquests, and they know, rather than see, that in the dim distance lies the illimitable ocean.

M. B. B.

Southern Workman.

Indian Department.

ELAINE GOODALE, *In Charge.*

Regular Contributors:

HERBERT WELSH, *Cor. Sec'y Indian Rights Association.*

ALICE C. FLETCHER,

REV. JOHN J. GRAVATT,

MRS. A. S. QUINTON, *Gen'l Sec'y of the Women's National Indian Ass'n.*

REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.

JOHN T. MCLOUGHLIN.

WM. C. GASMANN.

Bishop Whipple's letter, urging the importance of great care in the appointment of an Indian Commissioner, is touching in its simplicity. "I have given the Indians all I had," he says, "my time, my means, my heart."

The Onondagas in N. Y. State have given up their old tribal form of government, and adopted, of their own accord, a republican constitution. Have not these Indians taken a long step toward American citizenship?

The *Indian Journal* declares that Colonel Boudinot's chances are good for the Commissionership. They have a precedent in appointing a man of Indian blood, as Commissioner Parker was of the Cattaraugus tribe and a nephew of Red Jacket.

A bill has passed the House providing for the punishment of all Indians committing a crime against the person or property of another Indian, according to the laws of the Territory in which such crime is committed. This is an advance over the old custom of the "avenger of blood." Why should there be law and justice everywhere except on an Indian reservation? What right have we to protect the white man *against* the Indian, and refuse to protect the Indian in his turn?

Mr. W. H. McKinney, the young Choctaw Indian who is studying theology at Yale college, repeats the cry for fair dealing and right dealing toward a misjudged people. "There was a time when the people of the United States thought that North American Indians were incapable of civilizaton. But those times are past, and now here we are trying to learn the ways of the civilized people. We want men and women to work for us and help us. We need a holy religion; a *nobler motive of Christian union.* We have had men whose aims were to cheat us; we have had speculating men, and we do not want them any more. We want those whose labors must be for all the tribes of the earth; who recognize no distinction of race; for the time is coming when no race shall differ from another."

LONG ISLAND INDIAN PREACHERS.

Dr. S. Irenæus Prime, in the new *Brooklyn Magazine*, gives an interesting account of three native Indian preachers of remarkable power. One of these, Samson Occum, was the first Indian to make a public appearance as a preacher in Great Britain, where "the multitude flocked to see him. On his return he labored with great success among his people on this island, and he also preached in Boston and New York, and many other places, with acceptance and effect. * * * Some of his hymns are preserved in church collections, and are sung without a thought of their origin. A sermon of his, preached to a man on the eve of execution, is also preserved, and he who can read it without tears must be made of sterner stuff than ordinary mortals. * * * That these Indians have had eloquent preachers among them is the proof that they might have been a moral power in the land had they cultivated the arts of civilized life, in the midst of which they have perished."

AN INDIAN SCHOOL IN VIRGINIA.

Perhaps few people know that Virginia boasts the remnant of a tribe of native Indians, for whom a separate school must be provided. Miserably poor, and degraded almost beyond belief, with both white and Negro blood in their veins, they will not attend colored schools, while the white schools refuse to admit them.

Although the state of the parents, in spite of their curious pride, is thus lamentably low, the little children (like all children) are interesting and lovable. A few of them are remarkably bright; and one little girl, whose father cannot be induced, and possibly is not able to pay for her school books, resolutely annnunces her intention of "going to college!" The teacher, a white young lady, writes:

BOWER'S HILL,
Norfolk Co., Va., Jan. 25, 1885.

* * * The school has gone very well this week. The last two days, that were so cold, I had twenty-two and twenty-three pupils; the last is more than I have had any day since. It was so cold that it was impossible to get any work out of them. I kept the stove hot all day long and made a square of the benches all around it; packed the children in as best I could, putting all those of one class near together; then *walked around the outside* with my cloak and mittens on, hearing the recitations and trying to keep them from crowding one another, which was the hardest task of the two, although both were hard enough.

My fingers were so stiff and cold that I could not write on the blackboard; but just think how much better off I was than the children! There was one little girl who is about eight years old, who had a five-cent calico dress on, and this thin stuff was all that she had over her arms; but these cold days she has had an old cotton coat of her father's to wear to and from school. Even then she is almost frozen when she gets here; she and a little brother, who is four years old, come, and I can always tell when they are coming when quite a long way off, for they are always crying this cold weather.

There are several others nearly as badly off, but still they come to school. I asked some of them why it was that so many came on these cold days. "O, Miss Lila," said they, "it's warmer here than it is at home." * * *

LILA COCK.

THE SNAKE DANCE OF THE MOQUIS.*

Capt. Bourke, in prefacing his vivid account of some of the curious customs and religious rites of the Moqui Indians, emphatically pronounces them to be "one of the most interesting peoples in the world." He and his party of three were the first white men to witness the ceremonies which he so closely describes, and the artist has made careful studies in color of the costumes and paraphernalia of the dance, which add greatly to the realism of the book.

The Moquis inhabit seven pueblos or villages in Arizona, a few leagues apart; the houses, ranged in rows, or in terraces one above the other, are of rubble sandstone, laid in mud and plastered with the same on the inside. The scene of the great festival painted is as follows:

"Six or seven hundred feet below us, at the foot of the mesa, stretched a broad plain, bounded on the distant horizon of the southeast and east by a long, low, broken line of bluish buttes, in all the fantastic forms of towers, buttresses and pinnacles which nature loves to carve out of the hills of this strange country. This plain, which to the eye is apparently a broad expanse of barren sand and rock, is in dozens of sheltered nooks dotted with the tiny fields of the Moquis, vividly green with ripening corn and wheat, or decked in darker hues with the foliage of peach orchards.

"From half a dozen ravines, springs discharge petty streams of water; wherever it is possible to build a dam of stone or clay there is a reservoir, and close to it a corral for sheep and goats: on the flat rocks, closer to the foot of the mesa, are often spread traps for luring and killing doves, or small cleared spaces upon which bushels of luscious peaches are drying in the sun. Not a sign of animation mars the placidity of the scene, since yonder sedate donkey, trudging solemnly down to the springs for a drink; that great herd of goats and sheep browsing in the middle distance, or this half-dozen old women toiling so slowly up the almost vertical face of the precipice with five-gallon *ollas* of water wrapped in their old and faded blue blankets, can scarcely be called animate.

* * * * *

"Then you have the projecting beams of the ladder leading down into one of the *Estufas;* close to this the sacred rock, with its niche containing the sandstone torso idol and the largess of petrified wood, eagle-down and corn-shucks. On this side of the sacred rock the cottonwood lodge and the sacred tree; and right back of these you can place a medieval jumble of masonry, for all the world like the half-ruined castle of a Rhine robber-baron of six centuries ago.

"Fill every nook and crevice of this mass of buildings with a congregation of Moqui women, maids and matrons, dressed in their graceful garb of dark-blue cloth with lemon stitching; tie up the young girls' hair in big Chinese puffs at the sides; throw in a liberal allowance of children, naked and half naked; give color and tone by using blankets of scarlet and blue and black, girdles of silver and coral, abalone and *chalchihuitl* (turquoise,) * * with a hazy atmosphere and a partially clouded sky as accessories, you have a faithful picture of the square in the pueblo of Hualpic, Arizona, as it appeared on this eventful twelfth day of August, 1881."

The dancers now appear, a strange procession of old men, little children, young men and girls, elaborately tricked out in barbarous finery, curiously painted, and wearing rattles of tortoise shell and sheep or goat toes. One set presently vanish; and reappear bearing live serpents in their hands and between their teeth. During the varied ceremonies these poisonous creatures are handled over and over again with apparent freedom, but with wonderful skill and caution as well It is said that the dancers are never bitten.

"My own suspicion," says Captain Bourke, "is that one of the minor objects of the snake-dance has been the perpetuation in dramatic form of the legend of the origin and growth of the Moqui family." This view he proceeds to support with some ingenious conjectures. "Religion is at all times conservative; it is never more so than among the savage races, when the functions of the hierophant have not been differentiated from those of the doctor, the sorcerer, the dramatist and the historian; and, therefore, in the religious dances of such people as the Zunis and Moquis, suggestions of their history and previous environment will crop out in features which, from any other point of view, would be without import."

A good deal of interesting information follows as to the dress, customs, worship, arts and industries of this hard-working, superstitious, devout and unwarlike people. The adventures of the party are likewise told with some humor; and we have upon the whole a curious and readable, if not valuable addition to the scanty literature of American ethnology.

* The Snake Dance of the Moquis of Arizona. By John G. Bourke. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York.

White Ghost, as seen in a parlor in Boston. By his hostess.

(Extract from a private letter.)

I feared Chief White Ghost might suffer from his unaccustomed experiences. But I am sure his presence has quickened an interest in his cause (unknown before) in many hearts. None could resist his eloquent words nor the courteous gentlemanliness of his whole bearing. And when he came down dressed in the costume of his race, and stood motionless before us, with crossed arms and a sad earnestness in his downcast face, he seemed the embodiment of his people, pleading for the justice and mercy so long denied. There were not many dry eyes in the three rooms.

"Bad Medicine."

A recent imitator of Columbus found himself less successful than the great man in carrying out a practical joke.

"A clerk in the Agency store, Fort Reno, Indian Territory, a short time before the last eclipse of the sun, informed the Indians that on a certain day, (naming that on which the eclipse took place) he would put out the sun, and if they would assemble at that time they could see the performance.

The Indians professed not to believe what he said, but he assured them he would do all he promised, and when the day arrived it brought a large number of the red men to witness the sun's extinction.

A few minutes before the time fixed by the astronomers for the observation to begin, the wag mounted himself on an empty sugar hogshead and began his incantation.

Presently the sun began to disappear, and the "sons of the forest" evinced unmistakable signs of uneasiness, which increased as the performance proceeded, until, a short time before the sun disappeared entirely, they rushed upon the speaker, exclaiming, "Bad medicine man; put out sun!" and would have dispatched him in short order had they not been restrained by the soldiers, who had gathered to see the fun."

What the Schools are Doing.

Mr. Haworth, Superintendent of Indian Schools, reports that the *average* attendance of the Government Boarding schools last year was 3,404 pupils; of the day schools 1,757, the total enrolment of both being 9,965, not including Missionary schools; the average is the true basis. Increase in average attendance since last year of 925; add to this 301 for the new schools at Geneva and Chiloco. At the latter named there is a difficulty common to schools so near the reservations, of runaway pupils who, when aggrieved, make nothing of starting out on the coldest day for a two hundred-mile walk to their homes on the "bee line" which the Indians so easily take; and on the other hand, parents and friends "sit" upon these schools with impunity. They readily ride from two to five hundred miles to see a sick child, and stay as long as they please. Under good management these difficulties can be, in part at least, overcome; but they are serious. Fifteen hundred miles is not too far away for the absolute break from the tribal life, which the Indian needs. Mr. Haworth reports that in the past year 565 children have been placed in Industrial schools in ten different states, at a cost to the Government of $165 per annum, besides transportation; but this is complained of as not being enough. He says: "The provision for placing children in private families has not met with as good success as in the other case, though it has been done in some instances, and especially from Carlisle and Hampton with good results. The people of the West are rather reluctant to take Indian children into their families."

He refers to a strong opposition in some tribes to sending children to school, especially girls. "She has a marketable value and can be sold to a trader for ponies, and her innocent ignorance tells her it is all right. Not so, when education and civilization opens her eyes to see aright." Mr. H. says that an educated girl makes more inroad upon savage life than an educated boy. The training of married couples at the Hampton school is cordially commended. The Osage Indians lead in compulsory education; hence, Agency schools are full. Mixed bloods seem to be pushing ahead in educational interest, and are likely to control. "The great changes," Mr. Haworth says, "wrought in the last few years, have also made changes in the Indian mind. Most of them realize it and are anxious for a better way. 'Care should be taken that we do not educate them out of their red Indian ways into ones making them helpless and proud.'"

He calls attention to the helpless condition of the Indians, who, after an education away from their home, return to blanket and camp life, with nothing to do, however willing, and calls for some Government provision to meet it by way of help toward settling them upon farms and in homes of their own; the money to come from what Government owes the Indians. A very good suggestion.

Over one-fifth of our Indian population are tax-payers. In 1870 there were 25,731 Indians tax-payers; and in 1880 there were 66,407;" says Mr. Haworth—"abundant proof of their ability to take care of themselves."

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN LIFE AT HAMPTON.

20 boys and 11 girls who have spoken English for four weeks are wearing "Eagles."

The Sioux boys have formed a base-ball club and play with enthusiasm. There will probably be a rival "nine" and some great match games before long.

The English teacher with a room full of visitors must have been a trifle embarrassed, when, on asking for a definition of the word "smart," the twenty replied with one voice—"you!"

MARRIED.—At Yankton Agency, D. T. Jan. 27th, 1885, by Rev. J. P. Williamson, Mr. Stephen Vassar (Shunyapi) and Miss Lizzie Keeler, both of Yankton Agency. Stephen Vassar is apprentice at the Agency mill, and Lizzie Keeler is one of the returned pupils from Hampton.

Rev. Franklin Elliot of Shawneetown, I. T. writes:—

"So far as I have observed, Hampton students maintain their civilization with more stability after returning to their people than those trained in any of the other schools. It seems that association with the colored there is a very great advantage to the Indian."

T.W. Alford, who has lately accepted a position in the school at Chilocco, I. T. writes:—

"I am going to establish a reading-room for my large boys, a room in which they would be glad to spend their leisure time. And shall be very much pleased to receive papers and old magazines from any friends who would be so kind as to send us a lot *voluntarily*."

AN ADDITION TO THE "MENAGERIE."

A young Chinaman now recites in our Indian classes, and with his straight black hair and olive complexion, there is little to distinguish him from the other boys, unless a stray peculiarity of accent should betray him: He has been in this country for several years, and comes here from a school in Buffalo N. Y. where he has friends. One of them writes: "Lee Wun is intelligent and learns easily. I know you all will be interested in him." Since his arrival, there has been a great demand for "books about China" in the Indian Reading Room.

HER IDEA OF HEAVEN.

Some of the little Indian girls were eagerly propounding questions to a teacher about death and Heaven. Very sweet and serious they were about it, and their questions were not always easy to answer. They were told of the fair City described in Revelations, of the golden streets, the harps and music. Suddenly an impetuous little Winnebago, recalling festive evenings at Winona, asked, "March with boys?"

GOOD BYE!

Among the first party of Sioux Indians brought to Hampton by Gen. Armstrong in November, '78, was a son of Chief White Horse, Harry Brown, a boy of fourteen. He was a bright scholar, a fine young fellow and made a good record during his three years at school. He did well also after his return to the West, and we were glad to welcome him back in the Fall of '83 for a further course of instruction. This year he was admitted to the Junior Class of the Normal School, but later, at his own request, became a work student. As such he toiled patiently in the Printing Office until suddenly his health gave way, and he was obliged to return home. It was with sorrowful hearts that we saw him start off, without escort, on the long journey to Cheyenne River, Dakota, but since then we have been gladdened by the news of his safe arrival and the welcome from old friends. It is hopedthat his native air will bring him health and strength once more. J. E. R.

WHITE GHOST AT HAMPTON.

The chief and his interpreter, under the escort of Major Gasmann, came to Hampton with the school party Feb. 3rd, and passed two days among us. He was impressed by the good work done at the school, and signified his approval of our care for his children.

In his own person he is strongly impressive. The wiry, bent figure, clad in citizen's dress, (which did seem a trifle incongruous,) the shrewd, candid countenance, the engaging smile and graceful manner, interested and won us all. He visited rooms, classes, workshops, and gave them appreciative study. He met all the teachers, and got to some extent an "inside view" of the workings of the school. But White Ghost himself, the gentle savage, the religious heathen, is a rare type of nature's gentleman, and there is much of interest in

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

He is head chief of the Lower Yanktonnais band of Sioux, numbering about 1045 souls, and occupying a reservation on the east bank of the Missouri river. His father, Bone Necklace, governed a much greater and fairer domain, a true Indian paradise in the central part of Dakota, and he could count more than twice as many warriors. Bone Necklace was famous as a great peace chief. If he is little known in history, the reason is not far to seek; he did us good and not harm. He made peace many times between hostile tribes of Indians and between Indians and white men, to whom he was always a consistent friend. More than once he nearly impoverished himself to ransom, with presents of blankets and ponies, white women who had been taken captive by other bands of savages, and restored them immediately to their friends. It is said that he never received any reward for this act of generosity.

White Ghost is now 56 years old and has been chief 16 years. He tells us that when his father died, he called him to his bedside, and enjoined upon him to follow his example. This the present chief has done. We read in his face a gentle and generous nature, which has always prompted him to good deeds toward those whom he calls his friends.

He has an excellent mind, and his oratory is the true Indian eloquence—sound logic, imaginative language and graceful and finished gestures. He appreciates truth and humor. He takes kindly to the idea of civilization, and from his visit to the East has evidently carried away a strong sense of its practical value. On the audiences of our great cities he has made his own impression.

White Ghost's story ought to teach us a wholesome lesson. Here is an Indian who has never shed white man's blood. His band has never, within the memory of men, been at war with the whites. And how have we returned the friendship of this royal family? By cheating them with promises and taking from them their beautiful country, of which the old chief declares that he has never signed away an acre. They are crowded into a corner of their once noble reservation. The chief brought with him a petition signed by all the head men of the tribe, setting forth this injustice in unmistakable terms.

White Ghost is not a Christian, but he believes that all men are brothers, and the children of one Father. This is the principle that has governed his life. Does it govern our course toward the Indian?

SCHOLARSHIP LETTERS.

Each of our students writes an annual letter to the friend who provides for his schooling. A very small girl in the lowest division *dictated* hers as follows:

My dear friend—I write you to-day. I like school. Sunday I go to church, nice sing. Big house, Winona; some little girls in there. Little girls play and wash and iron and sew and dinner. Your friend,
LAURA FACE.

A boy in the 4th Division writes:

I come from Cheyenne River Agency, Dakota. I go to school in the morning and I work in the afternoon, farm. Yesterday I saw a cow. Where are you going my friend? I am going to Hampton this afternoon. Thank you for helping me. CEDAR BOY.

The 3rd Division can go but little further.

I come from Standing Rock Agency. This Hampton School very good. Now I here because I come from too far, every morning I go to school and afternoon I work harness shop. I like to school here and work too. To-day I am very glad to school here. Now I like the corn bread. I come here to learn English. I shall try every day. from your friend, BENEDICT CHILA.

One of the bright little girls in the 2nd Division says:

I am going to tell you about my people. * * they send they children to school so they can teach the others, and some new girls and boys come about three weeks ago and one of them was very little girl, and she sick, and she died day before yesterday and they bury her, and we have some pretty white flowers in hand and put on her box, and in that day it was sad day, but she with God, and they are no more sorry and no more cry. God wipe all the tears from they eyes.

And when we talk English one week we have sewing class up in one teacher's room and we try to learn how to crochet * * and we have a little dining room down stairs at Winona all the girls like to live in Winona because ju t like they home, we all like to play with a dolls. I try to tell you all about the school but I cannot write very well, my friends so you all must excuse this time. MAGGIE LARRABEE.

There are so many good letters in the 1st Division that it is hard to choose between them. A Pima boy from Arizona writes:

I am going to write you a letter and try to tell you what I am doing at Hampton. I been at Hampton three years and ten month. And I am studying geography and long division and reading and history. I don t know much but I will try to tell you all I can. * * I am working in the blacksmith shop and like it very well. * * And every Sunday we fall in and all of us go in one line and the officer inspect our shoes and if anyone don't black their shoes they send him out. When I was at home my father tell me that school is a good thing. So I thought I would come, and try to learn the white man's way. Before, when I was at home, I went to school little while but I cannot learn so fast as here because so many little Indian boys there we talk our language all time and don't try to talk English language. Last year I did not write so much as this, so you can see how fast we are learning at the Hampton Normal School! KISTOE.

AN Omaha house-keeper writes:

I work in afternoon and go to school in the morning. I keep house myself and cook, wash, iron, sew and scrub. I have sewing machine. All Indian boys and girls doing very well at Hampton. My little boy he learn talk English, he don't know how to talk Indian. He is three years and a half.

I try hard all I can this year. I came from Nebraska. I am Omaha. I am very glad I came to Hampton to learn. All my teachers very kind to me and I love them so much. When I go back I would miss them so much and my little house too.

All Indian girls learn how to keep their rooms clean and keep their own clothes clean. All Indian boys learn very well. Some of them learn how to work carpenter and shoemaker, blacksmith and harness-maker. My tribe of Indians they try to have farm and they work very well, raised wheat, corn, potatoes and vegetables. They have wagons, plows and horses, cows, pigs. They stop hunting and work very hard. Some of them live in a houses and few live in a tent. They have two school houses, mission school and government school. * *

We have every Sunday night prayer-meeting in my little house. I like it so much.
MINNIE STABLER.

Here is a part of the experience of an earnest young man in the Advanced Class:

Last summer I went home and then saw my own people. But now there are some Indians they wear white men's clothes.

Some Indians busy by farm, they can plant * *Now Dear friend I want to tell you something about my trade, carpenter shop. In my home I worked there two months and a half but it is good for me.

I like very much. I made some window-frames and door-frames and sawing, those I made myself, nobody can help me, and then after I work there I going to teach school.

I have 56 students that beginning 29th of Sept. I try very hard to teach school.

I think about my own people but I have not much learn yet, because I try to help my people I want to learn some more * * that is what I think about and I have come back again. Mr. G-- he went Lower Brule Agency and he told me and say "I want somebody to go to school Please tell me who want to go to school." The Indian chiefs met together and some Indians say nobody can go to school and you must stay here* * But I talk to him what I know better and after that he let children go to school.

Because I know very well it is good for my people when we get good education.
SAMUEL MEDICINE BULL.

A Junior boy says:

With pleasure I shall write you a history of my life as far as I can remember. I was born in the State of Kansas, near Topeka, Kansas; and when I was about five years old my father died; but some days before he died I remember very well he was talking about going on a hunt and expected to take me with him. However my mother thought it would be best for me t go to a Government School that was four miles distant, because she thought I was too young and small to go out on hunts. I thought my mother cared not for me in leaving me among strangers, but since I came East I have learned different. * *

Anyhow I kept on going to school. At times I found it very hard thing to learn to speak English, which is sometimes hard for me to speak at the present time. And when I was about nine years old my mother died, then I was left without home, as my grandmother was too old to care for me.

The manager of the school found me a place with a white man; this man promised to send me to school every winter providing I stayed with him until I was twenty one years old. Somehow I managed to stay with him four years, and received five months schooling during those four. And the first of the fifth year an Indian Agent came to see me, asked if I would like to go where my tribe of Indians were, which I did in a few days afterward.* *

I went to School at the Mission School nearly one year after going to Indian Territory, then for some time I went from camp to camp just where might happened to reach me, and after following such life some time, I made up my mind I must go to work, which I did until I came here to school.

The main thing that I followed was Cowboy's life.

I have been here two years last Oct.* *

I thank you for helping me to get my education.
C. W. BATTICE.

Here is a part of the thoughtful letter of a young man in the Senior Class. He comes from Indian Territory.

Helping my people, is a very easy thing to say, but not so easy to do, as they are so much opposed to the ways and customs of the white people, and were much opposed to my coming to school; saying if I did educate myself, I would be of no help to them, but be more able to defraud them; and consequently they would not have anything to do with me when I returned. These reasons are justly brought about, by being so often cheated and defrauded by educated had men, whom they have trusted. I hope in time this may all pass away, and that the young Indian students may when they return to their homes, be able to wield a greater influence over their people than they do now or ever have heretofore.

I agree with a very good friend of the Indians who said "that the Indians must become civilized, they must learn how to use these great rail roads, these telegraph wires, to manage steam ships, and to use all the inventions of an intelligent nation. They are as much for them as they are for the American people." I think the sooner they learn how to use all these things, just that much sooner the United States will be cleared of a dark spot, which has for many years been troubling the minds of a great many people. They should not only learn to be good mechanics, but should strive to reach higher positions, such as doctors, lawyers, statesmen and congressmen, and a great many such offices as are held by educated men. * * *

* * * After finishing my course here I hope and expect to attend a medical college, where I shall put in a few years in preparing myself as a physician. Good doctors are needed very much among the Indians, in helping to put down the influence of the old medicine men, who resort to all manner of superstitious means in trying to heal the sick.
THOMAS MILES.

Land, Law, Education—The Three Things Needed by the Indian.

BY ALICE C. FLETCHER.

A glance at the map of the United States suggests that the primitive political question between the white men and the Indian was one concerning land, and the odd-shaped patches of red upon the maps of to-day, show that the question is not yet disposed of.

Until recently, public thought had hardly been stirred to consider the Indian's claim to a share in the benefits to be derived from independent ownership of land, and the intelligent labor which makes land valuable. Until these claims receive their proper attention, it is clearly impossible that the "make shifts" of Reservations will disappear from our maps. In times past, the general feeling has been to get the red man out of sight and safely corralled, so that he could not trouble his white neighbors. This was done by pushing the Indian further and further off, clipping his lands, refusing him any legal recognition, and regarding him as one whom only warlike weapons could hold in check. For a century past those who have had the best interests of the Indian at heart, have wished to lose sight of the Indian in the American citizen, to recognize him as a responsible individual, who, by education and the free-masonry of labor, will become not only a safe neighbor but a contributor to the prosperity of the country.

Reports to the Government addressed to those in authority, have stated that the means needed to ensure this desired end are, Individual ownership of the land; The protection of the law; and Education. Our plea of to-day is therefore nothing new or strange. The isolation of the Indians upon reservations where the land lies as a common and scantily used field, tends to make them helpless and to keep them in ignorance and poverty. It is largely because of this isolation that they have had to be fed and clothed and well-nigh reduced to beggary and all its attendant evils. Studying the Reservation system brings with it a conviction of the make-shift character of the system, and of its injurious influence upon the people most nearly concerned. By means of the Reservations, the ancient social organization of the Indian tribes is kept alive, bereft of all its former beneficent power, its force being mainly felt in its restriction upon individual independence, upon the accumulation of wealth, and the establishment of the family, with its legal rights over property. Under the combined influence of the chiefs and the agency system, the Indians are kept in the irresponsibility of perpetual childhood. The only door of release opens through the breaking-up of the Reservation, and giving individual ownership to tracts of land greater or less in extent, according to the nature of the soil, thereby extinguishing tribal ownership, and in a great measure, tribal authority. By such a division of the land, the individual would be set free and become the inheritor of his own labor, and the important point in social advance would be gained by having the legal family established. This relation is impossible under tribal rule; and without individual property, family rights have no anchor to hold them secure in the midst of conflicting passions. Many difficulties hedge about any general legislation which, by a single act, aims to settle permanently groups of people scattered over a wide area embracing different soils and products, and requiring varied forms and methods of industry to secure a livelihood. A quarter section upon a rich prairie is wealth to any industrious family; but a quarter section, or even a section, in the arid region of Arizona, or Montana, would yield little to sustain life by agriculture. In many locations where the Indians are now living, irrigation is needful, and land without secure water privilege is of little use. Some Reservations are fitted solely for grazing, and others possess so little tillable land that it seems hopeless to expect a people permanently located thereon to ever become self-supporting.

To cover therefore so many points and to meet to the full all the needful adjustments, in one bill, is a most onerous task, and almost impossible of complete success. Amid the great pressure of business before each Congress, special legislation for each tribe of Indians is not to be hoped for; and the question is therefore, how can the most salient points of the difficulty be met?

It seems clear that in any legislation upon land for the Indians, the allotment of the land in severalty should be made the rule, and the matter not left permanently optional with the Indians. This course, while seeming to be arbitrary, is not so in reality. We have inherited the guardianship of the Indians and we must therefore act for the benefit of our wards in a way that shall fit them to enter upon their majority, which cannot be far distant. We must use our wider experience to supplement the lack of knowledge on the part of the Indian, which prevents his discerning the necessities and conditions of his future. To leave severalty optional and dependent upon a two-thirds vote of any tribe, is to rivet the chains which bind the Indian to a hopeless position. In every white community, the progressive men are in the minority, and if acts of public welfare, particularly those which involve radical changes or abstract advantages, were left to a two-thirds vote of the whole community, few if any of such acts of public welfare would be made effective. The Indian tribe is no exception to this rule of human nature which governs the white man's town or county. Born and reared in the midst of a social system which holds the individual in the grip of his "*gens*," and prevents the accumulation of property and the establishment of the family upon a firm legal basis, unacquainted with any other social organism, and disposed to keep aloof from strangers, it is surely imposing too grave a task upon the Indian to bid him decide his own future condition; particularly as he is now standing facing the forward rush of civilization with its difficult ideas, laws and customs, already closing him in, with irresistible force. He has no power to choose the safe course for his future, because he has had no experience of the conditions that are coming upon him, which neither he nor any one can turn aside, and leave the Indians, untouched, unmodified. Because of this lack of vision on the part of so large a portion of the Indians, we owe it to our own honor, to the future welfare of the people, to act as faithful guardians, since act we must, that the Indians' path shall be made plain and freed from the obstacle of his past social condition. Tribal control, therefore, which ignores the individual and the family, (as established in civilized society) must be overturned, and this can only be effected surely, by giving individual ownership of the land, and thus setting up the legal homestead. Until these changes are made, all labor in behalf of the elevation, education and civilization of the Indian will be but partially effective. To make land in severalty the rule and not make its execution dependent on an Indian two-thirds vote; which is so large as to be almost impossible to secure, is our plain duty and a kindly act, since history and experience have taught us that the sanctity of the family, the establishing of the homestead, giving to each individual freedom and opportunity to bring all the faculties into play so that he may win success or by failure learn how in future to avoid disaster, are the only conditions favorable to growth in manly independence and social security.

Another reason for speedy allotment is that the encroachment of settlers is continually causing loss to the Indians of their best lands, and lessening the chances of securing to the people suitable farms or herding grounds. There is no time to lose in this regard. If we wait until all the Indians are ready, there will be little left worth allotting to them. Still another reason is to be found in the fact that under the present procrastination, the Indians who desire to advance are held back by the lazy and shiftless ones. They live off of the work of others; tribal customs, duties and condition permit it, and indeed foster it. There are those among the Indians—and what race is exempt—who will always shirk work and responsibilities. An intelligent Tuscarora Indian said: "It is not just to us who live on tribal land to give land in severalty to Indians or to Indian tribes here and there. All the beggars come back on us. Makes us poor. If you are going to give land in severalty to any Indians, then all the Indian Reservations should be broken up at once so that there should be no place to which these lazy ones could flee."

The history of past Indian allotments testifies to the truth of this remark, and the inertia common to humanity adds its weight of evidence. As rapidly therefore as possible, the Indians should have their lands individually; and the residue of the land be thrown open to white settlement. The end of the Indian is at hand and his fate is to become an American citizen. Nothing can stay the tide of events which is sweeping him into our very midst, where alone lies his chance for safety and advance.

The present lack of legal protection is a source of much wrong and trouble. There is no appeal possible for an Indian to make, to seek redress for any grievance committed by another Indian. Nor can he enter into any business operation safely, since he may neither sue or be sued. Were not his neighbors, of whatever color, far better than their legal restraints, neither life nor property could be safe for a day. This improper state of affairs has been shown by the officers of the Indian Bureau, and the wrongs urged by Secretaries upon Congress, and recognized by individual Congressmen, but to no avail. Even should a bill pass extending the law over the Indians, there would still remain a practical difficulty in the way of its execution, and that is, that the Indians lie like a foreign body in the midst of the state; as they are all non-taxpayers, they contribute nothing to the support of the machinery of the law, or of education, or of internal improvements. They are a burden, since their lands are excluded from yielding any benefit to the community. To take on the legal care of several thousand persons who could in no way make compensation for the labor bestowed upon them, or the benefits received, is a task that struggling pioneer counties could not carry. Were the Indian a tax payer, it is a question whether the courts could refuse jurisdiction over him. Why should not the Government, during the period of the tract patents, pay the taxes upon the allotted lands, from the funds derived from the sale to white settlers of the unallotted portion of each Reservation? This is exactly what any business-like guardian would do for his ward. It is certainly proper that the property of the Indian should be used in such manner as to protect his property and to bring the greatest benefit to the Indian himself, add there can be no greater benefit than the protection of the law to hedge about individual enterprise, and give to the Indian his full share in the enjoyments of "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

The education of the Indian already engages a share of public attention and interest. The Government has already over 100 schools upon Reservations, and as rapidly as the opportunities will permit, more schools are being started and existing ones augmented. The good work done by the pioneer Industrial schools of Hampton, Carlisle, and Forest Grove, are being extended, and Geneva, Haskell, Chiloco, and others, have been added to the number, beside the introduction of an Indian Department in several established schools for white children, in which the Indian scholars are supported by the Government. Every year witnesses a deepening interest in Indian education, not only in our own midst, but among the Indians themselves.

The necessity of Industrial schools scattered over the country for white children is being recognized, while their benefit to the Indians has been proved beyond cavil. The efficiency of an Industrial school is apt to be in proportion to the means at its command to secure first-class teachers; and these effective schools are among the most expensive to build, appoint, and maintain.

In the prairie region, from the sale of unallotted land to the white farmers, or to cattle-raisers, in the grazing country, from mines, and from the wealth of timber now going to waste upon Reserves in the Northern states, sufficient money could be realized to establish and endow many Industrial schools, and a considerable sum would remain to be divided pro rata and start the people in their homesteads. For example, it has been estimated that upon the Menomona Reservation there is standing timber which would bring $1,500,000, and the land still remain untouched, and available for purchase and settlement in the course of time. There are many Reservations with equal and greater unused riches which could be made the means of enduring good. If, however, these vast sums were realized, invested and the interest paid in annuities, the people would be debased and pauperized, as all stimulus to labor would be removed. But if a portion of this capital were employed to establish and endow first-class Industrial schools, generation after generation would be benefited and the entire community elevated by the presence and stimulus of such institutions. The Indians are not poor, they have still considerable riches, but their riches are of no avail and are sure to work mischief until they are transmuted into a form which shall give to the Indian his own homestead, the right to his own labor, protection for his life and property, and the knowledge how to use his head and hands. It is right, too, on the broad scale of justice, that since the Indian has the means to procure these benefits for himself, he should do it and not be under obligations to any outsider. We owe a debt to the Indians for past and present wrongs, but that debt cannot be paid by us in money or regrets, but it must be paid in the dearer coin of thought and unselfish, timely action, with full acceptance of the responsibility of our guardianship.

Lest some should think these proposals herein set forth, too hasty for the Indian, it may be well to state that were the legislation needful to the initiation of the work by which these changes could be brought about secured during the present session of Congress, a decade of years would elapse before the day of final adjustment would be reached, so extensive is the field to be covered, and so difficult and arduous the task to be performed. This important act only adds another argument to the need of speedy legislative action, and removes the objection in the minds of some persons that Indians now far behind, would have no time for any preparation to meet the new order of living. There is ample time for them to prepare, and the fixity of the future status would make more definite and effective the labor on the part of the Indians, the agents, the teachers and the missionaries.

Indians Now Ready For Lands In Severalty.

IN NEBRASKA.

The Indian population in this State is not far from 3,400 and the lands occupied by the tribes lie close to the eastern border.

The Poncas.—That portion of the tribe who made their way back from the Indian Territory in 1878, under Chief Standing Bear, the story of whose sufferings is so widely known, are now prospering upon their old land north of the Nebraska, and a few miles from where it empties into the Missouri. They number about 170. During the past year, by the aid of an especial appropriation, twenty new houses have been erected in addition to the log cabins built soon after their return from Indian Territory. Horses, cattle, and farming implements have been issued, and the people are reported as making an honest living and supporting themselves. A warehouse, blacksmith shop, two agency buildings, and a school house have been recently built, and a day school started. These Indians are strongly attached to their present homes, where their ancestry have lived for over two hundred years. The Poncas have always been friendly to their white neighbors and desirous of becoming versed in the white man's ways. By a bill now pending in Congress for the partition of the Great Sioux Reservation, the Poncas are to be given their present lands in severalty with trust patents, and when this is accomplished there will be an additional incentive to progress among the people.

The Santees.—Fifteen miles south, on the banks of the Missouri, lies the "Executive Order Reservation," of the Santees. This tribe belongs to the Sioux group, and have passed through grave experiences and sufferings, having been involved in the consequences of the acts of members of their family of tribes, wherein innocent and guilty have alike been punished.

The Upper Mississippi was formerly controlled by the Sioux tribes. They are placed in that locality on the map of M. d'Isle, of 1700, and John Carver visited them in the same region in 1767. During 1805 and 1806 Maj. Z. M. Pike found the Sioux at the same point on the Mississippi river, and established friendly relations between them and the United States Government. Early in the century, the pressure of white immigration upon the easterly Indian tribes was felt by the tribes living near the Mississippi. Treaties for the purchase of lands and removal of Indians began to be made with the Western tribes. Even before this period, the earlier movement of the Eastern Indians had forced the Sioux tribe westward and brought on conflicts between these warlike Indians and the peaceable village Indians of the Missouri river. Of these commotions between Indian tribes the advancing settlers took little heed, but these conflicts reacted upon the white population and increased the difficulties between the two races. The Sioux were troublesome neighbors, but to the whites they were amenable to just and kind treatment. Of this, however, they received but small share, compared to the more liberal donation of hatred; pushed upon all sides, deceived, and driven from their homes, it is rather a matter of surprise that so little vengeance was taken by them upon the isolated white aggressors. The noted Minnesota outbreak in 1862-3 was in reality but one of the intrigues practiced during the civil war in a rear attack. The number of white lives lost, however, was small comparatively, but the fact that friend and foe alike fell victims, intensified the public indignation, and resulted in the act of Congress which banished all Indians from the State of Minnesota. During the outbreak, the Christian Indians did brave work in the face of public sentiment of their own kindred, and saved many lives of the white people at the risk of their own. The blow of imprisonment and abrogation of treaties fell on all alike; little or no discrimination was shown. The result, however, was, on the whole, not disastrous to the welfare of the Santee tribe, for during their prison life the Christian Indians became teachers and ministers to those who were in bonds with them. A religious revival, a great desire to learn to read, and obtain a knowledge of things essential to civilized living took possession of the prisoners. Their old missionaries were appealed to, and their faithful friends, Drs. Riggs and Williamson, came to them, and guided the stricken, humbled band to better modes of thought and life. To-day the fruit of that period of trial is to be seen on the Santee Reservation. This land was set apart by Executive order, in 1866. The people numbering about 806, are living on their farms in houses, some of which are graced with

many comforts of civilized living. Agent Leighton reports 3,357 acres under cultivation, and the following crops: Barley, 200 bushels; flax, 840 bushels; wheat, 12,500 bushels; corn, 17,500 bushels; oats, 19,550; bushels potatoes, 10,500 bushels; and hay cut, 2,700 tons.

Their Agent says: "They have come from a life of dependency to one of independence, acquiring habits of industry instead of idleness, with a disposition to try to make their own living and not depend upon the Government. They are very regular in attending church on Sunday, generally live in peace with their neighbors and comply with their word."

An article of the Sioux treaty of 1868, gives to an individual Indian who has resided 3 years on a piece of land and made improvements to the value of $200, a patent for the quarter section (160 acres). One hundred and twenty-seven of the Indians complied with the requirements, and have filed their application papers under this article. As yet, however, no patents have been received. The 'hope deferred' has a depressing influence and hindered the general progress of the people.

The American Missionary Association has a large Mission School, with a Normal Department under the charge of the Rev. Alfred L. Riggs, son of the pioneer Missionary, Dr. Stephen Riggs. Thirteen buildings are connected with the school, including carpenters,' blacksmiths,' and shoe-makers' shops, farm buildings and brick-yard. The 144 scholars are instructed in trades and in English studies, and the "foundations are being laid here for a lasting benefit to the Sioux nation in Christianity, education, and industrial training."

Rev. Mr. Riggs states in his report: "The help that we have in our work from native assistants is worth noticing. Three men and one young woman have served as teachers in the school room, and two other young women have served in the Industrial Training Department, all with very valuable results.

This Normal School sustains such a relation to the whole Dakota nation, that it is a sort of an educational barometer, and we find an increasing number throughout the Indian country who are intent on gaining an education, not only for their own advancement in knowledge, but that they may become the instructors of their people. This is a most hopeful sign. For even though very many more of the white teachers ought to be employed in the education of the Indians, yet before the work can be successful as a whole, we must raise up a strong corps of teachers from among the Indians themselves, who, though they may have less scholarly equipment, have the greater advantage of sympathy. From the condition of the educational and religious work among this people, as well as from their progress in civil institutions and their building of civilized homes, there is ground for great encouragement"

A large church under the charge of a native pastor, and other smaller stations under the same kind of guidance, are connected with this mission. The Protestant Episcopal Church has successful schools and churches among this tribe. Unfortunately during the past year, the principal church and St. Mary's school adjoining, were destroyed by fire, but these are being rebuilt, and their usefulness will again be felt among the people. Opposite the Reservation, on the east bank of the Missouri, is the thriving town of Springfield, and there, under the same mission, is the Hope school, under charge of Mrs. E. E. Knapp, and with about 24 boys and girls. Their proficiency in English and various studies, is noteworthy as well as the admirable discipline and bearing of the scholars. The interest and sympathy of this border town is won by these pupils, not only for the bright students at school, but for their far-away Indian relations. Double work is thus done at Hope school by educating the white people to fairer judgment of the Indian and by preparing the Indians to meet and fraternize with their white neighbors.

At the Agency is a thrifty Government Industrial school with 55 boys and 29 girls. "All the children, except some who came this year, talk English in all their conversation in school and out." The educational facilities of the Santee tribe of Sioux Indians may be said to be exceptionally good, and the large number of children in attendance at school, their willingness to speak English and acquire habits of industry and civilized living, are among encouraging signs of the times. About 10 years ago, under the encouragement of the noble Missionaries at work for these people, a considerable number of the Santees were induced to homestead at Flandreau, Moody County, Dakota. They now number about 250 persons. "They are recognized citizens and live in peace with their white neighbors." During their residence in this place, not one of the Indians has been accused of or arrested for stealing. They are honest and make good citizens, but do not display the energy generally seen among the white people; although this, we believe, has been very much overcome within the last few years. They have two churches conducted by native ministers, and the Indians are very regular in attending services. They have a school house in which day school is taught by a man employed by the Government, making a free school for them. The Government has built 20 houses for them during the year. * * The country around Flandreau is well settled; a railroad runs through the country, and their lands are valuable. These Indians deserve credit, should be encouraged, but not assisted too much."

The Poncas, Santees, and Flandreau settlements are all under this Agency, which for eight years has been under the charge of Isaiah Lightner.

Winnebagos:—South, following the Missouri river, the Winnebago Reservation is reached, lying about 90 or 100 miles north of Omaha city. The portion of the tribe living on this reservation numbers 1205. The Winnebagos were formerly inhabitants of the eastern part of Wisconsin, near Green Bay and the lake which still bears their name. Their history has been one of great vicissitudes. They have been pushed hither and thither, and not always treated in a manner to enhance their respect for nominal Christian civilization. It was among these that the Jesuits established their outpost missions in the 17th century. In 1766, Carver found the Winnebagos living on an island near the eastern end of Winnebago Lake. He says: "Their town contains about fifty houses, which are strongly built with pallisades, and the land on which it is situated is nearly fifty acres in area. The land adjacent to the Lake is very fertile, abounding in grapes, plums, and other fruits which grow spontaneously. The Winnebagos raise on it a great quantity of Indian corn, beans, pumpkins, squashes and water-melons, with some tobacco. The Lake itself abounds with fish, and in the fall of the year, with geese, ducks, and teal. * * The Queen, who presided over this tribe instead of a Sachem, received me with great civility and entertained me in a very distinguished manner, during the four days I continued with her. * * The Queen sat in the council, but only asked a few questions or gave some trifling directions in matters relative to the state. * * She was a very ancient woman; small in stature, and not much distinguished by her dress from several young women that attended her. These attendants seemed greatly pleased whenever I showed any token of respect to their Queen, particularly, when I saluted her, which I frequently did, to acquire her favor. On these occasions, the good old lady endeavored to assume a juvenile gaiety, and by her smiles, showed she was equally pleased with the attention I paid her." Although at the present day a woman no longer holds the place of Sachem, descent goes by the mother, not by the father. The continuous warfare between the Winnebagos and Chippewas led to much trouble, and the United States sent officers to arrange a peace between these contestants, whose war imperilled the lives of settlers and traders. The emigrants to Wisconsin, Iowa and eastern Minnesota, pushed hard upon the Winnebagos. Treaty after treaty was made for the sale of more and more land held by them, until 1846 when they ceded to the United States all the lands claimed by them, the former agreeing to purchase lands north of the St. Peters river, for the permanent home of the tribe. Eleven years later, settlers finding their way into that region and desiring to get rid of Indian neighbors, another treaty was made by which their lands and all their improvements were to be sold, and the people removed to a tract 18 miles square on the Blue Earth side in Minnesota, where it was supposed the distance from the white people would be sufficient to insure safety against further removal. All the Winnebagos were to go to this district. A number had hitherto refused to leave Wisconsin, and some had joined tribes living in Kansas. This very land was to be surveyed and allotted to individuals, and schools to be established and workshops built. Many of the people went to work with a will, and opened up farms and built houses, although the promised schools were not yet started, nor the allotments made as agreed. After the Sioux outbreak, the Winnebagos were driven from their homes, and sent over to the Missouri river in Dakota, where they underwent great suffering, and finally fled down the river and sought shelter and protection from the Omahas. In 1866, the Omahas sold a strip off of the northern part of their Reservation, in all about 109,844 acres, which has since been the Winnebago Reservation. Every inducement was offered the Wisconsin branch to join their tribe and settle on their land and begin life again. Houses were built and farms opened for them, and the people brought over and placed thereon, but group after group made their way back to the old haunts in Wisconsin, until all are now there that were once carried away to Nebraska. Some of these Wisconsin Winnebagos have taken up homesteads and settled down to work; others are still picking up a precarious living, helped on by their yearly cash annuity of about 20 dollars per capita.

In 1871 part of the mixed blood relations of the Winnebagos applied for a separation from the tribe, requesting to be made citizens and to receive a final settlement of their share of the tribal money. This was granted to them, and they returned to Minnesota and took up homesteads on their old Reservation at Blue Earth river.

The Winnebagos that are gathered on the Reservation in Nebraska are doing well, considering their unfortunate history. They have been the victims in many ways of the misdeeds of other tribes, and owing to their quiet attachment to their old home in Wisconsin, have found it difficult to take on settled habits in any other locality. Then, too, they have been virtually without any persistent, energetic missionary labor for many years. The old time mission left little impress upon the people, and later efforts have been spasmodic rather than permanent. The people, however, are industrious and valuable as farm hands, laborers on the railroad, and wood-cutters. Winnebago camps are scattered for miles around the Reservation, and these Indians find ready employment and good wages. The Agent reports: "They are always active, energetic and industrious; quick witted, full of expedients in case of emergency or accident, and sharp at a bargain. Many of them are good farmers and occupy their farms at all seasons. * * As a tribe, they prefer to be day laborers rather than farmers. Seed time and harvest are too far apart for them, and they prefer the quicker returns of the laborer, even at the expense of greater profit. * * Most of them speak English, wear citizen's clothes, and when on the Reservation, live in houses, and send their children to school." A few years ago there were two or three day schools scattered over the Reservation, but after many changes, the large and prosperous Industrial boarding school is the only one at present in operation, with nearly 100 pupils. The children are advancing rapidly, not only in their studies, but in a knowledge of civilized modes of life.

These Winnebagos are very desirous to receive their land in severalty, with trust patents, and a bill to that effect is already before Congress. If this bill should become a law, a great impulse will be given these people, and the home feeling which has been so often outraged will be permitted to grow again and yield its blessings to the tribe.

The Omahas.—South of the Winnebagos, and divided from them only by an imaginary line, live the Omaha tribe of Indians. These and the Winnebagos are under the charge of one Agent, Dr. Geo. W. Wilkinson, and the task of administering the affairs of two such diverse peoples, is by no means a light one. The Omahas belong to the same linguistic group as the Winnebagos, but are of a remote and southern branch. Inclined to agriculture, the Omahas have for many generations lived in villages surrounded by patches, where their corn, beans and melons yielded a comfortable harvest. They were hunters as well, going out under due regulations upon their annual summer hunt, and thus receiving food and clothing and material for their tents. Their villages were composed in the main of large circular dwellings, made of closely set posts, interwoven with willows and tightly covered over with sod. These formed durable structures, warm in winter and cool in summer. They have lived for two centuries or more, on or near their present Reservation, being occasionally driven away by inroads from warlike neighbors. They are deeply attached to their land. Until 1855, they had received but little help or benefit from the Government, being grouped with a number of small tribes, under a general Agency at Council Bluffs. After the transfer of the Indians in 1848 from the War Department to the Interior Department, their first treaty as a separate tribe was made in 1855-6, at which time they ceded the great tract of land which may be roughly outlined as lying between the Nebraska on the north, and the Platte river on the south, the Missouri on the east, and the barren sand hills some 200 miles inland. They received from choice their present lands and those now occupied by the Winnebagos.

The condition of the border tribes for the preceding ten years had been a hard one. The inevitable white man was upon them. Some of the tribes, like the Omahas, discerned, at least, their chief discerned, that their safety lay in education and in accepting civilization. One said to the Superintendent, "We desire to become rich and great, but we are here alone on the prairie without any one to help us!" Mr. D. D. Mitchell, Superintendent of the Central Superintendency, which included this and kindred tribes, writes to the Interior Department under date of October 7, 1852: "The Indian tribes are well aware of the fact that there is no resting place for them, under the existing order of things, and this knowledge has had a most unhappy effect upon them. When urged to turn their attention to agriculture or mechanical pursuits, they invariably reply: "What's the use of it? In a few more years we shall be driven into the plains or the Rocky mountains, and what will our knowledge of agriculture or the mechanical arts avail us on the prairies or in the Rocky mountains?" * * If the Government determines to persevere in its laudable efforts to improve their unhappy condition, the plan that I have heretofore recommended must be adopted, viz: To make citizens of all who are willing to become such, and they comprise a large majority of the families in question. * * The Government has only to choose between what may perhaps be considered two evils: To make citizens from time to time of the Indian tribes, or drive them back into the prairies and abandon them to their fate. A great and humane nation (as we profess to be) cannot hesitate which course to adopt. There is nothing novel in the policy I have recommended. We paid $15,000,000 for New Mexico and took the whole of the native population as citizens of the United States. Two or three millions will purchase Nebraska, and give us a territory on our border more valuable than New Mexico, and a native population far more enlightened and patriotic. I speak thus positively on the subject as I am acquainted with the country and inhabitants of both Territories."

By the policy which had been pursued, the Government has already paid out in cash between four and five millions dollars, exclusive of the cost of maintaining officers; and all the Indians that were inhabitants of the territory at the time Superintendent Mitchell made his suggestions, except the Omaha tribe, have been removed from their old homes to the detriment of their energy and progress and faith in the benefits of civilized training. Discouragement has followed the track of their removal, and clouded the hopes of Indians and missionaries, while the pernicious policy of herding the Indians in an Indian territory is becoming daily more apparent to all persons.

The Omahas were fortunate in having some strong men as leaders, and soon after the tribe took up its residence upon their present reservation, many of these people began to go to work in earnest. Commissioner Dole, in his report of 1861 to the Secretary of the Interior, says, concerning the Omahas: "Much of the progress observable in the condition of this tribe is attributable to their intelligent and exemplary chief, La Flesche, and to the excellent school in their midst." This school was under the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions and in charge of the Rev. J. R. Burt, a man who has left a profound impress upon the people, which has not been effaced by the lapse of time, since he resigned his charge, after years of faithful labor.

At a raising of the United States flag over the Agency during the first year of the war, La Flesche addressed the assembled tribe, saying: "This flag, I understand, signifies freedom and equal rights. When we (the chiefs) were in Washington, we were given a flag like this, and told it was the flag of our country, and it was our flag. Before it was given us, it seems that we were not a people; but since we have received it we have made great progress. It seems as though when we were given the flag strength was given with it. This is a flag of a great country; it is our flag. By it we stand, and when it falls, we fall with it." The Omahas have proved their loyalty by deeds, for one hundred enlisted in the Union Army, and many of them were mission scholars who spoke English.

After much parleying on the part of the tribe, and weary waiting, the Reservation was surveyed in 1868-9, and the more progressive men took up their individual farms, receiving, in 1871, certificates of allotment, which they at first fondly supposed to be patents. Believing the removal to the dreaded Indian Territory was now impossible for them, shops were established, and the saw mill was busy making lumber for the houses the Indians were building on their farms.

In 1875 the old village of sod lodges was broken up and all the tribe betook themselves to farms. Government assisted the people, and wagons, harness, and farming implements were issued, purchased with the annuity which was then made to serve exclusively as a civilizing agent. In 1878 the forcible removal of the isolated tribe of Poncas carried a profound feeling of uneasiness among the Indian farmers concerning their tenure of the land and possible removal to Indian Territory. Many were discouraged, but the leaders urged the people to persevere, and fervent prayers were daily offered to God to spare to them the land of their fathers.

Reforms have taken place in the tribe. The chiefs are deposed and an elective council substituted. The paid United States Indian police force was selected out of the Indian soldiery. Indian employes found their way into the shops, and in 1879 the Government Boarding and Industrial school was opened. During the same year the Omahas and Winnebagos were consolidated under one Agent, and an expensive economy began in the administration of affairs.

In 1881 a petition signed by a large number of the farmers of the tribe, was sent to Congress asking for patents to their lands in severalty. On August 7, 1882, a bill was signed by the President granting this request, and in July, 1883, the work was completed, and to-day each family has not only its own homestead of 160 acres, but each child is the owner of 40 acres in its own right. In all, 75,931 acres are allotted in 954 separate allotments to 1,194 persons. The patents, which will be distributed to the people in about two months from now, declare that the United States will hold the patents in trust for the term of twenty-five years from date of the act; at the expiration of that time, the patents to become a fee simple patent; meanwhile the land cannot be sold, or encumbered, or taxed.

The Omaha and Sioux City Railroad now forms the Western boundary of the Reservation, the land west of the railroad having been opened to settlers, who have proved to be of an excellent class. Several of the Indians had taken lands west of the road, and their homes and farms now compete with those of their white neighbors.

"All the land lying near the white settlements is allotted, and the Indians, particularly those who are inclined to be progressive, are seeking rather than avoiding association with the white people. This is a good indication. Progress cannot be made in isolation. The increasing crops of the Omahas to be marketed make them an important factor in the prosperity of the growing villages in their vicinity, and the tradesmen of the villages encourage these efforts. The people seem more and more in earnest to advance in their farmer's mode of life. The security of their tenure of their land has had an excellent influence. The very thorough manner in the work of allotting those lands was done, and the practical instruction given them at the same time, has given these people an impetus which will never be lost. * * Henceforth the land follows descent according to the laws of the State, and the registry kept by Miss Fletcher will facilitate securing the proper inheritance. This registry, giving as it does, the exact status of the families as they will be recognized by the Government in the patents, will also render valuable assistance in maintaining the integrity of the family, a most important matter in the welfare of the people. * * Another step taken by these people at this time, which indicates a determination to march on to independence, is the closing of their shops as tribal institutions. They believe they are ready for the discipline of paying for their own work. * * * The Omahas are a determined and progressive people, and are in a very hopeful condition."

The Agent urges the increasing need of law, as between Indian and Indian, and white men and Indians; and also the justice and necessity of paying a salary to the three judges who constitute the "efficient and effective" Court of Indian offences.

The crops of the Omahas are principally corn, wheat, potatoes, and other vegetables, which they raise to the amount of nearly one-third of a million of bushels per year.

The Government school is well attended, and also the Mission school, which has done so much toward elevating and educating the tribe. A number of Omaha children are at Hampton Institute, Carlisle, Lincoln, Houghton, Ia., and Genoa, Neb., schools.

To be Continued.

A Day with White Ghost in a Boston Snow Storm.

Receiving a printed notice that Gen'l Armstrong, Chief White Ghost, and Major Gasmann, Agent of the Crow Creek tribe, with others, would address a meeting of the Massachusetts Indian Association in the Old South Church, Boston, I took the early morning train for the "Hub" on the day appointed, in the face of the fiercest snow storm of the season, to greet my Late chief and his party and report for duty, if I could be of any service.

I found the party at the Parker House, fatigued with their hard winter night's journey in the cars, but those who were strangers in Boston, desirous of seeing its lions. Mr. W. H. Davis that staunch friend of Hampton and of the Indian, who had the party and the meetings in charge, gladly accepted my offer of service, and placing a "Booby Hut" (that absurd name for a hack on runners,) at my disposal, asked me to escort White Ghost, Major Gasmann, and my esteemed friend, Rev. Mr. Gravatt, Rector of St. John's Church at Hampton, to such places of interest as could be seen in the time at our disposal.

OLD KING'S CHAPEL.

Stopping for a moment to take a look at "King's Chapel," the beautiful old church of which Rev. H. W. Foote, a fellow trustee of Hampton Institute is pastor, with its antique high backed square pews, its organ presented by King George II and selected by Handel, at that time his Musical Director, and glancing hastily at its busts, commemorative tablets, and stained windows, we proceeded to the State House. Leaving the trio to inspect the tattered battle flags, statues, etc. of the rotunda, I sought a guide and found my old acquaintance, the well known freedman, Lewis Hayden, who was one of Gov. Andrews' trusted agents in the South during the war, and has since been in the office of the Secretary of State, and is a leader of the colored people in Boston.

CALLING ON THE GOVERNOR AND SECRETARY.

We first paid our respects to Governor Robinson, who received us graciously, and with whom we had a pleasant conversation. He expressed his interest in the cause of the Indian, and his regret that an important council would prevent him from accepting the committee's invitation to attend the Indian meeting.

Our next call was on the Secretary of State, who showed White Ghost the original Indian treaties with the Massachusetts Bay Colony and presented him with an impression of the State seal, which the old chief was gratified to notice bore the device of an Indian on its coat of arms. The cordial reception and courtesies shown us by all the officials made a great impression upon Major Gasmann, who is a Norwegian by birth, and who was struck by the contrast between their bearing and that of European officials with whom he had come in contact.

MEETING A MASSACHUSETTS TRIBE.

We were invited to visit one of the committee rooms, where a delegation of Marshpee Indians, one of the old Massachusetts tribes, were having a hearing. These Indians are civilized and educated, and but for their somewhat swarthy complexions could not be distinguished from the whites. They have all the rights of citizens; one, a portly, comfortable looking gentleman, evidently well to do, was one of the selectmen of his town. Another was a physician in good practice. It was interesting to witness this interview between these educated Indian citizens of old Massachusetts, respected by the community in which they live, and in possession of all their "Indian Rights," and the untutored Western chief of an oppressed people, as they quietly noted each other's characteristics and contrasted their condition. When will our Western tribes be accorded justice and the rights so long denied them? Let us hope that the appeals of the Indian Rights Association and the facts which are being made known through their agency, may have this result.

WAR RELICS AND VETERANS.

Taking a hasty look at the senate chamber, I pointed out the drum, and musket which were used at the battle of Lexington. The latter was presented by the late Rev. Theodore Parker, by whose grandfather it was used in the fight. When Gov. Andrew delivered it into the custody of the President of the senate at the close of a very eloquent speech, he reverently kissed the ancient weapon. Some irreverent wag, the next day propounded the following conundrum in one of the Boston papers: "Why is Gov. Andrew like a poor sportsman? Because he *bussed* the gun." When Gov. Andrew escorted Gen. Grant around the State House after the close of the war I accompanied him as one of his staff, and heard him tell this joke upon himself to the taciturn commander, which he did with great gusto. Here I was greeted by an old acquaintance, Sergeant Plunkett, who lost both arms at the shoulder, while bearing the colors of the 21st Massachusetts regiment in the battle of Fredericksburg. The regiment was under a very heavy fire, the color bearer had been shot down, and eight volunteers in succession, who had seized the flag, met with the same fate—when Sergeant Plunkett gallantly rushed forward as the tenth man to save the falling standard. He had no sooner done so, than both arms were taken off by a shell and he fell upon the colors which were saturated with his blood—the blood-stained colors hang in the Rotunda with the other battle flags of the state. When I was Paymaster Gen'l. of the Commonwealth, during the war, Plunkett, who lived in Worcester, used to come in with orders from soldiers and their wives bounties. We would put the money into his pocket, and holding the pen between his teeth he would sign the pay roll. One day he came in and astonished us by taking off his cap after giving a military salute. He had just been supplied with a false arm, so perfect that he could even pick up a match with his fingers by springs worked by his shoulder joint. He was engaged to be married at the time he was maimed, and offered to release his lady love from her promise. But she refused to abandon him, feeling, what on a similar occasion was so well expressed by another noble woman, "that as long as there was enough of his *body* to hold his *soul*, she would not give him up".

THE STATE HOUSE AND CHURCHES.

Passing through the Hall of Representatives, where hangs the historic cod-fish, emblem of one of Massachusett's industries, we left the State House and drove to the beautiful Trinity Church, of which the eminent Phillips Brooks is rector. This church is one of the grandest specimens of architecture in this country. All our party, but especially Rev. Mr. Gravatt, whose church in Hampton is the oldest in the country, were profoundly impressed, as in the dim religious light that pervaded it, they studied the beautiful windows, the interior decorations, and the massive arches and pillars of the magnificent edifice erected at a cost of nearly a million dollars. In the vestry, an "Emergency Lecture" was being given, which was well attended in spite of the furious storm which was still raging. The course was given for ladies and gentlemen, and the proceeds went to pay the expenses of a free course given evenings to conductors, brakemen, and others whose occupations are likely to bring accidents under their notice, where a knowledge as to what should first be done may be the means of saving lives. This is one of the wise charities of which Dickens says, "I sincerely believe that the public institutions and charitics of this Capital of Massachusetts are as nearly perfect as the most considerate wisdom, humanity and benevolence can make them." From the church, we called on Mr. Brooks at the Rectory, but did not find him at home; we were repaid by a glance into his charming study, an ideal home for a literary man, Mr. Brooks must have been startled at finding by our cards, that a "White Ghost" had visited him in his absence, for whom the snow storm was an appropiate accompaniment. In fact, it made white ghosts of us all—not only the floor and seats of our carriage would be covered with snow before we could get in and close the door, but we were enveloped from head to foot with the fleecy covering.

A TALK WITH THE PHONOGRAPH. TOO GHOSTLY FOR A WHITE GHOST.

We next visited the Electric Exhibition, which for some weeks has been one of the greatest attractions of the city, but found it had just closed and were turning away from the door, when Mr. Edison's assistant invited us to inspect the wonderful Phonograph which he had not packed up. White Ghost, who had been apparently unmoved at all the curious and wonderful sights he had seen thus far, was no longer able to conceal his astonishment, when, after making a short speech in his own language into the little hole in the machine, his sentences were repeated to him in clear, distinct tones, in pure Dakotah just as he had uttered them. He had met with nothing so wonderful in all his experience, and stood aghast at what seemed pure diablerie. We greatly enjoyed his wonder.

WHITE GHOST'S OPINION OF THE APOLLO BELVIDERE.

Our last visit was to the Art Museum where Gen. Loring, the Director, was very courteous and attentive, but with the attractions which we have neither time nor space to describe, and all its varied collections, it was deficient in Indian costume and ornaments, and White Ghost promised to send some specimens of the work of his tribe. Gen. Loring wished to know his opinion of the statue of the Apollo Belvidere which had been spoken of by some writer as the perfect type of a Mohawk Indian. But the old chief gave his decided opinion that it was "all white man, no Indian about it." He thought however that "Cicero" in the same room might pass very well for a Sioux Chief.

THE MEETING AT THE OLD SOUTH.

Our interesting tour was now ended for lack, not of further attractions but of time, and giving up a visit to old Faneuil Hall, and other notable places, we returned to the Parker House for lunch, after which the whole party went to the Old South, that ancient and historic building, where Franklin was baptised, where our Revolutionary leaders made their fiery speeches and which is now used for lectures, public meetings and for the exhibition of articles of historic interest, to encourage and keep alive a spirit of patriotism in the younger generation.

Here, notwithstanding the fierce storm, was gathered a large audience of the friends of the Indian and his rights, and addresses were delivered by Gen'l Armstrong, White Ghost, Major Gasmann, Rev. J. B. Wicks and our Hampton student Bushotter who acquitted himself very creditably and has much improved since I last heard him at the Hampton Anniversary.

And so ended our interesting day with White Ghost and his friends.

Kendal Green, J. F. B. MARSHALL
Weston, Massachusetts, Jan. 31, 1885.

The Women's National Indian Association.

BY MRS. A. S. QUINTON, SEC'Y.

When Divine Providence raises up many different classes of workers, and different lines of work, for the deliverance and elevation of a race, the world may be sure that the hour of the redemption of that race draws near. The truth of this proposition has often been proved in history. So, manifestly, for our native American Indians is the day of deliverance near. The tide of moral sentiment upon their behalf, already well-nigh irresistible, is hourly rising; and any day we may look for the launch of their true prosperity. For many years the churches worked among these people and with as good success as usually attends a like measure of effort for any untaught race. Then came—thanks to the Friends who first suggested it—Gen. Grant's new Indian policy and the work of the Board of Indian commissioners. Following soon after was Captain Pratt's new departure—a special work by a specially prepared instrument—introducing to the East in his experiment (first at our noble Hampton, and later on a large scale at Carlisle) Indian capability and desire for education and the sure success of labor in this direction. In the West, too, the gross injustice of the eviction of the Poncas, in 1876, had stung into intense activity on the Indians' behalf the strong will, brain and heart of T. H. Tibbles, and the noble group who, in the city of Omaha and elsewhere, worked with him for the restoration of that tribe to home and rights. Like the flame of a prairie fire the indignation kindled by his burning appeals, and the pathetic and fact-full eloquence of Bright Eyes, spread wherever they were heard, East or West; yet was there no union of forces among all friends of Indians to move Congress to that new and just legislation for lifting the Indian out of his serfdom and helplessness into manhood and citizenship; to secure the only sure remedy, as all admit, for his wrongs and his barbarism. A new line of work, a fresh and widely reaching band of workers, composed of best abilities and influences was needed. God's "needs be" is his "shall be," and there arose another agency to do yet another special work on Indian behalf. In the Spring of 1879, apart from all preceding agencies and in no way connected with either of these special efforts, a Christian woman, reading in the daily papers the announcement of a wholesale wrong to Indians proposed by a member of Congress, and reading about the same time other similar facts, was moved to present these items to friends with the hope of making the facts more widely known. The first effort toward publication of these failed, but the second was successful, and petitions and leaflets began the work of publishing to all denominations of Christians the many and deep wrongs done our Indian tribes, and of calling attention to the fact that the whole church of God in America is responsible for the failure to deliver, elevate and Christianize the Indian race, since Christians *can* secure the needed light and help, if they will but use the moral power committed to and organized by them. To this call to the church there was quick response and, after the first popular petition thus seconded, went to Congress, a nucleus of organization was secured and the first committee, a few months later, doubled—soon became the Association which, under progressive names is now known as "The Women's National Indian Association." A deep conviction of the power of the whole church of God—if all its branches will but move *together*, of its divine commission to make "crooked things straight," to "destroy iniquity," and to bring in national as well as individual righteousness—is seen in every effort and leaflet of the Association. It has ever asked for faithfulness to compacts with Indians, and where this, if literal would work injustice, that the promises *as intended to be understood by Indians* may be kept.

The influence of this Association, through its thirty-eight auxiliaries and helpers in twenty-seven States, and its membership of noble women from ten different denominations and the best and most useful walks of life, has been wide and strong. Many hundreds of thousands of leaflets and pamphlets giving facts from official sources, on the condition and treatment of the Indians; many hundreds of public meetings in various sections of the country; the appeals to the Government in repeated petitions, and to the public constantly through the press and

directly to the great religious and educational organizations during six years, could not fail indeed to arouse general interest, to stir the Christian heart, and to awake the popular conscience regarding national obligations to Indians; and from numberless sources come testimonials and proofs of results of work done. To these results have been added the noble literary and philanthropic work of "H. H.," begun six months after that of the Association, and the able scientific and executive efforts for Indian civilization and homes, begun still later by Miss Alice C. Fletcher's rare self-devotion; and, more recently still, the efficient and politically practical work of the gentlemen's "Indian Rights Association" under the leadership of its champion and originator, Mr. Herbert Welsh.

Thus has the God of justice called into active service different and specially prepared workers for different lines of service, and all are working out His divine purposes for redeeming and elevating still another race in our beloved home land. All these labor toward the common end and for fulfilling the same, though it may sometimes be an unrecognized plan; each toiler being but the laborer of a day in that divine employ which has no beginning of days and knows no end of terms.

Of the new mission-work of the Women's Association, interestingly and successfully begun during the past year, space here forbids mention save to say that it is preparatory Christian work among tribes in no other way provided with Christian instruction, and to be continued at a given point only until some purely missionary society is ready to take the station for permanent work. Of this department of labor more anon.

One of the first and chief impulses of The Women's National Indian Association was and is, to help secure a combination of all friends of Indians; to mass the influence of all and direct it upon legislation; to unite all friendly workers, upon whatever lines, in one grand army, to secure the desired ends. These to-day are the fulfilling of confessed governmental obligations to Indians, the protection of common law for their property rights, and the opening of the path of civilization and citizenship to their growingly-willing feet.

CO-OPERATION,

Then, should be the watchword all along the lines; co-operation, mutual recognition and help; perfect liberty of judgment and expression as regards details, but heartiest union of all for political Indian redemption; for universal Indian education; and ever for true, Christian civilization—that strongest, surest, and quickest leverage for the uplifting, ennobling, and developing of any race or individual the wide world over.

Wanted--A Lift.

Maj. Gasman, United States Indian Agent at Crow Creek, writes: "Daniel Fire Cloud and wife, with their two small children, desire greatly to go to Hampton School. He is about thirty years old, and his wife a few years younger. He is one of our best men, especially in Christian work among Indians. Two tickets would take the party."

"Fire Cloud" has now two bright little boys, Daniel and James, aged 8 and 10 years, at Hampton. Bringing the family together would be as advantageous for the parents as for the children. The father is not too old to make three years of schooling profitable to him.

A chance to aid and educate Indians of established character does not often occur. The cost of bringing the party from Dakota to Hampton will be about eighty dollars. Until the current year, government transportation has been provided for all. This fiscal year the limited allowance made was exhausted last January, since when this school has paid traveling expenses of Indians from the charity fund. This statement is made in the hope that one or more of our readers may contribute eighty dollars to bring Daniel Fire Cloud and his wife and little children to Hampton for two or three years' teaching and training.

Southern Workman.

VOL. XIV. HAMPTON, VA., APRIL, 1885. No. 4.

We are enjoying again the presence of our friend and honored ex-Treasurer, Gen. J. F. B. Marshall, and his wife.

Rev. Dr. Aubrey, a distinguished minister of the Congregational Church in London, has recently visited the school, and delighted all with his most interesting lecture upon "Living English Statesmen."

An account of a difficult and interesting surgical operation, successfully performed recently by Dr. C. N. Dorsett, of Montgomery, Ala., assisted by two other "well known physicians of the State," was recently given by the *Nashville American* without knowledge that Dr. Dorsett is a colored man, but in another number cheerfully making recognition of the fact. We are glad to record this triumph of a Hampton graduate, with whose manly struggles to secure his profession we have before now acquainted our readers. It is good evidence for the capabilities of his race, and that grit and ability are the keys to success in hands of any color.

The Indian Rights Association, whose vigorous "appeal to Cæsar" was of late so successful in rousing the Appropriation Committee of the last Congress to save the Piegans from starvation, has again proved its efficiency by securing the arrest—we trust the prevention—of gross injustice to the Indian and one more disgrace to the country. For the particulars and merits of the opening up of the Crow Creek reservation, we refer our readers to Mr. Herbert Welsh's letter in our Indian department. The prompt consent of President Cleveland and Secretary Lamar of the Interior, on the representations of Professor Painter and the recommendation of Commissioner Price, to suspend the action of their predecessors until its justice could be investigated and the Indian have a hearing, promise well for the independence and conscientiousness of the new administration. Mr. Atkins, the new Indian Commissioner, has had much experience in Indian affairs upon the Appropriation Committees of the House. It is to be hoped that the forces of the Department will be united, for the satisfaction of the demand recognized by the President in his inaugural address. "The conscience of the people demands that the Indians within our boundaries shall be fairly and honestly treated."

Chief White Ghost's letter, received just in time to print after Mr. Herbert Welsh's statement of his case, well supplements it. Many of our readers will recall the stately old man, with a face like a Roman senator's, who so eloquently spoke for his people at the recent meetings for Hampton in New York and Boston. We submit it to them whether the spirit of this letter, and the bearing of the old chief and his people in their emergency, contrast unfavorably or favorably with that of their civilized "guardians."

A friend who shows his good will to Hampton and the colored race by contributing one of the $70 scholarships which pay for a year's schooling, returns the student's customary letter of acknowledgement, witha serious criticism of its various errors, and the supposed remissness of some teacher in allowing it to go out from the school in such a faulty condition. The case has been explained, we trust, to our good friend's satisfaction. For that of others, it is perhaps well to state here again, as we do from time to time, that these "scholarship letters," as they are called, are required every year from every student; that one is sent to every donor of a scholarship, and that it is a point of honor with us that each shall be sent without correction further than that of cutting down when necessary. The student knows that it will be thus sent; that he is expected to do his best at the time, and that only those who are trying to, have we the right to commend to those who entrust their contributions to the school for the benefit of the race. The scholarship letters are thus, from year to year, a gauge of the students' progress and real condition. Revised, they would lose their chief value and interest. As they are, they have been for years very effective in interesting many in the school, as well as in instructing the students in their relations to it and its supporters. The general nature of the letters may be seen in the two or three samples of those written in the past year, which we print as they were written and sent, on another page.

Dr. Felix Adler whose great work for the rescue of the poor children of New York by scientific industrial training, is of course well known to our readers, has visited Hampton Institute with great interest in its line of work. He moved its students as no other speaker has, by his earnest words of counsel from the standpoint of one who had himself—as a Jew—known not only the trials but the "moral danger of belonging to a persecuted race." Mr. Adler was accompanied by the distinguished English artist Mr. Moscheles, grandson of the great Mendelssohn, who also very kindly addressed the students, and gave them an illustration of "how an oil painting is begun," by an offhand sketch for which Gen. Marshall obligingly sat.

Mr. Edward L. Morris, of the Society of Friends in Philadelphia, whose excellent work in and for Liberia, founding schools and missions, encouraging trade and commerce, we have heretofore noticed in our columns, has just made a new gift to the women of Liberia and Africa, by perfecting hand machines for ginning, spinning and weaving cotton, to supersede the clumsy apparatus hitherto in use. His new gin and loom, operated by two men, will do as much work in one day as twenty men can in six days by the native process. They will doubtless be as effective to "astonish the natives" as was the first steamboat or telegraph, and are as real and timely a step in civilization, in the opening up of the "Dark Continent."

The hand machines are adapted not only for use in Africa but in this country, making small producers independent of distant manufactories. To the colored men and women of America as well as of Africa, Mr. Morris makes the offer to accept their raw material in exchange for the machines. The price of the cotton gin in cash is $150, and of the loom $25. For 5,000 lbs. of unginned cotton he will send the gin to any address, and for 6,000 lbs. both machines, with full directions for working them, and will pay the freight himself on cotton and machines, from and to any port or railway station within the limits of the United States. His address is Edward S. Morris, No. 4 Merrick Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. Morris is a well known friend of the colored race, and we take great pleasure in helping to make known to them his latest benevolent work in their interest.

The words of the President's Inaugural for our Negro citizens and Indian wards were few but strong; for the latter, that "Their education and civilization must be promoted with a view to their ultimate citizenship"; for the former, that "All discussion as to the fitness for the place accorded to them as American citizens is idle and unprofitable, except as it suggests the necessity for their improvement. The fact that they are citizens entitles them to all the rights due to that relation and charges them with all its duties, obligations and responsibilities."

In an interview with a colored "Independent" recently the President gave further expression of his views in discussing the relations of the Democrats to the Negro. He "hoped that the position of the colored man in the South would be improved under his administration." He "believed that a political division among the colored men in the North would be of advantage to the South, where the vote would not always be along the color line." He "thought the time had come when it was possible that all political distinctions between the white and colored man could be abandoned," and he "hoped that his administration would tend to that end."

We heartily concur in this hope. So will, we think, every honest and intelligent citizen, who cannot, however well convinced of the soundness of his own political faith, desire it to prevail by class distinctions and color lines, instead of by intelligent conviction; and who cannot fail to see that division on points not of absolute right and wrong is better, as human nature is constituted, for the purity and life of all parties.

At the Conference of County Superintendents in Richmond, noticed in our last number, Col. M. B. Newell, State Supt. of Instruction in Maryland presented some very interesting statements of the interest in education among the white people of this and neighboring States, and the sacrifices by which some of them prove it. While the colored people's longing and struggles for education are naturally oftenest noticed in our columns, none the less interesting to us is the growth of Southern white public sentiment, which indeed is to so great an extent the encouragement and guarantee of theirs. In response to our request, Col. Newell has kindly taken time from his arduous duties in the educational conference at New Orleans, to put upon paper for the *Workman* the interesting statements in his speech. He says:

"The facts referred to in your letter were observed by me in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and West Virginia, most notably in South Carolina, three years ago. There were over 300 teachers attending the Summer Normal School. I talked to a great many of them, and I hardly found one of the lady teachers who, if she paid for board and clothing, could have enough left to pay her school expenses. One middle-aged lady had had a school that was kept open at public expense but six weeks in the year. It took her whole salary to pay her railroad fare and a month's board at Columbia.

"I have never seen a more genuine and more touching thirst for knowledge than among the South Carolina teachers. The teachers of North Carolina were not far behind in their devotion, but they were not so communicative; an inherited Scottish *canniness* made them reticent. I have had girls come to our Normal School at Baltimore for a whole year, traveling 75 miles a day in the steam cars, and four miles in the street cars. At the great Normal School held at the University of Virginia in the summer of 1880, I met with many ladies who spent the entire savings of the year for traveling and boarding expenses, though the latter was very light—not exceeding $12 a month. At Abingdon, Va., the following year, we had men who walked 20 miles to the Normal because they were too poor to pay car fare. Quite a number came and went daily on horseback, because they could not pay for their board in town. The South may be proud of her sons and daughters.

"Very truly yours,

"M. A. Newell."

There is no doubt that this educational interest is the common ground on which the double race problem is to be worked out in the South, and the prophecy of our gentle Quaker poet to be fulfilled—

"Ye are rising, both are rising—
The black and the white together."

The Let-Alone Treatment.

In the *Christian Advocate*, the organ of the M. E. Church, South, Dr. Haygood earnestly protests against the sentiment entertained by "many excellent people," as well as some less excellent, that "The way to solve the Negro question is to let it alone." As the Doctor truly remarks: "If every white hand in America were withdrawn from all relation to any scheme of solution, the problem remains and it will work on to a solution of some sort." "But not to the one we would look for." "No human beings, needing all things—education, training, help, sympathy, religion, were ever yet let alone by those who were able to help them without going straightway to the bad." "And he will not sink into the abyss alone—those nearest go with him." "It often comes to pass that to decline a responsibility is to assume the gravest responsibility. * * * If we say we believe in Christian education and employ it for the saving of our own children, and 'let the Negro alone,' what will become of us, to say nothing of him?"

Since reading Dr. Haygood's earnest words, we have read with deep interest a volume on the past and present of Hayti, just published, by Sir Spencer St. John, for thirty years British Consul General and Minister-resident in that republic. He gives a most appalling picture of the state of things there; agriculture and all internal business and improvement checked by revolution after revolution; cities burned and not rebuilt, or given up to filth and pestilence, increasing yearly; corruption in every branch of the service; constant strife between the blacks and "colored;" exceptional men among both striving against the tide, but immorality everywhere the rule, with conceit in proportion to the lack of any foundation for it. A government and constitution modeled on that of the French republic, but commonly disregarded by every official who swears allegiance to it, from the Presidents down; human life little valued; Voudouism, or pagan conjuring serpent-worship preached openly or secretly in all ranks of society; cannibalism, even, not infrequent in the more remote districts among its horrid rites. In short, according to Sir Spencer, the whole country is lapsing, and now at a rapid rate, "into what

Napoleon called it, *'pays de barbare.'"* How far his representations are reliable and just we do not know. We would like to know what other observers—Mr. Langston among them—think of it. The author has a fluent pen, and says—very frankly—that he rewrote it once, his notes appearing too strong to himself on a second reading. They must have been strong indeed. Perhaps a more careful hand would have toned them down still more. On the other hand, his position entitles him to a respectful hearing. He certainly must have had every opportunity of observation, and he claims to have been brought up in the most advanced school of English liberalism; to have gone to Hayti utterly without prejudice as to color, and to have a personal liking for the race. A reader who is acquainted with it in better conditions, finds himself involuntarily acquiescing here and there in special bits of observation and analysis, favorable or otherwise, and this naturally strengthens the hold of the book. We can but hope that it is overdrawn at least, though if it is anything but a tissue of fabrications, the case is surely bad enough. He speaks very highly of the influence of the small Protestant mission as far as it reaches. Romanism, which prevails, seems to be generally corrupt, even mingled often with Voudouism, the "slimy serpent god" being sometimes actually kept in a box beneath the altar. One point in the book is of special significance. Contrasting the condition of Hayti and the adjoining republic of San Domingo, on the same island, Sir Spencer attributes the vastly better condition of the latter to the policy of encouraging white settlement, bringing in thus capital, competition, and the ideas of civilization, while Hayti has always sought to exclude it and is suffering the consequences. In this case the responsibility of neglect is not upon the whites—unless we go back, as we well may, to the causes of this spirit of seclusion—but it is a powerful illustration of the results of the let-alone policy.

"The chief specialty of our country must be education, if she is to maintain her place among the Powers of the civilized world," is the expression, in a wise and able article by Prof. G. Stanley Hall, in the *North American Review* for February, which ought to be read by every thoughtful teacher and parent in this country, so full is it of fundamental truths. While there is no lack of words of warning, the general tone is inspiring to a degree which can only be reached by one who is himself inspired by a whole-souled faith in the new order of things, and no one who has anything to do with the training of children can fail to be helped by it.

We should be glad to quote the article entire, but are compelled to content ourselves with a few quotations, which we hope may create in our readers an appetite which will be satisfied only with the whole.

"Although, compared with other lands, we almost never have the best in education, we rarely have the worst."

"Our printed courses of study, often so detailed and exiguous as to destroy all the teacher's freedom and initiative, and our examination papers and exhibitions, which too often more than make up for lack of thoroughness by the number of studies begun, show off the children so well that we forget that many of our schools are, as has been said, working out here the problem that China has solved so well, viz: how to instruct and not develop."

"Every important advance or reform in the history of education, has been in large measure due to new insights into the nature of childhood."

"Pestalozzi dressed, washed, combed, and slept in the midst of his pauper school-children, shared all their joys and sorrows, and effected his reforms because he had at last come to live in their world, and learned and told something new of childhood. Locke, Froebel, Herbart, Hamilton, Bell, Lancaster, Stowe, Wilderspen, Necker, and most of the teachers whose work and words it is worth our while to ponder in the history of education, studied children, often in a systematic way, as a naturalist studies the instincts of insects and animals; and their exhortation is to follow, observe, adapt to the nature of childhood. Knowledge of the subject to be taught, though so commonly defective, is only the beginning of the teacher's wisdom, especially in all primary and intermediate education."

"Premature, belated, ill-adapted information, given without determining just how much knowledge can be presupposed as the point of departure, this is the cram that makes bad, collapsible mental tissue, because not thoroughly digested and assimilated, and originates that worst product of artificial methods, a dislike of study and knowledge."

"The new education of to-day looks at quality rather than quantity, and has chiefly in view two things: first, methods that are natural; and secondly, educational values—the highest of all kinds of value in the world."

"It is plain that the wisest of the founders of our political institutions realized far more than the most of us do, that in a country so free and so new, and without authority, precedent, or tradition, only intelligence could control the conditions of human development."

"The lawgivers that will rule our land in the next century should and must study well the problems of education."

* * * * "for, imposing as any school system may be, it is good and will endure only as it represents and fits the nature and needs of children. Even in discussing such questions as the form, slant, and height of seat in school; the lighting, heating, ventilation, and size of rooms; the duration and frequency of recess, the number of studies, the length of lessons, the best part of the day for study, the best form and size of type and script, the best position in writing, the best size of classes, etc.—points that are now in debate,—it is to the physical nature of childhood that we must ever turn for a solution, to which he alone makes real contribution who brings new facts about juvenile physiology and hygiene."

"As, after all, comparatively little of what is now being done has found its way into print, it may be of interest to say that already, in this country, many teachers are carefully exploring, by many ingenious ways, with due precautions against both harm to the child and error in the results, the minds of individual children of all ages, one from another; carefully noting all important points in the environment, with a view to get at last, when hundreds of records are carefully compared, a better and more objective picture of the inward growth of our faculties, serviceable alike for science and for the practical work of teaching."

"It is acquisition along the lines of least resistance thus ascertained that makes education truly 'liberal,' whether elementary or advanced. It is this that makes our colleges so much more effective under the elective system, which makes its way wherever the increased expenditure for instructors can be met."

"A good method of recommending knowledge to the young, and thus of teaching, is one of the most effective bulwarks against a slow relapse to barbarism, because by it knowledge and all its benign influences slowly filter more effectually down from the higher to the lower intelligences. But all methods, curricula, and programs perish with their representatives, if persisted in from habit or convenience, after the all-controlling needs of childhood have found a better way. Hence, the danger for institutions and men of being left behind, which was never greater in this country than today, where progress in these directions is so rapid"

The Cannibal Chair.

(See page 47.)

On the porch of a pleasant missionary home in the Sandwich Islands, shaded by tamarind and bread fruit-trees, and tropical vines, stood a few years ago, an old-fashioned high-backed rocking chair, that looked as if its whole mission in life had been to rock generation after generation of New England babies in a New England home, but to which the stranger guest was formally introduced as to "The Cannibal Chair." In spite of this formidable introduction, its inviting arms did not prove to be those of a devouring Moloch, but swinging lazily in its roomy cradle, the stranger heard how its title had been given in memory of a Marquesan chief to whose savage honor, missionary mother and child had been perforce entrusted in the father's absence upon a further missionary tour; and how the fierce warrior proved faithful to his trust, gratified with the confidence placed in him, and the privilege of sitting in the wonderful rocking throne of the white woman, and holding the wonderful white baby; its mother hovering near with her heart in her mouth, gathering courage at last to paint the delighted monarch's portrait, in regalia of feathers, tattoo and war paint. Retired from its tropical missionary life, the Cannibal Chair seems to have found voice—as rocking chairs are apt to in the course of years, though seldom with so much interest and pleasure to their hearers.

We have not found any more thoroughly readable series of biographical sketches than are Mr. Edward T. Mason's "*Personal Traits of British Authors*" in four attractive volumes, just published by the Scribners. The period chosen begins with the revival of English literature of nearly a hundred years ago, "the great awakening to which may be traced everything of real moment which has since distinguished the literature of England." The peculiar feature of the book is that, except for the brief introductory notes before each subject, it consists of selections from the testimony of contemporary writers upon these representative authors of their period; sometimes of one upon another. The selections are drawn from many sources with great research and good taste, some of them gems of literature in themselves. Among the twenty-seven portraits, we find Shelly, Keats, Landor, Lamb, Hazlitt, Scott, Hogg, Wilson, Macaulay, Sidney Smith, Dickens and Thackeray. Touch after touch of light and color is thrown upon them till you feel that you have made acquaintance with the men themselves, "their appearance, manners, habits, their work and their play, their strength and weakness." While his introductory notes prove that Mr. Mason could have given us good work in the usual style of continuous biographical narrative and criticism, we approve his judgment and thank him for a delightful book on a fresh and original plan. A good index and list of works quoted and of all other available sources of information, increase the value of the book to the student, and a topical index in the broad margins assists the reader, leaving room for personal annotations in which some like to indulge.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS.

The Average Negro.

Southern Workman :--

The article entitled "The Negro Problem," in the Atlantic Monthly, November, 1884, by N. S. Shaler, was so comprehensive, and the notes of criticism by other competent writers so satisfactory, that a fuller statement of one or two points is all that can be asked on that important and interesting subject.

Allow me to ask, however,

1. Whether the "average of two or three negroes out of a hundred, who would be able to receive and profit by a college education" (as stated in a note by General Armstrong), is an indication that, while the brightness of the negro equals that of the white, up to a certain stage, there is a lack of proportionate ability of the average negro, when educated in elementary studies, to grasp the higher branches?

2. Considering the "race proclivities" of the negro, will the education, in common school branches and in religious ideas, which can be received in an ordinary course of instruction, hold the average student from reverting to the low level, especially in moral tone, when left to work out his own career, without further supervision?

3. Can the average negro, graduating as a teacher from the Institute, be safely trusted to be an instructor and example to his own race, considering all the circumstances by which he will be surrounded, and his own imperfect development in the higher gradations of mental and moral power?

These questions have a natural sequence, and an answer to one or all of them will be gratefully received.

(Rev.) A. S. Twombly.

1. The average Negro of to-day certainly has not the same intellectual horizon as the average white man. But in the case of the white man we know that this horizon has been created largely, if not wholly, by the conditions of his environment, past and present. Granting this, we see no reason to doubt that similar conditions, in the case of the black man, will produce similar results, but we realize also that the question can be decided only by a series of experimental tests, which must of necessity include successive generations. The most that can be said is that, while at present the colored man (taking averages) has not the capacity of the white man for receiving higher education, it is too soon for either philosopher or physiologist to give a verdict upon the possible future development of the African races

2 and 3. The comprehensive answer to these two questions is this: We do not trust to the individual Negro so much as to the great uplifting wave of progress which, all through the South, is bearing him along with it. The hope for the future lies in his plasticity. He does not put himself in opposition; he permits himself to be moulded by the forces which, from every quarter, are focusing themselves upon him, and which, more and more, are working together for good. The magnificently healthy development of our Southern country is carrying the Negro with it as a sweeping current carries driftwood, and his docility, his imitativeness, his power of adaptation, all his negative virtues, in short, are in his favor.

While in many of our graduates we have entire confidence as individual men and women, it is the great onward movement, of which they are unconsciously a part, which gives us our assurance of success.

In the *York Herald* of England, we see the name of our friend Mr. Geo. Dixon who recently left Hampton for his English home, recorded among those present at a meeting held for the formation of a new "Liberal Association" in Yorkshire.

The Women's National Indian Association.

Communicated By Mrs. A. S. Quinton. Sec'y.

The following Resolutions which this Association is urging upon the Legislatures of the country has just been adopted by the Legislature of Pennsylvania and approved by the Governor.

Whereas, Believing that the education of Indians and their voluntary citizenship in the United States will most justly, quickly, and economically solve the Indian problem, *Therefore*,

Resolved, That our Senators and Representatives in Congress be and they are hereby requested to aid in the passage of resolutions solemnly pledging the faith of the nation to the Indian Policy embodied in the following principles:

First, That the unpaid sum pledged for educational purposes by the Government as payment for the cession of lands by Indians, be appropriated for the purpose of stock, farming implements, tools, etc., for Indian manual-labor schools.

Second, That so much of the net proceeds of the sale of Indian lands as may be necessary shall be set apart for the purpose of creating a permanent fund for the education of Indians.

Third, That lands in severalty, making their titles inalienable for twenty-five years, and United States citizenship may be granted at once to all Indians who so desire.

Fourth, That the legal personality of all Indians may be granted, and that protection of law may be given them, as it is to all other races within these United States.

Fifth, That the civilization of Indians may be hastened by providing for and rewarding their civilized industries.

Sixth, That the salaries of Indian Agents be increased sufficiently to secure good men of large capacity and business experience, and to retain them in service.

Resolved That the Governor be requested to transmit a copy of the foregoing resolutions to each of the Senators and Representatives in Congress from this State.

These resolutions have also been passed by the New York, Maine, Connecticut, and Michigan Legislatures.

SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October)

Printed on the Normal School Steam Press by Negro and Indian students trained in the office.

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The Southern Press. Both Sides.

"The government of the United States is now in the hands of the Democrats, and the eyes of the world are upon them."—*Memphis Appeal.*

"President Cleveland has but to live up to the fair promise of his inaugural in order to win a position second only to those great fathers of the nation whose guidance he proposes for his course. He has not disappointed an expectant people at the outset, and we have confidence that he will not disappoint them in the end."—*N. O. Picayune.*

The colored papers take a no less inclusive view of the responsibility and opportunity of the Democratic party, and, evidently, if vigilant watching on all sides can ensure good government, we are in a fair way to have it for the next four years,

The *People's Advocate* puts in a claim which is hardly consistent with the principle of reform to which, it is hoped, the administration has bound itself. To turn white men out of office and put in colored men, to keep up a numerical proportion between the races, is not likely to advance the interests of either race.

"The democratic party comes into power under very peculiar circumstances—not by its own dash and influence merely but by the aid of elements which have hitherto affiliated with the defeated party. The uncertainty of the permanent support of these new, yet potent elements, and the stern necessity to make further accessions from the republican ranks, will operate to institute a cautious and reformatory policy which will preserve its present strength and give new supporters. The inconsistencies of the republican party (inconsistencies possibly which could not be harmonized at once), will serve as an inducement to the democratic party, and it may set at once about removing what it seemed was impossible or important to the other party. For instance, the claims of colored people have not been fully recognized. They are not fairly represented in any of the branches of government and have not their share, by large odds, of legitimate patronage. In a word, they have not been treated fairly or equitably. A policy set on foot to regulate this matter by showing a disposition to correct this misfortune would at once set at rest the apprehensions which are entertained by colored people regarding the friendship and disposition of their old enemies. The colored people are in a very delicate position, and will "bide their time" either to march on with the successful party, or to await the advancing columns of the defeated party, conditioned only upon fair, honest and full recognition and the best proof of friendship."

The New York *Freeman* enunciates sounder views and recognizes that the "general good" includes the "interests of the race."

"No class of our citizens than the colored people have better cause to know and to appreciate the fact that "Mr. Cleveland is a new man, with new ideas;" and we are much gratified to observe a dawning of the fact upon the colored mind that, in many respects, the Democratic party is not the same it was under Buchanan, the last Democratic President before the war. In fact, the present is one of surprises to us. The surprises start with the patriotic and statesman-like reference to us by Mr. Cleveland in his inaugural address, and is continued by the party organs and leaders in the broadness and cordiality of their utterances and actions towards us.

We hope that the ensuing four years will be fruitful of pleasant surprises. We want it incontestibly demonstrated that the Constitutional rights of the colored citizens are as sacred, if not more so, under the Democratic rule than they have been the past ten years under the Republican; and this we desire in the interest of the race and the general good, which we have always regarded as more sacred than any party. Once the race is assured of the inviolability of their Constitutional rights they will be in position to devote more of attention to their mental and material interests and thus make greater and more lasting progress. Being thus reassured, the solidarity of the colored vote, in the same proportion as in the past, would be an utter impossibility."

The Richmond *State* comments as follows upon the appearance of colored troops in the inauguration procession.

"The Republican politicians who tried to solidify the colored vote of the South by telling the Negroes that they must support the Republican ticket if they wished to retain their liberty, had an opportunity yesterday of seeing how little importance the colored people attached to those absurd statements. The colored militia formed a conspicuous feature in the procession that moved through the streets of Washington on the occasion of the inauguration of President Cleveland. Colored troops from Richmond, Charleston and other Southern cities were in line, and no class of citizens enjoyed the day more fully. Try as they may, Republican managers can never more deceive the Negroes by their old methods."

The Baltimore *Herald* takes another view of it, and is disposed to be very critical of President Cleveland, whose smallest movement, even to an unwary smile or nod, is supposed to be fraught with deep meaning. The *Herald* says;

"The colored troops in the inaugural procession received more attention from President Cleveland than associations like Tammany and Irving Hall. Even our own Crescent Club was permitted to pass without the recognition of a nod. Not so with the colored militia. As soon as the right of their line appeared a smile on the face of their new President broadened to a grin and the nod of recognition was so emphatic as to attract general attention. As it is his ambition to win the confidence and vote of the colored people, he appears to be starting right. By reappointing ex-Senator Bruce Register of the Treasury he will do much toward completing the conquest."

In noticing this the *Freeman* adds:

"President Cleveland is a progressive man. He recognized in the participation of colored troops in the inauguration ceremonies of the first Democratic President since the abolition of slavery, an index to the momentous changes in the sentiment of the American people and the structure of the Federal Constitution which have transpired during the past quarter of a century.

The presence of colored tronps upon so radical a change in the *personnel* and policy of the Federal government emphasizes the vast changes of the past quarter of a century, and that Mr. Cleveland should have been moved to give them a nod of recognition so emphatic as to attract general attention is a happy augury which the editor of the *Herald* may not be able to read. 'There are none so blind as those who will not see.' The world moves; 1860 and the memories of it are becoming traditions."

Expressions of opinion in regard to the cabinet appointments are, for the moment, taking a large share of the editorial space in Southern newspapers, and the general satisfaction is marked, while criticism is of the mildest.

"The Cabinet is made up of strong men, who have been before the country more or less in past years, and whose recent prominence has made them especial objects of criticism. The names are well distributed, the West being probably the most neglected, but the character of the men who have been chosen overshadows the sectional question, and shows up an impregnable Cabinet to the country. The selection of two New Yorkers in the Cabinet has been severely commented upon in some quarters, but as both are men of ability and are embodiments of the CLEVELAND idea in politics and in government, the council is made more compact and characteristic by their presence. It puts the President with undoubted responsibility and power in command of the Government."—*Augusta Constitutionalist.*

"Like many others, we are disappointed that the Mother of States and Satesmen has had no place assigned her in the President's political family; but we are all prepared to give the new Ministry our hearty support and best wishes in the laborious task of reform before it.

* * * * *

The Cabinet seems to us to be made of excellent material, so contrived as to bring energy, intelligence, vigor, experience, and honesty into the service of the PEOPLE, and we have no doubt its policy will vindicate the sagacity of the President."—*Norfolk Landmark.*

The appointment of General A. H. Garland as Attorney General is received by the colored people with much gratification. To the wise and conservative administration of this office more than any other, in the Cabinet, must the colored people look for an amelioration of their condition as citizens, virtually debarred of their constitutional rights. Hitherto greater attention has been paid to the colored people by other members of the cabinet than by the Attorney General, and the consequence has been that, while some colored people have, to some extent, enjoyed a few offices, the masses were in a sense, without either the benefits of official emolument or the protection of the courts. This has, we believe, been a great mistake on the part of previous administrations. The rights of the colored people to full justice before the courts should have been a paramount object of our statesmen, the offices being a matter incident to such rights and given upon political or other reasons. That the present Attorney General will do his best to insure fair trial to the colored people by exercising a wise selection of those who are to mete out justice, we firmly believe. This we assume and believe from the wise policy he pursued while Governor of Arkansas and Senator of the United States. He has been a pronounced conservative, in the proper sense. In a recent letter to a friend, he frankly says, 'while I have sacrificed no principle or sound idea of my section, I have labored to be conservative. I did it for the best of all, for I ardently and fervently desired to see our country restored in fact, once more.' A conservatism which aims at the best interests of all, is the sort of conservatism we most desire to see. We believe that the Attorney General will act on that principle and in doing so he will not fail to see that the judicial barriers which stand in the way of the proper development of the colored man are speedily and permanently removed."—*People's Advocate.*

We quote from the *Memphis Appeal* a kindly tribute to the work of the A. M. A. in the South.

"THE *Appeal* has followed for years, and with increasing interest, the benevolent work of the American Missionary Association, especially its school work at the South. It is therefore with special pleasure that it finds from its report up to September, 1884, that there has been no loss of zeal, no loss of interest in the schools that have been established south of the Potomac and have been sustained at so much cost of money and service for more than twenty years. It maintains sixty-five institutions, high, normal and common schools, at the South, and pays 319 teachers, of both sexes, who have 9886 students under their guidance and control, seventy-three of them theological students and fifty-five law students. Besides this great, good educational work among the colored people, this association maintains ninety-five churches at the South, with a total of 6420 members and 13,150 Sunday-school scholars, employing seventy-six pastors, twenty-three of whom are Northern men and fifty-three Southern. What a record is this of benevolence and Christ-like work; how worthy of all honor and praise, and how worthy of devout thankfulness. Is it not good proof that Christian love has not perished from the earth?"—*Memphis Appeal.*

In a statistical account of the condition of the people of Washington published by the *People's Advocate*, there are some interesting facts, from which we select the following.

"There are, in the city, 12 colored schools with an enrollment of about 9,000 children, fifty churches, well supported, 167 Lodges and Orders, a flourishing militia organization, several successful physicians, and seven lawyers. The trades are well represented, there are two colored newspapers, and a number of conspicuous business enterprises.

To recapitulate: the colored people of Washington are 60,000 in number, or one-third of the entire population. The death rate, which ten years ago was often three times that of the whites, is gradually decreasing. The church membership is one-third of the population, and the value of improvements on church property since the war has been more than a third of a million of dollars.

It is safe to say that the colored people pay taxes on about nine millions of real estate, and their homes are growing more comfortable and tasteful year by year. They have a fair number of tradesmen. In the medical profession they are making a better show than in any other city of the country; in the law not doing quite so well. The colored people have a superabundance of societies. In business pursuits progress has been slow, but the outlook not without promise. In "playing soldier" the Negro here, according to his opportunities, asks no odds. In his schools he is doing excellently. In the police and criminal courts he is too often found but generally for trivial offenses occasioned by the condition of the labor market and the proscription of which he is the victim. With a school for thorough instruction in the trades, the colored people of Washington could look most hopefully to the future."

Niagara Falls.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

The advocates of the Niagara Park scheme are still working hard to secure in the New York legislature the passage of the bill, by which the state of New York will purchase the property.

In ante-bellum days, Southern people loved to go to Niagara, and every one who could do so, young ladies just entering society, young men just leaving college, not to mention bridal couples, felt it incumbent upon them to visit Niagara before settling down to the serious business of life.

Times have so changed for the class of Southerners who once enjoyed money and leisure, and Virginians of all classes are now so generally occupied with the difficult problems of private affairs, that it may not be commonly known among them, that of late years, busy manufactures, with all their unlovely accompaniments of noisy mills, tawdry shops and dismal tenement houses, have been growing up around the great cataract. The sordid spirit of gain is utilizing the abundant water power to such an extent that there is much danger of the approach to nature's glorious work being spoiled by its surroundings. Unless prompt steps are taken, the traveler from distant lands who comes to visit this magnificent spectacle of the Creator's power, will turn away, disgusted with the polluting touch of man.

The plan proposed is, that the state of New York shall purchase the Falls with the adjacent property, and convert it into a public park, where all the world may unmolested come to enjoy the wondrous scene. [In its present form, the "compromise bill" proposes to appropriate only $433,000 the first year, and spread the remainder over a period of ten years by the issue of bonds; instead of appropriating $1,433,000 at once as first proposed. By this plan, the appropriation will not perceptibly increase the public taxes which was the only argument against the purchase. It will be a disgrace to the state if the purchase is not made.]

Self-Help.

A LARGE AND SUCCESSFUL EDUCATIONAL MEETING OF THE COLOREO CITIZENS OF MONTGOMERY, ALA. IN THE INTEREST OF THE TUSKEGEE NORMAL SCHOOL.

At the suggestion of citizens in Montgomery, a meeting was held in that city in February last, in the interest of education. The special object of the meeting was to secure aid towards furnishing rooms, in the new building, "Alabama Hall," at the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial School.

The meeting was very largely attended by the best citizens. Addresses were made by the State Superinterdent of Education, Maj. Solomon Palmer, Dr. Hecht, the Jewish Rabbi, the leading colored ministers and the Principal of the Normal School. The speaking was interspersed with singing by the Tuskegee choir.

The State Superintendent was very enthusiastic in his praise of the work of the Tuskegee Institute and exhorted the colored people to aid it by practising economy and self denial, and he himself set the example by giving $2.50 which he said was one-tenth of what he had saved in the last year by abstaining from the use of tobacco.

The meeting was in every respect satisfactory and $65 in cash were voluntarily given by the audience to aid in furnishing the rooms. We think this creditable considering that this was the first meeting of the kind ever held in the city or probably in the State. The poorest seemed anxious to give something.

The people showed their interest in the cause of education by asking that another meeting of the same kind be held in Montgomery next year, when they promise to do more.

The meeting doubtless had its greatest value in teaching the people self-help.

B. T. WASHINGTON.

SOUTHERN SKETCHES.

BY MRS. OREA LANGHORNE.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

The Story of a Slave.

On a sultry afternoon in the summer of 1883, a respectable looking, elderly colored man stepped off one of the trains from the South at the Lynchburg station and gazed about him with an anxious and somewhat bewildered air. Apparently he was disappointed in not recognizing or being recognized by any of the bustling crowd around him. He stood for a few minutes looking with an expression of eagerness and agitation at the porters and hackmen, who, in the confusion of the incoming and outgoing trains, hustled him out of their way without notice. At length the stranger, murmuring to himself, "It is over forty years, it is forty-three years," grasped his satchel tightly in one hand, and carrying a stout cane in the other, turned from the noisy crowd and walked slowly up the street. Entering a small eating house not far from the station, he threw his luggage down upon a bench, and, sitting down by a table, he buried his face in his hands.

A handsome mulatto woman who was presiding at a counter covered with cold meats, pies, fruit and such edibles as the snack-vender deems likely to attract the traveller's appetite, glanced sharply at the new-comer for a moment. Her experienced eye taking in the fact that he was well clad, had luggage, and bore a general air of respectability about him, she approached her visitor, and inquired in a mild, agreeable manner if he desired any refreshment.

Striving to control his agitation, the traveller hastily wiped the traces of tears from his face, and said in a broken voice: "Can you tell me, ma'am, anything about a family named Watson? My name is Morris Watson. I was sold away from this county over forty years ago. I have heard lately that some of my kin-people are still here. Do you know anybody of my name?" "To be sure I do," said the snack-seller, ready sympathy, not unmingled with curiosity in her tones. "Yes, I knows 'em; an' if they is your folks, you b'longs to a mighty nice set of people. Thar' goes one of them now!" she exclaimed, rushing to the door and hailing a passing omnibus, on the step of which a fine looking young black man was riding. The vehicle halted and the porter, responding to the woman's call, sprang from the step and hastily approached the shop. As the snack-vender again pronounced his name the traveller started from his seat and astonished the young man by throwing himself upon him, weeping convulsively and pressing him to his breast.

By the aid of the shop woman, who had herself been a slave, and showed a kindly interest in the stranger, the porter was informed of the name of the person who was lavishing such unexpected caresses upon him; and, catching instantly at the words, he returned the embrace with much warmth, exclaiming: "Why, Uncle Morris, is this really you? Mother has been hoping you would come, and we shall all be delighted to see you."

The omnibus had been returning empty from the station, and the driver had up to this moment remained a quiet and interested spectator of the little scene at the door of the snack-house, but he now reminded the porter that they should be going back to the hotel; and the young man seized the traveller's satchel, insisted upon his getting into the vehicle, the driver obligingly offering to take them around to his mother's little home. Bidding the snack-seller a grateful adieu, and promising to see her again, the wanderer yielded to the urgency of his nephew and was carried away to be restored once more to the friends of his youth.

A ROMANTIC HISTORY.

Leaving the joyful meeting to be imagined I will go back some forty years to tell the story of a slave, so full of romance and adventure that it would be hard to believe, if we did not know it to be true.

The incidents of the narrative have been gathered from Morris Watson's relatives and from statements made by members of the white family to which he belonged in childhood, as well as from himself. After Mr. Watson returned to his home in the far South, at my request he sent a brief account of his life, written at his dictation by a young lady who teaches a school near him, attended by his children.

Some forty years ago there lived in one of the rural districts of Virginia, a Presbyterian clergyman named Armistead, who was the father of a large family, and the owner of much land and many slaves. At this time the plantation presented a pleasant picture of comfort and cheerful industry; the large and populous household seeming truly patriarchal in its simple and affectionate relations. Mr. Armistead had several country churches in his pastoral charge at which he preached alternately, the minister and the congregation often going many miles in the thinly settled district to attend the services. Besides his clerical duties Mr. Armistead had important agricultural interests. In addition to cultivating his own extensive estate, he sometimes, in connection with other planters of the district, bought cotton in the South, which was sold in the port cities. In his frequent absences from home the family and property were left in charge of the head man "Uncle Jack." This Uncle Jack was a famous character in his day; jet black, of handsome and impressive bearing, like his master a minister of the Gospel, intelligent and industrious, much respected in the community and enjoying the full confidence of his owners.

His wife, known throughout the neighborhood as "Aunt Molly," was a large, fine looking black woman, the mother of twenty sons and daughters, a most estimable and useful person, greatly beloved in the family. It was Mr. Armistead's custom to require the presence of all the house servants at family worship morning and night, and when his ministerial or business affairs required his absence from home, as was often the case, Uncle Jack's portly form filled his master's chair. With earnest and impressive manner, the old slave, trusted and trustworthy as Abraham's steward, devoutly read a passage from the scriptures, and then solemnly invoked the divine blessing upon all the household, present and absent, young and old, bond and free. Sometimes, in case of his master's having gone upon a long, and what was then deemed a dangerous journey through the wilds of the South, Uncle Jack would offer such fervent and affecting petitions that God would guide and protect the absent head of the family, that all present would be melted to tears.

Having committed his beloved master to God's care, the faithful slave would then see that his family and business did not suffer in his absence, and by precept and example would urge every one upon the plantation to do their utmost to promote his interests until he should return.

Uncle Jack was a very thoughtful and observant person, and talked with so much sagacity that it was very common for the lawyers, and other travellers, who often stopped for the night at Mr. Armistead's house when attending the courts, to discuss subjects of current interest with their host's dignified and intelligent head man, and the Hon. Hunter Marshall, then Judge of the District, was frequently heard to say that he had never seen a man of finer natural ability than Uncle Jack.

SELLING A MISSIONARY.

The *Southern Workman* some years ago printed a sketch of one of Uncle Jack's sons, who early gave such promise of usefulness, and such evidence of talents, that he was purchased by the white church people of the community. His master asked for the young man only half the sum at which his vigorous frame was valued in the slave market, in consideration of the fact that he was selling a missionary to other Christians. The youth was educated by the white people and sent to Africa, to carry the Gospel message to the heathen, and died in that tropical land, laboring faithfully in the cause to which he had been devoted.

For many years the calm and pleasant life had been going on upon the Virginia plantation, presenting such a picture of peace and plenty, such an ideal life for master and slave, as seemed to disprove all the assertions of the Abolitionists of the evils of the system. So far as could be seen on the surface, all things seemed to work together in the best possible way for all concerned. But at last a shadow fell upon the fair scene, and the thorns which all along had been hidden under the roses suddenly came into view, and threatened to inflict cruel wounds upon the actors in the simple story.

As Mr. Armistead advanced in years, he devoted himself more closely to affairs immediately around him, commiting his business at a distance to the care of his eldest son. The young man, with other planters of the vicinity, embarked largely in cotton speculations, his father always endorsing his obligations.

Some unlooked for changes in trade about 1840 upset all the plans for making a fortune laid by Mr. Armistead and his partners, involving great losses and leaving the planters heavily in debt. Before any arrangement of his tangled affairs could be effected, the Rev. Mr. Armistead died; and quickly upon this event followed the settlement of his debts by the executor.

Under the slave laws, the Negro chattels were counted personal property; it was to them that the creditor looked first, and it was decided by the administrator of the estate that it was necessary to allow the young slaves at once to be sold, in order to satisfy the executions in the Sheriff's hands. Then came a sorrowful day for Uncle Jack and Aunt Molly, who had always considered themselves and their children an indispensable part of the family, and had truly loved and faithfully served their owners.

The old couple, who had rejoiced in being the parents of twenty fine buxom children, were now called upon to assemble their dusky brood, the one who had been given to the service of the Lord in a foreign land alone being lacking, and see them sold by the auctioneer to pay their master's debts.

The sale was made, and Uncle Jack's children, with other young people belonging to the estate, were scattered far and wide. Morris, the son, with whom my story deals, was bought by a farmer in an adjacent district, and at once carried to the home of his owner.

IN HIS OWN WORDS.

At this point I will give his own words, taken from the neatly written account of Miss Rabb, the colored teacher.

"When about fifteen years old I was sold from P. S. Armistead's estate. I was bought by a farmer who lived a few miles from my first master's place, but he only kept me with him six months, and then sent me to his brother, who lived about seventy-five miles off, and was a Negro trader. This man kept me on his Virginia farm about two years, and twice I was permitted to visit my parents at our old home.

I remember distinctly that in one of these visits I carried my father a pocket knife and my mother a head handkerchief, bought with a few pennies I had been saving a long time for that purpose.

I saw a great deal of cruel treatment practiced during the two years I lived at this place. When I first went there I was badly treated by both the white and colored people. I think this was simply because I had been accustomed to better circumstances, and had different manners from the people there, who were very rough and wild. While I was with my father and mother they always taught me to be polite to everybody; and my mother talked to me a great deal and gave me a great deal of good advice when I was about to be taken from her, which made a lasting impression on me. By following the principles taught me by my parents I have gained many friends, some of whom had at first been my enemies. My new master carried me to Mississippi, and when I left his Virginia farm much sorrow was manifested.

I was brought to Columbus, where a man living near that place bought me. When I set out for my new home I was very sad, and as I thought of my father and mother I could not help shedding tears. A boy named Lee, who was a stranger to me, was bought at the same time and sent to the country with me. He did not seem so cast down as I did; perhaps he had no friends to mourn for.

My new master was a very cruel man; and it was terrible to see how he treated the helpless men and women in his power. I have known him to beat people with brands of fire. Strange as it may seem, even the animals and fowls on the place were afraid of him. Fortunately for his slaves, he died in about a year after I went there, and after that we were tolerably well treated.

Sometimes I was kept at home and sometimes lived out, and at times fell into the hands of very cruel masters. As I grew older and realized that I was a man, and had no protection but God, I began to resist ill-treatment, and my efforts at resistance were met with oppression, and sometimes I was loaded with chains to break my spirit, and an iron band was riveted on my neck.

On account of the indebtedness of my owners I was sold again, this time to a man who owned a mill on the Tombigbee river. He was kind to me until I wanted to be married. But he refused to let me marry the girl I wanted because she did not belong to him. At last, finding I would not give her up, he sold me to her master, and we were married and stayed with him until the emancipation.

I had many trials and tribulations in slavery, but the Lord has always helped me. After freedom came to us, we went to Columbus to live; but we were not accustomed to city life, and soon wanted to get back to the country. I worked on a contract for a while, and then rented a piece of land. I bought a mule for eighty dollars, and worked along until I owned four mules, three cows and a horse and wagon. I found that renting land did not pay me, and I bought a hundred and ten acres of my own. I improved that, and now have a comfortable home. Lately I have added a hundred and twenty acres to my farm, making two hundred and thirty acres.

I had been in Mississippi more than thirty years, and in all that time had not heard one word from my family or the friends of my youth."

"BACK TO OLD VIRGINIA'S SHORE."

Morris Watson told his Virginia friends that when first sent to the South his heart yearned continually for them, and though there were many difficulties in the way, he had managed to send a number of letters to the family, telling them of his fate and anxiously inquiring for their welfare. None of these letters were ever noticed, to his great disappointment and grief, and it was only after he returned to Virginia that he learned that after his first master's death the county post-office near his estate had been removed to a place some miles distant, so that the letters sent by the homesick boy were never received.

Long years passed away, freedom had come to the slaves; the freedmen, forgetting the sorrows of slavery, had entered upon a new life, and the storm-tossed wanderer had found comfort and happiness beneath his "own vine and fig-tree," when a stranger asking for a night's shelter under his own roof brought him tidings of his childhood's home, and revived the hopes long dormant in his breast of seeing once more some of his own kith and kin.

In May, 1883, the Rev. Mr. Colley, who had been a missionary in Africa, but was forced by failing health to return to America, was employed by the Baptist Church as an agent for circulating books and papers among the colored people of the South. He reached Morris Watson's home in his travels, and stating that he had recently come from Virginia, his host inquired eagerly if he could give him any information which would help him in finding out any of his family, whom he had left in Virginia nearly forty years before. Mr. Colley offered to do all in his power to assist his hospitable entertainer, and gave him the address of the *Baptist Companion*, published by a colored man at Portsmouth, Va., which he thought would be of use in the search for his lost relatives.

Mr. Watson at once wrote to the *Companion*, giving an outline of his story, giving the names of his first master's large family, with those of his parents and their twenty sons and daughters, and earnestly requesting any of either family who might chance to read his letter to communicate with him. A prompt answer was returned by the editor of the paper, who proved to be one of old Uncle Dick's grandsons, and therefore a nephew of Morris Watson. The editor wrote affectionately to the uncle, of whom he said he had often heard from his mother, who was still living, as were several of her brothers and sisters.

Mr. Watson heard with delight of these members of his family, all of whom supposed that had long been dead. As soon as he could arrange his business, the ex-slave, who had left the home of his childhood in sorrow, and had passed through much tribulation, but had been mercifully preserved and was now a prosperous citizen of the Republic, joyfully turned his face towards "Old Virginia's Shore."

Naturally he found great changes in the land of his birth. The dark shadow of slavery had forever passed away, and a brighter and better day was beginning for both races. His good old parents were gone from earth, but they were held in reverent memory by all who had known them, and had left the inheritance of "a good name" to their children and grandchildren. The wanderer received a warm welcome from his relatives and many white friends, some of whom remembered him as a child, and all rejoiced to see him again and to hear of his prosperity.

Morris Watson has learned to love his Southern home, and would not now wish to leave it, but greatly enjoyed the visit to his birth-place and the re-union with friends whom he had almost lost all hope of seeing again in life. With a thankful spirit he exchanged greetings with old friends and exclaimed in fulness of heart: "The Lord hath dealt bountifully with me in my old age!"

SILHOUETTES.

BY ALICE M. BACON.

HUMORS OF THE CLASS-ROOM.

Butleriana.

There is a good deal of fun to be got out of teaching, and out of visiting schools if one teaches or visits, keeping the fun well in view. A recent visit to the Butler school is worth recording here. The room which is the most attractive in the Butler is the baby room) where the little scraps of humanity, between the ages of five and eight, take their first steps in the toilsome road to learning. Study the little round baby faces, of all shades, from that fair-haired blue eyed little chap who smiles angelically from his place as we come in; to yonder shining ebony baby, whose short, kinky hair is braided into all manner of odd little tails on her head. They all look up at us with the same knowing smile as we enter; "the Butler smile" we call it, for lack of any better name. It is a smile that is a curious mixture of simplicity and precocity, but has never a trace of embarrassment in it. As one rides through the country roads one meets it at every turn, and wherever it is met it can be immediately set down as belonging to one of those happy children whose education is carried on at the Butler. It is not a thing peculiar to the Negro, for the two or three white children in the school have acquired it; and our four little Indian boys had only attended the school a couple of weeks when it began to make its appearance upon their impassive little faces. What the philosophy of it is, I cannot tell. Perhaps the children get it from the old building, perhaps from their teachers; but wherever they get it there is no doubt of its existence, and so it greets us as we enter this baby room this morning.

The second class in reading is just preparing to recite. From fifteen to twenty children are standing at their places, waiting for the word of command. "One, two: one two, march!" says the teacher, and off they go, describing complicated evolutions around the tables and between chairs and benches until they finally bring up in line, with their backs to the wall and their faces toward the blackboard, by which their teacher is standing. A breathless silence follows while the teacher writes in clear letters on the blackboard: "I saw a bluebird on a tree." "Now who can tell me what I have written on the board?" Instantly all the small hands are waving in the air. "Charlie, can you tell me?" The smallest boy in the class answers proudly and clearly: "I chaw a bluebird on a tee," showing that he can read, even if he has not yet learned to talk. The next sentence put on the board is as follows: "I have a pretty cat." After a sufficient drill, to show that the children know not only the sentence but the words in it, the teacher adds, "Her name is Kitty," and later still comes the information, "She has four legs." At last she calls up one of the little mites to read everything on the board. "Here, Franky, can you tell me what I have written?" Franky begins, looking triumphantly at the visitors, and in his excitement forgetting altogether to look at the blackboard, "I have a little cat, she name Kitty. She has free feet and a long, bushy tail." Here the solemnity of the visitors breaks down, the class laugh, though they cannot all see the joke; and, last of all, Franky joins in, delighted at having amused everybody, though he doesn't understand just how he did it. However, if there is a laugh anywhere, the children do not mean to be left out of it. So children, teacher and visitors laugh together over the marked success of the "sentence method" of teaching children to read.

Impressions.

As the Spring draws near, and the season of the Hygeia Hotel comes on, the dwellers at the Hampton School begin to see something of the gay world from an outside point of view. At about 11 A. M. the carriages begin to come, and under the guidance of some graduate, student or officer of the school the different parties are sent off to see the manifold sights which the place affords. Let us be visitors for once, and see what will befall us as we go about the grounds. We drive in our hired hack past the barn, by one or two large brick buildings, to the office, which stands rather by itself, facing the creek, just where the road turns to go up to Virginia Hall. Here the driver stops and suggests to us the propriety of procuring a guide; so we alight and go up the steps and into a room at the left of the entry, where various men, both white and black, are absorbed in writing in ponderous books or turning over heaps of papers. Here we write our names in the visitors' register, and then, as there is no one at liberty just at the moment to show us about, we are escorted up stairs to the library and reading room by a small boy, whose soft, lustrous, black eyes with long, heavy lashes, might be the envy of many a ball room belle. Having wandered for a few moments about the pretty room, turned over the periodicals and poked our heads into the alcoves, only to withdraw them in unseemly haste when we find that we are interrupting the work of a young lady who, in that secluded corner, is wrestling with a book that, from its size and weight, looks as if it came from the office below; we try to amuse ourselves by dropping a penny into the contribution box that looks us appealingly in the face, but immediately wish we had tried a five dollar bill instead, as the appalling rattle of our contribution smites our ears, and we feel that we have done "a small deed with a mighty noise." But our embarrassment is relieved by the appearance of a guide, who takes us in tow and marches us along the walk toward Academic, where the classes are in session. "Please show us some of the Indian classes," we say, and so we are shown into a room where from five to fifteen Indians of both sexes are having a reading lesson. The Indians vary in size from the small girl of eight or thereabout to the amiable looking giant who, when called up to recite, unfolds himself from somewhere under the desk to the height of six feet or more, and then from the primer in his hand reads painfully and solemnly, in a wee small voice: "I have a doll. She is a nice doll," etc.

"Is that a real, live Indian; did he ever scalp anyone?" we are about to ask of the teacher, but our guide beckons, the door opens, and before we have time to collect our wits we are in another recitation room, listening to a class of colored students who are glibly explaining complicated arithmetical problems. Now we dive into another room, and so in and out we go with no time to gain any very definite impressions of anything; but we have only an hour in which to do the whole institution, so we must hurry.

Then our guide whisks us away to the saw mill; thence to the industrial room, where we purchase a small black doll and a painting, wherein blue hunters, mounted on spirited green and yellow horses, are chasing red buffalo up a haystack, ornamentally decorated with broomsticks. Thence we depart to the printing office, where we have hardly time to do more than look in at the door, for there is a harness shop, carpenters' shop, tin shop, shoe shop, and blacksmith shop yet to be seen; and we must get to Virginia Hall in time to see the students march into dinner. Panting and breathless, we follow our guide; and after a long and desperate struggle we reach Virginia Hall just in time to see the battalion march in, and then we follow on, like Gideon, "faint yet pursuing," and hear them as at the sound of the bell grace is sung by the whole school, standing behind their chairs with bowed heads. Then another bell is struck, chairs are drawn out, and the students are seated; and streams of white-aproned waiters, bearing aloft steaming dishes, hurry through the room. We have found out three things about this school: the students work, they study, they eat, and we knew all that before; but perhaps by our hurried visit we have obtained an interest in the school that will lead us to come again. At any rate, as we drive out of the grounds in our carriage we have a feeling that, though our impressions may be confused they will be enduring, and that we shall always have a feeling of acquaintanceship with the school when we see its name anywhere, hereafter.

A. M. B.

AN OUTLINE IN BLACK.

BY MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG.

Merrimac and Monitor.

In reading the story of the great fight, as told by the men who fought it, in the pages of the *Century*, we, in whose mouths it is familiar as household words, have been tempted to ask if there was no place left in the record for Uncle Peter's story, Uncle Peter, whose interest in the issue was far greater than that of either of the combatants, for to him and his people it seemed little less than a finality.

Probably no sharper terror is known to humanity than that which drove thousands of black refugees down to the bowed shores of Hampton Roads on the morning when the Monitor met the Merrimac, and even yet the shadow of it has not passed away. Uncle Peter has known fifty years of slavery and twenty-five of freedom, but the flash came back to his eye, and the bowed shoulders straightened till the grey head came close to the low, smoke-blackened rafters, as he told of the days when Union and rebel armies swept back and forth over the barren fields and tangled swamps of the "Peninsula." He is a veritable "old time" darkey, and (though he holds his freedom as a most precious gift) it is pleasant to her the warmth with which he declares: "No sah; I hain't never had no call to go Norf'; I never seed no place outsid' Ole Virginny, but I knows it's de best place on de airth; I *knows* it is."

Does he remember the Merrimac?

"Laws, chile, I 'members ev'ry hour o' dat day. T'wuz on a Sat'day, ye knows, en dey wuz lots o' us cullud folks roun' Hampton; pears like mus' a been free or four thousand, en dey wuz all a watchin' en a waiten, us de rebels dey done told' us dey gwine to git a great wict'ry, en sen' us all back inter slav'ry egin. So, 'right soon in de mornin', out come dis yer Merrimack, down out'n de Elizabeth ribber, straight down to Newport's News' Point, whar de Union's vessels wuz a keepin' de blockade not to let no trade go up de Jeames' ribber. De Cumberland wuz layin' jist round de Pint, whare ye couldn't see her from Ol' Pint, en de Merrimac she don broke fro' de blockade and pitch squar inter her, en t'wan't no time fo' she war a sinkin, en den de rebs dey called out to de Cap'n: "Ef ye don' s'render we gwine sink you." En de Cap'n he says, so dey tell me, "Sink if ye likes; I ain't gwine s'render." So, sho's you born, down she went, en t'want twel' de las' gun fired dat de men dey giv up en jumped inter de watter. Dem dat wuz'nt drownded dey swum asho' right dar, en den dey walked all de way long down yo'uns sho' and dey swûm de crick whar yo'uns dun got yo' whal'; en dey went right on down to Ol' Pint. En den de Rebs dey sarved de Congress de same way, on'y she run jam up on de sho' en tuk fire; dat was a sight to see!

"Ez I tells you, us cullud folks wuz scar't most to death, but de Merrimack she seem'd kind o' satisfied like, en de res' on 'em went back up to Norfolk for to recruit I reckon. Anyways, we didn't hear no mo' bout her twil de nex' mornin', dat's de Sabbath, ye knows; en we allers had service over in Wood's Mill, whar de "Missionary" is now; right dar whar Gin'l Armstrong libs; en we wuz all in thar a waitin', but somehow or nuther none on us didn't feel like worship dat mornin', en pretty soon I says, I wuz de leader, ye knows: "I kin't wait hyar, I must' go see what gwine on outside." En sho' enuff dar wuz at ol' Merrimack a steamin' out agin, en I tells *you* I wuz skeert, coz ye see no body didn't know nuffin 'bout dis yer Monerker, 'cept it wuz de Gin'rl down to Ol' Pint, en she comed in de night Sat'day night; when nobody seed her; en went right long up froo de Roads, en sneaked in under de bows o' de Minnesota, des like a little yawl boat, en lay dar, whar nobody couldn't see her. De Revels, ye knows, dey called her de Yankee cheese box, but arterwards we sed she wuz de angel wat comed in de night and saved us.

Well, down com de Merrimack, des ez peart; en de Minnesota she 'gun to fire, en I gibs yo my word t'was des like hail, de balls dey went a flyin' dis a-away en dat-away, dez like nuffin but hail in a hail storm. En fo' long dis yer little Monerker she peeped up; she bin a layin' still, you knows, en she says, kinder quiet like, 'p 'chung,' des one shot; en den pretty soon 'chung' agin, not a bit like de Minnesota; en den de Merrimack she come a sailin' up close to de Monerker, des like she sayin', 'What kin' 'er thing is you?' but de Monerker she des said 'p'chung,' en she kep' a sayin, of it; en de Minnesota kep' on a hailin, twil somehow a nuther de Merrimack kind er keeled over, en den she fought she got 'nuff en she backed out en went off lop sided, des like dis, back to Norfolk. En de Monerker she des let her go, coz dey do say dey wuz only two mo' shots on board, en de Cap'n didn' want to let 'em know; coz dey mout a tuk him, stid o' him, takin' them. En den we wuz glad, I kin tell yer, coz de rebels dey said de Merrimack wuz a gwine t' open de gates en dey wuz a comin' right fro to Ol' Pint; en dey wuz a waitin', lots on 'em, up dere at Newport's News, spectin' to finish up us cullud folks. But somehow or nuther dat ar little Monerker she hilt 'em. I d'now wat we'd a dun 'thout her; en de gates wan't open dat ar time, en dat war de, e'en; arter dat de Unions went right along, dey did, en got a wic'try ebery time.

"Yis, seh, de Rebels dey called her de Yankee cheese box, but t'wuz de dearest piece ob cheese eber dey swallowed; dey didn't need no mo', I tells you."

And then Uncle Peter shook himself with a great sigh, and the vivid gestures, which had put a strange life into his words, gave place to folded arms and bowed head, as he said:

"Pears like to me t'aint all ober yit; dere's trouble ahead for some on us, I b'lieve; en I d'now whar de een' gwine to be."

"Publicans and Sinners."

I received the other day, upon my porch' a visit from a handsome, grey-headed, old-time colored man, whose manners might have been the envy of many of his white bretbren, and whose request for a little pecuniary assistance was prefaced with the following conversation:

"Mighty hard times for us culled folks dis year; craps done failed us right out en out; 'pears like we ain't got nuffin to look to noways."

"Yes, it has been hard times, I know; but you musn't get discouraged; after the bad years come the good ones, you know."

"Not dis time, Missus; not dis time; looks pow'ful dark to me, somehow."

"But why should matters be worse now than they have often been before?"

"Why, dis yer 'Nawgleation,' don't you b'lieve its gwine ter make things mighty bad for us?"

I made no effort to repress my smile, but there was no reflection of it on the old man's face, as he asked with really pitiful anxiety:

"Is you a 'Publican?"

As, evidently in the mind of my interlocutor, the two political parties were classified as "Publicans and Sinners," I was glad to be able to assure him that my record was, from his point of view, stainless; and from that vantage ground we discussed the situation, I doing my best to calm the very genuine fears which, when once assured of my sympathy, he had no hesitation in expressing.

The conclusion of the whole matter was to me very amusing.

"Well, now, I nebber fought on it dat way; specs you's right; mebbe t'is de Lord's doings; mebbe He hez knowed wat He wuz 'bout all de time."

With which admission and the few coins, for which he had walked almost as many miles, my friend left me, bearing with him the novel suggestion that even politicians were probably within the sweep of the Lord's omniscience.

M. F. A.

A Card.

We wish to thank, through these columns, all friends who have contributed to the support of Daniel Johnson during his education in the trade of broom-making. He is doing well at his trade, as we are told by those in authority at the Asylum, and is happy himself, as a letter written for him by an amanuensis informs us. That his church is fulfilling its promise toward his wife and children, we know by personal visitation. Thanks to the many friends who have contributed, we now have the whole sum of $150.00 made up, and we hope in June to see him restored to his family and ready to set up for himself in the broom business.

Correspondence.

Editor Southern Workman:—

I know that you will be glad to know what a practical friend Dr. C. N. Dorsett, of Montgomery, is to the Tuskegee Normal School. Last Christmas he surprised the students with a large quantity of oysters for their Christmas dinner, and last week came another surprise from him in the shape of a large school bell, a long needed article. Dr. Dorsett deserves the wonderful success that he is having in Montgomery.

B. T. WASHINGTON

Tuskegee Alabama, February 10th, '85.

Dr. Dorsett is a graduate of Hampton, who, having with great energy secured his medical education, is practising with success, deserved, as Mr. Washington says, not only by his medical skill but by the generosity which belongs to the profession.

Letters From Hampton Graduates.

Remembering Old Friends. From a Busy Girl. Memories of Miss Longstreth. Preparing Scholars for Hampton.

REMEMBERING OLD FRIENDS.

A graduate of the first class from Hampton, who has been teaching ever since, and of late with the added burden of ill health, writes of his work and his memories.

——Va., *Nov. 19th, 1884.*

My Dear Friend:

I received your kind letter sometime ago. I am glad to find that you have such a warm interest in the Hampton graduates. I feel it my duty as a representative of the class of '72 to give you an account of what I am doing. Since my graduation I have had very poor health. I have suffered greatly with the rheumatism, for many years, and cannot obtain any remedy, to get much relief. After so much suffering with the rheumatism, I caught a fresh cold, which brought on a bad cough, accompanied with the bronchitis. The cough is very troublesome in the day, but worse at night. It causes me to be restless, and prevents me from a good night's sleep. Dear friend, through all I am trusting in God, and believe he will make everything right in his good time. I commenced my school Oct. 6th with an enrolment of twenty pupils. Since that time, to the present, it has increased to sixty-nine. I am gratified to say that I am getting along pretty well with my school. Some of the children are making rapid progress in their studies. Our people are getting along and improving all the time. They buy land and build houses when they have an opportunity. Our crops are very inferior this year. We have the railroad now running through our county. I have been teaching every year since my graduation. I first taught school in Bedford Co. Va. where I met with good success. I taught there four terms, and liked the place well, and was appreciated very highly by the people, but my health was so poor, I thought I had better come home from among the mountains. In 1875, I came home and took a school with a large enrolment. My success was so good that the Superintendent gave me the town school. At this school I met the approval of all, but the house was poor. After some new school houses were built, I took another school, where I can be home every night.

I hope to have some more pupils to send to Hampton next term. I am doing all I can for the elevation of my race. I am sorry that I was unable to meet you at the Alumni gathering. We mourn the loss of our dear friend Miss Longstreth and hope our loss is her gain. I am really sorry that Gen. Marshall has left Hampton; I know that every student that was acquainted with him will miss him. I could always feel satisfied when I visited Hampton, and met with Gen. Marshall. He certainly was a dear friend to me. His instructions were good in the school room, and at our entertainments his presence was greeted with the warmest welcome. He would always have something new, to make us lively, Mrs. Marshall was just as dear. I am sure that we will not forget those two faces. I hope God may bless and protect them.

I would be glad to visit Hampton and see the many changes that have taken place since I was there.

I would be pleased to have a Christmas-tree for my scholars. I desire to have everything that is nice and grand.

Very truly yours,

J.

FROM A BUSY GIRL.

The gentle words and tones and looks of our dear friend Miss Longstreth, well remembered by so many of Hampton's graduates, cheer and strengthen many busy workers among them, one of whom thus writes.

——N. C. *12—13th, 1884.*

Dear Miss C——

It has been some time since your letter came to me and I have been intending to answer but I am usually so busy that I find but little time for writing.

I came here in November to teach in the public school.

B——is a sea port town with two thousand, one hundred inhabitants. It is nearly an Island. The only means of getting across from M——City is by way of sail boats. The night I came it was cold and so it was somewhat unpleasant crossing.

There are three teachers employed in the school. I teach in Sunday School and am organist of the Episcopal church. Our church is rather small but we hope to see it increase soon.

The colored people seem to be thriving here. This is quite an old town and there seem to be few improvements.

I spent last summer teaching in Chatham County of this state. I was truly sorry to hear of the death of Miss Longstreth, but I know our loss is her gain. I, remember her with her pleasant smile, and sigh to think that we shall see her no more.

I have not your letter with me so I cannot answer it as fully as I wish.

Many people here say that Hampton has the best school in the South. I lent your letter to one who wished to attend there and that is why I have it not with me.

Mr. Walter M——a former student of Hampton, is now at St. Augustine studying for the ministry; he also teaches writing in the school.

Faithfully yours,

S.

PREPARING SCHOLARS FOR HAMPTON

More and more students are sent us every year from our graduates' schools, many of whom are well fitted for the classes they enter; chiefly the Junior class. This is a good showing for our graduates' work, which is often carried on under great difficulties, with the fewest possible facilities.

——Va., *Dec. 12th, 1884.*

My Dear Miss——

I am again teaching and enjoying perfect health. I took my examination in September and am now holding a first grade certificate. I opened my school Oct. 6th with eighteen pupils and have now enrolled thirty-seven; quite a small school compared with my seventy-nine last year, but I have to work harder than I did last year. The greatest number of my children are very much advanced. My first class in history are taking the Revolutionary War and they seem so very interested that I am sure you would be surprised to hear them reciting, and such practical questions they ask too. When I took United States History, it seemed so dark to me that I felt perfectly sure that I could never make a recitation in it but since I left school I have read history and feel intensely interested in it. I have two classes in arithmetic that have completed the first two numbers of Venable's Series and are now taking compound numbers in practical arithmetic, one in fractions, two in multiplication, one in division, one in greatest common divisor and least common multiple, one in subtraction and one in addition; you can see with all these different classes I have more work than one pair of hands can do, especially when I have only one blackboard about four feet long. A great many times the sun has gone down and still I am in my school house trying to explain some little point that has not been quite understood.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I close with much love.

From yours sincerely,

M.

Some Scholarship Letters.

We shorten our columns of Graduates letter this month, to make room for a few extracts from some of the "Scholarship letters" written as they are every year, by the students at Hampton in acknowledgement of the "scholarships," of $70 paid by Northern friends for the year's schooling of each boy or girl. The letters are in all cases sent without any correction of spelling or construction, being thus faithful and often interesting evidences of the students' condition and progress, and they are thus given here.

FROM A GIRL IN THE MIDDLE CLASS.

Hampton Va., *Jan. 1st*, 1885.

Dear Friend:—

Perhaps you will hardly believe me when I say it is a very pleasant duty to write to you whom I have never seen or known; but then when I give you a glimpse into my life, and contrast my past with what I hope to make my future through the generosity of an unknown friend, I think you will no longer doubt or wonder that I am not only pleased, but grateful for the opportunity of writing you on such an occasion.

I was born in Greenville, South Carolina, in 1864, but lived there only a short while after the emancipation. My mother with two small children then moved to Newbury, South Carolina, where we have lived ever since. I had no father, my father having died when I was an infant, and my mother found it very hard to support herself and children in those hard days directly after the slaves were freed, when mothers with their children were dragging up and down the public roads with no where to shelter themselves nor a mouthful of food. My mother very fortunately, was a nice seamstress, and after a great many discouragements, found a home where she sewed, cooked, washed and ironed, and in fact did every thing for the small sum of five dollars a month. And out of this she had to clothe and feed my brother and me. She thus toiled for several years under these circumstances. She then married a man who has in a great measure been a father to me. But of course they had nothing in the world to begin with, and my mother remained hired. My step-father made a bed, table and some small benches that served for chairs, and thought the room quite neatly furnished. I will just stop here and tell you something of their life as slaves.

My mother was owned by a very hard, but wealthy people. She was the house-girl and seamstress; therefore she was greatly troubled by their mean little whims as well as real cruelty. Her owners thought a very effective way of punishing their slaves was to compel them to go without food for two or three days at a time, working in the mean time as hard as though they were well fed. On one such occasion the cook ventured to give my mother a bowl of milk, for which disobedience to her owner's command she was forced by their cruel treatment to run away, and staid in the woods until the emancipation, which was three long years. This is one of the many, many hard hearted occurences of which I have heard my mother speak.

My step-father's life was exactly opposite. His master was a very humane man, and was much beloved by his slaves. My step-father is a shoemaker, and he was allowed to hire his time, and worked in a large shop where he made enough to pay his owner and have a plenty for his own use. He says he had nothing to complain of.

After the marriage of my mother to a man who had a good trade as well as herself, I am sure they could have made a good living but for the little wages they received. However they worked, now renting a house, as my mother concluded she could earn more by taking in work than than by giving all her time to a family for so little pay. By very many sacrifices and great perseverance, they soon had saved money enough to buy a small piece of land and build a house of two rooms. Step by step they moved on up the hill of prosperity until at last I can say we are blessed with a comfortable little home, with such necessities as go to make a happy home. My mother often says she paid for our home with her eye-sight. A dear price, is it not? Many nights have I heard my mother ironing all night long after a hard day's work of sewing or washing, in consequence of which she is almost blind now. Still she toils on trying to give me an education.

I was very anxious to go somewhere to school but not being able to go to any of the schools that surrounded me, I had a friend who had been to Hampton, and he urged me to come here, as this, he thought was the place for poor students. I gladly began to prepare to come to Hampton. I had not attended school for more than three years in all, for the schools lasted only three or four months at a time and I was compelled to stay home and help my mother sew, so I could not go even the whole term although it was so short. I have not been to school since I was thirteen years of age, for I am sorry to say my step-father thought there was no use in going to school any longer than it took you to learn to read and write. I came here last year and entered the Junior class, and at the close of school was promoted to the Middle class. I remained here all summer, it being too expensive for me to go home, sewing in the Industrial Room. I earned fourteen dollars a month, and after paying my board and other expenses, I had twenty dollars to begin school with this term.

I am in the Middle Class, and the first section, and am studying arithmetic, rhetoric, geography, English and United States History. After Christmas we shall take up physical geography and physiology. I like grammar and history better than any of my studies, and I can learn it easier, but arithmetic seems so hard to me that I do not like it at all.

I have for my work, a teacher's room and a work-day in sewing then on Mondays, which is our holiday, I sew, after I get through cleaning my teacher's and my own room. By doing this I make my expenses much lighter for my mother.

I feel as though I have not spent my time uselessly since I have been here, for I can see myself how much I've learned. I hope to be able to go home and teach after going through my Middle year. I want to do something for my race and in the meantime prove to mother and you who have opened the way for me that your kindnesses and sacrifices were not in vain. I am sure I can never tell you how much I thank you for this great kindness without which I could not be here. I hope to make such use of my chances that you nor any other friend who has helped me would feel that your money was thrown away.

Yours respectfully, A. S.

FROM A NATIVE AFRICAN.

Third Year at Hampton.

An African boy who came to Hampton with almost no knowledge of English, entered an Indian class, and is now in the Middle Class of the Normal school gives some reminiscences of his heathen home.

I was born in the West Coast of Africa a place called "Fantee" but English called "Gold Coast" and if you would look in map of Africa, you will find it on the coast of Uper Guinea.

The natives of this place are entirely savages in every respect some marry five or six wives and the man would not able to take of them the reason, because he lazy, always depend on his wives for something to eat; sometimes you will see a woman runs in forest with her baby on her back to get some wood to cook for her husband sake.

They build their houses out of mud and covered with thatch and about 12 feet long, 6 feet width, and 8 feet high, the window is about 10 x 24 or 12 inches wide and 24 inches long. They lay no board floor, paint no houses only they have to do, to put plenty of dirt on floor after built the house and then bit, bit, bit, till the dirt get hard like cement before they entire into the house. And when the night comes, each persons lays a mat on floor and sleep; no pillow can be seen on the mat. When ever you see anyone's head on pillow, please close and see and you will be astonished to see human head on such hard peice wooden block. They have no cooking stove, whenever they want cook something they put three bricks together and make fire.

We have two ways of worship idols 1st, public worship, and 2nd, private worship. The public worship is the worship every person would go there and worship at every eight months, see men killing cows, sheep, chickens, even human sacrifices would sacrifice for the idol. Oh! what a fine time we have in that day! See men women, children, dancing and bow down to the idols with great joy. They have chosen a particular person that speaks to the idols when they worship. And the private idols is the idols which every person have in he or her own house and beside all these, they have some different kinds of idols which they carry with them when some was come to travel.

Now they have a great many schools along the coast, which some of these schools taught by the native Africans. I had been to some of these schools, but I didn't stay there more than three years on account of the school masters and teachers they whip the scholars too much. One day I was late for the first time coming, certainly true that the time I reached in there they caught me by both hands and feet and laid me on the table, and whipped me two dozen and half better.

So the teacher gave me to an American gentleman who he knew him for several years as a sea captain, to carry me over to this country, and this gentleman did not refuse to to take me with him to Boston. After I landed at Boston about three weeks, he told me he was going to send me to some fine school where I could learn any kind trade I want, and the next day I came down in a steamer line to Norfolk.

When I came to this school, I don't know nothing, I don't know enough to make the Junior class, and I have not being accustom with this English language. And the last year I made Junior Class and I had good teachers which I could understand them well.

I am in Middle Class this year and one thing I am very anxious to learn that is the English language and Christianity which I have put myself to God for help so that I may be able to hold the Cross of Jesus.

I hope to return home as soon as I finished my course and to teach my people in Christian life to throw all of the foolish idols away and follow Jesus.

I thank you for paying my scholarship.

I remain,

yours truly,

E.

Southern Workman.

Indian Department.

ELAINE GOODALE, *In Charge.*

Regular Contributors:

HERBERT WELSH, *Cor. Sec'y Indian Rights Association,*

ALICE C. FLETCHER,

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REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.

JOHN T. MCLOUGHLIN.

WM. C. GASMANN.

President Cleveland has suspended the order opening the Crow Creek Reservation to white settlement.

Great credit is due to the prompt and efficient action of Prof. Painter, Mr. Herbert Welsh and the Indian Rights Association, in securing the ear of the President and Secretary of the Interior, and in calling public attention to the affair.

It is interesting to note that, at the time when the late Executive Order was issued, a bill was awaiting action in the House, unanimously passed by the Senate and approved by all concerned, which proposed to attain the same end in such a way as would have been just to the Indians and honorable to the Government. This bill provided for the cession by the Indians of some twelve millions of acres in Dakota, *for a fair compensation* and under proper safe-guards.

A point is made by the supporters of Secretary Teller's action, of the fact that the order excepts "all allotted lands, and all lands upon which Indians have made improvements." Agent Gasmann, in his last report, says; "Constant applications are made to me for allotments of land by Indians who *desire to settle upon claims of their own, make improvements, and become property owners in severalty.* Owing to the fact that I have no surveyor to do the work, I am compelled to put off the applicants indefinitely, to their great discouragement and injury."

"IT MUST BE UNDONE."

A letter from Maj. Gasmann to Gen. Armstrong, tells its own story.

"*It is reported* here that Mr. Teller, in the last days of his administration, had an Executive order signed by the President opening to settlers about half of this reserve. This report has caused a great rush of people on to the Indian lands, and I am now informed that they are arming to protect themselves from the Indians. I presume by this time there must be at least 500, some say 1000, people on the Reserve. Many of them are drunken and violent and there is great danger of trouble. So far I have kept the Indians quiet, but how long I can do so, under the great pressure now on them, I cannot say. It is enough to cause an outbreak and bloodshed among these poor people. I am told that this order was kept secret, in order to favor certain parties from Washington, who are now at Chamberlain prepared to enter these lands. * * I cannot believe the President would sign an order of this kind during the last moments of his administration. If it is done, *it must be undone.* * * * JNO. G. GASMANN.

A TALK WITH THE BOYS.

Indian letters have been received by the students from their friends at Crow Creek and Lower Brule, the letters of a people kept purposely in ignorance from which little more can be made out than that "the lands are being taken away by the white people," and "so now everything seems very dark here."

There is an under current of strong excitement among the boys, and we think it may be well to let out a little of the old Indian in them and let in the light of our boasted civilization.

"What right have the Indians to the Crow Creek lands?" we nquire, approaching a representative group in miniature council. "They live there a long time"—"that is their own home"—"it belongs to them"—"they don't like to leave their home and go to live in some other place"—comes from all sides in varying tones of indignation and remonstrance against this highly unnecessary question!

"But is that all the right they have?" we persist, hoping that somebody will condescend to recognize the rights conferred by treaty. "They have a right to all this country; they lived here first!" "Ought the Indians then to have all the land they want?" "I can't have any land unless I buy it!" (A brief silence concedes the force of this suggestion, and we hasten to make our point.) "A treaty was made in 1868 between Government and the Indians, by which we gave the Sioux so much land in Dakota, and called it a *Reservation.*" At this unfortunate way of stating things, one of the more impulsive of our youth can "hold in" no longer, and so far forgets his usually unexceptionable manners as *almost* to shake his fist in our face! "Don't say *give*! The white people can't *give* land to the Indians! We never gave it to the white men!" Considering that we have no proof whatever, according to experts, that the original title to the Crow Creek land has ever been extinguished, while Chief White Ghost declares that neither he nor his father ever signed away an acre of it, we haven't much to say on this head.

"Now you have heard that the white men are coming in upon your reservation. What can the Indians do?" Answer, given with somewhat startling animation—"Fight!" "But what has always happened when the Indians and white men fought?" Two or three are speaking together now, and words and phrases such as "Gen. Custer"—"young boy about 16 or 18 years old"—"fight behind trees, no drill like white men"—detach themselves from the general uproar. Meanwhile a knife and tomahawk pantomine is enacted just before us which would be funny if it were not so earnest and quite blood-curdling if it were not, under the circumstances, so absurd.

The same might be said of the bit of modern slang at the end of one young man's speech. "The Indians had only bows and arrows once—now they have guns, and don't you forget it!"

Suddenly a quiet listener on the outskirts of the crowd speaks out in distinct tones. "You're all talking nonsense." A pause of intense surprise, and everybody looks at the interloper. He flushes a little but stands fire like a man. "Fight with mind!"

This is a thought worth keeping, and after a little more natural effervescence it is accepted by the common sense and Christianity of the boys. "What shall you write to your friends in Dakota?" we ask. "Remember you have a great responsibility." "Tell them to wait a while," is the satisfactory reply. "How many think they have a better weapon than the white man's gun in the white man's thought?" Nearly all the hands go up, and the "council" is over.

An Important Mistake.

When the recent Indian Appropriation Bill lay before the House, and the immediate future of the Indian, with all its needs and possibilities, was at stake, Mr. Ryan, the general tenor of whose speech was progressive and humane, delivered himself as follows on Indian Education.

"The difficulty has been * * that when we educate children at Carlisle, at Hampton, and the other industrial schools in the several States, when we have taught them there for three or four years, have fitted them for the duties of civilization to a very large extent, prepared them so that they could go out into civilized life and obtain a livelihood, we are constrained to turn them loose and turn them back into the influences of that barbarism from which we took them when we put them in the schools. It is not long before they succumb to those influences, and become exactly what their surroundings are, and *lapse back into that barbarism from which they were taken.*"

A supposed expert on the Indian question, a man who is influencing the destinies of thousands of his fellow-creatures, ought to know better than this. Opposite the unqualified and unproved assertion of one of our law-makers, let us set the statement of a single Indian Agent, in regard to the returned students at a single Agency.

Maj. McLaughlin of Standing Rock, D. T. writes:

"The Hampton pupils at the Agency are all doing well, with the single exception of F——, whose conduct is not satisfactory. John P—— is still stableman at the Agency and John T—— is assistant carpenter and doing well. Rosa B——, and Frances W——, are at school preparing themselves as teachers and I intend to place them both in one school as teachers on May 1st. The school will be a day school located in Sitting Bull's camp, three miles south of the Agency, where either myself or wife can visit them daily, and I am confident of their ability to conduct it successfully. Jennie N—— was married to an excellent young man, Louis P—— by name, on the 11th inst. He is a mixed-blood of the tribe and is employed as clerk and interpreter in the Trader's store at the Agency."

In conversation, Maj. McLaughlin further states that Battice G——is herdsman at $60 a month, and doing extremely well; little Josie M—— is living with her sister, (married to a white man,) in a comfortable house, where she makes herself very useful; and bright little Joe A—— is soon to be placed as apprentice in a physician's family.

Nine boys and girls have gone back to the "influences of that barbarism from which they were taken," and only one weak girl out of them all has found those influences too strong for her!

A touching letter, received by one of her friends here, proves that even she has not forgotten "the good way." She can never again be the same girl that she was before she came to school. You may cut off the favorable sunshine that brought the oak-tree out of an acorn, but you cannot make it small enough to fit the acorn-cup again.

Mr. Ryan's mistake is an important one. *The Indians do not relapse*—they cannot! It is all to be found in the child-like words of one of these very Standing Rock boys, "I am going to tell you something about Indians, and *I am Indian too, but I am different now,* and so that reason I say Indians." Become what their surroundings are? Their surroundings must become what they are! "Now a great many of the Indians have log houses, and only few others have a *tipi*, but may be they going to have a log house by and by!" Meantime it is worth remembering that "I am Indian too, but I am different now."

A Digger Band.

At a recent meeting in Washington, Miss Fletcher placed in the magic lantern, several pictures illustrative of Indian progress. Many of these were what might be expected—from Hampton, but one group was so new and strange as to call out a murmur of surprise from the audience. It was a Band of Digger Indians.

True, the Indian Commissioner knows no tribe of "Diggers," and the Ethnological Bureau rejects the name from scientific classification, yet all travellers on the Pacific slope, and all readers of their travels, are familiar with the scattered mud villages, swarming with a hideous, hopeless race of beings, without ambitions, without industries, with few conscious wants for this world or for another. What connection with them has this group of good-looking men in citizen's dress, equipped with the musical instruments common to a well-organized Band?

That appeared to some who looked at it, an illustration—nay, an illumination—of Christian philosophy in its application to social science.

Not very many years ago, the proprietor of a "Ranche" found in his new posessions, a "Ranchera," neither better nor worse than a hundred similar Indian settlements. Instead of driving away his undesirable tenants, he has made them desirable. He has had them instructed in the use of tools and even of machinery, so that to-day they are among the diligent and satisfactory laborers on that vast estate, (few larger,) with its varied industries, and they receive good wages for good work. He has replaced the half subterranean huts by comfortable houses; has built a chapel; he has provided needful education. His wife has instructed the women and children, devoting to them the mornings of eight or ten years, and has found not only docile spirits but bright and receptive minds. The Sunday-school work has been equally satisfactory in its results. These people had no idols to discard, but now, instead of endeavoring to propitiate a Great Spirit, they believe in a Heavenly Father, and the grace of God has wrought in them, many Christian graces. They have great confidence in their white friends, as is shown by a request made to their Lady Bountiful, a year or two ago. Wouldn't she start a Band? It wouldn't cost her very much; eight or ten pieces at $20 a piece would be enough. This petition was promptly denied. "If you are sick, I see that you have food and medicine, and when you are too old to work, I take care of you; but music is a luxury, and if you want that, you must provide it, yourselves." They are passionately fond of music, and they did provide it and placed themselves under excellent instruction at a further expense of $12 a week. They now read music readily, and perform difficult selections from the best composers. This photograph is one that they ordered for themselves. Last spring, they were advertised as the musical attraction at a German Sunday picnic, where indeed they would have been an attraction had they not come to have for themselves, what their friends had for them, conscientious scruples against Sunday labor.

They declined the offer, and in its place were encouraged to give a concert of their own to a delighted audience of six hundred. They were aided by some young ladies and by their teacher. Austin, a blind Digger Indian, gave a remarkable bass solo, "America;" their Sunday-school sang several songs, "What a friend we have in Jesus," "We shall meet," "Behold the Bridegroom cometh," "Rally round the flag," "Pull for the shore; the Tribe, led by two old men who clapped their hands, rendered several native songs in rich, deep voices, and the selections by the Band were most creditable and delightful. Everything was orderly and attractive. A local paper, which reported the entertainment, truly says, "Without doubt, such another concert was never given in this country."

M. B. B.

The new Indian Commissioner.

It does not yet appear whether ex-Congressman Atkins has the special knowledge of Indian affairs that is so requisite in an Indian commissioner, but in other respects he is a desirable man. He served four terms as representative, and has been known as one of the ablest southern men in Washington, his last term ending with the 46 Congress. He was chairman of the appropriations committee under Speaker Randall. In character he is industrious, direct, honest beyond question, impatient with wrong and of rather irascible temperament. His sense of justice is large—and that is a prime necessity of the situation. Mr. Atkins can probably be relied upon to become a student of the Indian problem, be his special knowledge of it at present small or great.—*Springfield Republican.*

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

Little Girl Visitor, (to Small Indian,) "Are you wild?" *Small Indian*, meditatively—"No, are you?"

Ground has been broken for two new cottages, in the neighborhood of the first two, to be occupied by Sioux families.

Maj. McLaughlin made us a flying visit the other day. He gave an excellent account of the returned Hampton students at Standing Rock.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Smiley have again spent a few days at Hampton. Mr. Smiley is known as the prime mover of the Lake Mohunk Indian Conference.

Miss Richards visited Lincoln Institute, the school for Indian girls in Philadelphia, last month, and was much pleased with its orderly and careful arrangement.

A letter from one of the pupils, who was formerly at Hampton, may be found in another column.

A School Exercise. "Tell me something large." "My foot," replies an Indian boy. "Something small." There were visitors in the room, and the young lady on the platform was not prepared to see him point silently but unmistakably at her own!

A unique object lesson on the Indian was that afforded by the "Indian Day" of a school in Providence, R. I. There was a large collection of Indian curiosities shown, including the skeleton of a Narragansett Indian, but "perhaps the most interesting of the exhibits," we are told, "was not the relics of the past, but specimens of the work done by Indians in the Hampton School."

MORE GLAD THAN SORRY.

"O, how we shall miss them!" was what everybody was saying, from the oldest teacher to the newest and rawest young Omaha, on the day that Philip Stabler, with his wife and child, left the Hampton cottage for their Nebraska home. The faithful and hard-working husband, the neat and smiling housekeeper, the "Eddy" who loved everybody and whom everybody loved—they had become so much a part of the life here, their little home such a pleasant centre, that we hardly know how to do without their support and influence. We shall miss them in a very real sense.

But how safe we feel about them! With what anxious hearts we have seen some go out—sick or inefficient ones, young girls and boys with unformed minds and half-disciplined natures to meet such a terribly uncertain future! Here is a little unbroken family, a nucleus of civilization! Philip Stabler goes to plant his own fields, to build his own house; and Minnie, and her boy we know, can make that house a home.

THE "LEND A HAND" CLUB.

By it's Indian Secretary.

A meeting of the Indian girls was held in Winona Lodge Jan. 31st, to consider forming a club similar to the Harry Wadsworth clubs which have sprung from the story "10 times 1 are 10." *Lend a Hand Club* was the name chosen.

A second meeting was held Feb. 21st., when a letter was read from Miss E, suggesting ways in which a helping hand could be lent to others. Twenty girls became members of the club and adopted its mottoes by signing their names in the secretary's book. I will write here our motto.

We, the undersigned, wishing so to live as to help others, do form ourselves into a club, to be called the "Lend a Hand Club," and take for our motto the following:—

"Look up and not down,
Look out and not in,
Look forward and not back,
And lend a hand."

Another meeting was held in Winona Lodge, Feb. 28th, when the Indian Cottage branch and the Winona Lodge branch met together for the first time. This being our first meeting it wasn't a very long one, still it was very good for the first one. A letter was read from one of our old schoolmates, who is now in Lincoln Institute, which we enjoyed ever so much. Some of the little girls recited pieces, and some of the boys made speeches also.

Ten of our little girls are paying for a little colored girl at the Butler School. Each one gives one cent and that makes ten cents—they have to pay ten cents every week, and so these ten little girls picked her out. They sew for her too. And quite a number of the older girls go to teach in Suuday School and read the Bible to the poor every Sunday. I think after awhile we will have some more to do.

A. L.

A LETTER FROM LINCOLN.

Lincoln Institute, Phila., Pa.

Miss R——, dear friend: You asked me to write and tell you of our school, and what we do here. * * The girls do all the house-work. We work one month in the laundry. The girls can make their own dresses and mend their own clothes. The girls can make their own stockings and some crochet themselves hoods. About twenty-five girls take music lessons, which we enjoy very much. Out in the country we have a chapel, and some girls are picked out to lead, and we are called "choir-girls." We expect to go out in the country again this Summer.

We have eight dormitories, and from 10 to 15 girls in each; and a girl over them is called a captain. They take care of them and see that they behave, and each one is to mind what the captain says. If she does not the captain reports to the house-mother.

There is a house-mother, a matron, music teacher, two teachers, two sewing teachers and two laundresses. The girls that go to school in the morning work in the afternoon, while the working girls are at school. * * We all love our teachers and appreciate what they do for us. I would love to come and see you all, for I remember Hampton.

LIZZIE SPIDER.

A LETTER FROM DAKOTA.

Pine Ridge Agency.

My dear Miss R——, Many times have I thought of you and wanted to write, but the time would pass by. But to-night I am thinking of Hampton, and I thought I would write you a few lines.

You will see by my letter I am not at Yankton Agency; I suppose you have heard I am married, my husband is teaching school. This is called the Orphan's Camp. There are as many Indians in this one camp as there are at Yankton Agency. They are not so far advanced as those at Yankton. I wish some of them could go to Hampton.

This is a day school; the school and dwelling house are all in one, in the shape of the letter T. We have about forty pupils; they do not look as nice as those at Hampton; some of them look very pitiful; some of them wore blankets at first, but Mr Keith told them they must not wear blankets when they come to school.

We have service on Sunday; we have singing and prayers in Dakota, and teach them the Catechism also. I want to tell you something that happened last Sunday.

We have not been in the habit of taking up collection, for we thought the poor Indians had no money. But last Sunday, little Joseph Big-tooth, about ten years old, a very bright little fellow, gave Mr. Keith a piece of money. Mr. Keith supposed he had found it and wanted him to return it to the owner, but on making inquiry, he found he wanted to give it to the church for collection. * *

Give my love to the teachers, and all the girls, and tell them I wish them all a Happy New Year. I heard Mr. and Mrs. Gravatt and Miss Folsom were at Crow Creek; I would like to have seen them.

Your affectionate friend,
MAGGIE (Goulet) KEITH.

THE ROUND OF THE SHOPS.

Scene. Academic Hall at 11.30 A. M. Party of enthusiastic strangers just issuing from an Indian recitation-room.

Gushing Young Lady. "Well, it's perfectly wonderful! I'd no idea that *Indians* could talk so much and get so *excited* over anything. I supposed they were regular *stoics*, and things you know!"

Experienced Guide. "And now that we have visited the class-rooms, would you like to see something of the shops?

Enquiring Elderly Gentleman. "O! the shops?"

Experienced Guide. "Where the Indians learn their trades. We have finer facilities for industrial training at Hampton than any other school in the coun——."

Gushing Y. L. "You don't mean to say they have to *work*? I should think it would *kill* them!"

Ex. G. (repressing a smile,) "Certainly; we have Indian blacksmiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, shoe-makers, tin-smiths—our system gives them half a-day at work and half in school. A practical demonstration of our theory, that the Indian's trade is half his education." (During this conversation the party have been walking leisurely along and have just reached the square formed by the high turreted barn and long line of shops, standing at right angles to each other.)

Enquiring E. G. "Do you find the time sufficient?"

Ex. G. (with his hand on the sliding doors of the carpenter shop.) "Mr. McD. will tell you that a three-years' course on half time is a short term of apprenticeship. But several of our boys have been sufficiently in earnest to become of their own accord work students, and devote a year or two to the mastery of their trade. Who is your best tin-smith, Mr. McD.?"

Mr. McD. "P—— is the best workman I have. He was not doing particularly well in school, so decided to give all his time to the shop and learn it thoroughly. He was our first Indian work-student. Since then, a number have followed his example."

Enquiring E. G. "Is he capable of teaching his trade?"

Mr. McD. "He could teach the essentials."

Intelligent Critic, (who has not yet spoken,) "Do you find that the boys who are dull in school do best at the trades, and *vice versa*."

Mr. McD. "Now that's a hard question to answer There is a boy, (pointing to a workman at the far end of the room,) who the teachers tell me is slow at his books. He's a natural mechanic. S——, on the other hand, who only came last Spring, is doing splendidly at both. He has some force of character, and means to learn whatever he undertakes. As a general thing, however, when the Indians get to a certain point they're apt to make up their minds about what they want to do. If they are determined to fit themselves as teachers or something that way, they naturally rather lose interest in their trades."

Ex. Guide. "We have an increasing number who return after a three years' course and a year or so at home, to study with a view to their future work in life. We give them special opportunities in the direction they have chosen. How are your new boys doing, Mr. McD?"

Mr. McD. "Better than any previous lot."

Enquiring E. G. "I should like to know whether they work at their trades after returning home."

Ex. G. "We sent two boys from this very shop last Fall who are doing well as carpenters at their agencies, earning $20. a month, beside a house and rations. One of them has helped to build a school-house near his agency. One of our graduates from Indian Territory was a shining light in the Printing Office and printed the *Pawnee New Era* for some time after his return."

The party pass through the harness and tin-shops, look at the excellent samples of finished work, and gaze curiously at the black-heads and blue aprons along their rows of wooden benches. Turning the corner they meet a young workman, running lightly toward the shops, who remains in sight long enough to take off his hat and display a fine, intelligent face. One or two more are at work on the foundations of the new Indian cottage, whose purpose is explained by the guide.

Gushing Y. L. (with a burst of long pent rapture,) "A real little home O, isn't it all too sweet for anything!"

FISH, FLESH AND FOWL.

Notes from the Natural History Class.

One day the teacher was trying to explain the difference between wild and domestic animals. The result—"O yes, I see—*savage* and *civilized*."

The Cat. The cat sleeps in the day-time and goes out in the night and finds its food, they eat flesh and drink milk, they like to stay in house to keep themselves warm and I like them very much. They like to go out to find mice and like to eat mice very much. Some people like to have them for pets and some do not. They are very afraid of dogs and do not like them.

The Lion. The most fierce and savage animal in the world, stronger than any others. I supposed if I see one, how I will be a scare, but I will try to make a friendly. These are flesh-eaters, because they going out in the night, chance to hunted for other animals are sleep, kill them very easily to have for food. Their claws are very sharp, when they are anxious to kill something.

The Cow. The cow is very good for useful everything. They butter and cheese and can raising more calf every summer, and sometimes good for food and skin good for leather and horn and hoof, comb and spoon. Cow relation oxen. Oxen useful work.

The Eagle. The eagle belongs to the Falcon family, these birds are strong and have bills, and when the eagle is flying in the air and looks down all times and when those other kinds birds he sees catch fish he comes down and those birds catch fish they are so afraid of that eagle and dropped that fish and eagle takes that fish and eats all of. The eagle has very large nests on the top of the mountains, this nest made with big bush and some things softly too. And the eagle has a sharp curved bill and has very sharp claws and has two wings which is fly with.

The Rattlesnake. The rattlesnake is bad, no legs, and bite very poison kill you, bright eyes, and make noise with his tail when he afraid or mad too. When he kill creature swallow right off whole. And covered with scales. He live on land. When winter come go in the hole stay there long time and come out again when summer time.

The Rattlesnakes are very curious and fierce animals. They have very bad poison. The ends of their tails have a rattle. They are always wanted to bite something very much. Their poison is kept by the teeth. As soon as they bite you, you may-be have very dangerous things, perhaps you shall die off, that is all.

The following is an uncorrected examination paper.

1. What is a vertebrate?
1. Vertebrate has a skeleton inside.
2. What is an invertebrate?
2. Invertebrate has outside skeleton or else no skeleton.
3. How many kinds of vertebrates are there?
3. There are five kinds of them.
4. What are they?
4. Mammals, reptiles, frogs, fishes, birds.
5. What are flesh-eaters?
5. Those animals who killed other animals and eat them.
6. Name some of the principal families of flesh-eaters.
6. The cat family, dog family, bear family.
7. Describe the lion.
7. The lion is the strongest animal and it's fierce and sometimes it's called the "king of the Beasts."
8. What are four-handed animals?
8. Monkeys are four-handed animals.
9. Name some hoofed animals?
9. Horse, cow, camel, oxen, goats, sheep, deer.
10. Which is the most useful to man?
10. The horse is the useful animal.
11. Describe the buffalo?
11. The buffalo is large and sometimes very fierce.
12. Which hoofed animals have permanent horns?
12. Cows and oxen, camels.
13. Which shed their horns every year?
13. Deer.
14. Name some of the thick-skinned animals.
14. Elephant, horse, rhinoceros.
15. Which is the largest?
15. The elephant is the largest.
16. Describe the horse?
16. The horse is very useful to man. A long time ago they were all wild but now they are not and the Arab horses are the swiftest horses and there are some small horses, called ponies.

Land, Law, Education—The Three Things Needed by the Indian.

Indians ready for Land in Severalty.

BY ALICE C. FLETCHER.

Continued from March No.

KANSAS.

About 1000 Indians reside in this State, and occupy 143,401.931, acres, divided among five Reserves, four of which are under the charge of one Ageney known as the Pottawatomie and Great Nemaha, situated about twenty-five miles from Topeka, from which it is reached by private conveyance. The Reservations under the Agent, Major H. C. Linn, are situated from thirty to fifty miles apart. They are described as follows:

The *Pottawatomies* number about 410, and have 77,357 acres, in Jackson County.

The *Kickapoos*, 234 in number, have 20073 acres, in Brown County.

The *Chippewas* and *Munsees*, about 71; have 4,395 acres, in Franklin County.

The *Sac and Fox*, numbering 75, have 2,862 acres in Kaosas, the remaining 5,152 acres lying in Nebraska.

The *Iowas*, some 132, have 5,120 acres in Kansas, and 10,880 just over the line in Nebraska.

These Indians are all more or less engaged in agriculture. The country about them is thickly settled, and branches of the Union Pacific, Kansas Pacific, Atchison and Topeka, and other railroads skirt or touch these Reservations. Civilization is upon these Indians, pressing them more and more closely each year; and each tribe is divided into two parties, more or less powerful and aggressive. One party is composed of those who accept the requirements of the future, and desire to work and become educated and prepared to take on the responsibility of citizenship. The other party is made up of those who cannot shake themselves free from the past, and resist every effort which breaks in upon ancient customs and tribal life.

Of these tribes, all but the Iowas used to inhabit the region about Lake Michigan and south of Lake Superior. Allonez states that in 1667 he formed a treaty of commerce and mutual defence with the Chippewas, Pottawatomies, and Sacs and Foxes, against the Iroquois. Marquette, in 1698, mentions these tribes as living in what is now the State of Wisconsin. In 1766, Jonathan Carver thus describes the village of the Sacs, near the headwaters of the Wisconsin river, who were still dwelling where their fathers had lived a hundred years previous. "This is the largest and best built Indian town I ever saw. It contains about ninety houses, each large enough for several families. They are built of hewn plank, neatly jointed and covered with bark so compactly as to keep out the most penetrating rains. Before the doors are comfortable sheds in which the inhabitants sit when the weather permits, and smoke their pipes. The streets are regular and spacious, so that it appears more like a civilized town than the abode of savages. The land near the town is very low. On their plantations which lie adjacent to their houses, and which are neatly laid out, they raise great quantities of Indian corn, beans, melons, etc., so that this place is esteemed the best market for traders to furnish themselves with provisions of any within 800 miles."

The territory of the Fox tribe adjoined that of the Sacs, to the west of the latter, lying along the Wisconsin river. At the mouth was a village of the Fox, called by the French "*La Prairie des Chiens*;" the houses were well built, after the Indian manner, and pleasantly situated on a very rich soil, from which they raised every necessary of life in great abundance." "About 300 families," Carver goes on to state, "dwelt here. The town is the great mart where all the adjacent tribes, and even those who inhabit the most remote ranches of the Mississippi, annually assemble about the latter end of May, bringing with them their furs to dispose of to the traders. * * Whatever Indians happen to meet at this town, though the nations to which they belong are at war with each other, are obliged to restrain their enmity and forbear all hostile acts during their stay there. This regulation has been long established among them for their mutual convenience, as without it no trade could be carried on. The same rule is observed also at the Red Mountain, from whence they get the stone of which they make their pipes."

The story of the building of this town is given by Carver as follows: "About five miles from the junction of the river I observed the ruins of a large town in a very pleasing situation. On enquiring of the neighboring Indians why it was thus deserted, I was informed that about thirty years ago the Great Spirit had appeared on the top of a pyramid of rocks which lay at a little distance from it toward the west, and warned them to quit their habitations, for the land on which they were built belonged to him, and he had occasion for it. As a proof that he who gave them orders was really the Great Spirit, he further told them that the grass should immediately spring up on those very rocks from whence he addressed them, which they knew to be bare and barren. The Indians obeyed and soon discovered that the miraculous alteration had taken place. They showed me the spot, but the growth of grass appeared in no way supernatural. I apprehend this to have been a stratagem of the French or Spaniards to answer some selfish view; but in what manner they effected their purposes I know not."

Negotiations for the purchase of the lands of the Indians living in Wisconsin, and for their removal westward, began in 1795 with the Pottawatomies, and in 1804, with the Sac and Fox. It continued until comparatively recently. These removals meant the breaking up of homes and the crushing out of the ambition to settle down to agricultural pursuits. These tribes have almost lost heart, between the memories of their past life and the enforcement of conditions incident to the gathering of white men all about them. They have also suffered from the policy of the Government which ignores the individual and recognizes only the tribe. The Agent points out the fact that the great stumbling block is the lack of an individual tenure of the land. The father is not sure that his children will reap the benefit of his toil. He hesitates to make permanent improvements on land which he does not and cannot control.

The Pottawatomies have 2,580 acres under cultivation. The crops are given as 35,000 bushels of corn, 6,500 bushels small grains, 2,000 bushels of vegetables. They own about 1,300 horses, and 1000 head of cattle, beside swine, sheep and fowls; 120 houses are occupied. There is a Government boarding school, and, of the 55 children of school age, an average of 31 under instruction. There is no report of any Mission work among the people. An annuity of about $12 to each person is paid.

The Kickapoos have 1,900 acres under cultivation, and raise annually 20,000 bushels of corn, 800 bushels of small grain, 875 bushels of vegetables. These, with 330 horses, 105 head of cattle, swine and fowls, make up their store of wealth. Of houses, 76 are reported as occupied by the Indians. They received about $20 each as annuity. Of the school population of 45—the average attendance at the Government Boarding school is 20. There is no report of mission work at this Reserve.

The Iowas have 1,249 acres cultivated and their crop is about 28,000 bushels of corn, 4,900 bushels of small grains, 1,180 bushels of vegetables. Of stock, 120 horses and 200 head of cattle, beside swine and fowls, are owned by these Indians, and 30 houses are occupied by them. They receive an annuity of about $22 each. There is a Government Boarding school, which for the past two years has been used for the Iowas and the Sac and Fox tribe. The school population for both Reservations is given as 46, and the average allowance as 26. The Iowas are said to be well advanced in the ways of civilized life, and to evince an interest in having their children educated. Some of the tribe are fully competent to take care of themselves, and if all were thrown more on their own resources, and not treated so much as children, their advance would be more rapid. The Presbyterian denomination has a Mission among these Indians and the adjoining Sac and Fox.

The Sac and Fox have 875 acres under cultivation. They harvest 12,000 bushels of corn, 3,500 bushels of small grains, and 200 bushels of vegetables; 70 horses, 700 head of cattle, beside swine and fowl, constitute their stock. These Indians receive an annuity of about $100 to a person. They cling closely to old customs, and are opposed to education. Their experience since the days when removals began, and the demoralization resulting from the possession of large lands which keeps from them the stimulus of necessity, have left these people stranded. Their relations in Iowa are in the same general condition. The Sac and Fox Reserve in Tama County, Iowa, is the only territory owned by Indians in that State. Their tract covers a total of 1,425 acres. This includes the small amount owned by individual Indians. This land was purchased some thirty years ago by these people, at a cost of about $28,000, and the title is held in trust for the tribe by the Governor of the State. Out of the tribal funds the chiefs pay the taxes on the land, and the remainder of the money is divided among the people. They have about 215 acres under cultivation; 5,000 bushels of corn, and about 1,900 bushels of vegetables, represent their crop. Their Agent reports: "The Indians have worked very well this season; they have done a good deal of plowing, and while a few years since it was a rare thing to see them at work, it is now no unusual sight to see several working together in one field. They have also made over 800 rods of wire fence; have built one good frame and several bark houses. * * They are a quiet and law-abiding people, and live in harmony with themselves and with their white neighbors, and there has been but little drinking among them for some time past. * * A large number can understand and speak English, and nearly all of them both read and write in their own language, while there is much better feeling manifested in regard to sending their children to school than formerly. The Agency Industrial day school, under charge of Miss Allie B. Bushby, has been gradually growing larger, and many obstacles in the way of its success have been overcome. * * For honesty and truthfulness our Indians stand above the average white man with the merchants with whom they deal. They give no trouble to the State and none whatever to the Government."

WISCONSIN.

About 6,300 Indians reside in the State, 5,000 of whom are under the care of Agents. The Pottawatomie prairie band of 300 and nearly 1000 Winnebagos live at large.

Four of the nine Reservations under the La Pointe Agency, lie in the northern counties of Ashland, Bayfield, Sawyer and Lincoln, containing respectively, Bad River Reservation, 124,333 acres; Red Cliff Reservation, 2,560 acres; Lac Court D'Oreilles Reservation, 69,136 acres; Lac du Flambeau Reservation, 69,824 acres.

Different groups of Chippewa Indians inhabit these tracts of land, and all except those living on the Lac du Flambeau Reservation are reported as industrious and rapidly advancing in civilization. Their lands are all more or less heavily timbered, and clearing a farm involves much persistent labor. Many have opened up fields and are engaged in agriculture. A large number have selected allotments and have realized considerable advantage from the sale of the timber standing on their 80 acres. A considerable portion of the people have of late years taken up lumbering, and the young men have thus found a field for labor. Drunkenness has been a grave draw-back to prosperity, but it is reported as on the decrease, owing to the growth of a rational sentiment among the people of the injurious effects of that baneful habit. The railroad system of Wisconsin touches or passes near each of the Reserves and is bringing the benefits of business opportunities and demanding of the Indians a practical application of the education they have already received. The Government and the missions of the Presbyterian and the Roman Catholic Churches maintain schools on all the Reservations except the Lac du Flambeau. The isolation and difficulty of access to this Reserve, its approaches being impassable for teams except during the winter season, has delayed the construction of school buildings, but the cutting of a road to connect with the lumbering roads leading to the Wisconsin Central railroad, will permit the Agent to erect the school house, and another year it is hoped will find these Indians supplied with the means of education, and an inroad will thus be made upon their present unprofitable mode of living by hunting and fishing. The Reservations placed under the charge of the La Pointe Agency—nine in all—are widely separated; four in the lumber regions of Wisconsin, five in the northeast part of Minnesota. Several are almost inaccessible at all seasons of the year, and it is often impossible for the Agent to make even a brief visit during the year to the more remote Reserves under his charge. The position of the Agent, Major William R. Durfee, is consequently a difficult and disappointing one, for he is unable to bring direct influence to bear upon those under him, and particularly those who stand in the greatest need of civilizing efforts. For years the Agents have urged throwing the larger part of the Chippewas in Wisconsin upon their own resources and withdrawing all Government support; and it would seem as though the best interests of the Indians demanded such legislation as tend to speedy consummation of citizenship.

The Menomonee, the *Stockbridge*, and the *Oneida* Indians occupy Reserves situated further south in Shawano and Brown Counties, under the charge of Agent D. P. Andrews. The Menomonee and Stockbridge Reservations join. The former has an area of 231,680 acres, with a population of 1,400; the latter, 11,520 acres, with 136 inhabitants. The Stockbridge Indians are the remnant of the tribe which has been several times divided, a part at each division becoming citizens. Under the existing laws of Wisconsin, nearly all the males over twenty-one are qualified voters, and their Agent states: "I am unable to see any reason why the whole tribe should not become citizens, and their tribal relations be abandoned, and thus be brought under the influence and control of the laws of the State, but leaving their lands held in trust by the Government and exempt from taxation for a limited period. I am inclined to the opinion that such a course would have a beneficial effect upon the morals of the members of this tribe and greatly improve their present condition."

The Menomonees occupy a region where it is estimated there are 300,000,000 feet of standing green pine. A large part of the tribe spend the season in hunting, to the detriment of their farms, and their lumbering is not very successful owing to fluctuations in prices and the lack of a concentration of interest and business management. The lumber on the Reservation is valuable, and unless some plan is devised by which the capital represented in timber can be conserved, there is little chance of any substantial benefit to the tribe being derived from the property. There are two day schools and one boarding school at the Agency.

The Oneidas number 1,064 and the area of their Reservation near Green Bay is estimated at 65,540 acres. The people are considerably advanced, and are beginning to clamor for their lands in severalty. At present the land is held in common, each person being free to select and improve such land as he desires, and to hold it or sell the improvements to other members of the tribe. This custom is fruitful of difficulties, and checks individual endeavor, as a man can deprive his family of the home improvements, and for any chance mood, abandon his farm for a small consideration, and when this mood changes he may start afresh on tribal lands. It is a well-known fact that individual ownership of the soil, with the safe-guards of legal claims upon it, is one of the principal means by which the family relation is made stable and frugality and enterprise promoted.

These Indians have among them day-schools, and fifty children are accommodated at the Menomonee boarding school. They are instructed in education and are pressing forward in many ways. The missionary work among them has been fruitful. A very large proportion are enrolled in the Episcopal Church, and a smaller number in the Presbyterian Mission.

Of the 500 acres classed as tillable, 3,500 are under cultivation, and fair crops are reported. The people are well esteemed by their white neighbors, and are considered fairly ready for absorption into the State.

MICHIGAN.

In Michigan, of the 9,600 Indians, 3,000 are upon their Reservation having a united area of 66,332 acres. The rest of the people are scattered over the State, some living upon lands which have been patented to them, others working at various avocations. Some of these Indians foolishly parted with their farms; such acts have taught others to be more prudent. Adversity has been a hard but efficient school master. Many of the Indians are woodsmen; hundreds are employed in the fisheries, a few being proprietors of fishing apparatus, and these men are succeeding well. Several day schools and one boarding school are maintained for the benefit of these Indians, and are fairly attended. Two more schools are soon to be opened. Those Indians scattered among the white settlers generally send their children to the district schools, and then learn to mix with their white neighbors. The Indians in Michigan are mainly Chippewas, with a sprinkling of Ottawas and Potawatomies. The Agent now in charge of this widely scattered group is Edward P. Allen, and the Agency is at Ypsilanti, Michigan.

The East Band of Cherokee Indians.

BY AMICUS.

In 1835–8 the General Government, by treaty stipulations, purchased of the Cherokee nation in North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee, their tribal land claims and gave in consideration about one-third of the Indian Territory and a small portion within the present boundary of Kansas, and in addition a large funded indebtedness, the interest of which was to be paid for education, agricultural implements, and supplies of various kinds for civilization and subsistence. An appropriation was also made for transportation from their homes to the Indian Territory.

The treaties with these Indians were marked by such devices as were common at that day in dealing with Indian tribes when their lands were coveted by the white man. Misrepresentation, deception and compulsion were exercised under the maxim "Might makes right."

The Eastern Band who counted as one-seventh of the nation of Cherokees, declined to become a party to the sale and refused to emigrate. The military sought out many of the Western Band in their hiding places who had fled and hid themselves when the time for their expatriation began; but the Eastern Band being surrounded by the Smoky or Black Mounts on the west and the Blue Ridge on the east, found impenetrable hiding places and could not be induced to leave their mountain homes.

A subsequent treaty was made by which these Indians were allowed their equitable proportion of the transportation and subsistence appropriation. They employed an agent to purchase lands of claimants under the Government sales, which was done from time to time, until in 1880, when they owned, by their own right, as a tribal unit, about 75,000 acres in one boundary, and in fots outside of this boundary, larger and smaller, about 13,000 acres, which aggregates about 88,000 acres.

This agent held these fands for the Indians in his own name. The lands never belonged to the United States. The original States retained the right to all the unpurchased lands within their boundaries, so that the purchase was made under titles originally made by the State of North Carolina, and of course were not ceded to them by treaty.

In 1880, the United States Circuit Court for the Western District of North Carolina entertained the complaints of these Indians that their titles to their purchases by their agent were still held by him, and that said titles should be legally confirmed to them. The court, conjointly with the Governor of North Carolina, appointed a commission to inquire into their claims and have surveys made. They performed the work assigned, and made their report, which was confirmed by the United States Court and the Executive of the State.

It is generally conceded that the State of North Carolina has been exceedingly lax in her method of conveying land patents. Her lands are not bounded by section and range lines, as ours in the West.

Thousands of acres lic unimproved in the mountain district, covered with the finest oak, walnut, pine, white hickory and chestnut in the world, but hitherto too inaccessible for the timber dealer to bear them to market. Two railways are reaching these forests, and the lumber dealer has already been making his purchases.

During the last 30 years, white men have measured out desirable tracts of land within the Indian boundary, and have applied to the State of North Carolina for patents, which have been given for considerations, which generally range about 12½ cents per acre. The State is reported to have sold the same lands to different parties some six times over. The purchaser finds himself encountering other purchasers having State authority for their claims, and the entire region is in a prepared condition to engage in interminable law suits.

When the United States Court and the Executive of North Carolina, confirmed the boundary of the Indian lands, they failed to oust the invading settlers, which leaves them still in trouble. It was believed, after careful examination, that they could not find a hearing in the United States Court, and that when their title was confirmed to them their lands were placed by the court subject to the control of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs as trustee. This fact ascertained, Commissioner Price went to work with an earnest purpose to protect them in their rights.

For many years there has been a disaffection in the tribe. A small party have been dissatisfied with the decisions of their council. These malcontents have at times elected their chiefs and head men, and have illegally authorized agents to make purchases. In 1875, when about $46,000 remained in the treasury as indebtedness for commutation and subsistence, certain parties contrived to formulate a bill against these Indians for commutation and subsistence, for services, for teaching schools, &c., amounting altogether to about $60,000. It was on its face in good legal form, but Commissioner Smith suspected it was not as it should be, and employed a detective to trace out the validity of vouchers, affidavits &c., which resulted in clear evidences of fraud throughout.

The Commissioner wisely concluded to withhold payment, and the claimant went to the Attorney General for aid. While the Attorney General was making examination, the Commissioner prepared a bill for funding the indebtedness of the Government for educational purposes, which passed Congress and received the signature of the President two days before the order of the Attorney General was presented, which order was made on the merits of the face of the accounts presented for payment. In this way the present educational fund was secured, by the interest of which five schools are now sustained among these Indians.

The West Cherokees have kept friends at court and assumed control of all lands west and the proceeds of all sales, without recognizing the rights and privileges of the East Band in North Carolina, who hold by treaty a *pro rata* claim.

The Eastern Band, which now numbers about 3,000, consider themselves entitled to a one-seventh interest, and have commenced suit to secure their rights. Their claim is estimated to be from $800,000, to $1,000,000. If this addition can be made to their resources, they propose not to overlook their educational interests.

I should have stated that nearly all the discontented Indians have gone west to join the western Cherokees. The remaining 3,000 can not be persuaded to leave their hills and streams and pure mountain air. They think the western climate, rich as the soil may be, would soon consign them to untimely graves. Their safety where they are must depend on the vigilance and faithfulness of their friends.

The Friends of Western, (Indiana) and North Carolina Yearly Meeting, have for years been making missionary visits to these Indians. By Government encouragement they have undertaken the management of their educational interests. Five day schools are regularly kept up seven months in the year, and a boarding school of forty girls and boys, an equal number of each sex, is sustained during the year. The girls are taught domestic arts in which they take great interest, and the boys are practically instructed in garden and farm work, and the management of horses and cattle, and arrangements are made for starting carpenter, smith, and shoe shops.

These schools are supplied with good skillful teachers, and the spiritual interests of the children are not overlooked. Everything moves forward to the satisfaction of all parties interested, and in a few years we expect the East Band of Cherokees to be, to all intents and purposes, freemen and fellow citizens of the old North State.

Mr. Herbert Welsh on the Opening of Crow-Creek Reservation, by Executive Order.

An event has recently occurred in the history of the Indian affairs which merits close and careful investigation upon the part of citizens at large. An Executive order, under date of Feb. 27th, 1885, has been issued which throws open to white settlement about two-thirds of a tract of country lying on the east bank of the Missouri river, in the Territory of Dakota, and known as the Old Winnebago and Crow Creek Reservation. This Reservation is separated from the Great Sioux Reservation by the Missouri river, but has always been considered a part of that having been included in the terms of the treaty of 1868; which embraced in its provisions "all existing Reservations on the east bank of said River." The Indians living on the Old Winnebago and Crow Creek Reservation are a band of the Sioux Nation called the Lower Yanctonnais. They number upward of one thousand souls, who have lived on their present lands for more than twenty years and have, during that time, made remarkable progress in civilization. Their relations with the United States have, during this long period, been those of unbroken peace. The circumstances attending the act by which a part of their land has been taken from them, have been such as to call forth expressions of profound indignation and astonishment from those interested in the progress of the Indian.

The project of issuing an Executive order, throwing the reservation into the public domain, originated in the office of the Hon. H. M. Teller, ex-Secretary of the Interior. It was there matured and executed with such secrecy that neither the Indian Bureau, nor any member of Senate House Committees on Indian Affairs, nor any of the friends of the Indians, were aware that such action was about to take place. Two years ago, when rumors were afloat that an attempt was to be made to secure the opening of the Reservation by Executive order. Bishop Hare wrote to the Interior Department protesting against such action, to which protest the Department responded that no such action was ever meditated. Notwithstanding this assurance, the blow has now fallen unheralded, as a thunderbolt from a clear sky.

It is a remarkable fact that, although the Indian Commissioner was in ignorance of the action of the Honorable Secretary in this matter, a gentleman residing in Dakota holding opposite political views from those which characterized the out-going Administration was so fully informed of the progress of events as to be enabled to greatly improve his fortune thereby. Leaving Washington just before the order was about to be issued, he reached Mitchell, Dakota, where he was informed by telegram that the order was an accomplished fact some forty minutes before this intelligence reached the general public. He was thus enabled to secure by means of the purchase of scrip, a large quantity of the best land upon the reservation, before other claimants presented themselves. To the open statement of this gentleman, as well as to other sources, we are indebted for this information. We have therefore no reason to question its authority.

There are two grounds upon which earnest protest may be made to Mr. Teller's action in regard to throwing open Crow Creek reservation by Executive order. 1st: That it is illegal, therefore invalid and should be annulled by the present administration, 2nd: That taken in connection with attending circumstances this action was morally unwise, iniquitous and such as is likely to be attended with additional detriment to the already shabby reputation of the Government in its relations with the Indians and with serious risk to the existing peace between ourselves and the Sioux Nation. The Law Committee of the Indian Rights Association has examined the question so far as limited time and knowledge of the facts will permit, and in the legal brief prepared by it strongly expresses the opinion that the Executive order is illegal. It claims that the Crow Creek reservation is held by the Indians under the treaty of 1868, having been manifestly included in its terms. It is therefore a treaty reservation, not one held by Executive order, and hence cannot be lawfully thrown open to settlement, except by joint consent of the Indians and Congress. The Indian Rights Association has prepared a petition to the President and Secretary of the Interior, praying a suspension of the order until the question at issue shall have received full and careful investigation.

As to technical legal rights involved in this question, it is impossible at the present moment to say whether Mr. Teller and his little group of friends, or the law Committee of the Indian Rights Association occupy the stronger ground. We believe that the latter is the case. But what we wish public attention drawn to is this—the extraordinary and pitiful attitude which Mr. Teller, as a Cabinet officer, has assumed in the present affair. Here is something altogether above and beyond technical points of law. The post which he occupied as Chief Executive Officer of the Interior Department was supposed to be that of a wise and honorable defender of the just interests of the Indians. In the eyes of the nation he is the Guardian, they the Wards. They are defenseless children looking to him as the man sitting next to the Great Father, in whose hands their affairs may rest in perfect safety. He will shield them against the machinations of their enemies. Could any trust be more sacred than that which was reposed in Mr. Teller? Now what has he done? Quietly he has gone to work to discover a flaw in the title by which his wards hold their lands. He did this secretly, knowing that the Indians and their friends believed this title to be secure and therefore would be quite unprepared for the blow; he took into his councils not those who, for official or other reasons, might be well advised with regarding the wisdom of his action, but in one instance at least, a man who had a direct monied interest in the successful execution of this transaction. Mr. Teller acted at the very close of the Presidential term, at a moment when, as he well knew, the incoming administration would be embarrassed by the novelty of its position and the immense pressure of business naturally falling upon it, hence when any reconsideration of his action would be extremely difficult.

But beyond purely ethical considerations Mr. Teller's action is not one which can be approved on grounds of expediency. Its rashness seriously imperiled the peace of the Territory. Major Gasmann, U. S. Agent at Crow Creek, we are credibly informed, had received no official notice of the opening of the reservation when hundreds, rapidly swelling to thousands, of white men flocked in upon the Indian lands. The Indians themselves, who were also ignorant of the turn affairs had taken, were alarmed and indignant but offered no resistance. Naturally a people subject to sudden outbursts of passionate violence when their confidence has been betrayed, their patience and self restraint in the present instance was as remarkable as it was admirable. Who could have justly blamed them had they appealed to arms? Who need be surprised if, in the not remote future, their wilder and less docile brethren on the west bank of the Missouri, stung by the treatment their friends have received, resort to acts of violence? Whether Mr. Teller's present action shall prove to be protected by legal technicality or not we cannot now tell, but we confidently submit that in the light of facts given above, that action, as viewed from the standpoint of expediency, was as rash and unwise as, viewed from the standpoint of moral right, it was abborrent to well recognized principles of honor and fair dealing.

We presume Mr. Teller is a competent judge as to whether in the eyes of that constituency which has just returned him to the Senate his reputation is likely to be enhanced or injured by such transactions as that which we have chronicled, but he must remember that a man who accepts a position in the Cabinet of a President of the United States is open to the scrutiny of a larger constituency than even the broad boundaries of Colorado can enclose. He is then, in a certain sense, reponsible to the people for the use he makes of the great powers with which he has been intrusted. Good people to-day brand with merited contempt and reprobation that man who in private life as guardian plays the sharper to his ward. What verdict will the honorable citizens of this nation pass on him who, standing in a position of highest trust, has acted in similar fashion toward a poor, confiding, and helpless people?

Letter on the Opening of his Reservation, From Chief White Ghost.

Crow Creek Agency, D. T.,

March 11th, 1885.

General S. C. Armstrong,

Hampton, Va.

My dear friend: This day I write to you with a sad heart; pretty near all my lands have been taken by white people now; they say that the Great Father has given the land to them but I doubt them very much. I know if the President has good sense he would not do it. No matter how much he disregards my rights, he would not do it without first consulting us. For this reason I doubt what the white people say. They have also taken lands which have been allotted to my people; they have also taken house logs which we had cut; they have also taken some frame houses and burned some, but these frame houses were not built by Government aid, the Indians bought the lumber and built the houses themselves.

The Big Bend, the pasture for our Texas cattle, the white people have also taken and the Texas cattle are scattered all over the country; this is the only place for herding and if it is thrown open, there will be no place for herding and the cattle will all be lost or else starve to death, and our domestic cows a great many of them have disappeared; we fear it is the whites who have taken them and so my friend I am in distress with my tribe; but I do not wish my people to know that I am distressed, for if they know it they will be weakened; nevertheless do not fear for us, for my tribe has listened very patiently to our Agent and me.

For example, to-day one of my boys, near his place, four white men were building a house, he went there and sat down with them in a house and shook hands with them, and one of them drew a six shooter from his pocket and intended to shoot him dead but missed him and shot through his moccasin. The Indian, Truth Teller, rose up, shook hands with him, and said, "Friend you come very near killing me, but you missed me; my heart is good and my heart is not bad toward you," and he walked out.

There is one thing I am afraid of; the white people who come on to my land bring plenty whiskey, especially at certain houses—six big barrels was there. They were drunk and fight about claims and they will be killing each other and accuse us of it. I dread this.

At many different places, with gun and ax they have threatened us.

You know it all, and I cannot teach you anything, but I pray you to defend me.

I am very much frightened, so I wish you would show these words to all my friends and we wish you to go to the new Great Father and Secretary and plead with them for us. We can't spare even a foot of our land, for this reason, my people, two thousand more, are coming here before the summer is over, so there will not be room on the land for them.

And our domestic cattle are increasing, and in the future there will be a great many more cows for which we have no pasture, as the white people have taken all the good pasture and water at the head of Crow Creek, Box Elder and the Big Bend, this being our only dependence for pasture.

So my friend I pray to you help us.

May God be with you and help you do good work for us the Yanktonai Tribe.

I am the Head Chief.

(Signed) WHITE GHOST.

Interpreters; Markwells, H. Burt, Missionary.

Witness; Gustav Jensen, Alfred W. Dale

JOHN G. GASMANN,

U. S. Indian Agent.

The Reminiscences of a Missionary's Chair.

"I have wandered far over sea and land,"
O'er vale and hill, o'er deserts waste and wild."

It is strange indeed, that I, being superannuated, not to say broken down, should be called upon to write my own history. I say "write," but, as a matter of fact, I am dependent upon an amanuensis who has herself travelled past many a mile-stone in life's journey, and has, during most of that time, been my companion, and also my owner and faithful friend.

I have little recollection of my origin, but experience has shown me that, like Topsy, I must have "growed," probably on some New England hill-side, while I am well aware that in my perfected form I was presented to my owner, by Rev. Sylvester Holmes of New Bedford, from whose hospitable home we dated the beginning of our travels.

In the autumn of 1831, on a chilly November morning, nineteen human beings with their inanimate belongings, met upon the deck of a vessel which was to convey them to a pagan land, where some of them hoped to do the work ordained for them in the words of their Lord and Saviour. All was confusion and tumult in the ship, except among those few who seemed to say, "We are ready to be offered and the time of our departure is at hand." Amid the tears and good-byes of friends, the tremulous strains of the sweet hymn, "Yes, my native land, I love thee," floated away upon the ocean breeze, followed by the voice of parting prayer, and their receding steps were heard upon the deck as I lay, bound, in a dark corner of the after cabin, listening to many sad adieux, to the noise of departure, the oaths of sailors, the rough orders of captain and mate, and at last to the heavy rush of waves as we left our harbor behind us and sailed into the fierce sweep of an Atlantic gale. We soon found that discipline was unknown upon our vessel; and as a result of this, not many days had passed before one of the masts was seriously injured; many articles which had been left without lashing were swept overboard, and the discomforts of our position were increased by the knowledge that we had more than the ordinary dangers of the deep to encounter. My condition was especially perilous for, being surrounded by boxes and ship's rigging, I was subjected to many blows and much rough handling; and, indeed, carried a broken limb to the end of my journey. It is impossible to describe the filth and disorder, the miserable berths, the dirty, ill-cooked food, which made the voyage hideous to those who were less fortunate than I, were at the mercy of such things. My owner's stateroom had no ventilation except through the door, and was lighted only by a skylight, but it was a long time before she could emerge from it. At last she made a desperate effort and climbed the stairs to the deck, where she lay upon her husband's cloak in the midst of her fellow-sufferers, trusting that the fresh air would supply the need of food and drink. It was hardly possible to support life under such conditions, and when one day the captain decided that the vessel's injuries made it necessary to put into Rio Janeiro for repairs, the joy was great and universal. Immediately upon our arrival our ship was visited by a kind, Scotch merchant, who took my owner and some others to his house and entertained them hospitably during their stay. I remember hearing my owner say, on her return, that here for the first time, while riding with delight a spirited and gentle steed through the beautiful orange groves of the plantation, she was horrified by the sight of a gang of slaves chained together and bearing heavy burdens of coffee on their heads. The compassion and indignation which were roused by this spectacle she did not hesitate to express; and this was the only cloud upon the three weeks which were spent perforce (but not unwillingly) in that magnificent bay. At last we were told that all was in readiness, and the captain, whose temperance principles were not of the strongest, was sufficiently sober to start. The moorings were loosed, the sails set, and once more we found ourselves gliding over shining waters, over-arched and bounded by the star-spotted sky. We met one vessel with whose officers ours exchanged visits, news and gifts; and then, after days of alternate calms and breezes, we sighted a dark and forbidding shore, and recognized it as a fit place for the patronage of the men of whom it has been said that on their outward voyage, "they hung their consciences on Cape Horn to leave them till their return." Safely past the dangerous coast with, as we hoped, our consciences still in our possession, we made the island of Juan Fernandez, where boats were lowered and some of the men landed, finding a few Spanish exiles, some goats, and a most acceptable variety of fruits. A day or two after this brief rest, quite an excitement was caused on our decks by a shout from the mast-head, "There she blows!" Quickly boats were lowered and manned, and, before night, a monster whale was alongside the ship and the process of dissection began. The next day great masses of flesh were sent on deck to be tried out in iron boilers, and while the men were in high spirits the passengers were somewhat subdued by the frightful odors which pervaded the whole vessel.

And so six months passed in alternations of suffering and rest, till finally we reached the port of Honolulu and were welcomed cordially by the missionaries who had preceded us, the Rev. Messrs. Bingham, Thurston, Ruggles, and Whitney. Then we landed, and those who were able walked up to the mission house, while the worn-out women were put into an old cart and drawn to their destination by barefeaded natives whose clothing consisted of a short shirt and a girdle of paper cloth.

In a large unfinished room were gathered together the missionaries from the various stations, at their yearly meeting, and we were received with grateful greetings, after which we all dispersed to our temporary homes. Soon the goods were brought ashore, the furniture examined, and I, and all of my kin who had been injured, were placed in the hands of a carpenter, whose skill soon made us whole. How my owner rejoiced at once more finding herself within my comfortable arms; and with what interest, from my place in the school-house, I listened to the discussions in regard to the affairs of the little missionary colony, I need not say. Letters were now opened, which informed us of the decision of the American Board that my owners—with two other missionaries and their wives—were selected to begin work upon the little-known Marquesas Islands. A deputation of three (Messrs. Whitney, Alexander, and Tinker) were sent as soon as possible to ascertain the condition of the Islands and the will of the chiefs in regard to receiving teachers. Hapi, the principal chief, was ill, but through an interpreter expressed his kind feeling toward the missionaries, and promised to prepare homes for those who were to come. So, on the return of the deputation, the Hawaiian Mission decided that work must be begun before the next summer. During these months my arms were gladdened by receiving a baby girl, the first-born of my owner, who was frequently soothed by my quiet, steady motion, for there was no cradle at hand to relieve the tired mother. While awaiting the time for departure, it seemed best for us to go to a neighboring island to assist a ship-mate in the work which he was just beginning, and accordingly I was again packed into a dirty, dark hold; where I spent a week of great discomfort. The native schooners were almost intolerable, and it was a comfort to change, at Lahaina, into a double canoe, into which I was tied, while my owner sat with the baby in her arms; her husband tried to keep their various belongings in place, and the natives rowed in earnest, with the perspiration streaming from their unclad bodies. The passengers were carried on the backs of natives, through the shallow waters to the shore, where we were kindly welcomed by our good shipmates, and I was placed by the side of one of my own kin with whom I took counsel on the strange things about us. We lived here in grass houses, the floors covered with mats made of the leaves of the pandanus; and from thence my friend and I were carried, on Sundays, to the thatched church, where we were placed near the pulpit for the accommodation of our owners. We, with our occupants, attracted much attention from the crowds of people who squatted on the ground naked, except for an occasional kapa blanket. It was a coveted privilege to carry us back and forth, for the carriers would amuse themselves by placing us on the ground and attempting to sit on us.

A few months were spent here in teaching and preaching, and then we went back to the annual gathering. Here I was honored by holding Gov. Hoapili, and also his wife—one of the old chiefesses—whose weight taxed my endurance to its utmost. But I had time given me to recuperate from this strain, for we were at once shipped to Honolulu, and thence very shortly set sail, on a small ship, for Marquesas.

It is not necessary for me to recapitulate the discomforts of this voyage, the only event of which was our coming to anchor in a beautiful bay of the Society Islands, where we lay for three days, most of which time our party spent on shore in the shade of orange, lime, cocoa-nut and guava groves.

We found our destination when we reached it, rich in the beauties of nature but, in other respects, most unpromising. The natives who swam out to meet us, men, women and children, were naked and tattooed, and their noise as they screamed, laughed, and clapped hands with delight at the sight of the women and babies, was most unpleasant.

In a few days we were put into a dwelling which I can only describe by saying it was like a house split open from ridge-pole to the ground and closed and covered with the leaves of the bread-fruit tree, ingeniously put on like shingles. It was about fifty feet long, and the opposite side was left open, about five feet from the foundation, for the whole length. This house stood on a platform of stones some five feet in height; and the floor, which was mostly of stones with a little earth thrown over them, made my rockers quite useless. Our party set to work at once to improve things. They filled in the floor with pebbles from the sea-shore; spread down pieces of matting which had covered their boxes; partly boarded up the open front, and arranged a "cook house" on a large pile of stones under the spreading branches of a bread-fruit tree. We had few cooking utensils, and the families used them in common, all living together in the big hut which they divided into three compartments by means of calico curtains. Furniture of any kind was entirely new to these natives, and they especially admired our collection of chairs, some of which were painted in bright colors. The chiefs and their friends would come in and make awkward attempts to sit upon them, though they would soon give up and slide down to the ground, squatting against the chairs with their dark bodies liberally anointed with cocoa-nut oil and some yellow dye, shining in the sun. Hapi, the head chief, was not well enough to stand or even sit up, but he coveted me greatly, and my owner had a struggle to maintain her rights. Our Sunday services were held under the bread-fruit tree where the chairs were placed in the shade, while the natives flocked around to gratify their curiosity. They were delighted with the singing, but would often interrupt the speaking. I remember one day a man said, suddenly, "Tirana koe" (you lie). "Your God is good for you, and ours for us;" and another occasion when the whole congregation deserted in a body, rushing to the sea shore to capture a huge flying fish which was a delicacy among them.

Weeks passed amid strange perplexities and annoyances, but we succeeded at last in getting for each family a new, clean house, standing close to each other for safety, and I found myself now comfortable, especially as I was relieved from my fear of falling into Hapi's hands by the death of the old man who had lain, for a long time, helpless upon a mat spread upon stones, with a stone for a pillow. Never shall I forget the unearthly scenes that followed his death. The hills echoed to strange wailings, clapping of hands, blowing of conch shells, thumping of drums, and other devices for producing sound. Both men and women intoxicated themselves with a drink made of some indigenous root which they prepared in a singularly unpleasant way. They chewed the baked root, then ejected it into a canoe filled with water, and when a sufficient quantity was obtained, covered the mess with cocoa-nut leaves and left it to ferment. Dancing was constant, and was combined with all sorts of indecency. They gashed their flesh with stones, knocked out their teeth, etc., being joined even by their hated enemies from the next bay.

Hapi, clothed in white kapa, lay on a canoe in his house. Red flannel, obtained from some ship, was festooned about the body, with various decorations of dog's teeth and whale's teeth strung on long cords of bark round his head, with feather ornaments. A roast pig was tied to the side of the house, so that his spirit might not hunger, and one of his wives sat upon the floor beside the canoe, where she wailed and moaned, ate her food and selected another husband by way of diversion. The missionaries were permitted to hold services in the house and, during them, the heathen festivities were suspended. I was present at many of these horrible scenes and am never likely to forget them.

The process of decay in that climate is rapid, and soon the body became unbearable, when it was taken to a beautiful brook, near by, where the bones were separated from the flesh and laid on a "heiau" (a pile of stones) to bleach in the hot sun. All these things were done with care to appease the wrath of the departed spirit. Hapi's house, during all this, was, of course, the centre of attraction, and the missionaries repaired there to endeavor to teach the people, but it was impossible to accomplish anything.

Among these wild people there had lived for some years an Englishman named Morrison, and on the arrival of the missionaries he had come to them with offers of assistance, which were gratefully accepted. He spoke the language fluently, and the natives told us that he was a partaker in all their feasts and festivals, even to the eating of human flesh; but he attended our services and joined in the sacred music, sitting often within my hospitable arms. One day, when I was holding my owner with her baby on my lap, I heard her ask him how she could kindly tell the natives not to come so close about her? His reply was: "Atakatee kotow, hapiti, nation nei." She repeated it and they at once scattered. I could see that she shrank from the man, but feared to show it; and since then I have become aware how deeply the whole scene—the sound of his voice, the long and doleful notes of the conch shell, the noise of fiendish revelry—were all impressed upon her memory.

One dark night there came a rap at our door. It was a white man named Angel, a companion of Morrison's, who wanted my owner's husband (the medical man of the mission) to come to the assistance of his friend. One of the other missionaries was called to accompany them, and, with a lantern and a simple stock of medicines, they followed the trails across the valley to find Morrison quite unconscious, surrounded by natives, one of whom claimed to be his wife. All efforts to restore life failed, and the scene was one of pitiable confusion. During the absence of her husband, my owner suffered constant anxiety, for, as may be imagined, the expedition was none of the safest, and when he returned unhurt, the relief was unspeakable. Next day, preparations were made for the funeral. The natives were shown how to dig a grave—probably the first upon that lonely island—and the body, wrapped in a mat, was laid in the ground. While the prayer lasted the natives remained silent, but before the body could be covered a roast pig was thrown in beside it, and before the grave was filled they began to quarrel over the few effects the dead man had left behind him. So ended the life of one who had been born and brought up in a Christian country, where a tender mother had often pressed her loving lips to the baby feet which afterwards went so far astray. After his death it was discovered that he had conspired with the natives to kill the missionaries, and that for them it was fortunate that his life had been thus cut short.

After the excitement caused by Hapi's death had subsided, the missionaries again attempted to teach the people, but it seemed like pouring water upon the ground. My owner had a most reluctant class of women with whom she labored for a time, but they soon declared that, "reading made them sick," and one by one absented themselves. The people had never had kings or chiefs, as in Hawaii, and knew nothing of obedience or organization; so that they were much more difficult to deal with. They were dishonest, vicious, and eaten up with superstition. I remember once my owner, when walking with her husband, came to a thatched hut which was one of their temples. She desired to enter, but they said, "No, no woman can enter there and live." Then she said, "Give me your consent, and then stand here and see me die!" They consented She passed the threshold, walked deliberately about and came out. "Here I am," said she, "not dead!" "Ah," was the quick answer, "that is because you are a foreigner; one of our women would have died instantly."

During the months spent upon this island, children were born into two of our missionary families, and I was never happier than when holding in my arms the baby boy whose birth came near costing my owner her life. The natives wished to see him, but were told that they must keep quiet until the mother was better. At last a day was appointed, and they came in crowds, with their bodies anointed with cocoa-nut oil, dogs' teeth for bracelets and anklets, whale's teeth round the neck, bone ornaments in their ears, flowers on their heads, clean kapa tied round the body, or, sometimes, leaf-aprons. Baby, wrapped in a blanket, was on exhibition in his father's arms. Loud were the exclamations of delight at the tiny form and the garments which clothed it. They declared that it should be named, "Hapi," and retired quietly, well pleased with their young chief. Often, afterwards, in passing the house they would call out, "Love to Hapi."

After a few months of steady effort, it became evident that there was but small promise of success, and as missionaries from the English Board were ready at Tahiti to take our place (with better hope of good results on account of their nearness to their base of supplies), it was decided that we should return to the Sandwich Islands.

It happened that, just at this time, a whale ship came in for supplies, and the captain reluctantly consented to take the families to Honolulu, but had no room for the furniture, which was therefore taken by another whale ship to Tahiti.

One night the windows were darkened, and the packing done as secretly as possible for fear of exciting the natives. The next morning the crews and captains of the whale ships came ashore and hastily put the three families and their belongings on board, while crowds of natives gathered round with spears and war-clubs, wondering at the change. They were told they could have the houses, and various presents were made them, but baby Hapi was the thing that they desired. The mother's heart fluttered as she said, "He cannot eat your food; I will care for him, and when he is a man perhaps he will come back and be your teacher." They shouted, clapped their hands and cried, "Mokati, mokati!" (good), and seemed satisfied; but there was no feeling of security until we were all safe on the deck of the ship, on our way to a land of comparative civilization.

As soon as we arrived at Honolulu we were sent off to a distant station; which meant a journey in a small, filthy schooner, canoes, and finally on an ox-cart, during which I was bound by bark cords wherever a place could be found for me. When we reached the thatched house which the chief had caused to be built for us, we found it leaky and uncomfortable; and I remember well the little fire made in a pile of stones, which our native cook was constantly putting out by upsetting the tea-kettle. A large school-house and church were soon built, and my master commenced in earnest the work, from which he never rested till in 1860 he laid his armor down. My owner managed to learn the language by going to the school-house while the babies slept; and I was carried back and forth, besides being of constant service at home.

Our station lay on the slope of Haleakala, where it was often cold and damp, so that the children really suffered, for there was no way of warming the house except by a few embers in a tin-pan, which filled the room with smoke. The conditions were all unfavorable, and much sickness was the result. Little Hapi became very ill, and the only doctor lived fifty miles away.

Our state was indeed deplorable, when a missionary friend came from a station thirty miles distant, and transported us all to more comfortable quarters. My master was carried in a litter. My owner rode a meager horse; I was borne on a man's head. Our road lay over gulches, sand-hills and plains, under a tropical sun, and the journey came near being fatal to my master. After resting for a few weeks, we were put into an ox-cart, jolted for miles over stones, and then transferred to a canoe which, after a day of weariness, landed us at Lahaina. Not long after our arrival, I held in my arms first a little new-born boy, and then the dying baby Hapi, who left us very suddenly while his poor mother was hovering between life and death. As she slowly recovered, I held her constantly within my arms; and, indeed, I may say that, for fifteen years thereafter, we were seldom long separated. Wherever she went I went also, though often with much weariness and stiffness of joints; but I was always glad to be of some comfort to my tired owner. Perhaps her hardest trial came when she and her husband decided that it was necessary to send their first-born back to America, to be trained away from pagan influences. That was, indeed, a terrible test of a woman's unselfishness, and to my owner it was heart-crushing. Nothing but faith in God's goodness could have sustained her through such anguish.

The family had at this time removed permanently to Honolulu, where living was more comfortable, though there was plenty of hard work to be done; and many, many times has my master rested in my arms till his eyes closed in the exhaustion of fatigue. In the weekly meetings I was a comfort to many, and in my own way I have been a thorough worker. Kings, Queens, Princes, Princesses, Chiefs and plebeians have rested in me, and many distinguished travellers have honored me. Admiral Thomas of the English Navy, who returned the Hawaiian flag when it had been torn down by an English officer, has often sat in my arms as he played with the children of our family; and honorable men, of all grades, have tested my ability to impart rest and comfort. I stood by my master's bedside in his last illness; one by one, I have seen the children, whom I have held from their birth, depart to distant lands; one by one the old friends have gone, until at last my owner and I folded our tents and turned away forever from the lovely sunny land for whose kindly people we had tried to do our best. Feeble were we both, as from the deck of the great English steamer we bade a last farewell to mountain and valley, palm grove and surf-beaten beach, and sailed eastward toward the Golden Gate. It seemed a doubtful return, but the cooler airs and fresh scenes restored my owner to new strength, while I, in the hands of a skillful carpenter, renewed my youth.

She who knows me best, says that I have been a good and faithful servant, and altho' I can realize that my life-work is nearly done, I hope to be able to serve her to the end. As I stand in a pleasant, quiet room in San Francisco, memories and associations crowd around me; and sometimes I long, before my days are ended, to hold once more in my arms the children of her who has been to me a faithful friend, and who is always glad to acknowledge the help which, in her many trials, she has received from her long-tried servant. THE CANNIBAL CHAIR.

Southern Workman.

VOL. XIV. HAMPTON, VA., MAY, 1885. No. 5.

ANNIVERSARY DAY at Hampton on the 21st.

OUR ABSTRACT of Indian bureau reports this month page 57—gives a comprehensive view of the Indians of Indian Territory: the wild tribes, semi-civilized tribes, and civilized "Five Nations."

THE REV. DR. CRUMMELL, one of the leading colored men of the country, a graduate of Queen's College, Cambridge, for twenty years a missionary in Africa, and now rector of the principal Episcopal church in Washington, has visited the Normal School, and made an impressive address to the students upon the duty of the colored youth, if they would not be failures, to consider not the glory merely, but the uses of learning, to build up the character, the family, and the race. With his good counsels he gave them an inspiring account of the successes of their people in Africa who have learned industrial arts as well as letters.

THE final action of President Cleveland in revoking the late Executive order for the opening of the Crow Creek Reservation, on the ground of its illegality, will rejoice the friends of justice as well as the helpless "wards" who were so near being driven from their homes by their "guardians." There will be some work for the U. S. troops in clearing the reservation, but the only sorry ones will be those who thought to profit by their early information of the project, and the ex-Secretary of the Interior, who is in the unpleasant position of having to explain his prominent part in a treaty-breaking act that might have precipitated another needless Indian war, with all its horrors.

THE next annual meeting of the National Educatiunal Association of the United States is to be held at Saratoga, July 14-18. Public interest in the association was so widely extended by its great meeting and continental excursions last year, that a large meeting may be expected this, even without such unusual attractions, which could hardly be surpassed except by round trip tickets for the moon. Saratoga is an ideal place for a convention, whether political, religious, scientific, or educational, as has long been proved, and many will take advantage of the opportunity to have their minds improved and see the divertisements of the gay wurld at the same time at reduced terms—$2.50 at the Congress, and $1 a day at boarding houses, we hear. Even at these, there is hardly likely to be a large Southern representation of the most impecunious of professions. But Southern teachers have proved their self-denying ambition to improve themselves, and no doubt all will go who can. The newspapers will make up for their loss, in great measure, to those who cannot; but it is well that all do not think so, or they would have nothing to report.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNIVERSARY exercises of Hampton Institute will be held this year on Thursday, the twenty-first of this month. A pleasant occasion is anticipated. As usual for several years past, the students who speak on the platform will be chiefly those who have been for one or more years out in the field as teachers. The day is more and more one to bring these into relation with the school, and encourage their mportant work, which is the end and fruition of the school's efforts. Many who have not even completed the course have done good work, and such will be invited this year to form an organization for help and encouragement. On the Tuesday before the anniversary, the girls' May party will be held. The late spring having made it impossible to have it at the usual time, it will be delayed a few weeks longer, to give those of our guests who may be here the opportunity to see what is ge erally, thnugh not a public entertainment, a very pretty scene.

MISS ALICE C. FLETCHER, whose great work in securing lands in severalty for the Omahas has identified her with the cause of Indian elevation, has been taking advantage of the opportunities of the New Orleans Exposition to present the cause in that city. She writes us that one outcome of her work is that the ladies of the Episcopal churches of New Orleans will build a cottage at Hampton Institute for an Indian family—like the two "Omaha cottages" now there—pay two "scholarships" for the couple who shall occupy it and be educated in the school; and at the end of the term of three years, if that is the time agreed upon, they will loan the sum needful to build a house on their farm on the return of the couple to the reservation, the man to pay back the sum in installments as he can, until at last he owns his home by his labors; the couple to be from the Episcopal mission, and, if possible, Christians. As Miss Fletcher well says, an enlarging of sympathies cannot fail to be the result of such work, blessing givers as well as receivers. The Indian cause not in one place alone, but in all, is helped by every effort and enterprise which brings it into relation with the public mind and interest.

WE have lately received the Report for 1885 of the French Minister of Agriculture, which includes a large collection of official documents, statistics, and reports upon the condition of both French and foreign agriculture. The dense population of provincial France makes it essential that every rood of soil should be made to yield to its utmost capacity, and the resultant perfection of systems of farming is something which Americans—accustomed as most of us are to rough and slipshod work—may well admire.

We have space only for two extracts from this interesting report, but they will perhaps give some idea of the tendencies of modern French agriculture. M. Risler, Director of one of the National Institutes, says: "While the struggle for existence is less difficult for the workman than in former years, it is becoming more and more serious for the industries which employ him. Those who undertake to direct and supply the capital for enterprises must keep themselves well abreast of progress in all directions, in order not to be left behind by their foreign competitors. Agriculturists must carefully choose the productions which are best adapted to their climate and soil, and, as industrial leaders, must possess the technical knowledge and the capital necessary to employ all the new methods which chemistry and mechanics have invented, and to diminish in every way the cost of production, in spite of high-priced labor. It is certain that the victory will be to those industrial and agricultural enterprises which are the most thoroughly organized and carefully directed, for this is true of all commercial undertakings, and agriculture cannot escape the common law."

To meet this demand, the French Government and private generosity are supplying opportunities for agricultural education, which will undoubtedly result in raising the standard of farming throughout the whole country. We give, briefly, the course of study in one of the schools, which will show how thorough a preparation for this work is received by the students who undertake it. The course extends over three years, and includes the following studies: "The French language, history and agricultural geography, arithmetic, geometry, carpentry and linear drawing, physics and meteorology, chemistry applied to agriculture, agricultural meteorology, natural sciences, general agriculture and special cultures of the region, viticulture, arboriculture, horticulture, rural engineering, rural legislation, hygiene of animals and sanitary police, agricultural responsibility, military exercises and gymnastics.

"Part of each day is spent in the class room, and the remainder at practical work in the fields, the garden, laboratory, etc."

COL. TAPPEN, Superintendent of the Government Industrial School for Indians established last year at Genoa, Nebraska, says that his experience there and in thirty years' previous observation in the Indian country, from Alaska to Mexico, has convinced him of the advantage of sending Indian children away from the camps to be educated. While agency schools are good and the teachers devoted, tribal surroundings and sentiment are too strong for the children to resist. "No child can learn where the public sentiment of their kin is against it; they can not learn to work where labor is ridiculed and the laborer laughed at. Once removed from the surroundings, influences and prejudices of a camp, and placed among civilized people, their advancement is rapid, and they become educated men and women instead of educated Indians—a great difference." Col. Tappen thinks Oklahoma should be held for homesteads for those who graduate from there in district schools. "At present we can only say to them, acquire knowledge, learn a trade, and then take your chances against our own mechanics. We all know what those chances are for young Indians." The Genoa school, though established but a year, is doing much to educate public sentiment as well as Indians.

THE great and increasing interest taken by the people of this country in "technical education" shows how strongly they realize the necessity for it, not only for those who are obliged to earn their daily bread, but for all who desire a full and healthy development, mental and physical. To turo out pupils who are able to do good work with the hands as well as with the head, is rapidly coming to be considered the aim of all true educators, and how this can best be done is for them preeminently the question of the day. There have, at all times, been individuals who have attained this result without the aid of any system, and in attempting, as we of the present day are doing, to work out systems which shall be generally applicable, it is sometimes helpful to study the lives of men who have in their own persons realized this ideal education. A notable example of what men who have known how to train and use all their faculties, can accomplish, is to be found in the history of the largest and most influential newspaper in the world, the London *Times*, the first number of which appeared on the 1st of January, 1788. Its editor was John Walter, but it is to the second John Walter, his son and successor, that the paper owes its power and continued prosperity. He organized its various news departments, wrote himself many of its leading articles, gave the tone to all its editorial work, and at the same time was a thoroughly trained printer, and could print his paper from first to last, being, in middle life, the inventor of what is probably the most nearly perfect steam printing machine in existence. On one occasion his men all struck without notice on a Saturday morning. Mr. Walter said nothing, but took off his cuat and went to work. For thirty-six hours he was incessantly employed at case and press, and, with the help of a few inexperienced workmen, succeeded in getting the paper out at the usual time on Monday morning, to the great astonishment of the conspirators, who had assembled to witness his defeat.

Just after he was elected member of Parliament from Berkshire, he was one day at his office when the express from Paris brought the report of the French King's speech on the opening of the Chambers. The *Times* for that day had been finished, and editors and compositors had left the office. Mr. Walter, to quote from his biographer, "immediately set to work. He first translated the document; then, assisted by one compositor, he took his place at the type case and set it up. To the amazement of one of the staff who dropped in about noon, he found 'Mr. Walter, M. P. for Berks, working in his shirt sleeves!' The speech was set and printed, and the second edition was in the city by one o'clock. Had he not 'turned to' as he did, the whole expense of the express service would have been lost; and probably there was not another man in the whole establishment who could have performed the double work—intellectual and physical—which he that day executed with head and hand."

This is what "technical education," properly interpreted, means. We believe that it is to secure such end as this that our manual labor schools are tending, and assuredly there is no "higher education" than that which can produce such a man as Mr. Walter, member of Parliament, editorial writer, man of business, inventor, and journeyman printer.

DR. CRUMMELL observes a radical difference between the English and American mission on the West Coast of Africa, in favor of the former. When the re-captured Africans, rescued from slave ships by English cruisers, were set free in Sierra Leone, they were sent into the various villages around, and taught not only to read but to work. If you go to Sierra Leone at the present time, you will find all the different trades and industries among the native Africans there. The result is that the English mission in Sierra Leone is self-dependent; builds its own churches, supports its own ministers, and contributes very largely to Christian missionary societies in England. The laymen are

merchants, mechanics, and traders; have founded families, and, in some cases, send their sons and daughters to the English Universities and schools.

The American missions on the coast of Africa have been deficient in just these respects. That is, there has been a neglect of trades, and of industrial teaching. The missions are consequently feeble, and have to be supported from America to a very large extent. There is corresponding contrast between Liberia and Sierra Leone, due to corresponding causes.

Dr. Crummell has lived twenty years upon the coast, and is a man of intelligence and learning. In connection with his church in Washington, he has an industrial school for girls, numbering a hundred and forty.

WE have seen no more sensible and just remarks upon the Negro problem than those of Mr. Ellis H. Roberts, editor of the *Utica Herald*, as the result of his observations in Florida. They are proportionately good of all parts of the South. He sees two phases in the colored problem there. The first is competition in labor produced by immigration of Northern laborers, who will not, however, work at as low wages as the blacks. Whether they stay or retreat will depend on whether the Florida lands can be brought up by fertilizing, when there will be work enough for all. In any case, the blacks will generally cling to the soil and get some sort of a living.

"The other phase of the colored problem is that the lines drawn for intelligence, for thrift, for worth, cannot be determined by color." The lowest blacks are doubtless below the lowest whites, but there are plenty of low whites and respectable blacks.

"In city and country, families and individuals are attaining a creditable standard in every quality of citizenship. Colored men are employed in secondary places about the railroads and steamboats, and about stores and shops. They train their families to habits of self-respect. They cultivate the sentiment of making themselves worthy of freedom. On the other hand, many of the colored race are shiftless, without a single aspiration, and these are tools for mischief in the hands of designing men. But the misuse of the ballot is not on the part of colored voters alone. The purchasable contingent includes whites and does not array all the blacks. * * * On the contrary, the colored race, even as a whole, is advancing, and when looked at at intervals of ten years the progress is wonderful. The better class of colored people deserves to be recognized as numerous, worthy, and active in elevating others. This class is the pledge of hope for the race. It at least must be regarded as distinct from the degraded creatures who are pointed out so often as the types of Southern blacks. Add to the influences of education, of a share in the Government, and the elevating effects of self-dependence and self-support, this differentiation among the blacks themselves, as well as among the whites, and you secure the last element yet contributed to the adjustment of the problem, which is not one of color so much as of principle and tendencies—that is to say, of the conditions of civilization."

AN occurence of great interest and significance to Christian work in the world, is the recent departure from England for the China Inland Mission of several young men, graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, where one was stroke oar of a "university eight" and another captain of a "university eleven." All were men of prominence among their associates, one an officer of the Royal Artillery, another in the Dragoon Guards; some were men of wealth, and all have left brilliant prospects to devote themselves to the work of missionaries. The English papers speak of the farewell meetings at Cambridge, Oxford and in Exeter Hall, London, as densely packed and of intense interest. Their act has created a profound impression at the universities and upon society, and others are preparing to follow their example. The *Missionary Herald* well remarks that "the departure of these young men is an event of promise not for China alone but for England." They will be powers in England more than if they had stayed in England; they will make good ten fold the places they leave, by the inspiration of their faith and heroism. Heart and soul and self flung into God's work, starts a wave of influence that travels in all directions. The vastness of the field on which these young athletes have entered is indicated by the statement of our Secretary of Legation in China, that at present there is but one missionary in the Chinese Empire to each one million and a half of the population. This proportion would give but one Christian minister to the State of Tennessee or Texas, or one for Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont together, with 224,000 people from a neighboring State. In view of these facts, in consideration both of her needs and the part she is likely to take in the world's future, there is no more interesting missionary field than China to-day.

THE recent decision of the California courts that children of Chinese residents must have equal privileges of education with those of other nationalities, has resulted in the establishment of the first Chinese public school in San Francisco. The children have been taught English in the Mission schools and speak it fluently. They are bright and orderly; very proficient in arithmetic, and the public school teacher in charge of them, says she will have no trouble in carrying them to a high degree of attainment. The school is attracting many visitors and is likely to be educational to the white race, as well as to its young celestials

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Col. S. S. Elder.

THE death of this well known artillery officer, on the sixth of April, calls for remark.

Since 1869 Col. Elder has been instructor of Law in the Artillery School at Fort Monroe, and was a member of the Gun Foundry Board which recently inspected like establishments in Europe. In both of these lines of duty his services have been valuable; no wiser, nobler, or more exemplary officer could have been placed in relations with the sixty Lieutenants detailed for two years' special instruction at this post—a pleasant neighbor to the Hampton Institute.

He served with distinction from the beginning to the end of the late war. "Elder's battery" did splendid service in the seven days Peninsula fights; in the battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Drury's Bluff; in front of Petersburg and in the Appomattox Campaign.

The story of his escape after four months' suffering in a rebel prison pen in Columbia, S. C., shows a coolness and courage that were illustrated on many a hard fought field, and brought to him many honors and admirers. Aside from his high soldierly qualities and commanding presence, Col. Elder possessed rare social gifts, was the most genial and attractive of men, and was especially loved by children for he loved them. There are few so tender and kindly, so true and worthy as he; his sorrowing wife has our deepest sympathy.

Gallant was he as the old war ships that years ago with colors flying went down before the Merrimac in Hampton Roads, and we gladly give place in our columns for a parting mention; our farewell salute to this noble Christian gentleman and soldier.

Indian Arrivals.

Two new parties of Indian students have arrived at Hampton too recently for notice in our Indian department this month. Both are of Sioux. The first from Crow Creek Agency, Dakota, consists of seven: a family of four whose magnet at Hampton has been the two little sons who have been doing well in the school for the last two years. The father, Fire Cloud, is a fine looking, intelligent man. An unexpected addition to the party was a mother, with her baby, whose husband and father had left them for California. The two babies of the party were welcomed with delight by the Indian girls who have greatly missed the "Little Bear" and "White Corn," who returned to the West with their parents.

The Fire Cloud family will occupy one of the lately vacated cottages. This party was escorted to Hampton by John Archambeau, an Indian student, who, after three years at Hampton, has been at home for nearly a year, doing well at his carpenter's trade, and now returns to school at his own request.

The second party, from Standing Rock Agency brought by Mrs. Mc Loughlin, wife of the good Agent there, consists of six boys and six girls. One boy, Tiokasin, and one girl, Josephine McCarty, are old students who have made excellent records during their year at home. The others are all straight from the "camp." "Young Eagle" a son of an intelligent chief. "Two Bears," told his father, "I am now an Indian boy, I want to go and be made a civilized man."

The medical report on the party by the resident physician at Hampton is given below.

GENERAL ARMSTRONG.

Dear Sir:

The party of Indians which arrived April 17th were examined by me on the 18th. The party consisted of a family of four, a father, mother and two children, and another mother with her infant. Daniel Fire-Cloud, the father, appears to be in sound health, his wife and infant of eighteen months are also sound.

His little son, a boy of six years, has recently been sick at the Agency, but now seems in good health with the exception of a severe cold.

The other Indian woman does not appear very robust, though no local trouble is apparent. Her baby, four months old, took cold on the journey, but is improving and seems a healthy child. John Archambeau, a former student, who returned with the party, is also in good health.

The party of twelve which arrived on the 21st were examined on the same day. Four of the six young men are apparently sound. One of the remaining two has a badly formed chest, with deep infra-clavicular depressions and signs of incipient phthisis. The other has no marked local trouble, but is not a strong looking boy.

With two exceptions, the girls appear very well. Both of these have signs of pulmonary weakness, in one case decidedly marked. On the whole, the party compares favorably with any other of the same number which has been received

Respectfully Yours,

M. M. WALDRON, M. D.

QUESTIONS and SUGGESTIONS.

Work or Watermelons?

The Rev. Dr. Storrs of Orange, N. J. asks, "What of those of your graduates who do not become teachers? Does the result of manual labor training at school show that industry takes the form of saving and accumulation, with an eye to the future—foreseeing? Or is Carlyle's idea of the West India Freedmen the true one for all;

'Quashy up to his ears in pumpkins is satisfied?'"

For pumpkins read watermelons, and the portrait may stand for a third perhaps of Quashy's American brethren, especially in the Gulf states. Even there, the proportion of Negro landowners and tax payers shows a growing advance on the Carlylean idea. Further from the latitude of the West Indies, the greater necessity of working to get either watermelons or pumpkins, and the contagion of competition and industry all around him, constantly stimulate the Negro's energies with the white man's.

They cannot but he further stimulated and confirmed by three or four years' training in a manual labor school to habits of industry and skill in useful trades that will always be in demand.

The proportion of Hampton graduates who have not taught, at least for a short time, is exceedingly small No pledge is required, the object of the school to train teachers being known, and the purpose to teach being the aim of most who enter. Some who have left not intending to teach, long, have become fascinated with the work and devoted their lives to it.

Quite a number however have, after teaching a longer or shorter time, given it up for one cause or another, and many more work at their trades or other occupations, during part of the year, teaching the other part. In 1882, a very thorough investigation was made on these and other points, by correspondence with our graduates. An extract from the full records then published in our Report, and which are being yearly added to, will be the most direct answer we can give to our correspondent's inquiry.

"Of the 389 graduates and 37 *senior*-undergraduates—those who left before the end of the third year—entered in the new "Record Book," males, 280, females, 146, total 426. I have learned that 326 have engaged in teaching, and that more than *three-fourths* of the *whole*, i.e. 319, have made teaching their vocation since they left the Institute; 3 are licensed preachers, as well as teachers. Over ninety per cent. have engaged in teaching. Of the whole number, 27 have died; 2 become insane; leaving 397 to be "kept track of."

Since October 1st, '81, letters have been written to all (not at hand) except 16, whose location I have not yet been fortunate enough to find. I have heard directly from 363, and indirectly from most of the others.

90 of our graduates are reported married—in several instances husband and wife teaching in the same school.

153 report owning land or other property
7 own above 100 acres.
18 own from 50 to 100 acres.
4 own from 20 to 50 acres.
14 own from 5 to 20 acres.
59 own under 5 acres.
2 land and other property valued at $3,000.
10 " " " " " " $1,000.
17 " " " " from $500 to $1,000.
16 " " " " " $200 to $500.
6 " " " " under $200.

13 are pursuing their studies at other institutions.
4 at Oberlin College, O.
3 at Howard University: 1 Medicine 1 Law, 1 Theology.
3 at Lincoln University, Pa.
1 at Dartmouth College, N. H.
1 at Wilberforce College O.
1 at St. Augustine Inst., N. C.. Theology.
1 graduated from Medical Department of University at Buffalo, N. Y.: is Assistant Physician and Surgeon at Wayne County Alms-house and Insane Asylum, Lyons, N. Y.; 1 Missionary in Africa.

PRESENT OCCUPATION OF OTHERS.

Four-fifths of whom have taught an average of four years.

3 Bookkeepers.
3 Clerks in Post Office Department.
1 " " Banking House.
1 " " Custom House.
1 Commissioner of Revenue and Assistant Postmaster.
3 Office Clerks.
10 Engaged in merchandising.
5 General housework.
5 Carpenters
4 Seamstresses.
4 Waiters.
3 Common laborers.
3 Shoemakers.
2 On railway trains.
2 Mining in Iowa.
2 Care of deranged parent.
1 Seaman.
1 Tailor at Hampton Institute.
1 Public singer.
1 Body-Servant.
1 Assists in care of Indian girls at Hampton,
1 Printer and Newspaper Reporter, at Washington, D. C.
1 S. S. Missionary, for Amer. S. S. Union.
1 Steward on S. S. "Ohio."
1 Janitor.
1 Constable and Carpenter.
1 Keeper of Light-house."

SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October)

Printed on the Normal School Steam Press by Negro and Indian students trained in the office.

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The Southern Press. Both Sides.

Mr. Grady's reply "In Plain Black and White" to Mr. Cable's *Century* article has of course prolonged the attack of the critics upon the latter, and has in its turn done something to provoke expressions of opinion. The southern white journals are unanimous in approval, and are ready to back up Mr. Grady in his statements, almost without qualification. The spirit of their reviews (usually editorial) is fairly shown by the following quotation from the Augusta *Constitutionalist:*

"One of the most dispassionate and convincing articles upon the negro question we have yet seen, is from the pen of Mr. HENRY W. GRADY, in the last "Century." "In Plain Black and White" is an answer to Mr. GEO. W. CABLE's theory, remarkable only for its startling sentimentality and harsh conclusions. Mr. GRADY'S writing is free from passion or prejudice. It is logical, incisive, sensible, and spells out the whole matter, letter by letter.

Mr. GRADY speaks in the name of the South and is well equipped by training and experience to treat the subject from our standpoint. * * * * * * *

Mr. GRADY reaches the wise conclusion that the South must be allowed to settle the social relations of the races according to her own views of what is right and best. The victorious armies of the North, had they rallied again from their homes, could have enforced and maintained among this unarmed people the policy indicated in the Civil Rights bill. The South must control the social relations of the two races. It is right that she should have this control. The problem is hers, and her very existence depends upon its proper solution. Every consideration of policy, of honor, of pride, impels her to the exactest justice. For these reasons she has assumed to herself the right to settle the race problem and this right she can never yield. This implies the clear and unmistakable domination of the white race in the South. Fully aware of her responsibility, conscious that every error may endanger her peace and her reputation, she says to the world, 'Leave this problem to my working out.'

This article is the soundest and most statesmanlike we have yet seen from Mr. GRADY. It is written with the air of a practical man and yet with the convictions of a sage, and is the clearest answer yet made to the vexatious queries of the race problem."

Over against this must be set the flat contradiction which the colored press give to Mr. Grady's facts, and their marked distrust of the arguments which he uses. The New York *Freeman* says;

"Mr. Grady's article in the current number of the *Century* in reply to Mr. Cable's article, has evidently upset the Waterbury (Conn.) *American's* preconceived opinion of the real state of affairs in the South. We would like our contemporary to remember that no Englishman has yet written a true opinion of the real condition of the Irish people or of the proper course which England should pursue toward that people. Mr. Grady sees only one side of the picture. All his feelings and interests are centred in his class, and it is the nature of the Southern writer, generally, to magnify the virtues of the whites and the vices of the blacks—the domination of the whites and subjugation of the blacks; instead of the peaceful joint domination of all classes of citizens zealous for the common good. To say that one class of co-equal citizens shall dominate at the expense of another; that one shall enjoy certain public benefits and another be denied; that such a thing as forever keeping separate classes, living as neighbors, having common interests and actuated by like natural and artificial desires—is most absurd and ridiculous. The conditions in the South are highly abnormal, and the lines upon which the South proposes to solve the problem, as outlined by Mr. Grady, will bring trouble in the future, when colored men have acquired a more comprehensive idea of the common benefits, as well as the common obligations, of co-equal citizenship."

And again.

"Mr. Grady pleads that the South be left to work out the race problem as they deem it best and wisest. We have no doubt his plea will be granted. We protest against the lines upon which the South proposes to work out that problem, and venture to say, if conscientiously adhered to, it will eventually produce results which none of us honestly desire to see."

The *Christian Recorder* wisely decides that to "look forward and not backward" is the safer course:

"There can be no doubt that we are advancing. That is both races, in respect to the associate powers and duties of the two race-varieties. As a matter of fact we have little time to deal with the shadows of the past. The 'coming events that cast their shadows before' will, we trust, so revolutionize our minds, that we shall see how to walk with man, if not to walk with God."

But a correspondent of the same paper, on the contrary, is not so hopeful, and, we fear, only slightly exaggerates a bitter truth when he says; "many of the negroes would rather be white than go to Heaven."

"Mr. EDITOR:—We have read so much from so many able men on the restoration of the Democratic party to power that we hardly know what our opinion is of the change. However, this much appears: that there can come but very little good to the negro. The majority of the negro race in this country is in the South, and there to stay. Among the democrats or Southern whites (ex-slave masters), the negro has some friends in a general way, but that friendship depends almost entirely upon the negro's recognition of the place assigned by the white man. Whenever the negro gets above this, or rises in manhood high enough to feel himself the white man's equal, his white friends in the South are few, scarce one. Nor is there any sign of a change of sentiment in this direction in the South. The rising generation among the Southern whites are being educated to care much less and have less respect for the negro than their fathers did, many of whom have in former times sucked at the bosom of negro women. Many of the negroes had rather be white than go to heaven.

Considering these things, in addition to the fact that about all Southern white men are democrats, and how unfriendly to negro equality the Democratic party has always been and a large majority of it is to-day, and the fact that there can be no justice only in equality, we utterly fail to see wherein the American negro can derive any benefit whatever by the restoration of the Democratic party to power, unless it serves to bring out their (the negroes') manhood, drive them from white men to themselves, from the land where they have been slaves and sufferers to their own free land, there to lift up the banner of the King of glory and redeem there own land from darkness, superstition, heathenism and death. If the reign of terror that will follow the elevation of a Democratic President, especially among the low, ignorant, negro-hating Democrats of the South, shall fail to turn the eye of the negro toward Africa, we are bound to retrograde. We should therefore draw near to the God who started our emancipation, and there, at his feet, pray and wait until he completely breaks the chains that bind us, and are being tightened by cruel, hard-hearted, pretentious, ungodly white men, North and South."

Is it true that the kindly relations which are indicated by such an incident as the following are, and must continue to be, of the past?

"At Trinity church, Staunton, last week Mary Ann Carter, a former slave, and a consistent member of that church, died. At her funeral a large number of the white congregation were in attendance, and the fine choir of the church gave the musical service. The pall bearers were all prominent white citizens, including the mayor of the city."

We quote almost entire from the *Memphis Appeal* an article which, coming from one of the influential journals of the South, is worth putting on record for reference in the future.

"A few evenings ago there was a large meeting of the colored people of Norfolk, Va., at which the regularly appointed debaters discussed for several hours the proposition; 'Can a colored citizen become a Democrat through principle?' The affirmative speakers maintained that the colored people were not indebted to the Republican party, but to the war, for their freedom, and heartily commended the utterances of President Cleveland in his inaugural in regard to the freedmen, and found not one obstacle in the way of their race to become Democrats. * * * * *

The audience almost unanimously voted that 'a colored citizen could become a Democrat through principle.' The discussion of such a question is as absurd as if the problem had been, "Can a sinner become a Christian?" But the bare fact that the colored people have become so tolerant as to permit and engage in the discussion of a question which ten years ago they would have mobbed any colored man who had dared to take the affirmative side, shows the most hopeful and wonderful signs of progress. The Democratic party of the South is composed of the intelligent, taxpaying wealth of the South who give employment to the blacks, and to assume that it is impossible for colored men to become Democrats is to assume that there is an irrepressible conflict between the races, that their destiny and interests are diametrically opposite and that there is an antagonism which can never be reconciled. We hope the discussion which the colored people of Virginia have commenced will extend throughout the South, for it will throw a flood of light on their benighted minds and result in convincing them that at the formation of the government every State in the Union was a slave State but one, that the Northern people freed their slaves by selling them to the slave-dealers of the South, and that the Lincoln administration would have guaranteed perpetual slavery if the rebels had disbanded their armies and renewed their loyalty to the Union. The same laws govern all people, and they are immutable. The prejudice of the whites against the blacks in the North is five-fold stronger than in the South. While the North maintains its deep prejudice of race, the people of the South have a general and strong sympathy for the negro, and as both races are one in common interests they will ultimately vote together to advance and protect these interests. Immediately after the late Presidential election there was a panic among the blacks, who feared the fulfillment of the predictions of their leaders that they would be remanded back to slavery; * * * but now Democratic success has come; the whites have in no degree changed their friendly relations toward the blacks, and there are few of the colored race so ignorant as not to understand that no change in political authority can limit their civil rights. The blacks are, therefore, satisfactorily assured on the one question that disturbed them, * * * and in future elections they will solve the problem, 'Can a colored citizen become a Democrat through principle?' by casting their vote on the principle that it is to their interest to co-operate with those whose destiny is their own. The whites and blacks of the South are bravely but cautiously, and in a spirit of conciliation, dealing with the race question. The people of no section can have such vital interest in the just, equitable and harmonious adjustment of the race question as the blacks and whites of the South. It is an issue which means everything to them—every day life, prosperity, peace, growth and progress. They are meeting the question without passion or prejudice, and with a full understanding of its tremendous import."

The *N. O. Picayune* has fallen into line on the question of Government reform and sets an example of plain speaking which deserves to be followed both in word and deed;

"The most favorable symptom observable in the present political condition of the country is not so much the actual adoption of any special measure of reform as the general awakening of the people to the necessity of reform in every department of public life. The standard has been elevated, and misdemeanors which were readily overlooked a decade ago are now pronounced intolerable. Indeed there seems to be no doubt that Mr. Cleveland's election was mainly due to the conviction of those honest thousands who held the balance of power, that no sufficient remedy for existing abuses would be applied by the candidate representing the dominant element in the Republican party. The Presidential contest of 1884 was not a struggle for measures, but for men—not for one man, or two, but for the purity of the whole civil list. Men saw that there was no longer any party issue so urgent that for its sake the extravagance and fraud which had become prevalent under Republican auspices should be perpetuated.

Pope's proposition that that form of government is best which is best administered, may not bear the closest examination; but it is true that the best form of government may become inoperative or oppressive under an incompetent or a corrupt administration. It was precisely that discovery which induced the good people of the United States to retire the Republican party from the control of the executive branch of the Federal Government, and we believe that it is about to lead to some very general and important changes in State and municipal governments throughout the country. * * * * * *

Let us hope that the demoralization to which we have referred was only a passing phase in the history of the Union. There is, however, certainly a great deal to be done before we shall be thoroughly rid of the consequences of that era. As we intimated at the outset, the hope of the country for the present is to be found rather in the popular temper than in anything actually achieved, if we may except the election of Mr. Cleveland, and the initial steps of his administration. But public opinion, really alive and enlightened, is irresistible; and it is the solemn duty of the press and of all citizens of influence to keep it alive and enlightened. Without fear or favor, let the light into every dark and noisome retreat of official iniquity, and the people will not be long in naming the men who ought to go.

We have recently seen here in New Orleans what a progressive impulse a little plain truth may prove to be. The people get on the trail of one villainy and it leads them to a score of others. Ring rule is a concatenation of mutually dependent evils; and, like every other chain, its whole strength lies in its weakest link. We strike at murder and we reach bribery, perjury and subornation of perjury; we find juries venal, jails insecure, and jailers negligent or worse than negligent. We ask ourselves why so monstrous a condition of affairs has been so long tolerated, and we discover that it is the direct result of a system of misgovernment fortified in office throughout the State. We touch a remote member with the sword of Justice, and the whole body writhes in agony. At last the people begin to stir; for they see that all this talk about political wrongs has not been prompted by malicious and disappointed office-seekers. The truth dawns on them, and they are alarmed to find that the very foundations of civilization are rotting under their feet."

The *Charleston News & Courier* makes some statements in regard to the labor question in South Carolina, which are said to have been gathered from the reports of correspondents in all parts of the State, and which would, we believe, be corroborated by testimony from the South in general. The present generation of colored people are feeling most seriously the lack of the ability to work hard and steadily, which was to their fathers perhaps the one compensation of slavery, and so long as they continue to be the only source from which the South can draw her labor supply, progress must be seriously impeded. Importations of skilled labor or training of the raw material already at hand, are the alternatives for the employer of labor who refuses to accept ruin as inevitable.

"At least three-fourths of the agricultural laborers in South Carolina are colored persons, and their condition is somewhat better than it was a year ago. Provisions are cheap and abundant, so that the wants of the laborers are easily satisfied. The emigration of colored people from the particular parts of the State has not affected the effective supply of labor, as the farmers find that they can hire as many laborers as they need. It is probable, however, that the demand for agricultural laborers is rather diminishing than increasing, inasmuch as the tendency is to increase the use of labor-saving implements and give more attention than formerly to the crops which require but little working by hand.

The rate of wages paid ranges from $5 to $12 a month, with rations. Where the share system is in vogue, from one-third to one-half of the crop goes to the laborer and the remainder to the land owner. Occasionally the laborers receive as much as half the crop and pay half the cost of fertilizers, or furnish one-half the number of work animals required. The estimates of the value of colored labor differ considerably, but it is agreed that the colored laborers are both diligent and trustworthy, when they are supervised and directed by the whites. When left without supervision, the results are much less satisfactory.

The colored laborers are reported to be careless and extravagant, spending freely all they make. It is a striking fact that 'the old issue' negroes, as they are called—the actual freedmen who were trained as laborers in slavery times—work hard and steadily, and command good wages while the 'new issue' negroes, who have grown up since emancipation, are disposed to be idle and shirk work."

SOUTHERN SKETCHES.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

Colored People Further South.

Some months ago I learned, to my great surprise, that an accomplished Virginia lady, a teacher of long experience, known throughout our large connection as "Cousin Frances," had gone to one of the Gulf States to teach a colored school under the care of the Episcopal Church.

I was surprised, because our esteemed cousin, an earnest and conscientious woman, had always been intensely devoted to Southern ideas, and was, I fancied, altogether opposed to the new order of things in our land. Upon inquiry, we learned from a mutual friend that the manner of her going to her unwonted field of labor was on this wise: A worthy clergyman from the South, who had become much interested in a mission school for colored people in his diocese when visiting relatives in Virginia, expressed a strong desire to secure a first-rate white teacher for his school. Finding Cousin Frances without an engagement just then, he proposed to her to take the place. Cousin Frances had been teaching colored Sunday schools all her life, and had done much for the improvement of colored people wherever she had come in contact with them, but had never thought of engaging in educating them. At first she demurred from undertaking the position offered, but when the minister told her earnestly that she was like the prophet Jonah in turning from a duty committed to her charge, she at once gave up all objections and cheerfully set out to the modern Nineveh.

After learning this much, I was anxious to know more, and promptly wrote to the lady in question, making numerous enquiries in regard to her pupils and the colored people of the district where she is living. Cousin Frances kindly answered my questions, and also enclosed me a copy of a letter she had written some months ago to the *Southern Churchman* in order to satisfy the curiosity of others, who, like myself, were anxious to hear from her in this new field of labor.

FROM THE CHURCHMAN:

"Our school at first consisted of about 25 or 30 pupils, but soon increased to 40. A small sum was charged each month, from 50c. to $1.00. This was to pay for fuel, the care of the building, the services of an organist, &c. A lay reader opens the school. There is a short service from the Prayer Book, the confession, Lord's prayer, chanting the Venite and Jubilate, singing two hymns, and a psalm read responsively. Then follows a Bible lesson with explanations, and on Friday reciting the commandments. Then come regular studies, reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, grammar and writing. Some of the pupils had attended other schools, but had learned nothing thoroughly. Only a few could not read at all, and these learned to read rapidly.

"I have often been asked how colored children compare in capacity with those of our own race at the same age. It is hardly fair to compare them when we remember from what different surroundings they are taken. In the mere matter of speech, their dialect differs so from ours; words are such unknown tones to them, that explanations must be *explained*. Books they do not see or hear talked of at home; school is to them a new world, where they gain quite other ideas and aims from those they see influencing their families.

"From their circumstances, poverty, &c., they do not go about and 'pick up' as most white children do. One effect of this is the difficulty they have in grappling with geography. Distance is a mystery. As they do not hear English properly spoken, I am almost in despair at making them apply the rules of grammar, though some of my pupils say they have been 'studying it' for years. In arithmetic I am disappointed in them. They seem emphatically inaccurate in all their modes of thought and action.

"In this comparison, unfavorable on the whole, allowances must be made for the fact that it is drawn from only five months' experience in teaching colored children, and the further consideration of their degraded and pitiably ignorant condition in this region. If our race had been in the same condition for the last two hundred years, subject to the same sad influences of heredity and immorality, it is questionable if the same sad results would not have appeared. It ought surely to make those who see it feel it to be the duty of our race to go to the rescue of this people, and redouble our zeal and labor for their good." * * *

FROM A LETTER ANSWERING QUESTIONS.

"Our organist is a colored woman, a worthy member of the church and a really good musician—has taste, good ear, quite good execution. I have often wondered at the way her fingers glided over the keys and gave the ordinary chants and church music as creditably as many a professor with much more pretension, for she had been a cook and washerwoman. She reads music remarkably well, and can play anything I ever gave given her, at sight. I have wished sometimes that people who used to call me proud could have seen this black woman teaching me a new chant, and heard her say encouragingly, "I think you will soon learn it.' She is as well educated as any colored woman I have ever seen, though she has not much acquaintance with books, and speaks bad grammar.

"The lay reader is a very remarkable man, 70 years old, as black as jet itself, as keen and subtle a writer and debater as one often meets. The Bishop says an argument he had with him lately would have done credit to a Philadelphia lawyer.

"I always give those assistants in our school their titles as 'Mr.' and 'Mrs.,' though I know white people who would object to my doing so. I think it gives the colored people self-respect, and is a very small concession for us to make. If St. Paul could be 'all things to all men, if by any means he might save some,' surely we can do that little. I always try to realize that I am associated with them and that I am one with them in the gospel of Christ. I would gladly offer my whole heart and hand to the cause of saving the colored people from sin.

"The conviction I feel of their needing a friend—thousands of friends—makes me willing to give to their need the rest of my life. * * * * * * *

"You ask to what churches most of the colored people here belong. The Methodist is much the most popular with them everywhere, I think, at least it is so in the South. * * * * * *

"As to the generality of the colored people here, the most degraded, helpless, hopeless human beings I have ever known are the average cotton pickers. Very few own property—almost none.

"The Creole Negro, of Spanish white blood, or rather Mulatto Creole, is of a more enterprising nature than the pure black Negro; and whatever of enterprise is seen with the colored people, seems to be among them.

"There are some good journeyman mechanics—carpenters and smiths—but no bosses, no contractors.

"I do not know of any who can be called rich; the best home I know of owned by a Negro is a simple plain cottage.

"I have heard gentlemen here, kindly inclined to the race, say there are no stores, shops, markets, or even oyster stands kept by Negroes. This is discouraging as to their future independent or self-sustaining prospects.

"As to the native Africans, there is a colony of them in this vicinity, the remains of the last cargoes of slave ships that came to the port. They are all tattooed, speak their own language still, and as to religion are mostly heathen, though some of them have been converted to the Christian faith. They have intermarried with other colored people here, and only the original Africans are considered peculiar."

VIRGINIA IN CONTRAST WITH THE GULF STATES.

As Cousin Frances says, this account of Southern colored people is discouraging, and it shows that they are so very far behind our Virginia Africans that I must confess to being quite proud of our colored people for the very gratifying contrast they present to this depressing picture. The difference is not hard to understand when one looks back a little to the condition of the two districts in ante-bellum days. In the far South where the land was held in large tracts, are people who often spent much of their time in distant cities, or when at home only came in contact with their house servants; the plantation hands being left wholly to the overseers, whose only interest was to get as much work as they could out of them. Very little was ever done for their moral and mental improvement, and as the slave trade was kept up to some extent in spite of the laws against it, there was a steady supply of the savage element from heathen lands mingled with those who were acquiring civilization under so many disadvantages in a Christian country.

As I have said before, Virginia is so much nearer the great centres, and there is so much travelling about done by our people, black and white, that new ideas are constantly introduced among us, and there are many evidences of progress in both races. In Lynchburg the colored people have almost a monopoly of the work in tobacco factories, which is a trade in itself. Those who have any thrift about them and do their work skillfully have good chances for getting a fair start on the road to becoming property holders.

The factories give rise to other branches of business, and there are numerous eating houses and small shops around them, kept by either foreigners or colored people.

Some of the latter have done very well in merchandise, and now keep large grocery and provision stores, the stock including a little of everything likely to be wanted in the neighborhood, and being freely patronized by the white people around them.

As to the mechanical trades, the Negroes are getting ahead so fast in them that the color line often seems to be lost, and a Negro contractor constantly employs white hands, or vice versa.

Two of the busiest contractors among our house builders are colored men. One of them lost heavily by the flood some years ago, and, perhaps owing to his bad health, has not been able to accumulate more than enough to buy a comfortable house for himself and his old mother, but the other is a very well-to-do man, owning valuable real estate, which he is constantly increasing.

The colored people are gaining a foothold in other trades in a way that is very encouraging, when one remembers the difficulties they have in learning the trades.

A white contractor will refuse to teach a Negro boy his trade, but if he can in some way pick up enough to be able to work at it, the white man will forget his prejudices and employ the Negro, always securing his services at a lower rate than white hands would demand.

I heard, not long ago, of a case which will illustrate the competition among the mechanics of different races. A rich merchant of the city, noted for his frugal methods, wished to have his handsome residence repainted. He sent for one of the ablest and best painters in the city, who always positively refused to employ Negroes on work where they are employed. The merchant stated his business, and desired the painter to tell him what the work would cost, give him his ideas as to the most tasteful manner of doing it, the materials to be used, &c., &c. The painter, supposing a good job was in store for him, answered all the questions asked of him, and freely discussed the work, the merchant busily taking notes the while. They parted, the merchant saying he would consider the subject.

A day or two later the painter, walking round that way to look after his job, found a couple of colored men busily engaged upon it, the merchant himself having purchased the materials and undertaken to "boss" the work. The Negroes had managed to pick up some knowledge of the business, and having, by practice, acquired some skill in it, were able to paint the house to the satisfaction of the owner, working at much lower rates than the professional would have charged, and succeeding fairly well, to his great disgust.

There seems to be a general desire among the colored people to own their houses, and the snug little dwellings occupied by families who have struggled hard for their possession, might be counted by hundreds in Lynchburg.

A few, more enterprising and more fortunate than the majority, own several houses and rent them, not unfrequently to white people. I have had much curiosity as to the investments made by the successful colored people, and hear of one or two who have been buying bonds, though by far the greater number seek real estate. In the country round quite a number of small farms are owned by colored people.

The house we live in was built by a colored man.

My husband has always said it is the duty of the old slave holders to employ Negroes to work for them, whenever it is in their power to do so, as it is impossible for the colored people to be honest and independent without the assistance and encouragement of their white fellow citizens.

When the contract was offered, the lowest bid, as usual, came from a Negro contractor. When it was given to him no little indignation was expressed by a white carpenter who had counted on securing the job, but had no better reasons to give for his opinions upon the subject, than that a "white man ought to patronize his own race."

The contractor sub-let various portions of the job, doing the wood work himself, chiefly employing Negro carpenters, but part of the time an old German was in his force, who is in the habit of taking his wife with him to help him, and she is said to be quite skillful in putting on locks, hinges, &c. The brick work was given to a colored mason, who employed African bricklayers as assistants, and is one of the enterprising colored men of the city, already being a "boss" worker and beginning to own property. He is extremely industrious, and when, according to custom here, all the other hands stopped an hour for dinner, the brick mason would always eat a hasty meal and work steadily on, while the rest were lolling about.

This man is black, near middle age, was a slave in early life, and had no chances whatever for book learning. He signs checks and contracts in queer hieroglyphics, and I learned that he is unable to make a single letter except those which, by courtesy, are understood to form his own name. In talking with him on the subject, he said, gratefully, that the officers at one of the docks, where he had been in the habit of presenting checks, had insisted upon his learning to write his name. They had told him that a man who had so many business transactions as he, ought not to have to call on some one else to sign for him, make his mark, and call for witnesses, &c., and had so kindly offered to teach him to form the letters, and so patiently encouraged his attempts, that at last the difficult lesson was learned. It was hard for a man who had never been to school, and was unaccustomed to any implement smaller than a trowel, to handle a pen; but he had at last accomplished it, and his signature is not likely to be mistaken for that of anybody else.

The plastering was sub-let to a white man, who employed all Negro hands, and the painting given to a Caucasian, who, with the assistance of another white man, did his own job. The workers on the building all got along in the most harmonious manner, and perfectly kind feeling seemed to prevail among them.

The new Baptist church belonging to the colored people is one of the handsomest buildings in the city, and has cost over thirty thousand dollars. There is a small debt on it, but the trustees are energetically working to pay it off.

When, some time ago, they wanted to borrow part of the money for the building, they found the white bankers and brokers very willing to advance the funds on reasonable terms. I am very glad to say that, on the whole, there is good feeling between the two races in Lynchburg, and a thousand ties of interest and affection unite the white man and the black man, whose lot has been cast together in our land.

How They Got Their Charts.

Two Hampton girls teaching together in an ill furnished country school, thus supplied themselves with charts.

We still teach the Word Method. We have made several charts; a reading and an arithmetic, a picture, and a drawing chart. We have an arithmetic chart for our advanced scholars also. We made our reading chart this way: we bought sheets of paper three-fourth yards long and one-half yard wide, and we got a first reader and cut the leaves out so as to get the pictures. We then put the leaf with the picture right in the middle of the page with mucilage, then cut it out on the other side, so as the second lesson with its picture could show. We then turned it on the first page and wrote all the words of the lesson around it. In that way they have the lessons both in printing and script. We did that way until we got sixteen pages. We then put them all together and bound them at the top, making one book. Our Superintendent told us that our school was the best in the County last year, and it shall be better this year. We will describe our picture chart next time.

We are very truly yours,

R. J. D. & J. H. B.

SILHOUETTES.

BY ALICE M. BACON.

Gleanings from the Field.

It is rather a puzzle to one who is trying to help the people down here, to know how to best attend to the needs of the very poor in the vicinity of Hampton. The country is miserably poor: there are no manufactories to call for laborers, there is no capital with which to subdue and fertilize the waste, worn out land; fishing and oystering are almost the only industries to which the people can turn in order to support themselves, and even in those businesses there are no directors or employers of labor; every man who works, works for himself, and consequently there is a waste of labor and a loss of power, from the lack of wise heads to employ and direct the many hands.

The population is dense all along the seacoast, and stretches back in unexpected directions into the country. To this region, under the walls of Fort Monroe, the Negroes flocked during the war, and here they stayed, when the war was over, too poor and ignorant to go elsewhere but with no way open to them by which they might advance to any higher standard of living than the lowest that will keep the human body and soul together, in the partnership in which God has joined them. What they have done for themselves, with the aid of the white race, during those twenty years since the fort's guns ceased their thunder, is hopeful, even wonderful, and the rising generation is in many ways far in advance of the freed slaves who built their shanties here in '63; but many of the older ones are still living among us who need our help and sympathy and may perhaps be able to give to some of us in return some new ideas with which to carry on our work in this quickly changing world. I do not think in this region there is much extreme want, much suffering for lack of the necessaries of life. The poorest can obtain food for themselves and shelter from the weather, with much more ease than can the poor living in great cities, and except during a long hard winter like the last, following close upon a severe drought, I do not think that actual suffering is very common. But the total inability to get ahead at all in the struggle, the actual certainty of an old age of want when the working days are past is what seems to me the pitiful thing in the lot of the Negroes hereabout. There is not work enough to go round and keep all busy, and as a result there are a large number who get out of the habit of working and who spend their time in loafing and going to the bad generally.

OUR WORKERS.

There is in the school a Missionary Society which is trying, as best it can, to grapple with the problem which the conditions of life at Hampton present to all thinking minds. Our students do not have much spare time and do not have much money to give to the work that lies so appealingly before them, but there are many in the school who give of their little to help toward bettering the condition of those around them. There are between fifty and sixty of the students, boys and girls, who every Sunday go out in different directions from the school to teach in Sunday schools or read in cottages to the poor and sick. And then back of the missionary workers is the benevolent society which gives help in cases where help is needed. This society has been obliged to refuse help for the last few months as there have been no funds to carry it on, but we are hoping to get it back into a working basis pretty soon. The boys who visit in the cottages try to find out the condition of those they visit and to help them as best they can. One of our most active workers collects once or twice a week pieces of corn bread and meat from the students' dining room and carries them to the most needy of the families under his especial care. After the heavy snow storm that so unexpectedly turned our Southern spring into winter some few weeks ago, loads of wood were sent out to the poor people whose names were sent in by the missionary workers, and many a poor soul speaks gratefully to-day of the opportune help that came in that time of need.

A few days ago there came a knock at my door, and when I opened and looked out there stood an aged, wrinkled, tottering little Negress looking scarcely able to carry the great empty basket that she held on one arm. "Come in" I said, but the figure did not stir. "Can I sit down?" she said feebly. "I's mighty trembly cause I has n't had nothin' to eat." That she was "mighty trembly" was evident, so I brought her in and set her down in a chair and gave her something to revive her before I asked any questions. Then upon inquiry I learned that her name was Betsy Davis, that she lived over in Hampton, and that she was too old and feeble to work and had no one to support her except her daughter whose husband was out of work and who had a family of seven children. Then I remembered that Aunt Betsy Davis was one of the former pensioners of the benevolent society now morihund for lack of funds. And since the society went down, the poor old aunties who had shared its bounties had felt as if their chief props were taken away. Having cheered and encouraged her and attended to her immediate needs, I sent her home, resolving to visit her as soon as possible and see how she lived.

A SUNDAY WALK.

Sunday proved a bright day, so about ten o'clock I sallied forth to make two or three calls. If my readers care to accompany me we will see, if we can, how some of these people live. Our walk leads over Hampton bridge and through the main street of the little town. It is too early for people to be going to church and the street is deserted except for two or three knots of loafers, young men either colored or white, gathered about the doors of one or two bar rooms. Soon we turn out of the main street, cross a little creek and find ourselves in a district where there are some of the old time, picturesque low cabins and some of the newer, more pretentious, but ugly and ungainly clapboarded houses, which indicate a rise in condition over the old cabin days. This is not a pleasant quarter of the town; many of the men that we meet, have hard, brutal, some of them even villanous faces, and the pleasant smile and bow which generally greet ladies from the "missionary" are wanting, but in place is a suspicious, antagonistic look that makes us feel as if our visit to this street are not a welcome one to them. But the children greet us with bright smiles on their little brown faces, and how they swarm about the cabin doors or on the fences in sober, interested rows, watching the men engaged in the intellectual pastime of marbles or stick knife. But we are coming to the end of the street, and must stop and enquire for Aunt Betsy. Here is a pleasant looking man, smoking his morning pipe in the sunshine by his cottage gate. Our bow as we stop is met by a smile and a "mornin', ladies," that shows his willingness to answer our questions. "Can you tell us where Aunt Betsy Davis lives?" we ask, and are relieved when he points out a little low cabin a few steps farther on and tells us that she lives there. On we go, but stop on the way to admire a little cabin whose unpainted weather-beaten boards are nearly falling apart, whose unsteady frame work has entirely parted company with the rickety brick chimney except just where the two rest upon the ground. Just by the door, growing apparently out of the foundations of the house, is some early shrub, a soft moss of delicate green against the gray boards, and, in the tiny yard, a peach tree in full bloom sways its dainty blossoms in the breeze. And from the crazy doorway, streams of happy, ragged children issue forth. Surely the "Old Kentucky Home" of the song could not have been more ideally picturesque than this little bit of local color.

But as we pause to take it all in, our friend with the pipe comes up behind and points out the house we are looking for once more. He is evidently afraid we will lose our way, for he follows on after us and does not leave us until we have knocked at the door and Aunt Betsy's feeble "Who dar?" has been followed by a fumbling and moving of furniture that leads us to suppose that the front door is not the one commonly used by Aunt Betsey's guests. Vainly we expostulate, and through the crack in the door tell her not to mind, we will go in at the back door. Having once started to let us in that way, she does not mean to have us go in by any other, and so we wait remorsefully outside while, the poor soul clears away the furniture, and at last we are let in. "Well aunt Betsy, how are you to-day?" "I'se tol'a'ble Miss, thank de Lord" is the cheery reply while the old woman hurries around to find whole chairs enough for her visitors.

And then while we sit there, she tells us the story of her life. How she was born near Hampton, had thirteen children there, and then was sold south to Louisiana away from all her children, and how when the war came on, her owners moved from one place to another with their slaves to keep them away from the Yankees. And the wrinkled old face lights up with a joyful smile as she says reverently "But de Lord, he's de man dats over all and he done set us free."

"Yes Aunty, it was the Lord, more then the Yankees, who set you all free" we say, thinking of that wonderful piece of history in which God's purposes were worked out through the selfishness and sectional disputes of men.

"Dat's so, boney, de Yankees, dey did it, but de Lord he had de power over 'em all."

And then she went on and told us how she came back to Hampton after the war was all over, thirty years after she was sold South and how out of her thirteen children only three were left, "and dey don't care for me no more'n if I was a dog, excusin er de gal child, and she's got a heavy family er chillen," But de Lord, he takes kear er his own and he is over all."

Such a happy face as Aunt Betsy's is, and such a childlike, immovable faith as she has in the Lord's care for his own, that even her life of bondage, of disappointment, of weary labor, and her unloved, childless, penniless, lonely old age can not take away her trust or her belief that "He doeth all things well." She finished her account of her life with a simple "an bye-n-bye de Lord 'll come an take his own, an now, honey, I waitin' for him. He's done come to some and some day he'll come here." And the happy smile deepened and grew more radiant, while an awe fell on her hearers and silence dwelt for a moment in the little cabin. When we rose to go we were humbled and thoughtful, and "of such is the Kindom of Heaven" were the words that were in one minds as we went our way. There, in that little bare cabin, not knowing where her daily bread is to come from, spending an old age of hardship and suffering after a life of unrequited toil, lives one of the happiest women that I have ever seen. Surely "De Lord takes kear er his own" in his own way.

But here we are at another house, where a sick girl lives with her parents and a little sister. We go in to find her sitting up on the edge of the bed, the picture of misery. She has been confined to the house for two years with rheumatism and, unable to help herself, hates to be a burden on her parents. With an invalid's appetite, she can not eat the things that an ordinary negro cabin can furnish and can not get the things that she needs for herself. It is a hard lot and she feels its hardness and rebels against it.

She has not that confidence in the rightness of whatever the Lord sends, that is such a mine of wealth to Aunt Betsy, so she fets and worries and complains of her lot. How shall we help her? So far as outward circumstances go she is comfortable compared with Aunt Betsy, but the "misery in her side," the nervousness and irritability of an invalid, the entire absence of religious faith or hope, all these together make her thoroughly unhappy. It is hard to help her for the reason that no one can reach her real need, which is that of so many others in the world, a need for something upon which to stay her restless, dissatisfied mind. We go away dissatisfied ourselves, and have set up in our mental picture gallery that wan, haggard young face with great, wretched, pleading eyes as a foil to that old, withered but joyous picture that we found at Aunt Betsy's.

Let us stop in a moment at Mrs. Johnson's and see how our blind man's family is getting along in his absence. Through the half open back door, we see the children with clean shining faces, looking wonderingly at us. A rap brings the mother out of the next room. A little woman with bright, round eyes and a cheery smile, looking like a little girl, her face is so young and childlike. If it were not for the five children, it would be hard to believe her more than fifteen. That the church is keeping its promise we feel quite sure, for the children are healthy, fat and strong, and the little mother looks bright, and less careworn than before her husband went away. She says that she is "right smart" when we enquire after her welfare, and that the children are all well. She lifts the fat, fifteen months baby when we ask after him, and he stares at us placidly, sucking his thumb, clinging to his mother's neck, while the other little faces peeping out from behind the sheltering folds of her skirt make a pretty group in the low doorway.

We have one more place to visit, the house of a well to-do family, but where there are six children left motherless six weeks ago in the care of their old grandmother. The youngest was only two months old when its mother died, and the old lady feels a great reponsibility in the care of so small a baby. The little mite is brought out for our inspection; a little brown face surmounted by a crop of silky, crinkey black hair, and with great bright eyes that look intelligently at us while we talk. "What is his name?" we ask, and find some difficulty in making out the answer. "Brazillium" was all we could get after two or three repetitions, and noticing our expression of surprise at the unfamiliar word, the old lady adds "I don't know jes' what it is. Jeems got it out'n a book."

But we must go on now, for it is nearly dinner time, so we bid good morning and depart, feeling that perhaps we have gained more good out of our morning walk than we would have if we had gone to church.

"DE TROOF'S ALWAYS WELCOME."

A week or so ago I was called to go over to the office to see a woman who had come applying for help. She was a large, strong looking, very black woman, her sable skin set off to advantage by her white turban. Her name she gave as Ellen Parsons, widow of Sam Parsons, and her residence as "near Nick Johnsons." She began her story of her needs by saying "I isn't tellin' you no lies, I'se tellin' you de Lord's troof an de troof's always welcome."

She went on to tell me how she lived, and as she is a sample of the way that most of the colored people live who are scattered through the agricultural districts, perhaps my readers will be interested to hear. Ellen Parsons has been a widow for six years and has a family of five children. She lives about five miles out from the town of Hampton on the old plantation known as the "Bates Farm." She owns no land herself but has a house that somebody has allowed her to build on the land, and she hires two acres of this same person, on which she raises a crop for herself. She has to pay a man $1.50 an acre for plowing, and then the rest of the work she does herself. She expects to raise enough corn in the summer to keep her and her family though the winter, and then what time she has to spare from her own eron she hires out as a field hand, and so gains a little money for her use in the winter. Last year the drought damaged her crop so that she had not enough to last her through, and her supply fell short before the long, hard winter was over, so she walked in all those five miles to the "missionary" to see what help she could get to help her along until the spring work began. I asked her if her children went to school, to which she answered that "de mos' of em did n't know nuffin, but one on em had got right smart o' book learnin." She went to school for awhile but at las' she knowed more dan de teacher so den she did n't go no mo:" I asked her if her children were able to help her any by their work, to which she replied that "two on em is big chilluns and helps me some but de oder three is little an can't do no great of work and one on em has a spasm every day de Lord sends, and dat's de troof." When I told her that I would come out and see her, she appeared much pleased and told me that then I could see that she had spoken the truth "an de troof 's always welcome."

So they come, day after day, each with a pitiful story, of struggles against want, of hard labor, of sickness, of calamity from fire or drought or food. All the stories are different in detail, so sadly alike in general character. Surely we owe them something; we can not let them suffer, and yet how can we help them in such a way that they shall lose nothing by our help? Can we in any way, at any cost, help them permanently up into a higher condition of living, or must they be down here always, close to that terrible ocean of want, whose waves may at any moment lick them in and swallow them up entirely? It seems but a drop in the bucket, the amount of work that one person or one society can do in relieving these people, but one helped up here and another there may perhaps help to raise others, and so the work may be done more quickly than we think.

I have given these few gleanings from the great field that lies about us here, that Northern friends may see that the school work does not limit itself to the school ground. Little by little, as much as in us lies, there is being done a work that will we hope if rightly managed and thoroughly organized, teach our students how systematic benevolence may make small means go a great way in helping others, if only the real, greatest, need of the suffering person can be found. What we want to do is to make this society a model organization whose workings shall be brought before the students in such a way that they can all understand them and shall be able, when they go out into their work of teaching, to utilize whatever small means they can obtain for similar relief societies in the places where they work. Toward this we are working and this end we hope to attain in course of time, but the problem is a difficult one and can only be solved by many trials more or less unsuccessful.

Humors of the Classroom.

Some of our readers may gain new ideas of the difficulties of the English language if they will look over the following sentences made by children of the Butler school to embody words previously defined and talked over with their teacher; many of the words had never been heard except in school. The sentences have been selected from the books of twenty or thirty different scholars. We give first the word and definition, then the child's effort to use the word in a sentence.

Sewer—a drain. "Get the sewer and drain the milk."

Lave—to wash. "I takes a lave every morning."

Poultice—a plaster. "We had a very poultice lesson."

Poultry—chickens, hens, ducks, etc. "I saw a large poultry of chickings."

Swab—to clean with a cloth. "I had a very pretty little swab and the cat eat it."

Scum—What rises to the surface of a liquid, "The milk is scum, it makes it look very poor." You may scum the milk."

Here are two sentences which are surprising by their childlike frankness of expression.

"You looks very unclean."

"When a man is drunk, he looks very filthy.

Here is a noble effort at definition.

"Places that is dug in the ground and long is a ditches."

Two on the subject of toothache deserve mention. "Toothache is a flutting in the tooth." "A toothache is a very bad misery. I have it every night."

Letters from Hampton Graduates.

One More Christmas Tree Letter. From a Little Teacher who is Doing More than a Little. Working Without Pay. A Poor People Trying to Build a School House. Grateful Memories of Mr. and Mrs. Dixon. A Northern School House. From an Under-graduate Teacher. Ten Years a Teacher.

ONE MORE CHRISTMAS TREE LETTER.

A little woman, who is making all her inches count in faithful work for her people, gives an interesting account of her school and temperance work, her Christmas tree, and the poor little ones for whom she is laboring under the extra disadvantage—which our graduates have not infrequently had to bear—of having to wait long for a well earned salary.

—— Va., *Feb. 15th, 1885.*

Dear Miss ——

Our school opened the first day of October. We have a pretty large school, but not so large as it was last year, as a great many of our large scholars are out. Still we have children coming in nearly every day. We have but one hundred and nine on rolls at present; still our hands are as full as can be. We have finished our fourth month, and are just waiting for the snow, which is about knee deep, to melt a little, so as to begin our fifth and last month. I shall be very sorry when it is ended, as I hate to give up these dear little children, and I shall hate to see the pleading faces of some of the parents begging us to return next term; but I am afraid that we can't return unless we get a school or something to do when we are through here. We haven't been paid but once this term, and then not for a whole month. They promised to do better, but they haven't so far. Last year I did not get a cent of money from the time I came to the county, in January, until September. If we could get something to do when our school closed, we could save a part until next term to live upon, and could afford better to wait. We had two barrels sent by some lady friends of mine to our children for their Christmas tree. We had popcorn, red berries, bags of candy, Christmas cards, glass balls, toys, and some things made of colored papers by the little kindergarten children of Brookline, Mass., on both trees, and clothes, shoes, and hats in pyramids at the bottoms of the trees. On the table, which was on a platform, between the trees, were toys, books, and four large dolls for prizes. The children were very much pleased.

A NEW STUDY.

We have been teaching alcohol in our school this year. We didn't want to organize our society until we had tried to make the children see the harm of using alcoholic drinks before they signed the pledge. We organized our society two weeks ago. We have now sixty-four members. We had pledges sent from New York, and some from Mass.,—I think several hundred, besides a large one to be framed. We are trying to have a little Library for our Temperance Society. We just took papers, such as "Apples of Gold" etc., and sewed them together to make books. We have a Sewing Society also. Rosa sends love.

Yours truly,

J.

——Va., *Dec. 8, 1884.*

Dear Friend:—

I wrote you some time since, but don't think my letter reached you.

Our school is much larger now than it was at this time last year. Still we have twenty-three scholars who have not come in school yet. I have been around to see why it was that they were not in school. To my surprise, in every case the cause of the scholars being out of school was that they did not have clothes and shoes to keep them warm at home, much less at school. Indeed, many of the scholars who are in school have not clothes sufficiently to keep them warm in school. Some of them suffer very much, coming and going from school.

As cold as the weather is, there are many who come without hats or shoes.

There are many children within a mile of our school who seem not to have either mother or father, but live with some poor, old, helpless woman, who is not able to do anything for them.

The larger number of colored families in this neighborhood have a little piece of land and some kind of a house, but they are exceedingly poor.

I spent all the money that I am able to spend, and have gotten everything from the Board of Education that I can to make the school comfortable.

As I said in my other letter, we were going to have a Christmas tree. I think now that if I could get some articles of clothing for those very needy scholars, it would be the best thing I could do for them.

It came into my mind to-day that if I could write to you, you might be able to do us some good by speaking to some families, who might take pleasure in sending these poor children some old clothing which they cannot make use of themselves. They will be thankful for any kind of garment, or garments, let it be ever so little.

I am sorry to feel the necessity of writing such a letter as this, but I am sorry for the children, and I know no other step to take. If you do find anyone who wants to send anything, have them send it by the way of ——

I trust that I have not asked too much in this letter.

Yours truly,

S.

A POOR PEOPLE TRYING TO BUILD A SCHOOL HOUSE.

One of our most faithful workers adds his testimony upon the question of the colored people's interest in education.

——Va., *Feb. 13, 1885.*

Dear Friend:—

I am very much obliged to you for the little "Manners" book you sent me. I was wondering where I could get such a book. It is just the thing I need in my school. It is very interesting.

The next meeting of the teachers' is to be at my school house to-morrow. I am afraid that the county superintendent will not be able to be with us this time, as he is called off to Richmond just now. He is such a good educator, that we are sorry to be without him.

My school has been better attended this winter than it was last. I suppose one reason is, the scholars know me better than they did last winter, and I know where to look for them when they stay away.

Our school house has been too small all the while; but as the school grows, the house becomes so crowded we have not room to scarcely turn round.

The county says it is not able to build us a larger one. Indeed it does not seem to be able to pay the teachers. Some of us, who have taught five months, have not been paid for the first month yet.

One day I thought to myself that I would call the parents and patrons of the school to the school house, and let them see the children, almost one piled on the other. They came and saw things just as they were.

After consulting each other, we made up our minds to go to work and build a room to the one which we have. Our present school room is 18 by 24 feet.

We want to put a room on the end of the present one, of the same size. The parents and patrons are poor, but they are giving a part of what little they have. The patrons, parents and teachers have given sixty dollars, and where they got this money is a wonder to me. The house will cost us a hundred and seventy-five dollars ($175 00). We do not know where the hundred and fifteen will come from; but we feel sure that if we trust in the Lord, He will bring us out all right.

Our Sunday school is much larger than it was last year.

I am getting to do better work in both day and Sunday school this year than I did last.

Yours truly,

S.

GRATEFUL MEMORIES.

An early student of Hampton, one of the sixty students sent through the course on the fund collected in England for the purpose by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dixon, writes gratefully of his benefactors, and gives some account of the work he has been faithfully engaged in ever since he was prepared for it by their benevolence.

——Va., *March 2nd, 1885.*

Miss C——

Your kind letter is at hand. I am glad to see that you understand me to be in earnest about the Master's work. I feel thankful that I am able to do something for Him.

I am well acquainted with Mr. and Mrs Dixon. They were my benefactors at Hampton. Had it not been for them, perhaps I would have been bound to-day with the cords of ignorance and sin I look upon them as father and mother. I am sorry that they have left America.

I have never attended the Alumni meeting. It seems to be inconvenient for me to attend

We have no maps of Palestine; would be very glad to get some. Just last week I was wondering what steps to take to get a map of Palestine. We need one while studying about St. Paul.

If you have any friend who would like to help a struggling little band, please tell them that we would be very glad to get some books for our library. We have very few on hand.

We are getting on very well with our schools.

The times are a little dull just now, but I think that business will open soon.

This leaves my family and self well. Hoping to hear from you soon,

I am, yours truly,

Y.

A NORTHERN SCHOOL HOUSE.

A Hampton graduate, who has done good work in the Butler school and night school at Hampton, and has just gone to take charge of a colored school in the North, is surprised to find disadvantages which he did not expect in that favored region.

—— N. J., *March 19th, '85.*

Miss H——

I am glad to be able to write to you so soon, and to say that my school is now well under way, but am laboring under many disadvantages which I never anticipated. In the first place, I have 54 scholars, in seven different grades, in a room about one-half as large as my room at the Butler. The aisles are about twelve inches wide, and the desks so close together that a boy five years old cannot stand between them. I have very few (only two) blackboards, no maps or globe, and many other things just as needful I am without.

They have had four different teachers this term; and, as you may expect, the children are very noisy—not only noisy, but bad—at school, in the street, and, I guess, at home. Mr Holmes makes no mistake when he says that much missionary work can and needs to be done. I think sometimes that a stronger one than I should be here.

With all this, I am struck with the marked quietness of the place. Many Quakers. Oh, the scholars are just carried away with these plantation songs. They have begun to learn "Dixie." I have much confidence and hope in success.

I have not visited many homes yet, but hope to. Have seen D——, T—— and the two W——boys who were once at Hampton.

I was visited yesterday by two of the members of the School Board, who told me they would do whatever they could to help me in making this a good school.

This is the only colored school in the city. I shall try hard to make it better.

Will you, please, as soon as you can, send me the price, name, and place of purchasing such maps as those in the Butler? I want to ask the board for a set like them. I shall be glad to have this as soon as you can send.

I arrived here on the 13th, about 3:15. Fred. P—— died the same day, about 4 P.M., so I did not get there in time to see him alive. He was buried at this place.

I hope the Butler and its associates are doing well. I have a Monroe's chart, which was the property of Mr. P——. I find it very useful.

Very sincerely,

J.

FROM AN UNDER-GRADUATE TEACHER, PREACHER AND TAILOR.

Much good work is done by some of our students who, for reasons not discreditable, have failed to complete a full course, but who, having an aptitude for teaching and a desire to do good, have thrown themselves heartily into the work. One such sends the following extremely interesting account of his work:

—— Md., *Jan. 13th, 1885.*

Dear Miss C——

I have made several attempts to write you, to inform you how I am succeeding in the teaching work. You will not find my name among the graduates of Hampton, as I left the institution, on account of sickness, in 1876. Though an under-graduate, I am trying to do, and am given credit for doing, good work. I came here from Philadelphia, and have been teaching in this county since 1878. I have married and become a permanent resident of the place. I have been teaching my school here three years with encouraging success. My school is not as large as it might be. There are many persons who cannot be induced to take advantage of the blessing of education. The white people are very friendly to me and my work. In many instances, where I have failed to impress the people of their duty in sending their children, the white people have pointed out the advantages to be gained from learning, and have in this way rendered me great assistance. The relation existing between the white people and myself is cordial, in fact all I desire. The only ill-feeling against me, which is slight, is from my own people, and is the offspring of selfishness and jealousy. I have made it a purpose since I came here to show those people that the Negro, with his moral and intellectual attainments as found in most Southern places, must not be regarded as a true type of the Negro as he is found in intelligent communities elsewhere. A white man said to me, some time ago, "You have actions and principles like a white man, I always thought all darkies were like our darkies here." The people here are advancing slowly. One of their most pressing needs is an intelligent and fearless ministry. They do not receive from their ministers proper moral training; they look with horror upon a tune that sounds like a song, though the same persons have no scruple about lying and stealing. The teacher's work, if well done, will tell in fruit in future generations; but the ministers should be men whose lives and teachings will bring many of the present generation from darkness to moral and religious light. In connection with teaching, I carry on a little tailoring business, and am patronized by colored and white; so between teaching, tailoring, and gardening, I am kept busy. I hope you will excuse my first, hurriedly written, thrown together letter.

Any reading matter that you may have to dispose of will be thankfully received by my scholars and myself.

Hoping that Hampton Institute and its officers may prosper, and that the new year may be full of health and prosperity for you, I remain,

Very respectfully yours,

B.

TEN YEARS A TEACHER.

One of our earlier graduates who has married, writes thus of the work in which both he and his wife have been engaged.

——*Virginia, Nov.* 8th, 1884.

Miss A. E. C——

My school opened with brighter prospects for keeping up the required average than it has heretofore. My enrolment for the first month was over sixty. I am now entering upon my tenth year as teacher. Eight out of ten have been among the pupils of this place. I "don't feel no ways tired" yet. I like the business. I don't think any work is grander.

Mrs. C——is not teaching this term, she wanted to very badly, but her physician advised her not to. I have made out my monthly report. I have an average daily attendance of thirty-seven, and sixty on roll which you can see. As I near the end of this, I learn that Mr. Blaine is defeated for the presidency, which I am very sorry to learn. However, I hope that if Mr. Cleveland is elected, he will make us a good president. I further hope that there will not be any material change toward the treatment of the colored people down South.

With kind regards,

C.

Died:—at Salem, N. J., March 13, of consumption, Frederick S. Phillips, graduate of Hampton Institute, class of '78, and of Williston Seminary, class of '84.

The death of this young man removes one of Hampton's most earnest, faithful and promising graduate teachers, who, had he lived, must have risen to great usefulness and prominence among his race. Ever since he left Hampton, he has labored incessantly to improve himself and do good to his people. At Williston Seminary, he gained the respect and affection of his white associates and teachers, and graduated as salutatorian and second in a class of over fifty. He was prepared for college and would have entered Harvard next fall. His fine talents were consecrated by Christian principles.

Died:—at Hampton, Va., William Copeland, graduate of Hampton, class of '78.

Mr. Copeland had recently come to Hampton to engage in business. His prospects were excellent; he was a man of solid worth and Christian principle and will be a loss to his people in the town among whom his influence would have been strong for good. He leaves a beloved wife and many friends to mourn his loss.

Southern Workman.

Indian Department.

ELAINE GOODALE, *In Charge.*

Regular Contributors:

HERBERT WELSH, *Cor. Sec'y Indian Rights Association.*

ALICE C. FLETCHER.

REV. JOHN J. GRAVATT.

MRS. A. S. QUINTON, *Gen'l Sec'y of the Womans' National Indian Ass'n.*

REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.

JAMES MCLOUGHLIN.

JOHN G. GASMANN.

"THE TIME WAS when the red men were the savages, but it is now the white men who are the savages"—says the *Springfield Republican*, apropos of the Crow Creek affair.

IT IS INTERESTING to learn from the Commissioner's Report that of the 73 crimes committed against Indians *by whites* in 1884, 11 were brought to punishment.

MR. HIRAM PRICE recently remarked: "There are 200,000 inhabitants in Washington, which is the capital of this great nation and the central point of its refinement and culture, and yet there is more drunkenness and crime there than among the 250,000 Indians who are savages and have never felt the elevating influences of our modern civilization."

THE HISTORY of the Crow Creek failure reads like a deliberate vindication of the Indian and his "self-constituted" friends. Newspaper comment on the affair has been very general and remarkably just. People have thought and talked and written about it. This fact, no less than the prompt and honorable action of the Government, shows us that the "world moves."

THE PERMANENT location of the Forest Grove school is to be at Salem, Oregon. The *Indian Citizen* says: "The new location is a good one, and possesses many advantages that will assist in building up the school, and giving it the opportunity of doing work, to an extent that the temporary nature of its present location has always prevented. Two grades of pupils will go to Salem in a few days to live on the new land. Supt. Coffin has made arrangements for the farm work to be begun, and the boys will commence at once to clear the land for the building site."

Oklahoma.

If the settlers who are so anxious to locate in that part of the Indian Territory they have called Oklahoma, would delay a few months they might enter the promised land with full authority. One of the last sections of the Indian Appropriation Bill authorizes the President to negotiate with the Creeks, Seminoles and Cherokees, for the purpose of opening to settlement under the homestead laws the lands in question.—*Morning Star.*

The Fate of the Reservation.

The Reservation must go! This is the moral of the political land-grab for the Crow Creek territory, (defeated because the means were unworthy, not because the end was undesirable;) of the Oklahoma "boom," a land-grab on a larger scale; as well as of the act opening up the Santee Sioux Reservation in Nebraska, where their Agent, Maj. Lightner, has long devoted all his energies to securing his property in severalty to every Indian.

The Reservation must go, not only because of a material, but a moral necessity. The white man wants access to the land, and the Indian wants access to the white man's civilization. The difference between them is that the one knows and insists upon his right; the other doesn't. The Indian clings to his Reservation as his last chance of foothold: the little remnant of right left him out of great possessions. He is naturally slow to realize that it is a right which does him no longer any good. The tremendous physical consequences of the white man's advent which he sees and mourns, are of less importance to him now than the slow but certain moral effects which he is unwilling to acknowledge. If he could have escaped the first, he would have felt the second all the sooner, and instead of dying an Indian, he would perhaps have lived—a white man!

It is time we appreciated the fact that an Indian Reservation is not a provision of nature for the savage, but a scheme of mistaken policy. We put the Indian there to get him out of the way, and we succeeded but too well; we got him out of the way of society, of education, of religion, of law. We created for him unnatural conditions. We put over him a representative of the Government in the shape of an Indian Agent, whose relation to the Indians is one that ought not to exist. If he is the right sort of man, he may do great good in that relation, as could a good master in the old slavery days; nevertheless he is part of a system that has nothing to say to a free and enlightened state of society.

This then is the practical problem—How to open the Reservation *with justice to the Indian.* Without great injustice to him as well as to us it cannot long remain unopened. It is to be hoped, at least, that wire-pulling politicians have learned one lesson from recent events; fairness or something like it will be demanded of them in the conduct of an Indian policy.

The people expect it; and the people do, after all, rule the politicians! The time is surely coming, (and until it comes justice will be denied to many,) when the weakest side will be the strongest, because a physical disadvantage will have become a moral advantage.

An Indian's View of Indian Education.

A meeting in the interests of Indian civilization through education was recently held in Lawrence, Kan., the seat of Haskell Institute. It is spoken of as a significant fact that among the people on the border there is already so strong a sentiment in favor of Indian progress.

Dr. Marvin, the head of the Lawrence School, (which opened last fall with fourteen pupils and numbers at present 362,) spoke at length of the claims of the Indian to an education and its powerful influence upon him. But "the most interesting part of the exercises" was the simple, straight-forward story of a young educated Pawnee Indian, and Hampton graduate, James Murie, which was "listened to with the closest attention."

Murie gave the salient points in the story of his life. "I was born in Nebraska, (the State where the Pawnees lived before we moved into the Territory,) on the old Pawnee reservation, and there I attended a boarding-school for the first time. I was taught by one of the Pawnee school-girls who had learned her A B C's. She would take us into a recitation room, where she would teach us the A B C's, and then turn us out after we had been reciting for an hour or so. I remember once getting away from the school, and joining my parents on a buffalo hunt. * * When we got to the Territory we had to live in tents. *At this time the Pawnees were receiving rations and therefore did not care about helping themselves.* At night I would lie down on a hard bed with a blanket or so, and only one blanket to put over myself. Then I would think of the books I had studied, and many times made up my mind that if ever I should get hold of a book I would study it very hard and learn everything in it."

These first thoughts of books are interesting. Murie, as he tells us, attended the first Government day school for a year, and was taken out by the Agent to become interpreter for the physician at the Agency. He soon left the doctor's office to attend the newly opened boarding-school for two years. The Agent then made him his office boy, and he improved his opportunity to pick up many English words.

In 1879 he came to Hampton and finished the course here. On his return home he was made assistant teacher at the Indian boarding school. His reasons for giving up this position, in which he did well, are worth noticing.

"My first reason was that I felt the need of an education; that I was not prepared for the great field of labor; that I felt that my knowledge of the Bible was not enough, and therefore I could not do much good among my people.

My next reason was that I could not save a dollar nor even a cent. As soon as the Indians found out that I was getting a salary, they became my uncles, grandparents and cousins, and were very closely related to me! When I drew my pay they would crowd around me, and I hated to refuse them, as I knew they needed the money more than I did. They are very poor. What little I had saved I gave to those in camps who needed most help." The third reason for leaving was the prejudice and jealousy of the interpreters and others, who were constantly trying to throw him back upon camp life; and the fourth the matrimonial intriguing of some of the Indians, which was contrary to the "respect for young women, learned at Hampton!"

From the vantage-ground of his present position at Haskell Institute, Murie speaks as follows of life and progress among the Pawnees.

"Many of the Pawnees have adopted the ways of a great people. Many have houses and farms and are doing well. My father is the head doctor of the Pawnees. It is very hard for him to adopt the white man's road, but he is slowly coming out from his superstitions, and sees the need of an education for his children. He is living on a farm of 320 acres, having a house built and a good piece of land broken. He raises good crops and is satisfied that it pays to cultivate the soil.

The Pawnees are a religious people and I tried my best to teach them all I could about the "wonderful stories" of the white man. I remember one time I went to a village and on entering a mud lodge I saw a man lying close by the fire groaning. I asked him to sit up, that I had something to tell him. I told him of a Great Doctor who could cure him if he would only call upon Him. I talked to him, and after awhile he said, "Young Eagle, I feel better!" I left, and the next week I was surprised to see him in the store looking happy. As soon as he saw me he walked up to me and told me that the stories 'were wonderful.'

What the Indian lacks to-day is labor. He was brought up and educated to be a hunter and nothing else, and what I hope you farmers will do will be to take our students out on your farms, and teach them the art of agriculture, while on the other hand the Institution will be educating them in books. When the Indians find out what labor is, and are good farmers with a little education, then admit them to be citizens of the United States."

A Missionary Among the Six Nations.

Chief George H. M. Johnson—the somewhat anachronistic title of an educated Mohawk Indian—died about a year ago at his home of Chiefswood, in Ontario, Can. His death, which at the age of sixty seven must be considered premature, put a dramatic close to an eventful career. "It is somewhat remarkable" says the *Magazine of American History*, in its sketch of Johnson's life, "that an Iroquois chief, should in our peaceful time and among the quiet and law-respecting people of Canada, die from the effects of wounds received from his enemies of European race, as doubtless many of his predecessors had died in the fiercer days of old. But the conditions were strangely reversed. The conflict was still one of civilization with barbarism; but in this case Indian civilization stood at bay before white savagery, and conquered in the end, though at the expense of a noble life."

The chief claimed descent from the famous Hiawatha. His father was an eminent war chief and orator and an educated man in the Mohawk tongue. When the boy was at school in Brantford his intelligence attracted the attention of a missionary of the church of England, who took him into his own family and trained him to be his interpreter. "To translate readily the recondite reasonings of an English sermon into a language of such a different type as the Iroquois was a task of no small difficulty. That Johnson finally mastered this art and was able to convey to an Indian audience, promptly and accurately, the meaning of the most complicated passage of an English speech, was admitted by all among his hearers who were acquainted with both languages."

He was appointed Church Interpreter and afterwards Government Interpreter, and held at the same time his seat as hereditary chief in the councils of his people. In all his duties he was watchful, active and enthusiastic. He waged incessant war against the illicit sale of liquor on the Reserve — an evil of long standing, toward whose extinction all efforts had hitherto been in vain. In his successful campaign against the white ruffians who thus ruined his people, the chief was twice brutally assaulted and the second time left for dead. After a long illness, he partly regained his strength but never fully recovered from the effects of his injuries. From that day, however, "the Reserve has been as safe and free from open violations of the law as any part of Canada."

But this was not all. During all this time he had been carrying out plans for the benefit and improvement of his people. His religious zeal, his progressive spirit in agriculture and every useful art, were of untold value to them. His beautiful home on the Grand River, which gained for him his Indian name of "He who has the great mansion," was a perpetual object lesson. "The attractions of the place and of the household," we are told, "brought many visitors, who all came away delighted with a reception in which Indian hospitality had combined with English courtesy and refinement to make the guests feel themselves pleasantly at home." His wife was a lady of culture and good family, the sister-in-law of his early patron, Mr. Elliot, who was of great assistance to him in his life-work. Perhaps no Indian has done more for the advancement of his people than the Mohawk chief and practical missionary, George Johnson.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

In the Geography Class. "Where do you live?" "I live on the *eat*."

A Visitor. "Are they *real* Indians?"

Teacher. "O yes! This is a little Sioux girl!"

Visitor, (turning to a friend.) "Just think! She says this is little Sue!"

Some really artistic groups have lately been "taken" by the untiring Mr. B—, including the Girls' Fancy Work Class, and the Boys' Reading Room. They make very attractive photographs.

It was an "object lesson" on the apple. "And what is this?" inquires the teacher, touching the stem. There is a moment's silence before a "prize scholar" confidently replies, "The handle!"

Almost every day finds something added to the attractions of the Reading Room. A large album is already partly filled with specimens of Indian art, and the long folds of a red curtain make an effective background for many cheerful scenes. A kind friend is recovering and cataloguing the Library.

Prof. Painter, the agent of the Indian Rights Association at Washington, came to Hampton immediately on the suspension of the Crow Creek Executive order, and by his kind "talk" at the opening of school greatly reassured the boys and girls. He also took part in our Indian prayer meeting and told an interesting story of a great General and an Apache chief.

On the third Sunday in Lent, Bishop Randolph confirmed sixteen of our Indians at the beautiful old church in Hampton. All the Indians were there, and the church was crowded with their friends, many of whom afterwards said that they had never witnessed a more touching ceremony. The well-chosen words of the Bishop's address showed that he entered fully into the spirit of the occasion.

A feature of the children's service Easter Day at St. John's, was singing by our Indians in their native tongue. A hymn was sung in alternate English and Dakota by the pretty children's choir of treble voices, and in the deep tones of the young Indian men, and the good missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," with foreign words and familiar harmony, fitly closed the services.

A NEW POCAHONTAS.

A finishing touch was put to the Senior entertainment on Easter Monday night by a series of graceful Tableaux from the story of Pocahontas, in which the five Senior Indians took part. The thrilling scene of the rescue of Captain John Smith was much admired, especially as to the girls, who were all in full Indian dress and decoration.

A LETTER FROM OMAHA.

March 24th, 1885.

My dear Mrs. S——

I am going to write to you a few lines. We came home last week. My family they were very fond of Eddie, they talk to him Indian and Eddie he understand what they say and he talk to them English, and they said "we don't understand you what you say," and they just laugh. I miss you all teachers and scholars. Give my love to all. We have good time to see our families and friends. * * Little Eddie he want to go ride all the time; yesterday he cry after; he said he want to ride on horseback and Philip he let him ride on horseback and he hold him. He said "I am not afraid of the horse; I am big boy and strong boy." Write soon.

Yours truly,
MINNIE STABLER.

A Sunday School Symposium.

"My Sunday class tires me out more completely than any other," remarked a Sunday School teacher a few days ago. "And yet I never realize that I am tired until it is over. I wonder why?"

"I suppose in addition to the mental effort of teaching Indians, there is a moral strain of which you are scarcely conscious at the time."

"I hope you do not mean to imply—"

"Not at all!" responds No *2* to this laughing protest, "and, so far as that goes, we are teaching morals, if not religion, every day of our lives! But there certainly is an immense responsibility in giving to these children their first ideas of Christianity."

"It's a beautiful opportunity; doesn't it seem so to you?" asked a third. "Think of taking up the story of Christ's life as we have done this year; following it through the dramatic scenes which create of themselves a culminating interest, and giving its plain lessons, so far as may be, in His own words!"

"And think of the Bible geography and history and biography often taught in the name of religion—things that are no more religion than are the history and geography of our schools!" exclaimed the first speaker.

"Yet they are deeply interesting in connection with the material growth of religion," replies a fourth. "It seems to me, I confess, one of the chief differences between a class of Indians and of ordinary white children, that the former can be touched much more vividly and directly. The average Sunday School boy for example, is already, in a sense, too familiar with much that he yet needs to know, and we have to interest him by a skilful, indirect approach to the subject."

"You know what my children are," says teacher No *2*. "Those small boys are so many independent atoms. If I lose the power of attraction for a single second, the result is—chaos!"

First Teacher. "I shall never forget my first trouble with a Sunday School class. One of my boys turned to look at the clock—and I was heartbroken!"

A Fifth. "Your class of beginners must be intensely interesting, Miss B—but how do you teach them? They understand almost no English, I believe? Do you use an interpreter?"

A Sixth. "Not often. I teach by means of pictures—writing on the black board—occasionally by the help of a Dakota Bible and my own very imperfect understanding of it—when all else fails, I go by intuition!"

First Teacher. "What *is* the moral code of the untaught Indian? Do you get at it at all? and do you find it much the same as ours?"

Sixth Teacher. "They have a strong sense of right and wrong—not invariably corresponding to our own. I think I find a leaning toward the idea that what is entirely *natural* cannot be very wrong. 'Why did God put it into our hearts?' they say, if he did not mean it to come out?"

First Teacher. "Some of our 'advanced' religious thinkers would be delighted! But on the whole we agree, do we not, with the Indian Agent's remark that a good Indian would be a pretty good man any where?"

All. "Yes, indeed!"

Second Teacher. "I should think they would find it hard to accept Christ's teachings of love toward our enemies. 'All's fair in war,' with the most moral savage, isn't it?—treachery and theft included!"

First Teacher, (reproachfully) "How *can* you? But you're right about *one* thing it *is* the 'savage' in them, and those are the very things they leave behind them as 'uncivilized.' When they accept the Christian spirit and doctrine, they accept it, too, without any of the mental reservations we occasionally allow ourselves. I don't think the Indian nature is 'subtle' enough yet for much self-deception."

Third Teacher. (gently) "How wise Mr. G——, is in dwelling as he does almost wholly on the great, yet simple *moral* lessons of the Life we are trying to follow!"

Fifth Teacher. "How does the miraculous part affect them?"

Sixth Teacher. "O, they believe in it implicitly! Their own superstitions and faith in the marvellous have prepared them for that."

First Teacher. "Would the story impress them as powerfully *without* the miracles?"

Sixth Teacher. "No, I don't think it would. They rather expect them. Still, the Death upon the Cross would, I believe, be enough. The thought of Christ as the bravest man, means a great deal to them."

Fourth Teacher. "Speaking of the *responsibilities* of teaching Indians, I believe the responsibility of bringing them into the Church is as great as that of leaving them outside. They are too ready to depend wholly upon *our* judgment and belief in this as in other things."

First Teacher. "O, I don't think so! It seems to me, as I said before, that they are thoroughly honest with themselves, and that joining the church means more to them than it often does to us. One boy said, "I don't want to be a Christian, because if I do I must give up drinking and smoking!" But when he did make up his mind, we felt perfectly safe about him."

Second Teacher. "You remember, perhaps, what great man called the Indian the 'noblest heathen God ever made?' Who knows but he may become the finest Christian!"

The Story of Columbus.

TOLD BY LITTLE INDIAN GIRLS.

Christopher Columbus is the first one who ever discovered the Western Continent. He thought about it for a long time but he did not know that there was another continent, so he thought he would sail around the Earth and come back to India again. So he wanted Somebody to go with him but nobody did not believe him, so he went to the Queen and told her all about it. He could not go by himself because he was just only a poor man and the Queen and the King believe on him, so they sold all their jewels and got some money and they had their ships and some men so they went on sailing and after a while those men got tired sailing all the time and they got after Columbus about it but he did not say anything much. He said, "we will sail on three more days and when we could not find any land we will return." So they sail on three more days and after three days they found the water is shallow and they saw some little trees in the water and they thought it must be near land somewhere. The birds came around them flying about, and after awhile the man who is on the top of the mast call out "Land! Land!"

They were so glad, and soon as they got out of the ships they went on the land and kiss the earth and they saw some people very much different from them and Columbus called them *Indians* because he thought they were in India. Those Indians were very good to Columbus and his people, and he was going home to Spain again and he took some Indians with him and fruits and plants too, so they would believe him that he discovered a new continent.

And when they got home the people made a great shout at Columbus because he was very brave and great man too. After that he wanted to come back again and that time he had 200 ships and 90 men.

A. D.

There was once a boy whose name was Christopher Columbus. He was a very poor boy, he was born in Italy. He went to school when he was twelve years old, and he studied navigation and also about the heavens. He studied very hard and went travelling all the time on the water and once he got shipwrecked and he bad to swim six miles to the land. He used to have very hard times.

As he grew older he thought more about the earth and at last he thought it must be round, and he wanted to sail across it and find some other land that none of the people know about. So he went to all the places he knew and asked the people if they would help him to get ships, but they would not do it. At last he went to the Queen of Spain and asked her about it. First she would not listen to him and Columbus went back and after he had gone 12 miles the Queen sent for him and told him that she would help him. And she sold all her jewels and got money enough to get their ships and food to last them for two years. Next Columbus wanted some men, but the men were afraid and so the Queen had to tell them to go, and there were 90 men. The ship Columbus was in was the biggest. They sailed on till one night they could see land but they had to wait till morning, and they let off a gun to the others, and in the morning they landed and just as soon as they touched the ground they kissed it. They thought they would never touch the ground again!

Columbus discovered the island of San Salvador in the year 1492. He went back and took whole lots of fruit and some of the Indians; he was welcomed by the Queen and the King very gladly. He went a second time to the New World and when he got there he could not find anything and the people told stories about him to the King and he was brought back to Spain in chains. And the people did not like it and they said "shame!" to the King, and he took the chains off Columbus and set him free.

N. F.

I think Columbus was a very brave man to stand and bear all the cruel treatment the men gave him. He had three ships when he first went; their names were Santa Maria, Pinta and Nina.

The second time he went he had twelve ships and more men. The men that he went with the second time were quarrelsome and scold at Columbus because he possessed all the new land he had found. The people thought only of gold and did not care whether they treated each other polite or not! The men told stories about Columbus to the King and so the King believed it and told the men to send Columbus home with chains on his feet and arms. And when he went back to Spain the people said, "Shame, shame on you! "to the King, and so he loosed him and let him go.

Columbus discovered America in 1492. Columbus grew to an old age and he was a very good man. The Indians are good to him and gave him corn, potatoes and other nice things to eat.

Columbus had a great many troubles to face before he died, and when he was a white-haired old man he went from door to door begging. and after awhile he just laid down and died. This is all.

M. L.

Indians of Indian Territory. Their Classes, Condition, and Prospects.

From Official Reports and Personal Observation.

The Indian Territory is a favored region, about two hundred and fifty miles in extent, the eastern half being well watered and adapted both to grazing and to agriculture, producing as fine vegetables, corn, and cotton crops as can be made in the country, and containing considerable timber, coal, and other natural resources. Lying between Texas, Kansas, and Arkansas, and other rapidly growing States, it feels their momentum, is already crossed by two intersecting railroads, and two more may soon be built. It is occupied by the five "civilized nations," and by many tribes or remnants of tribes which have been taken from the track of civilization and placed there. In the centre of the Territory is a space of not less than three millions of acres called Oklahoma; also there is, in the Northwest, the Cherokee strip, twice as large. Both tracts have been purchased by the Government from the "Nations" and are reserved for the settlement of other Indians—a sort of Botany Bay for the red race, where many white people are asking that all the Indians may be finally placed. It is good grazing land but malarious, and is dreaded by the Sioux and other tribes who have visited it. The western portion of the Indian Territory is in the arid region, excellent for stock, but, except along the rivers, unsuitable for farming, and is occupied by wild or blanket Indians. It gives them special advantages for cattle raising, for which they are adapted, but scant agricultural lands. Only as Indians settle on farms will they build good houses and lead regular lives; cattle raising alone perpetuates their barbaric life.

WILD TRIBES.

The *Kiowas, Comanches* and *Apaches* occupy the southern part of this western section of the Territory. Under Major Hunt, Indian agent, these "blanket Indians" have made, in the last seven years, encouraging progress in agriculture, having over fifty well-fenced farms on Wichita River. They own horses and cattle, raise considerable corn, and, judging from the quantity and quality of the business of the two local traders, they are not without thrift, for they purchase largely and intelligently.

FROM MAJOR HUNT'S REPORT FOR '84.

"The Kiowas, Comanches, and Apaches have, I think, made good progress since they left the plains, ten years ago, and settled down on their reservation. They have given up many of their savage customs and adopted many of the ways of civilized life; some appear in citizen's dress habitually, and many others occasionally, but, as no clothing was issued last fall, the number, using the dress the past year was less than the year before. Many of them cultivate the soil and have well-fenced fields, varying in size from one up to fifty acres. I regret that I cannot report the building of more houses, very few having been erected during the year. There can be no doubt that these Indians are gradually learning and adopting the ways of civilized life."

"The Kiowas have danced less this year than usual, and they seem to have given up their annual medicine dance, for as yet they have said nothing about it. The holding of this dance has always been a great occasion and considered one of their most important ceremonies, for they have believed it absolutely necessary to secure their health, and success in all their undertakings, either at war or in the chase. They have generally gone out on the plains from forty to sixty miles from the agency and been absent from five to six weeks. On several occasions, since the buffalo disappeared, they have suffered very much with hunger while out, and I hope we have heard the last of the dance."

AGRICULTURE.

"A much better report may be expected hereafter of the farming operations of these Indians, for the care and attention to be given to the work by the additional number of farmers to be appointed under a late order from your office will add materially to the result."

SQUAW-MEN.

"I had been nearly five years in office before I met with the common experience of a United States Indian Agent's trouble with squaw-men. Having had occasion during the year to take action against one of their number, they decided I was not such an agent as they wished to have, and immediatly instituted proceedings by which they hoped to effect a change. There are some good men among this class who wield a good influence over the Indians, but there are others whose character and influence is so bad that it is futile to expect peace as long as they are permitted to remain among the Indians; some decision is required defining their status; and certainly, if they are to be held amenable to law, Indian agents should be supported in all proper action taken against them."

INDIAN POLICE.

"The work done by the police during the year was very satisfactory, and when provision can be made for quarters, and the proper subsistance of themselves and horses, that degree of discipline could be enforced from which greater efficiency of the force could be attained."

FREIGHTING.

"The Indians hauled all the freight, and, except in cold weather, they have done it cheerfully and well. The total amount hauled was 543,071 pounds; nearly all of which was hauled from Caldwell, Kans., a distance of 150 miles, and for which the Indians received $7,851.56."

SCHOOLS.

"The two Indian schools, the one for the children of the Kiowa, Comanche, and Apache Indians, and the other for the children of the affiliated tribes of the old Wichita Agency, have been in successful operation during the year. The heavy drafts made upon these schools during the term to furnish children for the Chilocco school and others, very considerably reduced the number of scholars in attendance. There were taken from the agency at one time seventy children for the Chilocco school, and most of these were drawn from the two schools then in session. The Indians having once brought in their children and filled the schools, they are slow in answering the call for a new supply to fill the places thus vacated, and as it happened that most of those furnished for this purpose the last term had not before attended school and the weather was very warm, they did not attend regularly."

A crop of corn and vegetables was planted by the children of each school the past season, but like the crops generally in this part of the Territory this year, the yield will be short.

The average number of children attending the two schools during the year was 84½.

RELIGIOUS.

"The Rev. J. B. Wicks, who for three years past has been laboring as a missionary among the Indians of this and the Cheyenne Agency, made his home at this agency during the past year. A neat church building has been erected at the agency, and services held every Sabbath. The Rev. Mr. Wicks represents the Episcopalians of the Central diocese of New York, and this church was built by funds contributed by that Church.

The Indian church, called so because it was built and is entirely controlled by Indians, has continued through the year the regular weekly meetings, and I think is in a prosperous condition. Its membership and support come from the Wichitas and several of the other affiliated tribes."

CHEYENNES AND ARAPAHOES.

The Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation includes about four million acres in the northern portion of the western section of the Territory; good grazing land—except on the sand hills—ample water for stock, in the Cimarron, Washita and Canadian rivers and their tributaries. The country is rolling, the high prairies needing only irrigation to make them yield abundantly as do the lower bottoms. The climate is delightful. The great trouble is the scarcity of timber, and the agency is poorly situated in low land, to which wood for building or fuel must be hauled fifteen or twenty miles.

The late agent, John D. Miles of the Society of Friends, is well known as one of the best in the service. The new agent Major D. B. Dyer is also a good man, worthy of confidence, as are the agents of Indian Territory as a rule, as far as I could judge.

In his first annual report, made in August last, Major Dyer gives the condition of things he has found and his impressions of the needs.

OBSTACLES TO ADVANCEMENT.

"The most serious difficulty to the advancement of these Indians lies in the lack of power to control them, and the best results will never be attained until our roving and lawless Indians are under complete control, and forced, not only to stop depredating, but compelled to keep hands off such Indians as desire to work. It is the practice of the 'dog soldiers' to compel the attendance of all Indians on their medicine making, and on refusal of any one to attend, his teepee is cut up, chickens, hogs, and cattle killed, growing crops destroyed; they rule with an iron hand, and their will, right or wrong, is absolute law.

We have here 2,366 Arapahoes and 3,905 Cheyennes, making a grand total of 6,271 Indians. Outside of the United States police, a few half-breeds and the Indians employed in shops or in teaming, all wear blankets, live in teepees, and are uncivilized, have the manners, ways, customs, superstitions, &c., which have been attached to their races for generations gone by. There is not one full-blood Indian living in a house, except as above noted. They idle away their time, and those that have small patches that they call farms, consisting of from one-quarter of an acre to 10 acres, abandon their crops on the slightest invitation and go to medicine or a feast, which keeps them away oftentimes for a month when they are most needed at home. I have great faith that this state of affairs can be changed; first, as I stated, they must be controlled, and those who will work and wish to abandon their old way must be assisted, encouraged, and *protected*.

All Indians that I have ever met, I care not how ignorant, know the difference between right and wrong, and if told that the *law* is so and so, are as capable of obeying it as whites, and it is a great calamity to them as well as the Government that they should be allowed to exist and keep up their old customs and practices, &c., when a simple act of Congress, would so quickly transfer them into law-abiding citizens. The lower House of Congress, at its last session, struck the key-note to the whole situation, and I am sorry that the Senate could not agree that—

> Any act which, when done by a citizen of the United States, would be a crime shall be and is hereby declared equally a crime when done by any Indian upon or belonging to any Indian reservation, and such Indian committing such crime shall be subject to the same jurisdiction, and amenable to the same process that any citizen would be in like case.

This is not complete enough, but would have been a splendid start in the right direction. They must conform to the will of the Government or take the consequences, and it is important that this should be made intelligible and significant to them. The speedy punishment of the Indians who took part in the raid of Horton, and forcibly took possession of over 200 ponies in May last, would have gone farther to break down the power and influence of the worst class of Indians, than all the threats that an agent could make during the rest of his natural days. In these tribes, like all communities, there are particularly hard cases, who succeed better in general development than most of their friends, because they devote more attention to it, turning all of their energies in that direction, and bringing themselves to bear on it with an earnestness and assiduity that could not fail to render them prominent. The occurrence of many such raids will go further to break down the power and influence of the Government, if the guilty parties are left unpunished, than anything that can be done. These Indians ceased to be useful and became wholly ornamental when they quit hunting and settled down here to do literally nothing. They should have been from the start given to understand that they must *work*, and the power of the army should have been used to see that they did. I imagine that the thousands of hard-working mechanics, artisans, farmers, and merchants, who pay a large tax and have the best interest of our whole country at heart, would be surprised if they could pause from their work and take a fair view of the 6,000 lazy Indians, who daily draw their pound of flesh, and the blood with it, hides and horns thrown in. At times I get discouraged when I look over the vast work to be done here, but so far from losing hope, I am only nerving myself to fresh exertions, and I know the best way to deal with Indians is, to neither promise nor threaten anything that cannot be carried out, and to deal with them always in strict justice, treat them as human beings, like ourselves, as they have much of human nature in their red skins, and are, as I have remarked, as capable of listening to reason, when the reason is good, as if the color was white.

Resources sustain nothing, but labor sustains everything. This is a good country for diversified crops, but the importance of agriculture among the Indians has been overlooked. I hope to organize the labor here so as to be able to produce all the wheat, corn, sugar cane, vegetables, and fruits required to support these people. I shall not increase the amount of money expended but shall try hard to get 100 cents' worth of value for every dollar of the people's money expended. Twenty-five good farmers as industrial teachers with agricultural implements and wire for fencing farms should be allowed us, for several years, and it seems strange that $300,000 per year can be secured for the purchase of beef and flour, and that this all-important end to be accomplished is so neglected."

CHEYENNES.

"The Cheyennes are said to be the smarter race of the two, but in so short a residence I am not fully prepared to and than this opinion. That they are at present further from civilization I am positive, and that they are insolent, headstrong, domineering and hard to restrain cannot be questioned. They have never been whipped, and boast that they could wipe us out at any time—a matter that should speedily call for the attention of the Government, as no considerable progress can be made so long as this feeling exists and this element rules the actions of the tribe. My hands are manacled and the dog soldiers rule supreme.

The Indian question is one of great and absorbing interest to our country, and it is to be devoutly hoped that the Army will be called upon to compel this lawless element to obey the rules of this office, and exchange their rifles and pistols for agricultural implements, and settle down to farming, instead of continually riding over the country and depredating on every one who may come within their reach. It is a disgraceful state of affairs, discreditable to our Government, and should not exist another day. Men that can fight as these have, can work, and why a few score of young bucks should be allowed to interrupt public travel, levy tax on herds and freighters, intimidate, browbeat, and threaten the lives of people quietly passing through the country, compel the attendance of their own people upon the occasion of the medicine-making, whether they believe in it or not, under penalty of having their tents cut up, their dogs, horses, cattle, chickens, &c., killed, and create a disturbance at will, is more than a law-abiding citizen can understand. The relations of these Indians to the Government have never been cordial. Nor is it strange at all when we consider that they have *never* been made to respect its authority. They are proud of their own tribe and despise the Arapahoes. Part of their dislike comes no doubt from the fact that the Arapahoes have stood by the Government when they were hostile. Cheyenne women sometimes marry Arapahoes, but I am told the men never do.

They make medicine several times during the season, which occupies several months of their valueless time. At the medicine some very extraordinary scenes can be witnessed. For the Buffalo and Sun dances a large number of the braves are selected on account of their physical strength and endurance; they strip and paint themselves to the waist; some torture themselves and dance until they drop from sheer exhaustion; not many stand it for more than a day or two without food or water. Their endurance is worthy of a better cause.

The idea of a future existence, I believe, is general among these people, but it is said if one dies by hanging he is forever lost. Their religion will change greatly as they advance in civilization, but superstitions will cling to them for generations, and it will be many years before they treat their women other than as slaves.

An Indian does not entertain the idea that girls exist merely to display fine drapery and look pretty; they have a decided notion that they were born to labor: and of the 75 acres reported as being under cultivation by full-bloods of this large tribe, hardly any of it was worked wholly by men. In addition to the above 75 acres, two half-breeds have farms of 100 acres, and the corn yield will be satisfactory."

ARAPAHOES.

"The Arapahoes are generally quite tractable, good-natured and inclined to be progressive, but like all Indians, they lack adhesion and zeal and aggressive habits, and in the tribe there are some who are as bad as the worst Cheyennes; and while I have laid little of our trouble at their door, I have done so because they are generally more inclined to the right, and if separated from the Cheyennes would, I think, do much better. Still some of the depredations reported are traceable directly to them, and while such reports are in some cases exaggerated, allowing a reasonable margin for enlargement, there is much that I know to be true that needs speedy correction. The ordinary police work of a great Government like ours ought to be sufficiently well done to render such scenes as are of weekly occurrence impossible.

The full-bloods of this tribe farm in a small way, having planted the past spring 422 acres to corn and garden vegetables; but I am safe in saying that not more than 100 acres of this will produce *anything*, owing to the fact that it was abandoned as soon as planted, for the medicine making."

FARMING.

"The question now agitating the Indians is, shall we go to farming? If they can keep body and soul together by obtaining in some shape the results of the labors of others, as they say, they are not ready and will not be civilized, and look upon any one who wishes to advance them in agriculture as their enemy."

THE MENNONITE MISSIONARY,

Rev. S. S. Haury, reports two mission schools, the last opened Sept. 1884, together averaging 55, all Arapahoes, the Cheyennes refusing to send their children to the same school with their rivals, and having had the promise of one for themselves. "With moral and religious instruction, the teaching is of the elementary English branches." "The majority of them, especially the younger

ones, understand the English language well and speak it freely among themselves. Industrial education was given as far as there was work for the boys on the farm, and the girls at sewing and house-work. "To encourage them, we have given some of the larger boys the privilege to plant and cultivate with our mission teams some corn for themselves. Some have two acres each; their corn is good and promises a rich return. In connection with the two schools, 80 acres have been cultivated, mostly by the larger boys under direction of the industrial teachers. The value of the crops—corn, oats, sorghum, broom-corn, vegetables, &c—has amounted to almost $3,000; the expenses of seed and cultivating, to less than $1,400. Efforts are made to break up tribal relations by inducing families to live apart from the band, pledging themselves to send their children to school, to try to start a farm, to have no medicine dances, and not to add to the number of their wives. Six families are now located there in houses at the mission, some not doing well, others doing their best. One has broken four acres, and fenced twenty, paying for the wire."

These Mennonite missionaries are most sensible and efficient workers, and should be encouraged. The Friends of Philadelphia, have in past years done much for the tribes in western Indian Territory.

HOW TO MAKE THEM SELF-SUPPORTING.

Not only are these wild tribes fed by the Government, but they will make trouble if we do not feed them, as last year's attempt to reduce the beef ration one-third clearly showed. They were ready to fight, and the authorities yielded. But it is, I believe, quite possible to bring them all to self-support, thus making a vast saving to the Government, which is now giving them as a gratuity about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars per year, chiefly in food.

The report of Major P. B. Hunt, Indian agent, published in the report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1882, gives a detailed, practical plan of creating a great herd of cattle, for which there is abundant grazing on the three million of acres on the Kiowa and Comanche reservation, which would, in ten years, supply all the beef they should need. The Secretary of the Interior cordially approved this plan and urged it on Congress. It calls for an immediate advance of the annuities due these Indians in the next five years, amounting to about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to be invested in cattle breeding. Government would pay nothing but what it has already pledged, and would save at least five hundred thousand dollars. Probably nothing will be done about it.

Major John D. Miles, agent of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, recently, in their behalf, leased three million acres of their lands, reserving enough for home use, to a syndicate of cattle men for the term of ten years, at sixty-two thousands dollars a year, to be paid half in cattle and half in cash, with the expectation of a herd large enough in ten years for ample supply of beef, making them independent of Government. These Indians, as well as those under Major Hunt, have agreed that their annual clothing allowance, amounting to over thirty thousand dollars, shall be invested in stock, to increase the herd, which was done last year. They will get their clothing mainly by their own efforts. *Beef is the one indispensable factor in Indian life.*

These wild tribes have for several years hauled their own supplies from Caldwell, Kansas, the nearest railroad station, a hundred and fifty miles distant, giving complete satisfaction; they have often suffered from hunger rather than touch the food committed to their care. The Sioux have shown the same scrupulous honesty and efficiency in transporting their rations. This plan was, I believe, established by Mr. Carl Schurz when Secretary of the Interior.

Education is represented by good Government boarding-schools at both agencies, conducted on a manual labor basis, but confined to farming and household industries. Among all the schools for Indians which I visited or heard of in the West, no trades are taught, there being no adequate provision for it. The additional expense for thorough mechanical training would be considerable, and is not likely to be allowed by the Government.

A number of these wild Indian boys spent last summer among farmers of Kansas with excellent results. No institution could do more good work than an agency for distributing them by hundreds every year in this way. Many would be willing to remain away for a year or two, thus getting the best possible training. Farmers in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts are doing the Indian cause good service and themselves no injustice by taking Indian children from Carlisle and Hampton into their families, some for the summer and some for the entire year.

It is unfortunate that with all the effort for the red race mechanical skill has been most scantily taught them. Only at Hampton and Carlisle is it done on a liberal scale.

These wild tribes, like the majority of their race, are about holding their own in numbers. When the conditions are favorable they at least do that everywhere. White men's diseases and bad whisky are, however, making sad havoc, and are threatening their very existence. In spite of the strict prohibition policy throughout the Indian Territory, considerable liquor is smuggled in, and many alcoholic drugs, like cologne, painkiller, essence of lemon, etc., are drunk for their intoxicating effect, with disastrous results.

THE CATTLE QUESTION.

The cattle question in this Territory has been much agitated.

There is an increasing demand for grass. The Indian Territory is a splendid pasture ground in relief against the nearly exhausted pastures of Texas. Experience shows that outside herders will drive their cattle upon unused pastures. Indian policemen and United States soldiers have failed to keep away Texas cowboys with their flocks; if driven back, they at once return. It is best, on the whole, I believe, to rent to the highest bidder the privilege of grazing cattle on Indian lands, for it hardly increases the consumption of grass and it creates a revenue.

Indian Agent Miles, who leased the Cheyenne lands, stated to me that, in his opinion, the best thing was to supply the Indians with cattle, to be under the agent's management, and cared for by Indian herders; he had himself, in former years, established a large herd that was suddenly killed off by a most unfortunate order from Washington; the plan had been tried and had succeeded. But if Congress would not grant the money (which would, in time, put an end to annual appropriations of some $300,000 for beef) to invest in stock, it was better, rather than to let lands be covered by white men's stock, to lease it to them and thus create a fund to buy a herd.

White men do not, as a rule, employ Indian herders; even the Indian cattle owners of the territory, so far as I observed, hire white men as herders. Indian employees are fickle, uncertain, and, while highly adapted to herding cattle, need looking after.

There appears to be a great demand for grazing lands, for which good prices are offered. There has been complaint that the lease of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe lands was not made in open market. The point seems well taken. The records in the Indian Commissioner's Office show, I am told, that Western capital is eager for this sort of investment, and wishes a fair chance.

Men "strong in political influence" who go into business operations involving the interests of Indians make, I think, a mistake; they cannot avoid a suspicion that does not attach itself to other kinds of investment. Any one hearing of a politician investing in these land leases, unless knowing his integrity, inclines to distrust the act. Western papers have strongly denounced those who take part in the lease of the pasture lands of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes.

There should be a most careful protection of the Indian in these matters, who so often has had the worst of what apparently were, and were meant to be, fair bargains.

THE MODOCS.

Among the many fragments of tribes in the northwestern corner of the Territory, under the charge of Major Dyer, all of whom are industrious and prosperous, are about one hundred Modocs, nine years ago wild and warlike Indians. They are now the most progressive of them all, although the rest were transplanted from Ohio, Kansas, and other States. This remarkable change is due to good management and surrounding influences. Living upon the Missouri border and near quiet Indians, with good schools, they have abandoned their old life, and will soon be self-supporting. Had the hostile Apaches been placed here or in like conditions, there would have been, in a few years, a like result. Even where they are, an adequate force of teachers and farmers would soon change them; but with no school and one farmer for four thousand, little is to be expected.

When instead of two and a half million dollars yearly for food and seven hundred thousand ($700,000) for education, there shall be millions for practical education and less for food, we will have plenty of good Indians.

HALF-CIVILIZED TRIBES.

Wichita Agency. Between the Cheyennes on the north and the Kiowas on the south, and under charge of Major Hunt of the Kiowa, Comanche and Wichita Agency, are situated the five hundred and fifty Caddoes, and two hundred and twenty Wichitas, with smaller remnants of tribes; the Wacoes, Towaconies, Keechies and Delawares. They have been learning the ways of civilized life for many years past and are now almost in a self-supporting condition. They cultivate the soil, live in houses and wear citizen's dress.

OSAGES, KAWS AND QUAPAWS.

The Osage reservation, Major L. J. Miles, agent, lies on the territory's northern boundary, near its centre. The Kaws and Quapaws are small fragments of tribes, and, though semi-civilized, wearing citizen dress and raising a little corn and vegetables, prefer dancing and gambling to work, live hard, and are rapidly passing away. The Osages numbered 1,570 in June, 1884, 355 being of mixed blood. They too are steadily decreasing in numbers, "and must continue until they give up their old customs. Yet they are apparently strong and healthy, and with proper care of themselves, there should be no reason why they should not become a healthy and prosperous nation."

From Agent Miles' Report.

THEIR FARMING.

"Experience has not proved that the Indians of this agency will in the near future become successful farmers. They have put in their usual amount of corn and vegetables, and have taken very good care of their crops, will have more than usual, and a large number of them will have potatoes to use. They enjoy rest, however; and a few acres is as much as the women care to tend with the little help they get from the men."

A number of mixed bloods have large farms upon which they raise corn principally, for which they find a ready market at home from stockmen.

EDUCATION.

"Believing that to educate their children was the best possible thing that could be done for them, I insisted that the Osage council should pass some compulsory law, and as a result they passed a bill that all children not in school eight months in the year should lose their annuity, placing the school age at from seven to fourteen years. As a result of this law, the school at Osage filled up rapidly in March and maintained a steady attendance until the close of the school in June.

There has been no missionary stationed here during the year.

The Indians are naturally very religious in their way. The Osages maintain a kind of religious organization, to support which they will sacrifice anything that they have. The issues of cattle and the large cash annuities of the past two years have given them means to join this order, and large amounts of stock and merchandise have been spent for that purpose; even small children have taken the rite of the dove, as it is called. Many of them see that this custom is making the Indian poor. They often speak of the matter, but seem wholly under the influence of the medicine men, whose bread and butter largely depend in keeping the Indians interested in these religious rites. I trust that in the near future they may be induced to accept something better. There is much need of devoted, active missionary work, those that can enter the service and master the language, thus enabling them to teach the Indians in their own tongue, leading them from their superstitious worship of an imaginary great spirit, through prayers and songs to birds and beasts and repetitions of brave acts, to a knowledge of a real Savior."

PONCAS AND PAWNEES.

These reservations lie west of the Osage, are well watered and fertile. Major John W. Scott, agent, reports for 1884:

"The Poncas divide their attention about equally between farming and stock-raising and are making fair progress in both. If this season had been as favorable as last they would have shown a very satisfactory increase, both of acreage cultivated and production. They are also gradually acquiring small herds of cattle, which, if no misfortune befalls them, will in a few years place their owners in comfortable circumstances.

In the matter of stock-raising they are making a very fair start. This branch of industry, I think, should be encouraged as far as possible. The country is well adapted to it. It is not to the same extent subject to the vicissitudes of wet and drought as is general farming, and offers to these people a readier means of competence and self-support than any other occupation in which they can engage. The Poncas now own 1,008 head of cattle; 246 of these are the increase of the present season. They own also 54 American horses, 203 ponies, 92 swine, and 848 domestic fowls. In regard to the stock-raising the trouble heretofore has been that the Indians made insufficient provisions for a winter supply of provender and allowed the stock to "rustle" for a living as best they could during the greater part of the winter. The result was that they lost every winter nearly as much as the increase of the summer. To remedy this I have encouraged and assisted them as far as possible to put up hay, and I estimate that they have secured about 686 tons."

THE PAWNEES.

"The Pawnees now number 1142 souls, a slight decrease since last annual report. Hereditary and constitutional diseases are slowly but surely decimating this people. Aside from these, the general health and condition of the tribe has been remarkably good. The abundant crops of last year furnished them with good and nourishing food as well as with a limited supply of cash with which their immediate wants were supplied.

"There is no disposition to return to the ration system. Two years' trial without the weekly ration has undoubtedly resulted in good to this tribe since it became a necessity for them to exercise at least a degree of industry and forethought in providing the necessaries of life. Agricultural pursuits engage the principal attention of these Indians, though seve al members of the tribe have a few head of cattle each, and one has directed his attention to mercantile pursuits with a fair prospect of success."

The Otoes and Missiourias, under the same agency, are in less promising condition, but circumstances have been against them. "Their children are bright and teachable, and take to industrial pursuits." Major Scott thinks that "when treated in a friendly and reasonable way, they will respond in a similar spirit."

The Nez Perces of Joseph's band, are also under his charge. "They are unusually bright and intelligent: nearly half of them consistent members of the Presbyterian church, and in dress, and propriety of deportment could not be distinguished from an ordinary white congregation. They give no trouble but are extremely anxious to return to their old home. Yet many have provided themselves with cosy, comfortable homes."

For all the tribes under his charge, Major Scott reports in general:

"I am pleased to be able to say that the Indians have been remarkably quiet and peaceable. There has been no outbreak of any kind, no grave crime, no breach of the peace, and very little intoxication has occurred among any of the tribe.

This record cannot be equaled in any white community of corresponding numbers.

These tribes all recognize the fact that they can no longer pursue the path of their forefathers, but must adopt the white man's way, and they accept the situation with resignation if not with cheerfulness. They have so completely abandoned the old way that the passion for the chase, either for amusement or as a means of subsistence, appears to have completely died out. If they cannot hunt buffalo or elk, they will not hunt turkeys or prairie chicken, both of which are abundant, and they never attempt to take fish, with which their streams abound. Few of them possess or seem to care for fire-arms; on the other hand they appear really and honestly anxious to adopt the habits and means of livelihood pursued by white men. But here a much more difficult task confronts them. It is easy enough to give up hunting buffalo when there are none to be found. It is easy enough to abandon the old road when it is completely shut up and obliterated, but the entrance to the new path is rugged and thorny. In entering upon a new course of life so much at variance with all their ideas, habits, and traditions, many and formidable obstacles stand in their way. Chief among these is their natural indolence. I think many of them really want to work, but while the spirit is willing the flesh is weak. They are easily fatigued, and easily diverted from the business in hand. They will quit the most urgent job on the slightest provocation or simply to lie in the shade. Regular and systematic work is what they need to be taught first of all. For this reason I consider it good policy, and good economy as well, to employ all the Indian labor that can be profitably used about the agencies. These men acquire habits of sustained and regulated labor, as well as knowledge of and skill in the use of tools and implements, and when they go out to make farms of their own, experience proves that they succeed much better than others, and their example benefits those around them.

Another of the obstacles to their progress toward self-support is their inveterate habit of visiting. When the fit takes them to go off on a visit, they will drop the plow in the furrow, leave their wheat dead ripe in the field, or the mowing machine in the swathe and go. I have endeavored to affect a change in this particular. Another custom very much to be deprecated is the practice of wholesale visiting. A party of fifty or two hundred and fifty from some distant reservation suddenly quarter themselves on some one of my tribes and stay there, feasting and dancing, till they have eaten their hosts out of house and home and completely exhausted the patience and resources of the agent; then they leave, taking with them a drove of ponies which their entertainers, for some reason, feel bound to give them, thus leaving

the tribe which has been the victim of the raid sadly depleted and impoverished.

"Courts of Indian offences," composed of Indians as judges, for the trial and punishment of offenses arising among their people have been proposed; no attempt so far as I know has been heretofore made to organize such courts in connection with this agency. I have recently taken steps to form such courts in two of the tribes.

In settling the ordinary disputes and misunderstandings that occasionally arise among the Indians, I think they will be a great help and relief to the agent. As to their efficiency in preventing or punishing what are technically termed Indian offenses, such as bigamy, the sun-dance, giving property at funerals, &c., I am by no means sanguine. I think it will be difficult to persuade Indian judges to regard and punish as crimes acts which they and their people have from time immemorial looked upon as perfectly proper and right. What is needed is a radical change of sentiment among the Indians, and this must be effected by moral means. Coercion will never accomplish it. Here is a missionary field as needy and much more promising than any that can be found in Asia or Africa, and I would gladly welcome any effort that might be made in this direction and do what lay in my power to promote its success.

The Woman's National Indian Rights Association has during the summer inaugurated a movement which I regard as highly important and praiseworthy, by sending out two ladies to labor among the women of these tribes in teaching them the arts and economies of domestic life. The education of the Indian woman has been heretofore entirely neglected, but I feel confident much can be done by an agency of this kind to improve their surroundings and elevate their condition. One of these ladies is at Ponca agency and the other at Pawnee. The work, of course, is thus far in its incipient stages and results are not yet tangible, but the field is wide and promising and I believe it would be a wise policy on the part of the Government to appoint, especially at Ponca, a teacher to labor in conjunction with the society, as there is room enough and ample work for both.

All the tribes connected with this agency have within the last six or seven months leased their unoccupied lands for grazing purposes, and the lands so leased have been inclosed with substantial wire fence. The income derived from these leases of lands, otherwise entirely unproductive, represents a substantial item in the support of the Indians. The Poncas received $1,700 a year; the Pawnees, about $3,700, the Otoes $2,100; and the Nez Perces, $1,000.

In all the tribes the Indians have done all the freighting of supplies required for their several agencies, and have transacted the business in a very careful and satisfactory manner, no case of loss or damage to goods through their neglect or inattention having yet come to my knowledge.

The members of the police force on the different reservations have been, as a general rule, quiet and exemplary in their conduct, and have promptly and efficiently discharged the duties required of them.

Upon the whole, these Indians are making substantial if not rapid progress toward civilization and self-support, and they will advance in an accelerated ratio as their stock of knowledge and experience accumulates from year to year, each point gained enabling them to make a still further advance till, within a shorter period of time than now seems possible, they will become independent and self-sustaining communities."

SACS AND FOXES.

The Sac and Fox Agency, in the very centre of the Territory, includes four reservations, on which are legally settled five tribes: viz.: the Sacs and Foxes of Mississippi, the Iowas, the Mexican Kickapoos, the Absentee Shawnees, and Pottawatomies, with some five or six hundred Indians from various other tribes scattered among them. Major Isaac H. Taylor, agent for all, reports in August, 1884:

"I find the Sacs and Foxes to be a people of good native intellect generally, but, with a few exceptions, very much wedded to their old traditions. They are an extremely cautious and suspicious people; therefore it takes great patience to accomplish desired work, and the faithful fulfilling of all promises to keep their confidence. They are very peacefully disposed. They draw large annuities, with good economy almost sufficient to support them. With the poor quality of land they are endeavoring to cultivate, which gives such poor results, the large annuities they draw semi-annually, with the privilege of using their credit with the traders for six months ahead on the strength of their next annuity payment, who wonders that they are not becoming a more agricultural people? These conditions would drown the energies of a majority of the whites. The Indians who are making efforts to gain their living by the sweat of their brow, as a rule are looked upon with a great deal of suspicion by many of their tribe, and I think this mainly arises from the influence of ill-designing whites who appeal to their prejudices, thereby getting them to watch their brother Indians while they are accomplishing their own evil ends.

These people are well supplied with a good class of ponies, and a few are engaged in raising cattle. Chief Keokuk possessing the largest herd of any of the Sacs and Foxes.

Most of the families have small gardens, the principal products being potatoes of both varieties (sweet and Irish), beans, and onions. Their early gardens have done quite well. The dry weather has damaged all late gardening, as well as the corn crop. From the best information I can gather, the Sacs and Foxes have planted about 400 acres in corn, no wheat, one piece of oats of about 80 acres, which will probably yield 20 bushels per acre. The corn crop, which is on the rolling land, is almost a total failure from drought. The part on the bottom lands is promising quite well; with a few seasonable rains will produce 15 bushels per acre. I don't think it safe to average the present crop at over 5 bushels per acre, which will make the corn production of this reservation about 2,000 bushels."

A portion of the Sac and Fox tribe, 365 persons, are located in Tama Co. Iowa, where they own 1,340 acres held in trust for them by the Governor of that State. Their agent, Major Davenport says that of this they have 235 acres under cultivation, furnishing all the food they need. With the sale of furs and horses and their annuities they are well off; are a quiet, law-abiding people, and live in harmony with their white neighbors. The agency industrial day school is well managed and a success. A large number speak English; nearly all read and write in their own language. Their health is good. "For honesty and truthfulness, they stand above the average white man with the merchants with whom they deal."

THE IOWAS.

"These people left their reservation in Nebraska and Kansas some five years ago, and have undergone many privations and hardships since that time. Not being assured as to their possession until the issue of an executive order in August, 1883, they made very little efforts to do anything in the way of agricultural pursuits, but since that time their efforts are commendable. They have planted this year from 2 to 8 acres of corn to each family, in all probably 80 acres, which will yield about 15 bushels per acre, making 1,200 bushels. Besides, they all have gardens of potatoes, beans, and onions. They own neither cattle, hogs, nor poultry, but possess from 3 to 6 head of ponies per family. They are scantily supplied with agricultural implements.

They are very desirous that their lands in Nebraska and Kansas, be sold and the proceeds of the sale thereof be placed in charge of the United States Treasury on interest, the interest to be paid to them as annuity yearly, except so much as would be necessary to build them a school-house, fit it out for school purposes, and maintain a school: also enough to build them a blacksmith and carpenter shop and maintain the same. They are bitterly opposed to allotting any of their lands in Nebraska to their half-breeds. In support of such opposition they cite the fact that these half-breeds once received lands by allotment and squandered them, and were taken back into the tribe, and another allotment, they claim, will be a repetition of the above. They are very anxious to have all their people settle with them."

MEXICAN KICKAPOOS.

"The Mexican Kickapoos now on their reservation are located on a reservation set apart for them by executive order dated August 15, 1883.

The Mexican Kickapoo tribe of Indians, 326 souls, is composed of the Kickapoos and Pottawatomies who left their reservation in Kansas during the late civil war and went to Mexico, from which fact their name. Their experiences have been varied. They are the crafty Indians in this agency, and are very shrewd traders. These Indians are receiving a limited issue of rations, consisting of the following article for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1885: Beef, gross, 30,000 pounds; coffee, 2,000 pounds; flour, 25,000 pounds; sugar, 3,500 pounds; and soap, 1,500 pounds.

If the present system of issuing rations to them could be modified so as to issue rations to the old women who are heads of families, for themselves and members of their families who are too small to labor, and to the aged men in the tribe, and issue implements to those who are able to labor, I doubt not but it would be of material help in advancing them greatly in bettering their present condition, and such a course, I think, would force the indolent ones to become self-sustaining."

ABSENTEE SHAWNEES.

"The Absentee Shawnees are living on the same reservation with the Pottawatomies, with the exception of those who left some years ago and settled on the reservations now occupied by the Iowas and Mexican Kickapoos, where they have opened up small farms and are doing moderately well.

There are about 720 Absentee Shawnees under the charge of this agency, who are entitled to homes on the 30-mile-square tract of land, as described, upon which the Pottawatomies are now living. They take their name from the fact of having separated from the Shawnee tribe of Indians long years ago, and never rejoining them. It is a strong desire with them to live alone; consequently the opposition to allotting on the same reservation with the Pottawatomies, urging that they had settled on these lands long before the Pottawatomies, and that the land by right is theirs.

The act of May 23, 1872, which makes provisions for homes for them by allotment requires pure or mixed Absentee Shawnee blood before they can acquire the benefits of said act, and from this fact arises largely the opposition to allotment, for among them are Indians of various tribes who cannot receive allotted homes, whereas if the land is held in common they pass for Absentee Shawnees, with all their rights and privileges. This foreign element contains some of the best talent among them, and it is used in keeping up dissatisfaction, cultivating continously the old Indian ways.

These people are engaged in raising hogs, ponies, and cattle, and are the most extensive agriculturists in this agency. Besides their gardening they will average about 8 acres of corn to the family, which will yield near 9,000 bushels."

POTTAWATOMIES.

"The Pottawatomies number about 500 souls. They receive no assistance from the Government what ever in the way of annuities or rations. They are engaged in farming and stock-raising on a small scale.

They are not making the progress that is naturally expected of them for the past advantages they have had, but I think this is owing largely to the land troubles which have been and are existing between them and the Absentee Shawnees, both parties claiming priority of rights. The Pottawatomies are, to a certain extent, nursing the idea that if they can succeed in securing certain moneys which they claim are due from the Government, they can purchase the entire tract, and thereby rid themselves of the Absentee Shawnees. However, some of them seem anxious to take their allotments, in compliance with the law of May 23, 1872. "An act to provide homes for the Pottawatomies and Absentee Shawnee Indians in the Indian Territory;" still, there is a speculative element among them who do not seem to desire the allotting of land consummated.

There is at this writing no school among them, and no provisions for one in the future, that I know of; but when the addition to the Absentee Shawnee school building is completed, lumber for which is now on the ground, I think there will be room to accommodate some of them, and the arrangements should be made to that end."

"GAMBLING.

has grown to a mania among the Indians of this agency, the women at times "taking a hand." About the time annuity payments are to be made, you see the gamblers commence gathering from the neighboring tribes, and some come from the States. Some white men who are married to Indian women are leaders in this vice. They seem to fully understand that an agent is powerless to stop them from gambling, consequently any and all official notices to prevent gambling and other vices are ridiculed by them.

The disreputable class of white men who are allowed to reside in this country on account of having married among the Indians, and the associates whom they keep around them, do more real harm against civilization and Christianity in one year than all the Christian ministers in America can counteract in ten years. Still this class of men goes and comes at will, while the law-abiding white man, whose example would be profitable, is kept out entirely because of his respect for the laws of his country. A good scouring with United States soldiers would be very beneficial."

MISSIONARY WORK.

"Chief Keokuk is the only chief who has adopted fully Christianity and civilization. He has been a great help to Christian work and in advancing his people in civilization. He deserves sympathy and great credit and encouragement."

CONCLUSION.

"My Indian employes are doing remarkably well. Too much credit cannot be given the Rev William Hurr, missionary and United States interpreter, for his zealous labors in trying to advance his race to a higher standing; the same can be truthfully said of Thomas W. Alford, principal teacher at Shawneetown."

THE FIVE CIVILIZED TRIBES.

The eastern part of the Territory is occupied by the reservations of the Five Nations, under one "Union Agency," of which Major J. Q. Tufts is agent.

"The Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks and Seminoles, composing this agency, it is estimated number about 65,000, including white and colored adopted citizens. The number of full-blood Indians is decreasing, while the increased number of mixed-bloods, and the adopted white and colored citizens make the population about the same from year to year.

The number of whites is increasing. The cause of this increase is, that the work done in the country is by whites and not by Indians. The mixed bloods will work some, but the full-bloods hardly ever. Under the laws of the country a citizen is entitled to all the land he may have improved. An arrangement is easily made with a white man who will make a farm for an Indian and give him a portion of the crop for the use of his name, and after a few years give him possession of the farm. Thus it is that more farms mean more white men. The number of whites within this agency who are laborers for Indians, employes of railroad companies, licensed traders, pleasure seekers, travelers and intruders, must be about 35,000, or half the number of Indians."

INTRUDERS.

"The number of intruders is increasing rapidly, and there being practically no law to punish for intrusion, it is only a question of time when they will control the country. The removal of intruders by the troops is a farce of the first water. When complaint is made by the Indian authorities of the presence of intruders, the military is call d upon at once to remove the intruders beyond the limits of this agency. The troops go to the locality, and if the intruder has not stepped into the woods and out of sight for a day or two, they arrest and escort him to the State line, and turn him loose. The intruder takes one or two breaths of State air, and returns to the Territory and the place from whence the troops took him."

INTEMPERANCE.

"Whisky is the cause of three-fourths of the murders in the Territory, and as the number of intruders and bad characters increase from year to year, the supply of bad whisky is more plentiful. It comes into the Territory from all directions, by wagons, pack-horses, railroads, and express, and in all shapes and quantities. The profit in the traffic is so enormous that parties will take all chances. The police and marshals do all that can be done, and arrest hundreds, who are sent to the penitentiary, but the country is so large and so much of it unoccupied that the whisky peddlers have ample opportunity to escape. Matters will not improve until the number of marshals is increased, and appropriation made to pay a large police force of good men to be on duty all the time."

STOCK AND CROPS.

"It is estimated that during the last winter, which was severe, not less than 15 per cent of the stock died from exposure. No feed is provided, nor care taken of cattle. The crops of corn, wheat, oats, cotton, and pecans promise an abundant yield."

SCHOOLS.

"Each of these nations has a public-school system similar to those of the States, and holds teachers' institutes at its capital annually. The settlements are so far apart that schools can be established only at neighborhoods where ten or more scholars can be got together. The neighborhood builds the house, and the nation furnishes teachers and books. Most of the teachers are educated Indians who teach the English only, in their schools. In addition to the neighborhood schools, each nation has academies and seminaries, boarding schools, for their children only. The Cherokees have two fine seminaries that have been in successful operation for many years. They are managed and operated by Cherokees. The Choctaws have three large academies, one under the management of the Methodist Church South, and the other two by the Presbyterian Missionary Board. The Chickasaws have four academies conducted by contractors who are citizens of the Chickasaw Nation. The Seminoles have two, one under the management of the Methodist Church South, the other of the Presbyterian Missionary Board, the nation paying the managers about $80 per annum for each pupil boarded, clothed, and educated. The Creeks have four seminaries under the management of the following religious societies: The Methodist Church South, Southern

Baptist, Presbyterian, and Baptist Home Missionary Societies, the latter for Creek freedmen.

In addition to the above, there are subscription schools. These are schools established by private enterprise and students paying tuition, except in cases where individuals or societies in the State pay tuition for certain students. These schools receive no support from the nations. Worcester Academy, at Vinita, under the supervision or the Congregational Society, erected two years ago by funds subscribed by citizens of the Cherokee Nation, is one of the best in the Territory, and has an average of about 100 students. Harrell Institute, at Muskogee, managed by the Methodist Church South, has about 140 students, and has in progress of erection a fine academy building. Indian University, at Tahlequah, managed by the Baptist Home Missionary Society, is a flourishing school. It will be removed to Muskogee as soon as buildings now in course of erection are completed. The schools managed by religious societies, either as pay schools or under contract with the nations, are generally the most successful.

The Five Nations, as a whole, are an illustration of missionary work, which, commencing seventy years ago with savages, has in two generations produced as high a stage of Christian civilization as could be expected; it is far weaker than that of the Anglo-Saxon, which has had a growth of a thousand years. There is not a blanket or a wild Indian among them; they have been humanized; they are clothed, right minded, intelligent, live in good, decently furnished houses, and self-supporting; a large class are moderate property holders. Absorbed into our national system, they would be carried along much more rapidly than is now possible, yet throwing their country open would create a struggle in which the weak (a majority) would suffer and the strong minority develop. This, however, must finally be done. Steadily improving, learning from the whites in their midst, becoming more and more Anglo-Saxon rather than Indian by admixture of blood, we shall ultimately have in this Territory an Indian problem without Indians; Indian blood may be practically extinct, while Indian rights may exist in full force. Where there is but one-sixteenth, or even one thirty-second part of Indian blood, the claim for rights is as strongly asserted as by those of pure blood. The advantage it gives over ordinary citizenship is tremendous and is, I think, too great to last very long in a country like this, where the tendency is to an equilibrium of rights.

The City of the Holy Faith.

In the far west is a section of our country just waking up from the sleep of centuries and taking its first steps in the march of progress which is slowly but surely drawing all lands and all peoples to a day of better things. It is mostly a desert of shifting sand but a "desert baptized may prove an Eden disguised," and New Mexico is not unlikely to verify the poet's dream. Explorers tell us that it is divided into five natural divisions. The plains on the eastern border; the valley of the Rio Pecos; the Sierra Blanca; the valley of the Rio Grande; the Sierra Madre, and beyond this the plains bordering on Arizona.

Historical dates are not to be thoroughly relied upon, but it is said that the Spaniards first found their way to this region about the year 1540, tempted on, through much suffering and privation, by the stories of mineral wealth told by the Indians. The limit to their endurance seems to have been reached when they halted on the spot where the City of Santa Fe now stands, known in Spanish records as *San Francisco de Asis de Santa Fe*, or the City of St. Francis of Assisi of Holy Faith. Here they established themselves and in a measure realized their dreams of acquiring wealth by working the mines of gold, silver and turquoise. The Catholic fathers of the church built, a few years after, the *Pecos* church near an ancient Aztec *pueblo*, where vestiges of that almost prehistoric tribe of sun-worshipers still remain. To the north is the village of Laos, where the waiting Indians still keep their fires burning and watch for Montezuma. Nearer to the City is the church of San Miguel, said to be the oldest church in America. The walls are of immense thickness at the bottom, and the small slits of windows at the top let in a "dim religious light," emblematic of the soul blindness of the worshipers and their ignorance of the true Father of light and love.

Entering the city itself, a place numbering about eight thousand souls only a few of whom are whites, one finds a quaint, "*olla podrida*" of narrow, crooked streets and one storied adobe houses, with several dismal looking Catholic churches and a few American houses; now and then a good school building. The walls of the adobe buildings are very thick; windows are scarce, with here and there a small door. A Mexican architect's head evidently was incapable of originating more than one idea, for they are all of one style, in the form of a hollow square. Various surprises meet the eye of an inquisitive visitor who ventures into the *plaella* or open enclosure: Sometimes it is transformed into a corral for *burros* (donkeys) sometimes a store-room for wood and brush, sometime a burial place and sometimes a lovely flower garden. The public *Plaza* or square, is a cheerful spot in summer time and it is pleasant to sit under the shade of cotton wood trees while one listens to the musical performance of the U. S. Military Band. Within a stone's throw are two fine looking buildings: the College of the Romanist Brothers and the "Sister's Hospital." On one side is the palace of the Spanish rulers, a large one storied building of five hundred feet or more, now occupied by government officials. Not many rods away is the Cathedral, so old as to be unsafe and gradually being rebuilt. About two hundred years ago, when the Indians revolted against Spanish oppression and suddenly appeared demanding the surrender of the City, this old church was the scene of wild confusion and dismay, as men, women and children fled within its massive walls for protection against Indian savagery. Their cries and appeals were all in vain. All were cruelly massacred and the stones were red with the blood of both the young and the old.

To a stranger this seems like a foreign land. The narrow streets, the oriental looking houses and the numerous little donkeys driven by blanketed Indians or swarthy Mexicans only needing turbans to look like Arabs,—remind one of scenes in Cairo or Jerusalem. There is a general air of thriftlessness and languor, an undeveloped condition of things peculiar to old Europe instead of new America. The people wear a dejected air of hopeless poverty and are ill fed evidently, though this dyspeptic look is probably owing to their excessive use of "chili colorado," one of the slow poisons, also tobacco and bad liquor. But all this will pass away. With the coming in of a new tide of civilization from the east the comforts of life are being introduced. Steam and electricity are doing their work here as elsewhere.

A far more hopeful sign to one who believes in a Christian civilization as the only true foundation for a permanent prosperity is the work being done by the faithful, self-sacrificing teachers of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, among the poor Mexicans chiefly. The University of New Mexico under excellent Christian teachers is also doing good work among the whites mainly, but is free to all. An industrial school for Indians is soon to be started and promises to be one of the most far reaching charities of the West. The buildings are purchased, the teachers engaged, and prospects are all favorable. The harvest truly is plenteous, and it would seem, from the number of highly educated, devoted Christian women in the East eager to enter into the work, that we no longer need to say the laborers are few.

I have failed to note one of Santa Fe's chief attractions and one which in future is going to make it one of the finest sanitariums of the world: its climate. The altitude of seven thousand five hundred feet affords a clear, rare, dry, electric air more than favorable for certain kinds of physical ailments. Are not all people, all lands, all climates, even the gold and precious gems, in the hands of God, and will He not make all these things work together for good and for the development of his kingdom of peace and good will to men? Then shall this desert blossom as the rose, this bitter turn to sweet, and this darkness into light. J. A.

Southern Workman.

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Seventeenth Anniversary of Hampton Institute.

Hampton has had occasion again to be thankful for a beautiful anniversary day, —a real "Hampton day," set like a jewel in a setting of storm and fog. The clouds that were thundering and pouring at seven, cleared away long before eleven, leaving no sign but added lustre to the face of nature, flower fragrance in the air, and freshness in the breeze that came over the shining waters.

Among our visitors from abroad, were, Rev. Dr. McVickar, rector of the church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. Watkins, rector of the church of the Holy Trinity, New York; Rev. Dr. McPherson of Chicago; Rev. Dr. Leakins and Rev. Chas. F. Weld of Baltimore; Rev. Samuel May of Leicester, Mass. and his cousin Rev. Jos. May of Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. Elwin of Philadelphia; Rev. John W. Harding of Longmeadow, Mass.; Rev. Mr. Cooper of New Britain, Ct.; Rev. Dr. Armstrong and Rev. Dr. Burrows, Rev. Mr. Spiller, and Rev. Mr. Smith (the last two colored ministers) of Norfolk. The board of trustees swelled this ministerial list with Rev. M. E. Strieby, D. D. of New York; Rev. H. W. Foote of Boston, and Rev. Alexander H. McKenzie of Cambridge, Mass. It was further increased by four of the colored ministers of Hampton; Rev. Wm. F. Thornton, Rev. Mr. Weeden, Rev. I. Butts and Rev. Young Jackson. Besides Drs. Strieby, Foote and McKenzie, there were present of the board of trustees, Dr. Lewis H. Steiner, librarian of the great Pratt Library, Baltimore. Mr. Robert C. Ogden and Mr. Anthony M. Kimber of Philadelphia; Judge F. N. Watkins of Farmville, Va.; Mr. Charles L. Mead of New York; Mr. Moses Pierce of Norwich, Ct.; Mr. Geo. F. Peabody of New York, and Gen. J. F. B. Marshall the school's honored ex-treasurer now of Weston, Mass. Among the other guests, were Mr. Hobbes, manager of Indian schools of North Carolina; Col. and Mrs. Stevenson of the Smithsonian Institution; Mrs. Daniel Gilman of Baltimore; Mrs Henry Rose and Mr. Wm. B. Lent of New York; Dr. C. C. Bombaugh of Baltimore, Mr. E. M. Garnett of Richmond, Rev. Mr. Clark, and Rev. Mr. Saunders of Norfolk; Miss Bush, lady Principal of the State Normal School at Farmville Va.; Mr. Shields of the Baltimore *Sun*.

The exercises were reported also for the *New York Herald, Post, Christian Union, Boston Journal* and *Advertiser*, the *Hartford Courant, Springfield Republican*, and Philadelphia, Norfolk and Hampton papers. Citizens of Norfolk and Hampton, and Old Point, and visitors from the Hygeia were present in numbers.

The recitations of the morning compared favorably with those of other years as did the written examinations of the three previous days, which were a severer test of the progress and standing of the class. The visitors' attention was, as usual, divided between class rooms and the work shops in which the Indian apprentices were found for half the morning, then going to their classes, while the work students of the night class remained till noon. The Industrial exhibit in the Stone Building showed good results of the year's work, and some improvements and, for a new feature, the first exhibit of the wood carving class which showed very pretty and creditable work: brackets, book-racks, paper knives, platters and church collection plates, picture frames and book shelves. The class has numbered during the year, 15 to 17 colored students and from 2 to 5 Indians. The teacher states that she finds no noticeable difference between the work of Indians and colored; her best designers have been among the Indians thus far; it is perhaps too soon to generalize; she sees no difference either, between the work of the boys and girls, after the latter get the use of the tools, in which, the boys, naturally, have the advantage.

The "Indian training shops" train both Indian and Colored students in carpentry, tin-smithing, shoe and harness making. Of carpenter work, school furniture of various kinds was shown. Noticeable here was a very perfectly made teacher's table, with drawers and cloth top, the work of an Onondaga youth, said by the manager to be one of the best mechanics of two years training he has ever seen;—many white journeymen cannot do as perfect work. The tin ware exhibit was artistically arranged upon a frame work of conductor pipe, and made a shining display of beauty in utility, to which a touch of sentiment was added in some curious baskets, square and round and melon shaped, deftly braided of strips of tin, the genius of a former Virginia willow weaver having thus forced its way to expression in a new material. The shoe shop made its usual creditable exhibit, and has done more custom work and repairing than ever this year. The head of the harness shop reports a colored apprentice as his best workman at present—"able to make a fifty dollar harness right through; could run a shop of his own." He has not forgotten however to boast of the super-excellent stitching of a former Indian pupil.

Certainly no handsomer stitching could be done by hands of any hue than that we find on some garments on the Indian girls' work table; "not machine work, no indeed," the exhibitor protests against such suggestion, but seems pleased to hear it made. Here also is a dress, cut and neatly made for herself by one of the young Indian mothers. On an adjoining table is tempting cake and biscuit, from the Cooking class. In the Sewing and Tailoring department, we find handsomely made and laundried shirts and neat uniforms and other garments, the work of colored students. The knitting room displays a most artistic arrangement of mittens. The attractions of the table of Indian decorated pottery, are increased by some curious Indian dolls. Photographs of the buildings and grounds and various groups, taken by our indefatigable home artist, cover another table. The green houses supply the general decoration of the room. The Farm exhibit shows the first strawberries of the late season, fine lettuce, asparagus and other vegetables, handsome sheaves of rye, oats and grass; no wheat yet, because of last year's drought and this year's cold. The cunning brown faced baby boy of the graduate couple in charge of the "Hemenway Farm" might crown the last named exhibit.

The march of the whole school to Virginia Hall at noon for dinner, was a picturesque sight as usual. The cadets of the well drilled battalion ranged in two long lines on the lawn, gallantly "uncover," while their sister schoolmates march through the lines, then "fall in" and follow, while the band discourses stirring music. The fifty graduates who were able to accept the invitation yearly renewed by their Alma Mater, took lunch merrily together in Virginia Hall Chapel, and the other invited guests in the airy reception hall of Winona Lodge.

The afternoon exercises, held in the spacious Gymnasium, the gift of the late Mr. Frederick Marquand of New York, were the crowning interest of the day, and were conducted according to the following programme.

MUSIC.

SALUTATORY: "*Our Mission.*"
Sarah F. Peake, *Hampton, Va.* Graduating Class.

"*Schools in Gloucester.*"
W. B. Weaver, *Sassafras, Va.*, Middle Class of '75.

"*Our People in South western Virginia.*"
Wm. F. Grasty, *Danville, Va.*, Class of '77

MUSIC.

"*Midland and Piedmont.*"
R. J. Evans, *Farmville*. Va., Class of '84.

"*Citizenship for the Indian.*"
Thomas Miles, *Sac & Fox Agency, Ind. Terr.*, Graduating Class.

"*The Old and the New.*"
Rev. Young Jackson, *Hampton, Va.*, Pastors' Class.

PRESENTATION OF DEMOREST MEDAL.

MUSIC.

"*Pioneers.*"
Harris Barrett, *Henderson, Ky.*, Graduating Class.

"*Past, Present, and Future.*" Representation by
Dakota Hymn, "*Waziyate Makoce.*" Indian Students of various classes. By Indian School.

"*The Indian Woman.*"
Zalhe Rulo, *Yankton Dakota*, Graduating Class.

VALEDICTORY: "*Wanted—A Man.*"
Alfred C. Dungey, *Cohoke*, Va., Graduating Class.

MUSIC.

Presentation of Diplomas to Graduating Class,
By Rev. M. E. Strieby, D. D., Vice Pres't Board of Trustees.

MUSIC.

There were several points of unusual interest in these exercises. The salutatorian, Sarah F. Peake, was introduced as a young representative of the family of faithful "Mary Peake, who, just out slavery herself, gathered the refugees around her under a Hampton live-oak, and taught the first "contraband" school. This introduction roused the war-memories of the Rev. Dr. Strieby, and taking the young girl's hand as she stepped on the platform, he said:

"General Armstrong has opened the floodgates by that name. I shall have to exert myself to remember what our friend and trustee Mr Pierce—who knows all about steam engines—tells us—that if a speaker has neither "cut off" nor "condenser," it is bad for the audience.

Five days after war was declared, the slaves began to take shelter under the walls of Fort Monroe. They came in families, and in groups; waving their hats and their hands and asking to come into the lines. They had nothing to eat, little to wear. Word came to the office of the American Missionary Association. We sent down clothing and food, and, in September, 1861, we sent a missionary. As he walked past the fort he heard singing coming from a long low building, entered and found it full of ex-slaves, calling on God for deliverance. When their prayers were ended, he rose and told them who he was, and how he had been sent down from the North to give them help and consolation. If the roof had opened above them and an angel come down, they couldn't have felt more astonished and thankful; their prayers were answered. On the 17th of September, 1861, the first school was opened for the refugees, and Mary S. Peake was the teacher.

Miss Peake, I am rejoiced to take your hand, and pray that all the blessings of God may be given to you."

The salutatorian's essay closed with a tribute to Hampton's ever remembered, ever beloved friend, Miss Mary Anna Longstreth, whose gentle pictured face smiled down upon us from under its living crown of lilies; "whose life has passed from earth, whose work, please God, shall never die." The returned graduates gave sensible and encouraging reports of their work, the condition of their people and their relations with the whites. For the first time, a place among the speakers was given to one of the faithful under-graduate teachers, who, to the number of 500, are doing good service, doubling the force of Hampton's army in the field. One such told how he built a fine new school house, "working by day and praying by night."

The "Pastors' class" was represented by a Baptist minister of Hampton, who gave an account of the Old and New ministry; somewhat characteristic of both. An Indian young man gave his own reasons for claiming and desiring citizenship for his people; which were 1st, that the Indian also is a child of the white man's God; 2d, that he was once the owner of the land; 3rd, that without the protection and help of citizenship, he must perish; 4th, that with it he can become a useful member of the nation, a man among men. An Indian girl plead for the Indian woman, and protested against the use of "savage" as a synonym of Indian, so long as "there are also yellow savages, black savages and white savages."

A handsome gold medal was last winter presented by Mr. Wm. J. Demorest of New York, to be awarded according to the judgment of the teachers. It was decided to give it to the member of the Senior class who should pass the best examination upon the Junior studies, thus emphasizing the school's estimate of foundation work, and preparation of the graduates for their duties as teachers. No "coaching" was done. The whole class went through the thorough examination in arithmetic, geography, grammar, and letter writing, and reading at sight; the first four written examinations, and all the papers criticized for spelling and handwriting. The result was very gratifying for the class in general. Four young men below the first received honorable mention for a general average on the written examination, above ninety. The medal was fairly gained, and awarded with the plaudits of his teachers and scholars to a young man named in the above programme: Harris Barrett, of Henderson, Ky. It was presented to him by his friend and former employer, Gen. J. F. B. Marshall, with the following hearty words.

"Harris, it gives me peculiar pleasure to be chosen by the trustees to give you this medal. I know you Harris, and believe that you thoroughly deserve it. And the plaudits with which your name was greeted when the medal was awarded, prove to me that your teachers and schoolmates agree with me. In my employ as clerk; on a New England farm, as hay maker and carpenter; in all my relations with you—I have always found you faithful and competent, and it gives me the greatest pleasure to present to you now this beautiful gold medal which has been awarded to you for excellence in elementary studies."

The medal is a beautiful work of art, a shield about 1x2 inches, bearing on its face the inscription: *Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute*, and on the reverse, *Demorest Medal. Presented to Harris Barrett for excellence in Elementary Studies.* It is suspended from a bar pin inscribed, *Class of 1885.*

It shone proudly on the happy wearer's breast as he delivered his essay on "Pioneers,"—calling on his classmates to take their places as the leaders of their people in the ways of wisdom and prosperity.

The representations of the Past, Present and Future of Indian life will not be forgotten by those who saw them. The Past's barbaric glories were typified by a young brave and Indian girl in the beautiful dress of the wilderness. They stood silent like a vision of the ancient days while their story was told. The Present's pathos was represented by "*Lo*," the *very* "poor Indian," and squaw, in shabby blankets, bewailing—as their Indian interpreter made known—the loss of lands and buffalo, and asking where to go—"white man everywhere;" the Future's hope by a promising pair of Hampton students, able to speak for themselves, work for themselves, and teach their people with their white brethren's help on the Christian's road. As the three groups stood in striking tableau, a visible embodiment of truth which we wish every white citizen of the United States could have seen and taken to heart, their comrades of the Indian school rose behind them and started a Dakota hymn, recognized through the strange words but familiar melody as "From Greenland's Icy Mountain."

1 Makoce waziyata,
Makoce okaga,
Miniwanca akasam
Makoce wiyaka,
Wakpa owas etanhan
Tinta owasin ko,
Oyate en yukanpi,
Ceunkiyapi ce.

As the plaintive strain died, it was taken up in English, in the richer, fuller chorus of their Colored schoolmates, while the whole audience rising joined in the grand third verse, "Shall we whose souls are lighted," with effect not to be forgotten or to pass from their hearts. The valedictorian was the youngest of a family of one sister and four brothers—a minister's children—who have graduated at Hampton, the last two with the honor of the valedictory. His essay discussed complete manhood and the need of symmetrically developed and trained men, especially in the colored race. It closed with a valedictory which won high praise from some of its distinguished hearers and was especially gratifying to those to whom it was addressed, as indicative of a genuine growth of heart as well as head in those from whom they "desire not a gift but fruit that may abound to *their* account."

In the necessary absence of Mr. Elbert B. Monroe, President of the Board of Trustees, the diplomas were presented to the graduating class of 42, (Colored girls 17; boys 20; Indian girls 3; boys 2;) with the following kind and encouraging words, by its vice President, Rev. Dr. M. E. Strieby:

"Dear young friends: I wish to repeat the regrets expressed by Gen. Armstrong in reference to the absence of our very highly esteemed president. But I wish to tell you that he has gone to see with his own eyes, that he may more fully sympathize with, and do more to help, the races helped here.

I am to give you these diplomas on the recommendation of your teachers, but I feel that I express the sentiments of all the trustees here in saying that you have given us reason to see for ourselves that you deserve them. We have reason to be glad for all the proof of this which you have given us to-day, and especially of that we have had

in the truthful and touching tribute of your validictorian to your Principal, the expression of his and your recognition of what these privileges mean, as well as your improvement of them. It has touched all our hearts deeply. If you can go forth to the work for which you have been trained, not only with ability of head and hands but with such hearts, we have reason to be gratified indeed. And the anxiety we most feel for your future is relieved also when we see these graduates of former years come back and utter such good sense and sound wisdom. We feel we have evidence that this school is doing a great work in sending you out among your people.

With these words I give you these diplomas. Take them, and go out to illustrate to the world the principles to which we have listened to-day."

The music which lightened the programme, deserves mention. Besides the plantation melodies which were given with the old time spirit, and will never cease to be the most precious musical possession of the race, the chanting of the Lord's prayer, and Luther's "Judgment Hymn," by the school under direction of Mr. Hamilton were impressive, while a chorus of voices, under direction of the band instructor Mr. Rathbun, gave "The Heavens are telling," from Handel's oratorio of the Creation, with beauty that showed the full capacity of the race for music of the most cultivated order.

The programme completed, time remained to hear from some of our most distinguished guests from North and South. Rev. Dr. Armstrong of Norfolk was introduced with the remark by the Principal that "The education of the Anglo African on this continent in the school of God's providence did not begin with his emancipation but back in 1620, when in first association with the white race he began to acquire language, labor, Christianity." Dr. Armstrong spoke as follows:

"Unexpectedly called on to speak to you, I cannot hesitate to respond—briefly; and, mainly to express my pleasure in the evidence I here see of the progress and elevation of the colored race.

I have spent my life among the colored people. And in the old days, I was usually set apart by the Presbytery I attended, to preach to the colored churches. I always asked to be. I know you well, as well as most people of my age can; and I say here [with feeling] I am surprised, and I thank God for your progress. I am especially pleased with the advance in the sentiments you express. I have been here in former years on such occasions, and I am struck with the advancement and see the hand of God in it. On the very first occasion when I was here, I looked around, and those of us who had been on opposite sides so recently—we felt like stretching out our hands to each other on this common plane. In speaking then, I referred to that feeling, that we were like men climbing up different sides of a mountain, but meeting on the top, and when we got near enough, recognizing each other as brothers. But the feeling of opposition is rapidly passing away, and a kindly feeling taking its place. So it is with the feelings that have existed between the ex-slave and former master,—feelings that have excited and worked upon (as one of you has said) by those not interested in your race but in their own selfish ends. I never was a slave owner, but I saw and knew their feeling. I did not wonder at it—or your feeling as to the Democrats. I am not a Democrat—nor a Republican—I am not a politician of any kind—but I saw how you have felt. Now you see you are just as safe under Democratic rule as under Republican: and the longer you live, the more you will see it. The gap is filling up between us—God speed you."

The Principal introduced the Rev. Dr. McVickar of Philadelphia, who spoke as follows:

"When the great Daniel Webster was asked to make an oration on the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, pointing upward to the towering column, he said impressively, 'the real orator of the occasion stands mute and silent before you.'

So to-day, it seems to me not fair to risk the feelings this occasion has stirred within you by words of mine.

I have often heard of Hampton and have been disappointed several times in being unable to visit it. I am glad that I didn't know before what it really was that I was losing, for if I had I should not have been able to bear the disappointment. Now that I have come, I must say, that the half had not been told me. I do not think that I have ever had my heart so deeply stirred. I have listened to many valedictories, a better address I have never listened to, and the best thing about it is that it is the very expression and symbol of the life and influence of this institution—its central idea and and spirit—manhood.

Manhood! Can there be aught on earth that ought to stir our hearts as that stirs us any object in life surpassing that in dignity! anything to fire our hearts to such ambition: Manhood!—created in the image of the great Father above, glorified in the coming of his Son, showing what manhood ought to be.

It seems to me that if there ever was an Institution calculated to cultivate and bring out manhood it is just this Institution.

I am loath to add one word to that beautiful and merited tribute we have listened to, to him who stands at its head and centre. But to every word of it let me say a loud Amen. God bless him for the noble work he has done and is doing in this grand Institution, which by his work has grown up around him. God bring us to that day when we shall see and know its results even as we cannot know them now."

The doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," was sung by the audience standing, and the exercises were over.

Then the stormy forces which had held far off all that perfect day, said "Now it is our turn," and rising in their might rolled in a huge sea fog through the capes; in ten minutes blotting out the blueness of wave and sky, the greenness of the shore, the smiling landscape far and near, one tall building after another—like a great white sponge to wipe out the very day itself from the tablet of time—but it cannot be effaced from the tables of memory.

By special request we print below the essay of Zallie Rulo, the first Indian girl graduate to speak for her sisters, on Hampton's platform. It is in all respects entirely her own.

THE INDIAN WOMAN.

DEAR FRIENDS:—

I am glad and happy to have an opportunity given me to speak my few weak words for my race.

You all know, that once the whole of America belonged to the Indian alone. The white man made his way over here and our forefathers had no learning and no power to protect themselves; they were driven like animals off of their good lands and forced to go from this place to that place.

The war fought for the colored people, ended twenty years ago. A war is now going on for the Indians. It is six years only since it began. Our white friends are not fighting for us in the way some of the white people fought for the colored race.

They are fighting with their minds.

Some people say, it is a long time since the Indian had the light and truth offered him; why did he not accept them. Why is he not yet "civilized?" I'll try to answer this question. So it is a long time, but if one boy is feeding a cat at the same time another is whipping him, is the cat likely to stay and eat while one boy is whipping him or is he more likely to run away from them both?

The white missionary was feeding the Indians at the same time the other white man was fighting him, and the Indian lost faith in the missionary because he and the man who fought him, were of the same race and so would not accept the food of the Bible.

We Indians who are at school desire to do away with the two words *savage* and *wild* or to use them only in the right sense.

If you should go to my home in Dakota, you would see a great change that has been made during six years. Many lands that used to be dotted with tents are now dotted with houses. There are still tents, but the number has greatly diminished. If you should enter the tents and talk with the people, you would find they are savages. You would find most of them in their Indian dresses; ask them why they do not dress like the white people, their answer may surprise you.

I have an uncle of whom some of you would be afraid, simply because he wears the Indian dress. I once said to him, Uncle why do you not dress like a white man? He answered, "Why niece, if I had the white man's dress, or a way to get them, I should gladly do so." I then said, you have to pay for the Indian dress. He replied, "Yes, but not near so much as for the white man's clothes." Many others say the same.

A great number of them dress their own way because they cannot afford the citizen clothes. Many of my people in their Indian dresses are true Christians and good thinking men and women, but they are called savages or wild Indians by other races. They do not deserve to be called so. Where there are savages, we would rather have said the *red* savages, because there are white savages, black savages and yellow savages.

Some white persons sometimes speak of wanting to go to our homes as missionaries, but they say they are afraid to go because the savages might kill them. Such missionaries will not do to teach our people. We want missionaries who trust God more than that. We want earnest and brave missionaries who do good work for the sake of doing good as much as for the sake of money.

During last year in Dakota, there was one white man killed by the Indians. How many Indians do you suppose were killed by the white men? There were six Indians killed by the white men. Of which savage out West do you think you would be most afraid, the red savage or the white savage?

I say the Indians are not savages, because they did not kill the white men for nothing. If the white men let Indians alone, the Indian will not bother them, but they will help the white men to obey the laws although they do not help them to make the laws. When the missionaries go to teach my people, they do not refuse to be taught. Many of them are now longing for teachers. As many of you as can, I ask to go and teach the Gospel to them, and we Indians will gladly and earnestly help you to give the light to our people to walk by.

Many of the Indians do not know what good white people are.

They have not seen them as much as we who come to school do, and for this reason I should think they ought to be more afraid to send their children East than the good white persons ought to be, to go West to teach them.

I am an Indian girl, and I wish to speak next of the Indian woman. She has been neglected too long now. It was the Indian woman who made the Indian race what it was in the past. It was the the Indian woman with the missionaries who made my people what they are to-day, and it will be the Indian woman to make the Indians what they will be in the future. The higher position is given her and the sooner she reaches it, the faster will Indian civilization grow.

Therefore, I believe in educating just as many Indian girls as boys. Let these Indian boys be taught to help and respect these Indian girls while they are at school as white boys are taught to respect the white girls, and it will be a great help.

In the past days, the Indian woman was expected to do most of the work that was to be done. She used to put up the tipi, carry her own wood and water, sewed clothing for the family and prepared the food. She was supposed to prepare meals three times a day, but as a general thing she prepared them four or five times a day. In cold weather she kept the fire burning all day and night. She sometimes took care of the horses but it was when her husband was not able to do it.

When she got through with the necessary work, she took up her bead work.

All the work she did she thought her duty, and went ahead and performed it quietly and well.

The man did very little work, he used to hunt most. When he was at home; he was invited to feast with his friends or at some great feast. He also called others to feast with him. If their friends called in the evening they would first have something to eat. When they were through eating, they would smoke the same long pipe and tell their stories of spiders, toads and owls, which they enjoyed very much.

While sitting in the tipi, it was thought very impolite for the woman or children to pass before the men, but it wasn't anything for the men to pass before the women. This is the way the Indians used to live and it is the way some of them live to-day, but I am glad to say that many of them live differently. At my home in Dakota, many of the Indian men carry the wood and water for the women and they never think now to ask the women to plow or to cut hay.

We sometimes read of women in the Eastern countries who drown their little girl babies because the little girls are not much thought of there.

It is not so among the Indians. The love of an Indian mother for her children is indeed great. To be sure the love of any mother for her children is strong, but I feel tempted to say that the love of an Indian mother is greater than that of a white mother.

The Indian woman does not love her children in the way a white woman does. She thinks the white woman who sends her children to school perhaps across the ocean or at other far places, care very little for them. After the white daughters and sons are educated they take care of themselves and in some cases they have their dear friends to live far from them, and they may never see them again on earth. This is a dreadful thought for the Indian mother, for she loves her children in this way. She wants them always to be where she can see them at any time. She wants her children to know how to do such work as she can do.

Some Indian parents want their children to know how to do more than necessary work, but others do not. Some fathers and mothers want their children to know how to read and write, and especially to know to play on the organ. They are very fond of music. Where there is but one girl in the family she is very much cared for. All the finery in the house belongs to her. The best horse the father has is hers. She has her own way about every thing. She does very little work.

The Indian girls are sometimes bought for wives but not so much so as in the past.

Those that are bought, as a general thing, are bought by the men they love.

For all the ignorance that used to be in our country before other races came here, we do not know who was responsible. But we know who will be responsible for the ignorance and darkness that are in our land at this present time. We are glad that we have kind friends in our land to whom we can look for help. We thank, with all our hearts, those friends of our race who are helping us, for all their kindness to us.

It seems to me that all those Indian territories and dark states of the colored race in this United States, were placed with darkness so that the white people could have a chance to do something for their Heavenly Father."

Extracts From Essays.

We have room for a few extracts from the other essays, which will show at least their spirit.

OUR MISSION.

"We stand to-day on the threshold of a new life. Before us lies the unknown future. We do not go away from Hampton to spend a life of luxury and ease. Should we dare to if we could? No, if such a lot is ever to lie before the colored girl as she graduates, it must be in some future generation, not for us who look around upon our less fortunate sisters and brothers and see them groping in darkness and imploring our aid. There is a great work to be done, and we are the ones to do it. We have not to go far to find our mission. Within but a few miles in any direction from this building in which we are now gathered scenes of poverty and distress which, if we will, we can do something to change. Let us look into one of them. * * * As we pass along the streets and roads how many little children's faces look up to us pleading for our help to lead them up out of ignorance and evil surroundings. Here is work for us. Let us think that among these little children are some who will be leaders of our people. Let us set about making these future men and women what they should be. As they grow up, so will our race be in future years."

CITIZENSHIP FOR THE INDIAN.

"When I left home I was ignorant of the great work to be accomplished. I hardly knew why I was coming to school; I had no desire to see my ignorant race raised to a higher position, but thanks be to God and the instructions I have received here, I have been made to see more clearly the true condition of the Indian, and a desire has been created within me to see the day when my race like other races shall stand as men among men—when they shall be called citizens of this, that you call the Land of the Free. * * I don't mean to complain, for there is now taking place a great change, and good men seem trying to compensate the Indian for the wrong of the past. I only want to lay before you his condition, for I have formed the idea that the majority of people think that the Indian is not under any restriction but is as free as the grass which covers his native plain. * * * That it is possible for the Indian to rise is shown by Indian students in this and other schools; that he can drop his old ways and change from habits which have surrounded him for centuries to ways entirely different—which is a hard thing for any race to accomplish. On the reservation, where he has had a chance, he has begun to open fields and farms; he is learning that labor is not a disgrace. * * Since he has started in a new life, it is not going to be hard to complete his civilization. The great majority of the Indians have no desire to become citizens. They seem content to live in the old way. But they are not all content: there are some wise men among them who look ahead and see what is best. Many are ignorant that such a right exists. But others are far enough advanced to know and desire it. * The question of citizenship has been in the minds of many friends of the Indian, and it has been before the House of Congress. This is a good proof that the day is coming, when he is better prepared, that the Indian will have given him his rights, which will make him feel as a man ought to feel. I think that then the trouble with the Indian will cease; that instead of holding in his bosom a feeling of hatred to his white brothers, he will love them and be ready to support the flag and the laws of the Union. He will feel that the white man and the red man can live in peace in one great brotherhood, and he will feel himself and be recognized everywhere as a man among men."

(Continued on page 76.)

SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October)

Printed on the Normal School Steam Press by Negro and Indian students trained in the office.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, M. F. ARMSTRONG. } *Editors.*

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HAMPTON N. & A. INSTITUTE.

Seventeenth Annual Report of the Principal.

For the School and Fiscal Year ending July 1st, 1885.

To the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

Gentlemen:—This, and the accompanying annual reports, are intended to give not only the record of the school year just closing, but, as in previous years, an outline of the entire work, making material for a small pamphlet to supply the constant demand for full information upon its ideas and methods. Hence some repetition which, it is hoped, will not render them tedious reading to those familiar with previous reports.

The outline of our many-sided work is gradually completing; the school is substantially built up, since 1868, at a total cost of about $400,000; no more large buildings are likely to be required. There is no debt, except of $6,000 from the building to the endowment fund, which we see our way to pay ere long.

By building a new dormitory for girls at a cost of $15,000, by expending about $2,000 in improved cooking-room and facilities, by the erection of a laundry costing $4,500.00 and by many minor improvements, all within the past two years, six hundred boarders are now comfortably accommodated: it is our limit on the present basis; an increase is not, I think, desirable.

I will refer to some *Special matters* and discuss *School Finances* and the *Race question*, before taking up the *Work of the Current Year*.

SPECIAL MATTERS.

(1.) Since 1870 the school has worshiped in an attractive frame chapel, in the National Cemetery, within our grounds, built in 1864, for the soldiers in hospital here. We have outgrown it; it is decaying, and the land on which it stands is needed by the government which owns it. Happily, at this juncture, the school has received a kind offer to build, at the expense of an individual, a beautiful substantial chapel as a memorial to a good man, to be placed in the centre of our system of buildings. It will complete it and crown them all.

(2.) The school's twelve (all but three of them brick) structures that, fronting Hampton river, stand in two parallel lines, in *echelon*, each unmasking the other, are now heated by two sets of boilers, 2000 feet apart, which also supply steam for cooking and for four engines. The cost of fuel and skilled labor and the risks of life and property would be reduced by combining into one "nest" these two sets of boilers. To do this, heat the new chapel and two other buildings now with their own apparatus, and make boiler room enough to do the work easily, would require the purchase of two sixty horse-power boilers, several hundred feet of large iron pipe to run underground, the moving and resetting of one of our present boilers, and a brick building to cover the boiler system; done by the best mechanical skill it would cost not far from $8,000.

The Committee of Trustees on this matter, Messrs Monroe, Pierce, Mead and myself, have carefully examined the matter and propose to send an engineer to survey the ground and buildings with reference to a complete map of everything on which can be based plans for as perfect steam heating apparatus as can be secured. This is, I believe, a wise, and ultimately, economical course, though it will be difficult to get funds for the purpose.

(3.) Of all the school's industrial enterprises the engineering department is the least developed. While our wood working establishment is satisfactorily employing 49 students, and paying its way, there is no outfit of tools for the new and commodious machine shop, the gift of Mr. Moses Pierce of Conn. I am glad to acknowledge the recent gift from Mr. George H. Corliss of Rhode Island, of a new, most carefully and perfectly built "Corliss" engine of thirty horse power, embodying some new inventions of his own, with a 40 horse power upright boiler of his make, which is designed to supply power not only for the shop machinery, but for a grist mill to do home work and give Colored and Indian boys a chance to learn a useful trade, and for a small iron foundry.

As the exhaustless yellow pine forests of North Carolina are our resources for the saw mill, so, by favorable rail-road lines, southern iron can be brought here and manufactured into various kinds of hardware, ultimately, at least, to good advantage.

An outfit of machinery and tools, a suitable grist mill and a small foundry, would, it is estimated, cost $7,000. Of this amount $1,000 is already provided. An advantage is that the regular school engineer, already in our service, is to manage the shop. Manufacturing goods, however, is a different thing from selling them; I think giving the manager an interest in sales as part of his compensation would be wise; the interests of all parties would thus coincide, and all care would not fall on the school administrators. Our market for lumber is right here; that for iron work would be mostly abroad.

The iron industry of the South has a great future. The Negro is adapted to handling this metal in every way from getting out the crude ore, to managing it in its most highly developed forms, such as locomotives, saw mills and other machinery.

SCHOOL FINANCES.

Annual Expenses.

Aside from the government appropriation of $20,000.00 a year, which pays for the board, clothing and general care (but not tuition) of one hundred and twenty Indians, at the rate of $167.00 a year apiece, and besides the cash payments by Negro pupils for personal expenses, board, clothing and books, amounting to about $5,000 a year (or ten per cent. of what they are charged, the rest being paid in labor) the school requires not less than $65,000 a year to meet its bills for salaries, supplies and expenses of all kinds. Sixty-five officers, teachers and assistants cost $35,000. Repairs, improvements, furnishings, fuel, insurance and general expenses amount to, say $15,000; about $12,000 are required to make up the loss in giving students $45,000.00 worth of work. Personal aid to students (who are charged for board &c. over $50,000) is given to the extent of $3,000. In all $65,000 a year.

The State of Virginia gives us, for doing the work of a State Agricultural College, $10,000 a year; the permanent funds of the school and certain rentals yield $5,000, leaving to be raised by annual contribution the sum of $50,000.

For half of this we look to gifts of annual scholarships of $70 each. An average of $10,000 a year has come in donations in moderate amounts for general purposes and for the Indian Fund, and $3,000 for direct aid to students. Unexpected receipts and legacies have made up the rest: a total of $65,000 from all sources; not including receipts on account of board and clothing of Indians, and colored students' payments in cash and labor.

The annual cost and receipts of the school are thus given in general or approximate terms. Success in future seems assured, first, by doing our work well and thoroughly; second, by keeping it before the public. The latter is a considerable tax on my own time and strength and on that of Rev. Mr. Frissell, chaplain. But our work is not only for money, it is to help make a public sentiment that is vital to the settlement of these race questions. The people of the country need this education as much as our pupils need theirs.

Endowment.

The $50,000 to be raised annually is five per cent. interest on a million dollars. A partial endowment in the near future is, I think, desirable. For the sake of other like work to be done in the South, the need of which is unspeakable, for the strain of it that can not always be kept up, and for other reasons, it is not best, I think, that this school should remain many years longer in the front rank of charities, and so largely dependent. Should it have an invested fund of half a million of dollars, as I hope it may ere long, it would still need a strong constituency of friends and helpers, could not live without vigorous effort, and would remain an important interest of the people, a relation with whom is a mutual benefit and inspiration.

A large fund to meet the repairs and general expenses, leaving scholarships to be raised as now among friends, is the thing to be desired.

Remarks.

A loss of about twenty five per cent on students' labor is to be expected when instruction is made paramount to production; making up this loss, say $12,000 a year, is a heavy tax on our resources. What can the shop do for the student, is quite as important as what can he do for the shop or farm. From the student's own standpoint, the money is earned: in many cases they are, compared with the outside market, overpaid; we must pay them enough to make self-support possible: but, when we are through with them they are well worth their wages. Nothing false as to the value of their labor is taught.

RACE QUESTIONS.

Of the Negro.

There is a marked tendency among colored people in the country regions where land is cheap, where the most and the best of them live, to buy lots of from one to ten acres apiece, induce others to join them, and thus create small villages, which are usually situated near the large estates where they can work by the day or week, returning home every night, or on Sunday. These homes are a refuge when out of employment, and, what with pigs, poultry and potatoes, keep them from want. Obtained by industry and sacrifice, they are a most significant feature of the time. To get land is the ambition of the better class of adult Negroes, as to get education is that of their children. There is, no doubt, a large mass of dregs in our black population, especially in the far South, where, in overwhelming numbers and rapidly increasing, they threaten civilization. Their condition there and everywhere is a national as much as a local question, to deal effectually with which our legislators have so far found themselves unequal. Yet in the railroad, steamboat, lumber, iron, in all the business and in the agricultural interests of the South, colored men are steadily coming to the front—in this generation to secondary places, in the next, to better places, if they shall have the preparation. But at least half the race is drifting, with no decided tendency, subject now to more evil than good influences. They need school teachers and a pure gospel to counteract the effect of rum, sensuality, demagogism, and low preachers.

This tendency to country village life is a wholesome offset to the centripetal and undesirable influence of cities, which strongly attract the Negro population. It is due, I think, to their strong social and exclusive instincts. It sifts out the enterprising and self-reliant, and simplifies the question of how the races will live together. Liberal minded, far-seeing landowners of the South, have done much to encourage this movement; it secures to them "the best labor in the world," and to the ex-slave the best conditions of citizenship and of manhood; it is brought about by no outside aid, but by the friendliness of the whites, and by the sense and sagacity which characterize the better class of Negroes. It means peace and good will among the people of the South.

These hamlets, near each of which there is, or should be, a school, supplied by the State, is the place for our graduates, whose formative influence, not only by regular teaching, but through Sunday school, temperance, and humane work, has already proved in many cases of incalculable good, changing the character of the surrounding people.

The life is hard: the teacher sleeps in the garret of a log cabin, and may see stars and feel rain through the rough shingled roof; the fare is plain, but at school they learn to sleep on beds of straw, and they are no strangers to "hog and hominy." They are cheerful and contented where those more daintily fed and highly polished might flinch or fail.

While holding their own admirably in the graded schools at Norfolk, Lynchburg, Farmville and other cities of Virginia, even being in demand for the colored public schools of New Jersey, where only high qualifications will secure positions, the majority of our graduates go to the country where the great majority of the Negro population lives.

The simple, earnest and most hopeful portion of this race are to be found in rural regions, living in their own homes: they yield readily to good or bad influences. Wholly by itself I think a large black population would not easily advance; but in small communities near to civilizing influences they seem to have the best conditions for progress.

This school is largely filled with those who have had little chance to learn, for country schools have short sessions, and few good teachers; they are not afraid of work, and need the advantages of our industrial system, entering usually as work students for one year, studying at night for mental and material gain. The one hundred and seventy of them in that class alone, make a severe strain on our resources, for work and wages must also be given to the two hundred and fifty in the Normal classes who labor two days each week. But it pays; it makes the men and the women that are needed. There is very little direct charity in this education.

As the whites are divided into the Bourbons and progressives, the hopeless and the hopeful, the black race, both by imitation and by instinct, tends the same way, prevented, however, from advancing rapidly in the right direction and held in its sad condition by an ignorance for which they are not wholly responsible.

Of the Indian.

The Negro makes public sentiment, but it makes the Indian. The former, in fixed relations, chooses his own course, and we may well be anxious about it; but the latter, in miserably unfixed relations, is at the mercy of well-meaning legislators, who are, as a rule, ignorant of or indifferent to the facts of his condition, vote him millions for food, which pauperizes, but provide most inadequate means for the kind of education that will make a man of him; and such salaries that competent agents are the exception, while the Indian's agent is his "Father," shapes his future, and should be the best man that can be found.

The details of his management are, in some respects, assumed as much by the legislative as by the executive department of our government; hence a hydra-headed control that makes progress difficult. Measures that could, in the next five years, push Indian civilization farther than it has been in the past fifty years, approved by the Senate, have lain neglected before the House of Representatives.

The real difficulty is a lack of public sentiment; for this the cause of Indian progress waits. The remedy is in such organizations as the "Indian Rights Association," and the "Women's National Indian Association," through whose friends and agents facts, gathered at first hand, are given through the press, platform and pulpit, to the public, whose responsive interest has already had a marked effect at Washington.

Mr. Herbert Welsh, Secretary, and Prof. C. C. Painter, Agent of the Indian Rights Association, have been especially instrumental in this good work; thousands, through their efforts have been saved from starvation, and hundreds of Indian families kept from homelessness and saved from cruel wrong.

The material and moral support of those who base their work upon the results of personal investigation, is the duty of all who have any care for the welfare of the Indian race. As the facts are known, interest will increase, and create a sentiment that will insure the needed legislation and hasten the solution of a question that has vexed the nation ever since English and Indian civilization first met upon this very shore; the scene of the first conflict is said to have been close to the grounds of this school.

The earnestness of the present administration in doing justice to the red man, gives reason for the hope that during the next four years rapid progress will be made in providing measures and means for his improvement, to which the Indian will, I believe, respond in a satisfactory way.

There are to-day twenty tribes or parts of tribes ready to take up lands in severalty, waiting for necessary legislation, herded meanwhile on reservations, without hope. Probably not three thousand out of the eleven thousand seven hundred Indian youth now enrolled in boarding and day schools, are getting a thorough practical training; fifteen thousand would take it if they could; thirty thousand need it. Weak, half-equipped schools will never do the work. Payment of the treaty debt of over four millions of dollars, urged again and again, by the Interior Department, would, wisely used, without costing the country a dollar of its own, push forward the whole line of Indian life.

The Indian question has become the Indian crisis. Game, the basis of life, has gone, replaced in part by the false and mischievous one of Government rations. With scarcely diminished numbers this people has been pushed across the continent, brought at last to bay on lands which they cannot long hold in a tribal way—for the reservation must go—pressed on all sides by our strong, selfish civilization, they need a strong, wise care. Their salvation is in citizenship, in the right to vote, in "land, law and education." The practical difficulty is not in the Indian, it is in Congress. The remedy is public sentiment.

The best training we can give an Indian is three years at school, dividing the time equally between study and work; then from six to eighteen months at home where he proves himself; he is apt to feel his imperfection and apply to return, which is allowed on condition that he shall fit himself specially for a teacher, farmer or mechanic. His education then covers practically six or seven years, and, with fair conditions, there is very little failure about it, bad as reservation life is.

The test of the trained Indian is not his record at school, but at home, and that depends more on the kind of agent in charge than on surrounding barbaric conditions. An efficient Indian agent such as Major Gasmann at Crow Creek, or Maj. McLaughlin at Standing Rock, Dakota, and others, has more or less trouble with returned school boys and girls, but, by looking after them, finds the results far from discouraging. There is little hope for Indian youth who go back to the care of weak agents, and weak agents will be the rule so long as they are so poorly paid.

The following is the record of Hampton's returned Indians, the first 30 of whom I took to Dakota in 1881; 18 of the 145 mentioned below are at school again after finishing a three years' course; 25 have died; we know of 12 who are not doing well.

The record of two thirds is fair or good; not one has become a renegade.

Boys.

Teaching in Government Schools,	7
Assisting in Government Schools,	2
Clerks at Agency,	3
Interpreters at Agency	2
Working at trades at Agency,	10
Employes' at Agency,	9
Attending school at Agency,	6
Working on their own or parents' farms,	13
Cutting cord-wood,	2
Boys at home behaving well,	14
Unemployed or not doing well,	8
Returned to Hampton for more education,	12

Girls.

Assisting in Girls' School	3
Attending Girls' School,	8
At home doing well,	13
Married well,	3
Unemployed or not doing well,	4
Returned to Hampton for more education,	6
Died since return—both sexes,	20
	145

This does not include 32, poor and sickly material, who were here only a short time, some a year, some only through the summer, nor the 17 Cheyennes and Arrapahoes who, in 1878, came under Capt. Pratt's care from St. Augustine, Florida, most of whom have turned out well.

By providing, last year, twenty-five assistant farmers, our government recognized the need and wisdom of helping the present generation of Indians with practical teaching for their daily life; ten times that number should be employed to help them select farms and prepare and plant them. A good farmer to every hundred Indian families would accomplish much more practical result than a teacher of thirty Indian children collected a few hours a day in a school room on a reservation. When Indian farmers or agents are appointed for political reasons as some have been, they are usually worse than none at all.

The Canadian government instituted, some years ago, Home Farms on their reserves, on which Farm Instructors resided, raising crops with a view of showing Indians how a farm should be managed. They have done a good work, diminished the cost of supporting Indians, and are an example to those who manage our own Indian affairs.

OF THE CURRENT YEAR.

The work is divided as follows:

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT.

1st. *Normal School*, an English course from 9 A. M., to 4 P. M., with intermission. Junior, Middle and Senior and Pastors' Class.

2nd. *Indian School;* from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. A three years' preparatory course. This includes all who speak a foreign tongue; the chief study is the English language. (21 Indians are in Normal and 10 are in the Evening School.)

3rd. *Evening School;* from 7 to 9 P. M.; preparatory to Normal School.

INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT.

1. *Household divison.*
2. *Agricultural division.*
3. *Mechanical division.*

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT.

The report of Miss Mackie, Lady Principal below, gives the details in full, from which I extract the general statement that the total attendance this year has been 667; average 595;—total last year was 647.

Three hundred children attend the "Butler," a graded day school on our grounds; public from October till March, private from April till June.

Normal School.

The course is practically four years, as the large majority in it come up through the evening class, for whom a better mental and moral foundation is laid than have usually those who enter as Juniors.

The classes shrink rapidly as they advance, from these about equally operating causes:

1st. Incapacity for further progress at the rate at which the class advances.

2nd. Repeating the year for the sake of greater thoroughness.

3rd. Lack of funds, which compels students to seek teaching or other work.

Hence, out of last year's Middle Class of 103, there are but 44 Seniors.

According to the decision of the Trustees, at the last Annual Meeting, instead of continuing their studies, those who shall hereafter be promoted from the Middle to the Senior Class will teach one year with a view of making the Senior studies more profitable.

Already fitted for work in the common schools, probably some will not return; many of the best workers sent from here have had but two years' instruction; but those who do come back will, through experience and discipline in the field, it is believed, make more of the last year's studies than any previous class has done. Quite a number of the last Middle Class remained out, voluntarily, to get this advantage, and with others, will make a small Senior Class next year.

I invite your attention to the reports of the Normal School teachers in the appendix, in which are detailed, in an interesting way, the duties of each one, with comment.

Practical instruction as well as book knowledge can be given in classes. Cooking is taught in this way (see report) and, as soon a salary can be provided, technical instruction in the use of tools should be given to every member of the Senior Class; in a somewhat limited but most useful way to girls. In this there is no production, no profit or wages; students earn nothing but can learn much. Lessons of two hours two or three times a week in the principles of carpentry, brick laying, wheelwrighting, blacksmithing, painting, glazing and in leather work would render our graduates "handy" with tools, able to make or repair their own windows, doors, benches, black-boards and school houses; keep their own homes in order; build fences, gates, out houses, mend implements of all kinds; all with varying success according to their natural gifts and their enterprise in applying the principles which they had been taught at school. A few would develop into skilled workmen; all would be better citizens, better fitted for a life of exigency, and to be examples to and leaders of their people.

Eventually, special training should be given to special students. It is only a question of time and money when we shall have a technical department here equal to any in the Northern cities. It is precisely in the line of our development. Constant work for wages and discipline is the foundation of our Industrial and Academic system; special class training in mechanical principles for the higher walks of labor should be its completion.

Indian School.

This is fully described in the reports of Miss Richards, in charge, and her assistants, in the appendix, to which you are referred.

On the mental, moral and religious side, and industrially, Indians improve rapidly, but have a tremendous task in learning our language and habits. In three years they get a fair English vocabulary, but are slow to use it; they quickly learn how to work, but not always to stick to it. Physically they are not, as a rule, strong; not that the race is dying out, but recent changes in all the conditions of their life have weakened them. Getting their food by Act of Congress rather than by the sweat of their brows does not promote robustness. The death rate here has been very serious this year among pupils from Lower Brule and Crow Creek Agencies; not unusual or serious among the rest.

In two cases this year a disaffected father has secretly sent money to his son urging him to return home, without permission, which has been accomplished with bad effect on the runaway and on Indian students; the mother of one of the boys was most anxious that her son should remain at school out of reach of his father. Both will probably be sent back here.

Funds to erect two new Indian cottages, ($200 apiece) for Indian families, were provided, this year by ladies in Utica, New York; and, as the result of Miss Alice Fletcher's statement upon Indians at the New Orleans Exposition, the money for one and probably two more is pledged from churches in that city, which also provide funds for the tuition of their occupants.

There is every encouragement to educate families in this way. They learn in detail the lessons of actual life; mutual support on their return is assured and is the best guarantee of their future steadfastness. It is proposed to loan funds to some of these couples from the Omaha reservations who shall erect good houses and repay as they can; this is the seed of civilization. It should be sown broadcast and is worthy of attention from government.

Accommodations for Indians will be complete when there shall be hospital provision, as recommended by the physician.

The mingling of the black and red races in the past seven years has worked well. With many different characteristics, a never subdued and reticent, and a race of ex-slaves, demonstrative and yielding, need the same lessons; of the dignity of labor because the one has never had it to do, and the other did it under compulsion; of manual skill, because they must either work or starve; from books, because both need a modicum of education to do their duty as citizens; and the most capable of either should be taught to become teachers and leaders of their people. Each race has learned much from and been helpful to the other. There is no friction and no nonsense about race superiority. This is a school for civilization rather than for any one class, illustrated by the fact that several youths of various nationalities, especially Asiatics, who have drifted to this country, have applied for admission during the past year.

Evening School.

For the account of this I refer you to the report of Miss Baldwin in charge, and her assistants, in the appendix. This department was not in the original plan, but was created by the poverty or ignorance, or both, of the class who principally sought admission here; those who had only labor to offer in payment of their expenses.

Opportunity is prized according to its cost; in spite of eight or ten hours work, evening students are the most earnest and plodding of all. They have made better progress this year than ever before. The sixty of the entire class of one hundred and seventy, who are trying to master the studies of the Junior year by evening study—the rest expect only to enter the Junior Class—will generally succeed; and it is likely that a night class will ere long attempt the studies of the Middle year. Three years at a trade, at the same time making the first two years of a course of study, entering only the Senior Class for a year of regular day study, would be a creditable achievement; the graduate would probably leave a creditor of the school, though he entered in poverty. These possibilities are not, I think, confined to the Negro race.

INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT.

Every student has a place in this; labor being required of all. The work before us presents an alternative between personal charity, and a labor system, itself a heavy tax on charity. The principle that instruction is as important as production makes an industrial department a source of expense. To require it to be profitable is to destroy its chief value; yet, single branches of industry may be, and we have in some cases, made them so.

I refer in some detail to the following divisions, the reports of those in charge not being printed, as they would make too large a volume, and their essentials are stated here:

HOUSEHOLD DIVISION.

Miss C. L. Mackie, in charge; *Miss Harriet Andrews*, Assistant; *Miss M. A. Wheeler*, Superintendent of Laundry.

GIRLS.

In the Laundry, twenty-four work all the time, studying nights, and sixty-three from the Normal School work one day in each week By the help of a steam mangle, and a new washing machine added this year, the laundry work has gone so easily that the increase in numbers has not been felt. In the four kitchens (diet, cooking school, students' and teachers') there are nine cooks and assistants; the latter caring for the dining rooms—all work girls; seventy-one school girls set tables and wash dishes three times a day; sixty-one do general housework, including the care of teachers' rooms. There is one nurse. The one hundred and thirty-one girls in the Normal School are employed one entire day each week, either in the laundry or sewing school, and one hour each day in housework.

BOYS.

Young men are employed as follows: Two cooks, three bakers, and one for general duty—all night students. Forty school boys serve as waiters in the different dining rooms at thirty-eight tables, averaging sixteen at a table; and there are nine janitors in charge of school rooms and dormitories.

The large amount of work in the household department is wholly done by student labor excepting a hired hand in the teachers' kitchen and laundry. While non-productive, it is a vast saving of expense, and most profitable as practical training. All have regular wages but are paid in kind not in cash, except small amounts for necessary expenses.

A capacious airy kitchen with bakery attached has been fitted up during the year in the basement of Virginia Hall, which gives plenty of room and facilities for doing the work more easily and better than ever before. The new brick oven, 11 by 13 feet, is a success and comfort. It consumes 270 pounds of coal in heating three times a day. The old one 9 by 11 feet was heated by wood and consumed one cord per day. The former kitchen has been turned into a dining room, furnishing ninety additional seats.

AGRICULTURAL DIVISION.

Mr. Albert Howe, Manager.

On the Home Farm, including the Normal School grounds, there is a daily detail of nine colored and six Indian boys, except Monday, when half the entire detail for farming—fifty-six in number—is out, giving, each week, to every boy an average of a day and a half labor. Eight milkers and drivers are employed all day and study at night, for one year.

The 100 acres of the Home or "Whipple Farm," as it was named in honor of the first President of our Board of Trustees, is cultivated as follows: In apple orchard, 10 acres; peach and pear orchard, 5 acres; potatoes 10, cabbage 2 acres; all followed by second crops, such as corn fodder for soiling and ensilage, late cabbage, sweet and Irish potatoes, kale and spinach for school use in the fall and winter. Of corn, 10 acres are raised; of oats, 20; of rye, 9, and of clover 10.

A leading feature is the milk dairy; twenty-four graded Jersey and Ayershire cows supply from fifty-five to sixty gallons of milk daily; of which about one-half is used in the school, and the rest sold at Fort Monroe and at the Hygeia Hotel.

For the third year 140 tons of ensilage have been put up with good results. A bushel of it with four quarts of bran is given to the cattle morning and night, and a feed of clover hay in the middle of the day.

Last year 40 tons of clover and of orchard grass were raised, chiefly for 23 horses and mules (4 are boarders and 4 are kept for driving). A thoroughbred Morgan and a Percheron horse are kept, doing farm work.

Fifteen tons of pork have been slaughtered this winter, and there are now on hand 125 young swine; the Essex and Berkshire crossed with Chester breeds are preferred.

Sixteen Indian boys under the special care of *Mr. George Davis*, a graduate, assistant to the Manager, help in the care of the cattle, in plowing and planting, cutting and bunching asparagus, and in all kinds of farm work. They are generally well disposed and easily managed; a few are tough cases

The "Hemenway" and "Canebrake" farms, four-and-a-half miles from the school, under the immediate care of *Mr Charles Vanison*, a graduate, make a fine grain and stock farm of 550 acres, worked by ten students, who labor all day and study evenings. It is cultivated as follows: In wheat and oats, 75 acres each; in corn, 125 acres; in clover and grass 50 acres; the rest is pasture, excepting 7 acres in an orchard and a vegetable garden. The stock consists of 20 horses and colts; 25 head of cattle; 225 sheep, including lambs; 100 breeding fowls; over 500 head of poultry being supplied annually for school use.

The buildings, barn, etc., are in good condition and ample, excepting that a new stable is needed which will cost not over $500. The boys are doing well at their work and studies; beginning here with nothing, they lay the foundation of regular active habits, skilled farm labor, prepare for the Normal course, earn enough to pay school expenses, and graduate without a dollar's aid in charity.

In the *Farm Repair Shops*, wheelwrighting and blacksmithing is taught to an equal number of colored and Indian boys, three working mornings and the other three afternoons, in each shop. Here all carts, wagons, and implements needed are made and repaired, and a few are sold each year in the neighborhood; our horses are shod and the general work of a country establishment is done. Many a complete cart has been made by an Indian boy.

MECHANICAL DIVISION.

The Huntington Industrial Works.
Mr. A. Howe, Manager.

Mr. W. T. Westwood, in charge of the saw mill department, reports that over two million feet of North Carolina pine have been cut into building material. Work has been furnished to eigbteen regular hands (evening students), and for two days each week to thirteen in the Normal School.

The year has been favorable for business; the yard is well stocked with material for the market. One student bids fair to become a good sawyer; another at the matching and planing machine has just taken the place of a skilled hired hand.

Mr. James A. Brinsion, in charge of wood working machinery, reports in his employ thirteen students working the entire time, and five from the Normal School-working two days each week, with three hired journeymen as instructors and helpers.

The progress of apprentices has so far been satisfactory; they require less help than in former years; the period of service was changed last fall from two to three years, to insure more thorough training. Business has been good; a variety of fine articles in in wood ware have been made for customers. Orders for every kind of machine-made building material have come in from Hampton and vicinity. No workmen are sent from the shop to compete with outside mechanics.

This department built the new girl's dormitory and will probably do the carpenter's workof the prospective chapel.

Girls' Industrial Department.

Miss M. T. Galpin in charge.

Sixty-two girls from the Normal School each work one day every week, doing the clothes mending for 360 boys, and making household furnishings for the school. There are twelve regular work girls, and two young men in the *Tailoring Department*, which is in charge of *Mr. Robert H. Hamilton*.

In this have been made the past year 160 uniform coats, 236 pair of trowsers, and 92 vests, of Middlesex blue flannel; also 50 work suits of Kentucky jeans, 226 linen, 174 Percales, with 348 collars, and 233 'hickory," and gray flannel shirts, besides 363 pair of drawers, and 375 night shirts for the use of students. Making, with about 500 other garments, a total of 2,522 pieces so far this year.

A marked gain has been made this year in employing less outside help by one-half than last, in making uniforms; now, the full time of one, and half of another, is used.

The *Green House* 100 x 20 feet, has, since last July, been under the care of *Mrs. E. E. Coolidge*. One student is learning the business. Roses are principally grown; but geraniums, heliotropes, ferns, etc., are raised; sales have been made greater by twenty per cent. than last year, and running expenses somewhat less. With a propagating house, costing not over $500 and no additional outlay for labor, much more might be produced, and the green house become a source of profit.

A "*Carving School*" was opened October 1st, in charge of *Miss Kate Baker*, in which one colored boy has been steadily employed; an average of five work an hour and a half a day, two being Indians; twenty-five have taken lessons and practiced more or less steadily; class hours are from 4 to 6 o'clock, P. M. Book-shelves, book-racks, crickets, bread-boards, picture-frames, paper-folders, alms-plates, etc., have been made, and sold fairly well.

Printing Office.

Mr. C. W. Betts, in charge.

In this are employed 8 steady hands, (evening students) and three Indians, who work two days each week; also three outside hands, former students, with occasional help from journeymen; also one book binder, journeyman, a veteran from the National Soldier's Home, near by; others from the Home are occasionally called into our work shops, when short of hands. Two Indians left during the year, one from ill health, the other from expiration of time; two colored boys left, one under discipline; the other to take charge of a printing office, at Tuskegee School, Alabama.

Business has been good during the year. The "Southern Workman" and "Alumni Journal," (monthlies,) and "African Repository," (quarterly,) are still published; also a small weekly paper for the Soldier's Home. Sales of stationery has nearly doubled over that of last year; the Bindery has held its own. Sickness of employees has been a drawback, without which a decided gain would have been made over last year, in the employment of outside labor.

Shoe Shop.

Mr. E. F. Coolidge, in charge.

It employs two Negro and ten Indian boys; two of the latter all day, the rest half of each day; and most of the time one or two outside hands to do all the work required which has been as follows:

Made for students, 671 pairs shoes.
Outside custom 55 pairs shoes.
Students' shoes repaired, 1655 pair.

The work in the shop has gone on more smoothly than ever before, but has been embarassed by the unusual sickness of the year, requiring more outside help; five Indians have left for ill health; one to return home and two to go to school steadily.

A substantial $2.00 shoe is made for girls, that long outwears the cheaper and more showy store shoe. For the boys we make an English Balmoral for $2.25, our regulation shoe. Six hundred pairs of men's brogan shoes are being made for the government for the Indian service at $1.25 per pair; there is no profit in this, but it gives the boys work.

Knitting Work.

Of this, *Mr. F. N. Gilman*, acting Treasurer, has charge.

Upwards of 1200 dozen pairs of mittens will be made this year, a slight gain on last year; 24 boys have been employed, 12 of them all day, (night students,) and 12 from the Normal School, two days each week. All is piece work, which is the best plan, and desirable in every labor department.

Until February, all "finishing" was done by school girls; since then, from loss of hands by sickness, five outside helpers have been employed. Two are permanently needed, one to repair machines and one to examine the work. This is against an average of thirteen outside hands employed last year.

Engineer Department.

Mr. J. B. H. Goff, in charge.

Seven work students and five from the Normal Department are employed, besides two hired firemen, and, for three months, one skilled hand; one outside man is hired for general work.

The work for the year has been putting steam, water and gas in the new girls' dormitory, doubling the capacity of our Laundry machinery, and making a new well with a capacity of 30,000 gallons per day; 72 iron bedsteads have been made by students' labor. General repairing has been kept up, nine boilers and four steam engines, water and gas works cared for; 985 gas burners are in use and the works can supply 200 more. The average daily consumption, when the nights are long, is 6,500 cubic feet; when they are short, it is 4,500 feet; cost per thousand feet $1.01. A million and a quarter feet are consumed per year.

The Fire Department is in good condition, but our hand engine is too old to be relied upon. A new steam fire engine of the second class to cost about $3,500 is needed for the protection of our many and valuable buildings.

Permit me to refer to the resignation of Mr. Goff, who has for eleven years, faithfully discharged the duties of School engineer, rendered most prompt and efficient service at the fires and alarm of fires that have often startled the school and neighborhood, and trained a number of young men to proficiency in the care of boilers, steam engines and in the use of tools for iron work of various kinds The extensive water, gas and steam works of the institution, are monuments of his skill and energy.

Indian Training Shops.

Mr. J. H. McDowell, in charge.

Carpenter Shop. Twelve Indians and four colored apprentices are employed, Indians on half time, colored on full time, studying evenings A journeyman instructor has been hired. All are paid according to the value of their labor. Work has been done as follows: 34 wardrobes for the new girls' building; 30 settees, (each to hold five students,) for study-room in basement of same: 24 settees and 12 writing desks for Academic Hall: General repairing of buildings and School furniture, making fences etc.

Repair work at Fort Monroe, amounting to about $475.00, three-fourths of it labor.

Paint Shop. There are two Indians and two colored apprentices, under a journeyman instructor, working as above.

The girls' building has been painted and varnished; old buildings and furniture have been repainted and kalsomined and glass reset: a part of four buildings at Fort Monroe and four others in the vicinity, have been painted.

The Tin Shop, employs four Indians and two colored apprentices; one journeyman instructor.

Work done: Twelve thousand pieces of contract tin ware for Indian service, (tin cups and coffee boilers) tin roof on girls' building: repairs to roofs gutters, spouting and tin ware for the School, and outside work at Fort Monroe, on five buildings for the Quartermaster-department.

Harness Shop. Three Indians and three Negro apprentices, one instructor. Work done; 277 sets of double plow harness for the Indian service; 12 sets of carriage harness to order; general repairs for school and neighborhood.

The spirit of work in all the shops has been good; more contentment and less friction than in any previous year, and a better quality of work produced.

One colored and eight Indians left for home on account of sickness; four Indians transferred to other departments, where they would thrive better; seven Indians returned home for expiration of time: all places have been recently filled with material better physically, if not in other respects. The present set of Indian hands is hopeful as to bodily strength and is superior to any we have had; they seem to appreciate their opportunities.

Paying them wages, from $1.00 to $15.00 a month, is most beneficial and is, I think, indispensable to their taking an interest in daily work, and becoming good mechanics.

IN GENERAL.

Of Graduates.

Of the 572, including this year's class, who have taken the full course, 90 per cent. have taught more or less, and 75 per cent. have made teaching their life work. Less than 10 per cent. have failed in respect to conduct and character. Our girl graduates, numbering one-third, have shown a remarkable steadfastness and efficiency; they are in special demand as teachers, among country school superintendents.

The actual working force sent out includes, also, not far from five hundred who left at the end of the Junior or Middle year. The demand for teachers is still great and beyond our power to supply. All can get salaries of from $25. to $30. per month for sessions of from four to six months. They must shift for themselves a part of each year; here their industrial training comes in and saves them. Indian graduates and ex-students are doing well in the West in spite of the terrible surrounding conditions. The record of two-thirds of them is encouraging.

Your attention is invited to the reports in the appendix of *Miss Cleveland* and *Miss Tileston*, correspondents.

No work is wiser than attention to and care of those who have gone out from us. This, as every year, there is sent to each one an invitation to attend anniversary exercises, and a lunch on the same day given them by the school. A goodly number is always present. Their loyalty as a class, to their "Alma Mater" and to its teachings, is a constant encouragement and inspiration to us. I believe that the record of Christian work for no other race has been so satisfactory a seed sowing as that for the ex-slaves of our country; for the work done, the harvest has been speedy and ample; the only regret is that the laborers are so few.

Physician's Report.

By Dr. M. M. Waldron.

This report, to which your attention is invited, gives the health record of this year, and states the sanitary conditions of the school, which have improved this year more rapidly than ever before, though the sick list has never been so large. Care has been taken to ascertain and create the best possible conditions of health; no money is better spent than in preventing disease.

The recommendations of Mr. Frank Wingate, of New York, Sanitary Engineer, who made a careful inspection have been, or will be strictly carried out. The unusually large medical work of the school this year has been well and most faithfully done, severely taxing the strength of our medical officer. Increased help is needed in nursing the sick.

The health department of the school needs ampler provision by way of a hospital for colored and Indian boys, to which most of the cases could be carried instead of being visited, as now, in separate buildings tu great disadvantage. It should contain eight beds, and, without furniture, would cost $4,500, or $550 for each bed. Dr. Waldron recommends a building in the form of a Greek cross, each of the four wings to contain 2 beds. The cost of each wing would be $1100.00.

Of the Library.

You are referred to *Miss Bacon's* interesting report, which shows a marked gain in its use and influence. A taste for good reading is invaluable to those who are to live in a low mural atmosphere. Creating this and supplying reading matter to our widely scattered workers is a help to better living that they need and appreciate.

Friends are asked to send or give what they can to build up the school library and its fund, and supply reading for distribution.

Bad literature will, as a knowledge of reading shall become more general, find a wide and profitable field in the South. The unusual attention given this year to interesting students in books, and their eagerness for knowledge makes the library more deserving than ever of encouragement. It is pleasant to acknowledge the receipt of a gift of $787.25 as a basis of a library endowment fund, which I hope may steadily increase till its income shall be at least $500 a year.

Report of the Business Agent—Mr. F. C. Briggs.

The supplies of the school are, other things being equal, purchased as near home as possible, from first hands.

While home products are used to the utmost, they make a very small part of the quantity of beef, bacon, flour, meal, etc., required daily by six hundred student boarders and sixty officers and teachers on the place, with their families—not less than seven hundred are supplied. Your attention is asked to Mr. Briggs' report, which shows in minute detail the cost and distribution of everything purchased for the school; the cost apiece of every student, and the total cost; also a comparison with the cost of previous years.

At the beginning of the year a complete inventory of the school property was taken, which is submitted for the information of the Trustees.

Report of the Acting Commandant—Mr. George L. Curtis.

From July, 1878 to July, 1884, an United States Army officer was detailed as Instructor in Military Tactics, in virtue of the school relations to the State as an Agricultural College—a private corporation administering a public fund. An application to the Secretary of War for the detail of Lieut. Geo. LeRoy Brown another term of three years having been refused, it was preferred to conduct the cadet organization without applying for a new officer. Mr. Geo. L. Curtis, of New Yurk, was invited to take charge of the discipline of the students, and the "internal economy" of their life.

Mr. Arthur Boykin, a competent and well-trained graduate, was appointed Drill Instructor of the battalion, and has done the work well. See his report.

The military part is in excellent condition not only from the efficiency of those in charge, but because of the work of Capt. Henry Romeyn and Lieut. Geo. LeRoy Bruwn, of the Army, whose faithful labor of three years each, laid the foundation of and made pussible the present satisfactory system.

The conduct and influence of our colored Captains, Lieutenants, and noncommissioned officers, has notably improved in response to the appeal for their best efforts to make good the loss of an army officer; the *morale* of students is better this year than ever.

You are referred to the report of Mr. Curtis, for full information.

Report of the Chaplain—Rev H. B. Frissell.

The Chaplain is also acting Principal and is in charge during my absence; his relation to the school is large and increasingly important, as the work becomes more vitally related to the cause of Christian civilization in the South. By direct preaching and teaching, by an organization in the school for religious, temperance and benevolent work in the neighborhood, by visiting graduates in the field, by contact with representative men of the country taking cognizance of the wretched prison system of the State, and by his work for colored pastors in this vicinity who are more and more looking to us for light and help, he has done much to make this school a power for good.

I commend to your careful attention his report, which closes the series in the Appendix. It makes clear, I think, that there is no better seed ground for Christian ideas than the "despised races" of our country.

You are reminded that, as the end of the school year is June 15, and that of the fiscal year, June 30, reports prepared at this date, are sufficiently complete in other respects, but are not so as to financial statistics. Each report will be revised by its writer after July 1st, and published, as usual, covering the entire year.

The only report not referred to above is that of Mr. F. N. Gilman, Acting Treasurer, which is made directly to the Trustees. His administration has been able and satisfactory.

Relations with the State of Virginia, through the six Curators of the College Land Fund, the annual income of which, ten thousand dollars, has been regularly paid, are pleasant and satisfactory. Respectfully submitted.

S. C. ARMSTRONG,
Principal.

Hampton, Va., May 20, 1885.

Appendix.

The following reports are from the instructors and officers in charge of the departments and studies specified, in each of which there are from one to three teachers engaged.

Report of Miss Mary F. Mackie, Lady Principal.

The 17th year of the school opened on the 6th Oct. last, the previous Thursday, Friday and Saturday, according to our custom, being devoted to the examination of new students as well as of those who, during the past year, had been members of the Night class and were now candidates to enter the Junior or Middle class of the day school. The examinations for the Junior class are always oral, those for the Middle written, and cover the ground gone over in the studies of the Junior year.

The total enrollment of students has been 275 girls, 384 boys. Grand total 659, of whom 127 are Indians, and 20 day scholars from the town. The daily average attendance for the year is 595.

The classification is as follows.

Normal Students.

YOUNG WOMEN.		YOUNG MEN.	
Senior Class	20	Senior Class	22
Middle "	60	Middle "	64
Junior "	77	Junior "	97
Total Indian Stud's	43	*Total Indian Stud's*	63
" *Even'g*	" 75	" *Ev'eng*	" 132
	275		384

Pastors Class 16

The peculiar features of our work naturally divide our pupils into three general divisions.

The Indian classes study and work half of each day. The Evening classes work daily ten hours and study two, while the Normal classes work two days of each week and study four. The time allotted these last students for class work is as follows. From 8.40 a. m. to 12 m. From 1.40 to 4 p. m. Morning study hour from 7 to 8.20. Evening study hour from 7 to 9.

We employ 35 teachers, 9 of whom belong to the Indian Department, 9 to the Evening School and the balance, 17, to the Normal.

NORMAL SCHOOL.

Miss M. F. Mackie, in charge.

The Senior class of 44 shows a large falling off from the Middle class of last year (103). This is accounted for, not only by the number going a second time over the Middle year, but by the fact that many belonging to this class have been obliged to teach a year in order to secure funds to meet the bills of the Senior year. We consider this year of experience for them a most valuable part of their training; and they themselves are realizing its value. One writes that he has become so fond of his work, he feels it will be hard to give it up and come back to the year of study which intervenes between him and his diploma.

Of the 124 students in the Middle class 11 were admitted from the Night class, 6 came to us from abroad and the balance were either promoted from the Junior class of last year, or were such, as having failed to pass the examination at the close of school in June, '84, for promotion to the Senior class, were condemned to repeat the studies of the Middle year.

Of the 174 Juniors, 81 are from the Night class, 14 from the Indian school, 31 are repeaters and the balance 48 are entirely new to the school. Of the 340 pupils at present in the 3 upper classes, exclusive of 21 Indians, 153 have, during their course, been members of the Night class for at least one year. It will thus be seen that a large proportion of our students in each class have had their preliminary training on our own grounds, while at the same time they have been laying up funds with which to pay their board bills when they have entered the Normal classes; and it is a great satisfaction to say that the leading scholars in both the Junior and Middle classes have come from the Night school, which is very creditable to them when it is remembered that their recitations and the preparation for them, are crowded into a little more than two hours at the end of a hard day's work.

The year past has in some ways been a very unusual one with us. The school has been larger than ever before and in consequence the classes also; a much larger proportion than usual of our teachers are new to the work, which must always be a cause of regret as it is of weakness. We have shared the sickness which has been prevalent everywhere, and while we have had comparatively few fatal cases, considering our large number of students, the work of the school has been more or less broken by the sickness, not of the pupils only, but what is a new experience for us, that of the teachers also; as a result I think our classes have hardly gone over the usual amount of ground, but there has been no falling off in thoroughness.

The general tone and *morale* of the school have been excellent, and in all points of discipline, order and promptness of attendance there has been a marked improvement on other years. We have adopted the monitor system entirely for securing the record of attendance in all school exercises, and by so doing have gained a very appreciable amount of time which has enabled us to lengthen our morning study hour 20 minutes. For the day scholars who come to us from Hampton and its vicinity we have established a study hour from 1 to 2 p. m.

The consideration of our Seniors for the elementary studies has been strengthened by the offer of M. Demorest of New York to give a gold medal to the member of the present graduating class who shall pass the best written examination in the primary studies, i. e. such as belong to our Junior year.

In accordance with the decision of the "Trustees" last June that all students promoted to the Senior class shall engage one

year in teaching before taking up the Senior studies, we have given the "Methods of Teaching" to the present Middle class, preparatory to their work as teachers. At first there was a feeling of disappointment at not being able to complete their course of study as soon as they had anticipated, but I think now the prospect of a year in the schoolroom as its "Head," begins to look attractive to many and they are deeply interested to fit themselves as thoroughly as possible for their work.

A special effort has been made this year to direct the attention of the pupils to an improved enunciation and the importance of clear, distinct, good tones of voice in all class recitations. In this effort we have been very much helped and stimulated by the work of Miss Adela Rankin of New York, who was with us a month and gave special instruction in our Reading classes, tending to the development and the right use of the voice, or of "voice building."

We constantly see and feel the need for our girls of some training which shall do for them what the Military drill does for the boys, to straighten them and correct the tendency to lung disease so prevalent among them. This year, through the interest of a friend who has made the subject of "Light Gymnastics" a special study, we have made a small beginning which we hope will develop into a permanent good and blessing to our girls.

Mathematics.

The work in the Mathematical department, especially under my care, has made about the usual progress. This year we have confined our attention entirely to arithmetic, mental and written. The advanced section of the Senior class were given their choice whether they would take up Algebra, having finished arithmetic, or spend their time in making themselves more thorough and familiar with the branch they are most likely to teach; an almost unanimous decision was given in favor of Arithmetic. Lately in this class we have been using a text book by Wentworth and Hill, made up of sets of examination papers issued by the various colleges in America and England, also of problems given in German and French schools; these papers vary in length from one hour to two an' a half. Correctness of work, neatness of paper and promptness in time all enter into consideration of the papers sent in, and thus far the work done has been very satisfactory and the interest of the pupils grows as they find themselves able, often without any opportunity or desire to consult a text book to hand in a perfect paper. In place of "Intentional Geometry" which we gave the Seniors' last year, we have given this term Free Hand Drawing, with a fair amount of success.

REPORTS ON THE STUDY OF ENGLISH.

Senior Class Studies in Literature.

By *Miss Helen W. Ludlow.*

Our aim with this class is always to educate the faculty, and cultivate a taste for good reading rather than to accomplish any set course. Hence, our work naturally varies from year to year with our material and facilities.

This year, the material has been better than usual. The sections are, for the most part, well graded, and the spirit of both has been very good. There are some excellent readers among them, more good readers at sight than in any other class I remember to have taught.

Our studies have been principally in American literature. We have used no text books. The students have had blank books into which they have copied notes taken in the class, with poems and extracts. They have taken much interest in these books and have generally kept them very carefully.

We began with a consideration of what literature is, its classifications and development; then took a bird's-eye glance at the development of English literature, with a specimen or two of the old English for curiosity. While waiting for the copy books, we read a little of Julius Cæsar, but they had more of this in their reading class.

With the note books, we took a more careful, but sketchy, view of the history of American literature, dividing it into the Colonial, Revolutionary, and Early and Late XIX Century periods; considering the character of each with its causes; making lists of the prominent writers of each, in the various departments of authorship; and reading illustrations of the most representative; bits from speeches, novels, essays &c., or entire articles, as Ichabod Crane, Rip Van Winkle, a poem and an essay of Emerson (needing some explanation, but then enjoyed.)

Not having a text book and making my own selections, it was not possible of course to have copies enough to go round in the class, except of such as could be found in their reading books or were short and valuable enough to have printed in our office. But from the library, or by borrowing, it was generally possible to obtain at least two copies to pass from hand to hand among the boys and girls to read from while the rest listened. Sometimes I read to them. Questions and comments were always in order; but analysis may be carried to disgust, and that I tried to avoid.

We took up more particularly at last, the study of Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes and Lowell; Julia Ward Howe, Helen Hunt Jackson and Celia Thaxter. Our previous studies having been chiefly prose, in preparation for these we spent a little while in considering, with much interest to the class, the nature of poetry as a fine art; its analogies with music and painting, and its essential elements of form and spirit; poetic figures, construction and rhytnm.

After reading a few of Bryant's shorter poems, the class being especially impressed by "Thanatopsis," most of them copying it entire, I stopped for six weeks or more on Bryant to read to them his translation of the Iliad, skipping only the parts less interesting or important to the story. I believe that it was time well spent. It not only gratified in the best, and for most of them the only way possible, their universal longing for a taste of "the classics," but was a real bit of culture. Enthusiasm was roused to the utmost pitch. The inevitable school soubriquets were exchanged for the names of Greek heroes, and the young Agamemnons and Hectors watched with eagerness their favorites' varying fortunes. While a few matter of fact minds were puzzled at first to separate fact and fancy, asking in bewilderment now and then, "Was that *true?*"—, all soon got into the spirit of the stirring epic, enjoying it with a freshness that added to the enjoyment of reading it to them. The five Indian members of the class were especially interested and surprised to find the echoes of their native ideas and customs coming from so far "down the corridors of time"—the games and auguries, the funeral rites of Patroclus, the horses and captives sent to serve their masters in the under world. Lively discussions were held upon the acts and motives of heroes and gods. They despised Paris, were divided upon Agamemnon and Achilles, were moved by the devotion and sorrows of Andromache and unanimous in enthusiasm for Hector and lamentation for his death. They were surprised to find the gods so much like men, and struck with their difference from the pure ideals of Christianity. In considering one day, at my suggestion, the changes in the standards of heroism with the progress of humanity, one of the boys pleased me by observing of his own accord that after all, the idea of self disregard is common to all of them. Pages of extracts have been eagerly copied into their books, from the Iliad. I prepared them so that they might have their choice of their favorite passages, but most of them wanted all.

As their composition exercises in the previous year had been directed to making them write with some method, according to an outline previously thought out by themselves, so, in studying short poems this year, they were required to look for the author's outline, to see if there was an introduction and conclusion, and what were the natural divisions of the poem. Then they would go over it to study the beauties of each part; the descriptions, figures, allusions; the general feeling and deeper significance; at last reading it through to enjoy it as a whole.

A pleasant incident in this part of the year's work was keeping Mr. Longfellow's birth-day, his picture wreathed with flowers, and each member of the class bringing a short poem or extract to read, from his works. In our first reading of "The Day is Done," we stopped to guess what Mr. Longfellow's reader selected to

> "Soothe the restless feeling
> And banish the cares of day;"

and to think what we would like to have read to us in like circumstances. Various suggestions were made by the class, but "Ichabod Crane" was one unaimously approved.

For the remainder of the year, we are trying to get a little glimpse of the literature of England; with a few representatives of its most important periods.

A text book exactly suited to our needs would have been a great help, but such an one was not found and we spared the students the expense of one crowded with an amount of detail impossible to get through with or remember, with few illustrations, and those scrappy or not always what we wanted. "Swinton's Studies in Literature" highly recommended to us by Prof. Alfred Salisbury last year, has on the other hand nothing at all of the history or biography of literature, which must be supplied by the teacher, and while its foot-notes and questions for "literary analysis" are excellent generally, its selections, especially the "characterizations" of the authors by other distinguished writers, are in great part quite beyond our students.

There is some advantage, I think, in seeing and handling a whole volume of an author's works even if it has to be passed from hand to hand. Many of my class express the in ention of buying Bryant's or Pope's translation of the Iliad, and Whittier or Longfellow's poems, as soon as they can save the money. All are treasuring the "Alden catalogue" of cheap publications, given them by their reading teacher, whose co-operation with my work has been a great assistance to it.

Another year, I should like to have the lists of representative names which they have copied into their note books, printed for them, to save time for copying more interesting things, or for more composition writing than they have done this year.

The Longfellow, Holmes and Whittier "Leaflets," printed by Houghton and Mifflin, have been distributed for insertion in their books and have been greatly prized. I wish others were published.

For the most part, I am gratified by what the class has accomplished this year, though I wish we could have done more.

Junior and Middle Classes.

Grammar and Composition.

By *Miss M. J. Sherman.*

As was the case last year, the Juniors have spent the entire term thus far in the study of verbs. My aim has been their mastery of rules, definitions, illustrations, synopsis and conjugation, together with drill in parsing. Combined with this study of technical grammar, there has been constant practice in sentence-building, to illustrate the use of the various forms of the verb. The remainder of the term will be spent in letter-writing, since this is the form of composition our students will hereafter find most occasion to use. In these letters, they will give bits of personal experience, describe scenes familiar to them, and write stories suggested by pictures or by what is read to them. With this work, there will be careful drill in correcting the errors made in the letters.

Such is the course pursued with the first division of the Junior Class, which it has been my lot to instruct. Substantially the same plan has been adopted by those who have charge of the others. Although on the whole, there is a gain in the class of students we receive, the vast difference between the various sections of the Junior Class, especially in their language work, shows that there is still lack of proper training in English in the country schools from which so many of our pupils come.

For admission to the Middle Class, we required this year only a thorough knowledge of verbs and the ability to write a fair letter, thus deferring more than one-half of what has previously been crowded into the work of the Junior term till a later period in the course.

Our text books are Reed and Kellogg's "Graded Lessons in English" and Powel's "How to Write." To the students, the latter seemed at first sight a very easy book; but as one of the class remarked not long ago, "I've had to study it harder than any other." The book abounds with pictures, somewhat juvenile in their character sometimes, but exceedingly helpful notwithstanding. The fact is, we need books designed especially for such students as ours, who, though young men and women in point of age, are pursuing, in many respects, the studies of grammar grades in northern schools.

Three months have been spent in the analysis of sentences as set forth in "Graded Lessons." Of course, the poorest Junior material cannot enter the Middle Class. Those, therefore, who undertake the analysis are all able to do fairly well, and can do the work in less than half the time the Juniors of previous year have required for its accomplishment, and this, though there has been more sentence-building than I have ever been able to secure before. The exercises in "Graded Lessons" are admirably adapted to the use of our Middle students, while I have always felt that they were beyond the ability of the average Junior.

With the study of text-books and the writing of exercises, there has been intermingled connected composition work. The work thus far has been, however, largely in the form of written exercises designed to illustrate the special point under consideration. These have been prepared almost daily, and the result, in some cases, is marvellous. It is interesting to compare the sentences now written with those produced by the same students last year. Then they wrote of dogs, cats, and "John;" now they tell of the formation of the earth, the solar system, the structure of the human body, and characters and events connected with English or American history.

For the remaining two months of the term, they will write compositions at least twice a week, and always from topics. One of the chief excellencies of "How to Write" is the stress it lays upon this point. The students have already shown a degree of facility in writing from outlines, and promise good work in the future.

My special aim has been to teach the Middlers how to use a text-book on grammar. In the Junior term it seems almost necessary to give oral instruction before assigning a lesson on any new subject. With the Middlers, I have been able to pursue a different course, usually requiring them to study the lesson until understood, learn definitions, and by sentences of their own, illustrate the principle studied, all without explanation on my part. There was delay at first, but with the average student there is now good work. I insist on the committing of definitions to memory, for few of our students have sufficient command of English to make their own.

As is the case with the Juniors, some are excellent scholars, the majority are fair, while a few are very, very poor. I think more care should be taken in promoting from the Junior to the Middle Class, for unless the foundation-work, especially in English, is thoroughly done, the student is hampered ever afterward. If any year of the course must be repeated, let it be the Junior.

I have never required so much from any Middle Class as from the present, nor has any done more faithful work. The majority have shown an earnest, painstaking interest in the sometimes dry details of the work, which deserves much commendation.

Report on Natural Philosophy.

By *Miss S. E. Wentworth.*

This year marks another advance in the possible value of the work in Natural Philosophy, in that it is to be hereafter a Senior study, instead of being begun by the Middle Class in February. The change will make the classes smaller, while the students will be older and more thoughtful, and their year of teaching will have developed in them an ability for original thought which will make their work of far greater benefit to themselves. This being the transition year, there has been no class since February, but during the first half year the subject of Energy, as shown in the phenomena of Heat, Sound, Light, and Electricty, was studied as thoroughly as time allowed. The practical bearing of the various principles proved as interesting as useful. The theory at times seemed hard and tiresome to some of the class, but when the application was made, all the interest that one could wish for showed itself, and eager questions could be asked about facts which the students had never associated with any especial cause. Whenever possible, students were sent to the blackboard to draw simple diagrams illustrative of the principles about which they had studied, and some individual experimental work outside of the class room was asked for. The topical arrangement of the text books was followed, and as each subject was finished, it was reviewed from the analysis and followed by a written examination. We have used Cooley's New Physics but it is not entirely satisfactory for our work. Much has to be omitted as too technical for our students, while a greater number of practical applications are desirable. As a whole, the record of the work done is good, and some of the boys have shown themselves original thinkers. As explaining the simple events of every day life I am sure that to some of the class a new world has been opened, and if our crowded year's work gives but a glimpse into the wonders of the physical world about us, it opens a door which will never be entirely closed again.

Report on History.

By *Miss J. S. Worcester.*

Closely connected, as our pupils are, with many of the great events in the history of the country, and surrounded by ground on which famous battles have been fought, the study of the subject in which their fortunes have played so important a part is taken up with interest.

There are numerous stumbling blocks in the way of the beginner; the new hard words, the small command of English, the inability to grasp the idea from the printed page and to distinguish between the important and the unimportant, make the work slow at first. The lesson must often be read in class, important points marked, words explained, and places laboriously found on the map, before it can be studied. But by patient effort, helped on by the interest always taken in a new subject, stimulated by stories of exploration and adventure, frequent reviews, written lessons, and examinations, the difficulties are gradually overcome, and much better work is done the latter part of the term.

Scudder's History of the United States has been recently introduced into the Junior class with good results. The greater simplicity of language and the interesting way in which the story is told make it much better suited to the needs of the school than the text-book formerly in use.

The Middle class show the good effect of the half-year's training in the more intelli-

gent way in which they study. Although the same faults are noticeable, there is a steady improvement to be seen through the whole course. The aim has been to fix great events firmly in mind, to accustom them to notice the relation of cause and effect, and to introduce them td books from which they may fill out for themselves the somewhat scanty outlines learned in school.

Many knotty points in connection with the lesson, such as questions of generalship, tariff, the justice or injustice of certain acts of the government, etc., were discussed with much animation. The stirring poems of Holmes and Whittier, and Coffin's vivid descriptions have helped to give reality to the events of which they have studied. Their interest in the Civil War may be judged from the fact that within a few days of the time they began to study about it every book on the subject was drawn from the library, and the supply was hardly half equal to the demand.

The Senior class, in the time devoted to Ancient History, can take only an outline of the Oriental monarchies, Greece, and Rome, which must necessarily be brief, and correspondingly unsatisfactory. The majority of these young men and women will never be called upon to teach it except as it is connected with Sunday school work, yet the study is valuable to them in many ways aside from the mere knowledge of facts acquired, the broadening influence of a more intimate acquaintance with famous events and old time heroes, and the kind of literature it brings to their notice. Here, again, the lack of books of reference is a great drawback. The few volumes on each subject are eagerly seized, sometimes several days in advance, and most of the class must go without.

Considering the shortness of time and the obstacles in the way, the progress of the classes and the results of the year's work are encouraging. If some knowledge of the way to study has been gained, if some of the great lessons have been learned, if a desire for good books has been created, the time has not been spent in vain, although much that is desirable has been left undone.

Report on Moral Science and Political Economy.

By *Miss Alice M. Bacon.*

The teaching of Moral Science in the school has its own peculiar difficulties as well as its peculiar interest. The special difficulties arise from the following causes: 1st. The lack of language on the part of students. They find it very difficult to limit the meaning of a word or to comprehend a familiar word used in an unfamiliar way. I have tried to make them frame their own definitions as much as possible in order to accustom them to the exact use of words. A second difficulty arises from the fact that the students have not been used to thinking at all upon abstract or metaphysical subjects. The little of theoretical morals that I have tried to teach, has been taken hold of only after very hard work on the part of teachers and scholars. Conscience, the moral law, the moral character of an action, these and similar expressions have required careful and repeated explanation and definition before they could be finally grasped and comprehended.

A third obstacle is the lack of a text-book just suited to our students' minds. The book now in use is Wayland's Abridged Moral Science, but there are some serious objections to it. It is hard to find a book which will take up ideas suited to an adult mind and put them into language adapted to a child's vocabulary. That is the kind of book that is needed for our work. The trouble with Wayland is that it is written for children's minds as well as for their vocabularies, and hence does not come up to the minds of our scholars. There is also this objection to the book, that the definitions and divisions of the work are not exact or strongly marked enough to make it altogether easy to teach. To overcome this difficulty the definitions proposed and accepted by the class and the main points of each lesson have been written upon the blackboard and copied by the students into their note books.

The peculiar interest in teaching moral science here lies mainly in the fact that you are leading the students for the first time to the study of their own minds. The students are all engaged in the task of exploring hitherto unknown regions in themselves, and the result is a lively and absorbing interest in the study that keeps every student eager and alert all the time. They become conscious of a new power as they see gradually unfolding before them a science drawn by their own processes of observation from their own minds. They are told that nothing must be taken on the word of the teacher, that their own minds, their own consciences must make the final decision in every case, and they work hard to reason out for themselves the belief which they have always taken for granted before, and then having found the ground of those beliefs, to follow them out to their logical sequence. All that the teacher can do is to guide them in their reasoning, to point the way in which they should go.

The work in Political Science is interesting but in some respects unsatisfactory. The boys enjoy it and take hold of it well, follow the arguments and remember the conclusions very creditably. The girls are doing much better this year than last, but naturally fail to take the same interest in political subjects that the boys do. From lack of interest they do not do nearly as well as their classmates of the other sex, though when it comes to any question of political morality the girls show a quicker understanding generally than the boys. The book used during the last two years has been Nordhoff's "Politics for Young Americans," but though the book is an admirable one as a text-book for scholars from twelve to fifteen, it does not prove to be quite what is wanted here. There is a lack of exact and clear definition and a taking for granted that the reader already knows some things, which make the book better for use among scholars who have had the advantages of cultivated homes than for these students who have almost no general information to fall back upon. Note books have been used and definitions, explanations, etc. copied into them from the black board, but it takes a great deal of the students' time when the deficiencies of the text book have to be remedied in that way.

Report on Geography.

By *Miss Anna G. Baldwin.*

Heretofore the study of common school geography was dropped at the close of the Junior year, and what the pupils did not have in that class, they were obliged to make up as best they could for themselves. The hurried review taken by the Seniors as preparation for teaching, showed how necessary it was to have more thorough work in this subject, consequently a change was made this year, giving a half term's work in geography in the Middle class, and the results have been much more satisfactory both to the teacher and the pupil.

The work now laid out for the Junior year is the first half of Guyot's geography—to Europe. Now that the time is lengthened, a change of text books seems desirable, for although the physical maps in Guyot's are excellent, the subject matter is meagre, and necessitates much additional labor in preparation on the part of the teacher

Map drawing has been made a prominent feature of the work, particularly with the Juniors. The continents and groups of states have been drawn on the board and on paper, both from the books and from memory. Commercial maps have received particular attention in the Middle classes, some of whom have done very creditable work.

The principal faults of our students in beginning the study of geography in the Junior class are, inability to locate places definitely and to reason correctly for climate, products, location of cities, etc. In both of these particulars they have shown marked improvement.

In learning the physical features of the countries, moulding has been used largely, and maps drawn from the outlines thus made.

The Middle classes were required to do considerable reading in connection with their lessons, and books of travel and illustrated magazine articles were in constant demand for that purpose. The information thus gained served as a basis for composition work in the form of descriptions, letters and journals.

Physical Geography.

The 1st of February the Middle classes began the subject of Physical Geography. They have shown the most intense interest in it from the outset. Occasionally some of them demur at statements which seem to them so utterly impossible as not to be true. For instance:—After talking at length upon the solar system in what the teacher flattered herself was a very lucid manner and just when she thought even the dullest in the class must comprehend it, one of the pupils raised his hand and asked, "Do you expect us to believe all that?" Upon an affirmative answer being given, he replied, "Well, that may all do very well here, but they would put us out if we tried to teach it in our country schools."

The firm conviction held by one of the teachers that we have a decided advantage in having pupils who are familiar with the tides, seems to be verified in this instance, for they have been unusually quick in grasping the theory given them, although at the same time they are not entirely satisfied, because "the book says the explanation is not perfectly satisfactory."

At the beginning of the study, it seemed as though the teachers had all the sciences to teach at once, for the pupils had no previous knowledge of physics, geology, astronomy or chemistry, but most of them have proved themselves equal to the emergency, and the term's work has been very enjoyable.

Report on Reading.

By Miss Margaret Kenwill.

In looking over the work of the year, preparatory to making this fourth annual report, we observe that we have encountered much the same difficulties and encouragements as formerly. We have not yet found any means by which reading at sight may be taught in an hour to a pupil who has hardly seen the inside of a book before coming here; nor any art by which neat distinct articulation can be produced by immobile, inflexible lips long habituated to slovenly ways.

We still believe that the only royal road to reading is practice, practice, practice, and that to awaken a love for books is one of the surest means of securing that result.

On the other hand, the fact that the classes are filled from year to year with younger pupils gives encouragement for better future results. These show the effect of better training, and, besides being better readers at entering, have the advantage of more susceptable minds. This is already apparent in the Senior Class which has been said by a teacher who has daily opportunity of judging, to average higher in reading than any preceding class she has taught.

What the older pupils lack in susceptibility, however, they often make up in earnestness and zeal. In this they outrank their juniors. What is true of reading is true of other elementary studies, particularly of spelling and writing. Hand and lip and brain seem alike inflexible and unpliable. It seems a curious contradiction of this fact that some of the best minds, some who are able to grapple successfully with a knotty question in political economy or like studies, are frequently so deplorably defective in these rudiments as to make it questionable whether they ought to be graduated. Along with knowledge comes the demand for the proper conveyance of it.

The work in the Junior classes has been similar to that of previous years. It has been under the direction of a teacher who has received special training for the purpose. Particular attention has been paid to learning words, to articulation and voice building. This has been supplemented by a month's drill by a specialist—Miss Rankin of Brooklyn, N. Y. The following are the reports of Miss Chickering and Miss Rankin.

Miss Rankin's Report.

"I came to Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute for one month to give special training in lung strengthening and voice building. I have found in all my classes, with the exception of the Senior, that the pupils were inclined to be hollow chested and to confine their voices too much to their throats, and to use the lips slowly, so that they were often indistinct in enunciation. I have tried, in various ways to make the lips flexible, and to enable them to obtain a neat, quick, ready action of the jaws, lips, tongue, teeth and palate.

The pupils were anxious to improve, quick to respond and desirous to please, so that I found my labors lightened, by the pleasant manner in which each class obeyed my directions in each exercise.

I have found my heart filled with affection day by day, and I have been conscious that my pupils were calling forth my best and most enthusiastic efforts, because of the child-like trust and earnestness of their nature. Having had eight year's experience as a teacher of elocution, in many large seminaries in our Northern cities, I say with pleasure that I never enjoyed classes more nor found more appreciative and eager pupils than I have done in Hampton.

They have done good work during this month and have now reached a point where I am sorry to leave them.

It is with a feeling of deep regret that I shall look upon their bright and familiar faces no more, and earnestly trust that I have done them all good, during the weeks I have been among them.

I have had to work harder with my Indian pupils than I have done with the colored pupils, yet I have been rewarded for all the efforts I have used to awaken and hold their interest. They are observant and keen in wit, and very affectionate and willing to obey, after a teacher has won their confidence and esteem. They are very amusing in their originality of remark and anxious to do their best, to please a teacher who shows them the desire to do them good.

I leave one and all with a feeling of happiness that I have been among them, and sorrow that I am to know them no more.

I have met with kindness and courtesy from all the teachers whose classes I have had during these weeks, and I thank them all for their assistance in my labors."

Report of Junior work by Miss Chickering.

"In a school like this where time is so precious, and where every hour should, if possible, show a gain in some direction, the question seems to be always, in every branch of study, what is the quickest way to attain desired results? In the department of reading the question takes this form: In what way can the student soonest learn to articulate distinctly and to read intelligently?

No better system of teaching articulation can be found than that given by Monroe, as we have it in our charts. This system is used in teaching the deaf and dumb, and their organs of speech are certainly more inactive than those of our students. Teach the student the sound of the letters, especially those letters difficult to pronounce, such as, r-d-t-b-etc. Daily practice in words containing these letters is also to be recommended, and is, in fact, necessary. The exercises given by Miss Rankin are also good and have produced good results. Greater interest has been awakened, and I have noticed with pleasure that the students have tried harder to overcome these faults of speech. These exercises should be practiced daily for perhaps ten minutes, together with certain other physical exercises. But after we have finished the exercises we take up our reading books and how do our Juniors read? In the highest section the reading is fair—comparatively few words are miscalled and, as a rule, the reading is distinct and intelligent. During the greater part of the year the sections have been too large. When we are teaching children to read we expect them to have a chance to read every day. Our scholars when they come here, have most of them read less than children in our primary schools, and consequently need practice day after day, month after month, year after year.

And they must also have something to read which will interest them. They are too old, most of them, to enjoy children's books, yet they must have ideas clothed in simple words. The text books usually neglect this, in most of them the ideas are childish and the words large, just the reverse of what is needed. For instance the book tells us that "the King was clad in plain habiliments." In speaking of some runaway geese that had been brought back, the same selection reads "the geese were once more congregated on their allotted territory." The students all seemed interested in history. If some simple book could be introduced to supplement the "Boys of '76" it would be a good thing. To inspire the pupils with a love for reading so that they would be likely to read outside the class room, would be to make a good beginning in this rather up hill work."

The work in the Middle class has varied, somewhat from the course pursued formerly. The regular text book has been Dickens' Child's History of England. This has been used on the days when the classes were full. When the classes have been smaller on the work days of the Section, more time has been given to individual students and to the study of elocution as usually understood. Speeches of great orators and poems of great writers have been chosen with reference to the tastes and needs of the students.

While not forgetting, in reading history, that the primary object was to learn to read, in order to insure intelligent reading and constant attention, as well as to gain some knowledge of history, the students have been required to make topics and to hold themselves ready for frequent reviews and occasional examinations. The results have been most satisfactory. A very intelligent familiarity with English History has in most cases been acquired. The interest and enthusiasm in the vivid narratives of Dicken's has been unflagging. Their horror at the atrocities of Richard III and Henry VIII, their wrath at the tyrannies of kings and the oppression of the people has been a measure of their civilization and an illustration of their democratic principles. Their sympathies are very quick. They have been interested in the stories of Prince Arthur and Joan of Arc. When asked in review to name the character they most admire or the story that has most impressed them, the chorus is loud for the "Maid of Orleans."

The Senior class began the year with Shakespeare's Julius Caesar. The enthusiasm kindled was sufficient to carry them over several weeks of rather tedious technical works which followed. The question is sometimes asked, Do the students understand or appreciate the play? There can be no doubt of their appreciation in the sense of enjoyment at least, and but little of their comprehension. Almost every question asked on the meaning of the text found an answer in the class. Of course not from every member, but always from one, often from several.

The text book used this year has been "Brooks' Elocution and Reading." This was chosen partly on account of the full and excellent "Manual" with which the book opens. The definitions are precisely what the student will need in his work, for suggestion and methods. The book contains beside much valuable matter which will be found useful for furnishing selections for recitation, and school exercises.

Beside the work already mentioned, the class has studied Lowell's Present Crisis, Goldsmith's Deserted Village and selections from the Merchant of Venice. These have

received a careful literary analysis as a preparation for the elocutionary analysis and for the correct rendition of the piece.

The students have had frequent drill in physical and vocal gymnastics calculated to develop and strengthen the organs of speech. Constant attention has been given to the thought of the piece, to secure intelligent reading. A pleasant exercise on the meaning of words has been a reponse to roll call with a word and definition, a word correctly used in a sentence or with two or more synonymous words. Sometimes this has been varied by responding with a fact or a famous name in their history. Sometimes with a quotation or the name of an Author.

I have found my work made easier and much more satisfactory from having had, this term, a pleasant airy room which has belonged almost exclusively to the reading classes. This has made it possible to arrange exercises on the black board before the arrival of the class and to have the use of the vocal charts.

I have great hope that the year of experience in teaching, which future classes will have before graduating, will raise the standard of reading, by stimulating them to greater efforts as they realize the importance of becoming perfectly qualified in this fundamental study.

Report on Spelling and Writing.

By Miss Anna E. Kemble.

If spellers are born, some of that fortunate class would certainly find their way into this school; but upon questioning the good spellers among us, of whom there are not a few, I find they have had training in good schools where written exercises were frequent, and most of them began going to school when young.

Our poorest spellers are those who have had the poorest advantages, and these in schools where written exercises were not required,

In many cases, even oral spelling was omitted, and when it was given, small words of every-day use received little attention. Consequently many have formed a habit of mis-spelling small words almost impossible for them to overcome.

So strong is this habit with some that I have known many pupils to write a word correctly twenty times, and then to go back to the old way in a few days, if the word occurred in some lesson where writing was not the leading feature.

The class who entered this year are much better spellers than those of five years ago.- This is probably due to their freer use of books, and the increase of better prepared teachers in the field.

We are still combining the spelling and writing, a method with which most teachers are familiar and which we adopted with a great measure of success three years ago.

The lessons are made up from the new and hard words in the class studies—geography, history, reading &., and from lists of words taken from Swinton's Word Book.

The misspelled words from the written examination frequently make a profitable lesson. Just here I would say that the lowering of the students' average on account of misspelled words in all examinations throughout the school has been one of the greatest helps to the spelling teachers.

At the beginning of the hour, about five minutes is given to the drill and analysis of letters. The improvement in the handwriting of the class after copying the Spencerian written lesson from the board on space-ruled paper for even a short period is very remarkable.

Since a word is of no use to a pupil unless he knows how to use it, and a clear idea is not always received by a dictionary definition, words are defined by use of them in sentences.

From observation I am led to believe that careless pronunciation is one of the causes of bad spelling; not that all words are spelled as pronounced but many are. The pupil who pronounces seriously *sere-us-ly* naturally spells it *sere-us-ly*. Those who leave off consonant sounds at the ends of words when speaking leave them off when writing. This is a proof of the need of oral spelling with clear and distinct pronunciation, which we give often by oral reviews. I have sometimes thought a reading class would be a good place in which to teach spelling.

To conquer the spelling of the English language with its many variations is no easy task. And considering the lack of opportunity that many of the students have before coming here and the short period in which spelling is given as an especial study, we have every reason to be hopeful.

To stimulate the interest, a spelling match has been arranged to occur the last of the term, in which a prize will be awarded to the successful competitor.

I would suggest that some good modern speller containing words met with in ordinary reading, and *diacritical marks* to aid in pronunciation, be put in the hands of the members of the Middle Class. This would give us more time, which is greatly needed, for drill in pronunciation, and in the use of words in sentences and for teaching to some extent the derivation of words with use and meaning of suffixes and prefixes.

Report of the Cooking Class.

By *Miss Bessie Morgan*, in charge.

Thirty-five Indians and an equal number of colored girls, have received instruction in the cooking classes this winter. They have had practice lessons entirely and have made good progress. They are, with few exceptions, fond of cooking and enjoy their lessons, the old theory that the colored people are "born cooks" having perhaps some truth in it, though they are inclined to season their food too highly. Many of the Indians had to struggle against the disadvantage of not speaking or understanding our language, but even the most advanced among them are not much inclined to ask questions or feel an interest in knowing why things are done in a certain way. They are intelligent, and with little learning I believe will make excellent cooks and housekeepers.

The classes have averaged 7 each, the Indians cooking from 10 a. m. till 12 m; the colored from 4 to 6 p. m. Each class has one lesson a week. Sessions are given from Jan. 1st till May 1st.

Report on the Butler School.

By *Miss E. Hyde, Principal.*

We have enrolled at the Butler this year 360 children; for this number of pupils we have had six teachers, two of whom are residents of Hampton. In the highest class, under Miss Bentley at the training school, are five or six applicants for next fall's Middle class; in the highest room at the Butler, we have had about sixty children, every one of which passed his or her Junior examination last fall. We have had an older and more difficult class of pupils to deal with this year, as they are not allowed to enter the Normal unless they can enter the middle class. There has been very little sickness among the children and the average daily attendance has been higher than that of any previous year. Our school was as usual free for the first five months, (from October to March) since then it has become a pay school, at ten cents a week and every third child in the family coming free. This has brought the numbers down to less than two hundred pupils; these will gradually drop off as the weather gets warmer, and there is work for them to do in the fields. It is not an unusual thing to have a child stay out one day in the week to earn money to take him through the remainder. The twenty-four boys and girls in the Kitchen Garden Class have completed the course of lessons usually given to that class, and are now ready for review and supplementary work in house-keeping. A new feature of the school is the girls' sewing class under Miss Bentley and Miss Grace Hyde. Although having only one meeting a week, the girls have made great progress. I have been surprised at their interest in the work; they are constantly begging for an extra hour and are impatient if the weather necessitates a postponement. One of the first exercises was a lesson in darning; they were told to bring their stockings, but these were found to be in such a condition that they required the work of an expert rather than that of raw recruits, so they were furnished with other material upon which to take their first darning lesson. One small child brought me a bran new stocking and asked me to please cut a hole in it for her. I had a suspicion that the only other pair she owned was on her feet. One girl of fourteen, who has full charge of her father's house, two older brothers and a small sister, sat quietly darning away on a big hole. She always looks so neat herself, that I had rather taken for granted that she was an expert with her needle, so did not look at her work until the close of the hour, when to my dismay I found that she had two layers of stitches and had begun a third, but they were merely laid one above another without being woven in and out at all. I asked one child what she did when holes came in her stockings. She said "O just wear 'em." I am glad to report that at the end of three or four lessons, they all knew how to darn. At present they are very much interested in aprons, which they are to have for their own, when completed.

In closing I would say that next fall we shall need an extra room; our rooms are too crowded to allow the best work to be done. I am very anxious to have a room nicely fitted up, in which the older girls may be put and given the best chances. Through the kindness of Mr. E. Thompson Gale of Troy, N. Y., who presented the Butler with a check for a hundred dollars, we shall be able to fit up a room in the east wing of the building. The next step is to make application to the county for an extra teacher.

Practice Teaching.

By *Miss Hyde.*

The lessons given this year by the Seniors to the Training School children have proved the wisdom of giving methods during the middle year. As a whole, they have excelled in originality and excellence the lessons given by any previous Senior class.

There are four grades in the Training School, the lowest class consisting of beginners of about six years of age, the highest of pupils who hope to enter the Middle class next fall. This gives a variety of teaching and probably covers the ground found in the majority of the schools taught by our graduates.

Thus far the Seniors have given lessons in reading, spelling, language, composition, writing, drawing, number, arithmetic and geography. I hope before the close of the term to have each Senior spend an entire day in the Training School, thus getting an idea of the mangement of a school as a whole.

The Middle Class.

The Middlers have had Practice Teaching since February. As they are to go out to teach at the close of the term, I feel the necessity of taking them on in the work as rapidly as possible. Of course they will not be able in half a term to cover the same ground that the Seniors have in a year, and they will have to take their practice and work out their methods in their own school without having had the advantage of the Training School and its criticism; still, as a class, they seem to be very much in earnest and many of them, I am sure, will do first-rate work in the school-room.

The institute to be held after commencement, which is to be conducted by Mrs. E. L. N. Walton, of Massachusetts, will be open to both Seniors and Middlers, so that they will go out to their work with new ideas and renewed interest.

Instruction in Political Economy, in the Science of Government, and in topics of general interest, is given by the chaplain, Rev. H. B. Frissell. See his Report below.

REPORT ON INDIAN SCHOOL.

By Miss Josephine E. Richards, in charge.

Hampton Indians, at present number 125; 74 boys and 51 girls, including two babies. These are representatives of eleven different tribes, by far the greater proportion being Sioux. Two girls also are in Massachusetts.

This has been a year of great change in the school lists, partly from the fact that the three years' course of some of its Indians expired last fall, and others were brought on to fill their places, partly because the Government is now ready to support 120, instead of 100 pupils, as heretofore, which further increased the new arrivals, while sickness and delicate lungs caused many to be returned who had been with us but a short time. A party of 13 Omahas arrived in August. In September the Rev. Mr. Gravatt, and one of the lady teachers, escorted 25 to the West, and brought back 29. Since that time 12 have been sent home on account of ill health, and 8 for other reasons; 2 have left on their own responsibility; 7 have died. During the month of April 5 came to us from Crow Creek, and 12 from Standing Rock, Dakota. The plan is that about July 1 a dozen should return to the West, and during the summer and early fall about 12 Omahas, and 12 Sioux, should be added to our number.

The interest of the year of course has centred very largely around these out-going and in-coming parties, watching the progress of the new-comers, listening eagerly for reports of those who have gone back to their old homes. There has been very much of hopefulness in both aspects. As we look along our line at the West, from Fort Berthold in the Northern part of Dakota, to San Carlos Agency in Arizona, at many points we see our boys and girls doing good service in the field.

At Berthold, to be sure, the few sent back last summer and fall have not done much to combat its barbarism and heathenism, though we have heard of one of the girls as assisting in the Fort Stephenson School. Two of the girls seem to be at home, and the boy has worked a little at his trade and now talks of farming.

The same must be said of San Carlos, where the helps are small and the temptations of Indian life and army life very great. Of the three who returned, one has followed his trade; another purchased a wife we hear, but is interpreter at the Agency. The third seems wholly an Indian again. The two Pimas seem doing well.

Of the seven taken back to Standing Rock, Dakota, all, with but one exception, from the reports of Agent McLaughlin, have made an excellent record. One of the two Cheyenne River boys is also there, acting as herder, in charge of some 600 head of cattle. At Yankton, one boy is working at his trade of shoemaker, another is teaching in the Government School. "They wonder how they got on without him" says the Rev. Mr. Cook. One of the girls who has married, is assisting her husband in his school near Pine Ridge Agency, far from her friends, yet happy in her home and her work. "I did not think I could be so brave," she wrote to her teacher. Two of the girls have been inclined to be wild, but latest accounts are more reassuring. Almost all taken back to Crow Creek and Lower Brule Agencies, (also in Dakota,) had proved unsound in health and had been with us, some only a few months, some a year or thereabouts. Nevertheless, a teacher visiting Lower Brule last Fall, writes, "I counted fourteen Hampton students in the little church, not one of whom I was ashamed to own." Two of our most promising boys spent the summer at Lower Brule, and after proving themselves very efficient helpers and teachers there, returned for further instuction, one bringing a sister, the other a wife.

Two of the Crow Creek pupils have not spoken well for the school.

The three girls taken back to Indian Territory are all at school. John King is doing well as a clerk. Alford and Murie are still teaching. Very pleasant testimony was lately borne to the fruit of Hampton's work in that Territory by Franklin Elliott, a member of the Society of Friends, who places it in the foremost rank.

Of the two Winnebagoes who went home, one has died, the other it is feared has gone back to Indian ways, but we hope to have her here again, as she was quite young.

Of the 34 sent back since last Spring who had completed their three years' course, our estimate is that about four fifths are doing creditably, some of them admirably. [For results as a whole and for further particulars see Gen. Armstrong's Report.]

Here, the progress of the new students has been very encouraging. In the main they have been remarkably faithful and eager to learn, and very quick in adapting themselves to their new surroundings. The methods used in teaching them in the classes will be gathered from the reports of the teachers.

The Indian classes average about thirteen pupils. This small number calling for a larger corps of teachers than would otherwise be necessary, allows much more attention to each scholar, and lessons being prepared in the evening study hour, each teacher can give all her energies to the recitation in band.

The Indians in the Normal School have two work days, those in the Advanced Class of the Indian School work on Monday, while six are voluntarily Work Students, and attend the Night School. Three of these are there for a second year.

From the shops and the farm where they are trained to use hands as well as heads, comes a favorable verdict. "Less friction than ever before," says the head of the Training Shops; "the quality of the work also better, its quantity about the same as usual." A similar result of the year's work is found in the Shoe Shop, making it on the whole the most satisfactory of any year. In the Printing Office the Indian boys have been faithful to their tasks, and anxious to perform them to the best of their ability. Everywhere the sickness of the year is referred to as having interfered with the actual work accomplished.

The plan of throwing the boys on their own responsibility in their cottage life has been continued. A great deal has also been done, as may be seen from the Report of Mr. Talbot, to wake them up morally and intellectually and to stimulate them, not only to self-help, but to interest in each other, and in helpfulness to those who have just come.

It may be noticed in the reports of the workers at Wiyona, that its arrangements differ in some respects from those often adopted in boarding schools, and that there is about them very little of purely institutional life. Instead of long dormitories, put in order at the beginning of the day, and only visited afterwards by inspectors and guests, each room is a little castle for the two or three girls who occupy it. Here in leisure hours they can read, write, sew and receive their friends, while the little ones have many a nice play with their beloved dolls. In this way too they learn that putting a room in order in the morning, and keeping it in order amid all the vicissitudes of the day, are two quite distinct things. The same principle holds good in the making and the care of their clothes. In the Laundry they are taught to wash and iron, but it is not clothes in general they are to labor over; each one has her own particular pile, and knows every step of the process from collecting the soiled garments in her room on wash day, to laying them away white and smooth in her bureau drawers ready for use. Surely this is good practice for the little Indian housekeepers of the future. Even in the purchasing of their dresses, hats, and minor articles, the older ones are allowed considerable scope. Their judgment and taste are thus cultivated, and the value of money is learned.

In the Winona Dining Room, as at Virginia Hall, rules of absolute silence are not enforced; the aim is to put down anything rude or boisterous, but to make the room a bright, cheerful, home-like spot. To pre-

serve a happy mean between restraint and lawlessness, to thaw out the true Indian shyness and silence of new-comers, yet at the same time to bridle the little tongues of the over vivacious, is not always easy, but the success already attained is cheering.

The beds are hard, the fare is plain, yet in the utter contrast between a great building like Winona Lodge, and a little Dakota cabin, the thought may arise, will not the newly acquired ideas of order and cleanliness be left behind with the spacious halls and long corridors, as something clonging only to them? And just here step in our Indian Cottages, showing that in the least as well as the greatest, Heaven's first law may be carried out. Two of these Cottages have been built and occupied for more than a year; two more are building, and from New Orleans comes the kind offer to install yet two other families in Hampton homes, with an eye to caring for them also when they return to the West.

There have been in all nine married couples here this year; two were obliged to go home on account of the delicate health of the husbands. Another family, father, mother and little boy, left this spring, having nearly completed their course. They, with one other couple, were the first to come, and having watched their progress from beginning to end, we cannot but feel that in this instance at least, the bringing on of families has proved a beautiful success. After learning to keep a tidy room on the ground floor of Winona, they were promoted to a little house of their own. Last summer they drew rations from the Diet Kitchen for their breakfasts and suppers. This Fall $1.50 a week was given them, besides their flour, that they might do their own marketing for these meals. The husband learned the carpenter's trade, and made very fair progress in school, the wife was sometimes kept at home to care for her child, yet was an excellent scholar, while the little boy, as he learned to talk, spoke only English. Not only for this life but for the life to come, we trust Hampton was a Training School for them, and they returned to the West confessed disciples of the Great Master.

Another Omaha couple has moved into their vacant Cottage, and it is interesting to see how, having a house of her own, seems to develop the girlish, rather flighty, young wife, from a child into a woman.

The course of true love does not always run smooth with our Hiawathas and Minnehahas. Caudle lectures seem not unknown even in Indian tipis, only in our experience Mr. Caudle is always the lecturer, and the assistance of the teacher is sometimes invoked by the liege lord in the request, "Please talk her;" but on the whole, Hampton's experiment with married couples is full of encouragement and cheer.

It was pleasant to note the growth of modern thought in the History Class one day, when after studying an illustration of "Ye ancient times" among Indians, where the chief was taking his ease at the door of his lodge, while his wife toiled at the fire, the boy who had been reading remarked,—"Give him zero." It was pleasanter still to see at Winona a young brave whose wife was unable to sweep the Assembly room, her allotted morning task, arm himself with broom and dust pan, and with head protected by a blue veil proceed, quite of his own accord, to discharge her duties himself.

This work for Indians often calls for all the tact and patience one can muster, yet there is something about it which wonderfully stirs the sympathies and enthusiasm of those who enlist in it. It were hard to resist the plea of an untutored brave, fresh from camp life to our Chaplain,—"You know about that Man came down from Heaven to be kind to people? I hope you kind to us."

Report on English.

By Miss Laura E. Tileston.

English is one of the most interesting classes to have with the Indians. They are all eager to learn, but being ready to *learn* does not always mean ready to *see* a word, and it is not unusual to "Stand awhile on one foot and then awhile on t'other," while the noble Red man calmly makes up his mind about answering your "How do you do?" and there is no need to try to keep cool, for a chill of uncertainty creeps up and down your back bone as you consider that he may decide not to say it at all. Still, they are very interesting to teach, and this year the Classes which recite in five Divisions in English, as in other studies, are unusually well graded.

The Fifth Division is the lowest, Boys 14, Girls 13, and is subdivided, the girls and boys reciting separately. The teaching for the first half of the year was simple words, names of common things and acts. It was done of course, in the case of things, by object teaching, and the actions were acted out, often to the great amusement of the class. Now they can use these words in short sentences such as "Please give me some chalk." "I can open the door," etc. The ages of this Division range from eight to twenty two or three years, but they work together well and some have learned rapidly.

In the *Fourth Division* of 14 members there has been remarkable progress. Most of them are boys about 16 years old, who came July '84, and several, three months ago, began to use "only English" and succeeded in speaking it for five or six weeks. By the Fall, when the school year began, they had learned the names of the things about them and could ask for different articles of food or apparel very well. The first three or four months was devoted to Adjectives, Adverbs, Prepositions, Pronouns and the Past and Present forms of Verbs. These were taught in the class, written in sentences on the board etc., until they could combine them themselves. How much these boys knew when they came, we are not sure, as they spoke Indian always and seemed to understand very little, but now, after 6 months, they can carry on a fair conversation and understand so well that the teaching has been turned into primary lessons in Geography. Long words are a great delight and even circumference and diameter do not stagger them. Funny mistakes continually happen from our attempts to act out a meaning, as for instance, in showing an Island with the sand hoard, the wish to use "surrounded" called for an example of its meaning. The most convenient material was the class, and the teacher was soon standing with a circle of eager, laughing faces about her; everything seemed perfectly plain. "I am what?" she said. The answer was ready "Surrounded." "By what?" "Boys" or "Indians" came again in lusty tones, while a little girl suggested faintly, "You 'fraid?" Then all returned to the sand. This is what? pointing to the miniature island. "Land!" said the class. "Surrounded by?" "Boys!" with a shout of perfect confidence of saying the right thing: surely a new definition of an island.

The Third Division of 11 boys and girls, understood quite well but spoke very little English at the beginning of the year, and have spent the greatest part of the term in correcting the habit of *not* using the words which they knew. To bring them out at first a sort of game was invented where questions and answers were written on cards and learned. Sometimes a call on the Dr. was represented, one playing doctor and others coming in to complain of head aches, ask for medicine, or get excused from some duty on account of illness. Now they are having conversation lessons which will familiarize them with the different parts of verbs, and use of the first, second and third person, both singular and plural. These conversations they write in blank books, and memorize, so gaining confidence in themselves and their English, and most of the girls belong now to the English speaking clubs.

The Second Division work is still more advanced. Most of the children can speak and write very good English and have had an excellent drill this year in composition and letter writing. Subjects for composition were sometimes drawn from a picture lesson, sometimes an object, and often a story was read aloud and reproduced from memory. At present they are studying U. S. History, which gives them excellent practice in telling a story, for they are interested enough to wish to talk, and the teacher has a chance to correct mistakes in their use of our language.

The First Division numbering 17, stands at the head in the course, although in reality they do not speak English as much or as well as the 2nd division; but they are much older, and quite able to understand and use the grammar used in the Normal classes. They have devoted most of their time this year to the verbs, learning the Principal Parts, Mode, Tense etc. Tense seems the hardest, and with some it is impossible to stick to either the Present, Past or Future in a sentence of any length, while such an example as "Last summer I go New York, had seen too much houses," is not uncommon. But they are improving, and will be able to enter the Junior Class and do better work next year, than if they had not handled this book and made their many blunders now.

And so, as we go though the five divisions, we find the plan of work carried from words to sentences, conversation, composition and finally construction.

The English speaking outside of the class room has been very fluctuating, although the wish to *try* to use it has been better than ever before. Rules have been made allowing them the use of their own tongue before breakfast and after supper of each day, and all day Sunday, but no severe punishment has been given if these rules were unheeded and Indian spoken out of school. We have rather tried to have English a voluntary effort and offered prizes for its use. Little star pins are given at the end of the first week, and if kept for four successive weeks an eagle is given in its place. The number who have worn the star at one time has vacillated between 15 and 40. The general spirit of helping each other is good; one of the boys said "These new Indians learn English very fast; when I first came here if I try to speak English old boys laugh, but now not that way, we teacher these boys and help them all tim s, and that makes encourage." In addition to this, the girls have a Fancy-work Class which meets once a week. Materials sent in answer to our letters in the *Southern Workman* and *Christian Union* have been made into many pretty things for the girls' rooms, and rewarded them for an extra effort, for they cannot use Indian from Monday morning until Saturday night. There are ten regular members, and twenty have been in the class at one time.

Elementary Branches.

By *Miss Harriet A. Holbrook.*

The question first asked by nearly every visitor is, "Compared with colored pupils, what would you say of the ability of the Indians?" And when that fails because of lack of experience with the colored race, the query comes with regard to their whiter brothers.

Comparison is almost impossible. Years of experience in teaching white children seem to be of little value in working with the Indians, for the latter often are men and women, and resent methods used for the former, saying, "That *baby*!" Consequently methods and work with the Indians must be essentially different and original. White children begin with not only some small idea of number, but also a fair command of English with which to tell what they know. Indian boys and girls come here, many having no knowledge of our language, and they must learn what they can from signs and by constant repetition. One can have little idea, till he has watched the struggle, of the difficulty in grasping new ideas through the medium of an entirely new language.

Number is perhaps the easiest subject for beginners, as there seems to be something tangible for them to seize upon: the objects are there,—they can see them. But with combinations—there is the difficulty. A man who had tried hard to overcome subtraction at last had help in his own language from a girl who had conquered the English. As light dawned upon his beclouded mind, he exclaimed, "No wonder the colored boys learn faster than we, they understand what the teacher says to them."

Geography is interesting to them: they enjoy telling about the mountains, rivers, and prairies which they have seen. No need to teach them to observe the objects around them, as so often our children must be taught. They are delighted to learn of those who live in other countries, their appearance, habits, and manner of living; and are always interested in the different people with whom they are brought in contact. Those farther advanced have much difficulty in gaining ideas by themselves from geographies and histories, even from the simplest text books that can be found. What would be perfectly intelligible to our children is simply Greek to them, the words not being those they would commonly use.

Working day after day at their reading, repeating, "See the cat." "I see the dog," and like inspiring sentiments, makes one long for a set of readers written especially for the Indians, giving facts worth remembering, and with stories which they can comprehend, and which interest them. Books written for ordinary school use are either too hard, or else so childish as to make it dull work for pupils as old as many of them. Yet, in spite of the dullness, their interest seldom flags, and in course of time their patience is rewarded.

Our language is hard, undeniably, and words in most common use are perhaps the hardest to understand. "What that word *had* mean? I not know." said a tall Omaha. *Which* proves another stumbling-block. Alas, that English should be such an unexplainable language!

The Advanced Class.

By *Miss Cora M. Folsom.*

An entirely new feature of our Indian school this year has been what we term the Advanced Class.

The Indian cry is ever for school all day, but the industries being considered quite as important, the hands have hitherto had to share the day equally with the head.

This year, after the return of four of our former students from Dakota, the number of applicants for "higher education" became so great, that a new plan was deemed necessary, and an exception made in their favor, allowing them a whole day of school with a long evening study hour, and only one day of work, that day being their holiday. This would seem hard, only that it was their own desire, cheerfully undertaken and bravely carried out.

The members of this new class had all finished their term of three years. Some had been home and there served a time as teachers,—and because teachers, also preachers—one young man in particular having formed and taught a camp school of fifty-four scholars, besides conducting the Sabbath services. All are looking forward to a life of similar service among their people.

In this class of twelve members—eleven young men, and one girl of sixteen—the average age is twenty-two years, the youngest being nineteen and the oldest twenty-seven. Four have wives here with them.

In every case the Indian, when he came East, knew nothing of the English language nor much of civilized life, but being a man—in years, at least—he was earnest and persevering, even while he saw the younger ones leaving him far behind on the "white man's road." Being so backward in English, these men could not this year enter the regular normal classes of the other department—although in thought and understanding they are far above the average. No one is especially brilliant as a scholar, but all have a steady, honest purpose and are earnest in preparing for the life which they have chosen for themselves.

The religious work at home will be mainly in the native language, but the English will be all-important in their work as teachers and leaders among their people. Grammar, geography, arithmetic, U. S. history, natural history and all other studies are taught with this thought ever on the teacher's mind.

The Indian is naturally religious and readily takes the religion of Christ to himself as soon as he understands its teachings, but the English Bible is to him a sealed book for a long time. Those who have been home and undertaken to teach others from this Bible have found how great was their need, and have come back urgent in their request for further instruction. Most of the class are looking forward to being at least catechists or possibly clergymen among their people; hence they have been given the ordinary theological studies in their simplest forms—Bible and Church History, Christian Doctrine, and kindred subjects being put into the simplest English possible. The Rev. Mr. Gravatt has taken the class once a week and helped us over the harder places.

Every afternoon at the opening of school, this class meets in their recitation room, and each takes his or her turn in conducting the ordinary opening exercises, concluding with an extemporaneous prayer in English. This though hard and attended with many stage-frights, has been a great help in giving confidence and practice where it is so much needed. Another great help has been our habit of committing to memory certain of the Psalms and selections from the Gospels, and repeating them daily at our opening exercises.

Where an interpreter is needed, a member of this class has been employed when practicable. One of these boys has interpreted for me very acceptably all winter for a large S. S. class of new boys. On one occasion, while interpreting the vocation of St. Matthew, he was asked if he could explain the word "tax," and proceeded to do so, making the future disciple a collector of "little nails."

Abundant opportunity for practice teaching has been given this enthusiastic class during the winter by the illness of teachers. I think they have made the most of their chances and done themselves credit.

Having had these young men in my classes since they first came in blankets and long hair, I have had the best of chances to watch their development in every way, and find it as wonderful as it is interesting.

This summer some of this class will return to their homes, while others will remain to take the regular normal course.

Natural History and Botany.

By *Miss Elaine Goodale.*

These studies, as taken up by the Advanced Class, have been a somewhat new feature of the Indian school this year. The idea has been, not so much to teach systematic Botany and Zoology with their complete nomenclature, for which our students are scarcely prepared, as to correct crude or false notions of animal and plant life, and to encourage habits of exact observation.

The keen eye of the Indian, and the intimate acquaintance with all out-of-doors with which we are apt to credit him, would make this lesson, one would suppose, both easy and interesting. Experience seems to show that he does not find it so easy as he anticipates, and that his teacher discovers in him both a surprising ignorance and unexpected knowledge.

Occasionally some piquant disclosure concerning the habits of beaver or turtle gives a zest to the lesson, and again an absurdity or mere superstition, clung to with at least equal tenacity, tries the teacher's patience to its utmost. As might be expected, they know what they can *see* rather than what they have to think about. As regards the various respiratory organs, for example

of birds, fishes, insects, an entire absence of knowledge or even of apparent conjecture, is discernible!

Specimens, both living and preserved, have of course been used as far as practicable, and occasional raids upon the barn yard or green-house, or excursions in woods and fields, have created a diversion, if nothing more! Their examination papers have usually showed good memories, and some of the drawings made upon the blackboard have been both amusing and excellent.

Indians in the Normal Classes.

By *Miss Helen W. Ludlow.*

There are twenty Indian students this year, ten boys and ten girls, in the regular classes of the Normal School. Ten are Sioux and one Arikaree, from Dakota; four Omaha and two Winnebago, from Nebraska; two Sac and Fox and one Absentee-Shawnee from Indian Territory. Four are full blood Indians; the others of mixed parentage, English or French, and in one case, Negro, on one side. Most of them knew a little English when they came; fourteen, however, so little that they had to spend from one to three years in the Indian preparatory classes, and eight have practically learned all their English here. Eleven are in the Junior class, four in the Middle, and five in the Senior class, graduating this year.

They are, for the most part, keeping up well with their respective classes. The very fact that they can enter the regular school and pass from grade to grade with no more special help than can be bestowed by its teachers upon individuals in their large classes, shows, of course, that they are, on the whole, good material. An examination of each in the various studies, reveals however, interesting points of difference and coincidence which seem to give a basis for some generalizations. This will be clearer, thrown into the tabular form, perhaps, as below. The averages of proficiency classify themselves rather strikingly. I would explain that each per cent. is calculated from the Indians taking the study named, and the first column is included in the second; so that the per cent of Indian students falling below a class average may be found by subtracting the second figure from 100. By class average is meant the average of the whole class or section, colored and Indians together.

	Above Av.	*To Av.*
Writing and Spelling (Juniors & Middlers.)	.53	.73
Arithmetic (studied by all.)	.40	.50
Book keeping (Seniors.)	.40	.60
Physiology (Middlers, this and last year.)	.44	.77
Nat. Phil. (Seniors.)	.40	.40
Geography & Phys. Geography (Juniors & Middlers.)	.33	.80
Nat. History (Juniors.)	.18	.55
English (All.)	.30	.60
Reading (All.)	.05	.30
News of day (All.)	.15	.15
Political Economy (Seniors.)	.20	.60
Outline Study of Man (Seniors.)	.20	.60
Moral Science (Middlers.)	.25	.75
Practice Teaching (Seniors & Middlers.)	.22	.44

The report of each student by each teacher was made separately, and the per cents made out for one class after another as it happened, by no means in the above order into which, on a general view they classify themselves. A glance at them suggests the fact that the Indian may do well in studies requiring observation and perception, and manual dexterity, and in those requiring reasoning powers, if they do not demand much expression in language. In English these are fair, as of course they must be to enter the school; but in reading they are very low, as one would expect who is familiar with the common weakness of voice and habits of reticence and shyness, and way of speaking their own language. In the higher studies, which demand deeper thought and more confidence of expression, and both in a strange language, the average must go down, though their interest in these keep it higher than we might expect.

Most of them indeed, are deeply interested in their studies, and there is not one named that does not appear "up to the average" on as much as one class roll, though some are poor enough to make their promotion doubtful or impossible.

In the Night school, composed of work students, learning trades, are six Indian young men: one Pawnee, two Onondagas from New York, and three Sioux. They are on the same basis with the colored students in these classes. Their studies are arithmetic, reading, and English lessons, including writing and spelling. Their per cents in their classes are

	Above Av.	*Up to Av.*
Arithmetic	.50	.80
Reading	.16	.32
English	.16	.32

The spirit of the classes, as between Indian and colored, is in all cases excellent. The colored students take evident pleasure in encouraging the Indians, and having them helped.

There is every evidence here that it is entirely practicable to educate the Indian, and that association with English speaking schoolmates, near himself in advancement, is an aid in the work. The suggestion which has been made by one familiar with it, that Hampton would do well to take a larger proportion of those able by a knowledge of English to enter the regular Normal School at once, that so more may receive the benefits of such association, seems worthy of consideration in the light of these reports.

The Indian Sewing School.

By *Mrs. Lucy A. Seymour.*

There have been connected with the Indian Sewing School the past year 73 girls, some for a few months, others the entire period. The 26th of May, thirteen girls returned to their homes, the number of whom had been here three years, the health of the others would not warrant their remaining. In June, 7 more went to New England to work during the summer months, thus reducing our number to twenty-seven. But the hours of vacation were not to be idle ones, for word came to prepare for seven who were expected from Dakota, with Rev. Mr. Frissell in June, and six with Mr. LaFlesche from Nebraska; these arrivals increased our number to forty, more than ever before during vacation. Soon the willing hearts and hands of all had placed our new friends on a comfortable basis, and they in turn were ready to assist in replenishing our stock of clothing for those who were to leave in October, and the nine who were expected in November. Four others have left this Spring—all these changes have made great demands upon the clothing department. Ten of the older girls have been advanced to the Normal School; they are unable to do much more than make and repair their own clothing, still, with only one assistant, our girls have made one thousand seven hundred and sixty garments for themselves, and household articles for Winona. Friday is mending day, when each one is expected to repair her clothing, and have it ready for inspection, that evening. I am often asked, "Do they learn quickly, and accomplish much?" I think the answer is plain when you look at the amount of plain, well-made clothing they can show; few girls can do better.

House Work at Winona.

By *Miss Lucy A. Mayo.*

At the beginning of the present term there were fifty-two girls in the Indian department; more than ever before. With this goodly number of workers, prospects for a well kept building, looked brighter than in previous years.

Another encouraging feature was that there were some girls who did not return to their Western homes, that had had several years of experience in Winona Lodge. With their influence and many willing but untrained hands, we began our work. For a short while things went on nicely, until sickness came into our midst and for a time stopped many of our earnest workers.

This misfortune has followed us all through the term, and the absence of the sick girls from their duties, has caused the more fortunate ones to have extra cares. The willingness with which they have taken hold and performed their duties and those of their disabled companions, all these months of unusual illness, deserves great credit.

It is an interesting sight to watch these girls as they go about their regular morning work. At half past six o'clock, when they return from their breakfast, they go directly to their rooms and put them in order. When the bell rings at 7 o'clock, they report, each girl at her particular charge, in the different halls and corridors, with dust caps on their heads and with brooms, brushes and dust pans in their hands.

Here they work away until each worker's share is in proper order. By eight o'clock their rooms and the halls and corridors are ready for inspection. Some of the more capable girls have the care of teachers' rooms. The teachers give up their rooms at eight o'clock, their breakfast hour, and by the time the girls can possibly tidy them up, the bell calls them to school. In addition to the above named cares, the girls have to make, wash, iron and mend their own clothes.

In spite of an unusual number of drawbacks, Winona Lodge can boast of better treatment during the past months than she has ever before had the honor of receiving.

The Laundry,

By Miss Georgie Washington.

The work in the Laundry has been done better this term than ever before. Washing was at first the hardest work for an Indian girl, but now it is better understood, and a great deal of pride is taken to make the clothes look as nice as possible. The girls that came to us last fall have learned to do their washing very well indeed, for so short a time, and by next term they will be good workers. We have had a great deal of sickness among the girls this term, quite a number were taken out of the Laundry, some for a short while, others for weeks. The first week that the youngest Indian girls were put in the Laundry, one of them said in a very hopeless way, "Big sheet, can't wash." Could you have seen those tiny hands, you would have thought there were other things not as large as a sheet, that she could not master. The big sheet was taken away for stronger hands to wash, till the owner insisted on doing it herself and surprised us all by making it look as "nice as the Big girl did."

The most troublesome part of our work is, getting the clothes dry on rainy days; we have to keep a very hot fire, all the week sometimes, in the Ironing Laundry and hang the clothes there; this of course puts us out for ironing, as both must be done at the same time. We hope very much to have a drying room soon. I only hope that leaving the Laundry in Winona Lodge, with all its conveniences, and returning to the West to meet but few such luxuries, will not lessen the desire in these girls to keep their clothes neat and clean.

Care of the Sick.

By Miss Lucy Lovejoy.

During the summer months the Hospital rooms were vacant, but on the approach of Winter, bringing with it epidemic diseases, we found the hitherto spacious quarters too narrow, and the overflow was scattered around, even teachers' rooms being pressed into the service.

Some of the girls have suffered from serious illness, but many have had some slight ailment which made it necessary to remove them for a time from their more fortunate companions.

The former have always been quiet and submissive, not murmuring and rebelling as many sick people do, but taking the prescribed remedies, and yielding with but little irritation to the restraint placed upon them.

The convalescents and those slightly ill are more difficult to manage; when suffering from a cold or severe cough they cannot see the impropriety of seating themselves in an open window, with a damp, chilly wind blowing freely upon them. Their disregard of all the laws of health makes the care of them very trying; they sometimes seem to have the feeling which one of them expressed when remonstrated with for some carelessness which the nurse said a white person would not do, "Because the white man is afraid to die, but the Indian is not," was the reply.

Diet Kitchen.

By Miss E. F. Patterson.

The work in this department as in the Hospital has been very heavy this year.

There is a dining room in connection with the kitchen, where the convalescents and those whom the Doctor thinks in need of a change of diet, have their meals served to them. To those who cannot leave their rooms, meals are carried by a student appointed to that work. The average number of meals served to colored students in Diet Kitchen during the year was 633, to Indians 376; number sent out to colored students 962, to Indians 372.

Situated near the Diet Kitchen is a pleasant room with a long table in the centre, covered with a snowy cloth, neatly set with white china. On the walls are pictures, and the windows are draped with bright figured curtains; this is our little Indian girls' dining room, where about twenty children take their meals; some set the table, others wait on the table and others wash the dishes, and all may been seen on their knees scrubbing the floor every Saturday morning, each having a certain number of boards to clean.

In this way they learn to do useful work while they seem to enjoy their tasks very much.

Home Life at the Wigwam.

By Mr. Dudley Talbot.

Home life at the Wigwam, the Indian boys' cottage, has a peculiar charm from the opportunity it gives one to come in close contact with the young men who have left their homes in the West, and are fitting themselves for usefulness in new pursuits; to watch their improvement from month to month; to become familiar with the difficulties which they meet; and to arrange for their advancement by adapting the means at command to their use.

Here are fifty-seven boys from ten different tribes. It is but a few weeks since many of them left the free life of the plains, and now they find themselves surrounded by the necessary restraints of a large boarding school. It is surprising that these conditions are accepted so well.

It is difficult to imagine that this erect and manly Cadet, with neat uniform and well kept person, was less than a year ago, a careless boy running about the Agency, with long hair, a strange costume and a blanket thrown over his shoulders.

The effort is made to have the house-life as attractive and elevating as may be; to fill it so full of good influences that there shall be no room for evil; to give opportunity to spend spare hours profitably and pleasantly, and to encourage the growth and expression of the Christian virtues, by acts of kindness forbearance and mutual helpfulness. That something of this spirit exists may be seen by watching three games played harmoniously at the same time, with the one set of croquet, possessed by the boys, the members of one game quietly lifting and holding the balls, when in the way of others: the occasional knocking out of the way of one of the balls being given and accepted with good humor.

One of the most useful features of this work, is the social life that has gathered around the Reading Room, which was furnished through the kindness of friends, who would feel well rewarded if they could hear the expression of pleasure it has occasioned, and see how much good it has done.

It is supplied with a variety of papers, books and games; besides plants, pictures and mottoes. The esteem in which the books are held, is delicately expressed by the hesitation of some to take out the newer ones, for fear of soiling them. There is unmistakable evidence however that this scruple has been overcome in some cases. Here during certain hours of the afternoon and evening, some of the busy teachers and interested friends, meet the boys and select such reading matter as they desire: and here from the annual reports of the officers of the Government, they can get annual information about their people, and a wider knowledge of their condition and needs and of what is being done for them.

This contact socially with refined women is doing a great deal to produce gentlemanly deportment, and to change the former use of the assembly room as an arena for wrestling to its intended purpose. It is a pleasant sight on cold or stormy afternoons, to see the groups absorbed in games or reading or conversation in this room.

Family prayers at nine o'clock are conducted by the boys, two taking part each night, one reading a verse from the Bible, one making a short prayer in English or Indian, and all singing a verse and repeating the Lord's prayer. This gives the eighteen boys who have united with the church this term, and those who were members before, an opportunity to take active part in religious exercises. These few moments also give the officers of the school an opportunity to speak a timely word of admonition or encouragement, in regard to conduct, cleanliness, etc., and for the boys to question them about any puzzling matter.

A "Lend a Hand" Club has been formed, whose aim is not only to provide entertainments which may be profitable for all, but also to lend a helping hand to those students who have returned to their homes, by sending them papers, etc., and keeping up communication with them through its corresponding secretary. Besides the usual officers, there are committees who have charge of its various branches: Debating, Literary and Temperance Societies, Brothers' Club and Prayer meetings. Saturday evenings are usually devoted to the exercises of this Club. One evening was spent to advantage in organizing a Town Meeting, at which the boys prepared a warrant; and discussed various questions of interest to them.

The Brothers' Club consists of those who take a brotherly interest in some particular boy, aiding him in every way possible to improve. It is interesting to trace the marked improvement of some of the boys, to the influence of some of its members.

A set of tools has been provided, with which those who are ailing may find attractive occupation, and with those who are well, make up various articles for decorating the Wigwam, or for sale, to provide a fund for the use of the "Lend a Hand" Club.

The hope in this work is to produce such a picture of home life in the minds of those who may be brought in contact with it, as may lead them to strive to realize it upon their return for themselves; and to provide opportunities to make immediate use of the thoughts which they are gathering, and so to be ready for action among their own people.

Little Boys' Home.

By Mrs. Irene H. Stansbury.

This is the third year that Div. A. has been the home of the little boys, in which to receive the special care that all small children require for their moral and physical development—whether they are born on the plains of the West, or in the crowded cities of the East.

At present there are eleven in number, ranging in age from eight to fifteen years

and representing five tribes viz—; Pima, Omaha, Sioux, Sac and Fox and Winebago. Six are "full blooded" the remaining five are "half" and "quarter breeds."

Though these small braves at home are unaccustomed to restraint, they are not difficult to control. Moral suasion, except on rare occasions, has been the only force necessary to use.

Like all high spirited, manly boys, they are full of mischief, and are never so happy as when making a noise, but some of their civilized brothers could take lessons from them in refinement, truthfulness and patient endurance of suffering.

With the exception of a few cases of eye trouble and pneumonia, their health has been good during the year.

The younger they are the more readily they learn English. One little fellow nine years of age who came in the fall, can make his wants known, and understands what is said to him.

The picture books that are sent them by their kind friends at the North, are a never-ending source of amusement, and they enjoy being read to, if the story is founded on fact. The "Story of the Bible," is their favorite book. The courage of its heroes excites great enthusiasm, but their brown eyes grow full and soft, the laughter subsides from their small faces, and the little hands which have been punching each other a few moments before, become still while they listen to the "Story of the Cross."

There has been a decided improvement in their English, neatness and thoughtfulness during the year.

Two have pledged themselves to be Christ's "braves" and "to fight under His banner until their life's end."

Altogether, this year has been one of encouragement.

Div. A. is also the temporary home of two Indian couples, who are waiting for their cottages to be built. One of these couples arrived a week ago bringing with them their two youngest boys, one five years old, and the other nine months. Their arrival completed the family group having sent their two eldest children, one over a year the other last fall to Hampton. The joy of these little ones on being told that their father and mother would soon be with them was most touching and the meeting between the long sep rated parents and children was a scene not easily forgotten.

This couple in sending their young children and then coming themselves many weary miles to learn the "white man's road" and the English language, have set an example which we hope others will follow.

Social Life at Winona.

By Miss Caroline K. Knowles.

Saturday night Winona welcomes the Indian boys to its spacious Hall and Assembly Room for an evening with the girls.

A variety has been given to these meetings by the Helping Hand Clubs, one for the girls and one for the boys, which were formed this winter, each club choosing its own officers; thus taking initiatory steps in self government. Once in two weeks the clubs join at Winona, every other meeting being literary and musical in its character, the boys and girls having recitations, readings or singing, and the alternate evening is given up to social enjoyment.

At these gatherings the ball presents an animated scene, with groups gathered at tables around the room, where they play checkers, dominoes and various games, while in the centre are others marching through intricate figures, striving for the prizes to be given to those who are most successful. It was at one of these gatherings a little Sioux girl came, with a doleful look on her face, and said of a Celestial who has recently joined us, "I can't make that Chinaman have a good time." Their enthusiasm is often kindled by the presence of visitors who are always glad to avail themselves of an opportunity to spend an evening with the Indians. 'Tis very interesting to see the old boys and girls try and help the new ones to overcome bashfulness and join in games with the others, and watch the rapid progress made by boys in learning the deferential, gallant bearing that they are expected to have towards the girls who accept the graceful courtesies as if "to the manor born." You cannot imagine the home life of our Indians, you should see it for yourself. Winona is truly the "Elder Sister" who receives with open arms all the younger brothers and sisters who come in their joy and sorrow to her. Here, those who are homesick and weary after the long journey from the West, first find a resting place; and from here are borne some who have gone to their heavenly home, trusting in the Saviour they have learned to love. We have representatives from various agencies. The Omaha cottages have formed a centre for those from that tribe, as the Sioux, now building, will for theirs. At Thanksgiving and Christmas the Northern and Southern customs were observed with home gathering and feasting by the Omaha clan, giving them new ideas of real home life. These little homes are intended to be object lessons, showing the Indians how much can be done with limited means, and thus far the experiment has proved successful.

Thursday nights we have our weekly prayer meetings, and many are the heartfelt, touching prayers sent to the Great Spirit from our home chapel. Sundays here cannot be quiet and restful but are as busy as days can be. In the morning we assemble for a praise and prayer service, when verses selected for the day are recited, and afterwards, drawing around the piano we spend a pleasant social half hour singing familiar hymns, before the boys go to roll call. In the evening comes our Sunday School, which closes in time for the service at Bethesda, the Indian and Colored uniting in service there as in Chapel at night.

The general spirit of the Indians in all religious services is good, they never tire of hearing Bible stories, and their interest in this part of their education is unflagging.

Religious work among the Indians.

By Rev. J. J. Gravatt, Rector of St. John's Church, Hampton.

During the past year I have held regular services with the Indians. Some attend morning service in St. John's Church, and in the afternoon we have a Sunday School for the whole Indian Department. I desire to acknowledge the efficient services of the faithful teachers who assist me. It is evident they make it a labor of love.

Thursday evenings they assemble in the little Chapel in Winona for prayer and praise and instruction in God's word.

In addition to the above I have met once a week a class of advanced students for special Bible study. This is a new and important feature in the work.

I have never known the religious tone of the school to be better than during the year past. There is a growing sentiment against what is wrong, against wilful disobedience, and Christian Indians are the leading spirits in the Indian school.

Five have been baptized by me and eleven who were baptized in the West have taken upon themselves their baptismal vows. Sixteen were confirmed by Bishop Randolph in St. John's church March 15, a service which no one who was present can forget. Some are now awaiting confirmation. Rev. Mr. Frissell will no doubt report those who joined "Bethesda Chapel."

God's presence is with us and we have abundant cause for thanksgiving to Him for His great mercies.

NIGHT SCHOOL.

By *Miss Anna G Baldwin, in charge.*

The number of applicants for admission to the night school last October, was greater than ever before.

Total No. examined to April 1, 1885...	177
Girls	66
Boys	111
No. examined at the opening of school	148
No. admitted " " " " "	126

In addition to these there were 53 students who were in school the previous year, most of whom were obliged to remain on account of their trades. The average attendance for the term has been 170; 65 girls and 105 boys.

The standard of admission has been more rigidly adhered to than was possible in former years, and many whose expectations of "getting an education," were high, have been sadly disappointed on learning that they must be able to read in the Third Reader, write legibly and be prepared in arithmetic through subtraction, in order to be admitted. A number of applicants who were refused admission the previous year for this reason, went away and prepared themselves in the necessary branches, and returned to pass a successful examination last October.

Of the number who have dropped out during the year, most have gone on account of sickness, as only those who are physically strong are able to endure the double strain of work through the day and study at night. Others have left on account of mental inability and unsatisfactory work, while a small proportion have found the discipline and pressure of the school more than they could bear and have not had the moral strength to hold out.

Although the night students enter as the day scholars do, on three months trial, they must give double satisfaction, for their work is just as important a consideration as their scholarship, and at least once a month, the heads of the different work departments are consulted, and an estimate made of the scholar from their standpoint. Fewer changes have been made for this reason this year than last, which is all the more encouraging, as the required time for learning some of the trades has recently been lengthened.

Some changes have been made this year in the course of study. Allusion was made in the last report to the fact that pupils who require the most time for their trades, are generally the ones already prepared to enter the day school. Heretofore it was thought unwise to attempt more than admission to the Middle class of the normal department. The pupils naturally felt there was no immediate necessity for study and consequently lost a certain amount of interest and eagerness shown by the other classes. This year they have been allowed to progress as rapidly as they were able, and the result has been highly satisfactory.

It is still an experiment, but I feel convinced that in time we can have a "Middle Class" in the night school as well as in the day school, the effect of which will be beneficial in many ways. It will certainly take two, and in all probability, three years to accomplish what is done by the day scholars in one year, but, judging from the determination and ability already shown, I think its fulfillment among the near possibilities.

Another new feature which was introduced during the summer vacation, for the class already alluded to, is mechanical drawing. I give Miss Baker's report on that subject, in full—also Miss Mitchell's for the preparatory grade.

As showing the two extremes, I quote from Miss MacLeod's report for the highest grade. These scholars have reviewed grammar, dwelling at length upon the verb, and in connection with this have used Powell's "How to Write." They have reviewed both United States history and geography, both of which will be completed before the close of school. Those who have not taken drawing, have had arithmetic through denominate numbers, and part of percentage, and have recently commenced Moral Science, which will be continued through the summer.

In addition to the preparatory Junior class already mentioned, there are three others:—the A Junior, in charge of Mr. B. F. Jones the first of the year and of Miss Abbott the latter part: the B Junior, under Miss Baker, and the C Junior under Miss Jobs. There are also three preparatory Middle classes:—the B class under Miss Bascom the first of the year, and later under Miss Waterman; the C class under Miss Benjamin, and the D class under Miss Arquit,—making in all, eight classes in the school.

In all the classes preparing for the Junior of the day school, the plan of last year has been followed for reading, using the Geographical Reader, which is followed by "Stories from History." A great deal of time is required for drill in pronunciation and articulation. Phonic spelling has proved the greatest aid in these two particulars.

Spelling has been taught mainly from dictation, which emphasizes the language work. Drill is also given on words misspelled in examination and other written exercises. Owing to our limited time written work forms a prominent method of recitation—not always the most interesting to the visitor, but furnishing the most thorough work.

With the exception of the highest class, which has writing lessons in the form of copying history aud grammar topics, all the classes have had at least one regular writing lesson a week. Particular attention must be given in this subject to movement drill exercises, as the style of writing among these students is heavy and labored, particularly among those who are so largely self-taught.

Arithmetic for the Junior Preparatory classes has consisted entirely of drill upon the fundamental rules, bills and United States money. The Middle preparatory classes have dealt almost entirely with fractions, although some of them have gone farther.

For language work, the teachers have followed Mrs. Knox's "How to Speak and Write," which is admirably adapted to these pupils in giving them a great deal of work in punctuation, capitals, letter-writing, exercise in the use of 'is and are,' 'sit and set' &c.

In grammar the Middle preparatory classes have spent the greater part of the time on verbs, following the plan pursued by the corresponding classes of the day school.

In United States history, they will finish the Wars of the Colonies, to the Revolution, and in geography, North and South America. The usual plan of study for history is as a reading lesson one evening and a recitation the next. At the beginning of the study, the pupils were required to draw a map of the United States, and as they learned of discoveries and settlements, the places were located. As time allowed, maps have been drawn in geography. Not nearly as much attention can be given to this as is desirable, still good results have followed what has been done.

The number of Indians in the night school has been less this year than last. Of the eight who have attended, all are doing well—some of them remarkably so.

The branch of the school represented at Hemenway Farm numbers 12,—eleven boys and one girl. The boys are employed exclusively on the farm and the report of their work in general is good. These scholars are of two grades in arithmetic but all are preparing for the Junior class, and follow the same course of study pursued in the regular night school. Since Nov. 25, this class has been taught by Miss Martha Page, a graduate of the school, who boards at the farm. Before this it was under the supervision of Mrs. Vanison.

Since the middle of February, the girls have occupied the new building which they enjoy greatly, and their appreciation of it is shown in many ways. There are some decided advantage in thus having the work girls by themselves, the results of which are already being shown.

In looking over the year's work, the results are very satisfactory in most respects. We have been particulary unfortunate in having frequent changes in the teaching force, owing mainly to sickness, but although at times the outlook has been discouraging, the difficulties have by no means proved insurmountable.

The grade of scholarship is being gradually raised and the spirit and tone of the school are encouraging. It seems almost superfluous to speak of the intense eagerness for study which is shown by the majority of the pupils. The very fact that those who are learning trades are willing to spend three and four years of day work and night study, speaks for itself, and also does much toward answering the assertion frequently made that Negroes have no determination, and must be forced to work.

It is an example of "the survival of the fittest," for those who have not sufficient pluck and moral stamina are sure to drop out. And although vast patience and perseverance are required by both teacher and pupil, I think none who have ever tried it will answer that it does not pay.

Junior Preparatory Class, D Section.

By *Miss J. A. Mitchell.*

This class ranks lowest in school, both in scholarship and mental capacity, but in energy and earnestness it is second to none. When I made my first attempt at teaching these pupils, their lack of ability impressed me to such a degree that I almost lost my enthusiasm in the work and felt like giving up in despair. But upon becoming better acquainted with them and seeing how greatly they desired an education and how heroically they struggled with their Herculean task, I found enough to inspire me to even greater effort than before. Energy and will power combined, make a very good substitute for natural talent.

Our work has necessarily been quite elementary. In reading, I have endeavored to have them pronounce correctly, articulate distinctly, and comprehend the idea contained in the sentence. It requires a great amount of drill to accomplish these three things with these students, but when done there is little trouble in getting a correct expression. Before reading the lesson, I write the most difficult words upon the board, and have the pupils spell them—dividing them into syllables—and pronounce them again and again until their tongue can do it almost automatically. I give them a short exercise each night in phonic spelling, which helps them very much in pronunciation and articulation.

In arithmetic, we began with the rudiments and have now about completed the fundamental rules. I have aimed particularly at rapidity and accuracy in the different mechanical operations and when they have reached a certain standard in this, I shall give them problems and forms of analysis to develop their reasoning powers.

They have had but little regular language work as yet, although this is an important part of the work assigned them. Most of the time thus far has been spent on writing and spelling, but they are now ready for the language work proper.

I think I can see a marked improvement in the class; some of them have already been promoted to a higher grade. One thing is certain, that if they have not progressed in their work, it is no fault of theirs; for they think no effort too great for them to make and are ever ready to comply cheerfully with the wishes of those who have them in charge.

Mechanical Drawing.

By *Miss Kate Baker.*

This class consists of twelve of the boys who are learning trades. One is in the blacksmith shop: one in the carving school: two in the printing office, and the remainder in the carpenter shop.

"There are too many necessary things for pupils of this Institution to learn, for them to spend their time with drawing," is a remark I have often heard made by those who

think of drawing only as an accomplishment. Industrial drawing is not an accomplishment, but is as practical in every day life to the artisan as the multiplication table. To teach carpentry, machine and building construction, and other common industries without drawing, is like teaching language without writing. Drawing is the language of form. Even though no industrial use is to be made of this work, the habit of accurate thinking, and the proper use of the senses of sight and touch developed by it, are valuable enough to amply repay anyone for the time spent in obtaining it.

The question at first put by every one in the class was, "Of what use is drawing going to be to us? We don't have to be examined in drawing to enter the Middle class, do we?" So I have made every endeavor to bring as many practical illustrations as possible showing the benefit of mechanical drawing to their individual work. For instance, after giving the geometric method of dividing a given line into any number of equal parts, I give the carpenter a board, the blacksmith an iron rod, and the printer a strip of card board to be divided into a certain number of equal parts. The carver must fit a given number of squares into a given space. In the same way the octagon is applied by the carpenter in finding at what angle a mitre must be cut to exactly turn an octagon corner, the blacksmith draws an octagon shaped nut and shows where a bolt should pass through it, &c.

All the rules for parallel perspective have been given and applied. A plan drawn to a scale, of each side of the school room has been made, with separate working drawings of the doors and windows. These have been combined in perspective drawings of the room, showing a floor composed of tiles. Many other applications of perspective problems have been made, as stairs drawn in different positions, boxes, tables, etc. Some members of the class have also taken great pride in patiently working out difficult problems in perspective by themselves.

I think the class has made very good progress. I am not sure but that the pupils have made rapid progress considering the fact that most of them have never had such simple drawing as is now given in Kindergartens and primary schools, and such as the Senior class is now taking in preparation for their work in the common schools.

The best scholar in the class was greatly puzzled because an angle formed on the opposite side of a line used in illustrating a right angle, was not called a left angle.

I am much indebted to Mr. Brinson, for many practical suggestions and aid in selecting the most useful work to give a class whose time is too limited to take a full course in mechanical drawing, and he regrets that heretofore it has seemed impossible for all the boys in his department to have it.

The pupils seem to like the work, but if it were a study of the regular course, they would take more interest in it, as it is natural for students to do best that work which is absolutely necessary to promote them.

OF GRADUATES.

By Miss A. E. Cleaveland, Correspondent.

Nearly five hundred and fifty circulars have been sent to graduates and ex students since October 1st. This is a much larger number than I have ever before sent, but I regret to say that the returns have not been proportionately large. I have heard directly from one hundred and fifty-seven. I hoped that one effect of the Alumni meeting last May, would be an increased interest in this branch of Hampton's work. The result is somewhat discouraging.

Some letters doubtless fail to reach those for whom they are intended. The request, so earnestly made last year, that graduates would notify Miss Tileston and myself early in October, of their whereabouts, was remembered and acted upon by a *very few*.

I wish they could realize how much time, trouble, and expense would be saved by a compliance on their part with this simple request.

Rather more than four-fifths of my correspondents have been teaching this winter—terms varying from two to seven months.

One, who has taught ever since her graduation in 1874, has had a school this year where they never had one before.

In some counties in Virginia, teachers have experienced more than the *usual* difficulty in getting their pay.

One writes me that she has been teaching for six months, and has received $15 only. I know of several cases where, as yet, little or nothing has been paid them for their winter's work. The recent bank failures in Norfolk have had the effect to shorten the school terms in that county.

In view of tardy payments and short terms how could these teachers, *live*, had not Hampton given them also an *industrial* training, to which they can turn when not teaching?

Another serious difficulty with which they have to contend is insufficient accommodations for the scholars that flock to the little houses provided for them, though *house* is too good a name to give to the huts in which some teach.

One writes, "I often have to send scholars home because there is no room for them, and other schools in the neighborhood are in the same condition." He adds, "They sit as the people in a crowded church to hear some able minister preach."

Several teachers in Gloucester county have taken into their own hands the work of making the necessary additions. After vain endeavors to get the School Board to do the work, one teacher called the patrons of his school together, "to see the children almost one piled on the other." They decided that the addition must be made; and at last accounts $125 of the $175 needed had been raised. He writes "I have succeeded in getting all the patrons and friends of the school interested in the work. I feel that the greater part of them have given all that they can give." These are the teachers that are needed who will put their own shoulders to the wheel, and arouse the community to interest and effort.

Through the kindness of Northern friends many of the teachers were able to make last Christmas a very happy time to their scholars. A Sunday school in Salem, Mass., sent a sugar-barrel full of things to one of last year's graduates, for her school. A school in Newburgh rejoiced the heart of another teacher with most generous gifts for her little ones. I know of many private individuals, besides several other schools, that sent boxes.

A Christmas tree, where nothing of the kind has ever been seen before, makes a sensation, and is a great success.

Teachers write of the encouraging effect of their Christmas celebrations, both upon themselves and their scholars. Parents also are gratified. "When I told them that the presents were sent by a Northern lady and gentleman. I could hear the old people saying: "God bless dem! dey habn't forgot us De Lord put it in dar hearts to help our children."

I hope that more may be done in this direction another year. I shall be very happy to furnish names of teachers to any who would like to get up Christmas boxes for their schools.

About thirty of my correspondents have not been teaching this winter. Four or five, whose hearts are in the work, have been kept from it by illness. One is rector of three parishes in Virginia, having taken a theological course at Petersburg, after leaving Hampton. Another is settled over a church in New York State. Another is a postal clerk with a salary of $1000. Two are postmasters, one in the Custom House. Four have been studying at Richmond Institute, and at Howard and Lincoln Universities. There are not many politicians among our graduates, though one young man wrote me in the Fall that he was "just now trying all his might to elect our great chieftains to the Presidency and vice-Presidency, Blaine and Logan." As he did not succeed, I presume he has gone back to his trade, which is that of a carpenter.

Ten of Hampton's sons and daughters have "doubled their joys" this last year. Among them one of the first three Indian graduates. No white man could write with more tender appreciation of wife and home than this "stolid" Indian.

The classes of '78, '80 and '82 mourn the loss of two members from each; while '75 and '77 have each lost one.

May the example of their fidelity to duty encourage and stimulate those who knew and loved them.

OF DISTRIBUTION OF READING MATTER.

By Miss R. G. Tileston.

The third year of my work as "Graduates' Correspondent for Reading Matter" is just closing, and I had hoped for better results, which can only be reached by a quicker response on the part of the graduates, a more prompt notice of their addresses at the beginning of the school term. That the papers received by them are fully appreciated and needed, is shown by their letters, some of them having no other reading matter; but it is a curious fact that many seem to take it for granted that we know of their whereabouts by intuition. The month of October was quite encouraging, my P. O box receiving many letters daily. As strenuous efforts had been made to make them see the necessity of keeping us informed, we hoped our plan had proved a success, but in spite of cards and notices sent by Miss Cleaveland and myself there have been but few out of the list of 580 in my address-book who have sent us the address or change of address, which is almost a sure thing in the early spring months. This is a great drawback to the plan of sending reading matter. If they are neglectful on this point it is almost impossible to help them. I have found it necessary since returning to my work (about the middle of March, after an illness of three-and-a-half months) to send out postal cards to all the addresses, hoping in that way to be sure of reaching many, and preparing the way for the work next October. I have received and am receiving daily, some replies, but there are still many to be heard from. All the letters up to the middle of December were answered by me, for although my work does not include letter-writing I found that the bundle of papers that I sent as a reply was not sufficient; "Miss T., you did not answer my letter," greeting me from all sides at the Alumni meeting, last June. "No, I sent instead, the papers." But that did not satisfy them; they want some *word* from Hampton.

The Reading Department at present has a generous supply on hand, kindly contributed by Northern friends, and it is a trial to send off bundles of really valuable papers without being perfectly sure of the address. We have received a good many picture papers this year, also Sunday school papers, and the "Youths' Companion," "St. Nicholas," etc., all of which are very acceptable. Often applications are made for papers or books with short pieces of poetry or prose for some exhibition, and children's magazines or papers are particularly useful. One teacher who came to see me, especially valued pictures, as he said he had one bright little fellow in his school who could reproduce them on the board, and so have one serve for a general object lesson.

The graduating class this year will add 41 names to the number already enrolled. Northern friends wishing to send reading matter to individual graduates from their weekly supply of papers, can receive names and addresses by applying to me. As many applications are made for help with Christmas trees, Christmas cards, etc., any small gifts would be gratefully received here, for distribution, or names sent to any churches or societies wishing to send a barrel to any particular school.

REPORT ON THE LIBRARY.

By Miss Alice M. Bacon in charge.

The Library work this year has been most satisfactory and we close the year looking forward to even greater usefulness in this department in the year to come.

Since October, 2,616 books have been issued; of this number 1352 have been drawn by boys, 658 by girls and 606 by teachers. The number of books taken out this year is more than double the number drawn by students during the same time last year. This large increase in the number of books drawn may be said to be entirely due to the faithful and conscientious attention that has been given by my assistant Librarian, Miss Helen S. Baldwin, to the work of the position. She has studied the Library carefully with a view to learning which books could be made useful to the students, has advised wisely when advice was asked, has taken pains to see that all books or papers likely in any way to prove injurious were excluded from the shelves and tables, and has in all respects so thoroughly discharged the duties of her office that the Library is to-day a force in the school whose influence for good can hardly be calculated. In many cases students have been led from fiction to history or travels, others have turned from novels or Sunday school literature of the weak and goody kind up to works of a higher, more bracing and helpful character. Of the 658 books drawn by girls, 374 have been fiction, but though the proportion of fictitious works read by the girls is about the same as last year, the works themselves have been of a better character.

There have been 562 books added to the library during the year. Of these about 50 volumes have been purchased, the rest have been given by friends of the Institution. Many of the books given have been works of which the Library has long been in need.

Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary, Chamber's Cyclopedia of English Literature, Morrisons' Rome, Grote's Greece, Poole's Index of Periodical Literature, are some of the largest and most valuable works.

The card catalogue, though capable still of many improvements, has proved successful, and the students have quickly learned the use of it. Upon the back of the case that contains the catalogue, is a bulletin board upon which lists of books recommended by different teachers to their classes; lists of new books and of interesting articles in the magazines as they appear, are posted for the benefit of those students who need help in selecting their reading matter.

There are now received for the reading room table, 85 weeklies, 8 dailies and 36 monthly periodicals. The attention of students has been drawn to the monthly magazines by a list of the articles most likely to prove interesting to them, which has been posted on the bulletin board once a month. In this way the magazines, which were formerly read very little by the students, have become quite popular and do their share in the educating work which the library is trying to accomplish.

Until now the library has had no fund upon which to draw for books but has been entirely dependent upon contributions, given from time to time by friends, or upon appropriations from the general school fund. I have this year the pleasure of reporting the gift of between seven and eight hundred dollars as the beginning of a permanent Library Endowment Fund. This insures to the library an income of between twenty and thirty dollars and we hope it may prove a nucleus about which other gifts will collect to form a regular source of revenue for this department.

The work of the Library is especially encouraging and hopeful to those engaged in it, for the reason that all work done in connection with the library by the students is entirely voluntary and is done by them in time taken from the small amount that is given them for recreation. This being the case, a card like the following, the card of a work student, who works all day and studies all the evening, is very satisfactory. The card shows books read by one student during a year.

History of the Negro Race, Williams.
Life of Napoleon, Scott, Vol. 1.
Great Expectations, Dickens.
Life of Napoleon, Vol. 11.
" " " 111.
The Stolen White Elepbant, Mark Twain.
Odd Folks at Home.
The Innocents Abroad, Mark Twain.
A Fool's Errand, Tourgee.
Harpers Magazine, bound vol.
Hot Ploughshares, Tourgee.
Stories from Virgil.
History of Troy.
Tales from Shakespeare, Lamb.
Washington and Other Great Commanders.

MEDICAL REPORT.

By Dr. Martha M. Waldron, Resident Physician.

An unusual amount of sickness has occurred in the school during the present year, the greater part having been due to two epidemics—German measles and tonsillitis. Cases of sickness from pulmonary diseases have also been unusually frequent. The cases worthy of note are as follows: In October, one case of continued malarial fever and thirteen cases of chills and fever. The latter were mild cases, amenable to treatment, in all of which malaria had shown itself previous to the student's entering school. In the month of November, German measles appeared and ran its course with varying severity in both Indian and colored departments, being notably less severe among the colored students. Of this disease twenty-one cases occurred in the month. During the same period there were twenty-five cases of tonsillitis, one of extensive necrosis of the scapula, clavicle and head of the humerus, one case of facial erysipelas, one of broncho-pneumonia, one of phthisis and nine cases of chills and fever. All of the last-named were old cases. In the month of December the two epidemics of measles and tonsillitis ran their course together. Of German measles there were thirty-eight cases, of tonsillitis fifty-four, of measles three, of facial erysipelas two, of chills and fever four cases, of rheumatic fever one case, of acute Bright's disease one case, of broncho-pneumonia one case.

In the month of January there were of German measles twenty-one cases, of measles four, of tonsillitis thirty-five, of chills and fever eight, of rheumatic fever two, several cases of local rheumatism, of pneumonia three, of hemorrhage of the lungs three, accident cases three, phthisis with intercurrent pneumonia, one case.

In the month of February there were of tonsillitis twenty cases, of pneumonia two, pleurisy two, acute bronchitis three, chills and fever six cases, rheumatic fever three, continued malarial fever one case, and one accident case. Both cases were fatal.

In the month of March, of tonsillitis there were three cases, of pneumonia two, of pleurisy six, of local rheumatism nine, of scrofulous neck four cases, of phlyctenular ophthalmia with pannus one case, mumps three cases and two cases of continued malarial fever. The two cases of phthisis with intercurrent pneumonia were fatal. Both cases were Indian girls who had been many months in a decline. At the time when returning parties were sent home, they were too weak to make the long journey to their agencies.

In the month of April, of tonsillitis there were three cases, of pleurisy four, of pneumonia one case, hemorrhage of the lungs one case, malarial fever one case, scrofulous neck five cases, phlyctenular ophthalmia one case, and mumps three cases.

Besides the more serious cases abovementioned, there have been during the year more than the usual number of minor ailments, as colds, sore throats and mild cases of rheumatism, for the development of which the season here as elsewhere has peculiarly been favorable.

The freqnent occurrence of pneumonia and the prevalence of pulmonary disease, especially among the Indian students, has been a marked feature of the year. Twelve Indian students have been sent home on account of ill-health; all were consumptives. As many more have been able to continue their work only by the most constant treatment and care. Of the Indian students who have broken down with consumption, the greater part have been from Crow Creek and Lower Brule. Students from other agencies have had about the same proportion of sickness and health as in previous years. The average health of the colored school has been good throughout the year. The coexistence of two epidemics, tonsillitis and measles, gave a large number of cases (232,) some of which were prolonged and serious, but all of which made perfect recoveries.

The number of serious fever cases has been less than in any of the last four years. Three colored students have been sent home with phthisis. One of these has since died. There have been twelve deaths in school during the year. Five of these have been from phthisis, three from pneumonia, one from malarial fever, one from erysipelas, one from acute Bright's disease, one from extensive necrosis of the clavicle, scapula and head of the humerus. The last-named case was that of a new student who was taken ill soon after his arrival and in whom this condition existed at the first medical examination. On account of the large amount of sickness at the school, Mr. Charles F. Wingate, Sanitary Engineer from New York, was engaged to inspect the condition of the school buildings and premises. His report was very favorable, assigning no local cause of sickness. His excellent suggestions in regard to ventilation, etc, are being carried out. Mr. Wingate had already made a thorough investigation of the sanitary condition of the school two years before, and the important suggestions made by him at that time had been carefully followed.

Among the important sanitary improvements of the year may be mentioned the new Girls' Building, which by diminishing the overcrowding of Virginia Hall, undoubtedly will be of great value in raising the health rate during another winter. Also the filling in of the low ground in front of Virginia Hall and construction of a permanent bulkhead to prevent the deposit of sewage by the tide. The improved ventilation of Virginia Hall chapel is a measure of importance, as the room is in daily use for the girls' evening study hour. The ventilation of the main drain from Virginia Hall by an iron cylinder carried up outside the building to a point above the roof, is an important improvement suggested by Mr. Wingate, which, with changes already made, will place Virginia Hall in excellent sanitary condition.

A Hospital Needed.

The pressing need of the health department of the school is a comfortable and suitable place for the care of sick boys, both colored and Indian. The inevitable waste of time and force incident to caring for the sick in the many and remote buildings on the place should be prevented as far as possible by a hospital building, to which most of the cases could be carried. Such a hospital should contain ample space for eight beds with room for a nurse and closets for hospital appurtenances; the form of a Greek cross is recommended. The want of such a building has long been felt, and the accommodations which it would afford are indispensable to the comfort and proper care of the sick. The estimated cost is $4,500.00; that of each bed, $550.00.

REPORT OF ACTING COMMANDANT.

By *Mr. Geo. L. Curtis.*

Gen. S. C. Armstrong:—

Sir: I have the honor to submit the following brief report from the department of discipline for the school year 1884-5.

The loss sustained by this institution last year in the removal by the War Department of the officer detailed from the regular army for the past six years to fill the position of Commandant, necessitated a new departure and various changes. The general duties devolving upon that officer have been performed this year by the undersigned; while the instruction in drill and military tactics has been given to the Battalion of Cadets by Mr. Arthur Boykin, to whose subjoined report reference is here made.

The Battalion.

The military system, so long a marked feature of this institution, has been vigorously maintained. At the beginning of the school year a Battalion was organized consisting of all the male members of the Normal and Indian schools, divided into four companies and fully officered from their own number. To these were added at the same time two companies composed of the boys of the night school, formed in the same manner as the foregoing; the whole placed under the command of Mr. Boykin with the title and authority of Major.

Special care has been taken to prevent by increased watchfulness, any falling off in tone and *esprit du corps* which might follow the loss of the regular army officer. Promptness in attendance upon military duties has been strictly enforced by marks in deportment, fines, public reprimands and other punishment given to the delinquent; while at the same time successful appeal to ambition and pride has been made in the monthly publication of the Honor-Roll, composed of those who always responded to their names. The roll calls and marching to meals, the morning inspection of the ranks before school, the weekly drill of each company, and of the whole battallion every Friday afternoon, the full dress Sunday Inspection before marching to divine service in Bethesda Chapel in the National Cemetery, as well as the regular daily performance of guard duty by a detail of officers and men, have been powerful aids not only in enforcing discipline and securing subordination to authority, but in developing personal neatness, uniformity of attire, better physical carriage, self-control, a sense of personal responsibility, and a long list of manly and sterling moral qualities. By no other method could our large number of students be successfully handled by our small force of school officers, or the crude and uncouth children of the plantation and the prairie be so speedily metamorphosed into civilized and self-reliant young men.

The officers of the battalion have this year been made to feel their own personal responsibility for the maintenance of good order and discipline as never before. The loss of the army officer has in large measure been off-set by increased care and zeal on their part. They have been called upon to furnish models in their own conduct for that of the privates in their command; to yield more implicit obedience to school regulations and authority corresponding to increased rank, and to impress their own individuality and their own spirit upon the men intrusted to their training. Their response has been loyal and hearty, and their record in these respects for the past year is one upon which both they and the school can look with pride. Weekly written reports from the captains on the condition of each company, and a weekly meeting of the officers for the discussion and settlement of questions arising, have rendered material aid in reaching the privates through the medium of the officers. Promotion has been made not on grounds of military skill and efficiency merely; but with equal regard paid to character and conduct as tested in the school and in the shop. The instances have, as a consequence, been rare where such confidence has been found to be misplaced. Reduction to the ranks has in such cases speedily followed.

While the equipment of the battalion with the school uniform has not been as full as could be desired, there has been a growing improvement in this repect throughout the year. All officers have been required to wear the full uniform during military exercises, all privates to provide themselves first with the regulation cap, then with the uniform pantaloons, and later with the coat and vest as rapidly as their funds would admit. The result of personal pressure on the individual has resulted in a better and more uniform appearance of the ranks than ever before in the history of the battalion. Another year should show yet better results in this direction.

Discipline.

The number of grave offences which have come before the Acting Commandant during the year for decision has been encouragingly small. The vast majority of complaints which have been presented at his office have been for mild peccadilloes or comparatively trivial breaches of discipline. The only serious cause of insubordination to his authority occurred early in the year. That successfully met, no further difficulty of the kind has been encountered. Moral suasion, wherever practicable, has been the means of correction first tried: if unavailing, then followed by marks, fine, reduction of privileges, increase of labor, confinement, temporary banishment to the farm at Shellbanks, or dismissal. The fines thus deducted from the students' earnings have been placed to the credit of the Library fund, and thus has contributed to the benefit of the school at large. The door of the guard house has been closed upon but three offenders, one colored and two Indians. But one difficulty has arisen between members of the two races, and only one between those of different and naturally jealous tribes. In neither case could the origin of the trouble be traced to existing race antipathies. The two races have marched and worked side by side, and maintained a healthful balance of power in the school.

In all cases, both in dealing with the Negro and the Indian, no pains have been spared to set clearly before the mind of the culprit the character of the offence and the justice of the punishment. With the Indian, no less than with the other, justice—"the straight way"—is the prime requisite. That and even-handed impartiality, however imperfectly attained, have been the constant aim of the disciplinary officer. As a result, it is hoped that the *morale* of the school has improved during the year, and that "constructive discipline" has strengthened rather than crushed the character of those who have felt its hand.

In the discipline and control of the students, great aid has also been furnished the Acting Commandant by the janitors of the boys' dormitories, of whom seven are students and the remaining two graduates of last year. Their daily written reports of the condition of the buildings under their charge and the conduct of the occupants for the preceeding twenty-four hours have afforded a convenient and effective method of maintaining good order in the dormitories. They have rendered most faithful, fearless and efficient service; have consulted the welfare of the whole school, rather than that of the individual or personal feeling, and have discharged their trust in a manner most creditable to themselves and satisfactory to their superior officer.

No less valuable help has been rendered by the officers' court, whose members are appointed for a term of weeks by the Acting Commandant, and whose sentences are referred to him for approval. Many delicate cases have been brought before this court-martial for decision. Its proceedings have been marked in all cases by great dignity, firmness and fairness, and the good judgment and discretion displayed in the sentences have secured their uniform approval and execution by proper authority. Justice has not suffered at their hands; while the effect upon the whole school has been most salutary.

A careful and complete record has been kept this year at the office. It embodies not only the usual data in regard to age, address, condition and location of each male student on arrival, but all complaints and offences as daily reported and decided. As a result, the condition and character of each of the young men as shown by his daily conduct may be seen at a glance. Such records have been found valuable in determining the standing or tracing the progress of individuals, and are preserved for future reference.

Neatness and Order.

Much effort has been directed towards improving the personal habits of the students. This has been especially necessary in the case of the colored boys, and in particular those of the Night Class—coming, as most of them do, from homes of poverty where neatness is unknown.

Each room has been constantly subjected to the closest scrutiny; while the personal neatness, cleanliness, change of attire and habits of living of the occupants have been made matters of discipline.

Among the many helps used to secure improvement in these respects have been the daily reports of the janitors after their morning rounds, the more careful and critical weekly visits by the lady teachers to the boys' rooms, and the regular Sunday morning inspection at the sound of the bugle, when every room in the dormitories is formally visited by an officer of the school, every student required to be present, and every object to be in as nearly faultless condition as possible. This last has been productive of most satisfactory results. A series of familiar talks on practical topics connected with personal habits and good manners has also been given, to further enforce the general teaching in this direction.

Outside of the buildings the accumulation of rubbish about the grounds has been removed by the regular "police duty," performed after school every Saturday afternoon by the whole battalion detailed for this purpose. Each student is thus made to feel a personal interest in the general good appearance of the grounds, and the good order of his own quarters in particular.

It was with no little misgiving that the Acting Commandant assumed the duties of his present position—bringing to it neither experience nor previous training. Whatever good results may seem to have followed the labor here bestowed, he feels are due not to himself, but to the personal influence of the Principal felt in the battalion as never before, to the cordial sympathy and co-operation of the teachers and officers of the school, for which he is most grateful, and to the hearty support of the officers and janitors among the students, who have proved themselves responsible, efficient and trust-worthy to a degree surpassing his most sanguine expectations.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant.

GEO. L. CURTIS, *Acting Commandant.*

REPORT OF MILITARY DRILL.

By *Mr. Arthur Boykin, Instructor, and Acting Commandant during summer vacation.*

On the 15th of June, 1884, I entered upon the duties assigned me. A Battalion, consisting of four small companies, was at once organized with its full corps of officers.

The Rules and Regulations governing the conduct of students through vacation, were put into each boy's room, and in every conspicuous place in the buildings; and occasionally read to the whole school.

Roll call at 6 a. m. and 9 p. m. and Sunday Inspection at 4 p. m., were kept up through the three and a half months' vacation. Military Instruction was given at night to any who wished to come. Many came who were not connected with the night school. The guard and police duty were kept up, or performed by students employed especially for the purpose. A detail of two boys was made to act as hall and outside guard during Chapel services, exercises, etc.

The young men, both Negro and Indian, took great pride in the debating societies and mock congress. The reading room was used by them a great deal. Every pains was taken to make the vacation pleasant. In spite of the many evil temptations and bad influences that surround us, not one act of serious misconduct worthy of note occurred by any of those who had won the respect and confidence of the school authorities and teachers.

My duties as acting Commandant were discontinued in favor of Mr. Geo. L. Curtis, Oct. 1st, 1884. I had the appointment of military instructor with title of Major of the Cadet Corps. The vacation organization was disbanded.

The work of military drill commenced with morning inspection at 8.35 o'clock.

At noon, instead of marching at random, each company is required to form with the Battalion, and march with the band or drum corps; often they are manoeuvered for a few minutes. At the morning inspection the Adjutant announces the Officer of the day, the Officer of the guard, Sergeant and Corporal of the guard, and the eight privates detailed by the Sergt. Major. Two privates and one officer are regularly detailed for duty from each of the four companies of the day school; companies E. and F. being all Night School men, are exempted from all duties except the three daily roll calls, including the noon parade and Sunday inspection.

Each company has its weekly drill day, from 4 to 5 p. m.; regular Battalion drill, from 4 to 5 p. m. on Fridays. General police after school on Saturdays, from 4 to 5 p. m. and Sunday inspection at 3.45 p. m.

The Gymnasium, the valuable gift of Mr. Monroe, has been highly appreciated by the students, and has given us a good and comfortable place in which to drill during the bad weather.

An Officers' school has been organized, and books containing instructions on the drills distributed among the students.

Instruction in Infantry Tactics is given to all the young men. Special attention has been paid to the "setting up" drill during the first part of the term. Military instruction has its work to do in helping to shape these young men for future usefulness, producing that good which comes through drill discipline, responsibility and guard duty. No training is better for young men than that which helps them to govern themselves and others. They learn to respect inferiors and obey superiors. My work has been agreeable; and for the hearty co-operation of officers, teachers and students, I hereby express my thanks.

PASTOR'S REPORT.

By *Rev. H. B. Frissell.*

The thousand teachers that Hampton has sent into the field are doing good work in the moral and religious training of their people.

In the country districts the graduate from Hampton is often the only instructor in Bible truths that the people have. Their preachers are often ignorant men unable to teach their flocks out of God's word, and having in most cases, several churches to which they minister, their visits are very infrequent. To the teacher of their day schools the colored communities look for their knowledge of the Bible, and of all moral and religious truth. The report on correspondence shows how much of the time and thought of our graduates is given to this part of their teaching. In the city of Danville, I found Hampton graduates acting as superintendents in every Sunday school I visited. I was present at a missionary meeting and a Sunday School Union in the same place and in each case our teachers were the presiding officers. I found them very prominent in religious work in the other cities of Virginia, and in certain counties, I found the whole character of the religious teaching of the people and the preachers themselves, changed by their labors. Within the past years, the Hampton students have associated themselves together for religious work, in some of the districts. The undenominational character of their training hereenables them to take part in the churches where they go without regard to their sectarian peculiarities.

What is true of the colored students is true also of the Indians. I shall not soon forget the pleasant picture I saw of a Sunday morning at Lower Brule on the banks of the Missouri. Bear Bird, one of our Hampton boys, was marshalling the students of the agency boarding school in orderly line for church, going before them and leading them to God's House.

Luke Walker, the faithful Indian rector, told me that he looked to Hampton for his best help. The fifteen returned students who stood in his little chapel and uttered their hearty responses, meant much; the sixty children that Medicine Bull, son of a Sioux Chief and one of our Hampton returned students, collected together of a Sunday afternoon away out in the White River camp to teach them the Bible, had even a deeper meaning.

The part which the moral and religious training has to do in forming character at Hampton makes it important. The fact that these students are to become the religious leaders of their people, gives it a still greater importance. The Pastor's class on the school grounds, is helping to give a more intelligent ministry to the colored race, but the regular teachers that the school is preparing to work in the Sunday Schools, the temperance societies, the cottage meetings and the young peoples Christian Associations have a no less important part to perform in the upbuilding of their people.

The work within the school the past year has been encouraging. There has been an advance in its general tone, and in the character of the students. The cottages where the boys live, have been cleaner, there has been less tobacco, less bad talk, less theft. The leaders in the school have been good men, who not only talked in prayer meeting but led straightforward lives. Prominence in public prayer has been frowned down upon where the lives have not corresponded. Cant has been at a discount.

There has been marked religious interest this year among Indians and colored students, between fifty and sixty coming out as Christians. Thirty united with the school church at one communion. There was no excitement; a simple acceptance of Christ and a starting out in the religious life. And not only in the highest but in the lowest class in the school has the year brought with it an improved condition.

The night class is of interest, because it more nearly represents the feeling of the masses of the colored people than any other in the school. There is the most superstition here, the most suspicion, the strongest inclination to divorce morality and religion. Yet there is no class in the school more earnest to learn or more susceptible to religious impressions. The lengthening of the apprenticeship in the trades has brought into this class a number of our best students, and they have had much to do in the uplifting of the whole. A number of these students came out as Christians and have lived exemplary lives.

During my absence from the school in the summer, Rev. Mr. Gravatt, Rector of St. Johns Church, took charge of all the religious services on the place and did valuable work among the students. The rest of the year, with, the exception of his Instruction in the Pastors class, his labors on the school grounds have been confined to the Indians, over whom he has exerted a very strong influence for good. Those who come from Episcopal agencies, attend his church on the Sabbath. In the afternoon he holds Sunday School with all the Indians at Winona Lodge and has a prayer meeting with them during the week. Mr. Dudley Talbot has done valuable service in the religious education of the Indians, organizing the boys for missionary work among themselves, and having the general over-sight of their prayer meeting, and their home life. A fuller account of the religious work among them will be given in the other reports. A number of them seemed anxious to take a more decided stand as Christians at the time of the religious interest in the school. Several of them were admitted to the school church, and some were confirmed in St. John's Episcopal church in Hampton. Their daily evening prayer meeting, which they conduct themselves, has been one of the most earnest on the place.

The religious work among the girls does not show itself so quickly as in the case of the boys. They do not so readily accept out quieter ways. They are more emotional and are not so quick to accept religious truth and act upon it. Their record after leaving school however, shows that the labor spent upon them bears even better fruit than that among the boys. They make better teachers, and are more devoted to their work and, as a rule, are purer in their lives notwithstanding the terrible temptations to which they are exposed. They have not the same opportunities here as the boys. The military organization of the school gives the young men training, and chances for self government, while there is nothing which corresponds to it among the young women.

Sabbath Services.

Our Sabbath at Hampton is not altogether a day of rest. At nine o'clock a. m. is held the student's prayer meeting of the whole school, Indian and colored, conducted by themselves. At its close a number of the students go directly to the Sunday schools of Hampton to teach. At eleven o'clock a. m. the colored Sunday school meets in Academic Hall. Immediately after dinner the students go out to hold cottage prayer meetings in the cabins of the old and poor. At 2 p. m. the Indian Sunday school is held under care of Rev. Mr. Gravatt. At 4 p. m. the whole school gathers for the preaching service of the day held in Bethesda church in the National Cemetery grounds. In the evening the exercises are usually conducted by the students

The prayer meetings have been sustained with interest through the entire year and the students have discussed the subjects placed upon the cards containing the list of topics for the quarter. I have been asked whether these meetings did not encourage cant and expressions of feeling that they did not possess. This discussion of Bible truth has helped to take away that character from the meeting and they have thus commanded the respect of the best students n the school.

Our Sunday school is the centre of Christian work on the place. The work at Hampton is germinal and formative to a great degree. The lady teachers are the real Pastors of the school. They have a power over the student that no man could ever have. They meet them every day in their classes, they watch them with an eager interest to see whether they are developing right and exert an influence for good that is immeasurable. Hampton is unique in its great company of devoted lady teachers, and I believe that its success is largely due to that source. Every student that comes out into the Christian life is watched over and feels the influence of a pure Christian woman. This year we have introduced a system of written examinations which has shown very good proficiency in Bible study.

Young People's Christian Association.

This organization which now has its branch associations among the graduates, has a general charge of the religious and missionary work within and without the school. It has committees of teachers, graduates and students who have in charge the prayer meetings on the place, the missionary and temperance work, and thus, so far as possible, every student is made to feel that he has a definite duty to those around him. A similar association has been formed this year among the Indians.

Missionary Work.

An average of seventy students have gone out into the country about helping the poor visiting the sick, repairing cabin floors and, chimneys, supplying fire wood and food to those in need, reading God's word to the aged, gathering the children into little Sunday schools, teaching in the regular schools and lending a helping hand everywhere. Some real help has thus been given to the poor people about, more has been received by the students. Several of the Indian children have helped in the Sunday school work and that among the cottages of the colored people and several of the Indian boys have gone with the Rev. Mr. Gravatt to sing for the soldiers at the Soldier's Home the Sundays that he preached there. Reports have been made at the Sunday evening meeting, needy cases brought to notice, and the students have given of their small earnings to the help of those who were in greater need, and thus the school has been brought into greater sympathy with the colored people of the place than ever before. At Christmas, all the children of the colored Sunday schools of Hampton were invited to the Gymnasium on the school grounds, the ministers and Superintendents were invited upon the platform, and a Christmas service was held. Nearly a thousand children were present beside the students of the Normal school.

Temperance Committee.

The meetings of the Temperance Society on the school grounds have been largely attended and most of the students are members. A branch society has been started across the creek by the members and two others carried on with much success in Hampton.

The Band of Mercy,

under the care of the young man who has charge of the horses on the place, has held regular meetings for the promotion of humane feeling for the lower animals. A prize has been offered for the best article on the general subject of kindness to animals, and much interest has been shown.

The Pastors Class

has completed its second year. The attendance of the pastors of the vicinity, has been very encouraging, considering their scattered flocks, and the number of their other duties. That this class has made a marked change in the preaching of this region, is beyond question. "They wont choose a man to preach in a church around here unless he attends the class," said one of them. "They increased my salary $100, that I might come here," said another. "Our council has decided not to ordain a minister who can't preach plain sermons," said a third. "I used to commence preaching like a horse run away, now I start out very sober," said one of the pastors of the class.

"When we started coming here, they made fun of us, called us school boys, wanted to know if we have got our lessons; now they won't have a preacher who don't come to school," said one of the older members of the class.

Rev. Dr. Woodfin, the white Baptist clergyman in Hampton, has taken up the study of the Old Testament, with the class. Rev. Mr. Gravatt, the Episcopal Rector, the study of the New Testament. Rev. Mr. Tolman, Congregationalist, has pursued in a most pratical way the study of Theology with them. Miss Alice Bacon has gone over the History of the Bible, and I have taken up the Preparation and delivery of sermons.

In all the departments, the teaching has been of the most practical character, having as the object, the giving these men an insight into the Bible truth, and enabling them to present it to their people in an intelligent manner. The class has numbered seventeen during the year, and there is a prospect of an increase in the year to come. Three of the graduates of the school entered last fall. Those students who live on the place, earn their board and clothes by the work of their hands, like the other students of the school, and need scholarships of $70 a year to pay their tuition. It is hoped that during the present year cottages, costing $300 apiece, may be erected on the school grounds, where those who are married may live, and thus the wife be elevated at the same time that the husband receives help in his studies. The experiment has already been tried with the Indians, and has worked successfully. In considering the results of the work of the pastors class, the effect which it has had in producing a kindly feeling toward the school among the colored preachers ought to be considered. Formerly they looked upon the work done here with suspicion, but now they are warm in their praises of it, and seem to appreciate the endeavors it is making for their help. The missionary work of students and graduates has through this means come to have their hearty support. Another important result of the class has been the bringing together of the white and colored ministers, and the establishment of kindly relations between them. It has also brought the colored ministers together, and done away with much of the bigotry and jealousy of one another, that formerly existed. The older members of this class are now the only students on the place who came out of slavery, and it is pleasant to have this link to connect us with the past.

News Items, Political Economy and Civil Government.

In order to have as many points of contact with the students as possible, I have met the school every morning for discussion of the items of daily news. The effect of these discussions is showing itself in more intelligent debates in their literary societies, and a general interest in the news of the day. As these students will in many cases be the only sources of information as to the topics of the day and the politics and government of the country in the region where they teach, this part of their instruction is of great importance. With the same thought in mind, I have met the Senior class once a week, for a talk on Civil Government the early part of the year, and Political Economy the latter part. They receive instruction in these branches during the year from Miss Bacon.

Visiting the Graduates.

In order to keep in sympathy with the work our graduates are doing and understand so far as possible their needs, I have spent some part of each year for the last three years in visiting them in their schools, sometimes passing through the country on horseback and sometimes visiting the larger places on the railroad. I can see a marked improvement from year to year. The Hampton graduate of to-day is a much better equipped man than the one of five years ago. Yet with the old and young graduates, the record of our Hampton students for earnest, thorough work is encouraging. Some of the old graduates have kept closely at their books since their graduation. One of our teachers in Danville received a first grade certificate in an examination given to the most advanced white teachers of the city. I found at Lynchburg that our graduates were teaching classes far in advance of our Seniors. Everywhere they acknowledge the thorough drill they have received at Hampton. I am hoping to get out among them again this summer and to hold an institute for Bible study in one of the counties in the western part of the State. In addition to my travels in the South, I have been able the past year to spend a month among the Indians in Dakota, taking 35 of our students to their homes in the West, placing them as teachers in schools and workers in the shops, and bringing with me to Hampton from their reservations on the Missouri 32 Indians. I believe that none of our work among them is lost. I found some of them in the blanket, in the camp, but even then there was a sense of shame as they met me that gave promise of better things. Some of them had relapsed partially. They would go back to the camps for a time, but the better life would assert itself and they would come back, ask for work, and struggle for better things. Many of them in the face of physical weakness and terrible temptation have fought a good fight. Out in a cemetery on the banks of the Missouri the interpreter showed me the grave of a Hampton student, and in his broken English he paid him his tribute of respect. "He try hard to walk to white man's way; *too* hard for him." He had died in the struggle. Some work steadily, cultivate farms, have nice respectable houses, and live Christian lives.

In closing, I would respectfully make two suggestions. The first is as to the introduction of systematic instruction in music. We have at Hampton two races especially susceptible to its influence. There have come back from the returned Indian students requests that we would sing a favorite hymn for them at our prayer meetings. I was surprised to hear the Indians, whom I brought from the West, singing Moody and Sankey hymns on board the train, and when I asked where they learned them they pointed to one of our returned students and said he had taught them out on the reservation. The influence which a thorough knowledge of music would give our colored graduates fn the Sunday schools and day schools would be very great and its influence in their moral education here would be helpful.

The other suggestion I have to make is for more systematic Biblical instruction in the regular classes. The Principal refers in his report to the tendency of the colored people to separate themselves from the whites into little communities where they often have no regular preacher and the teacher from Hampton has the entire charge of their religious instruction. My own experience bears out the statement. This being the case, it seems to me that the knowledge of the Bible gained on the Sabbath is not sufficient and that there is need of more regular instruction in this department. "I came to Hampton to learn to read my Bible," said the Omaha boy in his speech. When I ask the Indian boys who come to my study what we shall read, they always point to the Bible. The teachers have worked hard after school and at odd times on Sunday to meet this felt need. There are many students who have not missed a singe opportunity of this sort during the whole year. But these extra hours added to the work of a long day is too much for the teacher and cannot be open to the whole school. Our graduates feel their own deficiency in this respect, for there is no knowledge more serviceable in most colored communities or that brings with it more influence to its possessor than the knowledge of God's word.

"PIONEERS."

"Those hardy Teutons who dwelt near the borders of the Roman empire In the sixth century, despised as they were by the race that ruled the world, had in them the elements from which emanated English and European civilization * * * The Mayflower conveyed to this country two and a half centuries ago, in the persons of the oppressed Puritans, the germ of free institutions, the foundation of the American government * * * the same year that saw the landing of the Pilgrims, saw landed on these very shores, a score of human beings transported forcibly from their native homes to pine in life-long servitude on this distant continent —innocent, ignorant, helpless. * * * Passing over the manifold vicissitudes through which our forefathers have passed, I wish to present to you the Negro of the present generation, as, like the Teuton and the Puritan, the Pioneer of civilization to the coming generations of his race. * * * How are we best to perform the duties of our position? * * * Is it not rather in the building up of character? This I consider the foundation upon which should be built the civilization of our race. * * What are we to build upon it? To perpetuate the building of our future, we must educate ourselves; we must become educators; become producers; employers as well as employes; must learn the arts of co-operation. * * And we only fully convey our idea of what constitutes an education when we say that it is all that stimulates the mind to action and disciplines its powers to work; with a firm belief in the true and living God, and a knowledge of the duty we owe our fellow men. * * * The day has come when we must depend upon our own exertions. No more can we depend upon the burning words of Philips, the stirring eloquence of Garrison, the martyr heroism of John Brown, the wise beneficence of Lincoln, but in their place, to justify and perpetuate their work, we want the practical skill of the mechanic, the carpenter, the farmer; the theory and practice of the schoolmaster, the precept and example of the pastor, the refining influence of pure and cultivated society; these are the voices which must speak to our race through us, their pioneers."

WANTED—A MAN.

"I can conceive of no subject more direct in its relation to the demand of all races in general and our race in particular than this that I have chosen. * * * Our ideal man is one whose qualifications fit him not simply for the performance of the details of a simple specified duty, but, as far as the limitations of human nature allow, to meet the demands of every day life. Complete manhood requires a proportionate development of hand, head and heart, which will admit of adaptation to the varying conditions of life. I have named them in the order in which each may be regarded as the condition of the next higher. * * * Having attempted to show the necessity for physical development both as a condition of that which is higher, and for other practical reasons, I venture an opinion as to the best method of obtaining it. * * Another aid to the development of the body is suggested by this capacious structure in which we are gathered, [the gymnasium] the munificent gift of one whose broad ideas commensurate with his benevolence comprehended not only our intellectual requirements, but our physical imperfections. Most effective of all is a judicious system of industrial training which shall add skill to strength, and usefully to power, directly fitting one in a great degree for contingencies of life, and laying the foundations for higher education. * * The requirements of life, demand a broad and comprehensive development of the intellectual faculties. * * and fundamental knowledge of practical subjects pertaining to the existence and welfare of man * * * And still the man is incomplete. The natural tendencies of the physical and intellectual nature suggest something higher, that shall make all subservient to the end for which it was created. * * We see the importance of a training which shall give a proper conception of his duty to his Creator. * * In fitting conclusion, let us notice the peculiar demand for complete men among the colored people. Centuries of culture, wealth, numerical strength and consequent division of labor render this type of manhood less indispensable among the enlightened Negroes. Take for example the white and the colored teacher, and notice the utter dissimilarity of condition. The white teacher has the co-operation of his patrons, the advice of his minister, the advantage of position, the comforts of a well ordered school room, and can give his whole attention to its requirements. The colored teacher has to contend not only with the prejudice of his white neighbors but with the superstitions of his own people: far from receiving ministerial support, he must often assume ministerial responsibilities himself. He will have ample opportunity to put his industrial training into practice. His mechanical skill will very probably be called upon by the mute appeal of his apology for a school house; his agricultural acquirements may serve him a good turn in the financial crises to which he will be introduced. Beyond all personal demands are the crying needs of his people which he must meet not alone in their school rooms, but on their farms, at their labor, and in their homes. * * * It is the work of this Institution to meet the demand for such complete men—not that this or any school in the brief time allotted them can fully develop the complete man, according to our standard, but that the practical training received here as a firm basis to be constantly built upon by the severe but effectual training of experience will result in the development of characters capable at least of meeting the requirements of their people, which should be the first object in the education of every colored youth. * * And we whose privilege it has been to receive the benefits of that training for the past few years are deeply sensible of the responsibility it brings and the debt of gratitude we owe."

OUR PEOPLE IN SOUTH-WESTERN VIRGINIA.

"Six years ago to-day I graduated after three years at this institution, to go out into the world and battle with the stern realities of life. * * * What has my six years experience as teacher among our people in this section taught me about their educational, political and religious condition? The colored people of this section are becoming very much interested in the subject of education. New school houses are erected every year; and a noticeable fact is that no longer can you tell the white schools from the colored by the good looks of the white and the shabbiness of the colored, but both have good and comfortable houses. The colored people are beginning to realize the fact that the Negro problem, if solved at all, must be solved by themselves, and to do this creditably they must educate themselves. * * * * * *

The colored people of this section posess great fondness for politics. Many have sought positions without having the needed qualification. I am not opposed to our people taking part in politics when they can do so intelligently, but I am opposed to it when they cannot do so without being led by men who seek not the elevation of the colored people but only their own selfish ends. Neither am I opposed to colored men holding positions of honor and trust when they are capable, but I am opposed to it when they are not. * * * It is true that the change in the administration caused a great deal of uneasiness * * but since tney have seen how things are working and have found that Mr. Cleveland is friendly toward the colored man, their tears are becoming allayed and everything is moving as smoothly as if there were no Democratic President at all. * * * What we need most is an educated ministry, a ministry that will not stoop to encourage the superstitious ideas of the people, but take a stand above them, and by precept and example draw them up to it. * * *

Hospital for Indian and Colored boys at Hampton.

It is gratifying to discover that the first estimates for this needed building, mentioned in the above report, are reduced, making the pro-rata cost, of each bed about $450 instead of $550; cost of the whole building (unfurnished) $3,500. As described elsewhere, it will be of wood, in form of a Greek cross; with eight beds. It will greatly increase the facilities for the care of the sick, and is indeed a necessity.

It is pleasant also to acknowledge as the first contribution to this building, the gift through Col. A. R. Buffington of $169.75 from the employes of the Springfield Armory. We need not emphasize its millennial suggestions.

Southern Workman AND Hampton School Record.

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THE HAMPTON NORMAL COURSE has been completed, as for the last three years, by a series of lectures and lessons by Mrs. E. L. Walton of West Newton, Mass. Mrs. Walton has been more than usually pleased by the spirit, preparation and ability of the class, and has been as usual highly successful in interesting them and emphasizing this school work.

BESIDES the 42 new graduates, Hampton sends into the field this year her whole Middle class, with few exceptions: 56 in all, to teach for a year, before entering the Senior class. This is not a measure of discipline. The young people are not "rusticated" but sent forth with their Alma Mater's blessing and aid to take one term in the school of real life, and return better fitted to receive and use their Senior studies. It is an experiment to watch with interest, and one in which the results of individual cases give us just faith. The Senior class of next year will be made up of the exceptions aforesaid, most of whom have already had at least a year's experience of teaching, and of some who have stayed out this year—as some do every year—to teach. After the coming year, the classes will be regularly made up of the returning teachers. There will be probably some percentage of loss, but we believe that it will be more than compensated by the advantage to the great majority and to the School.

TUSKEGEE NORMAL SCHOOL held its fourth anniversary exercises on May 28th and graduated its first class, five young women and five young men, who have all completed a four years course and all go out to teach in the public schools of the State. The account of the anniversary reads like one of Hampton's, with its morning recitations and inspection of industries, and its afternoon rhetoricals and enthusiasm. The industries now include a carpenter shop, farm, printing office, brick yard, paint shop, poultry and stock yards, and girl's laundry and sewing room. The carpenter shop is making the furniture for the girls' new building, Alabama Hall, which has just received an unexpected donation to help its completion, from a lady in England. Prominent men of Alabama, members of its legislature, and other citizens, white and colored, were present. Eloquent speeches were made by Prof. J. C. Price, and Hon. Solomon Palmer, State Superintendent of Education, who presented the diplomas.

WE HAVE long deplored the want in a certain class of teaching of text books and reading books of simple language but something more than childish thought, adapted to pupils whose maturity of mind is far beyond their familiarity with written English. A small book just published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, is an admirable example of what is needed. "Lessons on Practical Subjects, for Grammar School Children, by S. F. and C. W. F." Designed for intelligent children of from 12 to 16 who have reached the grammar school but are, many of them, likely to leave it to enter upon life, the language is such as any of them can comprehend, but the subjects are such as will be of practical interest to them all through life; subjects in which every working man and woman, every one who has a living to make, every American citizen, ought to be interested and well informed. Such "Practical Subjects' as "What is Money, Coin and Paper Currency, United States Bonds, Taxes, Corporations, Strikes, Debt and Saving, Savings Banks:" are put in clear light, simple words, familiar illustrations, with a few excellent review questions on each chapter. The style is vivid and interesting, the type of good size, making a little book of 150 pages, 6 1-2x4 1-2inches—that any teacher and scholar would enjoy. We wish there were more such.

WE CANNOT strike our lines of progress and reform as the Czar projected the rail road from Moscow to St. Petersburg, with a ruler and a straight line and an imperial order, "Make it *there*." Now and then a great war or other moral earthquake does a little blasting—that dynamite wont do—and makes a short cut for a way, but for the most part we must go zigzagging on as we can between opposing interests and opinions, making a loop now and then, but content—let us be—that the general course of things is onward and under a Conductor who knows our destination better than we who sometimes mistake a side station for the grand terminus. And sometimes, without earthquake or dynamite, there is a land slide, and the mountain of prejudice melts away, undermined by a quiet current of interest. It looks miraculous, but is only the miracle of nature. Some such land-slide threatens the race prejudice which keeps thousands of dollars worth of Negro travel from Southern rail roads for fear of insult, according to Mr. Booker T. Washington's letter reviewed below. Till it comes, we commend to colored travellers, or home keepers, Mr. Washington's admirable example of wise and level headed common sense; and the consideration for their comfort that there is not a simple common privilege enjoyed by the masses of their white brethren, which was not at some time withheld from them by prejudice claiming as natural an origin and as divine a right.

HOW THE Freedmen's Case in Equity may best be plead by himself is shown by a letter in an Alabama paper from Mr. Booker T. Washington who, as Hampton graduate and principal—we may say founder—of the Tuskegee Alabama colored Normal School, is well known to our readers.

Some weeks ago, four of Mr. Washington's teachers, attending a Teacher's Institute in the State, two of them young women, three of them Hampton graduates, two whose whiteness might pass unchallenged North and South, and all of peculiarly refined appearance, were turned out of a car and forced to ride in a smoking car, though they had paid full fare and held first class tickets.

Mr. Washington's letter, published in full with an editorial comment by the prominent Democratic paper to which it was sent, does not once mention the special occasion of grievance, but discusses the general subject of the rail road and colored passenger with a self control and acuteness which doubles its strength. He puts the matter on a partly business stand point. "It is not a subject with which to mix social equality or anything bordering on it." "With the Negro"—and with the railroad corporation too as he afterward makes it appear—"it is a matter of dollars and cents." He does not care at all to ride with the whites, but only to ride as comfortably for the same money. Why should respectable colored people paying full fare be herded into a filthy, crowded smoking car or 'half coach,' with chain gang convicts and drunken white men? Why should rail roads be allowed to make discriminations that no business corporation makes—the merchant or the editor—and sell two classes of goods for the same price? He is in favor of assortment, but on the ground of dress and behavior, and has noticed that in Virginia where colored people are not prohibited from riding in a first class car, colored passengers when not well dressed voluntarily take the second class.

One Alabama road, between Selma and Marion, solves the difficulty by providing separate first class coaches. "Running in one direction the whites use one of these and in the opposite direction the colored use the one previously used by the whites—they are equal in all respects." The general courtesy of the road was recently acknowledged in a resolution of thanks from its colored passengers, and the arrangement seems satisfactory all round. In time possibly, with increase of travel, the road may become as chary of extra cars as some Northern roads are, but the complaint of too much room will not come from the colored passengers. As to the question of expense, Mr. Washington claims that thousands of dollars worth of Negro travel is lost to the Southern roads every year by these discriminations. There are ten times when he would take his wife or a lady friend on the rail road, that he only does so once, and then only when necessary, because he shudders at the mere thought of the "accommodation." Since the New Orleans Exposition opened he has asked many colored people in the North if they were going, and in almost every instance the answer was that they would like to, but feared the railroads.

Mr. Washington's argument is the one to find the soul in a "soulless corporation." We are glad to observe that he states that many of the country papers of the South are outspoken in consideration of the wrong, and that he has not conversed with a single intelligent progressive white man who has not shown the right spirit in the matter. The editor of the Montgomery *Advertiser* which publishes his letter, declares that there is no difference of opinion on the point among people who recognize the simplest dictates of justice, and with respectful introduction of "Professor Washington" commends his letter to railroad officials. Their attention is only a question of time.

The Indian Rights Association In Need of Funds.

An organization which undertakes to do a philanthropic work, one which concerns the public welfare, and in which all good citizens are supposed to feel a greater or less degree of interest, is justified in asking for money—if by its record it has proved itself capable of performing its self-imposed task. The public may fairly ask of the Indian Rights Association when, in conformity with the general law which governs such societies, it presents its appeal—"What have you done?" The Association fortunately can, at the present time, return a thoroughly satisfactory answer to this question. It can point to the appropriations of $50,000, made by Congress last January, for the starving Piegan Indians, and to the still more recent and important revocation of the Crow Creek Order—which saved a friendly tribe from an infamous land robbery—as the evidences of its efficiency. As matters only secondary in importance to these signal victories, it may justly claim to have effected during the two years of its existence, an improved public sentiment in regard to the treatment of the Indians, and to have stimulated national effort in behalf of their civilization. The Association makes no claim to be alone in this great work—it is but a part of a large system which, under God's Providence, moves toward a given end. But it does claim to be a necessary part of this system, and that its work greatly increases the efficiency of all the other parts. The Executive and Legislative departments of the government, in their relations to Indian affairs, Indian schools, Indian missions, Indian students and Indian farmers, find in the Association a faithful and vigorous ally. Its present operations are much embarrassed by want of funds. The members of its Executive Committee, whose work is altogether gratuitous, appeal for contributions so that present obligations may be fully met and plans for the future may be carried forward. Journeys to the Indian country, upon which two of the representatives of the Society ought now to be setting out, are at the present moment delayed because there is no money in the treasury to meet their expenses. Any person who may feel interested in meeting this need should send contributions to C. Stuart Patterson, Treas., No. 38 S. 3d St. Phila., or to Herbert Welsh, Cor. Sec'y, No. 1316 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. Mc Gillycuddy.

Few Agents in the Indian service have done better work for the Indian than Dr. V. T. McGillycuddy, as those who have examined the condition of affairs at Pine Ridge Agency, Dakota, can testify. The price he has been obliged to pay for his vigorous and successful administration has indeed been a heavy one. For years he has been fought by the malignant opposition of white men living on the reservation whose schemes could not be successfully carried out under his vigorous rule. This element, which so frequently at other agencies has proved itself the bitter enemy of progress, has at Pine Ridge, as elsewhere, made constant use of the non-progressive element among the Indians to destroy the influence of the agent. Dr. McGillycuddy has recently been summoned to Washington, at his own request, to answer the oft-repeated charge of dishonesty and cruelty which Dr. Bland and Red Cloud have brought against him. In the words of a gentleman whose character and large experience in Indian affairs add great weight to his utterances, and who was present when the case was recently heard before the Indian Commissioner. "The prosecution of the agent was a complete breakdown." If the decision of the Interior Department shall prove the agent's case as strong as we have always believed it to be, it is a matter of the highest importance that he be sustained at his post. In our opinion an agent of McGillycuddy's progressive force and fine administrative ability, is absolutely essential to the credit of the Government and the good of the Indians at Pine Ridge.

SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

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Printed on the Normal School Steam Press by Negro and Indian students trained in the office.

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The Southern Press: Both Sides.

In an interesting series of letters by Prof. McCants Stewart, published in the New York *Freeman*, there is offered testimony in regard to the color line in the South, which ought not to be overlooked.

Prof. Stewart writes clearly and well, and the touches of humor with which he enlivens his subject, show that he is capable of seeing more than one side of it.

From one of the first of the series we quote the following:

"It was at a station beyond Petersburg. I groaned in spirit, because, starved and weak, I felt in no condition to fight for rights which the Supreme Court decision has denied. However, pronouncing blessings upon Cable and maledictions upon Grady, I took courage and entered the cozy dining room, bold as a lion. I took a seat. The whites at the table appeared not to note my presence. The colored waiter dashed at me in good style and waited upon me in good old Virginian fashion. I made him smile all over his face on leaving, because I appreciated his attentions by manner, words and gift. While eating "a ploughman's meal," I meditated. Thus far I had found travelling more pleasant, or as a grammatical friend would say, "much more better" than in some parts of New England. Of course, I make no special reflection on the section which cradled liberty. My experience there has been what it was in Old England. I am confining my mind now to my present journey South. For example, I have ridden for hours in New England cars without planting at or speaking to a single soul. To one of my social temperament this has, at times, been trying. Everybody could see that I was a stranger. Nobody spoke. I would not, no matter how much I wanted to do so. In the South it is no unusual thing for a man to ask the distance to the next point, to borrow your paper, to remark about the weather, to enter into conversation. I think the whites of the South are really less afraid of contact with colored people than the whites of the North. On the Stonington steamers the polite gentlemen who are head-waiters invariably seat a colored passenger at a separate table. I submit to this treatment whenever I am compelled to go into a dining saloon, but I feel indignant at having such a delicate and subtle discrimination made against color, and that, too, by a colored man; but suppose he is "under orders." The treatment given me at Milford (21 miles below Petersburg, Va.,) and at Wilmington, N. C., contrasted strongly with much that I have experienced in dining rooms in the North."

In a later letter, so bright and pleasant an impression is given of an experience which might justly have been expected to be very different, that we reprint it almost entire:

Editorial Correspondence of The Freeman.

"I am writing now from Sumter, S. C., my old home. Ten years ago, I began life here. The friendships then formed seem to have grown stronger with years. I have mingled freely with my old neighbors. I have driven twelve miles into the country, leaving the line of the railroad, and visiting rustic friends. I have seen change everywhere, but on every side improvement manifests itself.

As soon as it was noised abroad that I had arrived, two visitors came to the door. They were the United States Marshal and the Town Marshal, old friends. But it looked suspicious that two officers of the law whose duty is to make arrests should be the first callers. I say to my friends, who laugh heartily, that no arrest was made, but that the Marshals inquired after my time of departure. They did not want to spoil my visit but when it ends—"what is coming, who can say?"

Letters from the South are insipid if they are not full of skulls and cross bones. I have almost decided to let this be my last communication, as I have nothing spicy or exciting to write. Nobody will interfere with me anywhere, on the cars or in the streets, in the city, town, or country; and of course I am not the man to "raise a row." On leaving Washington, D. C., I put a chip on my shoulder, and inwardly dared any man to knock it off. In a crowded car bound out of Washington for the South, I fairly foamed at the mouth imagining that the conductor would order me into a seat occupied by a colored lady so as to make room for white passengers, some of whom had to sit on their baggage. But no imperial conductor or insolent brakeman came. A white Virginian made for my seat. Ah! said I, here comes the tug of war. To my surprise he politely asked, "Is this seat engaged, sir?" I, with smile and gentle manner, said, No, sir; but I have some bundles (my overcoat lay on them), and it would crowd us to share it. Of course, I can't occupy two seats, and if you insist, I must make room. I was astounded to hear him say "Never mind sir," and out in the smoking car, he went?

Well, so it has been going. For the life of me I can't "raise a row" in these letters. Things seem (remember I write seem) to move along as smoothly as in New York or Boston. Two reasons may be given: First, South Carolina has never fallen into the depths of proscription and oppression out of which Grant lifted her; and, secondly, there is no political campaign on hand to disturb the harmony which always prevails between the races in the South in the absence of political effort and strife. If you should ask me, 'Watchman, tell us of the night:' and if I confine myself in making answer to the limited observations and inquiries which I have made; I would say, 'The morning light is breaking.'

After ten years from my first coming here, I return to Sumter; see the country from the railroad, and take a buggy and ride out for miles into the woods, visiting the huts and cozy cabins. What strikes me? Improvement everywhere.

I see better churches, better preachers, a more intelligent worship of God, improved homes, undiminished thirst for becoming better teachers; and every man seems to be buying land from the city lot to the plantation of five thousand acres. I have a church in mind which ten years ago was not worth three hundred dollars. Now, it is as neat a chapel as one wants to worship in, with attractive grounds, with sweet toned bell and with an organ for which they have just paid five hundred dollars."

The following items are of interest as showing how strongly the tide is setting in the South as well as in the North in favor of technical education.

"Manual labor schools are growing in favor in this country. The New England theory as to the conduct of public educational institutions has not been found to yield the results anticipated, and after enormous expenditure through the whole Republic it is found that something more than book-learning is necessary to fit people for the duties of life. Good books, well mastered, are of great value; but every man and woman in the world ought to know how to make his or her living. Manual labor schools are intended to improve the system, and these should be organized wherever a community has the means. There is nothing more honorable than industry, nothing more respectable than honest labor, and we are clearly of opinion that practical instruction, when it can be afforded, in the useful arts should be made a part of every system of public education."—*Norfolk Landmark.*

JOAQUIN MILLER, the poet, was lately here in Charleston. He writes most discouragingly to the *N. Y. Independent* about the Negro as he saw him down here. We give an item or two from his letter:

"Briefly, but emphatically, the course of the black man here is not upward. The white man is going ahead here. The black man is falling far behind. Schools are here for him; but the back streets, the sandbanks, the gutters, are all alive and swarming with indolent, dirty, and worthless little blocks of ebony that ought to be looked after. * * * * * * * * * *

Indeed, were I a young woman at this hour, casting about me for a place to go to work and do some solid good, I would come right here, and settle down among these black children, and open an illustrated kindergarten."

The Negro's chance for education here in Charleston is excellent. A wiser suggestion than the above would be some means of promoting industrial education, such as the Slater Fund contemplates, and such as the Northern Methodist ladies propose to do in Savannah, Ga.

"The W. F. M. S. of the Northern Methodists, of which Mrs. Ex-President Hayes is the accomplished head, have bought a large brick house in Savannah, Ga. in which they propose to open a boarding school, where colored girls will be taught by Northern ladies lessons of practical utility in housekeeping, sewing, botany, and probably some of the higher branches, in addition to those of the rudimentary order."—*Christian Advocate.*

"Industrial education is becoming a feature of Southern education and we are pleased to note the fact. The recent publication in the *Freeman* of the very good work accomplished and being furthered by Prof. B. T. Washington of the Tuskegee (Ala.) Normal School having fallen under the observation of the Hon. T. T. Allain, a member of the Louisiana Legislature, that wide-awake member of the race declares that at the next session of the Louisiana Legislature he will introduce and seek to secure the passage of a bill to establish such an institution as the Tuskegee school in his State. We commend Mr. Allain's purpose. He could do nothing more creditable or advantageous for the colored people of his State than to secure the establishment of such a school, which, while it would be of invaluable service to the race would be of vastly more to the State."

Some time since, Prof. Gilliam published in the *Popular Science Monthly*, and the *North American Review*, a collection of statistics in regard to the increase of the Negro race in this country, which excited general attention, and in the opinion of many who received them as final, gave good reason for alarm, Prof. Gilliam's deductions from these figures were so startling as to lead some of his readers to question them, and this questioning has led during the last month to a presentation, from several quarters, of the census figures in a shape which seems to make Prof. Gilliam's position quite untenable. Mr. Gannett (again in the *Popular Science Monthly*) claims that no conclusions based upon the Ninth census can be trustworthy, because the census itself, so far as the Southern States are concerned, is the merest guess work, and that therefore the rate of increase of the two races as computed by Prof. Gilliam, (20 per cent. for native whites, 35 per cent. for the blacks) is nothing more than the expression of an individual opinion. For his own part he deduces from the same figures a very different result, viz: for native whites 31 per ceot. for blacks not above 25 per cent. "But" he goes on to say:

"All such comparisons, based upon the results of the ninth census, are utterly worthless. No reliable conclusions regarding the increase of Negroes can be drawn from a comparison in which the statistics enter. The extent of the omission can be a matter, within certain wide limits, of conjecture only. The only comparisons which yield results of any value are those made between the statistics of the eighth and tenth censuses. That the former was, to a certain slight extent, incomplete, is doubtless true, especially in regard to the colored element, but the omissions were trifling as compared with those of the ninth census. A comparison between the results of the eighth and tenth censuses shows the advantage to be clearly in favor of the native whites, who increased 61 per cent. in the twenty years, while the colored element increased but 48 per cent. This great increase of the native whites was effected in spite of the fact that the ranks of the adult males were depleted to the extent of over a million by the casualties of war, which the Negroes scarcely felt."

He claims, furthermore, that "this relatively greater increase of the whites is sustained by the record during the days of slavery," his figures, taken from Scribner's Statistical Atlas, going to show "that the only period during which the colored element increased faster than the white element was between 1800 and 1810, during the continuance of the African slave trade which ceased in 1807.

"Between 1790 and 1860 the proportion of colored to total population is seen to fall from over 19 per cent to but little in excess of 14 per cent—a decrease of fully one-fourth. In the half-century which elapsed between the date of the first census and 1849, during which time immigration was very slight, it decreased not less than 2.44-100 per cent, although for one-third of this period the slave-trade was being carried on.

Such being the history of the Negroes in *ante-bellum* days, when they were property, and when every consideration of self-interest prompted their owners to watch over their health, to encourage childbearing, and to protect and preserve the children, is it to be supposed for a moment that this careless, improvident, ignorant race, thrown suddenly upon its own resources, should at once, or within a generation, take on a rate of increase more rapid than before emancipation? The wonder is, that in the past twenty years they have not fallen further behind."

The "Appeal to Cæsar" of Judge Tourgee, Mr. Gaonet puts out of court on the ground that it contains "many important arithmetical errors" which of course vitiate his conclusions. He quotes Judge Tourgee as saying,

"That in the South Atlantic and Gulf States the Negroes have increased decidedly in proportion to the whites, while in those States which he classes as border States they have relatively decreased. This massing of the Negroes in what may, for convenience, be denominated the cotton States, coupled with the steady sharpening of the line of separation between the two races—a line which, as the author claims, becomes more and more accentuated as the inferior race increases in numbers and advances in education—will lead to inevitable conflict between the two races. As the Negro becomes numerically the stronger, and through education appreciates more fully his present position he will commence a struggle for the mastery and the days of the Ku-klux will be eclipsed in blood and slaughter. Such is the condition to which these ill-fated States are hurrying. To ward off this impending evil, Judge Tourgee urges upon the General Government the work of educating the blacks. Such, in brief, is the 'Appeal to Cæsar.'"

In respect to this Mr. Gannet says:

"The fact is, that the Negro is not migrating southward. There is no massing of colored people in the cotton States. In 1860 the colored element of these States formed 66 per cent of the colored element of the country. In 1880 it formed precisely the same proportion. Between 1880 the colored element of the country increased 48 per cent. The same element of the cotton States increased, in this interval, in precisely the same proportion, neither more nor less. These figures are conclusive upon this point, and from them there is no appeal."

He holds furthermore that Judge Tourgee and those who hold similar opinions are using the most direct means to strengthen the evils they deplore, for, as he suggests,

"According to the author's own statement of the situation, the education of the Negroes would but precipitate the impending conflict. Our only safety would seem to be in leaving them in ignorance.

Finally, Mr. Gannet claims that, Considering the colored race in this country as a whole, it is seen that it has not held its own, either in a state of slavery or thus far in freedom. It is but another illustration of the fact, that an inferior race can not thrive side by side with a superior one. It would seem, therefore, under the circumstances, more profitable to study ways and means for preserving and strengthening the manual labor element of the South, rather than to debate the methods of getting rid of it."

The New York *Times* takes up the statement made at a recent meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati, by the Rev. Dr. Allen, Sec'y of standing committee on Freedmen, and corroborates Mr. Gannett's figures, which differ materially from those of Dr. Alleo. The *Times* says:

"If those who had early predicted in 1872 and 1873 that the colored race would perish from the land, had known that the census of 1870 with reference to the population of the South was almost worthless, they would have wasted no time upon the calculations that pointed to so gloomy a result. And if Dr. Alleo had known just how much the census figures of 1870 were worth, and had carefully studied the figures for other years, he would not have made the extraordinary assertions of which we have spoken. Let us see what some of the facts are. The col-

(Continued on Page 84.)

Education in Alabama.

The subjoined statistics indicate a sincere devotion on the part of Alabama to the cause of public education. The total amount of the public educational fund for the year 1883-84 was $510,714 99. But private funds support a very large part of the educational system pursued in the State. To both the State and private funds must be added the important item of city or corporation aid to schools. The University of the State at Tuscaloosa, the Agricultural and Manufacturing College at Auburn, one white and three colored normal schools, the School for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind at Talladega are State institutions.

There are 3,148 teachers of white schools in the State, and 1,569 teachers of colored schools. The whole number of teachers of public schools in Alabama in 1880 by the Federal census of that year was 4,637. The whole number of teachers of public schools in Illinois in the same year is 15,912. The total assessed value of all the personal and real property of Alabama as given by the Federal census of 1880 was $122,867,228. The total assessed value of the same kinds of property in Illinois the same year is $768,616,394.

In Alabama the pro rata of public-school teachers to assessed values of all kinds of property is one teacher to $28,653. In Illinois the pro rata of public-school teachers to assessed values of all kinds of property is one teacher to $48,316.

These facts are not cited for the purpose of instituting comparisons, which Alabama is well prepared to abide. They are allowed in legitimate demonstration of the anxiety of the people to keep evenly apace with the highest attainments and blessings of advancing civilization.—*Birmingham (Ala.) Iron Age.*

MR. CARL SCHURZ'S PAMPHLET "The New South" is the result of two prolonged visits to the Southern States, the first in 1865, the second, twenty years later. The object of these visits was, he tells us, "not to verify the correctness of preconceived notions, but to gain by impartial investigation, a true view of things."

This, it seems to us, he has admirably succeeded in doing. In the first place he has the advantage of being, as a foreigner, exempt from any preexistent race prejudices, or the conditions which such prejudices impose, and in the second place he is in no sense a sentimentalist. The terse common sense of his observations is delightful; his propositions prove themselves; one only wonders that they should ever have been thought to require demonstration. Neither Southern whites nor Negroes could desire a fairer statement of their present condition, nor of the series of events which have led up to it, than is given by Mr. Schurz. Broad in view, succinct and vigorous in expression, this little pamphlet is quite unique in its value both to Americans and to foreigners interested in American politics. It might be quoted in proof of the proverb that "lookers on see most of the game," for it must be confessed that even now there are very few Americans sufficiently unembarrassed by their past, to be capable of doing such work as Mr. Schurz has accomplished. It is really a matter for gratitude that a man, thoroughly permeated with American ideas, in the finest sense, and at the same time free from the clogging prejudice which vitiates so many of our political processes, should have found opportunity thus to formulate his impressions for the benefit of other people. The one quotation for which we have space, shows the spirit and tenor of the whole paper:

"While this discussion was going on, a non-political but most powerful influence asserted itself. The Southern people got to work again. Immediately after the war the average Southerner was laboring under the impression that the emancipation of the slaves had brought the whole economic machinery of the South to a complete standstill, and that, unless some system of compulsory labor were restored, there was nothing but starvation and ruin in the future. Encouraged by President Johnson's erratic manifestations, he made all sorts of reactionary attempts, but failed. He had, after all, to try what could be done under the new order of things, and he did try. Gradually he discovered that the Negro as a free man would work better than had been anticipated. He discovered also that white men could, and under the pressure of circumstances would, do many kinds of work to which formerly they had not taken kindly and readily. As work proved productive, hope revived, and, with hope, energy and enterprise. The Southern man became aware that his salvation did not depend upon a reversal of the order of things, but upon a wise development of it. He found that this new order of things was opening new opportunities, and calling into action new energies. So his thoughts were more and more withdrawn from the past, with its struggles and divisions and resentments, and turned upon the present and future with their common interests, hopes and aspirations. While the professional politicians of the two sections were still storming at one another, the farmers, and the merchants, and the manufacturers, and the professional men, had found something else to occupy their minds. Many of them came into contact with Northern people and met there with a much friendlier feeling than they had anticipated. It dawned upon them that this was, after all, a good country to live in, and a good government to live under, and a good people to live with. And it is this sentiment, grown up slowly but with steadily increasing strength and spreading among all classes of society, even those whose feelings against the Union were bitterest during and immediately after the war, that has made the New South as we see it to-day."

The New Orleans Exposition.

BY ALICE C. FLETCHER.

The extent and significance of the New Orleans Exposition is hardly appreciated by the thousands who have not been able to visit this remarkable showing forth of resources and industries.

A large number of Northern visitors flocked South for the holidays, and found New Orleans almost swamped in mud, the result of an unusually severe winter, and the Exposition still in the clutches of the workmen, with little to be seen but disappointment, save here and there in the determined faces of the men who were "bound to see the thing through." The doleful tales of these early travellers deterred hosts of people from venturing upon like experiences. When, in February, the skies were clear, and the exhibits in order, there was little time or opportunity to overtake the unlucky stories and assure the people of the United States that the Exposition was well worth a careful examination.

The various buildings cover 76 acres, or 4½ more than all those clustered in the Centennial Exposition grounds. And while the Centennial structures cost $6,165,077, those at New Orleans have cost but one eighth as much, yet, for space and lighting, they serve the purpose for which they were designed. There are two principal structures: the Main and Government buildings. In the former is found the machinery, set in motion by 32 engines, representing 5,500 horse-power and having 2½ miles of shafting. These engines also fill 5 miles of pipes which surround the principal buildings and cross through them at intervals of 100 feet so that in case of fire, water can be thrown in any direction. They also supply the electric lights which make the Exposition as attractive at night as by day.

The Government building, with its wonderful display of the resources and industries of our country, is perhaps the centre of greatest interest. Words cannot convey a full picture of the variety and beauty of the exhibits of the different states. The devices wrought in grain, in the spaces allotted to the Northwest, delight the eye, while the amazing statistics of crops, and the ample display of cereals, vegetables, fruits and minerals, indicate the wealth which lies in that region. The Southern states give a fine showing of cotton, rice, sugar and other staples, but the visitor is surprised when he turns to the exhibit of coal and iron deposits, revealing the richness of this section and its important bearing upon the future of manufactures and great commercial localities.

As one passes the miles and miles of these exhibits of our common country, one feels that the old lines are fading away, and that, with the entire land, opened up to industry, the cords of unity are made as strong as the great rock-ribs that bind the continent together, and will not permit of halves or sections. One is also forced to face the picture of a future wherein the centres of trade and skilled labor are likely to differ from those now existing and established in the earlier days of our history.

EDUCATIONAL EXHIBITS. INDUSTRIAL TRAINING.

Leaving the floor of the building, oppressed with its countless treasures, one turns to the two sides of the gallery, whose numberless alcoves cover nearly half a mile, where are grouped the Educational exhibits.

Here, amid the books, diagrams, and various appliances of teaching, one comes upon the motor power that is to set in motion and make effective the marvelous resources gathered below from the East and the West the North and the South.

The visitor is struck with the advance made in Educational affairs since the exhibit of 1876. The school has enlarged its work, until it now includes the co-education of hand and brain, so the thoughts must find trained expression in labor as well as in speech. It is noticeable however that, while for the colored people and the Indians, the value of industrial education is recognized, as shown in the exhibits of Clark Institute for Colored, Carlisle and Santee Training schools for Indians, and Hampton for both Colored and Indians, but little headway has been gained toward giving similar advantages to white boys and girls. A change is at hand however. Tulane University of New Orleans showed classes in manual labor, the lads pursuing their work at the Exposition, to the surprise and interest of visitors.

The complete and extensive educational exhibit sent by the French government shows how thoroughly France believes in training all the faculties and powers to mechanical, artistic and literary expression. Not the simplest lesson is omitted, from the sewing a fine seam, or the primary instruction in carpentery, to the manufacture of watches, or designs in free hand drawing.

INDIAN EXHIBITS NEXT TIME.

The Indians are not represented at the Exposition among those who can exhibit proofs of their labor and education. They are present only in promise. Their story of struggle is set forth by the history of a single tribe, used as a type only, to show how they are emerging from a past barren of results, to enter upon a future wherein they are to find place with the white men in the various industries of the land. Their children are being prepared for this work, as is shown by Hampton, Carlisle, Santee and Albuquerque schools represented at the Exposition. If the Indian boys and girls can be made to realize the significance of the absence of their race from this great gathering together of the industries of all nations, they will determine to so labor and to persevere that when the next great Exposition is held, their people will be represented by the product of hand and brain, and find place among the producers of the world.

THE COLORED EXHIBIT.

The Colored Exhibit occupies one side of the gallery of the Government building. Each State has an alcove, and therein are gathered many articles, from dainty bits of needle work or dexterous dental manufacture to heavy work in iron or skillful specimens of cabinet work. Few exhibits attracted more attention than that of a colored man who has made a model locomotive about four feet long, with a little tender, which he fires up and runs on a track of very narrow gauge, just outside the Government Building. It is stated that he has received orders to duplicate his model for the practical training of pupils in more than one educational institution.

"LOUISIANA DAY."

On Louisiana Day, between 60 and 70,000 persons were upon the grounds and thronging the buildings. The ceremonies took place in Music Hall, a large space set apart for concerts and festivals, in the centre of the main building. The occasion was one of the most memorable ones of the Exposition. All parts of the country united on that day to do honor to the Exposition, and to those who had labored to bring about its great success. One of the best and most significant speeches of this celebration was made by the Rev. E. A. P. Albert, a former pupil of Atlanta University. He told, as the following extracts show, the story of the colored man's interest in the Exposition, and his hopes for the future, hopes which I heard frequently echoed by the leading men and women of the Southern states.

SPEECH OF A COLORED ORATOR.

We have room for but a few extracts from Mr. Albert's speech which for eloquence, and argument, good sense and effect upon his Southern audience, may well be a source of pride to the race. He gracefully claims its share in the glory of the occasion, for

When Bienville built the Crescent City and named it in honor of the Duke of Orleans nearly 170 years ago, and when five years later it was made the Capital of Louisiana, which then embraced all that territory which has since been organized into fourteen States and Territories, we were here, bought at the rate of three Indians for two Negroes, clearing the forests, tilling the soil, building cities, navigating these rivers and bayous, fighting Indians, and helping the white man to subdue this country. With the proudest Roman of them all, we declare that, if this is a State *we* are citizens, and as such we rejoice in America prosperity and boast of her history, while for Louisiana we entertain the love that warms the hearts of patriots and strengthens the arms of warriors.

To our white fellow-Louisianas, we say, with Ruth to Naomi:

"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me.

Years ago, *De Bow's Review*, said: "What the South needs is an aristocracy. We know it takes half a thousand serfs to support one aristocrat. Nevertheless, we want an aristocracy. We practiced on that idea and fought for it. To expect us to change in one decade or two as to treat the serf and the aristocrat with impartiality, is expecting too much."

Such were the prevalent sentiments of those times. But how changed! When a year or two ago the "civil rights bill" was declared unconstitutional; and when, more recently, the national government passsed into the hands of the Democracy, and his Excellency Grover Cleveland was inaugurated as President of the United States, what papers stood more firmly than the New Orleans dailies in defense of, and pleaded more earnestly for the Negro's civil rights, under State and common laws; and what papers sought more faithfully to allay the fears of the colored people with the assurance that slavery was dead, its resurrection undesired; and that assured them most emphatically that their rights should be held just as sacred under the adminstration of President Cleveland, as ever they were under that of his worthy predecessor, Gen. Chester A. Arthur? * * *

Fellow-citizens, we invite you to visit the Colored Department of this temple, dedicated to human skill and industry. Go through the exhibits of your colored fellow-citizens; examine the evidences of their thrift, industry and intelligence; their aptitude in the arts and sciences as well as in profitable and useful inventions, and decide for yourselves whether your "brother in black" has made any improvement since the war. We are here to acknowledge the help afforded use by both North and South. An army of sife sacrificing Northern missionaries, with Bible in one hand and spelling books in the other, scarcely waiting for the smoke fo battle to scatter, followed in the march of the Union army, sought the freedmen, extended the help which they so much needed, but which the poverty and temper of the South at that time could not afford. Northern benevolence then and since has planted over $25,000,000 in this Southland, and has furnished an army or her best men and women to assist the negro in his dire necessity.

The South gradually sweetening in her temper., and recovering from the sad reverses of the war, has now grasped the Negro's hand, and to-day her meagre but increasing facilities for a public school education are open to the colored as well as to the white children. The churches of the South too are, to a limited extent, now engaged in educating these millions. The man that refused the mitre in favor of the school room leads the movement.

To the credit of the South we can say that she opens her workshops, her factories, her warehouses, her tradesunion, and all the lines of her commercial activity to our hands, while in nearly all her fields we monopolize the labor.

To-day, after twenty-two short years of freedom, many of which have been cloudy, without any apparent silver lining, we present you the results. We present you in the United States 7,000,000 Negroes, with nearly 1,000,000 children in school; publishing over 80 newspapers; furnishing nearly 16,000 schoolteachers; about 15,000 students in the high schools and colleges; about 2,000,000 members in the Methodist and Baptist churches; owning 5,000,000 acres of land in the South; producing annually 1,000,000 more bales of cotton since than before the war; a saving of $56,000,000,000 in the fraudulent Freedmen's Bank, and an assessment of $100,000,000 worth of taxable property. These figures, be it remembered, have not been gathered by black, but by white men. With the editor publishing this bit of information, we ask the question, "How do these facts impress you, when you consider that the race did not own itself twenty-three years ago?" "

Under the inspiration arising from what has been accomplished in the past, and the encouragements afforded by this memorable occasion, as Americans and loyal Louisianians, we take our place under the stars and stripes, under the protection of the eagle, and the pelican, to continue to labor to demonstrate our worth as men an citizens. And there we intend to stay until the soldiers of the Northern stars, and of the Southern cross: until those who wore the blue (or black), shall be bleaded together in the bonds of a common interest as a triune humanity, receiving, in this land of ours, the continual blessings of a triune God."

Letters from Hampton Graduates.

From a Stay-at-Home "Prodigal." Tribute to Tried Friends. From a Dixon Scholar. Memories of Miss Longstreth. Regrets for General Marshall's Resignation—one Satisfaction. Trying to Teach. Home Sweet Home. In view of the election. From Married Graduates—A Hampton Family.

FROM A STAY-AT-HOME "PRODIGAL."

Hampton counts as no prodigal, but as one of the most faithful sons whom she and no strange master has sent into the field to feed the lambs, the writer of the two following letters. But she is glad that he repents of his long silence, and hopes to have more frequently in the future, the graphic reports which he knows so well how to write.

———*March 24th, 1885.*

Miss A. E. C.——

Dear Friend —: I suppose I have forfeited all claim of adoption to Hampton by not complying with the request to keep her informed of my whereabouts and vocation of life, etc., and am in "no way worthy to be called her son." But I am sure that she will not be less forgiving than the father of the prodigal, when I return and confess that "I have sinned against her, and am no more worthy to be called her son. Make me as one of her hired servants."

In order that you may see that I had a mind to do right, I send with this a letter which I began to you soon after you took charge of the work. It is dated January 22d, 1883, and gives a better account of my school work than I can give at present. Of course you want to know why I did not finish and send it. Just about that time my father, who had been confined to the house for nearly twelve months, got much worse and continued so until the 29th of the following March, when he departed this life. He was very kind and faithful, and his loss so much confused my whole being that I had not mind for writing for a long while. I would have written the next Fall, but I stopped teaching, and was so busy with other things that I had very little time for writing any save business letters which required very little time and thought.

I disliked very much to give up my school over there, for I had worked very hard and had gotten it in good working order, but I felt it my duty to work at that which would pay me better, as I had greater responsibilities upon me than I had before my father died. So I engaged in a little business, (huckstering), and did very well. * * * Just about as I closed out my business the increase of scholars in one of the public schools was so great that a new teacher had to be put in, and as I stood well with the trustees, and passed a satisfactory examination, I succeeded in getting the situation and have been teaching ever since, (four months) and have had a daily average of 45 scholars. I assist the Hampton graduate and we get on nicely together with our work. Our term will close about the 15th of May. We do not get our pay promptly every month, as we did. We have not gotten pay for but one-half of one month since Christmas. Hoping that you will excuse my negligence, I am with much respect,

Yours truly, I.

TRIBUTES TO TRIED FRIENDS.

FROM A DIXON SCHOLAR.

We gladly publish the heartfelt tributes in the three following letters, the first of which is from the writer of the one above, one of the sixty pupils sent through Hampton twelve years ago, by the efforts of their generous friends and former teachers, Mr and Mrs. George Dixon, who, in their English home, will be glad, we hope, to know how constantly they are remembered in their Hampton field of labor, and in the many places brightened by their benevolence.

———*Jan. 22d, 1885.*

Dear Friend :—

Your letter informing me that Mrs. Dixon had given up the work of corresponding with the graduates and that you now have charge of it, was received a few weeks ago, and I was glad and sorry too—glad that Mrs. Dixon had given up the work which must have been a great burden upon her after working as she has for so many years, so that she may get the rest necessary to regain some of her lost strength. Sorry to lose the friendly and instructive correspondence which, we might say, has been a great treat to the graduates in their several fields of labor. She (Mrs. Dixon) is an old and tried friend of mine and our whole family, for it is to her that I owe my all for what education I have. She was the first to put a book into my hands just after Lee surrendered, and not into mine only, but hundreds of others—for she was the first teacher whom the Friends of Philadelphia sent here to teach us after the war closed; and she has been engaged directly or indirectly in the work ever since. Her name will ever be dear to me, and I daresay, it will ever be dear to the many hundreds whom she has helped or caused to be helped in getting an education. We bid her an affectionate farewell, and wish her many happy years in her private retirement.

It throws us old graduates somewhat in an awkward position to commence an old work with a new hand, so to speak, for those who have not had much dealing with the colored people are apt to misconstrue, to some extent, their language, and when opportunity permits they take their text from the 4th or 5th chapter of some colored person's letter that they have received, and make sport of what was meant to convey an idea which was very interesting to the writer, though badly expressed. But as General Armstrong has given us to understand that you are in the right church, I take it for granted that you are in the right pew also, and shall endeavor to write to you, as I would my former correspondent, Mrs. Dixon, feeling that you will not tell tales out of school, though they be very amusing at times.

I have a very nice school house and a very interesting school, with 119 pupils on roll and a daily average of 50.

I commenced October 2d, 1882, and am now on the fourth month. The term will be about nine months. The people generally are very friendly to me and my work, and I get on very well.

I get on very well too with my white friends, and ever have, and whenever I want a favor done I always go to them if I don't want to be refused. One great obstacle in the way is too much work and not enough pay. I have no assistant and it is impossible for me to do justice to so many scholars—fifty. Then a great many are not able to buy books and I have to talk a great deal more than I would were they all supplied with books.

Another difficulty is the non-attendance of pupils. Some of them drop off two and three days every week, and when the term ends, they do not know very much, and their parents very often complain and say that their children went to Mr. A. or B. so many months, but did not learn anything. Last term the mother of a little boy went to the Superintendent and complained about her boy not learning anything, and a few days after she came to me with the boy and said he did not learn fast enough, and that he had studied higher books at some other school than I had put him in. I got my school register and showed her that the boy had not been to school but two days during the month and a half that the school had been open. I.

MEMORIES OF MISS LONGSTRETH.

"This dear and constant friend of Hampton and its workers will ever have her own place among our "gentler memories." The letters of graduates often refer to her with the gratitude and affection which all who knew her feel. One young man writes recently:

"The colored people have lost a true friend in the death of Miss Longstreth. Future graduating classes at Hampton will not hear her kind, loving words, her good advice and her exhortations to do the right because it is right. She has finished her course and now rests from her labors."

REGRETS FOR GENERAL MARSHALL'S RESIGNATION—ONE SATISFACTION.

From many graduates come such expressions as this of one young man: "I was very sorry to hear from you that circumstances rendered it necessary for General Marshall to resign the position of treasurer of the Institute;" and this from one young woman graduate: "I am glad to know that General Marshall will still be connected in some way with the school." Not all have had the opportunity to say with the latter: "*There is one satisfaction* I have however, and that is I was present when he got 'caned.'" The *caning*, as many of his friends will remember, was a gold-headed one, with an inscription expressing the loving appreciation of the Hampton alumni.

TRYING TO TEACH.

A young man who has developed that fundamental principle of pedagogics that nothing is taught unless it is learned, from his own experience, and is not likely to become therefore the less of a teacher, writes:

"Heretofore I have been writing that I am teaching, but of late I experience so much difficulty in getting some of my pupils to attain the desired standard that I feel like writing only that I am trying to teach."

HOME, SWEET HOME.

The same writer says: "Last week I spent what money I had in the purchase of a lot. When I get some more money I'll build a house on it and call it *home*. I hope later on to change it to *sweet home*." This sounds to us rather suggestive. We "hear a sound of marriage bells."

IN VIEW OF THE ELECTION:

He continues:

"As to your query about my experiencing any difficulty during the late election, I would say that I experienced none. The election was, in this county, as far as I observed and have learned, a peaceable one. The reading of Southern newspapers and the New York *Nation* sent me by the kindness of Miss ——, of Cambridge, Mass., had governed my mind to accept Blaine's defeat and Cleveland's victory. I was not in the least moved. My rights are guaranteed in the Constitution of the United States as much as the President's, and happily the time is not yet when one political party can change the fundamental principles of our Government. The colored people as a rule, show a great deal of dissatisfaction at the success of the party in power, but I hope that President Cleveland's administration may prove a special blessing to the country and to them. Agents from Kansas and Arkansas have been taking advantage of the unsettled condition of their minds to induce them to migrate West. The agents have met with considerable success so far, but their success or failure in the future will depend almost entirely upon the nature of the reports received from those who have gone. And by the way, Miss C., will you please, if convenient, give me some information relative to some reliable paper printed in the interest of western emigration?

But about my school. The closing exercises were held on the 21st of last month. Many white citizens of the neighborhood were invited, but owing to previous arrangements to visit the New Orleans Exposition, but few attended. The colored people present were numerous. The programme for the day included recitations in reading, orthography, history, geography, grammar and arithmetic, exhibition of maps drawn by pupils, and speeches with music intervening. It was pleasing to see the parents' appreciation of their children's doings. Some of the white friends were called on for speeches but declined to say anything further than to express their pleasure with what they had heard and seen. With the close of the day the parents and children returned to their homes, and I to mine with the determination to teach a more successful school in the future than I have yet taught."

Mc. K.

FROM MARRIED GRADUATES—A HAMPTON FAMILY.

Marriage is by no means always a stop to our graduates' teaching. It is more apt to be so in the cities, in the case of young women. One such, who is not discouraged by the school laws from good work in other directions, writes:

"I have not taught for five years—that is, since my marriage. Unfortunately, so soon as we take on "double entry," we are not wanted. So I take up my housework and six music scholars. I also am a member of the Foreign and Home Missionary Society connected with the church, and the Womens' Christian Temperance Union. I have a sister teaching at ——, who was also a graduate of Hampton. My second sister has attended school here. She completed the 8th grade and instead of entering the High school, she taught last term and has the same school this year. She hopes next year to enter the Senior class at Hampton. My youngest sister is now in the Middle class at Hampton.

SOUTHERN SKETCHES.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

Our Dear Old Mammy.

Can human friendship display a tenderer tie than that which has ever existed between the Negro nurses of the South and the white children whose heads have been pillowed upon their faithful breasts? Whatever may be the prejudices of race, they all vanish in regard to the dear old "Mammy" of our infancy. The Southern Democrat, who is roused to indignation by the very mention of "civil rights," becomes "as a little child" in his Mammy's presence, respectfully offers her a chair, and treats her with the courtesy due to his foster-mother. The refined and polished lady of the South, who shrinks in horror from the idea of social intercourse with Negroes, throws her arms around her Mammy's neck and presses her fair cheeks to the dear old face which bent lovingly over her cradle.

The Negro has been an interesting study to me, from the days of my childhood, when my favorite seat was upon the dropsical feet of my Mammy, as she rested them upon a cushion, and never dislodged me, but painfully shifted them aside and bestowed on me a pleasant smile in return for the look of heartfelt affection with which I regarded her honest brown face. How oft have I disputed with my little sisters the pleasure of sleeping with her; how often have I felt guilty as I laid my cheek to hers and relized that I loved her better than my mother! For her slipper never was substituted for Solomon's rod; she never told us with a serious air that it was "her duty to punish us." Mammy often told us that her mother was a king's daughter in her native land, and our ideas of royalty were much confused in the attempt to reconcile her statement as to court life in Africa with the lessons from English history which mother was beginning to teach us. However, we thought it quite right that Mammy, being of royal descent, should have her meals carried to her on a waiter by another servant after mother had filled the large picture-covered bowl with coffee and supplied the plate, with blue flowers on it, from every dish on the table. How delighted we were when the presence of visitors or a slight indisposition confined us to the nursery, and we too, had our meals sent up to us, and could sit at Mammy's table and get a sip of her strong coffee or taste the highly seasoned viands from her plate, instead of the simple fare to which we were limited in mother's sight.

Mammy had her own ideas about bringing up children; and as she had successfully reared a brood of twelve in our grandmother's nursery, mother very willingly gave each new comer into the tender hands which had ever a ready welcome for the little strangers. One of her rules was that the children "must get their sleep out," and we were never harshly roused, but always awoke smiling to the crooning song improvised for our benefit with a pet name for each of her darlings, from "King"— as she always called our sunny-haired brother—to the "Birdie" which moaned away its feeble life in her arms. How vividly I recall the aspect of our nursery as it appeared each morning of my childhood; when everything having been put in order, and the children, clean and smiling, were perched in the deep window-seats, Mammy placed her rockingchair in the centre of the room, so that there would be no danger of anybody stumbling over it, drew out her yarn knitting, and laying it in her lap, opened the little Bible which was never out of her reach. She always seemed to me to look over instead of through her large brass spectacles as she read half-aloud, in a singsong voice, the blessed words of which she never grew weary. In those "good old times" colored people were not supposed to want to read anything but the Bible, and I often wonder what Mammy would have thought of the reckless way in which they handle newspapers and "Fifth Readers" in these days. What a comfort that little brown Bible was to Mammy, to be sure; and how serenely she read on while we played around her, in no wise disturbed when the exigencies of the doll's wardrobe required some pins and we all rushed to search Mammy's turban, which served as an unfailing pincushion and was constantly replenished as she swept the floor.

I remember the consternation in the nursery one morning, when Mammy, having gone to sleep while reading as usual, the little Bible which had long been in a critical state, dropped from her hands in pieces on the floor. Mammy looked very mournful over the fragments, but mother, who chanced to come in just then, said she would repair its injuries, and when she brought back the book in a blue pasteboard cover, its owner was very much pleased, and we children declared after a careful examination, that it was nicer than ever.

On rainy days, when all other amusements failed, Mammy sometimes offered, if we

(Continued on Page 83.)

Southern Workman.

Indian Department.

ELAINE GOODALE, *In Charge.*

Regular Contributors:

HERBERT WELSH, *Cor. Sec'y Indian Rights Association,*

ALICE C. FLETCHER,

REV. JOHN J. GRAVATT,

MRS. A. S. QUINTON, *Gen'l Sec'y of the Womans' National Indian Ass'n.*

REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.

JAMES MCLOUGHLIN.

JOHN G. GASMANN.

"THE Government," says a veteran Canadian missionary, "gives the Indian a reserve and a plow and bids him go to farming. What would become of the politicians if they were given bows and arrows and told by the Indian to live by the chase or die?"

BISHOP HARE says of the progress of mission work in Southern Dakota, "A noticeable fact is the disposition of the Indians to self help. They are learning to contribute to the work, even though they are destitute of money. They bring offerings from their products; hay, fowls, moccasins, milk, etc. In this way they raised in 1881 $500, in 1882 $805, in 1883 $1200, and in 188 $1500, to help on the work, showing a gratifying increase."

THAT CANADA has seen fewer difficulties with her Indians, and that they came later than ours, is principally due to the fact that theirs is a more inhospitable country than ours, the populating of which goes on more gradually, and the relations between the original and incoming inhabitants have more time to adjust themselves. * * The key to the situation in Canada appears to be precisely the same as in the United States.—*Morning Star.*

LET US NOT depend on politicians to reform the Indians. We cannot safely depend even on Government schools to solve the Indian problem The longest root of hope for the Indian is to be found in the self-sacrifice of the Christian church. * * It is the church, by evangelizing the Indian, that will bring him into a condition to desire education. It is through religion and education that he will gradually acquire self-support, self-protection, self-government. We must emphasize more incisively the *religious* side of Indian reform.—*Rev. Joseph Cook.*

The Savage Apache

The Apaches are cunning as the red fox and insatiate as tigers. There is no hope of glory to cheer the soldier who upholds our flag in that dreary field. *There is no stimulus but duty.* There is small honor in killing an Indian, (!) still less in falling before one. A passing interest is raised, but it is brief. The atroeities are so frequent and monotonous; always the same tale of insult, torture, death.—*Exchange.*

A recent conversation with one of our army officers, who wasted three years in fighting the Indians, throws some light on paragraphs like the above, so frequent in our newspapers to-day. "Are the stories of so-called Indian atrocities exaggerated?" we enquired. "Perhaps not," he replied, with moderation, "but there is another side which seldom appears. When we fall upon an Indian camp, we usually kill everything. The Indians won't ask for quarter; we can't take them prisoners; we are forced to exterminate them; the squaws fight as well as the men, and we can't well avoid killing them too; somehow most of the children perish. When the Indians surprise a settlement, of course they retaliate, then follows the inevitable newspaper paragraph, '*Shocking Indian atrocities! No sex or age regarded.*' It is hard work to fight Indians under the conviction that *they are right and we are wrong.* That was my state of mind; and I soon exchanged from the cavalry into the artillery to get rid of the necessity of Indian warfare.' The "stimulus of duty" seems to have been lacking here.

Why Not an Indian State?

Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, who as a member of the special committee appointed by Congress to investigate the condition of the Indian Territory, says that the committee found the Indians in that territory in the best condition possible. "I think they will work out their own future, if left to themselves. The Indians of the territory are in favor of forming an Indian state, to be admitted as a member of the Union. They say they would willingly receive the Indians from other parts of the country, and do all in their power to help them along."

Friends of the Indian are already discussing this proposition. Why not an Indian state? There is land enough. The "unification, consolidation and organization" of the tribes would certainly promote their general progress. Why not admit such a state upon the same terms and with the same rights as any other state of the union? "The Indians would have to become citizens of the United States by the process of naturalization. Their would be no special class of Indian rights or Indian disabilities, since all this would be superseded by a common citizenship."

Let it not be forgotten that a "common citizenship" implies certain natural and legal rights, not the least of which is the right to live where we please. No other class of citizens is set apart to form a manufacturing state or an agricultural state. We have no German state nor Irish state. The history of our attempts to remove Indians from their homes and establish them on lands of our choosing, betrays the exercise of arbitrary and worse than arbitrary power. The homes of our people are determined by natural causes, by inclination and choice. What an inconsistency to bring the Indian under the rule by making of him, at the outset, such a tremendous exception.

It is probably safe to say that hostile tribes of Indians, following milder customs and speaking distinct languages, would assimilate and combine less easily and quickly than Indians and whites. This device, assuming that it were practicable, would serve only to perpetuate a collection of petty nationalities. The Indian Territory is in itself a prodigious mistake. The theory is an exploded one. An Indian state! If such were the solution of our problem, it had better never be solved. And it never will be until not in one but in *every* State and Territory in the Union the Indian has his rights as a citizen and as a man.

The Indian in Current Literature.

The magazine literature of the day reflects rather than controls popular opinion. That the Indian is a more or less conspicuous figure in the month's perlodicals, indicates, not so much that he is worth talking about as that *people are talking about him?* It may be a pity, but it is undoubtedly true, that popular interest, even of a light and sensational order, is very greatly to our purpose.

In that charming child's magazine, *Wide Awake*, Edith W. Cook puts into indifferent verse a legend of the Penobscots, from Mr. Leland's collection. The liberal illustrations are sketchily suggestive of the pretty story of a great magician baffled by a baby's laughter and cries.

"Vain was the strength of the giant,—
Never a spell could bind
Wasis, the unconquered baby—
Stronger than sun or wind.

* * * * * * *

So, since the world had beginning,
Nothing unconquered remains.
Save only Wasis, the baby—
Home's little master he reigns."

The same number gives us a picturesque account of a buffalo hunt, by an eye-witness. This is good description. "The tall brown covers of the teepees with a blue column of smoke rising from the nest of poles sticking out of the top, and the little bee-hive shaped *wickiups*, made from boughs covered with skins, composed a savage village,—beautiful in its straggling picturesqueness and thronging life, and so airy in its effect that you could not but feel that on the slightest whim it would vanish like a mirage."

We cannot resist the temptation to appropriate two more sentences, in which we can feel the movement of the hunt.

"It was a beautiful sight to see the naked Indians and naked ponies, flying across country in a long, straggling line, converging toward the black, billowy mass of objects far ahead. * * Pretty Blackbird was in the lead, his horse cleaving the air like a swallow; his hair streamed in the wind, his muscular, bronze body poised gracefully as a part of his steed; his right hand held his Winchester rifle, thrown easily into the hollow of the left arm."

The notes of Mr. Geo. de Forest Brush, a painter of aboriginal scenes and figures, in the May *Century*, contains the subject from—we suppose an artist's standpoint. There is something decidedly repellent about his selfish, matter-of-fact suggestions, and it may be added that the fine reproductions of his paintings show much the same sort of treatment.

After a few contemptuous, would-be disillusionizing sentences, Mr. Brush says: "But the question whether they are fit to enter the kingdom of Heaven is apart from that of their artistic interest. * * It is not necessary that an Indian learn to spell before we see that his long locks are beautiful as he rides against the prairie winds. A really handsome squaw is rare, but there are more superb and symmetrical men among them than I have ever seen elsewhere, their beardless faces reminding one always of the antique. * * It is when we detach them from all thoughts of what we would have them be, and enjoy them as part of the landscape, that they fill us with lovely emotions. It is not by trying to imagine the Indian something finer than he is that the artistic sense finds delight in him. * * The Indian is a part of nature, and is no more ridiculous than the smoke that curls up from the wigwam, or the rocks and pines on the mountain side."

"The picture-writer" is extremely soft and graceful, but comparatively meaningless; in the Indian woman mourning her brave, on the other hand, we have a wierd, repulsive, and undeniably powerful conception.

Marriage.

We have received the following announcement of the marriage of an Indian student of Hampton, who returned home a year ago, after a three years course, going through the Middle Class of the Normal School. He has made an excellent record since he left us, as a teacher of his people. We wish him joy in his new relation.

ESTES-BENOIST. At the church of the Holy Fellowship, Yankton Agency, Dakota, on the evening of June 4th, 1885, by the Rev. Joseph W. Cook, Mr. Joseph Folsom Estes, late of Hampton Normal Institute, and Miss Harriet Benoist, both of Yankton Agency. The church was filled with the friends, relatives and acquaintancies of the contracting parties, both white and red. Mr. Cook provided a reception for the near relatives and friends of the bride and groom. Miss Benoist is a mixed blood, like Mr. Estes three-fourths white, and has been educated in the Mission school of the Episcopal church.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

Bows-and-arrows are the fashionable amusement in the Indian Department.

An Indian baby-carriage is a late addition to the shady walks about Winona.

We had a brief but welcome visit from five Carlisle teachers, the week before commencement.

Married, at Yankton Agency, D. T., April 19th, by Rev. J. P. Williamson, John Randall and Mary Goulet, the latter a returned Hampton student.

The "June tea" given to the smallest girls and boys, with a rose at each plate and unlimited strawberries, was hugely enjoyed by the guests, and to the lookers-on seemed quite the prettiest affair of the season

Our boys were interested, the other evening, in an original debate written by Indian boys at Carlisle and given on their Anniversary Day. The question, "Shall the Indians be Farmers or Stock-raisers?" is discussed in these papers with spirit and good sense.

Our annual "Indian picnic" came off about the middle of May, with appropriate and time-honored festivities. An immense scow took the merry party "across the creek;" where a variety of innocent amusement, from flower-hunting to a match ball game, enlivened the afternoon. Our Indians still seem uncommonly at home out of doors.

AN INDIAN FAIR.

Miss Walker has offered to hold a fair in Pittsfield this month for the benefit of the Lend-a-Hand-Club, and the girls and boys have made a number of pretty and characteristic articles for sale, ranging from bows-and-arrows and Indian painting to highly civilized fancy-work. A special fund is thus to be raised for lending a helping hand to Indian graduate-teachers in the West.

MISS FLETCHER'S TALK.

Miss Alice Fletcher, who has been doing good service to the cause in New Orleans, gave us the benefit of some of her experiences a few days ago. She spoke plainly and well to the scholars of the demands of civilization upon them and of their obligation to deserve the help they receive. "My boys and girls"—she said—"for you are not yet men and women—not until you have learned to use all the powers you have for the good of others—whenever you look at the cottage built by ladies of New Orleans for an Indian couple, remember what I have promised them for you, and remember that you have to make my promise good."

"THE WHEAT LOOKS PRETTY."

Minnie Stabler writes to us as follows from Omaha Agency. "We are very busy since we came home. We are going to breaking our land. We live in Philip's father's house; I missed my little house so much. I hope Mrs. Nancy keep it clean. I missed Hampton so much. All the Omahas are doing very well; they very busy in this Spring. *Their wheat looks so pretty!* So many going to break their land. The weather is so pleasant out here; the grass is green and the trees is so pretty. I told my mother that you all the teachers very kind to little Eddie and she very much please to you all."

Talk about Carlisle.

SUGGESTIONS AND IMPRESSIONS FROM CAPT. PRATT AND HIS WORK.

"So you have seen Carlisle?" "Well, what is it like?" "How is it different from Hampton?" "How is it better?" These are some of the questions that assail us as we come to a late breakfast table on a fair May morning, after our three-days' absence on a visit to the *other* great Indian School, Carlisle and

Hampton are certainly generous rivals--"for of course we're rivals," exclaimed Capt. Pratt, with the hearty laugh that made his words sound delightfully cordial: "I crowd Armstrong all I can, and he—he crowds everybody!" Meantime the friendly differences of workers in a common cause are food for thought and matter of helpful discussion.

"So you have seen Carlisle?" Yes—and that epitome of modern progress—a bit of the best of the nineteenth century set in the lovely frame of the Pennsylvania hill-country—will long be fresh in memory. Carlisle has a decided charm in its surroundings, and a breezy quiet, as it were, in its actual and mental atmosphere. There is something picturesque about the long, low barracks embowered in trees, and a certain quaintness clings to the old-fashioned interiors. This hint of the past is strongly at variance with the intensely modern and radical and uncompromising spirit of growth that pervades and rules. Carlisle will accept of nothing less for the Indian than equality—*identity* of rights and interests—she will make of him nothing less—nor more—than an *American*—alive to the struggle and the competition which seem, with us, the inevitable conditions of progress.

Her rigorous system of English speaking is a part of this exact training. The week before Commencement was marked by a "clean record" in English. No word of Indian was spoken by Capt. Pratt's four hundred Indian children. This is not a compulsory thing—it is the wonderful result of a very strong sentiment rather than of severe discipline. Here is a high standard which commends itself to us at once. Yet there is much to be said, as Carlisle's liberal-minded lady principal herself admitted to us, in favor of a less consistent effort. The Indian must get his religious teaching largely through the medium of his own tongue, or, get it, for the present, not at all! Two years of school life is admitted to be the very shortest time in which he can prepare to gain many abstract ideas through the English language; and after three or four years there are many stumbling-blocks in the way of the simplest Bible study. The mass of the Dakota people will learn the first truths of Christianity from the Dakota Bible. So say the teachers.

The general discipline of the school strikes us as admirably carried out. In some respects, noticeably in the association of the girls and boys, the system differs radically from our own. Doubtless the much greater number under Capt. Pratt's care in itself admits of less individual freedom than is found possible and desirable of Hampton.

What of the work in the class-rooms? The methods are those of Hampton and of all model schools; the *style* is somewhat dissimilar to ours. Each teacher takes her own class through the day and evening. We should say that this tends to make work thorough and discipline easy, while on the other hand, the teaching loses in spirit and the teacher misses a certain relief in change of atmosphere.

The industrial system deserves hearty commendation throughout. Why do not some of our Indian boys learn tailoring? There are twenty apprentices in the tailor's work-shop at Carlisle. The girls mend all the boys' clothing as well as their own, and do it beautifully. We hear much of Carlisle's excellent farm and of the results of Capt. Pratt's "planting out" in the rural districts of Pennsylvania. We talked more or less with the boys on this subject, and are inclined to say that they surpass ours in a degree of agricultural enthusiasm.

Our Home Letters.

Every month an English letter from each Indian student carries some of the light of Hampton into distant Western homes. A boy who has been here but a year, understanding a little English when he came, says as follows:

"I am going to write you a letter to-day. I can not write English well. But I will try to write some speak words English, and I want to tell you something about in Hampton, boys and girls. We are getting along nicely in school and we are try to battle English every day. Sometimes I am try hard to battle English, and sometimes I forget and speak words Indian. * * Now I am going to tell you something about what we do at school. We go to school every morning. Some of the boys or girls work in morning and go to school in the afternoon. I read in Second Reader. Last Saturday we have good time, and at night we go to Winona, and we have good time. All the boys make arrow and bow, and make some nice pictures, and all Indian boys having a boat, when we did not have school, we take a boat and row on the water having good time. * * But I want say one more words to you. We are try to do right now, and we are always try think about good things. Now we are all try to help each other boys, and I am trying every day."

This and more was written without assistance, and the spelling and penmanship are excellent.

We give further examples from some of the home letters of the thoughtful boys and girls of the first division:

"Now I like to tell you about Commencement Day, last few weeks ago. A great many white people came here, and there are some gentlemen spoke to us. We had a nice time meeting together. There are some students spoke too. Some of the Indians sickness so they will go home. Because so many of them die this year. It is very hard time that time. Just like when the cloud close together, and their day is darkness, covered over with them. That is night come to us, and then this is spring-time, so beautiful; and bright day most every day. * * If I should go North this summer may be learn some more English words. But perhaps you will think just same. But it is not same. Because the Indians together here so they have speak to each other. So I think best way go to Massachusetts."

"Any thing we try hard here at Hampton because when we go back home Dakota some girls teach school and boys good works. Some boys work shop and some work farm. I work farm too. This month all day speak English, nobody talk Indian; try hard."

"Last Decoration Day we had very good time; boys play ball all day and girls play croquet on their grounds, and in evening the boys went to Winona Lodge and had good time there. In afternoon we was going to church to cemetery but it rain too hard that we could not go. so we all went up to chapel. I am in the first division now this term."

"With much pleasure I received your kind letter a long time ago, and so think of you. How thoughtful and kindness to write me most of the time! * * I am very tired to living in school, so I want a vacation for this summer, and also to see all my parents, how they are getting along, and after that I will do what I think. May be I shall go to school again, I shall have a good home and shall enjoy being with you all. Do you go to church every Sunday?"

"There was a white lady came down here this winter who was very interested in the Indians. And she wanted to have a fair for our "Lend-a-Hand Club," and so we have all been making things to sell. We have made a good many things. They are going to send them off to-day to the lady. She is going to sell them for us and send the money to us so we can have it for our "Lend-a-Hand Club." We are going to use the money for the sick ones or for the poor, and anything to help other people who cannot help themselves. I think Lend-a-Hand Club a very good thing to do."

From Hampton.
(TRANSLATION.)

East of the Great Father's mansion there is a great school-house by the sea, called Hampton. At first this was a school for the black people, but now Indians too are taught there. There are more than a hundred young Indian men and women. But they are not all Dakotas. They come from many tribes.

A young brave from Lower Brule, Baptiste C. Bearbird, writes to us Mar. 26th, and tells us all about it. He speaks well, but we have not room for all his words. He says:

"To-day I speak to you with a glad heart. Boys and girls from this school have been confirmed in the Episcopal church. (Then follow their names and homes.)

Since Nov. 1884, several have died. The first was a little girl from Cheyenne River They said she had no father nor mother, so we gladly gave her to God to be His child. (Then follow the names of others who have died.)

My friends, this school is ours. We want knowledge and we have come for it a long way. Sometimes we die here. Where do we go when we die? We go to God's house and have life without end. Therefore we are not sorry any more, and gladly go to live with God.

A little while ago a letter came from Grow Creek, and that letter told the truth. It said: "They have taken our lands away from us. Many hundred white people have come into our homes, and I think the Indians will fight. Therefore for a few days we could not study; we were always thinking about our homes. But our teachers helped us much, and made our hearts strong. "We know all will come right by-and-by," they said. We listened to them. At last one of our friends came down from Washington. His name is Prof. Painter. He stood up in the midst of us and said: I am glad to be with you. You have heard bad news from your homes. The President and Sec. Teller spoke, and the white people have done this. But now President Cleveland and Sec. Lamar have come in, and we have told them about the Indians. I think all will be right. We have telegraphed, [iron talk,] and everything must stop. All this Prof. Painter said. I know that he is a good man and always helps the Indians.

Baptiste C. Bear-Bird, in IAPI OAYE, *Greenwood, D. T.*

The Omaha Tornado.

Letters have been coming to us all the week from the Omaha Reservation, sad with the story of the tornado which has just swept over them.

Philip and Minnie, who, with their little Eddie all Hampton visitors will remember, returned in the spring to their people. Friends in Hartford had promised them help in buildings a house, and while arrangements were being made they had made their home with Philip's father. The house was old, and as a letter says was "blown to atoms." Fortunately the family were not in it and so escaped injury, but everything was lost, even their books and clothing.

The home of one of our little boys, Guy Stabler, was rolled over three times, the family inside. All were injured, the father probably latally so. So many requests came asking that the boy be sent to his parents that he was finally allowed to go. When asked what he was going to do to help them, he pulled a fish book and line from his pocket and replied, "fish for them." The little fellow had thought it all out, and with his few pennies purchased the only means he knew of whereby he might be of service to those he loved.

The Indian children here have held a meeting and sent money to aid them, others have sent clothing, and we hope other friends may be found who will help these suffering people.

Editorial Correspondence.
Among our Graduates.

Of the 11,000 inhabitants of Nottoway Co. Va., two thirds are Negroes. It is an orderly region, with little or no race friction and with apparently pleasant relations between white and colored. Here as elsewhere, in local elections there is less feeling than in State or National elections, a point in Southern life which is not generally understood. The Country treasurer, clerk and sheriff are democrats and independent, chosen for their fitness.

At Burkesville, where I had not been since the Appomattox campaign in 1865, I met William H. Ash, a Hampton graduate, and thirteen Colored men in a neat school-house where the former teaches, and from them I received much information.

Fifteen young colored men and women from this county are at various institutions for the training of teachers. Five are at Hampton, two at Scotia Seminary, N. C., three at Petersburg Normal College and one at Howard University. There are seven from Hampton and six from other schools now teaching in the county, which supports in all eighteen colored schools, all overcrowded. Three of these are taught by whites, who would gladly do all the teaching if the colored people would agree to it. The schools are open for six months, the teachers receiving $25.00 per month, except two who get $30.00. About one in ten of the colored voters in this county is a land holder. Land is cheap ($1.00 an acre) but proportionately poor. Exhausted land is one of slavery's worst legacies to the future; the worn out soil of the South is almost the saddest fact in the situation, for it drives enterprising youth to seek more favorable conditions elsewhere.

Intemperance is held in check by a good county judge, a Southern man, who restricts the sale of liquor as much as possible, and makes it really hard to get. I found that of the thirteen colored laborers before me, eleven owned from ten to seventy acres apiece, one was a hotel waiter and had nuthing, and one was a railroad employee with over $500.00 in the bank. They were above the average and represented the class that cares for education. They all complained of the "no fence" law which compels them to fence in stock, so that crops may be protected. This they say makes it impossible for them to raise their meat as they used to. The poor man wants to turn out his pigs and cattle for general grazing, having no pastures of his own, and thus make a barrel of meal last from Christmas till summer time. They propose to vote it down at the next election. "We take our children for fences" said they, and this of course means keeping them out of school to watch stock. Tobacco is the only crop that pays; 5000 plants is the average to an acre, and five plants make a pound, which brings six cents. But it is steadily exhausting the soil, and I hear it said that finally the blacks only will be able to live on these poor lands. The Negroes declare that a large class of whites will do nothing but "drink whiskey and keep store" which in their view means that land will gradually cheapen until Negroes will hold the most of it.

There are fifteen colored churches in the county but not more than two or three decent preachers. Rev. Mr. R. is a Presbyterian missionary doing excellent work. He deplores the moral condition of these people which is not helped by ignorant ministers, many of whom do more harm than good. Danville, in Pittsylvania Co. near the N. C. line, is a wide awake, charmingly situated city of 10,000 inhabitants white and colored, built on hills with a few fine streets. I have never seen more attractive looking homes than those on Main street. It is best known as the centre of a great tobacco producing region where the best quality of that article is raised and prepared for market. The place is growing wonderfully, new factories are constantly springing up. Young men have pushed it with Western energy, and it is to-day vastly unlike most Southern cities. Agents from foreign countries are here buying and shipping choice lots of the weed. The scene when hundreds of curious, covered wagons laden with tobacco from the surrounding region, come in long trains and fill the streets, is striking and reminds one of army days. The factories work on full time about half the year and the operatives are colored and of all ages. Huddled together as they are, the young girls and boys hear much that is bad, and are corrupted, but they are forced to this life, and while many of them have earned comfortable livelihoods, built good houses, and live decently, many also have been ruined. An irregular factory life is bad for any class. Three cotton mills have recently been built for which the labor (white) is imported from North and South. Pittsylvania Co. is the largest in the State, and has a population of 51,000, the blacks being in a majority of about 1,000. The land is undulating with many small and rapid streams. The soil is gray and red; the former light and adapted to tobacco, the latter, chiefly in the valleys, is good for grass, wheat and clover. But little grass or stock is raised, these being imported from as far west as Chicago, which is evidently a mistake. The high price of tobacco discourages cattle raising, guano is used to stimulate crops, money is made, but the soil grows weaker year by year. Grass and cattle would help the soil, and would mean less money now but more by-and-by. An hour's conversation with Rev. Dr. Dame, Episcopal Rector and formerly Supt. of Schools, from whom I obtained many points was interesting and instructive. The Negro population of Danville is in three divisions or communities, lying on the outskirts. Mechanicsville has about 2000, Jerusalem 2000 and Jacksonville one thousand. Nearly all these people live in houses of their own surrounded by gardens whose produce affords partial support. Good public free schools are in reach of all. I visited several and found them neat and in every way satisfactory.

A respectable element has grown up; there is a colored society from which the low and vicious are excluded, and its tone is steadily improving.

(Concluded in August Number.)

would be very good, to show us the contents of her trunk, and let us taste her preserves, or have a party and use her tea-set, which was pink-flowered and, as we all decided privately, much handsomer than mother's which was only gilt-edged. The old hair-trunk which contained Mammy's treasures was a perfect wonder-box to us, and we gazed, awestruck, as she displayed one or two stately silk dresses, queer old satin bonnets and gay shawls, and told us of the elegant visitors in four-horse coaches who had been wont to come to my grandfather's house in her young days. Her account of these fine people, and the fact that grandmother's cook was the kind daughter aforesaid, made us think that those must have been very fine times indeed, and we sighed as we compared our simple home surroundings and calico frocks with such grand doings and regretted that we had fallen on such degenerate days. But a sad day came to us in reality at last, when on a sunny spring morning, Mammy, who had been failing for sometime, said her hands were trembling too much to hold the baby, and she laid it in the cradle, and went, as mother advised to sit by the kitchen fire. In a little while there was a great outcry, for Mammy had fallen on the floor, and when the doctor, who was sent for at once, looked at her, he said she was paralyzed. For the first time in our lives there was no one to look after the children, and we all wandered about the place, feeling very strange and dismal. After a while we were called into Mammy's room where she lay, speechless, but conscious on the bed, and mother, whose face was swollen with weeping, sat by her, reading tender promises and words of comfort from the little pasteboard-covered Bible, which had been Mammy's guide in her long pilgrimage, and was now her light in the dark Valley of the Shadow of Death. When Mammy died she was laid to rest near the grave of our little sister, and mother said she felt as if Birdie would not be lonely now that Mammy was close by her. It was very dismal that evening after the funeral, and mother and father came and sat in the nursery, because there was no one who could be trusted with the children, and we were all very quiet until little Netty said, "Oh, mother, you can't have any more babies now, because there is nobody to nurse them." Father smiled, but mother began to cry again, and we all joined her.

On the sunny slope of a Virginia hillside, where the rose and the woodbine bloom and fade undisturbed, where five generations of her master's family are sleeping, and the grand old mountains cast their solemn shadows on the graves, stands an humble little marble monument erected to the memory of the dear "old Mammy" of our childhood. When the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise, may the blest words come to all who sleep there, as I doubt not they will come to that true and loving heart, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

The Last Wish of A Slave.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

Uncle Billy was always a character in the family. How well I remember his short, active figure, and the mingled affection and awe with which we children regarded him. He was given to my mother when she was married, and drove the carriage in which the bridal party performed the five day's journey which the hundred miles' ride over the muddy roads of the time required. What wonderful changes have come since that day. The children of that fair bride rush over the road with the iron horse, while the descendants of that humble faithful slave are free men and citizens. What is in store for the next generation? Perhaps they shall govern the currents of the air and ride upon the wings of the wind. Perhaps the African of that day, forgetting that his race has been enslaved, shall carry Republican principles to his native land and behold her rise to a place of power among the nations!

Coming from "Old Virginny," as Uncle Billy always proudly stated, he and the rest of my mother's servants looked down upon the inhabitants of their new homes in Western Virginia, because, I suppose, there were but few slaves in that part of the country, and though the place was a thriving village in the midst of a fertile valley, perhaps the air of prodigal hospitality and lavish expense to which they had been accustomed was lacking in their new surroundings.

Like all negroes, Uncle Billy despised what they termed "poor white trash," namely, such persons as were unable to own or hire servants and were forced to work with their hands. In my childhood we lived in a brick house on the banks of a little stream, which flowed in and out through the streets of the town. Just behind our house the banks were very steep, and a bridge spanned the brook some twenty feet above the channel. One of the earliest and best remembered scenes in my life was of a crowd of people on the bridge, where Uncle Billy had gotten into a fierce quarrel with a white mechanic who lived near us. Just as my father was summoned to the spot by the cries of the other servants, the white man swore he would "beat that nigger for his impudence," and Uncle Billy threw himself like a tiger upon him and instantly sprang with him in his arms over the parapet to the rocks below. A scream rose from every woman present, and every one rushed to the brink of the stream, fearing that one or both of the combatants had been killed; but both had escaped unhurt, and, like the man and the bear in the old story, each seemed content with his efforts and slowly moved off in opposite directions.

A loud murmur arose in the crowd to "hang the nigger," and my father, who secretly admired Uncle Billy's pluck, hastily improvised a message to the farm and sternly bidding him mount his riding horse, which stood at the door, sent him out of the town and managed to dispense with his services until the affair had blown over

Combining the various duties of woodcutter, gardener and carriage-driver, Uncle Billy was withall a famous cook, though he disliked very much to exercise that talent and his natural testiness always increased to positive ill-humor when the sickness of the cook, or any unusual occasion, required his services in that department, and my mother often said laughingly that she did not know whether to be glad or sorry when she sat down to one of Uncle Billy's finely prepared dinners, as the present enjoyment was spoiled by his prospective grumbling for many days after.

I well remember the wrath upon his countenance when the unexpected arrival of some friends and the illness of the cook's infant called Uncle Billy's services into requisition, and I was dispatched to the wood pile to deliver my mother's orders for dinner, which I fancy she did not care to give herself; and I can distinctly recall the indignant manner in which the old man shook his head, as he laid aside his axe and prepared to go to the barn for fowls. Nothing more was heard from the kitchen until a most savory and comfortable meal was placed upon the table, and I noticed the smile with which my mother received the numerous compliments of her friends, as they discussed the dainty viands spread so lavishly before them, and congratulated their hostess on having such a cook.

But late that night we were all surprised by Uncle Billy's appearing, with an unusually gentle and submissive air, at the nursery door, and my mother, who was deeply attached to the old man, hastily bade him come in and tell his troubles. "I didn't think I'd say nothing 'bout it," said Uncle Billy in his 'sturdy tones. "but 'pears like I's 'bleeged to. You see, Mistus, I was mad when I went to de barn for dem chickens, and de fust thing I done was to clap the big door to on my right hand an' cut de eend of my little finger clean off. I was so mad 'bout gittin' dinner I jest picked it up and put it in my pocket and did not say nothin'; but when I done clean up de kitchen I stuck de eend on and tied it with a rag, but it do hurt drefful bad."

Uncle Billy narrowly escaped lockjaw, and my mother nursed him faithfully through the long and weary illness that followed.

Those by-gone years seem like a dream now and Uncle Billy in the blue cloth coat, with brass buttons, which he always wore when driving the carriage, or on Sundays, is always one of the prominent figures in the scenes which memory brings before me, and over which a cloud of darkness seemed to fall like a pall when the hour came in which our young mother, the central figure of all pictures of pleasure to us, was borne away to her long home, in the prime of youth and womanhood. Uncle Billy, who was separated from all his early friends and his own people, loved her as his own child, and seemed to pine away after she was gone. He appeared to have lost all his spirit, and the other servants, whom he had always kept in awe of him, began to whisper to us and to each other that the old man "was not long for this world."

The winter he died was a gloomy one to us all; the shadow of the great sorrow that had befallen us hung over the house and it was like opening a fresh wound when we were summoned to the death-bed of the old and faithful servant, who was soon called to follow his loved mistress to the spirited land. The whole family had collected around the old man, and his eyes wandered from the dusky faces of his fellow-servants and rested lovingly on the children who had grown up around his knee, and seemed dearer than all of earth to him. He was far from the scenes of his youth—none of his kindred or friends were near—and he turned piteously to my father, who stood beside him.

"What is it Billy?" said my father. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes master," said the old man, feebly, "I is got one wish, and it 'pears like I can't die till my heart is at rest 'bout dat."

"What is it?" said papa tenderly. "You know there is nothing that I would not do for you."

"Master," said the dying man rousing himself and fixing his gaze firmly on my father's face. "I want to be free! I have been a slave all my life, and now I want to die free!"

My father looked much hurt. "Why, Billy," he said, "have you been ill-treated; have I ever been harsh; has any one been unkind to you?"

"No dear master, no," said the old man, with faltering tones. "I loves you; you has been de kindest master in de world; an' I loved my blessed mistress, what's gone to glory; an' I loves ebry one of dese children—I ain't got nothin' else to love—but I is been wantin' to be free all my life, and now I can do no more work an' your poor ole nigger is enterin' on eternity, and ain't no use to nobody. Please, master, set me free?"

My father hastily ordered writing materials to be brought—for he saw that life was fast ebbing—and, making out the necessary papers as quickly as he could, handed them to Uncle Billy, who pressed them to his lips and his heart, then fixing his eyes with a loving confident gaze on my father's face, said;

"Read it, master."

My father read the paper aloud, and handed it back.

No sound was heard in the room but the labored breathing of the old man. "Thanks you, master," he said at last, grasping out the words—"thank you,—master."

A few more deep-drawn sighs, a few last struggles, and the paper fluttered no longer on his breast. The last wish was fulfilled—the slave was free.—*Christian Union September 9th, 1874.*

Commencement at Tuskegee.

Editor of "Southern Workman."

Our Anniversary exercises which occurred on the 28th of May, were by far the most interesting and encouraging in the history of our institute. The day was beautiful, not too hot nor too cool. The rain the day before cooled the air and laid the dust. Several days before Commencement, friends of the school began to arrive. On Thursday, long before the hour for beginning the class work, wagons, buggies, &c, filled with friends and parents, began to arrive in large numbers.

Later came the excursionists from Opelika and Montgomery. By noon the grounds and buildings swarmed with people and by two o'clock, when the rhetorical exercises were to begin, it was quite a question what to do with the people. In a few minutes after the Chapel doors were opened it was filled to overflowing and a large number, were left on the outside. At 2 o'clock, the following Programme was presented;

MUSIC—Normal School Brass Band

Salutatory: *"How can we improve our Homes?"*
Ella McCullough, Ft. Mitchell, *Ala.*

MUSIC

Recitation: *"How he saved St Michael"*
Hiram H. Thweatt, *Tuskegee, Ala*

"Needed Improvement in Agriculture"
Lewis D. McCullough, Ft. Mitchell, *Ala*

MUSIC.

Recitation *"Rock of Age"*
Neelie Bowen, *Tuskegee, Ala.*

Valedictory, *"Poverty No Hindrance to Success"*
B. Town Harvey, *Cherryson, Ala.*

MUSIC.

Annual Address,
Prof. J. C. Price, *Salisbury, N. C.*

MUSIC

Presentation of Diplomas
By Hon Solmon Palmer State Sup't of Education.

MUSIC.

In his address, before presenting the Diplomas to the graduates, the State Superintendent of Education was most feeling and appropriate in his remarks, and every one in the audience was impressed that he meant and felt all that he said. He began by remarking: "I can not express the pleasure it affords me to be present on this occasion. The fame of this school has spread thoughout the State and even throughout the South; consequently I had expected much, but the progress manifested to-day has surpassed all hope and my most sanguine expectations. Free from unnecessary display, every thing has been practical, sensible and thorough. These evidences are seen in the essays, class work, on the farm, brick yard, in the carpenters shop, printing office, girls sewing room &c."

He said that he felt honored in being allowed to present the diplomas to the first graduating class of the Tuskegee Normal School; that he thought the State had been paid high interest on its appropriation to help support this school and that the State in view of such marked success as this institution has achieved, would be inclined to increase its appropriation.

After the presentation of the diplomas, the audience joined the students in the doxology, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Allen Hannon of Montgomery.

All of the 10 graduates go out professing Christians, and the progress in real manly and womanly growth among the graduates during this term has been the most satisfactory part of the year's work. Each one goes out with a strong heart, determined to carry the light to some dark corner.

B. T. WASHINGTON.

(Continued from Page 79.)

ored race, he said, doubles in twenty years. That is not true of the period from 1860 to 1880. The percentage of increase for that period was only 48, and each of the two censuses is trustworthy. Nor is it true of the period from 1840 to 1860, for in that period the percentage of increase was only 54 per cent. So much for one of Dr. Allen's remarkable statements. While the rate of colored increase from 1860 to 1880 was 48 per cent, the rate of increase for the whites was 61 per cent., although in the earlier part of that period there was caused by the war a white loss estimated at 1,000,000. After making an allowance for immigration, it appears that the white rate of increase was still greater than that of the colored people.

It is not difficult to find out just what the rate of increase for each race has been since our first census was taken. The average decennial rate of increase for the white people for the five decennial periods beginning in 1790 and ending in 1840 was very nearly 35 per cent., while the corresponding average rate for the colored was only 30 per cent. The white rate for each of the two following decades was more than 37 per cent., while the rate for the blacks was 26½ for one of the decades and only 22 for the other. The rates for the double decade ending in 1880 have already been given—white, 61; colored, 48. The same general tendency can be shown in another way. In 1790 the colored people were 19.27 per cent. of the whole population, and the whites were 80.73 per cent. This proportion was substantially maintained until 1820, when the colored people began steadily to recede and the white people to steadily advance. In 1860 the whites were 85.62 per cent of the whole, and the colored people only 14.13 per cent. Omitting the untrustworthy census of 1870 we come to the last census, which shows that the whites were then 86.54 per cent, and the colored people only 13.12 per cent.

These figures effectually dispose of sensational statements like those made by Dr. Allen. The birth rate of the colored race may be larger than that of the white population, but the death rate is also larger. The colored death rate in cities is frequently twice as large as that of the whites. We showed some weeks ago that the average annual death rate of the colored people of Washington—a city whose vital statistics are trustworthy, and in which the colored inhabitants are one-third of the population—had been for a period of nine years 35.06, while that of the whites had been only 18.90. The mortality records of other cities show a similar difference. The rate for the entire colored population, urban and rural, is considerably in excess of that of the white people.

The comment of the New York *Freeman* (col'd) upon the facts under discussion is interesting as coming from a member of the race which is just now being doomed by theorists to such diverse fates. It seems that, as usual, "statistics" may be made to prove anything and that the "census returns" justify the colored population of this country in allotting to themselves in the future any position they may prefer, between complete supremacy and total extinction.

"Much anxiety and heart burning have been shown by a few people who deal in facts based upon figures by the census showing that our colored population doubles itself every twenty years while the white population only doubles every thirty-five years. We reproduce elsewhere an article from the New York *Times* in which analysis of the matter is made and a sensible and logical conclusion reached. It may be that the alarmists who delight to parade such matters have an ulterior purpose to serve. Prof. Gilliam is the original tabulator of the figures showing the growth of colored over white population; and we all know that Prof. Gilliam is no friend of the race. His sentiments and tabulations have been frequently reiterated by gentlemen who had axes to grind and who were too lazy or too obtuse to investigate the figures from which they deduce such startling conclusions."

Decoration Day at Hampton.

Decoration Day at Hampton has an interest of its own. In former years it was the great gathering place of the colored people of Norfolk and the surrounding country. Steamboats, literally *packed*, came early in the morning and landing at the school wharf, poured forth a stream of visitors that overflowed the grounds and buildings, making the day one of confusion. For the last two years they have not been allowed to land here, and the place is much more quiet, in consequence, the excursions coming to the Hampton wharf instead. Early in the morning the soldiers from the National Home come over and decorate the graves of their comrades in the beautiful National Cemetery, which adjoins the school grounds. Here rest between five and six thousand dead. Neat marble head-stones giving name and regiment, are occasionally interspersed with small square blocks on which one reads only a *number*: "The unknown" dead, "who rest in God's still memory folded deep."

It is a peaceful and suggestive spot, especially when one thinks of it in relation to the busy hopeful *life* all around it, and realizes that but for the one, the other could hardly have been.

But to return to the way in which the School keeps the day.

It is a holiday. No work is going on in the shops, and there are no recitations. The scholars and their friends from abroad, sit out under the trees and chat pleasantly together.

Occasionally one sees an Indian youth and maiden enjoying each other's society in solemn silence.

At the quiet sunset hour the school assembles on the lawn in front of Virginia Hall, forms into line, the band leading the way playing a solemn dirge, and marches first to the National Cemetery. Here we gather in close ranks around the Soldiers' monument, hung with wreaths and garlands by the veterans from the "Home." Their decorations this year were unusually fine. A beautiful cross full eight feet high, of golden lilies and other greenhouse flowers, from the "Home" conservatories was planted beside the pedestal and reached above it. The towering obelisk was wreathed and festooned with flowers, with the numbers of the 3rd and 16th army corps and other devices in beautiful effect. The school circling the flower-wreathed Monument in the light of the setting sun joins in repeating the twenty-third psalm, followed by the Lord's Prayer, then comes "My country, 'tis of thee" sung as Hampton students *can* sing it.

After this, we scatter to lay our flowers upon the graves of those who have given their lives for this dear "country"—some of us, for some dear mother's or sister's sake, placing ours upon the *nameless* stones. At the call of the bugle, the procession re-forms and we march to the little burying-ground where the school has laid to rest some of her children, most of them from the far West. Loving hearts and hands have already been here, and on one grave, that of an Indian girl, her brother has laid a cross of roses. Here is another grave, covered with beautiful flowers, and on the head-board we read, "Saon, a native of Zululand"—and, we rejoice to know that he "fell asleep in Jesus." There is more of comfort than of sadness as we think of these graves, for we know that loving ministrations have smoothed the pathway into the dark valley and that many have learned of Him, who is the Life, as perhaps they might never otherwise have done. As we stand around the graves, a prayer is said, a sweet hymn sung, and as the evening shadows gather around us, we pass out from the little cemetery, leaving those who rest there, in the faithful keeping of the God and Father of us all. So ends Decoration Day at Hampton.

A. E. C.

Southern Workman AND Hampton School Record.

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THE VIRGINIA STATE NORMAL SCHOOLS for this summer are held at Fredericksburg, Staunton and Marion for white, and at Danville and Petersburg for colored teachers.

The programmes are excellent, and every possible inducement in the way of reduced rates of board and travel, and general entertainment, is offered to the teachers of our State. The very marked change of feeling throughout the South is nowhere more noticeable than in the attitude of all parties towards these "Teachers' Institutes." Superintendent Farr says:

A great awakening in educational matters is now taking place, and the friends of education are everywhere calling for better instruction. The demand for skilled teachers greatly exceeds the supply, and the salaries are growing larger every year. Let the teachers of Virginia earnestly prepare themselves, and come, as they should, into the possession and enjoyment of the increasing rewards and honors of the profession.

And that this awakening is not confined to the white population is shown by the following proposition made by leading colored citizens of Danville, among whom we are glad to see more than one name which belongs also to Hampton:

"We, the undersigned, citizens of Danville, having seen a public expression of the people in the churches in favor of the State Normal Institute for colored public-school teachers being held here next summer, are prepared to say that the people will take care of three hundred or more teachers, at a cost of two dollars to two dollars and a half per week, each, for board and lodging. We ask that the Institute come to Danville, because we think such a session of teachers here will be of much benefit to the town and surrounding community. There are many teachers in the counties of Patrick, Franklin, Henry, Pittsylvania, and Halifax, whose salaries are small and sessions short, who cannot afford to attend the Institute when held far away. We have a room sufficient for an assembly-room for lectures, &c., and rooms for a division of the teachers into any number of classes that may be desired."

THE pamphlet entitled "Proceedings of the third annual Conference of County and City Supt's of Public Free Schools and Principals of High Schools of the State of Virginia" is well worth the attention of all who are interested in the cause of education in our Southern States. It differs from most such reports in that the Superintendents of Schools for all the Counties in the State were called upon last year to supply concise histories of the schools under their charge, and a sufficient number have responded to make a most readable little volume, which will certainly add interest and value to the permanent records of the Department.

Not much more than two hundred years ago, Sir William Berkley, the Royalist Governor of Virginia said,

"But, I thank God, there are no *free schools*, nor printing, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years, for learning has brought disobedience into the world, and printing has divulged them against the best of governments. God keep us from both."—*Campbell's History of Virginia.*

From his day until the outbreak of the civil war, the situation is described by the Superintendent of Schools in Campbell Co., as follows:

Previous to the year 1861, the system of education—if indeed it may be called a system—was what is known as the "Old-Field Schools." These schools were taught by some old invalid, or by a man too lazy to do anything else. The number of schools was small, and the instruction given inferior, generally. The usual mode of establishing one was as follows: The teacher would go around to the people with a subscription for the patrons to sign, stating the number of children they would send and the amount each would pay for tuition. Children whose parents were too poor to pay their tuition were sometimes allowed to come, and at the end of the session the teacher would make an account against the county for the number of days such children had attended school, and after qualifying to the account before a magistrate, he was allowed five cts. per day, which was paid by the sheriff.

The teacher was generally incompetent as a scholar and ignorant of the art of teaching; and if he possessed any distinctive characteristic, it was a self-conceit that proclaimed that he knew all that was necessary for any child to know. There were some bright exceptions to the above-mentioned class of teachers—men and women who conducted their schools in a rational manner and after approved modern modes. These were fully alive to their duties and responsibilities as instructors. Some of these are now teachers in public schools, and are fully abreast of the times. The wealthy usually employed a teacher for their younger children at their homes, while the older and more advanced were sent to boarding-schools, academies, colleges, &c. Negroes received no literary instruction, being prohibited by law; but in spite of the restrictions, some few favorites, were taught to read by the younger members of their master's families. The fact of a man being too poor to pay for the tuition of his children was very humiliating to him; his children were sometimes taunted with it by other children; and frequently, rather than submit himself and his children to such indignities, he would not send them to school at all.

The "Old-Field Schools" were distributed over the country, at long distances apart, and with an aggregate attendance of about three hundred in the county. Many of the parents, even some possessing land and negroes, were unable to read and write, and the only information they possessed was obtained by observation or handed down by tradition. Education acquired by means of public money was considered an arrangement for paupers only, and no man wished to be thought a member of that class. All would shun it if they could. In the year 1861 the war commenced, which threw all systems into confusion; schools were closed, fathers enlisted in the army, boys were called into military service or to work on farms; or, in other words, all were called upon in some way to serve the Confederate Government.

The history of the next ten years is condensed by the Supt. of Craig Co.:

From 1861 to 1870, the time of the institution of the free-school system, there was comparatively little attention paid to the education of the young. Schools everywhere were neglected, especially during the war. Had the country remained long in this condition, almost universal illiteracy and barbarism would have been the inevitable result. It is a fact, however, worthy of note, that during these years there were some who took an interest in educating their children, and would have an occasional school for their benefit during the winter.

In 1870 the public free-school system was inaugurated, and the progress since, has been, in most localities, uninterrupted. The testimony given in this Report is unanimous, and we only regret that our space will not permit us to print much of it *verbatim*. The only cause found for complaint is the smallness of the salaries paid, which are insufficient to procure the best teachers, and as a result of this the feeling in favor of Federal aid seems to be strong and general. In regard to this, one expression of feeling may stand for all, and we give the words of the Supt. for Halifax Co.:

But we hail with joy the prospect of more speedy help than can be obtained by asking for increased taxation. We mean the passage of the Blair Bill—a measure which seems fraught with so much good for the impoverished South, that it is folly to think for a moment that our representatives will allow this opportunity to pass by without securing for us this boon so greatly desired, so ardently to be prayed for.

And again a single quotation (from James City Co.,) will give a fair idea of the general progress and of what it means to the South:

In 1870 the "public free-school system" was first inaugurated in this county. It met with opposition from some of the white citizens, who looked upon it as a "Yankee" leveler that would undermine their domestic institutions, destroy society lines, and bring the classes in closer proximity than they desired. Those of more liberal ideas favored it as being adapted to the wants of the people generally. The colored citizens hailed it with rapture, and looked upon it as a second "emancipation proclamation." The interest manifested by them is not surprising, for it was the first ray of light which was to penetrate that darkness which had bound them for more than two hundred years in the chains of ignorance. The "system" had many obstacles to overcome before it could take many steps in the direction of success. It struggled along, however, overcoming prejudice on the one hand and hostility on the other, growing from eleven schools, with an average daily attendance of 208 pupils in 1871 to twenty schools with an average daily attendance of 315 pupils in 1883. What their future will be depends upon the good people of Virginia. If they receive that support and fostering care to which they are entitled, they will continue to be an honor to the state; if not, they will become a reproach.

THE 25th anniversary of Berea College, deserves and has obtained very general notice both North and South, and the hearty congratulations which accompany these notices, must be very gratifying to the founder and teachers of the school. That the experiment at Berea has demonstrated the possibility of the co-education of whites and blacks under certain conditions, there can be no doubt, but the white population of our Southern States is by no means homogeneous and it is possible that the mountain farmers of Kentucky and Tennessee have accepted gladly opportunities upon which their more aristocratic or more prosperous neighbors in the sea-board and gulf states would turn their backs. Our admiration for and sympathy with Mr. Fee's work is complete, but we do not feel that all the obstacles to co-education have yet been overcome, and indeed the success at Berea seems to us, in one sense, a guide post on the road to failure. That is, we believe that it is only poverty and the conditions which it creates, which for many years to come will force Southern whites and blacks into the same schools. So soon and whenever there is money enough to support them, there will be separate schools. Any successful imitation of Berea must include a very careful study of the conditions, and the fact that South Carolina (for example) and Kentucky are almost as far apart, in some respects, as South Carolina and Maine, must be given its due weight in the educational problem under consideration.

We add a brief account of Commencement Day at Berea taken from the New York *Freeman*:

GREAT DAY FOR BEREA.

LOUISVILLE, June 28.—One of the most remarkable commencements in Kentucky's history of schools was the 25th anniversary of Berea College. The presence and support of prominent Southerners is all the more remarkable from the fact that Berea College was founded in 1858 as an Abolition institution, and has more Negroes than white persons among its pupils. Special trains have been run for two days from Lexington, Columbus and other points, largely patronized by colored people, though in the great tabernacle where the exercises were held which seats 25,000, fully two-thirds were white. Indeed so many of the whites have come in from the adjacent country that they outnumbered the colored in general attendance. The Baccalaureate sermon was preached by Prof. W. E. C. Wright and the address before the literary societies by Judge William Beckner. At the closing exercises this afternoon formal addresses were made by Geo. W. Cable, Washington Gladden and Robert West of the Chicago *Advance*, followed by short speeches by Roswell Smith, Cassius M. Clay and the veteran Rev. J. G. Fee. President Fairchild presided. Mr. Smith gave $5,000 to the institution in addition to $2,000 given by him yearly. There were about 600 visitors from abroad. Over a hundred and fifty schools in the State are now taught by pupils from Berea. The annual attendance is about 400. This is a school whose officers and teachers a few years ago were mobbed and repeatedly driven from their homes for doing a work for which now Kentuckians generally commend them, which shows a remarkable change of public sentiment.

THE following letter from a Hampton graduate is pathetic rather than bitter, and if the conditions which it describes were likely to continue, would be something more than pathetic. The common sense of humanity is however coming to the rescue, and railroad and steamboat companies will not be long in finding that a colored man's money is as good as a white man's. We give the letter entire;

Gen. S. C. Armstrong, Hampton Va.

Dear Gen.

I thank you for the monthly receipt of the "SOUTHERN WORKMAN." The last issue is before me. The graphic descriptions Miss Bacon gives of Hampton life in and out of school, the discussion of Indian affairs, the letters from graduates—every department is peculiarly interesting to me.

But what holds my attention longest and gives rise to the most earnest thought are the extracts from the press North and South upon the ever-recurring Negro question.

The student on entering the outside world finds it quite different from the one he has left within the walls of his Alma Mater. On the one hand are his people degraded by their experience as slaves and on the other are the whites whom the dreadful institution has prejudiced against his race.

He finds the white man vested with power and drawing well defined lines of caste in ways of travel and places of trade. And the high-sounding expressions about "inalienable rights" and all men being "free and equal" suddenly become hollow and meaningless.

He finds his faith in mankind slowly ebbing away, because those who lift their hands in holy horror at the daily records of frauds, burglaries and petty pilferings, deliberately rob a helpless people of the immunities of citizenship.

Persons who have as keen an appreciation for the beautiful, the clean, the orderly as their white neighbors, are doomed to reeky smoking-cars, dirty illesmelling waiting-rooms and other such inconveniences, because they are guilty of a black skin.

I have sat upon the beautiful floating palaces that ply the great water routes of this country and which are owned and controlled by people who doubtless pride themselves on their justice and fair-dealing, trying to appease my hunger with a cold lunch which experience had taught me to provide, while delicious odors stole up to me from the dining room below from which I was isolated because of my color. And this homely parody would form itself in my brain: "Has not a colored girl appetite? If it is sharpened by salt-sea air and enhanced by savory smells, will it not clamor for a good warm dinner?"

It is not simply because of these humiliating experiences that I write you this, but because this is a point which the agitators of the Negro Question seem not to have considered in its bearing upon their progress.

But you see that the effect of this caste upon the weak and ignorant is to discourage and hinder his efforts to rise; while the more intelligent are made to lose faith in mankind.

Yours sincerely,

S. A. C. Class of '82.

The "other side" to this is given in the following item from the New York *Evening Post*, which shows how directly this particular reform lies in the line of general progress.

"In commenting a day or two ago upon the outrage reported to have been perpetrated on a negro clergyman and his wife on a railroad train in Alabama, we remarked that this state had seemed to lag behind other Southern commonwealths, but that progress was making even there. Convincing evidence of such progress has since then come to hand. A few days ago a committee representing the Colored Teachers' Association of Alabama waited upon the Railroad Commissioners of that State, and complained that colored people are not furnished by certain railroad companies equal accommodations with whites. The Commissioners assured the Committee that they recognized the force and justice of the complaint, and promptly took steps to compel the offending corporations to give the negro passenger who buys a first-class ticket just as good a car to ride in as the white. This is a great advance for Alabama, and the fact that the negroes of that State gain this measure of justice just after the Confederacy is fairly in the saddle again is an amusing commentary upon the campaign prophecies of woes which were to befall the blacks if the Democrats elected their President."

In the *Southern Letter*, a little publication issued monthly by the Tuskegee School, we find an editorial which gives the immediately practical view of the value of technical education to the colored people of the South. The time is coming when the proverbial "ten acres and a mule" will no longer enable the colored man to earn his living, unless they shall be supplemented by the training of which a few men here and there, like the Principal of Tuskegee, already see the need.

At present, the Negro's resources, as a laborer, are of the most limited description, and the first step towards any radical improvement in his condition must be taken in the direction of increasing his skill as a workman. Imagine, for a moment, the result to the Negro in some parts of the South, if any one of the numerous cotton-picking machines now on trial should prove successful. To what market could he take his untrained hands and head? He cannot, of course, be driven from all his fields of labor by the resistless power of machinery, but the pressure is certain to come closer and closer, and the "one ideaed" man is doomed to go under.

But on the other hand the man who, accepting the new order of things, fits himself for something better than the unintelligent routine of his past, has nothing to fear, and Prof. Washington's words to his people on this point are emphatically the words of wisdom.

"In order for one to appreciate fully the importance of giving our students practical training in farming, gardening, brick making, stock raising, poultry breeding, carpentry, blacksmithing, painting, printing, sewing, etc., he should take a trip out into the country where the majority of the colored people live. He would see how *one ideaed* the people are,—how unvaried are their means of making a living. The great mass of the people actually *know* how to do nothing but raise cotton, and of course are far from knowing how to do even this intelligently. The result is that no matter how hard the people work they remain poor, because they are compelled to buy their corn and meat, and pay some one else to do a thousand things for them which they should know how to do themselves. Some families make no pretense at raising a garden even, and cotton is planted to the very door.

"To get the student to think, to investigate, to form original ideas about how to make a living is one of the main things that we are trying to accomplish by our industries."

WHETHER or no Asiatic cholera reaches our shores during the present summer, the possibility of its arrival has already produced certain results for which we ought to be thankful. Discussion of the causes of this and other filth diseases has never been so general as now, and never before have such efforts been made to awaken the popular mind to the fact that a proper system of quarantine, co-existent with general cleanliness, will absolutely prevent anything like an epidemic of cholera or any similarly imported disease. It is said of cholera that "it derives all its epidemic destructiveness from filthy conditions, and especially from excremental uncleanliness." And this means, to put it in a nutshell, that the people of the United States have the matter in their own hands. All authorities now agree that "outbreaks of either yellow fever or cholera may be promptly suppressed by the intelligent application of well-understood principles of prevention, medicine, and sanitary science, and their epidemic extension may be prevented by the active enforcement of a thorough quarantine of observation and sanitation." Protected as we are by the fact that neither cholera nor yellow fever has ever originated among us, both being distinctly foreign diseases, it is evident that even with our present limited knowledge they can be kept at bay, while the conditions which invite them and redouble their terror are certainly under our control. For the individual, simple, regular and in all things temperate living; for both communities and individuals, cleanliness in person, in food, in household arrangements, in drainage, and water supply, for rich and for poor. When it is remembered what an epidemic of cholera or yellow fever means to a city or a nation, there is something almost paralyzing in the thought that the responsibility for these horrors lies directly at our own door. Indeed the punishments which follow uncleanliness everywhere and at all times are so tremendous that it seems as if the Creator of purity must Himself be filled with an overpowering hatred of all things impure. We do not yet call it a crime to be unclean in body, nor even in mind; but what crime in all the calendar brings upon itself swifter, direr vengeance than does the neglected sewer which sends diphtheria or cholera into our homes, or the impure thought which weakens and degrades the whole organization? Surely if Life teaches anything, it teaches ceaselessly and with unflinching force the lesson of cleanliness; that cleanliness of mind and body whose outcome is the purity which shall see God.

Editorial Correspondence.
Among our Graduates.
(CONCLUDED.)

Few at the North have any idea of the true simplicity, thrift and moral health that exists among the better class of Southern blacks. There is no *Negroism* in their lives and homes.

Generally the best houses are owned by mechanics and are the result of hard work, economy and good character. I realized more than ever the need of incidental training for the race. Skilled labor will push them forward as nothing else can. Out of the 5000 colored men in Pittsylvania Co. it was estimated that over 1500 owned farms or city houses. Where there is enterprise and progress the Negro shares in it and gets his portion. I attended three churches on Sunday, May 26th. Rain reduced the congregations, for it is admitted that colored people as well as white, don't turn out in bad weather. I saw many of the people and found that like others in the South they were prejudiced against Hampton on account of the labor system, which they did not understand, thinking it to be a source of personal profit to the Principal. Their ideas were derived either from students dismissed from Hampton for bad conduct, or from pupils from other institutions who had taken pains to delude them.

It was pleasant to meet so many simple, earnest, hard working people. The Rev. Mr. Whitehall's congregation have been for years worshipping in the basement of a new building, waiting to go "up stairs" till they could raise the $14,000 necessary to complete their church. They are pushing vigorously for the money. Rev. Mr. Morrell and his people have a similar task on hand. They and the large majority are Baptists. I visited a small but flourishing Presbyterian church, and talked freely with an intelligent group of Negroes after the service.

They do not feel perfectly comfortable since the "massacre;" a shy feeling, whether with or without reason, is manifest; they confess to a want of confidence as to fair treatment when they are opposed to the whites. It looks as if Mahone's power had greatly decreased in this region.

Comparing city and country schools, an experienced observer said that a teacher could do ten times better teaching in the country than he could in the city. In the former he could reach and influence the people far better, and they are not affected by many of the injurious influences so powerful in cities. A local preacher stated that in some localities the poverty of the people was so great, that the girls of large families would sacrifice their character to get clothing. The blacks incline to settle in neighborhoods, but often go off by themselves to get the land they wish. Often they buy land, overestimating their power to pay, and after working for years are obliged to forfeit all they have earned. Sometimes they are taken advantage of by whites, sometimes their own ignorance is the difficulty. A colored democrat declared that political societies and whiskey were the curse of his people. "Societies," he said, "with their fees, keep them from paying for their churches; politics make them crazy. If a monkey were to make a political speech, they would go to hear him." It was admitted that the colored people were not sufficiently united, did not care enough for each other, did not work together for their common benefit. Mr. H. C. Slaughter is Supt. of Schools for both races. Danville pays $13,000 per annum for free schools. Good houses are provided for all,—comfortable, airy, well black-boarded, on the whole remarkably good. I visited three colored and one white schools. A hundred black youths from here have been to Hampton. Not all have succeeded, but our graduates are a moral and educational force in the community. Eight of them hold leading places as teachers and have won universal respect. Their work is good.

For many years (till 1880) the Friends' Freedman Association kept up a large and excellent school. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dixon, who taught in it, educated at first a number in Hampton, who, now in State employ, are the best kind of practical missionaries to their own people.

Only at a few normal and collegiate institutions are Northern teachers now needed; the work of educating the Negro is being done and can best be done by the colored race for itself. I was glad to find everywhere that Hampton graduates, after a few years, are, almost without exception, property holders. Teaching alone will not enable them to do this, but by farming or some other work in the summer they can lay up a little every year. One in Danville has an acre lot on which he is raising "truck" to sell in the city. Those in the country own farms of from 25 to 50 acres; they teach six months and farm the rest of the year. City sessions are ten months in duration, but there high farming on a small scale is both excellent and practicable. Those who have learned trades are the most fortunate of all; they accumulate more quickly than others. It was pleasant to meet in a social way one afternoon, a party of these graduates with their wives and children, who had prepared a refreshing table of good things. Such cheerful, hopeful, capable workers will in time bring about great results.

Lynchburg is said to be the most hilly city in Virginia. Danville stands next. Both are growing rapidly, the tobacco crop being their chief interest. The former has nearly twice as many inhabitants as the latter—about 23,000—nearly one-half of whom are colored.

Lynchburg's progressive spirit is well shown in her efforts to have a perfect system of schools. The Superintendent was sent to Northern cities to examine the best schools, and after thorough investigation he made recommendations which were adopted. This city is said to lead Virginia in school work, and is ahead of many Northern cities. Excellent provision is made for both races. I visited the new building for colored schools, which is the best thing of the kind in the State, (three stories in height, with four rooms on each floor,) and found five of the teachers from Hampton. The most advanced and the primary classes were the best, both taught by our graduates, and their work is appreciated. Great progress has been made in five years. In 1880 there were recorded 12,000 "absences and tardinesses" in the school year out of 1,500 children in attendance. This year 2,300 children are enrolled, and there have not been 600 such entries. Mr. Glass, Superintendent of city schools, is a man of superior capacity, and of enthusiasm, and has the confidence of all. Like many other Democrats whom I met, he is heartily interested in the colored race, and is working for them with all his heart and strength. Major Kirkpatrick, a leading lawyer and late slave holder, has the same spirit, and is now a trustee of Howard University. Lynchburg's generosity to the cause of education is her chief glory. The city is beautifully situated in a mountainous region within sight of the Peaks of Otter, and the eye is fascinated with the views presented from the various points to which hospitable friends are ready to guide the traveller. Here the race question is at its best, so far as I have seen. Colored men here in several instances own business stands in the best streets. They are not cut off and pushed out as elsewhere, but quietly and comfortably hold their own along with their white neighbors, making no undue push and no unpleasant pressure, and are not complained of. They have thousands of pretty houses won by thrift. I visited a very nice grocery with $1,500 worth of stock, started by a young colored man with $50 capital. He was doing a good business, and lived nicely in an attractive house attached to his shop.

I enjoyed meeting for the first time Mrs. Orra Langhorne, whose name is familiar to readers of the WORKMAN. She has a quiet, lovely suburban home, with a delightful mountain view.

Farmville is the seat of the new Normal School for girls (white), presided over by Dr. W. H. Ruffner, assisted by Miss Bush, formerly of Connecticut. The students are a charming company of about one hundred young ladies from all parts of the State. It was opened but a few months ago, is overcrowded already, and should be at once doubled in size. The future of this State is largely in the hands of her teachers, and this school will certainly supply her with good ones. Virginia has made no better investment than in starting this Normal School. I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Ruffner, who is the father and founder of the first State system of free schools opened in the South after the war. Only a giant could have done it. He is the educational Ajax of the South. Here lives also Judge Watkins, a trustee of the Hampton Institute, a Southern man and a Democrat, who is looked up to with peculiar respect and reverence by all classes, and well deserves it. The colored race has no better or more useful friends than such men as he. There are few men anywhere so pure and noble-minded as this excellent judge.

Miss Lucy Boulding, a Hampton graduate, teaches a large graded colored school here, assisted by fellow graduates, who abound in the neighborhood of Farmville and are making their mark upon the people. I had, as elsewhere, a meeting with them, and urged upon them the need of occasional meetings for discussion of their work and for mutual encouragement. Colored teachers are doing a good work for Virginia and the South. Their school rooms are usually good, but, beyond the necessary black boards, are very bare. I cannot but wish that friends who read this would collect pictures to furnish the walls of these school rooms. The full page illustrations of *Harper's Weekly*, judiciously selected, could be placed around the wall just above the line of black boards, and make a good effect. Any good pictures would be welcome to children who see nothing of the world.

All who sympathize with the "Lend a Hand" idea are invited to co-operate with us.

S. C. A.

Laws of Virginia.

How much even the "Conservative South" can change in a couple of hundred years is seen on inspection of the old laws of Virginia, as quaint to modern ears as the Blue laws of Connecticut. A friend sends us a specimen which he has come across in his legal researches.

March, 1623.

2d. That whosoever shall absent himself from divine service any sunday without an allowable excuse shall forfeit a pound of tobacco, and he that absenteth himself a month shall forfeit 50 lbs of tobacco.

6th That whosoever shall disparage a minister without bringing sufficient proofe to justify his reports, whereby the mindes of his parishioners may be alienated from him, and his ministry prove the lies effectual by their prejudication, shall not only pay 500 lbs weight of tobacco but also shall aske the minister so wronged forgiveness publickly in the congregation.

7th That no man dispose of any of his tobacco before the minister be satisfied, upon paid of forfeiture double his part of the minister's means and one man of every plantation to collect his means out of the first and best tobacco and corn.

THE BEASTELY VICE OF SPENDING MUCH POWDER IN VAIN.

Act XII. March, 1655.

Whereas, it is much to be [apprehended] That the common enemie, the Indian, if opportunity serve, would suddenly invade the colony, to a totall subversion of the same, and whereas, the only means for the discovery of their plots is by allarms, of which no certainty can be had in respect of the frequent shooting of gunns in drinking, thereby they proclaim, and as it were justify, the beastly vice spending much powder in vaine, that might be reserved against the common enimie:

Be it therefore enacted, that what-person sooever shall, after publication hereof, shoot any gunns at drinking, marriages and funeralls may excepted, that such person, etc. be fined 10lbs of tobacco.

"The vice of spending much powder in vaine" is not confined to old or new Virginia, we fear; even a Senator may sometimes wish he had not wasted so much *against* the Indian.

SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(*Reduced to eight pages from July to October*)

Printed on the Normal School Steam Press by Negro and Indian students trained in the office.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, M. F. ARMSTRONG, } *Editors.*

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Subscribers are reminded that the "Work man" is reduced to eight pages during the next four months, resuming, in November, the twelve page form.

As we go to press, flags are at half mast, the draperies of mourning are upon land and sea, honest evidence of respect for the dead and sympathy for the living meets us on every hand, and it needs no words to tell that the season of bitter trial for an heroic man is over. On the morning of July 23d, Gen. Grant died, most peacefully, at Mt. McGregor, New York, having won his final victory through a patient endurance of suffering, which has completed and purified his fame. The South is as ready as the North to acknowledge his greatness and to claim him as fellow citizen, and his hope that sectional feeling might be buried with him, seems on the way to fulfilment. He will be followed to the grave by all the honors that a united nation can bestow, and that he lived to know this must always be a cause for gratitude.

The Southern Press. Both Sides.

We find in a paper read by Rev. J. Mitchem, Pastor of the A. M. E. Church in Logansport, Ind., before the "Pastoral Association," a summing up of what he considers "hopeful signs of rapid progress in the right direction" for his race. His facts are sufficiently accurate, with perhaps the exception of his estimate of colored authors, and mean, we believe, all that he claims for them.

"1st. The doors of the public schools, high schools, normal schools, colleges and universities, in the East, West, North and South, are open for the reception of the colored people, and the willingness with which they enter them and the eagerness with which they pursue the studies assigned them.

"2d. The large number of secular and religious weekly and monthly papers that are edited and published by them.

"3d. We have now more than one hundred colored men who are editors of secular and religious papers in the United States, whose productions compare favorably with many of the papers that are published by the white people of this country.

"4th. We have scores of colored men and women who are authors of books which are read with pleasure and profit by thousands of the best and most intelligent people of this nation.

"5th. We have also between six and seven hundred colored persons employed in the different departments of the State and general government. I think that the recommendation and the appointment to those places of trust and honor are some proof of their fitness for the places assigned them, and also the large amount of wealth which they have accumulated is a sign of progress.

"6th. In the year 1860 the colored people of the South, who were slaves, did not own an acre of ground and not a dollar's worth of taxable. These same people in 1880, in a period of less than seventeen years, were paying taxes on something over $100,000 worth of property. In the year 1860 these same people had no right to know the alphabet, but now nearly two millions of them can read the Holy Scriptures. This means progress in the right direction.

"7th. According to the United States census of 1880, there were enrolled in the public schools 858,912 pupils and 15,834 colored teachers. In the year 1860 there was not a legal marriage among them; now, every marriage is legal, with better preachers, better churches, and purer and better morals.

"8th. The last thought that we desire to call your attention to as a hopeful sign of progress, is the great army of Christian men and women, made up out of nearly all the denominations in the United States, who are responding to the call of the gospel of Jesus Christ, to give of their money and labor and prayers to help us in this grand work of conveying the light of Christian civilization into the homes of the freedmen of the South, and also into the homes of those in the North. Truly Ethiopia is stretching out her hands unto God, and God is raising up friends for us in the East, West, North and South, and princes are not only coming up out of Egypt, but they are already here."

The *Christian Recorder* (colored), in an article entitled "A Generation of Freedmen," gives, from its point of view, a similar *resume*, which, besides being comprehensive and thoughtful, has a dignity and freedom from exaggeration which do not usually characterize such articles. It is good reading not only on account of the subject matter, but also because the matter is well and strongly handled.

"The boy one year old when Abraham Lincoln pronounced the freedom of the American slaves is now twenty-two years old. Inside of that time thousands of colored persons have been born and have reached maturity, many of them having become heads of families. The responsibilities that fell upon their fathers with a blow between which and slavery there seemed to be little to choose, are borne by them with manly dignity. In this generation great changes have taken place in the bearing and actions of the race; yet only such changes as serve the wise as pointers, indicating what may be expected in the future. Ripeness of manhood to any great extent could not be expected in one generation. It is true that many of our previous race circumstances had been such as to develop something of the proper feelings for the activities of American citizens, but the development in the past twenty-two years has been greater than that of the nearly two centuries preceding. There are now quite one hundred thousand colored persons of both sexes possessed of respectable training, and the schools are turning them out daily. This should give to the generation just entering life such impulse as will enable them to make a thousand times more of life than we have done. They are removed a generation from the scenes of bondage, and are almost out of the transit movement from slavery to unquestioned freedom. Much better homes greet and keep them; much better environments surround them; much better teachers teach them; better hopes inspire them; better purposes actuate them; better morals energize them; better conceptions of Christianity guide them.

"Men and women begin new homes and new business relations now who were schooled at the proper age, and who will give their children schooling at the proper age. There is quite a number of business men taking colored boys into the trades as mechanics. The vast business of our benevolent, educational and religious institutions has given our men a somewhat comprehensive business character. We have had considerable experience in statecraft and jurisprudence. Now all these facts appeal to us for a demonstration of manliness and womanliness far ahead of that of twenty-five years ago. The actions of the present are not to be based on the conditions of those days, but on those of the present. Though there may not be many men among us possessed of the great powers of Douglass, Payne and others, yet the sum of our power should be much superior to those of their days."

More than one Northern newspaper has commented upon the address which furnishes the text for the article given below, and it is interesting to notice how nearly the views of able men, whether of the North or the South, coincide when the questions considered are practical rather than theoretical. We have not the space here to quote from Northern newspapers, but the editorial which we take from the Norfolk *Landmark*, headed "Our Colored Friends," might, with a few changes in form, easily claim a New England origin.

"The Rev. J. H. Pollard, of one of our colored churches, was good enough to send us a copy of an address of his own recently delivered before the pupils of a public school in Petersburg; and we are glad to see from the text of this that he gave them sound and excellent advice. His note, covering the enclosure, deserves a fuller notice, however, than his address, and we give it a place in our columns, as follows:

"'158 QUEEN STREET,
NORFOLK, VA., June 23d, 1885.

"'Mr. Editor—Enclosed an address delivered in Petersburg, Va., May 28th, 1885. The work was put up by a little colored boy, 14 years old, and hence the mistakes. I am not a politician, and in no sense a leader of the colored people, but I do believe that the colored people are beginning to realize that their interest is your interest, and that your interest is their interest. All the people in the South should have one common end and object in view, viz.: good government and a development of our national resources. We have been enemies long enough. It is time now that we should be friends. Yours, very respectfully,

"'(Signed) J. H. M. POLLARD.

"The sentiments of our correspondent are excellent, and we are glad to tell him that the white people have never been enemies to the blacks. A review of the relations of the two races shows that. As slaves, the Negroes of the South emerged from barbarism into Christian civilization, and they are the only people who, under such circumstances, have not perished in contact with the Caucasian. This shows anything but enmity at that period. Since the war the white people have over and over made overtures to the freedmen; but these were all rejected. The carpet-baggers during reconstruction stood between the former masters and the former slaves, and made it their business to inflame animosities. In one word, so far from being 'enemies' of the friends. This is now beginning to dawn on the minds of our colored citizens. They see the Democrats in power and their privileges respected. They understand that we would not re-enslave them if we could; and that slavery, in God's providence, has disappeared from our system of government. With this state of facts before us we are not surprised at the sentiments expressed by our correspondent. It is true that the white people and the colored people have a common interest. What hurts the richer people in a State or in a community, hurts the poorer. The employer cannot suffer without its being felt by the employee. One part of the population cannot be oppressed without its reacting on the other; and the white people understand these things perfectly. They began to pay an enormous school tax in Virginia before they were required to do so, and the Negroes became the beneficiaries. They cherish and foster the system to-day. The Commonwealth contributes to the support of the admirable School conducted by General Armstrong; and the white people of this State are sincerely anxious to see the colored folk improved in mind and morals, in worldly estate and in spiritual development. We are not enemies to the Negroes; we are their real friends; we have never cajoled or flattered them for selfish ends; and our candor in dealing with them is of itself evidence of our sincerity. Let our correspondent, who has the advantages of education, make these things plain to his people; and the more he cultivates a kindly feeling between the races the better will he discharge his duties as a pastor and a citizen."

One of the colored journals decides that the cause of the Negro is not hopeless while such incidents as these continue to occur.

"An exchange says: 'A prominent colored clergyman of Montgomery is said to have willed his property, valued at $12,000, to his former master.'"

"Another says: 'Steve Wright, in saving property of white people at a fire in Augusta, Ga., lost his life. The white citizens have purchased a monument for his grave, and at a recent meeting have decided to buy a house and lot for his widow. This is kindness and recognition of true heroism. We will have to change our opinion of the Southern white man.'"

The relief of turning from the records of political squabbles and intrigues to such sound common-sense work as is reported below, is like stepping from a close over-heated room into the teeth of an ocean breeze.

The more one considers the Southern situation, the more the temptation to deify "Work" grows upon one, until it comes to assume the proportions of a panacea for all the evils bequeathed to the present generation by an indolent, falsely ambitious past.

Mr. H. T. Roffe, superintendent of the Georgia Machinery Company, Atlanta, in a letter to the *American Machinist*, gives an account of a very promising beginning of an industrial school in that city. He writes:

"You will, no doubt, be pleased to hear of our efforts to start an industrial school in this city, and of our complete success. Last January a few gentlemen, at the request of Dr. G. L. Chaney and Mr. Elias Haiman, met together and proposed to open a night school for the benefit of the working lads in this city. It was decided that the school be open in February and continued until the end of April, three months as an experiment, and if successful to reopen again next October. Mr. S. M. Inman, Mr. W. C. Morrill and other gentlemen subscribed $1,000, and I offered my services to take charge of the school with Mr. F. Ledue and Mr. William F. Ott as assistants.

We bought a lathe, drill press, vises, carpenters' and pattern makers' tools, drawing instruments, smith' forge and other tools. We hired a room with steam power and light and started work in February. Our school nights were Monday, Wednesday and Friday in each week. We had room for twenty boys, but so many applying, we increased the number to twenty-five. Monday and Wednesday nights we had general work, and on Friday nights, we rigged up some skeleton desks on the work benches, and gave instruction in drawing and geometry. Most of our lads were apprentices in shops, railroad and private; some had been in the trade three and four years, and some as many months, consequently we had to find out what a boy could do, and guage the work to suit. We had one on a valve seat (I had an old steam pump sent up to practice on): we had three of our best lads on surface plates, some filing and chipping; one on the drill; another on the lathe; one or two at the forge, and some on the patterns and core boxes. The boys stuck to work in splendid style, and I would like you to see some of the nice little jobs they turned out.

It is almost impossible to find a first-class American vise hand who that can use a hammer and chisel and file properly. They can all run a lathe, planer and milling machine, but put them on the vise and they get left, therefore we made vise work take the first place. We gave a boy a cast iron cube about 1½ inches; he had to take a hammer and chisel and take a light chip off each side, making the cube as perfect as he could. No "choking" hammers were allowed. We then gave him a 12-inch flat bastard file, and taught him how to hold it, and also to file properly. No forefinger on top of the handle was allowed, neither was the point of the file used to take out the round place in the centre of each face in the cube. It made me tired to see how some of the lads twenty years old, who had been at the trade three or four years (in a good shop, too), picked up a file, hand on top of the handle, and watch them seesaw up and down with elbows about a foot away from their bodies. They thought they could file, too, but they don't think so any more. Anyhow, we taught them all we could in the time allotted until the end of April, and I can assure you the lads thoroughly appreciated our earnest endeavors.

The noble-hearted gentlemen that gave the money desired to run the school another month. We did so, and finished up last week. When we had the school thoroughly on its way, we invited the leading men in this city to come out and see us. Several of them came, amongst whom was Mr. Henry Grady, of the *Constitution*, who will, through his paper, make a great effort to increase our facilities next fall, so that we can accommodate 100 boys. There is no doubt that our little attempt will result in a first-class technical and industrial sshool in this city. When the people of Atlanta make up their minds to have anything they are going to get it.

The Democratic party has still to face and dispose of such charges as the following from the *Virginia Star*, (colored) and the almost superstitious readiness with which a majority of the colored population still lay all their misfortunes, from epidemics of chicken cholera to loss of office, at the door of that mysterious "Party," shows that Republicanism has not even yet fatally overdrawn its account. What clever leadership can still accomplish in the South, was shown —with a good many exclamation points—in the recent convention at Richmond.

"When the Readjusters and Republicans first went into power they found our public schools in a deplorable condition. Teachers were paid in script and the shavers and money sharks bled them to death. With a lower tax rate by an honest administration of the financial affairs of the State, they doubled the number of schools, teachers and pupils. They paid the teachers in money and the era of good times dawned.

Less than two years of Democratic rule has reduced the number of schools, teachers and pupils by one half, while the teachers are on the verge of starvation with their pockets full of script."

"When Democracy triumphs the public schools languish.

When Repuhlicanism triumphs they flourish. Let all poor men, white and colored, who are too poor to pay the schooling of their children, note the difference."

DIED—In Norwood, Nelson Co., Va., April 3rd, Miss Millie A. Bennett, class of 1878. She was a native of Wilmington, N. C., and has taught ever since her graduation, at Norwood.

Letters From Hampton Graduates.

Studies and Strawberries. A Call to Africa. From Danville. Love or Fear.

STUDIES AND STRAWBERRIES.

Another married pair, both Hampton graduates, are fortunate in being partners in their work of teaching as in other cares and pleasures of life. And in all their partnership they seem to walk together as if well agreed.

The husband says:

——, *Va., April*, 1885.

My dear Miss C.:

We opened our school on the first Monday in September, 1884, with an enrollment of between sixty and seventy pupils, which number soon increased to one hundred and sixty-one; but of course you will know that the enrollment of a rural district school (colored) is usually almost two times the size of its average attendance. During the third, fourth and fifth months our attendance averages about 93.25 and after that time, begins to fall off gradually until about the 10th of May, when strawberries begin to ripen, then our enrollment is between seventy-two and eighty; our average attendance between forty-eight and fifty-four; when suddenly a call is made for strawberry pickers and the fields gain forty or forty-four of our attending forty-eight or fifty-four, the school must necessarily close.

This time the school has been larger than ever before, work has progressed with less friction, pupils have behaved better, new studies have been introduced, commendable progress made in them.

The studies introduced were astronomy, history and philosophy. Those who were studying history when I came here, have all left school and are now, for the most part, battling with the problems of every day life. Five went to Hampton—four of whom are still there—one to Wayland Seminary, and those who have begun the study this term, had oral lessons last term from the lips of their teacher as a preparation for the book.

Experiments in Natural Philosophy are both amusing and interesting to them; among illustrations were such as trying to upset a card bent at each end, by the breath, knocking a card from under a coin held upon the finger, shooting a tallow candle through a board, placing one-half of a sheet of writing paper over a full glass of water and inverting it, the siphon and other experiments equally interesting. On the whole, we have quite an interesting school.

Playing bandy with the boys and jumping rope with the girls are active sports in which I take part often.

We have formed a literary club, composed of some of the pupils of our school and some other young people of the community, and it is quite successful so far. It has given one public entertainment, which was, to say the least, very creditable. It will give public entertainments, composed of singing, recitations, or select readings and debates once every month.

On March 29th I had the pleasure of attending the wedding of two Hampton graduates, namely, C. R. Creekmur to Grace J. Hopper, at Deep Creek, their home. The bride was handsomely attired and the affair passed off nicely. Both are still teaching. With great respect, yours truly:

Mc.

The wife writes:

My dear Miss C.:

I am my husband's amanuensis, but he is good enough to allow me space in his letter for a few words to you with my own name appended, in fact, he thinks the letter would be incomplete without such addition.

On the 3d of April we finished our seventh month, and on the 6th all of the teachers of Norfolk County assembled at the Court House in Portsmouth, in compliance with a call from the County Superintendent to attend the Teachers' Institute to be held there for one week. There were about sixty teachers present; not more than three I think, absent; there were more colored than white teachers present. A great deal of very creditable work by pupils was on exhibition; the prize offered for the best was the medal which had been awarded our County, at the Superintendents' Conference, held in Richmond in March. The prize was won by a Berkeley school, (white). Only a very few of the colored teachers knew of the competition for a prize, and only the few had work on exhibition. What there was of it was good, and received favorable mention. The colored teachers formed themselves into an organization known as the "Norfolk County Teachers' Association." Among other things we decided to purchase suitable certificates for prizes for different exhibits from our schools which shall be held for yearly competition, the winning school each year carrying the prize. While the Institute was in session we learned that only those schools which had not finished the seventh month could remain open longer, all others must consider their schools closed. Cause—no money! due to bank failure. As we had finished our seventh month our public school was closed, but the people would not allow it to stop a day. The Educational Club, (made up "of the people, for the people, by the people") called a meeting at once and decided to employ us both for at least two months longer; (last year they employed Mr. McNeil only) and they pay promptly and well; so you see our school is still going on, and we have quite a full school. The weather is so continuously and unusually cool that the strawberries which usually begin about now and a little later, to call the children, haven't even blossomed. We have fires nearly every day and evening, and they feel decidedly comfortable. I am enjoying this weather though, and am feeling a little better now than I have felt all winter, and especially the early part of the fall, then I was quite unwell, and was at times unable to be at school.

I have told Mr. McN. that it seems to me very providential that we are not both sick at the same time, as it seems to have been thus far arranged, we can be each other's nurse, (that is allowable, isn't it?) I've an idea that my husband makes a better nurse than I, he is so very gentle and patient and seems to think of the right thing at the very *rightest* time for tempting the appetite, etc.

I hope you are well. How I wish that I might look forward to seeing you this spring as last; I'd enjoy it so much. The Alumni Reunion of '84 will ever be a green spot in our memories.

Truly yours, D.

A CALL TO AFRICA.

The work in Africa grows from year to year more inviting, and it is no wonder that the faces of some of our students are turned in that direction rather than toward the more familiar home field. There is enough to be done either here or there, but perhaps special words of encouragement should be given to those who are willing to take the unknown risks inseparable from the life of an African missionary.

Richmond Institute,

Miss ——,

I cheerfully respond to your circular, yet I feel that I owe you an apology for not replying earlier. Owing to a press of study, I was compelled to delay my response. I am now pursuing the studies of the last year in the Academic Department, from which department I shall graduate in May. Our Theological Course having been extended two years longer, I shall not be able to finish from that this term. If I spend two years longer in that department, I shall then receive a degree. But I have concluded that I must do something for Christ, and that very soon, as the fields are white and waiting for some one to thrust in the sickle.

I am aware of the fact, that the better preparations we make for our work, the better we can do it, and the more good we will undoubtedly accomplish; but when I think of the "Land of Darkness and Sin" and of the thousands who are passing from the shore of time ignorant of the great plan of salvation and ignorant of the *One* who alone can calm their troubled consciences, I am compelled to believe that I can do something for the good of those who are anxiously waiting to hear the gospel and to be saved on its terms. I look forward with pleasure to the time when I shall take my stand, if God so wills, on the shores of the "Dark Continent" and tell the poor heathen of the love of Jesus.

My school term has been pleasant so far, and I am glad to say that I don't anticipate its being otherwise. Respt., J. W. K.

FROM DANVILLE.

A line from one of the Danville teachers is interesting in connection with Gen. Armstrong's letter from that place.

March 18, 1885.

Dear Miss C——,

This is quite late for a card or a letter that should have been written in October last, but I hope you will pardon my delay in answering your letter. I have been teaching school in one of the public schools of Danville ever since the first of September. There are several of the Hampton graduates teaching in the same school. Mrs. D—— and myself teach the first primary grade. When school first begun and throughout the winter my children numbered from forty-eight to fifty daily attendance. Most of them are from six to ten years of age. The factories have begun work and many of our children are leaving school. I like the work of teaching very much. W. teaches in the same school that I do and has been for two years. I attend Sunday School every Sunday when it is pleasant weather at one of the Baptist S. S. I have a small class of little girls to teach. My brothers G. and H. are teaching school.

It seems rather strange to be at home this winter teaching when I have been going to school so many winters myself for quite awhile. When I was at Hampton and Miss Hyde was telling us how to teach little children, it seemed to me as if it would be very easy; but I find it to be harder to put it in practice than to think about what I could do.

Hoping you are in the best of health, I am very respectfully yours, S. A. I.

LOVE OR FEAR?

We wish that all our teachers took the view of discipline which is embodied in the following letter. To rule by brute force is a simple matter enough, but it is a system which reflects small credit upon those who employ it, and with but few exceptions, is as unfortunate in its results for the teacher as for the pupil.

——Va., *Nov.* 30th, 1884.

Miss——,

It affords me a great deal of pleasure to report to you. I feel under obligations to the Hampton Institute because it was my starting point of life. As I was not teaching in the same place last winter I did not receive your letter until in the summer, but I have not failed to report to Gen. S. C. Armstrong every winter since I left Hampton. I am now teaching Mt. —— school in Appomattox Co., Va., the school is not a large one, but is progressive. We have a good school-house, and I have some very interesting scholars, several who say that they desire to become teachers. I am trying hard to learn how to teach. I am getting better pay for teaching than I have ever received before. My aim in life is to do all that I can to improve the condition of my people both mentally and morally. I feel like a very small teacher, but the people say that I am a good teacher. Oh that I could conquer or dispel ignorance. It is hard for any one who does not know, to amagine the condition of some colored children in some of the rural districts. It makes me feel very sorry sometimes when they come to me with scarcely any knowledge of anything. They come out from their homes influenced by surroundings and do not know how to behave or to do anything right. The principal instruction that I receive from their parents is to whip, whip, whip them; and they think that I am not teaching if I am not whipping. I try to rule by love and my scholars love me in return, and I cause them to do anything that I tell them to do without whipping i. e. after I have taught them awhile. Some parents think that their children ought to be educated in a few weeks, and if they cannot see speedy results they become dissatisfied. I try to do that which I believe to be right and best. I have a great deal of walking to do, It makes me very tired sometimes; but my heart and mind is on teaching and it does not make me tired. In vacation I tend a small crop, and go to Teachers Normal Institute. I think that I am getting along quite well.

J. R. S.

SOUTHERN SKETCHES.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

Aunt Pokey's Son. A Story of the New South.

"Who do you think is in town, mother?" said Isaac Randolph, the intelligent-looking young colored teacher, who had just graduated at Dartmouth and received an appointment in the Southern Institute, established by a Northern missionary society at Richmond.

Mrs. Pocahontas Randolph, better known as "Aunt Pokey," a tall, majestic-looking African, with the clear-cut features of a Greek statue, tossed her turbaned head and shook the great gilt hoops in her ears, as she went on buttering a pile of batter-cakes, and answered indifferently, "La, chile! I dunno. Dar is so many folks a comin' and a gwine dese days, I nuvver knows who will be a turnin' up nex'. Mis' use ter tell we all, de Scripter said de debhil would be let loose a thousan' years, an' sometimes I does think dis is de time! But come on, honey, an' eat yo' supper," added Aunt Pokey, briskly, "de cakes is gittin' cole, an' dis here sassige is jes' done to a turn."

The little shop where Aunt Pokey sold confectionery, and the delicate bread and cakes, which many Richmond people thought only her hands could make, was very tidy and comfortable, with its tempting wares tastefully arranged.

The gas light in the trim parlor behind the shop reflected from the well polished stove, the carved furniture, the little mirror on the mantel, and the frames of several gay pictures which adorned the walls.

The young professor laid his paper on the book shelf beside him, and seated himself at a table covered with a white cloth and set with much taste, displaying savory viands on fanciful china.

It would have suited Aunt Pokey's tastes and habits much better to take a seat beside the cooking stove in the adjacent kitchen, helping herself to food from the griddle and the frying pan as she desired, but since the return of her son, of whom she stood a little in awe, from the North, she had been careful to set the table regularly as he requested.

As she filled the Professor's plate, and gave him a cup of aromatic coffee, the little bell in the shop tinkled twice. Aunt Pokey glanced sharply through the glass in the upper part of the door, which opened from the parlor, then rose quickly to answer the bell. Having waited upon her customer and given the dusky urchin who should have done so, a vigorous shake, for being out of place when wanted, she returned to the table, saying sternly, "I is got to skin dat boy yit! Ef he was my own flesh an' blood I would tar' him all ter pieces, but bein' as he aint no kin ter me, and is a orfin nigger, I is boun' to put up with him. Dar aint no 'pendunce to be put in none ur dem boys! Dar aint no young niggers been brought up right sence dis here freedom come in!" The Professor smiled as the stout matron seated herself and resumed her supper, still shaking her head and uttering vengeance on "dat boy."

As he turned away from the table and reopened his paper, the young man remarked quietly, "You did not seem to take much interest in what I had to tell you, mother—Mrs. Moncure is in town."

Aunt Pokey hastily put down the cup she was lifting to her lips, raised both hands, and ejaculated, "Bless de Lord! Oh! my Lord! What' on de yearth is she? Does you know fur certin' she is here, Jeems Isaac?" Aunt Pokey, according to the mood she was in, addressed her son promiscuously from "Ike" to "Purfessor Randolph." When much excited she was apt to say "Jeems Isaac."

"Does you know Miss Isabella is reelly in dis here Richmon'? Has you seen her?" she continued in an agitated voice.

"She is certainly in town," said her son gravely. "You know our principal is boarding on the hill near the Infirmary, and when I called at the house on business this afternoon, I saw a trunk in the hall, marked "Moncure." The name attracted me, because you always seem to think so much of your old master's family, and I was about to make some enquiries when an old lady passed through the hall. I recognized her at once, though it is so long since I left the plantation, and she is very much changed. Probably that picture you prize so highly aided my memory. I heard her tell the baggage man, who was waiting at the door, that she would stay there, and asked to have her trunk carried up to her room. She seemed quite feeble and wore a shade over her eye. I presume she has come to town for medical attention."

Aunt Pokey appeared, to use her own expression, greatly "flustered" by her son's information. She drank her coffee absently, seemed to forget that she had filled her plate with batter-cakes, and sat talking to herself in broken sentences. So great was her abstraction that she quite failed to observe a moppy-headed little black-a-moor,

(Continued on Page 91)

Southern Workman.

Indian Department.

ELAINE GOODALE, *In Charge*

Regular Contributors:

HERBERT WELSH, *Cor. Sec'y Indian Rights Association,*

ALICE C. FLETCHER,

REV JOHN J. GRAVATT,

MRS. A. S. QUINTON, *Gen'l Sec'y of the Women's National Indian Ass'n.*

REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.,

JAMES MCLOUGHLIN.

JOHN G. GASMANN,

MISS FLETCHER'S "Historical Sketch of the Omahas" gives a definite account of the mental and material progress of a representative tribe.

IF you want anything larger you have to give time to it. If you want an education, you have to give time to it; and to make of yourself a good worker, a good citizen, a person that the world needs, you will have to give time to it. *Frank La Flesche, Omaha.*

The Indian Rights Association publishes a pamphlet giving the history of the Crow Creek affair, through the "documents in the case." Both sides are fairly represented and the comments of the western press furnish the best evidence against the reasonableness of their complaint.

FIFTY years ago, Rev. T. B. Williamson began to work among the Dakota Indians. To-day we meet with representatives of eleven Indian churches, and are able to talk with the pastors of those churches in our own tongue. The Presbytery of Dakota covers a wide territory; there are 30,000 Indians in the field. Men and women are needed as never before. *Rev. John B. Pomeroy.*

Are You Civilized?

THE absolute ignorance of intelligent men and women about Indians is a fact that slowly forces itself upon an educated consciousness. Where we find prejudice and narrowness, we usually find it deep rooted in ignorance—ignorance dense, solid, and apparently hopeless. Many of us cherish fables as absurd and believe in them as implicitly as did that little girl who exclaimed on seeing her first "real live" Indians: "O, mamma! Didn't it hurt them awfully when they pulled the feathers out?"

"Are the Indians very hard to manage?" asked a lady the other day in pitying tones. "Not so hard as most children, I think," I replied. "But they are so *fierce* and *revengful*, ain't they?"

A popular preacher has taken a western trip of a few weeks. He returns, and lectures on the Indian question, the Chinese question, the Mormon question. He disposes of each in a few words. "I can't give you a rose-colored view of the Indians. (of course he has studied the type at rail-road stations!) They are a lazy, dirty, rascally set. They treat their women like dogs. It is abominable that we should be taxed to support these fellows. Make them work for a living like the rest of us!"

"I want to thank you for your sensible view of the Indian question," I say, after the lecture. The lecturer looks at me with slightly embarrassed surprise. "I want to apologize—to you—for speaking so strongly," he says, with the unfailing gallant politeness of the popular divine. "Not at all. You said what we all say—perhaps from a little different standpoint."

What is your stand point? Do you know anything about Indians or not? I was once discussing the knotty question of the Indian's political position with an intelligent, educated young Indian. It seems to him—as it is—an unjust, almost an impassable discrimination. "You must remember," I said, that there are a great many men—men in Congress—men who make the laws who have never studied this thing and never thought about it." "Can't they read? Can't they hear?" he exclaimed. "I must talk to them." "I am afraid they wouldn't listen to you." A peculiar look came over his face as he said quietly. "I didn't know there were people like that. I don't want to talk to them. I want to talk to the white people who are *civilized*."

The Indian in Current Literature.

II.

The reviews, with their more "solid" table of contents, support the popular monthlies on the Indian question. Mr. McNaughton, in the *Nineteenth Century* gives us "The Red Man," from a trans-Atlantic point of view. He directs no little satire against "border logic" and the greed of politicians, and declares with enthusiasm that "The sympathies of the world—at least of the Great Republic—are concentrating upon the Red Man."

"The hackneyed question," as he calls it, of the Indian's mental capacity, "is continually thrust forward in connection with the policy pursued toward him. How mental capacity, or rather how a finer tissue of brain organization, can affect the dispensation or the suspension, of justice, any more than it can affect the remission of sin, is a point which the pale-face conveniently ignores." Meanwhile, "The Red Man's capabilities for civilization are less doubted with every year's progress, and doubted the least by those who know him best."

Mr. McNaughton wisely remarks that "it is their vague and undefinable position before the law that has been, from the beginning, the main source of trouble with the Indians. Not an alien, nor a denizen, nor a subject. The Federal law is mystified in defining his legal status, and suspiciously regards him as a sort of unclassified hetiroclite, but still under the Federal jurisdiction. Perhaps the closest approximation that can be made towards defining his unique position before the law—but with the usual contradiction in terms, that characterizes the Indian controversy—is, that the Indian is a *perpetual sojourner* upon lands which are his, but whose right to that land is subordinate to the Government's desire to purchase."

The Indian Rights Associations are credited with a conspicuous share in bringing about the new era of justice. "Their object is to influence public sentiment, and through that to bring a pressure upon Congress to grant the Indian, first, his land in severalty; second, citizenship. This is the only possible solution to the problem that has vexed the Federal Government for a century, and made its policy vacillating, inconsistent, humiliating, cruel. This allotment of land in severalty to the Indian * * will enable him to sunder his tribal affiliations and his allegiance to tyrannic chiefs, and thereby remove the only legal obstacle in his way to adoption as a citizen. As a citizen he may maintain his rights in the courts of law; for, (be it known to the world and be it said with due humiliation,) the Indian has now *no legal redress*. * * It is not proposed to confer the elective franchise without discrimination, but with certain qualifications which the native sagacity of the Indian, stimulated by the happy prospect before him, will speedily acquire. That there are even now, hundreds of Indians better qualified for exercising the political rights of citizenship than are many thousands of the whites who poll their unread ballots, is evident enough.

People who talk of the 'possibility' of civilizing the Indian are ignorant of the progress made during the last decade. The schools at Hampton, Carlisle, Forest Grove and other places have demonstrated not only the possibility but the *astonishing aptitude* for advancement shown by Indian children. After their course of instruction they return to their homes and forests as so many lanterns of civilization and Christianity. I admit that here and there, a pupil under the influence of his old surroundings has 'gone back into barbarism' *But if a lamp here and there go out in the darkness, shall no more lamps be lighted?*"

It is a long step from the insistent demands of practical philanthropy to the vague but fascinating conjectures of American mythology and folk-lore. We turn to the *Magazine of American History* and follow Geo. Jones' curious account and somewhat unsatisfactory explanation of the "Cave Myth of the American Indians."

The traditions of a subterranean origin for mankind seems to have been peculiar to America and a feature of the native mythology. "In a cave within a certain hill the Master of Breath moulded the first Indians out of clay, and when the soft material had hardened into flesh and bone, he brought his creatures out and gave them the surface of the earth for a dwelling place." Such is the substance of a legend repeated among various tribes in various forms, often with the addition of a water-feature, or in connection with the kindred tale of a watery origin.

"The question which occurs first," says Mr. Jones, "upon surveying this group of legends so alike in their general tenor, is, are they intrinsically connected with one another in the sense that, they are the fragments of some primeval tale current among the Indians at a time when they were less widely scattered over this continent than at present, or have they sprung up at several centres independently of each other? This question is one of great interest to American ethnologists, but one to which, in the present state of our knowledge respecting the mode of growth and diffusion of popular tales, it would, perhaps, be rash to attempt an answer. But whether or not these tales have any true kinship with one another, it hardly admits of doubt that they have a common basis, either of fact or of logic, and that they may be regarded as practically, if not actually, different versions of a single original tale. What is this basis, and what is the meaning of the story?"

Mr. Herbert Spencer has suggested that "the early progenitors of a tribe were dwellers in caves on the mountain," also that "where caves are used for interments, they become the supposed places of abode for the dead; and hence develops the notion of a subterranean other world."

Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, eminent in this field, finds in this tradition an underlying meaning—a "bit of primitive philosophy."

"Out of the Earth rises life—to her it returns. She it is who guards all germs, nourishes all beings. The Aztecs painted her as a woman with countless breasts; the Peruvians called her Mama Ollpa, *Mother* Earth; in the Algonkin tongue the words for earth, mother, father, are from the same root. *Homo, Adam, chanaigenes*, what do all these words mean but earth-born, the son of the soil, repeated in the poetic language of Attica in *Anthropos*, he who springs up like a flower? * * * The Indians often pointed to some height or some cavern as the spot whence the first men issued, adult and armed, from the tomb of All-mother Earth. This cavern, which thus dimly lingered in the memory of nations, occasionally expanded to another world, imagined to underlie this of our's, and still inhabited by beings of our kind, who have never been lucky enough to discover its exit. * * Such tales of an under-world are very frequent among the Indians, and are a very natural out-growth of the literal belief that the race is earth-born."

The delightful poetry of this interpretation does not, however, satisfy our inquirer. "Is there not," he asks, "internal evidence to be obtained through an examination of various versions of the story itself, which will conduct us to something better than a mere guess, however plausible, at its origin and significance?" To us the "something better" which he proposes is little more than an ingenious fancy. He develops his theory very cleverly, however.

"In primitive geography the earth is surrounded by water. * * The world sea, as well as the cave of the under-world, was an important element in the primitive conception of the sunrise and sunset. Out of this sea the sun arose every morning, and into it he returned at evening. * * When the story of the sun's rising and setting became confused and entered upon its mythological career, the world-sea contracted its dimensions and became simply a lake or a river in the lower world. * * This conception of the sun's rising from a sea, as well as from an under-world, furnishes the connecting link between our cave world and the equally prevalent tradition that the first man or first men came out of the water. * * Let us suppose, to illustrate the case before us, that an ancient Peruvian chant, addressed to the rising sun, under the name of Viracodea, contained a phrase which may be translated, 'He cometh up from the sea, or from the great hollow.' Now, let it be borne in mind that this phrase may be ambiguous in regard to tense; for those modifications of the verb which distinguish nicely the time of an action belong only to the more highly developed languages, and are wanting or neglected in barbarian speech. * * If now, a chant or a hymn such as we have supposed were to be preserved and sung at religious festivals until a time when Viracodea was no longer distinctly identified with the sun, but had become a personal deity, the ambiguous phrase will most naturally be taken in a historical sense and will be understood as meaning, 'He, Viracodea, *came* out of the sea.' Here we have already a tradition, due simply to the misinterpretation of an old song. And when once the story has been started that the great and beneficent Viracodea came out of the sea—or out of the cavern—men will not be long in discovering the precise spot where the event took place."

Indians in Massachusetts.

Eight girls and six boys left us the latter part of June for a summer with the farmers among the Berkshire Hills. They go to friends who will teach them farm and house-work in the most practical way, and send them back in the Fall renewed in body and mind by this total change of atmosphere. Two girls have gone to Longmeadow and one to Concord for the same purpose. None are to be paid for their services, but are expected to so conduct themselves that each party will feel mutually benefited by the summer together. The boys, being usually strong, can often do a man's work on the farm, while the girls can make themselves useful in many womanly ways. This summer none have been sent except for good conduct and character here, and we hope they will do much toward wiping out the unpleasant name made there by some very unreliable ones during the past few summers.

Mr. Rathbun who has charge of the vocal and instrumental music, says of his Indian pupils:

We are glad to say that the new venture of teaching the Indians instrumental music, is proving very successful. Some of the organ pupils already show a proficiency that would do credit to our more civilized people. While only partially understanding our language, by means of signs, etc., new ideas are introduced and taken hold of with a zeal that shows only the chance to develope is wanted. A new field of usefulness may thus be opened to many on their return home. Rudiments of vocal music are now being introduced into the regular summer school.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

On the morning of the July 26th, a party of thirteen Indians, Omahas and Winnebagoes, arrived at the school, under the care of Noah La Flesche. The party consisted of five girls and four boys and two married couples.

A NEW HOME has just been made among us. Bear Bird and his wife, Julia, have gone into one of the new cottages put up for our married students. Everything is very bright, new and pretty, and they take great pride in keeping it so. As yet it has no name. Should the home of Bear Birds be called a den or a nest? Time will tell, if it has not already.

The Irony of Fate.

A small, vine-grown brick building near Virginia Hall, formerly known as a gas house, is being reconstructed and put in order by a squad of Indian boys. It is henceforth to be known as the Guard House.

Vacation.

Here at Hampton we believe in object-teaching, especially with the Indians. The boy who replied that vacation meant "another kind of work" had learned his lesson after this method. This vacation we have on the school grounds 155 colored and 65 Indian students. 52 new Indians from Indian Territory, Nebraska and Dakota, are expected this month.

For the Indian boy, vacation means that he must rise at 5:15, put his room in order, breakfast at 6, go to work at 7, dine at 12:15, go into school at 1, back to work at 3, supper at 6:30 and prayers at 7. After this his day's work is done, and he is, with all the other students, usually found assisting in a lively and interesting scene on the large green in front of Virginia Hall. Here for half an hour in the cool of the day the whole school is gathered, playing games, chatting socially together, or enjoying the quiet society of *one*, on the principle that "two make a company." The quarter-of-eight bell always seems ahead of time, and it is hard to say good night just as the setting sun is lighting up the water and making all the world so beautiful, but it must be done. The colored students must go in to night-school, and the Indians to their respective cottages or to prayer meeting. They are not allowed to leave the grounds, but may enjoy their evening hour after their own fashion until 9 o'clock, when a bell summons them to roll-call and prayers. This service is conducted by Indians only, showing that they are making some progress in self-government.

This is vacation, yet no one complains; they know no other way and are thoroughly in earnest in desiring to make the most of their time.

MONDAY afternoon, July 6, we bade God speed to twenty-eight Indian pupils who, under the care of Rev. Mr. Gravatt and Miss Ludlow, left us for their homes in Dakota and Indian Territory. Fourteen of this number were returned principally for illness, the rest for expiration of time. Thirteen have been here at school nearly four years, and go back to their homes very much in earnest in their desire to help their people. Many hope to come back in the Fall for another term of years to better prepare themselves for stronger work. One will return to enter a theological school, and another to study medicine and so become the first civilized "medicine-man" of his tribe.

They go to the different agencies as follows:

	Age.	Came.
SAC AND FOX, I. T.		
**Thomas Miles,	22	Oct., '82
PAWNEE, I. T.		
Thomas Bowman,	19	Nov., '83
LOWER BRULE, D. T.		
*Geo. Bushotter,	21	Dec., '82
Benj. Ohitika,	19	Oct., '81
Sarah Leeds,	25	Dec., '82
CROW CREEK, D. T.		
*Edward Ashley,	24	Oct., '83
Thos. Paseca,	19	Oct., '81
Samuel Cetan,	25	Oct., '81
Henry Little Eagle,	21	Oct., '81
Chas. McBride,	21	June, '84
*Frank Pamani,	26	June, '84
Mrs. Frank Pamani,	19	June, '84
Amy Wizi,	15	Apr., '84
Emma Goodform,	20	Apr., '84
Yellow Star,	10	Apr., '84
YANKTON, D. T.		
Mary Hinman,	17	
Chas. Johnson,	19	Nov., '84
CHEYENNE RIVER.		
Thos. Ikinicapi,	19	Oct., '81
Jos. Sunkaska,	20	Oct., '81
Chas. Spotted Eyes,	20	June, '84
Louis Rattling Rib,	15	June, '84
Joe Marsh,	15	Oct., '81
Maggie Larrabee,	13	Oct., '81
Cora Bell, Little Blackfoot,	16	Nov., '84
STANDING ROCK		
Thomas Goodwood,	18	Oct., '81
Frank Black Hawk,	19	Oct., '81
Joseph Arrow,	18	June, '84
Lucas Shield,	20	June, '84

**Graduated. *Second term at Hampton.

Lending a Hand.

As soon as news came to us of the cyclone at the Omaha Reservation, a meeting of our Lend-a-Hand Club was called, the matter discussed, and a generous sum voted to be sent the sufferers.

This Club is yet in its infancy and its members are only learning their first lessons in systematic giving. Seeing how difficult it is for Indians to earn money here, Miss Walker, of Pittsfield, Mass., kindly offered to sell for them all the articles they would make and send to her. The Indians entered most cheerfully into the plan and in a few weeks two large boxes went north filled with bows and arrows, dolls, Indian work, fancy work, carving and various small things, all made and given by Indian boys and girls.

Miss Walker held her fair and astonished us all by sending to the Club over $50. Until this, the treasury has been in imagination only, and the treasurer of so little importance that his name even was forgotten; not to be so treated again we hope.

The story of the trouble gleaned from letters and newspapers roused the sympathies of the Indians to such an extent that they would—Indian fashion—have parted with their entire fortune had they not been restrained by the representative of a less impulsive race.

Very interesting were the speeches delivered, some in English and some in Indian. Philip and Minnie who, with little Eddie, were among the sufferers, were spoken of with much feeling. The many wars between the Omahas and Sioux tribes was brought up, but quietly and delicately put away as things of the past. The whole spirit of these earnest, extemporaneous speeches, made freely among themselves and for themselves, was Christian in its broadest sense, and should be a great encouragement to all who are laboring to make the Indian a man in the true sense. The following is the letter of Benj. Ohitika to Philip Stabler at Omaha Agency:

DEAR FRIENDS:—We were very sorry to hear that you were a great trouble with the strong winds, and I think you know that we all the Indian students Club call "Lend-a-Hand Club," that we will try to make something and sale it and make some money and keep them to help somebody in danger. We chose some officers and I am one of the officers. We had a meeting last night and talk about what we should do. I was standing up and I thought it was better for us to help you someway. That it will be remembered to us, because our fore-fathers and your fore-fathers were a great enemies to each other and make a war between the Sioux and the Omahas, but how in this generation we go to the east to learn some way new life, and better way, and to love each other—treat each other very friendly as I said. We used to enemy each other, but now that is all past and try to live another way, and now there are some money for you that will help you. Something for need. All the boys are sending to you their money. Especially most of them Sioux. We want you to let us know if you get the money. May write to me if you have time because I leave the Hampton very soon if you write you must write good one because I must read to the boys. They are anxious to hear from you as soon as possible. I shall ask God will bless you and keep you in a trouble. Give my love to your family. I hope to hear from you soon.

Yours Respectfully,
A Sioux friend,
BENJ. OHITIKA.

Abstract of Indian Reports.

CHEYENNE RIVER.

This agency is about half way between the northern and southern boundary of the Great Sioux Reserve, and, stretching 150 miles along the western side of the Missouri, has the lion's share of its muddy waters. On the north the Moreau forms the boundary. Fifty miles or more south of this the Cheyenne zigzags its swift but clearer waters through the desolate country, encouraging vegetation all along its banks, and winning from the Indians the name Walipa Waste—or Good River. Several miles south of this, where everything looks discouraging, another stream flows to the Missouri, and this the inhabitants justly call the Bad river.

Two military posts are stationed near here—Fort Sully on the east bank and Fort Randall farther up the river on the right, and at the agency proper. Why anyone should have chosen this place as a settlement is beyond conception, for there seems not the slightest thing to recommend it as a location—as far as the people of the present can see. Near a small fort, the traders' stores, the scouts' camp, and a few houses huddled together on the river bank, form what is called the "agency;" while a mile or so beyond, the government school and the girls' boarding school and mission church stand at a respectful distance apart.

Nine hundred children between six and seven years of age were reported on the agency last year.

The government school, composed of bright young boys, under Miss Swan's management, promises to turn out, in the course of time, some strong, manly youths; while the Episcopal mission school, under Mr. and Mrs. Kinney—probably the best school in Dakota—promises girls who will be more than a match for the boys.

The Episcopal missionary, Rev. Henry Swift, has his mission 60 miles north of the agency. Of his work he says:

"About 700 Indians all told are under the influence of the Episcopal mission. Services are kept up regularly at three points. In the sphere of our influences dancing and conjuring have ceased. The majority have assumed the dress of white people, and almost all are living in houses. Of one hundred and ten families living in the vicinity of Saint Stephen's, in a radius of 30 miles, almost all are scattered at distances from each other on homesteads, and the greater part have fields of their own ranging from one to fifteen acres, broken or plowed by themselves, under cultivation. Many of the women have learned to do housework at the mission, and greater cleanliness and order and neatness is found in their houses in consequence.

"In connection with education I have felt the great need there is for systematic industrial teaching. Children trained in letters for three or five years and then returned to their homes will derive but little benefit and will be of little use to their people, unless in conjunction with their knowledge of books is united a thorough knowledge of every-day work.

"Bigamy has been pretty well checked. Indian marriages are, however, frequent; that is, a man taking a woman, with father's consent, but without any further ceremony, or any bond to hold the couple together, and, in many cases, after a while the parties may separate and contract new alliances. Fifty-three couples have been married by me in the church, and in every case the parties have remained true to each other. In the past year there have been 63 infant and 36 adult baptisms, and 36 have been confirmed. The aggregate attendance at the three stations on Sundays has averaged about 120. Offerings have amounted to $140."

Rev. Thomas L. Riggs, son of Dr. Riggs, one of the first missionaries to the Sioux, has a more extensive field of labor, and is assisted more than any other missionary by native workers. Except his industrial school at Oahe, all his schools are taught by Indian men or women. Of them and their work he says:—

"Progress in all our schools has been good, the teachers faithful, and the average attendance much better than for past years. Instruction given by the native teachers is chiefly in the vernacular, though at three schools English also has been taught. It is a marked fact that when a child can read in his own language he is usually far better able to master the difficulties of English speech.

"Closely connected with school training we are carrying forward the religious and moral education of the people. We endeavor to teach them to *think*, and to think *pure* thoughts, as well as to read and write. Nor have our schools been lacking in effort to promote physical industry and training, if in nothing more than this—that every native teacher is obliged to plant and care for a small field at his station. We have furnished object lessons to enforce precept."

Born and brought up with these people, he must know whereof he speaks when he says, at the conclusion of his report:—

"It is time now to compel attendance at school. Not alone at Government schools, but with mission schools as well. The ration system should be used as an educational lever. When a village has located within reach of a school affording opportunity, the children of that village should be made to attend or the ration be forfeited. This is not visionary; it is a fact at some agencies, and should be a fact with us. The time for fooling in this matter of education is past. We cannot afford to build and furnish schools and then depend on caprice and slender desire to fill them up. Attendance *must be forced*."

This has certainly been tried at this agency, and with success. When a child's respect for the "white man's way" decreases to such an extent that he is impelled to seek refuge and sympathy under the paternal tipi, the Indian policeman is sent as an embassador from the agent and the child escorted back to his teachers, or rations withdrawn from the whole family.

These Indian policemen, wherever I have seen them, command great respect. They are chosen from the stronger men of the tribe, the more advanced; and outside their duties as guardians of the peace—for which trying work they receive the sum of $5 per month—they exert a most beneficial influence not only in the line of law and order, but also by their more advanced ideas of every day living.

The Government land on the east side of the river, running parallel with the entire length of this reservation, has brought the white people closer to the Indians than is best for their good.

Their agent, Major Swan, says:—

"Numerous towns and villages have lately sprung up on the east side of the Missouri River in which there are always, as in all new settlements on the frontier, a few white men whose influence with the Indians cannot be otherwise than detrimental, viz., by the sale of liquor, arms, and fixed ammunition; by encouraging and hiring Indians to resume their wild dress and give dances for amusement of whites; by persuading them to sell annuity goods issued by the Government, and finally by prostituting their women. All these are great obstacles in the way of civilization.

"An element of great evil is the residence of squawmen among the Indians. As a rule their influence with the Indian is bad and their example pernicious."

It is the old story over again—a few good people giving their lives to help up a fallen race, while many more evil or unscrupulous ones are holding them down. Is it strange that the Indian finds it hard to trust the white people when four-fifths of all the men he comes in contact with are of this stamp?

Evidently the Indians at this agency do not intend to follow the course prescribed for them by many worthy people, and "die out." Their report for last year places their number at 3,144. In spite of their birthright of scrofula and consumption, only 72 died during the year, while the number of births reported was 123. They average four persons to a family.

Their agent, Major Swan, concludes his report to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs with the result of his experience, as follows:

"I have no ambition to indulge in vague speculations and idle theories regarding the advancement and civilization of the Indian. Paid labor for the adults and generous education for the young is, in my opinion, the surest means of solving the problematical question of Indian civilization. The pauperization of Indians is the one great impediment to their advancement. All able-bodied Indians should be compelled to work for their subsistence; reasonable wages should be paid them for their labor, and, above all other requisites, good faith should be kept with them on the part of the Government in every particular."

Aunt Pokey's Son.

(Continued from Page 88)

with a perfectly flat nose, wide open eyes, and thick, red lips, who cautiously peered into the room from the shop. Seeing that he was unnoticed, the child slipped into the chair vacated by Professor Randolph, and was soon making way with the provisions in a stealthy and astonishing manner. Occasionally he glanced at Aunt Pokey in surprise, and had very nearly resolved to stop eating from sheer inability to swallow anything more, when the mistress of the house suddenly awoke to his proceedings. "Well," she said, abruptly, "Don't you think you has 'stroyed about enough for one time, sir? Nigger, if you was valibil 'cordin' ter what you kin do in de way of 'stroyin' vittals you pintidly would be worth keeping."

The boy dropped his knife and fork, folded his hands on his breast, and responded in a deeply injured tone, "I haint had nary drap n' coffee, an' I was mos' choked tryin' to 'stroy dem vittals 'thout nuthin' ter drink, 'cos I didn't want to 'sturb you, marm." Aunt Pokey bestowed a withering glance upon the boy; shaking her head and rolling her eyes until only the whites were visible, as she proceeded to fill a large mug with coffee, which having duly sweetened, she presented to him, and then hastily gathered up the cups and plates, which were soon washed and put away in a cupboard with glass doors which stood on one side of the chimney.

Aunt Pokey was too much absorbed in her thoughts and her occupation as she moved about tidying the room, to notice her impish assistant, who, having finished his coffee, placed himself in rear of her portly form, following her motions with a series of derisive gestures and grimaces, which were suddenly brought to an end as Professor Randolph, chancing to look up from his papers, quietly remarked, "What are you doing, Julius?" That graceless urchin disappeared incontinently into the shop as Aunt Pokey, without knowing what he had been doing, made a vigorous dive in his direction, and then drawing herself up to her usual dignified bearing, she left the room without speaking.

An hour later, during which customers had been coming and going, waited upon by Julius under the sharp supervision of the proprietor of the establishment, that stately personage again entered the parlor, where her son sat still occupied with books and papers. She looked very imposing in a huge waterproof cloak, with the hood drawn over her head, and having closed the blinds and locked the inner door of the shop, she lightly rapped Julius' round, woolly cranium with the key, saying, severely, "Now set yosef down thar, sir, an' don't let me fin' you a puttin' on more o' yer niggeryfied ways. Not a an' do you put on tell I come back."

"Why, mother," said the young teacher, for the first time noticing the movements of the old dame, "what makes you close up so early to-night? There is no service that I know of at the church. Is there a meeting of your society?" "No," said Aunt Pokey, "it aint church, nor 'ciety neither, but I've got some business to 'tend arter, an' its rainin' a little, an' I reckin thar' won't be many folks out buyin' ter night. Here's the shop key, ef anybody comes wurth a-openin' de shop fer. You needn't set up for me, sonny, ef I stay long. An' you kin make dat nigger go to bed when you sees him a noddin." Aunt Pokey bristled up and her voice grew suddenly stern as she turned towards Julius, who had been nodding a little, but now sat bolt upright and protested that he was not "sleepy nur nuthin'."

When his mother had gone out, Professor Randolph pushed aside his books, and desired Julius to get his slate and copy-book and come to the table, an order which was obeyed with some reluctance.

The young man spent the next half hour very patiently, trying to interest his pupil in the arts of writing and ciphering, the time being occupied by Julius in equally diligent efforts to wear out the patience of his teacher by endless tricks and evasions. At the end of that time, he abruptly announced that he was "so tired an' sleepy he couldn't see dem marks on de slate," and with an air of abject humility begged permission to go to bed.

The Professor looked at the boy grimly, and said, with a sigh, "Julius, you seem to have no desire to improve yourself whatever. Will nothing induce you to drop your foolish ways and try to learn?" Julius instantly became wide awake, and with shining eyes and eager face he sprang to his feet, saying, "Yes, sah! 'Deed an' truf dar' is somefin' would make me dat anxious to 'prove myself, nobody wouldn't know me." "What do you mean," said his teacher, surprised at his sudden change of aspect. Julius approached a step nearer, his whole frame quivering with excitement as he exclaimed, "Oh! Purfessor, please, sah! Will you as' Aunt Pokey ter lemme go ter de circus Sat'dy night an' de baptizen' Sunday. She dun 'clar she gwine ter make me stay at home bof dem 'casions el she haf ter tie me ter de bed pos'." "I fear you had been behaving badly, Julius," said young Randolph, gravely, "you are very troublesome sometimes. What had you done that made my mother say you should not go to the circus?" Julius drooped like a limp rag, his jaw fell, his eyes closed, his whole figure seemed about to collapse. "I haint done nurfin," he whined, "'ceptin'—'ceptin',—when she done saunt me wid dem cakes what Miss Ginul Poter'feel done order fur her tea party—an'—an'—I stopped long o' dem circus pictures, tull et done got too late." "What then?" said his teacher, with some sternness, "what became of the cakes?" Julius was sobbing and gasping now, his appearance betokening utter desolation. "I dunno what becamed ur dem," he wailed, "I tuk an' sot de basket down, an' when I looked at it 'mos all de cakes was gwine 'ceptin' two ur free, an' I tuk 'en eat dem co' I knowed dem wusn't nuf fur Mis Ginirl Poto'feel. I specks dem low-life white boys an' niggers what dun call my 'tention to dem picturs tuk an' et dem cakes, an' I tuk an' brung Aunt Pokey's basket home and she tuk an' say—say—." Julius was overcome with emotion, his voice lost in sobs. "You had better go to bed, Julius," said Professor Randolph. "I fear my mother will find the trouble she has bestowed on you is all in vain." Julius shuffled dismally away, apparently much discouraged in regard to the "circus Sat'dy and the baptizin' Sundy," but was soon afterwards heard singing, as he walked about the upper floor, in a clear, musical voice,

"Amazin' Grace, how sweet de soun,
Dat save a wretch like me!"

For some days the young teacher noticed that his mother was unusually abstracted, talked little, and went out every night as soon as she could close the store, carrying a covered basket with her. He was much occupied with his half-yearly examinations, and being well aware that his energetic mother was fully able to manage her own business and liable to resent any intrusion thereupon, he asked no questions and made no comments.

One evening as he reached the sitting-room, looking somewhat jaded from his work, he was surprised to meet his mother at the door, apparently a good deal excited. "Ikey, sonny," she said in coaxing tones. "I is done sot yo' supper in de kitchen ter night. Mammy's got oysters an' dem fritters you is allers so fond uv, an' de big lamp an' all yo' papers is in dar' too. I thought you wouldn' mine a-eatin' in dar onct in a while. Julius," she added briskly, her manner changing abruptly, "I'll 'ten' ter shop myself ter night, an' you kin stay in de kitchen an' wait on de Purfessor. I b'lieve dats de bell now," said Aunt Pokey, as, with an air of some embarrassment, she turned away from her son.

The Professor frowned slightly as he retraced his steps through the side entry and opened the door of the kitchen, which, though small, was tidy and comfortable. A tempting meal was set upon a table near the stove, and several books and newspapers lay beside the handsome student lamp.

The young man began to eat his supper without speaking, and Julius, standing opposite to him, gazed solemnly at the appetizing viands. "Why did not my mother want me to go into the parlor to-night," said the Professor, looking suddenly up at Julius, who instantly dropped a fritter he had managed to secure by reaching backwards to the stove, and folding his hands upon his breast, he assumed a most innocent aspect. As the question was repeated Julius brightened up, and, approaching a step nearer, said, in a low, eager voice, "Cos Aunt Pokey done fetch dat ole white woman frum de bodin' house, an' she done fix supper fur her in de parlor, an' she done clar' out all dem tings of yourn outen yo' room nex de parlor an' done fix dat up extry for dat ole white woman to sleep in. I specs you is got ter sleep up in de lof over dis here kitchen long o' me, I does," he added with a giggle.

Professor Randolph dropped his knife and fork and pushed his plate angrily from him. "A slave to the last," he muttered, indignantly. Then turning to the boy, he said, sternly, "Say Mrs. Moncure when you speak of that lady, and now show me where my things have been put." Aunt Pokey entered at this moment, and seeing from her son's manner that he had heard the tidings she hesitated to give him, she approached the table and affectionately urged him to be helped to the various dishes.

"No, thank you," said her son, dryly, and Aunt Pokey, much less complacent in her stately bearing than usual, told Julius in an undertone to come and eat his supper quickly, as she had use for him. The old woman sighed as her son put on his hat and gathered up his papers, but she busied herself in quickly clearing the table, without seeming to notice him. Filling a large dish with hominy boiled to a turn, from a pot on the stove, she offered some of the savory mess to Julius, who was now polishing his plate and licking his fingers.

"No, thankee, marm," said the hopeful urchin, drawing away his plate and gazing hungrily at the bowl of oysters which had been placed on a shelf. "I don' like hominy," he drawled. "But you is got to eat sumfin to fill up, you is," said Aunt Pokey with wrathful eyes; "does you believe I kin stan' keepin' a trifilin' nigger like you on oysters an' flitters? Don't I know it takes jes' as much to fill you up as one uv dem cake bar'ls in dar, an' ef I don' fill you wid sumfin ruther solid, whar will all dem cakes an' fruits in dat shop go ter!" Julius slid from his seat to the floor, and, covering his face with his hands, rocked to and fro, sobbing piteously. Aunt Pokey calmly continued her labors, by turns rolling her eyes ominously at the boy and glancing anxiously at her son. "What is the matter with you, child?" said the latter impatiently, as he laid his hand on the door. "I haint got no pappy nur no mammy nur nuthin', and Aunt Pokey she is so cross," whined Julius. "Nuvver you minc 'bout me," said Aunt Pokey, as she gave the boy a jerk which raised him in the air, and then set him on his feet with a hearty shake. "you 'ten ter dat bell, an' I'll 'ten ter de cross." Julius stood regarding her with a broad grin on his face. "Go 'long in de shop an' don't eat up all dar is in it, fo' I comes," she added, giving a lunge after his retreating form with the dish-cloth; then turning quickly towards her son, she said, in soft, deprecating tones, "What makes you go out again, Ikey? It's a mity stormy night, son, an' dat cough o' yourn seems ter be a pesterin' you a leap dese nights. I bin' a fixin' up a stew o' ho'houn an' some youther truck for you." "I did not know that you cared to have me at home, mother," was the answer. "You seem to be giving up the whole house to your friend, Mrs. Moncure, and I can go down to the Institute and share John Watson's room while she is here. He has very good quarters, and says he is always glad to see me. I suppose you will let me sop out the frying-pan after your white visitor has finished her meals, so you can look out for me at breakfast time," and before his mother could reply, he abruptly left the room.

The next evening, as the young teacher, his face still wearing the gloomy frown which it had shown since he received Julius' information, was sitting at the kitchen table, on which a bountiful meal was spread, the door between the kitchen and parlor was softly opened, and steps so light that they were unheard, approached the young man. Isaac Randolph was somewhat startled, when a thin, white hand was laid upon his arm and his name uttered in sweet tones. "Is this really you, Isaac, my little Isaac," said a fair, sad-looking old lady, with a worn, weary face and a voice full of tears.

Professor Randolph sprang to his feet, and for an instant stood speechless before the bent form robed in black, which reminded him of some ghostly vision, and seemed to bring him faint memories of distant happy years. Then he bowed with grave courtesy, and said, in cold, formal tones, "Mrs. Moncure, I believe." A slight flush passed over the pale face, and then the old lady said, gently, "Isaac, I fear my coming here has disturbed you. I know my good Pocohontas so well, I can tell when there is anything on her mind, and I see that she is ttoubled. It is very sweet to me to be with my faithful old servant once more. You know we were nursed at the same breast, as I nursed you, and my precious lost Edward at my breast, and we were playmates and girls together, and have been life-long friends. We were never separated until the dreadful war, which took my children and my fortune, took her away too. But I am not willing to be the means of making you uncomfortable in the home you and your mother have earned and deserve to enjoy. I want you to call a carriage for me, while she is out, so that I can return to the boarding-house at once, without having to pain her by refusing her kindness and hospitality." The old lady seemed very feeble, and as she spoke she grasped the back of a chair for support. "How you have changed!" she continued in the gentle voice, which seemed to pierce the young man's heart as it recalled the home of his childhood, where his mistress had been his kindest friend, her youngest son his best loved playmate.

"You do not seem strong, madam," said the young man in milder tones than could have been expected from one who had worn such a heavy frown for some days past. "Will you not take a seat?" he added, turning an armchair, which had been placed near the lamp for his benefit, towards the fire. "No, Isaac," was the answer, "I am very weak, and you must get the carriage quickly, or I shall not be able to go." But even as she spoke, the pale lady placed her hand upon her heart with an expression of pain, her slight form swayed helplessly, and she would have fallen to the floor, had not the young man caught her in his strong arms, and lifting her gently, he carried her into the parlor and laid her upon the sofa, then turned hastily to look for restoratives. Camphor and a bottle of wine, used to flavor Aunt Pokey's richest cakes, and carefully put out of Julius' range, were soon found; and pouring out a glassful of wine, the teacher knelt beside the couch and held it to the colorless lips of his old mistress. "Thank you," she said in a faint voice, after drinking the wine. "Isaac, when I saw you, and heard your voice, the thought of my lost darling, who used to love you so dearly, came over me with such force I could not bear it. I am very weak now-a-days, but I will feel better soon. I think I can sit up presently, an' you must go at once for the carriage." "Rest quietly, dear Madam," said the teacher earnestly, "pray rest as you are until mother comes, and I entreat you not to say anything more about leaving our poor little home, if it affords you any satisfaction to stay in it." Tears slowly coursed over the faded cheeks that lay upon the pillow, and there was such an air of helplessness about the frail form which Isaac remembered as his childish ideal of grace and beauty that the young man was infinitely moved, and he could scarcely command his voice as he enquired gently if he could do anything for her. "You are so kind, I see you have your mother's true, honest heart," said the old lady, "sit down by me, Isaac, don't stand in that formal way. Bring that stool and sit here at my side as you and Edward used to do when you were boys together, and always came to me with your childish troubles. I want to hear all about your life since we parted. Your mother tells me you did so well in the mission schools here, you attracted the attention of good people in the North, and they gave you the advantage of a thorough education."

"My mother is so fond of me, I fear she overrates me," said the young man modestly. "But I have certainly much to be grateful for. My Northern patron gave me every opportunity for improvement enjoyed by his own. We went to the same college, and spent our vacations together in his beautiful and luxurious home on Lake George. And he always keeps me supplied with the best books and papers of this and other countries."

Aunt Pokey could hardly restrain her astonishment and delight when she returned an hour later to find her son seated beside the invalid, reading to her from a batch of papers he had just received, to which she was listening with eager interest. Julius, who had been left in charge of the shop with many admonitions as to his good behavior, had exhausted himself in grimaces and gesticulations at the scene he regarded through the glass door, and had fallen asleep with his head resting on a barrel of apples. Having despatched him to bed, in spite of his assertion that he was wide awake, Aunt Pokey closed the shop for the night and entered the little parlor with a happy smile illuminating her handsome dark face. When the doctor, who was operating on Mrs. Moncure's eyes, paid his usual visit, he smiled approvingly at the Professor's occupation, and said cheerfully, "Now, Madam, I shall begin to look for some improvement, for I see a chance for you to turn your thoughts from care. With Aunt Pokey's fine cooking and the Professor's excellent reading, you would be a bad case indeed not to mend fast." Aunt Pokey nodded her head complacently. "I knowed Missus wusn't agwine to mend none while she was at dat bo'dinhouse, wid all dem commin doins" she remarked decidedly. "Po' white folk's eatin's allurs does colic quality people, an' she larn't Ikey to read herself 'long 'o her own dear chile what's dead an' gone. I reckin his readin' orter do her some good."

(To be continued.)

In a sketch of "Comenius," recently published by Prof. Painter of Roanoke College, such of our readers as are teachers will find an interesting bit of biographical history. Comenius was born in Moravia in 1592, and in the words of Prof. Painter, "became the most celebrated educational reformer of the seventeenth century." Early in life he devoted himself to the profession of teaching, and in his work embodied many of the educational ideas which are now-a-days claimed as the production and property of modern thinkers. Like all reformers he was a little ahead of his times, and we can imagine that the "model school" which in 1650, he attempted to established in the town of Patak, in Hungary, furnished a target for the local wits and critics, rather than the example for educators which he intended it to be.

His enthusiasm and the strength of his convictions made his life admirable, and that he had the inspirations of a true teacher is shown by the following gleanings from his works, which Prof. Painter has arranged in the form of "Principles." They might be hung upon the walls of many modern school rooms.

1. Education is a development of the whole man.

2. Educational methods should follow the order of nature.

3. Both sexes should receive equal instructions, since the end of education is individual development.

3. Learning should he made agreeable. Teachers should always have something interesting and profitable to communicate to their classes. School-houses should be made comfortable and attractive.

5. If the superstructure is not to totter, the foundation must be laid well.

9. Nothing should be taught that is not of solid utility.

10. Studies should be adapted to the capacity of the pupil.

11. Nothing is to he learned by heart that is not first thoroughly understood.

12. Let nothing that admits of sensible or rational demonstration be taught by authority.

14. In the sciences, the student should have the objects studied before him.

19. Things to he done should be learned by doing them. "Mechanics," Comenius says, "understand this well; they do not give the apprentice a lecture upon their trade; but they let him see how they as masters do; then they place the tool in his hands, teach him to use it and imitate them. Doing can be learned only by doing, writing by writing, painting by painting, and so on."

20. Religion is of supreme importance; and in addition to religious instruction, the young should be accustomed to the exercise of Christian virtues, such as, temperance, justice, compassion, patience, and so on.

21. Discipline should aim at improving the character.

22. The teacher should be an example, in person and conduct, of what he requires of his pupils.

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THERE is probably not a newspaper in this country which has not during the last four weeks devoted a large share of its space to biographical and editorial notices of General Grant. Every child in America knows now the story of his life and death in fullest detail, and neither in the North nor the South has there been any lack of honest mourning for the man to whom we are all now ready to acknowledge the nation's indebtedness. To realize what that indebtedness is and to appreciate the character of the man, should be easier now than ever before, and we believe that the facts upon which such appreciation must be based are already so well known to our readers as to require no recapitulation here. We know the places of his birth and death, we know familiarly the surroundings of his early life, we know how the great wave of war took him up from insignificance and swept him into fame; it seems, indeed, as if nothing had been left untold. The history of what may be called the accidents of his life has been given to us without a gap, but remarkable as these accidents are, they remain unmeaning until supplemented by the man himself—a strong, impressive, determined figure, standing, from the outset, in relief against a strangely shifting background.

For the first forty years of his life Fate seemed to have nothing in store for him beyond what is included in the ordinary lot of man; while into the last twenty-five years have been condensed struggle and success, glory and grief almost without parallel. It is all ended now; and the world is passing its verdict upon him who for many months has been the subject of world-wide discussion. Never, perhaps, was verdict more nearly unanimous or critics more nearly agreed, for the simplicity, so to speak, of General Grant's power, the unity of his qualities, make his character easy to analyse and bring it within the comprehension of all men. His energy, resolution and singleness of purpose made him a great general, and it is the possession of these qualities in an extraordinary degree which must always ensure to him unstinted admiration and respect. And obviously enough, it is to what the French call "the defects of his virtues" that his failure as a statesman is to be attributed. He was at the mercy of his friends, to whom it was impossible that he could be anything less than thoroughly loyal, and the strength and stubbornness of his convictions were manifestly against him when he passed into the hands of manœuvering politicians. The sorrows which fell upon him in the last year of his life, and the way in which he endured them, seem to have thrown a clearer light upon his previous mistakes, and brought at the last the finer qualities of his character into the prominence which they deserved. The world has been ungrudging in its praise, it has written him down upon its roll of honor, "Honest, resolute, loyal, heroic," and his mother country, whose true son he was, will hold him always as chief among her children.

THE New York *Evening Post* has published within the last few weeks a number of very interesting letters from various parts of the South and from correspondents of various shades of opinion. Our attention has been especially drawn to one of these articles, entitled "A Missionary Problem," dated from Baltimore, and signed "P. A. B." The author is fresh from the exploration of Southern Virginia, and has received certain strong impressions in regard to the condition of the people. This letter is sensible and temperate in tone, but while with many of his statements we entirely agree, to some of them we do most decidedly take exception, believing them to indicate a superficial observation which is likely to be, to a greater or less extent, harmful. He says, we quote of course *verbatim:*

"As far as I could judge, the Negroes in Southern Virginia receive as a race very little, if any, moral instruction. The great majority of their teachers in the free schools take a literal view of their duties; in other words, they are engaged at a definite salary to set their pupils certain ta ks, and all the discipline they enforce is of a purely physical and mental character, and just enough of that to impart a stated amount of elementary knowledge. Few as yet feel, or are even capable of feeling, as strenuous and zealous an interest in the moral as in the intellectual progress of those under their tuition. It is true that they are not required by their contracts to do Sunday-school work at the time that they teach the different branches of the appointed course of study, but I am inclined to think that this is very much to be regretted."

As a reply to this we should be glad to put into the hands of our readers a collection of letters received here during the past year, from graduates and students of the School who are now, or have lately been, teaching in Southern Virginia.

This our space will not permit, but we can ask them to notice that in every number of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN are to be found two or three such letters, one and all of which bear witness to the fact that an important proportion of the schools under discussion are taught by young colored men and women who are fairly equipped for their work, and thoroughly in earnest not only in their schoolrooms, but wherever their people need them.

Although we consider these letters perfectly satisfactory evidence upon which to base our claims, we do not rest upon them alone, but take into consideration also the Reports of the Hampton School officials, Gen. Armstrong, Rev. Mr. Frissell, and others, who from time to time inspect the schools of the State with, it is to be supposed, unprejudiced and not inexperienced eyes. Our students tell us of the establishment of Sunday Schools, Sewing Schools, Helping Hand Associations, Bands of Mercy, &c.; of Christmas Trees, "on which the children are never tired of looking, because they have never seen one before;" of the distribution of books and papers, of visiting from house to house. Our officers corroborate these statements (*vide* Gen. Armstrong's letters in July and August Nos. S. W.), and it is under these strong lights that the "Missionary Problem" presents itself to us. Again "P. A. B." says:

"After the school, the principal centres in every civilized community from which moral influences radiate, are the home and the church. The cabins of a people who have only recently been set free, and who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, is not the atmosphere in which Integrity in every relation and circumstance of life is fostered, nor is it that in which the young child, even of a superior race, learns unconsciously those unwritten lessons that refine the mind and the heart. It is this very atmosphere which must be purified, and it can only be done by imparting a healthy moral tone to the generations that are yet to come upon the stage."

We raise here no dissenting voice, but at the same time we believe—may we not fairly say we know—that something is being done. Not much, Heaven knows; but something; a little light through the darkness, a little leaven in the lump.

If the correspondent of the *Post* would retrace his steps through Southern Virginia we could introduce him to a few schools, both primary and graded, which, we are not afraid to say, will compare favorably with the average New England country school, and when he shall have visited these schools and their teachers, we believe that he will agree with us that it is in such work as they are doing that the best hope for the future lies. We do not undervalue the darkness; we confess that we cannot compute the forces of ignorance and prejudice that are massed behind the walls which slavery built up, but we do claim that the "Problem," even as stated by "P. A. B.," is not a hopeless one. To us, indeed, it is so far from hopeless that we think we can see the solution of it, but in all humility we confess that it is a solution which means common sense, hard work and a faith which will take no denial. Cannot the American people of the North and the South supply these?

IT has been the good fortune of the Hampton School to grow up as the work of many hands. To no single benefactor does it owe its beginning or its continuance, but rather to the willing efforts of thousands of contributors, to many, perhaps to most of whom, the gift to Hampton has meant some sacrifice of self. The value of this is that it holds both teachers and students to their duty as, probably, nothing else could, for with the knowledge of what our sources of revenue are, comes a sense of responsibility for its proper use, which is thoroughly wholesome and in the best sense stimulating. That so many of the dollars which come into our treasury bring more than their mere money value, is a fact which has not only influenced our past growth, but is also the best assurance of our future, and it is to such givers as the writer of the following letter that we look for some of our most helpful influences.

The sewing machine which the note introduces is pretty certain to do good work, even if it came to us only as the bearer of its owner's kind wishes, or as a lesson in "free will offerings" to our boys and girls.

"I am so glad you can turn the machine to good use. It is yours, and you shall have it as soon as I can get some one to attend to the packing and forwarding. My mother has for the past few days been lying at the gates of death, but the doctor now pronounces her out of danger. I am too ill to do business myself, but I can within a few days get some one, I think, to act for me."

Later.—"Your machine starts to-day on its journey South. I hope it will reach you safely, and work long and well for you. But it seems shameful to offer a charitable institution a gift whose acceptance compels payment of even one cent out of its treasury. I cannot here ascertain the exact cost of transportation, but if you will write what you are obliged to pay, I will send the money by mail, and you shall have the machine free of cost. * * * * * * * If my Heavenly Father gives me work for the coming year and strength to do it, I may again be able to contribute my mite. Earnestly praying that you and those for whom you work may have all courage, strength and success,

"I am, yours sincerely,

_____."

A VERY INTERESTING speech, delivered recently by Judge Beckner, of Winchester, Ky., has been published in full by the New York *Freeman*, from whose pages we quote the following extracts. After drawing the attention of his audience to the experience of various European countries, Judge Beckner says:

"Cannot we in Kentucky learn from these examples the impossibility of reaching the highest standard of civilization without the education of all the people who compose the State? Heathen Japan, under a despotic government, has done more since she opened her ports to the world toward the establishment of an adequate system of common schools than has this free Christian Commonwealth during the same period. The last census shows that over thirty per cent. of our population over the age of ten years cannot read and write. It is stated that in this class may be found nearly one hundred thousand of those who by their votes control the destinies of the Commonwealth. Why is all this illiteracy in this State, the first born of the Union? A per capita of $1.55, an average of $22 per month for teachers and an average value of $78 for school houses may indicate the cause of the trouble. We are hardly able to sustain such systems as they have in the North, because in the Eastern and Middle States there are greater aggregations of wealth to be taxed, while in the West the government has furnished rich foundations in reservations of public lands. According to the census, Massachusetts has but little more population than Kentucky, with about four and one-half times as much taxable valuation, whilst Iowa has substantially the same population with an excess of forty millions in property. Each of these States spends nearly five times as much as we do in the maintenance of public schools. It is easy to see from the figures how Massachusetts can afford to do what she does, and her history shows how well it has paid. Of course public lands account for a part of the difference between Iowa and Kentucky, in this matter of expenditure. But it would be untrue if we should claim that we had done our duty in the matter of public schools.

"Virginia, without as much population as Kentucky, and with forty millions less of taxable property, devotes one-third more per annum to the maintenance of her common schools. Devastated by war and burdened by debt, she puts us to shame in the noble effort she has made for the improvement of her children. Why, we are so derelict in duty, that the State has for years been a field for missionary efforts on the part of the good people of other commonwealths. The handsome and commodious buildings erected in Berea, and the noble efforts of the faculty of that institution, are fruits of the liberality of those who give as they do to missions in Africa. Governor Hoadley, of Ohio, told me two years ago, that he had for a long time contributed to the maintenance of this institution as regularly as he had to the spread of the gospel.

"I do not mean to say that we have not gone forward in Kentucky. We have increased the tax for schools more than threefold since the war, and now divide its proceeds equally with all the children, of whatever race or color. In many of the towns and in all our cities, graded schools have been established in which free tuition may be had for ten months of the year. On the rich foundation furnished by the Federal Government, we have built a State college which grows in usefulness and public regard. Much remains to be done, however.

"In Europe, respect for law and order is enforced by means of standing armies, supported by most burdensome taxation. Here life, liberty and property depend for their protection on public opinion, and this is reliable only in proportion to the intelligence of the people.

"Observe, if you please, those who have caused the lawlessness that has so injured Kentucky abroad, and made such misery and desolation at home. They are, without exception, people who have not enjoyed proper educational facilities, and have, consequently, had the animal developed, at the expense of the intellectual and moral. We may send soldiers to the disturbed districts, we may change the officers whose duty it is

to administer justice, and we may condemn violence as much as we please, but it will all be in vain so long as the State fails to do its duty in the matter of public schools.

"Massachusetts is, in my humble opinion, the highest type of a free, enlightened commonwealth that the world has ever known. This may startle sectional prejudice and self-complacent ignorance, but nevertheless it is true. With a revision of nearly $15 per annum for the education of each child in her confines, and a law that permits no absentees from school, she presents a record of only three per cent. of illiteracy, and this in great part composed of immigrants from other countries. Some one may say that the statistics show as much crime in Massachusetts as in other States of the Union. Perhaps they do; but I have visited her prisons and know how large a proportion of her inmates have not had an opportunity to attend her schools. I do not mean to contend that knowledge is virtue, because we are still human, however thoroughly our intellects may be cultivated. But the experience of the world has put it beyond peradventure that the intelligent man is more apt than the ignorant one to be orderly and well-behaved. He is, of course, better able to comprehend the purpose of government and the value of freedom regulated by law. He can understand the advantage of controlling his passions and conquering his prejudices.

"It is related of a leading colored man whom I know well that when in New York a few years after the war, he called to see the great philanthropist, Wm. E. Dodge, who asked him what he could do for his race in Kentucky. 'Help to educate the ignorant whites,' was the wise reply. Nearly all the race troubles of the South have resulted from lack of intelligence on the part of those who have caused them. 'The race problem,' says Mr. Lamar, 'is in large part the problem of illiteracy. Most of the evils, most of the difficulties which have grown out of that problem have arisen from a condition of ignorance, prejudice and superstition. Remove these and the simpler elements of the question will come into play with a more enlightened understanding and a more tolerant disposition.'

"If we are to have a harmonious, homogenious citizenry, we must have universal education, no matter what the expense. * * * * * Congress may guarantee a Republican form of government as provided in the Constitution, but the spirit will not be there if the free school is neglected. If 'a government of the people, by the people, for the people,' is not to perish from the earth, the people must be intelligent enough to comprehend the importance of its preservation. Liberty in this new world will never be in danger from crowned kings or titled nobles, from military chiefs or standing armies. Its most serious menace is in the vast aggregations of wealth that the operations of commerce and the profits of monopoly make possible. But an educated citizenry will be able to deal even with this tremendous force. The watchful intelligence of the many will ever keep within bounds the sordid schemes of the few.

"As necessary aids to the common school in the education of the citizen, there should be Normal Institutes for teachers, industrial training to take the place of the now abandoned system of apprenticeship, and the popular library which shall give opportunity for a course of reading not otherwise open to the poor. The chief problem in the South at present with reference to these matters is how to get money with which to organize and conduct even a broken system of merely elementary institutions. To ask ignorance to vote it in communities that are able, is to expect of ignorance a virtue which it rarely possesses. Avarice joins in with ignorance, and these fit co-workers find a potent ally in that race prejudice which has been one of the evil spirits of the South. We have had no aid from the Federal Government as have had the States across the Ohio river; we have a mass of illiteracy far in excess to what is found in other sections of the Union; our population is so sparse in many regions as to make it quite difficult to sustain schools; and our taxable property is so insufficient that the people in many instances are really not able to bear the taxation necessary to sustain an adequate system of schools. And yet in spite of these discouragements we dare not fail! We must accept greater burdens for the sake of our children, to whom after all must go these fertile fields, these cattle on a thousand hills, these profitable banks and these prosperous stores. We must, by the force of an aroused public opinion, compel our Senators and Congressmen to abandon the inane theories of a past, in which conditions were different, and to join hands with their generous colleagues from the North, who are willing from the surplus in the Federal treasury to make us equal with the North-west in the matter of aid to education. Those whom I address will have their part to play in the solution of the problem that confronts us in the South, when we come to consider how to establish a sufficient system of common schools. Let me urge you to bear yourselves boldly without fear of condemnation, with an eye single to the preservation of liberty and the uplifting of humanity.

"This institution is a type of what we see throughout the South. The two races mingle in all the pursuits of life and are daily refuting the theories of those who say that they cannot simultaneously occupy the same soil in peace. The elevation of the one is a blessing to the other, and they should go hand in hand in the work of building up a land worthy of their love, and perfecting institutions to which they have a common right and which they cannot too faithfully cherish. There is room for all and work for all, and let us all stand together in the contest now going on between the power of intelligence and ignorance, and do what we can for the right. To doubt that it will triumph is to lack faith in the force that has made the nineteenth century so glowing a period in history, and will yet push humanity to higher power."

Book Notice.

"THE CONGO AND THE FOUNDING OF ITS FREE STATE" *by Henry M. Stanley.*—The International African Association owes its origin to the King of the Belgians, who in 1876 convened a conference of distinguished African travelers at his palace in Brussels, to devise the best means of opening equatorial Africa to civilization. The result of this conference was the establishment of central organizations in nearly all the countries of Europe and in the United States. In June, 1877, a Congress, composed of representatives from all those organizations, was convoked to meet at the Palace in Brussels. There was a large attendance of delegates, and the practical means of carrying out the objects of the Association were determined upon. When Mr. Stanley reached Europe in January, 1878, after his long and remarkable explorations of the "Dark Continent," he was met by two Commissioners from the King of the Belgians, and asked to assist in the work of the Association. A few months later a conference was held at Brussels, and it was decided to form a society called the "Committee for the Study of the Upper Congo." The name indicates the work that it intended to do, and it will be seen that its field of labor was more limited than that of the International African Association. The former society was, however, soon consolidated with the latter, and the work confined to the Congo Basin. The purpose of the Association is now more clearly defined. It is three-fold: Philanthropic, inasmuch as it aims to wean the tribes from their savage and suspicious condition, and to show them that the white man is their friend; scientific, as it intends to make a systematic survey of the Congo Basin and to determine all points of interest to the geographer and the merchant; commercial, as it proposes to experiment how far people may venture into commercial relations with the tribes, by inviting them to exchange such products as they may possess for the goods of civilized countries. The Association very wisely selected Mr. Stanley to carry out this great work. He was authorized to build stations, to establish steam communication wherever it was practicable, to purchase land, and make treaties with the native tribes—in short, to sow along the banks of the Congo civilized settlements and to peacefully conquer and subdue it. On the 12th of August, 1877, Stanley arrived off the mouth of the Congo with a large supply of material, a flotilla of steam launches, and a band of his faithful Zanzibari. After a brief delay at Banana Point, the expedition pushed on up the Congo to Vivi, one hundred and ten miles from the sea, the highest point which ocean steamers can reach. Mr. Stanley decided to build the first station here, and to make it the base of his supplies and the foundation of his future work, because it is accessible to the sea, has a safe cove for landing cargo and for mooring steamers, is at the foot of the Livingston Falls, and can be easily defended. After careful inspection, a site was selected on a small plateau 350 feet above the river; but before the work of construction could begin, a title to the land must be acquired. The five Chiefs of the Vivi district were assembled in council, and after a palaver of four hours they ceded to the Association absolute control over their territory, consisting of about twenty square miles, receiving as compensation $150 in cloth and a rental of $10 per month. Work was now begun in earnest; the morning of October 1st, 1879, was saluted with the inspiring sounds of striking picks, ringing hoes, and dull thudding of sledge hammers as the Zanzibari commenced building the road up the side of Vivi Hill. The chiefs wonderingly looking on while Stanley taught the natives the use of the sledge hammer in pulverizing rock, bestowing upon him the title of "Bula Matari," breaker of rocks, by which name he is now known from the sea to Stanley Falls. In thirteen days the road was finished, and on the 6th of February, 1880, the station was complete in all its details. A commodious house for headquarters had been erected, magazines, stables, and houses for the Zanzibari had been built. A large garden had been arranged for flowers, vegetables, and a grass plat. To make this garden, two thousand tons of earth had to be brought up in baskets from the river. The steamer Albion had discharged six hundred tons of merchandise, and it had been carefully stowed in the magazine. All was now ready for the next great work of making a road round the Falls to Isangila, a distance of fifty two miles. When we consider the difficulties to be overcome and the handful of men who assisted him, this was by far the most difficult struggle the expedition had to encounter. No one can read the chapters describing it without admiring the untiring energy, skill and pluck of the author. With one hundred and six Zanzibari and a few score of natives this road was built through the hard wood forests, over reedy marshes, across deep ravines, and along the sides of steep, rocky mountains. In twelve months the road was finished, two steam launches, two steel lighters, and fifty tons of miscellaneous goods had been transported over it to Isangila, the second station. To accomplish this, Mr. Stanley tells us, "was no holiday affair, with its diet of beans, goat meat, and sodden bananas, in the muggy atmosphere of the Congo canon, with the fervid heat from the rocks and the chill bleak wind blowing up the gorge." Six Europeans and twenty-two natives died and thirteen white men were invalided. One cannot be surprised at this mortality when we consider the poor diet, the unusual exhaustion in a tropical climate, and the fact that the marchings and counter-marchings during the year amounted to 2,352 miles. The arrival of one hundred and fifty Zanzibari and several Belgian officers added new life and vigor to the expedition. With their aid the author pushes on, a central station is built at Manyanga, which is at the foot of the second series of Livingston Falls, distant from Vivi 140 miles. This second series of Falls extends for eighty-five miles to Stanley Pool, which is a lake-like expansion of the Congo about 250 square miles in extent. The advance from Manyanga was undertaken with the same energy as the road-making from Vivi. The steamer En Avant and a large stock of merchandise were loaded on light steel wagons. As the country was now more open and level, it was only necessary to make a few patches of road and to bridge the streams. Good progress was made, and in five months the En Avant was floating in Stanley Pool with an open navigation of 5,000 miles before her. Leopoldville was founded, and the object of the work, which had hitherto been to demonstrate the practicability of communicating with the Upper Congo from the sea, was accomplished. The ensuing year was devoted to exploring the affluents of the Congo. The nature of the work was much easier, there were no more tedious journeys on foot, treaty-making took the place of road-building, food was abundant and good, and the natives were very friendly. After a brief visit to Europe, Mr. Stanley returned to complete the explorations of the Upper Congo and to establish three more stations. The last one is at Stanley Falls, which is thirteen hundred miles from the sea. It was not deemed wise to proceed further up the river. Attention was now turned towards obtaining Protectorship of the districts intervening between station and station, so that the Association might become master of one uninterrupted and consecutive territory from Vivi to Stanley Falls, which was an easy task as the seeds of goodwill had been sown along the entire route.

The Congo River is over 3,000 miles long, and, unlike many other large rivers, it has no fluvial delta. It flows into the Atlantic Ocean in one united stream with a breadth of seven miles and an unknown depth. The volume of water is one and a half times greater than the Mississippi. From the sea to Boma the country is covered with dense forests; it is sombre and gloomy, nearly the entire population has been swept off by the former slave trade. In the neighborhood of Boma the mountain region commences, and extends up to Stanley Pool. This mountain belt, 240 miles wide, is a billowy mass of hills, none of which rise to a greater height than 2,500 feet. It is a wild, dreary region; the tropical rains have washed the alluvial soil down into the deep gorges and long, sinuous water courses. The hilltops are masses of rain polished granite and limestone; the sides of the hills are thickly covered with great boulders. The hollows into which the soil has been washed are easily traceable by the dark, wavy lines of foliage, which appear more and more shadowy as they recede. The vegetation in these ravines is so dense, it is almost impenetrable. A few native huts may be seen occasionally, but the country is very thinly populated. This whole region is estimated to have only 300,000 inhabitants.

The real commercial basin of the Congo begins at Stanley Pool, 325 miles from the sea. From here there is steam navigation along the Congo and its affluents for 5,250 miles. The treeless hills have disappeared, the river flows between grassy banks, a beautiful savannah, park and prairie stretch away to the horizon.

The author estimates the population of this region at 43,000,000. Some of the villages are miles in length. They are clean, with commodious houses shaded by oil palms and bananas, and surrounded by carefully divided fields, in which, contrary to the usual African practice, man is seen to till the soil, whilst woman attends to household affairs. The soil, which is of great fertility, is a reddish loam, and bears luxuriant grass and clumps of trees. The rains fall during eight months of the year, but they are not excessive. The temperature varies from 65 degrees Frh. to 91 degrees. The vegetable productions of this section are rich and varied; the one of greatest commercial value is the oil palm. There are immense forests of this tree, and the quantity of oil that might be collected is enormous. The next most valuable product of the forest is the Indiarubber plant. There are also large deposits of gum copal. Vegetable oils are extracted from the ground nut, the oil berry, and castor bean. Vast extents of forests are veiled with orchilla moss. The vegetation of the Upper Congo is also remarkable for the varieties of fibres it produces for the manufacture of paper, rope, basket work, fine and course matting and grass-cloth. Ivory is abundant, but in commercial value it ranks fifth in the products of the country. There are forests of valuable timber, cotton, coffee, and sugar-cane grow wild.

In minerals, this section is by no means poor. Iron, copper, and plumbago are abundant, and gold has been

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found in the beds of streams. Rice and bread made from millet are the staple farinaceous food. Among the vegetables are yams, beans, sweet potatoes, melons, pumpkins, tomatoes, cabbages, and onions. Every variety of tropical fruit flourishes here, and indeed this seems to be a land of plenty; but there remains the question, "Is the climate suited to Europeans?" The author devotes two chapters to demonstrating that the country is not necessarily unhealthy, and lays down rules which will guard Europeans against sickness. These rules seem of little value, and he appears convicted by his own argument when he tells us that during his residence in Africa he has had one hundred and twenty fevers. There is no question but the climate of the Lower Congo, from the sea to Stanley Pool, is deadly to Europeans, and it seems equally true that it is not so in the Upper Congo, if one abstains from alcoholic drinks and takes ordinary precautions of protection from the sun.

The Association were in possession of treaties made with over 450 African chiefs, whose rights were indisputable, since they held their lands by long ages of succession. Of their own free will, but for substantial considerations, they had transferred their rights of sovereignty and ownership to the Association. The time had then arrived when it was necessary to consolidate these concessions into one concrete whole, to present it to the world as an independent State. Prince Bismarck was induced by the King of the Belgians to assume the direction of this important work. Having received from all the great Powers a favorable reply to his proposition for a conference, it was convened at Berlin on November 15th, 1884. There were representatives from Germany, Austria, Denmark, Spain, the United States, France, Italy, Holland, Belgium, Portugal, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Turkey, and Great Britain. After many sittings and protracted discussion, the boundaries of the new State were laid down and the laws by which it shall be governed were agreed upon. Its area is greater than the whole of Europe, with the exception of Russia. The Congo Free State was officially recognized by all the Powers represented at the conference. We can heartily join with the author in wishing "that it may expand and flourish to be a fruitful blessing to a region that has been until to-day as dark as its own deep, sunless forest shades."

The Southern Press, Both Sides.

As a matter of history, if for no other reason, it seems fitting that our space for this month should be given up to memorial notices of General Grant. The Southern press has been at least as hearty as the Northern in expressions of admiration and sympathy and there is little evidence that he is felt to belong to the one section rather than the other. He has taken his place as the hero of the American people, and those whom he conquered are among the first to acknowledge that, in the clearer light of to-day, they stand as his debtors. It was for them that his victories were won, and his share in creating the splendid future that they see opening before them, is not likely to be under valued:

"The people of this Republic, without regard to section or latitude, will lament the death of General Grant, some account of which is elsewhere published. His end was peculiarly sad and pathetic. His recent past was shadowed by misfortune, but we are heartily glad that his disappointments were somewhat assuaged by his restoration to the service of which he was once the most conspicuous ornament. General Grant was a successful commander, and whatever may be thought of his relative rank among military celebrities of the world, he will always have just credit for certain great qualities which he possessed in a remarkable degree. He was brave, clear-headed, tenacious, and capable of that self-reliance which is so necessary to success in war; and he was not lacking in the magnanimous temper which goes with courage. His political career was not equal to his military one: but on the *nil nisi* principle we shall not consider his civil administration, except to extenuate its errors, by the reflection that he was placed, from the first, at many and great disadvantages. His life was marked by strange vicissitudes of fortune, but high as he ascended, it seems to us that the patience, dignity, and fortitude of his latter days showed him in a more heroic aspect than he wore even in his most splendid successes; nor will his countrymen soon forget the noble serenity with which he met the trying and mournful dispensation under which he fell. He has left the Republic more than one memorable saying—more than one memorable achievement—and with one accord, North and South, we can all utter above his ashes a paraphrase on words of his own: "Let [him] have peace"—peace, honor, immortality!"—*Norfolk Landmark.*

"While the North remembers that General Grant received the sword of Lee, the South will not forget with what generous and soldierly courtesy he returned it. We cheerfully recognize his high place in history, and we cannot think otherwise than regretfully of the misfortunes that saddened the last days of his life. It seems but yesterday that he came back to us from his triumpant journey around the world, and after having found no land so remote that his fame had not preceded him there. The hero of a great war, twice elected President of the United States, the honored guest of kings and nations, possessor of an ample fortune, the husband of a devoted wife, the father of loving and happy children—what had he to expect but peace and prosperity for his declining years? Alas! the answer has been written. We will not repeat it. Brethren of the North and South, let us join mournful hands together around that newly opened grave, remembering that while all earthly goods are evanescent, honor, truth and love are eternally secure."—*N. O. Picayune.*

"LITTLE ROCK, Ark., August 5.—Mayor Kirst has issued a proclamation requesting a general suspension of business here next Saturday. The Ex-Confederate Society last night adopted resolutions eulogistic of General Grant. Speeches were made by Governor Hughes, General Newton, and others. The ceremonies here on Saturday promise to be memorable."

"After a long and painful illness the distinguished soldier, and generous and magnanimous conqueror, breathed his last on Thursday morning about 8 o'clock at Mount McGregor, New York. His magnanimous treatment of the South at the close of the war and his patient endurance of suffering in the last months of his life, will cause him to be as sincerely mourned in the South as in the North."—*Hampton Monitor.*

The New York correspondent of the *Central Presbyterian* says:

"I suppose nothing has done so much to win the hearts of the whole country to the deceased hero as his patience in suffering and the calm and dignified fortitude with which he met the inevitable approach of death. It is a matter of common remark in New York, that no more sincere and grateful tributes of good feeling and sympathy have been paid than those from Southern men and Southern newspapers."

"Mt. McGregor, July 23.—General Grant died at 8.08 o'clock this morning. With his death there passed away one of the greatest captains of modern times. Military critics may differ as to his character and rank as a military commander, but in the face of his achievements any attempt to belittle his military character is idle. Judged by the standard, he held a place in the affections of the people of this country which was equaled by no one except Lincoln, and his record as leader of the Union army which crushed the rebellion will leave him an undying name in the proudest chapter of our history."—*Newport's News Commercial.*

"Like all of her Confederate sisters, Atlanta was ready to die in the last ditch. She found this last ditch something more than a lurid figure of warlike rhetoric. Literally it was a bloody chasm, and when she tumbled into it, swarming legions of Sherman surged around and about it, and over it, and then rolled resistless onward, a mighty blue wave shooting straight to the sea. It was months before the shattered victim struggled to her feet again, and stood amidst the ashes of her ruined temples. The tremendous tidings of Appomattox failed to stir her pulse or thrill her breast. Slowly, as the seasons glided away, her strength was renewed, her olden courage revived, and the hum of industry and the clatter of traffic were again heard in her long deserted mart.

The last days of sixty-five found the Gate City a busy chaos. The old thoroughfares were just beginning to straggle out from under the ash-heaps and a tumultuous mushroom growth of temporary structures, spread out in every direction. The dismantled redoubts circling the city told their story of the famous siege of forty days. There were other disagreeable suggests of disaster and defeat. Victorious foemen, flushed with triumph, jostled the sad-faced citizens in the street and filled the air with their martial clangor. On almost every corner stood an ebony statue, a crowning menace to civilization, in the shape of a black soldier, with a bayonet in one hand and a spelling book in the other.

These discordant elements and evidences of peace and war, of destruction and reconstruction, wore their usual grim look one gloomy December day. So thought a silent stranger whose quiet gray eyes took in the scene as he drove with a companion through the ragged streets, vast blackened ruins and over piles of debris left over from the seige.

Leaning back in the top buggy with the lap robe well drawn up to keep off the pelting, sleety rain, the stranger pulled his slouch hat down over his brow and took a thoughtful survey of the situation. He listened attentively to his companion, a military-looking man, but said little in return. The few people hurrying to and fro on this inclement day dismissed the silent man with a glance. They saw only a middle-aged man of business, evidently a plain citizen. His careless attire, his apparently listless manner, and his hat slouched over his eyes, made him anything but a conspicuous figure. Those who took a second glance noted that this stolid person was squarely and solidly built, with square shoulders, a square head, and a square face covered with a closely trimmed brown beard. In his square, firm mouth was a cigar which he puffed industriously.

The presence of this visitor, unknown, perhaps, to more than a score of persons, was a notable event. It did much to decide the fate of Atlanta and of the South. This was the first and last time that the hero of Appomatox ever looked upon Atlanta.

Throughout that dreary December day General Grant quietly devoted himself to the object of his mission. He was making a tour of the South, at the request of President Johnson, and his brief sojourn in Atlanta was for the purpose of ascertaining the sentiment and temper of the people and their leaders. Federal officers, ex-Confederates, Union sympathizers, and the unreconstructed talked to the statuesque soldier. To one and all the General listened with grave attention. Indignant loyalists told him that the rebels hated the old flag and threatened violence to the Unionist. "It is natural," was the only comment that could be drawn from the General. Some wild schemers suggested confiscation, disfranchisement, and military rule. "We don't do that way in America," was the calm reply. An old man referred feelingly to the bad blood engendered by the war. "It cannot last," said the General.

The next morning the silent visitor with His inevitable cigar was on his way to Washington to report to the President. Over his signature he assured the Government and the country that "the masses of the thinking men of the South accepted the situation in good faith." Against that calm judgment it was useless to struggle. It broke the full force of the cruel legislation then in progress, and the enemies of the prostrate South were compelled to modify their programme. The demagogues were powerless when the man of Appomattox barred their reckless march."—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

From the Colored journals come warm and general tributes of gratitude, some of them being remarkable for the appreciation which they show of the causes of General Grant's greatness:

"General Grant has at last surrended. The King of Terrors has conquered him. In death as in life, in the hours of affliction as in times of pleasure, the same distinguishing characteristics which placed him at the head of our generals, and which made him one of the best presidents, shine forth more resplendently and encircle his name in a halo of immortal glory.

The life, the early struggles, the adversity, the military achievements, the political career, the public acts, the private deeds of General Grant are known world-wide. Not only in our own America, in which he was greater than Washington, but wherever the English language is spoken, is General Grant the most commanding, the most unique figure in our history. A plain citizen of our republic, king and subject, lord and peasant, in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, showered honors on him that have been awarded to no other human soul.

He is dead. The mourning is universal. The entire country wears the sable habiliments of sorrow in honor of the illustrious dead. Universal as is the gloom, deep as is the sorrow, there is consolation in knowing that the intense suffering, borne with calm, Christian resignation, is at an end.

We undertake not now an analysis of the character of General Grant. His name and fame are secure so long as this country has a place among the nations of the world, or as long as liberty, justice and integrity of character are treasured as jewels of manly worth.

* * * * * * * *

The feeling over the death of General Grant is still marked on all sides. The heavily draped stores and public buildings; the flags flying at half mast; the portraits of the General displayed at many private residences enveloped in heavy folds of mourning, are but slight manifestations of popular sentiment.

In the calmness which followed the sudden shock, the same high place of the first citizen, the first soldier, the first patriot of his era is still accorded Grant,—by democrat as well as republican, by Confederate as well as by Union soldier."—*People's Advocate.*

"A nation mourns, and the colored people of this country are plunged in sorrow. The death-sounding tones of the city bells, the solemn faces of the laboring throng all speak with unmistakable meaning—Grant is dead. Ah, his glories have been many; his troubles not a few. The people of this great country look on him as the central figure in the saving of our glorious republic; the kings and rulers of the mighty nations of the world have done him honor.

The progress of the disease that has borne him away was watched by a sympathetic nation. His troubles have been their troubles; his afflictions, their afflictions.

We glance around us, look into the air, gaze on the faces of people passing by, why even the evening zephyrs in their murmurs seem to say that—Grant is dead.

Macedonia may claim her Alexander; Rome, her Cæsar; Carthage, her Hannibal; France, her Napoleon; England, her Wellington, but as long as the sunbeams of evening play on the hilltops, the dew of the morning kiss the rosebuds, so long will the people of America treasure the hero and statesman, warrior and pacificator as one of the greatest chieftains the world has ever seen. Peace to his asbes and honor to his dust."

"Surrounded by his grief-stricken and beloved family, the brave warrior passed from time to eternity at his mountain home, (whither he went to meet grim Death,) at six minutes past eight o'clock on Thursday morning last. The memorable struggles and glorious achievements of General U. S. Grant in the late war for the preservation of

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Letters from Hampton Graduates.

Four years ago there was brought to Hampton a little African boy, whose bright face and gentle manners predisposed all his new acquaintances in his favor. He came under the care of the Rev. Ackrel White, a colored missionary, who some years ago went from Hampton to the Mendi Mission on the west coast of Africa, and had the advantage of some previous training in the mission. His English was musically broken, but he soon learned to use it without difficulty, and it was curious to watch the process of Americanization which went on as a result of his surroundings. After four years at Hampton he writes the following letter.

Hampton, Va.,

Miss——,

Kind Friend:

It is with the greatest of pleasure I take for the first time in answering your letter or rather your circular which I received sometime in September, which I ought to have answered before now; but as I was under the pressure of time, I was forced to let it go till now.

I guess you are somewhat surprised to hear that I am now at Hampton; I imagine a question arises in your mind now which is, for what purpose are you there? I shall endeavor to answer it after awhile. Last June before the school closed, an arrangement was made between General Armstrong and me to come back at the beginning of the next session and finish my trade, tinsmith.

Before leaving school, I thought it was rather a hard thing to come back and work, et cetera, which I shall tell later.

After leaving school, I went to Philadelphia—the first time in my life. I met some school boys which made it real nice for me. After visiting the places of many interests, I went down to Atlantic City where I succeeded in getting a place to work. I had a very pleasant summer indeed. Thinking this was the first time to go out and look for myself, I had a very nice summer. Although I lack something on account of experience. At the ending of the summer, I came down here, Hampton, to do as was arranged. During the summer I thought over this question, will it be beneficial for me to finish my trade or not? I came to this conclusion, that Africa knows nothing of me and my shop.

At home the people think it is a shameful thing to work; we have some smart men, natives of this place, but not much mechanics; but I want to go back with the intention to show them that we need to train our hands as well as our brains. I want to introduce the process of mechanism as well as intellectual; both to combine and to build up. I have devoted my life, and if the Lord be my helper, I will at some future day, stand on a hill with a lantern in my hand pointing to Africa the way that is right. That is why I am here.

I remember the time when I used to run around the streets naked and barefooted, and the time I would eat with nothing but my hands; but very glad to say that I cannot do all those things now; but if I live I shall see my home once more and eat my foofoo-rice and fish etc.

I am very sorry to hear of the death of Miss Longstreth. Although I do not know her personally, yet still I feel that Hampton has lost a friend. The hymn book I have from her will help always to think of one that has been so kind.

Sorry am I also to know of the resignation of Gen. Marshall, in whose class which I was, whose aid and help were good to me. May God bless him and the work that is carried on here.

Sincerely,
C. A. C.

It is pleasant to read of the busy useful life of this teacher who is still "only a child," and who, a year ago, was in despair lest she should never be able to do anything for her people.

My Dear Miss——,

You really must pardon my long delay: I wrote you a letter last fall but it was mere common decency. I really did not want to write until I could let you know that I was doing something for my race. I certainly did have lots of trouble beginning. The summer I graduated, I took sick after I went home with my old plague, chills and fever, and when I got better, the doctor said my age and constitution would not allow me to take the responsibility of a school that year. The next year, that is last fall, I wrote to Miss H——to get me a school; she got one for me and I was to go the 1st part of November, but I took sick again, very sick and had to give up the idea. I was so discouraged I almost gave up all hopes of ever being of any use to anybody, but by the Lord's help and careful attention, I got better and began preparing to come here as soon as possible. Just as I was all ready my left eye began to hurt me and by trying so many different remedies, had all but spasms. The doctor gave me a wash and said if there were not a change in ten days that I could not leave home. I prayed hard for that change and it was answered, but they can't stand much.

I came to this County in the middle of January. I taught with Rose D——in H——place. The people were very anxious for an education. The grown people came to night school, and the children to day school. We had one hundred and twenty-five on roll. We seldom had below eighty any day. They walked five and six miles to and from school in rain or snow. From the time I came here, in January, until the time we closed school, the 3rd of April, there was not one dry day. The children's feet were soaking wet nearly every day and they would be drenched to the skin very often. We had to dry our feet, wipe them with a towel, and put on dry shoes and stockings three times every day nearly. Rubbers did not do us any good. The parents said, if the teachers could come in the rain and snow, the scholars could. We are honored and loved by the colored and respected by the white. We had a great many larger than we were, and a number of both sexes my age, near my age, and over. They say that they know that I am only a child, but a teacher could not ask to be respected any more than we are. Not a day has passed hardly, since I have been here, that I am not asked, "How old are you?" We have a great deal of ignorance to fight against. We taught Sunday school too. We had to act as Superintendent, Assistant Supt. and teachers. As the term was cut off a month, the people begged us so hard, that we consented to stay here and teach private school this summer, R——at one church and I at the other, three miles and a half apart. We can't teach but a part of the summer here though. After we started our private school, two more were started; the white people were just disgusted with the idea of there being four private schools for the colored, and started one too. The daughters of Hampton led. I am teaching Sunday school at my new station, but have not anything worth while but four pocket Testaments to teach from. I have to take the whole Sunday school in charge. They need some Bibles, catechisms and singing books, but are not able to get them. Sunday in Sunday school, I had some in the class old enough for my grandparents. They looked on me just as if I were some angel, and after Sunday school I could hear them say, "She certainly can preach the Word." I tell you R. and myself have to study the Bible hard. The ministers at times too, come to me to teach them and to explain parts of the Scripture.

I must stop because I know you are tired of this long uninteresting letter. I forgot to say that I regret much that I could not go to the anniversary of my Alma Mater, and the reunion of my class.

I am your devoted pupil,
H.

Whether or no the writer is justified in referring the unfortunate interruption of his work to political causes, his letter is certainly interesting and his criticisms well put. Seven years spent in teaching should have given him some valuable experience.

——*S. C., 1884.*

Miss A. E.——

Your third letter bearing Hampton's annual greeting to me as a graduate of that blessed Institute, was very cheerfully received. Oh, how encouraging and reviving it is, when, in the midst of despair, you are numbered with a small enthusiastic force hattling against an overwhelming force of enemies, to have true friends seek you and your welfare. Your letter makes me feel as if I am somebody, and not forgotten by my friends. I have been teaching in this, H——H——, school District, every term for the last seven years. Our term is four months. During these seven years, I have taught in four different localities. I have been principal of one school six years, with one assistant, and an average enrollment of about 104 pupils. On taking hold of each of the schools, I found the pupils docile and kind, but very poorly classified and furnished with books. It was very common to find pupils who could spell well and read with moderate fluency in a third or fourth reader, and yet who had never studied any other book, and who could scarcely make the Alphabet in writing. This system is largely the style of teaching in this part of the country. But I did away with this system in each of my schools. I reorganized and conducted the school that I was principal of in such a way, and so effectively that my more advanced classes recited out of four to six or seven books per day, including "Young's Civil Government." This school soon became the model and pride of the district; some parents from nearly every part of the District, who could afford to do it, sent choice ones of their children, from the doors of other schools, and boarded them in the neighborhood of this school, that they might attend it. But, alas, this stream of happy progress was after awhile, and is now, troubled by heartless, avaricious politics. Two years ago, on account of some political differences of opinion, two members of the board of trustees refused to reappoint me as teacher in the same school again, but tendered me one about eighteen miles from it. This act greatly excited everybody; and two indignation meetings being called, I was restored as principal teacher in the former school. But unpleasant feelings and a spirit of obstinacy have existed between the people ever since, and I am made to feel the keen contempt of the trustees. Now I am again removed from this model school, the only one in this district, among eight others, in which pupils have been made capable of teaching primary schools or doing anything else intelligently, and tendered a primary school. In each case of removal, the teacher, who was to succeed to me, was wholly unknown in person and ability to the trustees, and of no superior recommendation. Our County has a very large Republican majority; the school commissioner is a colored man who has held his office eight years in succession; two years ago the three trustees were colored men, but this year two are colored and one white. Politics and insincerity are so well interwoven into our school matters that I became discouraged and gave up teaching for this year, and I am now distributing Bibles for the American Bible Society.

During all my seven years teaching here, I have been identified with a large Sabbath school, both as a teacher and Superintendent. I increased the Library, secured tracts and papers every year, conducted a successful concert in the church, during four different summers, secured boats and took the Sunday school on picnic excursions to Port Royal, a distance of twelve miles, where they saw and enjoyed many things that our island is too poor to afford. And by the way, I have forgotten to mention that at the end of three terms of the free school, I held very encouraging examinations. No such entertainments, neither in the Sabbath nor day school, had ever been given before by any teacher in this District.

The white people of this part of the country are very friendly. The colored people are very largely farmers; they labor very diligently and produce much but receive very little compensation. The price of land is reasonable. The colored people are gradually securing real estate and other property. The churches are doing about as well as could be expected, but the effects of *slavery* and *ignorance* are still seen and felt.

I was too busy to write earlier.

I have the honor to be
Yours most respectfully,
J. G.

SOUTHERN SKETCHES.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

Aunt Pokey's Son.

(Concluded.)

The next morning Mrs. Moncure was up earlier than usual, and entering the little parlor, which was already in perfect order, she asked Julius, who was already regarding himself in the mirror with admiring eyes, to tell Professor Randolph that she wished to see him. "Isaac," she said, as he promptly responded to her request and enquired with much interest for her health, "tell your good mother to come here, and let me talk with her. If I am to remain under your roof and accept your loving hospitality, which is unspeakably refreshing to me, I cannot consent to have you in any way incommoded by my presence."

At this moment Aunt Pokey entered the room. "Pocahontas," said Mrs. Moncure, with a slight tone of authority in her gentle voice, "I want you to set the table for your family this morning just as you did before I came, and I hope Professor Randolph will give us the pleasure of having him breakfast with us. Julius tells me you have been in the habit of having prayers regularly, and I hope you will do so hereafter. Surely we can all approach the throne of Grace as the children of one father. Your son is an educated gentleman, and should be so treated."

Isaac Randolph bowed gravely and seated himself at a little table on which a large family Bible was lying, and opened the book where a mark had been placed, while Aunt Pokey, sinking upon a little stool at her mistress' feet, covered her face with her hands as her portly form shook with sobs. Nothing more was said on the subject, but the teacher took his usual place at the foot of the table when breakfast was ready, and Aunt Pokey, standing behind Mrs. Moncure's chair, when not engaged in waiting on her mistress or her son, bore herself with her usual impressive dignity. All the Professor's leisure time after this was passed beside Mrs. Moncure, who improved rapidly and was a most interested listener as the young man told her of the happy years of his college life, read to her from the books and papers she had never wearied of hearing, or unfolded to her the plans he cherished for the advancement of his race.

As the weather began to grow warm and the doctor pronounced his patient no longer in need of medical attention, Mrs. Moncure observed with anxiety that the young teacher's step lagged, and though he always offered to read to her when he had time, she often declined to let him do so, because he had a slight cough which obstinately resisted all Aunt Pokey's infallible remedies, and the old woman was evidently more concerned about her son than she was willing to admit.

The invalid lady had been greatly benefitted by the efforts of the physician to remove a cataract from one of her eyes, and the affectionate care lavished on her in Aunt Pokey's house by both mother and son had done much to refresh and strengthen the fragile form prematurely aged by care and grief.

Mrs. Moncure was becoming anxious to return to her family since her health had improved so rapidly, and frequent letters from a relative left in charge of the household assured her that her husband, who was now too infirm to leave home, and her little grandsons were extremely impatient for her return.

The evening before the day fixed for her departure, Professor Randolph came home earlier than usual, saying that he had begged to be excused from some of his duties at the Institute, on the plea of feeling badly, adding that his head really had ached all the day, but it was more the desire to have a good long talk with his friend than unfitness for his tasks that had brought him. The young man sank heavily into the armchair his mother placed near the window for him, and as she hastened to bring some concoction she was sure would do him good, Mrs. Moncure observed with pain that he was daily growing thinner and seemed far from strong.

Aunt Pokey was soon called into the shop, and Mrs. Moncure said: "Isaac, I see your mother is anxious about you, and I do not wish to alarm her, but I have been watching you closely for some time, and I think you need change of air. Tell me truly, do you think your occupation suits you?"

The teacher hesitated for a moment and then said, somewhat sadly: "I am sure it does not suit my health, and I regret it very much, for I like it, and my friend, Mr. Northrop, was extremely anxious that I should make it my life-work. Teachers trained for the work are surely our great need in the South."

"Still if it injures your health, it is not the right thing for you, and there are many other ways in which your clear mind and good training might be turned to excellent account," said Mrs. Moncure. "Have you no desire to enter the business in which your mother seems to be very successful?" she enquired.

The teacher hesitated, as if embarrassed, and then said, with a half-laugh, "I do not fancy it especially, and to tell the truth, I believe my mother would decline my services if I should offer them to her. She is very much afraid of what she would call, if speaking to anyone hut myself, 'new issue free niggers,' and dreads the mention of Civil Rights, lest her business, which is now established securely, should be interfered with." "Nowhere have I seen the color-line so closely drawn," he added in a tone of bitterness, "as among the few colored people here, who have become successful in any line of trade, where their customers are white people principally. They have tasted the sweets of gaining wealth and are not willing to make any sacrifice for our race. They are chiefly dependent upon the patronage of the white people, and if their private interests are consulted they are quite content to be treated as inferiors. I have grown up among a circle of Northern philanthropists, who treated a man according to his merits, without regard to his color, and the prejudice which is everywhere shown to people of my race in the South is intolerable to me. I can only avoid constant irritation by secluding myself as much as possible, and keeping very closely to my daily work."

The young man's eyes flashed as he spoke, and he was prevented from making further remarks by a violent fit of coughing.

Southern Workman.

Indian Department.

ELAINE GOODALE, *In Charge.*

Regular Contributors:

HERBERT WELSH, *Cor. Sec'y Indian Rights Association,*

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JOHN G. GASMANN,

"THE THING now necessary," says the *Springfield Republican*, in discussing the legal status of the Indians, "is to *enforce the law* in such a way as to put them on equal terms with the white men, as they have never been. Unt.l the murder of an Indian by a white man is surely visited with the penalty of the law, the law will nnt be respected by the Indian."

THE SPRING of the whole thing lies in the abominable notion prevalent on the border of civilization, and with sordid recklessness adopted by politicians and capitalists, and regarded with too much and too long indifference by the people of the older States, that *the interests of the white man ought to be precedent to those of the red man;* that if the white man wants any land the Indians have, that is a sufficient reason for his having it; and that all treaties, laws, or arguments that prevent this are wrong, and are to be evaded or overridden. * * * All these things emphasize the fact that even the most honorable relations we have with the Indians are mere *concessions from superior power*, with no fundamental respect to rights.—*Springfield Republican.*

The "Gentle Cow-boy."

"THE COW-BOY," says ex-Delegate Orwig, "is of inoffensive nature, and there is not an instance on record showing that even the worst of this class ever invaded an Indian reservation or murdered a single Indian." A traveller in the South-west relates the following incident:

"A short time since my train was stopped for the night at an Indian village. I met there an Indian with his family of grown-up boys. They were social and kindly, and treated me with courtesy and respect. A day or two later, as I came again to the place, I saw the dead body of a white man lying before the house I had so recently visited, and on inquiring, found that he had been shot by the son of the old man, who himself had been murdered by a cow-boy in cold blood while standing before his house. One of those 'gentle, inoffensive' lads galloped by and in sheer wantonness, or to win a bet, shot the poor old man in his own doorway. No wonder the untutored son, in revenge, took the life of the next white man who came in the range of his rifle. This cowardly act of a *white man* was followed by one of those Indian outbreaks which are not infrequent, and the Northern papers were filled with the diabolical conduct of the Indian, while the cause was never alluded to."

Sheridan's Success.

IT WAS creditable to the new administration, and suggestive of a new theory in the adjustment of Indian affairs, when the Commander-in-Chief of our army was sent to the Territory to settle the Indian troubles" among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. A few years ago this would have meant but one thing — extermination; now it means impartial inquiry and peaceful arbitration. Gen. Sheridan said at once that the newspaper reports had been greatly exaggerated, that the trouble was caused by the construction of cattle-men's fences and the influx of cattle upon Indian lands, and that "almost all Indian troubles arise from accidents and misunderstandings."

This last admission of the experienced statesman and Indian fighter deserves somewhat closer consideration. There is an air of ingenuousness about it, the appearance of an unpremeditated remark, which considerably heightens our appreciation of its hidden satire. Indian warfare, then, is purely accidental. Broken treaties, deserted homes, whole villages and tribes destroyed, are merely the consequences of a trifling misunderstanding. Such consequences are disastrous, such mistakes criminal. It will not any longer be safe for our makers of law, our guardians of order, to "misunderstand" the rights and needs of the Indian.

It is apparent that the President means to put an end to "misunderstandings" between the warlike Cheyennes and the cattle-men. Indian lands have been leased for nominal sums, the semi-annual rental distributed to heads of families—"the most demoralizing feature," says Senator Dawes, "of this mistaken policy"—all with the tacit consent, but without responsible control of the Department. The consequences of this "illegal and illogical" position are succinctly set forth by Senator Dawes in his recent letter to the *Tribune*. "Five years ago these Indians were as peaceable as any in the land. In August of that year I travelled nine days through that reservation unguarded, and slept securely in tents in the open prairie. * * * A month ago the War Department found itself unable to furnish me a safe escort across the reservation, and I was compelled to go round."

President Cleveland, acting upon Sheridan's report, declares that the leases are void and that the cattle-men must go. The plausible statement of their case and their appeal for delay are of no effect. "The point is, the public interest" against private interests. This answer is significant. The time for "accidents and misunderstandings" is past, and the rights of the Indian are acknowledged to involve "public peace, public security, the safety of lives." At last the unanswerable argument is on their side—"*the public interest.*"

A Glimpse of "Indian Character."

The peculiar twist which prejudice gives to a naturally observant mind is curiously illustrated by a recent sketch in the *Youth's Companion*, suggestively called, "A Glimpse of Indian Character."

That the writer of this sketch is quick to see and apt to describe is evident enough. This is his mercilessly literal vision of such an "aboriginal party" as haunt the vicinity of railroads in the far West, in the pitiful poverty and degradation brought upon them by the advent of the white man.

"Half a mile farther down the track stood a small collection of dingy teepees, the squalid inhabitants of which soon made their way to the delayed train. Each long-haired and filthy "buck" carried, half-wrapped in his blanket and resting on one of his crossed arms, a short Winchester carbine unknown as to the barrel. Several wretched squaws with stolid pappooses strapped at their backs, slunk about, picking up furtively such scraps of food as our passengers had begun to throw about. A dozen noiseless, woebegone boys with bows and arrows completed the aboriginal party. Not a soul of them begged. All took thanklessly anything offered. But for their occasional change of plaintive, low uninflicted (?) short sentences, their curious look as of subdued dumb animals might have suggested that they were not entirely human."

We see further on, in this description of the old chief, Snorting Horse, that he is not after all, incapable of appreciating the dignity of the type.

"Snorting Horse was the only Indian I ever saw who could properly be called kingly. His face was wise, dignified, impressive. His was a purely natural grand demeanor, effective in spite of a costume that must have rendered ridiculous any mere pretences of hauteur. But the garments of the Horse seemed purely accidents; they were not even an important enough element in his appearance to suggest that he was 'a gentleman in spite of his clothes.' No garb had power to abstract from, or vulgarize, the dignity of that face and form; the expression, as I thought, of a life-time of authority."

The chief is persuaded to tell the story of one of his exploits on the warpath, which is cunningly interpreted by an old "Indian trader'—a story of wonderful caution, daring and cruelty. Here first the apparently ineradicable prejudice crops out. "His narrative," says the author, "only presented a face of war but a little more brutal than that of civilization." Then why, in the name of justice and commonsense, such an outhurst as this?

"All this Spotted Horse had told with an air of self satisfaction. (!) *The temptation to end his wretched career then and there was very strong.* The Rattlesnake had followed the chief's narrative with interest and admiration. When I expressed, through Colquhoun, some little of the horror I felt for the crime, both looked indignantly at me and walked majestically away." *It was not a crime* in Indian eyes,—but an act of rare courage and enterprise. And what of the "temptation" to which the writer confesses? In the wish to murder his entertainer, he outdoes the savage.

Now comes the most curious and least probable part of the story. A young educated Indian—a theological student—is the sole remaining member of the family destroyed by Snorting Horse when the young man was three or four years old. This youth runs away from his college to seek a horrible revenge upon his old enemy. This may not be an impossible incident, but it *is* based on a false and sensational theory of "Indian Character."

"He took his degree with high honors. But I don't think his education will ever make him a very good white man. He is Indian in heart yet."

"Why do you say so?"

"He carries a scalp around."

"A scalp?" I was startled by the confirmation of my suspicions. Jack had seen the last relic of a terrible tragedy—the taint of revenge in the young student's blood—a characteristic that had grown for a thousand years—had proved too strong for the few years teaching and discipline that civilization had given him."

A plausible supposition, no doubt, but it will not do to generalize from murderers of any caste or color.

My Lady Pocahontas.*

This "true relation of Virginia," quaintly writ in the language of the time—with a trace of modern daintiness and affectation—makes us pleasantly acquainted with her whose goodness and grace are matter of historic record. The adventures of Capt. John Smith, whose character in this sketch we cannot but suspect is somewhat softened; the beauty—possibly a trifle idealized—of the dusky princess; the savage state and dignity of Pocahontas, and the fanciful coupling of Shakespeare's "Tempest" with this idyl of the New World, create the material for a rather fascinating little narrative. This is "how I first see my Lady Pocahontas:"

"The angel comes out of the woods with her wild train of attendants, and the full baskets weigh down the backs of the dusky people. They were full-grown and brawny, with coverings of deer and bear skins, but I was looking at the osier baskets of corn and venison.

"The maid comes toward us, stepping with a pretty and proud gait, like a fawn. Her hair was black and straight, but scarce seen for the broad, white plume in it. Now I knew that my Captain had spoken truth of her face and form, for scarce have I in England seen maid so beautiful. She comes putting down each little foot, covered with bead moccasins, light but firm, and smiling out of black eyes."

This pretty princess gives much aid to the starving little colony at Jamestown, all for the love of the English, and especially of the gallant Captain. The relation, no doubt, is fact, with a slight garnish of legendary fancy. Presently the Captain sails away, and John Rolfe falls in love with a "strange woman," and would convert and wed the charming pagan. "Never saw I gayer sight," says Amos Todbill, than their marriage in the church at Jamestown.

"The cedar pews were wreathed with flowers, for this Virginia land hath divers in April, what we call the old field daisy and others. Sure the flowers were sweet and heartsome, though I approve not this vain, Popish fashion of decking the sanctuary with such; and a great crowd filled the church (whereof the bells in the west tower were ringing), pushing into the cedar pews quite up to the chancel and walnut communion table. I well remember me the strange sight of huff jerkins and gold-laced doublets rubbing dusky, naked shoulders of Indian chiefs, with feathers on heads, bow in hand. Many heathen had come to see their Lady Pocahontas wed the white face, and the bride marches up the aisle with Master Rolfe and her old uncle Opachisco, a conjuror with a wondrous wrinkled face, and behind these advanceth, with his head up like a deer of the forest, the lady's best beloved brother, Nantaguans."

Then comes the sad, early end, across seas, of the transplanted beauty, and sundry tender passages between her and Capt. Smith round out with imaginary woes the truly touching little history. In England, too, we meet "Master William Shakespeare, of the Globe Theatre," and he tells us how his Ferdinand is Smith, "though a king's son," Caliban is a deformed Indian called Ravoheni, and in his Miranda he has figured "the blessed Pocahontas."

*By John Esten Cooke. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 1885.

The extracts given below, from a Dakota newspaper, are clear illustrations of the way in which Indian's Rights are recognized by their white neighbors. The *Republican* admits that the Indians on the Crow Creek Reserve own their Reserve under the Treaty of 1868, and at the same time calmly states that Congress will probably abrogate this treaty and provide for the removal of the Indians during the coming winter!

"The legal point involved in the Winnebago reservation question is whether or not the President has the right to issue an order setting aside the terms of a treaty. It is contended in behalf of the Indian claimants that Congress alone has that right. When the treaty was made seventeen years ago, it was not expected that the Indians would remain upon the lands more than three or four years, but would be removed to the west side of the river. They are there yet, however, protected by the treaty, and the probable solution of the matter is that an act of Congress, abrogating the treaty, and providing for their removal, will be passed next winter."—*Republican.*

If the President will order the removal of the Indians from the Sioux reservation to the Indian Territory, upon the lands to be vacated by the stockmen, Dakota will scarcely feel called upon to shed many tears for the bad luck of the stockmen."—*Republican.*

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

We have now at Hampton 115 Indian pupils.

Benjamin Bear Bird, infant son of Baptiste and Julia Bear Bird, died on the 3d inst., aged two weeks.

By Indian Inspector Armstrong's census of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, the population of these tribes was found to be 2,167 and 1,207 respectively. They had been drawing rations for ten years for 3,769 and 2,198 members respectively. The saving in beef and flour alone by the new census is $105,000 a year.

New Arrivals.

July 26th, Noah LaFlesche arrived from the Omaha and Winnebago Reservation with a party of 13.

James Hamilton,	Omaha.
Minnie Hamilton,	"
Irish Leming,	"
Stella Leming,	"
Grace Pilcher,	"
Elsie Fuller,	"
Emma Fuller,	"
Annie Fuller,	"
Madeline Scott	"
Albert Fontenelle	"
Eugene Fontenelle	"
John Bear,	Winnebago.
Chas. Bonaparte,	"

As there is no physician at the Agency they were brought without examination. Only six prove to be strong. Some may improve and others will return.

Mr. Gravatt with a force of 22 Sioux arrived from Dakota the 8th of this month.

Joseph and Ellen Ellis,	Lower Brule,
Leon and Susan De Shugnette,	
Cora Rulo,	Santee,
Anna Arrow	Flandreau,
Wesley Huntsman,	Lower Brule.
Thos. Thompkins,	"
Geo. Thompkins	"
Van Kennedy,	"
Soloman Yellow Hawk	"
Thos. Frost	Crow Creek.
Chas. Jones,	Yankton
Claymore Arpau	"
Logan Spider,	"
Edwin Yellow bird	"
Saul de Fond	"
Wm. Little Crow,	"
Alex. Estes,	"
George Estes,	"
Wm. Stevens	Santee,
John Walker	"

Nearly every one in this party have attended school before. Seven are far enough advanced to go into the Junior class of the Normal Department.

The doctor's report of them is very favorable.

The following party arrived on Saturday Aug. 22d, in charge of Mr. Dudley Talbot.

Dan Chelson,	Pottawottomie,
John Hass,	"
Geo. Haas,	"
Robert Baldwin,	"
Joe LeClair,	Ponca
Thompson Wildcatt,	Absentee Shawnee.
Sam Perry,	" "
Willie Masters,	Pawnee,
Ernest Lushbaugh,	"
Rush Roberts,	"
Reuben Townsend,	Wichita,
Ben Rich,	Otoe,
Charlie Foreman,	Delaware,
John Foreman,	"
Henry Wallace,	Comanche.

Indian Correspondence.

The only true way to know any people is to go among them, to touch the current of their thoughts, and to see them as they are. Much trouble comes from ignorance of people and their customs, their difficulties and temptations.

The East has wrongly interpreted the West and the West has misunderstood the East. The more people see of each other and work for each other the more they find there is to work for. Goethe in a melancholy moment, said there is no man who has not something bad in him if you only knew him. May we not take a more hopeful view of life and men and say there is some good in everybody if we will only look for it? Let us visit the Indian country in this spirit, realizing that human nature is a very prevalent thing and that he is human—with all that word means—as well as the rest of us. If we go with Goethe's idea we will find the bad, and a plenty of it. No one has ever seen any heathenism that was not bad. But if we can only lay aside prejudice and seek for something good we will find it. If it be but leaven—it can, by God's grace, leaven the whole lump. The loaves and fishes seemed to be far too little for the great multitude, but they were multiplied till all were fed. Christ used what the people had and increased it—so he is building up this people by blessing the efforts used in their behalf and by multiplying the few loaves and fishes. Contrast the Indians of to-day with the Indians of fifteen or twenty years ago, and we see what has been done by faithful missionaries and teachers. Too much can not be said about the fidelity and earnestness of these devoted men and women—A missionary took a boy from the camp when 14 years old into his home, trained and educated him. He is to-day a graduate of an Eastern College and of a Theological Seminary and is an accomplished gentleman and scholarly man. He served a white congregation last summer most acceptably. He has since been ordained and will no doubt do great good among his people. That proves what can be done when only right means are used.

But what has become of Hampton returned students? we are often asked. At Yankton agency I did not hear of one doing badly at present. There were two or three who had given some trouble and caused some anxiety to friends but had done nothing criminal. One of them has married and has settled down to household duties. Her house, while a log cabin, shows the effects of school training. She had it quite nicely fitted up; a sewing machine was an important piece of the furniture, and she showed me a dress she had made, getting the pattern from Butterick.

Jos. Estes had been teaching in the Gov. school with great success; his Hampton methods had been copied by other teachers.

David Simmons who had worked faithfully as issue clerk for some years voluntarily resigned his place to take a farm. I saw his crops; the wheat was very beautiful. The agent said so far as he knew, it was the best wheat raised in Dakota. One noticeable thing is that nearly all of these children are very regular in their church attendance.

We have returned about twenty-three to Lower Brule agency. Of this number several have died and I heard of two only who have acted badly. One boy who was here about six months and sent home because physically unsound, has painted himself and was a regular attendant upon the dances, I learned. A girl who was here a short time and was returned home because unwell, had been very wild. Some had dropped back, but had come up again. Like all children, some had been indiscreet, but I believe it was nothing more.

At Crow Creek agency I found one girl whose conduct had been very bad. To this agency we have returned more than twenty. Some have been teaching, some farming, and others working in the shops.

Eugene First Hail, a promising boy whom we took home a year ago because of weak lungs, has greatly improved in health and is working at his trade in the Gov. shop. The agent says he is the best boy he has ever had in the shop. He made a desk for the agent's office which would do credit to a much older workman.

The boys who returned with me found the schools closed, and not being able to secure places in the shops, went to work in the harvest field.

Amy Wizi, daughter of the chief—not finding her home civilized enough, could not eat as they ate, or sleep as they slept. She took some chinaware which her father had some time before bought from a retired agent, but which he had been unable to use, and arranged for the first time the table in a civilized manner, thus delighting the old man's heart.

It surprised me that these children stand up as well as they do. The old Indians try to drag them down, fearing they may lose their power. Where employees have not a missionary spirit it is to their interest to keep these boys out of employment. In some cases there is not enough sympathy for them and they feel it. In the next place there are not the necessary facilities for work. The demand is now greater than the supply. These students go and ask for work and the agent really has nothing to give them. Maj. Gasmann, whose heart is thoroughly in his work, is going to apply to the Department for more schools, shops, and houses for employees, and thus provide for the returned students. This is of the first importance and everything should be done to further his effort.

J. J. G.

In the death of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson the Indians of this country have lost a warm, faithful and powerful friend, whose influence in their behalf will be missed in more than one direction.

From the time of her marriage to Mr. Jackson in 1876, when she became a resident of Colorado, she has been devoted, heart and soul, to the interests of the Indians, sacrificing her personal ambitions to, and using her talents in, the advancement of their cause. In 1881 she wrote "a Century of Dishonor," as a result of which she was appointed by the U. S. Government as one of two Commissioners to report upon the condition and needs of the mission Indians of California. In 1884 she published "Ramona" in which again she set forth with all the strength of her facile pen the wrongs of the people with whose history she had become so familiar, and it is said that at the last she felt that the best work of her life was represented by those two books. In one of her last letters dated July 27th, 1885, she says:

"I feel that my work is done, and I am heartily, honestly, and cheerfully ready to go. In fact, I am glad to go. You have never fully realized how for the last four years my whole heart has been full of the Indian cause—how I have felt, as the Quakers say, 'a concern' to work for it. My 'Century of Dishonor' and 'Ramona' are the only things I have done of which I am glad now. The rest is of no moment. They will live, and they will bear fruit. They already have. The change in public feeling on the Indian question in the last three years is marvelous, an Indian Rights Association in every large city in the land. * * Every word of the Indian history in 'Ramona' is literally true, and it is being reenacted here every day.

I did mean to write a child's story on the same theme as 'Ramona,' but I doubt if I could have made it so telling a stroke, so perhaps it is as well that I should not do it. And perhaps I shall do it after all, but I cannot conceive of getting well after such an illness as this."

To the memory of so loyal a friend, some tribute is surely due, and we trust that the gratitude of those for whom, as well as of those with whom she labored will find fitting expression in some of the tangible forms in which she herself would have chosen it.

The San Francisco *Argonaut* has some observations on the Indian "war" in Arizona and New Mexico which are well worthy of attention. It says, with much show of reason, that this Indian "war" is the annual one, got up by white gentlemen to promote a revival of business in the Territory, or, in other words, to send up the price of hay, and grain, and wood, transportation stores and merchandise. It says:

"If there were no Indians there would be no Solomon Wickersham & Co., at Bowie; no Zechendorf & Co., at Tuckson; no Hooker, at Wilcox. When the Indian war comes on, trade recovers; supplies are demanded from all the vil age stores; every cultivated acre looks forward to a sale of hay, grain, vegetables, and farm produce; every town and crossroad idler to employment; every village brave and squaw-hunter to enlistment. The price of beef goes up, and every broken mustang is in demand. Florida lived for thirty years upon Billy Bowlegs, and Arizona looks forward to an indefinite prosperity in the person of Geronimo, Natchez, Chetto, and the other brave and painted Indian desperadoes whom the wrongs done them by white men so often drive upon the war-path."

There is a horrible probability about all this. It would appear now from the reports of competent observers that the reports of the Indian massacres have been greatly exaggerated. Gen. Crook says only seventeen persons have been killed. Judge Wilson, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and Mr. Morrison, the Attorney of the Southern Pacific Railroad, say only twenty persons have been killed in all, and only those who stood in the way of the Indian flight. "All the Indian massacres," the *Argonaut* adds with cruel point, "perpetrated in the Territory of Arizona, do not represent 5 per cent. of the murder roll."—*N. Y. Post.*

A Proposed Substitute for the Dawes Sioux Bill.

The Editor of the Chamberlain *Register*, who may have become known to some of our readers, during the past few months, through the ludicrous violence of his attacks upon Senator Dawes, Bishop Hare, and various members of the Indian Civil Rights Association, on account of their action in the Crow Creek affair, has prepared a substitute for the Dawes bill. Not long ago he proposed to the Corresponding Secretary of the Indian Rights Association to hold a meeting in Chicago, by which Western and Eastern men should be brought together for the purpose of devising some plan for the opening of the Sioux Reservation to white settlement. To this proposition the secretary of the association, after due consultation with others, declined to accede, upon the ground that such a project would be a needless expenditure of time and money, since the work proposed by Mr. King had already been accomplished. The bill prepared by Senator Dawes was shown to be the best plan that could be devised for the opening of the Reservation, with due regard to the rights of both the Indians and honest whites—only the interests of speculators being disregarded. Mr. King's attention was especially called to the fact that the bill in question had received the endorsement of such a representative Western man as ex-Secretary Teller and other prominent gentlemen, who had formally approved its terms. To this Mr. King replies by a letter containing a complete rejection of the Dawes bill, an accusation of "bad faith" directed against the corresponding secretary of the association because he refused to entertain the project of a Chicago meeting, and a new bill apparently devised by the editor of the *Register*, and intended as a substitute for that prepared by Senator Dawes. The character of this intended piece of legislation leads us to suppose that its author's ideas of justice to the Indian and the general fitness of things in their treatment, are rudimentary. In no clause of the bill is any allusion made to the Treaty of 1868, upon which rest the relations existing between the United States Government and the Sioux Indians. This treaty, which more than once has proved a necessary protection for the rights of these Indians, is, in the proposed bill, utterly ignored. So far as we can understand it, the bill proposes to take from the Indian about twenty million acres of reservation land, without in any way seeking the consent of its present owners. It further proposes that the United States shall pay out of the Treasury for the land so taken, at the rate of fifty cents per acre, instead of disposing of it by sale to settlers. This would require an appropriation by Congress of ten millions of dollars. Such an appropriation Congress would never consent to make. We have neither time nor space to note more of the crudities and absurdities contained in this remarkable production. The moral to be drawn from this bill in particular, and from all the circumstances which have attended the Crow Creek affair, is painfully apparent. Those who have set their hearts upon getting possession of Indian land are entirely oblivious of the fact that the Indian himself has any rights. The treaties we have made with him they utterly ignore the moment they find that these treaties are barriers to their rapacity. Any plan which the friends of the Indian may devise by which an equitable cession of Indian lands shall be made, the demands of civilization being fairly met and the rights of the Indian protected, they are not willing to adopt. Or if they acquiesce in them nominally, such perfidy as was resorted to in the attempt to appropriate the Crow Creek lands must be expected, and due preparation be made against it. A little experience in Indian affairs is likely to bring one to the belief that men are better judged by their actions than by their professions. HERBERT WELSH.

The Southern Press. Both Sides.

Continued from Page 94.

this Union will cause his name to become indelibly fixed in the heart of a great grief-stricken nation, who will sing his praise from the shore of the frigid North to the burning sands of distant Africa. General Grant, during his public life, was the most conspicuous target for the sordid malice of vindictive knaves, of any of America's truly great men, and yet, no man, living or dead, was ever, or is now, more revered and lamented than he. He was the first and only American born that ever received the hospitable reverence of the world.

How different were the struggles at the grave from those at Vicksburg, Donelson, Five Forks, and even in the Wilderness! What a difference between the picture of that memorable day at Appomatox and the picture to-day! Upon that memorable day our hero stood with a dignified boldness, as the conqueror, receiving the sword of peace in behalf of a distracted nation; to-day he stands with the same dignified boldness, after fighting desperately, the conquered, resigning the sword of peace to the mighty Destroyer of all mankind. His resignation, however, does not signify defeat; no, he only lays down the sword of combat with death to hasten to the just reward that awaits him in the realms of bliss."—*N. Y. Enterprise.*

"The evidences of profound sorrow which have been drawn out by the death of General Grant, have been confined to no one section of our vast country nor to any one class of our heterogeneous population. The sorrow and grief have been universal, all classes hastening to express sorrow at the death of the nation's hero.

It might appear invidious in the midst of the general sorrow to say that any one class feels more than another the great loss sustained by the nation in the death of the man whose iron courage and tenacious genius cemented anew the union of the States; but we feel that the colored people of this country have a right to claim that mournful distinction. Out of the tremendous and sanguinary conflict which General Grant waged for the stars and stripes the colored people not only emerged as factors of a united and invincible people, but the chains which encircled their limbs for two hundred years were snapped asunder when Lee surrended to him the sword which had sustained the fortunes of the Confederacy, and they proudly stepped forth into the awful yet pleasing reality of freedmen.

As a soldier, victorious over the hydra-headed foe, General Grant opened the way to our manumission and enfranchisement, for had not his arms been victorious from Fort Donelson to Appomatox, President Lincoln might have issued a ton of Emancipation Proclamations, which would have forever remained inoperative and useless.

It was the great good fortune of General Grant not only to break the infamous fetters of the crouching slave, but, as President of the re-united Union, to place upon the brow of the black freeman the signet of citizenship. Few men have ever lived who were called upon to make possible and round up a piece of work more grand, human and far-reaching in its nature and possible results. And when the pages of our National history shall be illuminated by the grandeur and brilliancy of his life work his great services to the colored people will occupy no second place.

We yield to no class of our fellow-citizens in our gratitude to General Grant for his eminent services to the country and to humanity. As soldier and as President he was mindful of us. Nor have we had a President since his time who recognized our just claims to co-equal citizenship and its benefits in a larger and more generous measure. We loved and honored him in his period of life, and now that he is dead we enshrine his memory in the warmest, most sacred chambers of our affections."—*N. Y. Freeman.*

Aunt Pokey's Son.

Continued from page 96.

Mrs. Moncure looked at him anxiously, and when he lay back in his chair, apparently exhausted, she said gently, "Isaac, you must not excite yourself, and I see that you ought to have a holiday and change of scene at once. I wish you would come back to the old plantation, and stay until you are strong and well again."

Professor Randolph sighed. "I wish I could live on a farm," he said, "country life is what I love and what I feel I was intended for. I hate brick walls and narrow bounds."

Mrs. Moncure smiled. "You know your father was part Indian," she said, "and it is the wild blood in your veins and the remembrances of your childish life that make you long for liberty. Isaac, you tempt me to make you an offer I have only hesitated about, because I found it might seem as if I thought chiefly of my own interest. How would you like to come back to your old home and become manager on the estate?"

The young man started up and looked at Mrs. Moncure with an expression of extreme surprise. "I should like it of all things," he said eagerly, "but is it possible that I could take such a position with my present ideas and feelings and give satisfaction?"

"I do not see why you should not do so," said Mrs. Moncure. "Your good old father was our head man in old times, and was entrusted with the care of all our property when the white family were absent from home, and I never knew him to be unworthy of the confidence reposed in him. Your education ought to give you advantages over him, for he could not read or write, though he had remarkable natural ability, and its was always subject for wonder with us that he was able to make calculations, and kept an accurate knowledge of all his master's business. Our affairs could not be worse managed than they are at present by a white man, whom I suspect of building up a fortune for himself at our expense."

Aunt Pokey now came in from the kitchen to set the tea table, and her eyes glistened with pleasure as Mrs. Moncure referred the proposition she had made Isaac to her for consideration. She promptly expressed her approval of it as the change needed for her son's health. "My ole man never could stan' bein shut up in de house no time," she said vigorously. "I allurs use ter tell him he was a hankerin arter livin' in a tent like dem ole Injun kin folks ur his'n, an' Ikey is jes' like his pappy. Frum a chile he nuver could bar' stayin' shut up in a close place. An' all dem Yankee folks buils der houses so tight an' keeps 'em shut up so close." After the tea table had been cleared away, Aunt Pokey went into the shop to give directions to Julius, and in answer to some question from him she was heard ordering him sternly to keep silence. "Shet yo' black mouf, nigger, you a talkin' 'bout Cibbil Rights indeed! Cibbil manners and cibbil behavior, dats what niggeryfied folks like you wants, an' when you is got dat you is got enuf." Having concluded her lecture and dispatched various housemaids and errand boys with baskets and packages of hot rolls and fresh cakes and fruit, she bestowed a parting admonition upon her assistant to "mine hissef now," and entered the parlor. Taking a seat at the end of the sofa where Mrs. Moncure was reclining, and placing herself so that she could keep a sharp eye upon Julius, she, unfastened the long thick tresses of her mistress' hair, which floated in silvery waves to the floor, and gently combed and brushed the soft locks, winding them about her fingers and smoothing them with gentle touch as she had been wont to do in bygone years.

"Pocohontas," said Mrs. Moncure, laying her little white palm for an instant on the strong, black hand lavishing such tender caresses on the head over which the storms of fortune had raged with the tempest's wrath, "my good, faithful friend, if I should close my eyes for a moment, lying here feeling your touch, and hearing Isaac's voice I might fancy that the last ten years was all a terrible dream, but for this weary pain in my heart which will not let me forget that my precious children, the pride and joy of my life, are gone forever."

If I have succeeded in interesting my readers in the fate of two families of different races who had been bound together for generations by many ties of interest and affection, and after being for a time separated by the waves of revolution, which had to a wonderful degree changed the relations of master and slave, they will think it worth while to peruse the following long letter from Professor Randolph in regard to the manner in which old friends had been reunited.

It is dated three years after the conversation related of the last day of Mrs. Moncure's stay at Aunt Pokey's snug little home in Richmond, and is written from the old plantation where generations of Isaac's family had been born slaves, and to which he had returned as manager after receiving the advantages of a fine education from his Northern benefactor.

The letter is addressed to Hon. Philip Northrop, city of New York.

"Oakhill, Virginia, May 1st, 1878.

"Mr. Philip Northrop,

"My dear and honored Friend:

"Your kind and welcome letter from New York was forwarded to me from Richmond yesterday, and I rejoice to hear of your safe return to your native land after your long sojourn abroad. I have never been able to realize that the United States is quite the grand and glorious region you taught me to consider it, when you were not in it, to represent the best type of an American citizen.

"I have not been unmindful of your request to keep you regularly informed in regard to myself and the various circumstances of my life, in which you take such a kind interest, but as I was not always sure of your address, instead of sending letters in pursuit of you to the ends of the earth, I have from time to time noted down the incidents most important to me, and most likely to interest you, and now give you a full account of myself since my last letter to you. When it was written, I was living with my mother in Richmond, and teaching in the Institute, of which you have always been such a liberal patron. At that time my health was somewhat feeble, and I feared I was going to have serious chest trouble. Now I am much more robust than when I last saw you, indeed stronger than I have ever been.

"I am glad to tell you that the Institute is flourishing, and is doing excellent work for our people. My mother, for whom you are so kind as to enquire, is very well, and gives no indication of yielding to the infirmities of age. She is absorbed in business, and her faculty and success in that way are remarkable, when all the disadvantages she has had are taken into consideration. I think she is probably worth fifteen thousand dollars, though she is very reticent about her affairs, and does not allow anyone to pry into them. I have no disposition to do so, and as I have never given her any assistance or been desired to do so, I do not feel that I have any right to ask for confidence she does not voluntarily bestow. She is entirely devoted to me, and I think takes intense satisfaction in realizing that at her death I will enter upon possession of an estate which will enable me to live "like white folks," as she would say. She strongly opposes any suggestion of Civil Rights for Negroes, except where I am individually concerned, and is quite content with things as they exist in the South. Next to myself and her old mistress, her dearest earthly treasure is a troublesome little black waif she took out of the gutter, and is trying to make into a respectable man of business. So far her success has not been gratifying, but I hope as he grows older, he will develop into usefulness. If he fails to do so, it will not be for the lack of precept or example!

"I think you will be surprised to know that I am living on the plantation where I first saw the light and am the manager of my old master's estate. It is a strange statement, even in my ears, and I am sure you will feel interested in hearing the whole story.

"Soon after I wrote you last, and at a time when my mother was very much concerned about my health, her old mistress, Mrs. Moncure, chanced to be in Richmond under medical treatment for disease of the eye. She was uncomfortably situated at a boarding-house, and fast sinking under the burden of disease and care. Mother at once insisted upon removing her old friend to her own house, and she spent some weeks in the home of her old servant, where she improved rapidly in health and spirits. My coming here was the result of Mrs. Moncure's visit, and I can but believe the hand of Providence is plainly to be discerned in the whole chain of circumstances.

"My recollections of the place where my happy childhood had been spent were of an abode of luxury, which seemed to my boyish mind to border on magnificence. The place swarmed with slaves. My master was one of the leading gentlemen of the country, his wife a most beautiful and accomplished lady. They had three fine young sons, the youngest of whom was my companion and playmate from the cradle. We were equally petted and indulged, and equally happy and light-hearted.

"The war changed all this, and when I returned to the plantation, three years ago, it seemed as if the spirit of desolation had swept over the fair scene. The three sons had been killed in battle. The youngest entreated his mother to let him join a raiding party just for one day, led by his elder brother, to surprise a regiment of Federals in camp near the place. He was but fifteen years old, and she gave a most reluctant consent. At nightfall his dead body was brought back to her arms. One of the other sons had been killed at Gettysburg, and the last one, who was mourned, was slain just on the eve of the surrender, in one of the last skirmishes that occurred. His wife died after giving birth to a child a few weeks later, and their two little sons, with their bereaved old grand parents, constitute the present family. The estate was overrun by both parties, and little had been done to repair the damages of war when I came here. My old master is utterly broken-hearted. He is very infirm, and nothing can rouse him from the despondency in which he has been plunged since his idol was overthrown. He believed so entirely in slavery!

"Mrs. Moncure is much younger, although grief has made her look old and worn, and she has still a wonderful amount of spirit. She is devoted to her little grand children, and full of determination to educate them and preserve at least a portion of the property for them.

"When I came here there seemed little hope of this, for the estate was heavily involved, and the debts and the taxes seemed likely to devour everything. I have done my best, and Providence has certainly favored us of late years, though it seemed for a time as if the vials of wrath had been emptied upon my unfortunate old master.

"If the people of the South have sinned, surely they have suffered, even unto the death of the first born!

"There is an immense quantity of timber on the place, with abundant water-power. The first thing I did was to build a saw-mill, and by the time it was completed a railroad now in full operation was surveyed through the property. The damages paid by the company, and the money for cross-ties furnished the road, gave us funds for paying off the most pressing debts and putting the place in some sort of order. Some Northern men have built a factory for wooden ware near us, and we are constantly busy filling lumber contracts with them. There are indications of fine minerals of various kinds on the estate, of which I am shipping to you specimens, which I beg you will at once have examined by experts. Unless I am much mistaken in their value, before another year we shall be building a furnace and have a large force of miners at work. At first it was extremely difficult to induce Mr. Moncure to have any dealings with Northern people, towards whom he cherished the most deep-rooted suspicion and aversion, but in all my efforts in this direction my old mistress has been my able assistant, and she has succeeded in obtaining his consent, where alone I should have failed. It seems advisable to sell part of the property to carry out our plans for development, and my mother, who is greatly attached to the place as well as the family, has some money now idle, which she is willing to invest in this way with a view to providing a home for me in future. So you see I am likely to own a part of the estate where I was born a slave! How wonderful are the changes wrought by the whirligig of time! Mrs. Moncure desires me to present her compliments to you, and ask you, in her name, at your earliest convenience to make us a visit. We are now in a condition to make your stay with us agreeable and entertain you as we should like to do. She is so kind as to say that she wishes to thank you for what you have done for me, and to get your counsel in regard to the two little boys, who are now her chief interest and comfort in life.

"I hope my long letter has not wearied you, and that I may soon have the pleasure of seeing you in my Virginia home. I realize from the bottom of my heart that my present position and prospects in life are mainly the result of the kindness bestowed upon me by yourself.

"Your grateful and attached,

"JAMES ISAAC RANDOLPH."

DIED.—At the school on the 21st inst. J. B. Yates, of the Middle Class.

Correspondence.

We are glad now, as always, to hear from Gen. and Mrs. Marshall, and only regret that they have not more time to give to their old and faithful friend, the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

Weston, Mass., July 21, 1885.

We are passing the summer quietly at our beautiful country home, which has more natural beauties and attractions than any we have ever yet occupied. Hill and valley, magnificent elms, a beautiful lake directly under our windows, rocky knolls, and winding farm roads, shaded with trees of various kinds, combine to make the location remarkably beautiful.

Our old-fashioned house is roomy and very convenient, with its "Hampton Hall" running through the middle of it, giving a cool breeze at almost all times. We have memorials of our Hampton life at every step, and occasional visits from Hampton friends keep us acquainted with the progress of that loved and noble work. * * * Our doors are always open to a Hampton teacher, and the most cordial welcome awaits our old friends, with whom we have been so long and pleasantly associated. * * * I find enough to occupy me in the pleasant but costly amusement of getting an old worn out farm and its buildings into proper condition. * * * *

Politics seem to be very quiet as the summer heats come on, but the cauldron is bubbling and will boil over in due time. The President seems firm as a rock in his determination to make a reform nonpartisan, and pure administration, and in so doing seems to be getting a hornets' nest about his ears, and to be antagonizing the leading politicians of both parties. It is somewhat discouraging to find prominent and able leaders, both Republicans and Democrats, who seem blind to the grandeur and importance of the stand which Cleveland has taken in the great cause of reform, and who, instead of aiding him in this great work, upon the success of which the stability of our Democratic institutions so much depend, are badgering and hampering him in every possible way. I have faith to believe that the President will triumph over the enemies of civil service reform, and that the party leaders who are now opposing him, will live to be thoroughly ashamed of their narrow partisan opposition.

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THE question of Negro education in the South, has, since the election of President Cleveland, been the subject of more general discussion in Northern papers and magazines than ever before, and the new appreciation of its importance which is thus indicated is not likely to be made less keen or earnest by the facts which are brought to light on both sides. While many factors in the problem still remain unknown and for the present unknowable, the immensity of it has at last fully dawned upon the American people, and for the somewhat abrupt impetus which it has lately received, we have to thank, indirectly at least, the change of administration. The attitude of both political parties towards the Negro has unmistakably changed, and no less is true of his attitude towards them. The Republican party has discovered that to manipulate the Negro vote is not so simple a matter to-day as it was ten years ago; while the Democratic party has come to recognize his importance as a permanent political element with a hospitable warmth which it is not likely the leaders of that party will permit to cool. As for the colored man himself there is growing evidence of a divided allegiance. He has found that his Republican protectors are not altogether what his fancy had painted them, and he has come to see that there are possibilities for him outside the limits which they had set for him. As the inducements offered him by those whom he has believed to be leagued together for his destruction, have become more and more definite, his distrust has shown signs of yielding to the proffered advantages, and the advances on both sides include a good deal more than the mere surface maneuvring of politics. No more interesting study was ever offered to the sociologist than these conditions now present—but for the moment our concern with them is chiefly that out of them has grown new opportunities for the Negro and for those who believe in his capacity for better things than have been possible in the past.

In Mr. Dudley Warner's "Impressions of the South," published in the September No. of Harper's Magazine, he says, speaking of the attitude of Southern whites towards the Negro; "In looking at this question from a Northern point of view, we have to keep in mind two things: first, the Federal Government imposed colored suffrage without property qualification—a hazardous experiment; in the second place it has handed over the control of the colored people in each state to the state, under the Constitution, as completely in Louisiana as in New York. The responsibility is on Louisiana. The North can not relieve her of it, and can not interfere, except by ways provided in the Constitution. In the South where fear of a legislative domination has gone, the feeling between the two races is of amity and mutual help."

That President Cleveland's election has done much towards removing this "fear of legislative domination" there can be no doubt, and the conditions which it has presumably created are already giving fuller play to forces whose development would have been retarded or seriously distorted had not this manifestation of a change in public sentiment taken place just as it did.

Mr. Warner goes on to say; "The thoughtful and the leaders of opinion (in the South) are fully awake to the fact that the mass of the people must be educated, and that the only settlement of the Negro problem is in the education of the Negro, intellectually and morally. They go further than this. They say that for the South to hold its own—since the Negro is there and will stay there, and is the majority of the laboring class—it is necessary that the great agricultural mass of unskilled labor should be transformed, to a great extent, into a class of skilled labor, skilled on the farm, in shops, in factories, and that the South must have a highly diversified industry. To this end they want industrial as well as ordinary schools for the colored people."

Agreeing thoroughly as we do with Mr. Warner, we find that practically there still remains the question as to how we of the North, to whom these things were patent twenty years ago, are to join forces with our brothers in the South, to whom they are just becoming evident?

Take, in this connection, for example, the work of a single denomination, the Baptist, among the freedmen. Since the war they have established fifteen schools, one in Washington, D. C., two in Richmond, one in Raleigh, N. C., one in Columbia, S. C., two in Atlanta, one in Nashville, one in Louisville, one in Live Oak, Fla., one in Selma, Ala., one in Jackson, Miss., one in New Orleans, one in Marshall, Texas, and one, the Creek Freedmen's School in Tullahassee, Ind. Ter. These schools represent a total of 2,858 students with 101 teachers, in ten of them departments of industrial work have been fairly established, while in eight special theological work is being done. The reports from these schools indicate, without exception, steady progress, not only as to the numbers enrolled, but as to the character of the work done, and the general equipment of the graduates. The President of the school at Nashville says; "It would surprise those who have never visited Southern institutions for colored people to see the proficiency which has been made in intellectual attainment during the twenty years since slavery was abolished. * * * The great majority of our students support themselves and pay for their education with their own earnings." The testimony from all these schools is to the same end; it is evident that all they need to accomplish thoroughly good results is the hearty support of their constituents. But it is equally evident that up to the present time this support has been drawn wholly from the North, Southern sentiment being in the main averse or indifferent to such attempts to elevate the Negro. Within the past few months however, signs of a change in this respect are becoming apparent, and although as yet they carry meaning only to a close observer, they are none the less surely the surface indications of a deep and far reaching alteration in the current of Southern thought.

The white population of our Southern states, have known of course that a great deal of quiet work was going on among them, but so long as it was quiet they have paid little attention to the manner of it. Now, its fruits are beginning to show their value in a practical way and can neither be ignored nor undervalued. Imperceptibly, even ultra Southerners are coming to look upon these schools and the power which they represent as their best safeguard against the political and social dangers which they feel to be imminent, and we venture to say with some assurance, that the more intelligent and advanced among them are at last ready to lend a helping hand. It is futile to say that this would have come with a better grace ten years ago than now, as a matter-of-fact it *could* not come then, and that it is offered with more or less heartiness now is an immense encouragement to those who have labored so long as strangers in a strange land.

We have spoken here especially of the Baptist work because its statistics are perhaps less known to many of our readers than are those of some other denominations and because we want to draw attention to the fact that all these various undertakings of Christian philanthropy in the South, form, when taken together, a sort of vast framework or skeleton which is waiting to be filled in in all its interstices and details. If, upon a map of the Southern states, every school established by Northern hands is indicated as a point, and if between these points connecting lines are drawn, it will be seen that while there are many centres of light, there are also vast, empty spaces. Here, then, lies the opportunity for the Christian philanthropists of the South; here is the work which they and they alone can do. They are in the midst of it, it clamors at their doors, they understand it in its details as outsiders cannot—in the highest sense it is theirs as a magnificent birthright, this opportunity to lift up a race, to build up a nation on these new foundations and we welcome with a gratitude born of knowledge, the first faint evidences of their desire to assume the responsibility intelligently and heartily.

There is no time now for complaints on either side: the opportunity, which if not created has at least been ushered in by the political changes of the last two years, is the opportunity of a united people, who forgetting alike their sorrows and their wrongs, join hands in the greatest work which has ever been given to a nation to do. Neither individual nor state nor section can accomplish it alone, but hand to hand and shoulder to shoulder, the people of the country, the citizens of the nation, must undertake it, and calling it as they choose, burden or privilege, must face its unyielding demand together.

UP TO THE present time the number of charitable institutions in the Southern States founded by private benevolence, has been comparatively small, because, as a matter of course, it is only as communities become prosperous that such institutions are possible.

They are directly dependent upon the acquisition by individuals of a superfluity of property in an available shape, and their existence is one of the surest indications, not only of material prosperity but also of increasing intelligence and a higher moral standard. Every such undertaking in the South then is peculiarly welcome and encouraging and for several reasons such work as that now fairly under way at the "Miller School" in the western part of this State, is especially worthy of notice. Samuel Miller, the founder of this school, was born in 1792 in Albemarle Co. Virginia, and starting life as a penniless boy, ended it as one of the richest men in his native State. Dying in 1869, he had given $100,000 to the University of Virginia, although not one of its graduates, had largely endowed the Lynchburg Female Orphan Asylum in which city he had passed the most of his business life, and finally bequeathed over a million of dollars, the profits and income of which were to be for the establishment and perpetual support of the Miller Manual Labor School for orphan children.

In 1878 this school was opened, and has ever since been in operation, supplying at the present time food, clothing and education to about 200 boys and girls. In the buildings and their fittings, in the appliances for both academical and technical education, no expense has been spared, and the school in all its departments is equipped with remarkable completeness.

Instruction is given in mathematics, languages, chemistry, natural history, physics, music, electrical and civil engineering, book-keeping, freehand and mechanical drawing and printing.

The farm of 1000 acres supplies opportunity for a good agricultural training, and horticulture and bee-keeping are included in this.

At the age of 15, if properly prepared, the boys are assigned to places in the "shops" where a three years' course is given in wood, iron and brass work, in making and using steam and in technical drawing. It is intended that the girls, who are a new element in the school, shall be provided as soon as possible with facilities for industrial training fully equal to those now offered to the boys.

While the resources of the institution are such that it is not necessary to make the work profitable at the expense of its educational values, still it is not forgotten that competition in an open market is the only test of success; and the products of the students' labor, when not consumed by the school, are sold and the proceeds devoted to the school expenses. That Mr. Miller's legacy has been well applied there can be no question, and the value of such work not only to the children whom it directly benefits but to the community at large, is not to be computed. And yet, in considering it, the question forces itself as to whether under such a system the inherent weakness of human nature is sufficiently provided for? It is only exceptional natures which do their best without the persistent pressure of outside forces; it is the "stings and arrows of outrageous fortune" which drive most of us to our work, and to be shielded at all points from these is no desirable lot. If healthy and complete human beings are ever to be produced by institutions, it can be done only by supplying some artificial force which shall take the place of the pressure of those natural laws which seem somehow to be kept in abeyance by any cut and dried system of charity.

Full of promise as are such benefactions as the Miller School, we do not find in them the final outcome of the revolutions in philanthropic ideas which have been going on in our own day, and indeed it sometimes seems as if the work of this generation is in the main only to demonstrate that the science of philanthropy is still in its infancy.

THE SCHOOL is indebted to Mr. J. Heffelfinger of Hampton for the addition to its Library of a curious and interesting volume entitled "An enquiry concerning the intellectual and moral faculties, and literature of Negroes, followed with an account of the life and works of fifteen Negroes and Mulattoes distinguished in Science, Literature and the Arts." This somewhat ambitious work was translated by

D. B. Warden, Secretary to the American Legation in Paris, from the French of "H. Gregoire, formerly Bishop of Blois, member of the Conservative Senate, of the National Institute, of the Royal Society of Gottingen, etc—"and was published in Brooklyn" N. Y in the year 1810.

It is dedicated "to all those men who have had the courage to plead the cause of the unhappy Blacks and Mulattoes, whether by the publication of their works, or by discussion in national assemblies, etc." this dedication being followed by a list of names of men and women who have thus allied themselves with the cause of the Negro, grouped according to their nationalities, viz: French, English, Americans, Germans, Danes, Hollanders, Italians, Spaniards and Negroes. Of the eight chapters into which the book is divided, the first is a semi-scientific discussion as to the meaning of the word "Negro," and as to the unity of the primitive type of the human race; the second, third and fourth, discussions as to the moral inferiority of the Negro, and the obstacles slavery opposed to the development of their faculties; the fifth is devoted to statements in regard to the "talents of the Negroes for arts and trades" and their political organizations, the sixth, to their literature, while the seventh includes short biographical notices of the following. "Negroes and mulattoes distinguished by their talents and their works," viz: Hannibal, a protege of Peter the Great; Amo, a Guinea Negro taken when very young to Europe and there educated by a Princess of Brunswick, who became a doctor of the University of Wittemberg and wrote some remarkable theses, though nothing is known of his after life; L'Islet Geoffroy, an artillery officer and "guardian of the depot of maps and plans of the Isle of France," who seems to have been a man of some attainments, a correspondent of the French Academy of Sciences, etc.; James Derham, a physician in New Orleans; Thomas Fuller, an uneducated Virginia Negro said to have been possessed of remarkable mathematical ability; Othello, of whom nothing is told us except that he published in Baltimore in 1778, a powerful "essay against the slavery of Negroes," Bannaker of Philadelphia, astronomer and almanac maker; Cuvano, a slave at Granada, who being freed by an English nobleman, published in England a forcible appeal against slavery; Capitein, an African Negro, educated in Holland by a lady who taught him Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Chaldean, and sent him to the University of Leyden, where he studied four years as a Calvinist minister to Guinea; Francis Williams, a Jamaica Negro, educated at Cambridge, England, where he made considerable progress in mathematics and attracted attention by his Latin verses; Vassa, an African, who, "after a wandering and stormy life," settled in London where he published a curious volume of his memoirs; Sancho, a Guinea Negro carried to England at the age of two years, where he was befriended by a noble family and did in his later years some noticeable literary work; Phillis Wheatley, who, taken as a child from Africa to Boston, became well known to all Americans interested in her people, as a woman of unusual ability. The last chapter is a summary of the task the author has undertaken "in proving that the Negroes are capable of virtues and talents," and leaves no doubt as to his earnestness and strong faith in the future of the people whom he so warmly defends. The aspiration with which he closes his book, is at last, after three quarters of a century, on the way to fulfilment, though it will still bear repetition. He says;

"May European nations at last expiate their crimes towards Africans. May Africans, raising their humiliated fronts, give spring to all their faculties, and rival the whites in talents and virtues only, and avenging themselves by benefits and effusions of fraternal kindness, at last enjoy liberty and happiness."

Tribute to General and Mrs. Marshall, by their friends.

In the Spring of 1883, when it became known that Gen. Marshall contemplated resigning his position as Treasurer of the school, the officers and teachers determined that something should be done to give expression to their sincere regards for him whose efficient services are a part of the fullness of Hampton's work.

At this juncture, learning that Gen. Marshall was refitting an old homestead in Weston, Mass., in which to settle, Gen. Armstrong suggested that steps be taken to raise among Gen. Marshall's friends as a very proper testimonial, an amount equal to the required outlays on this property.

This proposition meeting with the hearty approval of all, a soliciting committee was appointed and subscription books were opened in the Spring of 1884.

Contributions have been received from a number of Gen. Marshall's admirers scattered over this country and the Sandwich Islands.

Several Hampton graduates contributed—glad of an opportunity to bear testimony to the goodness and greatness of General and Mrs. Marshall.

Many a Hampton "boy" feels deeply indebted to him for lessons of faithfulness and caution in the performance of duties.

Although the subscription books are not yet closed, the total of the collections to July 1st, 1885, has been transmitted to the General, who makes acknowledgment in the following letter.

Kendall Green, Weston, Mass., Sept. 15, '85.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong,
Rev. H. W. Foote, } *Committee.*
Mr. Frank D. Banks,

My dear friends:

My grateful acknowledgements are due to those friends who have recently presented me, through your kind instrumentality, with a very substantial testimonial of their regard.

While I am unconscious of having done aught to merit such a valuable gift at their hands, I accept it with a heart-felt appreciation of their exceeding kindness.

If anything could reconcile me to the necessity of giving up the congenial work in which I have been associated with you for so many years, it would be the repeated proofs I have received of the sympathy and affection of my friends.

This new manifestation of their good-will, with their kindly expressed wish to have a share in this pleasant country home, already endeared to us by family associations, which has been made so convenient and attractive by the work done at the Hampton School, will now give it added value and interest in our eyes.

With the hope that our friends will often give us the pleasure of making this home theirs, and with my thanks to yourselves for your kindly agency and the treasured expressions of your interest and regard,

I remain gratefully yours,
J. F. B. MARSHALL.

It may be remembered by our readers that our last issue contained an editorial notice of a letter published in the New York *Evening Post* which gave a very forcible, and, as we felt, a somewhat one sided statement of the condition of the Negro population of Southern Virginia.

A later letter in the *Post*, over the same signature, "P. A. B." limits the field of the observations made to certain Counties of Virginia where the conditions are noticeably unfavorable, and, premising that, "the subject, in its relation not only to Virginia, but to the South and the Union, is too grave to be approached in any but an impartial, earnest and patriotic spirit," goes on to express an appreciation of the theories upon which the Hampton School is founded, and a recognition of the work which the School is doing, which demand, we feel, an acknowledgment in our columns.

We give a single quotation, of which we trust our readers will see the force.

"It would be difficult to exaggerate the value of what the Hampton Institute has already accomplished in this wide and important field. The sober, practical, and discriminating good sense displayed in its modes of instruction, the keen and accurate insight which its teachers have into the deficiencies of the negro character, and their versatile, indefatigable, and on the whole successful effort to remedy those deficiencies in their pupils, entitle it to the warmest respect and gratitude of every citizen. It is to such institutions that the negro must look for regeneration, for they furnish him with an energetic and zealous army of teachers who have been selected with the greatest care and judgment as best fitted for the educational and missionary work to be performed. The day will come when their influence will be seen even in these remote and secluded districts of the country to which General Armstrong alluded, and where the race fell under my observation. I believe that an unvarnished statement of its present moral condition there will hasten that day by enlisting the active sympathy and interest of those philanthropic persons at the North who, by pecuniary donations, can assist in enlarging the usefulness of such institutions as that at Hampton. This has been the only motive which has impelled me in what I have written."

In a third letter (*Post* of Sept. 18th,) the same writer offers us a carefully thought out study of the Negro character, with a series of suggestions as to the special difficulties surrounding the education of our freedmen, and as to the means by which these difficulties can best be met. Any analysis of his deductions would be out of place here and now, but such a statement as the following asks nothing at our hands.

"The illustrious mission of thus educating the negro has very properly fallen to men of his own race. I have already pointed out how advantageous this is to the blacks in their social and political relations with the whites. Many reasons can be offered why colored men are the best instructors for their people morally and intellectually also.

* * * *

In the noble mission of these colored teachers, the negro has put on a new dignity, a dignity indeed, that is not without elements of true grandeur when we contemplate the greatness of their task, and its intimate connection with the destinies of the Union; for out of that dark cloud that lowers over the South, supreme good fortune or supreme disaster must come finally to the republic. It depends chiefly upon them whether it shall be the one or the other. One of the most dangerous and deceptive of all political dreams is, that the so-called negro problem will solve itself. It will solve itself only by the most energetic and persistent application of the right means from without.

In the trustee meetings of the Hampton school for the past eight years, a prominent, beloved and trusted influence has been that of Judge Francis N. Watkins. On the night of Sept. 5th, in Lynchburg, Va., he died, aged 72 years. On Sunday morning the body was taken to Farmville, the home of his entire life, where, in the Presbyterian church of which he had been for forty years a Ruling Elder, the funeral services were held on Monday morning.

Judge Watkins was one of the truest and most helpful friends Hampton has had in the South. Elected in 1877 as one of her board of trustees, his faithfulness and hearty interest were from that time an encouragement to all his co-workers, and his absence will leave a gap which it will be hard to fill. The whole record of his life is one of faithful work; for thirty years he was county Judge, and at the time of his death was treasurer of the State Normal School at Farmville, and also of another educational institution in the neighborhood, and President of the Farmville Bank. That he was loved best by those who knew him best was shown by the warm demonstrations of feeling among his friends and neighbors when his body was brought back to his old home. A graduate of Hampton who was present at the funeral on Monday says; "The services were appointed for half past ten, but an hour before that time the church was crowded to its full capacity, a large proportion of the congregation, perhaps a majority, being colored. Among them I counted ten Hampton graduates. There were two colored pall-bearers, and the love of the colored people for this man of Southern birth and affiliations was a touching and hopeful thing to see. Many Hampton students owe their presence in the school to Judge Watkin's advice and assistance, and there is probably no man in the state who had more fully and deservedly the confidence of the colored people."

To his family there must be true consolation in the knowledge that his influence has been so deeply felt and appreciated, and his friends at Hampton, colored and white, are among those who will most truly mourn and miss his kindly ways and strong common sense.

We append extracts from an obituary notice published in the "Central Presbyterian."

"His father was Henry E. Watkins, of Prince Edward county, Va., long known and highly honored, both as a member of the House of Delegates and of the Senate of the Legislature of Virginia, an Elder of the Presbyterian Church, and a Christian gentleman of great intelligence and refinement. His mother was a daughter of Col. Samuel W. Venable of the same county, a lady of decided piety and well fitted, by native and acquired qualifications, for the early training of her son. He was thus related in blood to two of the largest and most influential families in south-side Virginia, from which both state and church had often received members both male and female, distinguished by position and usefulness. * * * * *

He was born April 24th, 1813, at the residence of his father, two or three miles northeast of Hampden Sidney College. In that institution he commenced his collegiate education, but completed that Amherst College, Massachusetts, where he graduated in 1832.

* * * * *

In early life he held for a time the office of Treasurer of Hampden Sidney College. In 1844 he was elected Treasurer of Union Seminary, and continued to hold that office to his death, a period of over forty years. This period embraced several seasons of financial embarassment to the seminary, especially the years of the war 1861—'65. Through all he performed his duties not only with conscientious fidelity, but in such a wise and judicious manner as to gain, yearly, more and more the confidence of the Trustees, and often to secure important increase in the investments. Not a cent was ever lost through neglect or mistaken judgment. * In 1865—66, while a member of the Legislature, he was elected county Judge of Prince Edward county. He administered the duties of the office to the growing satisfaction of all classes, and when put aside by outside partizan agency, he so enjoyed the confidence of the entire community, white and colored of both parties, that had the choice been left to the people there would hardly have been a vote against his remaining in office. Though friends of all parties complained of the bad treatment he had received, he submitted in silence. Since the establishment of the "State Normal School" in Farmville he had been the Secretary and Treasurer of the board of Visitors, and contributed valuable aid to its organization and efficient work. * * * * * Of the extraordinarily large crowd which attended his burial, some one remarked "that two-thirds of those present had been under obligations to him for personal favors. * *

On the night of his death, to the question, "Is the Saviour with you, and does He comfort and sustain you?" he replied, "Oh, yes! oh, yes!!" These were his last remembered words. But such life needed no dying testimony—*his end was peace.*"

Another of Hampton's true and faithful workers has laid down the burden of life which at the last had been for her heavy and grievous to be borne. In Boston, on the 7th of September, Miss Emily Kimball died, after an illness of nearly two years, during the whole course of which she had shown such a cheerful courage that until the very last it was difficult to believe that Death was to be the conqueror.

For six years she worked in the Treasurer's office here, being, during that time, Gen. Marshall's chief and most valued assistant. In spite of her retiring manner and curious under valuation of her own powers, she won for herself many and warm friends outside the family circle which so lovingly enclosed her, and was more thoroughly appreciated than she perhaps knew. Hers was one of those spirits for whom it seems that the transition from earth to heaven must have been only a step, a closing of the eyes here, an awakening there. For such there should be no mourning, rather thankfulness as for one for whom weariness has been changed to strength, and pain to peace.

The victory was hers, not Death's, for through the long struggle of her last years her brave soul stood undaunted, and the record she has left for her friends is the record of a pure, brave life, unspotted by the world and strong with an unusual strength.

SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

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The Southern Press. Both Sides.

Just as there was no acre in all the South that did not feel the maleficent influence of slavery, so already there is no acre which directly or indirectly is not responding to the stimulant of freedom. It is a wonderful history, that of the past twenty-five years, and to men of Southern origin and sentiment it has brought revelations which not unnaturally fill them with hope for the future.

Surely there is some compensation for the past in the realization of such possibilities as are indicated in the following editorial from the *Industrial South.*

"Between the South of twenty-five years ago and the South of to-day there are contrasts, in almost every point of view, that are not only striking but startling. Some of these contrasts are suggestive of sad remembrances and reflections; others of them are full of inspiriting hope, confidence, and courage for every southern man who has any knowledge of the resources and opportunities of this section.

For the man of middle age who was young when the war came, it is melancholy to look back upon the prosperity and happiness, the ease and luxury of the olden, golden days. But even to him, if he be a man of brave and buoyant spirit, it has become encouragingly clear that while the war brought with it indiscribable losses, sufferings and sorrows, it brought also a great revolution filled with revelations in all the directions of industrial progress which are proving to be invaluable blessings to our people. And with the young man of the South, with him who has become a man since the close of the unfortunate contest in arms, between the two sections, it is a matter of curious reflection that so noble a people with so grand a country around them should so long have been loitering as laggards on the roads of progress when it is now shown that they have, and always have had every requisite of soil, of climate, of geographical eligibilities, of everything in fact, for a material wealth and strength which no region of the world has ever excelled. And it is this middle-aged man, with his wisdom evolved from experience, and this young man with his intelligent appreciation and comprehension of southern resources and opportunities, who are the pillars of strength on which the South in her renascent health and vigor may confidently rest her hopes, her expectations, her energies, and her purposes, to rise to a higher height of prosperity for all her people than was ever known in her brightest days of the olden time by the fortunate few who were blessed with the greatest affluence and the best advantages."

The same writer, recognizes with a somewhat unusual frankness, the completeness with which slavery blocked the path of progress, and that after all, Northern men were only instruments in the hands of a Power outside and beyond themselves:

"In the South the changes that have come are great, but the changes that are coming are still greater. The institution of slavery, existing for more than two hundred years, had become interwoven with every fibre of southern trade, with every sentiment of southern education, with every association of southern thought and feeling. It was an enervating institution. It was an institution that made men unenterprising. It was an institution that repressed inventive genius and discouraged all advancement in the mechanic arts. It was a nightmare, disturbing all dreams of that aggressive ambition which moves men of adventurous spirit to the great pioneer work that widens the footpath of one generation into the great highway of progress for another. It was the high, broad, thick wall that kept the southern states from seeing out into the world and the world at the same time from seeing into the southern States. It was the thing that caused a contradistinction of the South from the North. It was the only thing that hindered the southern people in progress and held them back to comparative inertness in the midst of their matchless resources. The destruction of that institution was in itself the one great radical change that has come, inevitably necessitating innumerable other changes that are coming, in the South.

The changes that have come and the changes that are coming in the South are nothing more, nothing less, than the inseparable results of the logic of the laws of progress that look and lead to advancement as soon as all difficulties have been cleared away."

It is interesting to notice how some of these changes are foreshadowed in such items as these:

"It is gratifying indeed to notice the interest our people are taking in education. This is indeed worthy. On every hand we see the little ones trotting to school. Educational institutions are every where patronized.

* * *

But while the head is being educated, do not forget the hand. Don't fail to have your child learn some trade. It not while at school put him at it when he has completed his course in the public schools. We do not believe that any one can obtain too much education, even if he expects to be a blacksmith or a carpenter or some other artisan.

It must be remembered that skilled men of the latter class are scarce, and that there is as much honor in being a skilled shoe-maker, black-smith, machinist &c. as it is to be an accomplished physician, able lawyer or learned professor. It is not the class of work but the quality of it." *Richmond Planet (Colored.)*

"Ann Arbor had three colored graduates from the University this year. They are Miss Sophie Jones, Chatham, Ont., from the Medical department, and Messrs Strickland and Avant, of Mississippi, from the law department.—*Chicago Conservator.*

On Saturday at one o'clock p. m., Drs. C. N. Dorsette, A. C. McClennan, E. H. Mayer and W. D. Crum, met at the office of Dr. Crum and organized "The Colored National Medical Association." Dr. C. N. Dorsette, of Montgomery, Alabama, was elected President and Dr. W. D. Crum, of this city, Secretary; an Executive Committee, consisting of Drs. Crum and McClennan. The committee was authorized and empowered to issue a suitable address to the colored physicians of the United States, inviting their co-operation in this great work. The next meeting will be held at Charleston, S. c.—*Augusta Baptist.*

BALTIMORE, July 7.—In the United States circuit court to-day Judge Bond affirmed the decree of the district court awarding three colored women damages of $100 for having been excluded from first-class sleeping apartments on the steamer Sue after they had purchased first-class tickets. This settles the question so far as traveling on steamboats on Chesapeake bay is concerned

It is so evident that President Cleveland's administration has before it a quite unique opportunity that it is to be expected that its movements should be watched with a most critical anxiety by those who realize how much any deviation from justice and honesty, any mistake in policy, any misstep on one side or the other will mean to the country at large. "Confidence in the prudence and moderation of the Federal Government" is certainly playing an important part in the new development of the South.

"The causes which are leading to improvement in the financial and industrial world at home are just now riveting attention. It is conceded to be the product of increased and growing confidence in the prudence and moderation of the Federal Government, and the lessened influence of sectionalism and political hatred. But the "bloody shirt" and "war paint" still disgrace and enfeeble the gentle prosperity, and it is the interest as well as duty of patriotic men, of whatever party name, to make the annihilation of this fanaticism the prime aim of temporary, if not permanent, political association.

We do not urge diminished concern in the choice of public servants, or less devotion to particular creeds when such matters are in issue. Vigilance watchful and thoughtful inquiry into public duties, are to be commended, but we should drive from the political arena violence, uncharitableness, fanaticism, prejudice and sectionalism. The banishment of these hurtful influences is the panacea for a hundred and one ills which blind partisan zeal assigns to causes entirely remote, if they are not altogether irresponsible for the frequent paralysis of business."

The political situation in Virginia has brought out many criticisms of the two parties and their methods, from colored journals, and every day makes it evident that the colored vote of 1885 demands much more serious consideration than did the colored vote of 1875. The *Peoples Advocate* says;

"The democrats are now making overtures for the colored vote by fair speeches and conciliatory admission.

The republican managers have perpetrated the silly blunder of failing to employ colored canvassers, as conspicuously as the talents and worth of many of them warrant. These primary causes have already led to apathy on the part of quite a number of colored men who have hitherto warmly supported the readjuster movement.

It follows, therefore, that those who believe in the ascendency of republican principles should lose no time, not a single day longer, to appeal to General Mahone for a right about in his tactics with respect to the colored vote.

* * * *

It is folly to expect that the Negro voter can be left alone and rally in force at the eleventh hour. It is equally foolish to conclude that many will not be found susceptible to democratic influences and remain away from the polls if they do not vote openly for Lee.

For these reasons we look for surprises as the campaign progresses, and after the votes are counted, to see a great many long faces where smiling ones are now confidently anticipated.

The *New York Freeman* considers that the Democratic party has already declared its tactics so positively as to leave the colored people of Virginia no choice in the coming election.

"The Democratic party of Virginia has not improved the opportunity which was given it to conciliate and reassure the colored voters of Virginia that they had as much to hope for from the one as the other party. Colored people are not fools, when it comes to deciding between a choice of evils. In attaching themselves to the Mahone party as opposed to the Danville party they show as much instinct as wisdom.—*N. Y. Freeman.*

But a wiser utterance than either of these is to be found in another issue of the *Peoples' Advocate.*

Judging from the interest our people take in politics, it would seem that they are special conservators of that branch of the nation's weal.

Notwithstanding the absence of intellectual and material strength, we go skimming along the surface, relying on the idiosyncracies of parties, while the great masses of the whites seem devoted to those interests which will render them indifferent to and independent of the political changes, which are inevitable in a country like ours. It is true that we are the element in the vast body politic most dependent upon political recognition and party friendship. But undivided attention to politics has been the bane of our race. It has begotten a sort of habit, that is fast undermining our desires, aspirations and ambitions, which should point in other directions.

For the past twenty years the colored people have devoted the major portion of their time to politics, and to-day we find ourselves as far, or nearly so, from the end we desire most to be attained, as we were when our fidelity to party was first defined. We find to-day that we can command but little respect, and, although we number over a million voters, we are neither courted nor feared.

It is high time we were beginning to look into the causes which have operated against us. We should take advantage of the bits of history we find bearing on our case, and profit by them."

After giving in brief the political experience of the various foreign elements in our population, the article continues;

"The case of the Hebrew is still a better example of the possibilities of a once hated and proscribed people. By frugality, by a non-partisanship quite astonishing in a country like this, by unity and wonderful persistence of energy, they have become a most potent factor in this country. * * * * They regard politics as an adjunct to their interests, and take part in it only when its drift is calculated to injure material prospects. Nor did the German and Jew at any time fail to divide with parties upon local, or even national issues. * * * * * * * * Hence, the principles of the parties were of less consequence to them than practices and as the practices of parties differed with localities, there was a corresponding division of party affiliation on their part.

The colored people will find it necessary, sooner or later, to follow the example of other races.

The race has now an opportunity of making itself felt among all political parties, and it remains to be seen whether advantage will be taken of it. We must have friends in all parties and among all people.

The attitude of the white journals of the State afford just now to the outside a curious study, and their political prophesies must, we should think, be to the average colored reader, somewhat confusing. Everything is promised; everything is threatened, with equal certainty by both parties, and, evidently, it is upon what has been in the past, rather than upon anything that is made clear in the present, that the colored people must base their choice in the coming election. Taking Mr. Sherman's late speeches as a text, the *Norfolk Landmark* says;

"He and his party never had any kind feeling, of a personal sort, for the black people of the South. He and his associates strove to use our newly emancipated slaves for the sole purpose of perpetuating Republican power; and now that the colored people of Ohio and other Northern States are joining the CLEVELAND Democrats Mr. SHERMAN draws the color line and begins a crusade against the political rights and privileges of the people of color. Revenge, self-interest, and a desperate ambition prompt him; and if his scheme succeeds, the blacks of the South will be stricken down without remorse by Sherman and his associates. It will take some time for the average man of color to realize this; but the Rev. Mr. POLLARD and men of his stamp can comprehend the danger, and to such we commend a study of MR. SHERMAN'S speech. The hope of the colored people for intellectual and moral advancement is with the FITZ LEE-CLEVELAND Democracy; and the sooner they realize this the better for them, as they are the burnt offering that the Republican leaders would now sacrifice in order to regain the privilege of plundering the Treasury and defrauding the people."

The Richmond *Whig* (Republican,) on the other hand, takes the ground that

"Facts, figures and solid argument are having their effect upon the voters; and we are glad to know that our modest and unassuming approaches to the masses are recognized as better introductions to popular regard and confidence than the vain-glorious arrays and displays of Bourbonism."

Notice.

Any schools, Sunday schools, or individuals, willing to help some of our graduate teachers to make Christmas a happy time for their scholars, can be furnished with names and addresses by sending a postal card to Miss A. E. Cleaveland. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Substantial help and much pleasure were given in this way last year by northern friends, and it is earnestly hoped that many who read the SOUTHERN WORKMAN will respond to this appeal.

Letters from Hampton Graduates.

MY FIRST YEAR IN THE WORK. NOT A GENTLEMAN FARMER. A GIRL'S BRAVE STRUGGLE. IN NORTH CAROLINA. FROM LONG BRANCH TO LINCOLN.

MY FIRST YEAR IN THE WORK.

The new comers in the field bring fresh enthusiasm to the work, and have also the advantage of greater strength, and less hurried preparation.

S——, *Dec. 12th, 1884.*

Miss A. E. C——:

My Dear Friend:

This is the first time that I have ever had the pleasure of writing to you, and it is, indeed, a pleasure. I am, as you know, one of Hampton's recent graduates, and this my first year in the work. I am now teaching in S——, a small city, situated in the heart of the beautiful and fertile valley of Virginia. The town is not so pretty in itself, but its surroundings are picturesque and beautiful. On all sides of the town there are to be seen mountains of lofty height. Regarding my work, I can but say that though I find it hard, I like it very much. The school in which I teach is a graded one, and in my room, which is the fourth primary, I have enrolled forty-seven pupils. In the beginning I had fifty enrolled, but as you see several have dropped out. The corp of teachers here numbers eight, five of whom are Hamptonians. Lizzie S——, one of my class-mates, is here teaching with me. I have received two bundles of papers and one letter from Miss T——. The children to whom I give the papers are delighted with them. Our Superintendent is a man who seems to be greatly interested in his work, and is very desirous that the children should improve as much as possible. I am glad to see that spirit existing, as it is not generally the case. I enjoyed reading your letter very much, and I shall endeavor with all the power that in me lies to follow the motto which you so kindly suggested.

A. D.

Class of '84.

NOT A GENTLEMAN FARMER.

The teacher who is also a farmer, and hopes one day to be a "gentleman farmer" so that he may have time to enjoy his books and papers, deserves a hearing, especially when his political creed is so encouraging as is that of this staunch young Republican.

H——, Va., *December 28th, 1884.*

Miss A. E. C——.

My Dear Friend:

The time has been long since we have shaken hands with our pens. It is true that the fault is alone my own. It is like me to procrastinate. It is also true and very pleasant to know that you have always been *my* friend, indulgent and forgiving. I wish to assure you that my course does not indicate a decline in the high respect and confidence which I have long since held for you. When I wrote before, I think I was on the eve of closing my last term, and commencing my farm work. I conducted in person our little farm, with some hired help. My principal crops were corn and cotton. Drouth, excessive rains, and my inexperience accounts for my poor crop. Mother and my farming friends bid me cheer up and go forward. Emerson says, "Success is made of failures." I am no gentleman farmer, but say to my help generally, "Come on" and not "Go on." I call one a gentleman farmer when he does not have to work as it were, from sun to sun. I desire to work up to that point, then I can have ample time to enjoy the pleasure from reading books and papers. My brother is an office holder and also helps me when he can in my work. I am not so much a farmer now by choice as by necessity. The fact is, we don't want our homestead broken up. It seems to me, if father had not died, my finances would be better and I would be nearer the object of my ambition. I am teaching my same school and am getting on well.

Our Superintendent and the trustees of my school are very kind.

Mrs. B——, the Supt's. wife, has charity so broad, sympathy so general, that she reminds me of our Hampton teachers.

We stood by the G O. Rep. party in this County. Defeat may serve to crush some of its corrupt leaders, but its principles will live and at last prevail. I believed Mr. Blaine to be a great statesman and a noble man I think Mr. Cleveland's policy will be liberal. I believe in suffrage for my people, but I believe more in education and property for their elevation and security.

My brother and I have classes in our Sunday school.

Yours truly,

A. J. J. S.

A GIRL'S BRAVE STRUGGLE.

"I could not have done this except for our good friends at the North," is so commonly the explanation of our students' appearance at Hampton, that we do not perhaps give as much space as we should to instances like this of the brave girl whose burden when at the heaviest was lifted by kind hands, to whose bounty she acknowledges her debt.

——Co, Va. *Nov. 7th, 1884.*

Dear Miss C——:

Your good sympathizing letter was received long, long ago, and I would certainly have written you before could I have spared time from other things which had to be done, but I could not. I have had many bitter trials since you heard from me. The death of my dear father was the greatest. I thought I had seen trouble in my life, but I never knew what is was until my father closed his eyes in death. After his death, there was a deal of work to be done. I was left all alone, the oldest of three children, and it was my daily thought what to do with my brother and sister younger than I am, for we were left alone without money. At last, I thought it would be best to send both to Hampton; so, October 1st, I sent them. I do not know how I could have done so, had it not been for my friends at the North who aided me. Our home and all of the things about the place were sold. We thought it was useless to keep the home, when none of us could or would want to live there any more. We could not live there any longer, because we were compelled to work, and, in order to do that, we had to go somewhere else. I waited until I put the children where they could do well, and then I had to look out for a place for myself. I was a long time becoming settled as to where I should go, but, at last, considered it best to come here. I arrived here on the 25th ult., and began to teach on the 28th. I am only ten miles from Farmville, Va. I am near ever so many of the Hamptonians, and have seen nearly all of them. S——, teaches just two miles from me. I see him twice a week. It is very pleasant for me to be near so many of my old friends and class mates. All of them try to make everything around wear a happy appearance, because they are aware of the distress and bereavement which has so lately fallen to my lot. I feel as if I shall enjoy my work here, for the people seem to like me already, though I have only been here two weeks, and I like both the place and people. Everything in my school house is quite convenient, at least, as much so as we usually find things teaching in the common public schools. I have a large number of children now, but there are plenty more to come yet, so I am informed. I have fifty-eight, however. My boarding place is quite near, and I have a very nice one. I shall start a S. S. here next Sunday. It is a real shame to see so many children here who do not even know what a Sunday school is. I am going to try to do all the good I can in all the ways I can while I am here. If you know of any one who has old S. S. papers, or old Testaments which they do not need, and would like to send them South to children, will you kindly give them my address. These children here would be proud to get anything of the kind.

Please write to me when you can, and excuse my delay. If you could only imagine yourself in my place, you would not wonder at my long silence, for I have so many burdens laid upon my shoulders, lately, that it seems as if it is impossible for me to write often.

I hope that you are very well, and that you will often pray for

Your sorrowing pupil,

M. B.

IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The condition of the colored population varies so much in different parts of the South, that the teacher's capacity needs to be equally varied, and it is not always easy to get the "right man in the right place."

G——, N. C., *April 22d, 1884.*

Dear Teacher:

Having just closed the last month's teaching of the two terms that I have taught this winter, I take pleasure in attempting to give you some idea of the work, as found here in this state. Teaching in this, my native state, is unlike that of her sister state, Virginia. Especially on account of the very limited time which the schools are allowed to run during the year. Another trouble is prevalent here; the people think that they must have school during the summer and winter. This they cannot do to an advantage on account of the limited time the children will be permitted to remain in school. The former might well be called the financial difficulty, and the other a misunderstanding of things among the people. Both are destructive to good results.

Since November the 15th, I have taught two night schools, one of three months, and another of two months. After returning to my home, here in old "North State," I was advised by a friend to take a school that had not been kept in three years. You can better imagine in what condition I found it than I can tell you here. After opening and classifying as best I could, I managed very nicely throughout the term. In this county, the colored people number about two-thirds of the population. Where I taught, there were very few colored people, but their relations with the whites were very pleasant indeed.

On entering the second school house, in which I was privileged to teach, I found a marked change in the general appearance of the children. Many of them were bright, and mentally active in their studies. Having been out of school only a few months, they were soon reviewed sufficiently to take up the advanced lessons. Great credit is due the young under-graduate of Hampton, who had preceded me in teaching that school.

The children belonging to this school are more advanced in their studies perhaps than those connected with any school in the county. I had a class in United States History; one in fractions, common and decimal; another in grammar, Reed and Kellogg; an object lesson in numbers each day was highly appreciated by the children.

Much general improvement is being made, especially among the colored people. Many of them are buying land and paying for it. The home circle is being rapidly improved. Teaching is over for this season. Preparation for work in the school house cannot be too thoroughly made.

Very respectfully,

W. S. R.

FROM LONG BRANCH TO LINCOLN.

To be confronted by the "formidable array" quoted below might well discourage even a determined Hampton graduate, but when he does not know where the money is to come from wherewith to buy the books without which he cannot make even a beginning, it must be admitted that both faith and pluck are needed by the young aspirant.

Lincoln University, *Sept. 15th, 1884.*

Miss A. E. C——.

Dear Friend:

Your cards and very encouraging letter came to hand and found me at the time busy and cramped for time. I am at last here and determined to acquit myself creditably. The season at Long Branch has been very dull and I am consequently here under a great financial pressure, even for books, etc. I see no way out of my dilemma, though I am trusting in Him, believing that aid cometh when we least expect and from sources unknown to us. I am just now only a Freshman, studying Loomis' Algebra, Goodwin's Greek Grammar, Leighton's Latin Lessons, Allen & Greenough's Latin Grammar, Quackenbos's English Composition and Bible, so you see a formidable array is before me and much to do. Professor Kendell has kindly granted me a scholarship, so I am unable to ask more of him. I did not stop in Philadelphia, on consideration, as it would be a loss of time and perhaps be the means of keeping me one year more.

I am pleased with the place, its religious aspect and the kind spirit of generosity and gentlemanlyness of teachers and students. If you do not consider your relationship with me severed by entering, you will please send me some papers and reading matter.

Do you remember that shortly after Wendell Phillips' death, there appeared in an issue of *The Southern Workman* an eulogy of his upon T'Ouvsaint L'Ouverture. I shall be more than obliged if you could send me a paper containing it.

Our Lyceum is studying his pieces, and I am to declaim one of his best, soon, and as I was impressed with the production, I would like to do so. Please try and find it.

Hoping soon to be the recipient of one of your characteristic letters,

I remain,

J. T. B.

SOUTHERN SKETCHES.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

The Freedman's Hat.

Chatham, Pittsylvania Co., Va., Aug., '85.

Having spent my early life in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley with its flocks and herds, its fine crops of wheat and corn, its large population of thrifty Germans, and its comparatively small African element, I meet many contrasts and novel scenes in this part of the state. The country and people are as new to me as if I were not a Virginian. Here the land has always been held in large tracts, just beginning now to be broken up into small holdings, as the white people are forced to sell, and the black man finds himself able to buy. There are 27,000 negroes in the county.

The principal crop is tobacco, which forms the great interest of the district. I see no attempt to raise grain except corn, and that away from the bottom lands, seems hardly worth cultivating. There are great forests stretching away as far the eye can reach. Often one sees no human habitation except a log cabin in a little clearing, as if the sturdy pioneer had just reached a new country.

I find some friends staving here for the summer, who give me a cordial welcome to the cottage surrounded by big oaks in a large grassy lawn, where they are rusticating in search of health. They have shown me everything on the place, including the log kitchen, with its broad hearth and great open fire place. My friend, Mrs. Strong, a widow lady, accustomed to city life and appreciating the modern improvements, put up a cooking stove when she came, and then secured an old woman to cook for her. This valued acquisition to the household looked askance at the stove, and would do nothing until it was taken down. Argument was of no avail, the stove was pushed aside, the willful woman had her way, and was allowed to bend her back and scorch her eyes to her heart's content.

A MAN'S HOUSE IS HIS CASTLE.

To-day I wanted to ride out in the country to *Marketown*, a growing settlement of colored people, and inquired about a vehicle for the trip. Mrs. Strong's daughters tell me the village affords but one public conveyance, the rickety old ambulance which brought me from the station, and as it also has to officiate as a hearse at all funerals, is in constant demand to carry the living on their way for business or pleasure and convey the dead to their last resting place. One of the girls went out at once to secure the lugubrious rattletrap, fearing some one else would engage it.

She soon returned unsuccessful as to getting the "hearse" for me, but said a friend who had heard her exclamations of disappointment, had kindly offered his barouche with his little son to drive it, saying "Mrs. Strong and her visitor could use it as long as they wanted it." In a short time a comfortable little carriage, with a stout horse, and a bright looking boy of fourteen to drive, was at the gate, and we were soon riding pleasantly along over smooth sandy roads to Marketown.

Like most court house towns in Virginia, Chatham has only a square or two of regular close built streets, and then rambles along half a mile in either direction. We passed several pleasant home-like places, all white houses with big yards and wide spreading trees, and then suddenly found ourselves in thick woods, with only a cabin to be seen here and there at long intervals, always built of logs or pine boards. Just on the edge of the village, I noticed a very pretty tiny cottage, with the woods for a back-ground, very attractive in appearance, with its latticed porch, white fence, gay flower-beds and climbing vines. Through the open doorway, I observed neat furniture, and exclaimed on the pleasant aspect of the place, with a certain trim daintiness about it I had not seen elsewhere in the town. Mrs. Strong said this was the home of a young colored woman, who had been to Hampton several terms, married and commenced housekeeping here. She was evidently setting a good example to her people in having things so tidy and comfortable around her. "A wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down with her own hands."

It was very pleasant driving through the breezy forest, with only an occasional opening, showing a cleared field or so invariably surrounding a cabin with an adjacent tobacco patch and a little stunted corn.

Mrs. Strong gave me the history of Marketown, built upon part of one of the great estates of the district, the owner of which had once been very rich in land and slaves.

This portion of it had recently come into market, and was being cut up into small lots and eagerly purchased by negroes, most of them the former slaves on the place, who with their master's family, had for generations lived on the land. Both the white and

Southern Workman.

Indian Department.

ELAINE GOODALE, *In Charge*

Regular Contributors:

HERBERT WELSH, *Cor. Sec'y Indian Rights Association.*

ALICE C. FLETCHER,

REV JOHN J. GRAVATT,

MRS. A. S. QUINTON, *Gen'l Sec'y of the Wo-mans' National Indian Ass'n.*

REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.,

JAMES MCLOUGHLIN.

JOHN G. GASMANN,

"THE INDIAN is an intuitive and imitative animal. The Indian acquires knowledge by association," says Col. Tappan of the Genoa school, according to a reporter. *Erratum.* For *the Indian* substitute *man.*

IT IS PROBABLY yet an open question whether a wild Indian of pure blood has ever been thoroughly and permanently civilized. *Henry King* in *The Century* for August. *O mores! O tempora!*

GOV. BUSHYHEAD'S proclamation appointing a day of mourning for Gen. Grant among the Indians is, as an official document, exceedingly well-expressed, and a deserved tribute to the famous inaugurator of the "Indian peace policy."

Helen Jackson.

The world has lost a brilliant woman; the Indians have lost a friend. Our deepest interest in the vivid, sorrowful, many sided, far-reaching life lately ended, lies in its double character. The most gifted woman writer, in America was also one of its greatest philanthropists. The critics have generally acknowledged that her ripest and best work was done in the service of the Indian; it is a significant fact that it was the work for which she cared supremely. When the "Century of Dishonor" and "Ramona" appeared, the "extent of the popular indifference" to the red man was forgotten. It could not be said of "Ramona" that the writer's theory or her sentiment, had spoiled her art. She had made the Indian cause the cause of humanity

Genius has been too often opposed in the history of the world to a beneficent moral force, to make this success of Helen Jackson's a matter of no moment. It is important to all literature and to all humanitarianism, when a beautiful art is thus dominated by a strong conscience, and gains in beauty and maturity by its high discipline. The colorless, insignificant lives of many loving women have been given unnoted to the work; the generosity of a more richly endowed nature cannot pass unchallenged. It is well that in the blaze of light directed toward the popular writer, the fascinating woman, surrounded by admiration and friends, the simplicity and strength of her impulse toward a needy cause can be the more plainly seen.

There seems to be no dangerous mixture of self-conscious sentiment or egotism in such plain utterances as the following, written in a letter to a friend a fortnight before her death.

"I feel that my work is done, and I am heartily, honestly and cheerfully ready to go. You have never fully realized how for the last four years my whole heart has been full of the Indian cause—how I have felt, as the Quakers say, a "concern" to work for it. My "Century of Dishonor" and "Ramona" are the only things I have done of which I am glad now. The rest is of no moment. They will live, and they will bear fruit."

The lovely Indian romance, "Ramona," finished as it is in every detail, is said to have been written with inspired rapidity. We admire it the more fully for the characteristic modesty with which Mrs. Jackson herself entirely disclaimed having adequately represented the nature and ways of the Indian: As much as this has been unwisely claimed for her by friends who knew less than she of all "Ramona" leaves undone. "The great Indian novel," she wrote, "is yet to be written. I hardly know who could do it, unless it were that wonderful woman, Miss Fletcher." Before "Ramona" was attempted she said to a friend that one ought to have lived ten years among the Indians to prepare herself for such a work.

Every life has its lesson. The lesson of Helen Jackson's is that art may be obedient to the high demands of conscience, and still be art. It may be that justice to the Indian will never become popular; but let no one call that work narrow which was great enough to fill her large and loving nature.

A Woman's Life in Dakota.

The charm of Mrs. Custer's story of frontier life* is its *womanly* quality. She takes us into her confidence, as it were, and writes with as much simplicity as if she were addressing a letter to an intimate friend. Not that there is any lack of the necessary and womanly reserve, or of a certain dramatic feeling which is, perhaps, peculiarly feminine. While she is artlessly teaching us to admire her golden-haired hero, she unconsciously leads her readers to draw an equally attractive picture of a woman's personality,—a woman who just escapes being a heroine by an arbitrary display, at the right moments, of the winning weakness of her sex.

We cannot help being sorry that this weakness usually takes the form of an unreasoning dread and dislike of the Indian, yet this feeling is so natural as to be all but pardonable in a soldier's wife. When we remember that it is Mrs. Custer who speaks, and think with a shudder of the tragedy that closes the book, we cannot reproach her, we cannot even smile at such passages as the following, describing an incident which took place during the early days of the march through a friendly country. Gen. and Mrs. Custer were as usual, riding together a little in advance of the column.

"We were laughing and talking so busily I never noticed the surroundings until I found we were almost in the midst of an Indian village quite hidden under a bluff. My heart literally stood still. * * There were but few occupants of the village, but they glowered and growled, and I could see the venomous glances they cast on us as I mutely followed. I trembled so I could scarcely keep my seat as we slowly advanced; for the General even checked his horse to demonstrate to them, I suppose, that we were perfectly at home!"

In spite of the intense prejudice against Indians, which she evidently tried to conquer, Mrs. Custer sometimes betrays a keen eye for their minute peculiarities, as when she says, "The Indian feet are usually small; sometimes their vanity induces them to put on women's shoes. Their hands are slender and marvellously soft considering their life of exposure. The flexible wrist makes their movements expressive."

These undeniable personal attractions are often overlooked. And here is another delicate touch. "The Indian kiss is not demonstrative. The lips are laid softly against the cheek, and no sound is heard or motion made." To one who has seen it this is felt to be an exact account of a rare and rather impressive little ceremony.

Again, she makes some common mistakes, as when she tells us that "the Indian language," (meaning the Dakota,) "is not deficient in abusive terms and epithets." As a matter of fact, there is but one word in Dakota, (*sica,*) which is in common use to express every form of vituperation, and this word is scarcely stronger than our English "bad." It is another fact, seldom appreciated, that there is no such thing as profanity in Indian.

One of the dramatic incidents of the volume is the capture and escape of the Sioux warrior, Rain-in-the-face. This is the touching account of his supposed last interview with his brother and a council of frends, when a prisoner at the garrison.

"The officers present could scarcely beleive their eyes when they saw his brother approach and kiss him. It was only this grave occasion that induced the chief to show such feeling. Several of the ranking chiefs followed his example; then an old man among them stopped in front of Rain-in-the-face, lifted his hands, and raising his eyes, reverentially said a few words of prayer to the Great Spirit in behalf of their unfortunate brother. The prisoner dropped his head to hide the look in his eyes which he thought ill became a warrior as brave as he really was. The bitter revengeful thoughts with which I had entered the room were for a moment forgotten, and I almost wished that he might be pardoned. But the vision of the hearth stones he had desolated came back to me directly, and I could not forget." Mrs. Custer—were you ever haunted by the vision of the hearth stones your husband had desolated?

We will pass over the story of the mingled gayety and peril of garrison life, so touchingly told, and close our account with a chapter of half-appreciated tragic injustice—tragedy more terrible even than her own, but too lightly felt and too coldly related.

The steamer containing supplies for the Indians was delayed in starting and "frozen in" for the winter. The Indians were starving. An embassy of chiefs was sent to Fort Lincoln to ask that rations might be dealt out from the soldiers' stores, which were abundant. Their great orator, Running Antelope, described the sufferings of the people in a speech of such eloquence as its truth must have made heart-rending. Gen. Custer telegraphed to Washington for permission to grant their request. The answer came that it would *create confusion in the relations of the Departments.* Mrs. Custer tells us that it was hard to explain this answer to the famishing Indians. "They could not be told what we all knew that had the War Department made good the deficiency *it would have reflected discredit* upon the management of the Department of the Interior."

We have only to read the accounts of the late trouble in the southwest to make these words, spoken in all sincerity, sound like the bitterest satire. "Col. Bradley says the Muscatero Apaches are becoming restless because their supplies are giving out. Gen. Schofield suggests, *as there are as many Indian difficulties as the troops are able to handle,* that if the Indians bureau cannot furnish supplies to these people the army had better feed them out of the stores and charge the amount to the Indian bureau. Secretary Lamar consented to this and Gen. Schofield was directed to issue rations from the military stores at the post where the trouble was threatened."

We leave it to the people's sense of justice whether the course taken by the Department in the former emergency does not reflect something more than "discredit" upon the administration of Indian affairs at Washington.

A Plea for American Languages.

Among the many books and pamphlets which have been produced by Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, (perhaps the best known of American archaeologists,) none is more suggestive than his monograph on *American Languages and Why we should Study Them.** It was delivered in the form of an address before the Pennsylvania Historical Society in March, 1885, and has since been reprinted from the Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography. In it we have a really eloquent plea for "one of the most neglected branches of learning, for a study usually considered hopelessly dry and unproductive,—that of American aboriginal languages."

The plea is of course a scientific one. The Indian missionaries—from the time of the apostle Eliot to that of the veterans Dr. Williamson and Dr. Riggs, who gave to the Dakota the dignity of a written language—have studied American tongues with amazing zeal and patience. We may sympathize rather with the reasons which moved these practical and loving men than with the scientific concerns of the theorists. Nevertheless, the devotion to learning and the philosophic breadth of such men as Dr. Brinton put forward strong claims to our interested attention.

"You will readily see," he says, "that my arguments must be drawn from other considerations than those of immediate utility. I must appeal to your interest in man as a race, as a member of a common species, as possessing in all his families and tribes the same mind, the same soul. * * After eighteen hundred years of labor, science has reached that point which religious instinct divined and it is in the name of science that I claim for these neglected movements of man's powers the attention which they deserve.

Anthropology is the science which studies man as a species; *Ethnology,* that which studies the various nations which make up the species. To both of these the science of Linguistics is more and more perceived to be a powerful, an indispensable auxiliary. Through it we get nearer to the real man, his inner self, than by any other avenue of approach, and it needs no argument to show that nothing more closely binds men into a social unit than a common language. * * Personal names, family names, titles, forms of salutation, methods of address, terms of endearment, respect, and reproach, words expressing the emotions, these are what infallibly reveal the daily social family life of a community, and the way in which its members regard one another. They are precisely as correct when applied to the investigation of the American race as elsewhere, and they are the most valuable just then, because his deep-seated distrust of the white invaders—for which, let us acknowledge, he had abundant cause—led the Indian to practise concealment and equivocation on these personal topics.

Nowhere is an analytic scrutiny of words more essential than in comparative mythology. It alone enables us to reach the meaning of rites, the foundations of myths, the correct import of symbols. It is useless for anyone to write about the religion of an American tribe who has not prepared himself by a study of its language and acquainted himself with the applications of linguistics to mythology. Very few have taken this trouble, and the result is that all the current ideas on this subject are entirely erroneous. * * These languages offer also an entertaining field to the psychologist. On account of their transparency as I may call it, the clearness with which they retain the primitive forms of their radicals, they allow us to trace out the growth of words, and thus reveal the operations of the native mind by a series of witnesses whose testimony cannot be questioned."

These are valuble suggestions; yet Dr. Brinton goes beyond them in the height and breadth of his argument. "If the American languages are essential to a comprehension of the red race, not less so they are to the science of linguistics in general. This science deals not with languages, but with *language.* It looks at the idiom of a nation, not as a dry catalogue of words and grammatical rules, but as the living expression of the thinking power of man. * In this high quest no tongue can be overlooked, none can be left out of account. One is just as important as the other."

It is a vulgar error which leads us to believe that the "native dialects" are of a very low order. "Those best acquainted with American tongues," says Dr. Brinton, "praise them most highly for flexibility, accuracy and resources

* Boots and Saddles, or Life in Dakota with Gen. Custer. By Elizabeth B. Custer. Harper Bros. 1885.

*D. G. Brinton, Philadelphia, 1885.

of expression They place some of them above any Aryan language. But what is this to those who do not know them? To him who cannot bend the bow of Ulysses it naturally seems a useless and awkward weapon."

We have not space to dwell upon the interesting differences of structure and peculiarities of vocabulary pointed out to us by the lecturer. He tells us that there are believed to be more than two hundred independent stocks of aboriginal languages, beside innumerable dialects. He eloquently urges the right use of this vast material and closes with the opinion of Prof. W. D. Whitney of Yale, that "the study of American languages is the most fruitful and the most important branch of American archaeology."

Letter from Mr. Herbert Welsh.

Crow Creek Agency, Dakota, Sept. 12, 1885.

Editor Southern Workman:—

On Wednesday afternoon our party, consisting of Miss Elaine Goodale, Miss Florence Bascom, Mr. Robert Frazer, and myself, reached Highmore, Dakota, a new town counting some two hundred inhabitants, on the Chicago & N. W. R. W. Through Agent Gasmann's kindness, Mr. Dale, the agency clerk, met us at the station with a team of good horses; but as a journey of 40 miles lay before us, we determined to rest quietly at Highmore over night, and start early on Thursday morning for the agency. Shall we ever forget the delight of that drive? The wind, strong from the south-east, was blowing great guns as, loaded with bags and traps, and packed into the wagon with not a spare inch of room, we set out for the Agency. The first eight or ten miles of our journey lay through a settled country. Houses of wood or turf dotted the prairie at long intervals. We passed occasional hay-stacks, with here and there a corn field. There was less corn and what we saw was of not so fine a quality as I had expected. Soon we passed the boundaries of the white man's country and were within the reservation. The prairie, rolling like the sea on every side, off into the distance glowed in the glorious sunlight. Its beauty in autumn is distinct from what I have enjoyed heretofore in spring or early summer. The eye is delighted with exquisite and varied coloring. Grasses of brilliant green, of purplish-brown, of rich yellows, with a bright reddish touch now and then, followed by long stretches of pale withered herbage, swaying and sweeping together into the blue horizon, make the landscape. Looking out upon the prairie and breathing the stimulating air that blows over it, one is able to understand why the Indian should prefer his home in the West even to more favored regions. When well within the limits of the reservation we were reminded of the recent struggle which culminated in the revocation of Pres't. Authur's Executive Order, by the sight of one or two dismounted and deserted turf shacks which had been built by the incoming settlers. When about fourteen or fifteen miles from the Agency we began to come upon Indian cabins surrounded by their little farms. Usually a tepee stood near them—an airy and convenient dwelling place in the summer weather. Quite a number of these houses were near to Soldiers' Creek, (now a fictitious stream) the banks of which were fringed with timber—the elm, the oak the box-elder, and the ash. Soon from the summit of a high hill our eyes, wandering over the great plain stretched beneath, caught sight of the distant Missouri, a line of silver binding its outer edge. A few miles further and below us lay the white buildings of the agency, folded between the hills, with a broad belt of dark green woods between it and the river—at first sight not unlike one of the trim New England towns left behind us so recently. Any such resemblance was quickly banished by a second glance, which showed many tepees pitched on the broad open space in the centre of the agency. Indians on foot, in wagons, and on horse-back were moving in every direction. This life and stir was due partly to the fact that it was issue day and partly to the Convocation of Bishop Hare's diocese. It was indeed a warm welcome that greeted us upon our arrival at Major Gasmann's house, he having kindly invited us to be his guests. Dinner was followed by an afternoon full of the keenest delight and interest. We were surrounded by those, many of whom, to me at least, were friends of long standing—white men and red. The old helpless wish came upon me that at least some of those who believe that the Indian cannot be saved to civilization or is not worth saving, might be with us. Here were the same honest friendly faces that I had seen two and three years ago at the various agencies of the Sioux Reserve;—Pine Ridge, Rosebud, Lower Brule, Cheyenne River, Santee and Yankton. There was a sense of delightful home feeling about it all. The strong, deep, inexpressable sense of being bound together in one communion—the fellowship of Christ's Church, which takes not into account a man's color or his condition, but unites all in a common brother-hood of love and service. Here was Rev. Mr. Cook from Yankton Agency, who has given 16 years to mission labor, resulting in a great number of native ministers and catechists added to the church; Rev. Mr. Swift from the Cheyenne & Moreau rivers, a patient, faithful and successful laborer in the mission for thirteen years; Mr. Burt, now stationed at Crow Creek, who has worked among the Sioux the same length of time: Mr. Fowler from Santee, Mr. Cleveland from Rosebud, where the work of the Church has made wonderful progress during the past year—eight new Mission stations started there. Beside the white missionaries were a great number of native ministers, catechists and delegates to the convocation. It was very touching to me to remark the pleasure which many of these simple men seemed to take in meeting me and shaking my hand once again. Certainly the reunion could not have been more gratifying to them than to me. It seemed a complete reward for the long winter's work and the many moments of dark discouragement to which it had given rise. Among the many young men who greeted us, the Hampton students were distinguished not so much by the dark blue uniform which many of them wore as by their quick, frank, manly bearing, their more refined manners and various little evidences of contact with civilization. It was a great pleasure to Miss Goodale and Miss Bascom to revive remembrances of Hampton by meeting with so many of their old pupils and from the welcome which they received. I judge that the affection and respect of these students for their teachers had in no wise diminished. Among those whom we met were Ohitika, Thompson, and Bushotter from Lower Brule; Edward Ashley, Faseca, Cetan, Fire Hail, Little Eagle, Philip and Katie Councellor, Sarah Leeds, and Amy Wizi from Crow Creek, and Joe. Estes from Yankton. It was a reverent congregation that at sundown filled the little Episcopal Church to overflowing, and a solemn and touching service which was offered up by these worshippers of the wilderness to the Father above. White men from the far East, red men from the far West were met together in the Unity of the Spirit and in the bond of peace, their hearts knit close together by the love of Christ and an earnest desire for the welfare of their fellow men. Would that the strong clear notes of the Dakota Missionary hymn rising through the wide open door and windows up into the starlit night might have found some echo not only in the Indian paganism of the West but in the more responsible apathy of the Christian East. Representatives from 36 congregations from all parts of the Sioux reserve are present at this convocation. Notwithstanding the many discouragements with which the Church has had to meet, there has been a steady advance in the number of communicants, of churches built, of funds raised among the Indians for the support of the mission. Contributions for the past year amounted to $1,800, certainly a goodly sum when the extreme poverty of the people is considered. But I have already made this letter too long, and must speedily bring it to an end. Let us all redouble our efforts during the coming winter in behalf of these people. The outlook for such work is full of encouragement if it be wisely undertaken and persistently pushed forward.

Truly yours,

HERBERT WELSH.

Abstract of Indian Reports.

STANDING ROCK.

About 20 miles south from Bismark, Dakota, crossing the Cannon Ball river on the west bank of the Missouri, we come upon the northern limit of the great Sioux reservation and upon the land especially belonging to the Standing Rock Agency. The work done at this agency is interesting because of the large number of Indians congregated there and their character. They are made up of Black-Foot and Yanktonnais Sioux. Many of them belong to the late hostile bands of Indians. Here, Sitting Bull and his chiefs are living. The last report of the agent, Maj. McLoughlin, is before me. It shows what an energetic, able man can do in moulding these people. One can but wish that there were many more agents so well fitted for their work. Long years among the Indians and a wife who speaks the Dakota tongue with great facility gives him advantages in dealing with the Sioux. Accurate knowledge of the details of government business, makes it impossible for a designing clerk to entangle him and his accounts. Race tact in dealing with white men has enabled him to live on peaceable terms with the military and his neighbors. More than all, Maj. McLoughlin has a love for the Indian which is the great secret of his success. He and his good wife labor among them night and day.

These wild children of the West under his care are settling down on farms. As one drives along from the Cannon Ball river, he sees fine pieces of wheat, comfortable log cabins with 2 or 3 rooms, Indians living apart like white people, cultivating their own plots of ground, and this, too, on the part of those who three years ago lived in their blankets and tepees. Maj. McLoughlin makes the Indian understand that most of the good things of this life come as the result of work. Just so far as the law allows, rations and supplies come to the people of the reservation as the reward of toil. The Major's head farmer makes detailed reports of the amount of work which each man puts on his house, his land and his road. All advancement in position comes as the result of work. Another force which the Major brings to bear is the school. Each district on the reservation is expected to furnish its quota to the schools and although I believe the agent has never been obliged to withhold the rations, the Indians have been made to understand that this disgrace was in store for them unless the children are forthcoming.

The Roman Catholic, Episcopalian and Congregational churches, all have their schools on the reservation, The first named of these came first, and has done the most work. The school for girls under the care of the sisters makes a sort of home for the returning Hampton girl when their own homes are not what they should be. Several of our students have come from this school and have shown the careful training which the sisters give them. Several miles below the agency there is a work school for boys, a well kept farm, where the boys are taught farming, carpenter shop and blacksmith shops, and a fine company of students. Some of our best mechanics at Hampton have come from this school.

Rev. T. L. Riggs has established a school and a preaching station in the southeastern part of the reservation and has placed a bright young Indian in charge of it. Bishop Hare's school has not been started long enough to produce any marked results, but bids fair to have an important part in the education of the people of this reservation.

In addition to the work done by the church es, Maj. McLoughlin has started day schools at different points with kitchens attached, so that the children can be provided with a dinner. In this way they are more readily induced to attend school and lessons are taught in the proper way of living. In these schools our Hampton graduates have found opportunities to teach. In the shops about the agency a number of young men receive employment and are sent out to do work through the reservation. Maj. McLoughlin succeeded in making the Indians at Devil's Lake a great wheat growing community, a large amount being shipped every year. He is trying to bring about the same thing at Standing Rock. It is a misfortune that the government has not yet seen the importance of encouraging home industries among the Indians.

Every intelligent agent in the Indian country longs to give the young men returning from the school work to do in the shops carrying on the industrial training which they have already received. But by a short sighted policy the number of employes on the agency is curtailed and nearly all the implements and furniture demanded by an advancing civilization are brought in from the outside while they might be manufactured within the reservation, thus affording employment and industrial training to the Indian youth. If the wheat which is raised on a reservation could be ground there and the flour for rations brought from the mill instead of bringing it abroad there might be a saving in prices and a great gain in the civilization of this people.

The placing upon separate farms which has gone on so rapidly on the Standing Rock reservation these last few years has been productive of great good. The dances have been abandoned to a great degree. There has come to be a sense of proprietorship in land and laudable emulation in its cultivation. Certain parts of the reservation vie with others in keeping their roads and bridges in good condition.

Running Antelope, one of the chiefs, when summoned before the Senate Commission which visited the reservation, was questioned as to what he had been doing. "Making roads and bridges" was the reply.

Almost ludicrous are the attempts of these Indians to learn the white man's ways. The picture of this same Running Antelope in white man's dress is most comical. A strong Indian face protruding from a narrow brimmed straw hat with a long string hanging at the side to prevent its sudden departure. A long linen duster and ill fitting pantaloons have certainly changed his appearance but it might be doubted whether they have improved it. His log house in which he conscientiously dwells instead of remaining in the tepee which he would prefer, his bedstead which to him is a doubtful improvement on the ground, his table, the use of which is to him altogether questionable, all these are indications of the struggle he is making toward civilized ways.

If the New York police force was any where near as efficient as is Maj. McLoughlin's on the Standing Rock reservation, we should have fewer crimes than at present. If prohibitory statutes were as well enforced in our white communities as they are among these Indians there would be much reason for thankfulness.

In the face of tremendous obstacles and many discouragements Maj. McLoughlin has wrought out a marked success. H. B. F.

All is Vanity.

Written for The Freeman by T. Thomas Fortune.

I sometimes feel that life contains
In all its store, no boon to pay
For half the sorrows and the pains
That haunt our day.

Ambition lures us on and on,—
A dang'rous and a treach'rous guide,—
With every vict'ry that is won
Goes humbled pride.

And yet we labor, love and trust,
And seek to conquer as we go;
We reap at last repose in dust,—
Naught else we know.

We leave the gewgaws of our power,
The hearts that hate us, or adore;
Yet life is but a fleeting hour,—
We know no more.

black dwellers were fully convinced that the system of which they formed a part, was perpetual; both were wholly unprepared for the wonderful changes our times have seen.

Close to the village the land sells for $25 per acre, the price growing less as one approaches the wilderness, which seems to stretch away in the distance as far as the eye can reach. In the country, land brings about $4 or $5 per acre. I was told of one case, where five colored men put their resources, money, mules and labor together, and bought a tract of land deemed good for that section. They worked with vim, and raised a crop of fine tobacco, which sold at high prices, and the single crop paid for the land.

Marketown, about a mile and a half from Chatham, consists of a long row of small houses, built at irregular distances, extending from the public road and losing itself in the forest shades half a mile away.

There were one or two of the old time mud daubed huts, the home of the slave, with great chimneys made of sticks and clay, and the rest new weather-board houses.

Mrs. Strong pointed out one larger than the rest, and roofed with tin, as the dwelling of a carpenter, a sensible industrious young man, very proud of being "one of the *Markes*" and considering himself fully entitled to the name and position occupied by his old master.

Some northern traveler has remarked that every Negro in the South has his own way of showing his delight in freedom, and no one can ever tell just where it will strike them.

With this worthy young man it had taken the form of wearing his hat in the presence of white people for whom he was working. This would have been deemed an unpardonable offense in a slave, and was therefore intensely gratifying to the freedman.

Mrs. Strong had recently sent for this man, who is the chief workman of the village, a few days before, to make some repairs in her house, and felt deeply offended, as would any of the ex-slave holders, when the carpenter, otherwise gentle and agreeable in manners, walked from room to room examining doors and windows, with his hat set jauntily on his head. Fearing to reprove what seemed to her almost an insult, lest she should lose the services of the only available mechanic, Mrs. Strong swallowed her indignation and proceeded to give her orders. Her daughter is much quicker in resources than her mother, and also much less prudent than the poor widow, who has learned to curb her high spirit in the stern school of adversity, and she shrewdly touched a sensitive chord in the breast of the ex-slave by remarking coolly, "Why Fred, I thought you were one of old Gen. Marke's people, and had fine manners like his family. I know none of the Markes' ever wore their hats in a lady's house, when she was present." The man instantly took off his hat and throwing it on the floor, said gently, "Mistus you must excuse me. My business was so *obnoxious* to my mind, I forgot I was not in my own shop"—An amiable fib which showed Mr. Marke's easy adaptability to the customs of society.

It will be a good day for the colored people of the South, when they all learn, as many of them have already done, the value of good manners. One of the advantages the Negroes derived from slavery was the intimate association with the best class of Southerners, a people of gentle and courteous ways.

The slave adopted the manners of his master's family, who were naturally and inevitably his standard of living, and no people in the world had finer manners than some of the old slaves of the South, carefully trained and accustomed as they were to constant and affectionate association with their owners and his family.

But I am delaying too long at the edge of Markestown and must enter the hamlet. This was not so easy to do as it might have been, for one of the few fences in the neighborhood, somewhat rickety and inclining outward, separated the little settlement from the public road. Mrs. Strong and I scrambled over it and, as we approached a colored woman who seemed to be hovering over a big iron pot hung on a pole, under which a brush fire was burning, I begged my companion to ask for eggs or chickens, and by no means to permit my cloven foot to be recognized, and she at once addressed the woman inquiring if she had any fresh eggs. The woman answered civilly in the negative, and invited us to enter the house.

We found ourselves at the open door of an old log cabin, and accepted the invitation. There was but one room, which was scrupulously clean, and I seemed to go back to my childhood as I saw the plain wooden bedstead, rough table and split-bottom chairs, the spinning wheel in the corner, the crook handle gourd on the wall, and the iron cooking vessels on the broad stone hearth in front of the wide chimney. I could touch the ceiling by raising my hand, and at once realized that this was the home of an old slave, who had remained undisturbed in this simple abode and was ignorant or unmindful of the changes of time. Everything seemed wonderfully quiet about the place, and an elderly woman wrapped in a patchwork quilt, the only occupant of the house, sat in a low chair in the middle of the room and scarcely turned her head as we entered.

Mrs. Strong spoke kindly to the woman, and we soon found that the poor creature was in the last stage of dropsy and unable to move her swollen limbs, breathing with difficulty and almost ready to lay down her burden. She seemed pleased to see us, and glad to have sympathy in her sad condition, and in labored speech soon told the simple story of the life which was so evidently drawing near its close. Some Negroes have a genius for miscalling words and mixing things generally, and poor Hannah seemed so highly endowed in this respect, that while full of compassion for her sufferings, it was almost impossible not to smile at her description of them, mingled with accounts of her past life.

She said she had always lived in this place, had belonged to one of the aristocratic families and her white folks were her best friends now, though the colored people round were very kind too. She "had a good constitution but she had always been sickly, all her family was that way—Her whole body was 'flicted now, and she had kernels all about on her—She had such a dizziness in her back she could hardly lift herself without resistance and she was so faintified. The colored people round was very kind in staying with her at night, and waiting on her when she needed anything—She was often weak and critical—The place she lived in belonged to her. Her father and brother bought it, and after the 'ceasin' of them, it came to her. She had gone to Richmond to see her sister some years ago, but her sister's children didn't seem to patternize her, and she had come back to be near her white folks. She had worked for them as long as she were able and they was mighty good to her now. She had always been protractable from a child, and they would not let her suffer."

When we left the poor soul, who seemed to take great comfort in the kindness of her white friends, she asked Mrs. Strong to let some of them know that she wanted ice, and promising to do so as we passed her former owner's house on our return, we left the patient sufferer.

The next house, also of logs, standing within a few feet of Hannah's neat little home, was quite dilapidated, the furniture was of the rudest description, and every thing looked dingy and dirty. The hut had only a few loose boards laid on rafters for ceiling and glimpses of the ether blue were easily discerned through the cracks in the roof. A wretched old bed was covered with a few pieces of bags and strips of carpet and the place was as comfortless as a human dwelling could be. The window was but a hole in the wall, and as the board shutter was closed the only light came from the door, which would not open wide, and the cracks between the logs.

After our eyes became accustomed to the dim light, we were surprised to see a pleasant looking old black man standing near the little table covered with shoemaker's tools, dishes, gourds and all sorts of odds and ends, who very politely and hospitably invited us to be seated while he stood respectfully waiting until we explained our visit.

Mrs. Strong recognized him as a "jobber" who made door mats, seated chairs, mended shoes, and was serviceable in the village generally, and at once began to negotiate in regard to a splint bottom chair.

In answer to my questions, he said he had once been a slave and had been married, but had no children. His wife was dead and he had long occupied this cabin, in consideration of doing such outside work as "Harner" his landlady, required of him for rent. He did not seem to be a very good tenant, as his roof leaked and his house was altogether much dilapidated, and I asked how he managed when rain and snow came in on him. The old man rather resented my criticism on the home which seemed to suit his taste and had been shelter for him for many years at small cost. He said the roof did not leak much, he didn't mind it, but he had intended to put new roofs to both houses, until "Harner" got so sick. He knew after the 'ceasin' of Harner" her kinfolks would want the place, and he would have to look out for another house, and it did not seem worth while to 'stuth things. He looked around at his hovel with affectionate regret, and evidently felt that hard times were in store for him after the 'ceasin' of "Harner"

The old hermit was very gentle and amiable in his manners, but there was nothing encouraging in his windy establishment, and as I do not at all like this style of freedom, I was very willing to go from the rickety hut to a tidy little plank house, which stood near it and bore a very different aspect.

A NEW HOUSE AND PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE.

There was a group of children at the door who gazed curiously at the "white folks" as they entered and were politely received by their old grandmother, one of "the Markes" who had been the cook in her old master's time, and spoke with pride and affection of "old master" and his family.

The mother of the children soon arrived and talked very sensibly, though her manners were not as pleasant as her mother's.

She spoke very cheerfully of her affairs her husband worked at the brickyard and made good wages. She took in washing and made something that way; she had taught school before she was married and meant to have her children educated. If she did not send them to school, she could teach them herself.

THE HAT MAKES THE MAN, THE WANT OF IT, THE FELLOW.

The next house was the dwelling of the Negro carpenter whose dignity was supported by his hat, and was the best house in the settlement, being distinguished by its size and its tin roof. Mrs. Strong knew the women of the house, Markes' wife and mother-in-law, who were evidently pleased to see us, and flattered at our compliments upon their residence. The small cost of the really comfortable home was astonishing. The house and land had not cost over $75. The carpenter seemed to have managed things very sensibly He had bought the land some time before building, and he had worked at his trade, while his wife and her mother had been in service, working for their old master, whom they had never left until their own house was ready for them to move into. Marke had bought his lumber at a neighboring saw-mill and done most of the work himself, employing the village tinner, a white man, to cover the house. There seemed nothing to desire in the way of thrift and energy in this family. The little housewife was evidently very happy in her home, very proud of her husband and anxious to help him. She and her mother took in washing, and they had bought some nice furniture and meant to have things comfortable when the house, part of which was not yet plastered, was all done. When I asked for a glass of water she ran to the spring at the foot of the hill, quickly returned and handed us some pure delicious water in nice goblets, using a china plate for a tray. Then she brought her three little children to show us and was very much pleased with the picture papers we had brought them.

As we came out we noticed borders of bright flowers in the yard, and a little vegetable garden, and the whole scene was very pleasant and encouraging. If a man who was born a slave and has suffered all the disabilities which the most fortunate of his race must endure in an alien land, has been able to secure a good home for his family and has the position of a steady-going mechanic in the community, what wonder is it that a little of the folly of independence should be shown in his demeanor? Perhaps it would be more civil, better calculated to gain favor with the white people upon whom he depends for a living, a better example to his children, to preserve the courteous manners taught his forbears in the hard school of slavery, but if wearing his hat in his employer's presence is the only offense he commits against us, can we not bear with him to that extent? If it is any comfort to him, surely it does not hurt us. After a while he will tone down, he will get used to the proud feeling that he owns, the soil on which he was born, on which his people for generations have been slaves, and can give it as an inheritance to his children. After a while, if he goes on as he has begun, he will have subordinates and employees around him, and will feel that he has a right to exact respectful manners from them. Then he will appreciate the "small courtesies of life" and realize how they soften the asperities and smooth the thorny ways of intercourse between man and man. Yes! I have hopes that the time will come, if not for him, for his children, that it will seem proper for a man to take off his hat in the presence of a lady.

Among the Dakotas.

Extracts From Correspondence of The Boston Journal,

"Two thousand miles from the Hub, and "outdoors at last," as the Indian humorist of our party exclaims, throwing his head up like an Indian pony to snuff the air of his native plains. Out-doors indeed, with no city walls between us and the home of the north wind that sweeps down upon us, vital, tonic, but sifted and softened through countless miles of grass and flowers.

"Where the eye
Sees the earth as one vast plain
And one boundless reach of sky."

Not a life-time of "toiling upward in the night," but only three days and a half of comfortable railroad travel in a fast age have brought us to this breadth of view from the afternoon, when on the platform of the Chesapeake and Ohio station at Hampton, Va., our twenty-eight Indian boys and girls fade a civilized good-by to their schoolmates and stepped aboard their through car for Cincinnati. Into it your correspondent followed them, to take advantage of company to Dakota and render what help I might to their escort, but, instead of returning with the new recruits, who will take their places in the school, pledged to remain in the country long enough to visit most of the reservations in Dakota, Minnnesota and Wisconsin, to study them with reference to the prospects of Hampton's returned students and in relation to the questions which are so extensively exciting public interest as to Indian education and civilization.

* * * *

The transit of these returning Indian students from Hampton to Dakota has been an object lesson for the white race half way across the continent. Indians enjoy being stared at and plied with intrusive questions even less than white people; but, sympathy with their sensitiveness aside, I was not sorry to show the throng of average American citizens, who invaded our "Indian special" at every station this car-full of well-mannered, self-respecting and respectable young Indian men and women. Thirteen of the number are communicants of the Episcopal Church at Hampton, whose rector is their escort home; others are members of the School Chapel. One will return East in the fall, to be trained as a minister to his people; another, as a physician. Of most is expected only the mission work of honest, industrious lives. Will they do it? Will they have the chance?

* * * *

Bright and early on the morning after my arrival came one of our Hampton girls, married since her return a year ago, overjoyed to see a Hampton friend, and shyly eager to take me to see her house and her husband. In the grist mill, where he is engineer, we found a stalwart, pleasant-faced young man, to whom I was duly introduced, with the assurance that he could speak English very well, an assurance which only had effect to seal his lips and drop his head in confusion, till his wife, quite mortified, apologized by saying "He is so bashful, he wouldn't talk even to me for a long time after we were married." That being the case I could but excuse him, especially as he makes her an excellent, if silent partner.

Housekeeping in a shack! I was curious to see what it would be like, what our young Hampton housekeepers come home to, and how they can meet the situation. A hewn log cabin of one room, about 12x15, and 9 feet high, with an earth floor and flat earth roof through which the stovepipe pushes up independent of a chimney, two windows and a door. This is the regulation pattern of an Indian house at Yankton, and the young couple rent this one from a family who have turned out in the tepee close by. But Mary's housekeeping is not the regulation Indian pattern, and it must be an object lesson to astonish if not to impress her next door neighbor. The earth floor was swept as clean as could be, with strips of rag carpet laid down; clean white sheets lined the roof over the bed and lounge to keep the earth from sprinkling down; the tidily made bed was bright with a new patchwork quilt; pictures were fastened up on the wall, among which I recognized the photograph of a Hampton teacher. On a corner shelf a little clock ticked cheerfully. There were two chairs, a lounge, a table, a cupboard, a clean little cook stove and a sewing machine, on which a new gray dress had just been accomplished "from a picture in Butterick's." Mary wore a clean calico. A bright tin basin hung on a nail, and outside the door I saw some clean wash tubs. Some lumber for a new house which they will own themselves, lay near. It will be one like this, costing $20, the Agent says, doors and windows being furnished by the Government. But "it will have a hard floor," the housekeeper states with pleasure. I know it will be neatly kept. While we sat chatting, a pretty, good-tempered looking girl entered and was introduced to me as the wife of one of our Hampton boys, whom I found at work in Mr. Williamson's printing office, at his trade learned at Hampton. Last year he gave good satisfaction, all tell me, as assistant teacher in the Government School, where he says with modest pride, "he used the methods Miss Hyde taught at Hampton." Not all have done as well as these two; but of eight girls who have returned to Yankton one only has relapsed to Indian dress and life, a poor epileptic, for whom little could ever be done. One other has died of consumption and one has married less favorably, and longs, when too late, to go back to Hampton. One is at school in Philadelphia; three are well married and one living with her parents in a respectable home: all doing well. Of eleven boys returned only one ever went back to Indian dress, but is again on the road upward. Two others have done badly in some respects, but one of them is at work. Two have died of consumption. Besides these, six have made a good record, four of them a fine one.

* * * *

H. W. LUDLOW.

A late number of the *Anti-slavery Reporter* (London, Eng.) gives some facts in regard to the slave trade as it is now carried on in Egypt, which, while in one sense an old story, must in another sense be always horribly new.

At a meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-slavery Society held in London on the 22d of last July, a letter was read from Gen. Gordon in which, after expressing himself with his usual strength in regard to the African slave trade, he said, "Egypt is and has been the principal hotbed of this iniquity." The reading of this letter was followed by a stirring speech from Mr. Henry M. Stanley, in which he described Gen. Gordon's work and summed up its results to the world, severely blaming the English nation for their coldheartedness and indifference, and telling them plainly that the responsibility for the continuance of the slave trade lay with them.

At the close of this speech, which created much excitement, Cardinal Manning offered the following resolution: "That this Meeting has listened with deep interest to the luminous exposition which MR. STANLEY has now given of the scheme originally propounded by the late GENERAL GORDON, and of its vast possibilities in the future for the extinction of the Slave-trade, and the extension of Christian civilization and of legitimate commerce in the regions of Central Africa; that the Meeting views with the deepest solicitude the continued increase of the Slave-trade, coupled as it is with the disordered and disastrous condition of the tribes inhabiting the valley of the Nile, and hereby expresses its conviction that England has incurred responsibilities towards the people of those countries which she cannot repudiate without injustice and dishonor."

The Cardinal supplemented this resolution by a few words of his own from which we quote. He told his audience that "It was their duty as Englishmen to take up that work and never to slacken for an instant in carrying it forward. (Cheers.) Mr. STANLEY had sketched in a very clear manner that scheme of GENERAL GORDON, and he might state that six weeks or two months ago he had the patience and kindness to sit for two hours with him (CARDINAL MANNING) at his table, explaining the scheme which he had laid before them that day, but in more detail. What he said was that between the head of the Congo and the head of the Nile, and even more near, because the affluents of both rivers offered facilities for transmission, there was a division of 280 miles. The two rivers could be brought into closer connection if those 280 miles could be made more safe. This tract of country was the main hunting ground of the abominable man-stealer, and it was in that region that the Arabs engaged in the Slave-trade committed their greatest atrocities. It was also the great highway for Arab Slave dealers, who demoralized and ravaged tribe after tribe. Therefore if that 280 miles of territory could be brought into a condition of greater civilization and safety, the hunting ground of the Slave dealers would be lost to them, and the highway into Central Africa would be closed to their depredations. He did not believe that that would be an undertaking beyond the powers of England. Mr. STANLEY had told him not more than £5,000 a year would be required in order to maintain a staff of men equal to the task. There would not be the slightest difficulty in finding persons to carry out that object, but the only difficulty would be in making a selection from among the number who would be ready to do so. The President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce was present, and he, (CARDINAL MANNING) looked to the merchants of this country to provide the tribes in those 280 miles of territory with the first elements of civilization, and of self-defence. Such a scheme as this was one which no man in England ought to shrink from through any failure of courage. Surely they had done greater things in the past. He referred to the record of work done 50 years ago, in the utter extinction of the Slave-trade, and he urged them to emulate the spirit of their fathers and to abolish Slavery in all parts of the world. It ought never to be said that in England, at the zenith of her power, there was no man to carry out the last words of GENERAL GORDON. He thought that an appeal to the manhood of England, was all that was necessary. As to the £5,000, it would be a shame and a reproach if it were not forthcoming. The public mind was dark on the subject, and he believed that if only a light was spread over England it would soon be ablaze from shore to shore as it was 50 years ago. England was certainly responsible, by the fact of our being in those regions. He did not, however, believe that it was our will that took us there—he believed that it was the force of Divine Providence, and the will of God. That being so, we could not shuffle off our responsibilities. If we were to withdraw passively, without attempting to correct the evils which existed, it would be an act of injustice, and it would be dishonouring England and her fair name."

Southern Workman AND Hampton School Record.

VOL. XIV HAMPTON, VA., NOVEMBER, 1885. No. 11.

The School.

THE HAMPTON INSTITUTE, opened October 1st. Its enrollment November 1st, was 608, as follows:

In Senior Class		15
" Middle	"	128
" Junior	"	179
" Night	"	187
" Indian Classes		99
		608

Number of officers, teachers, assistants and heads of departments. 72.

Although the school requires all promoted to the Senior class who had not previously taught, to teach for one year, thereby reducing the present Senior class to fifteen, from forty last year, the numbers are larger than ever before.

Two hundred and fifty six of the whole number are girls, 352 are boys; average age seventeen years. There are 137 Indians and 471 Negroes; this is against 107 Indians and 470 Negroes last year at this time. The quota of Indians for whom Government makes partial provision is 120, so that there are 17 to be provided for entirely by private aid.

About 200 applicants have been refused admittance, for want of room, and fifty have returned home on account of inability to pass the examinations. Only four girls and five boys from outside succeeded in passing the examination for the Middle class, although a large number applied. Fourteen girls and one boy from the Night school entered this class; examinations of night students for the regular classes show an improvement in the work done.

Students who have come from other schools made no marked advance on previous years. The standard of the Hampton school cannot be raised till its feeders do better.

The usual "weeding out" Jan 1st, after three month's probation, will reduce the enrollment to less than six hundred pupils.

THE NIGHT SCHOOL,

From 7 to 9 o'clock, p. m., begins with 187 against 171 last year; 124 boys and 63 girls, who labor all day. Of these 51, (47 males and 4 females) were in the Night school all or the greater part of last year; these are chiefly young men working at various trades, for three years.

New pupils of the work class as a rule are much younger than those of two or three years ago, making better scholars but not always so valuable in the industrial department.

INDIAN SCHOOL.

As already stated, there are 137 Indians, 86 boys and 51 girls. Of these six boys are in the night school, working all day and studying evenings; this is of their own choice and is a hopeful sign.

Thirty, 18 boys and 12 girls, are in Normal classes, with the colored students as follows: 3 Seniors, 4 Middlers and 23 Juniors. Ninety two, 58 boys and 34 girls are in the regular Indian classes; four, 2 boys and 2 girls, are in the "Training school" with young children of African descent from the "Butler school," two are post graduates pursuing special courses of study, and two are too infantile to attend regular classes.

Classified according to tribes, we have 84 Sioux, 7 Winnebagoes, 24 Omahas, 1 Arickaree, 1 Onandaga, 19 from the Indian Territory, representing six tribes, chiefly Pottawottomie and Pawnees, and one Pima from Arizona. The last company of 22 from Dakota are exceptionally good material; with few exceptions all the late reinforcements are hopeful. A larger number than ever before have come from Agency schools; we have less English to teach, and more general education to give; this is Hampton's true work for Indians.

The school has been organized quickly and with little friction; the staff was never so efficient and the corps of teachers is more able, more efficient and earnest if possible than ever. Through the energy and care of Major Boykin, a graduate acting as commandant through the summer, discipline and order have been well maintained among the 300 students of both sexes, remaining to keep up the industries on the ground; they have been a good nucleus for the fall organization.

The *Pastors' Class* with the same teachers as last year, has an incoming class of nine who do hard labor during the morning, go to their Bible studies in the afternoon, and the night school in the evening. The advanced class consisting of all the colored pastors of the place and several licensed preachers, numbers 10; in all 19.

INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE FARMS.

The Home farm employs fifteen boys from the Night school who work all day and 37 Normal students who work two days in the week and go to school the other four. The Hemenway and Canebrake Farms (550 acres) four and a half miles distant, employ twelve boys and two girls, who go to school at night, preparing, both as to funds and as to ideas, to enter the Junior class. This valuable estate managed by Mr. Chas. Vanison, a graduate, has been one of the most satisfactory and successful departments of the School; its record has been most creditable to the colored race.

HUNTINGTON INDUSTRIAL WORKS.

The Steam Saw Mill, first story, employs 20 regular night students and 16 who work two days a week. The outside hired force has been cut down and student labor employed in its place. The superintendent says, "I have as good a set as ever I saw."

Over two million feet of North Carolina logs were sawed last year and this year's prospect is fair.

The Wood Working Shop, second story, has 19 colored boys working steadily at their trades, four of them having finished their apprenticeship and receiving regular mechanic's wages.

This department has been very busy during the summer doing all the woodwork for the new church, on which good progress has been made, and considerable local business.

The school affords much increased facilities for learning trades. In 1879 the "Huntington Industrial Works" employed in all 12 boys, while now it gives occupation to 54.

ENGINEER'S DEPARTMENT.

This employs two Indians, one of whom has charge of the Corliss Engine in the mill, and six colored students from the night school; all of whom are doing well. As in all the shops, no apprentices are taken in this for less than three years. During the summer considerable steam pipe has been renewed, boilers overhauled, new apparatus put into the kitchen in Virginia Hall, and many general repairs made. Beside the regular force of night students, four come into this shop twice a week. A large new boiler-house for the contemplated steam system, is nearly completed and a Corliss boiler is already placed there connected with the beautiful steam engine which has just been placed in the new L of the Pierce machine shop. Both the boiler and engine are the generous gift of Mr. Geo. H. Corliss of Providence, R. I., who sent down a foreman to put it in place.

An elaborate survey was made last summer of the entire school grounds with the view of making the best disposition of our underground steam pipes and for insurance and other purposes. A pressing need in this connection is a steam fire engine to cost about $4,000.00; the present hand engine is altogether insufficient, and infirm with age, being purchased second hand many years ago.

PRINTING OFFICE.

This takes no apprentices for less than four years; gives employment to 9 boys, 7 colored and 2 Indians, and has taken in 1 colored and 2 Indian students ents this year. The book bindery has been busy on general work and has supplied the school with copies of the Hampton Hymnal, one of which has been supplied to every student. The presses have been kept busy during the past summer in the printing of catalogues and other school work added to the job work of the neighborhood.

THE KNITTING ROOM,

Employs 15 colored boys every day and 4 additional two days in the week, beside six girls for the finishing of the mittens, who are paid by the piece, and have knit a thousand dozen pairs of mittens each month, since July 1st; all that are made are taken at a fixed price, by a commission house in Boston, Mass.

INDIAN TRAINING SHOPS.

The *Shoe Factory* employs 9 Indians and 2 colored students. Indian boys work half a day and go to school the other half, with the exception of two who work all day and go into the Night school, and the two in normal class who go to the shop two days a week. The shop does a large part of the work of the students. The new apprentices are doing well, and the shop is in good condition.

In the *Carpenter Shop* 2 Indians are employed all day, and 15 half a day, while 4 colored students work every day and 1 two days in the week. All who labor ten hours, study two hours at night. This department has put up the new hospital building which is approaching completion: the gift of "King's Chapel" Society, Boston. The superintendent reports better work and less loss of time than ever before.

In the *Harness Shop* there are two colored students from the night school, one of whom is foreman, and four Indians from the day school. Several sets of new harness have been sent to the northern market.

In the *Tin Shop* six Indian boys from the day school are employed. Contracts for 6000 pieces of tin ware for the Indian department are being filled.

The *Paint Shop* employs two colored boys from the night school, and two Indians. The summer work has been kalsomining the new girls building, making needed repairs in Virginia Hall, and repainting buildings generally.

WHEELRIGHT AND BLACKSMITH SHOPS.

These employ four Indians from the day school, and three from the Night school; also five colored boys all day, and three two days each week. School and local trade furnish a moderate amount of work; a larger market is needed.

GIRLS' INDUSTRIES.

The *Sewing and Tailoring* department employs fifty-four colored girls from the day school, ten from the Night school, and two colored and two Indian boys at tailoring. The latter department has furnished eighty school uniforms this fall, and above 1000 pieces of shirts and underwear since the 1st of July, beside the regular repairing of the school.

Laundry and Cooking Class. Twenty-three Night class girls are employed all day in the laundry with details of day pupils amounting to 68 each, two days per week.

The remainder of the girls are employed in household industries. Cooking lessons are given to girls in the Middle year.

THE BUTLER SCHOOL.

This historical institution on the School premises, opens with 350 children, day scholars, from 6 to 14 years of age, and six teachers who are graduates of Hampton. It sends up 40 as a practice school for Seniors to the Normal School.

The total of teachers and pupils on our grounds is over one thousand souls.

IN GENERAL.

Through the industrial system students are all able to pay by their own earnings the cost of their board (ten dollars a month) and of clothing and books beside. There was charged to them the last year ending July 1, 1885 $55,072 29, of this, there was

Paid in labor.....	$ 44,085 31
" " " cash.....	4,780 66
In charity for personal aid	2,722 36
Debts to be paid in future	3,483 96
	$ 55,072 29

Of this last item there will be a loss of about one thousand dollars through the neglect to pay up.

Attention is called to the fact that charity aid for board, books etc., is but one twentieth of the amount charged to students.

The school itself is a heavy burden on charity; we say "maintain our system and we will train men and women to take care of themselves and help others."

For *the cost of educating* or tuition of each student, seventy dollars a year, we look to the friends of the Negro and Indian races; In other words, teachers must be supported, for students cannot do that. The school is an object of charity; the individual student is not. Fifty thousand dollars are needed annually besides aid from state and government. Receipts for annual scholarship at $70 have been about $25,000 a year. For the rest experience has taught us to look to donations of varying amounts for general purposes, and to legacies.

The institution is out of debt, its property is in good condition, and, for another year commits itself to the kind interest of friends and the Providential care of God.

No reason for its support is so strong as that its ends are faithfully worked for and reasonably well attained: there has never been better ground for believing this than now.

The Annual Reports of the Hampton Institute will be sent this month to all contributors, whose attention is especially invited to the Treasurer's Report. It is hoped that it will be satisfactory to all.

* Thirty-eight Indians are in the regular classes.

Mr. Haygood, general agent of the "John F. Slater Fund" has made of his report for 1885, very interesting reading, and while his statistics do not, of course, cover new ground, yet many of his observations and conclusions are valuable, being based upon unusual opportunities.

For example, we have nowhere seen just such a summary as the following of the condition of the public schools for colored children in the South:

"Those who approve only the best schools will condemn these. They are not to be compared with the best public schools in the country; it would be unjust to all parties concerned in them to judge them by the highest examples. We should consider that twenty years ago there were no public or other schools for these people. These schools are in every respect better than the majority of men esteemed as reasonable expected, when the experiment began, to see in twice twenty years.

Most of the school buildings in the rural districts are inferior; the schools for the colored people in the rural districts and in the small villages are, as a rule, held in the church buildings of the colored people, and these are, generally speaking, better than the white people's public school buildings, and are located to suit the convenience of those who use them. The appliances are few and simple; the primary texts necessary in teaching the elements; cheap globes and charts are occasionally seen; they are generally given by some friend; they do not characterize the system. Neither is the use of these and other such applicanees common in the public schools for the whites. The texts used in the public schools of the Southern States by the children of both races, are those that are issued by the great Northern publishers, and are such as have the approval of experts and eminent authorities. The exceptions to this statement are so small as to be unappreciable.

Most important of all in an inquiry of this sort is the quality and character of the teachers themselves. The tenth census shows that there were in the United States in 1880, 16,800 separate schools for colored children: it also shows that there were 15,834 colored teachers. Of the schools reported for colored children in 1880, 16,418 were in the Southern States; of the colored teachers 15,488 were in the Southern States. These figures do not mean that in 1880 nearly 1000 colored public schools in the Southern States were taught by white people, but that many colored teachers were left out of the enumeration. The figures mean that, considered as a system, colored teachers teach the colored schools. The tendency to this adjustment is not peculiar to the Southern States; outside the late slave States there were, in 1880, 382 separate schools for colored children, and 346 colored teachers.

The history of education among the colored people during the last twenty years, and the facts now observable, lead to the certain conclusion that common schools for colored children must depend on colored teachers."

Mr. Haygood follows this with a very warm commendation of the work done by Northern white teachers in the schools devoted to the training of colored teachers and goes on to say,

"It is particularly worthy of mention that among the teachers engaged in these southern training schools for colored teachers are a number of colored men and women who have successfully prepared themselves for their work at the older and better schools established for their people in the South. Among these teachers are graduates of Hampton Institute, the Atlanta University, Fisk, Howard University and others.

The success of these colored principals and professors demonstrates the capacity of colored students to become the efficient leaders of education among their people when time and opportunity have enabled them to show what they can do. This is most important; for if it were proved that the race could not furnish its own educators it would be proved that the race could never be educated. But it has been proved that the negro race in the Southern States is capable of furnishing its own teachers. It is necessary, if this great movement to educate and Christianize these people is to succeed, if it is to be saved from total collapse, that the white people should, for a long time, not only furnish most of the money required to carry on the work, but most of the men and women who are to give it direction. The white people can continue in this work, all the more hopefully when they see that a few of the colored race, taught and trained in these schools, show capacity for educational leadership. That not a few colored people feel themselves capable of leadership, and evince undue eagerness (their instinct for seeking leadership is strong) to assume its burdens and responsibilities will require patience, firmness and wisdom in those who have been the best friends and most efficient helpers these people ever had."

It is most encouraging to find that out of all his varied experience Mr. Haygood has drawn the conclusion that "the case of the Negro is a problem without any mystery" and we are heartily glad to be able to agree with him when he says:

"There are many grounds for encouragement. The percentage of illiteracy actually decreased among the colored people between 1870 and 1880. In no possible sense has the great effort to educate them been a failure; it has, judged by any rational test, been a marvelous success.

It has been a success if we consider how many of them have learned to read and to write; if we consider how much better they behave as free people than was expected in 1865; if we consider how steadily the hundreds of thousands of them make progress in true civilization; if we consider that they are beginning to appear on the tax books as owners of houses and little farms; if we consider what crops they make every year, in spite of a badly organized farming system; if we consider the marked advance in sensible preaching, and the earnest effort of the colored churches to raise the standard of practical morals.

More and more Southern public opinion approves the education of the colored people; more and more right methods of teaching them are coming in to use. The facts show that education tends to do for the negroes what it tends to do for all people."

And finally, it hardly needs to be said that we are thoroughly in accord with the statement made at the close of the report:

"The negro youth needs what the white youth needs—knowledge, industry morals. The schools at work in the Southern States are teaching him books, they are teaching him sound morals, they are beginning to teach him tool-craft. What he learns of one will help him to learn the others, and learning each he will begin to make greater progress in all good things. Nothing in the history of the educational movement for the uplifting of the negroes is more encouraging than the growing interest in the work that is being manifested by the superior white people of the South. This growing sentiment is recognized by some who have the management of the higher grade schools for colored people in hand; Southern names begin to appear in the list of trustees and managers. It would be very wise, at this time, to increase their number.

The proof of this growing interest is abundant and conclusive. If the work is ever to be done as the needs of both races require that it be done, then the time must come when Southern white people cordially co-operate in the work. It would be as easy to develop a colony into a great State by immigration alone, in a country without births, as to permanently establish and successfully conduct a great educational work by supplies from abroad. Perhaps it may turn out that one of the best results the John F. Slater Fund can accomplish through its management will be the fostering of interest in the work of educating the negro among those white people whose interest in his right education is greater than that of any other white people—whose interest in making of the negro a good citizen is only less than the interest of the negro himself in his own elevation."

THE death, on September 25th, of President Edmund A. Ware of Atlanta, is likely to be deeply and practically felt by the colored population of the South, and by their friends, North and South. Twenty years ago he went from his theological studies at Yale College to Atlanta in the service of the Freedmen's Bureau, and soon found that which was to be the work of his life, opening before him. Two years after his arrival in Georgia he set himself the task of establishing a school for the colored people, which should supply them with opportunities for a higher education than was at that time anywhere attainable, and the success of his undertaking is the best evidence of the soundness of his views. His methods were wise and practical, his energy and devotion untiring, while the unselfishness with which he made the many sacrifices which his work entailed and the quiet patience with which he endured the distrust and coldness of the whites about him, made his character particularly admirable. We allude especially to this distrust and coldness in his case because the fact that he claimed for the Negro a capacity to receive something more than a primary education, made his position peculiarly difficult, and it was not until the experiment had been going on for some years, and his pupils were able to speak for themselves, that Mr. Ware's motives were understood or his work accorded the credit which belonged to it. Some years ago the Legislature of Georgia came to see the wisdom of assisting the school by a grant of money, and there are other evidences that its value is beginning to be appreciated by its white neighbors. President Ware did comparatively little work in public, and was perhaps not as widely known as he should have been, for, as an educator, and a missionary in the highest sense, he was second to none in the South. But upon and through the students who came under his wise guidance his influence has been great and far reaching, and it has been granted to him more than to most men, to see the fruition of his labors.

In nothing was his wisdom shown more than in the care with which he surrounded himself with able assistants, subordinating himself always to the interests of the school, and securing for it thus a strong hold upon life, so that even in the death of its founder it should feel no fatal shock, but rather perhaps, through the stimulated endeavor of its teachers and officers, gain a new source of strength. It is this, assuredly, that President Ware would have himself desired, and no greater happiness could have been given him, than to know that while the work as *his* work was a success, it was a success also upon a broader and more permanent basis than can be found in the life of any individual. That the future of Atlanta University will show that its founder's best work was in making for it such a basis, we do not doubt, and in this assuredly President Ware's strong and earnest nature has raised to itself a nobler monument that other men can build for him, however much they may desire to do him honor.

The New York Chamber of Commerce has erected, by voluntary contributions, a bronze Statue of the late Wm E. Dodge, a description of which we take from the *Evening Post*.

"The figure, which was designed by J. Q. A. Ward, represents Mr. Dodge in an erect position, bareheaded, his right arm resting upon two books that lie upon a short column, while his right hand holds a document, and the left hand lightly clasps the right. The idea is conveyed that he has just finished a speech, or has paused in its delivery. The statue measures, with its plinth, nine feet six inches in height, and weighs about 2,200 pounds. A drinking fountain, pedestal, and circular platform, with a semi-circular bench at the back, are adjuncts of the statue and have been executed in granite from designs by Richard M. Hunt. On the front of the pedastal is a lion's head of bronze, modelled by Mr. Ward, from which the water flows into a granite basin beneath. The pedestal, which supports the statue, stands upon the platform already mentioned."

The statue stands at the corner of Broadway and 35th street, and the ceremonies of unveiling, which took place on Oct, 22d, were particularly interesting. The attendance was large, representing the churches, the charities and the commerce of the city, and the quotation from the address of Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, which we give herewith, shows the spirit of the occasion.

Mr. Dodge was always a warm and kindly friend to the Hampton School, as he has been to so many other and similar undertakings, and the lesson of his life is for us made plain by our intimate knowledge of his liberal and intelligent charity. Mr. Hewitt said:

"He began his career of usefulness as a 'boy' in a store, whose lot was by no means so easy as it now is, with the appliances of copying presses, telegraphs, telephones, and with porters to do the heavy work of the office. By his diligence, fidelity and probity he made his way with slow and tolsome steps to the head of the greatest house in his branch of business in the world, owing its growth and success mainly to his spirit of enterprise, his large intelligence, and his sleepless activity. He accumulated wealth without exciting the envy or ill-will of his fellow-citizens. He was the friend and earnest supporter of every beneficent public enterprise. He shrouded his public spirit by assisting in the building of canals, railways, telegraphs, and ocean cables, when it required courage and self-sacrifice to engage in what were regarded as desirable but hazardous public enterprises. He was connected with the public schools, and was the friend of popular education. He led an unassuming, Christian life, aiding missionary enterprises and building churches in the waste places. He was the promoter of temperance, and a munificent donor to all associations organized for the diffusion of knowledge and religion among the young, and especially among the clerks of New York, of whom he had been one, and in whom he felt a parental interest. He was a friend of the enslaved in this and other lands, and freely gave his time and money for the amelioration of their condition by means of colonization and other remedial agencies. He took part in every public movement in this city for better local government, and was a generous benefactor to the museums and galleries of art designed to refine and educate the masses. He tried to prevent the horrors of civil war, and, in consequence of his high character and patriotic impulses, he was selected by the Legislature of the State of New York as a member of the Peace Commission, which in vain attempted to bring about an accommodation, and prevent the impending conflict between the North and the South. When finally the death-struggle came, he entered heart and soul into every movement for the support of the Government. He was a member of the Union Defence Committee, and Chairman of the Committee of Conference with other cities to aid in organizing troops, equipping regiments, and forwarding supplies. His family nobly seconded his patriotic efforts, and one of his sons entered the military service, and returned at the close of the war with the rank of Brigadier-General. He was Chairman of the New York branch of the Christian Commission, which charged itself with the spiritual welfare of the troops. He took part in the formation of the Loyal National League, organized to strengthen the Government in 1863, when the Union prospects were darkest. He denounced from the steps of the Sub-Treasury the draft riots in New York, at the risk of his life and property, which he considered as naught, so long as the Union was saved and his country restored to honorable peace.

"Subsequently his grateful fellow-citizens honored him with a seat in Congress, where he not only advocated sound financial measures at a time when error was rife, but resisted his own party in its reconstruction policy, predicting with remarkable foresight the lamentable results which flowed from its adoption. He declined a re-election to Congress for personal reasons, but left on the community the conviction that he was in all respects a model citizen, a merchant as honorable as he was eminent, and a good Christian who performed his duties without fear, and lived a life without reproach. Above all, the merchants of New York felt an honest pride in his character, career, and success in life: and by them he was held in such repute and honor that for eight successive years he was elected President of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, and in all movements of a public nature he was recognized as their champion and leader.

"Other men before Mr. Dodge have given life and fortune to good works, and have doubtless found, as he did, a full reward in the satisfaction of well doing. But they have no public monument to their memory. The encouraging feature of this event is that society recognizes, at length, the duty which it owes to itself of making a public recognition of the life and labors of such benefactors of the human race. But this monument and this occasion have even a greater significance and a deeper lesson for those who remember how toward the close of his life, when he stood at the summit of his career, Mr. Dodge was persecuted, misunderstood, and maligned. It bears witness that in this age of general intelligence, with a free press, it is no longer possible for an honest man to be crushed by official oppression; enforces the fundamental truth, that 'government exists for the benefit of the governed,' that public officials are the servants and not the masters of the people; that resistance to wrong is the duty of every citizen; and, above all, it presents to the world an enduring reminder of a good man victorious at last over malice and calumny, as another justification of Milton's triumphant acclaim: 'Who ever knew truth put to the worst in a free and fair encounter?'"

SOUTHERN WORKMAN

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The Southern Press. Both Sides.

The colored journals have been of late rather more than usually interesting, the political situation in Virginia having excited much criticism and expression of opinion. We therefore give them precedence, drawing attention to the very general evidence of enlightenment in regard to the true value of "parties."

Mr Fortune, the editor of the *N. Y. Freeman*, has been spending some time in Virginia, and his observations and deductions, while not altogether free from a bitterness which somewhat affects their candor, carry weight with them as coming from an intelligent man, who has had an opportunity to see the inside of things.

"We discovered many phases in the politics of Virginia, during our recent visit, calculated to make a thoughtful man pause and reflect for a moment. We venture to say that the race problem in that commonwealth has progressed further towards a just solution than in any other Southern State, and that there are more helpful signs upon which to predicate a prognostication of future good results. It is fair here to say that this state of affairs is due largely if not mainly to the policy initiated and pursued by General Mahone.

The state of affairs in Virginia is simply this: It is impossible to say that every white man you may meet is a Democrat, or that every black man you may meet is a Republican. The coloring of the epidermis has utterly ceased to be an invariable index of the political creed of its possessor * * And we feel certain that the years as they speed into eternity will more and more complicate this state of affairs, until such time as it shall become so prevalent and common as to excite no comment whatever.

We maintain now, as we have always done, that this is the normal condition which should obtain not only in the politics of Virginia and the South, but the entire country. * * *

It simply requires a moderate degree of toleration and concession on the part of the whites and of intelligence and toleration on the part of the colored people to make this condition of affairs universally obtain * *

The colored and the white people of Virginia and the South have a great deal to learn and a great deal to forget. Unfortunately the policy pursued by the whites of the South since the war, and the policy which the colored people have pursued as mapped out by their unscrupulous leaders have so complicated matters as to make the unravelling of the skein a task requiring the very highest statesmanship. This latter element has not up to a very recent date been pursued by either race. The Divine element of reason has been completely eliminated from the treatment of the problem, and savage passion and impetuosity have been the guage of conduct and expression. Hence the "Bloody Shirt" business and the tireless recurrence to that theme by politicians in search of an issue; hence the solidarity and boundless arrogance of the white people and the clannishness and gullibility of the colored people. That we are able to discern in the black obscurity some small ray of light is to be hailed with pleasure by every man who desires to see peace, concord and prosperity shared by every section of our common country and by every class of our very heterogeneous population.

One of the most striking things we came across in Virginia was the almost universal acceptance of the settlement of the debt question. Nobody cared to discuss the matter. And yet this matter cannot be honestly regarded as settled until Virginia has entered into a mutual and equitable understanding with her creditors. The reference made to the matter by the Lynchburg convention shows that intelligent men take our view of the matter."

Mr. Fortune further says, in very direct language, that the votes of the colored race must in the future be appraised at a very different valuation from that which has been put upon them in the past. It is no longer, he thinks, a matter of sentiment, but "purely a matter of business."

"We are not looking for the friendship of the Democratic or Republican party. Friendship, in politics, does not amount to a row of pins. We have enjoyed the friendship of the Republican machine for twenty years, so that as an outgrowth of this sentiment that party has come to regard us as dependents and hirelings instead of loyal, devoted allies.

Politics is purely a matter of business. Each premise to give by any party is simply for value received. There is no such maudlin sentiment in the transaction as friendship any more than there is in negotiating a loan with a close-fisted banker. He lets you have the use of his money on good security and high interest. So it is with parties. They want votes and for these votes they promise through their platforms and their leaders to give certain values in return.

Now, what the colored people of this country want is justice—the same measure meted out to the Irish and the German elements of our population. They are weary of sentiment, sound and fury. Such nonsense amounts to nothing. The manhood and the natural and constitutional rights of the race are what we contend for. If the Democratic party wants our votes it has only to proceed on the conditions here laid down to secure them. We don't want any friendship or lofty condescension from Republican or Democrat; we simply want a square honest deal, as men and as citizens based upon the honest vote it is our high privilege to control."

The Virginia *Critic* publishes the following letter, which, though perhaps a little obscure in style, still shows that the author knew what he meant, and that his meaning lay in the right direction.

"Every paper that one picks up now-a-days has something of Political Independence of the Negro. The question is a growing one, and so widespread is becoming the political discontent that unless something is soon done it will ripen into an open opposition.

The Negro in the South is beginning to see the truth of the statement made by that gifted and philosophical editor of the *N. Y. Freeman*, namely: that 'the nightmare of party neutralizes all our efforts and bars the advancement of the race."

We are living in a new age, politically speaking, and under a new administration; and as the age is new and the administration is new, it becomes us well to adjust ourselves to the altered conditions of affairs. Then again our *interest* is in the South. Our friends, in the ordinary business of life, are found here. If we want favors done we must look for these favors among the people for whom we daily labor. Those scenes of bloodshed and murder will never more occur if the proper understanding is brought about in the Southern States between the two races. It is to our advantage as Negroes to look around us and coolly and calmly weigh the situation as it presents itself. Then let us act as best becomes us. We are only creatures of circumstances, too ready have we been to rush to every politician that has started up and called himself our friend. Such tendencies in us as a race weaken rather than strengthen * * * Another fact is potent to my mind, it is this, that the more real interest a man has in a locality the more readily will he adopt the sentiment of that community. We often hear men say, if I lived in such and such a state my politics would be different. We must learn to do the same thing and not spend our lives in a hopeless fight for political supremacy in a country where the white man will ever rule. We do stand much in our own light to oppose the wealth and intelligence of our section."

The *Critic's* editorial view is this;

The purging of politics is needed in Virginia, and we will hail the day when the colored vote will so shape themselves as to wield a power. 'The color line,' the bugbear of politics, particularly in the South, is dug up by stump orators of the two contending parties to serve as a means to pinnacles of fame and power. Men of all grades and shades of society are all good enough to be a political dictator,—to crack the whip of bossism over his less favored 'brother in black.' The color line is raised to the detriment of the colored voter. We abhor and condemn such claptrap and hope the colored race will trample down the influence of all men who are ready to bring forth such an issue. The long night of darkness through which the American Negro has been wandering has begun to dawn into day and no stumbling block should hinder its progress. We will remain a minor factor forever, unless the race set aside men whose only desire is to elevate self. If we are citizens we must vote and act upon principle of right and justice and expect others to do likewise.

What will the 'color line' issue profit the race? When bad blood is engendered in the heated political canvasses, who suffer the most? Whose blood is spilled? Whose widow's and children go out into the public highways to beg their daily bread? Who is punished for the bloody acts committed? Who will prevent the repetition of the bloody acts? Answer these questions before you think of supporting men and measures that tend to bring about that diabolical issue 'color line.' We hope that young men who have had the advantages of education, will unite and that the gray haired sires who have toiled in vain will assist to put forward every possible effort for a union on matters pertaioing to the interest of our people; stop the everlasting oppression in our own camps, and put down political bossism as far as we are concerned, thereby defeating the attempts of political culprits to use the race as a tool.

The *Virginia Star* exhorts its readers to stand by their old friends, and not to make a leap in the dark—on the principle that "'tis better bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of."

"Those who are ever ready to criticise and complain of our Republican leaders would do well to remember that the Republican party was always a nonentity until Genl. Mahone assumed the leadership of it. Let them remember that colored men were never before honored, and preferred as under. Mahone's leadership. Let them also remember that the Republican party of this State was defeated and lost its power through just such senseless bickerings, fault findings, jealousies and vaporings as those to which we refer. The entire population of Virginia is over a million and a half. The whites outnumber the colored by two or three hundred thousand. The entire voting strength of the State in round numbers is three hundred thousand. The white voters in the State outnumber the colored voters of the State abour one hundred and twenty thousand. Now if we raise the race question, what is to become of us? While two armies are confronting each other is that a time for dissensions in the ranks of either? Can we not stoop to conquer? When the battle is over, the victory won, and our leaders do not show a disposition to be just, it is our prerogative to cast them down from power. But for the sake of all that men hold dear let us not quarrel in the face of the enemy and on the eve of battle. It is impossible that we should understand everything our leaders do. Neither can they stop to consult us about every step they take. We must trust somebody. And whom better can we trust than those who have already shown themselves capable by leading us to victory?"

The *New York Freeman* is not so much afraid of "raising the race question" and in a very honest spirit recognizes the difficulties of President Cleveland's position and the good work he is doing in the line of of party reform.

"President Cleveland, it appears, is determined to show, so far as his Administration is concerned, that the colored people of this Republic are citizens in the broadest sense, and shall have a decent participation in its honors and usufructs. We are compelled to recognize the fact that Mr. Cleveland has been, and is, much hampered in putting into practice the expressions of high regard for and interest in the race accredited to him in the early stages of his occupancy of the Presidential office, in the phenomenal absence of colored Democrats upon whom to confer honor and his confidence. We should recognize this great obstacle in every movement Mr. Cleveland makes in matters affecting us. While, as we believed and said at the time of his taking office, Mr. Cleveland was disposed to treat the colored citizens of this Republic in a fair and magnanimous spirit, the partisan material upon which he was compelled to draw was marvellously small. The opposition of his party to the appointment or retention in office of Republicans, black or white, was recognized by the country at large as one of the obstacles in the way of President Cleveland in dealing with the colored people in the broad spirit of his inaugural address and in views expressed by him to various bodies of colored men who from time to time called upon him at the White House. But in this, as in other grave matters of policy, the President has shown himself equal to the plan he had outlined, and his party has shown a most commendable spirit of aquiescence in his policy as far as we are concerned.

The Democratic party is making history for itself which honest lovers of the race and good government can use to advantage when the time comes. When the colored people are taught that the Democratic party recognizes through its leaders that they have an honest right to participate in all the benefits of co-equal citizenship, and that, too, whichever party occupies the high seats of power; when the Republican party can no longer point to the fact that the colored man has nothing but injustice to expect except it controls the powers of government, then indeed will the Bloody Shirt argument cease to have point and effect, the color-line in politics will vanish like the mist at the approach of the morning sun, and the occupation of demagogues, quacks and tricksters, in at least that fruitful field of agitation, will be forever gone. May the good work go on, and may the race at large refuse not to accord to President Cleveland the full measure of thanks for the work he has thus far done in our behalf."

When the *Charleston News & Courier* subscribes to the utterances of the *N. Y. Freeman* we may fairly feel that the day is not far off when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and certainly the editorial above quoted from the latter and the following quotation from the former come pretty near to political unanimity.

"It is nonsense to say that there is any effort, or suggestion of effort, to revive 'the passions of the rebellion.' The people are heartily tired of misrepresentation and misgovernment, and it is just as important for them to show this feeling as to entertain it. The political light that is kept hid under a bushel is of very little use for campaign purposes. The light on the hill can be seen and recognized of all men, and the light on the hill, in the Virginia campaign, is the long line of its citizens who are riding so early toward the polls. Virginia has had a hard time enough, God knows, under the rule which Virginians now seek to shake off forever."

The *Memphis Appeal* gives us for our closing item an editorial which sounds as if the Thanksgiving Day now near at hand, might be kept South as well as North, coming to be, not, as in the past merely a New England, but at last truly a National, festival.

"The ice-pack has at last melted. The warm sunlight of patriotism, justice and intelligence has grown too warm for the ice-packs of sectional hatreds, and they are drifting down the stream and will soon be swallowed in the ocean of oblivion. Grant's last utterances did much toward warming into life a national brotherhood and unlocking the frozen rivers of patriotism. * * The ice-pack has given way, the mad passions born in war have crumbled with it, and from this time forward the stream of patriotism will flow on, binding the people together in a loving brotherhood. In hearts that have long been cold and heavy the light of a new hope has been kindled. In every section of the Union men are turning their backs on the sad past and looking to the cheerful future. * * *

The signs of the times indicate that with the close of the canvass in Ohio, on Tuesday 13th instant, sectional hatreds will be buried out of sight forever. * * * But now that all sections are not only joined together by bayonets, but by the still stronger ties of sympathy, affection, a common interest and a common destiny, no mind can comprehend the future greatness and grandeur of the United States of America. New States will knock at the door of the union for admittance and will add additional splendor to the republic. Never did a nation have such future. Patriotism has supplanted passion; the war debt will soon be liquidated; we are at peace with all other nations, the envy of mankind, the hope of the poor and oppressed and the terror of tyrants. With a union of hearts and hands our progress will be steadily onward. In 1890 there will be 15,000,000 more people on our soil than there were in 1880. In three decades more after 1890, at the regular progress which has been made in the past, we will number 120,000,000 of people. The babe just born will not have reached middle age then. Hundreds of thousands of railroads will be built, and the far West will be occupied by the flow of immigration. * * * Where will the flood-tide be twenty years hence, now that the people of America have struck hands in friendship? There is nothing that can mar our high destiny, and what a country ours will be fifty years from now."

SOUTHERN SKETCHES.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

The Pittsylvania Jail.

During a stay of some days in the pleasant little village of Chatham, I learned that my young friend Kitty Maurice, who is living there, was in the habit of visiting the jail every Saturday to read to the prisoners, and was well versed in affairs pertaining to that institution. I was glad of an opportunity to accompany her on her weekly visit, and about 6 o'clock on a lovely sunshiny afternoon we set out.

Kitty, who is a sweet, pure looking young woman, with a remarkable air of gentle dignity about her, being dressed entirely in white, with a simple straw hat, carried a package of Sunday-school papers and a little book in her hand, and made a very agreeable picture of a philanthropist.

We went first to one of the stores in the village, I did not know why, until Kitty asked a young man standing in the doorway to go with us to the jail. I learned that this is one of her rules, as she is very particular about observing the proprieties.

The jail is a new, substantial and handsome building, in the centre of the place, set in the middle of a large yard and close to the Court House. It is one of the finest structures in the town, and there is nothing in the external appearance, which would at first sight indicate its character. As we approached the jail, Kitty discovered the jailor at a distance, and despatched another youth to tell him she wanted him. She has taught school here for several terms, many of her pupils being older than herself; and she seems to be looked upon in the village as a being of some superior order, who deigns to dwell among the wandering sheep of that fold in the capacity of shepherdess, and any of the men and boys of the place do whatever she bids them as if it were their bounden duty, and her orders could not be gainsaid.

The jailer came when called for, and at once ushered us into the airy, well-lighted ante rooms of the jail. Then he produced some ponderous keys and opened a heavy door leading into a great stone hall, with large grated windows on two sides.

An alley some four feet wide ran around three sides of this hall, surrounding a huge iron cage, with upper and lower stories, divided in cells about 6x10 feet in size, several of them containing prisoners. There were two staircases of iron, one leading to the cell occupied by women, the other to the men's division upstairs.

The place was clean, and nothing in the least unpleasant in the atmosphere. Water was piped into the cells, so that the prisoners could get it at will, and the jailer said once a week, the prisoners were made to come out into the hall, one by one, and thoroughly bathed. They had room enough to move about, and there was as much comfort in the arrangement as could well be given to men closely confined. They had swinging beds, which could be put out of the way when not needed.

It was intensely warm and the prisoners looked very dismal, as their eager faces peered at us through the bars of the cage. Most of them were colored men. The jailer said their offenses were chiefly petty larceny and fighting in drunken rows. He always had more men than women, more colored than white. He did not think punishing people this way did much good. The same people often came back to him. The negroes were generally very ignorant. It was rare for the colored people who had had any chance for education to break the laws. One young man, who had been off to a boarding school, had stolen a pair of trousers and had been sentenced for 30 days in his vacation. The officer, who was a pleasant, cheerful looking young man, said with a smile, that this student who showed such poor results of education, "got his disabilities removed in time to go back to College the next term." This was the only case of the kind reported.

The Hampton students were generally very well spoken of by the white people.

A white man, old and coarse looking, had just been brought in, charged with robbing a house in the country of $300. He was very rough in manner, but softened a little when Kitty in her gentle way talked with him and asked if he would like something to read. "A newspaper" he said a little less gruffly, and eagerly seized upon one she gave him.

We had been told a colored woman was in jail for killing a man, and when we asked for her, the jailer gave his keys to an old lame, simple looking black man, who had been following us round like a dog and talking all the time of Miss Kitty's sweetness and goodness, and told him to bring the girls down. I learned that he had been put in jail some months before for stealing something to eat, and was so entirely tractable, so anxious to do anything he was bid, that the jailer had kept him when his term was out, as a sort of non-commissioned officer, and he was very useful in the jail.

When not obeying some order from the jailer, the poor old lame creature sank down on the floor in a corner, with an air of abject humility touching to see.

When given the keys he stumped briskly up the stairs, and soon returned with two young colored girls.

One of them was very black and had a heavy stupid face, and scarcely raised her eyes when spoken to. The jailer said she was charged with stealing.

The other girl, some fifteen years old, was about the color of a ginger cake, and had a bright pleasant face, and lively way of talking, just the sort of girl most southern ladies would like as a nurse or housemaid. She seemed much pleased to get out of her cell and have a chance to see visitors, and came cheerfully forward with some lace knitting she was doing in her hand.

It was difficult to realize that this lively looking child, for she was very little more, had committed murder and I could hardly bring myself to mention the subject to her. She was nothing loth to talk of it, however, and seemed to have no compunctions at all in regard to what she had done, considering herself the aggrieved party. She was eager to tell how it all happened. Said the old man she had laid low, had hired her with several other young Africans to work his tobacco patch, and had quarreled because they did not work fast enough to suit him. He had accused her of idling and struck her several times with a stout stick, and she had "picked up a rock and knocked him in the head; she did not mean to kill him, only to hit him because he had hit her first." The jailer said he supposed the girl would be discharged upon examination as there was no malicious intent in the crime she had committed.

The girl when asked about herself stated with evident complacency that her mother belonged to "Sam Houston" the great slave holder of the district, who had once owned three thousand of his fellow creatures and had immense landed estates in several counties of Virginia and North Carolina. As to her chances to learn, the girl said she had been to school a little, had begun to learn to spell and took very kindly to the suggestion that she might learn to read from her companion, who professed to have that advantage, while in jail.

Having collected her audience, Kitty talked to them a little and then read to them for some time.

The fair young girl in her purity and gentleness looked like the image of white-robed Virtue, surrounded by these dark and gloomy faces stained with the record of crime and brutalized by vice and ignorance.

While regarding the scene with interest, I could but wonder why of all the people of the village, which contains eight churches, each having its pastor, with one or two resident preachers to spare, it had occurred only to this young lady to carry the divine message of love and comfort to the "spirits in prison" and those who sat in the shadow of darkness.

The jailer said as a general thing he had no trouble at all with the prisoners, but recently he had had a very hard case, a young white man brought in from one of the mountain districts, who had been so violent and uncontrollable, he had been compelled to resort to extreme measures with him.

This prisoner, named Palmer, a strong and vigorous youth, in appearance a fine specimen of humanity, bore a terrible character and was, it seemed, an utterly brutal and depraved creature. He was arrested for horse stealing and the officers who committed him warned the jailer that he would have his hands full in trying to manage him. He had never been known to work a day in his life, had from childhood been a gambler, drunkard and outlaw. He was believed to have murdered his mother, though the evidence was not strong enough to convict him, the old woman having been found dead in her lonely cabin, the body lying between two beds, where she had been smothered. When first brought to the Chatham jail he had raged like a wild beast, had fought the jailer and other prisoners, and behaved like the savage he had been represented. Kitty Maurice had gone to the jail on her weekly visit, without having heard anything of this mountaineer and talked and read to the prisoners as usual. She had noticed a new prisoner, a great, fine looking white boy, who had stared at her with wondering eyes when she entered, had seemed dazed when she approached and talked to him, had drawn as near to her as the bars of the cage would admit, thrown himself full length on the floor with his face pressed close to the iron and gazed at her without changing his position as long as she stayed. When outside the jail, Kitty met one of her cousins, the Deputy Sheriff, who said he had been looking out for her to warn her not to go to the jail on account of an outlaw who had just been brought in, and that she must not think of visiting the prisoners while he was there! It was this lion of the mountains who had laid down at the feet of the lamb!

The desperado continued utterly savage towards the men about him, and a culmination was reached when he used some outrageously insulting words to a poor, plain white woman who visited her husband in the jail. The man roused to fury by the insult of his wife sprang at the outlaw who was in the cell with him, and a battle followed. The jailer and his aids were summoned, and it required the strength of four men to tie the young desperado who would probably have killed the other prisoner if let alone. The other officers were called in and after consultation it was decided to whip Palmer severely. After this discipline they had no further trouble, the young savage keeping sullen silence until tried, convicted and sent to the penitentiary.

I wanted to visit the Almshouse as well as the jail, but my short visit did not permit me to do so. With much that was discouraging among the poor and ignorant classes, I heard of one case of faithfulness to filial duty that was gratifying enough to go into Ingersoll's paper, which is to record the good things of humanity instead of the crimes and cruelties.

Many years ago, a young white woman in Pittsylvania county, committed that most grievous of offenses according to the Southern standard, in giving birth to a child whose father was a Negro. The woman and her boy for many years led a wretched life, poor and outcast, deemed by all the lowest of the low. As the boy grew older and realized his condition, he seemed, like Ishmael, to feel that "every man's hand was against him," there was no friend to help him to rise. He suddenly disappeared and in the course of time his mother, old, infirm and miserable, was sent to the almshouse. There she had lingered, ignored by her own people, forgotten by the world. Years had passed away, when, as suddenly as he had gone, the outcast boy, grown to be a vigorous man, appeared again in his native village. He had managed to become independent and had returned to seek his poor disgraced mother.

He took her from the almshouse, rented a little farm near the village, furnished the house, established her in it, and provided comfortably for her declining years.

Legend of Laleikawai.

Sometime since, Kamakan, one of the the best Hawaiian historians, now dead, published in the *Kuokoa*, the native paper, the Legend of Laleikawai, of which Rev. L. Andrews said in the preface of his Dictionary, that many volumes more of the same quality might be published displaying the power of imagination of the Hawaiians and the richness of their language for expressing the nicest shades of love, hatred, revenge and jealousy. Like nearly all nations the Hawaiians thus had a sort of literature of a heroic age handed down from generation to generation.

The abstract of the "Kaao" (story) is, that an ancient King of Kauai at his marriage made an agreement with his bride that of their future children the boys should be preserved alive and the girls put to death. Their first child, a girl, was, by a family friend, hidden away in a secluded valley and grew up, under the name of Laleikawai, to be of supernal beauty; and was always distinguished on account of her superior nature by a rainbow bending over her place of residence.

At length a famous Soothsayer discovered, by divination, the facts about her and undertook to find her for a wife for the King of Kauai, the successor of her father.

By divination her guardian learned of this Soothsayer's search for her, and removed from Kauai to Oahu. The Soothsayer followed her and one evening with great joy beheld her rainbow arching over Koolau, and went to rest hoping to find her in the morning, but during the night her guardian was warned in a dream and fled to Molokai.

The Kauai King now accompanied the priest in quest of her. He got a glimpse of her rainbow one night from Oahu as it was bending over Molokai. But like the fabled pot of gold at the rainbow's end, when he reached Molokai she was not there, but her rainbow was to be seen on Maui. Warned again in a dream, her guardian descended from the Maui mountains to Kauapoli, Maui, to obtain a canoe. Laieikawai was here so careless as to let her veil a moment blow aside, and the natives of the region were amazed and enchanted by a glimpse of superhuman beauty. Her flight with her guardian continued to Lanai, to Ulupalakna, Hana, and at last to Puna of Hawaii. The chief followed along the shores of Maui, everywhere attracting great crowds, following with admiration the power and beauty of his bodily form. Sailing in a canoe from Hana he landed at Kohala while a great multitude of the Hawaii people were gathered for games. He entered the crowd and gave challenge to the strongest man for combat. Some of the people privately advised him to desist, informing him that the man challenged was Kohala's "pokela" best man, and that he would be killed. The chief however persisted and in the contest killed the "pokela."

At length early one morning with the aid of divination he with his priest reached the mauka edge of the woods of Puna and beheld the house of Laieikawai with the rainbow bending over it. He was bearing with him the most splendid of the famous feather cloaks as a wedding present. He suddenly exclaimed to his attendant, "It is all of no avail for us to go on." Let us return home. I have brought the most magnificent present to be obtained in these lands, the choicest of feather cloaks, but see, even the very thatch of her house is composed of such feathers. What is my cloak worth to her?

He returned to the beach, but soliciting the aid of the gods came back to witness contests of the Lizard and Dog gods, and at last by the help of his celestial friends obtained her whom he had so long followed for his bride. After marriage she was sought by her other suitors, was spirited away to the Society Islands by her Lizard god, and at length was herself deified in the skies.

The very great value and efficiency of the Life Saving Service is probably hardly appreciated even by those of us who live directly upon the coast, and although the story of its work is as exciting as any romance, or often, alas, as any tragedy, yet there are comparatively few to whom its existence is anything more than a bare fact. The thoroughness of its organization and the fortitude and heroism of the men who stand always ready to risk their lives in the service of others, have achieved results of which modern humanitarian science has reason to be proud. The last report of this Service is more interesting than any of its predecessors, and we should like to attract the attention of our readers to the following notice of it taken from the *Popular Science Monthly* for October, especially on account of its bearing upon the question of Civil Service reform.

"Five stations were added during the year and the number of stations at its close was 201. Of these, 56 were on the Atlantic 37 on the lakes, 7 on the Pacific, and 1 at the Falls of the Ohio. The whole number of disasters reported was 430, endangering $10,607,940 of property, and the lives of 4,432 persons. Of the persons, all but twenty were saved, and only $1,446,586 of the property was lost. The number of vessels totally lost was 64. The Service has co-operated in scientific movements by assisting investigations in marine zoology, and by collecting 'singing-sands' for examination by Professor H. C. Bolton. The concluding statement in the summarized report, regarding the character of the Service's men, is very suggestive. It is: 'It is felt that seldom in the history of organizations has a body of men been assembled so equal in qualification for the stern tasks set them, and so splended in their efficiency. That they can have such a character collectively is clearly attributable to their having been selected for their posts solely on professional grounds, without the slightest reference to their politics. The constant purpose of the officers in charge has ever been to obtain for station duty the ablest and trustiest surfmen. Previous reports of the Service have made apparent how difficult it was, for years, to limit the choice of these agents to the simple tests of their ability and trustworthiness, and how great and absolute a help in this regard has been the statute of 1882, peremptorily exempting the selection from political influences. It can be safely said that in no instance have the requirements of that statute been disregarded, either in spirit or letter."

SILHOUETTES.

BY ALICE M. BACON.

Where Some of our Money come From.

Few of those who work in a great charitable institution like this school; few of those who reap its benefits, and perhaps fewer still of those who visit it and see its grounds, its buildings, its industries and its classrooms, appreciate or even know of the countless gifts, consecrated by prayers and tears, given after sacrifices, struggles and self-denials, which have helped to build up and make the institution what it is to day

As I write, a letter lies before me which tells the story of one gift recently bestowed upon the school, a story which is but one among the many that might be told.

There is the little sheet of black edged paper written over in a delicate feminine hand; a letter accompanying a checque for nearly $800.00, the beginning of our Library Endowment Fund.

Somewhere in the generous North there lives a minister of Christ's gospel with a loving wife and a little flock of children growing up about him. He is a man whose name is already well known among us as a student and thinker of more than usual force: but he is a young man still, his salary is small, his family large, and with little to look forward to as an inheritance in case the breadwinner should be taken away. So year by year, a little sum of money is laid aside in the savings bank for each child and by careful saving these little accounts slowly grow. Each child will have something for a start in life when the time comes, and that little is continually becoming more.

But suddenly the shadow of God's hand fall upon the little group, and Charley, the bright boy toward whose future the parents were looking with such hope and pride, is taken away from their loving care to "behold the face of our Father which is in Heaven." After the first shock of the bereavement is over and the tender longing and yearning comes in place of the sharp pain and anguish of a recent loss, parents and children debate in the little family parliament what shall be done with the savings bank account that Charley will never need now. The childrendo not wish itdivided up and added to their portions, it is Charley's and must be used as a memorial of him, and so with faith in the work that is being done at Hampton and inthe hope of aiding that work, this $800.00, the saving of many years and the memorial of a great sorrow bravely borne in Christian submission, is given into our change as a sacred trust to be kept and used, as wisely as in us lies, in memory of little Charley.

A short study of the Treasurer's Report for any year gives one a little idea of the various and widely scattered sources from which the money that supports the school is drawn. New York and New England furnish the greater part of the gifts, but on our report we find Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, the Hawaiian Islands in the west, the fair land of France in the east, Virginia and Louisana in the south, all contributing to the work that the North has started and carried on so long. And now this year there comes from the Orient, the land of fable and romance, a bit of help from the "Fishers of the Bosphorus," a society formed of the children of American Missionaries in and about Constantinople. Not content with fishing in their own waters, these unwearied anglers have cast a line into the Chesapeake, and in loving remembrance of the land of their fathers, have sent their contribution toward the work in which we are engaged.

Let us just take the report and run our eyes down its columns. Here reported from one of New England's pleasantest villages, among the elms and streams of Litchfield Co., Conn., is a list of gifts by summer sojourners, who in the time of rest and recreation have not forgotten that the work of the world must go on. Many more such instances may be found as we look over these pages. Here from New Hampshire is the report from a summer missionary society that sends down as a result of labor during the time when almost every one who can, is indulging in the delight of doing nothing, $28.00 one year, the next, over $200. Under this bead too we should mention a scholarship contributed by various young ladies met by chance at a seaside resort and carrying into their summer's pleasure thespirit of benevolence which is only too apt to be laid aside with other accompaniments of home worry and care. All through the report we see examples of the interest in the school among people at summer resorts, an interest aroused often by the presence of Hampton Students as employes in the hotels from which these solid expressions of good-will are dated.

Here is another phase of the interest in the school, an interest pathetic indeed as is always the sympathy of those poor in this world's goods for others whom they esteem poorer than themselves. As we glance down the columns of the report, our attention is arrested here and there by the words charity school, "mission school." Here is the brief story of one such gift that is taken from the letter accompanying a $70.00 scholarship. "The children are the poorest, most forlorn of any in our city, but by their own vote have most gladly given this money." Think of the pennies earned here and there by hoot-blacking, newspaper selling, bundle carrying, any and all of the various means by which these poor little city waifs earn their scanty livings. Think of how much labor, sorrow, sacrifice those 7000 pennies represent, and thinking of these things consider the reponsibility before God of those who have to administer wisely the money gained from such sources. Another example comes from another western city. A scholarship is received from a Sunday school class made up entirely of shop girls. After their hard days of labor they had spent their evenings in manufacturing such little articles as would attract purchasers and by the sale of these had secured the money to give to the school. Is'nt there genuine benevolence in this?

One or two instances of still a different kind must be noticed. We find that the Penn. Abolition Society gives three scholarships. Money given long ago for one purpose, having seen the purpose accomplished, is given for kindred uses, and so the Penn. Abolition Society finding nothing remaining to abolish, devotes its funds to the education of the Negro for whose benefit the society was originally formed. Here is another case. "The Pensioners Loan Fund" is a fund given to the school year after year to be loaned to any promising student in need of pecuniary aid. It is a pension from the United States given by the pensioner himself and in a great many instances has given most timely aid to students who otherwise could not have completed their school course. Sometimes it is repaid soon, sometimes the debt hangs on for years. An instance is in my mind now of one young girl to whom was lent some $60 or $70 from this fund; three years after her graduation every penny was returned into the school treasury. Now for a girl who is teaching five to seven months in the year and receiving any where from $20. to $30. a month out of which all her expenses are to be paid for the whole year a debt of $60 to $70. oaid to the last penny in three years shows economy, pluck and self-denial that cannot be too highly valued.

These are a few of the many cases that constantly come up, showing us how great a responsibility lies upon officers, teachers and students to use wisely and well all opportunities which money so given may bring to anyone connected with this school. There is something in such gifts as these that consecrate and render holy the whole work, and we may feel sure that this school has a warm place in the heart of everyone who offers upon its altar such loving sacrifice as this. God grant that the altar may be not unworthy of the sacrifice.

Humors of the Classroom.

From the Butler School come the following examination paper containing many interesting facts hitherto unknown to students of American history.

1. Tell the story of the discovery of America.

"All met four hundred years ago, when Columbers recovered America, and they liked Columbers and a ship was sent to discover the new world and they saw hushes floating on the water and some of them said that It must bin land some whare and so they went along further and when Columbers came there it was a few Indians there he sent ships, out in Chesepeake hay Columbers went into the woods, carried an indian with them so that the other indians might not trouble them, and he told too me (n) that he would stay in America till it was settled and, when it was settled any body that want to live there could come there were a good many indians there and they talked kind to the indians so that they would not trouble or kill them or there children neighbor when Columbers and his men had settle America they bilt houses and staid in them and then Hampton were made and mill creak the people all came together and filled the place up & it was made public and that is all i no about discovry Americas, I want here when this lesson was red."

After this breathless and original account of "Columbers and his men," in answer to tbe next question "Tell what sett ements were made, ' our young student comes boldly up for the second innings with the following:

"The settlement were made by Columbers and his men when they found America and some said If it was not enough to settle America they would send of after some to help settle America hut it was enough for to settle America so they all got together and settled America 1620 years ago the settlement of America was made by Columbers and his kind men wanted to go to a place where they could worship god like they want to and Columbers left them by there self and told them when one half of them went to sleep in the night the others watch and so one night they all went to sleep and they all were killed by the indians."

This painful tragedy finishes the account of the settlements in general and the more particular question, "Where was the first settlement made in Massachusetts?" elicits the remarkable piece of history given below.

"Columbers was the first settlement in mortusetts and the first settlement of America was the place was filled up with quakers in Massachusetts the people who settle Massachusetts the Pilgrims were Samuel Adams and the Pilgrims settle America they thought they could worship God as they liked but the place were filled up with quakers and the quakers worshiped God as they wanted to do but some of the people were bothered with the quakers a good deal about the quakers were not."

After this lucid account of the conflicts of rival sects in New England, the next question takes us nearer home, "What was the first settlement made in Virginia?"

"Columbers and his men were the first settlement of Virginia and when they came to settle Virginia it was a long time before they settled Virginia and when they settled Virginia the indians troubled them so bad that they did not no what to do and the indians treated them bad so they were troubled with the indians very bad and America was settled the indians planted sead and in the summer the sead came up and grew very pretty and they had corn to eat all the winter long and some in the summer for to eat."

Members of the Society of Friends will doubtless take pleasure in hearing something as startling as the following in regard to the early history of their race. This is the answer to the question "Who were the Quakers?"

"The leaders was John Handcock was one of the greatest leaders the quakers lived in Rhode Island and they made that their home and quakers were treated very bad by the indians so that the people had to go home and stay and let the people have the place that they wanted and some said that they think quakers ought to worship God in their own way, Baptist in their way."

The following graphic description of the Boston Tea Party must not be omitted.

"There was a ship that was sent in with tea and the ship was loaded and some of the people went to by tea but they could not by no tea and so the people told them that they had some tea comming and they should not have none of their tea and it was a long time before the tea came and the people were made mad and they throw all there tea over and said they would drink no tea but drink water and eat their meals without any tea and all their tea was thrown overboard so that is all i no about this lesson because I have never read this lesson at school but I read it."

The account of the thirteen colonies is as follows.

"The 13 colines was George Washington, Samuel Adams, and John Handcock, and Joe Siere Quincy, they found in America 150 years ago after James town was settled there so many bad people there that they had to get a police to rule the state of Virginia, in that time the people who settled the state of Virginia was very bad."

With this unconscious thrust at the "F F. V.'s" the examination paper closes. It was written by a child whose attendance at school had been very irregular but who wanted to try and see what she could do. I do not give it as a specimen paper, but simply to show what interesting fields even a slight study of history may open up to a child's imagination. There are many persons at work now trying to discover the different ideas that go to make up the contents of a child's mind. To all such students I recommend the careful study of this examination paper as it seems to contain many thoughts worthy of note in the cause of psychological research.

Our Broom Maker.

Friends who contributed toward the education of the blind man Daniel Johnson in the trade of broom making may be interested to hear what he has to say for himself after a summer of work at his new trade. I visited him to-day and found him at his work in a large airy room in the machine shop on the school grounds. His little son was helping him by sweeping up litter, sewing brooms and making himself generally useful. Every morning the little fellow leads his father over from Hampton to the School, stays with him during his working hours, goes about with him when he goes about selling his brooms, and leads him back to his home at night.

Mr. Johnson was working at his machine, wiring a broom, and was dressed with his usual neatness. I asked him carefully how he was getting on in his efforts to make a living and received most encouraging replies. I told him that I thought that the people who had helped to pay for his education would be interested to hear about him, so I was going to write a few lines for the *Southern Workman* to tell them what he was doing. His face lighted up with pleasure as he said "Tell 'em dat I'm jus' as good a man as ever I was," the word there referring not to moral goodness but meaning ability to work and provide for his family. After quite a conversation with him in which he told me how he went about and sold his brooms, now at Hampton, now at Fortress Monroe, again at Newport News, picking up little orders here and there and trying to establish a regular business, I left an order for a whisk broom and came away feeling that so far at least the education of Daniel Johnson had been a successful experiment, and that the money given for that purpose had been spent wisely in setting up and rendering self supporting, one who would otherwise have been all his life a pauper dependent upon the charity of others for the support of himself and his family.

Library Notes.

One of the results of our new experiment in Bible study has already appeared. The scene is the library. Student with Bible in hand and perplexed expression of countenance approaches librarian. "Please Miss, can you tell me in what part of the Bible I will find about Robinson Crusoe?" The librarian's position is more or less beset with difficulties from the variety and peculiarity of questions that are poured upon her. Sometimes it is difficult to preserve a becoming sobriety of demeanor under an attack like that narrated above.

Here are examples of the questions propounded. "Where can I find the Apochrypha?" "Please Miss, do frogs have bones?" The natural history classes set the Juniors all at work and there are busy times for the librarian during the first of the year in trying to produce from our limited stock of books enough works on natural history to give the whole 120 of the Junior class an opportunity for individual research in that fascinating study. One of the favorite requests repeated again and again by students who have no pronounced literary tastes of their own is "Please Miss, will you pick me out a pretty reading book." Sometimes a study of the catalogue will lead a student to call for some book fancied for its title alone, as last year when a small book, of would-be poetry, entitled "Lines for the Gentle and Loving" was asked for and emerged, for the first time since its arrival on the scene in the early years of the library, into the light of day from its retired position on one of the shelves. This choice was made by a student after a series of unsatisfied demands first for books on "etiquetty," then for a complete letter writer, and failing in these directions recourse was finally had to the catalogue with the results given above. A curious demand came in last year in connection. I believe, with the Natural History classes, for a book on the "hoppergrass and the crusty-grass." It is needless to say that the librarian was unable to furnished the desired volume.

Letters from Hampton Graduates.

A CONSTANT NEED. ROUGH AND READY. OLD AND NEW. DARKNESS AND LIGHT. "WITH ALLMY MIGHT.

A CONSTANT NEED.

The never ceasing appeal from our students for reading matter, papers, books, Bibles, hymn books, cards, pictures, any and everything that can be utilized in a school room, is and can be answered only in part. Good material of this sort is used literally to the last scrap by these young teachers, and our friends can hardly send us too much of it.

——Prince George, Co., Va.
Jan. 31, 1885.

My Dear Miss C——:

I received your circular some time ago and would have responded long before this but I have been too busy to write. You see by this heading that I am away from home. I came to this county in December to take a school; have taught two montns very successfully. I have thirty pupils on roll and get an average of twenty-five, though I am only paid thirty dollars for an average of twenty. My children are fond of me and I think a great deal of them. Indeed I like my work ever so well. My health is better too than it was when I was at home. The school-house is an old log church, daubed with "nature's purest production," has four wooden windows that slide back to admit light, is situated on B——'s road in B——School District. Such is the rude description of my school-house and it is in the center of a dense forest. I live a quarter of a mile away at a place called "Eelbanks" on Powell's Creek a branch of the James River. It is within twenty-two miles of Petersburg and nine of City Point, Va.

Mr. B——, the superintendent, comes to see me quite often and is much pleased with my manner of teaching. The last time he came to see me he asked me if I'd make a drawing of the School-house and grounds, and send it to him by the last of January. I did so and he was so pleased with it that he sent it to Mr. R. R. Farr, Superintendent Public Instruction, Richmond Va., for the Superintendent's Conference that will be held there February 1st, of this year.

I hope to have something more interesting to write next time. I don't get any papers to read now, but I know it is my fault. Remember me kindly to all my friends and co-workers but accept my love for yourself. I will be thankful for *any reading matter* you will send me. I have organized a Sunday School also, which I nearly forgot to mention, and we have no papers or bibles, please send us anything you can spare.

Yours truly,
S. E. B.

ROUGH AND READY.

This picture of this little mountain settlement with its appropriate name which is "to last as long as the rock ribbed hills around it," is a good one. It looks as if the "rough" place had found a "ready" teacher.

S——, Virginia.
February 20th, '85.

My Dear Teacher:—

I often think of you as my most highly prized correspondent and I seem to neglect you as my least. But it is not so. I just neglect you until I get ashamed to write, thinking that you may reprove or think hard of me for my long delay. Notwithstanding all this I write to you now trusting that you will receive this immediately.

I am now teaching at a place named Rough and Ready, I suppose from the roughness of the situation. From the appearance of the place, I think the country has an appropriate name which will survive as long as the rock ribbed mountains surround it, as they do now. I have a school at this place numbering at present 44 pupils only. There are a great many pupils around this place, but from the poverty which I see surrounding it they are truly unable to come. I would not have my present number had it not been for some special exertions I used to bring them out. My school-house is situated upon a hill and the nearest pupils have two and one half miles to walk every morning and evening. It is hard for me to make an average, and the Board says if I don't make an average they will only allow me $1.00 per capita for every one in actual daily attendance. It is no fault of mine that I fail to make an average, and they have no right to make a sacrifice of me for the negligence of the patrons. I am now in a place that seems to be forsaken, therefore education and enlightenment are necessary.

Really the people are uncivilized and too much so to know how to behave themselves when in company, or at divine service. I labor harder here than I have at any place since I have been teaching. Heretofore they have had a teacher here who was unqualified for the work and the Board only paid him from $12. to $15. per month for his services. And you know such as this ruins a school, consequently, it has taken me two thirds of my time to put the school in working order. No sooner had I got to the place than I found that no Hamptonians had ever been here, and upon inquiry I found that there had never been one here who had done the work of a good and efficient teacher.

The Sunday school closed the first of December until the first of May on account of bad weather, and children living so far from the church. Since I have been here I have organized a Debating Society in which all participate quite freely I have the largest of my boys to debate every Friday evening on some easy subject. This is often called a "God forsaken place," by the lowest of spokesmen, but it is not true, for I find some true Christians here who seem to know nothing else in the world but how to serve their Maker. There are some parents around here who have never sent their children to school, and with some of them I have prevailed and got them to send them out. I made an arrangement with the School Board, by which I can furnish books to indigent pupils, having them charged to me until I return them at the close of school. My school is very near out now and truly I am not sorry of it at all. I expect to be an agent for the Every day Encyclopedia & People's Popular Dictionary this summer. The book is published by Thayer Merriam & Co. of Philadelphia. They offer me a very good commission and the book is one I think will sell very fast.

Well I must stop before I go too far for your patience. I hope to hear from you. I would like to hear from you concerning the book. Do you think it will pay, or do you know of one that will suit me better? Please drop me a few lines concerning it.

I must close for this time; when I close my work here I will write you a long letter and try to compose it better than this.

I am yours with respect,
A. T. S.

OLD AND NEW.

The teacher who finds himself the victim of "complaints that he has departed from the almost obsolete practice of teaching children their A B C's," must remember that he has many fellow sufferers. The transition from the old to the new in education is not accomplished in a moment, or with a single effort.

Miss C——,

Dear Friend:

My health has been so poor until very recently that I did not dare engage in teaching or anything else where manual or mental labor was required.

Nevertheless I taught school privately, and I have no special cause to regret the fruits of my labor. One young man who came to me in July after leaving school, has successfully passed a regular course at the Normal School and has been out about three years teaching. Also a sister of this young man who came to me, is in the Senior class, and if nothing happens to prevent will graduate this term.

While it may not be quite the thing to speak so much in my own praise of what I have done, yet when parents and children come voluntarily and acknowledge the benefits derived, I only repeat their sentiment.

I feel that though I have never taught public school one hour, I have been of service in maintaining and defending its principles.

There are a great many people around here who do not fully realize the care and responsibilities, of teachers and are ever ready to blame them because their children do not advance as rapidly as, in their judgment they ought. And also there are very frequent complaints that the teachers have departed from the almost obsolete practice of teaching children their A B C's.

I have at all times tried and believe I have succeeded in convincing them of the benefits to be derived from the *new system*, viz; while in the old only one thing is accomplished and that the knowledge of the letter, under the *new* three distinct objects are in my judgment attained, viz; the eyes are trained to the appearance of these words in writing; second, the hand is trained to the formation of letters, and third, the mind in trained to the appearance of the letters.

I do not mean to be understood by saying that I never taught in a public school, that I am complaining, because I do believe if, I were to make application, that I would be appointed to some field of work about as readily as any other applicant.

The schools have closed their public terms, and private schools are very liberally patronized.

I was much pained at the death of Miss L——but the burden of it was removed when I thought over the fruitfulness of her labors. I have a very pretty little hymn book she gave me on the day of my graduation, and it will be a very long time before I will forget the pleasant smile that accompanied the gift. The manner of the presentation was more than a thousand books to me, and that being my first and last meeting with her, being so favorably impressed, I believe those who had the pleasure of meeting her often, enjoyed the counsel of a true and whole hearted Christian.

General Marshall, like most faithful soldiers, felt that he was entitled to some rest. And may God's blessings be with him in his retirement at his pleasant home.

I am very truly yours,
J. J.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

We could ask no better illustration of the darkness which exists in some parts of the South, nor of the way in which the light must be carried into the thick of it, than is given in the following letter.

8th mo., 20th, 1884.

Dear Miss C——:

Your letter containing the sum of two dollars has been gladly received. You said that I could either give it to the School or the Temperance Hall. I thought just at that time that the school was the more needy of the two, so I handed it over to Mr. R——, principal, who said that he would write and thank you at once. We were very thankful to be remembered and hope that, in time, your kindness will be rewarded.

I have my hands full of Sunday school work for the summer. Last month I was elected General Superintendent of all the Sunday schools of the S——Baptist Association. Of course there is no money in it at all for me. I accept it as missionary work and when I travel by railway the association or the Sunday school pays expenses. I have already visited four schools and introduced the International lessons. I have already been much surprised to see how far behind many of our young people are. On last Sunday I visited Zion Fair S. S. which is about 48 miles from here, and about nine miles from the P. R. railroad.

I found the people there generally opposed to education. Three Sunday schools met at that church to have a grand march. I knew the pastor and most of the teachers. I suppose there were about 300 or 350 children present. The parents and children listened very attentively to what I had to say, and seemed to be much interested. But after I had finished speaking about education and Sunday school work, etc., a young preacher rose, came before the audience and said: "Some people's always talkin' about education, edication; git *Christ* in yo' h'art and that is edication enough. I don't want no Benedict University, (he thought that I was a teacher from the Benedict Institute of Columbia, S. C.,) I wants no institutes nor schools, I got *my* learnin' from *Christ* and you all mus do de same."

He spoke in this strain, for about fifteen minutes, but I don't think his speech had much effect, for all seemed very anxious for me to come again. I was told by one of the teachers, that in that large audience of five or six hundred there was scarcely one young woman or girl who could read, and very few boys and young men. I had taken with me some papers and quarterlies which were thankfully received. They promised to be ready to begin with the International lessons next quarter. If you have any books or papers to spare please remember my work.

Sincerely yours,
F. A. P.

"WITH ALL MY MIGHT."

Day school, night school, Sunday school, Temperance work and a Christmas tree!

The motto on the wall of this school room must indeed be "With all my might."

——County, N. C.,
Nov. 11th, 1884.

Dear Miss C——:

I have just been made the happy recipient of your letter. Words cannot express how much I enjoyed its contents. I am busy now, but while the children are getting their lessons I will answer your letter. First, I guess you would like to hear about my work. I am still in the field of labor as teacher and have been ever since the year of my graduation, which was in June, 1878. I have been teaching a portion of every year not only day school, but night school and Sunday school, and am doing all I can in the cause of temperance, and I have taken your motto "Whatever I do, I do it with all my might." I have been successful in every school I have taught, have the good will and love of both children and parents. My present school began in August and will close Christmas eve.

I like teaching better than anything I ever did, and with the Lord's aid I will continue the work as long as I see I am doing good. My school is quite a nice one, situated on a very pleasant hill.

I have so many things to tell you, I nearly forgot to tell you about my Christmas tree. I shall have one the evening my school closes, which will be Christmas eve, and if you will and can assist me, I will extend a thousand thanks to you. I have begun to hunt up nice pieces for my students to say, and I shall ask the parents and friends to help me with little useful articles to fill the tree. I will thank you for anything you shall send me.

May your pathway be an onward walk to Heaven.

I am your friend,
L. T. G.

FROM OUR "CELESTIAL" SCHOLAR.

About a year ago a young Chinaman, Lee Shek Wun, was sent here by the congregation of a Northern church to go on for a time with his studies, and obtain a better knowledge of the English language. Being very bright and interesting, with a remarkable memory, he won the regard of his teachers, who regretted that he felt himself obliged to leave school at the end of the term in order to earn money to send to his father in China, to whom he seemed much attached.

The following letter will, we are sure, be read with interest by the friends whom he made among both teachers and pupils, during his stay at the School.

114 Second Avenue, New York City,
September 10th, 1885.

Miss R——,

Dear teacher:

I was sorry that I never have any chance to write to any of you teachers, so now I must strive to write to you a few lines to let you know that I have been well here. When I first came back to Brooklyn and New York city, all my friends were glad to see me back here again and invited me to stay there longer with them.

I suppose you have gone home Connecticut or somewhere else, but I hope you and all our teachers are getting long well and have very good and pleasant time for the summer. Please remember me to the General of the Institute, and all Indian friends for their kindness to me in Hampton Institute, and hope the Indian friends make their Lend the Hand Club to be increased and multiply and beautiful.

I shall not come back to Hampton any more, but I never forgotten all my best teachers and General Armstrong and should remember you and all of them as my best teachers. And hope you all teachers get your blessing for have done so much God's work down there, and hope the Lord will bless General Armstrong and give him rest. I like to hear from you all teachers and with my best wishes for your welfare. Write to me as if you feel like, and please pray for me that I may live a good Christian life and fulfil the duty of my respective station in life.

From your scholar,
LEE SHEK WUN.

Southern Workman.

Indian Department.

ELAINE GOODALE, *In Charge*.

Regular Contributors:

HERBERT WELSH, *Cor. Sec'y Indian Rights Association.*

ALICE C. FLETCHER,

REV JOHN J. GRAVATT,

MRS. A. S. QUINTON, *Gen'l Sec'y of the Womans' National Indian Ass'n.*

REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.,

JAMES MCLOUGHLIN.

JOHN G. GASMANN,

MR. HERBERT WELSH is in Dakota, agitating the Dawes' Bill for opening a part of the great Sioux Reservation to white settlement. The friends of the Indians are in favor of the bill, but the feeling among the Indians themselves is strongly conservative. A meeting of their representative men will probably be held in Washington this winter to hear and discuss the measure.

The general tone of Western sentiment on the Indian question is often misunderstood. Among the better class of men on the extreme frontier there is a healthy, practical feeling in favor of Indian education, progress and self-support. Mr. Welsh recently held, by invitation, a conference on the Dawes' bill with the leading citizens of Pierre, Dakota, a thriving little city of 3,200 inhabitants and the terminus of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad. The whole spirit of the discussion was one of entire fairness and moderation, and there is no doubt that Dakota will work for the bill.

Bishop Hare makes the important suggestion that instead of the issue of rations and annuity goods by the Government, compensation to the Indians for their lands should take the form of small monthly cash payments. Men of practical force and experiences such as Agent McLaughlin of Standing Rock, strongly approve the step. The general use of money as a circulating medium would correct many abuses, create a demand for home industries, encourage the trades and foster iindependence and self-respect. Many if not all the Indians are ready for it, and little more can be looked for in the way of actual growth under the present artificial system.

School Work on the Reservation.

There are two opposite theories of Indian education. The one deals with the Indian apart from his surroundings; the other seeks to influence those surroundings. The one aims to benefit the individual; the other exerts itself to save the community. The hope of the one is in the forcible separation of the Indian children from Indian life; the desire of the other is to fit them for immediate usefulness in their own homes and to fit those homes to receive them. Will the mountain come to Mahomet, or shall we not rather bring Mahomet to the mountain?

The enthusiastic advocate of Eastern schools, dazzled by their size, their ample equipments, their splendid efficiency, the immense influence they exert over public opinion, is almost forced to a one-sided view of the Educational problem. The system of Indian schools, to be effective, must be complete. It must cover the whole ground. Not one Indian child in a hundred, or one in fifty, but every Indian child of school age must be in school. The bulk of this work will naturally and as a matter of course be done on or near the Reservation.

The disadvantages of the Eastern school, as a means of handling this vast unorganized mass, are obvious and very great. Distance is an immense obstacle. The work must be done at long range—its aim more or less indirect—its shots made almost at random. It is work for the future rather than for the present; the abstract idea governs the half-knowledge of actual conditions; there is necessarily a loss of immediate application in the provision for distant contingencies. The larger cost of transportation, the disastrous effects of a change of climate, the appreciable waste of effort on a certain proportion of unfit material,—all these must be taken into the account. The advantages of the Eastern school are equally obvious,—broader, influences superior resources, and the command and support of public opinion. Its relation to the day-school in the camp or the boarding school at the agency should be as the relation of the University to the "district school."

A great many theoretical objections are made to schools on the Reservation. The greater part of them can be traced to the old established fallacy of a hopeless mass of barbarism impeding progress and subverting order. There is no such immense discouragement. There is on the great Sioux Reservation a large body of reasonable, orderly, well-disposed people; willing to work, ready to learn, naturally truthful, generous, religious, and susceptible of good impressions. Many of them are already self-supporting, and all might soon become so. They are mainly ignorant and very poor—absolutely without money—but the state of their morals as compared with that of a poor white community is remarkably good. They are passing, as a people, through a natural healthful stage of growth, and require only a gradual and wise change in the unnatural conditions which hamper their development, to make rapid and united progress. We do not want to educate the children out of relation to this great general movement. By education on the ground, with daily reference to actual needs and probabilities, parents and children are kept in sympathy, and the influence of the children in their homes is a steady, natural growth. The much-talked-of danger to the children from surrounding home influences simply does not exist—not even in the proportion in which we find it in all our white communities. The danger of an over-consciousness on their part, an over-assumption of superiority and a corresponding indisposition on the part of the parents to be taught, is to a great degree avoided.

Among other imaginary evils laid to the charge of the Western schools are the likelihood of the children's running way and of indiscriminate visits from relatives and friends. A close inquiry elicits the fact that in both instances these fears are unfounded. Truancy is checked at once by prompt and vigorous measures, and the visiting, which is easily kept within bounds, is a means of enlarging the influence of the school and establishing its power.

Nor will it be safe to make any sweeping statement regarding the inferior quality of work in the Reservation school. Some of the teaching is very indifferent, and some of it is of the very first order. I have never seen more complete control, more tact, grace and personal magnetism, more delightful order and method with an equally delightful spontaneity, than I saw in St. John's school on an Indian Reservation.

The Mission schools, as a rule, are far better than the Government schools, simply because the Government does its work in a languid and perfunctory manner. There is literally no cause except failure to act, why an effective school system is not in force to-day among the thirty thousand Sioux. Treaty law provides a school house and teacher for every thirty children, and attendance may and should be made compulsory. School work at an Indian agency should not be under the direction of the Agent, who may appoint his own relatives, however incompetent; but there should be an organized effort to cover the whole field under a man who is strong enough to choose his subordinates and through them to work out a successful result.

A Word for the Indian Boys.

Could any of my friends see forty eager faces before them, a look of determination and ambition stamped on every brow, as slowly and carefully they listened to and repeated words dictated to them, as I have experienced, one would never say "Do you really think Indians can be educated?" Coming in the rude clothing of skins; leaving parents whom they dearly love; giving up bright hued garments, for our modern plain clothes; and sacrificing their long beautiful hair upon which they pride themselves—for the school which the Great father has given them, in order to make American men out of them; learning to eat strange dishes, to do hard work at school and upon trades when they are accustomed to perfect idleness; do we realize what a complete change they pass through? Yet in spite of all these trials they are full of ambition and zeal!

In the Indian school at Santa Fe, that was organized this spring, the progress of our Indian children was remarkable. In two months the boys have taken eagerly hold of the industrial work, farming, carpentering and cobbling, learning not only to execute the orders, their respective teachers have given, but to understand them as well. In the school room they are equally diligent, rapidly learning the alphabet though not as quick in combining the letters into words. More especially do they pick up Caligraphy. During the perind allotted for this not a sound—but the movement of the pen upon the paper—can absolutely be heard in the room. Patiently and with perfect accuracy do they first nf all trace the characters, and then almost as beautifully form them in the higher series of the writing book. Their power of imitation is wonderful. Calisthenics and Military Drill are consequently readily acquired.

To illustrate their perfect obedience, let me give you a little incident that occurred. The very first Sunday the Indians were with us, they seemed perfectly wild with pleasure, playing about under the large magnificent cotton-wood trees in the midst of which our buildings are nestled. They would break off sticks from the bushes, and convert them into the necessary implement for the game of La Crosse, their favorite amusement. But it was thought best not to curb them at first, and so the second Sunday the same course was pursued. While the Superintendent was busily engaged with a gentleman a band of Mexican boys came to the walls of the grounds and challenged our boys to a game. In an instant they cleared a barb-wire fence, ten feet high, and were engaged in the exciting sport upon the bed of the river that flows by the grounds. In great consternation I ran to the superintendent telling him that they were outside the grounds, and would soon be in a fight with the Mexicans. He hastened to the schoolroom and rang the bell, then going to the fence beckoned kindly to them to come quickly. In less than five minutes after the first stroke every boy had thrown down his stick, freed himself from the noisy shouting crowd, entered the gate and was seated in the school room ready to receive the mild reproof that awaited them. With such tractability is there not a chance for us, to make good citizens of the Pueblo youth?

LILIAN VAUGHAN, LADD.

Santa Fe, New Mexico.

An Indian Fairy Book.

There has always been a fascination for the ethnologist, and a romantic interest to the popular mind, in the half-explored field of American tradition and folk-lore. The editor of "The Enchanted Moccasins and other Legends" * aims to hit the sympathetic fancy of the general reader. Plainly he misses something of the just rendering and exquisite flavor of the original which distinguish the more scientific labors of such men as Dr. Brinton and Mr. Leland. The stories in this book were originally compiled by schoolcraft; as "reinterpreted and developed" by Mr. Matthews, they do not appear to have much value except as a collection of aboriginal fairy-tales, charming indeed to children and winning an occasional glance from their elders. Their English editor's greatest fault is in the elaboration of style,—which should rather imitate the Indian story teller's rare, curt rendering of these grotesque fancies. Longfellow did better by some of them, and has made them classic in "Hiawatha." We give one of the shortest and simplest as an example of Mr. Mathew's method, and an artless illustration of the duties of an Indian wife. "A poor man, called Ilna or the Wanderer, was in the habit of roaming about from place to place, forlorn, without relations, and almost helpless. He had often wished for a companion to share his solitude; but who would think of joining their fortunes with those of a poor wanderer, who had no shelter but such as his leather hunting-shirt provided, and no other household in the world than the bundle which he carried in his hand, and in which his hunting-shirt was laid away.

One day as he went on a hunting excursion, to relieve himself of the burden of carrying it, Ilna hung up his bundle on the branch of a tree and then set out in quest of game.

On returning to the spot in the evening he was surprised to find a small but neat lodge built in the place where he had left his bundle; and on looking in he beheld a beautiful female, sitting on the further side of the lodge, with his bundle lying beside her. During the day Ilna had so far prospered in his sport as to kill a deer, which he now cast down at the lodge door.

Without pausing to take the least notice, or to give a word of welcome to the hunter, the woman ran out and began to see whether it was a large deer that he had brought. In her haste she stumbled and fell at the threshold. Ilna looked at her with astonishment, and thought to himself, I supposed I was blessed, but I find my mistake. 'Night Hawk' said he speaking aloud, 'I will leave my game with you that you may feast on it.'

He then took up his bundle and departed. After walking some time he came to another tree on which he suspended his bundle as before, and went in search of game. Success again attended him, and he returned bringing with him a deer, and he found that a lodge had sprung up as before, where he had hung his bundle. He looked in and saw a beautiful female sitting alone with his bundle by her side.

She arose and came out toward the deer which he had deposited at the door, and he immediately went into the lodge and sat by the fire, as he was weary with the day's hunt which had carried him far away. The woman did not return, and wondering at her delay. Ilna at last arose, and peeping through the door of the lodge, beheld her greedily eating all the fat of the deer. He exclaimed, 'I thought I was blessed, but I find I was mistaken.' Then addressing the woman, 'Poor Marten' said he,' feast on the game I have brought.'

He again took up his bundle and departed; and as usual, hung it upon the branch of a tree and wandered off in quest of game. In the evening he returned, with his customary good luck, bringing in a fine deer. He again found that a lodge had taken the place of his bundle. He gazed through an opening in the side of the lodge, and there was another beautiful woman sitting alone, with a bundle by her side.

As soon as he entered the lodge she rose, cheerfully welcomed him home, and without delay or complaining she brought in the deer, cut it up as it should be and hung up the meat to dry. She then prepared a portion of it for the supper of the weary hunter. The man thought to himself, 'Now I am certainly blessed.'

He continued his practice of hunting every day, and the woman, on his return, always welcomed him, readily took charge of the meat and promptly prepared his evening meal; and he ever after lived a contented and happy man."

* By Cornelius Mathews, G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

The Indian Department begins the year with a larger number of pupils than ever before, 135, besides a baby boy and girl too young as yet to attend school. Thirty of these are in the Normal classes, twenty-two having just been admitted as Juniors, some of them graduates from the regular Indian classes, and others new arrivals from the West, but sufficiently advanced to enter at once on the Normal course. The advantage to Indians of thus studying and reciting side by side with an English speaking race is very great, so great that Mr. Standing of Carlisle once suggested that Hampton should take only those who could avail themselves of it, but for the present at least there is also call for classes where special instruction shall be given in English, as well as in the rudiments of book-learning.

Even in the Indian classes however, this year the large proportion of those who can speak and understand our language is quite striking. Some of our scholars have received careful training in the Mission or Agency schools in Dakota and Nebraska, and others, fresh from the wild cow-boy life of Indian Territory, have apparently had much intercourse with white people.

Six work all day at their trades and attend Night School.

The general spirit of the scholars is full of promise for the new year in their eagerness to learn and their docility under the restrictions of school life.

One of the Indian boys has been entrusted with the responsible duties of janitor at the Wigwam, and one of the girls, who graduated at the last Commencement is teaching in the Indian School.

SAVINGS AND DOINGS.

Teacher—"The sun is 95 millions of miles from the earth."

Indian—"How you know that, you been there?"

Teacher—"No, but wise people who think about such things a great deal say so.'

Indian—"Hm! white man good think, *he guess, but he don't know!*"

Teacher to boy who is talking Indian.

"English is good, nicht wahr?"

Boy—"What you mean nik var?"

T—"I mean n'est ce pas."

Boy—"What is that?"

T—"In Dakota Ci."

Boy—"Oh yes, English, Hm?"

Small Indian girl after a wholesome summer in Berkshire, "Oh yes, I can make beds and pies and cookies. *I'm a real lady.*

Studious boy—"Teacher, are we to bind Virginia?"

FROM THE WEST.

"——is not friend to us all the Hampton boys, because all of them are smart and do everything right, nothing bad."

"I wish I was home I'd eat some *tame* grape jelly."

THE FANCY WORK CLASS.

Members of last year's class are busy now on Indian dolls and bead work to be sold at a Fair held by friends of the School, but in about two weeks the regular work will begin, and many are anxious to "Talk only English" in order to deserve admission. It is an old adage that "Beggars should not be choosers" but we have ventured to trespass so far as to suggest in the letter in another column the things we most need.

The following letter speaks so eloquently for itself, that introduction of any kind, seems superfluous. No better witness to Mrs. Jackson's powe and earnest use of it could be asked for than this Indian girl who has lived through the realities which stand as vivid pictures in "Ramona" and a "Century of Dishonor."

Hampton October, 15, 1885.

One day I picked up a paper and glancing carelessly over it, I caught sight of two letters which, though small and to a great many perhaps mean nothing or very little, are to me a great attraction. Those letters were H. H. I always have had a great admiration for Mrs. Jackson and although I have seen her only once I learned to love her through her works, especially "Ramona," which should be read by every Indian girl who can read. The Indian life told of in Ramona is so true and real that while three or four of us were reading it, it seemed as if she must have lived through what we had. Those two letters, H. H. will always be remembered with love and gratitude by Hampton's Indian girls and God grant that the resolves made on reading that book may be kept and lived out, that of living and working for our people so that the story of Ramona shall not be repeated. Although we miss her here it is a comfort to know she has only "gone before" and that she now knows the end and is at rest.

Indians' Letters.

It was thought it would be interesting this month to let the Indians tell their own story as to how the summer has been spent, and extracts are given from letters received from boys and girls who were in Massachusetts among the Berkshire farmers, some who went West, and others who remained here.

Monterey, Mass.

My dear friend.

I was very glad to received your letter * * —Some asked us, how you like in this country, and when said well, I like it very much. The first we got here very hard time some us home sick. Sometimes I had walk on the bills, and when I did walk I think about my home and then came to me sorry. But always try happy, also my friends. * * I have seen them the other girls and boys, they are getting very well indeed, they are all like very much in this country, * * and always try to happy live here all I can. What you told me so last I had letter from you I try did it, and all want to do best way, and they said we are only stay here few weeks so we must do best we can, and let us try to good name. I think that is best way and I was very glad to heard that * * I have done bay last Wednesday so I have nothing to do day before yesterday. But I think next cut oats about three pieces, but we had finish one, so we shall cut two more. I milk every morning, evening about four cows—first time I am very much *weak* but I like it now. * * The Monterey people they have prayer meeting Wednesday and Saturday so I went there every meeting. We have church about 11 o'clock, we stop 12 o'clock and then came to next Sunday school we start one until 2 o'clock. We have nice Sunday school teacher, very kind to us, talk to us.

I very glad to shake hand with you.

Lower Brule, Dakota.

My dear friend,

Now I am at old home again and will tell you many things—first I must tell you how all of the girls and boys were when I left them in Chamberlain, they were all well then, and very happy; some Indians were waiting there every day to welcome them, we had very nice trip. Mr. G. was very glad to say that the boys and girls did very well and he was pleased with it.. I can not tell you how much the people care about to meet us, they have been waiting on the other side of the river even at dark night. They brought horses and wagon to meet them; they always cried right off, oh! it was very hard, instead of see me in very glad heart they cry every time. I have great many people come to see me every day. Sometimes they sit up until after 12. Last night I went to hear some people had a meeting. Mr. Walker is President, Owinga is the Secretary, P. Councillor is a Clerk, Wannapin, a Treasurer, all the Christian young and old men came together and held meeting and they invited me so I went. I wish you could be here to see what has gone on that night. Now I must tell you how my people came to see me and what they did: That day nn Friday my dear old mother came from the upper river to get their rations and when they came my mother came to me and said, "my son, my son." * * and cried right off—and then my stepfather did the same and after that man al' the old men and young men and, women came to me and shake my hand after that my mother and sister and sister-in-law all make a large supper for all those who touch my hand and it was a crowded people and had a nice time, then after that my brother brought a nice pony and I ride and back again and that is the only time I have to be alone! * * * I have seen all of the Hampton boys, P. P. is well now, but not very strong, he is doing well taking care of his home and settle down. J. T. is cow boy, he gets $25 a month. P. C. is well and also Charlie he is very nice boy. Ida is well and is doing well help her old mother. W. is well and told me about his school, he said he like it very much, he has 30 children sometime, and on Sunday he hold meeting and the girls and boys dress Indian. "They are looked very funny to me" he said.

Mr. W. enlarged their church and fixed very beautiful inside, we have had meeting there last night. I tell you my friend we have some strong Christians here and some strong Indians also of their customs.

My people are to come together tomorrow and will have a large council and I shall speak and not only myself but also our Hampton boys. * * * * *

I shake hand with all my friends:

Another boy writes of the council.

"About last two weeks ago all of the Hampton boys have went to call on us at the mouth White River. They told us to speak. So we did, all were done very nicely. Like a a man bravely. Since my return I make speech to the people now. Both a large meetings. One was all the chiefs."

The Omaha man who is here with his wife went home this summer and returned bringing thirteen of his tribe with him. He writes of his trip.

Hampton, Va.

Dear Teacher.

I wanted to write to you just as soon as I got back to Hampton but I was very tired so that I could'nt do it. I got back last Sunday morning with thirteen Omaha children. We arrived all right. I think that you will be glad to see your Indian friends when you come. Phillip and his family were well when I saw them last. Eddie talks nothing but Indian—Phillip has a good crop of wheat and corn and he has thirty-six acres of his land broken. The Omaha crops are very good. It was very hard work to get the parents of the children to have their children. I had to go around for three weeks begging for children, sometimes I had to go without my dinner. * * The Indians think they love their children too well to send them away. * * In about a week I had twenty-six acres of my land broken and the place where my house will be built is all ready.

Perhaps you have heard that Phillip's father's house got blown down by a cyclone M.'s things were all blown away. They were away so did not get hurt.

One of the older girls who stayed in school and helped in the teaching, wrote:

"Everything goes on just as smoothly and the girls all seem just like so many sisters willing and anxious to help one another and do their best to talk English.

The new girls have fallen into their ways without any trouble. Winona *is* an Elder Sisters' Lodge. I hope the peace and love will last and our Hampton home will prove one of our happiest homes. The boys and girls also try in school and are improving. I like to teach very much. It seems as if I could not do enough for the classes.

MARGUIRITE LA FLESCHE.

COMING HOME.

After spending almost three months in Massachusetts the word came one evening that we must get ready to come back to Hampton. We were very glad because we were to meet in Great Barrington. All except two of the girls were to meet us in Bridgeport. Of course we were not all real close together and could not see each other often, so the thought was very pleasant indeed to think of meeting them on the coming afternoon. We took the two o'clock train and arrived at Great Barrington acompanied by friends in due season, so we had a real nice little talk, and it seemed a long time since we had seen each other. The time seemed almost to fly after we arrived at the station, we were so busy talking with each other and our friends.

The train came and we had to say those two little words so hard to say sometimes which are "good bye," to our friends who had been so kind to us all through the summer. The train came and Mr. Frissell said we must go on board as he was to go back with us. There were seven girls and four boys, and I think there were some very sad hearts as well as some happy ones. We waved our handkerchiefs and the train moved on its way to Sheffield where we met another of our number and then started for Bridgeport. We had a real nice time talking of our summer vacation and of the different things we saw and did while we had been separated from each other. We were surprised when Mr. Frissell told us it would be seven o'clock or after when we reached Bridgeport and it was almost that now; the time was so taken up since we got on the train. When the train stopped and we all got off and went into the waiting room, we were told the other train had not come which the girls would come on, and we would have to wait an hour. It seemed a long time but we were all contented and sat down, there were a great many others there waiting too. All at once there was a stillness among the girls and boys. I guess they were thinking how soon the others would come, and a friend who used to be at Hampton with us was to come too. Then there was a crowd of people came in and among them were our two girls. Now we were all together again. Almost three months before at the same place we had parted.

Then we had our supper and went to the boat as we had to go on Long Island Sound from Boston to New York City. It was raining a little but we did not mind, and once on the boat we all sat down in little groups on the seats and chairs near each other and talked until it was time to go to sleep, which we did before the boat started so that we need not be seasick. When we awoke the next morning we were in New York. We had our breakfast in the city, and then walked along until we came to a large building and above the door was written, "American Missionary Association" some who did out feel well staid here, and the rest went with Mr. Frissell to the post office and other public buildings. We went to the telegraph office, treasury, printing office, and saw a great many wonderful things, and different places, so that we were all very busy talking when we met our friends and went to the boat, we were a little tired, but we had had such a good time we did not mind it, and while we were waiting we wrote postals to our mothers and fathers and to our friends in Massachusetts. On the wharf we met Miss R. and went aboard the Old Dominion boat "Seneca." The evening was so lovely, there was scarcely a cloud to be seen in the deep blue sky, and we were soon out of sight of New York. We walked on deck until supper, and after we all come out again we sang hymns for a long time. The moon shone beautifuly and the stars seemed to be brighter than ever before, and everything seemed so pleasant because there was not one of us seasick. Several ladies on board came and talked to us, asked about our homes in the West, and told us of the interest they had in the Indians and how much they wanted us to do for our people when we went back.

The next morning when we awoke it was lovely, about eleven o'clock we were in sight of our Hampton Home and began to think who would see us first. We passed Old Point in sight of Normal School and went on to Norfolk where we bid good bye to Old Dominion and went on board "Luray" which took us to Normal School wharf. We gave them a little surprise because they did not expect us so soon in the afternoon. Three of the small girls were playing on the green and they were the first who saw us. At Virginia Hall the girls were very glad to see us, then we came to dear Winona where the girls met us and welcomed us back again, and also the new ones who had come from the West since we had been gone. It seemed like home to get back again to Winona Lodge.

So now we are very busy again with our books and other work, and all are very happy.

JOSEPHINE BARNABY,
from Omaha Agency, Neb.

INDIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Among the Dakotas.

Boston Journal.

Eleven miles down the rapid current of the Missouri in a skiff rowed by a "hardy lowland wight," who, for $10 a month, takes the mail in all weathers across from Chamberlain, brings us to the Lower Brule "landing," a mud bank on which, being by some accident unexpected, we sit for half an hour waiting the motions of an Indian who is willing to harness up his ponies and take us to the agency in his long Jackson wagon, our Indian Hannah, the first of the new recruits for Hampton, the rector, who will be their escort, and your correspondent. No seats, but that doesn't matter, with buffaio robes, boards and boxes, on which, with some peril to life and limb, we rattle up to the agency in style and are welcomed by Major Gregory and his charming wife to a home which is an oasis in the desert of a traveler's hotel life. Then we call at the house of the native Episcopal missionary, Rev. Luke Walker, where our Indian girl is kindly cared for, and are introduced to his German wife, a pleasant, energetic and good woman. They have a neat and pretty home, but have suffered in house and garden, as all their neighbors have, from the terrible hail storm and cloud burst which had just visited the agency. The vines around the porch were all cut clean off two feet from the ground, their corn leveled, potatoes ruined, every pane of glass shattered in house and church on the side of the hurricane, which swept nearly the whole reservation, causing great devastation.

The day after our arrival was an extra "issue day" at Brule. The Indians having been without beef for three weeks, owing to the delay of an expected herd, it must be distributed as soon as it arrived. The great plain below the ridge on which the long line of agency buildings extends was early covered with picturesque groups of wagons and hastily pitched tents, surrounded by women and children in gay pink gowns, Indians and cowboys dashing by on horseback and in the far distance the herd moving slowly to its fate. The ordinary weekly issue being twenty-seven herd of cattle, the agent had thought that as it was the middle of the week when the herd arrived twenty head would suffice till the next issue day. But a council was soon gathered, and a delegation of a dozen chiefs sent to the Major's piazza to ask for the other seven. All in due solemnity, one by one addressed the agent, beginning with the preliminary handshaking and "How." They were hungry for beef; they remembered that he told them they should be filled when the herd arrived. The argument reached its climax with a vigorous "You bet" from one of the lesser chiefs, as startling and effective as Samoset's "Welcome, Englishmen," to the Pilgrim Fathers. The agent gracefully yielded the point. They had waited long and patiently and there was no objection to their having a little extra feast. Before nightfall the whole twenty-seven were sliced into thinnest sheets and flapping like curtains round the poles and the wagon covers to "jerk" in the dry air, the Indians had struck their tents like the Arabs, and not quite as silently stolen away. I was invited to witness the beef-killing, but was not sufficiently westernized to seize the opportunity. It is, however, a fashionable entertainment, as I saw by advertisements in the Chamberlain Register of picnic excursions to Lower Brule "to see the Indian in his native home, and twenty-seven head of cattle killed." Every week the hill tops and shed roofs around the corral are thronged with ladies and gentlemen from the town. A lady expressed her disappointment that the animals fell dead at the first shot. One count against Major Gasmann in the Chamberlain Register was that he put the slaughter so early in the morning that the people were deprived of their favorite amusement. What *is* civilization?

Lower Brule is a sub-agency to Crow Creek, though somewhat larger. The ration report for the past year shows 1407 Indians on the reservation. The small farm of ten acres supplies seed wheat and potatoes for the Indian's own planting. This year they have cultivated 644 acres: 375 in corn, 124 in wheat, the rest in oats, potatoes and other vegetables. They have also built about 3500 rods of wire fence, and broken 60 acres themselves for next year's planting, besides about 50 broken by the agency teams for those who have no breaking plows. The small grains suffered from the dry summer. All else was doing well till the hail storm, which just before harvest time destroyed the entire crop over two-thirds of the reservation; five out of eight camps suffered total or great loss and discouragement. The Agency farmer told me that about 150 acres more have been cultivated this year than were last. He was an intelligent, capable-lodking Irishman, who, the agent says, understands his work and is interested in it, visiting camp after camp all around the reservation; living right among the people and speaking their language; teaching and helping them to farm; taking boys right out of camp and making them work. The day after I talked with him and listened to his praises his dismissal in favor of an unknown successor was unexpectedly received from Washington. I heard lively expressions of regret from Agent and employes. It was felt as a blow to the Indians. This is one of the trials of Agency life. It is a long time before a new hand, however competent, can be fully at home in his work. It is to be hoped that this one will prove a more practical Government farmer than one I heard of—out of many similar ones—"a nice old gentleman," who said he would do what he could, but confessed he had never seen a threshing-machine set up and knew nothing of farming; thought he could "pick it up." Old Red Cloud once sent his thanks to the Great Father for some of the same sort of farmers, who "sat around the fire all winter and went home in the spring after they had warmed themselves and drawn their pay."

The Government school building at Brule is inadequate and out of repair. The beds touch each other side by side in the dormitories. There were thirty-eight pupils last winter, only four of them girls. New buildings are needed, and separate ones for boys and girls so that more of the latter can be taken. The improvements Major Gasmann has started at Crow Creek have not had time to reach the sub-agency extensively. It is to be hoped that he and his Sub-Agent, Major Gregory, a man of long experience, whose record as Agent stood the ordeal of military occupation and inspection of the agencies unscathed, will be allowed full chance to carry out their plans and efforts. The school has suffered from frequent cbanges of teachers and Agents. The present Superintendent has been for ten years principal of a high school and Superintendent of the Schools in Crete, Neb. and is also a practical farmer. The school farm of five acres does not give the boys work enough and he "makes work" for them, taking down fences and woodpiles to put them up again, a poor way to teach them the reality of labor. The house work is better, which they have to share with the few girls. With forty acres good land and the shops he wants, his ingenuity would be better employed, and the melancholy lot of "condemned" half-worn shoes he showed me, be mended at saving to the Government. He wishes that one of the Hampton boys, just returned, who has learned shoemaking might have a shop, do all the school cobbling, and teach three or four boys at a time his trade. Much of the ready made clothing supplied by Government, he thinks might well be replaced by home made garments of better material.

Rev. Luke Walker, the Indian missionary of whom I have spoken—a full blood Indian, I believe, and a man of great strength of character and devotion, who works with his own hands and has paid the salaries of two Indian day school teachers on the reservation since last fall—gave me a detailed account of the Hampton students who have returned to Lower Brule To condense his report: Of twenty-eight four have died and seven have not made good record, though two are now doing better. Of the other five three were at Hampton but a few months, and two of these three are the only ones who ever "went back to the blanket." Fifteen have done and are doing excellently. Three of these have voluntarily returned to Hampton for further instuction. At home their influences are marked for good. Bear Bird was employed as assistant at the Government school, in charge of the instruction in farming and military drill.

On a beautiful drive to the White River Camp, looking into an Indian log house, I saw on a trunk the familiar name of the Hampton boy—George Wannapin, who taught one of Mr. Walker's day schools at that camp last winter; with an average attendance of twenty-five boys and girls whom he taught reading and counting in Dakota and English, holding services on Sundays. Major Gasmann hopes to open both schools on Government appropriations next year, in which case Mr. Walker will start two more in another camp which now has none. He says there are twenty or thirty children in every camp who would be sent to schools if they were provided.

On the brow of the ridge overlooking the White River Camp we stopped at the two-story, frame house of Chief Medicine Bull. On the beautiful terrace below stood the "Ghost Lodge" of a young brave who had died some months before. It was a large new tepee painted with broad black stripes round top and base and down one side; with symbolic emblems also of the sun and moon and a buffalo standing guard at the door. The new brush fence surrounding it was extended at one point into a square enclosure, across which was strung like a hammock, a bundle wrapped in a porcupine skin, containing the "ghost," a lock of the dead man's hair. As long as this is kept the spirit lingers near it. A tin can on the ground below the hammock is duly replenished with fresh food and water for its refreshment. Near the lodge men were putting up the house for the approching "ghost dance," when robes and moccasins and ornaments which the relatives have been for months preparing will be given away with the ponies and property of the dead man, and the lock of his hair be burned or buried, "sending the spirit home." The parents often impoverish themselves that it may depart in fitting state.

Old Medicine Bull came out of his bush arbor and shook hands with us courteously. He used to be one of the most anti-progress chiefs, but since his Hampton son's visit last year his heart has somewhat changed. "I am old," he said to us. "I am as one blind and deaf. I want my children to have eyes to see for me, and ears to hear for me, and to know the new way." So, as he had no more sons to send to Hampton, he sent for his grandson, a fine young fellow of fifteen or sixteen, and delivered him to the rector's care with solemn injunctions to treat him as his own child and give him all the tobacco he wanted to smoke.

The westering sun threw its long rays across a picturesque scene; the camp on the terrace below; log huts and white tepees scattered far over the meadows framed in circling woods and buttes; Indian children frolicking; a couple of girls in scarlet gowns riding by on one small pony; conspicuous among the smoky tents the snow white Ghost Lodge; above in the foreground the old chief with his Eastern friends and the boy setting his face to the new road.

Two days later, on my solitary way to Major Gasmann's agency, I drove through the now historic little four-year old town of Chamberlain and its famous Crow Creek "addition," about forty unpainted houses and huts set conspicuously on the bluffs of American Creek, the reservation boundary line, a city on a hill.

The Senatorial Committee will report officially in due time as to the "improvements" and losses of bona fide settlers. Some such no doubt there were. The Executive action in both this and the Indian Territory cattle lease matter promises well for the interests of general peace and justice. It would seem that the nation has had lessons enough, but history repeats itself at amazingly short intervals. It always has been, and perhaps always will be, hard for those nearest a question of self interest to see its abstract right, and for those at a distance to feel its practical difficulties. When shall we learn that abstract right pays best in the long run, that no difficulties are so great as those entailed by injustice and oppression?

According to my stage driver, who was himself a "settler," and perhaps did not recognize me as an "Eastern sentimentalist," in spite of my silk umbrella, which very properly broke in my hands five minutes after entering the bracing air of Chamberlain almost all the houses in the Crow Creek suburb belong to Chamberlain people, some having been built there and moved across the creek. One, more showy than the rest, built by a railroad employe, he said, cost $500; the rest from $15 or $20 up, averaging, perhaps, $200. On the prairies we passed a few more, mostly mere shanties. Many, the driver said, had blown down in the last gale. A few were occupied still, in spite of the President's orders. I noticed one standing confidingly near an Indian neighbor. The forbearance and prudence shown by the Crow Creek Indians throughout their severe ordeal has been certainly remarkable.

If the bona fide white settler of a few month's standing deserves consideration what shall be said for the Indian settlers whose breaking plow must strike through habits and inherited tendencies tougher than any sod on the prairie? The 1009 Crow Creek Indians, scattered all over the reservation, holding their separate plantations by certificates from the Secretary of the Interior, raised last year over 7,000 bushels of wheat, and have cultivated this year 1104 acres (last year 800) and broken 200 more for next year's planting, in spite of the excitement, anxiety and persecution through which they have passed. One man, called Wounded Knee, though lame, has cultivated 20 acres of corn and wheat and built a log house for himself. Two years ago, when Major Gasmann came, he had nothing, having never received any help. The present of a yoke of oxen gave him courage, and this is the result. He says those oxen knew more than he about plowing. Driving over the reservation, I saw many of their farms, immense stacks of hay and beautiful fields of corn and wheat ready for harvest.

The educational advantages have not been sufficient, but Major Gasmann has his whole strength into the work, and next October his new boarding school will open with accommodation for fifty boys and fifty girls in separate comfortable buildings and good school rooms. Here, as at Brule, more shops—tin shop, harness and shoe shops and a mill—are needed for the necessary repairs and work of the agency, as well as the employment of the Indian boys. These Mr. Major will ask for, and get if the Government continues its hitherto liberal and appreciative policy toward him. If every Indian agent were as truly *Ate*, Father, to his people, it would be well for the nation's "wards." I was glad to see that Senator Harrison, in his published rebuke of a Western editor's premature and unauthorized forecasting of the committee's report, took occasion to say that though Agent Gasmann had been greatly blamed by some of the Western people for his conduct in the matter of opening the reservation, the committee found that he had simply done his duty in his position.

The official statement will contain full stenographic reports of the eloquent speeches of the chiefs at their council with the Senators. White Ghost, who will long be remembered, I am sure, by his Boston audiences, was the chief orator of the occasion, attired in a handsome black cloth suit given him by a Boston lady when he was East. He made a good point in repeating to the Senators from memory all his letter to General Armstrong on the subject of the invasion of his land to prove to them that it was his own land and not a forgery of the Agent, as he had understood some of the Chamberlain people (many of whom were present) had claimed, and he was quite thrilling when he told how his tribe had always befriended the whites, and were their allies against the "Long Knives" in 1812, and had ransomed white women and children and returned them to their friends. The white people had pressed upon them little by little, taking their lands, till they had left him a piece no larger than the sole of his moccasin. A very strong point was also made by Wizi, a Christian chief, the first to come out in favor of schools. It was a pass which he produced, given by Agent Hanson to his father, "Buck," in 1868, to go off the reservation, showing that it was then called and treated as a reservation. A copy of this was made to take to Washington. Running Bear, the oldest chief of the tribe, gave the exact boundaries of the territory originally owned by the tribe; a remarkable feat of memory. Dog Black, brother of White Ghost, and, like Wizi, a progressive Christian Indian, made an impressive address to the Indians at the close of his speech to the Senators, admonishing them to follow their Agent's advice. He is a communicant of the Episcopal mission which has charge of the religious work at the agency, and is doing good work, has fifty members and a very active working society for the Indian women.

But "How can it pay to educate Indians," was the question, "when it is well known that they invariably go back to the blanket when they return home?" I have given Lower Brule's answer. This is Crow Creek's: Twenty-four students have returned to Crow Creek from Hampton. But one ever went back to Indian ways. Two have died. Seventeen are doing very well indeed, the rest fairly so. All are at work that have the chance. Eleven of them I saw myself and felt proud of them. Is that an answer.

H. W. L.

With the Indians.

[*From the Boston Weekly Advertiser.*]

CROW CREEK AGENCY, D. T., Sept. 29.—Seven agencies and 36 congregations are represented here to-day. That small but controlling element among us, the Christian Indian population, has sent men and women from a hundred miles to the north and two hundred to the west to hold a great church council. From Bishop Hare's missions in southern Dakota ministers and catechists and delegates to the number of about 75 meet here in the discussion of church work. The camps of hundreds of earnest, progressive Indians are scattered over these bluffs and on this broad plateau rich with prairie flowers. Yesterday we held two services of wonderful beauty and impressiveness, a beauty heightened by the strangeness of scene and setting. As impressive to-day were the councils, turning mainly not on church issues, but upon a question of critical moment to us all: What is to be done with the unused lands of the Indian? The West and the East are demanding an answer to that question. We study it today from two distinct standpoints, that of the Indians themselves, and no less of that courageous and self forgetting few who work for the red man with a white man's brain and hands and see with the white man's eyes the needs of the Indian.

Twice the Indian Rights Association and its friends have stopped illegal and unjust claims upon the great Sioux reservation. The case of the notorious Sioux commission of 1882, and of the more widely known Crow Creek affair, tested and proved the power of the right men on the right side. The association's clear eyed leader and founder, Mr. Herbert Welsh, in the face of his signal success, sees that the inevitable movement of 60,000,000 of people can perhaps be guided, but not finally checked. To his mind, and to that of the broad, fair, generous men and women, for whom he stands, the so called Dawes Sioux bill, drawn up by

Senator Dawes, approved by friends of the Indians and by representative Western men, is the best practicable compromise between apparently hostile interests. With all Mr. Welsh's high enthusiasm, miscalled partisanship, for the weaker side, he is a large enough man to say that the bill is not only all that we ought to desire, looking broadly, not at the Indian question alone, but at the country's best interests.

The Dawes bill proposes, in a word, to open about 11,000,000 acres of this reservation to white settlement. The Indians are to receive in return 26,000 head of cattle, and a sum of $5,000,000 is to be kept in trust for them at Washington as a fund for educational purposes. All heads of families are to be placed, as rapidly as possible, on allotments of land in severalty and to acquire individual ownership in and complete title to them at the end of twenty-five years. Within that time the land is inalienable from the Indian. This sounds very simple and fair to our progressive Eastern friends. One point remains to be made. Under the terms of the famous treaty of 1868 this land cannot be sold without the consent of three fourths of the adult male population. This consent is yet to be gained. Nor can treaty stipulations be rashly set aside. The treaty is only existing law governing the relations between Indians and whites. It is the poor, deceived, defrauded Indian's sole protection, his only recognized claim upon justice. This claim has been recognized and violations of treaty law have been summarily and signally punished. The Sioux commission accomplished nothing because of its fraudulent purpose to disregard the treaty and obtain only the signatures of a few chiefs. The Crow Creek executive order was revoked because it was issued in defiance of treaty. Whoever commits himself to an opposite policy commits himself to lawlessness which is seen as such. Thus it is that this helpless and depised nation becomes an essential factor in a measure of national importance, and a collision takes place between the minds of the two races which is dramatic in its aspects and far reaching in its results.

Mr. Welsh spoke this morning to the Indian delegates of this convention. The little church was crowded with men in citizen's dress,—some with long hair straying over their coat collars, and brilliancy of silk neckkerchiefs: all with strong features and markedly attentive manner. The parliamentary order of the meeting, carried on in broken English and Dakota, was unbroken. The Dakotas, we were told, had at first displayed some impatience of rules of debate, but they now observe them so strictly that no minor point is allowed to be forgotten. The vote was taken by "hows," instead of by yeas, but the effect was the same.

It is not easy for the unaccustomed speaker to address an Indian audience through an interpreter. It interrupts the consecutive flow of thought and of language. It demands short, clear, crystallized sentences. Mr. Welsh admirably filled these conditions in making his remarks, and superadded some graceful concessions to the figurative stype of Indian rhetoric. "Many years ago," he began, "a man came among you whom the Indians called GUY HAT." He recalled in few words the noble work of his uncle, Mr. William Welsh, among these same tribes. He then spoke with the necessary directness of the Indian Rights Association, which he represents, and of its systematic and successful efforts in the same direction. He showed the Indians how ably their friends had worked for them in securing the revocation of President Arthur's order and in removing the settlers. He led up with a good deal of tact to the difficult suggestion which he felt it devolved upon him to make, and did not hesitate to explain to the people that their friends could do nothing for them beyond a certain point, or without certain concessions. The substance of the talk was this: We think we can make the white men treat fairly for your land, pay you fairly for it; but we cannot prevent their getting a part of it.

Mr. Luke Walker, the native pastor at Lower Brule, made a short speech of approval, and proposed a vote of thanks from the people. The bishop, however, with admirable delicacy and fairness, restricted the vote to a simple expression of good will to Mr. Welsh and his friend, unwilling to allow them in any way to commit themselves in a matter of importance. The Indians assented heartily in a storm of gutturals.

An Indian council is arranged for this evening, with an informal meeting of the clergy as a preliminary to fuller discussion. Probably very few realize the direct differences of opinion existing between Eastern and Western friends of the Indian, and but little effort is made to bridge over the differences. It is unfortunate that our somewhat dogmatic Eastern friends are able to air their views in the newspapers and elsewhere, while the missionaries and the agents toil hard and say little. If we boast a broader outlook, we cannot deny them an infinitely greater experience, earned by hardships and privations which should gain for it our serious respect. There is a really impressive quiet in Mrs. Burt's modest parlor—the parlor of a missionary's wife—where the little circle gradually assembles, and, as we study the infinitely earnest, infinitely different faces, the elder ones heavily lined with responsibility, the younger beautiful with self consecration; we instinctively pause as upon the brink of a tremendous plunge into hazardous depths. There are dark faces here quite as interesting and even more pathetic than those of their colleagues, and the presence of the wives of a white and of a native missionary, together with the Eastern visitors, is graciously tolerated on this occasion.

Mr. Welsh states the terms of a proposed compromise between the white and the red man, as presented in the Dawes bill, with the concise force which is the result of complete mastery of the subject. There is a suggestive amount of deliberation about the few replies which are brought out in the limited time at our disposal. Bishop Hare, whose finely cut features, not more cordial than stern, nor more stern than cordial, focus the eye, evolves after a few moments' study a set of propositions to which he asks our assent. The first, to the effect that the unused lands of the Indian should be opened to white settlers, but not without due compensation and not necessarily all at once, calls out some discussion. It is suggested that it will require almost as much pressure to induce the Indians to give up a part as the whole of their unused land, and that all which will probably be eventually absorbed into one territory may better be parted with at once. A nice point is made by the bishop in reply to this objection. He says that some of the more far sighted Indians perceive that if they sell only a part of their land at first, the remainder will become more valuable. They are not anxious to sell. They have a right to the advantages of delay.

Major Gasmann, the agent at Crow Creek, who knows a great deal about Indians and knows how to talk about what he knows, puts very strongly before us the unfairness and even the unlikelihood of coming to a conclusion in the matter without giving the several bands of the Sioux nation, widely scattered in territory, powerfully allied in blood and interest, an opportunity for consultation. The chiefs and representative men must meet at Washington or somewhere in the East for a great council. They cannot meet on the reservation, for they would be overawed by the rabble; the chiefs alone must not argue the point, for chiefhood is no longer a synonyme for authority or influence. We don't get much further on than this to-night, for the chapel bell which summons the council has long ceased ringing, and the pipes must have gone round the other outer circles several times already. The deepest impression made upon our minds as we sally out into the chilly evening air under the shelter of a magnificent Navajo blanket, is of a profoundly valuable conservatism, which is absolutely underrated, almost unknown in the East. Here are men of trained and, in some cases at least of keen intelligence, whose lives are rooted in this work, whose hearts are bound up in it; and, for good reasons, they hesitate.

The office clock points to nine as we enter the agent's office, and an atmosphere fairly dense with tobacco smoke. The Indian tobacco, mixed with willow, has, however, a rather agreeable oder, and the picturesqueness of the Indian group reconciles us to everything. There is scarcly standing room now for Indians, but a quartette of armchairs are arranged to form a "ladies' gallery," and the old chief takes this breach of Indian etiquette very composedly. The dirty uncovered floors of the bare "council room" is packed with Indians, seated unmoved, cross legged, ranged in tiers one behind another, smoking interminably. The dim light of kerosene lamps and the lurid glow of the lighted pipes illuminate their grotesquely clad forms and swarthy faces. A few are leaning up against the sides of the room in rigid attitudes. The missionaries, the agent, Mr. Welsh, and his friend, and the ladies are ranged in semi-circles opposite. The half breed interpreter lounges against the opposite wall. The open doorways are crowded with standing forms.

Suddenly Long Log gets to his feet and opens the discussion. He claims the fulfilment of that pledge of friendship so easily made, so often broken. He enumerates some of the past encroachments and deceptions of the whites, not with the air of producing a grievance, but with the solemnity of one who cannot yet forget his people's injuries. White Ghost, the famous chief of the Lower Yanktomais, lays aside his long and beautifully decorated pipe and his somewhat anachronistic "stovepipe" hat, and rises with dignified deliberation. He ceremoniously and with great grace of manner shakes the hands of those in the outer row of listeners. His speech is half patriarchal, half statesmanlike, eloquently Indian, and he possesses wonderful charms of presence and delivery. His gestures are soft and expressive. Mr. Charles Cook, a thoroughly educated, young Dakota minister, acts as his interpreter. He says: "I think that there is nothing so dear to us as the land we live on. I look at my country, and it is very beautiful. I see that it is in danger, and I look to you with hope. Why did I put my children in your schools? Why did I break my land as you told us? I did these things that I might the more firmly hold my land and establish my children. There are many of my people at Standing Rock. They are poor. I want them to be placed here under my care, and when I think of these things I sometimes wonder if this reservation is large enough for us all. The other side of the river is barren. I cannot see where to drop a seed. This country is fertile. It belonged to my forefathers, and I want to gather my children here. Let the boundaries of my land be made settled. If this is done, I have no fear of the onward march of the white men."

An old chief from Cheyenne River says: "We have many children,—boys and girls. After awhile they grow up and they will know all about the sale of the land and about money. They are learning English, and they will be able to talk to the white man. We want them to have something. We want to give them a chance."

Speech after speech follows, and we do not adjourn till nearly midnight, but so great are the novelty and fascination of the musical tongue and native eloquence of the Dakotas, so curious and impressive the scene, so important the question at stake, that we feel no fatigue, and unwillingly depart. How onesided is this great dramatic struggle; how helpless and yet how proud; how ignorant, yet how profound; deceived, but always knowing it; outdone, but never confessing it; poverty stricken amid great possessions,—the unfortunate, the superb red man!

ELAINE GOODALE.

Progress of the Fancy-work Class.

BY ONE OF ITS MEMBERS.

One of our very pleasant gatherings in "Winona" is that of the "Fancy Work Class" which was gotten up for those who would talk only English from early in the morning until night every day.

The girls are taught to make table covers bureau covers, splashers, tidies, mats, how to crochet, etc.

Two of our firm English members did a very wise crazy work last year. Each made a bed quilt. Numbers of our visitors could hardly believe that the different colors were put together by the girls' own taste.

The "Fancy Work Class" is not only a great help to the girls in their English, but they also derive from it new ideas how, when they return West, they can make things for their homes which will give much happiness and cheer to the fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers. As their plan has worked so satisfactorily we are anxious to help it. I was told one of the first questions the girls asked was, "When is the Fancy Work Class going to begin again?"

As the number who desire to enlist in the "English speaking girls" is so large we fear our supplies, kindly sent last year, of white stuffs for table and bureau covers, etc., colored silks, and tambour cottons, as those are used more than any other, will become short, and if there is any one who wishes to "lend a hand" in the encouragement of English speaking, we shall be most glad of the help.

There is so much to tell of what the girls have done and made that it is almost impossible to undertake to tell all. But if you wish more information we give you a hearty invitation to come and visit the class where you will see for yourself what is being done.

Any materials may be sent to the "Fancy Work Class," Winona Lodge.

President Gates of Butger's College, member of the U. S. board of Indian Commissioners, delivered before the Social Science Association at its last meeting in Saratoga, an address entitled "Land and Law as Agents in educating Indians." We can do no more in the limited space our columns afford, than to quote the principal arguments which President Gates uses in support of his views, beginning with his answer to the question "What is an Indian?"

The most descriptive and inclusive definition he considers to be, "A ward of the Government," and the attitude of the United States toward these wards, he characterizes at the outset as "disgraceful, a crying iniquity."

The condition of the Indian before the law puts a premium on crime, "and he comes to know law as prompt and swift to punish but powerless to protect him."

Land and law, President Gates looks upon, "as living forces now at work in the solution of the question 'What is to become of the Indian?' for the white man's greed of land and the Indian's lack of law have been and still are potent factors in the problem."

In view of the fact that the past has been to say the least of it, a series of gigantic mistakes, that by "utterly neglecting to teach our wards the value of honest labor, we have pauperized them, while by injustice we have steadily demoralized them," and by broken promises have gone near to destroy their faith in us beyond the hope of resurrection, it seems as if it were time to try the effect of a different policy, and President Gates' view of this policy is that it shall include lands in severalty, and citizenship for the Indian.

If the Indians are to be lifted, as we believe they will be, to the plane of hopeful and happy citizenship, it will be by this blessed road of labor under equal laws, and each man on land which he holds as his own by a personal title. This conviction, growing and welcomed among the Indians themselves, is the most hopeful augury for their future."

The Cholera in Spain.

From one of the Rev. William N. Gulick's interesting "Occasional Letters from Spain" we take the following account of the condition of the cholera stricken provinces of that country. Never can the results of direct disobedience to the plainly written laws of God, be more vividly illustrated than in such scenes as Mr. Gulick describes, and that the innocent must suffer with the guilty, heightens unspeakably the awfulness of the lesson.

Mr. Gulick tells us that the question having arisen as to the propriety, or indeed possibility, of holding a Conference of the pastors and evangelists connected with the evangelical mission, at San Sebastian, during the height of the epidemic, it seemed best for him to visit the pastor of the church in Zaragoza to make some necessary arrangements and "to help comfort the people of the church." That such an undertaking was by no means without its dangers, may be gathered from Mr. Gulick's description of what he saw during the days spent in the midst of horrors which to us, safe and at a distance, seem almost incredible.

"When the panic first seized the city, the great anxiety on the part of all who could not leave, was, naturally, to use such remedies as should prevent them from falling victims to the disease. Whether published as medical advice or whether merely a popular whim; the fact is that during all those days and weeks of alarm the general cry was that strong drink was the sure preventive—with the result that the taverns and the drinking stalls were swarming with the humbler and the laboring classes, who worse than wasted their scant resources on that which though not so immediately fatal as cholera, but feeds the fires of a vice which in the long run entails upon the community much more loss and misery than the utmost ravages of the cholera.

It was also the popular belief that no vegetables should be eaten, but only, or principally, flesh, fish or fowl. The result being that vendors of the former found themselves deserted by their customers, to their dismay and loss, while the latter were sold at fabulous prices. Several of the most liberal of the members of the Zaragoza church are gardeners and vendors of vegetables, who by this turn of affairs have been suddenly reduced to the greatest distress, and just when their own families and the church most need their help.

As I approached Zaragoza by the railway which skirts the banks of the Ebro, I found myself in a third-class compartment in the midst of eight or ten young men going to stations beyond Zaragoza. They would be obliged to spend the night in the inn at the Zaragoza station. It was evident, in spite of their forced hilarity and boisterous bravado, that this was no pleasant thought to them, and it was both comical and painful to see the expression of their countenances when I told them that I was going into the very city with the intention of spending some days there. I distributed among them some Gospels, and tried to talk with them, but they were too much excited to give much heed. They were all plying the Zaragoza remedy with which they were amply provided, in flasks and leather bottles. Whether it was or not a safeguard against the disease that they feared it seemed to rob them for the moment of the dread of it, and they tumbled out of the train at eleven o'clock at night making the deserted Zaragoza station ring with their drunken shouts.

There were but few passengers for Zaragoza besides myself. The large hotel of the 'Universe' was closed, as for days it had not had any guests. I went to another one of lower grade where I generally find at the least thirty or forty guests. I was now one of six, two of whom were medical men who arrived in the same train with myself and two were army officers—one on the sanitary force—stationed in the city. It cannot be denied that this unexampled falling away of the traveling public, the deserted hotels and their closed doors visibly depressed the minds of those who noted it.

I found the pastor and his family and most of the members of the congregation in fair health. One good old woman who had been our cook in San Sebastian for two years, and who had but three weeks before returned to her home in Zaragoza, leaving two daughters with us in San Sebastian, was stricken with the disease the day before my arrival. We much feared the result, on account of her delicate constitution and her age. I was at her bedside several times one day and before I left she was out of danger.

It is a notable fact that most of the cases up to that date had occurred in the gardens in the immediate suburbs of the city, and in the populous district surrounding our church where many of those gardeners live. It seems to be satisfactorily proved that the streams, fed by canals from the river Ebro, that water the gardens, running from one to the other, and in multitudinous branches traversing leagues of fertile and enriched soil, have been conductors of the cholera germ, (if the 'germ' theory is the one to be accepted,) and that the ravages of the disease all along the Ebro have been chiefly among those who have drunk from those streams. In one village near Zaragoza where the mortality was great, not a soul died who drank habitually the rain water from a cistern of a convent in the place. It is believed that in these more recent days the waters of the Ebro itself have become contaminated. But unfortunately, the ravages of the disease are now far from being limited to the territory watered by the Ebro.

So far as the city is concerned it is difficult to imagine a condition of things in many respects more favorable for the development of every evil disease. It has a population of some 95,000—and is a city without sewers! A few have been built within late years but are of limited extent. Each house, as a rule, is supposed to have two vaults: one for receiving the interior drainage, the other to receive the rain water that falls from the roof. The former is called the 'black vault.' Neither the one nor the other is stoned up, nor faced in any effective way, for the express purpose of allowing the waters to filter away into the surrounding soil.

Last April I was told by the owner of a house that had been occupied for fifteen years that the obsorption had been so complete and rapid that it had never been necessary to empty by artificial means either of the vaults. Imagine the condition of the ground on which the city stands—from the time of Augustus Cæsar absorbing into itself the deadly contents of the 'black vaults.'

The sanitary authorities of the city of Zaragoza seem to have adopted the theory of Dr. Koch, of Berlin, that, as the cholera microbe is vitalized and developes under the influence of heat and moisture, it is safer, in time of the epidemic, not to water the streets. Generally during the summer the principal streets of the city are abundantly watered, markedly tempering the heated air. Now the great macadamized street of the *Coso* and the wide and beautiful *Paseo de Santa Engracia* have been left for weeks without watering, with the result that on the afternoons of Sundays and feast days when the populace is out on its promenade, and whenever the wind blows, the dust rises, penetrating every door and window that is not kept closed, and irritating the eyes and nostrils and throats of all who breathe the dust-laden air. I did not find the heat at all excessive for midsummer, but never in my life before did I experience such a sense of suffocation and of irritation of the respiratory organs. Even if the theory is correct that watering the streets would vivify the slumbering or torpid microbe, it seems simply marvellous that sensible men could think that it would not be safer to water the streets and so keep a large part of the germs *under the feet* than to let them rise in clouds into the air to penetrate the body of man through the mouth and nostrils where they would at once find the moisture that would develop them. To me the murky, yellow, dust-laden atmosphere seemed a pall of death over the unhappy city.

Our pastor says that during all the earlier days after the panic had seized the people, excited crowds gathered in front of the house where it was known a case had been declared, and when the undertaker's coach drove away with a body they rushed after it as if fascinated by its dreaded burden. By degrees the excitement wore off and I saw but few signs of it. The city government hired guitar players and street singers to traverse the streets playing and singing popular songs to 'keep up the spirits' of the people—and they performed their mission so faithfully that at no night was I able to get any sleep for the noise of their music until after one or two o'clock in the morning. Pious people also hired blind singers and guitar players to come daily to their houses, and, seated in the street doorways, to sing prayers for help to the Virgin, to Saint Joseph, and especially to San Roque the great guardian from plague and pest.

With all these influences operating, there was an undeniable something manifest and felt that would have told the most superficial observer that the great, busy and sturdy city was under a spell of strong and unusual and painful feeling, if not of fear.

One of the delegates was the evangelist teacher of the town of Tauste, in the province of Zaragoza. When he left his home there had been there a few cases of cholera. On the seventh day, receiving word that the death-rate had greatly increased, he immediately returned home where he had left his wife and two children. He wrote to us that two children of his school had died of the cholera, and that in four days after his return there was hardly a house in town in which there was not a case of the disease. The population is about 5,500. The normal rate of death may be one or two a day. For eight or ten days there have been not less then eighteen deaths daily from cholera, and there have been as many as twenty-five on one day. The bodies are heaped into carts and are piled together in pits to be buried. Provisions have run short, there are no medicines and no postage stamps and nobody dares to go to the place with supplies. The last letter that we received from good Don Augustin was forwarded without a postage stamp, the postmaster writing on the back there were none in the place.

Yesterday we received a telegram from Zaragoza saying that Augustin had fallen sick with the cholera, and that the Zaragoza school teacher would at once go to help him and his family. We would have no later news, and we tremble lest the good brave and devoted man has fallen at his post. He was trying, as an evangelist and school teacher to work out the difficult problem of 'self-support,' and as sickness in his family had exhausted the little ready cash in his hands he had not written to me for a month before the conference, for the lack of money wherewith to buy a postage stamp. Could our friends at home look in upon some of these noble men, as we do now and then, they would see what would stir their hearts as they would be stirred by the sight of a case of vivisection. It is proposed to cut down by half the small yearly 'grant in aid' made by the mission to this man. It would perhaps be less painful to see him snatched away into heaven by the swift hand of cholera, than to see him suffer what probably awaits him, if he lives and struggles on with his work as evangelist, teacher, *and farmer*—if the plans of retrenchment now proposed are carried out.

LATER.

The news comes that Augustin is better. The Bible woman of Zaragoza has gone to Tauste to help them through the crisis. There is a terrible panic in the place: husbands leave their wives when they fall sick, and wives their husbands, and children desert their parents. No servant will approach a stricken house if it can be avoided, and the sick are left to die without care or consolation. We hope that the worst is now past, and the wife and children of good Augustin will escape the disease.

Don Carlos returned to Zaragoza last week. Two days before he reached home a member of the family of the owner of his house, living on the floor above his, sickened and died within a few hours. Our pastor's wife and mother being well acquainted with them, helped the family take care of him and accompanied the body to the cemetery.

The next day the wife of the pastor of the sister evangelical church in Zaragoza, a Swiss lady the mother of two children, who had been ill for a day or two, but who was supposed to be much better, suddenly became worse and before night was dead and buried. Don Carlos' mother and wife attended at her bedside and followed her to the grave. Her afflicted husband conducted the funeral services, which were attended by most of the members of the two congregations and many others. It will be noticed that in Zaragoza no opposition is made by the civil or medical authorities to public funerals of those who have died from cholera, and public opinion is apparently not opposed to the attendance of even a large number of persons."

GRANADA, *Sept. 2d, 1885.*

"The news from Granada is heart rending. The earthquakes during the winter impoverished many. When the cholera came instead of finding the authorities prepared with some plan for combating it, or for taking care of the sick and for helping the poor, it seems that everything was in the utmost confusion. There was no administration. Every thing broke down before the fearful panic. The rich fled from the city; the authorities in large part resigned their offices and fled; the doctors fled; and the unhappy city was given over to despair and death. The sick poor in some cases lie two, three and four days without the help of any one—neither of relatives, nor of neighbors, nor of charitable societies, civil or religious.

The protestant pastor, a man advanced in years and not in good health, has unceasingly visited the sick, who are chiefly Roman Catholics, and has bestowed on them the same personal care as on the members of his own flock, and in like manner they have died in his arms.

As I close this letter the disease has spent itself in Granada—and the Archbishop finds it an opportune moment in which to bring out in procession the *Virgen de las Angustias* who dressed in costly robes (while the poor are dying for lack of food and of medicines,) by her prayers has brought the cholera to a close! Why did not the Archbishop bring her out earlier in procession, and so save the lives of the thousands who have fallen victims of the cholera?

Probably not less than 85,000 person have died of the cholera. Would that it could be said that the religious teachers of this 'christian' people had availed themselves of these solemn moments to direct them to Christ and to His Gospel for consolation and instruction."

The Indian Conference held at Lake Mohonk on Oct. 7th, and the two following days, is reported as follows:

Elections; Judge Clinton B Fisk of New York, President. Judge Strong of Washington, Vice-President. Major Kinney of the Hartford *Courant*, Secretary.

Dr. Rhoades, Phillip Garrett and Mrs. A. S. Quinton of Philadelphia, Dr. Lyman Abbott and Prof. C. C. Painter, Business Committee. An addition was made later of Hon. Erastus Brooks, Judge Strong, and Dr. Ward of the New York *Independent*. Rev. Drs. Kendall, Strieby and Harding, Membership Committee. The discussion was very general, and the following platform was presented:

"The Indian question can never be settled except on principles of justice and equal rights. In its settlement all property rights of the Indian should be sacredly guarded and all obligations should be faithfully fulfilled. Keeping this steadily in view, the object of all legislative and executive action hereafter should not be the isolation of the Indians, but the abrogation of the Indian reservation as rapidly as possible, the permitted diffusion of the Indians among the people, in order that they may become acquainted with civilized habits and modes of life, the ultimate discontinuance of annuities so promotive of idleness and pauperism, the subjection of the Indians to the laws of the United States and of the States and territories where they may reside, and their protection by the same laws as those by which citizens are protected, the opening of all the territory of the United States to their possible acquisition and to civilization, and the early admission of Indians to American citizenship. These objects should be steadily kept in view and pursued immediately, vigorously and continuously. The measures we recommend for their accomplishment are the following:

First—The present system of Indian education should be enlarged, and a comprehensive method should be adopted, which shall place all Indian children in schools under compulsion, if necessary, and shall provide industrial education for a large proportion of them. Adult Indians should be brought under preparation for self-support. To this end the free ration system should be discontinued as rapidly as possible, and a sufficient number of farmers and other industrial teachers should be provided, meantime, to teach them to earn their own living.

Second—Immediate measures should be taken to break up the system of holding all lands in common, and each Indian family should receive a patent for a portion of land, to be held in severalty, its amount dependent upon the number of members of the family, and upon the character of the land, whether adapted for cultivation or for grazing. This land should be inalienable for a period of twenty-five years. The Coke bill, as embodying this principle, has our earnest support, and is urged upon all friends of the Indians as the one practicable measure for achieving these ends.

Third—All portions of the Indian reservations which are so allotted should, after the Indians shall have selected and secured their lands, be purchased by the government, at a fair rate, and thrown open to settlement.

Fourth—The cash value of the land thus purchased should be set aside by the government, as a fund to be expended as rapidly as can be wisely done, for the benefit, especially, of their industrial and educational advancement.

Fifth—In order to carry out the preceding recommendations, equal provision should be made for the necessary surveys of reservations, and wherever necessary, negotiations should be entered into for the modification of the present treaties, and these negotiations should be pushed, in every honorable way, until the consent of the Indians be obtained.

Sixth—Indians belonging to tribes which give up their reservations and accept allotments of land in severalty, and all Indians that abandon their tribal organization and adopt the habits and modes of civilized life, should be at once admitted to citizenship of the United States, and of the States or territories where they may reside.

Seventh—During this process of civilization some representative of the United States government should be charged with the protection and instruction of the Indians. But all such officers should be withdrawn as soon as the Indians are capable of self-protection.

Eighth—We are utterly opposed to the removal of tribes of Indians from their established homes and massing them together in one or more territories as injurious to the Indians and an impediment to their civilization.

We thankfully recognize the growing interest taken by the legislature and executive departments of our country in the welfare of the Indian, and the increased desire manifest among our people, west and east, to do them justice; and our thanks are also due to the religious and philanthropic organizations which have fostered their interest and have supplemented the work of the government by their missionary and educational labors. But we believe that what has been done in the past is but a beginning, and that both government and individuals must do much more before the debt we owe to the Indians can be paid.

The *Pioneer Press*, a colored journal of West Virginia, published in a recent number an editorial by Prof. L. Cardozo of Washington, entitled "What shall we do with our Boys?" The reply to this question, as Prof. Cardozo gives it, includes a very appreciative notice of the Hampton School, the opportunity offered by which, the Professor considers to be especially suited to the needs of the colored people. He says:

"This is a very important question *directly* to all *colored* parents, and *indirectly* to all citizens.

I mean that 'we' in the heading of this letter should refer to *colored* parents.

Before the War it was the custom of free parents in the South to give their sons trades, and masters often had their young males slaves taught trades so as to increase their usefulness and value.

But we have noticed with regret that since the War the colored boys are not learning trades.

There are several reasons for this.

In the North it is almost impossible for the *colored* boy to learn a trade; the rules of the trades-unions rigidly exclude them in many places; wherever a master-workman employs a colored man, the white ones will leave.

This spirit is being transplanted from the North to many of the large cities of the South.

But there is another reason that is more powerful in preventing us from giving our boys trades.

As soon as the advantages of education were opened up to us by the War, we all wanted to make our boys professional men—Ministers, doctors, professors and teachers.

Such an ambition is, in many respects, very laudable, but it may also be, in other respects, very foolish.

A comparatively few professional men are necessary, and where young men show the proper qualification for receiving such education, and the determination to apply such knowledge to the benefit of their race, by all means let them be prepared for professional life.

But we are building from the top instead of from the bottom. Colored men now, as a rule,

occupy menial positions. There is nothing inherently degrading in such positions, still, it is the lowest round of the ladder. The next higher is the mechanic and artisan, and the next above the merchant or planter.

These three classes support professional men.

The two classes of mechanics and merchants we entirely neglect to prepare our boys for. They must either be waiters or doctors.

We can certainly make them mechanics, and where we have the means, merchants. But it is especially as to the *means* of making them mechanics that I have written this letter. As to the *necessity* of doing so I hope that all parents will see that is is much more manly and independent than the position of a waiter.

As I have said in the beginning of this letter, it is almost impossible in the North, and very difficult in the South, to get a master-workman to receive a colored boy as an apprentice.

Whenever such is the case, parents will find that they can give their sons an excellent trade at Hampton Institute, Hampton. Virginia."

A detailed notice of the school system follows these remarks, with a hearty commendation of the ideas which it embodies, and a comprehension of them which we feel to be somewhat unusual. The "manual labor" feature of the School is so frequently misapprehended, even by the parents and friends of our students, that we are glad to have it put before them at its proper value by so competent a witness as Professor Cardozo, who believes that the "wonderful success" of the institution is due largely to the appreciation by its founders of the fact that "the Freedman needed an *industrial* education more than a *literary* one" and to their ability to "combine the two, making the latter subordinate to the former."

The colored people of Vicksburg have determined to erect a $50,000 MONUMENT to commemorate emancipation. The best monument they can raise is a colored one. Let them be a monument of what emancipation has done.—*Southern Christian Advocate.*

WHY SHOULD any man or woman living on five acres of land groan about hard times and the low prices paid for crops, when they can always sell poultry and eggs at profitable rates? That there is money in rearing poultry is demonstrated by the demand for it. The fact that we import into the United States over $6,000,000 worth of eggs in a year, equal to $125,000 weekly, or $20,000 a day, is proof that there is money in the business. The fact is not to be taken as showing that the foreign trade in eggs hurts our home product, which is deficient and might be safely increased. It is a poor reflection for enlightened Americans, men or women, that they cannot keep a flock of poultry as well as a German or French woman can, and that we cannot help but suffer from the competition of any industrious foreigner. The large quantities of eggs consumed in this country every day are not all eaten or used in cooking. Several kinds of manufactures require large quantities, and they have to be forthcoming, cost what they may. It is very probable that in cold, wet years like this corn can be purchased at the East cheaper than it can be raised, but raising poultry and eggs always pays well. Raising poultry and eggs is really woman's work.—*Southern Planter.*

WEEDS should not be permitted to go to seed. What looks worse than to see in a grass field, among a growing crop, towering weeds, so flourishing that it is plain that they have taken the life-blood of the soil from the legitimate product of the soil. This year they take so much fertility; if let go to seed next year they will take twice as much and the owner of the land can realize the truth of the old adage, "One year's seeding makes seven years' weeding."—*Southern Planter.*

Southern Workman

AND

Hampton School Record.

VOL. XIV. HAMPTON, VA., DECEMBER, 1885. No. 12

THE new Governor of Alaska reports its population to be 1900 whites and 7000 Indians. He says the natives are intelligent and anxious for the establishment of English schools for their children, who show much aptitude for study.

THE fair held in Boston by the young ladies of King's Chapel, in behalf of the Boys' Hospital, at Hampton Institute, we are happy to state was a success in all respects. The Indian work and curiosities, from Hampton School and the West, were especially appreciated—White Ghost's coat selling for $30. The hospital is very nearly finished, and will be of great advantage to the boys.

WE are sorry to see in an Omaha paper that Agent McGillicuddy of Pine Ridge Agency, says that he has "been told that he is to be superseded at once." We trust it may prove that only his old enemy Red Cloud—enemy to himself and his people's progress—has told him this; in which case it is by no means sure to be true. Dr. McGillicuddy's removal would be a blow to the cause of Indian advancement for which he has so manfully worked.

BEREA College and Hampton Institute, founded by the American Missionary Association, were at its late annual meeting dropped from its rolls as having had for years a virtually independent existence. For Hampton we can say that the cordial and sympathetic relations it has always sustained to the Association will never abate nor the pride with which it acknowledges itself the child of this noble mother of so many noble charities. The annual report of the Association comes to our hands as we go to press. We will give a resume of its very interesting points in our next number.

THE two articles, by Helen W. Ludlow and Elaine Goodale, which will be found on pages 128 and 129 of our present number, giving accounts of Hampton's returned Indian students in their homes, and of the agency schools and other matters on the reservations, as seen by the writers, have been printed in attractive form in a little pamphlet, with a sketch also of the history of the Hampton school and its work for both races, by Mrs. M. F. Armstrong. This pamphlet will be sent on application to the editor, to any of our friends who would like to have it or circulate it where it will do good.

THE endowment of the Leland Stanford Jr., University of California, by Ex-Governor Leland Stanford and wife, is an event in the history of the state receiving their princely gift of an estate of three million five hundred thousand dollars. No nobler memorial to a beloved son could have been devised than this provision for the training "for personal success and usefulness in life" of generation after generation of the youth of the state. Co-education of the sexes, the highest grade of intellectual training for both; departments, richly equipped, for professional, scientific, artistic, mechanical and agricultural training, and a church under no sectarian domination, are in the plan of this true "university," and testify both to the broad views of its superbly generous founders, and the broad demands of the times.

A crayon portrait of Rev. Dr. Streiby, of the American Missionary Association, for several years president of Hampton's Board of Trustees, will be hung in the chapel of the Normal School. It will be the work of Mrs. A. C. Squire of Brooklyn who has recently made for the Principal, a very successful crayon from a photograph of his father, Rev. Dr. Richard Armstrong, former missionary and President of the Board of Education in the Hawaiian Islands.

THE School has been happy to receive a visit from some of the faculty of the Norfolk Mission College. The institution is under the care of the United Presbyterian church of North America, and its Board of Missions to the Freedmen, in Pittsburgh, Pa. Its design is to furnish a liberal education to the colored people and train missionaries for the home field and Africa. We are glad to hear that the school, now in its fourth year, has been "crowded from the beginning," and has received nothing but friendliness and approval from the white citizens of Norfolk.

REPORT comes from the well known, faithful missinnary, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, now United States General Agent of Education in Alaska, of serious trouble threatening the missions there, in the probable reappointment, through political influence, of an official already once removed with others on account of notoriously bad character. We hope that the case may be investigated and acted upon with the independent justice that has characterized so many acts of the present administration. The pressure brought to bear upon the appointing power by greedy office seekers is tremendous, and can only be overbalanced by an enlightened and vigorous public sentiment demanding justice more imperatively than parties demand places. The only way to create such a sentiment is to bring everything to the light. "He that doeth good cometh to the light." The side that courts investigation and appeals to the public is not likely to be the wrong side. We have a dominion now on which the sun never sets. Let the lovers of darkness learn that no corner of it is too remote for daylight to enter, and the public eye to watch. The nature of the persecution and hinderance already undergone by Dr. Jackson in his self-sacrificing labors, and the way in which it is regarded by respectable citizens are indicated in the following editorial from the *Daily Oregonian*, of Portland, Oregon, of Oct. 27th:

"Last May it was reported from Alaska that Rev. Sheldon Jackson, United States General Agent of Education in Alaska, had been indicted by a grand jury for misdemeanors in connection with his work in the industrial school for the Indians there. It turns out, as might have been supposed, that the whole proceeding was purely malicious. There are white men in Alaska who do not want any work done among the natives for their instruction or elevation. Especially they do not want the Indian girls instructed in morality and chastity, and for this reason they are very hostile toward Dr. Jackson's work. When Judge Dawne arrived in Alaska he caused Dr. Jackson to appear before his court to answer to the indictments; but upon hearing them the court ordered the proceedings dismissed, since they were sustained neither by facts nor law. Dr. Jackson will go on with his work."

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS, in the November *Atlantic*, gives "Some Testimony in the Case" of the race question South: an interesting assortment of personal expressions from Southerners of both races and various classes and sections. She wisely makes no effort to manufacture a "public sentiment" from opinions whose distinguishing characteristic is that "every man looks at the problem from the standpoint of his own plantation, family or factory, and is positive that he of all men in the country sees it clearly and has found the answer." It is striking however, that in all the conflicting "testimonies" there are at least two common elements: first, that no one seems to want to go back to "the curse of slave labor," and second, that, whether favorably or adversely, hopefully or unhopefully, the Negro is judged in the South by his relation to the industrial problems of the country. This is natural enough, of course, from the fact that he has always been its working man. But it is not only natural; it is, for the Negro himself, and his future prospects, a most fortunate circumstance. Work means wages; industry means comfort, self respect, respectability, progress; and while on his part it is equally natural that his social standing should most occupy his view of the situation, either as a gratification or a grievance, much the best thing he can do for himself and his children, much the best his friends can do for him, is to keep, and glory in, and make the most of his position as the workman of the South in her new, free, growing industries; to prove that he has learned the lesson which one of the most friendly of his critics whose "testimony" is cited, believes he will have learned in another generation; "that a man's place, be he white or black, depends on the way in which he does his special work." This is a fact, whatever special inconsistencies may seem for a time to disprove it. Whatever of wrong and injustice may exist in the relations of the races will disappear the sooner, for the learning of this lesson. The Negro should feel that the greatest wrong that can be done him in freedom as in slavery is to keep him from self help; a greater wrong to keep him out of the work shop than out of the parlor. But this is a wrong that will soonest yield to right. It will pay best to put his endeavors here. How shall he do it? By seizing every opportunity he has to prove his fitness for the place. How shall his friends help him? By giving him the opportunities. To quote another "testimony." "The Negro is a voter, and the South is giving him an education which will enable him to defend himself against legalized tyranny." Why does she give him an education? Because he is a voter, and his ignorance is a danger to the country. He has less chance, as it has been said, to learn trades now in the South than in the days of slavery when there was no question of equality between the black and the white apprentice. But that cannot last. Why not? Because the great need of the South, in her new departure, is for skilled laborers, and the whites will learn something in another generation as well as the blacks; that it is cheaper and safer to educate her laborers at hand and at home, than to import foreign elements into her society. Already, while it is hard for a colored mechanic to get his training in a Southern workshop, it is not so hard for him to get employment after he is trained. No complaints of the kind have come from the journeymen trained in Hampton Institute shops.

We know of Negro boss carpenters and master builders, even in the black belt of Alabama, with white men working under them. The Negro exhibit at New Orleans impressed more than one Southerner, as we have heard from their own lips. In another generation, we believe, if not sooner, there will be a great and steady demand for skilled colored laborers in the South, and it is for the Negro's interest to prepare for it. If there were as much need and use for Negro lawyers or professors of Greek and Hebrew, we should urge most of our students to go to college. It is not a question of ability but use. If a man pulling for life through the breakers should assure us that he had his violin with him and could prove himself a Paganini, one would say "what a fool you'd be though—stick to your oar." It is in this view that we urgently ask sustaining for the industrial training at Hampton, and at every industrial school for Negroes in the South. It is fortunate, of course, and no one will be more glad of it than Rebecca Harding Davis, that Hampton is not the only industrial school as she thought. Talledega, Atlanta, Tuskegee, Miss Austin's, and other schools have industrial and mechanical departments that need more than any other the fostering care of friends.

THE appointment of Hon. J. L. M. Curry, D. D., L L. D., of Richmond Va., as United States Minister to Spain, while it is a merited tribute to a man eminently fitted to represent our country at a foreign court, is a loss which cannot well be repaired to the work of the Peabody Education Fund which, as its General Agent, he has nobly served for the last ten years. The only comfort, as its chairman remarks, is that he has so thoroughly organized and set in motion its machinery that it can run for the present without any general agent "thus making it easier to do without him while all the harder to part with him." Equal genius and faithfulness only can accomplish this highest measure of success in any work and both Dr. Curry has brought to his, accomplishing the result not merely by organization and attention to mechanical detail, but by rousing the enthusiasm of others, setting vital forces at work, creating public sentiment. He has visited every field, addressed legislatures, met school superintendents, talked to schools and popular audiences, established teachers' institutes, advised, instructed, sympathized, helped, inspired thousands with something of his own ardor; done what few could do to start the remarkable growth of Southern interest in education.

The report of the twenty-fourth meeting of the board of trustees, held in New York in October, contains many interesting statistics of this interest, in Dr. Curry's last report. He pays merited tribute to the energy and devotion of our Virginia State Superintendent, Hon. R. R. Farr, and the general spirit of the people which has long been awake. The summer Institutes for white teachers, at Staunton, Fredericksburg and Marion, and for colored teachers at Danville and Petersburg, were "marked by enthusiasm" and "gratitude to the trustees of the Peabody Fund, without whose aid, 1,514 teachers would have been deprived of most valuable instruction." "Under the able administration of Dr. Ruffner" and liberal aid from the Peabody Fund the success of the State Female Nor-

mal School at Farmville, Va., has been "phenomenal." Cheering progress is reported from all the ten states aided; its details would well repay perusal to any one concerned for the welfare of the country. Other interesting features of the report are the addresses of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, chairman of the board, with its tribute to its late distinguished member, General Grant, Dr. Curry's farewell address, and the historical address of Dr. Stearns, president of the Normal College, Nashville, on its ninth anniversary.

Rev. Dr. Haygood, the Southern friend and champion of "Our Brother in Black," addressing the Woman's Home Missionary society of the M. E. church in Philadelphia, says most truly that "the first thing is to know the needs of people whom we would help," and "to know people's needs, we must know *them*." Who better knows the colored man and his needs than Dr. Haygood? His genial estimate results from no lack of intimate acquaintance. Of his religion he says. "It is the best thing in him. To burlesque it is a cruel injustice and sin against God * * Allowing that their religious emotions are out of all proportion to their morals—the morals of white Christians are far from perfect. To have good morals there must be instruction in righteousness; to have the highest morals there must be instruction and practice and the discipline of law through generations. But he is not atheist or infidel: his religion is your best ground of hope in seeking to lift him up."

Of his progress in education: "Never was a great and difficult task more magnificently attempted or more nobly carried on. Fifty million dollars have been expended—something more than half paid by Southern white people by taxation, the rest from the Government through the Freedmen's Bureau, and from the noble charities of the North. Nearly a million of colored people can read. Bad as the case is, the percentage of illiteracy decreases."

"But the most hopeful sign is that he begins to show some disposition to help himself. This is vital. In some places they keep the schools open beyond the public term. Only this week, a committee of colored men from Georgia visited me to seek advice in starting themselves a high school. I am to speak at the dedication of the Morris Brown College in Atlanta, started by the African Methodist church, officered by colored teachers, and its $20,000 worth of property mostly given by their own people. The same church is pushing a college in South Carolina and another in Texas. At another established by another branch of African Methodism, a young colored woman trained in an industrial school in Alabama, has taken charge of the girls' industrial department. I was at pains to find out; she is competent to do this work. Many such illustrations might be given—just enough to encourage well-to-do white people to redouble their efforts."

"Their home life is poor and meager, but improving in comfort, intelligence, and decency, and I believe in morals also." The danger Dr. Haygood thinks is not so much in contentment with meager homes, as in discontent coming before they have acquired capacity for supplying wants which come into existence with increased intelligence. Not a few are "already in this case and it perilous." This true and important idea forms the key note of the Dr's very practical suggestions for the help to be rendered. "Skilled hands must go with educated brains if we are to preserve the domestic and social—I might add the moral, balance."

"Within the past two weeks, a young colored man, having completed the course in a New England college of high degree, returned to his home in a Georgia city. In 'thirty-six hours' after his return (as he wrote me himself) he had concluded that there was no field 'suited to his education and ability,' and within the same period, as he informed me, had declined the offer of a teacher's place in a colored public school in that city and of a salyar equal to that paid to some capable white boys who had just left college. Some of his notions came through his white classmates, others from long absence and alienation from his own people. To make him useful now, he must be educated over again—to dry out the sap and balance his brains."

The different record of some of the Hampton graduates who have taken a higher course after leaving Hampton goes to confirm the suggestion of Dr. Haygood's article that it is not what learning he got but the lack of the practical training he did not get which necessitates the uncomfortable process proposed for this truly unfortunate young man.

The good Dr's forcible word to those to whom Providence has intrusted the means of helping these people is "It is the right use of money alone that makes wealth respectable in the eyes of the dwellers in the high countries above us."

Rev. Charles L. Brace should be—and doubtless is—one of the happiest of men. Such thirty-three years' work for humanity as is shown in the last report of the Children's Aid Society of which he was the founder, must bring in anticipation the plaudit—"Well done—inasmuch as thou hast done it to the least of these"—The report proves that, though the vast population of New York city has increased 115 per cent. in the last thirty years, and though laws are more stringent, the police more efficient, and the provision greater for the commitment of children to reformatory institutions, there has been notwithstanding, through the beneficent labors of this society, a great diminution of children's crimes in New York, not only in proportion to population but absolutely. Thus, says the report,

"The commitments of females for vagrancy in 1884 were only 2,520 against 5,778 in 1857, and for petty larceny only 267, against 944 in 1857, though the population of New York has more than doubled. We can demonstrate an immensely increased school attendance in the city. And we can point to the fact—the especial result of our work—that no homeless boy in New York need at this time be without a shelter where he can get a clean bed and a nourishing meal, nor without mental and moral training if he will take it, nor long without a good permanent home if he is worthy of it; that no poor and hungry little girl need rove the streets and beg or peddle, but that shelter, food, and industrial education are ready for each, and, if homeless, a kind family waiting to receive her."

The great trouble is with the larger boys, hard to manage, but still harder to find places for at trades or on farms. A certain number of these have been successfully placed in Virginia; but great numbers are growing up to crime. Mr. Brace wants next to establish a "simple Farm School," for such, near the city, where they can be taught the rudiments of farming, and then after a few months' test sent to places in the West.

"The annual expense of such a school, within thirty miles of the city, for a constant average of twenty-five lads and an aggregate attendance through the year of say 150 boys, would probably be about $4,500, or say $30 expense for each boy. It would be the means of absolutely saving these 150 young men from lives of crime."

Mr. Brace ought not to have to ask twice for such a benefaction. From the great number of interesting statistics of this truly Christ-like work, we take the following:

"There have been provided with homes and employment this year:

Boys	1,889
Girls	1,069
Men	75
Women	107
Total	3,140

"There were during the past year in our six lodging-houses 13,212 different boys and girls; 324,495 meals and 246,875 lodgings were supplied. In the twenty-one day and fourteen evening schools were 11,960 children who were taught and partly fed and clothed, 816,730 meals being supplied. 3,140 were sent to homes and employment, mainly in the West; 1,613 were aided with food, medicine, etc., through the 'Sick Children's Mission;' 4,395 children enjoyed the benefits of the 'Summer Home' at Bath, L. I (averaging about 300 per week:) 3,991 mothers and sick infants were sent to the 'Health Home' at Coney Island; 378 girls have been instructed in the use of the sewing machine in the girls' Lodging-House, and in the industrial schools; $7,276.41 have been deposited in the penny savings banks. Total number under charge of the Society during the year 38,311.

The total receipts of the year from all sources amounted to $280,713 84, and the cash on hand on the 1st of November amounted to $589.95."

The Women's National Indian Association.

"The Fifth Annual Convention of this Association was held, Nov. 14th, in the First Baptist Church, Philadelphia. A large number of delegates were present from various sections of the country, as were also members and friends of the association.

The Association designs to accomplish the following results:

First—To strengthen the public sentiment on behalf of justice to Indians, and to help secure their civilization and education, and the payment of debts to them under existing governmental contracts.

Second—To aid in securing needed new legislation, giving to Indians protection of law, lands and citizenship.

Third—To labor for the elevation of Indian women and homes, and the christianization of tribes now destitute of Christian instruction.

The President's annual address referred to the labors of women in behalf of the Indians, and their pioneer efforts to improve the condition of that race at a time when public prejudices and apathy had to be overcome. Among the noteworthy signs of progress, was the attitude of Congress this year. She said the crowning shame of the nation was that, having robbed the Indians of all their rights, it thrust upon them the debasing influence of the liquor traffic. She thought the effort of the House of Representatives to put a stop to this evil, although so far unsuccessful, was a hopeful augury.

The educational aspect of the Indian question was considered, and the official action of President Cleveland relative to recent Indian troubles was favorably commented upon.

The Indian Rights Association was endorsed in its actions, and the necessity of a redistribution of the Indian lands, with terms honorable to the Indians themselves, was strenuously urged.

The General Secretary, Mrs. Amelia S. Quinton, of Philadelphia, read her annual report, showing progressive work in various departments for the past year. The matter of memorializing Congress was touched on, a list of the subjects on which it had been petitioned being given. In a number of cases, it was said, State Legislatures had been memorialized. Over 450 meetings were held during the past twelve months, at which the Indian question was considered.

It was stated that the association now numbered 56 auxiliaries, located in 27 States and Territories, with prospects of new organizations and members.

Mrs. O. B. Ganse read the report of the Committee on the Western Secular Press. It was stated that interest in Indian affairs, as shown in this department, was everywhere increasing.

The Committee on Memorial submitted a statement through its chairman, Mrs. W. W. Crannell, of Albany, N. Y., showing that the resolutions previously endorsed by the association regarding Indian legislation, had been adopted by eight Legislatures during the past year.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

Mrs. M. L. Richards, of Providence, chairman of the Committee on Indian Missions in Churches, gave an exhaustive account of religious work among the American aborigines. The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, it was stated, supplied 23 teachers and missionaries; contributions during the past year, $5,950; the Society of Friends, 90 teachers and 8 missionaries, with contributions for 1884, of $15,000; American Baptist Home Missionary Society 18, with $30,582. 19; American Missionary Association 69, with $31,825 62; Board of Foreign Missions of Presbyterian Church 84, with $32,224.55; Protestant Episcopal Missionary Society 69, with $49,773 81; Presbyterian Home Mission Board 63, with contributions for 1884 of $100,260/85; total teachers and missionaries, 417.

Mrs. Quinton read the report of the Missionary Committee, giving details of evangelistic work at the Indian agencies, as gleaned from correspondence of missionaries and teachers, and other sources. Amidst the toils and perplexities of the year there had been encouraging progress, as in the recent planting of a permanent mission in an Indian tribe, the Pawnees, numbering 1200 souls.

Mrs. Quinton stated in answer to a question, that the association aimed at doing pioneer mission work among those Indians who were as yet receiving no Christian instruction, being "intended as the handmaid of the various Christian missions by doing preparatory work."

Officers were elected for the ensuing year: Honorary President, Miss Mary L. Bonney, Penn'a; President, Mrs. J. B. Dickinson, New York; Vice President, Mrs. J. R. Jones, Philadelphia; General Secretary, Mrs. Amelia S. Quinton, Philadelphia; Recording Secretary, Miss Sarah Newlin, Philadelphia; Treasurer, Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith, Germantown, Pa.; Asst. Treasurer, Miss H. R. Foote, Philadelphia.

An Executive Board from different denominations was elected, and a number of additional Vice Presidents from different States.

After slight alterations to the constitution had been agreed upon, the line of work, known as "Indian Home building" was approved by the Association, and Mrs. Kinney was appointed chairman of a committee to have charge of such a department for the association.

Mrs. Crannell read a resolution presented by Mrs. Boardman, which eulogized the labors of the late Helen Hunt Jackson in the cause of the Indians. The resolution was adopted by a rising vote.

MASS MEETING IN ASSOCIATION HALL.

A public meeting under the auspices of the Association was held at Association Hall. General Clinton B. Fisk, of New York, President of the Board of Indian Commissioners, presided. There were present on the platform 20 Indian girls from the Lincoln Institution and 10 boys from the Educational Home, who rendered some musical selections during the evening,

Miss Alice C. Fletcher, of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology, recounted some of her experience among the Indians.

Rt. Rev. H D. Whipple, D. D., Bishop of Minnesota, said that there was an idea among Christian men that the Indian was a degraded, brutal character, and a tradition exists on the border that "the only good Indian was a dead Indian." He discredited these theories, and said the Indian of North America was the noblest wild man on the face of the earth. Never had he met, he stated, an officer of the United States army or a civil officer who could mention where the Indian had been the first to break his plight.

Resolutions were offered by Rev. H. L. Wayland, D. D., "gratefully recognizing the recent action of the present National Administration in promptly defending the Indian lands from white intrusion; and petitioning President Cleveland and Congress to "at once execute all existing treaty stipulations which promise the survey of reservations, education, citizenship, and lands in severalty to Indians." The resolutions were adopted as the sense of the meeting, Gen. Fisk being authorized to sign them, and transmit a copy to the President, Senate, and House of Representatives."

A. S. Q.

SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

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The State election being over, the more or less excited members of the various political parties are, as usual, regaining their equanimity, and there is, as yet, no evidence of any disturbance of friendly relations. It is curious to see how quietly the common sense of the people asserts itself, and one is more than ever inclined to believe in the general progress of humanity, when the fire of campaign threats and revilings ends in such smoke as this:

"Our suggestion that we should go to work meets with general approval. It is one of the serious drawbacks of our system of government that we are perpetual ly plunged into election excitements. Elections are good and necessary things, but too much of them, like too much wine, or too much oxygen in the air we breathe, imposes too great a strain on private interests, too much wear and tear on the machinery of government. As a measure of political, social, moral, and commercial health, we should cool off after the late arduous campaign, and make up by diligence in our several callings whatever may have been lost by the fierce excitement of the late campaign."—*Norfolk Landmark.*

And that colored politicians are not, even now, far behind their white brothers in realizing that the practical view of the situation is the peaceful one, is shown by the frequent occurrence of such items as the following.

"THE election is over; and fair or foul we can not live upon its memories. Therefore, a truce to the bitterness and animosities engendered by it. We are all here, black and white together. We are each dependent upon the other. Then let us live in harmony. Let us bear and forbear. And let us study and work for the interest of each; and in so doing we will all promote the best interests of Virginia, which we are sure we all of all, colors, love alike."—*Virginia Star.*

The outside view in the South of the Virginia election is interesting, and we give an extract from a Newbern, N. C. paper, which is to the point:

"The defeat of Capt. John S. Wise for the Governorship of Virginia was the end of crooked politics, "mixed" politics, free-booting and guerrilla politics—in other words Mahoneism—, not only in Virginia but in the South.

It was also the end of the "Solid South" in that the Southern people, no longer menaced in their civil and social relations by this spectre of corrupt demagogism, will no longer divide on sectional sentiment and class prejudices; but upon practical economic questions.

* * * * * * *

What is known as the "color line" was undoubtedly broken in the recent election. The returns from a number of counties in the "Black Belt" is a convincing demonstration of this fact. But whether the dissolution of the color line is positive and permanent or merely temporary and reactionary will depend principally upon an effective fostering policy on the part of the Democrats—The political instincts and dispositions of the negroes are essentially gregarious and their "flocking" propensities will again assert themselves, unless an intelligent political discernment and an individual independence of opinion is carefully cultivated among them."

The Norfolk *Virginian* calls upon the colored people to remember that it is their attitude in every day life and not the exceptional incidents of a political campaign, which is of importance, and vouches for the readiness of the white people of the South to offer a helping hand whenever they see that it is likely to be accepted.

"The opinion THE VIRGINIAN entertained before election, regarding the duty of the colored people to themselves, has not been changed. We concede the race great possibilities, but freedom of body, without they show freedom of mind by intelligent action in discharging the duties and exercising the privileges of citizens, will be of as little worth to them in the future as it has been in the past. With a sincere interest in their success, we would persuade them to devote less time to politics and more of leisure hours to the acquisition of knowledge and preparation for the duties of life.

In South Carolina, this week, thoughtful and intelligent men of the colored race have been discussing the best method of improving their condition, and no one of the speakers suggested politics, or the cultivation of unkind relations with the white people, as the royal roads toward such a desirable end. The general sentiment seemed to be that they must seek to remove all existing causes for alienation between the two races, in the affairs of everyday life, which they have heretofore been so conspicuous in compelling. One minister—Rev. J. E. Haynes—was a bit extravagant in his estimate of prospective negro power in the United States, but concluded his address with this comparison: "You see to-day what Parnell is doing for the Irish people. The same thing can be done for the colored men in the South. I say to you, go to the intelligent white men and say to them: 'Gentlemen, here we are. Such and such are our rights, and we look to you to protect us in the enjoyment of them;' and I am much mistaken if we don't get what we are asking for.'

There is wisdom in the spirit suggested, and we advise our Virginia colored people to try the prescription of this South Carolina doctor."

If the *Charleston News* is right in its facts as given herewith, there is no lack of work for helping hands from North or South, and that journal has come to look upon the Sea Islands as a "field for missionary work," and to say of the colored population of these islands, that "it is incumbent upon their friends, North and South, to look more closely after them than heretofore," is certainly a sign of the times which needs no interpretation:

"The letter of our Beaufort correspondent which was published yesterday describes a deplorable conditions of morals and manners among the colored people on the Sea Islands. The trial justices are kept busy, it is said, hearing complaints and counter complaints between husbands and wives on the score of unfaithfulness, or in issuing warrants against young people at the instance of their parents for insubordination and general unfilial conduct. Where the fathers and mothers set so bad an example the children will quickly follow, of course, and this fact will probably account for much of the crime and disorder which our correspondent has noted. Besides this, however, the colored people on the Sea Islands are for the most part of the lowest class of their race, and, as they herd together and keep beyond the reach of the influences which have elevated and enlightened their fellows in other parts of the country since the war ended, they have made little or no progress.

There is a wide field for missionary work in the region in question, and it has been greatly neglected, so far. What is most needed, perhaps, as our correspondent shows, is an earnest campaign against immorality. There is no lack of "religion," even in the most benighted districts, but it is unfortunately true that it is not always a kind of religion that conflicts with a low view of morals on the part of many who are regular church-goers.

Instances have been known, indeed, where preachers have been deprived of their charges for speaking plainly on this point, and in one case the offender was expelled without ceremony for 'insulting' his congregation by insisting upon a due observance of one of the Ten Commandments. If left to themselves the colored people on the Islands will sink to the lowest level of degradation in a few generations, and it is, therefore, incumbent upon their friends, North and South, to look more closely after them than heretofore."

As still stronger evidence of the spirit shown in the two preceding extracts, we copy the following from a prominent Southern Baptist newspaper:

"Rev. N. J. Wheeler, a pominent Northern Baptist, writes an article in the *Christian Herald*, of Detroit Mich., which might be read with profit by the Baptists of all sections and of both races. We produce the following extracts from it:

"But, as suggested above, one of the most encouraging features in this benevolent work is the increasing interest and co-operation of the Southern whites. Poverty with perhaps some coldness born of their changed relations to their late slaves a change forced by the fortunes of war—kept the Southern whites for some years from engaging in this work. The teachers who went from the North were not cordially welcomed and encouraged by them. In some cases, the indiscretion of these teachers may have repelled Southerners. In others they seemed to be suspiciously classed with Northern adventurers who went South with political aspirations. But these prejudices are yielding to confidence, and the era of co-operation is dawning with its larger promise. No one who was present can forget the memorable scene in the old Olivet Street church, in New York, just after the war, when the delegation from the Southern Baptist convention appeared at our Northern Anniversaries. They had spoken and were heartily received during the day, and the evening was set apart for an address by Dr. J. A. Broadus. This prince of platform speakers had explained the impoverished condition of his brethren in the South, together with their sacrifices and struggles to repair with their sacrifices on, in words so frank and tender and eloquent as to captivate every heart. He asked his northern brethren to come to their help, and suggested that, as Northern Baptists had the money and Southern Baptist, had the consecrated men to do the work, the Northern brethren should supply the needed funds and commit the general direction of the work to those who understood fully the needs of the field and were ready to cultivate it. The late Dr. Warren, the Secretary of our Missonary Union, followed in kindly response. But when he came to the proposition of Dr. Broadus, he frankly confessed his own hesitation by the quotation: "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." Such a response came from the great congregation as showed that he had voiced the universal sentiment. Northern Baptists were ready to put their money into the work, but they also wanted a hand in it. And yet Dr. Broadus suggested a thought that must materialize before the great and urgent work can be accomplished. That is, the laboring oar must be worked by Southern Christians. From life-long association with the negroes they know them, and so know how to adopt means to the desired end far better than Northerners can. Then they live right among them twelve months in the year, and so do not have to work at arm's length, as do their Northern brethren. As New Yorkers can more effectively prosecute their city missionary work than could Christains from the South, so their location gives to our Southern brethren an advantage in working for the elevation of the negroes which we cannot have. All hail, then, this opening era, wherein Southern Christians are feeling their sense of obligation to engage in the work, and are responding to the divine call to put brain and heart and purse into it. With all throughout our country who love our Lord Jesus Christ, doing what they can in this most Christly work, progress will be made that will rejoice every heart, and a happy solution of the grave problem will be assured."

The death of General McClellan has been very generally and very generously noticed throughout the South, the feeling being, in the main, that expressed by the Augusta *Constitutionalist*:

"Since the war, MCCLELLAN has done all he could to heal the wounds of strife and to make the South feel that she was indeed welcome in the home of her fathers. And so, our people lament that he is no more, and pray that he may sleep well and rise in glory."

If there is any season of the year when it is permissible to take, and offer, an optimistic view of things, it is certainly in the weeks coming between Thanksgiving Day and Christmas. For this reason we trust our readers will share in the gratification with which we have read and now reprint the two following articles. The first, from the *Memphis Appeal*, is encouraging enough to reanimate even a defeated member of the extreme wing of the Republican party, for even if, in defiance of our optimistic principles of the moment, we admit that the motives which impel the enthusiastic congratulations of the *Appeal* may not be entirely beyond suspicion, yet the fact of the success remains, and is just as promising as its Memphis promoters believe it to be.

"The unquestioned success of the first annual fair of the Colored State Association of Mississippi demonstrates the future possibilities of the Southern blacks. It shows that they have only to be true to themselves to be successful. The speeches delivered during the past week by Bruce and other colored orators show that the most cordial relations exist between the two races. The success of this colored fair marks a new era in the history of the colored race—an era full of promise to the blacks and the future prosperity of the South, for whatever contributes to the elevation and the material prosperity of the blacks redounds to the advantage of the whites and the whole South. The colored people of Mississippi have developed a laudable ambition, and for the future both races will keep abreast in the march of progress. They will move in parallel columns but both races striving to reach the same goal—the common prosperity of all. If the people of the North could see the amount of money contributed by the whites to organize this colored State fair; if they could have seen the display of military and civic pomp which for the first week has enlivened the occasion; if they could have seen the facilities furnished by the whites for pouring into Jackson the colored population from all parts of the State; if they could have heard the speeches made by both whites and blacks, and witnessed the perfect and unalloyed harmony that existed between the two races, they would hang their heads in shame at the falsehoods by which they are deluded. This fair has been controlled exclusively by the colored people. The whites have had nothing to do with it save to furnish the money for the premiums. They did not participate in the ceremonies, only when invited; and the variety and excellence of the exhibits shows the future possibilities of the colored people. Heretofore they never attended Jackson except for political purposes. But now they have concentrated at the capital of the State to promote their material interests. It is hoped from this time forward that they will continue to advance until they become the rivals of the whites in all that constitutes a perfect civilization."

The second article, from the *Augusta Constitutionalist*, is of weight only as showing that the South of to-day not only accepts but demands expressions of loyalty from its press, which twenty or even ten years ago, could have been printed only at the risk of the writer's life.

"The President's proclamation for thanksgiving is indeed a model document of the kind. It is simple, terse, comprehensive and not lacking in the fervor that makes even dignity benign and reverential. It should awaken responsive chords in the souls and hearts of his countrymen, irrespective of race and creed and party. The touch of humanity in it makes indeed 'the whole world kin.'"

Let us reflect on the fact that though commercial depression of a certain kind has rested upon this country, it has been insignificant, indeed, compared with the distress of other lands. Here if enormous prosperity has not obtained in all departments of business, fair rewards have come to the industrious and thrifty. This is not the case in many foreign lands. Here, too, we have the blessings of abundant crops, of peace within our whole domain, of liberty obedient to law, no great standing armies, no social convulsions, no pestilence. Behold how fearfully smitten and apprehensive and down-trodden are many of the countries and peoples beyond the sea.

Verily this is a domain of plenty, of freedom, of benediction; and, instead of complaining, there should swell, over all the land and far out into the lakes and the oceans and the gulf, a grand *Te Deum* of praise and gratitude to the Giver of all Good who has so smiled upon and favored us above all other nations.

As an echo of the President's proclamation, and in advance of the day set apart for returning thanks to the Almighty, we have felt it a most pleasing duty to utter these sentiments, which must rise, like incense, in the hearts and homes of men and women, whether dwelling near the bleak Canadian border or by the balmy zone of St. Augustine, by the roar of the Atlantic or the murmur of the Peaceful Sea."

SOUTHERN SKETCHES.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

John Brown.

Mr. F. B. Sanborn has made a most valuable contribution to American History and to human annals in his life of John Brown.

The name of the martyr-philanthropist is dear to the hearts of millions of colored people, who know little more of John Brown than that he lost his life in the effort to free the slaves of Virginia. The picture of John Brown is found on the walls of many a humble little cabin; whose unlettered owner reverently repeats the name of him who shed his blood for the freedom of the black man.

Mr. Sanborn's book should be studied with care by the American people. If John Brown had not done a great work for humanity, the story of his life would be one of deep interest and furnishes much that is worthy of admiration and imitation.

The narrative begins with some account of the Brown family, the first of the name in this country having landed at Plymouth in 1620 from the famous Mayflower.

Owen Brown, John Brown's father, who was born 1771 and died in 1855, wrote for his children a history of his life, which is printed in full by Mr. Sanborn, and its quaint and simple but forcible style gives a fine impression of a character strong and true, an excellent type of the American of his day.

John Brown also wrote a sketch of his life, a few months before its sorrowful close, for a little boy, the son of his friend Mr. Stearnes.

Both these narratives show the trials and hardships endured by the pioneers in our land, which seem almost incredible to us in these days of comparative ease and luxury, but doubtless served to develop the qualities which have given the Brown family world-wide reputation.

John Brown was born in Connecticut in 1800. When he was five years old his father moved to Ohio, then a wilderness, "full of wild beasts and Indians."

In this first long journey he aided an older boy, adopted by his parents, in driving the stock, taken to the West, and from that time was made useful in the household. He relates that at twelve years of age, he drove cattle a hundred miles alone, and should have been ashamed if any one had thought he needed help.

He learned various trades and useful arts, as was necessary for the children of the pioneers, but had very little opportunity for mental cultivation, and in early life little fondness for books. The biographer relates that John Brown, "a true Yankee, tried his hand at every sort of lucrative business that offered, and was farmer, land surveyor, lumber dealer, post master, wool grower, herder and trainer of race horses, stock fancier, land speculator, wool sorter and soldier."

Although full of energy and possessed of a most vigorous mind he lacked judgment, being restless of advice and bent on following his own will.

At twenty years old, he married a woman of strong and earnest character, who died in early life, and a year after his death married a second time.

The first wife had seven children and the second thirteen, and in the care and training of this large family, many beautiful and tender traits of their father's character were brought out.

Many of John Brown's letters to his family are models of their kind, and the excellent manner of expression, always forcible, always full of simplicity and earnestness, are very remarkable for a man who had so little opportunity for schooling.

In the midst of this hard struggle to maintain his large household, his heart always burdened with the sorrows of an oppressed race, he writes, "The care of our own families is the pleasantest and most useful business we can be in."

"A man can hardly get into difficulties too big to be surmounted if he has a foothold at home."

Two days before he was brought to die upon the scaffold he writes to his young children, "Do not be vain and thoughtless but sober-minded. Nothing can so tend to make a life a blessing, as the consciousness that your life and example bless and leave others stronger. * * * I beseech you all to live in habitual contentment with moderate circumstances and gains of worldly store, and earnestly to teach this to your children and children's children after you, by example as well as precept."

John Brown dates his interest and affection for colored people from childhood when he saw a little colored boy near his own age badly used. This sympathy grew with his growth and became the ruling idea of his life. Like the Master he served, he literally gave himself to the cause he loved, and his name should always be held in reverence by the colored people of America, for "no man could do more than lay down his life for his friends," and John Brown was faithful "unto death."

The story of his devotion to the slaves of our land extends over a long and most eventful period of our national history. That portion of it which regards the struggle in Kansas is so terrible, so blood-thirsty and ferocious that it sounds more like a record of savage warfare than a contest between parties in a civilized country in the 19th century. One can but shudder at the sickening story and turn with horror from the recital.

To the Virginian, and especially to those old enough to remember the stirring events of the winter of 1859, the mention of John Brown's Raid will always awaken thrilling recollections. How clearly I can recall the outburst of astonishment, horror and indignation that filled the land when the telegraph sent over the country the news that a "body of abolitionists had seized Harper's Ferry, taken possession of the arsenal and were arming the slaves for insurrection!"

Mr. Sanborn gives a graphic account of the attack and defeat of the rash band who with their lives in their hands had come into the land of bondage to set the black man free.

The narrative of the capture, trial, condemnation and last hours of John Brown are of surpassing interest.

I think no figure in human story is grander than John Brown vanquished, captured, wounded, bereaved of his children, knowing that an ignominious death awaited him, yet calmly, sweetly, patiently, with the loftiest bearing telling to all who came about him, the lesson he had striven to teach the nation, of freedom for the slave.

It is said that "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like the son of God" and in reading of the magnificent courage, the heroism, the patience of this friend of the slave, it seems that the spirit of the Saviour of mankind and the heathen philosopher are combined.

John Brown's attempt to destroy slavery by attacking Harper's Ferry, viewed from a practical standpoint as to direct results, seems the wildest and most impracticable scheme imaginable. It is evident that neither he nor any of his party understood either the slaves or the white people of the South. Frederick Douglass, who was a southern man, had been a slave, and knew the land and the people, showed the impossibility of success for such a plan and refused to have anything to do with it.

If John Brown, who so unselfishly, so bravely sacrificed his life for the Negro, could have lived four years longer, how would he have wondered at the aspect of affairs in the land he sought to purify from the stain of slavery. Vast armies collected in the South, the dogs of war let loose, white men from the North and the South battling over the vexed question which had long troubled our nation, and the patient, faithful slaves everywhere protecting the wives and children of their masters!

Innumerable cases occurred where the slave who had been the companion of his owner from childhood, followed him to the field, stood by his side in battle, if he were wounded bore him to a place of safety, if he were killed, tenderly laid his remains under the sod, and went back to the old plantation where both had been born, carrying the arms which had been used to fight for slavery! I remember a Negro as black as jet, who sat looking with anguish at his master dying in a wayside hospital, and when all was over and the soldier had been reverently laid to rest, the black man fastened a little silver cup to the lock of the gun he had carried hundreds of miles, shouldered the worn knapsack and started back to the North Carolina home "to tell ole mis' whar young master died, so she could come and git him."

Reading this story of John Brown's life and death, a sorrowful tale full of instruction for mankind, revives old memories and stirs my heart to its depths, as I live over again the scenes of those anxious days.

In thought I am carried back to a night in that dreary winter of 1865, when our land was clothed in sackcloth and ashes, when there was sorrow and mourning in every household.

My father and his brothers, loving the Union for which our forbears had shed their blood, willing to give up slavery, unable to go as our neighbors went, in allegiance to the new Confederacy, had been proscribed, threatened, driven from the land of their birth. My sister's husband, a brave young soldier who loved the "stars and bars" and had fought valiantly for the southern cause, had gone with his comrades, we knew not whither, and each day we dreaded to hear that he had fallen as many of the brave and true were hourly falling in those dreadful times. My two young sisters, one almost a child in years, the other with an infant in her arms and I, the head of the household, but twenty-three, were alone in the dear old homestead that had sheltered our happy childhood. How strange and lonely it seemed then, as we three gathered in one room fearing every sound, dreading one moment the arrival of "Yankees" we knew were not far distant, the next, the attack of guerrillas we had been told were hovering near, making divers threats of destruction to the "Union people" who had dared to linger in southern borders.

How we clung to each other, and to our precious little war baby, the gentle little girl so innocent in her smiling winsomeness, so unconscious of the dark shadows which oppressed our hearts.

Our only comfort was in the faithfulness of our servants who had been so kind and loving to us in all the sad and weary days of that melancholy winter.

We had locked the doors, and taken what precautions we could, and worn with anxiety I had fallen asleep, when my sister awoke me telling me in trembling tones, that she heard a strange voice and the sound of wheels in the yard; our cook, on whom we relied as a tower of strength, had opened her door in the room just below us, and whispered consultations were going on which she was sure portended danger to us. How helpless we all seemed as I looked at the frightened faces of my sisters, and the sleeping baby in the cradle we all hung over, as if we must protect her whatever befall us. We listened and waited until the suspense grew intolerable, and then I wrapped myself in a shawl and crept noiselessly to the basement stairway where I could hear every word spoken in the servants' room. My heart stood still as I recognized the voice of our cook's brother, who belonged to a gentleman living some distance from us, and had often visited his relations in our family.

The man was urging his sister to take all she wanted from the house and come with him. His master had sent him "refugeeing," but he had turned his horses' heads to the North, and meant soon to be in the land of freedom, where he would also carry her and her children, but she must make haste, gather up all she wanted and come quickly, they could reach the Yankee camp by daylight.

I strained my ears for the answer, shivering with excitement and fear until I feared I should betray myself by my agitation. "No," said the familiar voice of our good faithful Amy who lisped a little. "I loves my young ladies an' Mith Nelty's baby an' mother, an' de captain begged me to take keer on um all when dey went away, an' dey ith giv' me all de family thilver an' everything to keep for 'em an' I ith goin' to thtay here an' look after everything an' take keer of master's childun tell he comes back. You kin take your team an' go 'long if you got a mind to."

How I thanked God and thanked Amy for her loving words. I did not stay to hear more, but crept back to my terrified sisters, brought smiles and tears with my report and we all went quietly to bed and instantly to sleep, trusting to the kind and loving soul we knew would never betray us.

Does history tell of any people so patient, so faithful as the southern slaves? Is it not our duty to love them, to remember *forever* that they were true to us in the dark hour of trial? And now that Providence has made the slave our fellow citizen shall we not help him by every means in our power to become worthy of the vocation to which he is called?

Let us do justice to the friend of the slave, who if visionary and fanatical in his methods, was like Christ, in that he gave his life to help the sorrowing, suffering race of man, and while,

"John Brown's body is mouldering in the ground,
Let his spirit be marching on!

REV. I. B. HARRISON, whose letters on the South attracted so much attention some years ago, and who has recently done such good work in aiding the effort to preserve Niagara Falls and the surroundings for a public park, comes to us now with a fresh subject of interest.

In a series of vigorous letters he describes the picturesque and beautiful Adirondack region and asks the attention of the public to the importance of preserving its forests from destruction. The Adirondack district is not only a place of great interest to the tourist and all lovers of nature in one of her wildest and grandest moods, but the forests are also of great value in their effect upon the water-ways of New York.

It is amidst the romantic scenery of the Adirondacks that John Brown, the martyr-philanthropist of America lies buried, the place of his rest having been selected by himself.

Our nation, reckless in its youth and extravagant of its wonderful resources, has reached a point when its law-givers should imitate the old world, and put a stop to such folly as destroying scenes of beauty that will attract the travellers of the earth to view them.

And the attention of Congress cannot too soon be given to the preservation of the sources of the water supply for our great manufacturing interest and the thirsting multitudes of our busy cities.

The Blue and the Gray.

BY A YOUNG VIRGINIA GIRL.

HARRISONBURG, VA., Sep. 20th, '85.—

Dear Southern Workman:

Thinking your readers might be interested in a short account of the visit of the Union Veterans to Harrisonburg, I have taken the following notes:

On Friday last, Sept. 18th, the citizens of Harrisonburg prepared to throw aside the last traces of sectional feeling and give the Union veterans the warmest welcome possible. The stars and stripes waved over the whole town. The court-house where the welcoming speeches were to be made, was not only gaily decorated, but even the trees in the yard were wrapped round with red white and blue.

The special train was due at 9 p. m., but did not arrive until 10 p. m.

There were about a hundred and seventy in the party, including fifty ladies. The camping grounds are near Winchester, from which point they made excursions in the Valley, everywhere, they said, being warmly welcomed and hospitably entertained.

They were escorted from the depot by the Harrisonburg guards and the Eshman band.

Their first duty and pleasure, in the words of a Union officer, was to lay flowers on the graves of their fallen comrades, in the quiet cemetery, which the ladies of our small town had provided, that our brave boys might sleep their last long sleep peacefully in the soil they loved and fought for so nobly.

Then the band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner" and to the same national song the Blue and the Gray marched together to the court-house, where the Mayor, Mr. Pendleton Bryan, made a warm and graceful address with a reply by General Rhodes. Judge John Paul then made a few very appropriate and touching remarks, after which the crowd dispersed to visit points of interest. There was a photographer with the party who seemed much pleased with the small Africans who followed the veterans with almost as much enthusiasm as if it had been a show procession. What higher compliment could be desired from little Harrisonburg Africans? He made groups of all he saw, and as they stood showing their teeth with pleasure at the compliment, he was charmed with his studies.

The ladies were as much interested at seeing a colored baby, about two months old, as we, who have been brought up among these, would have been at seeing an Indian pappoose.

At about two p. m., there was a lunch in the court-house yard, where tables loaded with delicacies were set, or at private houses where they stood waiting all day for the refreshment of our guests.

During the day we made several pleasant acquaintances, as several ladies took an early lunch with us. Mrs. Y——, a Vermont lady, seemed much interested in the Negro problem, especially in the elevation of their religion above the shouting, visions, etc.; Sunday's excitement, forgotten in every day life. She seemed to think education a most important factor in this work, in that no mind fully awakened can be long without feeling the necessity of Christ in every day life as a help against temptation. The conversation turned to the colored public schools. Mamma wanted to send for a grand-child of an old family servant, who had been taught by her aunt, a graduate of the Hampton school, to repeat the blood curdling poems she recites so dramatically, and to work long sums, etc., which seem marvelous in a child who had been to school but a few years. However, our guests wished to witness the rifle match between the veterans of the 1st Mass. and 2nd Va. regiments, and there was not time to send for her.

The contest was quite exciting. The prize was disputed, but next day a telegram was received awarding the laurel to the Harrisonburg guards. The reward was a small silver cannon with gold wheels.

At 4:30 p. m., the train left amid loud cheering for the boys in blue.

H. M. D.

Notice.

Any schools, Sunday schools, or individuals, willing to help some of our graduate teachers to make Christmas a happy time for their scholars, can be furnished with names and addresses by sending a postal card to Miss A. E. Cleaveland, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Substantial help and much pleasure were given in this way last year by northern friends, and it is earnestly hoped that many who read the SOUTHERN WORKMAN will respond to this appeal.

SILHOUETTES.

BY ALICE M. BACON.

An Afternoon Ride.

A November day in Virginia is very different from a November day in New England, and Virginia is not by any means a loser by the comparison. The sun shines brightly through the cool soft air, the water gleams blue and sparkling in the sunshine and the breeze. Roses are in bloom in the gardens; the woods are a blaze of red and yellow set off by the sombre greens of pines and live oaks. A brief visit to the North with its leafless trees, barren fields and flowerless gardens is enough to fill one with a sense of gratitude for our Virginia November. There is nothing melancholy about the autumn here. In the North, when the autumn comes, all living things seem to prepare themselves for the months of silent endurance that the winter inflicts. The northern winter is an enemy, too often an enemy that gives no quarter, but chills and kills, without mercy, everything that it can seize in its icy grasp; but the Virginia winter comes as a friend, bringing to all living things a rest from growth and toil, a coolness after sultry heat, a life giving frostiness and freshness after the drought and lassitude of summer. The northern winter is like death, the southern winter like restful sleep, and as the winters differ so also do the autumns. In the one autumn we see the sadness and solemnity of a preparation for death, in the other the gentle quietness of preparation for sleep, and so when in Virginia we ride about and look out upon "the happy autumn fields" the keen pleasure from the fresh air, the damp odors of the woods, the gorgeous colors of the trees, is not mingled with that vein of sadness which runs through all our enjoyment of the glorious New England fall.

Perhaps some of my readers would like to accompany me on a ride through the country one of these bright, cool November days. The horses are brought to the door directly after afternoon school, and we are off just as the students are marching over for their weekly drill in front of Virginia Hall. The brass band and the advancing columns of the battalion have an inspiring effect upon our horses, who dance and sidle, and in their efforts to escape from the companies of boys, cause a panic among the girls who stand in observant groups along the walk. Once safely past these objects of terror, our horses break into a brisk run, and we are soon out of the gate and off the school grounds. A lady on horseback is met, a very frequent sight in this part of the world, as we soon discover. All the Negro population smile approvingly and duck their heads to us as we pass. Sometimes a surprised or complimentary remark greets our ears. The prancing impatience of my little sorrel causes many a smile and sometimes even an exclamation, as "Look at dat horse, 'pears like she g'wine to fly," or "I reckon dat horse kill you some day," this latter remark from an old woman with a pail in each hand and a bundle of sticks on her head, whose personal appearance and flapping garments had sent poor Daisy flying out of the road without regard to trees, ditches or other impediments. Through the village of Hampton we go slowly, for the street is narrow and blocked with vehicles of every description; then, as we come out of the business street into the side streets, the Negro cabins, whitewashed, fenced and huddled closely together, grow vocal with the yelps and barks of many curs, who according to their age or prowess, bark or snarl from behind their fences or rush out at our horses' heels, regardless of the severe threats of future punishment proceeding from the human occupants of the cabins. We escape from this annoyance by a quick canter, curly headed children in all shades of bronze running out of the little gates with rolling eyes and gleaming teeth to watch our horses go by.

Once out of the town, the level fields stretch out all sides of us, broken here and there by masses of woods, the borders red and yellow against a dark background of evergreen. The corn is still standing on the stalks, but all the plumy glory of tassel and blade is gone, cut for the cattle, and the stalks stand bare and leafless, holding a bunch of ears alone midway from the ground. The hedge rows are one tangle of vines, trumpet creepers, woodbine, eatbrier, climbing and twisting over the fences and low bushes that border the road, and glowing now in their autumnal coloring. Tall red grasses droop gracefully here and there; and, everywhere, a shrub covered with fuzzy nebulous white down grows scattered over the fields. A party of small pickaninnies by the road side carrying the family marketing, among other things a flat black bottle, dangling by a cord, seem searching the ground anxiously for something; as we pass, the largest of the group, a boy of nine years perhaps, accosts us, "Say, Miss, you isn't see no five cents on de road, is you?" Poor little things! They have been sent to the store, and coming home with their purchases have lost their change. A scolding, perhaps a beating awaits them at home, and so we leave them trudging disconsolately along searching the road with anxious eyes for the missing five cent piece. Now the road turns into the woods, and our horses' feet fall silently on the pine needles. Coming toward us through the shadowy vista, we see a picturesque group: a steer cart with three long haired frowsy steers harnessed abreast, and, in the little box on wheels that creaks and rattles slowly behind them, a white haired, ebon faced patriarch with his wife and family, filling the cart to overflowing. Why either harness or cart holds together is a question that would puzzle an expert in physics, for the harness is made of old ropes, bits of cloth, anything and everything that a Negro cabin can produce, and the cart sways, creaks and rattles in such a way that no one unacquainted with its powers would dare trust himself in it for a moment. But a man who can afford to drive his family about the country in a cart drawn by three steers is a capitalist and is to be looked up to and respected by all his poorer neighbors who drive only one. With a benignant smile and wave of the hand, the driver of the odd team greets us, and all the little children on the floor of the cart turn their heads to look after us as we canter along.

Once out of the woods, we cross a short stretch of open country and soon find ourselves on a level beach with the Atlantic breakers booming at our feet. Sand dunes sparsely covered with coarse grass are at one side of us, the limitless expanse of blue ocean on the other. Here is the place for our horses to take that good run for which their souls have been longing ever since we started, and so laying the reins on their necks we let them out, and for a few moments everything is forgotten in the simple joy of the rapid motion. The breakers roar and rumble at our feet, the cool soft air from the sea stimulates and exhilerates us, and the strong limbs and elastic bodies of the horses we ride seem for the time to be our very own. For pure physical delight is there anything that can surpass a good run on a good horse with a hard white beach for a track, and the winds and the waves for company?

But there are people on the beach ahead of us and we must curb our impatient steeds and assume a more dignified and missionary like pace. A little fishing tent half hidden among the sand dunes accounts for the motley company of men, women and boys who are engaged in some mysterious operation (presumably connected with fishing), which involves ropes, nets and boats, and the occasional services of the whole group, with much shouting and laughing on the part of all engaged. Farther along we pass an old man with a crawling steer cart, in search of drift-wood for his cabin fire.

And now a few gaily dressed white people attest the nearness of the Hygeia Hotel. The line of sand duns on our right disappears and the low line of stone work crowned by green turf that takes its place is the outer wall of Fortress Monroe. Through the openings in the wall, we look into the black mouths of the cannon; and on our left, out in the water, picturesque but useless, lies the island of the Rip-raps with its unfinished, ungarrisoned fort. Now we strike into a road leading off of the beach, and soon emerge on to the shell road that runs from Fortress Monroe to Hampton. Just as we reach the government bridge, our attention is attracted by the evident surprise and delight of an old colored woman seated on a slow moving cart. She is arrayed in an old blue army cape, and a man's straw hat, and is smiling in such an affectionate manner that we smile and how in return. As we come within speaking distance, her smile break into words and laughter. "Why you isn't!"—here her utterance is broken by an irrepressible chuckle, which finally asserts itself as an unmistakable "Ho, Ho." The paroxysm over, she tries again. "Why you isn't been way round de creek, is you?" On our reply that we have, she breaks out again into laughter, but gains sufficient control over herself to call after us as we are getting out of hearing, "I reckon youse mighty smart riders."

Homeward we ride with the sunset glow shining upon the water. In the dim distance we are aware of a smile walking leisurely along under an immense overshadowing hat-brim, the smile growing more and more radiant as we approach it, and recognized by our experienced eyes as the "Butler grin." As we come quite close, the boy beneath the smile proves to be Benny, the pride and pet of the Butler, named in honor of the General who built from government funds the cruciform building of the Butler school.

As we reach the school grounds, the bell is ringing for supper. The students are assembling in their companies in front of their domitories for roll call; the great buildings are lighted and their many windows shine cheerfully through the gathering twilight. Sounds of song and laughter are in the air, and far away across the creek the young moon and evening star gleam gold and silver through the rosy afterglow.

A Visit from Aunt Betsey.

When I came out of school this morning I found Aunt Betsey sitting upon my front piazza, patiently waiting for some one to let her in. A queer little bent figure scarcely large enough to carry the big basket which she brings over weekly for supplies, she tottered to her feet as I drew near and smiled: the childlike, innocent smile that somehow softens one's heart at once.

"Well, Aunt Betsey, how are you getting along?"

"I'se mighty po'ly honey, I certainly is" is the reply, though the cheerful smile seems to indicate that being "mighty po'ly" is a matter of small importance to her.

The door once open, Aunt Betsey comes in and plants herself by the fire, while the business of filling, or partially filling the big basket, is being attended to. She gazes about the room with considerable satisfaction while her poor old bones take their ease in a comfortable chair. At last her eyes rest upon the gray fur hearth rug.

"Is dat an animal, honey?"

"Yes, Aunt Betsey, that's a goat skin."

She ponders awhile over the information, then makes another conversational venture.

"Pears like dat must a growed in de back country."

"Yes, that came from away cross the sea" I explain.

"Dat jes so, honey, I thought it growed in de back country. Pears like dat animal mout eat a body up ef twas roun' yer."

"Oh that wouldn't eat any one Aunt Betsy, it was only a goat. You've seen goats, havn't you."

"So I has, honey, so I has! An so dat aint nuffin but a goat!" and Aunt Betsey looks at the rug with slightly diminished respect.

After this, conversation flags for a little space, until, the order on the commissary written and the small bundles placed in the depths of the large basket, Aunt Betsey shows symptoms of getting ready to depart.

"How is your daughter, Aunt Betsy," I ask by way of saying something.

"She's on'y jest tol'able, honey, jes tol'able, honey, jes tol'able. She got a right smart lot o'chillens and grand chillens to look out for."

"Has your daughter grand children, Aunt Betsey?"

"She has dat; why honey, de white folks as knows says I'se mo'n eighty years ole," and the infantile smile spreads all over the little brown face with delight at my expressed surprise.

"Well Aunt Betsey, it isn't every old lady of eighty who could walk all the way here from your house as you do."

The smile grows more radiant.

"Yes honey. I can't work like I used to cause I'se sorter trembly in my legs, but I kin walk a right smart way when I has to."

"How far do you call it from your house?" I ask.

"Now, honey, hasn't you never been to de railroad dike?" But you hasn't now has you?" doubtfully, fearful that she is expecting too much in supposing that my expeditions from the school may have extended so far.

"Don't you remember, Aunt Betsy I've been way out to your house? I've been to see you two or three times."

Yes, yes honey, cose I does, on'y I'se gettin' so old, pears like my min' gettin mighty feeble. Sho nuff, you has been dar, sho'ly now," and Aunt Betsy goes off into a laugh so contagious that the conversation ceases altogether for a few moments.

But Aunt Betsey's mind reverts to the distance between her home and the school. She cocks her head on one side like a wise old bird, and thinks the matter over. At last she expresses her opinion in a deferential manner.

"You don't tink its not two miles does you?" with a look that shows she would like to have me say it is at least three.

"Well, I don't know as its quite two miles but I should say it must be at least a mile and a half."

"Dat's mighty nigh onto dat, isn't it honey?" and I assent. for she so much wishes to have it two miles that I am perfectly willing it should be.

She rises now to go, but totters a little as she stands, and nearly falls, but rests a moment against the wall before going out. A sudden thought strikes me, and I tell her to wait there, while I go out into the shed and bring back a juicy New England pear.

"Do you like pears, Aunt Betsy?"

The little brown face lights up in an instant.

"I hasn't seen nuffin like dat for long time, honey," she says as she takes the pear and crawls slowly down the steps chuckling and fondling the unacustomed luxury.

Natural History at Hampton.

Probably there are few things that are at the same time so hard and so interesting to teach at Hampton as the Natural History. It is hard because it is taught to large classes, and without a text-book, and because it comes at the beginning of the Junior year, when the students have had little training of any kind, and have no idea of scientific method. But the fact that their minds are so young gives a special fascination to the work of teaching them how to notice and how to read. Lists of references are put up in the library about the various animals that are studied, and some of the students devour the books with avidity. They must be selected with some care, for everything in print is law and gospel to the Hampton student, and he insists that a bat is a bird "because it says so in the dictionary," whatever the teacher may say to the contrary, until she shows him from a larger dictionary that a bat is a "cheiropterous mammel." This gives him peace, for the word *cheiropterous* is one not dreamed of in his philosophy, and when the teacher tells him the Greek words from which it is derived he decides that he may as well respect her after all. But he does not always accept her word when it opposes his cherished superstitions. When the lesson was about cats, one boy said that the shape of a cat's eyes changed with the moon, being round when the moon is full, and narrow at the first and last quarter. The teacher explained that this was not true, but that the pupil was round in the dark and narrow in the light, and then said "Don't be discouraged, but tell us what else you know about cats." Whereupon he rose and calmly remarked—"I am not at all discouraged, for I *know* it to be the fact." There are some curious applications of Biblical lore to science, as when some one raised the question whether snakes have feet, and a boy said impressively, "Snakes do *not* have feet, because it says in the Bible, 'upon thy belly shalt thou go'"; or when a skeleton was being exhibited in class, and a boy demanded "where the spare rib came from that Eve was made out of."

But some of the most interesting things are found in the examination papers which the students write about once in two weeks. The first set of papers this year spelled the word "mollusks" in twenty-five different ways, among them "mules," "moulks," and "molocks." Even the word *horse* appears as "hors", "hors", and "hose". One boy, when he waxes physiological, talks about the "blood wessels", the "win pipe", and the "bruncial cords". Another, who has picked up somewhere the word *thorax*, airs it whenever he has a chance, in the two forms "thrac" and "throax". The physiological gentleman mentioned above undertakes to describe the skeleton of a horse, with the following result:—"The skeliton of a horse is pricable the vertbre that goes strait down his back they have no collar bone. There knee is there rist there elbo is there knee there heal comes up high on his leg. And he is ugley altogether". One of the girls dismisses the same subject in this summary way:—"The skeleton of a horse is all bones"; and another elucidates it further thus:—"The skeleton of a horse he look boaney that is he is boaney and his legs are long".

Some of the papers bring woe to the teacher's heart. When the nature of the diaphragm has been repeatedly explained with great care, it is discouraging to have it appear as "a large muscle in the neck", "seven vertebrae in the neck", "the place where a word gets stuck when we don't open our mouth wide enough to let it out", or to read "the diaphragm is generally covered with hair".

A question about the internal economy of a cat elicits such answers as these: "The internal of a cat are the organs which join the intessals to gather. The diaphragm seperates the intessals from the body"; "the eternal organs of a cat has a heart in the chest, in the uper part";—and from an Indian boy: "The cat is a have always small organs when it is young an older too just as same". The teeth of a dog are called by one student "cisers, incisers, molders", and by another "molors, insisers and quinnious". A dog's claws are said to be "attractible", and his eyes are "not too large nor too small but they are of a mediuam size". The hoy whose "intessals" are quoted above enumerates the members of the Dog Family thus: "the tiger, leophard, fox, wolf, lynches, their eyes are of a grayash color", and says that ungulates "grasp on to things by their mouth, they are very locomotive".

These are some of the funny things that happen, but the work is not all a joke. Many of the students are doing serious and admirable work. No one who sees their rapt attention when the lesson is specially interesting and their eagerness to learn new names and new facts, can doubt that they are in earnest or that it is worth while to teach them.

MARY A. JOHNSON.

Letters From Hampton Graduates.

FROM THE "STEELE ORPHANAGE," IN CHATTANOOGA. A NOBLE CHARITY GLAD TO SHARE IN ITS WORK. FROM AN HONEST DEBTOR. A PLEASANT LITTLE SCHOOL IN THE WOODS. NOT AFRAID TO TRY. THE EDUCATION OF TRAVEL. TEACHING SELF HELP.

One of our last year's graduates, who has found a worthy field of work in Mrs. Steel's noble charity for orphans in Tennessee, writes thus appreciatingly of it, and of a contribution sent from the Hampton Sunday-school.

FROM THE STEELE ORPHANAGE.

Chattanooga, Tenn. Oct., 26, 1885.

Dear schoolmates and friends: I have received a letter from Mr. Frissell, and enclosed in it was an order for $10.00 from your Sunday school, for the Steele Orphanage

I think it is useless for me to say we were made happy by it; for when you think of so many children who cannot do any thing for themselves, but are dependent on others, you may know they are proud of any gift.

Perhaps you would like to know something about the work in which I am engaged. I have been employed in the Home since the 12th of August, and must say that each day I derive new pleasures from my work.

There are now about fifty-seven children here. The number increases very fast. We have from babies six months old, up to fourteen. You can see what a large family there is. You may wonder what we do with so many children; how we keep them from fighting, stealing and other bad things. Of course it is hard to train them at first and to get them to leave off their bad habits, for some come from wicked families; but as the saying is "where there is a will there is a way." We have prayers morning and evening and school five hours a day; the rest of the time is devoted to work. You know we take time to eat.

There are eight ladies who are engaged in this work, six white. Miss Bertie Holland, an ex-student of Hampton, has charge of the cooking, and the boys' dormitories. I now have charge of the mending and have two of the older girls who do the ladies' washing. They are learning to wash nicely. I can now trust them with the washing, for they will rub until the piece is clean. They are taught, that "To serve God, we must do *everything* as unto Him.' I do not mean to say they are perfect in any way, for they have much to learn.

They sing grace before eating, and you will be surprised to know that the verses sung are the ones that are sung at Hampton. They know how many books there are in the Bible, and can name them; they also know the Commandments. They know a great deal about the "Story of the Bible," for it has been read through to them three times if not more, and they can tell who gave the book to Mrs. Steele. They have also had the "Story of the Gospel" read to them. The good that these two books have done the children, is seen now, and I hope more will be seen in after years, when they become men and women.

They attend the Congregational church; I must say that they behave nicely. They don't turn around to see who comes in or who goes out, but when they come home they can tell what the text was and where to find it, also what hymns were sung. In the afternoon they go to Sunday school in the chapel here at the Home. In the evenings they have Bible readings.

As I have told you that some come from very wicked families, I will tell you that I was never more surprised in my life than when some of the children said they had never heard about Christ before they came to the Home. Just to think, in the eastern part of Tennessee, in this large city where there are quite a number of educated colored people! Some think the work too low for them to stoop and do it. Children were trying on the streets from neglect until dear Mrs. Steele took her hard earned money to put into a home for these children. After she had taken the first step, some kind people helped, until the children are now made happy. They very seldom fight, for they are taught that it is wicked.

The matron has gone on her vacation, and in her absence I have charge of two babies. They are very dear little children; one of them, its mother threw away, left it on the door steps of a family in the city. It is the pet of the Home.

Forgive me for writing so much, but I feel so interested in my work. If I could see you and talk to you I could tell you better. I don't feel, as one of my schoolmates wrote to me about my work, "Sorry that I have such an humble place of labour," but I thank my Heavenly Father that He has given me this field. I have found out that "true happiness is in making others happy," and my happiness can not be told, in making so many little hearts glad.

Mrs. Steele is now in Massachusetts, but I know she will send many thanks to our kind Hampton friends.

I will advise, you dear students, to improve each moment, for you will regret the time you have lost at school when you go out into the field of labor, as I have.

May God's blessing rest on you all, and ever remember the children in the Orphanage.

I will enclose a note written by one of the girls twelve years old. It was written to me. She is a good Christian girl as can be seen by what she wrote.

Yours gratefully, A.

Dear Miss Annie:

I am trying to be a good girl. Sometimes I talk in school but I am going to try not talk. We had a Bible reading last night and it done me so much good. I want you to pray for me. It seems hard to get along without doing or saying sometning wrong. I am sorry for what I have done. This is all.

Good by, your loving friend, C.

FROM A WORKER AT TUSKEGEE.

One more Hampton graduate, who has completed a futher course at the Westfield Normal School, having joined the corps at Tuskegee, writes as follows:

Tuskegee, Ala., Nov. 3rd, 1885.

Dear Miss C:

Your circular is just received. I am glad to see that you have not forsaken me.

I was graduated from Westfield in June.

I spent the summer in working for Tuskegee at the North, and came here in Sept. I was surprised to find such an excellent school built up by young Hamptonians.

Hampton is well represented in the corps of teachers, having ten out of fourteen.

The prejudice is not near so bad as one would think it would be in Alabama; it is not so bad as represented.

The Negro in this State has not improved his opportunities. He has been dormant too long, and as a consequence finds it too much of an exertion to take that which belongs to him now.

I have visited the country twice; that is the old plantations. I find the Negro is but little better to-day than he was twenty years ago. This mortgage system of farming is killing our people here, and they never will amount to anything until it is done away with.

Our school is very full; in fact we have more than we can comfortably accommodate. We have 225 pupils now, and are constantly receiving applications for admission. Every week we have to refuse worthy young men and women who want to come and work during the day, and go to night school, to prepare themselves both mentally and financially for next year's work.

Many of our students are ex-ministers and teachers. We have three ex-members of the State Legislature, in school; several married men. Our students' ages run from 15 to 40 years.

I find the pupils very studious and eager to learn. As a rule, they are very poor. Most of the young men are paying their own way.

I find several Hampton students in the State. Among them is Dr. C. H. Dorsette, who is doing a flourishing business in Montgomery. He is considered, by both white and colored, one of the best doctors in the State.

I enjoy my work very much, especially my Sunday school work. * * *

Cordially yours, C.

FROM AN HONEST DEBTOR.

The excellent spirit and sense of honor shown by the majority of those of our students who graduate, as some are trusted to, in debt to the school, is very gratifying and creditable. One such writes from her pleasant little school house in the woods:

——, Va., Oct., 20, 1885.

Dear General:

As you know, I owe $13.00 and some cents on my schooling, and promised to pay it this month, October, as I expected, by this time, to have taught one month. Owing to illness, I have been unable to carry out my plan, and have just opened school. I am told by the trustees, that I can't get any money until Christmas, but just as soon as I can I will send the sum.

As soon as I found this out, I thought it my duty to write you about it. Sorry I cannot attend to it now.

I have a very pleasant little school out in the *woods* about six miles from home.

The school-house is a large log house, with three windows, a few benches, one stove and a small black-board in it.

The children are anxious to learn something, and the parents will work hard day and night to send them to school. I don't think I will have any trouble, teaching object lessons instead of "A B C," as the people here seem to think whatever the teacher suggests is all right. They have neither church nor Sunday school, but I hope soon to start a little Sunday school.

APPRECIATION OF THE NIGHT SCHOOL.

I am proud to say I got my sister in the night school at Hampton, this fall. Some thought, as she was getting older, I had better try to keep her in day school, but as I had been there a work student, I knew the good of it. I have one more sister to send that way, and if I had a dozen more, and could, I would send them as work students.

Wishing you great success this term, I am yours very gratefully. C.

NOT AFRAID TO TRY.

We congratulate our "Hampton graduate," and are "not afraid" that he will continue to succeed.

——Va., Nov. 15, 1885.

Dear Dr. W.

I trust you are well, and enjoying the pleasant autumn., Having been blessed with good health and a nice boarding place, the part already past, has been quite agreeable to me.

Sept. 11th, I was appointed principal of what is called "The Graded School of ——" Well, I am sure a smaller name would do, but however, I shall continue the story.

I was told by several persons that it would be impossible for me to teach the advanced pupils, they had completed algebra, grammar, history, geography, and had studied music two terms. They said: "A Hampton graduate can't teach that school, and if you don't want your feelings hurt, by finding pupils higher than you are, I advise you not to try it." I told them I was no coward, and with all due credit to them, I should make an effort to teach the school, regardless of anyone's advice I further stated that those pupils who were my superiors ought to be teaching.

On the 16th of Sept., I began to teach, having one assistant Mrs. ——, who had opened school the previous day while I was at home. Mrs. ——, is well experienced as a teacher, and is a great help to me.

I have examined every new comer, and as yet no one has passed a satisfactory examination in arithmetic, beyond long division; in geography, beyond the "earth is round like an orange or a ball," in grammar, beyond, "every sentence must begin with a capital letter, and end with a period;" or in history, beyond "Columbus discovered America in 1492." There are about five who can read music in C, and I being able to read in any key, also to perform on the organ, am ahead of them, and having my evenings for study, am *liable* to remain ahead of them.

I shall do all in my power to bring the school up out of self-conceit, endeavoring to teach them to think. I have on roll one hundred and thirty-five, and prospects for the future are favorable. * * *

Yours respectfully. B.

THE EDUCATION OF TRAVEL.

We are glad when our students recognize and can enjoy the advantage of varied forms of education.

N. C., October 30th, '85.

Dear Miss C.:

Your annual reminder of the interest which is taken in the students of Hampton was received not many days ago. I hasten the reply, before I, like some others, shall be guilty of a breach of politeness, by waiting for a more convenient season. The past summer has been a very pleasant one; while enjoying the benefits afforded by a long rest, change of scene and air, I have had a wide scope for sight seeing. It has long been an earnest wish of mine to visit the North, so, with economical management, I saved enough from my salary to enable my acceptance of an invitation to spend my vacation in York, Penn. I stopped in Washington in order to see the many public buildings, and other places of which I had read so many descriptions; not any however conveyed half the pleasure reality afforded. My next stay was in Baltimore, with my class-mate Josie L. She is favored with an amiable family, and they made my visit one of continual enjoyment. In both cities I met a number of Hampton friends, and as you may readily infer, the meeting with old and dear friends added largely to my enjoyment. York is situated near the mountains, and noted for its healthy locality. My friend's husband is a studious minister, and possesses a large library of valuable volumes, so with a quiet house and plenty of instructive reading matter, I made good use of my time.

These advantages, and the meeting of old and new friends made this the most benificial and pleasant vacation I have ever spent. It is indeed a grand privilege to be permitted to travel, if only a short distance. The most thoughtless observer can not fail to derive some benefit, for his perception is developed and his thoughts naturally will cover a broader area.

In reply to your questions, I am a member of the Episcopal Church and a teacher in the Sunday school. Our minister the Rev. C. O. Brady, who is colored, has lived in Boston, and until last year, one of his friends there, a wealthy lady, gave presents for our Sunday school Christmas tree, but she is dead, and we do not have them any more.

I have been teaching since Nov. 1881. My first school was in Virginia. This term will be the fourth in the Graded School in ——. Our schools have a larger attendance this year than ever before in their history. I think the increase is largely due to the attractive appearance of the buildings. Our school has been repainted, new shutters put up, and where needed, stoves put in. The teachers have decorated their rooms with pictures, so now our school presents a most cheerful appearance. We have more pupils than we ought to have in order to do our duty, but I do not complain, trusting that good may be the result of patient toil.

Hoping you may write me when convenient. I am with best wishes,

Yours truly, L.

TEACHING SELF HELP.

The most valuable lessons at Hampton are those that form character. We rejoice when our students so well acquire the lesson of self help that they try to impart it to those who come under their influence.

——Va., October 19th, 1885.

Miss A. E. C.:

Dear friend: Your favor came to hand a few days ago. You kindly inquired the length of time I have taught since leaving Hampton. (I left '82) I have taught sixteen months; two terms of five months each, and one of six months, while I have worked with all of my power, still all I have done seems very weak indeed, when I look at the work that must be done. My last place was about 200 miles from home: a school built by the Northern friends. It is a very complete house costing $1,500 with a big bell on it; and it has all the school furniture needed. This house is rented every year by the Board, and as soon as the public schools are ended, the friends carry on the same school two or three months longer. So the children have a good chance for learning, and they seem to have enjoyed it. This school has been taught by several of the Hampton graduates, namely Mr. Daggs, Davis, Stokes, Kelser and Green. I found it well on its feet. Some of the pupils had almost completed what is allowed for the school. I mean had gone over it several times. I had one class that I thought would do Hampton credit. My middle class, I don't think could be beaten. A white lady from Philadelphia was present with Mr. M. and Dr. C., on my examination day, and the lady said the "spelling, grammar, and arithmetic classes could'nt be beaten." She said "she had came all the way from Philadelphia just to see that school." Mr. M. is one of the trustees. He said that as far as he had seen, the school could'nt be beaten; but stated he could'nt tell thoroughly unless he was to examine from where they commenced at the first of the term. I told him he would find them perfect in all they had gone over. My school was not so full as usual on account of so much sickness; and the people have had three years bad crops, so that some were not able to send their children. I thought several times to ask aid of some of my teachers as I had seen done by some of the graduates. Then it came to me it was time for my people to help themselves and not depend on others so much. If I were in a place where I could not see a man take a drink and where women never used snuff and tobacco, then if they seemed to need aid for their children I could call on my friends to aid them. But when I see them spending their money for such things, I cannot beg with an honest heart for them. In some places I find the colored people doing finely, but in other places they are doing themselves little or no good.

I can say to you I think I shall never leave the field until I become unable to do my duty as a teacher. I feel greatly the need of more improvement and I cannot see my way and how it shall be done. My pay is so poor I cannot buy the books I need to improve myself. But every year those I have to lead are coming higher and higher. I wish I had the chance of getting a place at the end of my term where I could work in the day and go to school at night. If you know of such a place, please inform me. I am not teaching now, I shall commence as soon as I find a call. I did'nt have any Christmas tree. As the children were more in need of books and clothes I could'nt demand one from the parents. I am glad to say I have always found the white people friendly wherever I have been.

I cannot thank you too much for the kind care you have over us and I shall be one if God help, you may count as a faithful son and a dear lover of old Hampton and my gratitude shall be a burning flame toward my Hampton teachers.

Your respectfully, — W.

Southern Workman.

Indian Department.

ELAINE GOODALE, *In Charge*

Regular Contributors:

HERBERT WELSH, *Cor. Sec'y Indian Rights Association.*

ALICE C. FLETCHER,

REV JOHN J. GRAVATT,

MRS. A. S. QUINTON, *Gen'l Sec'y of the Womans' National Indian Ass'n.*

REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.,

JAMES MCLOUGHLIN.

JOHN G. GASMANN,

SENATOR DAWES makes an able appeal for the destitute Chippewa Indians whose lands have been overflowed by the reservoirs now building at the headwaters of the Mississippi. It seems that the commission appointed to assess their damages awarded the Chippewas a gross sum of $10.000 and an annual payment of $26.000. This yearly award has never been appropriated, and 1500 Indians are at the point of starvation.

IN A LETTER to the *Morning Star* we have the following remarkable statement "The police system is a forward move and is fast growing to be one of the features of the Agencies. Among the Indians it is counted an honorable calling, *the distinction of being permitted to bear fire-arms not being without its weight.*" The fact is that all the Sioux are well armed with rifles, and, further, that this Indian police have actually been put at a disadvantage in this respect by the singular order of ex-Secretary Teller, who chose tn disarm, not the people, but the police, leaving them only their revolvers with which to inspire terror among cow-boys and Indians armed with Winchesters of the most approved pattern. Dr. McGillycuddy, of Pine Ridge, alone of all the agents has retained his rifles, simply because he would do so or disband his police force at once.

What May We Hope For?

We await with anxious interest the development of the policy of the administration in regard to Indian affairs. The President has been warmly and deservedly praised for many of his official acts in defence of Indian rights. In regard to the Oklahoma and Crow Creek lands, he showed not only that he meant well, but that he had the wisdom and force to do well. His proclamations commanding the evacuation of Indian lands by unlawful white occupants have done much to vindicate the outraged dignity of the law, and to show men who believed the Indian to be practically without protection, that, after all, they may in this view be mistaken. Such people in the future will enter less confidently upon unscrupulous schemes to rob the Indian. But what will be the policy of the administration in a matter of hardly lighter import—the appointment of agents and their employees? Already a large number of changes have been made in Indian agents. Fifty per cent, we understand, have been displaced. Of the wisdom of such changes in most instances, we have not the knowledge which will enable us to form an accurate judgment. But in some cases we cannot but deplore the change, and we are forced to believe that the grounds of action were of a political and partisan nature, and not a wisc and well-guided desire for the advancement of the Indian and the greater efficiency of the service. Political partisanship is the deadly foe of the civilization of the Indian. It is a principle absolutely hostile to that which shnuld hold good in the management of the Indian office, sound business judgment, enlightened by a thorough knowledge of the needs of the Indian service. Men should be appointed to serve as Indian agents, not because they have been good political workers in this town or in that county, but because they are fitted to perform the work for which ostensibly they are appointed and paid. Ability, integrity, and experience, so far as the latter can be obtained, are the requisite qualities, not only in an Indian agent, but in every employee of the Indian service. In no department of Gnvernment work are the principles of civil service reform more needed than in the Indian service. It is of vital import that agents who have done and are doing good work, should not only be retained, but that their hands should be made strong and their influence increased by the cordial sympathy of the government they serve. Believing this to be a cardinal point in the confessioo of faith of true friends of the Indians, we await with deepest interest the action of the administration in relation to the agents of the Sioux Reserve,—a most important part of the Indian country. Regarding the work of these men, we believe that we are intimately informed, and in the light of such knowledge as we possess, we declare unhesitatingly, that it is a matter of critical importance as to whether certain of them are retained or removed.

H. W.

Agents Gasmann, McLaughlin, McGillycuddy and Wright.

If the administration earnestly desires the civilization of the Sioux people, let the men whose names form the above caption be retained. They cannot be held if the cries of partisan spoilsmen are to be heeded, nor can they be dismissed if the welfare of the Indian is considered. If their resignations are called for, a deadly blow, in our opinion, will have been struck at the budding civilization of the Sioux.

Agent Gasmann is a man of high Christian character, of wisdom and patience, of many years experience among the Indians. He has brought his people safely through severe crises, which would undoubtedly have had a different, and far less happy termination, had it not been for his tact and firmness. The marvelous patience shown by the Indians at Crow Creek, under the galling injustice to which they were subjected, was largely due to this agent's wise counsel, and to the influence which his character exercised over them. Wheo affairs were at fever heat, any act of resistance upon the part of the Indians to the encroachments of the whites, would have brought on an armed conflict that must have ended in terrible disaster to the Indiaos. Both the government and the people owe to agent Gasmann a debt of gratitude that the threatened danger was averted. He has pursued a patient and dignified attitude under a continued fire of reckless calumny, from those whose schemes were frustrated by the revocation of President Arthur's executive order. The excellence of his work for his Indians is manifest to all who visit his agency. But it is rumored that he holds his position by an uncertain tenure. Already his chief clerk has been superseded by a gentleman who has had no previous experience in the duties which his position requires him to perform. Such a change must necessarily prove a grave embarassment to the agent. We sincerely trust that this change, which we cannot but think ill-advised, does not presage one of a still more radical and disastrous nature—the removal of Major Gasmann himself.

It is hardly likely that an attempt will be made to displace Major McLaughlin, the present agent at Standing Rock. He is a Democrat and a Roman Catholic. His backing is very strong and he fully deserves all the support that he receives. By native ability, by tireless industry, fired with a warm sympathy for his Indians, he has achieved his present success. He has diffused his own energetic and active spirit into the slow Indian blood about him, until his reservation is bright with signs of unwonted life and movement. We rejoiced as we journeyed over it.

Agent Wright has wrought a great change in the Rosebud reserve since we visited it two and a half years ago. The crowded camp about the agency is no more; the monotonous beating of the dance and feast drum, which was constantly heard there, has ceased, and the people have begun to scatter out upon the fertile bottoms that skirt the creeks, and to take the first steps toward farming and civilized life School houses and mission chapels, the latter built by the Episcopal church in response to the call of the Indians, are springing up in these new communities. The glimmer of the coming dawn already streaks the night that has so long blackened over these people. To Agent Wright is the credit of this change principally due. He is the best agent, without question, that the Upper Brule band of Sioux have ever had. Will the Department retain hlm and so foster into maturity the life which he has begotten?

Of Dr. McGillycuddy, the agent at Pine Ridge, we have often spoken in terms of the highest commendation. We have just visited his agency, for the second time, and we shall therefore speak of him again. Of all the Indian agents, who come within our knowledge, for executive ability of a high order, he is most conspicuous. He is a western man, and a courageous autocrat, stationed at a post where wise autocracy is essential to success. He has it is true, been bitterly and pertinaciously attacked, but the attacks made upon him have emanated from disreputable men whom he has removed from the reservation, from the hostile and non-progressive element among the Indians, and misguided enthusiasts in the east, who have become the mouth piece for those, who, if they had the power, would arrest all civilization among the Sioux. We believe that those who are living at a distance fail to comprehend the nature and importance of the struggle which is going on at Pine Ridge. It is an irreconcilable conflict between barbarism and civilization, between the old authority of the chiefs on the one hand, an authority which means idleness, pauperism and savagery, and the authority of the government on the other, which means order, progress and civilization. Dr. McGillycuddy and the majority of the Indians who are favorable to civilization are arrayed against Red Cloud and his followers, who, as Spotted Tail formerly did at Rosebud, keep up the old Indian customs and dances, refuse to send their children to school, and strain every nerve to check progress among the people. Both parties anxiously await decisive action on the part of the government, which will reveal its purpose and decide who is to be victorious in the contest. The downfall of Dr. McGillycuddy will gravely imperil if it does not completely overthrow the remarkable work which he has begun and developed among the Ogallala Sioux.

Will the Government, wisely recognizing his abilities and services, retain bim, or must he, too, go? H. W.

Our Native American Literature.

There are probably few persons acquainted with the fact that we possess anything worthy the name of "literature" in the native American languages. To most the title of "Aboriginal Authors and their Productions,"* would seem an absurdity. Dr. Brinton's success in this neglected field will prove a revelation.

His study of the literary faculty in the native mind, indicated by a vivid imagination, a love of narrative, and an ample, appropriate and logically developed vocabulary, throws light upon knowledge which we already possess. We acknowledge the Indian's figurative powers and gift for story-telling, but we learn with some surprise of his literary productions in the English, Spanish and Latin languages. Dr. Brinton gives a partial list of these as an "easy test of the faculties of the red race in this direction." His labor is, however, mainly directed toward the study and preservation of works in the native languages, under the heads of narrative, didactic, oratorical, poetical and dramatic literature.

In these primeval records, the narrative portion is the most abundant, and is probably the earliest form of sustained discourse. The "Walum Olum" or Red Score of the Delawares, and the Iroquois "Book of Rites" are among the remarkable examples of native productions which have been preserved to us. Aboriginal calendars and maps display considerable knowledge and ingenuity.

"The love of the American Indian for oratorical display," says Dr. Brioton, "has been commentedupon by almost all writers who have studied his disposition. * *. Yet in spite of all that has been said about the native oratory, we are in a very inadequate position to judge of it correctly, and this because *we have no accurate reports in the original tongues* of their speeches. Translations, more or less loose, more or less imaginary, we have in abundance: but, for critical purposes, they are simply worthless."

He also says some judicious things about the Indian soogs. "The earliest and simplest poetry is nothing more than modulated sounds; it is not in definite words and hence is not capable of translation; it is but the expression of feeling through the voice. * Perhaps this first is also the highest expression of the aesthetic sense. The most admired cantatrices of to-day drown the words in a wealth of vocalization, and the meaning is lost. * * These principles must be borne in mind when we apply the canons of criticism to the poetry of the ruder races. It is not composed to be read, or even recited, but to be sung; its aim is, not to awaken thought or convey information, but solely to excite emotion. It can have a meaning only when heard, and only in the surroundings which gave it birth."

This is not, however, true of all the American poetry of which we have record. "The first European who wrote about the songs of the natives of America, who was none other than the witty and learned Montaigne, paid a high tribute to their true poetic spirit. The refrain of one, supposed to be addressed to one of those beautiful serpents of the tropical forests, reads thus:—

"O serpent, stay! stay, O serpent, that thy painted skin may serve my sister as the pattern for the design and form of a rich coat, which I may give to my love; for this favor, may thy beauty and grace be esteemed beyond those of all other serpents."

'I have had enough to do with poetry', comments Montaigne on this couplet, 'to say about this that not only is there nothing barbarous in the fancy but that it is altogether worthy of Anacreon.'"

With this quotation we lay down the book, which deserves reading at the bands of all students, whatever their specialty.

*D. G. Brinton, Philadelphia—1885.

The two following papers were prepared, with a brief sketch of Hampton's work for both races, for distribution at a Fair held in Boston, Nov. 19th and 20th, by our kind friends of King's Chapel, in the interest of the hospital for Indian and Colored boys at Hampton, whose cost they have generously assumed. Believing that the readers of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN will be generally interested in reports from the reservations and the returned Indian students, we transfer them to our columns.

Hampton's Indian Students At Home.

BY HELEN W. LUDLOW.

In this practical age, every cause that appeals to the people, must be put to the most practical of tests. So, therefore, must the cause of Indian education.

First, there is the School test. Will Indians study? Can they learn? Hampton answers with her hundred and forty Indian students, acquiring all the branches of elementary education through the medium of a language itself the most difficult of their studies: with her thirty Indian members of the Normal school, keeping up with their English speaking comrades in all its classes; with her nine Indian graduates who have completed the full Normal course, one of them contemplating a professional education.

Then, there is the Industrial test. Will Indians work? Can they be broken in to civilized pursuits?

Hampton answers with her farms, and work rooms, and training shops, where Indian apprentices are working under white masters and side by side with a race long trained to labor—as farmers, carpenters, harness makers, blacksmiths, tinsmiths, shoemakers, printers, tailors, seamstresses, house-workers—producing results that stand the most impartial and inexorable of all tests—that of the market.

Thousands of visitors from every section of the country and from abroad, have for the last six years seen the application of these tests of the school and industrial training in Indian education at Hampton. They are virtually, perhaps, no longer in question among intelligent people.

There remains the Home test—most practical, most important, crucial. Will Indians stay civilized? Or is it true, as a Western paper feelingly puts it, that:

"The Indian boys and girls in our various institutions of learning show themselves to be apt scholars. But the experience is that as soon as they are returned to their tribe, they don the blanket and return to the customs of their fathers and mothers."

Is this the "experience?" Hampton has no wish to work for a cause whose failure is a foregone conclusion: no right to ask for help in such a work.

To study this and the general Indian question on the ground, that the school itself and the friends of the red man might better know the actual facts about him, I was sent out last July, and spent the summer in the West, visiting especially the Sioux reservations in Dakota, from which most of our Indian students come, and where over a hundred of them, returned to their homes within the last five years, are now living. There, if, anywhere the answer should be found. And, when it is found, should it not be acted upon?

In my exceedingly interesting journey, which I wish could be as easily taken as the trip to Hampton by all who are honestly interested in the question, I visited five agencies along the Missouri river in Dakota and one in Wisconsin, where were living seventy-three returned Indian students—twenty-seven young women and girls, forty six young men and boys, who had been returned to their homes from Hampton at different times, from one to five years ago. Forty-five of these I saw myself, talking with them freely, and visiting most of their homes. Of all, I had separate and full accounts from their agents, missionaries, teachers, employers and acquaintances. The agencies I visited were Yankton, Lower Brule, Crow Creek, Standing Rock and Fort Berthold in Dakota—staying from four to ten days at each, and two days at the Menomonee reservation in Wisconsin.

This is the record, good and bad:

Of the seventy-three, four and only four—"don the blanket." One of these is an epileptic girl, another a consumptive boy who was only a few months at Hampton, and in his weakness finds his accustomed dress the easiest; wearing his blanket as a white invalid would his dressing gown. The other two are young women who, though not considered good material at Hampton, ought to know better, but have married in Indian style and gone back to Indian life. Four others are reported as "bad," have done nothing criminal, and keep themselves in citizen's dress, but are "lazy and troublesome," their influence and example on the wrong side. Nineteen more have not had a continuously good record, but are doing fairly well now. One of them went back to his blanket for a time, but the influences of the new life were not wholly lost and have started him again in the white man's road, as great a witness to their power perhaps as could be given.

Forty-six have done very well indeed—some of them very remarkably so—constantly since their return: working as they have had opportunity; the boys at their trades, farming or other manual labor, clerking or teaching; the girls as teachers or assistants in the schools, helping their parents or keeping house for themselves, five having married since their return home.

Forty-six out of seventy-three—would it be a bad proportion for the honor roll, of any white "institution of learning?" And to these may fairly be added six who, after spending one or more years at home with a good record, returned to school at their own desire and were doing well there when I was at their homes. Three of the forty-six have since followed their examples.

Of the fifteen who have died at their homes, the only one who even partially returned to Indian garments, did so because he was too weak to work for others, but pathetically begged to be buried like a white man in the citizen's clothes sent him by a kind friend. One young man yielded to the temptations of a military camp and died in consequence; two others did not do continuously well. The rest did all as well as they had physical strength and opportunity, two of them very finely.

I have not included in these figures the agency of Cheyenne River, because I stopped there but a few hours, and obtained only a general instead of a detailed report. It was that "The Hampton students are doing generally well. None have returned to camp life."

Twenty-eight girls and boys, sent home in July to various agencies are also not included. Twenty-one of these I saw myself, or were reported to me as having gone to work and promising well.

Statistics are always dry. Perhaps my readers will rather go with me to the agencies and look for themselves at some of our

HAMPTON STUDENTS AT HOME.

What is a typical Indian home of the present day? A log cabin of one room, with two windows and a door, earth floor, and an earth roof through which a rusty stove-pipe finds its way without the aid of a chimney. Inside, the cook stove in the centre, and ranged round the sides, hunks and beds enough to accommodate—on them and under them—the easily accommodated family of men, women, children and dogs. Sacks of corn and dried vegetables alternate with perhaps a chair or two and, inevitably, one or more Saratoga trunks that have an air of surprise at their surroundings. This is the winter mansion. Banked with sod it is warm; only too warm and close. When six or eight months' occupation has made it quite unbearable even to it owners, it is abandoned to the house cleaning of sun and air. The summer residence rises conveniently near it—a canvas tepee; little more than a sleeping place, most of the family life being carried on under the still more airy and hygienic brush arbor beyond, curtained by flapping sheets of "jerking" beef. Here the men smoke, the women work, the children tumble about blissfully careless of dirt, and the puppies tumble over them as blissfully oblivious of the possible fate of the soup kettle swinging on its gypsy poles outside, under the blue dome which grandly completes the suite.

How many of my fair readers will shudder at this description and then go home to a good dinner whose cook came out of a bog cabin?

There are various departures from this typical home, of course. Some of the cabins have two or more rooms; some have floors and shingled roofs and an upper story; there are some frame houses.

But can anything good come out of, or be found in such a place? Will you call with me at one on the

YANKTON RESERVATION.

A cabin of the type I have described, with tepee, brush arbor, gypsy kettle and all. It is July, and the owners are in their summer quarters. But their deserted winter house has been taken possession of, rented for the summer by a Hampton girl and her husband, waiting the building of a new one of their own. The Indian family are doubtless equally astonished at their own good luck and the demoralizing effect of civilization. But they are going to learn a lesson or two in housekeeping. Soap and sand have been called in to the assistance of sun and air. They see how a house can be habitable all the year round. Habitable indeed—none of you will object to sitting with me as often as I like to and I like to very often; in this tidy little home. The earth floor is swept as clean as can be; the windows are "traps to catch sunbeams." So are the bright tin pans on the shelf, and even the polished cook stove. So, I think, is the young housekeeper, with her bright smile, her clean calico gown, and her cheery ways, as she shows us with pride her various treasures and devices: the corner cupboard, the hanging shelves, the bed with its gay patch-work quilt, the Hampton pictures, the little clock; above all, the sewing machine, and the tasteful dress she has made on it "from a picture in Butterick's."

"She was your prize scholar at Hampton." I hear you say—"an exceptional case." Not that at all, but a girl of quick fingers and warm impulses, greatly needing good influences, which she has fortunately secured in her marriage to a kind, steady and industrious young fellow whom we find at his post in charge of the engine at the agency grist-mill. She is an example of what the average Indian girl can become under favoring circumstances, with a fair chance. Not far from her, we find another who has met a sadder fate. Married to a worthless scamp whose rascality has lost him the chance of employment at the Agency, she longs, too late, to go back to school. We stop at her door to talk with her, and glancing in, see the disordered pallet on the floor, which is her part in the accommodations of the room she shares with the family she is "visiting"—her only home. But she has not gone back to Indian dress, and her more favored friend is trying to keep a hold on her for good. The ambitions of the happier young bride are fostered, I dont doubt, by the marriage of her sister, who *was* one of Hampton's stars, to a white man a Government industrial teacher, who has taken her to a pleasant home on another agency, where she is helping him teach her people. During my visit, another of our Hampton girls at a distant part of the reservation, was married to an industrious young farmer.

In the printing office of the *Iapi Oaye*—the organ of the Presbyterian Mission, we find a Hampton student setting type as he used to for the *Southern Workman* at Hampton. Last winter he was a successful teacher in the Government school and could have the position again. Shall we accept his invitation to go home with him and see his wife? A pretty, neat, good natured looking girl she is. They are living still with the old folks, and we will politely ignore a few disorders while Joe takes pains to tell us they will have a house of their own next year. I know it will rival Mary's.

And what are our other Hampton students doing? Will you drive out over the prairie five miles and see David's farm and gratify his just pride by cutting a few specimen stalks of "as good wheat as there is in Dakota." To take East? Next Sunday we shall find him sowing the good seed—let us hope into good ground if it does look rather stony—in Mr. Williamson's Sunday school.

Of the three other Hampton boys at Yankton, two are farming, one of them married, one is a consumptive, but worked while he could. Of the two other young women, one is the epileptic whom I mentioned, the other is reported living with her parents, and doing well.

AT LOWER BRULE

We shall see what a Hampton Indian girl can be in her parent's home—a home of the better class: helpful, cheerful, the main stay and quiet influence for good. We shall see too what a Hampton returned student can do for his Indian father—an old chief, stubbornly opposed to progress,—when he takes a manly stand for right; shake his prejudices and change his heart to work for education instead of against it. We shall find one of the Hampton Indian families, father, mother and baby boy, soon to move into the house built for them by the father who learned his trade at Hampton, and helped build his cottage there. Among the twenty-two returned students, six girls and sixteen boys, we shall find alas, the four reported "bad and troublesome," and two of those who have "returned to the blanket"—of whom there were four out of seventy-three, you will remember. Of the rest, two are "doing fairly well now;" twelve have done very well since their return, working, two as teachers, the rest as farmers, or attending school or helping at home. The young men who have just returned are also at work. One of them will return to the East to study for the ministry.

AT CROW CREEK.

We find all of the Hampton boys at work, under the fostering care of Agent Gasmann: a teacher, a carpenter, blacksmiths, farmers, a policeman,—ten or a dozen, counting the newly arrived who do not mean to be behind the rest and are greatly encouraged at finding work all ready for them. Of the ten young women and girls—four of them new comers,—two are wives who returned with their husbands. One, married in Indian fashion, completes the list of the four returned to the blanket; the rest are doing well; three of them are in delicate health. If we call at the two-story house of Chief Wizi, we shall find that he has kept the best room in it for his grand daughter, our little Amy. It is what we should expect of this Christian chief who, when his grandson died at Hampton years ago, called his people together and told them, "If only one of our children returns to teach us the white man's road, it would be worth the loss of all the rest.,

AT STANDING ROCK

Let us first join our rejoicings with his four thousand Indians, over the reappointment of their good father", Agent McLaughlin; for another four years. It means to them a new lease of life and hope and progress, to us, some faith that public sentiment, and its servant the Government, are growing wise enough to recognize first rate work, and leave it unspoiled by partisan politics.

We hear only good reports from our sixteen Hampton boys and girls; even the three who seemed, for a time, on the wrong track, are doing well; two of them married and settled. None have ever gone back to the blanket, and none have died.

Among the many signs of progress on this most interesting agency, perhaps it was natural that, to me, one of the most interesting was a little white school house on the edge of the camp of the late "hostiles", part of Sitting Bull's band: a little white school house with a belfry, and in the doorway two Hampton girls standing to greet their unexpected guests: Rosa, the graceful, dignified young teacher, and Frances, the smiling housekeeper, proud to show their pretty school room and their tidy little *menage*. I did not wonder at all to hear that a Congressman prominent in Indian legislation was surprised by that sight of the results of Eastern education, into the expression of his admiring conviction: "Well, this solves the Indian problem!" Given such trained teachers in such a school house to every thirty Indian children on the reservations, and how long will the solution take?

Another Hampton girl is her husband's assistant teacher in a school for eighty, on a remote part of the reservation, between two farming settlements, one of them from Sitting Bull's band, scattered out on their separate farms, under the agent's wise encouragement.

Of the young men, one has married a daughter of old Sitting Bull, but instead of living on his rich father-in-law, as he might, supports his wife by his carpenter's trade learned at Hampton. Another, with his wife, and fine little boy, lives at the agency in charge of the Government stables, is accumulating stock of his own, and doing well in every way. Two are blacksmiths, two herders; one little fellow of fourteen, whom we hated to part with at Hampton, we find putting up his cows for the night. He takes care of his mother's farm with his hired man, and is the head of the family. The new comers all went to work at once in the harvest field. Four from this agency have voluntarily gone to Hampton a second time, for a further course of training. The desire for education is so wide awake and eager on this reservation, that the pressure of applicants for Hampton was greater than could be responded to this fall. It would have been easy to bring on thirty or more at once.

AT FORT BERTHOLD.

We find Mandans, Rees, and Gros Ventres, huddled in a close village, for a hundred years the last stand of the tribes against their formidable enemies the Sioux and Crees. Under the benign reign of peace and industry at last, even these poor people have begun to feel the impulse of progress, and to scatter out over the reservation on separate farms, which ought at once to be secured to them with a good title. They have now no treaty right to the soil. In such circumstances, it is only wonderful that our Hampton boys and girls at Berthold have done as well as most of them have. We hear as fluent English from them as when they left Hampton. We find one of the girls an assistant teacher in the sewing room of the Government school. At their own and their parent's desire, she and a younger girl return this fall to Hampton. One of the young women is respectably married to a white man; well to do, and kind we hear, while he is

sober." Of the boys, two are at the Government school, one is in charge of its shoe shop, teaching four apprentices his trade. The other two work as they have opportunity.

This completes the list of Hampton's returned students whom I saw or heard from in Dakota. Of the four young men at the Menomonee agency in Wisconsin, three of whom I talked with, two have not done continuously as well as they might but for the temptation to drink, though both have worked well at times. One other has always been industrious. One, who completed the normal course at Hampton, one of its first Indian graduates in '82, I heard teach three classes very successfully. It was far better work than I have heard from some white teachers. I felt proud of our Hampton boy.

Two or three questions remain to be answered.

"If Eastern education is so effective, why not send all the Indian children to Eastern schools, and give up those of the agencies? Why not, at least, keep all who do go East, and never return them to the dangers of reservation life?"

To the first question the sufficient answer is, you can't; the bulk of the work will always have to be done in the West. Of the 41,000 Indian children of school age, it cannot be expected that over five thousand can be educated off the reservations; perhaps not over fifteen hundred east of the Mississippi.

As for the second, you would not get any children with the consent of their parents, for such a purpose, and, if it were possible, would it be desirable? The love of Indian parents for their children is the strongest—it seems to me the best—trait in their character. Call it animal instinct if you will, it is the strongest hold one can have on them. It seems to me, rather a divinely appointed means of grace and progress into better things. There are those who will yield to the temptations of camp life—some would fall before those of civilized society—but the influence of those who take a bold stand for the right, like young Medicine Bull at Lower Brule, or who live simply honest, industrious lives, as so many of our returned students have been able to do, cannot be calculated. And, it seems to me, there is a reflex influence for good in such a life for others, that a life of mere consideration of one's own advantage will miss. The day school and boarding school right among them have an influence upon an Indian community as real as a New England school house has on an Eastern one, far less in degree—then all the more needed. It is an important fact also which should be well understood, that the conditions of life on the reservation are so far changing under these and other influences, that the returned student does not return to one howling waste of barbarism, but finds a progressive party, to which he can ally himself for support and association, even among his own people: a progressive party, in the minority, but active and increasing in numbers and strength.

"Then why not educate all in the West, and save transportation?"

The answer to that is easy too. In the first place, there are not such facilities in the Western schools—especially for normal and industrial training—as Eastern ones afford, even counting out the great educational influence of travel and contact with Eastern civilization. If there were such facilities, irregularity of attendance and the absence of good home influence would make them of less avail. Strong confirmation of this statement comes just as I write, in a letter from a missionary among the Pi Utes of Nevada, requesting admission for a promising Indian boy at Hampton. He says:

"We have schools here at the reservation, but it is not advisable for him to attend, as they are not as good as the public schools and, being constantly in the midst of the tribe, he unavoidably would grow up full of Indian notions."

He adds:

"I have been among these Indians for three years and have reached two conclusions:

First—These people can be best civilized by educated teachers of their own.

Second—Those teachers must be educated out-side of reservation schools such as those with which I am acquainted."

In the second place, the education of Indians at Eastern schools is needed, to educate white public sentiment at the East. While there is no thinning out of the Western schools, and every child brought East is a clear gain in Indian education, this impulse to Eastern public sentiment has done more than anything else to help the general cause of Indian education and civilization. Every school at the agencies—government or mission—has felt its lift. As it has been put: "It is not too much to say that every child on the reservations has shared indirectly the benefit of the Eastern schools."

Then there is

THE HEALTH QUESTION.

It is serious; and I was surprised to find generally that the diseases which make it so, while they are laid to the charge of contact with white civilization originally, are most prevalent and fatal among the pure bloods. On reservations where—as on most—the births exceed the deaths, further inquiry brings out the fact that most of the births are among the half breeds, most of the deaths among the pure bloods. The mixed bloods are largely the descendants of the early English, Scotch and French fur traders and explorers who married Indian wives, the first two being considered generally the best ancestry. The facts are interesting. The Indians are increasing on the reservations, but like our foreign elements they are being absorbed in to our common population. The Indian problem is likely to disappear in the next century for want of a distinguishable Indian race. The last Stockbridge Indian claiming fullblood died six years ago. The white Cherokees, Choctaws and Creeks of Indian Territory are other illustrations of this prospect.

Scrofula and consumption are the great scourges of all the tribes; even the half breeds are by no means exempt. This is, in a great measure, the result of improper and insufficient food and disregard of the commonest laws of health. The change to civilized life is no doubt trying to constitutions thus predisposed to disease. But there is no use in lamenting over that; the change is inevitable, and it only remains to help them pull through it. Every Indian child and youth whose constitution can be improved by proper care and treatment, and instruction, helps to save for better things, a race which, with all its weakness and wildness, possesses traits which would make no unworthy addition to the sum of American civilization.

Hampton, Va., Nov. 1885.

Does Civilization Civilize.

BY ELAINE GOODALE.

Public sentiment is ready for a long step forward on the Indian question. We of the East have been dealing with the individual—it is time we began to deal with the masses. The capacity, the brightness, the lovable traits, the general hopefulness of the Indian children, have been demonstrated by the school over and over again. It is time now to rise above the old superstition that Indian life is a hopeless mass of barbarism, and to recognize the hopefulness of the Indian community—the inevitable change, transition, growth, which exist to-day on an Indian reservation.

The political outlook has always been the one most dark and depressing. Here, first among selfish interests, the old unsettled dispute about the ownership of land becomes a crisis and a struggle. It is an unequal struggle at best. The great Sioux Reservation blocks the path of progress. After two unsuccessful efforts to gain possession of desirable land by unfair means, the Dawes' Sioux Bill, the result of careful statesmanship and wise philanthropy, bids fair to be accepted by the country as a reasonable compromise between the necessities of civilization and the rights of the Indian. This bill, which passed the Upper House last winter, and will be brought before Congress during the coming session in a slightly modified form, breaks up this vast territory into six smaller reservations and opens a broad highway between the civilization of Eastern Dakota and the Black Hills. It provides for the purchase by the Government of some eleven millions of acres, and its sale to actual settlers at the price of 50 cents an acre. From the sum thus obtained the Indians are to receive in installments 26,000 head of American cattle and the remainder will be used as a permanent fund for educational purposes and to furnish industrial aids, at the discretion of the Department. Provision is also made for the individual Indian to homestead and take up land in severalty.

The Indian Rights' Association, which aims to influence legislation through public opinion, and has gained some unexpected victories over scheming politicians, is working for the bill. Mr. Herbert Welsh, who acts for it, has been on the ground this Fall with the three-fold object of preparing the minds of the Indians to treat for their land, sounding Western sentiment, and securing, if possible, the cooperation of the Territory, and obtaining from men of experience suggestions, as to minor changes in boundary, etc., which are to be submitted to Senator Dawes at his own request. There is no doubt that Dakota is strongly in favor of the bill. It will be a more difficult matter to obtain the signatures of three-fourths of all the Indians, without which it cannot become a law. At all the councils which Mr. Welsh has held and which I have attended, in bare council rooms, mission chapels, Indian lodges, in the parlor of the missionary and in the open air, this conservative feeling has been strong and strongly expressed.

The remarkably intelligent community of about one hundred families which has gathered about St. Stephen's Mission on the Cheyenne River reserve, showed most appreciation of the case. One of their leading men called twice upon Mr. Welsh to obtain further information, and requested an abstract of the bill in Dakota for the more deliberate consideration of the council, which was immediately drawn up and presented to him by the missionary. The Dakota clergy, an interesting body of earnest and thinking men, fully realize the urgency of the situation, and in private, strongly advocate the bill. But progressive ideas on the land question are subject at times to strange misunderstanding, and they will be forced to use their influence with more or less reserve and diplomacy. It is thought that a council of leading men among the Dakotas at Washington will aid in impressing the importance of this step upon the people. To gain their voluntary consent to the Dawes bill really means that they shall be taught to realize that they cannot permanently hold any surplus lands, and that individual use of land and an individual title to it, is their future protection. This is an immense advance in thought to be expected from a people no further on in civilization than are thousands at Pine Ridge, Rose Bud and Standing Rock.

Many, however, are ready for it. There are hundreds of Indians on almost every Agency, living on and cultivating the land, who ought to receive titles, properly protected for a certain number of years. An official survey is greatly needed, and allotments should be made at once to all who desire them. I saw most striking evidences of general progress in civilization at the Mission settlement before mentioned, sixty-five miles above Cheyenne River Agency. Six years ago these were wild "blanket Indians," now they are living in comfortable log houses, cultivating farms of from five to fifteen acres each, cutting from one to several hundred dollars worth of hay, wearing citizens' clothing, and most have accepted Christianity. They are nearly self-supporting, receiving only one quarter rations, and some stay at home and follow the plow rather than make the three-days journey necessary to draw them. The women have fully kept pace with the men. I found them neatly dressed, in neatly kept and well furnished homes, with well cared for children. It is universally the case that the worthless Indians and "coffee coolers", as they are called, hang about the Agency and are loath to be out of sight of the ration house, while the industrious and enterprising settle out on good farming land at highly inconvenient distances from the centre of supplies.

As an instance of the discouragements which these people meet with in the struggle toward independence, I should like to tell a little story of the efforts of these St. Stephen's Mission Indians to raise wheat during the past year. They were already cultivating corn, potatoes, and raising a variety of remarkably fine garden vegetables, and Mr. Swift, the missionary, was determined to get them to advance a step and produce the one important crop. He "preached wheat," as he told me, with vast persistence for a number of weeks, and believing that example is better than precept, broke a few acres and put in the crop himself. The seed and necessary implements for the Indians were promised by the Agent, who also agreed to send up a farmer to instruct them how to prepare their ground, and later to harvest the crop. After repeated and trying delays, 100 bushels of seed arrived, late, on the 15th of April. But there were no harrows. Mr. Swift lent his far and wide, two men constructed rude affairs of brush, and the wheat was all in the ground. The skies smiled upon the enterprise, and every one of the twenty Indians who engaged in it had a bountiful harvest. Now the real difficulties began. There were no reapers to cut the wheat—not even cradles—and after repeated appeals Mr. Swift received a letter from the Agent, (which, curiously enough, he neglected to sign,) authorizing him to employ a man with a reaper from the other side of the river, to cut the Indians' wheat. Finding that these white men asked exorbitant prices, he used his own mowing machine instead, and hired Indians to run it. By this means the operation cost about half what it would otherwise have done. Nevertheless, when the bills came in, the Agent declined to be responsible for them, and the missionary found himself some twenty-five dollars out of pocket by the transaction.

Meanwhile the "Assistant farmer" who was supposed to instruct these Indians in agriculture, had not made his appearance, and no one in the settlement knew how to bind or stack the grain. The indefatigable missionary finally learned to bind and taught the Indians and the wheat was stacked, not in very workmanlike fashion, "but as well as we knew how." To me, those top-heavy stacks of wheat which I saw in many an Indian corral, were eloquent of obstacles overcome. Yet all this labor seems likely to have been spent in vain. The threshing machine repeatedly promised by the agent has not arrived and apparently will not arrive. The Indians look upon wheatraising as a farce, and unless timely help comes, will receive a serious check in their brave efforts toward self-support.

Other questions of political significance are the gradual reduction of rations and the advisability of making annuity payments in money instead of in goods. On the Great Sioux Reserve we can study the ration system in all its stages. At Santee the Indians receive no food whatever except for the old and infirm and for school children. Most of the Missouri River Indians have had their supplies diminished in proportion to their supposed capacity for self-support. The Indians at Pine Ridge and Rosebud still receive very large rations and the Agent at Pine Ridge thinks that the beef ration ought to be diminished forty per cent. and the ration of beans and other cereals increased twenty per cent. The Indian is naturally a carnivorous animal and it is civilizing to give him a greater proportion of vegetable food. Dr. McGillycuddy, who is known as one of the ablest men in the service, believes in cutting off luxuries, such as sugar and coffee, from the idle and improvident, and in discriminating against them in every allowable way by which they may be shown that it is for their own advantage to go to work.

There is, I think, no doubt that the plan of issuing samll monthly cash payments to heads of families instead of annuity clothing, would work well, at least among the more advanced bands of Sioux. These Indians need to learn the use of money and they cannot get much further on without it. Shoes, tinware, and harness should be made and mended by the boys who have learned their trades at Hampton and Carlisle, and the Indians, with a little money in their pockets, would become customers instead of pauper beneficiaries, greatly to the encouragement of their self-respect. They will now sell or exchange an article which they do not happen to want, far below its real value, in order to get something which they do want; an abuse which would correct itself under the new system.

The extension of our criminal law over the reservation was nominally accomplished by Section 9 of the last Indian Appropriation Bill. The wording of the Act, which leaves it an uncertainty whether the Territorial or United States courts shall take cognizance of Indians' crimes, has however prevented it from going into effect. No appropriation was voted to cover the expense of trial in the Territorial courts, which would accordingly decline to proceed in such cases. Two instances of offenses under this new statute came within my knowledge during my recent stay on the reservation.

A few days before I reached Lower Brule, an Indian named Handsome Elk shot another Indian dead and stole his daughter. He had not been put under arrest, and was roaming about in a spirit of apparent defiance, saying that he hoped they would not send a white man after him, as he had never killed any white man yet and should be sorry to do so. Six weeks later I was at Pine Ridge. There I heard that a fortnight before Little Moon had attempted to kill Cut-Meat, shooting the horse behind which he took shelter. Cut-Meat was unarmed.

Agent McGillycuddy, with characteristic efficiency, had instantly taken up the matter and made it a "test case" to try the operation of the new law. The man was brought before the Court Commissioner and sent to Deadwood, where he is held for trial in January. It is, however, still an open question whether he can be tried in either court, and the wording of the new Act should undoubtedly be amended during the coming session.

The educational problem, than which nothing can be more important, was studied by me in the light of all the Agencies. A curious sort of logic seems to prevail regarding Government schools among the Indians. It is said that they are not doing their work perfectly,

and consequently that we don't need any more of them. The truth is, that the system of Reservation schools is not a system at all, but a series of disconnected experiments. The Agent should not have entire responsibility for the school work at his Agency, not so much because he is likely to abuse his trust by the appointment of incompetent relatives, as because the schools need more time, thought, attention, than he can by any possibility give. I saw the wives and daughters of Agents holding positions in the schools at three out of the six Agencies which I visited, and it was my impression that they were in every case fully as competent persons as could probably have been found elsewhere. But the schools lack a head—they want comprehensiveness and method. I was greatly struck by the complete isolation of the various Sioux Agencies. A homogeneous people, closely interrelated, are broken up into a collection of petty governments. In some instances the Agents have never met, and are almost wholly unacquainted with one another's methods of handling their common difficulties. The schools on the great Sioux Reserve should bear some relation to each other as parts of a whole.

I visited six Agency boarding schools, four of which impressed me as very creditable; in two the discipline and general management were particularly fine. The inferior teaching is the weakest point. These positions offer few inducements to first-rate teachers.

The school of the Benedictine Fathers at Standing Rock was the worst taught and most generally depressing that I saw. It seems unfortunate that such a blot should be found upon the otherwise admirable work at this Agency. Dr. McGillycuddy's large school at Pine Ridge, which, when complete, will accommodate two hundred and fifty children, connected with an excellent farm of twenty five acres, and new training shops which will employ twenty-five apprentices, is the most thoroughly equipped and effective Government school on the Reservation. There is ample provision for industrial training for boys, in which these schools are commonly deficient.

The day school in the Indian village is, to my mind, the most important and the most neglected point in the whole field. Its contact with Indian life is closer than that of any other, its influence is great and ought to be greater than it is. It is difficult to realize the isolation, the remoteness of these scattered centres of civilization—perhaps forty miles distant from the agency and sixty miles from the railroad. The solitary teacher, living alone—or it may be the brother and sister, or husband and wife—are almost absolutely cut off from communication with the outside world. Their little world is the scattering camp of tepees and log houses—the one-story school house with living rooms attached, the only frame building in the settlement, except there be a mission chapel as well. Sometimes the Government teacher is the only missionary on the ground.

It may easily be seen that the benefit of all this to the community is not to be measured by the average attendance in school or by the proficiency of the children in mental arithmetic or the Third Reader. It is their object lesson in civilization. The neatly kept rooms, the neatly dressed teacher, the regular hours, countless details are seen and studied and more or less unconsciously imitated. A new element is introducde into their lives, which they but half comprehend, yet compre hend enough to know that it is for their good and to desire it. No doubt at first there is the expectation of some actual visible advantage, rather than an intense thirst for knowledge. This is surely fair. The school children ought to be the best dressed and the best fed as well as the best behaved children in the village. To this end, soap and water should always be provided in a warm and convenient place, and clean face and hands and well brushed hair demanded of every child. The women of the village ought regularly to meet and sew for them with materials furnished by the agent from the stock of annuity clothing. The lunch of coffee and hardtack which is usually given at noon should be prepared and served by the children themselves in such away as to be an important lesson in itself. On stated days in the week or hours in the day, there ought to be regular sewing classes and other simple industrial training. Certain of these things are done more or less systematically; there should be perfect system. Nor can it be too strongly reiterated that rules for the management of these schools cannot be laid down at a distance. There must be frequent and competent inspection, encouragement and criticism to insure successful results.

I have spoken of the inevitable influence upon Indian life of the camp school. The outside work which may be done depends solely upon the interest and energy of the representative of civilization. Several of the teachers told me that the women of the camp came to them to learn to make "raised bread." This is really an important step. The fried Indian bread, made very light with baking powder, although palatable enough when fresh, is unwholesome stuff. A capable little school mistress on the Rosebud Reserve, whose children showed very plainly the effects of their training, had many strong holds upon the people. She visited the sick, gave out medicines, got up occasional entertainments, and "when I had an assistant, Taught a class of young men in the evening." It is a great advantage, by the way, that the workers should be two, and whenever the number of children in school will warrant it, an assistant should be given. There is no time to be lost in fulfilling our promises to the Sioux, and establishing good day schools under competent general supervision, in every Indian village.

I have touched upon some of the demands of the political situation, which seems to me comparatively clear and by no means discouraging. The missionary field is full of inspiration and hope. The difference between the two is too often the difference between the grudging allowance and the loving gift, the cold sense of duty and the eager spirit of self-sacrifice. Whatever is mechanical or mercenary or dreary in the Government work of civilization becomes generous, and warm and spontaneous in the labor of the mission. The mission boarding schools are undoubtedly of a far higher order than the Government boarding schools. The Congregational Church, a pioneer in the field, has the large Normal School at Santee for its educational centre, under Dr. Alfred L. Riggs, son of the veteran missionary. A feature of the work here is the strong missionary spirit and the stress which is laid upon the training of native workers. The children learn to read and sing in their own tongue as well as in English.

Bishop Hare's plan in establishing the Episcopal schools has been to have them small enough to be thoroughly homelike and widely scattered for the sake of wider influence. St. Paul's School, for boys, at Yankton Agency, Hope School, at Springfield, Dakota, for boys and girls, St. John's School, for girls, three miles above Cheyenne River Agency, and St. Mary's for girls, originally at Santee, now rebuilt on the Rosebud Reserve, admirably fulfil these conditions. Springfield is a small town just outside the Reservation, and its spirit of good will toward, and substantial encouragement of this Indian school are a convincing answer to many unfounded accusations of bitter prejudice on the part of the border people. The establishment of more such schools in well-selected frontier towns would undoubtedly be a wise policy.

Mr. and Mrs. Kinney's school at Cheyenne River is a complete model—thoroughly practical and amazingly attractive The girls do all the work of the house without servants, under the direction of Mrs. Kinney and her assistant, and the work is perfectly done The teaching is of the finest order and the discipline so good that one is not conscious of any discipline at all. The atmosphere is that of a refined and loving home. The success of the school among the Indians may be inferred from the fact that there were eighty applicants this year when only forty can be admitted, and this in spite of the unwillingness of parents to part with their girls. I cannot leave this part of the subject without referring to the high and lovely qualities of the women of the Episcopal mission a large share of its wonderful success. There is no other influence in the work so controlling as the influence of motive and personality. This mission is fortunate in its Bishop, and the Bishop is happy in his workers.

Perhaps enough has been said to leave the impression that the children who graduate from Eastern schools are not the only "civilized" Indians, that Reservation life is not wholly savage or inert, and that there is sympathy and opportunity and encouragement for the students who go back to their homes to reinforce the progressive movement among their people, already strong aud abundantly hopeful. Does civilization civilize? that is the real question. If we have anything better to offer to the Indian in the place of what he has now, the instinct of self-preservation and the higher instincts of the Divine nature in him will teach him to grasp the good gift. The day of experiment in Indian civilization is over—let us have the effectual work. It is wicked and it is more than wicked—it is stupid to doubt the result.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

Nov. 10, 1885.

The past week has been one of going and coming in our Indian School, and the scenes have shifted rapidly from grave to gay.

The Monday evening Study Hour for the Indian girls ended in a shower of tears, as they presented a farewell token of their grateful love to Miss Mayo, a graduate of the Normal School, and then for five years their faithful, self-sacrificing friend and teacher, who was to return to her home in Raleigh, N. C., the next morning, to be missed alike by teachers and scholars. Not only has she carefully trained these Indian girls in the details of house work, but with rare tact has seemed able to put a sort of inspiration into the most distasteful drudgery, so that as one of them expressed it once, "When we begin to scrub, then we begin to sing."

Tuesday afternoon the long school wagon bore away eleven of the pupils to the Washington boat, thence to return to their homes in the West. Their names, and the Agencies to which they return, are as follows;—

Annie Lyman	Yankton, Dakota.
Zallie Rulo,	" "
John Walker,	Santee, Nebraska.
Lawrence Industrious,	Standing Rock. Dak.
Agnes Red Eagle,	" " "
Louisa Long Girl,	" " "
Joseph Ellis,	Lower Brule, "
Ellen Ellis,	" " "
Earnest Lushbaugh,	Pawnee, Ind. Ter.
Joseph LeClair,	Ponca " "
Amos Foreman,	Delaware, " "

Annie Lyman came in Dec. '79 with Major Andrews, and Zallie Rulo in the fall of '81, when Gen. Armstrong brought on a large party from Dakota. Last year she was a Senior in the Normal School, and one of the speakers at their graduating exercises in May.

Thursday brought us Emma Fallis from Mass. The little Indian girl who went to Great Barrington two years and a half ago, has shot up into a tall maiden, bearing strong testimony to the moulding influence of a happy Christian home. Strange to say she has almost entirely forgotten her mother tongue during her absence.

Friday we welcomed back Miss Goodale, Saturday Miss Ludlow, and Sunday morning early, Miss Howard, from their Western roamings, all full of enthusiasm over the charms of Dakota scenery, and speaking well for its air and fare. With the latter came a party of seven, viz—

Sarah Walker,	Fort Berthold, Dakota.
Susie Nagle,	" " "
Thomas Goodwood,	Standing Rock, "
Charlie Pretty Flute	" " "
Jack Blue Boy,	" " "
Carrie Elbow,	" " "
Katie Running Girl.	" " "

The first three are old scholars who have returned for a further course of study.

One of the new boys has been in a carpenter's shop at the Agency and made an excellent record, but he was very anxious to learn English. Marking off an inch on his carpenter's rule he explained that he not only wanted to know how to measure thus but to know the *English* of it.

Their escort was struck with the contrast in the two boys as to the objects which especially attracted their notice on the journey. One showed quite an un-Indian excitement and interest over any sort of machinery, while the face of the other would light up with a glow of pleasure over a beautiful bit of scenery.

The two new girls arrived hatless, after the fashion of the plains, but have remarkably sweet, strong faces, and are very promising The father of each is not living, but their uncles, who take a warm interest in them, are among the most prominent braves on the Reserve, one being a chief, the other a captain of Police.

The evening of that eventful Sunday found our girls gathered in their Winona Chapel to listen with a hush of pleasure and interest to two of our Dakota travelers, as they told of the progress they had seen among Indian women and of the schools where Hampton girls are teaching. It was with glad hearts we gave thanks for the safe return of our friends and sought for a loving benediction upon the new comers.

Did the Indians Appreciate?

Letters, telegrams, newspaper slips! With what a rush they came, full of congratulations from the civilized world to Major McLaughlin on his reappointment. Surely a man's heart must quicken with pleasure at such earnest, such warm appreciation of the work he has done for the Indian. And this Indian, this mysterious being, this stumbling block in the way of grasping white men, this perplexing question to our great and wonderful government, did he appreciate the labor, the thought the love, put forth for him and his people by this "Father?" Let me try to show you a council held in one of the large storehouses on the Standing Rock Reserve when the news reached there. Go with me into the great room, soon to be filled with annuity goods to gladden the red man's heart, now crowded from end to end, from side to side with groups, which numbers of these same red men must always make picturesque. Now their stolid earnest faces are lighted with a brightness which makes the visitor forget the usually so attractive blending of the civilized and uncivilized in their dress, and to wonder what can have caused this unusual excitement in these unexcitable natures.

Their eyes directed to one end of the room, draw ours there too, to see the Agent who has left his office, that he may sit among his children and receive their congratulations. One by one the chief men, not necessarily chiefs, but boss farmers, men of influence among the tribes, the police, that element for good and power on the Reserve, come foward to speak for themselves and the people.

Chief Gaul with a smile, seldom seen on his proud solemn face, tells of "good hearts" because this "Father" will care for them for four more years, of the success they hope to make of their farms and stock, with him still to guide and teach them. He adds, the smile gone now, how his people had feared the Great Father would send a new Agent, in which case some of the men would have gone to Washington to beg the "Great Father" not to take from them the man to whom they looked to make their Future like their white brother's Present. They would not have gone with empty hands: one man's corn, another's pony, beaded articles, precious with memories, even the beloved "Pipe of Peace" had been held ready to be sacrificed for necessary funds. Then "How!" "How!" came in hearty tones from all parts of the room, and was echoed by the crowds pushing, in quite a civilized way, through doors and windows; not a dissenting voice in *that* assembly.

Antelope grasps his Agent's hands and after a long shaking and many a "How" and smile, turns to the crowd, saying; "The Great Father has told, the truth: he said 'a better man will come to you. Every Father has been better, and now we hope this *best* Father *will go on being better*." No speech is received by the Agent or his "children" with more "Hows,"—the Indians' assent and approval—than this. Now two young men come forward and with much ceremony, crown their Agent with an Indian headdress, a felt hat to which are attached many valuable eagle feathers, and which, with the friendly smile and encouraging words ever ready

with Major McLaughlin for his Indians.

Through the long afternoon the pipe of peace passes from one friend to another, the smoke is dense in the room, the twilight deepens until, but for the rays of the setting sun streaming through the western windows, you cannot distinguish the different figures crowding around the Agent for the hand-shaking indispensable to a council.

And as we see the pleasure and deep feeling in all faces, and reflected in the Major's own as he exclaims; "This is best of all!", I feel that the question "Did the Indian appreciate," is answered.

Standing Rock, Nov. 1885. G. H.

DIED, at Hampton Institute, Nov. 26th, of tuberculosis, Edith Yellow Hair, aged eight years, from Cheyenne River Agency, Dakota.

Ever since she was brought to Hampton a year ago, little orphan Edith has endeared herself to all by her winning ways as well as her rare beauty. But it was early evident that the little waif would not be long in our care. Inherited delicacy, increased by lack even of such care as her Indian mother could have given her, soon developed into fatal disease, and she fell asleep on Thanksgiving day, leaving us not unthankful that the Good Shepherd had so soon and gently gathered the lamb in his arms.

DIED Nov. 18th, at his home in Hampton, of consumption, Moses Moody, graduate of Hampton Institute of the class of '78 and one of her most faithful graduate teachers.

Ever since his graduation, this young man was the main stay and comfort of his widowed and now childless mother, who has been a helpless invalid for the last six years. Sitting bereaved and lonely in the little home which his loving labors provided for her, and to which he came to die, she waits, cared for by sisters and brothers, but longing for the summons to the home where husband and children have gone before her, where none shall say I am sick—where God himself shall wipe all tears from their eyes.

Can Indians Fill Places of Responsibility?

For the Southern Workman by H. F. Minthon.

The above question is answered in the affirmative by the fact that an Indian and his wife have been for several months in charge of a part of the Forest Grove Training School at Forest Grove, Oregon, since the main part of the school has been removed to Salem, Oregon, 50 miles distant, where a new site has been obtained and new buildings have been erected. There are now 36 children at Forest Grove, but the average number for the past six months since the school has been in charge of David Brewer, (a Puyallup Indian) is about 50. The work in the school room is under the direction of a white teacher, who is at the school only during school hours. The management of the school in all other respects has been and is run entirely by Indians.

The grounds, walks, dining room, dormitories and all other parts of the buildings are models of neatness. The children are well dressed and neat, and seem happy and contented.

Mr. Brewer's wife is a person of uncommon executive ability and adds to her other good qualities the ability to play well on the organ. Mr. Brewer was one of the first pupils that came to the school and has been advanced from one position of trust and responsibility to another, until he was selected from a force of fifteen employes (all white except himself) as the best fitted to assume charge of the school. If it were not that there are so many hungry white persons who want the salaries paid to Government employes in the Indian service, at least half of the positions could be better filled by Indians than they are now filled.

How an Old Lady did Missionary Work.

For the Southern Workman, by H. J. Minthon.

Mrs. Taylor lives at Forest Grove, Oregon. She is one of the early settlers and crossed the plains in a wagon. The Indian School is adjoining and partly on her farm. While on a visit to the school recently. I called upon her also. As usual she talked principally about the Indian children and the Indian school. She seems to know every child personally, and it seems to be the constant desire of her heart to do something to make them happy. In her apple house were a dozen or more large boxes of fine fruit which she said belonged to as many different Indian boys, having been earned by doing some chores for Mrs. N., and stored in her apple house for safe keeping. It did not seem to have occurred to her that her own fruit might disappear along with that of the boys since the door was not kept locked and the boys were allowed to go in and out without being watched. Unconsciously the old lady was giving them practical lessons in industry, frugality and honesty, and above all, that there is something in the human heart that goes out after the helpless and dependent.

Medical Report.

GEN. S. C. ARMSTRONG:—

Dear Sir: The seven Indian students who arrived Nov. 8th, were examined by me on the following day. But one has any sign of scrofula and but one gives evidence of delicate lungs. Three of the party are old students who have previously had a good health record at the school and who have borne their return to Dakota life without detriment.

Yours very respectfully,
M. M. WALDRON, M. D.

Acknowledgement.

TUSKEGEE NORMAL SCHOOL, Tuskegee, Ala.

To the Lawn Party Committee and the Faculty, students and friends of the H. N. and A. Institute. Vacation 1885—Greetings:

DEAR FRIENDS.

We thank you for your kindly letter of the 9th inst., which conveyed to us your friendly greetings and information of the result of your generous effort to help us in the work of furnishing Alabama Hall. In writing this letter of thanks we are fully sensible of the fact that this last is only one of the many helpful things for which the child, Tuskegee, is indebted to the good giant, Hampton.

The best return we think we can make is to assure you of the real progress of the school in the direction of what we believe to be the truest and best.

Hampton and Armstrong are names that are familiar to every pupil who has been here any length of time, and in naming the two rooms, as you suggest respectively, the Armstrong room, and the Hampton students room, we will be giving them names that are not meaningless and unsuggestive to the students.

We *are* glad that our appeal met with a hearty response from the Indian students, and in our own behalf, and the behalf of the students of the Tuskegee Normal School, we thank them for their share in your gift.

We have lately received a donation from the young ladies of the Framingham State Normal School to be applied to furnishing one room in Alabama Hall.

We were disappointed in our expectation of being able to go into Alabama Hall at the beginning of this session; and though we have a larger number in attendance than ever before at the beginning of the session, we are compelled to crowd ourselves again into Porter Hall, and the uncomfortable shanties that we have used hitherto. We hope, however, to go into Alabama Hall next month. At present, aside from the poor make-shifts which we have in Porter Hall, and the furniture we can have made in our carpenter shop, we have nothing towards furnishing Alabama Hall except in the three rooms provided for by your and the Framinghan donations.

With all good wishes for each member of your committee, each one of the Faculty, and each student and friend,

Very sincerely yours,
OLIVIA A. DAVIDSON.

In behalf of the Tuskegee Normal School Faculty.

Correspondence.

TUSKEGEE NORMAL SCHOOL, Nov. 18, '85.

Ed. Southern Workman:

Beginning four years ago with 30 students and 1 teacher and a yearly appropriation of $2,000, (since increased to $3,000,) we have at present 225 students in Normal School and 145 in Training School and 17 teachers, 9 of whom are Hamptonians. From the church and small shanty in which we began, we have grown into Porter Hall, a large three story building with basement, and Alabama Hall, a large four story building built of brick made by students. Besides these we have half a dozen smaller buildings.

INDUSTRIES.

Our industries are farming, carpentry, painting, printing, poultry-raising, sewing, laundry work, brick-making and plastering. 700,000 bricks have been made for "Alabama Hall" and other purposes.

Any one would be surprised to go through Alabama Hall and see the neat and substantial wood work that has been done by the students under the oversight of Mr. W. C. Brown, the foreman in the carpenter shop. Most of the wood work and all the plastering have been done by the students.

The farm, which heretofore has not had justice done it, because of the farm manager Mr. H. C. Ferguson's having to give so much time and attention to the brick yard, and the building of Alabama Hall, is being more closely looked after. Now that he is relieved from this, he is improving the farm in a way to make it more valuable. The ground is being manured, hill sides ditched, fruit trees, strawberry plants, grape vines, etc., put out, and leaves and muck hauled in for manure. While there has been a material growth, this has not been our highest aim. There has been a real growth in the character and work of our students. Many have become strong Christians. This is our highest ambition—the end to which all our energies are directed.

Our Financial Report will be sent out within a few days to our friends and contributors.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

With the increase of facilities, there has been a corresponding increase of expenses, for which there is no provision. The faculty has decided to appeal to the public for aid in the form of scholarships. The students are barely able to pay their personal expenses, to say nothing of tuition.

The cost of tuition of 225 students for a year at $50 each is $11,250.

The tuition of 94 is provided for as follows:

State annual appropriation	$3000 00
From John S. Slater Fund (pledged for this year only)	900 00
From "Peabody Educational Fund" (probable)	400 00
From "Woman's Home Missionary Society of Boston," (pledged for this year only)	405 00
Total	$4,705 00

For the remaining 131 students, for whose tuition no provision is made, the school asks scholarships or donations of $50 each.

Without these scholarships the school will be forced to turn away a number of worthy young men and women who are too poor to pay for an education.

B. T. WASHINGTON.

Mrs. Steele's Orphanage Burned.

From a Chattanooga paper.

About 8.30 a. m., yesterday, Nov. 22, as some gentlemen were driving into the city, they discovered a fire in the roof of the Steele Colored Orphanage. They at once gave the alarm to the inmates, who were in the chapel engaged in the morning service. As soon as it could be done, the fire companies were notified, but the great distance, and the absence of fire plugs in that locality, prevented them from saving the property. The flames soon spread to the other buildings, and the three were soon one solid mass of fire. The entire Orphanage was consumed, with nearly every article of furniture, bedding and clothing. In a few minutes the fifty-four orphans who were inmates, were left without food, clothing or shelter. Eight of them were taken to the city hospital, but as it was not large enough to accomodate all, several persons came to their relief and took them to their homes.

During the day the children were visited by numerous citizens, prominent among whom were Hon. H. C. Evans and wife, W. S. Marshall and wife, Xen. Wheeler and wife, and J. F. Loomis and wife. All took an active interest in the loss and expressed not only their sympathy for the unfortunate children, but kindly provided material support in the way of food, clothing and other necessary comforts.

The Steele Orphanage was first designed by Mrs. Steele, of Revere, Mass., who on a visit to this city sympathized with the colored orphans in their destitute condition, and purchased a piece of ground of the East Tennessee railroad between Vine and Caroline streets, where she erected a house of eleven rooms. It was a two story frame building. This was the beginning. She then went from place to place to gather up the colored orphans. She soon discovered that the building was too small and she erected another containing nine rooms; and afterward added another for cooking and eating purposes. The number of inmates had increased to fifty-four. Means were procured for education, qualified teachers were employed to take charge of that branch of the institution, and others to look after household matters. The county and city have aided in keeping them up, while the citizens, both white and colored, have responded to the calls for help. When Mrs. Steele had organized the institution she returned to solicit further aid, and is at present engaged in its behalf in some of the Northern States.

The institution is said to have done great good since it was founded in the way of providing for and educating children, and serving in many instances as a reform school.

Its loss will be heavily felt, and it is hoped that steps will be taken to rebuild it at once. The orphanage was donated by the founder at a cost of several thousand dollars. But one of the buildings was insured, and none of the furniture or bedding, clothing or other fixtures—nearly the whole of which was lost."

A Hampton graduate who was assistant matron in the Home, and whose former interesting description of it may be found on page 126, now writes of herself and an associate, also a Hampton girl: "Bertie and I lost everything except the clothes we had on. Do you think it will be possible for me to get another diploma and certificate of scholarship? Both were burned and every book I had."

Report of the Austin Industrial School for 1884-'85.

Looking over the year's work now that it is completed, I have a sincere feeling of thankfulness. It was begun under great discouragement. The salary for two teachers was entirely unprovided for. We had no money for running expenses, no place large enough for our work, and we owed one hundred dollars on the lot purchased the year before. The city school had grown so large that it was not only necessary to give up my room in the Austin Building, but also the shop and kitchen which were built on the school lots. For them the Board of Education paid me, five hundred dollars in city scrip, which was sold at 10 per cent. discount. With that money I built a larger shop with a small room adjoining, on my new lot. There was also on the premises an old house, in which Uncle Jeff and Aunt Nancy had lived and died, and which was entirely unsuited for school purposes. We used it last winter for cooking and kitchen garden classes, although the chimney would not draw, the floor was open and cold, and no amount of scrubbing, white-washing and insect powder could make it clean and wholesome. It is now torn down, for fear we might be tempted to use it again, and with the hope that a better place will be provided for us.

The Board of Education has given us three hundred dollars for one teacher's salary, and all the coal we needed. Parents have shown more interest in every way. The children have attended regularly, and there has been almost no trouble in regard to discipline and government. More articles, made by the children in the shop and sewing school, have been sold than in former years; and the fact, that after all expenses have been met there is a small balance in the treasury, proves that our many friends have not been unmindful of us.

Since September 1st, 1884, $2,917.24 has been received. Seventy dollars of that amount was given for special purposes and was used as designated. Twenty-six dollars was given by colored people in Knoxville for our new building, and is in the hands of the treasurer, leaving $2,821.24 to be accounted for.

In a short report like this it would take too much space to give details of expenditure. Accurate accounts are kept and are open for inspection.

In the sewing school they have made 329 garments and sold 284.

The smaller children have pieced two quilts, one of which the larger girls have quilted and finished. This school increases in usefulness every year. The garments made are sold for the price of the material in most cases, but sometimes at a nominal price merely, because giving away is not desirable. With thanks to those friends who send us cut and basted work, we hope for a continuance of this help. Having only one sewing teacher, it would be impossible to do all the cutting and basting for three hundred children.

In the cooking school the children have made two batches of cake, rolls, and 165 loaves of bread, with yeast for raising the same. They have also cooked two simple dinners for little parties of ten. Our accommodations have been so uncomfortable that we have only been able to combine this class with the little housekeepers, and none of this work has been done as well as in past years, or as we intend to do it when we get the new building.

The carpenter shop has been a complete success. The boys have done good work—have attended regularly and been easily governed. It may be interesting to know what they have made. Our plan has been to have each boy make two articles of a kind; the best one was kept in the shop and, in most cases, sold; the other the boy had for his own. Their ambition was thus excited to do as good work as possible. Dr. Haygood and others visiting the school have expressed both surprise and satisfaction at seeing small children doing such work and learning to be thorough in workmanship.

On the lathe the boys have made: Two rods and twenty-four rings for curtains, two car wheels, thirteen mallet handles, eight rolling pins, eight table legs, eleven bats,

twelve rollers for towels, rods for clothes horses. They have also made 114 packing boxes, 256 rulers for city schools, 4 blackboards, 94 sleds, 105 picture frames, 54 benches, 32 boot jacks, 41 wind-mills, 52 guns, 43 toy safes, 1 churn lid, 9 little bedsteads, 4 clothes horses, 4 door frames, 2 book cases, 30 flag sticks, 86 blocks and cubes, 8 billeys, 24 kite winders, 2 cutting boards, 2 quilting frames, 7 toy houses, 4 moulding boards, one chair, 2 pistols, 4 swords, 2 hatchet handles, 4 wash stands, 14 window buttons, 28 mortise and tenon joints, 2 crib rockers. And they have done repairing on the premises and some painting.

The Sunday School was necessarily removed from the Austin School to our little sewing room, adjoining the shop: consequently the attendance was much smaller than in former years. We seldom numbered over thirty. The closing exercises were interesting, as we had a union of Sunday Schools in a flower festival. Six dozen growing plants were given away; we had recitations, singing and addresses, and twelve books were presented for regular attendance, to members of my own school.

The Austin Industrial School has now become an incorporated institution, under the name of the Slater Training School. Its Trustees are:

Rev. Dr. Humes, of Knoxville, President. Mr. E. E. McCroskey, Knoxville, Vice-President. Miss Isa E. Gray, Boston, Treasurer. Miss E. L. Austin, Knoxville, Secretary. Mr. W S. Mead, Knoxville, Mr. C. Seymour, Knoxville, Mr. A. S. Jones, Washington, D. C. Hon. R. B. Hayes, Fremont, Ohio.

Our plan of work, as expressed in our charter, is to carry on a manual training school for colored children in Knoxville, Tennessee.

We need a new building, with accommodations for our growing wants. Twelve hundred dollars has been subscribed by citizens of Knoxville, for this purpose, and more money will be raised as the work goes on. I can appeal with confidence to those who have done so much for us, since I can show good work already done, and the natural growth of any enterprise which is necessary in the progress of a people. Our school has done much in the line of manual training, as well as in the advancement of the people among whom we labor.

I cannot close my annual report without expressing my thanks to the Board of Education and Superintendent of Schools for their hearty support and encouragement during the year; also for the vote of the meeting of July 11th, by which $300 is appropriated to the Slater Training School for the ensuing year; to the Trustees of John F. Slater fund for $500, which pays the salary of the carpenter; to Dr. A. G. Haygood, for his words of kindly approval and hearty support and to our faithful teachers who make the school what it is. They have done their work under discouraging circumstances, with patience and cheerfulness in the cold and discomfort of the little old house, into which so much of it has been crowded during the past year.

To our good friends all over the land, especially to the children who, by their home fairs, Christmas and Easter gifts, have helped us so generously, I return most hearty thanks. We are going into a larger field and to better work: we shall need your interest and your money, and I feel very sure that you will give both to the Slater Training School, until the school board of the future takes *its* work into the regular plan of the daily public education.

For that consummation we are working, and that end we shall always keep in mind. That it will come speedily seems probable, for their are few schools which are more liberally recognized by those among whom they are working, or which can show more growing public sentiment in their favor. This feeling is spreading all over our united land, and we number our subscribers this year from both North and South, and our friends from Maine to Louisiana.

Our new building will cost $6,000 if built of wood; from $8,000 to $10,000 if of brick. It is necessary, if we are to carry on our work with any efficiency, for us to have it as soon as possible. Money may be sent to the Treasurer, Miss I. E. Gray, No. 20 Mt. Vernon St., Boston Mass., or to Mr. E. E. McCroskey, Knoxville, Tennessee.

Articles sent to me should, as far as possible, be sent as freight and not by express. From the Eastern cities they may be sent via. Norfolk Steamer, East Tennessee Railroad:

EMILY L. AUSTIN,
No. 88 Patton Street, Knoxville, Tennessee.
JULY 20TH, 1885.

Thirteen Months in 1885.

APPARENTLY impossible—but true nevertheless. There are fifty-two weeks in a year. One day in each week is devoted by all good housewives to the laundry and cleaning, or fifty-two days in each year. By using *James Pyle's Pearline*, this work can be done in *one-half* the time, or in twenty-six days—thus saving a woman twenty-six days of the hardest kind of work. A trial of the article will prove this—surely it deserves a trial, being harmless to fabric or hands.

Southern Workman

AND

Hampton School Record.

VOL. XV. HAMPTON, VA., JANUARY, 1886. No. 1.

For the fourteenth time, the Southern Workman wishes its readers a Happy New Year.

Wanted—Subscribers.
Wanted still more. Readers.

We are happy to say that we are not without an encouraging and increasing number of both subscribers and readers, but like "Oliver" we ask for "more"—not for our own sakes, dear readers and subscribers, but that we may be increasingly interesting to you and useful in the great work in which you and we have a common interest and responsibility.

The State Normal School at Farmville, Va., under the able charge of Hon. W. H. Ruffner, LL. D., is about beginning auspiciously the second term of success.

We commend to special attention the letter on page 8, from Thomas Wildcat Alford, one of Hampton's most intelligent and faithful returned Indian students. Written not for publication, it gives an inside view of the condition of things on his reservation not unworthy the consideration of any who find the final solution of the Indian problem in a wholesale banishment of all Indians to Indian Territory. Those who have made extended visits there, agree with him that the evils and difficulties he mentions are not confined to any one agency. They find also in the climate of that Territory, conditions which increase the dangers of disease and intemperance specially menacing the Indian. The protection of law, the influence of secure homes, education into free Christian citizenship—these are the only solution of the Indian problem. Before we will give them these, to push them once more from their homes at the point of our bayonets, break up the attempts at improvement many have begun to make, and force them anew to the ordeal of unwelcome change and uncertain conditions—this is a strange way to hasten and economize in the work before us.

We are glad to hear that the Colored Orphan Home in Chattanooga, founded by our friend, Mrs. Steele, and recently accidentally destroyed by fire, is to be at once rebuilt, "on a better basis"—to-wit, of solid brick, on larger foundations, and contributed to generally by white citizens of Chattanooga, as well as Northern friends and the colored people themselves.

We have received the second number of the *Bulletin* of Atlanta University, a neat little four-page monthly. It shows a picture of the Knowles Industrial Building, a gift from the estate of Mr. L. J. Knowles, of Worcester, Mass., to the University's "Mechanical Department," which has been in operation two years. Twenty-five hundred dollars are asked for to secure complete outfit for this noble aid to industrial training, whose "practical outcome" is announced to have proved "already highly satisfactory." The *Bulletin* contains also a tribute to the University's lamented President, Mr. Ware, for whose sudden death—a loss not only to the University but to the whole cause to which he gave his life, we have already expressed our deep regret and sympathy.

The recent Prohibition victory in Atlanta is a victory for the cause of temperance in the whole South, in the whole country. Virginia temperance lovers thank God and take courage. It is not only an encouragement—showing that the thing can be done—but a lesson—showing how to do it. The wisdom of separating the question utterly from party politics is apparent. The effect of standing together on a common platform of work for the common good, is healthful to the honest and respectable of all parties. The effort to intimidate ignorant voters with the fear of being remanded to slavery was but very partially successful. The effort to frighten intelligent ones with the cry of "sumptuary laws," and "Democratic bulldozing," after the fact, will be still less so, and is far less clever. "Bulldozing" is a strange translation for local option, and "license" for liberty, in a republic. The true statement is that made by England's venerable Archbishop Farrar, who crossed the ocean to tell us, "The drinking system dooms a large part of the British and American people to slavery. * * The last word which I would say to this great nation and to every individual in it, would be the dying words spoken by the eloquent and holy Ravignan: 'We fight in the battles of the Lord.'

For one more year the Southern Workman has endeavored to justify its name and its reasons for being; with what success its readers must say—and some of them have said much to our cheer and encouragement. At the commencement of the year, on the suggestion of some of our good friends, it added to the name by which it has been so long known to them, that of *Hampton School Record*, not as expressive of any change in its objects, but as more descriptive of its chief one. The growing recognition of the work of the Hampton School, as being of national breadth and importance, creates a demand for information of its details and results. In meeting this demand, the Southern Workman has no narrow or uninteresting field. Twice a year, in its November and June numbers, the beginning and end of the school term, it gives full descriptions of the condition and working of the school in its various departments, academic and industrial. Every month has some representation of its work for both races. There is no lack of interest, lively and pathetic, in the columns that reflect the "Humors of the class-room," and the "Indian life at Hampton." The monthly page of "Graduates Letters," is full of unaffected, vivid pictures of the life and labors of the young teachers Hampton sends out every year to work for their people. They answer at first hand the questions constantly and rightfully put as to the practical results of the work, the outlook of the race and the relations of the races.

But the Southern Workman's field is not limited to school rooms large or small. Its aim, like the school's, is to do what it may to promote that mutual acquaintance between races and sections which means mutual sympathy and common progress. In our Indian Department, under editorial charge of Elaine Goodale, will be found letters and contributions from Indian agents and missionaries, and such experts on Indian matters as Miss Alice Fletcher, Mrs. A. L. Quinton and Mr. Herbert Welsh. Valuable official information containing the very gist of the answers sought by many eager questioners, is unearthed from its grave in Congressional documents and presented in readable form, with now and then letters and reports from returned Indian students, and from visitors to the reservations. Miss Bacon's "Silhouettes" and Mrs. Orra Langhorne's "Southern Sketches" give the local coloring which is always attractive, in their stories of life around the school, and further South, among our brethren in black and in white. Educational news and papers are reviewed. The page of extracts from Southern papers, edited by Mrs. M. F. Armstrong, is as far as we know unique, at least in the scope and fullness of its representation of the spirit of the Southern press of all attitudes, white and colored. Our editorials discuss the various matters within our field, as they appear from Hampton's point of observation, with such response as we are able to make to the questions and suggestions sometimes sent by inquiring friends.

Such being the Southern Workman's plan, and its realization such as our readers know, are we justified in asking their practical aid to help it carry out its aims to a degree still more commensurate with their importance, by widening our circle not of subscribers merely, but of intelligent acquaintances and readers?

The President's Message receives general approbation, and most justly. It has throughout the ring of honesty and clear thought, and the stamp of practicalness—a business man's view of things. Especially is this true of his remarks and suggestions on the Indian question. "It is useless to debate on their wrongs and as useless to indulge in the heartless belief that because their wrongs are avenged in their own atrocious manner they should be exterminated. They are properly called the wards of the Government, and it should be borne in mind that this involves on our part efforts for the improvement of their condition and the enforcement of their rights." The ultimate object of their treatment should be their civilization and citizenship. The only question is as to "the means to be at present employed toward the attainment of this result." The variation of their wants and desires and condition should be regarded. "The disposition of the agents and the manner of their contact with the Indian have much to do with their welfare." "The history of all the progress which has been made in the civilization of the Indian will, I think, disclose the fact that the beginning has been religious teaching followed by or accompanying secular education." Most practical and excellent we think is the novel suggestion that the Indian Bureau, overburdened already with the general oversight and details of the establishment, "should be supplemented by the appointment of six commissioners, three of whom shall be detailed from the army—and all of whom shall be selected from those interested in the Indian question and who have practical ideas upon the subject of their treatment;—these commissioners to be charged with the duty of a careful inspection from time to time of all the Indians under care of our Government with the view of discovering their exact condition and needs and determining what steps shall be taken on behalf of the Government to improve their situation in the direction of self-support and complete civilization. The power and function of these commissioners should be clearly defined, though they should, in conjunction with the Secretary of the Interior, be given all the authority deemed safe and consistent to deal with the question presented." The President believes that such a plan would contribute to economy and safety of the frontier, "as well as save the nation from the imputation of inhumanity, injustice and mismanagement." It is a very happy part of the idea, we think, to associate the army with this commission. This is not "transferring the Indians to the War Department." But, as we have often said, we see no reason why the knowledge of and sympathy for the Indian which can be found to a marked extent among army officers, should not be enlisted with that of the Interior Department, and both with that of private citizens, in the cause of humanity and justice which concerns the whole nation.

The President recommends the survey of reservations still undefined, and restates the Executive action in the Indian Territory and Crow Creek questions.

A notable omission in the Message is that of any consideration of the question of national aid to education, and indeed of educational interests in general.

The burning of the American Missionary school building in Quitman, Georgia, was one of those hysterical deeds of barbarism which hurt longest and most severely those who are held responsible for them. A civilized community cannot afford to bear the imputation, and hastens to throw the blame on those who have no character to lose. The neglect of any efficient effort to help save the property, the cheer that went up when the walls fell in, the atrocious slanders and libels upon the character of the missionary teachers, before and after the fire, and the general indifference to the sufferings of women and children turned into their streets at midnight by the murderous torch of the incendiary, are facts which the citizens of the little town will find it difficult to rid its reputation of, long after they fully discover how desirable it is to do so. There are those who will mourn and those who will rejoice at the implication that the South has not gotten so far away from race prejudices and sectional animosities as some have supposed. We have been charged with a too optimistic view of its position. The fact is that we are not surprised by the occasional outbreak of a spirit whose existence we have fully recognized, but we believe none the less fully in the existence of another spirit in the South: a spirit of progress, of good sense and good feeling. The very fact that the mayor and other leading citizens of Quitman have formally denounced the outrages, offered rewards for the incendiaries, and requested the A. M. A. to rebuild "on a better basis," shows at least their recognition of the demands and power of public sentiment. If it shows nothing more, this is promising of progress. The desire to seem always precedes the desire to be; as the evolutionists tell us the desire for ornament always precedes the desire for clothes in the savage. But does the desire to be always follow the desire to seem? Well, when it does not, so much the worse for the savage. But we are persuaded better things; and we believe that whatever "better basis" the mayor of Quitman was

thinking of, there is a basis for hopeful work, broader ideas, and progressive civilization, steadily forming in the new South. And not the least cheerful view of it, we believe, will be found among those who are doing the work and bearing the burdens of the transition period, with its temporary discouragements, or even martyrdoms.

The thirty-ninth annual meeting of the American Missionary Association, held in Madison, Wisconsin, in October, was one of unusual interest, and its report in the December number of the Society's magazine is full of encouraging statistics. Especially is this true of the report of the work in the South. In church work, the 95 churches of last year have increased to 112, a gain of 17, or three times the average yearly growth. Their condition is reported as very encouraging. Their membership has increased by 1,127, of whom 883 have been received on confession of faith. Their contributions toward their own support have increased by more than 12 per cent, and their benevolent contributions by one third. Extensive revivals of religion are reported from many of the churches and schools of the Association, notably at Talladega, where, with but one exception, every student was included among the converts. The eagerness for education continues. The schools are crowded. The special point of interest in the educational report is the increasing apprehension of the importance of industrial education. The committee on education "heartily and emphatically recommend that the whole practical side of training be made more and more prominent, and especially that *self help* and *self support* to the last point possible be everywhere and by all means insisted upon. The Negro needs this kind of training for the saving moral force that is in it for himself and his descendants. He needs it also for the opportunity in life it opens to him, and the South requires it for the sake of the physical development that comes through diversified industries." "There is an experimental character about industrial training so far as at present developed, which, in the opinion of the Committee, should lead the Association to proceed with great care in its selection of men and methods for this Department, but we do not therefore say it should proceed either reluctantly or slowly." The Committee "agree to report to the Association the settled conviction that this line of education is demanded by the Negro and Indian." According to Rev. Albert Bushnell's address, "the prevailing, though not universal, sentiment among those having most experience in the Society's Southern work is that every A. M. A. institution should have its industrial department adequately equipped; that, could this be done without curtailing its other work, the Society would mightily multiply its usefulness." Atlanta, Macon, Talladega, Tougaloo, Strait, Fiske, LeMoyne and Howard Universities, ask for appropriation, to establish or enlarge industrial departments. Fifty thousand dollars judiciously distributed among these, and lesser institutions of the Society in the South, would make possible the systematic industrial training of 1000 colored youth. The beginning of industrial education for the Indians in the schools at Santee and Oahe are commended.

The Association has expended for church and educational work among the Indians in the past year $41,283.75, incurring therein a debt about equal to the increase of the expenditures of this year over last for Indian education. This increase was more than 67 per cent. The Committee is unanimous in the opinion that this increased expenditure should have been made, and commends the appointment of a special Secretary to bring this work to the attention of the churches. Dr. Shelton forcibly asks? "What excuse have we that *Sixty-eight* tribes of American Indians on our western plains have nothing done for them by the Christian church? What excuse have we that among the 9000 Dakota children, living almost within sight and sound of our church, 8,000 are untouched by Protestant Christianity?"

An interesting branch of the Southern work of the Association is that among the poor whites of the mountain regions of Tennessee, a territory of 100,000 square miles, with four million white inhabitants, neglected thus far by capitalist and educator. Encouraging successes are already reported. In Scott Co. there were, three years ago, twenty-seven saloons and only two Sunday Schools; one held in a tent, the other in a blacksmith shop. To-day, through the labors of the A. M. A. there are twenty-five Sunday schools and only three saloons. Nine churches have been recently organized under this Department of the Society, three reporting congregations of 250 and over; of a much larger number of Sunday schools, there are definite reports from forty, many of which have an enrollment of from one to two hundred; a goodly list too of day schools, including Williamsburg Academy with its 203 pupils.

In the Chinese work, the year has been one of extreme difficulty—difficulties from the Chinese persecutions of the converts, and especially from the American persecution of the Chinese. There has been a consequent decrease of 400 in the number of enrolled pupils. But the A. M. A. "fights to win, not to back out." So it has opened three more missions and four more schools, paid debts and increased the forces especially for preaching to the Chinese in their own tongue. Results appear already. By the side of the decrease in the total enrollment is shown a positive increase in the average attendance of the schools, as well as in the number of Chinese who have ceased from idol worship.

Dr. Strieby's address on "The Look Forward" sums up with his usual eloquence the work before the Society and the nation in three various lines. In the Indian work he considers the share of the Government three-fold: 1, to keep faith with the Indians; 2, to break up tribal relations as fast as possible, give them land in severalty and protection of law; 3, to give its powerful aid in preparing the Indian for these changes and carrying them out wisely. To this end, the Government must found, or aid in supporting, schools for the education of every Indian child in the nation, a task certainly within the range of speedy and easy accomplishment. There are only about 40,000 Indian children of school age, and of these nearly 15,000 are already in school. The rest can be provided for in the next four years. and Dr. Strieby has reason to believe that the President of the United States is ready to signalize his administration by a vigorous effort in this direction. With the Executive thus ready. it only needs the prompt and liberal action of Congress, and Congress only needs to hear the voice of the people in determined demand for that action. That the Indian will improve if he have the chances is proved by the statistics which show that, between 1868 and 1884, the Indians doubled the number of their dwelling houses, more than doubled the number of their children in school, more than quadrupled the acres of land cultivated, tripled their produce of grain and vegetables, and multiplied thirteen fold the number of their horses, cattle and sheep. The church must do its part, which is to furnish the base of religion to the Indian civilization. For the Negro there must be fair and equal chance to acquire property, education and Christian manhood. The look forward reveals dangers that stir our activity, and encouragements that stir our enthusiasm. We stand beside the *Indian*, suspicious, but ready to believe; the *Chinaman*, persecuted, but patient; the Negro, ignorant, but ready to learn. We of the North stand beside our brethren of the South who are sore with past memories, hampered still with race prejudices, but generous and increasingly ready to meet in a fraternal spirit the issues of the hour. Above all. we stand in the presence of God who is much more ready to bless our efforts than to punish our neglects. Let us then hasten our efforts and speedily bring in the Son of Man to his dominion and glory in America."

The report of the Finance Committee calls for contributions this year of $30,000 to cancel the debt, $300,000 to keep up the present operations, and $45,000 to enlarge them to meet urgent needs,—in all $375,000, or something more than $1000 a day. When Dr. Blake applying the parable of the Good Samaritan to the incurring of the debt, asked if the churches would say "whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee," the enthusiastic applause pledged the audience to the answer. If, as Mr. Cable forcibly suggested, Christians would go into missions as a business, the work would be accomplished.

The reports of Secretary Lamar and Commissioner Atkins are voluminous and full of interest and suggestion. They show, as the Secretary remarks, "a general state of peace and order, and considerable progress in work among the dependent and helpless Indian people." The removal of the hostile Apaches of Arizona—a band of less than two hundred including women and children—to the Indian Territory or some other point more controllable by the available military forces than their present extensive reservation, is recommended. Attention is called to the fact that with the exception of this small band of Chiricahuas, the main body of Indians of the San Carlos reservation "have for many years been credited with peaceful conduct" and are "quietly engaged in the cultivation of their farms." "At the rate of their improvement this year, it will be only a year or two before the Apaches, the wildest tribe on the continent, will be self-sustaining." The disturbance among the Southern tribes was found to be owing to the "oft recurring cause of short rations," and a murderous assault of white men on a party of Indian men, women and children, sent out by their agent to hunt to keep them from starving. The trouble among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes of Indian Territory having been quieted by the removal of the cattlemen and herds from their lands, "a marked improvement has begun, fifty have taken up farms, and a general disposition to go to work is manifested." Attention is urged to the "pitiable and anomalous condition" of the 900 Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, who having, to their sorrow, been transferred with their land from Mexico to the United States in 1848, have no assured rights either as citizens or Indians—only to be taxed as one and cheated as the other. As for the "Mission Indians" in California, the Commissioner says "I give no details of the wrongs and sufferings of these Indians because they have been fully set forth in the report made by Mrs. Helen Jackson and Mr. Abbot Kinney published a year ago, and also in the report of the Senate Committee. Unless something is speedily done for their relief, nothing but starvation and extermination await these people who, by the treaty with Mexico, were received on an equal footing with other citizens of that Republic." The injuries to the rice fields of the Chippewa Indians by the construction of the reservoirs at the headwaters of the Mississippi, the depredations upon Indian lands and timber in Indian Territory and elsewhere, the over-reaching and other difficulties in the logging operations of the Menomonees in Wisconsin and Chippewas in Minnesota, are urged upon the attention and legislation of Congress.

In spite of all drawbacks, and of the fact that "fully half the Indians of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, have as yet declined to commit themselves to the life of the farmer," "the acreage of land cultivated by them has steadily increased for several years past, amounting this year, exclusive of the five civilized tribes—to 248,241 acres, an increase of 18,473 acres over last year. with preparation for still larger increase." The Commissioner justly regards this as "among the hopeful signs of Indian progress; another is the more slowly growing desire for lands in severalty. "The Commissioner reports that up to the present time there have been issued to individual Indians 11,073 patents for land, and 1,260 certificates of allotments for which no patents have yet been issued." The Winnebagoes, seeing the good effect of the allotment system secured by Miss Alice Fletcher's noble efforts for their neighbors the Omahas, are anxious to follow their example in all respects.

Reports are quoted from many agencies of the excellent character of the Indian judges, Indian Police and additional farmers.

In regard to "Indian traders," the Commissioner dryly remarks "their appointments are made with a view to benefiting the Indians, not the trader." This is certainly the ideal view of them, and its realization will be greatly helped we should think, by the Commissioners' "intention to print lists of goods and prices to be submitted to the agents' approval, and that of the Department."

The favorable statistics on education justify the Commissioner's request for an "increase of considerably more than $100,000 in the school appropriation for next year." There are now reported on the reservations, 86 day and 84 boarding schools, besides 23 contract schools, (mission schools partly supported by Government) and off the reservation, 4 industrial training schools, including Lincoln and the Indian department of Hampton. The total capacity of all the schools is 11,943; total average attendance, 8,049; cost to Government, $887,276.02. The Commissioner well remarks, "It is cheaper to give them education with everything else found for them by the Government, than it is to fight them, even if the loss of valuable human life were left out of the question."

The policy recommended is "persistent pressure towards giving up tribal relations, and taking land in severalty, and ultimate citizenship. Even for the tribes in Indian Territory, the idea of a sovereignty within a sovereignty must ultimately give place to American citizenship for all within our borders. But all this must be effected carefully with judicious consideration of the varying conditions and stages of development, allotments must be carefully protected and made inalienable, education in English and industries maintained, and the protection of law extended over all the tribes." Secretary Lamar with great frankness avows that more careful study of the case has constrained him to give up as impracticable his first favorite idea of collecting all the Indian tribes together on two or three great reservations. "The policy of change and unsettlement should give way to that of fixed homes, with security of title and possession, and the civilizing forces already at work be pushed forward on the lands they now occupy except only on reservations whose lands are too sterile or destitute of water to be fit for either agricultural cultivation or pastoral pursuits."

The Secretary's plan of creating a commission of six, including three army officers, to inspect and report upon the needs of the Indians, has been adopted by the President in his Message, as reviewed above. Secretary Lamar earnestly urges also, "the policy of securing the cooperation of those religious and philanthropic societies which have for many years labored for the Indians, and have devoted within the last few years alone two million of dollars to the purpose." He cordially acknowledges his high appreciation of their aid and that of the Christian ministry. and recognizes the Christian religion as the chief instrumentality through its influence on character, morals and aspirations, to lift the race to a nobler destiny."

As the Secretary well says, "It is evi-

(Continued on 10th page.)

SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

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S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, M. F. ARMSTRONG. } *Editors.*

REV. H. B. FRISSELL, *Chaplain*, MR. W. N. ARMSTRONG, MRS. ORRA LANGHORNE, MISS ALICE N. BACON, } *Regular Contributors.*

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The Southern Press, Both Sides.

The prohibition movement which has taken such an interesting shape in Atlanta, is eliciting many comments from the Southern press, and in its effects at least, is not going to stop where it begun.

The New Orleans *Christian Advocate* says:

"As we go to press the great contest in Atlanta is being decided at the ballot-box. In the free exercise of their rights as citizens the qualified voters of the "Gate City" and of Fulton county will say whether or not the matchless evil of the age shall be vended in their midst. The prohibitionists have made a gallant fight, and deserve to succeed. Senator Colquitt, ex-Congressman Felton and Hon. W. B. Hill, son of the late Ben Hill, have led the forces of reform assisted by the pastors of the city, Sam Jones, Sam Small, Dr. Haygood, and others. They represent the better classes of both races and the people who eminently give respectibility to a community. If victorious in the struggle, we may expect the movement to spread with greater rapidity over the Southern States. Other communities will catch inspiration from this triumph and organize for the overthrow of the rum demon. But if defeated, the brave battallions will pick their flints and renew the onset. At this writing all the indications point to a glorious victory. May Heaven grant it."

The New Orleans *Picayune* objects with some strength of expression to the views of the Chicago *Tribune* from which it quotes as follows:

"Political prohibition being a form of coercion or bulldozing, is naturally suited to the intolerant South, where the majority always tramps out every vestige of opposition. The clergy, controlling a homogeneous native and illiterate people of this temper, and with their demands backed up as an economic necessity of the times by the whole landlord class, will be able, if necessary, to make even the Democracy of Georgia and other cotton States take their stand as a political prohibition party."

To this the *Picayune* retorts, and as this is no mere newspaper war, we give the article almost entire:

"The very plain and evident facts, that prohibition is making rapid headway in every part of the South because it is discovered to be productive of the greatest welfare to every class of the population, and because it is kept wholly apart from politics, and left to stand on its own proper ground, are not sufficient for the Tribune, which would have been unhappy had it let pass such a flagrant opportunity to explain to its constituency that prohibition is an invention of Southern Democratic bulldozers. The Southern Democratic bulldozers, the Tribune would have us to understand, having tramped out every vestige of the Republican carpet-bagger, is now exercising himself on the Republican whiskey-seller. Or do we fail to comprehend the Tribune's drift? If the Southern market for whiskey should be destroyed, what would the Tribune's Republican subscribers do for a living?

But while the Tribune would have us know that the Democratic bulldozer is doing the prohibition work, it is emphatic in its explanation that he is pushed to it by the clergy. The clergy represent to the mind of the Tribune all that is backwoods and unprogressive. It declares that the church has great control over the people of the South, and the clergy can dictate politics to the laity in a manner unknown in the North. It observes that free-thinking and agnosticism do not flourish south of Mason and Dixon's line. It asserts that blacks and whites alike are mostly members of churches and take to the orthodox creeds. It elegantly asseverates that "they prefer the gospel with the bark on, always favoring such preaching as that of the Rev. Sam Jones." In short, we do not know which most to admire, the Tribune's hostility to the South, or its antipathy to religion. We feel half inclined to take its word for the matter, and ascribe the success of prohibition at the south partly to the Democracy of the South and partly to the religion of the South."

The Norfolk *Landmark*, starting with the same text, takes what it believes to be "a long look ahead," and gives its readers a word of caution as to the future:

The "temperance movement" in Georgia is bound to lead to great exasperation and a prolonged contest in Atlanta, which would be a small matter were it not for the fact that a "boom" seems to be imminent in other Southern States. We have profound respect for temperance. We desire to see the morals of the country above reproach; but when sumptuary laws are brought into the political arena it becomes alarming to us in the South. And for this reason: As soon as we begin to put up "temperance" tickets in Presidential elections we shall have such a division of parties as will throw us back into the hands of the Radicals. This is a consideration that should not be lost sight of, and we commend it to our readers in ample time for them to think over at their leisure.

The waking up of a people to the value and beauty of work is a curious thing to see, but possibly it is only those who have had personal experience of the darkness of the days before the waking, who can appreciate such words as these:

In a letter recently written by Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson, of Mississippi, speaking of the Agricultural College at Starkville, he tells us what he saw some of the students doing at that institution:

"I have just seen what I consider the most hopeful sight so far visible to my eyes in Mississippi—fifty or sixty young men—*white* men, mind you—with hands and hoes down in the soil digging potatoes and planting strawberries at eight cents an hour. They were not tramps, nor boors, but scholars and gentlemen—sons of our best people—and were learning many things of vast promise to themselves and Mississippi, in this close and practical acquaintance with its soil!

"The Institution is filled this year to its utmost capacity. There are, I believe, 375 students. I was struck with the admirable discipline, the independent and self-respecting bearing of the young men, the military alertness, the courtesy of manner to the professors and to each other.

"I saw the young men upon parade, in their 'Mess hall' at the substantial supper, in the chapel, in their plain, anti-luxurious quarters, and at their work, as I have described, in the field and the dairy—saw a half hundred, with axes on their shoulders, returning from clearing land, and did my own thinking about it all as a sort of a new era wherein labor is honorable and intellect goes with toils and brains to guide the hands."

And that the "new era" is not for one sex alone is shown by more than one experiment like the following:

The new Industrial College for women, at Columbus, Miss., has over 300 students. Every one of the girls, in addition to receiving a text book education, is being fitted with some trade or profession. In four or five years, Mississippi will be the richer by 300 competent, skilled work-women. They will be an honor to their State.—*Picayune.*

There is enough of truth in the following letter, written to the *New York Freeman*, to make its heading, "Is Life Worth Living?" really and painfully suggestive:

Ready and commensurate employment for our schooled young men and women is the uppermost of all questions with us. The elective franchise is only incident thereto. The vote should mostly be valued as an expedient to that end. And I mean this for the Negro of the North and West as well as the South. The caste which closes the doors of factories, shops and other industries in the Negro's face, in all sections of this nation alike, is more deadly and damning than the denial of the right to vote or the emoluments of office. For, to have and enjoy the right to attend school with the white youth of the first white families of New England, the Middle States or the Western States; and to be permitted hotel accommodations, unrestrained with this same class where one is able to meet accounts, becomes the greatest parody upon "equal rights," when the rank and file of our element—not even those who were educated—cannot be thus associates of the forge, at the work-bench, in bricklaying, in the cotton mill, nor anywhere else where the making of an equal living is involved. In this, I say, the North and the West are as guilty as the South; and, to repeat, it is our chief hurt. It does well to graduate in a Massachusetts Academy, but it is another thing to be compelled to barber in St. Paul or porter in a store in Philadelphia, because nothing else is open to you.

The race, social and political, is decidedly in a very chaotic state. And to remedy this profitable and permanent enterprises must be open to them. No other thought, save that of your God, should be allowed to take precedence in mind and resolves. The political bubble has burst, and the race's inflated dreams of the Utopian have gone to the dark bosoms of other absurdities. We are rid of all our former hallucinations regarding politics as the patent medicine of elevation and independence. The inflexible rule of the mammon worshiping American is dollars or their value; and he has reached the place where elections and votes are used mercilessly to that end. Politics are divested of their mystery and stand shorn of all their intoxcating features for the masses of the race. For the reason that "it has not paid them," they refuse to love "as of yore." And, too, it looks as if the American heart is no longer quickened, as in the past, with a sense of philanthrophy in matters pertaining to freedom to all. But, as Canon Farrar said in his great sermon on "A nation's ideal" delivered in Chicago the other day "America is in the chase for vain glory and wealth. And in this chase, of course, victory is for the strong. Hence every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost one." So, being chained to this surging mass, the Negro, as best he can, "must gallop with the gang" and avoid the crash that would follow should he remain an inactive looker on. As Wendell Phillips advises, he must learn and practice lessons of hard-heartedness toward men and their political policies whenever and wherever they run counter to his present or future interests, no matter what their friendliness and favor in the past might have been.

The greatest trouble with the colored American, after all, I fear, is his sentimental and emotional nature. With all his hardships has not come some of that hardness and stoicism so necessary to confront an unemotional and brutally inclined race.

Moncure D. Conway, a Virginian and an old-time anti-slavery man, says of the result of the elections in Virginia: "The commanding fact now is that the Virginians have been saved from political slavery by their former slaves. The rejected stone is now the head of the corner on which real Southern freedom must be built."

In connection with this the *Norfolk Virginian* says:

It is creditable to the Democratic leaders in Virginia—and to the press of the State—that the sentiments avowed toward the colored people have not in the least changed. This is suiting actions to words; this is the observance of good faith, and will convince a large majority of dark skinned doubting Thomases of the error of their political ways. It is a good omen, too, to find that the most intelligent colored men anticipate beneficial results to their race from the election of General Lee. In chronicling the result, The People's Advocate, ably edited by a colored man who was in attendance on the Negro Convention held in Lynchburg in September, has this to say upon the subject:

"By the election two of the co-ordinate branches of the entire government are in the control of the regular Democracy—executive and legislative—the first time since 1879 that this party has had such control.

"Fitzhugh Lee has an opportunity to write his name in the hearts of the colored people of the State by so shaping legislation that no material interest of theirs will suffer; that there will be no decrease in the number of public schools; that their educational institutions receiving State appropriations are still to be encouraged and protected; that a benign public sentiment will accord more and more to the Negro that share of public and private consideration to which his merits entitle him."

The colored people will not have long to wait for evidence that in all reasonable and rational ways their welfare will be advanced by the great Democratic party of Virginia and the Union.

We take from the *Memphis Appeal* a letter which draws attention to a fact whose far-reaching importance can hardly be realized except by those who are in actual daily contact with the colored race. No better work can be done for the colored people at present than that of teaching them how to live decent, cleanly lives, and to this end a knowledge of hygienic law is essential. The following article shows very forcibly what the present condition of things means:

Some time since an important leader in the *Appeal* drew attention in general terms to the high relative death rate of the colored people of this city. I trust you will permit me to notice certain points which a more minute discussion of the published statistics of the past year suggest to me as worthy of public recognition. Figures tell truth; the larger the collection of figures the more exact and nearer to the truth is the probability of the conclusion arrived at in any given inquiry by the statistical method. Fairly probable results can, however, be obtained by the study of even moderate amounts of figures. Taking, therefore, the sixth annual report of the Board of Health of the city of Memphis, as exact in all its comprehensive details of mortality, arranged in tables according to age and sex, for successive months of the year, it is startling to observe how certain groups of facts force themselves upon the attention by their portentous significance. If the mortality table for the different ages be dissected, it will be found that the death rate of colored infants under one year is three times that of the white infants, calculated on a population ratio of twenty white persons to eleven colored. But we find a still further increase in the relative proportion of deaths when we consider those occurring between the ages of one and five years—it is three or four colored children to one white. Considering now the number of deaths between five and fifteen it is seen that the death rate as calculated also shows a ratio of four to one. After that it begins to decline, and were it not for the seeds of disease latent in the systems of those not already killed off by the frightful conditions which determine such a high mortality in childhood, the decrease would undoubtedly prove to be more rapid. As it is, the relative death rate from fifteen to twenty-five has fallen four, as seen in the previous decade, to two and a quarter; while for adult life, including both sexes, the calculated ratio is that of one and a half deaths among the colored people to one among the whites. The key to this extraordinary state of affairs is easy to find. Turning to the tabulated deaths per month for sex we find that the colored adult male has, man for man, almost as good a life as the white citizen, his calculated death rate being only eleven per cent. higher, whereas the colored female shows a calculated death rate 300 per cent. higher than that of the white female!

The death rate of early childhood still clings to the colored woman through youth to maturity, and it does not need the eye of a seer or even the special experience of the medical man practicing among these people to perceive that want of training and want of education are the most potent factors in the production of such a death rate as that touched on above. Women who do not know how to take care of their children, or who are too careless or too busy to do so, naturally do not take care of themselves; and as a consequence the prospective as well as the actual mothers of the rising generation tend to the establishment of a weaker race than that which the circumstances of this case would determine under more favorable hygienic conditions. Therefore, let them be taught. It is the duty of the citizen, as well as of the philanthropist, to take notice of such a state of affairs and to look out for its remedy. The custodian of the public health need not be told that a high death rate of one part of the community inevitably, in time, reacts upon that of the remainder. The dark race, before the opportunity was afforded it to congregate in cities, was almost entirely free from the range of consumption; now in Memphis their death rate from consumption is two and a half times that of the white population as calculated for equal numbers. Cannot something be done in the way of the inculcation of a practical hygiene of even the most elementary principles, whether through private instruction of district visitors or through occasional lectures from the churches, which would not derogate from their dignity and usefulness by occasionally addressing themselves to the preservation of the bodies as well as the souls of their supporters? *Salus populi suprema lex.*

Respectfully,

JOHN E. PURDON, M.D.
University of Dublin.

SOUTHERN SKETCHES.

BY MRS. ORRA LANGHORNE.

An African Philanthropist.

Every now and then through the winter, a strange looking figure has appeared upon the porch of our little store at the cross-roads, and uttered an unearthly yell, sure to attract attention from all whom the sound might reach. To one unaccustomed to the country, this strange gaunt figure, a tall, bony old black man, arrayed in much-patched garments of odd shape and many materials, his head surmounted with the remains of a venerable black hat over which is tightly drawn a white woolen comforter; with sharp pinched features and loud discordant voice, would convey the startling impression of a lunatic escaped from bedlam. But to the initiated, Uncle Raffael's howls are amusing if not musical, and the sound thereof always calls all the neighborhood around him, as seeing that his presence is noticed, his yells subside into a chant, and he sings

Buttermilk fresh an' coo-ool,
Jus' from de coo-ool;
Vinegar too-oo-oo,
For pickles 'twill do-oo-oo;
Here's eggs and butter-r-r-
An' hens in a flutter-r-r;
Pay me to-day-ay-ay,
An' I'll trus' yer ter-morrer-r-r;
Dem I has truss
I knows ter my sorrer-r-r-r.

Uncle Rafe's wares are good, and his queer ways well known, so he is sure to be surrounded with a crowd of customers, with whom he chaffers and wrangles, and having disposed of his load, he will often come into the store, and if we seem to have time to talk, as is but too often the case, will compasedly seat himself and discuss matters and things in general. Uncle Rafe is a source of endless amusement to me, with his mingled shrewdness and simplicity, and I often wish for an artist's touch to transfer his remarkable figure to canvas.

A CANNIBAL FATHER.

Uncle Rafe's father, according to his account, was a native African, induced to leave his tropical home by a sailor, who offered him some red cloth and bright beads as an inducement to quit his native land. He was promised great things if he would go with the sailor, who perfidiously sold his captive into slavery. The old man was fortunate in finding a kind master and lived comfortably in his Virginia home, bringing up a large family, who have come into all the benefits of freedom and citizenship as he received those of civilization. Uncle Rafe is proud of knowing some words of the African language and takes pleasure in repeating the stories told him in childhood of the far away land of his ancestors—how the "sweet-taters thar' are so big, you could put one end in the fire to cook, an' set on de yuther end while you was waitin' fur it to get done.'

He considers himself a great improvement on his savage father, and relates with a somewhat deprecating manner, the cannibal stories his father told him; how they had been used to stealing fat babies in Africa from the other tribes, and cooking them "like we all cooks shoats here;" and how the old man would dwell upon the daintiness of human flesh as food, declaring that no other meat compared to it, and that every portion of the human frame was good to eat except the heel, which although it had been tried in every way, whether boiled, roasted, fricasseed or poached, was always tough and uneatable.

Uncle Rafe states, with an air of mystery, that after his father's death, when he had been buried in the old plantation grave yard beside several other Africans who had come on the ship with him, "a north man came along, opened the graves and took out all the skulls of the dead people and carried them away." Presumably this was some devotee of science, but the object of this performance is incomprehensible to Uncle Rafe, and when alluding to it, his voice sinks, and he wears a distrustful air, having exhausted himself in speculations doomed never to be satisfied upon the subject.

BEQUEST OF HIS PROPERTY.

Uncle Rafe has no children, and has quarreled with all his relations, whom he describes in opprobrious terms as "mean, ongrateful, low-life *free* niggers," the last epithet being supposed to convey untold depths of obloquy.

Knowing he took great pride in his little farm, I asked him one day what he meant to do with it when he died. Uncle Rafe drew himself up, straightened his dilapidated head gear, pulled down the remnant of a cloth vest patched with leather, assumed an aspect of great importance and said with much solemnity: "Mistus', I is 'stowed much 'flection on dat, an' I is decided to 'queath my property, when I dies, seized an' possessed to de public free school system of Virginia!" This was stunning! The son of a native African, brought to our shores a heathen savage, himself unable to read or write, so imbued with the spirit of our institutions] that he had developed into a full-fledged philanthropist! I was roused from the reflections into which Uncle Rafe's startling announcement had plunged me, by my husband, who is always extremely practical, and whose acquaintance with Uncle Rafe dates back many years, while mine is of quite recent date. "I say, Rafe," remarked my spouse, "have you ever paid for that land you are talking about giving away so fast?" "No, sah," was the reply, given with some hesitation. "I isn't paid fur it yit, but I is paid some on it, an' I 'specs to pay fur it. Me, an' my old woman, we is been so busy buildin' de house, sottin' out trees an' improvin' de place, we ain't nuvver had a chance to pay fur de lan'." "Is your house finished?" was the next question. "Seems to me the last time I saw you the house was not finished." "No, sah," said Uncle Rafe regretfully. "I can't say as it is 'zactly finished an' 'pleted, but de walls an' de roof is done, an' we 'spects to finish it arter a while. We ain't got no chimbly to it yit, an' de winder frames ain't in, but de holes is cut fur 'em do'. We lets de stove pipe run through one uv dem holes, whar' we is gwine to have a winder arter while, an' we hangs a ole counterpane over de tuther one, an' we has got a door made, but t'aint nerver got de lock an' de hinges fur it yit.'.

Seeing irrepressible smiles upon our faces, Uncle Rafe continued, not at all ruffled in temper, "Now Mas' Tom, now mistress, you is a-laughin' at dis ole nigger, I sees you is. Well! p'raps you mought think de place wasn't much, an' it aint much for quality, but dem niggers what claims kin wid me, howsomdevet you nebber hears of me a hankerin arter dem, day, wants dat place mighty bad; an' I is a-gwine to give it to de school swistem. I kin keep dem outen it anyhow!"

After all, human nature is pretty much the same everywhere, and it is to be feared that Uncle Rafe is not the only philanthropist who has desired to benefit the public chiefly to disappoint grasping relatives.

A Virginia Colored Farmer.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

This morning as I sat looking over the neatly printed SOUTHERN WORKMAN, our cook, a faithful and respectable colored woman, who had lived with us for several years, announced that "Mr. Langhorne was coming with a drove of niggers." A moment later my husband entered the room with a colored man clad in rough, well-patched garments, and having the dull, bashful air usual among the country negroes, when they find themselves in town. After he had "shabbed in," to borrow again from Liza, a grey-haired dignified mulatto man with the pleasant, respectful aspect so familiar and so agreeable to southern white people, came in followed by another country darkey with wide open mouth and eyes, and a tall, dark, awkward boy appeared behind him in the doorway, so that we really seemed to be proving the truth of Liza's statement, and I arose in some surprise to receive the African delegation.

My spouse explained that the first comer was Colston Hays who wished to rent a house from him and desired Colston to take a seat, which he did with a very embarrassed air, holding tight to the seat of his chair, as if he feared it might get away from him, and looking diffidently about him. Being accustomed to visitors of this sort, I promptly produced one of the contracts Mr. Langhorne makes with his tenants, and, at his request, proceeded to read the paper to the would-be tenant, who had very much the aspect of having sentence pronounced upon him. While I was reading, the whole party listened intently and the proposed renter occasionally responded "av course, sah, av course." My husband explained the terms of the contract to Colston and talked to him kindly, enquiring as to his ability to pay rent, what his occupation had been and what provision he had made for winter. A few minutes conversation served to place the diffident applicant at his ease, and he talked with much more intelligence than would have been expected from his uncouth appearance. He said he had sometimes worked on a rail-road, but of late years had lived on a farm, working crops on shares and could refer to several well-known planters in an adjoining county for whom he had worked, and who he felt sure would speak a good word for him. He knew "eatins and fire-wood come high in town," and he had made comfortable provision for his family. He had arranged with the owner of a saw-mill in the country to send him a car load of wood, and he had brought with him a colt of his own raising, well broken to work, and he intended to haul his wood from the station himself. He had no fears of getting out of food and fuel for several months to come. The contract sounded reasonable, he had no objection to it, but had to sign his mark. He had "come up in ole times and couldn't write." After the business was satisfactorily disposed of, the contract signed by Colston Hays making his mark, our little colored house boy acting as witness, to the evident admiration of the whole deputation from the country, Colston and his two young companions departed. They explained that they must be looking after "dem mules," and bidding them good-morning. I turned to the old man of the party and asked him to tell me something of their object in coming to town. I soon learned that the very nice looking, well mannered and sensible man whom I asked to take a seat by the fire, had once belonged to a prominent family, who had long been counted among our valued friends, and "Uncle Jacob" and I at once became friends. It would be impossible to improve upon Uncle Jacob's air of dignified courtesy to those with whom he discourses, combined as it is with self-respect which at once produces an impression upon others. He was very communicative and seemed to take pleasure in answering the questions with which I plied him as to the colored people in his district. He lived at Hillgrove in Pittsylvania county, and came twice or three times a year to Lynchburg, which was the nearest and best market for his crops. It was thirty-five miles to his place, and he had come this time to help his brother-in-law Colston to move his crop and household furniture to town. Colston was doing well enough in the country, but his wife had lived in town in slave times and couldn't content herself, and Colston couldn't make enough for what she wanted and was moving "mostly to pleasure his wife." His wife was a servant woman and "could work powerful." Colston had been working "halves on shares," on Mr. Hurt's place, and this year the corn was good and Mr. Hurt had bought Colston's half, 45 barrels, and was going to give him flour for it—had agreed to meet him in Lynchburg and buy the flour here. Mr. Hurt was in the Legislature and Colston and the other man who came with him had voted to put him in.

Uncle Jacob himself owned land, as he stated with much complacency, and didn't have to go "halves on shares" with anybody. He had good chances in slavery, though he never got any book learning. He had been kindly treated, and gone about a good deal with his master; at one time they lived in Richmond.

He had grown up in the house and learned to tinker at several trades, being called on to do the odd jobs about the place, and his knowledge had been very useful to him. He had never expected to be free, and freedom came "all on a sudden" to him. When he was a slave he had often thought he would like to own some land, and as soon as he was free that was the first thought that came to him, and he worked right toward a home for himself. He and most of the slaves had stayed on his master's plantation the first year; they then began to leave by degrees. He had worked at anything that came to hand and made his children work; some colored people did not make their children work at all, but he always told his children they must work or leave. He had managed to save a little money all the time, had kept it in bank until he saw a good chance to buy land. The man he bought from was in a strait, and the land sold very cheap. He had bought 90 acres, mostly in woods, good land too, at $8.00 per acre. He could sell it now at $5.00 an acre, but he did not care to sell. He had cleared off fields as he wanted them, and had built his own house, a good comfortable house it was. Agents were always coming along with things to sell, and soon after he moved to his farm he had bought $13.00 worth of fruit trees. Now he had good orchards of peaches and apples; this year the crop was very good and they had plenty of fruit. His wife had always been a great help to him. She was a very managing woman, and kept everything comfortable about the house. He had his own team and this year they were milking two cows and sold a good deal of butter. Usually they put up their own bacon and had plenty, but the present season had been a very bad one for hogs, cholera had killed most of those raised in his neighborhood, he had lost fifteen himself, and should have to buy all his meat. He had raised some wheat and plenty of corn and tobacco. His tobacco crop would bring him between three hundred and four hundred dollars. He generally bought what he needed for his family in the way of dry goods and groceries in Lynchburg, but there was a country store at the post-office near him, and he bought little things from there when compelled to do so. He had eight children and they all knew how to work and look out for themselves. His elder boys had gone North and were teamsters in New Jersey, where they could make better wages than here. They often wrote to him, and one of them had recently been at home on a visit. His younger children had gone to the free schools and the two youngest girls, both married now and still living at home, had a good education. Their book learning was of great value to him, they helped him to make calculations and wrote and read letters for him. He took the Lynchburg *Weekly Advance*, he had subscribed for it in one of his trips to the city, and found it very useful in keeping him informed about the markets. His commission merchant, Mr. Payne, also took care to let him know what was necessary on that subject, always sending him a postal when tobacco was selling high, so that he would know when to bring his crop to town. Once in a while he went to Danville but he preferred Lynchburg.

It was pleasant to see a man whose early life had passed in slavery, so comfortable and cheerful a citizen in middle-age. Although evidently very shrewd about business, his interest was not wholly absorbed in his own affairs, but extended to the interests of his community. He spoke approvingly of the free schools, which he thought were of great benefit to the people, and of much satisfaction of the church near him in which he was one of the officers. He said the congregation had recently put up a new church, which when completed would cost $7,000. The preacher was a good industrious man, who worked whenever he found a job, and was grateful for a hundred dollars given him annually by the church people.

Uncle Josh, who is evidently an observant and thoughtful person, I was sorry to find, did not consider the outlook for most of the colored people very encouraging. Like many people who are growing old he was inclined to be severe in his judgment of young people. He said the young Negroes did very little regular steady work. The old slaves who had been trained to labor and whose habits were fixed before freedom came to them, were the only class who worked much now-a-days. The young men he thought were inclined to vagrant and thriftless habits. This county had great tracts of woodland and of late years portable saw-mills had been taken through the country by strange white men, who hired hands at big wages, generally paying $4.00 or $5.00 a week and board. This induced many colored men to leave regular work on the farms and follow the saw-mills. The hands got fine wages, but he could not see that the saw-mills did any good, rather thought they were injurious; the men did not save anything and got into bad habits running round that way.

He was rather severe upon the colored women, said as a general thing they were disposed to be idle and shiftless, a great many of the young ones were left astray, "the woman was the weaker vessel," and needed careful training, but she did not get it these days; comparatively few of them went into service with white people, it would be much better for them to do so, for they improved in manners and could learn with white folks, but they did not want to learn. All they thought about was getting these cheap calico dresses and running about. Uncle Jacob grew excited when he spoke of calico and declaimed against it. He considered it a snare and a delusion, an' invention of the Great Enemy of man. He seemed to think if there were any way of putting back the price of calico to the rates of *ante bellum* days, there would be some hopes of reformation and progress for the colored women, otherwise the prospect was most discouraging. He referred with sadness to the strong useful cotton worn by the slave women, one cotton dress being worth two or three of the cheap, sleazy calicoes worn now, and portrayed the scorn with which the African damsel of to-day regarded the serviceable garment of an older generation. I was glad to learn that Uncle Jacob's wife confined herself closely to cotton gowns, as it was evident that if she had been wont to indulge in the reprehensible cheap calico over which he mourned, his burden would have been greater than he could bear.

When Uncle Jacob had given a full account of the colored people of his district, I enquired about the white citizens, and here, too, his remarks displayed shrewd observation and clear insight. He thought the outlook among the old aristocracy anything but cheering. They were getting poorer and poorer. They had never learned to work and few of them were bringing up their children to suit the new order of things. As a general thing they knew very little about management, and, having nothing left but land, too many of them were heavily in debt, and had little prospect of doing anything to extricate themselves.

The white people who were poor in old times he considered in much more hopeful condition. Formerly great numbers of these had been mere hangers on to the large plantations, and lived by underhand trading with slaves and led a hand to mouth existance. The men had depended chiefly on being employed as overseers on the plantations. Now all this was changed. Negro evidence was as good as white folks' now, and if they depredated on their neighbors they were pretty apt to be found out. Overseeing was played out. If a planter hired a white man to manage on his farm, it was not after the fashion of old times, walking about with a big whip; the hired white man had to work alongside of the hired black man. The free schools were educating their children and "po' white folks" were beginning to hold up their heads with other people in these later days.

SILHOUETTES.

BY ALICE M. BACON.

A Rainy Day at the Butler.

A gray December day, warm, rainy, foggy, and a Monday morning. The level fields stretch out before us, alternately brown and green, and the straigbt white road gleams wetly as it points as an arrow to the Butler School. As we walk along with flapping waterproofs and dripping umbrellas, we meet here and there Normal School students in all stages of wetness, from the well protected swell, with umbrella and rubber coat, to the Indian fresh from his reservation, running along with down-dropped head and upturned collar and no other attempt to protect himself from the prying rain drops. The horses that we see have a depressed aspect, the very dogs are too wet to be anything but friendly, and even the indefatigable Bruce shows litle enthusiasm over his morning walk and runs along with a stick in his mouth and his long hair dripping, doubtful whether it would not be better if we would both stay at home by the fire on such a day. Poor fellow! he has left his breakfast for the walk and now the walk proves to be not all his fancy painted it, and his thoughts are doubtless reverting, as he runs dutifully along carrying a stick, to that delicious plate of bones, that Fred or Shunka or his arch enemy, the barn dog, is probably at this moment enjoying. Through the rain and mist the buildings of the Soldiers' Home loom up in a most imposing manner. Beyond the plowed fields at our right, a little break in the clouds allows a watery gleam to fall upon the mist and glorify it for an instant so that the whole scene is transformed and the ordinarily prosaic landscape looks like some mysterious vision, wrapped in the shifting veil of gleaming mist. Then the break in the clouds closes over, the rain comes on with redoubled energy, and the vision is gone. We are back once more in a damp, moist, unpleasant everyday world and close up to the sheltering wings of the Butler School.

The doors are just opened and a motley procession of pickaninies of all sizes and colors is filing into the building. Just stop and look at them a moment. A pathetic procession truly, and though we laugh at their jolly faces and curious old garments, it is a laughter that has in it a touch of sadness, for we can never see these children without seeing the pathetic as well as the funny side of them. Hardly an umbrella among them all, here and there the proud possessor of a gossamer waterproof mingles with the less fortunate crowd, but for the most part the children are sent out into the rain with very little protection. One or two blue army capes with red linings add a touch of color to the scene; there are old shawls among the girls, and old coats, evidently adapted with not much alteration from garments intended for their elders, and worn until the lining sticks through and the cuffs are fringed and the whole garment is a curious patchwork of all colors that would vex the soul of a crazy quilt artist with envy and despair. The boys are dressed in coats, capes or no outer garment, as accident or the fortune of their parents may decide. Five small urchins absorbed in a game of marbles, are so oblivious of all besides that even the ringing of the school bell does not rouse them, and a special summons has to be sent to bring them in. Their little jackets are soaked, their feet, half covered by their ragged shoes, are muddy and wet, and the rain is running down their bright little faces, but they seem to have none of that longing for shelter from the storm that sends chickens to their coops and dogs to their kennels on such a day as this.

The head gear in this procession is worthy of notice. As the children troop in they take off from their heads the various hats, capes and hoods which they have been wearing. Let us look at the different hooks and see what we can find. Here is an old soldier cap of which very little is left but the visor. The back looks as if a rat had gnawed it, and through the holes in the crown any amount of weather might find its way unmolested. A little red hood hangs next to it, soiled and torn but regarded by the child to whom it belongs as her most precious possession. Here a broad brimmed white straw hat hangs beside a red worsted hood, for a head covering once obtained is worn in season and out of season as long as it can be made to stay on the head. Several pretty Tam O'Shanters are trophies from last years Christmas celebration, and were the gift of northern friends of the school. Here a poor little hat with a rusty piece of crape around it, shows the effort that has been made to conform to the customs of the world. There is no one possibility of their freedom that seems to the colored people more of a privilege than this possibility of showing by mourning garb, their respect for a deceased friend. Denied to them in slavery, they avail themselves of the opportunity of their freedom to wear the somberest of somber garments if their pockets will allow it, and even the very poorest will scrape up some how or other a bit of rusty crape or a black ribbon to decorate the hat when occasion demands.

The small drummer is standing solemnly at his place. At a signal he begins to beat his drum, and the children emerge from their various school rooms and take their places in line in the big hall. To-day the lines are very variable in length. At the right of the platform are the large boys and girls, and their lines stretch nearly the length of the hall, but as we go toward the left the children constantly diminish in size and the lines in length, for the little ones cannot brave the weather as the older ones can. As the drum stops we see peeping through the open door a group of wet faces. The late comers dare not come in, for the rule is that those who are late must wait outside until the opening exercises are over and the children have marched to their respective school rooms. So there they stand dismally in the rain, but for once the teacher takes pity on them and motions them to come in before the door is shut. In they crawl with relieved but shame-faced expressions and take their places in the ranks.

Then the simple opening exercises begin, exercises in which all the children have a part. First the children recite the 19th Psalm in unison and with remarkable distinctness though the voices are low and soft. Then all the little heads are bowed while they repeat the Lord's Prayer. Then a clear sweet voice starts a familiar hymn and all join. Perhaps they do not know or understand what they are singing but to us there is an indescribable pathos in the intent dusky faces and the sweet childish tones, as they repeat the burden of their song;

"Whiter than snow, yes whiter than snow,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

Then the children march out to their respective rooms and the great hall is left empty, the outer door is opened and two little girls come in, in a hesitating manner and wait in the kitchen garden room until Miss H. is ready to attend to them. They stand in scared, expectant attitudes, looking out of the corners of their great black eyes at the visitors. Miss H. comes up, and soon the messengers appear from the school room, bearing the cards of the late or absent ones. More late children come dripping in, and silence reigns while the names of the children are called.

"What makes you so late, little girl?" Miss H. asks as she hands her the card.

"I donno Miss, specs I didn't start early enough" is the answer, given with a smile and sidelong glance at the amused visitors.

"Benny what makes you so late? Look at all those fours on your card? and Miss H. hands over a card with a long line of fours on it. Benny looks up with an injured air. "Had to go over to de Home for some cloe's" he answers in justification of to-day's tardiness.

"Rosina, why are you late to-day?" as a little mite with her hair standing out in eight or ten little tails on her head comes to the front to receive her card. Rosina wriggles and twists and looks embarrassed and eyes the visitors helplessly. "Come Rosina, why were you late?" Miss H. reiterates. Rosina's head droops lower and lower, her finger creeps into the corner of her mouth and she replies in an awestruck whisper loud enough to be heard all over the room "I had a pain in my stomach." Then, the murder being out, she laughs and Miss H. laughs, and we laugh, and all the children laugh as if a pain in one's stomach were a very good joke.

"And what made you late to-day, Ananias?" as a sturdy, jolly-faced boy comes up to take his card.

"Please Miss, I had to go de Fort wid some clo'es and den de boat done blowed and I was late" replies Ananias whose only means of reckoning time is by the boat whistle.

At last the children are all attended to and sent back to their rooms, and on the kitcheo garden table lies a great pack of cards of the absentees, about half the school are kept at home in weather like this for lack of the necessary clothing to protect them out of doors. But there are children in school to-day who have walked three and five miles over the muddy country roads. They would rather spend their day at school than at home, and the worst punishment that can be given them is to tell them that they can not come back to school for a day or a week or whatever time seems necessay for disciplinary purposes.

The show is over now, and we paddle home through the mud and rain thankful that we have plenty of india rubber protection from water and mud, and that we have only a quarter of a mile instead of three or five miles to walk. Bruce travels on ahead barking with joy ot his release from the restraint of school and the prospect of looking up his deserted breakfast, only to find when he reaches home that his cherished bones have disappeared and that he is himself so wet and muddy that he can't come into the house. Let us hope that Bruce is the only one who has failed to get some pleasure from this rainy day visit to the Butler.

A Few Applications.

Every Tuesday and Friday at 12 o'clock the office of the business manager of the school is crowded with boys waiting patiently for orders on the differeut departments for various articles of which they stand in need. When a boy has an account with the school, the method of drawing money, obtaining clothing, shoes or anything else that the school can supply is to send in a written application to the business manager. These applications are carefully looked over, and then on Tuesday and Friday the boy gets his answer and an order for the desired article, if it is thought best that he should have it, and his account warrants the expenditure. The application is filled out on a printed blank.

The modes of address in use among the students are varied.

At the beginning of the blank below the dotted line left for the date is another dotted line left for the name of the business manager and on the next line the word "Sir" printed. Some of the students begin their application

"Mr. B—
Sir;"

Others with a view to being more polite and respectful, insert the word "Dear" or "Kind" before the printed "Sir." Others still, thinking more perhaps of the articles desired than of the manner of address begin

"Mr. B—
Please Sir"

A variety of arguments are adduced why the order should be granted. Here is one,

Mr. B.
Sir
Please give me an order on the Industrial Room for a cap and two night shirts, I have money in the treasure. I don't no how much about eight dollars I think
Yours truly,
_____"

Here is an application from an Indian boy

"Mr. B—
Dear Sir,
Please give me an order for repair of shoes and I want new pair of shoes too, and I aske you for a new pair of shoes but you didn't give me and may be you think that I have a good new pair
_____"

A somewhat pathetic application is the followiug.

Mr. B—
Dear Sir
Please give me a order for a vest there are some in the industrial room that has been there some time they are some old ones that has been in their on hand some time
Yours Respectfully
_____"

When the application is one for money the applicant is expected to state what he wants to use the money for. Among applications of this class here are a few selected specimens. The first is from an Indian boy.

"Mr. B—
Dear Sir,
Please give me an order for uniform pant 1 undershirt and 50 cents I want buy some pencil and eake
Your truly
_____"

"Mr. B—
Sir
Please let me have 45 cts. for church and Sunday-school
_____"

Mr. B.
Sir please give me an order for $2.00 for to pay for my shoes if you please.
Yours truly,
_____"

The spelling in these applications is various. There is no common opinion in regard to the way that the word pants shall be spelled or even whether its form shall be singular or plural; "pance" is a favorite spelling as is "bruch" of the word brush. One boy asks for a "boddle of ink" another for an order on the "industerous room." The following application or rather interrogation is rather funny.

"Mr. B—
Sir:
please let me have one pair of shoes number seven. and a trunk?
_____"

Here is one where the usual order of address is reversed.

Dear Sir
Mr. B—
Please give me a veste
_____"

The signatures of these applications are even more various than the style of address. Some merely sign their names with no preliminary form, others sign "yours truly," as in some of the cases already quoted. One boy closes his note

"Please oblidge me yours truly frend"

Others sign "respectfully", or "respectiful;" one "yours spectfully friend." The form and manner of the application is undoubtedly a matter of considerable thought and care to many of the boys and is to them a useful exercise in the proper statement and address of business letters, so that in looking over the piles of them that have to be looked over and filed one is more surprised that so many are neatly and properly written than that mistakes and misspelling occur in a few.

The Work in Natural History.

As some of the mistakes that have been made in the Natural History classes appeared in the SOUTHERN WORKMAN last month, it is only fair that the other side of the story should also be told. There is another side, which tells of much earnest and faithful and successful work. Some of the students are mischievous, and some are careless, but they all mean to do well, and many of them are achieving results of which they and their friends have every reason to be proud. Probably there are few schools in the country of the same grade as Hampton in which the students have acquired in two months more of the true scientific spirit as the Juniors have gained here. The improvement in their work during this short time has been really surprising. Mistakes are steadily growing fewer. Scholarly work is growing to be the rule. Considering that they have no textbook, the familiarity with scientific words which many of the students show is remarkable. Here is a specimen from an examination paper—the description of an ox's eye which was shown in class:—

"The eye of an ox has three coats. First the sclerotic coat and cornea, second the choroid and iris and third the retina. Those coats are on the outside of the eye. Inside there are three parts, the Vitreous Humor, the Crystalline Lens and the Aqueous Humor."

Another examination paper gives the following discription of a Ruminant's stomach:— "The stomach of Ruminants is complex. It has four compartments. First the rumen or paunch. Second the reticulum or honey-comb bag. Third the many-plies. Fourth the rennet or true stomach. The food is first bitten off and taken in the mouth, then it goes through the oesophagus into the paunch and then it passes into the honey-comb bag where it is made into little balls. These are taken up into the mouth where it is thoroughly masticated. Then the food is swallowed the second time, and passes into the many-plies, where it is strained and then it goes into the rennet or true stomach, where it is digested by the gastric juice."

Here is an answer to a question which called for a description of the different kinds of *fore-limbs* found in mammals, about which the class has studied. Two or three mistakes in spelling have been corrected. "The fore-limbs of the whale are nearly extinct or disappeared, there are more than three phalanges in the fingers of some of them. The fore-limbs of a horse have the wrist elevated to the centre of the leg and the metacarpals are joined together to form the cannon bone. There is but one toe and that is set down in a hoof. It has three phalanges. The eat's fore-limbs are so arranged that it walks on its toes. The bat's fingers are very long and are joined together by a sort of skin, the thumbs are short and have hooks on them. In the arm of a man the bones are separate not joined together to form one bone. The elephant has five toes on each of the front feet, some call them hoofs, other elephants have four toes or hoofs on the front feet. The camel has two hoofs woven together so that in walkiog over the sand he will not sink in."

This is not perfect, but it is given because it shows such a genuine appreciation of the spirit and method of Comparative Anatomy as is rarely found io a beginner. The same thing is found in other papers.

The librarian says the students are to be especially commended for the earnest and intelligent work which they have done in the library. The supply of books on Natural History is far from equal to the demand. Some excellent compositions on different animals have been among the results of this reading.

The future of our work looks at present very bright. We are just starting a Museum of Natural History, which the students are going to build up themselves, and which already has the promise of some valuable gifts from friends outside the school. Two rooms are now being fitted up, one to serve as Museum and Recitation room, and the other as Laboratory. The country about Hampton is rich in zoological specimens, and if the students are as wide-awake and faithful in collecting them as they have been in studylog, the organizing of a good local collection will be only a question of time.

MARY A. JOHNSON.

Letters from Hampton Graduates.

From a Hampton Singer. Ten Years a Teacher, and still a Learner. A Sunday School Worker. Beating his own Record. A Calico Party. From Two Under Graduates. Teacher and Preacher. A Builder of Churches. A Tribute to Hampton. Delighting in the Work. From another Under-graduate.

FROM A HAMPTON SINGER.

One of the band of Hampton students, who helped "sing up the walls of Virginia Hall," and who has been adding to the music of life by good work in the school ever since that chorus disbanded, writes in cheerful tune of his experience, as follows:

——, Va., *Oct. 13th, 1885.*

Miss——,

My Dear Friend:

I waited last year until I was ashamed to write, so I am determined to do better this year, with the hope of retaining at least a small portion of your estimation and friendship.

I am still at my old post of duty, having just commenced my fourth session, and I realize that there are many advantages in remaining at a place three, four or more years. I have not the trouble of getting acquainted with my pupils every session; I can start my classes at the beginning of a session just where they stopped in the previous session, instead of having to turn them back, as is frequently the case in taking charge of a new school; I can keep up a little correspondence during my vacation absence with some of my pupils, and they are all glad to see me back again; and a teacher who remains a long time in a community and wins the confidence and respect of the people, has an influence over them which is highly important, besides gratifying to himself. I realize all this, and feel very glad that I have been able to stay here so long. My school work, I think, has been satisfactory to all parties concerned. Most of my pupils have made progress corresponding to my fondest hopes, and not one has failed to make headway of a greater or less degree. I had expected two of my pupils to enter Hampton this term, but the past season being a poor one, their parents are unable to let them go. Several others are able to pass the required examination, but are under the age necessary to become students at Hampton.

My object is to get as many of my pupils off to higher schools as possible, Hampton, of course, being my choice. The home influence is generally bad, in some cases, terribly degrading, and eighteen hours of it tends greatly to bedim the lustre of six hours in the school room; so, if the children can be taken from home and kept under strict discipline and good influence of a school like Hampton, there is hope of their being completely weaned away from the old home training in three years.

I will not tire you with what may be of only ordinary interest, for you get so many letters like this. Hoping you are very well,

I am, truly yours, W.

STILL A LEARNER.

It is good showing for a teacher when his successive certificates rise through successive grades. Through all the cares of active teaching and working for the support of a family, to make such a record, is a cause of congratulation and encouragement.

——Va., *Oct. 9th, 1885.*

Miss A. E. C.,

Dear Friend:

Your circular was received yesterday, and according to your request I give you an early reply. I am thankful to say that I am quite well, and am ready to enter upon my usual work. We have been assigned to our schools for the coming term. Mrs. C. is appointed to teach the school near our home—this school which I have been teaching. I have been appointed to teach one that I have taught before, eight miles from my home. I will have to board, and come home once a week. It is too far to ride. I am about to enter my eleventh year as teacher. I expect to make it my profession. I seem to be successful in the business. I like it. I have never taught in any other county in this State, nor in any other district in this county but this one. I am the oldest teacher (colored) in this district. I have taught under every board of teachers and superintendents that have been appointed since the public schools have been in operation. You may judge from this that I not been a successful teacher I would not have been employed so continuously. When I first started I began teaching under a second class certificate, but now I hold a first class one. There is but one more step upwards, and that is to obtain a professional certificate. I shall get that soon. We shall begin teaching on the 12th inst.

With many kind and good wishes,

I am yours truly, C.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

The work of the colored teacher is not confined to his district school. Everywhere our Hampton graduates go they find plenty to do outside their school rooms, for their people. To establish, lead, or teach in the Sunday School is a frequent and important part of their mission. One such faithful worker writes:

——Va., *March 28th, '85.*

Dear Friend:

I received your letter, and I am glad to know that you still remember me. Teaching has been my work ever since I left H. I have taught in three counties.

The school I now have numbers on an average 200 scholars. I have two assistants. I have been married one year and four months. I have worked in Sabbath School regularly since leaving Hampton, and am now superintendent of a large school. In my first teaching the trustees were very careless about my money, and my health being bad, caused me to contract debts that took me a long time to pay, but now I am clear, and I hope very soon to square myself at Hampton. I shall be glad to get any reading matter that Miss Tileston may send, and will be pleased to acknowledge the same. My work here is very hard, because I must do a part, and a large part, of the parents' work, that is, to train the children in things that they ought to learn at home. But I have made teaching my work, and shall continue while I have strength.

Hoping to hear from my dear friends through you.

I remain, yours respectfully, Q.

BEATING HIS OWN RECORD.—A CALICO PARTY.

A later letter from the same hand, written at the beginning of the fall term, gives an encouraging account of the year that is past. We trust that the calico party was a success for the autumn days:

——Va., *Sept. 3d, '85.*

Dear Miss C——;

I don't remember whether I wrote to you or not; if I did not, it was my intention to do so. I received those papers, and read with much interest the account of the Negro school. I have taught ever since I left Hampton. This year I teach here again. I had quite a success this year; the examiner said the school stood 100 per cent. better than last year. There are in this town 706 scholars. I have nearly 200 in school. The great trouble here is, the people have no clothing for the children, and they must go on in ignorance. I have quite a nice Sabbath School, but I want to increase it. Two of my teachers can sew. They say if I get some material, they will make me some garments for them, and also teach them how to sew. I will now state to you my plan to see what you think of it. I have set apart a certain Sunday for all of the scholars to bring five cents; with it I am going to buy some calico, and get some little dresses made, and go to see each parent; those who will promise to let the children come if they need clothing, give them what I can spare; in this way I want to make one part help the other. My Sunday School needs papers. When you have anything of the kind, please remember me.

I remain your scholar, Q.

TEACHER AND PREACHER.

Many of Hampton's under graduates are doing excellent work. From one of the most successful, a teacher and preacher, and builder of churches, we have the following good report, and tribute to Hampton's influence:

——Va., *Oct. 14th, 1885.*

Miss A. E. C——:

With great pleasure I do now reply to your kind letter which reached me last night.

I am an under graduate of Hampton School. I left school in the winter of '74 and '75. I was then a member of the Senior class. I have never been back to finish up, from the fact, I could never find the time and money to do so.

I taught public school five years after I left Hampton. I have taught in Augusta, Rockingham and Page counties.

I have been ordained to the work of the Christian ministry nine years; during that time I have built two churches, received into my churches something over four hundred members, have carried on large and flourishing Sabbath Schools, and married over one hundred and fifty couples.

I am thankful to-day that I have been generally successful in my work, both as a teacher and preacher. I now have charge of the First Colored Baptist Church of Lexington, Va., with a membership of 620, and a meeting house and parsonage worth $7,200

I also at this time have an independent school under my charge, which is doing well. I am married, and have five children.

I really love Hampton School, though I was there but a short time, still it did me good; and I have felt its influence for good, and have profited by its instruction ever since I left there, ten years ago.

I wish to be remembered to the General and teachers.

I shall be glad of any reading matter that I can get. I have not many books. I shall also be thankful for words of encouragement and sympathy, as well as any other help in whatever shape it may be.

The colored people here are doing tolerably well generally, and are buying good homes pretty fast.

I must close. I have already been too lengthy, for I fear I will weary you in reading so much uninteresting matter.

Yours respectfully, H.

DELIGHTING IN HER WORK.

From another under-graduate, a young woman, doing good work in which she "delights," we are glad to have this interesting account:

——Va., *Oct. 13th, 1885.*

Miss A. E. C——,

Dear Friend:

Your letter has been received. I was glad to know that I was still remembered. It reminded me that one year ago this month a letter came to me from you, and I laid it by, intending to answer it at my earliest opportunity, but the time passed away so swiftly, I was actually ashamed to answer it. I have concluded this time not to put it off, but to answer immediately.

I have taught eight public school sessions since I left Hampton, and am about entering the ninth. I have so far met with very great success in the schools that I have taught. I never have any trouble in obtaining a school, and delight in the work of trying to be of some use to my race, however small it may be.

Down in this part of the State, teachers meet with very little encouragement from any one. The superintendent examines you; the school board will tell you at what place they want you to teach, and many times you will have to look out for the school room, benches, and everything else that is necessary. Sometimes there is no one to manifest any interest whatever, not even the parents. But through it all I feel that some good has been accomplished. The colored people here are preparing a very good school room this year; of course it will be used sometimes for other purposes, but it will be better than any we've had. I might go on to tell you a great deal about the schools down here, but it may tire your patience. Suffice it to say, that the eight sessions that I've taught I have done what I could for the benefit of my pupils.

I should be very glad indeed to have some reading matter sent to me; it is something hard to get hold of here, and *would not* I be proud to have some maps and charts for my new school rooms. I always have a Christmas tree for my Sabbath School, but not for the day scholars. Please excuse my many mistakes. I am not a graduate—only an ex-student. Hoping that I may hear from you again,

I am respectfully yours, M.

FROM ANOTHER UNDER-GRADUATE.

Hampton's army of 600 graduates is not unworthily seconded by as large an one of under-gratuates who, while waiting to be able to finish their course, or for some reason unable to finish it, teach what they know—often with excellent success. With a view to this fact, instructing in the practice of teaching begins now in the middle year of the course at Hampton. It is a good thing when the young man or woman gets the idea that whether the school course is completed or not, education and study need not end with school days. An under-graduate who has got this idea wrote as follows:

Va., Oct. 26th, 1885.

Miss A. E. C.:

Dear Friend—Your highly esteemed letter was received a few days ago, and I assure you that it afforded me much pleasure. I often think of the kind words which you spoke to me at Hampton, and especially of the advice you gave me when standing at the chapel door a few nights before my departure for this country. I am teaching the same school that I taught when I left Hampton in 1880, and have taught it every session since. You will probably be surprised when I say that I am the only colored teacher in the county who holds a professional certificate and receive $35 00 per month. My school is considered by the superintendent to be the best in the county. I don't say the above with the intention of receiving any applause, but because I believe you wish to know what the students of Hampton are doing. The Hampton graduates are said to be the best *trained* teachers in the State. (I regret that I am not one), and the demand for them is greater each year. Our School Board wanted three for this district, and asked me to write for them, as I did, but could not get them A few Sundays after I left Hampton in '80, I opened a Sunday School in my school house, which has been kept up ever since. And now we have a library of more than one hundred volumes, consisting of Bibles, Testaments, Catechisms and Hymn books. I had almost forgotten to say that I was married last year, and am now farming in connection with my school. I cultivated this year 70,000 tobacco hills, and made about 7,000 pounds of tobacco, which will be worth from $7.00 to $25.00 per hundred. The cost of making, $300.

From the above you will easily understand the magnitude of the work which I am doing. When I was at school at Hampton, I drew away time which I have had occasion to lament, for consequently when I left school I was deficient in many respects. There was no use of despairing, so when my work in the school room was done, I went to my room and took up my books, determined to master them, with a resolution I have never before possessed. I soon found out that I needed new books for references, so I purchased Webster's unabridged dictionary, revised edition, Rollin's Ancient history, Ferguson's history of Rome, and many others, but these I would not be without for five times their cost. There is much expected of the Hampton students; the eyes of all who have contributed to educate them are upon them, and it depends upon their actions whether the Hampton Institute will continue to receive these contributions. Now, let every one of us consider himself a leader of a host, on to the standard of good citizens and Christians, and let us teach by example as well as by precept.

I close by hoping that God will bless the labor of your hands.

Yours respectfully, W.

Southern Workman.

Indian Department.

ELAINE GOODALE, *In Charge.*

Regular Contributors:

HERBERT WELSH, *Cor. Sec'y Indian Rights Association.*

ALICE C. FLETCHER.

REV JOHN J. GRAVATT,

MRS. A. S. QUINTON, *Gen'l Sec'y of the Womans' National Indian Ass'n.*

REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.,

JAMES MCLAUGHLIN.

JOHN G. GASMANN,

THE RECENT REMOVAL of Major J. G. Gasmann, Indian Agent at Crow Creek, is a loss to the service which we sincerely hope may not be followed by serious results. The Government undertakes an important responsibility in the appointment of his successor.

THE INFLUENCE of the Indian Rights Association is widening. A meeting was held in Northampton on the 6th inst., at which President Seelye, of Smith College, presided. Addresses were made by Dr. Seelye, Mrs. Bond and Mr. Herbert Welsh. The house was filled, many persons standing. After the meeting a Northampton Branch of the I. R. A. was formed, with Dr. Seelye as President. Fifty-eight members joined. A similar mass meeting was held at Easthampton in the evening. About 800 people were present. After the meeting an Easthampton Branch was formed with 48 members signing.

THE PRESIDENT'S ANSWER to the delegation from the Lake Mohunk Conference was in effect a question: "What is the immediate thing? What should be done now?" He asks if we shall "give them more schools and more farmers, and keep up the Reservations until the Indians are better prepared to take care of themselves, or stop it all, and deed the lands to the Indians." The demand sounds like an evasion. Immediate steps can be taken, and ought to be taken, for the ultimate dissolution of the Reservation system. The process cannot but be slow. In the meantime there is no excuse for neglecting our present obligations to the Indian in the way of education and the general encouragement of progress. Our own observation does not entirely confirm Dr. Abbott's theory that "the Indian never has learned civilization on a Reservation, and never will."

The Indian or the Railroad?

An early and animated discussion in the Senate followed the reading by title of two bills for right of way through the Indian Territory for two railroads, which was referred to the Committee on Railroads. Mr. Harrison, of Indiana, moved to reconsider the vote for the purpose of referring them to the Indian Committee, on the ground that it was primarily a question of Indian rights. This brought on a considerable debate, in which Mr. Harrison was ably supported by Senator Hawley and Senator Dawes. The motion to refer the first of these bills to the Indian Committee was carried by a vote of 30 to 27. On the ground that the second bill was one which had been reported by the Railroad Committee last session, who were already in possession of all the facts, Mr. Harrison consented to allow it to go first to that committee, with the understanding that if they reported it favorably to the Senate, it should then be referred to the Indian Committee also.

There is no doubt that Mr. Dawes takes the broad view when he says that the large question, "What shall be done with the Indian Territory?" should not be complicated by mistakes in minor points which affect the minds of the Indians. He also deserves to be quoted for the astute remark that "there is often as much in the way you deal with an Indian as in the substance of what you do with him!"

A Spoiled Indian.

There is no doubt that the once famous Sitting Bull is sadly spoiled. Agent McLaughlin writes that "Since his return from his recent trip with Buffalo Bill's "Wild West" Exhibition, he is a great nuisance. He is inflated with the public attention he has received, and has not profited by what he has seen, but tells the most astounding falsehoods to the Indians. He tells everybody he sees that the "Great Father," in his interview with him, told him that he was the only *great* Indian living; that he made him head chief of all the Sioux; that all Indians must do his bidding; that he was above his agent, and could remove the agent or any employe when he chose, and that any Indian who disobeyed him or questioned his authority must be severely punished. Also that all Indian dances and customs that have been discontinued should be revived, including the Sun Dance. As he is working against our schools and tries to influence others, and is very pompous and insolent, it may be necessary for me to adopt stringent measures with him, and that in the near future. His influence, though very limited as to number of followers, is at the same time, from his arrogance and aggressiveness, very pernicious."

This is a humiliating picture, and offers a suggestive warning to injudicious friends of the Indian. Poor Sitting Bull and his followers have, it is true, been made a mere vulgar show to gratify the public curiosity. An Indian is, however, peculiarly susceptible of flattery, and the most well-meant attention and kindness may very probably turn his head. Instead of learning modesty among the wonderful scenes of the white man's achievements, he is apt to flatter himself with the proud thought that *he* is of sufficient importance to be honored at this distance.

An Eastern tour is, indeed, occasionally of advantage, as in the case of White Ghost, who is more friendly toward progress than he used to be, and seems to have brought home with him no worse results of his visit than a tall silk hat and an agreeable complacency of manner—which last, perhaps, he may have had before! The danger, however, remains; and stringent measures will have to be taken before long, lest the Indian of the future be a spoiled Indian.

A Civilized Apache on the Indian Question.

The following is part of a letter written by a young Apache Indian, now living in Chicago, who says that he was reared in a grass hut among the wildest tribes of Arizona:

Now let us turn aside from history and its incidents and look at the future. I do not believe the child of nature is so degraded that he can not be lifted to a higher level. It is but a short time since our government considered this nation worthy to be protected and educated. In regard to their education, it has been a success. We must take into consideration two schools, one on the frontier, taught by cow-boys, miners and soldiers, the other in the east, taught by Christians. Both of these testify to their success. If the former are to be a specimen of learned and good moral character, and are to be placed in the front rank, is it not better that they return to their original customs? The Eastern schools have done more for the noble red man than the others, including soldiers, miners and cow-boys. These schools are under Christian influence. Their teachers have correct ideas in regard to the Indian question, without any doubt. They have substituted water for war-paint, the hoe for the bow and arrow, decent clothing for a wild attire, enlightenment for ignorance, and taught the religion of the living God instead of that of idols.

Indians in their natural state are ambitious. With them honors lie in victories and brave acts. There is no one who is not looking to the chief of the tribe, wishing to be like him. Experience has proved that the Indians can be made to realize that *greater* honors lie beyond the brutal acts of his forefathers, by being educated to earn his bread. The aged submit to teaching and send their children to school.

If the desired end is to be accomplished, give them justice; give them Christians instead of war men, agricultural implements instead of arms; make them feel that they are free, as when in their natural state, and not fenced in by the points of bayonets, as they are at the present time, and treat them as a friend not as an enemy, so that they may know the land where their forefathers trod is still free.

I leave this subject, looking for the time when the grasp of the white man's hand shall be greeted, the hatchet buried, and the occasion consecrated by smoking the pipe of peace.

Let us hope, while the rays of enlightenment still fall athwart the dark question of the past. CARLOS MONTEZUMA.

The Dakota's Conception of God.*

In studying the habits of now Biblical races, and more clearly still in the great ethnic religions of the world, the fact of a never-ending longing after God, "if haply they might feel after God and find Him," plainly shows itself. The method followed in this feeling after God is often dark, tortuous and misleading—at times almost hiding the One groped after. Yet in the history of the world God has never allowed Himself to become wholly obliterated from the hearts of His children. No matter how low in the scale of humanity, how ignorant, how corrupt, how superstitions a certain race may become, this never-ending longing after God—an inextinguishable fire—is the one great characteristic of their souls and hearts which distinguishes them from the brute creation, and forever stamps on their brow the wondrous truth that "God created man in His own image."

* * * * * * *

With the red man's usual fate of being misunderstood and misrepresented, of course he has not been spared the assertion that his conception of the Diety is polytheistic—in short, that he believes in no God whatsoever.

These two assertions are not true at all. An axiom in geometry is a truth so simple, so plain, so primary, that it does not require a demonstration. It is a self-evident truth. That the Dakota is a being possessed of strong religious tendencies is such an axiom. The truth of it is so manifest as to require no demonstration. We can simply repeat the axiom, and say that the Dakota is a naturally religious being. His faith in a Supreme Deity is almost unbounded. His belief in things pertaining to God and his own soul is somewhat vague and confused. Yet his recognition of a Power higher than himself (who is the Creator, Governor of the world) is intertwined with his very existence. Such an extraordinary and anomalous being as an atheist is unknown among his brethren.

* * * * * * *

The Dakota has no special code of morals, nor any well-defined system of theology—yet, almost from his infancy, the Godward proclivities which are inherent in him begin to show themselves.

As he grows in age, his religious nature becomes more and more developed, apparent and positive. In a way, almost inexplicable, this religious tension lasts unbroken throughout "all the changes and chances" of life until he reaches the grave.

According to him, Wakantanka (the Great Holy) is the creator of the world and "all that therein is," both visible and invisible. Wakantanka is All-Wise, All-Seeing, All-Caring, All-Powerful, All-Just, All-Loving—existing from eternity to eternity. His Deity, therefore, (though dimly conceived of), is none else than the God of Scripture, who "inhabiteth eternity."

The Hindoo has a curious cosmogony which supposes the "globe to rest on an elephant, the elephant on a turtle, and the turtle on nothing at all."

The Dakotas, on the contrary, believe the world to be in the palms of God's hands—meaning thereby, that he governs it with such a perfect system of laws, so near and intimate His watchful care over it, so great His love, that He may well be said to hold the universe in this way; just as through intense love and tenderness the gentle mother holds her helpless babe in the palms of her hands and caresses it.

The laws that govern the world he looks upon as emanating from God—indeed, they are parts of His very Being. For this reason, the mysterious forces of nature he reveres, inasmuch as he believes them to be manifestations of God's power, and thus potentially to be the Deity Himself.

It is thus that his "untutored mind sees God in clouds, and hears Him in the wind."

I once saw a Frenchman, in the midst of a grand and severe thunderstorm, reverently lifting his hat, prayerfully looking up to heaven, or humbly casting his eyes to the ground. This he repeated as each thunder clap was heard, shaking the earth.

On putting to him the query, "Why do you do that?" he answered: "That is God's voice which you hear from the thunder-clouds. When I fear His mighty voice, I tremble and fear because of my sins. I lift my hat to show my reverence for Him."

It is precisely with such confessions as the above that the Dakota sees his Deity in the clouds, and hears Him distinctly in the thunderclap.

This is the same God that David of old had in his mind when he said:

"It is the Lord that commandeth the waters; it is the glorious God that maketh the thunder. The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire; the voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness; yea, the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh."

Not unlike the Roman, the Dakota sees God in the mighty cataract, the huge tree, the prominent rock, the sun, moon and stars. But he does it for the same reason as the one already given. They are potentially God, inasmuch as they are His handiwork. They show the depths of His wisdom, His power, His greatness, His image, His very Being.

But because he shows honor, and seemingly offers gifts to them, the red man is thought to believe in "Gods many and Lords many."

"Bowing before so many things in nature, why is he not a polytheist?" has been repeatedly asked. The native answers: "I do not worship these things!" They make me think of God. On the spot where I am thus reminded of God, I worship Him through these as media."

There is but one God and no other. These I call simply Wakan (holy, mysterious), because they are the manifestations of God's power and nature. *Him* alone I call Wakantanka (*The* Holy One—the Great Holy, the Chief Holy—the superlative Holy God).

Thus he scornfully rejects the charge of polytheism, and strongly asserts his belief in monotheism. His motto, like the Indian of the old world, is "One God and no other." With the red man there are several theories as to the origin of the human family. One is the following:

After the creation of the world, animals, etc., Wakantanka (The Great Holy) created three beings and immersed them, one by one, in a pool of wondrous purity and clearness. The first came out with a fair complexion. The peculiar reddish bottom of the pool is disturbed through the first immersion, and the water is slightly colored. The second creature is immersed and he comes out with a reddish complexion. By this time the second layer of the bottom (dark mud) is stirred up. The last of the three now enters, and emerges with a complexion dark and rough.

* * * * * * *

I am sure none of you will doubt that the red man strongly believes in a life beyond the grave.

His conception of the future state is simple and of the most comforting nature. For instance, he holds that when a man dies his spirit forthwith goes to the Spirit World.

The Milky Way he calls "Wanagi-tacanku"—that is, the Spirit's pathway. Every soul must follow this on his journey to the Spirit World.

* * * * * * *

As to the location of this blessed spot—the spirit's home—the red man has no definite idea: but his imagination is vivid, his faith strong enough to make that happy abode a glorious reality.

Is not this a conception approaching the "Paradise," the "Abraham's bosom" of the Christian?

Curiously enough, according to the red man's theory, no spirit is immediately blessed with the beatific vision; when that shall be granted rests with Wakantanka.

Awaiting that day, all must remain in the "home of the spirits"—the red man's intermediate state.

And so, after all, instead of having no idea whatever of God, or being at best only a degraded polytheist, the red man, on the contrary, has a strong faith, Wakantanka (the Great Holy); and, ever confidently cries out "there is but one God and no other."

His conception of the Deity, when properly analyzed and understood, is not a shocking one, after all.

As a race, these strange people who came here from some cradle-land of monotheism, are intensely religious. To be sure they serve their Creator in a false way—yet it is because they have forgotten the better way. The truth is they erect their altar "To the Unknown God."

For this reason the Christian minister can easily direct their vague and confused ideas of the Deity into the right belief of the Triune God. Furthermore, he can build upon their inherent religious nature, and say to them as St. Paul did to the Athenians on Mars' Hill:

"Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.

* Part of an essay read at the graduation exercises of the Seabury Divinity School. Its writer, Charles S. Cook, of Yankton Agency, is a Dakota Indian, a graduate of Trinity College and of "Seabury."

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

Small Indian Girl—(looking at a somewhat dilapidated but noisy little clock): "Oh, its old, but its doing!"

The very suggestive old song—"Twenty froggies went to school," was one of the hits of the evening at our last "Literary" meeting in Winona.

The editor was invited to partake last evening of a very delectable "prize" cake, carried off by one of our girls for the best marching on Thanksgiving night.

More than fifteen hundred Christmas cards, contributed by about a hundred friends, have been sent from Hampton to returned students and to Indian missions and schools in the West.

Miss Park has opened a pleasant studio above the carving room in the Industrial building, where she takes charge of the Indian painting. Native talent in this direction is highly appreciated by visitors.

The latest *furore* in the Fancy Work Class has been the knitting of "wristers" for the boys, and few are so unlucky as to want these comfortable and becoming additions to their winter wardrobe.

We had brief visits last month from two of our Hampton boys: Thomas Miles, who graduated in June, on his way to study medicine at Dartmouth College, and George Bushotter, to take up a theological course at Alexandria.

From the North.

A boy who is spending the winter in Massachusetts, writes: "I have good time all the time, and then sometimes I shingle the house, that is, I like it very much. I go to school in Monterey, but I don't like very well because all white boys. Then I remember Hampton every day. I plowing last week, that's all I did this time." And again: "I wish you would send me a Geography and a reading book. Now I will tell you about what kind of work I do. I chop wood and feed horses and cows, and sometimes I help Mrs. T—— in the house. I am like a girl, because I wash dishes!"

From the West.

One of the Hampton girls, who is in the Government boarding-school at Crow Creek, writes: "I was very glad indeed to hear from Hampton. I am going to tell you I am very well now, and I am going to tell you we have one nice teacher; his name is Mr. Wells. All the girls and boys write and read all the time, and the girls all wash dishes and sweep and make bread and sew."

Another writes in Indian: "I always remember Hampton, and some days I am very sad, and when you came I was happy, and after you went home I was sad again. I want to go to school here, but I cannot. My mother does not like to have me go."

One of the boys writes: "When I received your letter I am very so happy, and sat up one hour and read your letter. I hope I shall see you next summer in Dakota. * * This time I never look back at Hampton because too much authority for me. I am so glad every day because I ride every day."

"Music Hath Charms."

Teaching the Indians music was at first a venture, but a thorough trial has resulted in introducing it into the regular day school with very gratifying results.

The rudiments have been mastered in a very short time, clearly proving that with a fair test the Indian will "hold his own" in music as well as in other branches.

The power to sing and play the organ by note will, I believe, be of great value to them in their western homes, and especially in mission work. We have several Indian girl organists, and one boy that could now play a church service through, and this as the result of only about one and a half terms of short lessons. My experience shows me that they compare very favorably with white people, and that if given equal opportunities, the Indian can be especially useful in this part of education, and be of great assistance in the mission work among his people. R.

Two of the musical Indians write as follows:

HAMPTON, DEC. 16th.

My Dear Miss G——

I am going to write a few lines to you today and tell you something about my taking music lessons. I like music, and like to hear when anyone is playing on any kind of music, and always wish I could play on organ or piano; and this year I am taking music lessons, and I like it ever so much to study. Mr. Rathbone is our music teacher. There are several other girls taking music lessons beside me, and all seem to like it.

We have an organ in our Assembly room, and practice there every day. We all have a special time to practice every day, about half an hour each: mine comes every afternoon at half-past four to five. And every Monday morning Mr. R. comes over and hears us. And every week he gives us a new lesson, and if we do not know our lesson, he lets us take it over again until we know it! I only wish I could learn how to play hymns, but I hope I will some time, if I study little harder than I did before. Now I will close my letter.

Your sincere friend, R. M. M.

HAMPTON, Dec. 17th.

Dear Teacher, Miss G——

I will let you know about the little music lesson. I have been learn music lesson last summer, but I have not learned much. I have taken twice a week, and I like it very much, but I do not know much yet. I hope I will learn very quick or nicely; and because I like to sing hymns or anything else sing I like very much; that is reason I take this music lesson.

Now this time I have an organ in my little cottage; so I have been playing most every hour night or day time, but it is hard for me to understand these things. I cannot correct my hand position, and sometimes I cannot find out long time before I playing on organ what note is I am going to play next place. But I always be careful what I have to play by notes, because I do not know much, just I know seven of the letters used in music, F. G. A. B. C. D. E. So I know them, and I follow them, too. I always try to learn my best I can, so I learn very slowly, but I hope I know little better next time, because I have practice every day and night.

I have a very nice beautiful organ in my little cottage; this organ is about 52 inches high, and wide 42 inches, and new, too, so I love so much my organ. I can play little, some of the hymns; sometimes some gentlemen or ladies like to hear what I have to play on organ, and I do myself, too, and so I hope somebody like my organ because it is pretty. That is all I have to tell you. I hope I know better next time.

Your true friend, B. C. B. B.

Life in the Wigwam.

Family prayers at the Wigwam are just over; a verse of a familiar hymn has been sung—one line, at least, of which expressed an evident truth, "For I forget so soon."

Fifty attentive faces are turned toward the Commandant as he mentions that he has been informed that the movements through the halls of the inhabitants of the Wigwam are accompanied by noises more suggestive of a menagerie than characteristic of a gentleman's residence; that the explosion of their exuberant spirits had broken Sunday; and that the good of the community and of the individual called for discipline for any one found deficient in self-control.

Some five minutes later in the hall. Three young Indians linked together by encircling arms are pulling a boy in one direction, while three more pull him in another with as much hilarity as the occasion calls for.

It is only an affectionate parting for the night, although the boy in the middle seems likely to part for all time.

Line must be upon line and precept upon precept. Letters from departed students, and the lives of many present, give ample evidence that memories may grow strong enough to hold what is taught, and that patient instruction is by no means thrown away upon them. J. V. V. S.

The Story of a Picture.

There is an interest in comparing these unlike accounts of the same picture, written for a school exercise by the members of one division.

I see a hen and a dog; the hen had a nest in the barrel and had some eggs in the nest. The hen left her nest and went out, and the rat try eat the eggs. The hen saw the rat; she is running back, but the rat did not move; he is try eat the eggs. The dog is running to help the hen The dog must be a good dog to help.

I can see a rat, the rat eating, the rat is a very bad rat, too much stole eggs, the hen run very fast and he can fly I think, but I think the hen he cannot fly far. The hen is very good to eat, I think so, and also the eggs. Some of the good things they made is cake, and very good to eat. I see a dog, he can run very too fast, he has four legs and also has two eyes, one mouth. I think the dog is good to eat. You think so? Yes, very good, I guess.

Story Hen. I see a hen run to her nest in the barrel. I think she is very sorrow because broken her eggs. The rat he thinks nobody see me, but Dash and old hen running after him I think. Dash kind old hen, because help him. The black old hen he went out and pick up some crumbs. And the rat he went out of the hole, get it her eggs. The hen is very mad. And running very quickly. The rat he has a very good time. Because eat too much. I think the rat it will be kill. She kick him two with her sharp spurs.

A hen has a nest in a barrel. She laid some eggs in it and went to walk to get something to eat I think. A rat came to the eggs and was going to eat all the eggs up, but the hen sees the rat, so she have to run to her nest. The dog running to help the hen, too. Poor rat! I wished I saw the hen and dog so I could killed the dog and hen.

Oh, see, the rat is in the hen's nest.
Will it get an egg?
Is this the hen that left her nest?
Yes, this is the hen.
She is a big black hen.
Will Dash help him?
If the hen sits on her eggs she will hatch out little chickens.

The Eggs Story. I can see the eggs in the hay. I think those eggs are good to eat when they hatch and grow to be good hen. There are ten eggs in the nest. I can see basin and rat. I think the rat like to suck the eggs insde. The rat has long tail. I think he did not hear that the hen runs to her nest. I think the dog will help her. The dog will run after the rat. I think he will not catch her. I know the rat will run very fast when he see the dog and the hen, I can see a house. I think that is harn, where the cows and horses stay. I see some hay there. The dog's name is Dash. I think that is a good dog because he will help the poor hen. I can see few hay and fence. I think the dog is bark very loud. I can see a basin. I think some water in it. The hen likes water.

From an Indian Graduate.

SHAWNEETOWN, I. T., Nov. 13, 1885.

Miss C.

My Dear Friend:

Your circular letter to hand. Please accept my thanks for it, and also for the papers that you so kindly sent some time ago. I have been intending now for ever so long time to write you, but some way or other I could not muster enough courage to take up my pen and proceed. There has been and still is busy times with us as a family, and we are kept in constant commotion by the demands of our young chief, whom we have named Pierrepont. He is quite pretty—dark handsome eyes, and as to the color of his hair, no one seems to be able to say for certain so I send with this letter a little hunch of it. By saying "a little bunch," I do not mean to be understood that he has none to spare, for he has a good stock left. He is very large for his age, healthy and fleshy and we take a great deal of comfort in him.

Now as to my work at home and my regular work, I have much to say about it. I have much to rejoice over, and have much to produce discouragement. Yet when these two causes are weighed in the balances of my past experience, the conclusion is that there is more to cause joy than discouragement. One of the sure evidences of progress that Christianity has made in the past of the country is an organized church composed of Indian converts, with few exceptions, and a church building which has been just dedicated, and the cost of which is $958.69. Eight hundred dollars of the amount was paid by the Society of Friends, and the rest, $158.69, with very few exceptions, was made up of subscriptions from the Indian converts who are members of the organization, and the church business and other work connected with such organizations is now carried on by them under the direction of the missionary. All this is due to the untiring efforts of our late missionary, Rev. F. Franklin E. Elliott, and naturally the necessity which has compelled a change in missionaries here and deprived our meeting of the faithful services of our dear friends and his family, is cause of deep sorrow of heart to us. His children begotten through the Gospel, knowing that the work so blessed to him must be retarded thereby for a time. But we trust that our Father who hath by him begun this good work among us, will by him He has sent perform it. We welcome our friend, Dr. Chas. W. Kirk, who has been sent by the Society of Friends, as successor to our late missionary.

Our prayer meetings in the middle of the week are being fairly well attended; also the Sabbath School, including, as it does, many of the children from the Government school, in which I am teaching. We are hopeful that a Sabbath evening meeting, which has just been commenced, will attract some who would not otherwise attend at all.

While all this good work is going on, there are other forces at work in opposition. One of these vices most to be deplored is the peddling of whiskey in defiance of laws of the United States Government, demoralizing the Indians as it does, with not only the whiskey, but by the example of lawlessness set before them by their pale-faced brothers. The latter are all sorts of outlaws and fugitives from justice, who congregate here from all parts of the United States; and such being the case, I suppose no one can expect anything better from them. The United States Indian Agent here is powerless to execute the law—the very thing for which he is placed here to do. He has no force to call on for that duty—the most important branch of the Indian service and the most indispensable to the welfare and peace of the community. We heard some days ago that the Commissioner of Indian Affairs passed through this country and stopped over one night at the Agency, but who would learn the true and real state of things in any place in that short length of time? But we hope he had *some* glimpse of the condition of this agency from the lips of some one, and that better things may be expected in the future.

This is but a faint representation of some of the difficulties that Christianity and Indian civilization have to encounter, and I don't believe there is a single solitary agency in this whole Territory that is exempted from such grave difficulties in some form. Yet, it is strange to say, in the face of all these, the Government at Washington and the people of the United States wonder why the Indians don't become civilized as fast as they ought to. This question is very hard to answer in the city of Washington and in the States generally, so as to convince people, but here it is an easy matter.

But now my letter is too general; I must bring it to a focus. Now, in regard to my people, the Shawnees, though deserving but little to be mentioned in relation to Christianity and progress, I am glad to say that now they will probably soon receive their certificates of their land in severalty, which they took some ten years ago, but, unfortunately, the certificates were not issued, on account of defects in the "Allotment Roll." The chiefs and head men are still opposing the idea of taking allotments which they already occupied; and refused some time ago to take any action in correcting the Allotment Roll, which had to be done before the certificates can be issued; so we youngsters, being authorized to act in the premises by the Department, took it up, and corrected and properly certified it before the United States Indian Agent, to the great annoyance of the chiefs; so now the roll is in the hands of the Department, and the certificates will be issued on that. There are only a few of us who have consented to receive them, but I have reason to believe that a great many will when they see us get our certificates of our land.

With kind wishes to you, in which my dear wife joins, I am always gratefully your friend, T. W. ALFORD.

Western Sentiment on the Indian Question.

PIERRE, Dakota, Sept., 1885.

The pretty and phenomenally prosperous town of Pierre—in western parlance cut down to *Peer*—is the present terminus of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. This promising city lies at the foot of a noble valley miles in extent, between the bluffs of the river, and commands a vast and exhilarating prospect. It seemed almost too suggestive that, as we descended to the platform, dusty and disheveled, and as usual somewhat preoccupied with our baggage, the peculiarly American strains of a brass band should announce the arrival. It was a relief to discover that this was no premeditated tribute to our importance but that the citizens of Pierre were celebrating that day with civic pride the first trip of their first street car. The coincidence, gave, however, a cheerful and festive air to the proceedings, as we took up our shawl-straps and valises and fell into step, keeping time to the music which followed us down to our hotel.

Here, again, we were almost overcome by the size and magnificence of things. A few rods away stretched the pathless prairie; three or four scattered stores, splendid with plate glass, lined the broad plank side walks; the great hotel was almost empty, but the rooms had quite an air, and the manner of the proprietor was most impressive. The new street car in front, in all the freshness and glory of its nickel trimmings and red paint, bore the imposing legend, "Pierre City Railway Company, No. 1." Our parlor was handsomely furnished in conventional hotel parlor style; the dining rooms of stately size, with plenty of windows, though the tables looked somewhat deserted. The *menu* included duck and venison, and everything was good, down to the *cafe noir* and the cheese.

Pierre, Dakota, has grown with western audacity from a frontier town of fourteen saloons and five stores to an ambitious little city with 3,200 inhabitants and all the modern improvements. We are in East Pierre; the "old town," a mile away, has a really good business street sloping a little upward to the pretty new court house at its head, built in somewhat ornate style of the native brick, which has a pale harmonious coloring peculiarly attractive. A street near the river, where there are some rather fine trees, would make a beautiful pleasure drive, and should be laid out to that end. Higher up, along the bluffs, only the line of upturned sod marks the future street corner, and rows of newly transplanted cottonwoods predict urban avenues. Here are some pleasant houses built or in process of building. We went over one unfinished house, exceedingly well planned, and outwardly charming in the natural color of the brick. We looked at the great new reservoir, which is still in the hands of the workmen. Conspicuous on the hill is the Presbyterian College, a square solid looking brick building which has already twenty-five students.

Fresh from the remote, inert, almost alien life of an Indian reservation, we can but admire the restless push, pluck, daring and display that have made this place what it is—no mere colossal advertisement—but a perfectly open and allowable business enterprise. The irrepressible question in wide-awake Pierre, as in all the border towns, is, "When will the reservation be opened?" It is as well that the East should know that this question is handled right here on the western frontier, where the division is sharpest, the conflict most keen, with growing fairness and respect. There is a painful interest in studying the contrast between the two banks of the river; the treacherous Missouri, with its unknown currents and sandbars, the only visible barrier; on the east bank, the sharp, practical, selfish, intense, money-making, speculating, aggressive American; on the west, the reluctant, inert, proud, dependent, helpless, irresistible Indian. On this side flaunts the cruel, attractive, ambitious little city, on the other lie the vast, barren, lovely, useless solitudes.

Mr. Herbert Welsh, the untiring exponent of Indian rights, met to-day, by invitation, the leading citizens of Pierre, to discuss the Dawes Sioux bill for opening the reservation. The interview, if not important, was at least significant. A delegation of representative western men, who are in some sort typical Americans, get together in the parlor of the Wells House to approve a measure which commends itself largely to our philanthropy and to accept and invite co-operation on philanthropic grounds. There is a striking similarity of type among them; the ruddy, clean-shaven complexion, the clear, grey eye, the prominent nose, the fluent business manner, appear and reappear under slight disguises.

Mayor McClure opens the discussion with commendable readiness and tact. We concede, he says, the interests of the Indian Rights Association in the reservation—an interest both pecuniary and humanitarian. We acknowledge the rights of the Indian. Here is an opportunity for mutual concession. Our future depends upon the country west of us. It is not land we want, but communication with the Black Hills.

Mr. Welsh replies with his usual happy union of the conciliatory and the direct. He speaks of the inexorable law of progress; of his sympathy (which is genuine), with the great onward movement of the people. "The end we propose is just; the only point is the method by which we may gain that end. We opposed the Sioux commission of 1882 because of the means it employed, which were more than questionable. We are in favor of the Dawes bill as a fair measure, and shall work to secure its passage, and what will be more difficult, its acceptance by the Indians. You are aware that according to the treaty of 1868, the signatures of three-fourths of the male adult Indians will be required to make the bill a law. I have recently met the principal men at all the agencies which I have visited, and put before them as strongly as I knew how the advantages to be gained by them and the policy of effecting a compromise. It has been suggested that it may be well to change somewhat the form of the compensation offered—to make it more attractive. Cows have been so often promised, and fail to appear, or appeared only of inferior quality, that the Indian has come to regard the cow, I believe, as a sort of mythical animal."

Mr. Wells speaks of the interests of Chamberlain, the terminus of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and recommended the changes proposed by Editor King of Chamberlain. They desire a wider frontage on the river, including the whole of Brule County. The bill presents Chamberlain with American Island for use as a city park, and Pierre would like Farm Island for the same purpose. This island lies nearly opposite the city, contains about 1,500 acres, 250 of which make a fine natural park.

Mr. Templeton cautiously suggests that no minor changes ought to be made which would endanger the success of the bill. President Blackburn of the Presbyterian College remarks that in choosing a location for the college the immediate opening of the reservation was contemplated. Parents usually send their children *East* to school. An Indian department is under consideration, and several Indians have this year made application to enter the college. Mr. Welsh speaks of the important reflex influences of Indian education in border towns, and instances the success of Bishop Hare's "Hope School" in Springfield, Dakota; of the school at Albuquerque, New Mexico, and others. It is proposed that an opinion be prepared for the Indian Rights Association by the men of Pierre in regard to the Dawes bill and the establishment of an Indian school in Pierre. A circular letter on the Dawes bill is read, to be sent by the Pierre Board of Trade to members of Congress.

In reply to questions as to the means used by the Association in gaining political ends, Mr. Welsh effectively illustrates by an account of the signal success arrived at in the case of the starving Piegan Indians, through personal letters from constituents who were influenced directly by the Indian Rights Association. The way to influence legislation is through public opinion.

The Association wants justice for the Crow Creek settlers. Mr. Welsh mentions a clause in the bill, proposed by Senator Dawes, which provides that all genuine settlers have a prior right to take up claims on the lands which they have improved, when these lands shall have been thrown open, and that if these claims exist on lands which are not thrown open by the bill, Congress shall repay their loss. It is generally agreed in Pierre that something should be done for the settlers.

Little credit is given to rumors of probable political influence affecting the measure. "It is said that the Democrats wish to turn emigration to the south, but Randall, Holman, and other leaders of the house and of the party favor our movement."

It is moved and carried that resolutions be drawn up expressing the sympathy of border men with the policy of the Indian Rights Association. The general impression, is strong that in spite of King's bluster (politely termed *radicalism* out here), no opposition is to be expected from Chamberlain, and there seems to be no doubt that Dakota will work for the bill during the coming session. The harmony of the conference is perfect and a good impression seems to have been made all round. We are all more or less selfish, but it does not follow that we are unscrupulous. It is probable that the average western man has the best interests of the Indian quite as much at heart as has his prototype in the East, where the urgent pressure of business necessities is comparatively unfelt.

ELAINE GOODALE.

—In *Hartford Courant.*

Among the Dakotas.

From the Boston Journal.

Sitting in the summer twilight at the door of the mission house at Crow Creek, talking over the day's adventures, an Indian mounted policeman dashes up to the gate: "Boat whistles, Major!" A scattering of the quiet group—a race for the Major's house—a distracted catching up of scattered belongings; the policeman sent galloping ahead to keep the boat, which was not expected till the next day; then, a three-mile drive, rapid over the prairie, slow perforce through the dim, grape-scented thicket; red lights glow between the trees, and we reach the landing to find the monster tied up for the night. We finish our talk on deck; the traveller is commended to the captain's care; good nights and good byes are said, and I am—not off but on. The next sunrise finds us actually afloat on the Missouri.

Five days and nights from Crow Creek up to Standing Rock. One might be half way across the Atlantic on a slow line. But instead of the unvarying circle of sea and sky, there is the interest of novel scenes day after day; ever changing shores, bluffs of every fantastic and beautiful form, lovely wooded bottom lands with meadows smooth as a lawn. Now we stop below a timbered bluff to take in wood. Under the dark boughs an Indian, in scarlet leggins and blue blanket, sits statue-like on his horse, not for the finishing touch he gives our picture, but to sell his wood pile at $3 a cord. The long plank slides up the bank, the roustabouts tramp up and down with their loads, the wood is on board, and the sacks of flour that help pay for it are off, and we are off too. Now we tie up to wait for a wind storm to declare its intention. The clouds roll up, indigo, and purple, and green, with ominous lifting on the horizon. Is it a cyclone? We look for funnel shapes. Lightnings begin to dart on the furthest hills. But the storm passes round us; a ray falls through a rift and throws a path of silver across the dark waters, then broadens till the whole landscape is smiling again. Now we slide up a sand bar, with a shiver and shock that sends us out of our chairs. The great spars rigged at the bow, plunge their long arms into the mud to lift us over; the engine puffs and sighs and strains—here we go. The pilot's bell rings for soundings; the men dip their measuring poles and shout the report up to an echo above, who drawls it on to the pilot: "Three—feet," "*Three—ee feet*" "Three and a half," "*Three—ee and a half,*" "Six and a half"—"*Si—x and a hah—f*" "Seven feet"—"*Seh—ven fe—et,*" "No bottom"—"*No—o bottom!*" Any depth over seven feet is bottomless to a Missouri steamboat. Five days and nights of this sort with a chair on the shady side of the deck, and journal and sketch book at hand, are not tedious on a comfortable boat like the "General Terry" with a good Virginia "aunty" and "uncle" for stewardess and cook, an excellent table and an intelligent, courteous captain like Capt. Woodfolk, who has been on the river for forty years, except when he commanded a transport on the Red river and other waters during the war. You are not impatient even when you take a day to circle the beautiful "Great Bend," twenty-eight miles round a rich bottom land which is only a mile and a half across. The river makes a complete letter S. The bend on the west side is fenced across, and makes a great natural corral for the Lower Brule herds. Some of the Indian farmers have also had the good judgment to take up their farms here. Among them is the father of two of our Hampton boys. A hat is waved from the bank, the boat draws up to the shore and they come on board to greet their friend and sell their woodpile to the captain to add to the fund that will help start one of them in an Eastern theological seminary next fall.

Finding that the Terry must lie all one day discharging freight for the Black Hills and receiving it for the upper agencies, I took the opportunity to visit Rev. Thomas Riggs' mission at Peoria Bottom, under the American Missionary Association. Crossing in a skiff to Pierre, a rising town, county seat of Hughes County, *claiming* I was told, 5,000 inhabitants, with several churches, a fine Court House and a Presbyterian "university." I drove fifteen miles up the river to Mr. Riggs' place. From the top of Snake Butte the prairie spreads out like a map below you for twenty-five or thirty miles eastward, sprinkled with rich farms in full cultivation, golden wheat fields, waving corn, here and there large farm buildings; already a settled country. For the rest of the road until it reaches the bottom you pass through unimproved land, unoccupied except by, here and there, a crumbling claim shanty held by absent owners. Peoria bottom extends for seven miles along the river, two miles in width at the widest part, with large timber and rich soil; a very beautiful section. I found Mr. and Mrs. Riggs at home in his capacious log house on one of his own fine farms, and received cordial welcome and hospitable invitation to spend the night. The mission building stands near his house; as yet only a church, used also as a school house, and a small building which last winter housed twelve girls. The association was just about to put up another building, for which the money had been given, to accomodate, with dormitory and school rooms, fifty girls. Government will help the enterprise with an appropriation of $150 for each; one of the good results of the wave of interest started at the East. It seems an excellent location for the school. The girls will be taken chiefly from the Cheyenne River Agency, and the Missouri, which the Indians around there are afraid to cross, will keep them more within bounds than is they were nearer home.

Of the twenty-one Indian families that entered claims here in 1879, when the land was made public domain, but seven remain in possession—a poor showing. Mr. Riggs, however, declares that it is not a failure. He says he remarked to the United States Receiver who was sent out to take the entries, that if half held on for the five years required to "prove up" and get a title for their homesteads, he should be glad. The Receiver replied that he might well be, for that was a higher proportion than holds among the white settlers. The white race has the good fortune not to be on trial for life with judgment depending on isolated cases. The homesteaders were among a number originally sent over, as I have since been informed, by General Harney, in 1867, because, having been scouts, etc., among the whites, they had learned and desired to cultivate their land, which the wild Indians would not let them do peaceably on the west side. Mr. Riggs moved over among them and started a mission. In '72 or '73 the land was made an Executive reservation by President Grant and continued so till '79, when it was thrown open for settlement, the Indians, by their treaty, having "squatters' rights" of first entry. Then the pressure of white settlers crowding in around them began, with persuasions from their friends on the west side. After five years of reservation life it was again a new departure. Not knowing or appreciating the value of their land, one after another was induced to relinquish his claim for a trifle that seemed to him a good price, usually a worked out pair of horses, a harness eight or ten years old, an old wagon, and $40 or $50, up to $350, in money. Mr. Riggs says that those who have gone are doing better on the reservation in their farming, &c., for their experience on the east side; that some regret their folly, and he employs three as teachers at his mission stations there. The lesson of the experiment seems to be that, to protect Indians on lands in severalty, they should be made inalienable from the first. The first five years are the hardest, in their ignorance and inexperience—their lands an irresistible temptation to many about them. If they could hold out by themselves for those five years, the let-alone policy might do for the rest.

I went to see the homes of some of the surviving "fittest." The best were those of Yellow Hawk, who has 15 acres under cultivation, and Spotted Bear, who has 25, with more broken, part rented and the rest in hay and timber. Both have large, comfortable log houses, very neatly furnished and kept. Their children of school age, and those of another of the homesteaders, are all at school in Philadelphia, Santee or in the mission school near there.

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Riggs set me across the river in their canoe and the Terry kindly stopped to take me up. So on to Cheyenne River, where I had time, while the boat stopped, to drive with Maj. Swan and his sister-in-law, who is a teacher at the Government school, up to the agency over roads flooded at several places up to the hubs of the wagon wheels by a cloudburst the night before. I was glad to look very thoroughly over the Government boarding school house. It is for boys alone, accommodating fifty to seventy with a farm of 80 acres worked by the students under the agency farmer. Quite a number of the boys were remaining through vacation to carry on the farm; yet—not to compare with other agency schools—I believe I must say that it was the most absolutely neat boys' school house that I ever saw anywhere. Everything shone with cleanness from kitchen to dormitories. I was interested to learn that all the housework is done by the boys themselves, who also help in the washing and do all the ironing "as handsomely as any woman," said their enthusiastic teacher. In the pleasant, well-fitted school room, the pictorial representation of the next day's Sunday School lesson was neatly drawn on the black-board in colored crayons by one of the pupils. The rules for English speaking are very rigorous, and the teachers claim great success in carrying them out.

The girls are taught at the Episcopal Mission School, which had 38 last year. It has been for seven years under the very successful charge of Mr. and Mrs. Kinney, and is

considered a model school. It is supported by the church chiefly, the buildings supplied by Government. More room is now needed. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Kinney on the boat with two of their bright little pupils, and also their industrial teacher, who said that they work well, and told with pride of their chicken coop, and the 300 eggs they packed this summer.

I had a long talk with Major Swan. He told me he had just asked the Government to establish a school of trade at the agency to accomodate 150 boys to be taken from the camps and from other agencies and taught carpentry, shoe making, tinsmithing and harness making, utilizing students who had learned trades at the East as teachers or foremen as far as possible. The chances for returned students now are only as laborers or farmers. He has obtained a place for one at his trade in a tin shop at Pierre, and has a place for another as assistant teacher in one of the Government day schools. He has six such schools, and there should be six more. They have an average attendance of twenty. He "could say of the Hampton students as a whole that they are getting on well, not returning to camp life."

The Indians at this agency, Sioux of various bands, number 3044 persons, in 770 families. The total school attendance last year was 348 with an average of nearly 300. The Indians seem anxious to send their children to the agency schools and fifty applications were made during vacation for admission to the boys' school. One of the returned Hampton students will be taken back to Hampton this fall at his own request.

At 9 o'clock the ladies kindly drove back with me to the boat, through the pitchy darkness and the floods. In the deepest of these, a young Missouri, we were fairly in when a shout and a lightning flash revealed just ahead a Government wagon stuck in the mud with its load of freight for Fort Bennett. Mules and driver were in an equally desperate state of mind. Our Indian driver calmly surveyed the scene, then plunged us into unknown depths, and we got safely round, leaving them stuck. The brave ladies went home. I regaled myself till midnight on my mail from home. The next day we were quietly steaming up the river again. I was sorry to pass by St. Stephen's Episcopal mission without a visit, but a Missouri steamboat is not to be dropped and picked up again very soon, and I went on to my destination.

STANDING ROCK.

Major McLaughlin, of Standing Rock agency, is one of the men who impresses you as having been created expressly for their position—all the more that their abilities would fill many another. Let us hope with his Indians, that the "Great Father" will appreciate the fact, for their sakes and the country's, and allow no pressure for office to lose a man to the service who could not be spared or replaced. Four years ago his accomplished success at Devil's Lake agency—which I hope soon to see and report to you—marked him as the man for this larger post, and to take charge of Sitting Bull and his surrendered hostiles who were sent there to be under his care. What he has already done and is doing at Standing Rock, I will try to give you some idea of.

Here is a jurisdiction seventy miles long, with nearly 5000 Indians of different bands, including a camp of recent hostiles. When Major McLoughlin went there they were huddled in great numbers close around the agency; cultivating no wheat, raising their corn in common, living in tepees, and depending on rations and the hunt, the drums for the dances sounding night after night in the camps. There is now no appearance of a camp at the agency. They have gone out in small bands, which are scattering more and more, continually, all over the reservation; along the creeks and bottom lands first, where they find water, food and range for their cattle. Nothing is held in common. Every family has its individual field or patch, from a half acre to twenty acres; raising corn, oats, vegetables and wheat. The barbarous sun dance and medicine dance are abolished, and the great majority dress habitually in citizens' clothes. The camps of the late hostiles have been, naturally, the last to start, and look most like a camp, but even that is beginning to scatter out, under the wise and kind encouragement of the agent. Even old Sitting Bull himself, off in the East adorning Buffalo Bill's show, where the Government sent him to keep him out of mischief, has caught the inspiration of his people, and sent home a hundred dollars of his earnings to buy them a mowing machine.

I have to thank the Major for giving us full opportunity to see every part of the work. With a pleasant camping party of six, I drove over the southern part of the reservation, a drive of a hundred and twenty miles, camping out two nights and visiting every neighborhood within reach. The northern part we visited on my way to Fort Lincoln. I never had more interesting excursions. It was the third visitation the Major had made since the first of May. He makes it a point to see every family in their own home at least three or four times a year. Every settlement has its Indian "district farmer," a young man who having had some farm training at the Government and Mission school, can help his people somewhat in their first attempts, keep track of all they do and report for further aid, if needed, to the agency farmers or the agent. One of the young fellows was proud to escort us through his district. Everywhere the *Ate*—Father was greeted with smiles and welcome. His intelligent and agreeable wife's trace of Indian blood and perfect use and comprehension of their tongue makes her a valuable aid in getting *en rapport* with the natives, as well as in interpreting, but his own sympathetic nature, fluency in the language, and his real interest in the people are his chief passports. They are quick as children to know who are their friends.

The first point of interest in our three days' drive was a neat white school house on the edge of the Sitting Bull Camp, where two returned Hampton girls are teaching and keeping house together. Our visit was unexpected, but everything was in order; their school room, with seats for thirty, blackboards and charts, and English readers; their bedroom with their Hampton pictures fastened upon the wall; their tiny kitchen and cook stove, and the girls themselves, who came, in delighted surprise, to meet us; Rosa Bear Face, the dignified young principal, Frances Whitecow, with a Marion Harland cook book in her hand. It was a sight to touch the heart. I did not wonder th t a member of the House Committee who saw it this summer exclaimed: "Well, *this* solves the Indian problem!" A fortnight late I was asked by a lady fifty miles from that school house: "How can it pay to educate Indians, when it is well known that they always go back to their blanket?

We camped the first night in an unfinished school house, to be opened this fall, forty-five miles from the agency, in the edge of a grove on Grand River, a beautiful site, midway between Long Feather's and Gray Eagle's settlements It will accomodate eighty children from there, and, as some come from a long distance, a single midday meal will be given them. The teachers will be another Hampton girl and her husband, a well educated half breed. We drove out to see Gray Eagle, who is brother-in-law of Sitting Bull, and only came out this last spring. He was in the hay field. We stopped a moment to speak to the *two* Mesdames Sitting Bull, and laugh at the youngest scion swinging in her cradle under her mosquito bar tent, waiting for her father to come home and give her a name. Then we drove out to the field and found the men getting in their last load. They hastened to meet us. Gray Eagle, well named—tall, sinewy, keen-eyed—sat himself down on the pole of the mowing machine to talk with the *Ate*, while his young men gathered round him and stood leaning on their hay forks, in farmers' dress, but with long hair floating or braided, remnants of vermillion round some of the bright eyes, athletic dancers every one, but now as vigorously at work, starting on the white man's road. I wish I could give you the picture they made in the sunset-lighted harvest field.

Long Feather's camp, which we saw next day, had come out a year ago, and forty-five farms were well started. Antelope's people, forty families, had been out for four years—the first to leave the agency. Last year their crops were destroyed by hail. This year there is more of everything than they need, and the old chief declared his intention to sell, "like white people." His fine, fat cattle were feeding in the meadow. Here, too, we saw one of Mr. Rigg's mission stations. The reservation is chiefly under Roman Catholic influences, but the Major liberally encourages every good work, helped Bishop Hare to select the beautiful site of the new Episcopal mission house at Oak Creek, and is a warm friend of Mr. Phelps, the native presbyter at Antelope's camp. Mr. Phelps was one of the Peoria Bottom settlers, and gave us a naive explanation of his removal: "I was there in '75—two years. Then I got drowned in the river, and I got mad and quit. My ponies were drowned dead, and I got drowned twice, and got mad and quit." Could there be more sufficient reason for discouragement?

We camped that night in the unfinished church of the Oak Creek Episcopal Mission, whose young curate, lonely and undergoing an experience of ivy poisoning and Indian housekeeping, looked as if he might sympathize in Mr. Phelps's sentiments. On our long drive home next day we visited several more camps, of which I want to tell you in my next letter, and about the schools, the record of our Hampton students and other interesting matters, grave and gay, including Major McLaughlin's finished work at Devil's Lake, which I am just going to see. Writing this in the depot. Train whistling. It is well to know when to "quit."

HELEN W. LUDLOW.

How the Dramshops pay the Taxes.

Whenever in city, county or country, an attempt is made to close the dramshops, the supporters and proprietors of these institutions raise the cry, "If you close the bars, you will lose the revenue, and so have to pay higher taxes." We answer:

1. THE DRAMSHOPS LESSEN THE AMOUNT OF ASSESSABLE PROPERTY.

Every week they gather in thousands of dollars which would otherwise be deposited in savings banks, or be spent in home improvements and comforts. They are the enemies of thrift and teachers of waste. Their patrons are not allowed to accumulate property, and consequently the assessable value of the community is not increasing so far as they can hinder it, but continually diminishing.

2. THE DRAMSHOPS CAUSE THE HEAVIEST BURDEN OF TAXATION.

When a citizen is turned into a pauper, he becomes a non-producer, and the community has to support him. Nine-tenths of all the paupers graduate from the dramshops.

When a citizen is turned into a criminal, the community is taxed to punish and take care of him. Four-fifths of all the crime of the country is the result of the dramshops.

Lunatics and idiots are kept up at the expense of the taxpayers. Three-fifths of the lunacy and idiocy of the country comes directly or indirectly from the intemperance of the dramshops.

Calls [illegible] charity are to be met by the public and [illegible] are subscriptions of the abler people. F[illegible] the charity cases may be trace[illegible] ectly or indirectly to the impoverishme[illegible] caused by the dramshops.

Police have t[illegible] kept and maintained by the people.

Fully three-fourths [illegible] of the work of the police is to look after [illegible] dramshops and their products.

If the taxpayer will carefully examine the items of his tax bill, he will find that excepting the items for schools and improvements, nearly the whole of what he pays is saddled upon him by these "institutions."

For illustration let us turn to Boston City Document No. 66, and we find there the following appropriations:

City Hospital,	$153,000.
New Dormitory Hospital,	40,000
Overseers of Poor,	115,500.
Public Institutions. (Almshouses, etc.)	716,250.
Police,	972,616.
Police Station, Boylston St.,	40,000.
Addition to Police Station,	12,000.
Court Expenses,	275,000.
Total,	$2,324,866.

of which expenditure nine-tenths if not more is made necessary by the liquor traffic of this city!

$2,092,374 paid by the sober citizen to maintain the 2786 LEGALIZED dramshops of Boston! Over 1200 sell without a city license.

The money received from the license fees of these 2786 liquor saloons amounts to $507,672, which with $165,000 received from labor of prisoners, crops, etc.; makes $672,-672. This is offered by these political economists as an offset to the $2,092,374 which is taken out of the pocket of the sober citizen to support the products of the liquor saloons.

Truly the "revenue" reason for tolerating these ulcers on the body politic is a deplorable fallacy!

A Pastorius Monument.

From a Germantown Paper.

A meeting of the Officers and pupils of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute was held in Virginia Hall Nov. 30th, 1885, which was addressed by Mr. Horace J. Smith of Santa Barbara, Cal. Mr. Smith gave a succinct account of the life and character of Pastorius, and jocosely suggested that probably he and such men as Whittier, and Brown of Ossawatomie, were *color blind*; that their sympathies, in other words, ran without reference to tinge or skin.

Gen. Armstrong made some few appropriate remarks and submitted the following resolutions:

Whereas, Franz Daniel Pastorius, who emigrated from Crefield in 1683, and was the first German settler in America, having been also the first (with the other members of his Quaker meeting in Germantown, Philadelphia) to make a public formal protest in America against "*the buying, selling and holding of human beings in slavery*" is a man whose greatness should be known and perpetuated.

Therefore Resolved, That we, the officers and students of the Hampton Normal Institute, applaud the movement now on foot to erect a memorial to Franz Daniel Pastorius, the Poet, Historian, Surveyor and School Teacher.

Resolved, That we will forever honor the memory of Pastorius—one of the many great Germans who have added to the sum of human happiness by their intellect and their courageous deeds.

A motion was promptly made by Major Boykin (Military Instructor of the Institute), and duly seconded, that the resolution be adopted. They were heartily endorsed, and when Gen. Armstrong asked for the nays for parliamentary form sake, there was no one in the large audience to say it nay.

Thus has this influential body of young men and women, representing all shades of color, come forward to take their stand alongside the German element, the Quakers and all other freedom lovers to do honor to Pastorius.

Correspondence.

From a private letter from our good friend, Gen. Marshall, we are permitted to make the following extracts which will interest his friends and ours:

"Miss H. and I quite enjoyed our work during the two days of the Fair held by the ladies of King's Chapel, in aid of the Boys' Hospital at Hampton Institute. Both days of the Fair were stormy, but the result was successful beyond expectations. The School owes a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Foote and the ladies of the parish, by whose efforts this convenient hospital has been provided.

It was feared that Miss Foote, who was deeply interested in the object of the Fair, would not live to know of its successful result, as the week before it took place she was not expected to live through the day. But she rallied, and was comparatively comfortable till a few days after the close of the Fair, when she peacefully sank to her rest. The last gift of flowers received during her life was a box of roses, etc., from the Indian girls at Winona, which came a few hours before her departure. The hospital in which she was so much interested will always be associated with her last days by her friends, and will be a fitting memorial.

You perhaps know that I begin the new year in harness again. The Unitarian Association, who are soon to occupy their new and commodious building, which is pronounced one of the finest specimens of architecture in the city, are about to enlarge, or perhaps I should say, to organize and systematize their Southern and Indian Educational work; and I have been appointed to take charge of the new bureau, which, I hope, will prove an important instrumentality for good. It will not surprise you to know that the establishment of this branch of the Society's work has been made possible mainly through the liberality of a few ladies whom Hampton has reason to hold in grateful remembrance. It will be a congenial work, and I earnestly hope I may have the ability and strength to meet all its requirements.

When this reaches you, Santa Claus will have made his annual visit, and the children will be rejoicing in his gifts. How we should enjoy looking in upon you all!

Tell the boys that while I was waiting for the summons to the charms of the dentist's chair, I caught sight of a statuette on a bracket, which I at once recognized as that of a man I used often to see in the streets of Boston during the war, and who was called "The Yankee Doodle Man." He had a lot of old boots slung over his shoulders, and his ample pockets were stuffed with old shoes, which stuck out like the toys from Santa Claus's pack. His mouth was puckered as if whistling, and I could almost hear as I gazed on this dumb statuette the familiar tune whose notes from his puckered lips had so often attracted my attention. It was like meeting an old friend of the war days, and I asked Dr. Libby where he got such a perfect copy of the original Yankee Doodle Man. He quietly replied, "I made it from life;" and I found from that and other works that my dental operator was indeed a skilful sculptor. He told me to my surprise, that this "Yankee Doodle Man," whose name is Sawtell, had made a fortune of two hundred thousand dollars, since he began without a copper, to whistle his way to success. Attracting attention by his original method of advertising; he bought old boots and shoes for a song, skilfully repaired them, sold them for good prices, saved and invested his money, and now, with an independent fortune, still pursues his calling, as I am told, though I have not met him since my return to Massachusetts. This only shows what persistency and economy will accomplish, and though his whimsical idea of whistling himself into a fortune is not one many of us would care to adopt if we could, and might not be able to if we would, yet his career conveys a good lesson.

Yours faithfully,

J. F. B. MARSHALL.

"While She Lived, She Shone."

Deeply sympathizing with our friends who mourn the loss of this light from their home, and grateful, with them, for its clear shining, whose beams were shed even as far as Hampton, we rejoice with them in the rays that fall from the higher sphere where she lives and shines.

"In this city, 10th inst., Mary, daughter of Henry Wilder and Frances Eliot Foote, 21 years, 1 month, 4 days.

It is seldom that God calls to his own peace and joy a sweeter or a stronger soul than that of this dear child. We call her child, for she was one in purity and simplicity; but she was a woman, nay, a perfect saint, in strength of endurance, and in the victorious and unmurmuring bearing of her heavenly Father's will.

Bright and lovely are the memories of her childhood. She was full of delight in God's beautiful world, and brought joy and sunshine to all who loved her. She grew sweetly and naturally, as God's flowers grow; and hers was a constant growth. More and more, she became the companion and friend, the loving and careful sister, filling each relation of life earnestly and simply. So great was the outward charm of brightness and of sweetness that few, perhaps, fully realized the deep strength which lay below. Such constant thoughtful helpfulness can come only from true dedication to God's service—a dedication which made her ready ever to give up the work she loved to do for Him and for his children, with unquestioning faith. In her weakness, it was given to her to serve others more than is often permitted to one in full health and strength, as the plan of building a hospital at the Hampton School (which has been long near her heart, since she saw its need in a visit to Virginia last spring) has just been carried out to completion by her friends in King's Chapel, largely for her sake.

Without a single murmur, with a wonderful serenity and peace, she surrendered one thing after another, through months of unwavering courage and patience—

"'He meets this moment's need, I leave the rest;
And always trusting shall be always blest."

Her love for her friends, her keen interest in all that befell them, and her delight in flowers never failed to brighten the longest day of her illness. Such a day was her twenty-first birthday (November 6); yet she said at its close "I have had a very happy birthday with so many loving friends." "Simply thankful," she murmured to herself at another time.

All this was not merely accident of a sweet and sunny nature: it was a victory. The secret of it was in her perfect acceptance of God's will and in her child-like trust. To one who loved her best, who was praying to bear the pain in her stead, she said, with an expression upon her face never to be forgotten, "You must not say that: it was sent to me, and not to you." And her last words on the closing morning of her bright young life were, "Sunshine, sunshine all the time."

Surely, it is true of such a life, though its light has passed beyond our sight—

"I may not, if I would, return
Into the dark, or cease to burn
My spark of light divine;
For he that in my lamp distils
The sacred oil, he surely wills
That I should shine."

—*Christian Register.*

It is perhaps hardly possible for New Englanders, who have received the "public school system" as a legacy from their fathers, and to whom opportunities for education come almost as a matter of course, to realize how great are the changes which the abolition of slavery produced in the South and Southwest, in the conditions upon which the industrial development of a majority of the people of those sections depend.

The stimulus of the new order of things is felt nowhere more strongly than in the impulse given to the desire for education, especially among a class who, in the past, have known little or nothing of its value. No history of the 'New South" would be complete which did not include the stories of the schools which, under the beneficent laws of supply and demand, have sprung up during the last few years in regions where the foot of the schoolteacher had never trod, and where even to his would be pupils, his existence partook of the nature of a myth.

A noteworthy instance of the sort of work which is being done, and of the conditions which make it possible, is offered by a school in one of the western counties of Missouri, of which a description has lately been given in the *Boston Transcript*. Ten years ago the Rev. John A. McAfee started a "college" in Parkville, Mo., with seventeen students, not one of whom had any visible means of defraying the cost of their education, if we except, that is, their willingness to work. The writer in the *Transcript* says:

Ten dollars a month is necessary for the support of each student, and many cannot pay that, the amount being paid by gifts from churches or individual friends of the college. Colonel George S. Park of Lostant, Ill., gave land, a stone hotel, barns, sheds, etc., and President McAfee adopted the scholars into his family, and, with his wife, has ever since sustained the kind, watchful relationship of parent to his rapidly increasing flock.

To provide clothing, food, fuel, books, teachers, he had no wealth—but yes, he had, not the convenient coin of the realm, but the true riches of energy, ingenuity, courage, perseverance and a faith that could bring water from the flinty rock or manna to the ground.

This last item must be taken *cum grano salis*, as the fact is that during their first winter, which followed the great grasshopper invasion, when nearly all the hard-earned products of their farming were destroyed, they subsisted for a long time on turnips and water, with an occasional diet of cabbage. This was a time of great hardship, and the heroism of that little band is only equalled, not surpassed, by the Pilgrim Fathers, whose early suffering on our barren coast gave to this land an unfailing consecration to [illegible]

At the time of the greatest [illegible] the meat gave out, and for two fine nat[illegible]ks there was naught to eat but bread, po[illegible]toes and a wonderful gravy composed of [illegible]d and flour. This was made "thick [illegible]ab" like the witches' broth in Macbe[illegible] there was no butter, never any kind [illegible]essert, no nourishing combinations [illegible]k and eggs.

Sometimes cornbre[illegible] varied the fare; there was coffee and always sorghum syrup, made on the farm. The last was palatable, and enables many [illegible] dry morsel to take the final "leap in [illegible]e dark," but it was an unhealthy artic[illegible]r daily consumption. Right here let me say I never heard the slightest complaint from any student at the leanness of the larder or the necessity for work or exposure in those trying times.

Such a cheerful manly set—one third of it women—it would be hard to find in another town on this globe. They knew their father, President McAfee, did for them the very best possible. They had fair notice at their entrance into the family what to expect, and if health failed and zeal to pursue, they could step out and make room for others longing for the privilege. Not many would leave, however, for at the start they were taken on trial for three months, and having stood the test they generally continued. The purpose of the college is to give a thorough classical training of as high a standard as the best Eastern colleges, and only those are taken into the college family who propose to go through the whole course. The faculty consists of nine instructors, every one of whom is enthusiastically devoted to the work.

There is a lack of apparatus for teaching the natural sciences, and of books of reference, etc.; but there is some material of this sort. Three societies afford means of literary culture and the acquirement of facility in public speaking. There are also societies for missionary, temperance, and Young Men's Christian Association work.

President McAfee, at the daily chapel services, gives most helpful and interesting and rich expositions of Bible truth. He is a fine singer and the inspiriting leader of a hearty volume of praise such as is most delightful to hear. He is a wonderful man, profound in scholarship, of wide experience, quick of utterance; at one time springing up the embers of prosy fact, with a humorous poker; at another, touching the minor chords of pathos with tender hand, or riding furiously through the themes of iniquity on his war horse of righteous indignation, or standing in humble reverence before the manifestation of Divine sovereignty.

The young women attend to the cooking, housework and laundry work for themselves and brother students. The young men are farmers, tinsmiths, carpenters, painters, glaziers, makers of brooms and bricks, the material for the former being raised on the farm, and the mud for the latter dug from the surface thereof.

The young men have built for themselves a four-story dormitory of wood, and are to give just five years' work to the formation of a large brick building for class rooms, chapel, etc. After the cramped quarters in which they have assembled this seems like magnificence, but it is five years off, and meanwhile they will have to sit two deep.

There is something stimulating in merely reading of such things as these, and it is impossible but that the answer to such an appeal as this work makes, must come, when the need is known and appreciated.

THE Annual Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for the State of Virginia, which has just reached us, ought to be in the hands of every farmer in the State. The subjects treated are all of importance and are handled with a conciseness which is worthy of imitation. They are as follows:

Commercial fertilizers, their value and modes of application. Ensilage in silos and in the open air. Grape culture and wine making in Virginia, with statistics of European vineyards, Hog Cholera, Sheep and grass, with an interesting notice of some foreign varieties of clover, Sweet Potatoes with especial regard to keeping them Seed distribution, and the Report of the State chemist

Taking them in their order as above, we propose to give a resume of the conclusions arrived at, believing that there are some among our readers who will be glad to get them even in this condensed shape.

Of commercial fertilizers Mr. Harrison says, that while their use is still largely experimental, he thinks it safe to lay down one general principle, viz., "That fertilizers of all kinds, and phosphates especially, act best where there is plenty of vegetable matter in the soil" In combination with cow peas and grass, compost heaps made with farm manure, leaf mould, or any similar substance, and phosphates are strongly recommended, and in all cases he admits that commercial fertilizers should be plowed in from three to seven inches.

Attention is attracted to the new system of packing ensilage in the open air, under a weight of 2000 pounds to the square yard, with only a plank covering, or with a shed on two sides to prevent its careening. French and English testimony is all in favor of this.

Mr. Harrison considers that everything indicates the great future of Virginia as a grape growing and wine making state, and says "It is a mistake to suppose as some do, that only the hill country is fitted to the vine. The vineyards of the Gironde, (France) referred to in the subjoined article, are many of them and indeed the most celebrated, planted on alluvial land, a sort of sand and gravel spit composed of detritus washed from the hills and mountains above by the river Garonne. Without doubt there are many choice sites for vineyards in Tidewater Virginia, perhaps some time the vine will be of such excellence as to gain almost untold value to the coming vineyard." Much information is given in regard to the planting and care of vines, and the varieties most in demand.

A few suggestions are given in regard to silk culture, but we are inclined to think that the profits of this business in the middle Atlantic States have been a good deal overrated.

Hog Cholera is reported upon as being still a vexed question, the causes uncertain, and the remedy unfound. Some general experimental results are given, but no practical conclusion is reached. We think that Mr. Harrison does not lay sufficient stress upon preventive measures. Hog cholera most certainly arises from the same causes as the cholera of human beings, and the remedies are at hand in the one case as in the other. It is usually a simple dirt disease, and cleanliness in food and surroundings and an effectual quarantine system are the preventives.

Sheep are looked upon as a very valuable and safe crop, and Mr. Harrison inclines to the English view, viz., that they are indispensable to good and profitable farming. When properly managed in moderate numbers, there is very little risk and a steady market.

THE vastness and variety of the agricultural resources of the South are only just beginning to be appreciated by those who should be the first to develop and profit by them, but in nearly all the Southern States there are evidences of improvement in this respect, and we are glad to quote the following from the *Charleston News and Courier*:

We have already sketched out some of the reasons why a practical and thoroughly competent College of Farming should be had in South Carolina. There is no need, perhaps, to multiply argument and suggestion, but we remind our readers that Gen. Stephen D. Lee, whose knowledge of the subject and whose interest in the welfare of the South will not be doubted, says emphatically that, if our system of farming is not changed, our boys will lose their lands in fifteen or twenty years, and that these lands will be owned by strangers who are educated in the improvements of the modern farm, where knowledge of the science of farming and improved labor-saving implements enable them to farm profitably.

At a College of Farming the students should be taught the principles and theories of agriculture in the class-room, while the studies of the class-room will be illustrated by the practical work of the garden, the farm, the barn and the dairy. It is not sufficient to teach merely what is called theory. The man who teaches agriculture or horticulture in a College of Farming should be able to show by his work in the field that he can put in practice what he undertakes to teach. * * * * * * *

There is an agricultural department in the South Carolina College at Columbia, and farming is taught practically to the colored students at Claflin University. We are not able to say what has been accomplished at Columbia this year. But there is no question that the means are available for giving the farmers a suitable and proper college. The means are to be found in the proceeds of the Agricultural Land Scrip which was given to South Carolina for such a purpose. There is no dispute, we imagine, about the conditions on which South Carolina accepted the scrip. The sole object of Congress was to give assistance to the States and Territories which should "provide colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts." Upon this fund the farmers and mechanics of the State have the first claim. It belongs to them, so far as it is required for the maintenance of an Agricultural and Mechanical College, which shall be such in fact and reality, and not merely in name. * * * The general election in South Carolina takes place next year, and the farmers hint that they will then make themselves felt, if they fail now to make themselves heard. They are a power in South Carolina when they are in earnest, and their difficulty will not be so much in obtaining the assistance of the politicians as in escaping the consequences of too much help. The politicians have not hitherto given much thought to farmers and farming, except about election time, but they will be ready to jump on the agricultural wagon at short notice. There will be no lack of advocates of a College of Farming, or, taking the name generally used, an Agricultural and Mechanical College, for South Carolina—next year, if not this year.

The following item from the *New York Freeman* is a pleasant acknowledgment of a wise liberality which neither began nor ended with this gift to Tuskegee, and we are glad to see prominence given to that which is certainly a marked feature of the Tuskegee work; viz., the unanimity of purpose and harmony of action which from the outset have had so much to do with the success of the work:

The readers of the *Freeman* will be glad to note the increasing faith of white philanthropists in the executive ability of the race. Two generous and wealthy ladies of Boston have just made a donation of $7,000 to the Tuskegee Normal School, at Tuskagee, Alabama, to be expended as the officers of the institution think best. In this institution may be noted another sign of progress; while there are seventeen officers and teachers, all colored, there is the most complete harmony and unity existing among them. Each has his department, each his work, and all bend their efforts towards the common end—the uplifting of the Negro race. From the principal down, each officer and teacher takes as much pride in the affairs of the institution as if it were owned by him or her. The school started a little more than four years ago with one teacher and thirty students, and has grown up to two hundred and fifty students and seventeen teachers, and almost without exception harmony has existed from the beginning. Mr. B. T. Washington, principal of the school, was in the city during the week.—*N. Y. Freeman.*

dent that the Indian race has reached a crisis in its history. The Indian can no longer be removed to distant reservations. He must make his final stand for existence where he is now, and unless he can partake of the all pervading civilization, his extinction will be sure and swift." He credits the Government and public sentiment with a general desire to do fairly, justty and generously, and while modestly distrustful of his own "competency to propose any plan which will be in all respects adapted to the conditions of the present and adequate to the exigencies of the future," has made, as we have seen, some excellent suggestions.

Not the least important part of the Commissioner's report is the earnest request for promptness in the Indian appropriations whose delay has heretofore been the source of great apprehension, annoyance and suffering.

Mrs. Mary C. Hoyt, (sister of President Cleveland) acknowledges the receipt of a gift in the following words: "The piece of wood," (a portion of the Cumberland sunk by the Merrimac at Hampton Roads) "in itself so interesting, is made doubly so by the carving" (done by the Indians at the Hampton Institute, who are being taught by Miss Baker from the art school at Cincinnati) "It will, I assure you, be carefully treasured. The Indian school at Hampton interests me deeply, and I hope to visit it."

The following item is of sufficient importance to desire circulation, for it is an instance of the change which with more or less ease and rapidity is going on all over the South, defeating prophecy and expectation.

A Nashville newspaper the other day published a statement which illustrates how the race problem at the South is working out its own solution. The Grand Jury empaneled at the recent term of the Criminal Court included one negro, and after their work was completed, the white members of the body concluded to "make a public expression of their appreciation and admiration of the course pursued by this colored gentleman during the session." They accordingly asked a publication of the fact that this was the first instance in which most of them had ever been associated with a negro in a responsible position, and that the relation was thus inevitably strained, but that his firmness, justice, and conscientiousness "eradicated every prejudice," while, to cap the climax," his demeanor in every social aspect was everything that the most exacting Southern gentleman could require.

Mr. Thomas A. Cayton, a graduate of Hampton Institute, has gone North again to visit, in the interest of the School and the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, New York and New England. Mr. Cayton is authorized to collect scholarships and other contributions, and subscriptions to the paper. For the last two years he has been very successful in this work and in interesting audiences he has addressed in behalf of the school and the cause it represents. He is its only accredited agent in this work. and we take pleasure in commending him to the kind attention and assistance of our readers.

WE acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the report of General Crook of the Department of Arizona, and a Treatise on Domestic Education, by Bishop Payne, of the A. M. E. Church, both of which we will review in our next number.

MR. Horace J. Smith, the enthusiastic advocate of a monument to Pastorius, sends us a slip from a Germantown paper noticing the resolutions passed by the Hampton school in applause of this honor to the memory of one who is said to be the earliest protester against human slavery in America.

If we treat all mankind with the utmost kindness, civility and respect, there will be nothing that we desire more than to be treated so by them.

Southern Workman

AND

Hampton School Record.

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THE SOUTHERN WORKMAN is sent gratuitously, as a rule, to all contributors to the school. Some of these friends show their valuation of it by sending a subscription for it. Others we know read it and circulate it for others to read. Some perhaps do not have time or inclination to read it, and would as lief not receive it. If this happens to meet the eye of any of the latter class, will they kindly let us know in order that we may send their copy elsewhere. We assure them, however, that we have been glad to send it, and would much rather they should keep it and read it and give it to others whom it might interest. Our desire is of course for readers, and our hope is that those who read one number will want to read another.

WE ARE GLAD to report a pleasant account of Maj. Andrew, the newly installed Agent at Crow Creek. We hear that he is "a man of education and culture," and that "both whites and Indians are favorably impressed. The loss of Mr. Gasmann cannot but be felt, yet we may hope for success under the new administration."

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY Magazine for February gives its usual interesting reports from the field, and enumerates as the "wants" for the coming year, a steady increase of income to keep up with the growing work, additional buildings for its higher educational institutions, more meeting houses and ministers, help to educate missionaries for Africa, funds for establishing industrial departments, and *ten thousand* new subscribers for the magazine.

THE LADIES' ASSOCIATION of Park Congregational Church of Brooklyn enjoyed last summer an excursion together on the Old Dominion line of steamers to Norfolk, and thence to Petersburg, Richmond, Hampton and Fortress Monroe, and Norfolk, with some glimpses of old plantations in visits to friends. Mrs. Louise Smith Squires, as historian of this very sensible and delightful tour, has written a light and chatty description of it, which is published in an attractive volume, which she calls "Sketches of Southern Life." It is fully illustrated, and dedicated to the Ladies' Association, who will find it a very pleasant reminder of their trip. Their example might well be followed in other churches, with results of harmony and good fellowship more than from a year of church sociables. A chapter of the book is devoted to Hampton—a good part of it to the Normal School.

REV. DR. HAYGOOD pays high testimony to the influence of Atlanta University students in the temperance contests in Georgia. He says: "Let all men and women who have care for the education of the Negro in the South know this: the strongest prohibition force among the colored citizens came from those who had been taught in the colleges for colored people in Atlanta. Time and again, since the election, well-informed gentlemen in Atlanta have said to me, 'These college-taught men and women stand by us.' This attitude was a magnificent indication of the efforts that are being made to educate the Negroes of the South. He gives great praise also to the colored pastors of Atlanta, without whose firm stand the cause of prohibition would have been lost.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT in the *Freeman's Journal*, the prominent colored newspaper in New York, of a woman's department is interesting and significant of a growth of family life and culture which is hopeful for the race. This is among other interesting extracts from Southern papers chiefly, on our third page.

OF LIKE import is the attractive little volume, "A Treatise on Domestic Education," recently published by the Rev. Daniel A. Payne, D. D., LL. D., the venerable senior bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, and President of Wilberforce University. It is dedicated to the "Thoughtful Fathers and Anxious Mothers of Every Race," but especially designed for and of especial significance to those of his own race. Written in a sweet, fatherly spirit and persuasive style it is full of excellent counsel and suggestion on the conditions, and necessity and methods of training children, the relations of domestic education to the church, the State and the school; the fathers' and mothers' work, the special training of girls, the divine command, and the divine promise, Christian graces, and sacred songs. The work closes with half a dozen hymns original to the Bishop, set to music by two young ministers in the church. They are intended to "aid Christian parents in self-dedication and the dedication of their children and homes to the service of God." Like the rest of the book they are of a sweet and devout spirit. We would be glad to see the little volume in every new home that is set up by Hampton graduates, and in every home of the race, and we commend it to our readers. It is published by the Bishop, whose address is at Wilberforce, Ohio.

AT THE LATE CONFERENCE of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, held in Austin, Texas, a communication was read from Rev. W. C. Dunlap, of Atlanta, Geo., Commissioner of Payne Institute, setting forth a proposition for the establishment of such institution for colored students. Bishop McTyeire, presiding, called the attention of the Conference to the proposition, and urged it upon Southern Methodists. Bishop Payne—whom he (Bishop McT.) had ordained—had said that if the Southern Conferences would raise $15,000 to establish the institute, he would raise $25,000 to endow it. Bishop McTyeire said that he had himself given $50 to the good cause, and meant to give another $50. The Negro had waited on him a long time, and now he wanted to do something for him. The matter was referred to a committee.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Tuskegee Normal School of Alabama, shows even more than ordinary progress. The new "Alabama Hall" a large four story brick building, has been completed sufficiently for occupancy, and a small two room cottage for boys. An additional teacher has been employed on the donation of the Woman's Missionary Association of Boston. The school's first class was graduated last summer and has been doing good work among the people. The industries have been more satisfactorily operated than ever. An instructor in carpentry has been added to the corps of teachers and under his management, that industry has taken on new life. The bricks for Alabama Hall were made by the students, and a large number sold. The farm, printing office, and girls' industrial room show like activity. In all the industrial branches the students do the actual work under direction of competent foremen. The principal, Mr. Washington, remarks that "three things are accomplished through the work system: 1st, the student is enabled to pay a part of his expenses in labor; 2d, he learns how to *work*; 3d, he is taught the dignity of labor." As at Hampton, there is a night class for some who having no money at all, work all day for a year. The school now in its fifth session has 215 students, and 17 teachers and officers, of whom eleven, including the principal, assistant principal and treasurer, are, as most of our readers know and we are always proud to say, graduates of Hampton.

THE MEETING of the National Conference of Charities and Correction held in Washington in June, 1885, was not only the largest, but in many respects the most important which has ever been held in this country. Nearly all the states in the Union were represented, the Southern states having for the first time made an adequate showing, and while many of the Reports are still confessedly incomplete, there is a marked improvement upon former years.

In the volume before us the division of subjects is approximately as follows; more than sixty pages are devoted to the consideration of Insanity, embracing eight papers from experts. An equal amount of space is given to Preventive Work, with nearly as much to the kindred subject of Reformatories. The subject of Charity Organizations also claims about sixty pages, and is followed by briefer paper upon Idiocy, Prisons, the Police Uniform Statistics, Immigration, Pauperism and Crime. It will be seen that a large proportion of the allotted time and space was given to the three first mentioned subjects, viz. Insanity, Preventive work, including Reformatories, and Charity Organizations, and it would be impossible to find more interesting reading than is furnished by these papers which embody the experience of men and women who, who without exception, are authorities in their respective fields.

While the depths of human ignorance and sin are measured, yet also the heights of human love and wisdom are reached, and the glory of the one irradiates the darkness of the other. It is difficult not to be enthusiastic over such work even when it comes to us only in pages of dry statistics. but when it is vitalized by the eloquence of personal inspiration its value becomes unlimited.

Methods of work for the criminal classes, for the diseased and disabled, for children, in short all state and philanthropic reforms, require such study as men give to science; microscopic, analytic unprejudiced, incessant and eager.

But more than this there must go into all work which is for human beings rather than for humanity, that "Soul-force" which is beyond analysis. Nothing in all these reports is more striking than the increased value put upon the personal element. In Insane Asylums it is the response of the individual patient to the individual nurse or physician that is looked for, with criminals in prisons or reformatories it is surprising to find how much a single man or woman can accomplish when the most complete machinery has failed—and above all with children it is, in a way, a revelation to see how little can be done without motherhood or its close imitation. Again and again, in regard to the initiation of some new system the criticism is "it cannot be pronounced successful until it has been tested by the removal of Mr. B. or Mrs. C; it is the man or the woman who is carrying it."

Our space of course permits no details, but it is evident that the value of such a conference as this lies in the possibilities which it offers for getting at the experience of individual workers, and it is no less than beautiful to witness this coming together on this common ground of Jew and Christian, Northerner and Southerner, scientist and theologian.

THE DEDICATION of Morris-Brown College in Atlanta, on last Thanksgiving Day, marked an era in the history of the colored race in America, of which they may well be proud. The dedicatory address of Rev. Dr. Haygood was full of earnest sympathy and wise counsels. "There are facts connected with the founding of Morris-Brown College," he said "that lend to this occasion an almost unique interest. It is substantially the work of the colored people themselves. Less than one thousand dollars I am told of the whole amount was contributed by white people." Dr. Haygood truly said "What underlies the gift of all this money and the collection of it is something rarely significant and hopeful. *It means that it is in the colored race in this country to be self-sustaining.* It means they can plan and carry out plans, deny themselves and make investments of money and toil for the education of their children." With earnestness measured by his friendly sympathy, the Dr. added his counsel founded on long experience as an educator and President of a college, to "found their college on the Bible; to not try to go too fast—to keep out of debt; to do the work that the people who come to this college need, shape its plans by the real wants of its people, not by the supposed wants of some other people."

THE article in the December Andover *Review* on "The Freedmen's Children at School," by Prof. Bumstead of Atlanta University, has many interesting and excellent points. He protests—vainly we fear—against the unmerciful Negro caricatures in which so many newspaper artists and humorists indulge, as not only cruel to a sensitive people, trying to rise into respectability and self-respect, but misleading to those whose sympathy and help are so important to them in their struggle. It is quite true as he says that the personal appearance of the pupils in the freedmen's schools is a constant surprise to visitors. Again and again has such feeling been expressed at Hampton on watching our young men and women marshalling to some class dinner or other social entertainment. The exclamation is common: "I expected to be amused. I have been surprised and touched. How well they appear, with what unassuming grace and dignity, and pleasant, unaffected manners, and how many really attractive faces!" The large proportion of white blood among the pupils is noticed, larger no doubt in those schools that draw chiefly from the cities. And he is entirely true in remarking that, contrary to the popular impression, "in regard to the comparative ability and character of those with mixed and those with unmixed blood, no theory can be framed that will not encounter the most conspicuous exceptions." Mental and mor-

al strength and weakness cannot be predicted by the complexion. In accordance with the examples Prof. Bumstead cites, was an investigation made at Hampton some years ago, when a review of ten consecutive anniversary programmes showed that the platform "honors" distributed only according to scholarship and character, taking all together had been as nearly as possible evenly divided between dark and light hued candidates.

From these facts and that of the aptness in their studies manifested by these children of the freedmen, Prof. Bumstead justly argues that on the score of native endowment there is no reason for giving them a different education from the whites. Their special needs he thinks are found in their special limitations which he forcibly enumerates; their nearness to a past of slavery preceded by a longer past of barbarism, their consequent want of the inheritances of civilization, mental and moral discipline; the lack of good home influence, disgust with labor as associated with degradation, and general inability to perform any but the rudest forms of unskilled labor commanding only the lowest wages. He further speaks of the temptations to misuse the immense advantage over the mass of their own race which even a little education gives them; the dangers of self-conceit, display, extravagance and ruin resulting from this low standard of self measurement to which they are restricted by the only associations open to them, shut out by the same restrictions from many facilities of mental and moral improvement open to the white community about them.

From these special limitations, Prof. Bumstead argues that the freedmen's children "need the deepest, broadest, and highest education which the money, brains and personal devotion of Christian people can secure for them," beginning at the earliest possible age with the kindergarten and ending with the college and professional school. The novelty of his plan is in the recommendation that all these desirable sources of instruction should be combined in one "University."

Atlanta University would probably be the best point for such an experiment, being already well established in public confidence and usefulness, and having, as Prof. Bumstead says, a number of these departments already in development or in embryo. It would have the advantage also of the working enthusiasm of the advocate of the theory, and we wish him success.

We believe, however, in the greater success and usefulness of separate institutions, to carry out separate ideas, and meet separate needs. It may indeed be a business necessity for some time to come for a freedman's college—especially if there are many of them—to have a preparatory and primary department; but it is fortunately not necessary for a high school or normal school to have a collegiate department, and it can, we believe, secure more thorough equipment and do a better work without one.

We only regret that Prof. Bumstead while recognizing the lack of skilled labor and the disgust for labor as associated with slavery, as among the serious limitations of the Negro, and including industrial training in the plan of his "university," should seem to cast a slur upon any "friends of that most excellent work the industrial training of the freedman's children," and write for any of those "children" to read, "the lingering prejudice that desires to keep the African race in a perpetually subordinate and semi-servile condition, joins hands with the short sighted utilitarian spirit that sees no good accruing to the race from anything which cannot be immediately turned into bread and butter, and both cry aloud in favor of instruction in industries to the exclusion of the humanities." We know of no school that favors industrial training alone for the freedmen's children. If by the "humanities" Prof. Bumstead means the dead languages, and a collegiate curriculum, Hampton excludes them from her course simply because she has chosen a different work and, as she believes, the more important—not the only—work for the Negro, viz: to supply his most serious and extensive needs: the need of moral strength gained through self help, of a training of head, hand and heart that shall fit him to take care of himself, and teach the children of his race; and the need also of a chance to work his way to such a training, if he comes to Hampton with grit, wit and fifty cents, as some have who are now useful and prominent leaders of their people.

It would be sad indeed for the white race as well as the colored, if "the character and intelligence" necessary to protect it from the "rank growth of a shoddy aristocracy," or "an excessive spirit of materialism," could be "only developed by long and thorough training in colleges and professional schools." The glory of our "New England ancestors" on whose example Prof. Bumstead would model our work for the Negro, was the common school and the spirit of industry and independence, still more than the colleges to which some of their sons went, and often found their best training in the necessity of working their way. It is not the bread and butter simply,—though that is an item not to be ignored in this world—but the manly and womanly spirit of earning it for one's self—the spirit of self-help—that underlies the theory of industrial training at Hampton. The race needs all kinds of instruction of course. The less we have, the more we need. The only point is—what to get first, and how to get it. Training the intellect is not training the moral character necessarily If I have no house I want a whole house, but shall I get my paint and shingles before I get my frame or dig my foundation? We believe with that prince of educators, President Garfield, as he told our Hampton students, in almost his last words on earth, that *the* lesson for their race is to learn the meaning and the glory of free labor. God's first college course for mankind was "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread"—a curse that held the blessings of constant growth and development.

After all, the question is one of practical results. Welcoming her army of graduates, young men and young women, as they return once in three years, watching closely their course meanwhile in their varied fields of labor, Hampton needs no other confirmation of her principles.

The consolidation of *The Industrial South* and *The Virginia's* is we think, a matter for congratulation to the readers and editors of both papers. The former journal has been for some time a growing power in the State, and under its present able management, deserves, what we understand it is obtaining, a rapidly increasing circulation. The South needs live newspapers, as it needs live men, and every such newspaper should be welcomed as an evidence of progress. Their existence pre-supposes a demand, and a demand for good journalism is always a hopeful sign, for the press, being dependent upon the general public, can not be much in advance of its supporters, and the successful editor is simply he who knows best how to cater to the taste of his subscribers. Therefore, on all sides, the success of such a paper as *The Industrial South* is deserving of hearty recognition and we trust that its editors will find their new departure in every sense a profitable one.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the State Superintendent of Education of South Carolina presents an encouraging view of the progress in the schools and the public interest in them. In many places the school fund has been supplemented by voluntary contributions or local taxation to improve the schools or lengthen the sessions. A protest is made against the "cruel policy which requires the schools to be operated during a period which ends three months and begins twelve months before the school tax can be collected. It is unbusiness-like for a great commonwealth to convert her employees into her creditors. Teachers are obliged to dispose of pay certificates at a discount of from 10 to 25 per cent., a loss which benefits neither the State nor the school, but only the money lenders. Sometimes the session is shortened to meet it, thus ransferring the loss to the children." The Superintendent urges upon the General Assembly to enact measures to pay up the year's tax lost in 1876, and to place the Educational Department on a business basis, the State being "no longer in the impoverished condition in which the revolution of 1876 discovered her." Successful State normal institutes have been held, for white teachers at Charleston, and for colored teachers at Aiken. The former was largely attended. The latter had a small attendance, "not from lack of interest, but from the shortness of the school term, and the heavy discounts on pay certificates. The seventy two who did attend showed great appreciation, and received much benefit." Mr. Rodenhack, Principal of the Schofield Normal School, where the institute was held, acted as its principal. He was assisted by Prof. E. A. Ware, of Atlanta, Prof. Chadbourn, of Massachusetts, and four ladies, among whom was Miss M. J. Sherman, a teacher in Hampton Institute. Miss Sherman's specialty was methods of teaching English grammar, literature and composition. Her interesting report is given in full. She speaks highly of the teachers and the interest manifested, saying, "I should not neglect to mention the marked degree of intelligence and general information manifested by most of the members of Division I and II. The colored teachers of South Carolina may well be proud that one at least of their number has already taken her diploma as a graduate of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. Division III was slower but anxious to make the most of the opportunities."

Prof. Rodenbach's report says: "Under Miss Sherman's lightning handling of her subject, grammar became a revelation. During the recitations of Miss Merrill and Miss Sherman frequent knowing glances of delight among the students evinced the kindled interest in these important subjects." Miss Merrill's subjects were history and geography. Miss Thompson's, of Atlanta, the model school, calisthenics and writing. Miss Wallace's, of Columbia, S. C., music. All seem to have had great success in their instructions. Eleven county institutes have been held, and in nearly all these counties Teachers' Associations have been subsequently formed as the fruit of their influence. The State has received $5,000 from the Peabody fund in the last year, and $6,400 have been promised for the next. Dr. Mayo has visited the State, and made public addresses in various places, and the State Superintendent himself, Hon. Asbury Coward, has proved his faithfulness and efficiency by visiting counties and cities, delivering addresses to teachers, pupils and the general public.

THE LATE ANNUAL REPORT of General Crook, commanding the Department of Arizona, and for the last three years in charge of the police control of all the Indians on the San Carlos Reservation, including the formerly hostile bands of Apaches, whom he had subdued and brought into the reservation, gives a graphic account of some of the difficulties of the position, and the necessity of harmonious or undivided control in the management of Indian affairs. While, as he says, "it should not be expected that an Indian who has lived as a barbarian all his life will become an angel the moment he comes on a reservation, and promises to behave himself, or that he has that strict sense of honor which a person should have who has had the advantages of civilization all his life, and the benefit of a moral training and character, which has been transmitted to him through a long line of ancestors," he bears the ordinary testimony of good Indian fighters who cannot be charged with "Eastern sentimentalism," as it is called; that it is his "experience that Indians of late years rarely break out except for an accumulation of grievances." "The Chiricahuas had been asking for years for new traders in order that competition might reduce the excessive charges of the licensed traders. They had been all winter without their annuities. Some entire families had but one blanket, and scarcely enough clothing to cover their nakedness, though living in brush huts with the mercury below zero. They knew that their annuities were in the agent's warehouse at San Carlos." Up to the time they left, their chiefs had led their people as farmers and workers. The runaways numbered only thirty-four men and eight well grown boys, with ninety-two women and children. Though they were pursued with twenty troops of cavalry and one hundred Indian scouts, they escaped into Mexico without the loss of one of their number, travelling one hundred and twenty miles without stopping for rest or food. During the whole two years of General Crook's control, he reports that not a single depredation was committed. Even the Chiricuhas were fast becoming self-sustaining. Of the rest of the Apaches, Capt. Pierce reports to General Crook: "They have about eleven hundred acres under cultivation, and have raised about 700,000 pounds of barley and as much corn." "Some is taken by the quartermaster's department, and they are allowed to haul it to the towns of Thomas and Globe, where they get fair prices and make purchases at less rates than from the traders. "The people in Globe are particularly kind to them, and all citizens I have heard speak very highly of their conduct. About a dozen are regularly employed there at various kinds of work. They are encouraged as much as possible to seek work with citizens." Their land all has to be irrigated, and their dams are frequently carried away. Capt. Pierce says "there has been enough labor expended, if it had been done with judgment and system, to make permanent drains and irrigating ditches for the whole reservation." General Crook does "not wish to palliate crime, but to speak a word to stem the torrent of abuse which has been indulged in against the whole Apache race." "Greed and avarice on the part of whites is at the bottom of nine-tenths of all our Indian troubles."

WE HAVE RECEIVED the thirtieth annual report of the industrial reform school for boys, in Lancaster, Ohio. It is a pleasant sign of the progress of Christian civilization. Instead of being left to grow up into a dangerous class, or herded with hardened criminals to learn more rapidly the road to ruin, these wayward children are gathered in a home, taught habits of industry, self-control, and useful learning, put on their good behavior, and when they have earned confidence by "merit marks," sent out on probation, to stay out if they do well, furnished with the knowledge of an honest trade. Many remain voluntarily to perfect themselves in their trades, among which are carpentering, shoemaking, painting, tailoring, brickmaking, telegraphy and printing, besides farming, gardening, etc. The neatly gotten up report is printed by the boys, who also take great delight in their school journal, which they publish and contribute to.

The Sunday School has been one of the strongest aids in influencing them. The report says: "Our scholars, when they leave the school, are regarded as the brightest and best informed in the scriptures of any in the schools they enter." The school chapel is occupied each Sunday by the ministers of the various denominations in the town, in rotation. The school has numbered 471 the past year, and since it was founded in 1858 has received 4,290. What figures can estimate the good it has done? The great want now is said to be a salaried officer to devote himself to secure good homes for homeless boys, and look after those who leave.

SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

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Printed on the Normal School Steam Press by Negro and Indian students trained in the office.

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The Southern Press--Both sides.

One of the most zealous of the workers for Prohibition in Atlanta gives the following testimony to the stand taken by colored men during the struggle whose result was perhaps of even greater importance to them than to their white fellow citizens:

A few months ago when the banner of prohibition was unfurled in Atlanta, and the friends of truth and right were called to rally and organize for a great struggle, there were men who laughed at us, and said, "What can you do against the omnipotence of money, the influence of the press, and the organization of great monopolies? Your little 'rub-a-dub' agitation will amount to nothing; and you will soon be ashamed of it." To-day the same men are mute with astonishment. They regard our victory as the greatest marvel of the century. But it is not a surprise to some of us. We were confident from the start. Wherever there are twenty men solemnly committed to a new and great idea, there is the beginning of a revolution. Fifty years ago a little band of moral heroes committed themselves to the great idea of destroying the whiskey traffic in Georgia. That was the beginning of the revolution which is about to culminate. It comes out of the past. Its foundations were laid far back. Its growth has been as natural as that of the oak.

It is not strange when we know the men who championed the movement in Atlanta.

When Napoleon, a young lieutenant of the French army, was asked by the President of the Assembly if he could protect the Government against the approaching mob; he replied, "I will do whatever I undertake." The next day he taught that Parisian mob for the first time that it had a master. There were hundreds of men who went into this battle against the black-bannered legions of rum with more than Napoleonic courage and determination.

The whiskey power on this continent is doomed.

Mr. Webster said: "There is not a monarch on earth whose throne is not liable to be shaken by the progress of opinion, and the sentiment of the just and intelligent part of the people." Such has been "the progress of opinion" in reference to the iniquitous liquor traffic, and now the almost universal "sentiment of the just and intelligent part" of the American people is that it shall perish.

It is a very common remark, that there is no political future for any man in Georgia who is on the groggery side of this great contest. The friends of virtue will henceforth rule the State, and they will elevate no man to office who is known to be in sympathy with crime and criminal makers.

Not less than fifteen hundred of the prohibition votes of Atlanta were cast by colored men. Thousands and tens of thousands of dollars were sent here by the whiskey rings of the West to buy these votes, but they were not for sale. Some of the noblest and grandest utterances of the campaign were made by men whose faces are as black as night. With holy indignation, they resented the base insult offered to their race. This prohibition wave is God's solution of "the Negro problem." The two races are uniting upon a great platform of moral reform. All bitterness is gone, and a reign of peace and love is already upon us. Negro labor will be more reliable and productive than it has ever been, the property of the State will rapidly increase in value, educational facilities for all classes will be multiplied, and we shall be the purest and happiest country in the world.

On with the combat! Success is as certain as the promises of a faithful God can make it. It is said, that, if the force of one human heart could be directed against a granite pillar, it would wear it to dust in the course of a man's lifetime. The forces of thirty millions of warm, throbbing, virtuous human hearts in this land of ours are now directed against the black throne of the whiskey demon, and ere long it will crumble into dust,

Let Rienmond wheel into line, and keep step to the music of prohibition. Hatcher, Cooper; Landrum, Pollard, Thomas, Harris and Jones,

"Sound the trumpet for the fray,
Shout the war-cry, lead the way."

J. B. HAWTHORNE.

Atlanta, Ga.

The *Memphis Appeal* speaks a good word for advanced ideas in farming, the need of which is felt, almost to desperation, by the intelligent and thoughtful farmers of the South, who unfortunately, are, as yet, in a minority.

Starkville, Miss., is a place that is bound to take high rank in its State. There is an agricultural college there, and what it is doing to call attention to the value of breed in stock and to the best grasses and the proper modes of rearing stock is of inestimable value. Especial attention is paid to the milk-producing power of the cow, and a kind of practical education of the whole State is going on by the establishment of a creamery, where the value of milk products and how to secure them of the highest quality is demonstrated by actual practice. The results have been most gratifying. The creamery first aroused curiosity, then interest, then imitation of what was found to be improvements on old processes, and a manifestation of powers to produce dairy articles in Mississippi that Mississippi had never dreamed of. The *Dairy World* says: "Mississippi is rapidly coming forward as a dairy State. One county with the remarkable name of Oktibbeha has twenty silos, built the present year, while there were previously five others in use. There is also a creamery in full blast in that county, and if a year's experience proves a success more of them may be looked for in the immediate future, for they are rushing things down there now." A writer in the Starkville *Livie Stock Journal*, referring to the above, says that next year "the county with the remarkable name of Oktibbeha will boast not less than fifty silos filled for winter use; and that not less that 600 cows will contribute milk to the creamery referred to above. Oktibbeha and East Mississippi will yet be prominent in the dairy world." From the same paper we learn what is the most convincing result of that which the college and creamery have done for the neighborhood. Farmers are becoming so much benefited by the presence of them, and feel the advantage of the creamery in so practical a form, that, even where there are no valuable constructions upon farms, they are held at $20 to $30 an acre. Of two special cases cited by the *Journal*, it says: "Either of these farms could have been bought previous to the establishment of the creamery for less than $12 per acre." Facts like these are beginning to arouse the apathetic and to change the course of ideas of the antiquated specimen who is so sure that what was good enough for his father is good enough for him. The consequence is that the "all cotton" superstition is receiving some heavy blows, and the South goes ahead in proportion to the advance.

The *New York Freeman* deserves hearty congratulation upon the step in advance which it has made, in establishing a "Woman's Department." That this department promises to be thoroughly well taken care of is again a matter for congratulation, and we believe our readers will share in the gratification with which we read such sensible suggestions as these which we take from a late number of the *Freeman*.

OUR WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT,

EDITED BY MRS. N. F. MOSSELL.

(This column will be devoted to the interest of women and will aim to promote true womanhood, especially that of the African race. Suggestions as to how this department may be improved and its usefulness increased will be gladly received. All success, progress or needs of our women will be given prompt mention. We shall be glad also to receive for exchange or for our book table such publications as may be deemed helpful. All communications or contributions for this department should be addressed to Mrs. N. F. Mossel, 924 Lombard street, Philadelphia.)

"Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." Many women are now asking that new employments be opened to the sex: And yet we have not done all we might in the employments open to us. That women in all ages and nations have had most to do with the preparation of food will be readily admitted. Yet how few even of those who profess to know how can prepare any number of meats, vegetables, fruit, etc., so that they may best afford sustenance to the body?

Many restaurants are started by women and fail. They rarely live long enough to establish a reputation for the perfect preparation of even one article. We have in this city one restaurant established by a woman, which has been in operation for forty years, and has gained a name for supplying good pies and biscuits. Women generally are fond of tea, coffee, chocolate or milk, and if these articles, with sweet fresh bread, home-made and baker's biscuits, short-cake or buns, accompanied with pure butter, not any imitation of it, were supplied upon reasonable terms, there would be found a ready sale for them. The first requisite would be a pleasant, cheerful location, easy of access. Let the table furnishing be clean and arranged with some taste. Let the liquids be served in dainty cups. Not oil cloth, but better quality of cloth, and clean white napkins. In many of the restaurants for the poorer classes oil cloth, cracked china and coarse, red napkins, almost destroy appetite. Women waiters are to be preferred. It makes the place more homelike, and one is able to forget that she is eating at a public place. Last, but by no means least, let every article placed before a customer be perfect. Perfection is what will gain a name for the place, and people will come miles and pay good prices to receive an article if they know it will always give entire satisfaction. A small cafe on Chestnut street sells chocolate only and yet the cafe is crowded, because the chocolate has a reputation for excellence.

A restaurant managed by a woman, and supplying no greater variety of articles, would be found to pay, and would really, by the good it would do, have a right to be classed under the head of a benevolent institution.

Women are too economical to pay extravagant prices such as men pay for meals taken away from home, but how many a one hurried without time to prepare a meal in a busy shopping tour, or when engaged in visiting the sick, would hail with delight such a place, where for a small sum they might supply their needs. Many a severe headache, fit of ill temper, or attack of dyspepsia, would be warded off by this means.

Another colored journal, the Virginia *Critic* speak, very sensibly upon the question of free books in the public schools.

"Why not give the teacher more support, to continue more zeal and love for the work that needs so much serious attention. Good teachers in this day can really conduct the best and most instructive recitations without books and a better result is obtained. It is not free books the country needs, it's teachers who can sail with or without books when they have control of the school room. The teachers only have 5 months in a year to teach school and an average sum of $28.-35 per month out of which their board has to come, and the other seven months they have vacation. Now what is worth any more Legislative consideration than this subject? "What we wish in a nation must be put in the school rooms." Teachers are suffering in many ways from the lack of proper care and attention needed to be given them. There has been nothing considered relative to the better facilities of the teachers of the State, in any recent Legislation.

More than three years ago, Mr. Enoch Pratt of Baltimore, offered to establish in that city under certain conditions an institution to be known as the "Pratt Free Library." On the 4th of January, 1886, the finished building was formally inaugurated and from the account of the proceedings published in the Baltimore *Sun*, we take the following statement of the manner in which this generous gift has been secured for the use of future generations.

Mr. Pratt agreed to erect upon a lot of ground on Mulberry street, owned by him, a library building of the estimated cost of two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, ($225,000,) and to convey said lot and premises to the mayor and city council of Baltimore; and, also, to pay unto said mayor and city council the sum of eight hundred and thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three dollars and thirty-three cents, ($833,333.33,) provided the said mayor and city council would accept said conveyance and said sum of money, and agreed by ordinance to grant and create an annuity, and to pay annually to a board of trustees and their successors the sum of fifty thousand dollars ($50,000) perpetually thereafter forever in quarterly payments, for the purchase and maintenance of said library, with not less than four branches in different parts of the city, the said branches to be established by trustees within such time as their construction could be reasonably accomplished out of said quarterly payments; the title to said library, its branches, books and all other property, to be vested in the mayor and city council of Baltimore. For the annuity of fifty thousand dollars, ($50,000,) being about four and one-third per cent. interest on the amount invested, which the city agreed to pay to the trustees of the Enoch Pratt Free Library, the sum of one million one hundred and forty-five thousand eight hundred and thirty-three dollars and thirty-thre cents ($1,145,833.33) has been contributed by Mr. Pratt for the Library and its uses, made up of the following items:

Paid for ground and building, Mulberry street	$250,000.00
Paid the city of Baltimore	833,333.33
Paid for the four Branches	50,000.00
Cash on hand	12,500.00
	$1,145,833.33

In further elucidation of the financial condition of the Enoch Pratt Free Library fund it may be said that the money contributed in July, 1883, by Mr. Pratt toward the endowment of the institution has been invested by the commissioners of finance in the bonded debt of the city, and that the original amount with the increment, has raised the value of the Enoch Pratt sinking fund to nine hundred and one thousand eight hundred dollars, ($901,800.) represented by seven hundred and fifty-seven thousand three hundred dollars ($757,300.) four per cent. stock; ninety-five thousand three hundred dollars ($95,300.) five per cent. stock; and forty-nine thousand two hundred dollars ($49,200.) six per cent. stock, yielding an annual interest of thirty-eight thousand dollars, ($38,000,) being only twelve thousand dollars ($12,000) per annum less than the amount required for the support of the library. It is estimated that the accretion of interest during the ensuing five years, added to the principal sum, will make the Enoch Pratt Free Library self-sustaining.

Few things are more difficult than to give wisely; to get such a return from investments for charitable purposes as would be demanded from any business investment, and from that point of view the philanthropic undertakings of business men have special interest. Mr. Pratt says—

"It is with great pleasure and satisfaction I meet you to inaugurate the opening of the Enoch Pratt Free Library of Baltimore City, which I proposed to establish in my letter to the mayor and city council, January 22, 1882 and after four years of labor to inform you of the completion in the most thorough and substantial manner of the five library buildings and the collecting of over 32,000 volumes of books arranged for your use. I have the greater satisfaction of knowing and seeing my plans are completed as I designed them, It may be proper for me to more fully explain my meaning of a free circulating library. It is not free for you to take the books as you please and return them or not, but it is free from charge for the use of them. To protect the Library the trustees have adopted rules, gathered from experience in other cities, which I have no doubt you will find satisfactory when you become accustomed to them. I consider the plan adopted to secure the annuity fund for the support and increase of the library as the great feature, and about the only thing I ask credit for. As it is founded on a rock, according to Scripture, it must stand. Now, in the hope of God's blessing, I hand it over to you, expecting you will foster, protect and increase it, that its beneficent influences may be for the benefit of the present and all future generations as long as our beloved city of Baltimore shall exist. My work is finished. I am satisfied."

Baltimore has been unusually fortunate in the gifts of its citizens, and no city in America can at present offer greater educational facilities or promises to be more attractive in the future as a permanent residence for students. While climate and locality do much for her, it is principally to the far sighted liberality of a few individuals that she owes her almost unequaled advantages, and their names should certainly be held always in grateful remembrance, by those who profit by their labors.

SOUTHERN SKETCHES.

BY MRS. ORRA LANGHORNE.

Adeline the Inn-Keeper.

One of the institutions of Chatham where in that prosperous village differs from most Virginia towns of its kind, is a hostelry combining the qualities of hotel and restaurant, kept by a colored woman, whom everybody calls "Adeline."

The aforesaid Adeline is one of those shrewd, clear-headed Southerners, belonging equally to the two races which occupy the land, possessing striking traits of both, and entirely willing to accept the position assigned to the African by the Caucasian if she can thereby "put money in her purse"—The people of her district, throughout which she is widely known, are accustomed to her and her ways, and are quite oblivious of the striking points in the case, which make a vivid impression upon a stranger.

"Adeline" occupies a brick building about the centre of the village, which is a double tenement and contains another store and dwelling besides her establishment.

I understood that she had built the house herself, but had not finished paying for it. She also owns a little farm in the country, now rented to a colored man.

Adeline's business, she told me, had recently been somewhat curtailed. She had for a long time kept confectioneries, but had of late found it necessary to give up that part of the trade.

On Court-days, always a great occasion in the Virginia county seat, this energetic personage spreads an elaborate dinner for her white patrons, among whom are the lawyers attending court from a distance, well-to-do farmers and city drummers, who are present in force on such days. In warm weather Adeline keeps ice-cream on hand, and in winter oysters, etc., all served in good style.

The country around Chatham is thinly settled, and it is customary for ladies from the rural districts, coming to the village to do shopping, have dresses fitted or visit the dentist, to go first to Adeline's house, tell her they want to engage a room for the day, order dinner and then attend to business as they please.

The house is in this way a great convenience to the community, and Adeline's idea is an excellent one for the well mannered colored women of the South, who were accustomed in early life to intimate association with the gentry of the land, and understand how to suit their tastes.

One of the Lynchburg merchants, who always dines at Adeline's establishment, when visiting his Pittsylvania constituents on Court day, says this energetic householder has long purchased her groceries from him, and he has always found her thoroughly businesslike in her transactions and prompt to meet all engagements.

Accompanied by a friend I called at Adeline's house, one evening during my stay, and found myself in a large hall, perfectly clean, and plainly but neatly furnished with tables of various sizes, chairs and benches. Near the door stood a glass case filled with fresh and tempting looking cakes. The mistress of the house, a pretty, middle-aged mulatto woman with a sensible face and excellent manners, came forward to wait on us, and gave me a keen glance as my companion mentioned my name, adding that I was much interested in colored people. She seated us at a small table, and brought us the ice-cream we asked for, answering questions as she moved briskly about, waiting on other customers and all the time keeping a sharp eye on the door.

Adeline said she had been in business a long time, was fortunate in being able to please her patrons, but could not always collect money due her. She was obliged to give credit sometimes, and some of her customers were very careless about paying their debts; she had bills due, that had been running on for years. She could not carry on as much business as she would like to do on account of the difficulty of procuring proper assistants. She was willing to pay a cook, who would do what she wanted $12.00 a month. This was very good wages in a place where cooks could be hired at a dollar a week; some got only two or three dollars a month. She could get plenty of custom, but could not cook and wait on her guests at the same time, and the people she hired were so troublesome and unreliable. At one time she undertook to furnish meals for several white families in the village, and her patrons were very anxious for her to continue to do so, but she was compelled to give it up on account of the cooks. She always found it difficult to supply the demands made on her for weddings and parties; sometimes she feared she would have to give up business entirely, because she could not secure reliable assistants. Dame Adeline evidently belonged to the employer class, and her interest lay altogether with them and not at all with the Africans.

Whilst she was talking, a dirty, ragged black man entered the door, looked around hesitatingly, and as the proprietor of the place stepped briskly up to him he asked meekly if he could get some cakes. Adeline gave him the cakes, pocketed the money and turned abruptly from him to her other customers, and the Negro slouched off with a dejected aspect.

I was told that it is the rule with this enterprising citizen, as with all colored people in the South engaged in business of this kind, to draw the color line very closely, and "no Negro need apply" is her system when "white folks" on whom she depends chiefly for a living are on hand. Occasionally when some colored society, able to pay well for what they want, desire the use of Adeline's hall for some festival she rents it to them for the time, and white customers understand that they are not expected just then. In short, Adeline is "strictly business" and consults her own interest, showing remarkable "faculty" as our Yankee friends would say. This very shrewd and energetic person was a nurse and housemaid in early life, and was never so fortunate as to acquire "book learning," though she could easily have done so if she had so desired. She is at no loss for the lack of education, however, as the young white gentleman she nursed in infancy keep books for her, and on busy days, while she is occupied in supervising the cook, and waiting on the customers who throng her board, one of these youths stands at the desk making out bills and taking in cash, as the guests of the house, many of them the leading citizens of the community, go in and out.

The establishment is very well managed, and its success is encouraging as showing what sensible and polite colored people can accomplish in a Southern community, sometimes held up to public reprobation as a hot bed of prejudice and ill-feeling between the races.

As I said before, the scene presented might strike the uninitiated as singular, but the people of the district, being long accustomed to Dame Adeline and her ways, take it all very kindly.

It was gratifying to me to learn that Adeline having no children of her own, has an adopted son whom she is educating at Hampton, where it is to be hoped the young man will appreciate and improve his opportunities, and will in future years be useful to her who has done a mother's part for him.

The Child of the Bondwoman.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

During my stay in the country last summer, I learned that a young colored girl whom I had known slightly as a child, but had for some years almost lost sight of, was staying in the vicinity.

The girl, Ellen Granger, is an excellent type of a large class in the South, identified with the colored people, but fast leaving behind them all the associations of slavery, and having great influence in the upward progress of the race. Miss Granger is the daughter of her former master, and her mother was one of his slaves.

Unlike most Southern men in such circumstances, this father had listened to the voice of nature in his own breast and had done a father's duty to his child. He had given her a fine education and cared for her in every way as he would have done if she had been the child of his lawful wife. As a child she showed great aptness for learning and talent for music, and finding an accomplished Southern lady, brought to a hard struggle with poverty by the results of the war, willing to teach colored children, Ellen's father sent her to this lady to learn music.

The cultivated lady brought into what was then deemed a position of degradation, and ostracised by many prejudiced people, took a kindly interest in the bright little colored girl who was so anxious to learn, and so obedient and affectionate in her manners. The child acquired much from her teacher that was not "nominated in the bond," and made such gratifying progress, that her father determined to send her North, that she might obtain a thorough education. For some years I had heard little about her, though when I asked for her, the reports were always gratifying, and I knew that Miss Granger after having all the advantages that money could procure, had become a teacher in Washington City, and was prominent as a musician among the colored people there. A rumor had also reached me that Ellen's father, who is a man of wealth in Virginia, had settled upon her a comfortable house, where she was living with her mother, the ex-slave.

This is the sort of thing that causes indignant comment among some classes in the South. Surely it is better that the child of Hagar should be thus provided for, than that a man should sell his own flesh and blood as was but too often done in the evil days of slavery. It is better than leaving the daughter to ignorance and want, to become the same manner of woman that her mother was before her. It is even better than what Sarah, Abraham's wife, whom St. Paul holds up as an example for Christian women, did in ordering that the bond-woman and her child should be cast out. "It was God himself who cared for Hagar and her son in their desolation, and who shall say that it is not his hand which is stretched out in these latter days to save these innocent victims of an evil system.

Hearing that Miss Granger had come to the country after a severe attack of sickness, and was still too weak for much exertion, I went to see her at the home of her friend, Mrs. Johnson, the popular dress-maker of the village. The Johnson's were kindly spoken of by the white people of the community, as thrifty and sensible colored people, the husband a blacksmith owning property worth $2,000.

In my walk to see Miss Granger, we passed a forge, where a sturdy colored man was beating his anvil lustily, and my guide, a gentle little white boy, said this smith was Johnson. Just beyond the shop was a pretty, two story, white cottage, in the midst of a grassy lawn, surrounded by trees and flowers, the comfortable home of the industrious family. As we entered the gate, I observed an elderly and very respectable-looking mulatto woman, sewing in the latticed porch, children playing about the yard. In the graceful figure of a young girl reclining in a hammock, with the irresistable novel in her hand, I recognized my young friend, Ellen Granger.

She sprang to her feet at once, and came forward with a cordial greeting, invited me into the house, and introduced me to her hostess.

I was ushered into a very tidy parlor, handsomely furnished, with piano, violin, books and pictures, giving evidence of the taste of its occupants.

Having heard such pleasant accounts of this family, I should have been glad to see all its members, but was told that the eldest son, for some years employed in one of the departments at Washington, who had just been removed in order that a white Democrat from the district might be provided for, was absent, as was also the eldest daughter, who was a Hampton graduate, and teacher in the public schools of the village.

In a long stay I made in the pretty little home, looking so sweet and attractive, whose owners so well deserved the comforts by which they were surrounded, I had much conversation with Mrs. Johnson and Miss Granger.

I had many questions to ask the latter of her life since our last meeting, and as talking of the present, led to talking of the past, I heard more than I had ever known before of her history. The narrative seems to me so interesting and so striking in its illustrations of one phase of Southern life that I am inclined to write it as she told it.

Ellen was so young when the emancipation of her people came, that she has no recollection whatever of slavery. Her mother was an energetic and capable woman, who decided to go North to seek high wages as soon as she was set free. The little girl was left with her mistress, and having no children of her own, she made a great pet of the child, who became her constant companion. As not seldom happened in such cases, a strong affection existed between the two, and Ellen only seeing her mother in her annual trips to the Virginia Springs, and calling her by her christian name, as the other members of the family did, was not aware that the colored woman who always brought her presents, was her own mother. Not until she was old enough to suffer intensely from the knowledge, did she learn that she had been born a slave and must bear forever with her the shadow of the Ethiopian.

Ellen says her early years passed very happily indeed, being the only child in the household, and the family in very comfortable circumstances, she was much petted and indulged. Mrs. Granger being something of an invalid, led a very retired life, and kept the little girl constantly with her, and to her the child looked as her friend and protector. She was never allowed to go out of the house to play with colored children, and only occasionally found companions of her own age in the children of white neighbors who visited the family. Some little white girls near them, who sometimes came in pleasant weather to play with her in Mrs. Granger's grassy yard, she dearly loved, and was altogether unconscious that they belonged to a different race from herself. When about nine years old, she noticed once or twice, when she called to these children to come and play with her, or spoke to them in the street, they seemed to avoid her. She wondered at this treatment, and at length said sadly to a girl about her own age to whom she had been much attached, "You used to come to see me and play so nicely with me, and now you won't come near me! What makes you do so?" The child, a buxom Irish maiden, entirely untroubled by sensitive sympathies, answered bluntly: "I am not going to play with you or come to see you any more. You're a NIGGER.

"I died a thousand deaths that day," said the handsome quadroon, now a highly cultivated woman. "It was the first time such a thing had ever been said to me, the first time such an idea had ever entered my mind. For a while I was stunned and stood speechless, and then I rushed to Mrs Granger, and threw myself sobbing into her arms, as I told her that Biddy O'Flinn said I was a nigger!" Ellen said Mrs. Granger clasped her tenderly to her breast, assuring her that Miss O'Flinn was entirely unworthy of confidence, that she was her own dear little girl, and she should always stay with her and had better never have anything further to do with these rowdy Irish! But the iron had entered the child's soul," the stern lesson was never forgotten, and from that day she realized that she belonged to the despised race.

Miss Granger spoke affectionately of her first music-teacher, who was always very kind to her, and with much pleasure of the years she had spent at boarding-school, and her life in Washington where she had for some time been a teacher in the public schools. She has continued to improve herself in music, and also studies French and German as she finds time for such pursuits. She has traveled extensively in the North and West and gave most interesting accounts of what she had seen and the people she has met. In Washington her life seems to be very pleasant indeed as her natural vivacity and varied accomplishments make her popular with the educated and intelligent colored people, of whom a number can be found in that city. It was somewhat amusing as well as good proof that there are "two sides to a question" to hear her object to the recent marriage of the Hon. Frederick Douglas, on the ground that his wife was not his equal in position. Miss Granger knows Mr. Douglas intimately, and spoke of him with much pride as the leading man of the race. I was very glad to hear her say that in a recent visit to Danville she had been most agreeably disappointed at the condition of the colored people, had found many of them very prosperous in business, enjoying in general kindly relations with their white fellow citizens, and on the whole doing better than most towns she had seen. She said she knew such a statement would be deemed almost incredible in the North, adding that most Northern people really understood very little about the true condition of the colored people of the South.

"They have no idea that such a home as this could be found among the colored people of Virginia," she said, looking around her at the abundant evidence of a happy and prosperous family life.

Miss Granger also spoke very favorably of the Hampton school, candidly admitting that until recently she had been much prejudiced against it. She said this prejudice was very general among the colored people of Washington. Since she had met a number of graduates of the school, some of whom had been employed as public-school teachers, she had come to understand the plan and scope of the instruction and heartily approved it.

When we took leave, Miss Granger promised that if she should chance at any time to be in Lynchburg, she would visit me at my own home, and I parted with regret from the agreeable and accomplished girl. It seems singular that a woman possessing so many interesting and agreeable qualities should be included in a class denied social advantages in a Republican country. Such a woman, possessing such a cultivated mind has many resources in herself, and fortunately there is a large and fast increasing number of colored people, who are acquiring property and education, and among these she doubtless finds many congenial associates.

Such a woman as she is must exercise a great influence around her, and has great opportunities for doing good among her people and aiding them to reach a higher social plane. If all colored people were like her and the estimable family she was sojourning with, race prejudice would soon become as much a thing of the past as the slavery of the Africans in America, which has taken its place in history, and is rapidly passing from the recollection of the living.

SILHOUETTES.

BY ALICE M. BACON.

Christmas Day at the School.

As Christmas time draws near, a general air of excitement and expectation begins to pervade the school. Christmas in the South in the old times was a festival that gave to the slave, for one week at least, the delight of freedom and which was celebrated by days and nights of mirth and idleness. To-day the Negroes regard the week beginning at Christmas and ending with the year as a time when if there is a penny in the house it must be expended on meat and drink to make glad the heart. Unfortunately too often the Christmas gladness produced in this manner, instead of furthering the cause of "peace on earth, and good will to men" results in fights, bruises, arrests and legal proceedings which make the incoming of the new year a time to be dreaded by law abiding citizens.

In the school an effort is made to retain the Christmas gladness but to give to the time a special meaning as the time in which we celebrate the birth of the Prince of Peace, of Him who went about doing good. It has been for many years the custom for teachers and scholars to subscribe for the purchase of supplies to be distributed to the very poor at Christmas time. Sunday night at the evening service a subscription paper and a contribution box are passed through the audience and the money thus obtained is devoted to Christmas dinners for the poor. At the same time those of the students and teachers who have been doing outside work among the poor are requested to hand in the names of needy and deserving families who are likely to have no Christmas dinners. A call is also made for volunteers to aid in the distribution. As a result of this preliminary work we find that we have obtained the names of about twenty families in need of help, seven dollars in money and seven more promised, and about fifteen volunteers to aid in the distribution.

It is curious to notice on a long drive into the country taken the day before Christmas, how all the population seem to be on the road. Steer carts, mule carts, horses saddled or harnessed, pedestrians, footing it sturdily into town or returning with their marketing for the morrow—all are intent on business, almost all are carrying pails, baskets or bundles suggestive of the approaching feast.

A kind Providence has ordained that the Christmas time this year shall be neither rainy, snowy, nor cold, but that everything shall be favorable for the full enjoyment of the festival.

The afternoon before Christmas day is the time appointed for the distribution of rations. The big School wagon, commonly known as the ambulance, is packed with provisions in baskets and boxes. Coffee, sugar, meal, pork and rice done up in packages, are stowed away under the seats, and then a merry company of students pile in and we are off on our round of calls.

Down Goose Alley we drive, a lane running to the water, so narrow that the big wagon fills it to overflowing. One and another little cabin opens its doors to our summons and its occupants greet with smiles and hearty thanks the bundles that fill their arms. Then we turn around on the edge of the water amid little cries of fright from the girls when our long conveyance tips sideways, at making so short a turn, and once more our strong black horses draw us rapidly along over the level shell road until we turn off on a road guiltless of shells or any other repairs and dotted with mud holes from whose sticky depths we emerge with many a jolt and bounce productive of laughter and mirth.

Through the Negro settlement of Slabtown, on beyond the cross roads with fields dotted here and there with tiny white washed cabins, on still farther into the wooded country, we drive, and at last draw up in front of a house or rather a shanty that surpasses in wretchedness and ruinousness anything that we have yet seen. It stands alone, unsheltered by tree or house from the winter's storms, and through its gaping walls and shattered roof the wind plays all sorts of tricks upon its inhabitants. It is very small, perhaps ten by twelve feet, the chimney has parted company with the house and leans one way while the house leans another. The inevitable dog comes growling and barking at us from behind the house, but on perceiving that there is a strange dog in our company, devotes his attentions to him and leaves us to enter the house. We peep in at the open door and the sight that meets our eyes is pitiful. Within the fire-place two little pine sticks are slowly burning, while clustered around the anything but cheerful hearth are the father of the family with the baby on his knee, and five shivering children. A bent old man with long, half covered, skinny arms holding out the mite of a baby toward the chilly little fire, he cannot find work to do, for though he is willing, he is not sufficiently able bodied to gain employment in a country where the laboring population is larger than the demand for laborers. His wife is away at work, and he stays at home (if this miserable place can be called a home) and tends the children in her absence.

The children all have colds, one of them the whooping cough, and all are bare-footed and thinly clothed.

We leave our bundles on the table and get back into our wagon, but an impression has been made on the students that seems likely to produce some good for the man's family. Many are the exclamations of surprise and sympathy that are uttered over the wretched condition of the family. We have collected in the wagon students from many parts of the South, students not unused to the sight of extreme poverty, but all are agreed that they have never seen human beings living in so wretched a place before.

We leave the place accompanied by a fare-well salute of howls, growls and barks from the lean, black dog, and try a cut across lots, by muddy, grassy, wood roads. A holly bush, gorgeous with its burnished leaves and glowing berries, almost slaps us in the face as our big wagon moves along the narrow cart track. A cry is raised by the girls, "Oh, we must have that for our parlor" and soon every boy in the wagon is engaged in a hand to hand conflict with impertinent bush. The bush comes out decidedly the worse for the encounter, and we bear away in triumph the spoils of the battle. There is much quiet fun going on in the wagon all through the drive, fun that is thoroughly refined and innocent. The girls are pleasant and lady like, the boys gallant and gentlemanly. They mingle freely but courteously and have a grace of manner toward each other that shows a strong natural instinct of politeness. It would raise the opinion of anyone prejudiced against the race, to spend an afternoon thus in the society of these students, when free from the restraints of the class room they meet each other and their teacher on this purely friendly footing.

Our long roundabout drive brings us at last to the suburbs of Hampton and we stop before a tiny yellow house to give Aunt Betsey her Christmas dinner. We have learned by experience that Aunt Betsey's back door opens more easily than her front one, so we attack that point in her small castle. The little bent figure that opens the door is fairly shaking with delight at the sight of the bundles and we feel that we should like very much to deserve the many blessings that are called down upon our heads, when we deposit our gifts upon the rickety table.

This is our last call to-day, and the early December sun has long since disappeared from sight as we cross Hampton bridge on our way home. We feel like wanderers, returned after a long absence, and the lighted buildings towering up in front of us look warm and comfortable after our cold drive in the gathering twilight. The drive has been pleasant and the home-coming is pleasant too, for we come back with the sense of good done which makes us enjoy more thoroughly the festivities of Christmas Eve.

Up in Virginia Hall chapel a most mysterious curtain has been erected and all day a juggler and his assistant have been carrying in and out of the room, black bags, long strapped up boxes, bird cages and other apparatus calculated to arouse the interest of the watchful observer. At evening prayers during the hush that follows the prayer, the voices of the trained canaries proceed from behind the curtain. The teachers this year have given as their Christmas present to the students, a sleight-of-hand performance by a skillful professor of the art, imported from Philadelphia for the occasion. A more delighted or appreciative audience he surely never had. Every face is turned eagerly toward him, every time-honored joke in his repertory is greeted with the liveliest laughter and for two full hours the fun continues, ending up at last with a ventriloqual performance that keeps the tears running down our faces with laughter. At the close of the entertainment, large baskets filled with white bags of candy are placed near the door and one bag is given to each student as they file out. Where there are six hundred students the item of a bag of candy apiece is quite a good deal, but this year the teachers' contribution has been helped out by the kindness of the "Hampton Club" of Springfield, Mass., and there is enough and to spare.

Christmas morning dawns bright and cool, but not cold, and the air is full of Christmas gladness. The students dining room is gay and noisy as many find by their plates at breakfast little gifts from school friends. Every one is busy through the morning, for at dinner time the students form themselves into clubs and provide their own Christmas dinners, furnishing and decorating their tables according to their fancy. The dining room is gay with flags and the club tables are groaning under their loads of fruit, cake, flowers, holly and more solid furnishings. Down in the dining room pertaining to the diet kitchen, three big tables are prepared for the Indians' feast. The room is crowded with Indians rushing excitedly about and Indian teachers directing and overseeing the willing, but somewhat unskilled labor of their pupils as they set the tables and decorate them. Everyone seems to be enjoying entirely the freedom and business of this Christmas day. But if the preparations for the dinner are interesting how much more the delightful moment when at last they enter into their labors. How manly the boys look as they march into the dining room in procession, each with the girl of his choice upon his arm. How modest and coy are the girls, as with downcast eyes and shy, conscious glances they march slowly through the long dining room. But we will leave them to their fun for they do not want the gaze of curious eyes fixed upon them as they eat. Let them for this one day at least forget that they are part of a great institution, a curiosity and show to thousands of visitors. That they are enjoying their feast is very evident from the length of time that they sit at table, a sitting prolonged perhaps by all inasmuch as they know that when they rise they must clear away the dishes and leave the dining room in exact order for an ordinary, every day tea. But our scholars know how to work and do not mind work for the sake of a good time, and so by five o'clock everything is in apple pie order and all are ready for the short Christmas service in the chapel. A restful, pleasant thing the service is, held in the twilight which deepens into darkness before it is done. The sweet Negro voices sing Christmas carols, the old story is read of how "Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod, the King," a few earnest words are spoken urging each listener to let the Christ-child come this night into his heart, and then the lesson is ended, the students march out and go their several ways with an impression, let us hope, of the meaning of Christmas day to the Christian world.

The evening also brings its pleasure in the shape of a social gathering, at which the students renew and carry on any little acquaintances or flirtations for which the every day discipline of the school allows little time. Much fun there is, though all quiet and decorous, games are played, marching to the music of the piano is in order, and scattered here and there on the benches are groups or couples engaged in conversation. But at last the inexorable bell sounds, the obedient crowd disperses, and soon the sweet note of the good night bugle says to all that the most joyous holiday of the year is ended.

Emancipation Day.

January 1st, is to the American Negroes a day to be observed as the time when freedom came to them and slavery was done away. The Emancipation Proclamation of January 1st, 1863, which to Lincoln and his associates in the Government, was but a necessary measure for the subjugation of the rebellious states, was to the Negro the paper that made him a man. And so as each new year comes in, the Negroes celebrate with all the splendor and magnificence of which they are capable, the day when freedom was proclaimed to every slave within the rebellious states. Unfortunately for them, the first day of the year is almost always rainy, and many a dripping procession has trailed its way over Hampton bridge to stand soaked and unprotected upon the lawn in front of Virginia Hall and listen to the brief speech that General Armstrong is always expected to make upon this occasion.

Contrary to all precedent, January 1st, 1886, dawned clear and warm, and as a consequence the celebration for this year was much more impressive than usual. At about twelve o'clock the school battalion was formed to meet and escort the procession when it should reach the grounds. The school bands plays its liveliest airs and there is much marching back and forth on the green lawn, during the inevitable waiting that accompanies all things here in the South. At last a ragged crowd of small boys comes trotting along, surrounding with shouts and laughter two or three grotesque figures, the forerunners of the approaching procession. Dressed in bagging, with streamers flying from every available point on their persons, with bent and scratched masks covering their faces, these figures march solemnly about, amid the hoots and jeers of the delighted pickaninnies that follow close at their heels. After them comes a brass band, and then a dazzling array of red shirts, contrasting most picturesquely with the brown faces of the wearers, follows close behind. Stalwart, strong young fellows they are, and the banner which they carry shows the occupation that they follow: "The Oystermen's Association" this is, that once a year flames forth in this glorious effulgence of red shirts and silken banner to proclaim to the world that the Negro free is better laborer than the Negro in bondage.

Behind the Oystermen march a number of men in blue scarfs. These men are older and their faces have the patient look, born of slavery and unrequited toil that we see on the faces of the old southern Negroes. Many white heads are in their number and the legend on their banner reads, "The Sons of Abraham."

The Bible history of the covenant with Abraham, fulfilled to his descendants after years of slavery and oppression, has always been a comfort and a hope to this race, as their poetic instinct grasps in this an analogy to their own slavery and a hope that their own future may be one of glorious entrance into some promised land. This Emancipation Day is to the Negro who has felt the sting of slavery, what the Passover was to the Israelites in the wilderness, a day on which to remember their deliverance and all that the Lord has wrought for them.

Other societies are in this procession, each bearing a banner and marching in all the pride and circumstance that they can muster. When the foot soldiers have all come in and taken their places and the School battalion has formed in a long line behind them, there is a tramping of horses' hoofs and the cavalry make their appearance. A motley company they are. The horses are of every variety, from the handsome black animal "full brother to Parole" as his owner proudly informs us, who curvets and prances uneasily the whole time, to the woolly, skinny rack of bones, who look "like eve'y minute gwine to be de nex," as Uncle Remus would say; and the saddles are as various as the horses. As for the riders, words, are inadequate to describe the costumes and equestrian performances of this squad of cavalry. The hats beggar description. Here a broad brimmed sombrero, artistically looped on one side with a red feather. There an old beaver whose battered surface bears the marks of many a winter's storm and summer shower. And again a combination of patches and rents which its owner fondly calls a hat and has decorated with a worn old feather which must have seen many a year of service before it achieved its present position. But no matter what their head gear or how insecure their seat, they are all happy, some perhaps too happy with the misguided happiness that comes from imbibing ardent spirits. The horses are herriboned with many a gaudy streamer, their tails tied up tight with half a dozen small knots of red or blue. Altogether the scene is a gay one and while amusing, there is an undertone of pathos as there must be for years to come to all thoughtful persons, in the child-like enjoyment that they take in little things. For this one day at least, the care and sorrow of their hard bare lives is laid aside and forgotten and they enjoy as a wiser generation could not enjoy, the pomp and circumstance of their poor little parade.

As the cavalry squadron draws up in line behind the School battalion, the marshal of the procession comes to the front and calls for three cheers for General Armstrong. Three rousing cheers are the result, and Gen. Armstrong mounts upon a chair on the crowded verandah to address the procession. A few brief words of welcome, and a little praise that puts everyone in good humor, an allusion to the past, an expression of hope for the future, these are the chief heads of the speech to which the assembled multitude listen with rapt attention. As he closes, Gen. Armstrong introduces Mr. Wm. Walter Phelps, who happens to be spending Christmas at the Hygeia, and some stirring words from him follow. Watch that old "Son of Abraham" as with uncovered head he stands and listens to the speaker. As he speaks of the hanished slavery and the hopeful outlook, how the worn old face lights up, and the whitened head nods approvingly. For awhile the crowd melts away before our eyes and we see only that pathetic brown face with its patient eyes fixed on the speaker, drinking in with that eager look every word that falls from the eloquent lips.

Mr. Phelps' speech is followed by one from Mr. Hitt, Congressman from Illinois, to which the same delighted attention is given. Then the marshal of the procession proposes three cheers for each officer of the school and the cheers are given with a will. Last of all, the whole multitude unite in the singing of the old war song "John Brown's Body" and the show is over. Not quite over, though, after all, for the march away is perhaps more interesting than the arrival of the procession. Two brass bands strike up two different tunes at the same time; horses, who have only been allowed to take part in the proceedings by an occasional whinny of applause at proper points, now assert their right to do what they please and nearly run over the crowd in their desire to move about once more. Mid cries of "close in," "move on," etc; the procession departs, and as they move away, horses, brass bands, Sons of Abraham, Oystermen, and common folks seeming to be mixed up in inextricable confusion.

Letters From Hampton Graduates.

DO THEY PAY THEIR DEBTS? SUPPORTING THE GOSPEL. FROM THE ASSOCIATE TEACHER. AN INDUSTRIOUS PASTOR AND TEACHER. LITTLE WOOD CARRIERS. A SCHOOL OF GROWN PEOPLE. TEACHING IN THE CORN-FIELD. WELL CONTENTED. ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS TREES.

DO THEY PAY THEIR DEBTS?

To this often put question concerning the colored people as represented by our graduates, we are glad to reply that an increasingly large proportion of them manifest an honorable sensitiveness and ambition in the matter. The following letter is an especially noteworthy example of this fact It is from a young woman who had just lost everything in the fire at the Chattanooga orphanage, including her last earnings which she was about forwarding to Hampton.

Steele Orphanage, Chattanooga, Tenn.
December 16, 1885.

Dear Miss M:

I cannot tell how glad I am to send $12.00 I owe on my bill. I have been feeling badly because I could not pay the debt before, but I hope I am excused.

I will tell you how I got the money. Last Friday I received a nice package from Mrs. ——. There was a dress to be made in the bundle. To-day I started to make the dress and when it was unfolded I found a pair of gloves and purse with $20.00 in it. You can imagine my delight and surprise. My first thought was my bill at Hampton.

I hope the School is doing nicely. I do miss the dear place so much, there is not a day that passes by, but what I think of the ones I loved so much.

We are doing nicely. The person has not been caught who was trying to burn us out again.

Yours gratefully. A.

SUPPORTING THE GOSPEL.

The unsectarian spirit of Christian work manifested by the writer of the following letter, is not uncommon among Hampton graduates, though not all have her zeal, or are as fortunate in finding contributions so easy to raise as they seem to be in this mining town.

Dec. 3, 1885.

Mrs. H.

Dear friend:

I have a new field of labor in my own county, at the new mining town of which you have heard. The position is the best I have yet had: ten months session with sure and prompt pay. The house is warm and comfortable with good seats, blackboards &c., built by the North and owned by the South West Va. Improvement Co. The school has been taught by white ladies from Philadelphia. When I came here in July, I had little hope of getting it. But the people said they wanted a teacher of their own color, so I applied to Mr.—— of Philadelphia, enclosing recommendations from the Superintendents of —— Co. and ——; and I was appointed principal of the school, with —— of the class of '82 at Hampton for assistant. I went to work with the children and made $11.20 and sent for Rev. T. A. W——, who is preaching at —— Spring, a graduate of Lincoln, to come and preach a Thanksgiving sermon to the people. He came and they were greatly pleased. It only cost $9.20 but we gave the extras to him. Previous to that we made $13.84 for the M. E. minister who preaches here once a month; R. B's husband Rev. D. W. Harth. She has been here twice. They have charge of the Sunday school at my old home twenty-two miles from here. And since then we have made $36. for the new Baptist church. Yesterday our new school organ came. Now we must pay for that. The ministers say I "have as many kinds of meat as a turtle," because I work for all churches. I tell them I cannot afford to be sectarian while I am so far from my own church.

Gratefully yours, M.

FROM THE ASSOCIATE TEACHER.

From the associate teacher mentioned above we have a few more interesting particulars of this pleasant field of work.

——Va., *Dec.* 14, 1885.

Dear Miss L:

Since leaving Hampton I have taught two years in Pulaski and one in Roanoke County. I now have a ten months term, have an excellent school-house furnished with patent desks; the house was built by a Northern gentleman. It is not a public school but governed by the Company. This Coal Company ships from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred cars daily. The town consists of 1200 or 1500 inhabitants, seven or eight hundred of whom are employed by the company.

We have organized a literary society which is very interesting.

The scenery coming down the river is very fine. High overhanging cliffs on the left and the winding river below on the right.

My chief amusement is reading when I have matter to read: but occasionally I get out.

Very respectfully yours. H.

P. S. A peep into my English Literature note book is ever a source of real pleasure.

AN INDUSTRIOUS PASTOR AND TEACHER.

The following good record from an industrious worker in the school room and church will be read with interest.

—— Va., *Oct.* 20th, 1885.

Miss C.

Dear Friend:

Your very interesting letter to hand, the contents of which inspire me with new or fresh courage and hope to do better work this year than last. I am teaching the same school near the above P. O., that I taught last Fall. I commenced the 7th ult. with ten pupils, now I have sixty. Taught 9¾ months and preached 42 sermons during the school year that ended July 31st, 1885. I spent a part of my vacation at the Teachers Institute in Danville Va. and the rest in visiting Associations.

The children, thirty in number, that professed hope in Christ last fall, are holding out very well so far. The Sabbath school is in good condition, the old as well as the young are interested. I very often hear the old people speak of the Christmas Tree we had and the nice presents sent by Northern friends. We wish to have another Christmas Tree this year.

Number of months taught in the Public schools (of Charlotte and Mecklenburg Counties, Va.) 82, number of places taught 7, number of months in each year 10, number of children taught 835.

Taught three years before finishing at Hampton. Most of the people here are renters with the exception of eight, who have bought themselves comfortable homes. Our people are improving in every thing else faster than they are religiously. I hope to see the day when we shall know how to worship God in spirit and in truth.

Yours truly, H.

LITTLE WOOD CARRIERS.

How many white children in the North would like to go to school, on such terms as these little dusky ones? We are glad that this part of their schooling is over.

Abingdon Virginia, *October*, 28, 1885.

My dear friend:

Your circular is received and it affords me much pleasure to write you of my work. I am teaching as usual, I am glad to say in much more comfortable quarters than heretofore; I have a nice new frame school-house well heated and lighted. The first year I taught, the little ones had to carry most of the wood for at least a quarter of a mile, but this year we have a coal house filled with coal. My average attendance of scholars is quite large, forty-five. I teach Sunday school in one of the churches. I think the school is in a very prosperous condition. I have fourteen little girls in my class. I did not have a Christmas tree last year for my scholars, but hope to have one this year.

I hope you will have many pleasant letters this year from my co-workers.

I find the map, sent me from Miss Mackie's scholars, of much use to me. I am so proud to have it.

Of course your are not expected to answer the replies you get from the circulars, but if you have time, I should be glad to hear from you sometime.

Respectfully, M.

A SCHOOL OF GROWN PEOPLE.

The effort of grown people—sometimes white haired and bowed with age—to learn to read for the purpose of reading the Bible, was one of the pathetic sights of early emancipation days, now seldom witnessed. In some isolated places that have not enjoyed all the advantages of freedom, the zeal has not died out, and adult scholar still sit on the primary benches. Of such a school, one of our graduates tells.

—— Va. *Nov.* 18, 1884.

Miss A. E. C.:

Dear friend: Your kind letter of the 5th ult., directed to ——, Va. found me at this place. It always affords me great pleasure to hear from you as correspondent of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. Seeing that I am not forgotten but yet in remembrance with those dear ones who have done so much for the Negro's elevation in the South.

As regards myself I am yet teaching in —— Co., and have been ever since I left Hampton, embracing a period of forty school months, or sixty calendar months, during all of which time I have taught the same school, I must say with much success. I find the grown people here as well as children, hungry for, and seeking after knowledge. My time is not engaged only among 128 children, the number enrolled on my school register, but at night after going to my place of abode, there I am met by 25 sturdy men, who labor during the day, and give three hours of their time to study at night. Some of these men, have made good use of their time. Notwithstanding they did not know a letter at first, some of them can now read, write and cipher well enough to attend to their own, and others' business without seeking help from any one. Owing to circumstances, I sometimes think I shall abandon the work, and pursue some other, but then how can I when I behold from every view ignorance of my race exhibiting itself, even in our sacred and holy places and that ignorance seeking light. I can give it in a moderate way, and if I refuse, I should think myself unworthy of the name of a member of Hampton Institute, a name which has much influence here among all class of people, most particularly school officers.

I have no serious complaint to make concerning my day school, only short sessions and poor pay. One could not live decently here by teaching alone. Thanks to Hampton's able Principal, General Armstrong, who instructs that "the school room should not be the only dependence for a living" but that we should meet bravely whatever fate may befall us! I find the greatest hindrance, too, among the children's attending school regularly is that the main part of the session contains the winter months, and most of their parents are in such poor circumstances that they are unable to provide the necessary clothing, and to buy books for them during the winter. Hence quite a number of them are forced to remain at home till Spring.

I have not been negligent in the Sunday school work since I have been here. I organized four different schools consisting of three hundred and twenty-five persons. Though I am sad to say that in this number you would find very few children, on inquiring for them you are told by their parents that they are not fit to come out to Sunday school.

On visiting our Sabbath schools you would be astonished to see so few testaments or other spiritual reading, they want to learn, so they bring such hooks as they have viz: spellers, readers, etc. I know you are tired reading such dry news, out they are facts. Hoping you will have continued success in your labors,

I am respectfully yours, B.

TEACHING IN THE CORN-FIELD.

Our correspondent feels—as most Hampton graduates do we are glad to say, that he is responsible for other teaching than that for which he draws his salaries.

Roanoke Co., Va., *Nov.* 7, 1885.

Dear friend:

After I closed my school last Spring I went to work on my little place, believing that it is just as essential, to set an example in that respect, as in the school-room. I planted about three acres of corn and made sixty bushels. I did not have a horse, so I hired a team to break the ground, and then tended it with a hoe.

I commenced my school the 19th of Oct., and have on roll forty scholars. I am teaching at the same place as last year and my school will be larger this year than it was last. Some of my scholars are very poor, especially two widows' children whose mothers are not able to buy clothes to send them regularly. I do all I can to make things pleasant and my school interesting.

Respectfully yours, H.

WELL CONTENT.

The extreme satisfaction of our next correspondent with things in general, rather illustrates perhaps the general tendency to look at all questions from one's own standpoint, and no further than one's own experience. It also illustrates the fact however that there are pleasant experiences and standpoints from which to look at the "Negro Problem."

Washington, D. C., *Oct.* 29th 1885.

Miss C.,

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Dear friend:

I had the pleasure of acknowledging your letter a few days ago, and it gave me great joy to see that so many of us are not forgotten.

You spoke of the fact that the power of six hundred young men and women, trained as we have been, ought to be felt. I do, and must say it is felt more or less in every state in these United States in some way.

There are 8 or 10 of us in Washington making from $720. to $1400. per annum, in the U. S. Departments. As for the "Negro Problem" its solution has already been satisfactorily reached in my opinion. I don't say this from guess work, but from sight.

I left Hampton, June 1879. Though I have had the pleasure of visiting the school 2 or 3 times ever since, and feel proud of her rapid growth, I am sorry to say I have not been in the school work, though I feel that all of us can't be engaged in the same work. I have been employed in the General Post Office Department for five years, and am getting along nicely. I have saved enough in that time to get a good farm in North Carolina.

Miss C——, I do thank you ever so much for your kind words, and greetings of encouragement. I shall endeavor to carry the banner of right in my hand through this life, with the hope of reaching the good Lord in peace.

Truly your friend,
J., P. O. Dept., Washington, D. C.

ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS TREES.

We desire to express our hearty thanks to the kind friends who helped make a "Merry Christmas" for our graduates, their teachers and scholars. We gives below a few extracts from letters showing that these gifts are appreciated.

"I want to tell you about my Christmas Tree. Through the kindness of Mrs. Hyatt of Brooklyn, N. Y. I had a "Christmas Tree" for my children, and oh, I only wish you could have seen how "carried away" they were. Every child received a present. I never saw a body of children so happy in my life." P. B. H.

"I went home on Wednesday before Christmas, and found there the splendid box from Mrs. D. for my children * * * * Twenty-eight children were present, and such happy faces I never saw before. Their very expression showed gratitude. Each child got a box of candy, a pretty card, and some clothing. All were well pleased, and I feel very grateful to you friends for you help." C. B.

"I feel very much indebted to you for your kindness in providing a way by which we could have such a nice Christmas Tree. The barrel contained some very nice books besides many other useful things. I have some books left, and shall form a little library for the children so that they may have access to reading matter." N. E.

"The nice Christmas presents you sent us were duly received. Oh, I do wish I could, through the medium of pen and paper, tell you just how thankful we are to you. To-day when I gave the little ones their books, they seemed to be the most delighted little things I ever saw. I wish you could have been in my school-room, and enjoyed seeing them as I did. When I told them of their friend at the North, they seemed very much surprised to know that a person who had never known them would be so thoughtful of them." M. T.

Southern Workman.

Indian Department.

ELAINE GOODALE, *In Charge.*

Regular Contributors:

HERBERT WELSH, *Cor. Sec'y Indian Rights Association.*

ALICE C. FLETCHER,

REV JOHN J. GRAVATT,

MRS. A. S. QUINTON, *Gen'l Sec'y of the Womans' National Indian Ass'n.*

WE CAN SEE in him the elements of a man, if properly trained. For 250 years he has been buffeted, starved, frozen, shot down by the hundred, and has survived it all. The spirit of the Indian, so resolutely heroic, will make in the future the best specimen of the man and woman of America. *Senator Dawes.*

THE CALIFORNIA STATE ASSOCIATION of Congregational Ministers has passed a set of resolutions in behalf of the Mission Indians, copies of which have been placed in the hands of their Congressional delegates. It appears that the lands recently appropriated to these Indians are "waterless and consequently of no value to them," and it is therefore important that a bill be prepared authorizing the sale of a part of this territory, and the purchase of "suitable lands, with *water sufficient to irrigate them.*"

WE HAVE an interesting and well-written account of the life of Dr. Worcester, for 34 years a missionary among the Cherokees, from Nevada Couch, a girl sixteen years old, and a member of "Worcester Academy," the Congregational Mission School at Vinita, I. T. Its late principal, Dr. I. N. Cundall, is the writer of a somewhat original and outspoken discussion of the "Indian Problem," first printed in the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, and suggested by a visit from Gen. Armstrong.

"The Other Side."

J. S. McCain, Superintendent of Instruction at Siletz Agency, Oregon, writes a letter to the *Morning Star* in spirited defence of educational and civilizing influences *on the reservation.* We think his remarks entirely pertinent. Among other things Mr. McCain says of Indian Agents that "there is no class of Government officials in any other department who are under so strict surveillance as these same Indian Agents. No other class of officers are placed under such enormous bonds in proportion to their obligations as they. And from personal knowledge I unhesitatingly assert that no other public servants in the American Republic do the amount of incessant drudgery and hard work that absolutely must be done by an Indian Agent and his assistants."

Mr. McCain criticizes, or rather satirizes the Mohunk platform somewhat sharply, as a set of "beautiful theories," and declares that most of the ends proposed are already in rapid process of accomplishment. Superintendent Oberly, he says, "entirely underrates the school work now in progress on nearly all Western reservations. "We will gladly welcome our honorable Superintendent to a visit at Siletz, and will promise to show him a degree of proficiency in studies and industrial training among the seventy odd pupils of our school that may be something of a revelation to him." He also notices one of those careless newspaper statements which are among the standing grievances of western workers. "The writer of it informs the public that 'the schools of Carlisle and Hampton are the first practical undertakings for the proper treatment of the Indians.' We are to infer that this newspaper writer is ignorant of the fact that for the past twenty years successful schools have been conducted on many reservations, and for the past fifteen years on nearly all. In these reservation schools, the aim has constantly been to teach the rudiments of an English education, and to give the greatest possible amount of industrial instruction.

"And now in conclusion we wish to say, for the benefit of all concerned, that educating the Indian youth and getting Indian families located upon lands in severalty is the constant study and aim of all good Indian Agents and this too under the reservation system. Nothing else practical has ever been suggested and the wisest course to pursue now is to push the work along these lines."

The White Indian.

Our widely known Agent at Pine Ridge, Dr. V. T. McGillycuddy, has several times made enemies for himself by expelling notorious "squaw men" from the reservation. In reply to a question concerning the legal rights of these men on an Indian reservation, he gives the following interesting points.

"The policy pursued by me in dealing with the white men you refer to and which policy the Indian office has sustained me in, has been to recognize their only right in the Indian country as one of sufferance; that is, we suffer them to remain as long as we have no reason for removing them. The statute reads: 'The Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and the Indian Agents and sub-agents, shall have authority to remove from the Indian country all persons found therein contrary to law.' Now although these white men are not exactly here contrary to law, neither are they here by authority of law.

"While among the five so-called civilized tribes in the Indian Territory the fact that a white man marries an Indian woman makes him a member of the tribe, there is no provision or treaty incorporating such white men in the Sioux tribe. Our policy as a nation has ostensibly been to convert Indians into white men. Now in any way to recognize these white men as having rights would be retrograde policy, and be practically *converting white men into Indians.*"

This is in striking confirmation of the statement of Dr. Cundall, that "the white man, in defense of Indian ideas of communal interest and Indian questions as related to the whites, becomes *more intensely an Indian than the Indians themselves.* I think the fiercest defenders of the tribal system are white men who by marriage have become Indian citizens and are making money out of it. * * The process of dilution of Indian blood goes on till it becomes very thin, while Indian habits and Indian characteristics still remain."

Dr. McGillycuddy goes on to tell us that "the Sioux agreement of 1876, which reinforces the statute of 1868, goes further than the statute even, article 7 of same reading: 'And no person other than an Indian of *full blood*, whose fitness, morally or otherwise, is not, in the opinion of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, conducive to the welfare of said Indians, shall receive any benefit from this agreement or former treaties, *and may be expelled from the reservation.*'

Under the above, white men, half-breeds, etc., can be and are removed, and it is not necessary that they should be guilty of any overt act, for mere laziness or general worthlessness may be considered as making them not 'conducive to the welfare of the Indians' by bad example."

A kindred question of practical interest is the advisability of educating the children of such white men, whose fathers are comparatively wealthy, at Government expense. There are doubtless many such in the schools, and the alternative would probably be to let them grow up in ignorance, unless their fathers can in some way be compelled to provide for their education.

Law on the Reservation.

Two interesting "test cases" under the new criminal law are brought up for trial before the territorial grand jury at Deadwood, Dakota. Last October at Pine Ridge Agency, Little Moon attempted to kill Cut Meat, the ball passing through his blanket and killing a horse. The assailant was arrested and put in the county jail. In December a deliberate murder occurred at the same Agency. Kills-the-Enemy-at-Night shot and instantly killed One-Iron Horn in a quarrel at the beef issue. The arrest in this instance was accomplished with some difficulty, as the murderer belonged to the non-progressive or "Red Cloud faction," who contended that the affair could not come under the jurisdiction of the civil authorities. The man is now, however, in irons at the Agency, and it is to be hoped that Dr. McGillycuddy's courageous and proper assumption of authority will be satisfactorily upheld by the jury.

A blunder in the phraseology of the statute, which was "rail-roaded through" as Section 9 of the last Indian Appropriation Bill, throws the expense of procedure in cases of Indian offenses upon the white counties of the district. This was doubtless unintentional and is manifestly unjust. Its practical operation would be and in fact has been in another instance, to stay all prosecution of Indian offences against Indians on Indian territory. Dr. McGillycuddy's promptness and efficiency in dealing with these two cases are to be commended, and we trust that effective measures may yet be taken for the arrest and trial of Handsome Elk, the murderer at Lower Brule. The moral effect upon the Indians of his liberty and defiant spirit is exceedingly bad.

As for the carelessly prepared statute, which throws what are properly U. S. cases upon the reluctant territorial court, it will no doubt be amended by Congress at the present session. It does not appear unreasonable that an appropriation should also be made to cover the expenses already incurred by the county in the trial of these cases.

Agent Gasmann's Removal.

The removal of Agent Gasmann is the cause for great jubilation upon the part of many of the newspapers published in towns near the reservation. One esteemed contemporary hails with delight the near approach of the day when all the Indians upon the Sioux Reservation will be removed to the Indian Territory—a new and rational policy, in the judgment of the writer, the execution of which will be greatly facilitated by the dismissal of such men as Gasmann.

On the other hand, in the deposition of so excellent an agent as Mr. Gasmann has proved himself to be, the friends of the Indian have received a severe shock to their confidence in the wisdom of the Indian Bureau.

Civil Service Rules in the Indian Service.

No hope need be entertained for stability and efficiency in the administration of Indian affairs until the Indian Service be freed from the influence of partisan politics and the principles of a reformed Civil Service be extended over the Indian Service.

"The governor of Dakota, in his reports, states that this order has been almost universally obeyed, and that these lands are practically free from settlers. The exceptions, if any exist, are cases in which a removal would cause suffering. Many of the settlers, I am told, went there in good faith under what they supposed was proper authority." From the report of the Secretary of the Interior referring to the old Winnebago and Crow Creek Indian Reservations in Dakota Territory. For the year ending June 30, 1885.

Prof. Painter upon inquiring at the Interior Department, learned that Agent Gasmann had been removed for *failure to evict settlers* in obedience to orders from the Department.

The case of Dr. W. V. Coffin, late Superintendent of the Chemawa, or Forest Grove Indian Training School, Oregon, is an illustration of the principles upon which some dismissals and appointments are apparently being made in the Indian Service.

During the past autumn Dr. Coffin, for two years connected with the Forest Grove School, one year of which was in the capacity of Superintendent, was relieved by the Department. No reasons were furnished him as cause for his removal, and we can only infer that it was for the simple and to the minds of some, very sound purpose of making room for a gentleman of the opposite political faith. Dr. Coffin has taken no part in politics, other than to cast his vote as his conscience dictated. He is personally and most favorably known to us as a young man 28 years of age—full of physical and mental vigor. He is an earnest Christian and a member of the Society of Friends. The highest testimony is given to his character and capacity by Miss Susan Longstreth, Phila; Joseph Moore, a distinguished Friend, formerly President of Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana, and Dr. James E. Rhoads, President of Bryn Mawr College and President of the Indian Rights Association. Dr. Coffin brings with him from Salem, Oregon, the following letter bearing the signatures of prominent gentlemen of the State. It is of sufficient importance to be given entire.

DR. M. V. COFFIN,
Supt. Chemawa Indian Training School.

On the eve of your departure for the East, and your retirement from the Superintendency of the U. S. Indian Training School located near Salem, we who have, with others, taken a deep interest in the solution of the Indian problem, desire to bear testimony to your faithful work while in charge of said school. Familiar as we are with every detail of its management, and with the character of its work, it gives us great pleasure to say that in our judgment your work has been successful in the truest sense of the word. You will leave behind you a lasting influence for good, and the direction which you have given the school will hereafter be found to be the only one which will stand the test of trial. Wherever you go you will carry with you the regard of all sincere workers in behalf of Indian civilization, and it is our hope that your services may not be lost to the cause, but that soon again you may be called to take up a similar work to that which to-day you relinquish.

With a deep and lasting appreciation of your work, we beg to subscribe ourselves, not only the friends of Indian education, but as well of yourself.

Z. F. MOODY, *Governor.*
R. P. ENCHART, *Secretary of State.*
EDWARD HIRSH, *Treasurer.*
A. F. WHEELER.
FRANK E. HODGKIN, *Assistant Sec'y of State.*
R. W. HILL, *Supt. Ind. Education under Presb. Foreign Board of Missions.*
CHARLES B. MOORE, *Private Sec'y to Gov. Moody.*
SQUIRE FARRER.
E. J. THOMPSON, *Pastor Presbyterian Church.*
E. B. MCELROY, *Supt. Public Instruction.*

Salem, Oregon, Oct. 28th, 1885.

H. W.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

A Seasonable Lesson. "What is the thermometer made of?" "Made of glass." "What is in the glass?" Water." "No, not water—it must be something that won't freeze." "*Hot* water."

"THE boys in the Wigwam all like to sing very much," writes one of them. "Some boys sing bass, and some sing tenor, and some sing alto, but no boy sing soprano—too high for him!"

A handsome illustrated Family Bible, with full concordance, is the gift of a friend to the Indian Sunday School. The presentation was made in the Chapel at Winona, at Prayer-meeting on New Year's Eve.

ABOUT two weeks before Christmas a box of exceedingly pretty outline work, with the materials for completing it, was sent as a Christmas gift from the ladies of Andover Academy to the Fancy-Work Class. Every girl finished a piece of work for a present to some teacher or friend before doing anything for herself.

THE girls and boys spent last Saturday evening very pleasantly, cutting and pasting pictures to adorn the walls of the bare new Reading Room in some Western School, in whose behalf an appeal had been made to the "Lend-a-Hand Club."

Incidents of Indian Boys' Study-Hour. "How do you spell *pay grub?*" "*What?*" "How do you spell *pay grub?*" "I don't understand." Pupil patiently reiterates, and teacher is in despair. At last pupil drags a brown woolen *glove* from the depths of his pocket. "*How,*" with reproachful emphasis, "*do you spell* PAY GRUB?" *Two minutes later.* "What does *squirrel* mean?" "A squirrel," persuasively, "is a small animal. Didn't you ever see one?" "*Hugh*"—indignantly,"—— told me that when you squeeze anything very hard, *that* is *squirrel!*" Query—did he mean *squirm?*

THE following communication comes to us with the request—"Put this in *Southern Workman* to be print. I want you to send me one when it is done."

My dear friends—I am going write a few lines in this. I am in Philadelphia. I am not in Hampton, but I remember you all. I am going tell what some boys do on Christmas day. I take some boys in city to see a show. Some boy want to buy something and he give only one cent to the man and the man told him to get out, that was a white boy his name was Charlie S——, and one Mohawk boy name John T——, afterward he laugh at himself for he thought he could buy anything for one cent, that is all.

Yours.
CHARLIE MATTHEWS.

Life in the Wigwam.

The day is stormy, and a friend of the Indians, thinking that the charms of poetry may make the boys in the Wigwam cease to regret the rain and their consequent confinement, appears in their parlor and offers to read "Hiawatha" to them."

The reading proceeds:

* * * * * * *

Should you ask where Nawadaha
Found these songs, so wild and wayward,
I should answer I should tell you,

* * * * * * *

Chetowark, the plover, sang them,
Mahng the loon, the wild goose, Wawa,
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
And the grouse, the Pushkodasa!

One auditor strides over the benches and disappears.

Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people
That like noises from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,

* * * * * * *

Listen to this Indian legend,
To this song of Hiawatha.

More retreating backs have been turned to the reader, and when the introduction is finished so also, almost, is the audience.

Is their failure to "pause and listen" a proof that the degenerate youth do not 'love a nation's legends?"

Can it be a fact that the charms of arithmetic and grammar have made them deaf to those of the "ballads of a people?"

Is the statement confirmed that the Red juvenile takes no interest in any story that is not *true?*

Or must the humiliating fact be faced, that *Indian* pronounced with a *New York* accent is more than the sensitive Indian tympanum can endure.

One thing at least is certain, namely, that a Wigwam audience leaves no one in doubt as to its appetite for the literary pabulum offered to it, and that whatever else he may lack, the Indian is not deficient in *frankness.* J. V. V. S.

Our Indian Christmas.

Christmas began, of course, the day before, if not earlier. Delightful bundles and secrets, journeyings and consultations, crowded the hours with transparent mystery. That was a pleasant scene of the early afternoon, when the great hall in Winona was spicy with the odor of broken pine and cedar, and the younger and more daring Indian maidens were mounted on chairs and tables and improvised step ladders of all descriptions, arranging these and the red-berried holly with skilful fingers. Great was the stir of voices, contrasted with the silence in which their big brothers from the Wigwam, two days before, despoiled the woods of these decorations, and rowed home a green and sylvan boat-load from the grove a mile away up the creek.

The Christmas festivities proper were ushered in with the evening's entertainment, when the tricks of a conjurer surprised the "stoical" red man into remarkable demonstrations of applause, and led the boys for a week afterward to swallow eggs and manufacture roses to their hearts content. Very, very sleepy were the thirteen small boys who inhabit Division A. of the Wigwam, when at ten oclock they hastily pinned their stockings to the mantlepiece, and departed, blissfully sucking their sticks of candy. It was almost midnight before the stockings were all filled and the conspirators bade each other good-night, casting admiring glances at their work and promising themselves to be up betimes in the morning. The editor, for one, was astir as early as could reasonably have been expected, but alas! all the glory had departed, and there was only to be seen an occasional jubilant young Indian, blowing a tin horn, eating an orange, or playing ball.

The girls, meantime, were happy over their gifts in Winona, and the minds of the older ones were doubtless much occupied with the new dresses which they were to wear to the Christmas dinner! The tables were set for the usual "club dinner" of the Indians in the cheerful dining room connected with the Diet Kitchen, and with their fresh linen and tasteful decorations of plants, made a pretty picture. The traditional plenty spread the festive board, and still better than their hearty enjoyment of the good things provided was the perfect decorum observed, and in many instances the really delightful good-breeding of the girls and boys. The waiters performed their unusual and onerous parts with grace and good humor, and after the dessert had been lingered over as long as at some more patrician tables, the prettiest girls and the most gallant youths cleared the boards and washed up the dishes quite as if it were an accepted par' of the pleasure.

The Christmas Service in the Chapel at five o'clock was largely a service of song and very deeply enjoyable, with its rich Carols so fully rendered. In the evening the young men and maidens met again under the holly boughs in Winona, and played the usual games with more than usual spirit and enjoyment. At an early moment in the festivities, the editor was seized by one of the older girls, and borne away to her quiet room upstairs, where in a corner stood the prettiest miniature Christmas tree, hung full of little gifts and decorations, arranged by some of the older ones as a surprise for the smallest girls. The prizes for the best marching sent down by Miss Eustis, were unusually attractive.

The Doctor's report must not be omitted. Not an Indian sick on Christmas Day! The half of the pleasant doings has not been told, but it is safe to say that upon the whole the time was a happy one.

"All Along the Line."

These reports of the Christmas season and other work on missionary ground in Dakota are gleaned from private letters not written for publication.

At St. John's School, Cheyenne River. Our Christmas festivities passed off charmingly. For weeks, the girls were full of gifts and secrets and joy reigned supreme. To some the days went with lagging steps; to others anticipation was enough to make them enjoy every moment. I enclose a little programme of our entertainment. The girls made no failures and I think did themselves credit. H. S. K. (The programme includes the Carol, "Holy Night," a cantata, dialogue, reading and the Tree.)

At Hope School, Springfield. On Christmas day I was working hard all the day. I built a little house in the school-room and we covered it up with cotton so it looked like a snow house, and on top I made a chimney and on that I nailed a piece of board written "North Pole." Then we hang the presents on the outside and we had Santa Claus inside and he gave out the presents. So we had a nice time. J. W.B.

At Black Pipe Creek, Rosebud. I would have been pleased for you to have been with me this Christmas week. I gave myself up to the children entirely. Mr. C. made a handsome donation to the Christmas tree, which now stands in the school-room, waiting to be disrobed of its ornaments all the toys, etc., having been given out Christmas night. My friends from Washington sent me a large box and I reserved all the candies and nuts for to-night, Jan 1st. The school-room was quite crowded, all the children being here. Everyone, (fifty two in number,) had a large package of candy and nuts. Thus end the Christmas festivities, and I feel quite festive myself that they are over! L. B. A.

At Oak Creek, Rosebud. We had a Christmas tree in the Chapel Christmas Eve. It was a very pretty tree after everything had been on. A good many hung on presents for each other—that is something they have never done before. They seemed to enjoy it as well as white people! They gave me several nice presents. My husband and the Indian men trimmed the church all by themselves. They made crosses and wreaths and they took rope and tied evergreens on and hung that in loops up in the chancel, so that the church looks very beautiful. Christmas Day after service we and all the other church members, were invited over to an Indian's house to dinner. We had a splendid dinner and everything went off very nicely. R. F. H.

At Standing Rock, Sitting Bull's Camp.—Christmas is coming near and I suppose everybody be happy again, for I remember how we used to be so glad and happy when we received the beautiful presents in the morning on our beds in Hampton. But for my poor children I don't have much to give them. They will be asking "What is Christmas Day?" I told them that it is the birthday of our Lord Jesus Christ, who have died for the world, and they know now that it is the birthday of our Lord, and they said they would always try to remember when they say *Anpetu Wakantanka* (Great Holy Day.)

I am well all the time now and have grown so fat too, and I hope this letter will find you the same. But only sometimes I'll be lonesome after my parents, for I don't see them all the time, but once in two weeks they come up to get their rations and back again. But when I begin my work I remember that I am doing something, then I felt glad again, for the poor little ones that are way back from the lightness of the world. I'm helping them all I can with the good lessons that I have learned from the kind white people that have taught me, and above all how to love Jesus and serve Him in this world that we may be happy with Him forever in our beautiful home in Heaven.

R. C. B. (Hampton Student.)

At Crow Creek Agency. The Hampton children who returned last Summer had some nice presents from Miss W. of Pittsfield. They were very happy. We had a very nice Tree for the school children. We shall be very sorry to leave our school here. It is just getting into nice working order, and we begin to see some of the fruits of our labor already. Some of the girls are so nice and appreciative. E. C. G.

At Pine Ridge Agency. I have now a very large Sunday school at the Agency. When I first took charge there were about 100 in the school. I have now in all 184. There is an increase every Sunday. About a hundred of these are from the boarding school. I have heard that about a hundred more will be taken into the boarding school in January. So you can readily see the increasing importance of this Sunday school work at the Agency. I have started the lesson of taking up the children's offerings as an integral part of our worship, and with most encouraging results, as the following will tell. Dec. 13th, $2,60; the 20th, $2,84; and last Sunday $1,88.

The church is beautifully decorated, almost entirely the work of the Dakota's—both sexes. They manfully stood by me until the work was finished, the careful sweeping and the washing of the entire church floor being the last. Then I had made some beautiful white hangings, altar cloth, etc., which are in keeping with the festal look of the rest of the church.

The Christmas tree was a grand success. There were present between four and five hundred souls. Last Monday Mr. and Mrs. R. and I started on a Christmas tree tour and at last we have landed here. (Medicine Root Creek). But our stock of presents is much diminished—hence there will be no tree here just now. The work looks encouraging along the line. C. S. C.

Among the Dakotas.

I am sitting in a luxurious parlor in the city of St. Paul, trying to look through the blaze on this æsthetic hearth to the day fifty years ago, when the missionary Williamson arrived, with wife and child, at that far outpost of civilization, Fort Snelling (my hostess has just been telephoning Fort Snelling) then pushed on two hundred miles further West in search of the lost sheep in the wilderness; to the day when the last bushel of corn was reached in the missionary cabin, half buried under prairie snowdrifts, and cheered by no prophetic murmur of Minneapolis mills that feed the world with prairie harvests; to the later day when twenty-seven years of self-denying labors and their newly springing fruits seemed scattered to the winds by savage violence and frontier war. It is only twenty-three years since the horrors of that Minnesota Indian outbreak, but the flood of events has buried it deep as the flood of years. What has become of those savage warriors? What has become of the scattered fold of the wilderness?

Some light rose, even in that darkness, to the long suffering missionaries. "The good of preaching to the Indians" was apparent when every Christian Indian, "to a man," remained loyal to the Government, many risking their own lives to save the missionaries and other settlers. And what could equal that scene in the Davenport prison, when, as twenty-eight of their number paid the awful penalty of the white man's law, the hearts of the sullen captives melted, and they turned to their beloved "John," the son, of their old teacher, who, with Christ-like pity, had followed them into their prison and besought him to show them the way to the white man's God "To live and preach in those years," he says, "was worth a life time." The scattered flock of sixty Christians grew to six hundred, half of them gathered from the prisons of Davenport and Snelling. Their long captivity ended, the prisoners, with their wives and children, who had been kept at Crow Creek with others who had separated themselves from the outbreak, but had suffered many of its consequences, were removed to the new Santee Reservation set apart for them on the west bank of the Missouri. Some of the most progressive were suffered rather than encouraged by Government to push on a long step farther in the white man's road and take up homesteads off the reservation, near Flandreau, Moody county, Dakota. The camp of the scouts became the nucleus of the "Sisseton and Wahpeton reserve" in that Territory, just over the Minnesota line, at Lake Traverse. Many of the uncaptured hostiles had fled into Canada, where they still remain. Others, whose attitude was more or less doubtful, were corraled on the "Devil's Lake reservation," of whose progress I have already written.

Santee, Flandreau and Sisseton, the homes of the prisoners, the homesteaders and the scouts, have been among the most interesting points of my summer's journey; not with special reference to Hampton, which has had few students from them, but for their various relations with the past and future of the Indian problem.

SANTEE.

At Santee, having but part of a day and obliged to choose between a drive on the reservation and a visit to the mission school, I chose, of course, the latter. For here is Rev. Alfred Riggs, son of the venerable Dr. Stephen Riggs, Dr. Williamson's coadjutor in the early days of the work now carried on by their children. And here is the largest and most advanced Western mission school of the Congregational Church, perhaps of any. Some of the nearest Indian farms I passed on my way to the school, and some of their owners I met afterward at Sisseton, and from Mr. Riggs had much interesting information on the condition of things on the reservation.

Its 800 Indians all wear citizen's dress and live like white people, without annuities. Eight years ago they were drawing full rations These have been gradually cut off with no consequent suffering. All are farming and holding land in severalty under the treaty of 1868, which allots 160 acres to every head of a family and 80 acres to every minor and single person over twenty-one, requiring a residence of three years and improvements to the amount of $300 before giving a patent. If an Indian gives up his claim to his allotment, it reverts to the Government as reservation land, not as public domain, and there is, therefore, no inducement to white men, as there is off the reservation, to try to persuade him to relinquish it. All the allotments having been made, the rest of the reservation was thrown open to settlers last May and many came in. Mr. Riggs tells me that the relations of the Indians with the surrounding whites have been on the whole most amiable, and, that except some grumbling at the "babylands," as they call the generous provision for minors, they have from the first conceded the Indians right to their share of the lands, which are none too good, in great part bluff land, suitable only for grazing, with some desirable farm land along the streams. The Indians have comfortable frame or log houses, and generally a good supply of cattle and agricultural implements. It is hard for some to shake off the old habit of dependence, but they are, on the whole, doing very well. Mr. Riggs reports a present membership of 175 in the two churches of his mission, The prison converts have held out wonderfully. Some of the old people find it hard to comprehend any change in the old order. One good old deacon, he told me, a faithful member of his father's flock in the wilderness, was greatly troubled in his conscience by the innovation of taking up a penny collection every Sunday instead of lumping it every quarter. If the old way was right, the new way must be wrong. But a confusion of form with principle is not peculiar to Indian brethren, unfortunately.

The Episcopal mission school, burned out a year ago, will be removed to Pine Ridge agency, I understand. The church, also burned, has been rebuilt. The Government boarding school, which I did not see, reported a fuller attendance than ever last year, with eighty-four pupils. Mr. Riggs's school, which I did have the pleasure of seeing as thoroughly as was possible in vacation, is a most interesting one. It is on a generous scale, with ten or a dozen commodious buildings, pleasantly grouped, separate homes for young men and little boys; "Dakota Hall" for the older girls and the "Bird's Nest" full of the music of little ones. A church, a school room, various shops and Mr. Riggs's house add to the group, and a fine large three-story building for dining hall, school rooms and dormitories now going up will complete it. In the blacksmith, carpenter and shoe shops, on the farm, and in the agency brick yard, the boys work, learning no special trade, but a little of each for a general idea and habit of work. Some specimens from the forge and shoe shops, however, "won great praise" at the Madison educational exhibit. The girls have sewing and housework. There is a "theological class" to train native missionaries. The instruction here is partly in the Sioux Language, using the text books old Dr. Riggs was at such pains to translate, but increasing attention to English is reported. This school, like other Western ones, is feeling the lift of the Eastern wave of public interest in Government assistance for the last two years. Last year this amounted to $8000, and cheered by this aid, the American Missionary Association put more than that amount into permanent improvements, besides the appropriations for subsistence, and kept the school running for ten months, with an average of 99 and a roll of 144. I had the pleasure of meeting a number of the devoted teachers who were remaining through the short vacation to take charge of the 60 who did not return to their homes, some of which in Montana and Manitoba were a far longer journey from Santee than that is from Hampton.

FLANDREAU HOMESTEADERS.

The Flandreau experiment is instructive both in its success and its failure, for it has somewhat of both. Of the ninety-three families who made this bold launch sixteen years ago sixty-one families still remain. This is a far larger proportion than hold out of white settlers. This last year they have cultivated 1200 acres, an average of about twenty acres apiece. They are recognized citizens, pay taxes and vote. Their native pastor, however, Rev. John Eastman, from the Congregational Mission at Santee, gave me a rather dark view of the outlook. It is at least interesting as the criticism of one of their own tribe. He thinks that most of the homesteaders are going backward. Most of them hold their own patents, and can sell their land, and there is great pressure on them to do so. They sell for a song, and soon sing it out. Others run in debt at stores and mortgage their land, or let their taxes go unpaid year after year till their land is taken and sold. They are moving off in this way, he believes, at the rate of two or three families a year. He has been pastor there for nine years, had 140 communicants to begin with, and now has but 95, the rest having died or moved to Santee. There is a Government day school, with provision for boarding the children in the winter, its average attendance is twenty-five. There are about a hundred children of school age. The farthest families live ten miles in each direction from the school house. They would be admitted to the public schools but they are too distant. Those who have left have gone, some to Santee and some into Minnesota. The latter run down to great poverty, wandering about, living in tents and begging. About twenty families, he thinks, are doing very well and will be sure to stay. They are industrious and saving. Their white neighbors he thinks rather indifferent generally, neither helpful nor the reverse. There is a good deal of consumption among them, not much other disease. He may take a somewhat too dark view of the prospect, and if only twenty families do hold out the proportion will not fall far behind that of the successful white settlers, especially taking into consideration that a number of those already gone are back at Santee, living on allotted lands. They have never had a resident agent to guard or guide them, but have been under care of the Santee agency, a hundred and forty miles away. I do not think they have had a white resident pastor. There is an Episcopal mission station at the town of Flandreau with a missionary lady, and a minister comes up from Sioux Falls once a month. Ignorance, improvidence and blunders were to be expected, and might perhaps have been better guarded against. With the chaplain in quest of recruits for Hampton, I had a pleasant visit there and a drive among the scattered farms. We found a nice girl for Hampton and a fine young man eager to go, "after harvest," in which he was hard at work. Agent Lightner of Santee—a good agent, Mr. Riggs says—takes a hopeful view of the case and thinks that most will not stay. He says: "They are honest and good citizens. I am told that since they have lived there, not one has ever been accused of theft." It will be greatly for their interest to remain, their land becoming increasingly valuable, and I hope his view of their prospects is correct.

SISSETON RESERVATION.

I was fortunate in reaching Sisseton at the meeting of the annual conference of Dakota missions and native churches, Presbyterian and Congregational; fortunate again in finding myself in company, for the eighteen-mile drive, with Rev. Dr. Roberts, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions—finding in him a college friend of a dear brother—and Rev. H. F. Williams, Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Dakota and Minnesota. We were not going to the agency, but to the little mission station six miles beyond it, where the conference had elected to meet, so we started from Brown's Valley soon after sunrise. How can I describe the beauty of that drive over the prairie, through the morning whose exquisite freshness seemed to create a new heavens and a new world? Yet beautiful as was our first glimpse of the little mission church on its mount of Ascension—"Iyakaptapi," "The Place of Going Up," as the Indians prophetically named it when they crossed there the "Coteaux des Prairies" on their annual hunts.—I remember it rather as I saw it two days later. The bell was ringing for the morning meeting as we drove up, and among those who still lingered round the door outside were Rev. John P. Williamson and Rev. Thomas Riggs and his wife, and within were Rev. Alfred L. Riggs and Rev. Charles Hall of Berthold Mission, and the Indian pastors Eastman, Phelps and Rogers, all of whom I had pleasantly met in my summer wanderings. With Mr. and Mrs. Morris, son-in-law and daughter of Dr. Riggs, whose mantle has fallen broadly upon his children, Miss Collins of the Oahe School, and other good missionaries and friends of missions, I was glad to make acquaintance. The church was thronged with an Indian congregation as decent and devout as any white church need desire. It represented nearly every one of the fourteen churches of the conference, from Santee to Berthold and Devil's Lake. Some must have driven a hundred miles, bringing their own tents and provisions.

The morning meeting was of special interest to Mr. Williams, its subject being the duties of the *Koska-Okodakiciye* (the letters have the Italian sound), or Young Men's Christian Association. Three years ago a young Christian Indian of one of the six mission churches on the Sisseton Reservation, came across a constitution of the Dakota Y. M. C. A., and partly understanding it, got an interpreter to make a full translation, and started a similar society. It has spread into eleven of the fourteen churches of the conference, and many interesting reports were made by its various delegates. Some good points were made. One admonished his brethren not to be "Tied up to laziness." Black Owl modestly asked for advice, saying: "I am not wise. Still I am as a child who goes round looking for things, crying for them."

> "An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry."

Mr. Williams gave the delegates a description of the white associations. He had come intending to suggest their affiliation with these, and attended their business meeting intending to propose it, when, to his surprise and pleasure, a spontaneous motion was made on their part to request to be taken into the Territorial Association. He has carried back their petition and there is, perhaps, by this time the first Indian branch of the Y. M. C. A. of Dakota.

With many others I found hospitable entertainment at the house of the Indian pastor of the Ascension Church, Rev. John B. Renville, who, with his American wife, has done excellent work for many years among his people. In their little boarding school they are teaching now some of the children of their earliest pupils, the parents counted among the most worthy in the Indian community. Among them is a "Horace Greeley," who seems to know considerable about farming Spending the second night at the agency, cordially received by the ladies of the Government School, I drove out next morning with Mr. Morris and Mrs. Alfred Riggs to the culminating interest of the conference, the communion service at Iyakaptapi.

I wish that words could paint for you the picture that we paused to take in on the brow of the bluff opposite that Mount of Ascension. The broad prairie broken by wooded ravines; the gentle sweep of embosoming hills; the picturesque tepees of the camp on the slopes below us; the green mount beyond, crowned with the little white church whose bell was sending sweet sounds through the morning air; the congregation, too large to find room within, gathered on the grass outside; the Sabbath morning stillness that rested over all. This is the picture I have of Iyakaptapi. We hastened to join the assembly. The simple service was most impressive; the scene itself with its associations still more so. Most of the speaking was in the Dakota tongue, but I was fortunate in having an interpreter beside me. The spirit needed no interpretation. It was impossible not to join in the hymns whose strange words were borne into the heart by familiar tunes, and voices strangely sweet. The excellent sermon was preached by one of the fugitives who escaped into Canada at the time of the outbreak. "The word must be written on the heart," he said, "where it cannot be rubbed out, or, though much water is used, be washed away." The communion service was conducted by one of the Davenport prisoners, a keen-eyed, strong faced man whose gestures almost carried speech with them. "The bread is planted, grown, threshed, ground, mixed, baked—all this is long and difficult—then it is eaten and feeds us. My body lives by bread, but my soul cannot live without Christ. There are men who are standing, but their souls are dead." One of those who distributed the bread was another of the prison converts. Many more were in the assembly, or represented by their families. For long years they have lived penitent, industrious, Christian lives. Their pastor, Mr. Williamson, their beloved "John," stood among them. His voice broke as he recalled the days of trouble through which they had passed together twenty-five years ago, and the opening of prison doors for body and soul, and invoked upon them the peace of God which passeth understanding.

This was, of course, the climax of the conference, but it had other points of interest, especially a pleasant English service, with an eloquent discourse by Dr. Roberts on the progress of Christianity. After it, I took once more the ten-mile drive to the agency, and was most hospitably entertained for the remaining day of my stay at the Government School, and by the courteous Col. Thompson—one more good Indian Agent—and his wife.

The Government School was waiting the arrival of its new Superintendent, who came the day I left, a scholarly-looking gentleman from Kentucky. I was glad to make the acquaintance of the refined, intelligent, devoted women who are its teachers. They say that the Agent does all in his power to promote its interests. The chief building is commodious and in good repair, with separate wings for boys and girls. The average attendance through last year was 91, with 137 on the roll. The building for tailor and harness shops, with rooms above for some of the elder boys, ought to be replaced with a better one. Carpenter and blacksmith shops are building.

I had an interesting conversation with Col. Thompson on the condition and prospects of his Indians; and he kindly let me copy from his yet unpublished report some valuable statistics. He reports steady improvement in all directions—in farming, education and civilization generally. With about 300 children who should be in school, 215 were in attendance, with nine more at Santee and six in white families off the reservation. The crops are good and their herds better cared for. Twenty-five new allotments of land in severalty have been made, and eight patents issued during the year. Some of the old chiefs do not set a good example in this respect, but all the young men are trying to fulfill the requirements of the treaty and get patents for their land. They have a good code of laws as far as it goes, especially efficient against drunkenness. They have some cattle and sheep and buy some beef; but they are naturally an agricultural and fish-eating people—Sisseton means "Fish-bone village"—and don't like the trouble of herds.

There are six Presbyterian mission churches on the reservation, and one at the

Brown Earth Homestead Settlement; five have native pastors, the others no resident ministers. I greatly regretted that the sudden cutting short of my visit to make a railroad connection prevented me from seeing the Episcopal mission, or going over the "Good Will" Mission School, taught by Mr. and Mrs. Morris, and built by their venerable father, Dr. Riggs, and now under the auspices of the Presbyterian Home Mission Board, with some Government assistance. Both are mentioned in Colonel Thompson's report as doing excellent work.

The facts about the Brown Earth Homesteaders are quite interesting and suggestive. About forty families went off nine years ago, to take up homesteads eight miles beyond the reservation in Grant county, Dakota. There are now twenty-eight. The twelve have dropped back on to the reservation, and the rest are dropping back. "The trouble with them is," as Colonel Thompson puts it epigrammatically, that "too much justice has been done them." That is, as according to the act of March 3, 1875, an Indian who takes a homestead does not thereby forfeit any of his tribal rights to allotments, annuity, etc., and the right of return, there has been too much temptation to give up the effort when difficulties occured. The bridges were not burned behind them. As a matter of fact, Col. Thompson says, whereas the homesteaders were, as one might expect, the brightest and most progressive of the tribe at the time they left, the best on the reservation are now fully up to or beyond, the best of the Brown Earth's, and many of the latter have fallen behind. A Government school was established for them, but dwindled till it had to be discontinued. "Another fact" is that they have been more given up to "white vices," drinking, etc., which suggests, as Col. Thompson remarks, that "the reservation system is not altogether vicious, at least." In the last year, however, they have been greatly improving in these respects, under the influence of their native pastor, Rev. Daniel Renville, who has indeed been with them all the time, but is "just beginning to get hold of them." Perhaps the fact was that they were not quite ready for the move when they took it, and it may have been well for some of them that they had the shelter of the reservation to fall back to. Brown Earth and Flandreau and Peoria Bottom seem some argument, at least, against the immediate withdrawal of guardianship from all the Indians, to hurden them with all the rights and responsibilities of citizenship.

On the other hand, Sisseton Indians on the reservation are now asking for recognition as a civilized tribe, and Col. Thompson is strongly in favor of it. Last December they petitioned Congress to put them on the basis of the civilized "Five Nations" of Indian Territory. Their request was not acted upon in the short session, but it will probably be renewed next winter. They will probably not get the independent sovereignty of the Five Nations, but the main point they desire is to be dealt with on the same basis of "money down" for their lands instead of annuities. Col. Thompson thinks that if their petition is granted it will lead to their selling their surplus lands and the opening of the reservation to settlement. He thinks that if the money is paid into their own hands they will doubtless misuse some of it, but that "the only way to teach them independence is to make them independent." It would seem a pity not to secure enough of the money for a school fund and make education compulsory till they have acquired more of an instinct for it than the Brown Earth Homesteaders seem to have. Then, with self-supporting peaceable Indian farmers and Indian Christians living on their land, in severalty, with no "bridges" behind them, the question may well become "And why not Indian citizens?"

HELEN W. LUDLOW.

In Boston Journal.

Indian Farms and Indian Homes.

Hardships of a Missionary—Discouragements of the people—Meeting in St. Stephen's Chapel—A Model Ranch—Crossing the Moreau River—A Sick Child.

Six years ago a log house on the bluffs overlooking the Missouri, among camps of wild "blanket Indians;" a beginning made by two people who seemed to court hardship and danger—a patient man and an enthusiastic woman. To-day a pretty little frame chapel and mission house, with its rustic fence and neatly planned garden, surrounded by thrifty farms and cheerful homes. Such is the growth of St. Stephen's mission.

More than one hundred families have been induced to leave the sheltered creek bottoms, where their teepees were huddled together, to take up claims of good arable land, to build good log houses, establish comfortable homes and live peaceable, laborious, Christian lives. This is the obvious practical result of six years of hard pioneer missionary labor, in the face of discouragements inevitable to the country and to the system, and of personal adventure and trial which sound, in the dramatic telling, like some wild frontier romance. A wind so high that it sets one involuntarily spinning across the icebound Missouri; the fording of rivers when one' wet garments freeze stiff in an instant; a walk of forty miles through deep snow to reach a wife who is dangerously ill and alone—these may ripen into exciting reminiscences but can scarcely be romantic in the actual living. An interval of six weeks alone in an Indian camp, separated from one's books, and reduced, in the dearth of intellectual resource, to reading and rereading patent-medicine almanacs and scraps of old newspapers, is doubtless more amusing in the narration than in the fact. And what shall be said of such an experience as Mr. Swift relates to us in literal matter-of-course fashion—a missionary journey in weather so intensely cold that the provisions freeze solid, with not a stick of fuel attainable, until after a three days' fast the "jerked beef" hanging at the door of an Indian lodge is hastily devoured in the snow?

The hardships and discouragements encountered by the people in their courageous effort toward independence are no less striking. Several years ago the agency farmer came here by order of the agent to seize all cattle and teams and order all able-bodied men to go to Standing Rock and bring down the hostile prisoners. As the Indians were just beginning to break their land in the spring and did not return until the last of May, "all farming," in the words of the missionary, "was pretty effectually blocked that year."

Great suffering seems to be entailed upon the Indians by issuing annuity goods in the severe weather of November or December. Old people, babies and even the sick are required to present themselves at the agency in person, and camp there often for several days. In the meantime pigs and poultry at the home ranch starve or freeze, and I was assured by Mr. Swift that many children die annually from exposure incident to the journey. It is often a serious matter to travel a hundred and twenty miles every week to draw rations, and only the more interprising and industrious Indians will put themselves at such a disadvantage in the matter of supplies. The St. Stephen's mission Indians, however, are nearly self-supporting, receiving only one-quarter rations, and not infrequently resign even this bounty in order to secure their harvests.

Each head of a family has from two to twelve acres under cultivation, and grows Indian corn, potatoes and a variety of remarkably fine garden vegetables. Mr. Swift last year encouraged them to attempt wheat, and the story of their difficulties and delays in procuring the promised seed, implements, instruction, is the recital of an evening. One admires the persistency and pluck of missionary and people, for after all, the experiment succeeded. Twenty Indians raised a fine crop of wheat, cut, bound and stacked it with infinite pains; and now, while the needed threshing machine lies rusting under a shed at the agency sixty miles below, and the agent writes futile letters full of promises, these Indian farmers despair of securing the results of their labor and enterprise.

This progressive people want land in severalty, and are not unwilling to treat for the surplus Indian lands. All yesterday morning the principal men were crowding sedately into the missionary's little parlor, asking intelligent questions and giving cautious replies, and Mr. Welsh held an interesting meeting with them in the evening. The chapel of St. Stephen's—the prettiest interior I have seen, with its walls finished in simple pine, set off by a red railing and decorated with cartoons from the life of Christ in monochrome—was lighted by large wax candles in the two brass candlesticks on the altar, which stand either side of a plain brass cross. The groups of men, in the pews sat in strongly accented shadow, and the murmur of earnest voices rose through the open windows into the warm starlit evening. The discussion was of the Dawes bill and of educational matters. These men are strongly opposed to the Eastern schools, preferring to see their children taught at home.

In Mr. Swift's light little buggy, behind his shaggy Indian pony with the pretty Indian name, he and I have skimmed over the sandy roads, broken into astonishing ascents and descents, wound among the heavy cottonwood timber and through the high, coarse grass in the bottoms, and alighted before many Indian homes. The well-fenced acres of stubble, or it may be of freshly plowed ground, the neat corral inclosing hay-stacks and wheat-stacks, the cabin often of double size and two-roomed, well built of hewn logs, plastered without and within with a sort of clay, surrounded usually by one or more cellars or outhouses for storing vegetables and maize—such is the typical Indian homestead. We enter and find a hard earth, or in the better class of houses a board floor, curtains at the windows, the walls covered with picture papers, perhaps a gun and powder horn in one corner and in another a little shelf of well-worn books—a Dakota Bible, a hymn-book and Pilgrim's Progress—in the center of the room a polished stove, two or more beds neatly made with white pillow-cases and patch work quilts, chairs, tables, a clock, and it may be a sewing machine. The women and children are neatly dressed, and the interior of the log cabin is a picture of domestic comfort.

This morning we all drove a distance of some eight miles to the settlement on the Lower Moreau. Here we visited a "model ranch." The approach delighted us. Imagine a level, smiling stretch of "bottom land," skirted by the irregular line of timber on the banks of the river, large herds of cattle grazing quietly on one side and a drove of nearly fifty ponies, in their odd, piebald coloring, on the other; a row of yellow haystacks and outbuildings, which recall a New England farm, and a long, low farm-house which, although built of logs and but one-story high, would not disgrace the same thrifty premises. Lewis, the half-breed owner, and his "hired man," an intelligent, vivacious Irishman, are making an excellent drinking-trough for cattle out of a cotton wood log. We are conducted to the "root-cellar," an underground structure of logs, its bins well filled with fine potatoes, turnips and squashes; then through the pleasant house and afterwards out into the corn-field, surrounded, strange to say, with a New England "squirm fence," built not of rails but with royal expenditure of labor and material, of solid logs! Here we find Molly, the Indian farmer's pretty young wife, husking the beautiful brilliant "squaw corn"—her gypsy face looking shyly out from under the Yankee sunbonnet, and her little feet in beaded moccasins reminding us that all this homely pastoral is west of the Missouri, and on an Indian reservation! Molly has never been to school, and does not speak English, but she is a neat housekeeper, and, in her fresh print gown, a bright attractive-looking young woman.

We do not, however, need to be told that we are in an unfamiliar region, when, shortly after this pleasant episode, we undertake to cross the Moreau river. We seat ourselves in a rude flat-bottomed boat, and the muscular young Irishman pulls us with short, powerful strokes through black "gumbo mud" as thick as cream. It is wonderful that he can move the boat at all in the strange element; the sun-burnt flush deepens in his cheeks and reddens up under the Celtic fair hair as he tugs powerfully, in a half standing position, at the short, clumsy oars. Thus he conveys us to the opposite bank and back again, and frankly refuses the fee that is offered him for these herculean labors!

In the Indian lodge at the top of the bluffs we witness a painful scene—a touching contrast to the prosperity and comfort we have left behind us. Mr. Swift has come to visit a sick child. We stoop to enter at the doorway of the tent and are half blinded by smoke and oppressed with the heat of the fire which smoulders in the center. Two or three women are crouching on the ground and on a low couch, indescribably squalid, reclines a poor emaciated creature, a boy of perhaps fourteen years, devoured with scrofula. He is too languid to speak—almost to move—as the missionary quietly produces the medicine, the nourishing food, the warm clothing he has brought—puts an apple into the little wasted hand—gives a few plain directions to one of the women; and then with great simplicity and naturalness, bows his head and prays in the musical tongue of the Dakotas. Then we all rise and pass out of the stifling air of the miserable teepee, with a feeling of the saddest pity, which rises almost to indignation as, with unwonted heat, Mr. Swift preaches on the text we have just had concerning the need of more physicians for the Indians and of an Indian hospital at each agency. One physician for three or four thousand people scattered over a radius of two hundred miles—what unrelieved suffering—what preventable, needless disease and death! "I have saved as bad a case as this," Mr Swift tells us, "by careful nursing at our own house. Now," bitterly, "this poor boy will soon do his part toward solving the Indian problem!"

ELAINE GOODALE.

In Hartford Courant

Christmas in "The Graduate's Department for Reading Matter," Hampton Institute.

A Glimpse of a Christmas Tree in the South.—Christmas Boxes and Packages.—Contents of a Corner.—Our Daily Mail and its Results.

What a pile of letters the Christmas season has brought to us this year! As we pick them up and glance at the postmarks, we find Va., Fla., Tenn., Ga., etc. Will you look over our shoulder and take a peep at the contents with us?

Many are from places too small to be dignified with a name, having to be carried 7 or 8 miles to the nearest town to be mailed.

Here is one which will tell us how a Hampton Christmas box helped to make a Merry Christmas for a Hampton graduate and his little scholars.. We will read it together:—

DEAR FRIEND,—Many thanks do my pupils and I send for the pictures and books sent from Hampton. It was a scene of great enjoyment for one who is interested in the instruction of the little ones, to sit and look into their smiling faces as they gathered around the beautiful Christmas tree. * * It would have filled any one's mind with gladness to see the little ones pointing and owning the presents as they looked upon the tree. As each name was called, the little one would march up and receive his or her present with a nice little bow and smile. It made me feel as proud as the valiant knight felt on his return crowned with victory. * * There seemed to be an expression on each one's face which spoke louder than words. Love to our Northern friends who have sent us so many beautiful things. The children all said: We will be better children in the future than we have been in the past. We will always obey our teacher, who has such kind friends, who are doing so much to make us happy. It has proved to be as they said. I opened school at the beginning of the new year with more scholars, and each one has a great desire to do his or her best.

How many of the "Northern friends," we wonder, have ever seen a school-room filled with the bright expressive faces of these little colored children? I can fully appreciate the "expression on each one's face which spoke louder than words;" the sparkling eyes and white, gleaming teeth. We know two white boys, who every year take their Christmas pleasure in putting up a Christmas tree for the school children in "Little England," a small settlement—not even a village, just a mile or so from here. We have even seen the biggest girls and boys reach out for a paper vase to carry away with them; every little decoration of the tree, and it was always made as ornamental as possible, with fancy paper, etc. eagerly begged for; it is such a wonderful thing to them.

It is no wonder then that we tear open our envelopes with pleasure. All these letters are from our own boys and girls—Hampton graduates—who came here perhaps with hardly earthly possessions enough to tie up in a handkerchief, but with hearts strong, and willing hands, perhaps working all day, and then perhaps going to night school to study all the evening in order to "help our people." Then as graduates, going out wherever they can do the most good—bearing hardships and privations, and having the courage after writing, "I have been to school 3 months and have not seen a cent of pay yet," to add "I hope the Hampton school is full for there is a great call for teachers."

All these letters mean a busy season in the "Graduate's Department for Reading Matter." By the first of November, letters were coming in to let us know that any help in "getting up" Christmas tree, or in sending pictures, etc., to give the bare schoolrooms a festive aspect, would be greatly appreciated. These letters were carefully put on file, and before the 15th of December a number of good sized boxes, containing such toys, library books, pictures, and Christmas cards as had been sent by Northern friends" to this assortment, were packed and expressed, and several days before Christmas had reached their destination. Then came the sending off of large rolls of papers to all those graduates who had written since the 1st of October, containing besides the usual amount of good reading matter, all the children's papers we had on the shelves, all the pictures we could beg, and in each roll, four illuminated mottoes, large enough to hang upon the school-room walls, with colors bright enough to please the childish fancies of our little friends; also a Christmas card for each teacher. Here is part of an acknowledgment for one of these rolls:

"DEAR MISS T.—Your package was so valuable that I must call it my Christmas present. The colored "mottoes" are just lovely and just what I wanted. I am going to have Christmas exercises, etc." The kind friends who sent these mottoes for distribution ought to know how much pleasure they have given, for several hundred of them were disposed of in this way and went to North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee and through Virginia, bearing such messages as "The Lord will provide," a message which must be a great comfort to some of these poor people.

Here is another bit from a letter—"When my little children come around me at Christmas to wish me a Merry Christmas, I shall have something to give them. These little papers will make their hearts glad,

and I feel happy in having something to give.'

But this work of distributing reading matter is not confined to the Christmas season. We have a corner of our own which we dignify with the title of our "office." Its sides are lined with bookshelves reaching to the ceiling, and we are happy indeed when a generous, clean, looking barrel marked "Graduate's Dept. for Reading Matter, Hampton Inst., Va.," is found outside the door. The opening and unpacking is the next excitement, and even the interested student, "our office boy," cannot restrain his exclamation of pleasure, as packages of papers sorted, and neatly tied up, Christmas cards, pictures, etc., are brought out and put upon the shelves. He often puts a *Youth's Companion* in his pocket as his reward for the afternoon's work, and he has become quite an adept in the art of rolling up the large piles of papers which he finds spread out on the broad, long tables, with their wrappers addressed, ready to be sent off.

Here are some of the results of the experiment (now five years old) of sending out papers to those who are often unable to obtain them in any other way:

"The papers you send me seem to be the life of my missionary work."

"I take great pleasure in acknowledging the papers, etc. They came just in good time for me to make some selections from them for my Christmas festival."

"The papers are read with much interest by the children. Often I have read them instead of their regular reading lesson and then again they write about the pictures, after I explain them and set the pictures before them."

"The papers are just the thing I need for my Sunday school; they did more in the way of interesting the children than anything I have had since I have been here."

"I am engaged in the Temperance work, and I find the papers to be just the thing I wanted."

"Your box was the first 'donation' to our library. We are proud of it."

"Just before the class of '84 graduated, the girls spent one week in their "office" to make picture books to be used in their schools. The bright colored cambric was kindly contributed by the teachers in the Institute, and all the pictures were cut from any papers we happened to have on hand, and we are fortunate enough to have a pretty Christmas card to put on the outside of each book."

It was a very pleasant scene; the bright faces of the girls bending so interestedly over their work, clipping the edges of the chromo into little points, and telling each other to paste her pictures so straight and neatly, or they would prove but a poor object lesson for their future pupils. We wonder sometimes if Hampton is willing to interest herself in these graduates from year to year. If they are given their education, and fitted for their duties, it would seem enough; but the work does not stop here. This is the feeling of one of the earliest graduates who still has her care:

"Please accept my thanks for the nice papers sent me. It is indeed cheering to feel that you are still remembered and looked after by the dear friends at Hampton, although having been so many years from school."

Sometimes, when going into our post-office, the postmaster says, "The mail is pretty heavy to-day, Miss T.—so many packages of papers to go that I have sent to the barn for a wagon. The postage in your department is about $30 a month now." For although these papers are sent to us by friends of the school, the mailing of them to individuals is a duty which it accepts as its own. Oh! for some capacious pocket, into which we might dip recklessly, and with no questions asked. R. G. T.

The interesting sequel to the account in our letter from "Among the Dakotas" (page 21,) of the Indian Young Men's Christian Association and their petition for affiliation with the white Y. M. C. A. of Dakota, comes to us in the Minneapolis *Tribune*, kindly sent by Rev. H. F. Williams, State Sec'y for Minnesota and Dakota. From its report of the late Convention of the Associations of that State and Territory, held in Minneapolis in December, we make the following extracts:

"At this point the Indian delegation took seats upon the platform, and Mr. Williams spoke of the work among them, saying he was sure the meeting would welcome them. The pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Flandrau, Rev. John J. Eastman, an Indian, spoke through an interpreter on the origin of the work among them, saying that they began with 5 members and now had 15. Mr. Williams explained that the interpreter was a son of the Rev. Dr. Riggs. The Indians then sang in Dakota "Jesus Loves Even Me," the congregation joining in English in the chorus. John Crawford, of Santee, spoke through the interpreter of the work being done. He created much amusement by saying there were four of them here, as the interpreter was like an Indian having grown up among them. He spoke of his early life, when the woods were full of game and the people knew nothing of the word of God, though it was brought to them 50 years ago.

During the last 17 years, the word of God has grown mightily among them. "We have seven associations" he said "in the district where I live. We have abandoned the hunt for game and taken up the hunt for the Lord Jesus Christ."

Edwin Phelps, secretary of all the Indian associations, addressed the audience through the interpreter, said he despaired once of being here as he had to ride 100 miles in a wagon; said now he was here it made his heart large. He said he had been secretary three years, and made a brief report of what had been done. They counted in September 12 associations with 187 members and have given for missions this year, $308 40. The addresses of the Indians were received with enthusiasm. They were followed by the Rev. Mr. Riggs, the interpreter. He said he thought the audience had before them a proof of the power of the Gospel. "Here is the only true solution of the Indian question." Mr. Williams, in behalf of the state work, extended to the Indian delegation the right hand of fellowship. The Indians being called upon, sang another song in the Dakota tongue. Dr. Brooks, of St. Louis, made a brief address, referring to the good work being done among the Indians. Dr. Brooks closed with prayer. After singing "Blest be the Tie That Binds," the convention adjourned."

The *Tribune* adds:

"The Indian delegation attracts considerable notice from the interest the members manifest in the proceedings."

It also says of the general work in the State:

"H. F. Williams, state secretary, presented his report, showing the great work accomplished since the first association was formed in the state in 1856. Ten new associations were organized last year in the state; 17 now reporting. There had been a gain in membership during the year of 888. The greatest cause for gratitude was in the increased religious interest among young men."

The seventeenth annual report of the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal church is not only a record of past work, but embodies also a statement of present conditions and probable future needs which is of special value because of the size and importance of the field occupied by this denomination. The Secretary of the Society says:

Our schools among the Freedmen have grown in number and improved in character until we now have twenty-one of them, with 106 teachers and 3,623 young men and women in attendance, a large proportion of whom are studying to be preachers and teachers. These schools have, of necessity, been almost wholly supported by the Freedmen's Aid Society.

On the other hand, a development no less remarkable has gone forward among our Southern white people. In the midst of their poverty, with but little aid from the general church, they have laid the foundations of what have grown to be eighteen institutions, in which are eighty six teachers, and over two thousand young men and women. From these young, and as a rule, poorly equipped institutions, have gone out, during the past fifteen years, more than one thousand to preach and teach, who for longer or shorter periods, have been students. The beginning and growth of these schools were so manifestly of God, and the demands for their enlargement were so clearly providential, and the people themselves being greatly in need of help, the General Conference Conferences of 1880 and 1884, without changing the name of our Society, directed that this work should be helped as our funds would justify, in addition to meeting the wants of the work already in hand. The action taken was that the "entire educational work in the Southern States should be under the direction of one Society," and that the Freedmen's Aid Society should "have full charge of this work in that section."

Here, then, is a summary of the work this Society is expected to maintain and develop in a section of our country where the greatest masses of our ignorant and poor people dwell. *Thirty-nine institutions, with 192 teachers and nearly 6,000 young men and women as students, nearly all of whom come from homes smitten with generations of poverty and ignorance*, and who are struggling by their own efforts to meet the call of God within them, to prepare for lives of usefulness.

* * * * * *

The close connection between the school and the church work of this sect, is noticeable, and the results of this are given as follows:

Twenty years ago, on what was slave territory, we had only a small membership along the border, but now in that same section we found nearly one-fourth of our entire membership. In that time nearly 4,000 new church edifices have been erected. The *increase* in membership has been over 350,000. This growth has been about equally divided between the Anglo and Africo-Americans, showing that our Methodism preaches the gospel alike to all. Our membership in the South now numbers 420,000, which represents a population of 2,000,000.

* * * * * *

And unmistakeably the fact that the work includes the two races increases its value in a ratio hardly to be computed:

Following the instructions of the General Conference, aid has been extended to institutions of learning among the white people of the South, as far as it could be done without interfering with the work among the colored people.

Our white members of the South, during the past twenty years, have done heroic work in providing schools for themselves. The following schools have nearly all been established and maintained through their own efforts. Our Society has aided as its means would allow.

This system of schools includes six colleges—one in Alabama, two in the South-east, another in the South-west, the fifth in Texas, and the sixth in Kentucky, and twelve seminaries tributary to these colleges:

The enlargement of our school work among the whites will strengthen the colored. Aiding both classes of this needy people will set forth the broad principles of philanthropy upon which our work is established, and will secure the confidence of the benevolent friends of our Church. We seek to instruct and save the people of the South, without regard to race or color.

* * * * * *

It is, naturally, to the schools for colored people that our attention is especially directed, and we are glad to give place to the following resume of their character and location:

CHARTERED INSTITUTIONS.

	Teachers.	Pupils.
Central Tenn. College, Nashville,	13	329
Clark University, Atlanta, Ga.,	8	216
Claflin University, Orangeburg, S. C.,	12	400
New Orleans University, N. Orleans,	8	240
Philander Smith Col., L. Rock, Ark.,	5	211
Rust University, Holly Springs, Miss.	7	224
Wiley University, Marshal, Texas,	5	157
MEDICAL COLLEGE.		
Meharry Medical Col., Nashville, T.,	8	36
THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.		
Centenary Biblical Institute, Baltimore, Md.,	6	177
*Gammon Theological School, Atlanta, Ga.,	2	
*Baker Institute, Orangeburg, S. C.,	1	
*Gilbert Haven School of Theology, New Orleans, La.,		
INSTITUTIONS NOT CHARTERED.		
Bennett Seminary, Greensboro, N. C.,	7	166
Cookman Institute, Jacksonville, Fla.	6	254
Forest City School, Forest Cy., Ark.,	3	107
Haven Normal Sch'l, Waynesboro, G.,	2	85
Huntsville Normal School, H'ville, Al.	4	154
Houston Seminary, Houston, Tex.,	3	149
Gilbert Seminary, Baldwin, La.,		
La Grange Seminary, La Grange, Ga.,	3	89
Meridian Academy, Meridian, Miss.,	2	93
Morristown Sem'y, Morristown, Ten.,	5	230
West Tex. Con. Seminary, Austin, Tex.		
West Tenn. Seminary, Mason, Tenn.,	3	115
Total Institutions, 23,	113	3,432

In these Institutions the number of pupils taught during the year is classified as follows:

PUPILS.

Biblical,	276
Medical,	60
Collegiate,	127
Academic,	445
Normal,	1,410
Intermediate,	800
Primary,	314
Total,	3,432

* * * * * *

The Report closes with an earnest expression of feeling in regard to the responsibility of the Methodist church for the work which it has undertaken:

One may say "the church must educate her illiterate masses." Another may add, "the question of the Negro's future and his relations to the white man will solve itself if let alone." And others may ask, "Why so much responsibility upon the Church?" And still again, "If the Church has so much responsibility, can not this be met better by the old Southern denominations on the ground?"

True, the State must educate her masses in public common schools; but the State must first believe that common schools for the masses are wise and necessary. The South, *led by her Churchmen of all denominations*, did not believe in common schools for the masses, even for the whites, and made it a penal offense to educate the blacks. Now the South is coming to believe in the education of the masses.

At first, almost wholly, and still very largely, this new belief is one of the results of the presence and work in the South of the Freedmen's Aid Society and kindred organizations. As to the Negro question, the one thing essential is a conscience in relation to his rights and needs as a freeman. The South had a conscience toward him as a slave. The needed conscience toward the Negro as a freeman the whole American Church must give. Politics or commercial activity will not do this. The Church of the North must lead the way in the development of this needed and new conscience, and the Methodist Episcopal Church, to a great extent, responsible for freedom to the slave, is therefore, largely responsible before God for the conscience of the South and the nation toward the Negro as a freeman.

* * * * * *

No notice of this Report would be complete which omitted to speak of the paper entitled "Negro Education; Its Helps and Hindrances," which is printed as a part of it. Written by a Negro, W. H. Crogman, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages at Clark University, it is remarkable not so much for its eloquence as for the fairness and breadth of its views, and its candid, although not bitter, expressions of opinion. We have seldom seen anything emanating from a similar source, which showed such strong and unprejudiced thought, or which would be more likely to raise friends for the views which it advocates.

Much of it would repay careful reading and we regret that we have space only for a few sentences from its close:

In the school-room the Negro is taught one thing; in society, another. In the school room he is instructed in the same Bible which you study. He is taught that God made him, that Christ redeemed him, that the Holy Spirit sanctifies him. In society he is taught that, although God made him, and Christ died for him, yet there is a vast difference between a white man and a black, a wall of partition between a Jew and a Samaritan, between a Brahmin and a Pariah. In the school-room he is taught the dignity of manhood after the American idea—taught that

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

In society he is taught that rank or no rank, although a man, he is a black man; hence not a man "for a' that." In the school-room he is taught that character is the only shibboleth demanded in civilized society, that learning, that culture and refinement are the only passports needed. In society he is taught that whatever may be his character, his culture, or his refinement, he must not attempt to enter any and every hotel in this country, and that he must sometimes, after paying first-class fare, ride with his family in a second-class smoking-car among drunkards and blasphemers.

* * * * * *

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I submit, here are two lines of education running counter to each other. Here are two forces acting upon the Negro, one in a straight line along the plane of manhood, the other urging him downward. Consequently, if you would find his true position in society, you must seek it along the resultant of these two forces, and whenever found, it will be a position beneath the American idea of manhood, beneath God's. What is to be the outcome of this? It must certainly be clear to you that the more you educate a man, the more sensitive you make him to bad treatment. What is to be the outcome? There are men who are devising makeshifts, men who, in the language of Dr. Calloway, of Georgia, are inquiring, 'What shall we do with the Negro," instead of "What shall we do for him?" You can't do anything with him. He is in God's hands. You can do much for him. You can do simple justice to him. In the *Popular Science Monthly* for February, 1883, Prof. E. W. Gilliam advises colonization as the only "remedy." Colonize whom? Colonize men with the ballot in their hands, and with half the white people protesting against their departure? For Anglo-Saxons will fight over ideas, and to many of them the Negro in this country represents an idea. Colonization will not

solve the problem. The thousands that go will be as a "drop in the bucket" to the millions that remain.

Another author, in a pamphlet more remarkable for its bitterness than its logic, thinks we ought to be helped to go to the newly founded States of the Congo, where we may display our capacity for self-government in the land of our fathers. Now, that is worth a good deal as rhetoric; but surely the author is unhappy in his reference to the land of our "fathers," for he has ignored the serious fact, that, of the six and a half millions of us in this country, fully a million and a half would have considerable difficulty in finding the land of our "fathers." Undoubtedly we should find in Africa the land of our mothers, but the land of our fathers we should certainly have to seek somewhere else. Perhaps along the shores of the North Sea and the borders of the Scandinavian Peninsula. The only remedy then, for these social troubles, the only one which God can approve, is even-handed justice meted out to every man.

* * * * * *

I repeat, the solution of this race problem, so-called, must be simple justice meted out to your brother man. Go, preach this in your pulpits. Go, teach this in your school-rooms. Go, educate the people up to where they stood in the days of George the Third, when they declared, and staked their lives and their fortunes on the declaration, "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Go, teach this I say, in the spirit and in the letter, in the school-room and by the fireside; and twenty years hence, when some Negro addresses the National Educational Association of the United States, he will have the exquisite pleasure, denied me to-night, of thanking you for the helps, without reminding you of the hindrances."

From Jerusalem to Jericho was a greater distance in Bible days than from Washington Territory to Washington D. C. or from Seattle to Hampton is to-day. So does civilization draw the ends of the earth together. The Chinese living near the south gate of Pekin are said to know nothing of those at the north gate, and never to go so far, even speaking a different dialect. A letter from a neighbor under the shadow of Mount Tacoma, speaks a language to which Hampton can gratefully respond.

Seattle, Washington Terr.,
January 17, 1886.

GEN. A——,
Dear Sir:

A letter from Puget Sound to Hampton Roads is a message from "Dan to Beersheba." People in the great Western states and Territories do not look at distances through the same glasses as Eastern people. We have nearly the same interest in New York and the large Atlantic cities as in California cities. Our churches too feel a sisterly interest in churches east of the Mississippi River about as in those west of the Rockies. My note has particular reference to this last sentence.

Our Plymouth Rock Cong. Church here is a self-supporting, active member of the denomination, and feels a warm interest in missionary efforts, particularly in our own land. At a recent monthly missionary meeting, the work of the A. M. A. in the South was upder consideration. Having twice been at Hampton, I was able to tell the general plan of your school in its work both with the Negroes and Indians. It was the sense of the meeting that the Sunday School collection for '86 should go to the A. M. A. field in the South, and probably to Hampton. Next month the same subject will again be considered. I want to keep up the interest in Hampton, and for that purpose would like some later reports of the school than I now can give. I visited Hampton on New Year's Day of '81 and again in the summer of '84. In the A. M. A. Magazine I have since those times read occasional articles of Hampton. I would be glad too of any other means of information.

I wish a school like yours could be placed in this locality. There are many hundreds of Indians living along the shores of Puget Sound, shiftless and worthless, for whom no Christian efforts are made. They are rapidly acquiring all the vices of civilization without the elevation of Christianity.

The Indians are mostly "Flatheads" or Siwash, and are among the lowest grade in intelligence.

Very sincerely,
E. S.

Southern Workman
AND
Hampton School Record.

VOL XV. HAMPTON, VA., MARCH, 1886. No. 3.

An interesting letter from Mr. Booker T. Washington, principal of Tuskegee Normal School, on page 35, testifies to the interest of both races in colored education in Alabama.

The views of an army officer un the Indian question are given on another page by Capt. Henry Romeyn, U. S. A. now stationed at the far frontier post of Fort Keogb, Montana, formerly commandant at Hampton Institute. His views shared by many army officers as he says, are of especial interest as such. There can be no "Eastern sentimentalism" about men engaged in the stern realities of active frontier service.

The School has had the pleasure of a fortnight's visit from Miss M. C. Collins, from Mr. Thomas Riggs's Indian mission school at Oahe, Dakota, under the American Missionary Association. For many years a devoted worker among the Dakotas, Miss Collins's present mission at the East is to interest white people in the cause, and her talks and letters have proved very effective to this end in many places. All at Hampton have been very glad to make the acquaintance of a worker so full of heart and enthusiasm, and we believe that her visit has established closer relations of understanding and friendship between the Eastern and Western branches of the one great work. Miss Collins went from Hampton to Washington from which her further movements will be determined by the Association under whose auspices she is engaged.

The Blair Educational Bill is not ideally perfect, nor such in all respects as educators would have framed. It would have been, we may say, three times as good with one third the yearly appropriations proposed, or, better, with the same gross amount spread over three times as many years. But the need of some such powerful help to diminish the mass of illiteracy in the South is a tremendous one, and we have no doubt of the nation's responsibility and duty in the matter. The imagined dangers of the bill are insignificant beside the imminent danger and actual suffering without one. There is no compulsion in the proffered aid. If Massachusetts and New Hampshire feel that it would pauperize them, they can decline it. But to draw any parallel between their experience and that of the Southern communities, is a delusion. It is easy to sit in an editorial arm chair and figure up per cents in cold blood, but mere figures do not represent the actual state of the case. The percentage of school population out of school in New Hampshire and Massachusetts is in totally different environment, menaced by no such dangers and menacing no such dangers to the country as the ignorant masses in the South.

There is peril in ignorance anywhere and everywhere, but the ignorant percentage in a mobile population whose individuals are constantly changing place and plane, surrounded by an atmosphere of intelligence centuries old, girt about by a public sentiment of law and order and progress, in sympathy with public education, cannot for a moment be balanced with a similar percentage under conditions just the reverse; conditions which tend to separate it into a class, a class marked by color, steeped in ignorance of whose density figures take no account, backed by an inheritance of slavery and barbarism, set off by race prejudice and assailed by social, commercial and political corruption.

Against these evils the South has indeed struggled bravely. The growth of a sentiment for popular education in the Southern States in the last twenty years, has been wonderful, at once the result and justification of the heroic measure of giving the ballot to these ignorant millions. Under the pressure of such a danger, the percentage of ignorance in Massachusetts and New Hampshire would not stay where it is. The fact that eleven Southern States pay sixteen millions annually for education and five millions of this for Negro education, while the Negrocs themselves pay not over two millions in taxation, tells the story. The South is doing its best in this direction. We have no doubt it will continue to do its best, aided or unaided. But its best is not sufficient to meet the need, and its appreciation of the dangers—shown by what it has done—is too great to be diminished by aid that is none too much to meet them. What does not pauperize an individual will not pauperize a community, and no individual is ever pauperized by help administered in dire necessity after he has reached the extreme of effort to help himself. The millions contributed by Northern philanthropy to Southern education since the war have not been thought pauperizing, but a stimulus. We hear no such charge against the Peabody fund or the Slater fund. Is it only that it is national aid? Why is it more demoralizing for a state to accept national aid for education than for the improvement of its rivers and harbors? We believe the people of our country are growing up to the conviction that no question is so vital to a nation's life as the education of its citizens, that the mighty Mississippi's golden band is not so important to the unity of this nation as the stream of intelligence flowing deep and free from end to end of the Union—that to keep its springs full and its course clear is preeminently a matter of national concern.

It is on these grounds that those engaged as we are in the school work of education in the South have advocated the Blair bill while never unconscious of its defects. If it should fail in the House, the question of national aid to education should not be regarded as settled by any means, but a way should be considered to give the country its benefits without its risks, some provision, taking perhaps far less money, applied where it is needed, and as judiciously and disinterestedly administered as the munificent gifts of Peabody and Slater?

It may be perhaps that our legislators are unequal to the task, that stupid legislation would doom us to another century of blunders in our dealings with the black race like that which has been a disgrace if not a "dishonor" in our treatment of the Indian. Then the ignorant Negro, like the uncivilized red man, must be left to suffer as he does, to endanger our national prosperity as he will, till a wise public sentiment is strong enough to speak through the mouth piece of a popular government; and meanwhile we can only fall back upon such national aid as that broad philanthropy whose fifteen millions poured into the South for Negro education since emancipation have shown what wise, adequate aid could do to stimulate effort and multiply results.

The report of the third meeting of the "Lake Mohonk Conference of friends of the Indian," held in October, has now been published in an attractive pamphlet, and is well worth the perusal of all friends of the Indian who were not present at that meeting. The instructive statistics given by Dr. Rhoads, the information given oy Prof. Painter on Indian legislation in Congress, the addresses of General Whittlesey, on the annuity system, Hon. Erastus Brooks on the Indian in American history, the eloquent speeches of Senator Dawes, Miss Alice Fletcher and Mrs. Quinton, Dr. Abbott's and Mr. Oberly's interesting discussion of Indian pulicy; all these and much more frum workers and thinkers in the field, make a valuable addition to the literature of the Indian question.

Some of the special needs and experiences of English teaching at Hampton have evolved a system of elocutionary training which has been reduced to form on a chart prepared by une of our own teachers of long experience and success as well as thorough professional education. After testing it by daily use in our class rooms through the past year, we can heartily recommend the chart to our graduates who are teaching, and to any other teachers of colored or Indian schools. The advantages of the Hampton chart are not in novelty of method but in adaptation to special conditions and difficulties, with simplicity and cheapness which will bring it within the reach of those who most need its help. It is copyrighted and published hy the Normal School Press, and can be had by application, at a price of $1, mounted.

Many of our friends have become interested in what are known at Hampton as "scholarship letters" Others may not be familiar with the term. We repeat, therefore, what we have from time to time explained: that the expenses of a student at Hampton are met first by what he pays for himself in wurk and cash—$10 a month for board and lodging, with whatever is needed for books and clothing—and second by contributions from friends of the school of $70 a year for that which he cannot himself pay for, his schooling. The first payment by himself prevents all pauperizing, gives him the ability of self support, and the moral strength that accompanies it. The second meets him when he has proved himself worthy of help and can go no further without it. These contributions of $70 for a year's schooling, we call scholarships. As they are paid into the treasury they are apportioned to different students, who receive their benefit in the instructions of the school. The case is carefully explained to the students that they may understand that every advantage has to be paid for by somebody, and may know from whom this help comes. Understanding this, every one is required to write a letter of acknowledgement to the friend or friends from whom his "scholarship" comes. To interest the contributors, the first letter contains some sketch of the student's life and efforts to secure an education. If there is occasion for a second and third letter, they may contain sketches of vacation experience, in work or teaching, or the student's thoughts of his people and their condition. Each letter is understood to be the best the student can write at the time. Nothing less is accepted from him. The students are generally very glad to take this opportunity to express their appreciation of what is done for them, and often spend much time and effort to do their very best, knowing also that their mistakes will not be corrected. Except cutting when too long, or suppression, if necessary, of some such inappropriateness as a request for further help—which seldom occurs—the letters are sent exactly as they are written, in order that they may thus be an accurate gauge of the students' condition and progress from year to year.

Very many of our friends who have thus received "scholarship letters" have expressed much interest in them, and they have been a great help in keeping up, and creating new interest in the cause of Negro education. Some have come to Hampton to see their scholarship student and the acquaintance has brought pleasure both to the beneficiary and the benefactor. Others have been so kind as to reply to the student's letters, and, while they are not permitted to request this any more than any other favor, in a letter which is simply an acknowledgement for what has already been done, we will say for them that any words of response are received with the greatest delight, and are of more value and help than the writer has perhaps imagined. Many, of course, who have generously given have no time to reply to letters. Some may even feel bored by those they receive. They can of course take refuge in not reading them, and we beg that they will simply understand that however awkwardly expressed, it all means only a "thank you," and a pledge that the writer will try to do his best to profit by the generous help that has been given and to extend it in his work among his people.

A few samples of extracts from this year's scholarship letters are given on page 35. They are not apt to be as thrilling in interest as in the early days of the school when almost all had experiences of slavery or the war to narrate, but they show improvement from year to year in the more prosaic virtues of accuracy and proper expression.

Gen. Miles's annual report for 1885, bristles with suggestions and plans for action on the Indian question. He found in New Mexico the troops guarding the southern frontier against the hostile Apaches, and in the north controlling the disaffected and poorly fed Utes who "had good ground for complaint, their men murdered by lawless whites, their reservation overrun, their game destroyed and their rations reduced to starving point, till for the time relieved by the Secretary of the Interior." In Indian Territory was a "pandemonium,": the "Cheyennes and Arapahoes had been huddled in disagreeable and unhealthy camps, white men invading the Territory." The revocation of the cattle leases remedied this, and under the efficient management of Capt. Lee, they are rapidly improving. But General Miles thinks that the time has come for a radical change, that "the Indian Territory, whose reservation was originally a judicious aud humane measure, is now a block in the way of civilization, a refuge for mongrel outlaws whose vices are

killing the Indians rapidly by disease." "Without courts of justice or popular, institutions, it is a blot on our maps."

The General urges the appointment of a Commission, to treat with the Indians for the final allotment of their lands in severalty, untransferable for twenty years, the sale, for their benefit, of the rest, and its opening to settlement. He urges the same with equal force for nearly every reservation in the United States, and is convinced from his extensive experience that the plan is "practicable, just and humane." There are however, he considers "several important elements essential to success." "The Commissioners must be men who understand Indian methods of reasoning, tastes and ambitions. They must be men who would inspire perfect confidence in the Indians. They must be practical men, not theorists, and they must be provided with something more than promises."

Given all these essentials, and Gen. Miles believes it "would be perfectly practicable to make any tribe of Indians self-supporting in five years. The difficulty then is to find the men, and provide them with "something more than promises."

The General recommends the enlistment of more Indian soldiers, having had them under his command for five years and *never known one to desert*. Is it easier to find good faith among red men than among white?

Last words are significant and worth treasuring or not, according to the words and deeds that have preceded them. In this light, the last words of John B. Gough, the great champion of temperance, were a noble ending to a noble life. We cannot imagine that the great heart could have desired a better fate than to die in harness, with all his armor on, and spend his last breath in admonition to the youth whose struggle lies before him.

"Young man, keep your record clean!"

He who spoke these words and fell dying on the platform where he had won so many victories of eloquence, knew what that struggle means, knew the value of a stainless record by the loss of it in his own young manhood, knew the terribleness of the conflict with evil habits, with the serpent of intemperance coiled close round heart and will, knew that the victory is worth all it costs to him that overcometh and walks in white again. There is no John B. Gough to take the place of the great orator whose last words have been spoken on earth, but there are hundreds and thousands of those his burning eloquence has inspired, to gird on such armor as may fit them and carry on the war.

THE sudden death of Mr. Harrison Phoebus, the genial proprietor of the Hygeia Hotel at Old Point, has shocked and saddened the community, and will be felt far and wide by the hundreds who have pleasant memories of him as host and friend.

As a man who has won his way to exceptional success by determination, industry, integrity and unceasing attention to business, his life is a lesson worth considering. The son of a country Methodist minister on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, one of a family of sixteen children, his inheritance and early surroundings were such as to lay the foundations of sterling character in honesty, industry and self helpfulness.

He served his country in the Union army through the war, and soon after its close applied for work at the Adam's Express office in Baltimore, offering to "sweep the floor, load wagons, or write letters." Hired as a wagoner, in ten days he was transferred to the desk, and in six weeks detailed as special messenger. In 1866 he was sent to Fortress Monroe as agent of the Company, became also agent for various transportation lines, postmaster, notary public and United States Commissioner. Investing his savings in real estate, he established himself here, and in 1874 was ready for the great opportunity of his life, in the purchase of the Hygeia Hotel, a small affair then in comparison with its present palatial proportions. The late Mr. Shoemaker of Baltimore, then chief manager of the Express Company and always his warm friend, invested largely in his enterprise, though at the time of his death we understand Mr. Phoebus was sole proprietor. The energy with which, with no previous knowledge of the business, he set himself to learn everything that could be known about it—visiting other hotels, studying every new method, device and improvement, and devoting himself to the satisfaction of his guests—was remarkable and ensured his success.

Every year has been marked by progress, until the Hygeia's reputation is unsurpassed as a delightful summer and winter resort. While on government land and paying no tax to the state, it has been a great element of life here, giving employment to many, spending annually from thirty to forty thousand dollars in the community for labor and supplies, and bringing thousands of visitors to the place.

Mr. Phoebus's start and course here have been about coincident with that of the Hampton Institute, and there are interesting parallels between the two. Our mutual relations, business and social, have been always pleasant and friendly. Among the earliest patrons of the Hygeia were the friends of Hampton, and the thousands who now throng the pavilion at Old Point take the drive to the Normal School as a regular part of their programme. Many of our students have found employment at the hotel, and kind treatment. A lady visitor at the Hygeia at the time of its proprietor's death, remarked to us: "One of the most touching sights is the grief of the employes of the house. They go round with tears on their faces, saying to each other what a good, kind, just man Mr. Phoebus was. He seems to be truly and deeply mourned." All the kindness Mr. Phoebus has shown to the hard working poor will perhaps never be generally known on earth. With all his business carefulness, he was never deaf to an appeal for one who was struggling with difficulty. In all the relations of family and social life he was a man of heart, kind and generous, and will be long remembered and missed.

We understand that Mr. Phoebus, with characteristic forethought, has left full directions and provision for carrying on all his business enterprises and plans in every detail. We have no doubt that the great hotel will be continued without interuption as the first class and delightful resort it has become, for as such it cannot be spared by the public.

WITHIN the past few weeks several editorial articles as well as a number of letters, anonymous and otherwise, have appeared in the New York *Evening Post* in regard to the Blair Educational Bill, or to speak more accurately, in regard to the principle which that and all similar bills bring into prominence.

The question of government interference in educational matters is sufficiently intricate under the simplest conditions, and in the United States where the conditions are by no means simple, it seems hardly possible that any single political axiom can be made to cover the whole ground. While there can be no doubt as to the correctness of the principles for which the *Post* contends, viz: that each state should depend upon its own resources for the education of its people, and has, for such purpose, no claim upon the general government, yet are there not exceptions to this, as to all other rules? As, either from the point of view of the philanthropist or the political economist, the treatment of the individual is dependent upon and therefore varies with the conditions of which the individual is the result, so with states, or bodies of individuals, all the conditions demand consideration. Most of us have learned either practically or theoretically, that ill applied or unneeded assistance stunts and perverts its recipient, but most of us also know the saving value of a helping hand from the right quarter at the right moment. If the South can take care of her illiterates, then the folly and harmfulness of Federal interference is manifest, but there are many close observers to whom that "if" remains as a stumbling block in the way of any sweeping decision. For if, on the other hand, she cannot do this, then the instinct of self-preservation alone will lead the nation to look to its means of defense against a very present danger. It is not merely the poverty of the Southern States which must be measured nor even their ability to help themselves, but also that which is more important than either, the strength of their desire to be educated.

No one can live in the South without realizing that there is a certain proportion of the population which has not awakened in any forcible sense to its need of schools and school teachers, and this more than anything else, makes the question a difficult one. Just what this proportion is and just how far it is safe to leave it to itself, we do not claim to decide, but only insist that the fact of its existence can not be gainsaid, and is certain to have its influence. We have, unmistakably, on our hands a class which has yet to be educated up to the point of appreciating education, and whether or no this can be accomplished without stimulus and assistance from outside, is doubtful. These illiterate masses are a heavy burden because of their own inertness, and we have as yet no guarantee that the intelligent classes of the South are sufficiently strong either in numbers or in determination, to overcome this inertia. To lift the whole burden would assuredly be a dangerous mistake, but to assist at the point of probable failure does not weaken the capacity for self-help with the state any more than it does with the individual, and before denying Government aid to the South, our legislators ought at least to assure themselves that without it failure can be avoided; to lure being here held to mean an indefinite postponement of the end in view.

Convict Labor.

The subject of convict labor is one that is agitating the public mind more or less through all the states. Mr. Cable's article in one of the magazines revealed a condition of things in the South under the contract system that was simply appalling. In the state of Virginia, owing to its poverty and the crowded condition of its penitentiary where twenty men are now confined in a single cell, a large number of the convicts are leased to the railroads and those who are within the walls of the penitentiary are worked under the contract system. Even this is a great improvement on the condition of things which formerly prevailed when the men were left entirely in idleness. We hope for better things however in the future. The number of deaths and escapes is reported by the superintendent to be about twice as great for those without the penitentiary as for those within. Parts of the state where the prisoners have been working have been kept in continual terror on account of the number that get away from their guards. Going down on the Richmond & Danville Road with a company of convicts destined for work on the railroad, the guard, a pleasant appearing man, showed me his gun almost entirely covered with the names of the men he had shot in their attempt to run away.

All this calls loudly for reform. There is a growing feeling of interest in the question of the best method of dealing with prisoners as evinced by the meeting held in Richmond not long since. It is to be hoped that before long we may have a Prison Association similar to the one that has done such good work in Maryland. Some such association is needed in order that the proper measures may be submitted to the legislature. The general agent of the penitentiary has called attention to the necessity for a reformatory for young convicts and his suggestion was heartily endorsed by the board of directors. Certainly no one can see the boys of nine, twelve, fifteen and sixteen years old who are to be found in the jails of our state, without feeling the need of a reformatory. They are under the tutelage of hardened jail birds and are taking lessons in crime each time they are imprisoned. The sheriffs report that they are imprisoned again and again, each time worse than before. Here certainly is work for a prison association to do in Virginia

The prison association of New York has recently been considering the subject of convict labor in that state. Owing to the large number of this class who come to New York from other countries and the large number confined within the penitentiaries of the state, the question of the method of employing the convict is a most important one. The action of the New York legislature will influence prison legislation throughout the country. A special committee has recently made a valuable report to the prison association on the subject. It deals with the three systems of prison labor known as the public account system, the contract system and the piece price system: And the first question which the committee asks in judging of these three methods is as to what test shall be applied. Shall the success of a system be judged by the amount of profit the state can gain by prison labor? The committee thinks that this is not the proper test. The idea of reforming the prisoner they think should be the one first considered in judging a system, although a reformatory system is not necessarily opposed to a lucrative employment of prison labor.

The report then goes on to discuss the meaning of the word reformation as applied to the convict class. The criminal, says the report, "is not governed by the restraints, the motives or the incentives that control other men and are sufficiently strong to keep them from falling into crime. It must be the aim of reformative treatment to awaken in the criminal the hopes and desires, the motives of conduct and the views of life that actuate ordinary men in the life of the community: to impart to the criminal the same habits of industry and thrift, the same powers of will and self-command, the same sense of right and justice, the general prevalence of which among men sustain the reign of law and order. In a word, it is the aim of reformation to restore the criminal into the likeness of common men; and when that has been effected so completely that he will lead a law abiding life through the force of the same habits and motives that govern ordinary men in common life, then the criminal is reformed." The report then goes on to speak of the kind of labor valuable in producing this end. It criticizes the contract system as giving no incentive to labor and therefore as not helpful to reform. "It regards and treats the convict as a slave or a live chattel in the service of the state, and it asserts the right of the state to use the convict or hire him out to others to be used, as it might do with a horse or an ox, for the profit of the public treasury. The contract system involves and indeed is based upon these two propositions: first, that the state is bound to support the convict in prison and to supply him with all the necessaries of life; and second, that the convict is entitled to no interest in the products of his prison labor." Now the first of these propositions worked out, results in pauperizing the convict, taking away from him the necessity of earning his daily bread. This to many men of the lower class makes prison life really attractive. They are free from the care that belongs to life outside the prison wall.

The second of these propositions results in taking away from the convict the strongest incentive to an improvement of life and habits.

The committee suggests that the prisoners should be given an opportunity to work for his food, clothing and bedding, and that further incentive to labor should be applied by means of rewards and punishments. Increase of comforts within the prison, opportunity to see his friends, might be held out to him as the reward, of diligent labor, and so, it is suggested, "the convict will be gradually trained into the habit of living and working with reference to the future."

To carrying out this plan of reformation, the contract system which treats the convict as a chattel is evidently not well suited.

The second system, known as the public account system used in England, is considered as not practicable on account of the cost to the state of providing the penitentiaries with the necessary plant, and the difficulty in obtaining proper men to carry on such an extensive business as would be necessitated by this plan.

The third system, known as the piece price plan, is the one which the committee recommends for adoption. By this plan the goods are merely manufactured by the prison, the machinery belonging either to the state or to the dealer, and the raw material being bought by the dealer, to be worked in the prison. Under this system, the whole management of the labor is under the control of the state and can "be apportioned with intelligent reference to the diverse capacities of the prisoners." Under this plan all the reformatory measures spoken of above may be employed. This plan has already been adopted with success in Ohio, Canada, Massachusetts, New Jersey and the Elmira Reformatory. It is to be hoped that some such improved method may before long be adopted in dealing with the convicts of our own state. H. B. F.

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The Southern Press--Both Sides.

Nothing shows more plainly the general change of feeling in the South, than such items as this which even now come upon the Northern reader as a sort of surprise:

The State Chronicle (Raleigh, N. C.), in an editorial on the Negroes and the South, says some things that are as "progressive" as anybody could desire. Among other things it announces that the Negro is entitled to a good common school education, and insists that there should be special legislation in behalf of Negro morality.

The *Memphis Appeal* is especially cordial in the welcome which it gives to all evidences of industrial progress among the colored people, and it is a pleasure to quote words of encouragement so heartily spoken as the following:

A notable event is the opening, on Christmas day, at Nashville, of the first exposition of the industries of the colored people of the State. It speaks louder than words for the steady advance they have made in twenty years of freedom, and puts to shame the men who have decried their efforts and refused to lend them a helping hand. The speech made by the Hon. J. M. Langston, late Minister to Hayti, on the occasion, was temperate and sensible, and he was especially happy in the comparison in advancement he instituted between the Negroes of the British West Indies, emancipated in 1830; those of San Domingo, who have been free for well nigh a century, and those of this country, who have only been free since 1865. The *Appeal* congratulates the colored people of the State on so rich a promise for their future as this exposition affords.

That even a small proportion of the colored people recognize the importance to them of opportunities for industrial training, indicates a great advance, and surely such a demand as this of the *Richmond Planet* cannot long exist without a corresponding supply:

Oh! for an industrial school in this city. There are hundreds of youth who are idly spending their time or are laboring at minimum wages that could be learning to be skillful mechanics, blacksmiths, carpenters, watch makers, shoe makers, compositors, painters, bricklayers, and the like.

We need a school in this city that will give this training. Our people must if they desire to succeed, give more attention to the industrial pursuits. In order to have a healthy body, one must necessarily eat all that goes to make up the various functional parts. So it is in other senses. In order to become a powerful people we must practice all trades and professions that have advanced our white brother to the standard he occupies to-day. We hope ere many days that Richmond will be able to boast of giving to the black sons of Virginia not only a literary education, but an industrial one.

The *Vicksburg Weekly Herald* recognizes the ultimate meaning of industrial education for the South, in a commercial point of view, and makes, perhaps unintentionally, a strong plea in its favor:

The Philadelphia *Times* says: The industrial growth of the South during the last few years has been marvelous, and there is every indication that it is a thoroughly healthy and permanent growth. * * *

This industrial growth in the South is no sudden or accidental affair. It is only the beginning of the wonderful advancement the South is about to make in adding to her own and the nation's wealth. Her surplus of a full hundred millions this year will fit her for more than doubling that surplus next year, and the next decade will witness the South closely pressing the North in every channel available for her industry. * *

We hazard little in saying that the next decade will present a more prosperous industry in the South than in the North. * *

The new wealth of the South will be largely diffused throughout the North, and Southern prosperity will mean the common prosperity of the whole country.

There is a good deal of truth in the following, from a prominent Democratic journal, for there is no doubt that a little wholesome neglect, in this case as in many others, would assist very much in establishing more correct estimates of political values. But to administer this prescription in just the right direction and proportions, is by no means an easy matter, especially for a President whose intentions are in the line of reform:

The prominence of the colored man in politics was so sensibly diminished by President Cleveland, so far as his message is concerned, as to provoke the Philadelphia *Press* to note that he omitted to say a word about them. This will be regarded as wise policy by men of all parties who desire to see a disturbing element removed from the political arena. We are glad to see that the Boston *Herald* differs with the *Press* and refuses to regard the fact cited to mean that the President is prejudiced against the colored race. While the Boston *Herald* would "have been glad to see in the President's message a recommendation of national aid to the cause of common school education at the South," it regards the omission to refer to the colored people as such, so far from indicating a prejudice against them on the part of the President, as in reality a most friendly service, because "all the sufferings and hindrances which the Negro has experienced as a citizen have resulted from the habit of regarding him as in some way separate from the rest of the body politic. The Republicans have treated the colored voter of the South as though he was with them, but not of them; a reliable black contingent, a serf, not an equal. It was the use made of the Negro voters by unscrupulous white men, more than any hatred of the Negroes themselves by the Democrats, which led to the outrages upon the suffrage at the South. And no one can do the colored people a greater service than to wipe out this idea of separation, and treat them like what they are—simply American citizens, with the same feelings, interests and preferences as other men."

Of course we do not admit as true the indictment drawn against the Democracy, but this Republican authority approximates truth when it assumes that the undue prominence—the distinct and separate character—with which the Negro in the South has been invested, has been hurtful to the interests of this emancipated factor in politics and obstruction of national harmony. It will be the part of wisdom to abandon the Negro to himself, as is the case with white citizens.

The New York *Freeman* has something to say upon the same subject in reply to an editorial in the Detroit *Plaindealer*:

There are, we grant, features in the Educational bill, now pending before Congress, upon which the President might have delivered an opinion in his message. In conversation with us on this point, he said he had not had time to give the matter the thought he desired, but would do so before it should reach him for his Executive sanction or disapproval. We are sure he will give the matter earnest thought, and when it comes before him, treat it upon its merits. Our contemporary speaks of this Educational bill as if it were intended solely for our relief. Nothing could be further from the truth. We would benefit vastly by the passage of the bill, but its provisions are intended in no sense to supply alone our educational necessities.

The fact is, no outrage of a political character has been committed under this Administration. When Mr. Cleveland revoked the appointment of Meade, the Copiah county bulldozer, as postmaster at Hazelhurst, Miss., he showed the cut-throat stamp of Southern politicians that they had nothing to expect from him or his Administration.

Why not admit that Mr. Cleveland is an excellent President; that he thinks as well of the race as President Hayes or President Arthur did; that things are moving along smoothly in the South, and that if they were not, no President has any power to make them run smoothly; and that after all is said and done, it is for us to boss our own machines and not permit persons not interested in us to do the bossing for us? We believe in race leadership, in politics as in religion, and we propose to fight for it.

The expressions of opinion, during the past month, in regard to the President's attitude have been particularly interesting and among them by no means the least noticeable is the following from the New York Freeman. We regret that our space does not permit us to give the entire editorial, which, beginning with an outline of the Senate's opposition, continues:

It it were apparent that this opposition was made in the interest of good government there could be little objection to it from any quarter; but when it plainly appears that the only purpose is to question the President's prerogative to remove Republicans from office and appoint Democrats in their places, such policy should be condemned as very poor politics indeed.

Had Mr. Blaine been elected President instead of Mr. Cleveland, there is no doubt but that he would have made more removals up to this time than Mr. Cleveland has made; because Mr. Blaine is one of the best political haters in the country. Every office holder who could not show that he had been an earnest Blaine Republican would have been removed and a Blaine heeler appointed in his place. Very few office-holders were Blaine-ites before Blaine was nominated. They were Arthur-ites, and labored for the renomination of that gentleman at Chicago. It is usually the nature of office-holders to favor a continuance in power of the chiefs under whom they serve. There is much that is very natural about this. Hence, had Mr. Blaine been successful the official guillotine would have been ceaseless in decapitating the head of office-holders who had opposed the nomination and election of the so-called "Plumed Knight." It would have been the tireless work of the Blaine Administration to make itself solid for the second term by using the offices for all they are worth.

Such would have been the Blaine policy. Would the Republican Senate have opposed such policy? Not much! It would have been the purpose of Republican Senators to acquiesce in the policy of the Republican President, in order that they might control as much as possible of the Federal patronage of their States. We know that such opposition was shown by Senator Conkling to the high-handed removals made by President Garfield, dictated by Mr. Blaine as the evil genius of the State Department and the most restless and vindictive member of the Garfield Cabinet; but there are few Conklings in our politics to-day and none of them in the present Senate.

Mr. Cleveland was elected as a Democrat by Democratic and Mugwump votes, and the country conceded to him and expected that he would fill the offices over which the Constitution gave him power with men of his own political faith. Only by doing this could he properly organize his administration on a Democratic basis. The concurrence of the Senate was required by the constitution for the purpose of guarding the public interest against placing the business of the government in the hands of incompetent or corrupt men, and not for the purpose of handicapping any President in the work of putting the government in sympathy with him by the appointment of men of competence and honesty who shared his political persuasions. Therefore when the Senate seeks to block confirmation of Presidential appointments for other than the public good, its conduct cannot be construed in any other than a reprehensible light.

There is a Civil Service law which regulates the removal of inferior offices of the government and prescribes how they shall be filled. The President at the outset pledged himself to observe the conditions of this law, and the candid verdict is that he has kept the pledge. The offices not covered by this act, and which promise to become a question of Senatorial contest on purely partisan grounds, are legally the prerogatives of the President. In filling these it was inferred that so pronounced a civil service advocate as the President would be actuated largely by the spirit, not the letter, of civil service; but this was, obviously, discretionary with him. That he should have desired to, and to certain extent, filled the offices with men of his partisan beliefs and obligations, is but natural and to have been expected. The country does not expect that the President will continue in or appoint to the office Republicans, but it does expect that he will, when Republicans are displaced, appoint as good if not better men to succeed them. When he has done this he will have fulfilled the obligations of his oath and satisfied public opinion, and the opposition of the Senate will be injurious rather than beneficial to the Republican party.

The *New Orleans Picayune*, is, as a matter of course, warm in its support of the President, but weakens the value of its arguments by unnecessary vilification of Senator Edmunds.

The President cannot furnish the papers which the Republican Senators demand without at the same time virtually surrendering a prerogative which the Federal Congress was at pains to renew and remove beyond the reach of attack by amending the tenure of office law. It is true that the Senate has a right to legislate for the correction of abuses, but that right cannot be construed as superior to the President's absolute right of removal under the circumstances defined by both houses of Congress. Mr. Edmunds has the genius of a special pleader; but he must understand that a law in actual existence is not to be violated in the interest of prospective legislation. He must face the stubborn fact that he has to contend with an opposing majority in the House of Representatives, and a President fortified by precedent and clothed with a veto power. The Democratic party is on deck, and the will of the people is not to be defeated by the sharp practice of a shrewd attorney. Mr. Cleveland has behind him the broadest constituency of any man in America. He has the law on his side, and if we are not mistaken in his character, he has the courage to maintain it.

The *Norfolk Landmark*, has also something to say upon the same subject, in regard to which there is no doubt strong feeling throughout the South—

If we understand the position taken by the Republican Senators, it is their desire to have the reasons given by the President in cases of removal or suspension, because they say: If officers were turned out because they were Republicans, they do not object: but if charges affecting their characters had anything to do with it that, then in that case, they wish to make an inquisition into the several cases. In point of fact, however, it means that the Republicans desire to show, if they can, that the President has not stood up to the civil service law. This is a most unworthy scheme, and on their own showing they would make no objection to an appointment where the incumbent had been removed for his political opinions. This sort of inquisition is something never contemplated by the Constitution. The Executive Head of the Government has the right to select his own agents, and should not be disturbed in this, because his is the responsibility for administration. In this state of affairs the Democrats have very properly decided to stand by the President, and this they do on constitutional grounds, as well as for the further reason that so honest an officer deserves support. An easy solution to the affair is offered in the proposition to hear and settle the matter of appointments with open doors. It is the business of the people which is under consideration, and no Star Chamber proceeding ought to be tolerated in this country on such an occasion. The President has exercised a right secured to him by the constitution and statutes, and it is a small piece of business for the Republican Senators to attempt to embarrass his administration about the offices. The people desire to see fair play, and they have a right to demand it as it, is their business which is obstructed by the small, nagging process resorted to by the Republicans.

SOUTHERN SKETCHES.

BY MRS. ORRA LANGHORNE.

The Lynchburg Centennial.

The year of our Lord 1886 completes the first century of the existence of Lynchburg, and our city Fathers have determined to celebrate the occasion in a proper manner.

The Agricultural fair in October will this year be a centennial festival, and a great effort will be made to render it so attractive as to bring visitors from every quarter to unite in our celebration.

The city council is nothing if not ambitious, and have taken the first step, in deciding at a meeting to arrange preliminaries, that they would at once send an invitation to the President of the United States to be present.

Like the worthy Mrs. Gilpin, "Although on pleasure they are bent, they have a frugal mind," and will embrace this occasion to advertise the tobacco manufacture, which is the leading industry of the city, in every possible manner.

All the other interests of the town will be duly considered, and we anticipate much pleasure and profit from our festival.

Lynchburg, like so many other settlements of the new world, originated in the persecutions and troubles of the old world countries, which often drove out many of the best and most useful citizens on account of some unpopular creed which conscience led them to adopt. The city was founded by Irish Quakers, who sought in the wilderness along James River, that freedom to worship God in the manner they thought right, which was denied them in the land of their birth.

The place was at first called "Lynch's Ferry", from the name of the founder, who in 1786 established a ferry over the river now spanned by beautiful iron structures. John Lynch built the first house of the town, which has been gradually climbing over the hills and dales, and has become a thrifty and prosperous city of over twenty thousand inhabitants.

All the early records of the place tell of the Quakers who were the first settlers, and soon made their gentle influence, and careful habits felt over a wide extent of country. "Quakerism," says a writer of that faith, "Never aims at making man affectionate, but by means of love, nor merciful, but by means of mercy, nor good, but by means of goodness." A discordant element soon appeared in the peaceful settlement, however, and slavery, which was to become such a "root of bitterness" throughout the land, early began to disturb the Quakers of Lynch's Ferry.

Tobacco was at once recognized as a valuable crop, and, as the lands adjacent to the Ferry were still in primeval forest, which had to be felled to furnish the "new grounds" always deemed most suitable for its growth, Negro slaves, then cheap and constantly coming fresh from Africa, were eagerly sought by the planters.

The conscientious Quakers set their faces against slavery, and would not engage in the evil traffic and they hired free colored people to work for them, and made every effort to improve such of the Negro race as they came in contact with. This grew to be considered a grievance by their slave holding neighbors of other sects. Naturally, the slaves became dissatisfied at seeing other Africans enjoying privileges denied to them, and the free colored people were declared by the slave holders to be an injurious element in society. Much prejudice was shown towards the Quakers who befriended the free Negroes. The Quakers in their turn felt aggrieved at the treatment they received at the hands of their fellow-citizens.

The elements of discord thus roused among a people who had hardly passed through the stage of pioneers in the wilderness, soon waxed too violent to be endured by the community. Some public-spirited members of both factions suggested as a means of promoting harmony, that the "Western Reserve of Ohio" then included in Virginia's domain, should be set apart as a place to which the free Negroes could be removed, and whither their Quaker allies could follow them if so disposed. This proposition met with favor, and a rapid emigration from "Lynch's Ferry" took place, with what benefit to the lovers of freedom, and what detriment to the devotees of slavery, may be seen by comparing the flourishing region along the Ohio, with the tobacco town on James river, in population and progress of every kind. The sequel may be read in the history of our civil war.

Hon. Allan Thurman, long U. S Senator from Ohio, was born in Lynchburg but taken with his Quaker parents to Ohio, where they moved because slavery had made their home at Lynchburg uncomfortable.

Since I have lived here, Senator Thurman has delivered an interesting address at one of our agricultural fairs, and it is to be hoped he will be able to attend our Centennial celebration.

True to the benevolent principles which led his parents to seek a home in the wilderness, Mr. Thurman espoused the cause of the oppressed African, when the spirit of slavery, so wide spread in its evil influence, invaded the settlements on the Ohio as it had molested the dwellers on the James at an earlier day. I have heard the Hon. John M. Langston, late U. S. Minister to Hayti, and now principal of the Va. Colored Institute at Petersburg, speak gratefully of Mr. Thurman's having shown him great kindness when a friendless orphan boy in the West, and acknowledge him as among the benefactors of his life.

The Centennial celebration has called up many reminiscences of the past among our citizens, and everybody is talking of the wonderful changes a century has wrought.

Probably to no class among us, has come so much of progress and development as to our colored people.

To illustrate this, I transcribe from my journal an account of a visit I made, in November 1878, to a venerable lady now dead, who was then in her 92d year, and generally spoken of as the "oldest inhabitant of the town."

* * * *

"Mrs. Gordon entered the room in a few minutes after her grand-daughter had announced my arrival. The old lady walked very briskly, although she tottered a little when rising to greet me. She looked very, very old, and suggested the idea that 'old Father Time' must have a female companion near his own age. Her form is considerably bent, her eyes somewhat sunken, her cheeks though still wearing a healthy, rosy bloom, are covered with a thousand wrinkles, and her nose and chin come near meeting over thin lips, which, however, have still a pleasant freshness, and her whole face gives the impression of much kindly intelligence. Her manners are cordial and dignified, her bearing and conversation show that she is a woman of strong mind and keen observation long disciplined by religious principle.

She entered at once upon a cheerful talk on things present and past, inquiring with interest for my husband's family of whom she has known several generations.

I was anxious to hear recollections of her early life, and found no difficulty in turning her thoughts to such themes. She told many interesting incidents connected with Lynchburg which she recalls as a struggling village, and talks of chestnut groves and corn fields in what is now the heart of the town. Among the notable people of her acquaintance in the long ago, was the 'blind preacher' Dr. Waddell, rendered immortal by Wirt's description. Dr. Waddell was nearly related to Mrs. Gordon's husband, and his family Bible, of a handsome English edition, nearly two feet long and full of the 'blind preacher's' notes, is now in her possession and was brought out to show me.

In answer to my question, if she had ever seen a native African, Mrs. Gordon said 'Oh! yes, there were numbers of them brought to the country in my childhood and early youth.'

The old lady said she remembered clearly that these imported laborers were deemed the most profitable investment that could be made at that time. The price of African Negroes was constantly discussed, and it was a great object with business men to lay up money to be able to purchase 'voluntary emigrants' when the ships came in. Until the slave trade was prohibited in 1808, cargoes of Negroes were constantly brought to Virginia ports. Mrs. Gordon said she had frequently known her father and other business men to go to Richmond or Norfolk to buy slaves, just as the merchants now go North to buy goods. I asked if the Africans ever showed any knowledge of agriculture, and the old lady said 'No,' as a general thing the Negroes brought here were utterly savage, without any knowledge of civilized arts, and absolute cruelty was often required to induce them to perform the labor their owners exacted of them." They usually arrived in port quite nude and were sold at auction on the ships or in pens on the shore. The first lesson in civilization was given the barbarians in requiring them to wear a single loose, cotton garment, before being distributed to the purchasers who flocked to the sale.

Mrs. Gordon said there was a great difference among these savage creatures in appearance and intelligence, and there was evidently a great mingling of tribes and nations among them.

Many of them were very ignorant and degraded in appearance, and it was very difficult to teach this class the English language. Some never did learn it. The children born to them, however, knew no other tongue. Among the Africans, there were occasionally found fine looking intelligent people, who readily learned our language, and took to their new surroundings kindly, showing some acquaintance with the habits of civilized life. Some of the latter class were Mohammedans, and told the Christians who held them captive, of the doctrines of that faith, and showed some knowledge of astrology, a favorite idea in oriental lands. Now and then these more cultivated Negroes would bring with them some ingenious little machine, such as the ancient distaff or a primitive little hand loom which they had been wont to use in the sunshiny land of their birth.

Some of the Africans were idolaters and had brought specimens of the talismans or fetish treasures with them. Mrs. Gordon mentioned with special interest, two African Negroes whom her father had purchased on a slave ship, who became faithful and attached servants of the family and were greatly valued by their owners. One of them was a woman, with fine features and commanding appearance, with a smooth black skin. She very soon learned to speak English, and being instructed by her mistress and the children of the family in the Christian religion, "received the gospel gladly, made profession of faith, was baptized and received into one of the churches of the town. Mrs. Gordon said this woman became an exemplary Christian, and so continued to the day of her death, which occurred at a great age. She soon acquired skill in all household duties, was greatly beloved by the family and respected by all their acquaintances. Her honesty and integrity of character were proverbial.

The old lady recalled the African slave, whom she evidently looked back to as one of the friends of her youth, with sincere affection, and said she had often wondered that this native of African wilds could have so far exceeded in character and practice many of those whom all the advantages of a civilized land come with the breath of life.

The other native African, whom Mrs. Gordon remembered, was of a very different discription from this dignified and estimable woman, being a man of small, slight frame, excessively uncouth form and movement, and much given to absurd antics and capers. This individual never learned English sufficiently to make his words understood, but conveyed his meaning chiefly by signs, though he seemed readily to understand what was said to him.

He was, however, very useful in the family, learned to work rapidly, was quick and shrewd, and soon learned how to trade and could make a very good bargain. He was lively and good humored, a great favorite with the children of the household, always ready to join in their frolics to their heart content. As he grew older, little work was required of him, except to do 'odd jobs' about the house and garden, and when such light tasks were ended, he joined in the sports and games of his master's sons, with as much pleasure as was shown by the boys themselves. In some of their researches in the attic, Mrs. Gordon's little brothers had discovered the uniform their father had worn when an officer in the Revolution, which still preserved its bright colors. Without their parents knowledge, the mischievous boys carried the uniform suit, with the sword belonging to it, to their play ground and equipped the old African in it.

Thus arrayed, the obliging African went through endless evolutions and antics to please the boys, who were fascinated with the result of their efforts.

The proceedings were frequently concluded by the aged African's mounting the gate-post, when, with his sword and gay, silken sash dangling in the breeze, he gravely contemplated the passers by. Occasionally the exercises were varied by the standing on his head or throwing a somersault, or two. The boys were especially delighted when these performances succeeded in frightening a team into running away or elicited wrathful ejaculations from an exasperated driver. Their father, Major Scott, a dignified gentleman, occupying a prominent position in the community, a leading tobacconist, President of the bench of magistrates, etc, etc., of course knew nothing of the lively performances in which his graceless sons and his ancient manservant were engaged.

Great was the disgust of the old gentleman, whose occupation kept him much away from his country home, when he learned that a movement was on foot among his neighbors, to have him presented to the Court, because such injury was done to their horses by members of his household, that it was unsafe to use the road passing before his grounds.

I could but be impressed with the thoughtful observations made by Mrs. Gordon, in regard to the colored people and their destiny in our land. She deplored the slave trade and slavery itself, but declared as the result of her personal experience and observation, that the effect of the experiment of transplanting the Negro race from Africa to America had been to civilize them, in the only way it could ever have been accomplished in this country. She had herself seen the barbarous African, fresh from his native wilds, and noted with deep interest his progress as savage, slave and citizen, and asserted her conviction that the race is susceptible of the highest cultivation. 'They came here savages,' she said earnestly, 'but their children born in our land, showed a great advance on the condition of their parents. And when good opportunities were given them they developed rapidly. After two or three generations I cannot see any difference between them and other people except their color.'"

I do not know that I can tell the changes which a century of progress has brought to the colored people of Lynchburg, better than by giving an extract from the *New York Freeman*, a paper edited by a colored man born in Virginia, now making his mark as a journalist in the north.

FROM NOTES OF A SOUTHERN TRIP BY T. T. FORTUNE.— "I am pleased to be able to state that the colored people of Lynchburg are making much progress in every direction. They do nearly all the work in the tobacco factories here. This is the principal indstry of Lynchburg. I understand they are, generally, industrious and economical, and many, very many, own the homes in which they live, and those who do not are constantly striving to do so.

There is here a population of some 24,000, of which more than half is colored. I find that this colored population has four churches, three schools, one of them very fine, and *five bar rooms*. So it will be seen that the Prince of Sheol is battling strongly with the church and schools. But very little drunkenness is to be observed. The colored pastors here are Revs. Phillip Morrison and another pastor of the Baptist faith; Rev. Lawton, Presbyterian; Rev. Brown, A. M. E. Virginia is a Baptist stronghold.

Among solid moneyed people of the race here I may mention, Mr. T. G. Gladman, reported to be worth from $25,000 to $30,000 in real and personal property; Mr. W. J. Parsons, $15,000 to $20,000; Mr. John W. Perkins, $10,000, mainly in real property, Mr. C. C. Ellis, $5,000; Mr. G. W. Norvel, $3,000 Mr. Jack Everett, $2,000. Mrs. Robert Peekins $2,500. Mr. John Knickle, $1,500, in real estate. I submit that this is a very creditable and hopeful showing.

Among men who conduct grocery and other business I may mention Jones & Everett, 315 12th street, Henry Edwards, Z. A. Langley & Co., Mr. Morrison, Capt. John Reynolds, Merchant & Wilson, Wiley Davis and others. R. A. Langley conducts a very fair hotel business at 501 12th street. The tendency to venture upon business enterprises, I am pleased to observe, is growing. The race here is learning to patronize the men of the race, who have the courage and the means to start business enterprises. There is a movement on foot here, I understand, to open a colored tobacco factory. I trust the matter may be brought to a head, and that it may enjoy large prosperity.

The colored people here have two representatives in the city council, Messrs. Henry Edwards and Jefferson Anderson; two letter carriers, Jas. Early and M. Ebert; two brass bands; two military companies; two Masonic and three Odd Fellow Orders; and one Endowment Association, which has for its objects proper care of sick members and burial of the dead. The officers of this Association are T. G. Gladman, president, Jefferson Anderson, vice, Carter L. Jones, secretary, John Green, treasurer."

When we are in the company of sensible men, we ought to be doubly cautious of talking too much, lest we lose two good things—their good opinion and our own improvement; for what we have to say we know, but what they have to say we know not.

SILHOUETTES.

BY ALICE M. BACON.

Some Morning Calls.

It has become noised abroad through the neighborhood of Hampton, that over at the "Missionary" somebody gives away clothing, rations, houses even, to poor and deserving colored people. The facts that gave rise to this rumor are as follows: as a result of the expedition made by some of the girls at Christmas time, to the tumble down shanty occupied by Susan Mins and her large family, a movement was started in the school to obtain money enough to secure a house for these people, whose poverty had so forcibly impressed their visitors. The girls were to try and raise money to pay for the lumber and the boys were to haul the lumber and build the house.

The undertaking looks rather large on paper, but when we say that the house was to consist of one room, (10 x 12) and was built of rough boards with no paint or plaster, the reader will understand how such a project could be started and carried out. And started it was by the girls, and carried out by the boys who worked away day after day until the little cabin was finished and the family safely housed, just in time to escape the force of the blizzard that wrought such havoc in the South in January.

This philanthropic effort of the students was the fact that furnished a foundation for the general impression that any poor person had only to come to the "missionary" and say that he wanted a house, and he would be at once provided with one.

A few barrels of old clothing, too poor and ragged to give to the students in the school, had been distributed among the needy and destitute waifs who come drifting over on to the school grounds occasionally. Rations of meal and bacon have been given out in cases of extreme want. So the idea has gone abroad that some one at the school gives to poor people anything that they ask for. In rain, wind, snow, slush or sunshine, the lame, the halt and the blind come hobbling and stumbling over from their squalid homes to see what the school can give them to make their lives less wretched.

Perhaps my friends would like to spend a morning in my parlor with me and see who will call and what they will ask for.—Anything from a house to a pair of worn out shoes may be on the list of demands, but though they ask for anything, they often go away apparently quite satisfied with nothing but a word of sympathy.

We will seat ourselves about the cheerful wood fire and get ready to do our Monday morning mending. It is raining hard out of doors, and the snow that fell a day or two ago is rapidly turning to the slushiest kind of slush. So as we sit with our work and implements in our laps, we feel glad that we have a cosy cabin and a bright fire on such a dull, nasty day.

Soon a shrill volley of canine abuse from our neighbor's dog, drowns out for a few moments the patter of rain upon the roof, and soon our neighbor herself appears leading a blind man who has come to her house looking for "Mrs. Baker," as he insists upon calling me. He stumbles into the room and takes a seat by the fire, where he basks for a few moments in the pleasant warmth before he enters into conversation. He is all done up around the head and ears with rags, mostly white, which contrast strongly with the ebony blackness of his skin. His hat, a battered old soft felt, is tied on with an old red scarf, and upon his nose rests an immense pair of green goggles which hide his sightless eyes. His coat is one mass of rags and patches; tied with a string about his waist he wears a placard bearing the inscription "Dear friends, I am blind." His story is as follows. During the war he came here to work for the Government and earned his living honestly and comfortably by working at Fortress Monroe until two years ago, when he lost his sight and is now obliged to spend his old age in blindness and beggary. He has a wife who takes in sewing when she can get it and so helps in the support of the family of four children, but the trouble is that during the winter there is a terrible dearth of work of all kinds. So old Freeman goes about, feeling his way along with a stick, and gets whatever people will give him for the support of his family. He owns his house and the land on which it stands, so he has no rent to pay, but food and fuel for a family of six are hard to find, and many times there is real want and suffering in his home.

At last he finds his tongue and begins: "Miss Baker, I came to ask you, could, you give me somethin' to eat? De weather been mighty cold and I hasn't picked up much lately." There is a deprecating ring in his voice as if he feels that he is asking a great deal. Although he is a beggar now by profession, he does not seem to have yet gained that feeling so common to the fraternity, that the public, and indeed every individual member of the public, owes him a living. He always asks as if it were hard for him to ask and as if I had a perfect right to refuse. After a little conversation and a few inquiries in regard to his needs, he is given an order for meal and bacon, and is led away by one of the students who is called in for the purpose, and seated in the commissary to wait until his provisions shall be put up.

We have just resetted ourselves, collected thread, scissors, thimble and work, and are getting started once more on our mending, when there is a shuffling and tramping on the piazza and fumbling at the door knob, then a muffled thump on the door. Once more we jump up; scissors, thread and work are scattered to the four winds of heaven, and we open the door and usher in two dripping, but respectable figures. They wear not only shoes, but overshoes, each carries a portly cotton umbrella in her hand and their dresses are clean and whole. Their air of respectability is so overwhelming that we hardly like to begin the conversation until we know what they are here for, lest we should make a mistake in regard to their errand.

But as they seat themselves in silence and are evidently waiting to be questioned, we plunge boldly in and ask their names; or rather we address ourselves to the smallest and least impressive one and ask her name. The conversation once opened, all parties feel more at ease and embarrassment vanishes as the talk continues. We find out that the woman's name is Agnes Crocker, and that she lives on Lincoln street opposite brother Tom Parker's. A little inquiry into her history elicits the following. "I was raised in Richmond but my white folks went away and lef me dar and den it 'uz root pig or die. When I live up in Richmond endu'in er de war I use to give Jeff Davis two days work a week. Den I come down yer an I des wanted to own some land, so I scuffled roun and earn some money and de lan' was mighty cheap dem days, so I bought me some lan'. My ole man, he is mighty ole man now, he make some corn on de lan' an we has a cart an a steer and I never ask no help of no one ontwel now. But de winter so hard and we jes scuffle long, so I heerd dar was a lady over at de missionary dat give away things so I come over."

She doesn't seem to need anything in particular, her clothing is better than the average, but she has come with the vague hope of obtaining something that she can not get for herself. We explain to her that we do not give away to people of whom we know nothing and that we must look her up before we can help her. She is perfectly satisfied, beams upon us when we say we will come and see her, and expresses herself as pleased at the honor conferred by such a suggestion.

Then we turn to her companion who has been coughing and choking ostentatiously upon the sofa. Her name proves to be Martha Goodwin. She complains of "a great square cold" caught during the recent cold snap and also of a lame knee which she tells us is "knocked out of joint." Her living she obtains by keeping a little stand on the street on market days, where she sells peanuts and cakes and sometimes a chicken when she can get it, to the people who come in to buy or to sell. Her house belongs to her but she has set it down on the land of an obliging neighbor who lets her use the ground, free of rent. She complains that she "can't do no hard bouyous work" because her ankle gives away, and then she goes on to tell about how her ankle gave way on the street a few days before and how she "ketched and clawed all the way up to save herself until she was clear way shamed."

Poor old soul! our expressions of sympathy seem to be very grateful and she is mightily pleased at the prospect of a call from us. She doesn't know what she wants any more definitely than her friend, but seems pleased and satisfied with the result of her visit, though all she obtains is the promise of a call. After a long call, the two old ladies depart through the rain, shaking hands with us warmly as they leave and urging us to call as soon as possible.

Once more we return to our mending and proceed a little farther with our work when the front door is once more attacked from without. This time a forlorn little woman stands dripping on the piazza, holding by the hand an equally dripping child. She is almost too wet to invite in, but the weather is certainly too wet for her to stand outside, so we swallow our compunctions and ask her in. We find that she has come in three miles or more from the country to see Gen. Armstrong about getting a house built. Upon inquiry we elicit the information that she lives in a house that she rents for $12.00 per year, but she seems to think that if houses are given away at the missionary, she would like to have one. We explain that we are not giving away any more houses this year, and she seems to take the news quite calmly, so we hope that she has not expected much from her visit. We ask her if she has not found it muddy walking in but she explains that she came in a "kyart." Finding that nothing is to be gained by staying she departs, her little girl carrying with her a lump of sugar folded tightly in her little damp hand.

Our mending progresses but slowly this morning, but we go to work again and for a few moments all is quiet. Then we are roused by a thumping with a stick, not on the door but on the piazza floor. It is repeated again and again, and we at last leave our work once more to open the front door and ascertain the cause. There, standing in the slush, is a little old man, one mass of rags and tatters, and with a little round black face in which two upturned eyes show white: the pug nose and broad mouth are all twisted about in a mammoth smile. We recognize Watt Smith, who had been to us a few days before to tell us of his wife's illness and ask for fuel. He breaks into a chuckle when he sees us; "I come to tell you my ole woman done dead." Though surprised at the manner in which the news is conveyed, we try to appear sympathetic but find it difficult in the face of so much mirth on the part of the bereaved husband. Further conversation brings to light the fact that the "ole woman" isn't quite dead, only "mos' dead" as Mr. Smith cheerfully remarks. The old fellow declines to come in and we do not urge the point as we do not care to have the moisture drain off of him on to our parlor carpet. He is given an order for a little bacon and meal and a promise of some wood and goes off even more radiant than he was when he came.

Next comes aunt Betty Satterfield with a pitiful story of how she tried to move her house from land where she had to pay rent to land where she would have to pay none, and of how the house came to pieces on the way and so she is left houseless. She thinks she could get along if she could get enough timber to build one wall and the roof, for she can make out the rest with the pieces of the old house. When we ask the dimensions with a view to seeing about the lumber we find that the whole house measured twelve by fifteen feet. Aunt Betty has a friend and benefactor in the shape of a well to do colored woman who has taken her into her own house until she shall succeed in patching up her old one so that she can use it.

A thumping of a stick on the piazza and a masculine voice without make us aware of the presence of some one else, and as aunt Betty is ushered out, Mary Frances White comes in. Mary Frances White is a character, and her visits are always entertaining. She is perfectly blind, lost her sight early in life playing "hide and switch" when she was a girl of twenty. That was thirty years ago. When you drive about the roads in the vicinity of Hampton or Old Point, you are very likely to meet her walking along at a swinging pace feeling the roadside with her stick to guide herself and shouting or singing all the time to warn people that she is coming. Her voice is masculine, her dress peculiar; very early in our acquaintance she frankly informed me that she got her living "off'n de white folks," but there is a certain quaint humor and subtle skill of flattery about her that is not without its effect upon those with whom she has to do. There is a freedom and independence about her too that is quite taking, and her dialect has little peculiarities of its own that are delicious. We were asking about her family the other day and she told us that she had a daughter over on the Eastern Shore. Then fearing perhaps that we would suggest that she go and live with her daughter she hastened to explain "You see, I knows all de pedigrees roun' yer and don' know de pedigrees over on de Eastern Sho,' and you know blind woman like me bleedged to know de pedigrees." Much was our amazement to discover after long thought and study on the matter, that by "pedigrees," Mary Frances meant "roads."

She was explaining to us one day that if she could get work to do she would not have to beg. We asked her what kind of work she could do. "Oh, chop wood, wash dishes," she replied in her terse abrupt manner. She expresses a great contempt for her own color because "dey won't do nuffin fer you ceppin you pay 'em fer it" but is loud in her praise of the bounty and liberality of "white folks." She has a crafty way of winning our liking too, by petting Bruce, who goes and puts his head in her lap so that she can feel and pat him. "I likes good dogs and good chilluns," she says in explanation.

To-day she is in search of "a little sump'n to eat" and some wood. We had a slight misunderstanding about wood in the past that was amusing to me if not to her. Quite early in our acquaintance with her, she appeared one morning asking for wood. We had said that we would see about it but could not promise it. The next morning while I was at breakfast, a note was handed to me. "Mary Frances White came this morning for the wood that you promised her yesterday. Has gone to get a cart and will return in half an hour. What shall I do about it?"

There wasn't very much to do with so energetic a beggar, so we got the order for wood signed by the proper authorities and waited. The morning passed and no Mary Frances appeared and nothing was seen of her for a week when she appeared on my piazza, asking this time not for wood but for underclothing.

I asked her why she did not come to get her wood; she replied that she "couldn't get no kyart." Her explanation of her efforts in that direction was as follows: "I done asked a man to lend me his kyart. He tole me give him fifty cents. I tole him I hain't got any fifty cents so he wouldn't loan me his kyart. Colored folks is so mean, dey won't do nothing fer you ceppin you give 'em fifty cents!"

Mary Frances gets her wood to-day and, after sitting for a while before the fire drying her ragged garments, she goes out again into the slush, just as the dinner bell rings.

We hasten to put away our mending and leave the house, for the stream of callers takes no notice of our dinner hour, and we seize the opportunity to go over when the house is providentially free from them.

Butler Letters.

At the recent Christmas celebration at the Butler School which took place in February because the Christmas boxes and barrels were so late about arriving, Santa Claus, instead of coming in person, sent a letter to the children, which dropped mysteriously down the chimney and was read to the assembled school. Students of the new psychology who are studying the workings of children's minds will be interested in reading, first Santa Claus's letter, and then the children's reports of the same in letters written to thank him or other benefactors of the school for the presents received.

The following is Santa Claus's letter.

Christmas Tree Lodge, North Pole,
January 29th, '86.

Dear Miss H.,

Please give my love to all the children and tell them how sorry I am that I cannot come to see them this year. I had to go back to my home at the North Pole before I had finished my work this year, for the weather was so cold in the South that I was afraid that my reindeer and I would freeze to death if we stayed there any longer. The reason why I did not come to the Butler when I came to the Normal School, was that I heard so many of the children had whooping cough and I was afraid I would catch it, and when so old a man as I am, has the whooping cough, it is likely to prove dangerous. So for the sake of all the children who would miss me next year, I thought I wouldn't run any risks from whooping cough.

As I say, I couldn't come to the Butler when I was here at Christmas time because I was afraid of the whooping cough, and now I am safe at home in my snug quarters right under the shadow of the North Pole and am hard at work getting ready for next Christmas, so I can't come myself, but I have sent down to you by the North Pole and Virginia Express Co. some things which I had all ready for you at Christmas if it hadn't been for the cold weather and the whooping cough.

I have sent you a grab bag and every child can put in his hand and pull out the first thing he gets hold of. I have selected the things in the bag with great care, and hope that every one who puts in his hand will find something that he will like. There are some other things that wouldn't go into the grab bag and that will have to be fitted to the children as I couldn't take their measures when I was here last year. Just do what you think best with these things and I am sure all the good little children will be satisfied with the result.

It's cold up here. My pet polar bear is sitting by the fire shivering and I am all wrapped up in furs while I write.

Good bye now, and give all the children my love. I hope I may see them all another year.

Your affectionate friend,
Santa Claus.

Here are a few of the three hundred letters written by the children as a school exercise the day after the event.

Hampton, Va., Feb'y 9th, 1'86.

"My dear friends, I will take my pen in hand to let you hear from me. I am well an I hope these few lines will fine you the same. We had a nice time yesterday? Santa Clus sent a letter down the chimney and Santa Clus says the reason He did not come because He were afraid of the whooping cough. We sang a song yesterday and after we sang we went into the room and at one o'clock we went home.

I thank you for what you sent me we have three hundred of children.

I live Mill Creak Va. you must come to see me I must close my letter.

Emma Laster."

(Continued on page 36.)

Letters From Hampton Graduates.

GRATEFUL MEMORIES OF MISS LONGSTRETH. MORE ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS TREES. PREPARING SCHOLARS FOR HAMPTON. AN HONORABLE DEBTOR. THE TRIUMPH OF MORAL SUASION.

GRATEFUL MEMORIES OF MISS LONGSTRETH.

The following are some of the grateful acknowledgments which have been received from Hampton graduates to whom have been sent copies of the Memoir of their beloved friend and benefactor, Miss Mary Anna Longstreth. We publish them as one more tribute from Hampton students to her blessed memory, and one more sheaf from the precious seed of her sowing.

Raleigh, N. C., *Jan. 25, '86.*

My Dear Miss——

How kind of you to send me this precious book. "Dear, blessed Miss Longstreth!—what an angel of mercy she has been to the school and to those connected with it." Thank you very much for such a present. I have long wished for Miss Longstreth's picture, and now I have it with compound interest. How much nearer and dearer Hampton seems this evening after reading several pages of this little volume. Since my return home, I have been engaged in the Sunday school work of this place. I enjoy it immensely and long to begin other work, but am advised not to do so just yet on account of my health. L. M.

——— Va., *Jan. 22, '86.*

Dear Miss——

You can never know the pleasure and happiness it gave me to receive that lovely book. It came last night, and I was so delighted when I opened it and saw what it was that I just jumped up and screamed. I shall always prize it above all the other books that I have, for the reason that it was written in part by one of my own dear teachers, and that it is about Miss Longstreth, one of the loveliest and noblest characters I ever knew, and because it is associated with my dear Hampton home where I spent the happiest days of my life. I often wish that I could spend four more years at Hampton. There is so much I ought to know that I don't know. I have a very large school now. Before Christmas I only had forty-eight on roll and now I have over sixty. Please give my love to Dr. W. and tell her I try to do as she used to have us do at Hampton, and that I think that is the reason I keep so well. J. K.

Danville, Va.

My Dear Friend.

I received the Memoir of Miss M. A. L. and assure you that I shall ever prize it as a precious jewel in the make up of my little library. I make it a special reading to mother and the other members of our family Sunday evening, while we are enjoying the comfort of a good fire, and it is so very interesting that none are glad when the time comes for us to retire. Hampton and its students sustained a great loss in her death; but our loss was her gain of eternal life "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." L. I.

Newberry, S. C., *Jan. 26, 85.*

My dear Miss.——

I am teaching in the country and have a very nice little school which I enjoy very much. But being in the country, I cannot get my mail often, which is the reason of my delay in acknowledging and thanking you for your most valued gift. The moment I opened the package, I was possessed with a feeling of deepest reverence, as well as profound gratitude. After reading the deeds of so good and lovable a person, who has done so much for the happiness of others, I am stimulated to greater exertion in the great field of life. Of course I cannot even hope to gain the height upon which she stood, but can I not be as earnest and faithful in duty, however humble that duty be? If I did not strive to do my best, I should consider myself unworthy of the effort made by this most charitable lady to put me on highway to usefulness. Dear Miss —, I cannot tell you how much I thank you, and how much favored I deem myself. I shall always prize this book as the most precious of gifts. I am very proud to say that she was my scholarship lady. A. S.

Baltimore, MD. *Jan. 18, '86.*

Dear Miss——

This morning, sitting in my room somewhat indisposed, I was thinking of Hampton Normal School, and just at that moment, a package was handed me bearing the postmark of Hampton. Very eager was I to get it open. After finding the name of the person who was so kind as to send me such a valuable gift, I took a long look at the portrait of that dear sweet face of Miss Longstreth. My gratitude I shall not be able to express, for among my New Year's gifts, this book I prize above all. It shall be to me a pleasant duty to read slowly and carefully every word it contains. I shall cherish it for the sake of the giver. I shall appreciate it for the interest which the authors have taken to give to the world in writing the noble deeds of that dear old lady, as footsteps in the paths of virtue, generosity and goodness for those whom she has left to follow; and I shall love it for the sake of her who spent her life in doing good not only to her own race and color, but to mine who long bore the heavy burden of slavery, but now

"Instead of chains and hopeless tears,
The master's lash and threat'ning fears,
Shout the death of it."

During my school life at Hampton, I learned enough of her kind acts to make me always have affectionate thoughts of her. But now I shall think of her more and know more about her. Every time I approach my book case this book will awaken warmer feelings and reading it will not only increase my little store of knowledge but will bear proof with me that though she be dead, her deeds still live.

I have not been able since I left Hampton to go out teaching, but rest assured I have not been idle. I have assisted in starting two Literary Societies for the benefit not only of the young but of all who are willing to connect themselves with them for moral and mental improvement. One which meets every Sunday afternoon at our church from 5 to 6.30, numbers 120; our Thursday evening Literary numbers 35. I am also female Superintendent in the Sabbath school and have a very interesting class of girls. I don't feel that I am doing enough, but hope to grow stronger and do more and better as I grow in age. Gratefully yours,
M. D.

Petersburg, Va., *Jan. 22, '86.*

My dear Miss——

Please accept my sincere thanks for the Memoir of my beloved friend, Miss M. A. Longstreth. I cannot frame words into sentences that will half express my appreciation of the beautiful book. Not one word, letter or figure has escaped my eyes. I remember while at Hampton as a student, Gen. Armstrong told my class to always read the preface of a book the first thing. I have read the preface of this book again and again. I could not keep back the tears when I saw Miss Longstreth's photograph in the front of the book—a face so calm, so full of kindness, and so free from selfishness. I seemed to feel again in the presence of that good woman who helped me to be what I am. Yes, I felt when her life closed that a very important chapter in mine also closed. I feel the loss of Miss Longstreth as much now as I did when she first died, for she always manifested an interest in my welfare equal to that of a near and dear relative, and as such my feelings went out to her. I think now, as I have many times thought, that I would adopt the ideas and speech of Miss Longstreth (that of the Society of Friends) if I could thus be as happy as she always seemed. Many will rise up and call her blessed. I feel pleased to know that I am still remembered at Hampton. L. M.

Portsmouth, Va.

My dear Friend

Your welcome gift came to me this evening, bringing much joy and sunshine. Of all the gifts I have received of late years, it is the most precious. You cannot imagine how much I value the life of my dear friend, Miss Mary Anna Longstreth. She felt as dear to me as my own mother, and when I learned that she had passed from time, I felt sure that her place could not be filled. I truly thank you for sending me a copy of the memoir of her useful life. I hold it as a treasure. I don't know how to thank you enough for it. While I write to thank you for your kind gift, I will also tell you about our work here. We have a very large school for two teachers—Miss A. M. of Hampton and I. We have on roll now 200 after having dropped 36 for irregular attendance. These keep us quite busy all day, and at night I have about a dozen young men who come for lessons. So I may say I open school at 9 A. M., and close at 10 P. M. For, although my day school closes at 3:15 P. M. I have music scholars who keep me busy till tea time, and sometimes before I am through tea, my evening scholars come in. On Sundays I have a Bible class in one of the Sunday schools, and very often I have to preach once or twice on Sunday. So from this you can see how busy I am. Any little token of love from Hampton always cheers me on to do better work. A. W.

Lynchburg, Va., *Jan. 30, '86.*

Esteemed Friend:

I have been greatly pleased and delighted to receive the Memoir of Miss Longstreth, whose friendly interest, long, true and tried, it was my great privilege to enjoy. He is rich indeed that can number among his friends and sympathizers, such a noble Christian woman. How much her letters have been missed by those that were so fortunate as to receive her kind and encouraging advice! I often speak of her, and recall the admonitions, and deep solicitude with which she followed me in letter after letter until I became a follower of the Divine Master. Her interest did not stop after I had made the choice, but through all the years that remained to me afterward to receive her Christian counsel, before she was summoned by the Savior's call to His presence, she contributed, from her great store-house of Christian experience, to strengthen and encourage my heart to fight life's battles in the strength of my Redeemer. The pages that recount the acts of a life so nobly spent, and of a friend so dear to me, shall be read with unceasing love, till life's last day. Accept very many thanks for the gift. G. S.

MORE ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS TREES.

Here are a few more specimens of letters received from graduate teachers whose hearts were cheered by generous Christmas boxes prepared by some of Hampton' good friends for their needy little scholars. One writes:

—— Va.

"A society in —— Mass., sent me a Christmas barrel for the school, containing candies, papers, magazines, books and clothes which were thankfully received. All the children are engaged in writing letters of thanks for their gifts."

Another says:

—— Va., *Jan. 14, '86.*

Dear Miss C.

Our concert and tree were just grand. Mr. —— sent a box of nice presents—just what the children needed. He, or rather his Sunday school sent bushels of different kinds of combs, soap, perfumery, cards, books, and some articles of dress. From the tree about 125 children received nice and useful presents. Besides the presents, which set the tree off so nicely, there were ornaments of different kinds. The tree itself was a beautifully shaped holly decorated with its own red fruit. We had the popping corn chain as you suggested. The tree was a beauty, it was illuminated by candles hanging about on its branches. Between the concert and the removal of the curtain which hid the tree, Santa Claus appeared on the platform and addressed the audience. He was as grandly dressed as possible, but his face was so frightful that he dared not go nearer than the platform to either children or guest. You may have a faint idea of the tree from this, but I cannot picture to you the delight of the children. The concert was one planned and published for Christmas, and the children performed their part well, both in reciting and singing. B.

And here is one more:

—— Ind., *Jan. 22, '86.*

Dear Miss A.

The weather has been so cold for the last three weeks I did not find a chance to distribute the presents, as the children have been very irregular in attendance.

Last Wednesday being quite a pleasant day, I had but four absentees, and I concluded it would be a good time to issue the presents. So I hurried through with my afternoon's recitations, after which I told the children I wished to have them go home with me. Not one word was spoken, but their bright faces spoke plainly enough what they were thinking.

I certainly distributed the things as wisely as I could. I tried to give each child an equal share.

The boys clothes fit nicely and the dresse were made to fit the small girls with a little altering.

The girls all seemed very happy over their dolls. One would think that the larger girls would not care so much for dolls, but had you been present on last Wednesday you would have plainly seen that they have not outgrown their earliest affections.

Emma Bush, a little girl of nine, inquired of me what your name is. On being told she said "I am going to call my doll Mary after her," meaning you.

Robert Parker was much pleased with his presents, and he sends love to Joe and thanks him very much for the book. His shoes are too small, and I promised to try to have them exchanged for a larger pair.

I gave the pictures to those whose share seemed smaller than the others, and they all went away feeling very happy.

I thank you very much for the two dollars, and I intend to use what is left of it, after the freight is paid, for buying Sunday school papers.

I am going to give the comfortable to a poor old blind man as soon as I finish it. The little card you sent, please accept my thanks for. I have read it several times.

Sometimes I feel very hopeful and happy, because I have an opportunity to do something for my race, and by so doing make the world better for me having lived in it. Then on the other hand, the outlook is dark. There is so much to be done, the little that I can do seems like a drop in the great sea. I had occasion to pass a rum-shop not long ago, and can you imagine my feelings when I saw a boy of 13 so intoxicated that he was perfectly helpless. When I spoke of it, I was told that these were every day occurrences. I try to teach my scholars in the love and fear of the Lord, but many of them have such poor home training, that the good influence which they have at school is more than counterbalanced by the hurtful influences which they have at their homes. There are vices in every form to be encountered. I need your prayers and sympathy to help me in this work. Yours sincerely.

PREPARING SCHOLARS FOR HAMPTON.

The good work of our graduate teachers is seen more and more in the preparation of the pupils they send us. One writes:

"Your card informing me of B's admission to the Middle class is received. I am highly delighted at his success. His brother Charlie who is younger is a member of my present advanced class, and is a good scholar. I think he will go to Hampton next fall. I am trying to prepare him for the Middle class, also P. B's brother."

AN HONORABLE DEBTOR.

The same teacher, who is now carrying a younger sister through the Normal School, with other home responsibilities upon her, writes:

"I would have sent some money to pay L's school bill before now, but had to make my last payment on some property I bought at home before Christmas. I have also bought a sewing machine and an organ. The former I have finished paying for. I make this statement that you may know I am not spending my money foolishly, and at the same time in arrears in settling L's account. I shall be obliged to the General if he will let her continue in school, as I am responsible for her, and will pay her dues as early as I possibly can. My object has been ever since my graduation, to help make home comfortable, and my money has gone generally in this direction. I hope she is doing well in her studies."

THE TRIUMPH OF MORAL SUASION.

—— Va.

"Our school is progressing nicely, and present indications bespeak a successful year. The pupils are beginning to realize the importance of study and to appreciate their advantages. By the use of the cards we get from Hampton, whipping has been abandoned entirely."

Southern Workman.

Indian Department.

ELAINE GOODALE, *In Charge.*

Regular Contributors:

HERBERT WELSH, *Cor. Sec'y Indian Rights Association.*

ALICE C. FLETCHER,

REV JOHN J. GRAVATT.

MRS. A. S. QUINTON, *Gen'l. Sec'y of the Womans' National Indian Ass'n.*

THE *Morning Star* states the fact about twenty-one returned Carlisle students in the Indian Territory, as proofs of the permanent value of Indian education.

MR. HENRY M. PANCOAST writes a letter to the *Evening Post* protesting against the number of recent removals in the Indian service—about sixty per cent.

COMMISSIONER SPARKS has discovered that the Indian title to 10,000,000 acres of land in North Dakota has not been extinguished, in spite of the "executive order" of 1884 opening these lands to settlement. All contracts for survey are suspended in the disputed territory.

A RETURNED HAMPTON STUDENT at Standing Rock writes a letter to Mr. Riggs asking for "another church besides a Catholic church up here. We want to have a church that can teach the old and young folks how to become a Christian and have all sorts of Societies and have them learn in English language" There are now small mission stations under the care of both Episcopal and Congregational churches at this Agency.

The Day School.

Mr. Oberley's clear and readable report, as Superintendent of Indian Schools, summarizes the benefits of the present Indian School system, contrasts boarding and day schools, and concludes in favor of the Reservation boarding school as the most efficient civilizing agency which can be employed. His argument against the day school is the usual one—the irreclaimable savagery of its surroundings. We agree with Mr. Oberley that the progress of the individual boy or girl is far more rapid and striking under boarding school discipline—it is almost more than progress—it amounts to a transformation. If this is his sole aim he ought logically to go a little further and give the preference to the Eastern school, which undoubtedly brings a superior force to bear and produces a quicker and completer change. It seems to us, however, that the Indian question is a broader one than this, and that success depends not upon destroying the home, but upon building it up,—not upon compulsory education of all the children in boarding-schools, but on a plan which saves the family and keeps the parents in sympathy with the growth of their children.

Barbarism as an aggressive force has no part in our calculations. We do not believe in any "savagery" that is irreclaimable. We might almost say that we do not believe in "savagery" at all—for the word is very far from applying to the most untaught Indian. Ignorance is negative, not positive, and ignorance is the crime of the Indian—an ignorance readily met and easily overcome. The day-school is of primary importance—not so much for its immediate result upon the children, as for the easy and unforced nature of its conditions and for its indirect influence upon Indian life. It is the natural and necessary first step. We do not look upon Indian civilization as a rapid forcing process, but as a normal and gradual development.

All work in the home, all help toward right living can best be given in connection with the camp day-school. The day-school teacher is often entrusted with annuity clothing to make up, organizes a sewing-school and transform the women and children of the camp. On several Agencies the teacher assumes the care of distributing farming implements and seed, in proportion to the needs and efforts of the would-be farmer. The relation between teacher and people is one of the most vivid interest and responsibility. The importance cannot, in in our opinion, be too a strongly urged of quadrupling the number of day-schools, of selecting the teachers with greater care and of providing for competent and general inspection of schools.

An Official Interview.

An embassy from the Indian Rights, Association, consisting of Dr. Rhoads, Mr. Welsh and Prof. Painter, made a recent visit to Washington, for the purpose of laying before the President and Indian Commissioner the importance of the Dawes' Sioux bill, the desirability of extending civil-service reform principles over the Indian service and other matters of interest to the Association.

"Commissioner Atkins received the Committee courteously. He stated that "he was out and out a Democrat, but he believed in making appointments for merit and not partisanship." Mr. Welsh, in his report of the interview, informs us that Mr. Atkins further remarked that "he had but little to do with the appointment of Indian agents." This is a somewhat suggestive admission.

"The next visit was that to the President who 'manifested evident interest in the question, talking upon it freely and at length. At the same time he spoke as a man who was *wearied with the practical difficulties* of the work. He did not at all doubt, he said, that the Indians could be civilized within a comparatively short period if the Administration could select the right men to carry out the work. But that was the great difficulty. * * I mentioned in reply to this the importance of retaining agents whose ability had already been proved—such men as Gasmann, just dismissed from Crow Creek, and Wright and McGillycuddy, still in charge at Rosebud and Pine Ridge.

* * I asked him whether he would favor an extension of the principles of the reformed civil service to the Indian service. He did not make a definite answer to this question, but appeared not to favor the idea. The President evidently felt the weakness of the Department in respect to the appointments of Indian Agents, for he said that it was with a desire to obviate the difficulties of the present situation that he had recommended the appointment of a salaried commission, three of whom should be officers of the army, to make a careful study of the whole question and advise the Secretary of the Interior * * The President thought Indian Agents should receive higher salaries, to which we agreed." This closed the interview."

The Women's National Indian Association.

The annual Report, the President's address, and account of missionary work of the Association are before us, with their record of wide-spreading and successful effort. The aim of the Women's Indian Association is threefold—to influence the people, to influence the administration, and to aid the Indians. The former ends are attained by the usual machinery of public addresses, newspaper articles, pamphlet literature and personal interviews and effort; the latter by a well-devised scheme of missionary labor.

The Association has now 56 auxiliaries located in 27 different States and Territories, all working effectively for Indian civilization. An aggregate of 450 meetings have been held during the year. Mrs. Quinton alone has addressed 73 meetings. Numberless petitions have been sent to State and National Legislatures, personal letters secured to members of Congress from influential constituents, and editorials and published letters widely circulated through the press both East and West.

The interesting features of the Society's practical work for the Indians are the support of missionaries at points *where no missionary work is being done*, (the plan being to resign each station as soon as some church society will accept it for permanent work.) and Miss Fletcher's new scheme of "Indian home-building" for educated young married couples. The duties of the missionaries are very wisely and practically defined. In less than two years work of this kind has been done in five tribes, and the department has proved itself "one of great value and growing power." Miss Cora Fellows went out a year ago to study the language and the Indians at Mr. Riggs' school at Santee, and after a visit to one of the out-stations at the Cheyenne River Agency, is now in charge of a new station at Rosebud, as Government teacher and practical missionary. Extracts from her letters, while at Elizabeth Winyan's house, are vivid and touching. "I am grown a real Dakota now, not afraid of anything, but able to talk and help teach these people. Wild as they are and ignorant, they are gentle and seem fond of me and wish to learn.

* *. Monday morning, and we are all through our work, have our clean aprons on, are ready for school, and Winyan has put out her little pink flag to show the people she is ready for them. As I write there are two men and a boy coming in with their blankets about them, to take their lessons. It really seems wonderful that this Indian woman is here as a missionary teacher, helping her people to read and write and to become Christians."

Missionary boxes valued at over a thousand dollars have been sent to the field through the various branch Societies. In the building of public sentiment, and in the Christianization and civilization of the tribes, we have to record a year of fruitful work on the part of the Women's Association.

A Branch of the Indian Rights' Association formed at Princeton, N. J.

The Corresponding Secretary of the I. R. A. spent Saturday, Jan. 16th and Sunday, Jan. 17th, at Princeton, N. J. The visit was made at the instance and through the earnest cooperation of Mr. Wm. M. Langdon, a student in the Princeton Theological Seminary. On Saturday evening, at 7 o'clock, Mr. Welsh addressed a meeting composed principally of the students at Princeton College and of the Theological Seminary, in the hall of the Philadelphia Society.. About one hundred students, who evinced marked interest in the subject of the address, were present.

On Sunday Mr. Welsh spoke as follows: at 4 p. m., before the congregation of the Episcopal church through the invitation of Rev. Alfred B. Baker, Rector; at 5 p. m.. to the students of Princeton College, through the kind permission of President McCosh; at 7:30 in the evening in the 1st Presbyterian church, Rev. Mr. Hinsdale, Pastor. After the address at the evening meeting, which was attended by a large number of persons, principally men, the Princeton Branch of the I. R. A. was formed with Prof. Wm. Henry Green as President and Prof. Alexander Johnston as Secretary, and a membership of 33. An important step has been taken toward advancing the work of the Association by establishing a Branch in so important an intellectual centre as Princeton. H. W.

The Puyallup Land Patents.

The 170 patents for land, so long vainly asked for by the Puyallup Indians, have at length, by order of the Hon. Secretary of the Interior, been issued to them. More than one year ago application for these patents had been made by the Indians. The refusal of Sec'y. Teller to grant them is quite inexplicable upon reasonable hypothesis. The Puyallup Indians are a civilized and self-supporting people, owning a small reservation of about 18,000 acres upon Puget Sound, close to the city of Tacoma. They asked only for that to which they were justly entitled under the terms of their treaty—a right to the individual possession of their land by a permanent title. But, as has been so frequently the case, there were influential men who coveted the fertile lands of these thrifty people; powerful leverage was brought to bear upon the Government to have the Indians removed and their appeal for patents refused. Through the intervention of Senator Dawes and the alertness of Prof. Painter, at Washington, this iniquitous scheme was unmasked and a promise was secured from the new administration that the patents so long withheld should be issued. Eight months have elapsed since this assurance was given, and only now has that promise been performed. Strong pressure has been brought to bear upon the present authorities, as upon those formerly in power, to prevent the performance of so plain a duty to the Puyallup Indians, but not with the same success. This act of justice upon the part of Secretary Lamar, which we can only regret has been so long delayed, will be duly appreciated by the friends of the Indians.

H. W.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

Snowballs!

"Those lemon tarts" are the latest from the cooking class.

"Fish-pond" is the new popular game at the Wigwam.

One of the patrons of the Indian Reading Room is making a study of "Character," by the English moralist Samuel Smiles.

The boys of the Normal School held their last debate on Senator Dawes' bill for opening to settlement a part of the Sioux Reservation.

The Winona "piano fund" is growing slowly but surely by the sale of small articles of Indian work and of Indian paintings. A visitor the other day made purchases to the value of $2.50 and declined change for a $5.00 bill.

The new folding doors between the Assembly Room and the Sewing Room at Winona are a great convenience, practically increasing the seating capacity for Literary and Prayer meetings. It has been proposed to enlarge the Wigwam Assembly Room, which is somewhat crowded, in a similar way.

Miss Collins, for ten years a missionary of the A. M. A. in Dakota, is making us a visit. Her experience will no doubt be helpful to us in the way of criticism and suggestion, and it is delightful to our children to see one so well acquainted with their language, their homes and themselves. Miss Collins has a series of engagements to address churches and associations on the Indian question.

From the Omahas.

My dear teacher: I write a letter to you. I thought of Hampton all time. I didn't go farther at all in my lessons. When I come here I sick three time. Omahas paper for our land. My father got me land, good land. My dear friend, I want you help me about something. Will you please sent three rubber boots and something to wear in night. I two little sister and my father going sent them to mission. My father tell me to think about God, he think about too. My father when he think about, glad. My father want letter from you. I want one too.

From your . GUY STABLER.

"Inspection" at the Wigwam.

At 9.40 o'clock on Sunday morning every Hampton student is expected to be in his room, and boy and room to be in irreproachable order for "Sunday morning inspection." Let us see the Indians at home.

We step briskly out of the keen frosty air into the battered hallway of Division A., where the smaller boys live. There is a great scampering of feet on the uncarpeted stairs, and two very minute youngsters stand and give the military salute, with a vain attempt at perfect gravity, as we knock and enter. "That sheet is not quite straight, is it?" "Suppose you were to dust the top of that trunk," and then Miss T.—— delights their hearts by the promise of a picture for their wall, as a reward for absolute neatness the next Sunday. Another boy apparently about three feet high, in a room some three feet square, evidently has theories on the subject of ventilation, for he stands unmoved in the strongest kind of a draught. "Did you make that bed yourself? it looks very well indeed," and so on and so on. On the whole, Division A does itself credit, and we proceed to Division B.

Our janitor's room is a model, and as Mr. S. remarks, "must be an excellent object lesson to the boys when they come in to borrow a match!" The mantel lambrequins and other elegances give it an air of refinement, and the appliances for the toilet are noticeably nice. Pictures on the walls of nearly all the rooms above the high pine wainscoting, give an idea of the taste of the occupants, and are usually a medley of illuminated texts, full page illustrations from *Harper's Weekly*, photographs of the school, tin-types of friends, chromos and Christmas cards. One boy has the latest London styles from a fashion magazine, another a decidedly lackadaisical group of the "Christian Graces," and still a third some vigorous drawing and very Indian coloring in horses, hunters and buffalo.

There are school books, Bibles, and the "Story of the Bible" on almost every table or mantelpiece; but here is a room with a modest shelf of poets as well—Longfellow, Cowper, Tennyson and Bryant! There is also a portrait of Longfellow on the wall, and a violin in the corner. Next door we find another violin, with the music of "Home, Sweet Home" lying beside it, and a quantity of brilliantly colored Indian arrows give a decorative finish to the apartment. In another the mirror is accidentally hung upside down. "Do you stand on your head when you brush your hair?" Mr.—— inquires; and the inmates appreciate the joke! The very exactly made beds in the pleasant room of two of our best carpenters suggests the remark that they "make their beds by *rule*!" Here are also some photographs of public buildings in Washington—a memento of last year's Northern tour. The American flag occasionally waves over the bed or the wardrobe, and hints at a hope that our boys may be citizens some day.

The appearance of the young men themselves is certainly pleasant to behold. The becoming uniform, the neat boots and linen, the bright, intelligent faces fill us with pride, and while the salute is not always given with military precision, it is on the whole creditable.

The furniture is not invariably above criticism—here, for instance, is a mirror which certainly cannot encourage vanity in its possessor, and there a bed which *looks* considerably smaller than the boy who stands beside it! But as a rule, there is comfort, neatness, and a degree of taste displayed. In the endeavor to say something pleasant, we do, occasionally, make a mistake as when Miss—— exclaims over a "pretty afghan" which is in fact our young friend's rather ample "comforter." We retire, nevertheless, with a sense of satisfaction. "Will they keep it up out West, where there is no Sunday morning inspection?" Miss—— inquires. "Well, I have seen log cabins look as well as these rooms—and I have seen a great many that didn't!"

One Saturday Evening.

"Saturday evenings" at Winona are not always very accurately described by the names of the various "Clubs" and "Societies" which arrange the programmes. We sometimes take a wicked satisfaction in announcing "Temperance meeting this evening—we shall have a report of the Lend-a-Hand Club and marching afterward," or "This is our evening for Debate—there will be songs and recitations." "A good time" is really all that is expected, and it seldom fails to be realized.

Our last Saturday evening was noticeable for a variety of literary and musical exercises. Poems were read—one young girl giving the whole of "Curfew Shall not Ring To-night" to a spell-bound audience, and our poetry-loving Senior reading with admirable expression Longfellow's beautiful "Ladder of Angels." "Three boys" rolled out several college songs with humorous emphasis A row of little girls recited in concert old "Independence Day." A number of boys gave a good recitation of a dialogue called "The Emigrants," which in spite of our enjoyment, suggested to *our* minds at least, the painful contrast between America as a refuge for the poor foreigner and America as a home for her own native people.

A letter was read from "Sitting Bull's Camp," which shall be given as a sequel to the pathetic one published last month:

"I received your kind letter and the nice Christmas letter you sent. It was very kind of you all teachers to remember me, even from our dear Miss E——, who I thought didn't know that I was doing something. * * I tell you, Miss R——, I enjoyed so much for the poor children were so pleased with their presents, we had the merriest kind of a Christmas at the littleschool house, given altogether by the good Hampton teachers, and that was the children's first merry Christmas they had in all their lives."

After this there is a little hush, then a small boy's brief comic recitation, which is hailed with great applause, and a song by three of the girls. The voices have noticeably gained in quality and compass since Mr. Rathbun's era of musical teaching. The perfect attention and exuberant good humor of our audience is always inspiring.

Almost at the last, one of our young men who has been here for several years, but has the reputation of a *doer* rather than a speaker, delivers his maiden speech, and surprises us by his excellent voice and presence.

"We all know that is very hard to stand up and say something, but, my friends, just think about your homes and see how hard it is out there, and I don't think this so very hard, to stand among ourselves and say something. My friends, let us look back to the dark place, and there our people are living and they cannot see very well the light, and we know that they are waiting for us. And so, my friends, let us try our best while we are here and learning all we can in order to use all we can to help our poor people when we go back to them; and we must try very hard and stand against them and try to lift them up and show to them the better ways and the better road and the light, so they can follow. We know that it is very hard for them to try to follow the white men's way, and we all know how hard it is when we first try to follow the white men's way and it is the same to them. But some of them are trying very hard to stand up, but sometimes some of them are fall off because they did not hold anything strong.

Now some of them are trying to raise something themselves. I think it is good for them to try very hard and raise something for themselves, so if the Government of the United States did not give them any food then they can work and raise something for themselves.

My friends, when you go back to your own people then I think you are the ones who are going to lead the people in the right; and if we try very hard and get good education, then perhaps we can teach our people as well as the white people teach them. We know that it is very hard for us to lead our people or teach them in the right way, and we know that there is great temptation out there, but we can ask our Great Father to help us and not lead us into the temptation."

Is it surprising that a gentleman, a stranger to us, who had been asking a few minutes before "Can the Indians do anything at all?" rose up from this meeting deeply roused and interested, and we may hope, an earnest convert to Indian education.

"Settled Down to Business."

The following testimony to the good sense of an Indian youth who bore while at Hampton a varying reputation and is naturally restless and discontented, may be looked upon as encouraging:

"K— came over to see me yesterday. He had come down to Bismarck to buy some material for his house. He says he has taken up 160 acres of land, has built a log house and has some land broken, that he is chopping wood this winter and intends to break up a good deal of land next spring. He has a cow and a pig and hopes to receive a yoke of oxen from the agent next spring as he hears that the "Great Father" intends to send some domestic animals to the Fort Berthold Agency.. K—— looks like a "country man"—citizens' clothes, short hair, and talks bravely. I am inclined to think that he has settled down to business and should not be surprised if he proved to be a success—financially, anyhow!"

He Wants to Teach.

WINNEBAGO, NEBRASKA.

Miss C——

Your letter reached me some time ago, and I will write a short letter in return, I am almost ashamed of myself to say that I am not engaged in the good work. It is not because that I don't want to—but I am not teaching because my father is so that I have to carry on his work. At first when I was at school I never thought of teaching, but since I have been home and seen the position of Indians here and elsewhere, I have made up my mind to do what I can towards uplifting the Indians from that low position that they are in, but I am sorry I could not commence this year. I think before I commence I have to go back to Hampton in the spring and finish. I went away before school closed.

I wanted to write to you long before this, but being busy harvesting I couldn't until now. —— is home not doing much, but don't seem to want to teach. If I was in her place I would have gone to teach long ago.

Yours Respectfully,

ST. C.

An Army Officer's View of Indian Civilization and Education.

From a Lecture by Capt. Henry Romeyn, U. S. A.

What to do with the Indian has been one of the problems that have occupied the public mind from the time when the first white man landed on the shores of the New World. The Spaniard, prompt in deeds of rapine and blood, applied the sword to the Gordian knot, and at the same time tried to reunite the widely sundered cord by laying on its remnants the symbol of Heaven's good will to men. Chivalrous Captain John Smith found the "salvages" of Virginia at times more than a match for his colonists, and King Philip baffled for a time all the military skill and strength of the Pilgrims. But, here, as in other countries, Providence has seemed to be on the side of the strongest battalions, and the constantly recruited ranks of the pale face have driven his red brother from one after another of his strongholds, till he is to-day wholly girt with a cordon of civilization from which there is no escape. The choice of civilization or extermination sternly confronts him, and unless he is in some manner convinced that the former will be for his benefit, the latter will take its course, and in a short time—counting time in its entirety—he will have ceased to be.

But he is tenacious of life. On the soil given him, as he believes, by the Great Spirit, he makes his stand, and though in the end worsted in every war, he makes it costly to his conquerors, gets "skin for skin," and sends desolation to many homes.

What shall we do with him? Shall we keep up this costly and barbarous practice of wrong, cheating and slaughter, sure in the end to recoil upon ourselves, or, while we are looking abroad for fields of mission labor, shall we look nearer home also, strive to love our neighbor as ourselves, and though his skin may be of a more tawny hue than our own, believe that, in the sight of God, his soul is as precious as our own. We have struck off the shackles of the slave, and put him in the pathway of knowledge.—Why not put the red man on the same road.

Since 1778, when the first treaty of this Government with any Indian tribe was made with the Delawares, six hundred and forty-seven treaties have been made with the different tribes within our borders. In over ninety per cent. of these treaties, clauses relating to education have appeared. Of this ninety per cent. not ten per cent have been complied with, and it has not been these clauses alone that have not been kept. Indeed had we dared to break faith with civilized nations as we have with the Indian we should have had continual war, and been held up justly to the execration of the whole civilized world.

History furnishes but few worse records of cruelty to the weaker party, than that of the forcible expulsion of many of the tribes from homes east of the Mississippi to new localities west of it, and it has been their misfortune that the historians have all been of the conquering race, and but few of them free from all prejudice; and the same may be said of the readers of that history. Few of us like to be told of our shortcomings. We are ready enough to hold whole tribes responsible for the theft or murder committed by single members, but when we as a nation are held accountable for the lawlessness of some of our citizens, a different face is put upon the matter, and public opinion is too apt to say "It's only an Indian." Then comes a war, with its attendant horrors, and the country rings with the cry for revenge, and with denunciation of the "blood-thirsty savage."

I do not want to be understood as an apologist for Indian cruelty and barbarism. I have seen enough of them to melt a heart of stone with sympathy for the tortured captive, and draw tears from eyes that have not known sorrow. I do not claim that the Indian is an embryo saint, only waiting development. I regard him as a very great sinner, capable of breaking every command ment in the decalogue, and all laws human or divine. But put yourself in his place. Imagine, if you can, that you had never heard the glad tidings of a Savior and salvation, never been told of the golden rule, never had read "Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not covet,"; that you had been taught that to be a great warrior is the noblest end of life, that wealth is better if stolen than acquired in any other way, that an enemy is to be destroyed if possible, by any means; imagine that we claimed as a heritage the land where our fathers had dwelt and we had birth, and that another race stronger in numbers and in knowledge came in and attempted to take possession, and, without, in many cases, any acknowledgment of prior ownership on our part, they should proceed to set aside for us such portion as they thought they would never have use for; that, when we had perforce acceded to their demands and made for ourselves new homes, we were again ordered to move on, again defrauded by their superior intelligence and our simple faith in their words. Imagine that most of them looked upon us as no better than wild beasts, fit only to be destroyed, and gave us no encouragment to make ourselves better, but rather strove to seduce and debauch us and overreach our ignorance at every turn. What would *we* do? Would we not carry a heritage of hate in our hearts for those who had thus wronged us, and wage unceasing war against them? Would we not distrust every attempt to induce us to change our course, and say, as did Sitting Bull to General Terry in 1878:—"I want no more lies!"

It is much cheaper to educate an Indian boy than to allow him to grow up in savagery and vice, and then fight or feed him. Many of the states of the Union have enacted laws for compulsory education, and levy the necessary taxes for its support. The question of national aid for the suppression of illiteracy has of late come under discussion. If states can compel the education of children within their limits, why cannot the General Government do the same for its wards? And if citizens of a state can be taxed to educate its children, why should not the proceeds of sales of unused Indian lands educate Indian youth? The Nez Perces war of 1877, lasted less than six months and cost a little less than $300,000, besides the pay of troops and over five hundred lives. You can place one hundred young men old enough to take up arms and go on raids, at Hampton or Carlisle or Lawrence, and keep them there for a year, out of harm's way, learning good and unlearning evil, gaining a knowledge not only of books, but of how to earn an honest living, for less than that war cost in money, and lose no lives by violence; and the expenses of ten of them for three years will be less than those of a company of troops following them in the field for three months.

The question is often asked does the Indian appreciate what is done for him? The Indian has been so often lied to and defrauded by his pale-faced brother that, naturally cautious and conservative and slow of belief, he has grown wary and untrusting. But, on the other hand, he sees that the white race increases and his decreases, that their knowledge is power and his ignorance is weakness, and while he may say that he is too old to change, his children may do so. There are no children at Hampton or Carlisle to-day who are not there with the consent of their parents or friends, and ten times that number could be had for school attendance if there were room to place them. Among the northern Cheyennes, located near Fort Keogh, Montana, there is a demand for teachers at their own homes which they are now building. Put yourself in his place again. Would *you* hasten to trust with your children the race who nine times out of ten had cheated you in your dealings with them? Wouldn't you consider first before you gave your children to their care, to be educated in manners and customs directly opposed to those you and your fathers before you had followed?

But those who have sent children to Hampton and Carlisle do appreciate what is being done for them. Their influence is already widely felt, and scores of Indian parents bless the white man who has taken their children and shown them how to be true men and women.

The army officer last on duty at Hampton as commandant of cadets, who was intrusted two years ago with the duty of selecting children for the school from the different agencies along the Missouri river, said: "Among the most prominent advocates of education among the Indians whom I met were Sitting Bull, Crow King and other chiefs of the Sioux, children from whose bands are already at Eastern schools. They seemed to be thoroughly imbued with a desire to learn the white man's road and how to make a living. War and hunting have failed them and they are brought face to face with the issue—education or extermination."

This makes the time more propitious than any has been before, and fair, honest dealing will be appreciated by the majority.

I would arrange the measures necessary for Indian civilization in something like the following order:

1st. Homes, and ownership of their lands in severalty; titles to be inalienable for twenty or twenty-five years.

2nd. Education, religious and secular, and in manual labor.

3d. Dropping all tribal relations; and, dealing with the individual.

4th. Equality with whites before the law.

5th. Citizenship and the ballot for those who can pass an educational test.

I do not believe in the total segregation of the races. Experience shows that the isolation of any race has not tended to its highest development. Friendly and intimate relations with those who have enjoyed superior advantages is one of the best means of our own advancement. Many are already at work, but where there is no fixity of tenure or individual titles, there is no encouragement to building a house only to find, as has been found too often, that the house is no sooner built than some greedy white man casts upon it covetous eyes and declares that "the Indian must go."

An army officer writing of the Indians of the Pacific slope, says of the Klamaths: "They are industrious and temperate; energetic and progressive; friendly to the whites and loyal to the government of the United States. They have all adopted the customs of the whites, and, as far as they are able, their modes of living. Considering that it is not twenty-five years since they first came in contact with civilized people, they have made remarkable progress in civilized life. They are anxious to work and are good laborers. They find considerable work outside their reservations, among the whites, making rails and hay, hauling lumber, cutting cord wood and logs for saw mills; contributing in their way, largely to the support of their families." Similar testimony as to other tribes in that locality is borne by officers and civilians. The Indian when willing to work is not always allowed to or given full wages.

When once located, education can be made compulsory. He needs educating in everything pertaining to civilized life. Employment of brains and of hands does much to destroy the devil's workshop.

Responsible to no one, as the present self-styled chiefs and head men of the nomadic tribes are, it is impossible to bind their fellows by any treaty or promises they may make, if they choose to repudiate, it is as often done. Many of the chiefs are opposed to land in severalty, because their importance will cease.

The corner stone of any Indian system should be "equal and exact justice to and for all," red or white. Punish as severely the white thief who steals an Indian's horse as the red one who steals a white man's. Responsibility to law would soon obliterate polygamy and tend to cement family relations.

To have full protection in law, the Indian must stand before it on a full equality with his white brothers, have the right to sue as well as to be sued, the right to sit on juries when one of his race is party to the case. If he has the ballot, he becomes an object of saving interest to the politician. We give the ballot to the foreigner, utterly ignorant of our laws, customs, or system of government, almost as soon as he lands on our shores; often no more fitted to use it than is the blanket Indian. But we have enough of *ignorant* suffrage; the educational qualification would make him the more anxious to get education, and help make him the better citizen.

The poor Mahometan said: "One year of justice is worth seventy years of prayer." The Indian does not want less prayer, but he does want more justice.

All these things cannot be done at once. We boast of our civilization. It is the product of thousands of years of effort with a crown of eighteen centuries of Christianity; and we have wild and bad blood in us still. We have only to look back in history to see our forefathers roaming the sunny plains of France, or the forests of Germany or Britain, raiding on the weak and defenseless, and like our untutored savage of today, recognizing no law but that of the stronger.

Why should we be interested in saving the Indian?

First; it is cheaper to save him than to destroy him; saving of blood as well as of money.

Second; humanity demands it.

Third; The gospel of Christ demands it. We profess to be the followers of Him who died for all men. We boast of our light and our knowledge. That light and knowledge we owe to Christianity.

"Shall *we* to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?"

Do you wonder, as some have, at such words from the lips of a soldier? "All that we are is the result of what we have thought,' is an old Hindoo saying, and none have thought more deeply on this subject than have army officers, who, year after year, are brought face to face with these people, and their control.

My own ideas are the result of seventeen years of constant familiarity with them in all situations; in peaceful camps; through three wars; among all the wild tribes east of the Rocky mountains, from Texas to Manitoba; stationed for three years among the civilized tribes in Indian Territory; twice in charge of numbers of prisoners of war; and, for more than three years in charge of Indian pupils at Hampton Institute, where first the present system of manual labor education had a fair trial. I confess that at my first contact with Indian wretchedness, I had *no* hope for the future of the race. Now, I see none other than the plan I have tried to lay before you.

Many—perhaps most—of the people of the eastern portion of the country, think that the army wants wars with the Indians. Some Congressmen, judging from their utterances, think that if the army is not every day actively employed it is inefficient and should be disbanded. Some, like the little miss in a Connecticut manufacturing town, think that fighting must begin at a regular hour every morning.

I do not remember seeing a dozen officers who *did* want an Indian war. We know—many of us by sad experience—that such wars mean hard work, hard fare, exposure to summer's heat and winter's cold, wounds, and, to many, death; and that, do as we may, we get but few thanks.

But I have known of, and can name, instances where white men who have wanted the lands of peaceful Indians, or who had grain for which they wanted the market which the presence of troops in their vicinity would create, would deliberately commit some outrage, on purpose to bring on hostilities and thus create the desired market for their produce, or employment for transportation; and then, in the minds of people more distant from the scene, the army and the Indian must share the blame. Then, war is declared, the aid of the army must be called in, and perhaps a company of the very men whose cupidity and brutality brought it on, be organized to assist; and the tax-payers of the country must pay the bill.

Away with such mockery of civilization. Either say to the savage, "We can and we will be more savage and blood-thirsty than you," and openly proclaim a war and policy of extermination with all its penalties to the exterminated in this world, and to the exterminator in the next—and so be consistent—or else treat the Indian as a man; ignorant and savage, but still a man; with a soul for which, so well as for yours and mine, Christ has died, and, concerning whom, the Judge of all may say to us, some day, "The voice of thy brother's blood cri eth unto me from the ground."

A Missionary Journey.

Crossing the Plains—'n Camp on the Grand River—Dakota Weather Signs—A Service Among Heathen—Wanted, A Man.

ST. STEPHEN'S MISSION, DAKOTA,
October 10, 1885.

It occurs to me that even the experienced "camper-out" may accept a hint or two from the Indian, who has acquired through centuries of practice the keenest sense of locality, weather, distance, the most compact outfit of necessaries in the world. We have been to Standing Rock and return, a distance of about a hundred and seventy-five miles, in an Indian lumber wagon, lined with a motley collection of buffalo robes and patch-work quilts, Indian lodge-poles projecting from behind, an Indian, or rather a half-breed driver, with his wife and child, on the front seat, and an Indian pony, meek but enduring, bringing up the rear. We have slept in a tepee; we have eaten bacon and coffee pounded in a bag, and fried "Indian bread"—the staples of prairie fare—but let us also confess to lobster salad, pickles and pound-cake and other luxuries of an advanced civilization. This mixture of frontier simplicity and eastern abundance, with an aboriginal flavor thrown in, is no less the height of picturesqueness than the perfect of comfort.

I wish I could describe our first evening's camp on the Grand river. It is sunset; the air is still and cold; the pale yellow cottonwoods on the river bank are reflected in the glassy waters; there is a yellow light in the western sky. Wood, water, grass—these are the three necessaries—and Baptiste finds them all in a lovely sheltered hollow, close to the river; "for," says the experienced missionary, "I always let an Indian choose his own camping ground." Swiftly, silently, our driver unbuckles the harness, and throwing the bridles over his arm, leads his horses to the water and then tethers them out along the bluffs. In a minute or two the saddle is off the grey pony and he, too, is grazing at a little distance. A tin pail of water makes its appearance in camp, and the snapping of twigs and resonant blows of a hatchet from the neighboring thicket predict a goodly store of fire-wood. Boxes of provisions, rolls of blankets, and a few kitchen utensils are scattered about in the long brown grass. On one of the piles Julia has summarily planted her baby—a genuine Indian baby, which never cries—and is dexterously arranging the lodge-poles in a conical form, tying them together at the top in an incomprehensible fashion. Then a shapeless roll of white canvas is dragged forward, its peak fastened to the end of another long pole and raised to the apex of the cone—and, as if by magic, the beautiful and convenient Dakota lodge rises complete in the wilderness, its little nest of pole ends projecting from the top, its aperture for the exit of the smoke, with a flap ingeniously arranged according to the direction of the wind, its lower triangular opening by way of a door, closing at will by means of slits and wooden pegs. Crowbar and hatchet and the plentiful use of tent-pins soon make our shelter secure—rugs and buffalo robes within carpet the soft grass, and Baptiste, on his knees in the middle, is coaxing a heap of splinters into a blaze; a wreath

of blue smoke ascends through the opening in the top—we are at home! Julia boils potatoes and makes the coffee; I broil the steak and unpack the baskets; a candle tied to a pointed stick supplements the red light of the fire, and in the course of an hour or so we are all reclining on our rugs in Oriental ease, supping with keenest zest in the drowsy warmth of our lodge. If the night prove cold we have only to replenish our fire, and what with an abundance of blankets, nothing could be more comfortable.

The morning, indeed, is white with frost, and we notice the curious fact that it is coldest just *after* sunrise.

The caprices and paradoxes of Dakota weather are infinitely amusing. "We shall have rain soon," says our missionary guide, "there's not a cloud in the sky!" Or, "the sky has clouded over; it's going to clear!" In the course of the morning I learn all the signs of the heavens and the lore of the prairie—chiefly in a sort of dialect of Indian-English. "*Wanna o'sni kte*, It will be colder," Mr. Swift remarks, when his practiced eye detects a film of white vapor rising upon the horizon. This, it appears, is an infallible sign of cold and usually of a blizzard or at least a very high wind. But on this occasion the ominous little mist wreath melts away and the noon is gracious.

We anticipate taking our midday rest at St. Elizabeth's—an Episcopal mission newly planted on the border of the large Standing Rock reserve, under the charge of Philip Deloria, the Indian deacon who chanced to be our fellow-passenger on a Missouri river steamboat. So soon as we have exhausted the subjects of "plains" weather and "trails;" the curious depressions or "wallows" which, with an occasional whitening skull attached to a pair of jet black horns, remind us of the vanished buffalo; the interesting sea-fossils found on these high lands; the eccentric customs of the *chien du prairie*, wrongly so-called, and other fascinating local topics, the discussion sets towards a deeper channel. It is seldom that we get a really interesting view of the "conversion of the heathen,"—a view with any breadth, practical wisdom or human nature about it. Not that the missionaries do not possess these qualities—it is very evident that some of them do—but the traditions of the churches seem carefully to have excluded all expression of them from the lifeless records of infant baptisms, the weakly sentimentalisms and burden of ecclesiastical detail which form the staple of our so-called "missionary literature." The healthy mind cannot fail to wonder what may be the actual living relation of "the church" to the undeveloped but logical intellect of the "pagan" red man.

It is refreshing to observe the earnest common-sense of a man like Mr. Swift, the successful pioneer missionary, who, although he calls himself an orthodox high-churchman, does not pin his faith to gown and ritual, but has developed a practical many-sided response to the moral emergencies of the wilderness. The candid blue eyes glow with intensifying color in the grave face with its thicket of tawny beard and deeply sun-burned complexion; the peculiar reserve of the man insensibly melts away in the warmth of his earnestness as he describes his first religious service in a heathen camp. "I didn't begin with 'Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places,'" he says, with quiet humor. "I went into all the houses and talked in a friendly way with the people; then I asked them to come to my house at the ringing of a bell. When the time come there were some women and children present and a very few men. Chairs were provided and we all sat down in a circle, I with the rest. Then I told them that we had come together to speak to the Great Spirit, whom they knew. I asked them to kneel down, and a few followed my example; the others remained seated in perfect quiet. I repeated the Lord's Prayer in Dakota, sentence by sentence, and asked them to join me. Gradually two or three voices said the words after me in almost inaudible tones. We rose and I talked to them a few minutes in simple language of the meaning of the prayer we had said. That was all our service."

Then, inspired perhaps by our evident sympathy, he goes on to develop his plan of work. "My idea of the first want of a new station is not a chapel or a school house, but a man. Given the right sort of a man, let him choose a good location, not in the midst of a camp, and build his own log house, paying the Indians liberally for the logs, interesting them in work and engaging their assistance. For the first three months let him devote all his energies to this and to making the acquaintance of the people. He must know how to make himself at home in the tepee, to accept its primitive hospitality, to win the confidence of the children and the dogs, to talk easily about *something*—the state of the roads, the promise of the corn crop, or even the baby! By degrees he will interest the boys of an inquiring age and turn of mind to come to his house; and will initiate them into the mysteries of learning to read, and teach them the Lord's Prayer, the creed, and other parts of the Dakota prayer-book, with a few hymns. He will begin to hold simple services in his log cabin. By and by he will turn it into a rude school house and chapel, and will build a small frame house to live in. It will be several years before he takes the final step, and puts up the church building which the Indians have learned to use and to appreciate. He now has his people scattered on farms of their own, living in log houses; he keeps a day-school for the children in the original log-cabin. His wife has taught the women to sew and to keep house and has probably done more than he for the civilization of the settlement."

We have reached two round-topped hills, or *papàsas*—the pretty native word—divided by a deep ravine. On the opposite bluff rises the lonely mission-house—on this congregate the tents of the Dakotas. Julia stops in the camp to make a fresh store of Indian bread—a sort of doughnut unsweetened—we leave our wagon and equipments behind and proceed on foot to St. Elizabeths. I am mounted, for the sake of variety, on the grey pony, converting a strap and buckle into a stirrup and the high horn of the saddle to a pommel, much to the pony's amazement and the delight of the simple Indian women, who treat me with genuine consideration, quite as though I were not, (as I must be,) an object of very considerable curiosity. By my side walk gravely the rest of the party, Mr. Swift deep in conversation with John Grass, a mild, dignified old man, and the intelligent "chief" of this band—and thus the incongruous cavalcade proceeds toward the deserted mission.

In *Hartford Courant*. ELAINE GOODALE.

Among the Dakotas.

STANDING ROCK AND DEVIL'S LAKE—OLD ANTELOPE'S MARCH—MAD BEAR'S DILEMMA—NOT SO "MONOTONOUS"—A FARM SCHOOL. THE VOICE OF A HAIL STORM—TEN LITTLE INDIANS—RETURNED HAMPTON STUDENTS—CANNON BALL CREEK.

At the Agricultural Fair in Minneapolis three years ago some of the Standing Rock Indians took part in a spectacular "March of Civilization," bringing up the rear, as they were the wildest representatives of the native American present. Chief Antelope, being an orator as well as a "big Chief," was appointed to receive the banner won by Burleigh county, Dakota, for the best agricultural products exhibited by that Territory. Receiving it with grace and dignity, he said: "We Indians have helped Burleigh county get the banner this year. Next year we will compete for it ourselves." They could make a good showing for it this year if they had the chance.

Antelope's band was the first on the Standing Rock reservation to leave the agency by Major Mc Loughlin's persuasion, and scatter out on individual claims on the reservation. There are about forty families of them who have now good sized farms—up to twenty-five acres—under cultivation. Last year the hail destroyed all their crops, but they worked on in spite of the discouragment, and this year they have more corn than they can use, and will "sell it like white people." The old chief is a stately man, in citizen's dress, his only remnant of Indian get-up a large silver breastpin, the gift of some Great Father, doubtless. He welcomed us into his comfortable log house with Indian etiquette, seating us in the seats of honor opposite the door while he took the place of the master of the lodge at the right of the house—our left—the other members of the family at our right. His two rooms were in good order, with mosquito bars at the windows and a picture of buffaloes, painted in Indian style by himself, on the wall. Then he escorted us to the house of his son-in-law, one of the Indian policemen, where we were met with the same etiquette. This also was in order; the two beds on one side, dresses hanging neatly against the wall by one of them, and harness, ropes and saws on the opposite side of the room. Boxes, barrels and the inevitable Saratoga trunks were ranged round the sides, and in one corner a churn. I have been surprised at the degree of order in many Indian homes. There is a difference, as among white housekeepers, and confusion is often twice confounded, but even in some of the tepees I have seen the instinct of order prevail—with a few inconsistencies, it is true.

Antelope's long speech of welcome ended in a request to be allowed to sell two of his cattle to replace a worn-out mowing machine. Government furnishes only scythes to the Indians on this reservation. Besides the 240 of these thus distributed this year, the Indians have themselves bought twenty mowers at $75 each. They are allowed on permit to sell the increase of their herds after a certain number. Good beef cattle from three to four years old bring from $30 to $40. Antelope has 19 head, a good number for one man. They are in prime condition, he says, "so fat they can hardly walk—just roll." We go out to inspect these phenomena, and their proud owner easily gets permit to sell. There are 143 head of cattle in Antelope's band, all fat, handsome animals. "Lean kine" have no excuse on these rich prairies and sheltered ranges. Their owners seem to take pride in them and understand their value.

Mad Bear's district, which we visit next on our long drive over the reservation, has been less fortunate this year, all their crops having been destroyed by hail. In the chief's house and some others, however, bags of last year's corn still remained, and their provident owners see the advantage of foreheadedness in a pleasanter way than some have to learn it. Many of the families were camping out in their tepees to gather cherries for winter use, among them the mother and pretty sisters of one of our girls at Hampton. Mad Bear himself has twenty-one head of cattle and eight horses. He "tries to live like a white man," but finds some embarrassment in the possession of two wives. He cannot decide which to put away, and the times of his ignorance are winked at by the authorities of church and State. His mind may be somewhat biased by the fact that if either should go, she would by Indian law take with her a share of his cattle and horses proportioned to the number of her children. His progressiveness is proved, however, by his kindness to both wives, refraining from the Indian custom of beating them on the general principal that a wife needs a whipping once in so often.

How shall I describe the beauty and excitements of these prairie drives; up and over the rolling hills; plunging madly down the gulches by a sidling road that threaten momently to capsize our prairie schooner and send it broadside down the bank over its gallant captain who walks on the side of danger, holding it with one strong hand while his passengers throw their combined weight on the opposite side; fording rivers, scrambling up impossible banks, picking our way among innumerable hills, down interlacing ravines, coming out on precipitous bluffs high above the Missouri; pausing for a glorious view, then turning to find the right way down; threading tangled woods in the bottoms; out again and up again, and best of all again over the vast, breezy plains, bounded only by the circle of the horizon or distant buttes, fantastic and beautiful. I do not know how many times since I have been out here I have heard people complain of the "monotony" of this country. Monotony indeed! They cannot look about them, and that *would* grow "monotonous."

On our way home the third day of our tour we passed the farm of a half breed who has fifty head of cattle, and a farm he has planted three times this year on account of the hail storms which twice destroyed it, fortunately early in the season.

A fitting close to our excursion among the camps was a visit to the Farm School, beautifully situated on bluffs overlooking the winding river. It is a Government boarding school, helped by the Catholic Benedictine Mission, which supplies some of the teachers as well as the missionaries. Seventeen miles from the agency, it lacks no supervision from the Agent and is in fine condition. Seventy-two boys were enrolled last year with an average of 56. It has a farm of 65 acres under cultivation by the boys, with corn, oats and vegetables, and a little wheat for which there is no near mill or market, however, its only use, as yet, being to feed pigs and poultry. But there is no reason why it should not be largely cultivated in time. There are nine head of cattle and horses. The boys study half of the day and work half. A new dormitory is to replace the old log one, and the school house to be enlarged. The neat chapel, costing $2500, was built by the Catholic church. Its priest has charge of the religious work and another is principal of the school. There is a teacher of carpentry and one of farming. The Sisters, of whom there are a number, do the house keeping and assist in teaching and religious instruction. All but the latter teaching is in English. It is of course so far elementary. Thirty boys have been sent from here to the Catholic school at Peeha-ville, and some to Hampton. Major McLoughlin has the right idea of Indian education, I think. He is aiming to make a regular ascent from the district day school, through the agency boarding school, to the Eastern schools, for as many as can be taken East. Each step is desirable. While some can go East from the camp, it is better in most cases, to pass the first sessoning to school life at home, making the change less trying and more beneficial. The very presence of the day school in them is of great benefit to the camps themselves, as the education of those who go East is an education of white public sentiment which is essential to the whole work.

The "monotony" of our drive home was further relieved by a magnificent thunder storm which we had waited for a couple of hours at the farm school, and were finally overtaken by at the last Indian houses we should pass before reaching the agency. The gathering darkness of night and storm, rising wind, and lightning flashing as only this out-west lightning can, in great double arches across a quarter of the sky, called a halt. On a low butte above his house, an old Indian was posing, his tall form in gigantic relief, his blanket and long hair flapping and streaming in the wind; one hand raised above his head, he faced each quarter of the heavens in turn, praying for mercy to the four winds. Seeing us he came immediately down from his devotions to offer the hospitality of his house, like the saint of old who left the heavenly vision in his cell to minister to the strangers at his gate—let us hope he had corresponding reward. We gladly hurried to the shelter he offered us in his new unoccupied house, while the women of the family, dressed all in white, flitted in and out of the door like spirits of the storm. The flashes and peals grew more vivid and frequent. There came a dash of rain. Then we heard the old medicine man's voice outside shouting "Wasool Wasool"—Hail! Hail! We rushed to the door to listen to what I shall never forget—the sound of a hail storm, not falling, but passing by high in the air: a strange, awful, continuous roar, more like wind than thunder, but with a ringing sound unlike either, all its terrible own—the ice stones hurtling and shrieking along on their errand of doom. Five minutes more and the stars were shining clear in the path of the storm. We thanked our hospitable heathen and, glad that his fields were spared this time, took our own way home. Next day news came of the devastation caused in other places, and two days afterward the hail stones were seen unmelted in the deep ravines.

After our grand tour I was willing to do some of my sight-seeing near home. The Government industrial boarding school for girls and young boys under twelve is under charge of the Benedictine Sisters. It had last year an attendance of 129, over seventy of whom were girls. The house is convenient and comfortable. In the school room the Sisters assembled for our inspection the forty-two children, chiefly orphan girls and boys, who remain under their care during vacation. They were neatly clad and well mannered. They spoke their little English pieces with great distinctness, sang for us and wrote beautifully on the black-board. Ten little Indians told us about "Ten Little Lazy Boys" and a large girl declaimed with great expression, though I trust she was too young to have proved it to her own belief, that "This world is all a fleeting show." One of the shining performers was a tiny Africo-Indian boy, little Sam. Another mission chapel stands near this school.

There are at Standing Rock 17 returned Hampton students—4 girls and 13 boys. I saw most of them and heard particular reports of all. Of these the four boys, who returned only this July, went at once to work. One of them will return, by his own request, to Hampton in the fall, to go through the Normal School course, as three others have done before him. Of the 13 who returned from one to five years ago, to have done continuously very well indeed; 3 are doing fairly well now. None are doing badly; none have "gone back to their blanket." Returned students at Standing Rock receive every possible care and encouragement. There is farming for all; herding for about a dozen, from the beef contractors, at $30 a month and found. There are places as teachers in the five day schools, as assistant farm laborers and stable men, and as assistants or apprentices at the trades in the carpenter, blacksmith and harness shops; eighteen or twenty places in all, at fair wages. Three of the four girls are teaching. Eight of the places are now filled by Hampton students. The others are engaged in farming for themselves or others. One, who married a daughter of Sitting Bull, and as the favorite son-in-law might easily have fallen back on his rich father-in-law, finds abundant employment at his carpenter trade, putting in doors and windows for the Indians and paid by them. The Major hopes to add a tin shop and shoe shop to his industries, which would not only give employment, but prevent waste. Most of the tin ware used here is made in the Indian training shops at Hampton, and I was gratified by a good report as to its quality.

My ten days visit to this most interesting agency was closed by a long, delightful day's drive to its northern boundary and on to Fort Lincoln, the military post opposite Bismarck from which the "long haired chief" master rode out on his last daring expedition. The black paint put on all the facings and trimmings of the windows and doors to commemorate that disaster has only been taken off this spring, nine years afterward.

This upper end of the reservation has been occupied increasingly for the last few years. One of its farms has forty acres enclosed, and thirty under cultivation. Many beautiful sites are occupied by comfortable homes. The northern boundary is the Cannon Ball Creek, which gets its name from the curious stones found in its bed, large as 2200

pound shot and perfectly rounded by the action of the water. Here we stopped to see a day school under the care of an intelligent, educated half-breed who, when he was a child, had a thrilling, hairbreadth escape from death at the hands of a hostile band who had murdered his father. The Major had sent word in advance to assemble the school for our inspection. Forty boys and girls rose as we entered the school-room. Two of the little fellows read to us nicely their English lesson. We looked over their copy book and took a specimen from one who had written his name after his copy, "God helps those who help themselves. His Fast Horse."

A relay of fresh horses took us over the rest of the road in fine style; over high plains breaking now and then, and descending in wild precipices and gorges to the river. At one spot the road crossed a narrow ridge between two such terrible descents. One might shudderingly look for some monster of the inferno to rise from the abysses and bear us down on dragon wings. Through such "monotonous" scenery we drove to Fort Lincoln, and found a pleasant welcome from Lieut. Geo. Leroy Brown for three years our commandant at Hampton—and his charming wife.

In Boston Journal. HELEN W. LUDLOW.

Scholarship Letters.

The following are a few specimens of the letters of acknowledgement written this year, as usual, by our students, to the Northern friends of the school whose contributions of $70. constitute the Hampton scholarships, paying for a year's tuition. Taken from every grade of the school, and given, as they are sent, without correction but prepared with much care, they fairly represent a student's progress through the school.

FROM THE PREPARATORY CLASS OF THE NIGHT SCHOOL.

The Night school for students who work all day, learning trades or earning enough to enter the day classes, has various sections preparing for every grade in the day school. Our sample taken from the section preparatory to the lowest or Junior class, is said to show the average standing of those who enter it.

The writing being legible only to an expert, it was copied before sending, but without other change.

Dear Friend

I take this opportunity to write to you to give you a breaft history of my life. I was born near Pungotesgue, Accomack County Va. May, the 8, 1862. My occupation have been farming, My father is a farmer, so he emprested upon my mind that farming is a good way to get an honest living.

There are thirteen of us children, I. am the youngest boy, there is one girl two years younger then I. My Father was not a slave man but was treated very cruel by the southern people. Since the Emancipasion He successfull enough to rase his large family and to accumulate a fine lot of movible propty and some live stock and a house with a few acres of land. The 15 day of Oct., 1882 all was consuamed by fire leaving them without a shelter. My Father and Mother at the time that sad misforthen occured, each of them were 60 years of age and could not do much work that fall I had made up my mind to come to this Institute, But they beaing old and were unable to worke, I remained with them three years longer trying to accumalate samething for them to live on while I at school. I have to worke very heard. I have only been to day school six weeks when I became 19. years of age, I began to go to night school. After working all day I then would walk three miles and a half before I reach the school House. I have ofthen been caught out in the rain and snow, I taken a great deal of cold and was sick for sevole months. But the good Lord has restored me to good health again. I came to this school, the 13 of last June, 1885. I worked on the farm for five months, then I was transferred from the farm to the Bakery. And now I am cooking for the school. I am here trying to get an education, so I cand go out and to healp enstruct others. I thank you very much for assisting me as to pay my way thrue school.

Yours respectfully,——

Another is not content with expressing gratitude for his tuition only, but writes to the generous giver not only of many scholarships but of the beautiful Hemenway Farm which employs our students and benefits the school:

"I thank you very much for giving this farm hit has done me a heap of good and I hope I will be able to returned some to yo n."

FROM A JUNIOR GIRL.

My dear Friend:

It give me great pleasure to write to you, for the first time and I highly appreciate it.

I have met with a glorious opportunity. In coming to Hampton. I went to night school last term; my dailey work was in the laundry ironing boys' collars and cuffs, and table clothes.

I am in day school this term and I like it so much, I hope that I may be successful enough to stay in school until I can finish all my studies.

I was born February 6, 1864. My mother was the mother of twelve children, only three of them living I am next to the oldest one living all of them are married but me, and I am the only one no how to read to any advantage my sister and brother did not care to learn.

I have a mother and father they are both very old people my mother can work but my father can not work, he is near sited from old age and five years ago he got one of his eyes knocked intily out. he was working in a saw-mill.

My mother was very willing for her children to go to school but she was not able to send us regular, this was the way we had to go to school, my sister went to school one week and I one week.

I am glad it is so I can be in school every week and I feel proud of my chance, I am injoying myself very much going to school here and I am trying to make every effort I no how to learn.

My teachers are very kind and tries to do all the good they can for me. The first day I entered day school if my teacher had asked me which I would rather do, go to school or work I would have told her work because I was so devoted to my work at that time, but since I have changed my mind, I would much rather be in school.

I had not been in school for four years, I had been trying to get in school for sometime but I could not, by happen chance I got hold of one of Normal School catalogues, and I read it for myself. I sat down and wrote a short letter asking Gen: Armstrong if I could enter night school, he was very kind and wrote me word I could come, when I received his letter I was overjoyed I went to work and got ready and was very soon in Hampton school. Gramar and Arithmetic are my favorite studies, I have impioved on all my studies since I have been here in school.

Dear friend, I turn you many thanks for paying my sch ollarship,

Yours respectfully,——

FROM A MIDDLE CLASS BOY.

The comment of the teacher upon this letter is "Vast improvement over last year's letter". The handwriting is fair.

Dear Friend:—

I think it will interest you to read a short story of my early life, so I take great pleasure in writing to you and tell you of it. My early life was spent in hard work for my parents. Now I have come to seek an education in which I hope I may be successful with doing all I can and with the help of others. My age is twenty-one. My home is in one of the old slave states, Virginia, the state in which the first cargo of slaves landed in 1619, the mother state of slavery.

My parents were not allowed to go to school when they were young, so they had not the chance to cultivate their mind as I have. For in their young days, I have heard mother say, if her master caught them with a book in their hands, the book was taken away from them and burnt up, and then they were punished for it, sometimes whiped, and sometimes their hands were burnt for it and then if they would continue to do so then they were sold to speculators where they would be very badly persecuted. They had not the chance to serve their God. But I say this, since they have been free they have done all they could to educate their children, and are yet doing their best though they are getting old and can't do very much. My chances for school have been very poor indeed. When I was a very small boy, my parents sent me to school, but then I did not have the least thought of an education. I only studied my lessons so as to recite well enough so not to get a whipping, and as soon as I could get out, I did not think of it any more. When I was old enough to go to school I had to stop and go to work so those that was smaller could go some. I had no one to help me on then, so I was as a child when it has just commenced to walk. I had no one to lead me on, so I fell back and had not a chance to start again soon. My next step towards an education was made when I had grown to see the use of it, then I had not the chance to go to school. There was a teacher boarding with us, she used to teach me at night. Though I had to work hard all day, I would spend a part of my night's rest in studying my books, though it went very hard with me, but I never stopped and by that I learned enough to come here.

When I made up my mind to come here to school, it was not for myself only, but I felt that there was a work for me to do. I felt that I had to do something for my people who had been in the dark so long and have not seen nor thought of an education to teach them that now is the time for them to improve their time, for it has been only a few years since we have had the chance to improve ourselves and to make men and women of ourselves. If I live to graduate, I am going to teach and do my best work for my people of the south.

I came here September 9, 1884. I made the Junior Class. My teachers were very kind to me. I am glad I can say this much for myself. I did not get any zeros last term, and I only hope I may be so good this term. When school closed I was promoted to the Middle Class in which I hope I may get along as well as I did in my Junior Class. I spent my summer vacation here which I enjoyed very well. I like my work very well. I thank you for that helping hand that you have given me that I may make a man of myself and do a valiant work for my people.

Respectfully yours, ——

Another Middle Class student, a young man of 24, writes:

"My first effort toward an education was in the year 1875. Then I could only attend school when opportunities would permit. I had to work when the weather was fit, in bad weather I went to school, though I had to walk five miles. I had to start in the morning before sun rose, in order to get to the school house in time. I have often met people on the way to school who would ask me where I was going. I would tell them, 'You will earn your education,' they would say, but I don't regret it at all, had I not taken those walks I would not have been here."

FROM A SENIOR GIRL.

Dear Friend

When I wrote you before, I was in the Middle class, since then I have been out teaching and am now in the Senior class.

One year ago last September, after spending a very pleasant summer here, I went to —— to take my scheol. Three days after I reached there, I was taken in a buggy to the Supt's house to be examined. As I had never been out teaching before, you will not be surprised, perhaps, when I tell you that my courage almost failed me. When we got nearly to his house I really wished that he wasn't at home, but he was, so my wishes were in vain.

He greeted me very kindly. After I had rested a few moments, I went into his office where I took the examination, and secured the First Grade Certificate. He said that I was the first one out of twelve who had been examined during the last few weeks to get the first grade.

The next day I visited my school house and took with me a hammer and nails. I thought that I should see a log house, but to my surprise it was quite a nice looking frame house with three windows and two doors, and quite a comfortable one for that season of the year—and only that season of the year; for, as I entered, I saw in the sides and the roof, large cracks as well as in the floor.

As I did not see any wood I enquired of the gentleman who took me there, where the wood was gotten for the school. He said that sometimes the parents carried it, but the Board never supplied it. I thought at once what I would do.

On the first day of school, after sweeping and dusting the school room, and washing the windows, I borrowed two axes, and my children and I started out to the woods to get some wood. After we carried it to the house, I had the larger boys cut it and the little ones pack it under the house. This I did every day unless it rained, until there was as much as could be packed under the house. Of course their faces were often screwed up when the cold snaps came because I would not let them get the wood that was packed away, but they were very grateful when the very cold weather came bringing hall and snow, and they had to go only under the house for wood. * * *

The people are quite poor. Very few own land, but they seem to be poor farmers. They live principally by growing peanuts, and that year the crops failed. The children were poorly clad, but showed great anxiety to learn, and their parents were no less anxious to have them learn. Many mornings I felt sorry for the little ones as they entered the room so poorly dressed. Some coming at least two miles. * * *

I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed my work which was not only teaching day school but night school and Sunday school and visiting the people in their homes. The last day of school was a very sad one for both teacher and scholars, and it was plainly seen that in that little school "Love won love."

My school closed in April and I went to —— Mass. I worked there until October when I came back to dear old Hampton. It is impossible to tell you how glad I was to return. Little I realized until I went out among the ignorant, how much I needed the dear old home's teachings. * * I am trying to improve every moment, trying to store up as much as possible to take with me when I again take up my work. I cannot express my thanks to the dear Northern friends who are so interested in us, but will try very hard to show my gratitude by doing a great deal for my people when I go out. Thanking you for your great kindness to me, I am

Yours very gratefully,——

Self-Help among the Colored People in Alabama.

TWO GRAND RALLIES IN THE INTEREST OF THE TUSKEGEE NORMAL SCHOOL AND GENERAL EDUCATION. GOVERNOR AND STATE SUPERINTENDENT SPEAK.

Editor of the Southern Workman.

On Sunday Jan. 31st, the ministers of the colored churches in Tuskegee suspended their services in order that themselves and their congregations might be present at an educational mass meeting called to meet in the Normal School chapel.

When the hour arrived for be ginning the exercises, every part of the room was closely packed with people.

A short educational sermon was preached by Rev. P. J. Mc Intosh, a graduate of Talladega College and present pastor of the Tuskegee Methodist, Church and several short addresses were made. A collection in which all joined heartily was taken up for the general support of the institution. The collection and the meeting throughout was a credit to the people of Tuskegee.

MONTGOMERY RALLY.

At the suggestion of citizens of Mongomery, a very laige and successful educational meeting was held in Montgomery a year ago for the purpose of giving the people a chance to show their interest in the work of this institution in a practical way.

That meeting was very large and the best class of citizens were present, and nearly $100. was given towards furnishing rooms in Alabama Hall.

On last Thursday night, Feb. 11th, a similar meeting was held, the object being to keep the people alive to the importance of education and self-help. Between one thousand and twelve hundred people were present Governor O'Neal, State Superintendent, Maj. Palmer, Col. H. R. Shorter, President State R. R. Conn., were present and made stirring and encouraging addresses. Dr. A. G. Haywood had promised to be present and was on his way but his train was unavoidably delayed. Besides these mentioned, many more of Montgomery's best white citizens were present and showed as much interest as the colored.

To add to the interests of the meeting a double quartette of singers from the Tuskegee Normal School was present and interspersed the exercises with singing that was highly enjoyed by the immense audience.

To give point to the meeting a collection was taken up to be equally divided between the Swayne Public School in Montgomery and the Tuskegee Normal school. That for the Swayne School is to be used in putting a fence around Swayne School and that for the Tuskegee Normal School to be used in purchasing a set of blacksmiths tools for the new shop at Tuskegee. While the collection on account of very dull times in the South was not as large as it was last year, the crowd was larger and the interest in the meeting seemed greater. The most encouraging interest was shown from beginning to end ano lasting good was done.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Tuskegee, Ala., Feb. 18, 1886.

Here is one addressed to Santa Claus himself.

Dear Friend.

I was more than glad and was thankful of what you sent me. While we was in the hall Santa Claus you sent a letter down the chimney and I was glad to hear from you Dear Santa Claus. I was very sorrow that you could not come this Christmas I got a verry handsome presand. We had a great many visitors. You was afraid you would catch the whooping cough I was glad you and your reindeer did not come no more from your

Affectionate friend
Rosa Tilmon.

Another reads thus:

BUTLER SCHOOL,
Hampton, Va., Feb. 9th, 1886.

Dear Friend:—

I am going to tell you about the time we had Monday, when we went in the hall to sing we had a great number of visitors and after singing several peaces with great surprize when Miss H— went to the chimney there were a great big letter from Santa Claus, how it got there we don't know he said the reason he did not come down this year was he heard a great many of the Butler School children had the whooping cough, and it would be too bad for an older man as Santa Claus to catch the whooping cough. Know I am going to tell you something he said in his letter he was way up in the North Pole and Virginia Express and that he was wrapped up in warm blankets and his porter bear lying at his feet and he was afraid his reineeers would catch the whooping cough, but he said he was buisy getting ready for next Christmas we also had a grab-bag."

Another says:

Dear Friend,

I want to tell you what a nice time we had yesterday. When we came in yesterday after the second recess we were called in to go in the hall to sing a few pieces. We had a lots of visitors from the Normal School to hear us sing. Then after we were through singing Miss H— found a letter in the chimney and whom do you suppose it was from? dear old Santa Claus! now I will tell you some of the things he said in his letter.

He said he couldn't come to the Butler the same time he went to the Normal School for he was afraid he would catch the whooping cough and it would be quite dangerous for an old man like him, then he said that he and his polar bear were sitting by the fire. He is up at the north pole getting ready for next Christmas then he would try and come to see us. The way he directed his letter was North Pole, Greenland. He said he had sent a grab-bag selected with much care, every little child would put in his or her hand and grab the first thing he or she got their hands on and pull it out. Then he said he had sent some other things which were too large to put in the bag, they would be given around to the scholars by some of the teachers.

We have not space for the rest of the letters but will give one more report of Santa Claus's epistle.

Dear Friend,

I thought being I had spare time during my school hours, I would write and tell you how I thank you for what you have done. Monday we assembled in the hall and sang. We had a great many visitors from the Normal School. After we were through singing Miss H— went to the chimney and there she found a letter. She asked us from whom did we think the letter came, we told her from Santa Claus and she opened it and found it was from Santa Claus. He said he would have been here himself but he had heard that the children had the whooping cough and he was afraid he would scatter it so he wouldn't come but he sent a grab-bag.

He sent the letter way from the North Pole and when he was about to close he said I am sitting in my snug quarters at the North Pole wrapped up in furs, my polar bear and I. He said it was so cold south that he had to go back because he was afraid his reindeer would freeze.

Southern Workman
AND
Hampton School Record.

VOL XV. HAMPTON, VA., APRIL, 1886. No. 4.

The Attack upon Indian Education in Congress.

The determined onslaught that has been made in the House of Representatives, upon the cause of Indian education, in the East and in the West, induces us to devote our editorial pages chiefly this month to presenting to our readers a concise view of the contest.

The attack has failed in the House this time, but the misstatements made have gone abroad, and so should their answers.

The quotations below are from the *Congressional Record* of March 11–17; not always in chronological order. They contain the animus and the gist of the speeches and remarks from which they are taken.

AGAINST EASTERN SCHOOLS.

Mr. Cannon [of Illinois] "In company with the gentleman from Kansas [Mr. Ryan], with the gentleman from Arkansas [Mr. Peel] and with my friend from Indiana [Mr. Holman], I traveled through the Indian country. We made diligent inquiry across the continent on the north, and across the continent on the south, and we could not find that there was one student of all the hundreds educated at Carlisle or Hampton, or in any of the schools off the reservation, but had gone back to their savage life in a very short time, except a few that were employed by the Government of the United States."

Mr. Ryan [of Kansas] "I did not find a single instance in all our investigation of any Indian child who had been educated in any of the centres of civilization who had returned to his home, who had not also returned to the condition of barbarism in which his tribe was at the time he returned, except only those who are sustained and held up by having been given employment by the Federal Government."

Mr. Peel [of Arkansas] "The student [returning from Eastern schools] is bound to succumb, and falls back into the old habits of the tribe, becoming, if possible, a worse Indian than before he was educated. If this be true—and I repeat that in the investigation of the committee it was found to be the case without a single solitary exception—the money spent upon these Eastern schools is money thrown away."

Appealed to for confirmation of Mr Cannon's statement, Judge Holman endorsed them and added:

"Mr Holman [of Indiana] "Missionaries, agents, teachers, and especially those military men who have been long stationed among the Indian tribes but are now identified with them, express the opinion that unless the Government gives to the Indian boy or girl employment, in other words, unless they are supported by the Government, they relapse into barbarism when they return to the tribe, while the Indians educated on the reservation, going home once a year, seeing the old father and mother now and then, keep up their relations with the tribe and are not shocked by a return from civilization to the scenes by which they are necessarily surrounded, but are accustomed to the ways of the tribe and their habits; that such as keep up their relations with their tribe are not so influenced."

Mr. Holman, also declared "In my judgment the results of the removal of Indian children from their reservations and teaching them in schools located at remote points, would shock those who had caused them the moment they came to their notice."

AGAINST WESTERN DAY SCHOOLS.

Mr. Holman. "Experience demonstrates it is practically impossible to induce Indian children to attend the day schools in that systematic and regular manner necessary to secure any satisfactory progress. I think everywhere the result is that these schools practically amount to nothing. This seems to be the judgment of all persons so far as I am informed who have had experience or opportunity to investigate. I think therefore the day schools under support of the Government ought to be abandoned."

AGAINST INDIAN TEACHERS.

Mr. Long [of Mass.] Let me ask the gentleman from Indiana whether any of the [Eastern] scholars ever go back to become teachers at these [reservation] schools?

Mr. Holman. "Occasionally. I remember one who is employed as a teacher in the vicinity of Standing Rock, another in the vicinity of Pine Ridge. There are other instances. The testimony of the Indian agents is not favorable to the employment of Indian teachers because of the absence of their power to control which is the great cause of complaint."

We would not be unfair in reporting Judge Holman. His position seems to be somewhat fluctuating, we trust because he is open to conviction

He said later—the day after certain statements from the pamphlet, Hampton's Work for Two Races, had been read in the House by Mr. Cutcheon of Michigan:

"Where Indian teachers, trained at the institutions established for that purpose, or educated at their homes, have been employed in the education of Indian children, I admit that there have been good results, and I would be perfectly willing that this $44,000 be expended in the employment of Indian teachers."

Why, then, did he vote for suppressing the schools where such teachers are trained?

AGAINST ALL INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

Mr. Throckmorton (of Texas). "What I would do would be to insert provision that the provisions for the industrial schools [on the reservation] and other schools at Hampton, Carlisle, Genoa, Salem, Lincoln, and all of them, should cease with this fiscal year. Was it ever contemplated, that the unpretentious requirements in the treaties should be supplemented with * * * and industrial teachers for the laziest creatures on earth?"

Mr. Cannon. "The children work at the schools; but they do not work anywhere else."

AGAINST ALL GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS.

Mr. Throckmorton. "And now I come to the crowning shame and folly of this miserable and farcical Indian policy."

We have not room for the details under this head. They include all Government appropriations for Indian education off or on the reservations beyond what the honorable gentleman considers the absolute requirements of the treaties; viz. the day schools, which the investigating committee regard as "practically worthless." And these are allowed only because stipulated, not with any faith in them as the gentleman remarks, (italics ours,):

"The utmost we can expect to do in the way of education for the Indian is to *make the effort* to teach him the elements of an ordinary English education. This is provided for in the treaties, and should be carefully carried out. You can't make a Christian out of a Jew or a Mohammedan, or a Jew or Mohammedan out of a Christian."

Mr. Cannon (in reply to Mr. Cutcheon of Michigan). "If the gentleman thinks that this educational system has affected in the slightest degree the moral tone; or the war tone, or the peace tone of these tribes, he is very greatly mistaken."

In accordance with the above sentiments, various amendments to the Indian Appropriation Bill were offered, providing for the suppression or discontinuance of the Indian work at Hampton, Carlisle, and the other schools off the reservation. All were rejected. On a technicality disregarded for four years, the House dropped from the Bill the name of Capt. Pratt—a man to whom the honor belongs of inaugurating the Eastern work for Indians, and who was stated in the House to have raised $51,000 to supplement the Goverment's work at Carlisle.

Mr. Cutcheon of Michigan, spoke eloquently as the champion of Indian civilization and the Eastern Schools. His able defense of both had ardent weight with the House. Mr. Perkins of Kansas, also spoke forcibly for the right.

Hampton's Answer.

The testimony Hampton has to give on these questions has been frequently put before our readers, and needs but brief restating. Every year careful investigation has been made, and reports brought, by visitors sent from the school to the agencies. Capt. Pratt, the school's chaplain Rev. Mr. Frissell, Rev. Mr. Gravatt of Hampton, Lieut. Brown, U. S. A. and Capt. Romeyn, U. S. A., school commandants, its Principal, and latest, Miss Goodale and Miss Ludlow, have thus served, some of them more than once, and their reports have been published, as well as those of agents, missionaries and the students themselves with whom communication is carefully kept up. The record is specific, name by name.

From all these sources, the reports brought down to the present moment, may be thus briefly stated:

To Dakota Territory there have been returned, at various times from six months to five years ago, 132 students, viz: 47 young women and girls, 85 young men and boys. Nineteen of the whole number have died, but their record while living is included, and also that of 9 who after a good record at home have voluntarily returned to Hampton. Of these 132, four only have "lapsed into barbarism," "gone back to savage life" to the extent of wearing the blanket. Nine others—two girls and seven boys are reported as 'bad," i. e. lazy, troublesome, active on the side of evil; though they keep themselves in citizens dress, and have not committed crime. Forty-two are reported "doing fairly well"—which seems to mean that some have not done continuously well, but are now on the upward road, and others are negative characters, not very progressive and earnest, but well intentioned. Of five we have no definite report.

Seventy-two—viz: 26 out of the 47 girls and 6 out of the 85 boys are reported as having done "very well" since their return home; the boys working as they have had opportunity, at their trades, on farms or otherwise, the girls as teachers or at home—eight of the latter having married well, one a fellow student from Hampton. Seventy-two out of 132 would not be a vrey short honor roll for any class of students

But how about Government employ which the Committee says is all that has saved "a few." Of the seventy-two—28 have been employed by Government, most of them not continuously: 5 girls as teachers and assistants, 23 boys in various ways. Forty-four—viz: 21 girls and 23 boys have managed not to "lapse into barbarism in a very short time," or at all, and seem to have distinguished themselves for good behavior, without Government employment, and—strange to say—without discovery by this "diligent" Congressional committee.

Are they then disproving all Hampton principles of the gospel of indnstry? By no means. All are reported as workers except 7 disabled by disease, six are in private employ, thirty-one at work for themselves, or attending school.

Of the 42 doing fairly well, but eight are in Government employment. We have no doubt that more of them would have done "very well," if they could have obtained it. If the committee had urged that, without *some* chance of honest work and self-support, through Government employment or otherwise, an Indian, like every weak mortal, is very apt to go backward instead of forward, they would have been announcing a universal and important truth; if they had urged upon the Government the consequent duty of giving employment or the chance to seek it to all, and encouraging every effort to train them in industry, this would have seemed a worthy and natural effort for honorable representatives.

But no—they would cut off their facilities of education; in the industrial schools off the reservation, on the one hand, and the day-schools on it, on the other; knock away the first and third rounds of their ladder, and obligingly leave them the middle one. Some would even give that a wrench.

Thirteen Hampton students are teaching, or have taught in the reservation schools, industrial or day-schools; eleven in Government schools, two in missionary schools. To train teachers is one important office of the Eastern schools. The Eastern and Western work is one. We believe in the missions, in the industrial boarding schools at the agency, in the day schools on the reservation. Improve and strengthen all—abandon none. We had some reason to suppose that this was the sentiment of the honorable committee themselves, judging from a letter received after their visit to Standing Rock agency, from Maj. McLaughlin, agent there, who thus writes:

"There were so many things said and matters spoken of by the members of the committee while here that it is difficult to recall all or remember the exact words, but the substance of conversation while at Rose Bareface's school was the neatness of the school. Rose's general appearance, deportment, easy manners, English speaking, self-possession and correct and easy answers to all questions asked her, and Judge Holman said that he was delighted to see her, a full blood Indian girl after a three years term in Hampton school, in her present position; that it was indeed very pleasing, and the most practical of any results he had seen of the Eastern educational work for Indians. The other members, Messrs. Ryan and Cannon, were equally profuse in expressions of praise, and all agreed that such system and practical work was the true solution of the Indian problem."

It is not always dishonorable to change ones mind. It is evident that this committee can change theirs. We hope therefore, that on consideration of all this positive testimony—which has been duly presented to the members of Congress—they may change them once more.

The members of the committee have never extended their continental explorations to Hampton, where they would have been cordially welcome, and possibly have been able to discover a few Indian students who after a good record at home without the aid of Government employ, have returned for further instruction in English and industry, hoping, perhaps, for the free use of both sometime, as American citizens.

Hampton's work for Indians—Carlisle's and the rest—means something more than Government patronage. It means public sentiment, public faith in the work of humanity, public determination to carry it out. Does it not?

Rev. Mr. Gravatt, Rector of St. John's Episcopal Church in Hampton, is well known to our readers as a Virginia gentleman officially connected with the school and long a generous and earnest coadjutor in its work for two races, particularly for the Indians. Just returned home from a journey, he adds his cordial testimony to Hampton's answer. It will be found with other editorials, on page 47. See also, the Indian department of this number, for a communication from Miss Collins, and other interesting Indian matters.

WE OFFER HEREWITH a brief resume of testimony from missionaries, army officers and United States agents, beginning with a letter from Bishop Hare, who, as Missionary Bishop from Southern Dakota, is too well known to require introduction:

PHILADELPHIA, *March* 19, 1886.

My Dear Mr. Welsh:

I am amazed at the statement which you say is gaining currency that "Indian students from schools at the East relapse almost without exception, on their return home, into barbarism."

Twelve years of my life have been spent as a Missionary Bishop in work among Indians whose children have been largely represented in these schools. The missions and schools in which I am especially interested, are all of them located right among the Indians, and my prepossessions, therefore, are altogether enlisted in behalf of schools situated on Indian Reservations; and my judgment is that most of the educational work for Indians should be done there.

But I cannot shut my eyes to the incalculable service which well conducted Eastern boarding schools have done the Indians, and I am filled with alarm when I hear it suggested that their work should be either discontinued or crippled.

(*A.*) Those schools serve as *high standards* by which Reservation Schools are tested, and they thus correct the common tendency to apologize for poor school work on Reservations with the thought, "O, this is about the best that can be done with Indians."

(*B.*) They are models, to which schools less advantageously placed, are working up.

(*C.*) They have placed a practical argument in favor of Indian education before which scepticism has fled, and indifference been warmed to zeal.

(*D.*) And they have sent back to the Indian country a large number of young people who have been of great service, intellectually, morally, and practically, to their people.

I am aware that much testimony can be produced on the other side.

The reasons are not hard to discover. Some students do turn out badly, and such cases make deep impressions.

Indian youth, like white young people, when they come back to their homes from school or college, are apt to have an exaggerated sense of their own importance, and want to have their own way.

They have ideas of their own, and are harder to manage than ignorant Indians, a disagreeable thing to incompetent guides.

They know too much to be easily cheated, and they have too much independence to submit to being treated like dogs.

To some this is inconvenient. In a word, these students are in their green-apple stage. People who bite them of course make faces. But let them alone, or give them the sunshine of a kind and considerate friendship, and they will become ripe and mellow.

Yours sincerely,
W. H. HARE.

The Rev. Thos. L. Riggs, missionary to the Sioux Indians, and son of the Rev. Dr. Riggs, the veteran missionary to Dakota, made the following statement in 1884:

Now I would offer in regard to the facts above mentioned, the following by way of comment and suggestions. 1st. There is danger of expecting too much; you are not going to lift up a savage people by giving to a few boys and girls a three years' course of study alone. The dead weight of the heathen life is greater than we suppose. 2d. It is difficult to reach and hold to a correct standard in judging the boys. It is wholly unfair for an Indian agent to test an Indian boy returned from school, according to the requirements of trained labor. This accounts for the fact, that many of the boys, who at first did well, are not reported as doing so well now. 3d. We must admit, that in some cases the results have not been wholly satisfactory. So in any other line of work and effort; failures are not confined to this work alone. 4th. Careful study of results show that failures have not been the rule.

Now, my own feeling is, from what I regard the correct standpoint, that of entire satisfaction; the gain is more than I had expected. A little education is apt to spoil an ignorant man for a time. He usually, however, grows out of his spoiled condition. So with our Indian boys—being away at school, is very apt to bring them home on an inflated basis. Often you can do nothing whatever with them. This is not the case with returned Hampton students alone.

Some of the boys have returned to the camp and camp life, and to all appearances are but little above what they were before. They are not, however, as before, and never can be. They need a certain support and charity of judgment, and from friends at least, this should be freely granted.

In conclusion, I may say, that by no means is it true that your boys from Hampton "have gone back, and are worse Indians than before," as one government official puts it. They have done better than some of us who are on the ground, and understand the difficulties of the question, expected they would. We rejoice in it, and bid you hearty God-speed. We see clearly the great need there is for continued support, sympathetic backing in the field; the boy must return home, there is no other place for him; and no one but the man—missionary or agent—interested in him and his people, can enable him to step down, and yet stand upright.

Very respectfully yours,
T. L. RIGGS.

From Nevada comes a decided expression of opinion:

WADSWORTH, Nevada, *Oct.* 23, 1885.

PRESIDENT OF INDIAN SCHOOL,
Hampton, Va.

Dear Sir:—Will you please send me a catalogue of your school, and such other information as is necessary in regard to a student entering your institution? I am doing missionary work among the Piutes (or Mimas) of this State.

There is a youth here, 19 years old, of good character (having been raised by a white family), who would be useful among his tribe if he could be induced to go away to some institution where he would receive proper training. He still lives with the white family, and is attending the public school this winter. He reads and writes fairly, and speaks English pretty well. He also talks his own language.

We have schools here on the Reservations, but it is not advisable for him to attend, as they are not as good as the public schools, and being constantly in the midst of the tribe he unavoidably would grow up full of Indian notions.

I have been among these Indians for three years, and have reached two conclusions:

1st. These people can be best civilized by educated teachers of their own.

2d. These teachers must be educated outside of Reservation schools, such as those with which I am acquainted.

You will confer a favor by an early reply.

Respectfully,
J. M. HELSEY,
Missionary.

[Boy is now waiting decision of Congress on a bill to establish a Normal School for Indians in Nevada. If not passed wants to come next Fall.]

Lieut. Geo. Le Roy Brown, U. S. A., who has seen six years' service among the Sioux tribes, and was for three years commandant of cadets at the Hampton School, says:

On the 18th of June, 1883, in compliance with the instructions of the principal, Gen. Armstrong, I left Hampton in charge of a party of twelve Indian youths, who were to be returned to their homes in Dakota Territory. Having performed this duty, I was directed to look up ex-students, visit the parents of the students, and to return to Hampton about the last of September, with twenty Indian youths.

On arriving at their homes, the boys had no difficulty in obtaining remunerative employment. Revisiting one of the agencies in September, I was informed that one, who had been returned in June, on account of the physical disability of his father (who had been badly frozen during the previous winter), had earned since his return several hundred dollars, furnishing hay to freighters to the Black Hills. This is an exceptional case, but I was agreeably surprised to find that all the boys who had been returned home from Hampton had done better than I had expected. The majority had decidedly improved, and not one had gone back to Indian ways. They have shown a strong inclination to work, earn money, and improve. The three years' course at Hampton is too short a time to accomplish the best results. A number of the leading Indians are recognizing this, and requested me to keep their children as long as I thought best. I brought back to Hampton three of the boys who had been returned two years previous after a three years' course; one had assisted in teaching at the agency school for a year, and was employed, at the time of my visit, as a laborer at the agency at $20 a month; another had been employed for nearly two years as assistant teacher at the agency school, and the third had been employed, off and on, at the agency as laborer. They were at different agencies; all had improved since leaving Hampton, but were anxious to receive a better training. Altogether, the outlook for the boys was very encouraging. The Indians readily acquiesce in the new departure taken and independent spirit shown by returned Indian boys.

We quote from a recent lecture of Capt. Henry Romeyn's, who has for many years served among the Indians, and was for three years at Hampton:

You can place one hundred young men old enough to take up arms and go on raids, at Hampton, or Carlisle, or Lawrence, and keep them there for a year, out of harm's way, learning good and unlearning evil, gaining a knowledge not only of books, but of how to earn an honest living, for less than the Nez Perces war alone cost in money, and lose no lives by violence, and the expenses of them for two years will be less than those of a company of troops following them in the field for three months. * * * There are no children at Hampton or Carlisle to-day who are not there with the consent of their parents or friends, and ten times that number could be had for school attendance, if there were room to place them. * * * * Those who have sent children to Hampton and Carlisle, do appreciate what is being done for them. Their influence is already felt, and scores of Indian parents bless the white man who has taken their children and shown them how to be true men and women.

The date and address of the following letter explains its timely appearance:

CARLISLE, PA., *March* 17th, 1886.

Hon. R. M. CUTCHEON,
House of Representatives.

Letter just received. We have returned to 45 tribes, 438 pupils. I have received information that 34 are now employed as teachers, etc., in agency and other schools, that 42 are working for Government at agencies, that 27 are farming for themselves, that 56 are attending agency or other schools as pupils, that 9 are employed as clerks in stores, 41 are reported as doing nothing, 63 have died. Of the balance I have no certain information, but know that a good proportion are employed as scouts and policemen. Since school began, Oct., 1879, we have had 1,041 students. Of these I have sent into families hereabouts for longer or shorter periods, 716, coming from all tribes, 24 being Apaches, and a full proportion being Sioux, Kiowas, Comanches and Cheyennes, and others of the so-called "bad tribes." Only 7 of this whole number have been charged with criminal conduct. We always require that unsatisfactory pupils be returned to the school; 42 were so returned. 84 are out at present, these attend school among the whites, and are mainly in excess of the number appropriated for, and without material cost to the Government. This system qualifies for a change from tribal and reservation life to that of a citizen, and begets the desire for it. Scarcely a student but is able to take care of himself or herself among civilized people, at the end of their five years' course. So far as my somewhat extended information goes, the committee's visits to agencies seem to have been of the briefest character.

I invited and urged Mr. Holman to bring his committee to Carlisle. He made two promises that he would do so, but he did not. It would seem important that the coroner should at least view the corpse. I have read the speeches of Mr. Cannon and Mr. Holman and others carefully, and trust that the committee will furnish the minutest report, with names of witnesses and evidence taken. Looking at the black sheep alone, the best institutions in the world will stand condemned. It is the murderers and housebreakers in the great city whose work is fully paraded in the morning papers, and not the work of the 80,000 non-criminal citizens. In regard to the cost of Carlisle, as compared to agency boarding schools, see page 30, near top of this year's report of Indian Schools' Superintendent, that the per capita cost per month of agency boarding schools is $14.55, or $174.60 per annum. Congress gave us last year $175 per capita. Our work continues, and a training goes on of full twelve months. Agency boarding schools remand their children to camp for two or three months, and education goes backwards in the tribes. The industrial systems and examples are at the minimum, and the whole tendency is to consolidate, unify and strengthen the tribes as such, and create petty nations as Choctaw and Creek, etc. Here with a great mixture of tribes, and surrounded by civilization, the feeling is broken up, and we educate in loyalty to the Government and individual manhood, which would continue and go on to perfection in proper soil. Citizenship and industry are the great influences here, while, per contra, there is no place in the United States where citizenship and industry are at a greater discount than upon an Indian Reservation. The million dollars the Indian Commissioner recommends for education this year is objected to. I hear nothing outside of Congress that warrants the views expressed. It ought to be two millions for next year. The beneficences of one man, Stephen Girard, gives nearly $500,000 annually for the education and support of 1100 to 1200 fatherless lads from the slums of Philadelphia, who have no such claims upon him as the helpless Indian youths have upon the United States. Turn on all the light, and the most competent and experienced investigation you can, both here and all over the field, and you will then adopt means big enough to release the Indian quickly from his ignorance and reservation prison.

R. H. PRATT,
Capt. and Supt.

From the agencies come strong proofs of the character of our returned students. Major Gasmann of Crow Creek says:

CROW CREEK AGENCY, Aug. 14, '85.

My dear General:

Your kind letter in regard to the Hampton children on this and Brule Reserve should have had an earlier answer had it not been for the fact that I desired to visit Brule Agency before writing. This visit has now been made, although I am quite unwell from hay fever—and I have made inquiries with regard to all the children. As soon as the young men return home they generally demand work. Unfortunately I have not the work to give them. I can only employ a certain number of men. They become impatient at this delay and sometimes speak *unadvisedly* with their lips. I have advised them to work with their friends upon their farms until such time as I can get work for them at the Agency. I regret that some of them have joined with the old chiefs and have counseled with them unwisely. None of them, as far as I know, have gone back to the Indian ways, but not having regular employment, they are restless and sometimes unreasonable. Here at Crow Creek Little Eagle and Samuel Cetan are now at work—one as wheelright and the other as blacksmith's apprentice. Edward Ashley is working on his farm and taking care of his and his relatives' cattle. The others are all working on farms—have assisted in harvesting and haying, and as far as I can see, have conducted themselves well. I am in hopes of being able to establish several day-schools soon—here and at Lower Brule—where I shall place those fitted for such work. I am doing all I can for these young people and I have no doubt but that most of them will do well. We must expect some discontent among them, as the change from Ilampton to Lower Brule, and even to Crow Creek, is very great. What we must have is more industries at the agencies, and day-schools, where these young people can be regularly employed. It shall not be my fault if we have them not.

Very truly yours,
JOHN G. GASMANN, U. S. Indian Agt.

From Cheyenne River, Major Swan reports:

"What we need here is an Industrial School near but not on the agency. * * The day-schools are well attended, and the Indians appear anxious that their children shall be sent to school."

Maj. McLaughlin of Standing Rock, D. T., writes:

"The Hampton pupils at the Agency are all doing well, with the single exception of F——, whose conduct is not satisfactory. John P—— is still stableman at the Agency and John T—— is assistant carpenter and doing well. Rosa B——, and Frances W—, are at school preparing themselves as teachers and I intend to place them both in one school as teachers on May 1st. The school will be a day school located in Sitting Bull's camp, three miles south of the Agency, where either myself or wife can visit them daily, and I am confident of their ability to conduct it successfully. Jennie N—— was married to an excellent young man, Louis P—— by name, on the 11th inst. He is a mixed-blood of the tribe and is employed as clerk and interpreter in the Trader's store at the Agency."

Maj. McGillycuddy of Pine Ridge, D. T., has lost none of his faith in day schools:

U. S. Indian Reserve, Pine Ridge Agency,
Dakota, Mar. 14, '85.

Miss Elaine Goodale.

Dear Madam.

* * I am now building my eighth day-school, about four miles south-west of the Agency.

A few weeks ago I began striking the children off the ration tickets for non-attendance on the schools, and as a consequence we now have an average attendance in our seven day schools of seventy-five each and requests from the Indians for three or four more day schools.

Red Cloud's village will break up and scatter in the spring. The Cheyenne village we visited has split in two and half of the Cheyennes will settle away from the agency in the spring and build homes. So the work goes on. Yours,

V. T. MCGILLYCUDDY.

SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October

Printed on the Normal School Steam Press by Negro and Indian students trained in the office.

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The Southern Press. Both Sides.

The interest in the "Blair Bill" has steadily increased in the South during the past month, and it is no easy task to reconcile the conflicting views, or interpret the various motives which are indicated in the innumerable editorials which have appeared in the newspapers of the South, since the subject has been under discussion.

We give two from prominent colored journals which fairly state the situation as it appears to intelligent Negroes:

Our readers should read carefully the very logical paper of Prof. B. K Sampson in this issue. The subject, education, could hardly receive a finer treatment than in this article. It is a wonder ho any one can be so blind as to require this argument, when, viewed from any point, there is everything in favor of the equality of the races as to moral qualities and moral development. After all the enlightenment the more favored class is not yet educated out of the character whence spring all the vicious crimes known to the darkest ages of the world, while the colored race have made considerable progress in moral growth. But the article under consideration is no stronger in its demand for educating the one class more than the other. Should the Blair Bill become a law, the money of the Government invested in common education will bring better returns than any other national investment.—*Christian Recorder.*

The discussion on The Blair Bill shows that while the South is willing to take the bounty from the general government,—a bounty accorded because of illiteracy of the South,—yet it is unwilling to have any conditions imposed that will cause its distribution on the basis of illiteracy and not that of population. While "a half loaf is better than no bread," and the passage of the Bill as reported from the Committee, may be preferable to its defeat with the substituted amendment of Senator Edmunds, still the principle contended for by senators Allison, Ingalls, Logan, Hale and Edmunds is the true noe.

It was decided not to distribute the money on the basis of population, because that would not bestow the money most where there was the greatest need—the late slave states; therefore the distribution determined on was that of the number of illiterates. As the South has the greatest number of illiterates it gets the lion's share; but when the next step is taken, to provide that these shall receive the benefits according to the avowed intention of the bill,—the majority of the illiterates,—that is "a horse of another color." That there are practical difficulties, they may be Constitutional, in the way of the general goverment administering this fund so as to accord to each race its share, we will admit; yet the introduction of the amendment and its championship may serve to remind the South that the administration of their public schools will be more carefully scrutinized than ever before.

People's Advocate.

The *Memphis Appeal* supports Senator Jackson as follows:

It is pleasant to know that the speech of Senator Howell E. Jackson, in support of the Blair Bill, is regarded by the ablest members of that body as one of the strongest arguments ever delivered in the Senate Chamber. It was his first set speech before that body, but it more than satisfied the most critical judges, and made for him a place among the first lawyers and best debaters in Congress. He rose with the occasion, and was never so much himself as when he was being questioned and cross-questioned by those in opposition in the debate. He proved himself a master of the subject and equal to any emergency of the hour. His figures and facts were presented in a convincing way, and his logic was irresistible. Tennessee is proud of the man who thus vindicates her intelligence and her desire for the spread of education to the humblest home.

From the *Norfolk Weekly Virginian* and the *Richmond Whig* we take the following:

The Blair project for Federal appropriations toward education in the States has varying fortunes. The Allison amendment, to apportion the money upon the basis of relative illiteracy of the races—which would of course compel expenditure of this public treasure chiefly in the interest of colored people—places new menaces in front of the measure. In whatever shape it may pass, however, it is by no means fixed that the President would not veto the bill.

There are strong reasons for believing that the enemies of the Blair Bill in the House of Representatives will adopt the tactics of delay in order to secure its defeat. As it passed the Senate by more than a two-thirds vote, there is but little doubt that it will pass the House by a good majority also, if a square vote can be reached in that body; but that is the very thing its enemies will try to prevent. They will first endeavor to smother it in committee, and when that can be no longer done, they will resort to dilatory measures in order to prevent its consideration in the House. But it is hoped that the friends of the bill will not be outgeneraled in that way. It is true that a small number of determined men can cause a good deal of trouble and delay, but the majority can always have their way at last, and if it be true, as is generally conceded, that a majority of the House favor the bill, all that is required to effect its passage, is perseverance and a little parliamentary skill. There are several ways under the rules of securing a direct vote on the proposition, and if it is not done the public will conclude that its professed friends turned traitors to the cause, and will hold them responsible accordingly. There has never been a proposition before Congress that was more popular with the people, and if their representatives by any act of omission or commission contribute to its defeat, they may as well make up their minds to remain at home for the future. We do not believe it would be possible to elect a man to Congress in Virginia who had opposed this measure, and no doubt a similar state of feelings exists in other Southern States.—*Richmond Whig.*

The *Religious Herald* strongly expresses itself in regard to the progress made by the colored people, and its statement of facts is worthy of attention:

Twenty years ago there were not 15,000 colored people in the South who could read, and now 1,000,000 colored children are in the public schools of the South. There are 16,000 colored teachers, and more than 80 newspapers owned and edited by colored men. Over 100 schools for higher education are now in successful operation. In fact, in the history of education nothing can compare with the present work among the colored people.

In 1882, they owned in Georgia 6,800 acres of land. Some individuals are worth from ten to fifty thousand dollars. In 1882, the colored people of the South owned 5,600,000 acres of land, and were assessed for $91,000,000.

There are reasons for this. At the close of the war they were surrounded by Christians who were desirous of promoting their religious development—by some who felt that, unless the colored people were elevated, the white people would be dragged down; that, if the prison of ignorance and superstition were permitted to permeate one race, it would only be a question of time before the entire community would feel its destructive effects. The degradation of one half of a community, they felt, would be highly detrimental to the other. Then there were others, pioneers, path-makers of thought, with wide and generous sympathies, who took broader views from higher grounds, and who worked slowly and patiently, meeting at times with opposition from their own race, and often from the race whose good they sought—who gave the influence of their voice and pen to mould public sentiment in the right direction. The result of these efforts will be felt upon the generations to come.

Then again very much of this progress is unquestionably due to the schools planted in the South by the various benevolent organizations and missionary societies. It has been stated that since the war the North has contributed fully $20,000,000 to the cause of education in the South. The larger portion of this has been expended upon the colored people. The influence of the hundreds of Christian men and women who have served in institutions of learning or labored as missionaries, is seen and felt on every hand. The Baptists have done some of the work, and no inconsiderable portion of these results have been brought about by the labors of the missionaries of the American Baptist Home Mission Society. This Society is sustaining in the South fifteen schools for the training of preachers and teachers, and, last year, had 192 missionaries in the Southern States. The Society has expended $1,250,000 among the colored people.

That there has been progress among the colored people of our own State is indisputable. Many own farms, and in this city many own their own houses. This is desirable. In a community where the citizens, however humble they may be, own their homes, strikes and riots and wanton destruction of property are not likely to occur. Men who have the hills to pay (in the form of increased taxation) resulting from the wanton destruction of property are conservative and law-abiding.

Of the 6,416 teachers in this State, 1,664—or about one-fourth—are colored. In 1884, there was an increase in the number of teachers over the previous year of 63 among the whites and of 311—or five times as many—among the colored. In 1879, there were 415 colored teachers in Virginia; in 1885, there were 1,664 such teachers. The number of white teachers more than doubled in five years; the colored teachers quadrupled in the same time.

One has only to look into the new and comfortable churches in our own city, and also in the other cities of the State, to be convinced that in this respect there has been a great advance in twenty years. In the quiet and orderly congregations that assemble—composed of neatly dressed men and modestly attired women—are found unmistakable evidences of progress, not only in material prosperity, but also in culture and refinement. That the institutions fostered by the Northern societies have largely contributed to these results, all must admit. The two schools of the American Baptist Home Mission Society—*i. e.* the Wayland Seminary, at Washington, and the Richmond Institute, of our own city—have been of great service, not only to the colored Baptists of Virginia, but to the people generally. The latter of these institutions, which has just had its name changed to the Richmond Theological Seminary, has had an existence of about twenty years. The Hartshorn Memorial College is also doing a most important service. Prof. Tefft seems well fitted for the post of Principal, and his teachers are among the best. Good Deacon Hartshorn deserves great credit for the zeal and generosity with which he has borne the burdens of this enterprise.

Prof. C. H. Corey, D D., the most popular man in Richmond, some say, has shown great ability as Principal of the Richmond Institute. The man does not live who spurns a mean thing more than Dr. Corey, or is more willing to do his best for a good cause. He is going to have a good place in history, and tears will be shed in coming years over him as thousands of Baptists will read of the consummate tact with which, during all the exciting times succeeding the war, Dr. Corey "held his own" with all parties and with both races. Some day we expect to write the history of Dr. Corey and of his Institute and print it for the good it will do. There is no good reason for withholding pleasant words about Dr. Corey until his death. He is not likely to be injured by them. Indeed, it is not praise, but money, about which he is anxious just now. He wants the white Baptists of Virginia to feel for his cause—to feel in their pockets. Dear brethren and sisters of Virginia, what better thing can you do than give this Richmond Institute $10,000?

Professor White (Professor of Chemistry and Agricultural Science in the University of Georgia) has lately pronounced the "Negro laborer to be a failure," and insists that in the importation of foreign labor lies the only hope of the South. In reply to this the *Christian Recorder* says:

It is very true the poor condition of the South and the presence of the Negro have a logical connection, so has the former an intimate connection with the white man of the South. It is notoriously known that the people of the South are characterized by love of ease, distinguishing titles and much land.

Prof. White and they whole South are responsible for the Negro's incompetency as a skilled workman. They have trained him by their wisest and severest methods and set before him their examples, which he has followed to a fault in most respects, improving upon a few. It is the white man of the South, the native white peasant, who, with dishevelled hair, covering an ignorant head, his wife and children crowded in a cart drawn by one ox, as well as the Negro, who sleepily enters the Southern town and gives to it its shiftless, wo-begone appearance.

It is not the black man alone who fails to beautify the South. The rudely constructed houses of millions of white men, their cow-sheds, railroad station-houses, their starved soil, their poor fences, their lack of blooded stock, absence of barns, their puny hay stacks, their comparative illiteracy—are all of these laid at the door of the defenceless Negro? * * * * *

We suegest that Prof. White unite with Dr. Haygood and other good Christians in his State and spend the $5,000 in instructing the blacks and the whites instead of increasing the already overburdened state of illiteracy with recruits from Ireland and Italy. Meanwhile we take this opportunity to call the attention of our people to the necessity of improvement in mechanical and agricultural arts. Read books and papers on agricultural subjects, mechanics and common-life topics. Practice habits that will mark a people worthy of the confidence and support of all good people. Our churches and our school teachers could do much in directing and strengthening labor-organizing and labor-refining associations. The people who settled this country forced our race here to do their work. They have tried by every price within their gift to hold us in a servile state; even to the giving up of their best blood. This especially is true of the South, but really true of the country as a whole. Now, let us refuse to be driven from the important post of labor without a desperate effort to hold our place. Let the effort be worthy of the noble fathers who hoped and prayed so long for our freedom.

We shall be known by our work. The fact that many of the great mining interests are supported by colored labor when white men are ungovernable; the fact that much of the nicest railroad work of the South is done by colored men, shows the miscalculation of Prof. White. Georgia is about to abolish the whiskey traffic. Let her do this and she will confer a greater blessing upon herself than by crowding the already overcrowded working classes there with foreign recruits. If many thousand workmen would leave the State it would be a blessing to all concerned, but to increase the number would seem self-destructive.

SOUTHERN SKETCHES.

BY MRS. ORRA LANGHORNE.

What Virginia People Read.

Several journals, among them the New York *Times* and the Lynchburg *Advance*, have recently copied from the (English) *Fortnightly Review*, extracts from an article written by "Mrs. Nicholl," on Virginia people and social customs. I do not know who Mrs. Nicholl is, but am glad she wrote her observations, particularly as to the methods whereby the young men and maidens of the land enjoy each other's society. It is well that Virginia papers should copy Mrs. Nicholl's remarks, and it is hoped that those who read may profit by them.

On some points, however, I am inclined to differ with her, at least in regard to such sections of our State as I am acquainted with, chiefly the Shenandoah Valley and the region round Lynchburg. The English woman says: "There is a conspicuous lack of that intellectual vitality which more or less animates communities elsewhere. Here one may go from house to house and rarely see a book, except, maybe, a "dime" novel, or in some old family mansion the remains of what may once have been a fine library, imported from England a century ago. There is more deadness on the point of self-cultivation than it is easy to imagine." This statement is a great surprise to me. I think I know something of Virginia; I am sure I know no other land, and I am impressed with the idea that there is a great intellectual awakening throughout our borders. Everything is changed in the Old Dominion since our National Era, "Lee's Surrender," (Virginians never speak of it as the emancipation,) and in nothing is there more change than in the intense desire for knowledge pervading all classes of the people.

Mr. Harrison, who wrote some excellent articles on the "New South" in the *Atlantic Magazine* and New York *Tribune* several years ago, made many inquiries on this subject during his stay in Lynchburg. He advised the formation of reading circles or clubs among us, and after his return North induced several kind and liberal-minded people to send me boxes of books for distribution. At his desire I wrote out some notes on this subject, and as the MS. is before me I give an extract from it. * * *

Nov., 1882. Some ten or twelve years ago my sister, Miss A. D. Gray, of Harrisonburg, began what she called "keeping a church library." The war had left us greatly reduced in means, and the little enterprise was undertaken with the hope of making some money for the Episcopal Church, to which we were all deeply attached. My sister had some books of her own, others were given her by benevolent people, chiefly those interested in our church, and from time to time as she was able she has bought books which she thought would serve her purpose. She began by renting the books at ten cents a piece, but after awhile, finding few renters at that price, she reduced her price to five cents and has earned quite a respectable aum of money. She has taken a vast amount of trouble, usually carrying her books to people likely to rent them, frequently walking several miles to make five cents, though very often people came for the books and *sometimes* returned them. At first she allowed her customers to keep the books as long as they chose, but as this plan did not work well she began to charge five cents a week and has kept to this rule.

She says she has found the exercise taken in connection with the books very beneficial to her health, and as she frequently takes with her in her walks one or two of another sister's children, thus giving their mother more time for sewing and doing them good also, the time is well occupied. The village bookseller is very gracious to her, and tells her she has helped his trade so much by cultivating the taste of the community, that he is willing to sell her books at reduced rates. She visits the jail regularly, and tries to keep the prisoners supplied with instructive books and papers. She often gives or lends books to those unable to pay for them. In some cases, she has induced prisoners who could read, to teach their illiterate companions, by furnishing them with books to while away their erring hours. Those who know anything of jails know that the chief resource of prisoners is gambling, so this may be counted as really good work. Some of the habitual drunkards of the town are among her constant readers, and she takes much satisfaction in knowing that they are well employed and are putting their money to good use, at least while reading her books. Occasionally, one of these unfortunates, appreciating her kindly interest, will send her a notice of some book he wants to read, or will buy the book himself, and after reading it send it to her to circulate. She often finds the girls employed by the milliners and mantua makers eager for something to read. A handsome young girl of this class once told my sister that shop girls who were anxious to avoid evil associations were often "so lonely," and as they could not afford to buy books they seldom had anything to read. She spoke warmly of the pleasure the books from the "Church Library" had given her.

My sister is very scrupulous as to the books she circulates, and at one time almost determined to banish all novels from her collection, but her business fell away so much after she took this "high toned" stand that she reconsidered, and thereafter made use of books of fiction which she was perfectly sure were safe. By far the greater number of people prefer novels, and I think this is especially true of women.

My sister tells me she found it necessary to keep two copies of a few especially good books, and both copies were generally in circulation.

Among these is Mrs. Prentice's "Stepping Heavenward" and the "Chaplet of Pearls, and "Dave in the Eagle's Nest," by Miss Yonge. She and I both find a perfect furore among our constituents about "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a book which one might have been arrested for circulating in ante-bellum days, but which everybody wants to read now. The remark is constantly made, "I have heard of that book but never saw it, and am so anxious to read it." Sometimes, after it has been read, the book is returned and the reader says: "If I had read it before the war I would have been on the Northern side." A great many of the delightful books written for children now-a-days are extremely popular among the uncultivated grown people of both races. Among these are the books of Miss Alcott and Mrs. Whitney, and some beautiful Irish stories, by an author whose name I forget. My sister's plan is to sell a book which most of her people have read, for any price it will bring and use the money obtained towards buying a new book. For instance, some years ago she sold a copy (the large edition) of Du Chaillu's Travels in Africa, which had cost $4.50, for fifty cents to a sensible colored man who was going to one of the rural districts to teach school. Probably the Afric-American found his chief consolation that winter in contrasting his surroundings with those of his compatriots in the Dark Continent.

There was no library in Lynchburg when I came here in 1871, but the Y. M. C. A. is now trying to establish a library, and has made a very good beginning in that way. When we first moved to our home in the suburbs of the city, which then seemed to me in many respects on the outskirts of civilization, though it is now a pleasant and fast improving neighborhood, I was often asked for books by poor people living around me. I soon loaned all the books I had which they cared to read, and thought I would try my sister's plan for a circulating library. It did not work well at all for me. I had not the time or strength for it. I have no turn for selling anything or making money in any way, and found so many people anxious to read, to whom five cents appeared too large a sum to pay for a book, that I gave up renting or trying to rent books and lent or gave them away.

About the time I began my book business a friend from the North visited me, and became much interested in my work of circulating books. She said she had some books at home which she would like to send me, and as I knew she had no money to spare, I rashly told her I would pay the freight on the books from the rent collected from them. She sent me some excellent books, well worth the small amount paid for carriage, and told her friends about my efforts in the way of a circulating library. They sent boxes of books, too, some of them very heavy boxes; one of them contained several volumes of the Coast Survey in huge volumes, with other books equally unsuited to my purpose. The freight on this box was seven dollars. For a long time I did not know what to do with the Coast Survey, but at last gave it bodily to a neighbor whose ambition it was to get his boys, then children, into the navy when they reached the proper age. As a rule, good stories and novels are the most generally popular, and I think often do good in cultivating literary taste and instilling useful lessons.

Some trashy, and occasionally an immoral novel, has been sent me.

I regret this because I rarely have time for reading novels, and do not wish to circulate anything that might be harmful, and should always prefer lending standard works of undoubted purity of tone. Good travels and biographies are always acceptable.

Sometimes a friend whose lot is cast in one of our mountain regions, where the people are densely ignorant, comes to the city, and if I can, I give him at least one or two books which will convey a little light into the darkness. The books are given with the understanding that they are to be read and "lent around." It is evidence that the spirit of improvement has reached this wilderness that a request from that region was send me lately to send some more books and help the writer, who was trying to buy an organ for the little church near them. Perhaps the history of two or three of my books may best illustrate the kind of work I have been trying to do. Soon after the war, a dear friend in Baltimore sent me a copy of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad." It was the first copy that reached the valley, possibly the first in Virginia. All of our household read it, I lent it to our friends, and at length nearly everybody in the village had read it. The book was so much enjoyed by people who were sick or sad, that it came to be considered a remedy for all cases where it could be taken, and we sent it about to invalids, and people who, as the prayer-book says, were troubled in "mind, body or estate," a description which seemed to apply to most Virginians in those sad and weary days. After I came to Lynchburgh the book was sent out on its travels again, and was literally worn out in the service. It was long past being sewed or glued, when it started on its last journey, but many of the fragments were still readable, and I tied it together, and sent it to a nice young colored girl to read to her sick mother. I have long hoped that some good Yankee would be inspired to send me another copy. Several of Mark Twain's books I should like much to have for my library, and think they do a great deal of good. At one time a lady lived near me, whose daily life was so exceptionally severe and wearing, that only a woman remarkably strong in mind and body could have stood the strain. I once lent her a copy of "Roughing It," which had been loaned to me with permission to use it for a while in my library. For a long time I could not induce my care-burdened friend to return the book, though I begged earnestly for it. She said that volume was her chief resource and comfort, when worn out with her arduous duties, and she could not do without it. A minister, to whom I chanced to repeat this remark, meaning to show the value of the book, said grimly, "she had better read her Bible!" I could not agree with him, as I knew my friend did not neglect her religious duties, and made the Bible her rule of conduct, and thought she did well to turn to Mark Twain for diversion.

Some years ago, a box of books was sent to the children of a family whom I was visiting, and among the books was "Sally the Mountain Girl," by Mrs. Eudora Cheney. I knew something of Mrs. Cheney personally, and from reports of her lectures in the *Woman's Journal*, and was surprised to hear my hostess say "that book was not exactly refined, and as she did not care for her children to read it, I might have it if I wanted it." After reading the book I deemed my fastidious friend's criticism severe, and did not hesitate to put it into the hands of poor girls around me, both white and colored, the class for whom it was intended. There are one or two objectionable sentences, but the story teaches an admirable lesson of filial piety and persevering industry.

I have been amused to see how generally it gives pleasure to those who read it. I have taken pains to ask the opinion of all who have read it, and the answer usually is, "Oh! I liked it SPLENDID! It is a real pretty book." Sometimes a girl who had heard another speak of it, will come to ask for it, saying, "Please lend me that book Saley Jones or Susie Smith had, she said it was splendid and I ought to read it."

I hope I have shown that our young Virginians are not so "intellectually dead," as Mrs. Nicholl states.

But for fear of extending my article beyond reason I could add much more on the subject. I will only state that some years ago the prize offered by the London Athenæum (?) (open to all competitors) for the best original essay on Hamlet was awarded to two Virginia school-girls, the critic saying that "the essays of both were so good that they could not decide between them." At the time the prize was given both the young ladies were students at Hollin's Institute, Roanoke County, Va.

Home Making in the New South.

FROM OUR YOUNGEST CONTRIBUTOR

We were all glad to hear from an old family servant, Aunt Jane Wilson, when she came to see us a fortnight ago, that the little home for which she and her children had worked so faithfully, was at last paid for.

Soon after the war, Aunt Jane and her husband purchased a house and lot in New Town, a suburban village, the population of which is composed of colored people almost solely.

The house was old, small and uncomfortable, but the lot was large, and good land, and they resolved to put up a new house as soon as possible. In the meantime they built the necessary out-houses, dug a cistern, and made a garden. Several years ago they determined to build the new house without delay. By dint of careful economy, they built a very neat and comfortable house for eight hundred dollars. Robert is a good workman, and he and his sons saved a good deal by helping in the building.

They all fell to work to finish paying for it. Aunt Jane took in washing and she rubbed and wrung with added zest as she thought how pleasant it would be to own every plank in the floor on which she stood, bending over her tubs.

Robert is an excellent job workman, and when work was scarce he fell to basket-making. He did his work well and seldom failed to find ready sales for his baskets. Every cent they saved was added to the treasured sum, to meet the next payment on the little home.

The eldest son was living in Washington and sending his savings from time to time to help at home. He has lately been appointed to a government office under Democratic rule, which he had applied for and failed to get when the Republicans were in power.

After attending the Hampton school for a year or two, the youngest daughter, Lucy, got a position in the town as teacher of a public school, which she has kept ever since, a benefit alike to teacher and scholars, for her salary was a great help in meeting the yearly payments on the house, as well as in defraying the family expenses, and a good education added to a natural talent for teaching, makes her an excellent teacher.

Ulysses Grant ("Jr.," as Aunt Jane says) is the youngest son of the family. He has been at school until last year, though doing odd jobs, and helping in all the small ways a young boy can, saving where he can not earn, and studying faithfully. He graduated with honors and got a position as teacher. Whatever he could save besides helping his parents, he is keeping, hoping to earn enough to attend school at Hampton Institute for at least a year.

In spite of all this care and industry, there were times when they feared they must give up the hope. "But I knew the Lord was sure to help me," said Aunt Jane, and so she prayed and worked and waited, till, in His own good time, her prayer was answered, as He has promised to those who "ask in faith, nothing wavering," and she may spend her declining years in peace and quietness, under her own "vine and" *apple tree.*

The house itself is large, neat and pretty, with a tiny front porch, and gilded lightning rods on the roof. It was made at Aunt Jane's request, on the plan of her former master's home, with which she has almost as pleasant associations as have the children and grandchildren of the family. Her especial pride is in the folding doors between parlor and dining-room. She takes great pleasure also in the pretty little parlor, and one of the children she had nursed and played with in babyhood, and with whose children she is now a favorite story-teller and playmate, had laid aside for her a pair of lace curtains for her parlor. They were well worn, but neat darning had made them almost as good as new. "I am afraid the darns will show a little, Aunt Jane," her friend said rather deprecatingly, as she gave them to her. "Not at all, Miss Alice, but if they did show, I hope never to have in my house a visitor so ill-bred as to show if she did notice such a thing," responded Aunt Jane with the dignity of a queen. The curtains are now draped in the windows of the parlor; on the floor is a three-ply carpet, there are several easy chairs in the room, a sofa, and a pretty table where lie several books, and on the walls hang a few pictures. Foremost among these is a portrait of the master she so loved and honored. In another group are the photographs of two of the Hampton teachers, to whom their children owe the education that put them in such good stead and to whom they are so grateful.

This is only one of many hundreds of such homes growing up in the South, for the colored people are learning more and more the blessings of such homes. As the love of home-life grows, the love of Christ, which is so inseparable from all purity, will also increase, bearing in their lives the blessed fruit of good living.

H. H. D.

SILHOUETTES.

BY ALICE M. BACON.

Over the Hill to the Poorhouse.

One bright Sunday afternoon an expedition to the Poorhouse, long planned and postponed, was at last put under way. There were numerous reasons for visiting the place. Some of us wanted to call on the family of the keeper of the institution, some wanted to look over the accommodations and see whether there really was any reason for the violent prejudice against the place that exists in the minds of the Negro population of this region, and others wanted to see in what way the services held there every Sunday afternoon by two of our students were conducted. So with this threefold object we started out.

Ever since the day when Mary Frances White had told us that "she had no use for the Poorhouse" we have been filled with a desire to see the place, for Mary Frances can find a use for almost anything that she can obtain without expense to herself.

So four of us packed into a high box wagon, and with a gentle horse, recommended by the authorities at the stable as one that ladies can drive, we venture out on our mild Sunday afternoon dissipation. Bruce, entirely thrown off his balance by this unexpected run on the day that is to him the dreariest of the whole week, barks madly at our horse's heels, or chases the unwary domestic fowl, or the wary turkey buzzard. These amusements are varied by occasional plunges into muddy puddles or ditches, whence he emerges to shake his dripping coat on the first foot passenger in Sunday best that he may chance to meet. Bruce is evidently not in a Sunday frame of mind, neither are dogs, ducks, people or chickens, along the course of his triumphal progress.

As we pass Zion Church, the people are just coming out from their somewhat protracted morning service. The road is filled with colored people talking, laughing, hand-shaking, in the sociable manner of all country congregations after their meeting. Many friendly faces light up with a smile of recognition as we pass, for there are in this company Butler children and their parents, in whose houses the name of the Butler principal is a household name, and that distinguished personage is of our party. So the Butler grin is prevalent and "Good morning Miss H.," greets us in a continuous murmur as we pass along. Our eye is caught by a frantic gesticulation, and as we follow up the waving arms we see the beaming beseeching face of a deaf and dumb friend. "Dumb Eliza" is the name that she goes by, and her mother and daughter both suffer under the same affliction. They live in a little two-roomed cabin, off in the fields; and in the family of five persons, Eliza's stepfather, old Cæsar Selden, and her youngest child, a baby of three or four, are the only persons who can speak. But though Eliza cannot speak, she can make herself understood by signs and gestures. She called at my cabin one day to tell me how terribly her cabin leaked. First she pointed at the ceiling, and with a pitiful face and a noisy drawing in of the breath, showed me that something was wrong there. Then with a drooping motion of the hands, and much facial pantomime she indicated the downfall of something. Then a chill seized her, and a terrible shivering and chattering of teeth indicated that it was cold, and last of all she seized a corner of her tattered garment, and with a wringing motion and many grimaces and stertorous breathings showed how wet it was. Even the dullest mind could not have failed to comprehend the situation. The kindly help of some friends at the North has put into our hands the means of repairing some of the graphically-described leaks, and we hope that soon Dumb Eliza will be freed from the necessity of wringing out her garments after every rain.

As we drive on through the country we soon get beyond the crowd, and for a little way our road lies through the open fields, only dotted at wide intervals with little cabins. Then we pass through the pine woods, fragrant with the warm, damp breath of this early spring day. At last at the left, a cluster of neat whitewashed buildings is pointed out to us as the Poorhouse, and we strike off from the main road leading up to the gate. A whitewashed fence made of rough palings, encloses the house of Mr. P., the man to whom the county has entrusted the care of its paupers. A strong-looking man, whose tawny beard and hair give him a somewhat leonine aspect, opens the gate for us to drive in. That he is either crazy or idiotic is quite evident from the manner in which he answers our questions in regard to the whereabouts of Mr. P. We are also inclined to the opinion that he is white, though in this part of the world it is sometimes hard for even the wisest to tell black from white.

There is a case in hand right here. We descend from our high vehicle and walk up to the door of the low comfortable looking house within the whitewashed enclosure. A dusky serving maid answers our knock, and as we ask to see Mrs. P., and send up our names, shows us into a parlor that looks like the best room of many a New England farm house. Soon the door opens, and a motherly-looking woman, with smooth dark hair coiled in a knot at the back of her head, and with snowy kerchief and apron, comes with outstretched hand to meet us. As you look at her, she might be some New England farmer's wife, though perhaps, on close inspection, the full dark eye and the somewhat more rounded curves of cheek, lip and chin might indicate the secret of her race, for this woman is "colored," by virtue of some two or three drops of African blood, drops almost lost in the full tide of the Caucasian that flows through her veins. As we sit and talk with her, the children, return from church, the older sister, demure, dignified, lady like in manner and conversation, our salutatorian last year at the Normal School, and this year a teacher at the Butler, and two younger children, a boy and girl, well mannered, well dressed, and two of the most promising children in the Butler now. We ask about the people now under Mrs. P's care, and find that there are about fourteen, most of them very old, or totally disabled from sickness. Two of the number are white men, strong bodily, but deficient mentally. Several of the colored paupers are idiotic or crazy, the rest of them too old or feeble to do any work. One young man, Mr. P. speaks of as the "dumbest person" she ever knew. He was picked up and put in jail for vagrancy, and finally sent to the Poorhouse. His name has been extracted from him, but he either will not or cannot tell anything else, and maintains complete silence all the time.

During the conversation, we mention Mary Frances White as a candidate for board at the expense of the county. Mrs. P. knows her and all about her, and seems to think that Mary Frances would be far from happy under the restraints that must be imposed on the inmates of the institution. A few stories are told about the peregrinations of some of her boarders; of how the white man who opened the gate for us, goes off occasionally and disposes of all his clothing, of how "Foolish Frank" wanders away once in a while, and then sends word to Mr. P. to come to such a place in a wagon and bring him home. The great difficulty in managing the paupers seems to be the difficulty of keeping them at peace with one another, for, with nothing else to do to amuse themselves life would be dreary indeed without occasional fights among themselves.

The children escort us out to the "quarters" that we may see for ourselves how the paupers live. A good sized one-story house; stands on a beautiful point of land that runs out into Hampton Creek. The water dances and sparkles in front of it, and on both sides, and the fine turf is just growing green under the breath of spring. As we reach the little porch we stand for a few moments outside of the half open door. An earnest voice within is engaged in prayer, and rises and falls in musical cadences in that peculiar chant which always seems to be the natural and earliest form of prayer. Doubtless, to the poor souls that listen, it seems like a strain of heavenly music that will bear their souls up from earth into the very presence of God. A hearty amen follows when the last entreating note has died away, and then a hymn is lined out and sung. And such singing! The poor old cracked voices wander where they will, but from the wandering of them all there issues the vague semblance of a tune. Look for one moment at the scene within. See the crouching figures swaying backward and forward as they sing, the worn pathetic faces lighted up now with the hope that the prayer and hymn have inspired. Off yonder in a corner is one hopeless face, dark, despairing, though quite young. He sits in the attitude of one who has just received some sudden shock, and has not quite collected his wits so as to fit himself again to his altered conditions. His head is bent down, one hand rests on each knee, he never looks up as the visitors enter or shows a sign of interest in anything that is going on. Either the boy is not right in his wits, or he has met with some shock that has benumbed his faculties for the time. This is the boy whom Mrs. P. characterizes as being the dumbest person she ever saw.

When the singing is ended we go in, and are welcomed warmly by most of the paupers. As we go from one to another, their faces grow fairly radiant, and they seem pleased and proud to answer questions about themselves. One man attracts our attention who is so badly deformed that it is with difficulty that he can turn his head to look at us as we speak to him. A bright, pleasant face he has, though one that bears evidence of much suffering. He has been out here thirteen years, and reached his present deformed condition through rheumatism, which has drawn him up into the shapeless mass that he is to-day. He says that he likes the Poorhouse well enough, but the thing that he finds hardest in his lot is the inability to work. He said he had been used to working all his life, and he sort of missed it. A peep or two into the bedrooms is enough. Though the paupers all looked clean and comfortable personally, their rooms were not attractive to eyes rendered sharper, perhaps, by Sunday morning inspection of the boys' quarters at the Normal School.

We leave "the quarters" at last to return to our horse, but Bruce, whose spirits have in no way diminished by his run, sees fit to assert his superiority over the Poorhouse dogs by sundry snaps and growls at their familiarity. Thereupon ensues a grand dog fight, in which three dogs are rolled in one indiscriminate snapping heap, while the human proprietors of the dogs run wildly around the edges of the conflict, making occasional dives at the combatants, and separating them for a moment, only to see them join in fierce conflict again. At last, Bruce is rescued and dragged into the house, choking and snorting over his fancied victory, the large brown dog is dragged off by the gate-keeper and ignominiously confined in the barn, and the small black cur who promoted the quarrel by his overpowering impertinence is left in undisturbed possession of the field.

After bidding good bye to the P. family we climb into our wagon and turn our faces toward the school. Bruce hopping ostentatiously along on three legs, except when the sight of a duck or goose causes him to forget his lameness in an exhilarating chase.

We reach home just as the battalion is drawn up in line for church inspection, and hastily handing over our horse, we shut up our dog, don our best gloves, and proceed to afternoon service.

Mark Tapley in Bronze.

Readers of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN may remember Watt Smith, whose jollity under the most adverse circumstances was worthy of a Mark Tapley. A week or two ago, the little round face appeared once more at my cabin door. This time he appeared not all alone, but in company with an elderly colored woman. Watt Smith does not consider that it is polite for him to come upon my piazza without a special invitation, so the manner in which he makes known his presence without is by tapping with his stick upon the posts that support the piazza roof. The tapping is peculiar and unmistakable and as I answered the summons, I was fully prepared for the delighted grin that pervaded space when I opened the door. A little piece of rusty crape tied around the crown of the battered beaver led me to the belief that the wife whose demise had been so jubilantly expected at our last interview, had at last passed away. However I opened the conversation by polite enquiry after the health of his old woman. The radiant smile broke forth into a gurgle of infectious laughter. "My ole 'oman done dead, at las'," he said as soon as he could speak after his paroxism of mirth. "Your old woman is dead, is she?" I reply, somewhat at a loss in regard to the thing expected of me at this point in the conversation. "Yes, Miss Baker, my ole 'oman done dead and dis yer my own dear sister," and he pushed forward the woman with him who solemnly handed me a paper. The paper was to certify that the bearer, Eliza Lee, was a deserving woman whose house had been entirely burned down with everything in it on the previous Sunday night. Old Watt chuckles and grins like a benevolent monkey while I am perusing the brief document and then finds his voice again to explain amid spasms of laughter how "his ole 'omen died Thursday, and Monday he moved out to stay wid his sister, and de nex' Sunday evenin' whiles dey was at meetin' de house done burn down and burn up all dey had 'ceppin de cloes dey had on." Here was real want and loss, but old Uncle Watt is jolly in spite of it all. "It done burn down an I been livin' like a dog ever since," he says. "I has not slep' three hours since dat night," he adds. The old woman, his sister, is as solemn as Watt is jolly, and her trouble has made her look at life from a pretty serious point of view. Her son, who lived near her, has taken her in to stay until she can get her house rebuilt, and she is engaged in trying to get a little help from her friends. She looked affectionately at her funny little brother, and says that she was mighty pleased to have him come to live with her. "And are you going to live with your sister all the time now?" we say to Watt. "Lawd, yes, honey, I'se g'wine to die wid her," he rejoins gleefully. After gaining some rather hazy directions as to the road to their abiding place, we bid them good-bye, and the queer old couple trot off contentedly, Watt still grinning and chuckling over the extreme humorousness of his present situation.

To-day we went out to look them up, and after a long drive of seven or eight miles we found them not far from the banks of the James river. The new house was going up and stood half finished, its new pine boards gleaming yellow against the dark background of the woods. As we came up, Watt's comical little figure came hobbling toward us. A little heap of crumbled bricks and charred timbers, with here and there a bit of broken crockery or battered and blackened tinware, showed where the old house had stood. Watt stood over the ruins exultingly, while he rehearsed the story of the fire. A little house near by is pointed out as the one in which the old lady is at present living with one of her sons. One of the sons comes up and in answer to our questions in regard to the cost of the new house tells us that they have spent $13.00 on lumber and haven't quite enough to finish with and will want besides about $9.00 worth of bricks for the chimney. Soon the old lady herself appears panting after a hurried walk from her other son's field where she has been engaged in helping him put in his potatoes. "He's been workin' for me on my house an' I likes to do what I can for him," she says in explanation. The whole family seem very affectionate and helpful toward each other. The sons help their mother, the mother the sons, and the old brother and uncle looks on approvingly and helps or is helped in his turn. The neighborhood too, seems friendly and pitiful. Eliza tells us how one little boy came and brought a handful of nails to help the poor old aunty whose house got burned down. Very grateful they seem for the small contribution which the missionary society of the school has sent out by us and the old lady is fairly radiant when we promise her some pictures that may perhaps in some measure replace the ones that her daughter sent her from Boston that she lost in the fire. Poor old woman! it is hard at her time of life to have to try and replace all the little treasures that have been accumulating through years. She points to the broken china, coarse blue printed ware, yet doubtless treasured by her as carefully as we would treasure Sevres or Satsuma, and says she had a little corner cupboard there where she kept her nice china.

The whole family, four generations in all, come out and look on while we linger around the ruins. As we drive away we are followed by fervent blessings mingled with murmurs of admiration for our horses and our personal appearance generally. Watt's chuckle is the last thing we hear and its mirth seems heightened by the feeling that he has been the humble instrument of gaining for his sister the honor of such distinguished visitors.

Many a heart would be hardened but for the memory of the past griefs, when eyes, now averted, perhaps, were full of sympathy, and hands now cold were eager to soothe and succor.

He who has no comfortable expectation of another life to sustain him under the evils in this world, is of all creatures the most miserable.

STATUE OF "LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD."

Letters From Hampton Graduates.

From "the Promised Land." A New Exodus. Women and Children Left to Suffer. From a Representative's Daughter. Teacher Temperance by Self Denial. A Quilt that is Not Crazy. From Our Journeymen Teachers. Knocking at Hampton's Doors After Eight Years' Absence.

FROM "THE PROMISED LAND."

One would expect a pleasant report from "the promised land," and here it is, sent by one of Hampton's earliest graduates, a young married woman, now teaching in that happy land.

——— S. C., *February* 12, '86.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong.

My Dear Friend:

It has been a very long time since I have had the pleasure of addressing you a letter, but I can assure you it was not because I had not forgotten my kind "principal" and friend.

I am teaching in the public school in "the Promised Land," just a mile from a small station on the ——— railroad. "The Promised Land," a queer name is it not? I don't know how it received its name; but it is a tract of about three thousand acres of land which was sold by the Government to a number of colored families. They have been here, I suppose, some fifteen or more years, and they seem to have done well in many ways, though there is much still to be done in the way of improvement.

There is a host of young people growing up to be educated, and I am pleased to inform you that the people are aware of the need of education, and have an "Educational Society" here; the County schools run about six months in some of the counties. This county is among them. The Promised Land people, while they are thankful for what the county does, decided to run their school longer, and pay their teachers more, so they formed themselves into a society, and pay enough to run this school between eight and nine months, and add five or ten dollars more to the teacher's salary. Don't you think that is doing well?

I have been teaching now three months, and I find some as promising scholars as I ever met anywhere. I am trying very hard to persuade some of them to go to Hampton next term, but they don't think they are able. I have several young men in my school who would make splendid workers among our people if they could get two or three years at Hampton. Is there any way for at least two of them to get help there another term? Please let me have a catalogue and the Southern Workman. I don't know the rates but will remit when I find out.

I have said nothing about myself, but you can judge from the tone of this letter that I am well and in good spirits. I hope you and your dear little girls are well, though I hardly think *little* will apply to them now. How I should like to see the dear old place.

Please give my love to the Misses M. and Miss H., if she is there.

I should like so much to know how General and Mrs. Marshall are.

Now, General Armstrong, if you can in any way help some of these young men you will benefit the whole community, and, I assure you, they are worthy of help.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am, very truly, one of your old pupils.

E.

A NEW EXODUS.

From North Carolina comes a sad story of suffering for want of work, and an exodus in search of it. A new feature of distress which we did not hear of in the greater exodus to Kansas, is the destitution of families left behind, deserted, not intentionally probably, but practically by the husbands and fathers who fail perhaps to get the means to send for or return to them. The writer is a teacher and minister.

——— N. C., *Feb.* 9th, 1886.

Times are very hard here, and as usual the colored people get the worst of it. The result is that the majority of the colored men of this and adjoining counties have gone to Georgia and Alabama to get employment. They have failed in crops for two years. It has been the rule to give a mortgage on the crop even before it is planted, for provisions to live on while making it. This has ruined many who were doing well. More than three hundred have gone from this depot, many of them leaving large families unprovided for. Some never return. On my way home to-day I saw a neglected house with a bunch of orphan children, one of them about seven years of age, almost naked, having nothing to protect him from this cold weather, except a short and well worn shirt. I have four women to one man in my churches and congregations.

It would pain you to see the poor women who are left here to suffer.

I desire to get up a home for orphan children in North Carolina, or a home and school for fatherless and orphan children. There are poor fatherless and orphan children, naked, hungry and friendless, exposed to temptation, coming up for the penitentiary. How grateful I would be to know, if called to die to-morrow, that there was a home for my own children, should their mother be unable to provide for them, or die and leave them orphans. I desire to do something in this direction; since such a plan would require a great deal of capital, it may look like attempting to move a mountain. I should be grateful for your advice concerning such an institution.

We are thankful for papers. Mrs. C. joins me in love to you.

Yours in Christ,

C.

FROM A REPRESENTATIVE'S DAUGHTER.

And here is a glimpse of a happy home, and the bright side of life among our colored citizens.

——— *Dec.* 31, 1885.

Dear Friend:

I finished my third month on the 18th inst., and closed my school for Christmas. My average last month was 43.35. I shall only have a five months' term this session. I have not received a cent for the three months taught.

Papa was elected to represent this county in the House of Delegates during the present session. We do miss him so very much, but he has been home every Saturday and returns on Monday, until last Saturday, he failed to come, as they will adjourn this week early for Christmas. You cannot imagine how we did miss him on Sunday, as it was the first Sunday that he has stayed away from home for more than ten years. He always comes out in the country Saturday evening and goes back to F——— on Monday. Grandma, my two sisters, myself, and two boys that we hire, are at home. My married brother comes over quite often to see how we are getting along.

The colored people around here are getting along very well, buying homes for themselves. They buy small quantities of land and a yoke of oxen to work on their little farm and carry wood to F———. I guess it would be a great curiosity to you to see so many ox-carts in F——— every Saturday loaded with wood to sell. There are a great many marriages around here during this month, but none of your acquaintances are among the fortunate ones. I am invited to wait on two couples on the 23d inst.

We are preparing for a fair at our church, which will take place on the 25th ano 26th inst. My grandma keeps as well as usual; she has walked over to see my uncle's family to day, a distance of one and a half miles. Should she live to see the 10th of next March she will be 86 years of age.

I am ever gratefully yours,

E.

TEACHING TEMPERANCE BY SELF DENIAL.

Another graduate pastor, working under a church home missionary society, tells his way of convincing drinkers that old habits can be conquered.

——— *Jan.* 30, 1886.

I could speak very strongly to the people on the temperance question, for I am a "tetotaller;" but I found two notions prevailing with regard to temperance that were not easily corrected: one was, that intoxicants are good for the health; the other was, that when a man is used to drinking, he cannot stop and hold out.

To satisfy myself as to the correctness of the last matter and to add greater force to argument, I resolved to give up the use of a beverage which I loved as well as any old toper ever loved his strong drink—coffee. I had read the position of a certain physiologist with regard to coffee-drinking, in which it was contended that it would be better not to use it. This was some help to me in the struggle which ensued. I was in earnest, determined; the battle ended, I conquered.

The crave for coffee left me, and, strange to say, but is true, I improved in health and gained in weight. I know that a habitual drinker can, if he will, free himself from drink.

I could occasionally deal a heavy blow against the expensive, dirty habit of smoking and chewing tobacco; for I once indulged myself.

I used prayer in connection with these resolutions to forsake these habits, and I recommended it to others

He adds:

I am no politician by any means, yet in some degree I am interested in politics. I am opposed to those political alienations in the South by which the races are imbittered and arrayed against each other. The Negro's home is in the South, and he is so situated that he cannot make any marked progress without the good will and friendship of his white brother be he *Democrat* or *Republican*. It is the *friendship* of the white *citizens* that we need rather than the *flattery* of any *party* for mere political purposes.

Faithfully yours.

R.

A QUILT THAT IS NOT CRAZY.

A young girl of the class of '84, who has been teaching since her graduation, writes of her ingenious efforts to cultivate ambition and industry in a rather difficult field.

——— *Nov.* 28, 1885.

This little town is situated in the ——— part of the State. This is considered the worst portion of Georgia. I have my hands full here, the people are very ignorant, and in most cases degraded, so you see I have a broad field in which to labor, and hope to be able to do some good. I thought when I was in school at Macon that the race was rising, but sometimes here I stop and wonder if one portion are not going backward. They seem to be void of ambition, contented to remain just as they are. I have a very good school, and quite a number of large boys and girls attend. The people have a very nice school house started, and with a little exertion they could finish it if they would. I have been trying to plan some way to arouse them. I don't know what my success will be, but this is my plan. I have gotten up a sewing class in my school, quite a number of the large girls sew very nicely. I have each member of the sewing class pay ten cents a month, and with it I buy material for them to use, and the articles that are made we expect to sell and take the money for the school house. The class is making now a beautiful quilt in the form of wheels, the spokes of each wheel are made of red and green calico, and the centre of white. It is really pretty. Each scholar that makes one will have her name in the centre of the wheel. I am preparing them for an entertainment for Christmas, and I hope to use the money made with it for the school house. What do you think of my plans? You help me to think of something else to do when I am through with this place? I know you can suggest something. Last winter while at home I learned to embroider, so after the class finishes the quilt I shall teach them to make something in that line. I hardly know what now. Miss H———, if any of your wealthy friends want to help those that are trying to help themselves, please get them to buy our quilt when it is finished, perhaps they will not care for it themselves, but they can give it to some poor person, can't they?

She adds:

I have been teaching so steadily since leaving school I feel quite old in the cause now. I closed my school in June at ———, and I went to a place in the country and taught from July until the last of September. At C——— they only have public school three months, and that is through the summer. It is an out of the way country place. The people are worse there than I find them here. I don't think they hardly understand what freedom means. This is my home, but when you leave Macon, Atlanta, Augusta, Savannah and Columbus, you'll find our people in a pretty bad condition. If I had ever any idea of going to Africa I should abandon it now. I shall tell ——— when she starts to come in this direction.

I think this summer and winter experience will make a real woman of me. You know in school I had ——— to act as a mamma. At home, I had mamma, but now I have to stand and act for myself and others too.

I don't like to think of Hampton without General and Mrs. Marshall there. I know they are greatly missed. It seems to me that I am so far away I'll never be able to see Hampton again.

Devotedly,

J.

FROM OUR JOURNEYMEN TEACHERS.

One and another of last year's middle calss, which was sent out to take its "Journeyman year" of school teaching, before entering the senior class, are sending acknowledgments of the wisdom of the new requirement which seemed at first to some a little cruel.

Va., *Feb.* 13, 1886.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong.

Dear Sir:

I hereby seat myself to write you a short letter about my teaching, and the circumstances I've met with since I left the Institution. I passed a good examination, making an average of 84 per cent., and got a first grade certificate. * * * After teaching two months I was informed by the trustees that the district had gone so far in debt that they could give but a two and a half month's session. Now I am teaching another school under Superintendent ———, for whom many of the middlers and graduates are teaching.

I am very glad that I had to stay out a term and teach, because I have found from what experience I had, where my weakest points are, and what I need in everything.

Respectfully,

W.

Another middler writes:

I like teaching very well, and am doing well in every respect. The people are very kind, and anxious to receive instruction. I have sixty-four pupils enrolled and a good house to teach in. I have a term of eight months. I had no trouble in getting a school.

Respectfully,

D.

Hampton will welcome back her journeymen, and they will make the better master workmen for their year's experience.

A LONG "WANDER-YEAR."

Perhaps some of the under-graduates whose youthful impatience chafes under Hampton's requirement of a year out teaching between the Middle and Senior terms, may be encouraged by the testimony of an under-graduate who after eight years of successful teaching and hard work since his middle year, is now bravely knocking at Hampton's door, asking for two years more "to better equip him for the battle, and place him just where he wants to be."

——— Va., Jan. 4, '86.

Dear Friend:

By writing some one each year since leaving, I've tried to prevent Hampton from forgetting me. I have reason to believe that she has not. Like a good mother, she remembers her children. Now, after a protracted absence from his *alma mater*, an humble son sends back a gentle reminder of himself, with a brief account of the work she gave him to do. Hampton gave him but two talents (two years schooling) and sent him forth. Whether or not he has attained unto the measure of the "faithful servant" and "gained" (deserves) "two more," the sequel of these lines I trust will show

Of my four years in Maryland, I have given account in former letters. My return from there to my home was August 28, '81. I was then prepared financially, and it was my purpose to re-enter Hampton that fall. But providence ordained otherwise. During my absence father had died. Mother was living alone, in a log cabin on her own lot. This was ready to fall down. I was not long in deciding to remain at home and discharge my filial duty. I tore down the old cabin, and put up a beautiful little house with four rooms. I am now almost through paying for it. This explains why I have not yet settled my account at Hampton. I hope to cancel the debt by June by paying five dollars every month, or perhaps more. There are two things I am bent on doing this year—paying this debt and re-entering Hampton next fall. Having made mother comfortable, I can leave home happy and contented

Upon my return home in '81, I became first assistant in a graded-school near this city. I taught there two terms and was offered the principalship, the third session, but refused it to accept a better position in one of the city schools. In '83 I entered as a teacher, the school in my native city in which, eight years before, I had been a pupil. Here my comrades were Hampton graduates also, one from Maryland and one from Storer College, all experienced teachers. How could an under-graduate like me succeed among these was a question. That I did my part, almost three years of service attest. I teach now the "2nd grammar

[Continued on page 48.]

Southern Workman.

Indian Department.

ELAINE GOODALE, *In Charge.*

Regular Contributors:

HERBERT WELSH, *Cor. Sec'y Indian Rights Association.*

ALICE C. FLETCHER,

REV JOHN J. GRAVATT.

MRS. A. S. QUINTON, *Gen'l Sec'y of the Womans' National Indian Ass'n.*

THE SENATE has passed an amendment to the Indian Crimes' act of last session, throwing the jurisdiction within the Territorial or State courts and the costs of trial upon the United States Treasury.

AN INTERESTING QUESTION has lately come up in regard to the constitutionality of this same law, giving the courts criminal jurisdiction over Indian reservations. The defendant in a case tried at San Francisco, an Indian living upon one of the California reservations, has appealed to the Supreme Court against the new statute, which is claimed to be unconstitutional.

DR. MCGILLVCUDDY is building his eighth day-school about ten miles north-west of Pine Ridge agency. There is now an average attendance at the seven day-schools of seventy-five each, and the Indians are asking for three or four more schools. The doctor says that Red Cloud's village and the wild camp of the northern Cheyennes will break up and scatter in the spring.

SENATOR DAWES' SIOUX BILL has passed the Senate after much interesting debate, and will probably be favorably reported by the House committee. Mr. Plumb objected to the perpetuation of the day-school system, and Mr. Teller offered one or two amendments of a radical nature, which were promptly rejected. The Coke bill, providing for allotments of land in severalty to all Indians, and including the citizenship amendment, has also passed the Upper House.

THE RAMONA SCHOOL for Indian Girls is a new philanthropic project. The Indian Industrial School at Santa Fe, Mew Mexico, is to be removed to another site and placed exclusively under Government control as a boys' school. The plan is to establish a large school for girls of the Pueblo, Navajo and Apache tribes, and for those of Arizona and Southern California, on the present site, which is said to be very beautiful and healthful. Prof. H. O. Ladd, of the University of New Mexico, will assume the Superintendence of the new institution. Benevolent people are asked to contribute.

Why not a Citizen?

There is a surprising narrowness in the attempt to exclude an Indian who has complied with the terms of the Coke Bill, cultivates his land in severalty, and has adopted "civilized" dress and habits from the privileges and protection of American citizenship. The most bitter and *un*-American prejudice is almost the only conceivable motive for such an attempt. "He does not speak our language" says one Honorable Senator. What of the thousands upon thousands of foreigners—German-speaking, Swedish-speaking, French-speaking American citizens scattered all over our land? It is also worthy of remark that about 80,000 of our Indians *do* speak English; and when they are all scattered upon lands in severalty, surrounded by white settlers, how long will it take them to acquire our language?

"He is a savage." When will our average Congressman learn that the Indian is *not* a savage—that he has many rare virtues and very few vices in his natural state—and that when he abandons the tribal relation and accepts our mode of life he is entitled to the same safeguards with ourselves. How ridiculous is this hesitation! We should probably be safe enough in making *all* the Indians citizens of the United States without further ceremony. So soon as they cared to take advantage of their rights they would be as well fitted to excercise them as are a majority of our voters.

It may be imagined by some that citizenship for the Indian is after all but a name, and that he is just as well off without it. This is a great error. You do him a cruel injustice when you give him land in severalty without the power to protect himself in the common struggle for bread in which he is then engaged. The Omaha Indians in Nebraska, nominally self-supporting, are suffering severely at this moment, although with titles to their lands, and willingness to work them. They are debarred the right to make contracts, to lease a part of their farms or to bring a suit in law. They have no capital nor the means of getting any and they are without redress against the most open and flagrant wrong. An Omaha farmer may take his wheat to mill, make a bargain with the miller, and when the grain is in the hopper, the white man may refuse to make his contract good and the Indian robbed of his year's work, can bring no legal claim. Citizenship for the Indian is not an empty honor. It is, in the case of the Indian homesteader, a natural and necessary right, and it should be granted *now*.

Progress among the Pueblos.

A letter to an Albuquerque journal propounds the theory of "absorption" as the true Indian policy and gives some rather novel reasons for the advancement made by the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. We are not accustomed to look upon Indian traders and "squaw-men" as the best Indian missionaries—but in this case the progress of the Pueblos in civilization is said to be "unquestionably due to the influence of white men who have settled among them," post-traders, physicians, etc., who have taken to themselves Indian wives and identified themselves with the people.

"The Pueblo of Laguna is universally regarded to-day as the most enlightened and advanced Pueblo in New Mexico. * * The potent elements that have worked this transformation are Col. W. G. Marmon, his brother, Capt. R. G. Marmon, their partners, Capt. G. H Pradt and Rev. Dr. John Menaul. The two brothers are civil engineers and have lived in Laguna for several years. They early learned the language of the people and interested themselves in their welfare. They joined the tribe, selected wives from among the daughters of their adopted people, and now have interesting families of sons and daughters. For the past five or six years they have constituted an oligarchy, in that they have in succession received the suffrages of their people for the position of governor of the Pueblo. It is to be hoped that this triumvirate may be maintained until the Indians are prepared to look to and take advantage of the laws and courts of the territory for the protection and enforcement of their individual rights. * *

The Indians have found in these men faithful friends. They have in every way encouraged and stimulated the progressive element. They have given them employment in their surveying expeditions, and thus educated them in habits of thrift, promptness and self-reliance. They have organized among the Indians three companies of cavalry, which are now a regular part of the territorial militia. These companies are thoroughly organized and carefully drilled, and make a very creditable appearance. They did good service during some of the recent Apache raids.

Dr. Menaul has been physician, teacher and preacher for about ten years. Each Sabbath a largely attended service is held. * * He has reduced the language of the people to writing and has translated and printed parts of the Bible and some school books. * * These four men have of course warmly advocated education for the children of their adopted tribe. They have to-day about ninety children at Carlisle, fifty-four in the school here at Albuquerque, and about thirty in a day school taught by a Miss Shields And similar changes could be effected in all the Pueblos."

"Concentrating Our Indians."

BY M. C. COLLINS.

No one but an Indian can fully comprehend the meaning of these words. Our daily papers lightly refer to this subject as mentioned in our late reports of those in authority. The idea of concentration undermines the whole foundation of the structure of civilization. Place two or three hundred thousand of these people in a pen, be it large or small, so enclosed that there is no way of escape except through the grave, and it will not take long to wipe out the whole of the Indian race. Can American civilization afford this? Concentrating the Indians means placing together in one vast heard, nations, tribes and bands who have always been sworn enemies, having nothing in common. Their habits, speech, modes of living, all differ. They have lived in different climates. We need only refer to our late unjust treatment of the Poncas to be assured that it is death to the Northern Indian to send him South. The Indian loves his home; his native land. This strong love of home, found in every heart, is the best channel through which civilization may be carried to him. Are they called a wandering people? They never of their own free will wander far from home; often returning and never ceasing to call it the "home coming."

The Indian believes in the immortality of the soul, Therefore he frequently visits the graves of the departed in order to lay gifts thereon, to assure the soul in the spirit world that even in death he is not forgotten. Encourage this strong affection for home and friends. Give them titles to these homes that mean something. Of what value is a title that a presidential proclamation can make void? Of what use a claim that an act of congress can so easily efface? Let the Indian feel that the spot endeared to him by a thousand ties, made sacred by the dust of his ancestors is his, his for all time. He will feel a pride in his home that no white man can possibly comprehend. "Let him dig a living from the soil." Yes; but first teach him how to dig. It is said that there are farmers at each agency to teach the men to farm. Who has ever seen the agency farmer away from the agency? How many Indians can he teach there? Perhaps a few half-breeds, or it may be a few boys in the school. Let the Indian farm; let him raise cattle or horses; let him work, but first teach him how to work. We bear it said, they are all lazy This is false. An Indian will spend more time, strength and patience in going twice a month to the agency for rations than it would take to earn his living three times over, if he knew how to do it, and was given the opportunity. He can harness his poor little ponies, and with a heavy government wagon make his way to the agency, sometimes distant three days journey, often more. He knows how to load on the wagon his wife and children, blankets and tent, frying pan and water keg. He knows how to run his team down every hill and how, with wife and children, to "man the wheels" on the ascent. He knows how to dig the wheels out of mud in spring and wade the snow drifts in winter. He has learned this through bitter experience, taught by a Christian government. After reaching the agency he must wait until the agent, the "Master of Ceremonies," chooses to give him his rations. Rations for two weeks means food enough for one week and hunger for the next. Then he must go again. Why do they not live near the agency? They must live where there is wood and water, and consequently scatter along the little streams. Is he lazy? Who of us would like to work at such distasteful labor for such small returns?

The majority of the Indians to day are in a far worse condition than their ancestors. They were hunters, the country full of game, and they were skilful with the bow and arrow. The Indian of the present is disarmed and unhorsed. The white man in cruel sport has driven the game away, and the Indian is a ward of his country. He can walk and carry burdens; he can stand hunger and cold. But look at his arms and hands, weak and delicate as a womans. Plenty of brain, and a strong will but no muscle. Give him his home; educate his heart and brain; strengthen the muscle; civilize the savage; and thus save to our country a true type of American manhood.

His god is a god of vengeance, and teaches him to be cruel to himself and others. Take away these false ideas. Take away his "Evil Spirit" and tell him of Christ who came to bring "Peace on earth good will to men." His god tells him that no coward can secure honor in the great hereafter. If he would gain assistance of the god of war he must cause his enemy to be tortured in the most cruel manner. Our Christ would say to him, "Love your enemies." "Do good to them that hate you" The Dakota boy, who with uplifted arms and lacerated flesh stood in the hot sun on the bill top for hours, suffering, bleeding, to appease the wrath of an angry god who had afflicted his mother with severe illness, possessed the kind of spirit we need to cultivate in our country to-day; willingness to forget self to save others. The old chief with his quick discerning eye, seeing the difference between his filthy abode and the personal appearance of the white lady missionary who entered his door, arising with all his native dignity, taking his blanket from his shoulders and laying it upon the floor for her to walk upon, showed the same innate principal of refinement and chivalry that made Sir Walter Raleigh the beloved of all who knew him. Shall we as Americans, permit such a man to be placed in a common pen and fed till all his manhood dies? God forbid! We love and honor the memory of Grant He was a great general, a mighty chief, skilled in warfare. Shall we dispise the same spirit in our native warriors, the spirit which cries out for its freedom and rights and which has enabled them successfully to repulse the armed invaders? True, their manner of fighting is cruel barbarous in the extreme, but they have no West Point supported by our government to teach them to kill the enemy in a genteel, refined and Christian manner.

We shall never civilize the Indians by herding them together If we would kill the savage and save the man, we must treat them as individuals, not in masses. Give to them their homes, and American education; not concentration, but American civilization and American citizenship.

Fort Sully, Dakota.

An Evening with the Indians at Carlisle.

It was our good fortune lately to spend a day or two at the Carlisle Training School, enjoying its kind hospitalities and visiting with keen interest the class-rooms, workshops, and various buildings of the historic old barracks.

Friday evening brought round the monthly exhibition given by the pupils, and we were thus enabled to see the whole school together, and to listen to the singing, recitations and speeches, that made up the pleasant programme.

A cold, blustering wind forbade the use of the little chapel, near the old Hessian Guard House, but the spacious, well-ventilated Dining Hall, in the building lately erected in the centre of the quadrangle, was quickly metamorphosed into an auditorium. A stage was prepared with the help of a few tables, and in front sat some four hundred earnest-faced boys and girls, the former in their trig uniforms the latter in dark blue dresses, with here and there a bright ribbon in the white ruffle or the smooth black hair. There were no backs to their stools, but who need have asked for a more quiet and orderly assemblage.

It required some courage on the part of the speakers, some of them new-comers, with but little knowledge of English, to face such an array of schoolmates and teachers, but there was no flinching. Bravely they mounted the steps and stood alone on the plaform, and their voices rang out loud and clear. There were all grades, from the boy who came last Fall to the thoughtful fellow who has spent three or four years in the school, from the tiny Pueblo girl to the young Quapaw (was it not?) who recited so well the long poem, "Curfew shall not toll to-night.'

What quite brought down the house was a charming performance by some little Pueblos representing the city children who work for their bread. The ragged little musician with song and triangle, the errand boy, the flower girl, with exquisite bouquets, bestowed later on a favored few, the newspaper vendor, all appeared in turn, and were followed by a diminutive dude in tall beaver, and a small shoe-black who gave him a shine and pocketed the change, as to "the manner born." But the evening would not have been complete without a few words from Captain Pratt, their great-hearted leader who, in the midst of his mighty cares, knows every boy and girl under his charge, and is ever ready with a word of needed help or encouragement.

A kindly greeting of good fellowship to be carried to Hampton was not forgotten, and to it was added the motto of the Carlisle School, "God helps those who help themselves." J. E. R.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

Use of Personal Pronouns. I am so hungry I cook myself. If you give me corn bread, I going to eat you.

Agnyapi hmiyanna taku waskuyeca ognakapi is the Dakota for *pie.* Let us not carry civilization too far. Fancy getting up the *menu* for a dinner of twelve courses!

"Where is Dan?" enquired a lady of one of the smallest sized Indian boys. "Is he up?" "O yes, he's up," cheerfully replied the little rascal, adding in a lower voice—"up-stairs!

A class of "babies" carried out on Kindergarten principles and with some of the Kindergarten "gifts" and "employments" is a new and successful feature of the Department.

An excellent Mason & Hamlin upright piano has been added to the attractions of Winonahall by the indefatigable efforts of one of our teachers, who goes by the Indian name of the "Starter of Sweet Songs."

"Waghuda" is the Omaha for it, and "catiohanpi" the Sioux. It is only hulled corn but it is a great Indian delicacy and to the delight of all has been placed among the regular dishes at the students' table.

"Some boys were bidden to work,
And they thought it was better to shirk—
They thought themselves heros;
But when they got zeros
They concluded 'twas wiser to work.'

They went to the N. and A. school,
And they thought they could make their own rule—
But each little sinner
Kept home from his dinner,
Now follows the rules of the school!"

Indian Tableaux.

An impromptu entertainment was given in Winona a few evenings ago by the girls and boys in the normal classes. The tableaux, interspersed with music, ranged over a vast variety of subjects and were decidedly effective, although the "stage" was unfortunately so low that a great deal was missed by the rear part of the audience. George Washington in the act of cutting down the cherry tree, Lowell's famous "courtin'" scene, Rebecca at the Well, a sprightly representation of Monday morning in the laundry, Mother Goose rhymes acted out, and finally a realistic "tepee" and blanketed Indians singing "Home, Sweet Home," rapidly followed each other on the programme, each number eliciting loud applause. The acting was done with much spirit, and the fun behind the scenes was not the least part of the evening.

A Practical "Talk."

Mr. Tibbles, whose wife is the well-known 'Bright Eyes," was with us last Sunday and gave the Sunday School an exceedingly practical and forcible warning against certain of the Indian customs which prevail at their homes. They listened with great attention as he described in very plain language the unsuitable food and unhygienic living against which they must make a stand, the superstitions which they would have to meet, and above all the practice of *ceremonious giving* from which they must desist.

Most of the Indian dances now in vogue have little harm in them aside from this custom of present making, which is carried to such an excess that some will part in a night from all their earthly possessions. A man is esteemed among the Indians, he says, not for his property but for the number of ponies and blankets he has given away! Mr. Tibbles has been living for the last four years among the Omahas and is come to Washington to agitate the question of citizenship, for without the power to make contracts and to bring a suit in law, their titles to land in severalty will not enable them to support themselves.

Life in the Wigwam.

III.

That there is life in the Wigwam no one can doubt who happens to be there at six A. M., when broganed feet come thundering and crashing down the uncarpeted stairs, more anxious to "fall in" in time for roll-call than apprehensive of "falling out" with those who would fain sleep at that hour.

Whatever advantage the brogan may have over the moccasin, it is apparent that the change is not in the interests of quiet.

That there is life there, is evident at noon, when voices, scarcely audible in recitations at a distance of six feet, exchange congratulations on the success from the school-room in tones that an attentive ear could catch half a mile away.

The house-mother of the small boys has tangible proof of the vitality of her charges, when after rolling over one another, like puppies, during playtime, they bring their torn jackets and frayed trowsers for prompt repair.

Animal life is there, robust and active and clamoring for expression. If the intellectual life were at all a match for it there are no heights of scholarship to which it might not aspire.

But the intellectual life has had by no means an equal chance for development. Newly born, it needs to be fed with literary milk, and to be patted and encouraged to stand on its own legs and picked up when it falls. Still it exists and struggles toward health and vigor and shows hopeful evidences of growth.

It exists also in the adolescent stage demanding strong food and promising usefulness in its future field of labor.

Approaching the Wigwam in the afternoon, one sees a very large boy whipping a top on the porch. Entering, two boys are seen trying to pass one another on the same plank, with a result somewhat similar to that which follows the meeting of two engines on the same track. The sound of a Dakota hymn, sung to the accompaniment of a parlor organ, is heard. In the reading-room a reader asks for an introduction to a word he has not met before, and his book proves to be a compilation from the Prayer book. A little later games of checkers are in progress; a dissected map of the United States is being put together; one boy puzzles another with a handful of disconnected letters which, put in the correct order spell, "Philadelphia;" a teacher gets a new view of Indian possibilities when after a struggle with a word given her by an advanced boy she finds out that it is "anthropomorphism." The Wigwam Father is trying to select books from the library adapted to the mental calibre of applicants.

The bell tolls and the Wigwam empties itself into the dining room.

At 9 o'clock the house bell is rung; the sound of the shutting of many doors and the tread of many feet is heard, and the family assembles for the last roll-call of the day and family prayers.

Before parting, evidence is given that the *material* has still a strong hold on some natures, and that breakfast is already being enjoyed in anticipation.

Voices in no whispered tones unite in the utterance of the words "beans tomorrow."

"Taps" are rung, the bugle sounds "Good night" and quiet reigns in the Wigwam. J. V. V. S.

The Fox and the Crow.

The above fable was read aloud to the Second Division, and afterwards written out from memory with the following results:

The crow take a piece of cheese that did not belong to him and the fox want the cheese and did not know how to get it and so he play a trick on him. He went and set down under the tree where the crow was and folded his arms and began to take (talk) to the crow. He says, you are very graceful and you are very good shaped, you are so jet and black and the crow was so please with the fox and he said to the crow but I have not heard you sing, but will you not be kind enough to sing me a song and the crow at once open his mouth and give a loud caw and down went the cheese and the fox jump on it and got the cheese and ate it up and then run of. G. B.

The crow got the cheese and set the top of the tree. The fox wanted the cheese and sat under the tree and said. Oh you have nice feathers and I never heard you sing! Then crow open his mouth and said *caw, caw,* then crow dropped the cheese. The fox got the cheese and eaten it up. Then the fox run away and the crow flies away, and I left about that time too. A.

The crow had a cheese and fox saw him and he want but crow flew up on a branch and he sat there and eat the cheese, and the fox want climb the tree but he is unable to do it. The fox sit down by the tree and fold his arm and twist his tail and look up where the crow was and say that he is a graceful bird. "Your wings well shape. No bird can be compare with you. You will beautifully be when you sing me a song. I think you are graceful bird. I think your voice will sweet as can be." The crow was please and he think the fox was a good fox. At once the crow say *caw,* then the cheese fell down on the ground and the fox got the cheese and run into the woods. The fox was trick fox and the fox laugning in the wood. J. B.

Once there was n crow who steal a cheese out of a pitcher and carried on the top of a tree. A fox came along and stand by the tree and he began to talk with the crow, and the fox fold his hands and his tail and then look up to the crow and said, you are very graceful and good, because the fox is unable to climb up to the tree, and the fox and the crow makes a trick to each other and the fox said to the crow. You are very jet black and you have a good figure, and he said again to the crow, you are very good and wise, and the fox said to the crow, sing me a little song, and that crow was very much delighted and he began to open his mouth and said "caw, caw, caw,' and there came out of his mouth a cheese, fell out on the ground and the fox jump on it and eat it all up and disappear away. D. F.

There was once a crow that stoled a piece of cheese and flew up into a tree to eat it up and a fox saw him and he made up his mind to get the cheese. But the fox was unable to climb the tree and if he was the crow would have flown away before he could get up the tree and so the fox stoled up softly to the trunk of the tree and so he sat down and folded his arms and gave his tail a little twist and opened his wicked mouth and began to talk. This is what he said. You are so beautiful that no bird can be compared to you. You are such a pretty shaped bird, your feathers are jet black, your neck has such a pretty tint, and the fox he said that he had never heard the crow sing. And the crow sat there and twist from one side to the other and that fox was such a gentleman! and the crow opened her bill and uttered a awful *caw, caw.* Down fell the cheese, up jumped the fox and sprang on the cheese and as he disappeared in the wood the foolish crow heard a laugh in the woods that told her what a fool she had been. E. B.

A Letter to the "Lend-a-Hand Club."

YANKTON AGENCY, D. T.

Dear Schoolmates and Friends:—

It is said to be inelegant to begin a letter with excuses for not writing, but I am going to give you a few of my excuses, and I hope to be excused. I did want so much to write a letter to this society, of which I was once the president, but thought I should like first to obtain a position in some school so that I might be able to tell you about my work for our blind people, who are coming up slowly. I say slowly, because circumstances will not allow them to improve faster. I find Dakota to be a poor, dark place for a Hampton student—especially this Agency. It seems to me that I am of no good or use to the Indians here at all, at present. I am not doing anything for them. I am sorry to tell you I am not teaching, but glad to say it is not my fault. I have tried and tried to obtain the position, but it seems to mean all fail to me. There are more white people on this agency at present than I ever saw before. It does not seem so hard for a white lady to obtain a position here as it does an Indian lady. It is sad to see these poor Indians most starved and half-clothed in this cold winter. Most all of them live in houses, still they are not comfortable. They are small log houses and sometimes two or three families live together. They try so hard to make themselves comfortable and to live like the good white men, but how can they do without the means to accomplish their different needs? Some of them are so old and can't help themselves at all and have no one to help them.

As I was visiting the Poncas, I came across an old lady, a poor old lady whom no one cared to take care of. I asked her some questions and she answered the best she could with her trembling voice. I asked her who took care of her? She said "No one." I asked her if she had any relations? she answered "Yes, lots of them, but I am old and good for nothing and they don't care for me any more, because I can not work." Perhaps some of you can think a little how she looked, but all can not. She was not near as tall as I am, she was bent with age, she had on a pair of moccasins that looked as friendless as she did, she had on about one half of a dress and two old worn out blankets. Her hair was short and looked as if a comb never touched it. Her skin looked as if she had never seen soap and water. Her fingers were all bent, and she can not use them much. She is hard of hearing and can hardly see. As I opened the door of a little log hut, I saw her first of all in the house. She was sitting near the door, where it was cold and not good enough for any one else in the house to sit. She was not at all pretty, but my heart felt for her and I gave her more attention than any one around. I found the rest in the house teasing her and making fun of her. I stopped them and talked with the old lady. What do you think was the first thing I thought of when I saw the condition of this old lady? It was a beautiful thought. "Lend-a-Hand Club at Hampton." Do you think you can help her? You would lend her a strong hand by sending me five dollars to get her some clothes and something to eat. I should go to her with a glad heart, with the present from Hampton. You may be sure that one article would be a comb, another soap, and the others clothes and food. How happy the poor old soul would be to receive these, but don't forget that you all would be just as happy to give to her as she could be to receive.

I suppose you would like to hear where I make my home. I have been home with my mother awhile, but now I am at my sister's. I go up to Mr. Cook's and stay once in a while to wait there to see if I can get a position in school. I fail every time, but I am still living in hopes. I hope I may not die in despair. Annie Lyman, Mary Randal and I meet sometimes and speak of the days we spent at Hampton. Do not think of coming home before your time is ended. This is a great mistake of the Hampton students. You can not stay at Hampton too long. Do not write sad letters to your friends to sadden their hearts for nothing. Do not speak of corn-bread when you write. It is good for you. When you write, do not ask your friends for money. You do not need it at Hampton, and your friends need it at home. Pray for your friends and race. Lend-a-hand to them in the little things.

It seems as though I am here this evening taking a part, instead of writing here in Dakota. I can almost name every one in this dear room this evening. If I should attempt it, the first one I should name would be dear Mrs. Seymour, who, I think, is sitting at the end of the first seat on the girl's side. The second would be my little sister, the third, Miss Richards, walking in the big hall. I could keep on but you are too many.

I am your friend,
ZALLIE RULO.

Among the Dakotas.

THE SACRED WATERS OF MYSTERY—FRONTIER WIT *vs.* INDIAN POETRY—A GREAT SUCCESS—NEARLY SELF SUSTAINING—LANOS IN SEVERALTY—BLUE SHIELD'S MESSAGE TO THE EASTERN PEOPLE—PRACTICING ON A "TENDER FOOT"—WHERE TO LOOK FOR SYMPATHY.

And now, taking a reporter's license, if there is such a thing, I will leave to my next letter an account of my next, very interesting visit to the wild tribes at Fort Berthold, and transport you at once to the Devil's Lake—*with return tickets.* A sketch of this Agency makes the proper companion piece to one of Standing Rock. It was the great things accomplished for the Indians here that induced the Government to transfer Major McLoughlin to the charge of the larger agency with the surrendered hostiles. And his work having been carried on in similar spirit since he left, we can see here, on a similar scale, some of the results toward which the Standing Rock Indians are progressing. I need hardly, perhaps, describe to Eastern readers, who are so often Western travelers, the pleasures of a long day's ride over the wonderful Northern Pacific Road, from that triumph of engineering skill, the bridge which spans and controls the treacherous current of the Missouri at Mandan and Bismarck, through the mammoth wheat fields and "bonanza farms," where regiments of harvesters are gathering food for two continents, through cities springing up in the wilderness, to Fargo, which, with a growth of ten years and a population of 18,000, calls itself an old town and, beyond the need of a "boom," settles down to a steady pace that would take the breath of an Eastern metropolis. From Fargo another whole day I traveled north and west over the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Road. It connects the mills and markets of Minneapolis and Duluth with the vast valley of the Red River of the North, whose undeveloped soil, the richest in the world, is estimated to be capable of producing forty million bushels of wheat in excess of all this year's yield of the whole United States. Surely we may still say to the poor Indian, as the philosopher to the fly: "Friend, there is room enough for us both in this great world."

The frontiersman and not the Indian is responsible for the name which libels this beautiful sheet of water. The Indian, awed by its beauties, its bitterness, the strange reverberations of its springs under the ice in the winter, its fitful rise and fall and the occasional bursting forth of a minature geyser, forming a new little lake among the hills near it—as has occurred within the last eight years—called it Minnewaukan, the Sacred or Mysterious Water. A beautiful dome crowning the hills that overlook it, a landmark for a long distance in every direction, they called the Heart of the Sacred Water, and filled it full of legends as the Untersberg. The rougher humor of the settler transformed it into the Devil's Heart, and finds a Devil's Tooth, and Devil's Backbone, and Devil's Punch Bowl to keep it company. The little two year old town on the opposite shore is Devil's Lake City, and its bank has adopted as the most appropriate vignette for its checks and drafts, a picture of its satanic patron climbing over a silver dollar, which rests on a sheaf of wheat and bears a map of the lake, to which he points with his spear, and demands that you "give the devil his due."

The Devil's Lake reservation extends along the southeastern shore of the lake. It is forty miles long by fourteen broad. A third of it is arable land, very fertile. Twenty thousand acres are in timber and the rest in lakes, alkaline flats and rocky hills. It was one of the reservations set apart by treaty in 1867 for those Sioux who had not taken part in the Minnesota outbreak. This treaty gave the Indians their annuties on certain conditions discretionary with the Agent. The deserving were to be rewarded. This clause made it more possible to advance the Indians, and to it Major McLoughlin attributes their progress. In his eight years, his thousand wild "blanket Indians" were transformed into a nearly self-sustaining community; he scattered them on separate farms so that none were within three or four miles of the agency; got 180 of the 280 families into log houses. All had crops of wheat, one had 80 acres under cultivation by his own industry. This was one who had fled from Minnesota after the outbreak of 1862 in which he was implicated. Induced by a relative to attend one of the Progressive Councils, "Shipto" kept outside, but listened at the window and heard some advice the Major was giving the Indians, telling them that it was not so very difficult to get out a few rails and make a fence. He went home and said to his wife, "I believe I'll try the white man's road." That winter he cut 2000 rails. When any Indians came along where he was at work, he hid his axe in the wood. In 1881, when the Major left Devil's Lake, Shipto, after getting in his crop of wheat from fifty acres, had several sacks more than he needed, and gave them to the poor. Schools had been established, gradually overcoming violent prejudice. The girls were guarded from sale for ponies, guided into wise marriages, and those who married were established on claims of 160 acres, with wagons and cattle.

On my visit this summer I saw many of these homes and others since established. I saw Shipto's house and farm also. He bought himself a self-binder this year for $180, paying part in cash and part in flour. He had 660 bushels of wheat and 585 of oats last year, and will have 1000 bushels of wheat this year. He has nearly 80 acres under cultivation, and to reward his industry the Agent has built him this year a good granery. On the whole agency over three thousand acres are under crops, with 850 more of new breaking. They will have 25,000 bushels of wheat. The treaty annuties have expired, and the only rations now issued are for the sick and destitute. Every family is now cultivating from one to eighty acres, generally from 8 to 25. They have bought and paid for this year, for themselves, 7 self-binders at $180 each, 2 rakers at $90, 3 mowing machines at $60 and 7 at $75. The larger machines are usually bought by clubs of five or six. They are paid for by sale of flour and wood on and off the reservation. They hire a steam thrasher which I saw vigorously at work, turning out "No. 1 hard" at the rate of 20 bushels to the acre. There is a good mill on the reservation, with four run of stone, and a capacity for 25 barrels of flour. They have a market for their wheat both across the lake off the reservation, and to Government for the Turtle Mountain reservation, also under charge of this agency. Here, as at Standing Rock, the Government schools and most of the mission work are under the care of a Roman Catholic mission. Benedictine priests and the Gray Nuns from Montreal. Here, as there, however, a Presbyterian mission station has also been established under care of an intelligent native pastor, who has been here for two years and has eighty communicants. At the agency a new school house is nearly finished to replace one burned down three years ago. The farm school has 80 acres and dormitories for 30 boys. The new school house for girls and young boys will accommodate about sixty. Both should be larger. The school facilities seemed small at the former.

The reservation had just been surveyed and the allotment of the claims are going on under the provision of the treaty, that as each Indian gets 50 acres of his 160 fenced and under cultivation, he shall receive his patent, to be inalienable for twenty-five years, and descend to his heirs. Certain aid is still received from the civilization fund, and there is a now nearly exhausted fund from the sale of their lands in Minnesota and Dakota. The appropriations, amounting this year to $3000, after payment of employes' salaries, are spent in roofing their log houses, building granaries and otherwise encouraging the most deserving, as far as it goes, which is not far enough. The agent, Major Cramsie, would like to see, not a return to rations, but an appropriation for working cattle and graded stock, that would give them a start in farming, and more animal food for which their health is suffering. They live chiefly on vegetables, with some game and pork; few can get beef. The result is low vitality and increased sickness, though the births thus far slightly exceed the deaths; There are men among them who have been running farms for six years with hired cattle. A thrifty white man starting with no more would have gotten ahead faster of course, but the Indians have done all that could be reasonably expected of them and more, and deserve encouragement. A wise expenditure for stock and working horses would put them on their feet once for all

On one of the prettiest claims on the reservation I found a young man taking advantage of a rainy day to work inside of the house he is plastering. "Blue Shield is one of our 'rustlers,'" said the agent. He hauled his house nine miles to secure a larger farm, and is building one near him for his mother. He has a granary, and has bought new furniture and an ingrain carpet for his house—unwonted luxuries. Throwing down his trowel, he came to speak to me, and asked me to send a message from him to the people in the East. "Tell them," he said, with appropriate gestures, "Blue Shield says that the Indians are going up step by step—not only in farming but in all kinds of work, in education, in Christianity—everything. And tell them also, if you will, one little word in praise of me, Blue Shield, that I am like a beaver, I build my house of logs, and plaster it, and store it with food."

Not all are even yet on the progressive side, of course. Only last Fourth of July one of the finest young men of the reservation was shot, presumably by one of the few anti-progressionists left, for his bold stand against him in council. Nor do they get all the sympathy they might from their white neighbors. I heard a gentleman in the opposite "city" say that he would "like to see them all shot," and declare that "three years ago, when there were only 300 rifles in this town, they were planning to make a raid on us and exterminate all the white people here—1200 braves of them." As there never were over 1000 Indians on the reservation at any time, counting men, women and babies, and the little city is only two years old now, I fear this was an old settler's attempt to practice upon the credulity of a "tender foot." An intelligent little lady of whom I enquired as to the general state of feeling among the white people toward their red neighbors replied: "Well, it takes a real Christian, I think, to be interested in Indians, and there are not a great many such in this place. I am glad there are a great many in Boston."

in Boston Journal. HELEN W. LUDLOW.

Red Cloud and His Agent.

A DRAMATIC SITUATION—THE TWO PARTIES—RESULTS OF DR MCGILLYCUDDY'S WORK—THE SCHOOL SYSTEM—INDIAN POLICE—THE WHITE-INDIAN PROBLEM—"ISSUE DAY."

If Lower Brule Agency possesses elements of dramatic interest, we, at Pine Ridge, discover a fully developed "situation." The first represents the blind chaotic struggle between barbarism and civilization; at the second the two forces are played off against each other, by a cool and skilful hand. Dr. McGillycuddy, Red Cloud's famous agent, has been called an autocrat and a tyrant, but his is not the mere arbitrary exercise of power. His will is practically absolute; yet he is an agent in the fullest sense of the word—acting under authority of government, of law, of civilization, to put down tribal authority. His policy is to use the progressive party as a check upon the other. So soon as the chiefs and leaders of the people accept civilization,—the church, the school, the plough,—they are enlisted upon its side, and employed directly or indirectly, by strategy or force, by special privilege or delegated authority, to restrain, compel, subdue.

There are then at this great agency two fully organized parties—on the one side this remarkable man, all coolness, nerve and executive force, with a backing of fifty Indian police, well armed and disciplined, under Captain Sword, an almost equally remarkable Indian, and a majority of the chiefs with their bands of followers; on the other the famous old malcontent, Red Cloud, obstinately fighting for his declining influence, and surrounded by a little band of dissatisfied, turbulent, and non-progressive Indians. The "Red Cloud faction" is a refuge for every Indian with an old enmity toward the Government or a personal grudge against the agent; every lazy Indian who doesn't want to work; every objector to the schools, who wants to keep up Indian dances, dress, and customs; in a word, all the chronic grumblers and "coffee-coolers," and the whole "opposition" element.

Dr. McGillycuddy, with his superior force, organization, and discipline, and with the overwhelming weight of law and order on his side, naturally commands the situation. His ultimate triumph would be certain but for the vacillating policy of the Department, the unwisdom of committees and inspectors, who give undue countenance to Red Cloud, and the detraction of his enemies, which last, however, is so ridiculously overdone that it does him, perhaps, as much good as harm. The results of his six years' administration are effectively indicated by a few figures. In 1878 all the Indians—8,000 of the wildest Ogallala Sioux—lived within a mile of the Agency, in lodges or teepees, doing no work, and spending their nights in dancing and feasting, and their days in sleep. Now 1,000 log-houses have been put up by the Indians themselves, with a little assistance, and over three-fourths of the people are living in houses and away from the Agency. In 1879 there was issued 60,000 yards of canvas for lodges; last year only 20,000. Five hundred freight wagons are driven by Indians from the railroad to the Agency and the Black Hills. Last year they earned $15,000 by freighting supplies. In August the Indians sold 30,000 worth of beef cattle of their raising, and this year produced 10,000 bushels of corn. Now that a large proportion of Indian families are living in houses, Dr. McGillycuddy is concentrating his fight upon village life, which tends to keep up the social customs of barbarism, and offers them every inducement to "scatter out" and take up so-called "claims" at isolated points. The remotest settlement is now on Corn Creek, fifty miles from the Agency.

The school system is probably more generally efficient here than at any other agency in Dakota, and the policy of compulsory attendance better enforced. The Agent says that he can get as many day-schools as he is prepared to ask for, and he is rapidly placing *all* the children of school age in school. The school-houses are of logs, substantially built and comfortable, in the shape of the letter T, with teachers' rooms in the addition. The main difficulty is the chronic one of obtaining suitable teachers for these isolated and unattractive posts. Those whom I saw were men—somewhat rough in appearance and uncultivated of speech, but apparently doing fairly vigorous and conscientious work.

The Government boarding-school at the Agency is the largest and most thoroughly equipped on the reservation. There are now 150 children in school, and it is expected after Christmas to accommodate about 100 more. The thoroughness with which we were invited to inspect every detail of the *menage* was an indication of its completeness. The close personal superintendence of the agent was everywhere evident, and his mechanical and inventive genius displayed itself in the ingenious arrangement of fire escapes and portions of the heating apparatus. In the girls' dormitories he pointed out to us the faulty construction of the "hospital bedstead" supplied by contract to the Indian Bureau, and then took us across the hall and tested with a vigorous kick the more substantial make of the ones purchased by himself in the open market at a saving of 50 cents. His knowledge and interest extended to the baking of bread then in the ovens, and to the style of the girls' new uniforms—dark blue flannel and gold braid—which littered the sewing room.

We visited the school-rooms and heard some ready recitations in arithmetic. There were several strangers present, and we were told that it was a common occurence for people to drive over from Rushville, the nearest railroad station (a distance of twenty-four miles), to visit the agency. The "singing" on Sunday evening was very pleasant and homelike, and so it was to see the processions formed to march up stairs, and to hear the prettily chorused "Good-night!" The school owns and cultivates for its own use a farm of twenty five acres—some of whose products we saw, and very creditable they were—and new industrial training shops have just been put up for twenty-five apprentices. Here the boys will learn all the principal trades, and manufacture goods for the Indian service. It is in this very important point of industrial education for boys that the Agency schools are almost invariably weak, and it would be well for other agents to imitate, in this respect, the enterprise of Dr. McGillycuddy.

The general appearance of the Agency is the best that I have seen. It is exquisitely neat. Everything is methodical and ingenious, from the system of office calls, to the gate which "no Indian has ever yet succeeded in passing on horseback," and from the complete contrivance of the doctor's invention for protection against lightning—the storms here are very severe—to the wise collection of all inflammable materials in one isolated building. A walk around the agency with the doctor enlightens us on a great many points. The interruptions are especially instructive. We start from the doctor's residence, which, like almost all houses here, is one story high, but is furnished with an unusual degree of elegance. The doctor himself—long-limbed, well-dressed, with a careless stride and an easy, almost indifferent manner which does not deceive us in the least as to the expression of that powerful cold gray eye—is a remarkable presence. One feels somehow that in touching him one would receive an electric shock. He is a rapid, careless, often exaggerated, but always interesting talker.

The police quarters, mess, and guard-house are all well kept and orderly. Dr. McGillycuddy is the originator of the Indian police system, which was inaugurated under Secretary Schurz, in 1878. He says that his fifty police are a great deal better than an army post and a company of militia to keep order on the reservation. The presence of soldiers irritates the Indians; they are proud of their police force. There are ten stationed at the Agency; the others are scattered through the villages. The detail is changed every week. "An incendiary council could not be held in the remotest village but that I should hear of it the next morning." These men are faithful and vigilant, prompt to make arrests when necessary, to compel attendance on the day-schools, and to perform all the duties of their important positions. So far as the other Indians are concerned, theirs is often a thankless as well as an arduous post. It is no wonder that Dr. McGillycuddy advocated the recent increase in the pay of Indian police from $5 to $8, and from $8 to $10 a month. About two years ago, Secretary Teller issued an order that all the Indian police should be disarmed of their rifles, leaving them only their revolvers with which to inspire terror among cow-boys and wild "blanket Indians" fully armed with Winchesters of the most approved pattern. Agent McGillycuddy disobeyed this extraordinary order on his own responsibility, and threatened if it were carried out to disband his police force and to resign. It is perhaps needless to add that the stacks of

glittering barrels still furnish the guard-room, and that the Pine Ridge policemen are able to back up authority with force, whenever it may be necessary.

At this point, the doctor is addressed by a sallow, dark-haired woman, neatly attired, with scarcely any distinguishing marks of race, who informs him with perfect coolness and self-possession that she has "come to stay," and politely demands ration tickets for herself and a large family. "Here is a peculiar case," says the doctor as she turns away. "This quarter-breed family from Iowa—they have always supported themselves and are perfectly capable of doing so. Why should they be foisted on the public in this way because of a few drops of Indian blood?" These are questions which will se tle themselves when the Indian becomes a citizen, and instead of conferring doubtful privileges we grant him equal rights. One of the freighters, a tall, splendid looking specimen of an Indian, decked out half in working clothes, half savage finery, and with the antique folds of the blanket dropping carelessly from his shoulders, plants himself directly in our path. His gestures are quite magnificent as he displays his long buckskin pouch, beautifully ornamented with beads, and demands in a sort of "pidgeon Indian" the silver dollars in payment for his labor. The agent, in the same jargon, directs him to report at the office in an hour. His off-hand manner and unconventional salutation "Hello, Indian!" seems to be accepted in good part by these strange beings. This one takes himself off with a curious, indulgent smile, and is soon installed on the office steps, smoking immovably. Patience is an Indian virtue which almost amounts to a vice!

We pass through the great storerooms, with boxes of bacon and sacks of flour piled from floor to ceiling, and go into the issue house for a few minutes, for this is "ration day." The actual issue of rations is a picturesque and a painful sight. I never realized the degrading features of the system so keenly as during that quarter of an hour in which we watched the sharp, eager, pitiful crowd of women, in their gorgeous untidiness of dress and uncombed black hair, j stling each other to push the cabalistic bits of paper through the little window, and kneeling on the floor to gather up greedily the measure of sugar, coffee, beans, into an unsavory looking sack, and bear it triumphantly away. The loud rhythmic cries of "nonpa-topa-yamni-sakpe," and so on, indicating the number of persons in a family and the corresponding number of pounds of flour to be doled out—the great open ledgers on which every ration is entered as soon as issued—every feature of the strange, orderly bnsy, commonplace, yet phenomenal scene is indelibly stamped upon my memory.

The beef is issued fortnightly "on the hoof" and the cattle are chased and shot down by the Indians as fast as they leave the corral. This is said to be a brilliant spectacle. I shall not see it. The Pine Ridge Indians receive very large rations, three pounds gross of beef per day and other things in proportion. Dr. McGillycuddy favors their gradual reduction and the substitution to some extent of vegetable for animal food. "Increase the ration of beans and rice 20 per cent," he says, "and cut off the beef ration 40 pet cent." He also believes in refusing luxuries, such as sugar and coffee, to the persistently idle and improvident.

ELAINE GOODALE.

in New York Evening Post.

Industrial Education.

(A Paper contributed by request to the Industrial Association of New York.)

Eighteen years ago, when the idea of the Hampton school began to take formal shape in the minds of its originators, the conditions which surrounded and controlled us, were undoubtedly unique. We had no theories; we simply accepted facts, and in order to credit the experiment with its full value, these facts should be clearly understood.

We, as representatives of northern charity, were confronted by a most clamorous and pressing demand. From whence did it come, and how was it to be answered?

To-day, even the briefest reply to these questions must be retrospective, and to some extent historical, for systems of education are not founded upon, nor always expressed by statistics alone.

We found then, that this demand came from a people who practically knew nothing of life except under the unnatural conditions imposed by slavery, and we found furthermore, that these conditions false and cruel as they seemed, had not altogether weakened, nor even radically perverted the men and women who came to us in their blind search for light. Slavery had been a hard school, but it had trained its pupils to obedience and perseverance, it had given them inexhaustible indurance, and above all it had taught them to work. Of its degradations they were in the main unconscious and had therefore escaped the worst degradation of all, the loss of self-respect. Their condition was anomalous, for they were ready and eager to turn their backs upon a shameful past of which they had no reason to be ashamed. Its stigma was their stimulus, and we found ready to our hands pupils whose docility was equalled only by their enthusiasm. Their attitude towards us was from the first assured, and was the legitimate outcome of the training of slavery. The open question was, and has continued to be, of our attitude towards them.

They must be taught, but we could not teach them all, nor everything, and there was little time for deliberation and none at all for testing theories. The immensity of the appeal forced the conclusion. We must give what they most needed to the argest possible number of those who could best receive it, and it is out of the attempt to do this that our labor system has been evolved. They could do nothing for themselves, directly: in money they could substantially help themselves, directly and indirectly, if they were given the opportunity to work. By just so much as their work could be made productive were their drafts upon charity decreased and the possibilities of the school increased. But there was even more than this to be considered. Granting that the object of education is to fit the pupil for the life before him, then pre-eminently was it necessary that our pupils should be taught to work, for otherwise we were merely smoothing the road to pauperdom. Our workshops and industrial departments were literally created by these two needs, which took shape in the demand o a people for the education without which they somehow dimly knew that they must perish from the face of the earth, and the no less important demand that their labor for their own sake and the sake of the nation which had freed them, should as speedily as possible be trained into productiveness. The exclusion from our curriculum of Greek and Latin and of what are known as "higher studies" in general, kept away from us, as we were well aware, a certain proportion of the more advanced and more aspiring members of the race, but we have as yet seen no reason to regret the decision which has attracted to our school-rooms and shops, the strong middle class, upon whose vigor and force, experience has shown us that we can make heavy demands. Our students represent neither the aristocracy of the city nor the low-down poverty of the plantation, but a class which is in some respects distinct from either. They come mostly from the rural districts, are accustomed to hard fare and harder work, and while physically strong are by no means mentally weak, being remarkable throughout for a certain sturdiness of body and mind which responds admirably to the somewhat severe conditions of the school life. They know labor only in its crudest forms, and any thing like thorough technical training has not us yet been practicable for two reasons, 1st—That to apply this profitably, pre-supposes the existence of certain fundamental ideas; 2nd—Because it was essential from the outset that our students should be to some extent self-supporting. As these fundamental ideas were in the minds with which we had to deal, little more than embryonic, and as it was only in certain directions that the labor of our students could be made to contribute to their support, we were again and preemptorily forced into certain channels. A moments glance at the field will show that the problem was by no means an easy one, but it will also show, we believe, that the success of our system, if it is to be called such, is largely due to the fact that the conditions offered us no alternative. There was, as it seemed to us, but one road to the end we had in view, and the connection has been so direct, as, happily, to leave us no room for doubt or questioning. The unskilled labor of our students could only be made to pay its own expenses by being put into marketable shape, the market was as crude as the labor, and our industrial departments took form accordingly. That is, it paid us to run, not a market garden nor a nurscry, but a well cultivated farm, and on the other hand, our students, ill-equipped as they were, could not with advantage attempt more than this, which, it must be remembered, was a vast advance upon their previous experience. Again, in our sewingt rooms, the girls can and do profitably make plnin garments of all descriptions and are taught mending and the care of their own garments, but as yet we have found no place for art needlework or scientific dress-making. The result of this, briefly stated, we find to be that our young men go back to till the few home acres as they never have been tilled before, while many a forlorn cabin changed its aspect under the hands of a Hampton girl, for their training has been carried on in full view of what lies before them, as well as with intimate knowledge of their past.

Tradeshops after tradeshops, and department after department have been added to our original nucleus, as the number of our students increased, and as the growing prosperity of the South has created a demand for the articles which we are able to produce, until the list stands as follows:

Huntington Industrial Works. First-floor. Saw-mill. Sometimes boys make full time for one year, for $10 a month and board; seventeen work two days a week. Lumber of all kinds is sawed to order and kept on hand, and a good permanent business has been worked up.

Second floor. Wood-working shop. All varieties of building materials are here prepared by machinery. Twelve boys work every day for three years and four work two days a week. Total force is fifty young colored men of whom those who work all day study nights. Their wages are saved for future school expenses.

The Shoe-shops employs nine Indian and two colored students, the former work half a day and go to school the other half. About 800 pairs of shoes are made and 1800 pairs repaired annually, chiefly for school use.

The Knitting-room employs 20 boys and 6 girls, all colored. The former make and the latter "finish" an average of 10,000 pairs of mittens yearly which are taken at a fixed price by a Boston firm and sold in the Northwest.

The Household Division employs in housework and in the Laundry 120 colored and 50 Indian girls all of whom take cooking lessons; 40 boys act as waiters and 14 as cooks. Seventeen boys are janitors of the various boildings, and three are on general duty.

The Girls' Industrial Department gives 54 girls each one days work a week in sewing and mending, and employs ten constantly tailoring and shirt making, besides two Indian and two Negro boys who work at tailoring.

The Printing-office and Bindery employs 7 colored and 3 Indian boys, publishes four periodicals, and obtains a good deal of outside work.

The Engineers' shop employs two Indians and two Negroes, four of whom come two days in the week. This depattment has charge of all the gas, steam and water on the place.

The Indian Training Shop teaches 17 Indian boys carpentering, 2 painting, 5 tinning, 4 harnessmaking; with these are 9 colored boys.

The Wheelright and Blacksmith shops employ 7 Indians and 5 Negroes, who do all the work of the place and some from outside.

The "Home" and "Hemenway" Farms, 700 acres, employs 65 boys in raising early vegetables for Northern markets, home supplies, grain, stock and milk for home use and for sale. 27 work all day and 38 two days each week.

In all these various branches it has been necessary, of course, to feel the way carefully, but the correctness of the principle on which we started seems to have been proven by the fact that at no point have we encountered serious failure. We have been able gradually to raise the standard of our under-graduates' work, and hope within the coming year to establish a technical class to which such of our graduates as can afford it, may return with a view of preparing themselves more thoroughly than can be done in the school proper. This class will be under the charge of a Northern mechanic who has been trained in the Boston school of Technology and also in Col. Auchmuty's school, and will make it possible for us to offer new opportunities to our students and to fairly test their capacity in this direction.

The adaptation of our labor system to our academic work involves a certain amount of friction, but we find that this decrease with each year of added experience and has not at any time given rise to more than temporary inconvenience. It is, however, only fair to say that our success in this respect, as in many others, is largely due to the intelligence and devotion of the teachers whom the peculiar attractiveness of the work have drawn to it. The heads of the various departments have almost without exception, co-operated heartily with each other, and the friction at present is reduced to that which of necessity arises in deciding as to the arrangement of classes, transferring individual students from one department to another, or in similar details. We have upon our roll for the current year 605 students, of whom 139 are Indians and a little less than one half girls, the average age of the whole being seventeen years. Of the 566 Negro students, 376 are in the Normal classes which means that they study four and work two days in each week, being credited for this labor upon the books of the school. As a rule this pays about half the cost of board, clothing and books, the remainder ($5.00 more or less) is paid in cash, or by the credits on their accounts as students of the night school, or in some cases by their earnings during the summer vacation. Their tuition in all departments is given them, and is provided for, with the exception of $10,000, which in its capacity as an agricultural college, the school receives annually from the State of Virginia, entirely by charity. About half of this is given in the form of scholarships of $70.00, the remainder comes to us, without restrictions from one and another quarter, the whole amount annually expended being now over $50,000, which represents free education for nearly 600 students who are paying chiefly in labor for their board, clothing and books. The night school, which has been previously mentioned, was opened five years ago, to provide for the large number of promising applicants who were not prepared for the Normal classes, but who offered such good material that we were not willing to lose our hold on them. These students, 190 in number, work all day during the entire year and study from 7 to 9 o'clock five evenings in the week, receiving regular wages. Out of the amounts with which they are credited, a sufficient sum is taken to defray their necessary expenses while all that they earn beyond this is put aside to assist them in paying their way through the Normal classes. Evidently, such an ordeal as this results in the survival of the fittest, and the fact that more than two thirds of our students are now prepared in this way, and that the proportion is still increasing, gives us all the assurance we need, that hardwork under proper conditions, in no way dulls or stunts the intellectual faculties. Nowhere in the school is there more enthusiastic or willing study than is done by these night students, boys and girls who work from 8 to 10 hours a day and yet somehow come into their classes full of zeal and mentally fresh. A few young men who are taking a two or three years course in the shops as apprentices, also study in the night school, which, as may be seen, has come to be a most important feature of our system.

The Indian students, to whom no reference has as yet been made, number 139 girls and boys, and for the purposes of this this article must be considered apart from their Negro fellow students.

When, in 1878, seventeen Indians, ex-prisoners of war, with the worst of frontier reputations, came to us, in Capt. Pratt's charge as applicants for admission, it seemed almost impossible to meet their requirements under the conditions then existing in the school. To put them side by side, in class-room and workshop, with a race with whom they had no point of contact either in their history or their characteristics, involved a series of experiments in regard to which, we had, it must be admitted, no data whatever, and we accepted the new element with some doubt as to the possibility of assimilating it. For the Indian there were no clearly marked lines of development, no rigorous pressure of circumstances, no inherited habit of right doing in any direction, and from the first the advantage of the Negro at all these points has been evident. The injustice and indifference of the white man have weighed more heavily upon the free Indian than upon the enslaved Negro, for the system which gives rations is far more fatal to manhood in any true sense, than was the system which gave only the bread that was earned by the sweat of the brow, and the Indian who comes to us convinced that work is a disgrace is clearly at a disadvantage beside his colored brother, who not only is not afraid of work, but who welcomes it as his only avenue to a much desired goal. There is an apparent contradiction in saying of a savage that his past has been demoralizing, but there is nothing else which expresses more nearly the difference in the two races. The average Indian, untouched by the influences of civilization, shows no lack of promise and offers probably to the full as strong a type as the native African.

But no recapitulation of the history of the last two centuaies is needed to show that where and at all times, civilization has done its most for him, and that the attempts which have been made to protect him have been superficial and illjudged. For years there has been going on with the Indian a vitiation of his simple instincts which has resulted in a condition worse than his original savagery, and we find that the "untutored savage" when we are fortunate enough to get him, is apt to be an easier subject to handle than is his brother the "agency Indian," who not infrequently has lost the interests of one race in acquiring the vices of another.

The noteworthy exceptions are those who come to us directly from the hands of some of the few really capable agents, or mission teachers and who, bearing the impress of strong personal influence in the right direction, take their place here as examples of what good men can accomplish in the face of surroundings which practically take the shape of organized opposition. But whether our Indians belong to the one class or the other, it is certain that in the beginning they show little real enthusiasm for either

study or work. They are *sent* to us, the Negro *comes*, and every teacher will recognize how important a factor this is in the success of every system. Again, the fact that they are, in a majority of cases wards of the Government which pays for their board, books and clothing, affects their position as Industrial students and makes necessary certain distinctions between them and their colored fellow workers.

Our Indian pupils work half the day and study the other half, and are paid as nearly as possible according to the worth of their labor. Their ideas as to the value of money are so inaccurate that it has been found best, in spite of the attendant dangers, to give one half their earnings into their own hands not only as a stimulus to labor, but also as an essential part of their education. The other half is retained until they return to their homes, when it is expended for them in tools or other useful articles.

They find it difficult to apply themselves closely and while the Negroes understand always the value of work and often catch its inspiration, the Indians know nothing of either and have to be impelled and guided by forces outside of themselves, it being understood that we find occasionally strong and fine exceptions to this general instability. One of the most trustworthy of these forces we find to be their association with the Negroes, through whom and from whom they are constantly learning. In many instances the Negroes act as an intermediary influence between the teacher and the Indian, and our experiment of co-education has so far been conducted, we believe, with advantage to both races.

The technical ability of the Indian is as great as that of the average white man, and in certain directions they give decided promise, but they fret against the monotony of steady work and tax not only the patience of their instructor but the elasticity of our system to the utmost.

When therefore we are able to report that out of 145 Indians who after three years at this school have gone back to their homes, two-thirds are doing well as teachers, farmers, mechanics and laborers, we believe that we are giving strong testimony as to the value of industrial education for this race. They themselves show their appreciation of it, by the effort which many of them make to return here, after a year or two spent at home, in order to fit themselves more thoroughly for the work which they find to be waiting for them among their own people.

We desire to admit here our full recognition of the fact that no fair estimate of the proportionate value of such education can be made which does not include a consideration of all the influences at work upon the student, and it is just now that we feel ourselves able to speak strongly. We know, as has been already said, how much is due to the character of our teachers, but character in this connection means simply the ability to carry out certain ideas. We realise also that in the case of one of the races with whom we are dealing the pre-existing circumstances are perhaps exceptionally favorable, and we know, again that in working out the general plan of the school certain apparently accidental details have furthered measurably the end in view.

As, for example, our military drill, which was instituted as an experiment, has been found to be of decided assistance, not only because of its effect in making certain minor virtues habitual, but also because it makes possible a training in self-discipline (through our students' courts-martial officered by themselves) which could not easily be secured in any other way and which does much to promote healthy organization and that *esprit de corps* in which the Negro is markedly lacking. Manifestly too it gives a certain sparkle to the dull round of daily duty which is not without influence upon both teachers and pupils. The music of a band and the shining of an occasional epaulette do a good deal toward enlivening long days in the carpenter's shop or the laundry, and here as everywhere else "a merry heart goes half the way."

But it is something more than merry hearts, or good intentions or even faithful friends, that carries our young men and women through three, four or six years of hard work and harder study, and the record made by both our Indian and Negro graduates deserves the close scrutiny of experts, for it supplies perhaps the safest test of an educational theory which for years has been a hard working fact.

Additionally, we believe that back of any such theory lies a personal experience which is beyond the reach of figures, and this experience forces us more and more strongly into faith in the as yet unmeasured power for good which a well administered industrial system exerts over those who either by choice or by force are brought under its influence. Setting altogether aside what may be called its commercial value, we find it to be one of the strongest moral forces that we have at our disposal, and are inclined to look upon it as the corner stone in the civilization of the two races with whom we have to do. We do not hesitate to say that we have found its influence in the creation of character to be so marked, that having been forced into adopting it as a prudential measure, we should be loth to give it up, as our best ally, under God, in the work which we have undertaken.

The Evening Post's opposition to the Blair Bill has been throughout based upon a perfectly sound theory, and although we believe that the convictions of the editor are so intense as to make his appreciation of the principle in question untrustworthy, yet we have had no criticism to offer, beyond that conveyed in the suggestions contained in the editorials of our last number.

But it must always be a serious disappointment to the readers of the "Post" to find that journal lacking even in the minor detail of courteous expression of its views, and that it should have so far lowered its tone as to be guilty of a bitter personal attack upon such a man as Dr. Mayor, comes to many of its friends in the nature of a shock.

In its issue of March the 12th it gives a letter from that gentleman wherein he makes a fair statement of his position which he defends only with legitimate weapons. With this letter for a target, the editor of the "Post" devotes a column and a half in the same issue to what he is pleased to call the "Mayo Myth", ignoring, not only the facts of the case, but turning his back, so to speak, upon the traditions of his own paper, which has usually left the shrieking of weak sarcasm to journals of a lower grade. A little candid enquiry would have shown, we believe, that Dr. Mayo has, in his line, done a work in the South which no other man has accomplished or even attempted. His varied culture, eloquence of speech and liberality of thought have enabled him to take hold of the best class of Southern peopleas no other Northernman working with any similar enthusiasm and opportunity, has yet been able to do. He has further more had the great advantage of a roving commission and while our interest in his work is not, except in the most general sense, that of a supporter or an ally, and we have no desire to resent any fair criticism of it, yet our observation of results leads us to believe that to undervalue either the task he has undertaken or his fitness for it, is a serious mistake.

It is as an humble friend to both parties that the "Southern Workman" puts in its plea for fair play, and while Dr. Mayo is probably quite able to take care of himself, yet we do fear injury to the cause which he champions from this ill-judged and distinctly unfair attack from a quarter to which we are in the habit of looking for wise and courteous discussion of open questions. The following extracts show the tone of the "Post's" article, and, we think, point the moral, that if brilliancy is to be attempted at the expense of truth, one should first be sure of the brilliancy. The Post's remarks are:

"When Senator Blair originally presented his scheme for Federal aid to education in the South, he produced as the chief authority for its necessity a person named Mayo. When people asked why the nation should make such a revolutionary departure in the government as to assume for the first time a share in the maintenance of schools in the various states, the answer always was: "Mr. Mayo says it is necessary." When anybody inquired why the Southern people did not raise more money in order to secure better schools, the reply promptly came: "Mr. Mayo says they cannot stand any heavier taxation." When a douhter suggested that the schools which they already had were steadily and and rapidly dispelling illiteracy among the only class where it can be dispelled—the persons who are not too old to attend school—the impertinence was sharply rebuked by the announcement: "Mr. Mayo says there are four million children in the South who are not getting any decent education." Indeed, the main support of the whole argument that the South needs educational appropriations from Washington has been all along the popular faith in what may be called the Mayo myth—the belief, in other words, that there was a being gifted with omniscience in all matters concerning public schools in every part of the country, whose decision that the Blair bill should become a law could be disregarded by the nation only at such risk of ruin as no prudent nation would venture to run. * * *

That the conscience of a supernatural being should have been attributed to one who thus proves to be the most fallible of mortals, and that the Congress of the United States should have proposed, upon the vague outgivings of such an oracle, to revolutionize the established educational policy of the government, will be accounted in future years one of the most extraordinary exhibitions of popular superstition on record; and the Mayo myth must hereafter occupy a prominent place in every history of the world's mythology."

One More Witness.

What becomes of Indian students returned from Eastern schools to their homes in the west? My experience during three visits to the Indian country is very different from that of the Congressional committee. The wonder to me was not that so many, but that so few had relapsed into "barbarism." I do not believe one was worse than he was before—more than that, as one ball imparts motion to another, so what one educated Indian loses others get. But admitting that he is in worse condition, did not Judas leave the school of Christ worse than he entered it? Must therefore all Christian teaching cease? Having known Hampton students here, I sought them out there. Some who had returned to the blanket, promised to put it aside, showing we yet had an influence over them. One young man,—David Simmons—not employed by the Government but working on his farm, was said by the agent to have raised the best wheat in Dakota.

Another young man—a graduate of an eastern school, who so far as I can learn was never in the employ of the Government, is to-day a leader in Christian work, respected and honored by all who know him. Before the return of a girl educated at the East, her parents decided their home was not nice enough for her, and built and furnished a house that she might be satisfied. In a party which I took west last summer was a daughter of chief Wizi, who taught her family to sit at the table and eat as white people do, bringing out china-ware which they had owned but had not used.

I desire so far as I went over the same ground, to endorse unqualifiedly the statements made by Misses Ludlow and Goodale.

It has been said in Congress that these children are brought East against the will of their parents, that they are required by the agent to come. I have brought these parties from Dakota to Hampton. In no case have I brought one without the consent of the parents given, not by force of the agent. Each time I have bad more applicants than I had authority to accept, actually bringing more—because good material—than my instructions allowed.

One mother, if I remember rightly, came 70 miles with her son to ask me to take him East.

A young man now here, walked 22 miles to beg that he might come East. I do not mean that all the Indians feel this way, but those who have had a taste of civilization earnestly desire more and greater opportunities to learn.

If the committee saw only the wild Indians I can understand how they got the impression. J. J. GRAVATT.

(Rector of St. John's Church, Hampton.)

Southern Prisons.

EDITOR SOUTHERN WORKMAN.—For one who wants to do the work of a Howard or a Wilberforce surely there is no greater opportunity presented anywhere than is found in the prisons of the Southern states. With few exceptions all the Southern states let their convicts, both state and county out to private contractors for so much a month. These contractors work their prisoners on farms or in coal mines. During the prisoner's entire confinement there are no forces at work that tend to make him a better man when released, but rather a worse one. This fact alone, to say nothing of the terrible suffering endured, ought to influence some Christian reformer to give his life to the work.

But let a few examples which I have gotten within the last few days illustrate what I mean. When reading this it should be remembered that the thermometer in most parts of the South has stood below zero many times this winter.

"The feet of a colored boy rotted off a few days ago. This was caused by his being worked in the county chain-gang all the winter without shoes."—*Atlanta Defiance.*

Now let the coroner's jury tell the story of Alex. Crews who was unlawfully forced into prison in the first place and while there was so inhumanly treated that he dropped dead before he could reach his home after being released.

The Negro, Alex. Crews, whose pitiful story of distress and suffering was so graphically described in the *Dispatch* of yesterday, died as he was entering a hack to be taken to the depot on his way home.

The coroner was notified, and summoned a jury of inquest. After examining the witness, the jury rendered this verdict: "We, the jury empanneled to investigate the cause which led to the death of Alex Crews, a colored man, now lying dead in this office, are unanimous in the opinion that the deceased came to his death by cruel and inhuman treatment at the hands of those who had him in charge on the convict farm, and we recommend that proper means be taken to bring the guilty party into court to answer the charge."

The Montgomery *Daily Dispatch* further says: "After his conviction and sentence to the chain-gang he laid in the jail for a considerable while and his attorney applied for a release on a writ of *habeas corpus* which was denied by the lower court. The application on writ was then taken to the supreme court which body decided that he was entitled to release. While the matter was pending in the supreme court, Crews was unlawfully sent to the Smith convict farm." Hear what the State penitentiary physician, who visited the Smith convict farm recently, has to say:—"I was at Smith's farm in Tallapoosa County, Jan. 30th. I found the clothing of the convicts very defective, being thin and worthless, insufficient for protection during the cold weather. Many of them had no shoes beyond a sole tied to their feet, there being no uppers, and some with no protection for the feet except rags tied around them. I told Mr. Smith that the clothing and sanitary condition of the men were miserable and outrageous." Still another newspaper report says: "Capt. Irwin who works convicts at his mill on the other side of the river states that he had received during the coldest portion of the late cold spell, five convicts who came from the Smith farm in Tallapoosa Co., Ala., and that their condition when they arrived at his mill was most miserable. They were poorly clad, having on only shirts and pants and those garments were made of very light material. Personally the prisoners were in a very bad condition, being covered with dirt and vermin."

This statement, Capt. Irwin, who is known to be a just man, bears out the assertion of the poor unfortunate who laid down his life in this city (Montgomery, Ala.) a victim to the inhumanity of man.

The above are examples of what goes on in a greater or less degree in almost every Southern prison. Be it said in justice to the Southern press that every prominent paper is beginning to condemn this horrible mode of treating prisoners.

B. T. WASHINGTON.

Tuskegee, Ala., Feb. 18, '86.

[Graduates' letters concluded from page 42.]

grade," there being two grades above me and five below me.

Having gone thus far, my aim is to go forward and not back. Hence, I stand knocking for admittance to Hampton once more. Hampton, I am sure, will not refuse me this privilege. I am not tired fighting ignorance but only desire to better equip myself for the battle. I am ambitious of acquiring a thorough knowledge of my profession. I've had eight years of solid practice, and not a little theory. So I think two years at Hampton would place me just where I want to be. Much of my time has been given to methods and routine work. My success is due more to utilizing these than to scholarship. Nevertheless, my examinations have compared favorably with those of the successful teachers of this neighborhood. I enclose the certificate I obtained on my examination last fall. Please return it. It may be of use to me.

I hear you are sending Middlers out a year before they finish. This makes a poor Middler shake like Belshazzar, I imagine. Hardships, self-reliance and persistence are stern school-masters, and we must submit to this rule, if we would rise to better things. It makes me feel more manly to send Hampton this certificate than to have received from her a diploma, because it is a receipt for hardships overcome, self-reliance attained and opposition successfully met by persistency. Providing the Middlers can get employment as teachers, this plan of sending them out is a good one.

OBSERVATIONS AMONG THE TEACHERS AND THE PEOPLE.

Our city has nearly 500 colored pupils, and nine teachers. We have poor school buildings but shall have better next year—so our school board says. All of our teachers engage in Sunday school work. Mr. O. D. instructs at two; one in the morning and another in the afternoon. O, is wide awake; he has opened a grocery and his genial manners and business tact are bringing him a paying custom. I am assistant superintendent of a flourishing Sunday school of 160 pupils.

During these eight years I've come in contact with many Hampton students and found two things characteristic of them; devotion to their race, and no compromise with wrong doing. To the former many have given their lives, and for the latter many have suffered reproach because they dared to protest against the glaring vices of the people they love. My experience is that it is best as a general rule not to rebuke severely the short-comings of the older people. Their practices are confirmed by age and habit. Our efforts, in the main, should be to prevent the younger people from contracting the faults of their fathers and mothers. In this good work the co-operation and good will of every parent is secured. "Ephraim is joined to his idols," but he does not wish his children to worship them. Railing at our ignorant masses does no good. The influence of a noble character among them has a value which cannot be computed.

Home influence is all powerful, overcoming in many cases the best efforts of the teacher. By close observation, I am led to think that the people's homes are becoming more sacred. The organ, piano and sewing machine, civilizing influences, are crowding out the banjo and tamborine. Those who own houses, have, as a general rule parlors, in which are found books and pictures.

The pulpit is being elevated. Many congregations will not have an ignorant preacher. In some cases they split, the illiterate going with the ignorant preacher, and the intelligent calling or applying for an educated man. The ignorant ones declare that there is no "feeling" in his gospel. But he stays; the colored teachers rally around him, and he is their strong ally. The educated preacher has the ear of the progressive people; the teacher has the children of both classes. Thus the battle goes on. The practical teacher and cultured minister are to push our people onward. The Negro must go beyond his books. He must buy land, work it, build houses, practice morality instead of talking about it, and think of the complexion of his character and the color of his conduct when discussing civil rights. If these things are done in deed and in truth by those called to lead, our people will rise and enjoy every privilege they desire.

Yours faithfully,

D.

Southern AND Workman

Hampton School Record.

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ANNIVERSARY DAY at Hampton Institute is May 20th. The morning will be devoted to the dedication of Marquand Memorial Chapel, the sermon by Rev. Mark Hopkins D. D., ex-President of Williams College. The rhetorical exercises of the afternoon will be held as last year in the Gymnasium. There will be an Industrial Exhibit in Stone Memorial Hall. There will be no opportunity for examination of classes on the anniversary day this year, but, on the day previous class rooms and work shops will be open to visitors as usual.

On Sunday, May 16th, a farewell commemorative service will be held in Bethesda Chapel, when we hope for the presence of its first pastors, Rev. E. P. Roe and Rev. James Marshall, as well as of their successors.

THE DESCRIPTIONS of the seventy-eight Apache prisoners just received at Fort Marion, give no more savage and repulsive a picture than was that of the seventy-five Cheyennes, Kiowas and Comanches, who were taken there in 1875 by Captain Pratt. Shall the old fortress be to these as to those, the tomb of their savage barbarism, with a resurrection into Christian civilization?

A NORMAL INSTITUTE for white female teachers of public schools is to be held at the State Normal School in Farmville, Va., and conducted by its teachers, beginning June 7th, and continuing four weeks. A hundred and twenty-eight teachers can be accommodated, which will allow for representation of every county and every city of over 5,000 inhabitants, in proportion to its representation in the House of Delegates. It is to be hoped that there will be a full attendance. These summer institutes are of great value, and have done great good.

WE DESIRE to obtain about a dozen copies of the book, "Hampton and its Students," which used to be sold in the concerts of the Hampton Singers; and will pay a dollar a copy for them, sent to the Treasurer of Hampton Institute.

THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL for white girls at Farmville, in this State, reports eighty-seven normal students, and sixty-eight in the preparatory or model classes. It graduated its first class of three young ladies last summer. General Wm. Taliaferro has been appointed to the presidency of the Board of Trustees on Dr. Curry's withdrawal, and Mr. Asa D. Watkins as its secretary and treasurer in place of our honored and lamented friend, the late Judge F. N. Watkins, a former trustee of Hampton Institute. Hon. Wm. H. Ruffner, the zealous and efficient principal of the school, ably presents its cause, stating that as its small annuity does not allow it even with the help of $2,000 from the Peabody Fund to fully carry out the original plan of the institution, of two courses of two years each, one to prepare primary school teachers, and the other high school teachers, the Normal School has [very wisely] devoted itself to perfecting the primary work. This is, as he says, "the most difficult and important work. Here is generated the motive power which is to lift the mass of the people into a stronger, higher life." Some, he says, deluded themselves for a while with the notion that the work is too slow and elementary, but no such talk is heard now, at least inside the walls. He "wants it clearly understood that the school goes in for quality rather than quantity." "As much as we value knowledge, we value mental training far more." On this foundation, he has a right to call earnestly, as he does, for help from the State and the people to put this school for its young women on a par with similar institutions for young men. It is not only to employ teachers—"thousands of whom could be put to work in white schools in Virginia next fall if we had them"—but for the general education of the women of the State, that Dr. Ruffner eloquently appeals, forcibly saying, "Men make provision for their boys out of the public funds, and for themselves too, but how wretchedly small has been the share doled out to her who deserves everything This is not only an injustice, it is an infatuation similar to that which kept down popular education generally in Virginia until a few years ago. Do justice to the women of Virginia, and every good thing will be developed in the State."

THERE IS NO better evidence of the progress of the colored race in the twenty-five years since emancipation, and of public sentiment in regard to it, than in the following statement from the last report of the United States Commissioner of Education, giving the number of colored people at school in the Southern States:

Public schools	1,002,313
Normal schools	10,771
Institutions for secondary instruction	8,695
Universities and colleges	3,177
Schools of theology	800
Schools of law	99
Schools of medicine	141
Schools for the deaf and dumb and the blind	123
Total	1,026,119

The impetus which this advancement owes to Northern philanthropy and such Government aid as it has had in the Agricultural College land scrip fund, has been an essential factor in the work, and if both are wisely continued and extended the next quarter century should show a progress that cannot now be estimated.

The Commissioner further says:

Almost without exception, the State and school officers of the Southern States are agreed that their States can do no more at present. They admit their increasing prosperity; they point, as they may well do, to the rapid increase in their school funds, amounting, as our tables show, to something over $2,000,000 since 1882; but over against these facts they call to mind the continued depression of all valuations in their midst, the long prostration of business, their want of school accommodations and of trained teachers, and, above all, the burden of illiteracy which rests upon them, and they declare that this illiteracy cannot be overcome by means of the State and local funds as rapidly as the interests of the particular States involved and of the entire nation demand.

THE BILL BEFORE CONGRESS for the establishment of Postal Savings Banks has humanity, common sense and practical experience strongly in its favor. If it fails now it should be brought up again and again till it is passed. The arguments against it are of minor importance. Nothing that encourages the general habit of saving can hurt savings banks. The interest on Government investments is too low to compete with any other, except on the ground of security. This is little more than the traditional stocking—only a stocking without a hole in the toe, and with the cheering advantage of turning out a few more pennies than were put in. The masses of the poor ought to have a safe and convenient place of investment for their hard-earned pennies. While the Postal Savings Bank would give this to the whole country, it would be of special benefit to the colored people of the South. Savings Banks do not spring up there on every cross road, as thick as in New England villages. Instead of that is the grog shop, and every temptation to squander their coppers as fast as they earn them. That they can and will save when they are encouraged to was amply proved by their patronage of the Freedman's Savings Bank. Their bitter experience in the collapse of that effort is not yet forgotten, and would make them shy of the name of savings bank, but one backed by the strength of the Government would be eagerly availed of. When the limit of the five hundred dollar deposit allowed by the bill should be reached, the depositor would look cautiously about for a safe investment—most likely put it into land and a home. Meanwhile he would have been growing in intelligence and thrift, acquiring an interest in social order, and loyalty to his country. True, there are not millions in the project to private speculators; it does not seem to be a way of making money out of the people, and there is an apparent call for expenditure and increase of the revenue, but this is small and temporary; to increase thrift and the habit of saving must increase the wealth of the nation, to give the masses of the poor a direct interest in government securities must increase the safety of the country, turning its dangerous classes into order-loving citizens.

The experiment has already been tried with signal success by England at home and in all her principal colonies, and by France, Holland, Belgum, Italy and Japan. It must commend itself to all interested in the safety and progress of our nation.

A COLORED COLONY of miners in Muchakinock, Iowa, seems to have settled the "labor vs. capital" question very comfortably. From an ex-student of Hampton, who is a miner, we have received a copy of the constitution and by-laws of the colony. A few years ago, some three hundred and fifty colored men with their families were brought from Virginia to take the place of the miners in the large coal mines of Mahaska County who had started a strike The inducements held out to the colored men by the coal companies and truck-store companies who combined for the purpose, were an advance of money to pay their fares, and put each family into a home of its own, ample time to refund the money, and good wages.

These generous terms and the expectations on which they were based have been filled to the letter. Naturally the colored laborers met with all sorts of opposition from the strikers and other interested or prejudiced people. For mutual protection and to disprove the prophecies that they would be a set of paupers on the county, they organized themselves into a colony with laws and officers and provisions for maintaining law and order, taking care of their own sick and disabled, and burying their dead. The coal and truck companies aided their plans. The result has been that the Colony has more than doubled,—increasing to 750 miners, and not one of them has cost the county a cent as a pauper or criminal. According to their constitution, "all persons of color brought from Virginia on company transportation shall be admitted as members free of charge, all others shall pay one dollar initiation fee." Besides the colored men, a number of industrious Swedish and Welsh laborers have joined the colony.

Many of the miners are laying up fifty dollars a month. Their employers encourage them to invest their savings in land. A number own a thousand dollars worth in the vicinity. Twenty have gone to Nebraska and bought farms of from 160 to 320 acres each. Some have come back to Virginia and bought farms here. Their improvement has been proportionate in other ways. They have formed school districts, built school houses, and secured good teachers. All their children are in school. They have built churches—the Swedes and Welsh combining, and the colored people building according to their preferences.

Mutual trust and kindness on the part of employers, traders and laborers—the principles of the Golden Rule of Christ—this is all the secret. It is Christian co-operation against oppression on the one hand and communism on the other. It has been an open secret in the world for eighteen centuries.

IN DEALING with races that are behind us in the march of civilization, there are experiences now and then which make one suspect that there may be some Phariseeism in our proud boast of universal white superiority. It has been with us the survival of the fittest according to the conditions of the rough and tumble race for life—though the Mongolian may want to dispute that fact with us some time—and we naturally look down upon those who are lacking in the special adaptatations which we glory in. On the other hand there is not one of the despised races which does not surprise us now and then by easy manifestations of certain qualities which we are accustomed to call heroic. Are not patient endurance and unhesitating risk and sacrifice of life for others among our rarer virtues? But Miss Collins's picture of the Dakota youth standing night and day on the butte, his body bared to the cold winds, his motionless arms extended to the heavens to bring their mysterious healing down for his dying mother, thrilled her white hearers most. The "savages" seemed to take it as a matter of course. A small Indian child at Hampton remonstrated with for some carelessness that might prove fatal, calmly replied "White people afraid to die, Indian not afraid:" There is some truth in it. There may be considerable to be said in favor of the higher valuation of life, but there is something to admire too at times in the cool indifference to it.

When Academic Hall was in flames, there was much real courage shown, by both colored and Indian boys, and no lack of brave fellows to rush in after their leader, coolly obey his orders and help in the saving of property. On a windy day of last winter, when a Hampton colored student was drifting out into the stormy Roads in an open boat without oars, his comrades were among the most prompt and gallant to go to his rescue at serious peril to thei

own lives. Some years ago, another of our young men working for his schooling at a summer hotel on the Atlantic coast, being seized with cramp as he was swimming and seeing that the two white young men with him were getting exhausted in their efforts to help him, said "Save yourselves," let go his hold and sank. It is often said here by one who has had longest experience with them: "In any sudden emergency, and risk of lives, I would not want better helpers for courage and presence of mind, than colored men."

Are not chivalrous courtesy and grateful appreciation of kindness, ranked high among our gentler virtues? But Sir Walter found his match in the old Indian chief who seeing Miss Collins hesitate to enter his lodge, no dirtier perhaps than London streets in the time of Queen Elizabeth, took his embroidered blanket from his shoulders and spread it before the dainty white lady's feet. Both she and Miss Fletcher testify to the gentlemanliness of the Indian guides on whose protection their missionary labors sometimes threw them and the delicate appreciation of their efforts.

We think of gratitude as an acquired virtue. Some one has called it the test of refinement. We hardly look for it in working for our ignorant classes. One of the regulation questions put by visitors at Hampton is, "Do they ever seem grateful for what is done for them?" To be grateful there must of course be some comprehension of the value and cost, and spirit of benefits bestowed. Was such gratitude ever more amply and heartily manifested than by the Chinese servant whose story is told by our correspondent, below.

Hath the white man no advantage then over his brothers in black and red and yellow? As St. Paul says, "Much every way—and first of all because that unto them have been committed the oracles of God," the Christianity which proclaims the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and sees men's wants only to help them.

But here is the story of the Chinaman.

New Years in China Town.

CHINESE GRATITUDE.—WHICH WAS THE HEATHEN?

From a Private Letter.

San Francisco, Feb. 5, '86.

"Yesterday we went, quite a party of us, to Chinatown to see their New Years celebration—very interesting and novel. Gay lanterns hanging from windows and balconies, cleanly dressed, smoothly shaven Celestials; flowers, natural and artificial, especially the fragrant Narcissus which is always a symbol of the day, in profusion. But the children were best of all—bits of orientalism on these sand hills. Such brilliant colors made up their costumes—sometimes red sleeves to a green *pajama* with brilliant yellow and purple or blue combined. The little girls wore masses of artificial flowers with gilt paper on their heads, and floating ribbons, while their cheeks were painted pink, bringing out the twinkling brightness of their long eyes.

E's cook, Wong Yew, had invited us to their Congregational rooms, and there we sat and listened to Moody & Sankey songs sung by intelligent Chinese, in both English and Chinese. While the music went on, one piece after another (you should have heard them sing "Pull for the Shore",) refreshments were passed consisting of candied cocoanut, melon rind, dates, melon seeds, etc.

From there, Wong Yew conducted us about, visiting a woman with small feet, who was richly dressed in silk and jewelry. By request, he led us into a Joss house, where under carved wood with banners around and a table before him upon which were fruits and various things, sat Joss himself. The idol represented a stout Chinaman sitting in a chair with hands on his knees, rich garments, a high gilt crown, and long, black beard.

We next visited the girls school, and heard sweet singing, especially from one little girl who sang alone,

"I think when I read that sweet story of old."

She looked so quaint, with her peculiar braids and national costume, but so sweet and touching, as she knelt, folded her little hands and sang the last verse,

"But still to His footstool in prayer I can go."

And now of Wong Yew. The family equilibrium has been entirely upset by his munificent gift to M. of a gold watch—a handsomely chased Elgin watch! Youknow she has taught him music as well as English composition, for about four years, for which he has shown gratitude by various gifts to her and the rest of the family. But his gratitude has grown with the months, and this time he has outdone himself entirely. Just think of it! A Chinaman presenting an American lady with a watch, Even tu me, only a few weeks here, he gave a lovely embroidered bag.

To return to the watch. Wong sent beforehand, a gilt-edged card to announce his coming. After his arrival, he presented mother some beautiful porcelain plates and then turned to M. They say they were overwhelmed, and M. told him she could not take so much, but they saw he would be hurt, so she told him she would teach him all his life for it. Wong has some connection with a little store, and of course must have more money than he gets simply by cooking. You know he has run E's kitchen for five years or more.

It is strange how strong the gratitude of a Chinaman is, and when they are good servants they are excellent.

But here let me give a contrast. The same evening coming in on the horse cars to bring a present to another member of the family, the car was crowded and Wong Yew stood on the platform which was also crowded—a man, who, Wong says was an Irishmad, told him to get off the car or he *would kick him off!*

Which was the heathen?

However a gentleman remonstrated and all ended well.

THE BULLETINS published by the Virginia Department of Agriculture, ought to be in the hands of every farmer in the State. In the issue for March Mr. Harrison says:

North Carolina is probably the most progressive and prosperous State in the South, and her Agricultural Department is credited with being a principal factor in that prosperity. It has, besides the work done in the State, advertised its resources and brought immigration and much capital. I believe the same could be done in Virginia.

Against this he sets the fact that in Virginia, the recent application for the increased appropriation from the Treasury was defeated, as was also the bill asking for a privilege tare of twenty cents per ton on fertilizers. He draws attention too, to the backwardness of the people of this State in offering inducements to emigrants with capital, which he considers is seriously affecting the general development, both agricultural and industrial. He says:

For some months past, and now, there is manifested in the Northern and Northwestern States of the Union a great interest in Virginia as an inviting field for immigrants. More letters are coming than ever before from those States, and from Canada, as well as from Scotland and Ireland, asking for information concerning Virginia. If this could be worked up—if we would advertise extensively and circulate documents—we would probably get a large influx of industrious settlers bringing with them much capital. The refusal to make an appropriation to encourage the influx of whites was a grave mistake. The natural increase of the black race in Virginia is very much greater than that of the whites; there is no doubt of this, even after ample allowance has been made for grave errors in the last census and that of 1870. Unless we have a large accession of whites from outside the State, the blacks will outnumber the whites in a few years—probably within two or three decades.

Almost every other State is working to foster immigration and settle her lands. Virginia stands aloof, saying in effect that she is content as she is; that settlers may stay where they are, or go to other States.

The subjects specially noticed in this number are:

The increased production of tobacco and its probable effect.

The tendency to overcrop.

Dairy Farming.

The various frauds practiced upon farmers by the dealers in seeds and in patent rights for making composts.

The possibility of cultivating sumac profitably.

The Cross of the Order of Leopold has been conferred by the King of Belgium upon Hon. Geo. H. Corliss, in recognition of the impulse given to steam engineering and manufactures by his great inventions. Our distinguished countryman is another instance of the men who achieve greatness not only by genius but by character, to whom outward honors come not as conferring nobility but recognizing it.

The End, Peace.

One after another are fast passing away from earth, those brave men of the last generation who upheld the cause of the slave when "Abolitionist" was a term of reproach, and to proclaim the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and mean it more than half, brought often the severing of church and social ties. One of these just gone to his reward, was Mr. M. N. Waldron, father of Dr. Martha M. Waldron, resident physician at Hampton Institute. The friends who remember his visit to Hampton three years ago, will recall the keen interest and delight with which he looked on all these results of the long struggle for freedom—how the tall form straightened up, and his eyes kindled with the enthusiasms of Commencement Day—enjoying, as few besides the "old Abolitionists" have ever lived to enjoy, the full triumph of ideas to which he had given his life, and the friendly reuniting of sundered brethren on the platform of good will and help to the long oppressed.

Mr. Waldron was the son of Judge Waldron, who moved from New England to Central New York, when Central New York was "out West," and the country arnund Binghamton a forest. The pioneer settler with eleven others built a church in the wilderness, and his son, becoming a member of it at eighteen years of age, was all his life one of its chief supporters, except for a number of years during the excitements of the anti-slavery agitation, when he withdrew from it in protest against its lukewarmness on the great question of the day. All those years he was a priest in his own household, having given up his outward church relations not from weakness but from sturdiness of faith. When the progress of events and ideas brought the church up to his standard, he quietly took his place in it again and his full share of its burdens. He was from early manhood, like his father before him, a prominent and leading citizen in his county, consulted, leaned upon, and looked up to with universal respect, not only for the outward success of his life, but for the mental ability, the integrity, and nobility of character, that led to these. How far were they not contributed to also by the "honorable women" that blessed the old home of his childhood and manhood; the venerable mother who had made the wilderness blossom with home charities, and lived far beyond the age of ninety in vigorous possession of her powers and her cheerful faith, the rare and gentle spirit who as wife of his youth and mother of his children, filled his home with beauty, till two years ago she went before him to the home above. After her death, which broke up the plans for a beautiful new home near a married daughter's at Oxford, Mr. Waldron resided with that daughter till, on the 10th of last month, he peacefully "fell asleep." The lesson of such lives is worth studying; it was written long ago by an inspired pen: "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." The end of earth, the beginning of heaven; the passing out not "into the eternal silence," but into the everlasting song.

John Welsh.

Christ's Sermon on the Mount is commonly thought to present an impracticable scheme of living, beautiful as an ideal, possible in heaven or perhaps in the millennium, but out of the question for this working day world, at least with anything like success in life. What—manly and yet meek, rich yet hunger and thirst after righteousness, attain honors yet be poor in spirit, successful in business yet pure in heart and hands?

The death of Hon. John Welsh, LL.D., our former United States Minister to England, brings before the people the shining record of a life that answers all these questions with an emphatic yes; a life that was of heaven while on earth, whose influence will live on earth though its course has passed into heaven; a life that proves that even this world does homage to purity, honesty and unselfishness. Mr. Welsh was a rich man, but it is not his wealth that is talked of in his praise; it is the fact that for over half a century, the name of the firm of the three brothers, Samuel, William and John Welsh, commission merchants, stood, like their fathers before them, for the highest ideal of mercantile honor, public spirit and benevolence, as well as business sagacity.

He filled many important public offices, but as has been happily said, "no office that he took elevated him, he conferred honor upon it by taking it." None of them was a sinecure, but every one of them an office of public trust, to which he gave the hardest conscientious work. He was Chairman of the Executive Committee of the great Sanitary Fair at Philadelphia which raised over a million of dollars for the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers of the Union army. He was President of the Centennial Board of Finance, giving his time and influence, money and personal credit, to raise the funds for the great International Exhibition, and doing more than any other individual to ensure its success, then devoting the testimonial presented to him by the gratified citizens to endow a professorship in the University of Pennsylvania. Appointed by President Hayes United States Minister to England in 1877, he filled that high office like all the rest, so as to dignify it in the eyes of the world. His public acts brought him complimentary honors and titles from many foreign countries also, but his fellow-citizens delight to recount as his chief praise, the many services he rendered to his own city of Philadelphia. He was one of the founders, trustees, and chief supporters of the University, founded the Episcopal Hospital and contributed $40,000 to its support, as well as largely to the church of which he was a member. He was President of the Board of Trade for twenty years, Commissioner of Fairmount Park, President and one of the founders of the Merchants Fund Company, to give needed aid to business men in financial reverses, age or sickness.

While these samples do not exhaust the list of his public services, it would be impossible for any one to enumerate his quiet deeds of private benevolence. No great or small call of human need found his ear deaf or his hand closed. With his brother, Mr. Wm. Welsh, he was warmly interested in the Indian, giving their time and money, and great personal influence to the cause to which his son, Mr. Herbert Welsh, Secretary of the Indian Rights Association, has devoted himself with inherited zeal and self-sacrifice.

He attained great length of days, but their record is not like those antidiluvian biographies told in one verse, "and Methusaleh lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years and he died." His eighty years were crowded with deeds, not merely with figures on a dial. It was a life of unceasing work and thought for others. Here was the great secret of its success, of all real success in life; the Bible paradox is a living truth—"He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it unto life eternal." For even earthly immortality, one must seek something besides great things for himself. If he would not be forgotten, he must forget himself, and do God's work in the world. The outward accidents of life may vary—they are not what is truly honored, but the man himself.

SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

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The Southern Press—Both Sides.

We have not as yet seen any accumulated presentation of the opinions of those Southerners who are in favor of the Blair or some similar bill, and it is only fair to our readers that their arguments should be given the hearing which at present they do not seem likely to get in Northern newspapers. We therefore give up our entire page this month to selections from some of the more important journals, prefacing them only with the statement that they could, from material at hand, be largely increased if our space permitted.

The *Memphis Appeal's* argument that there is "no time," coincides with that already put forward by the editors of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN:

The New York *Post* is doing woful discredit to the high position that paper formerly held by opposing, not only with what it regards as argument, but with rancor and bitterness, the bill before Congress for enabling the Southern States to subdue the tide of illiteracy entailed upon its voting population by the colored persons in these States being constituted citizens. The south feels the danger of a large portion of the voters being unable to read the names of the candidates they vote for, and the necessity of fitting the newly constituted citizens for the responsible duties of citizenship. Spite of the difficulties with which war and defeat overwhelmed them, its people established schools and initiated the work of education. But while, from want of means, the work is limited, and advance is made slowly, the new citizen is not delayed in the exercise of his privileges. Ignorant, as he unfortunately is, his vote upon public affairs counts for as much as the vote of the philosopher or the scientist. This work of education does not proceed in proportion with the necessity that exists for it. The need is pressing, present and importunate. The necessity of education in the South goes beyond the present power of the South to supply. Give time, and with that and good will, all can be done; but there is no time. Every election the vote of ignorance may do mischief it will long take the vote of knowledge to repair. The need is a pressing need and a present need, we repeat. We are using no spider-web arguments, but mention solid and hard, if disagreeable facts. The *Post's* flimsiest threats are gossamer that will not bind and fetter the might of fact that speaks thunder-toned for the passage of the bill for aiding education in the South.

In all the South there is no more ably edited paper and none which represents a more intelligent constituency than the *Industrial South.* Its establishment and steady growth are hopeful signs in the history of the Southern people and its editorial opinions are always worthy of attention.

It is truly to be deplored that the bright prospect for the passage of the Blair bill has again been obscured by the incomprehensible opposition of assumedly sensible men in Congress who are amusing as well as amazing all promoters of practical affairs, by straining at the same little gnats that have so often preceded the camels in their coming to be swallowed by inconsistent ticklers for the letter of the Constitution. It is a melancholy thing to contemplate, this spirit of recalcitrant stubbornness on the part of national legislators whose positions before the country would lead us to look upon them as ahead or at least abreast of popular sentiment, instead of behind it and against it, on the great questions of popular education.

In a great free country like this, growing, leaping, bounding, every day and every hour, under the impulses of an ambition and an enterprise exclusively American, and impatient of all obstruction, it is the weakest of unwisdom for men playing the *role* of statesmen to hesitate in so shaping the policy of the Government as to enable the intelligence of the people to keep pace with their responsibilities as the rulers of themselves. In the Southern States of this Union especially, there is a necessity, a demand, an outcry of reason and discretion, for an increase of educational advantages, which shows that in the minds of reflecting men there is serious apprehension lest the lights for our guidance may prove inadequate to the works and the walks before us. There is an alarming degree of illiteracy in the South. The newly-enfranchised race which constitutes so large a proportion of the population in these Southern States may not only mar its own opportunities, disappoint its own expectations, and blight its own hopes, but at the same time it may so weigh down the body politic with its ignorance as to cause the whole country to come to a practical recognition of the fact that the tree of liberty, like all other vegetation, can flourish only in the light, and that darkness, sooner or later, must inevitably destroy it.

The South is doing her best in the direction of education, but she is too poor to do all that needs to be done; and, in the name of freedom and for the sake of her property, in the name of humanity and for the sake of the country, in the name of civilization and for the sake of Christianity, she is anxious, she is eager to receive for her educational fund the millions held up to her hopes in the appropriations promised by the Blair bill.

It is all barbaric nonsense and narrow-minded tyranny to talk about unfitting men for manual labor by bestowing upon them the advantages of education. Such a philosophy as that belongs to the times of the barons and the Bourbons. This country has no soil suited to the germination of the seeds of such weeds. The American people are a free people and a working people, and, if they are true to themselves, they will continue forever to be a free people because they are a working people. The cultivated head makes the hand more deft. The intelligent mind sees the importance, the worth, the dignity of manual labor.

Let us have the Blair bill enacted into a law.

Mr. R. R. Farr, Superintendent Public Instruction for State of Virginia, prints the Bill entire in the *Educational Journal*, and says, "we regard sections VIII and XVII as of most importance to the educational work of our State. The bill is now before the House of Representatives and it should be at once considered and passed."

Section VIII refers to the establishment of normal and training schools. Section XVII to the appropriation for building school-houses.

The *Norfolk Landmark* takes the the sectional view of it, which is always to be regretted and in this connection especially so.

We have pointed out on more than one occasion that the South can get unlimited advice from the North, but that when it comes to voting money it is a very different thing, and we have a confirmation of this in the Blair Bill, which illustrates fully the truth of our remark.

Speaking of the outlook for this measure in the House, the Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Evening Post* holds the following language:

"The friends of the measure are looking for some strong man in New England to assist in taking charge of it, but have not yet found any one who is sufficiently enthusiastic to please them. Some of the Massachusetts Congressmen who have been disposed to support the bill have grown lukewarm. One who even had a speech prepared in favor of it doubts the wisdom of delivering it. One of the ablest Republican lawyers from New England doubts the constitutionality of the bill. Another, who had been relied upon to support the bill, questions whether it would *be wise to vote so much money to be expended in the Southern States.*"

The Italics are our own, and the effect of these is like a lime light thrown on a group on the stage. The meaning of the delay, and of the efforts to smother the bill, is shown as it were, in a flash by the simple mechanical device of italicising the conclusion of the paragraph just quoted. That lets the parliamentary cat out of the bag with the most engaging simplicity, and we feel obliged to the gentleman for his candor. The South is *in* the Union for purposes of taxation; but when money is to be spent then it becomes a matter of practical exclusion, and to realize this will go far towards correcting the evil of which we complain.

The *Richmond Whig* believes the bill is to fall a victim to political trickery.

The action of the House Committee on Education yesterday, in refusing to take up the Blair bill and postponing further consideration of the measure until the third Friday in April, confirms what was predicted in the *Whig* some weeks ago, that its enemies would endeavor to smother it in committee and finally kill it by dilatory tactics. It has been openly charged since the first announcement of the House Committees that the Committee on Education was packed against this measure in the interest of the tariff reformers, who feared that they would not be able to carry through their pet scheme of reducing the revenue if this bill should pass, and it looks very much as if there are good grounds for the charge. At all events, there is a majority of the committee opposed to the bill, and it is reasonable to suppose that their views were known before they were appointed.

We wish to say to the little coterie of gentlemen who have undertaken to shape the policy of the Democratic party and thwart the wishes of the people for their own personal ends, that they are monkeying with a very dangerous weapon. They are likely some day to awake to a realization of the fact that they have not only seriously wounded themselves, but have given an almost fatal stab to the party for whose welfare they profess to be so solicitous.

Seeing the danger that is before them, it now behooves the friends of the Blair bill to take effective means to guard against it. Let them go to work in earnest and adopt measures to thwart the schemes and tricks by which it is sought to defeat this measure. Public sentiment is already aroused on the subject, but it is necessary that it should be brought to bear directly and effectively upon those who seem to have forgotten that there is a political hereafter.

The *People's Advocate* (colored) demands a "fair deal."

The Blair Bill is in peril. Its final passage is threatened by the attitude of three of the Republican members of the Committee on Education and Labor, one Mr. Campbell, of of Pennsylvania, who absents himself from the sittings of the Committee, and two others.

Taylor of Ohio, and Strait, of Minnesota, are opposed to the Bill. We can not see how these gentlemen can justify their acts by any such round-about method. Let them, like men, oppose the bill by arguments and votes before the House, and not by smothering it in the Committee. The measure has met the approval of the people all over the country to a greater extent than any other matter that has been before Congress for years.

Several Legislatures have indorsed it, and nearly all the educational conventions have approved it. In view of these facts and the popular reasons urged for its passage, no Congressman, especially no Republican, should oppose it except on grounds which he should not hesitate to publicly give.

Every one is aware of the illiteracy of the country, where it preponderates and of its dangers. It is also true that the states, formerly in rebellion, are not able at the average rate of taxation to properly educate their youth.

The added value to the taxable values of these states in the eight years of the judicious aid tendered by this bill, will enable them to continue the work unaided and to redeem themselves and the country from the reproach and dangers of a mass of illiterate voters.

Will Republican Congressmen who are to meet their constituents next fall, stand in the way of such benefits and not expect censure given in reduced majorities, if not by defeat?

Forewarned, forearmed!

The *Philadelphia Press* reports that:

The colored people of this city are making vigorous efforts to use all their power to secure the passage of the Blair Educational bill. They have held a meeting, at which strong resolutions favoring the measure were adopted, and a petition contained thousands of signatures of the most prominent colored people in the city. Copies of the resolutions were also sent to each Pennsylvania representative in the House.

"There has been much gratification expressed among the colored people," said Dr. Mossell yesterday, "at the unpartisan support this measure has met with in the Senate, and the hope is entertained that it may meet with like support in the House. It is endorsed by the colored press of the country without exception."

We give Frederick Douglass's letter to the *National Republican* entire, for its moderation and good sense make it worthy of careful reading.

Editor *National Republican:* Please allow me a word in your columns in favor of the passage of the Blair educational bill, which has twice passed through the United States Senate, and is now pending in the United State House of Representatives.

Considering the growth of public opinion, the generous expression of men of both parties, I had hoped, until a few days ago, that this beneficent and much needed measure would meet with no material resistance in its passage through the House, especially as it met with so little on its final passage through the Senate. But from rumors, too well founded, I am now led to fear that my hopes have been altogether too sanguine. Standing, as I have always stood, and always expect to stand, the friend of every public measure in any wise calculated to advance the interests and improve the condition of the long enslaved people of the South, I am warmly in favor of the speedy passage of the Blair Educational Bill, not because it will do all that should be done for the illiterate white and colored classes of the South, or all it promises to do, but as a step in the right direction. In my humble judgment a great mistake will be made, a great wrong will be done, and a great opportunity postponed, if not entirely lost, if this bill does not pass the House. To me it is a bill in the interest of both races, and is of a tendency to do away with the spirit of caste and of sectionalism, and to promote the general welfare by diffusing knowledge and enlightenment in the darkest corners of the republic, where it is more needed, and where the people are the least able to secure such knowledge for themselves.

In advocating the passage of this bill I do not overlook the fact that, admirable as it is in its object and carefully as it is framed, it may fail of its object so far as the colored people of the South are concerned. No colored hand will probably have anything to do with the disbursement of the millions given by the government in this bill, mainly in the name and for the benefit of colored people. Like the Peabody fund, the Slater fund, the Freedman's Bank, and many other institutions nominally established for the benefit of these people the hands are white that handle the money.

The Germans have a proverb that "They who have a cross will bless themselves," and there is nothing in the history of the institutions named or in the history of others that might be named, to contradict this proverb.

But, while I commend the keen vigilance and scrupulous fidelity of Senators Allison, Logan and Edmunds in taking care that the people in whose interest this measure is mainly asked, and freely granted by the United States Senate, shall have a fair share of its benefits, and while, from past experience I cannot hope that, if this bill shall become a law, it will in every instance be faithfully and honestly administered, still even if only tolerably administered, it cannot fail to be a blessing to the colored people as a whole.

Something must be trusted to the spirit of justice, honor, and fairness of the Southern people. They will ultimately see that it is good to be honest and true, even to those they have formerly enslaved and plundered, and whom they still defraud of their political rights.

But aside from probabilities as to the administration of this bill, should it become a law, it will of itself have an educational influence, and turn the mind and heart of the nation in the right direction.

It will be, at least, a recognition of a great national duty toward a people to whom an unmeasurable debt is due. It will tell that people, and all others, that the nation has the disposition, if not entire ability, to do the Negro right and justice. It will be in the line of peaceful and inoffensive reconstruction, and will help to heal the wound left by the war, by holding out a helpful hand to the poor of the late confederate states. To the celebrated saying of General Grant, "Let us have peace!" we must add, "Let us have education!" The Negro needs it, the illiterate white needs it, the nation needs it. If the national government had the power to put down slave insurrections, hunt fugitive slaves over state lines, protect slavery in the states while slavery existed, it has the power and the right to assist in the education and improvement of the newly emancipated and enfranchised citizens, now that liberty has become the base line of the republic and the fundamental law of the land.

Neither of the great political parties can afford to let this educational bill fail, and, least of all, can the great Republican party of justice, liberty, and civilization, afford to let it perish or be postponed to a more convenient season.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

SOUTHERN SKETCHES.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

A Member of the Old Aristocracy.

Aunt Letitia Washington had been the faithful servant of one of Virginia's proudest families. She had decked the bride and shrouded the dead, had welcomed the new-born babes and soothed the sick and dying, for three generations.

Seated in a quiet arm chair by my fire, she made a picture to remember—erect and dignified, with hands crossed in her lap, talking with tender interest of her "old master's" family, the children and grandchildren she had known and loved. Her clean calico gown was stiff as starch could make it; her cloth sack and little fur cape were buttoned close to the throat, and the prim little quilted hood almost concealing the white locks, seemed exactly to suit her manners, a combination of dignified self-respect and consideration for others. The Waller family, among whom her life has been chiefly spent, all have a great deal of manner, which Aunt Letitia has so completely caught, that it is at times quite laughable One of these ladies, a person of admirable character, notwithstanding her extreme pride, has a way of clasping her hands, tossing her head, curling her delicate nostril, and casting up her expressive eyes as she inquires in a voice of grand scorn, "And who—are—the —— Jenkinson's?" which Aunt Letitia so exactly reproduced as she spoke of the sundry magnates of to-day that I was almost overcome with amusement.

Aunt Letitia, like most of the old slaves, knows nothing of books. It was really remarkable to hear her refined and intelligent conversation, and realize that she did not even know the alphabet. She uses excellent language, a little precise at times, like that of the old Southern people, who held closely to the English of their ancestors.

She does not know her exact age, but counts time by the important events that have come within her observation.

Aunt 'Titia's earliest recollections go back to the war of 1812. She was then with other members of her family the property of Judge Bronson, near Williamsburg.

The first scene in her memory was of great commotion about soldiers coming and going. She and other little colored children were permitted to go from the "quarter" to the "great house" to see their master set off to the wars. The ladies of the family were weeping, servants were putting coffee and salt into little bags, packing knapsacks, etc. There was so much talk of "Red-coats" and the fearful ravages they were making that the children, entirely ignorant of the meaning of all this excitement, were in mortal terror of some dreadful creature that was abroad in the land, and might come any night and carry them bodily away.

The next impressive event, an occasion to which Aunt Letitia refers with pride, having personally "assisted" thereat, was the visit of General LaFayette to America in 1824. At this time she had grown to be a "good sized girl," and was employed in her mistress's nursery, taking care of the children under the supervision of an older servant. She gives a graphic description of the reception of the gallant old Frenchman at Yorktown, and the grand pageant she witnessed, holding a white child in her arms, and standing beside her mistress on the platform erected for the spectators. Aunt 'Titia declares that she distinctly remembers Gen. LaFayette's appearance; says he looked old and worn, but smiled, bowed, and spoke cheerfully in response to the enthusiastic greeting of the crowd, calling the American people his "children," and telling of the pleasure it gave him to see them in peace and prosperity.

Aunt Letitia says Peter Francisco accompanied LaFayette, and the French general referred cordially to his old "comrade-in-arms." Francisco made much less impression on Aunt 'Titia than his distinguished companion, but he is no less striking in his way as one of the revolutionary heroes than the noble gentleman who had enjoyed all the advantages of birth and fortune in the gay society of France. The Hampton students are doubtless familiar with the story of the adventurous Portuguese, who was sold as a slave in Virginia, and left his master to enter the army, in which he was a famous character. His descendants are among the honorable and prosperous people of the State. Many stories are kept of his wonderful strength and courage. Tradition tells that he could dance with his wife, who was very small, sitting on the palm of his hand, and could knock down an able-bodied man with a "fillip" on the forehead.

Among the prominent people on York river, from the earliest settlement of the colony, was the Waller family, descendants of Sir John Page.

At the time of LaFayette's visit, Dr. Robert Waller and his brother William were handsome and wealthy young men, noticeable in the society of that region, which comforts itself for every other deficiency by the quality and abundance of its "blue blood."

Among the ladies conspicuous for beauty and grace on this gala-day, was Miss Julia Mercer of Fredericksburg, granddaughter of General Mercer of the revolution, who had been Lafayette's companion in the struggles for liberty. Aunt Letitia says all eyes were fascinated with Miss Mercer's charms. She pictured a tall, elegant, refined-looking girl, dressed in white muslin, with a blue silk bodice, wearing a white hat, with a long plume tipped with blue. Dr. Waller was captivated with the young beauty, and the attraction being mutual they were soon after married.

I had known Mrs. Waller in her old age and at her death, which occurred recently in her eightieth year, there were many traces of the great beauty which had made her the admiration of all eyes in the multitudes assembled to greet LaFayette.

When Aunt Letitia was very young, she thinks about sixteen, she was married to Mr. William Waller's man, George Washington. George was amiable, intelligent, had a kind, indulgent master, and the marriage promised to be a happy one. The young man had been taught boot and shoemaking, which was thought very good fortune for a slave, as an industrious mechanic was enabled to make money on his own account, and was allowed many privileges denied to the ordinary plantation hands.

A short time after the marriage a cloud arose on their horizon, which threatened to blight the happiness of the young couple, who were devotedly attached to each other. Judge Bronson, the wife's owner, became much "involved," as Aunt Letitia expressed it, and being forced to sell most of his property determined to move West.

He selected such of his slaves as he wished to take with him, and gave up the rest to be sold for his debts. Among those who were to be moved from Virginia were Aunt Letitia's mother with her other children, and among those to be put on the block and sold to the highest bidder, was Letitia, the newly-married wife of Mr. Waller's man George Washington! Sixty years of varied experience had not served to calm the emotion with which the bond woman recalled the anguish of that hour. When she was put upon the block, and the coarse auctioneer cried out the merits of the helpless young creature, there were loud murmurs among the crowd, who, though all slaveholders, were not all destitute of human feeling. It was well known that the girl was her master's daughter, and that a man should not only sell his own flesh and blood, but should thus ruthlessly separate those "whom God had joined," was too great an outrage upon humanity. For a little while the husband and wife endured all the agonies of the parting that might be in store for them, but it was soon happily ended by George's wealthy master becoming the purchaser of his wife. Aunt Letitia says she has long suspected that her being thus publicly sold was merely a trick to extort money from Mr. Waller, whose kindness of heart was well known. Judge Bronson, with his household, moved to St. Louis, where they became prosperous. A year or two later, the Judge wrote to Mr. Waller, proposing to re-purchase his former slave Letitia. Aunt 'Titia thinks this must have been done to gratify her mother. Naturally enough she dreaded being placed again in the power of the man who had once parted her from all she loved, and as she was devoted to her husband, and very happy in her new home, she entreated Mr. Waller not to listen to Judge Bronson's proposal. Her new owner being as much pleased with his chattel as she was with her situation, the request was readily granted. Aunt Letitia says she soon lost sight entirely of her own relations, and as she never had any children, and her husband is dead, she is now in her old age entirely alone, and does not know that she has any kindred on the earth.

Mr. Waller was very rich, and had but two children, a son and daughter. Aunt Letitia was given to the young lady as her maid, and became much attached to her. Soon after she entered the family her new master died, leaving to his brother, Dr. Waller, the care of his two children and their fine estate, and the young people became members of their uncle's family. Miss Waller, of course, taking her maid with her. In a few years the attractive heiress was married to Mr. John Speed, a talented and promising lawyer of Lynchburg, where the young couple, to whom fortune had been so kind, began housekeeping. Mrs. Speed could not think of being separated from her maid Letitia, and Letitia could not be happy without her husband, so George Washington was allowed by his indulgent master, Mrs. Speed's brother, to open a boot and shoe shop in Lynchburg, and was soon doing a thriving business. Aunt Letitia seems to think her life, from the time she entered the Waller family until the close of the war, was as happy as often falls to the lot of mortals.

Among the intimate friends of the Waller's was the Tyler family, and the affectionate relations long existing were cemented during Mr. Tyler's term as President by the marriage of the handsome, wealthy, young William Waller, to the President's daughter. Strange to say this is the only marriage that has ever taken place in the White House.

Aunt 'Titia seemed to think it a very natural thing for her young master to marry the President's daughter, and that the honor was rather conferred upon the Tylers in the alliance.

When the war began a great change came over the easy, pleasant life Aunt Letitia's wealthy owners had so long led, and at its close, the luxurious family, who had always lived extravagantly, found themselves reduced to poverty. Their slaves were free, and the large landed estate on York river, chiefly valuable for its fine timber, had been rendered almost worthless by the occupation of the Federal army and the destruction of its fine forests.

Mrs. Speed's husband died soon after the war, his estate was found to be insolvent, and the gentle, refined lady, who had inherited wealth, and never dreamed of the possibility of want, was left almost penniless.

The brother, Mr. Waller, also died after a few years of poverty and care. I had heard much from members of the White family of the faithful affection shown by "Uncle George Washington and Aunt 'Titia" to their former owners in their humiliation and distress. Aunt 'Titia, with true delicacy, shrank from speaking to a comparative stranger of the misfortunes of the family she had loved and honored in prosperity and clung faithfully to in adversity. She spoke depreciatingly of what she had done, said, of course, she and her husband wanted to do all they could for "Miss Catherine and Mas' William," but there was not much they could do for them. The family had seen sorrowful times of late years, "the blood has come down, and I suffers with it," the old woman said plaintively, knowing well that she would never have been allowed to want for anything if her beloved mistress could have prevented it.

Aunt 'Titia's husband had always been an industrious and frugal man, and having long "hired his time," had been able to make money for himself, which he saved, so that when set free, he had more means than his former master. When the family was broken up by Mrs. Speed's leaving Lynchburg and Mrs Waller's death, Uncle George decided to go back to his old home at Williamsburg and ply his trade.

His sister Ellen and her children moved with them to Williamsburg, and while there an incident occurred, which might have had an important bearing upon all their lives. One day, while at work in his shop, a strange gentleman, really seen to be one of the numerous "Yankee" officers then filling the country, came to the door and asked if "George Washington lived there." Uncle George answered that that was his name, and the stranger, who proved to be Gen. Armstrong, then told him he was in charge of a school for colored pupils at Hampton, and had been told that the said George Washington had in his family some remarkably interesting children. He asked to see the children, and when they were brought to him, expressed much pleasure at their intelligent appearance and pretty manners. He then explained that some rich friends of his in the North desired to give a complete education to some particularly promising colored children, looking with interest to the result, as evidence of what the Negro could do under favorable circumstances. The visitor said these children had been mentioned to him, as just the kind his friend desired to experiment upon, and since he had seen them he was convinced of it. One of the girls, he thought, had an uncommonly fine head and expressive face, and if educated as a teacher, he predicted a career of usefulness for her. He offered to take all three of the children at once to Hampton, educate them carefully and fit them for usefulness, promising that their families need have no expense connected with them in future. There was much to be considered before taking such an important step, and though the offer seemed a good one, Uncle George and his sister politely but positively refused to part with the children until they could consult "Miss Catherine" and other members of their old master's family. They promised to write at once on the subject and let Gen. Armstrong hear from them as soon as possible.

Uncle George, his wife and sister, had always lived on terms of affection and intimacy, more like friends and companions than mere servants with their owners, and although fully appreciating the blessing of freedom for their race, they were by no means satisfied with the turn affairs had taken. Aunt Letitia evidently thinks to this day that the Government has blundered egregiously somewhere, and that the slave ought to have been freed without reducing the "quality white folks" to utter poverty and ruin. The whole family were still much under the influence of their former owners. When, therefore, a prompt answer to the letter speaking of Gen. Armstrong's liberal offer and asking advice in regard to it was received, telling them not to think of parting with the children, and asserting that "the Yankee" must have been actuated by some evil motive, Uncle George did not hesitate to accept the decision as final. Gen. Armstrong was at once notified to that effect. It seems dreadful to think that prejudice should have been permitted to decide a question of such importance to the welfare of three promising children. So entirely has public opinion changed in this respect that this affair now excites indignant comment and sincere regret in all Southern people here who hear of it. Aunt Letitia seemed sadly to realize how different might have been the fate of the children she dearly loved, from what it has been, if the offer had been accepted; still she had not a word of blame for those whose advice had been so unfortunate in its results.

Williamsburg not agreeing with Uncle George's health, he and Letitia returned to Lynchburg, where they bought a little home of their own, and Uncle George re-opened his shop. Aunt Letitia was always in great demand with the gentry of the town, where many relatives of her old master still live, as cake baker on festive occasions, lace renovater, sick nurse, etc., and if Uncle George had kept his health they might have lived comfortably. The old man, however, never recovered from the malaria contracted in the low country. Not long after his return to the hills, he was paralyzed, and lingered for years a heavy tax on his devoted and energetic wife. At his death she was left very poor and much enfeebled by hard work and constant nursing. The poor old lady seems very disconsolate in her last years, and it is melancholy to hear her talk of her own troubles and those of the once prosperous family with whom her lot was cast in other times. She had lived with those who "wore the purple," and are now clad in sackcloth and ashes, and the faithful soul shares their sorrows as she shared their joys in happier days. She wiped the tears from her wrinkled face as she spoke of the reverses of her master's family, and thinking to gratify her, and perhaps divert her from such sad thoughts, I remarked, "You certainly had nice, refined ladies and gentlemen among your white people, Aunt Letitia." "I had, indeed," she said with a faint approving smile; then, as if to correct my speaking in the past tense, she added impressively, "They *was* nice and refined, and they KEEPS IT UP!"

Letters from Hampton Graduates.

ROUND THE WORLD. "HIS HEART UNTRAVELLED." REMEMBERING HAMPTON PRAYERS. A LIVE TEACHER. A "TURN-BACK BOARD." FROM A LITTLE MISSIONARY. MISS SHERMAN'S CLASS. SHE LOVES HER WORK.

ROUND THE WORLD.

A Hampton graduate who has for several years done good work at Hampton as teacher in the Butler School and Night Classes, as well as in the Normal School choir, is now making a grand tour with a band of the Fisk Jubilees, who are singing round the world on their own behalf, as they did in former years for their University.

The excitements and successes of the experience do not turn him from his old "home," or his purpose in life. He will be welcome home.

WEXFORD, Ireland, *March* 4, 1886.

Dear Gen, Armstrong:

* * * * The company sails on April 1st for Australia. It is our intention to go completely round the world. Mr. Lowden's plan now is to spend a month in the Sandwich Islands as we come home. I have found the change on the whole a very pleasant one. * * * My experience in England, Scotland and Ireland, has been of the most pleasant nature. I have visited nearly every important place in the Kingdom, and the honor we have received from the first people of the land is worthy of any one There is no "troupe" or set of people travel who have the chance that the "Singers" have to enter the houses of even the Lords and Dukes. While in England we took luncheon with the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, and since being in Ireland we have dined and spent the day with Lord and Lady De Vesci, where we also met the Countess of Kenmore. The Countess of Kenmore owns all of the district in which the lovely Lakes of Killarney are situated. We have sung from Cork to Giant's Causeway, and from Dublin to Galway. So I have seen all of Ireland. We have had crowded houses ever since we landed in Ireland, which was December 23d. This very great success accounts for our early start to Australia. * * * *

I don't mean to sing longer than I get home again. And when I speak of home, I mean Hampton, for to me it seems my only home.

* * * * A few days after you get this, I expect I shall be off from London. The ship bound for Australia stops at Naples. I am going across the continent, so as to visit some places I wish so much to see; Paris, Venice and Rome especially, and other places if I have time. * * * *

Trusting all is well with you, believe me to be very gratefully yours,

ORPHEUS M. MCADOO.

REMEMBERING HAMPTON PRAYERS.

A young man for whom both hope and fears were felt at Hampton sends this good report of his work and himself.

—— N. C., ——, '85.

Dear Friend:

I have been teaching regularly ever since leaving Hampton. I have two schools which I teach regularly. I make an average of ten and eleven months each year. I am well pleased with my work; still there is plenty of room to do more. The people in my section are doing very well; some are owners of large farms, and others of smaller ones; they are not up in the way of education. Still they are making efforts to educate themselves. We have commenced a school named the "Industrial Institute." I am doing all I can to make this school a success. I am using my own means to have this Institution on a firm basis. I would be glad to have your advice in the way of building up this Institution. I am one of Hampton's sons, and am glad to be so called. I can never forget you and others who gave me aid when I could not help myself. When I was at Hampton I thought of the good time I would have when I left—to make money and do well. I have found that there is something to be done besides play. I am here to help fallen humanity, for I find the harvest is great and the laborers are few; therefore, I must do all that I can. I was not a good son when I was at school, but I am trying to be now. So many nights I sat in Virginia Hall and heard these words from General Armstrong, "Have mercy upon those who have gone out from this Institution who are toiling in the heat of the day." Here is a wide Southern field to work, and *so few* are working

In conclusion, I am thankful for the interest you are manifesting in my race, and ask your prayers that the "Negro Problem" may be happily worked out.

Yours.

D.

A LIVE TEACHER

One of our older graduates who pushed his way slowly through the school by sheer force of determination and industry, writes interestingly of his present field of labor.

—— Va., ——, 1886.

Dear Teacher:

I left Hampton in '83, and have been teaching ever since. My schools have never averaged less than forty through the term, yet I had no assistance until this year. I have enrolled at present one hundred and one pupils, with two rooms, one over the other. This, of course, makes it a little noisy, but we make out very well.

I must say in honor to H., and not to myself, that of the only two colored teachers who stood first grade last fall for this scholastic year, I was one. The pay for that grade is $40 per month.

The people have not as yet all ceased to preach to their children, "I got my living without education, and you can do the same."

Another trouble is irregular attendance. This, however, is growing out of them very fast. If we only had the children to teach the work would be forwarded much more rapidly.

When I took this school, there was not a single pupil in it that could work and explain a fraction, although the school had been running for about nine years. None of them knew anything about grammar or history, nor had they the power of conceiving ideas of any matter they might read. They did not make inquiries on subjects, nor show signs for thirst for knowledge. They seemed to think that the teacher was the only active factor, and they the recipients in all cases. One great trouble was to get the older ones to talk.

When I called out a little class in number, and had them to tell little stories to illustrate their examples, the whole school seemed amazed. They never saw a teacher cause so much noise in school before; and very soon those who were in subtraction and multiplication were on their heads to join this little class. They wanted to join it for the fun they would have.

Well, the class that I found in fractions I had to take through fractioning again, for they knew nothing of it. That class is now in percentage, and the class that I found in subtraction is now finishing up fractions.

Aside from this, I have a class that will complete Swinton's grammar and composition this term. It is not so hard to teach our people grammar as it is to train those taught how to use it. I find that this can be done only by criticism. This I had up last year, and the children became so crazy about it that even their parents could scarcely speak without being taken up.

* * * *

Yours respectfully,

W.

A TURN-BACK BOARD.

"Some days must be dark and dreary." Our correspondent does bravely in present discouragement to remember sunshine past and hope for its return. We trust that his Board will make another revolution before long, turn its soft side up again, and then stay put—"be not weary in well doing."

—— Va., ——, 1886.

My Dear Friend:

Your cheering lines said that "Hampton expects every son to do his duty." This of writing is one I've sadly failed to do. But you said also it is "better late than never," so I will tell you now what I have done since I left home.

I left Hampton, my dear old home, in 1877. Although my kind instructors told me, on my diploma, that I had "finished the course with credit," words cannot express the gloomy feelings which penetrated me on leaving those by whom I had been so long and so kindly instructed to go out into the unknown fields to show my people the difference between darkness and light. After spending the summer at work at Old Point I came to my native home. There I entered the field of teaching for the first time. Since then I've taught regularly, each term, from five to ten months, with large enrollments and good daily attendance. I have also devoted myself to Sunday School work. My present school, in which I am teaching the seventh term, numbers about seventy-five. They are somewhat advanced in their studies, and show a general thirst for knowledge, which I call a good reward for my toil. I tell them about my dear old home—Hampton—and her good workers. I have sent some there who have finished the course creditably, and are in the field, faithfully sowing the seeds of wisdom. I have also sent some to "Maryland," and to the Boydton Institute, that are doing nicely.

On the other hand, I am sorry to tell you that the schools in this district are not fostered as they have been in the past. We had a progressive Board whose motto was, "Good teachers, good schools, and good pay." But the present might be rightly termed a Turn-back Board, or a Stand-still Board. Its motto is, "Any kind of teachers—any kind of schools—little pay." Under the system the schools are going backward. You can see that it tends to drive the best workers away.

The dark side of the picture is now turned towards us; but I feel that it is only for a short season, as bright light generally follows grim darkness. But for the strong desire to lift fallen humanity, I could not and would not contentedly toil any longer But I'm willing, with the help of the Great Teacher, who said, "Freely ye have received, freely give," to do all that I can in working on His great building. I want to "clinch the nails."

Your words of encouragement render me great service indeed when all seems dark. Please feel assured that your valuable time and friendly interest in us are not in vain. We can only show our strong appreciation by our earnest work. When I write you again may I be able to tell you that the adverse winds under which we are now sailing may have been changed by him that calmed the raging waters.

May the blessing of God rest with you and all the good workers of dear old Hampton.

Yours faithfully,

T.

FROM A LITTLE MISSIONARY.

Many of the colored graduate teachers in the South manifest a very real missionary spirit in their work. Some make real sacrifices of ease and money in their devotion to their people. The following letter is from a little body with a large missionary spirit—one of Hampton's girl graduates.

—— S. C., *March* 2, 1886.

Dear Miss:

Your circular was received some time ago, and being busy with school is why I have not written you before. I have been teaching ever since the fall after I left Hampton, four years ago. Sometimes I am discouraged, and feel that I might be more prosperous at some other work. For teaching here you get such little pay. But when I stop to think of the need of education among our people, and so few educators, so few to help them on to the right, then I am resolved to go on and do what I can, let what light I have shine, that those who are in darkness may see.

Our school is quite crowded now, and will be until planting time, when the children leave to tend the farm. From the close of the holidays I have had seventy-five daily, two classes, thirty-five or more in a class. I was just crowded out of my seat, which is on a high platform, for I am such a large (?) teacher, that many a time when visitors come I have to be pointed out. Unless I am at my desk, then they guess that I am the teacher. Well, I have been called little so often, that if I am I do not care. I can do as much good as some of my larger sisters. I weigh 95 pounds, what do you think of that?

SHE HAS PLEASANT REMEMBRANCE OF MISS SHERMAN'S CLASS.

You know, I suppose, that Miss Sherman was here during the month of July as a teacher in the Institute. Of course we were delighted to see her. Being in her class took me back to the time I was at Hampton. Many of the teachers here at the Institute would say to me, "Did she teach like that when you were at Hampton?" "Yes," I would say. "How did you keep up?" "Just learned to." And before the Institute was over, they had learned too, and never wanted to leave the class when the time was up. We have had it quite cold this winter, and am glad it is almost over. To-day is bright and clear.

Respectfully,

B.

SHE LOVES HER WORK.

Another "little" teacher writes.

—— Va., ——.

Dear Miss:

I have been teaching at the above named place for the last three years, and am still engaged in the work. I found it much harder than I expected. I was not a little surprised to find that I had chosen a life of study instead of ease as I anticipated.

When I first began I found it difficult to maintain order. My will was strong, but I found some in my school equally as strong. I knew, should I be tyrannical, there may be perfect submission to my authority, yet the line once drawn must be held tightly, or insubordination at once ensues; consequently, my work would become a burden instead of a pleasure. Finally, I decided to be firm, kind and loving, which, I think, was soon felt and honored by my pupils.

My next step was to try and excite in the children's minds a desire to seek after knowledge; also to impress upon them the folly of growing up in ignorance.

I think the first step towards accomplishing the former was by gaining their attention and keeping them interested. The work was difficult, yet I have reason to believe that I have succeeded.

We, colored teachers, have a great deal to contend with, because the parents of our pupils are generally uneducated. Some do not really see the necessity of their children being otherwise.

On the other hand, some will send their children to school and encourage them to study.

I have noticed that the majority of the families here are numerous and *very* poor. Some of them are not able to give their children the necessary books; yet they do not want them to grow up in ignorance as they did.

For instance, not far from me is a family consisting of ten members. The head of this family is a man of wide experience, who has managed to pick up scraps of information here and there. He expresses a desire to educate his children; but it is as much as he can do to keep their heads above water, so to speak. Four of these little people come to school. One, a little girl of about ten or eleven summers, is the brightest child I have ever seen. She is all attention, comprehends ideas very readily, is always at the head of her class, and never says "I can't." This individual now needs a "Fifth Reader" and a "U. S. History;" but I doubt whether her father is able to give her either. How I do pity these unfortunate beings. I could mention several cases if it were necessary.

I have a very full school. Last term I enrolled over sixty. This term I have over fifty. My average is now fifty-two, which is too many for one teacher to do justice to. There are many children in this district deprived of the opportunity of going to school, because there is no room for them, and the county is too poor to pay more than a certain number of teachers.

It was not my intention to write so long a letter, but when I begin to speak of the work I love so dearly, I forget how much time I am consuming.

I love my work, and hope in the future my labors to impart instruction to the young mind may be crowned with success.

Yours truly,

F.

The faculty of imparting high thoughts and glorious images to mankind, in sweet tones and melodious numbers, which entwine themselves inseparably about every theme, enchants the world, and serves the poet for a rich inheritance. The victor of the world pays homage to the poet for he feels that without the poet his own vast existence would pass by like a whirlwind, and leave no trace behind.—*Goethe.*

SILHOUETTES,

BY ALICE M. BACON.

Another Sunday Walk.

In the first spring weather all life seems to emerge from its shelters and hiding places and push out into the warm sunshine. The tender grass blades that have spent their winter under ground, the feaf buds that have been cased in woody mail as a protection against frost and snow, the pickaninnies who have staid in their tiny cabins beside the fire, the students who have crowded into the library and reading room as a warm, cozy place in which to spend their spare hours, the disabled veterans of the soldiers' home and the gloriously apparalled city belles who have haunted the glass piazzas at the Hygeia, all feel the influence of the first warm days and come out from their various shelters to enjoy the fresh air and the bright sunshine that glitters so serenely over the rippling waters of the Chesapeake.

On one of these bright Sunday mornings, ruled by the dominant influence of the spring, the desire to get out of doors, we wandered over to the Soldiers' Home to see the regular Sunday morning parade and inspection. Our walk leads us first through the school farm where the ploughed fields send forth their fresh, earthy oder into the air. The great barn with its closed doors and air of Sunday quiet, the pasture in front where two or three horses and colts are quietly grazing, the plough lying in the furrow ready for Monday's use, all remind us of the world of work in which we live, a work which needs its days of rest and its hours of quiet, but still a work that lies always ahead of us to be done. We pass by the wall of the great cemetery, and through the barred gates we look in nn the long straight rows of marble headstones that mark the graves of thousands who have sacrificed their lives to their country. If we had but time to stop this morning and walk through those green turfed paths and study the inscriptions on the stones, we should realize, perhaps, more strongly than we do now, what countless young lives were given to their country in her time of peril. Here is an atmosphere of work finished and forever laid aside, a feeling of rest not for one day or for one year, but for all time. The grass grows green, the trees bud and blossom, the breeze rustles sweetly above them, but still they rest nor come forth into the sunshine under the influenco of the spring. Their work is finished and nohly done and they can rest until the last great hugle shall wake them to other and greater work that needs their aid.

Around the stone wall of the cemetery and across the little creek that separates the School from the Home, we pass on to the well kept and finely shaded grounds of the United States Home for Disabled Veterans. The central building on the grounds, a great five story dormitory, with a dome whose gifded top serves as a landmark to sailors for miles away, was originally built for a young ladies' seminary. Through the war it served as a hospital and was afterward devoted by the government to the use which it now has. From the iron balconies which run along the front of each story, the old soldiers look out upon the beautiful, historic waters of Hampton Roads; a fine weeping willow, dressed in the delicate green veil of its first foliage, stands directly in front of the building and waves its trailing branches slowly in the light breeze. About the main building a cluster of fater ones has grown up. Dining room, bakery, hospital, theatre, houses for officers, and additional dormitories for the men, have made a great village where formerly the old Chesapeake Hospital stood alone. A sea wall with a terrace and an espfanade, runs along the water front. As we come by the engine house, the firemen are standing in front, in full uniform and Sunday neatness, awaiting the bugle call to fall in. All through the winding paths are old soldiers, worn and haggard, many of tbem, all disabled in some way, hut alf looking their best this morning, and feeling their happiest under the combined influences of the summer sunshine and the clean Sunday clothes. They are assembling along tbe walk tbat runs by the sea wall, and soon three sides of a square are formed, one side stretching along the front of the farge building, its parallel running along the sea wall, and the connecting side passing in front of the theatre. Twelve hundred men stand in the ranks and wait while the Commandant walks along the lines. The band plays fively airs, perhaps not alf of them particularly adapted to the Sabbath day, but calculated at any rate to cheer the veterans as they stand waiting. From our position fn front of the Commandant's house, the fines of the square seem never ending as we catch glimpses on all sides of the blue uniforms among the fresh green shrubs and trees. At last the inspection is over, the Commandant retnrns to his house and stands on the steps while the whole twelve hnndred passes in review before him. It is difficult to give to any one who has not felt it, an idea of the impression produced by these hroken, worn out men as they pass by with martial step and hearing and salute the Commandant. Old men all of them, with white hair and beard, what do these old faces represent of the souls and lives within? That they have been hard, wearisome fivcs, the bent forms show; that many of them have been evil and sinful lives, is only too plainly read from the faces; that others have been lives, where in spite of constant and sore temptation the character has remained good and true, we can judge as we see the honest, manfy, deeply lined faces of some who march by. But for better or for worse the character is made and the work in fife is done and these old men are just waiting here for the end to come and the judgment to be rendered on their completed work, and so the pathos of the thing comes home to us there, as with many a jerk and hobble but still keeping time to the music of the cheerful band, these old soldiers go marching hy. What tales of stiffened arms and twisted joints are told by the varying salutes as each soldier in turn lifts his feast disabled arm to his cap brim as he passes the Commandant. As we watch our students march out of the school room we think of the futures that they must carve out for themselves both for time and for eternity, but these men have no future for time and have lived out their probation and settled their futures for eternity as well. We have plenty of time for moralizing as the pathetic procession marches by. As it ends we come back to the world and to our every day thoughts, the scarred and wrinkled faces, the whitened hairs, the halting paces pass from our view and we are once more back in the fresh spring sunshine with all its growing young fife around us, but we can not restrain a sigh at tne thought of the grand review that has passed us, and the countless sorrows, struggles and temptations that have been met and conquered, or yielded to, by those old men who march along so bravely to the stirring music of the band.

When we leave our seats the men have broken ranks and scattered about the grounds, and the hand on one of the balconies of the main building is giving a concert. Some of the soldiers are going in to the theatre to mass, and here and there along our homeward way we meet an old woman, whose typical Hiberian face, (a type woman, whose typical Hiberian face, (a type so common at the north, so almost never met in this part of the world) and general Sunday get-up seems to indicate that she is going to mass. The chaplain at the Home is a Catholic priest, but in addition to his services, there are also services every Sabbath by some Protestant clergyman. The only room provided for religious services of any kind is the theatre which can hardly be said to be quite suitable for the purpose. It seems as if for these, seventeen hundred men the government might provide a chapel, but so far it has not seen the need of such a luxury.

As we walk homeward, we stop to look at the great bald eagle kept in a wooden cage by the engine house He squawks and hobbles about the floor of his cage in a most perturbed and undignified manner and flutters his clipped wings like a disturbed barnyard fowl instead of the indomitable bird of freedom that he is.

A monkey grins at us from a neighboring tree, secure from the touch of intrudlng hands, a gray monkey with a chain tied around him artistically with a strip of red flannel. In spite of his mirthless grin, he looks like the embodiment of solemnity, with his wizened, wrinkled little face, on which the cares of this world seem to have left many a seam and scar.

As we come out from the grounds of tbe Home back to the schoof farm, we are not sorry to exchange the retrospective atmosphere of the one place for the hopefulness and forward fooking of the other. Youth is cheerful even in its ignorance and poverty, old age in ignorance and poverty is too apt to be hopeless.

Kitchen Cardening.

Every Tuesday and Thursday noon the swarms of visitors who enliven the classrooms of the Normal School, during their spring campaign at the Hygeia, stop on their way back to the hotel to see the kitchen garden recitation at the Butler. If they have not had the good fortune to hear of this Institution at the hotef or at the Normal School their hack drivers are pretty sure to inform them that something worth seeing is going on there. One fady applied at the industrial room for further information, as her driver informed her that she must be sure to see the "chickling" at the Butler, and she was puzzled in regard to what sort of entertainment that migbt be.

Almost all the world now knows the nature of a kitchen garden class, a method of teaching house work, invented some years ago by Miss Huntington, of New York, for use among the ragged little street waifs of the city. It has been succcssful there, and this fittle shoot from the parent stem transplanted to Hampton, though somewhat modified in its form, has flourished well under the skillfuf care of the gardener to whom it was entrusted. Ragged picaninnies enjoy the pretty toy beds, washtubs and dishes as much as street Arabs, and make just as good use of the practical knowledge gained from the class work. Very neat and bright the little class looks as it stands waiting for the lesson to begin. The six girls wear long-sleeved, high-necked aprons and bright red handkerchiefs tied around their heads. The boys wear white aprons, and most of them have rather a sbame-faced look, as if they were not quite sure that house work was a manly enough employment for them. This is just at the beginning, but when the lesson is fairly under way both boys and girls take the liveliest interest in all the knotty questions propounded hy Miss H——, in regard to the how and why things should be done.

One day the lesson will be about waiting on the door. Miss H—— stands bell in hand, while the children with their eyes all fixed on her face, sit in their fittle chairs and wait her summons.

The lesson runs somewhat as follows:

Miss H——. "Now, Willy, you may take the bell and this card and come and call upon me, and you may think uo some message to leave for me. Rosa may wait on the door. Rosa, I am very busy this afternoon and shall wish to be excused if any one calls."

Willy and Rosa arise beaming. Willy takes the hell and card and trudges out of the door, while Rosa takes a little tray and goes back to her seat.

Ting-a-ling goes the little hell, and Willy's face looks shyly in at the door. Rosa for a moment loses her presence of mind and does not answer the bell, but presently pulls herself together and rushes to the door, where the folinwing dialogue ensues:

Willy. "fs Miss H—— in?"

Rosa. "Yes, sir, won't you come in?"

Willy steps inside of the door, and Rosa runs off to tell Miss H——, then suddenly recollecting that she has not done just the right thing she pauses, drops her head on one side, looks at Miss H—— out of the corners of her eyes and shows other marks of confusion. She stands irresolute for a moment, then hastens back to her caller.

Rosa. Miss H—— is in, but she told me to tell you she was out. Won't you please give me your name and your message?"

Willy (serenely unobservant of mistakes). "Won't you telf Miss H—— that I'm sorry she's sick because f wanted to take her out riding."

Willy hands over his card, which Rosa brings triumphantly to Miss H——. During the process of transportation the card is blown off of the tray two or three times by the breeze from the open windows, but is at last safely delivered up to its owner.

The other members of the class are in the meantime sitting and waiting with calm exteriors, but with their fingers twitching with the suppressed desire to criticise and correct.

When Miss H—— calls for criticisms, every little brown hand flashes up into the air.

"She didn't say what you told her to."

"She did not ask him to come into tbe parlor."

"The card blew away."

"He didn't say what he ought to."

"She didn't start quick enough," are some of the criticisms. After the children have finished, Miss H—— points out some faults that they could not see, and then Rosa does the thing nver, this time with more confidence and fewer mistakes. Other members of the class are called upon, and show that they have learned by Rosa's mistakes, and so by one lesson after another the children are perfected in the art of waiting on the door. This has been so successful this winter that one small boy has been translated to a higher sphere of usefulness, and now waits on the door of a magnificent mansion not far from Philadelphia. His brightness and skill in tbe kitchen-garden class won the admiration of one of the fady visitors who negotiated with his mother through Miss H——, and with her consent has taken him away from his eight hrothers to be cared for and trained in her own family.

Another day the lesson is on setting the table, and Mamy, one of the white-aproned little girls, is sent into the room beforehand to arrange tbe table to the best of her ability. Then the class march in, foflowed by the visitors. The little tabfe, witb its red-bordered cloth and its set of pretty Japanese dishes, stands ready, awaiting criticism.

Miss H—— casts an observant eye upon it, and then calls upon the cfass for criticisms. Up goes one of the boys' hands, and a pair of mischievous black eyes sparkle with pleasure.

"Well, Arthur, what is the trouhle?" Miss H—— asks.

"She forgot the thumb bowls," is the answer, and Arthur looks proudly around for approval at having remembered and named an article of tahle furniture with which his kitchen-garden training has but just made him acquainted

When the fact has been made clear to Arthur that the finger bowls do not come on with the soup, the lesson is continued. Searching criticisms are made by the children in regard to the manner in which the cloth is laid, the slightest unevenness being noticed at once by the quick eyes. Then the style of arrangement of the dishes and implements is taken up and commented on, and Mary is called upon frequently to give her reasons for placing any dish in any position that it may occnpy on the table. How to wait on the table is also taken up, the manner of passing dishes, the manner of removing or bringing on courses at dinner.

"When you remove the cover of the soup tureen, how do you set it down?" asks Miss H— "Ananias may answer."

Ananias looks up, then rises and says, "You must sit it down with the handle downwards."

"Now, Lorena may tell me why you set it down in that way?"

Lorena looks puzzled for a minute over the problem, then her face brightens.

"You put it down that way so that the perspire of the soup won't run onto the tablecloth," she answers triumphantly, and then looks confused at the peal of irrepressible laughter from both the visitors and Miss H——herself, which greets this answer. The lesson can proceed no farther until the teacher has regained her composure. The children all laugh, not because they appreciate the joke, but because they like to follow the fashion, and even Lorena recovers from her confuslon sufficiently to thoroughly enjoy the opportunity for a good hearty laugh with the others.

When the laugh has subsided the dinner goes on. The soup is removed and roast beef, mashed potatoes and sweet potatoes are brought on by the demure little waitress, while the class watch eagerly, so that any mistake on the part of the waitress may be observed and remembered until the time for criticism arrives.

Just at the end, when the last course bas been removed and the "thumb bowls" placed carefully at each place, one little girl clasps her hands in a gesture of despair, and exclaims in a solemn vo.ce, "Oh, Miss H——, the tablecloth is on wrong side out."

All the children sit shocked and breathless at this terrible announcement, looking alternately at Miss H——, at the table, and at poor little Mary, who is responsible for this terrible mistake—a mistake tbat can never be rectified now, for the whole dinnek has been served on the wrong side of the cloth. There is evidently an expectation that Mary will be at once dismissed from the kitchen-garden class forever, for so great a delinquency, but Miss H—— fortunately, does not treat the little criminal with such severity, but passes over the mistake with great good humor. So the fesson is ended, the big bell rings for the close of school, and at a signal, the class rise and proceed to divest each other of their aprons and kerchiefs.

The members of this fittle class, with all their funny mistakes and innocent remarks, are getting a great deal of valuable information and training, that is going to help them in the hard-working lives that they all must lead when their school days are over. Many of them now carry into their homes ideas of neatness and order gained in this class, that help in making their homes brighter and their lives less hard and dull. If there could be classes of this kind in all the public schools there would be less trouble, both on the part of the mistresses who desire good help about their household work, and on the part of the young people who want to find places where they can earn, by needed labor, an honest living.

In the Library

1st Student—"Miss B.—is John Hur in?"

Miss B.—(puzzled)—"John Hur?" (happy thought strikes her) "Don't you mean Ben Hur?"

1st Student—"That's it, Miss, I disremembered the name."

2nd Student—"Miss B.—I'd like to borrow Ben She."

Miss B.—(puzzled again) "Ben She?" (another happy thought "Don't you mean Ben Hur?"

2nd Student—Jes'so, Miss, I knew it 'twas something like Ben She."

Southern Workman.

Indian Department.

ELAINE GOODALE, *In Charge.*

Regular Contributors:

HERBERT WELSH, *Cor. Sec'y Indian Rights Association.*

ALICE C. FLETCHER,

REV JOHN J. GRAVATT.

MRS. A. S. QUINTON, *Gen'l Sec'y of the Womans' National Indian Ass'n.*

CAPTAIN PRATT'S NAME and salary have been restored, in the Senate, to the Indian appropriation bill.

THE SENATE has increased the appropriations for Indian "assistant farmers" from thirty-five to fifty thousand dollars.

THE CAPTURED APACHES have just been sent as prisoners of war to historic Fort Marion, at St. Augustine. Shall we see a repetition of Captain. Pratt's experiment?

A "WELL INFORMED OFFICIAL" of the Indian Department states to a newspaper correspondent that the Indians are "dying out" at the rate of about five thousand a year. His logic, however, is somewhat open to objection. His statement that their numbers have been over-rated is very likely true, but as no exact census has yet been taken, upon what does he base his present calculations?

LITTLE MOON, OF PINE RIDGE Agency, Dakota, a full-blooded Sioux Indian, has recently been sentenced to two and a half year's imprisonment for assault with intent to kill. This is the first instance of the conviction and punishment of an Indian for an offence against another Indian, committed on an Indian Reservation. It marks an epoch in the history of our dealings with the red man.

The Problem of the Omahas.

Miss Fletcher makes the following reply to certain points made in our last number, under the editorial heading, "Why not a Citizen?" Her testimony to the condition of the Omahas carries undoubted weight.

"The Omahas are doing as well as can be expected. They are about entering into self-government. The plan can't be made legal—that is recognized by the Department, because the Omahas are under the civil and criminal laws of Nebraska, and the Department could not recognize a distinct government in the State, nor was it expedient to thrust the Indians at once under the counties. This is a sort of society arrangement, that the Indians may learn something of self-government while yet they are under the protection of the reservation. If they succeed, the Commissioner thinks they can do without an agent in a couple of years. Then the people will fall under the counties. * * Our Omahas are practically citizens. They can make as good a contract as I can, can sue and be sued, can appeal to the laws and courts of the State. It may be with them as with me, the question of paying lawyers' fees.

They cannot, however, encumber their land by lease or mortgage, but that is all. It is as though they held no real estate, so far as its being subject to taxes or lien. The plan of leasing their lands to white men would do harm. Only the best lands—those nearest to market—were to be leased, and by that plan the Indian would be pushed back and not have a chance to struggle to his feet.

Then, too, the figures Mr. Davis showed me, furnished him by real estate men in Bancroft, were these. $200 for a five years' lease of 160 acres, $400 for 10 a years' lease of grass lands. The lands yield to the Indian 50 cents per acre for hay, uncut. So for what was offered $200 for five years. the Indians already get $80 per year, or $400 for five years—the same that is offered for a ten years' lease. As for leasing lands for farming—that is not likely at the prices named—$1.50 to $2.00 per acre. Good land can be bought for less money and a man is not apt to improve land he does not own.

The people will succeed if they are given time. If all goes well, I shall hope to get the state to confer suffrage on them in a few years, and then they will have received all the law can give. The problem is already largely in their own hands—they need judicious help and not too much of it."

The Impending Outbreak.

While certain members of the House were protesting against the extravagance of our appropriations for Indian education, other Honorable gentlemen in the Senate of the United States, called loudly for a million or so with which to increase the efficiency of the army on our Indian frontier. It was amusing to hear Mr. Manderson, Senator from Nebraska, discuss the "impending outbreak" among the Pine Ridge and Rosebud Sioux. According to him, it is only a question of time, and not much time at that, when Red Cloud and his followers will descend upon the defenceless border, and perpetrate on the innocent settlers a series of old-fashioned "Indian outrages."

Mr. Manderson's picture of the savage warrior singing war-songs around his camp-fire and thirsting for the blood of the settler, while just over the line dwells that peaceable and shrinking being, kept awake by the anticipated horrors of a midnight massacre, however it might have thrilled a past generation, will hardly be credited to-day. The modern borderer goes about with two pistols in his pockets, and sometimes boasts of having killed his six men, while the modern savage builds his log house, tills his field, and drives his freight wagon in the U. S. Service.

The Senator from Nebraska does not allege any valid excuse for the threatened trouble. These Indians are amply supported, they are under the care of efficient agents and are rapidly advancing in civilization. What is their grievance? Mr. Manderson suggests the "Dawes' bill;" but there could not well be a war about the Dawes' bill, as it cannot become a law without the free consent of the Indians.

He is reminded that Red Cloud's following is in a small minority at Pine Ridge, and well held in check; and he declares in the first place (what is quite incredible) that the Northern Cheyennes are in sympathy with and will act in concert with Red Cloud; and in the second, that in estimating the number of warriors able to go upon the war path, we ought to include the women and "boys over ten years old!" The absurdity of this statement speaks for itself. Indian women have been known to struggle desperately in self-defence, but we can imagine the contemptuous smile with which the Indian brave would greet *this* suggestion. And Indian men are not full grown at ten years of age!

The practical answer to these imaginary horrors of Mr. Manderson's creating is that the Sioux Indians cannot go upon the war path, because they have no way of supporting themselves in opposition to the government. They would be "starved out" in a very few days; and they are too shrewd to attempt it except in the most desperate straits. This method of civilizing the Indian by strengthening the army posts on his frontier is, in a word, out of fashion. The Senator from Nebraska is decidedly behind the age.

Bishop Hare on the Day School.

PHILA., *March* 27, 1886.

My Dear Mr. Welsh:

In answer to your inquiry about Day Schools on Indian Reservations, let me say: 1st. Day Schools as compared with Boarding Schools are *inferior* to them in the *quality* of the work done, and *superior* to them in the *numbers reached.* The Day Schools are valuable tributaries to the Boarding Schools, for they remove the fear and distrust which Indians feel generally towards white people, and, by giving the children a taste of education, whet their appetite for more and prepare them for better.

2nd. Day Schools on Indian Reservations, as I have seen them, are of two classes, good and bad. The bad are not an argument that the good ought not to be, but the good are an argument and an illustration to those in authority showing what the bad should be made.

3rd. Day Schools on Indian Reservations, as I have known them, fill just the place occupied by our District Schools, among our scattered white farming population. However inferior these white Day Schools may be, the school house is an unspeakable present blessing to any neighborhood, and a promise to and help toward good things to come. There the children receive an education, which is, at least, better than none. There the people assemble and discuss the matters which touch their social and civil welfare. There the traveling minister assembles them for Divine worship. Just so is it with the Day School among the Indians. The discipline often might be better. The teaching is often spiritless and dull. But it is vastly better than nothing. It is above the zero point, though far below the temperature at which mind, as at Hampton, rises into genius and delights us by bubbling over.

Yours sincerely,
W. H. HARE,
Missionary Bishop.

Indian Progress at Siletz Agency, Oregon.

AGRICULTURAL.

This Reservation, in point of population and agricultural lands, is a small one; there being only about 650 Indians, old and young, living within the reservation lines; and not more tillable land than will allot to each family a small farm. Nearly all of these arable lands are already occupied by Indian families who are securing a large share of their support from their farms. These Indians are not living in villages or camps in the old way, but are actually occupying lands in severalty; and most of them have comfortable and happy homes. Proportionate to the extent of their farms and other facilities they are very nearly as prosperous as the average Western farmer among the whites. There is, however, one difficulty in the way of any of them attaining to any considerable degree of opulence. Their farms are entirely too small. The agent who superintended the great seggregation of the lands originally took entirely too narrow a view of Indian capacity for Improvement; and the result is that many of the most progressive of them are already bampered on their sixty to one hundred-acre farms. It seems impossible to remedy this difficulty now as they are very much attached to their homes, and greatly averse to leaving them. Their houses are as comfortable as those of a pioneer settlement of white people, and many of them as well kept. Most of them keep as much stock, horses and cattle, as their lands will support. These items, taken together with the usual number of pigs and poultry, form a very pleasant picture of farm life. But the picture would be incomplete without mention of some of the farm products. These consist of cereals, vegetables, and milk and butter. The principal grain crops up to this time have consisted of oats, for which the soil and climate seem peculiarly adapted.

Many Indians raise excellent garden vegetables, such as potatoes, turnips, cabbages, carrots, onions, squashes, etc., and in great abundance. Nearly all of the families milk cows during the summer months, and a considerable number make butter for their own consumption.

The constant aim at this reservation is to make the Siletz Indians an agricultural people, who will live by the cultivation of the soil; and the results of the efforts already made in this direction have been very satisfactory indeed.

EDUCATIONAL.

Perhaps more attention has been given to the subject of education at this agency in proportion to the number of inhabitants than at any other in the West, though there are good schools at nearly all.

The plan of education at Siletz is to divide the time and labor as nearly equally as possible between school and industrial training. Regular school hours are from 9.30 a.m. to 3.30 p.m., aside from this there are regular details of boys and girls for the performance of various kinds of work. Our boys begin work at 7 o'clock in the morning and continue until 9 o'clock, or time to prepare for school. They go immediately from school at its close to their industrial pursuits. Our aim is to arrange the industrial training so as to allow each boy an opportunity to learn the various kinds of work. But as the Department fails to supply this Agency with any mechanical employees we are not able to teach our boys any of the mechanic arts, a thing very much to be deplored.

In point of educational progress the Indian children will compare favorably with most rural settlements of white people. We have one young man about 19 years old who has finished Thompson's higher Arithmetic, and is complete master of it. He has also laid aside the Physical Geography, and is marching with a steady tread through the mysteries of Clark's Normal Grammar. We have a very large class who are well up in all these branches. We have in school two white boys, one the son of the agent, and the other the sutler's son, both about 15 years old, and both regarded as bright boys. They are in the same classes with the Indian children, and they are by no means at the head of their classes. I mention this to show that the Indian children have as logical minds as those of the more favored races, and are as capable of intellectual training as they.

SOCIAL.

Socially these Indians are not as well advanced as they should be. A sufficient effort has not been made in the past to induce them to entirely discard Indian social customs and practices and adopt those of the whites. In fact, it is no easy task to induce people into whose composition superstition has, from time immemorial, been drawn from nearly every object of contact, to cut loose at once from their ancient customs which have their foundations in this great, blinding mass of superstition, and adopt those which are, to them, meaningless and absurd. It is especially difficult to persuade them to break entirely with their superstitious reverence for the "medicine man," and in extreme sickness the constant tendency among them is to go back to their old incantations; and this is true of the most enlightened of the older Indians. In school we make it a point to drill the children in some of the simpler forms of social etiquet; so that when these children go out and make homes of their own they will be much nearer the social life of the whites than were their parents. These Indians are a religiously-inclined people, and many of them are devoted Christians.

There are many other points of interest which we would gladly mention but for lack of time and space. Hoping that this brief sketch of Indian life at Siletz may serve to remove and dissipate at least some of the prejudice from the minds of some of your readers I will close by wishing you the largest success in your Indian school work at Hampton.

J. S. MCCAIN,
Supt. Instruction.

SILETZ, Oregon, March 10, 1886.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

"When can I music lesson again?"

Geography Teacher—"What are the chief exports of South Carolina?" *Student*—"Pine lumber, tar, pitch and turpentine—and pine-apples!"

English Teacher.—"Give me a sentence using the word 'elbow'". *Answer* "Miss Carrie *Elbow* came to breakfast this morning." "A sentence using the word 'present', meaning 'a gift'. *Answer.*—"I am always *present* at roll-call.

The sewing-room presents a busy and attractive scene just now with the girls' new spring and commencement dresses well under way. The older girls choose and make their own quite independently, and usually with a good deal of taste.

Thirty Dakota Bibles, a gift from the American Bible House, have just been presented to those of our pupils who can read in their own language and who understand least English. They are a great help in the Sunday school classes of "new" boys and girls.

Two of our young married men, who have been at Hampton four or five years, have just returned to their homes in Dakota and Nebraska, in time for the "spring planting." One took his wife with him, looking amazingly improved by her stay at school; the other's help-mate remains to graduate in June, when she will join her husband.

To the Holman Committee and all whom it may concern. Three letters received on the same day from three returned Hampton students at Cheyenne River Agency, show clearly the extent of their "relapse into barbarism." One is 1st Sergeant of Police at the agency; one has been engaged in herding, taking care of "3,000 cattles"; one is anxious to secure "1 uniform pants"; and the last two want very much to return to Hampton, for as one of them naively remarks—"I am very sorry I did not Juniors."

Another "Relapse."

Mr. Burt writes from Crow Creek:

"Samuel C. is an apprentice in the blacksmith shop here and is doing very well indeed. I have known him for over ten years and have always considered him as one of our very best young men. He is very quiet and steady. He is living with his old grandmother and his sister and younger brother. He says he wishes to help his sister and so he desired to use his "tool money" for that purpose. He is not, he says, in need of anything in the tool line. The family are all Christians, and are trying to live like white people, so I suppose he wishes to help his sister dress like a white girl."

Samuel is a Hampton boy.

"Sisters' Club."

Badges of bright ribbon are noticeable of late, pinned conspicuously to the apron fronts of the smallest Indian girls, who wear correspondingly bright looks on their faces. One of them explains these phenomena very lucidly as follows:

"Winona girls are going to be sisters, and they not going to fight each other so we have these ribbons. And we not going to get mad, if we don't get mad we will have stars, and twelve girls this is the name, Sophia, Edna, Emma, Mamie, Fannie, Addie, Nettie, Grace, Annie and Felicia and Alma and Your friend

LAURA FACE."

Horse versus Cow.

A regular debate on the comparative usefulness of the horse and the cow was a feature of our last Literary meeting. Four boys and girls of the Normal School took part—two of them Seniors, and all spoke well. At first the horse, which is certainly most attractive to the Indian, seemed to be getting the better of the argument; but the "points" made in the closing speech on the cow, which was very witty and quite "brought down the house," turned the scale in behalf of that gentle domestic animal. The judges decided in its favor; which is, perhaps, as well for Indian civilization. "Give them cows instead of horses, that's the whole story"—as some one has said.

At Haskell Institute.

Lawrence, Kas., Mar. 12, '86.

Some very interesting meetings were held at this school last month. Ministers of Christ of all denominations came out in the nights and preached to us about Christ. Many boys and girls were converted and accepted Christ as their Savior. I took all the names down on a piece of paper who wished to be baptized. Over 140 children were baptized in the name of Christ. Fontinelle and Nellie Keokuk, ex-Hampton students were among them.

We have prayer meetings now twice a week, and many of the young Christians take part.

Every boy and girl seems in earnest in trying to love and serve Jesus; always willing to help one another when in trouble.

The other day I received sad news from Pawnee, telling me of my mother's death. I wept and wept, and when some of my Pawnee boys found it out, they came to my room and prayed for me. I felt strengthened at once, and I will always remember Him as a dear friend, when in trouble.

Colonel Grabowski has returned. He went to Washington to represent the institution. Nellie (Keokuk) is doing well in every way, and she was asking me the other day about Hampton, and that she would like to go back there. Do you think they will take her if she pays her way? If you think she can be readmitted, let me know so I can tell her to write to General or yourself. I think she has enough money to take her there. I think she will be better off than at home. She is now in the highest class; and I think will graduate in the spring, then go home. She is studying some books used in the Middle class.

JAMES R. MURIE.

A Lesson on Southern Products.

Our readers may be as much interested in these productions of the Geography class as they are in those of the Southern States. The first writer depends chiefly upon the evidence of his own senses:

GOOD TO TASTE.

South products. What are they? They are rice and tobacco and sugar cane are found in the Florida and rice in Texas and Louisiana. I don't know where the tobacco grow I think the tobacco plant in West Virginia. I never see plant of rice and tobacco. I see plant sugar cane it is very good to taste and I see how to make the molasses. H. W.

"HAS TO PICK WITH HAND."

The Southern products are Cotton, Sugar, Rice, Tobacco. The Cotton States are Alahama and Mississippi and Texas, and the finest cotton are in Sea Island of South Carolina, and when the cotton ready to pick they get Negro, the cotton has to pick with hand, that reason they get the Negro to pick the cotton and women and children they take their basket, put on their shoulder, and one time one man made a machine, and his name was Eli Whitney, and he made the machine so they could go fast. The sugar states are Louisiana, Florida, Texas and the greatest sugar state is Louisiana, and the sugar when its ripe they cut it in the short pieces and the leaves cut them, and then tied them into bundles and they take over to mills or sugar house, and then they masbed them in the iron rollers and when the juice come out they boil it and they stir it. G. D.

"A VERY GREAT BUSINESS."

Cotton is largely grown in Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee. They make calico, muslin and a great many other things with it. When it is ready to pick they go between the rows and pick it out of the pod. Long time ago they used to pick it off of the seeds, but this was very slow when done by hand. About 200 years ago a man by the name of Eli Whitney invented a machine that could do this kind of work very quickly and this was the cotton gin, then the cotton raising was a very great business in the Southern States.

Rice is most largely grown in South Carolina, Georgia and Louisiana, it was not raised here at first until a sea captain bro't it here from an Island called Madagascar near Asia, he gave it to a gentleman and the man gave it to some of his friends and they planted it and it grew very well but they had to let water run all over it so the sun could not dry it up. They would leave it under the water until it would sprout, then they would drain the water off, that is the way they would raise it. Rice is the food of one third of the human family. D. C.

"NOT MUCH GOOD."

Tobacco is raised in Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, but it is not much good, that is all I can say about tobacco to-day. L. De. S.

"USED BY MANY PEOPLE.

The Southern Products are tobacco, cotton, sugar and rice. The tobacco is found in Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee, and it is used by many people in selling it and getting money for it.

The cotton grows in Alahama, Mississippi and Texas. The people cultivate the cotton and when it is ripe they pick the cotton. The cotton is inside of a shell or the pod, and inside of the cotton are the seeds and it was hard to get them out and it cost a great deal to do it so these people thought they needed more hands to do it, so they went to Africa and got some Negroes and made them slaves to pick the cotton. They had sacks by their sides and go between the rows to pick cotton and when they get to the end they put it in big baskets and carried it to the gin house. There is where the seeds are taken out. After that the threads are spun and woven into cloth, such as calicoes, muslins, and cotton cloth. The Negroes used to pick the seeds out with their hands but a New England man, Eli Whitney, in the 18th century made a machine which could do the work fast and cheap.

The sugar cane needs a very hot climate to grow in. Louisiana is the most sugar state, by the Mississippi river you could find sugar plantations and when it gets ripe the farmers cuts it and ties it in bundles and takes it to the mill. A. D.

The Santee Mission.

I am going to tell about our school. There are thirteen buildings on the Mission, and there are four big buildings which are for the scholars, one is for the large girls, called "Dakota Home," and is called "Bird's Nest," and that is for the little girls. And the "Young Men's Hall" is for the large boys. "The Cottage" for little boys. There are thirty-five large girls and twelve little girls, and sixteen young men and fourteen little boys. Last winter there were 170 scholars. I don't know how many there will be this winter. They are building a dining hall where all the scholars are going to eat, and they expect to get it all done by Christmas, and they want over 200 scholars more. I am staying at the "Dakota Home." I like this school very much, and I will tell you why I like it. I like it because they taught us how to be Chrstians, and first thing they teach us here is Christianity. We always have prayer meeting every Tuesday evening, and one of the girls takes charge of it. Miss Webb asked me to take charge once, so I did. I like to do it because it is one of the Lord's works, and at sewing society some girls take, and once Mrs. Riggs asked me if I can take charge. I was glad to do it. I have been to two other schools before I came, but they don't teach them as they do here. I guess this is the best school of the Dakota Mission. I have been here five years, when I first came here they did not have any blacksmith's shop, not carpenter's shop, not dining hall. They have something very nice at Dining Hall that we don't have in other buildings. It is the elevator.

Since I stay here I learn something. When I was little girl my sister used to say: "That is Sunday," in Dakota, and I don't know what she means, but I always go with her, and when we were going in I used to be afraid, but I never said a word. But since I come to this school I know better, and I am not afraid, and I am one of the members of this church. I am glad that I am led to Christ, because now I am happy. My father and my folks don't know why I am here, but I know they always say that they want us to talk English, that is all they want, but I wrote to my father and told him that he must not think that way, and he wrote to me and said he want me to do what is right and grow to be a nice woman. I was very glad when he said that. I can do lots for my father. I had a mother, but she don't stay with my father, so then I always say I don't have any mother, because I don't know where she is, that is the way the Indians do. They marry a man, they leave him and marry another one again, but I guess they will know better after while.

Yesterday afternoon the girls were talking about that they want to be a missionary if can, they were saying that, but I don't say anything. I was thinking that way to be, but that is a very great thing to do. I want be a missionary. When I can I am going to study Christian while I am staying here, so then when it is time for me then I can do it. I am very glad to follow Jesus, because he keeps calling us every day to be his disciples, but if we don't listen to him, go off and do something wrong, then he is very sorry. Jesus says he will never turn us away. We are going to have Catechism classes. We can study them and remember them; we can do good if we remember all God's promises. I think they are so beautiful; some people don't have kind teachers as we have; they don't have anybody to tell them of our dear Father in heaven; some people don't have nice things as we have; I wish they would send their children to school; I am thankful for what the teachers have done for us; I am going to try and do as my teachers tell me to do this year; I am going to ask God to help me and all the teachers; we say our prayers and go to bed, and in morning we all have prayers together, and sometimes Miss —— ask one of the girls to pray: Miss Webb talks to us all time about our dear Saviour who die for us on the cross; we have Sabbath School and Dakota meeting, these two before noon, and in afternoon we have English service, and in the evening Dakota meeting; in school the teachers don't allow us to whisper and chew gum and talk out loud only when we are reading and talking to our teachers; I think this is the best school; we don't talk Dakota; I don't know whether the boys talk English or not; they don't let the little girls talk Dakota either.

When we get up in the morning we open our beds and windows, then go down to the dining room and sit down be ready for prayers, and after prayers we eat our breakfast, and after breakfast some go up stairs and make beds and sweep the floors, and I wash the dishes in the dining room; some girls wash dishes in the other room, they wash only what they use in cooking and plates; two other girls and I wash only the cups and saucers and knives and forks, and some go to washing and ironing, and some to other works. Miss Webb is gone away, and Jennie Cox is going to take care of us for three days. We can sew and knit stockings and mittens, and some other things, sew dresses and aprons. Mr. Riggs is the principal of this school. The name of this school is *Santee Normal Training School.* NANCY DOCTOR.

The Ogallala Sioux.

INDIAN TRADERS—THE "ASSISTANT FARMER"—"GOING BACK TO THE BLANKET"—THE CHEYENNE CAMP—BOARD OF COUNCILLORS—A TEST CASE.

We leave behind us the ration house, with its pervasive odors of coffee and bacon, and pass out to find everywhere groups of women, children, and ponies—lounging over the counter of the trader's store, which is strewn with calico and finery, gossiping about the gates, or mere dashes of brilliant coloring in the distance as they gallop over the brown hills. The women all ride astride, and in the loose Dakota garb, with leggings of buckskin or flannel, and commonly a gay shawl wound about the waist, look very picturesque and not at all unfeminine as they do so.

The licensed monopoly of these "Indian traders" is one of the standing grievances of the Indians. Dr. McGillycuddy had to a certain extent given them the benefit of competition, and added greatly to their convenience by establishing six trading-posts in remote parts of the reservation. To the great disadvantage of these interests, the present administration has removed these six Republican traders, and put *two* Democrats in their places!

The "assistant farmer," appointed for political reasons, appears to be about the most useless invention yet devised for the civilization of the Indian. Old Red Cloud, who is as shrewd as he is undeserving, originated the tolerably well-known satire: "The Great Father, sends out men to teach us farming. They sit over the office stove all winter and draw their pay; but when spring comes they get discouraged and go home." Dr. McGillycuddy sketches the six gentlemen who were sent to Pine Ridge to instruct the wild Sioux in the noble art of agriculture with a few telling strokes which are by no means lacking in humor: "The first was a mild old gentleman from Tennessee. He appeared to mean well; but he didn't know the difference between a subsoil and a breaking plough. The second, early perplexed me by a note in which he stated that he would like an 'o-r g-o-r—auger.' The Doctor informs us that if he were allowed to appoint these "farmers" he could get intelligent, practical men from the country about, whites or half-breeds, acquainted with the language, the crops, and the Indians, for about one-half the salaries of the present incumbents.

As we stroll leisurely about, we get now and then a glimpse of the somewhat involved machinery of the system on a large agency. The wheels seem always to be well oiled and running smoothly. A petitioner asks for a ration ticket for his brother, who has recently exchanged from Rosebud. The Doctor informs him that a "transfer" from agent Wright will be needed—a formality necessary to guard against the possession of duplicate tickets. An effective tribute is paid to "compulsory education" by a splendid specimen of the blanketed Sioux from a remote village, who approaches to proffer his humble "excuse" for a sick daughter, who is unable to attend school. If he did not give the excuse, he would not be allowed to draw her rations! We end our walk at the office, perfect in its order and appointments, and study the list of Indian police and the ingenious language of "calls" by means of an electric bell, while the Doctor systematically fulfils his contracts with the long line of "freighters" waiting stolidly for their pay.

"How do you succeed with the Carlisle boys, Doctor? Do any of them go back to the blanket, as they say at the East?" "Well, I rather think not; we don't give them the chance." "How do you mean?" "We follow them right up with a policeman. It is a theory of mine that a boy carefully educated at Government expense owes something to the country that educated him. So soon as a young man returns from Carlisle or any Eastern school I call up a policeman and say to him, 'Do you see that boy?' Well, you keep your eye on him, and if you ever see him wearing a blanket, bring him up to the Agency and clap him into the guard-house! Yes," the Doctor continues, "we have one Carlisle student in the carpenter shop and another assists in our boarding-school. I shall make a point of employing as many as I can at the Agency. On the whole, they are doing remarkably well."

A drive to the wild "Cheyenne camp" creates a picturesque break. There are probably no more typical Indians living than this band of 500 Northern Cheyennes from Indian Territory, fresh from the war-path, unbroken to civilized customs, and forcibly planted in the midst of another and a hostile tribe, speaking a foreign tongue. "They are with us, but not of us," Dr. McGillycuddy says. "It is very difficult to do anything with them. About 150 have been induced to scatter out—the rest are very wild—all living in lodges, won't send their children to school, dance all the time—in short, Miss Goodale, you will get all you want of the genuine wigwam and the aboriginal red man!" It is not an easy matter at first to discover this primeval encampment. The slightly rolling prairie, bare of any landmark, the misleading "trails" and absence of trails, perplex us for a long time. Two or three ponies tethered out on the bluffs, reveal the true direction at last, and making a sudden turn, we find ourselves all at once in the midst of the Indian village. A huddle of white canvas lodges, on the banks of a little stream, surrounded by a wild growth of "timber"—as they call it out here—we should say underbrush, its site is evidently planned with the old-time view to shelter and concealment. Not a glimpse, not a sign of habitation betrays itself to the traveller till within a few rods of a noisy and populous village.

Populous and noisy it certainly is, swarming with children, alive with dogs, and brilliant with curious costumes. The wild little half-dressed creatures, who are swinging from the branches of the trees and screaming like parroquets, pause for a minute to return our stare. Although it is broad daylight, the monotonous beats of the dance-drum resound from a neighboring tent. We cannot speak a word of the dialect of the people, and these wild Cheyennes know very few words of Sioux. A visit, such as ours, is an almost unheard-of event in their lives, and doubtless suggests matters of official importance. You could scarcely expect from them anything less than restraint and suspicion. However, an old patriarchal-looking Indian in a blue army cape, which suits him oddly enough, approaches with dignity, and hospitably invites us, by means of signs, to enter his lodge. A lad wrapped in a discolored cotton sheet, with bright eyes and wild hair, comes forward to hold the horses.

We find the interior more characteristic than any we have yet seen among Indian dwellings. Low couches, ingeniously woven of willow and heaped with blankets, serve as divans by day and beds by nights. Among them is a gorgeous Navajo, scarlet and white and black and blue, which has somehow found its way up from Arizona to these Northern tribes. Heavy belts and helmets and other handsome articles of Indian work decorate the circular walls of the apartment. A fire smoulders in the center, with a pot of coffee beside it and a huge unsavory-looking soup-kettle. Two women, one of them young and pretty, recline on the couches, dressed in loose garbs of gayly-colored calico, with graceful flowing sleeves, great belts of leather, ornamented with hammered discs of German silver, brass bangles, and a profusion of earrings and ornaments. These are, as we presently discover, our host's two wives. They invite us to be seated, and we exchange friendly smiles and gesticulations. The old gentleman in the army cape proceeds to open with much ceremony a small brass bound leather trunk and hands to the agent one or two worn and yellowed papers, which apparently possess a cabalistic value. Both are written in English. The first, as we unfold it, proves to be a sort of "recommendation" of our friend Red Eagle, from his former agent in the Indian Territory, who gives him an excellent character. The second—how oddly it sounds, as the Doctor slowly reads it aloud for our benefit, while old Red Eagle gives vent to a series of delighted chuckles. It runs something like this: 'My dear uncle—I am doing myself very well indeed, I can English all the time. I feel very sorry whenever I think about you. I wish you would try to keep yourself and not live in the old Indian ways. It is good plan to try to raise something for ourselves. You ask me to come home, but I am not come home for some years yet. I want to learn something. I wish you would try to be civilize. From your nephew, ——." And it is dated at Carlisle school!

Mrs. Red Eagle, No. 1, has, meantime, appealed unintelligibly to her husband and again by signs to the Doctor. Finally she takes from her own little feet a pair of very prettily beaded moccasins and presents them to me with the utmost grace of kindness! We all shake hands heartily and depart from the midst of this wild tribe of recent "hostiles," who greet their uninvited guests with such simple hospitality and unsuspicious friendship.

On the way home I ask the Doctor if he ever carries arms. "Never," he says, "*on the reservation.* I shouldn't think of visiting one of these border towns without a revolver in my hip pocket. I once had a little altercation with a man on the train, and when he had left it, a judge of the Territorial Court with whom I was riding, casually remarked that 'it would be necessary for me to kill that man some day, and that whenever I found it to be so, he (the Judge) would swear that it was done in self-defence!' I have been present at Indian councils, however, when there was a good deal of excitement, in Red Cloud's village and all over the reservation, and it never occurs to me to go armed."

Slight disturbances of the peace on this agency are dealt with by the Board of Councillors, 100 in number, appointed by the Indians. The Indian police should never act as judges in a court of Indian offences. A few weeks ago there was a case of assault with intent to murder—a crime much less serious than Handsome Elk's aggravated case at Lower Brule—and the promptness and efficiency with which it was investigated by Dr. McGillycuddy indicates a difference in the administration of the two agencies which is by no means favorable to the former. Little Moon, who fired at Cut Meat in the course of a quarrel at the beef issue, the ball passing through his blanket and killing a horse, was immediately arrested, put in irons, and is now awaiting his trial at Deadwood, in the Black Hills, the nearest county seat; in spite of the fact that he took refuge in the "opposition" camp and was protected by Red Cloud and his faction.

The phraseology of the new statute, taking cognizance of Indians' crimes, is so prepared as to leave it in doubt whether these cases are to be brought into the Territorial or United States Courts; and in the former event no appropriation is made to cover the expense of trial. It is not likely that the county will assume the cost of keeping order on the reservation, and thus the law is in danger of becoming a dead letter unless the language of the notorious "Ninth Section" of the last Indian Appropriation Bill be amended. Dr McGillycuddy has by personal effort and influence, secured the trial of his prisoner, but it does not follow that every Indian agent can do as much.

ELAINE GOODALE.

in N. Y. Evening Post.

The Dakotas' Ancient Foes.

MANDANS, REES AND GROS VENTRES—A LONG CHASE—A GAY CAVALCADE—CALLS FROM HAMPTON BOYS—A DRIVE AMONG THE FARMS—A VILLAGE OF ANT HILLS—INTERIOR VIEWS—POOR PETER—BURYING IN THE AIR—AN INDIAN FUNERAL.

For many miles along the Missouri, traces still remain of the ancient flight of the Mandans, Rees and Gros Ventres before their ever victorious enemies, the Sioux. Huge rings, not yet obliterated by the rank growth of the prairie grass, mark here and there the sites of the circular Ree-houses, which could not be "struck," like the tents of the Arabs or the tepees of the Dakotas, but, hastily abandoned, were left to slow decay in the dry air, or to quicker destruction by the enemy's torch or the all-consuming prairie fire. Thus pushed from camp to camp through the wilderness by the "requirements of the stronger," the remnants of the three tribes combined for mutual defence and made their last stand on the east shore of the Missouri ninety miles above the present site of Bismarck. There they were discovered by the explorers Lewis and Clark in 1805, and there they have as yet been able to hold their own, their ancient foes meanwhile overtaken by a mightier wave of progress advancing on the same old savage principle that might makes right.

The little steamer Benton, creeping up the current along the sinuous curves of the big Muddy, fast on a bar twenty-four hours, luckily so close in shore that half her freight could be put off to float her, tying up at night, puffing or punting along at a speed of four miles the hour by day, accomplished for me and my fellow-traveler the hundred and twenty watery miles between Bismarck and Fort Berthold in three nights and four days. Who says the Missouri is "monotonous?" It is as fascinatingly changeable as—well, if I were a man I might say—a woman; provoking you with shallows, defying you with depths, belying all your charts; here to-day and there to-morrow; tossing a saucy sandbar across the channel you glided so smoothly down yesterday, and quietly removing mountains to take its own way round you down the other shore; swift, irresistible, whirling you south, north, east and west, till you lose your points of compass, but coming out all right at last, and, in spite of all contradictions, sweet and sound at heart, satisfying to the thirsty soul! Nevertheless, instead of a rhapsody on the Big Muddy, I was more inclined at the end of that last trip—the demoralizing effect of "turning so many corners" is proverbial—to write a dissertation on the evil of following friendly advice. But for that, should we not have made Fort Berthold in two days by land instead of in four days by water, that is to say, by mud?

Here we are, however, and a gay cavalcade is drawn up on the bluff to receive us. "Certainly the wildest set we have yet seen;" prancing ponies, riders in full fig; the most gorgeous of blankets, striped this way and that, like Joseph's coat of many colors; scarlet leggings, painted faces, jingling ornaments, hair stuck with eagles' feathers or streaming to the waist in multitudinous narrow, ribbon-like bands, stiffened and curiously dotted with paint—alas, that they proved to be jute!—a fine crowd! As they posed and dashed about on their ponies in all their grace and glory, we felt that we had been spared the disappointment which visitors to Hampton and Carlisle sometimes express—we *had seen* "real, live Indians." In the midst of the scene Agent Gifford's horse and buggy stood patiently waiting, and with courteous welcome we were soon safely ensconced in the latter and on our way to the Mission House, where we were expected and were hospitably entertained for the four days of our stay.

News travels fast in an Indian settlement. Before night a Hampton boy had called "In blanket d, you ask? Decidedly not, but in full citizens's dress, which he always wears, and talking English fluently as when he left Hampton. We had many more calls of the same kind before we left, but of this I will speak again. The next morning Major Gifford gave me a pleasant drive on the reservation among the farms. As can easily be understood, the Berthold tribes have had peculiar obstacles in the way of their progress. Raids of the Sioux from the south and west, and the Crees from the north, and of horse thieves, white as well as red, have kept them all these years huddled for protection in a close village swept now and then by epidemics, one of which, of small-pox, about twenty years ago, was so terrible that the American Encyclopedia of 1870 declares the Mandans to be extinct. That was a mistake; a remnant was saved. And even here the new impulse is felt. Industry means peace and progress. The Sioux having turned their spears into plowshares, the Crees having their hands full, and the horse thieves taken care of by the white settlers' vigilance committee, the Mandans Rees and Gros Ventres are beginning to follow.

THE NEW TRAIL OF THE PLOW.

As we drove over the breezy prairie, the agent told me that since last March nearly one hundred families have "scattered out;" more than half of them are permanently established, and all, by putting up a house, enclosing land, or at least breaking ground, have made a start and pledged their purpose to go ahead. Two-thirds of them have broken from three to ten acres each; all have put up hay enough for their stock, which consists usually of from two to five ponies and a cow, with some few oxen, about twenty yoke in all. Most of the new farms are scattered far beyond the limits of a morning's drive. I saw some of them, however; some good fields and some good breaking. It is said out here that the Indian farmer breaks land better than the white man. He is apt to neglect the second or third plowing—the "back setting" and "cross plowing," as they call it—but his first breaking is handsomely done. It is a great thing to him and he gives the whole of his mind to it. Now when you consider what it is to "break" this prairie sod, and look at the young Indian farmer with his small hands and muscles untrained to severe labor, and his pony as little used to it as he, that speaks very well for him. Imagine one of the "*jeunesse dorée*" of Black Bay with his hand on a breaking plow for the first time. If he didn't "look back" before he was half way through his first furrow, and if that furrow was as straight as these I see in Dakota, he would deserve almost as much praise as the Indian—not quite, of course, for shall Puritan ancestry count for nothing? But I'm afraid he'd never win it.

We met an Indian pioneer moving, with all his family and furniture in one cart, to the new home on the prairie; exchanged a cheerful greeting, and drove on to see the "agency farm," until recently the only field of Indian farming operations, and still the chief one. It was cultivated this year by forty Indians, after the land was plowed by the agency teams, the seed supplied partly by the government and in part by themselves. They have raised this year 8,000 bushels of wheat, over 3,000 of oats, and over 5,000 of potatoes. Many have their own corn and potato patches nearer home.

The harvest field presented a gay scene as we drove through it just at nooning. The women and children who always turn out to help the work or see the fun on thrashing day, were gathered in picturesque groups around their heaps of embers and roasting corn. Well filled sacks and piles of golden grain lay here and there. The merry whirr and rattle of the thrashing machine ceased, the great horizontal wheel slowed up, and the tall young fellow, posed like a statue of Phaeton on its hub, set loose his fiery steeds and, throwing down the lines, jumped off and came to meet us—the second Hampton boy I had surprised in this elevated position this summer. Yes, he knew me, though I was unexpected, and it is four years since he left Hampton; a delicate compliment, which only an Indian can always give and always expects to receive. "Tom's a first rate fellow," said the agent. "He has always done well; industrious, manly and steady. He ought to have a better chance than he can

get here. He would be worth thirty dollars a month and his board to an Eastern farmer." "Why not a Western one?" I asked. "Couldn't he go off the reservation and hire out any where like a white man? He looks more like one than like an Indian." "He could," was the reply, "and I'd like to have him—in the right kind of a place. He has been herding cattle for much of the time, but he needs some urging to go out for a new start alone among the white people. He doesn't realize what he could do." I had a talk with Tom, and think I fired his ambition somewhat; but, as the agent says, he ought to have for the start "the right sort of a place."

Driving on to the mill we found an industrious couple, man and wife unloading their summer's harvest into the granary. The mill ground 50,000 pounds of flour last year. This year, for the first time, the Indians cultivating the common field will have more flour than they need for their own use and be able to sell some.

There are 1,037 Indians on the reservation. They have no treaty with the United States. One was drawn in 1873, but the department refused to ratify it. Their dependence for subsistence is chiefly upon the gratuitous appropriations made every year by Congress. These have been $40,000 annually for the last four years; before that $75,000. There are $12,000 in annuities—clothing, household articles and small tools; and $25,000 in subsistence rations—beef, bacon and pork alternately, flour and a little coffee and sugar. A balance of $6,000 falling to the credit of the agency last spring, from a failure of a contract, was spent at the agent's advice in stock cattle and agricultural implements. More are needed. The agent thinks the appropriation now too small.

The reservation is an Executive Order reservation: a large, fertile tract, lying on both sides of the Missouri. The worst feature is that it has never been surveyed, and its boundaries even are unknown. Major Gifford has asked for a survey. Congress last year appropriated $500 toward it. This year the whites were coming so thickly around the reservation—if not upon it—that he asked again for a survey, but the appropriation was said to be about exhausted. It is increasingly important that one should be made, now that the Indians are scattering out over the reservation and the whites coming in. The Indians have scattered for from fifty to sixty miles up the river—northwest as it here runs—going so far for proximity to timber and water. On the other hand, whites are squatting on the southwest portion of the reservation, or very near it. The Indians do not understand the gravity of the situation, but it is evident that there is opportunity for trouble ahead if the boundaries are not defined.

THE VILLAGE—INTERIORS.

I made several visits to the unique Indian village a half mile from the Missouri. About two hundred log cabins and some twenty-five of the curious, circular Ree houses are systematically huddled for defence; the narrow streets or alleys constantly branching and intersecting at such angles that every one is fully commanded and a raiding party attempting to ride through the village would be dropped every man. Some of the houses and stables on the outside of the village are inclosed in high stockades for further protection. A contagious or epidemic fever in these close quarters would make great havoc. Experiences of the kind and the constant urging of physicians, missionaries and agents have produced some effect, and the streets and houses were far cleaner than I expected to find them.

It would be easy to lose one's self in the labyrinth of interlacing ways, but with Maj. Gifford's kind escort I had a most interesting stroll through the village, "making calls on the aristocracy," and getting novel impressions at every turn. Many of the house tops were adorned with strange offerings to the gods—bleaching buffalo skulls and mysterious bundles elevated on poles, thrust at divers angles into the dirt roofs. Sometimes many yards of new calico, or robes and blankets, the owner's best, had thus been sacrificed to the powers of the air. Each of the tribes has its own section of the village, the Mandans and Gros Ventres affiliating more with each other than with the Rees. They are both, in fact, as their dialects show, branches of the great Sioux family. The Rees—more correctly Aricarees—are distinct, and, with the Pawnees, form a family by themselves, which, according to the Smithsonian, cannot be classified with any of the other tribes of American Indians. They are the most progressive of the three tribes in the village as a whole.

Paying our respects to Poor Wolf, Chief of the Gros Ventres, who visited Hampton a few years ago, we received a cordial and dignified welcome and were introduced to his wife. She was grieving over the departure of a daughter for the boarding school at Santee, Neb., but poor Wolf said cheerfully, "I want all my young people to go to school; this little fellow, too, when he is old enough," patting the baby grandchild, with whom the grand mother was consoling herself. Poor Wolf is a very intelligent looking man, a pair of gold-bowed spectacles adding to the dignity of his citizens suit. He is thoroughly progressive, and though he has not fully decided to accept Christianity for himself, I saw him the next Sunday with his wife at the Mission Church, of which his daughter at Santee is a valued member.

POOR PETER.

We had one more call to make. It was on poor "Peter." We found him, as we expected, on his bed, sick with consumption. The pathetic feature of his case, however, was something else. Here was a man of forty, perhaps, who for half his life at least had worn the dress, and done the work, and borne the humiliating lot of a woman in an Indian tribe—all because he had failed in the cruel test of the sun dance, to tear his tortured muscles loose from the hooks on which he hung; failed and asked to be taken down. He had borne without protest or complaint all the toil and mortifications of his life-long sentence, as civilized people bear other conventional tyrannies claiming a divine right. But poor Peter had one comfort, a real one to him, though it seemed to add another touch of pathos to his case. He had been a married man, and the son of his youth is a strong man and brave—"very brave," whispers poor Peter, with a patient smile, from between his woman's braids, and lifting his wasted arm in its woman's sleeve to point us to where the tintype hung.

BURYING IN THE AIR.

Our way home led past the strange "graveyard," with scarcely a grave in it; only ghastly rows of scaffolds, eight or ten feet high, on which the dead lie bound in blankets or in rough boxes, a weird sight, but thus—in the old time—out of the way of wolves that could dig up shallow graves, made with imperfect tools, and quickly turning into mummies in the dry air. As I stood in the yard an Indian woman came in with a square box on her back and deposited it at the foot of a new scaffold. Going off, she soon returned with another woman carrying between them the body of a little child in a blanket like a hammock. Arranging a few bits of cloth as a pillow and bed for the little one, they laid it in the box and proceeded to nail it up. A girl sauntered up with a piece of bright new calico, and the box had to be opened to put that in—an offering. It was nearly nailed up again when another woman approached, and, as she drew near, broke into a mournful wail. She was the mother. Another wild wail arose and the father appeared. The two women went steadily on with their work and quickly hoisted the box into its place with ropes. The wailing went on as I left the place. This was an Indian funeral. That night, and other nights, from my bedroom I could hear the wailing of the mourners in the dark and dismal field. Many still disfigure and cut themselves with knives, expressing their sorrow in Oriental style.—H. W. LUDLOW in *Boston Journal*.

A Spring Harvest.

From our Youngest Contributor.

I feel that some apology is due my readers for introducing the time worn subject of a school commencement, but when I see in how praiseworthy a manner these little entertainments are conducted, I feel sure it will be of interest to those who are friends of the colored race, to hear how creditably the scholars of the colored public school in a little village in Virginia, conducted such an entertainment.

On Tuesday evening, March 30th, in spite of heavy rains, the town hall was quite full of both white and colored friends of the school and the scholars, to see the school commencement.

At eight o'clock, the entertainment opened with a song, which was excellently sung by the school. Every scholar was neatly dressed. The girls wore white with bright ribbons, chiefly—everyone seemed determined to make the audience enjoy the evening as much as possible.

A prayer by the Rev. N. M. Dyer was followed by a chant by the school. Several bright recitations and dialogues came next on the programme.

Among the most entertaining of the dialogues was one called "Why do girls outstrip boys," between Clayton Allen and Lizzie Snoden.

A third song, "Golden Years," was sung by the school in a bright and spirited way.

Many of the dialogues which came next were so irresistibly funny as to send the audience into roars of laughter. Some of the thrilling recitations which followed, changed the amusement to serious interest.

Next came a stirring song by several boys.

Among the best of the dialogues which followed was "The Bum Rum Guards," which was admirably executed by a trio of boys.

After another dialogue "Eight Little Boys from Nonsense Land," Hattie Simpson recited "Is it Anybody's Business?" This was considered one of the best performances of the evening.

Several songs and dialogues, all of which were well worthy of notice, must be passed over for want of space.

The crowning success of the evening was a recitation by Marie Allen, a little tot, hardly more than a baby. Her dress was of crimson which was well suited to the verses she recited so well, concerning a "Little Robin Red-breast." Her tones were not altogether free from a baby-lisp, and she appeared very small indeed, standing on the stage all alone, but she bore herself with great self possession and did not seem to be in the least embarrassed. This recitation brought down the house.

More music and recitations followed. The exercises closed with a very pretty and graceful "broom drill," by a number of girls all in blue dresses with dainty pink aprons, which made a very pretty uniform.

This was a most creditable entertainment but how very worthy of praise are their teachers, who for so many months have laboured patiently and bravely, that at the end of the session they may see so encouraging a reward of their labors not only for the minds and bodies of their pupils, but also for their souls, for with the daily lessons in reading and spelling, they have learned lessons in true Christianity, honesty and truth, both by the precepts and examples of their teachers, to whom are due the most earnest thanks of their pupils and of everyone who is interested in the colored race.

H. H. D.

The Trade of West Africa.

Our good friend and the friend of Africa, Mr. Edward S. Morris writes:

Philadelphia 2d month 17th, 1886.

S. C. Armstrong,

Dear Friend:

Your notice from the office of your "*Southern Workman*," at hand this a. m., and with pleasure I enclose one dollar, to renew my subscription to March, 1887. I hope to do this every year as long as I live. I read the *Workman* with pleasure and profit and then send it to the Anna Morris School, Arthington, Liberia, West Africa, where it is appreciated. You will be pleased to learn that my hand Cotton Gin, Spinning wheel and Loom safely reached Liberia in December last and went to work on New Year's day—at the school. Orders for this hand machinery already from the Vey tribe in the rear of Liberia.

Truly will it be to the natives what you said, in the *Workman* April, 1885.

Not only fraternally, but ever gratefully yours.

EDWARD S. MORRIS.

Mr. Morris's circular states, concerning the trade of West Africa:

The four British settlements on the West Coast of Africa and the American-African Republic of Liberia, each of which is within five weeks sail or three weeks steam from the shores of England or of the United States, are gradually rising in importance as centres of Christian civilization and commercial emporiums.

The Gambia River is said to be navigable for upwards of four hundred miles, through a rich and luxuriant country. Comparing the imports and exports of 1859 with those of 1869, the former show an increase of £71,386, and the latter an increase of £78,220; total increase in the trade of ten years with the Gambia and Great Britain £149,606. The revenue amounts to about £22,000 a year.

The trade of Sierra Leone has more rapidly advanced.

Exports and import both have doubled in ten years. The annual revenue is between £70,000 and £80,000.

No official returns have been made, since 1865, of the imports and exports of the Gold Coast and of Lagos. The annual public revenue of the former is estimated at fully £30,000 and the custom duties of the latter at £40,000. Lagos is now the chief seat of trade for the Niger countries. The declared value of British exports to West Africa already amounts yearly to above two millions of pounds sterling.

There is, in the absence of formal reports, abundant evidence of a considerable improvement in the commerce of Liberia. The coffee crop of last season was unusually large. The barque Thomas Pope lately reached New York from Monrovia, with a cargo of palm-oil, cam-wood, ivory, sugar, and coffee, A planter on the St. Paul's river, who came in her, is reported to have brought with him two hundred casks of sugar on sale, all raised and manufactured and owned by himself. A few years ago, he was dependent on his daily earnings as a house-painter in Columbia, S. C. A vessel recently arrived at Boston from Monrovia, heavily laden with African products, and sailing under the Liberian flag—the first time that it has appeared in that harbor! A superior quality of indigo and palm soap, the latter in odor resembling that of the iris or violet, may soon be expected from Liberia.

The future greatness of the trade of West Africa, is not to be estimated by the tardy growth of the last quarter of a century. Our knowledge of the vast interior is widening; facilities of communication now exist heretofore unknown; steamers navigate the far-famed Niger; the natives on and near the seaboard have greatly improved in manners and customs; the English language is extending, and a large number of youth are in course of education and preparation to act as agents in the extension of legitimate trade and pure Christianity.

Our government has expended several millions of dollars in preventing the shipment of slaves, which object has been effected on the entire West Coast of Africa. It has, however, done nothing directly for Liberia, and it continues to ignore the great opportunity which that Republic, with its half a million of inhabitants, and five hundred miles of sea front, and an almost unlimited interior, presents, of widening the limits of Christain civilization, perpetuating republican institutions, and extending the commerce of the United States. Liberia, nursing into a powerful nation, may appear small and insignificant, but who can tell the influence for good it is destined to exert over Africa and the colored race?

The admission of Liberian products, in Liberian vessels, free of custom duties; the encouragement of a line of steamers, carrying the mails, between American ports and those of Western Africa; and a thorough exploration and opening up of the country immediately interior of Liberia, are ways in which West Africa may speedily be made a civilized region and a remunerating commerce secured, repaying us by its trade tenfold the cost of all our efforts and advances for its benefit.

A Night Scholar's Composition.

Some of the readers of the *Workman* may be interested in the following impromptu composition, written by a member of the advanced class of the night school. The story was suggested by a series of pictures, but otherwise the pupil had no help. The composition is published entirely without correction.

THE NARROW ESCAPE.

The following item appears in one of our leading papers the other day. It was read, by a man who had several small children which made him feel somewhat uneasy on their account. He took the paper home, and calling his children to his side, read the story to them which ran thus. On the 18th inst. Harry Davis, Rev. Davis's son who is about six years of age, was allowed to go fishing, unaccompanied by any one save his dog. He had been fishing some time, when going too near to the edge of the bank, a portion of the earth gave way precipitating him in the stream. He would undoubtedly have drowned had it not been for his noble dog who leaped in after him catching him by the clothes, just as he was sinking the third time; he swam to the shore dragging the exhausted boy with him. In the meantime, his parents having become anxious over his long abscence, his father started out to see if he could learn the cause. On arriving near the stream, he saw his child lying mute and motionless on his back, and his faithful preserver standing over him. As soon as the father saw this he set out on a run until he reached the spot, then he took the child's hand in his and was overjoyed to find a feeble movement of the pulse. He rubbed his numb limbs until he restored respiration, then he carried him home. A doctor was immediately summoned and after a careful examination pronounced him out of danger, relieving the distracted parents of their terrible anxiety.

All this time the children have been listening attentively. Then the father gravely advised them never to go near the water unless with some older person to take care of them, alluding to this as a lesson.

Virginia School Report.

Great labor and care have been expended in the preparation of the Virginia School Report for 1885, and it contains much that is valuable and interesting; full and well classified statistics upon a great many points, well digested in summaries and reports based upon these. Looking through the ponderous pamphlet, and turning down a page here and there, at points of interest as they meet our eye, the first we have thus marked for second reference are the condensed reports of county and city superintendents. A line or so, or word or two, from each, gives the gist of their view of the progress in public opinion on the free school system. Almost without exception they read "Favorable," "Generally favorable," "Increasingly favorable." A very few report some opposition, but in the minority, or not openly manifested; only two report general disfavor, in one case because of already popular private schools. As one correspondent says, "The masses love the public schools, taxpayers willingly support them, and would do more if the law allowed it; the politicians try to out-do each other in loyalty to them, while a few—always becoming fewer—stifle their old tune against them." The Superindendent of Montgomery County says, "Give us the Blair Bill; our people almost universally, and irrespective of political parties, are demanding national aid to our public school system."

As to progress in school work, the statistics show steady and remarkable advance in four years.

In that time, the number of white schools has increased 719, colored 474, total increase 1,193, and yet this remarkable increase has not met the demands of our school population. The enrolment in 1881 in white schools was 162,087, with 3,939 schools, which is about 41 pupils to a school. In 1885, the enrolment was 194,235, an increase of 32,148, with 4,658 schools, or an average still of about 41 pupils to a school. "This shows conclusively that no more schools were opened than were needed to accommodate the white children."

"The enrolment in the colored schools is remarkable, and shows beyond question that their school facilities are not sufficient, as it will be seen that in 1881, 76,958 colored children were enroled, with 4,443 schools, which is an average of about 50 to a school; in 1885, 109,108—an increase of 32,149 were enroled, with 1,917 schools, which is about 57 pupils to a school; indicating that notwthstanding the schools increased 474, the facilities were not too great to accommodate the increased enrolment." The summaries show a corresponding increase in average attendance, and improvement in every detail of school work. The female teachers exceed the males by 55, and the proportion is steadily increasing. "One reason is that women are more successful, and average higher as teachers than the men; another reason is, that they are as a rule paid less for the same work." The beauty of this fine pair of reasons is appreciated by Mr. Farr, who says, "This may seem to be economy, but is a disgrace to justice, and ought not to exist."

From the Peabody Fund, the State received last year, $6,775; viz.: $2,275 for scholarships, $500 for Hampton, $2,000 for the Farmville Normal School for white girls, and $2,000 for Teachers' Institutes. Of these have been held five, three white and two colored; all well attended and successful. At the Danville colored Institute "the attendance was so large and regular that it surprised the most sanguine; the enrolment was 175, representing 19 counties, the largest, with one exception, in the history of colored institutes in the State. The most unbounded interest was manifested from the beginning." Among the eight names given honorable mention, "as one in every twenty who remained during the entire session and displayed marked ability," we notice with pleasure the names of three Hampton graduates; viz.: Wm. F. Grasty, Danville, Va., A. B. White Whitlock, Halifax County, Va., and Amaza J. Drummond, Lexington, Va. Of the colored institute at the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute, the reporter says, "The enrolment was 137, and a more energetic, cheerful and devoted body of teachers was never convened in this land."

The need of more schools is strongly urged. The report shows that to give all the children of the State equal school facilities, 1,095 more schools are needed, 529 white and 566 colored, or a total of 7,670 schools in the State.

The attention of all who favor fairness is called to the discrimination made in many districts and counties against the colored children. The tables show that they are not accorded equal school facilities, that there is an average of 128 colored children to each school opened for their accommodation, and only an average of 70 to each white school. The statistics also show the "startling fact" that even now, only 56 per cent. of the white school population, and only 41 per cent. of the colored are enroled in the public free schools, and that the percentage of average daily attendance is only 33 for the white and 23 for the colored.

A very interesting feature of the school census taken last year, is that, by Mr. Farr's wise interpretation of the law, it takes account, not only of the school population between the ages of five and twenty-one, but of children from one to five. As Mr. Farr truly urges, "This is of the greatest importance, for, unless we know the number of children under the legal school age, how can we with prudence arrange for the constantly-increasing demands for the children who year after year arrive at the legal school age?"

"By these statistics we find that the illiteracy of the white school population between five and twenty-one years, is 3¼ per cent., and that of the colored 53½ and if we include the population under five, we find that there are 464,590 whites, and 349,751 colored, making a total of 814,331, under twenty-one; that of this number, 225,962 whites, and 227,911 of the colored population under twenty-one years of age cannot read." "We know of no way to generally remove the illiteracy of our adult population over twenty-one; as a rule that will stand as a canker in the body politic, a source of much danger to the State. But there is every reason why the State and nation should remove the illiteracy from our young generation. The safety and progress of the State and nation demand this, to say nothing of humanity and religion. It is not remarkable that the illiteracy of the colored school population is so much greater than that of the white. When we remember that in this State, they have only had the advantage of some fifteen years school facilities, their progress is wonderful, deserving of the highest praise, and shows conclusively that they have the capacity to acquire an education, and all they need is fair school facilities."

The census further shows that "a large majority of the parents in the State are natives of the State, and that the farmers exceed all other professions by 22,690."

The report contains also the record of the interesting proceedings of the third annual conference of the superintendents and principals of public high schools of the State, held at Richmond; an account of an educational Reading Association started for white teachers, an account of the State educational exhibit at the New Orleans Exhibition, a number of historical sketches of the progress of schools in the various counties, many of them quite interesting, and the official annual reports of the Virginia Military Institute, the Agricultural College at Blacksburg, the Normal School at Farmville, the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute at Petersburg, and the Hampton School.

This report is the last in Col. Farr's term of office. It would be difficult to find a more faithful, devoted and efficient officer than he has been for these four years in his laborious and important office of State Superintendent of schools.

THE TWILIGHT CLUB of New York is a unique institution. It has no fees, no constitution, no by-laws, no president or other officers except a secretary who like the Mikado's Lord High Executioner, seems to combine all necessary executive powers in his own very efficient person; arranging the dinners, and the speeches, supplying the topics for discussion and much of the wit, his own or others' which he summons and stirs up. Its inspiration was Herbert Spencer's speech on the "gospel of relaxation." Its members, all hard worked young men from every profession and many occupations, meet once a week, dine together at six and go home at nine or ten to their families. The intervening hours are spent in lively discussion of some subject of the times, or "shop talk" from various members on the methods or experiences of their various specialties. The dollar each one pays for his dinner is the only expense to his pocket for all the entertainment including the feast of reason and the flow of soul. Its success is attested by a three years vigorous life and a membership now of over four hundred all told, with an average attendance of about fifty. Sometimes they are invited to bring their wives with them. No wife certainly need be jealous of a club where "water flows like champagne" and wit without the inspiration of wine. The *menus* themselves are literary curiosities, and the condensed report of "Ninety Dinners" is palatable reading. We are not surprised that the grateful diners have combined to show their appreciation of their indefatigable Secretary, Founder, Prime Minister, Lord Chancellor, etc.—who by the way, is Mr. Charles F. Wingate, sanitary engineer, whose expert services have contributed to the sanitary improvements at Hampton Institute, and whose voice has been heard in the club meetings in the interest of Hampton—by surprising him with the present of a wonderful *necktie*, constructed of six one hundred dollar greenbacks, with a scarf pin designed from the badge of the Club. We congratulate Mr. Wingate, and wish there were a Twilight Club, with as efficient a secretary in every city.

"LIBERIA—SOME IMPRESSIONS OF ITS CLIMATE, RESOURCES AND PEOPLE, FROM PERSONAL OBSERVATION AND EXPERIENCE," is the title of a small volume recently published by Mr. T. McCants Stewart, formerly professor of mathematics in a South Carolina State Agricultural College, and late "general agent for industrial education in Liberia." It has an introduction by another representative colored man, Dr. G. W. Samson, and is made attractive by good printing and some illustrations. The principal facts in the history of the Americo-African Republic, with Prof. Stewart's own impressions of its present condition, prospects and hindrances, its best policy and ultimate destiny, are put together in a readable way, calculated especially to interest and assist those who contemplate emigration to their mother country, Africa. The difficulties in their way are too clearly told to inspire much enthusiasm, and Prof. Stewart has no wish to induce any general exodus, feeling that the desirable emigrants for Liberia are those who have intelligence, education, industry and some capital. Just these naturally are most likely to be contented with the position they have attained here, unless they become persuaded that the qualities which have gained them their present advantages will carry them further in Liberia, or they are inspired with a sentiment of patriotic or missionary devotion to the land of their ancestors.

A School Among the Pi Utes.

Miss Elizabeth Peabody, the well known enthusiastic friend of the Indian, sends us for publication, the following clipping from the Boston *Transcript*, giving an account of a visit to a school taught by the "Princess," Sarah Winnemucca:

LOVELOCKS, Feb. 25th, 1886.

Miss Peabody—A few of the principal residents of Lovelocks, having heard so frequently of the Pi Ute school and the aspirations of the princess, concluded, after a little cogitation, to verify in person the truth of these prodigious reports. As a few of the party were unable to attend during the week, the children were kindly retained on Saturday for our enjoyment.

The site of the school building is about two miles from the town, and so unpretentious is it in appearance that a stroller would look upon it as a quiet, rural home, instead of the labor field of your worthy beneficiary. When we neared the school, shouts of merry laughter rang upon our ears, and little dark and sunburnt faces smiled a dim approval of our visitation. After a brief conversation with the princess, we seated ourselves comfortably, evidently feeling that

"Come what come may,
Time and the hour run through the roughest day."

Speaking in her native tongue, the princess requested the children to name all the visible objects, repeat the days of the week and months of the year and calculate to thousands, which they did in a most exemplary manner. Then she asked them to give a manifestation of their knowledge upon the blackboard, each in turn printing his name and spelling aloud. It is needless to say, Miss Peabody, that we were spellbound at the disclosure. Nothing but the most assiduous labor could have accomplished this work. But most amazingly did I rudely stare (and most of our party were guilty of the same sin) when these seemingly ragged and untutored beings began singing *gospel hymns* with precise melody, accurate time and distinct pronunciation. The blending of their voices in unison was grand and an exceedingly sweet treat. We look upon it as a marvelous progression, and so gratified were we that we concluded to send this testimonial containing the names of those present, in order that you may know of the good work the princess is trying to consummate. Considering that only six weeks have been consumed in effecting this much [It is six weeks since the house was completed, the school out of doors had existed longer. E. P. P.], we feel that any further assistance would be well deserved and profitably expended by Sarah. One of our party, Captain Cook by name, addressed the children upon the usefulness of knowledge and its power in the world. When the princess had made proper interpretation of this speech, their bright eyes seemed to say in response, we are, though still in the bud, the flowers of the coming dawn which perfume the golden mosses of the oak.

I remain very respectfully
LOUISA MARZEN.

Signed by each—

MRS. JENNIE E. HARRINGTON,
MRS. H. C. EMMONS,
T. H. WORKMAN,
GEO. W. LECOMPTON,
EMILY E. CUTTING,
CAPTAIN FRANK COOK.

Boston Transcript, Mar. 23d.

How Local Option Works.

We take the following interesting testimony to the benefits of local option no license laws, in the state of Maryland, from the columns of the *Local Option Standard* of Ashland, Va., which has taken pains to collect them.

Extract from a letter of the Hon. Geo. Wm. Brown, Chief Judge of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore City, of the date of May 11, 1881: "Beginning in Maryland with Caroline county, it has gradually extended over about half of the State with remarkably favorable results in diminishing drunkenness and crime, and promoting general prosperity, and morality. Wherever it has been adopted it seems to be firmly established."

The *Baltimore American* says;

"It is substantial, valid, unmistakable reform. The evidence of this lies in the fact that in the counties where prohibition has prevailed, the people, even including those who originally opposed it, would not have it done away with under any circumstances."

Rev. E. L. Hoffecker, of Cambridge, says:

"The 'no-license' law is a success in Dorchester. A member of my church, running

a vessel between Cambridge and Baltimore, says he used to run 50 barrels of whiskey, per week into Cambridge, now not fifty jugs. Before the law was in force our county was in six debt, and our schools did not run more than 6 months; now the expenses are all met, and the schools run the full term. Since this law prevailed, business has sprung up. The result of all this is fine houses, painted up nicely. The colored people look well, and live decently. The ship-carpenters and other mechanics are doing well and living well. Every house is rented, and others are going up. Three hundred houses have been built in Cambridge since this law went into operation."

Calvert County.—Judge D. R. Magruder, who was not at first in favor of the law, in a letter of January 24th, 1880, four years after it was adopted, says he has been forced to change his views on the subject, and adds: "The law is more of a success in Calvert county than *any effort at reform* I have heard of *anywhere*.

Our jail has not had a prisoner since May."

Caroline County.—"Court records show for three terms before the law went into effect, the presentments were 45; for the three next after the law was enforced, 22, a diminution of crime more than half."

Later, Mr. Griffith, President of the Prisoners' Aid Society, reports:

"I visited the jail and almshouse of this county August 17th (1882). I found no prisoner in the jail, and said to Mr. G. M. Cohee, the sheriff, 'How is this? I have come here to talk to and instruct the prisoners, and this makes the third time I have found your jail empty.' He laughingly replied that the Local-Option law was the cause, and made it a very poor business for sheriffs, as there was so little money in it now the position was hardly worth having.

Montgomery County.—Two years after Local Option went into operation, the Grand Jury, through its foreman, Walter M. Talbott, reported:

"To judge from the reports of the constables in their several bailiwicks, the degree of peace and good will that reigns throughout the county betokens a near approach of the millenium. In conclusion, we feel certain your Honors will rejoice with the Grand Jury that the good order of the county has so increased that it was found necessary to find but nine bills of indictment, possibly the smallest number for any term of court in the history of the county for the last *twenty years*."

We acknowledge with thanks the gift from our generous friends, Messrs. Harper Bros., of a handsome copy of Stormouth's Dictionary, for the Normal School Library.

The Eighth Wonder of the World.

A stranger in New York, standing on the middle span of the great Brooklyn Bridge, views with wonder the beauties of New York harbor. He sees the great cities on each side stretching away for miles to the north, east and west. Beneath his feet the rapidly running river, with scores of large and small steamboats coursing up and down. A large four-masted ship, bound for China, is passing under the great bridge in charge of a tugboat on its way to the sea, all hands are busy on deck, and as she passes from under the Bridge the sailors give a shout. If this ship arrives out safely and returns to this port it will be nearly a year before she makes the round trip.

Looking down the bay we see a great steamer going through the Narrows, bound in an opposite direction. Great black clouds of smoke ascend from her funnel. We know that the stokers away down in the boiler-room are replenishing the fires that are to furnish the motive power for the great ship, and must be attended to constantly for the next ten days.

Apparently at our feet, but over a mile away, lies Governor's Island: a picture fresh, green and peaceful. The old fort, with cannons on top large enough for a small child to crawl in, the cannon balls piled in pyramids, the officers' houses and well-kept lawns remind one of the peep show in a pasteboard box that he made when a child.

At our right we see a towering structure on an island—Bedloe's Island, three miles and a half away. It is difficult to realize the distance is so great, as everything stands out clear and bright on this beautiful spring day. This large structure is the pedestal for Bartholdi's great statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," which is to be one hundred and forty-two feet high, and will be completed this month.

The engineers and workmen who constructed the great statue will arrive from France in May, and commence putting in place this great wonder of modern times which will tower three hundred and twenty feet above the waters of the bay; a beacon light that will show far out at sea, and a welcome to all who enter the beautiful harbor from oppressed and overcrowded Europe to make their homes with us.

This great statue is a gift from one great nation to another, which will stand for ages to cement the friendship of France and America.

The committee in charge of the construction of this great pedestal are nearly through with their labors. And all who desire a memento, in the form of a miniature statuette of this great work, with a certificate of subscription from the committee to show to their children's children that they helped build the great pedestal, should subscribe at once.

The statuette is a work of art, and has found a place in thousands of homes. Statuettes delivered by mail or express on receipt of subscription price, one dollar, five dollars and ten dollars each. All remittances should be addressed to Richard Butler, Secretary, American Committee of the Statue of Liberty, 33 Mercer Street, New York.

Southern Workman

AND

Hampton School Record.

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Eighteenth Anniversary of Hampton Institute.

It has passed into a proverb at Hampton that "This anniversary is the best one;" at least that in the flush of its special enthusiasms, somebody will be found on every occasion to express such honest conviction before the day is over. This year, we thought beforehand, would be an exception to the rule, with a graduating class less than one third as large as usual. We thought so still more when the day dawned dull and lowering, and the threatening clouds soon destroyed all hopes of that fair show of sky and sea and shore which has come to be known as "Hampton commencement weather." That the accustomed declaration was heard at least once before the close of the exercises, speaks well for the successes which veiled the deficiencies,

In spite of the showers which deepened the green of leaves and the glow of petals while suppressing all attempts at similar gaiety in human apparel, larger numbers than last year, assembled early to attend the exercises; and these were carried out according to the following programme:

MORNING EXERCISES.

INSPECTION OF STUDENTS ROOMS.
At half-past eight o'clock.
INSPECTION OF STUDENTS IN RANKS.
At half past nine o'clock.
INDUSTRIAL EXHIBIT OF THE SCHOOL.
In the Stone Memorial Building,
From eight to ten o'clock.
THE NEW MEMORIAL CHAPEL
Dedicated at ten o'clock.
Sermon by the Rev. Mark Hopkins, D. D.

AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

MUSIC.

SALUTATORY: "*My Childhood and Womanhood.*"
Susan La Flesche, *Omaha Reservation Yankton, Da.*, Graduating Class.

"*My Childhood and Womanhood.*"
Annie B. Hunter, *Raleigh, N. C.*, Grad'g Class.

"*Practical Education for Our People.*"
Thos. N. Baker, *Wallaceton, Va.*, Class of '85.

MUSIC.

"*The Civilized Indian.*"
Charles Picotte, *Sioux Tribe, Yankton Reservation*, Graduating Class.

"*The Steele Orphanage.*"
Annie R. Anderson, *Chattanooga, Tenn.*, Class '85.

"*Indians of Today.*"
Recitation in Costume, *Indians of various classes.*

"*Old and New Virginia as I know it.*"
Rev. Wm. Thornton, *Hampton*, PASTORS' Class.

PRESENTATION OF DEMOREST MEDAL.

HALLELUJAH CHORUS.

"*A Review and An Outlook.*"
Mr. R. H. Hamilton, *Hampton Institute, Va.*, Class of '79.

"*My People.*"
Daniel Fire Cloud, *Sioux Tribe, Crow Creek Agency Da.*, Indian Class.
Interpreted by Alex. Estes Sioux, Junior Class.

VALENICTORY: "*Mission Work.*"
Martin Woodlin, *Phil'a Pa.*, Graduating Class.

MUSIC.

Presentation of Diplomas to Graduating Class.
By Rev. M. E. Strieby, D.D., Vice-Pres't of the Board of Trustees.

The parties following their leader on the rounds of inspection of rooms, found every boy standing in soldierly attitude beside his bed, ready to give the military salute to his officers and then to smilingly answer visitors' questions and show them the characteristic decorations of his room. Such wonders in the way of bed-making, some thought, are seldom seen. Some had added carpets, curtains, pillow shams, pictures, book shelves and brackets of their own manufacture, that gave their rooms a very home-like air. One favored young man had decorated his pillow with a beautiful bunch of roses, let us hope without thorns. Hurrying from their rooms at the bugle call, the boys formed in ranks and were inspected by as dauntless a phalanx of visitors between the first drops of a shower.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBIT.

The Industrial Exhibit was certainly one of the successes, fuller and more artistically arranged perhaps than ever. Tall sheaves of grass and grain, masses of rich clover, burly cabbages and asparagus, eggs four inches long, strawberries with three bites to a berry, showed something of the condition of the Home and Hemenway farms. Farm carts and wagons stood outside the door the work of the wheelwright and blacksmith shops, whose table within was strewn with mysterious hooks, chains and pincers, and a variety of articles whose utility and harmlessness had to be taken on trust by the uninitiated, to whom they suggested only thumb-screws, gags, and similar instruments of torture. Above this table and in the wood-working department, hung creditable specimens of mechanical drawing, a class in which was started a year ago. A model yacht in full sail suggested that Hampton had added ship building to its industries and arts, but it is the work of a very young builder in the carpenter shop on the order of a very young capitalist in Boston and destined to brave the billows of the Frog Pond on the Common or as peaceful waters.

A new feature in the exhibit is that of the Technical class described in another column, which, with only a few weeks experience, made brave display of its crude but hopeful achievements. A very pretty exhibit was that of the carving class which has made good progress. A beautiful desk, the work of its teacher, was the chief adornment, but there were also very pretty boxes, shelves, bread-boards, alms-plates, paper knives, and other articles carved in relief or intaglio, the work of colored and Indian girls and boys. There was also the usual display of native Indian art in pottery painting, bead work, etc. The cooking class should be included in the art exhibit. One beautifully frosted cake showed the knife thrust of some enquiring visitor who doubtless wished to assure himself whether the material was marble or sugar. The Knitting Department succeeded as usual in being ornamental as well as useful, offered everybody the mitten and varied the somewhat monotonous character of its productions by a show of hands upon the wall in the decorative style of an armory or the Church of the Eleven Thousand Virgins in Cologne, with thumbs turned up and down, and fingers pointing to every quarter of earth and sky to form the monogram of the H. N. A. I., and other rare and beautiful devices.

The Tailoring and Shirtmaking department made its usual display of school uniforms and other suits, and shirts of all styles which, neatly laundried, illustrated more than one branch of the students industries. The Indian girls had their special table of nicely made and washed and ironed garments. The Shoe and Harness shops made a good exhibit of boots and brogans, belts and bands and the like, of qualities varying with the demands of Back Bay and the Plains.

Amid the shining show of tin cups and coffee-pots for Indian agencies, a splendid revolving squirrel-cage made vain appeal for the sympathies of a Holman committee for the untamable child of the wilderness destined to pant in its treadmill, and sigh for his original barbarism, unmindful of the weathercock pen suspended over his head. The Huntington Industrial Works gave a more hopeful lesson in evolution, the civilizing of a wild pine tree; first, the raw material, the log, three feet in diameter, from the great swamps; then the round, unseasoned board; then the seasoned, planed and matched ones; laths and boxes from the "refuse," strou beams to hold up the house: panes, doors, window frames, tables and chairs for its uses; delicate turned work and scroll work for its adorning, with the crowning beauty of the finial, worth more than the whole log from a small part of which it was made, since labor and skill make value, Is American citizenship a squirrel-cage, or a temple into which all the trees of the forest can be wrought for strength and grace?

DEDICATION SERVICES.

At ten o'clock a thousand people at least assembled to listen and to take part in the dedication of the beautiful new Memorial Chapel. The School choir was massed in circular seats behind the reading desk on the platform, the rest of the school in inside blocks of seats, the visitors occupying the centre. Appropriate hymns were sung and the opening prayer was made by the Rev. Mr. Holmes, a colored minister from Richmond. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mark Hopkins, D. D., of Williamstown, Mass., ex-president of William's College. It will be found in full on another page, and will also be printed in pamphlet form. The noble presence of the beloved and venerable man seemed itself to bring a benediction to the place, and links its future to the hallowed past. The dedicatory prayer was made by the Rev. Dr. Strieby, and the house was thus offered and set apart to the service of God. The service was concluded with Handel's Hallelujah chorus, sung by a large chorus of students, the whole school joining in the full harmony. It was rendered with a precision and effect remarkable considering the short time they have been practising together and the difficulty of training in the intervals of study and work such numbers, many of whom do not read music. Great credit is due to their trainer, Mr. Rathbun, band master at Hampton Institute.

It may interest friends who have not seen the new Memorial Chapel to hear that it is a very perfect specimen of Italian Romanesque architecture, built of brick, a handsome red brick outside and cream colored brick within, filled in with brick made on the ground. The great arches are upheld by massive stone pillars, the seats so arranged however, that very few do not command a good view of the platform. They and all the wood work are of yellow pine and made on the place. The windows are of "cathedral glass" in gilded panes and border and inner circles of graceful design in blue and yellow. A lighted clere story adds greatly to the effect, which as a whole, is one of most perfect and quiet harmony, an atmosphere of worship and peace. The room will seat eight hundred at least very easily. About a thousand could be seated there. A square tower one hundred and fifty feet high will have a chime of bells and an illuminated clock whose light will be visible beyond the Capes. A spontaneous gift, it is a noble memorial to the benevolent man who departing wished to leave blessings behind him, and the generous giver who is carrying out that wish beyond any mandate. Let no one think that this perfection of beauty in the house of God is thrown away upon these Negro and Indian youths. With reverent natures open to religious impressions, its simple beauty not of outer adorning but of simple form, where there are no shams, but every part is and does what it seems to be and do, we believe will have salutary effect. It is fitting and fortunate that the most beautiful building on the grounds, central to the front, should be one specially set apart for the worship of God.

The afternoon exercises were held as usual in the gymnasium, which is also to us a memorial of Mr. Frederick Marquand, who gave it in his life time to the school.

On the Washington boat and U. S. steamer Dispatch had arrived in the morning, ex-Secretary Teller and Mrs. Teller and members of the Committee on Indian affairs of both Houses, Senator Maxey of Mississippi, and Representatives Cutcheon of Michigan, Hale of Missouri, Nelson of Minnesota, Perkins of Kansas, Peel of Arkansas, Allen of Massachusetts, Libbey of Virginia and Haley, Delegate from Idaho, accompanied by Col. Irving of Kansas; Mrs. Burrows, wife of Representative Burrows of Michigan, Miss Alice Fletcher, Miss Kate Foote, and other ladies. Among the other visitors were Mr. and Mrs. John Jackson Schultz of New York, Rev. Dr. Sabine, Mrs. Henry Rose, Mr. W. B. Lent of New York, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Child of Washington, and Capt. Boutelle of the U. S. Coast Survey, Rev. Dr. Henry of Philadelphia, Rev. Mr. Holmes of Richmond, clergymen and prominent citizens of both races from Norfolk and Hampton, officers from Fort Monroe, Mrs. Barrows of the *Christian Register* represents also the Boston *Journal*. Rev. John Harding of the Springfield *Republican*, and representatives of the press from Norfolk and Hampton, besides our trustees, Rev. Dr. Strieby, and Mr. Chas. Meade of New York. Mr. Robert Ogden of Philadelphia, Rev. Dr. McKenzie of Cambridge, and the State Curators Col. Thomas Tabb, Hampton Va., Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., Richmond, Va., Gen. R. L. Page, Norfolk, Va., Rev. Wm. Thornton, Hampton, Va., Rev. J. H. Holmes, Richmond, Va., Rev. W. G. Alexander, Portsmouth, Va.

The opening prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Holmes of Richmond. The exercises were interspersed as usual with music, chiefly the always favorite plantation melodies. The Hallelujah chorus was also repeated.

The salutatory, which had been competed for as usual by a few of those standing well in scholarship, deportment and ability to write, was awarded this year to a young Omaha girl, one of the three sisters of Bright Eyes who are members of the school, two of them in the graduating class, one of these two a married woman whose husband has just gone West to prepare the home for her and start his farm.

Graceful welcoming the friends whose presence means so much to the Indian and colored students she gave them a very pretty sketch of her Indian childhood and purposes for the future. This will be printed by request, with extracts at least from other essays of both Indian and colored students in the July number of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

A pretty contrasting sketch of a colored girl's childhood and womanhood followed. The others of which we have not room here to speak in detail, were in the simple and honest strain which we are glad to observe is generally expected of the Hampton student's essays. Mr. R. H. Hamilton, one of the original band of Hampton singers, and for seven years connected with the school, now about to start in business for himself, gave a sketch of his life and work since slavery, and his hopes for his peoples' future. Rev. Mr. Thornton, one of the most respected colored ministers ever in Hampton, expressed his obligations to the pastors' class of which he is a member. The Indian speech of Daniel Fire Cloud, one of the Indian householders at Hampton, was heard with much interest. It also will be printed in our next number. The programme was further lightened by the recitation—albeit in rather solemn tones—of Miss Goodales verses, by a row of Indian boys and girls who, in costumes which our western visitors must have recognized, declared their desire to be civilized. The Indian young man who graduates this year spoke for the already civilized Indians, a specimen of whom he is. The valedictory, awarded like the salutatory, wass well delivered by a young colored man of pure African type, from Philadelphia. He gave an interesting sketch of the mission work of the students' association among the needy in the neighborhood in which he has borne an active part.

The Demorest gold medal presented, as last year by Mrs. J. W. Demorest of New York, and awarded by the faculty to the Senior passing the best examination in Junior studies, was fairly earned by Susan La Flesche.

The young Indian salutatorian thus doubly honored, came timidly forward amid the thundering applause of her school mates and the audience, and stood with downcast eyes before General Cutcheon, who rose to meet her with the medal in his hand. "Were you too much overwhelmed to know what General Cutcheon was saying to you, Susan?" some one asked the next day. "I heard what he said to me," she answered, "but it seemed all like a dream"—a happy dream, to judge by Susan's face. General Cutcheon said:

"Miss La Flesche: Your principal, General Armstrong, in behalf of the teachers and trustees of the Hampton Institute, has done me the honor and given me the pleasure of presenting to you this token of appreciation. You have now finished the prescribed course, and passed the ordeal of your examinations, but this medal is not given to you for general excellence, but for the excellence with which you have laid the foundations, mastered those fundamental requisites of education which you will most need. I understood, as I listened with great pleasure to your essay, that it is your intention, after leaving here, to study medicine, that you may minister to the physical and bodily welfare of your people, but, as you go out to enter upon the more serious and exacting work of life, you will find that in the foundation work of life lies its crucial test. You will yourself become part of the foundation work for your people. But I know you already appreciate how great a thing it is to be one of the first women of your race to go out to lay its foundations. You must build *yourself* into their foundation. So I charge you that you regard this as your great duty, to make yourself a part of this work, to live for your people, to devote yourself to them for this world and the next. You will often feel lonely, but I charge you to remember that you are not alone, that in doing this duty faithfully you will always be with the majority. As another has forcibly said: 'One with God makes a majority.' Beneath you will be unseen arms, around you an unseen strength, and ever present with you, to uphold and sustain you, an unseen host. And I bid you, in this strength, and before this great cloud of witnesses, to go forth and build foundations go which your race can be built up securely and permanently.

Remember that these foundations are first, individuality—which makes us regard ourselves as men and women before regarding ourselves as a tribe or people. This brings individual responsibility, and individual growth and progress.

[Continued on page 74.]

Dedicatory Sermon.

BY REV. MARK HOPKINS, D.D.

"What hath God wrought?"—Numbers xxiii., 23d.

When these words were uttered a great work had been wrought. The Israelites had been in bondage in Egypt. While there they had been the occasion of the ten plagues to the Egyptians. They had been brought forth with a mighty hand. The Red Sea had opened before them. The smitten rock had poured forth its waters. The manna had descended. The law—that marvellous law which is for all times and for all people—had been given from Sinai. The people had once reached the borders of the promised land, and because of unbelief had failed to enter in. They had then wandered in the wilderness for forty years till every faithless man had died, and now they had come again to that border, and their tents were pitched on the plain of Moab, eastward of the Jordan.

Overlooking that plain was Mount Pisgah. On the top of that were seen seven smoking altars, and on each of these had been offered a hullock and a ram. Near these altars stood the King of Moab surrounded by his princes, and by his side stood Balaam, who had been sent for from the mountains of the East to come and curse Israel. Already had he once withdrawn from his hurnt sacrifice to hear the message from God, and returning with a blessing instead of a curse, had uttered the strange prophecy, so strangely fulfilled, "So the people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations;" and had expressed the wish, so often expressed since, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." With this the king could not be content, but said unto him, "Come, I pray thee, with me unto another place from whence thou mayest see them; thou shalt see but the utmost part of them, and shalt not see them all, and curse me them from hence." "And he brought him unto the field of Zophim, to the tup of Pisgah." Thence he beheld them, the encampment of millions of men spread out before him, a nation brought out of bondage and of ignorance about to enter upon the promised land, and to take its unique and solitary place among the nations. Well might he then exclaim, "What hath God wrought?"

Yes, a great work had been wrought, and God had wrought it. Not by aspirations for liberty, or heroic strivings of the Israelites had this been done. It had been done in opposition to their craving for the flesh pots of Egypt; in oppositon to that tendency to idolatry which led them to worship the golden calf at the very foot of Sinai, and despite the unbelief and cowardice of a whole generation of men who perished in the wilderness. As in all cases where men have been raised from a low condition, it was by an interposition from without and above themselves. God had done it.

And as the prophet, standing on the heights of Pisgah, and looking over the encampment of the Israelites could hut exclaim, "What hath God wrough:?" so may we, standing on these heights of time, and looking back over twenty-five years, and also looking at what we now see around us, make the same exclamation. Thus looking back, we see four millions of colored people in bondage in these United States. In large part they had come to be thus hy inheritance. The system of slavery had become organic. It was recognized in the Constitution, was imbedded in our institutions, and had become so intertwined with the domestic and social relations of the South, and with the trade and interests of the North, that its removal seemed Impossible. Still, it was in utter contradiction to the sentiments of the Declaration of Independence, and to the spirit of our Institutions. Accordingly it became a disturbing element in all our political and social relations. Not more annoying was the presence of Moses and Aaron to Pharaoh than was the constant intrusion of this subject to the politicians in every political gathering, and to the religious and charitable organizations in their counsels. It embroiled everything, Church and State, politics and religion, and scarcely were the ten plagues of Egypt more disastrous than were the disturbances and disagreements throughout the whole country from this cause. Of these disturhances and derangements the outcome was the greatest civil war the world has ever seen; and the emancipation of the colored people. Then this nation took a new departure under new conditions. In many respects there was deliverance to the master as well as to the slave. The slave, whether wisely or unwisely, was at once made a freeman with the right to vote. The Constitution was made to conform to the spirit of our institutions so that it could look the Declaration of Independence in the face and not hlush. New adjustments began to be made, new duties, new responsibilities, new possibilities, equivalent to the prospect of a promised land, opened themselves up to the colored people, and also to the nation as a whole, and now, looking at what is around and about us, we may well say, "What hath God wrought?"

Yes, this work too was wrought hy God. The train was laid hy no human hand, and the result was not designed. There was no formal declaration of war. It only needed that Sumpter should be fired on, and the country was aflame. The war was to be transient. It was to last but ninety days. But there were forces in the air beyond human control. Every one felt that. Somebody delayed, and sombody hlundered, and the war went on. It would not stop, it could not stop till the great crime of the nation had been atoned for hy its best hlood, and emancipation was proclaimed. The result was thus providentially from God; hut morally, and more, immediately it was from Christianity. It was from God as manifested in Christ. If Christ had not lived it could not have been done. Imbedded and incorporated as slavery was In our whole system, it could have been thrown off as alien under no other religion. Mohammedanism would have perpetuated it. So would Brahmanism and Buddhism. Nothing hut the idea of manhood as established hy Christ, of the idea of man as, in the image of God, as a person, as thus having rights, and of his value and destiny as belonging to a moral and an eternal kingdom could have been the basis for the strong revulsion that was felt against the system, that wrought for its overthrow, and is still working for the removal of its effects.

Again, if we look back over these same twenty-five years, we may notice a marked change in the attitude of the people and government of this country towards the Indian tribes, and also of the Indian trihes towards the people and government of the country. The history of these tribes from the first is a sad one. From the landing of our forefathers at Plymouth attempts were made to Christianize and civilize the aborigines. They were made hy Eliot, and Sargeant, and Edwards, and Brainerd, and others. The American Board sent missionaries to the Cherokees and Choctaws with marked success. But in general the effect upon the Indian of his contact with civilization as it has pushed him westward, has been deterioration rather than elevation. The policy of the Government in recognizing them as independent, or quasi independent nations, has been supposed hy many to he a mistaken one. Certainly, if treaties were made with them they should have been carefully observed. They were not thus observed; and because of this the Indian writhed constantly under a sense of wrong. If we take with this the deceptions and abuses of unprincipled white men, always numerous on the borders of civilization, and for which the Indian had no adequate redress, it is not surprising that there came to be in large bodies of Indians a settled antipathy to all white men, and a sullenness bordering on desperation. Nor, if we add to this the fatal proclivity of the Indian for intoxicating drinks, is it surprising that there should have been treacheries and the most fearful atrocities on the part of the Indians, or that these again should have awakened a prevalent feeling among the whites on our western border that the Indians must be exterminated. But far different on both sides is the attitude now. The Government is making inquiries and devising means, and seeking to appropriate faithfully and in the most judicious manner adequate funds for their good. The whole nation is in a measure awaken d to their past wrongs, their present rights, and to what is needed for their future well heing. Indians, too, on their part, see the necessity that is upon them for a new departure, and are ready and anxious to send their children to schools provided for them.

What is to be the future of these tribes we know not, hut we rejoice to believe that a hrighter day is dawning for them, and in view of the changed attitude of which I have spoken, and of what has already been dune, we may well say again, "What hath God wrought?"

Once more, standing on this ground, and looking hack over only seventeen years, and then looking around us, do we say that a great work has been wrought.

Seventeen years ago next July the first public examination of this school was held, and, hut for the part then taken hy myself, and by Williams College, through three men who were also its graduates, I should not be here to-day. Those men were General Armstrong, General Garfield, then Member of Congress, and Mr. Alexander Hyde, of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture. The school had then been under the charge of General Armstrong for one year and he had invited us three, together with the Rev. B. G. Northrup of the Connecticut Board of Education, to be present as a committee. There were also present Dr. Striehy and the Rev. George Whipple, who represented the American Missionary Association which then had an important interest in the school. There was no Commencement. No general public was present. We, seven men, listened to the examinations, consulted earnestly with reference to the future methods and prospects of the school, and then the Committee provided for and adopted a report. That report gave an account of the location of the school, of its history, of its object and plan, of its condition and prospects, and commended it to the favor and confidence of the public.

The work wrought here since that day has been threefold.

And 1st. A great preliminary work in providing huildings, and farms and implements, and apparatus has been done. At that time there were upon this ground hut two dwelling houses, some soldiers' harracks, an old mill fitted up for the purposes of the school, and the Butler School-house in the distance. Now, in addition to the two dwelling houses, there are forty-five huildings; twenty-nine for the Academic and boarding departments, and sixteen for the Industrial department. To be appreciated these huildings must be seen. Of those in the Academic department Virginia Hall, giving only the thousands, cost $88,000, Academic Hall, $37,000; Winona Lodge, $30,000; Girls' Cottage, $15,000; Wigwam, $11,000; and, omitting the others, Memorial Chapel, now to be dedicated, $55,000; the whole amounting to $320,000. Of these, the Memorial Chapel completes the circle, and is the last of huildings in this department that will be needed for years to come. Of this it should be known that the whole cost is from the estate of Mr. Frederic Marquand. It should also be known that the will of Mr. Marquand in relation to it was not mandatory, and that Mr. Munroe, who would otherwise have received the money, has generously and gladly carried out the wish of Mr. Marquand. In the Industrial department the Huntington Industrial Works cost $34,000; the Stone building, $27,000; the Home farm, $25,000; and the Hemenway and Canehrake farms, $20,000; the whole in this department amounting to $133,000, and the total of both, to $462,000.

Of the Industrial department it may be said that no one can go through it without surprise at the number and extent of its departments, and the perfection of Its work. The Interior of this chapel has been finished chiefly by the students; the same is true of the Gymnasinm and the Hospital; and the work would do credit to mechanics anywhere. If it cannot be fully said of this department, as it can of the sawmlll in the Huntington Industrial Works, that it furnishes the food that keeps itself in motion, it does that very nearly, and in addition sends out skilled mechanics

Again, a great intellectual work has been done here.

It was no small thing, when experience had as yet opened no pathway, and clamorous voices were heard on every side, each advocating a different method, to devise a system of education having for its ohjective point the elevation, up to the intelligence and Industry and thrift required for self-support and average citizenship in a free republic, of a mass of people, ignorant, improvident, and unused to the demands and restraints of self-imposed work. This was to he done, and yet the education was to he so limited as to be practicable in point of expense, and so as not to disqualify hy over education the teachers who were to leaven the masses. Such a system, combining instruction in letters with manual labor in agriculture and the mechanic arts, has been devised, organized, and persistently maintained. It was not, perhaps, absolutely new in any one of its features, hut it was a new combination devised with reference to a special work. This combination has vindicated itself by results, and has so far commended itself to the public generally that it is now beginning to be felt that the same method should be carried into our common schools as the hest means of awakening interest, of training the perceptive faculties, and of gaining practical power.

The third form of the work is moral. I say moral, not as undervaluing the religious work, but because of its far-reaching tendency to diminish the superstition that separates morality from religion, and which is among the most serious obstacles to the progress of the colored race. This superstition is not that of signs and portents that are supposed to relate to events in this world. It is what may be called a religious superstition, and the essence of it is to attrihute efficacy to outward acts, forms, ceremonies, penances, emotions, that neither spring from love, nor improve the character. The universal tendency to do this indicates a wrong hias in our nature. True religion—the love of God and of man—is simple, rational, universally and necessarily heneficent. A child can understand and practice it. The wayfaring man though a fool, need not err concerning it. But instead of this we see men seeking immunity from the consequences of guilt hy outward acts and forms which they call religion, hut which can only sink them deeper in degradation. The saddest part of history is that which shows us so large a portion of our race kept down and crushed hy the reversed action of the very powers given to man for his highest elevation. These powers are the religious nature and the intellect acting in combination. Whatever heights man can reach he must reach through these. But what we see is the intervention of men claiming to be priests fostering and perpetuating ignorance, and, with mingled fanaticism and cunning, organizing, in the name of religion, vast systems of superstition. Once established, these systems become sacred. The associations which ought to connect themselves with the worship of God in spirit and in truth are transferred to useless, or cruel, or even licentious rights and forms. Through superstitious fears property is gained and service demanded, and humanity becomes a hlind Sampson grinding in its prison house. To uphold such a system there is no violence or deceit to which men will not resort and think they are doing God service. Hence, as not only prompted hy interest and passion, hut as sanctioned by conscience, religious persecutions have heen more cruel and unrelenting than any others—yes, persecutions even in the name of that religion which was founded hy the Prince of Peace, and whose essence is love. This form of superstition, to some extent prevalent everywhere, could not fail to be especially so among a people who retained many of their heathen traditions and customs, and whose religious teachers are often unable to read the Scriptures. To enforce it upon such a people that industry, honesty, temperance, purity, truth, are so essetial a part of religion that there is no true religion without them, is a great work, and one that must be done. To this work constant reference has been had in the instruction given here. The underlying and uplifting power of Christian truth as the only adequate support of a pure and all pervasive morality has heen insisted on, and thus the influence of the Institution in this regard has heen wisely extended.

As will be seen from the Report of General Armstrong, to which I ask special attention, there have gone out from this school, thus equipped and taught, five hundred and eighty-four who have taken the full course, of whom five hundred and fifty-five are now living. Of these over ninety per cent. have taught school. Besides these a hundred and fifty who did not complete their course have done good work as teachers, and hundreds have been benefited by a few months or a year or two at school. Of those who have taught the past winter two hundred and forty-two have been enrolled as public school teachers of Virginia. That is nearly half the number of colored teachers employed in the States, and an equal number have taught in other States. By the best estimate we can make, colored graduates of Hampton taught the last year twenty-five thousand Negro children, and yet the school is still far from able to supply the demand for teachers. Of those who have not taught in the common schools thirty have taught in the higher institutions, twenty-five have become ministers, ten lawyers, five doctors, a hundred have become farmers, or gone into husiness of various kinds, and forty have failed to make a good record. One-third of the graduates have been young women, and among the best results of the school has been their influence upon family life. Of the whole number five-sixths are members of Christian churches, and it is believed are living right and respectable lives.

Turning to the Indians, we find that one hundred and eighty-nine who have been here from one to five years are now at their homes. Of these twenty-five have died, a hundred and six have done very well, fifty-five fairly well, sixteen badly, and from, twelve

SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

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S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, M. F. ARMSTRONG, } *Editors.*

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HAMPTON N. & A. INSTITUTE.

Eighteenth Annual Report of the Principal,

For the School and Fiscal Year ending June 30th, 1886.

To the Trustees of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute.

Gentlemen:—The school and fiscal years, to close, the one June 15th, the other June 30th, have been on the whole satisfactory and encouraging. Numbers have slightly increased, but are still close upon six hundred; nearly one-fourth are Indians, and two-fifths are young women. All but twenty-three (day scholars) are boarders from abroad, representing thirteen states and territories; average age, 18 years. There are in the corps of officers, and instructors in class rooms and workshops seventy persons, teachers being about equally divided between the academic and industrial departments. For full statistics of attendance and other information I refer you to Miss Mackie's report as given below.

The work of the school is presented topically, an arrangement which, I think, offers fewer unnecessary details while giving a more rounded idea of the whole. Though many sided, it has run smoothly, and with more perfect organization, greater precision in the duties and relations of the business departments, and more careful supervision, it is likely to become a simple, easily managed system; much progress having been made in this direction of late years. I regret however a tendency to take too much for granted, and would urge the trustees to a closer scrutiny of the work, especially in the line of the duties directly assigned to them.

I will refer first to matters that are special to the current year, and to our pressing needs, then to the Negro and Indian questions in general, to Graduates, and lastly to the routine work of this the eighteenth year of the school.

MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

The completion of our beautiful Memorial Chapel, a gift from the estate of the late Frederick Marquand, will, so far as I can see, bring to an end our system of large and costly buildings; for any additions which are likely to be needed from time to time, will be small and comparatively inexpensive.

Central to them all, the church expresses the Christian ideas on which the school is founded and to which it is forever dedicated. From its beginning in 1868 till now, while flying the flag of no sect, it has done for its students a special religious work, the fruits of which may be seen in many noble Christian characters, in self-denying missionary workers, in hundreds of men and women who have gone out from here to stand steadfast in the midst of terrible temptations, laboring not only in the public free schools of the South, but in churches, Sunday-schools, and societies of various descriptions, for the welfare of their people. Two have been missionaries to Africa.

On the 16th of this month services were for the last time held in the Chapel in the National Cemetery, built during the war for the inmates of Camp Hamilton Hospital, sometimes 10,000 in number. Outgrown, in decay, and in the way, it is after eighteen years of use as a school chapel, to be torn down and replaced, in a more convenient location, by a most beautiful memorial chapel. The liberality of this gift, its timeliness, and its architectural fitness, are equally happy inspirations.

That the dedicatory sermon should be preached by the Rev. Mark Hopkins, D. D., is also in accordance with the associations of the occasion. In 1869, as chairman of a committee of visitation, of which the late Pres't Garfield was a member, he wrote the first statement which brought this school, then in its second year, fully before the public. No man is better able than he to speak of the growth of this undertaking, for no man better understands the conditions which, from its inception to the present day, have controlled it.

KING'S CHAPEL HOSPITAL.

From the proceeds of a fair held last fall by the young ladies of King's Chapel, Boston, a much needed and most satisfactory one story frame hospital has been built and completely fitted up to accommodate sixteen patients. It is to bear the name of the church whose gift it is, but it will always have a special and tender association with a lovely life, whose last hours gave inspiration to the hands and hearts of those who worked that the sick of two races at Hampton might be cared for.

A NEW CORLISS ENGINE.

The Industrial Department has been presented with a new and very perfectly built Corliss engine and boiler, the gift of Mr. Geo. H. Corliss of Providence, R. I. It will supply power for the Pierce machine shop, with iron and brass foundry and grist mill to be attached, when there shall be funds to furnish the needed outfit, for which about five thousand dollars will be required. Instruction in wood work is well provided for, but in iron and the metals, the opportunity is very inadequate. In view of the mineral wealth of the South and the probable future demand for Negro labor in that branch of industry, this need is important.

TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

With a grant of one thousand dollars from the Slater fund, which covers about one half the yearly expenses and is expected to continue annually, a shop for Technical training in the use of carpenter's tools, was opened in March last in charge of Mr. Frank Colcord who supplemented six years of experience as a practical mechanic with a three months' course in carpentry and blacksmithing in the Boston School of Technology and a two months course in bricklaying and plastering in the New York Training School. We are under obligations to Gen. Francis G. Walker, and to Col. R. T. Auchmuty for their kind interest and aid in this matter. Ten benches are fitted up completely with carpenters tools, and lessons of two and a half hours are given to classes of from six to ten, including both young men and young women, the latter entering into and appreciating it quite as much as the former. The practice is good for both and has been much enjoyed, though some allowance must of course be made for novelty. The entire Senior class of fifteen has two weekly lessons, sixteen Indian girls have each a weekly lesson, and eight Indian boys have four lessons a week. All are taught to use the hammer, the plane, the saw and chisel, also the principles of simple housebuilding and how to make useful articles for home or school use. Blacksmithing will be introduced next year and bricklaying and plastering during the summer.

The work is far from perfect; but it admits of high development and will keep pace with the demand of the two races for advanced technical training; our industrial system in its present shape affords it an excellent basis for future growth. During our first year ten hours a day are given to productive labor in order to pay personal expenses and earn funds for future school needs. From this the only alternative is the unwise one of charity, and we press always the labor course upon our students, finding that they also gain from it much in skill and strength of character. During the last year they are taught the use of various tools to make them "handy" and efficient in the various exigencies of their struggling lives, and while in this technical training nothing is earned, much is learned.

Some will apply for a higher grade of instruction and should have it.

STEAM HEATING.

For two years a Committee of the Trustees has been studying the best method for heating the two and a half millions of cubic feet of space in our dwellings, for cooking the food for our six hundred boarders, and for supplying the six steam engines used in the laundry, for pumping, in the printing office, barn and shops. Of the two sets or "nests" of boilers now in use, one is nearly worn out; the plan is wasteful of fuel and labor and increases the risks. Economy and safety demand the concentrating of all boilers in one place, with *only one central fire for all purposes for twenty buildings.* The gas works should also be moved to near the same point. To carry out this plan will require, besides a new 120 horse power boiler, not less than two thousand feet of large steam supply pipes, eight or ten inches in diameter at the start, with twice that length of laterals, wholly outside and underground, to reach the buildings, all of which however, except the church and hospital, are already piped. With some saving from pipes already laid, the cost of the new plant will, I think, be not less than ten thousand dollars. The action of the Committee in mapping out and initiating the work to provide for all prospective as well as present needs is submitted for the approval of the Trustees and for the especial attention of the friends who have, in times past, so cordially responded to the necessities of the school.

STEAM FIRE ENGINE.

In this connection I must refer to the need of a steam fire engine of the second class, the cost of which, including freight and new hose, would be $3,500. While there are $260,000 of insurance in the best companies on our forty buildings, and many precautions are taken by way of well placed barrels and buckets of water and "extinguishers," a fire brigade and by watching, yet the school is liable to incalculable injury by fire. The extent of our risks, the height of our buildings and the large force of students always at command, justify, I think, a large sized fire engine that would ensure the safety of adjacent buildings should any single one take fire. I hope for early relief from anxiety in this matter, and am happy to say that measures to obtain a new engine are now being taken.

Expense and Endowment.

The amount to be annually raised for the support of the school by contributions, exclusive of any public or regular source of revenue, is about fifty thousand dollars. The annual cost of the school for the past three years has been nearly the same and I expect no material increase of it in the future. The chief expense is that of giving six hundred pupils instruction from books and in the practical arts of life. the entire corps of seventy officers and teachers, having cost last year $42,433,00.

There is a loss or actual burden of 25 per cent. In the $44,000 worth of work for which students are annually credited, and this must continue so long as instruction is as much regarded as production. This includes all loss from non-productive labor. Add to this loss of $11,000, the yearly cost of repairs, minor improvements, insurance, and incidentals, say $12,000, and we have a total annual cost of about $65,000 towards which we receive regularly ten thousand dollars a year from the State of Virginia and five thousand from interest on invested funds. The $167.00 paid by the U. S. government for each of 120 Indians meets the cost of their board, clothing, books, etc. Negro students pay their personal expenses chiefly in labor, having been charged last year $53 973.92 of which $44,085.31 were paid in labor, $4,780.66 paid in cash, $2,722.36 cancelled by beneficiary aid, and $2,286.59 transferred to ex-students' account to be paid up by them after leaving school. In this respect there has been steady improvement. Not over fifty per cent of their debts are bad.

By efforts which perhaps can not always be kept up, the school has paid its way and is out of debt. To relieve in part the present strain of raising funds and to give the institution a basis for the future, I believe that a General Endowment Fund, of five hundred thousand dollars, should, if possible, be secured, the interest of which should be applied primarily to the general expenses of the school and to backing up the Industrial Departments which so largely give character and value to this work.

This would leave the field open, as it now is, for the scholarship gifts of seventy dollars each, which have annually yielded about twenty-five thousand dollars.

The constant personal effort and attention by way of visits, public meetings, etc., required to maintain these scholarships, and to make up for those who each year discontinue is likely to be relieved in time by an encouraging tendency to establish permanent scholarship foundations of fifteen hundred dollars each, the interest of which forever gives one student his tuition, leaving his personal expenses still to be defrayed by his own labor. Meanwhile our work for scholarships and other gifts helps in forming a public sentiment which is vital to the Negro and Indian questions, as it is to all questions which concern the people of this country. Gradually, I think, the work of educating the white race to its duty, which is the hardest part of our undertaking, should diminish, and my own personal energy and all our resources be then applied to these "despised races" who, hundreds of years behind us on the lines of progress, need all the help we can give them, and like us, will always require strong and well-equipped institutions to fit their youth for the demands of American citizenship. There is no end to work like this.

Of the Negro.

Party ties are loosening, personal interest and influence are more and more decisive in political action. Reasonably well assured that he is secure in the rights he has so far attained, the colored man has in most of the Southern States no longer serious anxiety on election days. I think that, on the whole, the Negroes are less devoted than formerly to politics, which are becoming the specialty of a few, and that our black population is forming itself into strata. The highest, that is the best third or fourth, are progressing, gaining rapidly in education, property and character, while the lowest third or fourth are stationary in miserable conditions, or worse, still are slowly sinking into lower depths. There is a large well-behaved middle class, who take life easily, and work when they must; they are laborers and producers and add much to the wealth of the country, but lack ambition, are careless of the future and must be moved by forces from without rather than from within. The hope for them lies in the good management of landholders and employers of every kind and in the lifting influences of a practical Christian education.

The earnest, capable school teacher can both directly and through their children, instruct in and inspire them to, better things. The graduates of Hampton and other institutions, dur-

ing the last sixteen years have proven this. The black race is strikingly responsive to the influences about it. Its condition in the South corresponds to that of the surrounding whites, it shares in their prosperity or adversity and has kept pace with the stronger race in the growth of "The New South."

The Negroes just now need *Light* more than *Rights*. In their darkness they are, especially in the far South, suffering untold evils from the credit or contract system, through which, partly by their own fault and partly from the advantage taken of them, tens and hundreds of thousands of them are kept in fixed and hopeless poverty harder to bear than their former bondage. Dismayed, they blindly seek some change and their restless movements from point to point result now and then in an "exodus," while there is always the possibility of some new development. Imposed upon by others, helpless under their own appetites and passions, they appeal to our sympathies more than do those who are literally blind, for we must never forget that they are in no sense responsible for their own ignorance. The recent temperance agitation under "local option" laws passed by various Southern states, Georgia leading, is a most hopeful sign. Experience has proven the success of prohibition in country regions, and the Southern population is largely in the country. While not hard drinkers, the blacks very generally drink, and keep themselves poor by the yearly consumption of the value of thousands of farms and homes. To-day, they need emancipation from whiskey as much as twenty years ago they needed it from their task-masters, but I count upon prohibition only as one weapon among many which should be used in fighting this battle. It is not political pressure, but moral inspiration which will gain the day, and it is only as the former is used as a means to an end that I can give it my hearty support.

The movement in this state is active, and I trust for the reasons given that the influence of Hampton and its graduates will be potent for prohibition. By no means the least encouraging feature of this agitation is that it brings colored and white voters into friendly relations, the indirect good of which can hardly be over-estimated.

The nation which freed and enfranchised 4,000,000 of slaves, thereby creating most serious and dangerous political conditions, has felt its responsibility and has from time to time attempted to do something towards cultivating the intelligence and moral sense of its new made citizens. The "Blair Bill" is the last expression of this feeling and has failed.

Undeniably a better measure might have been prepared. Too much was asked for in too short a time, and this mistake gave some justification to the cry of "pauperizing the South." The fifteen millions given by northern charity for southern, chiefly Negro education, have had a tremendous mental and moral result. The three and a half millions of government money used by the educational department of the Freedmen's Bureau between 1865 and 1870, was the means of teaching a million black children to read and write. It did broad foundation work for the institutions which were to follow it, and, in my opinion, wise and legitimate means can be found for using national aid against that worst enemy of Republics, an ignorant population. The need of it for the enormous mass of illiterate blacks and whites is unquestionable; there is danger in neglect of them, and we who know what the trouble of the past has been, see the trouble ahead and feel that the worst is yet to come.

Of the Indian.

A better public sentiment is the sign of the times. The earnestness of the administration and the awakening of the people justify the hope of a wise solution of the Indian problem. With some differences as to details it is generally conceded that citizenship is the end to be attained, through supplying its conditions, lands in severalty, law, and a good practical education to all.

Legislation through which the Indian may advance more rapidly in the next ten years than he has in the past fifty, may be hoped for, and the century of blunders will then be over.

There is no salvation in acts of Congress in themselves, but when certain important conditions shall have been created by the "Dawes" and other bills, the problem will become an executive one and the real work will take a fresh start, for already much has been done by missionary effort and by the few thoroughly efficient government agents who have been long enough in office to understand the conditions.

Rights for the Indian will be assured as soon as our legislators are ready to break his bondage to pauperism and degradation and treat him as a man. *Light* for the Indian will dawn not only as liberal appropriations for education shall be made, but as competent men and women shall devote their lives to teaching him to meet the requirements of Christianity and citizenship. Educators whose appointments depend upon political influence change, of course, with the change of party. So far the average time of appointees in the Indian service, has been, I think, about two years. It seems to me that, until the rules of the civil service shall be made to apply to those who are trying to help the Indian, no more can be expected of agents and teachers than has already been done, and while in the past, this in some few cases, has been of high value, it is still very far from what it should be.

From personal observation of the principal agencies in the Northwest and Southwest, I am convinced that a higher order of men in charge, with greater security as to their positions, is indispensable, if we are to make a success of the Indian's expected chance to have lands in severalty, and to become a man, and just here lies the shadow on the fair prospect.

The retention in the service of over twenty of the sixty Indian agents appointed by the last administration is excellent and hopeful, and there have been changes for the better, but the loss of some valuable agents is to be regretted.

Men, more than laws, have power for the good of the Indian, and men as much as measures should be the cry. Satisfactory legislation may be delayed, but under good agents thousands of Indians have been and thousands more may be placed on allotted lands, valid title to which must be sought from Congress till they are granted. The danger of losing all that has been done is a serious setback to all efforts on the reservations. Even the ration system, by aiding only those who send their children to school, affords a leverage in favor of education. But the trouble of applying this and other helps is so great that only the best and noblest men will undertake the infinite care of it, overloaded as they are by heavy and vexatious office and routine duties.

The only permanent and telling force in Indian progress has been one which is independent of the Government. The lifelong labors of men like Bishops Whipple and Hare, the Rev. Messrs. Williamson and Riggs and scores of others, including many of the Catholic faith and not a few noble women, have laid the foundation of all that is hopeful in the Indian of our country.

The work done for Indians in Eastern schools received a shock when a few weeks ago a Special Committee of the House of Representatives, after a thorough investigation, declared through their spokesman that all but a few now in government employ, of those who had gone West from Hampton and Carlisle schools, had relapsed into their former state, and even into worse barbarism, or words to that effect. I refer you to the statements of Miss Ludlow, given below.

Fortunately, she had made last summer a special two months' tour to ascertain the precise condition of each Indian pupil who had returned from Hampton to Dakota. The results were absolutely contradictory to those of the "Holman Committee." The reports of competent agents like Major McLaughlin and Major Gassman, in Dakota, and the personal observations of Revs. Messrs. Frissell and Gravatt of the Hampton School, confirm Miss Ludlow's statement. Our work for Indians is, I think, stronger for the attack on it. An unexpected friendliness was found in Congress and among the people. The liveliest interest is constantly kept up by letters to and from those on the Reservations, for we cannot watch them too closely.

I hope to go carefully over the Dakota field next summer. Some of our best results are in Indian Territory, where our graduates, as a whole are doing well; some of them very well.

This year's health record of our Indians has been most gratifying; they thrive in this climate, and on our food, and gain steadily. There has been but one death. Not a single serious trouble, and much mutual benefit has come from the mingling of 500 Negroes and 130 Indians since 1878; on the whole the school is better and stronger for it. It is a scheme for the civilization of two races who are both part of our nation, and as such deserves, I believe, a fitting support.

Of Graduates.

Detailed reports are made below, but as their record is the final test of this schools' work, I summarize the facts:

Of Indians, one hundred and eighty-nine of them after a course of from one to five years returned to their homes as follows: 132 to Dakota, 12 to Nebraska, 4 to Missouri, 30 to Indian Territory, and 11 to Arizona; 25, a little over 12 per cent. have died. Of these 106 have done very well, 55 fairly well, and 16 badly; from 12 there is no report. This does not include 11 just returned to Dakota and 2 to Nebraska. They are employed as teachers, farmers, carpenters, blacksmiths, harness-makers, wheelrights, shoemakers, teamsters and clerks. About half of them are in government service. A number are going to school on or off the reservation and 15 or more of the youngest are at home with their parents. The girls, one third of the whole, are teaching, or at home; ten have married well. The majority of our Indian graduates are steadfast, but many are fickle and changing. About a tenth are bad, but not one has become prominent in evil ways.

Of the Negro Race, five hundred and seventy-six have, since 1868, taken the full course, of whom 522 are now living. Of these over ninty per cent have taught school. To this number should be added at least 150 who failed to complete their studies but have done excellent service as teachers, to say nothing of hundreds whose few months or year or two at school have made them better men and women.

Of this effective force of 672, three-fourths (about 500) have taught the past winter, 242 being enrolled as public school teachers of Virginia; an equal number have, I estimate, taught in other states.

The rest are accounted for as follows: In higher institutions 8, in the government service as clerks and employees, 21; farmers, tradesmen and in business for themselves, 60; ministers, 17; lawyers 9; doctors 3; editors 5: A few have not been heard from.

Not all have done well; fifty have failed to make a good record. One third are young women. The intermarriage of graduates and the resulting home life are among the happiest effects of this work; 171 have married. The family is the unit of Christian civilization. The mingling of sexes in school has proved most satisfactory.

The great majority have acquired property. They have voted as they chose, but, as a rule, have kept out of active politics.

Five sixths of them are members of Christian churches, and are, I believe, leading right and respectable lives.

They are a power for good, a leaven that will leaven a large lump. I estimate that Hampton's graduates last year taught at the rate of fifty pupils to every school, 25,000 Negro children.

The public free school system of the South offers a noble career for the better class of colored youth; we are still far from able to supply the demand for teachers. Half of the year they are liable to be thrown on their own resources; hence the need of practical training to fit them to take care of themselves between sessions.

Work for the Current Year.

This is set forth in the following reports and descriptive accounts

I ask your attention to them as follows:

1st. Report of Miss Mackie, Lady Principal, in charge of Normal Classes.

2d. Report of Miss Richards, in charge of Indian Classes.

3d. Report of Miss Baldwin, in charge of Night Classes.

4th. Report of Miss Hyde, Principal of the Butler School.

5th. Miss Bacon's general review of the Normal and Night Classes and of the Butler School.

6th. Miss Goodale's description of the work and life in the Indian Department.

7th. Miss Ludlow's report on Indian students who have returned to their homes.

8th. Rev. Mr. Gravatt's sketch of his Christian teaching.

9th. Miss Kenwill's account of the social side of student life.

10th. Annual medical report of Dr. Waldron, School Physician.

11th. Miss Ludlow's report in detail on the industrial operations of the School.

12th. Miss Cleaveland's report on Graduates of the School.

13th. The Commandant's (Mr. Curtis) annual report on military matters.

14th. Rev. Mr. Frissell's report as Chaplain and Vice-Principal of the School on various sides of its life, but especially on its moral and religious work.

It is hoped that this presentment of the year's work will be clearer and more effective than that of previous years.

In General.

The following named gentlemen have been appointed by his Excellency, Fitz Hugh Lee, Governor of Virginia, as Curators of this Institution as a State Agricultural College, to serve for four years from January 1st, 1886.

The last named three are, according to law, colored.

Col. Thomas Tabb, Hampton, Va.
Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., Richmond, Va.
Gen. R. L. Page, Norfolk, Va.
Rev. Wm. Thornton, Hampton, Va.
Rev. J. H. Holmes, Richmond, Va.
Rev. W. G. Alexander, Portsmouth, Va.

Our relations with the State have been from the first, cordial and satisfactory. Since 1872 it has appropriated $10,000 yearly to the School, this being interest on the Agricultural College Land Scrip Fund.

The Board of Education and County Superintendents have, without regard to politics, co-operated for the welfare of this work. I hope to repeat next month my trip of last June, giving the time, however, to the central and western part of the State, instead of the southern.

I found in Danville, Lynchburg, Farmville and Burkeville, southern men of both parties and color making common cause to bring about through popular education brighter days for this Commonwealth.

I regret the action of a portion of the community of Hampton in making ex-

traordinary, and, I believe, incorrect statements in support of the claim that they are oppressed by the industrial competition of this school, which has expended in this locality for labor, material and general purchases, not less, I estimate, than $400,000.

The Normal School, Hygeia Hotel, Soldiers' Home and Fort Monroe, have, as a matter of fact, made this community prosperous. I, personally, urged at Richmond, the appointment of the Investigating Committee which they asked for, which is to sit in June.

A narrow spirit in regard to enterprises, undertaken by "outsiders," has been an injury to some parts of the South, and must pass away before better information. I am glad to state, however, that the Hampton Institute has been generously recognized and appreciated by the majority of its neighbors.

A few important changes are expected in the corps of teachers. I regret exceedingly the resignation, in response to home duties, of Miss Charlotte L. Mackie, matron, who has been the longest in service of any of our lady workers. Her sixteen years of efficient care of colored girls in their living and work, and of the Students' Boarding Department, has been a noble contribution to the progress of the race. The loss of her services will be deeply felt.

The Rev. Richard Tolman, who, sixteen years ago, became Chaplain of the School, and after a successful ministry of seven years, resigned on account of his health, but has made his home here, and has done most valuable work, leaves this summer for a Northern home with the sincere regrets and good wishes of all who knew him. His wisdom, influence and work, will be much missed, as will be the members of his family who accompany him.

Thanks to the loyalty and generosity of its friends, the School may reasonably hope to pay its way this year and is out of debt.

Its workers approach the close of another session with gratitude for the past and with hope and faith for the future.

Respectfully submitted,

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal.*

Normal School.

In anticipating the school work for the present session, 1885 and 1886, at the close of our academic year in June last, the question we asked ourselves was, "Shall we have a Senior Class?" We had just promoted to the senior year 34 young women and 28 young men with the injunction, "Go and teach one year before returning to your last semester of study at Hampton," and we felt a little uncertain whether our roll of students for the coming year would embrace more than the two lower classes, Junior and Middlers.

In October, 15 of our former pupils, representing three different classes, answered this question for us by returning, some after several years of teaching, to complete their course and take their diplomas.

The enrolment given below shows a slight increase of numbers over last year, and as the present senior class is about one-third of the number we usually graduate the increase has been in the lower classes, including also the evening and Indian Schools.

NORMAL STUDENTS.

Young Women.	Colored.	Indian.	*Young Men.*	Colored.	Indian.
Senior Class,	4	2	Senior Class,	8	1
Middle, "	52	4	Middle "	82	3
Junior, "	86	5	Junior "	69	16
Indian Sch.	—	39	Indian School,	—	59
Night "	72	—	Night "	144	4
Pastor's Class,				26	—
	214	50		329	83
Total, 264			Total	412	

Grand total, 676

Greatest number enrolled at one date,	628
Smallest number enrolled at one date,	573
Average attendance enrolled,	596

No name is entered in the catalogue of a student connected with the school for less than one month.

Our record of attendance for the present year has been the best we have ever made. Owing to the unusually fine fall and winter, and with no sickness to speak of either among pupils or teachers, the attendance enrolled has been as follows: The highest number at any one time, 628; lowest, 573; average, 596; while the daily average in the school-room has been .98¾ of the total number enrolled. Such promptness in attendance not only ensures progress for the student, but also the accomplishment of the work with the minimum waste of the teacher's strength. Hampton can afford irregular attendance in the school-room less than most of her sister institutions, owing to the industrial feature of the school, which takes every student out of his class one day in five.

The number of teachers employed for strictly academic work is 32, 16 in the the Normal, 9 in the Evening, and 7 in the Indian School.

The question is often asked us, "What do you teach your pupils?" I think our curriculum of study corresponds very nearly with what in Northern schools is known as the Grammar Grade, but as the large majority of our pupils will never have any chance for study beside what Hampton gives, we have introduced some higher studies not usually found in a Grammar Grade, with the design of opening up lines of study that a bright student can pursue by himself later. Arithmetic and grammar are the two studies by which we grade our classes. We accept as students those who know very little of either of these branches, if they have got a good start in the very rudiments of an education, reading and writing. To an ordinarily bright scholar the education we offer is a thorough drill in arithmetic, written and mental, which for three-fourths of our pupils requires three years. To those who do complete a "Practical Arithmetic" satisfactorily in two years, we give in the senior year the choice of elementary algebra, or arithmetic continued in a higher text book. A very thorough course in grammar for two years is followed with a study of literature, English and American, also the literature of the Bible. Political geography for a year and a half is followed by Physical geography for half a year. Natural history is taught orally in the Junior Class with objects often of the student's own providing. This year there has been an unusual interest shown in this study, partly, perhaps, because the pupils have been able to study the organization of animals by dissection of subjects more than in previous years. When it came time to lay aside the study some 16 students proposed to continue it as an extra lesson, making time out of their recreation hours for three lessons a week. This study is followed by physiology, and later by natural philosophy for a year. The study of "Methods of Teaching" is taken up in the Middle year, and in the Senior the pupils practice teaching in the "Training School," which is connected with the Normal for this purpose.

Mechanical drawing and bookkeeping alternate with each other in the Senior year, and Civil Government and Political Economy follow each other as half-year studies. Recognizing that the true foundation for all education is the Bible, we make Bible Study a daily exercise for the Junior and Middle Classes, the Seniors, as stated above, take it in connection with their literature. Reading, writing and spelling, are also daily exercises throughout the course.

This is an outline of what we try to give our students in a three year's course; to many of them it is a work of four rather than three years. The fullness of the course in the limited time, has not unfrequently been questioned if not criticized by those who are acquainted with it from the catalogue. In vindication of the thoroughness with which we try to do our work, would say that our classes are divided into sections averaging about 30 students each. These sections vary very much in scholarship. They represent three grades. Owing to the sifting, or grading process, which is done for the whole school regularly three times a year, and which may be done at any time for an individual student, whenever a majority of the teachers so agree, these sections change very much during the Academic year, the object being to place each student where he, or she, will make the most progress. Take our Junior Class, for example, which is divided into six sections. The first, or best of these sections is made up mostly of students who applied as candidates for the Middle Class, but fell a little short, in their written examinations, of making this class. The lower sections, on the contrary, are, as a rule, made up of students, who before coming here, had only a few months of schooling and to whom the art of reading is still so laborious, and the struggle to pronounce the words requires so much attention, that but little idea of the meaning is gained. While the starting point for the six sections is the same, the ground covered by the year's work varies very much. For instance, in arithmetic we expect the two upper sections of this class to go thoroughly over Common and Decimal Fractions and Denominate numbers, that at the beginning of the Middle year they may take up Percentage, in which case they are able very nearly to complete the arithmetic in this year. The two next lower sections rarely go beyond Fractions. They represent a class of students who acquire slowly, will probably make their promotion to the lower sections of the Middle Class and eventually take the studies of this year twice. The two lowest sections of the Junior Class as a rule repeat that year. Thus it will be seen that only one third of those who enter our Junior Class pass through the three classes of the School without conditions or repeating one year.

I venture to say few students anywhere have their time more fully occupied than the Hampton student. Rising all the year round at 5.15, they are ready at 7 o'clock to assemble in the various school-rooms for an hour and 20 minutes of study. This ended, a recess of twenty minutes follows, during which the boys fall into their military companies for inspection, and the girls go to some household work which is to help pay their school bill. From 8.40 to 12 they are passing constantly from one class to another. The noon recess which lasts from 12 to 1.30 has, during the winter, been the only time found available for classes who were anxious to learn to sing by note, and these gave readily 20 minutes of their recess for this purpose. From 1.30 to 3.45 the school is again convened for class exercises, every student having seven daily recitations. On its dismissal for the afternoon, the boys have military drill twice a week, and the girls a cooking lesson once a week of two hours length. The six o'clock supper is followed by Chapel Prayers and this in turn by another study hour from 7 to 9.

When the retiring bell rings at 9.20, I think there are few students who do not heed its summons promptly, thoroughly tired with their exertions, mental and physical, and conscious of having well earned the rest which awaits them.

To a people not accustomed to close intellectual effort such constant study would defeat its own aim by wearing out their physical strength, but here is where our industrial system comes to the rescue, and not only gives the needed rest and relaxation, but at the same time enables the student to help pay his board bill while it trains him in some useful handicraft. It is not an uncommon experience to find many of our students stronger physically at the close than at the beginning of the year, undoubtedly the result of the regular habits and plain, wholesome food to which they have grown accustomed.

There have been 31 Indians in the Normal Department this year against 21 last year. Some of these are in the highest sections of the several classes to which they belong and have made a very good record for scholarship. As a rule the Indians in this branch of the school have done well and made as much progress as could be expected of students who do not know well the language in which their text-books are written.

From the 62 boys and girls who were promoted to the Senior class in June last, we have heard from nearly all as striving faithfully to put in practice the teaching received at Hampton. All, except a few who were under age, succeeded in obtaining schools. Many are teaching on first grade certificates and a half a dozen, whose schools have already closed, have returned and joined the present Middle Class and are making good use of the few months which remain in our present school year.

Not until another year has passed can we report fairly on the success of the plan adopted by the Trustees in June, 1884, of requiring a year of teaching before graduation as as a part of the Hampton course.

A new feature has been added to our work this year in a shop which has been opened to train both boys and girls in the use of the common carpenter tools. We have hardly made much more than a beginning, but there is an eager interest on the part of all to whom we have been able to extend the privilege to spend two hours and a half two days in the week learning to use tools, which will enable them to add very much to the comfort and conveniences of what in many cases, are the badly appointed school-rooms in which their future work is to be done—to say nothing of what they can do in the same line in their own little homes.

MARY F. MACKIE, *Lady Principal.*

Indian School.

The Government appropriation for this year allowed Hampton 120 Indian pupils instead of 100 as heretofore. Besides those who receive board and clothing from the Government there has been a variable number on the list of those supported by private charity. The first of November, just before a party of eleven returned to the West, we had on our rolls 142, including one boy in Mass. At present there are 127, 78 boys and 49 girls.

Among them are four married couples and three babies, eight couples having been here during the year. These represent the following tribes:

Sioux	77
Omaha	21
Winnebago	7
Arickaree, Gros Ventres & Mandan	3
Delaware	1
Comanche	1
Onondaga	1
Oneida	1
Pottawatomie	4
Ab Shawnee	2
Pawnee	1
Chippewa	1
Wichita	1
Sac and Fox	2
Pima	1
Menomonee	1
Shinnecock	2

Average age about 17 years.

Three new parties arrived during the summer, one from Nebraska, of thirteen Omahas and Winnebagoes, under the escort of Noah LaFlesche, one of twenty-two Sioux from Dakota with the Rev. Mr. Gravatt, and one from Indian Territory consisting of fifteen boys of various tribes, with Mr. Talbot.

In the fall a party of seven came from Ft. Berthold and Standing Rock Agencies, Dakota.

Since the opening of the fall term twenty-four have returned home on account of expiration of time, delicate health or some special reason. One only, a little orphan child from Cheyenne River, has died.

As will be seen from the Doctor's Report the health record has been remarkably good.

Quite a number of the new arrivals this year were able to enter at once on the Normal course, with the colored students, who come with the avowed purpose of fitting themselves for teachers. To secure these advanced pupils from the Mission and Agency schools at the West, who have already stood the test of school life near their own homes, and have shown special aptitude for study, or for the mechanical arts, should doubtless be one of the chief aims of Eastern schools. Thus a band of trained teachers and assistants will be prepared to reinforce the all-important work at the West. The long journey across the Continent is in itself an education. A year, or even a summer, in an intelligent Christian home at the North gives these Indian children a draught from the very fountain head of our civilization, and it is in ways such as these we believe, far more than in a little more or less facility for mere book learning, that the importance lies of bringing Indians East. If ere long they are to be citizens of this country, should not their leaders at least, know more of it than can be gained from the camps of the West, or even its frontier towns and schools?

An escort of one of our parties, several years ago, seeing the amazement of her charges at a rough two or three storied building near the spot where they first took the railroad, delivered to the woman who acted as interpreter a glowing description of the architectural wonders of Chicago. Her eloquence fell flat; the latter transmitted only a few cold words to her auditors. On being asked the reason, the laconic response was, "You lie." But this same interpreter, on reaching the great city, buried her face in her hands when playfully reminded of her impeachment of the lady's veracity.

Taking out, however, the 25 pupils now in the Normal classes who work two days in the week like their colored classmates, and the 8 boys in the Night school, who from choice work all day at trades or farming, and study in the evenings, there are left for the Indian classes proper 87, 36 girls and 51 boys. These, with two or three exceptions, divide the day between study and work.

The Indian school is graded in seven Divisions, one of these, the Third, having been subdivided into two sections, the A section reciting in the morning, with the First, Second and Seventh, the B in the afternoon with the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth. All study English, reading and arithmetic, the three highest classes using Franklin's Elementary Arithmetic. For beginners Wentworth and Reed's number book has been found useful. The First Division, numbering 19, have been reading Story of the Bible with much interest. They have used Patterson's elements of Grammar and Swinton's Introductory Geography. Some oral instruction has been given them in United States history, the

teacher narrating facts and stories and writing on the board events to be copied into note books, and memorized by the class.

The Second Division of 12 is following hard after the First, using now the same books with the exception of the grammar. Instead they have sentences to compose, and stories to write, these to be corrected by the teacher.

The Third Division of 17 have used Franklin's Second reader in the A Section, and the Book of Cats and Dogs, during part of the year, in the B. This gives some hints of natural history as well as easy reading matter. Their English studies consist of conversation, letter writing, etc., varied for a time by simple oral lessons in geography, illustrated by the moulding board.

The Fourth of 13 members read in Monroe's First Reader, while the Fifth, of 12, are in Franklin's First.

The Sixth Division, numbering 7, is composed of very young children, one speaking very little English, others using it with perfect fluency. They are reading in Appleton's First Reader. As a basis for conversation in their English class they take some of the Kindergarten occupations, a friend in the South having generously loaned the low table and chairs, while one in the North kindly furnished the Kindergarten gifts. The small fingers of our Brownies seem to take as kindly to moulding clay, and weaving gay colored papers as the fairer children of Northern nurseries.

The Division for beginners is the Seventh, with 7 members, some having come only last fall. They have been taught largely from the blackboard and by means of objects and actions. Appleton's reading Chart has been used and Prang's pictures for object lessons have been very helpful.

Much of the study hour work for our Indians is written out by the teacher on slips of paper or put on the board for them to copy.

The need of school books better adapted to Indian pupils has been previously recognized in these Reports, Readers, no less simple, but more sensible; with stories better worth remembering, histories and geographies with hard words and involved sentences eliminated, and arithmetics with their examples in analysis more nearly within the range of our scholars' experience. At the same time we realize that only those skilled themselves in teaching Indians could well prepare such books, and if all Government schools were rigidly bound down to the use of a single set of books, however judiciously compiled, they might be hampered, and thus fall to produce the best results possible.

Long ago Hampton answered, to her own satisfaction at least, the question,—"Can the Indian be educated?" Another remains, —"Can the Indian be the educator of his own race?" It has lately been affirmed on the floor of Congress that very little can be done in this direction, owing to his "absence of control" over his own people.

From our point of view, limited to be sure, yet good so far as it goes, we beg leave to differ from the opinion there expressed. We have found that some are so head and shoulders above the majority, that they are naturally hailed as leaders, and firmly and gracefully hold the reins of control over others.

This year an Indian boy in the Normal school, speaking English perfectly, an officer in the battalion, and one who has spent some time during his four years course among refined people at the North, has been janitor of the Wigwam, not only daily inspecting rooms, but preserving order, calling the boys roll at night, and conducting their evening prayers. A young Indian girl, who received her diploma at the last commencement, has taught two classes in the Indian school, and has had charge of the Winona dining room, where about twenty of the girls have taken their meals. During the summer, when most of the teachers are absent on their vacation, the help of our advanced Indians has been most welcome, several of them teaching in school, one of the girls running the Winona laundry, and one of the boys looking out for the evenings at the Wigwam. The work thus put upon them has not only been done but well done.

Constantly by these Indian boys and girls is expressed the wish "to help my people." We believe this thought, however crude in its conception, a powerful lever for uplifting these children, and from what we have seen and heard, we have the strongest hopes, that in not a few instances their aspirations will be realized, and they will go back, not only "to be ministered unto, but to minister."

JOSEPHINE E. RICHARDS, *in charge.*

The Night School.

At the opening of the term in October last, there were more than the usual number of applicants for admission to the Night School, but it was found that we had not the full force of strong, able-bodied men necessary for the heavier work required. In consequence of this, some of the two hundred applications which had been refused during the summer were reconsidered, but only in favor of those who were physically able to take such positions as were vacant in the saw mill and for the heavier farm work.

From this it will be seen that the class of work students is gradually changing; instead of the older and stronger men who were anxious to work a year or so, meanwhile learning what they could of reading, writing and arithmetic, we have, as a rule, a younger and brighter class who are more anxious to learn the various trades taught here. Some features of this change are very desirable, and as long as the counter irritant of hard work is applied so effectually through the day, there is little fear that the overflow of animal spirits will be excessive enough to prevent good school work during the two hours of the evening session.

The attendance has been much more regular this year than for some years past, and the number dropped—39 this year against 53 during the same time last year—shows that the numbers have not been so fluctuating.

Total attendance,	220
Males (four Indians).	148
Females,	72
Number in school October 15, '85.	204
" " May 1, '86.	192
Males.	130
Females,	62
Average attendance for year,	190

Of the number now in school—53 were members last year. From this statement it will be seen how large a proportion of the Night School is new material

We have had the same number of classes —eight—that we had the previous year, although during part of the time, the lowest class has been sectioned, as it was too large to be well taught by one teacher in the limited time of the evening session. The aim is to have each class number not more than twenty, but with one or two exceptions they have all been considerably more than this.

Owing to an increasing conviction that what our students need more than anything else is a thorough drill in the foundation work, only two sections have been allowed to prepare for the Middle Class of the Day School as compared with three last year. One class is pursuing middle class work, while the five remaining classes are taking the work preparatory to entering the Junior Class of the Day School next October.

The course of study has practically been that of last year. In all of the Preparatory Classes, the "Story of the Bible" has been introduced as a reading book in accordance with the more extended work of this kind in the Day School. Alternating with this, we have used "Stories of American History." In arithmetic they are simply prepared on the four fundamental rules, which is what is required for admission to the Junior Class. In language there is no prescribed limit, but just as much is done in this direction as possible, for in this subject, of all others, our pupils are most deficient.

A great deal of attention is paid to dictation exercises, considerable of the time for spelling being used in this way. For not only do the pupils learn correct spelling, punctuation and arrangement of their work, but they gain in mental discipline as well.

The Junior Classes pursue the same work that is laid out for the corresponding classes of the Day School, with the exception of natural history.

The members of the advanced class are using the text books of the Middle Class in the Day School, and while naturally the amount of work accomplished is much less, the aim is to have it of the same kind, and in two or three years to accomplish what is done in one in the Day School. Already they have had final examinations in United States history, common school geography, and the grammar required of the Junior Class.

In connection with this class, mention should be made of two boys who had been promoted to the Senior Class of the Day School, and who subsequently entered upon a four years' apprenticeship in the printing office. As there is no place for such pupils in the Night School proper, a course of reading and composition has been laid out for them, and as there is a probability that such cases will occur in the future, a Chautauqua Class has been proposed to meet the difficulty.

The work of the Night School has been done at far less disadvantage this year than in previous years. This is owing to two facts: first, the small amount of sickness, both among pupils and teachers; and second, the fact before mentioned, the regularity of attendance, which is in a large measure dependent upon the first.

The mechanical drawing, which was only started last term, has been continued this year. One division of seven boys, who began last year, has worked entirely with instruments and ink upon more advanced work; while the other division of eleven has been working at the foundation work of elementary problems. As only an hour and a half one evening in the week, can be devoted, to the subject, it will readily be seen that progress must be slow, particularly as the pupils have no knowledge of drawing before taking it up here. And yet results are beginning to be seen. So far, the class has been composed almost entirely of mill and carpenter boys, but next year it is the plan to include also all of the blacksmiths and wheelwrights and those belonging to the engineer's department.

The branch of the Night School at Hemenway Farm has numbered thirteen boys and two girls, which is about the usual number. These are included in the statistics given elsewhere. We have endeavored to "practice what we preach," in having the school taught by one of last year's Middlers, who could not enter the Senior Class until he had complied with the regulation recently made regarding teaching before finishing the Normal course. This class has made satisfactory progress, and the boys seem to enjoy their life at the Farm, although their work there is hard.

Considerable progress has also been made in music. It is true that only two lessons of ten minutes each have been given, but these lessons have been improved to the utmost, owing to the zest with which the scholars enter into them.

As often as weather and other duties have allowed, the girls have gone to the Gymnasium Saturday evenings for a drill in marching under Major Boykin. This they have thoroughly enjoyed, and at the same time it has been most profitable for them, as drill in walking properly and standing erect are very important for them

Astonishment has often been expressed that the work student is able to accomplish what he does after a hard day's work. The only explanation seems to be in the fact that it is an entire change, and based upon one of nature's fundamental laws. It is true that occasionally a pupil is so fatigued bodily, as to be unable to overcome the weariness, and it is also true on the other hand, that an unusually ambitious boy will be overheard conjugating a verb while hoeing in the garden, or, perched on a fence watching the cows, will meanwhile furtively study his reader. These cases serve to show "how it is done," and also that our pupils are willing, literally, to work for an education. Occasionally one of the younger boys expresses his mind to the effect that he has no time to play. This, it is to be regretted, is too true, particularly during the winter, and while our day remains only twenty-four hours long, and while all of those twenty-four hours are required for work, study and sleep, it remains a puzzling mathematical problem. The summer, however, gives more opportunity for recreation, as the evening session is shortened to an hour and a half, and the students are not required to retire as early as during the winter.

That industrial education is becoming of more and more importance in the opinion of practical, thinking men, probably has occurred to but few of those who apply to learn trades here, but that they are worth more to themselves, and consequently to other people, they are beginning to see. And when they comprehend that honest work is manly and womanly, and that something besides mere book knowledge is necessary to elevate their race, they have made a great step forward. That this lesson is being learned is shown in various ways, particularly by the unanimous verdict of those who have struggled through their probation as work students, which is, "I've never been sorry I did it," as well as by the graduates who frequently find that it is very convenient to know how to do something besides teaching school.

ANNA G. BALDWIN, *in charge.*

The Butler School.

The Normal School owns the land and building, and nominates its teachers. The County Officers appoint and pay them.

With the first of October came the Butler children from 6 to 13 years of age tired of four month vacation and ready to take up work again.

The average number on roll during the county school was 300 with an average daily attendance of 280.

The children have been unusually regular in attendance and there have been very few cases of suspension or expulsion. For the last month (public funds being exhausted) the school has been a pay school, and an average attendance of 200 shows that many care enough for an education to be willing to pay and work hard for it.

The longer my experience with the Butler the more I am convinced of the importance of making it more of an industrial school. The majority of the children will never get through the Normal School. Many must go to work at fourteen or even before and others are not capable of taking the Normal course. If therefore they could be taught to do something which will make their service valuable, there would be more chance of their finding good homes and they would be able to earn honest livings.

The girls need the Kitchen Garden taught in the most practical way; they need a cooking school that they may know how to cook and prepare the common articles of food, they need a sewing school that they may learn to make and keep in repair their own cloths.

What to do for the boys is more of a problem on account of the expense which industrial training for them would necessitate. I wish, however, that they might be taught to do something better than drive hacks, or stand around with their hands in their pockets doing nothing at all. It seems as if one day in the week might be given entirely to industrial training for the older boys and girls. The trouble would be to make both parents and children see the importance of the step. Many of the former object to having their children in the "Kitchen Garden Class" because they think they are being made servants of. Permission from the County Officials and their co-operation in enforcing the step would be necessary.

The usual Kitchen Garden class has been kept up during the year and I feel that it has done much for the few children who are in it. One small boy of twelve who was seen waiting on the door and table so won the heart of one of the lady visitors that he was taken up North to do this work in a beautiful house just outside of Philadelphia. This answers the question sometimes asked: Is it practical to teach boys the Kitchen Garden?

The older girls have had lessons in sewing once a week, but this is not enough. No one teacher can give a sewing lesson to advantage to a class of forty or fifty girls. Each girl needs much individual attention, therefore industrial classes should be small. With a school as large as the Butler and with an insufficient number of teachers, just how to secure industrial training to the best advantage is considerable of a problem, the solution of which is of the utmost importance to the swarms of colored children growing up around Hampton.

ELIZABETH HYDE, *Principal.*

Review of Class Work.

There have been few changes made in the schedule of studies since last year's report, and the school work would seem perhaps to a visitor to be exactly the same as last year, but each teacher can see in her own classes slight changes in the manner and matter of her teaching, and changes also in the manner and spirit of the classes that she meets. The pleasure of teaching lies in the endless variety of human nature with which the teacher is brought in contact and in the constant improvement that may be made by the teacher's experience in presenting the same subjects to different classes year after year. As a result of these two variations there is scarcely any monotony about the work of teaching, even when the same subject has to be presented three or four times in one day. But though the work of teaching is not in itself monotonous, it is difficult in a report to show where the variety lies, or what advances are made in the work from year to year.

Perhaps as good a plan as any for showing what the work is that is done on the school grounds, will be to begin with the most primary grades, as represented by the Butler and night school, and to show just what preparation is given to students there who enter the Normal School, then to take up the successive years of the Normal School, and try to show what influences are brought to bear upon the students while in each year, and at the end perhaps to follow our graduate into the beginning of his work as a teacher in some little primary school among his own people.

The low, cruciform, wooden building called the Butler school house stands just at the point where the road across the school farm to the school turns off from the main thoroughfare from Fortress Monroe to Hampton. Into this building at nine o'clock every morning, from Monday to Saturday, from October to May, the neighboring settlements of Slabtown, Mill Creek and Chesapeake City pour their swarms of yellow brown and black children. Some ragged and dirty, some whole and clean, all jolly and cheerful, they come gaily in when the bell rings and the drum beats its tattoo for their marching feet. This is the raw material, a material that has to be smoothed and worked and sifted and sorted over before any portion of it is ready for the great machine at the Normal School to even begin to work on. With a bright student and

all circumstances favorable, the preparation so far as advancement in studies is concerned may be completed in four years. That is, after four full years of study at the Butler, a bright child would be able to pass the entrance examinations at the Normal School. The work so far takes up only primary branches; reading, writing, language, and arithmetic through long division are the only subjects required for admission to the Normal School, and these can be mastered sufficiently to pass the examinations in the first four years of the Butler course. But in spite of this fact the Butler is not a very large feeder to the Normal for the following reasons: Though the Butler child may have gone over the required ground, he is not fitted in other respects for entrance to the higher school. Students at the Normal School, though they take for the first two years only studies that belong to a grammar grade in our Northern schools, take them in such a way that an older mind is required for their apprehension than the child after the four years of Butler training possesses. The reasoning faculty of a child is not sufficiently developed, nor his power of application sufficiently under his control, for him to take up the Normal School studies even of the junior year in the way in which it is expected that our students will take them up. In the Normal School every student is expected, not only to take up a study so as to be able to recite, but to know the whole thing so as to be able to teach it. In addition to the fact that the academic part of the school requires adult minds in its pupils, the industrial part requires strong, well-grown bodies. For these reasons mainly, no Butler child enters the Junior Class, but the advanced class in the Butler takes the Junior work in two years, and so sends its scholars prepared to make the Middle Class in the Normal after six years of Butler training. This is the case with the brightest scholars. The duller ones more often take seven and eight years of preparation. This is the process of polishing and sorting, intellectually, that goes on not only at the Butler but at every school that tries to send scholars to the Normal. They are sorted morally and physically as well, by the years of training and discipline that they must have, but in a day school, the teacher's influence must be greatly outweighed by the home influences, and the homes from which these children come are too often influences for anything but goodness and purity in their lives. Hence, though they can be sorted, by sending away the bad, there is little hope that the school influence can do much to reform or improve where there is a strong bias toward evil on the part of the scholars, a bias often unchecked by home or religious influences. There is plenty of religion, such as it is, among both parents and scholars, but it is too often a religion that regards more the emotional part of the nature than the moral, and so aids little in the work of checking the evil tendencies of these growing lives.

If in the Butler we see a department where the raw material is slowly and carefully polished and prepared for the Normal, in the Night School we see another department, which, working on entirely different material is still accomplishing somewhat the same results. But the Night School has certain advantages over the Butler. Students in the Night School live on the school grounds, are surrounded on all sides by the school influences. They are mostly grown men and women who have an earnest desire for an education, a desire so earnest that they are willing to spend their days in hard work on the farm or at the mill, or in some of the many shops on the place, and so store up money in the School treasury to pay their bills when they shall enter the Day School. In the meantime they study and recite for two hours in the evening after their long day of hard work. This hard-earned privilege they are by no means willing to waste, and so in the Night School we see the most patient, hard-working, single-minded devotion to the subject before the class that we find in any class on the school ground. In the Night School there are eight carefully-graded classes. The examination for admission requires of the applicant simply reading, writing and arithmetic through subtraction, but, as many who are prepared to enter the Normal School are unable to enter on account of pecuniary need, and others who could enter are at work all day learning trades, there are classes of all grades, from those so low that two years of work will be needed before the Junior studies can be attempted, up to a class of bright boys who are learning trades during the day, and in the evening fitting themselves for the Senior Class. In this Night School we see the material from which many of our best students are made. There is a certain amount of grit and pluck needed for doing successful work in the Night Class, which stands a student in good stead when he comes to the wider opportunities of the Day School. A visit to the Night Classes will show any one at once what I mean. Perhaps the first thing to strike a visitor is the fact that here we are dealing with grown men and women, not children. The air of absorbed interest on the part of the students is another point which commands attention. The classes in the Day School are attentive and eager, but the night students seem as if resolved to lose no single moment of the precious two hours appropriated to study. Sleepiness, after ten hours' work, is unknown among them, though in the Day School, teachers sometimes complain of a difficulty in keeping all the students awake. In consequence of this earnest spirit on the part of the students, of a corresponding desire on the part of teachers to use every moment to the best advantage, and of the thorough and careful grading of the school, it is astonishing to see what results are accomplished by these two hours of study a day. Many of our best students in the Middle Class this year came up direct from the Night School, and prove what good work is being done there.

The Night School, while preparing students mentally, has a better opportunity than the Butler can have for working at the moral natures of those within its charge. The students are in the school, and surrounded on all sides by the many influences by which the school works upon its students. Beside the wholesome reforming or strengthening power of days spent at hard physical labor, and evenings of study (days and evenings into which Satan must find it difficult to insert his proverbial "mischief"), the discipline and training which takes the student's whole time, and lays it out for him, the military drill, the inspections, the roll calls, the religious influences, the bracing talks, both by members of the school faculty and by guests, in chapel or school room, the library, with its fund of information or amusement, the reading room, the social enjoyments of the school life; all these come to the night student as to the day student, and have their share in building up, strengthening and stimulating his moral nature. In the Night School the students acquire not only the learning necessary for admission to the Day School, but often a certain moral stimulus which makes them helpful and reliable when placed in the regular day classes.

But now let us suppose that our student has safely passed his entrance examinations and is admitted to the Junior Class in the Day School. What training will be given to him, and what will be expected of him during his first year there? If the student thinks he has come to school to have an easy, do-nothing time, he soon finds himself mistaken. There is work, hard work, and plenty of it to be done, and there is danger of summary loss of his opportunities if he fails to use them. The list of studies for the Junior Year appears in the catalogue as follows: "Reading, Monroe's Fourth Reader, Swinton's Supplementary, Boys of '76. Penmanship and Spelling combined. Practical Arithmetic to Percentage. Mental Arithmetic. Natural History (Oral). Geography: Guyot's Intermediate, Map Drawing, Grammar, "Graded Lessons in English," Reed & Kellogg, United States History, Scudder."

This is the list of studies, all of them studies that come very early in the course of a bright child at the North. Let us go for a little while into the class rooms and see how they are taken, and what work is done upon them by these grown up children under our care. Reading, for instance,—what is there in the reading classes that makes them different from similar classes at home? When I speak of similar classes I use the word "similar" in a somewhat limited sense. I do not think that there are classes exactly similar to these anywhere in the country. The students, ranging in age from 15 to 23 or 24, stumble and fall on words that would never stop a child at twelve with the advantages given in the schools of any large northern city. There is a lack of flexibility in the organs of articulation, as well as a total unfamiliarity with many of the commonest words, that at the beginning often makes the bravest teacher quail at the work before her. Many times the discovery is made that the Negro accents a speech or sentence so differently from a white person that it is almost impossible to make them read quotations or dialogues in any way that approaches at all the teacher's ideal. At the beginning the work of teaching is very slow. Gymnastics have to be practiced before the reading begins, hard words have to be picked out, pronounced, defined and spelled, questions must be asked to see whether the story or subject of the reading has been made clear to the students' minds, exercises in accentuation and articulation are practiced by the whole class, or by individuals, as the case may require. Great patience is required both on the part of teachers and students to carry on the study and keep up the interest. The reading varies greatly in the different sections. The first reads well and intelligently, and the sixth reads hardly better than a child from its primer; not as well in respect to pronunciation and clearness of utterance. Of the six sections into which the Junior Class is divided, it is expected that most of the scholars in the first two will enter the Middle Class at the end of the year, a large proportion of the next two will have to repeat their Junior Year, nearly all out of the two lowest sections will be unable to go farther, but will be advised at the end of the year's work to give up the thought of obtaining more book learning. In consequence of this expectation and of this careful grading, the work gone over by the different sections in a year varies greatly, and though at the beginning of the term all the classes are together, at the end, they are a good way apart.

Perhaps there is no branch of the school work which seems at the outset more hopeless than the effort to teach the students the use of correct English. Many of our students, in fact, the greater part of them, come from homes where no pure, correct English is ever spoken. With all the habits of continual misuse of language with which they enter the school, it seems almost impossible to teach them the right use of words. In addition to the absolute misuse, which the study of grammar and composition aims to correct, there is also a limitation of use which is even more perplexing, and which every teacher has to meet and grapple with in her own department. In the limited vocabulary possessed by most Southern Negroes, one word has to serve such a variety of purposes that its exact meaning is almost or entirely lost, and any new word which is defined by a word already known is very often twisted to new uses for which it was never meant. How to teach fine shades of meaning in words is a problem that comes to every teacher in the school, though, of course, to the teacher of grammar and composition more than to others. Day after day, year after year, the work must go on. The plan for the Junior Year is to make as thorough a study as possible of the verb in all its various forms, and to combine with this study such exercise in composition and letter-writing as will give to the student a practical and correct use of whatever language he possesses. The drill, in correcting general errors in composition, is not the least valuable part of the year's work. The students take great interest in the language work, and show that they appreciate pretty thoroughly their own shortcomings in this direction.

Junior Classes, in both mental and written arithmetic, are always both interesting and interested. There is an element of certainty in the fact that two and two are four that gives the mind a resting place and a sense of security not to be obtained in following a verb through the intricacies of its conjugation, nor indeed in any other department of study. Hence, even the dullest are hopeful in arithmetic, and because they can always see their own mistakes when they are pointed out, are always sure that sooner or later they can avoid those mistakes. Perhaps in no department of instruction is the normal character of the school work more clearly seen than in the instruction in arithmetic. There is no learning of rules or doing things because the rule says so. Every step is reasoned out, and must be thoroughly understood before the next one can be taken. Of course, by this method, and with such minds as many of those in the Junior Class the progress must be slow, but it is sure, and the thorough drill of the arithmetic makes the students more exact and better able to follow a train of reasoning in their other studies.

Geography taught by means not only of text books, but of map-drawing, moulding in sand, outside reading, photographs, anything and everything that the teacher's ingenuity can devise for making the text book's descriptions vivid and impressive, is a study that serves well to broaden the mental horizon. In the Junior Year especial attention is paid to the geography of the United States. The map-drawing not only impresses the geography lesson very thoroughly on the mind and gives skill to the fingers, but is an invaluable accomplishment for these students who, when they come to teach, often have to manufacture the greater part of their school-room furnishings. If they can draw their own maps they are no longer bound down by circumstances in that direction, but their power of imparting the knowledge is doubled. Much of the map-drawing is very poor, some of it is very good, but poor or good, the ability to produce on paper or black board some sort of a representation of the country whose geography you are trying to teach, is an invaluable accomplishment for any teacher.

Spelling and writing lessons are combined, and with tolerably good results. Perhaps one of the most difficult parts of the English language is its spelling, even to those whose familiarity with other languages gives them a clue to the derivation, and so to the spelling of most words, but with our students every new word learned is absolutely new, and the more spelling of it is a matter of guess or of arbitrary memory. There is no reason why a word should be spelled one way rather than another, and often habits of mispronunciation leads to habits of misspelling words that are quite simple.

During the present year a new departure has been made in regard to Bible study, and twenty minutes in the morning have been devoted every day to reading in the Story of the Bible and recitation on the previous day's reading. By this process the Junior Classes have been made familiar with the Bible history down to the time of David, and will be ready in the Middle Year to take up the Bible itself and graduate with a pretty complete knowledge of the book as a whole. Regarded as a piece of literature, and as a help to the understanding of all allusions that they will meet in their subsequent reading or study, there is nothing that can be to them of the same use as a thorough knowledge of the Bible. As a moral stimulus, and a ground for religious belief, it is expected that this training will be of immense practical value among this people whose religion is too often a product mainly of the emotions and of the imagination.

Beside the Bible history, United States history is one of the studies of the Junior Year, and the interest shown in this study, especially by the boys, shows how truly the Negroes feel their privilege of American citizenship. They study American history as the history of their country, the heroes of colonial and revolutionary time are their heroes, and exploits of the early discoverers are the means by which their freedom and civilization were made possible. The Negro is nothing unless he is an American, and the history of the gradual settlement and growth of these United States is as interesting to him as it is to the direct descendants of the settlers themselves.

I have been able to give but a brief outline of the first year's work in school, touching only the most prominent or difficult points in the teaching or learning. At the end of the year, a faithful student of average ability should find his mental horizon greatly enlarged, his powers quickened, and habits of carefulness and exactness in speech, thought or written work, pretty firmly established. During this year he should have learned to apply his mind regularly, and for tolerably long periods to the task of absorbing ideas or reasoning from ideas already obtained. His hours of application to study have been as follows: Morning study hour from 7 to 8.20; morning recitations from 9.20 to 12; afternoon recitations from 2 to 4; evening study hour from 7 to 9. That is, eight hours of mental application a day. If it were not for the wholesome physical labor that toughens the muscles and develops the frame, few of the students could stand the strain, but as it is, there is very seldom a case where ill health seems to arise from overwork, but as a rule students, unless already victims of some disease, grow stronger under the school regimen.

The long summer vacation, occupied usually by our students in labor at some employment that will bring them a little fund with which to pay part of their school expenses during the coming term, gives to the students an opportunity of testing the practical value of the knowledge already obtained and they generally return in the fall with an increased desire to study and improve. The first part of the Middle year adds few new studies to the Junior schedule. A taste of English history is given in the reading classes, where Dickens' Child's History is read with pleasure and profit. For the rest, the studies begun in the Junior year are completed, the Bible lessons being lengthened to forty minutes and taken from the Bible itself instead of from the "Story of the Bible."

With the second term of the Middle year, many of the old studies are laid aside and new and more difficult ones taken up. Physical geography takes the place of the completed "Intermediate;" instead of U. S. History, lessons in the theory and practice of teaching are taken, and the Bible lessons laid aside are replaced by instruction in physiology. To the students whose only experience of science so far has been a half term of natural history at the beginning of the Junior year, this sudden plunge into physical geography and physiology is at first rather appalling. Physiology, is in its methods and reasoning, much like natural history and they seem to take that with little doubt or questioning, but in physical geography they are confronted for the first time with all the great scientific theories in regard to the universe, and the dose is too large to be swallowed all at once. For the first few lessons in regard to any of the great natural laws, a skeptical frame of mind prevails, hard questions are asked with a view to shaking the teacher's reasoning at some point, but after awhile the student insensibly absorbs the reasoning into his own mind, his attention is called to simple every day facts which tend to prove theories advanced, and soon he is firmly convinced that the earth is a sphere, that the planets revolve around the sun, that the air flows from areas of high pressure to areas of low pressure, etc. The next step is to apply each theory and show the practical working of the law in a given case. This is more difficult, but once learned, it gives the student a feeling of power over

his knowledge that is of immense benefit. Sometimes whole recitation periods are spent in asking questions, and giving answers, each student asking one question of any student on whom he chooses to call. This is to every one in the class an absorbing occupation and one from which much profit is derived.

Perhaps there is no study in which the Middle Class take more pride than in their practice teaching. This is not simply a necessary part of a good education, but it is professional study. At the beginning of the second half of the Middle year, every student suddenly come to regard himself as a prospective teacher, and as such, looks upon his practice teaching as the important study of the term, and upon all his other studies as opportunites for gaining material for teaching. There is a marked increase of interest, in all studies for this reason, and many a student, who has obtained the desired idea for himself, continues asking questions and receiving explanations because he is not quite sure yet that he could teach that point in his school, which is now ever present in his mind. This half year of practice teaching can of course take up only very hurriedly and simply the fundamental principles that underlie all teaching and the study of the best methods of teaching the branches usually taught in primary schools. To this, at the close of the term, is added some advice on school discipline and management. The students during this term can be given no practice in the training school, so when upon promotion to the Senior Class they go out for their year of teaching before their last year of school, they have had no experience, but only the theories that they must now proceed to put in practice. That the theories in themselves are a help, is proved by the experience of the class now in the field, and perhaps the more valuable experience of the Principal of the Butler school, who has had during the year two members of last year's Middle Class as teachers in her school.

At the close of the Middle year, the final examination once passed and the promotion attained, our students must go out for a year and try what they can do with the knowledge already attained before they come back to graduate. This part of the school programme is an experiment as yet, and as such, perhaps it will be well not to say too much about it but wait until next year's Senior Class shall have proved whether this step was wise or otherwise. It is the hope and expectation of the school authorities, that students will return more conscious of their own deficiencies and more earnest in their desire to make good thorough work of their last year in school.

There is a great step between the studies of the Middle and Senior year, and often students who have done fairly well in the Middle Class prove unable to take and digest Senior studies. The reading takes up standard authors and so helps out the study of English and American literature which supersedes the grammar work. In connection with the literature there are compositions to be written, so that the language work is not dropped, only changed somewhat in its form and character. The study of ancient history serves to give them a retrospect and to help them out in their understanding of all literature with which they may come in contact. Natural philosophy gives them a new and more thorough look into the wonders of nature than any study yet taken up. By means of experiments and practical examples all the laws are illustrated and brought within the scope of the students, but this study often proves a stumbling block to students who have done fairly well so far. The girls, especially, lacking the boys' practical experience in regard to the working of physical laws, are very apt to feel discouraged and unequal to the exertion necessary for mastering difficult points. However, when the theories are once mastered, and their practical working once proved and made certain to the minds of all, there is no lack of interest on the part of any and a new line of thought and interest is opened to all who finish the year's work in natural philosophy.

In political science too, the work is on an entirely new field, and the facts to be dealt with are facts out of the reach of most of the students. The teacher has not only to teach them to reason from known facts, but in many cases to gather the facts and help out the students' reasoning. The study of economic laws require a kind of reasoning upon a class of facts that puzzle the minds to which these things are totally unfamiliar. The study of political science, too often seems to the girls entirely useless so that their interest flags as soon as any serious difficulties present themselves. To the boys the study seems useful and desirable but they can follow only a little way on account of the often abstruse reasoning that leads up to the conclusion. Only the principal and best proved theories are taken up. Much of the time is spent on the study of the relations of capital and labor, the discussion of the main arguments for free trade and protection, the study of money, banking and credit. The government of the United States is studied in detail and this year the class has been taking up briefly the study of the principal European governments comparing them with the government of the United States. The year's work in Political Science is but the opening of a door through which few of our students ever pass, but by means of which additional light is thrown upon their work.

Perhaps the feature of the Senior year is the Practice Teaching in connection with work in the training a school, where every student in the Senior Class is obliged to teach a variety of lessons under the eye of a carefully trained teacher who criticizes at the end the student's work. The training school is a branch of the Butler which occupies a room in one of the Normal School buildings. In it are classes of all grades, from the grown boys and girls who are preparing for admission to the Middle Class at the end of the year down to the babies who are just learning to read "I see a cat," off of the blackboard. Here a practical familiarity with the method is added to the *theories* which the students learn in the class room and when they graduate they have gained much experience of thorough, orderly methods of school work. The mistakes, into which they may have fallen when sent out to teach at the end of the Middle year, are pointed out, and they are given an opportunity to correct them and form new and better habits of work before taking their final leave of the institution.

The moral training of this last year in school is rounded out after commencement by three weeks during which the Senior give up almost all their other school work and devote four periods a day to the study of methods. This Institute has heretofore been conducted by specialists invited from the North, but this year the work will be shared among the regular teachers. Thus when our graduates go out from their Alma Mater, the uppermost thing in their minds is the profession upon which they are about to enter. The whole school course leads up to it, and at the end, particularly, everything else makes way for it.

In this brief review of the school work I have been unable to touch on many of the influences that the school brings to bear upon its students, but I must not leave unmentioned one means by which the student enlarges at will his own mental horizon. All the work mentioned so far is compulsory, every student must do it or he will not receive his diploma. In the crowded lives, there seems sometimes cause for wonder that the students do as much reading as they do outside of their required work. In the library alcoves, the well thumbed books that adorn the shelves show what work is being done by some of the students voluntarily for their mental improvements. Look at the worn bindings of the books in the history alcove, see how the popular biographies, particularly those of great Americans are read until they are ready to fall from their covers. In natural history the books that we possess do not begin to meet the demands of the students, and this year a number of books loaned by the teacher in that department have been devoured with eager interest. Fiction, too, is read in large quantities; the taste in that direction seems to be improving and I think a better class of books has been read this year than ever before. Standard works by good authors are rather taking the place of the trashy works, owing to the care of the librarian in calling attention to the better class of fiction. Ben Hur, Ramona, the Prince and the Pauper, George Eliot's works; these are partly taking the place of T. S. Arthur and his like. The reading room too is much patronized and the giving of news items in the morning by the students themselves has caused a considerable run on the daily papers. The monthly magazines are read more than ever before and the finely illustrated articles in Harpers' and the Century are of great use to the geography students.

These briefly given notes on the academic work, take up simply the outline of the work. Its main points and the desired and expected effect of each year of the course are all that can be taken up in a report like this. For the proof that the work is of some value to the students who enter and pass through the school and to their people as well, we can only point to the long list of graduates who have gone out from among us and are teaching successfully, or at least acceptably, in all parts of the South, about half in Virginia. That the school is not perfect, the graduates themselves show, but that it has done much, and will in all probability do more, toward enlightening the ignorance of the Negro race, is a statement that few, even of its enemies, could deny.

ALICE M. BACON.—*Teacher.*

The Indian School.

The value of a Report from the Indian school at Hampton ought perhaps to depend upon the comparison as well as the recording of facts—upon conclusions no less than conditions. Indian education has thus far been largely experimental in its methods as well as in its results. There are signs that the time has come for these scattering experiments to crystallize into a system—indications such as the proposal, in Congress and elsewhere, to secure a convention of Indian school teachers and superintendents, for discussion and comparison of views. Anything which will tend to unify and codify the special knowledge and experience gained by a few, and to create a standard which all who teach in Indian schools shall be expected to reach, will largely benefit the Indian.

AT HAMPTON we all make a study of Indian nature, and of the processes by which it may be developed and hardened into character. As a bright half-breed remarked the other day, "It takes time to build up a man's character. It's like building a steamboat—there are a lot of little things—it's a long job—but when the machinery is all right, the boat runs easy." The whole discipline and training of the school furnish so many sets of hammers working ceaselessly at the building of the ship—testing and strengthening every part. The most practical morality is closely connected with religion in the teaching of the school. The Indian is easily accessible on the religious side, he is reverent and imaginative; and being also fairly logical and honest with himself, thoroughly believes that a change of life is as essential as a "change of heart." There is little doctrinal teaching; the aim is to lay down the broad principles and teach the great historic facts of Christianity.

This work is carried on upon all days and all occasions; at the opening of school, morning and afternoon; at morning prayers for the whole school; at the brief "family prayers" for boys and girls just before retiring; at the Thursday evening meeting; at church two or three times on Sunday, and, perhaps best of all, at the Indian Sunday school, where the "new" boys and girls use the Dakota Bible and are taught in their own tongue, through an interpreter. The two most advanced classes in the Indian school use this year the "Story of the Bible" as a regular reading book, with very happy results; another class has studied the "Hampton Hymnal," a part of the term, getting a grasp upon the meaning of words and phrases which had before brought to them only vaguely sacred associations. By the effort and influence of teachers the elements of duty, if not of religion, are made more or less a part of every lesson.

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH is the most characteristic and interesting on the Hampton schedule. There must be more or less language work in every class—even in arithmetic—but in its systematic development as a study, as far as my observation extends, Hampton is somewhat unique. In the Western schools which I have seen, this valuable and various drill does not by any means assume the importance which we give to it here. The poorer ones attempt to teach Indian children to read and write English exactly as they would teach white children—and the result is a mechanical reading by rote, with almost no attempt to grasp the sense. If the children are to have any idea what they are reading, it must be literally translated into Indian! We aim to give them from the first the *use* of the English language—to make it a flexible instrument in their hands—and we work up to this by successive steps, making each one as far as is possible, easy and comprehensible to them.

The first step, as it is found in the lowest divisions, is the teaching of a great number of words, by simple object lessons and the *acting out* of verbs. The articles are taught along with the nouns, the personal pronouns with the verbs, adjectives by comparison of objects, and there is soon evolved the simple sentence—such as "I see the black cat" all of which may be expressed in dumb show. The use of the relatives, interrogatives, etc., is more abstract—but it may be brought out with a little ingenuity.

The next step is usually the formation and memorizing in various forms—interrogative, negative, etc.—of easy letters and conversations. Construction is very difficult for the Indians. English syntax is wholly unlike their own—and we have found no better way to bridge over the gap between *words* and *sentences* than by familiarizing ear and tongue with a great number of ordinary combinations, before requiring them to make any for themselves.

When they can carry on, unaided, a fair conversation, the work is changed to drill in grammar or regular English composition. Picture-lessons, stories read and written out from memory, and oral lessons in geography and natural history, are valuable means to the latter. This is the sort of work done this year in the Second Division. The study of English grammar does not usually begin until we reach the First Division, representing about three years' work; although simple drill in recognizing name-words, action-words, etc., may come earlier in the course. There is a good deal of originality in the methods used by different teachers at every step—and even grammatical dry bones are clothed upon with fancy and humor.

Two somewhat foreign elements have made themselves felt in the Indian school this year, and especially in the language work. The half-dozen little children, between the ages of six and ten years, learn to talk very much more rapidly and easily than their elders, while they are of course left behind in mathematical and other studies requiring mental grasp. This difficulty in grading has led to the formation of an "infant class," who are "drawn out" by certain of the Kindergarten methods and who use the Kindergarten gifts and occupations. We have also an appreciable number of boys and young men who have associated with the whites and speak English with readiness, but who read and write it little or not at all. The methods described are of course unsuited to their needs, and a distinct grade in English will no doubt be established for their benefit.

THE CLASSES IN READING of course include a great deal of language work, as our pupils must be taught to recognize a word by sound and by sense, as well as by sight. We teach the word as a whole and do not leave it until the pupil can read, write and use it. This is necessarily a slower process than that of learning to read in a known tongue. We use Appleton's chart this year in the lowest grades, and at least three sets of readers—none of them entirely satisfactory for the use of grown men and women. A great deal of time and energy is expended in the effort to secure the proper pitch of the voice and a distinct pronunciation. There are some sounds in English—the *r* and the *th*, for instance—which are almost impossible of articulation by the Indian tongue. The early stages of the work present other stumbling blocks, such as the rising inflection at the end of a question,—unknown in Dakota. The Indians write easily and beautifully as a rule; and constant practice in written lessons makes them good spellers.

IN MATHEMATICS the Indians excel. Their work is usually accurate, but in analysis they are weak, from lack of confidence in their English. We do not use the Grube method to any considerable extent, except in the "infant class," successfully taught by an Indian girl graduate of Hampton. Lessons in number seem fitted to very young minds, and to demand a free use of language to interpret them. Young men who have been in school but a few months read numbers up to billions, and work in addition and subtraction. They are able to master the four simple rules, on an average, within two years. Our First Division has begun on the work of the Junior class in fractions and the Indians are usually up to the mathematical standard of admission to the Normal School, before they are at all able to keep up with English speaking classes in English studies.

Geography is the class of *culture* par excellence! Hampton introduces primary work in geography very early in her course, teaching it with the globe, the sand-table and the blackboard—for its effect in enlarging the ideas as well as in stimulating the power of expression. Later on, it affords endless resource and variety of occupation to the developing mind of the Indian. The First Division has spent the entire year on North America. They can not only name, locate and spell all the capitals and principal cities of our States and Territories, but they have a good general idea of the form of government, products, commerce, and people of the country in which we live. This is educational in a broad sense of the word.

THE STUDY-HOUR should not be overlooked in a *resume* of our opportunities and successes. A boy who was asked why he valued the Eastern school more highly than the Western, replied, "Because we have study-hour at Hampton!" Hampton's long evening study-hour is quite an institution—varying somewhat from the evening work at Carlisle, or at any other Indian school with which I am acquainted. It is worth while to observe here the close application of the Indian and his capacity for independent study. I am not sure but that it would be well to tax this capacity more, severely than we have usually done. A large proportion of oral teaching, and the incessant effort to make each lesson spontaneous and interesting may easily lead the enthusiastic teacher to do most of the work herself. The dryer or more mechanical teaching is sometimes the learner's better mental discipline! I think however, that we err, if at all, on the right side, when we meet the demonstrative Indian a little more than half way.

THE INDIANS IN THE NORMAL SCHOOL—a larger number than ever before—have proved themselves, on the whole, to be cap-

able of using their advantages. Mentally, there are many of them equal to completing this or indeed a much higher course, but the ambition to graduate and the devotion to hard study is not always so strong as we could wish. At about this stage the old difficulty about language comes up again in a new form which is doubly discouraging. We naturally use with beginners the simplest and most conversational English, and after three years or thereabouts, when the young Indian has fairly mastered this everyday speech, he suddenly discovers that there is another English language which is wholly beyond him—the English of the books! The first sentence which meets your eye in the book or newspaper at your elbow, contains at least three or four words which are not in his vocabulary and to whose meaning he has no possible clue. I take one at hap-hazard: "I am aware that the mere external cast of any particular time or place furnishes a very inadequate basis from which to generalize the future." "Is this, too, English? Then I am no nearer understanding it than I was three years ago," thinks the thoroughly puzzled Junior, who had once fondly imagined that he "knew English."

LESSONS IN VOCAL and instrumental music have been encouraging features of the school work this year. Strangers are apt to smile when we speak of our "musical Indians"—but prejudice to the contrary notwithstanding, they have proved themselves apt and interested pupils. Mr. Rathbun has given singing lessons twice a week to the whole morning school and reports enthusiastically upon their quickness and progress in part singing. About twelve boys and girls are learning the parlor organ and two or three have shown decided talent. Some can play already, with a good degree of correctness, the hymns and other parts of a church service. This training will be of great value to them at home.

THE BOYS' TRADES and the girls' household industries are considered by the authorities equally important with their advantages in school, although they are not always placed on a level with them by the students themselves. This is a matter of slow growth. It is not unusual, however, for a young man who has done fair mechanical work for several years, to develop with comparative suddenness a love for and mastery of his trade. "John has made a long step forward this year," says the head of the Indian Training Shops of one of his carpenters. "He *thinks* about his work and goes ahead without waiting for orders; if he can't make it come out right one way he will in another. He asked me the other day if I was going to put up any small frame houses this summer. I saw he wanted the job, and I think he is capable of taking charge of it. If he stays out his time, he will not only be a good carpenter, but able to give instruction."

Of another he says: "He will do just what and how you tell him, and then he will stop, and fold his hands and wait for directions." Ambition and pride in their work are qualities which need to be developed in our Indian apprentices. They are doubtless dormant in the Indian nature, and ought to be strongly awakened. When a boy who has been here but a few months is eager to write to his father, "I can make a tin cup," or another diffidently but proudly hopes you will notice the table he has made for the office—"all myself"—it is a good sign of progress.

The carpenter's trade is most popular among the boys. It is also the most generally serviceable to them at home, and this shop has the larger proportion of workers. Some of the boys on the farm have applied for further opportunities to plow, and perform some of the more important farm operations.

A new feature of the industrial work this spring is a school of Technology, where classes of girls and small boys learn the elements of carpentry, or the useful art of "how to be handy about a house."

THE GIRLS AT WINONA have made their usual progress in domestic arts. They keep their rooms, as a rule, in excellent order, and they are more prettily arranged this year than ever before, owing to the amount of simple decorative work done by the girls in their "Fancy-work Class." "Scrubbing-day" is apparently the happiest of the week, and it is delightful to see them, in rolled-up sleeves and tucked-up dresses, laughing and singing over their back-breaking task. The laundry work is beautifully done by even the smallest among them, and when each brings her pile of clean clothes, washed, ironed and mended, for inspection on Friday evening, the white, even piles would put to shame many a professional laundress. There is no shirking; even the sheets are as smooth as pocket handkerchiefs.

The sewing-room turns out a vast amount of work in the course of the year. The girls, as might be expected, take a true, feminine satisfaction in this department. From the recent corner, with her plain, straight calico gown, made every stitch by her own hands, "button holes and all," to the girl Senior, daintily sewing on her tasteful dress of white nun's veiling for the "Senior party," they all take a wholesome interest in "looking pretty" and enjoy the well-deserved smile or word of praise. All learn to make and mend every needful article of woman's wear, and to sew well both by hand and machine. That the Indian women are peculiarly dextrous with their fingers is proven not only by their highly ornamental work in beads and porcupine quills, but by their extreme aptness at all the prevailing fashions of art needlework, from the simple outline stitch to the difficult "Kensington embroidery." Their two years in the Fancy-work Class has produced some highly successful results.

Cooking lessons are popular among the girls and most of them can make good bread and are in a fair way to become accomplished queens of the kitchen department, which is by no means to be neglected in the homes of the future.

SOCIAL LIFE among our Indians centres at Winona, and there is a great deal more of it than at most schools. The freedom and individuality of our girls' lives, outside of school hours, is somewhat striking, and requires a wise oversight to keep it from degenerating into carelessness. Each girl preserves her independence through the possession of a room, which is shared with one or occasionally with two friends; each makes her own clothes—chooses them so far as she is able—washes and irons and mends for herself, and is taught responsibility for and pride in her personal belongings. During play hours much liberty is allowed; and while one will curl herself up in a corner with a book and another devote every leisure moment to practice on the parlor organ, most want to be out-of-doors whenever the weather will possibly allow it; and for that matter, the rain is a purely artificial barrier, which they must be patiently taught to heed.

There are various friendships and parties and *cliques* among the girls, as a matter of course. There is also a social element in the form of several organized societies—such as the "Lend-a-Hand Club" among the older girls and the "Sisters' Club" for the little ones. The first holds its separate meeting once a month. The girls hold a weekly prayer-meeting among themselves, led by one of their number. The Fancy-work Class is the occasion of a pleasant little reunion.

"Saturday nights" are the social events of the week. Twice a month the boys are invited to Winona for an evening with the girls—an evening diversified by games, marching, conversation, or literary and musical exercises. The un-learning of Indian etiquette, and the establishment of easy yet not too familiar relations between our young men and young women, is considered an important lesson, only to be learned by a guarded but natural and pleasant intercourse. The boys and girls meet at the table, for half an hour, if they choose, on Sundays; upon Saturday evenings and holidays and on such rare and joyful occasions as the annual "Indian picnic." The result seems to justify the experiment; at any rate their manner toward one another gradually grows to be nearly all that could be desired. It may here be mentioned that the Indian is a ceremonious being, given to some social virtues in a high degree, and that he adapts himself with considerable ease to customs and manners which are strange to him. The true Indian—an instinctive gentleman—is seldom embarassed or awkward in society. The debates, recitations, songs and dialogues of our "literary" meetings are good practice as well as good fun, and intended as such. They are sometimes arranged by teachers and often chosen by the performers themselves.

LIFE AT THE WIGWAM has its features of interest. The boys' rooms, as disclosed at the "Sunday morning Inspection," display a good deal of the taste and character of their occupants. We discover here a lover of poetry; there, an amateur on the violin; again, an eye for pictures or decoration, or an original artistic talent. The Wigwam reading room, planned and furnished last year by teachers and friends, has become an established means of quietly influencing the boys as well as of instruction and entertainment. It is a very attractive corner, indeed, with its plants and draperies, its pictures, its organ, its well-filled book shelves and various knick-knacks—quite an oasis in the desert of bare floors and hard benches. And when these benches are covered with groups of boys, playing checkers or "Fish-Pond," reading the newspapers, talking and laughing—never boisterously; and a group around the organ are singing hymns in English or Dakota, the whole presents an animated scene.

As the season advances, ball-playing, quoits, rowing and other out-of-door sports absorb, during the afternoon, all but the very bookish or delicate ones. This, of course, is as it should be. There remains the quiet half hour after study hour, when the "Wigwam Father" meets the boys to settle their little difficulties or listen to their confidences, to tide over a hard lesson or give a bit of needed advice. Then come the brief evening prayers, conducted by themselves—there is a simple, touching little prayer, the deep masculine voices sing a verse of a hymn—then a clatter of boots and a hubbub of voices and good-night!

The little boys, twelve in number, room in Division A, under the care of a housemother of their own. They are about as irrépressible as most youngsters of their ages—and probably no more so!

THE COTTAGES, to the number of six, are more home-like than ever, and more a settled feature of Indian life at Hampton. Cheerful with children, bright with books and pictures and music, always neat and attractive, they put a pleasant picture of domestic life before our young men and young women. We hope that they may prove an "object lesson" in home-making not only to those who live in them, but to all who live within the circle of their influence.

ELAINE GOODALE, *Teacher.*

Report on Returned Indian Students.

Since 1880, 203 Indian students have been returned from Hampton to their various homes in the West, chiefly to Dakota Territory. Thirteen of these have left so recently that no report can yet be made upon them, though we have heard pleasantly of their safe arrival and good intentions. Of the remaining 190, the details of voluminous specific records may be condensed into the tabular form which gives to dry statistics their one charm, of brevity and clearness. Arranging the various grades of success on the one side, and on the other, the number of each that have been—most of them not continuously—in Government employ, with the totals set side by side for convenience of comparison, it will not be difficult to judge of their significance in connection with the statements recently made in Congress that not one of all the returned Indian students had been found who had not gone back to their original barbarism and worse, except a few who were employed by the Government.

Omitting the thirteen just gone back, there have been returned from Hampton:

To Dakota, 132; Indian Territory, 30; Nebraska, 12; Arizona, 11; Wisconsin, 4; Onondaga Reserve, New York, 1.

RECORD.

Students returned.				*In Government employ.*			
	BOYS.	GIRLS.	TO'L.	TOTAL.		BOYS.	GIRLS.
Have done							
Very well.	75	31	106	37	viz.	31	6
Fairly	37	17	54	12	"	11	1
Badly	10	2	12	5	"	5	0
Ret to bl'k't	2	4	6	0	"	0	0
Unacc't for 10		2	12	0	"	0	0
Grand to.	134	56	190	54	"	47	7

Of the 190, 19 have died, of whom 1 had done badly, 3 very finely, and the rest fairly, generally as well as possible in their feeble state. The tribes represented, Miss Richards has elsewhere enumerated. Half of those from Indian Territory were our first Indian students, the St. Augustine prisoners. With one exception, they were not returned directly from Hampton, and spent but little more than a year here. Their almost uniformly good record is to the credit of Captain Pratt's training in Florida and Carlisle. About two-thirds of the rest completed a three years course at Hampton.

Nine included in this report are now again at Hampton for a further course, having done well for a year or more at home. One other is preparing to study medicine in New Hampshire, and another is studying for the ministry in Alexandria.

As to the statements of the Holman committee, it is interesting to note that instead of the wholesale return to "worse than original barbarism," asserted, only six out of all the number have returned to the blanket and but 12 are reported as "bad, i. e. vicious and troublesome, though keeping to citizen's dress."

The committee declared that they failed to discover a single one who had not thus "lapsed back," except a very few who were "employed, in other words supported, by Government." It is pleasant indeed to see that of the 54 Government employes, two-thirds have done very well, and less than one-tenth badly. One would think the natural line of argument would be that since the Indians show such appreciation and make such good use of the chances to work furnished them by Government, it might be a good plan to furnish them more. This is indeed just what was said at every agency I visited last summer in Dakota, Minnesota and Wisconsin; by every agent, teacher, officer and employer who seemed at all interested in his charge. "Again and again I heard it said very earnestly: 'I should be glad to set twice as many boys to work if there was work for them.' "It would not only benefit the Indian, but be a direct saving to the Government itself, in hundreds of articles that now have to be condemned and thrown away for want of repair shops." It takes a Congressional Committee to argue, "Indians go back to barbarism unless we give them a chance to use what they learn, therefore let us take away their chance to learn also."

But our tables do not give the logicians even this ground to stand on. They show that while few more than a quarter have ever been in Government employ, over half have done very well, and over four-fifths very well or fairly well. Like other young people—like most people indeed—they want some encouragement in beginning a difficult new life. A good agent can give them this, even without Government employment—better of course with it. Such encouragement the sixty-nine on our Honor roll not in Government employ, have not lacked. All are at work except a few disabled by illness. A few are clerks in positions obtained for them by the agent off the reservation, some are attending school on or off the reserve, several have returned to Hampton for a further course. The girls are useful in their parents' home or their own. Eight have married well; one a fellow student from Hampton. One of the boys is a useful teacher in a mission day school, his salary paid by a full blood Indian Episcopal minister who supports himself by his own hands, and gives away much of his own small stipend. By far the most of the boys are farming, and most on claims of their own. As handsome a wheat field as I saw in Dakota was cultivated by a Hampton boy who had the good sense and courage to give up his Government clerkship to take up a claim and work it himself.

The Government positions are as clerks, interpreters, teachers, scouts, policemen, herders, farmer's assistants, and at the trades, chiefly carpenters and blacksmiths. In building the little houses now constantly going up on the reservations, and in mending implements, there is always abundance of work. Fifteen are teachers, industrial and other, six of them girls. I saw more than one school room presided over with dignity by Hampton students, and listened to some excellent teaching.

A few are interpreters, but to be a good interpreter requires more perfect command of language than to be a teacher. A teacher can prepare his lesson beforehand, but an interpreter has to be ready for anything and ought to be able to render delicate shades of meaning, which comparatively few of course are able to do.

Of those reported as doing badly, we do not give up all hope, and at the same time are not as surprised as we are sorry when their ranks are recruited from the class next above, which includes many "light weights," easily moved and dependent upon surrounding influences—less hopeful possibly than some of the "bad" ones who are, as Bishop Hare puts it "in their green apple state," but not unlikely to mellow and mature into good fruit. Even since my statistics were made up, a few such interchanges have occurred, which I did not think it worth while to upset the figures to record, as they make no material difference in the totals, and may not be permanent for good or ill. One interesting change has been in one of the four Dakotas among those described as "Returned to the blanket." John Buffalo was at Hampton but part of one year and was sent home on account of ill health. He was apparently in consumption when he came here, and we did not wonder that he went back to his accustomed easy dress, when he went home. He has improved in health, and his pastor Mr. Gravatt, was surprised a short time ago by receiving an illustrated letter from him in the Sioux language, announcing the fact that feeling better, he had "thrown away" the blanket and started anew on the white man's road. He would like to send his picture in his citizen's suit, so, as there was no photographer at hand, he had painted it himself. It is a successful work of art, judging by the interest it excites.

By far the largest proportion of our Indian students come from Dakota, and excepting the Omaha reservation in Nebraska, it is the most hopeful to return them to. The Wisconsin agencies (and the same may be said of the Onondaga) are suffering from past mistakes. One has a hopeless feeling there. The Indians ought long ago to have been ready for citizenship and to have received it. I wondered sadly there if history will repeat itself and its blunders in Dakota. Mrs. General Fisk who was at the San Carlos agency, Arizona five years ago said to me recently: "If you can send a student back there and keep him half way straight, I shall believe in all possibilities for Indians." We have thus far had very fair accounts of three out of the five sent back there. Of one, for whom we had fear, the present agent writes "Stago, Sept 1st, 1885, was doing nothing. Employed him as interpreter that date, and he has held the po-

sition since. He interprets quite well and I think is honest. He is married. He had never done anything for himself." Stago writes himself, in a handsome, clerk's hand to one of his teachers. "I am interpreter for Captain Pierce and I get in three month, $125.00. And he is very good man and the Indians like him very much. Now I stay here in San Carlos seven month, and Miss G. I am going tell you something. I have been get married the Indian girl she is very nice girl. And Captain Pierce he will going to make school here. I am just same yet, and try very hard to learn some more English. Your friend, B. F. Stago."

The sources of information for my report have been the detailed accounts, name by name, furnished us at intervals, and recently by the agents, letters from missionaries, letters from the students themselves, particularly to Miss Cora Folsom who, appointed special correspondent of Indian returned students has entered with zeal upon a valuable work for which she is especially well fitted; and finally my own experiences in Dakota and Wisconsin last summer, visiting all the agencies from which we receive students, and seeing over fifty of them and most of their homes.

One pleasant impression I received there was of the loyalty which they seemed generally to feel for Hampton. Everywhere they hastened to come to see me, with affectionate inquiries about the school, and frequent expression of a desire to return to it. I found Hampton pictures fastened up in their little homes. They wanted to assure me that they were trying to live up to Hampton's teachings and I thought they were. Some who had fallen away from them showed a shame-faced desire to avoid me, that was itself a wholesome sign. They were much interested in a suggestion of Mr. Gravatt's that they should form a Hampton Boys' Club, for mutual encouragement in the right way. I don't know whether they have been able to carry it out. They were pleased also with an offer I made them, to place on exhibition in the Industrial room here at any time—with General Armstrong's consent—any specimen they would send of their handiwork—boys' or girls'—or their agricultural productions, or pictures they would draw of their little homes or school houses, or that were taken of themselves. I sent home some fine stalks of wheat from the field I have mentioned above in this report. It seems to me that with some encouragement, and not much expense, both these suggestions might be sufficiently carried out to be of much help and incentive to them, and an answer that could not be gainsaid to the sneers and misstatements that are obstacles in their difficult upward path.

HELEN W. LUDLOW, *Teacher.*

Christian Work Among Indians.

Religious work among the Indians has gone on as usual. As with white people there are seasons of great hopefulness and times of discouragement, of sunshine and shadow. Four have been confirmed in St. John's Church by Bishop Whipple, making the number of communicants thirty two. Others have joined the school chapel and will be reported by Rev. Mr. Frissell. One has gone from Hampton to enter the Theological Seminary at Alexandria, Va. Ten or twelve go with me to sing at the services held for the men at the Soldiers' Home, to sing songs of peace with the men who, perhaps, waged war against their fathers.

These Indians are very conscientious. Missing some from communion, I learned they did not come because they had been smoking, thus breaking the school law and committing, as they understood, a sin.

I again wish to acknowledge the valuable assistance so kindly given by the teachers in the Sunday-School.

J. J. GRAVATT,
Rector of St. John's Church.

Home and Social Life.

The busy routine of a Hampton student's life leaves small leisure for either home or social pleasures. A glance at their private life may not, however, be without interest.

The girls occupy two large buildings, where they live directly under the eye of their teachers. The boys' quarters formerly consisted of two neat looking cottages some distance from the main building. These long ago overflowed, and now the attic of Academic Hall, the tower of the Mill, even the barn, shelter scores of these "seekers after light" who certainly have passed the initiatory rite of success, if the garret,—that home of poets and presidents,—can help them toward it

The rooms of all students are subject to daily inspection; and although the dust,—that despair of housekeepers,—is often all too conspicuous, yet in general tidiness they will, I think, bear comparison with boys' rooms in any similar institution.

A Sunday morning inspection made with the Principal and Commandant reveals the fact that many little decorations are brought out for Sunday service which do not grace the week day room.

At ten o'clock on Sunday morning every boy is in his room ready to receive the inspectors. As the door opens, the occupants rise and give the military salute, standing straight and smiling alike through praise and censure.

The appearance of the room is a very good indicator of the tastes of the occupants. The little attempts at embellishment and decoration are often pathetic. They are very fond of color, and there is hardly a room so poor that it is not bright with some kind of picture, often a gay advertising print. Christmas cards and photographs abound. Where they all come from is an unrevealed mystery. These decorations, if not exactly high art, are on the whole, not in bad taste. They give the place a cheerful, homelike aspect, and stimulate in the possessor a wholesome pride in the condition of his room.

It is often surprising to see how quickly a little library is collected. These private libraries frequently boast ponderous volumes such as "The Royal Path of Life" or "The Road to Success," revealing the ambition of their owners to wrest from their pages the secret of "rising." Though large books seem to be most prized, we found in one library the whole set of John Alden's Elzevir Edition. Half a dozen volumes of American poets adorn the shelf in a room whose occupant could not read his own name when he came five years ago. Moreover they are read with great expression and appreciation. A volume of poems at Christmas is growing in favor as a gift made by one student to another.

A set of rules pinned to the door of the room of a student who was too popular to be able to have any privacy in his own house, and who was consequently often reported for disorder, is not without humor. It is somewhat like a travesty on "Don't" or "Never" or both, but was quite original with the autbor. Here are some extracts:—

RULE I.

Come right in without knocking as that is the most perfect symbol of a *well bred* young man.

RULE II.

Next, you will sit down without an invitation, as it is not gentlemanly to wait for an invitation.

RULE III.

If you wish blacking or blacking brushes, soap, broom or dustpan—come right in and help yourself—don't ask any questions.

RULE IV.

Be it as you wish to sit down—as a matter of course sit on the bed, as chairs were only made to lie on.

And so on through ten rules. These were again parodied by a boy from Sierra Leone whose queer foreign diction and extraordinary spelling gave an additional touch of humor to the original.

A very popular amusement among the boys here as everywhere is the game of base ball. Occasional contests with varying fortune take place between the "Normal School Nine" and neighboring clubs. Croquet and quoits are also played with a relish whose ratio corresponds with the rarity of the opportunities for such relaxation.

The daily military drill and inspection tell quickly on the general appearance of the boys as regards their bearing and dress. One can almost tell the class to which a boy belongs by a glance at his shoulders and shoes.

The same is true of the dress of the girls. Their clothing is usually made more neatly and worn with more taste after a year or two of school. During the last winter there has been a weekly drill for the girls in the gymnasium. The benefits of it are already apparent in their walk. Another year a regular system of gymnastic training will be introduced to meet a long felt need.

A visit to the girls' rooms is more encouraging from the standpoint of cleanliness. Here the floors are always white; the bureau with its pretty cover and pincushion in the tidiest order; books, pictures and little ornaments arranged neatly; and a general air of homelikeness about the place.

Considering the very limited time at their disposal after the duties of the day,—the number of garments made, of books read and of letters written is truly astonishing. One can but wish that more of these odd moments were spent in the open air. Perhaps the fact that all are employed in some form of manual labor for a part of each day makes other forms of exercise less imperative.

The dining room is the great theatre of social life at Hampton. The most earnest advocate of the religion of sociability at meals, would have nothing to complain of in this talking laughing company. It is indeed a merry scene the visitor looks upon at noon. The constant stream of conversation and laughter proves that all are making the most of their opportunity and enjoying to the full the brief hour; for with the exception of a rare evening at Thanksgiving, New Years or some like holiday occasion, the dining room is the only place, and the meal hour the only time that the boys and girls have an opportunity for social intercourse. So engrossing are the requirements of society at table, that a boy who had been promoted from the small room, where only work boys sit, to the great hall with four hundred of his mates, asked to be returned after a day's trial. He had not been able to satisfy his hunger and attend to social demands at the same time. Though the fare is of the simplest, it is often discussed with considerable grace. While their table manners are by no means above criticism, they evidence a refinement that is sometimes wanting at more luxurious boards. In a walk down the whole length of the long hall I did not once see a misuse of the knife. The rawest material from the South and the latest importation from the West were doing excellent if awkward execution with the fork.

They have a pretty custom, at Christmas, of giving the regular school dinner to the poor of the neighborhood and providing themselves with a many-coursed repast. Their skill in the culinary art is at this time fairly let loose and the tables groan beneath the results. The various clubs vie with each other in the decoration of their boards, all don their best attire, and the dinner continues through several hours.

The social evenings before mentioned are eagerly looked forward to and thoroughly enjoyed. At such times surprising articles of finery are brought out of mysterious places, the poorest student looks neat in his clean linen, and on some extraordinary occasions a dress coat, even, has been seen.

The old time plays of "Little Liza Jane" and "Rain a Little, Snow a Little," have decreased in popularity of late, and have given way to what are considered more genteel games or to the aristocratic promenade. The chief characteristic of these old games was the singing of a weird refrain—"Rain a little, snow a little. Aint goin' to rain no more —or "O little Liza, little Liza Jane, Come with me across the sea. Little Liza Jane."—repeated ad infinitum, and accompanied by a great clapping of hands and shuffling of feet and snatching of partners. Oddly enough the Indians have adopted these discarded games of their colored brothers and sisters and play them with great zest and enjoyment.

"Walking for the Cake" continues to be a popular amusement and a profitable one to the happy couple who are adjudged to be the best walkers in the friendly contest; while such games as checkers, dominoes authors and letters always hold their place with the more quiet members of society.

The monthly Temperance meeting, though quite able to sustain itself on its own merits, yet owes its great popularity in part to the fact that it affords another opportunity for social converse, the boys being allowed the rare privilege of sitting with the girls and of accompanying them home. This last boon is also accorded on rainy days, when in going to or returning from school, scores of dripping umbrellas shelter the happy heads that hasten with unwonted slowness.

The May Party has long been among the prettiest and most attractive of our social gatherings. In this land of roses it is the custom to decorate scores of wands and build a throne of bloom for the queen. Dozens of white-robed, flower-bedecked girls walk in pairs through the long floral arch to do homage to the sovereign of the evening. After appropriate coronation ceremonies and the traditional May pole dance, the queen is escorted from her high place by a favored knight, and the evening concludes with social pleasures.

As a rule, our students are very fond of "speaking in public on the stage" and frequent applications are made for permission to give an entertainment. One proposed this year for the benefit of colored orphans in Chattanooga Tenn., was carried out with credit to the performers and good results for the orphans. The programme was repeated in part another evening, and the proceeds devoted to the poor in the vicinity. The enjoyment of the performers is naturally great in the hour of their triumph, but the labor of learning and rehearsing overtaxes the already too busy student and this phase of social life is rather discouraged.

The general feeling existing between the students is that of good fellowship. Considering the large numbers placed in such close relation to each other, the cases of serious disagreement are exceedingly rare. Indeed there prevails among them a commendable spirit of Christian forbearance and helpfulness.

MARGARET KENWILL, *Teacher.*

Report of Physician.

The health of the school has been exceptionally good during the year. No death has occurred among the colored students and but few cases of serious illness. The absence of the usual manifestations of malarial disease has been marked. The health of the Indian pupils has also been good. But one death has been recorded among them—that of a delicate child, from hereditary disease. The non-appearance of pneumonia during the past season has been an exception in the winter experience of the school. Other pulmonary diseases have been less frequent in appearance than usual, and milder in type.

Five Indian boys and one girl have been sent home on account of ill health. These cases were all of pulmonary consumption, but were not too far advanced to forbid the expectation of partial recovery in their own climate, and, judging from past experience, ability to make valuable use of the instruction already received at the school.

Whether the Indian or colored school be considered, the small percentage of sickness during the year, is worthy of note. It is evident that in the present arrangement of the school and distribution of its students, the large numbers here represented do not weigh seriously in the balance against health,—otherwise the health record of the year, however favorable other influences might have been, could not be satisfactory.

In dealing with the physical condition of these two races, peculiarly unfavorable conditions are inevitable. The first and most influential of these conditions is an hereditary constitutional tendency to scrofulous disease, the heritage from generations of uncivilized or semi-civilized ancestors. This underlying weakness is a factor which, in prognosis, is never to be forgotten, but one which civilization tends constantly to eliminate. The second antagonistic condition is a marvellous ignorance and want of experience in the most common hygiene of daily life. This evil has infinitely curious and numerous manifestations. It is this which, in a large proportion of cases, opens the door to the constitutional enemy, and it is this which education can first correct. Christian civilization is the best therapeutic measure for the Indian. Civilization will strengthen his body as it docs his mind. The value of the instruction of the School and the adoption of its regular habits is shown by the improved health of the older classes. As a rule, the first year's class shows most sickness, the Senior Class comparatively little.

Of the substantial sanitary improvements of the year, one of paramount importance is the permanent breakwater which has been constructed in front of Virginia Hall and Winona Lodge. This reclaims a strip of low marshy land six hundred and fifty feet long, with an average width of fifty feet. Over a large part of this, tide water rose and fell, with the inevitable deposit of more or less sewage. This evil is now corrected, the increased depth of water and action of the tide being sufficient to keep clean the outer side of the breakwater.

The system of drainage also has been improved and is in excellent working order. It is fair to assume, aside from the influence of a season much more favorable than the last, that the improved health rate of the present year is conclusive indication of the great value of these and all sanitary measures.

A beautifully constructed hospital, with ample room for sixteen patients, has been provided, for the greater comfort of the sick among the colored and Indian boys, by the generosity of the congregation of King's Chapel, Boston. It is completely and daintily furnished, by the same untiring givers, and is appropriately named King's Chapel Hospital.

M. M. WALDRON, M. D.
Resident Physician.

Review of Industries.

The year has been, on the whole, a prosperous one to the industrial department of the school, especially in the chief elements of its success, practical aid to those who seek an education and their practical training for the duties of life and in habits of industry and self dependence. The Night Class for work students is more and more pressed with applicants and we look to it more and more for the best material in the school. In making the round of the shops, the almost uniform, spontaneous testimony of those in charge, several of whom are Southern white men, to the good spirit and improvement of the student employes, is very noticeable. It is evident that the young colored people of the South appreciate the opportunity to make their own way in the world, when it is set before them, and we believe there is a growing disposition to give them employment.

HUNTINGTON INDUSTRIAL WORKS.

Mr. A. Howe, Manager.

THE SAW MILL, Mr. W. T. Westwood in charge, has cut two and a half million feet

of lumber this year, and employed thirty-three colored students, of whom twenty are regular hands working all day and attending the night school, and thirteen are now in the day classes, and work each two days in the week. Two of them are studying in the Pastors' class, and work four half days and two whole days of each week. Mr. Westwood says kindly of them: "The ministers do well. Indeed this is the best dispositioned set of hands I have ever had. One worked all last year to keep his sister in school—one of the best workers I've had." The work has been as usual, sawing lumber, making laths, matching flooring, ceiling, siding, making fruit boxes, crates, etc. Owing to general business depression, business has not been as brisk as usual, but the prospects are good. As I sat in the office a young man called to bring "Jim's love" to his former boss, who seemed pleased to receive it and wished me to add the interesting item that "Some of our Hampton graduates who have worked their way through the mill have now become its customers. We have furnished material for one or two churches and school houses for them, and are supplying two churches now, on order of two graduate teachers both in Gloucester county. One of them has been very enterprising. We furnished material for one church for him and it burned down, and he is building it again in less than a year."

THE WOOD-WORKING DEPARTMENT, Mr. James A. Brinson in charge, employes 17 colored students, of whom 13 are regular three year apprentices in the night school, and 4 work two days in the week. Five regular outside hands, white men, have also been employed. This department has done all the carpenter work on the new Marquand Memorial Chapel, the floors, ceiling, roof, doors, window frames, pews, etc., and this has required the employment of 14 extra outside hands, colored and white. The students have also been employed on the machine work, and one doing skilled work with the journeymen. Mr. Brinson says "We have all the work we can handle, and it is increasing all the time, and there is better quality of work done. The student labor is very encouraging. Some are as good as journeymen. One or two can take a job and carry it right along."

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

Mr. A. Howe, Manager.

The "Whipple" or Home Farm, employs, in care of barn, stock &c., 13 regular hands, colored Night students,—three more than last year—and for farm work, 42 colored boys from the day classes of the Normal school, who are divided into five squads, each working a day and a half in the week. Twenty-two Indian boys,—six more than last year—are under direction of Mr. George Davis, four half days, learning various kinds of farm work. The crops last year of early vegetables were very abundant, corn was good, wheat not up to average, because of rainy weather at seeding time, oats the finest we have ever raised. This spring we have 43 acres in vegetables, the rest in corn, rye, oats and clover; in all 110 acres under cultivation, on most of which we got two crops. The main job of the year done by the students outside the regular work has been filling in and grading land formerly used for brick yards, now all brought under cultivation, about three acres.

The "Hemenway" and "Canebrake" farm, under charge of Mr. Charles Vanison, a graduate, has employed this year, ten boys, with two girls for housework, all regular hands, attending the Night Class taught on the place by a young man of last year's Middle Class.

The farm is steadily improving. It produced last year 4000 bushels of oats, 700 of wheat, 2500 of corn, and 40 tons of hay. This year it has 98 acres in oats, 55 in wheat, 107 in corn, 40 in grass, the rest in pasture.

This farm is of great advantage and convenience to the School, working in with the Home farm in the pasturage and fattening of stock and supply of feed and provisions. On both we have now 100 head of cattle, besides three Ayrshire, Durham & Jersey bulls; also 26 horses, 19 colts, 197 sheep and lambs, 150 hogs, 70 ducks and 800 young chickens. Since November an average of 23 head of cattle a month have been slaughtered, and in all 140 head of cattle, 800 sheep and lambs, and 9 tons of pork. Some of the animals are raised on the place, some bought and fed. Early vegetables are sold and the usual amount of milk has been supplied to customers.

Besides its profitableness already suggested, the Hemenway farm has been found a very useful adjunct in training our "untutored" Indian youth into obedience to law and order. A few weeks removal from the excitements of large numbers, and rustication in the atmosphere of "Shellbanks," at work with steady going, English speaking associates, under the firm and kind management of Mr. Vanison, has worked admirable results. The boys are happy there, both colored and Indian, and to listen to the plantation songs poured forth sometimes with a richness and *abandon* that is not heard even in our school chorus of six hundred, is a treat to be remembered.

THE BRICK YARD has turned out 700,000 bricks, and disposed of its whole stock for use in the new Memorial Chapel, for building the new boiler house, and for general use on the place.

GIRLS' INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT.

Miss M. T. Galpin in charge.

In this department, household linen and undergarments are made up, and the mending for 350 boys is done by a detail of 54 girls from the Normal school each working 1 day a week with 15 night students working all day. Some weeks there are from sixty to seventy-five garments to mend, and 160 pairs of stockings is the average number. All the under clothing and linen is also marked in this department.

The girls are credited by the amount and quality of their work. The number of articles cut and made up to April 1st, is 2,150. Twelve dozen dolls have also been dressed for sale. On the first of January dress-making was taken up, the girls being taught the trade according to an excellent system of cutting by a scale.

The Tailoring and shirt-making branch of this department under charge of Mr. R. H. Hamilton, has employed, at tailoring, of day students, 7 colored girls; of night students, 7 colored girls, 2 colored boys and 1 Indian boy; at shirt making 5 colored girls. Uniform shirts of regulation flannel, work suits of Kentucky jean, overalls, flannel and cotton shirts are made in this department. The total number of garments this year has been 4,421. The quality of work has been better than ever before.

Mr. Hamilton, who is a graduate of the school and was one of the original "Hampton Singers," has been in charge of this department for the last seven years, as well as of the school choir. In his departure to enter into business for himself, he takes the good will and best wishes of all at Hampton.

HOUSEHOLD WORK.

Miss C. L. Mackie, Manager.

The branches of this department are the Teachers' Home, School boarding department, Diet kitchen, Laundry and Cooking school. In all, no outside hand has been employed this year, except one colored women in the teachers' laundry. With this exception all the work is given to the students.

Sixteen colored boys, night students, are employed as cooks, bakers and assistants in general housework, and 40 colored boys from the day classes as waiters, with care of the dining rooms. The day school girls wash dishes, set tables and take care of the whole building.

The teachers' kitchen, new this year, is airy and convenient, and kept in exquisite order by the student *chef* who has learned his art of bread making and bread winning in the school. A new diet kitchen and dining room, bright and sunny, give better facilities than ever for the care of students needing special diet.

It is worth the unusual exercise of will power, to get down to the students' kitchen by half-past five in the morning and see the huge dishes of baked beans and bacon and watch the great pans of corn bread drawn from the oven for the school breakfast, and interview the manly cook, and learn that he gets up at one in the night to make his oven fires to bake his bread, and uses two-thirds of a barrel of coal for one, and 130 pounds of meal for the other; that he bakes 32 pans of corn bread for breakfast, 32 for dinner, and 39 for supper; and for the white bread four times a week, a barrel of flour. One hundred dozen of eggs are used a week at certain seasons. Hearing these gigantic estimates, the cook's athletic proportions seem to grow upon you, and you feel like Jack of the bean stalk, and look shyly at the yawning oven's mouth, till you remember having seen the amiable ogre reciting spelling to a little woman the night before. To work ten hours by day, and attend night school had seemed "plucky" in the work students, but this night work of brain and hand both must be a harder strain. "I get three hours sleep at night, and as much as I choose in the day, and it is only for a year. I expect to go into the day school then," the cheerful giant explains. He looks quite strong enough to stand it.

The Laundry, superintended by Miss M. A. Wheeler, employs 25 girls of the Night Class all the time, 6 more part of the time, 63 girls from the day classes, each working one day in the week, and one boy, a night student. All are colored students.

The work of the "teachers' home" as well as the school washing has been done here this year. Small pieces are washed by hand, the large by three washing machines, two Crawfords and one Oakley and Keating. The other machines are a centrifugal wringer, and French mangle. All these run by steam power.

The Cooking School, Miss Bessie Morgan in charge, has given instruction this year to 70 students, the girls of the Middle Class, and a selected number of Indian girls, 35 of each race. There are ten classes of seven each, the Indian girls attending in the morning and the others in the afternoon. They are taught plain cooking, chiefly such as the colored girls and more advanced class of Indians might do in their own homes. They learn to make bread, cook meats and vegetables, make soups and stews, make tea, coffee and chocolate, and some simple puddings and cake, learn to make and serve simple breakfasts, dinners and teas; also to cook for the sick, make gruel, beef tea, porridge, custard, etc.

Miss Morgan can see "no difference between the races. Some girls have taste and talent for it and some have not." The interest, and the quality of work have, however, improved since last year, owing she thinks to a change of arrangement which gives the workers a chance to enjoy the results of their skill. With the exception of dishes made to order, the good things made can now be purchased by students at the price of cost of material. Very little is left unsold. Besides this, on one day each week, the class whose turn it is feasts joyfully upon the dinner it has cooked and served, with due attention to etiquette and table manners. One bill of fare that I saw comprised beef stew with dumpling, vegetables, biscuit and a corn starch pudding. In due rotation this privilege comes to each class some three or four times during the year, and is enough to sweeten toil through the intervals.

A visit to either the colored or the Indian class is a pleasant experience; the kitchen neat as wax work, doors and windows open, to the breezy greenness outside, the gentle teacher, the busy maidens in their clean cooking aprons and caps, the tempting dishes and appetizing odors. Seven young cooks did not seem to be enough to spoil the broth. Everything stirred up and steamed up, and baked up, and cleaned up, the class sat down with pencils and receipt books to write down from dictation what they had done, or were going to do, for future reference. Looking over one of these receipt books which may yet perform a mission in some Indian village, I found that it contained, in very legible writing, a "time-table for boiling vegetables," a table of weights and measures, then receipts and directions for boiling eggs, cooking salt fish, braised beef, raised cake, making new potato yeast, making bread, baking powder biscuit, Graham bread, dough nuts, boiled custard, Indian meal gruel, beef stew, hash, boiling potatoes, and beef heart. "The object," Miss Morgan explains, "is to give principles, foundations, general ideas and facility, with a thorough knowledge of the most important things as bread-making, etc. We have, however, two colored girls taking a fuller course to prepare them to teach in a colored mission school of the Episcopal church in Norfolk and we have sent out several colored girls who are giving satisfaction as cooks in private families in the North, earning their future schooling. Several Indian girls are as capable."

INDIAN GIRLS' INDUSTRIES.

The special industrial training of the Indian girls in sewing, laundry work and house work is described in Miss Goodale's report, and I need only to refer to their share in the busy life of the school, where all are workers.

THE KNITTING DEPARTMENT.

Mr. F. N. Gilman, Manager.

This is not a girls' industry as one might suppose. Eighteen boys are employed in making on the Lamb hand machine, an average of 12,000 dozen pairs of mittens the year, taken at a fixed price by a Boston firm. Eight girls do the finishing off. All are colored students, twelve of the boys and six of the girls from the Night Class. There has been great improvement in the girls' work this year. The boys have done more, and better work on the average, making from 75 cents to $1.10 a day. They are paid by the piece. Some industrious boys, working two days in the week and at odd hours have made $13 a month. The work on the machines is too hard for our girls. The boys make them fly. The room where they work in the Stone building is very large and airy, and they sing over their toil. One told me that he can turn out five dozen pairs a day. Three dozen and a half is the usual limit.

INDIAN TRAINING SHOPS.

Mr. J. H. McDowell, Manager.

Given on account of the coming of the Indian students, these shops furnish ample facilities for both races.

The Carpenter Shop, under a white foreman has employed through the year, an average of 12 Indian boys, of whom 6 work half days, 4 two whole days, and 2 are night students working all day; and 1 working 2 days in the week; also 3 colored night students. The department has had the contract of building the new King's Chapel Hospital for colored and Indian boys, and has also built four new Indian cottages, a new oil house, and tank house. Its other work has, been repairing buildings and furniture, making school furniture, 49 new beds, 28 tables 4 seats, etc., and fitting up a Natural History class-room, The shop has been somewhat hampered by an unusual proportion of new hands, but fewer changes have been made for lack of aptness, and the general spirit has been good.

The Paint Shop employs 1 colored and 1 Indian night student, under a white instructor. They have painted King's Chapel Hospital, the Indian cottages, and done much other work, glazing over 1000 lights, etc.

The Harness Shop is under charge of a colored foreman, a student in the Night Class, who is doing extremely well in the position. It employs also two other colored night students, and 3 Indian boys. Its work has been filling a contract for 165 sets of double plow harness for the Interior Department, making besides, 12 sets of single buggy harness, 1 set double carriage harness, 5 sets cart harness, bridles and halters, and repairs for the farm and neighborhood. This has been the best year of the shop in the spirit of the employes and the amount of work done.

The Tin Shop, under a white foreman has made an equally good record. It employs 1 colored apprentice from the night school, and 4 Indians from the day classes. It has made 16,444 pieces of tin ware on contract for the Indian office, 550 for the school, 60 for the neighborhood on unsolicited orders, 2000 lbs. of galvanized iron work, 10,350 sq. feet of tin roofing and 1,625 lbs. copper valleys and flashing for the new Chapel, besides repair work.

WHEELWRIGHT AND BLACKSMITH SHOPS.

Mr. A. Howe, Manager.

These shops, under white foremen, have employed an average of 6 colored boys, half of whom are night students, and 5 Indian boys, one of whom is a night student. Their spirit has been generally good. The work has been as usual, making and repairing carts and wagons used on the place, horse-shoing and general repairs in its line, with some outside work.

PRINTING OFFICE AND BINDERY.

Mr. C. W. Betts, Manager.

This office has employed 14 regular hands, viz: 5 colored boys Night students, 3 Indian boys working two days a week, and four colored graduates, one of them a girl type setter. The bindery employs two outside hands, one veteran soldier from the Home, and one young white woman. Two or more soldiers are also employed as compositors in press of work. The students' work has not been satisfactory this year; of eight who started last year five were dismissed from school this year, and four new hands were taken in at intervals of two months. As the apprenticeship is for four years, this has been a serious hindrance. The Indians, from their imperfect English, receive more benefit than they give for a long time.

Of the graduates, one has full charge of the press; another is a journeyman who worked in the N. Y. *Globe* office for a while. All learned their trade at this school.

The regular work of the year has been the printing of the *Southern Workman*, *Alumni Journal*, and the little paper of the Indian students, *Thoughts and Talks*, monthlies; the *Home Bulletin*, issued weekly, and *American Liberty*, quarterly, from the Soldiers' Home, and the *African Repository*, published by the Colonization Society. The job work of the year has been as usual, from the Hygeia Hotel and the vicinity, but none has as yet been received from the friends of the Institution in response to the request for it at the beginning of the year. It would be a great help. The office is capable of producing any class of ordinary job work, at prices that compare favorably with those of any city. With the exception of the want of a new cylinder press, the office is fully equipped. The present one has been running twelve years, has been added to from time to time, and is in a weak condition, while being now old-fashioned, its parts, if it should break down, as it is liable to, could not be replaced. A new one would cost $1,000, giving the old in partial exchange.

THE SHOE SHOP.

Mr. E. F. Coolidge, Manager.

Mr. Coolidge, expecting to give up the shop, desires to complete its report up to May 1st, instead of April 1st as the others do this year.

It has employed on an average during the wear, 14 regular hands, viz: two colored boys one colored girl and ten Indians; a white journeyman, and occasionally other

outsiders from the Soldiers' Home. One of the colored boys is in the first year of his three years' apprenticeship, a night student; the other works two days a week. Two of the Indians are night students, one on his second and one on his first year's apprenticeship. Eight Indians work half days. The girl is a night student.

The work done for the twelve months up to May 1st has been as follows. There have been made 26 pairs of fine quality of shoes, for school officers and teachers; for colored boys 290 pairs of shoes; for Indian boys 240, this is an increase over last year; for colored girls 78 (35 more than any previous year); for Indian girls, 172 pairs (about the average number). On outside orders, mostly unsolicited, 26 pairs. There have been repaired, for officers and teachers, 170 pairs; for colored boys, 631; colored girls, 390; for Indian boys, 232; Indian girls, 250; for outsiders, on unsolicited orders, 75 pairs. The total number repaired is 1765 pairs against 1655 last year; total new ones made, 1,026 against 806 last year. This is a very close estimate.

Of those made for students, about 90 pairs have been custom shoes made by measure, and of finer quality, at prices from $3.50 to $5. Every pair of these equals three of brogans, in the work of construction.

Indian boys are paid from 25 cents to $4 a month. This is rather a reward for good conduct than wages. Half is given to them, and half is saved to be spent in tools when they return home. Colored boys are able to earn from their board alone (estimated at $10 a month) up to $26 without board. The girls have been paid less, but more favored, their time not deducted if out for sickness. The present one is in six months, and is getting $13, including board.

This has been a good year. The work has given more satisfaction than ever, and the students have done well, both races. There has been a pleasant state of feeling, and all has gone well. Special attention has been given to fitting the students.

The school has had no Government contract for shoes for two years now, but the steady increase of school work has filled the time well, and is proportionately more valuable to the school, the whole of the work being done by student labor. In fact, as it has been last year and this, the shop would not have had time to fill a government contract, without employing outside help. Three years ago last October, the shop began to make girls' shoes, and they are made as well as Northern shoes are. Before that time only brogans were made. The apprentices have thus learned finer work. They have done well. "Crow Boy, a Sioux from Cheyenne River Agency, Dakota, has missed only five half days since a year ago last July." This is certainly an unusual record for an Indian worker.

THE GREEN HOUSE.

Mrs. E. F. Coolidge in charge.

This is as yet a small industry, but is also of small expense, and seems capable of much development, for profit as well as pleasure. It has employed one colored boy this year, a night student. Only about $30 have been spent for stock in the last two years, mostly for roses. By cultivation, and gift, it has, however, largely increased. The sale was small this spring, owing apparently to the lateness of Lent. Connected with the green house is a rose garden, for sale of flowers to summer visitors.

ENGINEER'S DEPARTMENT.

Mr. C. J. Jackson, Manager.

This department has employed 15 hands, viz: eleven colored students, one Indian, and 3 outside hands. Five of the colored boys are night students, all in their first year of the four years' apprenticeship. All the other boys work two days a week. Three of the colored boys have to do night work, in charge of fires, steam heating and engines. The work this year has been the care of steam heating, engines and boilers, the gas works, and the plumbing and sanitary work. For new work, there has been piping the new Chapel and Hospital for water and gas, the manufacture of seventy-five iron bedsteads, and fifteen new radiators, constructing a new system of drainage for Virginia Hall, and the erection of a new boiler and a forty-five horse-power engine, presented to the school by the Honorable George H. Corliss. The students have done fairly well, one of them extremely so.

WOOD-CARVING CLASS.

Miss Kate Baker in charge.

Learning the graceful art of wood-carving are three Indian boys and one colored boy who work regularly, two more colored boys and five or six colored girls coming in on outside time as they are able from four to six. Two of the Indians work afternoons, the other two days a week. The colored boy is a night student.

Miss Baker notices no race advantage. It is a matter of individual taste and talent she thinks. The Indians get more easily discouraged and the colored are more patient she notices however. The girls do not handle tools as readily as the boys at first, but are more persevering, she thinks. The character of the work is better this year than last, showing more natural talent. The colored night student who started last October has shown an unusual degree of this and does very good work. The students are paid by the piece according to the quality of their work. The pretty boxes, picture frames, book shelves, paper knives, bread boards encircled with the prayer for daily bread in mysterious looking Dakota words, contribution plates and other dainty productions of skill, form, with the Indian pottery painting in untutored native art, an interesting attraction to visitors in the Industrial Room below.

THE TECHNICAL CLASS.

Mr. F. W. Colcord in charge.

This class, especially mentioned above in the Principal's Report, is Hampton's youngest industry. It was started this year, with the object of giving some of those who do not learn a trade, girls as well as boys, an introduction to common tools, which shall save them from the utter helplessness with which one sometimes looks at hammers and nails, in some of the minor emergencies of life. It will be of especial value here where our girls as well as boys would often be glad to be able to mend if not to make their school furniture. The training of eye and hand to quickness and steadiness must have some reflex influence too on mind and character. The classes are made up of the smaller Indian boys, Indian and colored girls, the Senior boys who have not learned by a trade, and there is also a class for the lady teachers of which a few have availed themselves. It is too early to criticize their work which as yet causes more amusement than admiration; but undaunted they go on trying to fill the world with a little more saw dust, and saw their way (if they can't see it) through all hard knots, to future glory.

Besides the above named industries there is various employment for a number as janitors, orderlies, general duty men etc.

IN GENERAL.

While pecuniary profit to the school is a minor consideration in its manual labor system, every shop and industrial department is run with the effort to at least make both ends meet, if possible with justice to its higher purposes. Some are able to do this and some show a credit balance.

A higher object, always put before the other, is to help the student to an education. But for this it would be often cheaper to employ steady outside labor of men instead of boys and novices. The students, both colored and Indian, receive pay for their work, the latter with some regard to their special conditions. The pay is by the piece when practicable and according to the quality of work. An Indian made in the harness shop last month—fairly earned—$18.75, the largest wages that have ever been paid to an Indian student here. In another shop the combined earnings of the Indian boys in one month were $78. Half the Indian's wages is always kept for tools when he goes home. The colored foreman gets $30 per month salary and often $2.50 on extra work. Two colored journeymen made last month $22 each. On an average, the regular work boys can make their board and $10 a month. The total earnings of colored students, boys and girls, in the last fiscal year amounted to $44,085.31.

The girls cannot work as hard or as steadily. The night student girls can make about $3 a month besides their board, the day class girls, from $4 to $6 without their board. The girls are helped more from the beneficiary fund, and are able with his aid to work their way through the school as well as the boys do.

The highest object of the industrial system is to cultivate habits of industry, self-help and self respect; to make men and women. This it does, and no better need be said for it.

HELEN W. LUDLOW.

Report on Graduates.

Six hundred and ten names of graduates and ex-students now stand on my list of correspondents. With the exception of a very few, whose address I was unable to learn, a circular letter was sent to each one of these last fall. Letters in reply have been received from a little over one third of the number. I have been gratified at hearing from some of the earliest graduates of the school, who have not heretofore responded to my letters. I think that many are learning to appreciate the importance and advantage of keeping up, in this way, some connection with Hampton and its teachers and friends.

I have not much that is *new* to record.

The letters tell the same old story of a hand-to-hand fight with ignorance, superstition and vice, especially in the rural districts. It is the *country* school-teacher who sees the least hopeful side of the Negro question. In the larger towns and cities, where schools are kept up regularly, and children can attend without the exposure that comes from walking several miles in winter weather, scantily clad, where school houses are comfortable (though crowded), and teachers have the advantages of social intercourse, the work appears in its most encouraging aspect. It is the young man or woman in some out-of-the-way place, with his miserable apology for a school-house, his utter lack of school apparatus, his distant and often times uncomfortable boarding place, the lack of interest on the part of parents, the absence of congenial friends, the discouragingly short terms, the tardy payment for his hard work—it is such a one who calls for our sympathy and challenges our respect, as we hear him bravely saying, "I do not think of giving up the work yet. I am not only willing to work in a cause like this, when I see so much is needed, but I am willing to spend a large part of my earnings if by so doing, I can better the condition of those who are so very needy." One young man who has taught in the Schofield School at Aiken, S. C. and who has also spent a good deal of time in the country teaching, thinks that "no one can get an idea of the true condition of the colored people by simply travelling on the rail-roads and visiting towns and villages. The people who visit Aiken think they have a fair idea of the condition of the Negroes, forgetting that Aiken has had a school regularly every year since the close of the war, while in many parts of this county the colored people have never had a school properly taught six months since the war."

A more encouraging report comes from another part of the same state.

At Monck's Corner, S. C. where one of our graduates has been teaching ever since he graduated in '81, the county school runs but three months, but the *people* support their own school *seven* months longer. He adds, "We went to work and built our own school house, and furnished all our own supplies the first year."

A bright young girl, who has been teaching so steadily since leaving school that she feels "quite old in the cause," writes that she is now teaching "in the worse part of Georgia" and says "I used to think my race was rising, but sometimes here I stop and wonder if one portion are not going backward."

Eight tenths of those from whom I have heard have been engaged in teaching this winter, or have been fitting themselves more thoroughly for work among their people. One of the Indians, who graduated in the last class, is now at school in New Hampshire, preparing to enter Dartmouth College as medical student. It is probable that he will soon be joined by another Indian graduate, who also aspires to be a "medicine-man."

A large proportion of graduates have taught regularly ever since leaving Hampton.

Here and there the pressure of other claims drives an earnest teacher into some more lucrative position. Parents must be supported in their old age, brothers and sisters must be helped to an education, and five or even seven months' terms at $25 or $30 a month, do not leave our young men and women much margin for such helpfulness. One who has taught for nine years writes: "The very small salaries paid the teachers and the short terms will eventually force the best teachers into other employments." One young man writes me that he is "not against school teaching, but there is not enough money in it." He can earn, he says, from $25 to $40. a week, lettering signs. A young man who has been teaching the same school ever since leaving Hampton in '80, has now married and settled down in the place, farming in the summer and teaching in the winter. Last year he raised about 7,000 lbs. of tobacco, worth from $7. to $25 a hundred.

This last winter has been an unusually severe one, in the South, and many children have been kept at home in consequence. I have received many urgent appeals from sympathizing teachers for help for their poor little flocks, some of which I have been able to answer by the help of kind friends here at the North. I know of nearly thirty schools to which boxes or barrels were sent at Christmas time. Sunday schools and individuals in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, New York and Washington have all furnished helpers in this pleasant work. A little society in Maine is now preparing a box to be sent to one of our Indian graduate teachers next Christmas.

I shall be very glad at any time to furnish names and addresses to any persons who are willing to engage in this work. There are many "good little children" down South that have never been rewarded by a glimpse even of Santa Claus, fond as he is of such, and some naughty ones to whom possibly a promised visit from that good friend would be an incentive to virtue.

Will not some of our little friends, here at the North, help to fill his pack, and pay his expenses down there next Christmas?

A. E. CLEAVELAND,
Correspondent.

OF READING MATTER FOR GRADUATES.

This branch of the graduates' department is closing the year with satisfactory results. There have been more letters received than during any former year, the number amounting to nearly 500. The new addresses of those graduates who wrote at all, were sent in comparatively early, and by the 1st of November the work was all under way. And here we may thank our kind Northern friends for the invaluable assistance they rendered our work this year—keeping our shelves stocked with excellent reading matter. We feel, that to them is due the growth of this work among our teachers.

There were eight large barrels of books, papers and articles suitable for Christmas gifts waiting for us, when we returned to the work about the middle of October. By the 1st of December letters were received almost daily asking for some little assistance in "getting up" Christmas trees, so that these barrels were particularly valuable.

There have been received between fifteen and twenty barrels and boxes of substantial reading matter for distribution. About a dozen good-sized boxes of Christmas gifts, and books for S. S. libraries have been sent off. Two libraries have been started with the contents of boxes sent from here, and a number of schools have been helped with odd school books. One large box of magazines, in fine condition, was given to the librarian, to be bound for our own library.

There have been sent out from October 17, 1885, to May 3, 1886, 2,060 rolls of reading matter, each roll averaging from fifteen to twenty papers of various kinds—religious, educational, secular and illustrated, for teachers and pupils; also, many magazines.

The letters on file for these seven months show a sincere appreciation of the papers sent, and many of the teachers write that the pupils are eagerly on the look out for the rolls, and know about when to expect them.

Children's papers are even more in demand than reading for the teachers themselves, though some of them write that what they receive from Hampton is almost all they have to read. But in spite of this they ask particularly for the Youth's Companion, or for illustrated S. S. papers, "something the children can read themselves," that can be used for rewards or on "speaking days." So that when the files of children's papers have begun to get low, we have sent them out as carefully as possible, and watched impatiently for some Sunday School to come to our aid; and it has been rather curious to notice how invariably we have been able to fill up the almost empty shelves "just in time."

To those who wish to help this work in the coming year, we would say then, send us children's papers of any kind and in any number—not to the exclusion of those for the graduates themselves, which are much needed, but because we need double the quantity. Christmas cards are also very acceptable. Several hundred illuminated mottoes, large enough to hang upon the school room walls, were sent out during the year. Pictures of every kind are very useful. The expense of sending out this reading matter has been met by the Hampton School, and has amounted in the postal department to about $30 a month. There has also been the freight expense on the boxes sent from here to graduates.

Some of our Northern friends have written for names of those needing books, and have sent directly to them from private charitable societies or from Sunday Schools. We are always glad to furnish any one who wishes to help in this way with the name of some deserving worker in the cause of education among the colored of the South.

RUTH G. TILESTON, *in charge.*

Department of Discipline and Military Instruction.

The Department of Discipline and Military Instruction, after months of perplexing problems and trying experience, can present a report of satisfactory progress during the school year 1885–6.

Two years ago the Battalion sustained a serious loss in the removal of the army officer stationed at this Institution, a loss, however, in large measure compensated by the increased efficiency, sense of responsibility and development of character on the part of the cadet officers, themselves students of the school. A still further blow to the military organization was occasioned at the beginning of this year by the decision of the Board of Trustees requiring the members of the Mid-

dle Class to teach for one year before taking the Senior studies. This, with the graduation of the Senior Class, removed at a stroke nearly all the commissioned officers of the Battalion, as well as those trained and tried in the regular line of promotion.

The return to the West of most of the trusty and English-speaking Indian cadets last summer, at the expiration of their three years term of instruction, again crippled that arm of the service: while the enrollment of a larger number, both of Colored and Indian students, than ever before in the history of the Institution, increased the difficulties both of military and moral discipline.

If, under such conditions, progress has been made, and any improvement over last year can be shown, it should offer great encouragement to the friends of both races.

On the opening of the school year, Oct. 1st, 1885, all the male students were, as usual, promptly enrolled for military duty. The Battalion thus organized consists of four companies from the Normal and Indian schools, and two additional companies formed from the members of the Night School, or Work Department, and mustered, when first formed, 68 officers and 284 men. All have been fully officered from their own number, and are placed under the command of Mr. Arthur Boykin, a graduate of the school, acting as Major.

The military duties performed have consisted mainly in attendance upon roll-calls, inspections, marching to meals, drilling without arms, guarding the school premises, and care of the grounds. The department of "internal economy," including care of rooms, personal cleanliness, habits of neatness and order, general bearing and good behavior, has received special attention.

The companies composed of members of the Day Schools have been required to fall in regularly for marching to meals three times daily, for company drill under their own officers after school once a week, for battalion drill and dress parade under Major Boykin, on Friday, for inspection in the ranks every morning before entering school, and for the more critical inspection and formal review on Sunday afternoon before marching to divine service. Each company has also its allotted section of the school grounds, which it patrols every Saturday afternoon, and clears of rubbish and the unsightly accumulation of the week. A regular detail of officers and men for guard duty is made daily by the Adjutant.

The cadet members of the Night School, on account of their industrial occupations, are necessarily exempt from all military duties, save those of marching to meals and Sunday inspection.

The manœuvres of the battalion in front of Virginia Hall at noon, before marching into dinner, at which time they are accompanied by the school band, have been witnessed by crowds of visitors, and attracted marked attention.

We have been fortunate this year in securing the assistance of 1st. Lieutenant Albert Todd, 1st. U. S. Artillery, now stationed at Fort Monroe, as special instructor in drill. The battalion has had the benefit of his criticism and suggestions every Friday, when the weather would permit, and when that was impracticable the officers have received a separate drill by him in the Gymnasium. The result is evident in better form to the ranks and a general improvement in military exercise.

The matter of wearing the cadet cap, and the purchase of school uniform have been pushed this year with more vigor than before. It is to be regretted that the poverty of the students prevents their earlier providing themselves with uniform pantaloons and coat, and offers thus an obstacle to a more trim and soldierly appearance of the ranks for much of the term. By the close of the year, however, the majority of the cadets from the Normal and Indian departments are provided with such uniforms, and present a creditable appearance at inspection. It is hoped that further improvement in this respect may be made.

The officers of the battalion, in most cases promoted rapidly from the ranks, have responded heartily to the necessity for increased zeal and energy on their part, and have labored faithfully and successfully to enforce better discipline in the ranks than had before prevailed. Daily reports from the 1st. Sergeants, and weekly ones from the Captains have been material aids in this direction, while the regular weekly officers' meeting has afforded opportunity for discussion of mooted points in tactics or discipline, and for stirring talks by the Principal in the line of special duty.

The difficulties mentioned above as existing this year, in connection with the organization of the battalion, have been equally felt in the exercise of discipline and control. Raw recruits cannot at once fill the places of old and tried officers, accustomed to command and to obey. Nor can the ignorant and the savage from the cane-brake and cattle-trail yield without a struggle to the restraining influences of culture and civilization. The course of justice the first four months of the year was through no primrose path. Not all of the Negroes admitted justified their recommendations, and some of the new Indians proved an unfortunate selection. Sterner measures than of old, and punishment new in the history of the school, have been called in to support its authority. The civil arm has more than once been invoked, and the door of the Guard House has occasionally closed upon a rebellious brave. Several students, both colored and Indian, have left the school under discipline, and the work of sifting the undesirable and the unruly early in the year went vigorously on, until the few turbulent and intractable spirits were no longer among us.

Early in the fall an epidemic of threats of violence passed like a wave over the school, and finally subsided after landing one offender in the hands of the county authorities. And later in the term the introduction of liquor into the Indian dormitory by a new-comer and old drinker, swept away the good resolutions and trusted principles of a few. But the good behaviour of the school soon righted itself. The ill-disposed were few in number, and quickly culled out from the mass of earnest, devoted minds. In spite of apprehension early in the year caused by the loss of the trained and experienced, and the unpromising character of many who entered in their place, it is not too much to say, that the new students as a whole have more than justified us in receiving them, and that the order and discipline of the school have not suffered from the shock. They have been absorbed into our system and assimilated to our living organism, until, with changed and softened characteristics, they have become bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh.

Especially gratifying has been the rapid reformation of more than one student who one year ago was considered incorrigible, and his dismissal in disgrace a mere matter of time.

A temporary transfer to the Hemenway Farm has in several instances been followed by marked success. In that atmosphere of quiet, self-control and hard work, the demeanor has softened, defiance faded from the face, and a return to rectitude been both easy and rapid.

In the control of the students, their constant employment in study, work or drill, has rendered many stricter methods of discipline unnecessary, and the most efficient means employed have been those furnished by the students themselves. The duty of maintaining school order and discipline has been in large measure delegated to the officers of the battalion, both commissioned and non-commissioned, who have exerted their personal authority in suppressing disorder and correcting evil. They have not been called upon in vain, nor shrunk from disagreeable lines of duty. As a means of moral education to the officers, and with the design of raising the standard of justice throughout the school, an Officers' Court was appointed about the middle of the year, to supplement the routine discipline at the office. Its proceedings and sentences have been submitted to the Commandant for approval, have been marked by dignity, firmness and fairness, and the penalties imposed have been, as a rule, fully as severe as those emanating from the Faculty.

While each student takes all the care of his own room, each of the nine dormitories occupied by the boys has been in charge of one of their own number, also an officer in the battalion, who has been held strictly responsible, not only for the neatness and good appearance of the building, but also for the maintenance of quiet and good order and the general observance of school regulations on the part of the inmates. The rooms are inspected daily by the janitor in charge, three times per week by a lady teacher, and formally, in the presence of the occupant, by a school officer every Sunday morning.

The experiment of placing the centre division of the wigwam, containing some fifty Indian boys, under the care of a student from Indian Territory, with a Sioux from Dakota as assistant, has resulted in producing the model dormitory of the school, in which the occupants of the several rooms vie with each other in the neatness of the beds and spotlessness of the floors, and into which we invite visitors not only without fear, but with special pride; a remarkable contrast truly to the floor of earth and filthy interior of the Western lodge from which it is named, but only a fair and visible expression of the change wrought by Eastern contact and culture in the thought and habits of the inmate.

The discipline of the year has brought the school into conflict with one portion of the outside world. Self defence and the protection of our pupils, after the failure of due warning and protest, compelled a resort to legal measures to suppress the sale of liquor to our Indian students. Public sentiment was cordially shown in our favor, the effect was healthy on the community at large, and the result was a cessation of the traffic as far as it affected the school.

Difficult as has been the discipline of the past year, it cannot be called a failure. Where a few have fallen out by the way, we believe the movement of the vast majority has been that of steady progress towards a higher civilization and a better life. It has been manifest in feature and bearing, as well as in order and obedience. Pathetic have been some of their struggles with temptation, their penitence when vanquished, their renewed efforts to overcome. With only darkness behind them, and with their eyes but half opened to the new scene, thrown largely upon their own honor, with few direct rules to restrain them, and subject mainly to the authority of those of their own number, the wonder is, not that a few fail to stand the test, but that, out of such unpromising and uncouth material, characters of strength and beauty are so rapidly developed.

The Commandant gratefully acknowledges the cordial support afforded him the past year by the faculty and teachers of the institution, who have made distasteful duties pleasant and lightened many a dark hour.

He feels also under special obligations to Mr. Arthur Boykin, Acting Commandant during the summer vacation, for so cheerfully assuming the routine work of the office during the illness of the Commandant in the winter, and so acceptably filling his place.

GEO. L. CURTIS,
Commandant.

Report on Religious Work.

The Hampton school aims to be thoroughly undenominational in its religious work. The school church with the Apostle's Creed as a basis flies no sectarian banner and has among its members the representatives of all the denominations. During the summer in the absence of the Pastor, Rev. J. J. Gravatt, the Rector of St. John's church in Hampton, fills the pulpit, and the Baptist and Congregational ministers supply it at other times when the financial condition of the school makes it necessary for the pastor to be absent in the North.

In the church services it has been found that responsive prayer, reading and chanting are helpful in bringing the students to take part in the worship. The silent prayer of the Friends has also been adopted.

In the moral and religious work of the school the whole corps of officers, teachers and instructors takes a part. Quite as effective sermons are preached by the farmer during the week as by the pastor on the Sabbath. The Commandant assisted by the corps of officers chosen from among the students quite as much for their moral character as for their proficiency in drill, forms an important factor in the work of applied Christianity.

The foreman in charge of a large number of the shops, himself superintendent of the white Methodist Sunday school in Hampton and prominent in the temperance work of the place, makes himself felt in the moral and religious training of the students. The principal, officers and teachers, are engaged in the Sunday school, social meetings for prayer and in the missionary work as are also the resident graduates.

In the Pastors' Class on the school grounds (of whose working and need of further accommodation I speak below) all the white pastors of Hampton with the exception of the Methodist clergyman, who is cordially in sympathy with it but is detained by pastoral cares, take part in teaching their colored brethren. The colored pastors themselves thus become important allies and helpers in the work of the school.

It seems to me a matter of thankfulness that by its farms, workshops, military organization and class rooms, as well as by its Sunday school and church, Hampton is able to apply Christianity to the bodies of these students as well as to their minds and hearts. It is fortunate not only for them but for the people among whom they go to work as teachers. The record of the past years shows that the five hundred teachers that Hampton has sent into the public schools have not been contented with improving the minds of their pupils but have tried to better their physical and moral condition. They have made themselves felt in their homes, teaching them how to live, to cook, to farm, as well as instructing them in their higher duties to the church and the state.

The Hampton school is fortunate, too, in dealing with the representatives of two races who with all their faults are possessed of moral earnestness. The boy or girl who is willing to work all day and go to school in the evening, as is the case with all the members of our Night Class of 170 and has been with many of the higher classes, has usually some purpose in life. The school has refused fifty applications from the city of Washington alone during the past year, for the very good reason that Washington had plenty of schools of her own and Hampton ought to work for more needy parts of the South, but for the additional reason that we have learned by experience that most of the students from the large cities come because their parents send them and not so much from their desire to improve. While bright and smart, they are usually lacking in moral force and turn out badly. They are usually of little value in the moral uplifting of these races, which is the great object of the school. One of them, writing back from here to a friend in the city, said with much disgust, "There is nothing at Hampton but work, work, work, from morning till night." The severe requirements of our industrial system seldom suit them and they fall out by the way. Hampton draws its students from the country districts where the people have to work hard for a living and are in dead earnest for an education.

Our Indians come, usually, from the same earnest class. They come of their own free will and represent the enterprising, progresssve part of their race. It shows considerable of an interest in an education that they are willing to venture across the continent to attend the white man's school.

I think that Hampton is fortunate, too, in having the two races together here. It makes the Negro think of other wrongs besides his own and gives him opportunities for missionary work among the members of another race here on the school grounds. A graduate on returning to Hampton, alluding to the narrowness which characterized many of the leaders of his own people, spoke with thankfulness of the influence which the Indians had exerted upon him while here at school in broadening his interest and making him think of others beside his own race.

Not less important is the influence of the Negro upon the Indian. I believe that the children of the red man learn many lessons that it would be impossible to teach them without bringing them in contact with the people of another race.

The Indians teach in the colored Sunday schools of Hampton and take part in the missionary work among the cabins of the colored people. Thus their sympathies are broadened. In their "Lend-a-Hand Club" the Sioux were foremost in proposing to help Philip Stabler, a member of the Omaha tribe, the life-long enemies of their people, who had gone back from Hampton with his family, whose house had been blown down in a cyclone and all his household furniture destroyed.

The letters from the returned students show that they do not lose this missionary spirit after their return, but go among the old and poor on the reservations, bringing them help and comfort.

The religious work at Hampton not only has especial encouragements but also especial difficulties on account of the previous conditions of the races with which it has to deal. In many cases the blacks have considered the Ten Commandments as imposed by the whites in the same way as slavery, a code of rules which they had reason to believe the white man did not observe but considered admirable for the control of the blacks. It is not strange that they do not always consider the duty of telling the truth binding. Many of the colored students have come up with the thought that the white man has a right to the truth only under certain conditions. Any betrayal of one another to the whites is considered sinful to the last degree.

The experience of the last year has brought to light some of their peculiar ideas. Some of the best boys in the school when caught in an act which was contrary to school laws though not in itself morally wrong, persisted in an untruth in a way that surprised us. On investigating the matter more thoroughly we found that they excused themselves to their own consciences on the ground that the promise they had made one another was much more binding than any they had made to the whites. Besides this, they took refuge behind the right of a criminal in a court of law to plead not guilty. To make a colored student understand that he ought to tell the truth when caught in a wrong is not easy. Something of the same sort is true, of the Indian. He does not consider that he owes the truth to all men. The old idea of loving one's friends and hating one's enemies, of owing the truth to those whom they consider friendly but being justified in lying to their enemies, prevails very largely among them. I believe that notwithstanding this apparent lack in their conceptions of truth there is among them a love for truth and justice. An Indian will usually do a piece of work in the shop well however long it may take him. He cares very little for the appearance. He seems to have a standard of his own to which he desires to bring his work. Otherwise he is not satisfied. With the other race the bad effects of slavery are shown in the inclination to be content with

good appearance. The Indian has been his own master. The Negro has worked under the eye of an overseer. Our dealings with the students during the past year has brought to our notice the innate idea of justice which prevails among these people, especially the Indians. Several of the students having been discovered in violation of school rules and convinced that they were in the wrong, the punishment having been delayed some days, many of them came and asked to be punished.

The record of the past years of the school in the matter of purity, when one considers the number of students of both sexes brought together here, has been remarkably good, and the results of the training at Hampton upon them after leaving school is still more remarkable. In the midst of temptations, such as most of us cannot understand, they have been able to maintain their self-respect in places where the public sentiment of the community was most lax. I have had testimony from both whites and blacks as to the pure lives of a great majority of the Hampton graduates.

COURSE OF BIBLE STUDY.

The religious work of the school has been much helped by the additional opportunity given for Bible study this year. Beginning with the Night School, there has been regular Biblical instruction in every class in the Day School.

The students have frequently expressed their gratitude for the opportunity given them to know the Book, the knowledge of which far more than that of any other gives them influence and respect among their people. The Night School and the Junior Class of the Day School have taken up the Story of the Bible, a book made up of short words and well suited to their needs. In some sections of the Night School the students have used it as a reading book with good results. In the Middle Class of the Day School the study of the Bible has taken the place of a text book on moral philosophy. In the Senior Year a part of the time devoted to the study of English literature will be given to Biblical literature. In this way all the classes can have considerable time for Bible study in addition to the work on Sunday. The result has been shown in greatly added intelligence as evinced in their meetings for prayer, and in an advanced sentiment on the subject of morals in the school.

The introduction of regular instruction in music, under the charge of Mr. Rathbun, has had the effect of making the religious services of the school more effective. Of the important moral effect of music in the training of these two races I am thoroughly convinced. I have watched the animal, passionate look upon the faces of some of these students, under the influence of music give place to one which gave evidence of higher and better feelings.

I am glad that a regular training in music has become a part of the curriculum so that every student who goes out to teach may be able to use this powerful instrument for good in the moral upbuilding of the community where he labors. Last year the students rendered "the Heavens are Telling" with good effect, at anniversary, and this year they take up the "Hallelujah Chorus."

The religious interest of the year has been more quiet than in previous years, but none the less strong. The classes have been under the charge of certain teachers who have held their class meetings with them. No boy or girl in these classes has escaped their watchful care. More than ever before the students have worked for one another, looking after those who were exposed to especial temptation, and trying to lead those who were indifferent and careless to a better life. All through the year there have come forward quietly those who professed their love for Christ, and their determination to follow Him.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

The same order of services has been followed this year as last. At nine o'clock, scholars and teachers gather for a prayer meeting conducted and carried on by the students. At eleven o'clock the colored pupils, and a part of the Indians, assemble for Sunday School, those of the Indians coming from Episcopal agencies attending St. John's Episcopal Church, and those from Catholic agencies attending mass. At two o'clock all the Indians assemble for Sunday School, under the care of Rev. J. J. Gravatt, rector of St. John's Church in Hampton. At four o'clock the whole school assembles at Bethesda Church, in the National Cemetery, and again at 7.30 in the evening for a more informal service.

The crowded and uncomfortable condition of the chapel in the cemetery has caused us to look with especial interest and pleasure on the rising walls of the new church, the generous gift of Mr. E. B. Monroe. It promises to be a great help to the religious work of the school. It seems very pleasant and fitting that the most beautiful and most central building on the school grounds should be the place of worship.

The Young Peoples' Christian Association has under its care the work of the students for one another and for the neighborhood. It has especial committees for the different departments of religious work made up of teachers and students. Among these is our committee for

TEMPERANCE WORK.

The temperance meetings have been regularly held and largely attended. The passage of the Local Option Bill by the State Legislature has given a new impulse to the temperance work in the community. The students have held temperance meetings in different parts of the place. Before long we hope to bring the question of license or no license to an issue, and in some of the districts hope to be successful.

The White Cross Legion has been started among the boys, and there has come to be an improved sentiment on the subject of purity in word and action. We have good reason to believe that the students in the upper classes, as a rule, avoid low talk. Several cases of this sort of thing were brought to light by the students themselves, but proved in every case to be among the boys who had recently come to us, and had not been thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the school. The advantages of such societies as that which we have established will be felt not only in the school, but they will perpetuate themselves in the communities where our students go, where there is often much need of an advanced sentiment on the subject of purity

MISSIONARY WORK.

The work for the community outside the school has been more thoroughly organized than in former years. The cases of need have been carefully investigated, and an earnest endeavor made to help only the most deserving. The remains from the school table have been gathered and taken to the poor old people of the vicinity, even the old clothing of the students, which is usually well worn, has been patched up by the girls and given to those more needy. Roofs and floors have been repaired by the students, and in one case they raised the money and built with their own hands a house for a poor old woman. The cottage work has been interfered with by the prevalence of contagious diseases in the vicinity, but we hope before long to establish a home department of the Sunday School, according to a plan suggested by Rev. S. W. Dike, of Vermont, by which each family in the neighborhood shall pledge itself to a certain amount of Bible study each Sunday, reports to be made through the students.

The Ocean Cottage Sunday School in Little England just across the creek from the Normal School, under the efficient care of one of our teachers, assisted by the students, has had an attendance of 70 children, has become self supporting and has engaged its children in missionary work for the community about it.

Through the liberality of Mr. Jackson S. Schultz of New York, the Slabtown S. S. has a new and comfortable building and is about to enter upon a period of increased usefulness. All the colored Sunday schools of the place have been supplied with teachers from the Normal School. One of the largest and most efficient classes in the Second Baptist Sunday school has been taught by an Indian girl from the Omaha Reservation in Nebraska. All those who go out to teach are now gathered each Sabbath in a training class for Christian workers where they receive especial instruction in methods of Christian work. The prisoners in the jail and the inmates of the poor-house have been regularly visited by the students.

YOUNG WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The girls have been organized into committees for religious work this year. They have sustained the girls' prayer meetings and have taken charge of the Sunday morning and evening meetings several times during the year. They have had their committee for visiting the sick, a committee on Christian courtesy, which has improved the relations of the older to the newer girls of the school. They have taken an active part in the outside Sunday school and missionary work.

THE PASTORS' CLASS,

has completed its third year. It now numbers twenty-six. The colored pastors of Hampton and the country about continue to come four days in the week, and express their intentions of continuing to do so. In addition to the pastors who come from Hampton and vicinity we have now a second class composed largely of licensed preachers who are taking a regular course in Bible study in preparation for the ministry. Those who remain on the place work out their board and clothes like the other students, spending their mornings in the mill or on the farm, taking the afternoon for Bible study and going to the Night School in order to get the necessary English studies.

Some of them are married and live in Hampton or in the back country. They support themselves by farming their little pieces of land, getting away a part of the day to attend the class and then preaching on the Sabhath. The members of this class have a membership in their churches of between five and six thousand colored people.

Although there is need of advanced students among the colored ministers of the South, yet, owing to their poverty, for a long time to come, the colored preacher in the country districts must be a man who can work and help support himself like the Apostle Paul with the labor of his hands. I have found the purest lives and the best work among the colored preachers of the country who added to their regular pastoral duties the work of cultivating their farms, teaching those around them by example as well as by precept. To fit them for their work they need such a knowledge of English and training in Bible truth as will enable them to preach plain and practical sermons to their people. Many of the colored people in country districts hear preaching only once in four or five weeks and then usually by ignorant itinerant preachers whose words have little effect upon their lives. It is to meet this pressing and by far the greatest need of the colored people that the Pastors' class has been started at Hampton. In the work of teaching this class the white pastors of the place have rendered valuable help. Rev. Dr. Woodfin, Pastor of the Baptist church in Hampton, has given instruction in the study of the Old Testament, and Rev. Mr. Gravatt, Rector of St. John's, in the study of the New Testament, Rev. Mr. Tolman, Congregationalist, Theology and an Outline of Church History; Miss Alice Bacon has taught them Dr. Hopkin's Outline Study of Man, while I have had one class in Biblical Introduction and another in the Preparation of Sermons.

The effect of three years' work has been very marked. The character of the preaching in the Hampton pulpits has changed. Instead of the wild meaningless ranting that was to be found in many of them, there is now, I believe, in every case the preaching of plain practical truth. By means of this class the clergymen of different denominations have been brought together, much bigotry and hard feeling has been done away with, the white and colored pastors have been brought together into a position of mutual helpfulness, and much race prejudice and unkind feeling toward the school has been done away. Besides the influence upon the immediate neighborhood its effect has been felt upon all the country about. The members of the class are able to control the Association of ministers in this part of the state very largely, and they will not allow ignorant preachers to be ordained. A correspondent of the New York *Evangelist* who has traveled largely through the South speaking of Hampton says, "Its Pastors' Class which brings colored ministers from the vicinity under the tuition of white pastors from Hampton, shows what might and should be done all over the South. If it were done, some of the most serious and menacing evils would soon be out of the way."

RECITATION ROOMS NEEDED.

To meet the needs of this growing class it is proposed to put an ell on one of the boys dormitories in order to give the class recitation rooms. The crowded condition of the Academic Hall makes this necessary. It would give this class a place of its own where the colored pastors could meet for recitations at the same time that dormitories are provided for those who remain on the place.

Twenty-five hundred dollars is needed for this new building, the rooms to cost $200 and $300 apiece. It is hoped that the money will be subscribed immediately so that the building may be ready for occupation in the Fall.

In closing I wish to express my regret that the Hampton School is to lose the counsel and help of the Rev. Richard Tolman, former pastor of the School church who, since his resignation, has lived upon the School grounds and has rendered most valuable aid in all the religious work of the School. He has done good service in the Pastor's Class and made his impress on the whole community. It is a cause for deep regret that the health of his family seems to make his removal necessary.

H. B. FRISSELL,
Pastor and Vice-Principal.

(Anniversary Exercises continued).

The second foundation stone is the idea that God has placed upon every man and woman the prime necessity of work. There is no achievement in this world that does not come by work. Teach them to ignore as fast and thoroughly as possible the aid of Government, and work each man for himself.

I know that you will follow these principles. I know that your people are among the first who have received their lands in severalty. Their work is plain before them, and in keeping their faces set steadily forward, steadily to work, you can be of great use to them.

Let this medal remind you of the days you have spent here, the teaching you have received here, the precepts here inculcated. As it is of pure gold, so have these days been the pure gold of your life. As this gold is not common metal but rare in worth and beauty, so as you look back, those days will seem to you. And yet these golden days are only the beginning, the first steps in the ladder, and now presenting to you this symbol, I bid you God speed in all your work."

The diplomas were presented to the graduating class by Rev. Dr. Strieby, Vice-President of the Board of Trustees. He prefaced his address to them with the explanation to the audience that the smallness of the class arose from the decision of the faculty last year to require henceforth a year of teaching before entering on the senior studies. The Middle Class, as a whole, was turned out for this purpose, and the present class is made up of those who had already taught a year, as many have done for pecuniary reasons, and the Indians whose distance from home and difficulty in securing schools have exempted them from the rule.

DR. STRIEBY'S ADDRESS TO THE CLASS.

"My dear young friends, you have now finished your course of preparation and are about to leave these walls, and go forth to the work of life. We feel with you the sorrow of parting from all the friends and privileges you leave. You have our prayers, and with them, and with these diplomas which I am now to have the pleasure of giving you, the work of Hampton School life for you is done.

We have heard something about the reports made in Congress, and we are gratified by the expressions of these gentlemen. But, at the same time, we know that you are under criticism, and your races are, and I want you to understand in taking these diplomas you pledge yourselves to God and men, that through whatever trials and temptations may come to you, you will be loyal to the teachings you have received here, to remember that you hold this diploma, and to not disgrace it. The trials and temptations will come, and there is but one source of help; that is our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and He is not far off, but near to every one of you. I give you these diplomas in the expectation that in His strength you will honor them, and the school which has prepared you, and now sends you into the field."

After the presentation of the diplomas, the Principal remarked that he was very glad that we had with us through the day, a number of Members of Congress, and among them several Western men; that we had had perhaps a wrong impression of the sentiment of the West as to the Indian question, Indian education; we had understood that there was not much sympathy in our work. Perhaps we had misunderstood—he would call upon the Honorable Mr. Peel of Arkansas, a member of the Indian Appropriation Committee of the House, and of the Holman Committee, to speak to us, for the West.

MR. PEEL'S SPEECH.

"It was not my purpose when I came here to get upon the floor. I came to see and learn, and, if possible, to profit by what I should see and learn, for legislative work in the future. I would not say anything if it were not for the misapprehension of your proprietor, or principal, as to the question of the appropriation for this school.

It has been my fortune and my pleasure to be a member of the committee on Indian affairs. My own home lies near the Indian's lands, and my heart throbs with emotions of interest in and sympathy with them. It was my fortune and my pleasure to be a member of the Indian Appropriation Committee, also of the Sub-Committee on Appropriations; also of the Special Committee to regulate the differences between the committees of the two Houses. I can assure you that there is not one member of any of these committees who is not a friend of this school, and of all Indian schools. I must confess that I was surprised to hear that any thought that the appropriation for this and other schools in consideration before the House was in danger. It was never in the slightest danger. I cannot see how there could have been such an impression; unless it arose from the Special Committee—Judge Holman, and five others, appointed to visit agencies in the West last summer. In that report, we came to the unanimous conclusion that the agency industrial schools present the largest opportunities and results for the money expended. I can say that there is not one on that committee who is not heartily a friend of this school and all schools for Indians."

The Principal inviting Mr. Perkins of Kansas to add the sentiments of another Western man to those which had been given, that gentleman thus responded.

HON. MR. PERKINS'S SPEECH.

"Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen—I don't know how I can add a word to the many good things we have listened to to-day. I would like to speak a word of encouragement to those who are going out from this school. Valuable lessons have been taught them here, and how I can add to them anything of value, I scarcely know.

Yet I can say that our sympathies and best wishes are with them. To those Indian boys I would say, 'You should never forget these uniforms, and these stripes which you are permitted to wear here. For these uniforms, and these stripes are emblems of United States citizenship, which is soon to be given you. (Applause.) These great reservations are to be broken up, homes are to be given you where you will sit under the shade of your own vine and fig tree, and no man will *dare* to molest you or make you afraid." (Applause.)

(Continued on page 76.)

there is no report. These are the facts, and facts are what we need and desire on this whole subject—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The final test of this school is the work of its graduates.

In speaking of the threefold work wrought here I have said nothing of the money expended for the support of teachers. If we add the amount given for this to that given for the outfit of the school the whole will not fall short of a million of dollars. And all this without debt. The incubus of that dreadful word does not rest here. Nor have I said anything of the teachers themselves, who have not wrought chiefly for money, coming, for the most part, from cultured and refined homes, meeting for a long time with scant sympathy, and not seldom, in former times, with aversion and scorn, they have laid upon the altar of this service an amount of self-denying and heroic labor that can find its reward only in a sphere where money is not the standard of value. The whole country owes them thanks.

It is not, however, the chief object of Christianity to promote the political or social well-being of man in this life. It will do that incidentally, but its chief object is to provide for the forgiveness of sins; and to prepare men for a kingdom of righteousness, and peace, and holy activity and joyful service in a kingdom where Christ shall be King; and shall reign forever and ever. It is because we trust that this work will be here promoted that we rejoice as Christians in the gift of the Chapel that is now to be dedicated. We trust that here will be taught and promoted a Christianity as narrow in its creed as revealed truth, and as broad in its love as humanity. We trust that here, where three races and nearly every denomination are united in work, sectarian division feeling may be merged in loyalty to Christ, and that the Babel of names may give place to that 'only Name under heaven whereby we can be saved." We might then have here not a Baptist, or Methodist, or Congregational, or Episcopal, or Presbyterian church, but one whose designation should be "The Church of Christ" in the Hampton Normal and Industrial Institute. Such a church would be a branch of the one universal church of which Christ is the head—may be, we trust that here many shall be prepared to join that one great army of the redeemed who shall sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, and who, looking back with thankful and adoring wonder upon the way in which they have been led,—shall say, "What hath God wrought?"

Looking then at the whole work done on this ground, we say that it is a great work. Whether we regard the givers or the teachers, we say too, that if Christ had not come this work could not have been done. Outside of Christianity there is nothing like it, and since that is kept alive in the world only by the Spirit of the Living God, we say again, 'What hath God wrought?"

But while a great work has thus been done on this ground, a great work remains to be done not only by the Institution, but for it. As we have seen, its growth has been marvelous. It has already accomplished much, and, as at present organized and equipped, may go on for some time and accomplish even more. But an endowment is needed. The central indomitable, wise energy, fertile in expedients, comprehensive in plans, that has had so much to do in bringing the Institution up to its present point cannot continue always. If the Institution is to do its present work it is the hard lot of Gen. Armstrong, upon whose head there are more gray hairs than time has put there, to raise, each year, from the gifts of Christian and philanthropic people the large sum of fifty thousand dollars. This, probably, no other man could do. The work of the Institution we would not have diminished nor would we have it much increased. In my judgment, and in this Gen. Armstrong agrees with me, the Institution has now reached the limit of best supervision and most efficient work. But with its buildings completed and its work systematized, it can, with an adequate endowment, continue to work more efficiently and beneficently as experience shall be gained. Five hundred thousand dollars are needed. Of this one hundred and six thousand have already been given. Shall the rest be provided? I believe it will be. I do not believe that those who have put their hand to this plow will look back. I do not believe that God, who has wrought with them, and done so much for the cause by them, will now forsake that cause. In this day of enlarged benevolence, and of fortunes that go up into the millions, it can hardly be after so much has been done, that the friends of humanity will see this Institution crippled, or will fail to furnish means by which the wheels of its progress shall be kept, if possible, in steadier and more rapid motion in all coming time.

The work done here has had, and will continue to have an intrinsic value worth all its cost, but we regard it chiefly as it is related to a greater work which is to be done, not by this Institution only, but by all institutions, and all influences that can be brought to bear upon it. As a nation it is still with us as it was with the Israelites when they were encamped on the plains of Moab. As they had yet to fight many a battle before they could possess the promised land, and had then to settle the claims of the different tribes and to combine them into nationality, so we have yet before us a great, and in some respects, not dissimilar work.

From the plains of Moab where the Israelites looked forward to their promised land, they went up and took possession of it, but only as God was with them. When they were faithful to Him, and He wrought with them they prospered. One chased a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight. When they forsook Him and He withdrew His aid they fell into decline and were smitten before their enemies. Their whole history is but an alternation of prosperity and disaster as they did, or did not, serve God, till at length they so far fell into idolatry and consequent wickedness that He gave them over into captivity." He sent to them His messenger, rising betimes and sending them," "But they mocked the messengers of God, and despised his words, and misused his prophets, until the wrath of the Lord arose against his people till there was no remedy." And so it was with the Jews after their return from captivity. They did not relapse into idolatry, but they did fall, partly, as the Sadducees, into infidelity, and, partly, as the Pharisees, into a self-righteous formalism whereby they made void the law of God, and crucified his Son, and persecuted his followers till the wrath of the Lord again arose against his people till there was no remedy. The walls of Jerusalem and of the temple were thrown down till not one stone was left upon another, and the Jews, retaining as by a miracle their nationality, have been a scattered and an oppressed people till this day. Throughout their whole history they stand before the nations as an object lesson to teach them that there are retributions for nation's in this world, and that without God they cannot prosper.

This is the one lesson that we are to lay to heart if we are to do the work that is set before us. That work is to consolidate the nationalities and races that now inhabit these United States into a free and permanent government under which manhood, as in the image of God shall be respected, and the right of every man to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness shall be conceded and maintained. Something more is possible, but at present such a government, with the marvelous control now given by science over nature and the decorations of an art, not yet developed, that that shall blossom over the breadth of a continent, is the promised land to which we look forward.

Can this land be possessed? Can the work involved in its possession be done? Can it be done despite the antagonism of races, the traditional hostility of nations, the diversity of language, the prejudice of color, the apparent conflict between the interests of capital and labor? Can it be done despite the undermining and disintegrating efforts of intemperance, and licentiousness, and fraud, and of the ambitious and sensuous and debasing tendencies hitherto regnant? There are the Canaanites that are to be fought and exterminated, root and branch. The question has no relation to that of amalgamation or whether the races and nationalities shall be mingled in schools, in churches, in social relations, in trade even, or shall move on in parallel lines as the Rhone and the Arve flow on without mingling towards the same ocean where all differences are lost. It refers solely to the maintainance of those rights of our common manhood which the Declaration of Independence declares to us inalienable. Before our own no great government has ever conceded and maintained these rights, our own has done it but imperfectly and is yet un trial, and if this work is to be done the capacity and possibilities of the race are to be tested as never before. Never before did the idea of the right of every man to take part in the government enter as a factor into politics. The ancient republics were really aristocracies with restricted citizenship. Never was there such capacity for the production and distribution of wealth, or for simultaneous and organized action, never such an oceanic breadth of a free people in their sectional interests and local government, many as the waves, in their central governments, one as the sea.

Can then this work be done? Yes. The capacity for it is in man. He readily conceives of it, and whatever he can conceive of morally that he can become and do. The obstacles are wholly in him. Look at those I have mentioned. Every one of them is wholly in him. We need then, only to know the requisite changes in him, and how these changes can be wrought.

And here it may be remarked, that if a change in men be the thing needed, it is obvious that not much can be expected from mere organization, men remaining the same. On this point there is no little delusion. Organization is essential. Government itself is organization. But organizations differ as they do or do not pre-suppose and involve changes in men Church organizations both presuppose and involve such changes. Literary and social organization involve them. But under a free government organization neither presupposing nor involving any such change, but having for their object to promote the interests or protect the rights of special classes, are generally mischievous. They are narrowing in their effect upon those who enter into them, and provoke antagonism in others. They involve expense for meetings, and the support of officers and organs and generally so become the centres of intrigue and corruption, if not of socialism and anarchy, that their total effect upon society is disastrous rather than beneficial. Especially is it undesirable that there should be among us any organization that tends toward a division into permanent classes or that would prevent a free movement from the lowest stratum of society upward, or from its highest stratum downward, according to industry and merit.

Passing then to the changes needed in man, I observe that where there is ignorance that would disqualify a man from seeking intelligently the political and social state specified, there should be a change from ignorance to knowledge. This opens a vast work before us in this whole country, and particularly for this and similar schools. There must be knowledge. They must be so far educated as to know their rights and the value of liberty, and its dependence upon law, and to be capable of being, not a dead weight to be carried, but a vital force in the progress of society. But a man may be thus educated and capable, and be an obstruction. Knowledge is simply instrumental. The burglar, the gambler, the counterfeiter, have knowledge, and the more they know the more dangerous they are. The thief and liar know they do wrong, but they do it. The theory that knowledge, trained intellect, what is commonly called education, is sufficient, breaks down at once and wholly under the fact that men are so far from doing as well as they know. It is a prevalent theory, but till knowledge and conduct correspond it will be delusive.

But if a change from ignorance to knowledge be not sufficient, what more is needed? A change is needed in the directive rather than in the instrumental powers. We need, back of knowledge, that choice which shall guide in its use to the best ends, and in seeking those ends shall subordinate all that is lower in man to that which is highest. We need a change of character, of that which is the deepest love, so that men shall love God with all their hearts and their neighbors as themselves. If such a change can be wrought it is self-evident that the needed work will be done. "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor." If those of different races and nationalities were to love each other as themselves, if the employer were to love the employed as himself, and the employed were to love the employer as himself, it is plain that every man over this broad continent would be secure in his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This is the indispensible condition. As this is approximated society will approximate perfection. Till this is aimed at, and, in some measure reached, men will only roll the stone of Sysiphus up the hill to have it return upon them.

Knowing then the change that is needed in man, we only need to inquire further how that change can be wrought.

And here we say that Christianity can do it, and nothing else can. As we have seen, knowledge can not do it, and no other religion can. There is not in one of them anything that tends to awaken in man an aspiration towards such a promised land as we seek. If such aspiration exist it is in spite of the religion, and because the germs of it are in man himself. There is not one of them that tends to form in man a character that would fit him to enter such a promised land. There is not one of them in connection with which society is not either stationary or in a process of development downwards The supposition that there is in man, apart from Christianity, a tendency to any permanent progress sufficient to remove the obstacles from man himself, is baseless. Christianity alone can do it. Comparing Christianity with other religions the difficulty is that its fruits are constantly judged of by the doings of those who are not Christians. Christendom is not Christian, and there is no wickedness like that of nominal Christians. If their atrocities and crimes of greed are not greater than those of heathendom, which may be doubted, their light is greater, and so they are more wicked. Rightly applied "By their fruits ye shall know them," is a correct rule of judgment, but if arsenic were to be labelled flour it would be barely fair to impute to flour the effects of arsenic, and yet this is the logic, either wicked or stupid, which exultant infidels apply to Christianity when they charge upon that the wickedness of nominal Christians.

Christianity then is our only hope. That it is the *object* of that to produce in man love to God and love to man cannot be denied, since those two comprise the sum of the law, and of the commandments of Christ. Paul, too, said that without love he was "nothing"—no Christian. This love is so of the essence of Christianity that without it there is no Christianity.

Are there then in Christianity, motive forces and a power such that we may hope that men in increasing numbers, and finally, all men on the face of the earth will be brought to exercise this love? We say Yes. We say it because, in demanding this love Christianity is coincident with the deepest philosophy of our nature as finding its perfection and highest good, both individual and social, only in this. It is the only condition of a perfect social state here, and a chief element in that heaven to which we look forward in the great future. We say yes, too, because Christianity reveals to us and in the relation of a Father, a God who is love, and love begets love. "Every one," says the Apostle John, "that loveth, is born of God." We say yes, again, because there was, in the coming, and life, and death, of the founder of Christianity the most stupendous example of the love of God and of man of which we can conceive. "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends;" but "God commendeth his love to us in that while we were yet enemies Christ died for us." Love begets love. "And I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." Once more, there are in Christianity not only natures consonant with our nature, but there is in connection with it, an ever present personal agent working through these natures in accordance with human freedom and the purposes of God. I have spoken of Christianity as having in itself, as a system, the requisite power, and so we speak. But it is not Christianity that does the work. It is Christ. Christ has come, and lived, and died, and risen from the dead, and ascended to the right hand of God. He reigns. To him all power is given. He is the Savior of men not only by what He has done, but by what He is doing now, and it is only as He shall give more copiously the spirit that He shed down at Pentecost, that there will be raised up an army before whose shout every wall of opposition shall fall down. Let such an army go on, as did Israel of old, not carrying with it destruction, but adding to its ranks as it goes till every man from ocean to ocean shall be a Christian, and, since the least that a Christian can do is to give every man his rights, we should have at once a social order and a government, in, and under, which every man would be secure in his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. He would be free to work out his own best good in his own way. We should then have the promised land of which I have spoken. It would be the promised land of the statesman, all that statesmanship can give with the best material. It would be a good land, far better than the present, but would not give us the milk and the honey.

As I have intimated, Christianity would do for us something more. It is one thing for every man to have all his rights, and to pursue his own good in his own way, and quite another for every man to be actuated by a spirit of love and good will that would lead him to minister in every possible way to the good of those around him. This, statesmanship knows nothing of, but this Christianity lays upon every man the obligation to do. Our present state is one of much advancement, if every man had always his rights it would be far more advanced, but the coming in of this active love would be as any other morning risen upon high noon. The radiance of the morning purpling the mountain tops and then flooding the valleys it but a faint symbol of the light and warmth that would permeate every stratum of our social life if the heart of every human being were a radiating centre of love to God and love to man. That would be Christianity. Nothing short of that is, and if this land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the lakes to the gulf were inhabited by such Christians there would go up as never before the exclamation, "What hath God wrought?" Whether this is to be, I know not; I only know that such is Christianity, and such would be its result.

I t is from this learning of Christianity on the social and political wellbeing of our country together with the peculiar relations of this Institution to that well-being, that we rejoice as patriots in the gift to it of this beautiful and commodious Chapel which is now to be dedicated to the worship and service of Almighty God. It is patriotic Christianity that has built these buildings, and brought hither these teachers, and that rejoices to-day in a completed instrumentality which tends with no little power to avert the danger from ignorance and vice in the Negro race that was so strongly set forth by President Garfield in his inaugural address. It is this tendency which gives its chief interest to this day and to the work done here. Let us see large numbers of young men and women going out from this Institution as teachers, and carrying with them not only the light of letters, but the uplifting and purifying power of a Christian example and it will and to the strength of our hope for the country in the fierce conflict that is now going on. It will turn a source of danger into a source of strength.

[Anniversary Exercises concluded]

To these colored boys I would say, there is no royal road in this land to wealth and success. For white men, and all men, the only road is by industry, frugality and honesty; by doing right. Don't believe for one minute that the only aim in life is preferment and political honors. Only he who does right has the best place in the affection and heart of the people. Your great orator, Frederic Douglas, used to say that it was for many years his constant, earnest prayer that God would emancipate him, but day by day as he repeated that prayer an assistance came, and he could not realize that God was ever listening to it; till one morning, as he was walking down the road from his master's place, it occurred to him that he might keep on walking, and he walked on, and then ran, and he kept on running and walking with his face to the north star. Then he realized that God was with him and was answering his prayer. And the lesson is to you all, that God is with those who help themselves."

At the Principal's request that all who had been pleased to hear such friendly expression of sentiments from Western men should manfest it by saying *aye*, a mighty *aye* went up which must have convinced the honorable gentlemen of the effectiveness of their words.

The Principal recalled the earnest efforts of Senator Teller, while Secretary of the Interior, to call the attention of Congress to the great debt of $4,000,000 we actually owed the Indians, urging its claims again and again. If he had had his way there would be twice or three times as many Indian children in school now as there are. He asked the Senator to speak.

SENATOR TELLER'S SPEECH.

"Ladies and gentlemen—I trust you will not be alarmed. I will not keep you long. I declined to make a speech, but General Armstrong insists that I shall say a few words. You have had proof to-day of the success of Indian education that the most skeptical cannot deny. There is some danger that we become impatient in observing a work like this. This is a day of push, a day of railroads and electricity, and we are apt to say that success doesn't crown effort as rapidly as it should. The fact is, a nation is not born in a day, no history has recorded such a thing. The colored race is just only twenty-one years old—it is only twenty-one years since the war closed—and I agreed heartily with the young man who said here that no other race had ever made such rapid progress. The Indian race is younger than the colored, if we go back to the first great efforts made for them which were laudable and wise. I know our great colleges were started to educate the Indian race, but they began at the wrong end, with purely intellectual training. No nation has ever risen but by labor. The Romans had a proverb that 'Labor is luxury.' Many don't believe that, but it is true. No nation is great till it can labor. When you have taught the Indian to labor with his hands you have made an important step in his elevation. The Negro, because he was compelled to labor, has made more progress. He became disciplined in the labor of the hands, and was prepared for labor with the brain. I was struck with Dr. Hopkin's text 'What hath God wrought,' and the thought occurred to me that God works through men—through human agencies. God never civilizes a man, he puts it into his heart, and others' hearts to work out his civilization.

You may attend Hampton school and get all the education you choose; your place in the world depends for each on himself—man or woman. Your race won't move till each moves. Public education is essential to civilization, for all races, but it will not alone civilize. You must have character and moral worth, respect and obedience to authority. I once saw a great building in Chicago, a large hotel, moved up bodily a story's height. It was not done by one lift, in one place. There were many hundred little screws under the building, and all turned together and lifted a little at a time. So if each man and woman will do his and her personal duty, the great race edifice will rise. What will be the condition of the colored race depends on the colored man and the colored woman. So it is with the Indian race. The past efforts for them were one-sided. We put the boys at school and kept the girls at home. One of these young colored graduates here to-day said the true thing. If we can get hold of the women and children, we can civilize the race. Educated parents will have educated children—not that they will inherit education, but an educated man will make every effort and sacrifice to give his children an education. Mr. Perkins of Kansas said to yoo, young men, don't aspire to political preferment. I know you will have great temptation to do so, but remember that true greatness comes only from the discharge of duty.

I would say one word on the Indian question. You may civilize the Department. It is true that it has been slow. It took a long time to recognize the fact that we owed it to these people to give them an education of hand and head and heart. In 1878, I was a member of the Senate from a Western State. I then outlined my views, and I have not changed them. I said, teach them not only to work with their brains but with their hands. In 1882, I became Secretary of the Interior. I remember the President was criticised for appointing a Western man. People all over the country said that the Indians would suffer—that I had said that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. I never uttered such a sentiment in all my life. I appeal to my record. While I was Secretary, I doubled the number of Indian children in the schools, in this country. I put the figures before the Senate of our great debt to the Indians.

Public interest in the Indian has been greatly aroused since 1880. Where there was nothing done, we now appropriate more than a million of dollars. We have built up institutions which are a credit to this people, and filled them with bright Indian children; as in Lawrence, Kansas, and public opinion is behind Congress, and it has contributed more liberally than ever. I know that it was said that the appropriations were in danger; I know that carping men said that they were of no good, but Peel was right, they were in no real danger, because public opinion was behind them.

We passed in the Senate, and it now hangs in the house, with little hope, I fear, of success this term, a bill appropriating $77,000,000 for the education—chiefly—of the colored people. I noticed a wholesome thing in the discussion; that men even who would not vote for the bill, considered themselves insulted if it was hinted that their State was not provided for the education of its citizens to the extent of its power and without regard to color or race. No man puts out his hand to do a good work, but lifts himself too. No matter who is on the committee or in Congress, you cannot imagine that public opinion will let this great work go back. When every Indian child and colored child in the country shall be educated, the Indian problem will be settled, and not till then. It is a very encouraging fact that so many are here to-day, and so many come year after year; it shows that public sentiment is roused, and in a few years more there will be no Negro or Indian problem. The secret of success is individual effort, individual obligation, individual responsibility.

REV. DR. HENRY OF PHILADELPHIA.

Invited to occupy the time that still remained, Dr. Henry playfully deprecated his "lot always to make the last speech," and then proceeded to justify it by making a very bright one. He had come to Hampton to visit an old friend, a Virginia gentleman, Colonel Tabb, who had offered as one inducement, the Hampton Commencement. He found he had many personal associations here. When a boy of ten, having a passion for collecting autographs, his father had named as one of the great men of the country, Dr. Mark Hopkins. Dr. Hopkins kindly responded to his request, with not only his signature but the words, "May you, my young friend, become a greater and better man than any whose autograph you solicit." Twenty-six years ago, when a student in the Theological Seminary, he heard the most impressive missionary address he ever listened to. It was by General Armstrong's father. When a delegate from the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, to Washington, in its Committee on Indian affairs, some years ago, no man received them more kindly than Secretary Teller. Dr. Henry enforced the Senator's words on individuality, by a good story of a country clergyman who went to the city to find a good model to improve his own style, and after hearing Dr. Taylor, Dr. John Hall and others, settled on Dr. Talmadge as having a style most effective, and at the same time the most easy to copy. The Sunday after his return, the people were astonished to see the pulpit removed, but when he arose and announced the hymn, and then said, "Let us pray!" in thunder tones, the deacons quite convinced that their quiet little pastor had gone suddenly crazy, rushed up on to the platform, carried him home by force, and put hot water bottles to his head. The moral was, be yourselves if you don't want hot water bottles on your head. The Doctor concluded his speech with another good story. "I was once called to Canada to deliver a Sunday School address. Just as I was going on to the platform, I was requested to make inquiry for a lady who had been separated from her father in the crowd. Little Mary Wilson. Has any one in the room seen her. Her father thinks she must be in the room. Will any one who has seen her please make it known? No response was made, and the meeting went on. At its close, the father returned from a vain search outside, and the request was repeated, but again with no response. The meeting closed, and then to every one's astonishment, a little girl walked out of the front pew to go home with her astounded father. "Why! Is *this* little Mary Wilson—why didn't you answer when everybody was asking for you?" "Oh, I ain't little Mary Wilson that was lost. They were asking for little Mary Wilson that was lost. I ain't lost—I'm here!" We are all here today, and we don't feel lost at all, but very much at home. We are all very glad to have been here.

The audience rose and joined with the school in singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. McKenzie of Cambridge, and one more Hampton Anniversary was ended.

THE HAMPTON NORMAL AND AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE,

AT HAMPTON VIRGINIA.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, *Principal.* F. N. GILMAN *Treasurer.*

No. of Colored students,	462
No. of Indian "	139
Total	601.

A little more than half are girls; average age, 17 years.

Its object is the practical Christian education of these two races; especially the training of teachers.

It is a private, chartered institution, owned and controlled by a Board of seventeen Trustees, with a majority of no denomination. It is aided by the State as an agricultural school, and the Goverament pays $167.00 apiece annually for 120 Indians, but it needs from private charity every year for its support, the sum of fifty thousand dollars. About half of this has been given in the form of Annual Scholarships of seventy dollars a year, which pays the tuition or cost of education of one who pays in labor for board, clothing and books.

It needs a partial endowment fund.

Five Hundred Thousand Dollars are asked for that purpose.

Circulars and general information sent on application to the Principal.

Southern Workman AND Hampton School Record.

VOL. XV. HAMPTON, VA., JULY, 1886. No. 7.

We acknowledge, with thanks, the gift from our generous friends, Messrs. Harper's Bros., of a handsome copy of Stormonth's Dictionary, for the Normal School Library.

The new Amoskeag steam fire engine has arrived. It was built at the works in Manchester, N. H., and has sufficient force to throw a jet of water over our highest buildings. It is named in honor of the ex-treasurer of the school, Gen. J. F. B. Marshall, and supplies a long-felt want.

The school term for 18 5–86 closed June 17th, with the reading of the names of students promoted from lower to upper classes. Owing to the fact that the Middle Class of last year went out for a year's practice in teaching before taking up the studies of the Senior year, the graduating class numbered only fourteen. Sixty-six students were promoted from the Middle to the Senior Class, and ninety from the Junior to the Middle. Those just promoted to the Senior Class will take a year out in the field. They have had a thorough drill in practice teaching, and are well fitted for their work. Some of the Middlers of last year have succeeded so well, and secured such good places, that they do not expect to return. The universal testimony on the part of the Class, so far as heard from, is of satisfaction with the new plan.

The annual teachers' institute, held after the anniversary, was conducted this year by home talent, under the general direction of Miss Hyde. Several of the teachers of the vicinity availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting the classes. Twenty-five Indians went North on Monday last to spend the summer on farms in Berkshire Co., Mass., and about twenty-two more will return to the Institute early in July.

On the 16th of May last, the Rev. Richard Tolman preached in Bethesda Chapel the Baccalaureate Sermon to the class of '86. The occasion was for many reasons an impressive one, and for those of us to whom his voice has been for so many years associated with Bethesda Chapel, it contained many elements of sadness. It was his last sermon, in an official capacity, to the school, and it was the last service held by the school within the walls which, frail and shabby as they are, are still sacred with associations which no architectural beauty or convenience can replace.

Mr. Tolman's work for the school receives warm and universal recognition; his work in the neighborhood has, up to the day of his departure, been active and constant. The estimation in which he is held has been shown in many ways; among others, by the presentation to him of a handsome gold-headed cane, bearing the inscription, "Presented to Rev. Richard Tolman, as a token of respect, by the Hampton Baptist Church."

The good wishes which follow him to his new home in Arlington, Mass., go hand in hand with regret for his departure from a field where he has been for so long a power for good, and in which his place will be hard to fill.

Our next number will contain the story of Bethesda Chapel, gathered from the lips of those who have known it best. We feel that by right of its varied and unique associations, it can claim a place in the annals of the war and of the freedmen, for many of whom it has been in the highest sense a centre of light, and to the early friends of the Hampton school no cathedral service, however rich in pomp and ceremony, could have meant so much as did our last simple service under its worn and crumbling roof.

A faithful worker in and for the school, Mr. Robert H. Hamilton, has just left us, wishing to take for himself a more independent position than any which here offered itself. He went out in February, 1873, as a member of the first troupe of "Hampton Singers," and ever since his splendid voice has formed a background to the school choir, which will now be sadly missed. After his graduation, in 1877, he taught for about a year and a half in the Butler school, and then entered the Industrial Room of the Hampton School, where he soon rose to the head of its Tailoring department, a position which he satisfactorily filled until he resigned in May last. He is one of our graduates whose career we shall watch with deep interest, and for and of whom we hope for good things. The extracts from his essay delivered on Commencement Day, which we had intended to give, were crowded out of this issue, but, with extracts from the speeches of some of the graduating class, will appear in our next number.

It is now nearly a year since the visible beginning of the series of labor disturbances which is just now at its height, and still the air is thick, and whether we turn our eyes to the past or the future, there are few of us who can see clearly through the dust and tumult which surround us. The symptomatic upheavals, which, for want of a better name, we call "strikes," are as far as ever beyond the comprehension of most of us, and it is only here and there that some disciplined mind and conscience can be found and trusted to trace out the causes which have created the existing conditions, and to point out possible remedies for them. False prophets are upon every side, and the war of words which goes on above the deeper and more terrible war of facts, is waged for the most part blindly and with untempered weapons. We all feel that we are in the grasp of some tremendous and mysterious power, and even here in the South, where most of the questions raised are not immediately pressing, we know that our immunity is only for the moment, and that for us too the day of reckoning must sooner or later come. It is only the closest study of the issues involved, and organized action in the right lines which can help us, and the "Southern Workman" would be unfaithful to its name, and the cause which it represents, if it should skirk its responsibility in this respect to its readers. We give up our "Southern Items" this month entirely to various views of the labor question, and would be glad to hear directly from some of our Southern, especially our colored correspondents, upon this complicated subject.

Editorial Correspondence.

Staunton, Va., May 29th.

This is the second of a series of trips I propose to make annually, in May or June, to important points in this State, in order to look into the work of Hampton graduates, and also to see and study things in a general way.

At Charlottesville, last Thursday, I drove to the well-known "Miller School," where 150 boys and 50 girls, all white, from ten to eighteen years of age, are having a complete and practical training. On a fine and fertile farm of a thousand acres, well wooded and watered, is a system of large and spacious buildings, splendidly appointed and well arranged. Col. Vawter, who is at the head of the school, being absent, I received every attention from his assistant, Prof. Baylor (Prof. Physics and Electrical Engineering). Recitation, dining, and dormitory rooms, library and offices, laundry, and the various living departments, are all that can be wished. Practical chemistry is thoroughly taught; special attention is given to agriculture; bee culture is illustrated. But my special interest was in the mechanical department, where work in wood and iron is carried on. Excellent furniture is made by the boys, under a competent cabinet maker. I saw handsome sets of walnut furniture, chairs, tables, etc., with a variety of cheaper articles. The boys, under instruction, build at least one steam engine a year, and make a good deal of useful hardware, such as jack screws, grinding and drilling machines, emory wheels, etc. The leading men in the iron shop are graduates of the Worcester, Mass., School of Technology.

The articles made are usually sold, but production and sale of goods is altogether a secondary matter, the chief point being always the training. This is made possible by the school's enormous income of $70,000 a year, all being the gift of one man, Samuel Miller, who, I was told, used to work on this very farm, as day laborer, at twelve and a half cents a day. He invested his small earnings in business in Lynchburg, became a successful merchant, and died a millionaire, leaving his property mainly to this school and to an Orphan Asylum in Lynchburg.

In his will he provided that the "Miller Manual Labor School" should be for the benefit of the children of Nelson and Albemarle counties. 1st, orphans: 2d, half orphans: 3d, those too poor to get an education in any other way.

The drive of 36 miles from Charlottesville and back, was through a rolling region of red soil, especially adapted to grass and grain crops and stocks. Thrifty farms and pleasant attractive homes lined the road. On the higher ground the view was panoramic, the Blue Ridge mountains flanked us and stretched away grandly in the distance, hill and valley lay between, and fresh and fascinating views completely chained the eyes at every turn. "The people have a right to be in love with their land. "The prettiest country on the globe," said mine host. The ride from Charlottesville to Staunton, along the Blue Ridge spur, with the Piedmont valley lying below us and beyond the "Ragged Mountain," reminded me of the view from Lake Mohunk Mountain House, being however much more extended.

The University of Virginia is finely situated, and well repays a visit. Its buildings present, I think, a more stately and symmetrical ensemble than those of any institution in this country. The high rotunda, with its library and portraits of famous Virginians, stands like a king among the other buildings, which seem to shrink from any competition with it, and to do it homage. With nearly 400 students, and a very able corps of professors, it is doing good work for the State and country. The colored schools are in a rather dingy but serviceable building, where in reconstruction days, Northern women taught the young colored idea how to shoot with effect, since a little boy, whom I saw there sixteen years ago (my last visit), is now its Principal. With two other Hampton graduates as assistants, and a competent colored woman, he has about 200 children under his care. The Principal, Mr. Benjamin Tonsler, receives $40 a month; Messrs. Kelser, Inge, and all the others, $30. The term lasts ten months. I saw good work in Algebra and every sign of mental capacity in the children. Mr. Tonsler, who has taught here for twelve years, ever since he left Hampton, says that seven of his former pupils are out teaching now, and three more will go out next year. Over nineteen-twentieths of the colored children in this school, and I believe in the colored schools of the South generally, leave their books for a life of manual labor, and yet the universal course of instruction and study has no reference whatever to this essential fact. As a means to an end it is far from what it should be and common sense and experience call loudly for more practical instruction.

With the Normal School within reach of every capable child of the 300 in attendance at the Butler School in Hampton, less than one-tenth enter it; the rest go to work, or caught to. The need of fitting them to work was never so felt as now, and was urged by its Principal, Miss Hyde, in her Report published in the June WORKMAN. Wherever I have been, or enquired, there is the same state of things, too much book, too little of tools and of practical ideas. The colored teachers of this town tell the same story. There have been 400 colored children in school, for nine months of the year, in Hampton, for the past six years. Not less than 500 have, in that time, had a good elementary training. But twenty out of the whole number have gone to higher schools or become teachers. What is true of the Butler free scoool of Charlottesville and of Staunton, is, I think, true generally of free schools for both races. What can be done?

We shall attempt an answer to this question next year, at the Butler School, by giving the girls instruction in sewing, in boushold work—a complete full-sized bedroom being fitted up for that purpose—and in the elements of cooking. In visiting colored families our teachers have become convinced that the genius of the Negro race for cooking is undeveloped, and that the comfort and value of their homes will be much increased if their children can be taught to cook. It is hoped that 15 or 20 of our boys can be brought into the Technical class of the Normal School, but where there are no such opportunities within reach the teachers must be taught the use of tools, and wherever they go must give it to their children in simple, economical ways. I think we can succeed in doing this. Helping a few well-chosen and well-drilled graduates, at a yearly expense of from $50 to $75, in such wide awake towns as Lynchburg, Staunton, or Charlottesville, might so win the interest of local school officers as to secure public aid for technical work in the free schools, just as the public school officers of Boston were converted to cooking and carpentry in the free system by Mrs. Hemenway's admirable illustration of them at her own expense. The technical teaching in the "Starr King" Schoolhouse will by-and-by lead all New England. I regard it as Hampton's special mission to infuse, if possible, into the public schools, for both races in the South, working directly through the teachers, ideas of skill in labor and the use of tools.

Nothing is surer than that the blacks will not lag far behind when they see that the whites are getting ahead of them. The stimulus which they are already receiving from colored schools is one of the most interesting phases of Southern education.

So much for criticism and suggestion for these schools.

WHAT GOOD ARE THEY DOING?

While I was vigorously "pumping" some Hampton graduates in this and other points there passed us the Chief of Police of Staunton, Capt. Waters, who fought under Gen. Lee till Appomattox. He spoke with marked interest of the colored schools, and said that the children of those who had been educated made no trouble, were not generally on the street, or disorderly, and declared his belief that they were learning faster than the white children. Those who did not attend school often made trouble. The chief offence among the colored was quarreling and fighting, arising from their excitability and love of talk. Few, he said, drank to excess, but plenty of money was spent in liquor. The teachers said that their pupils were generally kept at home by having lessons to learn and work to do for their parents, who needed all the help they could get. I have no doubt that what is

[Continued on page 80.]

SOUTHERN SKETCHES.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

Local Option in Lynchburg.

A stranger coming to Lynchburg about this time might fancy himself in one of the so-called "fanatical" towns of New England. An election to decide the question of license or no license for the city, is to be held on the 26th inst., and for weeks past the all-pervading topic of conversation among our people has been "Local Option."

The agitation has increased to fever heat as the time of the election draws near. In some respects the popular excitement bears a different aspect from any public question that has come to the front since my residence here. All the old lines are obliterated; there is no talk of Republican or Democrat, Radical or Conservative. For once sectarianism is laid aside, and Methodists and Baptists, Presbyterians and Episcopalians, forget their peculiar systems, and act together; the lines of sex are ignored, and men and women absorbed in the interests of humanity forget to talk of male or female, the duties of man, or "the sphere" of woman. Strangest of all, the color line is broken. It is well known that the Negroes, composing half the population of the city, had the balance of power at the polls, and "liquor and anti-liquor," "wet and dry" factions are eagerly seeking their votes.

Human nature affords many curious studies to those who have time for such pursuits, and interesting opportunities are given just now to the "Radical," who a few years ago was denounced and proscribed in Lynchburg for seeking to arouse the attention of colored people to the importance of education, to observe the ardent Democrat, who is intensely "wet" or "dry," to-day cajoling the colored voter by every means in his power to cast a ballot on his side.

"I see the niggers have got you," said old General Early, in his peculiar snarling voice, to a gentleman who has always been counted a leader among the Democrats, and is now working heart and soul for "Local Option." "Yes," said the lawyer, as he wended his way to a public meeting where the temperance speakers were to address a colored audience, "we want the colored vote, and we are going to try to get it, just as you and Senator Daniel worked for it in the canvas last fall!" "Old Jubal" had nothing to say to this remark. For weeks past every paper in the city has been filled with communications more or less pungent on the all-absorbing topic. The advocates of license have astonished their opponents by taking the Bible, a volume in which it was supposed they took little stock, if indeed they knew anything about it, as their shield and defense. Edifying epistles, bristling with Scripture, have issued from bar-rooms, and texts have been hurled from dens that decent people pass hastily by without looking to the right or to the left. The liquor dealers have developed the most devoted interest in the colored people, the more remarkable that it has been latent so long. Appeals are made to them by the press and public speakers, asking if they are willing to give up their schools, which "depend on the revenue from the sale of liquors!" When this subject had been ventilated, they turned to "personal liberty," and urged the value of freedom in terms worthy of the old abolitionists, whose standpoint they have suddenly assumed. The sensitive "pocket nerve" has been touched at every point, and every sort of argument has been used to prove that the whole welfare of our city and country depends on whiskey. As the "world, the flesh and the devil" have been marshalled on the "wet" side, the "dry" people have realized that it behooved them to be up and doing, and they have worked with vim.

There is a thrifty and vigorous branch of the Y. M. C. A. in Lynchburg, which has a "Ladies' Auxiliary" society, and is a power for good in the community. About two weeks ago the Christian Association secured the services of Moody and Sankey, the famous evangelists, for a three days' visit to the city. Immense crowds attended the services held three times a day, in the forenoon at the colored churches, in the afternoon and at night at the Opera House, with "overflow" meetings conducted by Mr. Sankey at a Methodist church near by. A choir of one hundred and twenty trained voices, made up of various elements, led by the Rev. Mr. Coulburne, a Methodist minister, now known as "The Moody Choir," sang at the Opera House. The evangelists were here from Wednesday until Saturday, and for the time the whole community seemed occupied with them. The streets were thronged with people in holiday attire going to and from the services, and the names of the distinguished preacher and singer were on every lip. It is said the advocates of liquor license showed great depression after the Moody meetings, and declared that whilst they had before the meetings deemed their cause sure of success, by the time they closed the result seemed very doubtful.

The temperance people did not rest with this effort, but without giving the public time for a reaction after the evangelists left, they have up to this time continued a series of public meetings, where well-known and popular speakers have addressed large audiences of white and colored people. Rev. W. W. Norton, of the Baptist church, Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, Lieut. Gov. Massie, and Rev. Mr. Taylor, of Richmond, the latter a colored minister of the Methodist church, said to be decidedly the best speaker among the orators mentioned, some of whom have a wide reputation, have followed each other in quick succession.

Last Sunday afternoon Mrs. Sally F. Chapin, of S. C., was announced to speak at the skating rink, which holds fifteen hundred people, and has been used by most of the speakers for local option. Some of the most ardent of the temperance people hesitated as to inviting Mrs. Chapin to speak for the cause. Lynchburg is extremely conservative in regard to the progress of woman, though she has some exceedingly progressive women of both races among her citizens, who are doing good work in their day and generation. When I see these noble women bearing not only their own burdens, but helping to lift those of others who are "weary and heavy laden," I am sometimes reminded of a body of the early Christians, who were visited and kindly encouraged by the apostle. When the welcome guide and leader inquired of the disciples "if they had received the Holy Spirit," they meekly responded, that "they did not so much as know if there be a Holy Spirit." So these worthy women, often "let and hindered" by bounds set for them, do not so much as know "that they have any rights." The woman's "C. T. U.," of Lynchburg, is a branch of the National Society of that name, and it is due to their efforts that Mrs. Chapin, pronounced by the press to be "the most effective speaker yet heard on the temperance question," came to Lynchburg.

I quote from the Lynchburg *Advance* some comments upon Mrs. Chapin and her address:

Mrs. Chapin is a South Carolinian by birth, and her southern accent is very pronounced, though pleasant to the hearing. Her voice is sweet and well modulated, and she shows thorough training as a speaker. Her gestures are graceful and well-timed. She is well advanced in years; is a thorough judge of human nature, and her address showed she has had large experience in the world. She is also a close observer, and is devoutly in earnest. Her dress is plain but elegant, and her carriage is graceful and stately. She is a typical southern woman in every respect.

The speakers' tribute to the valor and bravery of the southern soldier, and the devotion and heroism of the southern women, awoke a responsive chord in the breasts of her audience, and caused rousing applause.

In relating some of her experiences in her travels, the speaker said she never made social visits, but had dedicated her life to the work of temperance, and would continue to do so to the end.

One of the features of the meeting was a solo sung by Rev. Mr. Coulbourne, of the Methodist Protestant Church.

The introduction of Mrs. Chapin by Rev. Mr. Hannon, was chaste and eloquent, and worthy of this most gifted divine.

The crowd in attendance was immense, estimated all the way from fifteen hundred to two thousand, and was composed of many prominent ladies and gentlemen of our city, and many visitors from abroad.

There was also a large crowd of colored people in attendance, and they seemed to enjoy the meeting very much."

The scene at the rink was a striking one. The large building was densely crowded, the number of white and colored hearers being about equal. White and colored ushers wearing blue badges met all who entered, and conducted the audience to their seats. Perfect order prevailed. The singing was very sweet indeed, and the hymn, "Only an armor bearer," particularly impressive, the great congregation joining in the chorus:

"Surely the Captain may depend on me,
Though but an armor bearer I may be."

The colored people present were highly respectable looking, and of every grade, from the well-to-do and stylishly dressed merchant's or farmer's family, to the good old "aunty" in a calico sunbonnet, and venerable "uncle" in homespun. Close by me sat Mr. and Mrs. Claiborne Pride, Mrs. Pride being well known at Hampton, where as Miss Amelia Perry, a resident graduate, she was among the teachers of the Indian department. She is one of the public school teachers of Lynchburg, and is pronounced by the superintendent "to be the best teacher in the city." She and her husband, a handsome and well-matched couple, are among the thrifty and prosperous colored people of the place. They have recently moved into a house of their own, where it is to be hoped they will long live and flourish.

Time would fail me to give even an outline of Mrs Chapin's admirable address, which was listened to with unflagging interest. I have only space to repeat one incident. The speaker gave a striking account of a visit she had made with other ladies to the convict camps of the South, where the wretched prisoners are made to labor on public works, and often most cruelly treated. At one of these camps where over three hundred prisoners, white and black, male and female, were in the pens, at the time of Mrs. Chapin's visit, the ladies were permitted to see and talk with the convicts. Among the stolid and sometimes almost brutal looking prisoners, Mrs. Chapin said she was grieved to observe a fine-looking old colored man, whose appearance at once told him to belong to a very different class from most of his companions in misery. His intelligent face and dignified manners proved him to be one of the old house-servants of the south. "Why, uncle," said one of the ladies, in tones of distress, "this is no place for you; what can you be doing here?" "Mistus," was the sorrowful answer, "whiskey has been my ruin; in old times I was my master's dining-room servant, and kept the key of his wine cellar. I got to be too fond of drink. Two years ago, when I was too drunk to know what I was doing, I killed my own cousin, and now I am sent to this place of torment for life." The ladies spoke to the wretched old man in terms of sympathy, and urged him to look upward from this scene of punishment to the rest beyond the grave, where sins are forgiven, and peace forever remains. They turned sadly away to talk to other prisoners, and as they were about to leave the woful place, the old butler begged for one word more. He approached the edge of the enclosure, and with the bearing of a courtier presented a barrel stave, on which he had placed three tincups of water. "Ladies," he said, in tones which went to the hearts of his hearers, "This is all a poor convict can offer you. It is all I have. Let me thank you for the only kind words that have been spoken to me since I came to this dreadful place, and implore you to pray for me that my time may be short."

How many blighted lives tell the dismal story, "Whiskey has been my ruin."

My Childhood and Womanhood.

SALUTATORY BY SUSAN LA FLESCHE, OF THE GRADUATING CLASS.

Our Friends:—We welcome you to-day to our anniversary exercises, and we hope that you will enjoy them as much as we enjoy seeing you here.

Our honored Trustees: As with glad and grateful hearts we look into your faces, we remember the noble work which you have done for us, we remember the help which you have given to our races through us, and our hearts are strengthened anew in our resolve to do our best in working for our people. We cannot express our gratitude to you in words, but we trust that our *future actions* may tell it for us.

Dear friends, your kindly interest in the welfare and progress of two races which are here represented, has brought you from your distant homes, and we thank you for your interest and for the pleasure of your company. Your presence in this house has always meant a great deal to us, but it means more to us to-day than ever before; for in Congress a short time ago the question was agitated whether the Indian is worth civilizing, whether the work that Hampton and Carlisle are doing for us is worth carrying on? You have given your valuable testimony to-day, and we appreciate and thank you for it. It is to the American people that we look for help, and your faith in our civilization, which you show us to-day, gives us greater encouragement to go forward. Again we welcome you.

MY CHILDHOOD AND WOMANHOOD.

Imagine if you can, out in the wilds of Nebraska, in the year of 1866, a solitary farm-house standing on the banks of a large creek. On the opposite side of the creek, a white tent among the green trees where a party of Omaha Indians had camped. A white man by the name of John Oakes, with his wife, occupied the farm-house, and where was then only that single house, there is now a large town called Oakland, named probably after the old farmer. The old couple must have been very lonely, for they seem to have welcomed even Indians for their neighbors. An Indian man sat behind the tent making little bows and arrows, while four or five children were gathered around him absorbed in watching him as he rapidly completed his work. This was the place where my childhood began, but after a while we went back to our old home on the Reserve.

The Omabas lived in villages then, and were not scattered over their farms as they are now. They did not live in tents, but built themselves little houses, evidences of their beginning struggles for civilization. But in the summer time some lived in their tents. One of the first distinct remembrances I have of my childhood is, when I was first sent to the mission school. The mission was built of white stone, and stood among the high bluffs overlooking the Missouri. It is one of the most picturesque places I have ever seen, and the mission has done a grand work for Indians. I was so small when I first went to school, that when I went to sleep the big boys used to put me inside the high old-fashioned desks they used in those days. I can't say as I learned very much, for sometimes the teacher used to put a newspaper over his head, calmly lean back in his seat and repose in placid slumber, while one of the little heathens took up the book and tried to "teach the young idea to shoot." Some heathen try to live up to their light. In the long summer evenings we would watch the young men at their different games. Quoits especially was quite a pretty game, as it showed off the well-proportioned forms of the young men, and the handsome, stalwart young braves looked very fine and picturesque as holding their blankets gracefully in one hand, and playing with their right, they vied with each other, encouraged no doubt by the presence of the young maidens. Then as the sun went down behind the hills leaving purple shadows, calls to the evening meal came from every house, and we reluctantly wended our way homeward, still glad to go to supper. Then peace and quiet descended on the village, only now and then the bark of a dog (that indispensable article of an Indian village) revealing the fact that some young brave must be lurking around the resting place of the maiden of his choice.

After a while the Indian village broke up, as the dawn of civilization crept nearer and nearer; and the Indians scattered over their farms on the Reservation, and began to cultivate the soil. My father secured a farm of 160 acres, and built a house. Although we were rather young, still father taught us to work. We planted corn, hoed potatoes, and planted and weeded vegetables. When harvest time comes the Indian men help each other, while the women cook for the harvesters. Sometimes some of the men used to laugh at the five young girls who were so glad and eager to help their father and learn all they could from him. I am sure we were glad to work with them, because they were so kind to us. Oh! for the delight of those days, as the reaper cut down the golden grain and we went eagerly forward striving to see who could keep nearest the machine. The harvest field held a fascination for us partly, I suppose, because we believed we were helping; but that fascination did not extend as far as carrying *water*, for it was a weary, toilsome walk, clear down to the spring and back again under the hot sun, through the stubble, barefooted, and we were happy little mortals when our dreaded work was finished. One of my sisters cut 30 acres of wheat once, and another one could keep up in binding almost as well as any man. Glad we were when the signal to stop was given, and gathering the water pails we all went home to supper. After the horses were staked out on the hills, the groups of tired men gathered around the camp-fire to talk of coming crops while the women were interested in their children, and paused only now and then to listen to the talk of the men. I have rarely ever seen such a beautiful sight, as when standing on the top of a high hill, looking down on a field of harvested wheat, we watched the moon rise, flooding the valley with silvery light and casting deep shadows around the trees. When November came we husked the almost endless rows of golden corn, and when the cold nipped our fingers we were glad to get back to the warm fire.

But all this time our school education was not neglected. My father and mother are not educated. They cannot speak English, but they felt the need of education, and did not want us to go through what they had experienced, so father sent us to the Agency school, three miles away. The neighbor's children used to wait for us, so 15 or 20 of us, with our bright tin pails, trooped off, arriving in time for school at 9 o'clock. I think we were conscientious children, for there were temptations enough to stop and pick flowers, chase butterflies, and run away if we chose, but we rarely ever stopped. When school was out at 4 o'clock we had a gay time rushing home over the prairies, feeling free to loiter, and sometimes reaching home at sunset. We had no play-things such as white children have, but nature provided us bountifully with more things, which we could amuse ourselves with, than the skill of man could provide. Sometimes early in the morning we used to go off and play camp-life, the little girls playing to perfection the part of the mothers, while the boys, on imaginary horses, shot imaginary buffaloes with their bows and arrows. We used to make dishes out of clay and mud, and of as nice and pretty shapes as you would care

(Continued on page 83.)

SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October.

Printed on the Normal School Steam Press by Negro and Indian students trained in the office.

S. C. ARMSTRONG, H. W. LUDLOW, M. F. ARMSTRONG, } *Editors.*

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The Southern Press. Both Sides.

During the past six months the Southern papers have contributed their share towards the discussion of the labor question and the difference of their point of view from that of the Northern journals makes their suggestion and criticism particularly interesting.

The *Industrial South*, gives us, in a late number, two editorials which are, as is usual with this journal, thoughtful and strong.

CONSERVATISM IN THE SOUTH.

In view of the recent socialistic troubles in the Northwest and of ominous signs of similar agencies of disturbances in other quarters of the northern skies, the serene aspect of the southern States, all along their line, must present itself impressively to the mind of every reflecting man in both sections of the Union. The contrast is striking, and it cannot fail to be observed. What is the reason for this difference in social healthfulness between the northern States and the southern States? What is the cause of this demarkation of two great sections of a common country by a line of limitation to tranquility and repose and security on the one side which is the line of limitation to disquietude and apprehension and insecurity on the other side? The answer is easy: the North has huge cities, and the South has not; North is filled in, though not yet filled up, with large towns and contiguous villages, in some of the States almost the compacting population as it is so dangerously compacted in other lands where revolution has long been shown to be the natural resultant of the volcanic elements of human passions heated into explosion under the influences of a crowded Community, and in the South it is not so; the North has its engorgements of gold in the hands of individuals, while in the South there are no such colossal fortunes, no moguls, no nabobs, but a people moving along together upon a financial plane with fewer and lesser inegualities, perhaps, than can be found in a similar extent of territory elsewhere in the civilized world. Such are the reasons why the southern States are just now differing so widely from the northern States in social conditions. And each of these reasons is a generic reason with many special reasons involved in it. The South is agricultural, and therein is her conservatism. Her great fields, her vast forests, her freedom from such big cities as New York and Chicago as the nests and nurseries of socialistic venom, her rural pursuits and population, the teachings and preachings of her leading men from the earliest history of the country, are all combined to make her people the most law-abiding, the most liberty loving, the most conservative of any free people in the world. Besides, in the North money makes classifications among men in social life. In the South a poor man may be more than the peer of his rich neighbor if he is superior to him in virtues.

LOW PRICES AND MODERATE PROFITS.

The war produced a high and feverish excitement in all departments of business especially in the North, and afforded opportunities for inordinate gains and the rapid accumulation of fortunes. Men became accustomed to large profits and learned to despise the slow and moderate increase of substance that normal and wholesome trade may be expected to yield. The frenzied excitements of the war period were followed by convulsive fluctuations till the long collapse came from which the country has not yet fully emerged.

Natural incidents of this condition are low prices, dull times and narrow margin of profits. Trade under such circumstances has slight attractions for those who have tasted the intoxicating delights of succesful speculation and suddenly acquired wealth. The gamester accustomed to high stakes finds no pleasure in play when the wager is low and the chance of large winnings impossible. But even this disposition will reason itself, and the natural craving for action will bring the holders of idle capital into the field again. It is against the nature o' money to lie still. Its quality as currency forbids it. It must circulate. The present stagnation will therefore cease, is ceasing visibly, though the movement is slow.

But the period of low prices and moderate gains is by no means one of unrelieved evil. On the contrary it is not certain but that the great bulk of mankind are able to live most comfortably when prices are low, and it is true that it is at such periods that enterprises based upon solid foundations, and built to endure, are most apt to have their origin. The more the element of risk and the gambling spirit are eliminated from business the more sound are the operations of trade, and the more pervasive the benefits that accrue. We may then take comfort from the assurance that low prices and moderate profits are not incompatible with the well-being and improvement of the people, while the discipline they exert in enforcing economy, prudence and painstaking has a wholesome effect in moulding the best type of business men.

That the immunity from serious trouble among its laborers, which the South now enjoys can only be permanent as the conditions which produce it shall be made to keep pace with development on all other sides is shown by such items as the following from the *Lynchburg Laborer*.

We learn the several lodges of Knights of Labor are upon the eve of organizing a district assembly. We are indeed glad to hear of it: first, because there are seven male assemblies, and two female, out of which a district assembly may be organized; we think that we ought to at once organize; second, that it will further the interest of labor; third; that it will bring the several lodges into a closer relation, thereby making them work in unison. We must not waste any time in talking, but let every Knight favor a district assembly and organize one.

It is rather curious to notice how unfailingly, in the South as well as the North, we all talk of "American institutions" as possessing an abstract power to protect us against social disorganization. The *Vicksburg Weekly Herald* says:

The socialists—a strange name for bomb throwers—are an organization, the fundamental principle of which is, that all property ought to be held in common. They claim that no man, or set of men, have an inalienable right to land, which belongs only to God. They therhfore believe in upsetting all property, dividing it out and starting anew.

As Mayor Harrison said, the bloody occurrence in Chicago, the deed of the socialists, was something unprecedented in the United States. And we may add to what the Mayor of Chicago said, there is no shadow of an excuse for such an organization in this country. This is a free country, and wages are higher, compared to the prices of the necessaries of life, than they ever were before. The socialist can never be tolerated in any State of the United States, for their principles oopose the very essence of American republicanism that government must be carried on by the people, for the protection of their lives and property.

It is encouraging to see that the legal authorities of Chicago have taken hold of the dangerous organization with great promptitude and determination. Men, who hold to such revolutionary opinions, express them and attempt to enforce them, should be punished to the fullest extent of the law.

The *Richmond Whig* also trusts to the "atmosphere" of a free country.

The objects of the Knights of Labor as expounded by Mr. POWDERLY are such as commend themselves to the approbation of every one having at heart the best interests of the working classes, but there is no doubt, as he admits, that the abuses which have crept into the order have prejudiced the minds of many people against it. The boycott, for instance, is something so foreign to the genius of our institutions and so repugnant to the American idea of personal liberty, that it can never find favor among our people. It may be tolerated in some extreme cases but that is all. Mr. POWDERLY voices the almost universal sentiment of American freemen when he says, "I hate the word boycott." No order which relies upon any such means for enforcing its rules, regulations, or decrees, can long prosper in this free country. The dread of its application may spread terror for awhile, and thus make it temporarily effective, but the liberty-loving instincts of free American citizens will finally assert themselves, and the boycott will be consigned to the execration which it deserves. We thank Mr. POWDERLY for the brave words, "I hate the word boycott."

The *New York Freeman*, however, believes that laborers everywhere, whether black or white, should make common cause, espousing each other's wrongs, and so far as possible uniting for the same end, without regard to the inequality of pressure upon the two races.

We have taken the position that the colored laborers of the United States cannot afford to antagonize white laborers when the latter are on a strike for whatever cause. We regret to see so good a man as Mr. T. McCants Stewart go wrong on this question, as he does in a recent issue of a local contemporary, basing his article on the views advanced by us in our issue of May 1. Of course Mr. Stewart has an American citizen's right to go wrong on any question it pleases him to. But despite Mr. Stewart's endorsement of the proposition advanced by the *Enterprise*, that colored men should make themselves officious in taking the places of white strikers, we still pronounce the doctrine pernicious, the practice of which would intensify the antagonism between white and colored labor, so long a bone of contention, but which happily is fast giving way to a more just and reasonable state of things all over the country.

The best and most forcible endorsement of the position here taken is furnished by the action of the white workmen of Baltimore, as reported in the Baltimore *Daily American*, to which Mr. Isaac Myers, of that city, was so kind as to call our attention. We advise Mr. Stewart and the editor of the *Enterprise* to read the following item from the *American:*

"The workmen gave a practical illustration of a boycott at the picnic on Monday afternoon. Soon after the procession broke up in Schuetzen Park a number of the colored men taking part in the festivities went into the Mansion House to get some refreshments. This portion of the building property on the ground is never included in the privileges, and when the thirsty workmen asked for drinks, the man in charge turned them down. Thereupon the colored men went out and made complaint of the treatment they had received. The committee in charge, without delay, placed a subcommittee at the door, and would not permit any one to patronize that bar or eating saloon. The means they took were effectual. Business at this end was literally cut off. The rest of the concerns gained by the operation, as their well-filled tills showed when the festival ended."

It must be borne in mind, to properly appreciate this manly action of the white workmen of Baltimore, that color prejudice is nowhere in the Union more firmly entrenched and rampant than in Baltimore.

We agree with Mr. Stewart, that labor organizations are not to be sustained in the more odious exactions they make upon employers in conducting their private concerns. But this has nothing whatever to do with the question here combatted, as it affects the relations of white and colored laborers, whose interests are mutual and identical from every point of view. The proper course for us to pursue is, not to further antagonize but to do all we can to harmonize these interests; and any advice calculated to produce a contrary result, whether given by Lawyer Stewart or the editor of our contemporary, is pernicious to the very last extreme, and is to be discountenanced by all thoughtful persons.

The Norfolk *Virginian* believes in that universal panacea for political evils, the ballot, though its suggestions as to the application of it to the present difficulty are too vague to be of any practical value.

President Cleveland, in his message to Congress upon the subject of harmonizing capital and labor, made a sensible suggestion when he declared that one of the most efficient agencies in such a work would be found in the positive representation of labor in government. The Philadelphia *Record* voices our own sentiments when it says that if the labor agitations do not bear any fruit in the election of representatives to Congress and to the State Legislatures in November, they may be set down as practically fruitless. There is no legitimate method of remedying public grievances in this country, except by action at the ballot-box. The ballot is to other means of effective agitation what the Gatling gun is to single-shooting weapons, and the laborers are to other voters what the Gatling is to single-shooters. They have everything in their own hands, without the trouble of agitating or binding themselves together in oath bound leagues.

The Richmond *Planet* speaks a word for colored labor as contrasted with white, and draws certain comparisons which are not without meaning.

The action of the Anarchists in Chicago will be condemned by every right-thinking person. These foreign fanatics are opposed to any government at all believing that each man should be allowed to do as he pleases. Their using of dynamite and deadly weapons should show the country at once the dangerous elements we have in our midst. While sympathizing with Ireland we oppose the use of dynamite in advancing their cause. We feel that the authorities cannot be too severe on such scoundrels that would descend to such methods. We believe that a sufficient quantity of hemp would be thoroughly just to mete out to these demons. Yet this is the element with which some of our hot-headed "bloods" talk about supplanting colored men.

What think the South of them now? The black man has endured all privations and abuse, worked faithfully for his oppressor, and to-day stands forth as one of the most remarkable examples of fidelity and Christian forbearance known to modern times. Instead of butchering, he allows himself to be butchered; instead of hating, he allows himself to be hated; instead of cursing, he allows himself to be cursed. Bloody Carollton, where nearly twenty of our brethren were butchered, remains fresh in the minds of the people, and yet if we protest, or speak bitterly of these outrages, we are said to be arousing race prejudice, and are told to desist. What are these white murderers arousing? White men, imagine your lives in our places. What would you do under like circumstances? Here are your foreign paupers, there your Negroes. Which will you choose? We hope to see the liberal minded people of this country awaken. We have been grossly treated and most outrageously wronged. Had a colored man thrown that dynamite bombshell, the black people of Chicago would have paid for the act with their lives. Will any liberal minded man deny it. We condemn the outrage, but in God's name give us justice; accord us fair-play.

Class Ode.

BY H. H. HARRIS.

Member of the Graduating Class.

Here as the evening shadow falls,
The sun's last rays decline,
We meet beneath these sacred walls,
To plant our Ivy Vine.

Now fade our school days into night,
Now breaks our happy band,
Now the command—go carry light
Where darkness veils the land.

Dear Alma Mater, though from thee
To distant lands we go;
Our Motto—Truth and Right shall be,
For thou hast taught us so.

Deep sink thy precepts in our heart;
Thy hand shall point the way;
The lesson that thou didst impart
Shall be our staff and stay.

Then hie we to our battle field,
God's hand our loins shall gird;
He makes us strong and gives fresh zeal,
By His incarnate word.

I hear the thrilling accents call
From Midian's burning tree—
Go forth and break the bondman's thrall,
Go set the captive free.

Dear Class, we drop a parting tear,
Perhaps no more to meet,
Till in a blest eternity
Our Savior's face we greet.

Then to the harvest let us go
And reap the golden grain;
And when our mission ends below
We'll join the heavenly train.

Letters from Hampton Graduates.

A GLIMPSE AT WINONA. FROM THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI. HELPING HANDS. A BUSY MINISTER. MINISTERS' WIVES.

A GLIMPSE AT WINONA.

Most of us can find work to do at our own doors, if we look for it, and the writer of this letter has certainly been able to keep her hands full to overflowing without going beyond the gates of Hampton.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE, *Feb.* 1866.

Dear Miss C.:

I have just laid down the *Workman* for the month, and picked up pen and paper to have a little talk with you, if I can find anything to interest you in my work.

Had the four years since my graduation been spent in some country school-house, where there were no blackboards or warm fire to find comfort in, I would have plenty to talk about. However, as you have never spent a day in the Indian girls' Laundry in Winona, I'll just let you peep in Monday morning at seven-thirty. Eight small girls enter with soiled clothes, which they are handling like women; at nine-thirty these girls are through, and a second squad report and finish by twelve; after dinner a third squad reports. Tuesday is both washing and ironing day, but more ironing; they do both very well indeed, if I do say it myself.

Most of my time is spent in the Laundry during the day. My evenings are spent putting them to bed, that is, looking after their getting properly undressed, and sleeping between sheets instead of blankets, as they find the latter very comfortable and homelike cold nights.

The first set of Indian girls that are members of Indian classes report to bed at half after eight; the second set, who report at half after nine, are members of the colored classes. At ten o'clock all is quiet, and the workers have time to draw a long breath.

Saturday would be a holiday but for bathing and cleaning up for Sunday. The Indian girls go just half of the day to school, so the morning school girls bathe in the afternoon, and the afternoon girls bathe in the morning; the Normal, or girls in the colored classes, bathe at four o'clock. This ends up Saturday.

Then comes the rest day, so-called, and I am often reminded of the words of our Master, which reads, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." We have an application of this saying here.

The first thing after breakfast is the prayer meeting; this seems to be the groundwork of the day. The next thing for me and a number of others is the Sabbath school in the town of Hampton. I have a small class of colored girls at the Methodist Church, which I enjoy teaching very much. At eleven o'clock we have a Sunday school at Winona, where I have a class of young men, Indians; these boys are learning to recite the Psalms by heart, and as they can all read, are doing very well indeed. We have just finished the 103d Psalm, so tomorrow will have a review. The girls and boys are required, during the week, to get three verses of whatever is selected by our principal, and recite to different teachers; after recitation we talk about the next lesson. As my class is made up of grown boys, we have been talking together about Moses, in whom they seem very much interested.

This work of reciting goes on until half after eleven or twenty minutes of twelve, then classes are dismissed and the boys stay and sing till dinner.

After dinner, at two o'clock, the bell rings, and the students, Indians, are assembled again for our regular Sabbath school, conducted by Mr. Gravatt, of Hampton. We have been studying the life of Christ, as it is told by Matthew. Here my class changes; instead of grown men I have grown women that can talk scarcely any English, nor understand, either; so this is my hardest class for the day, none the less interesting to me, for I have two married women in it.

These exercises last till half past three; twenty minutes of four the bell rings for service at Bethesda Chapel, and thus ends the Sabbath day at Hampton.

I have tried to give the day as it is passed at Winona; you understand how it is spent in Va. Hall among the colored students.

The Sabbath has always been a busy day at Hampton, and I like the idea very much of making it a day of service for the Master. I feel that I have learned a great deal since I left school and took up my work with these people that I did not know anything about, and had to learn much about.

Very sincerely yours,

W.

FROM THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

One of the older graduates of the school writes cheerfully of her work as a minister's wife, and far removed as she is from the associations of her school life, still acknowledges their power.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, *March* 2d, 1886.

Miss A. E. C., my dear friend:

Your very kind and much welcomed letter came to me in due time, and found me glad to hear from you, and pleased with the deep interest you take in me. May you never have cause to regret it. I am indeed a long way off from my dear friends in the East. I like Missouri tolerably well. We have a church with a membership of about one hundred. There are four hundred colored people here. They have not been blessed as our people in the East with good schools and teachers. Our Sunday school is in need of a good library, which I hope to be able to solicit some means soon to help get one. Since we have been here, the Sunday school has raised $26 for their organ. It does my heart good to see how the little children enjoy the music. From my window I can look over the placid waters of the great Mississippi into the State of Illinois. I am in the south-eastern part of this State. I would like very much to have been in Poughkeepsie when Gen'l Armstrong and his singers got there. I know every thing will be made pleasant for them; for I shall never forget the good time I had there, and how we (the Hampton singers) were drawn across the Hudson river in sleighs, from some town near your home. We had a grand time Christmas. Our tree was heavily loaded with good and pretty things for everybody. The white people are mostly Dutch. This is a democratical country, and they are as kind as could be expected.

What a lovely gift that church will be to Hampton. Oh! how I wish some good person would help us here.

I received some papers from Hampton to-day, through Miss ——, and among them two journals of the Musical Record. My husband joins with me in love to you.

I am yours respectfully,

M. L.

HELPING HANDS.

The need of helpful association among the colored people is constantly felt by those who work among them, and for some years now, it has been attempted to give our students, during their school life, some sort of rudimentary training in the best ways of working for other people. The organization of societies, their management, the wise direction of individual endeavor, in short both the principle and the practice of charity are made part of the school system, and we already begin to see the results.

Feb. 15, 1886.

Dear Miss C.:

Thinking it might interest you to hear how I am getting on with my work, I drop you these few lines. Now, as at the end of the school year, we have an examination, and I am glad to say that my school stood well. Four of my scholars made 100 per cent. My sabbath school is getting on nicely. One of the great blessings to this community was and is that sewing society that you helped me so much in. We have been able to give more than a dozen real needy families aid; at present my Sunday school numbers about 75 scholars, and in my own, in day school, I have 46; in my whole school there are 175; so you see I have my hands full. This has been a very hard winter, and I think there has been considerable suffering. The white people have organized helping societies to aid the poor whites. There are no such among the colored people, though I have tried to drive home the idea of helping each other. If I am here another year, I hope to be able to form societies for this purpose. I have helped many by the aid of some kind friends in N. Y. I thank you for sending my name to a kind friend in Worcester. She has sent me a large number of books, which are very useful in my day and Sunday school. My great desire is to raise my people higher. No more.

I am yours gratefully,

J. H. Q.

A BUSY MINISTER.

How directly an educated ministry would tell upon the colored people, is proven by such evidence as this:

—— Pa., *May* 7th, 1886.

Miss A. E. C.:

I begin this epistle with the hope that you will excuse and pardon me for not writing to you sooner. Hoping this may find grace in your sight, I will proceed:

I graduated at Hampton in 1876. I then went to the Wayland Theological Seminary, Washington, D. C., from which I graduated in 1879. I then entered the college department of the Howard University, Washington, D. C., and graduated in 1883, May 31st. In October of the same year I entered upon my present field of labor as a minister of the Gospel, and a teacher in the public school. My school is in the vicinity of my church, (and I live near the same,) and is the largest school in the county, even larger than those which have two teachers. I have just closed for the present term, with an enrollment of 107. Average daily attendance during last winter was from 75 to 88. Teaching this host of children during the week, Sabbath school on Sunday morning, preaching at 11 o'clock and at 7½ o'clock, is nearly as much as one man can do. But I have done it three winters, without a day's failure.

The people generally, both white and colored, in this part of the county, are poor and unlearned. I preach to both, visit both when they are sick, and inter the remains of both when they die. It is a very peaceable community; not much drunkenness, very little fighting or riots, no great amount of stealing, and no disturbances between the whites and blacks. On the whole, I can say with safety, that the people are *toning up*; I can see the good results of the church's and school's work. The young people are going forth from the schools yearly, and taking the places of the old, and filling said places much better than they were filled by their predecessors. When I came here, the people, as a mass, were opposed to an educated ministry; now they say "give us an educated minister, who knows and understands what he is talking about when he is in the pulpit before us.

Being encouraged by the results of my own imperfect work, I close.

Yours most sincerely.

D. C. D.

MINISTER'S WIVES.

If the ministers find plenty to do, what shall be said of their wives, who have so often to be their husbands' "only assistant" in school and out?

—— *Feb.* 18, 1886.

My dear Miss C.:

Your letter has been received. I knew the hand-writing the moment I saw it, and oh, how very mean and ashamed I felt, to think that I should neglect you so long, and even through all of my negligence, you wrote to me. I did intend to write and let you know that I was about to change my name, but pressure of business caused it to escape my memory until it was too late. Yes, my dear Miss C., I am married, and to a minister, a graduate of Claflin University, Orangeburg, S. C., and of the Theological Department of Howard University, Washington, D. C. He is a member of the Washington Conference, and was sent to this charge last year. He is also Principal of the public school in this town. I am the only assistant. The school is quite a large one, and is getting on nicely. We are now preparing to have a grand celebration at its close, which will be the last of March.

This town is situated in a mountainous region. The scenery is grand. I never was close to one before coming here I will assure you it delights me to look at these mountains.

I have visited M. P.'s school, which is in this county, twice. She is quite a successful teacher. She manages her school-room, and seems perfectly at home in her school-room.

I am very truly yours,

H.

[EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE CONCLUDED.]

said of Staunton is generally true, and that the system counts for much on the side of conduct and character. The police officers of Petersburg, Richmond, and other places, gave similar testimony to Rev. Mr. Frissell, chaplain of the Hampton school, on a recent tour in this State. When we were once discussing the matter of dropping from the school about 25 day pupils from the town of Hampton, because they received only book education, while our 450 boarders from abroad were getting a drill upon the whole of life, I was told by Dr. Boutelle, who had practised eight years in our viciniy, that he could tell, when he entered a Negro cabin, whether a pupil went from it to the Normal School, because of the tidiness and evident attempt at improvement, which spoke plainly of the school's influence.

The Negro type of this region is a good one. The white population is of Scotch-Irish descent, with an occional cross of Dutch or Quaker blood. Slavery was of a milder type than in the lowlands, and through its family character brought the race together, giving the Negro, to a limited extent, the best sort of education, that of contact and association.

The skill, which is the result of this, makes their services valuable in the North, whither many go for better wages; while the great demand for house and laundry work in the five female seminaries in Staunton, with nearly 800 pupils, attracts some from the East. The farm hands from the East are also in demand here, and get better wages. The blacks make much and spend much here, but a good deal is saved, and there are many good homes to show to their credit. The women make the most money, owing to the special demand for their work. The men have monopolized the local express business, with their light wagons, and have, in a few cases, established themselves successfully. A good deal of real estate is owned by them, Mr. Frank Ware probably leading in this respect, with his furniture and auction rooms, worth $18,000. Many of the young men get summer work in the hotels, etc., at the Springs.

The Negro quarters in Staunton, for here as elsewhere they live mainly by themselves, are Gallowstown, named from having been the scene of an execution, and Newtown. Many, however, including the Hamptonians, are scattered about the town in better chosen places.

Staunton is beautifully situated among hills and valleys, is full of tasteful homes, noble trees, and pretty shrubbery. At this season it is embowered in foliage, and the view of it from the city reservoir is lovely; one is not surprised that it is a centre for schools, especially for girls. Each leading denomination has its "Young Ladies' Seminary," and they have every appearance of efficiency and excellence.

The Asylum for the Insane is a large building, in spacious well-kept grounds. That for the Blind and Deaf Mutes crowns a hill top, has delightful grounds, a noble view, and large capacity. I had not time to inspect its workshops, but through the windows saw blind boy at a piano, and signs of busy workers fitting themselves to make a living in spite of their infirmities. S. C. A.

Southern Workman.

Indian Department.

ELAINE GOODALE, *In Charge.*

Regular Contributors:

HERBERT WELSH, *Cor. Sec'y Indian Rights Association.*

ALICE C. FLETCHER.

REV JOHN J. GRAVATT.

MRS. A. S. QUINTON, *Gen'l Sec'y of the Wo mans' National Indian Ass'n.*

AGENT MCGILLYCUDDY, of Pine Ridge, Dakota, has been suspended, and Maj. James Bell, of the 7th Cavalry, placed in temporary charge of this Agency.

FIVE HUNDRED of the Rosebud Sioux want to visit and trade ponies with the Crows. Agent Wright has refused his permission, and as they declare their intention of proceeding without it, some trouble is apprehended.

EXAGGERATED REPORTS of Indian outbreaks in the Southwest continue to reach us. Gen. Miles is still pursuing the small band of hostiles into the mountains. It is said that a reward of $150 has been offered for the heads of hostile Apaches. We hear that Robert McIntosh, a returned Hampton student, is interpreter for Gen. Miles.

THE 27TH AND 29TH OF MAY were days assigned for the consideration of Indian legislation in Congress. The committee had agreed to take up in the order named, Senator Dawes' land in severalty bill, Senator Dawes' Sioux bill, and the bill for the relief of the Mission Indians of California. These important measures have been most unfairly crowded out by the oleomargarine discussion, and unless the friends of the Indian are more than commonly active, the session will close without their having received any consideration. The first two bills especially have been fully discussed in the newspapers and by the Senate. They have more than once passed the Upper House, and their flagrant neglect by the present House of Representatives is a great wrong to the Indian.

The "Confidential" Clerk.

Dr. McGillycuddy dies a political martyr to his convictions, having refused to submit to the action of the Department in the appointment of Agents' clerks. He practically sent in his resignation when he declined to accept the new clerk appointed for him. "Justice to my bondsmen and myself," he wrote, "will prevent my placing the gentleman on duty." Was this step justifiable or not? Let us look into the present policy of the administration in the matter of Agents' clerks.

It has been said that an Indian Agent has greater opportunities for peculation than any other official in the Government service. It is for the ostensible purpose of lessening these opportunities that the Department takes upon itself the appointment and dismissal of the head clerk, making frequent changes, and transferring clerks from one Indian agency to another, in order to prevent collusion, make the clerk independent of his chief for his position, and place him, as it were, as a spy upon the other's actions. This looks feasible on the face of it, but it does not seem to work well in practice. Supposing that the Agent and the new clerk were both rogues, there is nothing to hinder their collusion for dishonest purposes. Where their interests may so easily become identical, it would hardly answer to set a thief to watch a thief. But it is upon the honest and able Indian Agent that this new system bears with almost intolerable weight. He is under heavy bonds for the right discharge of his trust. His accounts are complicated. When he has a clerk on whose experience and integrity he has learned to rely, it is a humiliating, inconvenient, and almost unendurable thing to have him suddenly removed without cause and a new man put in his place. Few business men would submit to having their confidential clerks arbitrarily dismissed in this way. This is the position in which Dr. McGillycuddy found himself, and he refused to accept it. Other men have grumbled and submitted. Dr. McGillycuddy's course was characteristic. It is needless to say that it was not conciliatory, but we incline to think that it was wise. He has entered the only effective protest against a policy which most friends of the Indian consider ill-judged. We regret the step, not so much for his own sake,—for he is an able enough man never to be at a loss, as for the sake of Pine Ridge Agency. It may be difficult to find another man in civil life who will control successfully the uneasy "Red Cloud faction." The Indian service has lost one of its strongest, if not its strongest, Agent.

Friends of the Indian at Washington.

A meeting addressed by ex-Gov. Long, Senator Dawes, Mr. Herbert Welsh, and three Indians from Hampton.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *May 1st, 1886.*

The public meeting in behalf of Indian civilization is among the signs of the times. It has become an institution. A number of interested, or willing-to-be-interested, people get together from time to time, usually in a church—no matter of what denomination—and listen to addresses by as many gentlemen prominent in the Indian work as can be induced or compelled to ascend the platform. These meetings are usually of a very general character, and may be taken as the cause or effect—or both—of a popular agitation of the Indian question. The views expressed and their reception by the audience mark the growth of public sentiment and public intelligence. I attended last night an "Indian meeting" of this sort here in Washington, held under the auspices of the Women's National Indian Association. A sympathetic audience and plenty of good speakers insured success. After a few prefatory remarks, followed by prayer, Senator Hawley, the chairman, introduced Walter Battice, a Sac-and-Fox from Indian Territory, and a student at Hampton. In a quiet, manly way he spoke of his past—the neglected childhood—the wild life as a cow-boy, and then of his coming East "to see the world," and the influence of his school toward greater earnestness and the wish to elevate his people. His present intention was to go home and teach for a time, and then to return to the East for the "higher education." Battice was followed by ex-Gov. Long, in a cool, clever, easy, pointed address. He was perhaps the most finished speaker of the evening. He said: "These young Indians from Hampton—this young man who has just spoken to you is an object-lesson on the Indian question. In dress, in speech, in intelligence, in a frank, modest, manly bearing, he would compare favorably with one of our own young men. Compare him not with the Indian as he was fifty years ago, but with the Indian's chances ten years ago; not the traditional notion, but the actual fact. The Indian problem is practically solved, although it is not yet definitely *settled.* Our legislature, with the senior Senator from Massachusetts at their head, have largely embodied in law the wise solution. The Indian is no longer to be an outcast, or, worse almost than an outcast, a *ward* of the Government; but a *citizen*, protecting his own rights and equal to his own needs.

I need not remind you that it has been a long and sorry history, servile to him and dishonorable to us. To-day the Indian, proud, reticent, shy—seldom at his best—yet proves himself apt at inanual and intellectual labor. It has been said that the educated Indian does not succeed at home—that he must be employed and "upheld" by the Government. To serve faithfully in Government employ, to carry out Government work, *is* to do well. His carelessness in dress at home may be no more criminal than that of the college student who appears on the old farm in his shirt-sleeves. The Indian is learning to put brains above brute force—to appreciate the value and use of wealth. The selfish greed of some Indians is only a part of civilized human nature. The tribal relation is giving place to individual entity a striking feature of Indian life is the general absence of violence and disorder. What is this but civilization? We have only to go on as we have begun, and we shall soon welcome the Indian among us as a citizen and a brother."

The next speaker was Daniel Fire Cloud, a catechist under Bishop Hare, of Dakota, and a fine type of the native mind as it has been cultivated on the ground by the missionaries. He spoke forcibly and eloquently in his own tongue, and his speech was interpreted by George Bushotter, also a Sioux, and a student at Alexandria Thenlogical Seminary. Fire Cloud asked for more schools and churches, for allotments and titles to their lands, and demonstrated the evil that is done the Indians by the example of unworthy white men on the Reservation. He, with his wife and four boys, are now at Hampton.

Senator Dawes, the father of modern Indian legislation, stated that the inspiration of success was in the work *outside* of Congress. "Ten years ago we appropriated $10,000 for Indian educatinn—this year $1,200,000. Is not this a growth in grace? (Applause.) Twenty-two hundred patents were issued last year to Indians. We are diminishing appropriations for subsistence, and increasing them in the direction of civilization and self support. We appropriate this year $50,000 for "additional farmers" to teach the Indians agriculture. A bill has just passed giving 78 acres for a school farm to the school at Salem, Oregon. Congress can supply the money for these things, but it can't do the work. You can't put the Indian down in the middle of 160 acres of limitless prairie and bid him be a man. Unless private enterprise and devotion will take up the work where we drop it, we might better leave him where he is. Congress will do what it can, *you* must do the rest!"

Mr. Ellis was received with effusion, and spoke at some length in a flowery and discursive style. "I don't agree," he said, "with Gov. Long, that we owe nothing to the Indian except on the ground of our common manhood. By a continent wrested from him by force and fraud, by the sharp edge of the sword turned ever against him, we owe the debt. (Applause.) The Indian can no longer look to the West; he sees there the railroad and the church spire; he is surrounded, caged. His cattle upon a thousand hills are gone. He turns with flashing eye and glowing cheek and burning heart to find himself *dependent*—dependent upon his enemy! He has now to surmount the scalp-lock and the eagle-feather with the crown of American citizenship. We must educate Indian agents. The Aztec king, on the bed of coals where Spanish cruelty had placed him, was told of a heaven, 'Do Spaniards go there?' he asked. 'Then I don't want to go where Spaniards go.' The Indian may well say, as he looks at some of the representatives of this Government in the Indian country, 'Is this civilization? Then I don't want it!' I congratulate you, ladies of America, on your share in this great movement. 'By the hand of a woman has this city been delivered.' The wrongs of a race will have been redressed, a people will have been led up into the light by the strong hand, the gentle hand, the soft hand, the beautiful hand of American woman!"

John Tiaokasin, a full-blood Indian from Dakota, educated at Hampton, delivered with force and spirit an original address. His words were simple and direct. "In the old days the white people did not try to help the Indians; they help themselves and they drive the Indians to the West. I think about those days, and it makes me very sorry. But those old times and old ways are passed away long time, and it grows new as we live now. You have books in your language, and you are studying since you were small boys and girls. Some of you take fourteen or fifteen years to finish your school. We Indians have not so long to get our education; we have only three years. My friends, some people say that the Indians do not want to go to school, but that is not true. The Indians really want to learn your ways." He then mentioned the report of the Holman committee on returned students, and gave a detailed account of the twenty-two boys and girls from Hampton at Standing Rock Agency, only one of whom had "gone back to her old ways again."

Mr. Herbert Welsh, of the Indian Rights Association, is always an effective speaker, from his earnestness and the logic of his facts. "The moment is encouraging," he said, "but it is also extremely critical. According to the statement of the late Commissioner of Indian affairs, Mr. Price, the Indians have increased 11,000 in five years. Unless we do something *at once*, they will be left without a home. We, as a people, and as a people expressing ourselves through Congress, must save them. They have given us every evidence of capacity. The machinery of Congress will not do it all; there must be in this work the principle of self-sacrifice. Do you realize the demand? Does it touch your heart and your life?"

Rev. A. L. Riggs, of Santee, son of the veteran missionary, spoke from the mission standpoint, and Rev. Mr. Gravatt, rector of St. John's Church, Hampton, said, a few earnest words for the returned Hampton students, and stated very strongly that he had brought no children East without the parents' consent. It was a characteristic and interesting "Indian meeting." With such facts as these, so well and widely stated, it ought to be difficult to find a man or woman of average education without an intelligent opinion on the "Indian question."

ELAINE GOODALE.

The writer of the following speech delivered on Commencement Day, and omitted in the June number for want of space, is Fire Cloud, a full-blooded Indian, who four years ago sent his son, a boy of nine, to Hampton. Two years later he sent another boy, and last year came himself, with his wife and two younger children. He had for some time been sexton and lay reader in the Episcopal church, at Crow Creek.

"My People."

My Dear Friends: I am very glad to see you here to-day. I am at school here with my wife and four children, and I want them to learn something.

My friends, you have given us Dakotas, two good things, missionaries and schools. Again I want to ask you for something good. The Dakotas have much land, and we think it right to divide it. And if the land should be sold, we want each man to have some land, and a good title to it. We want the money for the land that is sold, and we want the Great Father to hold it in trust for us, and to take care of it for us and our children. They have already put a railroad through our reservation, and given us 700,000 head of cattle for it. But we didn't know how to take care of them right, so we lost them all. My people there are getting more interested in schools, and in the ways of the white people, and, my friends, we wish you would help us in them more. And, my friends, there are a great many bad people who write to those who don't know all about the Indians, and tell them false things about us. I own that among the Indians there are some bad people, who are always praising themselves, and I don't quite know, but I think it must be the same among you white people. It is with us as it is with you; some are bad and some are good, and we ought to be all treated like human beings.

And if our land should be sold, there are a great many Indians who do not understand the ways of the white people. So if our land is opened to white settlers, we want good settlers. I know the good and the bad live together, but I think it is better for us to live with good Christian people. There are a great many white people who are wise in their head, and see clearly with their eyes, but who are blind in their hearts, and we don't want to live with that kind of people.

One more thing. If you had seen me ten years ago you would have laughed at me, but now I am standing before you like a white man. How did you civilize me? Is it property, or what is it? It is Christ our Savior.

Died at Hampton.

June 21. Elizabeth Kennedy, from Yankton Agency, Dakota, aged 21 years.

June 23. Louisa Banks, from Crow Creek Agency, Dakota, aged 23 years.

June 30th. Virginia Medicine-bull, Sioux Indian, of typhoid-pneumonia. Aged 17 years.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

BORN, April 27th, a daughter, (Isabel Eustis,) to Irish and Stella Leaming.

Was there ever a prettier baby than the one now on exhibition at Winona?

We have the pleasure of chronicling a visit from Miss Folsom, who is as welcome as Spring to the Indian Department.

Mr. Rathbun is training a quartette of Indian male voices to sing in the choir at St. John's Church, Hampton, And yet a recent critic tells us that "the red race is musicless."

Miss Gilman, of Boston, is the prime mover of a fair, whose proceeds are to be devoted to paying the scholarship of Tommy Firecloud aged seven. A box of Indian dolls, paintings, etc., is on its way from Hampton.

A very interesting collection of Indian curios and relics has lately been sent us from Standing Rock. It includes several necklaces of elk's teeth and bones, medicine rattles, the elaborate wig of the only bald Indian on record, and a tomahawk bearing the hieroglyphic story of its former owner's career.

"Talks and Thoughts" is the name of a little sheet written, edited and printed by Hampton Indian students. The June number contains a letter from the Indian graduate who is preparing to study medicine at Dartmouth, the Washington speech of another student, interesting letters from two of the girls, and other characteristic things. The little paper may be obtained for a year by sending twenty-five cents to Walter Battice, Hampton.

The Annual Picnic.

The severest critic of weather could have found nothing to say against the perfect May day which dawned upon our Indian picnic, and the general opinion seemed to be at the close of the afternoon that everything had "passed off" unusually well. The way in which people take their pleasures is said to be a fair test of character and refinement, and we think that the ordinary observer of our boys and girls on a holiday would find his opinion of them considerably raised.

While all, and especially the boys, are pretty free from self-consciousness in their honest efforts to have a "good time," there is a fair amount of tact and thoughtfulness, and fully average dignity displayed on all such occasions. The devotees of croquet, and the base ball crowd, as well as those who strolled by twos and threes in the direction of the pine woods or the shore, seemed to improve every minute for enjoyment, while doing it with perfect decorum.

An abundant treat of strawberries, added to the usual supply of sandwiches, cake and lemonade, made every one happy when the time came for supper, and the boys and girls drew up in line to receive their allotted portions, afterward making up into little groups which scattered themselves picturesquely over the grassy field. The great slow-moving barge, loaded to the water's edge, which conveyed the party to and from their picnic grounds, must not be omitted in an account of the fun.

Our Last Debate.

The last literary meeting of the year adopted as its subject for debate the comparative advantages of Eastern and Western schools for the Indian. There were good points made on both sides. Prof. Painter, who was present, was called upon to decide the question, and with much tact established the union of the two interests, and settled the question in favor of schools both East and West.

Among the further literary exercises of the evening was an original essay read by John Tiaokasin. He said: "Now just think about the early times! The white people they used to be savage, but now you can see them, that they are more civilized than the other people. But before they civilized they have to work hard and study hard; now if we want to be civilized, then we must work hard, as they did. Suppose if you want to cut down a large tree—and we know that it is very hard work to cut down a large tree—now how long you suppose it take you to work and cut down that tree? I think it take you long time, and you have to work hard, but don't give it up! And if you gave it up to cut down that tree, and just take what is fall off from that tree—perhaps some little sticks—but it will not take you long time to use, and you cannot cook many good things to eat, especially at winter time. Suppose if you have a large house at the winter time, and if some people stay with you in your house—now if they want to have light at the night time so if you gave to them your light—and again suppose they want to have warm room, so you gave to them the sticks which you got from that large tree, and you use all up what you have. Now what you think when you use all up what you have? I should think you be sorry, and perhaps you will look back at where the tree is.

Now I think that is just like in this school. Sometimes some of us hurry up to go home. We did not get enough of what we came after. When we go back to our homes, then we don't know what we are going to do. We know that it is very hard to study and work, because we never do those things before, but we know who can help us if we trust him. He is always above us, so if we need help then we must ask him to help us—and that is our Great Father."

A Geography Lesson.

The following compositions on Russia are the result of a week's study and two informal lectures, kindly given to the class by a lady visitor who had travelled much in that country:

The position of Russia is in the eastern part of Europe. Russia is the largest country, and it is larger than all of the other countries taken together. The surface is very low and level; there are very little hills, but not very much. Their lauguage is very different from our language. The Ural Mountains are in the north-eastern part of Russia. The climate is mostly cold—seven months cold—they have a great many forests. They have not any coal except in the central part. Some of the men are very rich, and some of them are very poor. Their governor's name is Czar. The principal occupation is agriculture. The garments that the Czar wears are made with diamonds.

G. E.

Russia is in the eastern part of Europe. It is larger than all the other countries of Europe together. Its surface is very low and level. The climate is very different from our climate; they have their seven long months of winter, and short summers. Their language is very different, too; they have different letters from ours; it is not very funny for them, but it is for us. I suppose our language is funny to them, and the way we make our letters. I think if a Russian would come over to America and go through the streets of our cities they would find it very hard to read our letters and spell the words. The trade with China is carried on by sleighs. The principal cities of Russia are St. Petersburg, and it is the capital; and the other cities are Nivji Novgorod and Moscow. The government of Russia is governed by a Czar, and he can make the laws himself. Their government is very different from ours in America. The principal occupation is farming.

D. C.

* *Their trade* is carried on in a very different way, and they do not have any cars to carry the trade. With the trade of Siberia they go by sledges, with three horses abreast, and they get very nice furs from Siberia, and from China they get tea. Tea is the national drink of the Russians. The cities are St. Petersburg Moscow and Nivji Novgorod. St. Petersburg is the capital of Russia, and it is situated on a marsh or something, but it stands firmly because they have filled up the place.

A. D.

It is a plain in Russia. The people have sleigh-riding all the time, because snow there about seven months of the year. The language is very hard. In that country they trade with the Chinese; they like tea very much. And they send out Russia leather, and they cross the Atlantic Ocean and they find very little coal, and they have nice furs. Citys are St. Petersburg and Moscow, and the government is one man name Czar, and he only can make the laws and he is very powerfull. Russia is the strongest country in the world and the city have domes on the houses and they are very beautiful. And some of the people are very rich and some are very poor. And they have houses for children who have no mother and father and nobody claims them and they send them to that house and great many of them are train to be soldiers.

C. LaF.

The trade in Russia is very great because they have so many rivers and seas so they can trade all over the world. They trade with China and get tea and silks from them and they send out leather and very fine furs from their country. St. Petersburg is a very beautiful city and has a great many large and beautiful buildings. Nivji Novgorod is noted for its great Fairs that they have there every year and Moscow for the people who make pilgrimages to it every year.

M. L.

The Story of Esther.

Written from memory by Cora Rulo.

Ahasuerus, the King of Persia, made a feast for the men, and Queen Vashti made a feast for the women. After seven or eight days after the feast, the king wanted Vashti, the queen, to come out with her crown on her head and take her veil off so the people could see her. She must have been very prettie lady. When she heard that she must come befor the people with her face uncovered, she did not want to, and the king did not like it, and he was angry, and ask the people what he should do with her; and they said she did wrong, and the king ought to get another one; and the king liked this, and he made a decree, and send all over the provinces, and send his servents to get all the nice young ladys that which ever king Ahasuerus like might be queen instead of Vashti. Now they brought all the young ladys, and there was a Jewess name Esther, who was brought up by her uncel as his own child. Her uncel's name was Mordecia, and so Mordecia brought Esther here, and he told her not to tell she was a Jew.

Now the king seen Esther and liked her very much, and Esther pleased him very much, and the king made her queen and put a crown on her head, so she was queen, but still she always did what her uncel Mordecia told her, if she was a queen. Now there was a man name Haman there, and he was one of the king's high servent, and this Jew Mordecia use to sit at the king's gate, and when Haman pass there Mordecia would not bow to him, although all the other servents did this, because the king told them to do that, but Mordecia at the gate would not bow to him, and this made Haman very angry, and he went to the king and ask him if he wont make a decree that all the Jews might be killed or destroy ever thing that belonged to them, on the thirteenth day of the twelfth month, and the king gave him his ring, and let him make a decree just as he wanted it; so Haman did so. Now ever one that heard this decree felt very bad and cried, and Mordecia heard it, and he cried in the streets, and wore sack cloth and put ashes on his head, and queen Esther did not know it, but her maidens heard of it, and they told her, and then queen Esther sent him some other close, and tell him to dress up, but he wont do it; and then she ask him, or rather sent some body to ask him, what was the matter, and he told her about this decree, and Haman sent one of the paper or letter that had this decree on it, and Esther seen it and was very sorry. Haman told her to go to the king and beg him to save her people, and Esther said the king had not called for me, and if I go there when he has not called me I shall be put to death, but Haman still told her to go, and she said she would go, and she said she was ready to die for her people if she would have to be put to death.

So the next day queen Esther put on her beautiful close, and went to see the king, though he had not call for her, and she went and staid where the king could see her, and the king felt kindly toward her because God made him like that, and he held out his golden sceptre, and she took hold of it, and the king said what do you want, queen Esther; it shall be given unto you even unto the half of my kingdom. Queen Esther said if the king be willing I want him and Haman to come to a banquet or a dinner that I will make ready to-day. The king told his servant to make haste, for the queen want Haman and the king to come to a dinner that she will make ready to-day. So the king and Haman came to the dinner, and the king ask again what do you want, queen Esther; it shall be given to you even unto half of my kingdom, and then Esther said if the king be willing I want him and Haman to come to another dinner that I will make ready to-morry, and then I will tell you what I want. They went out and Haman was very proud, but when he came by, where Mordecia was siting, Mordecia would not bow to him, and he was very angry, and when he got home he call all his people and told them of all his honor, and then the queen invite only him and the king, and yet Haman said I cannot be happy as long as that Jew Mordecia is at the king gate. He said this because he hated Mordecia, and wanted to kill him. Now his wife and his friends said let a gallows he made fifty cubits high, and to-morrow ask the king to hang him. In the night the king could not go to sleep, and he took a large book that had everything that had happened perhaps, and found something about Mordecia. It was something about some men, I think, want to kill the king, and Mordecia heard it and told Esther, and she told the king, and so he saved the king from being killed. The king said what thing has been done to Mordecia for doing this? and his servent said nothing, and I think it must have been about early in the morning now, and some body made nois out in the cort, and the king told his servent to go and see who it was, and he went and see, and it was Haman came to ask to hang Mordecia. When he came in the king said to him, what do you think is best to do for a man that the king wants to honor very much; and Haman said to himself, the king means me, and he said let him ware the king's clothes, and let him wear the king's crown, ride on the king's horse, and let one of thy princes to lead him through the streets, and let him cry out, thus shall it be done to the man whom the king wants very much to honor.

Then the king said to Haman make haste and take the clothes and the crown and put them on Mordecia the Jew, and lead him on the horse, and leave nothing undone that you said; and Haman was afraid to desobey, so he went and did this, and yet he hated Mordecia. He was full of shame and was very angry. When he went home he covered his face so no one could see him. Mordecia came back again and sit down at the gate as he used to, as humble as though he had not been honored. Now I think it was time to come to the next banquet, and Haman and the king came, and the king ask again, what do you want, queen Esther; and she said that all the things that had been done and said about her people, and told him about that decree, and he was very angry, and then Haman began to be afraid, and the king said who is it that made this decree? and queen Esther said it is this wicked Haman that made this decree; and king was very angry, and he went out, and Haman fell down on the floor begging Esther to save his life. Then the king servents came in and took Haman and hanged him on that gallows he had made for Mordecia. The king gave Mordecia the house that Haman had to rule over. Now when a decree is made no one could change it, and Esther ask the king to change it, but he can not change it, so he told them to make another decree, telling all the Jews to fight for themselfs, and so there were all aloud to fight, and they were to fight all those who try to harm them. The Jews gane the victory, and they all thank God, and queen Esther said, they must always keep that day, because God save there lives.

to see anywhere; for although some of us did not see many dishes, we had very fertile imaginations.

But life changes, and soon the happy household was separated, and while father and mother stayed at home, four of us girls kept house in a little brown house at the Agency, three miles away, so as to be near the school-house, where one of us was to teach. We divided up the work among us, the oldest sister teaching in the Government school, thus supporting the little household, while the rest of us tried to keep the house clean. When the long winter evenings came, we gathered around the bright wood-fire, and while the oldest one read out loud, we cut and sewed our dresses. In that way we finished many a book and many a dress.

But how fast the years go by, and we are all in different places now, our childhood ended, for some of us have begun our life work, while others of us are preparing for it. But to that dear father and mother who are so anxiously watching and waiting for us, who day after day send up their petitions to the dear God, that our lives may be all that which is pure and good, for them our childhood will never end, and to them we shall always be children.

We are preparing for our life-work. God has given each one of us a work to do for him. Some people have to wait for their work to be revealed to them, but from the outset the work of an Indian girl is plain before her. When the Pilgrims first came to this country they were the pioneers of American civilization. We who are educated have to be pioneers of Indian civilization. We have to prepare our people to live in the white man's way, to use the white man's books, and to use his laws if you will only give them to us. The white people have reached a high standard of civilization, but how many years has it taken them? We are only beginning; so do not try to put us down, but help us to climb *higher*. Give us a chance. I have seen the progress which my people have made in a few years, and one of the most hopeful signs I have noted is the respect which they are beginning to show for women.

When I have finished my education here, I hope to go to a medical school. With a good knowledge of medicine I hope to accomplish a great deal more work than I would as a teacher among them. I can help them physically, teach them the importance of cleanliness, order and ventilation, how to take care of their bodies as well as care for their souls. I know I have a long, hard struggle before me, but the shores of success can only be reached by crossing the bridge of faith, and I shall try hard. I shall have an advantage over a white physician in that I know the language, customs, habits and manners of living among the Indians. I can only rejoice that the Lord has given to me such a great privilege, and that I can be permitted to labor among my people, to help in bringing them into the light of the gospel of Jesus Christ. This is what I hope to accomplish, in my womanhood, and I look forward to the coming years with a great deal of pleasure.

As you look out on this beautiful water you see the ships go sailing down the bay, some with new, white sails; strong but untried as yet, others with torn sails which show their struggles with the winds and storms; (and are they not as beautiful showing work that has been done?) All are going forth to work. We do not know the storms and struggles with which they will have to meet. It is even so with us; but with our faith firm in God we know that whatever shall befall us, He will bring us unto the "desired haven."

A Medicine Dance.

A VILLAGE OF ANT HILLS. BRAVES AT THEIR TOILET. BLUE SPIRITS AND WHITE. BRINGING THE BEAR TO LIFE. LIGHT AMID DARKNESS. MISSION AND SCHOOLS. HAMPTON'S RECORD. WHAT HOPE.

The Ree houses, like huge ant-hills, are curiosities of primitive architecture. They are from fifty to seventy-five feet in diameter; a dome, constructed of poles, supported by a stockade of logs around the circumference, and four great masts or pillars toward the centre, which is from twelve to fourteen feet high. A thatch of brush and hay is laid over the poles, and the whole covered thick with earth. A fireplace is hollowed out in the middle, and above it a hole is left in the roof for the smoke to escape and the light of day to enter. A curtain of canvas—it used to be of skin—hangs over the doorway. They are very comfortable summer dwellings, but so large that it is very difficult to warm them for winter, and they are now seldom built. Often several families of relatives find shelter within one. The beds are ranged round the circumference of the circle, the resting-place of the favorite sons marked by the white canopy above, and the ornaments suspended around it. I saw some picturesque family parties gathered round the central hearth where the soup kettle swung on its long chain, the fire throwing Rembrandt lights and shadows over the dusky group. The top of the dome outside forms an excellent watch tower and pleasure resort for the owners. I saw many seated like colossal statues against the sky, wrapped in solitary contemplation, or enjoying a sociable smoke and talk. Only one woman did I find enjoying this elevation, and spying at the same moment a rude ascent by notches cut in a log, the temptation overcame me. What was it to have ascended the dome of St. Peter's if this one remained unscaled? With the Major's helping hand ambition was gratified, and though I was somewhat afraid of breaking through the roof as well as through Indian etiquette, the lady of the housetop was not ungracious, and I enjoyed for a few minutes the birdseye view of the strange little village, and then succeeded in getting back to earth without breaking any bones. But the Major proposed a still more daring feat. "Wouldn't you like to look into a Ree Medicine Lodge?" By all means, if it is allowable. The Lodge is close at hand, the largest circular Ree house in the village. A withering tree is stuck into the ground before the door, with some medicine bags suspended from it. The roof is adorned with a complete ring of the ghastly buffalo skulls. "Oh, there is the bear!" an awe-struck whisper, and the young Gros Ventre with us shrinks suddenly to my side. "Only a bear skin, my dear." It is rather a formidable object lying above the entrance like a sentinel. "But sometimes they —— chase people!" "A Hampton girl doesn't believe that, I'm sure." "No. Perhaps there's a man inside of it." I laughed, but my companion retreated, and I saw her no more. The Major bodily drew aside the door curtain, and looking in, we surprised a party of

BRAVES AT THEIR TOILET.

They know well that the medicine dance is only held on sufferance, and are not disposed to dispute the Agent's entrance. So, "quite calm and collected," as "Josiah Allen's wife" would say, we make the tour of the lodge, stopping to exchange a word with some of the groups not too deep in their devotions to talk, as one party, at least, appears to be, solemnly seated in a row before a small antelope skull, which they are appeasing or invoking, with a pan of burning coals and a tobacco pipe as incense. There are seven groups ranged round the circumference of the lodge at separate stations, about twenty-five men in all. Their ornaments and insignia, rattles, feathers, bear-claw anklets, and what not, are suspended near them ready to be donned. All are engaged, with a small round mirror in one hand and brush or cake of paint in the other, in adorning themselves with every strange device; making themselves into very fiends, though fiends that can exchange jokes and compliments, as harmless as the "lion" of "Bottom, the weaver." There were red fiends and blue fiends, yellow fiends and parti-colored fiends; but the most original and effective were a pair of lavender fiends, one of them further beautified by narrow stripes of vermilion on the lavender background. I tried to bargain for one of the rattles as a souvenir, was unsuccessful, but was more than compensated by a fine new headdress offered me afterward by an Indian girl who had made it for one of the braves to wear at the dance, but took a freak to sell it, perhaps to tease him.

Somewhat against the approval of the good missionary I went to see the medicine dance, whose preparations I had witnessed. If I were working or living on an agency I certainly should not frequent the Indian dances. But I had duties also as a reporter, and in any case should not think I was living up to my opportunities if I neglected the chance to see once this curious remnant of a primitive rite that is passing out of existence. The Agent kindly offered his escort, a missionary lady who viewed the matter as I did accompanied us, and a Hampton student, who understood my motives, went as interpreter. The distant drum beat was heard as we entered the village. The Ree quarter was awake. Now and then a white-robed figure glided by us, but most were already at the Medicine Lodge. Light was streaming from its cracks. We entered and found that it all came from a great fire blazing on the central hearth, replenished from a huge brush heap, from time to time, by a stoker in red. An audience of perhaps a hundred were gathered between the fire and the door; the women and children seated decorously on one side, the men, mostly standing, on the other. The flames threw fitful gleams over the crowd, and searching out the furthest recesses beyond, revealed here and there dusky groups, in which I recognized the heroes of the morning's toilet. Two drums beat incessantly and for so long that I began to think the dance had been given up. But just then half a dozen young athletes leaped to their feet, and, walking out abreast, stood in a line and began a chant. They sang of their prowess as medicine men, and promised to do great deeds. One held up a small stick with four jagged strips whittled down its sides and bent back like barbs. This pleasant morsel, by the virtue of his "strong medicine," he would proceed to swallow, and he stumped the five to do as much. As many more jagged sticks were produced with equal bragging, and holding them aloft, all six dashed off on a wild race round and round the fire, faster and faster, with occasional side spurts into the dim recesses where the other medicine men sat. At last the spell was at its height; the drums stopped suddenly, the racers kneeled side by side, with their backs to the audience at the furthest side of the dim lodge. Two old medicine men stood over them, making passes and invoking the powers of mystery. They threw back their heads, opened their mouths, and lifting their barbed sticks as if they were strings of maccaroni, prepared to swallow them, points first. Their contortions were certainly as violent as if they were doing it, and when the first young brave who had stumped the rest sprang to his feet, spreading his arms to show that the stick was gone, and smacking his lips to intimate that he rather enjoyed that kind of diet, the drums beat wildly and loud applause burst from his appreciative audience. One comrade shared his triumph; the others graced it by confessing the failure of their "medicine," and tossed their sticks sadly into the fire. One party after another took the field with various feats of the black art, swallowing arrows, cutting a lariat and chewing the ends together without a knot, making a feather stand up on the ground and a flat bone ornament rest against a silk handkerchief held nearly perpendicular—tricks not very overwhelming to one who had seen Heller's, but highly convincing to most of the audience, and well done considering the lack of pockets in a costume consisting chiefly of paint. The interest to the unbelieving pale-face was, of course, in the wild grace and agility of the dancers, the wild race of the fleet-footed athletes, "blue spirits and white, red spirits and gray," weirdly lighted up the fitful flames. The prettiest sleight-of-hand performance was a representation of an otter hunt; the beautiful, silvery skin so dexterously manipulated by the gentle savage who bore it that it almost seemed to be gliding and winding of itself round the ring in front of its pursuers. But its fate was a foregone conclusion, as it was in the very claws of the dog, who, with a canine growl, brought the scene to a climax by seizing it by the neck with its teeth and giving it the fatal shake, while the drums beat, the audience applauded with "How! How!" and the hunters came up and carried off their prey.

The grand finale was the bear fight. Of course, the bear must first be brought to life in order to be slain. But the moment an old medicine man lifted the skin from the spot where it had lain supine all the evening a surprising sensation shook the audience. All rose to their feet and fell back several steps in consternation. I fear the little Gros Ventre girls fear was well founded, and they do "sometime chase people." At the same moment the "red spirit" in charge of the fire threw ashes on the flames till they sank to smoke. Indian stoicism was not proof; children cried, women screamed; the men themselves retreated a step or two. I was afraid of being trampled by the pursued if not devoured by the pursuer; but the Major came to the rescue, and with my back against one of the great pillars I was ready for my fate, "Bring on your bears." They brought them on. There was no lack of impressiveness in that scene; the panic-struck crowd behind; clouds in front, through which savage figures flitted, crouched, leaped, tossed wild arms, touched now by a lurid glow, now dissolving into smoke wreaths; while from some far recess of the surrounding darkness, was heard the low incantation of the conjurors. Suddenly an angry threatening growl! A new sensation in the audience, but my pillar stood firm, the bear was coming! The dance grew wilder—which of the heroes should meet him? One went forth to the single-handed conflict. Now fiercer growls, mingled soon with fearful groans. The brave is wounded. No one goes to his help, unless the wild dance brings him mysterious aid, or the drum inspires his sinking courage. Is his heart strong and his medicine good. A shout rises. The drum sounds louder. The fire suddenly blazes out again, the lodge seems full of light, and the victor is seen, miraculously cured of his wounds, dragging off his victim—only a bear-skin once more. It is dumped again into its corner, but a pan of live coals is placed before it, to appease it, perhaps, for being so bandied about between life and death. This was the grand finale, and all went home but the young medicine men and the old ones who were to initiate them into further mysteries, i.e., put them up to new tricks.

I will leave your readers to do their own moralizing over the Medicine Dance which all who understand its bearings, except the medicine men themselves, desire to see abolished in spite of any picturesque or historic interest, and say a few words of the

MISSION AND SCHOOLS.

With all the adverse influences around them it is no wonder that the faithful missionary who has labored for nine years among these people has seen fewer evident results than more favored fields can show. Those who know the history of missions will understand how he can work on with courage, still expecting the harvest. Poverty, isolation, fear of enemies, superstition, disease, diversity of language, which a hundred years or more of close association has not so far overcome that a separate service for the Rees is not still necessary—these are the obstacles. Even the present scattering out on to farms, while it is, on the whole, most desirable, vastly increases the work of the missionary as well as the agent. One of his church members has gone sixty miles up the river to live. To visit the Indians on the west shore he has sometimes had to cross the Missouri in a "bull-boat," the Berthold Indian's remarkable craft, a basket frame round as a wash tub, with a hide stretched over it, in which they paddle and spin among the treacherous currents of the Big Muddy. The little church, supported by the American Missionary Association, has sometimes a congregation of about seventy-five. This mission school, with an average attendance of twenty-six, is also under its charge, with Government assistance for the last year of $75 each for ten little girl boarders. His faithful lady assistants do all in their power, I believe, in the homes as well as the school.

The Government Boarding School is seventeen miles from the agency, at the old military post of Fort Stevenson. It has been running but two years, and difficulties in the management have put it back. Major Gifford is anxious to secure the detail of Lieut. George Le Roy Brown of the Eleventh Infantry, U. S. A., for three years commandant of cadets at Hampton Institute, and stationed at Fort Lincoln, D. T., an officer of high character and long experience on the frontier, for Superintendent of the Fort Stevenson School. If he can be secured it will be a happy event for the Berthold Indians. The school accommodates about eighty pupils. For the boys, there is work on the forty-acre farm and in the shoe shop, run for the last year by a Hampton student, teaching four apprentices his trade. For the girls, there is housework and sewing; the assistant teacher in the sewing room for the last two years having been a Hampton girl, who has now returned to Hampton for an additional course. When I visited the school it had just been painted and repaired, had opened full, and seemed to be running as well as possible, without a regular superintendent.

HAMPTON'S RECORD.

The record of returned Hampton students at Fort Berthold Agency has been remarkably good, considering the disadvantages. Of four girls and five boys who have been home from one year to four years, two girls one boy have done finefy; two girls and four boys fairly well. None have returned to the blanket. All are at work or at school. Three girls have just returned to Hampton. One of the girls and one of the boys are married respectably. Besides these, four boys have died; three of them not till several years after their return home, one a consumptive when sent to Hampton. One of these yielded to the temptations of camp life at a military post off the reservation; of the others I heard a fair account.

WHAT HOPE?

The chances for returned students are small on this reservation at present, in the Agent's opinion, and he advises all who can shall keep away from it. The village is no place for girls, and there are few positions to give them. For boys the places for trades are few, and there is slight encouragement to farm till there is a proper survey and some security in taking claims. There should also be some appropriation for stock.

My letter is long, and I will leave conclusions to your readers. The last time I walked through the antique little village I saw some of the Rees taking down their ant-hill dwellings, chopping up the poles for firewood, preparatory to moving out to their new farms. Gradually the whole village will disappear before stronger forces than their old enemies, the Sioux; the pressure of civilization from without, the new desire for it from within. Life is starting; shall it have a chance?

HELEN W. LUDLOW.

in Boston Journal.

The Apaches at Fort Marion.

On one of the saddest pages in Helen Hunt's "Century of Dishonor," the story is told of the massacre by white men of Apache Indians in the Spring of 1871. The Indians asked to be permitted to live in the mountains, and raise corn in the valleys, where their fathers and their father's fathers had lived before them. They laid down their arms and began to work, while the army officers, convinced of their honesty, intelligence and ability to support themselves, urged the Government to grant their request. Before the reply came, a party of white men made a raid on the Indian camp, killed one hundred and twenty-eight persons, all but eight being women and children, and drove the rest of the band to the mountains.

The record since has been a terrible one. The story of the last four years needs no repetition.

Fortunately for our honor, General Crook has been in command of the Department of Arizona, and knowing he was fighting wronged, though guilty men, he has risked his life and reputation to save those whom he was compelled to conquer.

Seventy-five of the Chiricahua Apaches, a part of the last band remaining hostile, surrendered to General Crook in March, and were sent to Fort Marion, in St. Augustine, Florida.

There are 15 men, 31 women, and 29 children in the party. The braves are rather short, thick-set men, of great physical strength; with one or two exceptions, they have not the faces of criminals. Old Nana, who, the Indians say, is 127 years old, bears the reputation of having killed a white man for every year of his life.

The women and children vary in age, from tiny babies to intelligent, well-grown boys and girls, and from young unmarried women to old crones, whose faces are wrinkled, and whose backs are bent with age.

They arrived at St. Augustine in the half-clothed condition in which they surrendered in Arizona, and as the army stores contain no supplies for women and children, their condition could not be improved.

"Repulsive creatures," people said, though the men's faces are strong and fine, and the women's are full of expression. As we watched the strange group, we could forget the rags and dirt, and admire the courage and endurance of women who, carrying heavy burdens, had kept pace with their husbands and brothers along blind trails, over the wildest mountain passes. We wondered at the chivalry and tenderness of men who, fleeing for their lives, had not auffered one woman to lose their care, nor left behind one toddling baby.

Chi-hua-hua, the head chief of the Indians at Fort Marion, a short man, with heavy frame, and firm, expressive face, is the natural leader of his people, and is very anxious for their welfare.

His address to General Crook at the surrender is full of Indian eloquence.

"I am anxious to be better, for I see the sun looking down upon me, and the earth listening. It seems to me I have seen the one who makes the rain and sends the winds. He must have sent you to this place. * * * I surrender to you, because I believe in you. You have never lied to us. You do not deceive us. You must be our God. * * * I want you to be a father to me, and treat me as your son. I want you to have pity on me. * * * I am now in your hands * * * I surrender myself to you. * * * Do with me as you please."

What will the nation, whom Gen'l Crook represented, do with Chi-hua-hua and his band.

The men are prisoners of war. Their future is in the hands of the War Department, and the tenderest hearted friends of the Indians may not plead for them.

If they had cause for revenge, they are still guilty in wreaking that revenge on people innocent of any crime against them.

If, as fugitives, with scores of women and children dependent on them, they must live by depredation, and cover their traces by the death of their victims, they have no excuse for being fugitives. Three years ago they pledged to General Crook a lasting peace—that they would work for their own support, with no expectation of aid from the Government. By the Indian's own code, the most contemptible crime is a broken covenant.

But after the Indian warriors have been judged, the women and children remain to be provided for. What is to be done with them? The quick response will come from every friend of Indians in the land, "Educate them; civilize them." Work again the beautiful miracle in character and life, which has been often wrought before, through Him who saves men. It has been proved that there is no depth of degradation which His redeeming hand cannot reach. Prove it again. There in the tents, on the ramparts of old Fort Marion, begin to teach the sweet lessons of a Christian home, and guide these people, now utterly surrendered to you, to usefulness and peace.

General Ayers, who is in command of the post at St. Augustine, will give his hearty support to any wise work for them. The noble women who began the work of teaching Captain Pratt's captives, still live near Fort Marion, and are ready to lend their advice and assistance. But to do such work well, under the present conditions, requires both money and strength. It demands the whole time and energy of people trained to the work. It is not fair to ask a few women to perform the service voluntarily, noble and capable as they are, whose time is already crowded with other cares.

We can hardly expect a wise and generous policy in the Government. The time has not come yet when the American people require "fair play for the Indian."

A vast number of people in the Western States and Territories demand that he be crushed down and exterminated; and a large majority in our Eastern cities are indifferent to his wrongs, and careless of his fate.

The wistful, pleading eyes of the girls who followed me to the entrance of old Fort Marion, follow me still; and looking back, I watch the babies in the court-yard, learning to take their first steps. Who will make paths for their feet?

ISABEL B. EUSTIS.

Southern Workman AND Hampton School Record.

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A Committee of the Legislature of Virginia,—consisting of Senators Stubbs and Gee and Delegates Cardwell, Starke and Curlett—appointed as intimated in the Principal's Report in our June number, to investigate the claims of certain citizens of Hampton that the Normal School is violating its charter and injuring the business interests of the community in its industrial operations, met in the Court House in Hampton, July 1st. The sittings were continued through four days, and twenty-six witnesses were examined with the utmost patience and fairness on the part of the Committee. Every facility was given to both sides to make their statements, and the light that was thrown upon the case will result, we believe, in general good to the relations of the School and the community at large.

It became more and more evident in the progress of the examination that the effort of the memorialists had resulted from ignorance of the facts both as to the School's charter and working, from exaggerated ideas of its wealth and resources, and from the personal grievances or prejudices of a few, aggravated by idle talk. Naturally, therefore, the leaders of the effort had the disappointment of seeing their witnesses often weaken the statements expected of them, and unable to sustain those they did make, and on the other hand obliged to testify, sometimes very readily, to the vast preponderance of advantage over disadvantage to the community from the School and its industries, in a business point of view as well as in moral influence: in the large employment of mechanics and laborers, in the patronage of merchants, the improvement of stock and machinery in the county, the accommodation of citizens, and the increase of wealth and demand. They testified also to such a constant policy of delicately refraining from competition when possible, that three witnesses acknowledged they would far rather not see the school forced into free competition by taxation.

The School offered through its witnesses and submitted accounts, the actual facts,—favorable or unfavorable in appearance—as to its property, and the workings of its various departments. It voluntarily gave to the plaintiffs the best points they were able to establish as to any instance of personal loss from these; so that it was playfully remarked by an outsider that the best witnesses for each side were furnished by the other. Which had the best of this exchange however, may be inferred from the fact that both together were unable to show that more than two individuals, both of whom are prosperous men in their business have been seriously affected by the School's competition. And of these, the most concerned is a warm friend of the School, and testified with emphasis that he should consider its removal or obstruction a calamity to every interest in the community, his own business included.

On the other hand the figures showed that the School has expended in the community, an average of $25,000 a year—increased the past year to over $52,000 by the building of the new Chapel—and an aggregate of $400,000 in the eighteen years of its existence, the benefits of this great amount going chiefly to mechanics, then to laborers, then to merchants, farmers and other citizens; and largely represented in the homes of the people, their increased number and comfort. As was said in the Principal's report in our June number, the Normal School, Soldiers' Home, Hygeia Hotel, and Fort Monroe, have all a share—and we believe with many of the witnesses that the Normal School has by far the largest share—in making this one of the most prosperous sections of the State in a business point of view. The School is at the same time doing a work which no other agent pretends to do for the prosperity of Virginia in the practical education of an important class of her citizens, doing a work which belongs to the State without charge to its tax payers, the only aid it receives from Virginia being from the interest of the College land-scrip fund which was given by the General Government for agricultural schools and invested in State bonds, the interest of which is paid, one-third to the Hampton School for the Negro race, and two-thirds to the Blacksburg college for whites.

As to the School's charter, hardly one of the memorialists who appeared had read it. Many were surprised to learn the latitude which it allows the School in managing its property and workings according to its own judgment of its needs in carrying out its purposes of instruction and mechanical training. On the other hand, it was shown that this very liberality on the part of the State, by throwing the School on its honor in the interpretation of these needs and the use of its liberty, had always proved the most effectual of checks, holding it far within the generous limits; and that it is desirous to be as careful, or if possible more so, in this direction in the future.

All the facts and figures as to the School's purpose, plan, resources and proceedings, lie open all the time, of course, to the public. Some misleading ignorance of them was manifested by some of its friends as well as its opponents. A little careful personal inspection might have made the public investigation unnecessary, and saved the memorialists from the mistake which some were frank enough to acknowledge they had made in signing the petition.

But for the School's own sake the more public the investigation the better. It desires nothing more than to come to the light that its deeds may be manifest.

That some prejudice as well as much ignorance of the facts and their relations is responsible for the petition, we have no question. There are doubtless a certain number who feel as one witness was honest enough to say he did, that there is no virtue in the School or its work, that it is simply a money making scheme for the enriching of its Principal and his associates and supporters, and that its place might better be occupied by a lake. Such prejudice, spoken or unspoken, we do not expect will be diminished by by the investigation, but to a degree perhaps intensified and brought out. Prejudice never yields to evidence, but only to slow growing intelligence, or sudden self interest. It is natural that some should exist. There is less than might be expected, less we believe in this State than in any other in the South.

We regard the whole experience indeed, as simply phenomenal, a phase in the School's history curious to study but not disturbing. We attribute no intentional wrong to any of the signers of the petition. All their honest ignorance of facts has had considerable enlightenment to which they can easily add. Any difference of opinion after that, we do not believe will amount to much. We are rather obliged to them on the whole, for so good a chance to set Hampton Institute before the Hampton public.

Another good thing that the investigation has set before the public is the fact, finely illustrated in this honorable Committee, that party politics have nothing whatever to do with the interest which intelligent men have in the cause of Negro education. Republicans and Democrats on the Committee, it would have been impossible to tell which was which, for both were evidently deeply and equally interested in the objects of the School, while as anxious to do full justice to all classes of citizens.

We are glad to take this opportunity also to acknowledge again, as we often have before, the many and increasing evidences the School has received of friendliness from its Hampton neighbors, both business men and others. And while we regard this less pleasant experience in its history as but phenomenal as we have said, what is real and abiding is the noble position which Virginia has taken—far in advance of any other Southern state—for the education of all her citizens. Her recognition of this Hampton School's work for part of them, the liberal charter granted to inaugurate and sustain it, her continued approval of its course shown in her prompt and hearty payment of the interest on the land-scrip fund, done on a more liberal basis than in any other state in the Union, her constant employment and encouragement of our graduate teachers—all these have been the realities of the past, and we believe will be the realities of the future.

A most valuable contribution, in popular form, to current socialistic literature is the "Notes on Industrial Conditions" by Mr. J. B. Harrison. We mention it not with any critical intention, but merely to preface certain extracts from it and to recommend our readers to get it, if possible, for their own instruction. Mr. Harrison says:

Our system of government was diverted from its normal course of development by the accident of our civil war, and we have never returned to the line of natural and healthful evolution which we then abandoned. The habit of employing the powers of the general government for everything that could be accomplished by their instrumentality, which our people acquired during the war, prepared the way for an over-development of government and a vast over-production of legislation during the period following the close of the struggle. This powerful impulse toward the abnormal extention of the powers of the national government was accompanied and re-enforced by a general decay and dissolution of the local communities. The energy of the township life before the war was not less moral and social than political in its manifestation. A vigorous and decisive public sentiment, which did not always need formal expression, was effective in upholding public order and morality. This sentiment had its sources chiefly in home life and training, in the influence of religion, and in the traditions of ancestral character and public spirit, and of honorable service of public interests, which were transmitted in families from generation to generation. The war developed influences which seriously impaired the vitality of local self-government and of the moral and social guardianship of public order and honor. The most potent factor in this evil change was the new thirst and passion for wealth which appeared amid the morbid conditions of the life of the people after the great conflict. Under the influence of this all-absorbing ambition, the moral administration of the local communities was to a great extent abandoned, and it has never been resumed. Multitudes of citizens, relinquishing the warfare against disorder into which all true men are born, devoted their powers wholly to the acquisition of wealth, and this pursuit soon became a mad struggle for success and pre-eminence which produced unwholesome intellectual and social conditions, still everywhere prominent in the national character and life. Here was the source and birth of American socialism. It is the fashion to assert that socialism in this country is of foreign origin and this notion is a comfort to many persons, but the socialism which is most vital and dynamic among us to-day is the growth of our own soil. It had its origin in the changes in thought, feeling and action produced by the rise of an overmastering desire for wealth, which has weakened all properly social motives and efforts, diminished civic patriotism, and in a great measure destroyed the sense of a spiritual and moral community. * * * * *

Our industrial disturbances have their source in the prevalent feeling in regard to wealth. By the natural potency of their example, and other means of influence, rich people have imparted to the whole mass of the population a large measure of their own feelings and ideas respecting the objects of human life and desire. Their estimate of the value of wealth is universally accepted. Its pursuit is regarded by the teachers and leaders of the time as a normal and proper object of endeavor for all men. There never was a time when the growth of wealth, and of the selfish individualism which accompanies it corrupted so many poor people as now. Rich and poor are dominated by the same ideals, and inflamed by the same feverish desires. For a large proportion of the working people, the most important part of the population, the springs of life have been poisoned, and character irrecoverably embittered and deranged. The source of our labor difficulties is psychological. It is in the thought and character and life of our people. Those who work with their hands are not chiefly responsible. The prevalent feeling about wealth has naturally and necessarily developed the intense and unlimited competition which now makes life a struggle, not with the powers of nature to obtain the means of subsistence and comfort, which is the normal life for all men, but a struggle of men with each other in which an ever-increasing number must inevitably fail and be crushed.

No juster statement of the causes which underlie the present agitation, and of which that agitation is the uncontrollable expression, has yet been made, and after reading it, one looks with keen interest to the author's analyses of results and suggestions of remedies. Of the former he says:

The conflict between labor and capital, or the revolt of the laborers against what they esteem the hardships of their condition, has but just begun in this country, and no one can foresee the rate at which it is likely to advance. That will depend chiefly upon the pressure of industrial conditions upon the laborers, but somewhat also upon the natural rate of development of thought in their minds. The abnormal and desperate impulses which are born of starvation are already a perceptible factor in the thought and passion of the time, and they will henceforth have their part in many a bitter denunciation and wild appeal. * * * *

We have not properly estimated or recognized the natural effect of existing industrial and intellectual conditions upon the development of thought among the working people. They think and feel exactly as other people would under the same conditions. One of the most potent and decisive influences in the life of a considerable and increasing number is despair. They can barely live by practicing economies which they feel to be cruel and extreme. They can have no hope of improving their condition, of gratifying any taste for beauty or hunger for knowledge, or desire for anything beyond a bare subsistence. They can make no provision for sickness or old age. Even honesty and self-respect are denied them, for misfortune sooner or later compels them to contract debts without any prospect of being able to pay them, and to accept the charity which is often scattered with lavish hand by those who have been deaf to all the requirements of justice. To

these men and women life is empty of hope and beauty and tenderness. They live and die without faith in God or man. It would be the same with my readers, and with all the cultivated and prosperous people in the land, in the same situation and environment. It is not safe for any country to have too many people living under such conditions. * * * *

The uncertainty or indecision of the leaders and legislators of the nation regarding the monetary system and currency of the country after the extinction of the national debt, is a distinct and important factor in the prevailing discontent and agitation, among the working people. The adoption and announcement of a well-defined, intelligible and practical system for the permanent direction and regulation of the national currency would have a favorable and quieting effect upon the existing agitation.

As to remedial measures he makes one or two suggestions which are well worth attention.

The establishment by the national government of a system of non-interest paying postal savings banks would be a valuable measure, with far reaching results. The people should pay a small fee for the registry of deposits, and the plan would thus be free from socialistic tendencies. What the working people need is not interest, but absolute security for their savings, and this can be guaranteed by the national government only. The effect upon the labor agitation would be wholesome. The arrangements for the publication of works on political economy at John Hopkins University at Harvard and at Columbia College, promise excellent results among our cultivated young men. But it is a remarkable feature of the time that no effort is made by the people of wealth and culture to exert any influence of an educational character upon the working people. * * * *

We need a journal for the working-people in which the questions, dangers and duties of the time, and the whole range of interests dependent upon the industrial situation shall be discussed from the point of veiw of the working-men, which shall provide such reading as American working men and women need for the right development and ordering of life and character, personal and social, which shall deal in a sensible and practical manner with the interests, dangers, and discipline of youth and the home, and with the relation of labor to mental and moral sanity and to the perpetuity and strength of the nation. There is no adequate agency now in existence for the propagation of such ideas and principles as are required for the basis of a rational and practical system of culture and life for the working people. A volun tary association composed of a few men acquainted with each other, without projects or visionary theories, who understand the laws governing the propagation of ideas and who have no personal ends to serve would be the best instrument for such work as the time requires in this field. It should be organized for the dissemination, by the use of the printing-press and any other available means, of such knowledge, doctrines, and influences related to the true place and value of labor in human life and society as are necessary to correct the unwholesome and bewildering sentiments now everywhere prevalent and to prepare the way for better modes of life among those who toil. Its influence would promote intelligence, self-respect and prosperity among the working people, sericusness and public spirit in men of wealth and the unity of all in a vital patriotism. Very little effect can be produced by essays, or dissertations on such subjects. If any real improvement is to be effected it must be the result of the persistent, systematic teaching and propagation of true and appropriate ideas, illustrated, applied and enforced in innumerable ways, developing all related truths and principles, till the entire sphere of human education and of practical life in all its relations is occupied and illuminated; and such teaching must be iterated, multiplied and continued until its reverberation fills all the air of the time and compels attention. It needs little reflection to make it plain that no existing agency is suited to the performance of such a work, but there is a general unwillingness on the part of prosperous men to admit that any new measures are necessary.

There is real, practical stimulus in such thought as this, and there is not one of us, rich or poor, who could not take Mr. Harrison's final summing up of the case, and by working it out in our daily lives, do something immediate and tangible towards the advancement of humanity:

We need a different feeling about wealth, and about labor. Men must have new ideas, must learn to think in new and higher ways about the objects of human life. Life is really and rightly a stern and arduous service for all thoughtful men. A life of ease and pleasure for mature men is wrong and unwholesome. For men who think aright it is impossible. Here is all this disorder, bewilderment and wrong in the world, and here is our duty and opportunity to strive to reduce and mitigate it, and to sympathize with and guide those who are its victims, who are found alike in all grades of society, in all conditions of life. This is an endless task, and is the only true life for any human being.

SOUTHERN SKETCHES

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

Northern Friends and Helpers.

The article on "What Virginia People Read" in the April WORKMAN has produced such unexpected results that I am tempted to give a full account of what was almost a random shot, but has brought down some very fine game.

The article was written with a desire to defend the Virginians from an unprovoked attack made by an ungracious Englishman. I forgot in that paper to mention that Mrs. Nicholls had been living for some years in a community where the Virginia women not only read but write. In one family where she was hospitably received, one lady has published a book of "Plantation Reminiscenses" and another furnished several interesting sketches of war times for the Charleston *News and Courier*, afterwards reprinted in a volume of selections by the editur of the *Courier*. In a village near Mrs. Nicholl's, a magazine was published monthly, pretty badly to be sure, by an energetic Virginia woman, who had more zeal than knowledge for her task.

I might have stated also that Miss A. H. Ruffner, some years since prepared a map of the State, which was purchased by the board of education as the best map of Virginia yet made.

I had no thought of other effect from my article than a refutation of Mrs Nicholl's, except I did hope a little that Mr. Clemens or some other "good Yankee" might be moved to send me a copy of the "Innocents Abroad."

A few days after the WORKMAN came out, I began to receive letters from kind people in the North, and then boxes of books began to come. My sister, Miss Gray of Harrisonburg, who had somehow missed the WORKMAN, was surprised by letters from unknown correspondents and at this writing we are both feeling quite rich in in supplies of charming books for circulation.

Just here I may mention one of those curious coincidences which sometimes happen in this work-a-day world, and seem to indicate the communication of mind with mind in a manner that annihilates time and space.

For some years past I have been writing at odd times a book of reminiscenses and at this time have come to the last year of the war. I had just written an account of meeting Gen. Wm. S. Lincoln of Worcester, Mass., in the dreary prisoner's hospital after the battle of New Market. Gen. Lincoln has been one of our cherished friends ever since the war, and since I have lived in Lynchburg has visited us, and gone over the battle fields and other memorable scenes of those days of trial. Reading over the General's "History of the 34th Mass. Regiment" and writing the account of our first meeting made me think a great deal of him, and I realized regretfully that a year had passed without any direct communication between us, though he sends me regularly the Worcester *Weekly Gazette*. Just as I was resolving to write at once and enquire for him, an express package was brought me, containing over a dozen nice new books, with a graceful note from "Gen. Lincoln's sister, Mrs. Canfield," and a day or two later came a letter from Gen. Lincoln, saying he was just thinking of his Virginia friends, when his sister sent him the WORKMAN with my article "What Virginia People Read." The box contained a shining new copy of "Innocents." Hawthorne's charming note book and Cornegue's admirable travels Around the world," with other valuable works.

Then I received a letter and package of books, many of them very valuable, some of them just what I wanted for my "constituents," and all showing the delicate, refined taste of the sender, a New Jersey lady—Since the publication of "Aunt Titia's" story, under the name of "A Member of the Old Aristocracy" this gentle hearted lady has written me a sweet letter, compassionating the sorrows of my people in a way that is extremely touching to one who has seen so much of ruin and desolation as have passed before us in recent years. She has given substantial proof of her sympathy by sending me a new dress for "Aunt Titia" and ten dollars in money, a sum quite unusual for the poor old lady to handle in these days of poverty and helplessness. It gave me great pleasure to take these tokens of kindness from an unknown friend to "Aunt Titia," who lives in a quiet side side street, about half a mile from my house. The little cottage, somewhat out of repair, looked very tidy through the open door, at which Aunt Titia was seated in a large rocking chair. She was dozing peacefully and looked very old and feeble, but started up as I entered, and the wrinkled face brightened with a cheerful smile when she recognized me. She was much surprised when my errand was explained, and I wished the kind Northern lady could have been present, when the poor old slave woman, to whom freedom came all to late, poured out her thanks for the gifts sent her, in terms of simple eloquence. Aunt Titia has a very childlike faith, and these comforts given to her by a friend of whom she has never heard, just as she was in urgent need, seemed to her a direct answer to the prayers she constantly offers to Him who has brought her safely thus far, that she may not be deserted in life's extremity. She seemed a little bewildered at first, and then declared, "It was the Lord, she knew it was the Lord." She begged me to thank the kind lady who had been the instrument in His hands, adding in trembling accents, "I does not know her, but I knows she is a Christian, none but a Christian would have thought of doing such a thing. I have never seen her, but I know when we meet in His presence I shall know her and we shall praise Him together there!" The room was as neat as hands could make it, the walks adorned with photographs of "old master's family," whom Aunt Titia firmly believes to have been the most elegant and refined of human mould, with portraits of the late "Uncle George Washington," and several colored posters and sundry gay prints, which she has been collecting all her life.

When I left, Aunt Titia followed me to the door with thanks, and blessings, and learning that I was going to see one of the ladies of the family she begged that I would give her love, and gathered some rose buds from a bush, her dear "Miss Katie," herself had brought from the old home in Williamsburg to plant in the yard of the little cottage and said I must tell Miss Katie how sorry she was not to be able to come to see her.

About this time a lady in Connecticut who has sent my sister some nice books, and written both of us letters showing the most kindly interest in our little circulating libraries, enclosed to me an order on Webster & Co., the New York publishers of "Mark Twain's" works for any six books by that famous writer. The order was signed "S. L. Clemens." It was difficult to realize that this extremely gratifying business letter was actually written by the same pen, which for many years has been furnishing amusement for multitudes all over the world.

The "Innocents" and "Tom Sawyer" and "Roughing it" have long been household words with us, and have been relied upon for cheering influences like the anti-bilious remedies and infallible recuperators puffed by the medicine men for bodily maladies. I do not know whether Mr. Clemens has been among the poverty stricken, dismal, desponding, broken down aristocracy of poor old Virginia since "Lee's surrender" in the flesh, but he has been here in spirit, and his mirth-provoking books have helped many a "poor and proud" Virginian, who was mourning over evil days, to bear the sorrows of unaccustomed toil and wounded pride. I think I can keep two copies of the "Innocents" going all the time, and my sister writes that she must have two copies, and thanks to Mr. Clements and Gen. Lincoln's sister, we are both supplied.

Like poor old Aunt Titia, words fail me to express my thanks for the kindness shown us, and I can only hope God will bless those who take such kindly interest in us. On reflection I believe I must thank Mrs. Nicholls a little bit too. But for her malicious and exaggerated account of our "intellectual deadness" these "good Yankees" would not have been moved to send us these nice books, or to express the kindly sympathy so grateful to our hearts.

I wish the book senders could follow us into the houses of the poor and sick, often the "weary and heavy laden," and witness the pleasure conveyed by the books, which would probably never have been seen by many of the readers, but for the liberality of our northern friedds. One noticable effect of such benevolence is that long cherished prejudices are broken down and buried away among the things of the past, by the kind hands which send these treasures of literature to carry 'light into dark places.' One of the ladies sent a large package of handsome Christmas and Easter cards, many of which I have given to the children of poor white and colored people around us. The poor, who see few beautiful things, delight in these cards, which rich people hardly notice, and many a humble home is brightened by the pictures, bearing lessons of purity and love among the dwellers in want.

I am very busy just now gathering raspberries, which are my principal "crop" and bring good prices in the city market. Picking berries is a lively trade at this season with the little colored children, who are paid two cents a quart and these earn a good many pennies among the market gardeners. One day this week I had three little bare-legged colored girls in my "patch" by 6 o'clock in the morning. They picked busily until 8 o'clock, and then stopped to go to school. As they brought in the baskets of June "Antwerps" they laughed merrily over their dripping little skirts which do not hurt them at all, as they are used to the work.

After my little pickers were duly paid off, I gave each of them a gay picture from the Jersey lady's box and the children went off in high glee, much elated with their pennies and pictures, the latter an unexpected pleasure.

We are glad to rectify an error which occurred in a late number of this paper in our mention of Prof. Stewart's book "Liberia." We said "It has an introduction by another representative colored man, Mr. G. W. Samson," and the New York *Freeman* corrects us as follows: "Dr. Samson is one of the ablest white educators and ministers in the United States: he was for years President of Columbia College, Washington, and is now Professor of Theology in the Bible Workers' College in this city, Secretary of the American Colonization Society, and President of Rutger's Female College."

The writer of the review in question confounded Dr. Samson with Prof. J. P. Sampson, author of "Temperament and Phrenology of Mixed Races," who, we suppose, may fairly be called "a representative colored man," and neither of these gentlemen has ever been Secretary of the American Colonization Society, that position having been for years held by Mr. Wm. Coppinger.

FATHER AUGUSTUS TOLTON, the first colored American priest, celebrated his first Mass in the United States in the little church of St. Mary's, Hoboken, on Saturday last. He was invited to say Mass by the kind and energetic pastor, Rev. Father Corrigan, who knew the colored clergyman and his parents when they were very young. Father Tolton, as stated in last week's *Pilot*, was ordained in Rome last month. He was born in Missouri 36 years ago. His father and mother were slaves, and he was born in slavery. At an early age he became a teacher of the catechism in a Catholic Sunday school. After the war he was made a free man, and went to the Missouri College, where he studied until 1868, when he was sent to Rome to finish his ecclesiastical studies. Father Corrigan asked him to preach in his church last Sunday, but he said that the Cardinal at Rome advised him to preach his first sermon among the colored population, so on Sunday he preached in the Church of St. Benedict the Moor, in Bleeker street, New York, of which Father Burke is pastor. He will at once proceed to Quincy, Ill., where he will have a parish.—*Pilot.*

We are glad to see that Prof. Washington is receiving a more than usually appreciative welcome in the North.

The Boston correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal* says:

Prof Booker T. Washington of the Tuskegee Normal School, in Alabama, is still in the city. Invitations are pouring in upon him from the Unitarian and Congregational people to speak at their churches on the subject of southern education. Last Sunday, the 11th inst., he delivered an address at Concord, Mass. Next Sabbath, the 18th, he will speak at Derby, Conn., in the morning and at Birmingham in the evening. The National Unitarian Conference which meets in Saratoga, N. Y., on the 20th of September, has asked him to address it.

SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

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The Southern Press--Both Sides.

That Southern whites are counting too much upon their present immunity from labor troubles is evident and alarming, because their future safety is contingent directly upon wise action in the present, and is by no means to depend upon any hap-hazard conjunction of circumstances. The Norfolk *Landmark* says:

The Lake Shore strike seems to have been without any foundation in reason, but it still has inflicted considerable loss on the railroad and the public at large. The road is under the protection of the police and Pinkerton's detectives, and this is a curious spectacle in a free country. The South has great cause to be thankful that such scenes as have lately been witnessed in St. Louis and Chicago are unknowo among us, and it becomes more and more apparent as such affairs go on that the White Man and the Negro get along better than white people do in many great and opolent communities to the North of us. There is a natural alliance between the white and colored people of the South which has been broken up by selfish and designing men; but the Negroes are cutting loose from bad advisers, and we are alad to believe their second, sober thoughts are better than the impulses under which they acted when they were taught that the "white folks" were their enemies.

But such utterances do not touch bottom, on the contrary are hopelessly superficial and indicate just such indifference to underlying causes as has brought about the present business complications in the North and West. Mr. Fortune, in the *Freeman's Journal*, strikes a different and possibly a more nearly prophetic note, one at least, which can not safely be disregarded, and which is sure to find, sooner or later, a ready audience.

In the book "Black and White" published last year by the editor of this paper, the position was there taken that all the future trouble in the South would arise out of industrial complications, not out of political complications, as in the past. Everything tends toward a confirmation of that view. Indeed, the industrial condition is more vital at all times than the political, since the former hinges upon the latter. And we may henceforth expect to hear of more trouble arising out of the industrial than out of the political relations of the whites and blacks of the South; for we assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that nowhere else in the world can there be found a more odious, unjust and tyrannical landlord system than that which obtains in the South. It is a virtual continuation of the slave system, with the landlord relieved of the obligations and responsibilities to the laborer imposed upon him by the laws of the slave system and his right in the person as well as the labor of the slave.

All the land laws in the South are made in favor of the planters, and it is notorious that the wages paid by them to their employees are simply pauper wages; and this is aggravated by the store account and order system by which the laborer seldom ever sees a dime of cash and is frequently allowed to overdraw his account, or is overcharged, for the purpose of being held at the pleasure of the planter. There is more direct and indirect robbery of the colored laborers of the South than is practiced anywhere else on earth. The thing is simply infamous, and will cause infinite trouble in the future.

Rather sharp criticism of what are generally supposed to be the typical faults of North and South, is conveyed in the following from the Norfolk *Virginian:*

The Floridians have adopted a novel, if not extravagant, method of disposing of their criminal population. It appears that there are about three hundred convicts in Florida. It costs on an average about $30 per head to convict them, or a total of $9,000. These criminals are not hired out. That would bring something into the State treasury. Apparently, in order to avoid such a result, the convicts are turned over to a New York man, who works them on his big turpentine farm. This is not all. The State pays this man $8,000 a year to take these unfortunates, and the estimate is that this shrewd Yankee has an annual income of $50,000 as the product of these unfortunate people. This is a new phase in Southern folly, but entirely consistent with the conduct of our people in many other respects. We are really glad, however, that Northern and Western men abound who are not only ready to utilize the convict labor of the South without conflicting with the general interests of workingmen, but who are ready to develop and enrich themselves by mining, manufacturing, transportation and agricultural operations which people "to the manor born," for nearly a century, have refused to appropriate and establish for their own benefit. Virginia and other Southern States are overcrowded with Esaus.

The *Virginia Critic*, Staunton, would like to maintain its allegiance to the Republican party, but does not consider that the blind loyalty of the past can any longer be kept up.

All have said that the Republican party is the Negro's party. The Negro indorses this fact in the main, actually and constructively, in consideration of their belief that the Emancipation Proclamation and the XIIIth amendment, giving freedom, the XIVth amendment, giving citizenship, and the State Constitution of '89, giving civil and poitical rights, are all successive acts of the same great party. The Negro below Mason and Dixon's line has stood in a solid phalanx for the G. O. P. This party, after giving freedom and citizenship, left her ward alone to fight his own and her party's battles with a brave and unrelenting foe. Knowledge and superior advantages overcome ignorance, and numbers.

Allegiance to party, to State, to country, failed to secure protection to life and liberty in the land of the brave and the home of the free. The party promises through platform and her vast number of eloquent orators, but fails to fulfil its part of the contract. This disregarding of pledges, this violation of promises, the continual nominating men who do not practically accept the political and civil equality of all men before the law, is the undermining wedge, the rock on which the party will divide her Negro votes.

The Negro, as a voter, owes no man, no party anything, that is not actually defending his own rights and advancing his interests in common with the American citizens. We should bend our energies to reformation within our own party.

The impressions of Gen. Armstrong as given in his editorial letter this month, in regard to the gradual fading out of the color line in politics, deserve careful reading. Corroboration of them, direct and indirect, comes from many quarters and in many shapes, and is one of the most cheering signs of progress in the South. The white politician quoted by Gen. Armstrong who said "we must have the Niggers' votes, and if we don't vote for them, they won't vote for us." was talking "business," and just this practical recognition of the fact that men must bend to forces which they cannot break, is going on all over the South. The following editorial from the Richmond *Whig* is particularly interesting being so evidently written solely with a view to the enlightenment of the Negro vote:

In another column is a communication on this subject, signed "Republican," called forth by a paragraph in a recent issue of the *Whig* suggesting that the colored people prove their faith in the future by breaking the color line.

That paragraph had solely in view the prevailing disposition among colored voters to vote all together and all one way, apparently more by instinct than by reason, and without regard to the public questions at issue.

We did not question their right to vote in this way. That is beyond question. We merely desired to raise a question in their minds of the utter hopelessness and inutility of this absurdly ignorant method of voting.

If "Republican" known anything at all about the motives and rules af action governing the Negro's political conduct, he knows that he votes altogether from a race standpoint and from race prejudices—and from very ignorant race prejudices—and not from motives of intelligence, patriotism or of civil policy, or from considerations of the public welfare.

It is not so much his fault that he does this, as his misfortune. His political horizon is circumscribed within very narrow limits. He has not attained to that higher degree of citizenship which regards "the greatest good to the greatest number" as the principal aim of enlightened government.

White voters do not thus array themselves by a race classification, and vote solidly and stolidly for no higher purpose than to secure a possible race advantage. They divide on economic questions, and questions of public policy, and, in Virginia and other States of the South, they would divide still more on such questions, but for the stolid unyielding wedge of Negro solidity which threatens to take a demoralizing race advantage of any opening that may present itself.

It is for the Negro's own good, and that he may the quicker qualify himself for a higher state of citizenship, that the *Whig* advises him to break the color line.

The editor of the New York *Freeman* is at least not afraid to speak the truth, as he sees it, to his constituents, and his editorials are almost always good reading:

We should look at this office-holding business in a practical, common-sense light. Politics is politics, and there is very little sentiment or nonsense mixed up in the business. Even if the civil service law should ever be amended so as to make it as hard for a man to get out as to get in, there must always remain a large number of offices not subject to civil service regulations, and these by far the larger number and more important. Consequently removals for partisan reasons will always be a part of the policy of whichever party controls the affairs of the government. It is a feature of republican government. It will naturally, therefore, be the aim of the party in power to fill the offices at its disposal by appointing persons who are in sympathy with its politics. It is natural and proper that such should be done.

How many colored men in this country sympathize with the objects and aims of the Democratic party, past and present? How many of such men have any right to expect special favor and consideration from the Democratic party? Preferment goes by favor for value received in politics as in business. How many colored men are entitled to such preferment for services rendered the Democratic party? And what right have colored Republicans to expect any different treatment from that given white Republicans by the Democratic party? The thing reduces itself to this absurdity.

We present these views because newspapers and individuals all over the country are constantly directing our attention to removals of colored men by Democratic officials, and asking us with a broad grin, "Now what do you think of the Democratic party?" We think the Democrats are entitled to the offices, since the people have committed the government to the Democratic party; and when the Republican party again comes into control of the government, we shall say let the offices go to the Republicans.

If colored men desire to hold office under the Democratic party the same as under the Republican party, they must divide their vote in such a way as to have the same claim upon the Democratic party which they should have (but have not got) on the Republican party.

Office holding, while desirable, is in no sense the most desirable work our men could engage in. Few fortunes are made in politics. Few men rise from clerical positions to the higher and lucrative positions. The prizes of politics go to the few, who are favored by circumstances or exceptional character and abilities. There are richer fields than that of politics. The office should seek the man.

Commencement at Tuskegee.

A visit to Tuskegee is always a pleasure—increasingly so year after year—to us of Hampton Institute. That pleasure fell to my turn this year in accepting Mr. Washington's invitation to the school's fifth anniversary exercise, which occurred May 27th, just one week after our own. There were many to say, "I'd go too if I could arrange it," so I took my seat in the train for the sunnier South, unseasonable as the time would seem for a trip in that direction. Hampton to Richmond by the Chesapeake and Ohio, Richmond to Atlanta by the Piedmont Air Line, Atlanta to Chehaw, Ala., by the West Point Railroad—that is how you do it—and then the Narrow Gauge to Tuskegee, or better, as I took it, a five mile drive through fragrant woods in the freshness of the May morning. For there at the little station, while I made my railroad toilet at limited express speed, fuming in Yankee style at the easy going ways which had nearly left me uncalled, and thanking their pleasanter manifestation which kept the whole train quietly waiting for me, I heard a voice inquiring for "a lady for the Normal School," and on emerging from the car, satchel in hand, found with the Normal School wagon some one I remembered as Ferguson, class of '83, now Tuskegee's *Mr. Howe*, farm manager, brick maker, and all the rest. And at the end of that lonely morning drive, I could have half fancied myself at home again, welcomed by such a Hampton company: the Principals, Mr. Washington and Miss Davidson; Mr. Warren Logan, of '77, Treasurer, and his clerk—can I call him anything but Tommy Ferguson, of '84; Mr. John Washington, of '79, re-introduced to me as "Our *Tuskegee Mr. Briggs;*" Mr. Wm. Brown, of '82, as "Our *Mr. McDowell;*" Miss Ida Lee, of '84, as "Our *Miss Davenport;*" Miss Rosa Mason, of '80, as "Our *Miss Lottie;*" Miss Ada Wallace, of '82, as "Our *Miss Galpin;*" and Mr. Courtney, of '79, representative. I took it of Hampton teachers in general. Is it a wonder that I felt at home and proud of such an array of "our jewels?" The three or four associates of the Hampton company, two of them graduates of Atlanta University, and another of Bates College, Lewiston, Me., seemed to fit very congenially into the Hampton set.

The Commencement exercises began with a drill of the boys, under their United States flag, the first raised in Tuskegee since the war. Recitations filled the morning, as at Hampton, and were attended by throngs of pleased parents and friends of the students. They were very generally creditable to scholars and teachers. I found time, of course, to make a tour of the industrial departments: the girls' sewing room, with its neatly made and laundried garments, making room too for the display of the farm and brick yard; then outside to the printing office, small as yet, but already doing a paying job work business on its hand press, besides publishing the *Southern Letter*, the school's organ; the "Slater Carpenter Shop," founded by a donation from the Slater fund, and doing all repair work of the place, and making much of the school furniture; the blacksmith shop, established by gifts from the colored citizens of Montgomery, and the brick yard, where Mr. H. C. Ferguson has proved that bricks can be successfully made in Tuskegee, and supplies bricks for all the buildings. Beyond it is the woodland, which will become very valuable to the school, with the acquisition of the saw mill just secured from generous New England donors, through the efforts of Gen. Marshall.

The afternoon exercises began with laying the corner stone of their third large building, to be built of brick, and to accommodate the young men now huddled in a row of quite toowell ventilated cabins, hired out at too great cost. The corner stone address was delivered by Rev. J. O. Andrew, D. D., of Montgomery, a white clergyman, son of the late Bishop Andrew, of Alabama. It was a very excellent and friendly address, and there has been ample evidence already that the best men in the State agree with him that "Such an institution as this deserves every encouragement." A number of the principal colored and white citizens of Tuskegee and Montgomery attended the rhetorical exercises which followed. Their numbers have indeed increased every year. The orator of the afternoon was the Hon. John M. Langston, who made a long and brilliant speech. The students' essays were simple and sensible. The salutatorian's made such an impression on a white lawyer from Montgomery, present for the first time, that he engaged the young man the next day to teach a school which he promised to open on his plantation and keep running himself through the year. Diplomas were presented to a graduating class of five, by Rev. R. C. Chilton, a white minister of Tuskegee.

This is the second class graduated by the school. The ten who graduated last year have taught ever since, and there is "room for many more."

H. W. L.

Editorial Correspondence.

POLITICAL SITUATION.

It was an exciting day. For the first or second time since the war the Democrats had lost control and a Republican was elected Mayor, not merely as a party affair, but on a citizens' ticket, in which both parties united to break up the existing order of things. Mr. Yost, editor of the *Valley Virginian*, was chosen, having been urged to run, he said, by his political opponents. The same day a similar thing occurred in Richmond, where the regular "slate" was broken by Democrats and Republicans uniting.

The political situation in Virginia, and indeed in the whole South, is very interesting, especially to those who care more for general tendencies than for immediate results. As there are some among the whites who have decidedly Republican inclinations, so there are some among the blacks who have Democratic leanings. The color line in politics is swiftly fading. The last Presidential election undoubtedly hastened this, at which all good citizens will rejoice. Ideas are coming more and more to the front; color and caste are on the full retreat. Mr. Yost said that intelligent colored men were discussing the tariff, and such questions as they never did a few years ago, from the stand point of laboring men inclined to protection. Large numbers of them, not uneasy about their rights, are indifferent as to voting, or ready to be bought or otherwise influenced.

Pour in the schoolmasters, and enlighten the people, who, many of them, are still in utter darkness, and out of school range, to say nothing of the incompetence of half the teachers.

The Blair bill has failed, and I do not regret it. It was not good as a means to an end, for so much money in so short a time would risk and might ruin the school system. The perhaps irretrievable blunder of the Republican party was in neglecting to push through, when it had the power, Senator Hoar's bill, assigning the proceeds of the public land sales, and certain revenues of the patent office, to Southern education. This would have supplied a moderate, steady, annual sum, continued indefinitely, which, though perhaps not needed in some States, would at least in them made things no worse than they are, while Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia, North and South Carolina, and probably some others, would, I think, have been stimulated to effort, and would have pushed illiteracy somewhat from its present power.

If we admit that Republics depend for their stability upon the intelligence and morality of their citizens, then such measures are legitimate, while justice and humanity surely have something to say in the case. As I read events the present state of things is wholesome, so far, at least, as the Negro is concerned. From his quondam friends who nobly and wisely built the bridge from slavery to freedom, and marched him through the triumphal arch of citizenship, he has to-day nothing to expect. The cause upon which they turned their backs was taken up by the magnificent charity of the North, which responded to a wonderful and most creditable effort in the South, to educate the ex-slaves. This effort, made at first under pressure, became at length so strong that no public man or demagogue dare say a word against it.

One loves to linger among Virginia's grand mountains, with their life-giving air and inspiring scenery; they are full of rest and strength. Here are the conditions of a fine people. Hon. Alexander H. Stewart and Rev. Dr. Barnas Sears, the latter from abroad, have been identified with Staunton, the one as statesman the other as educator, in active connection with the Peabody Fund. It was very pleasant to hear the Hampton boys speak of Mr. Stewart as most kind and friendly, always appreciating and encouraging, and it was pleasant to see him in his home, lonely in his advanced age, for death has taken all but one of his immediate family, and to hear him speak of his associates in Congress and in the Cabinet—Clay, Webster, Adams, Benton, Calhoun, and others. He has ably championed the ex-slave's claim to education, and urged upon the government its duty in relation to that real emancipation, without which the mere legal act is only half-way work. He spoke of Dr. Sears and of Dr. J. S. M. Curry, now minister to Spain, as providential men, each of them being, in his time, as agent of the Peabody Fund, the best man to be had for the place. The one in a masterly way developed the common school idea in the South, the other, with equal zeal and splendid eloquence, urged upon Southern legislators the same educational laws for both races, and fought successfully every reactionary tendency.

I regretted to hear at Charlottesville that under the "Local Option" law the majority had voted the "Wet" ticket, that the white vote alone would have made the town dry, but that the majority of the colored people favored free whisky. It is surely a pity that rum should be strengthened by the Negro vote. An intelligent man told me that the prominent deacons and church leaders favored the liquor interest, a state of things precisely like that recently described by Col. J. T. S. Preston, in the *Christian Union*, as existing in Lexington, Va. But grape culture and wine making are largely on the increase in Albemarle county, while Augusta county, in which Staunton lies, contains, I was told, more distilleries than any in the State. Prohibition has small chance here, but all is not at stake in Prohibition; public sentiment is the chief thing, and to create that is the great work, especially among the blacks.

OF GRADUATES AGAIN.

Arrived at Staunton just in time to be present at a combined May festival and reception of the colored M. E. Church. I went, at 8 o'clock, to find a very African state of things. No one there, except the pastor, Rev. Mr. Robinson, a strong and original character, who said, "With our people it is not night till it is dark." Struck by his clear cut and sensible talk, I asked where he was graduated, "I was educated in a bakery and graduated on the wharf in Alexandria, Va." He had studied as a slave, first by himself, under difficulties; then a kind master, Mr. Jameson, let him study with his boys. He improved every chance, was first baker, then weigher of wheat on the wharf, owned a good house, the recent destruction of which by fire has left him poor. His grandmother, he says, is mentioned in Sparks' Life of Washington, as Caroline Braumer, owned by Mr. Curtis, stepson of Washington.

Speaking of the congregation, he said, "This place is rather intellectual; in some places we have to halloo to make them listen; here we can preach a little." While waiting for the people, who came stringing in, I was introduced to a bright-looking black man, sitting near us, as Mr. Newman, Principal of the public graded school.

"This certainly is a graduate; from what school?" I asked.

"From nowhere," was the reply. "I was raised in Winchester, learned the trade of cabinet making and upholstering, and studied by myself."

A self-made colored man on either side of me, was my thought; there must be a good many of them. Assisting him were Miss Lizzie Saunders, Messrs. Oliver Derrit, W. B. Davenport, and S. L. Morris, all from Hampton, the last two not full graduates, at salaries of $27 a month, the Principal getting $40, for eight months in the year. The feature of the evening was the work of the Hamptonians, who gave the colored children of Staunton the first May party of their lives.

Eighty Negro girls, with long wands wound with fresh flowers, marched slowly in to music. They were dressed in white, with quantities of flowers and wreaths on their heads, and were led by a little girl who scattered roses in their path. They halted in the aisle, and with their gay wands formed an arch, through which passed their chosen Queen of the May, a pretty child, to her floral throne. On either side were three maids of honor, who in turn stood before her, and presented her crown and sceptre, reciting appropriate verses. Then rose the Queen, little but dignified, bowed to her subjects, and spoke graciously and well. Among others a newsboy and a bootblack ran in, and, after proper obeisance, offered each the best he had, and trotted out again. The girls retired and re-formed the arch under which the Queen passed out, to return for further proceedings, after which all descended to a supper in aid of the Sunday School Library, which needs about $22. It was a Hampton festival of long standing, introduced among new surroundings, and beautifully carried out. It seemed to me, more than anything else, like a worship of the goddess of purity, so expressive of purity was the exquisite outward whiteness, so simple, so honestly obtained, so decently done, so charmingly decorated with flowers, that every heart must have been touched, every better impulse stirred. It seemed very far from the old times. Could the mothers of these children have dreamed of such things?

Rev. Mr. Young, of a prominent colored church, said to me, "I heard you say that you trained your Hampton graduates to be like cats, to land on their feet when they chance to fall."

"Have they done so, so far as you know?" I asked.

"Yes, I think they have," was the satisfactory reply.

DO THEY LAND ON THEIR FEET?

This is what I find in Charlottesville and Staunton. Benjamin Tonsler has a very nice two-story house, a good-sized lot very neatly cultivated, worth about $1700. He has a wife and three children, has cared for thirteen months for his helpless mother, who has recently died, has an invalid sister on his hands, and owes about $50. He is an independent thinker, who won't always follow the crowd on election days, but who has taught for 12 years steadily in Staunton. Robert Kelser, his assistant for six years, had married a girl with some land, had built a house on it, and was paying for it. George Inge, another assistant for two years, is a good fellow, owns no property; his father is a carpenter in Danville, lives in an excellent house, and has brought up a fine family. His brother, a Hampton graduate of talent, has taught several years in St. Louis, Mo., at a salary of $100 a month. W. B. Davenport, not married, has built a good house on his mother's land, and is taking excellent care of her in return for the help she gave him at Hampton. He did not finish, and will soon return to take his Senior year. Miss Lizzie Saunders, class of '85, has taught with success, and held her own as a true, self-respecting woman, belonging to that small but increasing class who hold aloof from the unworthy. Such young women are obliged, by their very attractiveness, to run a terrible gauntlet of temptation, without protection from civil or social law. Their steadfastness and integrity are positive virtues far beyond those of their white sisters, who are shielded as by a triple wall. She is one of many who illustrate the womanhood that more than anything else is the hope of this or of any race.

I went to the home of Mr. Oliver Derrit, as I did to all—a very pleasant two-story house, with quite a garden, well cultivated, and plenty of fruit trees. As he is unmarried, his sister was keeping house for him; a married brother was living with them; all were helping to pay for the property. Derrit is in partnership with S. L. Morris, a Hampton Junior, in a provision store, where they are doing well. They are about to remove to a better stand, and one may stop teaching to look after business. Two of his sisters are now at Hampton. S. C. Corlis is now editing and printing a weekly paper in Staunton. He picked up the printer's trade after leaving school: is not yet making money; has taught acceptably. He hopes to win reputation and influence, but will not, I trust, get to Congress.

The above is illustrative, not exhaustive. It shows fairly well the results of the Normal teaching and industrial training of Negroes. Unless head, hand, and heart, are equally educated, there is danger of failure. I am convinced that it is better to make thorough teachers with a good English education than to broaden the basis of knowledge with a less direct pedagogic drill. They need to know the business. Skilled labor always tells. It has given our students a great advantage, and the habit of self-help and self-reliance, directed by Christian instruction and a consecrated purpose, has made them strong in good work in Sunday as well as day schools, in the temperance cause, and as examples to the people.

PETERSBURG.

Those who in 1864–5 stood for months in the trenches around this city find a special interest in visiting their camping ground of twenty years ago. The line of earth works are still distinct, for though the rains are washing the earth down, they are marked by an almost continuous line of young and thrifty peach trees. Cultivation has, at intervals, effaced every vestige of them. The crater is, for the numerous visitors, the chief point of attraction.

Petersburg is a city of about 25,000 inhabitants, the two races being about equally represented. White Republicans, added to the Negro vote, have long given that party the control, but it is now likely to be overthrown by a combination of both parties on a citizen's ticket. Abuses, which come of long political control, whether by one party or the other, are sure to be met and overcome in Southern cities by a union of the best elements of both. The odium of voting for or with a Negro is no longer what it was. A prominent Democrat, who favored the Reform ticket, said to me, "I never expected to vote for a nigger, but if we want them to vote for us we must vote for them." A political adjustment of races is a hopeful feature in some parts of the South, and I think will spread everywhere. I noticed the liberal, fair tone of the *Index and Express*, the leading Democratic newspaper, which must exert an excellent influence.

Petersburg is a city of pleasant homes; there is no ostentation, but it abounds in shady streets, attractive gardens, beautiful shrubbery, and "homey" inviting houses. The social life is said to be exceedingly pleasant and simple in contrast to Richmond, which has more wealth. There are about fifteen tobacco factories, six cotton mills, making plain goods, a large business in pea nuts, several great tobacco warehouses, and six flour mills. Its water power, furnished by the Appomattox, is equal to any in the State. Negro labor has a monopoly in tobacco work, white labor monopolizes cotton. The public school system of Petersburg is very excellent and complete for both races, each having 21 teachers at work. Sessions last nearly ten months in the year; school houses are good and well-appointed. To Dr. Sears, agent of the Peabody Fund, much credit is due for his wise and stimulating scheme for supplementing local aid to popular education.

Granting to this, and many other Southern cities, say $2,000 a year if they would raise by taxation $3,000 to $5,000, gave them a great start and pushed them forward in this direction many years. I visited the Peabody colored school, built from the Peabody Fund and well-appointed, where there are 150 pupils and 12 teachers, in charge of Mr. N. L. Hamlin, a colored graduate. The course of study includes Algebra, Latin, History, Arithmetic, and Physical Geography, all of which seem to be well taught and readily mastered. The annual rhetorical exercises were held last evening, at the Academy of Music, which was crowded with colored people, every foot of standing room being occupied, while declamations and songs were creditably rendered. A few whites were present. Another Hampton graduate, Wm. H. Johnson, class of 1878, has taught for six years in the adjacent county of Chesterfield, keeping school six months and working the rest of the year at his trade as cooper. Both he and Mr. Hamlin are living in pleasant homes, neither married, but in excellent surroundings. They are doing well by their families, and are thrifty and forehanded. Johnson spoke of the colored people's distrust of savings banks, owing to their first experience. The Postal Savings Bank, as recently discussed in Congress, is a much needed thing for the colored people of the South, who require, above all things, absolute security, and have been led, through the ill-fated Freedmen's Savings Bank, to suspect all private concerns. I heard the Baccalaureate Sermon in the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute, a State school for Negroes, preached by the Rev. Mr. Williams, a colored Baptist clergyman, to the graduating class, numbering thirteen. President John M. Langston stated that it was the first event of the kind in the history of the ex-slaves of this country. An audience of 1500 were present in the large and attractive assembly room. This institute, planned on a large scale, is built of brick, three stories with mansard roof, is to provide for 500 boarders, and cost $125,000. The recitation rooms will accommodate 750, and, as all is under one roof, the edifice is commanding, and conspicuous for miles around. Steam heating, cooking, washing, and gas, are to be introduced. Established in 1882 it is still far from being finished, but the attendance is already about 150. It will be pushed to completion this summer. The present Board of Education (Democratic) seem as anxious to build it up and make it efficient as did that of the Republican regime. Gen. Mahone was its inspiration, I believe. It promises to be less partisan than before. Politics have had too much to do with it. There is a Normal (English) course of three years, and a three years' Academic course devoted chiefly to History, Mathematics, Latin, and Greek; also a Training Department. None under 14 years of age are admitted. Each school year is divided into three terms of three months each, for which the charges are: tuition, $3.35; board and room rent, $20, not including washing, which costs the young men about $1 a month. The girls do their own and take care of their rooms, which are very well ordered and cleanly. The boys do the same, and their rooms are also tidy and creditable. Except the fifty State students, who pay no tuition, each boarder pays in advance (cash) $7.78 a month. The fare is plain, and will eventually, so far as I can judge, be in excellent shape; with only one wing complete, the school is at great disadvantage. The Hampton school charges $10 a month, including washing and mending of garments, part or all of which is payable in labor.

There is to be a State Teachers' Institute for two months this summer, which State colored teachers are required to attend, paying $8 a month for board. Several hundred are expected, and great benefit to the cause of education may be looked for. This Institute will be watched with interest, as illustrating the success of a large public school solely under the influence and instruction of colored teachers. It is now under the direct control of the State Board of Education, consisting of the Governor, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, and the Attorney General. The State Board of Visitors is reduced to nominal authority. Among its teachers are four Hampton graduates and one ex-student, Mr. Norton. The former are Miss Sallie Gregory, under Mr. Norton in the Training Department; Miss Susie Morse, matron, a neat, vigorous, and efficient worker; Mr. R. W. Whitney, treasurer, and Mr. W. Bell, who has just finished a classical course, having taught with credit for several years. He has introduced the industry of poultry raising. This institution

[Continued on page 90.]

Southern Workman.

Indian Department.

HELEN W. LUDLOW, CORA FOLSOM. } *In Charge.*

Regular Contributors;

HERBERT WELSH, *Cor. Sec'y Indian Rights Association,*

ELAINE GOODALE.

MRS. A. S. QUINTON, *Gen'l Sec'y of the Womans' National Indian Ass'n.*

We regret the loss of Miss Elaine Goodale as editor of this department of the SOUTHERN WORKMAN, but are happy to say that she will continue her connection with it as a regular correspondent from her new field of work for Indians. She leaves Hampton, as some of our readers know, with Miss Laura Tileston, whose successful work as teacher will also be greatly missed here, to take charge of a new Indian school to be established on one of the agencies in Dakota, partly by the Government and partly by the Episcopal Church Mission, under pastoral care of Bishop Hare. The exact location and character of the enterprise is not yet fully decided, we believe. White River Camp, on Lower Brule Agency, the camp of Chief Medicine Bull, who sent a son and daughter to Hampton, has been talked of. It is the ladies' desire to make it a day school that shall demonstrate the possibilities and value of day schools on reservations, and be a centre from which others may be developed and helped.

We wish the young missionaries all success in their endeavor. It cannot miss the best.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

A happy journey and safe return to our head and chief, Miss Richards, in her European tour.

Between the pain of parting with Miss Goodale and Miss Tileston, and the pleasure of thinking that they are going to live in the Indian country and work for the Dakotas, the hearts of the Indian girls and boys have been torn with conflicting emotions, but every one wished that the station selected might be his or her agency, and the Lower Brule constituency, happy in the strongest probability thereof, were envied by all.

Mr. J. H. McDowell, head of the Indian Training Shops, who took charge of the party for the West, is well fitted by thorough interest in his Indian apprentices, and long successful experience in their practical education, to be one of the best of Hampton's investigating corps of visitors to the Agencies. He will be a close and conscientious observer. He is expected back with a new party the last of this month.

The Indian department has settled into the summer order. Eighteen girls and fifty boys remain, after the eastern and western parties have departed. Indian school from 1 to 2.45, with classes in drawing, reading, arithmetic and history; boys' study hour in the evening; girls' in the afternoon. The work goes on briskly in this unusually cool and comfortable summer, with play and picnics thrown in for spice of life. The Sunday services and Friday night prayer meetings go on as usual, Rev. Mr. Gravatt residing at the school, as usual, in the absence of Mr. Frissell, school chaplain.

Two little deaf mute girls, from the asylum in Washington, have come to spend their vacation with us, and learn something of domestic arts. They are daughters of Ponca chiefs, and one of them bears proudly upon her forehead a blue tattooed mark of distinction, in honor of an act of benevolence performed by her father. Our Indian girls are generally very considerate of their little visitors, who are very bright, chatter away on their fingers to each other, and have no difficulty in making themselves understood by others by expressive signs.

Off for Berkshire.

A merry party of girls and boys, with their escorts, started on June 21 to spend the vacation among the breezy hills of Massachusetts. Twelve girls and thirteen boys have been provided thus with summer homes among the Berkshire county farmers, where they will have enough light work to occupy them, and be learning some English words and American ways in thrifty country homes. They are, on the whole, a very good party, and we expect them to come back to us in the fall, as others have, improved in many ways by the bracing influence of the New England atmosphere. The trials of an unusually rough passage up the coast were compensated by the wonders of New York, a ride on the "L," and a visit to the Zoo. Their escort writes that all have good homes, and have made a pleasant impression on those who received them. Letters received from several, since their arrival in Berkshire, are in a cheerful vein. One girl writes:

"I am very happy here. Everybody is very kind to me. I don't do anything but wash dishes, but there are many, as we have a few boarders. When I think about all my kind friends everywhere I am a little home-sick for my own home and for Hampton, but I shall soon get over that. It has rained every day since Wednesday, and I have not seen the sun since I came here. I don't know whether they have any sun in Massachusetts, but I hope they have one."

Westward Ho!

Twenty-two Indian students, eleven girls and eleven boys, were returned last month to their homes in the West, leaving Hampton July 6, under escort of Mr J. H. McDowell, manager of the Indian Training Shops. The following is a somewhat descriptive list:

To Standing Rock Agency, Dakota Ter.

Ho Washte (Goodvoice); age 21; arrived April, '85: a bright boy; has worked in tin shop; doesn't speak much English yet. Returned on account of ill health.

Rosa Pleets; age 21. Arrived first in '78; remained three years, and after two years at home returned again to Hampton in '84 to stay two years; has made fair progress: speaks English; is a good worker, neat, steady, and conscientious.

Katie Running-girl; age 20; arrived in '85; a good, faithful girl. Returned because delicate in health.

To Yankton Agency, D. T.

Charles Picotte, Jr., age 20; arrived first in '79; went home in '84, and returned in '85 to finish his course; graduated this summer from the Normal School; hopes to return East to study law; is an excellent tinsmith; competent to run a shop.

David Saul, aged 17; arrived Dec. '82. and goes because his time is out; he has made good progress; speaks English well, and is a good shoemaker.

To Cheyenne River Agency, D. T.

Mary Traversie, age 15; arrived first in '79; went home June, '83, and returned Sept. '83, for two years; is in the middle class of the Normal School, and an excellent worker as a seamstress and in the cooking class.

Edna Traversie, age 13; arrived June, '82, and has completed the time for which she came; has made good progress, and is a very efficient little worker.

Sophie Laundet, age 14; arrived Sept., '83, and leaves because her time is out; speaks English well; not far advanced in studies, but is a very good worker. It is hoped that she and Edna may return in the fall for a further course.

Felicia Rivers, aged 13; arrived Dec., '82, and leaves because her time is out; fond of work, and very efficient in this, though not in books.

Theodore Little-boy Miller, aged 15; arrived Sept., '83, and leaves because his time is out; speaks English fairly, thoughtful, and promising; has worked in Engineer's department and on farm.

To Crow Creek and Lower Brule Agency.

Samuel Medicine Bull, age 24 years; arrived first Oct., '81; went home May, '84, returned here Nov., '85, for a year; speaks English fairly, and is well fitted to be a teacher in some camp school; he has an excellent character, and is anxious to do good among his people; he has learned the carpenter's trade.

Leon de Shuquette, age 22; arrived August, '85; an intelligent scholar: speaks English perfectly; is returned on account of his own desire and somewhat delicate health.

Mrs. Susan de Shuquette, age 19, returns with her husband; a bright woman and excellent worker; understands English somewhat; bright in her studies.

Geo. Tompkins, age about 20; arrived August, '85, and returned on account of health; a quiet, obedient boy, but has accomplished little; has worked on a farm when able.

Thos. Tompkins, age about 17, brother of George, and about the same record, but in greater degree.

Wesley Huntsman, age 22; arrived in '85, and is also returned on account of delicate health; speaks English; has worked faithfully in the paint shop; has weak lungs.

To the Pottawottamie Agency, Indian T.

Robert Baldan, age 21: arrived Aug., '85; returned on account of weak health and general unsuccessfulness.

Mrs. Lucy La Flesche, age 24; arrived August, '84; graduated this summer from the Normal School, and goes to join her husband, who returned in the spring. She will do good work among her people.

Susan La Flesche, age 19; arrived Aug., '74; graduated as salutatorian of her class, and with the prize medal, in the Normal School, this summer; hopes to return East in the fall and study medicine to be more useful among her people.

Marguerite La Flesche, age 22; arrived August, '84; is in the middle class of the Normal School. An Eastern friend sends her home for a recreation, and she hopes to return in the fall to complete her course. These three sisters of "Bright Eyes" may be expected to do great good for their race.

Mrs. Stella Lemming, age 18; arrived August, '85; returns to join her husband, who returned in the spring on account of delicate health. She takes with her a baby girl a few weeks old. She has not been much in school, but is quick to learn, and efficient and faithful in work.

Albert Morgan, age 13, was transferred to Hampton from St. Mary's Episcopal School, in Baltimore, Dec., '85. Had been there three years, and his time is out. Speaks, reads, and writes English quite well, and should go to school at the Agency.

The Indian and the Mammoth.*

In the spring of 1872 a young farmer in Berks county, Pennsylvania, picked up a "queer stone" at the plow-tail, and added it to his collection of Indian arrow-heads and various relics. This fragment was subsequently sold to a young man in the neighborhood, with a "fancy in collecting Indian antiquities," and nine years later the second half of the carving was discovered in the same spot by the same youth, and presented to the owner of the larger piece. This is the history in brief of the so-called "Lenape Stone," which has excited some discussion among archæologists, and even been considered worth writing a book about, as what is not nowadays?

*The Lenape Stone; or, The Indian and the Mammoth. By H. E. Mercer, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1885.

This aboriginal carving, if it be such, has been made upon one of the puzzling "gorget stones," or perforated tablets of slate, "which seem to have been the peculiar property of the North American Indian, without a counterpart, as far as the writer can learn, in the stone implements of other uncivilized races. It is unquestionably a picture of a combat between savages and the hairy mammoth—an encounter such as our imagination has not yet connected with the ancient forests of America, and drawn as well as an Indian who had seen the great monster could have drawn it. Most of the figures seem represented according to the common conventional method of the modern Indian, yet there is certainly a seeming picturesque relation between them, of which we can find no example in the few ancient Indian picto-graphs which have been preserved to us. We can almost fancy a foreground, a distance, and a faint chiaro-oscuro.

"The combat, we might imagine, takes place on the confines of a forest, and, if we may judge, from an upward inclination of the foreground on the right, at the base of a hillside. The monster, angry, and with erect tail, approaches the forest, in which, through the pine trunks, are seen the wigwams of an Indian village. In the sky overhead, and as if presiding over the event, are ranged the powers of heaven; forked lightning flashes through the tree-tops, and from between a planet and the crescent moon, beyond which we seem to see a constellation (represented by a series of crossed lines) and two stars, the sun's face looks down upon the scene.

"Four human forms confront the monster; the first holds in his right hand a bow, from which the arrow, just discharged, is sticking in the side of the enraged beast, and in his left (if it is not planted in the ground) a long lance; a second warrior, with head-dress of feathers, stands farther to the right; and still farther, and near what may perhaps be called a rock, a third sits upon the ground apparently smoking a pipe; a fourth figure is easily distinguishable, trampled under the feet of the mammoth."

Such is Mr. Mercer's graphic description of the stone, in whose genuineness he firmly believes; and his imagination sees yet more in the primeval picture. "The strong effect upon the fancy of this rude carving, as we gaze upon it, would be hard indeed to resist. Its stern naievete and characteristic look of æsthetic purpose bring upon the mind a haunting sense of the reality of the event it represents, and our sympathies seem genuinely awakened for the four human beings who have dared to confront the monster with their rude weapons of stone, yet whose destiny, like that of their large antagonist, is overshadowed by the near presence of a supernatural power, seen in the great phenomena of nature which the artist has connected with the scene."

The question whether the mammoth, in America, survived into the human periods, is one of considerable geological interest. This stone is not the sole evidence of a race of human beings who lived in the time of the hairy mammoth, or which goes to prove that these men were Indians. There are Delaware Indian traditions of a "Big Buffalo," and it is interesting to compare these tales with the carvings on the "Lenape Stone," discovered in the middle of their ancient territory.

"Viewed in the light of these legends," says Mr. Mercer, "and compared with the fragments of ancient Indian history which chance has preserved to us, the carvings upon the Lenape stone vividly impresses upon our minds the reality of that dark period of our continent's past, antecedent to the first coming of the white man; separated from us by not a few centuries, yet where the boundary line between history and geology becomes indistinct; where for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years the Indian lived alone on this great island, and while those deep-rooted peculiarities of his character, which civilization has failed to eradicate, were slowly growing out of his wilderness life."

Passages as suggestive as the above, with engravings of various somewhat fascinating mammoth "documents"—pipes, mounds, and head-dresses—make the little book of interest to the general reader, while an appendix contains all the evidence for and against the relics, including the sworn statement of the finder and others, and the testimony of experts. ELAINE GOODALE.

can do much for industrial work, though there is no present provision for it. Industrial education belongs here. President Langston is alive to all its needs, and will, I think, push things ably and faithfully.

I visited the Central Lunatic Asylum (for Negroes), the Eastern and Western Asylums being for whites. This, under the care of Dr. Barkesdale, is a very large affair, a building of three stories, with a front of 650 feet, standing in well-cultivated grounds of 295 acres. It contains 455 inmates, 50 more than it ought to have. It was transferred from Richmond and opened here fourteen months ago, having cost about $200,000, although, as yet, far from adequately furnished. Dr. Barkesdale says that while 45 per cent. of the recent cases are curable, the asylum is filled with hopeless chronic cases. Insanity among Negroes is caused chiefly by privation in health and want of care when sick. Hardly 10 per cent. can be traced to intemperance, showing that while the blacks may generally drink, they seldom drink to excess. Owing to the crowded condition of the asylum, many Negro lunatics are kept in jails, or by friends who give bonds and receive pay for their care. The inmates here make all their clothing, except men's outside wear.

HAITI.

I am tempted to give here some of President Langston's statements in regard to Haiti, where he was U. S. minister resident for eight years, having but recently returned. He strongly condemns Mr. Spencer St. John's book on Haiti. This gentleman was British Consul at Port au Prince for 13 years, and has made some startling statements in regard to the present status of the colored population. Mr. Langston, whose observations are very recent, and at the same time thorough-going, says strong things against the British consul personally, and while not charging him with direct misrepresentation, accuses him of putting facts in wrong relations and proportion, and giving no fair and true account of the black Republic. Haiti, with a population of 600,000 on an area of 10,000 square miles, occupies part of an island in the West Indies, the other part of which, San Domingo, contains 18,000 square miles and 200,000 people. The former are French and black, the latter Spanish and chiefly mulattoes, and the feeling between the two is strong. The blacks are now in power, having crowded out the lighter shade unfairly and in some instances cruelly. Gen. Salome is President of Haiti. President Langston speaks of him as "very black, of noble presence, 72 years old, weighs 340 lbs., hair white as snow, teeth perfect, eyes large and fine." He is a lawyer by profession, is highly cultivated, is up in languages and literature, and is, from the French standpoint, a scholar. He has had thirty years experience in diplomacy in Paris and elsewhere, knows American history and ideas perfectly, and models his government upon ours. But aside from the constitution, which is American, everything else is French. The President is elected every year, any vacancy being filled by the National Assembly.

Mr. Langston says that Mr. St. John's book is far from doing justice to the commerce of Haiti, its literature, its religion, its judicial or legislative systems, to its medical or legal professions, in which are some highly educated men from the best schools of Paris. Six or seven young Haitians are now studying in Philadelphia.

President Salome is a Roman Catholic, which is the State religion, but is tolerant. Under a concordat with the Church of Rome the Haitian government has to pay about $500,000 annually for the support of priests, etc., and appropriates about the same for schools, which, however, is given through the church, making the school system its creature, and thus checking wholesome advance.

The women are all Catholics; the men are Freemasons, which order thrives beside its inveterate enemy. The few Protestants are mainly foreigners. Voudoism prevails (but no cannibalism), and is steadily giving way to Catholicism, which is remarkably earnest and aggressive, though not progressive. Both these beliefs are modified by Protestantism, Episcopalian, Methodist, and Baptist, which sects are gaining, and there is an idea among the people that poverty, revolution, and Romanism, go together. The three great forces of Catholicism, Masonry, and Voudooism, are being quietly pushed back by Protestant ideas. President Langston speaks warmly of the West India trade, especially that of Haiti, which with the United States alone amounts to fourteen or twenty millions of dollars annually. A great variety of articles is imported from this country, vast quantities of soap among other things, washing being done wastefully in running water. There is also a large demand for flour, bread being there, as elsewhere, the staff of life. Newport's News, Va., is a natural outlet as well as inlet for this traffic, and a large West India trade may be looked for at this point. Haiti is the strong hold of the black man, the pure-blooded Negro, and its record is interesting and instructive. A fair and well-digested account of it is needed. S. C. A.

Mr. Hamilton's address, "A Review and an Outlook," delivered on Anniversary Day, May 20th, 1886, opens with a sketch of his own career, the principal facts of which may be condensed as follows:

His childhood was spent in Louisiana, Mississippi, and Philadelphia, from which city he came in 1872 to Hampton, having never until that time spent a day in school. He almost immediately went out with the Hampton singers, spending two years with them, and at the same time keeping up his studies, so that he was able to re-enter the school and graduate in '77. For a year and a half he taught in the Butler School, and then took charge of the Tailoring Department of the Hampton School, which position he has ever since held, being also a most valued and able assistant in the Musical Department. He himself gives the reasons for his leaving his work here, and from this point we give his very interesting speech entire:

Feeling the need of a more extended field of usefulness I launch my bark, and though I may not build an Institution whose walls towering heavenward shall kiss the first beams of the morning sun, yet I shall hope to create a sentiment among my people that shall be not less grand, but more enduring than brick walls. Hence the time has come that I must bid Hampton farewell.

As I look to the outside world, I behold a field white to the harvest, but properly equipped laborers are few. My race, whose progress toward a higher life during the past twenty years challenges the admiration and plaudits of all people, has yet a long ways to go before it can stand shoulder to shoulder with all other races and demand that recognition of its manhood which is due. Intellectually, the race accepts no second place. The ability to master the most difficult and abstruse problems, has been fully demonstrated.

We have now many distinguished lawyers, doctors and divines and a few artists who are gaining enviable reputation, and so all along the line of higher education, the Negro is a success. He is in danger of an abnormal development. This is not peculiar to the Negro, all people are more taken with the *shine* of life than its realities.

If the white people of this country did not show this to a great degree in the earlier days of this Republic, it was because there was not much *shine* here.

The secret of Germany's power and prowess lies in her educational system. The back bone of this great government and of all great nations, is intelligent laboring classes. If we would be a great and strong people, we must educate the masses, and the young men and women must be trained in all the manual arts. Let 30 or 40 per cent of the American Negroes be given a good common school education and a trade, and there are not enough people in the country afflicted with that most loathsome of diseases, Negrophobia, to hinder our progress or deny us any of our rights as citizens of this or any other country.

The Negro is about as religious as any as any other people, though very often his religion is badly "mixed." But I think he has lived up to his light.

His religious nature has led many to conclude that he is more of a coward than his red brother. Is it possible, that with all the boasted intelligence of our white brother, we must resort to the tomahawk and scalping knife in order to convince him that we are not cowards?

The bravery of the black man on many a gory battlefield in defence of our flag, should be enough to convince any one of ordinary intelligence that the Negro is a man; and being a man, is endowed with all the qualities of beings created in the image of God.

Morally the race is far from what we desire. Whenever a Negro, who truly loves his race meets an assemblage of colored persons, his heart's blood quickens at the spectacle. It is a mystery to me how any of the white people, especially the Southerners can reproach the Negro for his bad morals, without blushing for shame at their own responsibility in the matter.

The business capacity of the Negro is more seriously questioned than any other to-day. Not that he has failed entirely as a business man.

One of Boston's leading tailors and clothiers is a Negro, handling more than $200,000 worth of goods annually. There are many other Negroes doing well as business men in different parts of the country. We have financiers, too well known to mention here.

But the great need of the race is educated mechanics, common sensed, level headed teachers and preachers, true leaders who will lead by example as well as by precept. It is that we may have more right spirited men and women to lead the people that I plead to-day. To get these, schools like Hampton are needed throughout the South.

Most of the mechanics we have now are men who learned their trades before the war. These were better fitted to meet freedom than any other class, but the lack of education, discounted their real worth to themselves and their race more than one half.

Negro mechanics have worked by the side of white men, both doing the same work equally well, the one getting $2.00 per day and the other 3.00. We can only hope to be justly treated in this respect when we are fitted by education to do our thinking and planning.

You have but to look at the buildings on these grounds to see evidences of the Negro's handiwork in brick laying and carpentry. About half of the mechanical part of all this work was done by Negroes. The testimony of a Southern man who superintended the construction of many of these buildings, is, that the colored man saves more of their earnings than the white mechanics.

Go to the top of Virginia Hall or the Stone Building, and look over the country around here, and you will see hundreds of pleasant homes built by these men trained before the war, and paid for, largely, out of wages received here.

We are not able to get the necessary business training because prejudice keeps us out of your mercantile houses, and workshops, only as we are admitted as porters and to do the drudgery.

The Negroes must learn how to co-operate or work together. I do not mean to follow the evil line of trade's unions, but in the higher sense of standing by each other in all laudable enterprises, being a unit in everything that gives strength to a people.

A word to you my student friends. First allow me to thank you for the uniform respect shown me in all our dealings. This gives great satisfaction to me and I am proud of you. The manner in which you have received my instruction and criticisms, shows that you are getting nearer that standard of true manliness and womanliness which is so vital to our success.

Fulsome praise is not good. Let us be plain and earnest in all we do or say.

There is great power in each of you, for good or evil, as you will. Here you are surrounded by influences and opportunities that will develop these powers, mental and physical, in the best manner possible; that will make you self-reliant men and women. This is especially good for our girls, for if there is one danger that threatens our race, more than another, it is because of the defencelessness of our females.

Young men defend, the honor of our girls with your lives, if need be. Girls be worthy of the sacrifice. The needs of our race demand that you shall make the most of the opportunities before you. If ever there was need of earnest efforts and earnest lives, it is *now* to save the black and red races of this country. The immorality of the one and the barbarism of the other are constantly cited by our enemies to show that neither is fit for citizenship or self government. Education, virtue, and wealth will make you strong. Secure these. I know it is hard for you to obey all the rules necessary for the good government of a large Institution like this. But if you keep busy and are determined to do what is right you will seldom rub against the rules. Base your life upon Bible principles and you are safe. Let not the weeds of the outside world, when you leave here, hide your light. There is a work for each of you, buckle up your armor well, hold fast the truths taught you here, for ignorance, intemperance and vice will assail you on every hand. They insinuate themselves into every path of life. Let alone the social glass; refuse to be popular rather than forsake your principle. Popular people of society are seldom on hand when there is real work to be done for the good of the people. Better be alone with God and right on your side than do violence to your conscience. We cannot all be school teachers, but whatever our occupation, let us remember that the salvation of a race depends largely upon our actions. Have pride and self respect, but do not be scornful. Be considerate of the feelings of those who are as good as you are, but have not had your advantages. We shall not live to see our race entirely free from the blight of slavery, but can do much to hasten the day of its final emancipation.

I have often heard our principal say that his design was to make men and women rather than polished scholars. Not that he would discourage any who desire to become highly educated. There are plenty of schools ready to do the polishing, but very few ready or willing to confine themselves to training the powers that prove the real man or woman. Better be a solid man or woman than a polished ornament.

The demand is for people who are not ashamed or afraid to work. The education of the "Head, heart and hand," Hampton's motto, will make you such men and women.

Only one thing more. Let me ask you to hold fast to something which is distinctively ours, and is worthy of the love and admiration of all people. I refer to the Negro Melodies, said to be the only American music, and which are only sung successfully by the Negro. Much that you enjoy to-day has come through the power of these songs. Among the most pleasant recollections of Hampton to me will be the singing of these songs by you. Keep on singing them and they will cheer your hearts even as they did our fathers in the dark days that are gone, to return no more.

Gen. Armstrong, there is no doubt but that the Divine Hand is in the plan of this work, and if I have one wish it is that God will spare you to see this Institution so firmly established, that it shall be beyond the reach of ordinary calamities; until its influence shall be felt throughout the land, and its light so increased, its power for good so great, that it shall be as lasting as time itself.

Long live Hampton Institute.
Long live her honored founder.

Hampton Honor Roll.

FOR THE YEAR 1885—86.

The following list speaks for itself. It represents many a sturdy struggle, and long continued warfare with foes within and without, temptations to sloth, and carelessness and self indulgence. The conquerors will be better armed for the whole conflict of life, as well as happy in reading their names upon the shining list. We believe in encouraging such effort and acknowledging success. So we are happy to publish this roll of honor.

In the Normal School.

(Reported by Miss Mackie.)

Students who have not lost a mark during the year in deportment or promptness

Mary Bryant,
Lydia Butler,
Agnes Cormicks,
Mary Hill,
Mary Patterson,
Annie Peters,
Arminta Priest,
Charlotte Wilson,
Martha Brown,
Mattie Everette,
Josephine Whitfield,
Emma B. Lee,
Wm. Berry,
Jesse H. Harris,
Geo. Moorman,
Robert Ricks,
Joseph Stewart,
W. C. Anderson,
C. Mitchell,
John Palmer,
Thomas E. Wise.

The Commandant, Mr. Curtis, adds that "Of the above, Geo. Moorman and J. H. Palmer have never received marks from him, nor been absent from roll calls without sufficient reason."

In the Night School.

Reported by Miss Baldwin.

Students perfect in deportment and attendance.

Selina Peters,
J. H. Tompkins,
Robert Yates,
W. Y. Claytor,
Albert Freeland,
J. F. Dabney,
Robert Moten,

Of these. Tompkins, Yates and Freeland have also never received marks from the Commandant.

Forty nine students have never been marked by the Commandant. Thirteen have never been absent from roll calls without sufficient excuse. Of various roll calls there are between 900 and 900 for the boys to answer in the course of a year.

Joel Lancaster has never been reported absent and never received a mark from the Commandant.

The *Southern Churchman*, (Richmond) says:

The colored work in this diocese grows. We now have seven colored ministers and 400 communicants, and three more just ordained make ten colored ministers and seven or eight postulants or candidates for the ministry. The work growing, we should let it grow with as few restrictions as the purity and good of the church demand.

Farewell to Bethesda Chapel.

Perhaps nothing could have been said to deepen the impressiveness of the associations that thronged upon some of those who, on the third Sunday of last May, sat for the last time in the little chapel in the National Cemetery, where for sixteen years the church of Hampton Institute has gathered for the worship of God. Built first for the soldiers whose tents and hospital wards stretched far around it, surrounded by 6000 Union soldiers' graves; ringing Sunday after Sunday with the hymns of the freedmen, and crowning the effort to lead their children to the freedom of the truth; welcoming their brethren in oppression from the western plains; gathering three races in the brotherhood of the Father's house; consecrated anew by the last noble words of Garfield ready to be offered for his country, Bethesda spoke to the hearts of those who met for the farewell, as none could speak for her.

The ministers officially connected with the chapel have been five. Rev. E. P. Roe, its founder, and Rev. James Marshall, both U. S. army chaplains in the volunteer service, give their own story of its early history below. The church of Hampton Institute was organized in 1870, from the school and some of the colored and northern white people in Hampton, and obtained ready permission from the War Department and Presbyterian Board, who held joint jurisdiction, to use it on condition of keeping it in repair. As is well known, the school being undenominational by its charter, its church was a union or independent church, flying no banner but the banner of the Cross. Its first pastor was Rev. Richard Tolman, of the First Congregational Church in Tewkesbury, Mass. For over seven years he did most faithful and successful work as its pastor. The regret with which the school accepted his resignation was consoled by his continued residence on the place, and valuable assistance in the new department of Bible study established for colored pastors. His final departure for the North this year, as announced in our last number, is a great loss to the school.

Rev. John Denison, a son-in-law of ex-President Hopkins, of Williams College, became the second pastor of the school church in the fall of 1879. Obliged for his health to give up his charge of a large Congregational church in New Britain, Connecticut, Bethesda was able to enjoy his ministrations in her pulpit for two years, when he left to find full restoration in a European tour, becoming college chaplain at Williams on his return.

In the fall of 1879 Rev. H. B. Frissell, present Normal School chaplain, took charge of Bethesda, coming here from mission work in New York city, as colleague of Rev. Dr. Chas. Robinson, of the Memorial (Presbyterian) Church.

On two occasions, the last time in 1881, the War Department contemplated the removal of the chapel, but on representation of its usefulness to the school, the orders were rescinded in a very friendly way. It was left, however, to be only a question of time, when the need of more room in the cemetery still used as a burial place for the veterans of the army should be imperative, and the increasing decay of the building and growth of the school, make some change a necessity. The great burden of providing a new church building, however plain, was lifted from the school by one generous and timely gift far beyond anything it would have asked from the public. The beautiful Memorial chapel, whose tower rose heavenward before Bethesda had to be left, made the farewell one of tender regret only for the past with no anxiety for the future.

The presence of all its five pastors was hoped for at the farewell service, but none of those not resident here were able to accept the invitation. Rev. J. J. Gravatt, rector of St. John's church, Hampton, who has been for several years officially connected with the school in its religious work for the Indians, and in the Pastors' class, was present. The occasion happening to fall on the last Sunday before commencement, and on the eve of Mr. Tolman's departure, the Baccalaureate sermon was preached by the school's first pastor, and the service was thus in effect a threefold farewell to the class, the pastor, and the chapel. With the stirring text, "In the name of our God we will set up our banners," Mr. Tolman spoke feelingly of the spirit in which the church was founded, and the work given it to do, and urged the class of '86 to go bravely out among their people, and set up the banners here consecrated and entrusted to their hands; "the banner of Work, the banner of Thought, the banner of Right, the banner of the Cross." Appropriate hymns were sung, and at the close of the sermon the pastor, Mr. Frissell, read the letter from Rev. E. P. Roe, which we print below, with extracts from one previously received from Rev. James Marshall.

And so, while some of its wooden timbers wrought into the walls of humble homes, may thus find not unworthy ending, Bethesda chapel that we know and love, floats away into that sphere of the imagination in which Emerson says material forms find their most real existence, untouched henceforth by time or change, safe in our memory and affection. The living church it sheltered will long live, we trust, to do God's work in the world and set up His banners.

REV. E. P. ROE'S LETTER.

Cornwall-on-Hudson, May 11, '86.

MY DEAR MR. FRISSELL:

It is with deep regret that I yield to circumstances which deprive me of the privilege of being present at your last meeting in the old chapel. I doubt whether many others can have such memories of associations in connection with the building. I first looked upon its site in the spring of '64. In February, President Lincoln had appointed me chaplain of Hampton Hospital, but my commission did not arrive in time to prevent me from accompanying my regiment on Kilpatrick's and Dahlgreen's raid, having as its object the release of our prisoners in Richmond. When our baffled forces reached Yorktown, I was sent with dispatches to Washington, by way of Fort Monroe, and having a few hours on my hand, I walked out to the hospital one dreary March morning and saw the thirteen or more great wooden barracks in which the patients were cared for. There were but few sick and wounded present at the time, and the wards were comparatively empty.

After a brief visit North I brought my wife to the hospital, and we entered upon our labors. As spring advanced the hospital began to fill, and by the time the army reached the James, not only were the wards crowded, but tents also, for the accommodation of the sick and wounded were erected on every side. At one time there were 4500 men under treatment. The harvest of death was awful. I have buried twenty-nine in one day, and no day passed that I did not follow the dead cart, piled full of coffins, once, twice, or thrice. Steamers were constantly arriving at Hampton wharf with the wounded and dying. It was a sad and terrible experience which gave little rest to mind or body. In two months I had lost thirty pounds, and although many succumbed I was favored in keeping my health. This was largely due to the care of my wife, who was with me, and greatly assisted me in visiting the wounded, and also to out-door duties. I obtained permission to start a garden on the ground now occupied by the chapel and Hampton Institute; convalescent patients did the work, and we soon began to have fresh vegetables for the hospital. During the spring and summer of '64 twenty-one hundred and fifty-eight bushels of various kinds of vegetables were raised, and, in addition, a profusion of green onions, sweet corn, cabbage, melons, etc. Many of the patients that we received had been subsisted on salt food so long that they were inclined to scurvy, and all needed a change of diet. The chief of medical staff said that these vegetables, eaten fresh from the garden, were worth more than all the medicine, and the convalescents renewed their health while contributing to the recovery of their comrades.

During the early part of the summer of '64 the terrible influx of desperately wounded men left little breathing time. The steamers brought the worst cases to Hampton, while the men who could better stand transportation were carried further North.

We had no library worth naming, and I learned that reading matter was one of our chief needs. Hundreds of men were confined to their cots for weeks and even months, and time hung heavy on their hands. One of my first efforts was to obtain books; the liberal-hearted North responded; publishers threw off fifty per cent. from their prices, and I was soon able to gather 3000 volumes. Some wards were filled with men who had lost a leg or an arm: Even the slight jar caused by careful tread along the floor made these men lift their stump and cringe with pain. I have seen many a poor fellow thus lifting his mutilated limb, and contracting his brow with suffering, yet never taking his eyes from the fascinating pages of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, or Cooper.

We had no good room in which to keep our books, and no better place for religious services than the great, odorous, barrack dining-room, crowded three times each day by men taking their meals. Yet often, for weeks together, we met nightly in this dim, barn-like apartment; in it also the Bible-class was taught. With the exception of the Sunday morning service much latitude was allowed the men, and very many took part. Sometimes in one evening three or four would speak who had to balance themselves on crutches, and they usually spoke as directly and pointedly as they had fought.

The need of a chapel, library, and reading room, grew daily more apparent, yet how to obtain them I scarcely knew. My foreman, Mr. John Ray, who had charge of the garden work under my direction, proved himself to be something of a mechanic, for in the building of a poultry yard and rustic fences about the hospital grounds he had shown much ability. After consulting with him I began to believe that we could build a chapel with the labor of convalescent soldiers. Permission to try was at length obtained from Dr. McClellan, Surgeon-in-charge, and we set to work in the late fall of '64. Under Mr. Ray's direction pine trees were felled back of Hampton, and the shingles all got out by hand. During a brief leave of absence I raised all the money I could at the North, and with this we bought from the Government the rest of the lumber, incurring a debt for part of it. The wards were searched for carpenters, and almost the entire labor was performed by convalescent patients. If there had been proper sympathy and help on the part of the hospital authorities, the building could have been finished before winter, but delays which might have been prevented took place, and the chapel was not completed until late in the spring of '65. If it had been ready it would have been crowded every night during the winter of '64-5. As it was the services were largely attended in the cheerless, fireless dining room.

During the spring of '65 the character of our patients changed, and Hampton became practically a hospital for the colored soldiers. They crowded the chapel on Sunday morning, and formed one of the most intelligent and interesting audiences I ever saw. I shall never forget their singing, and have never heard a chorus of such volume and richness of melody.

If the war had continued longer, it can be understood what an effective means the chapel and reading-room would have been. Happily peace came, and the number of patients in the wards dwindled daily. In October, '65, I felt that my services were no longer needed and I resigned. The maintenance of the chapel was assumed by the Home Missionary Society, and from that day to this, I trust, the little edifice, erected by soldiers' hands, has subserved useful purposes.

Such, in brief outline, is the history of my connection with it and with the Hampton hospital.

Yours sincerely,

E. P. ROE.

REV. JAS. MARSHALL'S LETTER.

Rev. Jas. Marshall writes: At the close of the Chesapeake Hospital, the Camp Distribution, the Muster Out Camp, and the Military Prison (all within the grounds of the Chesapeake), about July, 1865, I was transferred to Hampton Hospital. My first effort was to finish the chapel and render access to it possible by filling up the ground with oyster shells and earth, as the ground was so low that the chapel was usually surrounded with water.

In the fall of 1865 the chapel building was transferred by the War Department to the Presbyterian Committee of Home Missions of New York, provided said Committee would finish it and use it for religious services. I acted without expense to the Church Committee while U. S. Chaplain, and, in addition to my chaplaincy work, organized and carried on church and Sabbath school at the chapel for the benefit of the white people of the surrounding region, as the colored people had schools and churches and teachers in abundance, under the auspices of the American Missionary Association. The chapel was in the open field, and when the hospital wards would be removed by the Government the chapel would present an isolated appearance, with no right of way to it, and liable to fall into the hands of the original owner of the land, or to be destroyed in case of removal, for it stands on pins, and removal would be its destruction in any case. In locating the new cemetery we had three things in view: First, the right of way to the chapel; Second, its perpetuity for religious work; and Third, the saving of expense to the Government by retaining as the nucleus of the new cemetery the largest of the old ones, which was the Hampton hospital cemetery, lying between the chapel and the creek.

The officers of the Government fully understood all the facts at the time, and acted accordingly. Gen. Blunt did everything possible to locate the cemetery, remove the bodies, surround the grounds with a suitable picket fence, and save the chapel for the future uses of the Government, or some religious body working in the interest of the Government's work. I was mustered out of the Government service in April, 1866, but I remained in the interest of the religious work of the Presbyterian Committee until July following, and was at the same time actively at work with the erection of the monument which now stands in the midst of over six thousand of our nation's heroic dead. But my health failed, and I was obliged to leave before the money was all raised or the amount received. When I found that I must leave I went to Washington and had an interview with Miss D. L. Dix, so long and so widely known for her efforts in behalf of the insane in both England and America, and for her connection with the Sanitary Commission during the war. She knew our work well at the Fort, and I asked her to assume the responsibility of raising more funds and securing the erection of the monument. She at once accepted the duty and entered cheerfully upon the work, thus adding another chapter to the long list of her life of philanthropy. Miss Dix immediately visited Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, for the purpose of raising funds. She succeeded. She then contracted for the monument, and when completed the Government transported it from the East to its present position. In the year 1867 the monument was erected, and the grounds set apart as a permanent National Cemetery with appropriate ceremonies. Many persons were interested in its erection, and all the officers then at the Fort gave their cordial support to the enterprise, but to no one more than to Miss D. L. Dix is the honor of its completion due. It will stand as a testimony to her energy, as well as an honor to the affection of the friends and relatives of the dead heroes, whose service for the nation it commemorates. The history of the chapel is inseparable from the history of the whole work there under the control of the Government.

Most truly yours,

JAMES MARSHALL.

President Garfield's Address in Bethesda Chapel, Hampton Institute, Sunday, June 5, 1881.

"As I drove through these grounds today I was impressed with the thought that I was between the representatives of the past and the future.

"Crippled and bent with service and years those veterans in the Soldiers' Home represent the past. You represent the future—the future of your race—a future made possible by the past, by these graves around us.

"Two phases of the future strike me as I look over this assemblage. For I see another race here, a race from the far West. These two classes of people are approaching the great problem of humanity, which is *Labor*, from different sides.

"I would put that problem into four words: *Labor must be free.* And for those of you from the far West I would omit the last word in order to enforce the first lesson. To you I would say: *Labor must be*—for you, for all. Without it there can be no civilization. The white race has learned that truth. They came here as pioneers, felled the forests, and swept away all obstacles before them by labor. You come from a people who have been taught to destroy—to fight, but not to labor. Therefore to you I would say that without labor you can be nothing. The first text in your civilization is, Labor must be!

"You of the African race have learned this text, but you learned it from under the lash. Slavery taught you that labor must be. The mighty voice of war spoke out to you, and to us all, that Labor must be forever *free*.

"The basis of all civilization is that Labor must be. The basis of everything great in civilization, the glory of our civilization, is that Labor must be free!

"I am glad to see that General Armstrong is working out this problem on both sides—reaching one hand to the South and one hand to the West—with all this continent of Anglo-Saxon civilization behind him; working it out in the only way that will give us a country without sections, a people without a stain."

Three Virginian Days.

PICTURESQUE MEETING OF RACES—GERMAN CADETS AND HAMPTON STUDENTS—AN EASTER "BAPTIZIN'"—VISIT TO AN OLD COLONIAL HOME.

HAMPTON, VA., April 27.

The sweetest and coolest of southern breezes, the softest of sunny skies, the freshest of leaves and blossoms make April in Virginia an oasis in life's desert for those to whom Fate has allotted such an experience as has lately been ours. On three successive days of last week, Saturday, Easter Sunday, and Monday, there was added for us, to the exquisite beauty of land, sky, and sea, a series of vivid impressions which perhaps deserve chronicling, so curious were they in themselves and so strongly in contrast the one with the other.

Just off Fort Monroe, at the point where the splendid expanse of Hampton Roads meets the rivaling waters of the Chesapeake, are lying a couple of men-of-war, schoolships of the German Navy. Their officers, men whose thorough training includes careful observation of all educational work which comes in their way, had accepted an invitation from General Armstrong to bring the boys of their respective ships to visit the Hampton school, and on Saturday, according to the programme, half-a-dozen well-manned boats, gay with flags and music, came up the broad creek, upon whose shore the school buildings are growing into a somewhat imposing group. Drawn up in line to receive the German boys were 400

Negro and Indian students, and as the first boat touched the bank the school band did its best with "Des Deutschen Vaterland," to whose rhythm the young sailors, followed by the dark background of their hosts, marched up into the chapel of Virginia Hall. As an effect in human coloring nothing could be more striking than the white and red of the young Northmen in their spotless sailor dress, as they marshalled upon the platform in front of the assembled students, who in contrast presented a mass of absolute blackness. But when from out the dusky depths was lifted the triumphant "Rise and Shine" of the Negro hymn and their really grand "Hallelujah" chorus, one felt that the inferior race had its compensations, and the enthusiasm of the Germans was no more than a fitting response to the power that called it forth. At the two poles of musical expression were the perfectly finished execution of the German band and the wild appealing harmony of the rich Negro voices, the one, to a musician, bearing infinite suggestion, the other satisfying completion.

After a few kindly words from the German officers, spoken by proxy, those in command offered, to the delight of the students, to make return for their entertainment by a drill of their boys upon the campus. All the world knows what a German drill means, and to inaccurate, careless Negro youth the perfection of it was fairly miraculous, and brought out many characteristic comments.

Then came the return to the boats, with the school band's vigorous "Wacht am Rhein" as a send-off, and the last beautiful picture, when the students crowded on the wharf to receive the cheers of their well-pleased guests, who sent back, as they floated off, such a rousing "Hail Columbia" as will long linger among the Hampton echoes.

The Easter bells of the next morning called us within no walls, for no walls could hold the assemblage to whose numbers our little units were to be added. At our disposal was one of the graceful, gliding canoes, so dear to the heart of the Virginia oysterman, and its sharply lifted bow gave us the best possible stand from which to take in the salient points of the great "baptizin'" of the year, an event which makes itself felt through the whole neighborhood. Again Hampton creek was made the base of operations, and the long bridge and the contiguous shore were literally black with spectators. Here and there a white face, usually that of a Northern visitor, struck us with a strange effect of pallor, and it is no exaggeration to say that in the midst of the deep coloring of the crowd which pressed about us, we felt ourselves to be faded, sketchy, and, in point of picturesqueness, altogether unsuccessful. Among all the delightful variety of craft which covered the creek with a gay, but quite inoffensive, tumult, our canoe held its own; but as the troop of white capped converts, led by the blackest of ministers, "shouted" their way through the crowd to the water, we were so impressed with our "white trashiness," that but for the encouragement of our friendly Negro boatmen, we should have vacated our hard-won position, in favor of some party whose equipment in respect to complexion and costume gave them a more evident title to it. Waist deep in the troubled water, the minister received his new "brothers and sisters," and performed with creditable gravity the ceremony of "ducking," which whatever may be its permanent results, is at the moment deplorably absurd. Hysterical shrieks and Thank Gods!" were frequent, but any decided outbreak was nipped in the bud by the stalwart master of ceremonies, who with a practised hand gripped by the back of the neck and vigorously shook the unduly excited among his dripping flock. Notably the scene was quieter and more decorous, the crowd more respectful, and the evidences not only, of authority but of self control more patent, than would have been possible twenty or even ten years ago. With the closing hymn, a genuine old-time chant, the crowd dispersed, the boats slid smoothly homeward, the converts and their leader departed.

The lifting of a veil of gray sea mist on Monday morning found us steaming up Hampton Roads, past the great docks of the embryo city of Newport News, into the grand sweep of the James River. On past low-lying green shores, with here and there the chimney of a distant house or an outstretching pier, past the square red tower of the Jamestown Church, past one and another historic point, till at midday we came to a stop beside a narrow wharf, where even our noisy coming awoke no sign of life. A little rising path, a gate, a stile, and then an English park meets half-way a Virginia wilderness, and we are told that this is "Brandon," famous in colonial history, and even in its decay a home for which men may be forgiven for having desperately fought.

Avenues of trees planted 200 years ago lead from the river to the fine old brick house, and stretch far behind it up the wooded hill. Giant magnolias, elms 10 whose very top climb purple and white wistarias, lawns where honeysuckle covers the ground knee deep, long borders of cowslips and periwinkle skirting hedges of clipped box, golden falls of jessamine—everywhere color and light and warmth.

It seems hardly pardonable to go further and speak of the cordial welcome which met us at the open doors and led us through the wide hall into the rooms where old Colonel Byrd and Lord Albemarle looked down upon us from their faded state, and it was something more than formal courtesy which led the ex-soldier of our party to ask forgiveness for the cruel scars of shot and shell which marred staircase and wall and had gone near altogether to destroy this fair domain. Cromwell's daughter, Lady Betty Claypole, held court in one corner of the drawing room and divided our homage with the really beautiful portrait of Evelyn Byrd, over whose shoulder, on a leafy branch, perched a scarlet Cardinal bird, the adopted crest of the American branch of the family.

Old books, old silver, old china, buried and hidden through the war, told silently their story to our curious eyes, while the sweet, slow voices of our entertainers fell pleasantly upon our northern ears, and in remembrance add another charm to our recollections of the day. Regretfully, in obedience to the shrill call of our waiting steamer, we turned our backs upon the dreamy, enchanting influences which filled all the air about us, and through flowery paths went down to the river-side, where the softly lapping waves seemed a fitting barrier against the clamor of the world. We asked no better close to such a day than to go back to its end, as we had entered its beginning, through the gray mystery of the sea mist, which for us will somehow seem forever to enshroud the way which led us to the loveliness of Brandon—M. F. A. *in The New York Evening Post.*

Southern Workman AND Hampton School Record.

VOL. XV. HAMPTON, VA., SEPTEMBER, 1886. No. 9.

An aerial visitant descended upon Hampton on Friday, Aug. 13th, in the form of a thunder-bolt which struck the tower of the new chapel of the Normal School, splitting the capstone of the finial in two at the iron bolt, knocking off tiles and bricks, and making a hole in the roof of the church on its way to the earth. Mr. LaCrosse, a painter at work near the entrance under the tower, was prostrated, and several persons on various parts of the school grounds, and in the village of Hampton half a mile away, experienced slight shocks, but no lives were lost or serious damage done. The injury to the chapel is provided for by the terms of its insurance. The storm was the most sudden and violent that has been known here in many years, the meeting of two great clouds rolling up from the west and north in elemental conflict grandly terrific, like the warfare of the gods.

To the ordinary reader, a "Report on Education in Alaska" does not hold out any special promise of interest, but there are reports and reports, and somehow Mr. Jackson has contrived to make of his, not only a valuable, but a very readable and attractive piece of work. That his material is of rather an unusual character must be granted, for there are few educators of whose field it can be said, as Mr. Jackson says of his, in regard to the establishment therein of the "U. S. Public School System:"

"To inaugurate such a system in Dakota or Montana, with the assistance of railways and stage lines, is one thing; to do the same thing in Alaska, with its vast area, not only without public conveyances, except a monthly steamer in the southeastern corner, but without roads, and largely without any means of transportation save the uncomfortable log canoes and skin bidarkas of the natives, is another and quite different thing. And yet the establishment of schools in Alaska will require tens of thousands of miles of travel—a fact which becomes obvious on a careful survey of the field."

The descriptions which follow of the physical features, the climate, and the population of Alaska, are exceedingly interesting, and being supplemented as they are by extracts from letters and reports of government agents, missionaries, and explorers, furnish a storehouse from which the would-be student of Alaskan history may draw much valuable material.

In March, 1885, the Secretary of the Interior assigned the work of making provision for the education of children in Alaska to the Bureau of Education, and, in April, directed the establishment of the office of "General Agent of Education in Alaska," to which position Mr. Shelden Jackson was appointed. His own statement of the risk which lay before him supplies the salient points of so curious a picture, that we cannot forbear quoting it in full:

"It was a work of great magnitude, on a new and untried field, and with unknown difficulties. It was a work so unlike any other that the experience of the past in other departments could not be the sole guide. It was a problem peculiar to itself, and must be worked out by and for itself. It covered an area of one-sixth of the United States. The schools to be established would be from 4,000 to 6,000 miles from headquarters at Washington, and from 100 to 1,000 miles from one another. And that in an inaccessible country, only one corner of which has any public means of intercommunication. The teachers of five schools in southeastern Alaska will be able to receive a monthly mail; the larger number of the others can only receive a chance mail two or three times a year, and still others only one annually.

"It was to establish English schools among a people the larger portion of whom do not speak or understand the English language, the difficulties of which will be better appreciated if you conceive of an attempt being made to instruct the children of New York or Georgia in arithmetic, geography, and other common school branches through the medium of Chinese teachers and text-books. Of the 36,000 people in Alaska, not over 2,000 speak the English tongue, and they are mainly in three settlements.

"It was to instruct a people the greater portion of whom are uncivilized, who need to be taught sanitary regulations, the laws of health, improvement of dwellings, better methods of housekeeping, cooking, and dressing, more remunerative forms of labor, honesty, chastity, the sacredness of the marriage relation, and everything that elevates man. So that, side by side with the usual school drill in reading, writing, and arithmetic, there is need of instruction for the girls in housekeeping, cooking, and gardening, in cutting, sewing, and mending; and for the boys in carpentering and other forms of wood working, boot and shoemaking, and the various trades of civilization.

"It was to furnish educational advantages to a people, large classes of whom are too ignorant to appreciate them, and who require some form of pressure to oblige them to keep their children in school regularly. It was a system of schools among a people, who, while in the main only partially civilized, yet have a future before them as American citizens.

"It was the establishment of schools in a region where not only the school-house but also the teacher's residence must be erected, and where a portion of the material must be transported from 1,500 to 4,500 miles, necessitating a corresponding increase in the school expenditure.

"It was the finding of properly qualified teachers, who, for a moderate salary, would be willing to exile themselves from all society, and some of them settle down in regions of arctic winters, where they can hear from the outside world only once a year.

"To the magnitude of the work, and the special difficulties environing it, is still further added the complication arising from the lack of sufficient funds to carry it on, there being appropriated only $25,000 with which to commence it."

The account of the way in which these difficulties have been attacked reads more like one of Jules Verne's romances than like an official resume of facts, For example, Mr. Jackson says:

"If I wish to visit the school at Bethel, I take a mail steamer from Sitka to San Francisco, 1,600 miles; then wait until some vessel sails for Unalashka, 2,418 miles; then wait again until some trading vessel has occasion to visit the mouth of the Kuskokwim river, 461 miles, and go from thence in a bidarka (sea-lion skin canoe) 150 miles up the river, a total of 4,629 miles. By the same tedious route the teachers receive their annual mail, except that it starts from San Francisco."

The stories of these voyages might well fire the hearts of young adventurers, and yet they are from the pens of some school teachers and earnest missionaries, who know what their work in its true meaning includes, and who are equipped to give that training of "heart, mind and hand," which alone can help the semi-savages of this strange land.

Mr. Jackson is an enthusiast for industrial training, and has apparently shown much wisdom in grafting his work upon that already begun by the missionaries of various English and American societies.

His plan, so far as shown in this report, is based on thorough knowledge of the conditions, and in his hands the work seems full of promise. Certainly no one who reads his report for 1886 will fail to look with interest for its successor.

The Second Annual Report of the Industrial Education Association which has just reached us, shows what can be done practically and speedily towards elevating the standard of labor in this country. When we come to see that labor, properly stimulated and guided is as different from enforced drudgery as the butterfly is from its chrysalis, life will alter its aspect for most of us, and the sense of disproportion in its allotments will be far less than now. Anything which tends to establish wider and wiser views of the industrial situation is to be welcomed, and we are glad to let the Association make its own statement as to its objects.

"We are told that 'there is an industrial training, which is neither technical nor professional, which is calculated to make better men and better citizens of the pupils, no matter what calling they may afterward follow; which affects directly, and in a most salutary manner, the mind and character of the pupil, and which will be of constant service to him through all his life, whether he be wage-worker or trader, teacher or clergyman. The training of the eye and of the hand are important and essential elements in all good education. These elements the State is bound to furnish.'* To promote their introduction into schools of all grades, both public and private, is the great object of the Industrial Education Association. But, while this must ever be its chief aim, it will not do to overlook the welfare of those for whom changes in the school curriculum will come too late; who need now to have the education of the head supplemented by special opportunities for the training of the hand, whose demand for preparation for the every-day duties of life is too urgent to be ignored or denied. Thus, until the schools supply the education towards which all the influences of to-day seem to point, it is clearly within the province of the Industrial Education Association to combine both phases of the work. There is no reason why the two should not be harmonious, since both propose the same ultimate end—the development of character and the cultivation of all the faculties for the stern uses of practical life."

The organization for this year includes committees on Household Industries, Mechanical Industries, Industrial arts, Bureau of Teachers, Vacation Schools, Plans for Outside Organizations, Industries for Reformatories and Orphanages, Industries for the Insane, and Kindergartens. In all these various directions the progress during the year has been satisfactory, and we find particularly interesting the account of the establishment of Industries for Girls, in regard to which the Secretary says:

"The interest shown by some of the public school teachers is most gratifying. At much personal inconvenience they have brought their pupils to join the classes. One teacher of a night school begged that something might be started to fill the place left vacant by the closing of these schools. The result was the formation of two evening classes in cooking, with twenty girls in each. The further interest of the teachers is indicated by their request that classes might be formed for themselves, and we have now a large class of teachers studying industrial drawing, clay modelling, and cooking for their personal benefit.

*Washington Gladden in April "Century."

Much might be said of the wholesome influence of all these classes; of their value in teaching the dignity of labor; of the high ideal set before the young cooks in the beautiful motto from Ruskin which hangs in their cooking-room; of the exquisite order and neatness required in every department; of the surprising interest shown in the sewing-classes; the enthusiasm in the modelling room; the delight of the younger children in the little housekeepers, and of the older girls in the domestic economy classes; but we pass to the consideration of a smaller but no less important department in the Eleventh Street House—that for the training of servants.

Rooms are reserved for the accomodation of fifteen inmates, who are received for a three months' residence and course of training. During this time they receive no wages, but give their services in performing the work of the house. Thorough training in every department of household work is afforded, and a course of lessons in plain sewing given to each girl. At the end of the three months it is the intention of the Committee in charge to provide suitable situations and to exercise a watchful care over the interests of the pupils. Three months' satisfactory residence in the house, with three months' satisfactory service in a family, will entitle a girl to a certificate of recommendation from the Committee. It is hoped to establish this Training School for Servants on a dignified basis, and to make it a place sought after, like the Training School for Nurses. The aim of the Committee is to inculcate a right estimate of the dignity of household service, and to win to it a class whose interests would be materially advanced by choosing the family, instead of the shop, as their field of self-support.

If such a plan as this can be carried into effect, it will produce something little less than a revolution in American family life, and its attempt shows a change in the general attitude of society, which is most hopeful. We have space only to draw attention to another point of special interest, viz: the report of the Committee on Reformatories and Orphanages:

"The Committee on Reformatories and Orphanages has confined itself to the purely student work of gathering information as to the industrial methods pursued in other institutions. Several have been visited, and, in June last, a circular letter was sent to about three hundred institutions in all parts of the country, with questions relative to their methods of industrial training. Prompt and cordial replies indicated a marked degree of intelligent interest in this great problem. Much practical information was secured which the Committee hopes to use advantageously at no distant date.

This information points strongly in the direction of three vital conclusions, viz:

I. That every child in these institutions should be trained to become a producing factor in the community.

II. That if such training is to have permanent value in the after-life of the child it must be conducted on a basis of education to the child, and cannot be made to any extent a source of revenue to the institution.

III. That the moral results of such training are most satisfactory.

The last clause coincides so completely with the experience, long since put on record, of the Hampton School, that it is no surprise to us to find from the next Committee, viz: that on Industries for the Insane, that to a similar series of questions sent to asylums throughout the country with the view of ascertaining how far the experience of those best qualified to judge approved the application of industrial training as a remedial measure in the treatment of the insane, "The replies were in all cases most courteous and the general sentiment strongly in favor of the adoption of suitable forms of manual training."

The idea in appointing the subordinate officers of Indian agencies directly from Washington, and changing them arbitrarily, without notice, is of course to hold the agent in check, and prevent the possibility of collusion between him and his dependents. Aside from any personal harrassment to the agent, or unfairness in giving a superior officer no voice in the selection of those for whom he is held responsible under heavy bonds, the manner in which the plan is carried out, and its effect on the important work expected of the agencies, are matters of interest.

When an impartial outside observer of Mr. J. B. Harrison's standing and experience characterizes it as "Eminently absurd," "at best inevitably a great waste of energy," it is worth while to ask whether the scheme is not doing more harm than good. And after all, is a simple appointment from Washington any more insurance that a willing tool shall never be thrown with a fraudulent principal than against incapacity or inconvenience to the service? Civil service reform has been the strong point of this administration. The country will surely expect it to bring up this branch of the service to the standard it has set in other departments. A review of Mr. Harrison's interesting letter from the agencies, will be found in another column.

Between half past nine and ten of Tuesday night, Aug. 31st, three distinct shocks of earthquake were felt at Hampton. The first and third were very slight, but the second was decided enough to bring dwellers on third and fourth stories down stairs in a hurry. The powers of earth and air, earthquakes and thunderbolts, are keeping us from stagnation at Hampton this summer, but this time our tower stood firm.

SOUTHERN SKETCHES.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

Charlottesville and the University of Virginia.

For many years I had wished to see the University established by Jefferson, and dear to the hearts of all Virginians, and this year the opportunity came for the fulfillment of my desire.

Enquiries as to board brought me into correspondence with Mr. W. H. Crockford, whose house stands near the entrance to the College grounds and is a good place to look about, see all that is interesting in the neighborhood, and make pleasant acquaintances. In my stay of three or four days, I found Mrs. Crockford a very kind and agreeable hostess, and Mr. Crockford, who is of English birth, but counts himself a Virginian, well informed on many points which interest the visitor. Having had a University education, been in the Southern army, and married in the Old Dominion, he is fully identified with the land of his adoption.

The ride from Lynchburg to Charlottesville is rather a dreary one, and the country seen from the car windows presents few attractions. Much of the land is poor and rugged, and even where the soil is good, so little of it is in cultivation that the aspect is discouraging. At long intervals pleasant looking country houses are seen, but the intervening region shows little sign of human occupation except the old mud-daubed log huts of the slave. Oftentimes these huts have fallen to decay, but occasionally one is seen that seems to have caught the spirit of progress and improvement, the old sliding wooden shutter is displaced by a glass window, and an enclosure divides the yard and garden from the waste around. There are apt to be flowers and vines, and if the women about the place are young, they are sure to be seen in much be-ruffled calico gowns, fashion ever following the female persuasion in hall and cot.

One of the signs of life in the land is the culture of grapes. Vineyards are often seen on the hillsides, and the mild pleasant wines made in Albemarle and adjacent counties begin to establish a good reputation, and meet an increasing demand.

Charlottesville is on the whole rather a ragged, dilapidated looking town, but there are some beautiful private residences, and just around the village the land is well cultivated and very productive.

Mr. Crockford, who met me at the station, gave me much information about the country. Lands close to the towns bring good prices—from $50 to $60 per acre. For the back lands, quite as good sell at $10. A good many English people are coming in. There is a growing interest in improved stock, and dairying and gardening receive yearly more attention.

I found Mrs. Crockford's house full of Texas people, who had been sufferers by the Galveston fire. Some of the ladies had sons at the University, and lodging being difficult to procure and prices exorbitant soon after the conflagration, they were finding a pleasant and comfortable temporary residence in Virginia.

One of these ladies, a remarkably attractive person, was a Catholic, and among many other interesting things I heard from her, was an account of St. Anthony, in whose good offices for disturbed mortals she devoutly believed.

It seems that this estimable spirit leaves all the more important concerns of humanity to guardian angels, accustomed to such cares, and devotes himself to smaller interests, such as finding lost articles, keeping domestic affairs in order, and helping people in the thousands of little annoyances to which humanity is liable. My new friend told me of various instances, which had come within her own knowledge of St. Anthony's timely aid, and I was tempted to envy the faith which could find comfort in such a considerate and useful Saint.

This lady, who was born in Texas before its admission to the Union, and had spent her childhooo amid the wild scenes of the border land, had an appreciation of education people of the older states do not expect to find in what we deem the turbulent inhabitants of our southwestern empire. No doubt the Catholic fathers and sisters have done a good work in encouraging mental and moral culture among the wild and excitable people of that region. This lady had sent her elder children to one of her church colleges of high reputation in Canada, where they had studied for five years. The younger son had been carefully taught at home until the age of seventeen, and then his widowed mother finding herself unable to part with him, had come to Virginia to stay while he was studying at the University. Her son, a gentle, rather delicate youth with graceful and interesting manners, had studied well and his proud mother when he received his diploma, gave him a handsome diamond pin as a reward for his diligence.

As the commencement exercises were going on when I reached Charlottesville, they were of course the prevailing topic of conversation. I arrived too late to hear the oration of Mr. Breckenridge of Kentucky, with which every one was delighted, and those familiar with the College declared it the finest address made there within twenty years. The papers gave a brief report of the speech, which showed that the son of the Vice President of the Confederacy advocated no lingering over the ruins of the past, "no rattling of dead men's bones," but was fully awake to the demands of the present. Having been himself a student of the University, he disclaimed all connection with big wigs and professors, and urged the importance of the work before "us boys" in our day and generation. With the inherited eloquence of his family, among the most brilliant that America has produced, he dwelt upon the great work of educating a nation made up of various and incongruous elements, and urged the young men going out now for the struggle with life, to do their part manfully in spreading the light bestowed upon them.

The large party of Texans in the house, fully aware of the strength of their own vigorous yonng State, and apparently inclined to be somewhat scornful of the pretensions of the "mother of states and statesmen," were specially delighted with a stab made by one of the students. This youth, also a Kentuckian, had taken "Virginia" for his theme and spoke severely of the pride and poverty of the Virginians, declaring the one to be the cause of the other. The orator had denounced the habit, so common among us, of worshiping the past and ignoring the present. Being of a didactic turn, this youth advised his Virginia friends to stop talking about their debt and go to work to pay it. He declared the chief obstacles to success with the Virginia people were whiskey and laziness, and in a fraternal spirit suggested to the inhabitants of the Old Dominion to wake up and hestir themselves. The Texans loudly applauded this instructive youth, and it was surely evidence of the growth of a wholesome spirit of tolerance, that the berated Virginians did not suspend the young man who indulged in such edifying remarks at least in effigy, to one of the fine oaks on the lawn, as was once the custom of University students in treating the critics of Virginia. I made many enquiries about the students, and the accounts were very encouraging. There had been much steady work and very little rioting during the term. A notable change from *ante-bellum* days was the prevalence of economy among the young men. A very gratifying report was made of the Y. M. C. A. which has a large membership in the College. Much effort to improve the condition of the ignorant and degraded people in the Ragged mountains, the range near Charlottesville, had been made by the Association with excellent results.

A gay and lively crowd were collected in the great hall of the Rotunda on the closing day. The band in the gallery discoursed good music, and the orator of the occasion, Judge Fenner of New Orleans, delivered an impressive discourse.

The society of the Alumni were seated in all the dignity of bald-heads and more or less corpulent figures on the platform, probably as an encouragement to the students, rather delicate in frame as a general thing, to see what they might become after a decade or so of contact with the world.

Judge Fenner referred with feeling to his life as a student in these classic halls some thirty years ago.

His address was of a religious character, aimed chiefly against the unbelief and "agnosticism" of to-day. He said with pathetic emphasis that "reverence was almost a lost virtue in our land," and affectionately urged the young people before him to hold on to their faith in things divine. He said that after all the varied experiences of life which included service during the civil war, the religious belief inculcated in his childhood was his most cherished possession.

At the head of the board of directors was the genial looking Governor of the State, distinguished in war times as a gallant cavalry officer. In answer to loud calls for "Lee," the Governor made a short speech at the close of Judge Fenner's address.

The University examinations are now free to all, and I learned that a few young girls, who were preparing to teach, had taken advantage of this slight opening of the bars, and gained the certificate of the faculty as to their acquirements. Thus far "women and Negroes," so often classed together when wishing to obtain the "higher education," have had to go beyond the borders of Virginia to secure such advantages. It seems quite safe, however, to predict that this will not much longer be the case.

COLORED CITIZENS.

The rain which fell steadily for many days prevented my going about to see the colored people as I wished to do, but I heard gratifying accounts of their steady progress.

Mr. Crockford who had recently gone through the district selling fruit trees, told me that he had found many colored families owning small farms, raising stock, and improving their property in various ways. One Negro farmer had bought $300 worth of large and small fruits and many others had purchased trees, plants, etc.

In the village I heard of various families owning property and engaging in business.

A SUCCESSFUL MAN.

The day I left, there was quite a sensation in the place over the funeral of a noted colored man, a preacher at the time of his death in charge of a congregation in Washington city. His career illustrates the remarkable vicissitudes that have come to the colored people of our day. He had been born a slave on a Virginia plantation. Living in the shadow of the University, he had managed to pick up some crumbs of knowledge, which had done more for him than the full advantages of those halls of learning have done for many of the Caucasians inheriting wealth and high position. By aimiable and courteous manners and persevering industry he had possessed the friendship of both races and secured comfort and independence for his family. He had acquired considerable property in Charlottesville, and when he was called to a large church in Washington City, his wife, always a true helpmate, had remained at their home with the younger children, teaching school as she had long done. Her husband had come back frequently to visit the family, but had been taken ill in Washington, and his wife had gone at once to nurse him. Their children had had every advantage the parents could give them. Two of the sons are now in successful business in a Western city, and two of the daughters have been for some time travelling in Europe, with a company of Jubilee Singers.

The colored people of the place seemed to feel pride in the success of their departed friend, and the white people spoke of him with kindness and regret.

The servants of the house requested Mrs. Crockford to have dinner an hour earlier than usual that they might attend the funeral, which she promptly agreed to do.

The dead preacher's remains had been embalmed in Washington, and had been visited at the church where tkey were lying in state, by hundreds of people of both races.

The funeral was in progress when I left Charlottesville, and from the station which was near the neat brick church of the colored people, could be seen the long line of carriages in attendance.

A heavy rain was falling, the mud and slush everywhere was most disagreeable and many discouraging predictions were made as to the danger of land-slides and high waters. The passengers anxiously waiting for the belated train were edified by the wrathful remarks of a dudish white youth, who entered the depot breathless and muddy. He loudly lamented the loss of one of his overshoes, his wet foot, his spattered raiment, the run he had had to make, in the same breath denouncing a colored hack man who had promised to bring him to the train, but had perfidiously left him to his fate, and gone to the preacher's funeral.

A MIGRATORY PEOPLE.

One of the old theories about the Negro was that he was possessed of such strong local attachments that he could not be induced to leave his birthplace. This was an illogical idea in connection with a race which had been transplanted to a country differing in climate, occupation and everything else from that of its origin, and had thriven in its new home, rapidly assimilating the habits and customs of a different race.

Like most theories concerning the Negro in America, this one has proved false. Nothing about the colored people of to-day impresses the observer more than the way they travel about. Every train carries away from the South, colored people going North or West. Doubtless many go, who had better stay at home, but in some cases they improve their condition and lead the way for others to follow.

A Lynchburg gentleman, who has recently opened an intelligence office, and found it a successful enterprise, tells me he is constantly having orders from a distance, chiefly for Negro men to work on railroads or in mines. They go by hundreds, and many of them return no more. If married men, or having relations here, they are apt to come back. At Charlottesville I heard the same sort of thing was going on. Many of the young colored men were going off in groups, the women in smaller parties alone. Mrs. Crockford's house girl departed while I was there. She had come from an adjoining county some months before, was quiet and efficient and could have kept her place, but said she needed rest.

She had seemed well satisfied and made no complaint about wages, getting $5.00 a month which is deemed full price for a house girl in most Virginia towns. A letter which she asked me to read and answer for her one night, gave me an impression that she was going North. The letter was from a colored girl, an old friend, who had gone from Virginia some time before and was now happy in a Connecticut city, earning $4.00 per week. The writer gave glowing accounts of her employees, who, she said, thought nothing too good for her. She described her nicely furnished room, and was evidently anxious to impress her friends at home with her advantages. Many summer boarders come from Washington and other large cities these days, and a great many of them take colored girls off with them, promising them higher wages than they can earn in Virginia.

Mrs. Crockford's washerwoman was from Bedford county, and hearing that I was from Lynchburg, she was anxious to hear from her friends in "Tobacco Town." She was a strong able-bodied young woman with a cheerful disposition, and a strong desire to see the world.

She said since she left home she had heard of the death of a relative who had left her a legacy of $500.00. The money was in bank, waiting for her to claim it, but she was disposed to leave it to fall back upon and go on her way, earning money enough for present wants by taking work wherever she could find it. She seemed quite confident that she could scrub along and was composedly proceeding in the pursuit of happiness according to her own ideas.

The country north-west of Charlottesville is well cultivated and bids fair to become one of the most thickly settled and prosperous districts of the State.

The University sheds its lustre over a wide region of country, and many attractions of soil and climate are offered to settlers who may seek a home in the shadow of the Blue Mountains of Virginia.

SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

TWELVE PAGE MONTHLY.

(Reduced to eight pages from July to October.

Printed on the Normal School Steam Press by Negro and Indian students trained in the office.

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The Southern Press---Both Sides

The death of Mr. Tilden has called out general eulogiums from the Southern press, and reviews of the vexed questions of the election campaign of '76. The Richmond *Whig* says:

"The calm and dignified manner in which Mr. Tilden bore himself during the whole of that memorable struggle, and the quiet grace and patriotic forbearance with which he submitted to being defrauded of his rights rather than see the country plunged into the horrors of another civil war, cannot be too highly commended. It showed him to be a patriot in the highest sense of the word, and not a mere seeker after his own personal aggrandizement.

Mr. Tilden was one of the ablest and most gifted men of our time. Not only was he remarkably gifted as a party organizer and leader, but he was a statesman in the highest acceptation of the term. He was a close student, and was thoroughly conversant with the theory and science of government. As Governor of New York he exhibited remarkable executive abilities, while his sterling integrity and rugged honesty made him the terror of jobbers and corruptionists. Had he been permitted to assume the duties of Chief Executive of the United States, to which the people called him, there is every reason to believe he would have purified its civil service, as he did in the State of New York, and left behind him a record and reputation second to none of the great Chief Magistrates who preceded him. The fact that he was defrauded of that high office gives him one distinction possessed by no other man—that of chief victim of the greatest political crime of this country. In history he will take rank along with Jefferson and Madison and Jackson, and other great leaders of the people."

The appointment of Mr. James C. Matthews, a colored Democrat, as Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia, is received with exultation by most of the colored papers. The Louisiana *Standard*, New Orleans, says:

"The colored press almost unanimously and unreservedly endorse President Cleveland's action in reappointing James C. Matthews to be Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia. The only exceptions we have seen are the Chattanooga *Tribune*, the Western *Appeal*, and the Cleveland *Globe*.

"The *Tribune* commends the President, but thinks a better man than Matthews could have been found. This is mere difference of opinion, and as Mr. Cleveland is the one who appoints, he alone will bear the responsibility. The *Appeal* deprecates the appointment of prominent Negroes under a Democratic administration, but takes occasion to remind the G. O. P. of its niggardly treatment of colored Republicans, and points out the result likely to follow unless it mends its ways. But the *Globe*, while seemingly congratulating Mr. Matthews on his good luck, charges the President with 'defying the Constitution, contuming the wishes of the tax-payers of the District, and snapping his fingers in the face of Congress.' Awful crimes! And it intimates that the President may be impeached when Congress reassembles! Pulles, thou art great."

The Richmond *Planet* also criticizes the appointment and the man, saying:

"Despite Mr. Cleveland's statements that he did not propose to have partisans in office he appoints this Negro Democrat. No, any colored man that would wade through the sufferings of our people that far back and glory in being a Democrat we would denounce from a thousand hills were it in our power. We have no tears to shed. We have never expected much of President Cleveland. He has only proved more of a failure than we anticipated, and stands forth to the derision of the people of this civilized community."

The Philadelphia *Sentinel* says:

"The stinging rebuke that the President has given to those Republicans who consider the colored voter bound, gagged, and delivered to them, to be disposed of in any way they may see fit, has been overwhelming. All honor to Mr. Cleveland for upholding the principle of the right to opinion and its expression."

The *Star of Zion*, published in Salisbury, S. C., "congratulates the President upon his splendid exhibition of manhood in this matter," and adds:

"We entertain different political views, but the matter hinged upon the question of race recognition, and the Negro has certainly achieved a signal and triumphant victory, and we feel gratified."

The New York *Freeman* replies to the commendation of the Brooklyn *Eagle* for its endorsement of the President:

"As far as the *Freeman* is concerned we are free to say we have always had the courage to 'render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,' whether the Cæsar was a Democrat or a Republican. President Cleveland should receive from his colored fellow-citizens full credit for every effort he makes to place the Democratic party in advance of its former position on all matters affecting us, and the editor of the *Freeman* has done and will continue to render him such full credit.

"The Democratic party throughout the country must brace up on this matter of square justice to colored men. Sentimental nonsense and hide-bound prejudices must give place to common sense and justice. It is votes that count, and colored votes in the future can only be secured on a basis of justice and fair play.

"The National Republican party abandoned the colored people of the South in 1876, and it is reasonable to infer that it will not venture in the coming Presidential election to contest that territory with the Democratic party. The colored voters there are in consequence left free to make such terms with the enemy as they can. From reports of recent elections in the South we learn that colored voters are pursuing this course. In short, the Republican party has left them no other to pursue. What the future will develop in this respect is, of course, beyond conjecture; but that a strong feeling of fraternity between white and colored voters seems to be gaining ground is quite evident. The South is the place where the shoe pinches the colored people, and it behooves the Democratic party of the North and the South to ease this pinching by giving colored citizens more justice and fair play, and thus destroy the only argument colored voters have for voting, as they have done for years, on the one side of all questions.

"We shall rejoice when we are free to take sides on all questions upon their merits; when we can plead for civil service reform, for a reduction of taxation to the absolute requirements of the government, for such tariff legislation as will protect the consumer as well as the manufacturer, and for such legislation upon the money question as will place our financial system in accord with that of the leading governments of the world; when we are free to discuss these questions and to vote upon them as we feel without jeopardizing our constitutional rights, we shall be quite happy."

Quoting the *Southern Workman's* review of the political situation in Virginia, the fading of the color line in politics, and the tendency of intelligent colored men to divide on questions of the day, Mr. Fortune adds:

"This is a correct diagnosis of the situation, and it is very gratifying to those who are interested in the permanent peace and prosperity of the South."

The development of mineral resources and manufacturing industries in the South is creating naturally a division of opinion on the question of protection or free trade. The *Virginian*, Norfolk, publishes an "Expostulation with our Farmer Free Traders."

"Now we have here in Virginia—yes, here in the splendid Bessemer deposits on the Goff and Le Grand belt, eight miles below Lynchburg—ores of the same description, and almost of equal quality, with those mined in the districts of Bilboa, Cartagena, and Marbella, in Spain, in Africa, and in Cuba.

"The tariff question is one that must be dealt with in a practical manner. Your theorists and idealists, and dreamers, who can never get a foot beyond the text-book teachings of their college days, are not safe advisers in the practical problems of life. To conclude as we began, one great avenue of deliverance from our present impoverished and apathetic condition is in the development of manufacturing industries. The most important of these is the iron industry. The profitable iron industry of Virginia is to be found largely in the fact that we possess the non-phosphorous ores that are essential for the production of steel. And the development of these desirable ores would be greatly stimulated by the exclusion of the foreign ores that, by reason of convict labor, are able to successfully compete with them. This is our syllogism. Can any one show wherein it is fallacious? If so, let us hear him. We are open to argument.

The Charleston *News and Courier* is ready for the argument, calling the expected advantages of protection "A very dear whistle." It says:

"We have been frequently assured of late, by the tariff organs North and South, that the iron industry in some of the Southern States will undoubtedly soon lead those States into the protection camp. The growth of iron manufacturing in the South is, of course, very gratifying, but that it is confined to a few small districts seems to be overlooked in all the calculations we have mentioned.

"As compared with last year, Alabama turns out, in round numbers, an increase of 28,000 tons; Georgia, 15,000 tons; West Virginia, 14,000 tons; Tennessee, 16,000 tons, and Kentucky, 2,500 tons. The entire increase for the year in all the Southern States is about 75,600 tons, which would be a moderate product for one small plant. The whole increase could be sold in any one Northern iron market without affecting prices.

"It is too much to expect that the farmers of the South will consent to be impoverished to support manufacturing enterprises all over the country, even if a few iron mills are established in this section. It will always be unprofitable to them to pay out a dollar in order to get back ten cents, and that is about what protection means to them in every case."

The Lynchburg *Weekly Virginian* confesses that:—

"One great reason why our agricultural, manufacturing, and mechanical industries languish here in Virginia, is that we are too much addicted to politics. *Politics* is the bane of poor old Virginia. We are born to politics. We drink it in with our mother's milk, and inhale it in our mountain breezes. We expend upon it that thought and time and activity which should, in part at least, be given to the promotion of our material interests." It declares: "We are going to give greater consideration to our material interests—to improved methods of husbandry; the development of our dormant natural resources; the building up of manufacturing and mechanical inddstries."

An excellent move in this direction is the enterprise of the Department Agriculture of whose card we publish herewith, to collect and publish information concerning the advantages of different sections of the State. Another is the bill to be introduced at the next meeting of the Assembly, by the Virginia Agricultural Society, for the reorganization of the State Department of Agriculture. The bill provides for a State Board of Agriculture, to consist of the Executive Committee of the State society, and Presidents of all the other agricultural societies belonging to the department, and the State Commissioners of Agriculture. It provides also for the organization of a Farmers' Institute to discuss agricultural questions, and the establishment of three experimental stations, located at or near the Blacksburg Agricultural College, the University of Virginia, and the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, on condition of their furnishing a sufficient amount of land and all chemical analyses free of charge.

COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA.
Department of Agriculture,
Richmond, Va., August 10th, 1886.

Request for Facts and Figures.

The last edition of the *Hand-Book of Virginia* was speedily exhausted, and new applications for copies of it are coming in almost every day from other States and from foreign countries, written by men who say they "are thinking of settling here and mean business," and want information which will guide them in searching for a location. Another edition must be issued, and it should contain all the information that can be condensed into it relating to the resources, developed and undeveloped, of the State—accurate statements concerning its agricultural capabilities; the products which flourish in the different parts of the State; its mines, forests, manufactories, fisheries—in short, all sorts of sources of wealth. What is particularly wanted is short articles descriptive of each county and city, setting forth their advantages and conveniences—giving an account of the improvements recently made, railroads, lines of steamers, better county roads, schools, colleges, discoveries of minerals, mineral springs—anything of public interest.

I ask, then, that you and other public-spirited citizens will send me such sketches to be used in compiling the hand book. They will be good advertisements for the respective cities and counties.

I hope to have responses (one or more) from every county in the State, but I trust that any other citizen who may chance to see this, and has useful information of the kind referred to, will oblige me and benefit the public by communicating it. Of special interest and importance would be statements concerning the value of farming lands, the condition of farmers, the average yield per acre of various staple crops, the supply of labor and the wages paid to laborers.

There are many other important subjects which will suggest themselves to well informed citizens. I beg them to write fully and freely, and as soon as they conveniently can—if possible, by September 10th.

Your obedient servant,
RANDOLPH HARRISON,
Commissioner of Agriculture.

Letters From Hampton Graduates.

Occasionally, from one or another motive, our graduates are led to turn faces northward, but as the experience of this writer shows, they do not find that there are any geographical limits to the difficulties which beset the path of a conscientious teacher.

N. J., Oct., 19, 1885.

My dear Friend:

Though my letter may be somewhat tardy, I hope it may be in time to exonerate me from the charge indicated in your circular. I assure you that nothing is further from my desire or intention than the nearest approach to incivility. Perhaps the best reason I can give for delaying my duty is that I have so little of interest or importance to relate. My experience differs from that of some of my fellow members. The seats in my school house are not made of logs, split, and supported by stakes. It is not necessary to use umbrellas in the house nor have my boarding place furnish an observatory from which astronomical investigation may be made. I would not have you think, though, that I am entirely without inconveniences. What teacher is? My school house is not built with any regard to ventilation or any other sanitary consideration. My black boards, maps, and all kinds of apparatus, scriously lack attention. My pupils attend very irregularly, and this fact with their objectionable home training, renders it an exceedingly onerous task for me to regulate their conduct either in regard to scholarship or deportment. These inconveniences which I have enumerated, are by no means peculiar to my school, though I venture to say they are to an unusual extent. The excess of these evils makes it important that more strenuous efforts should be made for their removal

Yours respectfully,
J. R. D.

One of the graduates of the school who has been ten years at work, will not admit that time has weakened his sense of obligation to his Alma Mater:

N. C., Oct. 15th, '85.

Dear Friend:

I received your very kind letter of Oct., '85, and believe me, it was received with emotions of joy. Perhaps you and Gen. Armstrong think that I am one of the poorest correspondents in the whole number of Hampton graduates, from the fact you only hear from me when you specially call on me. Now there is a reason for it; first, I am a very poor correspondent; secondly, I have been so much engaged in my every day transactions, that I have not taken the time to write. Not that I have forgotten Hampton, or its interests, but to be frank about the matter, I have allowed myself to put off too much, and too long.

There is one thing above all others, from the tone of your letter, and that is "have you been an honor to Hampton or not" Though you may not hear from a student for months and even years, but if when you do hear from that student, you hear that everything is well with him, and that he has never caused Hampton to mourn for a moment on account of his having disgraced himself, I say that the school should feel proud. Such has been the case with me. I love Hampton, I love its cause, and I love Gen. Armstrong, because he has done so much for me and my race, and is still doing.

When I get to writing to Hampton, or to a representative of Hampton, there is nothing that affords me more pleasure than that. Therefore if you will only bear with me a little while, I will tell you the whole story in short. I graduated June 10th '75. I left Hampton and came to W——, and after spending a short vacation, I engaged myself in the work of teaching, and have been following it ever since, with most happy results. Every where that I have taught in North Carolina the people have always wanted me to stay. I have been teaching something over ten years, I am not teaching now. Owing to the health of my family, I had to resign my position in the city, and move out on the Sound, to my farm. I am now keeping a grocery store, and running farm in the meantime. I am getting along well, and have ever since I left Hampton. I have always got along well among the white people of the neighborhood in which I taught. I have never had any trouble in school worth talking about, since I have been engaged in the work. For as you know, there is always a right way and a wrong way, and if we do the right, we can always get along as a general thing, though that does not always hold true.

Gen. Armstrong need never be uneasy about my doing anything that will reflect on Hampton and its cause. I might say more, but being aware that my letter is too long already, I will come to a close. My kindest regards to you, Gen. Armstrong and other teachers.

I am yours with much respect,
J. A. H.

That a Hampton teacher in the mountains of Tennessee should find it part of his work to "root out dime novels" seems almost incredible, and yet who can tell how far such poison reaches:

Tenn., Oct. '85.

Miss C.

This is my second time I have started a letter to you. Somehow I can't find time to do letter writing, yet I can't bear the idea of putting off writing to you any longer. Your circular I received, but I am so sorry you had to send it before I wrote. You have been so kind to me that I had promised always to be prompt in letting you know my whereabouts.

This is the third time I have been appointed principal of the colored school. This alone tells how I am thought of here. You know last year I taught school in Virginia. The pay was so irregular there, I was not anxious to go again.

You remember two years ago, you and a friend gave me several books for the school here. Most of the books are here in service still, though greatly worn. I am so glad I rooted out that trashy stuff, (Saturday Night, dime novels, etc.,) from the children. I have carefully noticed the children during the past six months, and I am glad to say their mind is now turned to better literature.

As you know, my work don't end in the school room. I am often visiting the poorer people and doing what I can for them. One sick mother with five children (the youngest only about four months old) was nearly forsaken by her husband, asked help. The M. E. church pastor (colored) called for a collection for her and $2.00 was given her.

I am told that wheat bread was a rare thing in the family. Last Saturday on my round visiting families; fifteen children I found could not attend school as their parents or friends could not properly clothe them. I have bought a pair of shoes for a boy, who was exceptionally bright, to keep him in school. Our town is right in the mountains, and we see some real cold days.

I am going to have "Thanksgiving exercises" on Thanksgiving night. Thanksgiving morning, a sermon will be preached to the children and at night our exercises will be held in the church.

I am getting on very well so far. My health is not good, still I am doing very well. As yet I am following teaching altogether. If my health fail I will have to do some other work. Last summer I purchased a small evaporator and went into fruit drying, but did not succeed, as our crop being so very large, prices went down.

My school this year is very full—have now 104 on roll. I have one assistant teacher.

My work here is very delicate. I have a large number of young girls (between 15 and 18) very wild and thoughtless. Especially true is it with the boys. The moral training of the boys and girls is not the best.

I feel very lonely down here in Tennessee sometimes. Anything you can do for me or send to me, will be gladly welcomed, and I can assure you it will do good.

Very thankfully yours,
P. B. H.

Our scholars' familiarity with the newest and best methods and appliances, makes their influence in public school work particularly helpful. For example, here is a teacher who has introduced charts into the schools of a city where they were previously unknown, or at least not generally used:

Va., Feb. 18, '86.

Dear Miss C.

I meant to let you hear from me the first of the term, which was in September, but have been kept so busy I have waited until now. I presume you have learned that I now teach in the city of P——. We have six teachers in our school with the principal. Two are Hampton graduates. One of our teachers, Miss Fannie Nicholson, left Hampton in her Senior year, this is her first experience as a teacher; she gets on well. I have the first primary grade. The average age of my little ones is only eight years. Some days I have 80 present in my room. You can imagine from this the size of the school. I am pleased to say that we have a building just as comfortable as the 'Academic at dear old Hampton,' and most everything to faciliate us as teachers. A chart was never used in this school before this term. I sent word to the School Board, through the Principal, that a chart was much needed, and that I could not get on satisfactorily without one. In quite t short time they sent to New York for a Monroe's Chart, and I find that it helps me very much. My little ones work me very hard, but I enjoy it, and would not swap rooms with any of the other teachers. It is such a pleasure to deal with such young children, still it requires much patience. My little girl is with me now. I shall soon have to say my big girl for she grows quite fast. If you come to commencement this year, and can make it convenient, please call to see me in passing. I shall be glad for you to see our school. My parents are well. I am about seven miles from them. I went to see them on Sunday last. I would say more, but I am now in school and must stop.

Yours truly,
M. A. B.

One would like to visit this little school "far out among the yellow pines," which has never been taught before:

S. C., Feb. '86.

Dear Friend:

Your very kind letter to the graduates of Hampton, which was sent me a few months since, was kindly received. As I have been quite busy and also somewhat perplexed since the arrival of that letter, please let me beg an excuse for my delay in replying. I am engaged at teaching in the free public schools of B—— Co., in the neighborhood of the little town of B——. My school is far out among the yellow pines and had never been taught before I took it. I have thirty-six pupils. They are doing well. Their parents take great delight in their new opportunity. There are many white people in this neighborhood; the better class of them are kind and friendly to the colored people, but the majority of the poorer class is unfriendly and meddlesome. The colored people about here are all farmers. They are very industrious. They generally make fine crops, but the land rent and the small price for their labor, and produce prevent their rapid progress in the growth of real estate property, but still they are slowly securing homes. Many of the old slave owners are anxiously offering their vast plantations for sale, but they don't of ten find ready purchasers.

This winter is the coldest and most disagreeable that even our oldest citizens have ever seen in the South. It was cold enough last month to freeze the ponds and many of our small creeks thick enough to bear the weight of a horse. This has never been witnessed before now. I do not think my school will last longer than four months. Our trustees are doing the best they can for us.

I am your obedient servent,
J. De W.

A teacher whose time is spent in her school and Sunday-school, in sawing wood, in reading and studying, in visiting the sick, can hardly be blamed for sometimes neglecting her correspondence:

Ind., Dec. 30, '85.

Dear Miss C.

Your kindly greeting was received sometime ago, and I fear that I am guilty of a breach of politeness. I have desired to write to you for sometime, but I really have not had the time to do so. I am teaching at River Springs this term. I have a very comfortable school building, nicely furnished.

I have quite a large attendance. The children are for the most part very young, their ages being from four to fifteen years. When I began teaching my eldest boy had not seen more than nine years, and you would have laughed to have seen us trying to saw wood. The little fellows would pull on the saw, but with little success. I thinking that I might be able to help them tried my hand at wood sawing. But I was not so skilled in the business as I had supposed, and my attempts, like those of the boys, proved a failure, and we would have suffered for fire, had it not been for the kindness of a gentleman who lived near the school.

The word method, met with much opposition at first, but now everything seems to grow in the same old way. One of my patrons said to me about two months ago "Please teach my girl the A. B. C's. Some of the people here think it quite a marvel that the children learn to read without first learning the A. B. C. as they say.

The Christmas exercises were the first of the kind that were ever held in this place, and they were largely attended, both by white and colored. Every one was pleased. An old doctor expressed his admiration in this manner "I could never have believed had I not seen it, the colored children could have acted so smart."

I have a Sunday school in my schoolhouse, and old people as well as children enjoy it. We have very few books or papers as yet, but we hope to do better after a while.

Miss T. very kindly sends me papers quite frequently. I am always glad to get them, because I can make them useful in connection with my work.

There are vices of every kind here to be subdued, and when I think of my feeble efforts for good, and how little I am able to accomplish, it makes me feel somewhat discouraged. I am trying to do my duty as a teacher in every sense of the word. I seem to understand teaching much better this term than I did last, consequently I enjoy it more. I visit the sick whenever I can. I spend my quiet evenings in reading and studying, so you see my time is not a burden to me.

Wishing you a prosperous New Year,
I am yours truly
G. E. M.

W. Va., Jan. 6, 1885.

Gen. Armstrong,

Dear Sir:

I very much regret being compelled to apologize for not having complied with my obligation before now. However, I hope you have not classified me with those who make promises and soon forget them. I suppose you would like to know something about what I have been doing since leaving Hampton. As a teacher I have been very successful. I taught two years in Virginia; last year at B——, and the year before at S——. I am now teaching the second grade of the City school, and am getting along very well I believe so far. I have now forty-three pupils enrolled. There are five more teachers in the school besides myself, two ladies and three gentlemen. The colored people of this place, on a whole, are not a people who care very much for an education, and they have a tendency to discourage or in other words pull back one who tries to get an education. Please find enclosed a receipt for $13.72 the amount due on my school bill.

Very respectfully,
C.

It is a fact worthy of note that the most successful book subscription publishing houses in this country are those owned and controlled by men who commenced as canvassers themselves. B. F. Johnson, who is head of the house of B. F. Johnson & Co. of Richmond, spent eight years in the field, traveling through Va., and other Southern States. The junior member of this firm commenced canvassing for him a few years ago in S. C. with a cash capital of less than $10. Now they have the largest aud most efficient force of agents of any house in the South. Their large experience as canvassers enables them to place in the hands of their agents only such are books as adapted to the wants of the Southern people, consequently their agents share with them the reward of their good judgment in this matter.

The "boss" book agent of the South is Mr. W. T. Hopkins of Eastern N. C., who is working for the publishing house of B. F. Johnson & Co. of Richmond, Va. Mr. Hopkin's profits are frequently footed up to over $200 a week, and is thoroughly under the impression that the books published by B. F. Johnson & Co. sell faster than anything else on the face of the earth.

Southern Workman.

Indian Department.

HELEN W. LUDLOW, CORA FOLSOM. } *In Charge.*

Regular Contributors:

HERBERT WELSH, *Cor. Sec'y Indian Rights Association.*

ELAINE GOODALE.

MRS. A. S. QUINTON, *Gen'l Sec'y of the W'omans' National Indian Ass'n.*

Who Wants to Help?

We do not often ask aid for an individual through these columns, but there are some rich souls who like to know of new directions for their helpfulness. To such we have no hesitation in commending the case of a young man of the Sac and Fox tribe of Indian Territory, who, after graduating with honor from the Hampton Normal School a year ago, has been trying ever since, with great perseverance, to prepare himself to enter a medical college. His record at a higher preparatory school in New England has been remarkable; among the first both in study and deportment. He is spending his vacation in manual labor to pay his board and earn something towards next year's expenses. The Medical College of the University of Pennsylvania will receive him in the fall, but it has no free scholarships to bestow, except on rigorous competitive examinations, always largely attended, in which an Indian would hardly stand a chance.

We have, however, been notified by Mr A. B. Upshaw, Acting Commissioner, that the Indian Department is willing to grant to the young man, for this purpose, the amount—$167—set apart in the appropriation bill for 1887 for Indian pupils in other schools than those provided for by the government. He can add to this the sum of $85, which is his yearly portion from his tribe. This will pay the fees—$150 per annum—at the University, and clothe him, leaving his board, books, and incidental expenses to be met; $300 would cover all these. If any one feels like contributing in any measure to help this young Indian man to help both himself and his people, we shall be happy to hear from them. Contributions may be sent to Gen. S. C. Armstrong for that purpose. We should not ask for any help or sympathy for him if he were not showing a brave spirit of self-help, and if we did not believe him fitted by character as well as mental ability to become, as he desires to, a useful medical missionary.

Mr. J. B. Harrison, who was sent out by the Indian Rights Association, this summer, to visit some of the Northwestern reservations, has sent back interesting letters to the Boston *Herald*. He is impressed at once with the poverty of the soil on a great part of the Indians' land, and the exaggerated notions of its fertility that prevail at the West as well as the East. "Many of the settlers think that whatever hardships they endure result from the fact that they are excluded from these lands, and that they would soon be rich if allowed to settle on them. This restless hunger will not be satiated as long as any kind of a reservation exists, but is certain to be a more and more potent influence in public sentiment and legislation. Yet the fact is that the land is no better than that they now occupy, much of it not as good."

Mr. Harrison has had practical experience in farming, and has studied agricultural and social conditions in more than thirty States and Territories. He has the reputation of being a close observer, and his words have, therefore, weight.

Of the Pine Ridge and Rosebud reserves he says: "Seven-eighths of the entire territory does not admit of tillage. Upon the most generous estimate there is probably not more arable land on both reserves than would give 40 acres to each Indian of the present population. The rest is fit only for pasturage, and much of it is barren, and useless as the central desolation of Sahara. The best of it is not as good as that of New Hampshire. There are little spots of tolerable land, and very big spots that are not tolerable. The land will never maintain a population at all considerable in proportion to its total area. Irrigation is impossible, the beds of the streams being too far below the surface of the land which is to be cultivated. The richest land is in narrow strips along the creeks at the bottom of deep ravines. The timber on them should be improved in variety and protected by law. If cleared the surface soil would soon wash away and the streams fail in summer." The Omaha and Winnebago land is the richest he has seen. The Santee and Yankton reserves have much fairly good land, though the largest proportion is fit only for grazing, and it suffers from drought. This is true also of the Crow Creek reservation. The harvests have been seriously injured by drought this summer. The Indians there are very industrious, and if irrigation were employed, as it could be at no great expense, from the Mississippi, they could probably soon be brought to entire self-support. As it is even the white settlers outside the reservation are, in various places, talking of applying to Government for rations to sustain life. "Many of the farmers say they have mortgaged all they possess, and are paying interest of from 2 to 5 per cent. per month, with no hope of getting out of debt. Most came from the East on mere rumor, and in enormous trust in the beautiful stories of speculators."

Many of the white squatters still remain on the Crow Creek reservation. He heard the rumor everywhere that the Indians threatened to take their crops, but the Indians and their officers had not heard of it, and he believes it was "but the invention of a guilty conscience." The leading Indians all talked very calmly and reasonably on the subject, but justly urged that the question ought to be settled and their rights defined. As Mr. Harrison well says: "Civilization is impossible for people who may at any time be dispossessed of their homes. How would the people of Massachusetts like to have the titles to their homes depend upon an executive order or the opinion of an Attorney General? It is time that the country should begin to think of some things that require its attention."

Mr. Harrison speaks very highly of the work of Dr. McGillicuddy, the late agent at Pine Ridge: "There are 8000 Indians on that reservation; 676 families have farms. They cultivated 1748 acres last year, raised 10,895 bushels of corn, cut 13,000 cords of wood. The Indians have the preference over anybody else when laborers are wanted. Everybody says they are remarkably well behaved. Last year there were only two cases for the courts of the county in the population of 8000 Indians. Security for life and property seems absolute. The school attendance is remarkably regular, owing to the best compulsory law that has ever been devised anywhere."

From all he has seen of Indian farming, Mr. Harrison thinks, "most of the Indians work as well as could be expected under existing conditions." He thinks many are as nearly ready for self-support and all the rights of American citizenship as they ever will be till its responsibilities are thrust upon them; that, like the colored people, they can only be prepared for citizenship by citizenship, though in the process many will be sacrificed. He thinks that to remove their agents without giving them the protection of citizenship is to cast them again into the tribal condition, a step backward instead of forward.

Mr. Harrison says that "the feature that most impresses an observer in the Indian country is the work of the Christian church, its missionaries, teachers, and laborers of every grade and function. A student of civilization, in examining the present condition of the Indians, is obliged to take note of these religious influences and achievements, as they constitute one of the principal and most effective forces at work among the red people."

The government educational work generally, Mr. Harrison finds "fairly well done," and he speaks favorably, in general, of the spirit of the government employees on the seven or eight reservations he has visited. He criticizes sharply, however, the system of direct appointment of the subordinates on the reservations by the authorities at Washington, characterizing it as "at best an inevitable waste of energy," and "eminently absurd."

The following statements from Henry S. Pancoast Esq., the legal adviser of the Indian Rights Association, will correct, we hope, some of the loose thinking that prevails in regard to the Indians.

Eastern Sentiment and Apache Criminals—A Correction.

The value of Mr. Robert M. Evans's spirited article entitled "The Indian in Arizona," which appeared in the August number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is seriously impaired by its author's fundamental misapprehension of the law. One unfortunate enough to share in the "dominant prejudice of the East," might feel inclined to file a dissenting opinion to more than one assertion put forth by Mr. Evans. Such a one might be tempted to remind the advocate of the immediate execution of Apache prisoners, that Capt. Pratt started Carlisle school with Indian prisoners of war, or to question whether the doubtful expediency of sentencing a supposed criminal who is not present to speak in his own defence can redeem its more than doubtful justice. "Eastern sentiment" might well wish that Mr. Evans had dwelt more on the broken faith and easy indifference of an Eastern government, which more than any fancy for "agreeable relaxation" goaded the devilish spirit of the savage in Geronimo and his little band to their terrible revenge of blood and fire. But all these are matters fairly open to discussion, and Mr. Evans is clearly right in holding that the settler should be protected and the murderer punished with a strong hand. If these things were due to the absence of law and the condoning of Indian crimes by the government, and if these two errors were in their turn the result of the false and ignorant sentimentality of the East, Mr. Evans would stand in no need of correction. He is not only wrong in assuming that the mass of "Eastern sentiment" desires to shield the Indian criminal from his proper punishment, but in his reckless assertion that the Apaches' crimes are beyond the reach of our law. It seems the more necessary to call attention to these mistakes, as in one of them at least, Mr. Evans is not alone. The *Nation* for July 29, 1886, page 98, speaking with apparent approval of Mr. Evans article says that "It is in the nature of a protest, not so much against the humanitarian sentiment of the East as against the condition of affairs which results from its ascendancy in the national policy. The difficulty in the case seems to be that this sentiment operates mainly in a negative way, and is summed up in the dictum, "Whatever happens, never hurt the poor Indian!" Let us look more closely into this "protest." It is first of all based on the complaint of the absence of law. "There is no law to punish him" (the Indian) says Mr. Evans, "even could his crimes find him out, for he is a citizen, a subject of a nation with whom our government has entertained treaty relations, and the acknowledgment of the treaty making power has always been held to be the most complete autonomy of a people," and again, "I know an Indian named Chappo, who deliberately killed his own father and received as the price of this most unnatural crime ten cartridges. Both the Indian and the crime are well known in Arizona. But there is no law to reach such cases."

Apart from the question as to whether the Arizona courts *enforce* the law, this assertion is flatly incorrect. There can be no doubt that even under the Intercourse Act of 1834, the Apache would have been amenable to United States law like other Indians for crimes committed against the whites within the limits of a Reservation, and there can be but little question that under the ruling in United States vs. Yellow Sun, (1 Dillon 271,) and other cases, he would have been amenable to the local courts for crimes committed against the whites outside of the Reservation limits. All doubt on this subject, has, however, been dispelled by the recent Act approved March 3d, 1885, which provides that after the date of its passage "All Indians committing against the person or property of another Indian or other person, any of the following crimes—namely, murder, manslaughter, rape, assault with intent to kill, arson, burglary, and larceny, within any Territory of the United States, and either within or without an Indian Reservation, shall be subject therefor to the laws of such Territory relating to such crimes, and shall be tried therefor in the same courts and in the same manner and shall be subject to the same penalties as are all other persons charged with the commission of such crimes, respectively; and the said courts are hereby given jurisdiction in all such cases; and all such Indians committing any of the above crimes against the person or propery of another Indian or other person within the boundaries of a State of the United States, and within the limits of any Indian Reservation, shall be subject to the same laws, tried in the same courts and in the same manner, and subject to the same penalties as are all other persons committing any of the above crimes within the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States."—(23rd Statute at large, 385.)

If the criminal remains unpunished, the fault lies not in the absence of law, nor in the influence of a mistaken sentiment, but in the defective execution of the law by the Arizona court. This law has been in force over a year; it has been tested in the courts, and I know of at least one Indian who has been convicted under it. It seems to furnish, at least to some extent, the remedy which Mr. Evans so earnestly calls for. It is but fair to add that the subjection of the Indian to the legal punishment for his crimes has been accomplished by those impractical sentimentalists who share in the "dominant prejudices of the East.

H. S. P.

Correspondence.

Oahe, Hughes Co., Dakota, June 14, '86.

Only a few years ago the Titon tribe of the Dakota Indians were a wild race, knowing nothing of books and caring nothing for these things, fully content with their own manner of living. Their houses were tents made of the buffalo skin well tanned, with the fur left on and the flesh side handsomely trimmed with porcupine quills, or painted with figures which told the history of the head of the family and his ancestors. The deer skin well tanned, made their clothing in summer and in winter the buffalo robe was also used. Occasins were made from the same material, and though the Dakotas are a bareheaded race, yet we never see them with bare feet. Their food was buffalo meat and venison and tipsina or wild turnips, and corn. These were all dried to store away until needed and every woman must be taught the art. A young girl's first accomplishment was to be able to embroider her gown or moccasins or robe with the porcupine quills, which were highly colored with roots, leaves, and colored earth. Their food was cooked in kettles made from the buffalo skin which was taken while green and put over a stone the size of the kettle wanted, and when dried retained the shape. Water was put into it and the meat, corn and turnips sometimes altogether, and a hot stone put in to make the water boil. The stone was removed as fast as it cooled and another hot one put in, so the cooking was accomplished, and they always like their food well cooked too. The food was served from the kettles in wooden dishes carved from the knots of trees and was eaten with a common horn spoon. The women's work was to dress the skins, make the clothing, get the wood and water and do the cooking, but the men's work was fully as hard. They guarded the house, planned all hunts and marches, killed the game, and so, supplied the family provisions and clothing. Their rude, uncultivated lives were not without reward. They had good health, and doubtless many happy days, although their many old superstitions caused much mental and physical suffering.

Now how changed! Even if we would let them retain the old simple life which may seem full of poetry, it would be impossible. Our civilization has already broken the spell. The white man's gun has laid low the Dakotas' means of subsistance. Now instead of the thick warm tent made from the well dressed buffalo robe, his home is a tent made from cloth which will not keep out the rain and snow. His clothing, half civilized, half savage, does not protect his body from the cold, and government rations are far from being sufficient to support his physical needs. So, with starved bodies they fail to find any spiritual satisfaction in their old worship of the many gods and are drifting away of their own accord from their old beliefs. We must turn their beclouded lives into the way of light if we would not have the race go out in darkness.

Our school at Oahe is trying in a small way to catch up the threads of some of these lives and weave them into a beautiful garment that shall cover the nakedness of the body laid bare to the world by the rapid decay of the old time garment of fear, superstition and ignorance. Here the missionaries are trying to please God and satisfy the hearts of the Indians' friends, by giving to these girls and boys a knowledge of our best civilization. The girls in this school range from five years old to eighteen years of age; boys from five to ten. The girls are taught to sew and I have been surprised to see little ones not more than seven years old, hemming and stitching beautifully; the older girls make their entire garments and do it well, while the wholesome bread baked by these girls, some of whom are not more than ten years old, shows that the time will come when there will be good, happy housekeepers among the people. They scrub the floors, clean the windows and do their own washing and mending. The mending is carefully done by the girls themselves when the clothes are taken from the wash. The chattering in English will not fail to remind one of the difficulties under which these children labor. It is no small thing to acquire a new tongue, as some of us know, and I saw girls who had only commenced English three years ago, working problems in interest and reciting page after page of history in fair English. The homes are feeling the influence of the lessons taught in school. We find fathers building houses of logs in order to make the children content to stay at home when they return from the school. Mothers make quilts of bright bits of calico and curtains of scarlet or blue for the windows, and so our little ones leave a home where there is no sign of home comfort and often return to a home that has much to make their lives more pleasant. While the teachers are laboring in season and out of season for the training of the children, the missionaries fare laboring also in the homes. It is this faithful work in the homes that has made our boarding schools possible. A Dakota Bible in a family, and one to read it, inspires the heart with a desire for more knowledge of books, and the result is that the Dakota scholar is not content with his small library but learns English that the white man's books may no longer be sealed to him. These little ones are some of those of whom Jesus spoke when He said, "Suffer them to come unto Me." In the past, we, as a nation, have not only done nothing to save this race, but we have really not been willing even to "Suffer them" to come into the light. This school at Oahe was built by personal work. We saw and felt the need of home training in this school, and the American Missionary Association could not supply the means, so we made effort and finally raised the money to put up the building.

We cannot now buy furniture any more rapidly than the money comes, for we have resolved not to create a debt. The windows are still wholly curtainless, the walls are bare, and there is only such furniture as is absolutely necessary to keep the students there. We need a thousand dollars now to put in the needed furniture before school opens in the fall. Whatever is done for Oahe is done for the Dakota in his home as well as for the pupils in the schools. It is done for America as well as for the dear friends in the East who have done so much for us.

MARY C. C. COLLINS,
Oahe, Hughes Co., Dakota.

Mrs. Granger, "Old South Church, Boston, will receive donations to this object."

New Arrivals.

Mr. McDowell arrived at Hampton, Aug. 19th, with the new party of Indian students from Standing Rock, Dakota, as follows:

Makcan, or Antoine de Rockbrain, aged 15—half breed.
Mato-hasina, or James Bear Robe, aged 18.
Mato-maza, or Jerome Iron Bear, aged 12.
Ptaziba, or Claude Bow, aged 23.
Aguaniyanke, or Running-with, aged 23.
Sunka-sda or Joseph Red-Horse, aged 18.
Cetan, or Martin Hawk, aged 22.
Nonpa-opi, or Shot-Twice, aged 19.
Hupan, or Elk, aged 20.
Heraka-peta, or Cassimir Fire Elk, aged 23.
Psicawin, or Fannie Cross Bear, aged 17.
Takiniwin, or Catherine Cross Bear, aged 14.
Susbecduta, or Julia Kathleen, aged 21.
Wanbeli, or Annie Eagle, aged 16.
Zintkana, or Bird, aged 17.
Tawahintka, or Mary Currier, aged 18.
Tacankuyuskipi (Happy Road), or Bibiana One Dog, aged 16.
Tasagyeduta, or Her Red Cane, aged 14.
Lucy No Ears, aged 15—half breed.
Witansnaniwin, or Virgin, aged 21.

We give the names as they come to us. It is not the custom at Hampton to change them, unless, as may seem likely to be the case with some of the present party, the students themselves, after awhile, prefer a more euphonious or civilized one. In spite of their more than usually aboriginal names at present, they all looked very civilized, in full citizen's dress, and with hair neatly cut. The party seems indeed, with few exceptions, a very good one in all respects. The report of their examination by our resident physician is given below, as usual. Four can speak English, more or less; two quite well. Claude Bow, who is a cripple, has been at school for seven years, and comes to be qualified for a teacher. He brought his books with him, and studied on the way.

Cetan, or Martin Hawk, showed some genius in the same direction, gathering the boys about him every evening on the cars to teach them English words, and to count to one hundred. The girl who speaks English is a sister of a Hampton girl who is now teaching on the reservation. She was a bright scholar in the government boarding school, and a mainstay in the housekeeping department. She was parted with regretfully by her teachers, for her own good.

One of the girls had been at Mr. Riggs's school, at Oahe, but the attractions of home so near proved too much for her, and it was thought best to send her further from them.

Two others, daughters of Chief Cross-Bear, attended a reservation day school, taught by a Hampton girl and her husband. They walked five miles to school, and never missed a day all last winter.

Mr. McDowell says that all were cheerful, observant, and ready to take in all they saw on their journey, and were unusually ready to talk with those who were, as usual, anxious to interview them. Indian etiquette of *nil admirari* was proof, however, against all its succession of novelties and wonders. Until on their way to the Capitol in Washington, they almost flew out of the street car in their astonishment and delight at the sight of a goat carriage, driven by a small boy. The ice thus broken they allowed themselves exclamations of *Tanka! Tanka!* "Big! Big!" at the bird's eye view from the top of the dome.

They seem remarkably cheerful and happy in their new surroundings. The boys have been assigned, according to their preferences and prospects at the agency, to various trades. Their spirit seems very earnest and good.

The intense heat which surprises the inexperienced traveller in Dakota in the early summer, and makes him think there must be a North Torrid Zone, was even more unmitigated than usual this summer, the mercury reaching 117 in the shade outdoors and 104 within. In such temperature it was impossible to go about much, and Mr. McDowell, consequently, saw fewer of our returned students than he had hoped to. He heard, however, good accounts of many, and saw some industriously working in the shops at Crow Creek and Standing Rock.

Mr. McDowell further reports that, in spite of the heat and some delays, he had a comfortable trip, and is greatly indebted to the courteous assistance of Mr. Allen, Mr. Percy Smith and Mr. Jaycox, passenger agents of the B. & O., C., M., & St. Paul, and C. & N. W. roads; and also to other officials, and to some of his fellow passengers. The students gave him no trouble. The four parties that, on account of the arrangement of tickets, had to branch off from him at Chicago for Mandan, Yankton, Lower Brule, and Omaha, and those of their number put in charge, departed in dignified good order, and all arrived in safety at their destination. The baby travellers of the party behaved as well as babies could; and every girl was ambitious to relieve their natural guardians of part of their care. As his party caught their first sight of the Missouri from the windows of the train approaching Pierre, their delight rose to excitement, and when they crossed in skiffs from Fort Bennett to Cheyenne River agency, tin cups flashed and splashed for a first sweet draught from the Big Muddy. At Cheyenne River he was pleased with his inspection of the pleasant school building of the Episcopal mission, and his interview with its superintendents, Mr. and Mrs. Kinney, who inquired with interest concerning the pupils at Hampton and the industrial training, of which he was just the man to tell them. The sister of one of our Hampton boys is doing finely in Mrs. Kinney's school, is assistant housekeeper, and has $300 in the bank. Dr. McChesney, the new agent, had already made two trips over the whole reservation. For years post surgeon before he was agent, he is familiar with the place and shows real interest in the Indians. At Fort Sully Mr. McDowell had a pleasant visit with Lieut. Geo. Le Roy Brown, former commandant at Hampton, who had been transferred from Fort Lincoln with promotion to the position of Regimental Quarter Master.

At Santee Mr. McDowell had a most interesting visit to Rev. Alfred Riggs's fine school in summer session for the seventy pupils who live too far away to return home for vacation. He was also greatly struck there with the advancement of the people, who, with the exception of a small issue of clothing and rations for the aged and sick, are self-supporting. The new agent here, Mr. Hill, has the advantage, like Dr. McChesney, of long residence on the place. He was very pleasantly impressed with him, and also with Maj. Anderson, the new agent at Crow Creek, but had little opportunity to converse with the latter, who was occupied with the visit of the Inspector. In regard to the mechanical industries, the chief point to notice at Crow Creek, as at other agencies, was that blacksmithing and wheelwrighting are of first importance, then carpentering, then harness-making and shoemaking. There are good opportunities for work at the first three trades, and a new shop was to be built and the new school house to be again enlarged.

The mail wagon from Chamberlain to Crow Creek is run by "Dont-Know-How," Mr. D. K. How," as he prefers to be styled, who once sent two daughters to Hampton. Though somewhat old, he is a "rustler," in the expressive dialect of the Plains. Another one, "Badger," drove Mr. McDowell to Highmore to take the train toward Mandan, and they had a run of ten miles before a prairie fire. Mr. McDowell was impressed with the beauty of the country he passed through on the "Jim River Road," and with the interest and admiration expressed by many in the neighborhood of Standing Rock, for the great work Major McLaughlin has accomplished there. The people of La Grace, a town on the east shore of the Missouri, twenty miles below Standing Rock, last July invited Rosa Bearface—the Hampton girl, whose school at Standing Rock drew enthusiasm from the Hoiman Committee, and was called to their remembrance in Congress last winter—to read the Declaration of Independence at their celebration of the Fourth. She went and "read it beautifully," they said, and with an accompanying party of Indians had a most cordial reception and entertainment.

A distinguished candidate for admission to Hampton was Chief Rain-in-the-Face, a prominent Chief of Sitting Bull's band. He has been trying hard to get an education, has learned to write, and followed Mr. McDowell about urging him to take him, but his age and other considerations obliged Mr. McD. to decline the honor. Mr. McDowell visited Antelope's, Longfeather's, and Sitting Bull's camps, or farming neighborhoods rather, and others, and was greatly pleased with the condition of all. On the way up to Bismark, on the General Terry, with its genial Captain Woolfolk, he had a pleasant interview with Mr. and Mrs. Swift, whose long and noble work in St. Stephen's Episcopal mission, above Cheyenne River, has had telling effect on the Indians of that region.

The exceptional heat of the summer had had disastrous effects on the crops everywhere. At Cheyenne River, Mr. Kinney's school boys were cutting oats as hay, not a good filled with grain in all sixty-five acres. He saw hundreds of acres of wheat that would never be cut. At Standing Rock a hailstorm on the 3d of July had finished up what the drought had left on a path of six miles in width. Mr. McDowell thinks the Indians in general, that he has seen, work remarkably well under all their discouragements and disadvantages.

MEDICAL REPORT.

Hampton, Va., Aug. 23, 1886.

General S. C. Armstrong:—

Dear Sir:—The party of twenty Indians, which arrived Aug. 19th, was examined by me on the day following their arrival.

The ten girls passed a favorable examination. Two have had scrofulous enlargement of the cervical glands; One of these has incipient phthisis, and will require constant care if she remains. Two are somewhat delicate in appearance, but without evidence of present disease.

Eight of the boys are well developed and robust in appearance. One, who is apparently sound in every other respect, is lame from an injury received when eleven years of age, but will be able to fill his place in one of the industries. Two have unsound lungs. In one case the local disease is of such considerable extent as to suggest a grave prognosis. The other case is less marked, but both boys should be returned with the next party. One of them confessed that his desire to come to this school was so great that he used what means he could to deceive in his health examination at home. It is a matter for profound regret that any who are feeble or otherwise incapacitated should be sent from home to fill the places of others who could make future use of their instruction.

Yours respectfully,

M. M. WALDRON, M. D.

From an Indian Graduate.

GENOA, NEBRASKA, Aug. 20, 1886.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong,

Dear Sir:—I am going to write a letter to you this morning just to tell you of myself, and how I have been getting along since I returned home. I kept house for my sisters and father since I came home until February. I accompanied one of my sisters to this school. I have been trying to do my level best since I have been home, and have succeeded in keeping my good name. I have tried since I have come home to teach, and I cannot, for there is not a vacant place anywhere. At my home there was a vacancy, so applied for the place, and I had an answer last evening from the Department, telling me that the place was already filled by an Indian girl, so you see I always strive for positions and fail to obtain them. I am not discouraged though, for I am determined to keep my good name till I die. I have worked here like every other pupil, and since July I have helped the head clerk in doing the clerical work. I enjoy my work very much. General, this is a good Indian school. The Superintendent is a good young man, and shows a great deal of interest in all of us, and has improved everything since he took charge last September. The children have improved to a great extent since I came here. There are over one hundred and fifty pupils here from Dakota, and Nebraska; tribes represented are Omaha, Winnebago, Arickaree, Mandan, and Pawnee. The boys work all day now some, and they are going to get double pay, the girls the same. If you could walk in any Sunday morning you would see over one hundred and fifty Indian children dressed in their Sunday clothes, neatly and clean, and behaving as well as any white children. Every Sunday morning we have service, and in school time we had different Sunday school classes. I taught the little children; all can say the ten commandments and part of the church catechism. They are bright and grow more intelligent every day, I am very proud to tell you. One of the old Hampton boys is here (Kawhat), a Mandan, but he is called Thomas Suckly now. He is doing very well, and speaks English very nicely.

The front yard of our building is fixed very nicely, a flagstaff in the centre and a U. S. flag is waving here; it is a new one too. Each tribe planted a tree last Arbor Day, and they are doing nicely—a boy from each tribe, I mean to say. The children have swings, see-saws, ball playing, and many other out-of-door games, which are enjoyed by us all. It is vacation now, and much repairing is going on, and we expect to have a new building, which will add to the looks and improvement to the school. The girls, I must say, are very good; they keep the rooms, hall and kitchen clean, and you would hear their clear voices ringing while in their large sewing-room, if you walked in any morning. They do all kinds of house-work; even the little ones have charge of rooms, and keep them very neatly. They keep their clothes looking neatly and their bureaus, and I think Hampton girls would say so too if they saw the dormatories here.

The teachers are earnest workers; our Matron is very good to us, and also the teachers in the school room. One of the teachers, Miss Chandler, sings for us always. Miss Parton has charge of the sewing room. We tease her lots of times, but she is so good-natured that she is much missed by all of the girls since she went away for her vacation. Mrs. Cruger has charge of the hospitals; very kind to all, and always has something good for us if we go to her room. All are good and earnest workers, and I know this school will be one of the best schools in this country some of these days. The boys don't smoke any more; all behave like gentlemen, and they work on the farm, carpenter shop, shoe shop, and blacksmith shop in the town; all are learning something every day. An Episcopal minister holds service here every month. I close with good wishes to you all at Hampton.

Yours very respectfully,

JULIA J. ST. CYR.

One of our returned Indian girls writes from the West: "General, will you take my sister and my little brother into your school? Both are healthy and will be helpful. If you can take them I'll bring them, paying my way, if you can get transportation for them."

Report from the Omahas.

Mr. Frank La Flesche, an educated and intelligent young man of the Omaha tribe, a brother of Bright Eyes, and for the last five years a clerk in the Indian Bureau at Washington, spent a day at Hampton recently, and brought the latest reports from the reservation, which he has just visited. There are 1200 Omahas, all of whom are now settled on their lands in severalty with good titles—secured, as will be remembered, through Miss Alice Fletcher's untiring exertions. These are made inalienable for 25 years, giving heads of families 160 acres, and single persons over eighteen 80 acres, under eighteen 40 acres each. Mr. La Flesche says the patents were received in July, and the people now feel encouraged to go ahead.

He says the crops have been somewhat injured by a severe drought of six weeks, but are moderately good, and, taking the whole of the reservation, compare favorably with those of the white farmers around it. There were a few who did not work, but lay around hoping to be appointed as councilmen or policemen. There are still nine councilmen allowed, who appoint their own successors, and are confirmed by the agent. He thinks this a relic of barbarism which ought to be done away with at once. It keeps up a show of the old chiefs' power, to no purpose but to deceive the people and divert them from work and a sense of their real status under the law. The councils spend their time in idle feasting and talk, in which the lazy and non-progressive join to electioneer for appointments. Their decrees are not recognized, they have no real authority, and are not needed.

The same Act of Congress which in 1882 gave the Omahas their patents, gave them all the rights of citizens except the suffrage. They can appeal to the courts of the county and State, can sue and be sued for any injuries either between Indians and Indians or Indians and whites. It will take some little while for all to appreciate the fact, but Mr. La Flesche thinks "it needs only one or two lawsuits to straighten out things," and show them where they stand. "One case of assault tried, and the offender punished according to the laws of the State, would make a good impression." A complaint is about to be carried before the courts in this way, instead of to the council, and it will have a good effect. Mr. La Flesche says that he has never heard of any annoyance resulting from the inability to dispose of a portion of land on removing to another part of the reservation at marriage. There is no obstacle to employing another Indian to cultivate one's land. Mr. La Flesche has his own eighty acres thus cared for, but intends to settle on it some day. He says it is rather unfortunate that the least progressive of the tribe are chiefly settled on the part of the reservation most likely to be entered first by visitors. About a third are not progressive. The rest, though not all, have accepted Christianity, are trying to advance, and want to educate their children.

They have received no rations for about twenty years. The annual receipts of money resulting from former sales of land had dwindled to two or three dollars apiece, but for the last two years have risen to $7, since the dropping of all government employees but the agent. The present Secretary and Commissioner favored giving them the principal in two payments of $45,000, but Congress has taken no action on it as yet. Mr. La Flesche does not think that any stopped work in expectation of this. Some went in debt, but bought agricultural implements and horses.

He agrees with Mr. Harrison, that a good agent should be retained to encourage and guide them, and teach them the laws and their duties under them. They have an agent who resides on the Winnebago reservation adjoining, and visits them about once in two months. As for other employees, he thinks they are not needed, and it is better that they should learn self-dependence.

Blacksmithing and carpentering can be done in the neighboring towns, or some could set up shops of their own, and will do so when there is no more hope of being employed by government at salaries of $300 or $500. Policemen also have been dropped for some months, and are no more needed, as all arrests can and should be made by the regular county officers.

There are good physicians in the towns around, who respond to any call, and are better than many agency doctors. The towns of Decatur, Bancroft, and Pender, are right on the edge of the reservation, and Lyons is but five miles away. The Indians do much trading there, selling grain and vegetables. Some few get cheated, but most have learned to hold their own. White farmers also are settled close around them. The white people generally are kind and pleasant. Some doubtless covet the land, which is very good, though, like prairie land generally, hard to break. Some told Mr. La Flesche that the western portion of the reservation, which is open to sale, is "spoiled because the Indians are located near it." They did not complain of them, however, except as non-taxpayers, who could not help support day schools. Cultivated land in the neighborhood sells up to $30 an acre; uncultivated from $3 to $12. The Indian land will probably bring $9.

A Presbyterian mission has been established there for thirty years. Mr. La Flesche went to the mission school himself when a boy, and regrets that it is now confined to girls alone. He speaks highly of Mrs. Wade, the teacher, and the missionary, Mr. Copley, who has now, however, removed to the less progressive part of the reservation, where he started a night school, but the young Indians got tired of it. A night school is considered a severe test of character at Hampton. He hopes he will not be discouraged there. He did not see the government boarding and industrial school in session.

Mr. La Flesche brings a good report of most of the students returned from Hampton, especially the two young Indian families, who have built houses with money loaned by Eastern friends of Hampton. Philip Stabler is living in his. Noah La Flesche's is nearly completed, and both are doing well. Their influence is good, and many other couples want to come to school. Mr. La Flesche's own father, one of the most progressive of the Omahas, has a nice frame house of four rooms, worth $800, and a farm with 110 acres under cultivation and 50 in hay. His two daughters—one of whom graduated at Hampton last year, and will return East to study medicine in the fall, the other returning to graduate at Hampton—have worked in the hay field to help their father this summer. Mr. La Flesche thinks his sister will have a great field of usefulness as a physician, especially in instructing the women of her tribe in the laws of health.

The people are poor; the majority, he thinks, live chiefly on corn and vegetables, with meat but once a week, mostly pork, which they have learned to like. They drink coffee, but don't like milk, and don't know how to make butter. Those who are well off have chickens and eat eggs. He thinks many of the white settlers around have meat not more than twice a week.

Mr. La Flesche thinks highly of the agent elect, Gen. Holman, of Nebraska, whose appointment has lately been confirmed. He thinks that while there has been hardly time for the effects of the changed conditions to be seen, and some friction is natural at first, and some difficulty for the old people to conform to the new order, the chances for the young people are good, and the outlook generally very hopeful. The crowning privilege of citizenship, the suffrage, should follow, the sooner the better perhaps for their final security on their land, though at present, naturally, the majority of the Indians are indifferent to it, and the number of possible voters is too small to be cared for much probably by the State.

Our friends will be interested in the following letter from the Hampton Indian graduate, and would-be medical student whose case is presented in another column. It was published in the *Christian Register*, and is sent us by the lady to whom it was addressed, who fills the office of correspondent to Hampton graduates:

"I am very glad to hear from you, and to read the words of encouragement contained in your letter and circular. I feel that such words are needful to me in my new undertaking.

It is natural, of course, for one to feel lonely on first arrival among strangers. I had such feelings; and it seemed as though I was truly alone, being so far from home, but am glad to say not very far from friends.

I have been too busily engaged with my studies, which are this term Latin, French, and geology, to allow myself to indulge too freely in lonely and cast-down thoughts.

Last June on finishing the course at Hampton, I returned to my home in the Indian Territory, where four months were spent very pleasantly among friends and in teaching the school at the Agency. I considered myself very fortunate in obtaining the position, because many returned Indian students from Hampton are not able to obtain employment of any sort and are at last forced to return to their old customs and ways, in order that they may not suffer from want. I am glad to say that all the boys from my Agency who attended school at Hampton are doing very well, except two. They are not wholly lost.

My term of school was of short duration, only lasting two months. As I had to leave on short notice for the East, I closed school Friday, at noon, and came away the following Saturday morning.

It was with a feeling of regret that I left the little flock of children that I had come to know and to teach. Although teaching was not a very agreeable occupation to me, still I would have been willing to continue to teach for some time to come.

I had twenty very bright Indians in my school, the average age being eight years. They were very anxious to learn, and all seemed to take a delight in coming into the school-room to study and recite. They were not very far advanced in studies; and, of course, children of their age were not expected to be. To those who had never before attended school, everything was entirely new to them. People who have been accustomed to live in civilized society, and have never had occasion to change their mode of living, cannot conceive what a very difficult thing it is to change from a nomadic and idle life to a life which causes them to stir and put energy into each day's duties. But these children, when they enter school, are changing from a life which they have learned to love to a life that is new and strange to them. They, as a general thing, do not at first make very rapid progress—not because they are not willing to study, but because they have disadvantages, the greatest of which is the English language that they are required to learn. I found them willing to learn anything, whether the thing to be learned was in the school-room, in the field, or in the house.

The school buildings are situated at the Sac and Fox Agency. The name generally applied to this school is "The Manual Labor Boarding School." It is capable of accomodating some forty or forty-five students. It is a brick structure, and really never was a fit building for a school. The government employed men to build it, and they did not care to do a very good job. The money was all they worked for, and they got it, with very little substantial work. Some little distance from the main building stands the school-house, made of brick also. It is capable of seating forty or forty-five scholars, and is very well furnished inside with blackboards, maps, tables, and other small things necessary for a school-room. It is well ventilated and has plenty of light. Considering all these things I thought myself very fortunate in being so blessed with such favorable surroundings, when so many others who go out from Hampton find only small huts in which to teach. There is a great deal of courage shown in that respect among the colored graduates of Hampton. Notwithstanding their discouraging surroundings, they go ahead and do the best they can. I hope in time, that their efforts among their people, as well as our efforts among our people, may prove successful and that these two great problems—that of the Negro and that of the Indian—may soon be solved. And, when the time does come when the Indian will not be looked upon as one of the despised races, but as a citizen sharing the same rights as citizens of these United States, there will be, I think, a feeling of pride in many a man's bosom whose skin they say, is red.

My surroundings here are pleasant. My main object here is to learn the Latin language, which is necessary in the study of medicine. I shall spend one more year here, and by that time I shall have enough Latin to go ahead with my medical studies. I expect to return home when my course is finished, where I have a splendid chance of helping in the great work of doing some good for those of my race who need help. A good doctor can do a great deal of good among such people, and I hope that I may be able to do some good for my people when I return.

In reply to the question in regard to my life before coming to school, I shall, although reluctantly, give you a short description of it.

I must say it was not a very profitable one. I was what they call a wild and reckless fellow, little thinking or caring what became of me. My principal occupation was herding cattle,—"a cow-boy," as one is generally termed who herds cattle,

Men who come out in the far West and follow herding, soon become very wicked and reckless. They acquire all the bad habits one can imagine, although the majority are honest. Being thrown in such society, as my work was among them, I soon became like them.

This kind of life went on for some time, and at last I longed for a change. I did not think at the time I would change that life for a school life; and, when I was first asked to come East to school, I was very indignant. But, by consideration and persuasion, I at last concluded to come. I have never had cause to regret that step, because it was a turning point in my life; and now I can see the good, I hope, with the help of the Great Spirit, to continue on in the good way."

THOMAS MILES.

The Earthquake.

An observer seated in a corner room on the fourth floor of Virginia Hall, thus describes her experience of the recent earthquake:

"I was sitting in a rocking chair reading aloud, when suddenly I felt my chair slightly shaken, with a sensation of something striking the rocker. The feeling instantly recalled that of the earthquake of two years ago, as I had felt it in Litchfield, Connecticut, and I was on the point of speaking of it when I felt it again more slightly, and, no one else in the room seeming to notice it, I concluded that I had rocked over something, or some inequality of the floor, and want on reading, with only a moment's pause. I hadn't read through another paragraph when the whole room seemed in motion, windows rattling and the floor heaving and rocking. We all sprang at once to our feet, with the one thought that the walls would fall in another moment. Out into the corridor we ran—then the thought of others forced us into a moment's deliberation. "Shall we call the girls?" "The shock has passed. A panic might be worse than an earthquake." Lights were out; all seemed quiet; perhaps they would sleep through it; it would be better so. We hurried on to see how others were faring; the Doctor to look after her patients. As we reached the first floor a third shock came, little more than a vibrant tremble, the end of the wave. We found a group of teachers gathered on the porch recounting their various experiences. Only one distinguished herself as not having felt anything though standing by her bureau "quite awake," and called out by hearing others leave their rooms. Every one thought of the church tower, which had been so recently struck by lightning, but it looked very straight and solid, and no one cared to make a closer inspection that night. Of course the boys were out, the highest dwellers on the ground first, as from the mill tower and top floor of the Academic, while the wooden "cottages" felt the shock less and kept some of their inmates. The Wigwam was deserted of its Indians, but though one relieved his feelings in a wild chant, all were really very orderly, and there was no disturbance on the grounds. A good report came back from the few sick ones. "All right, nobody alarmed or excited." So we turned back to look again after the girls we had left quiet in bed five minutes before. Every corridor and staircase was lined with double rows of ghostly white-robed figures, solemn and still. Some were praying aloud, but all were too really frightened to go into hysterics. "I don't know where my room is no more than nothin'," piteously exclaimed one, too slightly robed for safety. It would have been cruel to command them back to bed, and with kind words they were guided back to their rooms and encouraged to dress sufficiently to protect themselves from the cold, and then gathered into the girls' sitting room, on the first floor, till their nerves were sufficiently quieted to go back to their rooms, all but those on the top floor, who were provided for at a lower level. There was, fortunately, not a sick girl in the building. The Indian girls in Winona Lodge behaved with still more equanimity. After Western thunder storms, hail stones, prairie fires, and cyclones, I suppose a moderate Eastern earthquake wouldn't shake one up much. The rest of the night passed in quiet, but some who sought a more stable resting place on the first story were heard in the morning to make comparisons between earthquakes and mosquitoes rather disparaging to the former."

With encouraging crop prospects more books and Bibles will be distributed throughout the South this summer and fall than for many years before. B. F. Johnson & Co., the well known publishers of Richmond have been expecting and are prepared to meet any reasonable demands that may be made upon them. Those who have not yet made arrangements to work for them this season had better communicate with them at once.

Missionary Work.

VALEDICTORY, delivered at the Eighteenth Anniversary of the Hampton Institute, May 20th, 1886, by Martin Woodlin, of Philadelphia, Pa.

What is a missionary? The title is generally applied to one who goes to foreign lands, teaching and preaching to the heathen. But we have learned here to look at it from a broader standpoint. We have learned that missionaries are those who have at heart the interest of others—those who live and work, and are willing to die for the uplifting of ignorant, debased, and down-trodden humanity, whether it be found in foreign lands, in our own town, or even in our own household.

And while we are mindful of the importance of foreign missions, it seems to us that the first duty of the missionary is at home, for if we are not right ourselves, how can we expect to show others the right way? And it is in the home that the germ of civilization is found. It was from there that Christ started his mission on earth. All the influences that have civilized and Christianized the world in the past have come directly or indirectly from the home, and all the influences which are to continue the good work must come from the home.

When parents learn the responsibility that rests upon them, children will no longer crowd the House of Refuge, the jail, and the penitentiary, but will fill such places as Atlanta University, Lincoln, Fiske, Howard, Oberlin, Yale and Harvard, and last, but not the least, the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. The greatest lesson that we are being taught here is, that we should live to help those who need our help, and are trying to help themselves.

There is no place in which the need of mission work is more apparent than in our own Southern land, among our own people, and, I might say, in our own immediate neighborhood. There are scores of old people, right around us here, who are poor and infirm—people who are not able to earn their own living—illiterate people, who have neither the comforts of the body nor the mind. Then the country around us is thickly dotted with *gin-shops*, which are ruining the minds, weakening the morals, staining the characters, and blighting the lives of many of the young men, and I am sorry to say, not the *young* alone nor the *men* alone.

To enter this great home mission field there was organized, a few years ago, a Young People's Christian Association. In small companies we go out every Sunday, in various directions, teaching Sunday schools, visiting cabins, the poor house and the jail; establishing Sunday schools and prayer meetings in the country around, and missionary and temperance societies in the churches and school houses.

The most interesting of our work, to me, is our visits to the cottages and cabins. We visit some families who are perhaps more destitute than any you have ever seen, more ignorant than you can imagine. It makes one's heart ache to see some of the poor souls as we have visited them in their humble homes.

Two of our teachers went out with me one Sunday to see an old man and his wife, and found their house surrounded by water to the door. By wading over our shoetops we reached the half-tumbled down cabin only to learn that the old people had been without food for two days. I have more than once found them in rainy weather with scarcely a dry place in their house—in snowy weather with their beds and floor sprinkled with snow, such was the open condition of their cabins.

At one time there was brought to our notice the case of a family living three or four miles back in the woods, who were more ignorant than one could believe. The wife had not been out to the public road for twenty years, and a little daughter, ten years old, had never been out of the woods, nor seen more than three or four persons beside her own family in all her life.

I had the honor, for it is an honor to help the poor, of carrying them a dinner last Christmas, and found them very much improved. The little girl, instead of crying when spoken to, as she did one year ago, seemed quite bright, and this Spring has been attending Sunday school and also the public school.

While we meet with a good deal of opposition in our temperance work we have also many encouragements. Though many of the fathers and older young men turn a deaf ear to our earnest pleadings for temperance, we are winning over to our side the most promising part of the families, the mothers and little children.

We feel that if we can get the mothers and children we shall soon be able to reach the whole community.

We have been able, through the blessing of God and the kindness of our Northern friends, to build two school houses and two dwelling houses, to repair several little cabins, and to relieve suffering in many other ways.

One of the pleasant things about our work, to me, is, that our most worthy objects of charity show no disposition to beg, but are more than grateful for what we do for them.

I have not told the half, and on the other hand I would not have you understand that the majority of our people here are in a penniless condition. There are many self-sustaining, and some very comfortably situated people around us, but it is in accordance with human nature to be selfish, and as it has been said, "The great caravan is moving on," and there are many of these old people who drop behind, are forgotten, and left to the mercy of charity.

Since the Local Option Bill has passed our Legislative Assembly, our energies are all bent on making fight, and, by the help of God, carrying our surrounding neighborhood for no license, and we hope to be able to carry our point.

When our Southern land shall be thronged with sober, honest, earnest, and industrious men of the Negro race—men whose heads, hearts, and hands, are educated—with intelligent, virtuous women—women who have some true purpose at heart—women who realize that while men mould bricks, build houses, and found cities, it is left to them to mould character, establish homes, and build up society—when our "Sunny South" shall be thronged with such characters, then shall we be a people of whom America will not be ashamed. Then we shall have our homes, then we shall have our farms and business establishments. Our present trouble will be near at an end, prejudice will be on the downward road, and the sunlight of happiness will fall as directly upon the American Negro of the South as upon any people of this great land in which we live.

Southern Workman AND Hampton School Record.

VOL. XV. HAMPTON, VA., OCTOBER, 1886. No. 10.

School opens October 1st, with promise of very full attendance.

THE agitation of the Prohibition question in the South is likely to have results altogether beyond the expectations of those who inaugurated it, and in its present phase presents a particularly interesting study. The fact that it is the Negro districts which make the best showing for prohibition has its bearing not only upon the temperance question, but upon certain economic problems which for some years have been a serious feature in Southern life.

The growing tendency of the Negro to spend his own meagre earnings in the rum-shop instead of for the support of his family, has been made more heinous in the sight of his white neighbors by the fact that it has been supplemented by a tendency to make use of his neighbor's goods when his own proved insufficient to meet the demand upon them, and as the root of the evil lay indirectly in the temptation which the too frequent rum-shop offered to his pliable nature, the result has been, in the districts which are most at the mercy of the colored man, to throw the white vote, as a matter of self defence, wholly in favor of prohibition.

The breaking down of party and race lines which this necessitates has produced a certain confusion in the political arena which has not yet had time to settle itself, but which is manifestly beyond the power of politicians to control, and this has been increased by the readiness of the best men of both races and all parties, to unite for the support of the prohibition idea.

Again, the struggles of both parties to obtain the Negro vote are having their effect upon all temperance legislation, varying, of course, as the local conditions vary, but being always and everywhere re-acted upon by the strong feeling which the present agitation has crystalized into something like unity of action. We have seen no better illustration of the practical shape which things are taking than is given in the following letter from Jackson, Miss., published in the *Voice*, and detailing the incidents of the Prohibition campaign in Hinds Co. In this county (the most thickly populated in the State) there are three Negroes to every white, and as therefore the colored vote was essential to success, the efforts of both "wet" and "dry" factions were unremitting. The "wets" fell back upon their trump card and tried to persuade the Negroes that the success of prohibition was only the first step toward their re-enslavement, the argument being that taking away their liberties in one direction could be nothing less than the prelude to taking them away entirely. How the "dry's" met this is best told by themselves and goes to show that an extremely lively campaign can be carried on without the assistance of alcoholic stimulents:

"In this state of things a convention was called at Raymond five days before the election. About 100 of the best men in the county of all callings and of both races were present. After reviewing the situation and deploring the race issue thrust upon us, it was resolved to meet the crisis, and with "terrible earnestness" in the interest of all the people, it was resolved to carry the county. No threat was made, but this grave assemblage of preachers, lawyers, physicians, farmers, merchants—men of both races—solemnly called upon the people to rise up and rebuke the unholy purposes of the whiskey ring. The word flew over the county. Nine-tenths of the white people and practically all the colored preachers and teachers were on the side of Prohibition, as were all the educated colored people except two or three politicians. All business was practically suspended, and the men and women gave themselves to the one thing of carrying the county. The people were of one mind and they pressed the fight with great vigor and wisdom. Not a single act of violence was perpetrated, but the whiskey men were not allowed to address the Negroes anywhere without the presence of Prohibitionists. This paralyzed them. They were compelled to divide time at many places. No attempt was made to break up their meetings. The stories telegraphed over the country are fabrications.

No sooner had the Raymond resolutions voiced the sentiment of the good people of the country than the whiskey leaders quailed and lost heart. They began to explain, deny, and beg. Their following melted away before the simoon of hot indignation which their conduct had raised and which swept the country as dry as the summer threshing-floor. Prohibitionists, on the other hand, waxed valiant in fight, and pressed their victory till the closing of the polls. Never did this county witness such a scene. In Jackson the women had an all day prayer-meeting, and bells were tolled. Telegrams were received from other counties, saying: "We are praying for you." The whiskey majority in this city, their stronghold, melted down from a boasted 600 to 308, and they do not claim any interference here. Many colored men secretly voted "dry." More than an average vote was polled in this county, and the majority for prohibition in the county was 1,230."

The Boston *Transcript* (Rep.) offers some very sensible advice to the colored people of the South, in a recent editorial, from which we clip the following:

"The sooner the Negroes refuse to play the role of professional political martyrs for or against any political party, the sooner will the class stigma be forgotten." "The Republican party, long ago, did everything for them that law and government can do: it can never legislate them into social equality. But every black man's or woman's individual abilities, character, wealth, and accomplishments, will undoubtedly have due recognition here, as in Europe, fifty years hence. The key of gold will unlock many a barrier, and with the showing of the census statistics there must be a class of wealthy colored men arising even in the South. We have yet to witness in this country the social phenomena that would surround a colored millionaire in New York; and the effect of two or three generations of wealth and culture on a colored family is wholly unknown. It will only retard such developments to have the colored people continually depending on their mass and class rather than on individual personal manhood."

Nothing is more noticeable in the development of our ex-slave population than the fact to which the last sentence quoted above draws attention. They have not yet acquired the knowledge of social laws which would enable them to understand the distinctions which society makes between individuals, or to appreciate the fact that these distinctions are based upon a variety of causes, of which race prejudice is only one. It is as yet difficult to make them see that society would close its doors against all but a small proportion of their people—even were they to be transformed physically into the purest Caucasian type, should they remain otherwise as they are now, viz., unequal in all directions to the demands which society makes upon its members. They cannot measure themselves by ordinary standards, because they are ignorant in regard to them, and a first result of this ignorance is, unfortunately, to intensify their conviction that they are socially proscribed solely because they are Negroes.

As a matter of fact there are probably few cultivated people in this country who would refuse to receive at their tables a colored man or woman who in education or culture was fairly their equal, and there is no difficulty in opening doors when once the right key is found.

It is, as the *Transcript* says, a question of individual development, and it will not be long, we believe, before a few colored men and women will be able to prove their claim to the best that society can give, and in their own persons and experiences will settle, with little or no friction, that "social difficulty."

"The Negro" is the striking title of a new monthly magazine just started to represent "the best Negro culture, and discuss Southern race problems from the Freedman's stand point." If these purposes are well carried out, it will be an interesting and valuable contribution to the literature of the Negro question, and we hope it will be encouraged. The first number is attractive in appearance, well printed, with good type and paper. Besides the editorial introduction and general notes, its articles are on characteristics of Negro Christianity, institutions devoted to Negro education, the poor whites of the South, and a poem reprinted from the A. M. Church *Review*, whose title, "AMERICA," we took for a misprint till we discovered it to be a new-coined title for the Afric-American woman. The verses, by a representative of the class, have merit and interest:

"No Jewess, when in Goshen wronged,
In trusting God e'er firmer stood
Than sad America, who, through
The thick'ning of the midnight gloom,
Looked steadfast on the North Star true,
And knew Jehovah held her doom.
So thus for twice a century,
She sang the song of jubilee."

We give the whole poem on another page. Some mistakes are only to be expected, as counting Hampton Institute in the list of schools "under denominational and State supervision," and some extravagance and bitterness, as in declaring that "Nashville and Atlantic are conspicuous examples of Christian malevolence in the matter of rival institutions," and arraigning Dr. Haygood's book on "Our Brother in Black" as "a truculent and vicious apology for race proscription and Southern domination." On the other hand we note with pleasure such sound thoughts as "Small farms held by contract for a fixed term of years, or, better still, actual proprietary control, with a system of rotary crops and local production of all food consumed, will do more for the matter of social regeneration than any other movement." "A general diffusion of knowledge of the most elementary type is to be preferred to a small number of well-trained but isolated individuals." "Good normal and industrial training schools are an urgent necessity and indispensable to Negro education; the first imparts a needed literary culture, the other creates a respect for work without which no people can succeed. Industrial education will prove a leading factor in Southern regeneration. The Negroes are inured to toil as farmers and mechanics, but in neither capacity are they trained workmen. To educate them to an honest, competent, and exact performance of all industrial pursuits will be an inestimable achievement." In the illustrated article on the "Poor Whites of the South," the writer takes fair enjoyment in showing that superstition is not all of one color, in the description of a poor white man's funeral he attended. "'He commenced to sink arter dinner time yesterday,' said the sallow-faced wife and mother, 'right arter there had been a young hoot-owl come and lit on that tree in front of the door and hooted; and he turns his eye on me and he says, 'Melindy, my time hez come; thar's the token,' and he never spoke nar yno ther word until he died.'" "One of the men said in a low tone, 'I know'd three weeks ago as how thar was a-goin' to be a death in our settlement, 'case one of our dogs came in wharmy wife was a-sittin', and walked around and round her chcer three times, and then laid down by her feet.'"

"BLOOD THICKER THAN WATER. A FEW DAYS AMONG OUR SOUTHERN NEIGHBORS;"—BY HENRY M. FIELD, D. D.

Without the "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," or the exciting emotions of proprietorship of an "American Four-in-Hand in Great Britain," Dr. Field carries his readers with him on a pleasant special-car trip through the principal Southern States, in company with a round half-dozen of capitalists, merchants, railroad men, oil men and cotton men, but, as he reassures us, "whatever they might be in Wall Street—whether bulls or bears or ravenous wolves, in this latter circle, very quiet gentlemen, each disposed to add to the happiness of all."

The New York-Southerner "Cotton King," Mr. John H. Inman, who organized and invited the party, made a good selection of so genial a historian as Dr. Field, some of whose friends he tells us, "have a quiet smile at his enthusiasm," telling him that he "finds good in every country and every people." From the plate glass windowed King's chamber of a Presidential special, the guest "honored with the deference of the lords temporal to the one lord spiritual among them," could not fail, of course, to see the bright side of things, and why shouldn't it be seen and "made a note on?" It is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun, a pleasant thing for brethren to dwell together in unity, and the unity is fostered by the sunshine and the enthusiasm—else were blood indeed no thicker than water. The special takes a zig-zag course from Washington, south by west to Atlanta by the Virginia, Midland and Piedmont Air Line, the West Point line to Montgomery, the Louisville & Nashville to Montgomery and New Orleans, their southern goal; "Every morning waking up in a new state; one day it is Georgia, then it is Tennessee, now it is Alabama;" stopping now and then at points of historic association or present commercial interest; reviving memories of the old South, or inspecting the progress of the new South; welcomed and feted everywhere, meeting distinguished people, making eloquent speeches, exchanging good stories and fraternal sentiments. At the stations, "alive with colored folk of both sexes and every age," he "observed with satisfactiun the absence of a cowed look which is the badge of servitude stamped on the forehead. Now they are free and show it in every motion." At Charlotte he asks the owner of a cotton factory "How do you get along with the Negroes now they are free?"

'Very well," he said, "though they are not suited to the factory work as well as to the field. A Negro works with his hands rather than his brain. Set him to watch a loom where he has nothing to do but to keep his eyes open, and before he knows it he will be fast asleep." Quite a contrary testimony was given by Maj. Booker, an ex-Confederate officer he met in New Orleans, who during the war, finding the army suffering from difficulty in procuring proper equipments, the white carpenters, blacksmiths, wagon makers, saddle and harness makers being all drafted for the army, conceived the idea of training the Negroes to be skilled mechanics, and established thus a large manufactory whose great success showed at once the capacity of the Negro and the wonderful skill and energy of the men who afterwards organized the great Exposition at New Orleans. "Biddle", "Atlanta", and "Fisk" Universities were visited with interest by the party, as well as Vanderbilt University. The iron works of South Pittsburg, Tennessee, and Birmingham, Alabama, inspired them to prophecies of the great future before these States with the development of their vast buried wealth. They fouud the residents of these towns ready converts to the Pennsylvania doctrine of protection. At Montgomery they were formally received by Governor—ex-General—O'Neal, one of Stonewall Jackson's lieutenants—"but bronzed old soldier as he is, the very picture of gentleness, responding warmly to the sentiment "Liberty and Union forever." They dined with him, and Dr. Field says "I am not a bit disturbed at meeting the Confederate Brigadiers, for I found them brave men, and however I dislike the cause for which they fought, I can but appreciate their heroic courage. Recognizing this, I could say in truth, in the few words that fell to me, that, much as we might mourn the calamity of war, it had at least one good effect, viz: to inspire in the combatants a profound regard for each other." Apropos to the Southern manifestation of this fact, the Dr. says: "They do not object to telling a story against themselves. A very good one they tell here of Judge Rice, a well known Alabamian who before the war declared the Yankees would run like sheep and he could whip them with pop guns.' When reminded after the war of his boast, he replied with wit that disarmed criticism, 'Yes, we could have whipped them with pop-guns, but (with an oath) *they wouldn't fight that way.*' "

From New Orleans, the party had an exceedingly interesting visit to the wonderful salt mine near New Iberia on the Southern Pacific road, whose discovery made during the war, when the Confederacy was hardest pressed for salt, was looked upon by the South as a special providence in their favor, and which is still the most remarkable salt deposit in the whole country. The cotton Exchange, cotton presses, and cotton seed oil factories of New Orleans, the sugar plantations of Louisiana, and cotton fields of Mississippi, received their due attention. The enterprise and picturesqueness of Tennessee, the vigor and valor of Kentucky arouse the Dr's "enthusiasm" as he is borne northward again in his flying palace over the new Chicago, St. Louis & New Orleans R. R. to Memphis, thence on the Louisville & Nashville to the borders of Ohio, and turns to pronounce his parting benediction which his readers will heartily join in —"Kindred in blood, we are brothers in heart, and to the South as fervently as to the North, do I say: Peace be within your walls, and prosperity within your palaces! Peace on your mountains and your valleys and in all your happy homes!"

THE "Every Day Life of Abraham Lincoln" is announced by N. D. Thompson Publishing Company, St. Louis, Mo. and New York City. The plan of the work is very original, it being made up of contributions from nearly two hundred of his intimate friends and acquaintances, from the flat boat to the White House. Among the distinguished names are Bryant, Bancroft, Admiral Dahlgren, General Custer, Dr. Leonard Bacon, Henry Ward Beecher, Robert Collyer, Moncure Conway, Frank Carpenter, Judge David Davis, Frederick Douglass, Schuyler Colfax, Rev. Edward Eggleston and Jas. G. Blaine. Judge Davis's contribution is said to have been the last literary work of his life, and like the rest, consists of actual personal reminiscence. Thus composed the work must have a many fold interest and value. There is no such delightful way of studying history as in the light of biography, no better training for the youth of our country than to keep before them the pure and lofty lives of our real heroes. We are glad to see that, while well gotten up and fully and handsomely illustrated, it will be brought within popular reach. The publisher's advertisement will be found in another column.

The fairest summer days that Hampton has known for several years, have passed into as perfect an autumn. The long summer work upon the new steam plant which will bring both economy and comfort of warmth for the cold winter, approaches completion. The teachers are returning and gathering to their work. The school is opening with good attendance and material, of which we will give further account in our next number as usual. While, on account of the attack of heart disease of which our friends generally know, the Principal will be in less close connection with it and its attendant work through the coming year, and will probably be absent for part of it, we are glad to say that he is still steadily improving, with good hope for future recovery, with proper rest and carefulness, still retaining his advisory relation to all its important operations and his hand upon its helm.

A Summer Jaunt in the Shenandoah Valley.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

About 4 o'clock P. M., July 2d, I left Charlottesville for Harrisonburg. The ride through the mountains was delicious; it seemed to me more beautiful than ever before. The remarkably rainy season had given an exquisite greenness to forest and shrub, and the many little mountain streams were full to the brim, and bubbling over the rocks with turbulent haste. Our train sped swiftly over the hills and down into the sweet vale to which it is ever such a delight to me to return.

It is always a fresh astonishment to me to observe the difference in the appearance of the country in Eastern Virginia and the Valley. It seems so strange that within such short space such change is seen. In many districts east of the mountains the land is good, the water delicious, the climate softer than that of the Valley. But in Eastern Virginia there seems to be a lazy, ragged, helpless, shiftless air about everything, in striking contrast with the tidy, prosperous, thrifty look of the country west of the mountains. The cause is found in the people, not in the land.

The Eastern Virginian is but too often the Englishman run wild, enervated by slavery, consumed with ancestral pride, helpless, hopeless in poverty.

The Valley people, usually holding their land in small tracts, and never greatly under the dominion of slavery, are a mixed race, composed of the sturdiest elements that go to make up the American character. The upper Valley was settled by Scotch-Irish, the lower counties by Germans, and the blended nationalities are full of brain and brawn.

I reached my sister's house at 11 o'clock P.M., and in spite of my efforts to get in quietly, was soon surrounded by a tumultuous party of half-robed welcomers, of all ages and sizes. I had not been home for two years, and there was so much to see and hear. The lovely baby who had arrived since my last visit slept quietly through all the hubbub, and did not stir when I kissed his white brow.

BLOODED STOCK IN THE VALLEY.

I found my brother-in-law, Capt. Daingerfield, absorbed in his business of raising blooded stock with apparently good prospects of success. "Sam Purdy," once the California "King of the Turf," the pride of his owner's heart, seems to be in his prime, and his beautiful colts, owned all over the Valley and in Lynchburg, are the admiration of all beholders.

Captain Daingerfield, who is an enthusiast in his study of horseflesh, is convinced that the Shenandoah Valley is as well adapted to raising fine horses as the famous blue-grass region of Kentucky, and he is by precept and example bringing many of the farmers of his district to adopt his views. It is evidence that his horses are coming into favorable notice, that he is constantly receiving letters on the subject from people all over the country. Citizens of eight States and territories are already among his patrons.

The Captain, who is of the old English squire stock himself, is like most of his class, an ardent admirer of fine stock of every kind, and looks quite patriarchal surrounded by his large family of boys and girls, with colts, calves, dogs of various kinds, and even high-bred chickens around him. It is a sight worth seeing when the two famous racers, "Sam Purdy" and "Dan Sparling," with a long line of beautiful colts, are led out for exercise. The Jersey cows are the delight of the ladies and children of the family.

I found my native village, always pretty and thrifty, spreading itself gradually over the hills, and making many improvements. The great spring on the public square which attracted the early settlers to the place, and has furnished pure, limpid water for successive generations of burghers, even with the aid of private wells and cisterns, is found insufficient for the wants of the growing town, and a northern contractor is boring an artesian well, which is expected to give abundant supply of water for all purposes.

A great steam mill, built in very handsome style and doing a fine business, stands close to the railroad depot, and the flour is shipped as fast as ground. The county has made a wonderful crop this year, nearly a million of bushels it is said, but it is feared the wheat was to some extent damaged by the wet weather.

Near the centre of the town is the fine building, not yet completed, built by the Government for its public offices; the United States District Court meeting here twice a year.

Harrisonburg has now a town almshouse, an institution unknown in my residence there. My sister is a regular visitor to it and to the jail, and I was honored with an invitation to go and see her "pets." The poorhouse is a good two-story frame building, standing in a large grassy yard, well shaded with apple and cherry trees. The place was clean and comfortable, and its inmates, not more than six or eight at this season, seemed to have everything they could reasonably ask for. Dinner was being served by a neat-looking old black "aunty" in the kitchen as we entered, those who were well enough sitting at a well-furnished table, while one or two invalids were waited on in their rooms. There were three or four old Negroes, and a white man and woman.

I talked for some time with a very old black man, who recognized my sister at once, and made a great effort to stand up on his feeble limbs to speak to us, but his strength failing, he fell heavily back in his chair. He had the pleasant, respectful manners of the old Virginian slaves, could still talk cheerfully, and was very proud of his travels and adventures. To other people it seemed that he had not gotten far from the starting point. He said he was down on a plantation "on the other side of the mountain," and had been sold to a gentleman "on this side of the mountain." He had landed in the poorhouse, about fifty miles from his birthplace. But his humble life had been full of trials and misfortunes. He had been sold two or three times, and parted from two or three wives, and met the sad vicissitudes to which the slave is liable. He said he was very comfortable now, however, his last wife, the tidy cook we had seen, was here with him, and she was sure to see that he fared well, and everybody was kind to him. When asked about his early life he brightened up, and remembered "times and scenes of long ago" wonderfully well. "Why, mistus," he said eagerly, "I helped to build the University of Virginia, and I remember when Mr. Jefferson, what had been President of the United States, used to stand out in the yard at his place and watch we alls at work through his spy-glass."

The Caucasian race was represented in the almshouse by a wretched-looking girl, apparently in the last stages of disease, and a most amusing old Irishman, Johnny Grubbins by name. Johnny's account of himself was that he had been in the Union army, and had been wounded in the head. Though somewhat "out of kilter," mentally, he was still hale and vigorous looking, and when he first came to this county had applied for work to a contractor who was building a bridge over the Shenandoah. Johnny was engaged at good wages, and saw in hand began to cut the rough ends of the timbers hanging over the river. He sawed busily between himself and the beams of the bridge, and soon found himself to his great surprise in the water, from which he was taken by his more discreet fellow workmen without more serious injury than a good ducking.

He next enlisted the sympathy of a young man belonging to a prosperous Irish family in the county. His new friend thought a pension might be procured for Johnny, if he could prove his story about having been wounded in the service of the Union, and Johnny much pleased with the suggestion, was sure "the good lady who was like an angel in takin' care of him in the hospital knew all about him, and would help him to get the wages he had airned by sheddin' his blood."

His friend offered at once to write to the lady and gain her assistance, and desired Johnny to furnish the name and address for the letter. This puzzled Johnny, and rubbing the scar on his head he answered indignantly, "sure an' the good lady knows her own name, an' there is no use of me giving it to you." No further progress could be made in the pension business, and Johnny found an asylum in the poorhouse, where his wants are supplied, and goes about in the village when it suits him, doing odd jobs when so disposed, and furnishing fun for the citizens with his quaint sayings and Irish ways.

From the poorhouse my sister took me to what seems to me the saddest place on earth, the jail, where I was grieved to find six or seven strong, hearty-looking white men, among them, a father and two sons in one room, and several able-bodied young colored men in another. There were also one or two women. Strange to say, most of the Negroes could read, and most of the white men could not. The jail is clean, and by no means uncomfortable, the prisoners kindly treated and well fed.

Here, as in nearly every county in the State, lunatics are kept in jail, because there is no room for them in the asylums. Nothing in the present condition of affairs in Virginia is more depressing than the great number of lunatics, of both sexes, among us. There is great need for investigation of the cause of so much mental disease, and also for proper provision for the unfortunates now kept in jail. Some of these cases could be well provided for in a workhouse, an institution now greatly needed in our State. There are many of these so-called lunatics who are entirely curable, if they could receive proper treatment in the early stages of their maladies. Some of them need only wholesome restraint and regular employment to make them useful members of society.

In the jails their condition is often rendered much worse by association with criminals, confinement and enforced idleness.

Nothing impressed me more in seeing and hearing of the varied interests of Harrisonburg than the active influence exerted by "strong-minded women," to use that much abused term in its best sense. Here, as elsewhere, women are the leading element in the church and society, but it is easy to see that in this thrifty little Valley town, women have a voice in matters too often left to the control of men alone, and as "it is not good for men to be alone," some essential portions of the works are often ill-done or left undone.

Some years ago one or two ladies who visited the almshouse regularly, were distressed by hearing from the paupers constant complaints of bad food and harsh treatment. Talking of these things in their comfortable homes, various opinions were expressed. Some persons were sure that the authorities whose duty it was to see to such matters, managed them properly, and that paupers were always unreasonable and given to complaining for lack of other occupation. A kind-hearted lady, who was not so sure that men always did everything properly, decided to investigate for herself. She was usually occupied with the cares of a large family, but the poorhouse was in sight of her pleasant, well-provided home, and it grieved her motherly heart to think that the poor helpless creatures there should suffer for food. Taking a basket on her arm, she one day astonished the manager of the almshouse by appearing suddenly in the kitchen, where that thrifty individual was serving out a supply of well-picked bones for the pauper's dinner. To the great disgust of the functionary on duty the visitor insisted upon gathering up the dinner, which she placed in her basket, and carried home to be inspected by her surprised husband, who was one of the city fathers. The aforesaid bones were duly presented at a meeting of the Town Council, and a prompt change of administration occurred at the almshouse, where there has since been no just cause of complaint.

I found the cemetery of the town in beautiful order, and felt grateful that loving hands should thus care for the resting-place of the loved ones lost of my own family, as well as for the burial ground of so many friends of my youth, whose familiar forms I miss on the streets in my visits at home. I learned with much pleasure that the cemetery is under the care of an association of ladies, who by great and unremitting effort have secured the necessary funds, and have

SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

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brought the grounds into their present beautiful condition.

Having taken such an active part in municipal affairs, temperance work having also engaged their attention, and faithful effort having been made in that direction, it is not surprising that the ladies of the town begin to feel their own strength. Quite a number of them realize that their efforts are cramped by the lack of privileges enjoyed by the male portion of the community, and strange as it may sound to say it of Virginia women, THEY WANT TO VOTE!

In private life some of the ladies, property holders, and above the average in capacity, are acknowledged to be among the leading citizens of the town.

Two or three were spoken of especially as being successful managers of their property, making contracts, building houses, collecting rents, etc., in excellent fashion. All these ladies are very womanly at home. They have faithfully "brought up children, guided the house," and fulfilled the other directions given by the apostle, even to "washing the saint's feet," when those in need of such ministrations appear, as they did in great numbers in the Civil War. At least there was many weary and foot-sore, needing help, if they were not all saints. The little town was full of hospitals in war-times, and the women of the community, forced to unusual exertion then, doubtless learned many lessons that have since been useful to them and others.

SCHOOLS.

The colored schools of Harrisonburg, in which Lucy Simons, a Hampton graduate, has been for years a valued and successful teacher, were said to be doing very well.

The white schools, from what I could hear, were less encouraging. Some years ago the Rockingham schools were attracting attention from their excellence. Rev. A. P. Funkhauser, then County Superintendent, received a silver medal at the Richmond Convention of school officers for having given evidence of having the best schools in the State, in his bailiewick.

It seems good proof that we need some "Civil Service Reform" in Virginia, that a few months later this officer was displaced, a new party having come into power.

The last school term of the town ended in March, three months earlier than usual, owing to mismanagement of the county funds.

The schools were spoken of as unsatisfactory in many respects, and inquiries made on the subject from various people disclosed sufficient reasons for producing that result. Mistaken economy had lost to the town the efficient services of Professor Robertson, recently elected School Superintendent of Staunton. The schools had been left too much to sectarian influences, which had not been judiciously exercised. Many people interested in the schools were disappointed and discouraged in regard to their being made successful in this community.

The women of the town had not taken hold of this subject, and there is little doubt that they could do so with as good results in this direction as their efforts have produced in other interests of general importance.

Build up our schools, "that our sons may be as plants grown up in their growth; that our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.

The Southern Press--Both Sides.

The Southern papers of the month have naturally been occupied chiefly with earthquake facts and theories and the general sympathy excited by the terrible disaster that has befallen the beautiful city of Charleston. While as has been suggested, had it happened twenty years ago, there would have been some to see in it a divine judgment and providential rocking over of the cradle of secession, we have not a doubt that then as now, a wave of human and brotherly sympathy would have moved the heart of the continent from ocean to ocean. There is but one side in the presence of such vast misfortune and suffering. The noble proclamation of Mayor Courtney finds many echos as he says:

It is a source of gratitude to me to know that we are not grappling with this unspeakable disaster alone, The sympathy of the whole Union of States has touched us deeply and the spontaneous giving of practical and speedy aid in this our struggle shows that the large and true heart of the people of this country beats with us now as it will hereafter. In this hope, and cheered with this promising future as part of a great people whose helping hands are outstretched to us, let us turn manfully to our heritage, and as many times in the past on this very spot, work out, under the blessing of God, a new future for our now shattered but dearly loved city."

The Norfolk *Landmark* observes that:

A novel and encouraging feature of the situation is the fact that the congregations of the African Methodist Episcopal church in South Corolina, composed exclusively of colored people, are taking up collections for the Charleston relief fund.

The New York *Freeman* calls upon colored people generally to contribute to the needs of their Charleston brethren, saying very justly that while these will share the assistance of the general relief fund, such a manifestation of race feeling would be but proper and becoming.

Of the industrial progress of the race, and of colored State fairs, the *Freeman* also well says:

One of the most encouraging signs of the times is the activity displayed by the colored people of the South in seeking to show the people of the country the industrial progress which they are making. This activity is showing itself all along the line.

Arrangements are now being made to hold Industrial Fairs in Arkansas, Mississippi, and North Carolina and one is talked of in Florida.

The North Carolina Industrial Association has become a permanent recognized institution and has held State Fairs for a number of years past. The best men in the State have the matter in hand, and their past successes are a guarantee that the Fair which will be inaugurated at Raleigh, Nov. 8, to continue five days, will be all that its projectors hope for it.

The Arkansas Association is controlled by equally as good management and the most satisfactory results may be predicted.

We know of no enterprises originating with us more to be encouraged than these State Fairs. They not only show what the race is doing, but they encourage greater effort on our part and compel the respectful attention of our white fellow-citizens.

As we have said before, the industrial condition of the race is the very foundation of our failure or success as citizens. The "hewers of wood and drawers of water" badge has been our great stumbling-block ever since the war. To divest ourselves of this badge is of the very first importance. No method could be hit upon more effective for this purpose than State Fairs where the industries of the race are displayed before the eyes of friends and foes alike.

The zeal and fidelity displayed by the New York *Evening Post* in giving prominence to this activity on the part of the colored people of the South is not only commendable on the part of that great paper but encouraging to the race at large.

May these Fairs multiply in the South. They are a sure index to the progress we are making in that section, and every evidence of this progress is of incalculable value to us.

Of the colored Agricultural and Industrial Fair about to be held in Virginia, the Richmond *Whig* says:

In response to an invitation tendered Governor Lee by Mr. A. W. Harris, president of the Colored Agricultural and Industrial Association, which convenes on the 19th of October, he writes as follows:

GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.
RICHMOND, VA., Aug. 26, 1886.

Mr. A. W. Harris, President of the Colored Agricultural and Industrial Association, Petersburg, Va:

My Dear Sir—I have duly received your communication inviting me to address your agricultural and industrial association on the 19th of October. Firmly believing it to be a duty, because the whole State is interested in advancing the agricultural and industrial condition of your race, I accept the invitation, and am very respectfully your obedient servant, FITZ HUGH LEE.

This is the first colored agricultural association ever opened in this country.

We quote from the *Whig* also, the following condensed statement of the discussion that has been held regarding the results of Prohibition in Atlanta:

"The private letter of Mr. J. W. Clayton, formerly a wholesale liquor dealer in Atlanta, to a business friend in New York, reciting the disastrous effects of prohibition upon the growth and business prosperity of that city, has called forth strong testimony in rebuttal from other leading citizens in different lines of trade. Mr. Clayton's letter was published by permission in the New York *Evening Post*, and afterwards republished in the Atlanta *Constitution*, so that the purport of its statements, which were very sweeping, were fully understood by the gentlemen who have emphatically denied their accuracy through published interviews in Saturday's *Constitution*.

Mr. Clayton's letter stated: 1st. That there were 3,000 vacant houses in Atlanta. 2nd. That the population of the city had decreased 10,000 to 12,000 in the past few months. 3d. That Atlanta's commercial territory had been reduced and her trade diminished.

The first charge, Mr. Kelly, a reliable citizen, disproved by making a detailed canvass of the city and showing by actual count that there but 242 unoccupied dwellings in Atlanta, including everything from the Negro shanty up to the finest dwelling.

The *Constitution* says that the charge that the population of the city has decreased 10,000 to 12,000 is so absurd that no answer is needed.

Referring to the school census as the surest measure of population, it gives an official statement to the effect that there is no diminution in attendance on the public schools or the application for places. The directory men, who are nearly through with their work, testify to the same result.

In refutation of the third charge, that Atlanta's commercial territory has decreased, the counter-statements of the business men above referred to are given. Their testimony is that Atlanta's trade has improved in those articles not oppressed by freight discriminations, and that the extent to which her trade territory has been narrowed in heavy goods has been solely due to this cause and not to prohibition.

The *Constitution* concludes its leader on the subject as follows:

"The city of Atlanta is engaged in a very difficult experiment. Its results will be important, no matter in what direction they may tend. But that they will permanently, or even seriously, affect Atlanta's future, no sensible man believes. Cities are not built by chance, nor destroyed by accident. They are the outcome of social or commercial demands, and depend on infinitely various causes for their prosperity. They can no more be destroyed by casualty than they can be built without reason. Atlanta is and will continue to be the chief city of the South Atlantic States. This eminence she reached by natural laws, and this eminence she will maintain. Now, as before, she offers advantages to the home-seeker or investor that no rival city can approximate. Now, as before, these inducements will attract citizens and investments."

The Atlanta *Constitution's* sketch of Mr. John B. Inman will be read with interest in connection with Dr. Field's Southern letters reviewed in another column. The *Constitution* records Mr. Inman's recent large investment in the Pratt Coal and Iron Company's iron works at Birmingham, Ala. and says:

There is no man in this country who has the confidence of investors in North and South alike to equal extent with Mr. John H. Inman. His command of money in New York is almost unlimited. His following in the South is as large and quite as earnest, if not so heavy. From Galveston to Richmond he could command the unbroken support of the best, most liberal and progressive elements of the South, and no where to a fuller degree than in Atlanta.

It is curious to recount what he has done in the way of developing Southern interests. He invested nearly $2,000,000 in the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company; he is one of the strongest directors in the Louisville and Nashville railway system; he is the moneyed power back of the Macon and Covington road; he loaned the Georgia Pacific Company $250,000 when it was in straits, and afterwards took about $2,000,000 of its bonds; he is a director and leading influence in the Richmond and Danville railway system; he took the entire loan of Atlanta, 4 per cents, and made the first bid for the Georgia State loan of $2,140,000; he has over $200,500 invested in Atlanta real estate and securities, and now lays an investment of $4,000,000 at the gates of Birmingham.

What a miracle of courage, sagacity and success his career has been? Less than twenty years ago he went into New York, a rebel boy, in an *ante-bellum* suit, which had not been put where moths do not corrupt, and less than $100 in money and property. He has now a fortune of several million dollars, is director in institutions that aggregate more than Vanderbilt's wealth, and has been instrumental in having brought into the South more millions than he had dollars when he left her.

The *Industrial South*—whose excellent work in the interests of Southern progress we have noticed before—replies to a correspondent's rather discouraged view of the prospects of agriculture in Virginia, with statistics and calculations based on the census to prove that the intelligent farmer has as good a chance of success in Virginia as in Iowa, the State selected for comparison, and probably as in Kansas, Texas, Dakota or Washington Territory, and adds:

All that we have said, be it borne in mind relates to the Virginia of 1879, when the old-style agriculture was but little changed. Even now but moderate progress in new and better courses has been made, but the dry bones are beginning to move, and there is light ahead. The rural mind, slow to resolve, and the rural habit, reluctant to change, are perceptibly yielding to the irresistible promptings of reason and interest.

The farmers of Virginia are entering upon new methods and changed applications of their industry that promise more for them than they have ever enjoyed in the past. They are hundreds of miles nearer to the great markets of the country and of Europe than the western producers are and though through rates of transportation are against them, it must be remembered that nineteen out of twenty of the western farmers have to encounter local rates before they reach the point at which they get the benefit of through rates. From Chicago to New York rates are very low; but how are they from the farmer's local station to Chicago? Perhaps our friend "K" never thought of that. Only the other day we saw an account of a Kansas farmer who had sent his corn to New York having to pay for transportation two dollars a car-load more than his corn sold for. Virginia farmers are near to the great cities and great ports of the country and cannot suffer in this way. Ensilage and creameries will put the State on an equal footing with the West in the production of meat and wool and the fabrics of the dairy. She can easily compete with Kentucky in horses, mules, whiskey and tobacco—the things that have made that State prosperous. She has the advantage of California in fruits, grapes and wine, since hers are of better flavor and nearer to market by the width of the continent. She has almost a monopoly of "trucks" and peanuts, and an advantage in all garden stuffs, melons, berries, poultry, eggs, and all the smaller products of the farmer's or the housewife's industry.

The Virginia farmer's fortune is in his own hands. If he doesn't prosper along with the most prosperous of other States, it can only be because he is lacking in industry or intelligence; and without these he would not thrive anywhere.

Letters from Hampton Graduates.

FROM AN EX-POSTMASTER—STARTING A READING ROOM. ANOTHER EX-OFFICEHOLDER. FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH. HOMES WITHOUT WINDOWS. STILL IN THE CIVIL SERVICE. A SUNDAY SCHOOL OFFICER. WHAT IS "ENOUGH TO MAKE ONE FORGET EVERYTHING ELSE." FROM SOME VETERANS IN THE FIELD. "ONE GENERATION SHALL TELL IT TO ANOTHER." TWELVE YEARS A TEACHER.

FROM AN EX-POSTMASTER—STARTING A READING ROOM.

The uncertainties of official life in Government service are less dangerous to a young colored man, with a trade and a teacher's certificate in his hands, than to some white boys with no practical training for life. One of the more fortunate kind writes cheerfully of what would be a great misfortune to the other, and tells of his efforts for his people in returning to his old occupation.

Nov 21st, 1885.

Miss A. E. C.

Dear Friend;—I notice by the *Alumni Journal* interest you are showing in the welfare of "Hampton Graduates and ex-Students," who are engaged in the worthy vocation of teaching. Since the change in our National Government I have resorted to my original profession, that of "Teaching the young idea how to shoot." I am located in the above place, having charge of the school here. I have enrolled 112 scholars, with an average attendance of 90. My school building is a large one-story brick building, with all the modern school apparatus. I am assisted by a student of 'Lincoln School" In this State. The standard of intelligence is above the average, and we are now making arrangements to add a reading room to our school. We are meeting with cordial support from our white friends so far, but the enterprise is not a success yet. We need newspapers, magazines and books, old or new, and will be thankful for assistance from any source. I send paper by this mail.

Very respectfully, R.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH—HOMES WITHOUT WINDOWS—ANOTHER EX-OFFICE-HOLDER

Furnishes as good an illustration of the convenient faculty with which Hampton graduates have been credited, of "falling on their feet," From a Government clerkship to trusteeship of Wilberforce is going, indeed, "from strength to strength," in honors, but in the earnest work of a country teacher among windowless homes, he will find, we doubt not, his best rewards.

——— N. C., April 10, '86.

Miss A. E. Cleaveland.

Dear Friend:—When I wrote to you last I spoke of what I expected to do. Now I can speak of what I am doing, which, I think, sounds better, and I know makes me feel better. From the 11th of January I have been teaching in a school district about ten miles from my home. It is the largest district in this county, except the one including the town. The school is so full that I have to require the assistance of one of my most advanced scholars in order to give each one a part of my attention. Even with this I am unable to do by them as I wish. You are too well acquainted with our school system, and the general situation of affairs, for me to go through a recital of all the inconveniences attending our work. In the face of many hindering causes, I can see marks of progress in the advancement of my people. The children show their anxiety to improve by prompt attendance and faithful study. The majority are poorly clad, and, judging from the supply put into their luncheon buckets, they are but half fed. To learn more of their condition I have visited several homes. You can find large families crowded in the one room of a low uncomfortable log house, with but one opening—the door—through which to gather light or fresh air. In this one room they do the cooking, eating, washing, ironing, sewing, and sleeping, but still they make it like home by placing wild flowers over the fireplace and dotting the walls with pictures cut out of papers. In many places you can see marks of pride which tell to the visitor that a battle is being fought daily and hourly by the opposing elements of ignorance and superstition on one side and intelligence and Christian virtues on the other. The struggle is a noble one, and, judging from the present outlook, in a few years the victory will be ours.

Let the work go on. Let Oberlin, Wilberforce, Howard, Hampton, St. Augustine, and others, continue to send out earnest workers. Let the benevolent friends of the North continue their gifts, and ill the Master continues his blessings all will be well.

I now turn my attention to your inquiries. As to losing my position as postal clerk, I shed no tears of sorrow. In leaving it I was thankful for the opportunity afforded me to provide for my parents and sisters and brothers at *home*, for which I have so long worked. To do this I felt called upon to sacrifice some of my individual wants and acquirements, but wherein I find comfort is in the assurance that I have made others happy. I have long felt the need of a higher education, and have tried in many ways to see how I can make it possible to obtain it. Such would not benefit me only, but would better prepare me for the work before me.

The last N. C. Conference of the A. M. E. Church honored me with the election as a trustee of Wilberforce University, and the bishop urges me to be present at the Commencement, but the expense will be so great I fear I can't get there. The "St. Augustine" is known as a good school, and is sending out some useful men and women.

My sister returns best wishes. She is teaching in another part of the county, and seems to like her work. My school will end the last of this month, when I will have to leave home in search of employment, or engage myself on the farm.

Hoping to hear from you again, I am yours with much respect. N.

STILL IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.

And here is a young man who has survived the change of administration, and finds himself still in his responsible office, and, we are glad to see, without losing his place or interest in Sunday school work.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 30, '85.

Dear Friend,—Yours of Oct. 9, '85, was read with pleasure. I was especially glad to feel that, although some time has passed since I was at school at Hampton, you still have me among those in whom your interest is felt and expressed.

I truly appreciate this, and take great pleasure in replying to yours, giving the information asked for. I am still employed in the Inspection Division of the P. O. Department. My duties are to examine the weekly money order statements and accounts of Postmasters. I have 223 offices in my section, in the State of Ohio. Each week I have to receive and examine these accounts—I mean of the Postmasters of my section. Sundusky, Springfield, and Toledo, Ohio, are the largest offices in my section.

I am still secretary of the Presbyterian S. School, which position in the school I have held for six years.

Hoping for you and the school continued success, I remain

Truly yours, H.

ENOUGH TO MAKE ONE FORGET.

Our friend's excuse for forgetfulness of outside interests has always been recognized as a strong, if not always a sufficient one. We readily admit it, especially as it seems to only double his purposes and opportunities to do good work.

——— MD., Oct. 24, '85.

Miss A. E. Cleaveland,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

My Dear Friend:—Your hint reminds me of the words of Thomas Jefferson, "A gentleman will answer letters." The only apology I can render for not replying to your communication of last year—well I won't call it procrastination, but frankness compels me to say that my mind was all absorbed in matrimonial matters; whether it is one of "the natural shocks that flesh is heir to" or not, it seems to make one forget everything else. I married last year and settled here, as I thought the combined efforts of my wife (who is quite energetic and devotes much to the welfare of others) and myself would result in some good in this vicinity. I labored here as teacher for a year prior to my marriage, and I have had some chance to study them morally, intellectually, and domestically. In entering upon my duties, which began the 1st inst., I felt less inclined to labor than at any time since 1878, when I left the Normal Institute at Hampton, and began teaching, but as I am a disciple of Pluck and not of Luck, I dismissed all despairing thoughts and mustered up courage to work with more zeal and energy. Perhaps I give myself more concern this year than I've done heretofore because of my wife; her surroundings have always been pleasant, and indeed it is a great sacrifice to give up home with its pleasant associations, and come to a place where one is nearly ostracised. It would have really been a surprise to you to have witnessed the sensation created when my wife had arranged uniquely her little country home, thus showing by example how Christian people should live at home; while some approved and admired the taste, others disapproved and only said, "They are putting on airs." Ignorance surely begets prejudice. When I note among my friends some of the most intelligent and wealthy class of white people, and on the other hand among my most bitter antagonists are found the most ignorant and poorest specimens of humanity, I am ambitious and resentful, and I dare say such traits are as but oil poured upon the flame of prejudice.

I find, from observation, that the white schools are as poorly attended this time of year as the colored. Illiteracy abounds a great deal among the whites, yet there are plenty of schools both for white and colored, but the ignorant parents have not yet learned that "Knowledge is power." It may surprise you when I say I do not attend church service regularly, but such is the case, and that is because their devotional services are not consistent with good common sense, but it is their way, and I suppose they'll have their reward. My wife and I interest ourselves in the Sabbath school work, for it is the young mind I delight to instruct. I am glad to inform you that among my scholars I have many that are promising; if their parents only give them a chance they will make bright men and women. The quaint ideas that are rooted and grounded in the colored people who were subjected to slavery, I believe, can only be dismissed as they shuffle off this mortal coil.

Very respectfully, H.

FROM SOME VETERANS IN THE FIELD.

Letters from two of Hampton's earliest graduates will be read with interest.

"ONE GENERATION SHALL TELL IT TO ANOTHER."

How the years roll on! It is enough to make a veteran Hampton teacher feel old to read such a record from a veteran graduate.

VA., Nov. 9th, 1885.

Dear Friend;—Your circular came to hand a few days ago, and should have been answered before now. Please pardon my delay.

I am teaching where I have been for four years. I taught in the country eight years before I came here, making in all twelve years that I have taught in ——county, Va.

There are more than two hundred men and women in this county who have learned to read and write in my school. Many of them are married and have children going to school, and still they look on me as their teacher, I feel thankful that the Lord has enabled me to do some good. This year we opened school the first Monday in September. We have a full school and are getting on nicely. My little Sabbath school is still alive and doing very well. We expect to have a Christmas tree if we are able.

Times are very dull here just now. The past week or two everybody has been excited about the election. Now that is over we are still in a wondering state. This leaves my family and self well, and trusting in the Lord.

I trust that you are well and enjoying the comforts of life. May the Lord bless you while you live and save you when you die.

As ever yours in Christ, Y.

TWELVE YEARS A TEACHER.

Many graduates have acquired comfortable homes, and other property, by their industry and thrift, making the most of their salaries as teachers, and earning much more, often by vacation work. One writes as follows:

Oct. 27, 1885.

Miss A. E. Cleaveland.

Kind Friend:—I am here at my same post, and before saying more of the place, a line or so about my vacation would not be very foreign. It was longer than any that I have ever had since I've been teaching. Most of my time was spent at home on my little farm of one hundred and three acres, with my wife and three little children, two boys and a fine and bright daughter of five months.

I planted some corn and tobacco too; bad about 24,000 tobacco hills, and it is very fine tobacco indeed. Used 14,000 pounds of the Tinsley's Fertilizer. My wife had a nice garden of vegetables which also added greatly to our comfort. I didn't do very much Sunday school work. Was taken down about the middle of August with the bilious fever, though the S. S. kept up regularly. The colored people in my own county are buying houses and accumulating property very fast. They begin to see the importance of having their own places. Right around me there are five families comfortably settled, and doing pretty well. Some deprecate their old habits, while others still cling to them, and believe in conjuring and such like evil devices. We need good teachers down here, such as will take an interest in the work. We have a very poor corps of teachers in the colored schools of this county this fall. The trustees seem less interested in the matter this year than they have at any time since I've been teaching in the county. There are only four of us who have attended an institution of training. Most of the colored schools are filled with persons who have had scarcely any training in our Primary schools. Hampton graduates don't find the way to this county. Miss Sarah H—— is the only one in the county. Our Superintendent is a nice man, and has done good work since his appointment to the office which he now holds. We expect to lose him after this year, which will add greatly to our sorrow. Politics does us harm in a great many ways. I take no stock in them; only vote one ticket, which is the Republican.

Now a word or so concerning my present school, and I will close. I opened on the 12th inst, with 11 pupils first day; have now on roll 27; they are coming in daily, and after having such an extensive vacation they are fresh and vigorous. I trust that we may do better work this fall. With best wishes to Hampton and friends I am very respectfully, E.

P. S.—This is the 12th year I have been engaged in the work of teaching since I left H. E.

A LETTER FROM TUSKEGEE.

We are always glad to hear from Tuskegee.

NORMAL SCHOOL,
TUSKEGEE, ALA., Mar. 23, '86.

Dear Miss Cleveland:—Shall I say that I have been busy, therefore could not write?

I think you know that all of us have been busy, still I have had time enough to write, but thought that there were so many of us here together that you would get tired of hearing about Tuskegee. I have put it off, saying, "I will write after awhile," and you know "delays are dangerous."

You have heard ere this that I am matron here, a position, I have always felt, that did not belong to me. Such a position, especially in a school like this, requires a person of experience. However I am trying to do the best that I can. When I came here in '83 everything was new. There were no conveniences. The basement of Porter Hall had just been fitted up for a dining-room; there were no chairs and we had to use rough stools, made by the students; these being made of green lumber, would very often break down. Upon the whole we had a very dreary-looking dining-room, and at times I felt discouraged, especially when the meals were not on time. This happened very often. When I spoke to the cook about meals being on time, she would usually give this answer: "I never did see such a place as this in my life. I has always seen the cook get breakfast ready and then ring the bell, but here, whether you is ready or not, the bell rings and folks comes pouring into their meals."

After much trouble we succeeded, about a month ago, in getting a cook that gets meals on time.

We are getting along quite nicely. I like the work better now that we are in better quarters in Alabama Hall, though the girls are still crowded. Four room together, and the rooms not any larger, if as large, as those in Virginia Hall at Hampton.

The fourth floor is now being finished, and we hope soon to put some of the girls up there.

The dining-room in Alabama Hall is very pleasant.

The teachers have made the students a present of chairs, but we have not finished paying for them. Some of the teachers got up a literary entertainment some time ago, and raised a little money, and in some other ways we hope to get the remainder soon.

I think all of us felt well paid for our trouble when we looked into the bright faces of the students as they came into the dining-room the first evening after the chairs had been put in.

Well, if I make my letter any longer, you will not care to have me write again soon.

Sincerely yours, R.

Southern Workman.

Indian Department.

HELEN W. LUDLOW, CORA FOLSOM. } *In Charge.*

Regular Contributors:

HERBERT WELSH, *Cor. Sec'y Indian Rights Association,*

ELAINE GOODALE.

MRS. A. S. QUINTON, *Gen'l Sec'y of the Women's National Indian Ass'n.*

"Lend a Hand," Edward Everett Hale's new magazine, is lending a hand efficiently to many a good work for our many-hued American humanity. We hope that most of our readers read it for themselves, though, in that case, our various extracts from it this month will be superfluous.

What to do with Geronimo, now that he is captured at last, is discussed with diverse conclusions by the papers. Some are for tempering justice with mercy, remembering that the savage chief "had little sense of guilt in his acts, and that the foundation of the whole trouble was, as usual, in our own wrong doing and blunders.' Others are vehement for the utmost rigor of retribution. The *Evening Post* quotes Commissioner Atkins as saying that "There is no doubt that the public sentiment of the country demands the death of Geronimo," and the *Tribune* says: "We are as far as ever from realizing (in action) that the only way to civilize these unruly people is to apply the laws of the country to them. Under those laws Geronimo and his lieutenants would years ago have gone to the gallows as common murderers."

Another disposition of him is suggested by the facetious pencil of "Life," which represents our noble prize on the platform of a West Point class room, in professorial garb with variations of scalp locks and coon's tail, as Professor of Taetics demonstrating to an eager class of embryo generals the problem illustrated on the blackboard before them, "How to capture *One* detached, hostile savage, when you can bring only one Army Division into the field."

That will do for a joke in one aspect of the case, but it is easy to sit at home and caricature a campaign in a vast mountain wilderness, that has taxed to utmost the skill and endurance of such commanders as General Crook and General Miles, and such troops as make up our frontier army. Nor would we, as friends of the Indians, and praying that no new disgrace should be added to our country in adding to their wrongs, fear to leave the disposition of the Apaches both for justice and mercy, to the decision of these two Generals who have conquered them. A true soldier is not revengeful. No stronger words of kindness to the Indian and indignation for his wrongs have been spoken than have been spoken by General Crook and General Miles, and some other Indian fighters. We agree, of course, with the *Tribune*, that "the only way to civilize the Indian is to apply to him the laws of the country," only let them be applied a little earlier in the day. It is curious how much difference it makes whose bull is gored, in desiring the application of law. If there had been law for Indians as for white, perhaps "Geronimo and his lieutenants would have gone to the gallows years ago," or perhaps they would have been living in peace with their neighbors to-day; perhaps there would have been no starvation of Indian women and children; perhaps there would have been no retaliation on innocent settlers; perhaps there would have been no Indian war; perhaps there would be no Indian question.

The Women's National Indian Association reports through "Lend a Hand" a great amount of work accomplished since January 1st, in distribution of literature, organization of and correspondence with auxiliary societies in twenty-seven States, public addresses, and petitions to Congress—sometimes five in one day—for the passage of bills for Indian appropriations; for aid to Eastern and other Indian schools on the occasion of the attack made upon them in the House; for the Dawes Sioux bill and Dawes allotment bill, and for the relief of the Mission Indians of California. Another very important work successfully prosecuted by the Association, is that of aiding educated and progressive Indians to build comfortable homes; not pauperizing them by injudicious gifts, but educating them by loans on a business basis, taking a mortgage on the property till paid for, and insuring it against fire, lightning, and wind. Two of Hampton's young Indian couples have been thus aided, and are doing well in their new homes. Five mission stations have also been established and are doing excellent work.

More Eastern Education.

The Government's practical faith in Eastern education for Indians is shown in its deportation of 385 more Apaches from Arizona to St Augustine. These Indians, whose women and children outnumber the men five to one—63 men, 175 women, 147 children—were not actively engaged with Geronimo, but only suspected of supplying that valiant rebel with provisions and ammunition. Though sent under a guard of 85 soldiers to Fort Marion, they will not be long detained as prisoners probably, but settled on a reservation in Florida, where, if they survive the change from their mountain fastnesses to the salt marsh lands, their wild spirits may be brought into the harness of civilization. The children, at least, may be helped to better things, and here is an opportunity for the friends of the Indian to come to his rescue from a dismal fate. Carlisle, Hampton, and other schools, east and west, stand ready to receive them. Have they come East for education and civilizing, or death by inches?

The report from the Interior Department—in another column—of the progress already made in the survey and division in severalty of Indian lands, makes an excellent and hopeful showing. In encouraging and furthering this civilizing process, the Department has shown good intentions and done good work for the Indian. It is the foundation of all good work, giving the Indian his first sense of a security without which hope and progress would be impossible to any people, his first assurance of good faith in the Government, his first lesson in civilized living and his first motive for desiring it. That all do not desire the opportunity before they receive it is not a reason for abandoning them to be swept out of existence instead by the rushing stream of emigration. There has been and will be of course, individual disaster. But the success of the experiment already attained, the ambition and effort already aroused, and the degree of advancement made under still harassing difficulties and disabilities, are evidence enough that the move is in the right direction. We trust that the Government will go on in the course marked out for it by justice and humanity and success, and by a growing public sentiment which demands and will sustain the application of the administration's standard of civil service reform to the Indian branch of the service.

The important and non-partisan services of the Indian Rights Association in the cause of the Indian, and in assisting Government in the protection and civilization of its wards, are forcibly set forth by Mr. Herbert Welsh, in a letter to the *Evening Post*, of Sept. 20. He calls attention to "the case of the Crow Creek lands, which were restored to their rightful Indian owners by executive order of President Cleveland, after 500,000 acres had been opened illegally to white settlement by the former administration The facts were carefully and laboriously collected by the Indian Rights Association, and were presented under a fire of partisan Republican denunciation to President Cleveland in such form as rendered it possible for him to restore the Indians their lands."

"In the case of the Mission Indians of California, whose rights to their homes are now being defended in the California Courts, the Government appointed an able attorney, Mr. Shirley C. Ward, to plead the cause of these civilized but defenceless people, but provided no remuneration for his services He was about to resign, when by my persistent efforts upwards of $540 were raised through the subscriptions of charitable persons in Boston, and Mr. Ward was enabled to prosecute his work." The case, strange to say, lost on the first hearing in the California Courts, has been appealed. "Mr. Ward telegraphed the Indian Bureau that bonds to the amount of $3,300 were necessary to prevent the eviction of the Indians any day by execution of the lower court. The Bureau directed Mr. Ward to allow the execution to issue, but to assure the Indians that should their case be gained on appeal, Government would reimburse them for their losses."

"Mr. Ward, as a last resort, appealed to the Indian Rights Association, and immediately the necessary sum was furnished by a single member of the society, sending his check for the amount."

Mr. Welsh also adduces the case of the removal of an unworthy official on satisfactory evidence presented by the Association to the Government. He makes the strong and just statement that "The Indian Rights Association is composed of men who work for the welfare of the Indians and for the honor of the public service without any pecuniary reward in view, and without any political axe to grind"—that his "own service is purely gratuitous, and in pursuance of its duties it is necessary to arouse at one time the wrath of Republican politicians, and at another (as in the present case) that of the Democrats."

Any lasting friction between the Indian Department and Indian Rights Association would be an obstacle in the way of Indian progress, which its friends in both must deplore. In urging "the extension of civil service reform to the Indian service," Mr. Welsh is but urging the principles which it is the glory of the present administration to have identified itself with.

The First Step.

William Justin Harsha, in the September number of *Lend-a-Hand* says:

"A very practical question was that President Cleveland asked, when the committee from the Mohonk Conference laid the claims of Indians before him: "What is the *first step* to take?" He was impressed by the facts stated; he was interested in the question; more than that, he seemed to be sincerely anxious to do what lies in his power to right a century's wrongs to our wards. But he was in doubt as to where the first blow should be struck.

To me, with a rather wide acquaintance with the Utes, Sioux, Omahas, Winnebagoes and the scattered remnants in some of the more eastern and northern states, it seems that the first thing to be done is for Congress to declare the Indian a *person*. We have not now the crisis in affairs that enabled Lincoln to seize the difficulty of slavery with a strong hand and set so many free. But surely we are in that position of great need which authorises the use of heroic measures. We stand at the point where something needs to be done at once, or all that we have gained will be lost. The granting of land in severalty, the missionary and educational projects that have been entered upon, the votes of legislators, will all prove abortive, unless the Indian is placed in a position to defend his possessions and enjoy his education and elect his officers of law. This can only be done by Congress removing the unjust restrictions resting upon the Indian as the impersonal, irresponsible ward of the government. Let him be declared a man, and not an infant or an idiot, and he will immediately take his place as a citizen under the fifeeenth amendment. It might be wise to delay his entrance upon the higher privileges of citizenship, such as voting and holding judicial office, until he has been educated and elevated. The mistakes of government with colored men in the South might lead us to wiser restrictions for the red men of the Northwest. But the first step to take is to bring the Indian out of the false light in which he stands, to break his awful anomaly, to grant him his birthright of personality, as being one of the diverse sons of the great Father."

Bishop Whipple on the Mississippi Reservoirs.

"The St. Paul Chamber of Commerce practically gave up its entire session recently, to listen to an address upon the condition of the Leech Lake and Winnebagoshish Indians, by Bishop Whipple, who said it was a matter of national honor that the condition of these Indians should be considered and the duty of the government to them understood.

In 1880, for the better protection of the interests of the Mississippi river, it was deemed necessary to build reservoirs at the head waters of the river. But at the time that Congress authorized the construction of the reservoirs, the opinion of the attorney general of the United States was solicited as to the legality of the act. He stated then that in his opinion the government had no right to overflow the land of these Indians which they legally held, nor to take material from them in the construction of the reservoirs. In the face of all this the dams were builded, the Indians' lands overflowed, their crops destroyed, and the fish and wild rice, their main sources of subsistence, destroyed. A peaceable, friendly tribe, from them had been taken their living. Reports of this state of affairs have been sent to the government, but without avail. The commission of which General Sibley and Russell Blakely were members had thoroughly investigated the state of affairs, and made an elaborate report that came to naught. Congress had offered but $15,600 to the Indians for the destruction of their crops and the overflow. They are 2,000 in number, and their condition demands immediate attention.

At the conclusion of his remarks the Bishop read a letter from the Rev. J. A. Gilfillin, who had been a missionary among these Indians for many years, which gave a detailed statement of the condition of affairs at this time. In the early part of June Mr. Gilfillin visited Leech Lake. He found the water much raised and that in consequence the Indians could catch hardly any fish, and were hungry; a condition of affairs unknown before the building of the dam. In consequence of the rise of the water, the fish had left their former haunts and could not be found, and the Indians were thus deprived of almost their entire subsistence in summer.

Neither is this all; the great overflow has destroyed their rice fields, a fact that will make their condition in winter even worse than now. The Indians are well aware that these dams have been built contrary to law, and they are patiently waiting for the government to send them relief, in some form before they die of starvation. It is already four years since these dams were commenced and not one cent of relief has yet been sent them, and if winter sets in without some adjustment of the matter it is hard to tell what will happen. The Leech Lake dam is in charge of two men only, and the Indians may yet determine to destroy it if made desperate by hunger. What the result of letting the water, stored above the dams, out suddenly would be, can only be surmised. It is a great body of water having a coast line of over 350 miles,—a vast sea extending far inland. The trees standing far out in the water are dead, the hay meadows all submerged, the roads overflowed and obliterated, the Indians driven to the hills and all communication stopped. The Indians are exasperated and bitter at the wanton destruction of their property, and are talking of the consequences of breaking the dams, when this vast body of water would sweep down over the lower country with terrible effect.

The St. Paul Chamber of Commerce voted to do all in its power that the wrong done should be righted. The government treaty which gave the Indians the use of this land, is as binding as any treaty made with England, France or Germany. To deliberately break it, without compensation, is a national disgrace; and when it involves hunger and death, as this is certainly doing, it is a crime for which Congress is responsible."—*Faribault Democrat.*

Progress in Allotting Land in Severalty to the Indians.

WASHINGTON, September 17.—Recent information received at the Interior Department indicates that the work of inducing the Chippewa, Sioux, and Ute Indians in the Territories of Dakota, Idaho, New Mexico, Washington, and Arizona, and the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Nebraska, to divide up in severalty the lands now held by them in common, is making most satisfactory progress, and thus a great work of Indian civilization is being quietly developed. Up to the first of September last year, there had been issued 11,073 land patents, 1,290 certificates, and 930 allotments without patents or certificates, to Indians in the States and Territories named. The difference in the character of the titles given is owing to the varying terms of the treaties entered into. There have since been issued up to the present time in the same region of country, 690 land patents and 86 certificates. Indians upon the following reservations now, as a general rule, hold their lands in severalty, their titles being guarded by restrictions on the power of alienation: Chippewas: on the Bad River, Red Cliff, L' Anse, and Lac Court Oreilles Reservation, Wisconsin; on the Isabella Reservation, Michigan, and the Fond Du Lac Reservation, Minnesota. Sioux: on the Crow Creek, Res. Dakota; Santee, Omaha, and Winnebago Reservations, Nebraska, and on all the reservations in Washington Territory except Chehalis, Dolville, Columbia, Makah, Quinailt and Spokane.

In addition to the tribes to which allotments have been made, the following are entitled by treaty stipulation to such allotments: the Southern Utes, Colorado; the Sioux on Devil's Lake, Great Sioux Reservation, and the Yankton Sioux, all of Dakota; the Shoshones and Bannocks on Fort Hall, Idaho; the Nez Perces, Idaho; the Kiowas and Commanches, Indian Territory; the Crows, Montana; the Flat Heads, Montana; the Navajos of New Mexico and Arizona; the Grande Rondes, Klamaths, Umatillas, and Warm Springs of Oregon, and the Shoshones and Arrapahoes on Wind River, Wyoming. The Devil's Lake and Yankton Sioux, the Nez Perces, the Montana Crows, and the Oregon Grande Rondes, and Warm Springs Indians, according to information received by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, are prepared to take their allotments in severalty. Two special agents are now allotting lands to the Crows in Montana, and write most encouragingly of their success. Many of the Sioux in Dakota are asking for allotments, but from the fact that the reservation has never been surveyed, except a few townships, and that sufficient funds are not available for this purpose, little can be done at present. Some, however are taking their lands by private survey. Indian Commissioner Atkins and Assistant Commissioner A. B. Upshaw are very earnest in pressing forward this humanizing movement among the more advanced Indian tribes, and are much gratified by the unexpectedly large measure of success achieved.—*N. Y. Post.*

A Visit To White Earth.

A GARDEN SPOT OF THE WORLD.

NEW ENGLAND GONE WEST—THE HOME OF THE CHIPPEWAS—BISHOP WHIPPLE'S GREAT WORK—WHEAT VS. WHISKEY—SISTER PHILOMENA—A HERO OF '62—THE PRESIDENT'S, THE INDIAN'S AND THE MISSIONARIES' CHOICE FOR AGENT—WILD RICE AND THE MISSISSIPPI.

Correspondence of The Springfield Republican.

August, 1886.

The interest felt in the embassy about starting to negotiate with the Indians of Minnesota and the Northwest, which the *Republican* has already noticed as of "first-class importance," may give at least the merit of timeliness to a sketch of a visit to the White Earth reservation in Minnesota. To induce the Indians of the more northern settlements in the state, whose fields have been flooded by the Mississippi reservoirs, to settle on this more desirable location, is one of the objects of the commission, which includes their friend and champion, Bishop Whipple. The White Earth reservation is indeed, as the bishop has said, "the garden spot of the state." I shall never forget my 25-mile drive there from "Detroit City," one of the few five-year-old western cities, by the way, where, if I were a young man, I should feel tempted to stay and "grow up with the country." It is a young New England gone west, exhilarated but not intoxicated with the new wine of the wilderness. Eastern ideas are in its shaded streets and tasteful homes, its intelligent society and its "Hotel Minnesota," an oasis in a western traveler's experience. After three months of open prairie, it was delightful to drive all day through vistas of shimmering green and gold, with glimpses now and then of the little lakes that bejewel this "Lake Park region" of Minnesota. We crossed the path of a recent cyclone that had twisted and flung about oaks like saplings; and once a fine ruffed grouse stepped calmly across our way and I inwardly gave thanks that no one in the wagon had a gun. Passing the reservation line, small clearings began to appear, and large ones with comfortable log and frame houses, fenced fields and stacks of harvested grain. Now and then we met a dusky pedestrian who looked up with a friendly smile and greeting,—"*aniinde ijoian*" (where are you going?)—in broken but sonorous gutturals, with a musical cadence that sounds like shaking boiled peas in a tin pan.

The White Earth reservation was set apart in 1869, chiefly through the efforts of Bishop Whipple, with a view to making ultimately a home for all the Chippewas in the state, where they can learn farming and the ways of civilization. Those at Gull Lake, who were becoming demoralized by drink, were removed there at once. The head-quarters of the mission were established there, and four years later Rev. Mr. Gilfillan became its indefatigable superintendent, as he still continues to be. The marvelous transformation which has been accomplished under the new conditions, is one of the many proofs of what can be done—and therefore what ought to be done—for the Indian. From a set of wild heathen and ration-fed paupers, they have become an orderly farming community. Rations are issued only to the destitute, aged and sick; and the agent thinks that many have gained the idea of laying up against a rainy day,—a long step ahead, certainly. They are nearer self-support than any but the five "civilized tribes." Of the 1715 Indians now at White Earth, only 21 are reported as "partly Indian in dress and ways." They raised last year 70,000 bushels of wheat, oats and barley, and made over 6000 pounds of butter, selling half of it off the reservation. They cultivated 5000 acres. Half the families have farms with from 5 to 100 acres improved; many with 70 acres. The rest cultivate patches of from one to five acres. Farm implements and some cattle are furnished by the government. Allotments in severalty are beginning to be made. Ten acres must be improved to get certificates for 40, 40 must be improved for 160. One Indian policeman, "Knickerooocker," resigned his position to take care of his farm. He has 60 acres improved, nine horses and a yoke of oxen. The Chippewas have an efficient police and court of their own. All marriages now are legally performed. There is an almost entire absence of crime among them, and so successful have been their removal from the temptations at Gull lake, and the watchfulness of their police, that Mr. Gilfillan asserted that he knows but one full blood Indian on the reservation who still makes a practice of drinking. Most live in comfortable log-houses. I was taken to see, as a curiosity, two or three wigwams occupied for the summer; curious structures, consisting each of a half spherical frame, some eight feet high in the center, thatched with birch-bark. The women were sitting outside, plaiting together by their husks the pretty red and mottled ears of the Indian corn for drying. Of the 471 children of school age, 385 are in school on or off the reservation. The government school building is new, large and commodious, standing in beautiful grounds, a natural park which the agent was planning to improve. The girls are also taught sewing and the boys raise vegetables in the five acres belonging to the school. They looked cheerful and intelligent.

A Roman Catholic mission has been in operation for 14 years, under the Benedictine order. They have within a few years built a new church, holding 400, and often full, Father Aloysius told me, some of the people coming from 7 to 20 miles; and an orphanage which is assisted by government, and had a dozen little girls, who seemed well cared for by the two thrifty German "sisters." Sister Philomena is a practical farmer, and had made the board walk and picket fence with her own hands. In the grounds of the Episcopal mission buildings stands the beautiful church of St. Columba, built of bowlder stone and seating 300, a wooden hospital building given by a Hartford lady and often very useful, though with insufficient means to run it properly; a neat parsonage occupied by the native pastor, Enmagabowh, and the pleasant home owned by Mr. Gilfillan, where I was hospitably entertained for half my visit; the other half as hospitably by Agent Sheehan and his kind wife. Near the church is a curious burial ground; a little wooden house built over each grave, with a window through which food was to be put for the spirits of the dead to feast upon. The Christians, of course, give up this practice. I attended the Sunday service at St. Columba. It has over 100 communicants and has over 500 on its roll. The congregation was as orderly and devout, as any pastor could desire. The service, read in Chippeway in Enmagabowh's musical tones was quite impressive. The next day I called on Enmagabowh and had an interesting talk with the old man, though he began by asking if I were an Episcopalian, and then declaring, with a queer mixture of caution and confidingness, that, since I was not, he must be very careful what he told me. Reassured, or forgetting himself after a while, however, he gave me an interesting sketch of his early life and removal from Gull lake, and the wonderful changes he had seen at White Earth. He spoke, too, with great warmth of the present agent, saying; "He goes about like any common man, working with his workers, and that is what we like; not like some agents, who sit all day in their office with their cigars in their mouths—don't care for us Indians. We hope this man will be retained by the government."

I had been strongly impressed myself in a similar way by the agent. Col T. J. Sheehan is an appointment of the present administration and does it honor. He was a gallant officer of the 5th Minnesota volunteers, and while waiting at Fort Ripley for orders to the front, was detailed instead to take 50 men to defend Fort Ridgely against the Sioux in the great Minnesota outbreak of '62. He held it under hourly attacks by the savages till his little force was decimated. Seeing my interest in the story, which I had found in a history of the state, the colonel showed me the beautiful gold medal presented to him at the close of the war by his regiment, in honor of this and other heroic campaigns in which he had led them. It proves the Indians' own character and courage that they appreciate such a man for an agent. Smiles instead of sulks seemed to meet him from them everywhere. I am glad to see that Mr. Gilfillan also, in a recent letter, speaks of Col. Sheehan as "one of the best and most capable Indian agents to be found anywhere."

The Indians whom it is now proposed to bring to White Earth are those of Lake Winnebegoshish, Cass lake, Leach lake, White Oak Point and Mille Lac, and perhaps Red Lake; settlements under jurisdiction of the agency, but scattered through the wilderness from 50 to 80 miles apart. They are chiefly blanket Indians, living on fish, wild rice, berries and maple sugar, hunting a little but not cultivating the ground, except at Red Lake. The flooding of their wild rice and cranberry fields and hay meadows by the Mississippi reservoirs cuts off for some a great part of even these wretched means of subsistence. Their land is too barren for farming, at the best. But the question goes beyond their bodily needs. Gambling, drinking and other vices are ruining them. At all but two of the stations, through the good bishop's and missionary's efforts, little churches have been built, and the Indian deacons in charge have worked faithfully and gathered some converts; "pork and flour Christians," some of them, perhaps, as the skeptical interpreter puts it—don't we find such everywhere?—but some are holding out bravely against great odds. Mr. Gilfillan makes the tour of the stations every two months, and once a year the bishop accompanies him, with intrepid disregard of age and feebleness and the hardship of camp life and rough travel through the unbroken forest. Still, especially in the neighborhood of the white logging camps, the demoralization is terrible; so great at Mille Lac that Mr. Gilfillan says it is useless to attempt any work for them while they stay there, for they are "never sober enough to listen." With no schools or care, their children are forced to grow up in ignorance and to vice. Removal to White Earth alone can save them, and such were many of those who were brought there first from Gull lake. The present time is peculiarly opportune, as Mr. Gilfillan says, Col. Sheehan being "the very man to settle them in their new home and start them on the upward road." The White Earth reservation is 36 miles square, with good farming and grazing land and ample room for the 6000, and they would fill it up with 160-acre allotments, made in severalty and inalienable, as they should be.

The Chippewas have never lifted a hand against the white man. They resolutely refused the Sioux invitation to join in the massacre of '62. Mr. Gilfillan declares them from his "personal knowledge" to be "as harmless creatures as exist on God's earth." They will certainly be far less harmful to the state as such decent, self-supporting farmers as those I saw at White Earth than as roving beggars and vagabonds. To the country as well as to the Indian, the bishop's humane embassy is, as you well say, "of first class importance."

HELEN W. LUDLOW.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

The arrival of a little brave in one of our vine-shaded Indian cottages, gladdened all hearts, beginning with his happy parents, Frank Herbert, first born child of James and Minnie Hamilton of the Omaha tribe Born Sunday Aug. 29th. He is a fine boy, and looks as if he meant to fulfil the favorable augury that

"The child that is born on a Sabbath-day
Is wise and bonny and good and gay."

One of our girls who was a diligent member of the Cooking Class last year, having returned to her home, has sent back for her receipt book that got left behind, in order to prepare some delicacies for her sick father. Some one who knows says: "If she makes him as good gruel as she used to make for me, he will think she has learned something at Hampton.

The Indian summer school of two hours a day, closed Sept. 15th, for a full vacation of three weeks. School for the winter reopens Oct. 5th.

The boys and girls in Massachusetts have had a happy summer from all accounts. Several of our teachers have visited them in passing through Berkshire county, and have found a pleasant state of things, and heard cheerful reports from both the students and the families where they stayed. Their return is expected Oct. 1st.

Out-Wigginsing Wiggins, a practical joker put his head out of his room in the "Wigwam" at a late hour the other night and shouted "Earthquake!" at the top of his lungs. Effect more easily imagined than described.

The return of their beloved Miss Richards from across the great water, looking well and rested, has made happy all hearts at Winona and the Wigwam.

A Letter from Charleston.

Many will recall with interest the visit of Rev. A. Toomer Porter, D. D., of Charleston, to Hampton Institute a few years ago. Many more know something of the noble work which he started in faith and has carried on with great originality of execution and devotion of spirit, for the education of Southern boys whose parents lost their fortunes by the war; a work to which Northern benevolence has freely contributed. A year ago his school house was damaged by a cyclone. A private letter received from him at Hampton Institute reports its share in the last calamity. We are glad to know that neither tempest nor earthquake can shake his faith in God and determination to stand by his work, and are sure both will be rewarded.

Charlestom, Sept., 21st, 1886.

"Our calamity is simply inexpressible. There is not a brick house in this city not more or less injured, and the successive shocks and their avalanches for twenty-one days, have made unsafe what at first seemed to have escaped. Our very foundations seem to be undermined. We had a severe shock this—Tuesday—morning which has done much damage and has destroyed confidence just returning. The windows and doors in my house are shaking now while I write, and our nerves are as much disorganized as our dwellings. Strong men and bold are appalled, amazed and abashed,—not from fear but just our utter helplessness. It is now half past nine: one doesn't know at what moment the house will begin to heave like a ship and shake in every timber; and those of us who are in brick houses so far thought safe, feel our great insecurity. The shock to-day did my school house its first injury. All the plastering in eight rooms came down—I suppose loose before, but we didn't know it—and partly shifted the roof. The church shows damage it did not before, and, indeed, we don't know where we are.

I had not paid for all the damage by cyclone of just one year and six days before, and now, O my Heavenly Father, I would feel like droping my hands but for faith in Thee. Can you do anything for me? Yes my brother, tell your friends I am going on going to open school on the 4th of October, and stick to the ship till she goes down, it go down she must. I don't know where the money is to come from. I shall need much for my work, much to help many who will not come before the general committee of relief. God help us. Your friend,

A. TOOMER PORTER.

[Contributions sent to Dr. Porter's address as above will, we hope, keep his good work from ceasing.]

Letter From A Convict.

Editor Southern Workman:—

I send to you a letter I received a few weeks ago, which at once surprised and gratified me.

It is, I think, a striking instance of the vitality, under the most unfavorable conditions, of religious truth received even partially; and thus it is an encouragement to all who are endeavoring to sow the precious seed.

The writer is a young colored man, who for many years was a scholar in the Sabbath school, established in Lexington by Gen. Jackson and of which ever since his death, I have been Senior Superintendent.

He was my favorite scholar, because of his unusual mental gifts, his intelligent acquaintance with the facts and doctrines of the New Testament, his interest in the exercises of the school, and the propriety of his deportment. I had never heard of anything unfavorable to his moral character, though I subsequently learned that his temper was violent and dangerous.

About two years ago, under slight provocation, he killed in almost brutal and cowardly manner, one of his companions. He was sentenced to 17 years confinement in the Penitentiary. Only the compassion of the jury, moved by his previous good character, and by sympathy felt by the community for his respected and esteemed father, mitigated the extreme penalty of the law.

The Sabbath before his removal from jail, I visited him, and in presence of his afflicted family, conversed and prayed with him, and gave him Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. This explains some allusions in his letter.

J. T. L. PRESTON

"State Prison, Richmond Va. Aug. 23.

Kind Teacher:

It is with much pleasure I attempt to inform you of my present condition. I am happy to express to you my circumstances at this time. I am well, and do truly desire to know the same of you and your family. I have been getting along well since I have been confined to this prison life, and I also have found your advice very true and comforting. There is not a day that passes but in which something arises to call my memory back to my early days of childhood, when you taught me in the Lecture-room, and the many sweet hymns selected by you for us to sing. It makes my heart feel sad to think of the many blessings I had, and then to cast it all away in a moment's time; but I can say after all trouble, that we are parted in body, but not in mind and heart, as I will never forget my Sabbath-school. We have religious service here on Sunday, preaching in the morning, and the Sunday-school classes meet in the afternoon, which reminds me very much of your mode of teaching, but still I find no place like home. I would not forget to thank you again for the book you gave me, as it has been a source of comfort to me in my hours of sadness and misery.

Mr. Willie Preston was here not many days ago, and saw me; I was glad to see him, as I do not see many people from home. My regards to Mrs. Preston, and hope you and she is well; and also the Sunday-school teachers and scholars. I hope you will not forget to pray for me, and do not think that the pains you have taken with me have availed nothing, as Christ says "If we confess our sins He is willing and just to forgive and cleanse from all filthiness," so you must not cast me away from your mind and heart, but remember me in prayer; and although now a prodigal son, it may be that in time to come I may arise and return again. The Sunday-school is conducted by Mr. Wm. P. Munford, of Richmond who takes great delight in the promotion of the school. Give my regards to my people if you please, I have written to them, but they have failed to answer my letter. I must close, and shall expect to hear from you again soon.

Your devoted scholar."

Owing to Mr. Booker T. Washington's absence in the North, where he was invited to present the claims of Tuskegee before thousands at the great Unitarian Convention at Saratoga, we have not yet received his official account of the disagreeable experience which—as we were sorry to learn from some Southern papers—recently befell a party of his Tuskegee teachers, in being put off a first-class car on returning from the wedding of two of their number. Whatever the details of the present case, Mr. Washington's own experience of the kind a year or more ago, when his manly bearing and action brought prompt sympathetic response from the leading citizens, newspapers, and even railroad companies of the State, and won from a Convention of the latter, satisfaction of his just demand for equal accommodation, proves that it is too late in the day for "outrages" to be perpetrated with impunity. They recoil like a boomerang on the stupid sender. Tuskegee has the best intelligence and weight of the State with her, and is far too well established in both Northern and Southern esteem to need concern herself about insults. A real grievance can only fill her sails, it cannot be expected to crush her.

The Indians of Virginia.

A Richmond paper says:

W. A. Bradly, chief of the Pamunky tribe of Indians, of King William county, paid a visit to the Governor yesterday, bringing with him a lot of wild ducks and sora, which he presented to His Excellency as the annual tribute of his tribe.

The Chief had a long talk with the Governor, during which he informed him that his tribe were very much interested in the matter of education, and begged him to use his influence in having the school—which has been closed during the vacation—opened in the early fall.

Chief Bradly said that the tribe consisted of only twenty males, each of whom had twelve acres of land, but they lived principally by hunting and fishing. Upon taking his leave the Governor said: "Be kind enough to return my thanks to your tribe for the kind present of ducks and sora, and say to them that I take an interest in their education and general welfare, and as long as I am Governor of this State it will give me pleasure to do whatever may lay in my power to promote both."

Afmerica.

WITH cheecks as soft as roses are,
And yet as brown as chestnuts dark;
And eyes that borrow from a star
A tranquil, yet a brilliant spark;
Or face of olive, with a glow
Of carmine on the lip and cheek;
The hair in wavelets falling low,
With jet or hazel eyes, that speak;
Or brow of pure Caucasian hue,
With auburn or with flaxen hair;
And eyes that beam in liquid blue,
A perfect type of Saxon fair,—
Behold this strange, this well-known maid,
Of every hue, of every shade!

We find this maiden everywhere,—
From wild and sun-kissed Mexico
To where the Rocky Mountains rear
Their snow-peaked heads in Idaho.
From East to West, she makes her home;
From Carolina's pine-clad State,
Across the plains, she still doth roam
To California's golden gate.
Yet roaming not as gypsy maid,
Nor as the savage red-man's child,
But seeking e'er the loving shade
Of home and civil habits mild.
A daughter of futurity,
The problem of the age is she.

And why should she be strange to-day?
Why called the problem of the age?
Not so when slavery held its sway,
And she was like a bird in cage.
She was a normal creature then,
And in her true allotted place;
Giving her life to fellow-men,
A proud and avaricious race.
But now, a child of liberty,
Of independent womanhood,
The world in wonder looks to see
If in her there is any good;
If this new child, Afmerica,
Can dwell in free Columbia.

"Twas mercy brought me here," said one,
E'en Phillis Wheatly, child of song,
Who, horn beneath an Afric sun,
In her kind mistress found no wrong.
Though maid and mistress, they were true
Companions, both in mind and heart.
No sad impression Phillis knew,
She was content to play her part,
In her is found the purest type
Of Afric intellectual might,
Which fast will grow and soon will ripe,
When nourished by the Christian light.
'Tis like Egyptian wheat that slept
In mummy graves, while ages crept.

When first America began
To give the world a nation new,
Then this strange child, called African,
Began to make her history, too,
In New York's Knickerbock days,
As she would in the corner sit,
She sang with glee her cheerful lays,
And joined the family's mirth and wit.
New England even took her in
As servile at her own fireside;
But when convinced that it was sin,
And wounding to a Christian's pride,
To hold a fellow-man in chains,
She washed her hands from slavery's stains.

The warm affections of her heart,
Her patience and fidelity,
Adapted her in every part
A Washington's fit nurse to be.
And other children, too, of state
Were nutured on her trustful breast:
Their wants she would alleviate,
And solace them when in distress.
Full well she filled her humble sphere
As cook or drudge or ladies' maid;
For all the varied household care
Was on her docile shoulders laid;
While in *mind* her mistress fair
Was burdened with herself to bear.

Her lot grew harder year by year;
For she was called from household care,
And forced within the fields t' appear,
The labor of the men to share.
In purple fields of sugarcane,
At early morn, her task began
In regions of the Pontchartrain.
She did the hardy work of men
From Florida to Maryland,
In cotton, rice, and fields of corn.
Such work as calls for masculine hands,
All weary, overtasked, and worn,
Subdued, she was compelled to do.
She helped in clearing forests, too.

The cultivation through her toil,
The literal labor of her hands,
Brought to perfection Southern soil
And swelled the commerce of those lands.
But as she toiled she prayed and longed
For freedom and for womanhood.
No Jewess, when in Goshen wronged,
In trusting God e'er firmer stood
Than sad Afmerica, who, through
The thick'ning of the midnight gloom,
Looked steadfast on the North Star true,
And knew Jehovah held her doom.
So thus for twice a century
She sang the song of jubilee.

Nor did she wait on God in vain.
No disappointment comes to those
Who ever strong in faith remain
And in God's confidence repose.
At last, a signal crisis came,
When on the first of sixty-three
Brave Lincoln made the bold proclaim:
'Twas but a war necessity,
Which Heaven did potentiate.
That he on that day did decree
In every fighting Southern State
Afmerica forever free.
God wrought this glorious victory,
Triumphant swelled the Jubilee.

Well did she use her chances few.
Each opportunity she prized
As silvery drops of falling dew,
Sent to her from benignant skies.
So freedom found her not without
Fair education in the North.
In Southern cities, too, no doubt
Her acquisitions proved her worth.
In many of her homes were found
Refinement true, and some degree
Of culture there, too, did abound,
Ere she was absolutely free.
Her small one talent was not hid,
Whate'er she found to do she did.

O turbulent America!
So mixed and intermixed, until
Throughout this great Columbia
All nationalities at will
Become thine own, thy legal heirs,—
Behold, this colored child is thine!
Deny it, if there's one who dares,
Amid these glaring facts that shine
Upon the face of this ripe age.
As history doth record thy good,
We trace these facts on every page,—
These facts cry out like Abel's blood;
And "I am vengeance," saith the Lord;
"I will repay." Hear his own word.

This hardest of all problems hard,
Which baffles wit of every school
And further progress doth retard,
Is solved but by the Golden rule.
Be calm and think, sublimity—
Have ye not learned, America?—
Is only sweet simplicity.
Cease *working out* Afmerica;
Most simple and sublime is truth.
A truth divine points out to you
The duty owed e'en from thy youth;
One which you need not *solve*, but do.
Acknowledge and protect thy child,
Regard her not as strange or wild.

Afmerica! her home is here;
She wants or knows no other home;
No other lands, nor far nor near,
Can charm or tempt her thence to roam.
Her destiny is marked out here.
Her ancestors, like all the rest,
Came from the eastern hemisphere;
But *she* is native of the *west*.
She'll lend a hand to Africa,
And in her elevation aid.
But here in brave America
Her home, her only home, is made.
No one has power to send her hence;
This home was planned by Providence.

Whatever other women do
In any sphere of busy life,
We find her, though in numbers few,
Engaged heroic in the strife.
In song and music, she can soar;
She writes, she paints and sculptures well:
The fine arts seem to smile on her.
In elocution, she'll excel;
In medicine, she has much skill.
She is an educator, too;
She lifts her voice against the *still*.
To Christ she tries man's soul to woo.
In love and patience, she is seen
In her own home, a blessed queen.

O ye, her brothers, husbands, friends,
Be brave, be true, be pure and strong!
For on your manly strength depends
Her firm security from wrong.
Oh, let your strong right arm be bold!
And don that lovely courtesy
Which marked the chevaliers of old.
Buttress her home with love and care;
Secure her those amenities
Which make a woman's life most dear;
Give her your warmest sympathies:
Thus high her aspirations raise
For nobler deeds in coming days.

M. E. LEE.

—*In the African Methodist Church Review.*

An African David and Saxon Jonathon.

FROM A YOUNG SOUTHERN GIRL.

"Come on, Thornton, let's get through our weeding and then mamma says we may each have an egg to pluck."

As I heard these words, I looked up from the book I was reading, and saw a fair-haired, hazel-eyed boy about seven years old, with one hand resting on the ragged sleeve of a small African whose eyes, which usually had an expression of mingled sadness and timidity sad to see in so young a child, were now lighted up with a look of affectionate admiration, as they were turned towards his small companion.

Little Thornton was the son of our cook, an industrious, Christian woman, and when he came into the kitchen with some message from papa" to "mammy" as he often did, he would stop to show little Willie a new method of using a sling shot, or spinning a top.

Willie's mother watched anxiously at first, fearing her son might learn evil from his small companion, but finding little Thornton had inherited his mother's sterling virtues and was truthful and honest, he was allowed to continue his visits, and he soon dropped the habit of bringing a message, as excuse, and came simply to play with Willie, and a close friendship sprang up between the children.

Though they were apparently ill-assorted companions, both boys gained by the friendship, for Willie's careful training and home influences, showing in his play and work, exerted, quite unconsciously, a good influence on his less favored companion, while on his part, Willie learned many valuable lessons of patience and gratitude from his young playmate.

Willie was never content not to share any job that was required of Thornton, and many were the arms full of wood they carried together, or the buckets full of water they brought in between them, and they learned also to cut wood, first with a hatchet, then a saw, and they were at last promoted to handling an ax. A cut toe or finger was a very slight check to the ardor of these enthusiastic young wood cutters, and the anxious fears of Willie's mother were carefully hidden lest she should mar her boy's enjoyment of this new accomplishment. If "practice makes perfect" they certainly earned the skill they soon acquired, and by the time Willie was seven years old he could handle an axe with as good effect as a grown man.

It must be confessed, Willie was by nature more industrious than Thornton, but as Thornton was perfectly obedient, and their light jobs were followed by plenty of play, he worked as faithfully if not as willingly as his little friend. If they worked together willingly, they played together quite as cheerfully. Willie never quite thoroughly enjoyed any pleasure unless Thornton shared it. If his mother had not cakes enough for both, half of Willie's was quietly slipped into Thornton's hand, and half of his marbles were pretty sure to find their way into his pocket. If a certain blouse struck his fancy, he begged mother to make one for Thornton, and when, observing Thornton's admiration for Willie's straw hat, his mother put a fresh band around a discarded one of Willie's and allowed him to present it to his dark playmate, deep as was Thornton's delight to exchange his brimless felt hat for this one, a glance at Willie's bright face showed how much "more blessed it is to give than to receive."

Not long after this friendship grew up between the children, and when "Aunt Carry," Thornton's mother, had been cooking at Mrs. Dr. Uncle Charlie's sick bachelor husband, insisted that "his wife shouldn't work out no more," and with the submission that is required of wives, Aunt

Carry was obliged to go home, where, without the help of her weekly wages, (for uncle Charlie had a constitutional aversion to work in any form) they suffered greatly, for with the care of the house and children and taking in washing, and other such work, Aunt Carry's health gave way, and she became the victim of a lingering sickness.

Her former employers were very kind, and many comfortable meals were sent her, with other gifts of food and clothes, but she would not let anyone know how much she suffered, for fear of being considered a "beggar." During Aunt Carry's illness, Thornton was obliged to stay at home more, for he was chief nurse and housekeeper, and Willie saw less of him.

When they met, Willie asked for his mother but seldom waited for an answer, and Thornton, considering the question merely a formal civility, as seldom replied.

But there came a day when in answer to the usual question, he answered with a choke in his voice "She is dead now." Instantly Willie's eyes filled with sympathetic tears, and the fair, lovely boy threw both arms around his neck, merely exclaiming tenderly "Oh! Thorney!" Then eager to offer some consolation in the overwhelming sorrow, he said "come up and you shall have the hardest kind of an egg to pluck."

The next day, there was a quiet funeral, and the prison house, from which the brave spirit had escaped into the light of the perfect day, was laid in its last resting place.

After that, all that marked Thornton's sorrow to the eyes of his small world was a bit of crape tied around his hat, which was a consolation second only to plucking eggs. But the home was a very cheerless place, and though his mother's busy hands had long been idle, her guidance was sorely missed, and dirt and disorder reigned supreme. The food and clothes that had been sent during Aunt Carry's illness were sent less frequently and all Uncle Charlie earned by the few odd jobs he would do, was worse than wasted in drink, and the children suffered much.

Mrs. D, seldom let Thornton go away after Thornton and Willie had been playing and working together, without a good meal, and one evening after he had eaten half of his supper so voraciously, none could doubt he could have disposed of the rest, he quietly left half untouched asking permission to carry it home to the baby, who was only a year old; unwilling to spoil the sacrifice, the lady resisted her inclination to double the amount, though she sent a large bowl of soup down to the cottage, by a private messenger.

Lately, uncle Charles has rented half of the miserable house to a colored woman, for her care of the children, in the other half. Thornton also has secured a home, where he will be well-fed and clothed and be taught habits of industry and neatness, and receive careful Christian training, so in spite of Willie's grief at losing his boon companion, he could but see the benefits for Thornton, and feel that his loss is Thornton's gain.

This is by no means the only instance of such friendship, between the children of Saxon parentage with those of African birth. Thousand of such friendships exist all over the South, nor are they forgotten when the children become men, for the colored youths are sure to find their former playmates, friends and helpers, who use their superior advantages to aid and encourage them, as much as in them lies, and the feeling of enmity and antagonism between the races in the South, which Mr. Cable describes does not and pray God, never will exist.

H. H. D.

$750 in one month's time. It seems like a big profit for canvassing agent to make, but Mr. W. F. Hopkins of N. C., who is working for the publishing house of B. F. Johnson & Co. of Richmond, Va., did it and is still going bravely ahead. This too was done with no capital worth speaking of.

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